

Full Gospel Business Men's

09-94

# Voice

**BOB  
EDMISTON:  
BUILDING A  
LUCRATIVE  
CAREER**





# **BOB EDMISTON: BUILDING A LUCRATIVE CAREER**

**Robert N. Edmiston,  
England**

A very famous English speaker once said that to be born English was to have won life's greatest prize. That was somewhat of a nationalistic kind of statement, but you know to be born again is to have won eternity's greatest prize.

I can't actually claim to be an average Englishman because my mother was Spanish, German, French and Irish, and my father was English and Scottish. I was born in India and spent five years in Africa.

I want to share a little about my early career, so you have a feeling of where I'm

coming from. Educationally I was extremely poor. Right through to the age of 13 I was always at the bottom of my class in school. In fact, I was a constant problem to my parents. I was playing truant nearly all the time. But in my early years, I guess one or two foretastes of what I was going to become were showing through. I remember when I lived in Kenya, on the roundabouts they had these big bushes called bouganvillea trees and we used to cut these trees and wrap them up into little bundles and knock on peoples' doors and say,

“would you like to buy some flowers for the Kenya hospital bedding fund.” This was quite a lucrative line for me until one day I knocked on a doctor’s door, and that was the end of that plan.

My mother was a devout Roman Catholic and raised me in a very strict religious tradition. Later I was sent to a school run by priests. I frequently visited their offices for disciplinary purposes. And I think even they despaired of me. As I grew up, my impression was that God was this guy up there with a white beard and fiery eyes, just waiting to hit me every time I did something wrong. Well, He had plenty of opportunity because I was always doing something mischievous.

In England, when I was seventeen years old, someone dropped an invitation to a Christian meeting into our letter box. I don’t know to this day who did that. My dad was vaguely interested in such things so he decided to go to the advertised meetings. At that time I’d always been forced by my mother to go to church and, quite frankly, I hated it. My thinking was that God was something to be avoided till my deathbed and then I would get right with Him. Still, when my father invited me to go to the meetings with Him, it was something different, so I went.

I didn’t know at that time that this little church had been started just a couple of

years before, and that there were only young ladies in the youth group. They were praying for young men to arrive, and a week later I turned up. There were about eight or nine young women lined up to shake my hand. This was an awesome experience for me because I was very shy of ladies at that time. Later, I married one of them. She is now my wife, Pat.

I went to this meeting and people were saying, “Hallelujah, praise the Lord!” They were speaking in tongues, waving their hands in the air, jumping and shouting, and I thought I was in a total madhouse. But there was something appealing about it. To me, I thought a church was a place where you needed to feel miserable, and I used to repent regularly about the things that I did wrong but then immediately go and do them again the next week. I never really came to grips

with God in my upbringing. Anyhow, this was such a change. All of these people were enjoying going to church! They were happy. Even though I had thought they were crazy, there was something about it that attracted me to go back, other than the pretty young ladies.

One day I walked outside the church youth hall, and as I turned to my left and looked down a dark alley, I can remember in my mind’s eye seeing a picture of Jesus dying on a cross. I can’t say that it was a

As I grew up, my impression was that God was this guy up there with a white beard and fiery eyes, just waiting to hit me every time I did something wrong.

vision or anything like that, but it was a mental picture, and for the first time I realized Jesus had died for me. It is such a humbling experience to know that the Son of God came and died for us. I committed my life to Him right then, in this small Pentecostal church in Essex.

Eighteen months later I was baptized in the Holy Spirit, and the shyness that I had up to that time slowly vanished.

There were some tremendous changes that took place in my life the minute I got saved. I used to swear a lot at school. I was cycling to school one day and this lorry nearly knocked me off my bicycle. I was just about to swear, but the words simply wouldn't come out. The swearing just stopped instantaneously. Jesus became very real to me and everything seemed different. The flowers. The grass. The birds in the sky. Everything just looked better after I received Jesus.

There was a prophetic word brought to me one day in our church. This prophetic word said, "You will stand before kings." I don't wish to glorify myself, because there

is nothing wonderful about Bob Edmiston. Only one thing is wonderful and that's Jesus; that's why I serve Him. But this promise came forth and I knew that God had spoken to me. It was something that reached right inside of me. I told my wife, who was then my girlfriend, that we should write this down and seal it in an envelope so that in years to come we could open it and say to people, "See, God has fulfilled His Word." I was sure that God was going to do what He promised to me.



I remember some of my friends and colleagues were afraid of flying, but I said, "Don't worry, you can fly with me; I can't die. Nothing can happen to me," and I believed it. I

believed I could not die because God had promised me something and it had not happened yet.

One day a horrible thought went through my mind. Sometimes after a terrible accident Prince Charles and Queen Elizabeth go to the hospital to visit the people. Suddenly I thought, wait a minute, maybe "stand before kings" means that I'll be in a hospital bed. I really clung to that word stand!

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VOICE (ISSN0042-8264) is published monthly for \$7.95 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa, California 92626, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Second-class postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. September, 1994, Vol. 42, No. 9.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Voice, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa, CA 92626, U.S.A. In Canada send return copies to P.O. Box 1704, Windsor, Ontario N9A 6Y1. Yearly subscription: U.S.—\$7.95, Canada and overseas—\$7.95. Bulk rate cards sent on request. Also available in French, German, Norwegian, Swedish and English (U.K.)—\$5.00; Spanish—\$3.00.

I got married at the age of 20. We had our first child when I was 22. It wasn't a question of my desire to have some more money, I just had to have more money. Necessity is a great driving force, isn't it? So through a period of years God directed me in my business.

When I first received this promise about standing before kings, I was a bank clerk. As I said, I had a very poor education. I didn't do well until the later years in school. I attended night school, and served as a youth leader. But I believed that God directed every aspect of my life. He brought me in touch with people, made contacts, and in one way or another brought about those things that He had promised.

I worked for a bank, then I worked for Chrysler and Ford and various other companies. But one of the most important steps for me was when I applied for a job with a company called Jensen Cars. Those of you that are car buffs will know what I'm talking about. It was a bit like a Rolls Royce. They had 1200 people in

their company. I applied for the position of financial controller. There were about 100 people who applied for this job and I was short listed down to three. I believed God

had said to me, you will have this job. But I was rejected. A month later the owner of the company phoned and said, "I interviewed the guy they selected and I didn't like him. Would you like to come back for an interview?" So I went back. A few days later he phoned and said, "You're the youngest. (I was 27 at the time.) You're the least qualified; you've never done this kind of job before. Why should I give you the job?" I said, "Well, I believe you started making yourself a millionaire when you were

28, I'd like to have a go at it." He said, "When can you start?"

