



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESSMEN'S

VOICE

AN AMERICAN HERO

ESCAPE IN
IRAQ

**THOMAS
HAMILL**



PULPITS in the Marketplace

By Richard Shakarian

America is hungry for truth and reality. In a shifting world millions are discovering a new reality. It is the help of God in the Marketplace and in every day lives. The "Business Chapter" is new outreach of FGBMFI. It is a positive expression of the personal story a journey to a "Better Life".

Thousands of ordinary men and women are helping others by the simple telling of their personal journey to success through faith in God. These weekly meetings are being conducted all over the world. They are the true expression of personal faith.

The "Business Chapter" is so easy to start. It can be started anywhere. It brings new friends, new contacts, and a better outlook for their careers, family, and quality of life.

THE STORY

Florencio De Leon is an example of what can happen.

Standing barefoot in old clothing, Florencio watched as successful businessmen in suits hurried for lunch into the best hotel in Guatemala.

He noticed two of these men crossing the street towards him.



Florencio was on of those unfortunate people who had been born in the dump. His family was scheduled for extinction. Somehow, with the garbage as his source of food and the dump as his source for clothing, Florencio grew up to be a young man.

"What's your name?" they asked. "Florencio," was the reply.

They told him that they wanted him to come to lunch at the hotel. Over his objections, they insisted.

Soon Florencio found himself seated at a banquet table with important

table of contents

men, including men from the American Embassy.

He could hardly keep his mind on the program. He was thinking of his clothes. When they asked him if he was ready for a better life through Christ. All he could think of was that he was unworthy; under the table, he was barefoot.

How could Christ accept him like that?

Then he thought of one of the stories they told. The story of how God healed the Shakarian's cows.

"Oh God, if you could heal the cows, then perhaps you could change me!" From that day on Florencio's life completely changed. He was loved by everyone.

With the help of the men, he became a successful accountant. Eventually he had five businesses, and in time, he visited 22 nations to tell them the Good News of a "better life."

You can start a "Business Chapter" just call: Kari at 949-461-0100 or Email: rshakarian@fgbmf.org



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International President

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2006 DC CONVENTION

Attendance was great at the Washington, D.C. International Regional Conference, February 16-18, 2006. This was a great time of fellowship and unity within the leadership of the organization. Statements by many attendees were positive and uplifting.

The theme “Celebrating our Nations Freedom” was spoken of by Senator Rick Santorum of Pennsylvania. He gave his testimony and told how he risked offending the major news networks by speaking out on the Senate floor against late-term abortion.

Special Assistance to President

Bush, Tim Goeglein, from the White House related how President Bush seeks God in prayer early every morning even before receiving the National Security briefing.

FBI Chaplain, Dr. Steve Davis, challenged all in leadership to increase their value by being positive and pressing to the mark of completing the calling of FGBMFI. Michael Payne, a news reporter who had just returned from Iraq and Israel, had front-line news about our Troops and how they are serving our Nation in this War on Terror. We should be very proud of our men and women



Special Assistance to President Bush, Tim Goeglein.



Maury Stout, Chaplain (Major) U.S. Army, Action Officer for Office of Chief of Chaplains Washington DC.



*U.S. Senator Rick Santorum
of Pennsylvania and FGBMFI
International President Richard
Shakarian.*

in uniform and pray for them every day.

International President Richard Shakarian explained the importance of reaching American through Business Chapters and having a Chapter in every major office building in America. When trouble comes and people are crying out to God – We need to be in place.

Thomas Hamill, the Heroic author of “Escape in Iraq”, gave a powerful testimony of Gods protection while he was held captive in Iraq. ■

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Demos Shakarian

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WHO WE ARE

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International are businessmen, men of high status, as well as ordinary men. Our vision is that the light of Jesus shall shine forth from each of our men into every culture, nation, race, language, and creed. That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 150 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write to the address below.

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ESCAPE IN IRAQ!

Thomas Hamill

“...in 12 hours, you will be killed!”

I was just an ordinary guy who grew up on a farm in Mississippi. I had a lot of plans as I was growing up. One of my goals was to join the Marine Corp., to give service to my country. But I suffered a seizure when I was 15, so the Marines were not be able to take me.

I grew up in a church environment. I knew the difference between right and wrong. God has always been with me. I quit school to work a job on construction. But the doctor said that due to this seizure I could not get a job with stress. I could not, supposedly, work 8, 10, or 12-hour shifts. But I knew that no one would hire me. I wound up taking a job in construction, which is probably one of the worst jobs you can have under stress.

I wanted to see this great country that we live in, so I became a trucker. I stayed gone

a lot. I had gotten away from the church. I was home for a couple of days a month, stay with my wife, then I would leave and go trucking around the country.

I met my wife while trucking, a chance meeting in Amarillo, Texas while I was passing through. A few months later we got married. Thomas and Tori are my children. I thought about retiring and working dad's farm. So in 1994, dad retired and was going to sell me the farm. I came back and sat down and talked to Dad. I knew I had to have a second job to make a living to help make it, along with the farm. I took it over and started milling the farm. It was tough for the first few years. I worked the farm all day. Since I had a second job, I was not getting any sleep. But I had a goal and I had an objective. We milked more cows on the farm when I took it over. I really felt good about that. I had

accomplished something.

