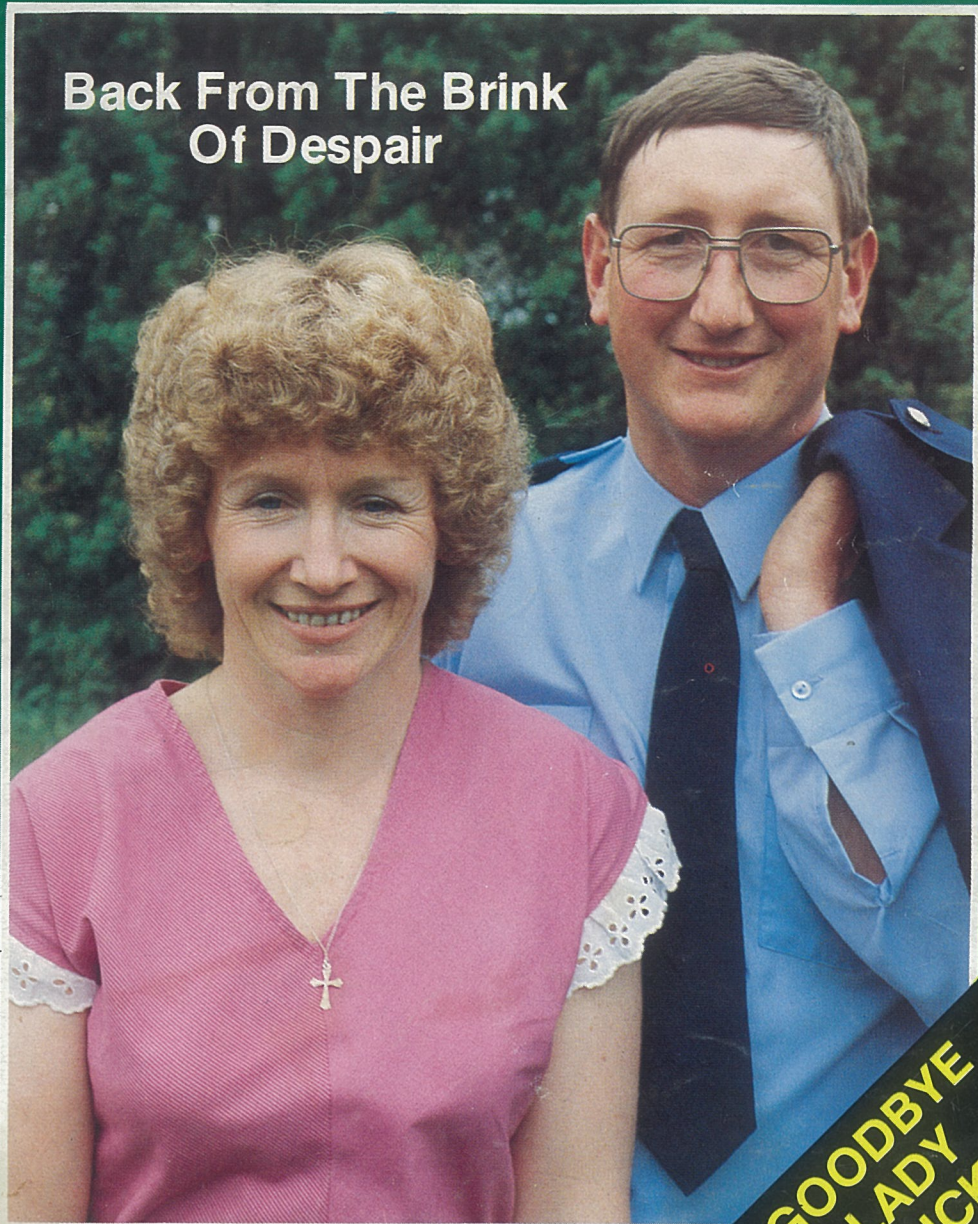


SOUTH PACIFIC  
**VOICE**

**Back From The Brink  
Of Despair**

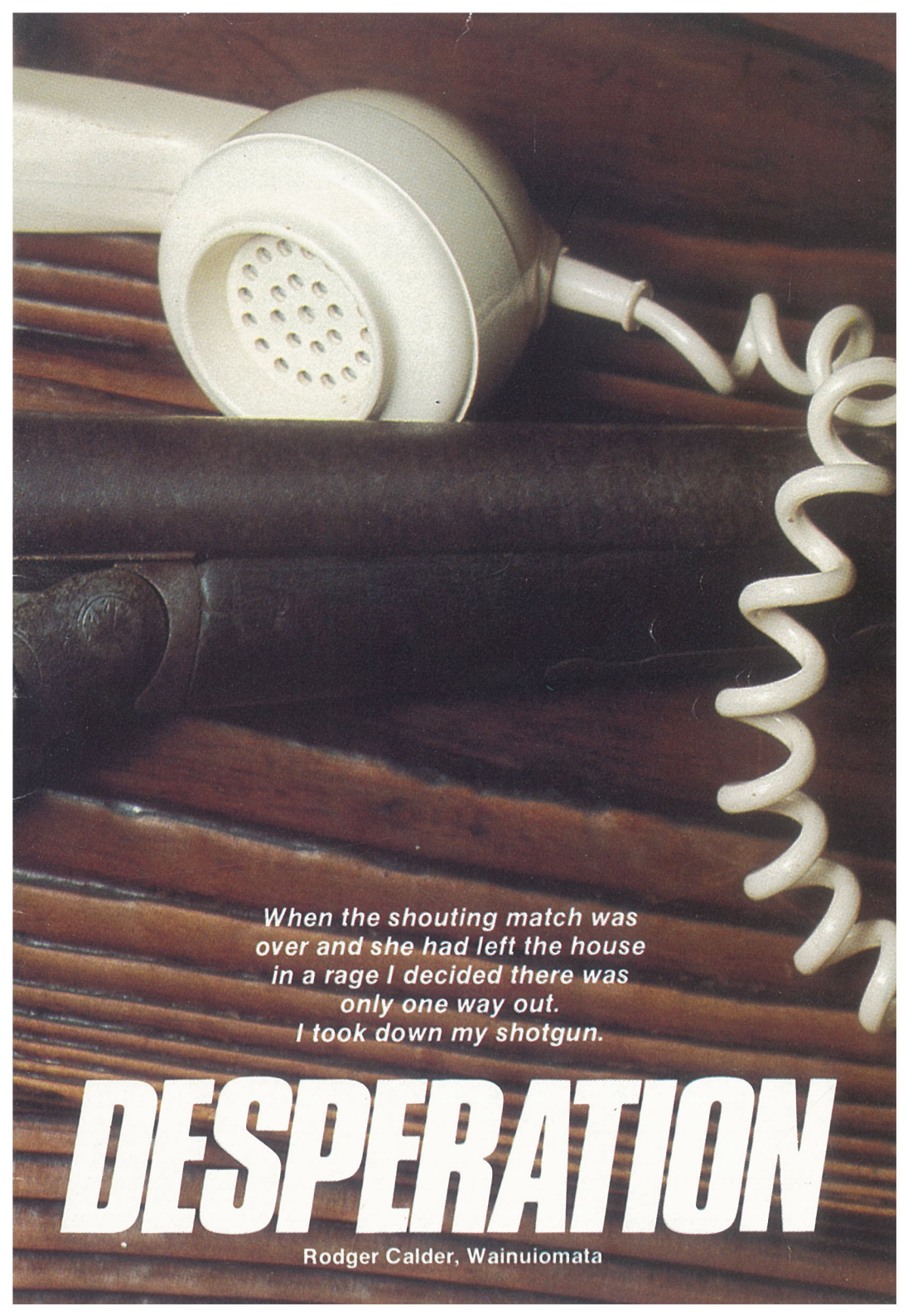


**GOODBYE  
LADY  
LUCK**  
Page 8









*When the shouting match was  
over and she had left the house  
in a rage I decided there was  
only one way out.  
I took down my shotgun.*

