



## Welcome To Our Chapter

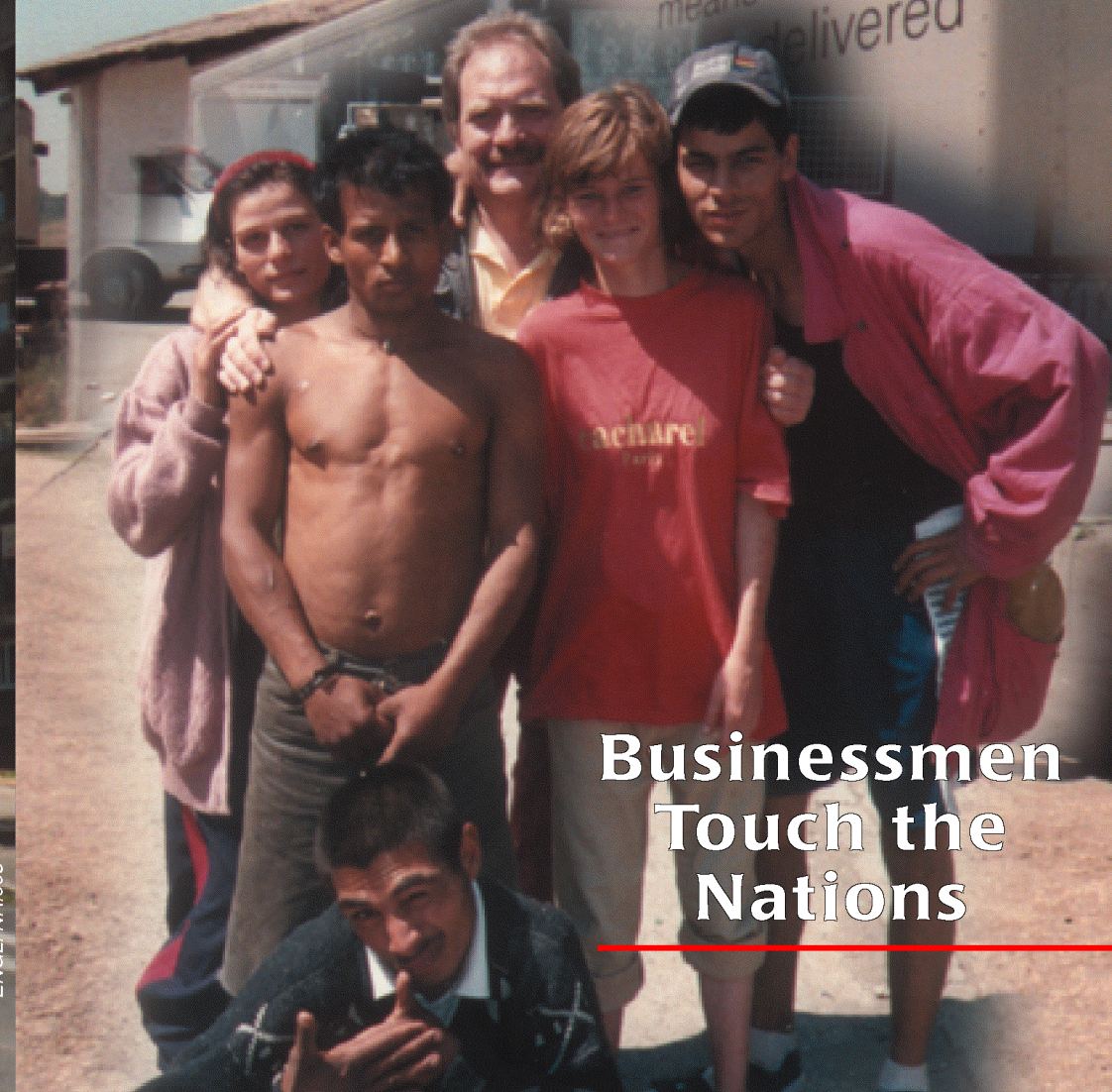
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ENGL. NR. 993

# VOICE



## Businessmen Touch the Nations



**A New Partner** 2

Heinz Keiner

**Something to Eat** 3

Bernard Cocker

**Street Violence** 8

Marek Nowak

**Order Voice** 11

**Always There** 12

Rene Stutz

**Portugal** 14

John Edwards

**An Important Note** 15

**The Executive** 16

John Bell

**The Lame Walk** 17

Ross Elliott

**Alcohol & Violence** 18

Frank Murray

**Who are we?** 19



## A New Partner

Heinz Keiner, Germany

I told a friend about our situation. His response was, "There's only one person who can help you. Jesus Christ." He then asked for an appointment in my office. On the 18th December, 1995, he came in as agreed. The first thing he did was ask for us to pray. "What if someone sees us?" I protested, but he insisted. I'd never heard anything like it. He then invited me to a business seminar by Winfried Fuchs.

