

08-93

Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE

*FGBMFI  
in Canada*





## THE BIRTH OF THE FELLOWSHIP IN CANADA

*James (Jim) McEwan,  
Canadian President*

Sixty-six men gathered together at Hemstead's Restaurant in Toronto on February 20, 1960. When the meeting was called to order, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International had come to Canada. Men from Ontario, British Columbia, Alberta, the Atlantic Region, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Quebec caught the vision and FGBMFI swept across the nation.

This happened because in February 1959, 21 men from Toronto boarded a

plane for Atlantic City, New Jersey to investigate an organization of Full Gospel businessmen that was impacting the Christian world. Those men returned with enthusiasm and were excited, knowing that God could do the same through the Fellowship in Canada.

The Canadian constitution was established and the formation of an all-Canada Board on January 1, 1978. The Canadian Fellowship opened a national office in October, 1976. Demos Shakaran, founder and president of FGBMFI, was present for the occasion.

*Outreach* best describes Ontario in the '70s. A five-hour "Good News!" telethon, organized by James (Jim) McEwan, was carried on City-TV in Toronto. Within seven seconds the 50 phones in the studio and in the Sheraton Centre lit up and flashed continuously for seven hours as the counselors reported life-changing experiences: 138 received Christ as Saviour; others were healed, filled with the Holy Spirit and released from fear.

### **MEDIA**

One of the most effective outreach ministries of FGBMFI has been the "Good News" television program. Countless thousands have come to know Christ through this effort. Sponsored and produced in Canada by the Canadian Fellowship, over a million dollars was invested in the production of these high-quality programs—aired not only in Canada and the United States, but also on radio in Australia, Central and South America, Kenya and Asia.

## WORLD OUTREACH

One of the most rewarding programs the Canadian Fellowship has launched has been the distribution of Bibles and Demos Shakarian's book *The Happiest People On Earth*. The latest project—Japan. In 1984 Canada took on a Japan Outreach, printing over 30,000 copies of *The Happiest People On Earth* in Japanese, also thousands of Japanese *Voice* magazines. Today, 14 chapters have been established with their own national president.



Canadian President, Jim McEwan

## AIRLIFTS

An important aspect of the Canadian Fellowship activities. In a 1980 airlift to the Philippines and China, an exciting banquet in Manila resulted in 500 high-ranking government officials and foreign diplomats attending, including the

Canadian Ambassador, the Ambassador for the United States, the Presidential Assistant of the Philippines, numerous ambassadors and consul generals. There were many decisions for Christ.

The same airlift included China, and we were able to give personal testimony to individuals in the marketplace. The Fellowship continues to support airlifts all over the world, recently one to Yugoslavia.

How can we measure the impact of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International on our country of Canada? Only eternity will tell.

In Canada thousands and thousands of lives have been changed: men, women and children have found salvation in the Name of Jesus, the fullness of spiritual life, healings, and miracles. Every meeting is a testimony to the power of Jesus Christ through His Spirit, to heal bodies, minds, emotions, spirits, families and businesses.

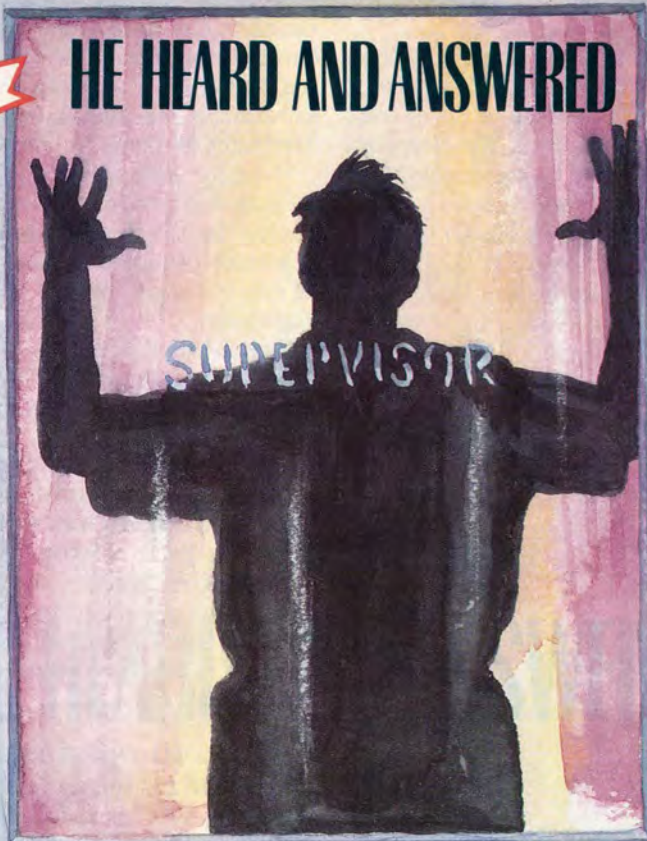
## WE LOOK TO THE FUTURE

What God has already accomplished through FGBMFI in Canada is but the launching pad from which we will reach greater objectives as the Holy Spirit leads; multiplying Fellowship chapters in Canada and abroad; an expansion of our exciting efforts in Japan—increasing the circulation of *Voice* and *The Happiest People On Earth*.


We can do extraordinary things for Christ as we continue to go forth with the Word—the Name of Jesus—and the anointing of the Holy Spirit. Opportunities are limitless—our God is able, to His honor and glory.



# HE HEARD AND ANSWERED



Gordon Hicks  
Welland, Ontario, Canada



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I closed my office door, lifted my hands and cried out, "Oh my God, my God, do something please!" I don't know why I cried out to God because I hadn't gone to church for over 20 years.

But I was desperate. My wife, Blanche, was very ill. She had suffered a series of nervous breakdowns. At times they were so serious she would have to be hospitalized. They would place her in an asylum probably two months out of the year.

After about three years of this our psychiatrist, who was a marvelous doctor, suggested they should be treating her as an outpatient. Each time they would bring her home from the treatments she would be very subdued and quiet.

A couple of years later, one day she came back from the treatments and I went home to see her. I expected to find her very quiet and subdued; instead I found her sicker than ever. The doctor had warned me that in the near future she would have to be hospitalized permanently because the treatments were not working. That's when I went back to my office with the thought that the time the doctor had told me about had come—I was desperate.

I cried out to the Lord, because when I was a boy in Sunday school I had heard the stories about Jesus, how the multitudes came to Him and they were all healed.

I thought to myself, if Jesus were only alive today, I could take Blanche to Him wherever He was. I knew He

would heal her. But Jesus was dead and gone and God was up in heaven. I sat down feeling sorry for myself and my family.

I must have sat there for ten minutes. Then my phone rang. I picked it up and there was the voice of the girl I married. It sounded so soft and beautiful. She said, "Gordon, I feel so wonderful, can I cook lunch for you?" I said, "Blanche, you sound so great!" She answered, "I just feel so great all over. I would like to cook lunch, although I don't even know what's in the fridge." I told her I was sure the girls had lots in the fridge and that I would be home at noon. This was about 11 o'clock.

I went home at noon. What a beautiful sight: she had changed her dress, her hair was combed, lunch was cooked and ready to eat. Then a voice in my head said she was healed.

As I explained earlier, I didn't deserve this. I hadn't been in church for over 20 years and then only as a child in Sunday school because my mother insisted I go.

I was born in a very small town in northern Canada. My family was extremely poor. However, I held no animosity against those who were better off than us. But it did put within me a drive to do better and have more. I just had to succeed and get out of this poverty rut. So, as a teenager, I set a very high goal for myself.

In 1930, when I got out into the work force I realized my goal was really pie-in-the-sky. I would do well just to make a living for myself.

In 1932 I rode a freight train down to the Niagara district near the Canadian side of Niagara Falls. I got a job working on a farm for my room and board only. When the farming was finished that fall I found a job selling on commission.

The sales job worked out very well and I advanced to become sales manager. In spite of the Great Depression I made a very good living in sales. I met and married Blanche and we had three beautiful children.

The war broke out in 1939 and our Canadian government decided they did not need non-essential workers, so it was either go to war or into war work.

At the end of the war I decided I did not want to go back into commission sales. Since my father was a logger in the north country, I was acquainted with the lumber industry. So I decided I would try buying and selling lumber.

I bought a carload of lumber and sold it. I made seven weeks salary in two weeks. It wasn't long until we were in the lumber and building supply business. Now it looked as though down the road about 50 years I might make a part of the big goal I had set for myself.

But at this time we were tested by Blanche's illness. Not only did she suffer with nervous breakdowns, but she had an ulcerated varicose vein leaving her ankle with a hole as big as a quarter and her leg a deep red up to the knee. When she took the bandages off, the stench was terrible. The doctor said she would lose that ankle if it wasn't treated, but she wouldn't let him touch it.

