

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International

VOICE



*Surviving
The Storm*



Dr. John Sullivan

Contents

Surviving the Storm 4
John Sullivan

Terror at Sea 12
Robert McCormick

Cornerstone, More Than a Name 16
Dave Esterline

Chapter News 20

Dreams 22
Rodney Rock

On the Mountain 24
Randall Stacy

1998 World Convention 26

Fellowship Events 28

Six Steps To Salvation 29

Officers and Directors 30

A Word From The President

IT WILL COME TO PASS!

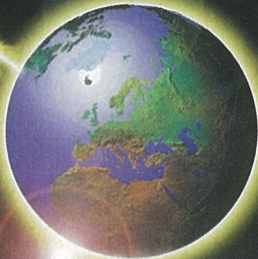
After a year of disappointing results, Demos Shakarian had decided to give up his plan for a world-wide laymen's Fellowship. While in prayer the Friday night before the final meeting, God gave him a vision of the lost around the world. "I could see people close together, but no real contact between them. Every face rigid, wretched, locked in his own private death."

Billions of lost souls from every nation. Demos cried out, "Lord, help them!" Suddenly, God showed Him these same men, faces radiant, their hands raised to heaven, praising the Lord. At that moment, Demos' wife, Rose, gave the prophetic utterance, "My son, the very thing you see before you will soon come to pass."

From that moment things changed. The next morning, Demos was approached by two men: one ready to give a \$1,000 donation and the other with an offer to publish a magazine for the Fellowship.

The organization began to grow. Mordecai Ham, the evangelist who introduced Billy Graham to Christ, said to Demos, "The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is God's instrument to awaken laymen - the sleeping giant of evangelism."

The influence of the FGBMFI was felt internationally and ecumenically. The Fellowship moved from a part-time effort in spreading the gospel to other parts of the world, to an all-out international blitz as a result of our London airlift. The impact spread and today the FGBMFI ministers throughout the world.





President and Mrs. Shakarian meet with
Pope John Paul II in May 1998

Not only did the FGBMFI spread internationally, but it also moved into the world of mainline churches. The pages of VOICE were filled with news of the charismatic renewal in major denominations.

The ecumenical movement continued when a Pentecostal Renewal unexpectedly broke out in the Roman Catholic Church. A group of graduate students and professors from Notre Dame began to seek someone in South Bend, Indiana, who could help them in their search for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. The person they found was Ray Bullard, President of the South Bend Chapter of the FGBMFI. Bullard invited a group of these students to a meeting in the basement of his home.

Here such future leaders of the Catholic Charismatic Renewal as Kevin Ranaghan, Bert Ghezzi and Kerry Kohler, spoke in tongues for the first time. Roman Catholics became members of FGBMFI chapters across the country and Catholic speakers were in evidence at chapter meetings and FGBMFI conventions around the world. It was and is a beautiful and ecumenical Fellowship.



VOICE

Vol.46/ No.7 July 98

FOUNDER: Demos Shakarian; **OFFICERS:** International President, Richard Shakarian; International Executive Vice-President, John Carrette; USA Executive Vice-President, Ralph Marinacci; International Secretary, Kwabena Darko; Assistant Secretary, Bruno Caamano; International Treasurer, Tom Leding.

PUBLICATIONS: Editor/Communications Manager, Jerry Jensen, Ph.D., Litt.D.; Design/Production, Colin Smith; Copy Editor, Rose Hamill; Contributing Writers, Bob Armstrong, Ed Barton and Ken Walker;

WHO WE ARE: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is made up of international business men - ordinary men, as well as men of high status. Our vision is that, by the millions, 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 more than 150 nations and transcending denominational, racial, and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: If experiencing difficulty in receiving Voice, or if receiving more than one copy each month at the same address, or if there is variance in the way your name appears, please return undesired label. If planning to move, send label with your new address sixty days in advance to the subscription department

If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through Voice, you are invited to request guidelines from the Publications Department.

VOICE (ISSN0042-8264) is published monthly for \$8.95 per year by the FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Periodicals postage paid at Irvine, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Voice, at:

20 Corporate Park Dr,
3rd Floor,
Irvine, CA 92606. USA.
(949) 260-0700





Surviving the Storm

Dr. John Sullivan Bidwell, Ohio

The blast shook me awake. I looked around. Fear flickered in the eyes of the other artillery division soldiers. What had happened?

“Sit tight!” barked the highest-ranking officer in our crowded Saudi Arabia dormitory, which was stripped of furniture and covered by a sea of sleeping bags. “Wait until we get further orders!”

Those orders never came. Instead, a minute later a military siren blared: chemical warfare alert! Our signal to strap on full gear, including gas masks and chemical protection suits.

Intercepted by a U.S. Patriot, an Iraqi Scud missile

had exploded above the port city of Damman. Not knowing whether it carried poisonous gas, our superiors ordered us to remain in gear while agents investigated.

The siren sounded at 1:30 a.m. A couple of hours later claustrophobia overwhelmed me. That touched off feelings of terror, although I had been praying since the alert began.

I can't say how long this panic lasted, but soon God made His presence known. He let me physically sense the prayers for our troops that were ascending to heaven from around the world. In a flash I felt like God held me in the palm of His hands. Peace washed over me like a sunny California wave.

Years after Operation Desert Storm, much of the world has never heard about the great and glorious things God did during the Middle East conflict. And, if you were one of those interceding during the war, I want to thank you. Never doubt that your prayers were heard and appreciated.

As a baby doctor I never expected to be called for overseas duty. However, I wasn't wise to the ways of the world, especially the Army's.

One night I told my wife, Debra, "For a pediatrician, they sure are training me well. They've given me extra emergency room training, as well as in advanced cardiac life support, trauma life support, and combat and chemical casualty care courses."

The reason for this education became clear the day the deputy commander of Fort Riley hospital called an emergency meeting. He quickly rattled off the names of medical personnel assigned to the Persian Gulf region.

I heard mine called to be surgeon of HHB-Divarty, First Infantry Division, known as "Big Red 1." That meant I would be responsible for the medical care of 2,000 young men and women. After a decade of military service, suddenly I felt a new kind of pressure.

We were prepared, though. My wife and I had already discussed the "remote" possibilities and had prayed about me going before the Army had issued its orders.

Debra faced an equally challenging task. She had to care for our boys alone while watching daily broadcasts of death and destruction. She would know of my safety only when I could make an infrequent phone call.

Some well-meaning friends said, "We're praying that you don't have to go." I answered,

"Well, I have a peace about going."

"Who better to go over there?" Deb echoed. "Even if the worst possible thing happened, he's going to heaven. Why send over unsaved people?"

I have to admit I wasn't too thrilled the night our fleet of jumbo 767's touched down at the Damman airport in mid-January of 1991.

The mood had turned grim during a refueling stop in Germany. After joking and cutting up the first half of the 22-hour flight, everyone turned somber. The next time we landed it would be in a war zone.

