

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International

AUSTRALIAN

Voice



Networking

WE ARE MEN WITHOUT BOUNDARIES

As a member of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, you are a person of destiny... a man without boundaries. Through the humble gift of help and encouragement, caring and uplifting, millions of lives have been completely changed by our men. Now by the power of the Holy Spirit, we are actually seeing nations change.

We are of all nations, many languages of high and low stature. Some of our members are presidents of their nations. One member serves on the world court. In addition there are prime ministers, ambassadors, senators, congressmen as well as business men, factory workers, professionals and young men getting started in life. We have no single church or denomination, rather we are of almost every Christian denomination. We believe in God our heavenly Father, Jesus Christ his son, and the precious Holy Spirit. It is our destiny to lift up Christ in every business centre in every Christian market place, every government centre and university, every nation city, town and crossroads of the world. Men of faith shining with his Glory, bringing the uplifting message of Christ in power. Reaching out, helping, encouraging and lifting. Today, through these efforts, we believe one million men come to Christ each year. So guard your heart... so that Satan cannot divide this great anointed army.

Our Vision: We see millions of men on every continent set free by the power of Christ.

Our Goal: To take the message of Christ to every man in the world with His anointing power.

Our Destiny: To live in time foretold by prophets as the most challenging time in history.

Our Faith: We believe in Jesus Christ the only begotten son of God. By the sacrifice of his blood there is forgiveness of men and a new life of joy through Christ. We believe in the person of the Holy Spirit, his gifts and the anointing he gives.

Our God given responsibilities: Calling all men to God – teaching men to walk in the Spirit – preparing and releasing men's gifts and talents, inspiring spiritual activity, touching today's generation – reaching leaders of nations.

We are grateful for the dedicated men and wives around the world who serve God through the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

Your Friend



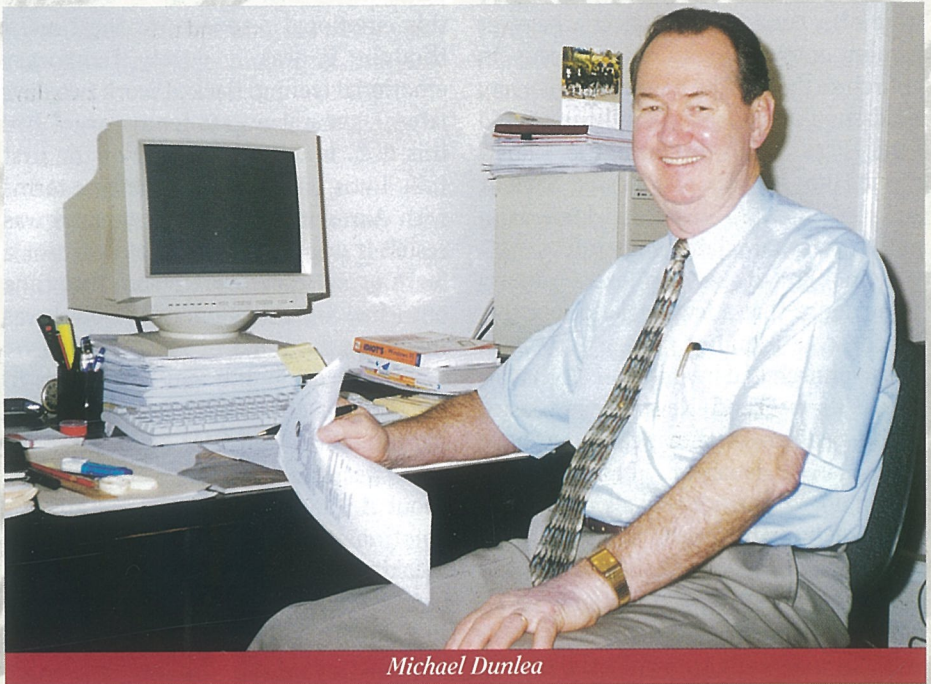
RICHARD SHAKARIAN
International President

Testimony of Michael Dunlea

When my workmate invited me to a Christian Businessmen's lunch, I really wasn't very interested. Many years before, a Baptist workmate had tried to get me "saved", but attending a similar function with him left no impact upon me and I thought this luncheon would be more of the same. When I enquired as to the venue, the name of the hotel indicated that it was the only dry pub in town – run by the Temperance Union. "What? Lunch at The Canberra? That's not lunch!" Lunch

was at Tattersall's on a Friday, with two hundred business men in the main dining-room... the only women were the waitresses in their little starched caps and aprons... a bottle of red... what a tremendous atmosphere... now that's what I call lunch!

My friend was a great salesman. "Persistence" was his middle name. He knew that objections had to be overcome. What got me in the end was that he was also a practising Catholic... surely it can't be all that bad!



Michael Dunlea

At this FGBMFI lunch, the speaker was an American nightclub entertainer – he played the guitar and sang very professionally. He'd been an entertainer in Las Vegas. However, it was not his considerable musical talent that struck me; it was how he talked about Jesus... his friend... as though he walked and talked with Him. He challenged us to know Jesus in that same way. I could not recall anyone ever speaking about Jesus like this. My mother taught me the catechism as a very young child and brought me up in the faith, but it was an era of great reverence and respect for all things holy including the holy name. The nuns at school taught us the habit of bowing our heads at Jesus' name. We were also taught to genuflect whenever coming into the presence of Jesus in church so that "at the name of Jesus every head should bow and every knee should bend." Jesus was a distant figure. I knew about Him; He was our blessed Saviour and Redeemer... I just didn't know Him in that personal relationship way.