At the meeting people were standing there acting like they really knew God. They even sang a few songs. I wanted to learn about management techniques so tuned in when Winfried Fuchs said, "Everything is written in this book." He was referring to the Bible.

Later he came to me and asked to talk. I told him my story and then we prayed. First I committed my life to Jesus Christ, and then he told me, "In two weeks you will have £180,000." Fourteen days later there was a court hearing. Nothing seemed to be going right for it. At first it was very disappointing. Six days later, I received a letter from the court. We were awarded the money, God had done a miracle. A few days later, my wife opened the Bible at the breakfast table. She read the first thing that caught her eye, "The Lord will battle for you..."

God has done miracle after miracle for us. On one occasion I could not pay my General Motors bill. The bank insisted we pay. I told them to phone Detroit, and I went off to pray. When I returned, I asked, "Well, are they taking all our stock?" To his amazement he said "GM says to encourage you to carry on." Jesus has not only changed my life, He has also transformed the way I do business.

# Something to Eat

Bernard Cocker, Lancs., England

A keen amateur naturalist, I thought I knew practically all I could about the outdoors. I was also a dedicated evolutionist. The existence of God was out of the question. In fact, I suppose you could have termed me an "evangelical atheist". I was actually good at telling others there was no God. I firmly believed that when you died, you died, and that was it. When I married, how could I know that my wife would become aggressively involved in a group called "Women's Aglow", a Christian group for women. What was worse was that it wasn't very long before I was expected to join her.

Becoming totally aggressive about the issue, I would slap her down. The closest

I ever got to reading a Bible was seeing my wife open one, grabbing it and throwing it to the floor. I was very domineering. Eventually she stopped trying to "convert" me, but never quit praying. She and others continued to pray for 15 years.

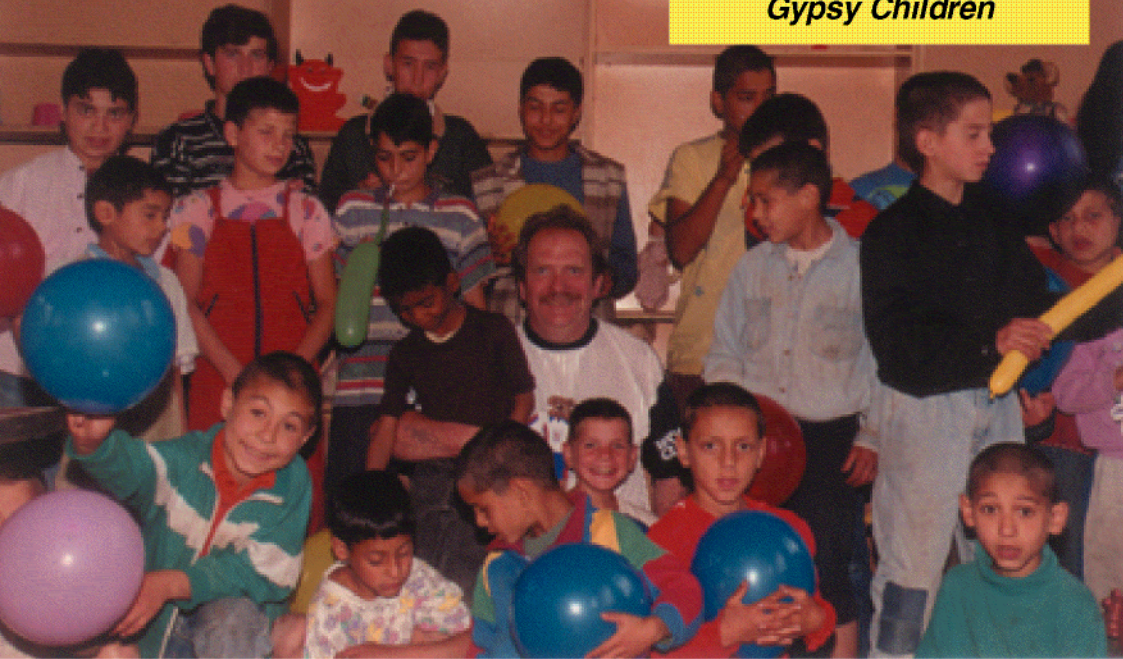
When my wife became quite ill with a lady's complaint and needed surgery, there was a long wait. Instead of being understanding, I was difficult and argumentative and made things much, much worse.

Then while sitting down on our front steps, looking out over the miles of farms and feeling down in the dumps, a friend came up to me and asked what was





## Party with Bulgarian Gypsy Children



wrong. I told him a little about my problems and he said, "It's obvious you can't handle your problems. Why don't you give them to God? He's got broader shoulders than you." There were two voices in my head. One saying, "This is rubbish," and the other insisting I try it.

