

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

# VOICE

*of the*

Number 1.

## SOUTH PACIFIC



### INSIDE STORY: 'Turn Around'

The John Eiao Story



# Turn Around

By John Eiao of New Zealand

My name is John Eiao and I am 39 years old. My wife Shirley and I lived together for 14 years before becoming Christians and getting married in 1990. We have 2 children, a son Kahu, aged 17, and a daughter Adriana, aged 7. I was the eldest in a family of 9, with 5 brothers and 3 sisters.

My mother was a compulsive gambler and my father was an alcoholic. Over the years I witnessed a lot of beating on both myself and my mother and also other husbands on their wives.

At school I was in a special class. In the 3rd Form (Grade 8), my teacher asked a question about vowels and picked me to answer it as I have a lot of them in my name. I didn't even know what a vowel was!

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***'Because of the lack of love and affection in my upbringing, the fantasy land LSD provided filled a need.'***

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At the age of 17 I got into the drug scene - LSD was my favourite. Because of the lack of love and affection in my upbringing, the fantasy land LSD provided filled a need at that time. Marijuana was a fill in, as LSD needed a break of at least 24 hours for it to continue to work. Heroin was also available, but due to a fear of needles I wasn't interested in it. As a drug addict I became self-centred and uncaring for others, except to get what I wanted, even if it meant ripping off other family members.

I met Shirley when I was 20 and as she seemed to come from a caring family, I carried a grudge against her. Because of my upbringing the beatings and abuse she endured seemed natural to me and continued for 14 years.

In August 1988 we moved from Wellington to the Wairarapa and about a year later my cousin, who had become a Christian, started inviting me along to meetings with herself and her husband. At this time my household was governed by fear and our relationship was on the rocks, but by my way of thinking, this was normal.

(The drugs hid the reality.)



Because of the persistence of my cousin and her husband, I eventually agreed to attend a meeting. As we walked in, the genuine love and affection of the people there was hard for me to handle and I left. But they kept inviting me along and I went again. Because of the fun, laughter and joy at these meetings, they started to get my attention and although I didn't realise it things were slowly changing on the inside. On the outside they remained the same.

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***'Because of the fun, laughter and joy at these meetings, they started to get my attention and although I didn't realise it things were slowly changing on the inside.'***

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One night at one of these meetings, I responded to a call to invite Jesus into my life. With the number of people at the meeting, I assumed others would also respond, but I was the only one with my hand up; so in shock I went forward immediately. I now believe that if others had responded, I would not have gone forward with them. I didn't even understand



what I had done and things carried on much the same, but as I continued going to these meetings, I reached the point where I wanted to become a Christian. To do this I wanted to get rid of my habit first, so I went to a doctor in Wellington, who knew me, and in times of desperation had given me prescription drugs to help out. I told him I wanted to be free of drugs and about the meetings I had been to.



I had been to my doctor with this problem in the past and he sent me to a counsellor, who referred me back to the doctor, then to a psychiatrist, who also referred me back to the doctor. They had no answers for me. Unknown to me Shirley had been to the doctor and he said I was a no-hoper and she should leave me. I am not knocking counselling as it works for some people, but not for me.

The doctor made arrangements for me to go down south to dry out in two weeks time. One evening during the middle of the second week, my cousin and her husband came to our house with a Kenneth Hagin video for us to watch. During the ministry on healing and deliverance at the end of the tape, I realised a miracle had happened and I was healed of my addiction after 17 years. I never suffered any withdrawal symptom. It was as if I had never had drugs.

I rang the doctor, went to see him, told him what had happened, and to cancel my trip down south. It was hard for him to believe me because he knew my reputation. As I left I gave him a hug and he offered to testify on my behalf if ever I needed that.

With the drug addiction gone, so was the anger and violence. I can't believe that I was ever like I was, or that I hurt my family so much. I now feel for women in abusive relationships and feel that the abuse is worse than the drug addiction. I have no desire to go back to what I was.

I am currently fully involved in FGBMFI and have been a member for the past 5 years. I never pass up a chance to share with others what Jesus has done and is continuing to do in my life.