All of a sudden came 9-11. I watched the two planes fly into the towers. I asked, "What are we going to do? They have done this to our country!"

I don't hate those people. I left my hate back in Iraq when I came back. The farm crop income started going down. I had to work extra, longer days in 2002. I had just given my life to Jesus Christ a few years before that. I asked God, "Why? You've been with me for this long of a time, why can't this farm make it?" God helped me through so many things.

In 2002, I was working late at night. That afternoon I saw my son play baseball on a Little League team. I stayed a little late. I was tired. I did not have much sleep. But I had to get back to work on the farm. I was about an hour north of the house about three o'clock in the morning, and I fell asleep at the wheel. I turned my truck over. I have been in several car accidents, but God spared my life. God had His hands on me the whole time. I walked away unharmed. But when that truck turned over, it was like slow motion. It turned over on its top and was sliding down the road. I could feel the sparks from the asphalt as they

were flying through the cab. I did not think I was going to be alive. But I knew where I was going, to heaven. But as quickly as it turned over, it stopped almost that quickly. The cab was pushed down on me. The truck was upside down on the road. I squeezed out and felt myself. I did not have a scratch on me.

God was so good to me. He has been good and gracious to me. But something started to turn in my heart. "God, what do You want me to do? I cannot work 24 hours a day? I can't work these hours?" I prayed, "Give me something to let me know what You want me to do."

A friend that I had not seen in about six years came by. He told me about contractors who were working in Iraq for good money. I knew a man in town who worked in Iraq, so I talked to his wife to find out what needed to happen. I soon filled out an application. I felt like God was leading me in this direction. I didn't finish school. I've been a truck driver for 26 years. The very next day they called to see how soon I would be ready to go to Houston for processing to Iraq.

I told my wife, "You know where I am going. I could be killed over there. Beware, don't be surprised if you get a phone

call in the middle of the night saying that I had been killed over there. If an emergency happens at home, give me a call. I can come back.”

When you cross that border from Kuwait into Iraq, it is like the difference between night and day, the way people have to live. When I first started driving through there, southern Iraq to Baghdad, I would go through these towns and little children on both sides of the road would ask for water. I cannot judge these little children, because it is not for me to judge these little children. These kids have seen Americans now, and they have been told and taught many *different* things about us.

I worked for three months driving back and forth through Baghdad.

There was an emergency at home, so I called my wife. She was crying, “I have to have heart surgery.” We had been married for 18 years and she stayed tired a lot. She went to the doctor a lot. We were struggling, financially. I had to pay a lot of doctor bills. I thought she was just, maybe, being lazy. I was thinking that in my mind. I actually thought that maybe nothing was wrong with her. She went to the doctor for a little cold, but she found

out that the aortic valve was not working properly and she needed a heart operation. I was thinking bad things when there was really something wrong with her. She was telling me it was very serious; and I was half a world away. I put that phone down, I cried, “God, all these years I thought my wife was just putting on.”

I didn’t know if I could make it back in time. But I was able to fly home and stay with my wife for five days. She had her surgery and everything was fine. She is still fine today. “Honey, I’ve got to go back.” God has blessed me through my whole life. Those 24 days I just walked through my life how God had been in my life. I didn’t think He was with me, but He has always been with me. “Lord, don’t put any more on me than I can bear. I can’t do anymore.” I was always close to God. Sometimes, we give up too quick. He knows when to reach down. He knows when we have had enough.

I flew back and worked for about a month. I went on a mission on April 9th on the road towards Baghdad. I had been driving in Iraq hauling food, military supplies and water in my truck to the front lines.

All of a sudden, our transportation convoy came under

serious attack.

I took a shrapnel round from something that came through the door of the truck and hit me on the forearm. There was a lot of bleeding. Normally, everybody gets through an attack like this. But we could not get away from this ambush. I was looking for something to stop the bleeding. I did not know how soon it would be before I got to a medic. I was able to slow the bleeding. One of the trucks that had been turned over, the driver was waiting for us and he ran and got on the sideboard of my truck, to hold on right next to me. I was looking under his shoulder in the rearview mirror and all I could see was a pair of Iraqi hands on the trigger of an AK-47. I knew he would not be alive for much longer.

In a matter of seconds, there was a Hum-Vee that came by to pick us up. Just before I got to it, to dive through the open door, it sped away. I realized I was supposed to be in that position there because six months before, a Vietnam veteran friend of mine told me his experiences. He told me what to do if ever I was in that situation. Why in the world would that man come to me six months earlier and sit down with me? I only saw him for a brief moment and he briefed

me on something that I would experience myself.

I knew it was God's grace that kept me alive throughout those 24 days! It matters to Him whether I live or die. But it doesn't matter if He wants to take me, I am ready to go. If you are in that situation, it doesn't matter if God's grace saves you or takes you home. You can be relaxed. I had no idea that so many people were praying for me. They got me and took me in the car and paraded me around. They showed me before the Australian camera crew. I was so angry at that point because I didn't think that camera crew should have been there. At that point, I did not know if I was going to make it. But I had to be strong. I had to be fearless. God gave me that peace. They took me to a make-shift hospital. They gave me a little medical attention.

