



Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

*Millionaire
Mentality*



Contents

A Word From The President

Millionaire Mentality 3

Bill Swad

Good News for Atheists 8

Loyd T. Counce

Tragic but not Criminal 12

Eugen McCormick

From the Abyss 16

Art Colbert

Walk of Faith 22

John Edwards

Newsbreak 24

Special Contests 27

Fellowship Events 28

Six Steps To Salvation 29

Officers and Directors 30



**Richard
Shakarian**

How Can A Man Know God ?

Men have been searching for God for thousands of years... not knowing that He is present all the time, and His Spirit is communicating to all who will listen.

Abraham believed he had heard from God. The Bible says, "by faith Abraham obeyed." The result changed the world, bringing a regard for human life, the Ten Commandments, western culture, and even, through His lineage, our Savior to this world.

A young man in Ireland sat angrily on the first row of a large ball-room. It was one o'clock in the morning, the meeting was long since over. He was disillusioned... he wanted to find God but had fallen into a cult.

As I spoke to him, he gave no indication that he was listening. I said, "Brian, you're obviously trying to find God... and God is reaching out to you. There is only one thing keeping it from happening - it's your mind. The Bible says, God is a Spirit. How do you think your mind can ever understand the mind of the Great Creator? A great attorney and leader was told by Jesus, 'You must be born by the Spirit'."

I noticed a tear roll down the cheek of this angry 30-year-old lad. "Will you accept the Savior?" "Oh, yes," he replied. Then he wept on my shoulder as his spirit received God's Spirit.

To know God, millions have opened their spirit... their inner-heart, and by faith ...touched God.



Richard Shakarian

Richard Shakarian – International President





Millionaire Mentality

Bill Swad, Columbus, OH

The prediction, "Before you are thirty years old, you're going to be a millionaire," came as quite a shock to me because I had grown up with a 'failure mentality'. I was 27 years old, and just starting in business, when my friend took me out to breakfast, sold me a \$1000 insurance policy, telling me at the same time that I was soon going to be a millionaire!

My father had died when I was 19 and I had taken on the responsibility of our family. I went from job to job, doing whatever it took to survive, from hoeing corn in a neighbor's farm in the burning sun for \$1.00 a day, to milking 48 Holsteins twice a day at a dairy farm, and then on to working at North American Aviation for \$1.47 an hour. I was also a part-time salesman at a local Ford dealership.

The car business became so good for me that I quit my job at North American and began selling Fords full time.

One day one of the older salesmen at the Ford dealership was talking with me and I told him how I had started a used car lot until my foreman at North American had talked me out of it by promising some offers that had never worked out. He gave me some fatherly advice, "You know, Bill, you ought to start another used car business right now or you are liable to be sitting here at this desk for the next 20 years and always wonder why you didn't become your own boss!"

I took his advice, and at 8:00 a.m. on April 8, 1957, I arrived at my place of business at the corner of Hamilton Road (an

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"By the next day, I sold 3 cars and made a couple of thousand dollars. I was off and running, I built the largest used car operation in Ohio."

unpaved street) and Broad Street in Columbus. The rent was \$75 a month. I hung a string of six light bulbs and posted a sign that read: "Bill Swad Motor Sales".

I walked past the three cars I had financed and opened the door to the little sales building in the center of the muddy lot with some loose gravel sprinkled on top. The business would not open until 9:30 a.m., but I had arrived early to spend time with my business partner. His name was Jesus.

Looking back, I can see that I had been nothing but an agnostic. From age 14, drinking had been my preoccupation, and by 21, I was a chronic alcoholic. I smoked three packs of cigarettes a day from the time I was 15.

Life was tough, but I fought through it. It was after my marriage at age 20 and the birth of our first son that I came face to face with the reality of a power greater than I ever imagined. Our son was just six weeks old when he became deathly ill. The doctor told us that his severely infected hernia had become life threatening.

At the same time, God, in His mercy, sent to us a young Christian couple and they presented to us the plan of salvation.

Later that night, alone, I had a "Damascus Road" experience. At 4:40 a.m., December 23, 1951, the scales of skepticism fell from my eyes,

Bill and the US Government

There was a time when I had a lot of cars leased to the government, about 6,000 to the United States Post Office. There were some post offices that weren't performing properly. I had one thousand cars leased to the navy and another thousand to the army.

They all got way behind on their payments. I mean, two or three million dollars behind. I was really sweating it out – Big time! I prayed, "God, I have got to get the government to pay me. The government was behind with about six months of payments for the cars leased from me."

I called one of our senators in Washington, praying for God to give me direction. His office said, "Look, get hold of a local man there that helps the senator. We got on my plane and flew to Washington. The senator walked in there, and believe it or not, I left with 50% of my money. In 30 days I had the rest of it."



Bill Swad by his Rolls Royce

and from the depths of my heart, I cried, "Jesus forgive me of my sin. I am asking You to be the Lord of my life!"

So, in that little sales office, I got down on my knees and said, "Lord, this is Your business. I totally dedicate it to You. Everything I do from this moment on is for Your glory and honor." I looked at my watch. It was 9:30 a.m. Bill Swad Motor Sales was open for business!

The next day I sold a car that had been a taxi-cab in Columbus. They had put a new motor in it and traded it on a car. I really didn't make any money on it, but I thought I could sell it to somebody for transportation. A man I knew told me, "I want to buy a car to run around my construction projects." I said, "I have just the car!" I offered it to him for \$110.00. He tried to get me



Bill at his car lot

down to a \$100, but I told him, "I can't sell it for \$100. I have to have at least \$101 because I'm getting ready to go to a tent meeting and want something to put into the offering." He agreed.

