



**Wonders are
still taking
place today!**

*In this issue of Voice
magazine we see a
broken leg mended
inside of a day, a
marriage brought
back together, and life
given a new purpose.*

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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

VOICE



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Dream A Dream– See A Vision

Did you ever wonder if your hopes and dreams would come true? Recently I heard a story about a boy in Africa who was sick and died. The parents and entire neighbourhood began to wail and cry in sorrow. The six-year-old brother said, “Daddy, don’t cry; he’s not dead. If we pray for him, he will live.” They quickly checked again and there was no sign of life, so they went back to their mourning.

The other children agreed, “We’ll pray for your brother.” They continued all day and when nothing seemed to happen, they returned the next day to pray some more. As they did, a spirit of joy came over them and they began to dance and sing. Suddenly one young boy grabbed the hand of the dead child and gave it a jerk. At that the boy who’d died sat up and asked, “What are you doing here?”

In the FGBMFI we see business men around to world with dreams and visions. Many feel much like the parents in this story, but there is an answer to our challenges, one as dynamic as that of these children. There is someone who can make your dreams can come to life too... **read on!**

Richard Shakarian
International President

Accepted Just as I am!

Harald Gindele, Weingarten, Germany

As a child I quickly learned that we only went to church to impress other people. At home it was quite different than one would expect from “church-goers”. I use that term deliberately, because what we knew of religion was not what I would now think of as Christianity.

My father was a very egoistic and closed man, always believing himself to be right while other people’s opinions were unimportant.

He owned and operated a bakery. In my efforts to please him, I also became a baker, serving my apprenticeship under him. I constantly sought to prove my worth to him. Sadly, he never even said he liked me, much less that he loved me. My self image fell lower and lower. The worse it got, the more I seemed to be enslaved by my situation. Life was terrible!

My mother was the only person I could really talk to since I had no other friends. As a result, I had the feeling that I had more or less lost my ability to converse altogether. Finally, while working on my master’s ticket, I had a nervous breakdown.

Then a pastor from a church in Ravensburg came by to talk to me about God. When he started talking to me about a living relationship with Jesus, I began to pay attention. He began coming often. We would do some Bible study together and then just talk.

Following a few contemplative nights I concluded that this was what I needed; I knew Jesus was my only hope. If He really existed and, as the pastor told me, had already helped so many people, surely He

would help me, too. At that point I committed my life to Jesus Christ.

At the advice of those in the church, I went to a Christian psychologist for counselling. This was a very different experience for me. It was as if the doctors were my companions as Jesus continued the transforming work in my life. At the centre we spent a lot of time in prayer and praise. During this time I experienced God working in my life in a very concrete way. I could feel the presence of the Holy Spirit, who gently healed me of my fears and insecurities. I also learned that His acceptance of me is not based on my performance, but rather on what Christ did on the cross.

Jesus is alive. Anyone who comes to Him will not be disappointed for He is willing and able to give us real life – and that more abundantly!



Proven Faithful

David Foot, Pembury, England

While skiing in Switzerland late in the afternoon in January 1965, two days before we were due to return to England, my wife, Helen, suddenly ran into thick snow and was thrown with her leg twisted. The safety-catch on the ski-binding failed to open, so her fibula snapped.

She was brought down on a rescue sledge to the bus, which took her straight to the doctor. He X-rayed her leg, diagnosed a fracture of the fibula just above the ankle, and set it in plaster. She was told not to walk on it and to return in five days for a walking plaster. She could travel five days after that.

That evening she was prayed for by a friend. Remembering the lame in the days of Jesus, who "rose up and walked", Helen, with more enthusiasm than faith, got off the bed and took a few steps in intense pain. She returned to the bed somewhat discouraged. The thought came to her that she had probably done damage by walking when the doctor had told her not to!

My wife had told the doctor she did not want sedatives. That night she slept even more deeply than before the accident, only waking up to turn over. She spent the next day reading over the promises of God, which built up her faith, and also seeking to ensure that

there was no resentment towards anyone, which might cause a barrier to her faith. By the time we returned in the evening from our last day on the ski-slopes, Helen had the assurance that God had healed her. Alone in her room the next morning, she got up and walked. As she took each step in the Name of Jesus, the pain diminished until it almost disappeared, and she was able to walk unsupported out of the chalet and across uneven snow into the main building for meals.

