

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE



1994

GLOBAL
REPORT

GLOBAL REPORTS



FROM A COMMUNITY OF LOVE

Demos Shakarian had just gotten off the floor in his home. He had received a vision from God that would transform the lives of *millions* of people over the next few decades.

"What happened, Demos?" his wife Rose asked. "Did you hear something from the Lord?"

"Honey, I not only heard, I saw!" he replied.

Demos then proceeded to describe the awesome sight of seeing millions of men: their faces were set, lifeless and miserable. Though they stood close together, shoulders touching, there was no real contact between them. They stared straight ahead, unblinking and unseeing. With a shudder of horror, Demos realized they were dead!

Then the Lord let him see a second time. "My son, what you are about to see will soon happen," came a prophetic word from the Lord.

This time Demos saw heads that were raised, and eyes that shone with joy. Hands were now lifted toward heaven. These men who had once 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!

FGBMFI: PART OF GOD'S COMMUNITY OF LOVE AND ADORATION

Today God is pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh! Signs, wonders and miracles are breaking forth around the world! People everywhere are being touched by God's grace. God's people are being brought together like never before.

This unity, this community is so important. It is the Holy Spirit's way of building the Body of Christ. It is also the way that the outpouring of the Spirit will be spread around the world. It will spread like wildfire! Demos told how in a darkened Hollywood Bowl, a candle flame went from person to person until the whole stadium was engulfed in brilliant light. God wants this revival fire to move from nation to nation and bring light to a darkened world.

Join your brothers! Join the Fellowship! Join God's community of love and adoration!

The following reports will give you a glimpse of how this is happening right now through the ministry of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

Jose Adrian Velasquez, Vice-President, Honduras

Because of the prolonged disease of cancer in Emmanuel Rodriguez, many thought that the work of the Lord in Honduras would be affected in a negative way. But for the glory of God, signs and wonders and miracles have not ceased but continue. Emmanuel has survived in spite of his critical condition through the intercession of everyone. Today he recognizes the faithfulness of the Lord to him personally and that God is moving mightily in all the chap-



ters of Honduras with great revival.

Throughout the world, FGBMFI is in a great process of revival. All the members in Honduras have been witnesses to the fact that when a great leader like Demos or Emmanuel has been unable to continue laboring because of illness or some other reason, God has faithfully raised up and challenged many men to work. Therefore, the work of the Lord goes on in revival without obstacle or restraint.

Constanci Iturbide, National President, Mexico

My daughter has been undergoing treatment for her kidneys using dialysis. The diagnosis was that only a kidney transplant could help her survive.

On September 15 her doctor called to let me know he was checking on a kidney that could be for her. After several hours the doctor gave her an appointment to check into the hospital for the transplant operation.

Before the operation, the doctor made it clear that the dialysis treatment would continue after the operation for approximately eight days, since the transplant organ does not begin to function before that time.

The operation was a success, much to the doctor's surprise as the newly

transplanted kidney began to function immediately! After eight days of being hospitalized, she was released due to her notable recovery.

Glory to God for this miracle!

Humberto Arguello, National President, Nicaragua

In our most recent chapter meetings, there have been several miracles of healing. One man had a serious and most unsightly skin condition on his face. After praying, his skin became like a newborn baby's. A doctor was witness to this miracle and knew the word was spreading and everyone now wants to see the man with the skin condition.

Another man came on crutches to a chapter meeting and went out walking normally.

God is preparing the hearts of all the men for Nicaragua's first convention.

Ian James, New Zealand

Good things are happening here in New Zealand. We've got Ron Isler from Australia doing a series of luncheons at different chapters around the country. They are business seminars to try and build rapport with businessmen throughout the nation. Also, we have Bill and Aloha Pyatt coming. They will be here for 7-8 weeks.

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We have 70 chapters in New Zealand. Some chapters in little towns have only 20 or 30 in a meeting, but many of them are getting regular salvations.

We had a national leadership meeting last week with all our regional directors from different parts of the country.

We have set aside one day every month for prayer and fasting here in New Zealand. We want to see a breakthrough, and have the Holy Spirit move through our chapter meetings.

Recently, we had a great convention at the bottom of the country. There were a thousand at some of the meetings. It was really encouraging to see this development in the work.

God is really blessing us, but we want to see a lot more of the Holy Ghost fire in our chapter meetings.

Walter Cook, Bermuda

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship is moving forward here. We have a small chapter of 10 members. We generally have a meeting once a month for eight months and then it ends.

Recently, International Vice-President Ralph Marinacci vacationed here. Though we couldn't fit him in to a speaking engagement, he did officiate at our elections. It was a great blessing to have him in Bermuda.

Personally, the Lord has placed me in the Anglican church and I am witnessing there. I get to the U.S. every so often to Faith Alive, an Anglican lay witnessing group. Things are changing and renewal is taking place. It's not because of anything I'm doing, it's just because I'm doing what the Lord has set for me to do. If you add that up with

what everybody else is doing, progress is being made. So the Lord is moving and things are beginning to warm up here in that regard.

Douglas, Jamaica

Exciting things are happening in the Caribbean. Carlos and team went down to Grenada and they had a seminar on "The Happiest People On Earth." There were quite a few who were saved. They really got fired up! The Grenada team has since gone to Barbados. The other fellows are preparing themselves for future seminars. We are looking forward to having these throughout the Caribbean. We will be talking about this at an upcoming convention. We are going to get the men together and allow each one to share from his heart. It will be really exciting!

Justin Nicholas National Treasurer, Belize

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship is a wonderful thing here in Belize. We now have two chapters. One is in Belize City and the other is in San Ignacio. We recently had a revival in Belize City, which is the capitol. In another city, we have about 17 men meeting together and we are expecting a revival to sweep that area. The Fellowship is growing and I believe our ministry will win men to Jesus Christ. Several men have been praying for a movement of the Spirit and for a new boldness so they can effectively draw more men to the Lord.

Recently there was a reconfirmation and redirection in our men. They made

a fresh commitment to work for God. They recommitted their lives to the work of bringing men to know the Lord.

We do not want to move away from the vision of our founder. Our desire is to win men to the Lord and get them baptized in the Holy Spirit so they can have the boldness to reach out with their testimonies.

Personal Testimony

When I was six months old my father died. As a result, I grew up with a lot of hatred and resentment. Due to the ensuing bitterness, I became an alcoholic—a very terrible alcoholic.

In spite of my alcoholism, the Lord blessed me with a wonderful wife. Though I hurt her several times she forgave me and stayed with me. When I gave my life to the Lord He forgave me, and I was never the same again.

The Lord has used these experiences so that I can witness for Him. I tell people about God's changing power and what He is doing in our lives. My wife and I travel through the country, to the districts, and share our testimony. We use it to draw people to the Lord and find His forgiveness. We minister to people with love and concern. Our greatest testimony is the way we live. I thank the Lord for all that He is doing.

Paul Gillette, Chapter President, St. Croix

I've been the president here since December, 1992. About a year and a half ago *Voice* magazine featured a testimony by Leroy Burrell. It was the

issue that was in preparation for the summer Olympic games in Barcelona. This testimony was a bit of fresh air to me. At this time there was a lot of unrest in our school system. The drug situation was not good and sexual promiscuity was running rampant. I began to think how the Lord could change things on St. Croix if we could get Leroy Burrell to talk to the kids. I ended up sitting on the idea for a number of months. But in November of 1992 the Lord laid it on my heart again. He said, "You write that letter to Leroy Burrell." So I did.

I soon received a telephone call from Dr. Sam Mings of Houston, Texas. I knew from Leroy's article that Dr. Mings was working closely with him. He told me that he was going to be in

Saint Maarten for about a week and asked if there was any way I could get him to St. Croix. I said, "I'm sure we can." He came and spent two days with us and then flew back to Texas.

