

Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP

The Gary  
Jacobson  
Story



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## Secret Service Agent Healed Of Cancer

By Richard Shakarian

Zolt Libor a member of the Hungarian Secret Service attended our Fire Conference held in Munich, Germany, at the beginning of February. Zolt had found the Lord through the work of the FGBMFI about a year ago. He comes from a very famous family in Hun-

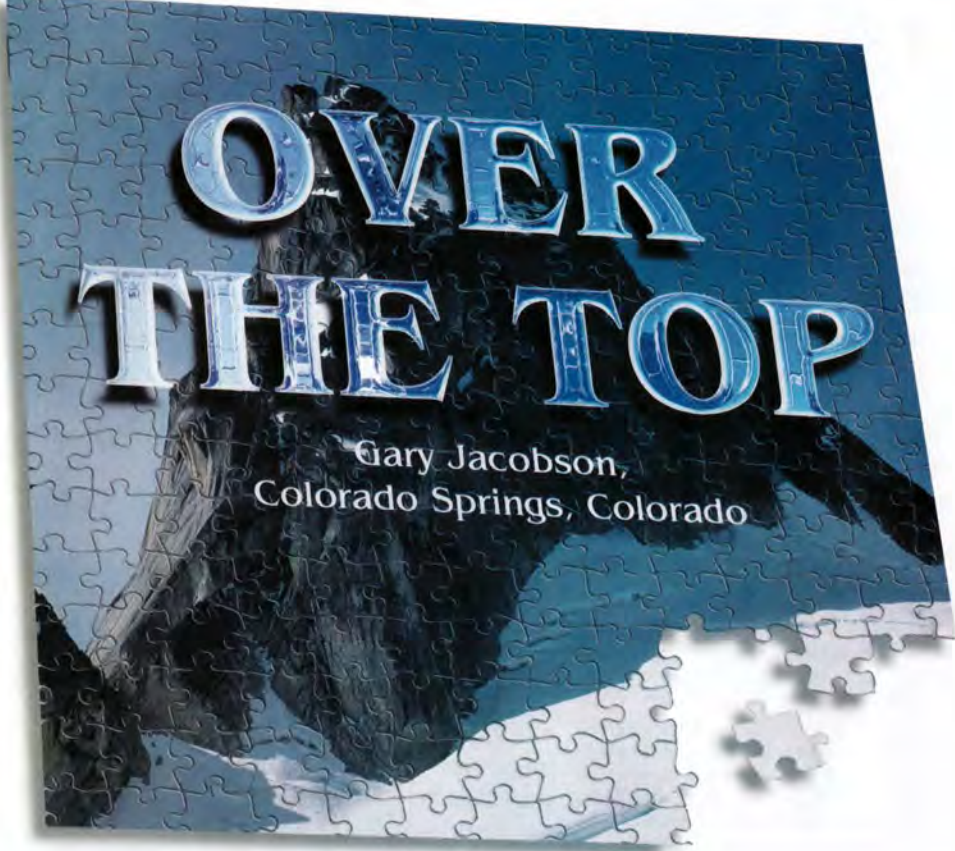
gary, with nine generals in his family, including his father, who was a general under the Communist regime. But Zolt had a problem. The Secret Service Hospital had discovered that his body was riddled with cancer, and the cancer cells were growing in several places. They wanted to operate immediately, but he said no. Instead, he came to the FGBMFI Fire Conference in Munich.

Friday night was the anointing service. As I anointed and prayed for Zolt, without knowing he had cancer, I laid my hand on the most cancerous place in his body. Zolt said it felt like a fire went right into him. He fell to the floor. When he got up he felt totally different; even his appetite had returned. By 11 o'clock that night he was eating Hungarian sausages in his room, even though he hadn't been able to eat for two days. Back home he went to the Secret Service Hospital in Budapest. They exclaimed, "We can't believe it! We can't find a single cancer cell in your body." So they sent him to a civilian hospital to repeat the test. The results were the same - no more cancer! All the tests proved negative. Praise the Lord!

A very poignant part of this story is that his father, the general, had actually gone out and purchased the burial place for his 31-year-old son.

Now, by God's grace, they won't need the burial plot. Jesus never fails!





**T**he applause seemed empty despite my achievements. This should have been the happiest moment of my life. I was being honored for closing sales on 480 homes in the previous 48 months. The average Realtor sells around six homes a year while I was doing ten a month, so what was wrong? Why wasn't I happy?

During my growing up years, Dad worked at the steel mill and also painted houses. Through my little boy eyes, he was powerful and I idolized him. I often dreamed of the precious moments we would spend together when he came home before bedtime, which was rare. There were many nights when I would press my face against the window, only to fall asleep before he arrived home.

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**PUBLICATIONS:** Editor/Communications Manager, Blair Scott; Editor Emeritus, Jerry Jensen, Ph.D., Litt.D.; Design/Production, Colin Smith; Contributing Writers, Bob Armstrong, Ed Barton and Ken Walker.

