



Death! Is it the end or just the beginning?

In this issue of Voice are several near-death experiences. In each case they have discovered something important regarding "Life"!

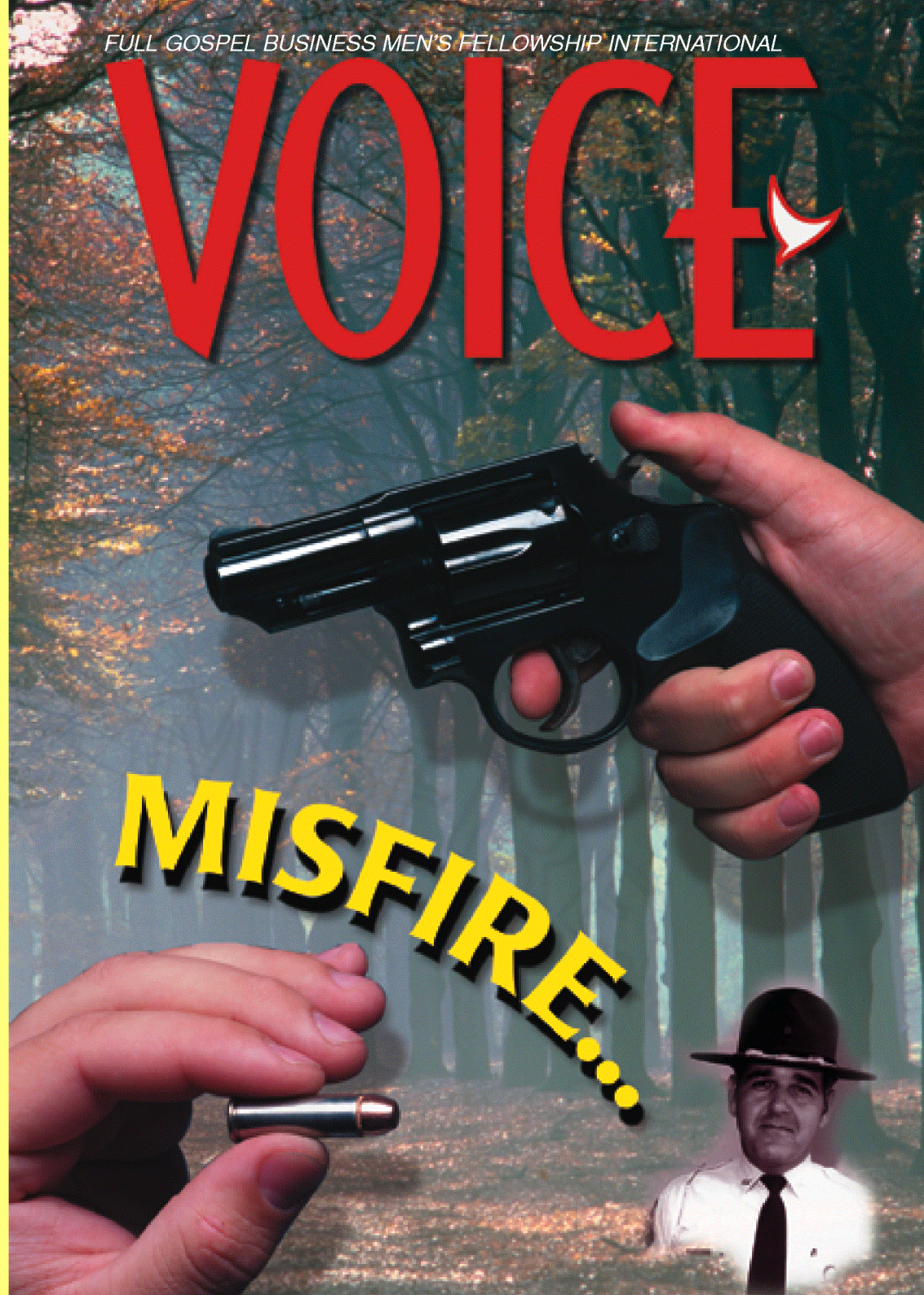
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ENGL. NR.974

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

VOICE

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Bruno Berthon

Experiencing God's Presence!

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is an international fellowship of Christian business men who seek to work together for the benefit of those around us. The organization is currently in more than 150 nations and still growing.

We are "laymen" who have personally experienced God's presence in our world today, and testify to it in the market place. Globally, Christians from all walks of life and every possible church background come together in our meetings to share how God has supernaturally moved in their lives. All around us we see people searching for meaning to life. With this in mind, how can we keep the wonders we have experienced to ourselves?

We do not talk about theory or high ideas, but rather what we have actually seen – how Jesus Christ has impacted us, bringing an abundant, fruitful existence.

In this magazine, you will read stories of ordinary people with extraordinary experiences, yet there are millions of Christians like them. You, too, could be one!

Bruno Berthon
International Vice-President

An End to Inferiority



*Jean Luc Dussaud,
Les Salles Du Gardon, France*

When my sister-in-law was baptized it really caught my attention. Although I knew a lot about God, I was not a committed Christian at the time. At her baptism she spoke of a living God who wants to have a personal relationship with individuals like me. It was nothing spectacular, but I walked out of that place convinced that God exists.

