

*Full Gospel Business Men's*

# VOICE



## **JOHN CARRETTE**

**FROM U.S. SOLDIER TO  
GUATEMALA BUSINESSMAN.  
HE BEATS THE  
CHANCE FACTOR.**

**PAGE 2**



John Carrette  
Guatemala City, Guatemala

# BEATING THE CHANCE FACTOR

Click. Click. As I walked through the hot, steamy jungles of Vietnam, I could hear the enemy cocking their weapons within inches.

“Lord, just put Your hand on me so that nobody gets hurt!” I quickly and quietly prayed. Miraculously, I came home from the war with little more injury than a sunburn.

The week before I went to Vietnam in 1969, my girlfriend introduced me to her pastor. “He’s going into combat, will you pray for him?” Charlotte asked.

“Well son, do you know Jesus?”

The question hit me right between the eyes.

I remembered seeing His picture on a wall. Movies. Statues. I figured everyone in this church knew Jesus. But I didn’t. But not wanting to look foolish, I said, “Sure, I know Jesus!”

“Well, if you know Jesus, you don’t need to worry about going to war. If anything happens to you, the Bible says that you will go straight to be with the Father. ‘To be absent from the body, is to be present with the Lord.’” Then he prayed for God’s protection in my life and I grabbed a plane for Vietnam.

Within a few days everyone was shooting at me! And I discovered “THE CHANCE FACTOR.”

It goes like this: After one gets out of training and goes to war, *chances are you will NOT come back!* My military leaders trained and motivated me well, but they never told me their top secret—“THE CHANCE FACTOR.”

In my mind, I would add and subtract, multiply and divide. Nevertheless, my chances of getting back alive always seemed to come out ZERO! But I kept remembering the pastor’s words: “To be absent from the body, is to be present with the Lord.”

I knew that promise was for Christians. But I also knew that I wasn’t a Christian—and in my case I wasn’t going to heaven; I was going straight to hell!

So I sat down on a log and cried out, “God, when I die, take me to heaven to be with You!”

**“AFTER ONE GETS  
OUT OF TRAINING  
AND GOES TO  
WAR, CHANCES  
ARE YOU WILL  
NOT COME BACK!”**

Instantly, I heard a voice say, "Jesus is Lord!"

No man had ever told me those words. They just came into my spirit.

Immediately, I knew that my life was no longer controlled by the "chance factor." I was born again! Now my life was in His hands!

The power of those three little words—JESUS IS LORD—gave me instant peace. *All* the tension in my body was released. Peace flooded my being. A total transformation came over my life.

The change was so great that I married Charlotte in Honolulu on a six-day "Rest and Relaxation" leave that I had during my tour of duty in Vietnam. Chance was no longer a factor. Jesus was now Lord of my life!

## BUSINESS

After the Army, we moved back to Guatemala where Charlotte's parents are missionaries and I had been born. We were able to buy a small hotel and the business was doing well until 1979



*At the challenging of FGBMFI founder Demos Shakarian, right, John Carrette has gone on to help in establishing numerous Fellowship chapters in Guatemala.*

when guerrilla activity created problems. People, businesses, missionaries, tourists—we were all caught in the crossfire.

Tourism declined. So did my business. But I still had to pay 150 employees. Many friends had to move back to the United States. Others were kid-

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napped or even killed. It was another war zone. I questioned God, "Why did You put me in business in the middle of a war zone?"

But the Holy Spirit taught me that I had to apply the same lessons I learned in Vietnam. It was just as necessary to apply the truth that "JESUS IS LORD" in my business, as it was on the field of battle. The principle worked the same.

One day, I heard the Lord tell me, "Because I live, you too shall live." I saw that my faith in Him would release the flow of His abundant life toward my business. Miracles began to happen. The payroll was not only met, but the business once again prospered!

The "Chance Factor" was not a

factor in my business!

## GUATEMALA

We began to see that the real enemy who was robbing, killing and destroying was not man, it was Satan! But because Jesus is Lord, we had the power to resist Satan and cause him to flee! As more and more Christians joined us in intercession, our nation was delivered and today Guatemala is enjoying the blessings of its true Lord, Jesus Christ! Great numbers of people are giving their lives to God. The country is at peace and improving its economy. We have a Christian president, Mr. Jorge Serrano, and tourists are coming again! Because Jesus is Lord of Guatemala, chance is not a factor.



## FULL GOSPEL BUSINESSMAN

My first FGBMFI meeting was in Anaheim in 1978. I was sitting in the last row of the last balcony of the Anaheim Convention Center. Demos Shakaran stepped to the microphone and challenged the men:

“Who would like to be used by God?”

That’s what I wanted. I wanted to be used by God. But I didn’t know how. I knew Demos was talking directly to me. But by the time I reached the platform, there were 300 others who came forward also. Then he simply prayed, “Lord, use these men.” That was it.

When I returned to Guatemala, I was able to help another businessman, Pepe Font, start our first chapter. Now, Guatemala has 60 chapters.

## PERSONAL VISION

The personal vision of God for my life is to go to the nations and help deliver them from Satan’s destructive grip; to help bring them under the healing lordship of Jesus Christ! To accomplish that vision, the Lord has assigned me to Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship International!


Through forgiveness, unity and prayer, the Lord can touch and change an entire nation. It’s happening throughout Latin America!



*(Top) John and his wife, Charlotte, and daughter Joy actively participate in Fellowship events in Guatemala.*

*(Above) John prays with a new believer following a rally in Guatemala City.*

I believe every nation in Latin America and the Caribbean will receive special grace and an outpouring of the



fire of the Holy Spirit in these days. Multitudes will come to know Jesus Christ as Lord. FGBMFI is part of this mighty outpouring.

*La Voz* (Spanish *Voice*) is a very important tool. Every man who reads the magazine thinks: "If it's possible for him, it's possible for me!" *La Voz* is making a difference in Latin America.

Many people think, "Chances are... Latin America and the Caribbean are in the grip of Satan. The devil will destroy us!" Not so.

Just as I experienced Jesus personally in Vietnam, and my life was

healed, now entire nations are experiencing His power, and are also being healed!

Through the power of the Holy Spirit, we're beating the "chance factor!" ■

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**John Carrette owns and manages three hotels in Guatemala, and a small percentage of one in Nicaragua. With his wife Charlotte, and daughter Joy, they make their home in Guatemala. Their sons Aaron, Noel, and John attend Oral Roberts University. Involved with the Fellowship since 1978, John is Vice-President for Latin America and the Caribbean Region.**

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# VOICE

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(714) 754-1400

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**WHO WE ARE** Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community. That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 115 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write: Chapter Department / FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.







# Help Me, God!

Mike McGuire  
Racine, Wisconsin

“Life doesn’t get much better,” I thought to myself, as I drove in my brand new 1969 Boss 302 Ford Mustang. Twenty-two-years-old, pretty wife by my side, and on our way to one of Milwaukee’s famous frozen custard stands. Who would have guessed I was about to experience a serious accident that would drastically change both of our lives?

As I was driving in the left lane near 27th and Lapham, the Mustang developed engine trouble and stopped. Carol stayed with the car while I ran to a phone booth and called AAA. They arrived promptly, but insisted I would need a flatbed truck to haul the car away.

Carol and I decided to push the car out of traffic as we awaited the truck. I was on the car’s right side, but I switched to the left side when I noticed Carol was struggling. Only thirty seconds later, a teenage drunk driver in a silver-gray Chevy sped by at 60 mph and hit me, crushing my legs. I recall seeing blood spill over the street from my injuries, but there was no pain.

Suddenly, I was out of my body watching the scene below as if I were merely a curious bystander somehow suspended in mid-air. From my lofty position I experienced an eerie sense of well-being as I watched the police and ambulance arrive. I felt strangely removed from what I knew was actually happening to me below, and had no desire to return to my body.

Without warning, I felt myself careening through a tunnel that resembled the inside of a hose.

“Where am I going?” I screamed in terror.