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*Gary and Linda,  
winners of national real estate awards!*

One time, in preparation for a fishing trip on the streams of Lake Superior, I read magazines about fishing, getting increasingly excited as the day approached. The night before we were to go Dad casually mentioned to me that, although he wanted to go, we would have to postpone it for awhile since he had promised to paint someone's house. Oh, how I had dreamt about that magic moment of reeling in a trout, when I'd impress my Dad and he would be proud of me. Sadly, it seemed to me that I just wasn't good enough to spend time with him.

He assured me that I shouldn't worry, we would go hunting in the fall. I couldn't wait for that trip, dreaming of the wonderful campfires we would sit by, talking about the adventures of the day. Just the night before we were to

leave, this trip was put off as well. The same thing happened year after year.

After high school I signed up to work in the steel mill like Dad. The first day I was assigned to the 6th hole. I was excited until I found out what that was. The molten steel went through rollers to shape it. The sixth hole was beneath that. Hot slag would fall off; my job was to scrape up the hot slag and put it into buckets. That very day I decided there was no future for me in the steel mill. Disappointing

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*Gary and Linda with their boys*



my Dad once again, I quit and registered for college.

In 1975 I was close to finishing college when I got married. Still not knowing what I wanted to do, I was looking at the wanted ads. It said that in real estate I would work with people and earn great money. Twelve years and a move to Colorado Springs, Colorado, later, I made a decision to be the best Realtor I could be. Still seeking my father's approval, I called him with the great news that I was exceeding \$100,000 a year. His response was, "It's consistency that really matters." When I repeated it the next year, he asked, "What about your savings account?" Year after year this continued; I could never quite achieve the goal because "what was really important" seemed to always be changing.

In 1992, I was determined to do even better! I so wanted to hear my Dad say, "Well done!" The year started off well and by September I realized that I would clear half million dollars. My accomplishments included selling 480 homes in 48 months. I ranked 31 in the nation and 60 in the world. Dad's reaction to my success was to ask, "Did you know



your cousin, Kim, just paid cash for a new Ferrari?"

Then and there I decided to buy an airplane. An airplane broker explained that what I needed was a Beachcraft Bonanza and asked about my experience. When I said, "None," he told me, "It flies at 200 mph. Forget it. You would kill yourself." I told him that I wanted one and, if he wouldn't get it for me, I would go to someone else.

I started taking lessons so that once the broker found my plane, I could fly it to see my Dad. I so wanted to hear him say those four words, "I'm

proud of you." On November 14th, 1992, I went to see my Beachcraft Bonanza for the first time. I was so excited! Just a couple of miles from the airport, the car phone in my red convertible rang. It was my sister, calling to tell me that our father had just died. I was devastated! Now I would never hear him say those important words.

Since I was still in the process of getting my pilot's license, I had to hire a pilot to fly my plane back to Proctor, Minnesota, for the funeral. At the funeral I met my cousin, Kim, and congratulated him on his Ferrari. He told me that he did not have one. I couldn't believe my ears!

The following February, as I stood on the stage to receive my awards, I had a smile on the outside, but I felt dead on the inside. My heart and my marriage were broken. My children

were alienated and I felt empty and alone. I soon lost interest in life! Nothing seemed to matter. I didn't even care about the business I'd worked so hard to build. It finally became clear to me that my main goal in life had been to get my Dad's approval and now there was nothing left to work for.

In my desperation and pain, I decided to change my career field. Looking in the newspaper, I found an ad that offered the chance to help others. I decided that maybe I would be helped in the process. After spending much time, energy, and money, I discovered that it was nothing more than a scam. A few months later, in April of 1994, I heard about another business opportunity and decided to fly my plane to San Diego to check it out. I was so desperate to find some meaning in my life that I decided to attend a conference they were putting on, which ended with a church service on Sunday morning.

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*When Gary and Linda crash  
landed their plane, they  
realized it was time  
to make some  
changes!*

After some songs and some talking, there was an "altar call". They told me I could have a changed life if I would just go up and give my life to Jesus. Truthfully I had run out of ideas and felt I had nothing to lose. So I went forward and gave myself to Jesus. One thing is for sure, Jesus touched me and changed my life forever that day!

I received eternal life and began a personal relationship with God. I made a commitment to spend time with Him through prayer, Bible study, and fellowship with other Christians. As time passed, I became familiar with the Bible and began to see things through different eyes. He started to restore my broken life. Only a merciful God would forgive me for all the heartbreak I had caused others.



A few years later, growing as a Christian, God granted me peace about my Dad by showing me that my father hadn't been trying to hurt me. He had been doing what he thought was best and hadn't even realized that he was hurting me. Now I don't need my Dad's approval. I have been bought with a great price because God loves me and he sent his Son, Jesus, to die for me. God thinks I'm good enough and He is proud of me. I don't need the approval of any man.

Now I see real estate as a way for God to provide for my family as well as an oppor-

tunity to minister for Him. I no longer have the desire to be number one in real estate because I don't need to prove myself. God has now given me a successful real estate business for a different reason. It is for His glory, not mine. Many times I have ministered to hurting people who I meet through selling real estate. I can say that I truly enjoy my business. It has a different meaning for me now that I know in my heart God is in control.

Because of what I went through with my Dad, I have made a commitment to make my sons feel loved and approved. Today, because of God's goodness and mercy, I have a beautiful wife, three sons in college, two stepsons and a stepdaughter. All of them know the Lord and are growing because they know that their earthly father loves and approves of them and their Heavenly Father loves them even more.



