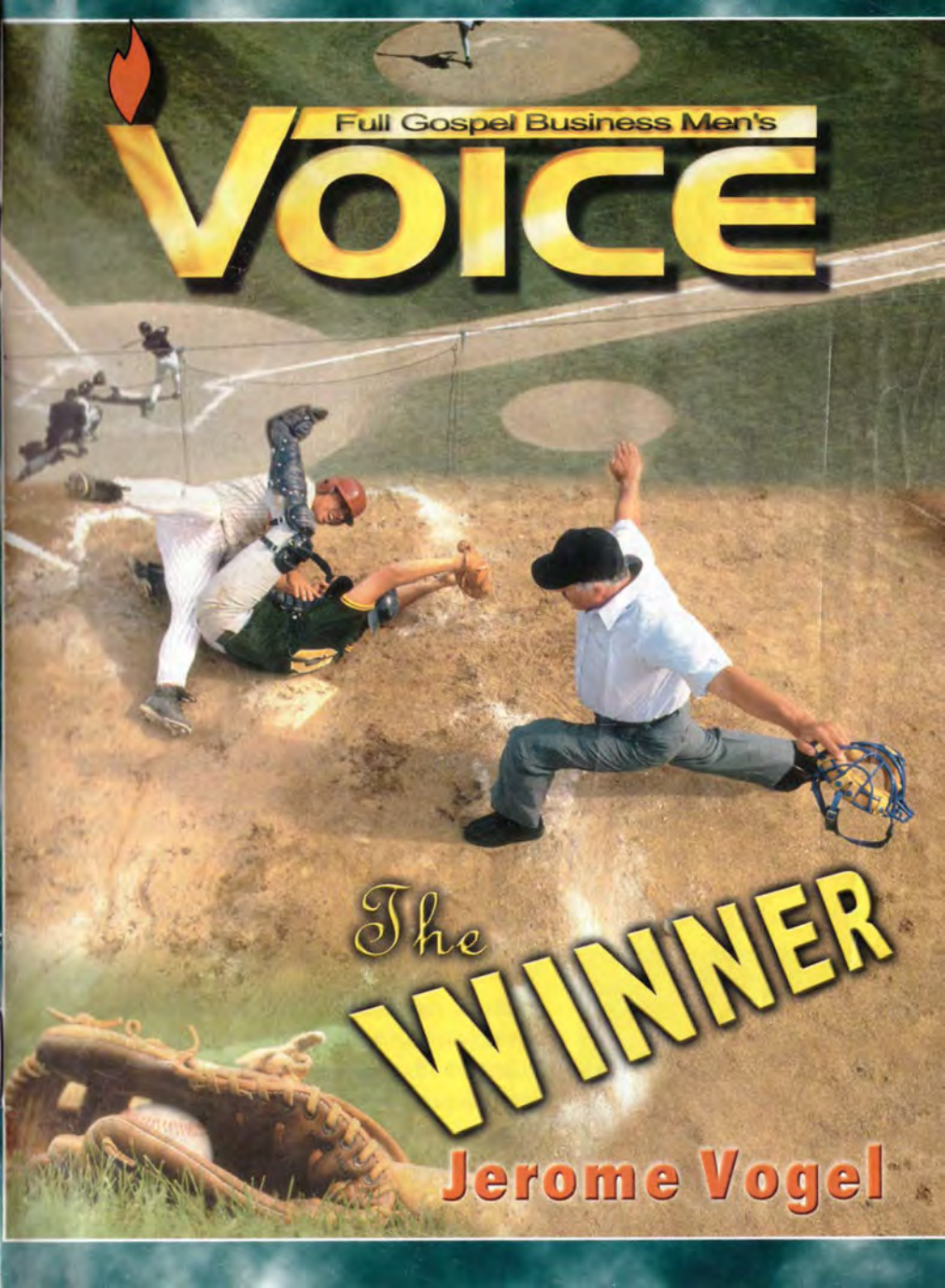




Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE



The
WINNER

Jerome Vogel

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A Word From The President



**Richard
Shakarian**

Fresh Anointing & International Unity

From the very first meeting of our 1999 World Convention it was clear that this would be like no other convention since the beginning of the Fellowship. There was an atmosphere of expectation. Everyone knew God was about to move in this last international gathering of this millennium.

The warmth of a close-knit family prevailed from the moment delegates entered the hotel. Throughout the days that ensued this feeling grew in the hearts of many. Report after report was made on the miraculous events in Central America and how the Holy Spirit wanted that fire to flow out of us to the entire world. Numerous prophetic words were given to the effect that we now have a foundation that God will use to bring about the vision He gave to my father.

It was repeatedly evident that the anointing was flowing through the International and our willingness to work together shoulder to shoulder to impact the nations for Jesus Christ.

Richard Shakarian

International President





I was born in 1945 and attended a Lutheran church every time there was a service for as long as I can remember. I was confirmed at 13 and became a member of the church.