An old boss of mine once said, it's not the length of experience that counts, it's the intensity. You can work 50 years filing papers and learn nothing, or you can work six months in an intense situation and learn a tremendous amount. I went through a very difficult situation at Jensen. The company went bankrupt within nine months, and there I was, the financial controller. It didn't look very good. My career was suddenly taking a downward dive. But God was able to snatch victory out of that, and it became my best learning experience.

After the bankruptcy of that company I formed a little company called Jensen

An old boss of mine once said, "It's not the length of experience that counts- it's the intensity."



Parts and Service. From there, with 6,000 pounds, which is like \$10,000 U.S., we built a company in 17 years which was recently valued at something like \$450 million dollars. So it has grown from \$10,000 to \$450 million in that period. In fact, most of it has happened in the last six or seven years. I gained total control of the company in 1988 .

God has specifically led me in my business. We import Japanese cars. That's my business. I import Subaru, Isuzu and Hyundai from Korea.

When we were just importing Subaru, the government was restricting the amount of Japanese cars we could bring into England. One of my dealers said to me, "Bob, I can't continue, you're not supplying me enough cars and I'm going to go bankrupt." I felt a very great weight of responsibility upon me for this man, and for the other dealers in this same situation. But just the week before, our pastor was preaching and said, "It's not your money, it's God's money and you're just stewards. You don't own it, it's God's and He's loaned it to you for a while."

I therefore said to God, "If it's not my money but it's Yours, then it's not my problem, it's Yours. You'll have to fix it because it's bigger than I am." Within one week we had acquired a new import franchise from Korea which had no import restrictions on the supply of cars into the UK.

In business, there are many difficult decisions that have to be made. I endeavor to make each of these prayerfully. At times, I have to make people redundant, but when I do, I try to assist them in every way possi-

ble. In many cases we have found them new jobs. I try not to shovel the responsibilities off on somebody else. As much as possible, I talk to the individuals myself.

Jesus Christ is very much involved with both my life and my business. It is as if He were my senior partner. God knows the cures and solutions to the world's problems. Perhaps He will use you to reveal some of them, if only you will put yourself in His hands without reservation.

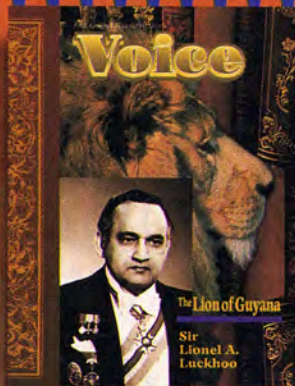


*Bob Edmiston was born in India. His family returned to England when he was three. Between the ages of ten and fifteen, he lived in East Africa. He is Chairman and Chief Executive officer of I.M. Group Ltd. He is a member of FGBMFI in England. Bob and his wife, Pat, have three children: Andrew, 24, Debbie, 23 and Angela, 19, and a foster son, Leigh, age 25.*

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# MANAGING HIS BUSINESS

## MOLITOR

Brian Molitor

INCORPORATED

Midland,  
Michigan

Curling myself into a ball on the couch, I groaned. A shift of mere inches shot spasms of fire through my belly. Sickness had set in three days earlier, after my late shift as a bar bouncer.

During this time, the normal parade of buddies, party seekers and bar flies that buzzed through my apartment had mysteriously ceased. Thank goodness. I hurt so badly I seriously believed I was about to die.

"Well, where am I going?" I thought that night. "I know it's not over...I guess I'm going to hell."

I hadn't thought much about eternity for 20 years. At the age of 11 I convinced my parents to let me quit their mainline denominational church. I saw no spiritual excitement there; it seemed more like a social club.

The one time I had thought about God,



I fumed. At age 16, the grandfather who taught me to hunt and fish died of cancer. I knew death was a spiritual matter.

There was another truth I faced this cold November evening: I was a heartless people-user. As I lay in the dark, the Holy Spirit showed me my life, frame by frame.

I closed my eyes. Hid under a pillow. Turned my face. He stalked me, saying, "Look at this. I'm going to teach you something."

He showed me as a rebellious, disrespectful youngster scorning my father and mother's strictness. Reminding me of the scripture to honor our parents, He revealed how I had broken their hearts.

He showed me the many relationships where I carelessly crushed women's spirits. At the time, I thought, "That's fine. It's their choice, too." God said, "No, let Me



explain. That's a daughter of mine. My Son died for her."

Then I saw a guy I seriously injured in a brawl, kicking him in the eye. Friends called me "macho," but the Lord said, "That's somebody's son. He's going to be somebody's husband. Somebody's father. How justified was that?"

This spiritual battering hurt worse than my physical pains.

"Oh, man," I agonized. "When is this going to stop?"

I can't tell you whether it lasted a few seconds or a few hours. Overcome with remorse, I said, "God, I don't deserve any mercy or forgiveness. I understand that I'm going to die and tomorrow I'm going to be in hell. I just ask that You make it right with the people I hurt."

For the first time since grandpa died, I wept. All the regrets that had accumulated over the years flooded the room.

When I woke up in the morning, I thought, "Wow, hell looks just like my stinking little apartment in Mount Pleasant...it is my apartment!"

Still weak, I crawled downstairs and gingerly drove to the drugstore. Walking up an aisle, I passed a Bible. I tried to ignore it, but its presence drew me back three times. Finally, I forgot the medicine and bought the Bible.

At home I turned to Genesis 1:1 and

read straight through it for hours. It wasn't pleasant. Everything confirmed I was a sinner. That night, I called my girlfriend (who was already saved) and spat, "You told me this Bible would make me feel good. The more I read of this, the worse I feel."

"Find the book of Matthew," she said.

"Read the gospels."

Then she invited me to her house. Over the next few days she nursed me back to health and shared the Word.

A month later, I received Jesus Christ as my Saviour while watching Jimmy Swaggart. He's taken his lumps lately, but through him I first heard the plan of salvation. I prayed and got so happy, I just cried and cried.

I realized that the night I thought I would die, God gave me one last chance to repent. When I turned, the Holy Spirit drew me to His Son, Jesus.

One day my wife, Kathy, and I decided to attend a church. At one point during worship, a gray-haired lady stood joyfully, hands in the air, praising God.