I thought it was an extraordinary coincidence that a few weeks before this luncheon, a friend of mine at our local parish church had invited me to consider a Cursillo weekend. Never having heard of this Spanish word... meaning a "little course" in Christianity... I asked, "What does it do?" "It brings God alive," was the reply. I felt my heart leap and something within me cried, "I need that!" I casually said, "That might be OK... put my name down."

My spiritual life was pathetic, almost

non-existent; just a few 'rote' prayers before bed, and church on Sundays. I knew there had to be more to it. I think it was President Jimmy Carter who said, "If being a Christian was a criminal offence, would there be enough evidence to convict you?" I would have escaped scot-free during the week, but looked OK on a Sunday, helping around the church.

The next Cursillo weekend was not until the end of January. The FGBMFI lunch occurred in December. I had responded internally to the challenge at that luncheon, saying, "Yes, I'd like to know Jesus in the way this entertainer knows Him." On the Cursillo weekend, I met Him! On the second day, with about thirty men gathered in the chapel, I had this emotional response. At the time, I thought it was a purely temporary emotional feeling. Back at work two days later, I knew it wasn't temporary. I had this deep inner awareness. For the first time I was on intimate first name terms with Almighty God and that name was Jesus! It was a conversion of heart; or a 'born-again' experience. From that time on, I had a great hunger for God. I was searching for more.

I dragged my wife and our friends to the Catholic charismatic prayer group at Bardon which had been established for some years, and we had been warned about it. "Don't go there... it's all very emotional... all hugging each other, speaking in tongues etc." So we went to have a 'sticky-beak' and they were right. It was all very strange. I'd never seen people worshipping with upraised hands

before or heard prayer tongues. It was the gift of prophecy that convinced me. The first night across this crowded church I saw the woman who was speaking so beautifully, as though Almighty God Himself was speaking encouragingly to us. I thought, "She must be reading that – it flows from her so eloquently." The following week I could see she wasn't reading – she had her eyes closed and her hands outstretched. I thought, "She must be some sort of actress – she must have spent time learning her lines before the meeting." At the next meeting it struck me – this woman is exercising the gift of prophecy (1 Cor. 14:23-25). It was as if God Himself was visiting these people. We attended this meeting for many years and grew in understanding of the Holy Spirit.

The Baptism in the Holy Spirit

I researched every thing I could find in order to prove the orthodoxy and authenticity of this very real experience of God. I found we were in very good company with evidence that some of the great Saints of Christendom prayed in "tongues". I was equally encouraged when a visiting Jesuit professor from a major Theological college in Rome told about Pope John Paul. The Pope speaks about 7 languages but his administrative assistants could not "pick" the language he often used in prayer. Of course it was the prayer language he never learned... the one he received at age 11 as a result of his devotion to the Holy Spirit.

Previously my attempts to read the Bible were fruitless. I found it to be almost incomprehensible and gave up. Now passages virtually leapt out. It was as though a veil had lifted, a spiritual blindness had gone.

We shared our new-found belief in the Gifts of the Holy Spirit, and prayed for healing over a number of terminally-ill cancer patients, all without apparent result. I used to say my success rate in such cases was 100%... they all died! However, recently I was reminded of praying for a man in Mt. Olivet (a hospice for the dying) at the request of his wife. It seemed like another failure; but his wife later told us that he, who had been bitterly opposed to Christianity, died a day or so later with the Scriptures in his hand and praises on his lips.

On another occasion a woman spoke to me at our prayer meeting and reminded me that I and others had prayed with her for healing some 5 years earlier. Since that time she had been working on a mission outpost in the Philippines and in perfect health. She had been healed of emphysema and diabetes, both of which she reminded me are incurable! If Jesus used a donkey, I guess he can use any of us if we are available!

Tragedy Strikes.

One of my sons had been working for a year, had just bought a car and for the first time was proudly able to repay favours by driving his 3 mates to their

Gold Coast surf club where they were volunteer lifesavers each summer weekend. On the journey, an accident ensued, caused by a number of factors but principally due to inexperience and excessive speed. The four 18 year olds were unhurt but the two young women in the other car were killed. The grief and devastation was beyond belief... for the girls... their families... our sons... there are no words to describe this black period. I expressed concern for these young women and their families at our church. Who were these girls? How could their parents cope with such horror? Did they have any faith to support them? How could they ever forgive my son? A nun came to the microphone; she had attended the meeting for 8 years and had never spoken publicly before. She mentioned that she had missed the previous week as she'd been home to see her sick mother who lived in a little town in country Victoria. She said that while she was there, they had brought home the bodies of two young friends who had been killed in a car accident while on a working holiday on the Gold Coast. She answered my questions! Sister Gretta told us how the girls had gone through convent school together... two lovely Christian girls whom she had known from childhood. It was a great comfort to my wife and I to know that we could entrust them to the Lord with confidence, and that their families had faith which we prayed would sustain them in their grief. About a year later, our son was convicted

of dangerous driving causing death, and sentenced to a prison term. We received a letter from one of the mothers expressing her concern for our son and assuring us of her prayers for him!!

When considering the odds of this information coming from thousands of miles away, from a remote little country town in the back blocks of Victoria – it was just staggering to me and beyond coincidence. God used Sister Gretta as His messenger to answer my prayer.

We thank God for looking after our son, and we saw His providence in many ways during this trying period and subsequently. We are very proud of this son of ours who is now a very loving father of our only grandchild.

We are so grateful for coming into this relationship with Almighty God. I can't bear to think of life without Him... and thanks to the FGBMFI men for their witness and encouragement.

FOOTNOTE: Michael and Jan have been married for 43 years and attend their local Catholic church at Mt Gravatt in Brisbane.



Challenged But Not Out - A Profile of Robert Dorrrough

Strokes not only interrupt your life, forcing you to learn to walk, to re-use your limbs, to re-learn everyday activities; they drain your resources, they steal from your self-image, they decimate the inner you!