One night shortly after I was confirmed, I was laying in bed when I felt as if I was floating above my body. The Lord spoke to me and revealed how long eternity was. The thought of not spending that time with God scared me. I reasoned that my minister was certainly going to heaven and subsequently tried to pattern my life after his.

By the time I was 16 this thought had faded. I was playing on the church baseball team. During the championship game we were winning by one run. With the other team's last bat, they had two outs and runners on second and third. The batter hit a lazy fly ball right to me. I watched it go up, watched it come down, watched it hit my glove, and then hit the ground as both runners scored and we lost. The rest of my teammates told me not to worry about it.

My pride insisted that this would never happen again and in the next 30 years it never did. I was so driven to win that I would do whatever it took to hit the home run, or make the impossible catch.

When I was 20 I saw a poster that showed a marine in dress blues that really looked sharp. It said they "were looking for a few good men." My pride welled up again and I enlisted. I spent the next six months in California. When I walked down the streets of Los Angeles in my uniform, I found it was easy to meet women. I started going out with good looking women. Once again my pride wanted other men to be envious of the women I had.

Voice

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WHO WE ARE: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International are business men, men of high status, as well as ordinary men, and our vision is that the light of Jesus shall shine forth from each of our men into every culture, nation, race, language, and creed. That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 150 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write.

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When I got out of the military, I went to work for a company in Milwaukee. There were a lot of young good looking women to date and I tried my best to date them all. While going out with one I had my eye on another one. When I first met my wife we didn't even like each other. It's a good thing God knows what He is doing. His plan is always better than ours. We were married in 1970. Soon we had two kids, two cars, two dogs, and even two houses for a while.

For years I attended church believing in a type of corporate security. Then the thought struck me that going to church did not make me a Christian any more than standing in a garage would make me a car.

In 1978 Billy Graham came to Milwaukee. My wife and I went and, for the first time, I heard a call to confess Jesus as my Saviour. I wanted desperately to go, but my pride got in the way.

On our way home both my wife and I decided that we needed to go back the next night to invite Jesus Christ into our lives. We did exactly that and life has never been the same since.

On a Saturday in September of 1978 my sister-in-law, Chris, rang our doorbell. I opened the door, and said, "What happened to you?" She had a glow about her and explained that she had been baptized in the Holy Spirit. I had heard about this, but that was all. As she told us about the church she went to, we knew we needed to check it out and the next day we did just that. When I walked in, the first thing I noticed was that everyone was smiling. Each person that greeted me said, "Praise the Lord," while I answered with a good morning.

We sat in the back, like all good visitors do. They had an adult Bible study in the sanctuary. They went right from the Bible study to praise

and worship. We had never heard this type of music before, much less by over 600 people. I remember saying, "God, this cannot be of You." A man began to speak in tongues, and the woman right in front of me began to shake. When the tongues was finished the woman in front of me said, "Behold, it is of Me." I knew this was the second time God had spoken to me.

At the end of the service there was an "altar call" for those wanting to be filled with the Holy Spirit. I turned to my wife to see if she wanted to go. To my surprise, she was already there and was speaking in tongues. Her sister, who had come with us, only got halfway to the altar and she was speaking in tongues. Once again, my pride got in the way and I could not go forward. Over the next eighteen months I told God I wanted to receive the Baptism in my living room in case I wept -- marines were taught not to cry.

Then one Wednesday night I told God I was going to go to the altar and receive the Holy Spirit, or stay there until God told me why I could not have it. At this point my desire overcame my pride. I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit in about two minutes. We began attending an Assembly of God church at that time and still attend there.

In 1982 a man I worked with was saved. He invited me to a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting. When I finally did agree to go I was surprised the speaker was a woman named Cloriese Fluit. I was even more

Jerome in his office



surprised when she said, "I know I am supposed to give a testimony, but the Lord wants to do a healing service tonight. He sent three angels to guard this room. If you come when I call out your illness, God will heal you."

She called out a number of people who responded. Many people fell on the floor as she touched them. Curiosity caused me to go up to help catch people because I wanted to see what was happening.

I really wanted to see a healing, because I was not sure God still did such things. Most of the healings were internal and I could not tell if anything really happened. Then God brought a little black boy about four years old to the front. He had a noticeable limp. When Cloriese asked what she could do, the mother said his one leg was about three inches shorter than the other one. Cloriese told me to get a chair. I did. When the boy sat down he was so little his knees did not reach the end of the chair.

I could see his right leg was shorter, and turned in at about 45 degrees. I knew if God healed this I would see it. Cloriese prayed for about five

minutes, and nothing happened. I thought to myself that this healing business was all phony. At that point Cloriese took the shoe off and said, "In the name of Jesus, come out." In about 15 seconds I saw the leg grow, and straighten out. The mother passed out, and Cloriese went to the next person as if it was the most routine thing in the world. I stood there with my mouth open.