We went to bed that night and Blanche's leg was all white, but she said it didn't even hurt. The doctors in Welland had imported bandages from England with hopes that a scab would form over the hole, but it didn't work.

The next morning she took the bandages off and there was a scab over the ulcerated ankle. Three days later the scab fell off and beautiful flesh covered it. This healing lasted five years with no recurrence. Later, the ankle broke open again but nothing like before.

After five years Blanche had little mini-breakdowns, not severe like before, only lasting for a few weeks and she would be a little talkative.

I am so thankful for the healing miracles that took place in Blanche's body. She lived for 25 more years and then one morning died in her sleep.

Before Blanche's miracle healing we



were sending our three girls to Sunday school every Sunday. The Sunday after she was healed, we did not drop the girls off, we went with them to church. The minister said, "You must be the little Hicks' girls parents." I said, "Yes, we are the black sheep of the family." He said, "Well, we do a lot of white-washing here."

I could not get enough of church. Every time the doors were open, I was there. I became a chairman of various committees. I enjoyed the fellowship and the church very much. I soon learned not to talk about Blanche's miracle because they all said, "Oh come on, we know the treatments that she has had and it just finally caught up with her."

But one day another Christian businessman came to me and said there was a group of men having a dinner meeting in St. Catharines, Ontario. They believe that God heals. We went down and there were about 250 men and women in the room. The speaker's name was Charles Trombley. He wrote a book entitled, *Kicked Out of the Kingdom*. He was previously a Jehovah's Witness. He talked that night about salvation; that unless we came forward and asked Jesus to forgive us for our sins and to be our Lord and Saviour we would never see the Kingdom of Heaven, let alone enter it. He backed this up by saying it's in the Bible, John 3:3. So my friend, Peter, and I went forward and gave our lives to Jesus that night. A few months later I was gloriously baptized with His Holy Spirit and spoke in other tongues.



Gordon Hicks

I could not get enough of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship after that. We were at every meeting we could find. I became very involved in the Fellowship.

Today, I am a National Director and Treasurer for Canada. That was probably about 27 years ago. The Lord pointed out to us that we should give to God's storehouse that there may be meat in it. Then He would open the windows of heaven and pour out blessings that we would not be able to contain them (Mal. 3:10). I was taking two steps ahead and one step back in business. I had not read the Bible until that time, now I couldn't get enough of it.

I started to give to God's work. Our business grew. We had a showroom that was 60 x 100 feet. We also had a warehouse beside it which was 80 x 120 feet, two stories high. I said to my family, "Let's take the bottom part of that warehouse and enlarge our showroom because the traffic is tremendous." We built a new warehouse and moved the inventory into it; then took the bottom part of the adjoining warehouse and made it into a showroom giving us 15,000 square feet.



While we were building, they built new cash drawers with three-inch plywood dividers. At that time we did not have cash registers. The cashier girls complained to me that this was ridiculous. "They are clumsy—we do not need them that deep." I told the girls not to worry about it, as soon as the carpenters go we'll have them changed. Because they did such a beautiful job on the showroom I don't want to embarrass them. About a month after all

the carpenters had left, one of the girls came to me and said, "Mr. Hicks, I want to show you something." I was in the showroom, and she headed toward the cash drawers. I said, "Oh not today. I will do it I promise." She said, "No, it's not what you think. I want to show you something." She took me in behind the cash drawers and there was money on the floor. I said, "Girls, what are you doing?" They said, "Well, look when you pull the drawer open." Paper money was flowing over the top of the plywood dividers. They had to take money out at noon, pack it up and put it in the desk drawer. I was able to tell them that God promised that very thing—we would not be able to contain it. From that day on our business prospered. It was only a few years until my boyhood dream was reached and far surpassed.

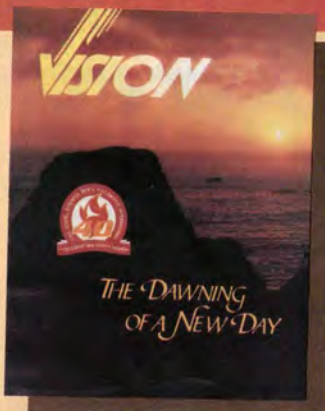
Since that time God has given us dozens of marvelous miracles and I have learned that every word in the Bible is true and all His promises are so positive. The only thing we have to do is ask and believe. "Whatever you ask in My name, that will I do that God will be glorified in the Son (John 14:13). "Ask Me anything in My name and I will do it (John 14:14). ■

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Gordon Hicks presently serves as a board member of a Pentecostal church. He is board member and past chairman of Retail Merchants in Ontario; a member of Castle Building Supplies, Canada's largest buyer of building supplies; part owner of Welland Merchants' Hockey Team; and past president of the Federal and Liberal Association. He is currently serving as treasurer for FGBMFI in Canada.



# HISTORY IN YOUR HAND!



For 40 years the Lord has led the Fellowship—through heights and depths and renewal. In celebration of this incredible history, we offer these fine publications:

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# Jesus Has All The Power!

Jack DeLong  
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada



“Jack, if I had all the problems that you’ve got, I’d be doing the same or worse.”

Those startling words from my psychiatrist meant that even he was giving up on me. My life had sunk to the very bottom. My marriage...my wife...my six children...thoughts of suicide raced through my head. My successful world began to cave in, all around me.

Of course, as a successful, “money-oriented” businessman, seeing a marriage counselor, much less a psychiatrist, was a “No-no.”

But I was desperate. My wife, Marion, insisted.

What went wrong?

It was a far cry from the peaceful small farm that I was raised on in west central Alberta. I reminisced to those large pine trees. Hunting was my skill in my early days. But even my Christian parents fought and experienced separation. That skill soon became my “escape.”

I began working as a sheet metal worker in 1947. I worked my way up the ladder, even being a union executive for the sheet metal workers’ union. But two years later, I found myself on the other side of the bargaining table as a representative of the owners. Rapidly, I grew in the business world.

In the late ’60s I became a partner in a firm which manufactured trailers. Our business had doubled five years in a row. I was extremely busy. In 1968 we had 144 employees, of which 77 were in my division. But it began to take a toll on my relationship with my family.

When Marion and I married in 1953, we were very, very happy. But when the children came along, we began to argue and disagree over the discipline, education, etc. Of course we didn’t know that communication is the basis of any marriage. Conflicts and tension reigned supreme.

So I made a “business” decision. It’s a decision that I still regret. I decided that I would not have anything more to do with the upbringing of my children. I would bring home the money.

One of my “escapes” was my music. I always liked music, playing the guitar and violin a little on the farm. But because the “big band sound” was at the forefront, I took saxophone and trumpet lessons. I played in all kinds of different bands for 25 years.

I’d work all day, coming home just to change clothes. I would grab my sax and run to my next job, to be a part of the glitter of the night life. Then, I would drag home for three or four hours of sleep, so I could start the cycle all over again.

There was a time that I actually left home. I was frustrated because I was on the edge of physical violence. I went out into the world to find something better. But it only got worse.

I drank all day, every day, and I was verbally abusive to a lot of people in those days, not knowing that my words hurt worse than a black eye. Not only was I verbally abusive to my wife, but I knew how to be verbally abusive to the employees under certain circumstances, to control them.

I was depressed and didn’t know

how to fix it. I could “successfully” manage 77 people, but I couldn’t fix my own family. They were unhappy. I could tell by their tears. But when I tried to reach out, it was only temporary. Then conflict would arise, creating a lot of unhappiness. My attempts to do something about the situation never seemed to work. This went on for years.

***“One of my ‘escapes’  
was music.”***



After some tax laws were changed, our multi-million dollar company had to be sold to pay off the debts. Now the equity was gone. Since my god was money, I now realized that my security that I had worked so hard for, for my family, was gone. “Was suicide the way out?” I questioned.

Marion approached me about going to a marriage counselor. In those days, a successful businessman going to a marriage counselor would make my partners think I was a “couple bricks short of a load.” But I was curious as to whether or not he could help me.

Marion began to cry when the marriage counselor told her, “You are going to have to accept the fact that Jack will never change. He is probably going to get worse.” I thought, “Why can’t I change?”

I got very angry with him because he made my wife cry. The interview was over. He recommended that I go see a psychiatrist. In the business world, that was definitely a “no—no.”

But by this time, I wanted to find out if somebody could actually help me. So I went to the psychiatrist for a few appointments. One day, he told me, “Jack, if I had all the problems that you’ve got, I’d be doing the same, or worse.”

He told me that he didn’t have the answer! But unknown to me at the time, Jesus already had a plan to put our family back together.

Out of desperation, Marion started going to a home Bible study. She had been advised to divorce me, even to the point of talking to lawyers. But, she wouldn’t give up!

“What about you?” the pastor of the Bible study asked Marion. He told her that she needed to do something about her own life. She was told that she had to give her life to Jesus. That’s exactly what she did. So for six long years, I had a group of crazy charismatics praying for me.