Later we telephoned the doctor and arranged to see him. The plaster was now broken down under her foot, and she needed it re-moved to be able to wear boots for travelling the next day. At first the doctor had waived

aside the possibility, but on seeing her walk into the surgery unaided and then standing on the broken leg alone, for good measure, he asked if he could take another X-ray.

While waiting for the plate to develop, he questioned us. We told him that we believed that God heals, in compassion, to confirm His Word, to bring unbelievers under conviction, and that he provided the remedy for infirmity, as well as for sin, at Calvary. He asked what my wife would do if the X-ray showed the break was still there? She thought for a moment, and then replied, "I have been believing God's Word rather than my senses or feelings so far, and I can continue to trust Him. After all, I am walking!"

The X-ray showed the same diagonal break with the 1 mm gap, but in exactly the same position! The bones had not moved in spite of walking about with her full weight on them! She declined the offer of strapping. We travelled by bus and train to Zurich the next day, and kept to our scheduled arrangements, flying on to London with the children.

Thereafter, my wife did her housework, packed the children's trunks for school, drove the car, did her shopping, etc. Four weeks after the accident she asked for another X-ray. This showed a complete union of the bone, with the report, "Position excellent, and union satisfactory".

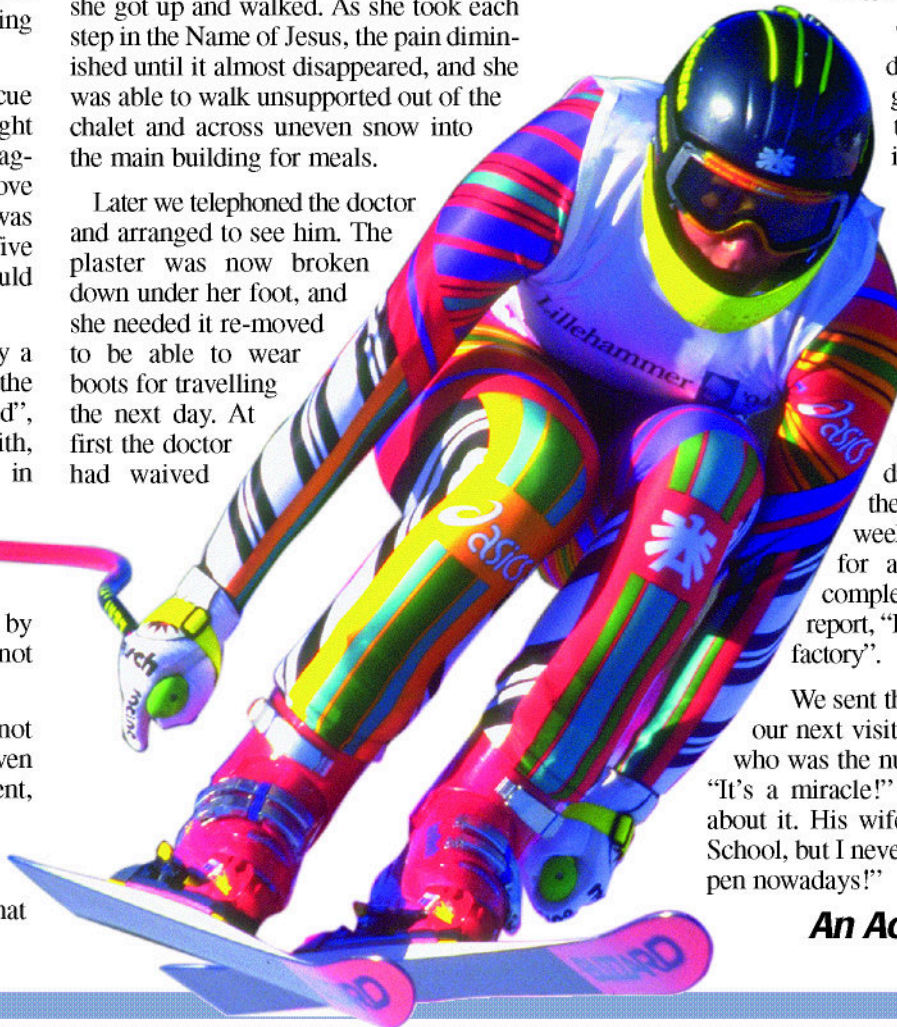
We sent the report to the Swiss doctor. On our next visit we called on him and his wife, who was the nurse working with him. He said, "It's a miracle!" and seemed genuinely thrilled about it. His wife remarked, "I teach in Sunday School, but I never thought such things could happen nowadays!"

