



Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE

The Long Winding Road

Jim Mooers

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## Flash: To all Nations One Million Souls

The FGBMFI is set to win one million souls to Christ in Honduras . . . beginning May 15, 2000.

Millions of people are expecting us! On a secular t.v. station we were given an hour of air time. The newscaster took the requests personally so I could pray for the people on t.v. Later, on another station, the "Big News" opened up the whole nation to us. On radio, as Bruno Caamano ministered, the fire fell! The station, which covers the entire nation, kept the program going for two hours.

Our 135 Honduras chapters have each selected a day of fasting and prayer for 24 hours! That's 135 consecutive days of fasting and prayer for Fire 2000, May 15-21.

Our chapters are planning 3,000 outreach meetings during "Fire Week" - in businesses, hospitals, government offices, prisons, and orphanages, in the marketplace, among the military, and with refugees. Our youth are planning 3 stadium meetings, and outreaches in every classroom of 512 schools and universities. Everyone is asking us to come.

God has put it in my heart to go back to the t.v. news shows during "Fire Week" to tell the Nation that when Joshua took Jericho there was one lady who wanted her household to be saved. She hung a red scarf in the window. There are so many places to go that I am inviting every Honduran in the nation (all six million of them), if they want our prayers, if they want the walls in their lives to be broken, to hang a red cloth in the window of their business, their shop, their office, or their home. The red signifies the blood of Christ, and someone in every family will be saved! As our Fire Teams are going down the street, they will stop when they see the red cloth - the signal of God's blessing.

Many nations are coming . . . from all the Americas . . . Europe . . . and Africa! We invite you to come and be a part of this historic event.

Last night, I received a call from Germany - they are bringing ten people from just one district . . . and they are also sending finances to help.

*Richard Shakarian*





**I**t seemed like the most important moment of my life. Success was of utmost importance. I was committed to winning that event at the 1994 National Amateur Snowboarding Championship for half-pipe and slope-style at Lake Tahoe, California.

After some stretching and loosening up, I pushed off toward the pipe. My run was flawless, placing me number one on the "Standings List". Next came the slope-style event - again I was flawless, landing all my tricks and taking first place. I was so stoked and proud. It was the absolute pinnacle of my existence. But looking back, I am amazed at my reactions...

I was born in Berkeley, California on February 26, 1957. Although my mom and dad

did not attend church, they were religious, insisting that my sister and I attend Sunday School every week.

Being hyperactive did not make school an easy time for me. For most of my teachers, I was a problem. My condition would later be treated successfully, but at the time I was always being told I had done something wrong. I couldn't do anything right. In contrast, my younger sister couldn't seem to do any wrong - in my parents eyes that is.

# 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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Because of my short attention span, I would get very frustrated with school work. My grades were never very good. However, I participated in varsity level tennis and soccer throughout high school. About that time I began using marijuana, something which would have very negative consequences on my life for years to come. This not only made it more difficult to apply myself in school, but it also alienated me from many other things.

Marijuana anesthetize me from the terrible pain and loneliness that engulfed me as a teenager. I had a void inside me that I was desperately trying to fill. I made no attempt to hide my drug use from the kids at school. I did try to keep my family from knowing what I was doing, although after getting calls on numerous occasions to bail me out of jail for drug possession, I think they began starting to get the idea. Although they strongly disapproved of what I was doing, they always came to bail me out.

My parents were responsible, caring, busy professionals, who had their own well-organized lives to lead, and being confronted with a pot-

smoking rebel son was almost more than they could handle.

Before the end of my senior year at high school I was offered a scholarship to play college tennis. However, my academic work had been so dismal, I declined the scholarship.

Struggling to take on the responsibilities of the real world without God, I donned a suit and tie and worked as a salesman for various companies, spending countless hours pounding the pavement and working the phones to peddle my wares to prospective customers.

Soon I decided this was not for me, so for the next two years I divided my time between surfing, skateboarding, marijuana and trying to eke out an existence as a homeless street person, scrounging for food, money, and a place to lay my head at night.

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*Although I didn't get into skiing, from the very first time, I was hooked on snow-boarding*

Often I slept in alleys, on the beach, or with people who offered to take me in for a while. It was a dangerous, pointless existence and I was always scared. Sometimes all I would have to eat for a week at a time would be a loaf of bread and a package of cream cheese.

