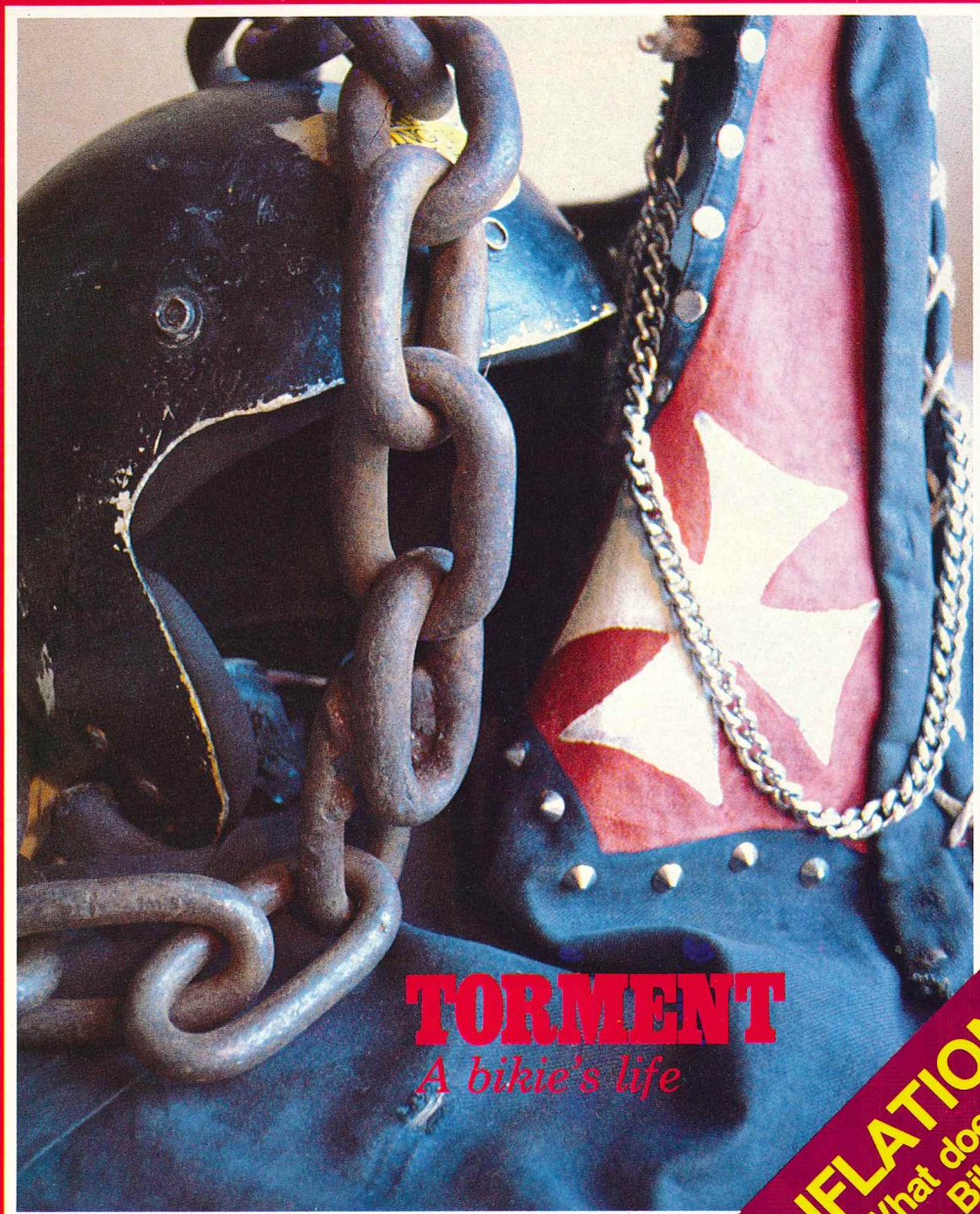


SOUTH PACIFIC  
**VOICE**



**TORMENT**

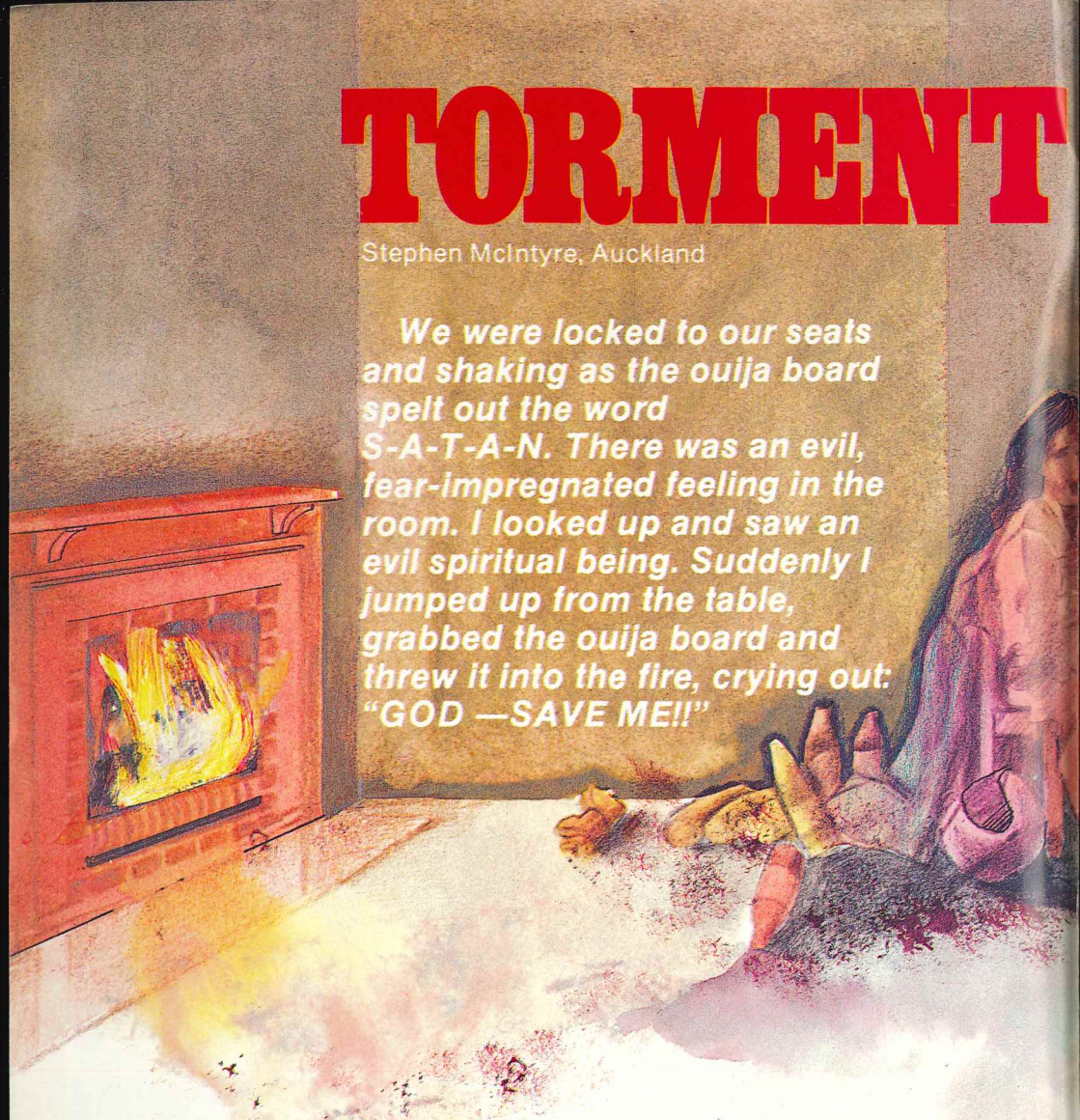
*A biker's life*

**INFLATION**  
What does  
the Bible  
say?

# TORMENT

Stephen McIntyre, Auckland

*We were locked to our seats and shaking as the ouija board spelt out the word S-A-T-A-N. There was an evil, fear-impregnated feeling in the room. I looked up and saw an evil spiritual being. Suddenly I jumped up from the table, grabbed the ouija board and threw it into the fire, crying out: "GOD —SAVE ME!!"*

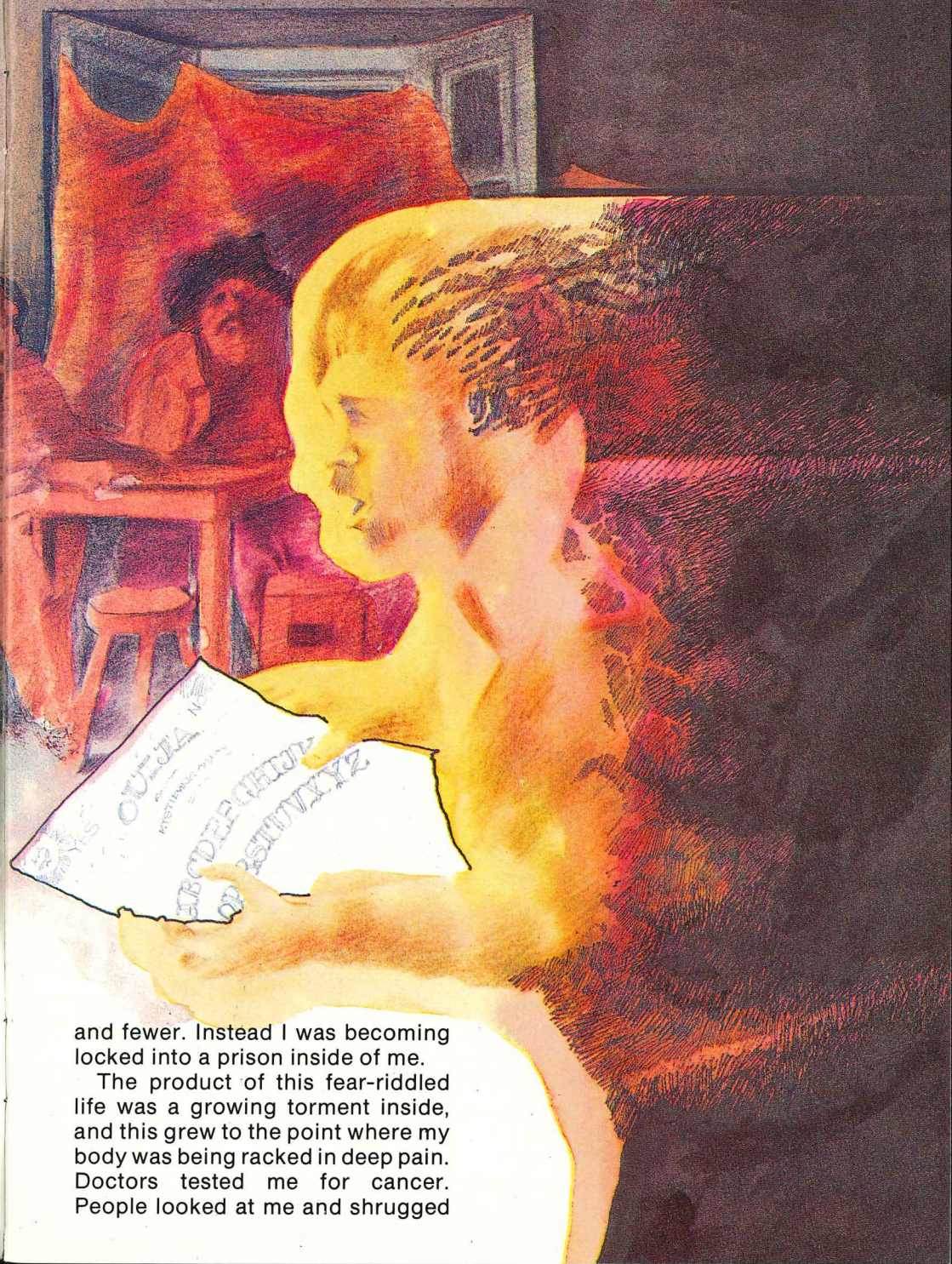


**F**or five years I had been living a bikie's life. I lived in old, cold houses, dirty and unclean. I never had a bath and slept on beds made up with great coats and leather jackets. My friends and I had parties every night without exception and alcohol and drugs were continually being consumed — all day, every day.

Life consisted of motorcycle repairing in your bedroom, con-

tinual gang warfare and basic animal sex. There was a continual need to be stronger than the fear-enshrouded way of life. We trained how to take the offensive in confrontation — being a bikie we could never back down. We were always having large gang fights and smaller one-to-one fights.

The occasions of the original pleasures like going on 'runs' and feeling free were becoming fewer



and fewer. Instead I was becoming locked into a prison inside of me.

The product of this fear-riddled life was a growing torment inside, and this grew to the point where my body was being racked in deep pain. Doctors tested me for cancer. People looked at me and shrugged

