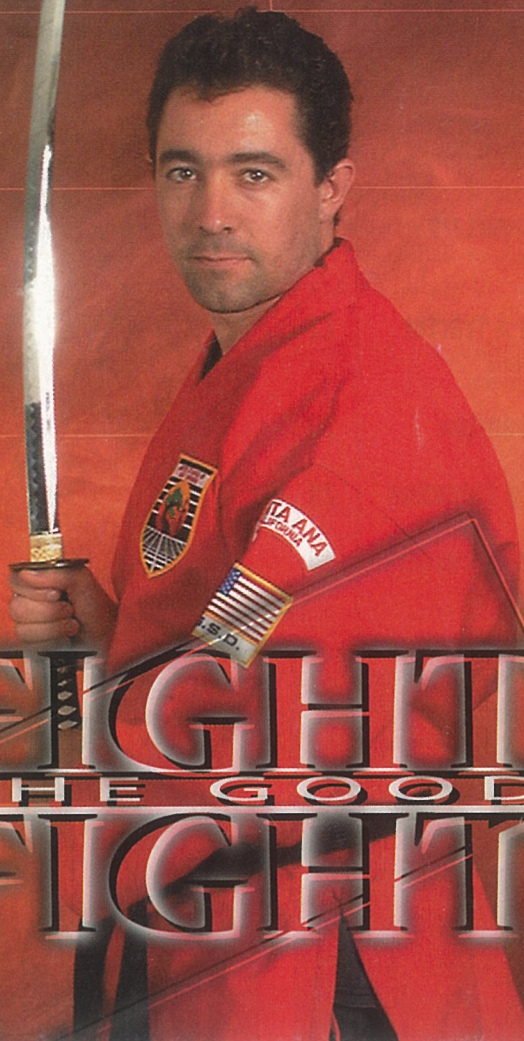


Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE

Joe Mescatelli



FIGHT  
THE GOOD  
FIGHT

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## **San Antonio, Texas, Fire Team Outreach**

A fresh fire swept over Texas, a land of freedom, and the land of the Alamo. It was tremendous to witness the freeing

power of Jesus Christ as thousands were brought to salvation. Throughout the weekend the Fire Teams ministered to business people in the city. The Teams went out in small groups to various areas in San Antonio, praying with people and sharing the gospel. As they went through the city, the teams handed out tickets to people for free groceries that were to be given away at a local park that weekend. The compassion of God was demonstrated when truckloads of groceries were given away. While the people waited in line, the Fire Team members prayed with them for different needs. From across the nation people representing their local FGBMFI chapters came to touch the heart of San Antonio for God.

- 20 people received Christ for each team member who took part
- Hundreds received a touch from God as He healed their bodies and broken lives
- Many received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit
- Truck loads of groceries were given out to people in need

How exciting to know that we are fulfilling the Great Commission. We can be the "Good Samaritan" meeting the needs of our communities. Fire Teams work in every culture and every nation. The UK will be the next area to be touched by the Fire Teams. Let's believe and work together for the great vision of God that is now upon us.

*Richard Shakarian*  
International President, FGBMFI



**A**t the age of fourteen my father enrolled my brother, Mike, and I in the martial arts. This began my search for life's hidden secrets; the martial arts can have a tendency to get you to look inward through its training. My search for 'enlightenment' brought me into a hodgepodge of Eastern thought. I meditated, said mantras, changed my diet, and did yoga, but I was always frustrated. Though the

yoga made me pretty flexible, I wasn't getting enough protein, so I would get dizzy, and the man-

tras, on which I meditated, sounded like baby talk to me.

My martial arts training continued and at the age of eighteen I received my 1st degree Black Belt. My future was now starting to take form. The martial arts were my passion and my goal was to one day be a chief instructor at my own school! I worked part time at various schools within my style of martial arts, but at the time, nothing full time was available.

My grandfather, Antonio Moscatelli, had moved to Boston from Italy in the 1920's. He was probably Roman Catholic, but he never spoke of

Joe Mescatelli

Santa Ana, CA

FIGHT  
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# 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; Treasurer: Joseph Shaica.

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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 to the address below.

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If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through Voice, we would like to invite you to request submit your story to the Publications Department.

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it to me. My father was his only child. My Irish mother was a rather confusing mixture of Catholic and Jewish, which was probably why I was raised with no instruction in any faith.

Throughout my teen years I had a fascination with California, probably encouraged by the music and media, which showed Hollywood, fast cars, and tanned beautiful people playing in eternal sunshine. Massachusetts was cold and the sun would disappear for a month at a time. It seemed the whole world looked towards the west coast. "Go west, young man" became my theme, and I did just that in June of 1985 at the age of 19. One Sunday morning I watched the sunrise in Groton, Massachusetts, and saw it set in Huntington Beach, California! I made it; I had arrived!

My instructor in Massachusetts had bought a martial arts school in California as our company had expanded westward, and I ended up teaching there full time. It was difficult at first with no car and very little money coming in; I taught at the school Monday through Saturday, and time off, other than Sundays, was nonexistent, but I was doing what I loved! Unfortunately for my boss, my business sense, on a scale of 1 to 10, was a 5, so the stress was very heavy at first until I got into the swing of California life and managing a business.

