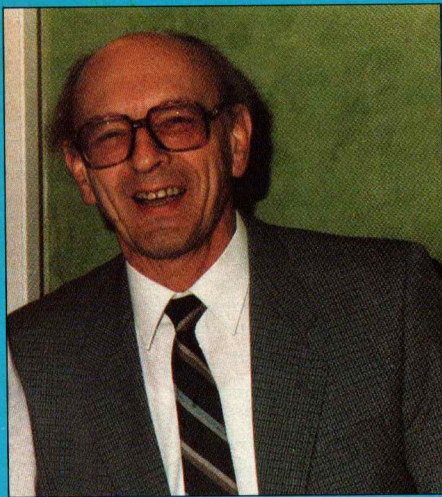
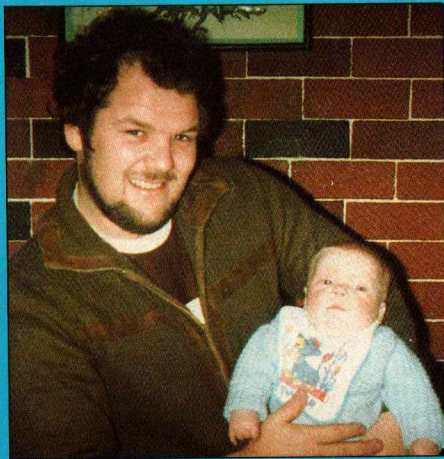




WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED



**A HOLIDAY
THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING**



FREE AT LAST



**MY UNIFORM WAS
NOT ENOUGH !**

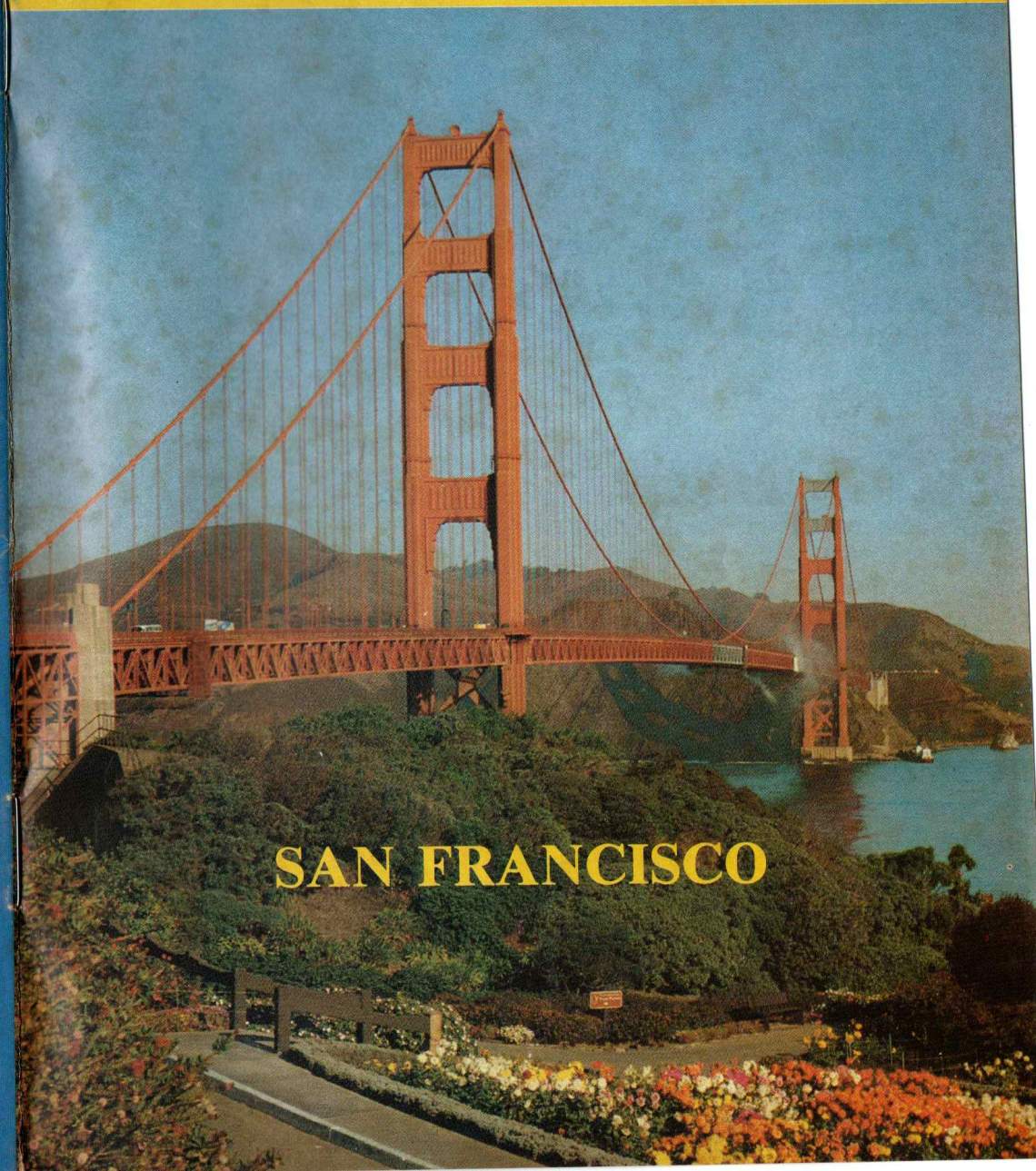


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VOICE

OF THE FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL



SAN FRANCISCO

WHEN ALL ELSE FAILED

Walter Henle, Althegnenberg, W. Germany

In 1934 my mother gathered the children around her, and explained as best she could, how, due to the fact that our father was Jewish, the family was in for a rather difficult time. Perhaps our father would even lose his job. He was Building Commissioner of Munich, and, quite frankly, would never listen to any of the talk about the growing anti-semitism. His family had been in the area for generations. He felt he was a good German, and had fought as a decorated commissioned officer in the First World War. He was liked and highly respected in his community. "Why should anything change? Everyone has been through a difficult time, but in the end it will be alright".