Something that I hardly ever did, I asked Marion to go with me to visit a businessman about 120 miles away. Very quickly, she started talking to me about scriptures, quoting John 3:16. But as a successful businessman, I did

NOT know anything about giving and receiving love. That scripture went right over my head.

Sure, I had heard about people getting "saved." My standard answer, "Saved from what?" But the Holy Spirit prompted her to share with me a scripture found in Matthew 28:18—"All power has been given unto Me in heaven and on earth."

I had just been told by the psychiatrist that he didn't have any power to help me. Now my wife is sitting beside me, saying that "JESUS HAS ALL THE POWER!"

In a moment of time, I had a revelation. It was very simple. I had to get to know the One who has all the power! I didn't get saved right then. When God starts to do something, the devil is always there to try to mess it up.

Since she said Jesus had all the power, I thought I'd try to find out more about Him. The current book I was reading was *Is God An Astronaut?* I continued reading this book. I found myself going to that home Bible study.

I had a negative reaction to the invitation, but I soon found out that the Bible study was being held in the home of a lady whose former husband used to work in the brewery. He used to bring home a case of beer every day. I had great thoughts of what this Bible study was going to be like. I thought there would be lots of liquor there.

As I shared about my "Christian" book, the hostess jumped up and ran from the room. She came back and literally threw a book across the room to me. She told me, "Jack, you go burn

that trash you are reading. Read this!" The name of her book was *The Late, Great Planet Earth*. The prophecies of the coming Messiah really stirred me up.

Over a period of time, I continued to go to the Bible study and the Word of God began to work within me. In the spring of 1976, I recall the day when I knelt down in my own bedroom and

***"...the hostess threw a book across the room to me... 'Read this!'"***



said, "Lord, I really messed up my life. I understand that Your Word says that You have all the power. So I am going to give everything over to You; if You could do something for me..." When I got up off my knees, it was like a 1,000 pound weight had lifted off my back!

I didn't tell anyone about my salvation for a little while. But they soon found out, because I began to change. They saw a change in me. And I guess I eventually did tell my Bible study group. They had made quite a "bit of progress" on me, especially my insides!

Marion's brother was involved in Full

Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. I was invited to attend a meeting at the Edmonton Inn in 1976. As Tommy Ashcraft gave his testimony, a lady at the back slid down underneath the table. She just disappeared. I began looking for the ambulance or undertaker, something. She was quivering. They said she was okay—"slain in the



*Jack and Marion DeLong*

Spirit." I thought, "Wow!" Then I heard people speaking in strange languages, raising their hands high.

In my mind, I thought, "Lord, if You will get me out of here, I promise I'll never come back."

When we left that night, I informed Marion, "Don't ever get me involved in a thing like this again! These people can't possibly be Christians!" Of course, I didn't consider the fact that all of them looked very happy.

But a couple of months later, I, too, was baptized in the Holy Ghost.

I continued to go to different home

Bible studies. I had a million questions about the Word of God. In one of them, a lady with a failing heart was prayed for. Her lips were blue. In a moment of time, God instantly healed her. That was over 15 years ago. She is still teaching the Bible today.

As nominal Christians, we are all taught to pray. My mother used to say to me, "Now say your prayers when you go to bed." I'd say the Lord's Prayer. Once in a great while, if a particular situation was disastrous, I'd pray for someone.

But who in the world ever heard of prayers getting answered! I thought you prayed out of duty, never expecting to get answers. But these people were getting answers!

I went home and prayed, "Lord, I want to have what these people have." In a round-about way, I was asking for the baptism in the Holy Ghost. I received this gift while driving down the road in my car at a high rate of speed. All of a sudden the Lord opened up the portals of glory and just gave me the language. Instantly, my four-letter vocabulary was gone. And I now pray in tongues every day.

Our family relationships began to be restored immediately. The relationship between my wife and I has now grown into something better than what we ever had. He restored my whole family. In the next couple of years, I had a chance to pray the sinner's prayer with just about all of our children. My son had come to know the Lord about six months before me.

The world says, "Once an alcoholic,

always an alcoholic." But that's a lie of the devil. Jesus took the desire completely away. I was diagnosed "schizophrenic." Psychiatrists couldn't help me. But Jesus set me free! Jesus came to set captives free. He can set YOU free, too!

I began to go back to FGBMFI meetings, even helping to start the Sherwood Park Chapter in Alberta, Canada. In November, 1985, after several years of Fellowship service, I was elected an International Director. I thank God for FGBMFI today. It has done so much in my life. I am eternally grateful for people within this Fellowship who have "poured themselves" into my life.

When I got baptized in the Holy Ghost, I began to pray for people...and see genuine miracles. That's why tears come to my eyes. When you're telling people about Jesus and what He has done for you, you have to speak with compassion, and sometimes tears. That's what really touches the heart. Compassion and tears speak to the heart, not the businessman's mind.

Since 1986 I've been to Japan 15 times. During these airlifts, I have seen entire countries changed! God has done so many miracles and the people we ministered to in Asia have become such good friends. I didn't have any natural brothers or sisters, but I found out that I have Christian brothers and sisters in Japan who are absolutely the best in the world. I miss them when I have to come back home.

I've found that I've become a part of the biggest family in the world. We work together for the cause of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ,

through this Fellowship.

In Asia, millions of young people have no God. God help us! They are waiting for us. No one has ever sat down and explained to them Jesus is the Living God who loves them. These Japan airlifts have changed our hearts. It has given us a sense of the vision that Demos has had for years.

*"...I have Christian brothers and sisters in Japan who are absolutely the best in the world."*



When you see Jesus at work around the world, you realize that "JESUS HAS ALL THE POWER!" ■

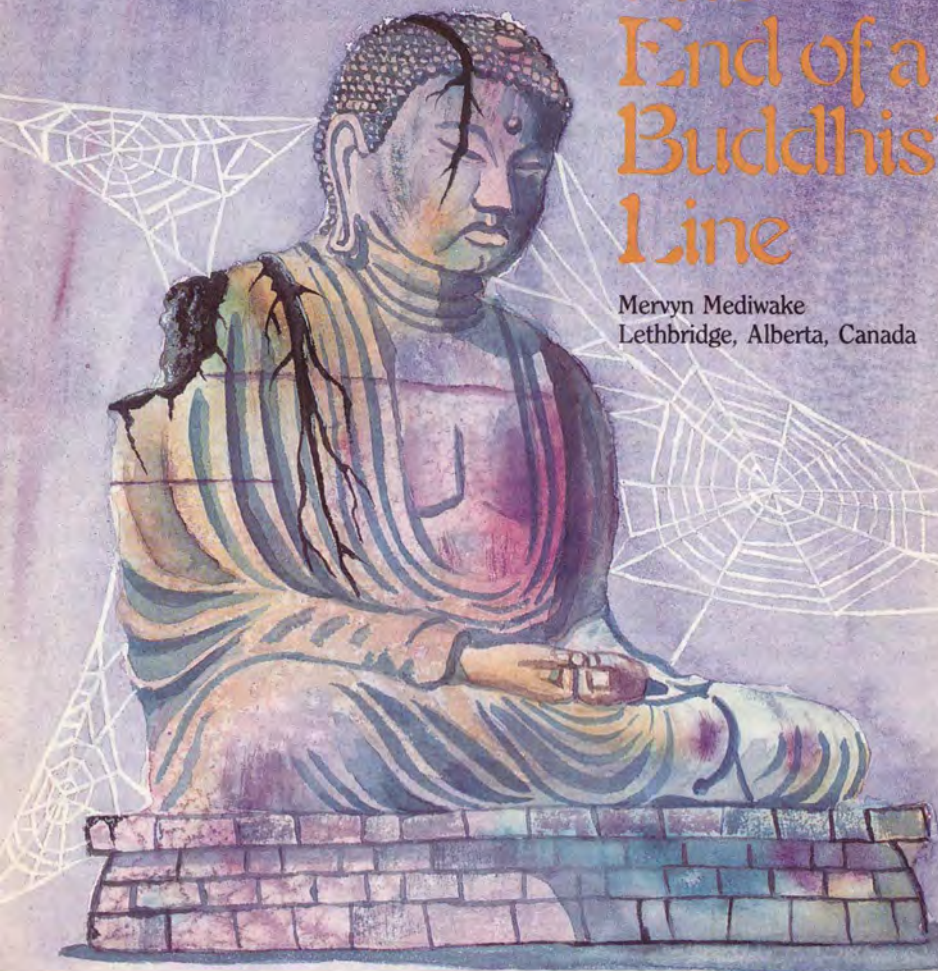
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Jack DeLong lives with his wife, Marion, in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. They have five daughters and one son. Jack is a successful businessman who sold his business and retired in January, 1992, so he could spend more time working for FGBMFI. The Asian people, in particular, are grateful for his calling to minister to them, and wherever the Lord leads him. He has served as First Vice-President of the Canadian FGBMFI Board of Directors, as well as an International Director.



