

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

VOICE

A smiling man with dark hair, wearing a red jacket over a black shirt, is the central focus. He is set against a dark blue night sky. A large, bright full moon is visible behind the word "VOICE", and a smaller crescent moon is positioned to the right of the letter 'E'. The overall mood is positive and spiritual.

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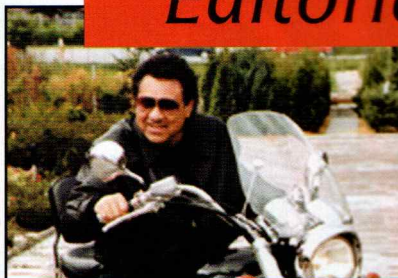
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No Licence Required

The first time Ferdinand drove me somewhere in Austria, I questioned whether my guardian angel could keep up. We were exceeding 150 mph. He loved fast cars!

Some years ago, when Ferdinand made an investment in a Shopping Centre, it did not go so well. He phoned Winfried Fuchs one Sunday morning just before the 1994 World Convention and explained that he was at the end – the business was broke and he did not know what to do. Winfried brought him and his wife to the World Convention. Something very special happened there. Oral Roberts spoke on ‘Resting in faith’ – that God would find a way. This is very important for a business man. Back in Innsbruck, God showed Ferdinand how a small four-wheeled car could be licenced under the same laws that govern the moped. In other words, it could be driven without a driver's licence.

Resting in God, Ferdinand and his wife, Maggie, took over a motorcycle shop near Innsbruck, where they have since been enormously blessed – all because they were open to new direction from God and to the business principles in His Word, the Bible. Within this new venture, it seems that whatever area they touch turns to gold. Without a doubt, God is the answer. Just after the Austrian Convention for managers, I once again went by to see my friend, Ferdinand. While we had lunch together, he sold three of these small cars. After lunch they took a picture of me on one of the faster motorcycles they sell. He showed me a packed showroom and said, “Richard, all of this is practically paid for.” He went from desperation to a miracle. God is always faithful to bless us. We have only to put our trust in Him.

Richard Shakarian
 International President



Amazing!

Peter Clarke, Cambridge, England



By 1976 my life was devastated – it seemed that all was lost. Then I met someone with whom I thought I could establish a long-term relationship. With time her children began to regard me as ‘Dad’. Just when it all seemed too good to be true, her ex-husband showed up. With that experience I had had enough of women, so I bought myself a caravan by the sea and took up fishing.

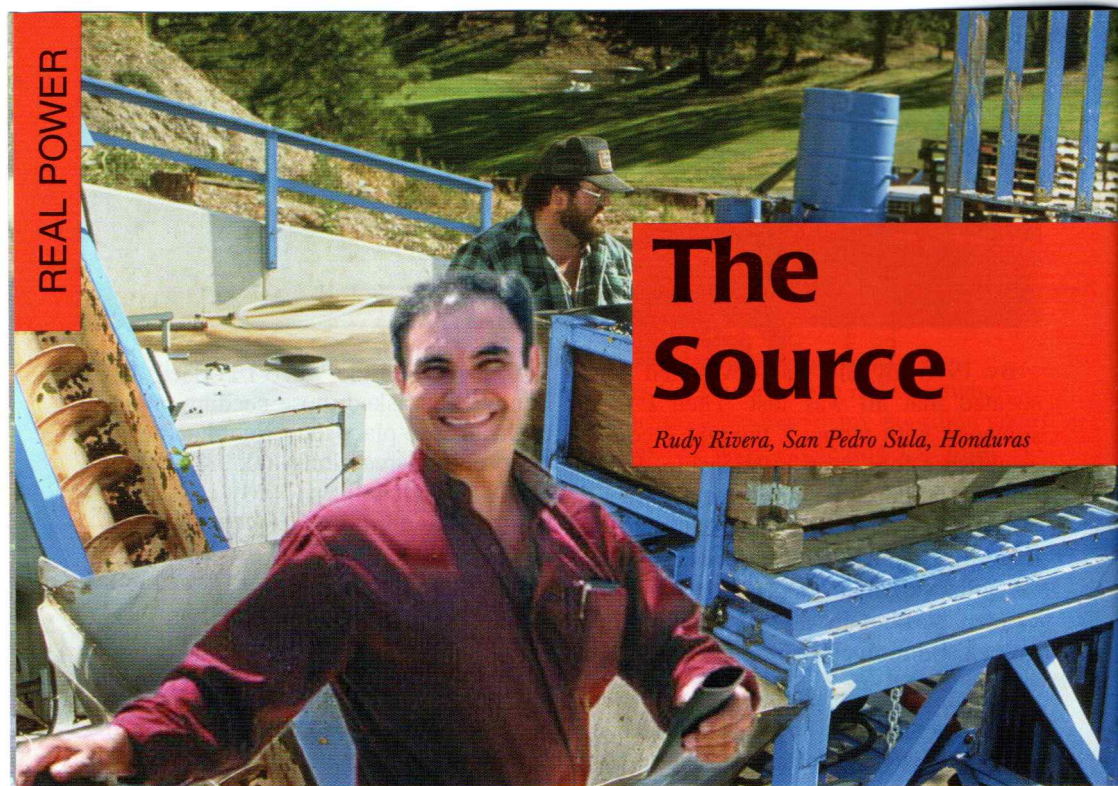
Then a friend at work invited me over for an evening. He had just married an Asian girl and she introduced me to her sister. Twelve months later we married and moved into a bungalow in my home village. Soon we were blessed with two lovely daughters, Haley and Melanie.