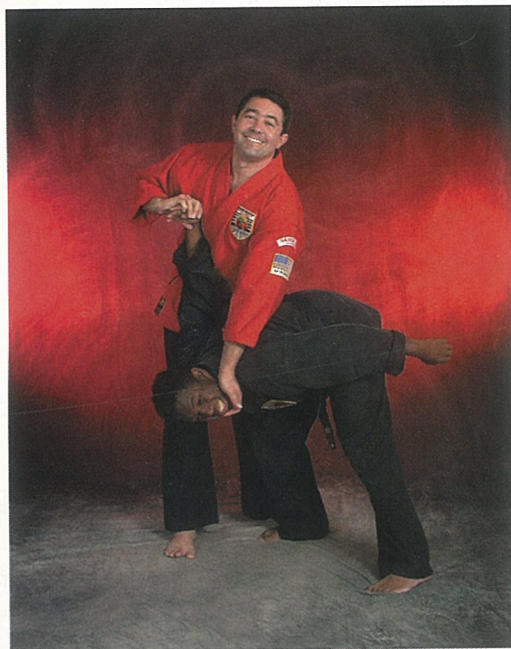
Being in California allowed me to pursue my spirituality through meditation and vegetarianism. Still, no light shone - just an occasional demon masquerading as an angel.

The pivotal point came when I called one of my student's mother because he had missed his private lesson. I was told she was at the hospital with her other son, who had been diagnosed with leukemia at only two years of age.

When I called the hospital, Diane invited me to visit them there that evening. Upon arriving at her room, I found her with an open book laid out in front of her. "What are you doing?" I asked. "A Bible study" she replied.

"You can study the Bible?" I was surprised, never having put the two together before - Bible and study. Up to that point my only exposure to religion had been going to a few church services and a couple of funerals. I didn't own a Bible, but one of my roommates had a Bible and one day I had opened it to Genesis 1. My exposure to old English was rather limited, so it had meant nothing to me!

Joe demonstrates a move on instructor, Levertis Riley



This family attended a local non-denominational fellowship called Calvary Chapel, just a little country church on the edge of town. They invited me to attend with them on a Sunday. From the start I was shocked by the authority and knowledge from which the pastor spoke. Immediately I knew that He knew the One of whom he spoke.

Buddhism had always been so ambiguous, kind of like a riddle that went over most people's heads. Hinduism seemed like too much work and no fun, and New Age cost too much money!

Finally, my search for 'enlightenment', to find life's hidden secrets, had come to an end. In fact, I discovered that there actually are no secrets; the Bible explains them all. The most important one is that I can have a personal relationship with God through knowing His Son, Jesus Christ.

Right away, I started to get into the Bible! I had always loved to read, so it was easy for me to pour over the scriptures. I also realized that memorization of key verses and even whole chapters was very important, and so I devote daily time to Bible study and prayer. We

eat three times a day, more if you're like me, so why would we not feed our spirits with the bread of heaven and wash it down with some living water?!

It's been 14 years since I came to know Jesus, and we're going strong! I'm still teaching martial arts, and I've added a monthly bible study. One time while visiting me, my brother also accepted Jesus. He is now a youth pastor. My mother committed her life to Christ at an evangelical meeting, and recently I had the privilege of leading my father to Jesus.

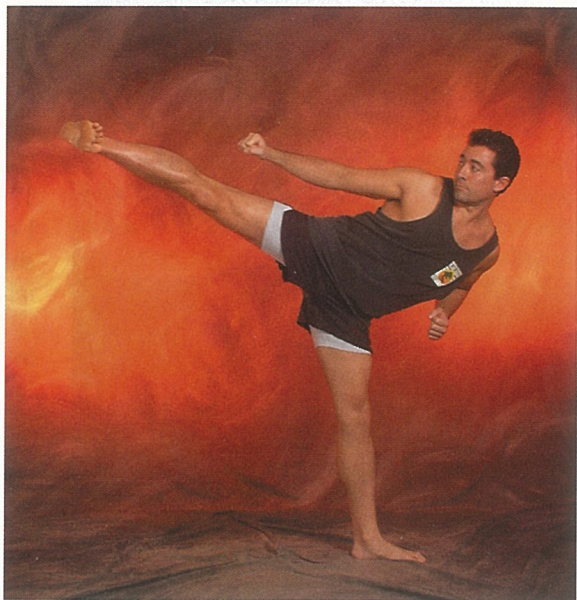
My martial arts training continued and, in 1994, I was tested and passed my test for 5th degree Black Belt. To this day few things give me the satisfaction of teaching and taking parting in something that can radically change a person's life. Through Christ, I can touch my students spiritually, and through the martial arts I can affect them physically and mentally. I have the unique position of being a vital part of many lives and this allows me to have an influence as a martial arts teacher!

Doing business well has become another source of joy for me. My martial arts school, United Studios of Self Defense, has been voted the best school in Orange County, California, for 1998, 1999, and 2000! It has become just as fulfilling to feel that I have also become a Black Belt in business! I believe in the biblical principles of hard work, smart work, and honesty in business. Couple that with a zest for life I have as a Christian, and you have a winning combination!

The enlightenment I found can never be found in a religion or a philosophy. They will only leave you empty and confused. You will find the answers you are looking for in a person. His name is Jesus.



