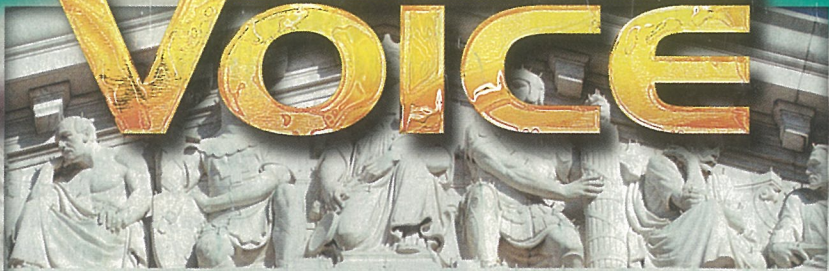


Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

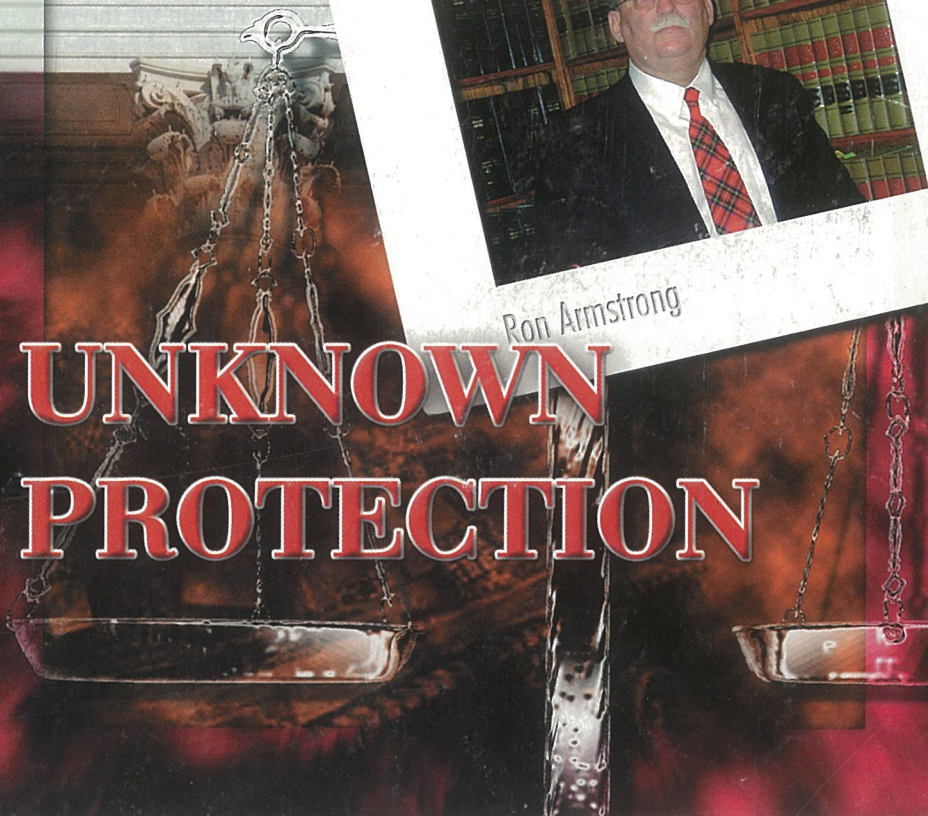


EQUAL JUSTICE



Ron Armstrong

UNKNOWN PROTECTION



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Badly burned with fire and obviously injured, a man I did not know came into my office. He had arrived from the nation of Chile.

A former Naval and Intelligence Officer, he had led his life without regard for God. Later, he founded three successful businesses. Then, while piloting his own plane to see his properties in the USA, his plane blew up.

When they picked him up off the runway he was so badly burned, part of his flesh was left on the runway. Three hospitals refused to treat him. Upon the arrival at the fourth hospital, he was pronounced dead, but after repeated efforts, he was revived.

Ed lost his wife in the crash. He also lost his business, as well as both his hands and feet. After years of suffering, he rebuilt three successful businesses in Chile. In my office he told me his story. He told me the FGBMFI meeting he attended in Chile had impressed him very much.

By divine insight, I understood that this man was searching for God. I said, "Ed, the Bible says that in order to come to God, we must believe that He exists!" Ed could not say, "God exists."

"Ed, even your suffering shows the love of God. He could have left you in your sinful ways to burn in the fires of hell, forever. Instead, you had the tribulation of fire here... and will be saved to eternal joy.



Ron Weinbender and I anointed Ed with oil and prayed for him. Then I said, "Ed, the Bible says that if we confess Jesus before men, He will confess us before the Father! If you confess Christ as Savior to Ron and I, you will fulfill the scripture and be saved."

Then Ed prayed and received Christ, confessing Christ as His Savior. His face took on a new look as the Holy Spirit did His wonderful work within him. Praise God!

If you have had a hard time believing or having faith for something in your life, decide now to believe God's Word. Yes, make a decision to believe! Remember, just beyond what you can control is the hand of God.