# The End of a Buddhist Line

Mervyn Mediawake  
Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada





**E**xhausted, I fell across the bed. For the first time in years, I had done manual labor—shoveling manure in a pig barn. Red blisters decorated my hands. My body ached. I never knew pain could cut to the core of one's soul.

A few weeks earlier life had been comfortable in my native land. My family lived in a large, well-furnished home amidst landscaped gardens. Many servants waited on us: valets, gardeners, cooks, cleaners and chauffeurs. They pressed our clothes, shined our shoes and cooked our meals.

How had I fallen so far?

As I lay in bed, my life flashed in front of me. Neither the past nor the future looked very good. For the first time, I took an honest view of myself. I needed help.

For someone from the "ruling class," that felt unfamiliar. I was born to a high-caste Kandyan family in Sri Lanka (known then as Ceylon). My parents, as their parents, grandparents and others before them, were Buddhists.

The headmaster of a school, my father was a strict disciplinarian who dearly loved his nine children. However, our society regarded public demonstrations of affection as a sign of weakness. Since my mother died when I was nine, I grew up understanding little of parental love. A special bond with one of my sisters sustained me for many years.

After my mother's death I secured a government scholarship and went away to boarding school. There, as a teenager, I enrolled in the Ceylon Cadet

Corps, which provided junior military training.

At their annual camp meeting, I decided one Sunday to attend a Christian church service. There the people impressed on me that I needed to be a Christian. Though I knew nothing of the faith or why it was necessary, I agreed to do that. Later I used the Christian name, Mervyn, that an instructor gave me one day.

However, I remained a good Buddhist. I studied diligently and received my Higher School Certificate from the Young Men's Buddhist Association of Ceylon.

Thanks to my family inheritance, at 21 I traveled to London, England, to study accounting. Over the next few years, though, I decided earning money beat spending it. I dropped my studies, passed the British Civil Service exam and became a clerical employee with the Department of War Pensions.

Through mutual friends at work I met Muriel, a native of Scotland who believed in Jesus at a young age. Soon after we began dating, we married. Her Christian parents and my Buddhist family were all very upset!

After the ceremony I felt a deep longing to return to Sri Lanka. We moved to Muriel's hometown and I enrolled in the agricultural college at the University of Aberdeen. I hoped to use that training to obtain employment in my homeland.

Several years later, diploma in hand, we traveled to Sri Lanka for a short holiday. Three weeks after arriving, my studies enabled me to become a consul-

tant for the Ceylon Cold Stores. Subsequently, they offered me the position of assistant superintendent of livestock on their 5,000-acre plantation. It was the largest commercial, vertically-integrated livestock operation on the island. We wound up staying for three years.

Ironically, three company executives and their wives were Christians. One openly talked about her faith in God, which deeply affected Muriel. She started attending church and teaching our daughter, Naomi, about her God named Jesus.

My teenage desire to be identified with the Christian faith haunted me. I feared that label. Friends might sneer, "Mervyn flipped. He got religious and started believing in a God that nobody can see, hear or feel."

And what about my father? Would he blame Muriel for converting me to believe in a foreign God? Would the estate's hundreds of resident laborers think I was a pushover?

During the next few years, fear of ridicule gave way to concern for my family's safety. Ethnic infighting, civil unrest, terrorism and economic difficulties threatened Sri Lanka. Life became difficult and dangerous.

Where would we go? My resignation from the British Civil Service eliminated job possibilities there. We thought about New Zealand but its economic prospects were as dim as England's.

Though knowing little of the country, we decided to emigrate to Canada. To obtain "Landed Immigrant Status" there, I needed a job offer. That appeared to be an impossible dream.

Without my knowledge, Muriel began diligently praying. She asked God to remove us from Sri Lanka, and for my salvation. He answered in miraculous ways.

First, through an advertisement in a three-year-old pig farming magazine, I found a job in Shaunavon, Saskatchewan. We overcame obstacle after obstacle and Canada granted us "landed immigrant" status.

(Today, if you're looking at impossible circumstances, remember the words of Genesis 18:14, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?")

Muriel's parents, who had reconciled themselves to our union, then sent us airplane tickets. After dispatching my family to them in Los Angeles, I continued on to Canada. A national rail strike in Canada forced me to take more expensive transportation from Toronto, Ontario. I arrived in Gull Lake, Saskatchewan, with 47 cents in my pocket and lonely.

When unrest raged around us in Sri Lanka I thought getting out would solve my problems. I thought otherwise after seeing my new living quarters: a bare bunkhouse with a mattress tossed in one corner for a bed.

Later I would see myself similar to the "Prodigal Son" in that story in Luke 15. Living poorly and tending pigs filled me with desperation and despair.

"God...if someone called God even exists!" I screamed. "Take over my life and see if You can make it a better one than the mess it is now!"

An unexplainable peace passed over

me. I began sobbing. I wept for hours before falling asleep. Later, I would learn that in the very hour that I cried out to the Lord, Muriel was praying with a group of women in California. She asked that He save the soul of her Buddhist husband.

The next morning I walked out and saw a car parked beside the pig barn. The driver asked if I was a Christian. Recalling my teenage church visit, I said, "I think so."

"If you're a Christian, you know so," replied the man, a Baptist minister. We talked and he handed me a copy of *Good News for Modern Man*, the New Testament in Today's English Version.

Over the next day and a half I read the whole book. It clearly stated I needed to ask Jesus to be my Saviour and Lord. In that aging bunkhouse I invited Him to come live in my heart.

Jeremiah 33:3 promises that God will answer those who cry out to Him and show them great and mighty things. He did. The Lord supernaturally removed the farm's owner to another location and—after my family joined me—we moved into the farm house.

There Muriel and I led a Bible study. As I studied I read that Jesus talked about a "baptism of fire" that followed water baptism. One night seven of us at this study asked for Holy Spirit baptism. We all received it, with the evidence of speaking in tongues.

I had first lacked the boldness to witness, pray for the sick, cast out demons, and believe God would act. Now I could do them all, through the

Holy Spirit within me.

God is love and I believe our highest calling is to show His love to others. Our focus should never be on what we can get from God but on what we can do for Him.

Yet, God wants to act on our behalf, too. If you believe in Jesus Christ and His sacrifice on the cross, you are God's child. He made some promises to us.

One of them is found in 3 John, verses 1-2. The apostle wrote that God wants us to prosper and be in health, even as our souls prosper. Our whole family's souls prospered in Bible study, church attendance and fellowship with other Christians. Now God wanted to prosper me physically.

For years I suffered chronic tendonitis in both elbows, caused by the farm work required during agriculture school. I had been scheduled to have surgery in Scotland and in Sri Lanka. Each time, I wound up moving on before it could take place.

They hurt so badly that I bandaged my elbows every night just so I could sleep. I had to routinely twist and unwrap the bonds every morning before I could use my hands.

At one of our Bible studies, a Spirit-filled Lutheran pastor told me he felt that I had a painful condition in my elbows.

"Yes, but it will soon be taken care of," I said. "I'll be having surgery in two weeks."

"Do you believe God can heal?" he asked. After I nodded, he asked if he could pray for me. He uttered a simple request, concluding, "Lord, I believe



*Mervyn and Muriel Mediwake*

You love this man enough to heal his elbows.”

That night I didn't bandage them. It didn't dawn on me the pain had vanished until the next morning...halfway through shaving! A doctor once told me this ailment would cripple me by age 50. I'm several years past 50 and doing quite well.

The blessings didn't stop with my personal life. There are few things that matter more to a man than his occupation. God moved in this area, too, promoting me up the corporate ladder.

Only ten months after becoming a lowly pig herdsman the Lord created an opening at a large farm in Lanigan, Saskatchewan. There I quickly became production manager; 18 months later I became production manager of an animal feed milling operation in Brooks, Alberta, and was promoted through the ranks to sales manager and assistant division manager.

God was not finished with me yet. Nine years later, He created the opportunity for me to become part owner of a new company in Lethbridge, Alberta. It grew until we were acquired by a

large international agri-business company. I am now general manager for their western Canada division.

Though I moved on from Brooks, going there was part of God's plan for my life. In that city I learned of Full Gospel Business Men through a close friend. A field representative, he invited me to become a member of a new FGBMFI chapter. I looked over the literature and decided membership would provide an excellent witnessing tool.

I saw God alive and well in chapter meetings. Eventually, I traveled across Canada and some parts of the world for FGBMFI, including Africa and Japan.

I'll never forget my last visit to Japan. I had appeared at an FGBMFI convention on that island and was eager to speak there again. However, then a typhoon struck the island. I went to the hotel for our meeting. My heart sank when only nine people showed up.

I spoke. No reaction.