But despite all the negatives, it is possible to make positive changes.

We all like to hear a happy story. This is one of those stories that brings a ray of hope, a glimmer of faith into a world that doesn't always seem to be fair, or even all that happy at times.

About three years ago, I was feeling depressed, disappointed and confused. Four years previously I had suffered a stroke. In the following days, I was positively expecting that I would return to where I was before it happened. I was full of enthusiasm, hope and expectation. I had only just begun to see some of my long-term goals coming to fruition when I was mercilessly cut down. I confidently predicted a



speedy recovery and a quick return to all that I had worked towards. Initially, well-wishers bolstered me. As time went on and I had not regained total health, some of my acquaintances began to question my faith. I came to realise that not everyone treats you as you would wish. Some patronize you; many believe that you are cognitively affected because you walk with a limp and have lost the fine motor skills in your hand. You may stumble over words, and yes, you may not be as quick-minded as you once were. Self-doubt regarding your own abilities and skills almost has you believing the doubters. But, you know that you are able to think, to make decisions and to learn. Deep within, as a Christian, you know that God has it all under control. That is exactly where I found myself three years ago.

I had been through four years of physiotherapy to get my leg, arm and voice back to a degree of usefulness. Now it was time to prove that I could still learn, that my cognitive power had not been snuffed out. I knew it would not be easy, but then nothing that is worthwhile in life is easy. I contacted all the agencies and departments that I was involved with, seeking support and assistance. I made several phone calls to appropriate agencies that supported my efforts to gain entry to Certificate III in Information Technology at Mt. Barker TAFE. I completed the course with the help of some dedicated lecturers and two very professional Student Services workers at the TAFE. Several times in

that first six months I felt like giving up, but was persuaded to keep going. I continued on with the Certificate IV the following year.

Through all this, I was aware that God was with me. I knew I was in His "Great Plan."

I felt compelled to share some of the things I'd learned with others who had suffered from a neurological disorder. Thus began the Pilot Program, which I entitled the Neurological Support Group Introduction to Computer Course. It was an immediate success. After the first module, 100% of the participants returned for the second module, along with several new participants. This is a preparatory course for the more daunting task of returning to a "mainstream" education. Some may never take that step, but they are achieving new skills and developing socially at the same time.

Why was it successful?

1. It was a field that was very popular
2. It was very informal in nature
3. There was no compulsion to achieve
4. Everyone could go along at his/her own pace
5. There was a very positive emphasis
6. There was a great deal of "ownership" in the class
7. Participants were achieving something tangible – learning new skills
8. A spirit of camaraderie was established quickly
9. The majority went from beginners to capable of basic Internet and E-mail

skills by the end of the 17th class.

10. We had established a Home page for the Neurological Support Group (Hills), with a Message Board for participants to contribute on-line.
11. The facilitator had experienced what they were going through; he had empathy.

We very quickly learned that the 45 minutes in the canteen was an integral part of the learning experience. This was a time of consolidation, a mutual building up.

This return to lecturing was also of great therapeutic value to me; it re-birthed a desire to get back into teaching. It helped me to hold my head up, and feel like a contributor to society. I was especially encouraged by comments from TAFE lecturers and Student Support Officers. The overall atmosphere in the classroom impressed them. Our group has gained the respect and full support of the staff in the Information Technology/Business Studies section of Mt. Barker TAFE.

At the end of 1999 I successfully completed the Certificate IV in Information Technology. In 2000 I completed my Certificate IV in Assessment and Workplace Training. I am currently completing my Diploma in Information Technology (Part-time).

Last year I began working as a lecturer (Hourly Paid Instructor) with Professional and Community Education (PACE) through Mt. Barker TAFE. This year I am continuing with the PACE course and teaching Award classes as

well. There are plans to extend the Neurological Support Group Computer class to reach a wider population. There is a great demand for this course, and I am excited about the prospects.

Someone once wrote, "You have failed to achieve in life, until you have helped someone else to achieve."

I believe that Computers can be used as a tool to enable neurologically challenged individuals to rebuild their lives, remain productive and useful. As one skill is developed, others follow; and this has an amazing reaction on an individual's self worth. I have witnessed this radical change, as people are encouraged, inspired and redirected into a more fulfilled life. As our Christian faith is worked out in practical terms, we not only assist other people to a greater productivity and fulfilment; but, with God's help, we impact their lives with a practical and potent message of hope and deliverance.



Testimony: by Bill Sgro

All my life I have felt embarrassed to tell people how I felt growing up in an Italian family; but through my spiritual awakening, I can now tell them there is a way to peace and freedom through Jesus Christ.

My mother would tell me she loved me, and hug and kiss me but I felt no love from my father and in his eyes I could do nothing right. I craved my father's love but got only strong discipline and beatings. Cultural preferences are boy first, girl second. My father already had a son and was disappointed at me not being a girl. When I was about 8 years old in an angry rage he told me he wished I had never been born, and I should have been a girl. In fact he was told by mistake that I was a girl when I was born, so jubilation turned to anger, which I felt from him for the greater part of my life and began to feel I was not wanted and was no good. In turn I became a very angry young man. I remember setting off to leave home at 13 or 14 years of age, but as I walked down the road that night, I thought of the pain I would bring to my lovely mother and I went back crying, torn between the pain of staying and the pain of leaving.

At school I did not do well, and report times were the hardest. My father would beat me up for doing poorly and wasting his money on schooling. I began to hate

school, the teachers, the other children and anyone who picked on me copped it. I wasn't a good runner but I learned how to fight. Kids would call me "wog" or "spaghetti muncher". Most of the time they would only say it once and immediately would realise it was a mistake to make fun of me and would be too scared to say it again.