God created all we see from the unseen world. He has the perfect building material for all your hopes, your dreams, your family, your healing, and your business. That building material is faith!

Remember, in order to come to God, we must believe He exists. His blessing for you

is not just for this temporary time - God also plans eternal blessings for you.

As I pray for you... release your faith to God. This faith released by you and me will create a heavenly circuit with our Lord. I stand with you in faith. His power will be released in you.

"Dear Lord Jesus, I stand in faith for my friend. Let every need be met on earth according to your riches in glory. Let every sickness be healed, every broken relationship restored, and every need met. Thank you, Lord."

Richard Shakaian

International President, FGBMFI



VOICE

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

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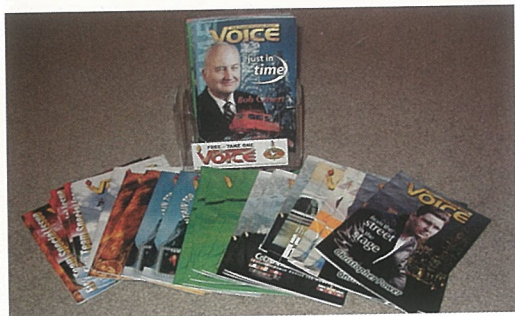
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Testimonies for Voice Magazine

If you would like to submit your own personal testimony, or another exciting testimony you have heard, for consideration in Voice Magazine, please send it to editor@fgbnet.com, or send the testimony on cassette tape to FGBMFI, P.O. Box 303, Lynden, WA 98264. (No video tapes, please.) Remember to include contact information (name, address, phone, email) about the man giving the testimony, as well as the chapter he attends or spoke in. Chapter meetings and conventions are great places to hear testimonies. Why not share them in Voice?



UNKNOWN PROTECTION



Ron Armstrong

July 1985 was an amazing month; a friend invited me to attend an FGBMFI dinner meeting where a Houston lawyer was to speak. Although I agreed to go, never in my wildest dreams did I intend to waste a Saturday night with a bunch of crazy strangers. However, Bill was insistent and since his wife, Maxine, worked for me, I felt this would be a one-time command appearance and believed Bill would

stop his Jesus discussions.

The evening arrived and, while seated at the table, I was telling off-color jokes, thinking I was funny. (They were humoring me with smiles). Tom Adams, the Houston lawyer, gave an informative talk about his pre-Christian life that ended

in an altar call for the audience to receive the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I did not go forward, but was amazed to hear people talk in a strange language while praising God.

Later, as we were leaving the meeting, I introduced myself to Tom, who immediately identified me as a lawyer, who had been too proud to come forward. After a mild chastisement, he prayed for me and the Holy Spirit did the rest. I was immediately filled with electricity, which went from my head to my feet, then back to my head, where the Holy Spirit lingered as if painting on my brain.

Over the next months I regained a personality that was long forgotten!

Little did I realize the importance of the occasion, as the Lord was healing a head injury inflicted in Vietnam. Over the next months I



regained a personality that was long forgotten; I changed from a hard-nosed, tough character, to a person that began caring for others and actually losing a very explosive personality. I learned from my profession that head injuries can change not only your personality, but cause an anger to reside within you that could leap forth on any occasion. Truly, God changed my life that evening.

My introduction to the FGBMFI allowed me to meet several great speakers and men of God. One speaker that brought God's reality was Capt. John LeVier, a Houston lawman who attended a Katherine Kuhlman healing service. John told of Ms. Kuhlman ordering him to stand just like an army sergeant; instantly, I also recognized that God had protected me even before I knew Him. In Vietnam, during a battle, I received a direct order to "duck". I obeyed and immediately multiple 50-cal bullets passed through where my head was previously located at the top of the tank commander's cupola. My crewman's eyes were as large as grapefruit when he related the bullets passing through the commander's hatch.

Days later, while walking through the motor pool, I heard a clicking noise to my left, and, after walking 50 feet, the soldier behind me was shot in the groin by a pipe gun made with a nail and rubber band. There was no question that the person was trying to shoot me. Through the various events of Vietnam, I eventually came to the knowledge that they were not accidental, incidental or circumstantial. The Lord had protected me even though I did not know Him.

After I returned from Vietnam, my life went from bad to worse as my wife at that time declared I was not the same person she had known, and eventually filed divorce papers. Since that time I have learned that this was not unusual for Vietnam veterans. For the next five years I was lonely and frustrated with unhappy relationships; an obvious “life hole” was not being filled.

The army allowed me to continue my education and I graduated from law school in

1971, then moved to Texas and stood for the Texas bar along with numerous other bars and grills. I passed them all, but the “life hole” was still not filled. Even pilot training and aviation did nothing to reach the part of me needing repair.

It was not until July 1985 that it began to be filled. Having practiced law for thirteen years, and being a self-directed person, who was a pilot and in other ventures, I believed there was little God could do regarding my life and law practice. I was so wrong! In addition to other blessings, the Lord gave me a healing ministry, which allows me to speak to and pray for as many clients as the Lord will send me.

Even pilot training and aviation did nothing to reach the part of me needing repair.



