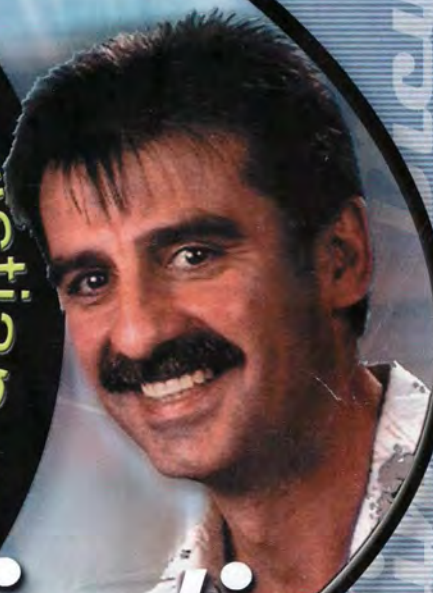


Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

Christian Gagnieux



Cycling
with the
Best

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*He came to give us
life and
that more abundantly*

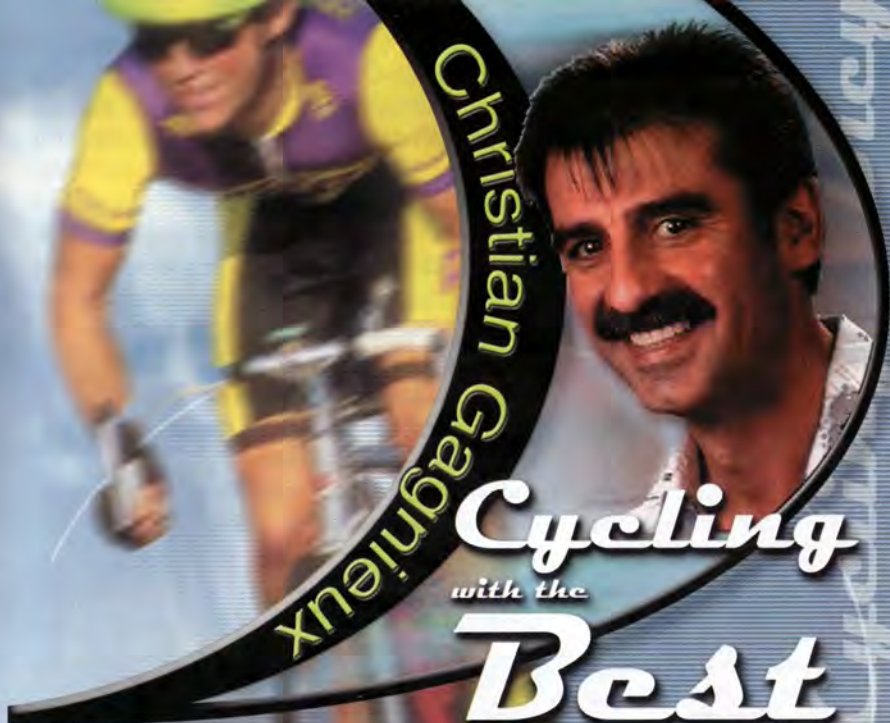
SEASON'S GREETINGS

*This is a special time of year for our
FGBMFI Family. We want each of
you to know how special you are and
how much we love you.*

*We appreciate you very much and
thank you for your prayers for us.*

Richard and Vangie Shakarian





Christian Gagnieux, Mulhouse, France

Cycling has become a world-wide sport and grown dramatically in popularity over the past few years. It is a sport of total commitment, far more than most people know. Athletes build up their hearts to two times the normal capacity. The top guys have heart rates of forty beats per minute. They achieve levels of stamina that are almost super human.

My father was such a man, and he was well known in the sport. When I was in my teens, it wasn't long before he noticed that I had natural talent and began to train me. I won the very first race in which I took part. Though my family were "Christians", on Sunday we were always at cycle

rides. I improved consistently and soon was in national and international races. By the time I was 17, the trainer of a national team told me, "You have the potential to reach the top." From that time on I set my sights on becoming a professional cyclist.

My father put everything he had into this hope: money, determination, and effort. I really enjoyed it and was generally happy, but I had all but for-

Voice

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gotten about God. My life was cycling, and I dreamt of wealth and glory. I did not concern myself with studies or anything else; cycling was simply all there was!

One Sunday morning I was putting my bicycle on the car as usual when my neighbor came by with his Bible under his arm. He said good morning, and then before leaving added, "God bless you!" When I heard his parting comment, something funny happened inside. It was as though someone had pulled the carpet from under me. It was the strangest sensation, and the thought struck me, "If Jesus were to return to earth today, where would you be? You would be lost forever - lost forever..."

On my way to where we were cycling that day, I prayed, "Father God, if it is your will that I give up cycling, You will have to help me because I like what I do. If You want me to be totally committed to you, You have to help me." In that race I fell for the first time. It is totally normal that racers fall from time to time, but it had never happened to me. I was unable to finish the race. The next Sunday I was ready for the next race, fit and with a new bike. Once again something happened and I was unable to finish. Slowly I began to understand that it might have something to do with my prayer, and God was trying to tell me something.

"Everyone falls sometime. In that race I fell for the first time."

