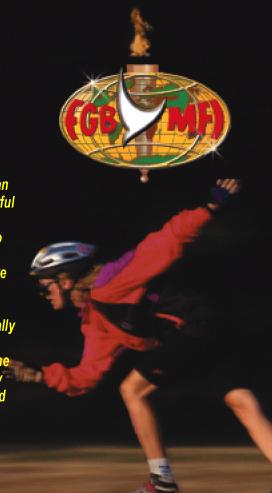
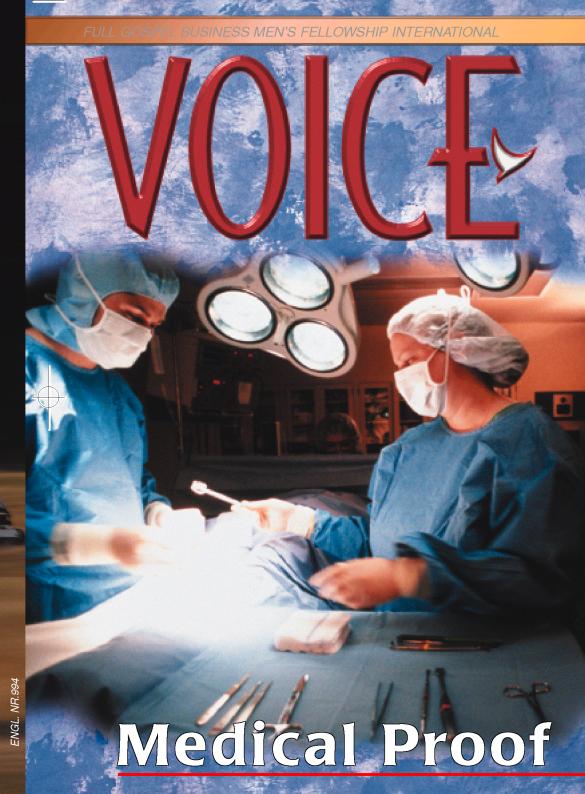
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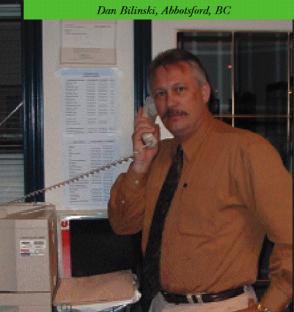
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Medical Proof



Tug boats were my living. It was hard to be away from home all the time, particularly when our first child arrived. Oh, how I longed to be there with my family. I was away more than I was with them. I'd applied for a job as a Deputy Sheriff. With it I would be home and also working with people. Musing over my situation, I prayed, "If you are real, help me!"

God answered that prayer and for the next ten years I worked as a Deputy Sheriff in Vancouver, dealing with the criminal element. I was at home now, but only earning half of what I had received on the tug boats. On the other hand my growing family had doubled my expenses. Each month I sank lower into a financial mire. To solve this problem I started an evening sales job. Now we were doing better financially, but, once again, I was never home.

While out of town to train another man for this new sales business, the man suggested I save on the hotel expense by staying at his home. His family was so full of joy, helping out and spending time with each other. It was impressive. Coming down from my room, I found

my friends around the table studying the Bible. The father was sharing with his children and I thought, "There is something right about this; I should be doing the same thing." Over the next three days, we went through a kind of routine they would pray over the meal and I just sat there.

They were not pushy, but in their casual conversation they continually spoke about Jesus. Then the last night before we went to bed they asked if we could say a prayer together. Even the children prayed. Then Chuck prayed, "Lord God, reveal Yourself to Dan," That seemed a nice gesture, but I was glad when it was finished. "Maybe I should find out what this is all about," I thought. By the time they were finished praying, my thinking was already changing. Each family member joined in. Soon I began to realize that real sin was simply not honouring God for who He is.

Finally, when the last member of the family had finished praying, I was not about to give someone a chance to start again, so I said, "That was great! Well, it's time for bed." They were not about to give up so fast, and they asked me to pray. After a quick complaint, I said, "God, if this is real, and if Jesus is real, then I'll give my life to You right now. All I ask is that You make Yourself real to me." With that statement

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> The above states, "I do not see any evidence today to suggest the presence of significant retroperitoneal lymphadenopathy."

an incredible peace flooded over me. When I opened my eyes, the people sitting around the table didn't seem the same. I wanted to grab each one and give them a big hug. I couldn't understand it since I was not the huggy type. I went upstairs and cried all night. I hadn't cried for years!

