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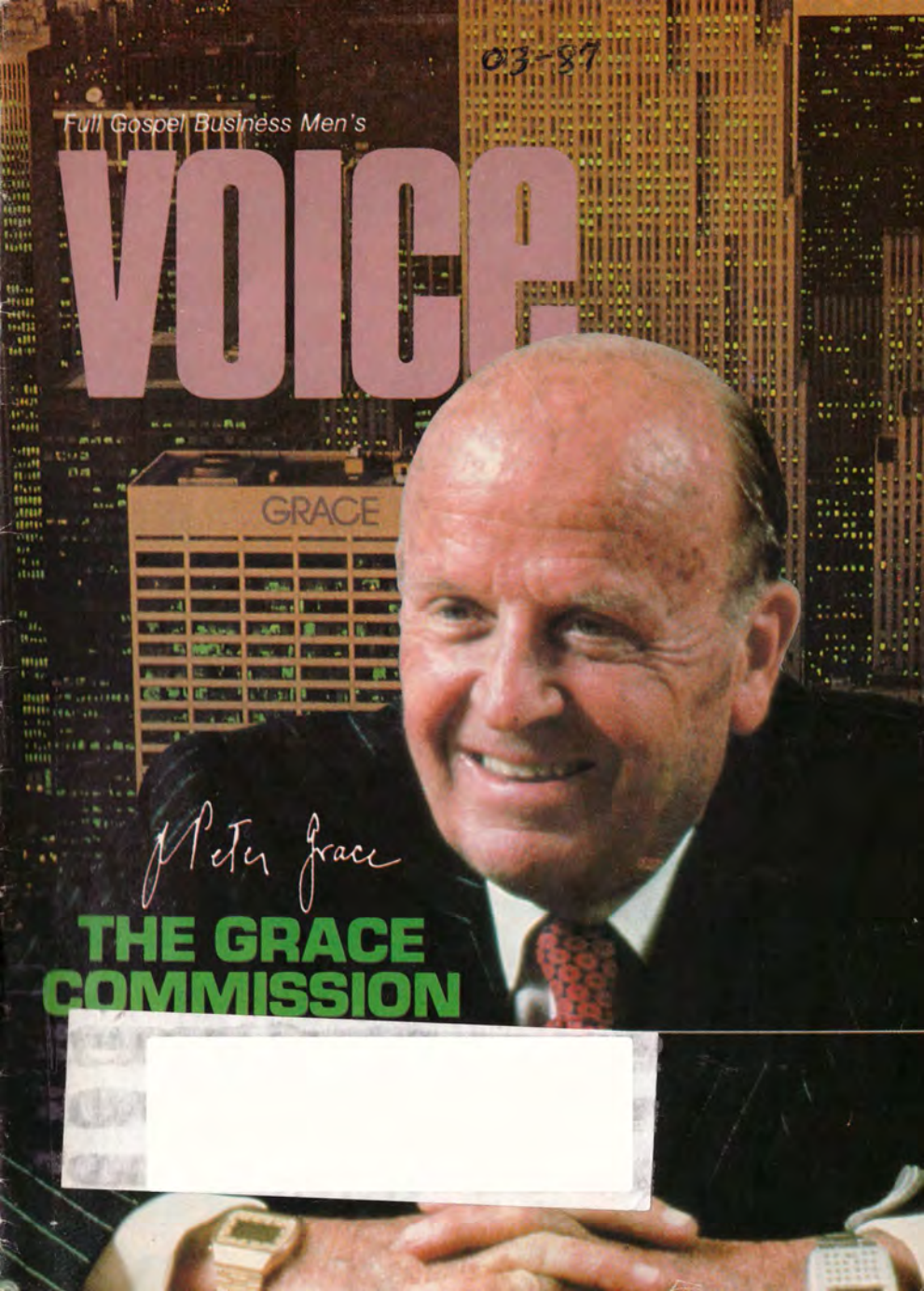
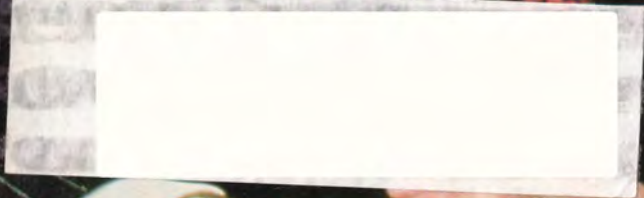
Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

GRACE

Peter Grace

**THE GRACE
COMMISSION**



Peter Grace



Saving Grace

As leader of one of the largest industrial firms in the United States, J. Peter Grace incorporates an old fashioned work ethic with sound biblical principles to accomplish the monumental tasks set before him and his company. According to Peter Grace, sound moral and ethical principles go hand-in-hand with the day-to-day job of running a business. And, without the first, the latter will never be truly successful.

Q What is your church background?

A I attended an Episcopalian church, and sang in the choir for five years, eight times a week, every day and twice on Sunday. I went to Catholic church too on Sundays.

My mother was Presbyterian and my father was Catholic. I never understood this religious division. If somebody tells me that a person is going to church regularly and is dedicated to the Lord, that's enough for me, I don't care what religion it is.

Christ gave us two commandments. One was to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and all thy might, and thy neigh-

bor as thyself. If everybody in the world did that, there wouldn't be any trouble. Nothing would be wrong. If you did that and I did that, and all the rest of us did just that, there would be no problems. It's just that simple, the first two commandments.

Q Is it true that a priest had a profound influence on you?

A Yes, he was a Maryknoll father from San Francisco. He was also a movie star, in fact, he was better looking than any movie star in the business. He was engaged to marry a girl but she died. When she died, he decided to give his life to the church. He wanted to go to China as a missionary, but his health broke down. They assigned him to raise money, which was the last thing in the world he wanted to do. He had to go around meeting people and raising money for the Maryknoll mission. After six years, he decided he wasn't doing as much as he should. So he was given permission from his order to establish the Christopher movement. The name means Christ bearing, and its purpose was to take Christ into the marketplace. This is a great deal like your organization. You are the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. Call it anything you want, but you're talking about taking the gospel into your business and daily life.

It is up to the really good people to get into activities that influence lives, such as; labor unions, the media, and government so they can bring the truth to the American people through their work in the print and television media. Unfortunately, most of the media is not controlled by people who believe the way you or

this priest did.

We have a lot of godless people controlling our media. That is something he was fighting against. *Not against, because he would never use the word against.* He would never say anything negative, it was always positive...go out and make things better was his solution. If you told him about some problem he would always ask you, "well, what are you doing about it?" That's the only question he ever asked, "what are you doing about it?"

I went to see him the day he was diagnosed as having Parkinson's disease. He died a most terrible death, but went right on working until he couldn't even stand up, and never complained. The last time I saw him was two days before he died, I was with another man who had shown him a clipping about something bad that was happening. His last words, and he could hardly speak, were: "what are you doing about this?" That was his whole philosophy. He was an absolutely fantastic guy. I remember the best thing he ever said to me. I was involved in a lawsuit with a bishop in Texas over an 80 million dollar piece of property. It involved a Trappist monk and a priest in Hollywood, Father Paden. This priest was well known for some of his quotes, "The family that prays together stays together," and "A world of prayer is a world of peace." During this lawsuit I

Peter Grace has worked for W.R. Grace & Co. since 1936. Past positions held include Director, Vice President, President, Chief Executive Officer, and Chairman of the Board. He is currently Chairman of the Board. He is also Chairman of the Board of several of W.R. Grace's divisions. Peter Grace was also selected by President Reagan in 1984 to head up the President's Private Sector Survey on Cost Control in the Federal Government. He is also chairman, president or a board member of at least a dozen private sector charities, foundations and institutes. He has been decorated by five Central American or South American Governments. He holds a B.A. from Yale University, as well as several honorary degrees. He has been married for forty-six years to Margaret Fennelly. They have five sons and 4 daughters. The Graces currently make their home in Long Island, New York.

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had to go to the Vatican 23 times in one year. At one point there were a lot of lies being told. I returned to the states from one trip and while having breakfast with Father Keller I told him about the lies at the Vatican. I always tried to shock him, but you never could. I told him this terrible story while he was eating his grapefruit and he said: "Well remember no matter how bad any situation is, be sure it's not worse because you're involved in it." That's a great piece of philosophy.

Q *Does that mean you apply this philosophy to your business life, as well as your personal life?*

A I don't want to present myself as anything special. I have worked hard. I've tried to live up to Father Keller's philosophy, but please don't leave the impression that I'm anybody to write or talk about because I don't think I'm anything really, I've just worked hard that's all, and I mean that very sincerely.

