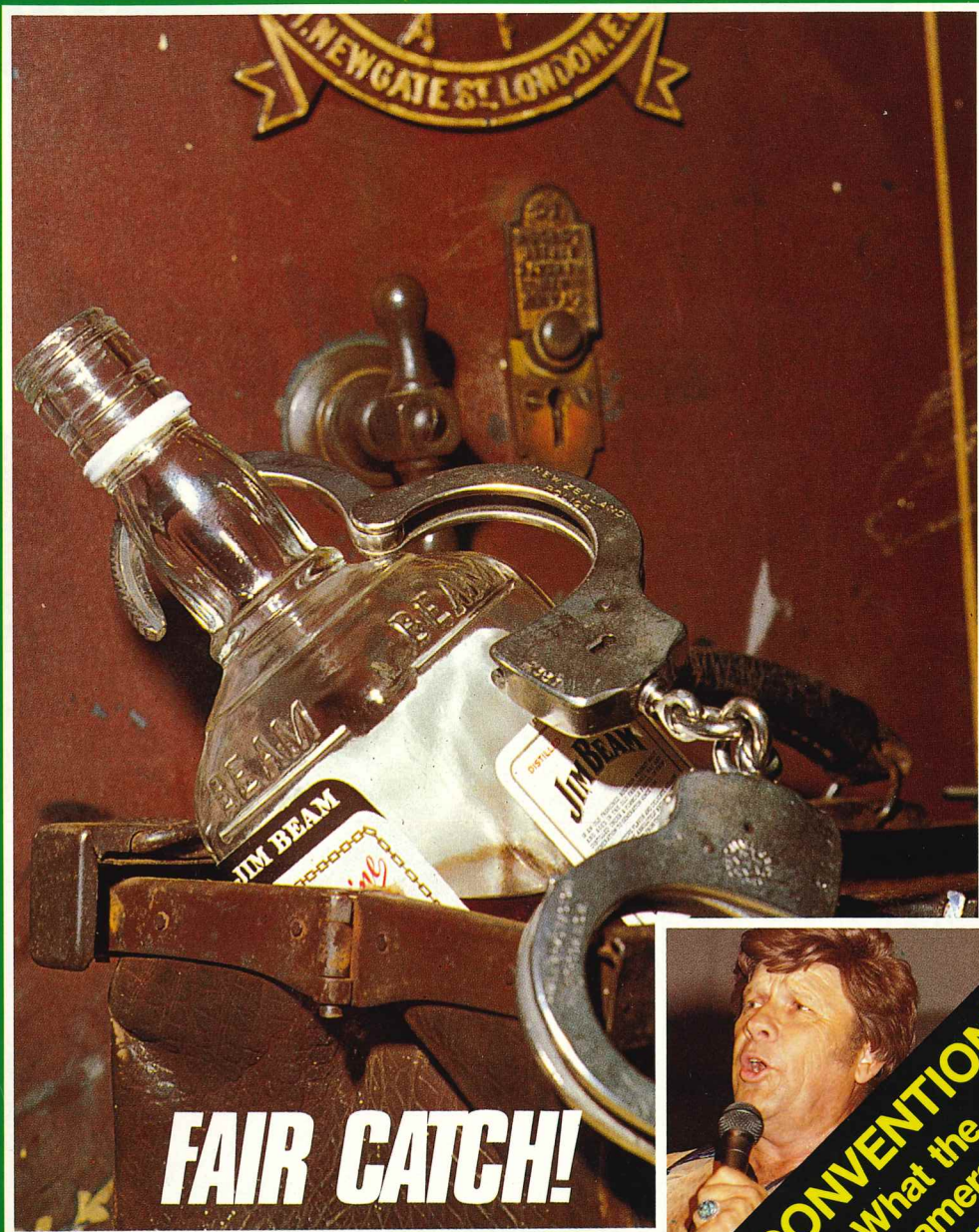
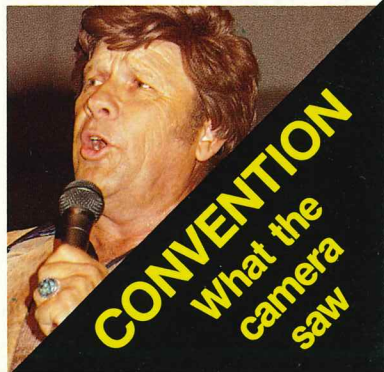