Reality intensified in Saudi Arabia. Soon we were camped out in the desert during the rainy season. Rats slithered about, leaving ripples in the mud puddles. Teeth chattering as I lay in the damp, 40-degree night air, I was sure this was the closest thing to hell on earth.

Luckily, at that point I did not know of the mental stress that later would move one soldier to turn his gun on his unit and threaten to kill them, and cause others to mistakenly believe they had suffered a



Dr. Sullivan treating Iraqi citizens. April 1991

stroke or poisonous snake bites.

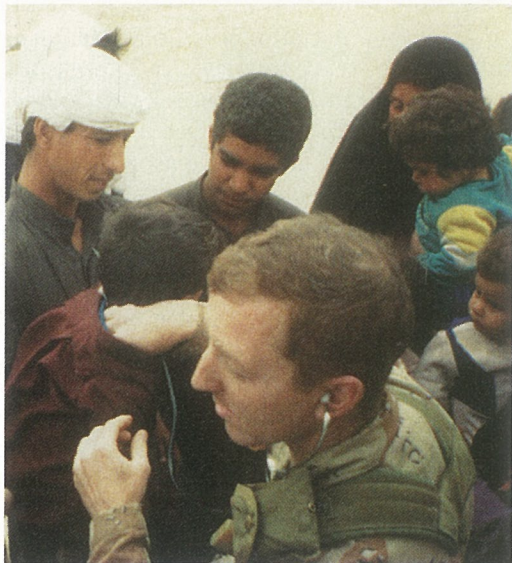
Nevertheless, if I had had a choice right then, I would have taken the next flight back to Kansas.

Luckily I couldn't, or I would have missed out on a great wave of God's Spirit. It was a joy to behold His Spirit moving during Desert Storm. I'm convinced He had His people over there to pray and lift up others.

After the Scud explosion, the Army moved our division a few hundred miles north. For awhile we stayed within 30 miles of Iraq's border, too close for their missiles to inflict any damage.

In the midst of unglamorous warfare we found many reasons to praise God. The medical tent was the largest in the unit and that helped us become a spiritual refuge.

Several believers joined with me to hold nightly Bible studies. To set the atmosphere, a group of musically-gifted African-American soldiers provided some of the most beautiful music I've ever heard. In addition, choosing to live with



my medics added to my credibility.

Curious, every so often my commander or a staff officer asked, "Captain Sullivan, what are you doing out there?"

When I answered, "Well, we're having Bible studies," they gave me funny looks, but they never stopped us.

On Sundays we also held what we called "Full Gospel" services. A Mormon chaplain would hold generic services and read from the Bible, but that didn't meet our spiritual needs. So, with two other men, we preached the full measure of Jesus Christ.

Early in the war, the U.S. Air Force began flying overhead en route to dropping bombs and missiles on Iraq. One day as a jet passed, an eerie whistle echoed through the air, like you hear in a war movie.

Suddenly a Sidewinder missile plopped into our midst, landing 50 yards from a soldier walk-

ing through the compound. The detonator exploded. It frightened him badly and drew a flurry of people from their tents, but the main bomb never went off.

“Boy, that was lucky, wasn’t it?” a major remarked.

“Sir you can call it what you want,” I replied, “but I know it was God’s hand of protection. I believe we have more people praying for us than any other war we’ve ever fought. If we could just see God’s angels around us, we’d be amazed.”

Looking at me like I had just arrived from outer space, he spat, “Aw, it was luck” and walked off. The next day we heard another explosion. Just moments later the radio phone jangled.

“Doc, get your medical supplies and go forward! A British howitzer caught on fire and shot into a couple neighboring units.”

We scrambled into the yard and started flinging supplies into the ambulance when the phone rang again.

“Stop what you’re doing, doc. We don’t quite understand it, but nobody got hurt.”

In addition, the Lord had spiritual tasks for His people



Ground war casualty - Kuwait

Equally miraculous was the incident that followed a couple of weeks later after we had advanced to Iraq’s border. As one of our batteries fired a medium-range rocket launching system, a young soldier made a 180-degree mistake. He swung his gun around and fired six bombs back at us.

Shocked, some soldiers just stood there. Others dived into fox holes. My driver and I were on our way to pick up medical supplies. When we heard the bombs we quickly turned and headed back to camp.

These devices contained “bomblets” that bounce off the ground and explode. When they do, they spew out “metal rain,” shrapnel that injures and kills. Yet there were no injuries. In human terms that can’t be explained.

Our division suffered few casualties during the war. We lost a young private when a Saudi driver plowed into his vehicle as our soldier made a left turn. Though not war-related, it reminded us that death posed a reality.

Dr. Sullivan takes his turn preaching in Iraq after ground war.

in the Mideast. He gave me two young soldiers, one male and one female, to bring back to faith and to disciple during the four months of action.

The man had grown up in a Christian home, yet he had gradually drifted into the things of the world, primarily parties and sexual promiscuity.

A couple of weeks after we arrived – in the midst of feverish activity – the Lord provided an hour to sit and talk without interruption. He asked if he could come back to God or if the Lord would frown on him as a hypocrite.

Quoting 1 John 1:9, I assured him that if we confess our sins, God is faithful to forgive us and cleanse us of those sins.

The female medic also grew up in a Christian home and even sang in a choir during a tour of duty in South Korea. Yet she had decided the Christian walk was too tough. During one of our services, she rededicated her life to Christ.

As I nurtured these two



back into the fold, I was able to share my testimony.

Raised in a good Irish Catholic home in central Ohio, I was an “average” high school kid whose primary interests were sports and girls. Church placed a distant third.

I quit going to the Catholic church as a young teenager after Dad (a very proud man) had a falling out with the priest and vowed to never set foot in his parish again. Mom, who had been saved, started taking us to hers.

Meanwhile, some church-going buddies were telling me about a strange, futuristic event called the “rapture,” which sounded like a science-fiction movie.

Between my Mom’s church and my friends, the things I heard made sense. The summer after my 16th birthday, at a Fellowship of Christian Athletes camp, though not a drunk pulled from the gutter, I saw that I was just as desperately in need of salvation.

A 300-pound lineman from the Green Bay



Dr. Sullivan- Iraqi desert

Packers led me to the Lord as he shared with a small group of teens what God had done in his life. He spoke of the beauty of God's grace and the salvation work that Jesus had completed on the cross.

Mom had already begun taking us (I was the oldest of five children) to FGBMFI meetings. About a year after accepting Christ I went forward at one meeting to seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit that I kept hearing about.

I received this gift as I prayed, although the manifestation of other tongues didn't occur until later at home. My baptism removed lingering doubts. I found assurance that I was God's child and felt a keener awareness of Him.

However, I didn't follow up with consistent Bible study, an essential element to every Christian's growth. Though we tithed and attended church regularly, we weren't active in God's service.

For years Satan used the weapon of guilt on me. My wife and I had been intimate before we were saved (she came to the Lord a week after I did) and had continued this habit until our marriage. The enemy constantly brought this sin up and for more than a decade I had considered myself a second-class Christian.