When I got to the church, the preacher said, "We're not going to take up an offering tonight because while I was praying this afternoon, God told me that there are three people in the tent with a \$100 bill in their pockets." Up till that day I had never had, or even seen, a \$100 bill. He continued, "Please just stand and come up here." Two women stood up, but I wondered where the third person was.

All the time the Holy Spirit was really moving on me to stand up. The toughest thing I ever did in my life was to get up out of that seat, but once I did it, I knew it was God, and I also knew I was going to get rid of that \$100 bill, which I had had for such a short time. That was 40 years ago, and it was a lot of money back then.

I handed it to the preacher and the ladies handed him theirs. Then he said, "Wait a minute, that's not all." He laid hands on us and said, "By tomorrow, you people are going to get blessed, ten fold, thirty fold, fifty fold, a hundred fold, and you can pray like that." The next day, I sold 3 cars and made a couple of thousand dollars. I was off and running. Before long I had built the largest used car operation in Ohio.

In time I became the largest American Motors dealer in the world. I got my American Motors dealership, by the way, through a Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter where I spoke.

American Motors made a car called "The

Marlin.” It was one of the biggest mistakes they ever made. It was a good running car, but it wasn't the kind of a car that would sell to the average buyer. They weren't in fashion. I had had four of them in stock for a year and couldn't sell them. One Saturday a zone manager called me and said, “Bill, I'm probably going to lose my job if I don't get rid of these cars. I have 300 of them.” I said, “I've got four and can't get rid of them. I want to sell you my four.” He said, “Look, I've called Detroit. I've got a major concession on these. If you'll take all of them, we'll deliver them to you with no charge for delivery.”

I agreed to take them, and then called my banker. He was pretty shocked and said, “You think we can make any money? I doubt that we can.”

We did a full-page ad announcing “Marlin Headquarters For the World.” I had those Marlins on all sides of Hamilton Road. I had them up and down the street. I had some of them a hundred miles away because I didn't have a place to keep them. We prayed, “God, help us to give people a good deal.” And then we had a big sale. Because I had got a good deal, we could cut the price radically. Within 60 days time we had sold them all.

God has helped me write four books that have been a blessing to thousands of people. The first two were, “How I Got Millionaire Mentality,” and “You Can Do It, Too.” In my third book, “Bill Swad's Wealth Building Strategies,” I tell people how to start over 72 businesses with no money.

Then I wrote the book “Don't Let Satan Steal



Bill Swad

Your Harvest.” This book covers questions left open by the others, helping readers discover God's formula for prosperity. I have made these books available for a donation to the FGBMFI. (See pg. 26)

Today, I spend less time at my Chevrolet dealership and more time working with the Full Gospel Business Men.



Good News

JOHN 3

14^a And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up,

15^b that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have eternal life.

16^c For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life.

17^d For God did not send His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.

18^e He who believes in Him is not condemned; but he who does not believe is condemned already, because he has not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

19^f And this is the condemnation, that the light has come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil.

20^g For everyone practicing evil hates the light and does not come to the light, lest his deeds should be exposed.

21^h But he who does the truth comes to the light, that his deeds may be clearly seen, that they have been done in God.

22 After these things Jesus and His disciples

God's Great Love

came into the land of Judea, and there He remained with them and baptized.

23 Now John also was baptizing in Aenon near Salim, because there was much water there. And they came and were baptized.

24 For John had not yet been thrown into prison.

25 Then there arose a dispute between some of John's disciples and the Jews about purification.

26 And they came to John and said to him, "Rabbi, He who was with you beyond the Jordan, to whom you have testified—behold, He is baptizing, and all are coming to Him!"

27 John answered and said, "A man can receive nothing unless it has been given to him from heaven.

28ⁱ You yourselves bear me witness, that I said, 'I am not the Christ,' but, 'I have been sent before Him.'"

29^j He who has the bride is the bridegroom; but the friend of the bridegroom, who stands and hears him, rejoices greatly because of the bridegroom's voice. Therefore this joy of mine is fulfilled.

30^k He must increase, but I must decrease.

31^l He who comes from above is above all; he who is of the earth is earthly and

Woman at the Well

speaks of the earth. He who comes from heaven is above all.

32^m And what He has seen and heard, that He testifies; and no one receives His testimony.

33ⁿ He who has received His testimony has certified that God is true.

34^o For He whom God has sent speaks the words of God, for God does not give the Spirit by measure.

35^p The Father loves the Son, and has given all things into His hand.

36^q He who believes in the Son has everlasting life; and he who does not believe the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abides on him.

4 Therefore, when the Lord knew that the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John

2 (though Jesus Himself did not baptize, but His disciples),

3 He left Judea and departed again to Galilee.

4 But He needed to go through Samaria.

5 So He came to a city of Samaria which is called Sychar, near the plot of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph.

6 Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, be-

JOHN 4

ing wearied from His journey, sat thus by the well. It was about the sixth hour.

7 A woman of Samaria came to draw water. Jesus said to her, "Give Me a drink."

8 For His disciples had gone away into the city to buy food.

9 Then the woman of Samaria said to Him, "How is it that You, being a Jew, ask a drink from me, a Samaritan woman?" For Jews have no dealings with Samaritans.