I was with a nun recently who has spent her whole life as a healing missionary in the church. As a teen, she was stricken with an unbelievably crippling arthritic condition. She went to the convent and asked to be a nun but they wouldn't accept her because she was completely crippled. She prayed...that was 20 years ago...today she is as healthy as any of us. It happened overnight. As a result, she has given her life to the healing mission. She goes around praying for people. Many people have become better after she has prayed over them. This doesn't mean that someone is especially good because they have that faith, it only means that some part of the grace of God has come into their lives.

We must not feel we are any better than others if we have been fortunate enough to have been touched by grace. It only puts a much higher responsibility on us to live a better life.

Q *Do you feel there's a message here for business people regarding spiritual priorities in their everyday life?*

A It is very difficult for a business man to think about anything but his problems all day long, therefore, he doesn't give enough thought to the eternal things that he should be concentrating on. You can go on for months and not think about the important issues. You're too busy to do it.

Q *We believe that a man can put God first. As a matter of fact, there are parts of an interview that appear in your company's Annual Report, where you set priorities in life. You set the first priority as God, the second as family, and the third priority as business.*

A The third one is a terribly important priority and I'll tell you why. When I became president of Grace in 1945, we had thousands of employees who had been with the company for years. They were all dependent on something that was going to completely disappear, the Latin America, Grace Line. The whole thing was going to go. That was a massive preoccupation with me. We had captains of ships, chief engineers, etc.; what were we going to do with them? We were finally able to take care of all of them by going into new businesses and using the profits to take care of the people who had served the family so faithfully over the years. I'm only saying

that that third priority is terribly important because we were responsible for between twenty and thirty thousand people. Multiply that by four, to include their families, and that is almost one hundred thousand people directly affected by any major error you might make. It is a tremendous responsibility to see that you don't hurt anybody as you go through life. When you are a business man, it is very hard to avoid inadvertently hurting many people because of some oversight on your part. Consequently, that third priority affects the first two, because it is so all-encompassing in its scope.

Q *Can you explain the underlying principle in that particular order?*

A In the first place God created you, and you're supposed to love Him with all your heart and all your soul. Right? So that has to be number one.

Q *Yes, but excuse the expression, you're a hard nosed business man in the every day world of corporate Fortune 500 companies, and yet you set the priority this way. You wouldn't set this priority just for "apple pie" or theocratic purposes. You're actually trying to live your personal life and business in that way. Evidently, what you are saying is that if you do prioritize this way, you will make better decisions.*

A Well, God will help you. I sincerely believe that if you are faithful to God's injunction, He will help you along the way. I believe that when a company is dedicated to Christian principles, and then carries them out, the Lord will help them. We made plans in December 1985

to sell our entire retail group. The first was Herman's Sporting Goods. We had sold a minority interest in this company early in 1985.

We bought Herman's in 1969 for 7.9 million dollars. I don't think we bought this company for 7.9 million and finally sold it all for 405 million because I'm so smart, I think it's because God helped me. Everybody in my company, with the exception of one man, was against buying this company in the first place. They thought it was stupid. It had three little stores. They were all old. They looked terrible. But I had a feeling that A. G. Spaulding, which was a big sporting business in those days, hadn't pursued all the avenues available to them. And, if we pursued those business opportunities, we could make a great success out of it. That inspiration may have come to me from the Lord or whatever, but He helps those who are faithful to Him.

Q *Are you looking for acquisitions in the near future?*

A We are always looking for acquisitions, because the world is changing so fast and many businesses become obsolete, or less profitable, in time. So you have to keep moving into different businesses. That is one of the reasons why we went into Herman's originally, because our Latin American business was being expropriated by Latin American governments. We had to get into some new businesses and that seemed to be one of the better ones at the time.

Q *Will you also be expanding your restaurant business?*

A Yes, we are expanding our restau-

rant business. We have 850 restaurants and are doing about 1.35 billion dollars in sales in the restaurant business. We expect that to hit 2 billion in the next 5 years.

Q *Do you rely on the Lord in a general sense to direct you?*

A I rely on the Lord for everything. I mean, I've been in airplanes that have run out of power and didn't get killed. I was in one airplane crash, everybody was spread out all over the landscape and I survived it. All of these things are of the Lord. When you get in an airplane that is going wide open and hits a pile of trees on the take off, that's quite an experience I'll tell you.

Q *How large of a plane was that? Was it a commercial plane?*

A No. It was a chartered Lockheed Lodestar. We were taking off from Hot Springs, Virginia. Hot Springs is on a mountain and every once in a while when you take off at that airport you get a cross wind. The pilot had full power when leaving the ground, but the wind hit the plane and blew us right into the woods into some trees.

Q *Was anyone killed on that plane?*

A Nobody. There were 5 Trappist monks, myself and my wife, and three children. Nobody was killed, although the abbot next to me had no heart beat, but he lived. He just died about a month ago. The accident took place in 1953.

Q *When looking for a new business or acquisition, how do you establish which ones you are going to purchase and which ones you are not?*

A Well, obviously you try to think about what it provides in terms of products or services. That's what businesses do, they provide products or services and whether the future demand is going to be greater or lesser for that product or service, or whether the product can be upgraded to be a better product. Right now, we are into a number of things where there is medical activity. The population is getting older and older. We have the largest kidney dialysis service in the country and national medical care. There is a growing need for kidney dialysis to keep people alive. It is a life and death situation. If you don't get dialysis you die. That's just one example. We think the need for kidney dialysis is going to become greater and greater, and we have the largest market share in the business.

We wouldn't go into anything that we thought didn't improve society, or make it a better place to live. I wouldn't go into a business that is harmful to society, even if I could make a lot of money.

Q *Can you briefly describe your forward planning process?*

A We started learning in the 50's, which industries had the best growth rate. For instance, plastics in the 50's, like polypropylene, polyethylene, and polystyrene, were just being developed, and everybody thought they were going to have incredible growth, which is true. Aluminum was another one. But nobody has really gotten rich in these particular businesses because once everyone knows it's a winner, it's too late. The market is flooded.

The first thing we look for is a business that can be differentiated from another business. In other words, we look for a product that cannot be duplicated, or become just a commodity. You take a lot of businesses that we are in today, fertilizer, for example. Anybody's fertilizer is the same as anybody else's fertilizer. Fertilizer is massively over produced. That has happened with oil. Oil is oil. Too much oil and the price drops from \$28 to \$12 in six months. What we try to do is get into businesses where the product or the service is unique. Herman's was a good example. We got to be the biggest sporting goods deliverer in America, and we got all the closeouts from the manufacturers, like the ski companies all over the world who produce skis. By the spring, they are loaded with inventory. We might buy their inventory at 40 percent off and put it in the warehouse and market it the next year. If you're big enough, that's possible. We look for something that is practically impossible to duplicate. We try and stay away from businesses that are sold on a commodity basis.

Q *You do have a couple of lines that are in that latter category, agricultural chemicals and natural resources?*

A Yes, agricultural chemicals is an exception. And, also in the oil business, so we are suffering from that.

Q *Are you planning to move out of those businesses?*

A We have the largest phosphate rock mining operation, and ammonia, which is nitrogen production, in America. Moving out of that is very difficult. However, if we

see that it won't recover, yes we will move out of it. Businesses get to be commodity by nature. You take an item like urea. Urea is a very popular fertilizer. It is made from ammonia, 60 percent of a ton of urea is ammonia. So you make ammonia first and then urea. Ammonia is made from natural gas. The cost of ammonia is about \$100 a ton, let's say, and of that you're buying natural gas, if you pay \$2 a million BTU's or a 1,000 cubic feet for gas, you use 35,000 per ton, and you've got \$70 a ton of gas in your ammonia. Now Romania is selling ammonia here for \$70 a ton because Russia is subsidizing them. They are charging practically nothing for their gas. So when you start competing with governments where they are giving free raw materials to their producers that is even worse than being in the commodity business.

Our company's strategic philosophy is probably best embodied in our slogan: "one step ahead of a changing world." In other words, any business is great for a certain length of time, but eventually it's not going to be so great. The buggy whip theory applies. You have to keep your options open and move into new areas as they present themselves.

Q *What do you think about America's competitiveness?*

A We're not very competitive today. In the service business we're competitive because everyone is paying the same wage rates, right? But when you are producing goods and you're paying \$24 an hour, while overseas they are paying between \$6 to \$12 in Korea, this puts America's competitiveness in a very serious position. A lot of congressmen would

like to put up big trade barriers to hold these levels, but that would be very dangerous. So for America to get competitive, we are first going to have to lower our standard of living, there is no doubt about it. If we put high tariff barriers, there is going to be a worldwide depression, and we are going to have to move more and more people to a lower wage rate than \$24 an hour because it is not in keeping with the wage rate in other parts of the world. If you're not going to have tariff barriers then these jobs are going to disappear or they are going to take wage reductions.