Despite all the craziness, I believe God protected me on many occasions. I used to hitch-hike to get places. One time I accepted a ride from some people who turned out to be members of a motorcycle gang. One of them pulled out a pistol and pointed it to my head saying, "Buddy, this will be your last ride."

I was petrified with fear, certain they were going to kill



me. I even considered jumping out of the moving car. It turned out to be a joke, and they were just having some laughs at my expense. They finally dropped me off at my destination, but they had cured me of all desire to hitch-hike once and for all.

At that time in my life I was hanging out with some pretty unsavory people - drug-dealers, ex-convicts, and others, who could easily have gotten me into serious trouble.

After I'd been on the streets for about two years, I

decided I needed a change and got a job working at a bakery and another at a car wash until I had saved enough money to move from Los Angeles back to the Bay area. Finally I was able to relocate and found a place in a decent neighborhood that I could afford. Then I was fortunate enough to get hired by a roofing contractor and begin learning the roofing trade. My boss had a very good business and made great money. He taught me all the tricks of the trade and soon I was making good money, too.

I was still lonely and unhappy. My boss could see this, too, and said to me, "Jim, something is missing in your life." Then he asked me to go to church with him.

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*I competed in the 1994 National Amateur Snowboarding Championship*





*I had been training rigorously for months to hone my snowboarding skills.*

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At first I was hesitant, thinking I didn't need church. I had a good job, I had money and all the marijuana I could use, but my boss was persistent and I finally relented and went along. My walls remained in defensive mode for the first few visits. Then I opened up and prayed the "Sinner's Prayer". While still on my knees, I looked up and saw what I believe was Jesus. I felt a great change come over me, like I had finally been given a meaning in life.

After that experience I attempted to live as a Christian, but found it very tough going. I just wasn't getting the critical backup and support I needed as a young Christian, and still didn't fully comprehend the value of good fellowship with other Christians. Finally, I decided to make another move, away from my boss, and my comfortable lifestyle.

In 1986, I relocated to Bend, Oregon, on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains. It was there that a friend introduced me to

snowboarding. My very first time on a snowboard had me hooked. It was literally like another drug for me; I had to do it better than anyone else. After snowboarding only two years, I knew I would never be happy until I had proved I was the best by winning a national title.

Even though I still prayed, I felt like I was a lost and weary traveler, wandering blindly and hopelessly through a vast desert. Contemplating this issue, it seemed odd to me that, though I had accepted Jesus many years before, my life, for the most part, was no different than before. With that realization came a sadness and a

strong resolve to change, once and for all. After rededicating my life to the Lord, I found a church that I could actively worship and fellowship in.

Since joining Westside Foursquare Church in Bend in 1997, I have been active in one of the church worship teams and other events.

## We climbed about fifty feet up these trees...

I am more at peace now than ever before in my life. I rejoice in each day that the Father so graciously gives me. These days are treasures to me when I consider the many times I almost lost my life. Like the time a friend and I smoked pot and then decided to go tree climbing down in the Bay area. We climbed about fifty feet up these trees and started walking from branch to branch, in the dark, while stoned. Suddenly the branch I had just stepped on broke, and I started plummeting toward the ground. Somehow I managed to grab

onto the top of a nearby tree. The small tree then bent double, depositing me shaken, but unhurt, on the ground below. God protected me in many dangerous times.

Being plugged into a supportive church has made me realize the importance of fellowship to provide backup for one's Christian walk. I realize that not having this support in the past contributed, in a large part, to my falling away. This journey has given me compassion for others and allowed me to put others first, as Jesus did, instead of having the world centered around me, like it used to be. I want to help others anyway I can. I want others to know about the dangers of drugs and hanging out with the wrong people.

God in his gracious Mercy has changed me. He took away my drugs and the terrible emptiness in my life and replaced them with an unspeakable joy that comes from knowing His precious love. Jesus loves you in the same way He loves me. Everything He did for me, He also wants to do for you.







s/Sgt. Randy Ryan, U.S. Army

**Engulfed in flames, the dying soldier gasped, "DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SARG.... HELP MY FRIENDS! I KNOW WHERE I AM GOING WHEN I DIE!"**

On March 23rd, 1994 while stationed at Ft. Brag, North Carolina, home of the 82nd Airborne Division, I went over to Green Ramp (at the air base where they do airborne operations). While I was visiting a friend, Steve Maldonado, who was attending Jump Master School, I watched from the sidelines as he gave

his all - then more. Seeing the grueling testing my buddy's class was being put through, I hardly noticed the sound of the jets behind me landing and taking off. The resounding whirl of combat helicopter blades and bursting explosives are routine in the advance training of the Army's troops.

