



Surviving The Storm

*As a paediatrician in the Army,
I never expected to be called
for overseas duty. Desert Storm
took many of us from our
secure homes. It was there that
I experienced a new depth to
my inner peace...*

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VOICE



Surviving The Storm



Dr. John Sullivan

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Editorial



Richard Shakarian

The Blind See

The success of our recent Outreach in Budapest is just the beginning. God has plans to do something new in the Fellowship. One KEY in the Outreach was a tabloid newspaper, which was distributed around the city. God had shown me that as the truths and excitement about Him were spread liberally in Budapest, He would draw people to Himself. And that is exactly what happened.

We didn't go there to preach or to condemn people. The message of condemnation will never help anyone. We told simple stories, like that of the woman healed from her illness by simply reaching out to Jesus in faith. We spoke of the blind beggar who called out to Jesus and was healed by the Master.

Another KEY God had shown me was that we were to focus on the power of prayer. This meant that we were to pray for one type of need at a time. At one point I told the crowd that God was going to heal eyes, and then we reached out our hands toward them and prayed. Blind people left that place with their sight. Then we prayed for those with hearing problems. They started hearing! There were also those with breathing problems, or who were crippled, who were healed. It was an exciting time!

Richard Shakarian
International President

The Lame Walk



Budapest, Hungary

For seven years Zoltan Varadi was unable to work due to a spinal defect. Leading up to a major concert/outreach put on by the FGBMFI in Budapest, one of the teams distributing newspapers about the event came across him lying on a dirty rag in a metro station, where he was begging. He held a sign, "I am handicapped and unable to work."

They gave him one of the newspapers and began telling him about the Bible story in Acts where a man begging at the temple gate was healed. Our team member took the lame man's hand and, just like the case in the Bible, he said, "In the name of Jesus Christ, get up and walk." It was very hard for him at first, but as he moved, it got easier and easier.

Arm in arm, the two men began running together through the metro station. Zoltan said, "I don't know what happened, but when you touched me, I felt a warmth."

"When I realized what had happened," our team member reports, "I let him go and he began running on his own." The man ran to all the shopkeepers in the station who knew him, shouting, "I am healed! I am healed!" He threw away the sign and cane, saying, "I don't need these any more!" We heard reports two days later that he was back in the metro station walking around telling people about Jesus.

A young woman joined the crowd at one of the meetings. I noticed her because it was so obviously difficult for her to walk. While we were praying, God healed her. For the first time in her life she



was able to stand up straight. Then she started to walk, slowly at first, until she was walking quickly and normally.

One woman had come with two small children. One of her children had breathing problems and she could barely see. After prayer, both were healed. The woman began to describe things she could see across the field. But there was more! She was holding both her hearing aids. She had thought there was something wrong with them because they were making so much noise, but it turned out she no longer needed them. She could hear normally!





Surviving The Storm

Dr. John Sullivan, Ohio

BOOM! The blast shook me awake. I looked around. Fear flickered in the eyes of the other artillery division soldiers. What had happened? "Sit tight!" barked the highest-ranking officer in our crowded Saudi Arabia dormitory, which was covered by a sea of sleeping bags. "Wait until we get further orders!"

Those orders never came. Instead, a minute later a military siren blared: chemical warfare alert! It was our signal to strap on full gear, including gas masks and chemical protection suits. Intercepted by a U.S. Patriot, an Iraqi Scud missile had exploded above the port city of Damman. Not knowing whether it carried poisonous gas, our superiors ordered us to remain in gear while agents investigated.

The siren sounded at 1:30 a.m. A couple of hours later claustrophobia overwhelmed me. It touched off uncontrollable feelings of terror, although I had been praying since the alert began. Soon God made His presence known and I

became aware that prayers for us were ascending to heaven from around the world.

Years after Operation Desert Storm, much of the world has never heard about the things God did during the Middle East conflict. And, if you were one of those interceding, I want to thank you. Never doubt that your prayers were heard and appreciated. As a baby doctor I never expected to be called for overseas duty.