"I want to know who that is and what she has," I said one day. We talked and she explained, "That's the Holy Spirit." When we showed interest, she and her husband invited us over: "We'll pray with you for the baptism in the Holy Spirit."

The night we visited, they anointed us

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with oil and said a simple prayer. We expected to go into orbit. Nothing happened. They smiled and said, "Go in peace."

We walked out scratching our heads. But a couple days later while traveling, I praised God as I showered in my motel room. I asked Him to speak to me.

Suddenly, "Sho-ta-la-ke-la" came out of my mouth. The Holy Spirit filled the room. I glowed in His wonderful presence. (Kathy felt the same presence in Michigan that day.)

This life-changing experience preceded the Lord's most unexpected move in my life. I had gone to college intending to get a "nature" job. Instead I wound up in management consulting.

This may sound like a fairy tale.

A week before completing my master's, I kidded an instructor, "Pat, I just spent all this money getting educated. Why don't you help me out and get me a job?"

Grabbing a card off his desk, he said, "This guy's just starting out. He's been in broadcasting and ventured into consulting."

When I called, the man brushed me off, saying he had already hired half a dozen people. I was ready to hang up when he said, "Wait a minute. I don't know why I'm doing this, but we're starting training tomorrow. You can sit in if you want."

I did. At the end of the three-day ses-

sion I started to leave. The president came out and asked about my plans, which were still indefinite.

"I don't know why I'm doing this," he said again. "But I'd like to offer you a job."

The following week I joined the staff as a trainer. After several months the company decided I should attend a facilitator training seminar in Detroit.

There I found myself seated alongside executives from General Motors, Nestle's and other worldwide corporations. The session's instructors were internationally-known consultants. I tried to act intelligent while secretly feeling overwhelmed.

Soon after the week-long conference, the president of that consulting firm called.

"I don't know why I'm doing this..." he started out. Then he offered me a position at double my salary, plus use of a car and a lake cottage near Detroit. I was moving up.

Six months later I secured the opportunity to lead a major seminar at the university level. That led to a management presentation at a manufacturing plant in Ohio, which proved to be invaluable training.

For the first time, I guided a company from the initial stages of resolving corporate difficulties through leaders' training, problem solving, communications and



*Brian Molitor (second from left), with leaders at Wright K. Technology in Saginaw, Michigan*

team building.

The project lasted for two years. In the meantime I flew around the country servicing other national accounts. Along the way, prestigious consultants took me under their wing and taught me various principles.

I later realized that God was seeing that I learned organizational development consulting. Though much of it came from a secular perspective, I still needed certain basics. It's great to get an education while earning a handsome living.

Looking at the past decade and seeing what the Lord has done astounds me. The biggest surprise of all is how He blessed the company that bears my name.

I never intended to set up my own business.

Enrolling in a Bible study correspondence course that I hoped would lead to a full-time pulpit position, in late 1985 I had quit my job and was seeking the Lord's direction.

A few weeks later the director of employee relations for a Fortune 400 corporation called. We had met a couple years before at a church retreat.

"I know you're pursuing the ministry," he said, "but would you be interested in visiting our sites around the country?"

Afterwards, he asked what I would do

to make them the top international producer of their product line. I named three areas that needed work: 1) leadership, 2) teamwork, 3) problem solving, and provided some details.

As a courtesy I also mailed thank-you letters to the plant managers. I sent them on stationery my wife designed. At the top was a dove and a cross next to

Matthew 6:33, which paraphrased is: seek God's righteousness first and you'll have all you need.

That enraged one of them. He accused me of "trying to proselytize the workplace." But a born-again, Spirit-filled plant manager asked me to return.

Literally making it up as I went, there I began designing a developmental process for organizations. The Lord led me through an orderly outline. Assess a situation,

develop leadership to address it and foster teamwork to solve it. As people unify, organizations turn around.

The plan worked and led to a second contract within the same corporation. It was at a unionized plant in Kentucky where labor-management hostilities were so bad the plant was on the verge of shutting down.

Those who argue that the Lord is not practical in everyday life should try telling that to the 300 workers whose jobs were saved. That plant is now a company leader

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in productivity, quality and customer service. It's not anything I did, but simply proof of the Word in action.

The results that followed also demonstrate God's reality. Calls started coming from around the nation, when my "office" was a desk in the basement.

As I grew as a Christian and understood more of the character of God, He taught me more about the principles of unity, leadership, communication, listening and the power of words. He also showed me their scriptural foundations.

Take the image of Jesus as humble servant, washing feet and helping multitudes though He was the greatest man to ever walk the face of the earth. That's the kind of leader that workers will respond to enthusiastically.

Over the years I've also seen that God can best use me in business. One example involves the corporate officer who invited me on the plant tour that sparked the creation of my firm.

On a visit several years later he told me of a pleasant corporate trainer who talked about "my Jesus" during a presentation to management. He seemed impressed, but in my spirit I felt otherwise.

"He's into the New Age," I replied. "Go back and check him out. Ask him some pointed questions."

Sure enough, the young trainer thought he was reincarnated from the Roman Empire. The Jesus he talked about was his "spirit guide," not the Jesus of the Bible.

A majority vote of the board and this

man would have been training thousands of workers with his misguided beliefs. Fortunately, because of my warning, he didn't get the contract.

I once thought ministry meant preaching from a pulpit. But today I know that God wants His people everywhere, so the gospel of Christ will be carried to all corners of the earth. Given that calling, I pose this question: how well are you managing His business?



*Brian Molitor is the president of Molitor, Incorporated, headquartered in Saginaw, Michigan. He and his staff have taught principles of leadership to more than 100 companies and churches around the nation. An active speaker and teacher, his 5- and 30-minute programs, "Faith At Work," aired for the past two years over the Tri-Cities Christian Television network in the Midwest. He began filming a new series, "Leadership That Lasts," in January of 1993. He and his wife, Kathy, have four children: Christopher, Steven, Jennifer and Daniel. They attend The Potter's House, a non-denominational church in Mount Pleasant. Brian has also been active in state prison ministry.*



# He Cares For His Own

Bob Hegwood Ona, West Virginia

The sun nudged the hills near our country home as I arose that gorgeous spring day in 1991. Putting on some coffee, I read the Bible and prayed.

Later, after looking through the morning paper, I walked over and opened the door. I inhaled a gulp of fresh air and a strange feeling came over me. I felt like I loved everything and everybody. I even looked different.