As I looked at my friend, his eyes became the size of silver dollars. Turning around, to



my astonishment, I was looking at a scene that I could not have imagined would happen to me.

An F-16 fighter jet had collided with a C-130 transport plane and the F-16 was headed straight for us. A loud boom sounded when the jet fighter made contact with the hard earth. The group of soldiers that I had just walked through were directly hit by the ball of flaming metal.

The urgency of the disaster flashed through my mind. Thousands of gallons of highly explosive fuel just spewed over the soldiers. Flames leaped from soldier to soldier as they lay helpless, moaning and screaming for someone to come to their rescue.

I leaped to the nearest victim. His whole body was a ball of flames from which he was moaning and screaming to me for help. As I grabbed his hand to pull him out from

under a burning pile of debris, his skin came off into my grip as though it were a thick rubber glove being peeled from his palm and fingers. Realizing this would not work, I dragged him out by his clothing, extinguished flames and gave a fellow soldier directions on how to treat his dying comrade.

Jumping to the next man I pulled out my knife, leaned over him, and started cutting off what was left of his burning uniform. As I struggled in an attempt to save the young soldier's life, he looked up at me in the eyes with a face that had already lost its form from the fire. With a peace that could have calmed the roughest sea, he said, "Don't worry about me, Sarg," his body still engulfed in flames, "Help my friends; I know where I'm going when I die."

Amid the awful smell of burning flesh, the broken bodies of my fellow soldiers, and their agonizing pleas for help, I shall never forget the difference between the reactions of those first two dying victims I tried to help. There was no time to stop and think about it as I worked the best I could among the twenty-five paratroopers who died, and the remaining survivors.

That scene has never left my mind for long. As you can well imagine, it changed the direction of my life for good.

Like so many kids who attend church and Sunday School, I became a Christian and, at the time, was serious about living for Jesus Christ. In my older adolescence and young manhood, Jesus became less and less important in my life. In the Army, I would spend my off time in

places I ought not to be, but I did make it a point to fraternize with other Christians.

Yet, I can best explain the religion I practiced by comparing it to that of the prophet Jonah. When God told him to go to Ninevah and minister to the sinful population, he took a boat in the opposite direction. God used a traumatic experience which almost left that prophet dead, before Jonah obeyed his Heavenly Father.

Trying to help those first two soldiers who were in the midst of a flaming crash and were dying, clearly showed me the difference between the saved and the unsaved. One soldier was terrified of dying and was screaming for help, but it was too late. The other, also knowing his life was running out, gave his last message,

“Don’t worry about me, Sarg, I know where I’m going when I leave this earth.”

He showed me what is expected of Christians. From him I learned that I was to give my Christian witness with my life, through my actions, and not waste it by associating with the immorals of this world. One of those dying soldiers was scared to death... the other, hurting just as acutely from a fatally burned body, was calm and secure in his faith as he faced death.

Until this dying paratrooper witnessed to me in the last minutes of his life, I was not living the life of a Christian. Like Jonah, I would head in the wrong direction - to the bars or wherever that crowd was gathering.

Twice I had failed to make the grade for the Special Forces. On the first try I did well, but a couple of days prior to completion, I fell and broke my neck and didn’t make the test. After recovering my strength, I tried again and was making the grade, but on a very hot day, carrying a heavy ruck sack with additional weight on top of that, I became a heat casualty. For the second time I was unable to qualify. I

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*s/Sgt. Randy Ryan*



began to wonder if perhaps the Special Forces was not where I was supposed to be.

God's plan was soon very evident. I would have a sizable company of soldier trainees directly under me. As Drill Sergeant their training and, to a great extent, their whole lives would be under my control for two full months. This is the length of the Field Medical Training at Ft. Sam Houston where I was assigned.

I would have the privilege of demonstrating my Christian witness to these young men and women soldiers just out of basic training. To be sure, a DI had to be a tough taskmaster. My challenge was to show a new congregation every sixty days what it was to live the Christian life and still get the hard job done.

