I asked for forgiveness
NASCAR Champion
Darrell Waltrip
Lee Iaccoca, former Chairman of Chrysler Corporation, and Richard Shakarian, International President, shares some personal moments recently before a FGBMFI video taping.

God is doing something fresh and new throughout the Fellowship all over the world. Businessmen coming to know the Lord in a personal way in record numbers. God continues to be oh so faithful. The Holy Spirit links us together in love. More effective than marching like an army throughout the land, we have that love-link to the people that only the Holy Spirit can accomplish. People see that we are genuine, and that the Holy Spirit that we represent, wants to love them into His Kingdom. As a result, we are making a positive impact upon leadership, globally.

We helped to commemorate 9-11 in Washington, D.C. Many saw us on international television. It was an intercessors’ prayer summit for America held on the Pentagon lawn. Hundreds of intercessors gathered as Dr. Dhinakaran, Pat Robertson and I were the principle speakers, among others.

As we worshipped the Lord, I had a vision. When I was 12 years old, I went to a youth camp in the San Bernardino Mountains in order to be filled with Christ and His precious Holy Spirit. I prayed for hours. Around midnight, I had a vision of the feet of Jesus. His love came into my heart in an incredible way. I was so changed that at that young age, I left that place and founded 300 Bible clubs. Many thousands came to Christ.
In Washington, D.C., God gave me a little vision which showed me “the rest of the story.” I saw myself as a 12-year-old boy. I was kneeling at the feet of Jesus. But now I was not just focused on his feet. Now He showed me the whole picture. He was standing in front of me, He bent over and when His hand touched my head, all of His compassion and love that I had originally felt came and overwhelmed me. I received a new understanding of the compassion of Christ. I can feel His love and His presence even this very moment for you.

Yours for His love to be manifest in the world,

Richard Shakarian,
International President

P. S. It is virtually impossible to share a small portion of what God is doing throughout the world in VOICE. So we’ve begun a new two-page section of VOICE called “MIRACULOUS E-MAILS”. Let me know how God has touched you.
My wife, Stevie, is my best friend. We’ve lived together for over 30 years. She’s not just my mate, my wife, or my kid’s mother. With that friendship comes true commitment. Racing makes one realize a lot about commitment. In the beginning, all NASCAR married couples are in the same boat, trying to make a living out of a racing career.

Years ago, I had accomplished a lot of things that I wanted to accomplish. I said to myself, “Is this all there is?”

I’ve done all these things. I’ve been to all these places. I’ve met presidents. I’ve had dinner in the White House. Is that all there is? I started to realize that winning races is not all there is, it is your relationships; and your relationship with your wife is the most important relationship you have here on earth.

Then comes my relationship with my two children. We did not have children for 18 years. There is a greater appreciation for those children, than if we would have had them right after we got married. Having children caused a big change in our life.

There are times I have a miserable day. I am a performer; and if I do not perform well, I’ve had a bad day. If it wasn’t for Stevie coming to my car, putting that scripture on the dashboard, and telling me, “You can do it.
FOUNDER
Demos Shakarian

OFFICERS
International President, Richard Shakarian
International Executive Vice-President, John Carrette
USA Executive Vice-President, James Priddy
International Secretary, Kwabena Darko
Assistant Secretary, Bruno Caamano
Treasurer, Chris Wilmot

PUBLICATIONS
Editor, Bob Armstrong

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

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS
If experiencing difficulty in receiving Voice, or if receiving more than one copy each month at the same address, or if there is variance in the way your name appears, please return an undesired label. If you are getting ready to move, send a label with your new address sixty days in advance to the Subscription Department. If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through Voice, we would like to invite you to request submit your story to the Publications Department.

VOICE (ISSN0042-8264) is published monthly for $10 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN’S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, 27 Spectrum Pointe Drive, Suite 312, Lake Forest, CA 92630. Incorporated January 2, 1953, as a non-profit religious corporation. Periodicals postage paid at Lake Forest, California, and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to:

VOICE
27 Spectrum Pointe Dr., Suite 312
Lake Forest, CA 92630
Phone: 949-461-0100 Fax: 949-609-0344
www.fgbmfi.org
EMAIL: International@mail.fgbmfi.org
You can do it! You show those young kids that you are as good as they are!"

That is the kind of encouragement it takes to win. We learned how to talk to each other. That is very important. We actually went to a Christian counselor. The Bible tells us to seek Godly counsel. One can seek bad counsel and get bad advice. But we found a Christian counselor. It’s been one of the best things we ever did.

Over 20 years ago, my nickname was “Jaws”. I had a love/hate relationship with the fans. They booed me. It went off the (boo) meter in the late 70’s and early 80’s. I kind of promoted that. It did not really bother me that much. My mind set was: “Hey, they are making noise, that’s all I care. When they mention my name, something happens.” So that was a part of who I was.