When my wife joined me for breakfast, she asked, "Is it your heart?"

"No, I feel like I'm full of the love of Jesus," I blurted.

I had good reason to feel that way. Accepting Christ as my Saviour at a Full Gospel Business Men's breakfast five years earlier had been my entry to a new life.

I had known of God for many years. As

a youngster, I attended church in the Indiana neighborhood where I grew up. At the age of eleven, I felt very close to my Lord.

However, when I told my family, they made fun of me. Their mocking quickly ended my desire for any more church or learning about Him.

For that matter, my family ruined most feelings of affection. The middle of three children, I felt rejected. My mother showered all her attentions on the oldest. Ignored, I ran away from home often and quit school at sixteen.

When my father's employer transferred him to West Virginia, I shrugged, "Might as well go along." About eight months later, I married the girl across the street and looked for a job to support us.

Back in the '50's, industrial work

abounded. I found work at a foundry and over the years advanced to foreman. But at that peak, I realized without an education I wasn't going any higher. Enrolling in courses to get my G.E.D., I completed my high school diploma. Quit my job, and next set my sights on college.

We lived off my wife's salary for three and a half years while I earned an engineering degree. I used that to land a much better-paying job at another plant.

The same year I graduated, we adopted our first child. Joe and his sister, Sally, whom we adopted two years later, became the "apples of my eye." They gave my life meaning and direction. I wanted to pass on my experience, and provide the family love and parental guidance lacking in my childhood.

Their early years were very happy ones. We formed the caring family I had never known. I worked, supported them and loved them. Once in awhile, we even went to church.

But when our children turned 15 and 13, tragedy struck. My wife died, an event I was ill prepared to face. I groped for the meaning behind it, but always came up empty-handed.

I remarried three years later, to a woman with two children. One was in college, the other finishing high school. Since my children were also near the end of high school, it soon would be just the two of us.

Strangely, I didn't find the fulfillment I thought a second marriage would bring. I loved my new wife but I wasn't sure what I needed. A close friend, a department supervisor in our plant, knew. Whenever we huddled over a project, when we finished he would say, "You'd better get right with the Lord."

I noticed he seemed to have something in his life that I lacked. So when he invited me to an FGBMFI dinner, I accepted.

I had never seen Pentecostal people before. I liked their enthusiastic praise..and love! Their caring was different from the lack of warmth that I had been used to.

Several months later, on the morning of the FGBMFI breakfast, a wave of awareness washed over me. I knew I needed Jesus. I knew this would be the day that I would invite Him into my heart.

I don't remember what the speaker said that day, but afterwards I prayed a prayer of salvation with him.

Six months later, I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. It came in steps, a few words one day and a few more the next. Always in my private prayer time at home. Now I felt like I had a "hotline" to God.

This touched off a hunger to know more about God's Word. I tried a Bible study at my wife's church. When I found little "fire" there, I looked for a Full Gospel congregation.

I attended a non-denominational

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church for over two years before some problems there inspired me to look for another. Yet, those troubles never interrupted my spiritual growth.

My initial search for a spiritual home kept me from noticing that many people didn't share my newfound joy. I especially tried to tell my children and stepchildren about Jesus. But they generally turned a deaf ear to my testimony.

I witnessed most often to my son Joe, who lived three hours away. We visited him every few weeks. Whenever he tired of my evangelism, he'd shake his head, "Dad, I don't want to hear any more."

Despite his rebuffs, I kept at it for five years. While on occasion it discouraged me, this April day in 1991 I felt wonderful. I loved everybody! I had never felt this way before.

Though I didn't know it, God was preparing me for the shock of my life. Three hours later came the call that would change me forever.

The somber tone of Joe's wife's voice ran chills up and down my spine. So did her words: "Joe's dead."

Distraught over their separation and the possibility of a divorce, my son had taken his life. Part of me died, too. I've

endured the death of parents and a spouse, but the passing of a child is 10 times worse.

Immediately after that call the Lord directed me to look up Ephesians 1:17-19. The passage speaks of God's greatness in raising Christ and placing Him in highest authority. I didn't understand its significance.

That was on a Tuesday. I numbly moved through the rest of the week, which concluded with the funeral Saturday. Joe was buried near our home.

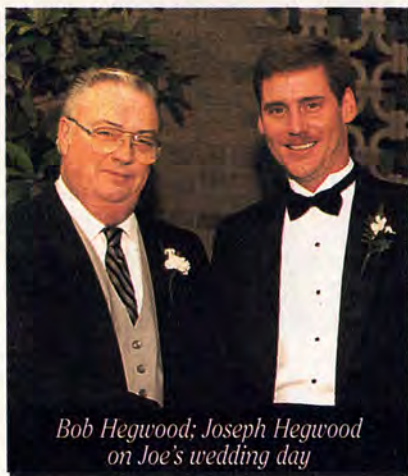
The next morning it would have been easy to skip church. But I always arrive early to unlock the doors and have a quiet prayer time. I saw no reason to change.

Pains stabbed at me that Sunday morning. I didn't understand. I had faithfully witnessed to my son. Worst of all, to my knowledge he hadn't accepted Jesus as his

Saviour before his death.

As I knelt at the altar, soft footsteps approached. I turned to see a fellow church member. After telling her of our tragedy, she related a story about a teenager who died three years earlier.

Stabbed in a fight, this young man was lying in a coma at a local hospital. He was unsaved and his parents wanted someone to go and pray with him. A man



*Bob Hegwood; Joseph Hegwood  
on Joe's wedding day*

responded to their plea. The next day, the youth died.

"I don't believe this," I marveled. "Let me tell you a story."

Then I repeated those details back to her. You see, I was the man who prayed for that young stabbing victim. Back then, I was still attending the first church I joined after my salvation. I heard the prayer request there.

As I related my side of the story, I felt the Holy Spirit telling me that Joe had been saved, despite his dreadful act.

Later that day another church member referred me to Ephesians 6:8, "Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free." (KJV)

I took that as another confirmation of my heart's desire for my son to be saved. I knew that God had begun preparing me for this tragedy three years earlier by sending me to the hospital.

That week the Lord brought a scripture to mind, John 16:12-15, which says the ministry of the Holy Spirit is to reveal the things of God to us. It begins, "I have many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now."

That verse became very meaningful. For a few weeks, God showed me so much I felt I had reached the limits of

what I could absorb. Over the next year, during my quiet time or through others, He would bring more scriptures and messages.