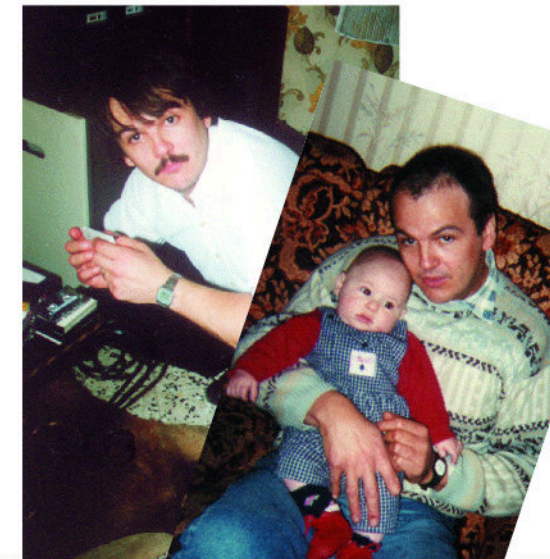
She had also talked about healing. A few years earlier I had had a nervous breakdown. Now, after prayer, God began to set me free from my depression and nervous problems. This was a gradual healing till, ultimately, I was able to stop taking my medication and quit therapy. Throughout this process my emptiness and sense of inferiority began to lift.

During this same time I met a man who was a member of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International (FGBMFI). He was a deeply committed Christian, who sought the Lord's will in everything he did. He told me about what he had experienced at FGBMFI meetings. Clearly I needed what these men had.

At one point God showed me that I would be further released from my feelings of inferiority if I would stand up in public and talk about what He had done in my life. Having grown up in an overly-protected environment, where I had had

little to no freedom, I was closed and introverted, very insecure. Little by little Jesus has revealed that He loves me, that I am His child, and therefore have value in His eyes. God has shown me that His love is not based on anything we do – it is unconditional.

The most important step for anyone needing this type of healing is to open yourself up to the Lordship of Jesus Christ. This means to commit your life to Jesus and let Him take control. This does *not* mean a blind obedience to every voice. God will never do anything contrary to His Word. Anytime I believe God is speaking to me, I put it to the test – does it agree with the Bible? ●



For the third time in my career as a law enforcement officer, I drove my patrol car to a secluded spot in the county I was patrolling. I turned the engine and radios off and pondered the fate of the most miserable human being I had ever met – me.

Twice before I had come to this spot, intending to execute this miserable person, James Rackley. That day, as I looked back over my life, I found there was a new factor to consider.

Actually, it wasn't really a new factor. It was something that had hounded me since that day in 1956 when I walked out of the church my father pastored, cursing

God and spitting on the front step as I went. I vowed that as long as I lived I would never set foot inside a church again. I declared, "if there is a God, I don't want anything to do with Him."

All of my life I'd heard about God, but it seemed to me that He was a God of poverty, defeat, and despair, and certainly a God who did not care about me. I said "All He has ever done for my family is keep my mother sick, beaten down, and defeated, leaving our family with no money after paying all the hospital and doctor bills." I was told that God was trying to teach us something.

As a small child I had been told that God had taken my grandparents at an early age because He needed them in heaven to help Him. In my heart I often thought, "Does this selfish God really need them more than their heart-broken children and grandchildren need them on earth?"

When I reached sixteen years of age I'd had it with this cruel selfish God who wanted His people to be hungry, poor-ly clothed, and sick. It wasn't until my

later years that I learned it wasn't God who was doing these terrible things to my family. It

was a thief, named Satan, who had come to steal, kill, and destroy (John 10:10). You'd think a smart cop like me would have figured that out years sooner, but instead I blamed God and made the devil my closest sidekick.

Since I was a young boy I had dreamed

of someday being a state trooper. My career in law enforcement finally began as a police officer with the Augusta, Georgia City Police Department. Then I became a Deputy Sheriff, and finally my childhood dream became a reality when I became a Georgia State Trooper.

Often I wondered if somehow I could get right with God, but then I would remember a lie I had heard all my life, "One can't carry a pistol, wear a badge, or be a police officer, and be a Christian at the same time."

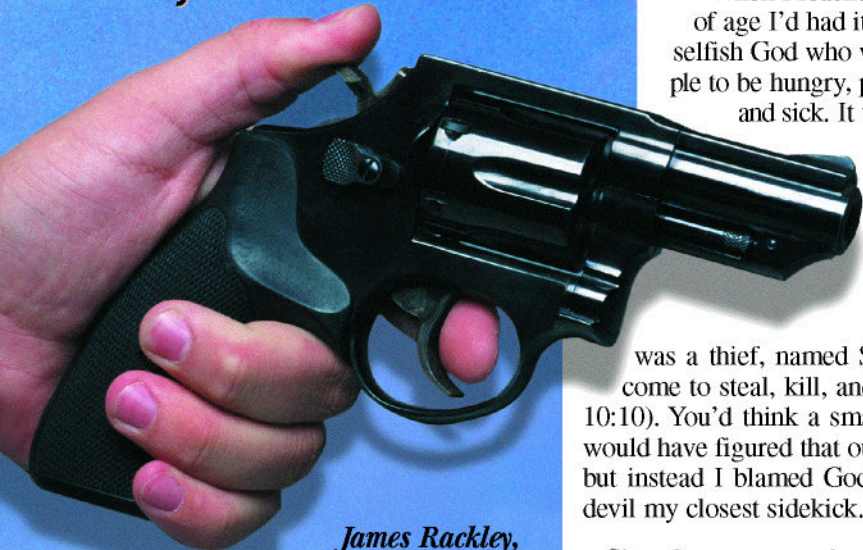
My drinking increased heavily and later I was mixing my alcohol with drugs. It seemed I was constantly fighting with my wife, and I often thought about suicide. I began taking chances in the line of duty. I knew that if I could die in the line of duty my family would get extra insurance from the government and would be rid of me at the same time.