But one day Luke 9:62 jumped out at me: "Jesus replied, 'No one who puts his hand to the plow and looks back is fit for service in the kingdom of God.'"

When I read that, in my spirit I sensed God saying, "I've forgotten all your sins.



Forgive yourself and go on with Me.”

Once I obeyed, doors opened. A year later I took my first medical mission trip to Santiago, Chile. Spending nine days meeting the needs of poverty-stricken people and sharing the gospel made me comfortable with witnessing. I'm convinced its primary purpose was to train me for my mission in the Middle East.

The Persian Gulf War

showed me beyond a doubt that God is faithful. I greeted each day there with gratitude. I heard many griping and complaining, saying, “I wish this was over; I wish I was home.”

How sad to wish your life away. This is the day the Lord has made. No matter where we are or what we're doing, we must be good stewards of the time that God has given each of us.

A general pediatrician, Dr. Sullivan earned his medical degree from the Wright State University School of Medicine. He and his wife, Debra, have two sons, Daniel and Sam. The Sullivans attend New Life Victory Center of Gallipolis and take regular medical mission trips to Haiti. He is a long-time member of the FGBMFI.



Dr. Sullivan with his fantastic medics - Arabian desert.



PASS IT ON!

Ways to use VOICE Bundles

- Display in offices - doctor, dentist, chiropractor, real estate and business reception rooms.
- Church foyer, library, Sunday school rooms
- Public restrooms
- Hotels and motels
- Trains, bus stations, airports
- Colleges, including junior colleges
- Hospitals and nursing homes
- Jails and prisons
- Barbershops and beauty shops
- Sporting events - football, basketball, baseball, races
- State and county fairs
- In glove compartments of new and used cars
- In appliances - refrigerators, stoves etc.
- Near cash registers in restaurants
- Neighborhood distribution
- Distribute by newsboy with local paper
- Hunting, fishing and ski lodges
- Parades (Permits may be required)
- Church evangelistic programs
- Mail to business customers
- Enclose in shipping packages
- Give to cab drivers, filling station attendants, waitresses, parking lot attendants.



VOICE Bundles

Yes! I want to be a part of this exciting ministry.

Please send _____ bundles of 50 VOICE magazines every month.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Nation _____

Signature _____

Credit card # _____

Visa _____ MC _____ AMEX _____ DC _____ EXP. _____

VOICE	
Bundles (Incl. shipping)	
USA.....	\$25
International.....	\$29

Clip and mail to: **FGBMFI Bundle order Dept. P.O. Box 19714 Irvine, CA. 92623**



TERROR



AT SEA

Robert McCormick, Florence, AZ

In May of 1951, I joined the Navy in San Francisco and was immediately sent to San Diego, California to complete my Basic Training. After my training and thirty days leave, I was ordered back to Treasure Island in San Francisco to catch a plane overseas to assume my position on the Navy Ship USS Earnest G. Small, DD-838. While waiting for my flight, word came down that the Earnest G. Small had struck a mine, losing 40 men and 85 feet of her bow.

The Navy sent me back to San Diego to await the fighting warship USS Uhlmann, DD-687 and head out for the war in Korea. I completed one tour unmarked and was able to come home for a short while. That was short lived. Another one of our ships fell to the same fate as did the Earnest G. Small. Back to the war in Korea I went. Our orders were to assist in moving our troops to the front lines by sea. One night while en route to transfer some troops, I had the strangest dream.

I dreamed that I was falling and falling through miles of darkness. All of a sudden, I was caught up in the flames of hell. Just before I was swallowed up by the flames, this hand, this huge white hand snatched me up, but I slipped and started to fall. Again, this hand caught me. A third time, I slipped and started to fall. Once again the hand caught me. When I awoke, I was drenched in sweat so I went to wash up a bit. As I was returning, the Officer of the Watch, who had been looking for me, caught up with me. He took one look at me and said, "Spud, you are supposed to have the early morning watch, but you look like a ghost." My name was *Spud* in those days. On our ship we had seven sets of brothers. They called me

Little Spud and my brother, *Big Spud*, because we could both put away more than our fair share of them *taters*. [potatoes]

On the early morning watch, you always have to be at work fifteen minutes early so your eyes can adjust to the dark. That night, as my friend Stacy King and I stood watch, Stacy began to talk, mostly about church and God. I had been saved years before, but between my youth and the Navy I had backslidden from Christ. As I look back, I know that I was feeling guilty, but I found myself bored with what he said. I had the watch left to do and after my dream, the last thing I wanted to do was listen to him talk about the Lord all night.

All of a sudden, out of nowhere, a pair of hands like those in my dream, turned my sight from Stacy and out to sea. Out of my mouth came the words, "*Mine dead ahead, Sir, at 1,000.*" The night was very dark. Both Stacy and I could barely even make out the bow of the ship until that moment, but I could see that mine as plain as day. Stacy looked at me like I was crazy. "*Spud, what are you doing?*"

he asked, "You are going to get us both courtmartialed." The Duty Officer asked if I was sure about the mine. I told him, "Yes, Sir." We were ordered to turn on the search lights. All the time I was aware of the worry in my friend's eyes. The ship had traveled some distance since my outburst. By the time the rest of the crew had picked it up visually, we were only about a hundred yards away and closing fast. The Duty Officer ordered a quick change of course and we were able to avoid the danger. We destroyed the mine by firing a bullet from one of the deck guns into it.

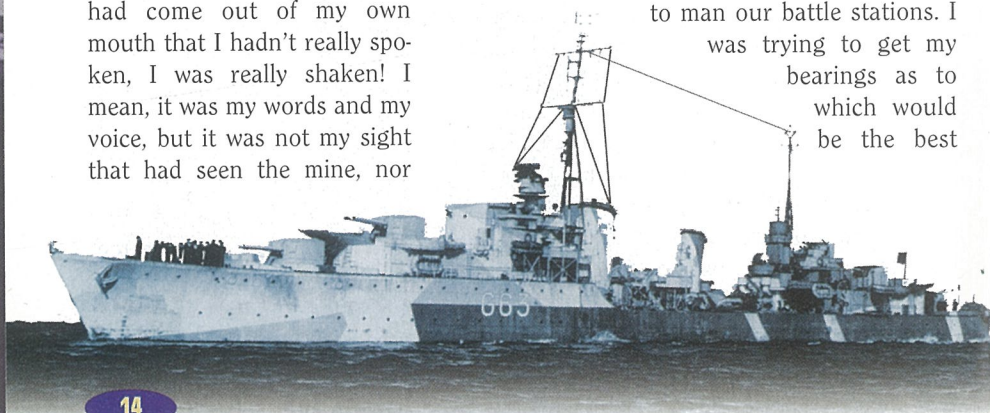
After my watch was over, I was feeling a little depressed and confused. I wasn't sure if I was losing, or had lost, my mind. After all that had happened with the dream... the mine... and the fact that words had come out of my own mouth that I hadn't really spoken, I was really shaken! I mean, it was my words and my voice, but it was not my sight that had seen the mine, nor

my own soul shouting out the warning. I decided that I needed some time to myself, so I ate a quick bite, and avoiding quarters, I went to mid-ship to think.