In April I had hurt my arm making a throw. I could no longer play anything but second base because I could only make an underhand throw. I knew if she prayed for me I would be healed. She did and on Monday I went to the ballgame. As I was warming up, I was surprised to discover that my arm hurt more than ever. A month later I went to another meeting at which a Lutheran minister was speaking. When he was done he said, "I don't have a healing ministry, but if you come, God may choose to heal you. At the urging of my wife, I went forward. I was the third person in line.

He prayed with the first two people for about ten minutes each. When he got to me and I told him I had torn a muscle in my arm and was going to go for surgery, he touched me and said, "In the name of Jesus, be healed." As I sat down a man turned to me and told me that when his arm was healed, it had felt like fire went through it. Another man said that when his arm was healed, it had gone numb. I didn't feel anything!

The next Monday, I arrived at the game just as it was starting. I went in without time to warm up. The first man got a single. The second man hit a one hopper between first and second. I gloved it and instinctively threw overhand to the shortstop covering second base. My mind said I could not do that with the torn muscle, but I did.



The Vogel family

It didn't hurt that time or ever again. I was healed!

I asked God to use me in some way. About six months after this, I went to a meeting. A Catholic nun had brought three street people and asked me to talk to them as they were walking out. I went out to see what I could do. I realized very quickly that the people I thought were on drugs were demon possessed, and I did not know how to help them. I sent the nun to get a couple of other men to help me. One left.

Not knowing what to do, we told the demons to "shut up in the name of Jesus" and over about two hours they did. As we walked out of the room praising God, we ran into the other man coming down the hall. I was about to rip

into him for being a big phony, when he held up his hand and said, "When I walked into the room the Lord told me to go to my room and pray for you because He wanted to show you how to do a deliverance."

That was the beginning of a time when the Lord brought many people to us for deliverance. A year later at a convention, a woman with a buzz-type haircut and her clothes inside out came in. As the speaker started to speak she got up and asked for a hug.

When he refused, all hell broke loose. It took six strong men to remove her. Gary and I ministered to her for over 12 hours. I was still not sure she was delivered. She disappeared, and I did not see her for two years. She told us that sometimes demons don't come right out, but if they are called out in the name of Jesus, they can't stay. This woman had gone around the country telling about the power of Jesus' name at every Alcoholics Anonymous meeting she could find.

The Lord has taught me that deliverance comes in many different forms. You need to know you have authority over demons, and stand your ground. You need to speak the name of Jesus. And you need to listen to how the Holy Spirit directs you to move against the spirits causing the problem.

In 1986 the Lord spoke to me and said, "I want you to open a Christian bookstore in Hales Corners." I refused for a year, not knowing how to accomplish it. Then a friend came up to me and said, "I have always wanted to own a Christian bookstore, and the Lord told me to ask you to be my partner." The only place we could lease space was in Hales



Jerome Vogel with his wife

Corners! Three months later, the day before we were to open, I bent over and ruptured two disks in my back.

The doctor said I would be out of work at least six months, and probably need surgery. I had Gary lay hands on me and pray. Twenty-one days later I went back to work and have never had a problem in my back since. When I hurt my back, I questioned God as to why. Here I was doing what He wanted, but I was hurt. Where was the protection of God?

As it turned out the new store needed me to be there during the first three weeks, as many unexpected problems arose. I was on medical leave, getting paid from my regular job while I tried to convince my doctor to let me go back to work. What Satan tries to destroy, God will turn around for His glory. God always has a better plan than we do.





Abraham Genciano - Philippines

Death used to scare me because I didn't know what would happen after death. When I accepted Jesus Christ at fourteen, my fear vanished. From that time on good things happened to me. On March 14, 1984, I went to Saudi Arabia as a contract worker. At the immigration lobby we were told not to bring any religious materials such as a Bible or a crucifix.

Two months passed. I longed to worship God inside a church. One day I went into a closet and knelt down to pray, crying to God to help me find His church. I don't know how long I stayed in my room. Just after this I entered the bunkhouse of Mario Barredo. I was surprised that he was reading a Bible. He told me that his wife had given it to him and he had hid it under his pants. We spoke about it for a while.

We prayed together and then agreed to have a Bible study in his bunkhouse every Thursday. The next week when I arrived, to my surprise, he was not alone. He had two friends. After the Bible study his two companions accepted the Lord Jesus Christ.

The following week, we were ten. Every Thursday, the group grew in numbers, from ten, to twenty, then to forty, one hundred, and finally more than three hundred.

My bunkhouse became the church and they chose me as

their pastor. We bought two cars for transportation to 15 outreaches. Each evening at 7:00 p.m. we went to the different outreaches. On Thursdays and Fridays we had a worship service in the church.

The church grew and we rented a big building in the city. Many contract workers were saved. We had a singles' group, a couples' group, and one for nurses.