Later that night, they brought me back and made a video. I could not hear what their demands were. They told me that if their demands were not met, within 12 hours I would be killed! God put a hedge of protection around me. I had a very serious gunshot wound. I said, "God, I don't know how much pain is going to be involved in this, but I can't be in these buildings with

this pain!" But they had to see me walking strong. It was hurting and throbbing. But God brought me through this.

I was so relaxed with these guards. They would ask me if I was a Christian or a Muslim. I told them, "I am a Christian. I have a family at home." They knew where I stood. They prayed in front of me. They were trying to get me to watch them pray. One of the guards walked out and left his gun leaning against the wall. I was just a few steps from it. I could have grabbed the gun and run out. But they were testing me. They could have shot me. God calmed me down long enough to realize that they were just testing me.

He came back and got his weapon. Then I realized they really were just checking me out to see if I would run. They would walk in and video me. They would ask me if I was a soldier. I would say, "No, I am not a soldier, I am a civilian just working. I am a truck driver and a dairy farmer at home." I was trying to tell them what I did at home. I said, "Plow". He said, "We see your red tractors on television." So I was talking to them in truth.

They did not mistreat me. They fed me three meals a day. They always grabbed me by my left

arm (the good one) to stand up. They helped me to change my bandage. The muscle in my arm that was blown away was just hanging down. It was turning black, due to gangrene. I knew it could be all over soon. But I was praying, I knew that God would take care of me.

Then they moved me out to a place in the desert. I woke up the next morning and heard some helicopters outside. I grabbed a piece of timber and rammed it through the hole in the wall, so I could see more. I rammed the door open. The helicopters went right on by. However, I was not discouraged. God told me not to be discouraged. I was sitting on a pile of dirt, thinking about my options. I got up and took my shirt off and tried to signal the helicopters flying overhead. The first helicopter flew over; then the second. I thought, "Well, God, I'll just wait right here." I stayed down all day long, hoping that a patrol would show up. I had no idea where I was in Iraq, even if I was in Iraq. But I just broke out of there. God put it on my heart, "I want you back in that building!" God has a plan. He has something that He was working on. And I had no idea about it. So I put myself back in that building and locked the

door.

They moved me several times. But the next place was not that secure. They barricaded the door. I woke up out of a dead sleep, just in time to get up and lean against that door, and it opened up and I looked out and saw a U.S. military patrol. It was a complete turnaround. Just like being born again...a complete turnaround. I was going in the wrong direction and God turned me around to go in the right direction. It was a complete change. I said to myself, "There is a guard out here. Lord, make sure he is not going to be out there." I knew he was not going to be there. I threw open that door and ran across that field towards that New York National Guard Unit. They had just lost one of their guys the week before. They were really down because of that. Rescuing me encouraged them. They wanted to do something good because they had lost one of theirs. God puts all the pieces together.

Being a hostage in Iraq for 24 days was a very tough ordeal that I went through. He took me through so many things and situations where I should have died. God has a reason for everything. I truly believe I was there for the right reason.

I saw one little child when I was there in captivity. A young teenage boy, son of one of my guards, he was just looking at me when they operated on me when I was captive. I saw a tear running down his cheek. That boy had compassion for me. And that is where it is really at. It's all about those kids over there. They do not know the difference between right and wrong. I don't understand that. God sent Jesus here to die. But it is all in God's hands. Everything is in God's hands. His parents are being told to die for their own sins. But God sent Jesus to do that for us! He died for our sins. Don't ever give up. Never give up! ■

Be sure to buy Thomas Hamill's thrilling account in his book, "ESCAPE IN IRAQ."



Richard Shakarian pins a Lifetime Member pin on the honored guest, as American hero, Thomas Hamill at the 2005 World Convention.



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The Anointing For Prophetic Times

It's Official! We are having our 2006 World Convention at the beautiful Harbor Beach Marriott- Fort Lauderdale Resort and Spa, located right on the beach at 3030 Holiday Drive, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33316

This is a top-flight luxury hotel that usually books their rooms for \$265 per night. FGBMFI has secured a very special room rate for our convention, and if you wish for a few days just before or just after our convention, for the astonishingly low price of \$119 plus tax.

From all over America and all around the world, we are joining together expecting an incredibly anointed convention as well as a great time with family and friends. For Reservations call: 954-525-4000. In the United States call: 800-222-6543.

The Harbor Beach Marriott is ranked one of Marriot's top hotels in the world. Located on their very own 2-mile private beach, the Harbor Beach Marriott provides almost an endless variety of fun in the sun. They have an 8,000 square-foot, free form swimming pool with one of the largest Hippo water slides in Southern Florida as well as access to water toys such as surfboards and boogie boards.

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With all of the wonderful amenities provided for the whole family, this is a great time to plan your family vacation around our 2006 Convention. Space is limited so we encourage you to make your reservations immediately to be a part of this wonderful event. Fort Lauderdale has a great airport and is only about 30 miles North of Miami. You can fly into Ft. Lauderdale directly or into Miami and drive to Ft. Lauderdale. Continental is our Convention airline of choice. When you book with Continental Airlines, they will give you a discounted rate. You must first give them this code: U27C1Q and then a second code of: ZJHF to receive your discount. Using these numbers, Continental will make a donation to FGBMFI.