I had been standing there about a half-hour when I heard this voice saying, "*My son, get away from there.*" I looked around, thinking some of the guys were playing a joke on me. I was sure Stacy had already told the story to the whole ship, and I knew that I was in for a razzing as soon as I returned to my quarters, but it seemed they couldn't wait and had found me. Now I was in for it. I stepped back a little from the rail and hid myself from plain view, thinking I would catch them at their own game. Again I heard the voice. It seemed to come from nowhere, but at the same time, it came from everywhere. "*Get away from there NOW!*" I knew that I had lost whatever sense I had ever had.

I started walking toward the fantail of the ship. I was scared and alone on a warship in the middle of a war zone, losing my mind. I saw an open hatch and made my way to it. Just as I started down the hatchway, big guns started firing. General Quarters was sounding with repeated messages that this was not a drill and

to man our battle stations. I was trying to get my bearings as to which would be the best



way to my station when Boatswain Harding came up out of the hatch. He said to me, "Come on, Spud, I'll show you the best way to our battle station." I started following Harding until we came to a ladder going up to the O-1 deck. He started up. The next thing I knew, I was running down the main deck with this voice yelling in my ears *to get down on my belly and crawl from the mid-ship on*. I was a shell loader on one of our three-inch guns out on the open deck. Enemy shells were hitting all around us. When I reached my station, there was no place to hide from the attack except flat down, kissing the deck. And that is precisely where the Gunnery Captain told us to get. I was so scared that I began to cry and call out for the Lord not to let me die. I laid there... head flat... eyes closed... and praying. It seemed like hours, when in fact only a few minutes had passed. I looked up and all was quiet from the shelling. Before me stood a figure wearing clothes that were shining as white as snow. He was pointing at me and saying, "*My Spirit will always strive within you.*" I looked away at the shell riddled ship. When I looked back, the figure was gone. I wasn't afraid any longer.

As I was looking over the ship, I heard the Captain calling for a battle report. "None dead... and five seriously wounded." I heard the name, Boatswain Harding, and that he had been hit by shrapnel on the O-1 deck. I ran back to mid-ship where I was first told by the voice to *move*. Right there, where I had been standing, was a huge hole in the ship. I ran up to the O-1 deck where Harding had been hit. It was next to a torpedo hoist. If I had followed him, we would have been together, gathered around that hoist. He was hit in the side and it would have hit me

dead center. I would have been blown in half.

Three times in my dream I slipped and the hand caught me. Three times in the midst

As I was looking over the ship, I heard the Captain calling for a battle report.
"None dead .. and five seriously wounded."

of a battle, I should have fallen and was saved; once with the mine, once at mid-ship, and once with Harding. I was telling one of the Lieutenants' about my ordeal when he pulled a little pocket Bible out of his breast pocket. It had a big hunk of shrapnel stuck in it. He said, "If I hadn't remembered it and gone back to get it, there would be a hole in my heart instead of in this Bible."

I believe the Lord saved a lot of sailors that day. It's truly amazing how our Lord can be so unbelievably powerful, yet so compassionate and merciful. He knows just how to talk to each of us. To some of us hardheaded ones, with audible commands, and with others, a gentle reminder.



CORNERSTONE

More than a name

Dave Esterline - Defiance, OH

When you are driving past the Cornerstone Interiors, just south of the Ohio-Michigan line on Ohio Interstate 15, you can't miss the big brown rock sitting majestically, surrounded by a landscaped area in front of the store.

If you go inside the well-stocked carpet and furniture store and meet the owner, Dave Esterline, and ask about the stone, you will understand why the company name, and why the large stone is so prominently displayed. It is not because the store is on a corner, but because Dave and his family are Christians and Christ is the "Cornerstone" of their lives and business.

"Almost everyone asks about it," Dave says, smiling. "It's a great way to start conversations with salespeople and customers, and to share

the following testimony about the Lord."

I was raised in a Christian home, the eldest of five children of Max and Grace Esterline. At the age of eight I was saved at a special revival meeting, but as I got older, I let pride build up in my life and drifted further and further from God.

Good at sports, I starred in basketball, and let that become supreme in my life. Then came that winter night when riding in the back seat of my parents' car. I felt the car skid and in a few seconds my life was changed.

We skidded endways into a guard rail. The guard rail came through the car right behind the back seat where I was sitting, and caught me in the back of the leg. I knew instantly that my leg was severely hurt and I also knew that legs are vital in sports.

Almost immediately, though, the Lord revealed to me the reason for the accident. He was telling me our relationship was more important than sports.

Even while being rushed to the hospital in an ambulance, I felt a peace. The hymn, 'Amazing Grace' kept going through my mind. The doctors first told me the leg should be amputated. That didn't happen. Then they told me I'd never walk again. Finally, they said no more

sports, but the Lord healed me and I was able to finish my basketball career. And I'm still into sports with my own boys.

As a result of the accident and this experience with the Lord, I accepted Christ, not only as my Savior, but as Lord of my life. I learned that night that He is a personal and powerful God.

When I graduated from Pioneer's North Central High School in 1975, I went to work for my father as a carpenter and bricklayer. At the same time I worked nights and Saturdays with a friend to learn carpet laying.

In 1977, I married Judy, and soon after we began our own business, called, "Carpet Wholesalers", and sold carpeting out of our garage.

Judy was instrumental in getting the business

started. She minded the store while I was out laying carpet. As our children, Kevin, Kyle, and Julie were born, Judy brought them with her to the showroom.

One of the most satisfying episodes for me came early in the business when my friend, Mike Livensparter, and I were laying carpet in the church I attended. The Lord put Mike and the pastor together, and Mike was saved that day when we were there laying carpet. Today, Mike is back working with me after having had other jobs, and we are closer

Dave beside the rock that symbolizes his Christian approach to business.



than the usual co-workers because of that day more than 15 years ago.

The Lord prospered the business more than Judy and I could have ever imagined, and we quickly outgrew our garage. The next step was a pole barn next to our house in the country. However, having the showroom so close to home had some disadvantages. People would stop at all hours, and especially on Sundays.

They wanted us to open the showroom because we were home and not doing anything. We knew we either had to move or get into something different.

In 1993, we faced the problem squarely. We gave the

Dave with some of his samples



Through them I felt the Lord speaking to me, reminding me that since I had been given so much, much was required of me.

Lord credit for bringing us this far, but we also knew we had put in many long, hard hours of work ourselves. Maybe, we thought, it was time to take a nine-to-five job and relax more. While we were thinking about this, the verse from Luke 12:48 came to mind. The Lord seemed to be saying that He had prospered us, so why did we want to quit now?