The Holy Spirit's initial comforting stirred me, and I felt moved to prepare a testimony. A week after the funeral, I jotted notes about what God had shown me. As I worked, I looked again at Ephesians 1:17-19.

Key words emerged during my meditation: "revelation" (of the future), the "hope" of Joe's salvation, and "usward (who believe)." The latter told me that God, by His great power, had saved my son.

That evening I shared these insights with the woman who had referred me to Ephesians 6:8. She prayed with me and spoke a word of knowledge. Three times she said, "God's giving you a speech."

This woman knew nothing of plans I had been making to attend an annual men's retreat in the mountains. In the area was a country church I had often visited. It belonged to the denomination I now attend.

I had been debating whether to stay an extra night to attend Sunday services and share my message. Now, nothing could have kept me from going to see those people. The Holy Spirit had appointed and anointed my testimony!

While it filled me with joy to speak that

Though I didn't know it, God was preparing me for the shock of my life. Three hours later came the call that would change me forever.



day, grief saturated the months to follow.

Often, I awoke in the middle of the night, thinking of Joe. I would sit on the side of the bed and weep. In the daytime, when I saw little children, I thought of my son at that age and cried some more.

During these sad times God brought more scriptures to me. Was He trying to show me a parallel between my suffering and what He felt in allowing His Son to die on the cross? Or was I searching for one? I'm still not sure.

Some verses He brought to me: Colossians 1:25-26, which says He reveals mysteries to the saints. James 5:20, which speaks of converting sinners. I Corinthians 2:7 and 10-12, promising that God's wisdom is freely given to us.

Through this ordeal I realized the Lord cares for His own. Because of the depth of my anguish His ministry affected me deeply. The blessing of these divine messages can't be adequately expressed in words.

About a year after my son's suicide, the message of 2 Samuel 12:19-23 came to me in a sermon. It tells of David halting a fast after his infant son dies. God was telling me it was time to stop grieving.

That's not been easy because the loss is so great. Satan wars against my mind, whispering things like, "How can you be so sure? Nobody's told you."

However, when Joe's face comes to mind I fight to push it out, saying, "Jesus" and concentrating on Him. I often get a vision of the face of Jesus, too.

Through the prompting of the Holy

Spirit and my pastor, I eventually delivered this testimony to my church. My message was one of faithfulness and obedience. How easy it would have been to skip church the morning after Joe's death. And possibly missed this blessing.

We must be sensitive to the Holy Spirit. Each time you ignore His voice, including promptings within your spirit to take action, it becomes easier to ignore Him the next time.

I urge you to be sensitive and obedient to His direction. Then you, too, will receive the blessings that God has for you.



*Bob Hegwood still attends the Huntington chapter of FGBMFI, where he received salvation. Retired from the Huntington INCO Alloys plant, he is now a volunteer with the Cabell County Children's Protection Team, aiding abused, abandoned and neglected youngsters. He is also a member of Bethel Temple Assembly of God in Huntington, where he has served on the board of deacons.*

# FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION



# UNITED TO REACH BUSINESSMEN FOR CHRIST

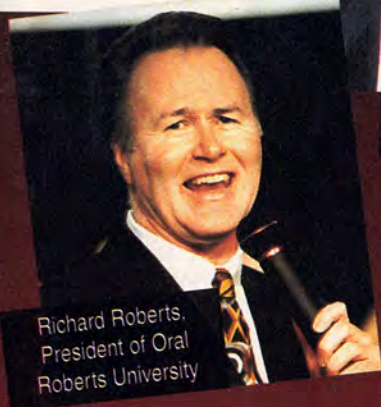
Representatives from over 70 nations of the world gathered at the Anaheim Marriott hotel to celebrate the fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit making our 1994 FGBMFI World Convention an incredible success! Thousands of spiritually hungry people filled the ballroom every night



Richard Shakarian  
International  
President of FGBMFI



Pastor Ralph Wilkerson



Richard Roberts,  
President of Oral  
Roberts University

and packed the sold-out breakfast meetings each morning. Some of the most powerful speakers of our time came to help inaugurate the beginning of this new era for the Fellowship.

Bob Harrison challenged the attendees with a timely word about placing your finances in the hands of God. Pastors Ralph Wilkerson and Gary Greenwald



Benny Hinn

ministered forcefully during the Spiritual Warfare Clinic. Oral Roberts stirred us all with his pillow of faith. Morris Cerullo prophesied about the coming move of God. Benny Hinn preached a powerful message on prayer to more than 8,000 people in the Anaheim Convention Center. Kenneth & Gloria Copeland capped off this powerful conference with a tremendous word from God's throne about the fresh anointing.

On Africa night, over 500 delegates from Africa gathered on the stage to lead us in African-style praise and worship. Kwabena Darko, FGBMF National President for Africa, and several of their National Directors spoke about the chapter growth explosion in their country. The National Director from Nigeria exhorted the people to increase their financial support so that we can send out greater quantities of *Voice* magazine around the world.

A very significant message was delivered on Wednesday night by Richard Roberts. He spoke



Pastor Gary Greenwald

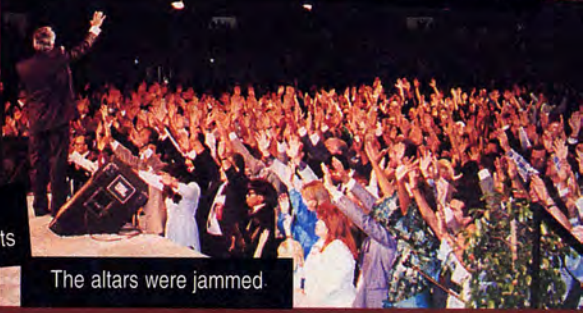
Evangelist Morris Cerullo



Kenneth Copeland



Ladies Luncheon- Gloria Copeland speaker, left, and Vangie Shakarian hosts



The altars were jammed

about the mantle passing from Elijah to Elisha in the book of Second Kings. He pointed out that when a great man of God passes on, his mantle is made available to someone else in the earth. When Elijah was caught up into heaven, a double portion of his mantle fell upon Elisha. We can liken this to the passing of our founder Demos Shakarian. He has gone to be with the Lord, but a double portion of his anointing has come upon Richard Shakarian our new International President.

This conference was history in the making. All these great men were sent by the Holy Spirit to witness the spiritual inauguration of our new leader, and to celebrate with FGBMFI members from around the world, the fresh anointing that has now come upon the Fellowship!