When my friend was gone, I looked about to make sure nobody was watching, then looked up at the sky and said, "If there is a God, come into my life and help me with my problems. If you do that, I'll work for you." As soon as I said those words, it was like going from a black and white TV to colour. The sky lit up. It was so wonderful! I've never seen anything like this before. It was like a glimpse of heaven. I picked up a blade of grass and looked at it. It was beautiful, and all my self-acquired knowledge suddenly meant nothing. I knew nothing at all. God was

showing me what He'd done. He was showing me His creation. I couldn't believe how green the grass was. I could see all the veins in that blade of grass. I looked up at the trees and they were absolutely stunning. It was as if I was truly seeing for the first time in my life.

I ran to the phone and phoned my friend and said, "You'd better come over here. I think God's come into my life." I was in a state of euphoria for days and days. For years I'd been telling my wife there was no God and now I had to admit she'd been right all the time. Taking the bull by the horns, I asked, "Will you come to church with me?" Thinking I had to be up to something because I had always been so anti-God before, and was basically a lost cause, she said, "No!"

Looking for church adverts in the

newspaper, I went to a different church every day. Ten days later, when my wife was heading off to a Women's Aglow meeting, I went along. I had been raised Catholic and as a boy was in church every day. All the rules had put me off. I grew up thinking we served a very illogical God.

Now, here I was sitting at a meeting with my wife. I knew the couple who were speaking. Ivor and Shirley were old friends who had also more or less given up on me. The topic was Bibles for Russia. At the end of the meeting I went up and said, "Ivor, I've given my life to God; I've seen the light." His response caught me by surprise, "O good, you can come to Russia with us." For the next two weeks I couldn't sleep. Finally, although I thought the whole idea was nuts, I told my wife that we were going to Russia. Within a matter of weeks I was distributing Bibles in Moscow. The whole trip was very special.

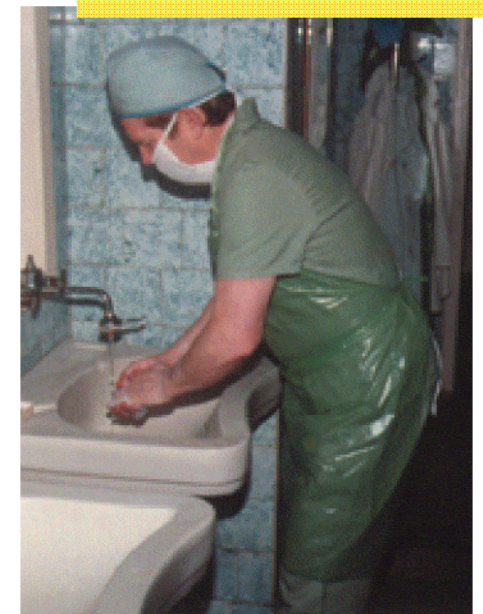
There was just one problem, I could not help but notice the great physical needs with which many of them were living. Children were dying because they had no medicine. Some had no food. There were hospitals with no equipment, not even the basics. I came back home determined to help in some way. One of the first things that struck me when I started reading the Bible was that Jesus dealt with people's physical needs before he started preaching to them. When a man is hungry, he will not listen. You must first meet his need.

We started collecting aid in our front room, asking neighbours and churches to gather stuff together. Then we were given a small warehouse. Today, eight years down the line, we have a fleet of heavy goods vehicles, three warehouses, and

eight charity shops. Wherever we go in Eastern Europe, we're asked to share about Jesus. We see miracles. It's almost like being an onlooker, watching the Holy Spirit working through you. On a recent trip I was asked, "Do you remember that baby you prayed for on your last visit? After you left, she began to recover. We never expected it. She has left the orphanage and has been adopted by a lovely Christian family."

Three years ago, the work had outgrown my limitations. I prayed every day for three months for someone to come along side me. Friends said not to worry, that God would build a team in His timing. That has come true. Every important position in our charity is filled. From those small beginnings, last year we sent out £2 ½ (\$4 ½) million in aid.

## Doctor in the Ukraine





Earlier I mentioned my wife's illness. God has taken care of that and, after the first trip, my prayer was that she would come with me on some of my many mission trips. During an interview about our work, someone asked, "Christine, why don't you go out on this trip?" She answered, "I think I will." She did and is now so excited about the work and what God is doing that you can hardly keep her back. God answers prayer.

Running a business and the aid charity, I was under a lot of pressure. Eventually it was too much and I landed in hospital. A local pastor came in and prayed for me. Immediately I became better. I was discharged within two days. I've never had a thing wrong with me since. When I went back for tests, they told me that it didn't look like the same heart.

In one Ukraine prison we told them God can heal. A big guy came up and

said, "So, God heals, does He?" He then pushed another inmate forward. His left arm was twisted like a claw. Four of us laid hands on this young man and prayed for him. His arm straightened up. God healed him, and the whole place just erupted in elation! Then one of our team prayed for a deaf man and he was healed as well.