Returning home, I started reading my Bible and, not knowing any better, I believed just what it said. I started with prayers for our pets, that God would heal them. There was a positive reaction, which I thought was pretty neat. When I told other people about it they seemed to think I was a lunatic. I was only a "baby" Christian, and I didn't know any better.

Then I happened to bump into an acquaintance in the mall and told her what had happened to me. She asked, "Have you received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit?" I didn't even know what that was so she explained and then prayed for me

right there where we were. Nothing happened and we went our separate ways. At home in the quietness of my bedroom I said, "Lord God, I see it in the Bible, and I want all that You have for me." BOOM, there it was – a baptism of "power". For the next few years I saw miracle after miracle. I would pray for people and they would get healed of anorexia, dyslexia, cancer, rheumatism, you name it... It was incredible!

Then arthritis began in my left foot and the doctors said it would eventually totally cripple me. My foot twisted and I walked on the side of my foot. I prayed about it. There I was praying for others. They would get healed while I, myself, was left to hobble out. This went on for the next two years. I commanded the healing, I demanded it, I pleaded the blood of Jesus, I did religious things... "What is the problem?" I prayed. God revealed my bitterness. I resented some people who had not treated me with kindness. When I rec-

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ognized this, I asked God to forgive me and I was healed straight away.

In September of 1995, I was diagnosed with cancer. I had a malignant tumour in the groin area. At first they thought it was a calcium deposit. They did exploratory surgery, and discovered it was a malignant tumour. That set off all the alarm bells. I went in for cat-scans and found another tumour behind my heart. Praying about it, I refused to let them operate. The Lord God had kept me safe this far and I felt Him say, "I will bring you through." Over the next months I continued praying until I woke up one night with the idea, "What is faith?" In the Bible Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were told to bow before the image which King Nebuchadnezzar had set up, or be thrown into the furnace. They believed God could deliver them no matter what, and He did.

I had terrible pain for the next month, I lost weight very rapidly and ended up at MSA hospital in Abbotsford. They identified five tumours behind the heart and more wrapped around the spinal column. They said I had cancer of my lymph system, which could not be operated. It was too far gone. In short there was no hope.

Many Christians came and prayed for me. Confused, I could hear conflicting thoughts. There was the doctor who had said, "You are going to die." Then there were my children saying, "Daddy, please don't die. Don't go."

Enough was enough and I said, "I will not believe the voice of confusion. I shall not die." With that I told the nurse to stop the Demerol shots. She was not very happy, but I insisted. Two hours later she came back and I had to insist again; I didn't look healed. Then, just after midnight, an electric jolt hit me and I woke up to the most wonderful peace. I literally

had to touch something to assure myself I was still alive. I began to praise God and drifted off to sleep again. Each time I woke up the same thing happened. This was repeated three times. I knew God was doing something special for me.

The next morning I told the nurse that God had healed me and that I was going home. When the doctor came in the nurse told him what had taken place. I did not know what to say to the doctor; I had tried to talk to him before. As I prayed about it and the Lord said, "Don't tell him anything." He came in with all his charts. "Chemotherapy," he explained, "That's our only hope." I just asked, "Doc, can I go home for the weekend?" I planned to highlight some things in my Bible about healing.

When I returned on Monday, he just didn't want to hear it. Finally he insisted, "Well, would you at least go back to the cancer clinic for another check-up?" I agreed. When I did, I could tell the doctor had been warned. He did his poking and prodding. When he couldn't get a yelp out of me, I could see he looked puzzled. He gave me an appointment three months later to "monitor my progress". I guess he wanted to see if I could make it that long.

I forgot to go. Finally, 2 1/2 years later (I had been told I wouldn't live three months), I went in and they checked everything. In the end I left with medical proof that I was healed. I have the medical papers showing the numerous tumours, which were in my body, and now I have none. These should have killed me, but instead God took them away and made me whole. Jesus still heals today. God loves us more than we know.



An alcoholic father produced many problems for me. No one cut me a break. I had to fight and gouge through for everything. As a result, I decided that God did not exist. At 15, I set a firm goal to make lots of money and to be happy.