*Gary and Linda on their television set*







# NOTHING TO LOSE

**Larry Booth,  
Colorado Springs, Colorado**

**T**he concept of death and eternity was a concern for me as long as I can remember. I would get out the World Book Encyclopedia and gaze at the astronomy section, wondering who had made the stars. In my teens I had a idea of what hell was, but didn't do much about it. I wanted to ask Jesus into my life when I got old and thereby avoid hell. This seemed like a great plan until I heard that Jesus might return at any time. I

didn't want Jesus to come back because I had things to do.

My first car was a '34 Chevy. My friend, Tracy, and I were always working on it. One day I decided to put in a new clutch. While I was installing it, the jack fell and the car fell on my right arm. Just seconds before, my head had

been under the vehicle; if the car had fallen, I would have been instantly killed, and met my Maker unprepared.

A month later I was working on another car. The radio was on and Billy Graham came on and preached a message about where we would spend eternity - heaven or hell. I knew I had to get things in order, so I invited Jesus into my life. I asked Him to forgive my sins and make me the person that He wanted me to be. I didn't feel anything particular at that moment, but when I woke up the next morning, things were different. I knew Jesus was real and that I had eternal life. The Bible came alive and I had a new understanding of spiritual issues.

Unfortunately, as time passed I took back control of my life. Jesus was still my Savior, but not my Lord. It was not until I met my wife, Ellen, and we were married that I knew I needed Jesus to get back on the throne of my life. This was during my last year of college at the University of Texas. Before we got married things had seemed just fine, but afterwards a real power struggle began because each of us had a hefty ego. At



that time we met some people on staff with Campus Crusade for Christ. They helped us to understand that, in order to have a great marriage, Christ has to be in control of each of our lives. So we both asked Jesus to get back on the throne of our lives and take over.

In my senior year God filled me with His power. A friend asked me to help him move a fire place insert up to the second floor of a house that was being built. I agreed. Then, by the next morning, I could not get out of bed.

*Larry and Ellen Booth with their family*



My back had zero support. It took a good five minutes to pull myself up. I could barely move; the pain was so bad. I went to my doctor and was sent for an X-ray. He subsequently explained that I had two ruptured disks and I would need to check into hospital for an immediate operation.

I remembered the Bible verse in James, which says to call on the elders of the church, and they would anoint us with oil and we would be healed. When they prayed for me I did not feel anything. The next day I was laying flat on my back when Ellen's sister came in. She said that she felt led to pray for me. She laid her hand on my back and prayed that I would be healed in the name of Jesus.

Something warm moved down my back. It was not strong, but I knew something was



*Larry and Ellen Booth*

going on. Ellen and her sister left. Fifteen minutes later I decided to try and get up. It took a good five minutes to pull myself up, but by the time I was upright, I was completely healed. I quickly bent over to touch my toes as a sort of test. With that, I began yelling and praising God. It was a miracle!

I called my doctor and told him that God had healed me. He said that he had heard about such miracles, but that I would really need that operation. It has been over twenty-three years since then and I am still healed!

After this I heard of another man who was dying in the hospital. I told them, "You have nothing to lose. Call the



elders and pray for him." Within an hour, the internal bleeding ceased and he was healed.

Up to that time I had not believed that the gifts of the Spirit were for today. I now knew that at least the gift of healing was for today. God began to reveal to me that He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. All His gifts are for today, just as they were for thousands of years ago. About that time a friend invited me to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. He and his wife had a special power in their lives. He said that the difference was the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Soon I, too, had received that gift and it made a tremen-

dous difference in my life. However, I have learned you must keep Jesus on the control center of your life in order to walk in the power of God's anointing. It wasn't long before I realized that as a business man I had a great opportunity to effect people for Jesus. The devil likes to make us a slave to our businesses, but when God is our CEO, He gives us angels to prepare success before us. Doing business under the power of God's Holy Spirit is a different experience.

Two years ago I sold the service business and moved to Colorado Springs. I went to work for an investment company. I have been an investor since I was sixteen and have helped people with their finances for years. The saying, "Once God has your finances He has you" is really true. If your finances need improvement, I challenge you to tithe and give offerings.

I am now president of an FGBMFI Chapter in Colorado Springs and praise God for the way He uses it to lead and empower men to work for Him.



# The Biggest Decision



Michael E. Peters  
Suffolk, England

**M**y father-in-law never said much about his faith. Instead, he showed it through his actions. As a result, I made a commitment to God to be a “good Christian and bring up my daughters in the faith.” Though I had even gone forward in response to an invitation to commit my life to Jesus Christ, I had really considered it unnecessary. I had also chaired the stewardship campaign for planned giving in our village.

I read the “Daily Light” every morning and evening. For a time I had also read “Every Day with Jesus”, a small booklet with excerpts from the Bible, but I didn’t read the Bible. I went to communion most Sundays, except when ponies ruled our lives and church was quietly put aside.

My life was run on Christian principles; I was always fair and honest, and extended those principles into my business life as managing director of a company. At one time we employed over 200 people.