What I did not realize was how damaging it was to my future and also to my family. Stevie was standing on the sideline in tears. It was painful to her. In the middle 1980’s I made an absolute commitment to change that image. I saw how much it was hurting my mom, my dad and my wife. Believe me, that was hard to do.

By that time, my relationship with the Lord had changed, too.
That had a lot to do with it. I didn’t want to be known just as the guy who used to drive the Budweiser car.

I’ll never forget one Saturday I was sitting in my den at home. I was drinking a beer, watching a football game. All of sudden, I looked out the window, and I saw my preacher and two deacons walking up the sidewalk. I ran into the kitchen and covered up all the beer, and got out a Pepsi and ran back to the couch and greeted them, “Oh, hi, how are you doing today?”

At that point in time I had made a huge commitment to my church. I prayed with my pastor and the Lord that He would come into my life and He would be Lord of my life. I was trying to change my life. But I really wasn’t trying too hard.

I was driving the Budweiser car for Junior Johnson; and I was winning races, making money hand over fist. I had won many championships. I had it all!

These guys (the preacher and deacons) had the nerve to come to my house on Saturday afternoon. The preacher, who really liked me, said, “You know, you say one thing, but you are doing something else.” He knew my heart. He continued, “In order for you to get where you want to go, you are going to have to make some big changes in your life. You are going to have to give up some things.”

I asked, “Well, like what?”

He said, “Like that Budweiser
sponsorship. You have to quit driving that car.”

I immediately reacted. “Man, you don’t know what you are talking about? That is the best sponsorship in racing. And besides, I don’t make those decisions. It is Junior Johnson’s car. I drive his car. Whatever he puts on his car, that is what I drive. I can’t do that. That would be impossible.”

His reply, “Well, we need to pray about that.”

He prayed me right out of that car! Do you know what he prayed me in to? The Tide sponsorship to help me “clean up my act.”

All of a sudden, it was not what Darrell Waltrip had done for Darrell Waltrip. It’s what the Lord had done for Darrell Waltrip! All of a sudden, the picture changed. The vision changed. The relationship with the fans changed. Everything changed!

In the early years, drivers didn’t spend a lot of time together. We saw each other on Sunday at the driver’s meeting. You put on your helmet, get into your cars, and really and truly, you didn’t really get to know the guy. You knew them by their number. I used to pray, “Lord, you know it’s me, number 17!” At the time, that’s how He knew who I was; at least, that’s what I thought.

There have always been those times that drivers cannot stand each other when we bang into each other. Grudges used to go on for a long period of time, week-after-week. The biggest thing that I have learned is that you’ve just got to go to the other driver and say, “I’m sorry! I made a mistake.” The guys that will do that are the guys that I really respect. This is a tough guy’s sport. We are on the track going 190 mph, risking our lives. It is a tough guy image. So you keep a lot of feelings and hurts buried inside. It is good to have somewhere to go with those feelings, whether it be your wife, or a chaplain.

I remember one race Ricky Cravens hit me on the last lap of the race and spun me out. I jumped out of my race car. I was really looking for him. I got to Ricky Cravens’ car and I jerked his window net down. I was doing everything, but smacking him. He was sitting there and was devastated that Darrell Waltrip was acting this way. This was the supposed “new” Darrell Waltrip. I was acting like a big fool. We went to the next race in Phoenix,
where my brother Michael had been asked to pray at the Sunday morning church service. Michael couldn’t make it so he asked me to pray. I assured him, “Yeah, I guess so.”

I was sitting on the front row. It came time to pray. I stood up and turned around, and who am I looking at dead in the eye—Ricky Cravens!

There I am, trying to get up and pray for this crowd, a “man of God”, and yet I have this broken relationship. I had to ask him, right there in front of all those drivers, to forgive me. I admitted, “I can’t pray because I have something in my heart against Ricky Cravens.” Then I asked Ricky to come up to the front. Ricky sheepishly walked forward, not sure what was going to happen. I asked him for forgiveness. I put my arm around him, and held him in my arms; and then I could pray. When I finished there was not a dry eye there. These tough competitors were crying underneath their sun visors. It was an incredible experience that really impacted me.

We’re thankful for the assistance with Motor Racing Outreach (www.go2mro.com) as well as the use of copyrighted photographs throughout, courtesy of www.ciastockphoto.com.
LIFE
AFTER DEATH
Dr. Glenn T. Smith
Washington
All my life I had grown up in a Catholic family going to church, becoming an altar boy, but really never knowing God. I attended a Catholic high school and was an unpopular sort of individual. When I attended school there was a revival of teenagers going on in my home neighborhood. Many of the children of Full Gospel Businessmen were becoming saved and starting meetings. Many of my high school friends were becoming these crazy, religious fanatics that called themselves Christian and spoke in these weird languages that no one understood. I did not want to associate with them and therefore kept losing friends to “God.”

