

Full Gospel Business Men's

Voice

02-95

HEAD
ON!





HEAD ON!

Andrew Kelley Bloomington, Indiana

I'll never forget the accident that came within a breath of snatching away my life. Whenever I get upset over the damage that lingers more than four years later, I brighten at this thought: it sure beats sitting in a wheelchair.

It happened on a balmy day in the Dominican Republic. I had flown there to visit my oldest sister, Phyllis, a missionary school teacher. To help relieve Phyllis' burnout, we took a couple days off to visit beaches, camp and swim.

Just before noon on a Saturday we drove home on a motorcycle. Spotting a chuckhole, I instinctively looked down the road for traffic before veering around it. All clear.

I glanced down as we sped by the hole at 50 miles an hour. A second later I

looked up—into the grill of a flat-nosed delivery truck! It must have come out of a side road...and it was 15 feet away!

"Hang on!" I screamed to Phyllis. Later she told me it looked like an evil game of chicken. Our vehicles dodged each other momentarily before we ripped into the truck.

It happened so fast I couldn't apply the brake. Instead the pedal nearly ripped my foot off, leaving a permanent, quarter-sized scar.

My knee exploded in the grill, breaking the large femur bone in my right leg into two pieces. The impact drove my broken hip through my pelvic bone and struck my sister. That dislocated her hip and bounced her onto the pavement.

After smacking the grill I flipped in the air and splattered onto the windshield

face first. After my helmet split, my left shoulder struck the windshield. That broke my clavicle, sternum and several ribs and temporarily paralyzed my left side. I also broke my back and two vertebrae at the base of my neck and shattered my right arm in eight places.

When the fog cleared I found myself in the middle of the road. Glass and blood covered my body. Phyllis lay nearby, her sternum and several ribs broken.

Confusion reigned. People screamed. My sister sobbed softly. I tried to look around for her. I couldn't move my head!

Meanwhile, whether drunk or in shock, the other driver backed up and drove away. Where he went I will never know. It's not important. Not compared to the immediate signs of God's presence. Phyllis saw them first.

My sister is very levelheaded and has a master's degree in education. She wasn't looking for this kind of experience. Yet, she saw angels. The largest of the figures walked over. She knew it was Jesus.

"Lord, if we're going to die. I'd just rather die right now," she said.

"No, you are not going to die." He said in a stern but peaceful tone.

Several times during the day when I regained consciousness I told Phyllis, "We're going to make it." I was trying to convince myself and keep Phyllis encouraged.

Our survival can only be explained as a miracle.

It took about 10 men to hoist my 6-foot-2, 225-pound frame onto a pickup truck that stopped to help. The driver

took us to a small antiquated clinic with no windows.

Medics stitched us up to stop the bleeding. Then the fight began. Considering all Americans rich, the clinic owners demanded money before they would call an ambulance.

Straining, Phyllis picked up my camera bag to get our cash. Empty. Someone had stolen it while we lay helplessly on the ground.

She tried to convince them we

A day or two
later I woke up
unable to breathe.
People stood around
looking horrified.
Most were crying.
I realized they were
weeping over me.

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didn't have any money, but they refused to believe her. After arguing for a couple hours she convinced them they would get paid after the ambulance showed up.

It took another hour or so for the emergency crew to arrive, followed by a five-hour drive to Santo Domingo. Three hours into the trip the medics decided the tongues I spoke were a French dialect. At the capital they took me to a French hospital.

There a missionary convinced them I was an American. They then transported me to the American Embassy Hospital. My memory of the six days before returning to the States is foggy. I kept drifting in and out of consciousness.

A couple days after the accident I woke up and saw a man standing over me. He grabbed my right arm, braced his foot against my shoulder and pulled.

"Owwww!"

I screamed with pain until I passed out. Later I learned he was the surgeon who had come to amputate my right arm. Broken in eight places, it had started turning gray. At the last second he vowed to do everything he could to save it. He manipulated my arm until blood flowed back into it.