On December 14, 1991, I was called by my Saudi friend, Motawa. He was a member of a religious oversight committee.

He warned me that my name was on the top of a list to be arrested. I responded that I could not stop preaching the name of the Lord Jesus.

I called the elders of the church. I told them about the sad news. I told them not to be afraid, but to stand firm.

On December 28, 1991, two plain-clothed police authorities came into my office and immediately handcuffed me. I didn't resist or say a word. I looked up to heaven and whispered a prayer. "Lord Jesus, I put my life into your hands. I love you, Lord."

The prison cell was big and I slept alone on the hard cement floor. During the night they woke me up to interrogate me about the church activities and my opinions regarding their government.

Family together with Abraham's father and mother





Abraham Genciano with his family

I was given a Saudi lawyer to defend my case. In the first session the chief ranking officers asked me, "Are you a Christian?" I said, "Yes, a believer in Jesus Christ, who is Lord of my life." He asked me again, "If you are a Christian then pray, but pray in English so that we can understand." With tears in my eyes, I knelt down to utter a prayer. After my prayer the chief officer came and scolded me, "You lie, you are not a Christian." He said, "You are a Filipino Jew. You are a spy."

I responded with a soft voice, "I'm a believer of Jesus Christ." He responded, "You are not a Christian because when you started to pray, you did not make a sign of the cross." I smiled and explained to him, "Your highness. In my Bible I can not find a single verse that men of God must make the sign of the cross when praying." They were surprised by my answer. Then, the chief high ranking man stepped forward with papers in his hand and said, "Draw the location of your church on this paper, and don't mislead me." I drew the exact location of the church, naming every detail I could remember, and gave it to him.

He compared my drawing with a ready-made drawing in his hands and said, "You are right; you have drawn correctly, but I'm sorry to tell you that you are sentenced to 25 years in prison. We received a confidential report that you are not only a pastor, but also a spy." I responded with tears in my eyes, "I am not a spy." Then the chief called the policeman and brought me back into my cell.

When I arrived at the prison cell, I sat down in the corner and cried. I whispered prayer in my heart.

The room was cold and I was alone. I tied knots in a rope to keep track of how many days passed.

One day I felt so lonely that I cried to the Lord. I never

I was so
lonely that
it was
unbearable!

blamed the Lord for what happened to me. I never accepted defeat. I never lost hope in Jesus. As I cried, I heard a small bird chirping outside. Then I saw a light on the wall which I had never seen before. The light gave me hope.

On the 16th of January, 1992, I faced the steel door of my cell and said in faith, "I will pass through this door and leave this place before 3:00 p.m. Lord, I claim what You have said, that if we say to this mountain 'Be removed and cast into the sea,' and believe what we have said will come to pass, and never doubt in our heart, we will have what we ask." With

tears in my eyes, I stooped down and cleaned up the place where I had slept, placing my drinking water in the corner to signify that I was preparing to leave. At 2:00 p.m. the first steel door opened and then a policeman came and opened the second steel door.

He said, "Come out." Deep within I knew I would leave. I was handcuffed, and they brought me to a waiting car. The Lord had answered my

A man being baptized in a drum.





The Genciano family

prayer. Finally they opened the van door. I saw another building; it was a city jail. I was placed in with other prisoners of different nationalities.

It was wonderful! I was not alone. The chief warden came and told all the prisoners that I was a dangerous man, that I had misled people to believe in another God, contrary to the Koran. When I heard these things, I stood up and boldly rebuked him, saying, "In the name of Jesus, go away spirit of lies!" He suddenly stopped talking and left. Many prisoners looked at me in surprise. Slowly they surrounded me and asked me about my religion. I took that opportunity to tell them about Jesus Christ.

Late one afternoon a Bangladesh Muslim

prisoner came to me. His name was Mohammad Alam Giri. He asked me to pray that his manager would come in to settle some papers. With faith in my heart, I said, "Tomorrow your manager will come. I will pray tonight to my God." I shared with him that my God, Jesus Christ was not only my God, but my Father as well.

The next day, Mohammad was called by a policeman and asked to go with him. After many hours had passed,

Mohammad returned, shouting, "My manager did come today!" I replied, "You see how great my God is!" We talked more about Jesus Christ. Many prisoners asked questions.

The following day, I fasted, asking Jesus about my situation

**You see
how great
my God is?**

inside the jail. I refused to accept my imprisonment. "Jesus, I need an answer today," I prayed.

At supper I didn't touch the food given to me. One policeman came and called me saying, "Filipino you can go home next week." I bowed my head and whispered a prayer of thanks to Jesus.

After dinner they called five of us. They handcuffed us and drove us to the airport. One hour later we landed in Riyadh. Again they put us into another jail. The time we arrived in Riyadh was 2:00 a.m. in the

morning, and the weather was very cold. The prison was cold and dark. I saw people lying on the cement with blankets. The cold was so penetrating that I could hardly stand it. I was afraid to go near the other inmates since I was new and didn't know them.

