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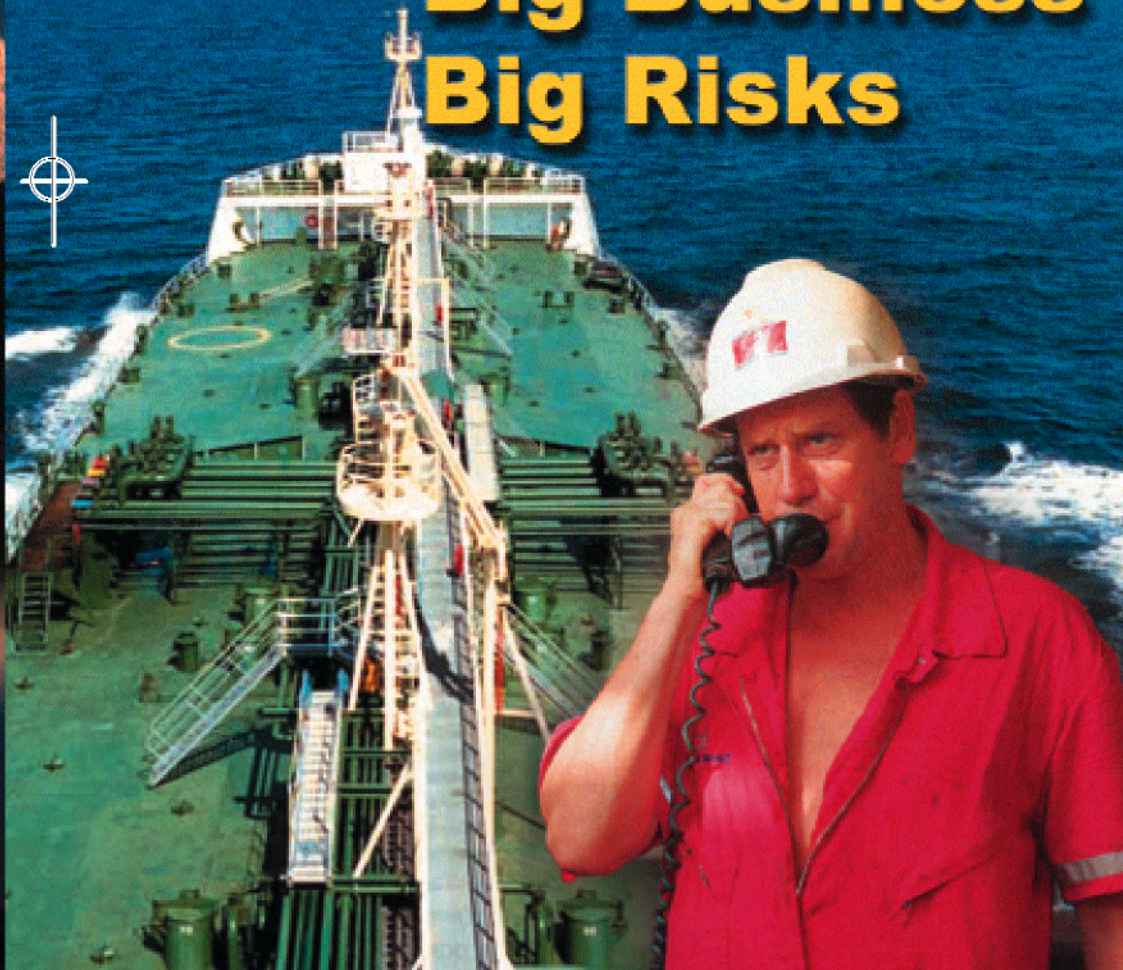
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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

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Big Business Big Risks



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Success on the Sea

Sven-Olof Kristensson, Donso, Sweden



At 14 I began working for my father in a small cargo boat. It was hard work, but I loved the sea. However, I was also a business man and longed for the day when I could own my own ship. When I was 21 I was finally able to buy a 160-ton freighter, doing runs to Germany, Norway, Denmark, and Sweden. After two years I bought my first tanker, transporting oil. Today my company owns seven oil tankers. Various members of my family are involved with our business. My daughter manages the business and my son-in-law, Trygve, looks after our technical department.