Fear over-

whelmed me. I lacked a clear picture of these events. In my mixed-up state, I thought this was a nightmare and I was about to wake up. None the less, my lungs were full of blood clots and had totally collapsed.

(By all accounts I should have been dead then. My blood oxygen count read 21; normal is 100. A doctor told me hardly anyone lives in such a state and if they survive they're brain dead.)

After clinging to life for several minutes, a man dragged a machine into the room—the only respirator available on the island. It had come back from repairs an hour earlier.

Though I survived the struggle continued. When friends raised funds for a plane to fly me back home to Indiana, some corrupt Dominican officials decided to take a cut. At the airport they denied me the right to leave, using the excuse that the plane might smuggle drugs. They wanted a healthy bribe.

In the midst of this chaos, a Dominican general walked by my mother and a missionary trying to help. She motioned to the general and told him what was happening. He made two quick phone calls and...presto!...we were on our way.

When I arrived in a trauma unit in Indianapolis, 10 days had passed without any surgery. I



just laid in bed fractured from head to toe on life support.

As badly as my body hurt another question bothered me worse: "Why?"

After coming to grips with reality, I reasoned, "God, there is no way this could have happened unless something in my life caused this. I must have done something wrong."

Right when I needed the Lord the most the enemy used that doubt to drive a wedge between me and my Lord. Whether it's our sins or life's pain and tragedy, he tries to convince us we deserve punishment.

When I believed that lie I started giving up. I thought, "Why try? If God's on a mission against me, why bother?"

At the point of utter hopelessness the Lord gave me a vision. It proved Who is in control.

I looked into a strange world. It seemed like a canvas on which amazing scenes unfolded. As I watched, objects violently streaked toward me. I knew if they struck me they would tear me into little pieces. They would slow down and get within 3 or 4 feet so I could see them. They were half-human, half animal. Demonic spirits!

As they rushed at me they yelled horrible lies like, "You're in hell! You died! You have AIDS from that blood transfusion in the Dominican! You'll never walk again!"

They also sneered, "Jesus Christ is no different than any other person.

Everything you believed in your life is a total lie."

"Oh, my God," I moaned.

Then I looked closer. Although these devils hurtled at me, about two feet away they bounced off what looked like a thick piece of glass. In the Bible, the book of Job, Satan complained that God had placed a hedge around Job. Now I could see it!

As thousands of demons buzzed around another evil spirit walked into the arena and made them take a back seat. He grabbed a weird musical instrument and banged on it. As he played, he threw his head back and worshipped himself, gloating over his power.

I felt the Holy Spirit welling up inside me. As His power strengthened me I shouted, "I rebuke you, Satan! In the name of Jesus Christ and by His blood and authority you are defeated!"

Bam! The vision ended. I was back in my hospital room. My mother and sister stared at me, wondering what had just happened.

Though surgeries and rehabilitation were yet to come, this insight carried me through many obstacles and disappointments.

First, it showed me how much I am loved, especially by my Mom. When she flew to the Dominican to continually pray for me, she saved my life. Then her constant care nursed me back to health.

So did the nurturing of the woman who became my wife.

Three weeks before this accident I began dating Kathleen, a medical equip-

ment salesperson. While everything went well for that brief period, I never expected her to show such love later.

I left town strong and athletic. The next time she saw me, I lay on a stretcher fighting for my life. In my hospital room I told her in so many words, "Kathleen, please don't feel obligated."

"I'm not obligated," she said. "The Lord wants me here."

We married nine months after the accident, building intimacy solely through communication. Just walking down the aisle was a big deal after four months in the hospital and several more in a wheelchair.

Secondly, my recovery led to my father's salvation. Separated for 15 years after my parents' divorce, we had rebuilt our relationship despite his problems with alcohol.

My accident devastated him; so did the news that the other driver might have been drunk. Though he went to Alcoholics Anonymous and quit drinking for awhile, he started up again.

In the hospital, and afterwards in my wheelchair, he saw that I had the same heart and faith. Gradually he gained a realization of Jesus Christ through my weakness and returned to church after a 30-year absence.

