

Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE

ROCK  
SOLID

*Mylon  
LeFevre*



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## Touching A Whole Nation

Having just returned from Honduras, like many others, I find it difficult to contain my excitement about the FGBMFI "Fire Team" outreach there. Without a doubt it was the most ambitious event the Fellowship has ever endeavored. In my 30 years of working with the FGBMFI, I have never seen anything like it. The impact was so widespread that it would have been difficult for anyone not to have noticed us.

We were in the news, on daily national TV talk shows, on many various radio broadcasts, and on billboards and major signs all over the country. FGBMFI International President, Richard Shakarian, addressed the National Congress, receiving a standing ovation. Personally, I had the privilege of accompanying Richard to a meeting with the top military leaders of the country (*photo above*). At the end of that meeting the nation's highest ranking officer invited us to establish a regular FGBMFI Chapter for high ranking officers at their HQ.

For the Outreach we were sent out on up to five "assignments" per day. Since each team was no larger than a car load, everyone had plenty of opportunity to share. The events were in factories, colleges, hospitals, prisons, etc. We would simply share our testimonies as business men. It was amazing to see how powerful such a simple method could be. We went to where the people were - from the highest leaders to the sick in the hospitals, and we were continually amazed by the results. Our FGBMFI National Leaders tell us that the number of changed lives counted to this point is in the **hundreds of thousands**.

Best of all, I have spoken with a number of men who have returned home convinced that they can do the same thing in their own nations.

**Voice Editor**



# ROCK SOLID



# Mylon LeFevre

Fort Worth, Texas



**E**lvis Presley recorded the first song I wrote when I was only seventeen. I was stationed at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, at the time, and had just finished basic training in the Army. My sergeant was an alcoholic, and it was well known that for a pint of "Jack Black" whiskey you could get a weekend pass. That weekend I hitchhiked to Memphis to meet my parents at the National Quartet Convention where my mother asked me to sing my new song "Without Him". Elvis was there in a side room recording songs to consider for his next album.

When I joined the army, I was 17 years old, 5'4" tall and didn't even shave. I was making \$84 a month as a private when I got my first check from Elvis's publishing company. Those checks kept coming every three months.

There came a day when I sat down to figure things out. My choice was simple: I could write another song, or I could stay in the army for 800 years

# VOICE

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**FOUNDER:** Demos Shakarian; **OFFICERS:** International President, Richard Shakarian; International Executive Vice-President, John Carrette; USA Executive Vice-President, James Priddy; International Secretary, Kwabena Darko; Assistant Secretary, Bruno Caamano

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

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to earn the same amount of money. It was a career crossroads, and I decided to go for the music.

In one year, 126 artists around the world recorded my songs. So I took the money from writing and started a band that later became the Atlanta Rhythm Section. My family were gospel singers and I loved to sing gospel music, but the music I was writing was too contemporary for them.

Shortly thereafter I got my first car. All of a sudden the girls in high school, who would never even talk to me before, were available to me. They still didn't say much to me, but they were riding in my new car, if you know what I mean. I thought that in life you had to fight for what you wanted, and that you only got what you fought for. I thought it was up to me to get to the top. "Was I ever wrong!"

I wanted to be a star more than anything. In the 70's I recorded an album with Alvin Lee from 'Ten Years After'. Some of the artists on that album were George Harrison from the Beatles, Boz Burrell from Bad Company, Ron Wood from the Rolling Stones, Mick Fleetwood from Fleetwood Mac, Steve Winwood from Traffic, and Ian Wallace from King Crimson. We had what they called in the early 70's, a "super group". Between the members of the group we had sold more than 400 million records. Some of the others that I eventually recorded or toured with were Eric Clapton, Billy Joel, Little Richard and the Who, Mountain, ZZ Top, and Grand Funk Railroad, etc.

I was living and recording in England, rehearsing for the biggest tour of my life when one night I took too much heroin. When they found me, the cigarette I was smoking had burned down between my fingers and into the flesh. They could smell the burning skin and had come in to check on me. I wasn't breathing. I had been out so long that by the

time they brought me around, my brain cells were damaged. It so spaced me out that I could not even remember the words of songs I had written, much less lead a world tour.

Suddenly it was all over. I had wrecked my hopes and drugged away my dreams. At that point I knew I needed God's help. Opening a Gideon Bible I had picked up somewhere, I lit up the hash I had been told would help me withdraw from heroin and began to read. It took seven long years for me to learn what total commitment to Jesus really means.

At that point I still didn't understand that being "born again" is quite different than being "caught again". True repentance is when you say

Rock 'n' Roll was my life. We toured around the world.



to Jesus, "I have been doing things my way; I want to start doing things Your way."

It was 1980 when I finally made Jesus my Lord at a Christian concert by a band called the 2nd Chapter of Acts. When Buck Herring (who I had worked with in the past), led the people in a prayer at the end of the concert, I made that prayer mine and have never been the same since.

That was on a Saturday night, and he told me I ought to go to church the next day. Well, I had three feet of hair and no tie. They told me that Christians were a family, but to be honest, most of them didn't

seem to be too happy about God letting me in. That building was packed, except around where I was sitting.

