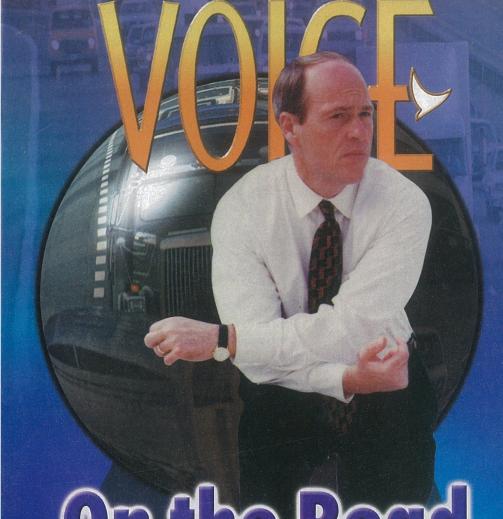
Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International



On the Road to Somewhere

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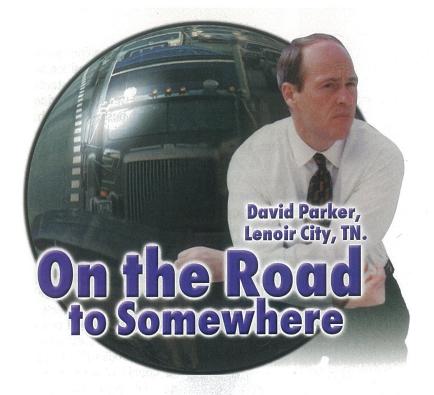
President's Proclamation

In these days, when we read devastating newspaper headlines, like children going on a killing rampage and crashing stock markets, we are not even sure who the "bad guys" are any more. We are left with the question, "Where do I turn?" Is there any true security left? As husbands and fathers, we desire the very best for our families and sometimes reminisce about the so-called "good old days". Of course, in reality, they had their problems, too.

So, where can we turn for security? What can be relied upon? These are questions that Voice Magazine seeks to answer. We, too, see the problems, but believe that there is a better way, and publish true-life stories about real people who have found real answers to real challenges, perhaps very similar to your own.

Voice Magazine is published in 30 languages and the FGBMFI is growing with renewed vision all over the world. It is our goal to reach ever growing horizons with good news for ordinary business men. With this in mind, at our World Convention a few months ago the Lord directed us to call three days of world-wide fasting and prayer. We are asking members of the FGBMFI in our 150 nations, as well as all Christian groups, to join us. The fast will end on Yom Kippur the Day of Atonement – the day of victory. We will blow the trumpet. On that day the "official" Jewish beginning of the Fifty Years of Jubilee will start. For details see page 18.

Richard Shakarian- International President



Before becoming Vice President of Operations and Marketing, I had worked in every department in our family trucking busi-ness. As a young man, I had attended high school and grad-uated when I was only 16 years old, following which I moved to Lenoir City, Tennessee, to work as a terminal manager for my parents' trucking business.

About a year later, I transferred back to Chattanooga to work at the company's corporate office.

With the help of two other employees of the company, I ran the day-to-day operations. My parents were also very much involved in operating the business. We were a very good team. Before long, the company was taking in about \$60 million of revenue from throughout the United States.

However, eight months after my parents sold the company in 1984 to an investment



Vol.46 / No.9 September 98

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

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

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

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

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

20 Corporate Park Dr, 3rd Floor, Irvine, CA 92606. USA. (714) 260-0700



group in New Jersey, I felt God leading me in another direction and resigned my position as Vice President. A day later my two assistants also resigned and before long we had decided to organize our own transport business though, due to an agreement in the business sales contract, we had to wait six months.

At 28 years old, I began planning for another trucking business with my two assistants even though a small, still voice inside me kept saying "No!" Soon God started dealing with me about the project and I developed difficulty sleeping. At one stage I would only sleep in naps of 10 or 15 minutes each.

I knew God could solve this problem for me, so I began quoting Scriptures, but nothing

> happened. You see, I refused to deal with the real problem in my life. I was going against God's will. During a couple of days when I'd gone out to a

farm to pray for deliverance, I finally totally surrendered my life to the Lord Jesus Christ.

I told the devil that I was putting on my combat boots and preparing for battle, that I was going to stand firm on the Word of God. I told him that I did not care if I never slept another wink in my life. I was

not going to take another sleeping pill. That night was terrible. I never slept a wink. However, the following nights I slept without problems. Everything changed because I was no longer refusing to accept God's will about the business.

I told my two associates that we were not going into business together as planned, that the Lord was leading me in another direction. Now I literally cried out to God, telling Him that I would not put my trust in men, but that I would make my covenant with Him and do my best with His help.

I told my associates to take any four of our eight main customers and that I would take the other four and go on my own. In January 1986 I began operating Covenant Transport with 25 trucks. During its first year of business, the company received \$7.4 million in revenue. Two years later, and boasting a fleet of about 150 trucks, the company had \$9.4 million in revenue.

In 1989, I made a bad business decision. Instead of trading vehicles when I usually did, I reasoned that if I just kept them 11 months longer I would gain a profit high enough for a new building for our corporate headquarters. The problems began when they went out of warranty. In just two months, I had spent \$30,000 on repairs, so I tried to sell the old trucks.