VOICE

From that day on I was unable to finish another race. Either I was sick, fell, or had a problem with my bicycle, such as a flat tire. My father was enraged, especially when I told him about my prayer. For a long time afterwards he did not even speak to me. There was a heavy tension in our family, and I did not know how to win back my father's love and respect.

I returned to the church, and Jesus became the most important thing in my life. When everything settled down I came to the realization that I had no education. I only knew that Jesus loved me and that the answer was prayer. In the end I landed a job working in the Peugeot factory. During this same period I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Things did not go well for me at work. I still had a rebellious heart and constantly had diffi-

culties with other workers and my bosses. Within six months I was finished and longed for the days when I was a top cyclist.

In my frustration, I cried out to God, "Where is the blessing? I feel like a slave. I trusted You." This was His answer." How can I use you for great things if you are unable to deal with small things?" In that moment of humility I decided once and for all that no matter where God sent me, I would strive to be the best.

I began to honor others and they soon noticed. It was not long before I had friends. I



*Christian
Gagnieux
with his
victorious team*

"I was called into the office and was told that over 2,000 people had left their work stations."

never dreamt that it was possible for me to have fun at work. Every day work became a holy commission for me, which I carried out with the same gusto I would have given to a cycle race. It began to frustrate me when we had to do a job that was not done as well as it could have been. The company suggested a training program for me and once again I found myself in school. I did well.

The men I worked with and I became close friends and, as a result, I was able to talk to them about God. My greatest joy came when a colleague invited Jesus Christ into his life. Eventually I was put in charge of a section, with 60 workers under me. With God's help I was able to build the same comradeship with these men as I

had had on the assembly line.

In 1989 there was a strike at Peugeot. I was called into the office and was told that over 2,000 people had left their work stations. There was chaos and confusion at the plant. When everything settled down we saw that almost every man on my shift was ready for work, and this without threats. The trouble continued for two months.

One morning the factory director came through and greeted us. We had never had contact with him on our work station. An inner voice said, "Relax, you will soon meet that man." Fifteen minutes later I was sent to his office. He wanted to know how I had convinced my team to remain at work. I told him about my faith and that I prayed for my men every morning. He started to laugh, "I am a nuclear physicist and

Christian Gagnieux with his wife





believe that everything has a rational explanation.” We spoke about religion for the next hour. That day we became friends. He gave me a raise in pay and a promotion.

To the displeasure of my boss, every morning after that the director would come down from his executive building and invite me to coffee. Later I discovered that the he was telling people throughout the company about the things God was doing in my life.

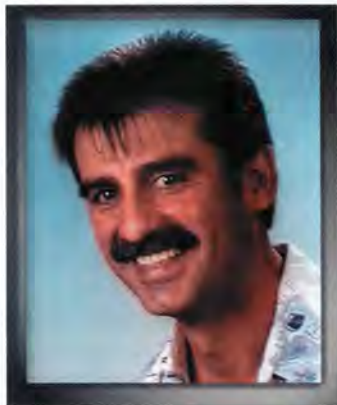
Once I was put in charge of a “rebellious team”. I prayed and prayed about the situation. They sabotaged the work and would not listen to instruction. In one month I lost 10 lbs. due to the stress. One day while I was complaining to God about them, the Holy Spirit asked, “Why do you not use my Word?” That same day the head troublemaker came to me in my office. He had

come to the end of his rope and I was able to tell him about the love of Jesus. By the time he returned to his work station, he was my friend.

In a few days the whole atmosphere had changed and the team became a blessing to work with. From being the worst team, they became the best in the plant. When I was told what a good job I’d done, I was, once again, able to tell them about Jesus. I have learned that no matter what we do, if we do it unto God, even our work places can be a wonderful place to “minister” to others.



“Today I am still on the winning team.”





Note of Victory

Ronn Jones - Hamilton Ohio

For years we have heard it said, "Sticks and stones will break my bones, but words will never hurt me." I can tell you for sure that this is not true! Sticks and stones do hurt, but much worse are the lingering effects of words. After your physical wounds heal, the scars that nobody can see still remain. Some people call this dysfunction, but I call it hell! I was told as a child that I was fat, cross-eyed, bucktoothed, and would never amount to anything. This gave me a distorted view of myself. The Bible says, "As a man thinks in his heart, so is he." That's what you become!

As the middle child in a family of six boys, it seemed that I was always the one who would spill the milk, leave the toilet seat up or forget to put the cap on the toothpaste. Pretty soon I began to think, Dad's right, I can't do anything right!

I have always loved the TV show, "Leave It To Beaver." In that family they never cursed or screamed at each other and, no matter what happened, they were always good to each other. I used to pray that my family would be like that TV show where they never fought. I wanted my family to be "normal!" I wanted my Dad to quit calling me names

and for all the pain, rejection and hurt to go away. If you have come from an abusive family, you know what I'm talking about.

In the middle of my heartache, despair and agony, God sent a special angel. It was a precious lady who lived across the street from me. Her name was Lena. Somehow she always knew when there was trouble at home and she would always say to me, "Ronnie Jones, God has a plan for your life. You are so special. You're so valuable to Him, and you are going to make it." She wouldn't give up on inviting me to her church. She always made it sound so exciting with lots of stuff going on all the time.

I promised her that I would visit her church.