We have been very successful, but this did not just happen. I know exactly why things have turned out the way they have. I have honoured God in my business and God has honoured me. We put God first in our company. It is not always easy to deal with problems in such a large business. However, time after time, God has shown us a way through when others were having difficulty.

We have just bought our newest ship. As we were looking for a way to deal with the immense cost for a

ship like this, God opened up a way by which we could save 25% through a ship-builder in the Far East without decreasing the quality which we believe is very important, especially with all of the islands around Sweden and the potential disaster with our cargo.

Every day, my wife and I pray for our crew and ships. Jesus is my life, and I can't do anything without Him. We make decisions in prayer. It is not so easy to decide what to do when millions of dollars are at stake, but God opens up ways where there are no ways. He cares about us and our people. In 1993 I became involved with a group of Christian business men called the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International (FGBMFI), which has a number of groups in various cities in Sweden. I am presently the president of the Gothenberg Chapter.

Some years ago we had a ship stuck in the thick ice in Northern Sweden. A pipe burst and the engine room began filling

with water. I went down from the bridge; the situation looked serious. With a full load on board, all I could do is pray, "Father God, you must help me, or we will sink."

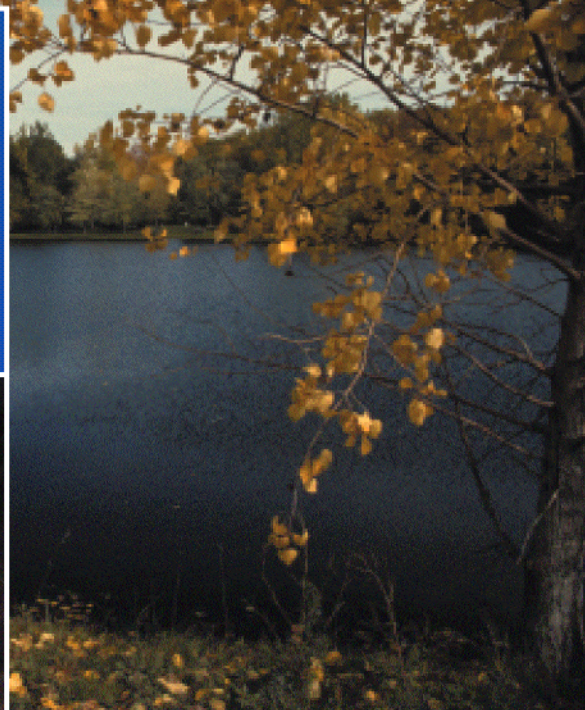
Just then we spotted another tanker riding high in the icy water, which indicated that it was empty. We flashed them an SOS and were able to pump the oil into the other vessel. This was nothing short of a miracle. We were then able to fix our problem and get to safety. This is just one of the many, many things God has done for us. He has even given us the design for our ships and has helped us set up and solve technical problems as we invent some state of the art equipment.

I suppose the biggest miracle for our company is the daily one of filling our ships. It is no easy challenge to keep these large tankers busy. This is where we get the greatest victories. As you put God first, He takes care of you and your business.



Healing for the Hurts

Neavei Isaac, Queensland, Australia



had carried for so long, and even forgave that uncle.

In my youth, it seemed I was constantly in trouble with someone. My parents were very religious and each evening the family had to kneel in a circle while chanting long meaningless prayers. As you can imagine, I rejected religion. I was a thief and a liar. On one occasion, after stealing a motorcycle and riding it all around the city, I was eventually stopped by the police. It was my speeding which had attracted their attention.

By my fifteenth birthday I had left school and started full-time work. I was into hot cars, motorbikes, and girls. I thought I couldn't get enough girls. Cops were just a hazard to be avoided and speeding fines were just annoying taxes. It is amazing that I wasn't killed or put into prison.

By the age of twenty-one it seemed there was no future in jobs I was getting, so I

began to search for wisdom and understanding. After three frustrating years trying to get ahead financially, I decided to go to university. It was not easy because my education had been so limited. Most of the students spent more time partying than studying, and I was no exception, but four years later I received a bachelor's degree, with a major in philosophy. Though I had struggled with my studies, I had proven to myself that I wasn't as stupid as I had been brought up to believe.