Normally, it would only take 90 days for the trading process; now nothing was moving. Before the year was out we encountered \$600,000 maintenance expenses. At the same time, we were hurting from a lack of revenue. Over the next two years, drowning in a sea of debt, I read over and over a verse of Scripture my sister had shown me in the Fall of 1983. It

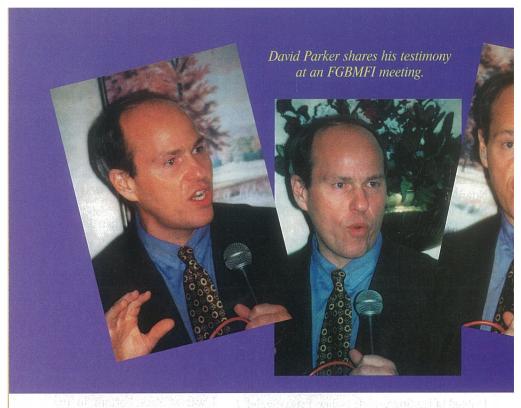


David and Mrs. Parker

basically said, "When you go through the river, you will not drown, and when you go through the fire, you will not be burned."

In 1990, my company experienced a \$900,000 loss. By that time the vendors and banks began losing patience. On some days our bank overdraft was as high as \$600,000. I was at rock bottom in my business life. It was at that point that God opened my eyes to see that Covenant Transport had strayed from the plan upon which it had been started.

Getting back to the plan God showed me, however, would require rapid growth through the use of more trucks. So I had to go and ask the lending institutions, who frankly did not want to see me, to give me \$15 million to purchase the vehicles. They laughed at me.



At the same time, my two friends who were competing against me were doing wonderfully. Just when everything seemed hopeless, one of our women drivers came to me and told me that while she was parked at a shopping mall in Los Angeles, California, a man had knocked on her door and told her God had sent him there.

He went on to say that he had no idea why God sent him until he saw the truck with the name Covenant Transport written on its side. He then handed her a cloth and told her to give it to the president of the company. He said that 'Covenant' refers to the relationship that the company president has with God, the Father, that God would bless him beyond his imagination, and that God would bring him out of whatever problem he was having.

The woman said she then reached down, put the cloth into her purse, and turned back toward the man to speak to him, but he and his car were gone. Before long, the Lord's hand began to move. My father loaned me \$1 million and co-signed a note for a loan that allowed me to get the trucks rolling again.



At first this bothered me because I thought God was going to save the business supernaturally. But He showed me that He could use whatever method He chose to help me and that He wanted to bless both me and my father. I didn't understand this because I was the one being blessed, not my father. He was giving up \$1 million.

Shortly afterward, I offered my parents 50 percent ownership in Covenant Transport, but they turned me down. With the cash my father gave me, we began paying our vendors, and my friends in the banking world came back to see me. Covenant Transport began to grow

aggressively. We added many new trucks, and in

March 1991, I was able to give \$5,000 to a Christian ministry. It was the best April we had ever had in the history of the company.

Later that month, the Lord told me that the chains on my life had been broken and that deliverance was on its way because I had been faithful to Him. He said that 1992 was going to be a jubilee year for Covenant Transport. By the end of that year, we did \$55 million in revenue and

were operating over 350 trucks. Our profits were better than the three previous most profitable years combined.

By the spring of 1993, we were able to pay back \$3 million with interest, clearing our debt, and still had \$1 million in our checking account! In 1994, my father and an attorney convinced me, after much prayer, to go public with Covenant Transport. We needed \$60 million to pay for 1,000 trucks. Before long I was travelling all over the world describing my company to potential investors. On the day Covenant Transport went public, it was valued at \$220 million! It was the largest, most successful initial public offering in the truckload history! However, just before the company went

public, I gave my
father 25 percent ownership
in the business.
His \$1 million
loan to me is
now worth \$40
million! God is faithful. All we have to do
is allow Him control
in our lives and busi-

nesses, honoring our covenant with Him.

PASTICIA

Ways to use Voice Bundles

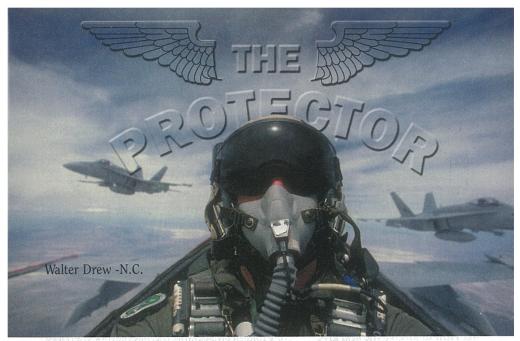
- Display in offices doctor, dentist, chiropractor, real estate and business reception rooms.
- Church foyer, library, Sunday School rooms
- Public restrooms
- Hotels and motels
- Trains, bus stations, airports
- Colleges, including junior colleges
- Hospitals and nursing homes
- Jails and prisons
- Barbershops and beauty shops