SOUTH PACIFIC  
**VOICE**



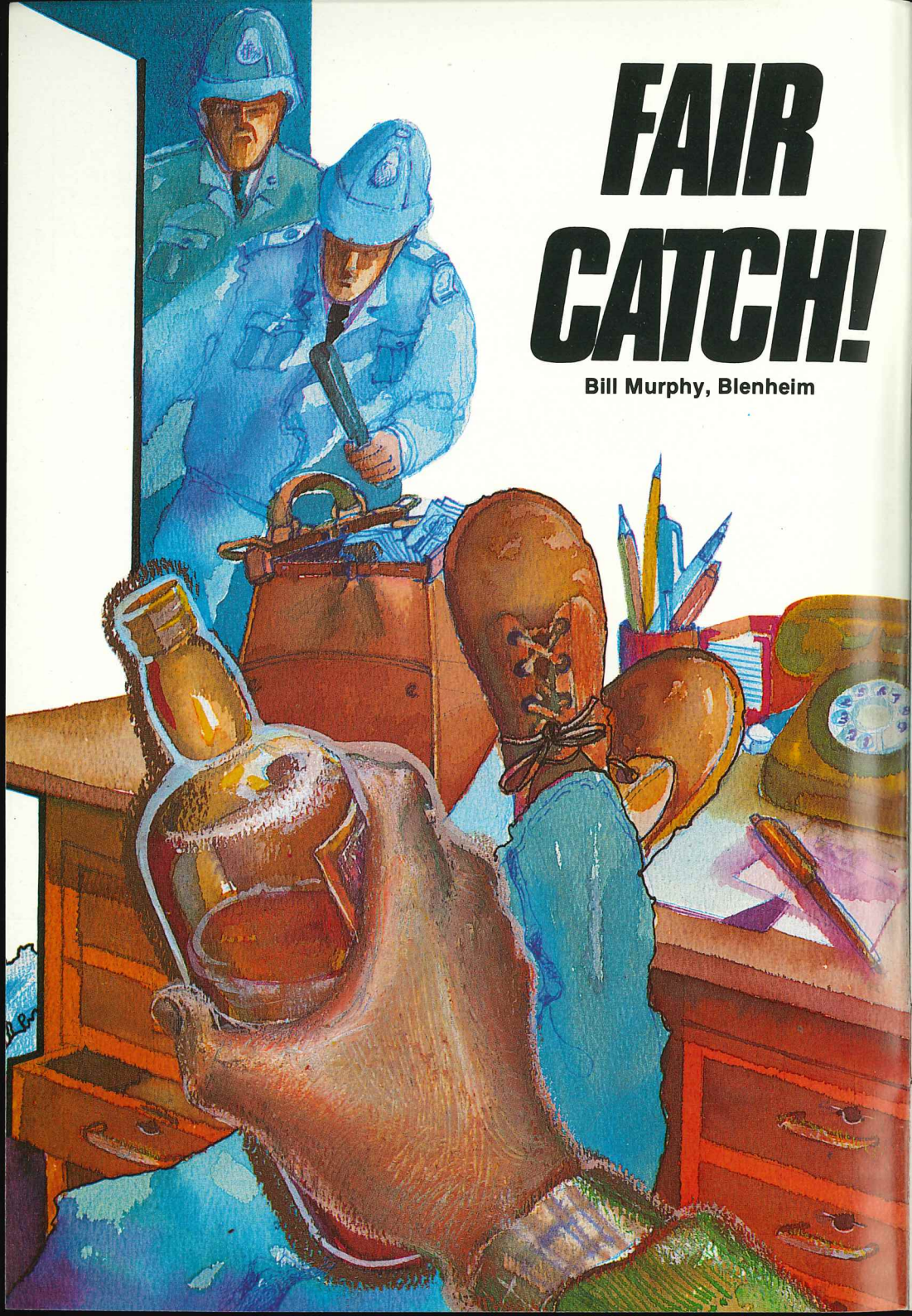
**FAIR CATCH!**



**CONVENTION**  
What the  
camera  
saw

# **FAIR CATCH!**

Bill Murphy, Blenheim



**A**re you coming quietly or not?" asked the burly policeman who burst in through the door of the accountant's office.

"Fair catch, mate, fair catch," was all I could reply.

The judge must have thought I was crazy! I'd turned the light on in the office to help me crack the safe's combination. Which was of course a dead giveaway for the security patrol! I had stuffed my Gladstone bag full of money and had put my feet up to enjoy a drop of the boss's whiskey when they caught me red-handed.

I got 12 months in Witaka.

It wasn't the first time I'd been before the 'beak'. In Sydney I put an ad in the paper that said: *Do you want to make \$200 a week by doing two hours work a day? If so, send \$5 to the following address.*

When I got the money I simply wrote back and said:

*Do unto others as I have just done to you!*

I made about \$1,000 out of that caper, until one day when I called at the post office box to collect my mail the law was waiting for me. The judge sentenced me to 12 months prison for making money under false pretences.

Crime and heavy drinking had become more or less a way of life with me. I hated work because I hated authority, and any trick I could find that would get me out of work was right up my street.

As a 'young fella' growing up in Tamworth, New South Wales, I was sent away from home at the age of six because my mother didn't want me living in a home where there was continual fighting and where the head of the house was a drunkard.

I lived with my grandmother and a succession of foster aunts, none of whom showed me anything I could call love. All I was shown was the riding whip. Consequently I grew up a rebel.

I was expelled from school at the age of 14 for swearing and scrapping, did time in a boys' home for shoplifting and at 17 found myself in the Black Rebels motorbike gang in Sydney.

There were about 150 of us. Some of us worked and some stole for a living. It was a pretty rough gang and we enjoyed our scraps.

Our patch was a skull and crossed pistons. We wore satin shirts and used bike chains and stilettos. At night we would go out looking for fights, with rival gangs or anyone who looked like they needed some roughing up.

One Sunday night we went up to Tamworth to see if we could get a fight up there but we couldn't find anyone to fight with. So we went to the local Baptist church and sat down in the back pew and started heckling.

"That can't be right! You can't have that rubbish mate! Can you prove that, mate — show me facts!"

All the preacher said was, "That's all right — the Lord'll take care of you lot."

Funny thing was, we started to quieten down and when he gave an invitation to receive Christ I rose to my feet, along with two other gang members, and went forward. As the preacher prayed for us I felt as if a heavy load was being lifted off my back.