I knelt down, crying and prayed, "Lord Jesus, help me." Then one man stood up and went inside the bathroom nearby. I asked him, "Are you Korean?"

"No," He responded, "I am Philipino." I told him I was too. He offered, "Come here and share my blanket." In the morning, I learned more about this countryman of mine. I told him I was a pastor. He eventually accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. Then I was called again to transfer to another jail.


I was transferred six times. In every prison I stood firm on the words of Jesus, "I will never leave you nor forsake you. I will be with you always." Those words were always in my heart.

Then I starting hearing rumors about another transfer. One night I was called to prepare for another journey. There were eight of us. We were taken by bus to the airport.

We were escorted onto a plane, where they removed our handcuffs and gave us our passports. I sat in my seat and cried.

My God is alive and He cares for His children. I thank and praise Him because He is the one who set me free from the prison.

I left Saudi Arabia on February 3, 1992. We had not been allowed to shave our beards or change our clothes during the whole time in prison.

Jesus is alive! He is a wonderful God – He is the same yesterday, today and forever. 

A close-up photograph of a hand holding a golden key. The hand is positioned on the left side of the frame, with the thumb and index finger gripping the key's stem. The key is held horizontally, pointing towards the right. The background is dark and textured, possibly a wall or a book cover. The lighting highlights the contours of the hand and the metallic sheen of the key.

Forgiveness

the KEY

Edwin Ling - Long Beach, MS

God has been so good to me! He has given me a first rate mind, a body that has seen better years, but is still going pretty well, considerable success in my chosen career of law (achieving the top 5% of earnings in this country for a number of years), four healthy, beautiful children, a grandson, and a fantastic, wonderful wife.

It was fifteen years ago that my wife, Ingrid, committed her life to Christ, although she didn't change that much, since she was pretty much an angel already. When she told me what she had experienced, I wanted what she had.

Notwithstanding, it was difficult for me to come to God. There was too much pride in me, too much arrogance, too much intellectual baggage that I carried around.

God began to teach me to rely solely on Him, which was contrary to almost everything that I had believed in up to that time. Secondly, and

more importantly, He began to teach me what forgiveness is all about.

Everywhere I turned, I found forgiveness as a subject. If I watched a TV show, it dealt with this. If I picked up a magazine, somehow this matter was to be found in the article I read, The FGBMFI Voice even devoted an entire issue to it. I was besieged by this topic! Quite frankly, there came a time when I thought I knew all there was to know about forgiveness.

At this time, I was led by the Lord to become intrigued by the Spirit Alive Program of the Presbyterian and Reformed

Renewal Ministries International (PRRMI) organization.

This is a multi-year congregational renewal and growth ministry in which a team of twelve to twenty laymen and women, along with a preacher, are invited into a church for three or four days and nights. During this time, they present a structured, yet very flexible program designed to lead the entire congregation to grow in the love of the Lord through the discovery and use of the spiritual gifts.

I became a Lay Team Visitor on such missions, finding that I was blessed each time. On one of the last nights the Visiting Team Preacher asked us to cup our hands and to place therein the name of any person, who we might need to forgive, or thing (such as an unresolved hurt or a shame), which we needed to give to God. Then, as we sang a hymn, we were to lift our hands to God, thus releasing this person or hurt to Him.

Remembering a man I still needed to forgive, despite earlier "tries" at forgiving him. He had done me a very grave wrong quite recently. Immediately, I felt a wave of forgiveness sweep over me and I began to cry.



Standing next to me was an elder in the church, who had been my host during my stay. He was laughing so hard that his hands were clasped around his middle. We looked at one another in amazement!

"What happened?" I inquired. "Here I am, crying my eyes out and you're laughing, Why?"

"The Holy Spirit surely does have a sense of humor, doesn't He?" was his response. My host then went on to tell me the rest of his story.

Less than a month later, my wife Ingrid was dead – in the twinkling of an eye. Although apparently as healthy as a horse, slim and trim, one who exercised religiously each and every day (including swimming 50 laps in the indoor, heated pool at our condo on the Mississippi Gulf

Coast beach), one who ate all the correct foods and took her daily vitamins and supplements, she had a major artery, which was 95% clogged and, after giving a single, horrible shriek, she died.

I was devastated; I felt as though I should be the one dead. After all, I'd already suffered a massive heart attack, while there had been absolutely no previous indication of a problem with

*(L) Ed and Sue Ling with grandson, Gabriel
(below) Ed, stepdaughter, Magan Winter, and
Gabriel Ling*



Ingrid. It was as though I lay on the floor in tiny pieces – crushed!

**I was
devastated.**

That was not all. I then discovered that she had been unfaithful to me. I had had absolutely no prior indication that this might be the case, even though a number of other people had, including at least one of our children, as well as Ingrid's brother.