- Sporting events -football, basketball, baseball, races
- State and county fairs
 - In glove compartments of new and used cars
- In appliances refrigerators, stoves etc.
 - Near cash registers in restaurants
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- Hunting, fishing and ski lodges
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was born in Indianapolis, Indiana. My dad was a plumber and we moved frequently as he completed one job and was sent to another. When I was ten, my dad started his own business and we settled in Lafavette. Indiana, Mom was a Christian and she took us to church on a regular basis. When I was twelve, I went through our pastor's class for church membership and I felt a deep conviction of the Holy Spirit that I needed to ask God for forgiveness of my sins and receive Jesus Christ as my Savior. I went forward on Palm Sunday and, with my knees knocking in fear, confessed Jesus as my Lord. Easter Sunday I was baptized and later that afternoon I felt the Holy Spirit's witness that my sins were forgiven and I was born again! I loved sports, so I played baseball, basketball, and football in junior high and high school. In my senior year, I was a co-captain on the football team and was also picked to be the president of the senior class. In 1961 I began college at Purdue University in West Lafayette, Indiana, and, because of financial reasons. I lived at home. Our home was often a battleground, with serious unresolved conflicts caused by freguent verbal and physical abuse, adultery, and drunkenness. During my sophomore vear our parents divorced. We five children were devastated. During this period I drifted away from the Lord and got involved in drag-racing, chasing women, and heavy drinking. I

was desperate because I was flunking out of college, our family was destroyed, and my father was going into bankruptcy, which would cause us to lose our houses, business, and all of our cars and trucks. Late one night I seriously considered suicide, but I felt the restraint of the Lord. Soon after this I was trying to study for my final exams. I had a horrible hangover from the night before. God seemed to speak directly to my mind and asked the question, "Do you want the rest of your life to be like this?" I said, "No!" and repented, asking Him to forgive me and give me a "second chance." And He did!

The following month I met Rose, my wife to be. She was a preacher's kid and was living for the Lord as a college student. We were married eighteen months later, in my senior year. My grades went up and I graduated! I was one of two ROTC cadets selected to receive a regular commission and I went on active duty. Later I volunteered for military intelligence training, jump school, and Vietnam. I was assigned to the 3d Brigade, 82d Airborne Division in October. 1968. I soon took command of

the intelligence detachment. My first act was to get on my knees and commit my whole unit of eighty men to the Lord for His protection. My first major crisis was when one of my men was shot down in one of our aircraft and was captured by the North Vietnamese Army. That night, with tears flowing, I prayed and cried out to God for help. I heard that inner voice say, "Turn to Psalm 126 and read it". I looked at the sub-title of the Psalm, "Release from Captivity"! The Lord confirmed His word as I read verse five, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy". God gave me peace that my prayer was heard and answered! Thirty days later, my soldier and three others were released by the NVA and returned to Saigon! I talked with him and realized God had performed not one, but a number of miracles to get him released!

I had been seeking the baptism of the Holy Spirit after learning of it and being prayed for by Rev. Tom Barker, a Spirit-filled Presbyterian pastor from Montreat, North Carolina. That night, as I was thanking the Lord Jesus for helping my soldier get released, a visible cloud of glory fell on me, filling me to overflowing! Soon after being filled, an unknown language bubbled out of my heart and with my mouth I praised Him with this new gift!

God intervened a number of times to supernaturally protect me. Early one morning, I put my flip-flops on and was walking to our chapel to pray when I was somehow stopped and could not move ahead, although nothing visible was in front of me! I looked around and saw a beautiful green snake that was only inches from my exposed feet. I killed the snake and later, to my great surprise, discovered the snake was a Bamboo Viper, nicknamed by the GIs, "Two

Step Charlie" because its poisonous bite killed you within seconds! God answered my prayers for me and my men -- none were wounded, killed, or seriously injured, while units all around us lost soldiers in numerous incidents.

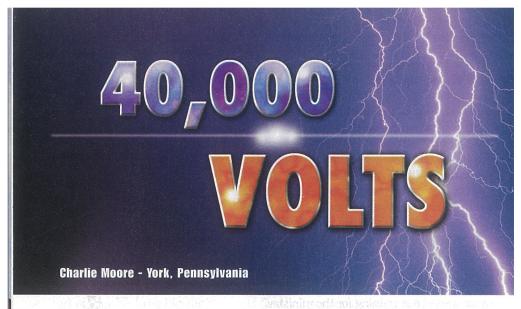
During the last part of my tour, I got sick and lost my voice. Apparently there was some damage done to the nerves of my vocal chords and I had a very difficult time in speaking. After I came home from Vietnam in October 1969, the Lord came to me in a dream and called me to the ministry. I asked, "Are you sure? I can hardly talk." He was sure! After many confirmations, I resigned my commission as a Captain and left the Army in June 1970. Disregarding my vocal handicap, we chose to believe God and obey Him, so we started our training for the ministry.