One day a banker came to my office and invited me to a hotel dinner. Since I worked in a big hotel, this seemed very normal for me. There were 1,200 business men and their wives at that meeting. A very formal dinner was served that night and five business men spoke. The third one said his life had been changed. "No big deal," I thought. I could remember a time when I had lived in poverty without enough to eat. So my life had changed as well. I thought I had them figured out. This was a money-making scheme. In all of this I didn't even notice that they were talking about God. However, just as the last speaker was finishing, he

said, "Everybody that is sick will be healed." That caught my attention.

Just then my wife asked, "Enrique, aren't you going to stand up?" I had an allergy on both arms. This also affected my respiratory system. When I was thirty, my right lung collapsed. The other lung was congested. I had tried everything, but to no avail. Since I figured it couldn't hurt, I stood up. A common ordinary business man like myself, prayed for me. He said, "Be healed in Jesus name!" And then to my surprise, he added, "All allergy finishes today." He had no way of knowing my problem.

The next morning when I woke up my wife said, "Enrique, God healed you last night." She was right. I breathed deeply. "My lungs are free. I have two new lungs," I said. It had been years since I could breathe like that. Despite my disbelief, a

week later my wife pointed out, "You are still healed." She was right. It was so wonderful! "If this is God," I decided, "I want to meet Him." This was a very different God than I was used to. He was a powerful and practical God, who loves me. When I reached out in response to God, He changed my life. I became very hungry to know Jesus more. The alcohol disappeared. The adultery stopped. My family was restored.

Soon God was using me to reach other business men. One banker I visited was in terrible shape. He had gangrene and they were going to cut off his leg. I told him my story and asked if I could pray for him. He surprised me by saying, "Well, you pray for me and let's see what happens." The leg was completely healed.

Recently in Columbia a man came up to me and said, "I know who you are." I was on my way to a Christian meeting and invited him to join me. Afterwards he said, "I am responsible for about 50 companies in this country. Could you spend a couple of hours with us if I get some of these people together?"

We are seeing "demon possessed" people set free, the sick healed, and broken hearts mended. Almost everyone gets hurt by other people at times. If we do not forgive, it is like a weed. God loves people and wants to heal, not just broken bodies, but also broken hearts. Business men show a tough exterior, but hurts can take their joy away and make life heavy. God is lifting those unbearable burdens.

Going with this man to his various companies, I simply told his people what God had done for me. You could see the eyes light up. The results were impressive. Soon other leaders in that city heard about my visits, so the man called a meeting for them. The next day we had not even planned a meeting and over 500 people showed up.

A jeweller invited me to his shop. I thought it was to buy a gift, but when I arrived, there were 35 people waiting for me to talk to them. Another man I spoke with was the driver for Pablo Escobar, who was a drug lord at one time. He invited seven others. It was interesting to see how every one of these men took my words very seriously. For 25 minutes I shared with them why I had come to their country.

One of them phoned the hospital. His sister was being prepared for an operation. He said, "Wait, we are on our way to pray for her." After we had prayed, they went to operate on her. The cancer, which had been spread through her whole body, was gone except for one tumour, and they removed that. She recovered totally. One after another, people would tell others, and I would pray with them. It really had nothing to do with me. It was simply the wonderful love of God, the Creator, who cares so much for people that He heals their hurts through the Holy Spirit. It was for this reason that Jesus became a man and died on the cross for you and me.



<u>6</u>

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Other Nations

European Office: P.O. Box 49, B-3000 Leuven 3, Belgium. Tel:(016)20.79.44 Fax:(016)20.79.31 E-mail: EuropeanOffice@fgbnet.com FGBMFI International: 20 Corporate Park Dr, 37 Floor, Irvine, CA 92606. USA.
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Fleeing difficulties in Syria, my grandparents emigrated to South America. When they arrived in Paraguay, they were very poor. They began by selling things in the street. With time they became one of the most important economic groups of the country. When I was born in 1956 my family already had a good position. We were an upper middle class family. I went to the International School founded by the Disciples of Christ Church.

In high school I became involved with an international program called Youth For Understanding, They had an exchange programme with other nations. You became a part of the family and the community, learning the language and customs. I left my country in November of 1973 and went to Iowa, a place I had never heard about. They told me that I would meet my family. When I arrived, it was a real shock to experience all the snow and cold weather. They had put me on a farm. This was a tremendous change for me since I had lived my entire life in the city.