An Accident in Austria



An Active Role

Many people believe that God exists, but have never looked any deeper to see what that fact can mean in their personal lives. Performing the methodical outward acts of religion is often as far as it goes. Tradition is wonderful and has much to teach us, but there is so much more that God has in store for us. He cares for you and wants to take an intimately active part in your life.





Coronary Attack

In November 1976 David had a coronary attack while at his office. When I received the news, I immediately telephoned a friend to ask for prayer. The Rev. Wenda Ough kindly drove over from near Maidstone, arriving at David's bedside in the intensive care unit within an hour of his admission to hospital. The doctor had already warned me that in these attacks a part of the heart always dies. Mrs. Ough quietly laid hands on him and prayed in faith, and God assured her that all would be well.

X-rays were taken the next morning. They showed that the heart had no damage! David was out of intensive care within 48 hours, and out of hospital within eight days. His condition steadily returned to normal.

When David asked the consultant whether the attack might have been merely psychological, he replied that it was definitely a coronary, but that no damage to the heart could be found.

There is nothing psychosomatic about a broken thigh-bone! The faces of the doctor and nurses were a study! His immediate reaction was to say, "Why doesn't God do it for everyone?" I was too busy to realise that I was without pain and was actually standing steadily! They did not permit me to walk, but wheeled me on a trolley to the hospital entrance. There I dismounted and walked down the front steps to the waiting taxi they had called, without even the support of my husband's arm.

The drive to the hotel seemed like a dream as I pictured where I might have been at that moment in time had it been otherwise. I remember reflecting, in the words of the man who wrote Psalm 118:8 in the Bible that, "It's better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man".

On reaching our little hotel, which had no lift, there were sixty-seven stairs to climb to our bedroom! As I took each step in faith, I found I had the power to do so, almost free of pain.

That night I slept soundly, without so much as an aspirin, only waking and getting up twice to walk to the bathroom and

round the bed to avoid stiffness. The next day I was able to go down to all the meals and sit in a normal chair. Each day brought more confidence and mobility. In fact, recollecting Acts 3:8, which speaks of "walking, leaping, and praising God", I tried one or two small jumps with both feet together, and had no trouble at all! On the fourth day I wore boots and we went on a coach-trip, walking round a glass factory, followed by about three-quarters of an hour of sight-seeing in Salzburg!

On our return it occurred to me that the doctor at the hospital might possibly be wondering what had happened to his unorthodox patient, even to visualising my being flown to a London hospital in a shocking state! So I wrote to thank him for his kind attention and advice, which I realised was quite correct according to all medical knowledge and data. It was just that there was another factor in this case! I then added, "You asked me a question, 'Why doesn't He do it for everybody?' One answer might be that not everyone believes He exists, nor that He would help them in this way if He did exist. Also if one believes, one must act accordingly." I mentioned the coach trip and walk-



Trustworthy

Helen Foot: Over the years I have had to go against what would seem to be common sense. It was a choice to trust God despite all odds. I have found Him dependable and faithful.

you do not have traction, you will never walk again." "All the same", I answered, "I would like to be taken back to the hotel." This, quite understandably, irritated the doctor and he retorted, "All right, you get up and go yourself!"

Thus I was left with a split-second choice to make – either to accept his edict and be wheeled away and put on traction, or to trust the Lord to stand by His promise in Mark 16:18 of the Bible.

Common sense said it was utter folly, but in view of God's past dealings with me, I felt it would be ungrateful to even consider it a risk. God gave me complete confidence that, "They who trust Him wholly, find Him wholly true". So, saying, "My husband has prayed for me, and God is healing me," I swung my hitherto powerless leg off the X-ray table, and stood up.

In that traumatic moment I realised what a dependable God we serve! All the will-power, courage, or even faith, in the world would be futile if He were not solidly behind His promises! I should have been a crumpled heap on the floor. However, God was as good His Word.

Once again while skiing, this time in the Austrian Alps in the winter of 1972/3, one afternoon, on completing a final zig-zag run down to the foot of the ski-lift, my wife noticed too late that all the snow had been scraped away, leaving bare ice. Her skis shot sideways, and she fell on her left hip. She was in great pain and unable to move the leg at all, so I laid hands on her and prayed in Jesus' name.

My wife said that the pain eased considerably, but she was still unable to move, even to have a glove placed between her hip and the ice. It took half an hour for a stretcher to arrive. She was carried down by chair-lift to the foot of the mountain, and then fifteen miles by ambulance to the nearest hospital. We praised God all the way down.