I completed seminary in 1975, and we had three beautiful children, Tim, Christy, and Matt! We moved to Montreat to work with Rev. Barker in a small church. I worked part-time at Sears for three years and taught at a state prison for teens for six years. I worked with a voice therapist at the VA Hospital who referred me to a Christian doctor in Gainsville, Florida. He diagnosed my problem as mild spastic dysphonia and I underwent some experimental surgery where the doctor cut ninety percent of the muscles in the left vocal chord. After the surgery. I just had a whisper! Later they injected teflon into the vocal chords to obtain the correct spacing to vocalize. My voice is not normal, but it is now functional.

I had a desire to come back into military service as a chaplain from the time I left. With my voice somewhat fixed, I applied for a position as a reserve chaplain in a MASH unit in Johnson City, Tennessee, and I was accepted. A year

later, I applied for active duty and was assigned to Special Operations Command at Fort Bragg, NC. I went to Grenada after the combat phase and later became chaplain for the 7th Special Forces Group and ministered to Green Berets in Central America. My next tour was with the 3/325 Airborne Battalion Combat Team in Vicenza, Italy. I later was stationed at Fort Polk, LA, and have now transferred back to Fort Bragg with the 82d Airborne Division.





On the day he should have died, 46-year-old Charlie Moore of York, Pennsylvania, instead found the living power of the promises of God.

n February 22, 1988, I was making a delivery in my truck to a site outside Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, where one hundred new homes were being built. No one was there to tell me where to unload the manholes. As the boom on my truck swung up the first piece of equipment, it hit high-powered wires. These wires were so powerful that they ran from the sub-station of Mechanicsburg and fed electrical current to the entire city of Carlisle.

There was a grinding noise, flashes of light and fire, and I was hit four times with 40,000 volts of electricity. Ten of the 18 tires on my big rig blew out. I was literally on fire and being electrocuted, with flames shooting from six places on my head and all over my body. Bolts of blue electricity shot up and down between me and any possible source of rescue, "Satan planned my death that day, but my Heavenly Father is stronger than 160,000 volts of electricity."

Across the street, Harry Coken, a Christian school bus driver, was at home. Normally, he was never home at that hour. Running to his front window, he saw me lying almost paralyzed, my hands already crippled and twisted into claws. Some of my fingers were gone. There was a big hole in the top of my left hand, with the bones exposed.

"Don't touch him!" Harry's wife screamed, knowing the ground would be charged with electricity. Because the phones had shorted out, she jumped into a car and drove to a neighbor's house to call for help.

"I want to help you, man, but you've got to craw!" Harry shouted. "I can't come near you!

Crawl, Charlie, crawl!"

"Lord Jesus, I need you now," I whispered, digging my elbows into the ground as I inched forward. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me (Psalm 50:15). These words I had memorized long ago flashed into my mind.

I was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1942. In 1975 I married Virginia Markle and together we joined a mainline denominational church. The church provided religion, but we hungered for something more. Week after week we assured each other, "There must be more to the Christian way than this."

One night we attended a candlelight service in a Bible-believing evangelical church. At the close, the pastor spoke frankly and realistically to the people. "If you died, where would you go?" We stayed after the service to ask questions.

"You must be born again," we were told. "You must repent of your sins, call upon the name of the Lord, and ask Christ to be your Savior." We heard for the first time such verses as Romans 3:21-26, Romans 10:8, Romans 10:13 in the Bible.

We discovered there was more to life than dry, dead religion. "The Holy Spirit came to us that night, and we were born from above."

That day out on the road, inching my way across the asphalt, I continued to call out to Jesus, who was so real to me. By then the tires had stopped smoking and the boom was still. The current seemed to be grounded. Harry ran

to me and smothered the fire by patting it with my gloved hands. My skin began to fall off. Two other Christians ran to me and began to pray.

The ambulance crew from Silver Springs knew immediately I was dying and needed to be flown to Hershey Medical Center. From there I was flown to the Francis Scott Key Burn Hospital in Baltimore, listed as critical.

During the hours in surgery, cuts were made all over my arms and legs so my body wouldn't explode from the effects of the electricity.

Hours later, hallucinating from heavy pain medication, I

Ten of the 18 tires on my big rig blew out. I was literally on fire and being electrocuted, with flames shooting from six places on my head and all over my body.

asked the nurse in the Intensive Care Unit, "Am I about ready to check out and go home?"

"Mr. Moore, you are in critical condition!"

"But I have such peace from God," I said. Over the previous weeks I had been meditating on God's peace, God's power in believers, and complete trust in the Lord.

"You have been witnessing to me, even though you don't remember," the nurse told me. I went to the nurses' station and said to them, 'Now I know why Mr. Moore has such peace — he trusts in God!"

"Did all that really happen to you the way the man described it?" asked my doctor. "I can't believe you're still alive. I'm afraid you will be in the hospital as long as seven months."

After only 51 days, I walked out of the hospital, not even needing a walker. I'm glad now that this experience happened. It has made me a more effectual witness for the Lord. People are searching for peace, trying everything the world offers. I can tell them how I was given peace that the world will never understand.

If I had known this particular door was going to open, I might have said, "Lord, do You have a different door?" However, He has told us, "My grace is sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

I had to learn to write all over again, as well as to feed myself. I had taken for granted my feet, legs, fingers and arms, even my life. Now I thank God every day for them. 160,000 volts of electricity had entered my left hand and exited from my right foot without touching my heart, lungs, kidneys or any other internal organs.