When I was invited to see an evangelist named Benny Hinn, an event arranged by the Cambridge Chapter of the FGMBFI, I refused, saying, “I don't believe all that stuff!” In the end I gave in, but it turned out that our seats were a long way from the stage and we could not see much. However, I was amazed enough by the whole thing that I ordered a video tape of the evening.

As I watched the video I noticed that Benny Hinn asked those needing physical healing to place their right hand over the problem area while holding a Bible firmly in their left hand. My eyes were failing so I placed my hand over them while holding tightly to the Bible my wife's brother had given us as a wedding gift. To my disappointment, nothing happened. However, when I woke up the next morning, my sight was much clearer and I did not need my glasses. Excited that God had answered my prayer, I rushed to tell the president of the Cambridge Chapter.

Though I committed my life to Jesus that day, I was still a little uncertain about what I had done. A week later, while I was sorting out the garage, a book fell onto the floor. Opening it at random to see what it was, I read, “Believe that God loves You!” I was astonished! At that moment all doubt vanished! Following that incident I was prayed for to received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and from then on my life was radically changed. ●





The Source

Rudy Rivera, San Pedro Sula, Honduras

Technical experts, among others with something special to offer, received special status when immigrating to the USA from so-called “Iron Curtain” countries during the cold war. Despite the fact that I was neither a genius nor a refugee, a miracle took place and I was given an immigration permit as one.

Growing up in the best schools of my country, though I came from a poor family, gave me some class consciousness. I determined to be a millionaire by the age of 30. At 25, I was working in the USA and realized that if something didn't change, I would not reach my goal. With this in mind, I returned home to Honduras. Suddenly, like King Midas, everything I touched turned to gold.

One evening, while sitting together with friends having drinks in a hotel, a

remark was made about how much I was spending. I bragged that I deserved to enjoy it; I had earned it. I declared that even if I lost it, I could do it again. “Good health and hard work – that is all there is to it.”

Immediately, it was as if everybody was conspiring not to pay me or even to buy my products. God was letting me see how much I could really do on my own. The banks cut off funds. I was building a hospital when the government stopped paying. My pride was draining away. In this state I was invited to an FGBMFI dinner meeting. The idea of meeting with some business men seemed like a great one.

Two men from Rochester, New York, shared how God had made a difference in their lives. They talked about having had marriage problems and collapsing

businesses – and yet now they were successful. A drinking problem had almost torn a marriage to pieces. Their stories touched my heart because they had found an answer. That night I asked for prayer. I needed God. I had lost all hope. I couldn't even pay for wife's airline ticket home when she wanted to leave me.

When they looked at me and said, "God's got something for you," I responded, "Well, I hope it's money!" I thought everything could be solved with money, but I knew he wasn't speaking about business. They then asked a strange question, "What have you done for God?" I had attended church, and we had been involved with various activities there. Not knowing what else to say, I retorted, "I go to church every Sunday".

He just smiled and said, "Putting a horse in the garage will not make him a car." It was

offensive, but true. He then repeated, "God's got something for you." His remarks were inspired and soon I committed my life to Jesus. My prayer was that God would forgive me and fill my life. He then told me about the Holy Spirit.

On the way home the first thing I noticed was that I was actually having a conversation with my wife. We had come to the point where we did not really talk anymore. Then there was this strange language I kept speaking. I learned later that this was the Baptism of the Holy Spirit, but at the time I thought, "They must have hypnotized me." The next day the peace I had felt was still there. As I looked for an explanation, I was told, "Rudy, you are a new creation in Christ Jesus. You have committed your life to God."

Not knowing what I should do next, I asked our prayer group leader, "Steve, now what do I do?" "Do? Do nothing." He explained carefully, "Just let Jesus take control." At that time I was so bad off economically that they were going to cut off the electricity. I asked the electrical company to wait one more day for me to pay them. Pulling out the bill, I prayed, "Dear Lord, I can not leave my wife and children with no electricity. "Please provide the money to pay this bill." Suddenly, around the corner came a customer for tiles. He even paid double for some of the products!

Some time later I had a sore throat. Walking into the guest room where Charlette, my wife, was sitting reading the Bible, I said, "The Bible says that if we agree in Jesus name, this sore throat will go away. Will you help me pray?" She lovingly agreed to add her faith to mine, and we simply asked God to heal me. Immediately my throat cleared up.