Viewing the crowd of 8000 from behind the



John Carrette FGBMFI International Vice-president



Tom Sirotnak in charge of Convention youth programs introduces two of the young people



The Curtis Bain family singing "His Banner Over Us is Love"



Rodger Johnson, executive vice-president for the U.S. presents the life-time membership program



The colorful African Representatives numbered over 500

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C7031

# BAPTISM AT MIDNIGHT

Dan Montgomery, Ph.D. Santa Fe, New Mexico

At ten o'clock on Thursday night the phone rang. I put down Kierkegaard's Journals and walked down the hallway.

"Is this Dr. Montgomery?" the husky voice said.

"Yes," I replied.

"Doctor, you don't know me. I'm the pastor at Immanuel Baptist Church on Seventh Street. Please call me Buster."

"Hi Buster, I'm Dan," I said.

"I'm calling you because someone told me that you are a Christian psychologist who really believes in the power of the Holy Spirit. Is that right?"

"Yes," I said. "Jesus led me to become a psychologist."

"I don't need counseling, but I need help." His voice sounded urgent. "God

called me into the ministry nine years ago and I've been serving Him ever since. But I need to talk to you about something very private."

"I have some time tomorrow," I said. "Do you want to have lunch?"

"Dan, I know this sounds strange, but I need to talk to you tonight. I may be resigning from the ministry tomorrow."

"Really? How can I help?" I said.

"I'm calling from my study at the church. Can you drive out now so that we can talk?"

"Okay," I said. "I'll be there in ten minutes."

"God bless you for coming, Dan."

My car skidded slightly on some black ice as I turned onto the long road out to the church. No one else was driving. I arrived and parked. Then I walked

through the crunching snow to a door near the only lighted window. Why did this man call me? I prayed a short prayer as I knocked. "Lord, help me to do Your will. Meet Buster's needs tonight. In Jesus' name."

Buster opened the door. Heat surrounded me as I walked in. He shook my hand heartily.

"Dan, I'm Buster. Thanks for coming out." I shook his hand. "Please come into my study."

He gestured for me to sit down. I took off my goose-down jacket and hung it on the chair. "It's freezing out there!" I said. I patted my face to heat it up. Buster

smiled. Then his face turned serious.

"Dan, it was a Baptist couple who told me about you." I knew he meant Dick and Mary Jansen. They had called me a month before and asked me to come to their house and pray with them. Something wonderful had happened. They must have told Buster.

"Do you mean Dick and Mary?"

"Yes," he said. "They are friends of mine and I've seen a real change in them over the past month. They were Christians before, and very regular in church. But after you prayed with them they seemed to really know Jesus—in a more personal way, and they talked about the Holy Spirit."

Buster asked if I wanted coffee. I nodded and he poured me a cup. Then he continued.

"I am intrigued with some Scriptures I've been reading this week about the Holy Spirit." He handed me a sheet with a dozen verses scribbled on it. These included Acts 1:5, 10:45, 19:6, and 1 Corinthians 14:18. He frowned and then continued. "In seminary my professors taught me that the Holy Spirit stopped

doing miracles as soon as the New Testament was written. What do you think?"

I took a sip of coffee. "Buster, I can only tell you what I have experienced. I accepted Christ as my Saviour in a Baptist service when I was eight years old. His love overwhelmed me.

I pushed my mother out of the way and ran down the aisle at the altar call. I made a profession of faith and the next week I was baptized in water and accepted into the congregation. But then I forgot about God until my teenage years, when He touched my heart again. I rededicated my life to Christ at seventeen and was filled with peace and joy. But in college I had trouble sticking with the simple truths of the Bible. Professors of philosophy and science and anthropology really hammered at my faith in God until finally I became an atheist."

"Did you feel bad about that?" Buster asked.

"Yes, I felt terrible. Once you have been filled with the love of God, anything else is a poor substitute."

"Did you pray about your struggles?"

"I was starved to know God again. I felt if I couldn't find Him I might as well be dead."

"That's the point. I prayed desperately during the last two years of college when I was losing my faith. But I couldn't seem to find the power of God. I believed in God in my head but felt no fire in my heart. Finally I gave up and decided He didn't really exist in the first place."

"So how did you find faith again?"

"That has to do with the Scriptures you've been reading this week. I think you are referring to how the Holy Spirit brought power to the disciples after Christ's resurrection. Is that right?"

He nodded.

"Well, I read those references too, after graduating from college. I was starved to know God again. I felt if I couldn't find Him I might as well be dead."

"How did you find Him?"

"I said a prayer one day. 'God, I don't believe You exist anymore. But in case You do, please do something. If You exist and You are a loving God, I want to serve You all of my days. But please give me the power to do so, the power to be a witness.'"

"What happened?" said Buster.

"God came to my heart again, just like He did when I was eight and seventeen. He entered me in a very sweet way and I knew we were together again. But I continued to pray for the Holy Spirit to fill me like He did the early Christians after they believed in Jesus.

"But didn't you already have the Holy Spirit? How else could you believe in Jesus?"

"Yes, I'm sure the Holy Spirit was within me. But I did not have a Spirit controlled life. He was just a name I recited in

the Apostle's Creed. He wasn't a personal presence."

"That's exactly how I feel, Dan. I'm just going through the motions in my ministry. I feel like a wooden soldier. The people seem dead, too. I can't motivate them to follow Christ when I feel so alone, so weak."

"I think that's why Christ sent the Holy Spirit into the world—to give us power to serve Him."

"Did you find that power?" he asked.

"I really wanted to find it, just like you do. One night I locked myself alone in a room in a church downtown. I prayed for the power of the Holy Spirit to come through. I was about to leave when suddenly a roaring wind filled the room. It scared the wits out of me until I realized how loved I felt. Then I found my lips stammering. A new language seemed to want to come through—and it wasn't English. It wasn't something I was thinking up. There were strong, pleasant sensations in my body. Finally I let go to the presence that filled me and spoke fluently in another language. It was a joyous and intimate communication with God that I call my prayer language."

"So you 'spoke in tongues' like St. Paul and the early Christians did?"

"Yes. I spoke in tongues, and still do."

"That is incredible, Dan. What denomination are you?"

"I am a follower of Jesus. He is my Lord, my best friend, and my guide."

"Can I experience a prayer language tonight?"