About this time, our family heard some indigenous (native) missionaries speak at our church. Through them I felt the Lord speaking to me, reminding me that since I had been given so much, much was required of me. As a result, our family currently supports two indigenous missionaries in India through Gospels for Asia Mission Board in Carrollton, Texas.

A native missionary in India can live on \$50 a month and still be a full-time missionary. Recently, one we supported became self-supporting, so we now have a new one to help.

We get regular reports on the people we support. Recently, I learned that one missionary we were helping had won 100 people to the Lord in a year's time. In a country like India, even winning one soul to Christ is hard to do.

In addition to the two missionaries supported in India, we give financially help to two others: one in Nepal, the other in Indonesia. By the

time I retire, I'd like to have that number be 100.

We moved the business to its present location near Pioneer, Ohio and changed the name to "Cornerstone Interiors." We added living room furniture and lamps, as well as wall coverings. Changing the name after so long was not an easy decision. Having a name associated with Christ worried me a little. Having your own name on a business is one thing, but when it's the Lord's name over the door, you have a little more responsibility to make sure that business is Christ-like. Then I realized that every Christian is really advertising Christ and has that same responsibility to put Christ first in what we say and do.

The business now has seven full-time employees. It is not a requirement, but all are born-again Christians. It's neat to be around people who love the Lord, to share each other's burdens as well as victories.

When the business moved, Judy "retired," and is now a full-time homemaker. She also leads a prayer ministry for mothers of school-age children that meets each Tuesday to pray for their children and husbands. We're trying to pattern our lives and our business on Proverbs 3:3-5. We try to be honest and kind with customers and suppliers, and go the extra mile when there are complaints.

I realized that some people see this willingness to "take it" as a sign of weakness, but I believe it is how Jesus would run the business. I'm in business for four reasons. The first is to make a living for my family. The second is to make a good working environment and living for the employees. We try to be like a family. The third reason is to provide a service for our



Dave Esterline in the showroom of Cornerstone Interiors, Pioneer, Ohio.

customers and to promote Christ in any way we can. The last is the goal of taking profits from the business and supporting indigenous missionaries like those in India.

As far as I know, I have never lost any business because of my Christian witness, nor have I had to turn any down. Because I don't go some places and do some things, I may have indirectly lost jobs because I was not considered. But I do not know of any such cases.

The Lord has really prospered us, and we give all the praise and glory to Him.



NEWSBREAK

By Marty Celaya, Director of Chapters

Praise The Lord! It's time to build America. The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship is moving forward towards the year 2000, and America is where it all began. The nations of the world are unified and strong, with new chapters starting all the time. Now our focus is to turn to this nation with a vision of building powerful new chapters, while raising up a whole new generation of Full Gospel Business Men and their wives.

Perhaps the most unique thing about our Fellowship is the tremendous variety of chapters we have. Along with these different chapters comes a wonderful mixture of many types of people with various backgrounds.

We had a fantastic time at our Phoenix Convention. One of the speakers there prophesied that the old generation of the Fellowship must welcome the new, and the new generation should respect the men who have been around for a while. The prophecy stated

that there would be times of change coming to the Fellowship, with a fresh wave of the Holy Spirit leading the way. It is my vision to see the Fellowship multiply with hundreds of new chapters springing forth, especially in America. If every chapter decided to sponsor and raise up just one more chapter in their city, we would quickly double the number of chapters. It's not about how many chapters we have. It's about how many lives we can reach through the ministries of the Fellowship.



A Networking Chapter in progress

The Lord showed me in prayer, that the Vision of this Fellowship which was given to brother Demos Shakarian has not been completed yet. There are hundreds upon hundreds of men who have not been introduced to this great Fellowship, and we all have a special opportunity to bring them under the banner of this powerful organization.



North Whittier Network Chapter meeting

One of the new types of chapters breaking forth is the "Business Network Chapter." This chapter format provides an avenue to bring in business-oriented people who desire to experience a strong meeting combined with a time of business networking. The idea is to network the business people in the Body of Christ, bringing them under the Full Gospel banner. The next step is to invite all of the unsaved business people in the community to a chapter where they will be introduced to Jesus while increasing their business as well.


In Southern California, the Whittier, Orange County and West Covina Business Network Chapters are leading the way. These pioneer chapters are producing many transformed lives

Networking in Orange County, CA



from the powerful chapter meetings. It is also a blessing to see many people helping and being helped through the networking sessions which follow the testimonies, special music, and the main speaker. I can clearly see a Network Chapter in every major city in America, along with our wonderful breakfasts, luncheons, and banquets.

The Holy Spirit also showed me that we need the Vision in a 1998 Package. In other words, we must communicate the same powerful Vision which links this great Fellowship together, through many types of chapters, including the new Network chapters.

Men, if we all work together building the Fellowship in America, we will see the hand of God moving throughout this ministry in a supernatural way. Let us catch the Vision 2000. It's time to build America. 

Start a chapter today

If you would like to establish a chapter in your area, please contact the International Headquarters. Ask for the Chapter Department. (949) 260-0700, fax (949) 260-0718 or fgbmfi@ix.netcom.com

Dreams

Rodney Rock - Crookston, MN

You have taken my companions and loved ones from me; the darkness is my closest friend. Psalm 88:18.

Darkness was my closest friend. I found solitude in the dark corners of my mind, a vacuum devoid of emotion, where I could be alone. Darkness was my asylum, but if death meant darkness, then it offered no hope. I took a peek from my opaque refuge and saw a glimmer of hope in nature where death is an underlying element to birthing new life. The death of winter blossoms spring to life, the death of one creature sustains life in others. Death was intriguing and, being a quiet child in a very large family, I would often bask in the psychic awareness of my own thoughts.

As a young adult I was lured by promises of New Age, the development of psychic powers, astral projection, lucid dreaming and out-of-body experiences. I did not need drugs or alcohol; I had natural ability and the gateway to deep meditation was an effortless step. As I exercised lucid dreaming, my skill at directing my own visions increased and my inner world became a visual fantasyland with invigorating episodes and unparalleled adventures. I eventually learned to project my mind and experience out-of-body awareness. Free from the cares of everyday life, this celestial world enticed me, but the attraction had a sense of finality and total commitment that I was not comfortable with.

Soon it became increasingly difficult and almost painful to return to consciousness. Then things began to change, subtly at first. I became aware of another presence, a force I could not identify. Like finding a stranger in your bedroom in the middle of the night, I was no longer alone in this realm where I thought I reigned supreme. It is impossible to describe in visual terms; it was a compelling force, guiding my thoughts and directing my actions. A pang of

fear struck me as I realized my sphere of vision had been controlled from the beginning and my mind manipulated with images. I was not in control and was way out of my league. I felt as helpless as a house fly jettisoned into deep space, awestruck at the immense power of these supernatural forces. I had grown up with a conservative religious background, but had never experienced a true relationship with God. For me God was about doing the right thing and was placed neatly into an inconspicuous corner of my life.