as if they didn't understand. I would ride my bike and scream my head off just to try and release some of the tension and torment. At nights sleep failed me and I either spent the time painting satanic rites on the walls of the house or went on a trip — whether with drugs or just simply ride and ride and ride, always coming back exhausted enough to be able to 'crash'. Quite often I would wake up and find the previous nights rubble swept in a pile around me. My head was swarming with paranoia. Drugs just caused the torment to come back magnified.

One day, while on a drug trip, I was so exhausted I collapsed on the side of a hill. My mind wondered whether there was a God or not, so I looked up and said:

"God if you're up there show me a four-leafed clover."

(My mother had always collected four-leafed clovers but I had never found one in my whole life.) Beside me was a bunch of clovers so I stuck my hand in it and pulled out a ... two-leafed clover. I was not satisfied. I stuck my hand in again and pulled out a *four-leafed clover!* I looked up and acknowledged God's existence.

That experience was soon forgotten and life became more and more depressing. I started hearing voices. I remember one voice, which I knew belonged to the spirit of fear in our midst and it asked me if it could come right in to the deepest part of me. I kept postponing this, but inside I knew without this total possession I would not succeed in the bikies' world. It was about the last bit of morality left inside of me. I had spent the last five years throwing out what my conscience

said and doing the things which pleased me.