The evening before he died of an unexpected heart attack in the summer of 1991, he accepted Jesus as his Saviour while praying with a Lutheran pastor. Equally significant I

know this accident transformed me. Before, I was too critical and quick to judge. Now I have a much greater capacity for love, compassion, healing.

That is why I long to restore others' faith and see them set free. Many Christians stagger under loads of guilt, whether placed there by themselves, others or the enemy of our souls. While pain may come into everyone's life, don't let it destroy you. God's grace is sufficient. Use it to minister to others, to lend a listening ear or a helping hand to others suffering from the same problems.

If you are a Christian, be encouraged, our God loves us and we know this to be certain because of the cross of Jesus Christ. Through my painful recovery when I was tempted to doubt God's love, I clung to the old rugged cross.



Andrew and his wife minister regularly at churches and Full Gospel chapels. You can contact them by writing to Restoration International P.O. Box 205 Bloomington, Indiana, 47832 or call (317) 498-2800



What Am I Bid?

Joseph Shaia
Orlando, Florida

“What am I bid?” I asked, holding up the valuable object of art. As the bidding finally ceased and I said, “sold” I thought what a picture of my life!

Twenty two years ago I was teaching astro projection and mind control with an outfit called Silva Mind Control and Psychic Dynamics. We lived near the occult center of the world, Virginia Beach, Virginia, home of the Edgar Casey Institute.

Later, I was working in an oriental rug store when some hippie kids came in and start-

ed talking about the Spirit. My life was an absolute mess at that time and I was searching for anything. The young people got my attention because I was into the spirit world. They invited me to a prayer meeting and one of them put his hand on my head and started praying. I couldn't understand him. Another one kept being slain in the Spirit and falling down stairs. I didn't know what was happening, but strangely, something about “their spirit” made me want more.

They invited me to their church on Sunday morning which met in the basement of a funeral parlor. A man opened the Bible. In all my reading and searching I had never studied this book. It was there in that funeral parlor that I invited Christ to come into my life and forgive me of all my sins. I invited the Holy Spirit to take control, and He did, with the evidence of speaking in tongues.

When you first get saved it's all clouds and you're just floating around. I was still on cloud nine and I did some crazy things. We were having a sale and I bought some oriental rugs because I knew we were going to do well. I paid

for them with checks dated the next week. Ever do that? This was a Thursday through Sunday sale. Thursday we had a lot of people and interest, but no sales. Friday and Saturday it was the same. Saturday night at 8 o'clock, we were scheduled to close at 9:30 and we hadn't made a cent. A man walked in. He started looking around and I showed him all the rugs. We got to talking and I found out he was a Christian. I started telling him what the Lord had done for me. I told him about my problems, and that I had thought we would do really well. But now the sale was over. He said, "I went to bed early tonight and had a dream. God woke me up and told me to come here and minister to you financially. Here's my card. If you'll come to my office on Monday morning we'll take care of business." When he left I told my brother that man was smoking crazy stuff. My brother, who got saved a week after I did said, "If God put this together, who are you to say no." He was right!

First thing Monday morning I called. The man's secretary answered and said, "He's not here." My spirits were dashed. I had known all along he wouldn't be there. But just at that moment the secretary asked, "Is this the young man from the rug sales?" I told her I was. She said, "You have an appointment at 11 o'clock." I thought, so far so good. At 11 'clock I got there and he arrived about 20 minutes later. He had a check made out. The only

thing that wasn't on the check was my name, and he ministered to me financially. That man was Pat Robertson.

The next years of my life were a whirlwind. We opened a store in Nashville, Tennessee. I became area director for a CBN counseling center in middle Tennessee. I worked with David Wilkerson and with Billy Graham. I was rubbing shoulders with the best known men in Christian circles. What I wasn't doing was getting into His Word. I wasn't learning about the Lord and how to walk with Him. I was invited to speak in many places. I went to Jerusalem with Pat Robertson and Ben Kinchlow, but I was still lost.