Ronn Jones sings at the 1999 World Convention



This was my very first time out of the formal denomination in which I grew up. As I walked into the little church, they were singing, "I'll Fly Away." They were really enjoying themselves. Boy, was this different from my church! I also noticed that everyone was hugging each other and the women had huge hair styles.

One lady, Katie, sitting on the front pew, noticed me and came all the way back to welcome me. She shook my hand and said, "We are so glad you are here. What's your name?" Why would anyone be glad I was there? Dad made me feel like I wasn't wanted, but these total strangers loved me!

The guest preacher quoted John 3:16: "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believes on Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life." During his sermon, he quoted that verse three times, and I thought he was talking about me. My mental image of God was just like my Dad. If you make a mistake, I'll knock your brains out. I was so afraid of Dad. I wanted what this preacher was saying! That night at home, I knelt down in our bathroom and said, "God, I want

what those people have.” He heard that little prayer and I was born again!

I could hardly wait till the next service to tell what had happened to me! Katie was thrilled! She hugged me and said, “Praise God! What you need now is the Holy Ghost! He will give you peace on the worst day of your life!” I didn’t know what she was talking about, but I sure wanted that peace.

I was drawn back to church by their unconditional love and acceptance of me. They were having a shoutin’ good time! I went to the altar. I was scared by the shouting of all the people around me, but when they were all done, I knelt down on the hardwood floor and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I had never heard anyone speaking in tongues before, but nobody had to teach me. What a precious gift! I knew it was God!

When I went home that night I could hear the fighting outside. I went in and Mom was sitting on the couch, like a zombie; she couldn’t take it anymore. Dad was fighting with my brother. It was bad! When I tried to stop the fight, once again I was hurt and left alone!



Ronn Jones on a missions trip

As far back as I can remember, Dad was always telling Mom that she was a failure as a wife and a mother. He blamed everything on her. In desperation, Mom tried many times to kill herself. Unfortunately, the third time Mom succeeded by hanging herself. She believed in her heart all the things Dad was telling her. I still remem-

Ronn sings at the FGBMFI World Convention





*Ronn Jones with Richard Shakarian (top)
Ronn with Paul and Jan Crouch (bottom)*



ber the day I received that phone call. Mom was gone.

When I stood in the front yard of our home, I watched the ambulance drive away with my Mom. Somehow, at that moment, God brought back Katie's words, "He will give you peace on the worst day of your life!" Thank God His Word is true! The "comforter" did come in that moment!

After all of these horrible events I was filled with unforgiveness, bitterness and hatred. It was eating me up! I blamed my Dad for my Mom's death. Then the Lord spoke to my heart and said, "If you want to turn your life around, you must forgive!" I read in Mark 11:25,

"When you stand praying, forgive." To be victorious, I had to forgive my Dad. Though it was a great struggle, I chose to forgive him for all he had done!

I never ever dreamed that God could use me after all I have been through. Because of Jesus, I am strong at the broken places. I am now in full-time ministry and God is using me as a vessel to heal the broken hearted.



Testimonies Needed

We are looking for good testimonies for the new millennium.

Do you have a first person testimony of: Salvation, Healing, Miracles, Success in Business, or something else that will glorify God ?

If you would like your story to be considered for publication in Voice Magazine, please type 1,000 words and submit it to the address below, or email it to the attention of Voice Editor.

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A Few Scattered Clouds

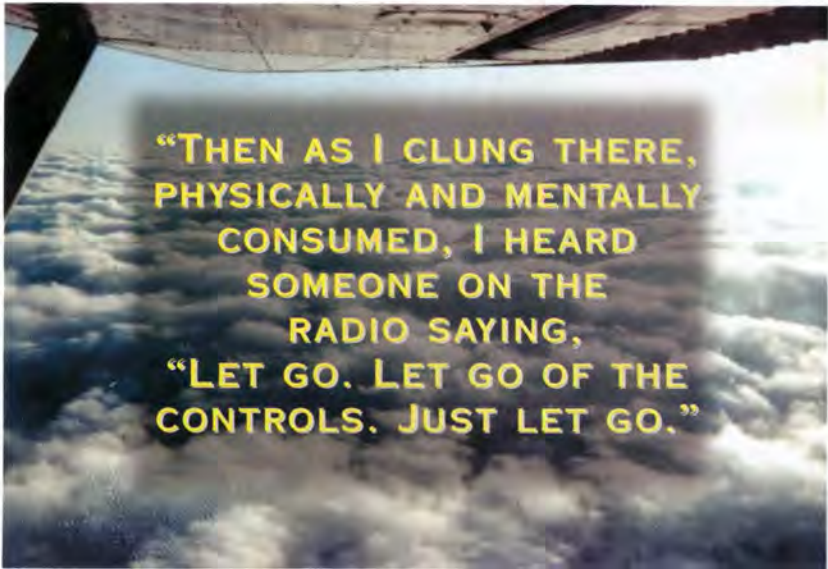


Robert A. Waldrup

At any moment I expected to smash into the side of a mountain, and my body stiffened in anticipation of the impending impact. What went wrong? It had been a clear sky with a bright full moon. We had fully expected a smooth flight home. An emergency with a customer's electronic security systems had had to be dealt with.