Later our daughter was diagnosed with a heart defect – two years later, when things seemed to have worsened, the doctor spoke of the possibility of surgery. I didn't have that kind of money. For two years we prayed for her. Then, the week before the last ultrasound, I was encouraged to believe that God would do something. We got



together with our prayer group and prayed in agreement for our daughter. The next week, we were very concerned when what should have been a five minute doctor's exam took 25 minutes. The doctor was unable to find any defect, nor, for that matter, to explain why the previous exams had shown the problem. He was amazed and questioned us. I explained that we'd been praying.

"Rudy, this is impossible!" the doctor said. "We have seen no improvement over the past two years, but look at the results from last week and compare them with today's." We agreed it was nothing short of a miracle. "Now, you're my witness," I told him. Five years later, my daughter came home with a big trophy. She was the best athlete in her school. Later on she became the national champion in tennis for her age. As I realized my daughter's miracle had been so complete, I was brought to tears.

The bad habits and the business problems disappeared. My marriage was transformed. I love the Lord Jesus with

all my strength, with all my mind, and with whatever I have. Now I travel around the world, telling about the wonderful things God has done for me. Whatever we have, God supplies.

Having learned to depend upon God, I no longer count on my own abilities to achieve my goals. We have seen God working in many people. I have even seen the dead come back to life after prayer.

Many people talk about prosperity and, because of this, I could not understand why things were not going better for me. I saw other Christians who were successful. Wondering what was wrong, I began praying about it. God showed me that, in fact, I was prosperous. I had all I needed, plus a bit left over to share with others. My family had never lacked food or other necessities. My children had always gone to good schools. Even when we had given away what we had, we had not gone hungry. God had taken care of us. That was a revealing moment. God gave me peace that He is my provider. ●

The Keyboard

Peter Clarke

After I allowed God into my life, so many things began to happen. A good example is the music keyboard I needed to sell one time when we were low on money. I put an advert in the local paper for three days running, but had no response, so I prayed about it. In the evening of day four I said to my wife, Marina, "It seems the Lord didn't help us this time." Just then the phone rang. It was 10.00 p.m. The caller asked if the keyboard was still available. He came straight over and bought it. It was clear to me that this was God's doing, and the experience taught me to have a greater trust in Him. ●



FGBMFI HAS A CHAPTER NEAR YOU

We are currently in more than 150 nations world wide.

United Kingdom and Ireland

IRELAND

ATHLONE: 00-353-902-93706 • BALLYMENA: 01266-44815 • BELFAST: 01232-863673 • DONEGAL TOWN: 00-353-74-47102 • DOWNPATRICK: 01396-615321 • DUBLIN: 00-353-404-40271 • DUNDALK: 00-353-42-33269 • ENNISKILLEN: 01365-388694 • KILLARNEY: 00-353-66-47024 • LIMERICK: 00-353-61-453723 • PORT LAOISE: 00-353-502-24434 • TRALEE: 00-353-66-47315 • WEXFORD: 00-353-53-35346
ISLE OF MAN-DOUGLAS: 01624-674090

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ENGLAND (SOUTH - WESSEX)