I knew that I had to train them well. I had to be the best, not just another Drill Sergeant. As a Christian, I had to love the soldiers under my care while pushing them to the limits of what they could stand. They knew there was something different about me, something they very possibly could admire.

Not only did I have the chance to witness to my soldier

students by my Christian behavior and individual counseling, but the ministry of my Christian influence widened far beyond anything that I could have possibly imagined.

The Full Gospel Men's Fellowship began to sponsor Prayer Breakfasts at Sam Houston where I was stationed. When asked to give my testimony at one of the breakfasts, I found that the words of a Christian Drill Sergeant appealed to and challenged the soldiers - male and female. I spoke their language and some of them, from experience, knew that I was as good as my word.

I was their DI, but they knew that I loved them and wanted them to know Jesus just as I did. God knew where he wanted me to work for Him when he placed me at Fort Sam Houston. The first time I spoke at a Prayer Breakfast, almost two hundred men and women Field Medics stood to publicly express their acceptance of Jesus Christ as Lord of their lives. They signed commitment cards so that each could be contacted to enroll in Bible Study classes to strengthen their faith.

At Ft. Sam Houston, a class of Field Medics is being graduated every two months. They are replaced by new classes of soldiers. During the past two years I have been asked to speak several times to new classes of trainees. The Lord has blessed my testimony and each time I have spoken, the percentage of those committing their lives to Jesus Christ has been high. Over 1770 soldiers have accepted Christ at the Full Gospel Breakfasts at Ft. Sam Houston during the past two years.

Because of interest in Evangelism Breakfasts being expressed at other military bases I was asked to accompany a deputation team

to Keesler Field, Mississippi, and give my testimony. I was unable to leave with the witness team, but my Commanding Officer arranged for me to be flown to Keesler Field AFB to give my testimony. Our team includes Ruben Ruiz, President of the Ft. Sam Houston Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter and Dr. Jerry Hardwick, Area Military Director of the Campus Crusade. We have also presented programs at Pensacola Naval Air Base and Ft. Sill, Okla. A sizable number of men and women have made decisions for Jesus Christ. Chaplains and FGBMFI at the bases are working together.

I gave my testimony on a video that was used in the San Antonio Billy Graham Crusade and seen by 66,000 people and I will soon tell my Christian experience on National television.

I do not forget the two soldiers who were dying of burns after the crash of the C-130.

One was screaming in pain and fear, afraid of death. The other was calm and confident, even in the greatest of pain, in his final moments of life, telling me to help a soldier who had a chance of living because he was not afraid. He was right with God, and knew that he would soon be with Him in Heaven.

That dying Paratrooper reawakened me to the realization of Jesus Christ dying for my sins. Jesus did not have to go to the Cross. He did it of his own free will - for me and for you.



# WORLD CONVENTION REGISTRATION FORM

Registration \$25

Vision Luncheon \$20

Ladies Luncheon \$25

Banquet \$30

Total \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Nation \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Fax \_\_\_\_\_

Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp Date \_\_\_\_\_

Return to FGBMFI: P.O. Box 19714, Irvine CA 92623 Fax 949.260-0718 [www.fgbmfi.org](http://www.fgbmfi.org)

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## HOTEL REGISTRATION FORM

Hotel: Inter-Continental Miami 100 Chopin Plaza Miami, FL 33131

**\$89\*** for Single and Double **\$99\*** for Triple and Quad

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Nation \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Fax \_\_\_\_\_

Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp Date \_\_\_\_\_

### Occupancy

Please reserve \_\_\_\_\_ room(s) for \_\_\_\_\_ Persons for \_\_\_\_\_ night(s)

Arrival Date \_\_\_\_\_ Departure date \_\_\_\_\_

Single

Double

Triple

Quad

Return to hotel: Phone (305) 577-1000 FAX (305) 372-4720 \* + tax and maid service

Must register by June 1st to ensure Convention rates.

# 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 for a Grand Banquet on the final night.

There will be a special ladies' luncheon, excellent childrens' program, anointed singing, and music during every meeting.



# A Cowboy's dream

A photograph of a cowboy on a dark horse, silhouetted against a bright sunset. In the background, an oil pumpjack is visible against the orange and yellow sky. The scene is set in a rural, open landscape.

Eric Pittser - Broken Arrow, OK

I was born in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. We lived in the country on a small farm. I was used to feeding and caring for the animals. The horses were my best friends.