I am amazed at the wisdom and knowledge God gives doctors and nurses. I found such love and compassion from them at the hospital.

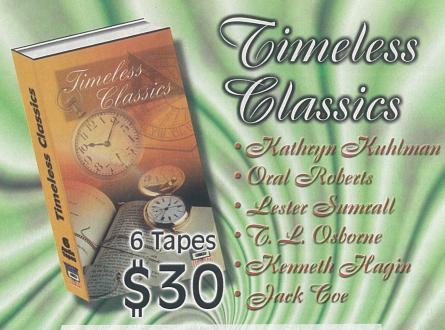
When I went out, sometimes people would stare at the 15 bandages all over my body, plus the bandages on my arms and foot. They would joke and say, "I'd hate to see what the other guy looks like!"

I would tell them my story if they had time to listen, especially the part about God's peace.

God also protected the Cokens who came to my aid. The electric company told them they were afraid to remove the truck until the next day, for fear of electrical feedback and the ground still being charged with electricity.

These lines were written over three thousand years ago, and yet they still live because they were spoken by the living God. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver you, and you shall glorify me." (Psalm 50:15)

Charlie is a Spirit-filled believer who holds a Bible study in his home. He is recovering nicely after this experience. This story was told to Lois Hoadley Dick.



Here is a treasure chest of spiritual jewels. These tapes are all from the most gifted and anointed ministries available on cassette.

These newly discovered, rare and valuable tapes have never been released to the public, and feature messages by Kathryn Kuhlman, Oral Roberts, Lester Sumrall, T. L. Osborne, Kenneth Hagin and Jack Coe. Don't miss out on this tremendous opportunity to make these tapes a part of your recording library.

Listening to these great preachers will enrich your devotional time and provide lasting strength for your spiritual life. Welcome to new mountain top experiences that have been prepared just for you!

NEWSBREAK

Marty Celaya, Director of Chapters

Chapters around the world are thriving and growing. At the 1998 World Convention recently held in Dallas, Texas, we received incredible reports from the National Presidents representing many nations. Bill White shared how *Australia* is on fire for Jesus, reaching many young people for Christ. In Central America, countries like *Honduras* reported over 4000 members with 104 chapters.

Guatemala has 8000 members with 124 chapters reaching many business men for God. It was amazing to hear Ken Tsukamoto's report that only 1% in Japan are Christians, yet since 1986, ten strong chapters are active with over 266 members. Twenty-eight of these brothers and sisters attended the World Convention.

On and on the great reports continued. When the brother from *Nigeria* shared about the 808 chapters with 18,400 members, of which 615 are life-time members, the leaders from different nations gave a tremendous applause. After the wonderful reports were completed,

you could not help feeling the power and magnitude of our Fellowship, and its effect around the world.

Here are some awesome reports from Full Gospel Business Men and their chapters.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota

Peter Steggerda, National Director from South Dakota, hosted the Forty-Five Year Anniversary Celebration for the Sioux Falls Chapter. Special certificates were given to Gill Risteusund and Harold Heibult, founding members of the second chapter ever started. Tommy Hicks opened this amazing chapter in 1953. Everyone had a great evening!

Naples, Florida

Brother Milt Thomas reports that great things are happening in Naples, FL. "At a recent meeting, the brothers from the headquarters came to minister at our Naples banquet. 125 people attended. Six new members came into the Fellowship that night, and the plans to start a new chapter were birthed. One man who was prayed for, when asked, "Are you a Full Gospel Business Man?" replied, "I am after tonight!" He became a life-time member that evening.

Yamhil County. Oregon

The GOD MOBILE continues to reach hundreds for Christ. Paul Jenkins says, "Last year 16 people were saved in three days at the Yamhil County Fair. In the last week of July 98, 99 people gave

their lives to Jesus at the same fair with the same God Mobile." With five God Mobiles being used in the USA, and three more being built, over 18,800 people have found the Lord in the last ten years through this anointed outreach.

Mongolia and China

Julius Templeton, a business man from Bremerton, WA, recently traveled to Mongolia with Don Snow and General Lee, a four star general from Korea. While in Mongolia, the three men met with the Minister of Defense, who allowed them to teach the military officers about Jesus. On a flight from Mongolia to China, Julius stepped out of the rest room on the plane and experienced turbulence in the air. He jumped in the first seat he saw, and found himself sitting next to a Chinese business man. Julius asked the man if he could pray for the Lord to calm the storm, and the man said ves. Dr. Chris Liu was so blessed that he invited Julius to come to his city of Tsing Tao to minister, Julius went back to Mongolia and China to start chapters in August. Incredible!

13 New Chapters in Honduras

Bruno Caamano called our Chapter Praise Line with a very encouraging message. Enrique Morales is a 23-year-old young man from

Honduras, Central America. He recently opened 13 new chapters, which are growing fast. Bruno said, "I physically went to Honduras to see if this was true. Enrique took me to every chapter, and they were <u>full</u> of young people. Praise the Lord!"