When the troubles began, we slowly became isolated as a family. Father was deeply hurt that his country responded to him as it did. Our friends and family were afraid to have any contact with us, feeling that any Jewish relationship would cause discrimination against them.

By 1935 my father could no longer leave the city. He was required to wear a large Star of David, making it unsafe to walk the streets alone, resulting in him being virtually house bound.

In an effort to protect us from discrimination and prejudice, we were sent to Etal, a Catholic boarding school run by Benedic-

tine Monks. Before this all started I attended a public school where I had keenly participated in school sports, but slowly the others turned against me, till one day, without any obvious provocation, I was asked to leave. I considered myself a normal German boy, and couldn't understand why suddenly others saw me otherwise.

Upon entering the Benedictine school in 1936, the problems due to my Jewish ancestry disappeared. Soon one of my brothers graduated and took up an apprenticeship in a leather goods store in Offenbach. He lived with a local family, and nobody knew much about him except that he was an apprentice.

My life was relatively quiet until November 1938 and the "Cristal Night", a night few of my generation will ever forget. That evening the so-called "anger of the people" took its revenge on the Jewish population. All synagogues as well as many stores, houses and homes were destroyed or looted. It was on this night, that my father disappeared. Three months later he was found at the Water Works, drowned!

Some years earlier I had accidentally discovered a little package, down in the basement, in an old chest of drawers. Attached to the small box was a note saying, "Poison, destroy after my death." Six weeks after my father's disappearance, I was home for the Christmas Holidays, and immediately went to the drawer in search of the little package. It was open and empty. At that moment I knew what had happened to my father.

As it turned out my father's death was our salvation. If he had died a few weeks later,



Walter and Dorothea

Mother would have lost all the property as well as her widow's pension.

Between 1938 and 1944 about eighty members of the Henle family were killed, or died in concentration camps, or committed suicide. On the other hand, many of my mother's family, being party members and some even S.S. officers, would have nothing to do with us, insisting that we did not contact them in any way. So with the exception of one elderly lady who visited us occasionally, we were completely isolated.

Then in 1939 when I finished High School at the monastery, I was drafted into the army. It was not long before I and my two brothers, according to Hitler's personal orders, were dishonourably discharged, and sent to a labour camp. This too turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Due primarily to the nature of the discharge, my older brother was escorted back from his battalion on the Russian Front. Normally to use a tank

to safely transport a man from the battle grounds would have meant a court martial, but in this case the battalion commander, who liked my brother very much, got away with it. Not long after this the entire battalion was annihilated — my brother was the only survivor.

Although we did not recognise it at the time, God had his hand on us. All three of us survived. This was something very few other German families could say with three sons of enlisting age.

After the war, all the pressures, like forced labour camps and such horrors disappeared, but the emotional scars were still there, and until 1981, I never talked about my experiences. It was as if it had all been a bad dream.

After University I pursued my career as a scientist with Shell Development, a San Francisco based division of Shell Oil. My aim was to make a name for myself through

my research career and with many publications, even to the point of neglecting my family. Everything seemed to be going well, until 1971 when Shell Development operations in Emeryville began to close down, and my career came to a grinding halt.

With little other choice, after fourteen years in the USA with Shell, I returned to Europe and accepted a job in Switzerland. I had always been a success, and now suddenly here I was; my marriage finished and with my finances in a mess. The job I returned to only lasted one year, leaving me with no permanent work from 1973 to 1974 when I got a position with a pharmaceutical company.

In 1975 I remarried, but there were immediate problems. My wife had nerve inflammation and psychosomatic illnesses. The doctors did not seem able to cure her, so we got involved with scientology in search of answers. The seminars were designed to show me how to influence people, how to solve my economic difficulties, how to deal with personal and spiritual problems: all through my own creative nature. After three years and spending 20,000 DM approx five thousand pounds, I had supposedly reached a teaching level, but in reality, I had not found the answers for myself. The confusion, psychological difficulties, and psychosomatic illnesses, had, if anything, increased.

Then in 1978, while discussing the problem with her homeopathic physician, (who used a pendulum to control the efficiency of her medicine) he suggested, "I know that you are interested in spiritual things and I've heard of a seminar that might help you. It is a little different, but it is supposed to be good". At that he handed me a calling card with the phone number of the Munich President of the FGBMFI.