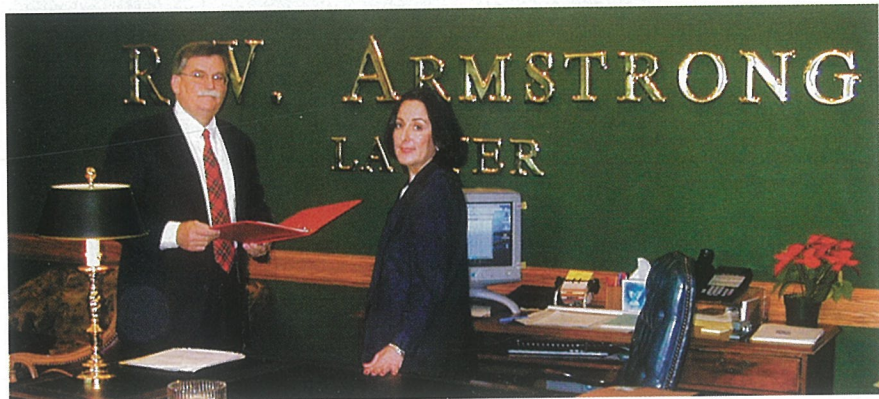


Ron Armstrong with his family

You can hardly believe the surprise on clients' faces when I and my staff offer to pray for a problem in their lives or healing of an injury, which arose from an auto accident or product exposure, where my firm had just represented the client. The Lord has con-

sistently healed these clients, time and time again. He has answered prayer.

I continue to practice in South Texas and the Lord has provided a wonderful wife of twenty-five years and children who are a blessing. He guides me through life's trials and tribulations and continues to bless my practice. God has proven to me that He can use us in whatever career or occupation we are in.



A man with a mustache and glasses, wearing a camouflage military uniform, stands in the lower-left foreground. Behind him is a large, stylized blue rocket with a white flame at the base, pointing upwards and to the right. The background is a dark, reddish-brown gradient.

Alive on Planet Earth

John R. Rish,
Ft. Sam - Texas

While attending the DeVry Technical Institute, a friend and I explored the Sites, including the famous Moody church in that area. While in Chicago, we decided to go the McCormick Place to see a Billy Graham movie. We were taking the subway and got off at a street that would take us there. We intended to take a bus. At street level, we found ourselves surrounded by 12 teenage boys. Clearly, we had made a mistake.

They said, "Give us all your money". Just at that moment, we noticed some elderly people on the corner across

the street waiting at the bus stop. We yelled at the kids to leave us alone. Then a policeman ran out of the diner on the corner and a cop car came racing down the street. The kids vanished into the darkness. I don't remember much about the movie we went to see, but the events leading up to it will never be forgotten.

After graduation I enlisted in the U.S. Air Force, and was posted in England, where I met my wife. While reading a book by Hal Lindsey called "Satan is alive on Planet Earth", a Bible verse jumped off the page at me: John 3,16 "For God so

loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believes in Him will not perish, but have everlasting life". At that moment Jesus came to me and said, "John, you have been mine since you were one inch tall. Although you have not walked as I would have you walk, you are mine".

At that moment I was flooded with His love and warmth, and from that date to this there has never been any doubt in my mind. From Chanute AFB, I then was reassigned to Whiteman AFB Missouri (March 1976). I worked in the mechanical shop, where we repaired the tractor trailer trucks that took the warheads to their missile silos.

That year, in December, I was given a new assignment to Sheyma, Alaska, back in my previous career field of teletype maintenance. I was also selected to participate in the Olympic





John & Jackie Rish

Arena (it was a competition where all of the missile bases compete against each other to see who is the most proficient in doing their job). Our base won the competition. When I got back from that competition, the base personnel office advised me that the Air Force had come out with a new policy that anyone going on an assignment overseas unaccompanied, could send their foreign-born wives and family back to their country of origin. God took care of my family through the Air Force.

Shemya, Alaska, is a barren island, 2 miles by 4 miles. It is totally the Air Force base and is the next to the last island in the Aleutian chain. While there, I met several other believers. Since we couldn't go anywhere else, there was opportunity to fellowship at the dining hall 4 times a day, seven days a week. We also had a Bible study on Saturday nights that lasted about 4 hours.

One day one of the men in our Bible study group said that he had a strange feeling, "Part of me wants to stay and part of me wants run

out the door as fast as I can". We were asked to fast and pray for him. We did just that, while Bill and two others went to his room to pray with him and anoint him with oil. They cast demons out in the name of Jesus. The man was dramatically healed.

One Saturday, I was called to work at around 8:00 a.m. By 1:00 p.m., I had done everything possible, but the equipment would not work. There was nothing else to do, so I said, "Lord, I can't find the problem. I know that You know what is wrong; will You please tell me what to do." I waited quietly for a few minutes, and a deep small voice said, "John, look on the right side. Do you see the light there? Turn it an inch to the right". I did it and everything started working normally.