One morning I woke up and my family was gone. I was no longer with CBN. I wasn't walking with the Lord. I still loved Him, but I don't think I ever told Him that. I decided that I was going to do nothing but make money. I moved to Texas. I opened up rug stores all over Texas and started making lots of money. Two years later I met Kathleen. It was the best thing that ever happened to me.

We had a big home in Houston. We had a collection of Cadillac cars. There was nothing that money could buy that we didn't have. No matter what I did it went well. I had enough money so I closed the rug stores and moved to Galveston. I started buying beach houses. I imagine God was whispering, but I never heard Him. I didn't have time for what God might have to say to me. In the late 80's in Houston every-

body was into the white powder. Everybody was into life in the fast lane. We were all making money. Life was wonderful for everybody. We had everything.

We closed our house in Houston and moved to Galveston and built a gorgeous home right on the ocean. We had almost an acre of land right on the Gulf of Mexico. Then a strange thing happened. Oil went from \$40 to \$8 a barrel. Property values plummeted. The house that I paid \$290,000 for

was worth nothing. I couldn't sell it for what I owed on it. We had a lot of money and had accumulated a lot of things over the years. We could have left, but we didn't. We stayed.

There comes a point where you finally turn around, stop and say, "wait a minute." But there are consequences. You can't just turn it around. I owned eleven beach houses. The sheriff came to my door and said, "Joe, Friday we have to move you out." We had gone through all the money and assets we had. We had nothing left. We rented a truck and left Galveston. We went to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. We were there for about six weeks. We tried a couple of things, but nothing worked. We went to North Carolina, Florida and back to Myrtle Beach.

Then finally I got a job in Arkansas.

God got my attention. I had been searching, trying to find what He wanted me to do. I found a church out in the country called Christian Ministries. They didn't have a normal service that day. They had a group sharing some music. They just started singing about the love of God. I wept and wept. I thought, Lord, I've turned my back on You. I'm so sorry, God. I've filled my body with drugs, junk, lust and filth. But Lord, You saved me

years before, and called me, but I went the other way.

That day I got out the Bible. I hadn't looked at it for years. I recommitted my life and led my wife to the Lord. One week later I prayed with her and she received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.



The Shaia Family

We had an opportunity to leave Arkansas and go to North Carolina. We went there but things didn't work out. We traveled for a total of 18 months. We were in nine different cities and stayed in hundreds of hotel rooms. Our kids thought we lived in a hotel.

Just seven years ago we came to Orlando, Florida and rented a house on Orange Blossom Trail. Then I heard about a group of men who had breakfast meetings on Tuesday. I went

to their meeting and as I walked in a fellow said, "Come on in and sit down." One man kept asking me over and over again if I would have lunch with him. I was trying to open up a business and didn't have any money so I'd reply, "I don't think we can have lunch today."

Finally, he shows up at the place where I'm trying to open a little store and says, "You want to have lunch?" I said, "No I really don't have much time." He said, "Well I'll just sit right here. You're going to have to eat sometime and when you do I hope you like

much gain" (I Timothy 6:6). He told me to start being content. I found out that it's not something that you do in one day. It's a journey. A purpose. You purpose in your heart to turn your life around and be content. So I began a daily walk with Christ. One day at a time. Actually, I broke it down to less than that -- one hour at a time. I said, God, what do You want me to do? How can I pay back \$580,000? I wasn't even working. He said, give what you have. So I began to give of my time to, among other things, the ministry of



Joe conducting a recent auction in Southern Florida

tuna fish because we're having lunch." The first thing he said was, "I know right where you are, I've been there." Well, I was broken. I felt like the proverbial penny, waiting for change.

My store went broke and I lost it even before it was opened. The best job I could get was driving a taxi cab, or working part time for the post office. There were no jobs.

I asked God what do I do? He said, "godliness plus contentment equals

Full Gospel.