The main contributing factor to this attitude was my rejection of society. I used to watch men who strutted about in white shirts yet whose eyes indulged in forbidden pleasures when they thought no one was looking. I flatly rejected that sham.

My life was becoming unbearable and it was at this point the boys decided to have the seance. I can only thank God for giving me the power to throw the ouija board, that tool of the devil, into the fire. And when I cried out to God to save me, He did, then and there. I felt a 'thing'

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**I**would ride  
my bike and scream  
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and torment.

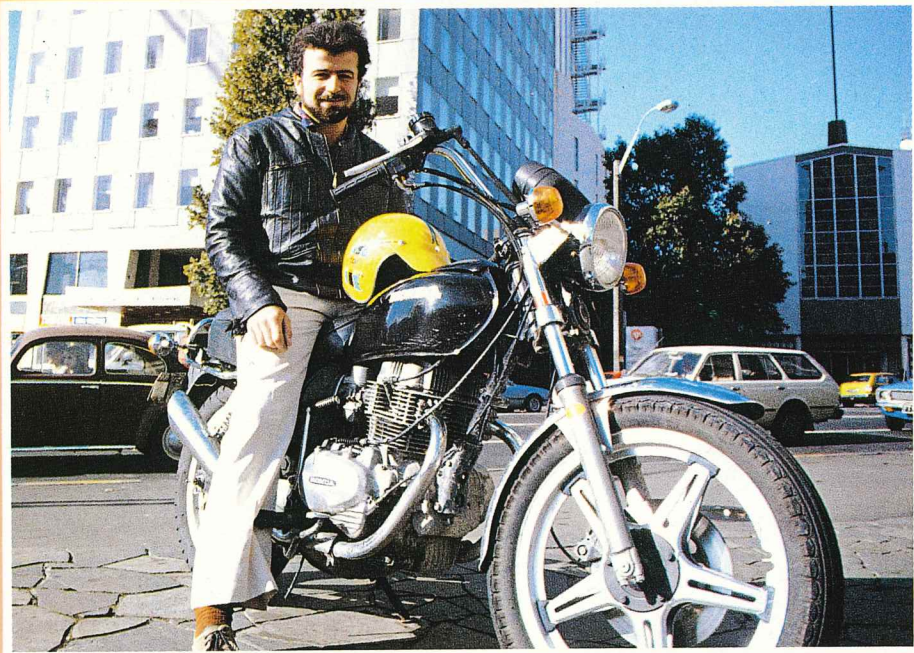
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go out of me. It zoomed out of my mouth upwards and I remember standing there totally empty. *Empty!* It was the emptiest feeling I had felt in my whole life. It was as if I, had nothing inside of me.

Intuitively I was not happy with this condition either and so again I screamed out:

"GOD — FILL ME!!"

Right then and there God filled me — a flooding of warmth from my feet



*Stephen McIntyre still rides, but now his bike is a means of transport, not a ticket to a tormented life.*

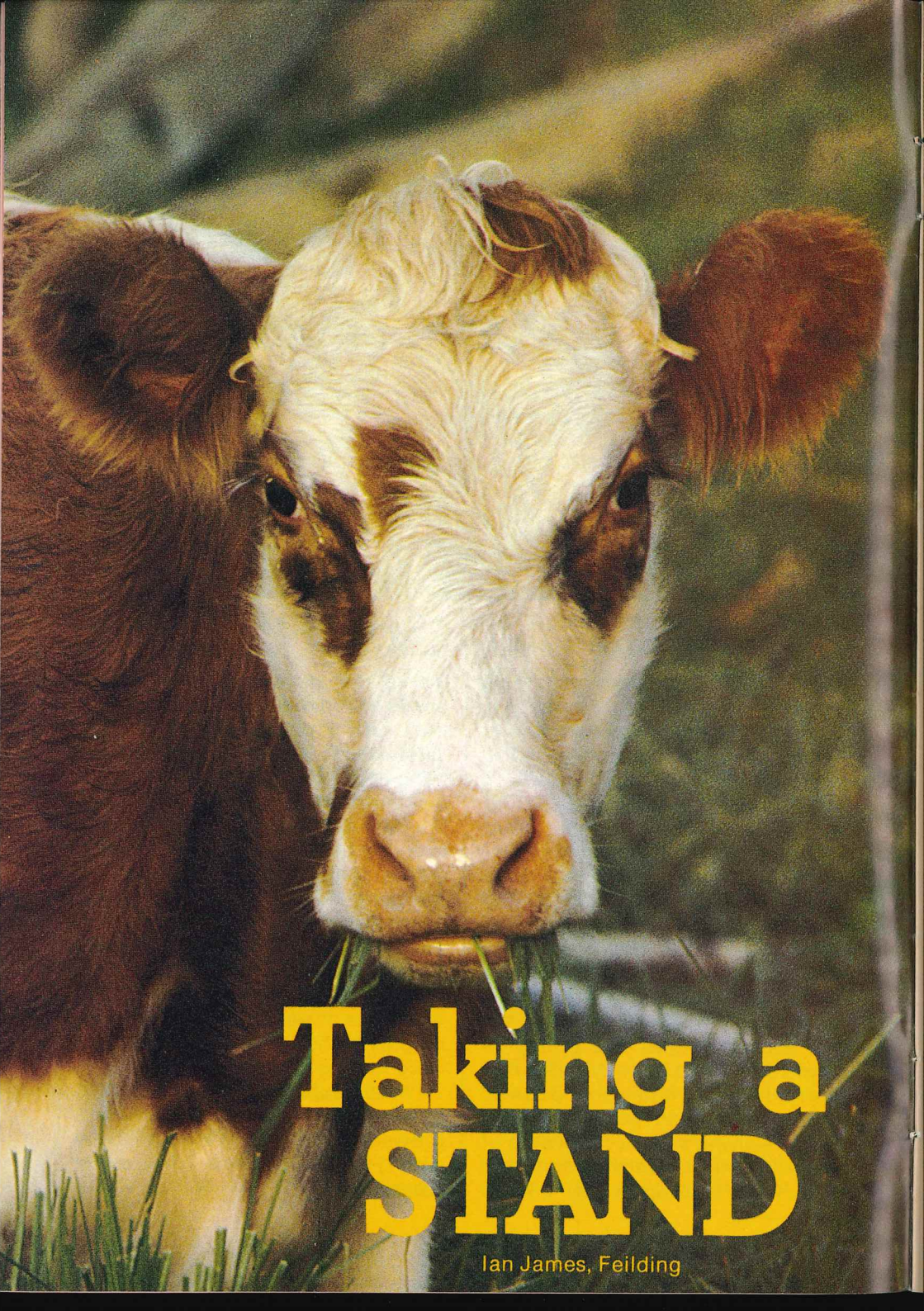
to my head. Immediately I felt invigorated, transformed! It was as if I had new life in my bloodstream.

Immediately I was aware of the Kingdom of God and yet it wasn't from outside but it was emanating and supernaturally beaming from within me. From that point I knew I could not do any of the things that I had previously been doing. My previous amoral nature had been renewed — it had new ideals and new standards. My conscience was brand new, its standards had lifted really high in a moment of time. Yet that wasn't all that was going on inside of me. From the minute I had been filled I had had words pouring and streaming from within — not my words — living words! *The words of Jesus*. They just kept on coming and they haven't stopped yet! I knew

then that Jesus wasn't just a picture above a fireplace — he was the living Word, and I had Him inside of me.