In the past I had always felt guilty. No matter where I was there was always a tight, cold feeling inside

**Another drink,  
boy, and  
you're dead!**

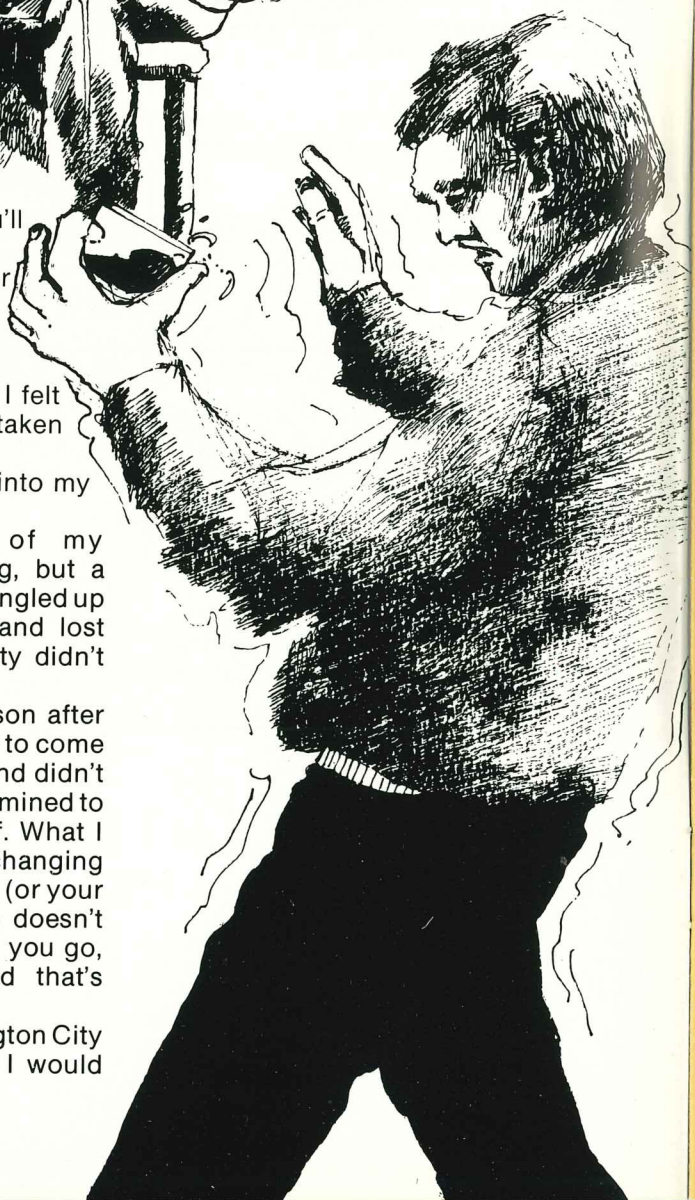


and a voice that said: "You'll get caught for that, boy, you'll get caught!" I'd never listened to that voice. I'd learnt to put on a hard front so that no one would think I was weak. But now I felt that burden of guilt being taken off my shoulders, and a tremendous release come into my life.

That was the end of my involvement with the gang, but a couple of years later I got tangled up with a bad crowd again and lost interest in God. Christianity didn't seem to 'gel' any more.

When I came out of prison after my first sentence I decided to come to New Zealand. I was 21 and didn't know a soul, but I was determined to make a new life for myself. What I didn't realize was that just changing your geographical position (or your name, which I did as well) doesn't change your life. Wherever you go, you take yourself — and that's usually the problem.

I got a job with the Wellington City Council for about a year. I would



spend most of the day working and most of the night drinking.

To get extra drink money I ran raffles in the pubs. I used to shoot seagulls, pluck them and raffle them as wild ducks. One day a chap saw me and threatened to expose me if I didn't split 50/50 with him. I decided it was time to leave Wellington!

I finally got a job as a truckie with the council at Blenheim. I was still drinking heavily — whiskey, gin, brandy — anything except meths. All my wages went on booze, and most of the time I drank by myself, because no one else would drink with me. When I'd had a few drinks I turned nasty and would lay into a bloke for looking sideways at me.

Deep inside I was still searching for something to give me fulfilment, but I didn't know where to look. I was at a friend's place one time and had drunk one beer when he asked me if I wanted another one. I was just about to say "Yes" when a voice behind me said: *"Another drink, boy, and you're dead!"*

I turned around to see who had said it, but there was no one there. I said to my friend, "Did you hear that?"

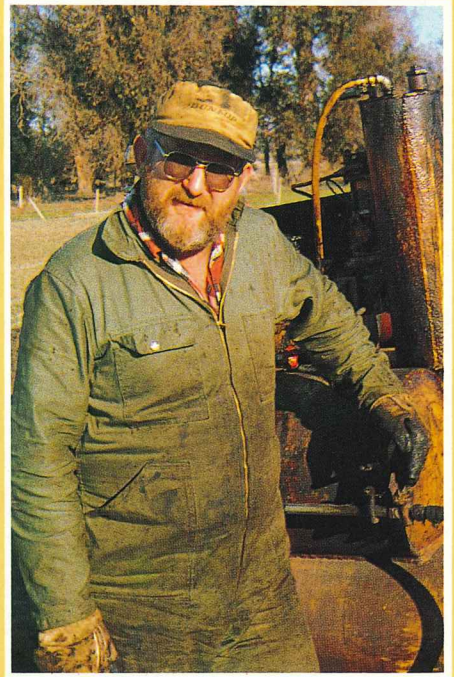
"Hear what?" he replied.

It was the voice of God. God, who kept seeking me even though I had rejected Him. From that moment I never touched another drop of alcohol.

Everything came together a few weeks later when one of my workmates started acting strangely. I noticed he wasn't telling lies or trying to put one over on me like he usually did.

"Right! What's happened to you?"

I demanded, more curiosity getting the better of me.



*Bill Murphy on the job at Blenheim.*

"I've become a Christian," he said.

He hardly had time to get the words out before I turned on him and yelled:

"Ah, don't give me that rubbish! It won't last!"

He started to pester me about coming to church and in the end I agreed.

"Anything to keep you off my back!" I said.

I went along to church with him, and that morning I don't know what the preacher said, but I knew I had found what I was looking for. I found the love of God and the love of other people. I found peace with others, peace with myself, and peace with God.

**And I've never looked back since.**

□

# Haunted by

# FEAR

Dr Ricky Gorringe, Cambridge



**The street lights were casting shadows on the wall as I lay in bed listening to my spirit 'guide'.**

Suddenly the room went pitch black and I felt a blanket coming over me. I was paralysed. I felt my mind trapped inside my skull, screaming and trying to get out. I was being taken over.