God is no respecter of persons, but God is a respecter of faith. He said, "give," and we began to give. He said, "forgive," and we began to forgive. Who do you forgive first? You forgive yourself. You forgive yourself and you go back and you start forgiving anybody that has wronged you. You then go back to anybody you've wronged and try to make it right. You ask for their forgiveness. Give, forgive, then

forget. I read Psalm 1 where it says all that the righteous man does shall prosper. At first I thought that meant that your business would prosper. Then I began to meditate on His Word both day and night and to delight myself in the law of the Lord. It was here I found out that it doesn't just have to do with your business but that the verse means exactly as it says, "all that he does shall prosper". Your business, your marriage, your ministry, your relationships, your job, everything! All that you do shall prosper.

Although very difficult to obtain because of my Texas problems, I secured a Florida auctioneer's license and purposed in my heart to be the best one I could be. I began working as an auctioneer and doing whatever sales were offered to me. The debt was still there and my former creditors were beginning to close in on me. I counseled with the men of the chapter and the consensus was that if I went through a bankruptcy there

would be no glory for God and no testimony. I remembered what God had told me about giving, forgiving and forgetting. Wisely, I turned it all over to Him.

The Strangest things began to happen. God began to prosper my business. We began to tackle our nearly insurmountable amount of debt. The Lord brought a little Christian lady named Jessie into my life and she began to handle my affairs with the Texas creditors. She took on the biggest ones first and sometime in 1994 I was finally out of debt. Everything was either paid in full or settled in full. It is a wonderful feeling to owe no man nothing but love!

Our little mom and pop operation now employs 15 people and we do over 4 million a year in gross sales. The Lord has truly blessed us since we yielded everything to Him.

So battered and scarred, the auctioneer thought it hardly worthwhile to waste his time on the old violin but he held it up with a smile. "What am I bid," he cried, "Who'll start the bidding for me? A dollar, - now two, only two dollars, and who'll make it three? Three dollars once, twice, going for three," - but no...suddenly, a gray haired man came forward and picked up the bow; then wiping the dust from the old violin, and tightening up all the strings he played a melody pure and sweet, as sweet as an angel sings. The music ceased, and the auctioneer, with a voice quiet and low, said: "What am I bid for the old violin?" and he held it up with the bow. "A thousand dollars -now two, who'll make it three? Three thousand once, three thousand twice, going and gone" said he. The people cheered, but some of them cried, "We do not understand what changed it's worth?" The man replied, "The touch of the master's hand." Many a man with a life out of tune, battered and scarred by sin, is auctioned cheap to a thoughtless crowd, much like the old violin - a glass of liquor, a shot of dope, a gamble - and he travels on. He's going once, going twice, going and almost gone. But the Master comes and the foolish crowd can never understand the worth of a soul and the change that's wrought by the touch of the Master's hand.

Joe Shaia is the President of the Orlando Florida FGBMFI Chapter. He can be contacted at: 606 Water Oak Lane, Longwood, Florida 32779 (407) 296-2101

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The Source of His Strength

Pete Samra Redondo Beach, California

Get a knife and gun. We're going to fight to the death."

Beady eyes glared back at me. I had a running feud with a fellow manager at the gym where I trained for bodybuilding contests. But I never dreamed it would go this far.

"I don't fight with knives and guns," I shot back.

"Get a knife and gun," he repeated, whipping out a stiletto and waving it in the air. Wham! I kicked him to the floor, then whirled to grab him from behind.

But I had moved too close to the counter. I bumped into it and couldn't turn sideways. He lunged at my stomach.

"Somebody call an ambulance!"

Glancing at the floor I saw blood. Mine.

Adrenaline rushing, at first I didn't feel anything. But lying in an ambulance blazing down the street at 90 miles an hour, my whole life flashed before me.

"Everything I've worked for, everything I've done, has come to an end," I agonized. "All because of this jerk."

Where had my dream gone so wrong?

Growing up in Johannesburg, South Africa, I was a Catholic altar boy and participant in soccer, rugby and track. Though very enthusiastic, my skinny frame often led to injuries on the field.

That changed when I began working out. In sixth grade I had seen Reg Park, the South African bodybuilder who inspired Arnold Schwarzenegger.