When I first committed my life to Jesus. I went to my pastor and said, "Hey, I don't know anybody who doesn't get stoned. All my friends stay up all night. I'm in Rock-n-Roll and I have contracts to fulfill."

He was wise and let God change my friends and me. It was actually a little comical as I helped out around the church. What a change! How many janitors do you know who drive \$100,000 cars? The church paid me \$175 a week when I was used to making between eight and ten thousand dollars a day. On my way to work one day a windshield wiper broke off my 930 Turbo Porsche. It cost me \$185 to replace it.

As you can imagine, I had a bit of a culture shock, but I'm so glad that God was ready to

Mylon and his Christian band, 'Broken Heart', live in concert in the 80s





Mylon with Kenneth Copeland and Jerry Saville  
at the Eagle Mountain Motorcycle Rally

take me just like I was. At that point, Jesus was the only one who wanted my life.

The first time I ministered to anyone was on an FGBMFI outreach with Jimmy Rogers to the Jackson State Prison in Georgia, where I shared my testimony. Christianity is simple. First, you give Jesus your life and He gives you His. And secondly, we change and grow up in Him by the renewing of our minds. In other words, we study His Word and think about what He said until we learn to think, talk, and live like Him.

Late one night in August 1989, my band, "Broken Heart", and I were on our way to a Christian concert in Nebraska when my heart suddenly hurt so badly that I couldn't breathe; I couldn't move. The doctors later told me that all my years of cocaine and heroin abuse had caused the heart attack. Approximately one third of my heart had quit working and they told me I had to stop travelling and take it easy. I didn't have any answers.

It was obvious to me that if God didn't do something fast, I would be going to heaven soon. I needed a miracle!

In January 1990, my band and I took our previously scheduled concert tour of the Philippines. The doctors told me not to go. I arrived very tired, in a lot of pain, and scared. Wandering around the hotel gift shop in Olongapo, Northern Luzon, I came across a book that changed my life. It was entitled, "God's Medicine" by Kenneth Hagen. When I tried to buy it the lady said, "I don't know where it came from; we don't sell those here. You can have it."

I read it from cover to cover and then started looking up the Bible verses it quoted. During that week we saw 10,200 kids make a commitment to Jesus, but I was in pain the whole time. Back at home I continued to study the Bible verses from that little book.

In March 1990, I went down to my brother's condo in Panama City, Florida, to fast and pray. On the third day I was walking up the beach, praying in the Spirit. Just that morning I had said, "Father God, I know the Word says that the truth will set me free.

Evidently there is something in the Bible I don't understand yet because I am not free. Please send someone to help me understand."

Walking along the beach, I passed a woman, who was later introduced to me as Gloria Copeland. As I passed by, the Lord told her that He had called me to do something and that He wanted to heal me. When a mutual friend later introduced us, she remembered me. She and her husband, Kenneth, got right down to business. He told me "my wife

doesn't play church. If God told her He is going to heal you, then it is a done deal."

"Before we pray, we need to be in agreement. If I am praying in faith and you are just hoping, we are not going to be in agreement." He began showing me Bible verses about healing. After the Copelands laid hands on me and prayed, I didn't feel any different physically, but I knew something had changed in my spirit, and I believed God had healed me.

Back home in Atlanta, I started telling everyone that I was healed. Some people told me I was putting God to a foolish test by continuing to tour, but I just replied, "God said, 'My words are life to those who find them and health to all their flesh, and by His stripes I am healed!'"

Night and day I immersed myself in the Bible. Just one year after meeting the Copelands in Florida, I returned to the beach and was able to do a lot more than just walk on the beach. I had a great time body surfing and riding jet skis.

While driving in the car along the beach, a song came to me which eventually would become number one on the Christian charts: "Invincible love... was all that could save me..." It is much more than a song to me. It is my continual testimony of God's love, mercy, and healing power.

Today, I am stronger than before the heart attack. I play racquetball, tennis, scuba dive, ride my Harley, and even ski down mountains with my wife, Christi. God has also renewed my mind. The Bible says that if any man is in Christ Jesus, all things become new. Best of all I am on way to heaven and I am enjoying the trip! ([www.mylon.org](http://www.mylon.org))



Mylon and his wife, Christi





# I CHEATED DEATH

**COLIN BARR**  
**NEW ZEALAND**

**M**oving to New Zealand's north island when I was fifteen, I started my working life. Then, when my eldest brother, John, had an idea to start an aerial top-dressing business using a Tiger Moth and a loader truck, I left the dairy and went to work for him. On our very first day John attempted, unsuccessfully, to land the plane three or four times in strong winds. I decided to help by putting up a windsock, a tall piece of 4x2 with a bit of a rag attached to the top, which I tied to the fence.

Unfortunately, John did not see the windsock, and flew straight into it! He ended up taking two feet off the bottom wing then spiraling into a gully. The plane was a complete write off and we had no money to purchase another aircraft. Then we saw an advertisement for a loader truck and driver to work for

an aerial top-dressing firm in Hawkes Bay; that is how I came to the area. After eighteen months we had saved enough money to buy two aeroplanes. John took one to Auckland and continued the business there while I stayed in Hawkes Bay to manage our new company, Barr Bros HB Ltd.