My host father told me, "I would like you to be like my kids." That sounded nice until he explained, "I would like you to work like they do, so I will take you to town to buy you the clothes you will need to work outside." I remember going out to do chores every day before school. I took care of 2,000 chickens, collecting their eggs. I also took care of the pigs, and at the time of planting went through the field picking up the rocks that were exposed after the snow was gone.

One night, looking at the sky, I said, "God, I'm sure this time You made a

<mark>8</mark>

mistake. This is not for me." The problem was that I was happy with the family. They were moral people, with high standards. During the time I was in the U.S., someone invited me to a retreat called Teens Encounter Christ. It was so different from everything I had ever experienced. In that retreat, for the first time, I had the opportunity to commit my life to Jesus Christ.

It was a wonderful experience, though I did not know how to follow through and grow in that relationship. When I returned home, I started working in the family business. After two years of university I decided to finish my schooling in the U.S., but this did not work out because I got more and more involved in the family business. My involvement in communications, the media, and the business world made me a television and radio producer. I was organizing fashion shows, art expositions and so many other things.

In the middle of all this came one of the most difficult experiences of my life. I was completely out of touch with God, not listening to the good advice of my parents and friends, and I decided to get married. It only lasted 23 months and was filled with many problems and much bitterness. My former wife married again, and I watched my home being sold. I decided to stay single until my heart could heal.

Then I had a series of road accidents – one was very serious. I had three back surgeries and ended up bedridden for four months, unable to walk normally. Then I opened the newspaper one day and read "Steven Spielberg seeks rights of novel from Spanish author." The first thought that came to my mind was, "What is Steven Spielberg looking for in a Spanish author, having so many talented people to

write excellent scripts in the U.S." Finding out that the book was about the last week of Christ's life on the earth, I tracked down a copy and read it. I started reading it and was unable to put it down.

It was so marvellous that it really touched my heart. I had never seen the story that way before. It was so detailed in speaking about Christ's sacrifice that you felt like you were almost there. With this going through my mind, in January of 1985, I went into surgery again. I was feeling miserable. The surgery was pointless; they could not solve my problem.



Then an employee told me that she had heard my family saying that I probably would never be able to walk again. She told me, "We have a group of people who get together in the parish. We read the Bible, sing and pray for each other. We would like to come and visit you." To her surprise, I agreed. She came with a man who showed me in the Bible God's plan for eternal salvation through Jesus Christ and that we need to invite Him into our lives. When he was finished he asked, "Would you like to invite Jesus into your life?" "Yes," I replied. He then prayed with me to accept Jesus. That was on April 4th, 1985, at 4:15 p.m.

My second prayer was, "Lord, I know I need to change my life, but I am unable. I beg You to change me." He began a love relationship with me. He changed my entire life without my exerting any effort – I just followed His presence. That was the beginning of my real Christian life. One of the young men in our church gave me a book to read called, "The Happiest People on Earth."

It was something like that film, "The Never Ending Story", where you become part of the book. I felt like I had to get in touch with the person in that book. I felt so close to his feelings and everything he was saying. When I returned home my pastor gave me an address I could write to, and I did. I wrote a letter to Demos. On April 2nd, someone from Costa Mesa, California, sat down and answered my letter, with a copy to a person in Houston, Texas, who was coming to South America to start FGBMFI chapters. I received news from my pastor that the Full Gospel Business Men were coming to town.

Three days later, I received a big envelope with everything to start a chapter,

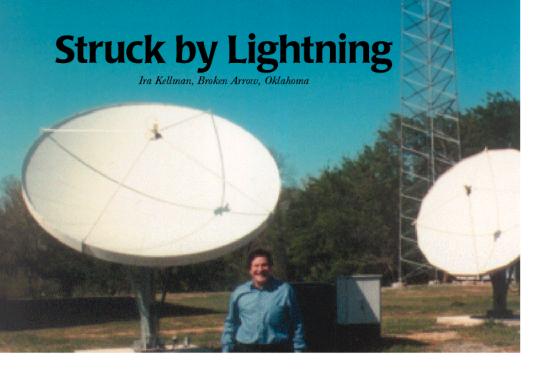
even witnessing tapes from Demos Shakarian and Don Ostrom. A week later a banquet took place with an attendance of 40-50 people. That night I saw a vision. It was like a wall covered with TVs, each showing a different scene in my life. After watching this, God spoke to me, "I have prepared you all your life for this."