We look forward to seeing you in Ft. Lauderdale for a time of spiritual and physical refreshing! More details, with special confirmed speakers, to follow.





FELLOWSHIP EVENTS

MEXICALI, MEXICO

You are invited to help those in Mexicali find a better life. FGBMFI is planning a special event where food will be given to thousands of families and school supplies to young children. We will be welcomed by the top government officials, businesses and the media.

Join with Men and Women who are coming from several nations for this great outreach April 6-8, 2006.

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Contact Information: Doug Raine
903-456-4493
douglasraine@koyote.com

PHILIPPINE NATIONAL CONVENTION

April 19-22, 2006

FORT FLAGLER MEN'S ADVANCE

April 28-30, 2006

Near Port Townsend Washington

Contact: Mike Krier

Email: Flagler2006@powertalk.org

Phone: 360-895-0137

www.powertalk.org/flagler2006

SO. NEW ENGLAND CONVENTION

May 4 - 6, 2006

Norwalk Inn & Conference Center

Norwalk Connecticut

Contact: Gerry DeFlorio

Phone: 203-423-9138

EUROPEAN SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE

May 11-13, 2006

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

May 10-13, 2006

Alice Springs, Australia

Contact: Australian National Office

Phone: +61 8 8212 4472

Lesley Muller

2006 WORLD CONVENTION

July 4-8, 2006

Fort Lauderdale, Florida

STEWARDSHIP NOTE: DON'T FORGET FGBMFI IN YOUR WILL.

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“I Decided To End It All!”


Devon McDonald

Former NFL Star

I grew up in Jamaica, one of five children. We lived in a small town called Saint Mary which was close to many of our relatives. Growing up, I had no clue of who or what God was. My grandmother was the one that I remember who had the deepest sense of a spiritual relationship. She lived the God-like life more than she spoke of it. As a child she told me who Jesus was. Today, I believe what the scripture says that you should “train up a child in the way that he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

Though I did not know God there were times when He intervened without me knowing. I had one such miraculous event happen while I was in Jamaica. I once ate a piece of mango fruit that was given to me by a classmate’s brother. As I arrived home that evening I was so sick that they took me to the hospital. My twin brother would arrive the next day with similar symptoms. I had given him a piece of the mango, the smaller piece, of course. We were both very sick and nothing they did could stop it. We were fortunate that our mother was a nurse in the same hospital.

However, my situation took a turn for the worst. At one point I recall waking up and my mother was absent. This was a result of me going flat line and pronounced dead. Upon my mom’s return, she found me sitting up. Looking back at this situation has been a life-changing event, which should have caused me to cherish each moment. Instead,



20 years later while playing for the Arizona Cardinals, I was contemplating taking my life that God had returned to me that day.

My family migrated to the United States in the late 1970's and early 1980's to Paterson, New Jersey. Paterson is a small city in New Jersey, but has a big city feel to it. In Jamaica, our mother tried to protect us by not allowing us to have many friends, especially those who she thought would be a bad influence on us. My mother did what she could to ensure that her children would have a good life here in the United States. One night in particular she tried to ensure that we would have a good spiritual life. She invited all of her children to come with her to church that night and do something we have not done before, and that was to receive Jesus Christ and be baptized. The three older children, including me, said no. My younger sister and brother went with my mother and confessed Jesus Christ and were baptized. This would prove significant, because ten years ago my youngest brother was gunned down. So I have the hope that I will see him again, someday.

I also made another major decision at this point in my life. That was to try out for a sport that I had just been introduced to...football. I saw it as a way of fulfilling my dream of one day being on television, which would mean making a lot of money. I shared this with my mother. I remember her looking at me, thinking, "What are you talking about?" She indicated that I should be a doctor or something of that nature.

In making the wrong decisions, I found out that a choice is only the beginning. Every choice causes us to make other choices to support the initial choice. Once I entered high school my football skills really improved to the point that during my last year in high school my team won the State Championship. I was All American and had my choice to attend any college of my choosing. But the other decision that I made was to reject Christ.

This changed my life drastically because at that point I desired new things. I hated alcohol and marijuana and I used to think about sex. But it appeared after I rejected Jesus, I loved getting drunk and high. I started thinking about sex constantly.

I choose Note Dame as the college to continue my education as well as my football career. As a senior many of the mornings I would wonder who would miss me if I killed myself. I could not share this with anyone. Who would sympathize with the captain of the Notre Dame Football team, an All American, a member of the 1989 National Championship team and a member of a team that went 24 wins and first lost my first two seasons? Along with having athletic success, I was drowning deeper in alcohol, illegal drugs and sex. This was my way of running from the demon of depression, which I believe got power in my life when I rejected Christ.

By the time I got drafted in the NFL by the Indianapolis Colts, I thought that would change a lot in my life. I just thought money would change the way that I felt about myself. But even with a few successful moments in the NFL such as the Colt's "Special Team Player of the Year" in 1994 and also the first "Unsung Hero of the Year" for the Colts the same year, I was still empty.

None of this helped, in fact it made it worst because the NFL is very competitive and nothing seems to be good enough. It took a turn for the worst when the Colts released me in 1996. But I was not out of work for too long because a week later the Arizona Cardinals picked me up. Most people would have been happy for the new opportunity, but inside I was all messed up and it seemed like nothing I did outside could change it.