In the X-ray department we were left alone for a few minutes. We committed the situation to Jesus, claiming His Lordship and control. Helen had told me she wanted to be X-rayed to determine the nature of the injury, but nothing more, and she wanted my moral support. However, I was not permitted to stay with her. Two rather stern-looking Austrian nurses firmly ushered me out!

HELEN: The doctor took the X-ray as I lay on the table, still unable to move the leg at all. He later returned with the plates, saying, "You have fractured the neck of the femur (*thigh*), and it will be necessary to put you in traction. By the way, when did you last eat or drink?" (That implies a general anaesthetic is in mind.) I replied that I would rather not have traction, but rather, since we still had nine days of holiday left, I would be grateful if he would send me back to our hotel – presumably in the ambulance the way I had come.

He replied, "You don't understand. If

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ing around Salzburg, and then added that since we had five more days in Austria, he could examine me again if he cared to do so. I heard no more! I am afraid he was not as thrilled as the Swiss doctor had been over my healed fractured ankle! The latter was already a believer in Jesus, and appeared delighted to see such evidence that Jesus is alive today, and is active in response to our faith.

During the day of the coach trip, I was knocked off-balance by a heavy swing door, which struck me as I came out of a café, and I had to land sideways on my injured leg off the doorstep and onto the pavement. Instead of staggering or falling, as could have been expected even with a sound leg, it felt like a stone pillar and stood firm! For some time afterwards I had a sense of awe, as it seemed to me that God had intervened when the devil had tried to break it open again.

After returning to England and carrying on with normal life – driving the car, and even climbing a ladder to the roof – at one point I caught sight of myself in a long mirror, limping slightly as I walked. My first thought was, “Well, you should be very thankful to be able to do everything again; you’ll probably always have that limp”. Suddenly I realised where that thought had come from! I said, “No! My God wouldn’t do a shoddy job.” Instantly the Bible verse, “The Lord will perfect that which concerns me” (in Psalm 138:8) came to my mind. The next day the limp was gone, and I have walked, climbed, and even clambered over rocks and boulders perfectly well ever since! ●

Watch Out For the Lie

Helen: We were sitting in a lounge after the evening meal when we became aware of some loud, unpleasant ribaldry going on at the bar of the hotel, almost amounting to a brawl. There was an atmosphere of evil. I suddenly felt pain in my thigh, and a powerlessness, and had great difficulty afterwards in getting up the stairs to our bedroom. When I stood upright with both legs together, my left leg appeared to be about three inches longer than the right, so that I had either to keep the left knee bent, or rise on the toes of the right foot. Sitting on the edge of the bed, it proved impossible to get my knees level because the left one stuck out about 3 inches in front of the other.

The thought then came, “Now you’ve done it, you idiot! You’ve put your hip out of place, and you’re in real trouble!” I showed David, and he prayed against the temptation of unbelief. We sought again to stand on God’s promises and Christ’s healing, and went to bed. The next morning everything was normal once again! What had appeared a definite measurable fact had been just a lie of the devil to make us doubt God! At that point it would have been so easy to say, “It didn’t last”, or “I found I wasn’t healed after all”, but I didn’t...



It came as quite a shock to me the first time I came across someone who did not celebrate Christmas. Growing up in the church, it seemed normal for everyone to be in some way Christian. It was difficult for me to fathom that some people did not believe in Jesus.

However, the things of this world seemed very attractive to me. At 12 I started smoking and later drinking. In my last year of high school drugs became the thing. We dabbled mostly with grass and hash.

After high school I went on to a job in broadcasting at a local television station. On my own away from home, I didn't have to go to church, so didn't bother – that is unless I had had a weekend doing a lot of drinking and drugs and needed to calm down a bit. Then I'd go home, visit my parents and attend church with them. I thought of this as “being human again.” Within a few years I'd left broadcasting and began working in a night club called “Noah's Ark”, an appropriate name considering the place was full of people acting like animals.

At the time, Mavis' mother was the manager. Actually Mavis and I did not have much in common. We were from different sides of the proverbial “tracks”. She had grown up in a broken home and had had little or no church background.

Living on my own in downtown Prince Albert, I was lonely. One night Mavis and I went to her apartment. This started a relationship. Within a few weeks it seemed senseless to have my own apartment when I spent all my time at her place.

Mom took to Mavis right off. She became her mission. Mom took her to prayer meetings. Everyone knew mom was “born again” and hung around people called “charismatics”. The rest of us didn't care as long as she didn't bother us with it. Normally she just prayed for us and especially for me as my life-style seemed to require it.