One night I told my wife, Debra, "For a paediatrician they sure are training me well. They're giving me extra emergency room training, advanced cardiac life support, trauma life support, and combat and chemical casualty care courses." The reason for this education became clear the day the deputy commander of Fort Riley hospital called an emergency meeting. He quickly rattled off the names of medical personnel assigned to the Persian Gulf region.

I heard mine called to be surgeon of HHB-Divarty, First Infantry Division, known as "Big Red 1." That meant I

Spared by 5 Seconds

Flight Lieutenant Ian Ferguson

"It's out of control!" I screamed at my navigator. "I'm going to eject." My head was down between my knees as I pulled the handle. The rockets fired and my seat shot straight out, going from 0 to 60 miles per hour in a third of a second. Immediately, my parachutes started to open up. I later learned that mine was one of the lowest and fastest survivable ejections in the history of the Royal Air Force. My life was spared by under five seconds!

It was a miracle that I was flying that fighter aircraft. How hard and long I had worked to be permitted the privilege of sitting in its cockpit! School was a struggle for me from the beginning, and only through sheer determination was I able to finally get through. When the Royal Air Force rejected my application to be a pilot, it seemed my flying career was not to be. Eventually I was accepted to officer training and pilot training, which took me back to the academics and also to physical testing.

Eventually, I graduated as an officer and was sent through pilot training on jets. Though initially considered not good enough, I eventually ended up as a fighter pilot. It was during this time that I met Elizabeth, and made the most important decision of my life. Through her I started attending church, where I heard men speak of God as if He was real. Their inner strength and the answers they seemed to have impressed me. Eventually, after a particularly difficult day, I told God that I was tired of the struggle and asked Him to take charge of my life.

Some years later came the morning of the crash. With no choice but to eject at a dangerously low altitude, I was in the air for only 15 seconds. My left arm and right leg were broken. Unfortunately, my parachute never collapsed and I was dragged, face down, across rocks and snow. Kicking myself over onto my back, I called out to God for the physical strength needed to release the fasteners with my one arm. He did just that, and I was free! Jesus was right there with me in that terrible situation. The most fantastic thing is that I was able to lay on the mountain top, singing praises to God while awaiting my rescue.

"How did you get the emergency radio transmitted?" I was asked by the Investigation Board. The fact was, I couldn't. Though I had looked at it, I couldn't switch it on. Their next statement surprised me, "How did the emergency frequency get transmitted? That's why the helicopter came straight to you!" What I couldn't do, I believe Jesus did on my behalf, bringing that rescue team straight to me.



would be responsible for the medical care of 2,000 young men and women. After a decade of military service, suddenly I felt a new kind of pressure. We were prepared, though. My wife and I had already discussed the “remote” possibility of being sent to a war zone.

When some well-meaning friends said, “We are praying that you don’t have to go,” I answered, “I am ready to go.” Besides, “Who better to go over there?” Deb echoed. “Even if the worst possible thing happened, he’s going to heaven.” I have to admit I wasn’t too thrilled the night our fleet of jumbo 767’s touched down at the Damman airport in mid-January of 1991.

The mood had turned grim during a refuelling stop in Germany. After joking and cutting up the first half of the 22-hour flight, everyone had now turned sombre. Reality intensified in Saudi Arabia. Soon we were camped out in the desert during the rainy season. Rats slithered about, leaving ripples in the mud puddles. My teeth chattered as I lay in the damp, 40-degree night air, I was sure this was the closest thing to hell on earth I would ever expe-

rience.

At that point I didn’t know of the mental stress that later would move one soldier to turn his gun on his unit and threaten to kill them, and cause others to mistakenly believe they had suffered a stroke or poisonous snake bites. Nevertheless, if I had had a choice right then, I would have taken the next flight back to Kansas.

After the Scud explosion, the Army moved our division a few hundred miles north. For awhile we stayed within 30 miles of Iraq’s border, too close for their missiles to inflict any damage. Though our division suffered few casualties during the war, we lost a young private in an auto accident. Though not war-related, it reminded us that death posed an ever-present reality.