Q *One area that has a bearing on America's competitiveness is, of course, the federal deficit. I read your book and I was actually shocked.*

A There is plenty of waste, massive waste. Therefore, why should future generations be saddled with a 2 trillion dollar debt and 200 billion dollars a year more debt just to support this waste? It's crazy.

Q *There doesn't seem to be any realization by the general public of the outcome of this trend. Could you characterize what that outcome could be?*

A The outcome of this trend is that we are going to have a debt of 13 trillion dollars in the year 2000, with an annual interest of 1-1/2 trillion. If you started counting seconds when Christ was born you would now arrive at 64 billion seconds. It takes 31,700 years or 317 centuries to count to a trillion seconds, so this whole thing is absolutely ridiculous.

Q *What would that mean to an average citizen?*

A Remember when Carter was president and mortgage prime rates reached 22 percent and you couldn't get any mortgages? Well, it would just be a repeat of all that and worse.

Q *The Grace Commission received contributions from various companies and executives of about 76 million to check into government waste. If it took that much to get the story, why wouldn't it be worth at least that for business to create the type of grass roots, widespread campaign that would put heat under congress?*

A The advertising council has given us 50 million in free advertising for the deficit fight. I think it would cost 1 or 2 billion to get to the American people properly. Total advertising expenditures in America are up around 12 billion.

Q *Is there an outcome...is a tax reform coming?*

A Yes. They are going to come up with some new taxes and they always call it reform, but what they are really trying to do is find another way to use you. For instance, one proposal is to only allow 80 percent of advertising expenses. Yes, that's one of the main proposals. Only to allow a deduction if you spend 10 million in advertising then you can only deduct 8 million. That's reform? What's next? The next might be wages. Maybe you can only deduct 90 percent of your wages. Raw materials, you can only write off 82 percent of those. I mean this is the beginning of the end when they start doing that. □

I sauntered casually down the frozen foods aisle, casting furtive glances side to side. By the time I reached the sunglass display at the end of the aisle, I was convinced the grocery store manager was nowhere in sight. I reached for a pair of glasses, fingering the item only momentarily before stuffing it up the sleeve of my jacket. I'd stolen several pairs that month from this same store.

Suddenly, a hand gripped my forearm, "Okay, let me have the glasses." I whirled to face a scowling store manager.

"Whaddya' mean? I don't know what you're talking about," I said.

"Fine. The police can explain it to you," he barked as he began pulling me toward his office. He didn't realize this run-in with the police wouldn't be my first—and it wouldn't change my habits. I was enamored with the challenge of shoplifting. I wanted to be a rebel, be different, live for myself. I was sixteen.

Raised as a reformed Jew in an upper class New York suburb, I had participated in all the appropriate religious ceremonies: Bar Mitzvah at 13 and confirmation at 16. But the God of Israel was not a priority for me—I didn't even know if He existed.

As a result, I spent my teen years searching for meaning and truth outside of the beliefs of my family, immersing myself in a life style of denim jackets, sex, poor grades and shoplifting. I filled my mind with rock and roll music, pornography, and the philosophies of my "heros"—Rod McKuen, Abbie Hoffman and Bob Dylan. Other role models were the Beatles, as well as Eric Burden and the Animals, whom I tried to pattern my



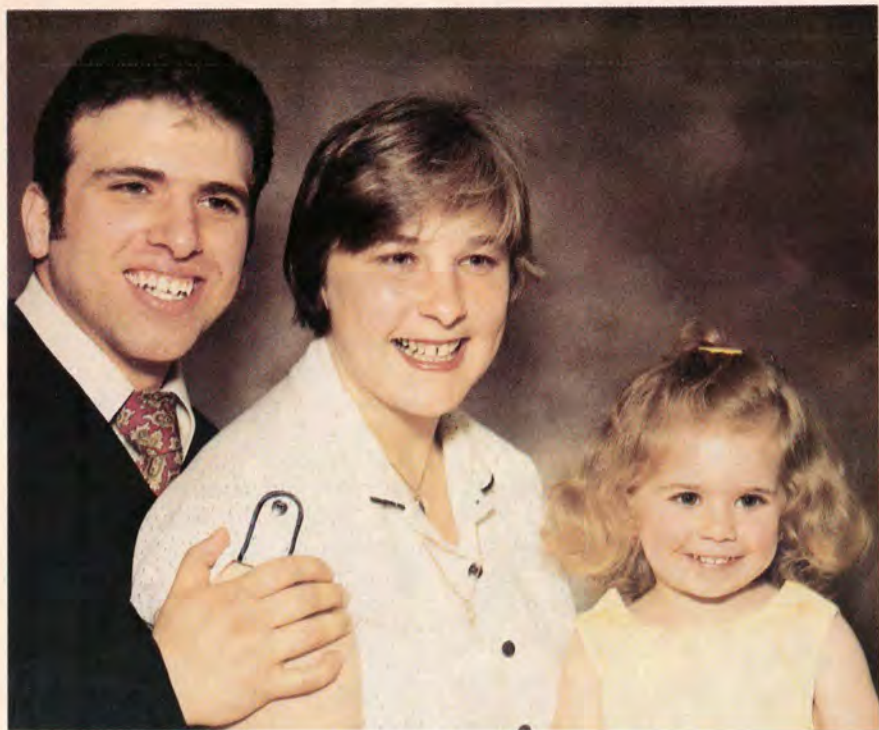
A HERITAGE BUILT ON FAITH

Douglas W. Allen
Rochester, New York

life after, without their talent.

One night during my senior year in high school, I was driving between my parent's house and the home of my girlfriend. Trying to pass a semi-truck, I accelerated my Volkswagen from 65 to 70 mph. Just at that moment, the skies opened with an unexpected spring downpour, dousing my windshield with seemingly gallons of water. I panicked and hit the brakes, veering toward the lane of oncoming traffic.

My VW fishtailed wildly, taking me inches from the crushing tires of the semi on my right. An inexperienced



driver, I steered against the swing of my out-of-control car instead of with it, throwing the vehicle into a deadly spin. While the car continued to whirl, I was convinced my life was over. In a moment of heart-stopping panic, I prayed: "God, don't let me die!"

Suddenly my spinning car swung to the side of the road and died, a mere three or four feet from the edge of a steep embankment.

For the first time ever, I believed there was a Supreme Being—because He saved my life! But merely believing in a God didn't make me feel much closer to

Him, and after high school graduation I enlisted in the army still searching for truth and the meaning of life, and still bent on living out my own priorities and desires—not God's.

During a miserable 10 weeks in basic training and four tough months at an army specialist school in Texas, my searching took an ironic turn. I began attending the local synagogue on a regular basis. I also began, for the first time in my life, experimenting with marijuana. Somewhere, I thought between religion and drugs, I had to find what I was looking for.

Following school, I was stationed at an army hospital in Germany. My first day at the base, I felt alone and a little homesick. Going to the dining facility for lunch, I grabbed a tray of food and began making my way through the aisles toward an empty table. Suddenly a familiar face popped into focus. Like a picture from the past, an old high school buddy sat sipping coffee at one of the tables.

After a happy reunion, I got straight to business: "Hey Melvin, know where I can get some grass?"

"Grass? 'Fraid I don't," Melvin shook his head. "But I've got something better and His name is Jesus Christ."

"Uhh, thanks but no thanks," I replied. Inside I thought: "Oh no! Not another one!" Until this time I'd had few encounters with people I labeled "Jesus Freaks"—and now I was stationed 3,000 miles from home and my only friend was one of "them"!

Over the following months I watched Melvin carefully. He talked about Jesus Christ as if He were real! And he always found some opportunity to do just that. In fact, whenever Melvin stopped by my department to see me, someone would inevitably say: "Hi Melvin. What's up?" And his inevitable answer was: "Jesus!"

What's more, I saw that Melvin had peace of mind, inner strength and joy. He seemed to have meaning in his life, and he claimed he'd found truth. Melvin had found everything I was searching for—but in a gentle God and a Christian Bible. I was not only jealous, I was determined to find the same peace, strength, joy, meaning and truth in the God of the Jew.

My relationship with Melvin threw me

into a desperate search for the God of Israel. I attended the synagogue with even more fervor and began studying the law. I faithfully observed Jewish holy days.