Cuban Breakthrough

Over 77 men gathered together for a Men's Retreat in Cuba. The Fellowship is expanding in Cuba as more and more Full Gospel Business Men are rising up in their gifts and talents. Glory to God!

Start A Chapter Today

If you would like to establish a chapter in your area, please contact the International Headquarters. Ask for the Chapter Department. (949) 260-0700, fax (949)260-0718 or www.fgbmfi.org
24- Hour Praise Report Line (949) 224-9946



Men's Retreat in Cuba.

27-30 Sept.

The Lord has called us to three days of world-wide fasting and prayer. We are asking you and your nation to join with the rest of us from the 150 nations around the world where there are chapters of the FGBMFI, in this time of going to a higher level with God.

"The Days of Awe" are the 10 days between Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur.

Our fast will end on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement. Yes, it is the day of victory, and we will blow the trumpet. On that day the "official" Jewish start of the Fifty Years of Jubilee begins.

We will be humbling ourselves, preparing to enter into the throne room of God.

"Yet who knows whether you have come into the kingdom for such a time as this." Esther 4:14

"And it came to pass on the third day that Esther put on her royal apparel." (Note: The change of apparel for us following the third day of our fast.)

"When the King saw Esther, the Queen . . . she obtained favor in his sight: And the king held out the golden scepter . . . so Esther touched the top of the scepter and obtained favor."

Favor . . . favor is what God gives. No one could touch the king or approach the king and live without his favor. As we enter the "Days of Awe" expect to see His glory, His deliverance, His favor, His creative power, and His debt-canceling power.

Other organizations are joining with us in this fast and Jubilee. Please notify other organizations and the entire Body of Christ.

WADLA AJOAO

1998 World Convention Tapes Audio \$5 Video \$20 Eight Audio's for \$35

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Dr. Peter Gammons (Available on Video)

Ladies' Luncheon

Richard Shakarian (Available on Video) President's Luncheon International Breakfast Tim Storey (Available on Video)

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Dead For Five Days



fter suffering a devastating divorce, which was not my fault, I had asked God to give me a God-fearing Christian wife. I kept asking and asking . . . Then, over two years later the Army sent me up to Ft. Drum, NY. One day I was on my daily run and I saw a beautiful woman sitting out in front of her house reading the Bible. Two weeks later she was there again. This time I took a few laps -- long laps. I was getting ready to finish my six miles when I decided to stop because I had noticed she wasn't wearing a ring. I walked up to her and introduced myself. We talked quite a while and I asked her if she would like to go out with me that night on a date. Her response was that she didn't want to go out on a date that night, but she offered for me to go to church with her the next day, which I gladly accepted. That was our first date -- to church.

What is remarkable about this is that my wife was quite similar to me. She also had just come from a long-term relationship that had been devastating. She had turned to the Lord. Her mom and her family asked her why she just didn't go out with a man. "No, I don't want to go out with anybody unless he comes to my door," she replied. They said, "Okay, but the only guy that is going to come to your door is the pizza man."

Mark 11:24, "Therefore I tell you whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you will receive and it will happen."

When we went to church the next day, I didn't know what to think. First of all, it was a Pentecostal gathering. I was used to a little more conservative church. Men were hugging each other. People were talking in tongues. I didn't even know what being baptized in the

Spirit meant. Linda showed me in the Bible where it says you shall be baptized in the Spirit and you will be able to speak in tongues which are

I told her what had happened to me the night before and then I asked her what she would do if all of a sudden I got called up and was gone for a mission.

past man's understanding, but I continued to put off seeking this gift for myself. Also, during the whole sermon I kept hearing a voice saying to me, "This is the woman that you asked for." Three nights later, when I was just about ready to fall asleep, I heard the voice saying, "This is the woman who you have been given to marry. Marry her quickly for she is yours."

I was getting ready to pull

out of the area on another mission. The next day at work I could not get what that voice had said out of my head. Later that evening we walked down in front of her house on Lake Ontario, I told her what had happened to me the night before and then asked her what she would do if all of the sudden I was called up for a mission and was gone for several months --- to somewhere she didn't know. Her reply was that she would go to God and ask Him to protect me. When she told me that, I realized that we should get married. So I proposed to her.

Later she invited me to see her prayer journal. Several months prior to my arrival she had asked God if there was a man for her to send him to her door. Then on another day she wrote that the Holy Spirit told her his name would be David. After she showed it to me I was in disbelief. I wasn't sure she hadn't gone back, copied this stuff down and was now trying to get me to believe it.

After I left I went back to my place where I heard the voice again. In September 1995, on completion of my assignment at Fort Drum, I returned to Arizona with plans to marry

Linda in April 1996. God spoke to me again, "You must marry Linda now." The command was so intense that I asked Linda if she would be willing to marry me right away. On October 10, 1995, we were married.

I then left for six weeks, and when I went back to Ft. Wachuka, AZ, Linda was waiting for me. Six days later, on November 30th, 1995, I put my dog tags around her neck and went running. During my run, I was hit by a car. (There are not too many people who can tell you they have been hit by a car traveling 50 mph.) Later that day I was declared brain dead. However, I had a wife who believed that Jesus could do all things.