# **DESPERATION**

Rodger Calder, Wainuiomata



**“When you come home in the morning, I’m leaving!” Click.**

I hung up the phone in a daze. Things were bad between us, but I didn’t think she’d go that far.

I was working for the fire service and when my shift was over I went home to have it out with her. It was nothing but a big brawl. A lot of unkind things were said and a lot of things got thrown at each other. She left me in no doubt that as far as she was concerned our relationship was finished.

When the shouting match was over and she had left the house in a rage I decided there was only one way out. I took down my shotgun, loaded it, pressed the muzzle under my chin and set my finger on the trigger.

I sat like that for an hour and a half, but I couldn’t bring myself to pull the trigger.

Finally I jumped into the car and drove up to the top of the hill to have a go up there. I figured it would be less messy. The same thing happened — I stared down the barrel of that gun for an hour, but I couldn’t do it.

Then, from out of nowhere a thought came into my mind: You need a minister.

Fair enough, I thought. I’m not doing much good here.

I got back into the car and drove to Lower Hutt, where I ended up at the Methodist Church. It was locked, but a sign on the door said to go to such and such an address if you wanted to see the minister.

I went to the address and the minister’s wife came to the door. She took me inside and gave me a cup of tea. The minister wasn’t in so she asked if she could help.

“I can’t tell you,” I replied.

“Well, is it urgent?”

“Sort of.”

I was feeling pretty awkward at this stage. She told me her husband would be a little while and suggested I see the minister in Wainuiomata. I got the directions from her and got back into the car.

At least the minister at Wainui was in, and he took me to his home. I started telling him what the trouble was. He stopped me and said: “Listen, I think I’d better come up and have a word with both of you.”

Here we go, I thought. It’ll take a week to get an appointment and then it won’t be any good.

“I’ll be up in an hour,” he said.

I went home and told Janene that a minister was coming round in an hour to have a word with us.

“What good will that do?” she demanded (though she said it a bit more explicitly than that!) “We’re not going anywhere.”

“At least we can listen,” I said.

By the time he arrived I was getting more confident. The first thing he’ll say is that she shouldn’t leave, I thought. He’ll be on my side.

He didn’t say that. He said that for him marriage was a sacred institution, but if things were too bad in our relationship then it might be better to split up.

## **Knocked off**

That knocked me off my pedestal. Janene grinned. I didn’t think he was much of a minister, but we sat down and told him what the problem was and he told us what he thought we should do about it.

It had all started when our second child was born. Up till then things had been going fine for us. We were



already the proud parents of a little boy. We had a house in Wainuiomata. We had a good relationship.

But then the baby got sick and the doctor didn't know what was wrong. One Sunday morning I was down at the fire station, having the normal "Sunday Session" with the boys, when my wife burst in and said the baby had just been rushed to hospital.

I dropped everything and we drove to the hospital. The baby was in intensive care. We wandered around aimlessly, not knowing what to do. The hospital ran some tests and found that she had congenital heart diseases, blocked valves — you name it, it was wrong.

They transferred the baby to Wellington Hospital and four days later she died.

Both of us took it hard. We didn't know how to cope with a situation like that so we bottled it up inside of us. For seven years we lived with that grief. I couldn't talk about it to her and she couldn't talk about it to me.

We tried to carry on life as normal but things were never quite the same. We started going to more parties to help take our minds off the tragedy, but that only made the gap between us wider. Our relationship got weaker and weaker and two years later I got involved with another woman.

### **Dual life**

This was great fun for me. I was living a dual life — one here, one there. After two or three years like this I started feeling guilty and decided to bring my wife and the other gentleman into the relationship.

We kept the affair going five years, which is a long time, considering all the deceit, lying and jealousy that goes with a situation like that. It was probably the alcohol and drugs that helped keep us together. We were smoking marijuana and it was nothing for us to down a couple of bottles of whisky in a night of joy and fun.

Then the inevitable happened. The woman I was carrying on with took off with someone else. I wasn't overly perturbed — that's the way it goes.

Naturally I tried to go back to Janene, to see if we could patch things up. We were still living under the same roof...fighting under the same roof...with the kids hiding in the corner.

Our relationship was nil, and she had no intention of starting over with me.

I wanted in; she wanted out, and that's the way we were when we met with the minister.

He gave us a Bible and encouraged us to read it, but it didn't do much for us. We decided, though, that since he'd been kind to us, in all fairness we should go to his church to see what he did.

### **Glaring daggers**

We duly went along, put the kids in Sunday School, and sat through a boring sermon glaring daggers at each other the whole time.

"A fat lot of good that did us," she said when we got home.

"Maybe it was just the week," I said. "We'd better go along next week just in case."

For the next five or six months we attended the church but we were no further ahead than when we started. There was no trust in the marriage.



No love. We weren't even compatible any more. We had agreed to give ourselves six months to see if we could make a go of things. Now that six months was nearly up and nothing was happening.

One day the minister came up to see how we were doing and we told him things didn't look too bright.

"Look," he said. "We've got a Life in the Spirit seminar coming up. How about coming to that?"

Reluctantly we agreed.

The first meeting, however, took us completely by surprise. All of a sudden we were surrounded by people talking about a "living Lord", saying things like "Jesus is alive." We had never heard this before.

There must be something in this racket, I thought. We continued to go to the meetings and as each one finished we would look forward more and more to the next one. All the talk among the group was about the fifth night. I wondered what was so special about the fifth night. Would the devil come down from the sky or something?

The fifth night came and we were told they would pray for us. No harm in trying, I thought.

The miraculous happened. We gave our lives to Jesus and were filled with the Holy Spirit. It was unbelievable. Things happened that night that were totally outside my normal experience. For instance, when Janene was being prayed for she broke down in uncontrollable sobbing. The grief that had been inside her ever since the death of our child was finally being released, and her emotions healed.

As the Lord touched her life a radiant joy that I had never seen

before spread over her face. It was beautiful.

I received the gift of tongues that night. I was told to go home and practice praying with this gift, so I got down on my knees at home and started to pray. After a while I decided I'd had enough for the moment and went to get up. I couldn't! For one hour the Lord kept me on my knees praying. No way could I move. I tried to get up, I tried to stop praying, but nothing.

I was a bit concerned about this and at the next meeting I told one of the leaders about it.