My next assignment was to the 5th Combat Communications Group, Robins AFB, Ga. (Warner Robbins Ga.). I was sent from there on several interesting deployments. Our organization was sent to Southern Egypt to set up a staging area (Air Force Base) in preparation for the raid on Tehran. Shortly after that I was stationed at R.A.F. Bentwaters,

U.K., where we spent the next 4 years enjoying the English country side and sites, and traveling to and from Germany as part of my job.

After working in the U.K., I was reassigned to Kelly A.F.B., San Antonio, Texas. From there I retired from the U.S. Air Force in 1991. I landed contracts to repair computer monitors and printers for 2 school districts, and was able to get a part-time job working for the Alamo Community College District, teaching interns how to run a shop, repair computers, monitors, and printers.

About that time I was asked by a Christian friend if I would participate in a local precinct political convention, where we would discuss issues confronting our city, county, state, and country. Following that meeting I was asked to

go to the county-wide convention at a local high school.

Then it came time for us to send delegates to the Texas State Convention in San Antonio. My friend was elected as full delegate and

It is important! Get involved!

I was elected alternate delegate. We went to the convention, which lasted 4 days. On the morning of the fourth day, I was seated as a full delegate to take the place of someone who hadn't shown up. It was just in time to participate in the votes for Pro-Life and other issues important to Christians.

In July, I was honored by being invited to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International Convention in Houston. There I met people from all over the world. God blessed me by allowing me to go, paying all my travel expenses, including meals and room.

Shortly after we returned from the Convention, the local chapter president received confirmation that he would be relocating. Two days before he was to leave town, we met and I was elected the next president for Ft. Sam Chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

Recently, my dad came to visit us. While here, I had the opportunity to talk to him about Jesus. On the last night of his visit, while reading Voice Magazine, he committed his life to Christ.



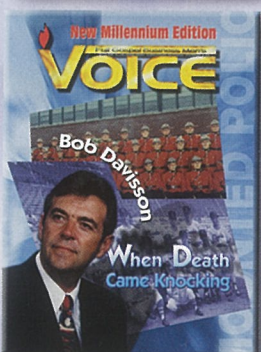
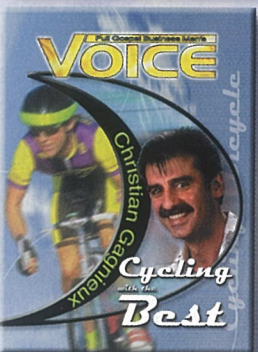
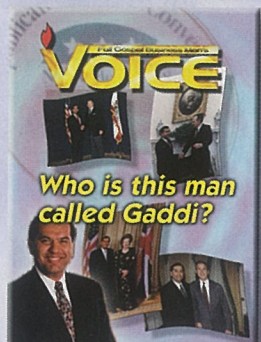
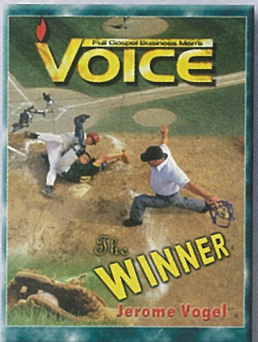
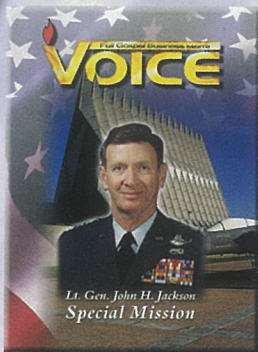
Displaying bundles of Voice Magazines in strategic places, such as reception areas of doctors, dentists, lawyers, insurance agencies and other businesses, or in restaurants, is one of the best ways to get the gospel story - through testimonies - out to where the people are.

A man at an Atlanta chapter meeting was asked to introduce himself. He began, "I was in prison for murder, and they put me in solitary confinement. After some time I was bored and asked for something to read. Someone finally passed me a VOICE magazine. I read those stories again and again."

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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BROWNSVILLE TEXAS

The Great Depression was not an easy time. Our family lived in Middletown, Ohio, until I was six, and my father found a job in Shreveport, Louisiana. After completing my education in UCLA, I began a very profitable business in Hollywood, California. Having made good real estate investments, I was ultimately able to support a decent lifestyle even without the business.

Through my Hollywood friends I got involved in gambling. At first it was with the horse races, but within a short time I found myself gambling big time in Las Vegas three or four times a month. Soon I had lost most of my assets, and there was no one to blame for what I did since it was always my own choice.



Finally, at the age of 44, I had had enough. I wanted to change the direction of my life. I approached Baskin-Robbins in Glendale, CA, to inquire about how to acquire a franchise for a store. They suggested many large cities with stores available. At the time I was looking after five little girls, the daughters of a friend of mine who had passed away, and I wanted to find a safe place for them, so decided on Harlingen, Texas. Beginning with one store, I gradually expanded to 14 stores all over Texas. I was a success!

One day in 1974 I met a friend at my bank. She had recently been married. She and her husband were starting a new church and she invited me to attend their planning meeting. After the meeting that Tuesday evening, I was invited to come forward for prayer. I had made a commitment to Jesus Christ two years before, but that night something wonderful happened to me.