I was a 'religious' person, unaware of the need to repent, believe, and receive Jesus into my heart. I was a little like Saul before the Damascus Road, tied up in religion, but without any kind of personal relationship with God.

From the time I fell off a bike in my youth, I have suffered from a weak back, and at times have been in great pain. One such occasion was in September 1991, while on a holiday in Majorca. Gradually my back tightened and became excruciatingly painful; I was unable to swim or walk. This had happened before, but not as badly. Upon my return home, I went to my chiropractor. Over the years I have been to naturopaths, osteopaths and conventional doctors. This time things simply got worse. I became bed bound and then had to go to hospital for 10 days of scans, X-rays, injections and rest.

At the time, my daughters were deeply into New Age. One



*Michael Peters with his wife*

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suggested that my back pain was the result of sin in my past lives, or possibly where I had been stabbed in some medieval conflict! It wasn't long before I was given tapes recommended to help me in my situation. One I recall was by George King, who held seminars all over the English-speaking world and sounded very convincing.

Continuing with this theme of deception, I accepted the suggestion that I visit a spiritual healer. My daughter had already been to see him. He changed from his normal self by going into a trance. Then he became Paul, a "middle eastern doctor from Roman times." When I visited his house there was an overwhelming smell of sweet perfume and I felt extremely uncomfortable and agitated.

Bear in mind that at the time I could only shuffle, and a car passing over a match stick felt like a four-inch wide sword being thrust into my spine. When my turn came to go into the treatment room, I shuffled forward with anxiety until I saw a crucifix on the wall. Then I felt calmed, thinking the man was a Christian. More deception. He told me what my problem was and made some adjustments. Having paid my £15, I left, visiting him a second time a week later when there had been no improvement. The nerve was placed in another position and I again left as awkwardly as I had arrived.

By the time the third week came I was virtually unable to move from my bed. So my wife called him on the phone. This time he said he'd be there at 9 o'clock that night. At 9 p.m. I could feel my back moving; something was changing position inside. I was scared stiff! I prayed, as I had done many times before. I had also started reading the Bible, one which takes you through the whole Bible in a year. Little did I know that one year later I'd still be in pain and still be reading the Bible!

*Michael with his wife and daughters*



I eventually got off to sleep and for a few more weeks continued much as before, with pain and despondency. Gradually things began to get easier. An osteopath, who said I should have a massage. I followed his advice, and had some other treatments as well. It was 2 years before I got back to something close to normal.

**During that  
time my  
daughters had  
read "Gods of  
the New Age"**

During that time I continued to read my Bible each day.

During that time my daughters had read "Gods of the New Age". They immediately recognized the deception of New Age and, over a period of time, they both came to faith in Jesus Christ. My wife, Judy, called on our neighbors, Victor and Meg, who were involved with the Billy Graham mission, to seek advice about the girls and their involvement with New

Age. They were marvellously helpful and supportive.

By April 1993, my back was much improved, and getting better daily. I continued to read the Bible, pray, and go to church. In fact, one of my daily requests was, "Please God, make me a better Christian." Yet, even at that stage I

**Receive Jesus  
into your heart  
by asking Him  
to take control  
of your life.**

hadn't taken the all-important step of asking Christ into my life. How could He possibly make me a better Christian when I hadn't asked Him to make me Christian in the first place? On further investigation, by reading, listening to audio tapes, and watching Christian teaching videos, I became aware of the deceptions in a whole host of things which are undermining the church.


During this time of personal revelation, I was introduced to

some tapes by a New Zealand evangelist, called Barry Smith. Judy and I became enthralled with his style and message. We devoted the best part of a journey to and from Cornwall in September, 1993.

I don't remember exactly when I asked Christ into my life on that trip, but I did, and have been growing in Christ ever since. Basically I had never understood how to become born again, or that it was even necessary. Nobody had ever said to me - Repent - turn away from your sin and submit to God. "Believe - that the Lord Jesus Christ died on the cross and shed his precious blood for you, was buried and rose again," and "Receive - Jesus into your heart by asking Him to take control."

One evening we were praying with Colin Urquhart, the main speaker at a Christian summer camp. During that prayer my wife and I began to pray in tongues. This seemed to be a natural development of our spirituality. Jesus is now at the very center of my life.

In Colossians 1:27 in the Bible, Paul shares a revelation given by God. These words are inspiring, so full of depth and yet so simple, that my heart trembles every time I hear them, "Christ in you, the hope of Glory."

More recently I joined the Bury St Edmunds Chapter of the FGBMFI and have served in the positions of secretary, vice president, and as a Field Representative. God is certainly pouring out his Spirit. At our breakfast meetings in Bury St. Edmunds, we have seen miracles happen. My back has been healed. My secular work as Chairman of an executive search and selection consultancy continues, and we are currently setting up a Christian charity to be funded by the company profits. 