When I was 14 years old, my teacher came to me one day in the school yard, and told me I was wasting the school's time, my time, and my father's money and that I should leave school and work with my father on the family's farm. The thought of leaving school was like heaven, but working for my father was like hell. I left school and worked on the farm for about a year and then I got a job working in the abattoirs where I really had to learn how to fight. This was not a schoolyard where the teacher stepped in. I also became an excellent pool player, and spent most of my spare time in the pubs and clubs playing pool and fighting.

I had 16 jobs from the age of 14 to 26 years old. I was a young man with a real problem and heading for trouble. At 5'2" tall I would pick fights with guys 6 foot plus, and my anger and frustration would result in a violent reaction which would leave them bleeding on the ground with fear and pain.

At 18 I got my car license and left home, determined I would never live

there again, no matter how difficult it got. I moved to another town where life continued in the same way; lost jobs, in and out of trouble, drinking most nights and playing pool all the time.

One night a friend and I had to get out of town so we grabbed some clothes and drove about 200km. We slept in the car that night and next morning we called in at his parents' home. There I met his 16 years old sister Joy and immediately fell in love with her and the good thing about it was that she liked me also. I could not see enough of this pretty girl. I began to spend less time with my mate and more with his sister. Joy moved to Geelong where I lived, looking for work.

On December 30th 1978, we were married: I was 20 and she was 18. This was the happiest day of my life. Soon we had a family of 5 children – Patrick (now 20), Michael and Gerrard (18 year old twins), Joshua who would have been 14 now (he died at birth), and my little possum, 13-year-old Sonia.

I settled into married life for a year or so, but life for me easily becomes unsettled if things aren't right so again I began to feel the same loneliness, which I felt as a young boy. I had an emptiness that was becoming unbearable. I was drinking more frequently and money became short. Meanwhile I had started a part-time business from home. One day



Bill Sgro with wife Joy

my business partner was late picking me up from the usual agreed place and time, and somehow I sensed something was wrong. When he eventually turned up, he said his dad suffered a severe stroke and they had to wait for the ambulance to take him to the hospital. Then he went on to say, "I pray that Jesus would take him home, for I know I will see him again some day." These words hit me like a knife in the heart. I felt the love in this man's heart for his dad, whereas I could not care if I never saw my father again.

I told him I would love to have had that sort of feeling and he said, "You can have this special love for your Father in heaven." He invited Joy and I to go to his church with him. I agreed because I respected him so much. I knew there was something different about Doug and his wife, Pam. These two people have become very special to us. They never pushed their faith on us, and accepted us who we were and encouraged us wherever possible.

We did go to their church, even though I mistrusted churches. I had said to Joy, "Give me all the money. Churches only want your money!" I thought that they could possibly take the money off her, but there was no way they would get it from me. I said, "We will sit at the back and then we can get out first." But when we walked in, the place was packed and someone led us to seats right in the middle. We were jammed in. After some singing, a man in a suit got up to speak. They said he was the pastor. I was only familiar with priests, collar back-to-front

etc; and not a married a man talking about God as if he knew him as a friend. But the stories he read from the Bible sounded so real and interesting. At school the Bible was like an old history book; it didn't mean much to me at all.

On our way out, the pastor shook my hand and began to talk to me. He quickly established that I came from a farming background and so had he. He asked if he could call one night to talk. I said OK because I wanted to talk to someone about things, but I didn't know who. When he visited, we sat there and talked for hours. I wanted to know the truth to this thing called "life." I began to share about my emptiness, which I had never been able to put into words before. He said that God made us in His image and we are like Him, but he gave us the gift of choice and that we can choose Him to be part of our lives or reject Him. He went on to say that this emptiness I was feeling could be gone tonight, forever. I could not believe him. He asked if I would like to say a prayer and ask Jesus into my heart. I said, NO! He turned to Joy and said, "Would you like to say a prayer?" She said "YES I would!" Well, we had done everything together and so I said all right I would do it too. (I thought, if this is some sort of joke, he could laugh at both of us when he leaves, and not just me.) We said that simple prayer (the same prayer that is in the back of this booklet.) He asked if I did feel anything. I said "No", but I actually felt something. What I felt was a feeling of coming home, a feeling of love and

peace, a place where I felt warm and welcome. Next day at work I told someone what had happened. He looked at me strangely, but I began to feel Jesus' presence in my life. The first thing Jesus did was to clean up my filthy tongue. I know He can take the emptiness out of your life and fill it with love. Since then, he is taking away and adding other things in my life. Even if I try really hard, I can't remember what that empty feeling was like. The emptiness I felt for so long has left me forever. Such is the

love and peace of knowing Him personally and knowing where you will spend eternity. Eternity is a long time. The Bible says that the spirit goes back to the one who created it and then judgement. Ecclesiastes 12:7, and 3:17.

I have committed my life to Him and I will travel to the ends of the earth to share what Jesus has done for me. I know He can do the same for you. Why not Let Him take away your emptiness, Today! May God bless you.



Bill Sgro, wife and children

MIRACLES IN MY LIFE:

by HAROLD W. LANGENBERG

One day in Glendale, California, as I was witnessing to people about Jesus, I was challenged by the following – "You talk about the miracles that Paul, Moses and Jesus experiences, but have you had any miracles happen to you?"

That set me thinking.

So here are some miracles of God's intervention in my life...and to Him be all the Glory.