Linda read John 11, where Martha and Mary, Lazarus' sisters, asked Jesus to come because he was very sick. Jesus didn't answer. He waited. He waited four days. Then He answered the invitation to come. When Martha saw Him she said, "Oh Lord, if you had been here sooner he wouldn't have died because I know God will give you whatever you ask." Jesus responded, "Your brother will rise again."

Do you believe this? I didn't prior to my accident. I believed in Jesus as my Saviour, but I didn't believe in being raised from the dead. I had a lesson to learn.

I was defined as brain dead. Medically, 'brain dead' means you are dead. Because I had signed on my driver's license that I would donate my organs, they told my wife they would be taking my organs. They kept me alive for five days with machines, but I was actually dead. My brain swelled to five times its normal size. During that time Linda read John 11 to me over and over.

The man who hit me was a civilian. He had



David in fatigues

just dropped off his wife and had sped up to get off post during P.T. time. I was on a dual lane one-way road and I was breaking one of my rules, running with the traffic as opposed to against it on the shoulder of the road. I kept looking behind me to see if anybody was coming too close. I could tell by the way they drove that the car drivers could see me. Then a car started doing an 'S' on this dual lane and hit me at the side of the road.

I went through the windshield. Then, out of panic because he was blinded by the sun and hadn't seen me, the man hit the brake. I went flying forward 64 feet. When I landed, I thought, "Oh, my God, help me!" I landed on

my left arm, which broke immediately. Then my head came in contact with the pavement.

If you were to feel the circumference of my head now, you would feel that it is really bumpy, not smooth like yours is, because it was fractured in five separate places. It was broken or penetrated and the brain was exposed. My body then flipped over and did a somersault. The last two things to come in contact with the ground were my legs, from my knees to my ankles. Slam! Both of them were broken immediately. I had six pieces of bone. There is the tibia and the fibia; I had six pieces of it because there were breaks. One leg looked like a "U". One looked like a "Z".

The first M.P. on sight threw up when he saw me. These people are trained in how to react in combat to the horror and devastation and to be unaffected, but he couldn't handle it.

My pastor later saw the "700 Club", where my story was told. He saw how they bloodied me up for dramatizing it, and he has told me I was actually twice as bloody as they showed on the show.

There is a little joke about my legs -- one like a 'U' and one like a 'Z' -- among my friends in military intelligence, Special Forces Rangers. They call me 'Uzzie' because of my Palestinian ethnic origin.

You must understand how my wife first reacted when she saw me, especially considering we had only recently been married and had only known each

"Then on the fifth day they started putting on the pressure to donate my organs. She kept refusing..."

other for six months before we got married.

Linda tells me how my commander had peeked his head inside of an American Red Cross class she was attending and she had thought, "Oh, that is nice, the Colonel is coming to see me." Then she had thought, "Oh, wait a minute, full birds don't just come to see military spouses on post. Something is wrong." That is when he informed her that I had been hit and had to be med-ivacted to the University of Arizona Medical Center in Tucson. She got to the intensive care with the Colonel's wife. They were getting ready to set both of my legs and my arms. They stopped to come out and tell her, "M'am, I am sorry, but it doesn't look that good right now."

Soon after I arrived in intensive care, my brain started swelling. It swelled so large that it welled out the two holes at the bottom of my scull and came in contact with the brain stem.

At that point a person is dead unless Jesus is there. The doctor informed her that I was an organ donor -- I had signed on my driver's license to donate my organs in the event of death. They gave her a huge decision for a lady that had just gotten married. At that time Linda knew to turn to the only place where you can get protection when there is no other. In those life and death situations, those of us who have been in combat without any other protection, know to turn to God.

Linda told the doctors then that I would come back to life. They looked at her like she was perhaps not thinking straight, being so upset, especially being a newlywed. So, for the next four days they backed off. She covered me in the Word of God, even going so far as to put the Bible on my chest, insisting that it stay there. She continually read the Bible to me. She wrote out Bible verses and stuck them on me. In front of the doctors she rebuked the demonic spirits in the name of Jesus. She did it because she knew the devil was having his time with me.

It says clearly in John 10:10 in the Bible, "The thief comes to kill, steal and destroy, but I come that you may have life and have it more abundantly." He had stolen my marriage, my body, and my brain, and had killed me. Remember, Jesus said, "I have come that they may have life." -- even though I was dead.

The doctors were analyzing Linda, for she was in a very bad state. She was extremely remorseful as a newlywed widow, plus the fact that she was clearly in this religious 'psychological' state. They were trying to tell her the scientific facts.

Then, on the fifth day, they again started putting on the pressure to donate my organs. She kept refusing, telling them that God had told her the first time she saw me that this was the man He had given her and we would have a long life together, serving Him. She continuously quoted II Cor. 5:17, "Walk by faith, not by sight". That gave them the clear indication that she was a religious nut.

They even had a psychiatrist, not a psychologist, come to see her, and tried to give her antidepressant pills. Even worse was a neurosurgeon who was also watching me. One time when my wife ran out of the room, he rushed at her and grabbed her by the shoulders and said, "Come on, get a grip on reality!"