I started to tell the others what had happened. We had many hours of discussion but in the end they couldn't understand so they finally, even my best friends, rejected me. I was no longer allowed to be part of the gang. From that time on they called themselves 'Magog', the name of the antichrist armies in Russia. I shifted out and finally found my way to a church where hundreds of young people, surfies, hippies and all sorts had found and were finding new life in Jesus.

I'm still experiencing that new life in every way as the living Word grows in my life and I venture forth with His promise of **"life more abundant."** □



# Taking a STAND

Ian James, Feilding

**I am going to be the first farmer to produce 60,000 pounds of butterfat in one year singlehanded,"** I told myself.

That was some target when I made it eight years ago. I started milking 150 cows night and morning, which was a lot for one bloke back in those days. I also leased an 80 acre farm and ran 100 bulls on it.

I set myself two more targets: to speak at the Massey Dairy Farmers Conference and get an article into the *New Zealand Dairy Exporter*.

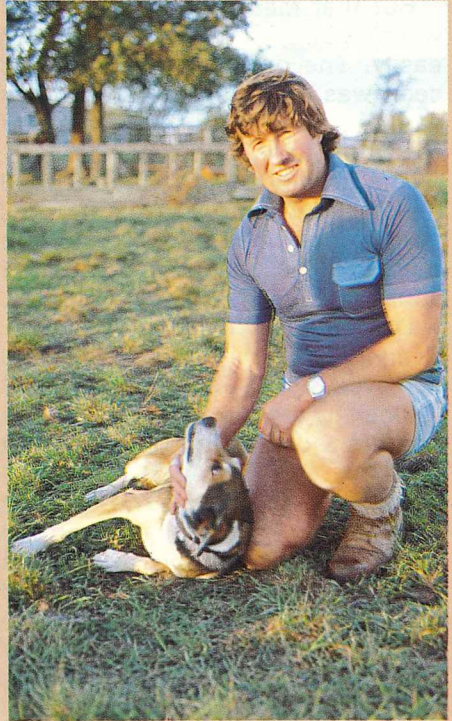
Why this obsession with goals and achievement?

I had experienced some hurts in my life. I had lost my first wife through leukemia, an experience that left me bitter and lonely. Previously I had never lacked confidence or friends, but now I found I needed to prove myself, to try to build up my self-esteem and stifle the insecurity I felt.

To do this I set some pretty stiff goals. I was going to be recognised as a great dairy farmer.

As well as being a workaholic I made sure I didn't miss out on the social scene. I was president of the Feilding Lawn Tennis Club, was on the school committee, played golf and squash, was active in Young Farmers Club and went to the pub at least once a week — sometimes staying there until 3 a.m.

As a result I was hardly ever home and my wife Jenny and young family saw little of me. I was up milking before the kids got up and didn't get in until after they were asleep. It wasn't much of a life for them. I was retreating into a world which revolved around me and my interests.



*Ian James*

At one stage Jenny said to me: "There must be a lot more to life than what we have." She was not really interested in my achievements and pleasures because I was basically ignoring her.

One day a friend suggested she go to a Pentecostal Church in Palmerston North. I looked after the children, thinking to myself, "She'll be back in an hour and that will be that."

Three hours later she came back a radically changed person. The power of God had touched her the moment she stepped inside the church and she had broken down and wept. That day God healed her emotionally and gave her a new life in Christ. She was exuberant.

But that meant nothing to me. I wasn't going to be convinced that easily. The only Christianity I had seen was a grossly watered down variety and I was thoroughly put off the whole thing.

The problem was, I had reached the targets I set for myself and was questioning where I was to go from there. In the space of a month I spoke at the Massey Conference, was interviewed for the *New Zealand Dairy Exporter* and achieved my 60,000lb of butterfat.

I lost my motivation for hard work and started thinking deeply about my life.

Now I can see God's perfect timing in all that was happening. I was searching, my wife was bubbling over with her new-found faith and then some friends gave me a book to read called *The Late Great Planet Earth*. It was about what was going to happen in the last days of human history as revealed in the Bible.

I couldn't stop reading it. It intrigued me to think that things were happening in the world today that had been predicted thousands of years ago by the prophets of God.

My wife persuaded me to go to church with her. It was a straightforward sort of service, but then a chap stood up and said that God was telling him there was someone present who needed to receive Christ into his life.

I knew I was the one. I went forward arm in arm with Jenny and committed my life to God.

It takes courage to make a stand for Jesus. To go against the flow of popular opinion takes more courage than to go along with it. My wife and I lost quite a few friends because of



*Ian James with his boys*

our Christian commitment.

One man rang me up and tore a strip off me but I said to him, "Listen, you think it takes a man to go to the pub and live it up large with all the boys. But it takes twice as much of a man to be a Christian." To stand up for something you know is right, even though it is unpopular.

As I look back on my life I can see how well it fits Jesus' question when he asked:

"What does it profit a man if he gains the whole world but loses his soul?"

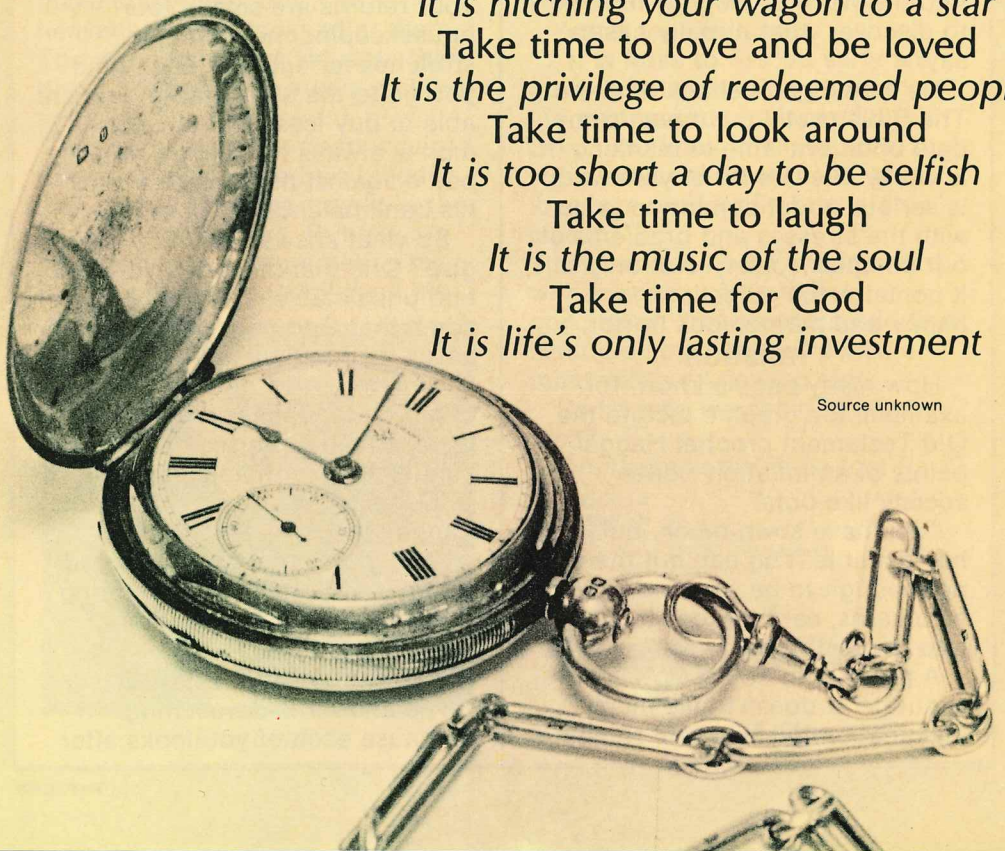
My ambition was to be a great dairy farmer, and I gave no thought to my soul and to my eternal destiny. Yet without Jesus Christ a person has missed the whole purpose of life. 60,000lbs of butterfat can't save your soul — only Jesus can do that.