Much later, when I was in university, I came home one time and found my mother sitting on the front porch, crying. I thought something bad must have happened. When I asked what was wrong, she said, "You got a letter today. It says that you've been selected by friends and neighbours to join the United States Military." It made me mad to think my

neighbor got me drafted into the Army. I was just a country boy.

Later I was selected to go to Officers' Candidate School. After graduating from the Military Academy, I went immediately to Vietnam, where I spent two terms. During that time I received 21 awards and decorations. Back home, I became an instructor in the Special Forces.

After the war ended, I got out of the military. When I went back home, I met a wonderful girl; she was my boss at the time. The minute I saw her, I fell in love with her. I had actually met her once before, but this time God did something in my heart.

In Vietnam, with all that I had had to do there, my heart had grown cold. I just didn't like people, and it seemed I couldn't get along with anyone. Eventually I became an



independent businessman, not by choice, but because every time I had a job I would get fired. If my boss said something I didn't like, I'd just punch him in the face.

As an independent oil producer, I thought I was happy. As a matter of fact, my net assets were close to 2 million dollars of cash liquidation. I thought I had everything. My wife and I had a new home. She had just had our fourth child. I liked my wife and knew she was the best person I had ever met, the most wonderful woman I knew. I wanted to love her and our family, but I didn't know how. There was just no love in my heart, and I didn't know how to change that.

Then I hired a man to open a branch of my company in another part of the state. I would come home and tell my wife, "You know, there is something different about this guy." After saying this for 3 or 4 months she asked me, "What is so different about this guy you hired? You keep saying that, but what is it?"

I replied, "Well, if I had to guess, I would say that he has a light bulb on the inside of him."

She questioned, "A light bulb on the inside of him?" "Yes," I replied, "And every time I go there, he invites me out to go to some religious businessmen's group." She responded, "Well, go!"

A couple of days later, he said, "There is a special meeting in Tulsa and I want to go. Can I spend a couple of nights with you and go to this special meeting? Do you want to go with me?"

I said, "No, I don't want to go to anything that is Christian." I was so ignorant. I thought a Christian could not be a soldier. Of course,

now I know that the most feared soldiers in the Bible, were God's men, but at the time, I thought you had to be what we call a "wimp", or a "sissy." The only thing I knew about churches was that they fought a lot, and I knew I didn't want to be a any part of that.

Eventually, I went to one of the meetings with my colleague. A man stood up and started by saying, "God loves you." Those were the only words I heard. "God loves you." Those three little words pierced my heart. If somebody had taken a sword, heated it over a fire, and ran it into my heart, it would not have



pierced any deeper. I made a decision that night to give my life to God. At the beginning, I did not know about Jesus; it was some weeks later that I learned God had demonstrated his love for me by giving His Son, Jesus Christ. That was 22 years ago, and I have been serving Him ever since.

When I had walked into that meeting, I could honestly have said I was not afraid of any living man or beast. (I had no fear on the inside of me, but I also had no love.) However, three or four days later, I found myself afraid. Do you know what I was afraid of? Going to church! And do you know why? Because at one time or another I had heard people from a church talking about one another. I would lay in bed at night and open my Bible and say, "Oh God, ...please help me."

About three days later Demos Shakarian called me at 2:30 in the morning - by mistake, he thought. It was a Divine appointment. I answered the phone and he started talking to me as though he knew me. Then I said, "I know who you are. You were at the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International meeting."



*Eric and Nancy Pittser with  
the Ambassador of Singapore*

After that I joined a local FGBMFI Chapter. I was spiritually fed by the mature Christians there for almost a year before I ever felt secure enough inside to go to a church. Those older men so inspired me with their faith and their integrity, and the love and the compassion they had for me that 22 years later, it's still on the inside of me. Those men encouraged me.

I went on to Rhema Bible Training Center, but that wasn't enough, so I continued my education until I received my doctorate degree in ministry. I have preached around the world. My wife and I have helped lead over 15,000 people into the kingdom of God, with Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour.

I've spoken in many parts of the world in Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International meetings. Why? Because there is not the freedom in every country to worship Jesus or attend church. I was able to help start many churches while I was in Indonesia.

When we first went to Indonesia in 1982, the government would not allow missionaries to come into the country, but they did permit

the Full Gospel Business Men to come. The FGBMFI reached many of the government people. Some of the Full Gospel Businessmen in Indonesia are more wealthy than some of us can even imagine, and the government gave them an open door.