Then a voice began speaking to me. It said, "James, you've made a mess of your life, and there is only one way of escape. You've got to die, you've got to die, you've got to die!" I would hear this over and over in my head until it reached the place that the only thing that made sense to me was that I must commit suicide.



MISFIRE... IN CAR 12

"I pointed that .357 magnum and fired three times in a row."



*James Rackley,
Texas, USA*

Bitterness & Anger

My bitterness became part of my uniform, like my gun and badge. I didn't discriminate against any particular person or group of people; I hated everyone equally. My hatred exploded in all directions, but most often against God and my family. I enjoyed getting in a group where I could curse God. I would say things like, "I'll shoot the first 'so and so' I catch trying to tell one of my children about Jesus Christ," and that I'd rather catch my children in the worst night-club in town than in any church building.

When I would say these terrible things, something deep inside me would scream, "No! No! No! James you know there is a God, and you know there is a place called hell. That is where you're headed, and you're dragging your family there with you!"

I never talked to anyone about it, but I lived in constant fear that any second I could be blown away into an eternity in hell. It might be by a maniac with a shotgun or a scared kid with a pistol. I knew every call I received on that radio carried with it the potential of being my last.



THE NOISE ECHOED THROUGH THE WOODS.

However, in that secluded spot, when I put the barrel into my mouth and pulled the trigger, nothing happened! That magnum snapped like a weapon with no ammunition in it, and yet when I pointed it out the window and pulled the trigger, the noise echoed through the woods around me. Pointing it back to my head, I again pulled the trigger. Again it snapped and didn't fire. Once more I fired it out the window, the noise ringing in my ears as that bullet exploded. Returning the gun to my head, I pulled the trigger – again that .357 magnum **MISFIRED!**

It was not faulty ammunition in that weapon. I later fired those bullets that had the imprint of that pin on their caps. I am convinced it was the hand of God on my life that caused those bullets to misfire. God was honouring the prayers my mother and father had prayed for me over all those years.

"Maybe things will get better," I thought. "They can't get any worse." It continued to seem like the walls of life were caving in around me.

I reached a point where I was drinking at least a bottle of whiskey every day. It was almost impossible for me to go more than three or four hours without a drink. Finally my wife and children left me.

That voice kept saying, "James, you must die." I remember saying one day, "I

love my kids; it's not right for them to grow up knowing their father committed suicide." "That's simple," replied the voice. "Take them with you!" Then the voice told me exactly how to take the lives of my children and my wife. At the time I did not know where my family had gone. They were afraid of me and were in hiding.

One afternoon as I went on duty for the evening shift, the voice began telling me I had really made a mess of things and the best thing for me to do was to forget about my wife and family and get on out to my secret spot and kill myself. I drove back to the location I had previously parked, and tried to die. Placing my .357 magnum to my head, I pulled the trigger and again it **MISFIRED!** Could God hate me so very much that He wouldn't let me put myself out of my misery?

The answer began to come in 1969. My wife and I were in the process of filing for a divorce. One day she came home with a smile on her face and announced that she had been "*born again*".

She didn't try to shove her new experience down my throat. She just began to set an example. The Bible tells us in II Corinthians 5:17, "Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature, old things are passed away and behold all things are become new." She had truly become a new creature in Jesus.

When I would try to start a fight, she would look at me and say, "James, I love you," and then walk away, leaving me standing there feeling like the idiot I really was. This began to have a tremendous impact on my life. I could see the change in her life and knew in my heart she had found the answer to our problems.

LET'S PARTY!

Then some friends came to visit us. He was a California State Trooper. I had stocked up with plenty of booze to drink and dirty jokes to tell – the same way I had for their previous visits. It wasn't long, however, before I noticed that no one else was drinking with me and they weren't laughing at my dirty jokes.

Since their last visit, Jim had gotten mixed up with a group of men in Banning, California, called the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International (FGBMFI). Through his relationship with these men, he had committed his life to Jesus Christ. When they invited us to go out to dinner with them on Saturday evening, I thought we were just going out for a normal evening on the town. To my surprise, when we arrived at the restaurant, it was an FGBMFI banquet.

When I realized what they were doing, I exploded. After saying some very ugly things I calmed down and said, "Okay, I'll play your silly game this one time, but don't you ever pull a trick like this on me again!"

FUN TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

That night the speaker was a business man named Blaine Amburgy, from Lebanon, Ohio. He shared his testimony about what Jesus Christ had done for him. He spoke about a God called El Shaddai, Almighty God, the God who is more than enough. This God was not the selfish God who did not care about me. He was a loving God who gave His Son, Jesus Christ, to save James Rackley. This was good news to me and I really wanted to go down to the front when Blaine asked for a response, but I didn't have the guts.

I went home and spent a sleepless night tossing and turning as I relived my miserable life. I could not get away from a statement the speaker had made. It echoed through my thoughts all night long, "If there were no hell to fear and no heaven to anticipate, I would still want to be a Christian because it's so much fun."