10 Jesus answered and said to her, "If you know the gift of God, and who it is who says to you, 'Give Me a drink,' you would have asked Him, and He would have given you living water."

11 The woman said to Him, "Sir, You have nothing to draw with, and the well is deep. Where then do You get that living water?"

12^r Are You greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well, and drank from it himself, as well as his sons and his livestock?"

13 Jesus answered and said to her, "Whoever drinks of this water will thirst again,

14^s but whoever drinks of the water that I shall give him will never thirst. But the water that I shall give

For Atheists

September 24, 1961, was the day that revolutionized my life. On that day I “*saw the light.*”

I attended church as a boy, but I never understood or truly experienced Christianity. I grew into adulthood with the philosophy that there is no God. The theory of evolution held great appeal for me.

When I was 31, I was working as a “roughneck” in an Enid, Oklahoma, oil field. This seemingly Godless environment, combined with disillusionment in the lives of some professing Christians, only intensified my there-is-no-God theory. My feelings toward Christians, and particularly preachers, were extremely antagonistic. Preachers disgusted me and I could curse them without any compunction. I refused to attend church for any reason.

My attitude was such that my eldest brother told me (at a later time) that he had never known anyone so hostile toward God, church, and religion. For example, when I was working and living away from home I received a letter from my wife. In the letter she merely mentioned that she wished we could attend church as a family. This so enraged me that, even several days later when I arrived home, my first words to her were, “*Don’t ever mention God or church to me again or I will leave and you will never see me again!*” I meant it. She knew it.

We had moved from our hometown of Seminole, Oklahoma, to Enid, and it was there that our

good, friends Kenneth (a fishing buddy) and “Skeet” Lively, along with their children, came to visit us. I did not suspect that the real reason for their visit was to attempt to persuade me to attend church on Sunday morning.

Sometime after we had moved, Kenneth had attended a revival

My first words to her were, “Don’t ever mention God or church to me again or I will leave and you will never see me again!”

meeting and as a result had become a Christian. It seems the same evangelist who conducted that meeting was presently in Enid with a meeting in progress. Everyone felt if they could just get me to go, something might happen. They had even brought “Sunday-go-to-meeting” clothes for me!

However, my plans for that Sunday morning certainly did not include wasting time in church! I planned for Ken and

I to go fishing at an area lake while the wives and children went to church. However, I met with some resistance when Ken insisted that we should go with them. The more he insisted we should go with them, the more I resisted. I could feel that old

inwardly as the service progressed and had made mental notes of certain things with which I could torment my wife later. Oh! How I was despising those simpleminded people!

Finally the evangelist was introduced and was given charge of the service. He announced that he felt it was God's will for him to sing a song that he had sung the previous Sunday, entitled,

"Sorry I Never Knew You." He sang the first two verses while I secretly ridiculed him. Then suddenly I was listening!

As the message of the song gripped my heart, tears began to sting my eyelids. I was weeping (normally I never wept) in front of my wife, my friends, and a sanctuary full of people. Being humiliated and embarrassed, I leaned forward and placed my head in my hands.

Words cannot adequately describe what happened next. Suddenly an awesome power fell on me, partially paralyzing

"Suddenly an awesome power fell on me, partially paralyzing my body. As I trembled and quaked at the disposal of that power, the thought came to my mind, 'How are they doing this?'"

familiar rage begin to build. I was approaching the point of violence when suddenly, for some reason, I agreed to go.

After the Sunday School service we entered the sanctuary for the worship and preaching services. There were more preliminaries than usual and by the time they ended I was disgusted and bored. To make matters worse, I really needed a cigarette. I had been scoffing

my body. As I trembled and quaked at the disposal of that power, the thought came to my mind, "*How are they doing this?*" Then came the revelation! I was terrified at first, then thrilled. Not knowing what to do, I straightened from my leaning position while crying out, "*There is a God, I can feel Him!*" Needless to say, the order of the service changed.

Of course, having recognized the work of God, my friend Ken and someone else led me or rather helped me to the "mourner's bench." As the sensation of paralysis began to diminish I knelt there and wept profusely. I kept thinking over and over

in my mind, "How could I have been so wrong?" That was repentance!

After several minutes of weeping, those around me gave me instruction (that I do not exactly remember now), but somehow I knew I had been forgiven and accepted by the Lord. When I opened my eyes and looked around, I saw a sea of smiling, tear-stained faces.

You can't imagine the change in my attitude and my feelings toward these people. Just a few minutes prior I was hating and ridiculing them, but now I had an overwhelming desire to leap to my feet and embrace each one in friendship! You talk about an act of God!

I have related this testimony many times in greater detail and some have wondered why God dealt with me in this way. I can only say, with deep gratitude, that it was a work of His sovereign grace. This climactic experience served to bring me exposure to the Bible and Christian fellowship. (As I recall, I was the first one to be ready to attend the evening service that day!) It

I kept thinking over and over in my mind, "How could I have been so wrong?"

is my hope that my testimony will touch those who read it, especially the skeptics.

Assuming that a curiosity or search for God has been born in your heart, I would like to recommend that you seek out a Bible preaching/teaching church. Another option would be to get a Bible and begin reading the New Testament, preferably the Gospel of John. Read



Loyd Counce

and reread the third chapter several times.

There is a God! He is the God-Creator as revealed in the Bible. Any sincere person may discover and know Him after which He will impart irrefutable inward evidences to the believer.