**Praise God, He did it for me!** □

# Take Time

Take time to work  
*It is the price of success*  
Take time to think  
*It is the source of power*  
Take time to play  
*It is the secret of perpetual youth*  
Take time to read  
*It is the fountain of wisdom*  
Take time to be friendly  
*It is the road to happiness*  
Take time to dream  
*It is hitching your wagon to a star*  
Take time to love and be loved  
*It is the privilege of redeemed people*  
Take time to look around  
*It is too short a day to be selfish*  
Take time to laugh  
*It is the music of the soul*  
Take time for God  
*It is life's only lasting investment*

Source unknown



## A neglected wisdom

**Irrelevant, out of touch, obsolete.** Words many people in 1982 would apply to the Bible. "A book of fables for the feeble-minded," they say.

How mistaken they are. The average person has never looked into the Word of God for himself, to discover what it really has to say.

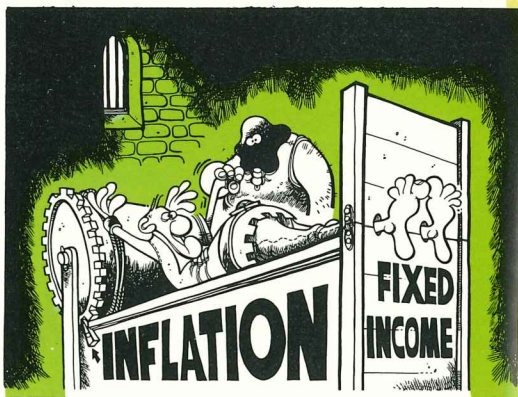
He would get a shock if he did. The Bible is still the most up-to-date book available to mankind. It is vitally relevant for anyone who is serious about coming to grips with the stresses and problems of our complex society. Not only this, it contains the guidelines for happy and harmonious living.

### **Inflation**

How many people know, for example, the graphic picture the Old Testament prophet Haggai paints of an inflation-ridden society like ours?

"You have sown much, but harvest little. You eat, but there is not enough to be satisfied...and he who earns, earns wages to put into a purse with holes."<sup>1</sup>

A purse with holes! How accurate. It doesn't take much imagination to see that if Haggai



was alive today he might say something like this:

"You have invested much, but your returns are small. Your housekeeping money never stretches far enough. Each time you go to the supermarket you are able to buy less. And the working man is always fighting an uphill battle against high interest rates — his bank balance is full of holes."

So what answer does the Bible give? One that most people would find unpalatable. Too proud to admit that God might have the answers, that they might be wrong and He might be right, they prefer to pin their hopes (or what's left of them) to the promises of political pundits and economic experts.

"Consider your ways!" thunders Haggai.

"You look for much, but behold, it comes to little. When you bring it home, I blow it away. Why?" declares the Lord.<sup>2</sup>

### **The Bible's answer**

The answer is devastating. "Because each of you looks after

# editorial

your own interests and does not give a thought to My interests." And what are God's interests? Concern for justice, honesty in business dealings, showing mercy to one another and not seeking revenge, putting Him first in our lives.

The Bible makes an amazing promise. It says that if we will seek FIRST the things that please God, honouring Him as our creator, then ALL the things that we need will be supplied.

"Consider the sparrows," said Jesus. "They don't worry about whether they will make a profit or make ends meet, but your heavenly Father looks after them. You are much more valuable than birds! So do not be anxious about your life."<sup>3</sup>

Many people have been inspired in recent months by Eric Liddell's stand for God, as portrayed in the film *Chariots of Fire*. But few are prepared to put into practice his philosophy. Eric Liddell lived his



Eric Liddell

20TH CENTURY FOX

whole life to honour God. As a consequence, God honoured him.

At one point in the film Eric says: "When I run, I feel God's pleasure upon me." Happy the man who can say: "My life pleases God."

## Executive stress

What about executive stress? Surely the Bible has nothing to say about this? Wrong again!

"What does a man get in all his work and in his striving to make a profit? Week in and week out he has a job full of strain and tension. Even when he goes home at night he is still thinking about his job. How futile this is."<sup>4</sup>

Again the Bible says:

"It is futile to rise up early and go to bed late, letting your whole life revolve round a stressful job. Don't you know that God can supply the needs of those who love Him even while they are asleep?"<sup>5</sup>

Solomon, a name synonymous with wisdom, came to the conclusion that no one could find lasting enjoyment and peace of mind without knowing God.

So how do we come to know God?

Oh, that's in the Bible too!

- 1 — Haggai 1:6
- 2 — Haggai 1:9
- 3 — Luke 12:24 (Paraphrased)
- 4 — Ecclesiastes 2:22, 23 (Paraphrased)
- 5 — Psalm 127:2 (Paraphrased)

*Kennedy Warne*

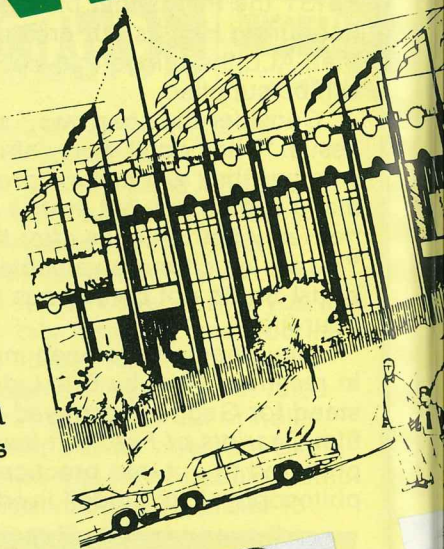
Kennedy Warne, Editor

# Come to CONVENT

This year's convention, in the heart of our capital city, promises to be the best yet. Apart from the four major speakers, many others will be sharing testimonies and reporting on what God is doing in their midst.

Testimony breakfasts, teaching sessions on such topics as marriage and family relationships, gifts of the Holy Spirit and business principles, children's meetings and a top class banquet are all on the programme.