A faint light appeared at the end of the tunnel, but I was also aware of ugly demonic creatures on either side of me. They were taunting me, pointing, and laughing with an evil glee. I realized I was going to hell! My teeth were so tightly clenched, I almost bit off my tongue.

“Help me, God! Save me!” I cried out with all my might.

Instantly, I found myself back in my body, lying in a bed in a Milwaukee hospital’s intensive care unit. I over-

heard doctors telling my wife that they were planning to amputate both of my legs below the knee. (I had already received 31 pints of blood.) Horrified, I wanted to protest, but I couldn't speak! To my great relief, the doctors and Carol agreed to try experimental surgery before proceeding to treat my injuries through amputation.



*Mike, shown here with his wife, Carol, endured two years of hospitalization and four years in a wheelchair.*

I spent the next two years hospitalized, and the following four years in a wheelchair. Finally after over 30 surgical procedures, I was back on my feet. God had graciously spared both of my legs! I have not had to return to the hospital, even though doctors predicted I would suffer from chronic leg infections.

Because of the frightening spiritual experience I had at the accident scene,

I began to search for this God who had not only spared my legs, but had saved me from hell itself. The passage of my soul through that demonic tunnel had filled me with a myriad of unanswered questions about my life and eternal destiny.

Carol and I began attending a nearby church and soon organized a nursery for them. A guy who looked just like a rock star, complete with the scent of marijuana, started dropping by the nursery. Time passed, and one Sunday he showed up carrying a Bible. Outwardly, he looked the same. But inwardly, he seemed to absolutely glow with happiness.

"What's happened to you?" I asked, and he started sharing the message of God's plan of salvation with us.

Convinced something valid had happened to this fellow, I went home and began checking out the things he shared in my wife's Bible. (Carol had begun attending a Bible study with our young friend, but I wanted no part of it.)

A short time later, I was driving in my car listening to Cliff Barrows on a Billy Graham radio program. Once again, I was confronted with the message of the Gospel. Finally, I responded by praying along with Cliff to receive Jesus Christ as my Lord and Saviour.

We began serving God as members of Jubilee Christian Family Church of Franklin, Wisconsin. I contributed my administrative skills in areas such as the Food Pantry, which reaches out to the needy in our area. Carol developed

a highly successful children's ministry, not just for our own congregation, but one that also blesses other Christian organizations.

It was a long, painful journey from the scene of my traumatic accident, to the quiet of my car that night as I prayed to receive Christ. But, I thank God even for the suffering I experi-



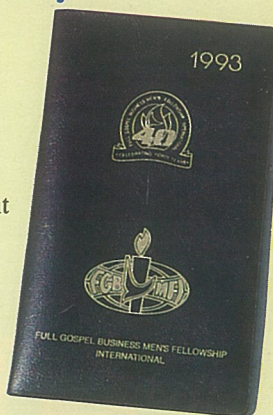
*Today Mike serves his community and his Lord through active participation in a food outreach program.*

enced, because of the joy I now know as His child. ■

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**Mike McGuire is now purchasing coordinator with a home health care agency. He and his wife, Carol, live in Racine, Wisconsin. They have three daughters: Stephanie, Kristal and Tiffany; son-in-law Jeff and grandson Michael. Mike served as secretary for FGBMFI Milwaukee South Chapter for two years.**

## FGBMFI's 40th Anniversary 1993 Pocket Planner



This convenient inspirational planner is designed for personal use. Sized at 3 3/8" x 6" it features:

- Easy-to-use week-at-a-view format
- Beautiful gold-gilded edges
- Advance planning layout for 1994
- "Month-at-a-glance" calendars for 1993 and 1994
- Pages for addresses/phone numbers and notes
- 1993 holidays and page for birthday and anniversary reminders
- A complete calendar for 1993, beginning with the last week of December, 1992 and ending with the first week of January, 1994.

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Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ 1993 Pocket Planner(s) at \$3.95 each. (Calif. residents add 7 3/4 % sales tax)

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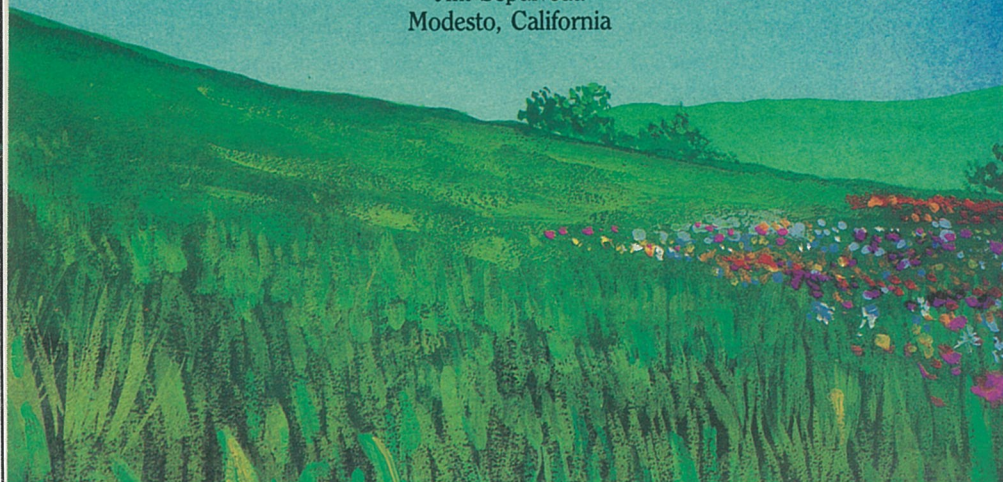
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Mail coupon with payment to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

# NOT AFRAID TO DIE

Jim Sepulveda  
Modesto, California



From February, 1991

I had no need of God until I was handed a death sentence at age 35. "Jim, if you own anything of value, please make out a will," my doctor told me after severe pains in my chest sent me to the hospital. Tests revealed an enlarged heart, a damaged main valve and two main arteries blocked by cholesterol. I would need double bypass surgery and valve replacement.

"We give you only a ten percent chance of making it," the doctor warned.

I was terrified. At age 35, I was too young to die.

Six weeks before surgery, God began intervening in my life. I was at home, watching television one evening, when suddenly a warm feeling came around me. *Am I getting a fever?* I wondered, wiping beads of sweat from my forehead.

A clear thought entered my mind: *Stockton*. That was the name of a town about 35 miles north of where I live.

"Sharon," I asked my wife, "is there anything going on in Stockton tonight?"

She smiled at me. "Yes, but I don't think you'd want to go!" Then she told me about a healing service where they prayed for the sick.

I began to laugh. *Those people are just a bunch of holy rollers*, I thought. *I wouldn't go to something like that for any amount of money!*

My wife had a Pentecostal background, but hadn't been to church in years. Suddenly I turned to Sharon. "Would you like to go?" I couldn't believe the words were coming out of my mouth!

We drove to the auditorium, and saw a large crowd streaming toward the front entrance. At my insistence, we sat high up in the balcony so nobody would recognize us.

After the service began, I was restless and kept looking at my watch. Finally I turned to Sharon. "Let's get out of here," I whispered.

But as I moved to get up, a warm feeling came around me. I couldn't move—my legs were paralyzed! *Maybe I'm having a heart attack*, I thought nervously.

As I began to sweat, the man on stage called some people forward. I half-watched as he touched them and they fell on the floor. *This is weird*, I thought, but I couldn't move my legs to get up and leave. Suddenly the speaker stopped and looked up.

"The Holy Spirit is telling me there's a man here who is scheduled for open

heart surgery. If you will come down now, I believe the Lord's going to heal you."

He waited. I looked around. Surely he didn't mean me! I still couldn't get up.

No one else came forward, and the man spoke again.

"The Holy Spirit's telling me that He has a work for this man. Everyone bow their heads with me. Let's pray and see if the Holy Spirit might reveal the man's name to me."

He bowed his head, while I kept looking around. After a minute, he slowly raised a pointed finger until it seemed like he was aiming right between my eyes.