# THE TIME IS NOW

**By Park H Yuen, Fiji Islands**

I remembered while studying in Australia the questions popped up in my mind, "Who am I?", "Why am I here?", "What is my purpose in life?" Since then I have been searching for the answers. I went to the bookshops, libraries and talked to people. I read famous authors hoping to find the right answers to life. I was always asking people what was their secret to successful living. I really opened up.

I was a rebellious person and very adventurous. I was into wild parties, alcohol, sex, drugs, fights, martial arts, occult. During all these so called "good times" I was still not happy, still searching. When I returned to Fiji, I took up squash, aerobics, roller-skating and modern dance. I used to dance publicly in restaurants, hotels, nightclubs and on stage. Still searching.

Then, in 1991, a good friend asked me if I could take his daughter and girlfriend (now his wife) to Bill Subritzky's healing ministry in Lambert Hall. I agreed and we

went. I was fascinated at the healing ministry which took place right in front of my eyes!

Demons were cast out in the Name of Jesus. By then I was very interested. Questions rushed to my mind about Jesus. Is He alive? Yes, He must be, how else could those people be healed? What I witnessed left a great impact on me. I was shaken for I had never seen anything like it before. Then It started to bother me, I began to read the Bible I bought in 1986. I was hungry for God, but this hunger was not satisfied. I was also hungry for fellowship and to make friends. This was very difficult to achieve, people rushed off and were unfriendly.

I met some of the youths of New Life Church, who suggested the Fiji Christian Bookshop in Raiwaga. I went there and joined the video library. I watched Bill Subritzky's tapes, Derek Prince's tapes and Barry Smith's tapes. On March 27, 1993 I received Jesus Christ into my heart at the USP swimming pool. I have found Jesus Christ. Jesus

Christ is Lord of my life. He is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Since I have found Jesus my questions have been answered Hallelujah!

Jesus Christ had given me a new life, a new start, a new person, a new career, new friends. Jesus Christ is the answer to all your problems because He is your Saviour and your best friend.

Next, I was water baptised and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I also received much joy from the Lord. I celebrated my new life with my work colleagues by putting on afternoon tea. I told the heads of each department that I was putting on afternoon tea at 3 pm. There were about 40 staff. At 3 pm everyone was there and I told them I was born again and water baptised and I am sharing my new life and the joy which only God can give, with them. I ordered the biggest chocolate cake! I knew they all love chocolate cake.

I attended many FGBMFI meetings and during one of the dinner meetings I went up for prayer. The Lord revealed to one of the FGBMFI members that I had an idol which was hindering God's work in me. He told me afterwards, but I couldn't make out what he meant. I went home asking the Lord to show me what it is that is hindering His work. He did! It was a pipe for smoking pot. It was given to me as a gift. As soon as I gripped it a tingling

sensation ran through my whole body. I broke it in two and renounced it. I repented before the Lord and asked for forgiveness. The Lord showed mercy, He is always merciful. Then I put the broken pipe in the boot of my car. I threw it in the sea the next day.

As I turned and headed back to my car the Holy Spirit reminded me of a scripture from 1 Samuel 5:1 about Dagon falling down, it was about two months ago when the Holy Spirit quickened that scripture to me. At that time I didn't know that the Holy Spirit was trying to tell me I had an idol. Thank God that was settled.

God used me to lead my friend's Uncle to the Lord. I was sent to Solomon Islands in Honiara to fix up a computer problem and I didn't know what the Lord had in store for me. God is amazing!