During this time, someone gave me a copy of Hal Lindsey's book *The Late Great Planet Earth*, about Bible prophecy. Impressed with the number of prophecies that have been fulfilled, I began to wonder if the Scriptures shouldn't be taken seriously after all.

A few weeks later, Melvin stopped by my desk to invite me to see "His Land," a Billy Graham film about Israel. As usual, someone inquired "What's up?" and true to form Melvin answered cheerfully, "Jesus!" The staff laughed, and I chuckled too, then agreed to go with Melvin to the film.

That night, sitting in a dark, make-shift theatre, I could no longer ignore and reject the fact that Jesus of Nazareth is the fulfillment of the law and He is the Messiah. Following the film, I made my way alone to the hospital chapel and tried to pray. The next day I went to the chaplain's office where I acknowledged that Jesus is the Son of God, and asked Him to become Lord of my life. Immediately the peace, strength, joy, meaning and truth I'd been searching for all my life found me!

Later that morning I went back to my department to resume my duties. As soon as I walked in, one of the secretaries looked up from her desk. "Hi, Douglas. What's up?" I grinned from ear to ear and filled with joy said, "Jesus!"

Over the next 27 months God delivered me from many sins and habits. I became His pupil, learning daily new

things about my Lord. Before long I began attending an Assemblies of God church in Germany, and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Now spiritual power was added to the peace, strength and joy I experienced on a daily basis.

I returned to the States with an honorable discharge—and with news of my salvation. Facing my mother and stepfather across the living room, I took a deep breath and launched into the story of how I'd met the Messiah.

I hadn't gotten very far when Mother's mouth dropped open. One hand fluttered to her face, then she began to cry. "How could you! How could you give up your rich heritage? You're nothing but a traitor!"

I was shocked. I was aware of the chasm that existed between many Jews and Christians, but I honestly believed my mother would be joyful that I was no longer painfully searching for meaning and truth. Instead, I found myself with a tough decision to make as family and friends expressed their horror at my salvation. Remembering what my life was like before I met Jesus, I made the decision to continue following Him despite rejection and persecution; to continue following Him at home just as faithfully as I'd followed Him on foreign soil. And in doing so, I willingly gave up the friends, family and heritage that are so important to a Jew.

While attending college, I met and married a fellow believer from a gentile background, who has proven to be a loving wife. After graduating, I felt God calling me to pursue a career in the food industry. I was also introduced to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship by a

friend, and found myself thrilled at meeting business professionals who shared my love for God.

In the past several years, I've been encouraged continually by Full Gospel luncheons, conventions and informal fellowship, and I often refer to the testimonies in *Voice* magazine not only for inspiration, but as a resource when studying management styles and philosophies. Most importantly, my association with the Fellowship has helped me realize that God has still preserved a people for Himself, made up not only of Jews and Gentiles but of professionals and leaders from all walks of life who have bowed their knees and hearts to One greater than them all.

God has indeed been the answer to my search. He has provided me with spiritual inspiration and role models; lead me in my education and career; and worked miracles in my marriage. He continues to mold me into the man He wants me to become, and He has restored my relationships with many family members—although they still refuse to talk with me about Jesus Christ. One day, I'm confident, those I love the most—who share my Jewish heritage and hold a piece of my heart—will also share my knowledge of the truth: that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Lord of all, the promised Messiah. □

Douglas W. Allen attends New Covenant Fellowship in Penfield, New York. He and his wife, Louise Ann, have a six-year-old daughter, Rachel. Douglas holds a Bachelor of Science degree from a State University College in New York and is currently working on an Associate Degree in Food Service Administration. He is employed in Food Management with K Mart Corporation.

HE BORE



When the State Patrol found me in a pool of jelled blood under the truck's wheels, they had no idea how long I had been lying there. They said I had been thrown all over the cab, but had hung on to the steering wheel so tight that I bent it like a pretzel before being thrown out through the windshield and drug through the cinders as the truck tore down 200 feet of guard rail.

I remembered hanging on to the steering wheel trying to keep the tractor and

trailer straight after hitting ice on the turnpike. The trailer, loaded with 40,000 pounds of meat, began jumping and sliding. I whispered, "Please, Lord, not this way." Instantly, peace came over me. Then I blackened out.

My next recollection was in the hospital. I could not see or feel anything, but heard doctors arguing. They agreed to stop some of the bleeding and send me to another hospital where, if I lived, more could be done for me.

Later I heard the sounds of the ambulance wheels and the drivers' voices. The siren was not on. When they backed up to the hospital's emergency entrance and opened the doors, one driver said, "Don't hurry. He's already gone or close to it." At that point my sight returned. A doctor came over to me. The driver interrupted him, saying, "No need to check. He's dead." But the doctor, leaning over me and waving his hand in front of my face, called my name: "Mr. Shaffer! Can

you hear me?" When I answered, "Yeah, I can hear you and see you," he must have jumped three feet off the ground. "My God, he's alive!" he said as he turned and rushed me into the hospital where they X-rayed me.

The doctor told me I wasn't in very good condition and couldn't be given anything for pain. My head was shaved and stitched. Afterwards, nurses brought in two scrub brushes and a red, five-gallon can of alcohol. "Squeeze your

THE PAIN

Bob Shaffer
Massillon, Ohio



eyes cause this is going to hurt," they said as they began scrubbing my entire body. When it started hurting and burning, I asked God to take away the pain. At first there was pain, but it left.

I was told my neck was broken in two places, my left arm was cut from elbow to wrist, my nose was split in half, cuts and bruises were all over my back and body, my head was swollen twice its size and my lips were cut and turned inside out. The doctor told my wife, Shirley, that my kidneys weren't functioning and my heart, liver and all my insides were a jumbled mess.

The doctor later said to me, "...if you live, it would be a slow process of elimination." He also said, referring to my broken neck, "One wrong move and you will be paralyzed." Continuing, he said, if I ever worked again, it would be at a

desk. The most I would ever do would be to stand and sit. Knowing God was with me, I said, "No, Sir. I will go back to work and do my job."

God had other plans in store for me. Every time believers prayed, something good happened.

Accepting full responsibility, Shirley arranged my transfer to Ohio, near our home. The night before the move, a brace was put on my neck. When the head of my bed was lowered, the nurse's signal cord was disconnected. I kept trying to call the nurse. No one answered. The blood was rushing to my head and the brace was unbearable. Feeling as though an eternity had passed, I couldn't stand it any more. I threw myself into a sitting position, then slid off and stood beside the bed, holering as I did this. The man in the next



IF YOU ARE INTERESTED

in hearing personal testimonies like those you have read in this magazine, other men are sharing their testimony at FGBMFI Chapter breakfasts, luncheons, and dinner meetings across the nation. You can contact



the International Director nearest you by mail (his name and address appear on pages 36 and 37 of this issue), or telephone International Headquarters at (714) 754-1400 for the location of the Chapter nearest you.

bed rose up, looked at me and passed out. Across the room was a mirror. At first I thought a zombie or some creature from a horror movie was standing there. When I moved, it moved. Then I realized it was me. That was the first I knew how bad I looked. I had a funny feeling in my stomach. Then it left.

If ever I was going to give up, the discomfort of the long trip home would have convinced me. I began to get the same unbearable feeling as experienced the night before. Then the driver asked directions to Massillon. The rest of the trip, my mind was occupied with the route, how many traffic lights ahead and even the cost ahead at the toll booth. God surely worked that out to keep my mind off my feelings.

With three electrocardiogram machines showing my heart beating out of control, the doctor was puzzled by the absence of pain. As the days went by, at different times, I'd look up to find the doctor peeking at me through the crack of the door. He'd come in and say, "It's all right. You can tell me that you have pain." Finally, I said, "I don't have pain because the Lord Jesus Christ has taken my pain away from me."

"Surely He has...carried our sorrows and pain..."

(Isa. 53:4 Amp.)

The doctor said he believed in divine healing but had never witnessed anything like this. He asked me to come to see him if ever I had pain.

The surgery on my neck went well. Technically, I shouldn't be able to rotate my head and neck, but I do. My kidneys began functioning. Twenty-three days after the accident, I went home. One

month later, the doctor agreed I did not need the neck brace which was supposed to be a long-time companion. Imagine, God doing all this for me, a truck driver!

Most of my married life I worked two and three jobs, never spending much time with the family. I rarely went to church with our two children, Bob and Becky. I told them that when I was growing up, I was in church every time the door opened. That was enough to last me the rest of my life.

When our son joined the Army, we sold our home and bought eight townhouses. For two years we remodeled them. To Shirley, it seemed like that was all that was important to me anymore.