Over the next twenty years I had only one crash in a Tiger Moth. Three days after the accident the doctor informed me that I had a broken back. He had me plastered from my neck to my waist. I was young, and thought I was indestructible. I had no fear.

After twenty years in the aviation industry I bought a one-man bulldozer business, and did contract work, mainly for the farming community. Then, in the early 70's, I began working for the forestry, crushing bush and scrub.

By that time I had three bulldozers a 14 ton, a 24 ton, a 28 ton, and one gravity roller. My forestry contract was in very steep country and the work was dangerous; you needed nerves of steel. The work was most dangerous when we opened up new blocks. Once we went over the edge, we were committed until we reached the track that we had put in at the bottom. We had absolutely no idea what lay ahead of us; it could be rocks, dropouts or small sandstone faces. We would average two or three rolls per week, but of course we were strapped into our seats by a good strong harness.

Every tractor except one had a very strong cage-type canopy built for safety. This bulldozer, a Caterpillar DT7, still had its old canopy. Because of this and it having no seat belt, I did not consider it very safe for my other drivers, so I operated the bulldozer myself, keeping away from the dangerous places. One day, traveling along a track on a high ridge, heading for home, I noticed a honeysuckle tree which had been missed on the very edge of a steep gully

that had been crushed. I lifted the blade high to give a good perch to knock it over with the tip of the blade, but I did not slow down because





Jordan Hay with Colin Barr

these trees tip over easily in the pumice-type ground. I just kept motoring along in high gear with the blade fully up, knocking the tree out by its roots. Then the outside tract climbed up on the root and, because of the speed I was traveling, literally bounced me over into the gully, flipping me over and over many times. The blade came right off; tools and bits of the canopy were sprawled over the face of the steep slope.

My other two drivers, who were following behind, witnessed the scene in shock and said as they watched I was thrown over and over with the tractor like a piece of newspaper being dragged through the tracks. In fact it got so bad that they could not bring themselves to watch anymore. It was like a dream; I couldn't believe what was happening! As the tractor picked up speed in the rolls, I felt myself being thrown up into the air and then going under the 24-ton tractor. I knew I should be feeling some kind of pain. I thought I was having my arms and legs ripped off. I didn't believe that I was ever going to survive!

I can remember calling out to God for help as I flipped over into the steep, crushed gully. I knew instantly that there were no trees or bush to slow me down and that it would be impossible to survive with no protection. The noise of the rolling and pieces being torn off the tractor seemed to go on and on.

When the tractor came to rest at the bottom I ended up pinned to the bonnet, with only a bit of skin off my elbow. This was the most horrifying accident we ever had, and I could not understand how I had survived.

Then, on Sunday, 19 December 1982, I was out helping with the hay. I was standing on the top of an extra high stack on the back of a truck. When the truck backed up to the barn, I grabbed hold of part of the timber structure to swing myself into the barn. The timber broke and I fell heavily on a wheel rut in the hard ground, taking the full force of the fall on my hip. They took me to the Waipukurau hospital, and then later I was transferred to Hastings hospital. My leg was put in traction while I awaited an operation on the femur bone,

which had nine breaks from the hip to the knee.

They operated on Christmas Eve and that night I had a visit from my eldest son Keith, who left about 11 pm. Not long after he left, the pain became very intense. It got so bad that I broke out in a sweat, so I rang and asked the nurse for some painkillers. She told I could have morphine, but not for another two hours. She then told me to grit my teeth and bear it as best I could. I thought, "That is easy for her to say, she is not the one in pain." After she went out I knew I would have to think about something to take my mind off the pain.

I was anti God as well as those who believed in Him. I thought that Christians were the sort of people who were frightened of death and needed a crutch, so I'm not sure why I started to think about God. I was desperate and had always hated pain. I told God that if I put my hand on my wound and He made the pain go away, I'd know there was a true God. So I placed my hand on my wound. As soon as I did, I went instantly into a dream state. I found myself in a beautiful garden, full of

flowers with a big pond of water. There were also two cloaked men, one on each side of me. They picked me up and carried me by my arms and legs. I tried to cry out to them to put me down, that they are making my pain worse, but I didn't think they could not hear me so I gave up struggling.

I was carried to the pond and put in, shoulders first. As I touched the water I realised that it was not water, but some other kind of fluid, and as the fluid was going over me, I felt a tremendous release from the pain throughout my body; it was an incredibly beautiful feeling.

After a little while I started to realise that I couldn't breath and that I was going to drown. As soon as the thoughts went through my mind a huge hand lifted my whole body out of the pond. I found myself outside of my body, looking down at myself lying across a huge brilliant hand. It was then that I realised that it was God's hand. On that realisation, I awoke from the dream.

I was crying my heart out with the joy and peace that I felt from the experience. I knew that I had to pull myself together before the



nurse came in; I didn't want her thinking that the pain was so bad that I was crying and needing the painkillers.

The next morning when I awoke I felt like a completely new person, as if my eyes and ears were open for the very first time. I still felt the joy and peace, and knew that I had a real purpose in my life. I had no real knowledge about God or the Word of God, except for the power I felt in my body.