God also used me to speak to many people and to invite them to the FGBMFI dinner meetings. One

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***'The Lord revealed to one of the members that I had an idol which was hindering God's work in me.'***

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***'I would  
encourage and  
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Christ as Lord  
and Saviour.  
Repent and  
Believe'***

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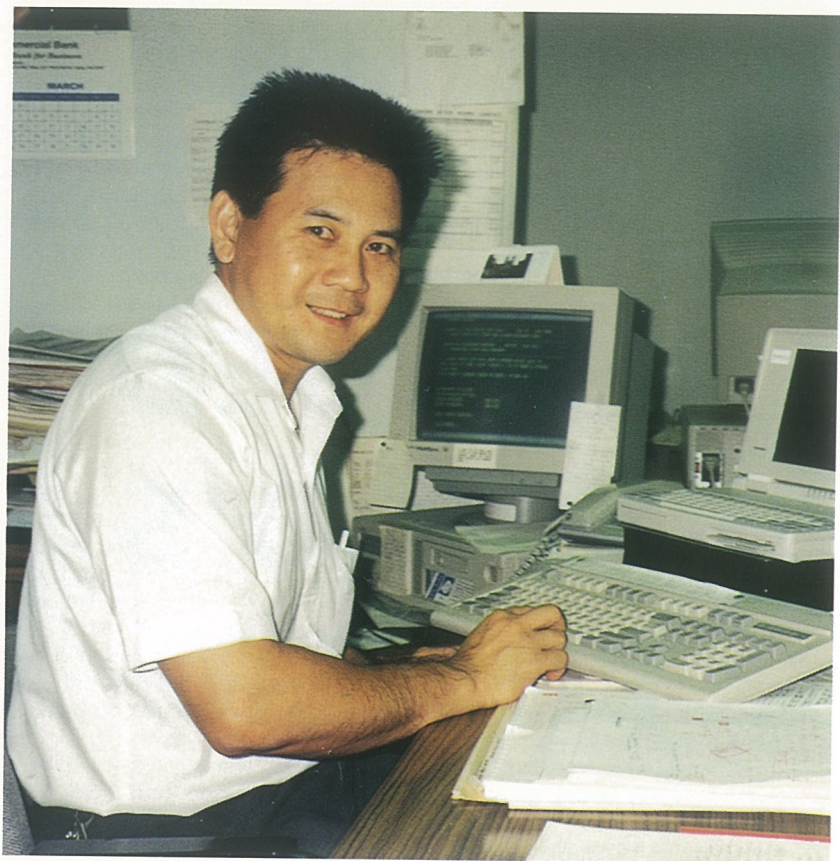
day I had a prompting from the Holy Spirit to invite a Senior Manager. I went to see him in faith not knowing on which floor he was working. I reached the building and was standing outside the elevator, I was just looking to see which floor he was on, when the elevator door opened and out he stepped! Amazing! I was more surprised to see him than he me. I gave him the invitation card and really stressed that he should come and hear the testimonies. He agreed. On the night of the dinner, I saw him at a different function downstairs in the same building. I again reminded him about the function. He said he would try to attend, but I strongly urged him to attend. About 2 weeks later, he died in a fire.

His house was burned down and he was trapped in it. God has set a time for him to respond to His

calling and this is a warning to those who have heard God calling and not responded. This may be your last chance.

Romans 8:14 "Those who are led by the Holy Spirit are sons of God", is so real to me. So if you are prompted or burdened by the Holy Spirit, do respond, do not grieve the Holy Spirit. I remembered another time I was prompted to go to this particular building. I went and I got into the elevator and I heard a voice to press 4, so I could get off at the 4th floor. But I didn't obey, instead I got off on the 6th floor. I did my business and I left and headed back to work. The Holy Spirit would not let me have peace, He kept prompting me to go back. I knew nobody on the 4th floor, then I found that International Business had moved to the 4th floor! So reluctantly, I trotted off again and this time I got off at the 4th floor. Sure enough this lady stopped me and told me she had been trying to get in touch with me! She had just given her life to the Lord and her friend recommended for her to see me! Isn't God amazing! I was able to invite her to church.

I would encourage and challenge you to accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. Repent and believe, He is the only Way and the only Truth and the only Life. Not through Buddha, Confucius, New Age, Mohammed or any other way!