It was through the FGBMFI that hundreds of thousands of people in Indonesia came to know the Lord. In Malaysia, the church is severely persecuted and restricted by government regulations. The fact is that when the church cannot be used because of government restrictions, God will use other groups to minister. He is using the FGBMFI to penetrate a lost and dying world for our Lord Jesus Christ. We should make use of what God has set in place. Through it, we can fulfil the Great Commission He gave us to preach the Gospel.

I co-authored a doctorate thesis. The basis and foundation of this thesis was the place of the para church organizations in the body of

Christ since the Apostle Paul. There is Biblical proof that God has always used groups outside the church to spread His word. In some countries where the church is restricted, God is getting around those restrictions by raising up people who will carry the good news of Jesus through the FGBMFI.

One morning while I was teaching a class in Indonesia, God revealed to me that He was releasing me from my ministry there. This was not through an audible voice or a vision, but just a quiet assurance within me. I knew God had spoken as well as I knew my own name.

At the time, I was happy where I was, my ministry was

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### *The FGBMFI in Indonesia*




bigger than ever, and the funds were more than ever before. I was happy in what I was doing. I spent 14 hours a day teaching and studying the Word of God for 4 years. I never did anything else. Establishing churches, I sometimes preached five times on Sundays, in different churches and towns.

At the time God spoke to me, I remember I was lecturing my students, and I stopped in mid-sentence because of how clearly God had spoken to my heart.

After that class I walked into the office and said to my wife, "Guess what? We're going back to America!" She looked up at me - I remember she was studying for a class - and she said (very sarcasti-

cally), "Yea, right." Two days later Richard Shakarian called me long distance. How he managed to get through, I don't know, because the communication system is quite poor in Indonesia, especially where our school was located. He told me, "Eric, I need help." He asked, "Can you come back to America and help me? I know you have a great love and respect for the FGBMFI."

I have been fed a great deal of spiritual food in FGBMFI meetings over many years by great anointed ministers. I have learned that you need to know who you are in Christ Jesus; you need to know what you are doing; you need to know what you are about.

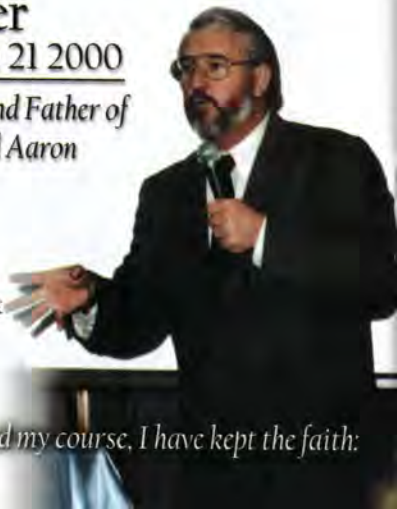
The anointing is on the FGBMFI because God is in it. Don't be ashamed of what you are a part of, because it's a great and mighty, noble, anointed and called-of-God organization. 

## Eric Pittser

Nov 18 1944 - March 21 2000

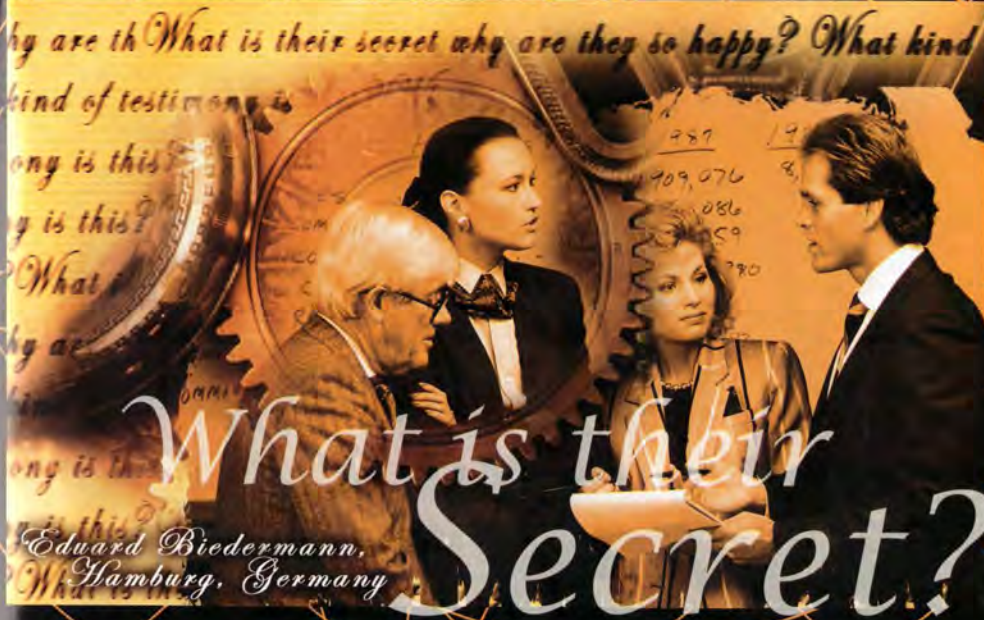
*Husband of Nancy Pittser and Father of  
Tiffany, Sara, Matt and Aaron*