Fun to be a Christian? I'd never thought about such a thing. I thought back to my childhood when I would hear people get up in our church. They would cry about how the devil had been working them over that week and how hard it was to live the Christian life. They would always say, "Please pray for me, that I can just hold on to the end." Then I thought about how much love and joy my wife, Betty, and Jim seemed to have. I knew they had not had either one of these in the past. They didn't seem to be just "trying to hold on to the end".

Jimmy Carter

Soon after Jimmy Carter was elected governor of the State of Georgia I made a decision to put the second chapter of first Timothy into operation! It tells us to pray for those in authority over us. I began spending at least an hour every day praying for the new governor and his family.

It was about ninety days after I began to do this that I found myself reassigned as bodyguard to Governor Carter. His counsel and prayers were very special to me when God began dealing with me to resign my position as a state trooper and go into full time ministry. While I was on the staff with Governor Carter, I had the privilege of sharing with him about my experience of the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and was influential in him also receiving this experience.



WHEN GOD GUIDES, GOD PROVIDES

Thirteen months after I accepted Jesus into my life I was sitting by the highway one Thursday night about eleven o'clock, tracking speeders on radar, when I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and began to praise God in a heavenly language.

God began speaking with my wife and me about going to Bible school and entering the ministry full time. In the natural it seemed there was no way it could happen. To resign my job, move my wife and three teenagers from Atlanta, Georgia to Tulsa, Oklahoma with no money... impossible! But when God guides, God provides!

We made a tremendous step of faith. God went ahead of us and spoke to people we did not even know at the time to donate funds to the Bible school for our tuition and books. He spoke to others about helping us with other expenses. The God I heard about at that Full Gospel Business Men's banquet the first Saturday night of June, 1970, is the God who is more than enough. He has never - and will never - let us down.

Today my greatest dream is to share Jesus Christ with the Indians and Eskimos of Northern Canada and the Eastern Arctic.

I went on duty the next morning at seven o'clock. At 9:00 I reached the end of the road, where my magnum had misfired. This time I cried out to God at the very top of my voice. "Lord, I am tired of this hell I've been living in all these years! I ask you to forgive my sins. I'm ready to turn a new page and I promise I will make all the wrongs in my life right if it takes the rest of my life. Lord Jesus - the Lord Jesus that man spoke about last night, the Lord Jesus I heard my father preach about when I was a little boy... Lord Jesus, will You come into my life?"

At that very moment, the first Sunday of June 1970, between 9:30 and 9:45 a.m., sitting behind the steering wheel of old car 12, Jesus Christ came into my life and I was "born again". I will never forget the feeling of peace and love that entered my life as I became a new creature in Christ Jesus - "...old things passed away and all things became new."

Immediately I experienced the power of God in my life. He healed our marriage. The desire for alcohol and cigarettes vanished. Opportunities began to come my way to tell people about Jesus. Many times, after I issued someone a citation for a violation, I have seen them standing right there at the side of the road with the ticket in one hand while raising the other toward heaven as they prayed the sinner's prayer, receiving Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour. I saw accident victims miraculously healed as I prayed with them right there in wrecked vehicles.

I am thankful for those years God allowed me to spend as a state trooper and for the things I learned during that time. Now I can say, "If there were no hell to fear nor heaven to anticipate, I would still want to be a Christian because it is the greatest life there is!"

FGBMFI HAS A CHAPTER NEAR YOU

We are currently in more than 150 nations world wide.

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Other Nations

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Not Afraid to Die

Jim Sepulveda

At 35 I was handed a death sentence. “Jim, if you own anything of value, please make out a will,” my doctor told me after severe pains in my chest sent me to the hospital. Tests revealed an enlarged heart, a damaged main valve, and two main arteries blocked by cholesterol. I would need double by-pass surgery and a valve replacement. “We can only give you a ten percent chance of making it,” he warned. I was terrified – I was too young to die...

Six weeks before surgery, I was at home, watching television one evening, when suddenly a warm feeling came around me. “Am I getting a fever?” I wondered, wiping beads of sweat from my forehead. A clear thought entered my

“What is wrong with me? Am I getting a fever?” I wondered, wiping beads of sweat from my forehead.

mind, “Stockton.” “Sharon,” I asked my wife, “is there anything going on in Stockton tonight?” She smiled at me. “Yes, but I don’t think you’d want to go!” Then she told me about a healing service where they were praying for the sick. I began to laugh. “Those people are just a bunch of ‘holy rollers,’” I thought. “I wouldn’t go to something like that for



This story was told a few years before Jim Sepulveda went to be with His Lord God. He is greatly missed by the FGBMFI around the world. He was a frequent keynote speaker in many countries at conventions, retreats, and chapter meetings. He was known as a man of faith and vision. Many continue to experience the ongoing effects of his ministry.

any amount of money!”

My wife had a Pentecostal background, but hadn’t been to church in years. Not knowing why, I suddenly turned to Sharon. “Would you like to go?” I asked. I couldn’t believe the words were coming out of my mouth! We drove to the auditorium, and saw a large crowd streaming toward the front entrance. At my insistence, we sat high up in the balcony so that no one would recognize us.