*Park Yuen. works with computer systems for Westpac in Fiji.*

# MAN'S POWER *CHANGED* BY GOD'S POWER

**By Bob Johnston, Australia**

Jesus Christ is coming back very soon. We all have to give account to Him for all we have done in our lives. There's no chance once we die, it's too late. The time is now!! You do not know when you are going to die, only God knows. The choice is yours, Jesus is waiting for you to choose Him. Choose this day, who you will serve, Jesus or Satan!! Remember whoever you serve now, He is your god! So choose God's way - eternal

life through Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who died on the cross, who shed His Blood for your sins, so you may be redeemed and have eternal life. Praise God! Whatever your decision is, it will be an eternal one, it will determine your eternal destination! God bless you.

As I smashed my fist into yet another face, driven by my love for the smell of blood and the sound of bones breaking I was doing what I liked best



living and playing hard as a bouncer. As the face turned into a bloodied mess, I moved my assault to the rib area, where the dull thumping of my fists ploughing into the rib cage excited the demons inside me.

I thought... "What a fantastic job I have, to satisfy my love for fighting and get paid for it."

As well as the work as a night club bouncer there were alcoholic binges, womanising, pride, smoking 60 cigarettes a day and the filth that flowed from my mouth for 20 years.

This was how I'd lived ever since I was 20 years old.

I was controlled by a strongman demon of violence who was served by seven other demons: spirits of lust, adultery, Jezebel and so on."

I am so pleased to praise God for three things in my life.

Firstly: that each day my mother had claimed me for the Kingdom, covered me with the blood of Jesus and claimed God's umbrella of protection for me.

Secondly: I knew there was not one sin I had committed that my Saviour would not forgive, because "Jesus died on the cruel cross to wash away my every sin."

Thirdly: God is a God of restoration. He lifts us up out of the mire clay and places our feet on the Rock - Christ Jesus.

I was reared in a Christian home, the son of a policeman. My mother prayed patiently for me every day and we saw the power of prayer in action.

At 17, I thought I was a big shot. I rebelled, went out into the world and got

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***'This is your last warning. If you do not give your life to me I will take it from you.'***

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married at 18. Two years later I went to Sydney and worked as a bouncer in night clubs and pubs..

My mother patiently prayed for me every day - claiming me for the Kingdom of God.

There were times I was forced to face five or six men brandishing palings, bottles or some other weapon and fight my way out of the situation. I was often hit about the head in those fights.

In 1972 I had an operation on a brain tumour the size of a duck's egg. During the fourteen hour operation my mother prayed for God to spare me until I got right with Him. The tumor was benign. Ten days later I went back to work, but I became an epileptic and suffered epileptic fits.

1982-3 Still seeking - Became President of the Rotary Club of Logan and was a successful businessman.

1985 My wife of 19 years was close to death with cancer when the Holy Spirit told me to get into my car and start driving. I eventually finished up at Christian Outreach Centre at Mansfield where I had never been before.



*Bob Johnston is the Browns Plains Chapter President of the Logan Orchid Society and a keen orchid grower himself.*

I spoke to a Pastor, who went to see my wife the same day and led her to give her heart to Jesus and prayed for her for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Next day she died in my arms. She is in heaven today, praise God.

February 1987 saw me in hospital wavering between life and death with pneumonia. On the third day I heard a loud audible voice say 'This is your last warning. If you do not give your life to me I will take it from you.' I then told the Lord I would give my life wholly to Him. On getting out of hospital, I went back to COC and when an invitation came to give my life to Jesus, I ran down the aisle and fell at the foot of the cross.

After 29 years my mother's prayers had been answered July

1987, I became a deacon and attended deacons' meetings. At one meeting a Deacon had a word of knowledge and asked all those with epilepsy to step forward. Out of about 45 men seven stepped forward including me. The spirit of epilepsy was bound and cast out of me and I was miraculously healed.

Ezekial 36:25 - 27 says "Then I shall sprinkle clean water upon you and you shall be clean from all your filthiness... A new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you and I will take away the stoney heart out of your flesh and give you a heart of flesh...And I will put my spirit within you and cause you to walk in my statutes, and you shall keep my judgments and do them."