Yet in the midst of unglamorous warfare we found many reasons to praise God. The medical tent was the largest in the unit and that helped us become a spiritual refuge. Several believers joined with me to hold nightly Bible studies. To set the atmosphere, a group of musically-gifted soldiers provided some of the most beautiful praise music I’ve ever heard.

Curious, every so often my commander or a staff officer asked, “Captain Sullivan, what are you doing out there?” When I answered, “Well, we’re having Bible studies,” they gave me funny looks, but never stopped

us. On Sundays we also held what we called “Full Gospel” services. Still, the greatest joy was watching God’s hand of protection. I’ll relate three specific examples.

Early in the war, the U.S. Air Force began flying overhead en route to dropping bombs and missiles on Iraq. One day as a jet passed, an eerie whistle echoed through the air. Suddenly a Sidewinder missile plopped into our midst, landing 50 yards from a soldier walking through the compound. The detonator exploded. It frightened him badly and drew a flurry of people from their tents, but the main bomb never went off.

“Boy, that was lucky, wasn’t it?” a major remarked. “Sir, you can call it what you want,” I replied, “but I know it was God’s hand of protection. I believe we have more people praying for us than in any other war we’ve ever fought. If we could just see God’s angels around us, we’d be amazed.” Looking at me like I had just arrived from outer space, he spat, “Aw, it was luck” and walked off.

The next day we heard another explosion. Just moments later the radio phone jangled. “Doc, get your medical supplies and go forward! A British howitzer caught on fire and shot into a couple of neighbouring units.” We scrambled into the yard and started flinging supplies into the ambulance when the phone rang again. “Stop what you’re doing, doc. We don’t quite understand it, but nobody got hurt.”

Equally miraculous was the incident that followed a couple of weeks later after we had advanced to Iraq’s border. As one of our batteries fired a medium-range rocket launching system, a young soldier made a 180-degree mistake. He

swung his gun around and fired six bombs back at us.

Shocked, some soldiers just stood there. Others dived into fox holes. My driver and I were on our way to pick up medical supplies. When we heard the bombs we quickly turned and headed back to camp. These devices contained “bomblets” that bounce off the ground and explode. When they do, they spew out “metal rain,” shrapnel that injures and kills. Yet there were no injuries. In human terms, that can’t be explained.

Examples

One man had grown up in a Christian home. Yet he had gradually drifted into the things of the world, primarily parties and sexual promiscuity. A couple of weeks after we arrived – in the midst of feverish activity – the Lord provided an hour to sit and talk without interruption. The man asked if he could come back to God or if the Lord would frown on him as a hypocrite. Quoting 1 John 1:9, I assured him that if we confess our sins, God is faithful to forgive us and cleanse us of those sins.

A female medic, who had also grown up in a Christian home and had even sung in a choir during a tour of duty in South Korea, had decided the Christian walk was too tough. During one of our meetings, she rededicated her life to Christ.

I myself was raised in a good Irish Catholic home. I was an “average” student whose primary interests were sports and girls. Church placed a distant third. As a young teenager, I quit going to the Catholic church after Dad (a very proud man) had a falling out with the priest and vowed to never set foot in his parish again.

Meanwhile, some church-going buddies were telling me about a strange, futuristic event called the "rapture," which sounded like science-fiction. Between my friends and Mom, things began to make sense. Then, the summer after my 16th birthday, at a Fellowship of Christian Athletes camp, though I was never a drunk pulled from the gutter, I saw that I was just as desperately in need of God.

A 300-pound lineman from the Green Bay Packers led me to the Lord as he spoke to a small group of teens about what God had done in his life. He spoke of the beauty of God's grace and the salvation work that Jesus completed on the cross. Mom had already begun taking us children to FGBMFI meetings. About a year after accepting Christ I went forward at one meeting to seek the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, which I kept hearing about. Through it my lingering doubts were removed and I received an assurance that I was indeed God's child and felt a keener awareness of Him.

However, I didn't follow up with consistent Bible study, an essential element to every Christian's growth. So, though we attended church regularly, we weren't really what I would term "active in God's service." Then one day Luke 9:62 seemed to jump out of the Bible at me, "No one who puts his hand to the plough and looks back is fit for service in the kingdom of God."