"Karate" Joe doing a Side Blade Kick



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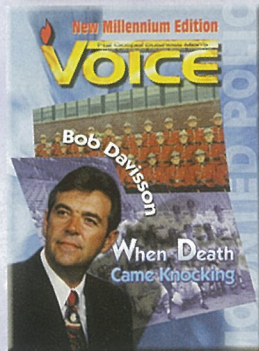
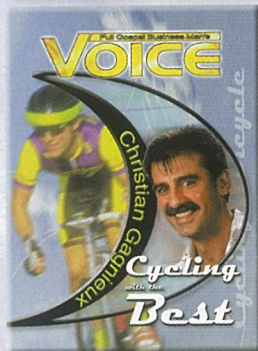
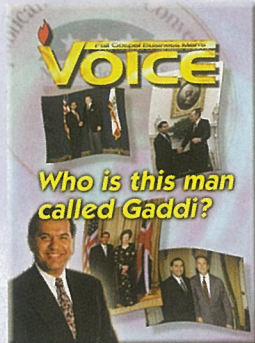
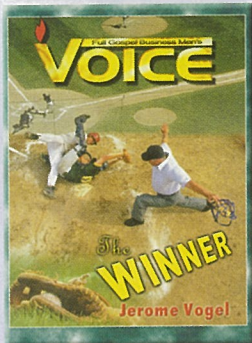
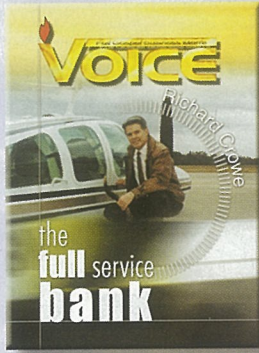
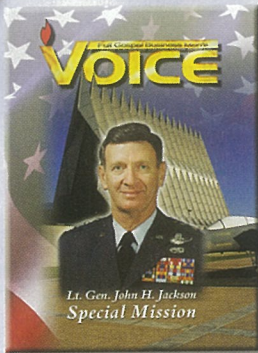
**strategic places,**  
such as reception areas  
of doctors, dentists, law-  
yers, insurance agencies  
and other businesses, or  
in restaurants, is one  
of the best ways to get  
the gospel story – through  
testimonies – out to where  
the people are.

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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A  
Long  
Road

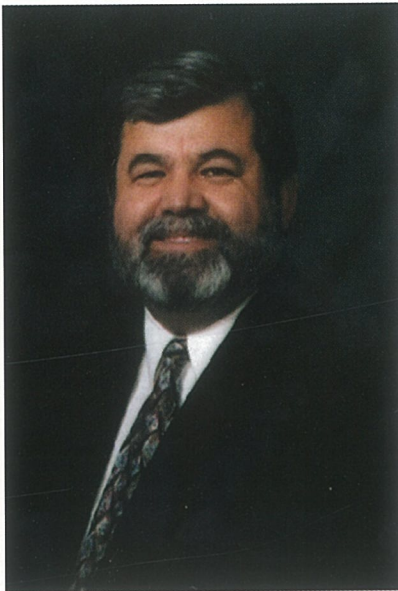
*José L. Chaparro*  
*Clovis, California*



**I**n my private rehabilitation counseling practice in Clovis/Fresno, California, I work with people with industrial injuries and veterans with disabilities. When I first came to California from Chihuahua, Mexico, I was entrenched in the traditional church of my small town. To be honest, I didn't really enjoy going to church, but never dared say anything, and even felt guilty for thinking it.

A friend of mine began telling me about something called a "personal relationship with Jesus Christ." It actually annoyed me that she went to church more than once a week.

José L. Chaparro



Personally, I felt empty and was afraid of hell. I knew that my life could not possibly measure up to the high standards of a perfect God.

When I was a senior in high school, I took an interest in the Bible, which I had never read before that time. I thought it would bring me some answers. I would read a short Psalm, but after I closed the Bible I promptly forgot all I'd read. In college I came in contact with the Navigators, a ministry active on college campuses across America. Their first question was, "Do you believe in God and that He sent His Son, Jesus, to die for your sins?" Naturally, I said, "Yes." They then invited me to attend a Bible study on campus. I was very interested, as I really wanted to know more about God and reasoned that the Bible was the key.

At the first meeting I met Phil. He asked me if I had a personal relationship with God. I told him that I did not know, so he proceeded to tell me that Jesus Christ had made the way for me to know God personally. "How could I, a sinner, possibly have a personal relationship with God?" I reasoned. Phil gave me a little booklet which explained how I could do this. I read it at once, but did nothing with the information.

Continuing to attend the weekly Bible study, I started associating with Phil and other new friends from the Navigators. They were different from my other friends because God was real to them. I even started to feel like I might be on the

right track. Nevertheless, my life was really no different than it was before, and there were still doubts in my mind.

One day I was in my dorm room, trying to do some homework, but I could not concentrate. I found myself thinking about my new Christian friends. My mind was a huge jumble of confusing thoughts and images. In spite of my interest and any warm feelings I had had at their meetings, my life had not changed.

One thing that was frustrating to me was that I could not seem to change my filthy language. At one point I remem-

bered the booklet Phil had given me. I looked for it and read it through two or three times. On the last page, there was a prayer to receive Jesus into your life. Only then did I realize I had never actually prayed such a prayer. I wondered if this was why I had not experienced any lasting changes in my life.

With that thought, I prayed the prayer. When I finished it, I did not see angels, and the walls did not come crashing down. I expected something visibly miraculous, but nothing happened. I told myself, "Well, I did it." As I put the booklet away, I wondered what would come next.

Later, Phil looked at me and began smiling and shaking his head in wonder. I told him what I had done, and he just kept saying, "Praise the Lord!" Although I had tried before to live correctly and had failed, when I attended



a Navigator's conference that weekend, I suddenly became keenly aware of God's presence. He became extremely real to me and I was so excited, I could hardly stand it.

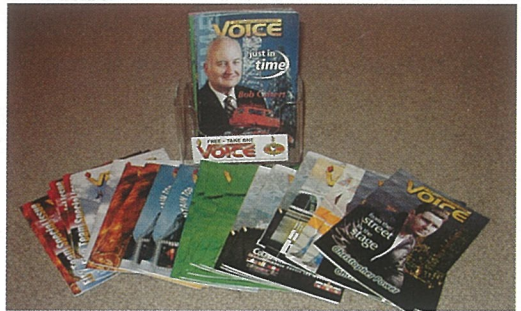
Then I started to experience changes one by one. My language was cleaned up. I had tried to do this numerous times, but had failed. I considered this a major miracle! God has truly been good to me. He did not promise that we would have a life free of troubles, but I have experienced His strength in my life when I have made a conscious decision to trust Him with my problems and concerns. The Christian life is always an opportunity to trust God in everything, and I have found Him to be faithful even when I have not been so.