In terror I cried out to God and the thing suddenly lifted. I decided then and there to get out of spiritualism. I'd had enough!

I grew up a social 'isolate'. At my school if you didn't play rugby or cricket you were considered a second class student. There was no way I was going to toe the line just to please the scholastic hierarchy so I learned to fend for myself and be responsible only to myself.

At 18 I left school and left home (I couldn't get on with my father) and headed for Auckland to attend university. It was a year of parties and pranks and consequently I failed everything.

As a university student I came under the influence of a Dutch hypnotist who was passing through town doing stage shows. I was fascinated by his techniques and the obvious power and control he wielded.

When he asked for volunteers I went up on stage and went into deep hypnosis. In fact I became one of his star performers and agreed to do a tour through Australia with him as his stage manager.

In all the time I was practising hypnotherapy I never realised I was opening a door to the spiritual world that would have devastating consequences on my later life.

I soon tired of the travelling life and came back to New Zealand to

marry my childhood sweetheart and take up medicine.

By this stage I had rejected my Sunday School experiences of Christianity completely and had become an agnostic. When I was young I had asked questions, but never received satisfactory answers. I couldn't make much sense of the whole business. Of course at university, where you come up against all sorts of philosophies and where Christianity is "pooh-poohed" I tended to fall in with the crowd.

The lecturers were full of their own ideas and I was naive enough to believe they had all the answers. It wasn't long before I was ridiculing Christianity myself.

While I was in Dunedin doing my preliminaries for medical school things started to go haywire. I was coming up to some important mid-year finals and had been working long hours in preparation.

One night I went to bed and just as I was about to drop off to sleep I heard a scratching noise on my pillow. I lay awake listening hard, but it had stopped, so I thought it must have been something in the wall.

I had just about dropped off to sleep again when the same thing happened. I could feel something scratching my pillow. Every time I went to go to sleep this happened.

I thought "There's got to be some explanation for this," so I pulled the bed out from the wall, shook my pillow, unplugged the electric blanket — everything I could think of.

It made no difference. I would just about drift into sleep, when *scritch*, *scritch*, I would be wide awake.

After a couple of nights of this I thought something must be wrong. I wondered if I was going mad but after talking to a few people I realized that there was a poltergeist in the house — the house was haunted!

After a few days I confided in my wife Angie, who had been sleeping in another room because of my late night study sessions. I was astonished to find that she too was being plagued by strange phenomena.

I was scared. At night I could feel cold air around my head as I lay in bed. Something was touching my hair, running to and fro along the strands of hair. My heart pounded but I was too frightened to turn the light on.

We had two cats and they were affected as well. It was as if they could see something in the room. Their hair would stand on end, their eyes big as saucers — absolutely petrified.

Just when things were getting

Sickness is not always caused by purely physical factors. Spiritual influences often have a profound effect, as Dr Gorrington explains ...

## Medicine and the spirit



As a general practitioner I get dozens of people coming to me with persistent medical disorders that won't respond to treatment. Over the years I have come to the conclusion that in many cases the root cause is spiritual rather than physical. This is a conclusion that many doctors don't accept, because they don't want to know about the spiritual side of man. They are either too embarrassed or too ignorant to admit that human beings have a spiritual component to their make up.

My own experiences in the occult have taught me that many seemingly innocent activities are actually doorways to a spiritual world in which we can be very much at the mercy of forces stronger than we are. For example, TM, hypnosis, spiritualism and even trivial things like horoscope reading and palm reading can lead unsuspecting inquirers into deep bondage. This bondage often presents in physical disorders.

unbearable some spiritualists came to see us and told us that through seances, ouija boards and mediums we could get to know the spirit that was in our house and get it to work for us. We fell for their ideas hook, line and sinker.

The power in spiritualism is undoubtedly real but the catch is that though you think you control the power, in reality it controls you. There's always a fickle, unpredictable, undependable element that traps you and keeps you coming

back for more.

Although spiritualism gave Angie and I some relief from the frightening experience of a haunted house, our marriage was collapsing around our ears. We were constantly bitching at each other. She wanted to start a family and I wanted her to keep supporting us while I studied. We were on the verge of separation.

I was working a hospital with a girl who was a Christian. I couldn't stand

To page 19

Why do people read horoscopes? It is because of a basic desire to know the future. People look to horoscopes as a means of guidance by which they can organise their future. Now the truth is that Jesus gives us the Holy Spirit to guide us, and gives us the promise that "He will lead you into all truth." A fascination with horoscopes can often lead to deeper spiritual phenomena where the person gets drawn in step by step by a subtle web of half-truths and sugar-coated promises.

Someone has said that the only problem with a half truth is you don't know whether you've got the right half!

I find people who come to me with symptoms like irritable bowels, undefined chest or abdominal pains, weight problems, and anorexia nervosa have often been tangled up in occult activities which contravene God's laws. And they wonder why they reap the consequences in their bodies.

Many behavioural problems can have a spiritual component too. Anxiety, sleep disturbances, depression, recurrence of frightening dreams, bed wetting in children, lack of motivation, alcohol problems are all presentations that can signify spiritual deviation. Yet many people pussy-foot around, seeking help from this specialist and that specialist, never facing up to their own sin or wrong involvement with spiritualism.

I see dozens of young people who have drifted from one illicit relationship to the next, shacking up together because they think it's the thing to do. They come into my surgery with all manner of nervous, bodily or behavioural complaints, some of which are directly attributable to the fact that they are breaking God's moral law and destroying themselves as the result.

GPs in this country would have their workload significantly reduced if people would start to admit that you can't break moral laws and get away with it.