Entering the February '78 Munich FGBMFI Chapter Meeting, I had no idea what I was getting involved with. I also had no idea what was the root of my problems, much less their solutions. Fortunately the only

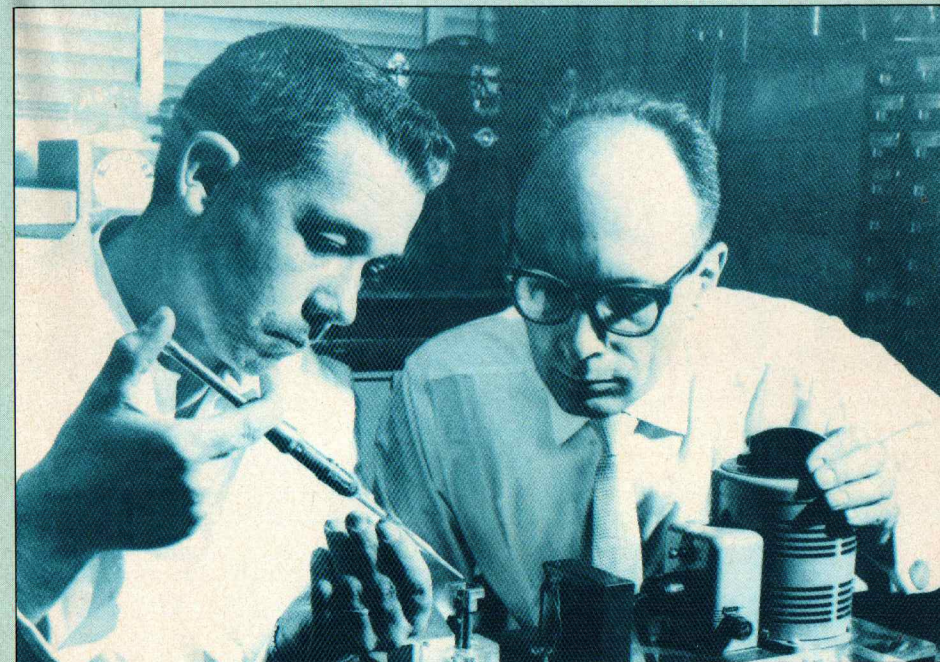
seats left in the room were right at the front. I say "fortunately" because I was so shocked by the worship and singing taking place in the room, that if it were not for the fact we were right at the front I certainly would have left and never returned.

Soon I heard something which both fascinated and interested me. I have since learned that what I heard was a man singing in the Spirit. As the people began raising their hands and singing, a tingling went down my back. I got goosepimples all over and then when they stopped, the goosepimples went away. Later when they started again the goosepimples returned. I don't remember anything else about the meeting, but afterwards I told people about my experience, and asked if there was any other place where I could find something like it. I was directed to a local Charismatic group.

Again when the people began worshipping God, I got goosepimples. After about three months of this sort of thing I attended an FGBMFI convention, where I finally asked Jesus Christ into my life. I started to understand what was happening and felt an inner compulsion to get rid of all my occult books and paraphernalia (Acts 19:19).

After the All European Convention of the FGBMFI in May 1978 my wife and I decided to take a three week holiday and re-listened to the tapes from the conference. We spent much time reading our Bibles and other books we had bought at the convention. Up to this point my wife had suffered much from her different illnesses but after the convention she stopped taking all medication and has taken none since. She has been completely healed. From the time we both committed our lives to Jesus Christ, and Him only, God has changed everything. He has made life really worth living.

A couple of years later I made a trip to the United States in order to ask forgiveness from my family for the way I had treated them. God had changed my life and I wanted to leave no stone unturned. Of



Walter in Laboratory

course I could not expect them to understand what had happened to me, but still I needed to remove the skeletons. My children thought that I was just involved with another mystical experience. They equated it with all the other cults. Yet it was not the same — my life had changed completely.

In 1980 I became the Vice President of the Munich Chapter of the FGBMFI. Then in 1982 I became President.

During a "Worship and Praise Weekend" at the Munich Christian Charismatic Centre in 1981, someone told me, "In your life there is something not yet opened. It is buried deep down inside". He was right, I had never been able to talk about my experiences during the Second World War. That is until recently when God broke those inner chains and freed me. I have never told what I've shared here even to my wife and children. For thirty five years it remained locked up inside. Now God has healed my

memories — He has given me the ability to forgive. He has turned what was a curse into a blessing, as I can now effectively counsel others of my generation who need the same kind of healing. ●

Walter Henle has a Ph.D. in Chemistry from the University of Munich and is presently working for Henning Berlin GMBH a Berlin based pharmaceutical chemical company. For fourteen years he worked with Shell Oil Development Company. Today he and his wife Dorteia live just outside Munich, where he is the President of the local chapter of the FGBMFI.

His two children are living in California where his son is attending Berkeley University and his daughter is a lawyer with a San Francisco company.



Hubert and Therèse in Front of Their Shop

A HOLIDAY THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING

Hubert Trabouillet, Arras, France

With great excitement I accepted my father's offer. I had always been interested in Israel and now to be given a trip there free — it seemed too good to be true. Unfortunately the thrill soon faded when I discovered who had organized the excursion !

Our local village church choir had planned to go to the Holy Land, and had made a few seats available to the people of the church. When my father heard about it, he bought two tickets, one for me, and one for my sister. Determined to have a good time in spite of the company, I sat at the back of the bus and sang pop songs with the young people. On the occasions when the priest read the Bible across the intercom, I waited impatiently for him to finish, and then continued to sing something like, "Drink, another drink, it is so nice to drink..."

Of course, I would never have admitted it at the time, but God was doing something in my heart. He was mellowing me — opening me up. It was against this that I reacted when a member of the choir said, "Hubert, you have such a lovely voice, you should join the choir", I retorted, "I will never be a member of your choir ! Never !"