Recently, I participated in the San Antonio, Texas, Fire Team Outreach put on by the FGBMFI. With an average group of around 100 people, we were able to lead close to 2,000 people to Jesus Christ. It was invigorating to see how God works in people in such a simple, yet practical, way through businessmen.



## Voice in the Warehouse

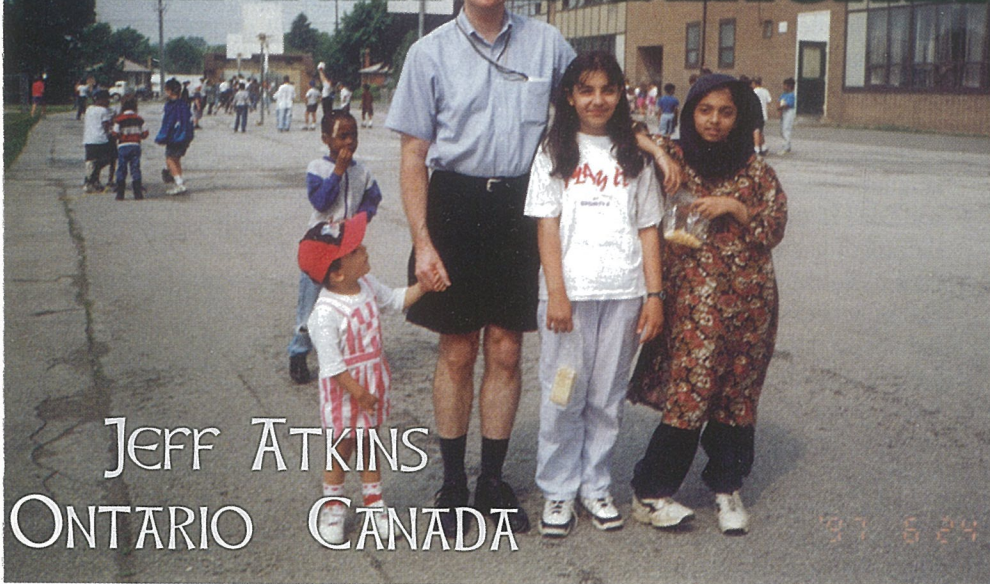
If you are trying to get the good news out to the prisons, on large outreaches, or on missions trips, you are going to need Voice Magazines in large quantities. Now is your chance to purchase back issues of Voice from 1998 and 1999 at very special prices. Contact us at 1-949-461-0100 for further information, or email us at: [chapters@mail.fgbmfi.org](mailto:chapters@mail.fgbmfi.org)



## Testimonies for Voice Magazine

If you would like to submit your own personal testimony, or another exciting testimony you have heard, for consideration in Voice Magazine, please send it to [editor@fgbnet.com](mailto:editor@fgbnet.com), or send the typed testimony, or a testimony on cassette tape, to FGBMFI, P.O. Box 303, Lynden, WA 98264. (No video tapes, please.) Remember to include contact information (name, address, phone, email) about the man giving the testimony, as well as the chapter he attends or spoke in. Chapter meetings and conventions are great places to hear testimonies. Why not share them in Voice?

# THE REAL TEACHER



JEFF ATKINS  
ONTARIO CANADA

There is an increasing interest in the spiritual in our times. Television, radio, newspapers, and magazines all seem to feature stories about angels, terrestrial encounters, prophetic announcements or groups that study such things. Though I have sometimes found such stories amusing, I have never been interested in this theme.

As a public school teacher with one of the country's most respected school boards, I felt that life was going along great.

Very comfortable in our two bedroom apartment and happily married for nine years, my wife and I had everything going our way, so I didn't feel that this media interest in spiritual things was very relevant to me. If you were to have approached me on the street, I would have told you, "Everything's going just fine, thanks very much."

Another topic which always made me make a quick exit was religion. In fact, as far as I was concerned, even a printed billboard sign or words in a brochure, especially about God or Jesus, were to be avoided. I had decided that if God existed at all, he was only for the weak and helpless in the world, so I never gave a second thought to religious things, except

perhaps around Christmas and Easter, but I still wasn't going to go looking for God. "That's okay for you, but not me," was my favorite exit line. If there was a heaven, I believed that my good thoughts and actions would somehow secure me a place there.

Born and raised in Ottawa, I grew up in a caring and loving family. We attended church together and, although it was hard for Mom to get me out of bed and dressed at times, I have fond memories of Sunday School activities - the Bible stories, the games, getting a perfect attendance badge, and learning children's songs like 'Jesus Loves Me.' As I grew older, it was more and more difficult for me to stay interested in church activities. High school and university made Sundays a day for sleeping in or doing schoolwork.

When I got married in August of 1975, I was preparing to go to Teachers' College. My wife, Anne, and I moved from Ottawa to Queen's University campus in Kingston, Ontario. A year after graduation we moved to Scarborough, a suburb of Toronto, and I began teaching at a

nearby elementary school.

At that time we thought we might like to start attending a church near us. Though I had a sense of quiet peace from time to time as we attended church, soon the weekends again became busy, and I found myself wanting to do other things on Sundays. We stopped attending after a few months and didn't think much more about it. Strangely, what I did start thinking about were the frequent traffic accidents that we would pass by, ones where if we had been there just a minute or two sooner, we would have been the ones lying in the ambulance with our car all smashed up.