My boss, Jim, had just gotten his first plane and the 2-hour round-trip flight would replace almost six hours of driving from Charlotte, NC, to Asheville. After a quick lunch, we had flown to

Asheville and planned a return flight to Charlotte that evening. The job took longer than expected, so we had dinner before returning to the airport. An 11:00 p.m. weather briefing confirmed that the weather was great – clear and calm with a few scattered clouds. Those “few scattered clouds” proved to be our undoing.



**"THEN AS I CLUNG THERE,
PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY
CONSUMED, I HEARD
SOMEONE ON THE
RADIO SAYING,
"LET GO. LET GO OF THE
CONTROLS. JUST LET GO."**

Climbing higher than usual, we occasionally flew through one of the clouds. "It's good they're small thin clouds," I thought. Jim was a licensed pilot and I had had a few hours of instruction; but neither of us were proficient at flying by instruments.

As Jim piloted the plane, I watched a moon, pregnant with light, chase cloud shadows toward the eastern verges of the North Carolina mountains. Then, suddenly, the plane jerked to the left and my reverie turned to terror.

Clouds enveloped us. The moon had disappeared, and with it, all visual references. The plane went wild. My fingers, as the talons of an animal desperate with fear, clawed at the sides of my seat. My mind struck out blindly for a means of escape.

Tool boxes on the floor behind us burst open. Hammers sailed past our heads and smashed against the windshield. Wrenches banged into the cockpit ceiling. Heavy tools slammed against the doors. Screwdrivers rebounded from the instrument panel. Small tools swarmed around the cockpit, first one direction and then another.

The gyroscopic instruments showing the plane's orientation to the earth could no longer follow our violent movements. With the instruments not working and nothing outside but

murky darkness, there was no way to tell left from right or up from down.

When I finally looked toward Jim, I panicked. He stared straight ahead. Frozen. Unmoving, he was clutching the control wheel as if it were life's last breath.

"Jim, turn loose! Let me have the controls," I yelled over the pandemonium of an uncontrollable engine. The throttle had no effect. When we climbed, our airspeed slowed and the engine seemed almost to stop as if out of breath. Without enough airspeed the plane would quit flying and fall. Then our airspeed got faster and the engine wound up to a scream as we descended. "Oh, God! The mountains!" I breathed. We were rapidly falling toward them.

Eventually, Jim became aware of my yelling about the controls. In slow motion he transferred his death grip on the controls to the door assist strap and an armrest. Desperately, I tried to bring some semblance of order back into my life and get the airplane under control. My mind raced frantically trying to find a solution to our deadly dilemma.

At any moment I expected to smash into the side of a mountain and my body stiffened in anticipation of the impending impact. I could see nothing except a thick gray fog and a useless instrument panel. I clumsily wrung the controls first one way and then another. Following only the deceptive ever-shifting feeling of gravity, I tried to manage our situation, but to no avail. There seemed no hope of regaining control of the plane. Finding no solution, I waited for eternity to overtake me. In capitulation, I thought, "So, this is what it is like to die."

Then as I clung there, physically and mentally consumed, I heard someone on the radio saying, "Let go. Let go of the controls. Just let go."

This person was obviously out of his mind. He didn't know what he was asking. Let go of the controls? We'd crash and die. But nothing else I had tried was working.

It was then that I fully accepted the fact that I was about to die. And then I did the hardest thing I have ever done – I let go. As I let go of the controls, a great calmness overflowed me and suffused me with peace. I suddenly no longer feared death. I realized I was in the hands of God.

After waiting for what seemed eons, we broke out of



the clouds and I saw the moon once again full and bright; but something was wrong. The plane was upside down, climbing at an odd angle. Immediately, I returned the plane to normal level flight. When I looked at the altimeter, to my shock I realized we were below the level of the mountains. A frantic look outside showed me we were east of and clear of the mountains. The danger was over. I piloted the plane back home as Jim, still stunned, took another half hour to recover.

After a none-too-perfect landing at Charlotte, we shakily began to examine the cockpit. There was a hammer on top of the instrument panel and yet the windshield had not broken. It's not even cracked. "Any instruments damaged?" "Nope, doesn't look like it."

There were wrenches and screwdrivers under the seats, and stuff in all kinds of nooks and crannies. It was amazing that nothing critical had been damaged.

"Talk about amazing, how could all these tools and stuff fly all over the cockpit like they did and never hit either one of