It has been more than thirty-five years, at this writing, since that eventful day. Obviously I am convinced!



A photograph of two cyclists riding outdoors. The cyclist in the foreground is wearing a red helmet and a light blue t-shirt, riding a yellow bicycle. The cyclist behind is wearing a blue helmet and a pink t-shirt, riding a red bicycle. They are both smiling and looking forward. The background is a blurred green landscape under a blue sky.

TRAGIC BUT NOT CRIMINAL

Eugene McCormick
Nanaimo, B.C., Canada

“Oh, no!” I said, as I got out of my van. There, behind a parked car, lay an unconscious 15-year-old boy, who had fallen off his BMX bicycle. He had just fled from my store after it had been vandalized. Little did I know at that moment that my life was about to be turned upside down.

I was a Christian businessman and, with my wife, ran a successful chain of bicycle stores. I was a family man and had led a clean life. Aside from a divorce, my life had been pretty normal. That was about to change.

Vandalism had become rampant in our city. Losing one of my store's large windows during a break-in was a yearly thing. It was September and a Tuesday night. I stayed late after closing and was doing bookwork when I heard a loud bang. One of my store windows had been hit with some object. I ran out of my store into the dark street and couldn't see anyone, so I jumped into my van and drove half a block when I saw two teenagers on their bikes behind a closed service station across from my store. They did not see me as I drove by. I continued down the street and made a U-turn. When I returned, the youths were in front of my store by the broken window. When they saw me pull up in my van, they fled. I pursued one of them and passed him in my van. I stopped and got out to grab him, but he got away. I decided to try one more time.

I finally caught up to him and was about to pass when he fell off his bike, hitting a parked car and then the pavement. I stopped the van and got out. He was laying face up with his eyes closed. He didn't appear to be hurt, but I could not get any response from him. I rushed back to my store and called the police and an ambulance. I began to go into shock from the incident, but the next day the real shock came when the police read me my rights. I was told the young man received serious brain injuries in the fall and would probably be brain dead.

That evening I visited my pastor and his wife who prayed for me and the boy. That was the start of my daily prayers for the injured youth. Three weeks later I appeared in court and was charged with criminal negligence causing bodily harm, plus three other charges. I was then fingerprinted and photographed.

Shortly afterwards, I received a summons stating a civil lawsuit was pending against me. I couldn't believe this was happening; it was like a bad dream. A trial date was set for a year later and my future was put on hold. During the next twelve months my church and many Christians were praying for me and for the recovery of the

brain-injured teenager.

A month before the trial I had to decide on judge and jury, or judge only. My pastor, his wife and I prayed. We got the word "jury." Then good news came from my lawyer that the injured teenager had made a miraculous recovery. My lawyer who saw the boy testify against me during the trial was amazed at his condition. He said it wasn't doctors that did it but "lots of prayer." I could see God responding to all those prayers when another break came. A witness came forward to testify that he saw me that night driving safely during my pursuit.

I went to my church Sunday, the day before my trial, wondering if this would be my last Sunday there. My faith in God's promises was about to be tested, for tomorrow I would have to walk into the fire.

The Case

Monday morning came and, with my lawyer, I walked into the Supreme Courtroom of British Columbia, which was jam-packed with teenage spectators. This trial was to be front page news for the next four days and on every radio news-cast. I sat in the middle of the

I began to go into shock from the incident, but the next day the real shock came when the police read me my rights.

*Gene McCormick's
daughter, Kim.*

court room in a cubical where murderers sit. I could hear voices behind me calling me "killer," "he's guilty." I wasn't shaken for I knew people were praying for me. I had complete peace and I heard a quiet voice inside me saying, "I'm with you -- the battle is Mine." I heard that small voice for the next two days during the heat of the trial.

The original judge was taken off the case. A judge feared by lawyers was put on. After the jury trial was over and the verdict was in, my lawyer asked the judge what his verdict would be. "The same, not guilty. I would have acquitted Mr. McCormick," he said.

The original crown prosecutor was taken off my case days before the trial and a lady prosecutor was put on. She did not have any experience in front of a jury.

During cross examination I was asked if I had any remorse. "Plenty," I said to the jury and judge, telling them they were witnessing a miracle of God in the courtroom, referring to the remarkable recovery of the



injured youth. He was the recipient of hundreds of prayers from Christians and myself.

The other teenager, who was with the youth I had chased, denied in court any wrongdoing, but admitted he had a criminal record for possession of stolen goods. The jury had to listen to fourteen witnesses for the crown and three for the defense. They spent the next two days deliberating on four individual charges. If they had found me guilty on any charge, I would have been a ruined man, for I would have breached my auto insurance contract, leaving me alone to face the civil lawsuit.

My teenage daughter, Kim, took four days off

from college to spend the long hours in the courthouse with me. My ex-wife, Sandy, who is remarried, graciously ran my business. The young lawyer I hired (who was new to me and I believe was chosen by God) told me during the trial that he hadn't lost a case in four years. However, he could not predict the outcome. Half an hour before the verdict came down I heard that small quiet voice again. It said, "The battle is won."

Finally a tired jury entered the court room with expressionless faces. I calmly waited the verdict. "Not Guilty" said the jury foreman! I bowed my head and quietly thanked God. I was cleared of all four charges. The Crown could not appeal a jury decision. The burden had been lifted off my shoulders. One of God's many promises to every believer was fulfilled.

"Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all" (Psalm 34:19).