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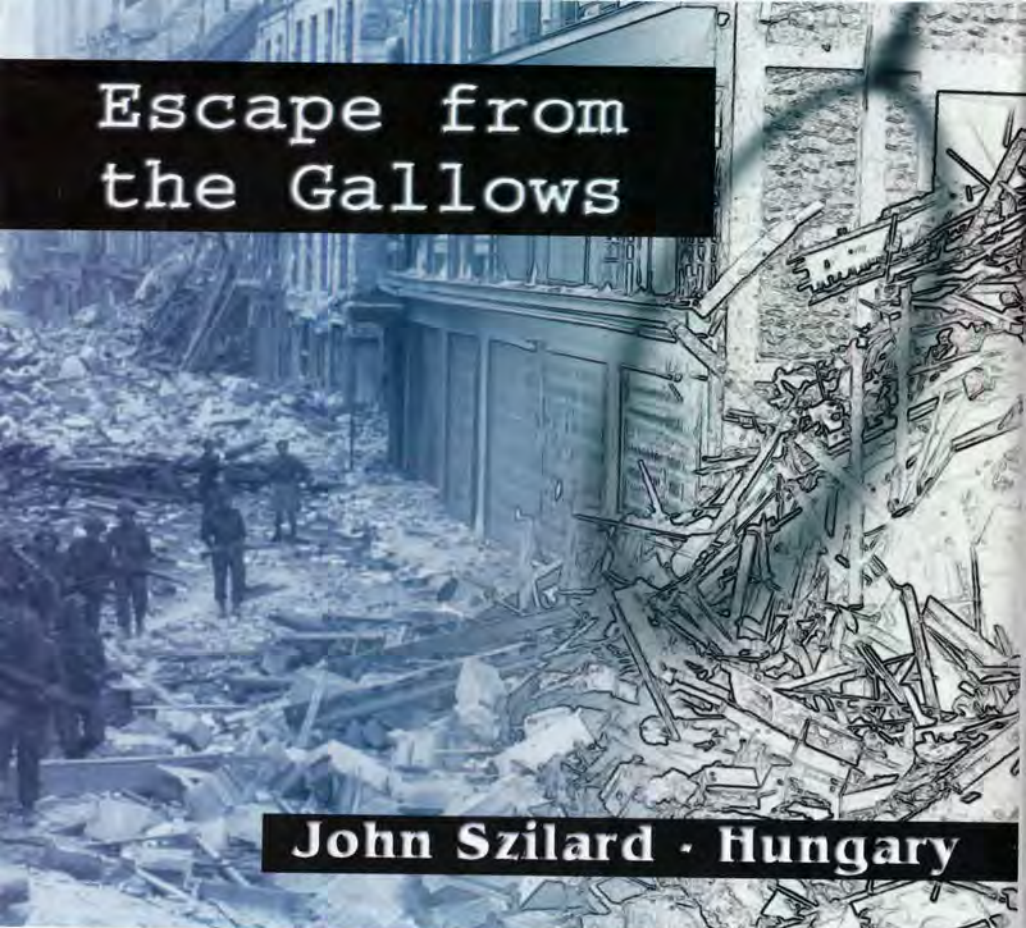


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# Escape from the Gallows

## John Szilard · Hungary

**I**n Hungary where I began school, I was taught about the Bible and accepted it all without questioning. However, I had no idea what a close relationship with the Lord God and life in His power really meant. My faith was seriously challenged during the war in 1944. The Soviet army was

pursuing the retreating Germans and their allies within Hungary. Men within the age bracket to be called up into military service, but who were considered politically unwanted, were thrown into labor camps instead. This included me and my cousin.

At first we were stationed in and around Budapest. However, when the front approached we were told that our unit would be transported to somewhere in the West. We anticipated

that there would be turmoil and political mass killings. Escaping then would be very difficult, so we felt it was better to try and escape while still in our home territory.

We acquired new identities and found a job in a small biscuit bakery. For accommodations, a relative sent us to an old widow in an outer suburb, who took in lodgers, but she had no room. She sent us on to her friend, who put us up in her lean-to laundry.

The Russians surrounded Budapest and a siege began. The authorities wanted every able-bodied man, who did not have an essential job, to join the army. We acquired forged documents that we were assistant firemen in another suburb. The next day on the street we met a group of armed Nazi activists, who suspected our true identity, promptly captured us, and escorted us into their office to check our documents. We were in great danger because we had unfinished forged documents in our pockets.



At the same time they were interrogating another lad, who, after being beaten, admitted that he had escaped from a labor camp. They told him, he would be hanged. Facing the same prospect, we were terrified. Then we showed another genuine paper signed by our landlord and authenticated by the local police. At that moment our interrogator's face turned into a friendly smile, "I see you're okay. I am sorry." It turned out that our landlord was a trusted friend.

While moving to the home of a friend of our parents we had to cross a bridge over a river where the bridgehead was guarded by a sentry. After our last incident, this looked ominous. About 2 meters in front of us two soldiers were walking and chatting, half turning to each other. We were frozen stiff with terror; we recognized them from the labor camp. What now? Turning round suddenly and going back would attract the sentry's attention. We looked to the Lord for help. The soldiers stopped

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*We were frozen stiff with terror; we recognized them from the labor camp...*

at the sentry. They were blocking his view, so we walked past behind their backs, unnoticed.

Once the war was over, I returned home and found that my parents had been abducted by armed men and were never seen again. Our house was ransacked. At the age of 19 I had to make a living, looking after my aging grandmother, and somehow continue my university studies. This was only made possible by the Lord's ongoing help.