After high school I flunked out of flight school within six months and started getting very depressed. I felt like a total loser and after only one year of community college moved back home and in with my parents. I fought with my mother constantly and had no real relationship with my father. I became miserable and did not want to continue living.

All my life my father had been in medicine and first aid as a paramedic. He had syringe needles around as well as IV equipment for emergency medicine. Naturally, I had been trained on how to use this equipment and how to inject things into people, draw blood from people. I knew just how to end my miserable existence!

On Saturday evening, Labor Day weekend, 1985, after having had such a miserable fight with my parents, they took off with the RV not telling me where they were going. They did this so they did not have to be with me, so I went to sleep. I woke on Sunday feeling so awful that I decided I no longer desired to live. I took

Glenn Smith at age 18 just before his life-changing vision.
a IV shot needle filled with Lysol from under my parents sink and injected it into my vein in my right arm. I remember intense heat as I did this and falling to the floor. I remember standing up and looking down at myself laying there dead with a needle sticking out of my arm.

The next thing I knew I was at an open casket funeral in the Catholic church that my family had attended all my life, one block away from my house. I remember looking into the casket and seeing myself. I remember seeing my mother and father, my grandmother and many of my friends whom I had known in the church. I remember walking to the back of the church and trying to speak with a friend who had invited me to the Bible study. I was standing in between him and the priest while the priest was talking. I remember Brian (my friend) looking straight through me at the priest and never knowing that I was there.

I just assumed he was being rude and turned around and sat in the seat in front of him. It was at that point that I was no longer in the church.

What I felt was the absence of anything good ever. I was in abject terror. I was in a very bad place seeing very bad things knowing that I would never again be in the presence of anything good, anything Godly or anything other than absolute terror. I knew that I was in hell. I knew that I would be there forever and I knew that I was totally separated from God for all of eternity.

I was in a shadowed room that appeared very much to be underground. I could see a few people around. I could see a few moving shadow-like creatures and I could see what appeared to be tree roots. One place that I
looked there was a woman being held against a dirt wall by these roots. They were growing into and out of her arms and around her as if she had been there for a very long time. I looked at her and saw what appeared to be a snake in her mouth crawling in the back of her head and out her mouth. I could see her watching this happen. I could tell that she was unable to stop it. I looked away from that and over to where I saw a man being held down by creatures made entirely of what appeared to be a dark shadow. They were holding him to a stump and flaying him alive. He was screaming in agony. I had never experienced terror like that before. I looked straight in front of me and saw a creature that looked like he was made of a solid shadow. He was about 4 feet tall and there was nothing but hatred in his eyes toward me. I knew that I was powerless before this thing.

Right then, for some reason in all that terror I remembered what the only other person in my family and what this youth group had always told me. They had said that if I was ever in trouble and had no where else to turn all I had to do was cry out to Jesus; all I had to do was cry out to God. When I remembered, I cried out, “Father!” I was calling out to GOD the FATHER!

I was then in the church again and there was no funeral going on. I told God at that point that if He was real and wanted me I would accept Him into my heart forever. I told Jesus that I repented for my sins that I did not want to die and that I needed Him. In tears I accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior. I then turned around, Brian was still there behind me. I spoke to him and asked if I could come to the youth group meeting. He said of course and told me to come early.

At that time I woke up at my parents house on the floor with a needle full of Lysol laying next to my arm that had never been used. I looked at my arm and knew that God had turned back the clock and I had not committed suicide. I spent the next three days devouring the gospels and reading all about my new Savior. My parents had left a son screaming obscenities at them and returned to a son apologizing to them, telling them how much he loved them and how much he appreciated them. They wanted to know what had happened to
On Wednesday evening I went to the youth group early. When I walked in Brian was sitting on the couch. As soon as he saw me his eyes looked directly at his Bible and he did not want to look at me again. I walked over to him and asked him what was up. He said he did not want to speak with me and said I would think he was crazy. In the past I had told him and others they were crazy to follow this God guy. I told him that I would not think he was crazy. He told me to sit down.

He told me that on Sunday he had a dream that he went to my funeral and I got born again. I told him it was no funeral and told him what I had said when I turned around. He looked at me and his mouth fell open. His eyes got as big as golf balls. He then stammered a bit and said, “No way!” “NO WAY!!” We related what we said to one another verbatim, word-for-word, in the dream.

I told him what I saw and how happy I was to have Jesus Christ as my King of Kings and Lord of Lords in my life and that life really was worth living.

My message to you is one of hope, one of knowing that no matter how bad things get Jesus Christ is real and does love you and that you are not alone. God is there for you and all you have to do is ask for Him to come into your life.

Today, I travel all over the country and all over the world sharing the great love of Jesus for everyone no matter what depths their lives may have sunk to. The answer is Jesus! I know that God has truly used the FGBMFI in my life in that the youth group within my testimony was started by the sons of some of the FGBMFI men in our area.