Before long I became aware that I was still frustrated. I now had an education, a house, a car, a wife, and a baby, but still did not have wisdom or wealth. There were some good long-term options, but I wanted the good life before I got too old to enjoy it. One of my brothers had managed to save some money and was also looking for something better too, so we joined forces and bought a service station and motor repair business. We did very well. Our bank manager even offered to lend us the finances for a major project. Little did I know how soon I was to lose it all.

One day a beautiful young woman came in to have her car serviced. I just had to have her, and before long we were having an affair. This was not the first time. My wife didn't seem to worry when I was out late. She spent time with her women friends and seemed happy enough. There had never really been any passion or romance in our

marriage anyway; we were just companions.

Starved for love as a child, I was always trying to find it in the arms of a new woman. On one occasion I had sex with three different women in the one day, but found no satisfaction. Looking back I can see what a rotten person I was – a liar, a cheat, and very selfish. I scoffed at anything that hinted there may be a knowing, caring God out there.

On the other hand, I was always ready to give credence to tales of the paranormal. I was pretty much New Age in my thinking. One evening while with a lover, I was overpowered by a desire to completely possess her. It was not enough to know her physically, I wanted to know her thoughts and feel her feelings. This was so intense that I forced my spirit to leave my body and attempt to enter hers. At this point some of you may be ready to write me off as a nut case, but read on. I was familiar with "out-of-body" experiences, but had never before tried to enter another person. Instead of entering her, I found myself surrounded by featureless greyness.

My friend later said that she thought I had died of a heart attack. One moment I was with her, fully engaged with what we were doing, and in the next I was a lifeless hulk. To all intents and purposes I was gone for about forty minutes. This was not like





anything I had known before. It was empty and cold with nothing to focus on, and I began to feel panic. Then I noticed a faint glimmer off to one side. When I looked, I could see nothing, but there was that sense of a very faint light. It was like the night sky when you have the impression there are stars, which you are not quite able to see.

Moving toward the glimmer, it became a light and slowly its illumination forced the darkness back more and more. I saw a kind of portal or doorway ahead of me, and I wanted to go through it into the light where I felt I would be safe but, try as I might, I could not go forward. I knew that I only had to relax in order to go back into the darkness.

Looking more carefully at the opening, I saw the figure of a man. Suddenly the man stepped out in my direction. As he did so, it seemed he was gigantic in comparison to me. It seemed like I was no taller than the soles of his sandals, and I was terrified. Amazingly, with each step he took toward me, he seemed to shrink. By the time he reached me, he was just a little taller than me. His revealing gaze showed me what a

filthy rotten bit of muck I was. Then he spoke, saying, "You know who I am."

"But You're not real," I replied. He just looked at me with that knowing gaze. A feeling of hopelessness came over me as I wondered if this could be my judgement day. What hope could there be for me? I had been living a life of sin and had denied Jesus Christ for more than half my life. Now it seemed that I had died in the very act of adultery.

"What do you want?" He asked. He knew exactly what I wanted, but obviously wanted me to speak it out. "I want to come into the light." I said, without any real hope of being admitted. "You can't go in there, and you know why," He said with finality. At that, all remaining hope and strength drained out of me; I was in utter dread.

It was then, when all was lost, that the amazing grace of God took me to the greatest moment of my entire existence. He led me to a low bench that I had not noticed before, and sat down with me. He said, "Neavci, I love you." I cannot describe that love except to say that it far transcends anything you can imagine. His love swept through me, touching every part of my being. For most of my life I had been denied love and now the Creator, Himself, was infusing me with His untrammelled love. Here was I, this vile mucky creature, being loved by this perfect Lord of all Creation, Jesus.

"I am sending you back. I have work for you to do." He said. Completely overwhelmed with joy at this reprieve, I could not even reply. I listened as He continued, "There are many on earth who know of Me. They have been raised in confusing circumstances and are deceived. They need to be told the truth. Go and tell them that 'I Am.' I love them and am coming back soon."

When He told me I would forget this encounter, I became puzzled and fearful.