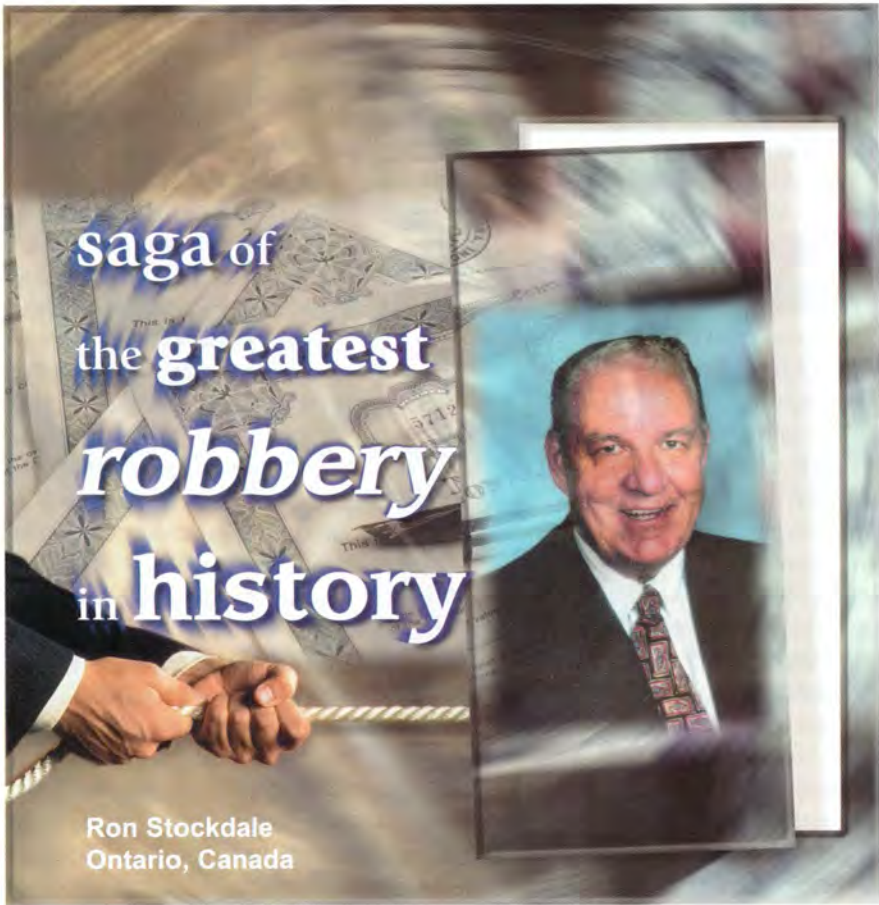


us? That big wrench would have really raised a bump." Nothing had even touched us. After we had cleaned everything up, the only mark remaining of the experience was in our minds.

Since then, critical periods in my health have reaffirmed and reinforced the experience of overflowing calmness. Life's ups and downs no longer worry me so much, even when life seems out of control and problems swarm all around. Even when there are no references with which to find direction, neither moon nor stars to guide me, I am confident that I "live and move and have my being" in hands bigger and infinitely more capable than mine. God is in control.

Years later, some questions still remain unanswered. Why did we not notice such large thick clouds until they engulfed us? Why had we climbed so much higher than normal? Most of all, the voice on the radio... Who was telling me to let go? No matter who it was, I know that it was God who saved our lives.





saga of the greatest robbery in history

Ron Stockdale
Ontario, Canada

Lying on the prison floor in a pool of blood, with nothing on but a short gown, I cried out, "God, I don't know why I am here, but You do. So please give me the strength."

There was a clanging of keys and the huge steel door swung open. "Alright, Stockdale," one said, "we know all about you. So, smart guy, if you think you're going to give the police a hard time, we know how to fix guys like you."

What had I done to deserve this? Was it all a dream? Curling up in a ball, I laid on the floor trying to ease my pain and started to think back.

At the outbreak of the Korean war I joined the army. I enlisted in the Provost Corps. Later, when I returned to

Brantford, I joined the Police Department. It was in the days when the police officers walked the beat. Many times, in making diffi-

cult decisions, I would talk to God about them.

My wife, Pearl, and I were blessed with five children, two girls and three boys, all healthy and strong. Everything on the force was going great. I loved my job as a policeman and put my heart and soul into it. Eventually I became head of the Police Association in Brantford and also head of the area zone from Niagara Falls to Windsor.

One night when I returned home from work, Pearl said our youngest daughter, Rhonda, had fallen and hurt her back. She was only about eighteen months old. After three weeks, in hospital we were told she would have to go to the Children's Hospital in Toronto. On Saturday night, I went for a run around the river bank. As I

"I was told to keep quiet and a promotion would be coming my way." I refused their offer.

ran, I called out to God for help. Suddenly a voice said, "Don't you trust Me?" It was so clear that I stopped and looked around to see who was there.

The next morning I arrived at the hospital to bring Rhonda home. Wrapping her in a blanket, we left the hospital against all the protests. Within one month she was back to that joyful bundle she had always been and has never been seriously sick since.

One night two officers were seen trying to break into a safe in the P.U.C. office. They were later pointed out in a line up of officers. The investigation came up nothing. On the other hand, I not only had the proof these men had done the job, but had also done many others over the previous few years. Taking this to the Chief, he said to leave it with him and it would be taken care of. However, nothing happened, and it was obvious that a cover-up was taking place.

Another officer, who backed me in trying to have charges laid, went with me to the local Police Commission. They did nothing. Finally I wrote the Attorney General's Office.

Meanwhile, the Deputy Chief told me to keep quiet and a promotion would be coming my way.

I refused this offer. Finally a release was made to the newspaper that an "investigation into the Brantford Police Department was going to take place regarding some minor internal problems."

After their investigation brought no results I made a release to the press that the "Investigation was a whitewash." I was fired for having spoken to the press without permission. I lost eighteen years of service and any chance of a pension. I could not get a job anywhere in Ontario, since those in authority had blacklisted me.

A very kind older lady, who had followed the police events called me to her office and asked if I would like to become a Real Estate Agent. Within six months I was No.2 in sales for the city.

Shortly after New Years Day my son, Chris, was injured in a snowmobile accident. They said that he would have to have his leg amputated, but I insisted, "I want you to sew it up. I know God will heal him."