I was now seized by an urgency to break free from this indescribable force. When I tried to resist, its true nature erupted with irate impatience. As if in a horror movie, my delightful fantasy world transformed into black clouds of boisterous chaos whirling around me with evil taunts.

A chill of terror held me hostage as I tried to comprehend it all. Who could I turn to, who could protect me from powerful forces from within? As panic and anxiety poured in I suddenly felt a soothing tender whisper. It was not an audible voice, just a thought, like a gentle tap on my shoulder. The realization hit me, if there were evil forces then there must be good forces. Was there a Spirit of God that I could really know and communicate with? I found the Bible I had received from my mother years before. It fell open to the book of James. You *believe that there is one God. Good! Even the demons believe that and shudder.* James 2:19 I thought I believed in God, but God was more of a concept than a real being. It occurred to me that just believing meant very little. The next Sunday I found a church and with a feeble prayer sought God. As the pastor spoke, a supernatural understanding flowed into me

deeper than anything I had ever felt. All other forces paled in comparison to the immense, indescribable love that was communicated through the power of the Holy Spirit. I instantly experienced the entire truth of the gospel of Jesus Christ. I realized why He had come to die, that He died for me and that I was now saved and would be with Him in heaven. Physically, I was sitting in the pew, but inside I was on my knees before Jesus, confessing my sins and asking Him to be Lord of my life. I was released from the temptations of New Age and washed with a sense of peace beyond understanding. For years I did not dare drift into deep meditation, but as my faith grew, and in God's perfect timing, the Holy Spirit led me to the glorious experience of deep contemplative prayer. Intrigue with the darkness led me to the light of Christ and new life in Him. *But everything exposed by the light becomes visible, for it is light that makes everything visible. This is why it is said: "Wake up, O sleeper, rise from the dead, and Christ will shine on you."* Eph. 5:13-14.



A composite image featuring a mountain range at sunset, a violin, and sheet music. The mountains are in the background, the violin is in the foreground, and the sheet music is in the middle ground.

On the

Mountain

Randall Dean Stacy - Colorado

Breckenridge Colorado (one of the best kept skiing secrets in the world) looks like God's very own haven. I could touch the stars on the top of the mountains, and seemed able to caress the face of the Master. I felt that close to Heaven as the brethren and I went exploring. So how could prejudice and interdenominational discrimination exist among a people who lived in such beauty? The answer is obvious .. man is man and he has to learn even after being converted to Christ.

The first miracle I witnessed on my little excursion was when the Baptists and the Pentecostals decided to lay aside their weights and have a

night of fellowship and fun, to play music and "pig-out."

Some of the most beautiful voices this side of heaven entertained us in the magnificent hand-built log church. I was "raptured" in my emotions to another dimension until I noticed a man sitting with a whole pew to himself. He had a tattered old Bible with him. It looked like it had been loved to death. The man was filthy. His clothes were stained, and his face showed that he had hurriedly tried to clean off some mud and grime. "God pulls us out of the miry clay, but this guy looked like he lived in it."

The next miracle happened as I thought on this miry-clay man. He raised his hand and asked the pastor/master of ceremonies if he could sing a song. To our surprise, he sang like a pro, and sounded like the sweet Psalmist of Israel, for humility was behind his voice. He brought the house down as he sang of God's love for all. For a moment I wondered if he was an angel, because the mood of the entire assembly had changed so much. Many of us hung our

heads in shame, for we knew we should have been more friendly to this man .. at least to have greeted him .. or sat with him. What if he was an angel unaware? God would not have been pleased with us. Doesn't God look at the heart? Shouldn't His children do the same?

The best miracle of all occurred as the pastor concluded the services and directed us downstairs for fellowship and fun. The humble brother seemed like glue to all of us there. Everyone was drawn to him and started asking him questions as we went for ice cream and cake. We found out that he had been doing day labor in the mountains and had not time to clean up well before his ride hurried by to pick him up for the church get-together. He had just known that he had to be there for the service. We've since given him a thousand thank you's for being obedient!


Many other miracles happened that night, due, I think, to the obedience of this man of humility. I'll mention only a few... this man was offered a studio and equipment to use to practice music, for he had no equipment. He had to borrow a guitar for his song. Another person was given a donation for a guitar, for a brother noticed hers was barely together.

The best miracle, was that we were all united for a while even though we were from different camps of teaching, united by a miry-clay man. No, united by the Spirit of humility manifested by this strong brother in the Lord.

Funny, I had to go to one of the world's tallest mountains to be humbled by the Spirit. Isn't God amazing! I will never forget the lesson.

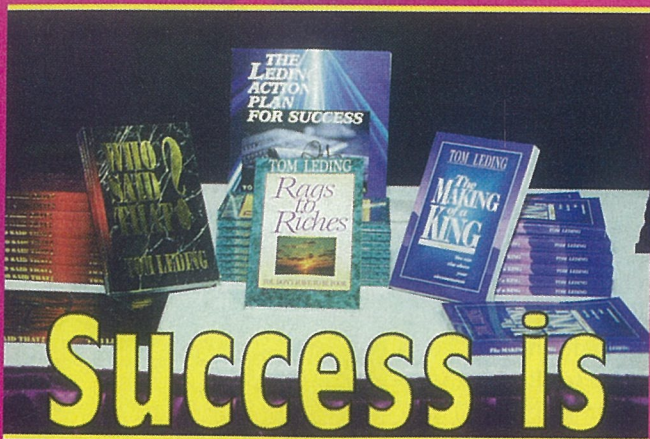


Forget The MOUSEHUNT



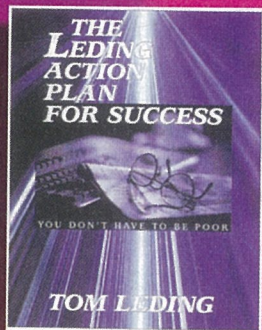
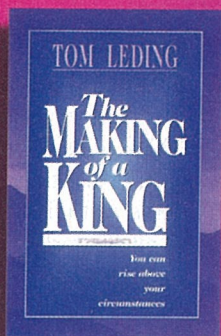
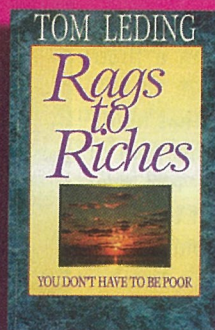
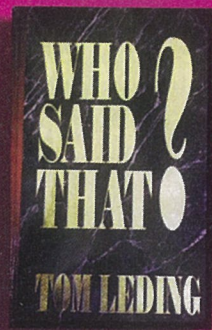
**We can now
be found at**

www.fgbmfi.org



Dr. Tom Leding

Success is now in your reach!



Called "the Man with the Midas Touch" by *Voice* magazine, Tom Leding has touched the lives of thousands with his motivational messages for success in life.

Based on years of Bible study and both feast and famine in his own personal life, he has assembled practical principles into four dynamic books:

- | | |
|---|------|
| The Leding Action Plan for Success | \$10 |
| Who Said That? | \$10 |
| The Making of a King | \$15 |
| Rags to Riches | \$10 |
| Save \$5 and get all four books | \$40 |

See order form opposite.