Several weeks later, Dr. Mings wrote and said that he wasn't coming back with just one athlete, he wanted to bring between seven and ten! Suddenly I was faced with a project of great challenge. I started writing letters immediately.

Sam Mings is here on the island now and 14 people have come with him! These guys are speaking in the schools. I know that we're making progress because Satan is unhappy. He is starting to push. I received a call this morning from the superintendent of schools. He was unhappy because



Bibles were passed out (some 800). But the Lord is mightily using this team of young athletes. We are really blessed.

Personal Testimony

It has been difficult these last few months working on this project because my wife wasn't a Christian. She wasn't always understanding about the amount of time that it took to do this project. She couldn't understand why I was so driven by this.

About four weeks ago, my wife came back from picking up my daughter and said that she had something to tell me. I asked, "What is it?" She said, "I think I want to get baptized." I said, "Will you answer the altar call this morning if they give one?" She said, "Yes." That day my wife accepted Jesus Christ into her heart! Now I can say that I have a new marriage and a new relationship with my wife! All I can do is praise the Lord!

Tony Pacheco, Nat'l. President, Puerto Rico

Before I met the Lord I thought I had it made. But deep inside I felt an emptiness. Nothing seemed to satisfy or fill it. I had made a lot of money. I was able to enjoy the many things that money can buy. But even with a lot of money in my pocket I still felt very miserable and poor. There was not much that I could do to fill the void.

Years went by and I decided that all great men finished their lives by killing themselves, so I planned a party. I was going to invite all my friends and demonstrate how much of a man I was by

blowing my brains out. (How stupid can a man get?) I felt at that time in my life there was nothing else for me.

But I cried out to God, and He heard me! That was 12 years ago. Jesus Christ is now the Lord of my life and the emptiness inside has disappeared!

Early in my relationship with the Lord, I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Immediately after that I got involved with Full Gospel Business Men and that has now become my way of reaching out to the world. I let them know that there *is* hope. That there *is* a new friend that will give them the company they need—Jesus Christ!

Paul Wang, Field Rep., Sabah, Malaysia

At the moment in Borneo (Sabah), we have four chapters. But with the Lord's help we are going to start two more chapters this year. The brothers in my chapter have been busy running banquets, luncheons and seminars.

The Lord is working among the people here. The Spirit is moving in these last days. Many souls are being born again and Spirit-filled. Borneo (Sabah) at the moment is free and there are not many hindrances to the Gospel. Because of this, the Lord is going to use Borneo (Sabah) as a springboard to reach the people in West Malaysia, *especially* among the Muslims! We need to build ourselves up so that we can win souls for Christ in these last days. This is our prayer and our expectation. And it *will* be fulfilled in the coming days! There has been a lot of healing in our chapters.



“The Spirit is moving in these last days...and there are not many hindrances to the Gospel.”

People have been healed of cancer, and deliverance is a daily occurrence. Many who were demon-possessed or were under demonic oppressions have been completely delivered and healed!

Personal Testimony

When I came into Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship I was filled with the Holy Spirit, and since that day I have not looked back, I've gone forward, believing that the Lord will use me mightily. Recently the Lord has used me to reach some Muslims and win them to Jesus Christ. It is my responsibility to reach out to many other people and to start new chapters. Pray that the Lord would help me start new chapters all over Malaysia. This is my service for the Lord, and I believe He will honor me as I serve Him day to day.

Japan

Chapter growth in Japan is quickly gaining momentum. Five new chapters have been added since last year with one more to be added soon. There are presently 11 chapters throughout Japan.

The Holy Spirit has been sweeping through the chapter meetings with wonderful miracles. The deaf hear, the lame walk, and many have been healed of various ailments. In Osaka for example, a chapter member was on the platform about to give his testimony when he was informed that there was a deaf woman present. The members and their chapter president were moved by the Holy Spirit to lay hands on her. When they commanded the deafness to go, she was instantly healed!



Full of Success...

Bruce Collie
Media, Pennsylvania

I owned not one, but two, Super Bowl rings—the most coveted status symbol in the NFL. Five seasons with the world champion San Francisco Forty-niners and a starter the past January in our second consecutive Super Bowl victory—I should have been exuding joy and bursting with high self esteem. But I was not.

Getting ready to go into my sixth season with the best professional football team in the world, I was burned out. I should not have been so empty inside and not wanting to go on, with just two weeks of pre-season camp to go. But I was hurting inside so much that I knew I had better do something.

I decided to call my parents. I was 28 and unmarried. My good mom and dad who had brought me up in church were the logical ones to turn to. Maybe they could help. From the Forty-niners

camp dormitory, I got my mother on the line. "Mom," I told her, "I'm coming home. I'm losing interest in football. I want to do something else." She didn't panic, but just calmly asked me, "What are you going to do, Son?"

At that moment it hit me. Although I had everything that young men strive for—money (\$250,000-per-year salary), expensive automobiles, two houses, and all the women professional athletes fall heir to—yet, I had zero. I was miserable. Then my mother took up the conversation again and asked, "Son, do you have a Bible?"

I didn't, but I did have a book of the Psalms that she had packed in my suitcase before I left for camp. I told her what I had.

She said, "Bruce, start reading it." That was all she told me to do, then hung up.

Both of my parents loved the Lord and had brought me up in the Methodist church from infancy. Later I became a Baptist, but never knew what it was to be out of the "every Sunday" church routine until I was well up in my teens and quit going. I became a



But Empty Inside

member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes and Campus Life in high school. But I was a hypocrite, because I always said I was saved. I had prayed the “sinner’s prayer” and was told I had accepted Christ and was saved. But that didn’t change my ways.

At age 13 I was baptized and joined the church. This was what was expected of children in a good Baptist home. But I was neither disciplined nor trained to live a Christian life according to the Bible. I believe that was assumed, because I was from a Bible-believing home and a member of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes and other Christian organizations. I guess everybody in the church thought, “That is an ideal Christian youth. He’s a good Baptist, a clean-cut star athlete and on the road to heaven.” But I wasn’t. I was an expert pretender on the outside.

It was then I first experienced premarital sex, beer drinking with the boys and going along with the crowd as a football player. I even tried marijuana. How did I square this with my joining the church at 13 and being a member of FCA? Well, I *had* said the “sinner’s prayer” and was “saved.”

Nobody bothered to tell me that repentance and receiving the Lord Jesus is the beginning of salvation—that the Bible says you are justified by God giving His Son on the Cross for our sins. But to become sanctified and glorified is a lifetime process of daily growth through the study of the Word of God and a daily walk with Christ. From the way I was living, I might just as well have not bothered saying the “sinner’s



prayer.” But amid all my wild cavorting and sinning, inside I had this feeling that I had “fire insurance” against going to hell...because I had said the “sinner’s prayer” and joined the church.

I finished high school with a full athletic scholarship to the University of Texas at Arlington and again became a football star, even making the Kodak All-American team my senior year. But in college I kept right in the fast lane—parties, booze, sex—the whole nine yards. I was open to anything that gave me pleasure, living the life of a “good ol’ boy,” still putting a lot of trust in the fact that I had repeated the “sinner’s prayer” as a kid and expected that to get me into heaven.

Looking back, I believe the thing that kept me blinded to the reality of the Christian life, which I was missing by a wide margin, was that I was totally goal-oriented. I was consumed with becoming the best college football player possible. Football fame in high school or college opens the door to all kinds of temptation and sins of the flesh. I

never opened my Bible to see what God had to say about my way of life. Sin had become habitual. I didn't stop to analyze it. Satan owned me. Even so, no matter how much I sinned I always had this confidence in my mind—I had said the “sinner’s prayer.”