On Thanksgiving Day, in 1977, Shirley wanted to fix a Thanksgiving dinner. Well, there just wasn't time for that. Upset, she got up early and cried out to God, "If You are up there and You really care about me, I'll make a deal with You. If You can change Bob and turn our lives around, I will get up at 6 a.m., read Your Word and pray. I'll change my life, too, if You will help me." She started doing this. Shirley went to bed earlier while I would stay up and watch TV. I started to watch Christian TV. What I was hearing and seeing on TV was not something new to me. My mother and father were born-again, Spirit-filled Christians. I had seen many miracles performed by God because of their faith and prayers. But now I began to see in a new light. Something was changing in me. I wasn't pressing Shirley about what she got done in the apartments but cared when I saw her so tired looking or upset about something.

Three weeks after Shirley's bargain

with God, I asked her what she wanted to do New Year's Eve. She wanted to go to an all-night church service. We went. The next evening, January 1, 1978, we attended my brother's church, Cathedral of Life. The pastor, C. Herschel Gammill, spoke just the right words and God touched our hearts. Shirley, Becky and I walked down that aisle and accepted Christ as our Lord and Saviour. Our lives turned completely around.

The truck accident happened later that year and without Jesus' intervention, I would be in the grave. It has been eight years since the accident and I still work hard, unloading and driving truck.

January, 1985, I went to Guatemala to help construct a building for the LIVING WATER MINISTRY. While there, I met a carpenter from Tennessee, Dennis Pritchard. Dennis and I and our wives had a burden to help the poor. We formed a partnership to market Dennis' scriptural illustrations on items, such as: T-shirts, jerseys, and hats. The profits from our company, EN TYME PRODUCTS, are for helping missionaries and the poor in this country.

I have made mistakes by wanting to do things my way, but He always forgives when I ask (and straightens out the mess). God doesn't love Bob Shaffer any more than He loves you. Give your heart to Him and trust Him. He is so good. □

Bob Shaffer is still driving semi trucks, and he and his wife Shirley share in a Christian home business titled En Tyme Products. The business sells T-shirts, hats and other items with various sports inscriptions and Bible references silkscreened on them. Both Bob and Shirley attend Cathedral of Life Church in Canton, Ohio. Bob and Shirley have two grown children Robert II and Rebecca. Bob is a past member of the Akron Chapter of FGBMFI.

"In 1987 I pledge to INCREASE and INTENSIFY my personal ministry to you!"



As an act of obedience to the leading of the Holy Spirit, Demos Shakarian has pledged to do three things in 1987:

1. Each month, he will record a personal tape message on Endtime revelations that God is putting in his heart, and share it with 120 Club participants.
2. He will pray for you, and believe God to meet your every need. Believe that God will honor his prayers, as Demos does, and receive the NEW ANOINTING God has given Demos, and is being transmitted through tape cassettes.
3. Demos will prayerfully lay hands on any specific prayer requests you send to him, and serve as a point of contact for your miracle.

To seal this sacred relationship through the 120 Club in 1987, Demos prayerfully asks that you do just two things:

.....
Yes, I want more of God in my life.

- ☐ Sign me up as a 120 Club member. I will pray monthly for FGBMFI outreaches, and I will give \$_____ monthly, as the Lord provides. Enclosed is my first gift.
- ☐ I want to help, but not as a 120 Club member. Enclosed is my one-time gift of \$_____.
- ☐ I have enclosed a prayer request.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

1. Pray for the FGBMFI outreaches God has challenged us to fulfill in 1987, and...
2. Give any amount, on a monthly basis, to help undergird the international headquarters, as we fulfill the Vision God has given to us.

When you send in your first gift, you will receive a lovely 120 Club pin as a spiritual symbol of our UNITY.

In 1987, we will CONTINUE and INTENSIFY these outreaches...with YOUR help!

- Nation-changing AIRLIFTS around the globe
- Powerful RADIO outreaches in third-world and Communist countries
- Life changing PRISON MINISTRY
- New half-hour weekly TELEVISION series "Good News."

In addition, local, regional and world CONVENTIONS will continue to EVANGELIZE local communities, and train, teach, and inspire. And, our anointed magazine, VOICE, now in 12 languages, will continue evangelizing and inspiring readers through powerful testimonies.

The time is short. Will you prayerfully UNITE with us today?

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The Ramblin' Gamblin' Man

Bill Freeman
Statesboro, Georgia



I was on my way to go to another game in Oakridge, Tennessee when I decided to call home and tell my wife. Louise answered and said, "Bill, you've got company." There was silence. "Who, Louise?" I asked. "Government men, Bill, FBI." "They have a warrant for your arrest. Bill, they want to talk to you."

I knew that the time had come. Things were getting so tight and there was so much greed. More members of the organization were showing up dead every day. My turn might be next.

I was born in 1921 in Statesboro, Georgia. My father was a farmer, veterinarian and work-a-holic. On top of that, he was a drunk. He may have been a deacon in church, but he started off and always ended with a drink. My mom raised up all six of us. I don't know how.

I managed to get three years of schooling which was pretty good. My dad kept us out most of the time because he needed us to work on the farm. School didn't mean much to me anyways. I was seven when I started and the biggest in my class. I stood out like a sore thumb.

At 13, I left Statesboro and moved in with my brother and worked in a filling station. That didn't last long—the business closed down. So I went to work at the shipyard. My father was working there at the time and he helped me get on.

Then it happened! Dad and I went to visit his brother and son. While they were talking I found a gun. Naturally, I picked it up—not knowing that it was loaded. Bang!! I shot my father in the neck. Things got confusing. The police took me to jail, and I stayed there until they told

me that my father had lived only long enough to tell them that it was an accident.

I carried that guilt until I was saved. I confessed for years that I wouldn't live any longer than my father's age at his death.

The next week, I joined the Air Corps. It was during World War II. During that time, I met and married my first wife and had two precious little girls. But the service didn't pay very much. I made \$27 a month—not enough for my wife and daughters to follow me. They made more from the government staying away. I couldn't live that way and so I soon started running around.

The year before my discharge I cracked up. I spent one year in three different hospitals with five different psychiatrists. They told me at the end of that year that they couldn't do anything for me. I can still hear them say that. It was all left up to me whether I would make it or not.

I made it, though. I divorced my wife and remarried, only this time into a family of racketeers. Although my wife was ignorant of the situation, I learned a lot and became known as the fifth top card player in the whole U.S. If you saw the movie "STING", then you know what my work was like. I could make cards do anything. They would call me from out-of-state to handle the big ones.

It was at this time that I knew that I had to get out. My associates would disappear; others turning up dead. Then that night on my way to Oakridge I made that call.

Well, the FBI met with me. They gave me a choice of being an informant or

going to jail. I was scared to cooperate and scared not to. I really didn't trust them, but I saw no other way. I worked three long years undercover while living in Knoxville. And, I was now in more danger than before. I feared the syndicate. My drinking increased to about two fifths a day. And my nerves decreased. I would wake up screaming out to God. I think that He had His hand on me all along.

I was eventually able to get out of the syndicate around 1970. I became manager of a trucking business. I lived in a daily stupor. I divorced, married, divorced and married two more times. I just didn't care. I was going along for the ride.

But my last wife held the winning hand. It was in 1978 in Knoxville when we married. Life wasn't any easier on her. I couldn't adjust to settling down and living the "normal" life. I couldn't sleep nor rest. No matter what we did, I just wasn't happy. But Evelyn had had a car accident in which she lost her arm. I believe this incident brought us closer together than the other relationships I had had.

My past life had left scars, though. When things were getting to look better, Satan had to throw his two cents in. I found out that I had cirrhosis of the liver and by the end of four years, it had worked up into my throat glands. In 1982, the doctors told me that I had a short time to live.

But God is mightier. Evelyn and I were led to go to a family reunion in which my cousin gave his testimony of how his God had healed him totally of rheumatoid arthritis. He continued to tell us of this

wonderful church which taught healing. I was so desperate that Evelyn and I went to check this out.

Sure enough! For the first month that we attended they taught on healing. I was saved during this time and one night before service I asked the pastor to pray for me. Somehow he forgot. But as he walked down the aisle after service, he saw me and remembered. He simply laid his hand on my shoulder, said a short prayer and walked on.

The following week, I was much worse. So much worse that my wife called the relatives from out of town to come see me. I was at the point where I couldn't talk or eat and my skin had the look of death. While she drove to Savannah to get them, I called out to God and claimed those promises that I found in the Bible claiming my healing when my pastor, Brother Gene Evans, prayed for me. As I prayed, strength came back as well as my voice. And as I continued to pray that week, I received the gift of the Holy Spirit.