Then one day a charismatic Anglican priest prayed for Mavis and she came home changed. She wanted to tell me all about what had happened to her. I thought, “I've grown up in the church and now Mavis wants to tell *me* about Jesus!”

Mavis: Trust me, I was very radical. For me it was like the Apostle Paul on the Damascus Road. Jesus came into my life like a lion. It was dramatic!

Brett: She came home very zealous –

she walked, talked, ate, slept, and drank, Jesus. It was driving me crazy. She had been a loving person before, but now she just *loved* everybody and still does. Her outgoing love very much impressed me. I could see the change in her life. Even at work in the night club, she'd talk to people about Jesus while serving them drinks. I was afraid that it would get her into trouble.

I had never learned about the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and since I felt that reading the Bible was something only ministers did, I didn't spend much time doing it myself, so had little idea what it said about these things. I thought Mavis had really flipped out!

Our relationship began to go downhill. None-the-less we did get married and started out with, what was to my think-

ing, a proper church life together. Mavis went to the small charismatic Anglican service, while I went to the more traditional one.

I had a pretty strong sense of right and wrong. To me it was clear that a good husband and father should take his family to church. Because I was young and reasonably intelligent, I had been elected to the church board. When my term was up I followed Mavis to her little church. They cared about me and treated me well; they were good people. I had been working at the jail for two years by this time and I didn't have much use for other people. Two days after my 24th birthday, the pastor and I began a discussion. After talking for awhile, we prayed together. I prayed the



Raised in a Dysfunctional Home!

Mavis: As Brett said, I was raised “across the tracks”, where there was no lack of excitement. I came from a dysfunctional home, with a single parent. My father left when I was five. There was a good deal of alcohol abuse and I was both physically and sexually abused over many years.

In the end I became hardened and very promiscuous and, though I was constantly seeking it, I didn't really know what love was. At 15 I became pregnant. At first I thought about giving the child up for adoption, but after the birth decided to keep him, for which I am very thankful.

Bob is our only son and is really a great guy and we love him very much. I had to quit school to raise him. Then I met Brett. We enjoyed each other's company and, since we were living that kind of life-style anyway, we decided to move in together.

Brett's mom showed me something new – unconditional love. She shared about Jesus, but mostly just loved me. She took me to a prayer meeting one night and I committed my life to Christ. A week or so later while attending another meeting by myself at a small church I was prayed for and received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Coming home, I immediately began to tell Brett that he, too, needed God. It took time for Brett – about two-and-a-half years – before he was ready to commit his life to Jesus.



Vibrant Life

In today's world it is not uncommon for children to pay the price for adults living out their selfish whims and desires. Mavis Watson was one such child. She now shares with others her experiences with God's deep healing and how He has given her a new and vibrant life. Sadly, it is not uncommon for a couple to go through some marriage difficulties, but in this case the end was not disaster. They now help others with their problems.

"sinner's prayer" and invited Jesus Christ to be Lord of my life.

Some months later Mavis dragged me to an FGBMFI dinner. Some of the people began speaking about the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. By then I knew all about it because of Mavis. I wasn't zealous like she was, but since I had invited Jesus into my life, I had begun to change little by little. At the end of the meeting I went forward for prayer and received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

In a way I felt like I was living a double life – one at work and another with Christians. It seemed that as soon as church was over, it was back to "normal" – smoking and occasionally drinking. The smoking was killing me. In fact, I still have sinus problems relating back to when I smoked. Then, at an FGBMFI banquet the speaker shared how God had taken such things away from him. "Man, oh man!" I thought "I've invited Jesus



Brett Watson has been a Corrections Officer for the last 15 years. He is a gifted musician, something he uses to serve God. He is the lead vocalist for a gospel rock/blues band, "Last Call". He is a member of the FGBMFI Prince Albert Chapter. Brett and his wife, Mavis, have one son, Bob.

into my life, but still struggle with all that stuff!"

After the meeting I told him how much I appreciated his testimony, but admitted it bothered me a bit. He then prayed with me and God delivered me from smoking right then and there. It was as if I had never smoked. God made sure I didn't forget either. Two days later I was helping a friend paint his house, when he stopped for a smoke break. Out of habit, I reached for one. No sooner had I touched it, than started feeling very sick. When I put the cigarette down I suddenly felt better. With that I realised I was indeed free from smoking.

As the years passed I began using my musical talents for worship and praise. After joining the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International (FGBMFI) in 1984, I began singing at their banquets.