I remember one day going for a walk around our neighborhood. It was a beautiful, sunny summer's day. I came up to an intersection and waited for the light to turn green. As it changed, I began to step off the curb, but pulled back when I heard a voice inside me say, "Wait!" Without any warning, a car came racing across the intersection and just missed hitting me. Very thankful that I had stopped when I did, I looked up to the green light and realized that it wasn't my light. I had been about to cross

Jeff Atkins with his students



in the wrong direction, into the oncoming traffic. Though I didn't think a lot about it, I felt very fortunate to be alive.

A few months later I was talking to an older gentleman after giving blood at a blood donor clinic. As he was about to leave, he turned to me and said, "God bless you!" I thanked him, a bit embarrassed because I wasn't able to say the same thing back, but was aware of that same peaceful feeling I had experienced at church. I didn't tell Anne about any of this; I just kept it to myself. Then, in March of 1984, an incident took place in my life that would bring all of these experiences rushing back into both our lives.

I was in Ottawa, visiting my parents during spring break from school. A year prior to this my mom had had a 'religious experience' at a Full Gospel Business Men's Saturday breakfast. We didn't know what to make of it all, but Mom had definitely changed. She wanted to go to church a lot more and said that she was receiving letters from God that she felt she was to share with certain people. The rest of us thought she had got a bit too much of this religious

experience, but as long as she was happy, and didn't try to change the rest of us, we felt it was okay.

Now, a year later, I was having some breakfast at the kitchen table when Mom came over, sat down opposite me, and asked if I would listen to one of the more recent letters she said that God had given her. Normally I would have said, "No, thanks, Mom," but this time I decided to let her read it to me. If it made her happy, I would listen just this once. As she began reading, I felt myself listening closely to the words. Initially I thought she might be making these letters up herself, but I quickly realized that this was not her writing style, and if it was from who she said it was, I was at a loss for words.

As I was trying to figure this out, my mind turned to my grandmother, my mom's mother, who had died about a year before. I had loved her very much and had felt a great loss at her death, but why was I thinking about her just now? As I pondered this, I suddenly began to feel very cold; in fact I found myself starting to shiver and tremble all over. It was like someone was taking a pail of ice water and pouring it over me. "What's this?" I thought. Suddenly I started to feel very ashamed; I felt that I had been pushing away someone's love for me, just as if I might have tried to reject my grandmother's love.

I jammed my hands together to stop myself from shaking, but, no matter how hard I tried, it didn't work. Tears were flooding out of my eyes. "This is so embarrassing!" I thought; "A 32-year-old man bawling his eyes out, and shaking like this in front of his own mother." Then, all of a sudden it stopped - the shaking,



Jeff and his wife, Anne

the coldness, the tears. Was I ever glad! Then a strange warm feeling started to rise from my feet to my ankles, up my legs, and over the rest of me. The trembling and tears started all over again, but this time I felt wonderfully happy. "Oh, no, not again!" I thought, as I jammed my hands together to try and stop the shaking. "This is really weird!" Just as that expression crossed my lips, the shaking went away and I stopped crying. Glancing over at my mom, I saw that she had tears streaming down her face. She knew what was happening to me, but she just sat quietly across the table from me, waiting for it all to stop.

The first thing I remember saying to her was, "I know what the love between the Father and the Son must be like!" I couldn't believe I had said that, and I felt so comfortable saying it. I continued, "I can picture these two large black doors opening and streams of sunlight

shining through. And I can see the hem of a cloth garment, it was something like a robe, and a little child's hand reaching up to touch the hem of that garment."

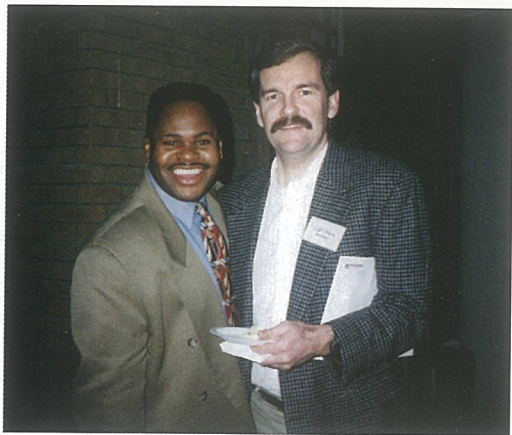
I could see Mom wiping away her tears as I spoke. She said, "Jeff, you are going to want to tell other people about what has happened this morning." Feeling quite overwhelmed by what I had experienced, I replied, "I don't think so Mom, but one thing I do know. I want to find out all I can about Jesus, and I know where to look - in the Bible." Then Mom told me, "When you go outside later you'll see the sky a bluer blue, the clouds a whiter white, and the leaves a greener green." I thought, "Well, that's interesting, but I don't care if anything else happens right now; I just want to read all I can about Jesus."

We both got up from the kitchen table and cleared away the dishes. I was still thinking about doing some reading when I stepped out onto the front porch of the house. My attention was suddenly, and quite dramatically, directed to the blue sky and the clouds above me. I felt as if I wanted to

be lifted up right into those clouds. And what a vivid color of blue the sky seemed to be! The leaves on the trees nearby seemed to be so green; it was amazing! Then I remembered Mom's words.

All too soon my visit was over and I drove the 5 hours back home to Toronto. I didn't know what I was going to tell Anne, if anything at all. I thought that I would just keep things quiet for awhile, maybe a few days, before I told her what had happened to me.