Glenn is a FGBMFI member in Bellevue, Washington.
FELLOWSHIP EVENTS

TEXAS MEN’S ADVANCE
November 14-16, 2003
Camp Hoblitzelle (near Dallas)
Contact: Roy Brian
Phone: 972-418-2066
roybrian@msn.com

TANZANIA CONVENTION
December 4-6, 2003
Arusha, Tanzania, AFRICA
Contact: Peter Mukangu
E-mail: petermukangu@hotmail.com

TOGO NATIONAL CONVENTION
December 4-6, 2003
Hotel Corinthia 2 Fevrier
Contact: National Office at Lome (011-228) 221-6136

LATIN SUMMIT LEADERS
January 30-31, 2004
Princess Hotel, El Salvador
Contact: Mr. Erasmo Chavez
Phone: 503-271-1134
E-Mail: tallerchavez@hotmail.com

SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND HOLY SPIRIT CONFERENCE
April 15-17, 2004
Quality Inn • Vernon, CT
Contact: John DiLeo Jr.
Phone: 203-699-0207

22nd PHILIPPINES NATIONAL CONVENTION
April 21-24, 2004
Cap John Hay & Baguio Country Club
Baguio City, Philippines
Contact: National Office
E-Mail: fgbmfiphil@hotmail.com

FORT FLAGLER, NC MEN’S ADVANCE
April 23-25, 2004
Fort Flagler State Park
Contact: Mike Krier
Phone: 360-895-0137
E-Mail: flagler2004@juno.com

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL CONVENTION
May 12-15, 2004
Albury, New South Wales
Australia
Contact: Brad Manfield
E-Mail: fgbmf@ozemail.com.au

2004 WORLD CONVENTION
August 3-7, 2004
Lagos, Nigeria
Details upcoming
Make your plans early!

FGBMFI…ON THE WEB
Be sure to get updated on special reports from International President Richard Shakarian, as well as updated Fellowship events; don’t forget our bookstore of inspiring tapes and books at: www.fgbmfi.org
They later told me that the part of my glasses’ lens was imbedded in the front of my skull. My wife passed by me in the emergency room. She didn’t even recognize me!

The neurosurgeon made a dismal pronouncement, “This man’s brain has come forward and hit the skull, then backwards and hit the skull, then to the right and left hitting both sides of the skull.” He then informed my wife that the only chance I had was brain surgery, but that my chance for survival was very slim. The chances of me ever walking or talking were very slim. I survived the surgery and what was left of me came home.

I couldn’t read, write, walk, or even listen to the radio or watch television. I could only sit on the couch in the sunken den of our home in Georgia. I began to think about my past.

I had been a computer expert recognized worldwide. I was the chairman of the world product planning committee for Canon. I had been to Tokyo and designed such things as the keyboard for electronic calculators, programmable calculators, and desk top computers. Now, I was a vegetable.

I could only sit on the couch and cry and become despondent. I tried several times in 1980 to commit suicide; including
pointing a gun at my family.

I thought of the sins that had led me to this failure in my life, and by thinking of the guidance and leadership I had been blessed with, I realized I had no one to blame but myself. Not God...not my mother...not my earthly father...ME! I tried to see why God was going to let me live in torment for the rest of my life.

Arrangements were made for me to be locked up in a mental ward for the rest of my life. My wife had a man named Kelly pack up the furniture and belongings and she left for her new home. My son left, too. I was scheduled to be incarcerated at 9:00 am on Friday morning for the rest of my life.

I lay on the kitchen floor, wishing I could get to the lake in the yard. I just wanted to die. I was way “beyond defeat”. He had the radio on, playing music, but I could not understand any of the words. All of a sudden, there was a commercial that came on, advertising a revival service at a Pentecostal church. They started playing a country gospel song. I understood the commercial! I even started patting my hand on the floor.

Kelly heard the sound I was making, and he came to see what was wrong with me. I tried to talk, but couldn’t. He shook his head and started to leave. I somehow yelled out, “Kelly!” He stopped and came back. I stammered, “I—I want—I want to go—to go to church!!” It was Wednesday, and I had two more nights of freedom, before they locked me up in the mental ward. All the paperwork was finished, and Kelly was going to take me to the hospital. I would be alone with my memories and my knowledge that any hope I had was useless.

Kelly took me to this church. As I sat there, I could not understand anyone when they came to the pew and leaned over and spoke to me, but I felt loved. It was like a hand touched my head and turned on a switch, and then tuned in a radio that was off frequency. I could not understand every word, but I felt that this was a message directly from God.

There came into my skin a warm flow, as if a fountain had been turned on to soothe me, and
God was saying, “If you will trust me, these words are true.” I found myself clapping my hands, and then I raised my hands toward heaven, and truly felt a connection with Jesus Christ. I felt the power of God, and knew He was not only talking to me, but He was making me a promise to be fulfilled...”What a day, glorious day that will be!”