When it came time for the cast to come off, the doctor looked like he was going to faint. The foot was completely healed and there was just a faint line where it had been cut. In a few days he was on skates and played in the play-offs as our number one goalie. We won the championships!

Again I found myself thanking God, but I was still doing my own thing, not attending church nor reading my Bible.

One day Konrad, with whom I had done some real estate transactions, came to me to purchase

a property. He wanted to use some bonds as payment. All the reports stated that the bonds were good.

Our research revealed that these bonds had been written about in the Guinness Book of

Records, as the spoils from a big Reich Bank Robbery, during the sec-



*Ron and Pearl
Stockdale*



ond World War. This was known as "The Greatest Robbery in History."

We deposited one million dollars into our bank account and paid to

have the bank make an accurate account of each of the bonds. All of the bonds were sold in the United States and had been stamped showing that they had never left the States. The bonds were payable in U.S. dollars and backed by a gold reserve for payment in time of war or peace.

It turned out that Konrad

was looking for the support of his mother to sign for the funds to purchase bonds.

The bank would not transfer the funds into a Trust Account without delivery of the bonds. We refused. Later that night we had the bonds moved and flew back to Toronto the next day. During the flight from Toronto to Washington I had told Jack that we were being followed. After finding our hotel room had been searched, we were very cautious.

At the same time we were working on a deal for an apartment. We needed a first mortgage of six million dollars to make the purchase. We went to Switzerland to make these arrangements and received a commitment for the funds.

Shortly after our return police officers crashed into our office with drawn guns. They placed us under arrest! We were not allowed any phone calls or given copies of any warrants. We were taken and placed into cells.

Headlines in the local and leading papers in Canada read, "Saga of the Greatest Robbery in History." Our bank accounts were seized; people who were doing business with us were notified by the police and all

our business came to an end. Our commitment on the purchase of the apartments was cancelled and my real estate license wasn't renewed.

Finally, our case came to court. It lasted for approximately seven weeks. Halfway through the trial the Crown Attorney offered to make a deal with us if we would tell where all the bonds were and not lay any charges of false arrest. If we went along with them, they would drop charges and pay our expenses. Knowing we hadn't committed any crime, we refused.

Documents taken from our office could prove everything we had to say. Even to this day, these have never been returned to us. The verdict came in: "guilty." I was sentenced to eighteen months and was immediately removed to the local jail and placed into solitary confinement.

I was moved out of the local jail about two weeks later. Shackled at my hands and feet, I was sent to Maplehurst by bus. That night, while in the washroom, three inmates attacked me. During the scuffle one of them was seriously injured while I walked out unharmed!

The next morning I was taken to see the warden. He said: "So you had a little trouble last night, Stockdale? Well, we have made arrangements so it won't happen again. Just sign here."

"I really don't want to sign anything until I speak to my lawyer."

I was led down a corridor into a well lit room that was bare of everything. I was told to strip and put on a short gown. They beat me and threw me on the floor in a pool of blood.

Word went out that there was to be a service for those in solitary confinement. Most went to the service since it was an opportunity to get out of their cell and talk to another person.

Afterwards the minister asked to speak with

me alone. During our conversation, he made it clear he could get any information he wanted on any inmate but all avenues were shut when he asked about my case. He was very concerned. He said, "There is a lady who works in the social system. She has great connections. I will ask her to come to see you."

God is good! This lady did come and arranged to get me released on my appeal. I was not allowed to leave the Province and had to make a personal appearance to the police every week. This went on for seven years!

My wife reached the end of her rope. Without me knowing, she phoned the 700 Club and 100 Huntley Street and asked for prayer. She started to go to a little church and immediately felt a relief from some of the pressures.

When we finally got a trial, Pearl said people were praying and that everything was going to be okay. As the charges were groundless, the case was thrown out of court.

Just after this I was in hospital and once again saw God do a miracle. At this point I announced to Pearl that I wanted to go to church with her. I couldn't get it out of my mind that these were the people who had prayed for me.

It was about the third time at the church that a man announced that a Full Gospel Business Men's Meeting was going to be held on Saturday night. We decided to go.

When we walked into that meeting several men gave us a smile and a handshake. They

looked happy and I knew there was something different about them. I realized that I was in the presence of some special people.

I don't remember the speaker that night, but I do know that when the altar call came, I went forward and accepted

Jesus as Lord of my life. God blessed me in so many ways. I was constantly meeting

people who needed to hear about Jesus. As I spoke out, I found that my own strength was renewed.

Since that time, I have missed very few

FGBMFI meetings. I have served on the Board of Directors and as Chapter President for the past six years.

Since the charges were groundless, the case was thrown out of court.



Shop Online!



The image features a computer monitor displaying the FGBMFI website. The website has a header with the FGBMFI logo repeated five times. Below the header, there are several banners for 'ASSEMBLY', 'VOICE', 'MAGAZINE', and 'MEMBERSHIP SOFTWARE'. A world map is visible in the background of the website. Surrounding the monitor are several Christian books, including 'LAYPERSON'S BIBLE HANDBOOK', 'Developing the Leaders Around You', 'BENNY HINN Welcome HOLY SPIRIT', 'KATHLEEN KUHLMAN', 'BENNY HINN BIBLICAL ROAD TO BLESSING', 'KINGDOM POWER', and 'ACTS'. A computer mouse is positioned in the foreground, with its cord extending towards the monitor.