I went to the VA hospital in Augusta the next day and the doctor was unable to find anything wrong, even after taking X-rays. He told me that I was healthier than a 21-year-old.

Although I had received my healing, I had to walk it out. I started reading the Bible and memorizing verses. I started with the Sinner's Prayer. I wanted to share with others what God had done for me. Remember, I only had a third-grade education. My mind had been almost destroyed with alcohol but God in all of His mercy saw fit to restore my mind. I was soon memorizing chapters of the Bible. Pastors would call me a walking book,



but it was God who had given me a supernatural restoration.

Although God had restored my mind, God had me work out the understanding to go along with it. Evelyn and I were called to manage a motel in a nearby town where people of all walks of life came. Some were saved; others healed; while others moved on. God separated me at a time when I needed to learn of God. I was trained in discipline and faithfulness. Although my instinct was to be in the middle of everything, God wanted total commitment. I became a doer of the word and not a hearer only.

There was one man that I specifically remember. He came one night in a

wheelchair. His son had been picked up for drugs and he was just falling apart. He had purchased a gun. He was totally ashamed of what his son had got involved in.

Evelyn recognized his need and suggested that we go to speak to him. We did, and that night he received Jesus Christ. Two weeks later we heard that he had died. Thank you Jesus for saving his soul.

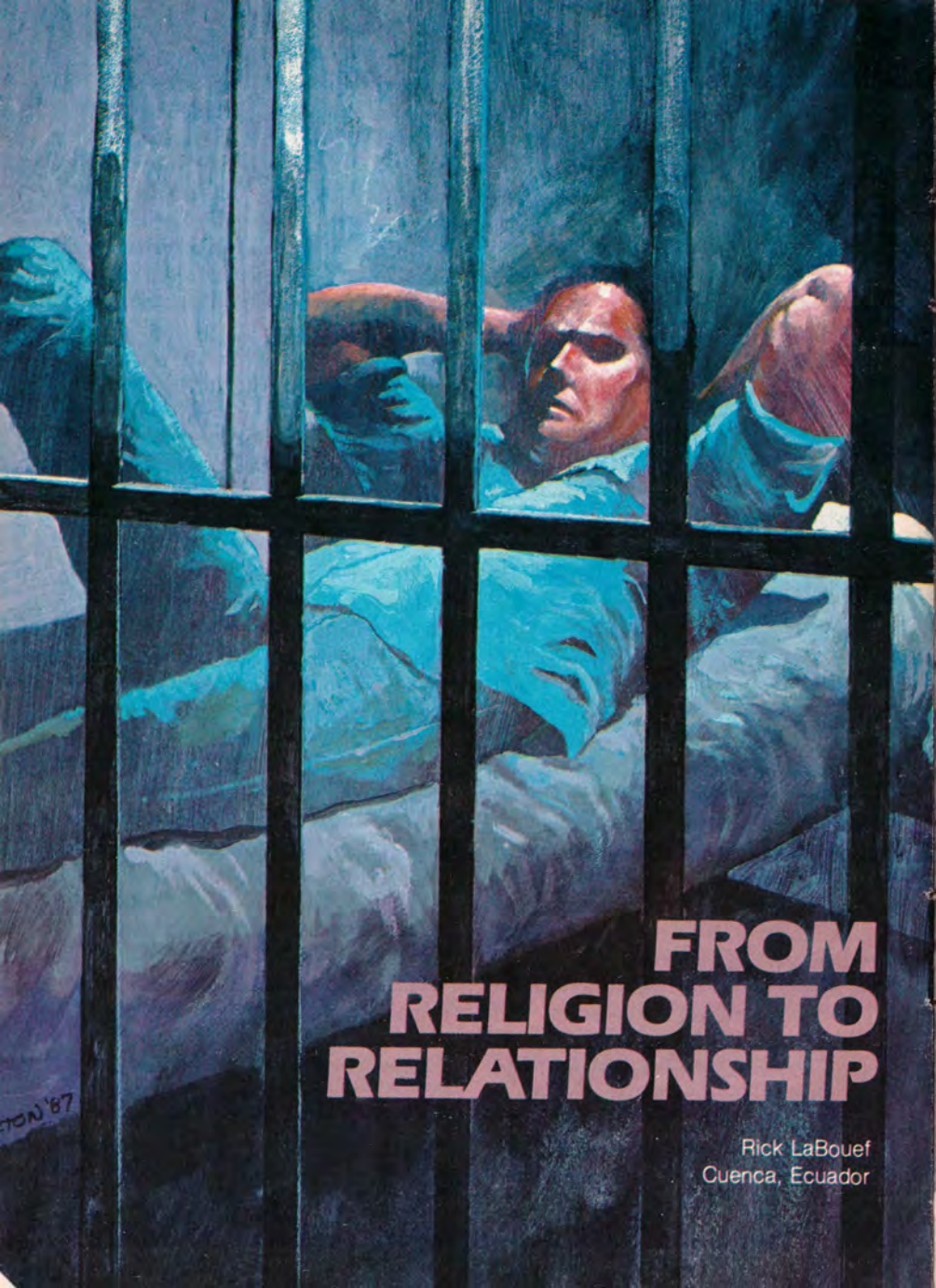
After being at the motel for two years, we desired to return to Statesboro and our church family. There we got involved in visitation.

On February 2, 1986 I was licensed as a minister and serve God today as Minister of Healing and Evangelism at Statesboro New Covenant Church. I have a regular Tuesday morning Healing Class that has state-wide participation. I teach at a local nursing home each Wednesday and have written a book for the youth entitled, "Freedom from Bondage." I appeared with Ben Kinchlow on the 700 Club on July 16, 1986 to share my testimony.

People can be deceived. My greed and lack of knowledge almost destroyed me. I've been married five times. I was caught up in fine cars and the fast life. I didn't know who I was. I took the wrong route but found out that the only and best route is Jesus Christ and in trusting Him.

God has let me prosper in every way. I'm the happiest person in the world. □

Bill Freeman is currently a Minister at the New Covenant Church in Statesboro, Georgia and a member of Statesboro Chapter of FGBMFI. He and his wife Evelyn split their time between Statesboro, Georgia and their second home in Walland, Tennessee. Bill served in the U.S. Air Corps from 1942 to 1946.



FROM RELIGION TO RELATIONSHIP

Rick LaBouef
Cuenca, Ecuador

TON '87

I shifted my position on the prison bunk. Surrounded by the barren walls and unyielding bars of the county jail, my mind drifted back, tracing the events which brought me to this place.

Born in a religious home, I had childhood dreams of someday building a church or becoming a "minister of the Word."

But one major problem existed. It appeared early in my childhood, a blatantly rebellious streak which always defied authority. As a teenager, the rebellion increased. Because my rebellious attitude had difficulty co-existing with dreams of serving God, gradually I moved away from religion towards things which promised to fulfill my need for recognition in life.

Basketball became my first idol. Those days of being a 6'2" basketball star were long ago. I had dreams of becoming a professional player until our family moved to California, where I was the short one among the 6'10" players. My basketball idol fallen, I set out to find another way to fulfillment.

Often my father proclaimed, "The way to success is to get an education. With an education, you've got the world by the tail." So I returned to New York State and enrolled in college.

When a lovely dark-haired girl came into my life, my idols became confused. Having the "world by the tail" meant nothing unless Sharon shared my accomplishments. Certainly a good education plus Sharon would bring total fulfillment for my life.

We were married. The rebellion which characterized my teenage years seemed to be in remission. Our church wedding, so religious in all the right ways, brought a sense of God-approval. But a few hours into our honeymoon, the war began. My sweet Sharon had a wicked right hand, which she used skillfully when my rebellious nature triggered her anger. Another idol began to crumble, and a renewed search for self-satisfaction began.

How far away and long ago those angry days seemed. Sliding down on my prison bunk, I tried to find a more comfortable position for reliving my "past."

Memories of our frequent visits with Aunt Jan and Uncle Tom brought a smile. The visits had one drawback—my Aunt Jan was a religious "kook." She talked about Jesus like she knew Him personally and expected us to know Him, too. Sharon and I made it clear that we were satisfied with our own religion.

Then a visit to California led to the discovery of a new idol, one which promised an effective escape from all my problems. Soon my entire life centered around drugs.

The new lifestyle drove a final wedge in our marriage. Back in New York, I lived the hippy street life. Sharon lived alone in our apartment, pregnant and desperate.

Who did she call? My Aunt Jan. They talked about Sharon's separation from God because of her sins and her need to know His peace. Soon my wife prayed to receive Jesus as her Saviour. Sharon's new relationship to Jesus Christ would

give her strength in the difficult times that followed.