I should mention there was a multi-million dollar civil lawsuit that followed. My auto insurance company told me to get my personal things in order for I didn't have a chance of winning.

However, I put my trust in the Lord again with lots of prayer. Two days before the trial, the insurance

Two weeks later I was perfectly healed!

company settled out of court within my insurance limits. Also, my insurance rate never went up and I never lost my safe driving discount. I would say God had a hand in this also.

Many years ago I appeared on the 700 Club. I had hurt my back on Christmas Day. When I phoned the 700 Club, I was instantly healed.

I believe in doctors. A few years ago, I had an infection that got out of control. An operation was necessary, they said, and if I didn't comply, my problem would never return to normal. I canceled the operation and had my friends at church pray. Two weeks later I was perfectly healed and better than new. Praise God!

I'm currently attending Christian Fellowship Centre in Qualicum, B.C., Canada, and am a member of an FGBMFI in Nanaimo, B.C.





FROM THE ABYSS

Art Colbert
Springfield, Illinois

We were two middle-class American citizens, well educated, with three Master's degrees between us, both of us pastors dedicated to serving God... Then we fell into the abyss. I went from pulpit to prison. Sharon went from pulpit to prison visits. From the abyss, I asked God, "Where are you?" Sharon prayed, "Please... send your angels!"

Before we met Jesus, we had both had many childhood wounds. I was abandoned by my mother and father. My uncle found me alone in an

apartment at age two and took me home to live with my five cousins. Though I accepted salvation at age nine, I became the family whipping post. Most of my young life was filled with humiliation and hopelessness. I had no sense of purpose until, at age 19, I experienced a call to the ministry. For decades I resisted that call. Finally submitting, I served parishes for ten years.

Sharon's mother had died when she was a baby. Her childhood was filled with emotional and physical abuse. She was the ugly duckling. As a child, she carried on a monologue with God from her sanctuary at the top of a cedar tree. In her late twenties, her search for God intensified after her two-year-old son died in an auto accident. She found Christ through a lay pastor's

invitation. Monologue turned to dialogue. She began to discover God's beauty and the ugly duckling began to grow into a swan. The Holy Spirit filled her with so much love and joy and zest for life that she could hardly contain it. During this time, the grass was so green! Bible verses came to life! After twenty-five years of marriage ended in divorce, she submitted to God's call to ministry -- to "give up serving one to serve many."

Christ was making a difference in Sharon's and my lives, but not in ways we expected. We met in seminary. We never expected to fall in love. In 1994, we served in parishes over 100 miles apart, even though we planned to marry. Our plans were put on hold when an accusation was made against me, charging criminal sexual assault. Sometimes the accusation becomes the indictment. Sometimes, even in America, you are not innocent until proven guilty. God allows freedom of choice, even to the extent of tainting the states only witness against you. It was a nightmare of evil.

We remained faithful. Jesus was very real, but God seemed distant. Holy Week took on a whole new meaning. We sensed Jesus' agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. We experienced the friends who "fell asleep"—who would not pray with us. We were betrayed and denied. The beating Jesus took became far too real. Jesus remained our connection to God...and the angels ministered to us, both in supernatural and human form.

The first angel appears...

Sunday, Sharon led worship and preached. Sunday School followed. Halfway through Sharon's class, Florence, one of the members of

her class said, "You know, while you were preaching, there was a light behind you, and it kept getting larger and larger. Then it became really large until I could see an angel standing behind you."

The entire class sat in silence. Florence was a rock-solid person. There was nothing radical or flaky about this woman! Sharon took a deep breath, and said: "You know, I think God wanted you to tell me that. I have had a rough week!" (She didn't tell them how devastated she was when a request for prayer had fallen on deaf ears in a clergy support group.) Florence said, "I didn't



Art and Sharon on their wedding day.

know that.” Sharon said, “God did!”

At this point, I am going to let Sharon tell the rest of the story.

It got rougher. We were running out of money. For weeks we heard “Cop a plea!” Art decided he could not plead-bargain. The only thing of value that he had was his honor. His suicide note read, “One too many persons has failed me.” As he wavered near death, part of me wanted to let him go, to end the misery. For eight months I had watched the man I loved be emotionally stripped and beaten again and again right before my eyes. If you really want to hurt me, hurt someone I love. Driving home that night, tears streamed down my face and another part of me cried out to God “No! Don’t let him die!” Miraculously, he survived. I remembered the angel.

To make a long story short...

May ‘95—The trial was to have taken two weeks; it took two days. Our attorney cleared his desk of the case. He never called the former pastor nor any of the witnesses ready to testify. Stunned, the word “Guilty” exploded like a bomb! Art drove home in silence; I

sobbed. I had not felt such intense pain since hearing my son was dead. If you have ever lost a child, you know the gut-wrenching pain. We were living a pastor’s worst nightmare! Naively, we had waited for our defense. It never happened. Some would say God had abandoned us.

God was there...

July 10, 1995—Art was sentenced and incarcerated. My daughter rode with us to the courthouse. Lori is a Lieutenant in the Department of Corrections. I lovingly say “Lori is not delicate and sweet like me!” We refer to her as Zena—Warrior Princess. When Art was convicted, it did a “head trip” on Lori. She believed the system worked. She was learning another side of our less than perfect system. Lori coached Art on how to stay alive — things not to say, who not to associate with, the ins-and-outs of prison survival.