Fellowship Events

USA WORLD CONVENTION

July 6-10 1998

DALLAS, TX

WYNDHAM ANATOLE HOTEL

Contact Int'l Headquarters.

(949) 260-0700-B

(949) 260-0718-F

Make reservations EARLY!

MEXICO MEXICAN CONVENTION

Aug. 13-15, 1998

MATAMOROS, TAMAULIPAS

Guadalupe Lozano,

(893) 4-40-68 - R

(893) 4-17-22 - B

(893) 4-30-38 Fax

Constancio Iturbide, VP

(5) 396-27-17 - R

(5) 396-28-29 - B

(5) 396-75-28 Fax

HUNGARY CENTRAL EUROPEAN CONFERENCE BUDAPEST

Aug 28-30

Richard Shakarian

Contact: Miklos Molnar

(362) 936-4453-R

(361) 291-0230 B

(361) 291-0230 Fax

WARM BEACH MEN'S CAMP

Sept. 11-13

(North. of Seattle)

GeneMcCormick

(206) 246-1490

USA PRESCOTT, ARIZONA MEN'S ADVANCE 20th Year CAMP PINEROCK

Sept. 18-20, 1998

John Brimmer

(602) 433-0657-B

(602) 242-5271-R

WALES NEWTOWN, MEN'S ADVANCE

Sept. 11-13, 1998

Contact: Philip Jones

(+44) 1792 884701

JERUSALEM & ISRAEL JUBILEE

Oct. 14-22, 1998

Contact Int'l Headquarters

Ron Weinbender

(949) 260-0700 B

(949) 260-0718 F

Amistad Hispana Tours

(818) 227-5955 - B

(818) 227-5959 Fax

USA 14TH ANNUAL COLUMBIA GORGE CONVENTION

Oct. 8-10, 1998

O'Callahan's Shilo Inn

The Dalles, Oregon I-84 Exit 87

Gary Dunning

(541) 296-2275

SOUTHERN CALIF. MEN'S ADVANCE

Oct. 30-Nov. 1, 1998

Jim Fitch

14603 Bella Ct.

Whittier, CA 90604

(562) 946-8062-B

CANADA NATIONAL CONVENTION

TORONTO, ONT.

Nov. 10-14, 1998

Richard Shakarian

USA SEATTLE CONVENTION

Nov. 26-28, 1998

**N.W. REGIONAL
CONVENTION**

Richard Shakarian

Contact: Bob Bignold

(425) 226-3522-B

(253) 631-8891-R

CANADA CALGARY, ALBERTA

Dec. 10, 1998

Richard Shakarian

Contact: Ron Hutzal

(403) 281-4380

CANADA LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA

Dec. 11, 1998

Richard Shakarian

Contact: Ron Hutzal

(403) 281-4380

USA OREGON NEWPORT RALLY

Jan. 7-10, 1999

Shilo Inn Newport, OR

Peter Reding

(503) 292-2161 p\f

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 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." (1John 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 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 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."*

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

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 (714) 260-0700

Officers and Directors

President: Richard Shakarian; **Exec. Vice Pres.:** John Carrette; **Secretary:** Kwabena Darko, **Asst. Secretary:** Bruno Caamano, **Treasurer:** Tom Leding.

International Publications Directors:

Dr Jerry Jensen, Blair Scott

USA International Directors: Bob Bignold, Van Bruner, Bruno Caamano, Daniel Caamano, Clem Dixon, Doug Fowler, Roger Johnson, Tom Leding, Ralph Marinacci, Carlin Nash, Terry Peters, James Priddy, Leonard Riebold, James Rogers, Richard Shakarian, Ron Weinbender, DeCarol Williamson.

USA National Directors: **Arizona**, John Brimmer, Alan Koeneman; **California**, Alfredo Fulchignoni, Michael Galleher, Harvey Harms, Wayne Jones, Gregorio Krawchuk, Germain Labat, Robert Licciardo, Harold Rounds, S.K. Sung, Quentin Unruh; **Colorado**, Andrew Kaminski, Elmer Lewis, Vernon Murrow, Walt Sebring; **Connecticut**, Jerry DeFlorio; **Delaware**, Jack Fitzgerald; **Florida**, Harry Bourassa, Monroe Coblentz, Joseph Shaia; **Georgia**, William Bacon, Jr., Joe Chalk, David Crawford; **Hawaii**, Jerry Cornell; **Illinois**, Robert Chiles, Paul Hileman, Rodney Hite; Dave MacBurnie; **Indiana**, Mike Bond, Brian Duke Hoffman Mike Neal; **Iowa**, Gary Bortz; Harry Krohn; **Kansas**, Joe Bartlett, Stanley Hoerman; **Maine**, Richard Crockett; **Maryland**, Joe Mish; **Massachusetts**, Alex Canavan; **Michigan**, Stanley Cool, Nikolaus Gugenheimer, Edgar Miller; **Minnesota**, Don Richter; **Mississippi**, William Keller; **Missouri**, Eugene Brown, Robert Nations; **Nebraska**, Dale Herter; **New Hampshire**, Richard Morin; **New Mexico**, Lynn Cobb, Blackie Gonzales, Newman Peyton; **New York**, James Armstrong, John Barone; **North Carolina**, Herbert Pate, Dale Richardson, James Smith; **Ohio**, Oscar Clark, Troy Dotson, Duane Kinnison, Robert Lindemann, Thomas Packard, Bill Swad, Steve Wilson, Robert Yoblinski; **Oklahoma**, Joe Cannon, Alan Schmook, John Schmook, ; **Oregon**, John Fagan, Peter Reding; **Pennsylvania**, Eugene Arnold; **South Carolina**, George Duggan; **South Dakota**, Pete Steggerda; **Tennessee**, Dennis De Lemas, Perk Evans, Sam Evans; **Texas**, Roy Brian, Robert Clark, Barton Dailey, Carlos Ferreyro, Michael Hammer, Gilbert Markarian, Odell McBrayer, Joe Henry Ortega, Chris Wilmott; **Utah**, John Hale; **Vermont**, David Wells, Robert Zider; **Wisconsin**, Ike Andrews