There were also visible confirmations that I was doing things the right way. My way of life was paying off. Hadn't I made the first-string football team at UT Arlington? Hadn't I become a star? Hadn't I made an All-American team? And the crowning confirmation—*hadn't I been drafted by a top pro team?* I was an extraordinary success by the world's standards, with fame and celebrity status thrown in!

I was drafted in 1985 by San Francisco. They had won the Super Bowl the year before. In rookie camp I worked hard, extremely hard, just as I had done all through college, and I made the team. My next goal was to be a starter. That is how I spent the next five years with the Forty-niners. Totally goal-oriented and selfish. I gave myself all the credit for making the high status I enjoyed...and always added another goal to keep myself working hard at it, while living it up as a big, and now rich, NFL star. I remember making deals with God to achieve my goals. When I really wanted something I would pray for God to help me. But when I made it, I would give myself all the credit!

When I got my first Super Bowl ring, I set a goal to get my second Super Bowl ring so my dad could wear one, too. This really inspired me.

During the off-season I opened a business. I had two houses, parties and women. At one time I even dabbled a little with methamphetamines. But then came my pre-season camp with the Forty-niners in 1990. The demanding, yet glamorous world I had been thriving in suddenly turned empty, leaving me desolate amid fame and fortune, even though I was having a good training camp as far as performance was concerned. This was about two weeks before breaking camp. Things inside me were in chaos. The big money I was making no longer interested me. Nothing in my lifestyle was fulfilling. The glitz of the fast track was gone. I felt my life-long interest in football slipping away; my obsession for my very livelihood leaving me. I was miserable and lost amid all the outer neon signs of success. I looked great on the outside but was dead on the inside. I couldn't handle it any longer. It was then that I picked up the phone and cried out for help to my Christian mother. I knew she would understand my need to cry.

And so I got out that little book of Psalms that had been given me as a kid in a Baptist Sunday school.

I started at chapter one, verse one, “How blessed is the man who does not walk in the council of the wicked...” I read on and it made sense to me. I was seeing it for the first time. It was describing my life...what I had been doing wrong. I had been “walking in the council of the wicked.” That was the way I was spending my life. I read on to the wonderful promise and warning to the wicked in the last verse, “For

the Lord watches over the way of the righteous, but the way of the wicked shall perish."

It was at that moment that I saw myself as God saw me—a pretender and a sinner. Pretending to live the life of a Christian, but, in reality, living the life of a willing sinner. I was doing those wicked things described in Psalm 1, and more!

Right then, I got on my face and asked God to forgive me. A change was beginning. Instead of enjoying the life I had been living, there was a sick feeling inside me whenever I got drunk, had pre-marital sex or did anything against the commandments of the Bible. I bought a whole Bible and began reading. I mean really reading—every spare moment I had. I can't name the exact time when God came into my heart and really took over, but the beginning was when my mom told me to start reading the Word...and when the first Psalm convicted me that I was going against God, I got on my face and confessed my sinful ways and asked God's forgiveness. That turned me around.

A change came over me. The burden was lifted, and the emptiness began to fill up. It had to be the work of the Holy Spirit because there was no one else to lead me. I began to "delight in the law of the Lord"—it made me truly happy.

This beautiful joy held firm a few weeks later when I was called into the Forty-niner's General Manager's office and told that I was being released. I didn't start ranting about all the contributions I had made to help the team

to two Super Bowl victories and demand, "What's going on here?"

I smiled and thanked the 'Niner management for the fine experience I had with them. I was perfectly at ease and happy, although I was being let go by the best team in pro football. It meant pulling up stakes from where I had lived and played for five years and heading into the unknown, a big step down from being a starter with a world champion team, but I was joyful. This may have seemed a little strange to the front office people, but inside me there was a tremendous peace. Even though I had no idea where I would end up.

God was sending me to the right place. I was picked up by the Philadelphia Eagles and God had something very special for me there. The next day I was on a plane for Philadelphia, leaving everything behind—friends of five years, apartment, girls, cars—everything. But in God's provision for a reclaimed Christian, this was just what I needed.

For the next eight weeks I lived in a hotel room next to the stadium. With my old friends a continent away, all my time was my own. This was the time that the Holy Spirit really instructed me as I spent hours in the Bible every day, every spare moment—in the locker room, and while traveling. Now that I had a whole Bible, I got into the New Testament and realized just how much of a pretender I had been. In I John 1:5-7 the Apostle says: "God is light; in Him there is no darkness, we lie and do not live by the truth." (This describes the way I was living before I hit bottom.) But verse seven describes the

glorious way I now live: "But if we walk in the light as He is in the light, we have fellowship with one another, and the blood of Jesus, His Son, purifies us from all sin."

In addition to this wonderful time in the Word that being "released" from the Forty-niners brought about, there were fine Christian players on the Philadelphia Eagles: Reggie White, Matt Darwin, Keith Byars and Harper Le Bel, who aided me in my Christian discipleship growth, along with another very special brother—Keith Jackson. With them I could walk in the "light" and have true fellowship with great Christian brothers. It was like that verse in II Corinthians 5:17, "If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; old things have passed away; behold, all things have become new." Not only was I changed into a new creation during those last days in San Francisco, I was lifted from my old sin-filled environment to a new place and a new life—Philadelphia. Ed Gross, a local minister, taught and ministered to me during the next year. In addition, and of greatest importance, I met Holly Mark, a wonderful Christian girl who became my wife.

I now walk in the light. My goals are no longer bigger cars, houses or possessions, but to please and serve Jesus. I did learn that you can be just as lost when you are "up and in" as when one is "down and out." The Bible says that "the wages of sin is death." I went through life not dealing with this scripture until two years ago. Then I learned that *where there is sin, there must be payment!* The Bible says that that pay-

ment must be a life. This is not just a physical death, but death in your relationship with God, and Christian family and friends. Thanks be to God that Jesus Christ satisfied that payment with His death on the Cross.

Jesus Christ was finally *real* to me. Now, the "sinner's prayer" was from my heart, not my head. I accepted Jesus' sacrifice for my sins and became a new creature in Christ.



Bruce Collie and his wife, Holly, prepare to take off in their Cessna 210 for a ministry trip.

I am now retired from the NFL after a wonderful seven-year career. If I have a message for you it is: **GET REAL WITH JESUS!** Be free! Surrender to Him now. **BE** a new creation in Christ! If you follow Him and His Word, that's being real with Jesus. ■

Bruce Collie and his wife, Holly, make their home in San Antonio, Texas where they are members of Spirit-filled Alamo Baptist Church. Bruce flies his Cessna 210 to fulfill speaking engagements at high schools, churches and youth conferences. He may be contacted at 124 Lou Jon Circle, San Antonio, TX 78213.

THE Onion Story

Dr. John Hill
Victoria, British Columbia, Canada



After searching for the meaning of life intellectually—and unsuccessfully—and after graduating with my second doctorate, I was bored. Surely there was more to life than “success.” Here I was, looking back on a string of achievements covering a wide range of life’s activities—sports, academics, career advancement, acquisition of wealth, a wife and four children—yet I was bored!

I had set personal goals for many years. At school I played first team rugby and swimming. Then I switched my focus to career development. First a Ph.D. in soil physics, followed by a Doctor of Science degree in agricultural economics. At 28 I was appointed Agricultural Manager of one of the largest sugar plantations in the country. I sat on many industrial committees, drove a Mercedes Benz, owned a yacht and a small mountain retreat among the pine forests.

What else could I do to provide a challenge? How about emigrating to another country? Yes, that would be fun.

Six months later I was saying goodbye to our relatives, and boarding a jet liner for Canada. Our airfares and home removal costs were highly subsidized and we were due to arrive in Victoria, British Columbia, so that I could start up a new initiative for the Economics branch of Agriculture Canada.

The first year in Canada went very smoothly. My job was exciting. I had bought a beautiful home in a lovely suburb called Gordon Head, and my sailboat sat snugly moored at the yacht

basin. Everything was going exactly according to plan. Perfect, or so I thought.