When I read that, in my spirit I sensed God saying, "I've forgotten all your sins. Forgive yourself and go on with me." I had constantly felt guilty for things that had taken place between my wife and I before we were married. Once I obeyed, doors opened. A year later I took my first medical missions trip to Santiago, Chile. I spent nine days meeting the needs of poverty-stricken people and sharing the gospel. I'm convinced that the primary purpose of that trip was to train me for my mission in the Middle East.

The Persian Gulf War showed me beyond a doubt that God is faithful. I greeted each day there with gratitude. I



A general paediatrician, Dr. Sullivan earned his medical degree from the Wright State University School of Medicine. He and his wife, Debra, have two sons, Daniel and Sam. The Sullivans take regular medical mission trips to Haiti. He is a life-time member of the FGBMFI.

heard many griping and complaining, "I wish this was over. I wish I was home." How sad to wish your life away. No matter where we are or what we're doing, we must be good stewards of the time that God has given each of us.

Budapest

Johann Canton, Honduras: The Budapest Outreach was very impressive. As a business man I am not used to meetings in parks, but now I would not trade that time for anything. The presence of the Holy Spirit was so clear that you could "almost touch it". Watching the miracles taking place before my eyes, I did not know what to do. I wanted to cry, laugh, and jump for joy all at the same time. This was the first time I had seen such things in person.



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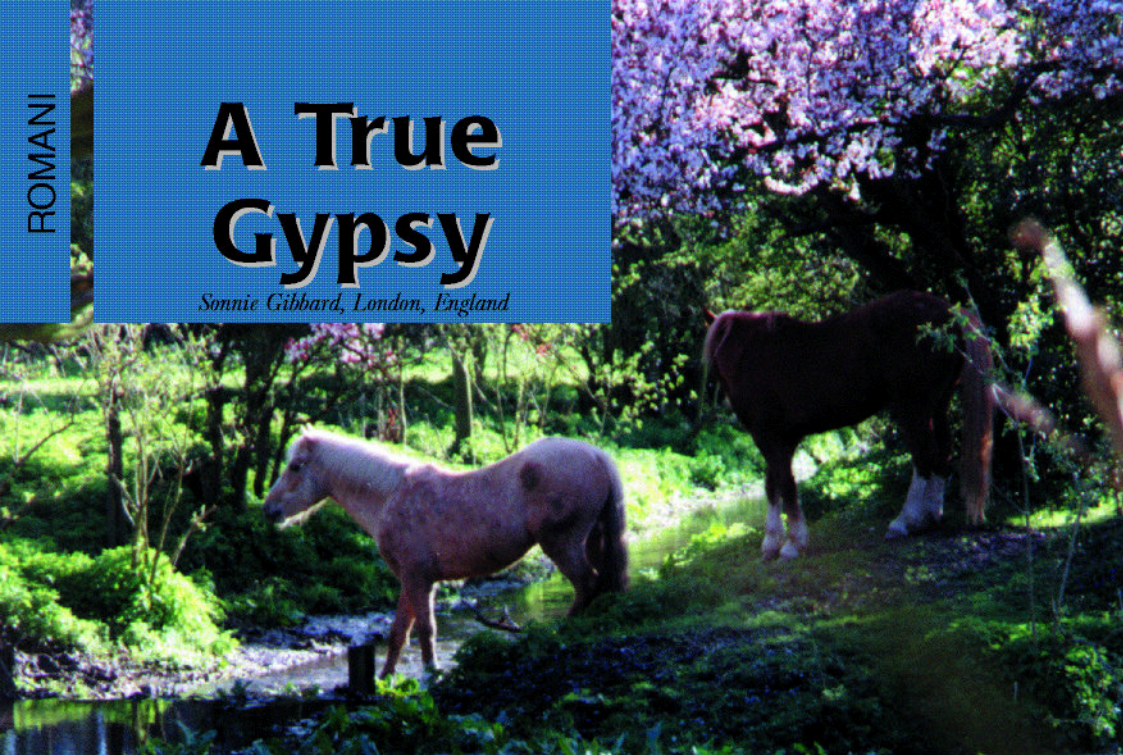
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A True Gypsy

Sonnie Gibbard, London, England



As a “Tetchina Romani Chail”, I am a true Gypsy. Born in the New Forest on a bed of straw on a cold January night, according to Romani custom, I was lifted up and offered back to God. Circus performers start young. When I was three I could walk the tightrope. I learned about horses from my grandfather, and by the time I was eleven years old I was an accomplished bareback rider.