"Well you haven't told me everything, have you," he said.

"No, I guess I haven't," I replied.

"The Lord was telling you that to be completely free from your past sin you have to confess everything," he went on.

I sat down with him and told him the rest. He was right. After I had finished I felt completely free.

### **Hard to change**

I found it hard to change my way of life. I was a person who drank bottles of wine and whisky a week. I was also involved in drugs and immorality. It was hard to get off these habits, but God delivered me from them all and truly gave me a new start.

It took many months of love and care between Janene and I to build up the trust that had been destroyed. I thank God for the forgiveness and restoration that has happened and now our relationship is as good as when we first got married if not better.

We've had our ups and downs. The devil's always trying to put us down, to kick our legs from under





*The Calder family: (from left) Linda, Janene, Darren, Caryn, Michael and Rodger.*

us. But the Lord is always with us. I think he let me go right to the bottom, just to show me that he could pull me back up and keep me there.

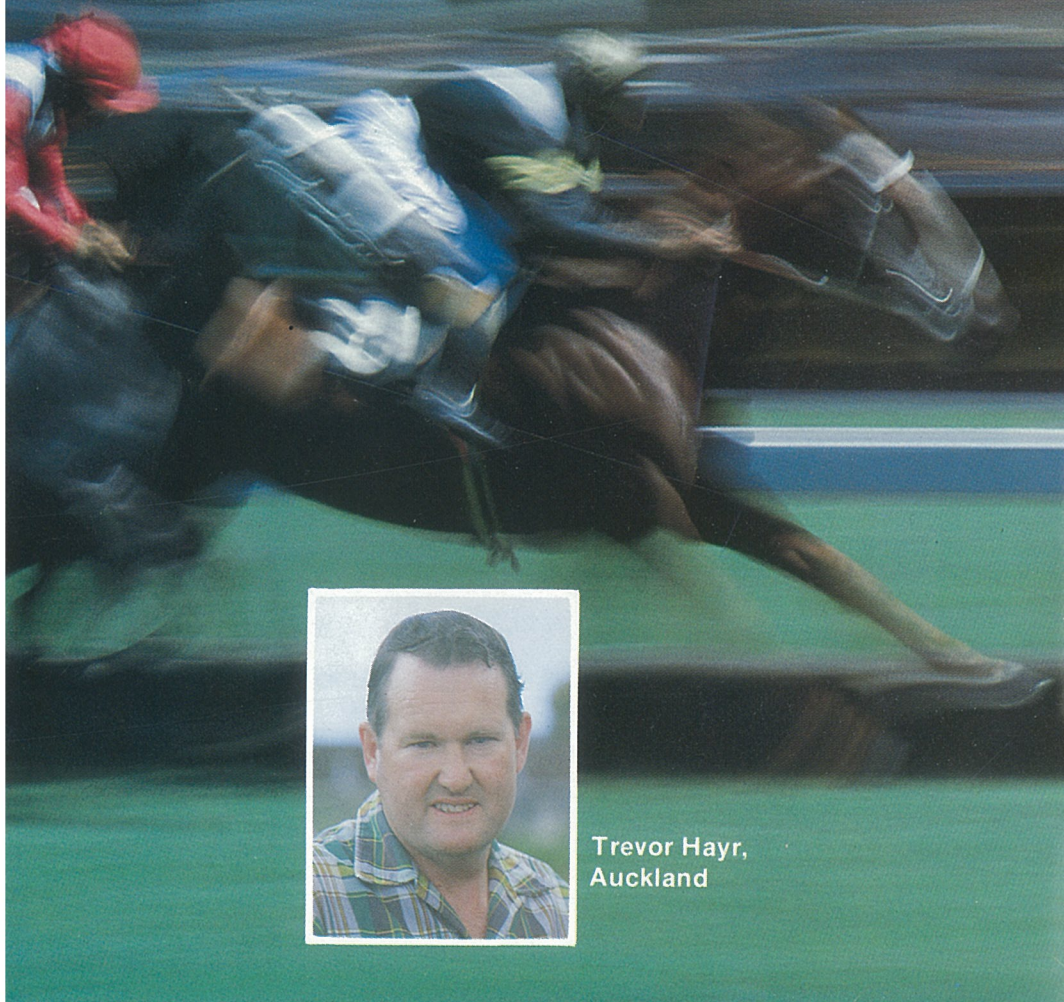
Last year Janene gave me a Bible

for Christmas. In the front she wrote these words: "I asked Jesus how much he loved me — he stretched out his arms and died."

If he did that for me then nothing is too much for me to do for him. □



# Goodbye Lady Luck



Trevor Hayr,  
Auckland



**M**ost people like to have an occasional flutter on the horses. Not me. I was an addict. Gambling was an obsession and I lived for the risk of the racetrack and the card table.

At the age of 12 I was well on my way to becoming a professional gambler. I ran sweepstakes on the Melbourne Cup and Auckland Cup and at school fairs I helped raise funds by participating in games of Unders and Overs, Crown and Anchor and the like.

As a young man I entered the hazardous world of serious gambling by becoming a bookmaker's agent. My job was to place bets on behalf of a number of clients.

It was a dicey business and totally illegal. You had to be very cautious about who you allowed into your "stable". You had to be absolutely sure that in the event of a bad loss your clients wouldn't squeal to the police.

Every now and then the police would crack down, tap phones and try to flush the bookmakers out. I worked in this nefarious occupation for five years, but by that stage it was getting too dangerous, and so I pulled out and concentrated on gambling on my own.

By now I was a compulsive gambler, which is similar to an alcoholic. Just as the alcoholic *has* to drink, the compulsive gambler *has* to gamble, regardless of whether he wins or loses. I had no control over what I betted.

The average gambler goes along to a race meeting and bets 10 bucks each way on a race. If he wins he might bet his winnings again or he might say: "What could I buy with this?"

The compulsive gambler has no choice. Whether it's five dollars or five hundred dollars, he bets it all. Whether he wins or loses, he's got to keep betting — again and again and again. The habit has him completely in its power.

I tried dozens of times to break the habit but I couldn't do it and it became a living nightmare. Unlike the alcoholic, the compulsive gambler can hide his problem for years and years, by weaving an intricate web of lies and deceit. Thus he is not only a gambler, but a liar and a con man as well.

Like most gamblers, I started off because I enjoyed the risk, I enjoyed pitting my skills against Lady Luck and beating the odds. More importantly, I played to win. And I was relatively successful — until I got hooked. From there it was all down hill.

I wouldn't make a decision to go anywhere or do anything unless I was certain it wouldn't conflict with a race meeting. I spent all week studying *Best Bets* and *Friday Flash*. I travelled with my father to all the race meetings I could, and if they were too far away I would sit glued to the radio to catch the results.

My wife Laurel never thought my interest in horseracing was anything more than a hobby. Every good gambler is a con man and I'm ashamed to say I had her eating out of my hand.

I took her to race meetings and she never suspected the amounts of money that were changing hands — and it was up to 500 pounds a day.

When you have to feed an obsession you get very crafty. She would sometimes ask what had



happened to various possessions around the home, but I always furnished plausible explanations as to why I had sold them. "We need the money", I told her. She never dreamed the reason why.