"All right...Jim, come down now," he said.

Suddenly I felt a freshness of air come around me and realized that I could move my legs.

I turned to my wife. "Sharon, I'm getting out of this place. I'll meet you in the parking lot."

I walked out to the main aisle and went up the stairs toward the EXIT sign at the top of the auditorium. As I pushed the door open, that warm feeling came around me again, then a very clear thought entered my mind: *What have you got to lose?*

Before I knew it, I'd let go of the door, stepped back, and was walking down the stairway toward the front. I walked up to the man on the platform.

"Jim?"

"Yes."

"Tell me. Do you believe in Jesus?"

I had to think. I hadn't been in

church for thirteen years.

"Well, yeah. I kinda do."

He smiled. "Do you believe that Jesus died on the cross for you?" I said yes.

He asked me some more questions, then he raised his arm and pointed at me. "Jim, I believe the Lord's going to heal you now."

That same warmth went through me, my knees buckled and I fell to the platform. I felt wrapped in a warm blanket of peace and love. Then I began to see a red light appear toward the ceiling. It came down and touched my head. A pure warm heat poured down my neck and chest, right down to my feet.

An even warmer heat came up my left side and stopped in the area of my chest. Then it felt like two little fingers moved things around inside my heart. I felt physical movement inside me for about two minutes, then it stopped.

"Jesus, I love You." The words slipped from my mouth without conscious thought. "I know that I know that You've healed me. I love You."

**W**hen I went back to my doctor, he wasn't convinced when I told him about my experience in the auditorium.

"Jim, if you don't have open heart surgery, you won't last over six months." We discussed the situation at length, then a clear thought came into my mind: *Catheterization. Do it for the glory of God.* I knew that was a procedure when the doctors make an incision in one of your main arteries, then

feed a catheter into the heart to take pictures and ascertain the exact state of your heart.

I looked at my doctor. "Doc, listen. I don't want that open heart surgery. I want a catheterization. I want more tests."

He argued with me, but I finally convinced him. Several days later, I was on the operating table.

I was awake during the whole process. Everything seemed to go very well. Then during the last maneuver, I suddenly felt a searing pain in the middle of my heart. The pain ran across my shoulders, down my chest and side. My heart began leaping inside my chest. As I began to lose consciousness, I could feel the doctors pounding on my chest.

*Jesus, if it's my time to come home, I'm ready,* I thought. *I love You.* I was engulfed in complete peace. There was no fear of death.

As a dark shadow came around me,

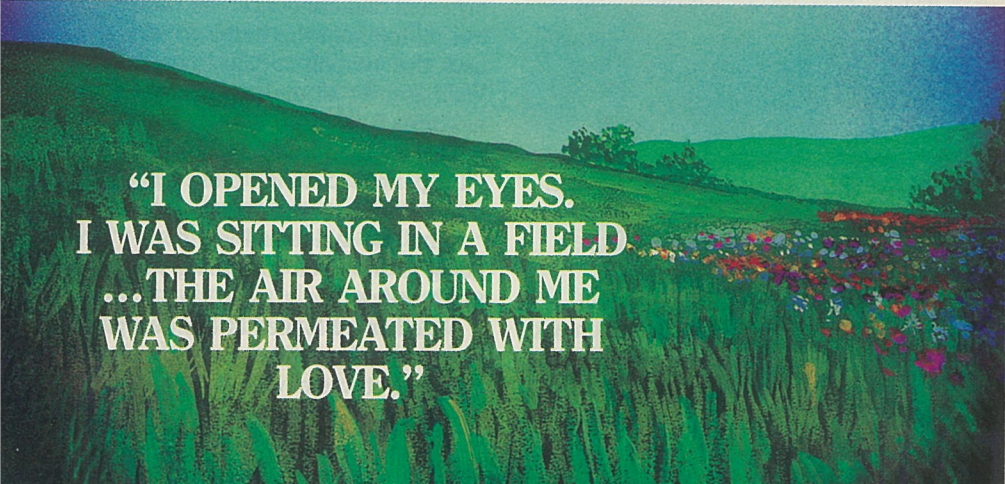
I could hear voices from far away, echoing like a tunnel: "We're losing him...losing him...losing him..."

I opened my eyes. I was standing in a field, surrounded by acres of green grass. Every blade glowed, as if back-lighted by a tiny spotlight. To my right stretched a dazzling expanse of vibrant flowers, with colors I'd never seen before. Above me the endless sky was a deep and pure blue. The air around me was permeated with love.

I walked over a hill a short distance away, then stopped beside the base of a large tree.

A light began to appear beside the tree. The blinding aura was too bright to look at directly. I squinted down toward the ground, and then saw a pair of sandals begin to appear at the bottom edge of the light.

As my eyes moved upward, I glimpsed the hem of a seamless white gown. Higher, I could make out the form of a



**"I OPENED MY EYES.  
I WAS SITTING IN A FIELD  
...THE AIR AROUND ME  
WAS PERMEATED WITH  
LOVE."**

man's body. Around his head shone an even brighter brilliance, obscuring a direct view of his face.

Even though I couldn't see clearly because of the dazzling splendor, I knew immediately the identity of this Man.

I was standing in the presence of Jesus Christ.

"Jim, I love you." His voice washed over me, indescribably gentle, tender, peaceful. "But it's not your time yet. You must go back, for you have many works for Me yet to do."

I stood in awe, unable to utter a sound. *No, I'm not ever going back*, I protested inside. *I'm staying right here with You*.

With almost the hint of a chuckle, He spoke again: "Jim, I love you. But it's not your time yet."

Then the brilliance surrounding Him reached out and engulfed me, immersing me in a total sense of love and peace. I don't know how long I stood transfixed, but finally I turned away and began walking back over the hill. Then a blue mist of light began to come around me like a fog. It turned into a dark shadow, and everything went black.

**S**uddenly I opened my eyes and realized I was laying on the operating table, covered with a sheet. I didn't know until later that I'd been dead for eight minutes.

Everyone had left the operating room except for the main surgeon and one of his assistants. They were at the back of the room, filling out a report

on my death. After a few seconds, I sat up. The sheet slid down my lap, and I saw two men at the back of the room with their backs to me.

"Gentlemen," I announced, "I'm ready to proceed if you are!"

They turned and looked at me, their faces white. "Get the rest of them in here quick," the surgeon finally said to his assistant.

## **"I SAW THE HEAD AND CALLED HIM SLOWLY, DRAGGING IN A CHAIR AND PRAY...HE STOOD WALKING AROUND,**

They ran test after test on me. Early the next morning, the surgeon came to my room and announced he was releasing me from the hospital. "Come back this evening at 8:30 to my office. We'll go over all the results of your new tests."

That evening I told my doctor what I'd experienced during those eight minutes I "died" on the operating table.

"Jim," he said after I was done, "I'm going to show you something you won't believe."

Together we looked at the new pictures of my heart. Rather than being enlarged, it was now the normal size.



Where there had been eighty-five percent blockage in two arteries, there was now no cholesterol. And the main valve was functioning normally.

"We ran test after test on you, Jim." He looked at me and winked. "This is off the record..." I saw a tear form at the corner of his eye but he had a smile on his face. "According to these pictures, this Jesus you've been talking

**OF A YOUNG MAN...  
FORWARD. HE CAME  
ONE LEG...I SAT HIM  
...STARTED TO  
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PERFECTLY NORMAL."**

about has either replaced or repaired your heart."

**T**hat was fifteen years ago. Shortly afterward God called me into the ministry. The Lord moved through me as I began sharing my healing with others.

It began one night in Sacramento. I had spoken for only a few minutes and then started to leave the platform. The Lord showed me a young woman who needed ministry. I called her out of the audience, prayed a simple prayer and she fell down under the anointing of the Holy Spirit.



The young lady had a tumor on her brain. When she reported back a few days later, it had disappeared. I didn't even know what I was praying for, but God knew.

Over the years, the Lord has opened up hundreds of similar opportunities for me to minister. I now share my testimony over two hundred times annually, both in North America and overseas.