Officials later told us that they had never had visitors like us. The prisoners kept saying, "Pray for me, pray for me." The guy who had issued the challenge has now committed his life to Jesus. He broke down in tears. This was in one of the toughest prisons in the Ukraine. The last time they'd permitted visitors like us in, they had been taken hostage.

One thing we like to take with us is *Voice* magazine, and we take as many as we can. We also work with Christian doctors and surgeons to provide equipment and medicine. We have seen God do so very much and have seen many lives changed, including my own. ●



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# Street Violence!

Marek Nowak, Sienkiewicza, Poland



The year of 1967 was a very hard time in Poland. It was then that I was born, even though everyone had told my mother to abort me. My father was an alcoholic, who abused her. It was a very painful situation for the whole family.

When I was five years old, and was home alone with my father, he took poison. As he began to realize that his end was coming, he asked me to help him, but I didn't know what to do. I watched him for half an hour while he died. He was only 28 years old. The vision of his death has haunted me all my life.

When I was six years old, my bones began to disintegrate, causing one leg to be 17 cms. shorter than the other. Despite numerous hospitalizations, nothing could be done. They put special braces on my hips and legs. I even laid in hospital for eleven painful months while a special machine used heavy weights to stretch out my leg. The prognosis was that I would degenerate and eventually not be able to do anything.

Bitterness consumed me and I wanted to hurt everybody. I blamed God for what had happened. When I was 13, I started boxing and kung-fu. Even if my leg was shorter, I was still able to work with my arms. At that time, I met Dzidek and we became good friends. We started a teenage street gang, terrorizing our "turf". By age 16, we were already notorious. The whole city was actually scared of us! Even though I was a crippled man, the sight of me brought horror to people's faces.

The police had records about us, but we were well organized and they could never prove anything. Many times, they knew what we were doing, but had no proof. They interrogated and even beat us, but nobody ever said a word. Our life was drugs, girls, and crime. That's all I knew. We were far from God and everybody was scared of us. By the time I was 19, I

was fed up with it all. I was considering taking my life.

In order to keep the police from getting too close to us, Dzidek and I decided to separate for a while. For 5-6 months, we had no contact with one another. Then one day we met on a bus. He was the only person on the bus, who did not quickly move to the other end when I got near.

Wanting to show off, I told him that life was great. "I have all the girls and drugs that I want," I bragged. Let's get together tomorrow and have a good party. He had a funny smile on his face, and said, "I have something better". I thought he was on some kind of drugs from America. Expecting a wild party, the next day I came prepared with a sack full of drugs and alcohol.

It was nice to see Dzidek again. What I did not know was that two weeks earlier Dzidek had committed his life to follow Jesus Christ. I had been surprised to see him cleaned up and looking like a normal man. Sitting in that room, Dzidek turned to me and said, "Did you know that someone really loves you?" How could he say such a thing? Everyone had rejected me. "People are scared of me. How can you even say that there is someone who loves me?" I demanded.

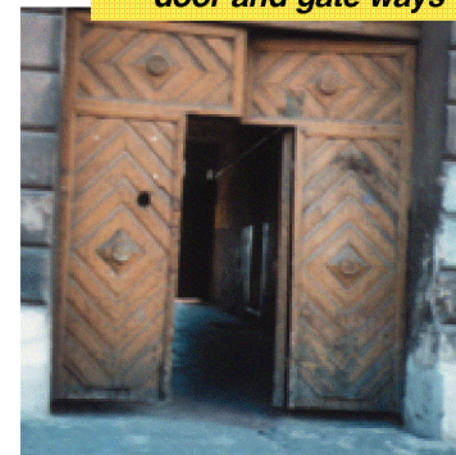
"I know what you are going through," Dzidek said. "All our friends were from single-parent families. None of us had fathers; they are all in prison or dead." In that moment, something really started to touch me deep inside, and I asked him to tell me who this person was. He told me it was Jesus, who "...died for you and loves you". I was shocked, and asked, "Who is Jesus?"

"Jesus is God and he wants you to live forever. He wants to give you a chance to

change your life, and He doesn't want you to die because He died for you and has something for you." I told Dzidek, that I didn't believe in Jesus. I was so frustrated and upset that I grabbed my stuff and ran away. That night I drank myself into a stupor. In that state I began thinking about what Dzidek had said about Jesus. "What if He really was God?" For the first time in my miserable life, I really started to pray. "Jesus, if you really are like he said, then help me. I have no future. I have nothing." Tears were streaming down my face. "If you really are God, then help me. Reveal yourself to me." I was confused and fell asleep.