It seems the man had written to Ingrid that he was going to be in New Orleans, a short distance away, and suggested that they meet there during a medical convention. When she had mentioned this to me, I had not thought much about it. I was spending most of my time in the State Capitol, working for the governor. This time together apparently opened the door to a relationship.

I now knew why God had been working so hard on teaching me about forgiveness. Without the preparation that God

had so painstakingly undertaken, there is no question that I would not have been able to survive the twin onslaughts that came my way. I had to forgive not only my beloved Ingrid, but her lover and a friend of hers as well. Ingrid was a snap; the others were much more difficult.

It took some time for me to truly forgive, but once this had been accomplished, I let the Lord take over completely. He led me to more and more 'Spirit Alive's' in Alaska, on Long Island, Chicago, Oklahoma, Ohio, Salt Lake City, and even a number in Southern California. He also led me to Sue Winter, a truly "born again" Christian. Sue also had a daughter.

Sue and I are Spirit Alive "junkies". We have even been trained to coordinate. What a blessing!

What a feeling it is to know that you are one of God's chosen children, that you are completely in His charge, that no one or anything can come between us. What a feeling it is to know that your sins have been forgiven just as you have forgiven those who have sinned against you. What a feeling to be forgiven and forgiving! Thank you, Jesus! 



For 37 years my god was politics, parties, and alcohol. My life had no sense and I knew it. That is, until I was invited to a meeting put on by the FGBMFI. At that time there was no chapter in my city. The meeting was the first step in forming a new chapter. My reason to attend was to speak with the lawyer who had invited me. I needed some work done quickly and thought that if I went I would get a chance to talk with him and get my job done faster.

One of the FGBMFI men spoke about the story of the Good Samaritan in the Bible. Through it I saw how I needed to get my life in order with God. That night I committed my life to Jesus Christ. A number of others made similar commitments. It soon became clear that if I wanted to grow spiritually, I would need to be fed spiritually.

I could plainly see that my partying and womanizing were actually used by demonic forces to manipulate and destroy my life. It was clear that

Politics

*Derlis Rubén Torres,
Paraguay*

I had to confess and renounce these activities, as well as to admit to being an alcoholic and a bad father. More than once I had been jailed for my politics and had disgraced my family because of my drinking.

God has not only freed me from alcohol, but also from sexual perversion. I am now involved with a programme to help alcoholics and drug addicts. We are also planning a project for high schools on these same topics. I also do work in the jails, sharing what God has done in my life with prisoners and wardens alike.

Daily I am astounded by what God is doing. As the apostle Paul put it, "To live is Christ and to die is gain" (Phil. 1:21). Since Jesus came into my life, I have become convinced that real living is only possible through Him. It was His power



that totally transformed me as a person.

Earlier, people had tried to force me out of the political arena, but now they won't let me go because they recognize the power of prayer and how that, when my decisions are made in prayer, they turn out to be the right ones.





Adventures

Tim John - Coal Valley, IL

Due to a workers' strike in Madrid, my associate and I planned our meeting outside the city in the mountains of Segovia. En route we drove past a water aquaduct, built by the ancient Romans. We had lunch in a rustic, quaint restaurant and breathed the fresh mountain air.

We arrived at the palace built by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, patterned after Versailles. As we toured the magnificent grounds, walking among the fallen leaves and smelling the dryness of autumn, something touched

me! It was the beauty and timelessness surrounding me. I realized that I did not want to die with the music still in me.

While in college, I had dropped out of traditional religion. A few years later, however, my high school sweetheart, Sally, and I celebrated our wedding in the church where I had grown up. Soon afterwards, the associate, Pastor Bill, paid us a visit. His calm, friendly demeanor caught our attention and we began attending his class for young marrieds.

During those early months of marriage, in the wake of the disillusionment of the sixties, experiencing the stark realities of being "grown up" and the frustration of failed job searches, we were drawn to Bill and his wife, Harriet. Their dependence on God was refreshingly practical, yet undeniably supernatural.

Our personal despondency crumbled in the light of a new spirituality that offered hope. One hot summer night in 1974 in our small, rented house, Sally and I acknowledged that we needed God in our life. We knew His plan – to simply believe that Jesus Christ is His Son and that only through acceptance of His death and resurrection are we put into right relationship with God. With great relief, we invited Christ to live in us. Within a few weeks, He showed us that He was “pedalling” along with me – He provided us with much-needed jobs.

I am a romantic. Obscurity, quiet browsing among books, and spontaneous, unrestricted time with my wife and children is my bent, but in

1982, working for a blue chip Fortune 500 company, I felt trapped in a second wave, industrial business where value-based management decisions were few.