By the time I graduated, the communists were in power, making life difficult. Still, God provided a good job for me in the field I was most interested. He also led me to Klara, a lovely Christian girl, and we were married. After many reorganisations, I had another good job: ultrasonic engineering with the State Railways.

I bought an old car. That Sunday afternoon we drove to the hills on the far side of Budapest. On top of a hill I touched the brake and the pedal hit the floor with no resistance! I switched the engine off and the car stopped. Not a drop of brake fluid was left! The family got out while I tried in vain to work out what to do in the middle of



nowhere. Then I sat back and prayed, "Lord Jesus, help me somehow!"

Without thinking, I stepped on the brake pedal and it felt as solid as normal. I tried it again, then road-tested the brakes. They worked perfectly! So, trusting Jesus, I drove home down the steep hill and through heavy city traffic with the brakes working perfectly every time, all without any fluid.

After some years I was transferred from my good position, which was under the supervision of one Management Department, to another position, under another Department. Here the conditions were much less pleasant and I prayed to find another job, but God said, "Stay put!" Then an opportunity arose for me to give a paper at an international conference in Belgium. In connection with my talk, God arranged an interview for me with a Professor

at Birmingham University, who offered me a year's fellowship. All I needed was permission from the Hungarian authorities to accept it. My application had to be approved first by my immediate boss, then at every level up to the Minister of Transport himself. This took about 10 months. On one occasion, when I was in the Railway's Headquarters, walking along a corridor, I passed by the Head of my previous Department, who was in discussion with a colleague. During the few seconds I was within earshot, he said a short sentence from which I realized, he would never have signed my application. God was making it clear to me why He had me transferred to a position under another Department!

My wife and son were not allowed to come with me, but I was promised they would join me for my last month in England. After they arrived, with the help of God through too many complications to describe here, we got permission to stay in Britain indefinitely, provided I found a job. Without searching, again by the Lord's arrangement, I was offered a job that suited me ideally at Loughborough University.

Soon we joined a new charismatic house fellowship, and shortly thereafter I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Then Jesus began to work in our lives more powerfully and obviously than ever before. In our Bible study fellowship we gradually learned a great deal about life in the Spirit from scripture passages which I had never been taught in my school days. We also learned much about the gifts of the Spirit and spiritual warfare. Here are a few examples.

One night I woke up with a pain in the lower part of my body. As it grew stronger,

I couldn't sleep. I sat in a chair, hoping it would ease, but it became excruciatingly strong. Klara woke up and rang the doctor. He made a tentative diagnosis and called an ambulance. By then I was paralyzed from the waist down.

Klara stayed at home. Praying, she bound Satan in the name of Jesus three times, then looked at the clock: it was 4:00 a.m. Exhausted, she fell asleep. In the hospital my pain slowly eased. At 4:00 a.m. I woke up feeling fine; it was over. In the morning the registrar examined me and couldn't find anything wrong. He ordered all possible urine and blood tests and kidney X-rays. All were negative and I was sent home.

On a few occasions when walking our dog, other dogs would try to attack us. I would quietly command in the name of Jesus, "Don't come any closer!" and they would obey.

A student of mine developed such a bad duodenal ulcer that, in spite of two operations, medication and dieting, he suffered a lot. After prayer, the Lord healed him.

A friend was deeply depressed even after two stints in hospital. After we prayed

with her, she threw away her tablets and never looked back.

One time we were driving with Klara from England to Spain to attend a conference in Madrid. When approaching the French/Spanish border, I had to pump the brakes to make them work, a sure sign of imminent complete failure. It was Saturday noon and there was not much chance to have

**The doctor gave  
her three  
days to live**

the faulty part replaced before Monday, yet we had to arrive in Madrid by Sunday night. After prayer, I felt Jesus saying, "Don't be afraid, just drive on. I am with you; nothing will happen." So we drove on through the Spanish mountains, Madrid streets, and, after the conference, to a holiday resort, then back home - about 3000 kms. - without a hitch.

A professor colleague of mine suddenly acted in an unreasonable way, obstructing the work of many of us. A Christian colleague and I bound

the devil's interference in the name of Jesus. Within a few days the professor came back completely changed, and all problems were fixed in a friendly atmosphere.

When his marriage blew up, a student of mine asked me in despair to help. They were devout Buddhists from the Far East. I passed their problem on to Jesus, then had a counselling session with them. After a Spirit-led 90 minutes, with tears of joy, they left as a Christian couple.

One time a friend called me. His sister was in hospital with liver cancer. Two days earlier the doctor had given her three days to live. She couldn't eat and was only sustained by intravenous drip-feed. She was terrified, asking everyone possible to pray for her. I felt that Jesus wanted me not only to pray for her, but to speak to her. The next day I went with him to see her.

She had been a Christian, but had married an atheist and gradually neglected God. She was obviously very close to death. After prayers and Bible reading, we laid hands on her and anointed her with oil in the name of Jesus. She began to eat a little, then more and more, and after three weeks she was home, walking up and down the stairs unaided! However, she didn't quite grasp what had really happened. Two months later my friend invited her and her husband over. After more prayers, Bible reading and discussion, they both embraced Jesus as their Lord and Saviour!