When I woke up, the first thing I heard was, "Jesus loves you." I got dressed and went out, wandering the streets. Those words kept ringing in my ears, "Jesus loves you." This continued all day long. "This is ridiculous," I thought, and went to see Dzidek. "What can I do to have that Jesus you talk about?" He told me that I didn't have to do anything because

**We would lurk in the door and gate ways**







**Marek Nowak with his wife, Bozena**

“Jesus already did it for you. Jesus loves you just as you are.” I decided right then that I did not care what people thought, I would go to church. To get ready I went to the barber. I cut my long hair and dressed nicely. When we entered the church, I was shocked because people were worshipping God and you could feel His presence.

Turning to my friend, I said, “It looks like these people are crazier than I am.” All of a sudden someone started to pray in another language. People started to jump for joy and I wanted to join them, but something happened, and I could not seem to move.

Eventually the church service was over and everybody started to leave when all of a sudden one woman turned around. God had shown her that there was a man who wanted to accept Jesus, and she seemed to be pointing in my direction. At that moment, everyone stopped, and some people went back to their seats. Music started to play and the pastor said, “If you really mean to give your life to Jesus, then come to the front now”. I didn’t

walk, I *ran* to the front. The pastor was holding a microphone. I grabbed it and started to confess every sin I had ever committed. Then I said, “Lord, if you really are the living God, if you really are the way they say you are, then help me, change my life. I want You to come into my heart. Take control of my life.”

That day I threw away my alcohol, guns, and “bad clothes”. I stopped smoking marijuana, cigarettes, and stopped taking drugs. Everything changed straight away – I was a brand new man! That didn’t happen with my own power.

That was twelve years ago. When I experienced Christ, I decided that it was total. My friend Dzidek and I had a prayer meeting almost every day, asking God to move in our city. The first thing we did was to go to our old buddies from the gang, to talk to them about Jesus. At first people were afraid of us, but they slowly began to come and listen to what we were saying.

In the end, they saw that this was real and that I was a new man. On one occasion an older man came up to me in a

Christian meeting. Suddenly I realized that in my street days I had robbed him. I had beaten him almost to death. I didn’t know what to do. After praying about it, I went to the man and talked to him about the beating. He was shocked that I even knew about the incident. When I told him that I was the man, he looked straight into my eyes and, after what seemed a long pause said, “I forgive you.” He then reached into his pocket, took out some money, and gave it to me for my church work. “Forget the past,” he said.

Now, twice a week we go out on the streets with our church, sharing what God has done in our lives. First we tell people that God loves them. We tell them that Jesus can heal any person – that He can set us free and give us a positive and good life. Every time is fruitful, with a number of people healed and many inviting Jesus Christ into their lives. Most of the converted people begin attending church.

One lady did not understand why her hearing aid was making so much noise. She took it out and discovered that she had been healed and could hear normally. One day I was telling people at church that they only had to ask to receive God’s healing. At that moment I raised my hands and began praising God. Suddenly my crippled leg started to grow. Right in front of everyone, I was healed. Today you would not believe I had had such problems with my leg. “I’m healed!” I shouted “I’m healed!” I could walk normally; I didn’t have to be crippled anymore. I went to the doctor for an examination. Even they had to admit it was a miracle! ●

# Voice is a Seed

*Miklós Molnár, Hungary*

A few years ago I stopped and told a prostitute about the love of Jesus. Two days later I stopped again and asked if she had decided to follow Jesus. I gave her a VOICE magazine. A couple of weeks passed and she showed up in my office to say she wanted to commit her life to Jesus. I phoned the pastor of my church, who arranged for a place for her to stay, which was a long way from her life in Budapest. God has totally changed her life.



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# Always There



**Rene as a small boy in the children's home**

*Rene Stutz, Israel*

At the time I was born out of wedlock it was considered quite a disgrace. The government took me away and put me in a children's home. Over the years I landed in many institutions. One of them was for mentally handicapped children, although I was a normal child. At the end of the war, one racially prejudiced nurse frequently said and did cruel things to me.

One thing was very confusing to me. They accused me of being a "Jew" – I didn't even know what that was. In July, 1951, my brother and I were allowed to go home. It didn't take long before I was confronted with an alcoholic and abusive father. As a 14-year-old boy I often had to protect my mother from him. It did not take long for our family to collapse and us children to be returned to the social care of the government.

Each Sunday we had to attend church. Effectively we were in prison. The institute's director would march us off the five miles to church, where he seemed like such a nice, caring, and righteous man.

No one would listen to our terrible stories. Finally, in 1957, I was "released" in order to do my national service in the Swiss Army. After this I did work on scaffolding. One day I fell. Unable to walk, the doctor sent me home and told me to put my legs up. Three days later, my knees were swollen double their normal size. In the end they decided they had to operate.