Still inconsistent in my walk with God I believe He must have been growing tired of it. In 1987 Mavis and I weren't getting along very well. I'd even allowed an inappropriate relationship to develop with another woman, fooling myself into thinking we were just good friends. That summer I went to visit a good friend of mine who was a pastor in British Columbia. God showed me, through him, the error of my ways. He broke me, and then restored me. In obedience, I began taking up my Biblical position as the spiritual leader of our home.

Mavis: Somehow it seemed that I had become one of Brett's greatest enemies. Though he had invited Jesus into his life, he had never made Him Lord. He was unwilling to give over the full control – this included our relationship and home.

Brett: Sometime during the summer,

I'd removed my wedding ring and was unable to find it. We looked everywhere. So I said, "Well, I guess when I start acting like a husband again, I'll get my wedding ring back." I didn't realise just how prophetic that statement would turn out to be. Returning from B.C. on our 6th wedding anniversary I confessed to her how foolish and wrong I had been, and asked for her forgiveness. She was willing to forgive me.

That same day I found my ring on our dresser. We had looked everywhere for it and yet there it was in plain sight. For me this was a sign from God. Finally ready for help, with our Bishop's blessing, we began attending a new church, where the pastor and his wife counselled us.

For the next months we went every Thursday evening for counselling. With their help, God restored our marriage and our family. At first we just let God minister to us – but that Christmas I joined the choir and began to get back into the music ministry.

During this time God was working in all the members of our family, including Bobby. As for me – at last Jesus was not just Saviour; He was Lord. I started reading my Bible and going to Bible studies.

In 1988 I had to have surgery. Unbeknown to me, my doctors thought I had cancer. Just the week before the surgery we'd gone to the Regina FGBMFI convention. Until then, I was not thinking much about it until a friend said, "We have been praying for you!" Then it hit me! They were going put me to sleep and cut me open! It was then that I went forward for prayer. I asked God to deliver me from the fear of having surgery. At a later meeting I asked for prayer for healing. God did both. They did the surgery, but found no cancer.

Mavis: They found a number of small stones in a sack of fluid. The doctor was completely amazed! He is a specialist and had never seen anything like it. They had been absolutely positive that Brett had cancer.

Brett: Through the many growing times I have had over the years, God has always been there, patiently loving me through it all. I especially thank Him for the wonderful wife He gave me and how she has loved me and stood by me, and for my son, Bob.



Unfortunately, by 15 years-of-age I had started to be just like my parents, and by 19 my life was more on the streets and in the bars than at home. At times I would remember what I'd been taught in the Bible classes and would cry out to God, "What good am I? Jesus, is there a future for me? Please give me a wife with whom I can build a family and finally know love."

From the depths of my pit, God heard my prayer and answered. He gave me a wonderful, devout catholic wife. She taught me to live as a normal man, without alcohol – and to accept God. It had to be God for a girl like her to love a man like me.

In theory, I was Protestant and she was Catholic. Thus my parents did whatever they could to break up our relationship. Besides, they thought she was too good for me. She was very straight and lived a healthy life-style. They even tried to match her with my half-brother to get her away from me. Thanks to my wife and her parents, we did finally get married.

Ten years went by. We were religious, but that was as far as it went until our fourth child came along. My wife was very sick and couldn't do anything around the house. The person responsible for the helpers we got for doing house-work was a committed Christian, and she talked to us about God. We believed in God, but He was far away and our only relationship with Him was through the tradition of our religion. She talked about a little church in Normandy – it was a group of 40 people. It sounded interesting so we went to have a look for ourselves. These people were so filled with love that we found ourselves wanting to go back.

At that little church we committed our lives to Jesus Christ and entered a whole new living relationship with God. On top

of that, my wife's problems were healed and she delivered without complication.

A few months after the birth the doctors told us that our daughter's hip was out of place and they put her in a cast to correct it. They then said she had to wear special hard underwear to keep her legs apart. This was not very comfortable and made her cry all the time. Not wanting to torment her, we did not make her wear them. Instead, we asked friends in the church to pray. God healed her! Some months later, when we took her in for a check up, the specialist took an X-ray and then told us that she was doing very well and could stop wearing the special underwear. This was confirmation to us that she had indeed been healed since she had not worn them anyway.