About three years ago, I was ministering in England and was invited to speak in a public school. After I shared my testimony in four classes, the chil-



*Jim Sepulveda is an active speaker, sharing his testimony frequently at FGBMFI meetings throughout the United States and Europe.*

dren packed the auditorium for a question-and-answer session. "Did you really die?" was their main question.

"Well, children," I answered, "Jesus told me He had many works for me to do. Let's see if there is any truth to that." Then I waited on the Holy Spirit and the anointing began to move.

I saw the head of a young man toward the back, and called him forward. He came slowly, dragging one leg which appeared to be several inches shorter than the other.

I sat him in a chair and held his legs up. One leg was plainly shorter than the other. "Now are you watching carefully?" I asked the children. *It's all Yours, Lord*, I prayed.

As soon as I started to pray, the boy's right leg popped right out, longer than his good leg! I kept praying, and his legs eventually became even. He stood up and began walking around, perfectly normal.

All the children went home and told their parents. That night, our meeting had to be moved from an auditorium to the cathedral in order to hold all the people who came. It was a tremendous witness to the power of God.

**W**hen I faced death fifteen years ago, I was terrified. Now I have a "peace that passes understanding" (Philippians 4:7). I know God is alive. I've seen Him at work, both in my life and in the lives of thousands to whom I have ministered.

My fear of death is gone, replaced by the joy of knowing that someday, I will see my Lord again face to face. ■

*Announcing—*  
*FGBMFI 1992-1993 Membership Campaign*

**Worldwide, Day & Night, FGBMFI is a Light.**



***BE A LIGHT—JOIN THE FELLOWSHIP!***

MATT. 5:14-16

Sometimes a message is communicated more effectively with a combination of words and a visual image. That is why the FGBMFI "BE A LIGHT—JOIN THE FELLOWSHIP!" membership campaign includes the beautiful illustration above. The message to prospective members is clear: worldwide, day or night, God is directing and using the ministries of FGBMFI to reach out to a hurting world. Why should a believer join the Fellowship? Because the Fellowship is a vehicle to help him obey Jesus' command to us in Matthew 5:14-16—"Let your light shine, that they may see your good works (doing the will of God), and glorify your Father in heaven."

U.S. chapters are now being supplied with a chapter banner; membership brochures; membership applications, which neatly fit in the brochure; and a member's recruiter vinyl pocket wallet with plastic insert. The wallet is designed to be used by members wishing to share one-on-one with a friend or acquaintance the Fellowship membership opportunity.

For more information contact your local chapter or the international office.

# The Vision

By DEMOS SHAKARIAN

In 1952 God told me to start a Fellowship for men who would meet in small and large groups in cafes, hotels and public places to fellowship and minister spiritually one to another. To attempt to accomplish this, we organized a group and met in Clifton's Cafeteria in Los Angeles every week for a whole year. Interest and attendance was so small that it appeared that we would be forced to give up a ministry I was sure God called me to do. God was good and gave me a vision in my home while I was on my knees the night before I was going to stop the meetings.

God said to me, **"I am the One, Demos, who alone can open doors. I am the One who removes the beam from unseeing eyes."**

"I understand, Lord Jesus. And I thank You."

**"And now I will let you see, indeed."**

With that the Lord allowed me to rise to my knees. Lifted me almost, as though the power which had pressed me to the floor was now bearing me up. And at that moment, Rose, my wife, came into that living room. She stepped around me and walked over to the Hammond organ in the corner. She said not a word, but sat down and began to play.

As the music swelled through the living room, the atmosphere grew brighter. To my amazement the ceiling of the room seemed to have disappeared. The cream-

colored plaster, the ceiling light—they were simply gone, and instead I found myself staring up into the sky, a daytime sky although it must have been pitch



dark. How long she played while I gazed into the infinite distance I don't know. But all at once she stopped, fingers still resting on the keys, and began to pray aloud in tongues.

She paused a moment, then spoke in English:

**"My son, I knew you before you were born. I have guided you every step of the way. Now I am going to show you the purpose of your life."**

It was the Spirit's gifts of tongues and interpretation, given together. And as she spoke a remarkable thing began to happen. Although I was on my knees, I felt as if I were rising. Leaving my body. Moving up, away from the living room. Down below me I could see the rooftops of Downey, California. There were the San Bernardino Mountains, and over there the coast of the Pacific Ocean. Now I was high above the earth, able to see from the west to the east.

Whether the world was turning, or whether I was traveling around it, I do not know. But now beneath me was the continent of South America. Then Africa. Europe. Asia. I could see people on the earth—millions and millions of them standing shoulder to shoulder. Then, just as a camera can zoom in at a football game to show first the stadium, then the players, then the very laces on the foot-

ball, my vision seemed to move in on the millions of men, I could see tiny details of thousands and thousands of faces. Everywhere it was the same. Brown faces, black faces, white faces—every one rigid, wretched, every one locked in his own private death.

“Lord!” I cried. “What is the matter with them? Lord, help them!”

Afterward Rose told me that I said nothing. But in the vision it seemed to me that I wept and pleaded aloud.

Suddenly Rose began to speak. Humanly speaking, of course, she had no way of knowing that I was seeing anything at all. But what she said was:

**“My son, what you see next is going to happen soon.”**

The earth was turning—or I was moving around it—a second time. Below me again were millions upon millions of men. But what a difference! This time heads were raised. Eyes shone with joy. Hands were lifted toward heaven. These men who had been so isolated, each in his prison of self were linked in a community of love and adoration. Asia. Africa. America—everywhere death had

turned to life. And then the vision was over. Today...

**THE VISION IS IN THE PROCESS OF FULFILLMENT.** There are many thousands of chapters meeting in over a hundred countries ministering one to another, but the greatest harvest is yet to come. You can be part of it...

.....

**YES, DEMOS** I want to share in the ministry of winning men for Christ everywhere. Please send me information about:

- How I can become a member.
- How I can organize a chapter in my community.
- Location of current chapters near me.
- Enclosed please find my tax-deductible gift of \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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Please clip and mail to:

**FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL**

P.O. BOX 5050 / COSTA MESA, CA 92628 USA



*Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is a nonprofit organization that has dedicated its resources to win men everywhere to Christ.*

A watercolor illustration of a person from the chest down. They are wearing a vibrant green dress and dark sunglasses. Their hands are clasped together in their lap, rendered in shades of pink, red, and white. The background is a mix of light and dark green washes. The overall style is soft and painterly.

# The Great Healer

John Hogg  
Auckland, New Zealand

**A**s I woke up, I blinked. After a moment, I focused on the time: 1:30 a.m. In the dark, I slowly climbed from my hospital bed and headed for the bathroom. For the first time in several days, I felt pretty good. Soon, I would be going home.

Medical problems can make you very grateful for life's simple pleasures. Several operations had missed the stones blocking my bile duct. Treatments to flush them out hadn't worked, either.

Because of this, I found it difficult to even clear my throat. Feeling better now, I softly held my torso and gingerly coughed.

Snap! The stitches from my operation two weeks earlier split wide open.

"Oh, God," I cried, reaching for the door. "I'm locked in!"

Finally springing it loose, I pressed the emergency buzzer twice. Quickly a group of nurses surrounded me.

"It's all right, Mr. Hogg," they soothed. "Just relax. Let's get this nightshirt off."

"Keep your hands away," the doctor ordered as he knelt in front of me. I watched, amazed as he gently put my intestines back through the gaping hole in my stomach.

Yes, there was pain. But it was bearable because I knew the peace of God. Praise Jesus that I accepted Him as my Saviour. His peace is wonderful. I know. I spent 54 years looking for it.

### **Early Life**

Born in 1915 in Nightcaps, New Zealand, I was the fourth of six children. Raised in the Catholic church and pa-

rochial schools, I left school at age 14 to learn the wickerwork manufacturing trade.