When the banquet ended they asked those wanting more information to come forward. Suddenly the leading person from the delegation signalled me to come and stand by him. He went to his briefcase, took out some papers, and said, "Would you like to be the co-ordinator of the work in Paraguay?" What could I say except, "Yes"?

The next day they invited us out for breakfast to talk some more. At the end of it he said, "Have you received the Holy Spirit?" I told them my story. When I was done, he said, "We are going to pray right now." They did and the Holy Spirit came upon me. For the first time I was able to speak in my heavenly language. We began working with the FGBMFI. It has touched not only our nation, but also the surrounding nations and all of South and Central America, as well as around the world.

Giving me prosperity is part of what God has done for me since I came to Him. During most of the 14 years since I've been following Jesus, He has tested my level of loyalty, fidelity, and integrity according to the different amounts of income He was giving me. Today, I'm the CEO of the family company and also a National President for FGBMFI, and Executive Vice-President of the South American Board. I really enjoy starting chapters, talking to people and introducing men to the Lord. What a great privilege!

10 11



"We all need impossible things to happen" were Ira's words only seconds before a jagged bolt of light and thunder shook the Indiana night. Kellman's voice rose strongly as he voiced a prayer, "We thank you, Lord, that the angels are protecting us..." Once again his words were drowned out by a deafening crack. To the shock of onlookers, it ripped right through Ira's chest. Nobody moved. There was smoke everywhere.

Ira Kellman: When lightning hit the electrical system of our small church, I was wearing a lapel microphone. The blast threw me to the ground. It was a crazy feeling. Despite being shocked by 125 million volts of electricity, I was left unharmed. On that stormy evening, we dared to believe that "acts of God" are not natural disasters, but supernatural protection from them. My miraculous survival was not a fluke. In Psalm 91, the Bible says, "no plague shall come near your

homes." If we walk in fellowship with God, we live under divine protection.

Although to some, "walking in fellowship with God" may sound like a mysterious and complicated process, it's really just talking to Him every day and doing whatever He tells you to do. A lot people think of obedience to God in terms of the big things, but it also includes the little things.

Raised in a Jewish family in Queens, New York, I climbed the success ladder early. At 22, I was a junior executive with MGM Pictures. My career was my god, and my good times were discos with my jet-set friends. However, material possessions didn't fill that strangely vacant place I felt inside. One night, while watching an old film on TV called, "Samson and Delilah," I felt a sudden awareness of the God of Israel, the God I had learned about as a boy, but ignored since my Bar Mitzvah. Questions began to stir inside me.

Turning off the movie, I looked for my "Talmud". For more than a year, I searched for God. I read and prayed and listened to everything I could. Sixteen months later I bowed at the feet of Jesus, the Messiah, the first-begotten Son of the God of Israel. That was the day my life turned around.

Sometimes God asks us to do things that, to the natural mind, seems a little crazy, but that's okay. We only need to say, "I will be free to serve the Lord. I'm going to do what God wants me to do no matter how foolish it seems." That's what activates the supernatural protection of God when life's lightning strikes.



Dear Editor,

I want to express my gratitude to God for the FGBMFI. Your magazine "Voice" is life changing. It has been used to reach many lives here. Men in prison have lost their way, and they can relate to the stories in Voice magazine.

Your friend, Natty Ebuka Nwajiaku Kanater Men's Prison Qualubeya, Egypt



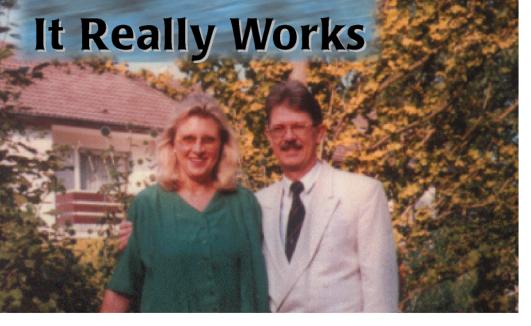
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Ralph Dürrmeier, Steinbach, Germany

Frustrated with my university results, there was not much else I could think about. It seemed like I was wasting my time. Without an almost perfect record, I would not be able to pursue the education and subsequent career I was working towards. My father wanted to pray about it. I thought, "Dad, this is not the time. Don't you understand, this is serious."