Three days later I was home, walking with the aid of crutches, much to the amazement of my doctor and others. That was 16 years ago and I have experienced no further pain in that area.

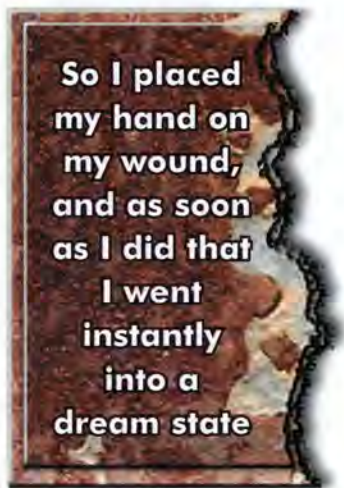
When back trouble began to plague me, it was decided that I would need an operation to fuse the first, third, and fourth vertebrae. On the day I went into the hospital a friend of mine, Colin Symes, rang before I left and said that we should pray for healing because he did not believe I should have the operation to fuse the vertebrae.

The next morning the nurse gave me the injection to put me to sleep. Dr. Curtis arrived and asked how I was and on which side the pain was. I told him the left side. Asking if I was sure, he lifted my left leg. Normally, when this was done I would feel a terrible pain go right through my back. This time I could not feel any pain in my back, so he lifted my right leg. There was no pain in my back. He shook his head in disbelief and amazement, then went out and came back with my original X-rays.


He got me to stand up and then told me to bend over and touch my toes. This I did with no pain in my back. He said there was nothing wrong with me and that he would not operate

on my back. The theatre sister said that the whole thing was a miracle.

Throughout my life, when I was in deep trouble, I would call out, "God help me". He always answered my calls for



help, even if I didn't understand it at the time. I was 48 years old when Jesus Christ came into my life.

We lost Keith, our oldest son, to cancer when he was just 33 years of age. I had never thought any of my children would die before me. We were so glad we had a relationship with Jesus at that time. His grace and mercy brought us through. 

# WORLD CONVENTION REGISTRATION FORM

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Vision Luncheon \$20

Ladies Luncheon \$25

Banquet \$30

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# His Awesome Glory

Aug. 9-12 Intercontinental Hotel - Miami, Florida



2000

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International

## 2000 WORLD CONVENTION

Speakers Include:

**Kenneth Copeland, Creflo Dollar, Richard Shakarian, More...**

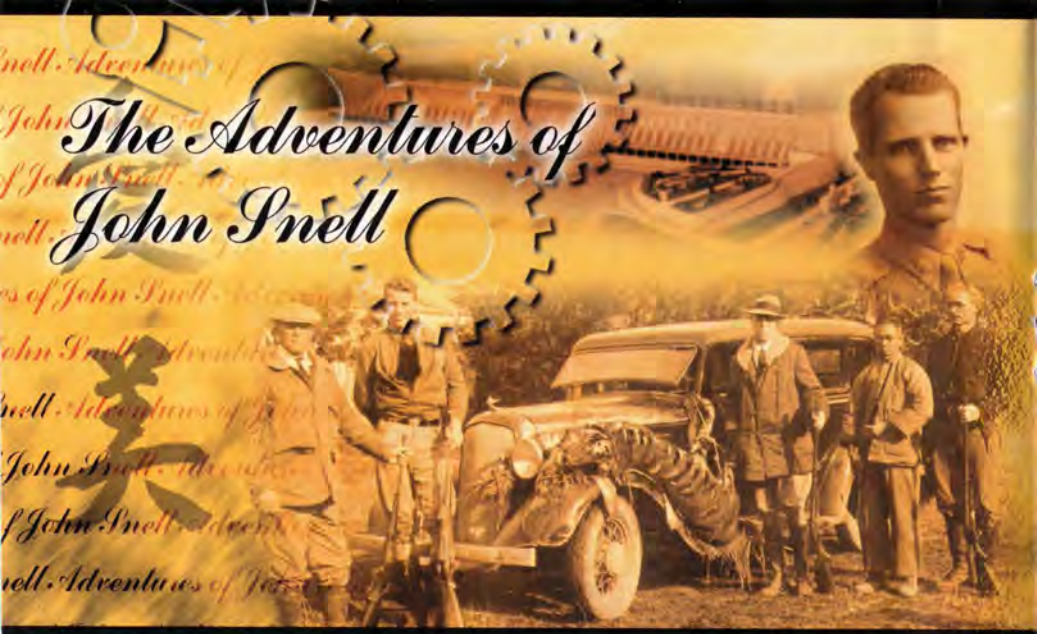


Join together with people from all around the world and be a part of this exciting, historic event.

There will be testimonies from businessmen and Fellowship leaders, who are experiencing explosive growth in their nations and chapters.

Come to the celebration rallies each night, with anointed speakers like Kenneth Copeland, Creflo Dollar and Richard Shakarian. The Convention will climax with a Grand Banquet on the final night.

There will be a special Ladies' Luncheon, an excellent childrens' program, and anointed singing and music during every meeting.