The people started praying and the next thing I knew, I was laying on the floor under the power of the Holy Spirit of God. Shortly after that I was awakened during the night with these words, "Go get your box of cigars,


break them in half and throw them away, and you will never have a desire to smoke again". I thank God for delivering me from that addiction along with many others.

Unfortunately, with the success in expanding my business, I had become a workaholic, working seven days a week. In 1977 I moved to Brownsville. Very much distracted from following God, I soon forgot about my relationship with Him. In 1982, I was in the process of opening up eleven more stores in California and Arizona when disaster struck on two fronts.

In the south of Texas, the tremendous devaluation of the Peso decreased my business by



about 45%. At the same time, up north, the oil glut caused production to stop. Once again, my ice cream business dropped nearly 50%. I hit bottom! It was about that time that a manager of one of the malls where I owned a store invited my wife and I to meet him and his wife at a certain corner. I didn't realize he was inviting us to church at the time, but that is where we found ourselves. Finally God had slowed me down long enough to get through to me. That night I came back to Jesus.

Since then the Lord has blessed me with a lovely wife and four stepchildren. In 1984, I attended an FGBMFI meeting in Brownsville and joined shortly afterwards. Five years later I was elected president. In 1997, I was nominated to be a National Director of the FGBMFI. It was an honor for me this past year to be the coordinator of the first "Celebrate America" outreach, which was held in Brownsville! 



Helping Needy Children

By Brenda Shakarian



It really touched my heart and I will always remember when the boxes of groceries were given to the people. Men and women of all ages were crying and were so thankful for the abundance of food."

Since childhood I have wanted to help children and hurting families. I founded Love In Action to help needy families. In November I had the opportunity to work with my Dad, Richard Shakarian, FGBMFI International President, and the FGBMFI Fire Teams in Brownsville, Texas, to present "Celebrate America."

To reach as many people as we could in the surrounding area of Brownsville I worked with high-level state, city and county officials as well as local organizations on both sides of the border.

A week before the events started we didn't have all of the food we needed, but on the day of the event we had enough food to feed 20,000 people!

On the first day, my Dad and I spoke to the Brownsville City Council. After his prayer of blessing, we were immediately surrounded by the TV newspeople. Our response to them was: We are doing the work Jesus spoke of, combining the work of the Good Samaritan and the Great Commission, sharing the gift of food, meeting the needs of the people and letting the love of Christ shine in the hearts of thousands of new friends.

The main event was on Saturday, November 4, 2000, at the International Convention Center, where thousands of people showed up. Every person that came received a box full of groceries while hearing special music and speakers from the main stage. Many community services and churches had set up information booths to serve the people. Free meals and sodas were given that same day.

The Fire Teams went throughout the crowd, praying with the people individually. A special youth area was set up for sport competitions and recreation.

I took a group of men and women into Matamoros, Mexico, to share the Gospel with the



children. Fifty boxes of groceries were given to a Catholic ministry to feed kids off the streets in Matamoros. We also arranged for 50 boxes of food and 50 turkeys to be delivered to the Crisis Pregnancy Center for expectant young mothers to have a Thanksgiving meal.

In meeting with all these different people from high level government, orphanages, high schools, a military base, and businesses, I discovered that the power and words of Christ level every wall of division.

It was a blessing to be involved, and to be able to share practical help with these needy families.





SURVIVED A FATAL WRECK

Dr. Frank J. Peters

In the 70s I went through a heartbreaking experience. At the time I had just finished studies for my Chiropractic Degree and had not yet written my board exam, which I needed to practice.

Going to stay with my brother, Dr. Terry Peters, I was surprised at how well things were going for him. He looked great! When I asked what had happened, he said, "Frank, stick with me and you will see." With no transportation of my own, I couldn't afford to do anything social except to go with Terry to home prayer meetings and church.

Many miracles have happened since that time. At one of the prayer meetings, I met a young lady, who received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit there. This happened approximately two months after I, myself, had committed my life to Jesus Christ. Not long after this we got to know each other and fell in love. After much prayer, we were married.

It seems that many of us tend to make a mess out of our lives, but there is Someone who can help us straighten it out. That is Jesus, the One who died for me and the mess I had made.

Some time later I was planning a fishing trip to Costa Rica. Though my wife had originally planned to accompany my sons and me, after praying, she decided to stay home. In fact, she was very distraught at our going, believing something terrible was going to happen to me.

“It’s just a fishing trip,” I insisted as I boarded the plane. At the time, I thought the tears were just because she would miss me; I didn’t comprehend the depth of Mary Kay’s fear.

When we landed in Costa Rica, we checked into a beautiful hotel in San Jose; the next day brought travel across 12,000-foot-high mountains to a friend’s home. There we relaxed and prepared to go sightseeing.

On Monday morning we visited a 7,000-acre pineapple plantation, a gorgeous sight amidst rolling hills. I imagined Jesus addressing the 5,000. We stopped, bought some watermelon, at it on the side of the road, and got back into our pickup.