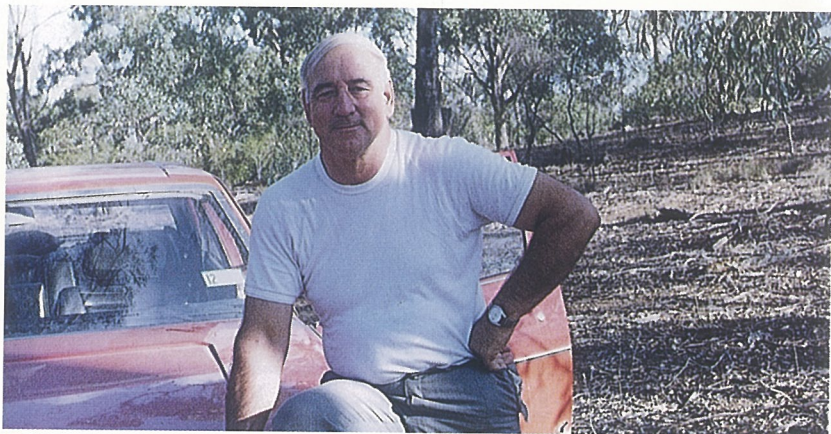
In 1990 - I married a lovely Christian lady and God has given us a special ministry. My mother, after a close relationship with my new wife went to be with the Lord in 1991 and I am sure was welcomed with "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

There is no joy like serving Jesus. The world hasn't anything to rival the excitement of carrying out our commission. In Isaiah 61:1 the Bible says "We are anointed to preach the Gospel, heal the sick, and set the captives free". Hallelujah. Today God has caused me to have a gentle heart, has changed my ways, and is able to use me in spite of my past.

*Bob Johnston, Australia*

# Miracle Healing

by Tony Urich, Australia



*Tony Urich is a member of the Frankston Chapter, Victoria.*

I was driving my car through Brisbane, when I felt an intense pain in one of my eyes. At the next suburb I stopped at a shop. The people at the shop said, "What is wrong with your eye – it's all red?" Looking in a mirror, I realised that it was a problem that had occurred many times before.

On reaching a friend's house at Logan I was advised to get medical attention, which I promptly did. The doctor said that this problem would dissipate after about a week. However, he said, you have a cataract on your eye. He confirmed this after a second examination.

Returning to Melbourne I was at a FGBMFI meeting and mentioned I was going to a specialist the next day for treatment to the cataract.

There and then members prayed for healing.

Next day the specialist said, "Who told you, you have a cataract. Your eyes are perfect".

Prior to all this I also had a problem of split vision and I felt grit in my eyes all the time. Now through the prayers of the members of my chapter my eyes are perfect. The Lord in His goodness and mercy healed everything, not just the cataract.



**Worldwide, Day & Night, FGBMFI is a Light.**



## **Why should a believer join the Fellowship?**

Because the fellowship is a vehicle to help him obey Jesus' command to us in Matthew, 5: 14–16, "Let your light shine, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father in Heaven".

In more than 120 countries, day and night, God is using the FGBMFI to reach out to a hurting world.

Why not join us? We would be delighted to welcome you if you can subscribe to our doctrinal statement.

For more information contact the chapter nearest you or write to the National office of FGBMFI,

**PO Box 67, Stones Corner, Queensland 4120.**

# THE IRON HAND MEETS THE GENTLE TOUCH

**John Toguata, Papua New Guinea**

I stormed into the kitchen in a rage; my head a buzz with too much beer. "Woman!" I screamed at Nellie, my wife. "I forbid you to run away again."

She cowered away, looking up at me with startled, terrified eyes.

I clenched my fist and let it fly towards her head. It made connection and there was a crunching sound as bone hit bone. Nellie was thrown against the wall, but I did not stop, I was enraged and pounded my fist into her again.

Nellie screamed out at me to stop, but I would not. She was only a woman, I told myself and had to be beaten into submission, like a disobedient dog.

The night before I had beaten her and she had run away, I had spent the day looking for her, determined that I would drag her back by the hair when I found her. She had run to her sister who was a born-again Christian. I barged in, using my authority as a policeman to grab her and take her home where, I thought, she belonged.