Run Over by a Tractor

When I was about six years old, Dad had rented a farm in the bend of the South Umpqua River west of Roseburg, Oregon. Dad wanted to plough a ten acre field before we moved in, so he allowed my brother and I to ride on top of the petrol tank. On those older tractors, the tank was above the motor to use the gravity to feed fuel as they did not have a fuel pump. He did not want us to play in the haystacks, because there were badger holes there and we could fall into them. So my brother held on to the radiator cap, and I held on to him. We enjoyed this until we reached the end of the first furrow. When Dad lifted the plough out of the ground, the tractor lurched forward. He turned quickly to the right to avoid the fence, but my brother and I slid off the petrol tank down in front of the

left rear wheel. The tractor ran over the middle of my back. The steel lugs cut deep into my coat, but I was miraculously unhurt. Vernon had a bad cut under his leg from one of the steel lugs, but there were no marks on my body to show what had happened to me. I believe that the Lord was protecting me.

In a Well

Vernon, my older brother, my cousin Virgil and I were out hiking one day when we saw a house set back from the road, it was about a year old but had not been occupied. We went around the back and found a new well. Looking down in it we saw a new pencil, so Virgil jumped into the well and Vernon and I followed. I had an inner sense of unease, so I asked them to push me up about seven feet so I could get out. I still felt uneasy and asked them to come out but they took their time, there seemed to be no danger. I called them again and Vernon climbed out, Virgil following.

As we took hold of his arms to lift him, he jumped up, the rubbish we were standing on started to slide further down the well until it was out of sight. The well would have been fifty to eighty feet deep. We did not say a word to one another all the way home.

Run Over by a Car

There was a circular drive in front of our house. Our parents were away and we were acting up a bit. Our cousin Kenneth was driving, so as he drove around to the front of the house, he stopped and I jumped on the back. He reversed; and when he saw me, he panicked and hit the gas instead of the brake. I slid off. As I hit the ground, I was face down, screaming. Parts of the car were hitting me on my back. Then he turned, and the left front wheel hit me in the right kidney area and I slid along the

ground until the gravel piled up and I could not move. Then the wheel ran over me. I got up and to my amazement I was not hurt. The boys came running to see how I was. I dusted myself off and stood there grinning. Boy, were they surprised!!!

The Miracle of the Drunk

When Dad was born again, he had a strong desire to win Souls to Christ. So he built a semi-trailer with a side that could be let down. This served as a platform from which he could preach to the people in parks. On this occasion I



Brian – Son, Christine – daughter-in-law, Juanita, Harold.

was with him and when he was giving an altar call, I turned to ask a man near me if he wanted to go forward to accept Jesus. I noticed that he was totally drunk, but in his drunken state he stumbled forward with me. When someone prayed with him, I was amazed that he immediately became sober. Can you imagine how that could startle a young man of sixteen?

God came alive to me at that moment.

A Leaking Boat

While we were living in White Salmon, Washington, my brothers and I were walking through the brush along the river when we found an old boat. The bottom was very rotten and the cracks were wide enough to see through. So we went back and bought some tar and caulked it with our hankies. We thought we had an acceptable patchwork.

Then we set out, using old pieces of lumber as oars. We made progress, but the bottom kept moving up and down and I thought maybe it might pop up at any minute...and I could not swim!! As we came back, an east wind began to blow until the waves were coming over the sides. We began to bale water faster and faster, while the wind blew us down the river over five miles. It was very dangerous. I believe it was only the Lord's intervention that got us to shore. When we reached home, Mom said the Lord had revealed to her that we were in trouble. I thank the Lord that I had a praying mother.

Called up for Service - (1942)

Before I married, I was called up for my medical examination for armed service. I undressed, and when the doctor saw me he said "My God! I ought to send you to your doctor against your will." I looked down and to my surprise my side had protruded out to the size of a large cantaloupe. He said to go back and get dressed. As I was dressing, I noticed that my side had gone back to normal. I was not negative to going into the service, but it seemed the Lord had different plans for me. I have never had trouble with my side since!

Meeting a Bear!

Our family and Juanita's mother took a vacation to Yosemite National Park. We put up our tent by a stream and one night we went down to the park floor to see the fire fall (which is a beautiful sight). On our way back, a very large brown bear crossed the road in front of us. For fun, I followed it into the bush with my car lights on it. Then it turned round, stood up and snarled at us. It was about eight feet tall.

I backed up fast! Back at the camp, we passed the garbage can where the bear was apparently going, and went on another 100 feet to our tent. Everyone else went to sleep, but I couldn't because I could hear the bear at the garbage can, feeding until about 2am. Then it became very quiet. After a few minutes, I heard him at our camp table sniffing around. He then came over to where my bed was

at the bottom edge of the tent, with only a piece of cloth between us. I heard him smell my face, then give a big snort! My hair stood on end. Then he left. Whew!

Need for a Kidney Transplant.

Around 1966, I was working as a painter. My boss gave me some latex paint to paint the inside of a large furnace. The room was about 30 feet long by 20 feet wide and 15 feet high with two large sawdust-burning furnaces in it. This was about the time that latex paint first came out and I did not read the labels. It happened to be exterior paint with a fungus inhibitor in it. That night I came down with a severe headache. I suffered all night, and next morning went to the doctor because my urine was like black coffee. He immediately sent me to the urologist, who after an examination, sent me on to the hospital. He told Juanita that they would need to replace one kidney immediately and possibly the other. The second day I was very concerned about what I could do with the rest of my life. I thought I would be in a bed or in a wheelchair and unable to provide for my family.

Suddenly I had an encompassing revelation that the Lord was my complete source.

Immediately I had the feeling that no matter what would happen to me, the Lord would take care of me. I left the hospital the next day to wait for a kidney transplant. When I walked out, a feeling came over me that I would never go back again. That night we went to a home meeting in Portland. There the people prayed for me and I felt strength and healing come. I went home rejoicing and praising the Lord. I never went back to the hospital again. I give God all the praise!