The last thing I remember is gazing at a bushy tree that stands 200 to 300 feet tall. It sheds its leaves before growing the most beautiful blooms I’ve ever seen. As I marveled at the colorful display, the tree suddenly crashed on its side. A 40-foot-long semi tractor-trailer, speeding somewhere between 60 and 90 miles per hour, plowed into us. I was knocked unconscious and later was in a coma for several weeks, so my family provided most of the following details.

Rich, my oldest son, remained conscious throughout the ordeal. He tells me that after impact we smacked the ground six times while reeling 75 to 100 yards. When the pickup came to a stop, Mike, my second-oldest, lay pinned under the rear seat with a broken pelvis.

A little car came along, stopped and loaded up two of us to drive to a hospital, but refused to take Rick. “No, señor, it won’t make it up the hill with you in it. It’s too small.”

Forty minutes later we arrived at a small community hospital. Due to the head injury and

surgery Clay, our friends’ son, would need, they transferred both of us to the larger hospital in San Jose. They were very concerned about Clay’s condition. He had a ruptured spleen and they had had to remove part of his skull.

Rick called home that evening, still in shock. It took him a while to stammer that I had broken ribs and crushed sinuses. “He can’t talk because of the sinus problems.” Rick told Mary Kay. Instinctively, she knew it was worse. She summoned our oldest daughter and a friend from Youth with a Mission, who spoke Spanish, to accompany her to Costa Rica.

When Mary Kay walked into my hospital room, she nearly fainted.



"This is Frank," the doctor said. "No, no, no," she wailed. "Frank Peters," he insisted.

She could barely recognize me. My black-and-blue body was clad in a mere loincloth. I had five broken ribs, a broken nose, a broken jaw, a punctured lung and crushed sinuses. One eye was tightly shut. Fluids had gone to my head, swelling it beyond recognition.

Thrashing in bed, I could hear my wife, but couldn't respond. It was a shock and she went into hysteria.

After she was calmed down, she went to another

room to view the X-rays. They vividly illustrated the multiple head fractures and broken ribs that the doctor said would keep me there for 30 days.

Mary Kay gulped. I had always been her steady companion, her Rock of Gibraltar. Now she faced a month in a strange land, unable to speak its language. The night before she had asked the Lord to show her a scripture and He led her to a verse about being strengthened. After seeing me, she asked Him for another and He showed her 2 Corinthians 5:7, "For we walk by faith, not by sight."

Despite her frenzied reaction every time

"Who is this man? Where is my husband?
My wife did not recognize me!"





Dr. Peters' family today

she looked at me, she said, "Okay, with faith in You, Jesus, I know You can restore him."

The next day I went into a deep coma and wouldn't respond to anyone. As she did whenever my breathing stopped or lagged that week, Mary Kay grabbed my hands and prayed, "Thank you, Jesus, thank you, Jesus."

As if I were a cold battery, the words jump-started me back to life and restored normal breathing. On my third night in the intensive care unit, which featured a window opening covered by only a thin screen, the doctor said they would try to stabilize me so I could be moved over the weekend.

"Wonderful!" my mate exclaimed.

However, the first hospital plane available cost \$12,000 – cash. I had barely been able to swing the trip financially, but had wanted to go before my sons were out on their own. Coming up with that much money now? Impossible!

May Kay prayed and a funny thing happened. The more she prayed, the higher the price went. In less than 24 hours, it had leaped

to \$38,000 – no credit card, no promissory notes – currency only, please!

"Lord, You heard what man has said. You know it's going to cost this much," she said after the latest hike. "Where are we going to come up with it, especially down here? Our hands are tied."

The next evening an unexpected call came: a plane would be flying in on Saturday to pick us up. The crew would donate their services and the \$7,000 fuel costs would be paid by a local hospital. Suddenly, we didn't need a dime!

Though anything smaller than a 747 looks tiny to Mary Kay, she enjoyed the smoothness of the trip back to Amarillo on the 10-passenger aircraft. No sooner had we made it to the hospital than the doctor cautioned, "This doesn't look good at all."

"What?" she thought. "He must mean Clay's skull. He's getting them confused."

"This does not look good at all," he repeated. "I'm going to give it 48 hours and it's going to be very critical. I can't guarantee anything. If he lives, he could be a vegetable..."

The next afternoon at they had already hooked me up to

a life-support system, but the doctor smiled, "I've got some good news. Frank is starting to show some positive signs with the tests we're doing."

"Praise God," Mary Kay answered. "Our church had corporate prayer three times in services this morning." "I want you to know, that's one thing we agree on - prayer," the neurosurgeon replied.

While I lay unconscious, people continually laid hands on me and interceded as praise tapes soothed the air. My wife, who once clung to my hand wherever we went, turned into a bold prayer warrior, no matter who was in the room.

Equally supportive were many friends from the East to the West Coast. Our church



family ministered to my family in so many ways that I can never thank them enough.

After 18 days in a coma, I started showing improvement, going through several expected phases. One doctor warned my wife and mother that next would come the cursing phase.

"He doesn't cuss," Mary Kay said. "I've seen ministers go through it and little boys, and I'm trying to warn you as a family to be prepared for the words that you're going to hear."