Besides business, I took a liking to athletics. My sports were gymnastics, wrestling and swimming. I was an active member of the Royal Life Saving Society, holding the bronze medal; and a member of the Dunedin Club. Every morning, I swam a mile before work.

Given my devotion to fitness and country, when World War II broke out I quickly volunteered for the military. I served in Egypt, Libya, Greece and Crete, where I was injured. After treatment at an Egyptian field hospital, I saw further active duty in Egypt and Libya.

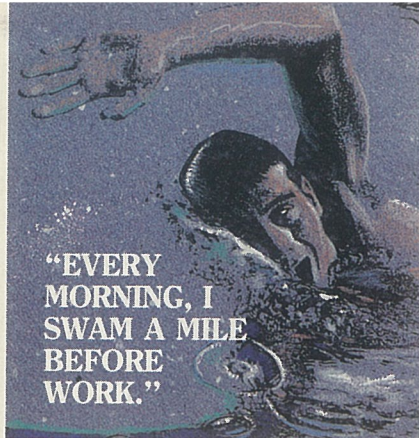
Promoted to sergeant in the field of battle, I became one of only four survivors in my unit. Later, I was awarded New Zealand's Military Medal.

Despite this valor, the war brought considerable heartache. I was taken prisoner, spending two years in Italy before the Germans marched me off to a coal mine in Poland for another 18 months.

During the winter of 1944-45, I participated in the POW March from Poland. We marched in circles and living off the land, coming within 15 kilometers of Berlin during our hike.

The harsh treatment led to hospitalization after I returned to New Zealand. In 1946, I made the transition back to civilian life.

Starting back into business, I also met a girl and married. My wife and I had two children and enjoyed a good life.



**“EVERY MORNING, I SWAM A MILE BEFORE WORK.”**

Despite “settling down,” my life became one of constant motion. Troubled by nightmares of World War II, I moved constantly.

Nothing satisfied. I would start a business and build a house, then after three years drag my family off somewhere else. Nobody told me I couldn't run from my troubles.

Then, my wife, Eileen, unexpectedly died. A 17-year honeymoon ended, leaving me alone to raise two sons. I did not know how to cope with such a personal loss. I felt like part of me had died, too.

### **Coping With Heartache**

No one told me how to face this. My religion gave me no answers, except a cup of tea and the remark, “Time's a great healer.”

I can only offer sympathy to those who may be enduring the same grief. There is no easy way to deal with it. But there is a great Healer who can make your life easier, regardless of your circumstances.

I met Him four years after I was remarried to a lovely woman named Margaret. I tried the same gypsy lifestyle on her, but she adamantly refused to participate. So for 25 years I lived in the same place (although my feet itched a lot).

Though I finally settled down, I still wondered if there was a true source of peace in life. Those yearnings were greatly stirred in 1969 when I heard Billy Graham speak in Auckland.

The following week I was watching him on TV. Suddenly Graham pointed in my direction and said, “God loves you.”

Those three words changed my life. The next day, I called my brother-in-law and said, “Keith, I have to have Jesus in my life.”

He didn't reply.

“Are you there?” I asked. “What do I have to do?”

“Praise the Lord,” he answered. “You've just done it.”

While on that telephone, I felt God's love. Then I heard, “My peace I give unto you, not as the world gives, give I unto you.”

While I didn't recognize those words from John 14:27, I knew in my heart they were from the Lord. His peace has been with me ever since.

Three weeks after accepting my Saviour, I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and spoke in a language I had never heard before. With it came the freedom from those horrible war dreams that had plagued me for more than 25 years.

The Prince of Peace brought me



physical healing, too. I had suffered a stomach ailment for years because of my POW experience. After one of the many times others had prayed for me, I heard God saying, "Why do you keep asking? My grace is sufficient for you."

Like a light flashing before me, I *knew*. Because He loved me, nothing else mattered.

### Doing His Work

I enrolled in Bible college and also got involved in children's Bible camps. Through some friends I became a member of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, an extraordinary blessing in my life.

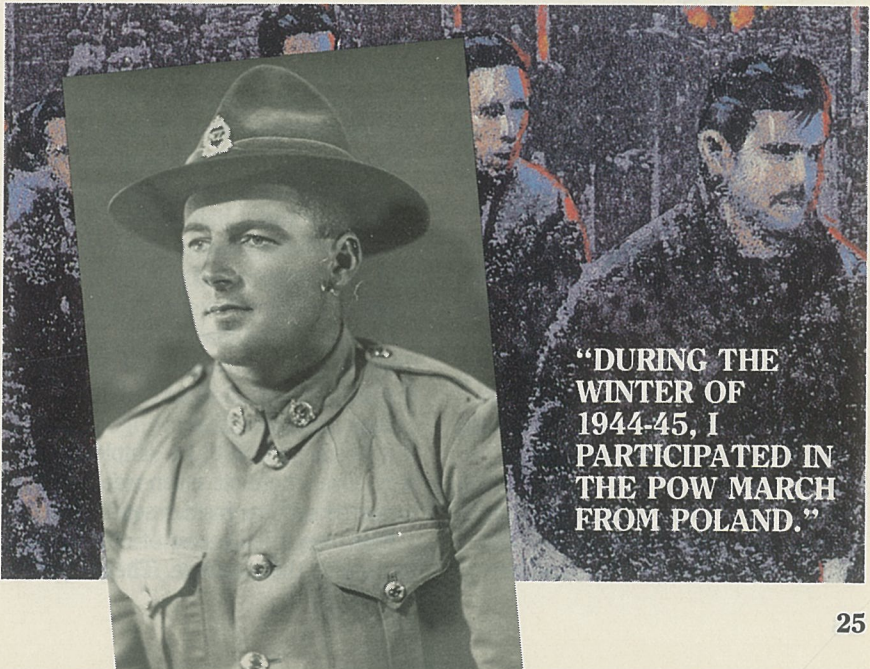
In 1985, I joined a 190-member group which flew to FGBMFI's World Convention in Melbourne, Australia.

At the time, the doctors had scheduled me for knee joint replacements. X rays showed the joints were worn out. But at the end of a morning breakfast meeting, men prayed for me and they have never bothered me since. Praise God!

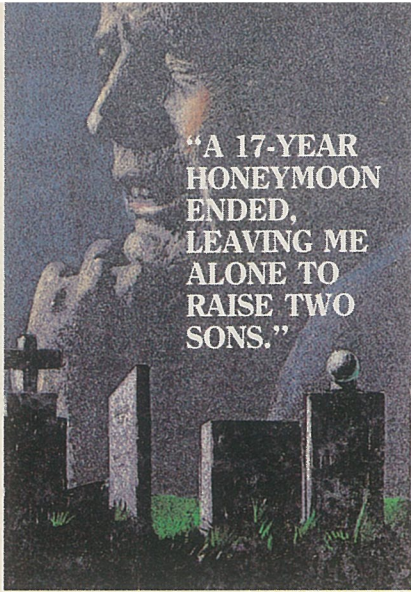
After returning from Australia, God gave me a vision for FGBMFI in New Zealand. Out of that came the Franklin Chapter, which I had served as founder /president for 1985-86.

I did not stand for further election because of Margaret's health. I nursed her at home for six months before she went to be with the Lord in 1987.

Remaining active in Full Gospel helped me survive the loss of a second mate. In the year after this, I took a world tour, visiting Fellowship groups



**"DURING THE  
WINTER OF  
1944-45, I  
PARTICIPATED IN  
THE POW MARCH  
FROM POLAND."**



**“A 17-YEAR  
HONEYMOON  
ENDED,  
LEAVING ME  
ALONE TO  
RAISE TWO  
SONS.”**

in Hong Kong, Israel, England, Scotland, Canada and the U.S.

Everywhere I went, miracles abounded. At the Canadian Convention in Calgary, I prayed for a 16-year-old girl and her curved spine straightened out. At the California Convention in Fresno, I prayed for a woman with arthritis—it vanished as I held her hands.

These are just tiny samples of what I've seen over the years. I know God can and does heal because that is the nature of His love.