On March 21st, while serving the Lord in Indonesia, Eric Pittser went home to his reward.



*(2 Tim 4:7 KJV) I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:*





In October, 1994, I went to Jerusalem with a group from the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. At the time I was working with an Ethiopian shipping line in Hamburg, Germany. On the outside everything was going great, we had all we needed. I was married and had a seventeen-year-old daughter who was still in school.

However, God seemed a long way off. It had been more than fifteen years since I'd had contact with the State Church in which I had been confirmed. After an intensive search in philosophy, looking for life's meaning, I turned my attention to Christianity. It was then that I was invited to a Chapter dinner of the FGBMFI in Hamburg. I had no idea what the whole thing was about, but the conviction I saw there

about Jesus and His works in our modern world deeply impressed me.

Based on the strength of the testimonies I saw in that meeting, I became convinced that this was something that warranted a closer look. I wanted to know the secret to those powerful testimonies. It appealed to me to experience Christian things, but I was still far from stepping into a walk of faith.

I began attending a regular church service at which I saw a Menorah on the altar. It bothered me that there was



*At the time Eduard Biedermann was working with an Ethiopian Shipping Line.*

so little talk about Israel and I didn't want to just blindly follow a religion. With this in mind, I decided to go along on the FGBMFI trip to Jerusalem to learn more about the roots of Christianity.

All I knew about the trip was that it was being billed as the first Jerusalem Convention; I had no idea what I was about to experience. From the beginning, when my group first came together, there was prayer at each of the places we visited. It was eye-opening to hear the consistent words

about the miracles of Jesus pointing us towards Him, without long speeches. This was something totally new for me, but seemed natural.

To my amazement, I found myself a part of this spiritual event, though it was so different for me. Up to that point I would have been suspicious of big conventions like this. I was especially drawn by some people from England that I met at the hotel in Tiberias on their way to an early morning prayer time. They greeted me with such joy and enthusiasm.

Just after this it was announced that there would be a baptismal in the Jordan River, which had not been planned. The opportunity was presenting itself for me to make a public proclamation of my desire to follow Jesus. Without fully understanding how these things



should be done, that day I committed my life to the Lordship of Jesus Christ without reservation and irrevocably. All I could do was cry, "Hallelujah!" I felt so happy and light in my spirit. The next morning I was heading out to walk in the old city of Jerusalem when I met the English group again. They were on their way to their prayer meeting. I asked if I could come along and was immediately invited to join them. From them I learned that Jesus is never far from any of us. He is standing with open arms, ready to receive us, though we often wander off blindly in our own direction.

At one point some of the men laid hands on me and prayed. God filled me with a peace and joy that I had never felt before. During the trip I came into a relationship with God that finally fulfilled the longing of my heart. I found what I had been searching for. He met my desire

for peace and filled me with His Holy Spirit and power. At the same time I experienced a deep fellowship with the others on that trip. This was also unique for me. The question I had following that first meeting of the FGBMFI - "What is the secret in their testimonies" - was answered. I learned then, and now know from my own personal walk with God, that it is the Holy Spirit who leads men to the heart of Jesus.

Since that oasis experience I have longed for more of God. Today I get up every morning and cry out to Him for a fresh outpouring of His Holy Spirit and power for that day. In Him I experience the saving power of Jesus. He has put me on a firm foundation.