It was the same job that God had so obviously provided nine years previously. With a BA in government, I had joined John Deere Intercontinental as a junior order clerk. I had progressed through the organization, running the gamut of assignments with the overseas

The John Family





Tim John with brothers and father

sales office. I accumulated experiences while traveling and forecasting sales and production requirements in Latin America, the Far East and Europe. It was a valuable education, but... But what? But in Segovia, I sensed it was time to switch places on that tandem. At that time I realized that, though I had accepted Christ's salvation, I hadn't really given Him control.

In the course of the next twelve months I investigated vocational alternatives that resulted in my becoming something I had never imagined

writing on my life's agenda — an “entrepreneur”.

A newspaper ad caught my eye. It said something about building a legacy to pass on to my kids and being my own boss and discovering my potential. Discovering my potential? That sounded like “not dying with the music still in me”. The bait was dropped and I bit.

Concurrent with this development was the possibility of a job transfer to Ohio. My choices were either to continue my corporate career or engage in a new adventure.

After a quick day trip to Columbus on the corporate jet, I decided the tandem was veering toward entrepreneurship. The next week Sally and I independently felt the Holy Spirit impress upon us that this was the choice we were to make. It was time to give up the steering and just hang on.

He took me to people with gifts that I needed, gifts of healing, acceptance and joy. They gave them to me to take our journey, my Lord's and mine.

After soliciting and receiving support from my parents and two brothers, I resigned my position at Deere and opened a temporary employment service in November 1983.

There I was, a baby boomer with a wife, two children, a mortgage and a childlike faith in my God. I had broken with the corporate life and its full employment benefits to launch an adventure without the vaguest idea where it would lead.

And we were off again. He said, "Give the gifts away; they're extra baggage – too much weight." So I gave them to the people we met, and I found that in giving I received.

That adventure entailed much emotional and relational trauma and victories. The business, as

well as I, verged on collapse. I felt confused and foolish. After all, didn't God guarantee financial success since I was following Him? It seemed that the only thing He had succeeded in was creating difficult situations.

A year and a half later, with the employment service venture clearly stalled, it seemed I had done all that I could in that situation. We sold our house in Illinois in order to live on the equity money, and we moved to San Diego, leaving the business to my brothers.

In our new surroundings the burden eased. I began to

Tim and his wife in San Diego



see how the difficulties were designed to bend and shape, to hone my skills. I began to know God as an encourager and equipper. Once again I could hear those Segovia promptings.

And back in the Midwest, the business began to grow.

We had friends in San Diego and business opportunities abounded, but, just the same, starting over carried with it another set of “sharp corners” and “scary passages” on my ride through life. Time after time God met our housing, relational and financial needs in ways we could not have imagined. I discovered a career niche in helping others start their own businesses.


Sedona, the name of one of those businesses, symbolizes the end of just one tandem journey. In Segovia I had desired to give Christ control. The next ten years brought with them rough passages of change, which I didn't like. By the time Sedona was formed, the path had smoothed somewhat and I enjoyed a lifestyle that integrated family, church, business and outdoor activity.

With Christ in control, life seems less a single journey than a series of trips created for the purpose of making me

more like Him. As Paul describes it, “I do not mean that I am already as God wants me to be, I have not yet reached that goal, but I continue trying to reach it and to make it mine.” (Philippians 3:12 NCV)

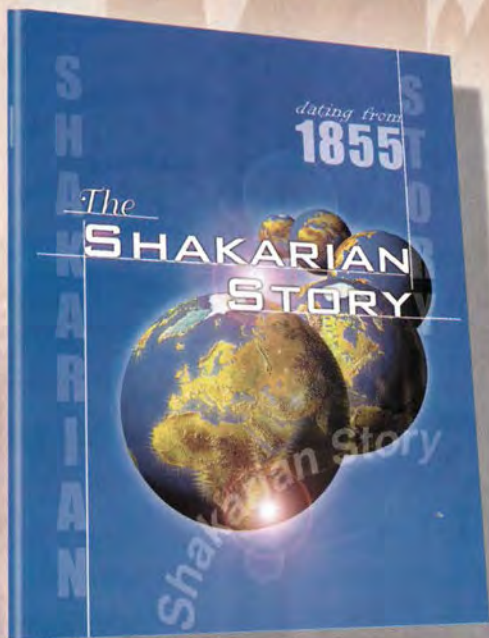
In other words, He recently steered the our tandem onto a new route. It became apparent, after seven years in San Diego, that we should return to the Midwest. Once again it was a move I would not have envisioned for myself. We live in a rural area with dogs, cats, rain and snow. I work with my dad and brothers in the outgrowth of that initial venture. It was another sharp turn that at times has left me breathless and just hanging on.

Having experienced much of what this life has to offer — a fine wife who is my best friend, two delightful children, opportunities to be outrageously childlike in pursuit of knowing God, a corporate experience and an entrepreneurial one — I am still in the process of learning the secret of staying put on the back seat of that tandem. Every day I struggle with choosing my natural tendencies in lieu of God's supernatural ways.

And when I'm sure I just can't do anymore, He just smiles and says... “Pedal.” 