None of us can escape the fact that Christians get sick at times. Some day, we will physically die, too. But because Jesus saved us from spiritual death, that will not hurt us.

Healing is a funny subject, causing great debate among believers.

I believe God can heal in any way

He chooses. Sometimes He does it instantly and we call it a miracle. But He also heals through doctors and medicine. We need to give Him thanks for that, too.

Through the pain I've experienced in war, sickness and losing two wives, I believe I'm better able to understand others' suffering. This personal dimension gives me the ability to comfort others with, "I know. I've been there."

I understand, too, that what I've endured represents just a fraction of what Jesus bore for each one of us. I trust Him because of what He did for me.

### **God's In Control**

Not only does He love me, He is in control of my life. This faith revelation came to me while I read Ephesians 1:17-19. I came to understand the authority that is given to those who believe. When we use the name of God's Son, Jesus, we know His power through the eyes of our heart.

After this revelation, I would see it occur in my life during June of 1991. After three and a half years as the caretaker-manager of an Assemblies of God missionary motel outreach, I believed it was time for me to move on.

I resigned that May. While awaiting the new caretaker's arrival, I went in to the hospital with a blocked bile duct. It caused acute jaundice.

It was supposed to be simple surgery. Over the next seven weeks doctors explored my insides seven times.

First they tried a pair of operations to remove the blockage. They wound a

cable through my mouth and stomach. That failed, so they removed my gallbladder. Again, they missed the stones.

Eight days later, they removed the stitches and tried to dissolve the stones by flushing them out with fluid through a tube in my side. It proved far too painful and had to be stopped. The next day, I refused permission to continue this procedure.

"We'll try another operation later on," a doctor told me. "We'll put a wire through the tube to guide the cable and rake the stones from the duct into a small bucket. Then we'll take it out by cable."

If it hadn't happened to me, I would have thought this was a science fiction movie!

Four days later, my stitches split open. I was so grateful for the peace of Jesus that surrounded me. Believe me, if there's occasion for panic, it's when you see your insides oozing out of your shirt.

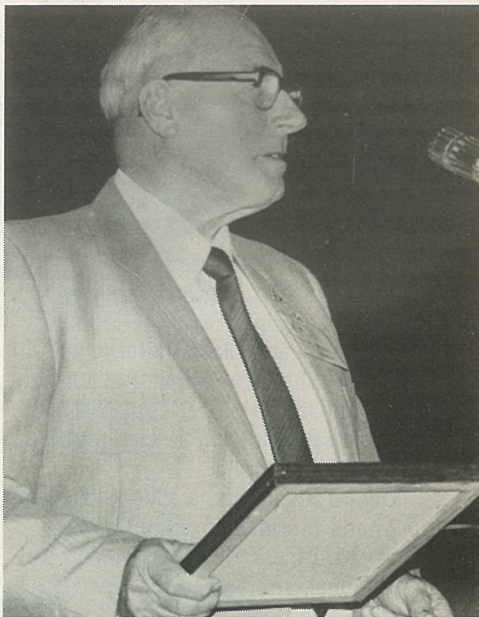
When the doctor finished his work, the nurses placed a wet binder around me and put me back in bed. Physicians watched me all day, deciding whether to sew me up or redo the operation to get those stones.

At 4:30 p.m. they wheeled me into surgery. I was so groggy I don't remember much of that day and the following week. The doctor said it had been a rough week, and he had more bad news: they had failed again. My insides had been too cloudy.

When they tried yet another time... surprise! The stones had disappeared. Shrugging, the doctors said, "They

must have passed through."

I know better. The Great Healer performed His work.



*John Hogg served as chapter president at the charter meeting of the Franklin Chapter, April, 14, 1986.*

Even though I suffered further complications after going home, I still can give thanks and praise to God. My problems make me even more dependent on Him. I know, too, that He still heals today.

When He came into my life, Jesus promised He would give me peace. If you don't know the joy of that peace, invite Him to take control of your life today. Then the peace of God will guard your heart and mind through our Saviour, Jesus Christ. ■

# A MAN WITH

Dr. Stanford E. Linzey, Jr.  
Escondido, California

I was pastoring a small struggling church in the East Los Angeles area many years ago when a deacon invited me to attend the Full Gospel Business Men's breakfast in Clifton's Cafeteria in Los Angeles. I agreed to go, so on a bright Saturday morning he drove by and picked me up, and away to Clifton's we went. We got our trays and served ourselves at the buffet, and sat at a table as men gathered for the fellowship.

Demos Shakarian, a successful dairyman and president/founder of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, strode into the cafeteria and I was promptly introduced to "The Man with a Vision." Demos announced to me, "You are going to speak on the radio program this morning—for ten minutes!"

The breakfast meeting progressed, as did the radio program, and I was introduced. I spoke for ten minutes on the baptism in the Holy Spirit, telling the folk that the Holy Spirit would make a difference in their lives, and that He would give them power for service. I told them how they could respond to the Spirit and its manifestation of speaking in tongues. At the conclusion I laid hands on two ladies—school teachers—who easily received their

baptism. This was my introduction to Demos Shakarian and FGBMFI, a fellowship I would be involved in and become a member of many years later.

The following year I entered the U.S. Navy Chaplain Corps, the first Pentecostal chaplain to serve in the regular Navy. I served in this position until my retirement twenty years later.

In 1968, fourteen years after the meeting in Clifton's, I was invited to speak for the Military Prayer Breakfast in the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. Driving east to Washington, my wife and I stopped to visit her elderly cousin, Dr. Herbert Hall Price, a retired colonel in the Army Medical Corps living in El Paso, Texas. He was an eminent member of a Baptist church in the city, and for years had taught an adult Bible class in the church.

The colonel welcomed us and gave us a tour of his estate, and after a pleasant visit we prepared to leave. But, just as we turned toward the door he told us that he had heard the radio program from Clifton's Cafeteria on that Saturday morning fourteen years before, when I had spoken on the baptism in the Holy Spirit and the laying on of hands for its reception. My ears picked up on this. I awaited the Lord's leading. This was God's timing! Then

# A VISION



# Sharing the Good News through VOICE

**Voice** magazine is one of the most powerful witnessing tools available! Thousands of men and women receive a quantity of 50, 100 or more copies each month to help tell others that Jesus is the only answer.

**Voice** saves souls. It also saves lives, marriages and businesses. If you meet two unsaved persons a day, 50 magazines will be gone before the end of the month. Think of it—you will have shared more than 400 powerful and inspiring testimonies.

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Order in multiples of 50; postage included in monthly orders only. Offer limited to continental U.S. Mail coupon and check payable to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. 2801-18-9999



## Linzey, continued

he said, "I was hoping you would do this (lay on hands) for me."

He knelt by a chair and as I laid hands on him I asked the Lord to baptize him in the Spirit. Immediately he began to speak with tongues! The power of God was present to anoint and to heal.

The aged colonel (in his late eighties) had had poor eyesight for years and could hardly read his Bible. Bible study was an arduous and painful task for him. He kept a magnifying glass on the table beside his Bible so he could read and study. But God touched his eyes! At once, reading came more easily for him and he exclaimed, "I can see to read my Bible. I am going to tell my Bible class and the church all about the Holy Spirit." He served his church and the Bible class as a Spirit-filled believer until his death.

Since those early days in Clifton's Cafeteria in Los Angeles, "The Man with the Vision" and FGBMFI, have touched the lives of millions of men and women among the nations of the world with the message of Jesus Christ and the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Their fruit bears witness to their good works.

The vision is alive! The message of salvation through the blood of Jesus Christ is positive and clear. The effective ministry of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship continues to be a vital force in the propagation of the Gospel in the world today. ■

# THE VOICE OF OUR READERS

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Dear Editor:

I thought you would be interested in knowing that I am still getting 5-10 letters each month from the *Voice* article. What has it been, 2 years? Keep up the good work. God bless you.