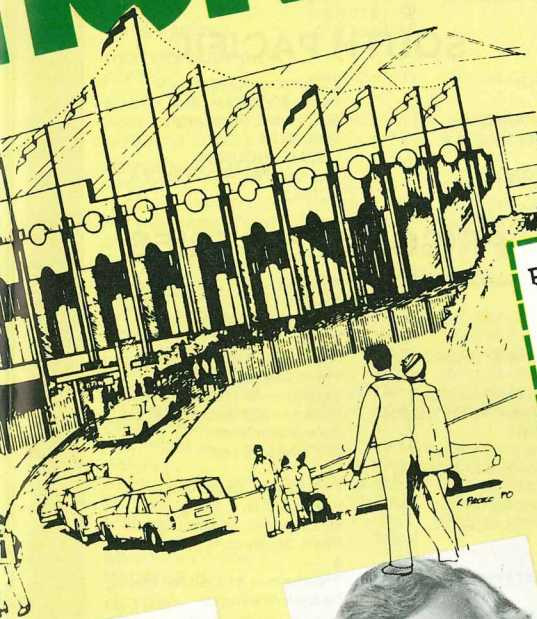
There will also be a special business seminar designed to appeal to non-Christian businessmen. The seminar will deal with all aspects of business life, majoring on Scriptural principles of success in business and management during this challenging decade.



Ronald Oastler  
Ron is the Australian  
FGBMFI National  
President and is  
Communications  
Manager for IBM  
Australia.

# CONVENTION '82

National Convention  
Queen's Birthday Weekend  
June 3 — 7  
Wellington



Please rush me brochures and registration forms for

- FGBMFI National Convention
- Special Business Seminar

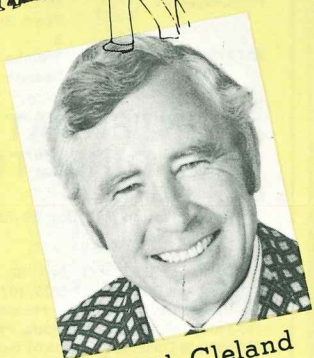
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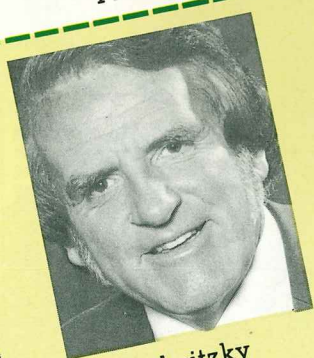
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**Buzz Goertzen**  
Buzz offers an exciting dimension in music and testimony from law enforcement and drug rehabilitation. He works full time in the area of singing, yodeling and teaching.



**Dr Keith Cleland**  
Keith spent time as director of the Financial Management Research Centre, New England before entering private practice as a consultant. He will be teaching Scriptural principles of prosperity.



**Bill Subritzky**  
Bill is a senior partner in a major Auckland legal firm and is Founder and Governing Director of Universal Homes, one of New Zealand's largest home construction companies. He will be conducting healing meetings, a ministry in which he has been much used throughout the South Pacific.



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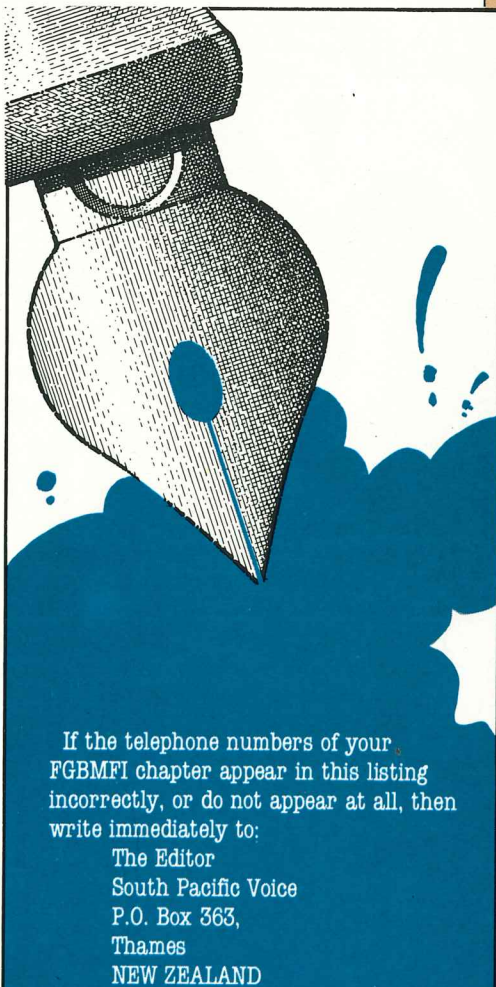


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## AUSTRALIAN CHAPTERS

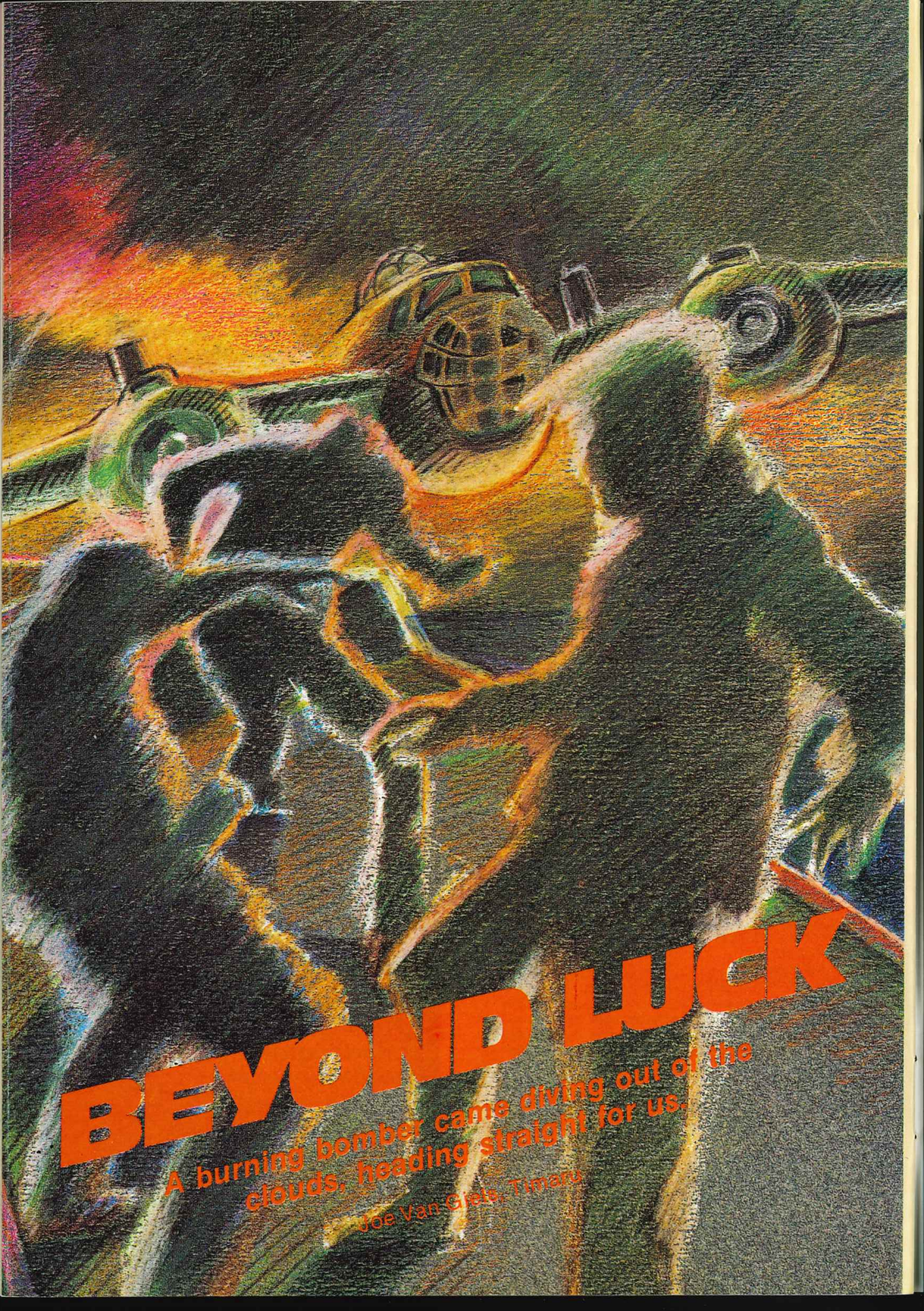
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# BEYOND LUCK