Slowly as we approached Jerusalem I grew quiet. Less and less the vulgar songs came to mind. In my hush I began listening to others, and when we reached the Mount of Olives the Spirit of God touched my innermost being. Once out on the Mount, overlooking the same panoramic view of Jerusalem that Jesus had seen on the eve of his crucifixion, I silently cried out to God, "If You are really alive and If You really have risen from the dead, and if You have relations with those who are not priests, then show me".

That night I came to know Jesus in a personal way. Later during a time of group meditation, the priest asked if the Lord had given anyone a song. To the total amazement of everyone I began to sing.

The next day I looked around me and suddenly everyone seemed different. I had despised so many of those present, yet now I felt love for them. At home, in church the following Sunday, ignoring the startled looks, I got up from my seat and did just what I had said I would never do — I went up to the front and joined the choir. This act opened up opportunities to speak to others after the service, and share what God had done in my life.

Still, I had not given 100 % to the Lord and He began to deal with me on this point. In fact, God seemed more interested in the 20 % left than the 80 % I had given. I loved auctions, business, and living my way. Slowly I came to understand that there was no such thing as a "sort of Christian". Either I was totally committed to God, or not at all. With God there is no cheating. He wanted me pure in body, mind, soul, and spirit. At one point I came to the place where I was prepared to give up business and become a priest, but that wasn't what God wanted. He simply wanted me to be prepared to be and do what He directed.

In 1978, when I came back from Israel, I had a good job working in a small family business, but my desire was to have a business of my own. To this end I found a house for sale in the centre of Arras in 1980. My father, a friend and I went to see the building. The owners gave me four days to think it over, during which time they would not sell it to anyone else. That evening in my excitement I had already worked out plans as to how I would redecorated the place. My father, knowing how I felt, told me, "The night will bring the answer. Have a good sleep on it."

That night I laid the whole thing before the Lord. I prayed, "Lord, I gave my life to You. You are the master of it. You have a plan

for me. Please give me advice." Afterwards I opened my Bible and happened upon Psalms 127:1 "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." With this I went to bed and slept soundly. Four days later, after making inquiries about the cost of renovating the house, I went to the owners and made an offer for the building, giving certain conditions, explaining that they would have to lower the price because extensive repairs were necessary.

Months passed and I heard nothing, but I still had peace that my God was in control. Then finally the woman contacted me, she said, "We are not going to accept your offer, but we do have something for you. When we were cleaning out the house I came across an old dossier I felt you might be interested in." I went to see her and she gave me a paper, handwritten in gothic characters, with an artistic gold design around the edge, apparently done forty years ago by a missionary who spent some time with the woman's parents. On the paper was written, "Psalm 127 :1 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.'"

A few weeks later I was in Arras helping my parents at an open market in the town square. They owned a small shop in the country and took their wares to market in a van. Arriving late that morning, I was still arranging the merchandise when a business woman, who owned a shop in the square, came over for a chat. She said, "Hubert, you should have your own shop here in the market square." Spying a building with a "For Sale" sign posted, I told her that that would be wonderful, but too expensive for me, and explained, "I tried to buy a shop, but my offer was not accepted." at that she asked for my phone number and said, "I will make a few inquiries. If I hear of anything I will telephone you."

Three weeks later I received a phone call from a solicitor, asking me if I was interested in a building in the market square in Arras. It all worked out ideally. I now own that



Psalm 127, v. 1 in Gothic Text.

shop in the centre of Arras. It has three floors and a spacious basement. We sell fashion clothes for men and women, dealing with names such as Pierre Cardin, and Ted Lapidus. Also, we have been able to start a weekly prayer group in the shop. God had just the right building for us all along.

Shortly after my return from Israel in 1978 I attended an FGBMFI dinner. This organization really excited me. Before long I began praying for a chapter in Arras. Now, five years later a chapter has been formed. At our first meeting on the 5th of September 1983 we had 77 people.

Since I committed my life to God, He has given me a wife, Therèse — He has given me a new business — He has exchanged my boredom for excitement, existence for living and guilt for freedom !!

Hubert Trabouillet, married to Therèse, is the owner of a fashion shop in Arras France. He is also the President of the local chapter of the FGBMFI.



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Lt. Rod Porter.

TORN BETWEEN TWO SIDES

*Lt. Rod Porter,
Northumbria.*

Clandestine drinking, smoking, pornography and promiscuous relationships with girls, were all part of the life I was building for myself. Certainly, I attended church, because I had to, and even sang in the choir, but apart from feeling quite "holy" when I was confirmed, church meant little, and God even less.

When I finished school, I decided to take a year off before going on to University. To this day I cannot explain why my mother picked the advertisement out of all the others in that day's newspaper, but she did. It was one concerning a teaching post for a school leaver. I had no desire to spend my sabbatical in a school — teaching was the last thing I wanted to do!

Never-the-less, for whatever reason I did secure the position, teaching in a small private school near Honiton in Devon. It did not take very long to discover that there was something different about the school. Initially I was confronted with stickers on locker doors saying things like "Jesus is Alive" and "New Life in Jesus". Then my suspicions were confirmed when I was invited to church. There was nothing wrong with that in itself, after all, I did come from a family who were regular church goers. Still, I had never been to a church quite like the one this school seemed to be involved with. The people sang, clapped their hands, spoke in

foreign languages, and danced for joy. Those who delivered the sermons spoke with a fire and conviction I was frankly not used to. I was terrified and wanted to walk out, but my pride would not let me. So, with no other choice I sat there stunned throughout the two hour service, vaguely muttering the Lord's prayer now and again!