Tragedy Strikes

During the war, my father was taken prisoner in Burma and died in the Changi Prison in Singapore. My mother died of cancer when I was fourteen and I was left to take care of my brothers and sisters. There were six of us and my youngest sister was only three. It was a big responsibility for me as we had no social security, national health care, ration cards or fixed abode. To preserve the family unity and avoid being put into a home, we took

to the road in our horse-drawn Bardo (caravan).

About this time I responded to the Gospel message my grandfather, Gypsy Smith, had preached, and committed my life to Jesus, though I did not want to be like him, always travelling and rarely around when we needed him. Soon after this he died at sea on the way to America for a preaching tour. Times were hard and I had to resort to stealing to survive. Since I was a Christian, it bothered me greatly, but we had to eat.

We often came through Abridge Essex early in the morning. The children sat up in the caravan while I walked, leading the horse. The local policeman, Copper Kelly, would ride by on his push-bike and as he went passed would wallop me round the ear with his rolled-up cape. I wondered why he did this since it really hurt. Soon I would see a free-range chick-

en crossing the road and would catch it for our Sunday lunch. Then I would jump over the fence and steal six eggs for our breakfast or take some vegetables that were growing in the field. In this way we managed to stay alive until I got a job as a trapeze artist in the circus.

Since I became very good, I was soon in demand for film stunt work and could name my own price. I worked with famous film stars like Burt Lancaster in “The Greatest Show on Earth”, Tony Curtis and Gina Lollobrigida in “Trapeze”, Raj Kapoor in “The Joker” and also with Pi Ramli, the Malyan star. It was a good life and I became a millionaire.

I had never been to school and could neither read nor write. Slowly my Christian commitment faded, but the Lord still kept His protective hand on me.

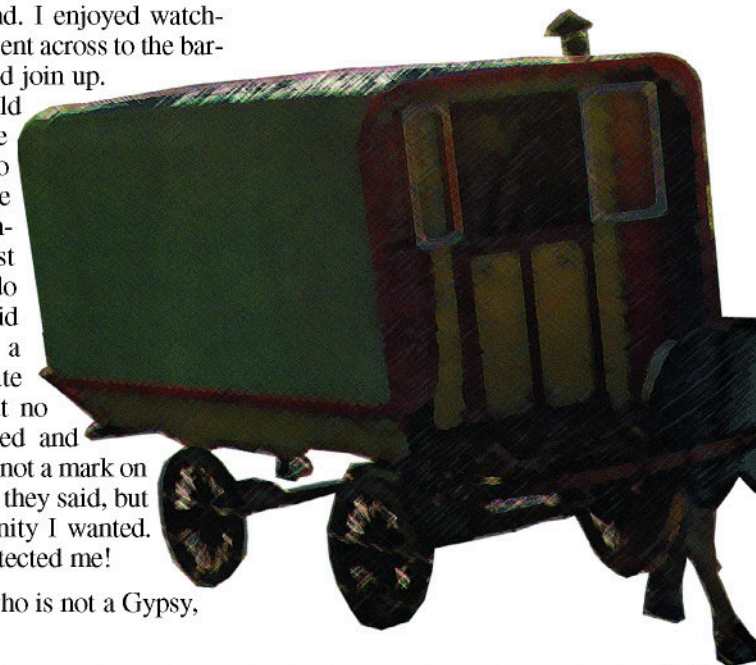
By then my brothers and sisters were provided for and, since I was eighteen, I decided to join the army. We had a camp site at Aldershot in Surrey, close to the Parachute Regiment training ground. I enjoyed watching them and one day I went across to the barracks and asked if I could join up. They thought they would have a bit of fun with the Gypsy lad and agreed to test me. I was sent up the 30-foot gantry with a concrete floor below. “Just jump,” I was told, “and do a forward roll.” They did not know that I was a trapeze artist and in spite of the fact that they put no harness on me, I jumped and landed safely. There was not a mark on me! “You must be mad,” they said, but I was given the opportunity I wanted. Once again God had protected me!