It was well known throughout the town that I bashed my wife. As a Papua New Guinea police inspector, I was expected to maintain discipline in my home, and I considered brute strength the only way to do it. A woman must serve her husband; she is for his use; he must beat her if she does not obey; a wife is a possession - this is what I thought. I did not consider it an offence to beat her - I considered it my duty.

But my sense of duty was enlarged considerably by the alcohol that inflamed my temper and triggered many a beating session. Sometimes Nellie had disobeyed me, other times she had displeased me, but often she had done nothing at all except be in my way when I was drunk.

When I was a student I had acquired a taste for booze, but I was poor and drank only when I had some spare coins or when I was drinking someone else's beer. I also won for myself a reputation as a fighter and would take on all comers. Drinking and fighting became part of my life, as did the study of my culture's traditional medicine and magic.

When I married Nellie in 1974, and I was promoted to inspector, I thought I had made it to the very top. I drank more, fought more viciously and became more deeply involved in traditional rites and secret knowledge. We had not

been together long before I began to use my fist to establish my supposed authority as head of the house.

Even after our children were born I continued to beat Nellie regularly, feeling the surge of power and adrenalin as my clenched fist crashed against her skull and she was sent tumbling to the ground like a rag doll. Just like the alcohol that I drank too often, mindlessly grabbing a bottle and letting the booze slip down my throat, I lashed out unthinkingly, not even as "punishment", but because I had got into the habit of hitting her.

Nellie, needless to say, was terrified of me coming home.

Many times she ran away, but each time I went looking for her and would drag her back home.

But then, in 1981, Nellie was struck by a strange sickness that made her dizzy and unable to stand up. A feeling of panic seized me, as if a hand inside my body had grabbed hold of my stomach and yanked it through my throat. The thought struck home that I had caused her sickness - that it was my continual beating that had done some damage to her brain.

In a flurry of guilt and fear I rushed her to our doctor, but he could do nothing to help her.

"I'm sorry," he said, examining the results of the tests as he reclined back in his chair behind his large desk. "There is nothing that I can do."



So we went to other doctors, but they all said the same thing; there was nothing they could do.

I was versed in the traditional medicines of our culture - the amulets and spells that could bring luck, health and fertility. My father had chosen me as the favourite son who would study such arts. If western medicine could not cure her, I thought traditional medicine will. I applied the knowledge that I had acquired, without success. Presuming that my skills were not sufficient, I sought out professional healers and masters of the traditional arts.

I spent my last dollar trying to find a cure, but to no avail.

Nellie had a sister who was a Christian, the one to whom she had gone when she ran away from me. She told her about the healing power of Jesus but Nellie hushed her up and told her not to tell me, as I would beat both of them - or certainly forbid her to come back into my house. I hated Christianity.

"The missionaries have done more damage to our culture and society than anyone else." I said vehemently. I believed that the Christians had shown intolerance and insensitivity when they met with a so-called pagan society. We had many good and innocent tribal customs - such as men holding hands in public - which the missionaries

foolishly condemned as evil. At the same time they encouraged the breaking of taboos that had been instituted in our society for good reasons - such as the anti-incest law that said a man should never touch his sister or sister-in-law. This served to prevent rape and incest I believed. But ignoring these cultural norms the missionaries had turned our culture upside down and introduced many evils.

I considered that my own sister-in-law had betrayed her heritage by becoming a born-again Christian. But she continued to visit and tell Nellie that the power of God could be unleashed in her life if she became a Christian.

Nellie was comforted and whenever they were together, the pain and dizziness that she experienced would get better, only to re-occur when they parted company.

"I do not know what else to do," I said to Nellie one day, after I had run out of doctors and traditional herbalists to consult. "Nothing seems to help."

"Oh,," she said, "There is one thing that seems to help me."

"What is that? I will let you do anything that makes you feel better," I promised. "Whenever I am with my sister," she explained, "The giddiness goes away." "Really?" I replied, thinking it over carefully. "Perhaps you should go and live with her until we can find a permanent cure, If



you think it will help you get better. Nothing else has done any good!”

And so, for a while, Nellie lived between our houses. If things were very bad, she would go and live with her sister until she came right again, then she would move back with me until the next attack of dizziness.