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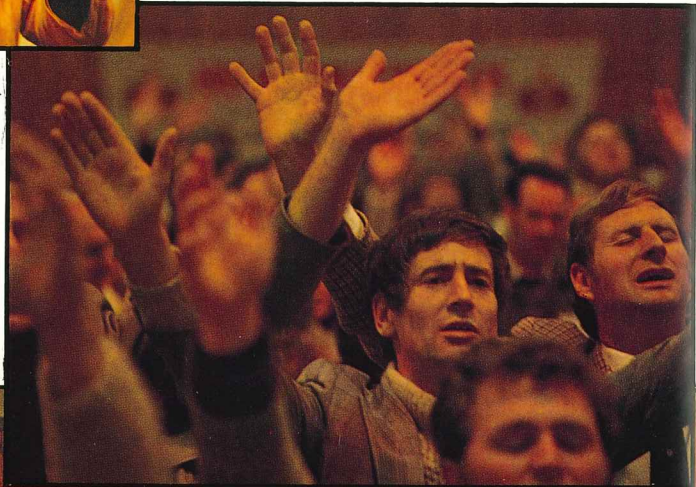
A splash of  
a glimpse  
at

# CONVENT



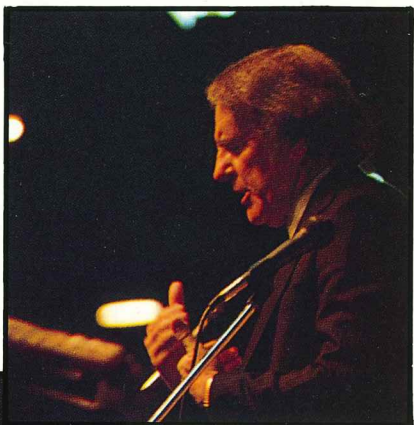
Buzz Goertzen won the hearts of the audience with his warm humour and inspired yodelling.

Hands raised in worshipful surrender were a common sight during the convention.



of colour,  
e of life,

# CONVENTION '82

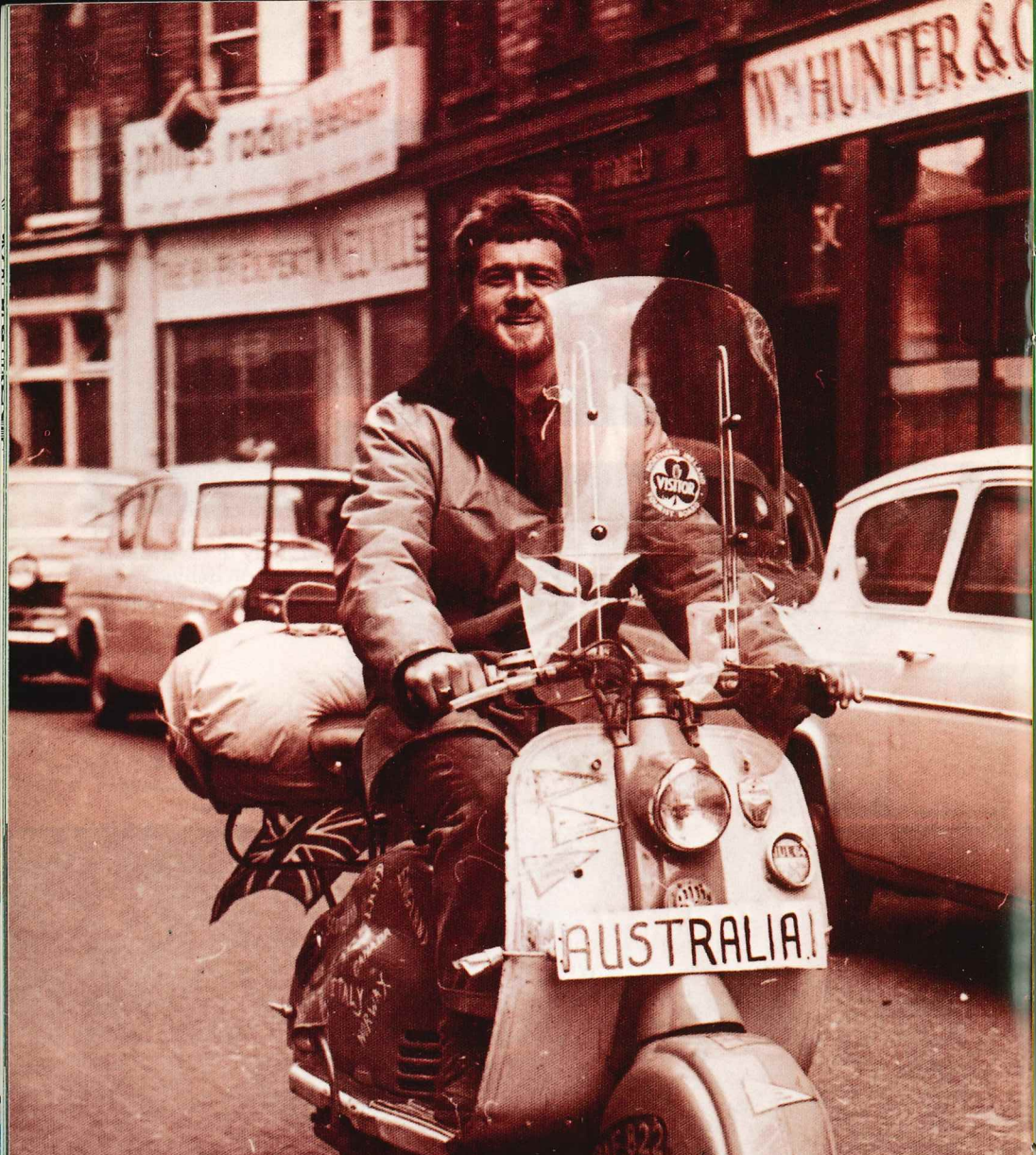


Bill Subritzky ministered powerfully in the evening meetings on deliverance and the gifts of the Spirit.



Joyful singing and dancing were a feature of the praise times.