My wife, Rosemary, who is not a Gypsy,

Stealing for Food

Before getting into the circus I had to steal to put food on the table. Years later, after I got right with God, I went back to that Essex farmer and apologised for stealing his chickens. He told me that they had known of our circumstances and when informed by Copper Kelly that we were on the way, had deliberately put out the eggs and let a chicken cross our path. He was a Christian, too, converted under the ministry of Gypsy Smith. Through him and other faithful people, God had taken care of us. I was willing to pay back my debt, but they did not want money.

There are other important things going on in my life. Not long ago we went to visit the Gypsies in Romania. Above all things they wanted us to tell them about the love of Jesus. Money, food, and clothes were of secondary importance.



Full of Holes!

After my training I was shipped out to Korea on active service. I had been in many fights, but never in a war. I served for eleven months on the 38th Parallel, the boundary between North and South Korea, where I was severely wounded. The first three fingers on my left hand were blown off, but the surgeons were able to sew them back on. Today I am able to play the guitar and suffer no pain. I have a metal plate in the back of my head. I was blinded, but the Lord God gave me back my sight. I had a bayonet wound through my right wrist and a bullet went through my left kneecap, but again, I now suffer no pain from these wounds.

There is a two-inch hole in my stomach--a bayonet wound which won't close up. The last time I went to the hospital and the doctors looked at my X-ray they called me the "Tetley Teabag" because I am full of holes!

spent ten years of her life looking after me; I thank God for her. She was the one who told me about the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and prayed with me. God graciously filled me with His Spirit.

After I recovered from the wounds I had received in Korea, I was given further training and sent to Borneo. Sir Gerald Templar was in command of the Far East Land Forces and I served under him for 2 years and 3 months. I had the honour of being personal bodyguard to the Duke of Kent and Princess Alexandra's mother when they visited Singapore at the time of the Queen's coronation. By that time I was a Staff Sergeant Instructor, swam, played water-polo, and boxed for the army.

While on patrol in the Borneo jungle we were surrounded. They fired on us and left us for dead. I only survived because my mate, Andy, stepped in front of me and died in my place. This helped me to understand more vividly what Jesus had done for me. I cried out to God for help, and then somehow managed to crawl out of the jungle. The next thing I knew, I was in hospital in Singapore.

Although I am now 63, I am still fit and swim two miles whenever I get the opportunity. I have been through good times and bad times, highs and lows – Jesus has been faithful to His promise, "I am with you always." Today I serve as chairman of the Gypsies for Christ. There is a great revival going on among the Gypsies in France, Spain, and Eastern Europe. There are over 40 million Gypsies spread all over the globe and my desire is to see every one of them hear about Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world. ●



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Football Violence!

Stefan Driess, Schlaitdorf, Germany



Hooligans, unlike other fans, take every opportunity to fight with rowdies supporting the opposing team. We went wherever our football (soccer) team played and I hoped for a good fight. To be honest, this interested me far more than the game. During that time we formed a gang called the “Red-Devils”.

There were a number of gangs: the “Hell’s Devils”, known for their hardcore members, the “Mighty Devils”, the “Red-White-Army”, and the “Red Front”. Our main goal was to conquer the other gangs.

Our first contact with the spiritual world was through “Gläserücken” – similar to a Ouija board. One day I asked a spirit who claimed to be my guardian angel, “Can I see you?” “Of course,” he answered, “You only have to allow me to come to you.” “Come this evening then,” I responded.

That night I waited alone in my room,

but nothing happened. “Idiot”, I murmured, “How could you have believed such things?” Suddenly a figure appeared at the end of my bed. The body was completely white. I rubbed my eyes, but it was still there. As a sort of test, I waved at it; it waved back. In shock, I pulled back and tried to hide.