National Presidents: **Angola**, Fernando Gurgel; **Antigua/Barbuda**, Noel Thomas; **Argentina**, Vicente Jorge Morales; **Armenia**, Rafik Grigorian; **Aruba**, Ciemencio German; **Australia**, Bernie Gray; **Austria**, Winfried Fuchs; **Bahamas**, Donald Curry; **Barbados**, Johnny Bourne; **Belgium**, Donato Anzalone; **Belize**, Jorge Meliton Avil; **Benin**, Gaetan Simenou; **Bermuda**, Walter Cook; **Bolivia**, Genaro Blanco Enriquez; **Brazil**, Pedro Paulo Barella; **British Virgin Is.**, Ruford Potter; **Bulgaria**, Dimatar Nikolov; **Burkina Faso**, Gnoumou K. Gaston; **Burundi**, Manasse Havyarimana; **Cameroon**, Noah Fredric; **Canada**, Jacque Philibert; **Cayman Is.**, Autry Foster; **Cen. African Rep.**, Marcel Malonga; **Chad**, Ngarta Emmanuel; **Chile**, Pablo Alvarez Navarrete; **Colombia**, Col. Armando Cifuentes; **Congo**, Francois Ambedet; **Costa Rica**, Francisco Fallas; **Cote D'Ivoire**, Simon Nandjui; **Cuba**, Roberto Matos Figueras; **Curacao**, Ernst Oehlers; **Cyprus**, Chris Alexandrou; **Czech Republic**, Jiri Meska; **Denmark**, Karl G. Svendsen; **Dominica**, Bernard Moses; **Dominican Rep.**, Frank Vilario; **Ecuador**, Fernando R. Silva; **Egypt**, Yacoub Saaman; **El Salvador**,

Dionisio Machuca; **Equatorial Guinea**, Elias Edjo; **Fiji**, Apaitia Seru; **Finland**, Jukka Koski; **France**, Bruno Berthon; **Gabon**, Victor Jocktane; **Germany**, Ulrich Von Schnurbein; **Ghana**, Joseph Kwaw; **Gibraltar**, Charles Harrison; **Great Britain**, John Walkert; **Grenada**, Nestor Ogilvie; **Guadeloupe**, Gervais Rimbon; **Guatemala**, Roberto Velasquez; **Guernsey**, Graham Green; **Guinea**, Francois Fall; **Guyana**, Compton Young; **Honduras**, Dr. Carlos R. Pinel; **Hungary**, Miklos Molnar; **India**, Paul Martin; **Indonesia**, U.E. Medellu; **Ireland**, Jack O'Donogue; **Israel**, Abraham Cohen; **Jamaica**, Earl A. Richards; **Japan**, Ken Tsukamoto; **Jersey**, David Pitt; **Kenya**, Michael Mbugua; **Latvia**, Harijs Tomashevskis; **Luxembourg**, Frank Everett; **Malawi**, T.L. Zimba; **Malaysia**, Dr. Peter Tong; **Mali**, Luis Augute Traore; **Malta**, Joe Aquilina; **Martinique**, Raymond Cottrell; **Mexico**, Guadalupe Lozano; **Moldovia**, Vladimir Danalla; **Montserrat**, Richard Lee; **Myanmar**, Chin Mang; **Netherlands**, Ib Van Der Zee; **New Zealand**, Wally Harrington; **Nicaragua**, Humberto Arguello; **Nigeria**, Bunmi Adedeji; **Norway**, Bjorn Andresen; **Pakistan**, Zia Pervez Mirza; **Panama**, Luis Carlos Cho; **Papua New Guinea**, John Toguata; **Paraguay**, Elzear Salemma; **Peru**, Pedro Condor; **Philippines**, Humberto Lotilla; **Portugal**, Armando Souza; **Puerto Rico**, Julio Torres, Sr.; **Romania**, Gheorghe Margaian; **Rwanda**, Nkusi Sebujiho Josias; **Senegal**, Andre Amouzou; **Sierra Leone**, E. Penn Timity; **Singapore**, Tan Buang Kher; **South Africa**, Allan Sutton; **Spain**, Luis Gil; **Sri Lanka**, Sunin Wijesinghe; **St. Croix**, Olaf Hanneman; **St. Kitts/Nevis**, Analdo Bailey; **St. Lucia**, Joseph Mathurin; **St. Maarten**, Charles Davis; **St. Thomas**, Eston David; **St. Vincent/Grenadines**, Jeffery Williams; **Swaziland**, Ray Duggan; **Sweden**, Alf Liljehal; **Switzerland**, Urs Kasermann; **Taiwan**, Tony Tseng; **Tanzania**, John Njau; **Thailand**, Komol Antakan; **The Gambia**, Ernest Essuman; **Togo**, Gratien de Souza; **Trinidad/Tobago**, Kelvin Frank; **Uganda**, Daniel Nkata; **USA**, Richard Shakarian; **Venezuela**, Federico Jerez; **Zaire**, Marcel Mulumba; **Zambia**, David Chitundu; **Zimbabwe**, Emmanuel Chabwedzeda.

For information contact FGBMI International: - **Cambodia, Canary Islands, China, Croatia, Estonia, Grand Cyman, Greece, Hong Kong, Iceland, Iran, Iraq, Italy, Korea\South, Liberia, Lithuania, Macedonia, Madagascar, Mongolia, Netherlands Antilles, Poland, Russia, Saudi Arabia, Serbia, Slovakia, Slovenia, Syria, Vietnam, Ukraine, Yemen.**

Global International Directors: Bunmi Adedeji, Olusola Ajolore, Julio Albery-Valdes, Francois Ambendet, Akwasi Amoakahene, Humberto Arguello, Edwin Bendeck, Bruno Berthon, John Carrette, Armando Cifuentes, Kwabena Darko, Azike Diribe, Sunday Essien, Anthony Ewelike, Francisco Fallas, Segun Falope, Juan Jose Font, Victor Jocktane, Faustina Kambamba, Michael Wa-Dikonda Kayembe, Clement Mukumadi Kazamba, Mubiala Kibala, Jean Kimbunda, Joseph Kwaw, Humberto Lotilla, Eugene Makembe, Marcel Malenso, Hugo Marroquin, Sam Mbata, Diavita Mfwamosi, Marcel Mulumba, Josias Nkusi, Andre Mengfa Nsoki, Joseph Tshiteya Ntumba, Pat Odiyji, Wole Olufon, Akin Olumodimu, Sam Oluwalana, Goma Osarollor, Dr. Carlos Pinel, Talas Sianturi, Peter Speckley, Faustina Sumbela, Benjamin Toledo, Gerardo Townson, Jorge Trejo, Clement K. Tshikenda, Ken Tsukamoto, Roberto Velasquez, Ulrich Von Schurbein, Daniel Wadzani, Daniel Wahlstrom, John Walker, Thomas Wetshi.

Regional Vice-Presidents: Komol Antakan, Pedro Paulo Barella, Bruno Berthon, Roberto Chihan, Armando Cifuentes, Jukka Koski, Urs Kaserman, Michael Kayembe, Chosen Lee, Alf Liljehal, Humberto Lotilla, Douglas Lyew-Ayee, Sam Mbata, Miklos Molnar, John Njau, Talas Sianturi, Gerald Townson, Ken Tsukemoto, John Walker.

Welcome To Our Chapter

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

FGBMFI P.O. Box 19714
Irvine, CA 92623

Periodicals
POSTAGE PAID Blaine WA

Back Forward Stop Refresh Home Search Favorit... Print Font Mail Edit

Address <http://www.fgbmfi.org>

Links Best of the W... Today's Links Web Gallery Product News Mic