As the years went by, I began thinking about retiring and at last leaving Europe for Australia. I had a few relatives there. In the meantime our son, Paul, grew up and met a girl from New Zealand, whom he soon married. We



*We have come a long way since those days of running for our lives...*

---

all went to New Zealand for the wedding, then had a holiday in Australia. There Paul looked round for a job and found one which suited him ideally. The manager agreed to wait for him to arrange immigration. In the following year I took an opportunity to retire three years earlier than I was due, so we could follow them.

Jesus arranged everything like clockwork. Our immigration was approved much faster

than we expected and when we put our house on the market, the estate agent found a buyer even before the first advert had appeared.

In Sydney we stayed with Paul while looking for a house. Eventually we found a nice house at an affordable price in a nice and convenient location near Blacktown. When a new Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship Chapter was set up in Blacktown, I joined it. Over the years I served on the Chapter Committee in various positions, including as President.

A few years later a muscle in Klara's thigh caused recurrent pain. We saw a doctor, who found the cause: her right leg was shorter than the left by about a centimeter. Klara was sitting with legs outstretched, the doctor holding her heels. He prayed. Then, as he commanded in the name of Jesus for her leg to grow to the same length as the other, it shot out instantly! Many years have passed since then and the pain has never returned.

One time Klara rapidly became weaker and weaker, tiring more and more quickly. I suspected something serious, so we visited the same Christian doctor. He found a bad leak

in the aortic valve, causing the heart to overwork. ECG confirmed the resulting enlargement of the left ventricle. When he gave the diagnosis, he added, "But don't worry, this illness is for the glory of God. First we will document it by a medical examination, then we will pray for a new heart valve." We went home and prayed, then made appointments for the examinations. She began to improve straightaway. X-rays, ultrasonics and a new ECG all showed her heart was healed.


**His kidney  
function increased  
from 17% to  
almost 100%"**

Some time later Klara needed an eye examination. The ophthalmologist prescribed new spectacles, but said, "You may not notice it yet, but in the left eye there is an incipient cataract." I prayed regularly for healing. At the next eye test the doctor gave her new glasses, but could see no trace of the cataract!

A friend in his seventies developed a rapidly progressing angina. A by-pass operation was considered and a coronary catheter examination was performed. Unfortunately the procedure loosened and dislodged plaques from the aorta, which caused a major embolism in one kidney and a number of smaller ones in the other. The first kidney died and the other gradually lost performance. Because of this, the by-pass was impossible. The doctors didn't expect him to survive.

When I saw him in hospital, after praying with him and reading the Bible, Jesus turned his spiritual and physical condition around. After a year or two, his dead kidney came back to life and his kidney function increased from 17% to almost 100%, consistent with his age, and he feels his heart works more than twice as well as it was doing and is still improving.

I had an X-ray CAT scan of my kidneys and on one it showed a 3/4 inch tumor, almost certainly cancerous, partly bulging out. As it happened, the same night we had our FGBMFI Chapter Annual General Meeting, and the whole committee prayed, asking Jesus to heal me. After a few days I had a thorough ultrasonic examination and the doctor could not find the tumor.

From my experience, I have concluded with absolute certainty that the Bible is true. God is real and loves us so much that His son, Jesus, died and rose from the dead that we might be reconciled with God the Father. Jesus did not say we would have a bed of roses in life, but He did promise never to leave us. He is always there to help us through our difficulties. 



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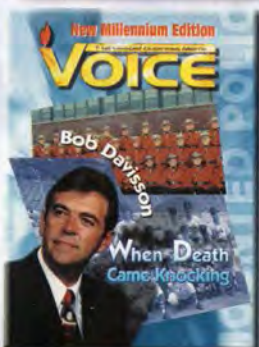
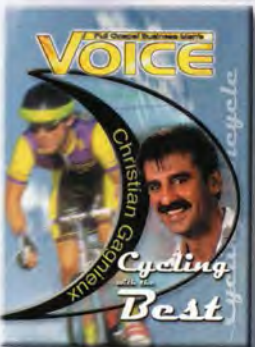
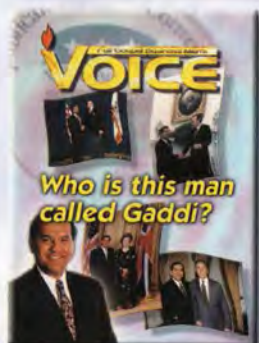
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He then opened his Bible and pulled out that ragged VOICE magazine. "Here it is." He continued, "It was through those testimonies that God changed my life."