One evening, in October, 1976, I was standing at my living room window and thinking just that—everything was going perfectly! Suddenly, a strange light appeared in the sky, more or less where Mount Baker would be visible on a clear day. It seemed to come closer—and it was not a light but a strange object. I stared intently, giving it my full attention, and it came clearly into focus—a staircase! On the riser to each stair a different word was written: ATHLETICS—SWIMMING—RUGBY—B.Sc.—Ph.D.—D.Sc.—HEAD OF AGRICULTURE—INDUSTRY COMMITTEES—ECONOMIST.

At the top of the staircase a road led between some fancy houses, the driveways filled with cars, campers, boats on trailers—and they were all mine!

By now my heart was beating rapidly. This was obviously a vision—the first I had ever seen—and so real I felt I could almost touch it. The road emerged from the houses and simply went out to nowhere...yet, there was something in the road. I strained to see...it was an onion! Lying in the middle of the road. Immediately, I thought that an onion, if not eaten, will decay, will desiccate, from the outside inwards. Layer by layer it dies and turns brown, until only the heart remains fresh. Left too long, eventually the white heart dries up.

At that moment some words flashed into my mind: “For what does it profit a man to gain the entire world, yet

lose his soul?"

Overwhelmed I turned from the living room window and ran to my bedroom. Falling to my knees I cried out: "God! If You exist, save me! I feel wretched, and selfish, as though my soul is rotten and perishing."

I waited for what seemed like hours, but there was no reply. That settles it, I thought. There is no God. That is just an idea, a concept, a crutch for weakminded people to lean on. I got to my feet and forcibly calmed my whirling thoughts.

One cup of coffee later I felt better, and ready to greet my wife, Moira, who had been out to a meeting. I said nothing to her about the vision and we retired to bed.

When I awoke I immediately sensed that something was different. The air seemed to be charged with electricity, and in a flash I remembered my vision of the previous night. What was going wrong with me, I wondered? Was I getting a fever? I turned to Moira to tell her that I wasn't feeling well when, suddenly, *Jesus spoke to me!*

"WELCOME TO MY FAMILY. YOU ARE SAVED."

His voice was loud and clear, seeming to come from the ceiling at the end of the bedroom.

"Did you hear that?" I exclaimed.

"No," Moira said, "what was it?"

"Jesus spoke to me!" I said in amazement. "He told me that I am saved."

Moira rolled out of bed, her hands clasped together. "Praise God," she cried, "our prayers have been answered."

"What prayers?" I asked, puzzled.

"Last night," Moira said quickly, "last night at the prayer meeting, I asked the ladies to pray for you, so they joined hands and asked God to 'zap' you, to get your attention."

"Prayer meeting? I thought you were at the PTA?"

"No, silly. I told you I was going to a meeting called 'Women Aglow,' don't you remember?"

I didn't, but then I had long before slipped into the habit of only remembering the things I was interested in. "You know, Moira," I said, "last night a very strange thing happened to me." Slowly I recounted my experience of the vision, my prayer for help, and the disappointing silence and lack of immediate response.

"That happened at exactly the time that we were praying for you, do you realize that?" Moira said, her eyes shining.

Those words that I had heard during the vision, where were they from? Were they from the Bible? I didn't have a Bible, and I didn't know about the sinner's prayer. But I did know, intuitively, that God or Jesus had somehow communicated with my spirit, or inner man. I had reached a junction, a crucial turn-off in my journey of life. Which way should I turn? And who was this Jesus, anyway?

As I sat at my desk the following morning, I could not concentrate on my work. Repeatedly, my mind went back to the vision and the voice I had heard in the last few hours.

JESUS SPOKE TO ME!



“...my heart was beating rapidly. This was obviously a vision—the first I had ever seen—and so real I felt I could almost touch it.”

Amazing! But why Jesus? Who was this Jesus, anyway? I began to pace the floor in my office in downtown Victoria. Why Jesus? Why not Mohammed, Buddha, or Confucius, or someone else? I remembered some debates in a philosophy club I had participated in some years ago, and could not remember why Jesus might be any different.

I realized that I had to have the answer to the question: “Why Jesus?” Suddenly, I made up my mind. Leaving the office, I paid a visit to the city library, and selected some books. On the way back to my office I saw a sign:

CHRISTIAN BOOKSTORE. Going in, I searched the shelves, found several interesting titles, and purchased them.

That day I began a systematic study. Day after day I searched my books. I was particularly interested in the views of hostile, or anti-Christian critics. To my surprise I discovered that the evidence for the historical Jesus was superior to that which exists for Julius Caesar. No serious scholars of history today doubt that Jesus was a fact of history.

Next, I checked up on the credentials of the New Testament. I learned that scholars of historicity also have tests

and procedures by which they validate material. I discovered that the New Testament documents all pass these



Dr. Hill relaxing on his sailboat at Oak Bay, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

tests with flying colors.

So, I concluded that I could read the New Testament documents quite safely! They could be trusted completely as a source of information about Jesus of Nazareth. That day I went out and purchased a new Bible. Returning home, I read all four gospels in harmony, and as I went along I took careful notes.

It took me about two months. At the beginning of December 1976, I had completed the chart. As I looked it over, I saw the following:

1. Jesus claimed directly on eight occasions to be Almighty God.

In John 8:58, He told a hostile Jewish audience that He was God. His listeners that day included religious leaders—both Pharisees and Sadducees, with scribes and doctors of the Jewish

law—all fiercely monotheistic sons of Abraham. “Truly, truly, I say to you, before Abraham was born, I AM,” were the astounding words they heard from Jesus’ lips.

2. On 15 occasions Jesus claimed to be the unique or only begotten Son of God.

When on trial for His very life, He was asked who He thought He was. In Luke’s record, chapter 22, verse 70, it reads: “And they all said: ‘Are you the Son of God, then?’ And He said to them: ‘Yes, I am.’”

3. On six occasions Jesus called Himself the Christ.

When talking with the Samaritan woman at Jacob’s well, she says to Jesus: “I know that when Messiah is coming (He who is called Christ), when that one comes, He will declare all things to us.” And Jesus replies: “I who speak to you am He” (John 4:25, 26).

4. I counted 101 occasions in the New Testament when Jesus made some “outrageous” statements about Himself.

“I am the bread of life” (John 6:35). “...he who believes in Me, shall never thirst” (John 6:35). “I am the resurrection and the life, he who believes in Me shall live even if he dies...” (John 11:25). “I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father, but through Me” (John 14:6).

5. Evidence for the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

I discovered that many scholars and highly reputed legal experts, including Sir Norman Anderson of Great Britain, and Simon Greenleaf of the United

States, have declared their total confidence in the validity of the legal-historical evidence for the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

I was ready for my last question: "What then is my conclusion?"

It was December 7, 1976. I was at home and my search was over. I knew that I should pull all of my findings together and reach my own conclusion.

First of all, I saw that there were two, and only two alternatives or choices regarding Jesus: Either His claims are *true*, or they are *false*.

If His claims about Himself are false, then there are still two choices. He could have been a liar, or He was deluded about Himself, sincere but wrong. I considered both options. I remembered His life. I considered His impact on the moral standards of the world. I realized that countless men and women had laid down their lives on account of Him. I remembered that great scholars in His time and down through the ages had wrestled with His sayings, concluding: "Never spake any man as did this Man."

Neither of the options of "liar" nor "lunatic" would settle comfortably with me. Neither was logical. I was left with the only other option: *His claims are true!*

So I had the answer to my question: "Why Jesus?"

It had to be Jesus! It could only be Jesus! *Because Jesus is God, the Son!*

Quite suddenly I felt a sort of blanket of peace settle over me. I was suddenly conscious of free will. I found that I felt complete freedom to say: "Yes, Lord

Jesus, I believe that You are God. But I want to live my life my way, so thank You and bye-bye."