Back at school, the children talked about Jesus as if they actually knew Him. Through prayer children were healed, and situations were changed from defeat into victory. Feeling somewhat obligated, in the light of the beliefs of those at the school, I continued attending the church on a regular basis. The culmination of all this resulted in me committing my life to Jesus Christ one morning during the church service. It was a real heartfelt commitment, yet it was not total, for I was unwilling to surrender my past. I prayed and asked forgiveness for all I had done wrong, but there were areas I wanted to cling to, and so began a battle within.

Soon after that I was baptised by the Holy Spirit. It gave me a tremendous new freedom and I began to see changes in my life. I knew Jesus was real and what He said was true. It was easy to drift along as a Christian in a Christian community.

The next year I went on to the Sandhurst Royal Military Academy, where I tried to continue as a Christian. I even shared my beliefs with a few close friends. Yet, I had never established a discipline of regular personal Bible study and prayer. Slowly I was starving spiritually.

My first posting was to Belfast in March 1981. Commanding thirty men on the streets, I gradually learned to cope with leading men in violent situations. In those turbulent months during the Maze Prison hunger strikes we witnessed much violence, but despite being shot at, and encountering many dangerous situations, especially in riots, where petrol and acid bombs were our major risks, I survived. I know that it was only the hand of God that kept me safe.

In the Barracks however, it was a very different story. God could keep me safe from bullets, but He could not protect me from myself. Pornography was in great supply, in some cases covering whole walls. Video recorders played films that certainly would not be available in the High Street. I was drawn in and began to watch them too. I knew it was wrong, but despite desperate repenting, continued to see them again and again.

When I was posted to Germany, I felt things had to get better, but they did not. In fact they deteriorated even more, and before long I was frequenting clubs in the red light districts. It was horrible. I felt driven to it and tried to enjoy myself, but I always came away desperate for help. I still believed I was a child of God, but I often thought I had gone too far and was bound for hell.

Finally in March 1982 I came to the conclusion that I had to settle my inner conflict one way or the other, so decided to go to Lon-

don, have an enormous "Fling" and get it out of my system once and for all. But even that turned out to be a flop. Sadly I returned to Germany determined not to carry on living a double life. It was one or the other, but I didn't know which.

On the way through Holland, I was stopped by a girl who asked me directions to her train. As it turned out the train was the same one I was taking, so she, her girlfriend and I all settled down in the same compartment. It was not long before our conversation led us to the realisation that we were all Christians, although I found it hard to admit.

Through the love and joy which poured out from the eyes of those girls, God was telling me that He still loved me and wanted me back. I don't think they knew what was taking place on the inside, but once I was back in my room at the Officer's Mess in Germany I was only too ready to give in completely, to ask God for forgiveness and another chance. Immediately my life began to change. Still one major problem remained however. Although I knew God had forgiven my wrong doings, the feeling of guilt was hard to bear. Then in June of 1983 the Lord sovereignly dealt with that too, lifting the burden from me — one that had seemed a huge weight on my shoulders.

Once stationed back in England, I began attending the FGBMFI Breakfast Meetings in Northumbria, after receiving an invitation from a friend. The freedom and joy in those meetings has been a real encouragement, helping me to grow much more in my relationship with God. The FGBMFI have such local chapters in almost every country of the World and it excites me to think that, like me, many others are being helped every month.

Lt. Rod Porter is presently attending Newcastle University and will be returning to his Regiment in 1985. He is a member of St Michael's Church in Byker, Newcastle.



FREE AT LAST

John Elking, Warrington.

It was the end of the road for me. Drunk and desperate, I slung a rope over the rafters and pulled the loop over my head. I had gashed my arm badly and I watched the blood pouring out — I just didn't care anymore.

Suddenly the door burst open downstairs, and people rushed up to the attic. Policemen cut me down, and in my anger I began attacking them and flailing at anyone who dared to approach. I grabbed one and savagely punched him... then :

"John, you have broken every law I made but one, and now you're going to kill this man."

The voice was so clear ! Shocked, I backed away, and at once found myself in handcuffs. Then they led me off to prison.

How could I ever have landed in this predicament ! Perhaps it began with jealousy. As a young boy, I decided my parents didn't love me and that they always gave preferential treatment to my brothers. Slowly the feeling of rejection grew into

Singing in a Night Club

hardness, and then hatred — hatred for my parents, my brothers, school, in fact authority of any kind...

As a child I went with my mother to Sunday School. I grew up with prayers and hymns. They were all a part of my happy childhood. That is before that dark hard lump of rejection sprang to life.

I was at war with everyone. The school couldn't cope with me, and my parents didn't know what to do. From this point it was only a small step to thieving, and before long I was adept at pinching things from the local shops...

Fighting became a way of life. I left school, to my teachers' great relief, and eventually joined the Merchant Navy. A new start, you may think; an opportunity to begin again and sort out my life, but the excitement soon wore off. Routine jobs meant boredom, and before long I discovered drinking, and smoking pot.

This only inflamed the rage and hatred within. I fought barmen, mates, strangers, and the authorities. It wasn't long before I was thrown out of the Navy. I was still only eighteen...