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MIRACLES IN MEXICO

Independence Day in Mexico brings New Beginning

600 men and women came from every part of Mexico to attend the FGBMFI National Convention on Independence Day weekend.

The convention began with a National Color Guard, along with several members of the federal government and city government welcoming our members and friends from many surrounding nations.

Even before the Convention began fire teams from Honduras, Mexico, United States, and other nations had gone throughout the city. There were 4,500 people who came to Jesus Christ even before the convention began.

What joy as these businessmen, encouraged by their fresh victories, began to give testimony.

From Bordelo To Christ !

One of the men stood with his wife and gave his testimony. Both were in tears as they shared that he had owned a bar

*Richard Shakarian
and Florencio*



in a little town. Little by little he had got deeper and deeper into the clutches of satan as he turned his bar into a place of prostitution. He had hired many of the local girls to be a part of his business.

Then two FGBMFI men came into his little town and there he was introduced to Jesus Christ. He was convicted in his heart to change his ways and make restitution for what he had done. Standing there, weeping, he told us how his life had been turned around. He had paid compensation to the families of the girls for what he had done. Then he had helped the girls to be retrained so they could get a proper job in society. He had also closed his bar and had started a new business.

During the convention many people found Jesus as


their Savior and others were filled with the Holy Spirit, as a wave of new anointing began. Finding new life in Jesus Christ, with hands raised, tears coming down their cheeks, they stood at the front by the hundreds to receive from God all that He had for their lives.

Florencio was born on a trash heap (at a dump) outside of Guatemala City. He and his family were slated for extinction. His food supply came from the dump, his clothes were from the dump, everything he had was from the dump. He had no future.

He was the lowest of the low with no hope. One day in Guatemala City outside of the El Camino Road Hotel he saw men dressed in business suits going into the hotel. He stood across the street in ragged clothes, dirty, barefoot, and with no hope. The men came from across the street and asked him what his name was. He answered, "Florencio."

Today he testifies how God has blessed him. He has a wonderful accounting business in Guatemala City and God has sent him through the Speed of the Light program of the FGBMFI to many nations of the world to start the Fellowship in new nations. What a joy it is to feel so loved by the men of the Fellowship.

There was a tremendous spirit of joy and blessing at this convention as the leaders gathered at the table to discuss great plans, to talk about new ways to win souls and to see the frontiers of the Fellowship expanded.

I am so happy to see a nation, which has remained dormant in the Fellowship, for so long, taking on new life, with younger leaders who are pushing forward to cover all of Mexico with the light of Jesus Christ through the FGBMFI. 

*Richard Shakarian with new
National President,
Lupe Lozano*



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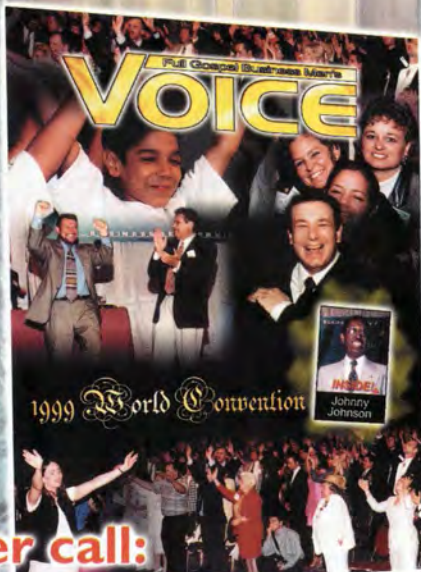
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GIVING THANKS AT YEAR-END

For many of us, the end of the year is the time during which we express our thanks for the blessings which we have received as we look ahead and plan for the future. It is also a time during which we share with others and remember the good works of the organization we hold close to our hearts. As 1999 draws to a close, we trust this information will assist you in making your charitable gift plans.

REDUCE TAXES BY GIVING

Year-end charitable gifts can result in tax savings to you next spring. Your tax rate governs how much you save. The higher the tax rate, the more the tax savings. If you give \$1,000, and are in the 31% tax bracket, your savings are \$310. The higher the tax bracket, the more you save in this way. If your state levies a tax on income, there are even greater savings. In order to realize tax savings for 1999, your gift must be properly completed by midnight on December 31st, and itemized as deductions on your tax return.

SAVE EVEN MORE BY GIVING ASSETS

Giving appreciated assets, such as stocks, bonds and mutual funds that you have owned longer than one year allows you to bypass the capital gains tax that would be due if you sold the assets. This may further reduce the after-tax cost of your gift by as much as one-third. Limits on deductions may sometimes apply. You may use gifts of cash to eliminate tax on up to 50% of your income. For gifts of most appreciated property, you may deduct up to 30% of your income. Any excess may be used to reduce your taxes for up to five future years. To learn more about the opportunities to save more by gifting stocks, bonds, mutual funds and other appreciated property, such as real estate, please contact us or your financial advisors for additional information.

"Grouping" deductible expenses affords savings....

The timing of making charitable gifts is something that we each control. If you do not have enough deductions to exceed the standard deduction, you may concentrate, or "group," your deductions in alternate years, thereby increasing your tax savings.

Consider making larger charitable gifts in the years when they will give you the greatest advantage.

It's easy to see, whether you decide to give cash, securities, or other types of property, a little time planning maximizes the benefits you receive.