So after a game in New Orleans I decided to end it all! But when I arrived at my apartment that day I had a change of heart and emptied out my self for the first time by praying to God and telling him how much I hated



*The
Devon McDonald
Family*

my life. It seemed like instantly I felt different on the inside and what I had not done in fifteen years and that being to confess my sins and ask Jesus to come into my heart. The Word of God says, “If we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness”. I believed He did that night. By exercising my new found faith I was baptized in a teammate’s pool. I confessed Romans 10:9, “If thou would confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in thy heart that God has raised from the dead that thou would be saved”.

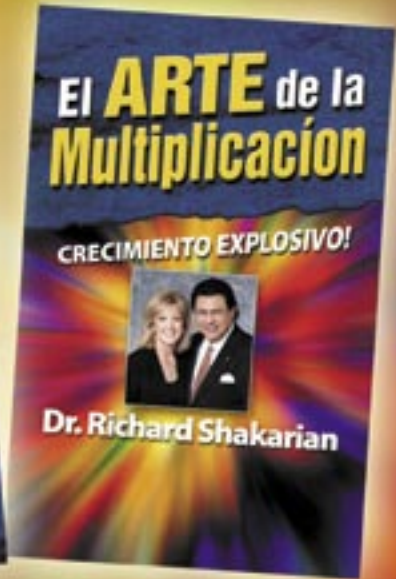
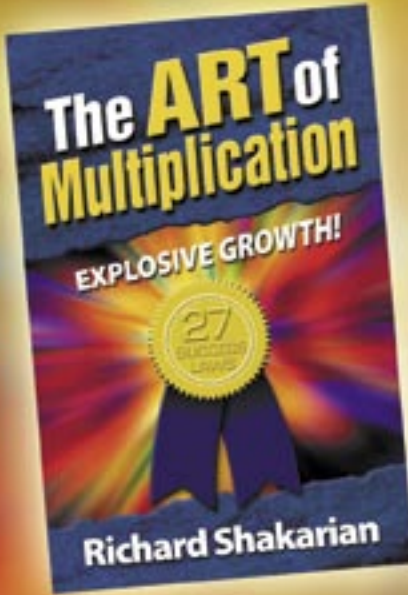
I played six years of professional football but nothing could compare with the life that I live now. I have a beautiful wife of nine years and two beautiful daughters. This is now my sixth year with Sports World Ministries. I work with other NFL players, and our mission statement is: “Sending professional athletes to share personal life experience with students, and helping them to recognize the consequences of their choices while challenging them with a message of hope”.

God has given me a great chance to spread the good news of Jesus Christ and how He made a difference in my life. I am a fisher of men and my NFL career is my bait. ■

Smcdonald@sportsworld.org

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NOTHING ELSE SEEMED TO WORK

Wayne Short, North Dakota



I was injured while at a fire on December 12, 1990, at 4:00 in the morning. Two other firefighters and I were laying a water hose to a flaming house. A corner of the roof caved in on me and I was hospitalized.

My injuries included a concussion, bruised right eye, and damage from the back of the head, including shoulders, down the spine to my right hip. Needless to say, I was in a great deal of pain. During the next few months I was examined

by four orthopedic doctors. The doctors performed many tests, x-rays, myelogram, CT scans, nerve conductions, but in the end they were unable to help me.

Then I was sent to a neurosurgeon. All the tests were retaken and I was informed there was extensive damage. The surgeon could operate. He would make an incision from the skull to my tail bone, insert two rigid bars, straighten the spinal cord, and separate all the vertebrae, moving

them off my nerves and fastening them into place with screws. After all this the surgeon guaranteed not only would I still have the same amount of pain, but there was a 50% chance that I would be in a wheelchair for the rest of my life. So before operating, the neurosurgeon suggested we try medication, therapy, and nerve blocks. If this failed, then he would operate.

Since I'm allergic to morphine, he prescribed Hydrocodone, a highly addictive substitute. I took pills for just about every function in my body including: kidneys, liver, and stomach.

I also had terrible pain from the nerves in my back. The nerves would cause spasms which would cause horrible headaches (lasting from six to eight hours). I would try to relieve the pain by wearing a neck collar to hold the weight of my head. Because of the intense pain, my eyeballs would literally ache and when the headaches were over I could hardly see.

While this happened, I was also receiving nerve blocks (twenty-five out of twenty-nine in my left shoulder). There was a nerve in my neck and shoulder that was pulling my left shoulder toward my head. The blocks would relax this nerve. The other four nerve

blocks were used on my spinal column and hip. This affected the mobility in my arms; I couldn't lift them above my head. It was even difficult to lift a bag of groceries.

After eight years I received my last nerve block (for the shoulder) and was taken off the Hydrocodone and prescribed Oxycontin. During that time I went from using crutches to using walking sticks and finally walking without aide.

I was then re-evaluated by a neurosurgeon. After many of the same tests, I was again informed that my options were either to be operated on or increase medication. It seems that out of the thirty-one sets of nerves in the spinal column, twenty-seven sets were damaged, (over 90%).