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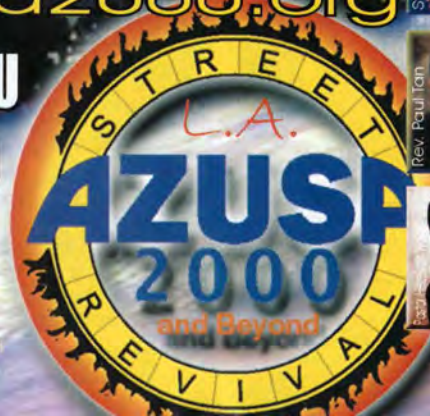
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-  **Chapters:** Jim Priddy, MD (301) 863-5842
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-  **Chapter Training:** Roy Brian, TX (972) 418-2066
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-  **Christian Business Network:**  
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-  **Godmobile:** Paul Jenkins, OR (541) 994-9328
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-  **Prison Ministries:** Andrew Kaminski, CO (303) 343-8907
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-  **Voice Ministries:** Jimmy Rogers, GA (770) 621-3044
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-  **Youth Chapters:** Enrique Morales, HN (949) 260-0700

# Fellowship Events

## **SWEDISH NATIONAL CONV.**

**March 24-25, 2000**  
**Alingsås, Sweden**  
Contact: Alf Liljehall  
Tel: +46 70 66 55 777  
Fax: +46 370 22938  
Email: alf.liljehall@elbeab.se

## **OHIO MEN'S ADVANCE**

**March 24-25, 2000**  
**Kings Island, OH**  
Contact: Roger Johnson  
Tel: (888) 559-5300  
or (513) 933-9345  
Fax: (513) 932-1273

## **14th MIDLAND MEN'S ADVANCE**

**April 7-9, 2000**  
**Malvern, UK**  
Contact: Vince Smith  
Tel: 01905 25180  
Email: jp36@dial.pipex.com

## **OLYMPIC PENINSULA**

**MEN'S ADVANCE**  
**April 28-30, 2000**  
**Fort Flagler State Park**  
Contact: Mike Krier  
2980 Claveras Ave. SE,  
Port Orchard, WA 98366  
Tel: (360) 895-0137  
Email: mkrier@juno.com

## **CENTRAL CALIFORNIA**

**MEN'S CAMP**  
**May 5-7, 2000**  
**Porterville, Calif.**  
Contact: Quentin Unruh  
Tel: (559) 227-3087  
Fax: (559) 224-9965  
Alan Clausen Tel: (559) 784-3988  
Fax (559) 781-6192

## **37th PACIFIC NW REGIONAL CONVENTION**

**May 11-13, 2000**  
**Holiday Inn at Portland Airport**  
**Portland, OR**  
Contact: Peter Reding (503)292-2161

## **HONDURAS - FIRE TEAMS**

**May 15-21, 2000**  
**We are calling for 5,000**  
**volunteers for the whole week.**  
Contact: Honduras Nat. Office  
Tel: 504-232-7875 Fax: 504-239-118

## **NORTHERN NEW YORK REGIONAL CONVENTION**

**May 19-20, 2000**  
**Ramada Inn, 6300 Arsenal St.,**  
**Watertown, NY 13601**  
Contact: John Barone  
Tel: (315) 782-7145,  
(315) 788-7019

## **NORTH EAST REGION MEN'S WEEKEND**

**July 14-16, 2000**  
Contact: David Fotherby  
Tel: 44-1482-449059  
Fax: 44-1482-345161  
Email: valfotherby@hotmail.com

## **FGBMFI BELGIUM CHRISTIAN GARDEN-PARTY**

**August 5, 2000**  
**Roeselaarseweg 69 - 8820**  
**Torhout, Belgium**  
Contact: Raf Depuydt  
Tel: + 32 51 72.62.37  
Fax: + 32 51 72.59.87  
Email: fgbmfi.torhout@online.be

## **FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION**

**August 9-12 th 2000**  
**Millennium Glory**  
**Miami Beach, Florida**  
Contact: FGBMFI: P.O. Box 19714,  
Irvine CA 92623  
Fax 949.260-0718  
www.fgbmfi.org  
Hotel: Tel (305) 577-1000  
FAX (305) 372-4440

## **AUSTRALIA NATIONAL CONVENTION**

**August 23-26, 2000**  
**Canberra, Australia**  
Contact: Australia Nat. Office,  
P.O. Box 448, Melrose Park, SA  
Tel: 61 8 8357 6281  
or 61 8 8357 6275  
Email: fgbmfi@ozemail.com.au

## **TEXAS**

**MEN'S ADVANCE**  
**September 8-10, 2000**  
**Camp Hoblitzelle Midlothian, TX**  
Contact: Roy Brian  
Tel: 972-418-2066  
Fax: 972-416-5639  
E-Mail: roybrian@msn.com

## **BELGIUM NATIONAL CONVENTION**

**October 20-21, 2000**  
**Izegem, Belgium**  
Contact: Rik Van Neste  
Tel: + 32 51/30.24.44  
Email: vanneste.rik@attglobal.net

# 6 Steps To Salvation

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer.

1

## Acknowledge

"For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (Romans 3:23)  
"God, be merciful to me a sinner." (Luke 18:13)

2

## Repent

"Except you repent, you shall all likewise perish." (Luke 13:3)  
"Repent, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." (Acts 3:19)

3

## Confess

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1 John 1:9) "If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved." (Romans 10:9)

4

## Forsake

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord...for He will abundantly pardon." (Isaiah 55:7)

5

## Believe

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)  
"He that believes and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believes not shall be damned." (Mark 16:16)

6

## Receive

"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to those that believe on His name." (John 1:11, 12)

## Why not make your eternal decision now?

"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask for Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Savior and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ."

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

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

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

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



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