He explained that the day would come when I would call out to Him to save me from the mess I had made of my life and from that moment on, He would hold me in His hand. As I heard those words I awoke to find myself face down in the back of the car. I remember gasping for breath, and then choking on the dust I had just breathed in. Pulling myself together, I stumbled out of the car. My friend was pacing up and down. She thought I was dead and was wondering how to get rid of my body without facing awkward questions. It took me time to calm her down.

Not much changed in my life at that point. I continued my life-style until finally, in 1992 when my life was at an all-time low, I called out to God for help. Months passed and I would occasionally go to an evening service with my friend – always with the same result. About that time I visited my sister, who had been a "born-again Christian" for some years. She told me many things, which affected me in a powerful way. I wanted to believe in Jesus. He seemed to be the answer to so many problems, but was all this just the delusion of an emotional cripple, who couldn't make it

without some sort of crutch?

Praying that God would reveal the truth no matter what it cost me, it was as if blinkers had been removed from my eyes. By then I felt a great urgency to get the matter settled. One sleepless night I sat up with the Bible. About 3:30 in the morning I prayed, "God, I have reservations about what is written in this Bible. I lack the ability to understand what I am reading." Instantly I received an understanding of that particular puzzle. There and then I finally committed my life to Jesus Christ.

Everything changed as God transformed my entire life. It was not a quick process as there were many things that needed change and repair. With time I joined the FGBMFI and began working with other men to fulfill the commission Jesus had given me all those years ago to reach out to the lost in this world.

God continues to work in my life. I now have a great marriage that improves day by day. I am so very thankful that God can do the impossible. I only deserved God's judgement, but He patiently loved me and forgave me for my many sins. These are the



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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 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.

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Name and address (print clearly):



On the Beat

Simon Riding, Leigh, England

Choppers, parties, martial arts, and trouble was my fare. I knew nothing about God or a better way of life; I was just looking for “kicks” wherever I could find them. When a school teacher began telling us about Jesus and the Bible, it held me glued to the edge of my chair. I had never heard anything like it and did not forget what he had told me as I moved on in school.

One day a group of us “rockers”, all in leather jackets, were on the town square when a group of Christians were out talking about Jesus. My friend said, “Let’s go and have a laugh.” We got close enough to hear what they were saying. I didn’t really understand what they were saying, but something inside me somehow knew that they knew God, and I began to really listen. Then I filed the information away someplace and got on with life.

There was such an emptiness in my life, and no matter what I did, nothing seemed to fill it. Joining the Air Force, I was kept busy and out of trouble, but the emptiness was still there. Then I met a

Christian girl and we became friends. She kept after me until, about three months later, I was finally persuaded to go to church with her. What a surprise! The people were singing, clapping their hands and having a good time. This was not at all what I had expected.

In the Air Force I’d begun to dabble with the occult, so I was used to the idea of the supernatural. It was different at that church, though. These people had real life; I found myself returning. After a few visits, I finally decided to commit my life to Jesus Christ. At first nothing changed dramatically. I knew what my decision meant – I’d started a new life. But what should I do? It just did not fit with my life-style.

Not wanting to be teased, I took my weekends off and never told anyone that I was attending church. On weekdays I still went clubbing so, in effect, I was living a double life. That all changed when I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. That was on a Friday night.

However, something was not quite right. That night as I slept I was physically lifted out of bed and thrown onto the ground. I woke up, knowing exactly what was going on. The mediums that I used to go to had to be told about the change I had made in my life. I was terrified, but I just knew I had to draw a line under that part of my life and make a public confession of Jesus there. The first person I saw was a medium, who had at one time told my future. There was a man with her. I came straight out with it, telling them that I’d become a Christian. The man went absolutely crazy. He totally lost control, and kept trying to throw me out. For 45 minutes, those people heard the Gospel message from my pastor and me. I could see the power of good and evil in that place.

At church the following Sunday, they invited people forward to receive the

Baptism of the Holy Spirit. I went to the front and had a powerful experience. Something was really changed in me. The first thing out of my mouth when my friend picked me up to return to the military base was, “I am a Christian and I’ve got Jesus.” It was all around camp in no time. Coming into the mess hall for tea the next night I could hear, “Ha, ha, ha!” I breathed a quiet prayer, “Well, God, you’ve got to be with me here. I am going to go for it.”