Sharon, Aunt Jan and other Christians began praying. From their point of view, wonderful things began to happen, beginning with my arrest for the use and sale of drugs!

Looking at my present prison surroundings, I felt again the awful fear of going to jail. With my first arrest, that fear had motivated me to change my life style. I cleaned up my act, going back to Sharon and our new baby and getting a job. I even prayed, "God, if You get me out of this, I won't ever do drugs again."

God did His part. But with the threat of prison removed. I reneged on my part of the bargain.

We moved to California, Sharon's new faith keeping her steady in the face of my renewed rebellion. Once again drugs were the center of my world. But even in my "druggy" state, I found myself wondering about Jesus. When various beliefs were discussed, my question would be, "But what do you think about this Jesus?"

While working in a steel shop, I discovered my boss knew Jesus in a personal way. One day he talked with some of us. For the first time, I heard a "man's man" speaking about Jesus Christ!

Just remembering made that moment fresh, even in my stale cell. I had assumed "knowing Jesus" was for old



**Our church wedding,
so religious in all the
right ways....
But a few hours into
our honeymoon,
the war began**

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If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through Voice, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

people ready to die, escapists from reality—and my Aunt Jan!

I accepted an invitation to a movie at my boss's church. There the preacher talked about personal salvation.

"Have *you* realized you are a sinner and need a Saviour? Have *you* accepted Jesus Christ's death as payment for *your* sins? Do you know you are a Christian?" he thundered.

"Of course, I'm a Christian," I thought. "I believe in God."

"Are you sure? Do you know for sure?"

His questions challenged me, scared me, stirred something in me I couldn't explain. When he invited people forward who wanted to make "sure," I went. Praying, I confessed my rebellion and sin, asking Jesus Christ to be my Lord and Saviour. Jesus says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No man comes to the Father except through me" (John 14:6 NKJV)." Although I didn't understand all that had happened to me, I did know that now I had more than just a religion; I had a personal relationship with God.

In our continuing hunger to know more about God, Sharon and I spent time with some "Jesus" people. They were special....

Restlessly, I paced my cell. I remembered the words spoken by their leader when we first attended a "Jesus" people's meeting. Pointing at me, he announced, "That man's going to be a preacher!"

My reaction? "What am I doing here? The man's nuts!"

I still felt much the same way. Anybody who thought a "druggie" and con-

vict would ever be a preacher had to be nuts.

My mind traveled back to the final episode which brought me to this prison cell, awaiting a trial that promised many years in Attica State Penitentiary.

The apartment had seemed empty as I called Sharon's name. Suddenly, in bust a group of policemen, and once more I was under arrest, this time for a drug sale made a year ago back in New York State. Although I had received the Lord and my life style had changed drastically, there remained an old debt to be paid. They released me on bail until a trial date could be set.

Waiting became a trying time. Good resulted as I made a decision regarding my walk with God. Choosing to live totally for the Lord, I gave up trying to dabble in two conflicting lifestyles. It was also an awful time as we lived through an uncertain year, believing that I faced a long imprisonment.

Now the time of the trial had arrived. Here in New York, in this small county jail, I awaited my turn before the judge.

Footsteps approached my cell. The pastor from my Aunt Jan's church had come to visit. My time of "remembering" over, I greeted him with pleasure. As we talked, he asked, "Well, Rick, what has the Lord shown you is going to happen?"

His question surprised me. I hadn't expected God to show me anything. After the pastor left, my prison cell became a place of fasting and prayer as I asked God to show me what lay ahead. One day, while praying, the thought came, "Probation and \$1,000 fine."

Scheduled to face a judge who gave severe penalties for drug offenses, I

expected several years in the Attica State Penitentiary. Probation seemed unreasonable, but I took it as God's answer and began to thank Him for His deliverance.

As I walked into the courtroom, the lawyer took me aside and explained with a pleased expression, "Rick, we've worked out a deal. I think we can get you two or three consecutive one-year terms at the county jail so you won't have to go to Attica."

His words shook me, but I replied, "I've been praying and believe that I'll get probation and a \$1,000 fine."

The lawyer looked at me and laughed!

When my turn came, my lawyer explained the technical details of my case. Then the judge asked if I had anything to say.

In a few sentences, I confessed my guilt, told him about my relationship to Jesus and my changed life. My testimony ended with the words, "I told the Lord that whatever the judge says, I will accept as God's will for my life. So if you send me to Attica, I'll serve Him there. If

you release me, I'll serve Him in California. But I'll hear God's will for me through you."

The judge sat like a stone, seeming to feel the burden of pronouncing God's will for my life. Minutes passed. Suddenly he banged his gavel and announced loudly, "Five years probation, and the defendant will reimburse the court \$1,000 for expenses."

Sharon and I have walked many miles since that day. God did make me a "preacher of the Word." With our six children, we serve as a missionary family in Ecuador. In a world where there are many "religions," we seek to proclaim what we discovered—the reality of a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. ☐

Rick La Boeuf, his wife Sharon and their six children, currently live in Cuenca, Ecuador, where Rick serves as a missionary under the auspices of Christians in Action. Rick has been cursed, shot at, stoned and persecuted as he has taken the Gospel into the bush country of Ecuador. Yet, he loves his work and rejoices with great joy every time another person comes to know the Lord.

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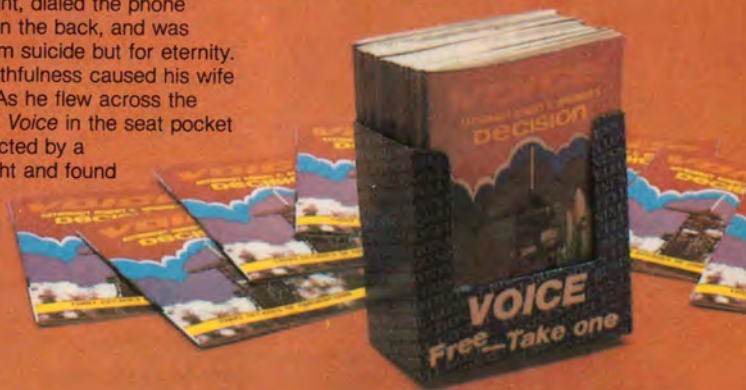
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He Paid the Price



Peter Sutherland

Four years ago, I was one of the highest paid professionals in the world, and I had a career as a successful stockbroker in Singapore for as long as I wanted it. I had just been married and in terms of what this world had to offer, I had every reason to feel secure.

Four years before that, in December 1978, I remember sitting alone in my apartment in Singapore and asking God for a heart attack. That night, I had

slipped into a church and quietly surrendered my life to Jesus. For the first time in my life, I felt an unexplainable sense of trust in the Lord. I praised God for the revelation that I could trust Him completely to sort out my life. I prayed that I wanted to become 'useless to Satan' and purged of my lustful attitude toward women and my career. I wanted God to rebuild my life without me getting in the way. So that night, I cried out for a heart attack and trusted God to put the pieces together.

I know now that this was a foolish prayer. But I also know that God honors the prayers of broken-hearted people. I also discovered that God has a sense of humor: the following night, He answered my prayer. He gave me a heart attack, but it was quite different to the one I expected. He allowed me to meet a beautiful Chinese girl called Suyin, who later became my wife.

I now understand what it means to pray a violent prayer (Matt. 11:12). But what brought me to this point? In 1964, at the age of 20, I graduated in England with an economics degree, then qualified as an accountant. I was determined to work so hard that success was inevitable. Driven by memories and scars of a painful and violent childhood, I found myself believing that I could find security, approval and self-worth by building a

prominent career. By the time I arrived in Singapore in 1973 my career was ahead of schedule but even so, I had already begun to sense that my life was being consumed by the obsession that I would find security and happiness in worldly reputation and success. The things that I was striving for had begun to lose their meaning. I felt trapped by my own financial ambitions and intellectual vanity.

I began to watch people who were ten to twenty years ahead of me, some of whom represented wealthy families. So many were unhappy. I saw no real purpose to their lives. I soon realized that although they had money, they did not possess what I really wanted. My desire to be like them began to melt away.

During a business trip to London in 1977, I opened the Bible and for the first time read from the book of Matthew. "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Then there was the parable of a man who built His house upon the sand. These passages so troubled me, that I canceled most of my appointments and returned to Singapore.