"That's how I want to look one day," I declared.

A few years later my uncle offered to pay the gym fees if I lifted weights for at least three months. Training faithfully, over four years I grew from a 127-pound weakling to a finely-sculpted 208 pounds.

At age 23 I came to Los Angeles, looking to become Mr. America. I worked out at a large gym and eked out a living as a bouncer and painter.

Later the gym offered me a job. Thanks to my studies in business and naturopathy, I was able to help introduce their new line of vitamins and food supplements.

Seeing they could trust me, the owners promoted me to manager. On my way up the ladder I even landed a bit role in Schwarzenegger's movie, "Pumping Iron."

Trouble came when another manager wanted to control everything. A drug addict, he hoped to skim some cash to feed his habit. I stood in the way.

Of course, he wasn't the only drug abuser there. My sheltered background clashed with West Coast lifestyles. Many bodybuilders used steroids and other drugs, drank, and hustled homosexuals to make money or lived off their girlfriends.

Healing Comes

Laying in the emergency ward, tubes up my nose and a hole in my stomach — where they looked for blood drainage — I cried out.

"God, I've been an athlete all my life," I said. "Please don't let me be crippled!"

Instantly the harsh overhead lights dimmed. A thick cloud surrounded my body. I believe someone was praying for me at that moment.

"Everything's going to be okay," I soothed the medical assistants as they wheeled me into surgery. Their eyes opened wide.

I surprised the doctors by recovering from my wounds in four days. When I got out, though, the stress mounted. I faced \$6,000 in medical bills, lingering psychological problems from the knife fight and job problems.

None of that was a help to my new marriage. Bugged by our continuing ups and

downs, a year after our wedding my wife had enough. We separated.

It was the last straw. In a year I battled three harsh setbacks: physical, spiritual and emotional. One afternoon I called Ray McCauley, who now pastors one of South Africa's largest churches. "Ray, my life's a mess," I



Pete Samra and Martin Sheen

said. "I went to Mass today and asked God to take control."

"Don't ask God to take control, ask Jesus to come into your life," he answered.

"Ray, I'm so broken and hurt I'll do anything," I said.

"God will never leave you or forsake you if you will follow Him," Ray promised. "If you ask Him to forgive you of your sins, then the past will be gone."

I don't remember the exact words. It was a simple prayer. I said I believed Jesus was the Son of God, had died on the cross for my sins and that He is the way to eternal life. Instantly strong, positive feelings about the future overwhelmed me. I knew everything would be all right.

I also received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I cherished the gift of tongues when it came. I pray daily in my prayer language and it helps me understand what God is doing in my life.

However, it doesn't mean I'm perfect. Difficulties are part of human existence. More than once they have driven me to my knees to cry out, "God, why? What causes these problems?"

A New Vision

Before the Lord saved me and gave me eternal life, I knew what I wanted. At 16 I dreamed of becoming a bodybuilding champion. A year later I caught a vision of someday

owning a vitamin company.

But with my eyes opened, I said, "These things aren't important. If I never become a champion or have a vitamin company, it's not important. The most important thing is I have a relationship with Jesus."

Matthew 6:33 says if we seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, then all "these things" will be ours. When I gave up my worldly dreams, the Lord made them come true.

Not long after I invited Jesus into my heart He gave me an idea to start a business. Despite my medical debts I talked to a company. They agreed to supply me with a private-label line of vitamins. That's how Samra Nutrition got started.

Besides the reality of Matthew 6:33, I learned the truth of Jesus' words in Luke 14:25-33, that we must "count the cost" of becoming His disciple.

In my case it cost millions of dollars to turn my back on mainstream



Cliff Richards and Pete Samra

bodybuilding. It's a world of widespread steroid use, despite risky side effects, such as cancer, heart disease and high blood pressure.

Though I intended to forget bodybuilding to concentrate on business, a year later organizers invited me to the first Mr. Natural U.S.A. It was specifically for drug-free competitors.