People were coming to me, asking me what had happened. A friend of mine, who was not a Christian, came to me and said, “Quick, come and tell Mark about Jesus”. Mark was having a really hard time. We ran down to the medical centre to see him, but they wouldn’t let us in. I pushed a note through his door. Later, he



came to see me and I told him that Jesus could help him just like He had me. In the end, we prayed together and Mark became a Christian. As I prayed in my room, God began to show me what to do each day, step by step. I knew I needed to tell others the good news about Jesus.

There were many people on my base who were affected by my testimony. Then I was posted to Germany. I had been born in Hamburg. During the first night at my new posting, I was in a large dorm with 20 blokes. My first thought was, "Where will I find a place for prayer and Bible reading?" There was no place to be alone, so I prayed for my own room. I was afraid that without this I would slip back in my faith. Normally there was a long wait for such rooms, but the very next day, I was given my own room.

I began attending a local church. Then I heard about a church with "good looking girls". As a single man, that sounded great to me. The fact that it was a German church also sounded good, considering my birth. Since I did not speak German very well, I sat in the church, praying qui-

etly, "Lord, I put my desires aside. What do You want?" Just then a young lady came up to me and asked if I was English. They then offered to translate for me.

Soon Tina and I were friends and, with time, we decided to marry. Getting married in Germany created all kinds of problems for us. There seemed to be endless paper work. With the Gulf War starting up, we really wanted to get married before I was sent to the Middle East. After I had prayed about the matter, one of the bureaucrats suddenly noticed that I had been born in Germany, and I was able to get all my papers in order straight away. With working through all the paper work, we had discovered that I had German "godparents"; I decided to trace them down. To our surprise, they turned out to be related to Tina's family.

Each time my name was on the list to go to the Gulf, we would pray and somehow my name would be removed. Tina got pregnant straight away with our son, David. He was born a month and a day premature, and it was a very difficult birth. When they took him to a special care unit, Tina opened the Bible. The first words she read were, "the Lord gave David victory wherever he went." With that, she became peaceful, saying, "I don't believe it is coincidence. David will be fine." We knew God would also give *our* David victory, and He did. God blessed us in every way as we put together our family and home.

When Tina was pregnant with our second son, she was in church and the sermon was about Samuel, "...if you will give your baby to the Lord..." As they read those words, Tina had a pain, which caused her to focus on the baby. As she did the Lord spoke to her, telling her that it would be a boy and we were to call him

Samuel, committing him to serve the Lord God. When Samuel was born, we were so convinced that it would be a boy that we did not even have a girl's name.

Samuel was also born premature. His lungs were not fully developed and no matter what they tried, he did not move. They told me, "You'll have to leave the room. Go next door with your wife; there's nothing else we can do." Somehow I just knew everything would be alright. After I left, they tried the oxygen one more time, and Samuel began breathing. The doctor said it was a miracle. They thought he would have brain damage, but the second miracle is that he is completely healthy and full of energy.

The lad next door used to have all kinds of domestic problems. He would often beat his wife. She would run over to our flat to call the police. We made friends with both of them, sharing with them about Jesus for about a year. Gradually you could see his heart softening. He started going to the base chapel and in time became a committed Christian, totally changed from the inside out. Since that time ten people from that squadron have become committed Christians.

When we returned to civilian life in England, it was a real adjustment for Tina. We took a council house. I applied for a job with the police straight away, but it took months for a job to come through. The estate we lived in was very rough

I applied for a job with the police straight away, but it took months for a job to come through...

with lots of crime. Since I was rather small for a policeman, I always prayed for extra protection. One time I went in to clear out a pub fight. There were ten of us, and fifty people fighting in the pub. I was one of the first ones there. I ran straight into the middle and started arresting people. One man told me afterward, "When I saw you charge in and take control, I was impressed." From then on I knew God was with me.