Space does not permit me to tell of many, many more miraculous happenings in my life where the hand of God was evident to save from danger, to heal, to save the lost and to lead, guide and protect me every step of the way.

To Him be the Glory!



59 roses for 59 years of marriage.



NETWORKING

...The Good News

Now the **FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP** has moved from one Chapter in Los Angeles to several thousand Chapters in almost every nation.

In Australia, it began with several earlier copies of "Voice" magazines being handed to men in several of our capital cities:

A plumber in Adelaide, an executive training officer of a large computer corporation in Sydney, a Government architect and motor industry company proprietor in Brisbane, a lawyer and secretary to the State Transport Department in Victoria in Melbourne, a telecom technician and a multinational business man in Perth.

This network has now covered every State and Territory in Australia and has grown successfully through New Zealand and other islands of the South Pacific.

The men in leadership in the nations interact on an international platform and assemble annually at the International Convention bringing reports and testimonials presented at their National Conventions and local events.

Airlifts are used to generate interest in nations not yet part of the international scene, parallel to the great London Airlift that introduced the Fellowship to the United Kingdom.

It all began when a literal vision unfolded to men in the USA by Demos Shakarian.

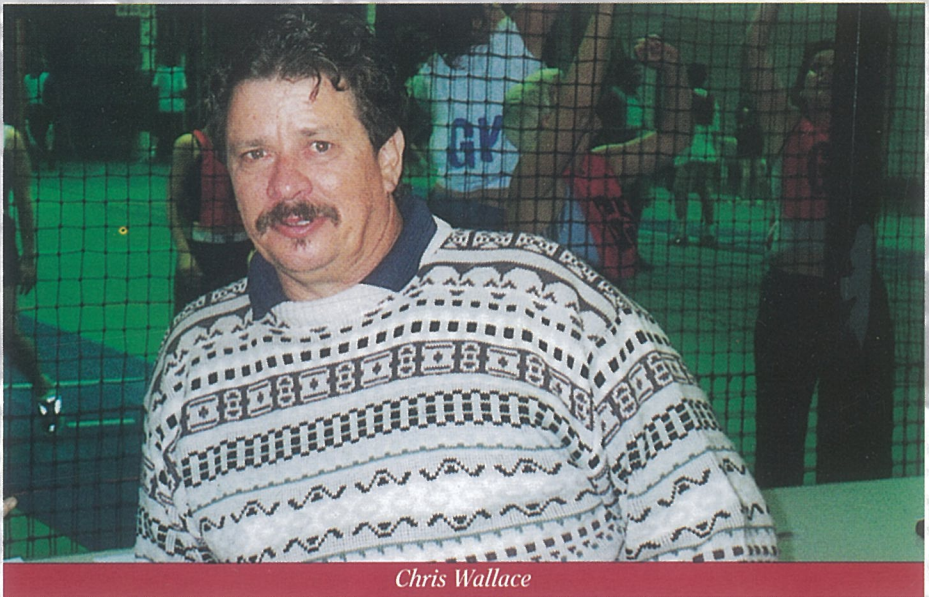
This vision has had a profound effect on leaders of nations around the world as a dimension of Christian living is presented through testimonials of men's lives. These men are from diverse backgrounds and walks of life.

Testimony of Chris Wallace

As a child, apart from a short time going to Sunday school before I was 6, there was no real Christian foundation in my life. I feel now that my grandmother was instrumental in praying me into the Kingdom. Thank God for praying grandmothers!

When I was born, I inherited "Perthes" disease which is hereditary. My first memories of this are of being in a plaster cast from my neck down to my ankles for what seemed like forever. Then I had to wear calipers. Looking back I have a memory from the age of 6 when I believe God intervened to help me. I was in front of our house playing with a golf

ball, when it bounced across the road and landed underneath a sewerage pipe. The pipe was huge and probably weighed about a ton – an adult could walk through it. As I tried to dislodge my golf ball, other pipes rolled, jamming my fingers between them. It was about five o'clock on a Friday afternoon and all the workers had obviously gone home. But no! One was still there and he pushed the pipe up hill just enough to get my hand free. I believe the power of God gave that worker the strength to do what he did. I was taken to hospital, but unfortunately they couldn't save two of my fingers.



Chris Wallace

At school I was achieving fairly well, particularly in maths. But in High School I chose to hang around with the wrong people and began taking interest in the wrong things. What I considered entertainment on the weekends was getting together with my surfing buddies, going up to Surfers Paradise or Coolangatta and hanging around the beach and pool parlours, or playing cards.

We were able to get drugs and alcohol. We would put magic mushrooms into meat pies or smoke marijuana or hash. Even though I was still at high school, it was considered cool and socially acceptable. Although I thought I was in control of it, little by little I was becoming addicted. I left school at the end of grade 10 – I preferred to have a good time with my mates. I didn't think about the future.

I started work as an apprentice butcher but after a week on the job, the boss noticed that I had fingers missing already so he sacked me. Thankfully the pie shop up the road wanted an apprentice pastry cook/baker, and they hired me. I did 3 years technical school and became a tradesman.

The drugs and alcohol were still a social thing, but then I got involved in the spiritual world of Satan. It started with pyramid power, movies (exorcism), music (bad lyrics), U.F.O's, the Bermuda triangle, reading horoscopes. Then it progressed to ouija boards, then to séances. I witnessed many things that were totally Satanic.

When I was eighteen, I could go to hotels and nightclubs legally although we did try a number of times to get into hotels under age and sometimes succeeded. With surfing of a daytime, and nightclubs, pubs and parties at night, work took a back seat. I decided to go on the dole and sell drugs to supplement my life style. The demand was incredible. I went on a surfing trip to Bali and the drugs there were so cheap that I knew if only I could import them and sell them here I could make heaps more money. So I worked out a way to smuggle heroin through customs. I was successful three times in importing drugs via Bangkok, Singapore, Indonesia, then to Australia. My god at that time was money and I put my life on the line to make it.