# The call of adventure

Adrian Timothy, Brisbane

**I f anyone has a right to sing "I've been everywhere, man" it must be Adrian Timothy of Brisbane.**

Adrian left Australia in 1962 with little more than a rucksack on his back and £200 in his pocket. When he returned 3½ years later he had visited 46 countries and hitch-hiked or motor-scootered 150,000 kilometres around the world.

"I had this obsession with travel," he recalls. "I wanted to see what the world was really like." He soon found out, and says he will never forget the places he's been or the people he's seen.

Adrian has had his fair share of escapades. In Aden he outraged a group of Arabs by taking photographs of veiled women in a local market place, and had to beat a hasty exit in a battered taxi amid clouds of dust.

In North Africa he traded a bag of oranges for a donkey, in Egypt he careered across the desert on an out-of-control camel and in Tahiti he danced with native beauties on the set of 'Mutiny on the Bounty.'

His most rugged experience came in Syria when he was the only white man travelling in a bus with barefooted Arabs, thick-tailed sheep and goats as the main passengers.

"The biggest man took a fancy to the coloured jumper I was wearing and demanded that I give it to him," he recalls.

"When I refused he tried to take it from me, and his henchmen joined in, roughing me up and pushing me into a corner.

"I took a risk and swung a punch. Fortunately the big Arab did not feel like going on with it. He cowered back and I was able to jump off the

bus into the desert, still with my jumper!"

During his marathon journey Adrian held more than 35 odd jobs. Included in the diverse array were — security guard in the United Nations building

— launch captain ferrying people across the sea of Galilee

— ranch hand in Arizona

— hotel manager in Jordan

— chauffeur in Italy

— English teacher in Spain.

To earn extra money he sold his blood in the Middle East, worked as a part-time crooner in European night clubs and picked olives on an Israeli kibbutz.

Adrian Timothy says his most chilling encounter was an offer made to him in Morocco.

"I was travelling with a pretty New Zealand girl when I was approached by a man with a cultured Australian accent.

"He was friendly and suggested that we join him for mint tea that afternoon.

"Then he made me his offer — \$400 to allow him to drug the girl's tea and then kidnap her for the white slave trade.

"Needless to say we high-tailed it out of there!"

After visiting Europe, America and the Middle East Adrian returned to Australia via Asia. When his plane touched down at Darwin, he scrambled down the steps, fell onto his knees and kissed the tarmac. He was home.

3½ years of experiencing life, the world, adventure and danger had satisfied the *wanderlust* in Adrian Timothy. Little did he realize that his biggest adventure was yet to begin.

Soon after returning to Australia

Adrian married Lurline, who he had fallen in love with in London.

"My heart melted when I saw her," he recalls, "and so did the pound of butter I held in my hand!"

Although they parted company when Adrian left London for Ireland and the USA, they met again in Sydney, on the last leg of Adrian's homeward journey. Six months later they married and shifted north to Queensland.

His desire for travel over, Adrian got stuck into selling insurance. He wrote \$11,000,000 worth of insurance in 10 years and invested the money in real estate.

"We soon owned five houses, lived in the ritzy suburb of Kenmore, drove a Mercedes and employed a gardener.

"We had all the trappings of success. My income was more than \$1000 per week and our lifestyle was one of luxury and glamour."

The crunch came in 1974 when the bottom fell out of the real estate market. Overnight Adrian found himself unable to sell the properties in which his capital was invested. He fought desperately to keep afloat financially but saw everything that he had worked for slipping through his fingers.

On the home front the situation was grim as well. With a marriage heading for the rocks and strained relationships with his children Adrian winces when he remembers the ache in his heart.

"I was trying to buy the affection of my children. I got them everything they wanted. But in reality I didn't know them and they didn't know me."

In 1975 a friend who had seen what was happening to the family

paid the Timothys a visit, and presented to them an alternative they had never considered — Jesus Christ.

"I had been baptised as a kid and used to go to church because I was afraid of going to hell," says Adrian.

"I wasn't interested in what this chap said but Lurline was obviously touched by his sincerity. I made an excuse to leave the room, and when I returned I was surprised to find her still listening intently. She was clearly impressed."

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**He said, "If  
you want a better  
relationship  
with your wife and  
children you need  
the Holy Spirit."**

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When the friend asked Adrian to go with him to a Full Gospel Business Men's dinner, Adrian began to back off. But Lurline pressed him — "I think you should go," she said.

Feeling thoroughly sceptical, he agreed to go. When they arrived at the dinner, Adrian had a good look at the men around him.

"They were all quiet, reserved sort of blokes. I didn't identify with any of them. When they sang a few songs, some of them raised their hands, which made me really feel out of it," recalls Adrian.

But something the speaker said got through to me.

"He said, 'If you want a better relationship with your wife and children, then you need the guidance of the Holy Spirit.' That really got home, because that's where I was at."

Then scepticism returned. The dinner, he told himself, was probably just an excuse for a great feed and booze-up. Then his plate arrived, on which was "a ghastly piece of chicken."

Adrian was horrified.

"Goodness me," he thought, "with a bit of care and attention this would have lived!"

Adrian looked at the plates of the men beside him. Some were eating beef stroganoff, "But in such small serves that it should have been called *brief* stroganoff."

"You're not eating your chicken," someone said to him. "No," replied Adrian, "on the way home I think I'll take it to the vet!"

He was puzzled. If it wasn't booze (and there was none in sight) or good food, what was it that brought these men together? Then his friend asked if they could pray for him. Adrian was shocked. Never before had anyone offered to pray for him 'on the spot'. Stunned, he accepted.

But when the men formed a circle and bowed their heads to pray he wondered what he had let himself in for. "I bowed my head, but there was no way I was going to close my eyes!" he recalls.

Asked to repeat a short prayer, Adrian was half way through it when his chest heaved and tears began to pour down his face.