"Yes. Jesus is here. The Holy Spirit has



already been given to all who follow Him. The Father is glorified when a person worships His Son through the power of the Holy Spirit. Praying in tongues is a great mystery, but also very simple. If you desire, you can experience this gift tonight."

"I want us to pray. But first I have to tell you something that is terribly embarrassing."

I wondered what he would say.

"Dan, I was converted, trained in seminary, and ordained as a Baptist minister without ever being baptized in water. I've felt guilty for years. But I never dared to tell anyone. It would cause a scandal."

I thought about this, and said, "It seems to me that you have Jesus in your heart, and He's the One you're preaching for."

"You don't understand, Dan. I want to settle all accounts tonight. I want to be baptized and receive the power of the Holy Spirit. Otherwise, I just can't go on in the ministry."

"How can I help?" I asked.

"I want you to baptize me in water and then pray for me to receive my prayer language. Will you do it?"

I paused for a moment. "Okay, Buster, if that is your need and your prayer. Where can we baptize you?"

He took me out of his office. He turned on a light in the sanctuary. We walked through a door and up some stairs. I

looked down. The baptistry was filled with water.

Buster pointed to some chest-high waders. "You can wear those. I have a change of clothes." The he got down on his knees and said, "Dan, will you please pray for me before I am baptized?"

I got down on my knees, too. I put my right hand on his shoulder and said, "Dear God, I thank You for Your call on

Buster's life. He says that he is very discouraged in the ministry. I pray that you change that tonight. Accept his baptism in water as precious in your sight and fill him with the power of the Holy Spirit so that he can become a great witness for Jesus!"

We stood up. I put on the boots and we walked down into the water. I was glad the sanctuary was warm because the water was cold.

Buster held his nose and I took him completely under, saying the words—"in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit." I started to lift him up but didn't have to.

Buster came shooting out of the water with both hands raised high in the air. He was speaking in another language and laughing at the same time. The language flowed very coherently, as though he had spoken it from childhood. I took two steps backwards in amazement. I waited for five minutes, then ten.

Buster kept right on praising God with such joy and tenderness that I felt self-



conscious for standing there watching. After about fifteen minutes I walked up the stairs and took off the boots. God, You are full of surprises, I thought.

Thirty minutes went by, then forty-five. The energy that filled the baptistry was incredible—like warm, liquid electric love. Buster was standing in the middle of it. His arms remained outstretched to heaven. Tears streamed down his face. He looked like a little boy watching a Disneyland parade for the very first time. Ecstasy. Awe, wonder. Gone were the wrinkles that laced his brow when I arrived. Gone was the heaviness that weighed down his shoulders.

After an hour, the energy around us seemed to ease in intensity. Buster's hands slowly returned to his sides. He opened his eyes and wiped them. He blinked as if to regain his vision, and then looked at me. A glow filled his face.

I smiled. "How was it?"

"What a question. What a question! I've never felt so much love in all my life!"

"Why were you laughing so much?" I said.

"I felt like I was being tickled all over. Like God was hugging me and we were playing. I have never felt so close to Jesus. He is right here! What am I supposed to do now?"

"Nothing," I said. "Just be yourself. Use this gift for your private prayer life."

"Should I tell my congregation?"

"I would wait a few months. People might not understand. It took you nine years to get to tonight. Use your prayer

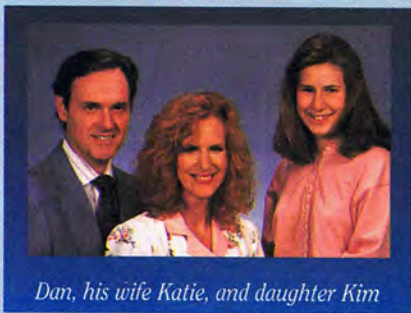
language in private, and let the Lord show you a lot more about what it means. Take it easy. Let yourself settle down. Then do whatever Jesus tells you to do."

Buster dried off, and then went to a rest-room to change.

I walked back to the office and put on my coat. The clock on the wall said 12:00 midnight.

Buster came in and gave me a bear hug. "God bless you, Dan, for coming out tonight." There were still tears in his eyes. There was a brightness, too.

He saw me to the door and we shook hands. I felt like we were brothers even though I had just met him.



*Dan, his wife Katie, and daughter Kim*

*Dr. Dan Montgomery is author of **How to Survive Practically Anything** (Servant Publications, 1993), and co-author with Dr. Everett Shostrom of **The Manipulators** (Abingdon Press, 1990).*

*Dr. Montgomery is a licensed psychologist and licensed marriage, family and child counselor. He is a retreat and conference speaker with a private practice in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He can be contacted at 2939 Viaje Pavo Real, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87505.*

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# Voice

Vol. 42 / No. 9 / September, 1994  
P.O. Box 5050  
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**PUBLICATIONS**: Editor/Communications Manager, Jerry Jensen, Ph.D., Litt.D.; Typesetting / Production, Kerry Anderholm; Copy Editor, Rose Hamill; Contributing Writers, Bob Armstrong, Ed Barton, Ken Walker; Special Projects Voice Representative, Chuck Sutton-(816) 667-5519; Foreign Editors: Blair Scott, Belgium; Altomir Regis de Cunha, Brazil; Kleber Saavedra, Florida; Mark Raffills, New Zealand; C.K. Lee, Singapore.

**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 120 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.**

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If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through Voice, you are invited to request guidelines from the Publications Department, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

# Fellowship Events

## THE GLORY & ANNOINTING CONFERENCE SEP 2-3, 1994

Holiday Inn- Airport West,  
Oklahoma City, OK  
Contact: Alan M. Schmoock  
3555 NW 58th St. Suite 300  
Oklahoma City, OK 73112-4727  
405-947-7600

## GEORGIA STATE RALLY SEP 2-3, 1994

Ramada Inn- Eisenhower  
at I-475, Exit #1  
Macon, GA  
Contact: David Crawford  
2554 Pineworth Road  
Macon, GA 31206  
912-474-8125 (Home)  
912-788-6935 (Office)

## WARM BEACH MEN'S CAMP SEP 9-11, 1994

Warm Beach Camp  
Stanwood, WA  
Contact: Robert Bignold  
607 S.W. Grady Way  
Renton, WA 98055  
206-631-8891 (Home)  
206-226-3522 (Office)  
206-226-9115 (Fax)

## ARIZONA MEN'S ADVANCE SEP 9-11, 1994

Camp Pinerock  
1400 Pine Drive  
Prescott, AZ 86303  
Contact: Earl Woodland  
P.O. Box 60306  
Phoenix AZ, 80582  
(602) 833-5043