I began training, yet wondered if it was the right thing. A week before the contest I prayed, "Lord, if this is something that's going to interfere with my walk with You, don't let me go."

Afterwards I walked outside the church. The pastor remarked, "Pete, you're in good shape."

"Yes, I have a bodybuilding contest coming up."

"You go and win it for the Lord," he encouraged. I felt that was my answer.

After winning the competition I gave the glory to God and a few months later captured the title of Natural Mid-America Bodybuilding Champion.

Though only competing for two more years, for a decade I promoted natural bodybuilding contests. They attracted national media coverage and we allowed Christian

winners to share their testimony at events.

At one of our contests we prayed and the Holy Spirit's anointing was so strong that a reporter for a secular magazine wrote, "The contest was a success. There was a high-held holiness that radiated over the auditorium."

Ministry

While operating my business I also take time to share what God had done in my life. Besides speaking to Full Gospel Business Men's chapters in America and Australia, I've been on the "700 Club" and many local radio and TV programs.

On one of my many trips, this one to my native country, Ray McCauley invited me to visit him. I felt the time I had available was too short to accomplish much. On

the flight over I argued, "God, what do You want me to do in 13 days? I don't have enough time."

However, when I spoke at Ray's church, a woman from South African broadcasting was in the audience. Afterward she asked me to do an interview. It lasted 13 minutes.

When we finished the Lord spoke quietly.

"What it would take months to do, what were you so worried about



Ian Samwell receives a platinum award from Pete Samra for writing Britain's first rock hit "Move It".

trying to do in 13 days?" He asked. "We reached the whole nation in 13 minutes."

I also formed an anti-drug team of bodybuilders to speak in public schools. We gave students a positive message and invited them to attend evening crusades in churches.

Three years ago He gave me an idea to form a business to import British music.

"Lord, why would You give me an idea when it's not Christian-oriented?" I asked. I prayed for six months about it before the Lord led me to Proverbs 13:22, which says the wealth of the wicked is stored up for the righteous. I was also influenced by a song from Cliff Richard, an English rock-and-roll singer. It asked, "Why should the devil have all the good music?"

So I decided to join the music

industry. We import popular music by artists like Richard, Tom Jones and Englebert Humperdinck and some nostalgic tunes.

Thanks to this endeavor I have had the chance to share Christ with unsaved music people. God has opened doors in secular newspapers, radio and TV for the word of my testimony.

I also feel led to help start a new Full Gospel Business Men's chapter in my area. My ministry is to businessmen because I understand the pressures and problems they face.

I know. He is the source of my strength.

Peter Samra is the president of Samra Nutrition and a music-import business called Best of the British. He is available for speaking engagements by calling 310-318-3949 or FAX 310-318-8455.

Voice

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P.O. Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92628
(714) 754-1100



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Fellowship Events

INLAND EMPIRE'S SPIRITUAL RALLY

JUN 16-17, 1995
Templin's Resort Motel
Post Falls, ID
% R. J. Rehwaldt

Rt. 2 Box 861
Pullman, WA 99163-9650
509-332-7732 (Home)

INDONESIA NATIONAL CONVENTION

JUN 20-23, 1995
% Joseph R. Chengberlin
Indonesia
62-21-601-8951 (Phone)
62-21-601-8950 (Fax)

SPIRITUAL GIFTS SEMINAR

JUN 22-24, 1995
LaFont Inn, Pascagoula, MS
% Gary Grayban
2745 Briarwood
Moss Point, MS 39563
601-475-8760

EMPIRE STATE REGIONAL AUG 4-5, 1995

Sheraton Inn Syracuse —
Liverpool, NY
% David Wiggins
4415 Gindy Lane
Syracuse, NY 13215
315-469-7449

ZAIRE (Kenge) REGIONAL CONVENTION

AUG 7-12, 1995
% Marcel Malenso, ID, NP

ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGIONAL AUG 10-12, 1995

Red Lion Hotel —
Denver, Colorado
% Elmer Lewis
1413 Monroe Street
P.O. Box 236
Strasburg, CO 80136
303-622-4450