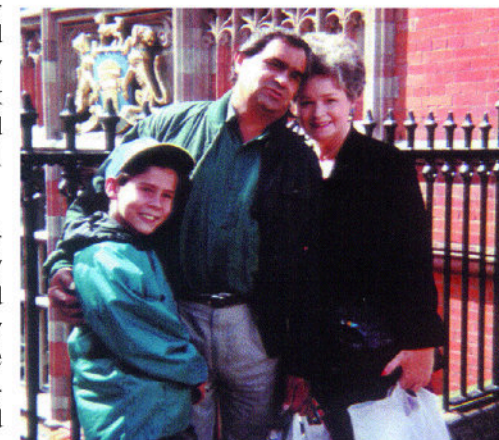
After the service began, I became restless, and kept looking at my watch. Finally I turned to Sharon. “Let’s get out of here,” I whispered. As I moved to get up, a warm feeling came around me and I found that I couldn’t move – my legs were paralyzed! “Maybe I’m having a heart attack,” I thought nervously. As I began to sweat, the man on stage called some people forward. I half-watched as he touched them and they fell on the floor. “This is weird,” I thought, “but I couldn’t move my legs to get up and leave.” Suddenly the speaker stopped and looked up. “The Holy Spirit is telling me there’s a man here who is scheduled for open-heart surgery. If you will come down now, I believe the Lord’s going to heal you.” He waited. I looked around. Surely he didn’t mean me! I still couldn’t get up. No one else came forward and the man spoke again. “The Holy Spirit is telling me that He has a work for this man. Everyone bow your head with me. Let’s pray and see if God will reveal the man’s name to me.”

He bowed his head, while I kept looking around. After a minute he slowly raised a pointed finger until it seemed like he was aiming right between my eyes. “All right, Jim, come down here now,” he said. Suddenly I felt a freshness of air come around me and realized

that I could move my legs. I turned to my wife. “Sharon, I’m getting out of this place. I’ll meet you in the parking lot.” I walked out to the main aisle and went up the stairs toward the EXIT sign at the top of the auditorium. As I pushed the door open, that warm feeling came around me again. Then a very clear thought entered my mind, “What have you got to lose?”

Before I knew it, I’d let go of the door, stepped back and was walking down the stairway toward the front. “Tell me, do you believe in Jesus?” I was asked. I had to think for a moment. “Well, yeah. I kinda do,” I responded. He smiled, “Do you believe that Jesus died on the cross for you?” “Yes,” I answered. He asked me some more questions, then raised his arm and pointed at me, “Jim, I believe the Lord is going to heal you now.”

That same warmth went through me once again, my knees buckled and I fell to the platform. I felt like I was wrapped in a warm blanket of peace and love. Then I began to see a red light appear toward the ceiling. It came down and touched my head – a pure warm heat poured down my neck and chest, right down to my feet. An even warm heat came up my left side and stopped in the





When I Was Declared Dead!

"We're losing him... losing him..." I opened my eyes and was standing in a field, surrounded by acres of green grass. Every blade glowed, as if backlit by a tiny spotlight. To my right stretched a dazzling expanse of vibrant flowers, with colours I'd never seen before. Above me the endless sky was a deep and pure blue. The air around me was permeated with love. I walked over a hill a short distance away, then stopped beside the base of a large tree. A light began to appear beside the tree. The blinding aura was too bright to look at directly. I squinted down toward the ground and then saw a pair of sandals begin to appear at the bottom edge of the light.

As my eyes moved upward, I glimpsed the hem of a seamless white gown. Higher, I could make out the form of a man's body. Around his head shone an even brighter brilliance, obscuring a direct view of his face. Even though I couldn't see clearly because of the dazzling splendour, I knew immediately the identity of this Man. I was standing in the presence of Jesus Christ. "Jim, I love you." His voice washed over me, indescribably gentle, tenderly peaceful. "But it's not your time yet. You must go back for you still have much work to do for Me." I stood in awe, unable to utter a sound. "No, I'm not ever going back," I protested inside. "I'm staying right here with You." With almost the hint of a chuckle, He spoke again, "Jim, I love you, but it's not your time yet." Then the brilliance surrounding Him reached out and engulfed me, immersing me in a total sense of love and peace. I don't know how long I stood transfixed but I finally turned away and began walking back over the hill. Then a blue mist of light began to come around me like a fog. It turned into a dark shadow, and then everything went black. Suddenly I opened my eyes and realized I was lying on the operation table, covered with a sheet.

area of my chest. Then it felt like two little fingers moved things around inside my heart. I felt physical movement inside me for about two minutes, then it stopped. "Jesus, I love you," I found myself saying. The words just slipped from my mouth without conscious thought. "I know that You've healed me. I love You."

When I went back to my doctor he wasn't convinced and insisted, "Jim, if you don't have open-heart surgery, you won't last six months." We discussed the situation at length, and then a clear thought came into my mind: Catheterization. This is a procedure where the doctor makes an incision in one of your main arteries, then feeds a catheter into the heart to take pictures in order to ascertain the exact state it is in. I told him this was what I wanted.

Several days later, I was on the operating table. I was awake during the whole process. Everything seemed to go very well. Then during the last manoeuvre, I suddenly felt a searing pain in the middle of my heart. The pain ran across my shoulders and down my chest and side. I could feel the doctors pounding on my chest.

"Jesus, if it's my time to go home, I'm ready," I thought. As a dark shadow came around me, I could hear voices from far away echoing like a tunnel. "We're losing him... losing him..."

Though I did not want to return, I was told, "it's not your time yet."