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T.R.U.S.T.

How often did you try to understand the subject of trusts? What are they? How do they work? Here's an acronym to help you sort things out: **T.R.U.S.T.**

The **T** stands for **Trustor**, the person who creates the trust. This is where it all begins. A generous, thoughtful, charitably minded individual or couple decide to use a trust to benefit themselves and others. People who include Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in a trust do so because they believe in our mission and want to provide future support for the continuation of our good work.

The **R** stands for **Recipients**, the beneficiaries of the generosity. For each trust, there are generally two groups of recipients: income recipient(s) and remainder recipient(s). The charity can be designated to receive either income or the remainder, depending on the nature of the trust. When a trust benefits a charitable organization like FGBMFI, there are tax benefits for the trustor.

The **U** stands for **Understandings**, the written documents that establish the trust. This collection of instructions and requirements, abides by (and incorporates) a set of federal and state laws. Because it's important that the understandings are prepared properly, we always encourage trustors to seek independent counsel when establishing a trust. It's a good idea for trustors to meet with their attorneys and accountants to discuss the trust and its relationship to their overall financial picture.

The **S** stands for **Substance**, the assets placed into the trust. Notice we didn't say "money." That's because trustors can use various assets to fund a trust, including raw land, insurance, a house, and stocks and bonds. It's a good idea to use assets that have increased in value since you first acquired them, because you can avoid capital gains taxes. Another wise option is to use assets that have value, but produce little or no income for you. Through the trust, these assets can be sold and turned into assets that produce higher income.

The final letter, **T**, stands for **Trustee**, the person or organization that oversees the trust. The trustee is legally responsible for making sure that the understandings in the trust document are prudently honored under the umbrella of all applicable state and federal laws. When choosing a trustee, select a person or organization you can trust to fulfill your wishes far into the future.

To learn more about various charitable trusts and how they can benefit you and the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, call or write to our Director of Planned Giving, Ron Weinbender, at the following number: (949) 260-0700.

**For more information, call (949) 260-0700 or write:
20 Corporate Park, 3rd Floor Irvine, CA 92606**

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FGBMFI PRAYER CRUSADE (BILINGUAL)

August 19-21, 1999

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Contact: Dr. Terry Peters
(210)342-6575

CENTRAL & EAST EUROPEAN CONVENTION

August 27-29, 1999

Budapest, Hungary

Contact: Miklos Molnar
+36-30-954-2542

UK & IRELAND NATIONAL CONVENTION

Sept. 10-12, 1999

Blackpool, England

Contact: UK Field Office
+44-1565-632667

WALES MEN'S ADVANCE, NEWTOWN, WALES.

Sept. 17-19, 1999

Contact: Roger Saunders
+44-1686-650545

Or Ken Woods +44-1686-627821

ARIZONA MEN'S ADVANCE Sept. 17-19, 1999

Prescott, Arizona

Contact: John Brimmer
(602)242-5271 or

Gary Cline (520)445-7727 or
Rhuno Nelson (602)585-5225

ALDERGATE ADVANCE (MEN'S CAMP)

Sept. 24-26, 1999

Contact: Peter Reding
(503)292-2161

FALL CAROLINA'S MEN'S ADVANCE

Sept. 24-26, 1999

Contact: Harry Feller
(843)571-6767

GERMAN NATIONAL CONV. KIRCHHEIM/HESSEN

Sept. 24-26, 1999

Contact: +49 9921/2728

CENTRAL INDIANA RALLY Oct. 8-9, 1999

Contact: Stan Lay (765) 649-6852
or (765) 354-4943

14th ANNUAL COLUMBIA GORGE CONVENTION

Oct. 14-16, 1999

Contact: Gary Dunning

(541)296-2275 or

John Pagan(541)296-1123

tel./fax (541)296-1173

email: solomon@netenet.net

COLORADO FAMILY ADVANCE Oct. 15-17, 1999

Contact: Vernon Murrow

(719)564-3611

MANITOBA MEN'S ADVANCE

October 22-24, 1999

Portage La Prairie, Manitoba

Contact: Peter Unrau
(204) 857-7031

MEN'S CAMP

**LAKESIDE WINDERMERE,
NORTHWEST REGION, UK.**

October 29-31, 1999

Contact: +44-1565-632-667

FLORIDA MEN'S ADVANCE October 29-31, 1999

Contact: Joe Shaia

Home: (407)682-3216 or

Work: (407)481-1035

SASKATCHEWAN MEN'S ADVANCE

Nov. 5-7, 1999

Yorkton, Saskatchewan

Contact: Frank Leier

Tel (306)245-3450

Fax (306)245-3481

CANADIAN NATIONAL CONV. Nov. 11-13, 1999

Richmond, BC

Contact: Ken Scarrow

(604) 530-1831

Fax: (604) 530-0443

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 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 _____

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City, State, Zip _____

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

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