But while I was hiding my habit from her, something was going on behind the scenes with her that I knew nothing about — she was praying.

Early in our marriage she realized that I was not the Christian I had made myself out to be. It was a quite a shock to her to realise she had married a hard-core gambler and she asked God what she should do. The answer was clear and direct: "Don't badger him, don't condemn him, just pray for him."

She kept it up for five years, hoping and believing that God would get through to me. One day in desperation she prayed the words of an old gospel song: "Lord, turn his eyes upon Jesus and let the things of earth grow strangely dim in the light of your glory and grace."

I don't know what it was about that prayer, but 60 miles away in a bar at the Te Rapa race track a sudden and disturbing thought flashed through my mind: my gambling days were about to end.

I had no idea where the thought came from. I wondered if I'd had too much to drink. But in the week that followed I began to be tormented by strange dreams.

I had always been a very good sleeper but for the period of a week I woke up every night, fearful and sweating.

The dreams showed different aspects of my life — my gambling, how I had deceived my wife, how I had conned other people. Finally,

on the last night, I had a clear impression of God saying to me: "Son you have a choice — me or destruction."

That was Saturday and on the following day I went to church. Church usually did nothing for me. It was like water off a duck's back. But this time I felt the Spirit of God drawing me to himself. I began to feel at peace — as though he had the situation under control. The following day as I drove to work I prayed a simple prayer: "Lord if you are real and if you are personal then I give you my life."

In that instant the desire for gambling left me and I was set free.

Later that day my father rang and asked me what I fancied for such and such a race.

"Dad," I said, "you'll never find me in a TAB or at a race meeting ever again."

He thought I was having him on. It's a standing joke with betting people that if you've had a bad day you swear you'll never bet again. But it was no joke with me. I never touched a race book or set foot inside a TAB since that day. And the only racecourses I have been to have been those where Jesus crusades were being held.

In fact, at Alexandra Park Raceway in Auckland, a place where I had bet thousands of pounds over the years, I had the privilege of seeing my own mother give her life to Jesus during a crusade meeting.

Most people gamble on the fact that there's no God, no day of reckoning, and no hereafter. To me that's worse than a bad risk — it's backing a sure loser.

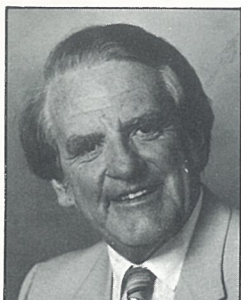
Lady Luck or Lord Jesus — it's our choice. □



# AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL CONVENTION



March 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st **1984**



Bill Subritzky



Lee Buck

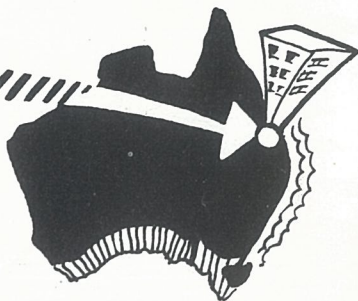


Demos Shakarian



**HEAR  
THESE  
INSPIRING  
SPEAKERS**

**Surfers  
Paradise**

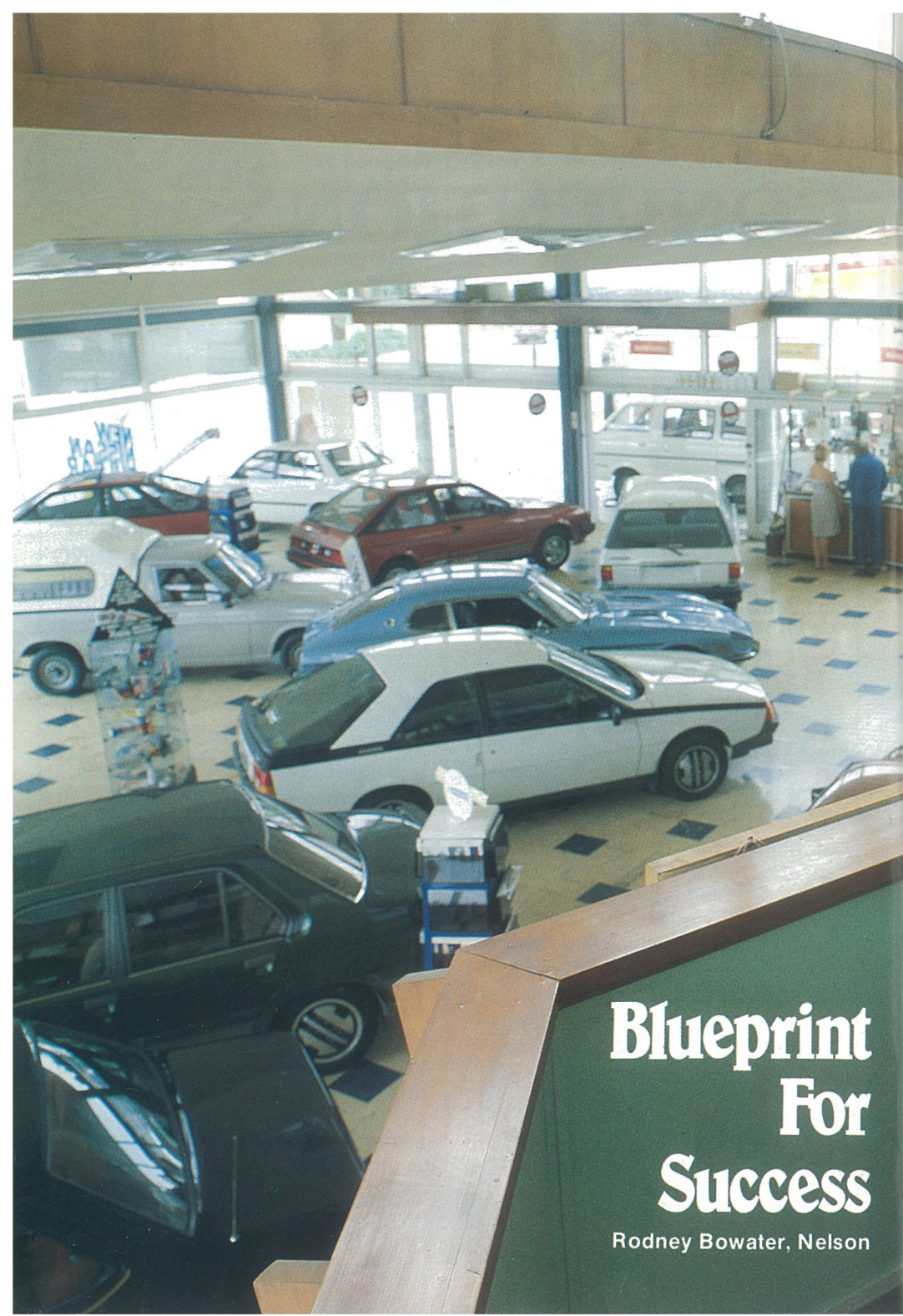


**DON'T  
MISS  
OUT**



Write for details to:  
FGBMFI Convention Secretary  
P.O. Box 1252  
Southport, QLD  
AUSTRALIA 4215.