In the courtroom, as the bailiff handcuffed Art, people crowded around him. I couldn’t get close to him. Through the crowd I saw Lori, tears running down her face, giving Art a peck on the cheek. That was not my tough Lori, who never kissed her dad or anyone in public, who never wept in public. That was God.

The shell of the man I asked God to spare was taken to Joliet prison in belly chains on a D.O.C. bus. A heat wave killed nearly 600 people while Art was locked in a two-man cell with no fan or air conditioning. He wore a dirty yellow jumpsuit someone else had just taken off. His sweat-soaked two-inch mattress never dried out. In nine days, he was allowed two showers. At our first visit he asked, “Are you sure this is better than death?” I was looking at a dead man walking. He had lost hope.

Weeks after his incarceration, I found my courage and began to tell our story. "I am in love with two convicted criminals, one of whom (Jesus) was never exonerated in a court of law. As a result of simply telling our Christian testimony, I was led to a national psychological forensic expert, Dr. Lawrence Spiegel. Dr. Spiegel studied our case and declared "This is the second worst travesty of justice I have seen in ten years." God whispered, "Your answer will come, but not as you expect."

The Angel Milton...

Milton appeared in human form. Art had been incarcerated for several months when a gentle, quiet man came into our service and sat right down front. Some would not call him "normal", although he appeared to be very intelligent. Many would think of him as developmentally challenged. His features were symptomatic of a person with Down's Syndrome. I did not know who he was, but he seemed to be with me through the service.

After worship he introduced himself as Milton and said "I have a message for you -- James 1:2-12." I thought this was strange. Quickly, I stepped into my office to read the text. It begins, "Consider it pure joy, my brothers, whenever you face trials of many kinds, because you know that the testing of your faith develops perseverance." It ends with "Blessed is the man who perseveres under trial..." (NIV).

I stepped out of my office and invited Milton to stay for class where he told us his reason for being in Springfield. Milton was from New

Orleans. God had sent him to Springfield to give a message to someone. He did not know to whom until now.

Huddled around the table, we looked at one another as we absorbed his message. We shared with Milton the trials Art and I had gone through the past year. Milton left. The last we heard from him was a message on the church answering machine with his address and "Keep in touch!" For over a year, we sent him the church newsletter until one day it came



Art in the kitchen. He loves to cook.

back stamped: Undelivered —
Addressee Unknown.

God was there...

Bill Day of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship Chaper came by the church one day. "We'd like to hear your testimony." Oh, you don't want to hear my testimony. "Yes, we do." They anointed me with oil for Art's safety. God was honoring the telling of our story. Psalm 118:17 I will not die but live, and will proclaim what the LORD has done.

1996—God was there...

Art was moved to Taylorville which was soon to be declared "gang free." Julio, a gang leader, interceded as 20 guys tried to beat up Art. Within two hours, Julio got Art moved to another room in the prison. What Art and Julio did not know was that a prayer meeting was in full swing. One of the women from the neighborhood laid face down, prostrate on the floor, and prayed, "God, I give all my prayers to Art today.

I want all my answers to prayer to go to Art today." I remember thinking, "Oh, my! I hope she doesn't need them" (living in the inner city). The next morning Art called...



"You'll never guess what happened yesterday!"
God was not the oppressor.
God was not the accuser.
God was our Epiphany,
our light from the abyss...

An Epiphany is a manifestation of the divine revealed through light. Let's go back to fall '95. I visited Art. Normally I left around 5 o'clock for the long drive home. That night about 4, Art said, "You need to go. I don't know why, but you need to go now."

So I left, drove into Canton, where I had my Dairy Queen comfort food — "Full Meal Deal" — complete with hot fudge sundae. I was finishing up the sundae when I heard someone say, "You can't see the rainbow from there." I thought, "Rainbow! I love rainbows!" I devoured the rest of the sundae and went outside where I could see part of a double rainbow. I decided I would see it much better from the highway south of town.

As I drove out of town, on my left was a gloriously perfect double rainbow! To complement this beauty, the sun was shining on the golden fall leaves moist with raindrops. I drove along soaking up the surrealistic beauty! A few miles later, I turned west and drove directly into the setting sun—a perfect golden ball—resting on the center of the highway. Having extremely light-sensitive eyes, my first reaction should have been to lower the visor and grab my sunglasses. I did neither. The bright light felt warm, soothing, wonderful. This not being my norm, I asked, “God, is this a sign?”

IMMEDIATELY, out of the passenger’s side of the windshield, I saw a billboard, which said “With God All Things Are Possible” (Matthew 19:26b).

I never put on my sunglasses. I never lowered the visor. I never turned on the radio. I drove home (two hours) in the most powerful Spirit-filled silence I have ever experienced. The Holy presence of God filled our Ford Escort!

Ours is not the typical testimony. Yes, we felt abandoned, but we can’t deny the miracles. In the last few lines of the Beatitudes, Jesus gave us a promise:

Blessed are you when people insult you, persecute you and falsely say all kinds of evil against you because of me (Matthew 5:10, 11).

We are blessed each time we tell our story. We are blessed as God turns evil on its head. We give thanks and praise to a loving God, who did not allow us to remain in a powerless, helpless state. Our answer did come, but not as we expected.

Answers came in ways I did not fully appreciate at the time. The angels ministered to us as they did Jesus when he came out of the wilder-

ness. Florence’s angel of light stood right behind me, letting me know that God was with me no matter what happened. Milton’s message was: Our faith was being tested, we needed to persevere, we needed to keep in touch with God.