Back home, without work, money, or future prospects, depression rolled over me. I began to think of ways to commit suicide, and actually jumped in front of cars, daring them to kill me. I tried overdosing with pills, but even that was thwarted. I was discovered unconscious, and rushed to hospital.

I later learned it was my mother's prayers, that saved me. Little did I realise that she was praying for me constantly, and that her Christian friends were also praying daily, that I might give my shattered life over to Jesus Christ.

At nineteen I joined the Army and was trained as a "Chieftain Tank Gunner". I was also given the opportunity to be on the boxing team. Another fresh start ? Sadly I turned again to drink and drugs. My dependence

on them became greater and greater. The depression would not lift. The rage I felt for others once more caused me to turn on myself, and I tried to end it all...

I awoke in a bed at Woolwich Military Hospital. Again my life was spared ! Again I was given a chance to start afresh. When I was discharged from the hospital and later from the Army, I wandered around London, working at a fairground, then in some clubs; still with the familiar pattern of drink and drugs ruling my life. It took a brush with the law to turn me homeward, and I finally arrived back in Warrington, at my mother's door.

It was there in my hometown that something great happened to me. I met a girl in a pub. Her name was Jane. At first she made me feel uncomfortable because she didn't laugh at my dirty jokes. However as I got to know her, I discovered for the first time what it was like to be loved, and oh, how I needed that ! We were married on July 31st, 1982. We were both working, and moved into a small house. Life seemed to be getting better, but alcoholism was still lurking just around the corner.

One night I got roaring drunk and beat someone up. I broke his jaw, some ribs, and fractured his skull. I was arrested and charged with "Grievous Bodily Harm" and "Malicious Wounding". As a result, I was sent to a mental hospital for treatment, and diagnosed as an alcoholic, drug addicted schizophrenic. I was fined £800 and through all this, lost my job.

Depression led to more drinking. Inevitably I took out my anger on Jane, and began to beat her and smash up the house. That was when I decided to end my life, this time once and for all.

Sitting in that prison cell, I realised for the first time what I was doing to Jane and myself. Now, I had lost everything ! All I could think was, "Oh, God, help me..."

A friend from Mum's church visited me. Kindly he offered to visit Jane and speak to

her. Then he turned to me, "You know what you need, don't you?"

Elvin prayed with me, even though I wasn't ready to take his advice. I know now that God was beginning to work in my life...

When my case went to court, amazingly the magistrate only fined me and gave me another suspended sentence!

I went home. My wife was waiting for me. Then, Elvin came and invited us to go for a meal with him. We accepted. The dinner he took us to was one put on by the FGBMFI, and there, that night, March 4th, 1983, I met Jesus in a personal way. Everything changed immediately. That night I fell in love with my wife in a new way, I found love for Mum and Dad and even my mother-in-law! The craving for drink and drugs disappeared, the vicious temper also, at last I was a "FREE MAN".

Lying used to be part of my life. I'd lie to get a job, lie to keep the dole money, but now I simply cannot tell anything other than the truth. When I apply for work, and they ask about my past — I tell them. I don't always get the jobs, but I get a chance to tell them what Jesus has done for me.



John With his Sister's Baby

I know God has just the right job for me. Meanwhile I am learning to trust Him in all things.

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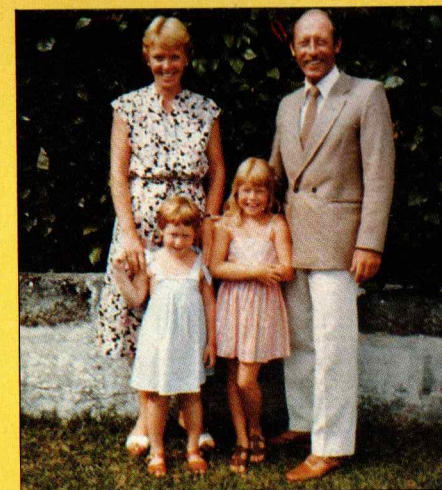
MY UNIFORM WAS NOT ENOUGH !

Bob Porter, Portsmouth.

Although being raised in a normal working-class family, and having attended a local Baptist Church for a couple of years early in my youth, I do not recollect ever having heard the Good News of Jesus Christ as I know it today.

In my adolescence I went the way of the crowd. It was the "Mods 'n Rockers" era — girls, gangs and graffiti. The "Rockers", with their big bikes and "Leathers", though not as aggressive or uncouth as the Hell's Angels, still had a reputation. I hung out with the "Mods". Uniformed in Army issue, Khaki parkas, we buzzed around like hornets generally making a nuisance of ourselves. Our main enemies were the "Rockers", which resulted in notorious fights on Bank Holidays down at the sea front.

I wasn't really an aggressive type at all, but like so many, I was swept along with the gang. For example, during one "Mods" holiday to the Isle of Wight, after a fair bit to drink, we went to a dance hall and started a fight. Trying to outrun the police as well as some "Rockers", probably doing about sixty to seventy miles an hour, the next thing I knew I had come off my bike, and skidded for what seemed like a hundred yards before finally stopping. My crash helmet was ground right through to its lining, my scalp just barely grazed. Lying there on my



Bob and Family

back, looking up at the stars, I remember thinking how lucky I had been.

When I left school at sixteen, not knowing what else to do, I joined the Portsmouth City Police Cadets. I enjoyed the challenge. It was a balance between indoor and outdoor work, and involved plenty of sports and adventure. Then at nineteen I joined the Police Force proper and worked in Portsmouth for three years.