When she got dizzy and could not stand on her own, I would take her over to her sister's house. One day she was worse than usual, and as we came through the door her sister and the other family and friends who were there looked concerned. “Come on Nellie, we'll pray for you,” they said.

I expected them to kneel down and put their hands together to pray - but they all gathered around her, and put their hands on her head,

and started saying, “Hallelujah! Praise God! Thank you Jesus...”

Then they began speaking in languages that I couldn't even understand, I had never come across such a thing before. It made me feel uncomfortable, as if I was intruding. So I left the house, going out to get something to eat.

When I came back, they were still praying exactly as they had been when I left, I put the rice dinner on a table and was just about to sneak out again when Nellie began to shout at the top of her voice: “I've been healed! Praise God! I've been healed!” I had never once heard her speak like that before, so I turned around to see what was happening. Nellie was leaping and jumping around the place, thanking God.

She ran over to me, put her arms around me and said, "John, I'm healed!" It was like hugging a furnace - warmth seemed to emanate from her body as if she was on fire. And she looked it too - she was singing and dancing and twirling around laughing and shouting, "Thank you Lord!"

I could only stand there, my hand on the door handle, with my mouth open and my eyes wide, I could see that she had been healed. As I looked at her face, which was glowing with joy and happiness, I thought of the many times I had hit it in drunken anger. Yes, the sickness that had come upon her was my

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***'The God I had despised as a western god had reached down from his foreign sky and healed my wife.'***

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fault. The God I had despised as a western god had reached down from his foreign sky and healed my wife.

I began to cry.

Oh - for a policeman to cry was bad enough, but to cry in front of women was unforgivable. Yet I couldn't control myself and the tears

of joy and relief poured down my cheeks, If my policeman friends had seen me they would have been appaled and rebuked me for breaking cultural taboos.

Who was this God who had the power of healing? Who was he who was more powerful than ancient tribal medicine and modern western science? "Whoever he is", I thought, "I want to thank him and serve him. But where can I find him to thank him?" I asked myself. In my simplicity I did not think of praying to him there - in the very room where he had come to heal my wife. I could only think of the Catholic Cathedral - the great building, with massive stained glass windows and rows of pews. This, I thought, was where God lived. Without hardly even saying goodbye to the women who had prayed for Nellie, I told her to get into the car and I drove as fast as I could to the Cathedral in town. "What are you doing?" Nellie demanded to know. "I'm going to thank God," I replied. We arrived at the Cathedral, and Nellie and I went and knelt down at the very back pew. The Bishop of the area was at the front with some priests in some quiet ceremony. Tears were streaming down my face in gratitude. I could not control myself any longer and shouted out in a loud voice "THANK YOU GOD! THANK YOU JESUS! THANK YOU LORD!"



The Bishop and the sedate priests turned around with startled looks on their faces as I shouted out my simple prayers of thanksgiving to God.

Nellie touched my arm. "You don't need to come here to find God," she said to me. "He was at my sisters house. How else could he have healed me?"

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***"You don't need to come here to find God," she said to me. "He was at my sisters house. How else could He have healed me?"***

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I gazed up at the cold cathedral and remembered the warmth of the place where Nellie had been prayed for. I realised that I had dragged her away too soon, without even thanking my sister-in-law for what she had done. We got back into the car and drove back to her house, still crying, to thank them.

I prayed, and gave my life to Jesus. Many of my friends were shocked when they heard - they thought I had betrayed my culture and accepted a western religion. But

I knew better, I had not met God in the huge cathedral built by missionaries. Jesus was not a white man, and the Good News was not meant for Europeans alone. Jesus met me at my sister-in-law's house, within my own culture and transformed it into something good and holy.

But there were many things in my life - the worst of which was my treatment of Nellie - which I had to give up, turn away from and ask forgiveness for. Like a man in a race throwing off the things that weigh him down, I gave up drinking and fighting and I burnt all the magic amulets and the potions and objects of the tribal magic I had used. Nobody made me do that, no pastor or minister told me to stop drinking. I just did what I felt God was telling me to do.