Also, we needed to tell the story of what God was doing and not stay focused on the injustice. We know God has power, but does not always use that power to rescue us from painful experiences. Bad things do happen to good people. As we choose to live and tell what the LORD has done, the LORD lifts us out of the abyss. Art served his full sentence as a model prisoner for, 21 months. He was released April 9, 1997. In the Old Testament, Joseph spent years in prison for something he did not do. God used him. God used Art in prison.

Finally, step-by-step, we are still making payments for legal fees to an attorney we trust and who believes in us. We are still seeking exoneration. We have a court date this Friday. We don’t know how the bills will get paid, but we know who keeps our hearts and our souls.



Walk of Faith

John Edwards, Taft, CA



The November day was brisk as John Edwards' mother, Kathy Johnson, made her daily thirty-five mile trip to pick her son up from the small rural public school he had attended from 2nd grade.

John's mother had visited a children's clothing consignment shop that morning and had seen a sports jacket she thought he might like. They went into the store and, to her amazement, John wanted every item of dress clothing and shoes they had in his size. As they paid for their purchases, John announced, "Now I can sit at the head table at the dinner meetings." Startled, his mother replied, "But John, you have to be a member of the Full Gospel Business Men in order to sit at the head table." John questioned her, "How do I do that?" "You have to pay the thirty dollar membership fee, John," she answered. Amused

by her son's actions, and thinking that was the end of the matter, she shared the story with her husband, John's step-father, Mike Johnson. They chuckled over their son's cute remarks but thought it was a passing phase. Little did they know just how serious he was.

Kathy had married John's step-dad when he was five years old. Mike is the only father he has ever known. John was proud of his dad who served for two years as the Taft Chapter President and as Field Representative of Kern County for two years.

A month later John received some money for Christmas and when his mother asked him how he was going to spend it, he announced, "I'm saving it to buy my membership in the Full Gospel Business Men." Thinking again that he was being unrealistic, she tried to dissuade him, but he was adamant. Finally, seeing that he was serious, she helped him open a bank account with his money and, as the weeks and months went by, he added to it by collecting cans and doing odd jobs. He started breeding rabbits and selling the babies. By March he had saved twenty dollars towards his membership and he approached the chapter president, Chuck Shannon.

Chuck called the World Headquarters and spoke to Eric Pittser, who was so excited that he

said he would pay the rest of John's membership. John, at seven years old, was the youngest member ever of the Full Gospel Business Men Fellowship International.

John was thrilled the first time he sat at that head table. He is a familiar sight at the dinner meetings in Taft and throughout Southern and Central California. At the Taft meetings, he is normally seated beside the speaker. His only problem is that he can rarely stay awake until the end of the meetings. Most times he can be found after the meeting, sound asleep under a table, his head pillowed by his sports jacket.

John has begun to attend the men's weekly prayer meetings and enters into praise and worship during the Chapter meetings. He was filled with the Holy Ghost as a tiny boy and prays in tongues right along with the men. As the men minister, he is right there, stretching his hands out in prayer and offering his bottle of anointing oil. When his father is scheduled to speak at a dinner meeting, John will sometimes minister in song.

John has earned his own way to attend the men's advances at Camp Sugar Pine. He has learned the value of earning his own money, and is a faithful tither. John has seen God supply his need as he has learned and practiced the principles of sowing and reaping.

After joining the chapter, John's heart's desire was to become a life-time member. He again began saving and also sowed into offerings, believing that God would meet his financial need. God moved tremendously in John's life in the financial area. It seemed that the money just came in. He would go to the local supermarket to sell his rabbits at the entrance and three or four would be sold in a short time. He was faithful to tithe and then added each small amount to his



*John with Chuck Shannon,
President of the Taft Chapter*

savings account. By the time his first year's membership expired in March of 1998, he was able to purchase his life-time membership.

There has been a tremendous movement and growth in the youth at the Taft Chapter since John began his walk of faith. Children from John's age through their teens are coming to the Chapter meetings. They are being saved, healed, delivered and baptized in the Holy Ghost.

John is a regular little boy. He likes to play soccer, ride bikes and chase after bugs and reptiles, but when you ask him about the FGBMFI, he is very serious. Ask him why he wanted to join and he will tell you that he wants to help people find Jesus and wants to be like his Dad.



NEWSBREAK

Steven Brooks

Testimony of Uganda Airlift

God did a mighty work in Uganda as we witnessed special miracles in every service. Our first speaking engagement was at Christian Life Center, packed full with 7,000 people attending. As the Gospel message concerning prosperity went forth, faith ignited in the hearts of the listeners and a miracle offering was taken for the work of the church.

Next, the Gift of Healings came into operation as Steven called out many who had sickness through the Word of Knowledge. Many of the sick were instantly healed. As Steven spoke at the



Steven Brooks in Uganda

Kampola Fire Conference many were set free from poverty through the teaching of God's Word concerning finances.

Throughout the two-week crusade he spoke 2 to 3 times per day at businessmen's meetings, churches, and on the last day at the source of the Nile River in Jinja, Uganda. God always confirmed His Word with signs and wonders following.

The God Mobile

In September 1998 the Western Washington State Fair in Puyallup was the scene of a spiritual invasion. An eight by ten foot trailer, called the God Mobile, was set up on the Fairgrounds. Based on their responses people are led to realize that nothing we do will get us to heaven, but that Jesus has made a way. Those who make a commitment are invited to sign their name to say that they have received Christ. During the 17 days 1319 people signed their names. This was not counting the many who made commitments, but who did not want to sign their names.