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Judgement

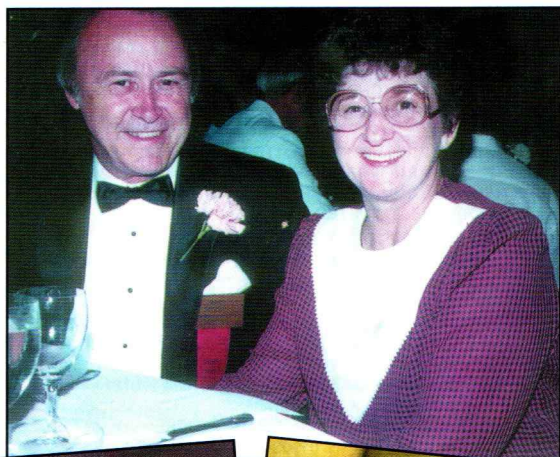
Jimmy Rogers, Atlanta, Georgia

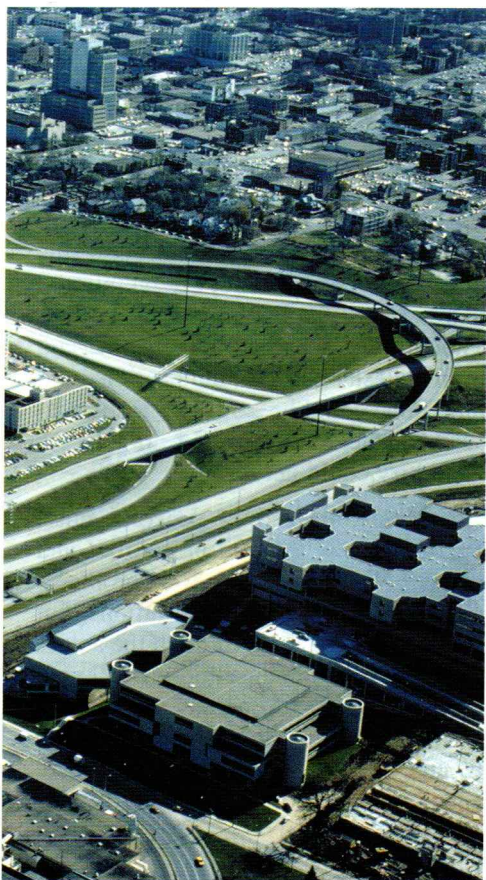
Tears cascaded down my face and my car weaved around the Georgia highway so erratically that I'm sure the other drivers wondered what kind of a person sat behind the wheel. In the last six years, everything we had built in our happy home seemed to be slowly slipping away. Anger, disappointment and bitterness gnawed at me and more than once I cried out, "God, we did everything we were supposed to do. Why did You let this happen?"

What had gone wrong? Failure hadn't been programmed into my life. Even though as a very young boy I had known the agony of poverty – picking cotton around the South with my sharecropping family – life had dramatically improved after Dad had returned to Florida and raised citrus, chickens and crops.

The first member of our family to graduate from high school, I earned a two-year degree at Lee College in Cleveland, Tennessee, before enlisting in the Army during the Korean conflict. During my military service, I married Margaret, a pretty girl I had met at church in Orlando, and we set out to build our future dreams. While I had considered an Army career, my discharge date arrived before an officer's commission and we eventually settled in Atlanta.

Since I was used to getting up at 4 a.m. to feed the chickens and tend other animals, hard work was in my blood. Thus, while toiling the midnight shift for





Western Union as an electronics technician, I began building a business career. We had seen others prosper in real estate, so we decided to purchase commercial property. When the owner of the delicatessen in our building gave up, we took over and Rogers Restaurant became a thriving, 24-hour-a-day eatery in the Little Five Points area a mile east of downtown.

In addition, we opened a dry cleaning store nearby and, as our developments grew, I became more active in the business community, never dreaming success would pose so many problems. The conflict that stemmed from my active involvement with the merchants' associ-

ation and contacts in the world grew out of my Pentecostal upbringing.

The old legalistic ideas I was raised with stressed separation from the world. That's a classic misinterpretation of God's command to not be ensnared by the world. I must admit that at the time I didn't understand what that meant. The more active my business career, the stronger the feeling that I should quit my positions as a Sunday school teacher and church leader.

However, God opened my eyes the first year I served as president of the Little Five Points Merchants' Association. One of the highlights of the year was the annual banquet, featuring plenty of booze, food and a dance band for entertainment.

Realizing that there was little I could do to alter the agenda, I appointed all the committees and made plans to arrive just in time for dinner and then duck out immediately after it ended. However, something funny happened after I arrived and calmed the cocktail drinkers down long enough to direct them into the banquet room. When I called on a friend to give the opening prayer, he replied in his booming voice, "I don't believe I want to pray tonight. I think I'd like to let our president pray."

"Let's pray," I answered. I was so nervous I don't remember a word I uttered except "Amen." When I opened my eyes, the people in the room looked petrified. Nobody moved. Nobody spoke. Everyone froze for what seemed like an eternity.

Finally a woman, who owned a liquor store in the community, worked her way from the back of the packed room to the podium. Grabbing my hand, she said,

“Mr. Rogers, that prayer you prayed just did something to me and I think you should know it.” Until that time, I had thought that all religious activity took place in church on Sundays, but God showed me otherwise. He wanted me out where Jesus would have been – in the world.

Something else happened before I left the room that night. A woman whose husband was a retired military officer approached me and said, “You need to talk to the colonel. You’re the only one who can help him.” I knew this couple well. Owners of an antique store, earlier on they had volunteered to back me financially and politically for public office. With two young children, I had rejected the idea. Due to my busy schedule, I put off going to talk to him. Two months later, while I napped one afternoon between business appointments, the phone rang. It was the woman who had asked me to speak to her husband about spiritual matters. She sobbed, “The colonel was out mowing the grass and he dropped dead.”

I sat stunned and ashamed. I had been given influence with the world and had failed to use it. If anything good came from that incident, it was the boldness and sense of urgency that resulted when witnessing to business associates and others. It has also served as a constant reminder that if I’m the one God wants to use in leading someone to Him, I have a duty to respond.

Our family attended church and school functions together, taking family vacations and enjoying life. Nothing prepared me for the shock we faced after many happy years. Our son, Rick, by then a teenager, started slipping in his grades at school, and other problems

also cropped up. After talking with counsellors and many other people about the problems dogging our son, we reached an inescapable conclusion. At the tender age of 14, Rick was a heavy drug user.

Anyone who has lived through this understands that I’m not exaggerating – this was the worst crisis of my life. Though we searched our hearts and tried to establish communication with him, none could be achieved. Peer pressure had derailed him and nothing we would try could get through.