**B**efore I retired in the early 80s as chairman of the board of The Snell Environmental Group, we had 150 employees and worked in 20 states and around the world in 25 developing countries.

When I was only 20, God graciously spared my life as I encountered a 300-foot fall on ice and snow in the Montana mountains. I had been foolish and took chances. I was all alone, in light clothes, and it was only two hours before sundown. With a broken arm and my leg badly cut, God showed me the one way down the next 500 feet of rocky cliffs,

and with only one useable arm, I reached camp safely just before dark. I knew then that God had an important plan for my life.

It was while working on my doctorate at Harvard that God led me to give my life to Him and I learned, through the close-knit fellowship of Moral Rearmament, the importance of measuring my life by the Sermon on the Mount, which was abbreviated in the four absolute standards of Honesty, Purity, Love, and Unselfishness. God also helped me develop the lifelong habit of taking time each morning for adequate two-way prayer and seeking His plan for the day.

Two years later in Venezuela, on meeting a young Austrian, I was clearly and strangely led to invite him to join me on a mountain hike and to share my spiritual life with him. At the end of the day, on the way home, he confessed



that his life had been in crisis, and that until I had shared Christ's love and guidance with him, it had been his plan to take his own life the next morning. Instead, everything changed.

At the end of WW II, I was a major in the U.S. Public Health Service (USPHS) in the China Theater and, while assigned to the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration, I was put in charge of the reconstruction of all the water, waste water, and solid waste systems in the five northern provinces. In Tianjin, the largest city, the sewers were 90% clogged and we used 3,000 relief workers to clean them. In Beijing the Japanese had not removed any garbage from the city in the eight years of war with the Chinese, but had instead assigned 20 miles of residential street for disposal, and on those miles of streets the garbage was piled 20 feet deep in the center, sloping down to four feet on the

sides. This had to be removed by another 3,000 relief workers. Each man was ostensibly given three pounds of US relief flour per day for his labor. My responsibility was solely the technical aspects, but when one of my assistants confessed that he had been paid off, and that there was a widespread corrupt plan under way in which many officials were stealing much of the pay intended for the workers, I had to act.

It so happened that at this same time there was a 20-year-old by the name of Le Ying, who was the grandson of a famous general. For five years he had been the underground

**John Snell with Engineers and technicians before composting plant in Seoul, Korea.**



leader of a band of 50 men who, like Robin Hood, lived off the rich. One day Le wandered into the back of a small Chinese Christian Church and listened to a lady minister speak. As he heard the message, through his mind came the picture of the 50 people he had killed.

Then he heard a voice speaking directly to him. From that very moment he was transformed. Like Paul on the road to Damascus, he was temporarily blinded. Although the congregation had witnessed the miracle that God had performed and recognized that there was a new convert in their church, Le's reputation was well known and many feared him and didn't know what to do with him.

My roommate at that time was a young Chinese doctor with the U.N. He and I were both part of a small Christian group. When we heard about young Le's change, we were led to invite him over to our rooms to hear his story face to face. We then prayed and it was clear that we should integrate him into UNRRA and see if he could become a fearless fighter to help overcome the corruption. I took Le, who by then had been re-named Paul Le, to the Director, who



1935 John Killed a tiger in Futsing, China

was an honest man. After he had heard Paul's story from start to finish, Le was told to report to work in the morning, that he would work undercover and report only to the Director.

Within several months the details of the corrupt practices were documented without anyone knowing what was going on and the top five deputies under the Director were charged and put into jail. There is a lot more to Paul Le's story: how we helped bring him to America after the Communists took over the Chinese mainland, and after some time, how he wound up working for our FBI for 25 years. Read all about it in the book (*see page 21*).

There are two more miracles I would like to share which took place at the same time as Paul Le's story. This was a time of underground fighting between our U.S. Marines, who were militarily in charge of that part of Nationalist China, and the Communist irregulars, who were doing everything to gain strength so that at the right time they could take over the country. There was a very large Marine ammunition dump out in the countryside, about 15 miles from Tianjin, and next to it lay a three-foot-deep lake about three miles across. The lake was

a duck hunter's heaven, with literally millions of ducks. I was a duck hunter from childhood and had never seen anything quite like this. I hunted there quite a number of times and loved it. Now and then the tension between the Marines and the 500 Communist irregulars on opposite sides of the lake became so strong that the place was off limits for recreation.

One of the popular hunts was being organized by a close friend of mine, an ex-Navy man working for the U.N., and he called to insist that I join a party of 13. In my morning time of prayer and quiet I had very clear guidance that

I should not go on that hunt, as much as I wanted to.

Just three days before I had had business in that general area and had hunted at the lake both early morning and evening, but I was faithful to my guidance and did not go with the group that Saturday. On Sunday my friend came over to see me and described in detail how they had been surrounded by 100 Communist irregulars who had taken all their guns, gear and the two marine jeeps, leaving only his U.N. jeep to bring some other civilians back. The marines and their two jeeps were held for eight weeks. My friend told me I would certainly have been captured with them because the guerrillas hated the American uniform.