Just as I was ready to close the meeting, the Lord urged me to tell the audience of the importance of making a decision for Jesus. I did and an old lady walked forward. She spoke excitedly in Japanese. An interpreter told me she had cancer and the doctors had said that her days were few.

Still disappointed at how the storm had affected the meeting, I didn't pray the most sincere prayer of my life. Yet, she was overcome by the Holy Spirit and fell to the floor, "slain in the Spirit."

As she lay there, four or five people walked forward to ask Jesus to save

them. I prayed with them and forgot about that woman. Afterwards, I departed for Sri Lanka.

I called home a week later. My wife excitedly read me a FAX from Japan. When the elderly woman tumbled to the floor, she saw a white light and heard a voice telling her she needed to get right with God. When she awoke, others explained how salvation came through Christ.

Not only did she accept Jesus as her Saviour, she felt so much better she visited her doctor a few days later. He didn't understand it, but her cancer had shrunk so much he could remove it. Praise the Lord!

In His Word, God tells us He will rebuke the devourer and raise us up to be leaders. I know of no better example than what He did for me. Many disappointed and fought the promotions I received over the years but God always came through.

People often say, "If you don't compromise with the world, you'll never make it up in the corporate world." Sometimes I feel like I swim in shark-infested waters, yet I've survived. And I've remained true to my faith. My co-workers are aware of and respect my stand and often are willing to listen. God is my refuge. His banner over me is love. If you don't know that love in your life, turn to page 39 and repeat the prayer listed there. It's better than a money-back guarantee. It's a life-saving one! ■

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Mervyn Mediwake is General Manager for the Western Division of Central Soya of Canada, Ltd., supervising 26 employees in the Animal Health and Nutrition Division. He has been an FGBMFI chapter president and field representative. A member of the Lethbridge chapter, he is National Director for the Southern Alberta region and First Vice-President of the FGBMFI Canadian Board. Mervyn and Muriel are the parents of Naomi, Anne-Marie and Becky.

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# VOICE

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P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628  
(714) 754-1400

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**WHO WE ARE** Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community. That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 115 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write: Chapter Department / FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.





Owen McCormick  
Melfort, Saskatchewan, Canada

# My Life Was Changed



Steve Finchow '93

**F**ive years working as a city police officer, not being able to cope with the emotional stress of the job, left me at the edge of a nervous breakdown and a divorce. I am sure the only reason it did not happen was due to the prayers of a mother-in-law that allowed me to see what was happening to myself and my marriage, and gave me the courage needed to quit the police force and start a new career.

Before I go on, let me bring you up to this point in my life. I was raised in a single-parent home, as my father left the marriage when I was about two years old. After I had graduated from high school, I started working for a bank in North Battleford, Saskatchewan, my home town, but soon was transferred to Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. It was here that I met my wife, Lois, and where we began our married life together. After changing employment twice because the companies shut down their operations, I came home one day and explained to Lois that I was going to get a job that would never shut down. Then I began working on the city police force.

Now, almost five years later, I had almost shut down, and was again to start a new career 500 kilometers away, in a new city, with my wife and three children, the youngest only one month old. Stress levels were at an all-time, extreme high between Lois and myself. One thing was sure, we did not argue—we just plain fought, and usually what was in her hand at the time came my way “air mail.”

Then to add to all this trouble a man

came to our door one day and introduced himself as the pastor of the church down on the corner. From the very first time I saw him I knew I did not like him, and did everything I could think of to try and get the smile off his face. There were times when I did not use anything but curse words. Other times I stood there almost nose to nose and blew cigarette smoke into his face,



but the smile never left. He just kept telling me, “Jesus loves you, Owen. Why don’t you get saved?” Then on one of his visits he changed the rules and invited us to his church to hear a special speaker from Winnipeg. Lois hinted that she wanted to go, so I agreed because I was in no mood for another fight. We went four nights in a row. On the last night the speaker spoke on, “If you want to get into heaven you must be supernaturally born again. It does not matter if you have been baptized, have lived a really honest life or worked hard for your church; the only way to heaven is to be born again.” He then invited people to come to the front of the church to be born again, and Lois and I, and our 10-year-old son all walked to the front together and became born again. I had a very

emotional experience, crying for almost 20 minutes as the Lord put a new heart in me, replacing the cold stone heart I had. It was a wonderful experience and my life was dramatically changed.

I began to read the Bible and soon found out the power and authority this book contains. A short time later I was invited to a little church outside of town to hear some teaching on the Holy Spirit, something I had been asking the Lord about. At the end of this teaching a lady came and laid her hands on my head and prayed that I be filled with the Holy Spirit, and I began to cry. When I got back under control I lifted my hands up to say "Thank You, Jesus," as I knew I had just received another language I did not know. God had given me the baptism in the Holy Spirit and confirmed it by allowing me to speak in an unknown tongue.

I continued to read the Bible and I read that Jesus healed people. I was really interested in this and wondered if healing still happened today, as my wife was in desperate need of healing. I would come home and find her curled up on her side in severe pain. She finally went to the doctor and he told her that because of a previous major surgery, adhesions were now growing around some of her organs, squeezing them and causing the pain. The doctor told us the only way to stop the pain was to have another operation and have adhesions cut out. The bad news was that you can never get rid of adhesions, and five to seven years after the surgery they would be back again.

Our pastor was attending some special meetings, and there he had a handkerchief anointed with oil and prayed over. Upon his return, he called Lois and me over to his home and explained what he had done, and that now he was going to lay this handkerchief on Lois' shoulder, pray the prayer of faith and believe that God would heal her.



Well, he never did get to pray for her because as soon as that handkerchief touched Lois' shoulder, so did the anointing, and she fell to the floor under the anointing of the Holy Spirit. After a few minutes she got up, completely healed! That was 20 years ago and the pain has never returned and the adhesions are completely gone. Jesus still heals today, and the scripture I read that confirms this says, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever."

I remember the night I was reading the Bible and smoking a cigarette, when I read that my body was the temple of the Holy Spirit, and a thought came to my mind that I was suffocating Him with smoke. Right then a voice said to me, "You can quit smoking now." This was not an audible voice but it was so real I stood up and





looked around, as I thought someone was there with me. Then I heard this voice again say, "You can quit smoking now." I then realized I was hearing this in my spirit, so, I put out the cigarette I was smoking and threw the rest of them, along with my lighter, into the garbage can. To this day, almost 20 years later, I have never smoked another cigarette.

I was only tempted one time when in my mind I kept hearing, "You need a cigarette." I finally said, "NO I don't!" and read out loud the scripture that says submit yourself unto God, resist the devil and he will flee from you. This I did, and it surely worked. I have had a number of people tell me, after they have heard my testimony and have been told that God is not a respecter of persons, that what God had done for me He would do for them. So by faith many received that promise and have been set free from smoking as well as from alcohol and drugs.

I also had a consuming fear of cemeteries, but after I was born again that fear left me. And God used the cemetery to teach me some spiritual truths that I have never forgotten. I am employed as a driver examiner and one

day during lunch hour I was passing a cemetery. Looking in I saw a mound of dirt with a green carpet thrown over it and knew there was going to be a funeral. I then felt strongly compelled to drive into the cemetery. I drove up to the open grave, stopped, got out, walked over and looked down into this grave, seeing only the rough box at the bottom. I then got back into my vehicle and was about to exit the cemetery when suddenly I heard the voice of the Holy Spirit speaking to me inside. The Holy Spirit said this, "Owen, there are a lot of bodies in here, but there is not one single dead person here." I said, "Just a minute—look at all the graves in here." Again He said, "Owen, there are a lot of dead bodies in here, but there is not one single dead person in here."



I then realized the awesome truth I had just been taught. We are spirit beings, we have a soul and live in a body. The body dies but the spirit man is eternal. Immediately I asked, "If they're alive, then where are they?" No sooner had I said that when I knew the answer: heaven or hell. I have found the Bible to be absolutely true on the born-again experience, on being

filled with the Holy Spirit, on speaking in other tongues, on divine healing, on being set free from habits, and on the healing of my marriage. So, if the Bible says there is a heaven and a hell, I believe it, and so should you! The question that needs to be asked is, "How do I get to heaven and how do I stay out of hell?" Simple: accept Jesus

as your personal Lord and Saviour and you're heaven bound; don't accept Him and you're hell bound—real simple to figure out.

Lois and I would love to have you come along with us, so why don't you just say, "Jesus, forgive me of all my sins; I accept You as my personal Lord and Saviour and ask You to come into my life and make me into the kind of person You would have me to be. Amen." ■

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Owen McCormick has been employed by the government of Saskatchewan for the past 23 years and presently is a district examiner in the Insurance Division. He is a national director with Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. Owen and Lois have three children: Dwight, Lorana and Tyler and six grandchildren. They are members of the Melfort Christian Fellowship Church in Melfort, Saskatchewan, Canada.