Kelly took me home. All I could think about was being alone in a nut house for the rest of my life. By stuttering and stammering, I persuaded him to take me to that church for my last night of freedom. The minister looked straight at me and said, “Brother Ross, do you believe in the power of prayer?” I understood him very well, and finally after thinking about it, I said, “Yeah.” While being escorted to the front, the minister told the congregation of my situations.

He then started praying in a moderate tone and with gentleness.

I understood everything he said...”In the Name of Jesus!” He then started squeezing harder,
and his volume went up about two octaves, and the pain got a little worse. Then he started shoving my head down, then pulled it up, shoving it back down and then pulling again.

Then, as if things weren’t bad enough, his volume increased, his hands got stronger, and he started praying in an unknown tongue that was just plain crazy. I was not sure even God could understand him, but the way the congregation started jumping and shouting, I just knew the world had better come to an end! At least my end was here!! With my head throbbing and tears of pain flowing, I pleaded silently to God, “Please God, I can’t take it anymore! Please, in the name of Jesus, give me some relief!”

Suddenly, in the balls of both feet there was a shock, like a bolt of lightning. This was followed by a flowing heat. The heat went up both legs, entered the base of my spine, traveled up my spine and entered the base of my skull. Then there was a bright white light that flashed in my eyes, and the red hot heat went out the top of my head like a great waterfall of hot water in reverse.

My body became perfectly straight! The brain fluid residing around my eye completely disappeared. All the pain in my head ceased. God removed all restraining hands and I jumped in the air raising both hands in mid air, and shouted with joy, “Praise God, I am healed!”

The next day, instead of being taken to the hospital for commitment, I drove by myself, and went to the doctor and I let her see a happy person that had been totally and unequivocally transfigured. I had come from the mentally decrepit shell of a human being into a joyful child of God! I also accepted Jesus Christ as my Savior and believed that God had given his son for my salvation.

As I shared the healing power of God to many others, I still had an unbridled hatred towards blacks. I was an outright racist. Before I graduated from high school the feelings of superiority to the black race grew in epic proportions to a deep, murderous hatred for all black people. There were many scores of incidences in my life which portrayed that
hatred. I even fired shots into a crowd of blacks after a rock hit my car. Racial hatred had a grip on my life, even after His healing and saving power transformed my life.

After several business ventures, I had come up with an idea to help the economy which had record unemployment, interest rates, and inflation. Everyone I showed this to on a computer was genuinely amazed. An appointment was lined up for me to be with the former Asst. Secretary of the Navy, Dr. James E. “Johnny” Johnson. On the way to Washington, I found out that Dr. Johnson was black, so I turned around and headed back home.

I came to the conclusion that it was his race that got him these powerful positions. He had used my tax money to get schooling and then took some qualified white man’s position. I then got a great idea! I can hide my racial hatred and use him to get introduced to some powerful people with money to get my idea off the ground floor. I headed back to Washington.

I was finally brought into his office. I caught myself smiling back naturally without any acting and even more important I felt no hate. I thought to myself, “You know, he talks like a man with intelligence and yet he is not only humble but I see no hatred coming from him.” He promised to make a few calls and then said, “Ross, it may take a while but just be patient and leave the timing in God’s hands.”

Right before I left, he gave me an autographed copy of his book, “Beyond Defeat.” I promised I would read it. While driving, I became totally absorbed into the emotions and history within the book. The more I read about his dad’s teaching love, and going to great efforts to prevent a seed of hatred to be planted in Johnny, the deeper my adoration. I, Ross McCall, a “supreme Caucasian”, started feeling inferior to a black man, Mr. Johnson. The book was not a book of hate, but one of love. It was not biased against whites. It was simply a well-written, historical insight, to the spirit of this black man. With all the tribulations and racial obstructions he went through, Johnny had no hatred for whites.

LOVE was taking over my life,
and I was so absorbed in this book, that Satan was having trouble getting through to me.

There were many more things in the book that touched my emotions and guided me spiritually; I was not the same person. When I got to the interstate, I turned to go north back to Washington. I prayed and asked God to forgive me of all my hatred for blacks. I also asked Him to make one of the busiest men I had ever met, available to see me without an appointment. I made a commitment to God to study His scriptures on love, and to be, for the first time, a true, born again Christian. I, too, was beyond defeat!

Johnny was about to leave for somewhere out of town because he was picking up a pack of airline tickets. I ran to him with my arms open and sobbing said, “Dr. Johnson, I just came back to tell you that I love you with all my heart and I will do anything I can to help you to serve the Lord.”

I do know, the original purpose of my meeting him took second place to my desire to be cleansed of all hatred and bitterness.

BEYOND DEFEAT helped to get rid of my misconceptions, and Johnny’s love gave me the proper goals in my life...love everyone and be happy.