Turning around, Mary Kay said, "I rebuke that in the name of Jesus. I don't hear filth come out of Frank's mouth and I don't have to hear filth come out of Frank's mouth." I never went through that stage.

As I started coming out of the coma, a string of pastors encircled my bed and prayed with me. Though I don't remember a word of it, they later told me I prayed and communicated with them.

The only thing I remember from those weeks of unconsciousness concerns Mike, a young businessman from Amarillo. I distinctly saw him crumpled against a wall, crying and wiping tears. After I regained awareness, I told him, "All I saw was you leaning against the wall with tears in your eyes."

When I asked if he had been crying about me, he said, "Not really. I've been to church off and on in my life, but never accepted Jesus as my Saviour. Standing there, I saw something miraculous happen; I knew in my heart that God was healing you." Praise God for this. It was reason enough for what I endured.

I know we serve a powerful God. He not only used my accident to touch others, He also restored me to full health.

While I lay in a coma, Mary Kay asked how long I would be laid up. The other chiropractors in my clinic were temporarily handling my patients, at the cost of putting a strain on their own practices. If I were going to be gone for a year, another doctor would have to come in and fill my shoes.

At the time, they said it could be quite a while. Later they advised it would be six months to a year after my release before I could work. But God had other plans, and I returned to my office in 45 days!

He healed my bruises, knit my body, and enabled me to walk again. Yet one more problem needed correction. Two weeks after coming home, double vision plagued me. I would be looking in one place and see things in another.

After the frustration mounted, I asked my wife, "Honey, what am I going to do about this?" "Well, we'll have to take care of it the way we take care of everything else." "You mean I have to go back to the eye surgeon?" I asked. "No, we're going to pray!" she replied.

We were lying in bed and she prayed the most beautiful prayer for 15 minutes. When she finished, I fell asleep. The next morning my two little ones came running into the bathroom and I realized there were only two of them instead of four. Then Mary Kay walked in and I saw her in the mirror - one of her instead of two. I broke down and cried.

However, of all the dramatic evidence I experienced as a result of the near-fatal accident, nothing compares to what I experienced when I returned to consciousness. Two arms were around me, hugging me. I looked to see if it was Mary Kay, but nobody was in the

room. Then I heard a voice: "Frank, this is Jesus and I love you. You've been in a severe accident, but you'll be okay. You're back in Amarillo. This is Jesus and I love you."

**I was hugged
back to health,
it was pure love.**

Whether He talked to me for two seconds, two minutes or two days, I don't know. He was there. At first I thought I was losing my mind, or had somehow invented this experience, but when a nurse walked into the room, the voice faded and the hug gently subsided. That's when I realized Jesus had visited me. I had never heard God's voice before.

Maybe today is your day. Will you accept Him now, or turn your back and walk away from the most loving Person you will ever meet?

One thing I am sure of: I'm not special. Jesus forgives our sins and loves each one of us equally.





Plugged In

Ken Parks - Farmersville, TX.

When I was a young boy, I was often left alone while my parents worked. With nothing much to do, one day I was poking around the house and found some pornographic literature. I would spend hours looking into the lives of the people in those magazines, not knowing the destructive power it was working in my life. Though I continued to grow up and live what I considered to be a normal life, I wasn't aware of the consequences of

what I was doing that were going to happen later in my life.

Today I'm not very proud of things that developed during my teenage years. I always wanted to do the things that made me feel good about myself, but had no direction in my life, nor any positive influences. The thing I do remember as being good in my life was going to church. At seventeen, a friend of mine invited me to a church out on the highway. I remembered fun being made of those people they were called "Holy Rollers". It sounded good to me, so I went.

It was there that I invited Jesus Christ into my life and received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. After that experience I began to share

with my so-called friends what Jesus had done in my life, however they didn't seem to care. They remembered the pot-smoking, drinking Ken Parks they had grown up with.

During a time of discouragement, I decided to join the US Navy, thinking it would be my way out of my small town and that I would meet the girl of my dreams. I guess what I was really looking for was the girl of my magazines. In the military I seemed to find all the devil had for me - drugs, women, money, and acceptance. There were many times Christians shared Jesus with me, but I would deny I ever knew Him.

In the Navy, I had my first experience with marriage. I met a tall beautiful blond, a girl of my dreams (or my magazines), in a bar. Our marriage only lasted a for short time. She was an alcoholic. I was searching for love and acceptance in the wrong places. In 1981, I received an honorable discharged from the Navy. My involvement in drugs in the military was beginning to get me into serious trouble.

After my discharge, I came to Texas, where I was still involved in drugs and women. My life started on a downward spiral. In 1985 I married again, to another six-foot-tall woman, who was very beautiful - another girl of my magazines. This time my wife was manic depressive. The Bible says, "If we dig a pit, we will fall into it". I was in a deep dark pit, which I had dug.

To find some peace in my life, I set up a room in my garage. Hurting and full of despair, I was trying to somehow find my way back to God. In the garage I would literally cry myself to sleep every night. During that time I started reading my Bible in the book of Psalms. When I read the words, "He took my feet out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock to

stay!" I knew God had heard my prayers.