# Blueprint For Success

Rodney Bowater, Nelson





**I**t had been raining all week. The All Black trials for the British Isles tour were scheduled to be played at Lancaster Park, but Christchurch's premier rugby ground was a bog. Instead the trials had to be transferred to the rugby league ground.

It was hosing down as I sat in the grandstand waiting for my chance to play in front of the national selectors. At 29 I was at the peak of my rugby career. I had played against the touring Springboks, Wallabies and Lions, but it had always been as a member of a combined provincial team. Now, at long last, the black jersey was within my grasp.

I had been selected as a reserve wing three-quarter and as I watched the game commence I knew this was my golden opportunity. The conditions couldn't have been better for a small player like myself.

I psyched myself up while I waited.

Somebody's bound to be hurt, I thought. Then I'll go out there and play the game of my life. Nothing will stop me from making the All Black squad.

The first half went by without injury. I began to wish someone would get hurt. Half way through the second half and still no injuries. Time was running out, I began to *believe* someone would get hurt. The rain was pelting down and I sank lower and lower into my seat.

"I must play!" I groaned. My whole

*Rodney Bowater is the managing director of a network of motor vehicle dealerships in the Nelson province.*



life depended on that game.

Five minutes to go and I was in anguish. Then the final whistle. It was all over and I was still sitting in the stands. I hadn't even had a chance to prove myself. My big opportunity was down the drain.

"That's the finish!" I told myself. As I travelled home to Nelson on the bus with the rest of the team every glimmer of desire to play rugby dropped away. I had lived for rugby for 20 years. I ate it, drank it, talked it, slept it. It was a total commitment. Now I wanted nothing more to do with the game.

I burned my boots and gave away my gear. My rugby days were over.

### **Drummed in**

It was complete turnaround — total commitment to utter indifference. But you have to realize that I was a product of the view that said success in sport meant success in life. It was a view that was drummed into me at an early age. In schoolboy and club rugby we young hopefuls were encouraged to make rugby our supreme interest.

We became very fit and very determined. We learned to hate the opposition and to use every trick in the book to gain a psychological advantage. My height and weight would go down in the programme as 5'11" and 13 stone. In reality I was only 5'7" and 10 stone, but that didn't matter — it was the effect on my opponent that was important.

So for me, not making the All Blacks was more than a setback, it represented the ultimate failure. And to a person who had been trained to believe that success was all that mattered, it was the end of the road.

### **Vacuum**

When you commit yourself to something and it collapses around your ears, it leaves a huge vacuum in your life, I had to find something to fill the gap so I decided to devote myself to business.

I was working on the sales team of my father's motor vehicle dealership and set out to be the most successful salesman the company had ever seen and eventually to be responsible for the total activities of the company.

When I told the other reps my plans, they just laughed. They reminded me that my two older brothers were hardly likely to sit back and let me take the reins of the company when Dad retired. My brothers had worked in the company longer than I had and one of them would be the logical choice for managing director, not me.

Nevertheless, I was convinced that one day I would be at the top.

In the mean time strange things were happening in my family. For a start, my wife announced to me one day that she had been saved. That was a most unusual thing for her to say. Saved? What did that mean, I asked.

"I've found the reality of God," she replied.

"Oh," I said, without the foggiest idea of what she was talking about. To me this meant church, and churches were for weddings and funerals and as for God, well, if he existed he was for people who couldn't cope with life.

If Helen wanted religion, that was fine for her, as long as she didn't try to stop my Sunday morning golf game. We worked out an



arrangement where she took the children to church while I had the morning at the golf course. This suited me fine, because I was keen to get my handicap down.

But after six or seven months, another strange thing happened — my game began to go to the pack. I couldn't seem to concentrate. I kept thinking about my family.

This is crazy, I thought. Here I am whacking this little white ball round the golf course while my wife and children are in church. What's going on?

Eventually I got so disgusted with my playing that one morning I decided to go along to church with the rest of the family. I had no idea what to expect and came away impressed. It wasn't the dry ritual I had thought it would be.

I was aware that here was something I needed to find out about, so for the next 12 making sure I was in church on a Sunday.

Sometimes I would go and watch representative sports teams play out. In fact, I became quite fanatical of town and then leave the game early so that I could get home in time for a meeting. On other occasions I would be standing in the public bar, knocking back a jug with my friends, about when suddenly I would say: "Sorry fellas, but I've got to get back to Nelson. See you later." I would drive like a madman to get back in time and walk into the service reeking of smoke and beer.

It was the personal relationship with God that I saw in my family and in other members of the church fellowship that finally got to me. I was challenged to make a decision one way or the other — to accept Jesus as Lord of my life or to

completely reject him.

One Sunday evening I made up my mind and from that day on I began to know what it was to *really* live. I'm a black-and-white sort of person and, in line with my decisions in the business and sporting arenas, I gave it everything I had.

I had been thoroughly turned off by people who didn't practice what they preached and I was determined to look at all my goals and plans in the light of the fact that Jesus Christ was now number one in my life.

The first thing I asked God was whether it was wrong for me to want to be managing director of our company. As I prayed and read the Bible I came to the conclusion that no, it was not wrong, and that the desire had been put there by God and that he would work out his purposes in the business if I continued to trust him.

My father retired in 1977 and made a choice most parents would rather have avoided — he chose me to succeed him.

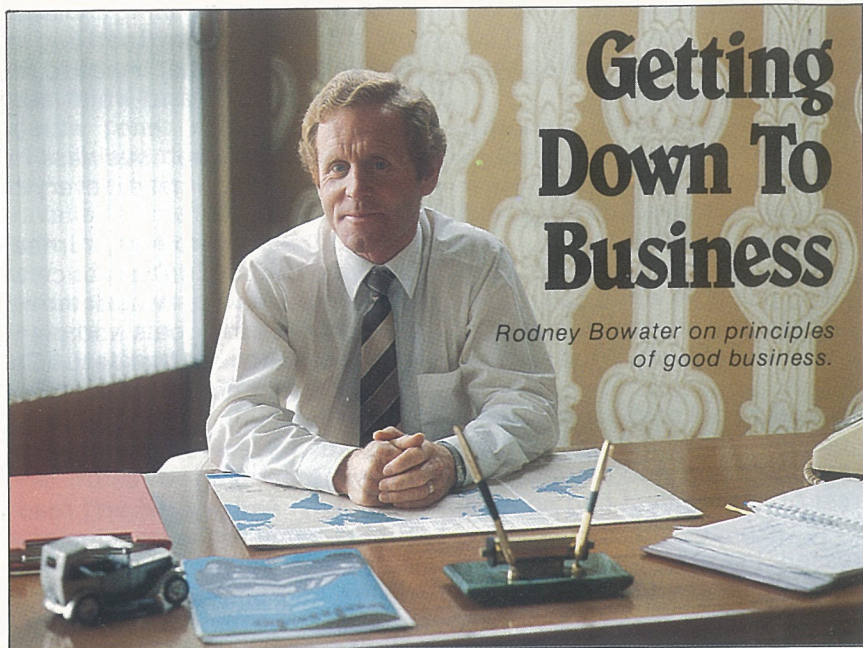
My immediate reaction was to pray: "Lord, if you want me in this position you are going to have to help me in my relationship with my brothers."