Going out to people's houses in the line of duty, I meet up with many strange things, including violence and even the paranormal. I've been able to tell people about something better, encourage people, and even pray with them. One man was suicidal, trying to harm himself and others. My first reaction was to incapacitate him, but I felt like God was saying to me, "...just keep still." His girl-friend was hysterical. Something inside seemed to be saying, "Just tell them about Jesus." When I did, his girl-friend said, "I just invited Jesus into my life three days ago." I gave them an invitation to the next FGBMFI meeting, and they came. The man committed his life to Jesus Christ. I have kept in touch with him since then.

God has given me so many opportunities and I have never had to force anything. One time my boss called me in off the streets to speak with a pilot, who had been in the Air Force. The man sat next to me and said, "I just want to know about your faith." There have been other times when God has given me a word to calm a situation. Time after time, event after event, He has used me to help others.

God has also made it possible for us to buy a house. Someone *gave* us the down payment. God is always faithful. All we have to do is be available. ●



The Right Way

Israel Makhijani, London, England

Gurus, Krishna, Rama, and other religions never brought me any happiness. Inside I longed for something which I could not quite put my finger on. I even went to Vaishnav Devi Mandir at Jammu Kashmir, Haji Malang and other “holy” places to find God, but all to no avail.

My increasing unhappiness led to alcohol and suicidal thoughts. Hard times came for our business; we prayed to our Hindu gods. Things just went from bad to worse and I was frustrated. This all led to even more drinking. I was fed up with my messed up life. Nothing was going well, including my marriage.

Pouring myself into my business, I decided that if I could only accumulate money, I would be honoured by God and man. With time, I did well, but that did

not help. I now had money and all the comforts, but my unhappiness had only increased. Trying to solve this through expensive bars and social clubs numbed my feelings, but nothing really changed.

For ten years I tried to stop drinking and clean up my life, but I could not control myself. There was some force, which was dragging me to do evil in spite of my longing to be a good person. I was in a foreign land and wanted to go home, thinking that I would rebuild my business and things would improve. One evening as I was making plans my eyes focused on an old newspaper lying on top of the garbage pail. It had a small advertisement in the corner, “Through Jesus Christ many miracles are happening every day. Write for prayers to Life Study Fellowship, Noroton, Connecticut (U.S.A.)”

I wrote them immediately. In a few days I received some written prayers. Each prayer began with, “Dear Heavenly Father” and ended with, “I ask these things in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.” A few days after this someone left a pocket testament Bible at my house. Since I did not know any of my neighbours, this was a puzzle to me. I had never read the Bible in my life. I hated Christians and felt the Hindu religion was the best of all religions.

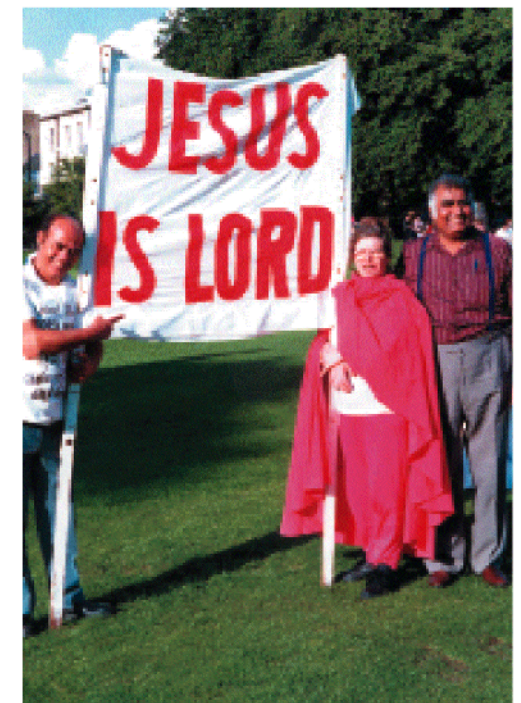
Nevertheless, I was curious to read about how Jesus Christ was crucified on the cross. So, while travelling on the train or sitting in a restaurant, I began reading that little Bible. Whenever I read it my emptiness vanished and I would forget my problems. Peace was coming into my heart. Soon it was not enough just to read the Bible. I knew I had to start putting it into practice. God knew my weaknesses. I was a greedy man, who always expected material blessing and a quick profit. He knew that I had prayed in Jesus’ name for miracles and was trying Him as a last resort, and He showed me many miracles.