A burning bomber came diving out of the clouds, heading straight for us.

Joe Van Gels, Timaru

**I was only sixteen when the Nazis occupied my homeland of Holland.** They passed a decree that no student would be allowed to attend university without signing a declaration of loyalty to the Nazi regime. This I declared I would never do. Instead I enrolled as a cadet in the Amsterdam Merchant Navy College.

Though I had lost my chance for a university education, I was about to embark on a life full of danger and excitement, a journey that would become one long search for my identity and purpose of life.

I quickly joined in the local resistance group, learning the skills of smuggling and dodging border guards.

One day our resistance group was betrayed and 15 of my friends were arrested.

My father sent me a pre-arranged message not to come home, as sooner or later my name would be linked with the rest of the group.

With a friend I escaped through an elaborate underground route and worked a passage by barge to Antwerp. There I was put in touch with Rene, a young Belgian who lived on board a 500-ton Rhine barge with his wife and one-year-old baby boy.

I soon learned that his was no ordinary shipping vessel. He was involved in an intricately organised smuggling and sabotage operation. Under cover of darkness, in remote canals we would rendezvous with local black-market chiefs and transfer valuable German cargo ashore. Machinery left on board was then sabotaged.

One cargo of lathes destined for the armament factories of the Ruhr

was stripped of its electric motors. Then we carefully lubricated every grease-nipple and oil hole with sulphuric acid. At the end of the night's work the hatches would be meticulously resealed with the German seals, of which we had a generous supply.

I was scarcely 19, but had already had my share of near-fatal scrapes. I had always explained away my escapes by saying I was "just plain lucky." Until one night when my mind was changed dramatically.

We were tied up near the German border when we heard the familiar drone of allied bombers returning from a mission and the faraway rumble of anti-aircraft guns. Suddenly there was a red glow in the clouds and a moment later a burning bomber came diving out of the clouds, heading straight for us. There was no escape. We simply stood there, frozen in our tracks.

Then, a second before impact, the plane suddenly veered to the left and crashed into a field a couple of hundred feet away. That plane was pushed away from us by a supernatural force. There was no question of luck — *God had stepped in to save me and I knew it.*

Time and again after that night I was caught in situations that should have brought death or at least a sentence to a slave labour camp. But each time God rescued me, often by giving me intuitive instructions about what I should do.

Once I had been on a short smuggling mission between Germany and Belgium when I was outwitted by a border guard. I was trying to cross the border unnoticed, and thought I was safe when the guard, who had followed

my movements, stepped in front of me and said just one word: "Papers!"

I was scared, really scared. I had no identification except my Naval College identification pass. I gave it to him and tried to bluff my way out of the predicament. Miraculously, it worked. He gave me back my pass and let me go on my way with a warning.

Toward the end of the war I was flown to London where I was to be rigorously trained to parachute back into occupied territory. The training was abruptly ended after only two weeks. Again God had intervened on my behalf, for I later found out that the Nazis had somehow penetrated that part of the British War Department and knew all the codes used for the airdrops into Holland. Most of the agents who attempted to 'chute into the country were killed.

After the war I decided there was no future for me in Europe, so I left my home country to seek my fortune in Australia.

I was continually haunted by the question, "Why me?" Why had I survived the awful conflict when so many of my friends had not?

I spoke with ministers and priests, but none of them seemed particularly interested. I was completely unsatisfied with the few generalities they gave me.

In Australia I struggled to build a successful business as boat builder and designer. I married, and together my wife Pat and I continued to search for God and the truth about life. We built up our faith slowly, helped by reading books and by God's continued provision for the financial side of the business.