Hoping to find some peace, I attended communion at the Anglican Church a few days later. I met a Chinese pastor, and before long, I was sharing my apartment with this man and being dragged from the office to attend evangelistic meetings. In those days, I didn't understand that the Bible was the infallible word of God. But every time I heard the word preached, my heart was stirred, and soon I couldn't get enough to satisfy my thirst. It was like water splashing into an empty bucket. I began to realize that

what was missing in my life was not some *thing*, but some *person*, and His name is Jesus Christ.

Shortly after I was saved, the Lord baptized me in the Holy Spirit and gave me a new prayer language. God continued to bless me financially, and led me to share the gospel in my business life. Knowing little about His word, I started a Bible class in the firm, and was astonished at how God blessed it. Three people soon accepted the Lord and were baptized.

I also joined the FGBMFI where I first heard the "prosperity message" being preached. After a while, believing that God had singled me out for special favor, I let my career take over again.

Nevertheless, the day after I was saved God had given me a dream which would later greatly influence my life. I would have to answer the question, "Who is the most important person in my life? Is it me, my wife, my business partners, or God?"

Deep down in my heart, I really wanted to know the answer for myself, but God had to take me through several experiences before I was ready to respond.

I desperately needed a foundation in my life, and one day as I was reading the Bible, God opened my eyes to a tremendous truth—His Word was to be my foundation. II Timothy 3:16 says, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God..." As soon as my eyes were fixed upon those words, they were written upon my heart forever.

God had promised me earlier that He would restore the years which 'the swarming locusts' had eaten (Joel 2:25).

And as soon as I saw II Timothy 3:16, it was as if the Lord redeemed those years right there and then. I sensed a new surge of faith, and received instant freedom and deliverance from those years of meandering without a spiritual compass.

My second experience on the pilgrimage to answer the question, 'Who is the most important person in my life?' came from reading Ecclesiastes. Solomon had more wisdom than any other man. He had the greatest mental, material, and political resources ever combined in one man. Yet after a lifetime of power, prestige, popularity and pleasure, he concluded that nothing can fill the God-shaped void in a man's life except God

Himself. Solomon realized that life had no meaning until he could see it as a daily gift from God. Through my study of Ecclesiastes, the Lord showed me that seeking a worldly reputation and material gain was vanity, fleeting, and had no eternal value.

A third incident stands out in my mind as a life-changing experience. On one particular trip to London in 1981, I sensed the Holy Spirit prompting me again to cancel my appointments and take a taxi to Wimbledon Common. It's easy to get lost on Wimbledon Common, unless you know where the windmill is. And as I was walking on the grass towards the windmill, I suddenly realized that I could not see its sails from my

conventions

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1505 Mohawk Blvd.
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SOUTHERN ILLINOIS REGIONAL CONV. March 13-14, 1987

Marion Holidome
Contact: Ken Gearhart
RR7
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Green Bay Bible Camp, Kelowna, BC
Contact: Neil Simmonds
Box 893
Kelowna, BC V1Y 7P5

COLUMBIA RIVER REGIONAL CONV. March 5-7, 1987

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Richland, WA 99352

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Indianapolis, IN 46219

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Box 23901
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Milwaukee, WI 53220

SOUTHERN INDIANA COUPLE'S ADVANCE March 13-14, 1987

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1424 Brookside
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Cromwell, CT
Contact: Don Carlson
1052 Farmington Ave.
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particular angle of approach. This so intrigued me that I stopped to think about it. Suddenly, I felt the Holy Spirit whispering to me, 'Is this the kind of Christian you want to be, where people have to peer at you closely before they know you are a Christian? People all around you are lost and dying. They cannot see your arms outstretched.'

From that moment, I decided to be totally committed to the gospel of Christ, no matter what it cost me.

In each of these experiences, I sensed God bringing me to a point of decision.

The moment of truth for me came in March 1983, as I addressed an International Investment Conference in Singapore. Before I had finished the first page

of my speech, I sensed myself proclaiming in a loud and clear voice, 'Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.' Shocked, I looked around me, but everything seemed normal. So I continued speaking, but slowly, as a quiet voice whispered in my heart, 'Why are you so concerned about their financial welfare, when I, Jesus, am concerned about their spiritual welfare. When will you tell them about me?'

Inwardly, I argued with the Lord. 'How can I tell them about You. I'm an infant in the Word? Surely You don't expect me to leave the business! I've spent years building it, and my partners would never understand.'

Finally, after six months of prayer and arguing with the Lord, I was ready to put

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April 3-4, 1987

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123 Crossbrook Dr.
Brunswick, GA 31520

3RD ANNUAL SOUTHERN NEVADA RALLY

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Contact: Larry DePaulis
4329 Gibraltar Way
Las Vegas, NV 89121

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Box 36
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Empire Bldg. #401
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Philadelphia, PA 19107

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April 22-25, 1987

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Honolulu
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Rockford, MI 49341

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April 23-25, 1987

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Contact: Martin Zip
Box 7047
Saskatoon, Sask. S7K 4J1

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1055 Juniper Dr. SW
Cedar Rapids, IA 52404

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April 30-May 2, 1987

Assyrian American Civil Hall
Turlock, CA
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Box 337
Turlock, CA 95381-0337

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June 30-July 4, 1987

Anaheim Convention Center
Anaheim, California
Contact: WORLD CONVENTION
3150 Bear St.
Costa Mesa, CA 92626



He is short of money. God is short of people who are willing to die to self and surrender to His will for their lives.

Shortly after I surrendered my life to the Lord, Suyin introduced me to her boss, Canon James Wong. He invited me to dinner and as we prayed together he said, 'Lord, You know the bruises that Peter suffered as a boy because You were there...' I didn't hear the rest of His prayer, for those words—'because You were there...' seemed to carry me back to a time when, as a four-year-old boy, I was standing in a corner on one leg with my hands on my head. I remembered the beatings my father used to give me and the other ways he would punish me. Then I saw Jesus in the room with me. Suddenly, I realized that I had not been alone. Jesus had been there with me all the time. He had suffered more than I, and if He was there, it was for a purpose.

We all need to know that Jesus has been with us all the time, walking with us, bearing our setbacks and our sorrows, waiting patiently for us to yield to His embrace and to His desire for our lives.

We are set free by the knowledge that our security is not in the things and the talents we possess, but our foundation and hope are in our relationship with Jesus Christ. □

my Saviour first. A divine discontent flooded my heart, and God somehow dulled my desire for success. In my own strength, I could never have forsaken my career. God had to set me free.

God spoke to Suyin and myself, and within the next 48 hours, I had written my resignation. God subsequently showed us that He wanted us to go to Christ For the Nations Bible School in Dallas. I knew that this was to be the beginning of re-building my life on a sure foundation. I had discovered that in the eyes of the world, it does not matter whether you build your house upon sand or upon rock: one building looks as strong as another, until the storm comes. The Bible says that I must be like a wise man who digs deep and builds His house upon a rock (Matt. 7:25).

I also discovered that Satan is a resourceful liar. I began to feel guilty for laying down my career. For example, couldn't I have tithed substantially with my income? But God showed me that nowhere in the scripture does He say that

After resigning a lucrative career in the financial field and attending Christ For the Nations Bible School in Dallas, Texas, Peter Sutherland returned to his home town of Grimsby, South Humberside, England, where he plans to form a local chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. He is currently a member of the North Humberside Chapter. Peter and his wife Suyin have two children. Peter Sutherland is a fellow of the Certified and Corporate Accountants in England and was previously employed by James Cappell, a London stock brokerage firm.

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The international directors listed on these pages give direction to the multifaceted ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in eighty-seven countries of the world. They also provide leadership in achieving the goals of the Fellowship.

Their names and addresses are provided as a point of contact for you to learn when and where chapters meet in your area, or to receive needed spiritual ministry.

They are also a point of contact for those interested in serving Christ through this organization.

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land 9.

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 ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 3:19).

3. Confess "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9).

4. Forsake "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord... for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7).

5. Believe "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16).

6. Receive "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:11,12).

Why not make your eternal decision now:
"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address:
FGBMFI / Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

CHAPTER OUTREACH

If you have a burden to start a new chapter, write for complete information to: Chapter Dept. / FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628. As this issue was being prepared for publication, the following chapters were submitted as having been recently chartered. The president's name and telephone number are included for your information. Write for date and location details of a meeting in your area.

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VOICE

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WHO WE ARE Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

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Saving Grace

J. Peter Grace incorporates an old fashioned work ethic with sound biblical principles in running one of the largest industrial firms in the United States—and as a leading businessman he's convinced they're the only ones that work.

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The Ramblin' Gamblin' Man

Bill Freeman was truly a rambler and a gambler. His lifestyle led him from one poker game to another. One day the FBI came to see him and Bill found he had run out of aces.

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From: **FGBMFI**
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