## WEST SOUTH CENTRAL MEN'S ADVANCE SEPT 9-11, 1994

Lakeview Camp,  
Palestine, TX  
Contact: Ray Davis  
P.O. Box 156  
Bedford, TX 76095

## NEBRASKA WESTMINSTER WOODS MEN'S ADVANCE SEP 9-11, 1994

Westminster Woods  
Camp Ground  
Lexington, NE  
Contact: John McIntosh  
Rt 3 Box 183  
Broken Bow, NE 68822  
308-872-2638 (Home)  
308-872-2638 (Office)

## THAILAND INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE SEP 15-17, 1994

Bangkok, Thailand  
Contact: Andy Kunajak  
352/3 Siam Square  
Bangkok, Thailand  
662-2500135-8 (Phone)  
662-2515745 (Fax)

## OREGON MEN'S ADVANCE SEP 16-18, 1994

Camp Aldersgate,  
Turner, Oregon  
Contact: Martin Cody  
P.O. Box 80021  
Portland, OR 97280  
503-452-9662

## JAPAN NATIONAL CONFERENCE SEPT 22-24, 1994

Morinomiyama Hall 21  
646-4 Sendabori,  
Matsudo-shi,  
Chiba 270 Japan  
(Tokyo suburb)  
Contact: Tadashi Nakagawa  
Ken Tsukamoto  
Phone: 81-78-591-8572  
Fax: 81-298-51-8740  
Fax: 81-78-592-7964

## NORTHERN OHIO RALLY, AROUND THE FELLOWSHIP SEP 23-24, 1994

Holiday Inn  
Hudson, OH  
Contact: Bob Lindemann  
21327 Nottingham Drive  
Fairview Park, OH 44126  
216-734-5055

## FGBMFI NIAGARA FALLS REGIONAL CONFERENCE SEP 29-OCT 1, 1994

Skyline Brock Hotel,  
Niagara Falls, CANADA  
Contact: B. Lynn Morris  
5 Blue Spruce Court  
St. Catharines, Ontario  
CANADA L2N 4E6  
905-646-6230 (Home)  
905-641-1932 x3306 (Office)

## COLUMBIA GORGE 10TH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OCT 6-8, 1994

Shilo Inn/O'Callahan's, Shilo  
Inn, The Dalles, OR  
Contact: John F. Fagan, Sr.  
516 East 2nd St.  
The Dalles, OR 97058  
503-296-1123 (Business)  
503-296-3075 (Home)

## SOUTHERN COLORADO RALLY OCT 7-8, 1994

Canon Inn  
Canon City, CO  
Contact: Newell Hampton  
647 Autumn Drive  
Pueblo West, CO 81007  
719-547-2984  
719-593-8030

## B. C. REGIONAL CONFERENCE OCT 13-15, 1994

Richmond Inn,  
Richmond, B.C.  
Contact: Bill Adams (FR)  
1861 Larson Road  
North Vancouver, B.C.  
V7M 2Z7 CANADA  
(604) 984-6035

## 2ND SOUTH EAST REGIONAL MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE U.K. OCT 14-16, 1994

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Holiday Centre  
Annand Court, Easons Green,  
Nr. Uelfield, East Sussex  
Contact: Bob Gellatly  
Paddock Wood  
40 Le Temple  
Kent TN12 6HY  
Tonbridge  
0892 836495

## NEBRASKA STATE VOICE RALLY OCT 21-22, 1994

Fort Kearney Inn,  
Exit 272, Interstate 80  
Kearney, NE  
Contact: Dale A. Herter  
Rt. 2, Box 216  
Gibson, NE 68840  
308-324-2153 (Home)  
308-324-5411 (Office)  
308-337-7087 (Office)

## TENNESSEE CENTRAL SOUTH REGIONAL CONFERENCE OCT 27-29, 1994

Airport Hotel Days Inn,  
Nashville, TN  
Contact: Donald Barnes  
841 Union, Suite F  
Shelbyville, TN 37160  
615-684-1827 (Home)  
615-685-9352 (Office)

## CARIBBEAN REGIONAL CONFERENCE OCT 27-29, 1994

St. Maarten,  
Netherlands Antilles  
Contact: FGBMFI  
P.O. Box 834  
Philipsburg, St  
Maarten  
Netherlands Antilles  
Caribbean

## NORTHERN OHIO MARRIED COUPLES ADVANCE OCT 28-29, 1994

Comfort Inn East,  
Northwood, OH  
Contact: Ed Huener  
518 Hampton Avenue  
Toledo, OH 43609-2938  
419-385-8314

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Contact FGBMFI Headquarters at (714) 754-1400 for upcoming airlifts.

# Six Steps To Salvation

**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/Box5050 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."**

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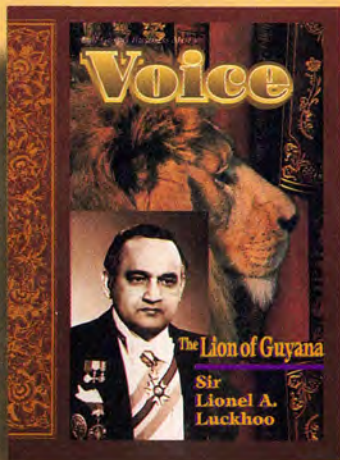
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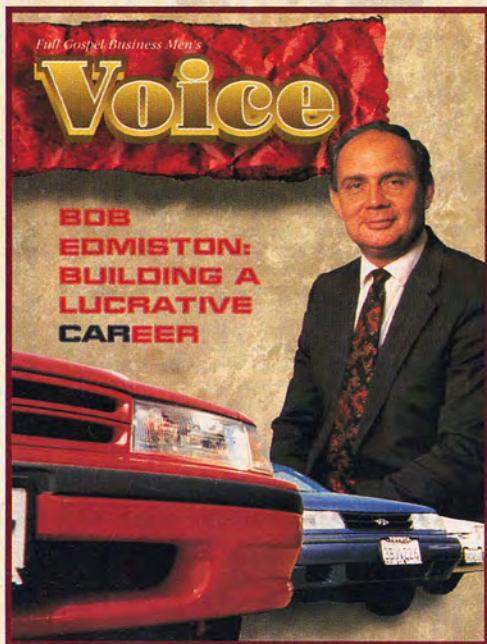
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