The second story was even more critical. Again I was obedient to clear morning guidance that I should take the train from Tianjin to Beijing and back rather than accompany my ex-Navy friend in his U.N. jeep over the 80-mile concrete highway. I had driven over this road by myself many times without incident, but now it came very clearly that I should take the train instead. The following day my friend

John and Florence in 1981



came to see me and showed me the bullet holes in the back of his jeep, describing the exciting details of how he had been stopped at a check point and a ditch along the highway, and how they had only warned him (a civilian), but would have killed me because of my uniform. After this second experience my friend took on a new and genuine interest in what morning quiet times can mean in one's life.

My military service in China was not my first experience of that great land. Originally I had been blessed by being born of medical missionaries in Suzhou, China. Dad was a famous surgeon and, in his 27 years of service, built a very modern 250-bed hospital. He didn't need to preach, for he lived out his faith and his love for the Chinese each day as he went about his work.

We were very close and he would take me along on some out-patient trips by boat. I was especially thrilled to accompany him on many hunting trips, both for birds, and often to the hill country for deer. It was on these trips that he shared the secrets of his life: "Be guided by God daily and love your neighbor as your-



John Snell, Dr. Bob Hickey and Dr. Xhao at the Great Wall.

self." It had always been my dream to return and serve China in the environmental field, but first the four years of the Sino-Japanese War, and then WWII, kept me from this plan.

After graduation in Civil Engineering from Vanderbilt, I returned to China and taught for a year at Hangzhou University so that I could see China through adult eyes and determine where I could best be of service. Though civil engineers were plentiful, I could see that China needed environmental engineers, so I planned to return to America for graduate study in that field.

Before I bring this story to a close I will mention several worthy engineering projects that Snell Environmental Group was privileged to undertake. I pick Bangladesh from the 25 countries because it was and is the most needy. By working on a joint venture basis with a local firm we were able to bring the latest applicable technology to solve some of their needs and to do it on four rather large and nationally important projects. The most gratifying was to start from the base of the "paddy fields" themselves and to build the infrastructure

for the Bangladesh Agricultural University for 8,000 students.

We were also privileged to design, construct, and teach them to operate a large hatchery, which made available to farmers two billion Indian Carp “fry” to stock the farm ponds and supply urgently needed protein for their diet.

We were also retained to prepare master plans for the two largest cities, Dacca and Chittagong for handling their storm water, which had produced much damage over the years. I do hope that your interest will encourage you to read about the hundreds of other fascinating ventures in other countries.

Recent developments in the program include:

- 1) a name: “Pollution Abatement Institute for Developing Nations” (PAIFDN).
- 2) Leadership emerging from four Engineering Departments at Michigan State University plus five associate partners from the U.S. and China.
- 3) Organizational funding in progress.
- 4) Volunteers being sought with some ability in searching the environmental internet. We are more than PAIFDN. With the Fellowship’s readers spread all over the world and their having a broad spectrum of talent, there should be a significant number led to take part in this life-saving program for our “spaceship earth.”



### 3 Gorges Dam under construction

John Snell has written a book documenting his travels and adventures. He has made it available at our website: [www.fgbmfi.org](http://www.fgbmfi.org)



**B**oth my parents worked, and sacrificed much for my 6 sisters, 2 brothers, and me. One of my brothers died as an infant and the other was mentally retarded. I suffered from a speech impairment that was corrected by a speech therapist about the time I was in the 8<sup>th</sup> grade.

From age 12, I did part-time jobs before and after school, and during summers.

School at 17, I entered the U.S. Navy. Then my mother passed away at the age of only 46 years. One year before my enlistment was up, I was granted a hardship disgrace to return to Colorado to assist my father with raising my five younger sisters and brother.

My early years had left me with low self-esteem, inferiority problems, and difficulty in relating socially. Because of these memories, for certain the last place on this earth I would ever want to live was Southeast Colorado. Within two years I managed to move out of the area and continue on with my life.

Marvin McKim - Denver CO

# Skating Success

These prevented me from participating in school sports or related social activities.

My principle recreation was roller skating at a local rink. When I graduated from High

Eventually 14 years passed. By then I was living in Denver. My life was different. My wife, Nancy, and I had just purchased a new home. In addition, we owned two rental properties. On the surface life seemed rewarding. Nancy was executive assistant to an ex-governor of the state of Colorado, and I was employed in the largest Porsche-Audi Auto Dealership in the country, as the F. & I. Manager. The previous year I had been named "Salesman of the year" and had been awarded an all-expense-paid holiday for Nancy and myself to Mexico.

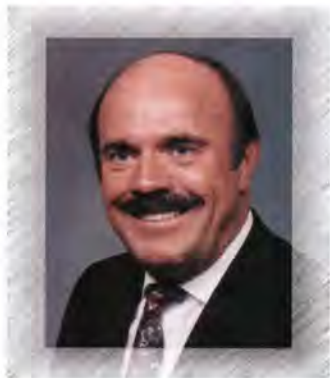
Then the day came that we invited Jesus Christ into our lives. At the same time, we prayed for God's direction, asking Him to take control of our lives. We were willing to do whatever He wanted.