Another side to my life was less philosophical. That included parties, alcohol, and women. This had been my life since I was fourteen-years-old.

My “career” as a hooligan began when some friends took me with them to a football game in Kaiserslautern. The mass hysteria was fascinating – fans chanted challenges at the other team and their fans returned the provocation. More and more I gained acceptance. Soon I learned that there were normal fans and then there were hooligans.

Though not particularly brave, I wanted respect, and discovered that the best way

to get it was to be radically brutal. I found that alcohol and drugs helped me overcome my natural fear. Soon people knew about “Stefan Driess and the Red-Devils”. When we showed up, it did not take long before a brawl was stirred up.

The Occult World

After my experience with the figure at the end of my bed, I could not sleep well. “I only left because you were afraid,” the being told me the next time I made contact with him, “But if you want, I will come often.” “Yes, come,” I answered, thinking I’d done something smart. It also seemed interesting to learn about the “other” world. I thought I must be someone pretty special.

Almost daily I was making contact. I hardly noticed that I was being used to bring other people under a negative spiritual influence. Soon that spirit had such a grip on me that I had lost all control – something that almost cost the life of another gang member. I lost my job and my girl-friend left me. I was facing a



court case, and several times I narrowly escaped death. That was when the thought hit me, “Why not kill yourself?”

Suicide

At my first attempt, I was so drunk that I couldn’t remember where to slice my wrist in order to sever the vein. The second time, I was sober. The plan was to go out into a vineyard with a bottle of cognac, thinking that when I fell asleep the cold temperature would take care of the rest.

As I sat there on the icy hillside, meditating on what I was about to do, I suddenly saw a pair of penetrating eyes staring at me out of a scarred and grotesque face. It laughed, “Did we not say we would get you?” In anger, I threw back, “I believe in God, and He is stronger than you.”

If God Exists

This insincere comment brought a thought to mind, “If the devil is so real, God must also exist.” With that, I raised

On the Highway to Hell

“Highway to Hell” by AC/DC was my favourite song. The title described my life to a tee. I found myself racing down that road as fast as possible. On more than one occasion I tried to find an off-ramp, but to no avail. My speed only increased.

This life-style was not cheap – I had to steal and sell drugs to support my own habit. The things I had to do to maintain my position as a hooligan cost me my self-esteem. In fact, I began to hate myself as well as those around me. Finally, I became so violent that they had to hold me back to keep me from killing people in our fights.

my eyes from the demonic being in front of me and said, "God, if you really exist, help me. Do something! I cannot go on; help me!"

Suddenly a presence came around me and the demon vanished. A power and a warmth flowed through my body in a way I'd never felt before. I had no idea what was happening, but it was wonderful and filled my very being. Today I know that it was the presence of God. That night before bed, I prayed again, "God, if that was You, show me the way to Yourself."

A couple of weeks later I returned home to find my sister waiting for me. "Mother is in the hospital," she said. "She had a serious heart attack and is on breathing machines." At that moment I saw my guilt: she must have been so concerned for me; she was paying the price for my sins! She truly loved me. "Who will care about me when she is gone?" I thought.

Coming back to my sister's from the hospital, I noticed a Bible on the shelf. I took it and opened it at random. I began reading, "The number of the beast is 666." (Rev. 13:10). "Wow," I thought. It especially interested me because another one of my favourite songs was 'The Number of the Beast' by Iron Maiden.

Some days after this my sister and

some of her friends told me about Jesus – that He is not dead, and that He is the only way to God. When they talked to me about it, their eyes shone. They told me to put my life in His hands and trust Him fully. They suggested I pray simply, "Jesus, I need You, take over my life and guide me from now on." A few weeks after this my mother passed away. However, I no longer felt that I had to face this loss alone. I had finally found a new and better way – one with Jesus Christ.

It was in January 1991 that I became a radical Christian. This means to love Jesus and seek to follow Him in all things – to do what He wants. He wants us to show the world God's love – to bring hope where there is hopelessness and comfort where there is sorrow.