*Owen and Lois McCormick*

## CHAPTER OUTREACH

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Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to: Chapter Department / FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628. As this issue was being prepared for publication, the following chapters were submitted. The president's name and telephone number are included for your information. Write for date and location details of a chapter meeting in your area.

**CANADA: Quebec:** St. Hyacinthe Chapter, President Marc Morais, 514-772-5920. **GHANA:** Akropong-Akuapem Chapter, President Fred William Ofori-Akuffo; Bogoso Chapter, President Moses S.K. Adinyira, 36-246-9264. **FRANCE:** Chantilly Chapter, President Richard Gevaert; Dijon Chapter, President Jean-Pierre Bersot, 8-046-0855. **MEXICO:** Ciudad Juarez Chapter, President Juan Flores Flores, 16-125-6150; Colima Chapter, President Carlos Blasquez, 523-312-6059; Cuernavaca Chapter, President Roberto Sola, 527-0246; Fiesta Americana Chapter, President Gabriel Gutierrez, 537-6867; Hermosillo Chapter, President Roberto Rios Pena, 526-712-1588; Los Mochis Chapter, President Jose Garcia, 526-814-1722; Matehuala Chapter, President Ezequiel Bernal, 528-412-2017; Mazatlan Chapter, President Gerardo Tosrijos, 526-982-4101; Merida Chapter, President Jose Jack Ayuso, 529-928-6002; Monterrey Chapter, President Salvador Gonzales, 528-339-8088; Morelia Chapter, President Carlos Capetillo, 524-515-6420; Nuevo Progreso Chapter, President Arturo De La Cerna Vigil, 528-937-0017; Puebla Chapter, President Adolfo Alvarez, 522-243-0729; Puerto Vallarta Chapter, President Miguel Angel Mendez, 523-224-0560; San Luis Potosi Chapter, President Jose Luis Algara, 524-817-9968; Tecate Chapter, President Ernesto David Hernandez, 526-654-0776; Tijuana Chapter, President Luis Enrique Rodriguez, 526-630-1595; Villa Hermosa Chapter, President Miguel Perez Acosta, 529-312-1719. **TANZANIA:** Arusha Chapter, President John A. Njau, 57-2521; Dar Es Salaam Chapter, President Joseph Collet Correia, 2-0056; Kinondoni Chapter, President Festo Kijo, 2-9684; Mount Meru Chapter, President John Aghombo Douglas, 2075; Mwanza Chapter, President E.T. Mwasuluka, 4-0428; Njombe Chapter, President Vitus S.A. Msifu, Shinyanga Chapter, President Sospeter Wilson Mooke, 2235; Singida Chapter, President E.W. Raphael; Songea Chapter, President J.Y. Mwanyila, 2667. **UNITED STATES: New York:** Central Nassau Chapter, President Daniel P. Buttafuoco, 516-746-8100.

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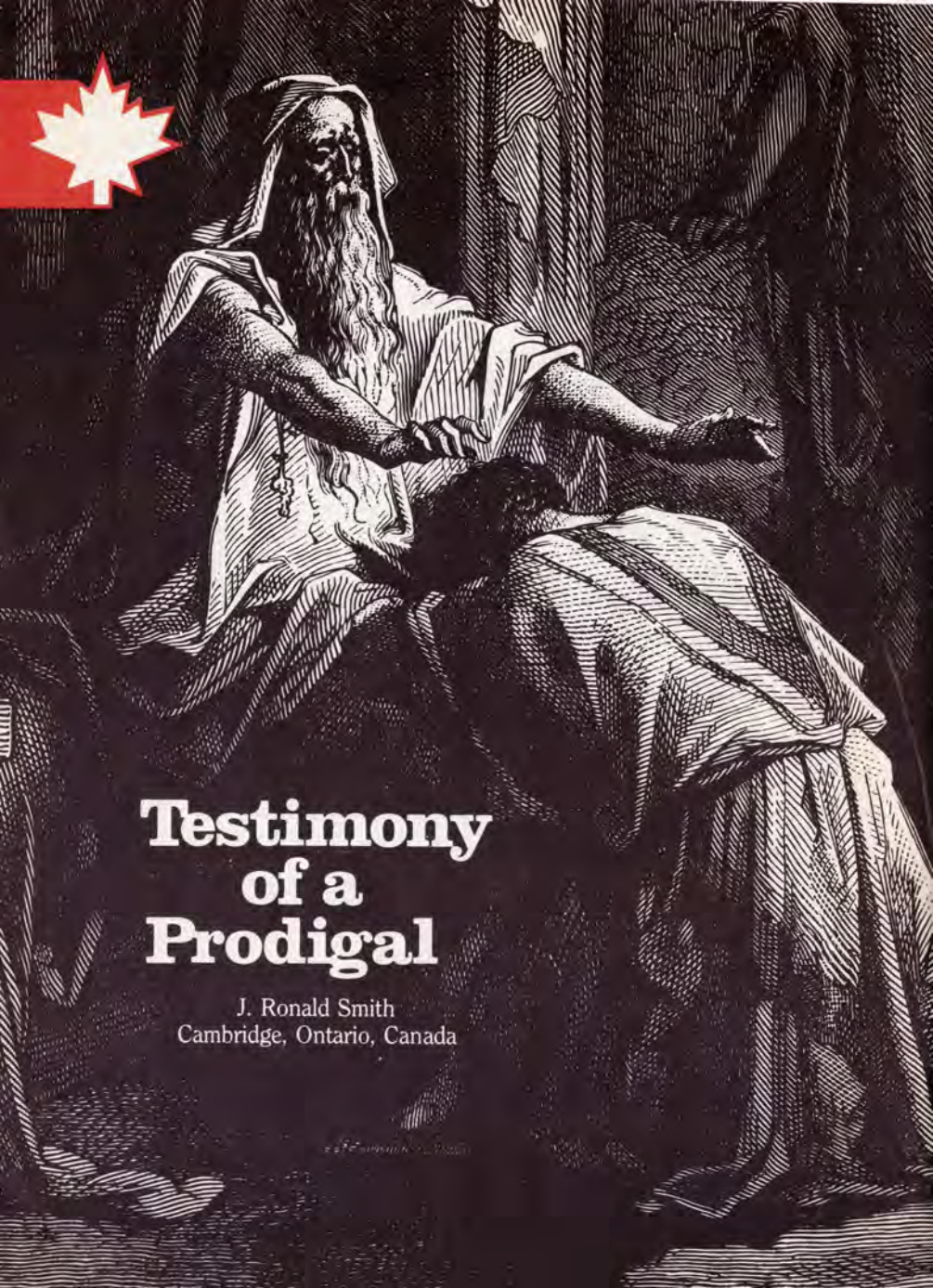
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# Testimony of a Prodigal

J. Ronald Smith  
Cambridge, Ontario, Canada

One summer night in June, 1991 the phone rang, and when I answered it I heard a voice from the past—20 years past. I said, “Is that you, Anne?” “Yes it is, Smitty,” she said. That’s what a lot of old friends used to call me. All my old drinking buddies at the local hotel knew me by no other name. Anne said, “Bruce (her husband) passed away today and I wondered if you would do the funeral.” I said I wasn’t an ordained minister, but she said, “I know, but you are involved in that Full Gospel outfit, aren’t you?” I said yes, but that she should get a minister and I would be glad to take part. So my wife and I traveled to the funeral home where I met with a lot of old friends who knew me when I was living a life apart from God.

The minister had given me about ten minutes to sing and give a eulogy, so I proceeded to take the people back to 1961 when Bruce and Anne used to invite my best buddy, Bob, and me to their summer cottage at Long Point on the shores of Lake Erie. Bob and I were both single at the time and we both lived to party on the weekends. At the funeral I mentioned to the people a certain Sunday evening in 1961 when a few people were sitting around at the cottage drinking (tapering off after the weekend), when over the radio came a Billy Graham program. Most in the room said to turn it off, but Bruce wanted to listen. Bruce and I gravitated to that side of the room where he asked me about the gospel meetings I had attended as a boy. I told him of the Christian heritage growing

up in a home where parents and sisters loved the Lord, and we went to church twice on Sunday and a couple of times during the week. I also told him about the campgrounds that had a two-week family camp in the summer which we attended every year, and about the tremendous miracles that took place under such evangelists as A.A. Wilson, Mel Trotter, and others.

Also as a boy of seven years of age in 1940 I would sit at my mother’s knee and listen to the main speaker that year; it was Dr. Charles S. Price. I told Bruce that night about the healings and people going to the altar where they would weep and give their hearts to the Lord, and people would be filled with the Holy Spirit, speak in other tongues and prophesy. I also told him how I would walk by the main building in the morning to attend children’s church and peek in the main tabernacle and see people still praying around the altars from the night before. They had been there all night. People in those days used to say that we were nuts, crazy, and that we belonged to a poor man’s gospel. A lot of our ministers behind the pulpit were not educated at seminary or Bible college but they had something you couldn’t learn from those places—“the anointing of the Holy Spirit.” I also experienced the peace and love of God in my boyish heart when I asked Jesus to come into my heart. But I did not receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit as some young people did; they “hungered and thirsted after righteousness.”