Two alarm bells went off to change my life.....

The first was when my partner in crime said to me, "Do you think it's time to carry a gun?" I knew there was no way I was going to be carrying a gun.

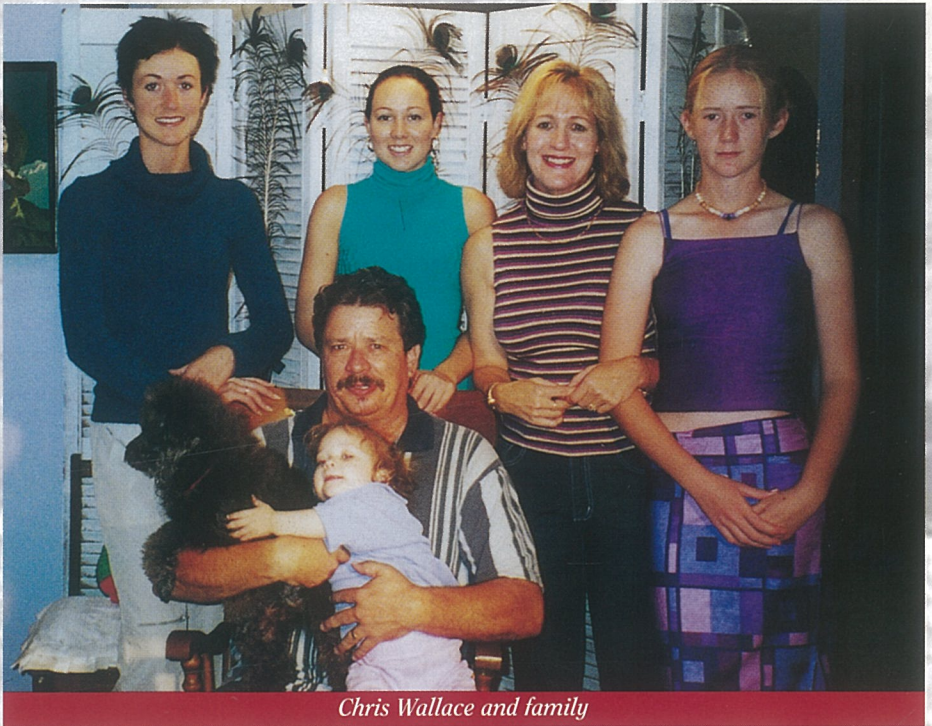
The second happened when I was living in a flat with my partner. I was cleaning my car when he asked me if I would like to take a bit of heroin. At this stage I was injecting, so he mixed my dosage for me, which is the biggest mistake I could have made. I ended up taking too much for my body to handle and passed out in the flat. I was rushed to Southport hospital in a coma. My spirit left my body and I believe God allowed me to be transported to a place where I saw people lining up before a

man who was checking for their names in a big book. Down one way was a very bright light and beside it was another way which was the darkest of dark. After seeing this, I was allowed to come back to my body and live.

I was released from hospital without the police being involved, which I had fearfully expected. That scared me so much that I was totally set free from heroin, with no withdrawal symptoms, for which I now give thanks to God.

After that major moment in my life, I knew I had to make some changes so I moved home with my parents. However,

I was betrayed by my partner (who is now deceased) and I was arrested for having money in my possession from the proceeds of selling drugs. Just before the police came, I went outside my parents' house which has a great view over the mountains. I looked over and admired God's creation and I knew I had lived my life my way and messed it up totally. I needed help to put my life right. That is when I asked God to come into my life and help me. Finally, in the Supreme Court, I was sentenced to eight years imprisonment with a non-parole period of three years.



Chris Wallace and family

This was very hard on my family, but they showed me their love all the time I was in jail, taking time to visit me every week. They showed me the love that God has for us as they kept on loving me no matter what, for which I am ever so thankful. So born again, yet in jail with no religious teaching, I was a puzzle to the guards. I wanted to go to all the church services and Bible studies.

One of many memorable moments that happened to me in jail was when I received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. One night in my prison cell I was down on my knees before God. I was weeping and crying for forgiveness, when the presence of God was in my cell so vividly that I was concerned the guards on nightly patrol would notice the bright light. I asked the Holy Spirit to come and live in me, and, for a period of time, His presence was so great that I feared if a prison guard had come along I would not have been able to explain what was going on. I came out of the prison cell the next day a totally changed person. The sky seemed to be bluer; I noticed the birds with pleasure. The Scriptures seemed to talk to me personally. Oh, what a feeling of the supernatural power of God. I'm ever so thankful for the prison missionaries who visited weekly and were a tremendous help.

Released from jail, and on fire for God, I went to church and thought I had my Christian walk very much on track. But I was backsliding in a lot of ways and I definitely wasn't putting God first in my life. After a time I was owning and

running an indoor sports centre, and not going to church. I was hanging around the wrong people thinking they were my friends. Then too, I owned a liquor licence and a fully stocked bar from which I could help myself at any time.

The Perthes' disease in my hip was causing great pain and when I was thirty-eight I had major surgery, a total hip replacement. I was still walking with a stick when God brought along my wife-to-be, the best thing that ever happened to me apart from getting my name entered into the Lamb's Book of Life! Having a great God-fearing wife has helped me so much in my Christian walk. We have been happily married now for seven years. I have three stepchildren, Jodie 21, Kandice 16, Renee 13, and our last blessing, Olivia 19 months.