God has done so much for us. He healed the many hurts caused in those first years of our marriage and has made us a family again. He brought stability into our financial situation. He healed my shoulder from a miserable skin disorder, and He delivered me from alcohol. Since that time I have had good positions professionally. Up till then the misery and guilt had always interfered. Over the years I have lost my job twice, but God

Alcoholism & Bitterness

Christian Marye,
Malaunay, France

Changed to joy and confidence!

Freed from the misery of my past, I am now the director of an vocational college. We help young people, aged 16 to 26, to get their degree and encourage them as they plan for their future.

It is wonderful to aid young people, especially because my own youth was so terrible. My parents were heavy drinkers and use to fight a lot, insulting and threatening each other. I have witnessed my father lying on the floor with a knife thrust through his hand. I have seen my mother on the balcony, getting ready to jump. It was up to me to take care of my younger sister. Life was hell for us. Despite the potential there was within the family, alcohol destroyed everything. We lived in squalor, were poorly dressed, and only got a good meal about twice a week.

At school others rejected us because our parents were "those alcoholics." This resulted in my growing up hard and bitter, rebelling against society. Across the

street from where we lived was a large church. Occasionally they had a festival for the local children. They served good food, but the Marye children were not welcome. In contrast, my half-brother lived with his grandmother. He had a racing bike, travelled, and was well-dressed.

Seeing the state in which we lived, my grandmother (on my mother's side) arranged for me to attend Bible classes at a Protestant church. In the midst of the desperation of my life I saw a ray of light in the darkness. Friday nights were the worst because my father would get paid and the weekend party would begin.



My Grandmother wanted something better for us.

A New Job

Omar Viera, Slovakia

Applying for a new job, the first thing I said was, "I am a Christian." I then gave him a copy of Voice Magazine and explained that the only way I could do business was God's way. Looking through the copy of Voice, a smile came on the man's face. "I have heard about the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International and knew its founder Demos Shakarian." He then asked me to come back for a second interview. When I did they explained that they were creating a new department and that I would be their representative for Latin America. I was given a company car and two assistants.



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has provided me with another both times. Today I am able to serve Him as director of the business training centre.

Life has not been without its challenges, however. For example, I worked as an independent salesman at one stage and went bankrupt. Even in that situation God was with me and helped me work my way through it.

Two of the men in our prayer group knew about the FGBMFI and invited me to a meeting. Eventually I became a part of the founding membership for a new FGBMFI Chapter in Rouen. I am now president of the Chapter.

I used to be a "man of the street", but God has truly changed my life. Thanks to Jesus, I am now a "child of God".

He has given me balance and purpose in my life. Though we live in the world like everyone else and have difficult times to get through, I know that I am not alone. When the storms come, the Lord holds me in His loving arms. As a youth I often fought alone. Now Jesus is with me and I can hold my head high. The Bible verse in Romans 8:35 says it all, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, anguish, persecution, ... hunger or death, or nakedness, ..." and verse 38, "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." I am so thankful for what He has done for me and my family. ●

A PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP

While reading VOICE Magazine you may have wondered if you, too, could have the kind of relationship with God shared about here. For this to occur take the following steps.



WHAT NOW

1 Acknowledge to God you have lived selfishly and that, in not honouring Him as Lord of your life, you have sinned and are separated from Him. "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" Rom. 3:23.

2 Repent by turning to God and asking for His forgiveness of your past sins and for His help to live as He desires. "Except you repent, you shall all likewise perish" Luke 13:3.

3 Believe that Jesus is the Son of God and that, as He died on the cross, He took your sins upon Himself that you may obtain God's forgiveness. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" John 3:16.

4 Confess that you wish to invite Jesus to be Saviour and Lord of your life. "If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved" Rom. 10:9.

If, after careful thought you wish to make this important step, then pray the following out loud: "Dear God, I am convinced that I am a sinner and as such I am destined to perish. I believe in my heart that Jesus, your Son, died for all sinners, including me, and shed His blood to wash away my sins. I confess Jesus to be Saviour and Lord of my life and thank you for your gift of eternal life. I now trust You to help me to live as You desire."

Do not depend on feelings as proof of your acceptance by God. Feelings are changeable, but your new relationship with God is based on His promises (Rom. 10:13). Do not be ashamed to tell others about Jesus (Mat. 10:32). Take time daily for prayer and Bible reading (1 Pet. 2:2, Psalms 37:4, Rom. 8:14). When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know.

☐ TO CONTACT THE VOICE TEAM ☐

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- I wish to inform you of my decision to follow Jesus Christ. Please send me the booklet 'Now You've Received Christ'.
- Please send me information about the FGBMFI.
- Please send me details on membership in the FGBMFI.