My life and attitude were miserable. I ate nothing but oatmeal and dry toast. My body was not functioning well. One Saturday I began to pass blood and had to be taken to the hospital. There I received two to three liters of fluids and antibiotics. This was not the last time I would go to the hospital. In the midst of this, God began working on me and my attitude.

My wife made the suggestion that we visit my daughter, Joni, (and granddaughter) in Oklahoma.

She was in a mission school and we thought we should see them while we could. What my wife was actually saying is “before you die we need to see them.”

We were in Oklahoma when my daughter invited us to go to a prayer meeting with her. It was very difficult for me to get in and out of vehicles so I didn’t usually go many places, but I agreed to go.

Joni, along with many other people, had been praying for me for years. This time she asked specifically if the pastor offered a prayer for healing would I go down and let them pray for me. I agreed; since nothing else seemed to be working!

Hoping for healing is for the future, but I asked God for the healing now. The difference is you begin thanking God immediately and accepting (living) it. Your doubt will fail you. You must believe and it will happen.

That night we went to prayer meeting. We had sung two songs when the preacher asked if anyone needed prayer for anything (including healing). I raised my hand and about twenty-five people gathered around. A man asked where I hurt and put his hand on my back. Then we all prayed. I felt wonderful (uplifted) but still

the same, physically.

The preacher then invited anyone who wanted to be saved, baptized, or healed to come forward. I went with about 150 others to the altar. The pastor asked for people who knew they were in good standing with the Lord to come and pray. There were ten to twelve rows of people. Everyone was praying. My glasses fogged up. As I took them off, I looked at the corner above my head. It looked hazy. I believe the prayers were going up.

As we left, my daughter introduced me to the pastor, Billy Joe Daugherty. She explained that I had gone down for healing. The man put his hand on my left shoulder, bowed his head, and said a prayer. I thanked him, shook his hand, and left. Nothing seemed different.

I was about 35 steps outside the door when I felt someone reach up and pinch me on the left shoulder near my neck. I looked around but there wasn’t anyone close enough. I kept walking and a few steps later I felt another pinch, only lower. I was pinched three or four times more and then once or twice on the arm.

By the time we got back to the house, my shoulder was tingling. I went to bed and lay there talking

to the Lord until I fell asleep, my shoulder finally numb.

I woke up at 9:00 a.m. It was the first time in ten years that I had slept for more than two or three hours at a time (because of the pain and medication). I went down to the kitchen where breakfast and a note waited for me. My shoulder was completely numb so I began talking to the Lord. As I sat there, it felt as if someone placed a 20 lb. weight on that shoulder and began to push. I dropped my left hand down. Then it felt as if a finger and thumb took my left wrist and began pulling it straight down. I was pulled until I was leaning over the stool, holding onto the counter with my right hand, and looking across the counter at eye level. My left hand was almost on the floor when He quit. As I sat up, both the weight and the numbness drifted away. I kept talking to the Lord.

My granddaughter likes to sneak up behind me and fluff my hair. I like her to do it, so I pretend not to and tell her don't and of course she will. As I was sitting, I felt someone touch me with a finger and a finger nail at the base of my neck above my left shoulder and an inch off my spinal column. I turned around to see who it was. As I turned, the finger moved and snapped. It burned, the same



Wayne Short and his wife.

way a match will after it's been struck, blown out, and you grab the hot end. I didn't see anyone. I turned back to the counter, still talking, when it happened on the right side of my spinal column. I sat for a few seconds and then turned around. When I moved, it snapped again. I turned back around and kept talking with the Lord.

Then I decided not to move and held the edge of the counter with both hands, praying the whole time. Then in 30-second intervals, I felt a touch on the right side and then the left, an inch lower. This continued all down my spine, snapping and burning the whole way. I was so excited that I didn't get an accurate count, but think it was 27 times.

I was still sitting on that stool in amazement when my wife, daughter, and granddaughter returned. Immediately my daughter wanted to know what had been happening. I wondered why she had thought something had happened and she told me I looked ten years younger. I told them what had happened and we had a time of prayer and praise there in the kitchen.

The day we left, we had boxes of files, books, and other things in the back (to store for our youngest daughter). My wife asked about my pills, but I had decided not to take them. I did go back into the house and put them into a brown paper sack. I rolled that bag up, threw it into a cardboard box and that's the last time I saw them. We left Tulsa and I drove to Iowa. When we stopped for the night, I was tired but not in pain. The next morning I drove to North Dakota. The total mileage is about 920 miles. It was impossible for me to ride or drive any small vehicle for any length of time, because it increased the pain in my back.