With gratitude I can say that God has faithfully answered that prayer and has also prospered our business in a remarkable way.

I am well within the mark when I say that God's word, the Bible, is the greatest blueprint for business success you could ever hope to find.

If you are willing to believe what God says and to put it into practice you will experience his blessing on your business — regardless of the economic climate! □





# Getting Down To Business

*Rodney Bowater on principles  
of good business.*

When I assumed the managing directorship of the Bowater Group of companies I wanted to make sure that the business was run in a way that would honour God.

I was aware that many commonly held business practices were at odds with Christian principles, so I asked God to show me from the Bible the standards and methods I should use as the basis for our operation.

He showed me Psalm 1:

**Oh the joys of those who do not follow evil men's advice, who do not hang around with sinners, scoffing at the things of God:**

**But they delight in doing everything God wants them to, and day and night are always meditating on his laws and thinking about ways to follow him more closely.**

**They are like trees along a river bank bearing luscious fruit each season without fail. Their leaves shall never wither, and all they do shall prosper.**

**But for sinners, what a different story! They blow away like chaff before the wind. They are not safe on Judgment Day; they shall not stand among the godly.**

**For the Lord watches over all the plans and paths of godly men, but the paths of the godless lead to doom. — The Living Bible.**



As I pondered on the words I realized that it was saying happy is the man who isn't dictated to by the world's terms.

I know many businessmen who have been virtually programmed by the news media. Their outlook on business rises and falls with the media's assessment of the economic climate.

I've met men who, when you ask them how business is, come out with a catalogue of gripes and moans and a message of helplessness and hopelessness.

As I read the Scriptures I saw that Jesus was my basis for hope in the midst of fluctuating business expectations; that I didn't have to succumb to a pessimistic, negative outlook; that I could launch out on the promises of God's word and go about my work with vigour and determination.

My desire was to batter down the skepticism around me and to share the good news that God is alive and in control.

The results were amazing. The company entered a period of rapid growth, as evidenced by the following transactions:

In 1974 we had the Triumph, Daimler, Jaguar and Leyland truck franchises in our company.

In 1975 we acquired the Volkswagen, Audi, BMW, Porsche and Lancia agencies, also picking up Rover and Landrover.

In 1977 we merged our interests with the Austin/Morris/Honda agents in Nelson and also purchased the Nissan Datsun franchise.

In 1978 we bought the Subaru franchise.

In 1979 we bought out our partner's interests.

In 1981 we bought out the Daihatsu, Renault and Hino agent.

In 1982 we obtained the Volvo and Alfa Romeo agency.

In 1983 we bought out the Todd dealer in Motueka, where we already had an established branch.

Psalm 1 was the springboard of my success in business. Many people are under the illusion that to be successful you have to be a tough executive type. Psalm 1 tells me that it is the person who trusts in God and follows his principles who will prosper.

It is generally thought that success is making the biggest profit in the shortest time; in God's eyes the successful man is the one who gives the greatest benefit over the longest time.

It is true that I want our company to prosper, but it is only so that the Nelson province may see that righteousness exalts a company and, ultimately, a nation.

Following the principles of God in a cut-throat business world is not easy. The Christian life has never been for fair-weather sailors, but for those who are prepared to set a course into the teeth of the gale, trusting God to bring them through.





# DIRECTORY

## NEW ZEALAND CHAPTERS

	President	Secretary
<b>NORTHLAND</b>		
HIKURANGI	768 HIK	87.165 Whang
KAIKOHE	181X KHO	850 KHO
KAWAKAWA	729S	675
OTAMATEA	66M Paparao	88K Paparao
WHANGAREI	61122	81356
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 38.117 Ruawai</i>		
<b>AUCKLAND</b>		
AUCKLAND CENTRAL	500.825	734.886
AUCKLAND EAST	534.3609	534.4173
AUCKLAND SOUTH	669.217	266.6749
AUCKLAND WEST	836.2553	
MOUNT ALBERT	864.162	866.619
ROYAL OAK	655.951	657.332
EAST COAST BAYS	478.4196	478.2123
GLENFIELD	438751	444.7034
HIBISCUS COAST	65.877	65.412
NORTH SHORE	450.355	453.042
WHANGAPAROA	7742HBC	5854HBC
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 450.355</i>		
<b>WAIKATO</b>		
CAMBRIDGE	6709	8228
FOUNTAIN CITY (HAM)	393.251	638.19
HAMILTON CENTRAL	492.464	52.723
OTOROHANGA	8123	8416
TE AWAMUTU	858 Maihihi	654 Te Kawa
THAMES	86.709	
MARAMARUA	857 Mar	
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 57862 or 59988 Hamilton</i>		
<b>BAY OF PLENTY</b>		
FOREST LAND	67.282	67.371
OPOTIKI	965M	822K
ROTORUA	86.511	477.198
TAUPO	87.467	
TAURANGA	83.820	25.614
TE PUKE	37.144	38.755
WHAKATANE	84.187	7786 Kawerau
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 25.438 Tauranga</i>		
<b>HAWKES BAY/POVERTY BAY</b>		
HASTINGS	775.042	799.842
NAPIER	434.708	437.718
TAKITMU/GISBORNE	6233 WK	5786
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 436.302 Napier</i>		
<b>CENTRAL NORTH ISLAND</b>		
BUSH	EKE 4233	8679
FEILDING	38.854	37.144
LEVIN	86.629	87.127
MASTERTON	69.294	49.037
PALMERSTON NORTH	69.593	73.616
ROSE CITY	88.890	71.168
SANSON	723 Rongotea	724 Sanson
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 69.593 P.N.</i>		
<b>TARANAKI</b>		
NEW PLYMOUTH	34.734	87.135
OPUNAKE	554	8372
STRATFORD	6472	6604
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 33.693 N.P.</i>		
<b>WELLINGTON</b>		
CITY — Lunch Hour	696.641	674.907
Evening	663.140	
LOWER HUTT	696.784	697.966
UPPER HUTT	277.290	284.936
WAINUIOMATA	648.255	647.870

WESTERN COASTAL	399.648	359.628
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 696.641</i>		
<b>TOP OF THE SOUTH</b>		
BLenheim	88.898	89.815
GREYMOUTH	7777	6210
NELSON		7482 RD
PICTON	115R	705
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 705 Picton</i>		
<b>CHRISTCHURCH/NORTH CANTERBURY</b>		
CHRISTCHURCH CENT.	524.021	324.664
CHRISTCHURCH N.E.	559.684	856.145
CHRISTCHURCH N.W.	238.077	584.900
CHRISTCHURCH SOUTH	843.734	885.708
HORNBY	498.591	482.049 ext 617
HURUNUI	841 Omihi	48.592 Amberley
KAIAPOI	8713	
KAIKOURA	715	706
OXFORD	24086 Ox	832 Cust
RICCARTON	41850	
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 559.684 or 429.028</i>		
<b>SOUTH CANTERBURY/NORTH OTAGO</b>		
ASHBURTON	21.804	7957
MACKENZIE	712	8256
NORTH OTAGO	29.572	71.384
TIMARU	61.683	61.869
WAIMATE	WIO 828	8357 WIO
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 8222 Fairlie</i>		
<b>OTAGO/SOUTHLAND</b>		
BALCLUTHA	82.892	82.549
CROMWELL	805 Tarras	50.747
DUNEDIN	879.634	876.333
GORE	42.239	763 Puk
INVERCARGILL	86.538	82.750
LAWRENCE	128D	25
QUEENSTOWN	884 Arrowtown	
WINTON	544 CB	692
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 544 Centre Bush</i>		