As soon as I arrived, she could tell there was something different about me and immediately asked, "Jeff, what is it? There's something different about you." I swallowed hard, and could feel my heart racing as I explained to her what had happened. She was very concerned; I suppose I would have been, too, if I had been in her place. She wasn't happy about my change and told me quite bluntly not to expect anything like that from her. I heard her words, but I wasn't really listening. My plan was to try and persuade Anne into wanting her own relationship with Jesus. She was already attending a church at this time by herself, but wasn't ready to



Jeff and friend, Hiram Joseph

have anything more happen.

I decided that once in a while I would just tell her about the new things I discovered in the Bible, and we could discuss them. These discussions quickly precipitated into heated arguments. Over the next six weeks our marriage suffered greatly because of my desire to have Anne feel what I was feeling about God. One night as we were getting ready for bed I thought that I would try just one more time to talk to her. Wrong idea! We got into such an argument that she told me she would be leaving in the morning because I had become impossible to deal with. It became clear to me at that moment that I had exploded a bomb in our home. Going into our living room, I got down on my knees and cried out to God to save our marriage. I became aware that I had been getting in God's way all this time, and now it was time to get out of the way and let Him work.



The next morning I apologized to Anne, and we made up. I was so happy! Only a month later, she began asking me questions about the Bible. I tried my best not to overwhelm her with big answers. Not long afterwards she and I prayed together as she acknowledged Jesus as her Lord and Savior. Her experience with God at that moment was a very quiet one, and not at all like mine. That was over 12 years ago and we have never regretted our decisions to commit our lives to Jesus Christ.

Our walk, though filled with wonderful blessings along the way, has not been an easy one. In 1989 Anne's mother died very suddenly from a rare blood disorder while on holiday in England. I received the telephone call from Anne's dad at school and had to tell her about her mom, then make all the necessary arrangements for us to fly over to England to be with her family. I don't have to tell you how difficult a time that was, and how much we both asked for God's help to comfort

us. We have found that, when God allows difficult situations to come into our lives, He will carry us through. And then we can, in turn, be a comfort to others going through a similar difficult time.

I continue to teach school and Anne works for Ontario Hydro. We are both active in our church in the music and audio visual areas. I am involved with the FGBMFI Scarborough Chapter and also volunteer with the Christian Television program, 100 Huntley Street, which is seen across Canada each weekday. I answer phones as a volunteer prayer partner, and have an opportunity to pray with each caller for a variety of prayer requests.

Anne and I would not want to live our lives any other way than with Jesus. Though we are not rich in a financial sense, we are rich in what we have with Him. We are both looking forward to the day we will go to heaven. In the meantime, we want to continue to be a blessing to others. Because He found me when I wasn't even looking for Him, I know He is reaching out to you as well!

Jeff receiving his Prayer Partner Certificate.



# ENOUGH IS ENOUGH!

Wes Champlin - Hanford, California

**T**he dunk tank is no place for a teenager, but there I was in jail with adults. This experience shook me up, but changed nothing. It wasn't long before I was back at the same old parties. One day some friends and I were having a grand old time up in the mountains, drinking. We ended up rolling the jeep we were driving. Fortunately, no one was seriously injured.

Coming out of this episode unharmed caused me to question why. Within a year I had also rolled a tractor on the farm and my



dad had had to dig me out. Amazingly, though my foot had been pinned under the seat, I had been able to walk away, shaken, but fine. Once again I was left wondering, "Why, me?"

While I was still attending junior college, my drinking had got to the point where I would have to have something even before going to school. I met a girl there at the college and within a year we were married. Due to the drinking, I even had to be bailed out of jail to make it to my own wedding.

My wife's mother was a perfect example of what a Christian was supposed to be. My father-in-law and I would go hunting and drinking together. Then one Sunday when we arrived, my father-in-law was sitting in the easy chair

with a big smile on his face. He explained that he had committed his life to Jesus Christ at church the previous Sunday.

It seemed to me that God was pursuing me like a hound after a fox, and this fox was running out of places to hide. About that time I was down at Pismo Beach when an accident occurred. Since ambulance service was so terrible on the beach, I took my pickup truck, loaded in the three injured people, and rushed them to the hospital.





Entering the emergency ward at Grover City Hospital with the injured people, I saw six gurneys with bloodied people and medical staff running everywhere. The head nurse asked, "How many more are coming?"

## **The Deciding Factor**

When I didn't quite understand what she was talking about, she explained that she thought we were coming from the 101 freeway accident. There had been a drunk driver going the wrong

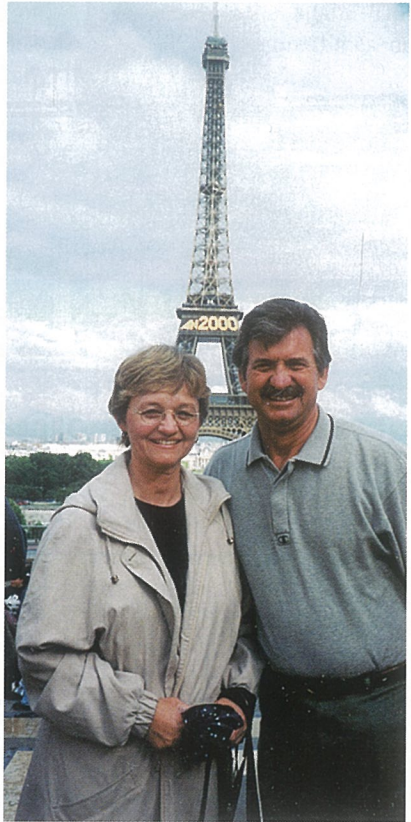


way down the highway and had caused a two-car collision.

All that pain cause by alcohol brought me to my senses, and I decided then and there that enough was enough. That was the last day I ever drank alcohol! The next Sunday I went to church and finally invited Jesus Christ to be Lord of my life. Since that time I have been involved with jail ministry, worked with youth, and helped build a project called, the “ King’s Ranch Ministry”.