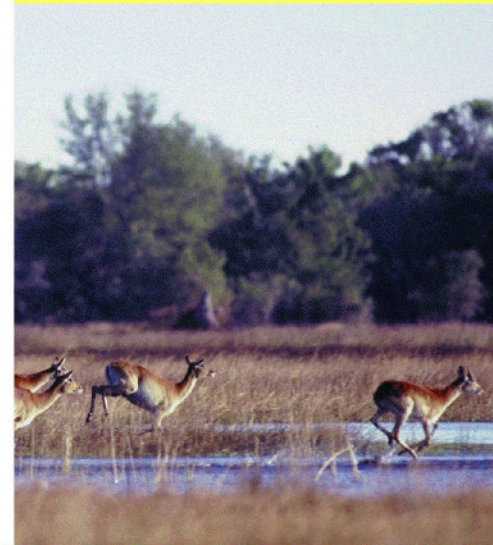
Suddenly I opened my eyes and realized I was lying on the operating table, covered with a sheet. I didn't know until later that I'd been dead for eight minutes. Everyone had left the operating room except for the main surgeon and one of his assistants. They were at the back of the room, filling out a report on my death. After a few seconds, I sat up. The sheet slid

Resurrection

Steve van Deventer, Holland

Heinrich carried his own death certificate in his wallet. It was an official hospital document signed by a doctor. I met Heinrich back home in South Africa. While on his way to an FGBMFI meeting in northern Transvaal he had a heart attack. A friend took him straight to hospital where they declared Heinrich dead. Then he phoned the waiting group and reported what had taken place.

After a time, some of the men from the FGBMFI arrived and they began to pray when all of a sudden a nurse started to scream. The sheet covering the corpse moved and the dead man sat up straight. They kept him in hospital for a day for observation, but could no longer find any damage to Heinrich's heart.



Old Paper

Isami-Barboza, Cotonu, Benin

On the 31st December 1996, while rummaging through a box of old paper intended for the garbage we found a copy of the Voice magazine. On reading the stories we were filled with peace and joy. They showed us how great God is in the lives of those who are committed to Him.

We followed the steps in the Voice which describe how to invite Jesus into your life. We are so thankful for the change this step has brought to our lives.



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down my lap, and I saw two men at the back of the room with their back to me. "Gentlemen," I announced, "I am ready to proceed if you are!" They turned and looked at me, their faces white. "Get the rest of them in here quick!" the surgeon finally said to his assistant.

They ran test after test on me. Early the next morning, the surgeon came to my room and announced he was releasing me from hospital. "Come back to my office this evening at 8.30. We'll go over all the results of your new tests." That evening I told my doctor what I'd experienced during those eight minutes when I was "dead" on the operating table. "Jim," he said after I was done, "I'm going to show you something you won't believe." Together we looked at the new pictures of my heart. Rather than being enlarged, it was now the normal size. Where there had been 58 percent blockage in two arteries, there was now no cholesterol. And the main valve was functioning normally. "We ran test after test on you, Jim." He looked at me and winked. "This is off the record..." I saw a tear form at the corner of his eye, but he had a smile on his face. "According to these pictures, this Jesus you've been talking about has either replaced or repaired your heart."

That was fifteen years ago. Over the years, the Lord has opened up hundreds of opportunities for me to share my testimony and pray for sick people. We have seen God do many miracles. I know God is alive. I've seen Him at work, both in my life and in the lives of thousands of others.

A PERSONAL RELATIONSHIP

While reading VOICE Magazine you may have wondered if you, too, could have the kind of relationship with God shared about here. For this to occur, take the following steps.



WHAT NOW?

1 Acknowledge to God you have lived selfishly and that, in not honouring Him as Lord of your life, you have sinned and are separated from Him. "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" Rom. 3:23.

2 Repent by turning to God and asking for His forgiveness of your past sins and for His help to live as He desires. "Except you repent, you shall all likewise perish" Luke 13:3.

3 Believe that Jesus is the Son of God and that, as He died on the cross, He took your sins upon Himself that you may obtain God's forgiveness. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" John 3:16.

4 Confess that you wish to invite Jesus to be Saviour and Lord of your life. "If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you shall be saved" Rom. 10:9.

If, after careful thought you wish to make this important step, then pray the following out loud: "Dear God, I am convinced that I am a sinner and as such I am destined to perish. I believe in my heart that Jesus, your Son, died for all sinners, including me, and shed His blood to wash away my sins. I confess Jesus to be Saviour and Lord of my life and thank you for your gift of eternal life. I now trust You to help me to live as You desire."

Do not depend on feelings as proof of your acceptance by God. Feelings are changeable, but your new relationship with God is based on His promises (Rom. 10:13). Do not be ashamed to tell others about Jesus (Mat. 10:32). Take time daily for prayer and Bible reading (1 Pet. 2:2, Psalms 37:4, Rom. 8:14). When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know.

TO CONTACT THE VOICE TEAM

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- I wish to inform you of my decision to follow Jesus Christ. Please send me the booklet 'Now You've Received Christ'.
- Please send me information about the FGBMFI.
- Please send me details on membership in the FGBMFI.

Name and address (print clearly):

My Debt is Paid

Kumar Swamy, Surrey, England

Linking the Café Royal with sports award presentations, I was intrigued by Ken White's invitation to an FGBMFI Dinner at the restaurant and agreed to go. This was in 1982. Since I was a Hindu, it offended me when two ladies there asked me which church I attended. I felt like leaving immediately. However, remembering how my parents had taught me to be courteous, I stayed, though I did not respond to the meeting that night.