S.M., Fremont, NE

My wonderful husband, Larry, was only 49 when the Lord took him home. Larry loved Full Gospel Business Men and the Lord put a strong call on him to distribute literally thousands of *Voice* magazines, which he did faithfully and consistently for many years.

When our son Jeff was old enough, Larry included him in delivering these powerful books, chatting and witnessing to store owners as he refilled the boxes after having prayed over every magazine to be found by someone who needed the message found on the pages, of Jesus' love and deliverance. He regularly brought Jeff to many, many prayer breakfasts and encouraged Jeff to speak about the magazines and the "adventures" connected with the places they went together—father and son for Jesus.

But we will go on, in His name, till Jesus comes again in glory, and we will be reunited with Larry in heaven. Praise God!

K.R., Hayes, VA

I just finished reading your September 1985, Vol. 33, No. 9 *Voice* magazine which the Lord has continually used to encourage and strengthen those who are weak.

Believe me or not, this is the first time that I have heard and seen a copy of the FGBMFI magazine. Although I had an oppor-

tunity to come across an outdated issue of your magazine, it contained powerful and penetrating messages ministered to people all over the world. It will be highly appreciated if you could kindly send me full information and details regarding membership application with your organization and subscription to your magazine. Thank you for your ministry and may God continue to use you mightily for His glory.

O.B.M., Ndola, Zambia

Dear Friends at FGBMFI:

We especially appreciated an article in the September *Voice* on "Praying in the Spirit," which I have shared with several people. Also, recently another article was especially significant for witnessing on how creation (biblical) helped save a young Catholic-background man, Bill Davidson (Dec. 1991 issue). We are looking forward to more excellent issues to share with our friends and for witnessing.

K.N., Granada Hills, CA

Each day I receive letters from all over the United States of America about *Voice* and what it means to men and women from all walks of life. Give all the praise to Jesus. I have been pleased with the editorial excellence demonstrated in the last issues. We seem to be getting back to the basics that men hunger to read and relate to! God bless you and your ministry

B.B., Loganville, GA

Brethren:

*Voice* magazine is making the rounds on the streets of Stockton, California, and the people love it. The teenagers we see, the street people and the drug addicts all take them readily now, and will remind us, "I've already read that one."

Though we give out food with the gospel and sometimes clothes and warm-weather wear, it is exciting to see some people more interested in getting a Bible and a *Voice* magazine!

K.S., Stockton, CA



# FGBMFI NEWS

## Happy Birthday, Demos!

Some 400 people gathered at the Crystal Cathedral in Garden Grove, California to celebrate Demos Shakarian's seventy-ninth birthday.

Leaders from the Fellowship, from churches and the business community paid their respects to Demos on this special evening.

Letters and telegrams from national and world leaders expressed great appreciation for the inspiration he has been to businessmen for the past forty years.

The evening was highlighted by friends of Demos sharing interesting and humorous experiences they had shared together. Some of the most interesting were told by Rose Shakarian.



**Demos' family helps him celebrate (l. to r.): Richard, Geri Scalf, Rose, Demos, Steve.**



**Just part of the crowd gathered at the Crystal Cathedral to celebrate Demos' birthday.**

## Russian Airlift

A group of Full Gospel Business Men from northern California organized a dynamic airlift to Russia. Following is a further installment of their story as told by team members:

### **Jim Santo:**

A doctor's wife whom we finally led to the Lord said that several years ago there was a prophecy by a man of God over the town of Obminsk about God doing a mighty work in this nuclear science city that would be heard around the world. We believe our visitation was the beginning of something God is going to do in this city. This is where the first nuclear reactor in the entire world was built.

It was cut out of the woods during Stalin's time, and has just celebrated its 35th anniversary. All the scientists who were moved there were basically locked up and it was totally dedicated to nuclear research.



# BRIEFS

We met Dr. Egor and his wife. They both hold PhD's in radiology and cancer research. He is one of two doctors in the whole world who is an expert in this field. He's Jewish. We visited their home. While there we began to minister and share with them. They told us their burden for a post graduate university in Obminsk. The first school they want in the university is a school of theology. They asked us to get a born again spiritual believer to come and start a university. They came to Moscow two days later and visited with us for six hours. She accepted Christ as her personal Saviour and he is really close to accepting the Lord. We have passed this information on to Pat Robertson and Dave Garrison, the president of Regent University, and it just so happens they've been praying specifically that God would open the door in Russia for a school of theology.

We visited four other churches. Three were Charismatic Pentecostal churches. The pastors are just a little over a year old in the Lord. And they have congregations of 800 to 1,000 and are growing at the rate of 25 to 30 new Christians a week. In St. Petersburg we ministered at the largest Baptist church in Russia the last Sunday we were there. We shared Demos' vision.

It was an interesting set of circumstances. This church has 3,000 people in it. Here we are, Americans sharing a

vision that is coming from an Armenian, and the speaker that day was a Korean from Garden Grove, CA and his interpreter was a Cuban speaking Russian. The people were just so warm. We found out at lunch that day that this is the pulpit that Billy Graham preached the gospel the first time in Russia.

We were also asked to go to this youth church. It was a theatre built for the elite of the Communist party, a beautiful structure. After the worship and preaching they invited us to share



**St. Peter's Cathedral in Moscow.**

our testimonies. I felt it would be better to share the vision than my testimony because these people had never heard of FGBMFI. You could sense that they were wondering: "Who are these men? What are they doing here? Their testimonies, this is such a mystery, they are so different."

The interesting thing is the chronology of this—the Pentecostal Russians

go to Armenia; the Shakarians to Southern California; Demos starting the Fellowship, and then an International Director of the Fellowship in South Bend, Indiana having theologians from Notre Dame come to his basement to learn about the Holy Spirit. They were filled with the Spirit and then that swept into the Catholic church and it was through that that Dario and I were saved. And that's why we were in Russia.

Eighty-five million Catholic Charismatics as a result of the obedience of those Russian Pentecostals going to Armenia to witness.

So when the Russians heard the testimony of who we were and who we represent, there was an applause, not because of who we were, but because of what God was doing through the obedience of those Russians.

These people need Bibles. They need literature. They love *Voice* magazine. I prayed with one lady and while ministering to her I gave her Psalm 127. She said, "I don't have that," through the interpreter. "All I have is a little book of John." So I said to the interpreter, can you have your pastor give her a Bible. She said, "We don't have any Bibles. She'll have to get along with John for right now." That just shows you the need is so fantastic.

The Russian harvest of souls is so ready that people's hearts are crying out. When we had these meetings the people paid attention—no talking, no fellowshiping with one another—they are attentive to every word you say.

One thing we all three witnessed is that if there was ever a nation prepared for the format of Full Gospel Business Men it's Russia. It's almost like the Lord paying back the Russians for witnessing to the Shakarian's.

### **Noel Burt:**

One of the towns that we went into there was called Maloaroslavets. When we were there we went to the Russian Bible Society headquarters for the Kaluga region. They publish the Bibles there and then send them out. They had a lot of Bibles. They were lining the halls and everything else. It costs less than \$.50 a Bible to produce them, even with the high cost of paper. But the advantage of printing them in Russia is that wages are so low there right now. They are able to produce the Bibles and distribute them locally cheaper than we could send them out. But to do this they need some money.

There was a man at the Bible Society by the name of Fegoto V. Petrovich. This man is now the leading bishop of gospel churches in Russia. He had been arrested and put in prison by the KGB and spent 23 years in prison for his preaching. But he didn't lose his faith. It got even stronger while he was in prison. Many people in prison were saved and now he is the leading bishop of the gospel churches there.

The orthodox church did not encourage Bible reading in those days. They had freedom to worship in Russia, but it was only in this one church. Many of the priests were supporting Communism, as were many of the people in the small towns. Because of this the church was permitted to survive but not permitted to teach the Bible.

When we went on the train there the price for the trip was \$150 US. But our interpreter was able to get us a \$5 ticket. This was the normal Russian price they charge for a round trip and this was a first class car with a bed in it. We got to sleep the whole way up and the whole way back. So it was \$15 for

all of us. In St. Petersburg we were able to make contact with Christians and talk to them about the Lord. We were in a Baptist church, the one where Billy Graham had been.