The year 1999 was a big year for me in renewing my mind. Janelle and I took two bus loads of people to a Benny Hinn Crusade in Brisbane, and during that service my back was totally healed. Another healing led to the conception of Olivia, our beautiful daughter, and there have been great miracles happening from answered prayer.

Now I am involved in different ministries on the Gold Coast. The F.G.B.M.F.I, is playing a big role in my life. I am currently the Membership Director for the Gold Coast chapter. We run a ministry that we call Church Challenge. F.G.B, helped change my life. God never gave up on me.

HIS MERCY NEVER FAILS!!

John Shaw — Testimony.

My father, who was of Scottish descent, though born in Barcaldine, died of war-related causes while I was in primary school. My mother, born in Sydney, and of Jewish/English descent, reared my two younger brothers and me as best she knew how.

Having no father, and no faith in my life, I soon rebelled and went to the street, eventually ending up in a Juvenile Detention Centre (Yasmar).

In primary school I was dux of the class; however, my rebellious spirit took over. My high school days petered out after only 12 months. I found a friend who played the piano, at about the time Bill Haley and Elvis were introducing "Rock 'N' Roll" to the world. By watching and listening, I taught myself to play, write and sing. Soon I was playing at the White Horse Hotel in Parramatta, at 14 years of age.

During the late 50's Johnny O'Keefe



had begun his television show, "Six O'clock Rock", while his band, "The Deeja's", had gone out on their own. They were playing at the Lennox Hotel in Parramatta, doing "Six O'clock Rock" with O'Keefe as well. They were running a talent quest which I entered and won. (Even though I was only 14 or 15 at the time, I could pass myself off as 18.) "Catfish", the leader of the "Deeja's", asked me to join the band as their singer. I sang with them for a couple of years, which included recording and television work.

I worked professionally all over Sydney until the "Beatles" came on the scene. Around 1964, I received an offer to form a group which became "The Allusions." My life started to spin out of control with alcohol, drugs and sex.

Later I married and then joined some entertainers to go to the Philippines. We joined up with the American forces and called ourselves "The Action". We flew to Vietnam, where we spent many months entertaining in firebases, U.S.O. bases and All Officers, N.C.O. and E.M. messes. We were frequently caught under fire and often had to dive into the bunkers. I believe now that God kept me safe.

We came back to a very hostile Australia, so we didn't talk much about the war. We just sat around bars and 'drank ourselves stupid.'

I began to sing on the Sydney club circuit, but found I couldn't settle down. So I gathered a group together and started touring around Australia. We called it 'our musical pub crawl.' During

this time I became a father to a beautiful little girl called Suzy.

After playing on P&O ships and at Perisher Valley Inn, we took a gig at Great Keppel Island in 1977 and stayed there for 7 years. I became the entertainment director under the name of "Beast of Great Keppel Island" and was very well known. You could purchase "Beast" albums and cassettes, and even buy "Beastly Bubble" champagne. This is where I went totally off the rails. I became a 'coherent drunk' – even though I was drunk, people thought I was sober.

I left there in 1985 and played up and down the east coast until I finally settled in Mackay. This is where I received news that my wife had been killed, north of Sydney, by a 'hit and run driver.'

Later, I met a lady and had a son, Aaron. Aaron and I were very close, but when he was three, his mother took him away from me. I was devastated, and contemplated the most ghastly things....until I met Andrew and Maggie Nicholls. They invited me to church, and when I went a few weeks later, they led me to the Lord.

Everything Changed! My life suddenly became meaningful. My daughter, Suzy, also gave her life to Jesus during a visit to Mackay and I had the joy of being given access to my son on most weekends.

Three weeks later, lying awake in bed at 3 o'clock in the morning, I felt a compulsion to write some lyrics. I was alone in a shed so I got up and wrote the

first 3 gospel songs I've ever written. I recorded them on a tape, and went back to bed. Immediately I felt a presence and a great peace filled my whole being. I believe that at that moment I was baptised in the Holy Spirit.

Until then, I had smoked up to 80 cigarettes a day. From that moment on, I have never had another cigarette. Three weeks later, I was baptised in water and sang my songs in church. In 1995, I had a triple bypass. I went into a coma with serious complications. During this time in hospital I saw Angels around my bed. Once I closed my eyes and saw Satan. I prayed, and the Holy Ghost appeared, as a lion on a cloud, with lightning burning up the evil around me.

Many miraculous things started to happen in my life and my love for Jesus grew with increasing intensity.

Recently I had been living near Tamworth, looking after my elderly mother and stepfather. I played music in different churches and thought that was my finale. Then a phone call from Mackay in April 2000 had me travelling north to play at a combined church meeting. Here I met Janene, a Christian lady from Emerald, and we were married in

September. My son Aaron miraculously arrived on my doorstep. We have also been blessed with a beautiful home, new furniture, a new car, new musical equipment with recording facilities, and a new ministry in the unity of the Body of Christ.

As I come to the end of this testimony, tears fill my eyes, joy fills my heart and my love for our living Saviour, Jesus Christ, goes beyond the boundaries of my understanding.

To think that someone as unworthy as myself could be deemed worthy of such blessings is beyond my comprehension. All I can do is humbly place myself at the feet of my Lord and whisper, "Lord, what would thou have me to do?"



John, Janene and Aaron Shaw



Help!

Volunteers Needed for Australian Outreaches

To assist FGBMFI in the following areas:

- Fellowship Activities
- Personal Work
- Pass out VOICE

AUSTRALIAN

Voice

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E-mail: fgbmfi@ozemail.com.au
Web site: www.fgbmfi.org.au

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." (1John 1:9)

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

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 you 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: P.O. Box 448, Melrose Park, South Australia 5039, Australia

Worldwide, Day & Night, FGBMFI is a Light.



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AUSTRALIAN

Voice

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