Then Bruce said to me, “Smitty, why

***“...over the radio came a Billy Graham program.”***



did you walk away from all that?" I said, "Bruce, I don't know, but some day I'm going back." He said, "Do you really think so?" I said, "Yes, I think so." Little did I know that prophecy would be fulfilled 11 years later.

We buried Bruce that day in 1991 and I don't know where he is spending eternity, but I praise God I had an opportunity to witness for Jesus that day at the funeral.

I also had the opportunity to share my faith at the funeral of my best buddy, Bob, when he passed away in April, 1986. An hour before he died I stood at his bedside and shared the Gospel of Jesus Christ and prayed the sinner's prayer with him. He could no longer talk but I asked him to agree with what I was saying with all of his mental assent. I don't know where Bob is spending eternity but I believe he is in heaven. I leave that with the Lord, and thank God again that many old friends heard the Gospel at his funeral.

I was ashamed of the church I attended when I was young. We spoke in funny languages, and people fell on the floor, weeping, etc.

As the youngest of four and the only boy, my three sisters were gone from home when I entered high school. I dropped out of school at age 14 before completing grade nine, and started working full-time for the rest of my life. I was a rebellious kid and entered a lifestyle that was opposed to the one I had been taught and completely the opposite of biblical principles.

Smoking, drinking alcohol, driving old cars, accidents, and motorcycles—all became a part of my life. Partying every weekend became my normal lifestyle. Four friends whom I drank with at the local hotel all died at an early age, including Bob. All died from alcohol-related diseases. I praise God I had a family praying for me and that God protected me from death many times.

I was always interested in music so I joined a large Presbyterian church in our city which had an excellent choir director and pipe organ. I had no interest in serving God. I was there to study music, sing in the choir and take private voice lessons. I soon was a tenor soloist in the choir and was in a group of classical singers who performed at library concerts.

In the meantime God was blessing me even though I was not serving Him. Otherwise, how could a ninth-grade-dropout acquire a certificate for a four-year management course from a university and end up as personnel manager of the largest shoe manufacturing company in Canada at that time, Savage Shoes Ltd. I had the world by the tail, or so I thought. I had met my lovely wife, Jean, in 1962 and we married in

1964. Life was a sweet song.

And then something happened. All of a sudden, for no apparent reason, I couldn't sleep—insomnia. This went on for a few months and during that time God started speaking to my heart (Proverbs 22:6) about my relationship with Him. All the time I was attending that Presbyterian church, the man in the pulpit was a born-again preacher who spoke the Word of God in my left ear for seven years, as I sat in that choir loft. I was under conviction and needed to make a decision. I wanted to make the right one but was frightened about what people would say about Smitty “going religious” after 20 years of partying and drinking.

On Monday, February 28, 1972 at 6:00 a.m., I called my brother-in-law to tell him I was in trouble. My brother-in-law was a godly man and had prayed for me for 20 years. A number of years before I had sat on my Harley-Davidson motorcycle and swore at him, telling him I did not want God in my life and he was not to speak about God or invite me to church ever again. Strange, that he was the one I called that morning. I asked him if he would pray with me before he left (that blew his mind), so he and my wife and I knelt down in our living room. My knees no sooner hit the floor than a balloon full of water broke inside me. I wept and asked God if He would have me back. And He did! Praise His Name! I discovered, as the Prodigal Son in Luke 15, that the moment I turned my heart toward my Heavenly Father, that He was running toward me! He put a robe of righteous-

ness on me that morning and wrapped me in His love. I could strongly sense His presence daily for the next few months. I cried buckets of tears every time we had communion in church after that, I was so thankful that God was married to the backslider (Jer. 3:13,14).

After that my lifestyle changed: I didn't need alcohol anymore. A little later my wife, who had an Anglican background, received the baptism in the Holy Spirit while in the shower. I received the baptism shortly thereafter



*“...I had sat on my Harley-Davidson...telling him I did not want God in my life...”*

as she and I were being baptized in water in the Grand River one Sunday



*Ron Smith speaking at the 15th Canadian National Convention.*

afternoon. We need the baptism in the Holy Spirit to walk with Him in this world of sin. I use my heavenly language every day; it is a precious and powerful gift He has given us to build our faith.

In 1973 we attended our first FGBMFI meeting and discovered that the man who started it, Demos Shakarian, was a personal friend of Dr. Charles S. Price, whom I had heard preach in Braeside Camp as a seven-year-old boy. After that I couldn't get involved fast enough in the Fellowship, and helped start a chapter in Kitchener, Ontario, Cambridge, and a few other places. God tugged at my heart to accept the position of Field Representative and serve Him in that capacity. Later, I accepted the position of National Director. I never wanted to be a

leader of any kind—I was happy just to serve in the chapter and sing when requested. However, I discovered a powerful truth from God in Matt. 20:24-28. God does not look for leaders, He looks for servants and makes leaders out of them!

My wife and I are volunteers at a local prison, and over the last 17 years while holding Sunday evening meetings we have seen more than 500 men give their lives to the Lord. Praise His Name!

When you decide to serve God and give your life completely to Him, you soon discover that our arch enemy, old "Slewfoot Satan," is out to kill us. In 1987 I was diagnosed with an illness called chronic lymphocytic leukemia, for which I have had chemotherapy treatments, etc. But God is willing and able to heal and deliver completely. He allows me to function and do the things He wants me to do, and has also allowed me to retire early so I can spend more time in His vineyard to assist in reaping the end-time harvest. I know that Jesus has healed me and I thank Him every day for it.

I thank God for His mercy and His grace to take a young man back into the fold after he turned his back on God, and wasted years in much riotous living. ■

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**Ron is a retired employment counselor with the Federal Government of Canada. He and his wife, Jean, are members of Plattsville Missionary Church and both serve on the worship/music committee. Ron is serving his second 3-year term as FGBMFI National Director for Canada and is currently second vice-president.**



## 15TH CANADIAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

# READY TO HARVEST

The Saskatchewan Chapters of FGBMFI were pleased to host the 15th Annual Canadian National Convention in Regina. Delegates from all over Canada, as well as the U.S.A., were in attendance. God's blessing was on the entire event and people left inspired and encouraged.

The theme scripture for this convention was John 4:35, "Say not ye. There are four months and then cometh harvest? Behold I say unto you lift up your eyes and look into the fields for they are white all ready to harvest." During the meetings this scripture was fulfilled as many people gave their hearts to the Lord for the first time.

Under the leadership of Canadian president James McEwan and the national directors, the various meetings flowed with the presence of the Holy Spirit. Attendees enjoyed the special music of Destiny and the testimonies of our main speakers: Charles Duke, Jr.; Allan Jones; Rico Cannataro; Herb McCormack; Gord Hicks; Irene McEwan, and Muriel Mediwake.

The 1993 Canadian National Convention will be held in Quebec City. ■



(From top to bottom):  
Convention headtable;  
main speaker Charles Duke (r.), FGBMFI Canadian president Jim McEwan (c.), with mayor of Regina; (above, left) Ronald Wormsbecker, a government official and FGBMFI member speaks to attendees; (above, r.) prayer and praise; (left) Charles Duke greets a Royal Mountie.

# The Vision

By DEMOS SHAKARIAN

In 1952 God told me to start a Fellowship for men who would meet in small and large groups in cafes, hotels and public places to fellowship and minister spiritually one to another. To attempt to accomplish this, we organized a group and met in Clifton's Cafeteria in Los Angeles every week for a whole year. Interest and attendance was so small that it appeared that we would be forced to give up a ministry I was sure God called me to do. God was good and gave me a vision in my home while I was on my knees the night before I was going to stop the meetings.

God said to me, **"I am the One, Demos, who alone can open doors. I am the One who removes the beam from unseeing eyes."**

"I understand, Lord Jesus. And I thank You."

**"And now I will let you see, indeed."**

With that the Lord allowed me to rise to my knees. Lifted me almost, as though the power which had pressed me to the floor was now bearing me up. And at that moment, Rose, my wife, came into that living room. She stepped around me and walked over to the Hammond organ in the corner. She said not a word, but sat down and began to play.

As the music swelled through the living room, the atmosphere grew brighter. To my amazement the ceiling of the room seemed to have disappeared. The cream-

colored plaster, the ceiling light—they were simply gone, and instead I found myself staring up into the sky, a daytime sky although it must have been pitch



dark. How long she played while I gazed into the infinite distance I don't know. But all at once she stopped, fingers still resting on the keys, and began to pray aloud in tongues.