Start A Chapter Today

If you would like to establish a chapter in your area, please contact the International Headquarters. Ask for the Chapter Department.

(949)260-0700, fax (949)260-0718

or www.fgbmfi.org

24- Hour Praise Report Line (949) 224-9946

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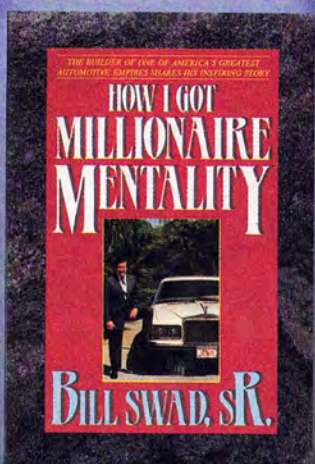
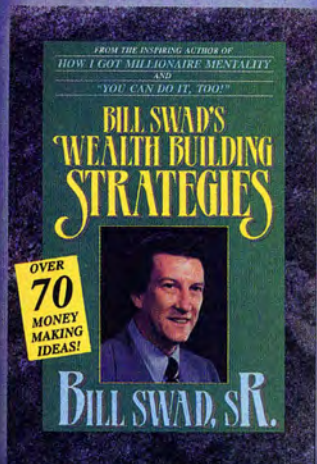
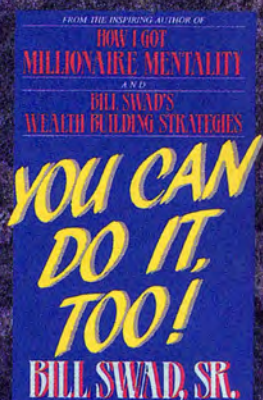
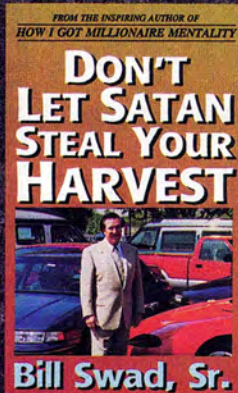
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*Adopt-A-Box
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Fellowship Events

SOUTHERN CALIF. MEN'S ADVANCE

Oct. 30-Nov. 1, 1998

Contact: Jim Fitch
14603 Bella Ct.
Whittier, CA 90604
(562) 946-8062-B

KEARNY, NEB., USA STATE VOICE RALLY

Oct. 30-31, 1998

Regency Inn
For Reservations:
(800) 246-9068

COLUMBUS, OH., USA Oct. 30, 1998

Contact: Bill Swad
(561) 225-1418

MONTPELIER, OH., USA Oct. 31, 1998

Contact: Tom Packard
(419) 867-8401

FT. DODGE, IA., USA REGIONAL MTG.

Nov. 6-7, 1998

Starlite Village Hwy. 169
(515) 292-5629

GUATEMALA NAT'L CONV. Nov. 6-7, 1998

Robert Recinos
+502-595-4917
+502-471-6260 Fax

OKLAHOMA FALL MEN'S CAMP Nov. 6-8, 1998

YORKTON, SASK., CANADA MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE Nov. 6-8, 1998

CANADIAN NAT'L CONV., TORONTO

Nov. 12-14, 1998

Contact: Jacques Philibert
or Lynn Morris
(416) 675-1717

CAROLINA'S COUPLE'S ADVANCE

SOUTHPORT, N.C.

Nov. 13-15, 1998

SEATTLE, WA., USA N.W. REGIONAL CONV.

Nov. 26-28, 1998

Contact: Bob Bignold
(425) 226-3522-B
(253) 631-8891-R

CINN., OHIO., USA OHIO-KENTUCKY-INDIANA

Nov. 26-28, 1998

Contact: Steve Wilson
(937) 386-2135 h
(937) 386-2528

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA

Dec. 10, 1998

Contact: Ron Hutzal
(403) 281-4380

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA, CANADA

Dec. 11, 1998

Contact: Ron Hutzal
(403) 281-4380

OREGON NEWPORT RALLY

**SHILO INN,
NEWPORT, OR, USA**

Jan. 7-10, 1999

Contact: Peter Reding
(503) 292-2161 tel/fax
e-mail: peter@redingworld.com

COUPLES' ADVANCE COEUR D'ALENE RESORT, IDAHO, USA

Jan. 14-16, 1999

Contact: Blake Carlson
(509) 483.0308

LATIN LEADERS CONV. MIAMI, FLORIDA, USA

Jan. 15-17, 1999

GEORGIA MEN'S ADVANCE EATONTON, GA., USA

Jan. 22-24, 1999

Jan. 29-31, 1999
Contact: Jimmy Rogers

USA NATIONAL DIRECTORS MEETING SEATTLE AIRPORT SEATTLE, WA

Feb. 25, 1999

Doubletree Hotel
Contact: FGBMFI Headquarters
Ron Weinbender
(949) 260-0700

USA NATIONAL CONVENTION SEATTLE, WA

Feb. 26-27, 1999

ANAHEIM, CA., USA FGBMFI-INT'L WORLD CONV.

July 25-31, 1999

Contact: FGBMFI Headquarters
Ron Weinbender
(949) 260-0700

Send all your events info.
to the International H.Q.

6 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 you 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 shalt confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in your heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, you 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 believes 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 those 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."

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

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

Signature _____

Name _____

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