John and Moira Sill (seated) with their children (l. to r.) Jeannine, Bruce, Paul and Andrea.

Instead, I fell on my knees that evening of December 7, 1976, and prayed: "Thank You, Lord, for satisfying my mind. Please be my Lord, take my life and use it for Your purpose."

That was the day that I began to walk with Christ. I have discovered that my searching in the scriptures, with an open heart and mind, led me to the answer of the most important question any person will ever have to face, "Who is Jesus?"

In Matthew 16:13, Jesus asks His disciples, "Who do people say that the Son of Man is?"

And they said, "Some say John the Baptist; some, Elijah; and others, Jeremiah, or one of the prophets."

I noticed that Jesus did not debate any of these possibilities. Instead, He

zeros right in on the real issue: "*But who do you say that I am?*"

It is every person's answer to this question that determines where he or she will spend eternity. A sobering thought, indeed!

Four years later, I returned with my family to South Africa. We were sent out by our church in Victoria as missionaries to "help feed the hungry." Soon after our arrival, I was baptized in the Holy Spirit, and joined FGBMFI in the city of Pietermaritzburg. A year later I was asked to join the executives of the Fellowship as a National Director, and I was greatly blessed by all that the Lord was doing through chapters and national conventions.

I look back on all this, and marvel at God's love. I did not deserve salvation. I was so arrogant, so self-sufficient, that all I deserved was judgment. Yet God responded to the prayers of some

faithful women, and to the desperate cry of a soul that had just become aware of its moral bankruptcy. Being God, He knew perfectly well just how to get my attention. A simple vision of the futility of acquisition of earthly riches, and the picture of an onion! Who could ever have dreamed up such a thing? A double doctorate "blown away" by the thought of a decaying onion!

But praise God for that onion. It stopped me in my tracks. It helped me to consider Jesus Christ, and to face up to the most important question of all, "*Who is Jesus?*" ■

John Hill holds two doctorates in agricultural sciences and works for the federal government of Canada as a development economist. After 10 years of missionary work in southern Africa, he returned to this post in 1989. Dr. Hill lives in Victoria, British Columbia with his wife, Moira, where they actively share the good news of Jesus Christ.

VOICE

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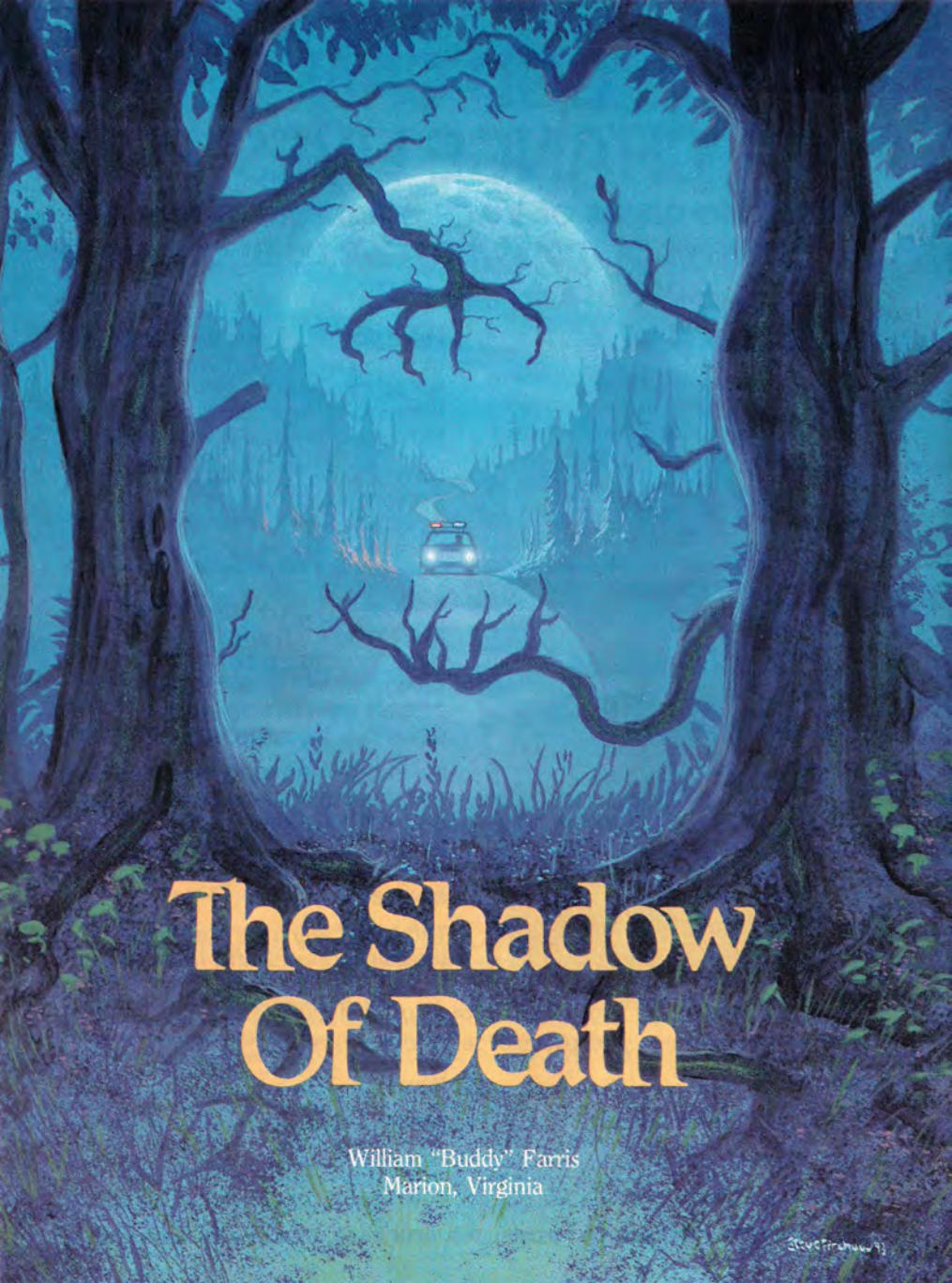
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The Shadow Of Death

William "Buddy" Farris
Marion, Virginia

Engrossed in my book, at first I failed to notice the speeders multiplying on this dark Thanksgiving eve. The radar ticked off the count...60, 65, 70, 75, 80.

When another flashed by at 82, I set the reading material down, leaving it open to one of my favorite passages. I had to focus on the job at hand: controlling traffic flow on Interstate 95.

Flipping on my Virginia state police car's flashing lights, I floored the gas pedal. The offenders quickly pulled over. I slowed and cruised in behind them. My lights shone through their rear window, illuminating an elderly couple.

I got out and began walking towards the other car. Unlike some motorists, with two senior citizens I wasn't too concerned about the possibility of them assaulting me or pulling a gun.

However, another threat stalked me in the pitch-black night air. I never saw it coming.

Approaching from behind, a motorist weaved his way up the interstate. His judgment ruined by a combination of marijuana and alcohol, he saw our cars sitting just off the roadway. Thinking he was in the wrong lane, he moved over—to the shoulder.

He was driving a Chrysler. I vividly remember its hood ornament. When I reached the other car's rear door, he embedded that ornament in the center of my back. At 65 miles an hour.

The impact sent me skidding downward. Just as I started to slide underneath his car, he rammed the speeder's car. That smashed me between the two of them.

From here on, not everything I will tell you about this incident is based on personal recollection. Parts have been reconstructed from paramedics, rescue squad members, doctors, troopers and medical examiner's data. The evidence is documented.

After being slapped like a pinball between the vehicles, I flew up into the air. Coming back down, I landed on the roof of the drunk's car. The top half of my body spilled onto the interstate.