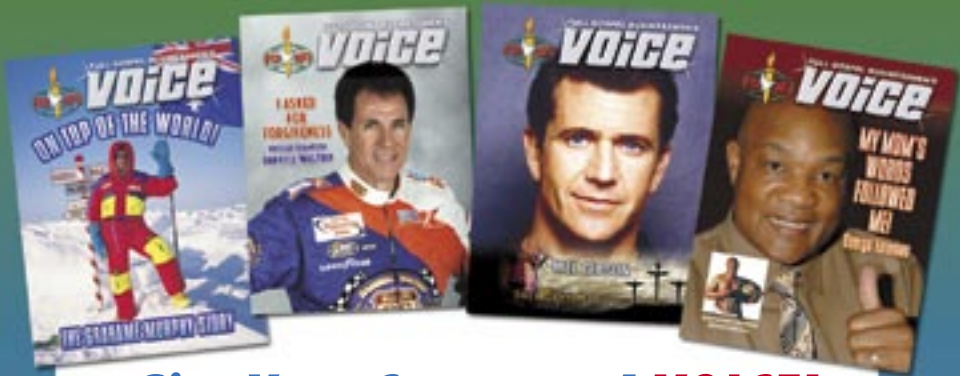
When we arrived home, I backed the pickup into a barn behind the house. I told my wife we would unload the truck and she suggested that she go down to the gas station and get help. Remember, I could

not lift my hands over my head and the platform we wanted to put the boxes on was seven and a half feet tall. I insisted that she stand on the platform and push the boxes out of the way as I lifted them up. I lifted up the first box full of books above my head and shoved it onto the shelf. I unloaded the whole truck and guess what? No pain!

To this day, He continues to work on me, both body and soul. I found out He is always there, no matter what. I asked a preacher what I should do about this story and he told me to enjoy it and tell about it. So one of the first people I told was my doctor. Then I told the neurosurgeon. He ran a few tests and informed me there was significant improvement in all areas.

It has been two years without pain or pills and I'm enjoying life. My wife thinks this has been the best two years of our life. I have been going all over the country sharing this to churches, groups, or individuals. I enjoy telling the story of what God has done in my life. ■

Wayne Short is a retired firefighter from Alabama. He is married with three daughters and one granddaughter. Box 378, Aneta, ND 58212.



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A beautiful story of forgiveness . . .

HOLLYWOOD goes **HOLYwood**

Raynaldo Garza

Academy Award winning Hollywood icon, Robert Evans, the former head of Paramount Studios and one of Hollywood's most prolific producers whose motion picture portfolio includes some of the most recognized blockbusters, 'The Godfather', 'Love Story', 'Chinatown' and 'Marathon Man', amongst dozens more, has gone Hollywood with a special, heartfelt documentary film that he produced for Pope John Paul II, entitled "The Power of Faith."

Mr. Evans' story or 'trial' as it should be called includes his being asked to leave Paramount Studios because he did not want to not complete the movie for Pope John Paul II. He recounts the incredible fire that occurred in his private studios where he literally lost everything of value to a burnt crisp...everything, except for the work that he was doing for Pope John Paul II's film.

If that wasn't enough, Mr. Evans had to sell some of his most prized possessions and twice mortgage 'Woodland,' his spectacular home

in Beverly Hills, California to move closer to finishing the film. Moreover, if friend and actor, Jack Nicholson, did not come to Mr. Evans aid, he would have lost his mansion.

On top of these horrors, Mr. Evans also suffered several heart attacks, went through heart surgery and was even reported as dead in the hospital room until he was revived or as he calls it. 'Reborn.'

After Mr. Evans overcame these tragedies, he came to the final conclusion that he believes God gave him a 'second chance to



Pope John Paul II visits his would be assassin's jail cell to pray for and forgive Mehmet Ali Agca.

live' so that he would complete this romantic 'Love Story' which demonstrates the kind of forgiveness that only God Himself can put in our hearts. Mr. Evans knows that what seemed to be a never-ending journey involved God's grace, favor and supernatural intervention.

The film chronicles the life of Pope John Paul II with rare photos and footage including the heartfelt visit that he made to his would be assassin's jail cell to pray for and forgive Mehmet Ali Agca, the Turkish gunman who tried to kill him. This beautiful demonstration of unconditional love and forgiveness touches people from practically every nation and faith. For those who have seen, 'The Power of Faith' it is described as a beautiful piece of celluloid history and recognized as a commemorative work of art.

Working with the Vatican, Mr. Evans created a visual masterpiece and in his own words, he considers this film to be the highpoint of his career. Stated Robert Evans, "If this film can help bond friends, families and even nations of people together, specifically to love and forgive one another, I will have reached my dream, my purpose in life."

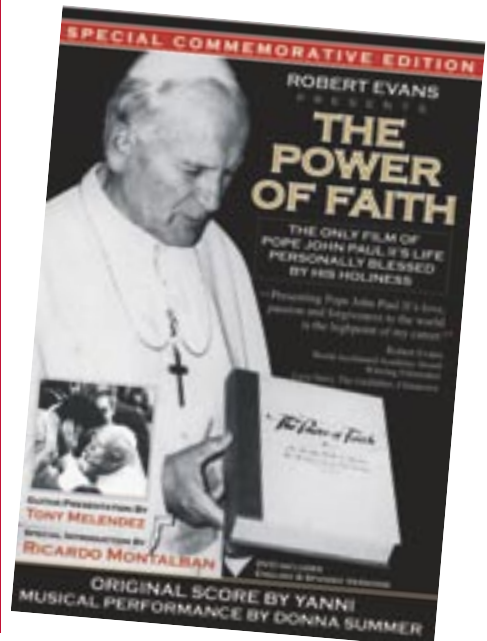
The film, which is both in English

and Spanish, features television and motion picture star, Ricardo Montalban, an original score by the world renowned, Yanni, a spectacular musical performance by Donna Summer, and a special presentation by Tony Melendez, the armless man who played guitar for the Pope with his feet. ■

Mr. Evans will also be donating a portion of the proceeds to FGBMFI for every DVD sold.