Suddenly, instead of peaceful bliss, our home was the site of conflict and agony. Naturally, whenever problems arise, we go looking for solutions, but first we have to work through the stages of grief. As any counsellor will tell you, the first is denial. You deny that there is a problem. Then comes the guilt, as you wonder how and why you have failed, and what you could have done to prevent it.

I began to question everything, wondering how I could maintain my church work and activities with the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship International (FGBMFI). What right did I have to talk about how wonderful God was when trouble plagued my own house? When Rick turned 17, he gladly moved away from home, although that didn’t prevent us from finding out about the drug charges and other scrapes that kept landing him in legal trouble.

We wondered when this never-ending difficulty would come to a conclusion. One day, on my way to speak at an FGBMFI chapter, all the questions, pressures and doubts that had built up over the years caved in on me. “Why

God, why?" I sobbed as I drove. Finally, the Holy Spirit spoke to my heart, "Why don't you try the Word?"

That simple question launched me into a thorough study of the Bible, as I searched to discover how Jesus would respond to a crisis. Tracing His footsteps, I read Matthew, Mark, Luke and John backwards and forwards. As I studied, a new picture of Christ emerged. He did not go through great motions or awesome displays of power. He simply spoke the Word and God's will was accomplished.

Suddenly I realized that, coupled with the power He demonstrated while on earth, he gave us authority to use His name to accomplish the same tasks – to heal the sick, empower the lame and open blind eyes. Armed with this scriptural awareness, I saw that we needed to do what we could do best. Pray, speak the Word, and trust in God to deliver the results.

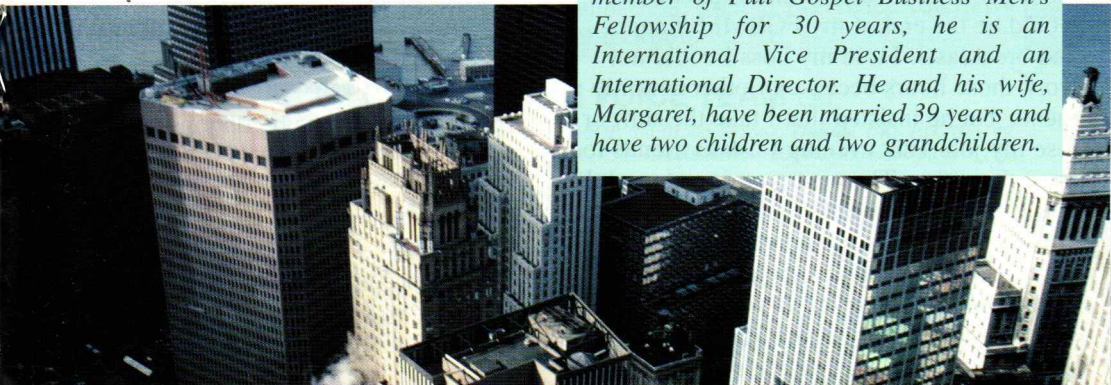
About a year after Rick moved out, a dirty, long-haired, bearded stranger showed up at my office one afternoon. Not used to seeing many customers like that, I got up to meet him. Looking back over the counter at me was my son. After he entered my office, we both sat there awkwardly, trying to decide what

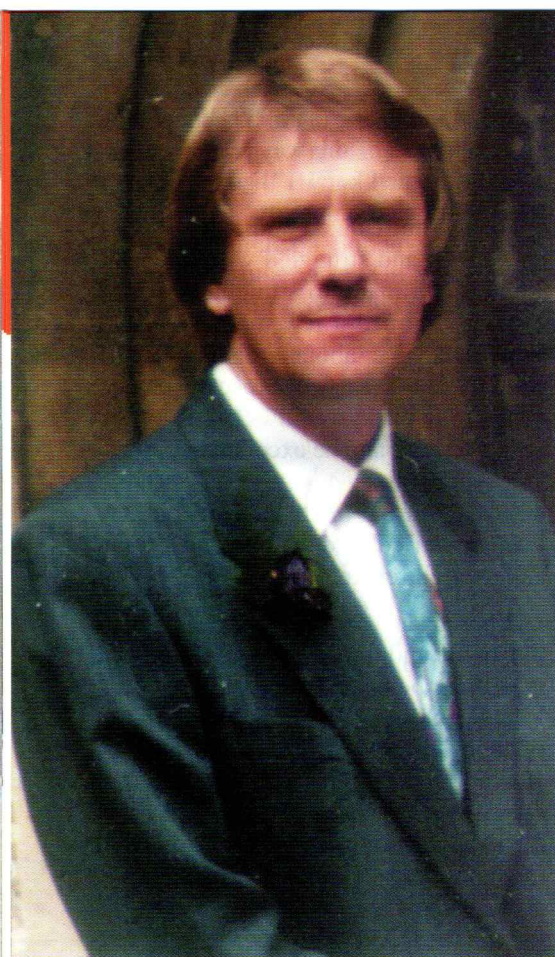
to do. Finally, he said, "I know you don't approve of the way I've been living, but if I die I know I'll go to heaven."