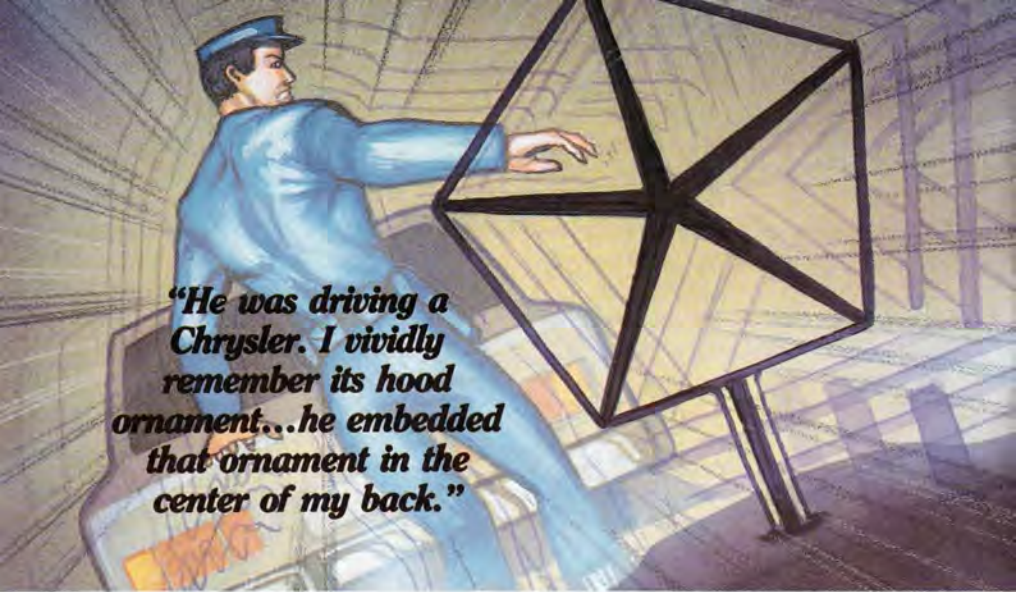
Just then, two fully loaded, 80,000-pound tractor trailers steamed up the northbound lane, traveling close together. The first driver barely saw me in time to jerk his rig out of the way without jackknifing or running me over. He was following so closely, the second had little time to react. And he couldn't turn 80,000 pounds at a 45-degree angle that fast. Throwing his hands up in front of his face, he cried, "Oh, my God!"

"Trooper, you'll never believe what happened!" he blurted out later to the investigating officer. "You'll never believe it! All of a sudden the wheel on my tractor turned to the left and back to the right. Trooper, I never touched that wheel!"

Humanly speaking, what happened was impossible. However, the people whom I stopped for speeding weren't as excited—or gracious.

Regaining consciousness, I got up and stumbled around the side of their car. Then I crawled in their back seat. Blood poured from my body.

"Get out of my car!" the woman



“He was driving a Chrysler. I vividly remember its hood ornament...he embedded that ornament in the center of my back.”

screamed. “You’re bleeding all over my carpet!”

Despite my weak, groggy state, I obeyed. Slowly getting out, I wandered about 25 steps up the shoulder and collapsed.

Soon after, the rescue squad arrived. In vain, they tried to get a heartbeat or a faint pulse. After 30 minutes of trying to find vital signs, at 10:23 p.m. they covered my face with a sheet.

Then they turned their attentions to cleaning up from the accident. With my body headed for the Richmond morgue, they weren’t in a big rush.

Thank God I had been prepared for this moment long before. Because of my father’s influence, I had believed in Jesus since childhood.

Despite a fourth-grade education, Dad had more wisdom than a roomful of

Ph.D.s who don’t know the Lord. He didn’t have a college degree, but he built his own house and car from the ground up. He also designed furniture.

Raised on a farm in Smyth County, near my present home, I was sometimes ridiculed as a dumb country boy.

“I know why you believe the way you do, Buddy,” a man once told me. “If you had just a little bit of education, you wouldn’t believe like you do.”

Thanks to my track skills (I missed going to the Olympic trials by three-tenths of a second), an athletic scholarship paid for that education. But I’ll never forget what Dad told me the day I left for college:

“Son, go ahead and get your education,” he said quietly. “But education will not give you the joy and peace you’re looking for. Only God can do that.”

A former Virginia State Trooper, Buddy Farris is now Chief Deputy of the Smyth Co. Sheriff's Dept.



"What do you mean, Dad?"

"You take a truck loaded full of watermelons and a thief, and a thief will steal the watermelons off the truck. You educate him and he'll steal the watermelons *and* the truck. But he's still a thief. Education didn't change him."

I thank the Lord for a man like my father. He has supported me in my job. Police work is stressful and different

shifts and job tension take their toll on many cops and their families.

My grandmother influenced me, too. She had a huge smile which seemed to swallow her face. I remember coming up on our porch as a boy. She'd be sitting there swinging, reading her Bible, tears streaming down her face.

"Grandma, are you okay?" I'd ask.

"I sure am," she always smiled.

I was with my 72-year-old grandma the night she died. So weak and sick she couldn't lift her arms, she could barely move a hand. The night she stepped into glory, she looked up and said, "All those lights. All those people."

"Grandma, the lights are off," I said softly. "There's no one here but you and me."

Then, with her last ounce of energy, she lifted her right hand up, smiled and said, "I know who that is."

It took me years to understand what she meant. What helped me grasp it was the experience I had before coming back to life. The encounter will remain with me forever.

Everything went pitch black after I passed out on the highway that night. It was the darkest black I had ever seen. I felt like I was trapped in a deep hole. Yet I felt no fear or pain.

Emerging from this charcoal air were thousands upon thousands of hands from the wrist down. They came at me in waves, grabbing at my body but never touching me.

I've been asked what this was; before I ever discussed this publicly in giving my testimony, I asked God to help me

not mislead anyone in explaining it.

For what I endured, I believe, was the valley of the shadow of death. As the 23rd Psalm says, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."

One day you, too, will walk through that valley. If you are a Christian, Satan can grab all he wants. I believe that's what he was trying to do that night, along with his angels. Vainly trying to make one last snatch at God's child.

Those hands fluttered at me for what seemed like two or three minutes. Then I found myself bathed in a very bright light. The whitest, brightest light I had ever seen. When I looked around, it was just as white above me as it was in the distance.

Have you ever had one of those times when you felt like you could reach up and touch a piece of heaven? Ever felt like you were going to burst wide open? Just didn't know what you would do?

Multiply that a 1000-fold and you may have some idea of the unspeakable joy I felt as I stood there. Glory, happiness and peace filled my soul.

I know now why we will need a new body when we get to heaven. Our earthly ones won't be able to contain the radiance.

Ahead in the distance I saw a large door. It looked like a thousand rainbows were pouring out of that door.

It was the most beautiful sight I've ever seen, the most dazzling colors (and with four children and 50 boxes of crayons around the house, I know my colors). Attracted by the sight, I

began walking towards it.

As I drew closer, I felt like the joy would cause my body to split in two. I feel inadequate trying to paint you a picture of this scene. God says in His Word (I Cor. 2:9) that we haven't seen or heard the things He has prepared for us. It's true!

Had I made it to that door, I believe my loved ones would have already read my obituary and mourned my passing. Meanwhile, I would be dancing on the hills of glory, wrapping my arms around Moses and Abraham, and rejoicing in His presence.

However, when I got within six feet of the door, I woke up. It's been more than 12 years since this happened, and for a long time I was petrified to tell anyone about it.

For some reason, God brought me back to life 23 minutes after the paramedics pronounced me dead at the scene. When I woke up, they were wheeling me down the hallway toward the morgue's cold storage area.