At the time I was renting a room from an elderly lady. She told me about a preacher who prayed for sick people. This sounded amazing and I went to see for myself one day before my planned surgery. After his sermon, he announced that the sick could stay behind for prayer. When he came to me, he asked, "Do you believe in God?" "Not really," I replied.

Giving me a symbolic slap, he said, "I will prove that God is real." He then said a simple prayer. He spoke to God as if he were his personal father, not using complicated words. The next morning I had to go for the operation. Upon my arrival, I realized that I had no pain. When the doctors examined me, I heard something I

will never forget, "There is nothing wrong with you."

I realized that this God, who I didn't know, must have heard my prayers even in the past. Long before, I had asked for so many things and, one by one, they were coming to pass. I was even able to open my own business. Within two years it had expanded to Zurich, Chur, and St. Moritz. It was in Switzerland that I first heard about the FGBMFI. Attending a dinner meeting, I found it quite different.

In 1970, at the peak of my career, my business went bankrupt. A financial manager in Chur took our money. It had been loaned from the National Swiss Insurance for business. It turned out that my lawyer was also working for the city. I was left with just the clothes on my back.

On the evening of January 3rd, 1971, my sister asked me to drive her to a Christian meeting. It was in a big room filled with young people. They all seemed to be enthusiastic and joyful. At the end of the evening, one of the speakers came up to me, looked me in the eye and asked, "Do you want to be free?" I had been under such stress that I was taking tranquilizers and I certainly wanted to be well.

He took me to a small room where we knelt down and prayed. I knew about Jesus, but did not know Him as mediator between man and God, the Father. When he was finished, I didn't feel any different. In fact my blood pressure was up. I was afraid to pray myself, but the man said, "I will pray and you agree with me." Inside my heart's cry was, "Father, God, if you set me free, I will commit myself to be used by you."

When we stood up, I knew something had happened. It had only been about ten

minutes, but I was 100% clear. Up till then, due to the drugs, I had felt distant and "spaced out". Now I felt like a young bird. I was healed! In my exhilaration, I forgot about my car and went out walking in the fresh cool air, meditating on the miracle that had just taken place.

The next day I went back to get my car. On the way I reached into my jacket pocket for my pipe. Noticing that it was broken I threw it in a bin. As I did, I proclaimed, "In Jesus' name, I am finished with this habit." It was true – I was free in many areas. Meeting an older Christian woman in the parking lot, I told her what had happened. She reminded me that my name "Rene" actually means "born twice". The Bible speaks about being "born again". When we invite Jesus to come into our lives and change us the Bible describes this as a spiritual birth and says that God makes "all things new". This made real sense – that is what had happened to me.

Everything went great until I fell in love with a young lady, who I was convinced I would bring to God. This was a big mistake. When I got this situation straightened out, things began to go bet-







ter and better. Business began to prosper and I got a wonderful family house. Slowly, people with problems began coming to stay in the house. I do not know how they got my address. They would just show up.

This was not acceptable to others in the village and I was asked to leave. Not knowing what to do, I prayed that God would give me a house where I could work with these people needing help. With that I went to a prayer meeting. A man there said we would receive what we needed if we prayed about it. The whole group prayed. When we finished, another man stood up and said, "I know just the house. It has been empty for four years." The rent was the same as I was paying.

Drug addicts came to my beautiful villa and Jesus healed them. It was a wonderful tool for helping people. Within a year I was able to get our efforts government certified as a "Christian Drug Rehabilitation Centre". God has clearly shown me what David wrote (in the Bible) Psalms Chapter 3. "You are indeed my rock and my fortress; for your name's

sake, lead me and guide me".

The Lord Jesus Christ has helped me in so many areas. The only time we had problems was when our pride got in the way and we tried to build the biggest and best "Rehabilitation Centre" in Switzerland. Many times the Holy Spirit corrected me. Then the story came out that our treasurer was involved in some incorrect financial matters and we were barred from the premises. Finally I was tired of doing it my way and I cried out to the Lord for help, and God began to act again. He gave me a wife, with whom to share my happiness and my sadness. Once again we built up a Rehabilitation Centre. The secret I have learned is to put God first in all things. Any time we begin to do it our own way, problems will start. We are now in Israel doing business and reaching out to as many people in need as God brings our way. ●

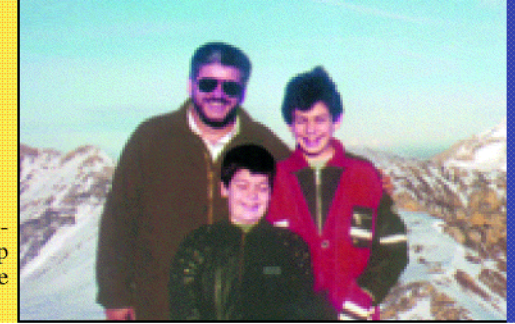
## Portugal

*John Edwards, Newport, South Wales*

Recently I booked a ticket for Portugal, though I didn't really have the money to go. I was sure the Holy Spirit was leading me to go. That evening I had a telephone call from a lady who had had no idea I was going anywhere. She told me that God had shown her that I was going to Portugal, and that I needed finances. She was sending me £600. The trip was a very special time. I had many opportunities to share my faith and saw numerous people commit their lives to Jesus Christ. I saw healings, and other amazing things happen. God not only supplied the way, but used me once I got there. ●

## 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" Romans 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 want 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" Romans 10:9.