ZAIRE (Bukavu) REGIONAL CONVENTION

AUG 14-19, 1995
% Marcel Mulumba, ID, NVP

ZAIRE (Goma) REGIONAL CONVENTION

AUG 21-26, 1995
% Marcel Malenso, ID, NP

ZAIRE (Mbanza-Ngungu) REGIONAL CONVENTION

AUG 21-26, 1995
% Bro. Mungoma, ID

ZAIRE (Idiofa) REGIONAL CONVENTION

AUG 21-26, 1995
% Michael Kayembe, IVP

THE GLORY & ANOINTING OF GOD PART III

AUG 25-26, 1995
Holiday Inn West
Oklahoma City, OK
% Alan M. Schmoock
3555 N.W. 58th Street.
405-947-7600 (Business)
405-751-3529 (Home)

FGBMFI NEBRASKA MEN'S ADVANCE SEP 8-10, 1995

Westminster Woods Camp
Lexington, NE
% John B. McIntosh
Rt 3 Box 183

Brokell Bow, NE 68822
308-872-2638 (Office)
308-872-2638 (Home)

CENTRAL AMERICA XII CONVENCION SEP 13-16, 1995

Hotel Herradura — San
Jose, Costa Rica
% Francisco Fallas M.
506-227-2418 (Phone/Fax)

SWITZERLAND NATIONAL CONVENTION

SEP 15-16, 1995
% Urs Kaesermann
Residence "Lev Vignes"
1122 Romanel sur Morges
41-2180-699607 (Phone)

IOWA CONVENTION SEP 15-16, 1995

% Gary Bortz
515-682-7847

JAPAN NATIONAL CONVENTION SEP 21-23, 1995

% Kenichiro Tsukamoto
81-78-591-8572 (Phone)
81-78-592-7964 (Fax)

ALDERSGATE MEN'S ADVANCE SEP 22-24, 1995

Aldersgate Conference
Center — Turner, OR
% Peter Reding
8990 S.W. Hazelvorn Way
Portland, OR 97223-7238
503-292-2161

ZAIRE (Kananga) REGIONAL OCT 9-14, 1995

% Marcel Malenso, NP, ID

FGBMFI Event Services, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628,
Phone 714-754-1400, Fax 714-557-9916

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" (I 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/Box5050 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.

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30th Annual Harrisburg FGBMFI Family Convention August 9-12 1995

SPEAKERS



Ken Gaub



Ray Mossholder



Judy Reamer



Chris Alam



Danny Chambers

HIGHLIGHTS

Also: Richard Shakarian, Joseph Garlington, Carlin Nash, Stanley Silverblatt, and Jack Hess

Hosted by: Bob Smith, chairman; Jack Herd and Gene Arnold; co-chairman.

A "Youth Explosion" including workshops, sports activities and "Calling down fire" rallies under the direction of Danny Chambers.

A children's ministry with Bible stories, singing, games and crafts.

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13 to 16 years \$74.00

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No. _____ \$ _____

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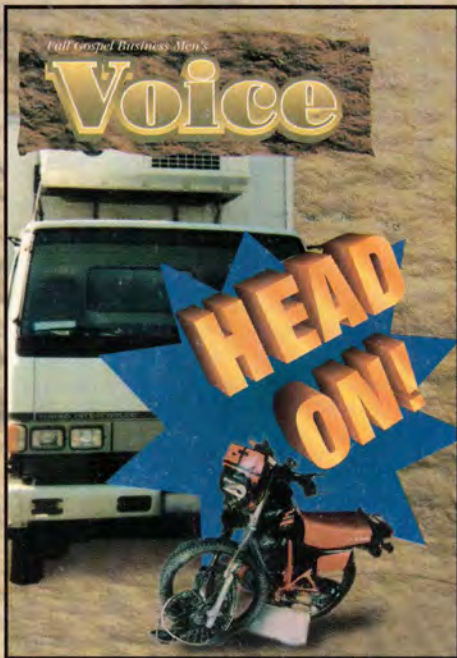
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