About that time I came across a stranger at a railway station. Within a few days he became my close friend. His brother wanted to start a garment business. He made me a partner, though I did not invest a penny. This was really a miracle since it was not possible to believe strangers in New York City.

God spoke many things to me through the Bible. Then a lady invited me to a group called the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship of New York. When the speaker finished I went to him and asked what it meant to be born again.

He explained John 3:3, “...unless a man is born of God’s Spirit in this world, he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God.” I immediately accepted Jesus Christ, who had loved me so much. I had many doubts, but God still used me in various ways, such as talking to people about Him. The devil attacked me in very tricky ways. I kept Guru Nanak’s (the Hindu and Sikh’s last prophet) thick and heavy framed picture on one wall and on the other a plastic picture of Jesus Christ being crucified on the cross.

As I was praying to God, suddenly there was a loud noise and within a few seconds, the Hindu god’s picture fell off the table and into the garbage pail. It somehow actually “jumped” the few feet from the wall to the garbage. The doors and windows of my office were shut tight. Through this experience, I got the message. There is only one true God.



God showed me not to keep a bank balance of what I gave to help others. I did not really know what I should be doing because there was nobody to guide me. Whenever things did not work out just like I thought they should, I would get mad or become discouraged and question God.

On one occasion I was fed up. As I was out walking, I passed a church. I was somehow drawn to go inside. Half-heartedly I entered and sat on a bench. I found a Bible lying there, opened it and began to reading at random. It said, "Behold my servant whom I uphold..." It went on and on in this vein. Then I read, "As the bridegroom rejoices over the bride, so your Lord will rejoice over you."

A few days later I woke up at 5 a.m. Without know why, I turned on the TV and came across a programme talking about the Lord Jesus Christ. The moment I put it on, he spoke these words, "God wants to know when you will be free."

When he said that, a great conviction came over me. Immediately the programme ended and I started praying, "Lord, forgive me." I had stopped telling others about Him and was not reading my Bible or praying as I should.

That day I got a very big order from a department store. God was showing me that He was my source and that all I had to do was put him first, especially in money matters. One problem I had was with other women. My wife was not with me, and I began praying for help in this area. God answered this by taking my appetite away and leading me to just the right person when I needed some encouragement. The devil always attacks in those areas where you are not aware of danger, but Jesus trains us in the way we should go.

Then one day I saw a beautiful girl. She gave me her phone number. After reading about King David and Bathsheba, I con-

cluded that God wouldn't mind if I committed adultery once in a while. I had it all justified in my thinking, reasoning that God would forgive me.

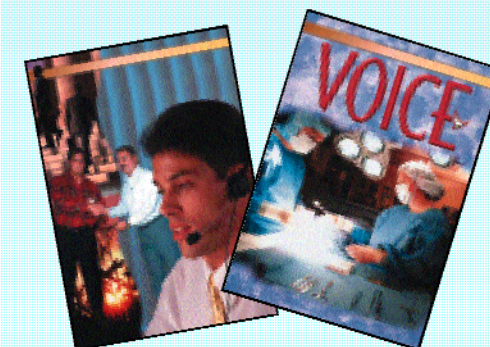
That night I saw a vision. I was bound and a white figure stood opposite me. Real fear came over me. Suddenly, deep inside, I spoke, "Forgive me, oh Lord, I won't do it again." The moment I said that, both my hands were loosened and I was completely free. The white figure was next to me. I truly repented after that, praying regularly and asking for forgiveness of my sins every day. The Bible says "Whosoever is born of God does not commit sin..." I knew that God would pick me up if I fell because the Bible says that and He had done it again and again, but that was no excuse for me to sin. I had to clean up my life and my thinking.

I started living a serious live. God taught me to run from evil and seek good. Once again I started preaching the Gospel in the streets. One time late at night a very big young man came up to me with a knife, threatening to kill me. As I simply looked up and said, "Lord God, I know where I am going," the person suddenly changed his mind, put his knife down and asked forgiveness. Another time a person raised a bottle to hit me with it, but suddenly stopped, bowed at me, and went away. Events like these were common. One night, while rushing to catch the underground train, I heard a woman's cry. I looked back to see a man coming at me with a knife. To my surprise, a power made him fall down the stairs and he became unconscious.