Nevertheless, when he persisted, telling me about all the answers to prayer he had received, I reasoned that there was nothing to lose, and started to pray for a perfect grade average. I have positive proof that there is a living God because, despite my workload, things changed and I had reached the high standard I needed. Even though I was unable to get through all the material, I still did excellently on the exams. It was simply a miracle!

Getting the right job was equally as unusual. Normally you go in for several interviews. In my case, I was given an offer by Proctor & Gamble on my first

visit. All that was needed to be done was to sign and return the contract they were sending me. It was up to me.

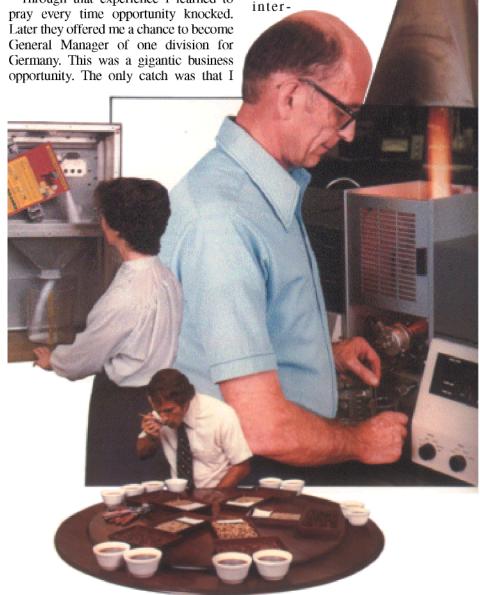
After my interview at another company, I did not know what to do. Once again, I decided to pray about it. Not having any idea how God would communicate with me, I asked Him to "close the door" to one of the offers. In this way I would know which job God wanted me to take.

When I received an envelope from both companies, I felt I had an answer. Proctor & Gamble sent me the promised contract, while the other company returned all my papers with a nice letter, saying they had someone else. I signed and returned the contract on Friday. By Wednesday someone from the second company was on the phone, asking what else they could give to convince me to accept their offer. When I explained my shock at their question since all my papers had been returned, they said, with some surprise,

that I should have received an offer from them and that someone had mixed up the papers. For me, it was a closed door, and I have never regretted my decision. I received excellent training with Proctor & Gamble, who I served for 5 ½ years.

Through that experience I learned to pray every time opportunity knocked.

would have to be at their headquarters in the USA, and my wife did not want to leave Germany. In spite of her insistence that I could go, I knew my place was at home. My wife continued to insist that I not turn down the offer. Once again we prayed about it. At the





views I was aware that the Americans would be concerned about my family and they would not be happy about my wife not coming.

To my surprise, they asked me about my wife. They said that another man had had to quit and return home to Germany because his wife had not adjusted to life in the USA, so far from home. They explained that we might consider not uprooting the family. Immediately I knew this was a confirmation to our prayers.

At the time we had been married for fourteen years. There were so many things that I had come to take for granted – little things, like breakfast and laundry. During that year I developed a deeper love for my wife than ever before. She, too, had to deal with problems which I normally took care of . This forced her to rely totally on God. He helped her literally save the life of one of our children, who was unable to breathe due to an allergy. She, too, gained a new love for me.

During that year in the States, with time on my hands, I was able to be involved with many Christian activities, and God changed many things in me. In Germany, my father was very involved with the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. Now I had time to visit many FGBMFI chapters. I wanted to be involved with as many chapters as possible. I learned how to run a chap-

ter in the right spirit, and how to be a Spirit-led leader. This turned out to be our best year ever.

My father had been involved with the first chapter of the FGBMFI in Germany. I remember going to my first meeting. I had never met anyone like those people. The next month my father invited me again, and I could not refuse him. That time when the speaker finished he invited people to dedicate their lives to the Lord God. Without really knowing why, I had stood up and responded. As I left that meeting something changed deep inside of me. I knew it was reality. I was beaming!

There are so many more areas in which God has touched our lives. He has been there for us also when we had physical needs. For example, our youngest child, Jorg, was born with the umbilical cord around his neck. God intervened and he was born without a problem. Sometimes I think about the miracle of health. God has protected our family so many times.

When my wife discovered lumps in her breast, we prayed about it. That Sunday in church a woman told about a vision she'd had. She saw a lady with a breast tumour being healed by God. Nobody knew about our problem, but we knew this was for us. My wife claimed her healing in Jesus' name. When the doctors examined her, the lump had vanished and there was no sign of cancer.