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NEW PLYMOUTH	29 Clawton St New Plymouth
WAIKERIA YOUTH CENTRE	P.O. Box 46, Otorohanga
WELLINGTON	Mt Crawford, 34 Monorgan Road, Strathmore, Wellington
WITAKO	Trentham — 43 Sladden Street, Naenae, Wellington





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**NEW ZEALAND OFFICE**  
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I should have known that my mother-in-law was up to something. She had called in that afternoon to see if Lorraine and I wanted to go to a movie. Without thinking I said yes. Now I was kicking myself.

After all, she was a Christian, it was a Sunday and the film was being shown at church — it was hardly likely to be “Last Tango in Paris,” was it.

As a matter of fact the film was called “Thief in the Night,” and it was about the second coming of Christ.

It wasn't the film that I minded, so much as being in church. Ever since a fateful encounter in Holland I had steered clear of church and everything to do with it. I was never sarcastic about religion, though, and I never tried to stop my wife going to church or my boys attending the local Sunday School.

All I wanted was to be left out of it.

Now as I sat in the pew in the darkness the memory of an ugly boyhood experience was relived in my mind. A Sunday School teacher whom I respected and looked up to as a religious man had invited me to stay at his house for the holidays. One Sunday night I had woken up petrified to find him in my bed...

No. Religion was out. Not after that. I had been a fool to let my guard down and now I was cornered.

The film was over and they were singing a hymn. I wasn't singing. I had my head down and my hands clasped between my knees, but I couldn't help hearing the words: “sinner come home, sinner come home.”

It was too much for me. Suddenly the reality of God was all around me

# 'To Thine Own Self Be True'

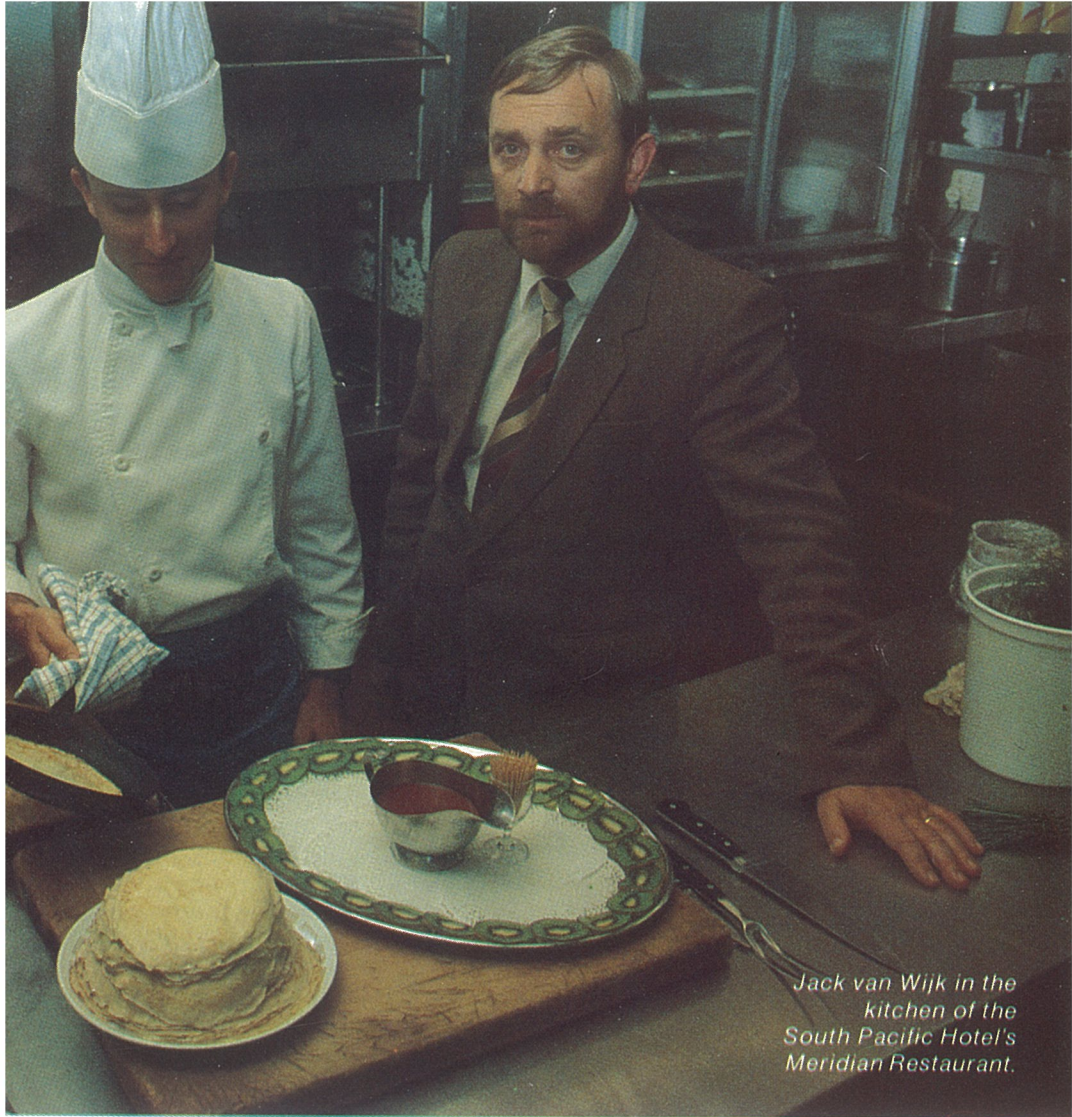
Jack van Wijk, Auckland



and I knew it was me that God was calling home. I ran more than walked up the aisle when they gave the appeal for people to give their lives to Jesus. The barriers I had built over 25 years were swept away by the power of his love and I sobbed with the realization of the tender heart of God that had waited for me all those years.

When I got home that night I





*Jack van Wijk in the kitchen of the South Pacific Hotel's Meridian Restaurant.*

wondered how difficult it would be to be a follower of Jesus in my work. At the time I was a chef in a hotel, and hotels aren't the easiest places to maintain a high moral standard. They attract the seamier side of society — young people with loose morals, drug addicts, homosexuals.

I decided that the best thing to do was to live an uncompromising Christian life and let that speak for

itself. I set out to follow Shakespeare's famous words:

*To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night  
the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to  
any man.*

I stayed with the hotel, working first as a chef, then as restaurant





*It's a long way down from the top floor of the South Pacific Hotel. Then again, it's a long way up from being a bungling, fill-in chef in a Dutch hostel to being assistant general manager of one of New Zealand's largest hotels.*

supervisor of Cobb and Co. Then, out of the blue, I was offered a job as executive chef of the South Pacific Hotel in Auckland, one of the top hotels in the country.