PLAN NOW TO GIVE LATER

For many of us, the year-end is a time for reviewing our overall estate and financial planning. Remember that these plans, by simply including a charitable provision, may give you significant additional benefits. There are many meaningful ways and vehicles through which you may make charitable gifts. For example, you may wish to include your charitable interests for a specific amount, a percentage, or "what's left" after providing for heirs.

Life insurance policies and retirement plans are not only convenient, but they offer wonderful opportunities and benefits for charitable giving as well. (Plans also exist that can help in supplementing retirement income and achieving other goals.)

GIVING REMINDERS FOR 1999

Gifts made by December 31st are deductible in 1999 and can reduce taxes.

Gifts of long-term appreciated property instead of cash can often give you even greater tax savings.

Make plans to fulfill your charitable goals as 1999 draws to a close.

Please contact Ron Weinbender, Director of Planned Giving at (949) 260-0700.

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 **Airlifts:** Bob Bignold, WA (425) 226-3522


 **Chapters:** Jim Priddy, MD (301) 863-5842

 **Chapter Training:** Roy Brian, TX (972) 418-2066


 **Christian Business Network:**
Headquarters (949) 260-0700

 **Godmobile:** Paul Jenkins, OR (541) 994-9328


 **Holy Spirit Power Team:**
Bruno Caamano, CA (310) 446-6170
Bob Nations, MO (573) 334-2632
Dave MacBurnie, IL (708) 239-5464
Gene Arnold, PA (717) 731-1478


 **Humanitarian Efforts:**
Daniel Caamano, FL (954) 674-9888
Harry Bourassa, FL (352) 326-5989

 **Ladies of the Fellowship:**
Vangie Shakarian (949) 260-0700

 **Member's Benefits:** Gil Markarian, TX (713) 686-7746
Mike Neal, IN (219) 234-4900

 **Prison Ministries:** Andrew Kaminski, CO (303) 343-8907

 **Voice Ministries:** Jimmy Rogers, GA (770) 621-3044

 **Youth Chapters:** Enrique Morales, HN (949) 260-0700

Fellowship Events

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, SUFFOLK, ENGLAND

Nov. 19-23

Contact Michael Peters

Tel: 011449736570

Fax: 011449737539

email: Michael@peters.keme.co.uk

SEATTLE REGIONAL CONV.

Nov. 25-27

Sea Tac Marriott Hotel

Contact: Bob Bignold

(425) 226-3522

(253) 631-8891

OKI THANKSGIVING CONV.

Nov. 26-27, 1999

Kings Island Inn,

Cincinnati, OH

Contact: Tel: (937) 438-5076

Fax: (937) 438-5080

WESSEX CONVENTION,

**PORTLAND HEIGHTS
ENGLAND**

Nov. 26-28, 1999

Contact Roger McColm

Tel/Fax: 01144 1305 826 864

ANNUAL AREA WIDE CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

December 11, 1999

Radisson Hotel - 6:00 PM

Atlanta, GA

Contact: Jimmy Rogers

770-621-3044 (office)

770-476-4088 (home) or

Email jmrrwains@mindspring.com

ILLINOIS REGIONAL CONV.

January 13-15, 2000

Holiday Inn, Decatur, IL, USA

Contact: Rod Hite

Tel: (217) 768-3996

GEORGIA MEN'S ADVANCE

January 21-23, 2000 &

January 28-30, 2000

Eatonville, GA

Contact: Jimmy Rogers

770-621-3044 (office)

770-476-4088 (home) or

Email jmrrwains@mindspring.com

OREGON NEWPORT RALLY

January 20-23, 2000

Shilo Inn, Newport, OR

Contact: Peter Reding

(503) 292-2161

LADIES OF THE FELLOWSHIP FLORIDA ADVANCE

Mar. 3-5, 2000

Orlando, FL, USA

Contact: Ann Marie Clawson

(407) 677-7974

9th MEN'S ADVANCE SOUTH WEST REGION - ENGLAND

February 4-6, 2000

Sidholme, Sidmouth,

South Devon

Contact: Keith Sholl

+44-1726-822911

fax +44-1726-823101

e-mail JKSHOLL@aol.com

or Philip Caroline

+44-1872-277744

37th PACIFIC NW REGIONAL CONVENTION

May 11-13, 2000

Holiday Inn at Portland Airport

Portland, OR

Contact: Peter Reding

(503) 292-2161

OHIO MEN'S ADVANCE

March 24-25, 2000

Kings Island Inn,

Cincinnati, OH

Contact: Tel: (937) 438-5076

Fax: (937) 438-5080

Send all your events info.
to the International H.Q.

6 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 you repent, you shall all likewise perish." (Luke 13:3)

"Repent, 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 you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you shall 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 believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

"He that believes and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believes 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 those 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 for Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Savior 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."

Yes! I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Savior.

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

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Clip and mail to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 19714, Irvine, CA 92623; ph. (949) 260-0700

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Hear great testimonies from ordinary people who believe in an extraordinary God! It's a wonderful time to fellowship and network with other people, and a place to use and develop your gifts and talents. Our FGBMFI chapters are designed to help you become successful in every area of your life.

You will be enriched spiritually to become the champion God desires you to be. This is the time to participate in one of our many chapters that are meeting around the world. **You will be blessed.**



A Great place to be

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