It is our custom to repay others for anything they do for us. In this way we are not in their debt. It would have been too expensive to take Ken to the Ritz, so the only way I could repay him was to take him to the next Dinner at the Café Royal.

The speaker this time was the eminent Indian lawyer from Guyana, Sir Lionel Luckhoo. He

talked about his son's healing after prayer. "If God is that interested in people," I thought, "I want to be in on it." Thus I invited Jesus into my life that evening.

At one of the next meetings, a "word of knowledge" (a prophetic word) was given. We were told that someone had an injured knee and that God wanted to heal it. Once I was convinced that it was referring to me, I went forward to receive my healing. Despite the fact that I felt nothing, I was certain that a good God would not play tricks with me and believed I was healed. The very next day I rang my Swedish friend, Leif, and challenged him to a game of squash. He thought it would be a pushover, since I had not played for a long time, but I beat him! This healing changed my whole life and outlook.

When I was 50, I thought it would be sensible to have a personal check-up, so

while in the United States visiting my brother, I went for some medical tests. They went well until it came to the stress test, when the doctor suddenly stopped everything. He would not explain what was wrong, but had me rushed to the operating theatre. This was quite bewildering, since I felt quite normal.

Committed to Christ, I began to pray about this situation. Afterwards I learned that my blood pressure had been 220/110. It seems that one of the doctor's parents had had an arterial blockage, which had caused the heart to literally blow up. He was taking no chances with me. When they got me to the operating table and ran some more tests, they found no sign of a blockage at all! "I can't believe it!" the surgeon kept saying. Jesus had healed me and the blockage had been totally cleared.

God has been gracious to me in so many areas. He healed my son, who had had breathing problems from infected tonsils at three-and-a-half years of age. Now fully grown, he is as fit as everyone else.

Your family can help you in life, but their abilities are finite. God, on the other hand, is eternal. His help will never end. ●

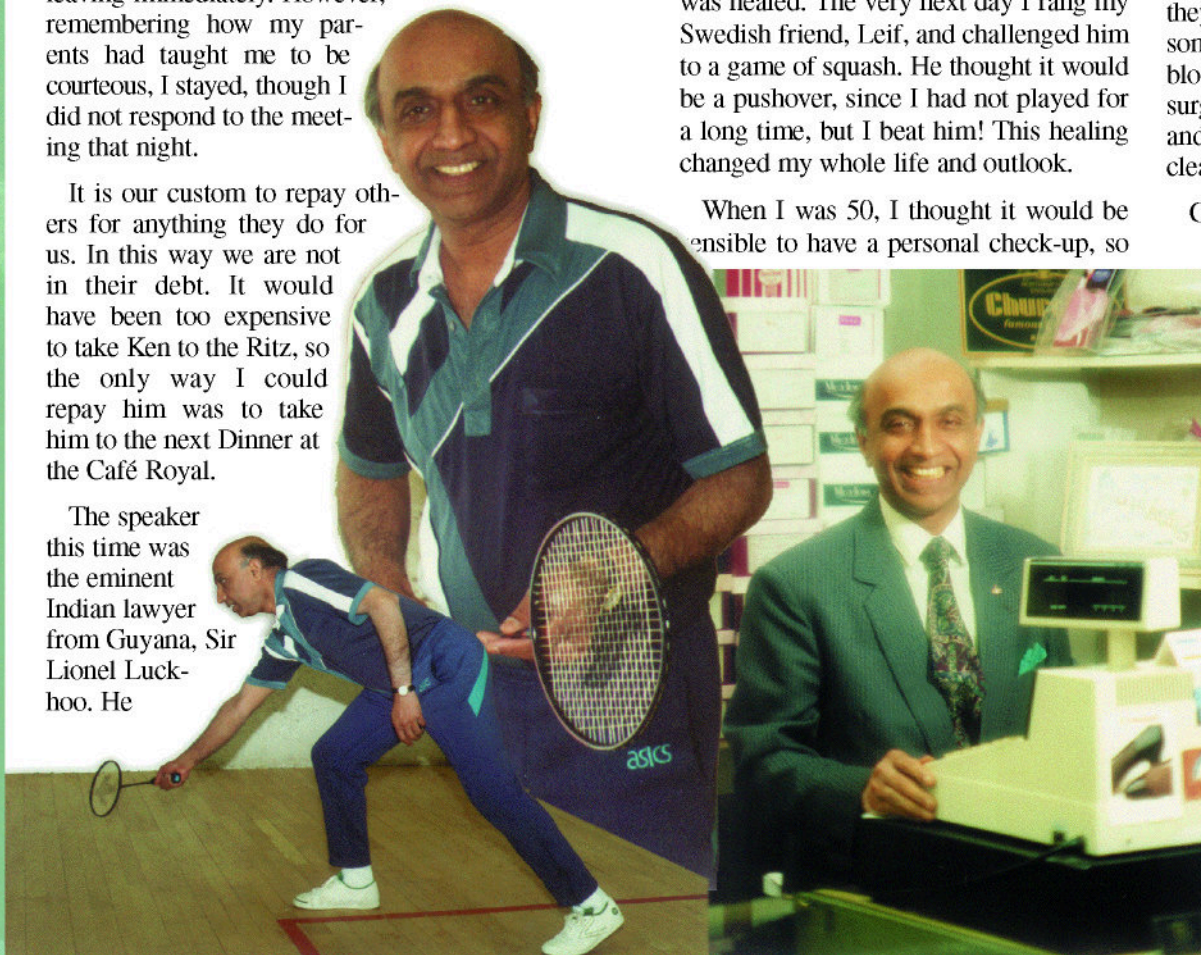
A Very Strict Hindu

Born in Southern India into a very strict Hindu family, we were vegetarians. My parents went so far as to forbid me to enter the dining room of my more secular friends, as it was deemed unclean. This was always something difficult for me to accept.