St. Petersburg is a beautiful, architecturally graceful city. Christ is doing something there. In fact, the movement is so big there right now that the Russians tell me that it's bad manners to say that you are an atheist.

The Spirit is there and they are very interested in how they can become Christians. I found wherever we went they were open for chapters. All you have to do is stand in God's presence and these people flock around you.

As we talked about *The Happiest People On Earth*, they asked if more books were available. My heart is challenged that within two or three years we will have hundreds and hundreds of chapters started in Russia.

At the mayor's office in Obminsk we said, "Let's pray." The vice there said, "What's that? What do I have to do?" "You don't have to do anything. Just sit here." And we prayed and they were so appreciative that we would actually ask God to benefit their town and bless it. He said that nobody had ever come to that city and asked God to bless it. That man was very impressed. And the interpreter was impressed too.

And these men came to the meeting in Moscow afterwards. They wanted to know more. They wondered what was going on as a result of this. Now they are trying to register a chapter in that city. I think we will have three or four chapters spring up because of the trip we took there.

I was also impressed when a whole entourage of people came from that city for our banquet. I saw those ladies

...they all came together, hand in hand, over to the side where I was praying for people, with their faces beaming and smiling. They just wanted to thank us for what we gave to them. They were so appreciative.



**The airlift team tours a Russian square.**

These were all scientists and engineers. Also, there were two military colleges—like West Point—in that city. They asked us to come back and teach. A pastor from one of the churches said, "If you want to come in and preach or teach or pray, whatever you want to do, you're welcome to do whatever you want to do." He was wide open. And the people that we prayed with there that had been saved we saw in Moscow a few days later. They said they noticed there was a different spirit now, whereas before they had been questioning and arguing among themselves about the truth of the gospel. They said that now there was a unity in spirit and a love for one another that they never had before.

**MORE UPDATES TO COME!**

# FELLOWSHIP EVENTS

---

**NO. NEW ENGLAND MEN'S ADVANCE****Jan. 15-16, 1993**

Lake Morey Inn Resort, Fairlee, VT  
Contact: FGBMFI Men's Advance  
P.O. Box 662  
Montpelier, VT 05602  
802-223-5223

**GEORGIA MEN'S ADVANCE****Jan. 15-17 & 22-24, 1993**

Rock Eagle 4-H Camp, Eatonton, GA  
Contact: Jimmy Rogers  
3001 Linstock Way  
Suwanee, GA 30174  
404-633-4405

**ILLINOIS MEN'S ADVANCE****Jan. 22-23, 1993**

Inter Laken Resort, Lake Geneva, WI  
Contact: David MacBurnie  
933 Cherry Hills Lane  
Naperville, IL 60563  
708-357-7363

**INDIA AIRLIFT (FROM U.K.)****Feb. 1993**

Contact: Tony John  
5 Lime Rd., Normanby  
Cleveland TS6 ODN, England  
(44) 642-461189

**ILLINOIS STATE REGIONAL CONV.****Feb. 3-6, 1993**

Holiday Inn, Rt. 36 W, Decatur, IL  
Contact: Howard Hite  
RR 1, Box 6D  
Dalton City, IL 61925  
217-874-2274

**PEACE RIVER MEN'S ADV.****Feb. 5-7, 1993**

Travellers Motor Hotel, Peace River,  
Alberta, Canada  
Contact: Bob Savage  
P.O. Box 884  
Grand Prairie, Alberta T8V 3Y1  
403- 539-6468

**EASTERN OHIO COUPLE'S ADVANCE.****Feb. 5-7, 1993**

Salt Fork St. Park Ldg., Cambridge  
Contact: Red Houston  
P.O. Box 1832, 19 Shawnee Ave.  
S. Zanesville, OH 43702-1832  
800-821-1110  
FAX: (233) 51-6126, (233) 21-772238

**39TH INLAND EMPIRE CPL'S. ADV.****Feb. 12-14, 1993**

Ridpath Hotel, Spokane, WA  
Contact: H. Alfred Dunning  
N8510 Northview Ct.  
Spokane, WA 99208  
509-327-2703 W, 509-466-4579 H

**SOUTH AFRICA NAT'L. CONVENTION****Feb. 23-27, 1993**

Johannesburg, South Africa  
Contact: Kwabena Darko  
P.O. Box 513  
Kumasi, Ghana  
(233) 51-3740, (233) 21-774902

**EASTERN U.S.A. REG. CONV.****Mar. 4-6, 1993**

Founders Inn, Virginia Beach, VA  
Contact: Wes Ropp  
14807 Walthall Dr.  
Colonial Heights, VA 23834  
804-530-1803

**MID-AMERICA REG. CONV.****Mar. 11-13, 1993**

Ramada Inn, Manhattan, Kansas  
Contact: Richard Napper  
811 Osage St.  
Manhattan, KS 66502  
913-539-3837

**INDIANA REGIONAL CONV.****Mar. 18-20, 1993**

Airport Hilton Inn, Indianapolis  
Contact: Jim Clark  
11722 Johnson Rd.  
Ft. Wayne, IN 46818  
317-846-6764

**EASTERN ONTARIO RALLY****Mar. 26-27, 1993**

Days Inn, Kingston, Ont., Canada  
Contact: Leslie Running  
RR#4, Lansdowne, Ont. KOE 1L0  
613-659-2157

**AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL CONV.****May 1993**

Oasis Resort, Sunshine Coast  
Contact: Bernie Gray  
P.O. Box 67, 34 Old Cleveland Rd.  
Brisbane, Queensland 4120 Australia  
(61) 7-397-3557, (61) 7-394-149

**NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL CONV.****May 1993**

Contact: Len Brijs  
P.O. Box 33.424  
Takapuna, Auckland 9  
New Zealand  
(64) 9-444-9478, (64) 9-443-1063 Fax

**NO. NEW YORK REG. RALLY****May 14-15, 1993**

Contact: John Barone  
1114 Boyd St.  
Watertown, NY 13601  
315-788-7019 H, 315-782-7145 W

**SO. SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY MEN'S ADV.****May 14-16, 1993**

Sugar Pine Camp, Oakhurst, CA  
Contact: Robert Miller  
2512 K St.  
Bakersfield, CA 93301  
805-322-5554

**SIERRA MEN'S CAMP****June 4-8, 1993**

Sky Mountain Christian Camp  
Emigrant Gap, CA  
Contact: Virgil Langston  
4390 Patterson Dr. #268  
Diamond Springs, CA 95619  
916-622-6516

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## 40TH ANNUAL FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION JUNE 29-JULY 3, 1993

Boston Marriott, Copley Place, Boston, Massachusetts  
Contact: FGBMFI World Headquarters  
P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628  
714-754-1400, 714-557-9916 Fax

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# SIX STEPS TO SALVATION

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*Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer.*

**1. Acknowledge** "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23). "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13).

**2. Repent** "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 3:19).

**3. Confess** "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9).

**4. Forsake** "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord...for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7).

**5. Believe** "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16).

**6. Receive** "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:11, 12).

**Why not make your eternal decision now:**

*"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."*

**Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: FGBMFI/Box 5050/Costa Mesa, CA 92628.**

**YES! I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Saviour.**

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Please send me the booklet *Now That You've Received Christ*.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Clip and mail to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

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## BEATING THE CHANCE FACTOR

*John Carrette discovered in the jungles of Vietnam that only a relationship with Jesus Christ would see him through that ordeal. Then, returning with his bride to his birthplace, Guatemala, John realized that Jesus Christ was still necessary to see him through his business and personal ordeals as well.*

2

## NOT AFRAID TO DIE

*At age 35, Jim Sepulveda thought he was too young to die. But when his doctor told him to make out a will, Jim was forced to face his mortality and his eternity.*

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From: **FGBMFI**  
P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628-9949

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