Working with the FGBMFI, I served as president of the Hanford Chapter for six years and am now an Area Rep. I work as a general contractor and have two of my three sons working for me. My wonderful wife, Joan, is my best friend.

The Lord God has led me through deep waters and has always saved me from drowning. He has given me the desires of my heart and has caused me to blossom where I’m planted. I have been blessed to go with the Fire Teams, both to Brownsville and to San Antonio.



## The International HQ has moved

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# CRUSHED

Leo Strathman **by a tractor**  
Goff, Kansas

**W**hen it came to religion, fear controlled my life. I was convinced that I had to live according to a code of Do's and Don'ts, and that no matter what I did, I would never be able to measure up. This fear extended itself into every area of my life. In high school, it was so strong that I could not speak to a group of people, because I was convinced I could not meet the standard.

Then I met some people at work who told me I needed to be 'born again'. I argued that because they did not go to my church, they were going to

hell, and that they nothing to say to me. They were persistent in gently loving me. Finally, one day at a meeting, I responded to an invitation to invite Jesus Christ into my life.

At that point in my life I was an absolute workaholic, and I was not the easiest person to live with at times. When I came home from the meeting, I told my wife what had happened to me. She wasn't the slightest bit impressed. Since I was totally excited by what had taken place, this resulted in some tension around the house. This was caused mostly because I was unwise in how I expressed my enthusiasm. I began to cry out to God for help.

That spring we were getting ready to bale hay with the tractors. When I noticed that one of the cows was out, I sent two of my sons with a tractor to get the cow back into the pasture. When they returned, I expected them

to hook up to the wagon that I was sitting on. To my surprise, they went to the shed instead. I saw Mike get off the tractor and put something into the shed.

Then He got back onto the tractor, looked around to make sure the way was clear, and began to back up. Then there was a loud noise and Mike started screaming. I was more than 400 feet away, and yet I had heard the crack when the tractor ran over Justin's head. Instantly I knew it was Justin. To make matters worse, the ground where Justin was run over was hard as rock, with no give at all.

When I arrived on the scene, Justin was as stiff as a board. At first I panicked, then the peace of the Lord came over me, and I began to pray. We called '911' and then, not wanting to wait, put Justin in the pickup truck and started the 20 miles to the hospital. Within one mile, Justin quit breathing. We got ready to do CPR and then we began to cry out to God, and he

began to breathe again. This happened two more times on the way to hospital.

Since his skull was cracked, the doctors told us Justin would not survive. They immediately took him via ambulance to another hospital. At the time I did not know a lot about the Word of God, but I did know that the Bible said He would do a miracle when His followers prayed in Jesus name. I knew I could stand on the Word.

This happened on a Saturday evening; all day Sunday Justin got worse. There was pressure building up in his brain, and the doctors explained that his only chance was immediate

The Strathman Farm in Kansas



Right: Justin Strathman  
after the accident

Below and Next Page:  
Justin Strathman  
in High School



brain surgery. They said that areas of the brain that would have permanent damage were those effecting speech and his right side. He was unconscious for five days. When he finally came to on the 4th of July, we still did not know if he would be able to talk. We were told that if he lived, he would have

to spend months in Wichita, learning to talk again, that he would never walk without a limp, and that he would have to take medication against seizures for the rest of his life.

Two nights later the duty nurse was eating a cup of yogurt while sitting with him. He looked up at her and asked, "What are you eating?" She about lost it. He could speak, but still could not move his right side. They had taken his skull bone out from just above his eyebrows to the middle of his head to allow for the swelling. It was to be left out for eight weeks, frozen in nitrogen to preserve it; they did not believe it could be put back after that time because of his age. The skull bone would not be calcified enough to keep in the nitrogen.

On the twelfth day, the doctor came in and stuck needles in Justin's right foot to see if there was any change. He looked at Justin and said, "It's time for you to straighten up your act.

Raise that leg." To the astonishment of all, he lifted it. On the nineteenth





day, my 45th birthday, Justin walked out of that hospital!

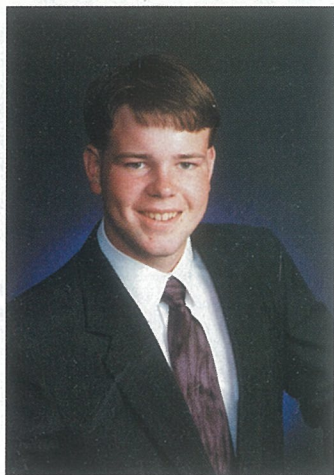
Because the bone was still out of his head, he came home wearing a protective helmet, but he was walking and talking! The other concern was regarding the lining of the brain, which was torn. They had patched it like an inner-tube, but he would likely have to have a plastic plate put in his head.

We told the doctors that we were praying, that Justin was going to be fine, and would even be able to have his own skull bone put back in. They did end up putting his own skull bone back in, and a nurse told us that the brain lining looked perfect. Today the only evidence of his accident is a scar under his hairline from ear to ear. God healed him totally! He has not taken any medication, and has never had a seizure. Today he is in his 2nd year studying drafting in Manhattan, Kansas.

Personally, I had a back problem caused by a birth defect. For more than twenty years I had a standing appointment with a chiropractor, who I saw as many as three times a week. When the FGBMFI came to our town, I went to a meeting and asked for prayer because I suffered such unbelievable pain.

The problem in my back caused tremendous headaches, which would in turn make me sick to my stomach. Today, it has been fifteen years since I have had a significant headache, and, as far as my back is concerned, I can do more today than when I was 21 years old!