Though he realized he had problems, he faltered and struggled with the decision he had made to straighten out his life. He returned a few months later to ask my advice about enlisting in the Navy. Though I never expected him to pass the background checks, they accepted him, and he excelled in the service, becoming a diver on a large destroyer during his three-year tour. He is now married, and the breach between us has been repaired.

It has been years since the height of this battle and only now can I talk about it without being overcome by emotion. Many people are doubting God because of their struggles with life's problems. However, difficulties and hard knocks come to everyone. I have learned that the real question is not how do we avoid them, but what do we do when they come. I know one thing for sure, Jesus is the answer and He has brought me through even this difficult situation. ●

Jimmy Rogers is president of Rogers-Wood & Associates in Atlanta, which writes approximately \$10 million of property, casualty and life insurance annually. A member of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship for 30 years, he is an International Vice President and an International Director. He and his wife, Margaret, have been married 39 years and have two children and two grandchildren.





Even at work

Peter Clarke

Last year the factory in which I work decided to go onto three shifts. I was posted to the night shift. I knew if this happened it would be the end of my FGBMFI dinners and breakfasts. I told my boss I could not work those hours because of other commitments, but he insisted that I take the shift or lose my job. That evening I asked friends to pray about this. The next morning at work I was called into the office and my boss said, "In view of what you said yesterday, we have decided to leave you on the day shift." In the Bible Jesus says, "If you ask, you will receive." And I believe Him! ●

Free at Last!

Since the age of 18 I had been smoking up to 25 cigarettes a day. Several times I had tried to stop, all without success. After praying about stopping, I developed a chesty cough and was unable to smoke at all. This lasted about 3 days, after which the cough disappeared and, amazingly, so did my addiction to nicotine. Jesus is the answer to our world today. Order Voice magazine and share testimonies like these with your friends, neighbours, and colleagues. **Peter Clarke**



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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 I thank you for your gift of eternal life. I now trust You to help me 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 ☰ ✂


UK Field Office: P.O. Box 11, Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 6QP, Tel:01565-632667. **Outside UK:** P.O. Box 49, B-3000 Leuven 3, Belgium. Tel:(016)20.79.44 Fax:(016)20.79.31 **INTERNET:** 100444.1300@compuserve.com

- 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):

A Secret Society

Paul Knights, S. Devon, UK



On an old Dutch sailing boat, where I spent four months on a grand adventure, I had an experience with God. One night we were pelted by 50 to 60-foot waves in a terrible storm. Everyone on board, except me, became extremely ill. With no one else fit to do anything, I was left to guide the ship through the storm. The wheel was three feet across and, being an antique, there was significant play before the chains became tight and moved the rudder. As a young lad, this was no small feat for me, especially in light of the fact that I had never steered before.

For two days and two nights I remained at the helm fighting the storms, and I was not afraid. Somehow I had a peace that I now know only God can give. When it was all over the others could hardly believe what I had done; it was nothing short of a miracle! Just imagining me manhandling that great wheel at all was one thing, but in that raging sea, and retaining concentration for two days, was something that was not humanly possible.

Over the years I quietly internalized the hurts and problems that came my way. I prayed,

asking God for relief from the inner pain I had compiled. Those prayers did not go unheard. One day a lady asked me to cut down an apple tree. When we were finished, the woman, who must have been in her late 70s, invited me into the kitchen for some refreshments. "Oh, good," I thought, "she's going to give me a tip." However, instead of giving me money, she said, "The Lord told me that I was to have the apple tree cut down. He also said that I should look in the phone book and that He'd show me who to pick for the job." At that point I thought the woman was a little crazy and it would be best if I just humoured her until she paid me so I could go. Instead of giving me a tip, she went on to say, "The Lord also told me that you need help." This was no real revelation to me, but I saw no way that she could help me, so I responded, "Everything is fine. I'm okay!" This did not deter her. She pulled a little card out of a drawer and invited me to a Full Gospel Business Men's Breakfast. Not wanting to be rude, I agreed to go "if I had the time."

At the end of the week, when I was sorting through the business cards I'd collected, I came across the card from the woman and could not decide what to do with it. Thinking that if I went I would have to wear my wedding and funeral suit, I put it in the suit pocket. Three weeks went by. I'd been out dancing and normally would have slept in on Saturday until about 11:00 a.m., but on that Saturday morning I woke up, unable to get the idea out of my head that I was forgetting something important.