At that moment my wife came into the garage and asked me what I was doing. She looked at me in disgust and said, "If you believe in God so much, why don't you stop smoking?" I had reached the end of my rope, and pointed her to the door. She picked up a glass and smashed it over my face. The bleeding didn't bother me nearly as much as the rejection. That night I cried out to God.

The next morning I had been planning to go to church, but I was hurting so badly, I just wanted to be alone. Driving out to a secluded area with an open field, I got out of my car and started walking. At





one point I reached down and picked up a flower, crying out to God at the same time. Later, as I stepped up on a concrete foundation to scrape the mud from my shoes, God said to me “I will take your feet out of the miry clay and set your feet upon a rock.”

As I was standing there, a jogger came by and commented, “That foundation has been there for a long time. I didn’t understand what he was saying until the next day when I was at work and God spoke again, “The foundation, the Lord Jesus Christ, has been there for a long time. I began to weep, and went into the restroom at work, where I recommitted my life to Jesus Christ.

Today I own a business and have five sales offices in Texas and Mexico, selling electronics components to large manufacturing companies. I am very faithful at a local church in Farmer-ville, Texas. Through my local church, the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship, and counseling I have received, God has set me free from my addictions.

He has been using our company, HS Solutions, Inc., as a channel of blessing, along with the FGBMFI and Love in Action, to support the Fire Teams in Celebrate America by distributing food items to people in need. I remember how the Lord heard my cry when I was in despair, and now I want to help people who might be crying out in a different way.

In July, 1998, my father invited Jesus into his life. Last year he passed away. Through the love of Jesus, I was able to forgive the things of the past, and was able to share the love I had for my father at his funeral. Several people came to know Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior at that event.



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Fellowship Events

CONVENTIONS & EVENTS AROUND THE WORLD

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Red Deer, Alberta, Canada

Contact: Ernie Melnyk

Tel: (403) 340 1680

3rd IBEROAMERICAN CONV. February 21-24, 2001

Santo Domingo,
Dominican Republic

Contact: Frank Vilorio

Tel: 809-541-9888

Fax: 809-565-0531

<http://www.fihnec.homepage.com>

Email: fihnec@hotmail.com

FIRE TEAMS IN SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS February 28-March 3, 2001

Contact: Terry Peters

Tel: (210) 927-2095

www.fgbmfiOutreach.org/prayer

25th ANNUAL S. NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL FAMILY CONV. March 15-17, 2001

Quality Inn and
Conference Center
51 Hartford Turnpike,
Vernon CT 06066
Tel: 860-646-5700

SOUTHERN ALBERTA RALLY
March 23-24, 2001
Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada
Contact: Bud Matson
Tel: (403) 328 8726
or Ted Likuski (403) 328 7137

NORTHERN ONTARIO
REGIONAL RALLY
March 30-31, 2001
Sudbury ON, Canada
Contact: Ron Beland
Tel: 705-566-6467

OLYMPIC PENINSULA
MEN'S ADVANCE
April 27-29, 2001
at Fort Flagler State Park near
Port Townsend Washington
Contact: Mike Krier
2980 Calaveras Ave SE
Port Orchard, WA 98366
Tel: 360-895-0137
e-mail mkrier@juno.com

B.C. PROVINCIAL MEN'S ADVANCE May 4-6, 2001

Green Bay Bible Camp:
Kelowna, B.C., Canada

Contact: Ken Scarrow or Peter Schlitt

Tel: 604-530-1831 or 604-558-6102

Fax: 604-530-0443 or 604-558-6102

Email: oldport@vancouver.net

38TH ANNUAL PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGIONAL CONV. May 10-12, 2001

Holiday Inn at Airport,
Portland, Oregon

Contact: Peter Reding

Tel: 503 292-2161

Fax: 503 292-2161

Email: peter@redingworld.com

1ST CENTRAL ASIAN CONVENTION OF FGBMFI August 24-26, 2001

Bishkek, Kyrgystan

Contact: Nikolay Sterlikov

Tel: (996-312) 544819

Fax: (996-312) 425735

Email: nbs@ug.kairatbank.kg
center_of_gw@hotmail.com

25TH ANNUAL ALDERSGATE ADVANCE (MEN'S CAMP) Sept. 21-23, 2001

Aldersgate Conference Center,
Turner, Oregon

Contact: Peter Reding

Tel: 503 292-2161

Fax: 503 292-2161



Remember to keep us informed about your
conventions and events and we will tell the world!

6 Steps To Salvation

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

1

Acknowledge

"For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." (Romans 3:23)

"God, be merciful to me a sinner." (Luke 18:13)

2

Repent

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

"Repent, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." (Acts 3:19)

3

Confess

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

(1 John 1:9) "If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved." (Romans 10:9)

4

Forsake

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

5

Believe

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)

"He that believes and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believes not shall be damned." (Mark 16:16)

6

Receive

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

Why not make your eternal decision now?

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

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

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

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

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

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