Now, instead of hate, I have hope and love, and I no longer needed alcohol or drugs to find the courage to face life. I find myself wanting to help, to build up instead of destroying. No longer a hooligan, I have since gone to India to bring help to the slums of Bombay in Christian love. I told them the truth -- there is an off-ramp to the 'Highway' of suffering. Through the love of Jesus, there is a better way, and it is not far off. ●

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.



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):



Domestic Violence

Gary Jackson, Essex, England

Images of "Flower Power" fill my earliest memories. Against a background of drink, drugs and pop music, my mother and father had increasingly violent quarrels until they eventually split up. This was to be the start of the most frightening time of my life. My brother, my mother and I became trapped in a web of terrifying domestic violence. My mother's new boyfriend was a violent man, who regularly beat her. He often stubbed out his cigarettes on her arms or thighs. Mother locked our bedroom door and hid the key to stop him from harming us as well.

Then, one time while I was on holiday with my natural father, he attempted to sexually abuse me. By the time I reached manhood I had learned that the only way not to be hurt was not to trust or love anyone. With time I married a beautiful young girl and was blessed by the birth of our son. In spite of this and my steady job, something was missing from my life.

My twenty-ninth birthday found me in hospital, suffering from Rheumatoid Arthritis and needing an operation on my right knee. As I lay in bed waiting for the nursing staff to take me to the operating theatre, the hospital chaplain came to visit me. I was not very happy to see him, but, just to get rid of him, I allowed him to pray for me. He asked that I would be "filled with the Holy Spirit", that the operation would go well, and that my healing would be swift. As he prayed I felt a warmth pass through my body. The

experience caught me off guard, and I found myself unable to respond as this kindly man told me he would come to see me again.

The operation did go well and I was sent home two days later. Somehow I knew that I had to see that man again. I phoned the hospital and he came to visit me at home. Before I told him what I had experienced, he already knew. He talked to me about the Lord Jesus Christ, telling me how much He loved me. As he left he gave me a Bible and an invitation to his church.

Taking up the chaplain's offer, I experienced something I had never known before – a sense of calm and peace. A few weeks later I attended a healing service, where I responded to an invitation to those wishing to commit their lives to Jesus Christ. As I knelt at the church altar, my tears flowed like a river. I felt a huge burden lift from my shoulders. Afterwards one of the men invited me to a dinner arranged by the FGBMFI Southend Chapter.

The dinner was first class and was followed by a Christian testimony from a man called Don Latham. Don was a good and humorous speaker, who told of the amazing things the Lord was doing in his life. When he had finished speaking he invited people to come forward for prayer. I went forward and was asked if I had received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. When I said no, he began to pray for me. Slowly the room seemed to fade and I found myself in the presence of the brightest light I have ever seen, and yet it was so peaceful and gentle! As I watched, the light came nearer and nearer, bathing me, filling me with its pure, warm glow. Slowly the room came back into focus, and I found myself flat on my back in the

middle of the restaurant.

From that moment on I was filled with a burning desire to share the gospel and serve Christ. I became a church warden and started a two-year course in Christian studies. Over the years God has continued to uphold and bless me. A couple of years ago an event brought back the hurts of my childhood. I knew it was time to open my wounded heart and surrender to Jesus all the pain and bitterness I felt.

God is gracious. In an atmosphere of calm and love, the pain, hurt, and anguish poured from my lips. Encouraged by the words of scripture and assured of God's love, a Christian counsellor led me into a time of prayer. It was not easy. As I brought my life before God, I discovered that I had to walk into the darkest places of my being, places inhabited by fear, places and memories I could not find the strength to face.

At that point I had a vision of beautiful meadows and a lazy river. I could hear birds singing, and a rich reassuring voice soothed my fear and poured healing love onto my wounded and weeping spirit. As I faced the past, remembering the screams in the darkness, I knew I was not alone. One by one my memories were recalled, and one by one I was released from their binding fear.

Today I am amazed by God's love. As a lay reader I have the privilege of preaching and teaching in church. God is truly wonderful. He literally healed my life!

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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