Because my feet were deformed as a child, surgery was necessary. I was put into a Christian Mission hospital for the operation. It was questionable whether I would be able to cope with the anaesthetic, but they did operate and it was successful, though I did have to wear steel leg braces for some years to come. This did not hold me back as I later worked on high-voltage lines and even joined the Air Force.

During this time I believed in God, but had dismissed Christianity, having seen the unloving way in which some Christians behaved with each other. For example, one man I knew drove to church, but left his wife and children to walk.

Arriving in the UK in 1971 to work on computers, I took up squash and played it a lot. This is a active sport, demanding frequent sudden movements. Because of it, I severely injured my knee, which caused me great pain for years. Nothing seemed to help...



A Great Designer

Ian Marshal, Hove, England

Physics and science at the university got me thinking about the basic laws of the universe, our existence, and its spiritual implications. I became convinced that there was a higher power beyond the scope of our understanding. The more I studied, the more I came to see that there had to be a Creator God. Also it seemed logical that such a creator would take steps to reveal Himself and His wishes to mankind.

During exam time I met a Christian studying chemical engineering. He explained that God wanted to have a personal relationship with me, like a father with a son. I borrowed his Bible to read over the summer vacation. Starting with John's Gospel; I read about Jesus Christ claiming to represent God. Contemplating this on a September evening while looking up into a clear evening sky, I knew that beyond the blue scattered light from the fading sun there was an immense expanse of the universe. At that moment Jesus spoke into my heart that He was indeed God and was in control. Concluding He should also be Lord over my heart, I committed my life to Him.

Continuing to read the Bible I began to eagerly look for God's work in my life and on several occasions, I received answers to prayer. For example, a group of us were in Yorkshire when our Ford van broke down. I needed to get back to London that day, so prayed silently in the back, "Lord, when we get to the motorway, please make this van go 70 mph." Prior to that it would not do more than 40 mph with the peddle flat

on the floor. The next morning, the engine had totally seized up with no explanation why it had run so smoothly the previous night. Shortly after this, while at a meeting in Romford, I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Rather than going on to my doctorate, I took a position with Rank Precision. The work involved the optical construction of new products using semiautomatic software run on mainframe computers. From being a theoretical physicist, I learnt about practical engineering design. Out of this experience I realized how design software needed the guiding hand of its human designer to get satisfactory results much in the same way we need the guidance of our Creator.

During that time, I visited my first FGBMFI meeting while in Brussels. As soon as I walked into the room, I sensed something extraordinary. When the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International started a chapter in Woodford, I just had to be a member. While reading the book "The Happiest People on Earth", which describes the beginnings of the organisation, the story of a farmer called Henry Krause inspired me. He was shown the design of a new plough by God in a dream, and started a successful company. This inspired me to begin believing that God could do the same for me. I started to pray over my work and found the Lord giving me sudden insights in solving very difficult problems.

Eight years ago I joined a medium-sized engineering company with a small optics

R&D group. Within 6 months, the product range was decimated. When the manager resigned, it was left to another engineer and myself to develop business from almost nothing. I decided to take the Lord at His word and seek development funding for our off-axis optics. I visited aerospace companies to sell ideas. We received about £600,000 of funding in 2 years. Five years later we had designed and built four prototype helmet mounted displays for simulators. They had a high performance infra red lens and a very wide field of view camera.

However, due to the political nature of defence procurement, our directors decided to close the optical group. After prayer with a Christian counsellor, I felt I needed to trust God and become self-employed. It turned out to be a good time to become an optical design consultant working from home and, despite the fact that there was a recession going on, the Lord supplied for all our needs.

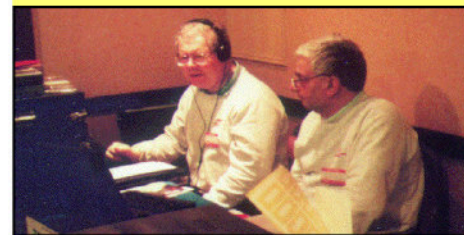
Engineering design is a creative and, therefore, a spiritual activity. The results of my work are enhanced as I pray, because the Lord gives answers. For example three years ago a client asked me to design the optics for a cheap helmet mounted display for consumers. The Lord showed a configuration during prayer, which did not appear practical. However, I decided to model it on the computer and soon discovered that indeed it would work. This concept has been developed into the "Dynovisor", a helmet mounted display which is now being sold to consumers in Japan.

Through my Christian faith, I have experienced many things which show me that God is looking after me. I continue to look forward to the Lord guiding me as a father does a son.

WHO ARE WE?

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is an international fellowship of Christian business men whose purpose is:

- 1 To call men to God and into the church by witnessing to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man.
- 2 To provide a basis for Christian fellowship among men everywhere under the single banner of their experiences in Jesus Christ and to strengthen them so that they can go back to their respective churches refreshed and renewed. The FGBMFI is not a church nor a sect. It has no priests nor pastors, and does not start churches.
- 3 To bring about a greater measure of unity among all Christians.



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