I have never been sorry I put my trust in Jesus Christ. God never lets us down. Even at times when there was reason to be afraid in business, I knew He was there. Sometimes the situation seemed hopeless, but with God, there is always hope. God is faithful!

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.

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.

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.

Selieve 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.

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 FGBMFI

UK Field Office: P.O. Box 11, Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 6QP, Tel:01565-632667. UKFieldOffice@fgbnet.com.

European Office: P.O. Box 49, B-3000 Leuven 3, Belgium. Tel:(016)20.79.44 Fax:(016)20.79.31 EuropeanOffice@fgbnet.com

FGBMF1 International: 20 Corporate Park Dr, 3rd Floor, Irvine, CA 92606. USA.

Tel: +1.949.260.0700 Fax: +1.949.260.0718 Email: International@fgbnet.com

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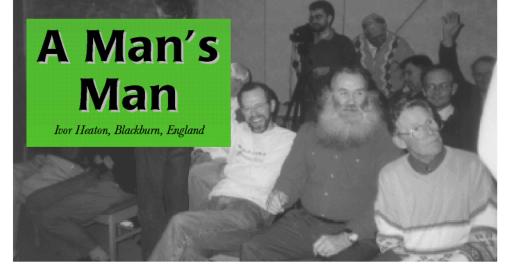
- Please send me information about the FGBMFI.
- Please send me details on membership in the FGBMFI.

Name and address (print clearly):

No.994

16

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"He's making me more sensitive and more loving towards other people. I spent all my life hurting them, thumping them, knocking them down, you see. Now the Lord's given me a job, which is harder than fighting. He said, 'I want you to love them all'. And loving them is harder than fighting, sometimes."

The bigger, the better was my policy. I was a fighter – I did it just for kicks. Getting enough money to support my family was always a frustration. I wanted excitement! In 1960, I was so angry and frustrated that I finally got down on my knees and prayed for help. After that I became so religious that I even wanted to be a vicar.

In 1975 in Southport, I'd been doing the roof for a friend, and was having a coffee break. As I sat there, my thoughts were on a book I'd been reading called, "Nine O'clock in the Morning". It said, "It's easy to be born again". Those words, "It's easy," would not stop going through my head. I've always struggled, especially for anything of importance. At the time, a recording of Elvis Presley, singing "How Great Thou Art", was playing in the background. For the first time the

words sank in. I started crying. This was unheard of -I was a "man's man". I got down on my knees and asked Jesus Christ to take control of my life.

"Lord God," I said, "I don't want to make a mistake, and I don't want to miss out." I was desperate. At that moment I saw a vision of a tree. From the book I'd been reading, I remembered the words, "God will fill you with joy." Immediately it was like the heavens opened and the rain came. Not natural rain – but a downpour of pure joy. Involuntary laughter began to bubble up inside of me. It continued for four-and-a-half hours. Before that day I had never known an experience where anyone truly loved me. Now I was overwhelmed by the love of God through Jesus Christ.

That experience changed my life. Soon I was involved with a prayer meeting in a convent. Through that group I was introduced to the FGBMFI. That was in 1975. Enjoying the meetings and the fellowship, I was soon an active member. It's absolutely amazing how God will go out of his way for someone like me. There have been so many wonderful opportunities to be used by God in this Fellowship.

Serving God is so practical, especially for a business man. I have learned to love people, instead of hurting them. I have had enough of messing with the world.

God has enabled me to forgive those who hurt me over the years. This is quite a change for me. In the past I had only one answer to every problem. Hit them hard and fast! So much has changed; I'm not even the same person. The guy I used to be is now a stranger to me. I know for certain that Jesus is alive. I'm an ordinary guy, who has had an extraordinary experience. Jesus has changed my life!



WHO ARE WE?

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is an international fellowship 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.

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.

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

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20 Corporate Park Dr, 3rd Floor, Irvine, CA 92606. USA.

Tel: +1.949.260.0700 Fax: +1.949.260.0718
PUBLICATIONS • Editor: Blair Scott

PUBLICATIONS • Editor: Blair Scott
E-Mail: Editor@fgbmfiVOICE.com
Internet: www.fgbmfiVOICE.com
Tel: +1.360.318.8077 Fax: +1.360.354.1307
International Publications Directors: Jerry
Jensen & Blair Scott. • Assistant: Donato
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