Slowly the pressure of the "rat race" began to get me down. In the back of my mind I'd always wanted to be a drop-out — a sort of hippie. However, being on the Police Force I had the stamp of authority on me, and a reputation to live up to.

With this in mind, when I saw an advert in the National Police magazine looking for officers to serve in Bermuda, I knew I had found my answer. To my surprise, out of the hundreds who applied, I was one of the twelve who were selected.

After arriving in Bermuda, it did not take me long to discover that life there revolved around the social scene. It was a very casual way of living. Nobody ever rushed anywhere. Work was defined as an "eight-hour interruption of one's social life," which primarily consisted of parties, pubs, clubs, and discos. Submerged in this style of life, I soon got swept along with the tide, and started to put socialising before

my job. It wasn't long before booze took its toll, and got its claws into me.

After some months and a number of motor cycle crashes due to drunken driving, I met a young lady from Yorkshire, who was working in the local hospital as a laboratory technician. She was a beautiful girl and we hit it off at once. Soon our relationship had developed and in 1972 Anne and I were married. After a honeymoon in England, we returned to Bermuda, and happily set up our little love nest. All seemed to be going so well. A couple of years later Nicola, our elder daughter arrived. It was such a tremendous thrill to see her birth. I was overwhelmed with joy, bouncing off the walls of the corridor, hugging all the cleaning ladies, as I went off to tell the good news to our friends.

A couple of years later our second daughter, Amy, arrived. Likewise it was a wonderful occasion, but by this time a certain sparkle had gone out of our marriage. A few weeks after Amy's birth, I was given an opportunity to get involved with a public relations effort of the Police Force called "Outward Bound". An "Outward Bound Camp" was set up on a nearby island for youngsters during the school holidays. At the time I felt as though I needed to get away, and so accepted, leaving Anne with the full responsibility for Nicky and little Amy.

On the island the work was demanding, with long hours and very few breaks. When I did get spare time however, I spent most of it in some bar or hugging a bottle. Slowly the degeneration continued. As a result of my drink problem I wasn't much use to Anne when I did finally re-appear on the scene. Other than my three months of the year spent with "Outward bound", I found little or no job satisfaction. Obviously I was not putting much into it, and therefore not getting much out. Our marriage seemed to lapse into the mundane. With Anne and me both working, the children were sent to a nursery school, and that was our salvation. As it turned out the people running the school were committed Christians. They seemed very nice and the kids came home singing little hymns.

From some points of view I suppose things were going quite well, but life seemed to lack

something. I was approaching the thirty mark and thinking, "Where do I go from here?" Often I have heard of "the seven year itch," and it seems to have some credence. During the seventh year of our marriage, Anne went home to England with the kids for the school holidays, and I went out to my "Outward Bound" island as usual. The difference was that this time I started messing around a bit, finally ending up having a relationship with Anne's best friend. When Anne came back from England she sensed that something was wrong right away. Then, actually on the night of our seventh anniversary, while we were out for dinner, and her best friend was babysitting, things came to a head and Anne found out what had been going on.

As if that was not enough, within a few days, while Anne and I were both at work, we received a telephone call informing us that Amy had lapsed into some sort of convulsion or fit, and had been rushed to hospital.

When I got to the hospital casualty department I could see Amy lying on a bed being treated by the doctors and nurses. She was purple, shaking and trembling, convulsing and foaming at the mouth. All my self-control and training seemed to go out of the window. When Anne arrived, we both just stood there in semi-shock. There, by the cot I prayed. I believed there was a God, and in my hopelessness called out to Him. That evening Diane, Amy's teacher from the nursery school, contacted Anne, and showed her love and care for the situation. She was able to share with Anne about her personal relationship with Jesus. She said that she knew God cared for us and that He could work things out. Then one Sunday morning Anne and I were lying in bed, when Nicola snuggled in with us and said, "Mummy, do you have Jesus in your heart?" Well, we both sort of grunted and shoved her out of the way. We did not know what she meant, but whatever it was, we didn't have it.

Shortly afterwards Diane came round to dinner. At this time Anne was quite down in the dumps. Everything that had happened in recent weeks had understandably affected her. Later that evening, after our guest left, Anne told me, "I think I want to commit my life to Jesus tonight". I responded, "Fine, whatever

turns you on. Just leave me out of it."

The next morning I noticed a dramatic change in her. The bitterness and restlessness had disappeared. There was a sort of glow — a real peace and love about her. At first I put it down to religion and thought, "I'll just let her get on with it, as long as she stays out of my way". I expected to find tracts in my shoes, on the shaving mirror and stuck in the fridge, but there was nothing, no Bibles left open, no tracts, nothing. She just started loving me, showing care and concern even though she had no reason to do so. Within a few months I could see that there was something about her, something inside her that had changed. I had always believed I was going to heaven — I was no sinner — I was on the right side of the law. Somehow I had subconsciously thought my uniform, that magical blue suit, made me a righteous person — there was no way I was going to hell. Well now I began to question where I stood, Anne was so different, something had definitely happened to her.