In the meantime, all of my family have said the 'sinners' prayer. Justin's healing had a powerful impact in my wife's life, and she committed her life to Jesus Christ at an FGBMFI meeting. God has also taken away that tremen-



dous burden of fear I carried, and has filled me with boldness, after baptizing me in His Holy Spirit.

## **A New Combine**

At one point we were farming about 1,200 acres and had about 100 milk cows. One of the biggest problems in farming is to keep all the equipment up-to-date. A man came to me and wanted to sell me a combine for \$47,000; I could not afford that much. A year later, he came back and was down to \$37,000, but that was still too much for me. Still, at his insistence I went to have a look at it. On the way over, I prayed, "Lord, how much



The Strathman Family

should I offer?" The figure that He seemed to be impressing on me was \$26,000.

Refusing the offer, he asked me to check out prices elsewhere and then to come back. I did that and discovered it would be a real bargain if he sold me the machine at my price. I went back and he asked, "What are you willing to pay me today?" I answered, "\$26,000" He responded, "I can't take that," and began walking away. As he did, he added, "but I guess I will."

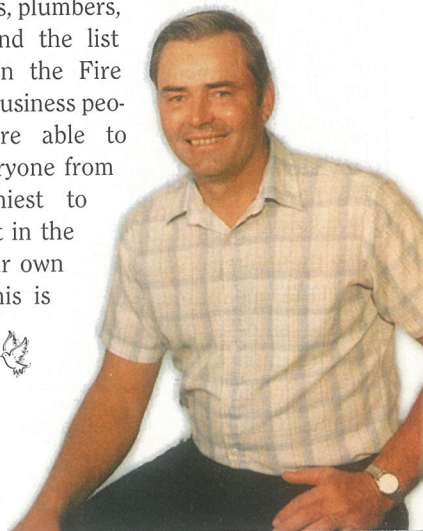
By the end of the wheat harvest, I was able to pay for the combine without borrowing a dime. The combine was bigger than I needed for my land, but it has turned out

part of this great end-time Outreach. During the course of the week, I personally prayed with more than 80 people who wanted to receive Jesus into their lives. There were healings and much prayer for people. The beauty of this type of outreach is that it is done through one-on-one ministry by ordinary people. We are farmers, doctors, lawyers, bankers, business owners, accountants, plumbers, builders, and the list goes on. In the Fire Teams, as business people, we are able to impact everyone from the wealthiest to the poorest in the cities of our own nations. This is exciting!



to be a real blessing from God for us. He told me what to offer and I stayed with it. He knows more than I do! The equipment has worked out very well for us.

I am sharing this story with you from San Antonio, Texas, during the second "Celebrate America" FGBMFI Fire Team Outreach in the USA. It is an honor to be a



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

# Fellowship Events

## CONVENTIONS & EVENTS AROUND THE WORLD

### FGBMFI AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

April 25-28, 2001

Hahndorf, Adelaide

Contact: Australian National Office

Tel: + 61 8 8357 6281

Fax: + 61 8 8357 6275

Email: fgbmfi@ozemail.com.au

### OLYMPIC PENNISULA MEN'S ADVANCE

April 27-29, 2001

at Fort Flagler State Park near  
Port Townsend, Washington

Contact: Mike Krier

2980 Calaveras Ave SE

Port Orchard, WA 98366

360-895-0137

E-mail: mkrier@juno.com

### MARYLAND MEN'S ADVANCE

April 27-29, 2001

Contact: Jim Priddy 410 326 4339

or Bill Lookingbill 301 271 3360

### B.C. PROVINCIAL MEN'S ADVANCE

May 4-6, 2001

Green Bay Camp: Kelowna, B.C.

Contact: Ken Scarrow or Peter Schlitt

Tel: 604-530-1831 or 604-558-6102

Fax: 604-530-0443 or 604-558-6102

Email: oldport@vancouver.net

### 38TH ANNUAL PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGIONAL CONV.

May 10-12, 2001

Holiday Inn at Airport,  
Portland, Oregon

Contact: Peter Reding,

Nat Dir and Co-chair

Tel: 503 292-2161

Fax: 503 292-2161

Email: peter@redingworld.com

### THE HOLY SPIRIT ENCOUNTER

May 12, 2001

Hilton Hotel,  
Bellevue, Washington

Contact: Michael R. Dilio

Tel: (425) 885-9591

Fax: (425) 237-0860

Email: fgbmfi@fgbmf-bellevue.org

### FIRE TEAMS VISIT UK

May 12-20, 2001

United Kingdom

Contact: Peter Spreckley

Tel: (44) (0)1428741250

Fax: (44) (0)1730 816016

peterspreckley@btconnect.com

### PROPHETIC "MEN'S CAMP"

June 8, 2001

Spokane, Washington

Contact: Blake Carlson

Tel: 509-483-0308

Fax: 509-483-9215

Email: blake@nbstampa.com

### B.C. REGIONAL BANQUET

June 1-3, 2001

Surrey B.C., Canada

Contact: Ken Scarrow

Tel: 604-530-1831

Fax: 604-530-0443

### 25TH ANNUAL ALDERSGATE

ADVANCE (MEN'S CAMP)

Sept. 21-23, 2001

Aldersgate Conference Center,  
Turner, Oregon

Contact: Peter Reding

Tel: 503 292-2161

Fax: 503 292-2161

## 2001 World Convention August 7-11

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To receive the group rate, you must identify yourself with FGBMFI.

All rooms are booked on a first come, first serve basis, and are guaranteed at the group rate until July 7, 2001.

Keep us informed about your  
conventions and events

# 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 \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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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 and fulfilled 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. **Come, you will be blessed.**



*A Great place to be*

Voice

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