During the interview I asked why they wanted me, since I wasn't even a qualified chef. I was self-taught and very much an amateur. In fact my cooking experience had begun when my wife and I were on holiday in Amsterdam.

We were staying in the Salvation Army Hostel and one day the manager asked me if I could cook. They had lost their chef and were desperate. I told him I had been a waiter, so I knew what the food should look like, and that if he was willing to take the risk then I would give it a go.

The first night I had to phone Lorraine and ask her to come to the kitchen to tell me whether the cauliflower was cooked. A couple of nights later the manager brought his plate out to the kitchen, picked up the piece of meat that was on it and said: "I don't know what you call this in New Zealand, but here we call it uneatable!" I had tried to grill stewing steak. It wasn't a promising start!

Surprisingly, my lack of qualifications didn't seem to worry my new employers and after a number of years in that position I was promoted to assistant general manager, a position I hold today.

Everyone's looking for reality, whether it's in wealth, drugs, sex, music or whatever else. I found reality the day I ran, like the prodigal son, into the arms of Father God. It was some homecoming, but then, he's some Father. Don't wait too long to find him for yourself. □



## SIX SCRIPTURAL 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 fall short of the glory of God" Romans 3:23. "God, have mercy on me, a sinner" Luke 18:13.

**2. REPENT:** "Unless you repent, you too will all perish" Luke 13:3. "Repent, then, and turn to God, so that your sins may be wiped out" Acts 3:19.

**3. CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just and will forgive us our sins and purify us from all unrighteousness" 1 John 1:9. "If you confess with your mouth, 'Jesus is Lord', and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved" Romans 10:9.

**4. FORSAKE:** "Let the wicked forsake his way and the evil man his thoughts. Let him turn to the Lord, and He will have mercy on him ... for He will freely pardon" Isaiah 55:7.

**5. BELIEVE:** "For God so loved the world that He gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life" John 3:16. "Whoever believes and is baptised will be saved, but whoever does not believe will be condemned" Mark 16:16

**6. RECEIVE:** "To all who received Him, to those who believed in His name, He gave the right to become children of God" John 1:12.

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

"I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to take away my sins. I now receive Him as Lord and Saviour of my life and will, by His help, announce that fact to others."

**When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know so that we may send you further information. Mail the adjacent coupon now.**

SOUTH PACIFIC  
**VOICE**

Number 28

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## The Threefold Purpose of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

1. *To witness to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man, and by this to reach men for Jesus Christ, especially those having the same social, cultural or business interests as the person doing the witnessing.*

2. *To provide a basis of Christian fellowship among all men everywhere through an organism not directly associated with any specific church but cooperating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches.*

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International does not start churches. Rather, we desire solely to be a service arm to existing ones.

3. *To bring about a greater measure of unity and spirit of harmony in the body of Christ, where members are united in a common effort for the good of the whole body.*

**FULL GOSPEL  
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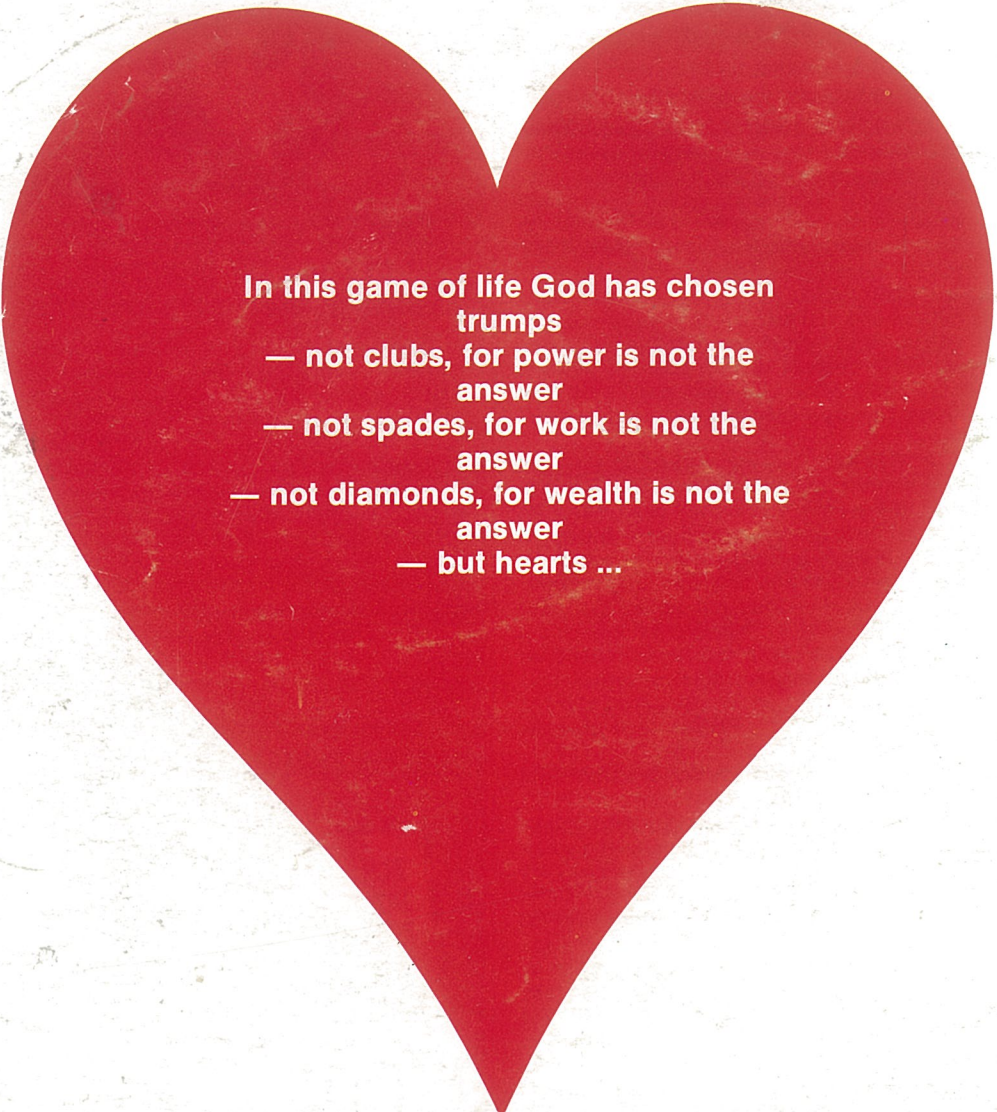
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- Please send me further general information about FGBMFI.

NAME (print clearly)

ADDRESS

Phone





In this game of life God has chosen  
trumps  
— not clubs, for power is not the  
answer  
— not spades, for work is not the  
answer  
— not diamonds, for wealth is not the  
answer  
— but hearts ...

## **FULL GOSPEL BUSINESSMEN**

FROM: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 33-424, Tarragone, Parramatta Chapter  
P.O. Box 67, Stones Corner, 4210, Brisbane  
90 George Street

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