Some weeks later a chap from the church came round to the house. While he was talking to Anne I seemed to be constantly walking through the room. In actual fact I couldn't get my mind off their conversation. Then, just when he was leaving I came in, sat down, and began to chat. By the time he got up, I had begun to feel a need to hear something more about God and asked him not to go. He couldn't stay any longer, but offered to pray for me before he left. I thought, "Well, fine, you know, bless this house or something." To my surprise he sat down and started to pray, and as he did I began shaking and trembling. I went hot and cold — I thought I would explode at any moment. I had never felt anything like it before. The following week was really something. I knew God was dealing with me. I felt as if I was standing on the edge of a cliff. Jesus was saying, "Jump and I'll catch you", while another voice was shouting "Don't be stupid. If you jump you are going to break your neck. You'll die. It's all a con." Finally I said, "Right Lord, I think I'm going to do it, but let me clear out my system first. I'm going to have one more really good week. I'm going to the



In Full Dress Uniform

disco, to get drunk, and say goodbye to all those girls. Then maybe I'll think about You." But God doesn't work that way. At the end of the week before my spree, Diane came to dinner and brought a friend. He was the son of a local millionaire and had joined the Royal Air Force in Britain, where he had become an alcoholic and drug addict. He shared how God had delivered him. He was a nice person, a gentle giant of a man. Two hours later, there on the sofa, we prayed. It was a simple sort of prayer asking Jesus into my life — asking Him to take over, to clean me up, and make me what He wanted me to be. When we finished I felt clean, and new — like a new born baby — as though I was actually born again. It was a tremendous feeling of warmth and love. I knew God was present. No one needed to tell me that He was there, in fact no one could have convinced me otherwise, and He has never left me since.

How I slept that night is a mystery, but I got up the next morning to go to work as usual — I took my shower, and started singing, and laughing, and crying. When I left the house it was pouring rain. It was a miserable day, and I had to do dreaded traffic duty. The roads were narrow and you had to breathe in to let two buses pass — it was truly an unpleasant job. I could hardly believe it. Rain was pouring down and the traffic fumes were terrible, and there I was laughing — waving and smiling at all the passing car drivers. As you can well imagine there were some weird responses!

When I arrived at the station I began telling

people that I had committed my life to Jesus. Some of the men looked at me as though I'd lost a few marbles, but many of the policewomen, it turned out, were born-again Christians. As a result, by the time I reached the third floor and my office, I had been hugged and kissed several times.

Things just seemed to take off. Our marriage suddenly clicked. It was fantastic. The rowing stopped. My desire for drink was gone. I was delivered from lust. I really felt the joy of being forgiven and being clean. I just couldn't get enough of the Bible and God.

Since that time God has healed Amy from her convulsions, and our marriage has become better and better. We have received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, and have returned to England, where I got a job as a constable on my old Police Force, at the Havant Station in Hampshire.

While we were still in Bermuda, I saw a "VOICE" magazine and was quite impressed. Shortly after my return to England a policeman, by the name of Dave Letters, asked if I would like to attend a dinner sponsored by the people from "VOICE" — the FGBMFI. At the meeting I was thrilled to see such joy, such love, such freedom in worship. People were being transformed through Jesus Christ. They were getting healed and delivered. God was working in a powerful way. Now back in England, I and other policemen from the area, are involved with the Portsmouth Chapter of the FGBMFI. Today I am praying that God will use me to direct others to Jesus, through my job in the Police Force. ●

WHO ARE WE ?

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is made up of Christian laymen from every denomination who meet together in hotels and restaurants and share how God has changed their lives. Our aims are to testify to God's presence and power in today's world, and to develop fellowship and unity among all Christians. We are not a church. We do not ordain ministers and do not celebrate the sacraments. We encourage our members to be active and faithful in their churches. Throughout the world we have more than 2700 local chapters holding monthly meetings. Also we have hundreds of regional, national, and international conventions taking place each year.

ATTENTION ALL READERS !

Dear reader,

It is possible that while reading the testimonies published in this edition of VOICE magazine, you have asked yourself questions about your own relationship with God. Maybe you believe in His existence and even regularly attend Christian gatherings, yet have never had a concrete experience of God's presence in your personal life. Perhaps you feel too unworthy and think that with the kind of past you have had, you could never have such an experience. Possibly you don't believe in the existence of a living, personal God and these testimonies are opening up a totally new world.

Wherever you stand, we want to tell you that God loves you. He created you and wants you to be happy. He knows how you feel. He knows you better than anyone else alive. He understands all of your problems and wants to reveal Himself to you and transform your life, just as He has done for those in the testimonies. He accepts you as you are and desires that you find peace and communion with Him. All you have to do is to come to Him and give Him the first place in your life.

Simply tell God how you now realize that you have lived selfishly (Rom. 3:13). Ask Him honestly, for forgiveness, repent and confess everything that you think may be offensive in God's eyes (Acts 3:19, I John 1:9). Renounce your past attitudes and accept the change that He wants to lead you into. Believe that Jesus has given His life freely on the cross to receive in your place the judgement that you deserved (Rom. 6:23). Jesus will set you free from the burden of your past wrong actions and give you a new life filled with joy, which will never end (John 3:16-17).

If you like you can say this prayer : «Jesus, in the testimonies I read how You are really alive and change lives when one sincerely asks. I want to turn to You, and ask You to enter into my life and help me to do what is right. Please pardon and forgive me for all things I have done wrong and lead me in the future. Thank You. Amen.»

This decision is the most important of your life. If you prefer not to stay alone in it we are happy to answer your questions and invite you to our dinners, or meet you and introduce you to people who have had the same exciting experience with Jesus. Please write to the following address :

Name

Address

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