Shortly thereafter I was in my office at the dealership one day, during a quiet time of reflection. The Holy Spirit moved over me, comforting me and giving me a sense of peace. God told me where He wanted me to be.

Immediately I telephoned my wife, "Nancy, I think God wants us to move back to Southeast Colorado; will you pray about it?" About an hour later Nancy called me back and told me she thought I was right.

We put our home and rental properties up for sale, and began making preparations to move. Southeast Colorado did not have the employment opportunities the City had, and I had no idea what kind of work I would do there. Previously I had spent years in the insurance business, so I thought that might be a possibility, but as a backup, I went to real estate school in Denver and obtained a license to sell real estate. My thinking was that between these two professions I would find work. Although in my spirit there was peace about moving back to Southeast Colorado, in the natural, I thought, NO! That was the last place on earth I wanted to live!



Marvin R. McKim

Nancy and I quit our jobs and we moved, not knowing what to expect. We were placing everything into the hands of Jesus. My sister, Donna, who still lived in the area, mentioned that the roller skating rink had closed many years before and the next closest rink for the people of that area was in Pueblo, CO or in Garden City, KS - both being over 90 miles in opposite directions. As the doors continued to close for insurance and real estate, we began to think about the roller skating rink. There seemed to be huge obstacles in building, owning and operating such a business.

Immediately upon arrival in the area, I attended an FGBMFI meeting, and was invited to a wonderful church. That first



day we were asked what our plans were in moving there. For the first time I announced, "We are here to build and operate a roller skating rink."

Everyone rejoiced. Apparently they had been praying for God to move in that direction so that the children in the community would have a place of recreation. At first I could not accept the fact that God might use me in such an endeavor, especially with my negative childhood memories, but the Holy Spirit gave me a peace and confidence that to this day I can not explain.

Obstacle after obstacle came down. At one point a citizens group attended a city council meeting debating the zoning of the rink, claiming the rink would become a bad influence.

Fifteen months after our arrival the rink opened for business. We had group bookings 12 months in advance. Children came from as far as 60 miles away. We taught skating to a local college class, a High School and Jr. High class, 4H classes, boy scouts and girl scouts. We even had a special program for the mentally handicapped. We were involved in bringing Christian cable television into the area, and assisted

in raising money for the Muscular Dystrophy Association and other charitable events.

The most important thing was that everyone knew we were Christians - it was a Christian roller rink. From the music we chose to our codes of conduct, we tried to be Christian witnesses. I look back knowing that the Lord used Nancy and I to influence many young lives concerning the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is amazing to me that God chose a previously speech impaired, insecure individual, such as myself, and gave him a most satisfying and fulfilling business. In my wildest dreams, I would never have pursued owning a rink, which as a kid I had so dearly loved.

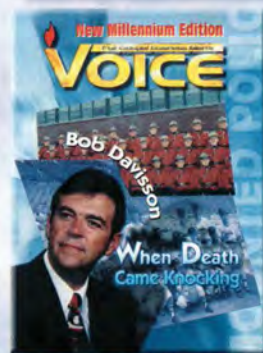
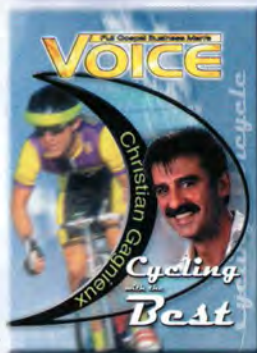
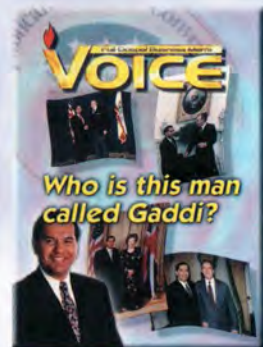
In retrospect, I remembered back to a summer evening, sitting under the stars in a small park with a friend, who was a Christian. My friend witnessed to me, and at the age of 16, I gave my life to Jesus. For several days after that I had felt different, but without any follow up, my life soon went back to where it had been. Eighteen years later I finally came into His comforting peace and direction. I am so very thankful to God for all that He has done in and through me.





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

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

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the Hull Chapter and remain so to the present time. Later I became a Field Representative, and am now a Director in the UK. It has been a wonderful privilege to speak in about 100 chapters in the UK and to travel overseas for the Fellowship to Europe and, most recently, to South Africa.

My wife, Val, has written three books. The first, 'Catching the Vision', with foreword by John and Elizabeth Sherrill, tells the story of the beginnings and development of the FGBMFI in the UK and Ireland, 'The Final Frontier', (with Dr. Richard Kent), contains 25 stories of near-death experiences, and the latest, 'The Awakening Giant', with foreword by Richard Shakarian, tells, through testimony, the exciting and miraculous story of how the Fellowship has spread across the globe (*book details: [www.fgbmfiOUTREACH.org](http://www.fgbmfiOUTREACH.org)*).

That Val wrote these books is, in itself, remarkable because throughout the 1970s, Val was not walking close to the Lord and refused to even read any Christian books. That changed in March 1980 when she was given a copy of *The Happiest People On Earth*.