If, after careful thought, you want 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 (Romans 10:13). Do not be ashamed to tell others about Jesus (Matthew 10:32). Take time daily for prayer and Bible reading (1 Peter 2:2, Psalms 37:4, Romans 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 want 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 of the FGBMFI.

Name and address (please print clearly):





# The Executive

*John Bell, Wetherby, UK*

Since becoming a Christian over five years ago I have experienced long periods of unemployment. On December 5, 1997, my job as a Channel 5 television tuner, which, considering my years in executive level positions, was already a humbling experience, came to an end. For the third time in five years, I was out of work. With Christmas less than three weeks away, I resolved to somehow enter the New Year with a firm offer of employment.

Following two interviews for sales positions, one selling electrical instruments and the other cars, neither of which was particularly well paid, Gary Guillon, FGBMFI Director and European Sales Manager for a computer software company based in Gillingham, Kent, phoned me with a job offer.

Gary said he was looking for an international sales executive and felt God was telling him it was to be me. I thanked him for the offer and promised to get back to him in four days. Gillingham is 250 miles from Harrogate, where I live. The job was to do with computers, something I had

run from all my life and, at 49 years of age, I felt I was too old to learn about. It was easy to find reasons not to accept this offer, even though it was a well-paid executive position, so I turned it down.

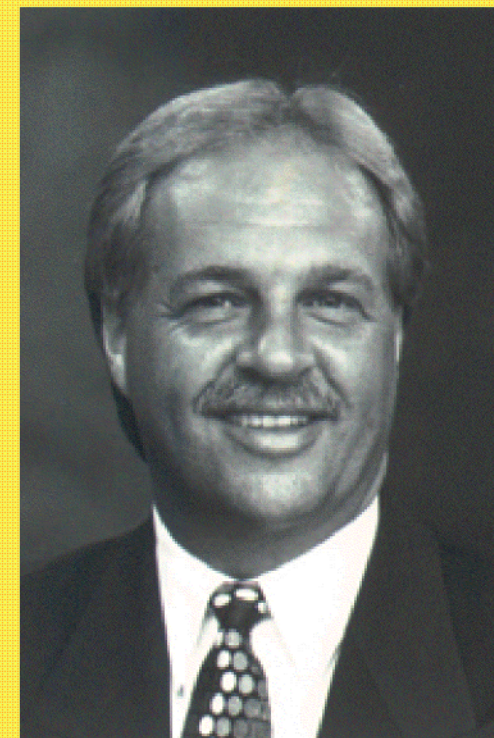
On New Year's eve the motor garage rang me to say they had decided not to hire me. Then Gary phoned again to say he still thought God was saying I was to work with him. He asked me to travel down and spend some time with him to seriously consider this opportunity. I reluctantly agreed. On January 2nd I arrived in Gillingham.

That evening in a prayer meeting the Lord God spoke to us and I realized that I might just be in the right place after all. A few days later I was on an all-expenses-paid six-day trip with Gary to meet his employers at the second largest computer manufacturer in the world in Silicon Valley, San Francisco. We had a wonderful time eating at the best restaurants. Many times I looked out of the 15th floor window of my 5-star diamond-class hotel room over the sky scrapers of San

Francisco and said with utter amazement "What am I doing here, Lord? Where are you taking me?" I didn't even have an interview! One week later I started working for Gary and a newly-formed Christian team in business.

Commuting the 500 miles weekly to and from the office in my 17-year-old car, I was concerned about breaking down. When I shared this with a motor dealer friend, he said, "I wouldn't dream of travelling 100 miles in that old car!" On the second day of my second week, whilst down in Gillingham, something broke and the car was not worth repairing. That evening at an FGBMFI prayer meeting I was given a word from God, "Do not worry about your own chariots, trust in me". On the Thursday I was due to return home to Harrogate, and at 4:45 p.m. I still didn't have a vehicle! Fifteen minutes before I was ready to leave a delivery was made of a 6-month-old Vauxhall Vectra. I was informed that the car was booked for six months for my use at no cost to myself. When I stepped outside to check over the freshly valetted car I thought, "I wish it was a diesel." Just then the delivery driver said, "It's the new 2.0 litre diesel and the tank's full".