"I couldn't believe it. Nothing like this had ever happened before. With the financial pressure I was under I had been virtually living on pills.



*Asking a London 'bobby' for directions*

Pills to get me going in the morning, pills to slow me down during the day and pills to put me to sleep at night.

But then something amazing happened. I felt as though warm honey was being poured over me, from head to foot. All my fears and worries vanished and I found myself weeping unashamedly.

"No one had ever told me I could have a living loving relationship with my heavenly father — that that was what Christianity was about. All I had seen for years was money. My whole life revolved around it. Now I saw a 'new' creation — and I was a part of it."

In the days that followed Adrian



*Adrian Timothy in downtown Brisbane.*

and Lurline experienced a joy they never thought possible, the peace God promises those who put their trust in Him — “a peace that pills had never brought.”

“My Christianity up until this time had been nominal,” Adrian comments, “but after this it became *phenomenal!*”

The Timothys were able to pay off \$86,000 worth of debts and prove time and again God’s provision in food, clothing and furniture.

“God can keep your head above water when you’re in financial trouble up to your neck,” says Adrian.

And what about his sense of adventure?

“When I travelled the world and enjoyed a big slice of life, I never realized that my greatest adventure awaited me at home.”

**That adventure — the adventure of living for Jesus, has only just begun! □**



Ricky Gorringer in his surgery.

#### From page 9

her. She kept telling me about Jesus. Once she told me I needed the love of Christ in my marriage to save it. While she was speaking I began to feel strangely warm. It was a beautiful feeling — God was touching my life. She asked me to visit her pastor and talk to him about Christian things.

“Ricky”, he said, “if you want things to be different you’ve got to ask Christ into your life. That’s where you’ve got to start.”

“Do you mean that my life can change just by doing that simple thing? I don’t believe it!” I replied. “Nothing worthwhile can be that simple.”

I walked out.

Everywhere I went, though, it seemed that people kept talking about the love of Jesus. I couldn’t handle it. Why was everyone talking

about Jesus?

Finally I agreed to go to church with some friends.

At the end the minister stopped the music and said, “There’s someone here tonight that the Lord is going to meet in a wonderful way.”

I thought, “That’s interesting, I wonder who it is.”

I looked around, but no one went forward.

“There you are, just a fizzer!” I thought.

But then the minister said again, “You know, God *does* want to meet someone here in a wonderful way. That person’s here tonight.”

Slowly it dawned on me that I was the one. But I was so embarrassed. I thought, “What’ll people think if they see me here?”

But then the thought came to me, “You’re a mug. If you don’t go up you’re never going to know whether it’s real.”

So I went up and asked Jesus to come into my life. I was immediately hit by the most incredible feeling. I was so excited. All my embarrassment was gone. I suddenly knew what it was to be born again.

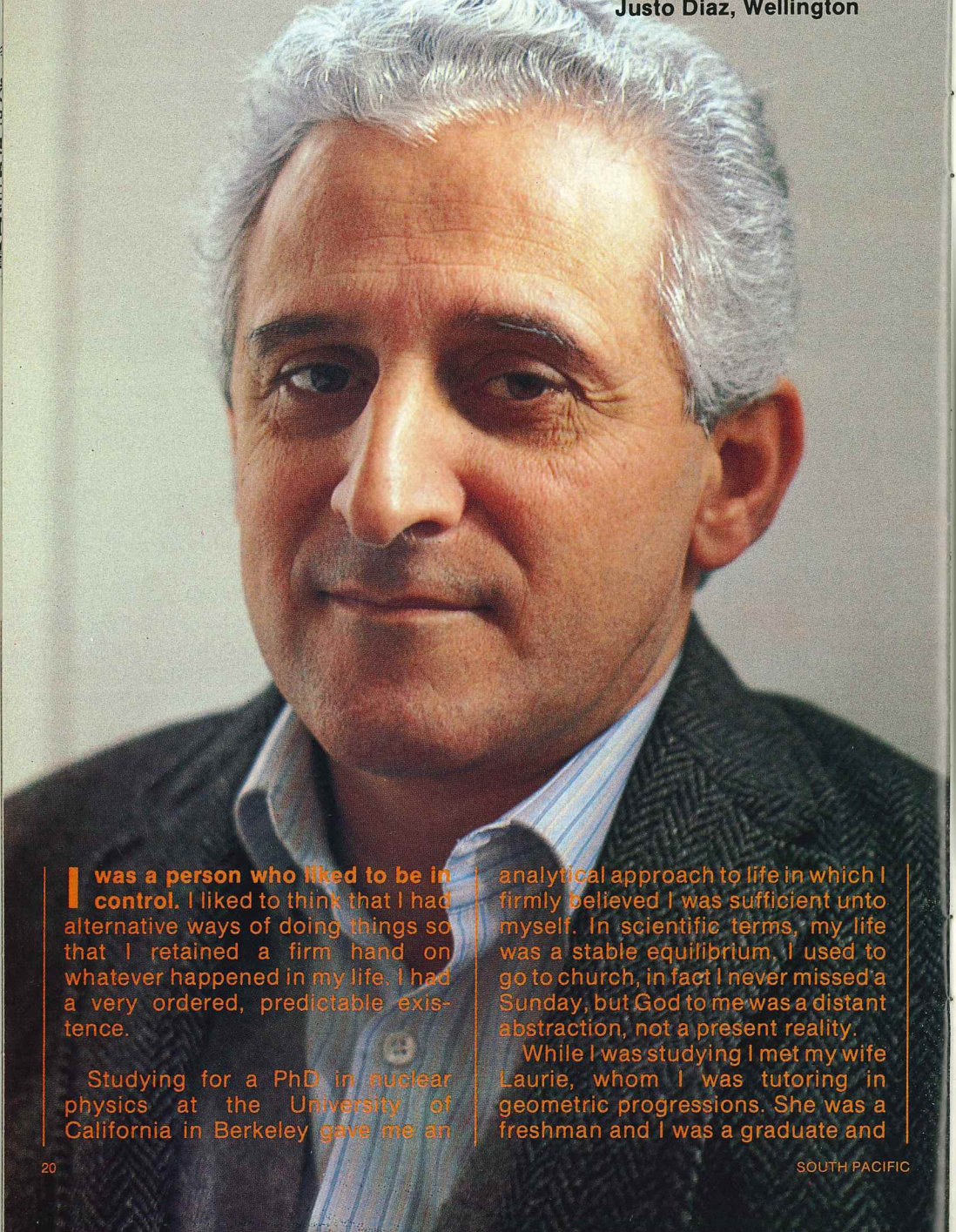
When my wife met me at the door later that night she said just four words.