She paused a moment, then spoke in English:

**"My son, I knew you before you were born. I have guided you every step of the way. Now I am going to show you the purpose of your life."**

It was the Spirit's gifts of tongues and interpretation, given together. And as she spoke a remarkable thing began to happen. Although I was on my knees, I felt as if I were rising. Leaving my body. Moving up, away from the living room. Down below me I could see the rooftops of Downey, California. There were the San Bernardino Mountains, and over there the coast of the Pacific Ocean. Now I was high above the earth, able to see from the west to the east.

Whether the world was turning, or whether I was traveling around it, I do not know. But now beneath me was the continent of South America. Then Africa. Europe. Asia. I could see people on the earth—millions and millions of them standing shoulder to shoulder. Then, just as a camera can zoom in at a football game to show first the stadium, then the players, then the very laces on the foot-

ball, my vision seemed to move in on the millions of men, I could see tiny details of thousands and thousands of faces. Everywhere it was the same. Brown faces, black faces, white faces—every one rigid, wretched, every one locked in his own private death.

“Lord!” I cried. “What is the matter with them? Lord, help them!”

Afterward Rose told me that I said nothing. But in the vision it seemed to me that I wept and pleaded aloud.

Suddenly Rose began to speak. Humanly speaking, of course, she had no way of knowing that I was seeing anything at all. But what she said was:

**“My son, what you see next is going to happen soon.”**

The earth was turning—or I was moving around it—a second time. Below me again were millions upon millions of men. But what a difference! This time heads were raised. Eyes shone with joy. Hands were lifted toward heaven. These men who had been so isolated, each in his prison of self were linked in a community of love and adoration. Asia. Africa. America—everywhere death had

turned to life. And then the vision was over. Today...

**THE VISION IS IN THE PROCESS OF FULFILLMENT.** There are many thousands of chapters meeting in over a hundred countries ministering one to another, but the greatest harvest is yet to come. You can be part of it...

**YES, DEMOS** I want to share in the ministry of winning men for Christ everywhere. Please send me information about:

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- How I can organize a chapter in my community.
- Location of current chapters near me.
- Enclosed please find my tax-deductible gift of \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

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# FELLOWSHIP EVENTS

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**ST. LOUIS REG. CONV.****Aug. 5-7, 1993**

Airport Hilton, St. Louis, MO  
Contact: Leonard Riebold  
4106 Hwy. 21  
Imperial, MO 63052  
314-296-7800

**ROCKY MOUNTAIN REG. CONV.****Aug. 5-7, 1993**

Holiday Inn Conference Center  
Estes Park, CO  
Contact: Elmer Lewis  
P.O. Box 37072  
Denver, CO 80237  
303-431-9828

**HARRISBURG FAMILY CONV.****Aug. 11-14, 1993**

Messiah College, Grantham, PA  
Contact: Thomas E. Rose  
120 Mine Rd.  
Hershey, PA 17033  
717-534-2607

**S.E. QUEENSLAND MEN'S EVENT****Aug. 13-15, 1993**

Alexandra Headlands, Queensland  
Contact: Australia Nat'l. Office  
P.O. Box 67, 34 Old Cleveland Rd.  
Stones Corner, Brisbane  
Queensland 4120, Australia  
(61) 7-397-3557, Fax (61) 7-394-1049

**FIJI NAT'L. CONV.****Aug. 17-21, 1993**

Contact: Fiji Nat'l. Office  
c/o Apaitia Seru  
P.O. Box 15211, Suva, Fiji  
(679) 30-1301, Fax (679) 30-0674

**MEXICO NAT'L. CONV.****Aug. 19-20, 1993**

Hermosillo, Tampico, Mexico  
Contact: Constancio Iturbide  
Ave. Cuittlahuac 2936  
Col. Claverias CP 16 Azcapozalco  
Mexico D.F., Mexico  
(52) 5-341-0779

**WEST VIRGINIA STATE CONV.****Aug. 19-21, 1993**

Charleston House Holiday Inn  
Charleston, WV  
Contact: William L. Baker  
1161 Emerald Rd.  
Charleston, WV 25314, 340-344-9342  
or Clifford Haddad, 340-768-0088

**MICHIGAN REGIONAL RALLY****Aug. 20-21, 1993**

Holiday Inn, Lansing, MI  
Contact: Ed Sayles  
2005 Kibby Rd.  
Jackson, MI 49203  
517-782-5171

**12TH ASIAN REG. CONV.****Aug. 26-28, 1993**

Hong Kong Conv. & Exhibition Center  
Contact: Hogo Chan  
G/F, 6 Wun Tung Street  
Lo Tak Court, Tsuen Wan  
Hong Kong  
493-1830, Fax 415-8568

**"SECRETS OF THE ANOINTING" CONF.****Aug. 27-28, 1993**

Holiday Inn, Oklahoma City, OK  
Contact: Alan M. Schmook  
3555 N.W. 58th St., Ste. 300  
Oklahoma City, OK 73112-4727  
405-947-7600, Fax 405-947-4744

**TURKEY AIRLIFT****Sept. 1993**

Contact: Colin Winfield  
1 Hillside Rd.  
Ulverston LA12 9LB  
Cumbria, England  
(44) 229-53964

**FT. DODGE REGIONAL CONV.****Sept. 9-11, 1993**

Holiday Inn, Ft. Dodge, IA  
Contact: FGBMFI  
P.O. Box 13  
Ft. Dodge, IA 50501  
712-276-6114

**ASILOMAR COUPLE'S RETREAT****Sept. 10-12, 1993**

Asilomar Conference Center  
Pacific Grove, CA  
Contact: Ed Faulkner  
335 Adeline St.  
Oakland, CA 94607  
510-834-5035, Ext. 100

**PAPUA NEW GUINEA NAT'L. CONV.****Sept. 14-19, 1993**

Contact: Papua New Guinea Nat'l.  
Office, c/o Dr. Kuam Malai  
P.O. Box 607  
Rabul, Papua New Guinea  
(675) 42-4344, Fax (675) 42-2892

**OREGON MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADV.****Sept. 17-19, 1993**

Aldergate, Turner, OR  
Contact: Art Evanson  
P.O. Box 244  
Vancouver, WA 98666  
503-292-2161

## AIRLIFT TO RUSSIA

### September 5-19, 1993

(Please note the corrected date as shown above)

Contact: Dario Rabak

25 Marvin Court, El Sobrante, CA 94803

510-222-1680, 510-222-5075 Fax

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# SIX STEPS TO SALVATION

*Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer.*

**1. Acknowledge** "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23). "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13).

**2. Repent** "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 3:19).

**3. Confess** "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9).

**4. Forsake** "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord...for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7).

**5. Believe** "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16).

**6. Receive** "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:11, 12).

**Why not make your eternal decision now:**  
*"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."*

**Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: FGBMFI/Box 5050/Costa Mesa, CA 92628.**

**YES! I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Saviour.**

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Please send me the booklet *Now That You've Received Christ*.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Clip and mail to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

# CONTENTS

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*FGBMFI in Canada began in 1960 with 66 men at a restaurant in Toronto. The Fellowship has since swept across this nation and in celebration this special issue of Voice magazine introduces just some of these pioneering Canadians. As Canadian Fellowship President Jim McEwan says, "What God has already accomplished through FGBMFI in Canada is but the launching pad..."*

*Meet Gordon Hicks from Ontario, whose wife and business were healed and blessed as he surrendered to Christ and turned all parts of his life over to Him.*

*Jack DeLong of Alberta was on the brink of suicide—even his counselor couldn't blame him for his despair. But a book and a Bible study showed him a way out.*

*Mervyn Mediawake, also from Alberta, came to Canada from Sri Lanka, seeking a more prosperous life. He found one, though not the one he intended.*

*Owen McCormick became a police officer in Saskatchewan. After two previous layoffs, he felt this job would never shut down. But then personal stresses almost caused him to shut down.*

*Ontario-resident Ron Smith was a true prodigal. After an adolescence of partying, this Christian-raised youth was asked why he walked away from all that. "I don't know," he said, "but some day I'm going back."*

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<i>The Birth Of The Fellowship In Canada . . . . .</i>	<b>2</b>	<i>Testimony Of A Prodigal . . . . .</i>	<b>28</b>
<i>He Heard And Answered . . . . .</i>	<b>4</b>	<i>Ready To Harvest . . . . .</i>	<b>33</b>
<i>Jesus Has All The Power! . . . . .</i>	<b>10</b>	<i>Fellowship Events . . . . .</i>	<b>36</b>
<i>The End Of A Buddhist Line . . . . .</i>	<b>16</b>	<i>Directors . . . . .</i>	<b>37</b>
<i>My Life Was Changed . . . . .</i>	<b>22</b>	<i>Six Steps To Salvation . . . . .</i>	<b>39</b>
<i>Chapter Outreach . . . . .</i>	<b>26</b>		

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