If you place your trust in Him, not only can He miraculously physically heal you, but He can revolutionize your life...beyond defeat!

RossLeeMcCall@aol.com

BEYOND DEFEAT
What keeps your witness going 24-7? VOICE BUNDLES!

Your witness can continue to reach hundreds of people for our Lord as you sponsor a “VOICE BUNDLE” (50 VOICE magazines). Pass on your witness today! Sign the form below, or e-mail FGBMFI HQ. Your “bundle of hope” for this world can be spread through:

- Offices
- Public Restrooms
- Airports
- Bus Or Train Stations
- Jails And Prisons
- Hotels And Motels
- Hospitals
- Nursing Homes
- Colleges
- Fairs
- Sporting Events
- Restaurants
- Customers
- Packages
- Waitresses, Attendants
- Neighborhoods

YES! I want to be a part of this exciting ministry.

Please send ______ bundles of 50 VOICE magazines every month.

Name __________________________________________________________
Address _________________________________________________________
City_______________________________ St _______ Zip _________________
Nation __________________________________________________________
Credit card #  ❑ Visa  ❑ MC  ❑ AMEX  ❑ DC
Signature _______________________________ Exp. Date ________________

VOICE bundles of 50 include shipping: USA – $25; International – $30
Clip and Mail to: FGBMFI Bundle Order, Suite 312, 27 Spectrum Pointe Dr., Lake Forest, CA 92630

Clip and Mail
HEALED OF CANCER!

Donna Vivian, one of our regular World Convention volunteers was afflicted with cancer. She came to the FGBMFI 50th World Convention even though she had several tumors, some quite large.

From the very first day, she began to receive outstanding blessings with prayers from Benny Hinn, and then each successive day, it seems like she was singled out for a special blessing concluding with Tim Storey on Saturday.

After extensive tests, the doctor has pronounced her totally free of cancer. Praise the Lord.

(Look for Donna’s full story in an upcoming VOICE magazine)

“A child is born!

Martha Miller told me that 25 years ago, she and her husband George were prayed for by my father Demos Shakarian. They were asking God to give them a child. As he prayed for them, George and Martha were holding hands and both went under the power together. She was thrilled to tell me that now they have a wonderful daughter called Priscilla Joy and she is now almost 25 years old.

“In the last three years, over 4,000 have received Christ through the FGBMFI State Fair program. The great thing about this work is that it brings local churches to partner with us. We have a tremendous and effective follow-up system that begins soon after the individual makes a commitment.”

– Roy Brian, Texas, National Director
“42,969 people received Christ in Rivas, Nicaragua. 208 people volunteered to work with the Fire Teams and 22% of the total population received Christ.”

– Nicaraguan Fire Team Feedback

“I have attended 24 conventions, and this was the most anointed.”

– Mike Galleher, California, Director

“The Fellowship is at a new strength and plateau.” – Rod McDougal.

“This is the most seamless powerful anointing I have ever felt in a Convention.”

– Dr. Chuck Flynn

“On the last day at the Banquet, there was great expectancy and a strong feeling of LOVE in the atmosphere as the celebration took place, just as if the Lord Jesus Himself was in the midst of us pouring out His love upon all. The message that Richard gave on Love Links was powerful and we believe people were experiencing and manifesting that Love Link.”

– Maya Keswani, FGBMFI HQ

“Every time Richard starts to speak to the people, it is as if the Love of the Holy Spirit enters the room and touches us all. You really bring Gods ‘Love Link’ into practice. You are very, very precious and we love you both very deeply and pray daily for the Lords protection and guidance over your blessed family. – Greet, Belgium.

“Thank you Richard, for your wonderful and inspirational emails and testimonies. They have been of enormous benefit to us in our business as stewards of what is really the Lords business.” – Australia

“Thank you for the many lives your family has impacted for Christ around the world!” – KC, Singapore

E-mail your victory and testimony to: international@mail.fgbmfi.org
COMMEMORATIVE BOOK
AVAILABLE NOW!

Help Celebrate Our Jubilee Year!
“MAKING A HALF-CENTURY MIRACLE...EVEN BETTER!”

This long-awaited, historical work is ready now! This book of celebration not only displays the legacy and history, but pictorially shows how the Fellowship has been used to transform entire nations. This one-of-a-kind Golden Jubilee book reflects the God-ordained vision for the future.

Order your book today, as we celebrate 50 years of touching men’s...
100 PAGES OF KEEPSAKE TREASURES!

ONLY $20 (includes shipping)
2-10 copies...$15 ea. (includes shipping)
10 or more...$10 ea. (includes shipping)

Every Member must have this historical work. This valuable, pictorial masterpiece is an exciting resource for your inspiration and God’s vision for the Fellowship. Be sure to order yours, today!