This was truly remarkable when you consider that at that time I didn't even have a contract of employment. Then I noticed the registration number, P 375 MOE, Gary looked up Psalms 37:5 in his Bible to see what it would say. We looked down and read, "Commit your ways unto the Lord; trust in Him and He will bring it to pass." As Gary read this I felt the Holy Spirit say, "This is my present to you, John." ●



# The Lame Walk

*Ross Elliott, Halifax, Nova Scotia*

My wife, who is a nurse, was leaving our house for work. As she put her foot down on a step, not noticing that it was covered with ice, she slipped and fell. With her medical knowledge, she immediately knew that her leg near the ankle was broken. She dragged herself into the house and that's when I heard her cries for help. I found her on the floor, unable to stand up. On seeing me, she said, "We need to pray", so we prayed the prayer of faith, that God would restore her bones to how He had designed them to be. Instantly she could feel something happening. We could actually hear the sound of the bones moving into place. Since that time we can confirm that she was indeed completely healed. ●



# Alcohol & Violence

Frank Murray, Norwich, UK

Army life and its sport facilities suited me. I soon gained promotion. I had the honour of winning the junior feather weight title at boxing. By the age of seventeen-and-a-half I had been selected for pre-commando training and so went to the Royal Marine Commando Depot at Lymington in Devon. After several weeks of grueling training, my new unit received the much coveted 'green beret'. We were then posted to Blackdown in Hampshire where 3 Commando Brigade O.F.P. (Ordnance Field Park) was formed and equipped prior to deploying to the Far East.

About this time I developed a taste for alcohol which, unbeknown to me at the time, was to have very detrimental effects on my life. The unit arrived in Singapore in June 1964. We had a couple of weeks settling in before going up country for jungle warfare training in Malaya. After several weeks training we were back to the routine of base life.

I still boxed and won the Singapore Base Area middleweight title. Around this time I, and some other members of my assault section, were sent to North Borneo for active service. This was exciting for me since I was still only 18 years old. Beer was rationed to two cans a day, but when in Tawau we could visit the few local bars. This led me into various fights. One airman took revenge for his beating by trying to shoot me when I returned to camp.

Eventually I was sentenced to two months military detention at Tangun

Military Detention Centre. While I was there a young Padre told me about God's love but, although I knew he was right, I chose to disregard it. Although I spent two-and-a-half years in the Far East, and in the main was a well-disciplined soldier, alcohol triggered something inside me which made me violent. I felt that I was inferior and empty despite all the positive things I had accomplished.

There was a yearning within me to be loved unconditionally. I believe, macho as I tried to appear, that God held me in check. Just before Christmas, 1966, I was posted back to the UK. I spent some weeks on disembarkation and accumulated leave back in Ulster. Here I heard the Gospel of Jesus again, but once more determined to go my own way. I was then posted to the Central Ordnance Depot at Bicester in Oxfordshire. During my time in Bicester I was selected to box against a team from Northern Ireland.

Once again alcohol was my undoing. A serious brawl ended with me being Court Martialled on six charges of assault, and I was sentenced to six months at Colchester M.C.T.C. Afterwards, to my lasting shame, I was discharged from the Army. After leaving the Army I went to live in Norwich, Norfolk. I drifted from relationship to relationship, seeking this elusive love which, by then, I thought was my right! I managed to keep working and was able to earn quite good money. I also got involved in several illegal activities to supplement my life-style. I was working as a bouncer at various pubs and clubs, which usually resulted in my involvement in something either violent or criminal.

By this time, in 1979, I had met my wife, Linda. We had two children, but the strain was starting to tell and our rela-

tionship was heading for a breakdown. I started going to church, knowing I needed to put my life in order. With my eldest daughter by my side, I made a commitment to follow Jesus. At that time I felt the fears and worries drop from my shoulders. I would get up in the morning feeling I was walking on air!

Unfortunately alcohol was still a problem. It only took a few drinks and I was back to where I had started, only worse, for I now had even more guilt to contend with. My drinking progressed until it was daily. Towards the end, my stomach could not cope, I was feeling ill all the time. My wife and family had had about enough of my behavior.

Finally Linda gave me an ultimatum: to get help for my drinking problem, or get out. I accepted then that my problem was outside my control and sought help. Thankfully, I met people who understood me and my problem, and who cared enough to share how they had coped with alcohol abuse. As I recovered, I was able to ask God for forgiveness and to renew my relationship with Jesus. I cannot give Him enough praise for what He has done in my life. I was on the road to an early death and He redeemed me.

This led to a renewal of my relationship with Linda. At the present time, through my employer, Norwich YMCA, I am based in Sarajevo, Bosnia, for three months, with the option to come for a longer period. I am meeting and talking with young soldiers everyday, and I pray that my experience might prevent them from taking the same path I took.



## WHO ARE WE?

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is an international fellowship 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.

3 To bring about a greater measure of unity among all Christians.

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