When Val and I attended our first FGBMFI breakfast in March 1980, we had already known about the Fellowship for some years because Val's uncle, Walter Wainwright, had been involved since the sixties. It proved to be a turning point in our lives. Although we had both been brought up in Christian homes and knew the scriptures well, we did not understand how God wanted to be involved in our everyday lives. Hearing testimonies of people who had been healed, set free in their marriage and finances, and who knew God in an intimate way, was a revelation and life-changing experience for us.

We attended the European Convention at Wembley in August 1980, and from that time on have become more and more involved in the work of the Fellowship. I became president of

# Fellowship Events

## **NORTH EAST REGION**

### **MEN'S WEEKEND**

**July 14-16, 2000**

Contact: David Fotherby

Tel: 44-1482-449059

Fax: 44-1482-345161

Email: valfotherby@hotmail.com

## **HISPANIC BREAKFAST**

**July 15, 2000**

**El Paso, TX**

Contact: Bruno Caamano

Tel: (360) 446-6170

## **FGBMFI BELGIUM**

### **GARDEN-PARTY**

**August 5, 2000**

**Roeselaarseweg 69**

**8820 Torhout, Belgium**

Contact: Raf Depuydt

Tel: + 32 51 72.62.37

Fax: + 32 51 72.59.87

E-mail: fgbmfi.torhout@online.be

## **FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION**

**August 9-12, 2000**

**Millennium Glory**

**Miami Beach, Florida**

Contact: FGBMFI

P.O. Box 19714, Irvine CA 92623

Fax 949.260-0718

[www.fgbmfi.org](http://www.fgbmfi.org)

Hotel: Tel (305) 577-1000

Fax (305) 372-4440

## **AUSTRALIA NATIONAL CONV.**

**August 16-20, 2000**

**Canberra, Australia**

Contact: Australian National Office

PO Box 448, Melrose Park, SA 5039

Tel: 61 8 8357 6281

Fax: 61 8 8357 6275

Email: fgbmfi@ozemail.com.au

## **ALBERTA REGIONAL CONV.**

**Aug. 31-Sept. 2, 2000**

**Edmonton Inn, Alberta, Canada**

Contact: Ken Slobad

Tel: (780) 437-2527

## **TEXAS MEN'S ADVANCE**

**September 8-10, 2000**

**Camp Hoblitzelle Midlothian, TX**

(45 min. south of Dallas)

Contact: Roy Brian

Tel: 972-418-2066 Fax: 972-416-5639

Email: roybrian@msn.com

## **SO. CALIFORNIA**

### **MEN'S ADVANCE**

**September 8-10, 2000**

Contact: Mike Galleher

Tel: (909) 845-2118

Fax: (909) 845-0184

## **THE RUSSIA 2000 JUBILEE**

**September 14-16, 2000**

**Moscow, Russia**

Details: [www.fgbmfiOUTREACH.org](http://www.fgbmfiOUTREACH.org)

Contact: Michael R. Dilio

Tel: (425) 885-9591

Email: fgbmfi@fgbmf-bellevue.org

## **25TH ANNIVERSARY BANQUET**

**September 16, 2000**

**Sudbury, Ontario, Canada**

Holiday Inn, 50 Brady St.

Contact: Ron Beland,

889 Miller St., Ont., Can. P3A 2W9

Tel: (705) 566-6467

## **CAROLINA'S FALL**

### **MEN'S ADVANCE**

**September 22-24, 2000**

**Summerton, South Carolina**

4 H Camp Bob Cooper

Contact Harry Feller

Tel: (843) 571-6767

## **WESSEX REGIONAL CONV.**

**October 13-15, 2000**

**Portland Height Hotel**

**Portland Dorset, England**

Contact: Roger McColm

Tel/Fax: 01305 826864

Email: rogermccolm@nextcall.net

## **COLUMBIA GORGE CONV.**

**October 19-21, 2000**

**Shilo Inn, Exit 87 on I-84**

**The Dalles, Oregon**

Contact: John Fagan

Tel: 541 296-1123

## **MID-AMERICA RALLY**

**October 20-21, 2000**

**Pittsburg, Kansas, USA**

Contact: Joe Bartlett

Tel: 316-231-1844 Fax: 316-231-0496

Email: jbart1day@sunnetworks.net

## **BELGIUM NATIONAL CONV.**

**October 20-21, 2000**

**Izegem, Belgium**

Contact: Rik Van Neste

Tel: + 32 51/30.24.44

Email: vanneste.rik@attglobal.net

## **FLORIDA MEN'S ADVANCE**

**October 27-29, 2000**

**Lake Yale Baptist Campgrounds**

Phone: Joe Shaia

Phone: (407) 481-1035

FAX: (407) 481-1038

Email: shaia@aol.com

## **GERMAN NATIONAL CONV.**

**October 27-29, 2000**

**Kassel, Germany**

Contact: FGBMFI Germany

Tel 0049-9921-8400

Fax 0049-9921-6207

FGBMFI\_christen.im.beruf@t-online.de

# 6 Steps To Salvation

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## **Why not make your eternal decision now?**

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

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

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

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

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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**Clip and mail to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 19714, Irvine, CA 92623; ph. (949) 260-0700**

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

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



*A Great place to be*

Voice

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