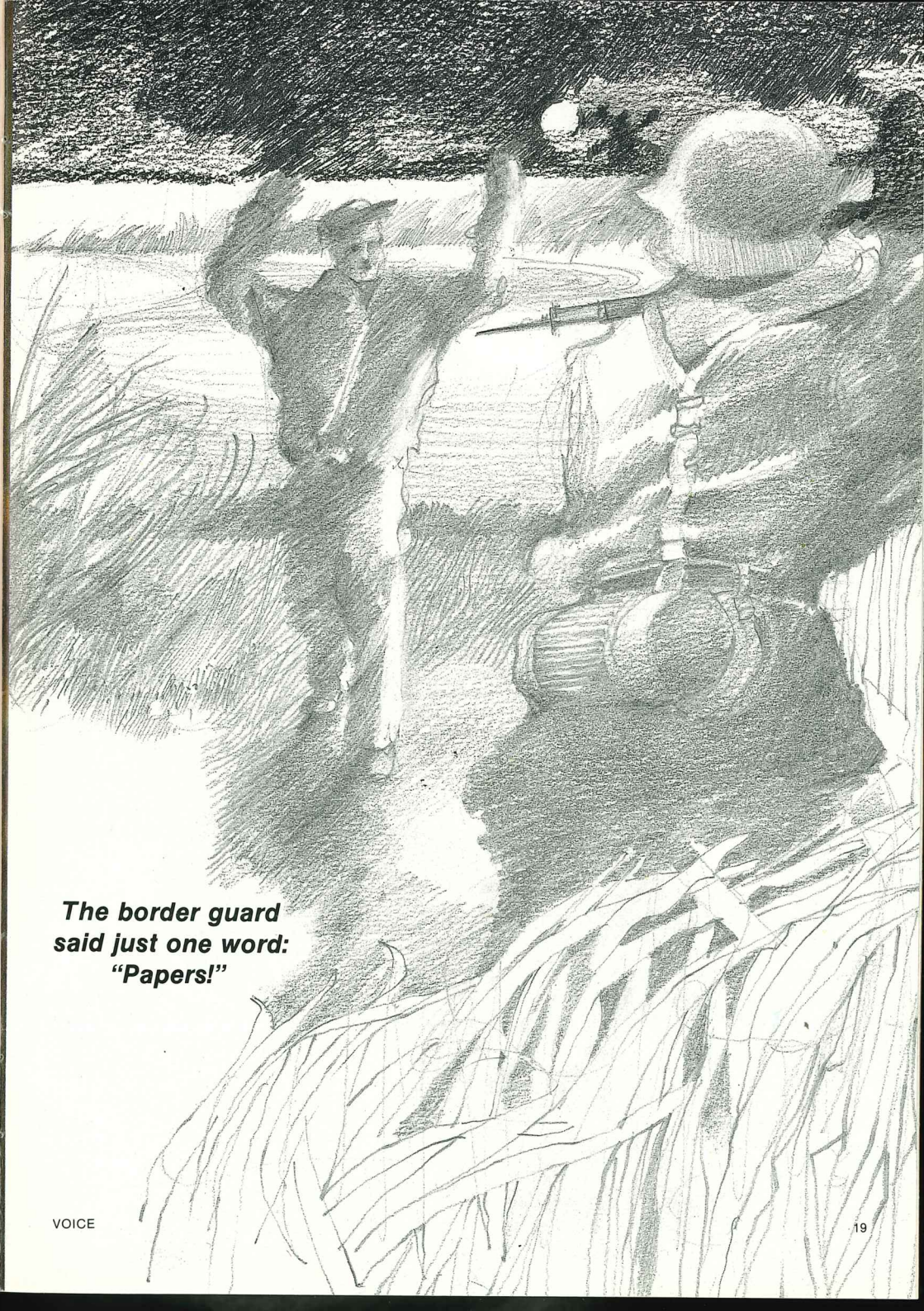
We lived a quiet, happy life, with

plenty of time for thinking. But my work and engineering background meant I developed a very intellectual approach to Christianity. This resulted in a tendency to be sceptical and failed to meet my emotional needs. Though I knew about God, I could not say that I knew Him.

However, over a lengthy period of time God gave me a number of dramatic dreams in which he showed me my need to put my trust in Him. Many times He allowed my family and I to go through severe testings to show us that He wanted us to build our lives uncompromisingly on Him.

Once I was swindled over an important contract and was so sickened by corruption in the legal system that I felt like giving up. I did not want to continue living in such an evil world. Disheartened and exhausted, I fell asleep. During my sleep I was lifted up and put down in a quiet city street. As I walked along a beggar came towards me, dressed in torn rags. As we passed each other something about him attracted me and I felt compelled to turn around and look at him. He turned also, and as I started to walk back towards him his torn rags suddenly changed to beautiful silvery white robes. I looked at his face and saw such infinite love and compassion that my heart was melted in tears. I knelt at his feet as I recognised him — it was my Lord Jesus. He took my hand and led me to a small square where there was a red ornamental tree. The tree had no leaves, just a mass of ugly thorns.

To page 22



**The border guard  
said just one word:  
“Papers!”**



*Christian businessmen often find that their professional training gives them unique insights into the nature of Christianity. Joe Van Giels explains how his training in naval architecture had an important bearing on his spiritual quest...*

## Compromise vs No Compromise

I have often been asked why it took me so long to become a Christian and commit my life to the Lord, when I had had so many experiences of Him during the years following the war.

I can only explain why against the background of my profession.

I am a naval architect, a designer of all types of marine craft. Such a person must have a sound knowledge of mathematics; he must be conversant with all types of engineering; he must be an experienced sailor with a deep respect for the sea in all its moods; he must be a good draughtsman and have an intuitive sense of design.

Above all, he must be a diplomat. While he may be a jack-of-all-trades he must be a master of one — that is, compromise. He is always weighing up speed versus economy, engine room space versus cargo space versus accommodation space versus fuel storage space, and so on. The naval architect must be able to make decisions by assessing the importance of any factor and balancing it against all the others.

So compromise becomes second nature. He is committed to the world of compromise from the moment he draws the first pencil sketch of a new craft.

Then he encounters Christianity.

Here is a philosophy which does not admit any compromise. That is why Christianity is unique among the world's religions — it accepts no compromise. There are no convenient "grey areas" to shelter in, only stark black and white. We are either saved or lost, destined for eternal life or eternal damnation. There are no maybe's or hope so's. Jesus' ministry was the most uncompromising ever, and to follow Him there can be no compromise — it is all or nothing.

Thus I was faced with the necessity of compromise in my professional life and the impossibility of compromise in my spiritual life. It wasn't an easy situation to sort out, but over a long period of time the Holy Spirit showed me how to achieve it.

I thank God that He has blessed me with so much in life — the satisfaction of a thrilling professional career and the equally thrilling and never-ending climb into His Kingdom.



*Joe Van Giels at the drawing board.*

**From page 19**

"Do you recognise that tree son?" he asked.

"Yes, Lord" I replied, "Your crown was made out of it when You were crucified."

"Indeed son," he said. "You are wearing my crown now. Do you understand?"

I did. I had been betrayed by one man, but Jesus had been betrayed by *all* of mankind. From that insight I found the strength to go on.

Eventually we emigrated to New Zealand, and it was here that God finally and definitively met me and transformed me. I had tended to be a loner and had reacted against the hypocrisy of man-made religion. But still I experienced an

unexplainable emptiness inside me.

During a Good News '80 rally someone asked me if I was a Christian.

"I wish I had the guts to call myself a real Christian," I replied. I had seen so many halfway Christians, I knew I only wanted to be one if I had the courage to be one all the way.

A few days later I made that total commitment to the Lord, and was baptised in the Holy Spirit. I found the bitterness and emotional insecurity of the past was wiped away and I truly felt that I was starting life all over again.

My quest is not over. Committing my life to God has not been an end, but rather a beginning. One thing is certain, I now know who I am, where I'm going, and most importantly, who is leading the way. □

## SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer.

- 1. ACKNOWLEDGE:** "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God" Romans 3:23. "God, have mercy on me, a sinner" Luke 18:13.
- 2. REPENT:** "Unless you repent, you too will all perish" Luke 13:3. "Repent, then, and turn to God, so that your sins may be wiped out" Acts 3:19.
- 3. CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just and will forgive us our sins and purify us from all unrighteousness" 1 John 1:9. "If you confess with your mouth, 'Jesus is Lord', and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved" Romans 10:9.
- 4. FORSAKE:** "Let the wicked forsake his way and the evil man his thoughts. Let him turn to the Lord, and He will have mercy on him ... for He will freely pardon" Isaiah 55:7.
- 5. BELIEVE:** "For God so loved the world that He gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life" John 3:16. "Whoever believes and is baptised will be saved, but whoever does not believe will be condemned" Mark 16:16
- 6. RECEIVE:** "To all who received Him, to those who believed in His name, He gave the right to become children of God" John 1:12.

### Why not make your eternal decision right now?

"I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to take away my sins. I now receive Him as Lord and Saviour of my life and will, by His help, announce that fact to others."

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1. To witness to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man, and by this to reach men for Jesus Christ, especially those having the same social, cultural or business interests as the person doing the witnessing.

2. To provide a basis of Christian fellowship among all men everywhere through an organism not directly associated with any specific church but cooperating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches.

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International does not start churches. Rather, we desire solely to be a service arm to existing ones.

3. To bring about a greater measure of unity and spirit of harmony in the body of Christ, where members are united in a common effort for the good of the whole body.

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