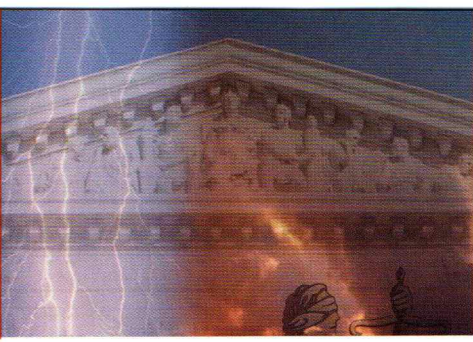
There was nothing on my desk, but the feeling persisted. Then I had a really weird idea, "Look in the wardrobe." It

was as though I was being guided straight to my suit pocket. Finding the card, I noticed, "It's today! I've got 20 minutes to get there." I knew nothing about the organization, but it seemed to have something to do with business. "Perhaps they can help me," I reasoned. Arriving at the Torquay Hotel, I walked into the foyer. The lady was standing there waiting for me.

When she saw me, she commented, "Ah, God had to remind you, didn't He?" As we walked into the meeting room with three minutes to go, I thought, "Good, I don't have to talk to anybody." After the breakfast, a man got up and shared how God had healed him and touched his life. Then he said, "There is someone here that needs to ask Jesus Christ into his life." I knew it was me. The man's story didn't really get to me, but those last words cut to the quick.

Knowing it was for me, I responded. He said a simple prayer, which I repeated. As soon as I finished, the presence of God came over me and took all my hurts and pains away. I actually cried for three hours. People were handing me tissues and serviettes. It seemed hard to believe that I had so much water in me. Coming out of that hotel, I knew God had done something special in me. I knew I was embarking on a new life.

Wanting to do more for God, I decided that becoming more active with the Free Masons was the way. When I was a year from becoming master of the lodge and was heading up numerous committees, I noticed that people respected me and came to me with their problems. At that time my favourite place to pray was down amongst the Christmas trees which I was growing. One day I was out



there and prayed, "Lord, I'm here, wholly available to You, but You don't seem to be listening." The following day I had an appointment about doing some tree work. That evening when I phoned to check on the time, the man said he had plans for the Friday. We agreed I would come by anyway. When I arrived, he was heading out to a Bible study.

Nevertheless, we began to talk for a moment, and when I said I, too, was a Christian, it was like switching on a record player. He went on and on for two hours, and he didn't even take a breath! It was far from exciting. When I asked him if this was his usual way, he answered, "Yes! I try and tell everybody about Jesus Christ." After a few more minutes he finished up by inviting me to a Christian summer camp.

Through a series of events it became abundantly clear that I was to go, though all we knew was that it was held every year and was called Hollybush. It turned out to have visitors from 22 countries. The presence of God was so strong that I cried for the first three meetings. It seemed so strange. I had just travelled 350 miles to cry my eyes out! After the third meeting, thinking, "This is crazy," I went up to talk to one of the pastors about it. I was all red-eyed and looked a right state. He said, "The Lord is washing you." Then added, "He's going to fulfil you." In the next meeting God spoke clearly, "You've got

a choice. You can carry on in Freemasonry, or you can do My work." For twelve years, I had thought I *was* doing His work.

At the summer camp, in prayer, I felt that I needed to begin going to church when I got home. While out for a walk with my daughter, we came across a group of young people. They had no markings that said they were Christians, but I just knew we needed to talk to them. We talked for a few moments, after which they asked me to pray for them. They were planning a street drama and were concerned about a band that was setting up nearby. As we prayed, a small black cloud formed on the horizon and came in our direction. It began raining like someone was throwing buckets of water from the sky. The music group packed their instruments and left. No sooner were they out of sight than the sun came out. It was a beautiful day and the young people were able to do the drama without interruption. They told me they were visiting a nearby church, which had a late-night meeting, which different churches in the area took turns holding. We attended for 3 weeks, after which we ended up in a little church.

On walking through the church doors, I realized that this was the place for my family. At the time I was still in Freemasonry. After a while I started getting shivers down my spine whenever I attended the Mason ceremonies. It was like walking over my grave. Over the next three months it got worse and worse, so I decided to go to a different lodge, but I had the same feeling. Somehow I did not feel like I should be there. This really disturbed me, so I went out on the moors to ask God what to do.

At first, standing there on a high rock, looking a bit like Moses with my hands raised to heaven, made me feel self-conscious, but I was determined to hear from God. In my spiritual distress, I asked for three things. First, literature or tapes; second, contact by a total stranger; third, scriptures – and all in the next week, not in a month's time.

A couple of days later somebody offered me a couple of teaching tapes. They were about Freemasonry. They spoke about the curses and went quite deeply into the subject, explaining where it leads. Only days after this, at a men's advance, the first teaching was on cleaning your house. "What's this?" I thought. He went on to explain how we needed to rid our homes of any artefacts with spiritual significance – this means things like Buddhas and dragons.

No sooner had he said this than the Holy Spirit spoke into my heart, "You've got one of them." In fact, every time he mentioned something else, it seemed like I heard the same thing. I determined to 'clean my house'. The next morning at the breakfast meeting, I found myself seated across from John Walker. We began talking. When he mentioned Freemasonry, I remarked, "Before you go on, you should know that I happen to be a Free Mason." He answered, "Wonderful! So that is why I had to sit here this morning. I've got to tell you my testimony about being a former Free Mason." He shared for more than an hour. Well, this was the second answer to my prayer.