Name and address (print clearly):



Not Always As You Think

*Bert Sture,
North Yorkshire, England*

A motorcycle accident in 1950 fractured my tibia, fibula, and pelvis. As a result, by the mid-1970's, I was quite badly disabled with arthritis to my hip, knee and ankle joints. In 1976, for our silver wedding celebration trip, I visited Toronto in Canada with my late wife, Pauline, and our youngest son, Tim.

At that time my brother, David, was the pastor of a church there and I received prayer for healing. Immediately my arthritic pain left me. While on that holiday I also came became acquainted with the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International (FGBMFI). The following year I learned of the first UK and Ireland Convention in Glasgow. I attended and subsequently became president of the Bradford Chapter in Yorkshire. Then followed many years of exciting adventures within the Fellowship and my eventually relocating to Ripon in North Yorkshire nearly nine years ago.

Shortly after my wife, Pauline, went to be with the Lord in 1991, having been a great support to me, the Lord woke me one night with the conviction that He was giving me new beginnings and that He had prepared a new wife for me. Only He could have done it! In 1992 Ann became my wife and is now my constant companion and encouragement.

During the last year or two I began to feel a recurrence of arthritic pain in my right hip, which I resisted, standing on God's Word for my healing. Whenever I was

aware of the pain, Ann and I would take authority over it in the name of Jesus and the pain would leave. Each time it came back we would pray, but the pain kept returning.

Having been healed so miraculously in 1976, I knew that the Lord was more than able to do it again. I received prayer at FGBMFI meetings, but somehow did not receive healing in the same way as I had in Toronto.

In January 1995 I was due for my annual medical check by our family doctor. When he asked me how I felt generally, I said, "Very well apart from recurring pain in my hip". He arranged an X-ray examination at the local hospital. When the results were available, I was told that the joint was severely affected on both the femur and pelvic surfaces and that he would refer me to the consultant surgeon at Harrogate District Hospital. While we were in the surgery my doctor telephoned the surgeon's secretary to enquire about the waiting list for a consultation. He was told 6-7 months.

At home Ann and I prayed about the situation. Shortly afterwards I received an appointment within three weeks! The consultant examined me and then asked me to describe the pain, which I did as honestly as I could. Having inspected my X-ray he said, "I think that you are understating the situation." I told the consultant that I had been healed in 1976 after prayer – and later discovered that the fact was recorded in my medical notes. I was allowed a month to consider whether or not to have the operation, during which time Ann and I prayed for the Holy Spirit's guidance. We felt it

was right to go ahead.

I was admitted into hospital on the 12th June, had the operation, which proved to be totally successful, the following day, and was discharged from hospital two weeks later, walking on two sticks and able to climb stairs by myself. There were quite a number of restrictions to obey e.g. sleeping on my back, no bending down, sitting only on a high hard chair... Gradually I began to improve and increased the amount of my walking. Ann had prayed for good weather during my convalescence, and we had a beautiful summer! Surely we have a good God who meets our every need!

I have been very aware of His presence, particularly during the time I was in hospital and as I have sat in the garden resting, reading, and writing. My next appointment was scheduled for August 9th when I was hoping to be given permission to sit in the car in the passenger seat. To my initial disappointment, the appointment was cancelled and amended to the 15th of August. I felt that the Lord was saying, "Be patient," so I cheered up.

On the 15th I went to the hospital and was told that because I was now into the 9th week since the operation I had to have an X-ray before seeing the consultant. The consultant then requested I demonstrate my walking and also enquired as to how I was feeling. When I said I was doing well, to my surprise and delight he said, "You are now free from all restrictions; proceed carefully and with common sense. We thanked him and said that many people had been praying for me and also for him as he carried out the operation. He thanked us for this. I started driving again on August 31st and now walk without any aid, except for using a stick for long walks.

God is so good to me! I have learned that He doesn't always heal in the way we think He will. Most of all, I have come to know in a very real way that He walks with me and will never leave me. The Lord is my Helper.

Bert & Ann



WHO ARE WE?

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is an international fellowship of Christian business men whose purpose is:

1 To call men to God and into the church by witnessing to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total gospel for the total man.

2 To provide a basis for Christian fellowship among men everywhere under the single banner of their experiences in Jesus Christ and to strengthen them so that they can go back to their respective churches refreshed and renewed. The FGBMFI is not a church nor a sect. It has no priests nor pastors, and does not start churches.

3 To bring about a greater measure of unity among all Christians.



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