To purchase a copy of this collector's treasure, please log on to FGBMFI.PopeFilm.com.

The film sells for only \$25.00.



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6 Steps to Salvation

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, you shall all likewise perish." – Luke 13:3

"Repent therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." – Acts 3:19

3. CONFESS

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." – 1 John 1:9

"If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved." – Romans 10:9

4. FORSAKE

"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the LORD...for He will abundantly pardon." – Isaiah 55:7

5. BELIEVE

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." – John 3:16

"He that believes and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believes not shall be damned." – Mark 16:16

6. RECEIVE

"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to 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 for Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Savior and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ."

YES! *I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Savior. Please send me the booklet "Now That You've Received Christ."*

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Clip and mail to:

FGBMFI, 27 Spectrum Pointe Drive, Suite 312, Lake Forest, CA 92630

Phone: 949-461-0100 Fax: 949-609-0344

Los 6 Pasos Para La Salvacion

1. RECONOCE

"por cuanto todos pecaron, y estan destituidos de la gloria de Dios" - Romanos 3:23

"Dios ten misericordia de mi, un pecador" - Lucas 18:13

2. ARREPIENTETE

"Os digo: No; antes si no os arrepentis, todos perecereis igualmente" - Lucas 13:3

"Asi que, arrepentios y convertios, para que sean borrados vuestros pecados" - Hechos 3:19

3. CONFIESA

"Si confesamos nuestros pecados, El es fiel y justo para perdonar nuestros pecados, y limpiarnos de toda maldad" - 1 Juan 1:9

"que si confesares con tu boca que Jesus es el Senor, y creyeres en tu corazon que Dios le levanto de los muertos, seras salvo" - Romanos 10:9

4. DEJE

"Deje el impio su camino, y el hombre inicuo sus pensamientos, y vuelvase al SENOR... El cual sera amplio en perdonar" - Isaias 55:7

5. CREA

"Porque de tal manera amo Dios al mundo, que ha dado a su Hijo unigenito, para que todo aquel que en El cree, no se pierda, mas tenga vida eterna" - Juan 3:16

"El que creyere y fuere bautizado, sera salvo; mas el que no creyere, sera condenado" - Marcos 16:16

6. RECIBA

"A lo suyos vino, y los suyos no le recibieron. Mas a todos los que le recibieron, a los que creen en su nombre, les dio potestad de ser hechos hijos de Dios" - Juan 1:11-12

PORQUE NO HACE UNA DECISION PARA SU ETERNIDAD HOY?

"Senor Jesus, Yo creo que moristes por mis pecados y te pido me perdones. Yo te recibo ahora como mi Salvador personal y te pido que guies mi vida de ahora en adelante. Amen".

Escribanos y cuenmenos de su decision. Nosotros le enviaremos un pequeno libro, "Ahora Que Ud Ha Recibido a Cristo".

SI! Hice mi decision para la eternidad. He leído los Seis Pasos para la Salvacion y he aceptado a Jesus como mi Salvador Personal . Por favor envíeme el pequeño libro "Ahora Que Ud Ha Recibido a Cristo".

Firma _____

Nombre _____

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Ciudad, Estado, Codigo Postal _____

Adjunte y envíelo a:

FGBMFI, 27 Spectrum Pointe Drive, Suite 312 Lake Forest, CA 92630

Telefono: 949-461-0100 * Fax: 949-609-0344

YOUR 3-STEP DIAGNOSIS FOR ETERNITY

(Check appropriate boxes)

STEP 1:

When I breathe my last, the next thing is:

- go to hell
- go to heaven.
- stay buried in the grave
- I have no idea.

STEP 2:

Here is what will probably happen:

- I'll spend eternity in hell.
- I'll spend eternity with Jesus in heaven.
- I'll be reincarnated as a "higher being"
- My relatives can visit my grave; I'll be there.
- I don't really know what will happen.

STEP 3: I'm sure because:

- I've led a sinful life
- I've trusted Jesus as my personal Savior
- I've gone to church all my life
- I support charities, even church
- I'm a good person.

Turn the page to learn how YOU can follow through on these three steps and KNOW your future!

TRES PASOS PARA DIAGNOSTICAR SU ETERNIDAD

(Marque el espacio apropiado)

1er PASO:

Cuando yo de mi ultimo aliento, lo que me acontecera proxicamente es:

- ire al infierno
- ire al cielo
- seguire enterrado en la tumba
- no tengo idea.

2do PASO:

Esto es lo que probablemente sucedera:

- pasare la eternidad en el infierno.
- pasare la eternidad con Jesus en el cielo.
- me re-encarnare como un ser "mas elevado".
- mis parientes podran visitarme en mi tumba; ahi estare.
- no se exactamente que sucedera.

3er PASO:

Estoy seguro porque:

- lleve una vida pecaminosa
- yo he confiado en Jesus como mi salvador personal
- he asistido a la iglesia toda mi vida
- apoye a caridades y a la iglesia
- yo ayude a mi comunidad
- soy una buena persona

Cambie la pagina para que sepa como UD puede seguir estos seis pasos y SABER su futuro!

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