A trooper named Sonny Dobbins (who has since died) was clutching the railing of the cart. Sonny was a mountain of a man. I had never seen him cry before. He was now.

As I was trying to yank the sheet off my face, I saw the lights in the hallway. Blood had matted it to my face, so it was hard to remove.

When I finally got the sheet off, I had no idea what had transpired. Looking at my fellow trooper, I asked, "Sonny, what happened?"

After his mouth fell open about three feet, he stammered, "Ah, ah, ah, ah..."



The Farris family: (clockwise from lower left) Leah, Rachel, Sarah, Buddy, Nathan and Donna (center).

Bud, you're supposed to be dead!"

Suddenly everyone jumped into action. Instead of cold storage, they whisked me to the hospital. I was hospitalized overnight and spent three months recuperating at home.

I also had \$1,200 worth of plastic surgery done on my face. It didn't really change much—I still have a big nose and baggy eyes. But they closed my facial wounds so there wouldn't be scars.

Remember I said I was "out" for 23 minutes? After four minutes without oxygen you're supposed to have brain damage. While I was lying in the hospital, doctors told my wife, "We don't know if he'll ever walk again."

The "bottom line"—I'm still healthy, running and working out. Still working

in law enforcement, stopping speeders, arresting lawbreakers...and defending myself when I must. That doesn't always call for a gun.

One night death stared me directly in the eye again. A criminal stood with a pistol pointed at my head. Without even thinking, I said, "To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord" (2 Cor. 5:8).

Putting the gun down, the old boy looked at me and said, "You're carzy. You can't be 'the man' (a slang expression for police)."

After we shook hands, I arrested him.

Remember that book I was reading on the Thanksgiving evening I nearly died? It was the Bible. The page was turned to Romans 8:28, "We know that in everything God works for good with those who love Him, who are called according to His purpose" (RSV).

If you don't know the joy of Someone working on your behalf, invite Jesus to live in your heart today. He can take away all fear, no matter what frightens you. And He can remove all your pain, no matter how intense. Even when life slams into you at 65 miles an hour. ■

After 14 years as a trooper with the Virginia State Police, Buddy Farris took a job on January 1, 1992, as Chief Deputy of the Smyth County Sheriff's Department. His wife, Donna, is a learning disabilities teacher at Marion Elementary School. They have four children: Sarah, 11; Rachel, 10; Nathan, 8; and Leah, 7. The Farris family attend Cedar Bluff Baptist Church in Marion, which licensed him as a minister in 1990. He is also involved in scouting and youth sports activities. You can contact him by writing to 206 Magnolia St., Marion, VA 24354, or calling (703) 784-4796.



What Should A Father Teach His Children?

Dr. Matatsugi Saito
Nagareyama-Shi, Japan

Up until the time my eldest son was about to start school, I had no interest whatsoever in the subject of my children's education, and lived a life of putting my own work first, which is that of a physician.

I often remembered my father's attitude toward his own sons' education when we were young. During times like

that, panic would overpower me.

Looking back, I remember my father rising early in the morning before any of us awakened. First, he read the newspaper, then while we ate breakfast, he commented on the current social and political affairs of the day. He fervently admonished us to study hard to get a good education, as we would be

his heirs someday.

The regal appearance of my father at work was that of a physician; proud of his profession, and even in times of poverty he planned ahead for the future of his children. My father was an extraordinary man, exuding confidence, both physically and mentally.

When I became a father, I realized that I could never measure up or begin to compare with my father's fine qualities. I tried to change. In frustration, I began to imitate what my father used to do, but nothing helped. There were many techniques I worked at, but nothing lasted more than three days. On one occasion, I read a book that suggested that fathers become involved with their children's studies. This interested me, so I gave this approach a try; deciding to go where my children were studying, resolving to get into the academic mood; however, within 10 minutes I became irritated and started shouting emotionally at them. In defeat, I gave up and quit!

MY BURDEN WAS HEAVY

I was stressed out by the strain and worries of everyday life at work. Though I wanted to be a good and understanding husband and father, I abused my rights. I was very self-centered. As soon as I came home from work, I would have a drink, watch TV, have a bath, then go to bed. Instead of being a positive example to my family, I gave them only insecurity and fear.

Because I was so unsettled and distressed within, I was deceptively drawn into the Unification Church, which skill-

fully blends into its teachings gleanings from the Bible and from Buddhism.

For anyone like myself, who was dominated by fear and insecurity, one can understand how easy it is to be drawn into this kind of satanic bondage. Through this deception, I lost money and was put in a very difficult situation.

After this sad, unfortunate experience, my wife began searching for life's answers from the Bible. Soon she started attending a good church.

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS

In May of 1985, while at home, I was half listening to a religious telecast on Chiba Television. It was called "Invitation to Happiness" and a message was being presented by Paul Yonggi Cho. My attention was suddenly gripped by a passage of scripture: "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

"Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus Christ is the Son of God?" (1 John 5:4,5).

I was overwhelmed by these scriptures and the bold declaration of victory, as it seemed so remote from my life. An impassioned desire welled up within me, wanting to understand what those words meant.

Enthusiastically I began watching the weekly gospel television program, expectantly waiting and watching to see if there would be another message about victory. Much later in time, I found the scriptures in the Bible. With the Holy Spirit as my Helper, I discovered confi-

dence in my position as a victor.

NEW LIFE IN CHRIST

In November, 1985, I attended a special evangelistic meeting, at which time a very significant message was presented on the subject of "New Life." That was for me. I was touched by the Lord, and completely set free! With tears of repentance and joy, I received healing for the many emotional hurts of my life; hurts from various childhood experiences, as well as youth hang-ups, including an inferiority complex.

The Lord came into an area of my life that no one else could enter. He gave me comfort and filled me with His love. I cannot stop praising Him for His wonderful, redemptive work in my life.

In December, 1985, my wife and I were baptized. Prior to my conversion, I did not consider myself a sinner. I was not aware or conscious of sin. I was a shallow person with a proud air of self-righteous indignation. I was forever justifying my own actions.

Now, for the first time, I realized that Jesus Christ died on the cross for my sins; was buried, and on the third day was resurrected from the dead; and today, He lived forevermore!

Because of this truth, I was saved! The Bible became real to me: "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). "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any many should boast" (Eph. 2:8,9).

When I read from His Word, I was amazed at how much God knew about me, and how precisely clear His admonitions are with respect to receiving Him and following Him as Lord and Saviour.

I was convinced that the Bible, truly a Book of Life, was given to us by God through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

POWER FOR VICTORY

During the fall of the following year, I attended the Ten Million Souls for Christ rally. It was awe-inspiring to see believers lift their hands in prayer and praise unto the Lord. I sensed that they had a power that I did not have. I commented to my wife that the people at the meeting seemed so full of joy; I kept wishing that I might know the same reality of their joy. The next evening my wife and I attended the meeting again. I received instructions for the first time on receiving the Holy Spirit. Then I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, speaking with tongues as the Spirit gave utterance. I lifted my hands in prayer and praise to the Lord. I became a changed man!

"MOUNT OF OLIVES" ESTABLISHED

God blessed my business. The next year I was given new land and a new home with an attached clinic for my medical practice. Wanting to establish a Christian witness at the clinic, I erected a cross on the roof. I played hymns and gospel songs as background music, creating a spiritual atmosphere

throughout the clinic. As the scriptures declare—"The Lord dwells among the praises of His people."

WAITING UPON GOD IN THE WAITING ROOM

In the waiting room, patients sensed an awareness of peace and were able to undergo treatment in a relaxed manner. The clinic employees began the practice of starting the day with prayer, before treatments.

In dealing with the patients they were able to perform their daily duties with more compassion, peace and joy. Creating this kind of a spiritual climate has had a profound effect for good not only for the patients, but ourselves as well. As a physician, I am no longer ruled by my pride. I am able to relate to each person in a personal, relaxed manner—always looking to the cross of Jesus for help.