“Were have *you* been?” She thought I had been drinking. But things were different that week. She carried on as before, but now I didn’t fight back. I just loved her. At the end of that week she said, “Whatever you’ve got, I want too.”

We started to get love back into our marriage. The old bickering, point scoring, arguing and throwing up the junk from the past was over. **All fear was gone and in its place we found the love of God.** □

# A Question Of Control

Justo Diaz, Wellington



**I was a person who liked to be in control.** I liked to think that I had alternative ways of doing things so that I retained a firm hand on whatever happened in my life. I had a very ordered, predictable existence.

Studying for a PhD in nuclear physics at the University of California in Berkeley gave me an

analytical approach to life in which I firmly believed I was sufficient unto myself. In scientific terms, my life was a stable equilibrium. I used to go to church, in fact I never missed a Sunday, but God to me was a distant abstraction, not a present reality.

While I was studying I met my wife Laurie, whom I was tutoring in geometric progressions. She was a freshman and I was a graduate and

our relationship followed a natural 'progression' to marriage.

My perfect 'steady-state' existence started to crumble when my wife had a nervous breakdown. I had been researching the effects of atomic explosions from a civil defence viewpoint and was too busy in my work to be sensitive to her needs. The communication between Laurie and I deteriorated to the extent that I was not really listening to her. Her nervous breakdown was a severe jolt to me because here was something I had no control over. For the first time in my life I started to call upon God for help.

"I cannot handle this, God," I cried in my frustration. But God was still remote. I could not seem to draw near to Him. My Christian experience was stagnant and lifeless — theoretical and not experimental. I knew God in my head but not in my heart.

Still my wife and I drifted apart. We could not talk to each other about our spiritual lives. Then something else happened which shook my safe, 'controlled' existence. My best friend had a dramatic transformation in his life. He was an atheist, with all the intellectual prejudices of atheism, who had never so much as darkened the door of a church.

One day when I was talking to him he said, "You know Justo, last night as I was praying I saw the Lord."

"You what!"

I was devastated. It was almost unbelievable to hear him say that, because he was a person who only said something when he was absolutely sure about it. I had a tremendous respect for his intellect.


I saw him changing before my very eyes, and I suddenly felt very alone. All around me I saw people who had an experience that was *qualitatively* different from my own.

Soon after this I left the university where I was teaching and became involved in data processing, forming a small computer consultant's business. Laurie and I started going along to a small church that, among other things, believed the Bible was completely inerrant. This was something new to me. In the past I merely sidestepped difficult questions like creation and the virgin birth. But at this church I felt everything I believed in was being questioned. I began to ask myself how it was possible that God was so real to many of my closest friends, but not to me.


The answer soon became obvious. It was as though God was saying "You have given *part* of your life to Me, but not all. You have not allowed Me to take charge." I realized that I couldn't sit on the fence any longer. It was yes or no, all or none.

I said yes. I asked God to take control of my life and from that time on Christianity began to open up for me, and in particular my job, which had been troubling me, took on a new perspective. I began to sense God leading me and I knew His peace even in the midst of major decisions, such as the one to come to New Zealand.

An unemotional person by nature, I began to find deep joy welling up inside me and giving vent to spontaneous praise to God. There was a profound release in my life as I yielded control back to God and **learned to walk at His pace.** □



Many of the world's greatest scientists (Newton, Kepler, Faraday, Pascal, to name but a few) were outspoken Christians. How is it that many people today find science and Christianity irreconcilable? Justo Diaz gives his view ...



# A Scientist Looks at Science

At one time I assumed I could hold the Biblical view of creation and the popular scientific theory of evolution together in my mind. In fact many people try to do this.

But I decided that I had to take the Scriptures *as they are* or not at all. Now I was working as a scientist and this raised the question of how I was going to be honest with myself and others from a Christian viewpoint and a scientific viewpoint at the same time.

I realized that the scientist makes a basic assumption that *there is no God*. God as a first cause or any other cause cannot be investigated using a physical or even a mathematical model and must of necessity be outside the realm of scientific enquiry.

Another assumption scientists make is that the passage of time throughout evolutionary history has been constant, ie whatever is happening *now* was happening millions of years ago, at the same rate.

On the basis of those two assumptions you have no choice but to explain the origin of life in evolutionary terms.

I began to realize that the Bible opposed those two assumptions. St Paul says we make fools of ourselves when we deny God's existence. "Professing to be wise, they became fools", he says of those who deny God's role as creator.

Similarly the Bible speaks of catastrophes and discontinuities, both of which cannot be handled by science, especially in a macro sense. (This is why earthquake research is both tentative and inconclusive.)

There are many indications that the Bible's view is not to be discounted. Scientists have found the highly directional nature of evolution difficult to explain in the terms of the theory as postulated.

The fact is that science and the spiritual world cannot be compared any more than apples and oranges. Both are real, and areas of 'overlap' exist when discussing them, but they are essentially different entities.

And I think that's how God intended it.



## 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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## The Threefold Purpose of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

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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