My relationship with Jesus has also affected my relationships with people. I now have a burning love for my wife. When I go to work, I no longer have to put on a formal professional friendliness. I actually care about people, and can even greet many of those I'm working with as family in God. The masks are gone and we truly love and respect each other. The mistrust and competition that results in doubt and conflict is no longer there.



Now I go to church with joy, realizing that I am worshipping the one and only living God. I am so grateful for the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. Through them men which came from other nations to share the power of God with me in a way I could understand and receive.



---

*Part of the group in Isreal*



## **I CAN HEAR!**

**Lars-Olof Granström, Saffle, SWEDEN**

In 1982 we attended a special event in Oslo, Norway. My hearing had been impaired since birth. When the people there prayed for me, God healed me. The first thing I noticed when I left the building was that I could hear the grass under my feet. What a thrill! I had never heard such a sound before. I could even hear small animals. It was a miracle. God is still in the healing business today.



# VOICE

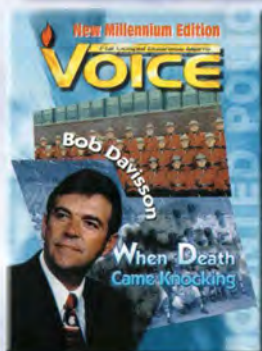
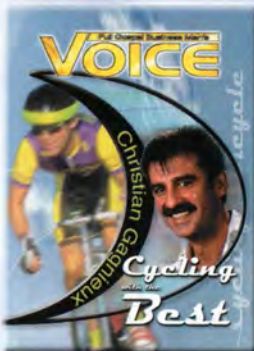
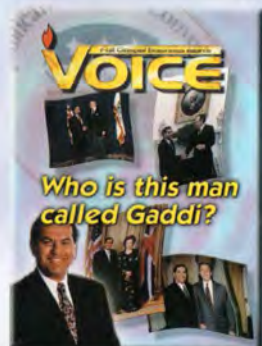
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# Fellowship Events

## **HONDURAS - FIRE TEAMS**

**May 15-21, 2000**

**We are calling for 5,000  
volunteers for the whole week.**

Contact: Honduras Nat. Office

Tel: 504-232-7875

Fax: 504-239-1897

## **DENMARK NATIONAL CONV.**

**May 20, 2000**

**Hotel Medi, Ikast, Denmark**

Contact: Håkon Rohde

Hugo Martinussen

Tel: +45 9726 7758

or +45 9715 6456

Email: rohde@herning.mail.telia.com

## **NORTHERN NEW YORK REGIONAL CONVENTION**

**May 19-20, 2000**

**Ramada Inn, 6300 Arsenal St.,  
Watertown, NY 13601**

Contact: John Barone

Tel: (315) 782-7145, (315) 788-7019

## **20th BLACK LAKE MEN'S CAMP**

**May 19-21, 2000**

**Black Lake, Olympia WA**

Contact: Don Van Parys

Tel: 206 722 0902

Email: corkless@msn.com

## **FIRST WARSAW, POLAND CONV.**

**May 26-28, 2000**

Contact: Dennis Spensel

Tel: (604) 574-0690

Email: dennis@envirobee.com

## **FRENCH MEN'S CAMP**

**June 1-3, 2000**

**Vichy, France**

Contact: F de Beauchene

Tel: (33) 1 30 58 09 59

Fax: (33) 1 30 58 00 53

Email: beauchene@club-internet.fr

## **INLAND EMPIRE MEN'S CAMP**

**June 2-4, 2000**

**Camp Reed, Spokane County**

A Holy Spirit Encounter

Contact: Blake Carlson

Tel: 509-483-0308 Fax: 509-483-9215

Email: Blake@spkol.com

## **UK NATIONAL COUNCIL DINNER**

**June 9, 2000**

**Bath, UK**

Contact: Brian Hilliard

Tel: (+044) 01225 859862

Fax: (+044) 01225 859862

Email: hilliard@btinternet.com

## **SO. CALIF. COUPLES' ADVANCE**

**June 9-11, 2000**

Contact: Mike Galleher

Fax: (909) 845-0184

## **ST. LOUIS REGIONAL CONV.**

**June 14-17, 2000**

**Holiday Inn Southwest,**

**10709 Watson Rd., St. Louis**

Contact: Leonard Riebold

Tel: 636 296 7800

## **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**

**Roeseelaarseweg 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

# 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 \_\_\_\_\_

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*A Great place to be*

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