Soon I realized that I had to go back to my own people with the "Good News" about Jesus. I did this and started a Christian fellowship. I have since started another evangelical group in England. ●

Prisons

There are many thousands of copies of Voice Magazine going into jails and prisons all over the world every month. Many people are committing their lives to Jesus and are totally changed through the power of the Holy Spirit as they read the testimonies.



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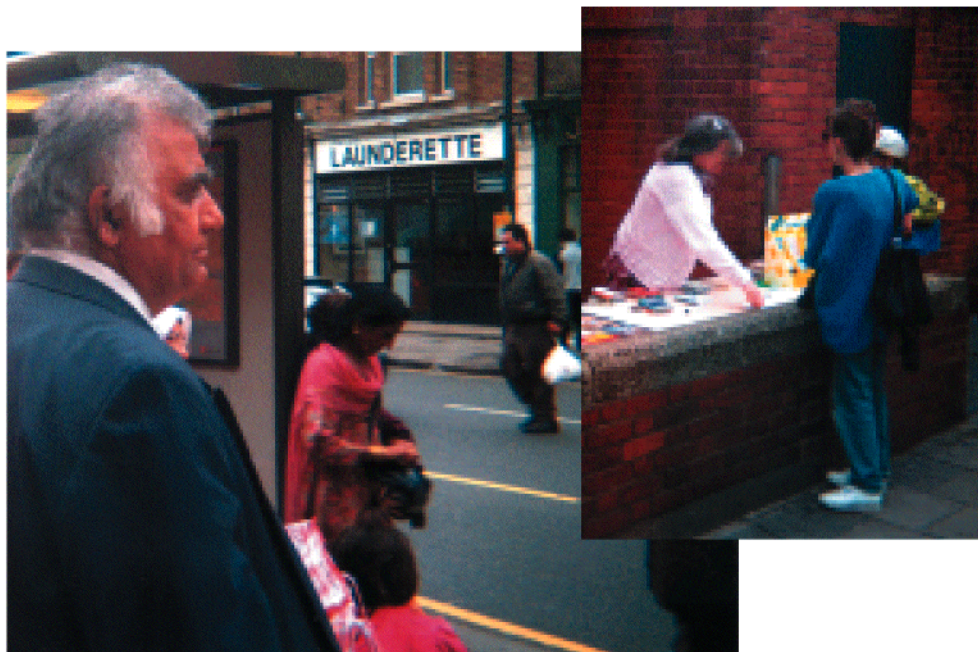
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What Kind of a Problem is Y2K?

Blake Carlson



In the winter of 1998 my brother-in-law asked me to do research on the Y2K problem. "It is a computer problem over two digits that can't possibly effect someone who doesn't even own a computer!" He looked down at the floor and I knew that I had been too harsh. He said, "I know your time is valuable, Blake, and I am willing to pay you. I will remodel the bathroom in the guest house you are building."

I found myself pouring over everything that I could dig up on Y2K, from newspapers, magazines, and especially the internet. I wanted to find one person who could give me a paragraph of data showing that this just wasn't going to happen!

As my research increased, anxiety began rising up inside of me. Why was I

so nervous? I mentally threw up a prayer, "...Lord! Is this of you?" He seemed to answer, "Relax, I am with you." Peace came over me.

It has been my practice to meet with several men each morning at six-thirty to pray. One morning God showed me a vision of many people wanting peace over this subject. I saw tens of thousands of people coming to Jesus through this thing. He showed me that my real job was not just research, but imparting God's peace to fearful people.

At a trade fair in Spokane, Washington, we had gifted speakers, along with over 110 exhibitors on the trade floor. Nearly three thousand people came through the doors within the first three hours. People came from all over the US and Canada.

Many went home with more than they had expected. They took with them something from the giver of peace, Jesus.

There are always problems that come and disasters that happen, but our real need is much bigger. Happenings like this only serve to open us up to receive real help. The truth is that there is One who cares for us and wants to guide us safely even if it is through the "...valley of the shadow of death." We indeed do not need to "fear any evil."

If you would like to get in touch with Blake Carlson, send us an email.



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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