The next thing I knew I found myself saying that we needed to have "...compassion and love, because they just don't know. They're blindfolded or hoodwinked. You've got to love them."

When I finished, a man gave me some Bible verses, "...anything in darkness is not of God. There is only one Master. Let your yes be yes and your no be no. You shouldn't take any obligations. Anything in secrecy is not of God..." Every scripture spoke to me about Freemasonry. Praying about all this, I felt God saying that I could not just write a letter of resignation, but that I had to go in and stand in front and 'apologize'.

Normally, if you arrive late, you have to go to the front and give 'apologies'. When I arrived at my lodge late, as planned, there were at least 80 men present. I went to the front as required and simply said, "I've come in love for all of you. Unknowingly, I have put a curse not only on myself, but on my wife and children as well, and therefore I must denounce Freemasonry as a satanic and demonic society, and herewith resign."

When I told my church what I'd done, to my surprise, I found out that nearly 200 people had been praying for my family and me. The change in our lives was amazing! The release was complete – all because I was obedient. Three months later, I was voted president of the local FGBMFI chapter. On the various opportunities that I've had to share about the subject of Free Masons, I have not condemned anyone, but I do want to see people set free. Jesus has touched my life in such a great way that I just want to share it with others. ●



Show Business

Seymour Green, London, England

Happiness, Hollywood-style, didn't last long. My wife, Sally, and I were rather famous in show business. Our relationship was not that great here in London so, going to California, we decided to give it another go. We still weren't happy, but stuck with it for 13 years anyway. On one of the occasions when she disappeared, I was out on the beach when a little dog came up and bit my ankle. That was all I could take and I just sat down in the surf, business suit and all. A friend found me and took me to a party to cheer me up.

At one point, more or less out of the blue, my friend mentioned the name of Jesus. This set me off, saying "Don't talk about Jesus. I know Jesus".

You could have heard a pin drop, there was a hush everywhere. Later a lady came up to me and said, "Seymour, I think you should meet a friend of mine." She took me to the best-known diagnostician and psychiatrist in that area. Though at first I did not want to see him, he made me laugh and we became fast friends. In the end, Sally and I parted, and I continued my acting until my job offers ended.

In Beverly Hills, where I lived for a time, I became a member of the Episcopal Church and also came in contact with the Full Gospel Business Men. I even met Demos Shakarian. I did fairly well in films over there, but slowly I began doing work on both sides of the

Atlantic. In 1984 a friend of mine invited me to an FGBMFI dinner in London. At the end of the evening the speaker invited those wanting to make a commitment to Jesus to come forward.

As I looked around, nobody moved. I thought, "Well, that's a bit awkward," and, actor that I was, I went up to the head table. In spite of my 'show', God changed my life that evening, and I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I know that God had an awful job getting into my life and changing me, but He did, and I have maintained that commitment ever since.

Things changed radically for me after that day in London. Since then I've been active in my church, eventually becoming a church warden. In time a friend and I founded the Kensington and Chelsea FGBMFI Chapter.

Every morning I get up and spend time in prayer with the Lord God. Though He has done much in my life, I am reminded that He still has work to do in me. He's given me so many opportunities; I have even written a book. He is always there for me, showing me His loving kindness and His humour. Being a comedy actor, I can appreciate that.

Once, while in New York city, I was heading off to an FGBMFI meeting when I was hit by a car. I woke up lying face down in the middle of the road. I knew what had happened, so I prayed, "Lord, what do I do now?" There were a lot of people hovering about. I heard God saying, "Get up and go to the meeting," so I did. I was quite a sight, covered with muck from head to foot, but when I was obedient, God completely healed me. ●

The Hospital

Peter Clarke

One time my daughter, Haley, developed pneumonia and was taken into hospital. My wife stayed with her while I returned home to care for our other daughter. I phoned some friends and asked them to pray for her. Early the next morning, when I went in to see her, I could hardly believe how much brighter she was. Once the doctor had examined her, he said she could go home.

More recently I was diagnosed as having kidney problems. Waiting in the surgery, I prayed and rebuked the condition in the name of Jesus. The following week, to my amazement, the doctor said, "How bizarre!" There was no more sign of anything being wrong with my kidneys. ●



The Bungalow

Two months after moving into our bungalow, my uncle, from whom we were renting, died. The house was in the middle of large piece of land and the family decided to evict us. For eight years we lived under that eviction order. We prayed about the situation, and at the end of last year a property developer bought the land and offered us a substantial sum to leave. Unfortunately, there was nothing much for sale in the village at the time, though there had been one bungalow we had really liked, which had just been sold. We prayed and, surprisingly, a few days later the bungalow we liked came back on the market. I told the Lord God, "If You help us to get this bungalow, we will use it for your work." We did get it! Jesus is so wonderful to us! ●

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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