FGBMFI HQ • Suite 312, 27 Spectrum Pointe Drive • Lake Forest, CA 92630
(949) 461-0100 • www.fgbmfi.org

Richard Shakarian shows Benny Hinn this 50th Jubilee Anniversary commemorative book, as they reminisced to the many times Benny has ministered at world conventions.
FGBMFI OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

PRESIDENT...Richard Shakarian
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT...John Carrette
SECRETARY...Kwabena Darko
ASSISTANT SECRETARY...Bruno Caamaño
TREASURER...Chris Wilmot

U.S.A. EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT...Jim Priddy

INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORS AT LARGE

AMBASSADORS OF THE PRESIDENTS
Thomas Hettinger, Germany; Sen. Fred Brume, Nigeria; Jackey Beavers, USA; Honorable Johnny Johnson, USA

DIRECTORS – USA

YOUTH DIRECTORS
Jimmy Hughes, Honduras — Joel Legrand, Belgium — Enrique Morales, Honduras

Emeritus – USA
USA PRESIDENT’S CABINET
Jim Priddy, Bruno Caamaño, Chris Wilmot, Bruce Anderson, Roy Brian, Daniel Caamaño, Michael Dilio, George Duggan, Mike Galleher, Andrew Kaminski, Tom Leding, Dave MacBurnie, Mike Neal, Joe Ortega, Bill Phipps, Don Richter, Rey Soto, Joe Shaia, Milton Thomas, Ronald Weinbender, Levi Yoder.

NATIONAL PRESIDENTS
Angola, Sukama D.A.Ricardo; Antigua/Barbuda, Noel Thomas; Argentina, Mario Cabana; Armenia, Rafik Grigorian; Aruba, Ciemencio German; Australia, Brad Manfield; Austria, Franz Kren; Bahamas, Donald Curry; Barbados, Johnny Bourne; Belgium, Koen Van Neste; Belize, Jorge Meliton Auil; Benin, Bertin Deguenon; Bermuda, Walter Cook; Bolivia, Genaro Blanco Enriquez; Brazil, Pedro Paulo Barella; British Virgin Is., Ruford Potter; Bulgaria, Dobi Tonev; Burkina Faso, Gnounou K.Gaston; Burundi, Manasse Havyarimana; Cameroon, Amos Amba; Canada, Jacques Philibert; Cayman Is., Harold Paramlall; Cen. African Rep., Marcel Malonga; Chad, Ngarta Emmanuel; Chile, Alejandro Vergara Galvez; Colombia, Col.Armando Cifuentes; Congo, Francois Ambendet; Costa Rica, Francisco Fallas; Cote D’Ivoire, Simon Nandjui; Cuba, Roberto Matos Figueras; Curacao, Ernst Oehlers; Cyprus, Chris Alexandrou; Czech Republic, Daniel Zajic; Dem. Rep. of Congo, Bertin Mbonda; Denmark, Hugo Martinussen; Dominica, Bernard Moses; Dominican Rep., Jose Ramone Acosta; Ecuador, Fernando R.Silva; Egypt, Yacoub Saaman; El Salvador, Mauricio Loucel; Equatorial Guinea, Elias Edjo; Fiji, Apattia Seru; Finland, Jukka Koski; France, Bruno Berthon; Gabon, Victor Joctane; Germany, Ulrich Von Schnurbein; Ghana, Joseph Kwav; Gibraltar, Charles Harrison; Great Britain, John Walker; Grenada, Nestor Ogilvie; Guatemala, Luis Alberto Mazariagios; Guernsey, Mike Parker; Guinea, Francois Fall; Guyana, Compton Young; Honduras, Dr.Carlos R.Pinel; Hungary, Miklos Molnar; Indonesia, H.B.L.Mantiri; Ireland, John Stanley; Jamaica, Earl A.Richards; Japan, Ken Tsukamoto; Kenya, Michael Mbogu; Kyrgyzstan, Nikolay Sterlikov; Luxembourg, Frank Everett; Malawi, T.L.Zimba; Malaysia, Dr.Peter Tong; Mali, Luis Auguste Traore; Malta, Joe Aquilina; Martinique / Guadeloupe, Jean-Paul Levif; Mexico, Guadalupe Lozano; Moldova, Vladimir Danalla; Myanmar, Chin Mang; Netherlands, Harry L.Duynisveld; New Zealand, Alex Moody; Nicaragua, Humberto Arguello; Nigeria, Bunmi Adedeji; Norway, Hanspetter Thue; Panama, Bolivar Gomez; Papua New Guinea, John Toquta; Paraguay, Julio Servin; Peru, Pedro Condor; Philippines, Dennis Tan; POLAND, Adam Moraczewski; Puerto Rico, Julio Torres,Sr.; Romania, Daniel Neamteanu; Russia, Victor Dmitriev; Rwanda, Sandral Sebakra; Saudi Arabia, Ebenezer Gnaliah; Senegal, Andre Amouzou; Sierra Leone, E.Penn Timity; Singapore, Tan Buang Kher; Spain, Francisco S.Aguila; Solomon Island, Andrew Korinihona; Sri Lanka, Sunin Wijesinghe; St.Croix, Olaf Hanneman; St.Kitts/Nevis, Analdo Baille; St. Lucia, Joseph Mathurin; St.Maarten, Charles Davis; St. Thomas, Eston David; St. Vincent / Grenadines, Jeffery Williams; Swaziland, Ray Duggan; Sweden, Alf Liljehall; Switzerland, Gerald Godel; Taiwan, Tony Tseng; Tanzania, John Njau; Thailand, Komol Antakon; The Gambia, Arthur Carrol; Togo, Gratien de Souza; Trinidad/Tobago, Kelvin Frank; Uganda, Daniel Nakata; Uruguay, Gabriel Effa; USA, Richard Shakarian; Venezuela, Federico Jerez; Zambia, David Chitundu; Zimbabwe, Emmanuel Chabwizedza.
YES! I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Savior. Please send me the booklet “Now That You’ve Received Christ.”