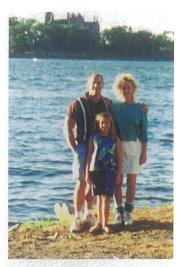
Also, throughout those five days, she had to deal with my family, or rather with my father. She had called them immediately following the accident, and they had flown in from Indianapolis. My brother is a God-fearing man, who supported Linda and prayed for me fervently. My mother passed away twelve years ago. She had been on fire for the Lord. My father was born in Palestine before its rightful



David Shublak

return back to Israel. He was Islamic. At the hospital my father was constantly kneeling down to the East, as Moslems do to pray five times a day.

On the fifth day Linda was out of the room and my father just happened to be at the window looking upward. That window did not face eastward. The Holy Spirit brought Linda back to the room, but she stopped at the door. She saw Dad at the window and heard him say, "Jesus, if You are the Son of God, save my son."



The Shublak family

This is further proof that if you have never believed in Jesus, or if you have turned away from Him, you should ask and you shall receive.

Also, on that day the Army began putting a little more pressure on Linda. They were not too forceful, but they were seeing things from the medical standpoint. Here was this poor newlywed, whose husband was dead. They were very supportive, but also tried to bring her to the understanding that it was time to give up my organs.

She went back to the Air Force base where she was staying there in Tucson and they called a chaplain to go and speak to her. When he came to her, she said, "He will live." He said, "Yes, mam, he'll live in others; that is why you need to give up his organs." Again the spirit of defeat was rising its head; the devil was having a party time. Can you imagine a pastor coming and saying that to you?

Later that evening she got a call from someone who needed a liver. They were willing to pay her \$200,000. She went to God that night. She went with all her heart, all her soul and all her mind. She obeyed the first commandment. To serve Him and to love Him with everything in her. That night she felt the presence of the Holy Spirit, telling her that I would live starting the next day. This was important because the doctors had told her that I had been in ICU for five days and couldn't go on any longer. They had told her that I either had to donate my organs or be sent to a nursing home, for which she would have to pay. They would have to keep me alive on life support. She told the Lord, "Okay, show me".

The next day she came back dressed brightly. Several days prior she had been at the foot of the bed praying on the ground. My father was about to pick her up off the floor when a very good friend of mine had stopped him and said, "Mr. Shublak, sir, you don't need to do that; she is at Jesus' feet right now." Unfortunately, by the fifth day, even the believers in the room were starting to support the Army's position.

As she was coming to the room, my dad stopped her and said, "Now, don't get your hopes up too much, but there was a flicker of life last night because he blinked." "That's not a flicker," she responded, "That's God bringing life back into him!" My father said nothing.

On that last day when she went into the room, the room was packed because she had called everyone together. Even my General Officer and Colonel were there. Since this was a training hospital, there were many young residents in the room as well as the specialists. They thought she had finally come to the point where she understood she needed to give up my organs.

Then Linda shocked all of them by going to my bedside and saying, "David, by the power of Jesus, do what the doctors tell you to do and show them that you are still alive." At this point the doctors looked at her again, "Oh no, the Jesus freak syndrome is kicking in again," they must have thought. One of the doctors moved over to me and said, "Okay, David, move your right arm." Remember, for six days they had followed the policy to save life before limb. This meant they had not set my legs. They were just wrapped up in gauze, still bleeding badly, I am told. (Jesus needed to wake them all up.) I moved my arm!

The General was shocked. Linda told me that the doctors were so overwhelmed that some of them had to leave the room. The head neurosurgeon said, 'Open your eyes." I looked at him! Then, out of total disbelief, he said, "Move your legs." I moved both of them!

Then they went into a scramble to start setting my limbs. They had already printed up a death certificate -- **Dead on 30 November 1995.** They tore it up.

On the sixth day I came back to life! Jesus said it very plainly and very simply in John 16:24, "Until now you have not asked for anything in my name; ask and you shall receive and your joy will be complete."

Just imagine, prior to this experience one time I had had a very bad cough and Linda had asked me if I wanted her to pray for me. At that time I had told her that such things only happened in New Testament times. My faith was too small. I went to Him only when I needed it, not believing He could do the impossible.

It is not a coincidence that I am here today, it is a *God incident*.

Through Jesus Christ, you, too, can expect miracles -- the blind to see, the lame to walk and the dead to be raised. Jesus said, "If you have faith as small as a mustard seed, you can tell that mountain to move from here to there, and it will. Nothing is impossible for you."

Later Linda was reading John 11 to me again. I sat up in bed and said, "Praise God! I heard this when I was there!" At the time my body and my mind were both gone, my spirit had heard the message.

I see my mission from God much more clearly now. It is to capture soldiers and their families for the Lord! He has commanded us all to go and be fishers of men.



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

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)

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)

Confess

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

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)

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

Receive

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

Why not make your eternal decision now?

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

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

Yes! I ha	ve made m	y eternal	decision. I h Jesus to be	ave read the my persona	Six Steps to Salv Saviour.	ation and have a	sked
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