When I am tired and weak, I pray, "Cleanse me and strengthen me by the blood of Your Cross."

I have constant joy in my heart.

Sometimes, I give the gospel to those sitting on the examination table who look weak and tired. I encourage them, and some have been saved. Also, I have prayed with patients to be healed while in the waiting room of the clinic.

The building is over three years old. Initially, I was given a Word from the Bible, which birthed our Praise and Bible Study ministry. Because of "Mount of Olives" many have been born again.

The daytime "Mount of Olives" prayer and praise meeting was started as a time of learning for the clinic employees, but patients are also attending the evening services which meet on Saturday night. We have between 20 or 30 people in attendance.

These brothers and sisters in Christ come from all denominations. The Lord manifests Himself through salvation, deliverance, healing and the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

FAMILY UNITY

The most wonderful blessing from the Lord has been unity in our family.

Now, before I take my two sons to school each morning (one son is in the first year of high school, and the other is in the third grade), I am able to have daily devotions with them, then pray a prayer of blessing upon their lives for the day. Then in the evening, our family has devotions together.

The Lord has become the center of our family life. We collectively share our problems with each other—then see them solved! We sleep at night, able to rest in peace. For all of these blessings, we are thankful.

I remember the story of the Prodigal Son, who left his father's house but later returned to live in peace and contentment with his father again.

From my heart I applaud my heavenly Father who loved me with that kind of eternal love. ■

Reprinted from the Japanese edition of *Voice*, September 1990.

More than three years ago, my testimony appeared in *Voice* magazine. That issue still shows up at concerts, carried by fans wanting my autograph on it.

No other single article has generated such an overwhelming response. The Lord's word touched many people: 25 to 30 have told me they accepted Jesus as their Saviour after reading it.

In addition, my office received nearly 300 enthusiastic letters. Others have called radio and TV talk shows to say, "Man, I read that article in *Voice* and gave my heart to the Lord."

I wanted to let FGBMFI know about

this outpouring to encourage you. If one testimony accomplished this much, imagine what happens with the dozens *Voice* prints in a year!

Our Father is proud of you, and many deserve a share of the credit. There's the editorial staff producing the magazine, others who distribute hundreds of thousands of copies and FGBMFI, which provides the financial backing.

Voice
Echoes:

**Voice
of
Power**

Ricky Skaggs
Nashville, Tennessee



Revelation 12:11 says we overcome by the blood of the Lamb and the word of our testimony. Since mine appeared in print, I've had more opportunities to share it in person.

Last year I spoke at a conference with Francis Frangipane in Cedar Rapids, Iowa; and in a Houston church over Easter. When I testified at Carpenter's Home Church in Lakeland, Florida, last spring, 60 people came forward to accept Jesus as Saviour.

I'm excited to see people set free, and an opportunity to touch more. Our band will travel to Russia and we will stage at least four concerts (to be filmed by CBN) and I will share what God is doing in my life.

In the Soviet Union, people are starving for the gospel. Our trip is an opportunity, a kind of prototype of what the Lord will do in America.

There's been so much doubt and unbelief in this nation, God is not able to perform many miracles here. "Religion" and familiarity with Christianity has dimmed our faith.

Nevertheless, the Lord is moving. He's restoring us as brothers in the Lord, regardless of denomination.

Building up young people to become mighty champions of God.

Using country music to call people back to their families.

You won't read about this spiritual wave in the daily newspaper. But it's happening, and each of us plays a crucial role.

My business is music. Whatever tools He's given you, use them for His glory. Help bring in the harvest. ■

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.

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Tuesday, June 29

____ C6901 Evening Mtg.—Paul Walker—"Demonstration Of Discipleship"

Wednesday, June 30

____ C6902 Breakfast—DeCarol Williamson—"What God Is Saying To FGBMFI"

____ C6903 Afternoon Seminar—Paul Walker—"Spiritual Warfare, Scriptural Strategy"

____ C6904 Afternoon Seminar—Paul & Joyce Toberty—"Prophetic Ministry"

____ C6905 Evening Mtg.—Fr. DiLorenzo

____ C6906 ____ V8886 Evening Mtg.—John Hagee—"Battle Cry"

Thursday, July 1

____ C6907 Breakfast Mtg.—Sir Lionel Luckhoo

____ C6908 Ladies' Luncheon—Lonise Bias—"Tough Times Like These"

____ C6909 Evening Mtg.—J. Maurice Prindville—"Testimony"

____ C6910 ____ V8887 Evening Mtg.—Fr. Robert MacDougall—"Testimony Of A Catholic Priest"

Friday, July 2

____ C6911 Breakfast Mtg.—Bob Edmiston

____ C6912 Sports Luncheon—Jimmy Johnson—"Testimony"

____ C6913 ____ V8888 Evening Mtg. A—Gordon Fee—"A Prayer For Times Like These"

Saturday, July 3

____ C6914 ____ V8889 Military Breakfast—Lt. Gen. Alonzo Short, Jr.—"How Shall We Live?"

____ C6915 Afternoon Seminar—"Secrets of the Anointing"

____ C6916 ____ V8890 Evening Mtg.—Demos Shakarian, David Duell

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GEORGIA MEN'S ADVANCE

Jan. 14-16 & 21-23, 1994

Rock Eagle 4-H Camp, Eaton, GA
Contact: Jimmy Rogers
3001 Linstock Way
Suwanee, GA 30124
404-621-3044

ILLINOIS MEN'S ADVANCE

Jan. 21-22, 1994

Inter Laken Resort, Lake Geneva, WI
Contact: Rico Cannataro
1987 Lexington Dr.
Palatine, IL 60074
708-359-2778

NO. NEW ENGLAND MEN'S ADV.

Jan. 21-22, 1994

Vermont
Contact: Robert W. Zider
RR#4, Box 9215
Barre, VT 05641
802-476-3170, 802-479-4602

34TH WASHINGTON INT'L. REG. CONV.

Jan. 21-23, 1994

Hyatt Regency Hotel, Arlington, VA
Contact: FGBMFI WA Conv. Office
4106 Sunburst Ct.
Alexandria, VA 22303
703-971-6115

30TH INLAND EMPIRE COUPLES' ADV.

Jan. 28-30, 1994

Spokane Sheraton, Spokane, WA
Contact: H. Alfred Dunning
N. 8510 North View Court
Spokane, WA 99208
509-466-4579, 509-327-2777

ILLINOIS STATE REG. CONV.

Feb. 2-5, 1994

Decatur, IL
Contact: Howard Hite
RR#1, Box 6D
Dalton City, IL 61925
217-874-2274

PEACE CO. 5TH ANNUAL ADV.

Feb. 4-6, 1994

Travellers Motor Hotel, Peace River
Alberta, Canada
Contact: Bob Savage
P.O. Box 884
Grand Prairie, Alb., Canada T8V 3Y1
408-538-1040

REGIONAL RALLY

Feb. 11-12, 1994

Ramada Inn, Sterling, CO
Contact: Ross Lindstrom
303-522-2328

OKI MARRIED COUPLES ADV.

Feb. 25-27, 1994

Kings Island Inn, Kings Island, OH
Contact: Duane Kinnison
P.O. Box 1386
Fairborn, OH 45034
513-879-3943

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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/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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1994

A new year is a time for reflection on the accomplishments of the past year and goal-setting for the coming one. Join us as we examine the great fire of the Holy Spirit that is spreading around the world and its significance for the Fellowship and believers everywhere.

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Full of Success... But Empty Inside

Bruce Collie led an enviable life—a successful professional football player with the San Francisco Forty-niners and two Super Bowl rings, homes, automobiles and as many women as he wanted. But it turned out that all Bruce really wanted was the peace he wasn't finding in his current lifestyle.

10

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