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***Now I realise that love is infinitely more powerful and that a relationship built on trust and love is far more stable and satisfying than one built on fear and tyranny.***

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My life had been changed. I recognised the power of the God of heaven and that he had come to earth as man named Jesus to be near to his creation. He had healed Nellie, and convinced me that he was real, and that I needed to change my life and follow in his footsteps. I had to repent of the evil things I had done and ask Nellie's forgiveness for the wrong I had done her.

I realised that very soon my friends would notice my turn around and see that I had become a quieter, less violent man. I expected that they would be impressed.

Unfortunately, I was wrong. As a policeman, I was expected to be tough and rough and aggressive. "You must beat your woman," I was told, "or she will get the better of you. And why have you given up fighting? Are you turning into a woman yourself? Hah! You are not a man any more - you are a weakling and a coward!!"

This was very hard for me, because so much of my life had revolved around being a tough, violent man. I had to bear the humiliation for a long time, but though I had lost all my police friends, I had gained two more of far greater importance. I had Nellie and I had Jesus.

Finally, my change of heart paid off in my work place too and I was promoted to Superintendent of Police and the Provincial Police Commander of East New Britain province. I got to this position of authority not through

violence and aggression, but because I was seen by my superiors as a responsible, honest person. They would never have thought that about me before I became a Christian!!

I had wanted power and authority.

In my marriage too, I had wanted to be the head of the house with respect and responsibility. I thought that I could only get this through violence - the iron hand that struck down anything that opposed it. Now I realise that love is infinitely more powerful and that a relationship built on trust and love is far more stable and satisfying than one built on fear and tyranny. The Bible commands husbands to love their wives as Jesus loved his people - by laying down his life as a servant. Not only do I not want to hit Nellie any more, I could not. For it would break my heart to see the woman I love hurt in any way. Instead, I want to protect her and pour out to her the love that God has poured out to me, with a gentle touch.

The God I had despised as a western god had reached down from his foreign sky and healed my wife.

*John Toguata and his wife Nellie live in Papua New Guinea. John is the superintendent of Police and the Provincial Police Commander of the East New Britain Province. iYou don't need to come here to find God, she said to me. iHe was at my sister's house. How else could He have healed me?i*

**SIX  
SCRIPTURAL  
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 fall short of the glory of God" Romans 3:23.

**2. REPENT:** "Unless you repent you too will all perish" Luke 18:23.

**3. CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just and will forgive us our sins and purify us from all unrighteousness" 1 John 1:19

**4. FORSAKE:** "Let the wicked forsake his way and the evil man his thoughts. Let him turn to the Lord, and he will have mercy on him... for he will freely pardon" Isaiah 55:7

**5. BELIEVE:** "For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life" John 3:16. "whoever believes and is baptised will be saved, but whoever does not believe will be condemned" Mark 16:166

**6. RECEIVE:** "To all who received Him, to those who believed in his name, He gave the right to become children for God" John 1:12.

**Why not make your eternal decision right now?**

I am convinced by God's word that I am a lost sinner. I now receive Him as Lord and Saviour of my life and will, by his help announce the fact to others."

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**2** To provide a basis of Christian Fellowship among all men everywhere through an organism not directly associated with any specific church but co-operating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches. The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International does not start churches. Rather, we desire solely to be a service arm to existing ones.

**3** To bring about a greater measure of unity and spirit of harmony in the body of Christ, where members are united in a common effort for the good of the whole body.



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## In this issue:

### 2 Turnaround

John Eliao struggled with a lifetime of drugs and physical abuse. In all of his confusion he found the way to Turnaround.

### 5 The Time is Now

Park Yuen of Fiji finds out how important it is to listen when the Holy Spirit speaks.

### 9 Man's Power changed through God's Power.

Bob Johnston was a violent nightclub bouncer before God laid him out.

### 12 Miracle Healing

Tony Urich's eyes are healed.

### 14 The Iron Hand meets the Gentle Touch.

A tough policeman finds power and authority come through love, honesty and responsibility.

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