Signature __________________________________________________________________
Name _____________________________________________________________________
Address __________________________________________________________________
City, State, Zip  ____________________________________________________________

Clip and mail to:
FGBMFI, 27 Spectrum Pointe Drive, Suite 312, Lake Forest, CA 92630
Phone: 949-461-0100   Fax: 949-609-0344
1. RECONOCE
“por cuanto todos pecaron, y están destituidos de la gloria de Dios” - Romanos 3:23
“Dios ten misericordia de mi, un pecador” - Lucas 18:13
2. ARREPIENTETE
“Os digo: No; antes si no os arrepentis, todos perecereis igualmente” - Lucas 13:3
“Así que, arrepentios y convertios, para que sean borrados vuestros pecados” - Hechos 3:19
3. CONFIESA
“Si confesamos nuestros pecados, El es fiel y justo para perdonar nuestros pecados, y limpiarnos de toda maldad” - 1 Juan 1:9
“que si confesasen con tu boca que Jesus es el Senor, y creyeres en tu corazon que Dios le levanto de los muertos, seras salvo” - Romanos 10:9
4. DEJE
“Deje el implo su camino, y el hombre inicuo sus pensamientos, y vuelvase al SENOR... El cual sera amplio en perdonar” - Isaias 55:7
5. CREA
“Porque de tal manera amo Dios al mundo, que ha dado a su Hijo unigenito, para que todo aquel que en El cree, no se pierda, mas tenga vida eterna” - Juan 3:16
“El que creyere y fuere bautizado, sera salvo; mas el que no creyere, sera condenado” - Marcos 16:16
6. RECIBA
“A lo suyos vino, y los suyos no le recibieron. Mas a todos los que le recibieron, a los que creen en su nombre, les dio potestad de ser hechos hijos de Dios” - Juan 1:11-12

PORQUE NO HACE UNA DECISION PARA SU ETERNIDAD HOY?
“Senor Jesus, Yo creo que moristes por mis pecados y te pido me perdones. Yo te recibo ahora como mi Salvador personal y te pido que guies mi vida de ahora en adelante. Amen”. Escríbanos y cuentenos de su decision. Nosotros le enviaremos un pequeno libro “Ahora Que Ud Ha Recibido a Cristo”.

SI! Hice mi decision para la eternidad. He leido los Seis Pasos para la Salvacion y he aceptado a Jesus como mi Salvador Personal. Por favor enviemne el pequeno libro “Ahora Que Ud Ha Recibido a Cristo”.

Firma ______________________________________________________________________
Nombre ______________________________________________________________________
Direccion _____________________________________________________________________
Ciudad, Estado, Codigo Postal ___________________________________________________

Adjunte y envielo a:  
FGBMFI, 27 Spectrum Pointe Drive, Suite 312  Lake Forest, CA 92630  
Telefono: 949-461-0100 * Fax: 949-609-0344
YOUR 3-STEP DIAGNOSIS
FOR ETERNITY
(Check appropriate boxes)

STEP 1:
When I breathe my last, the next thing
is:
☐ go to hell
☐ go to heaven.
☐ stay buried in the grave
☐ I have no idea.

STEP 2:
Here is what will probably happen:
☐ I’ll spend eternity in hell.
☐ I’ll spend eternity with Jesus in heaven.
☐ I’ll be reincarnated as a “higher being”
☐ My relatives can visit my grave; I’ll be
there.
☐ I don’t really know what will happen.

STEP 3: I’m sure because:
☐ I’ve led a sinful life
☐ I’ve trusted Jesus as my personal Savior
☐ I’ve gone to church all my life
☐ I support charities, even church
☐ I’m a good person.

Turn the page to learn how YOU can follow