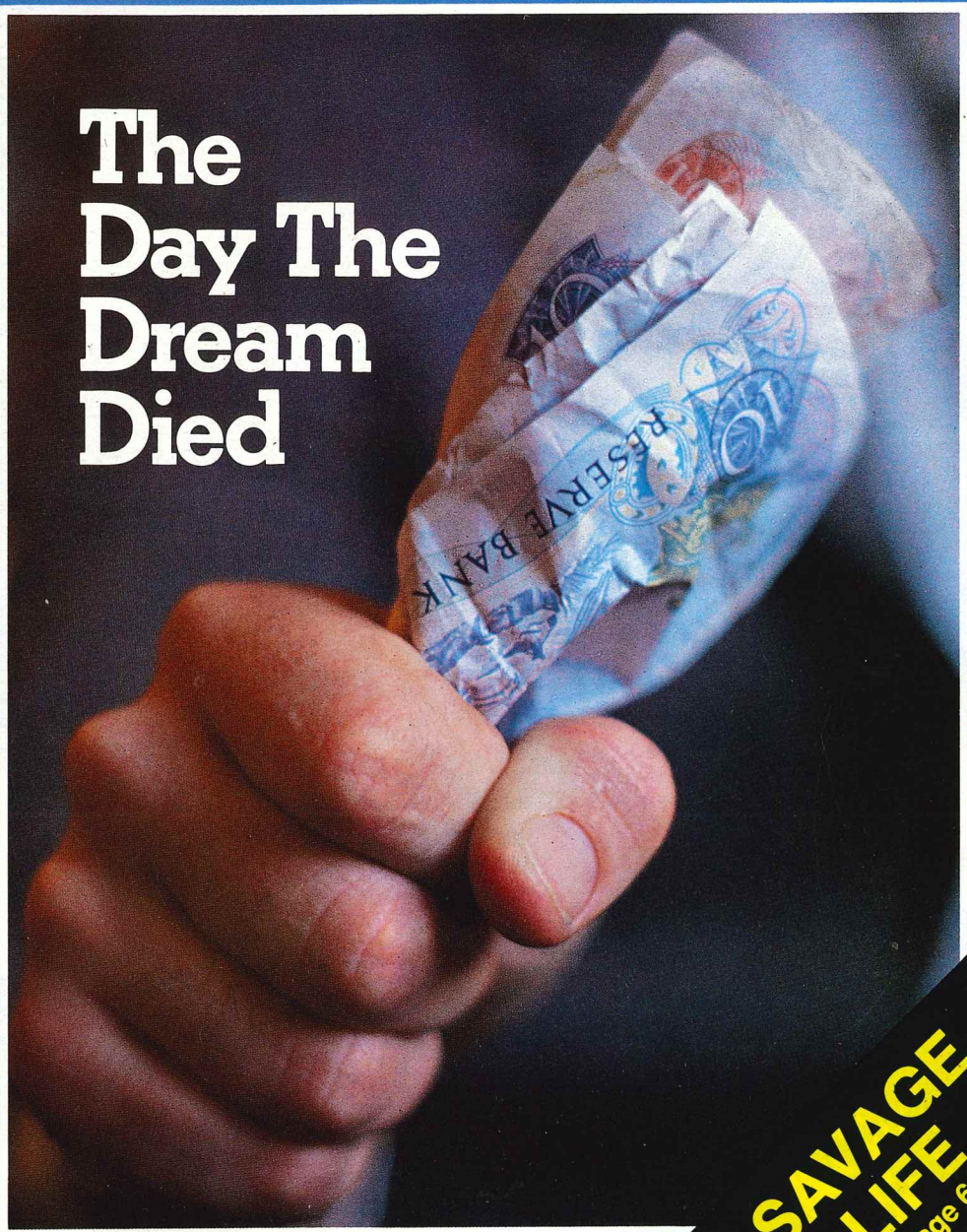
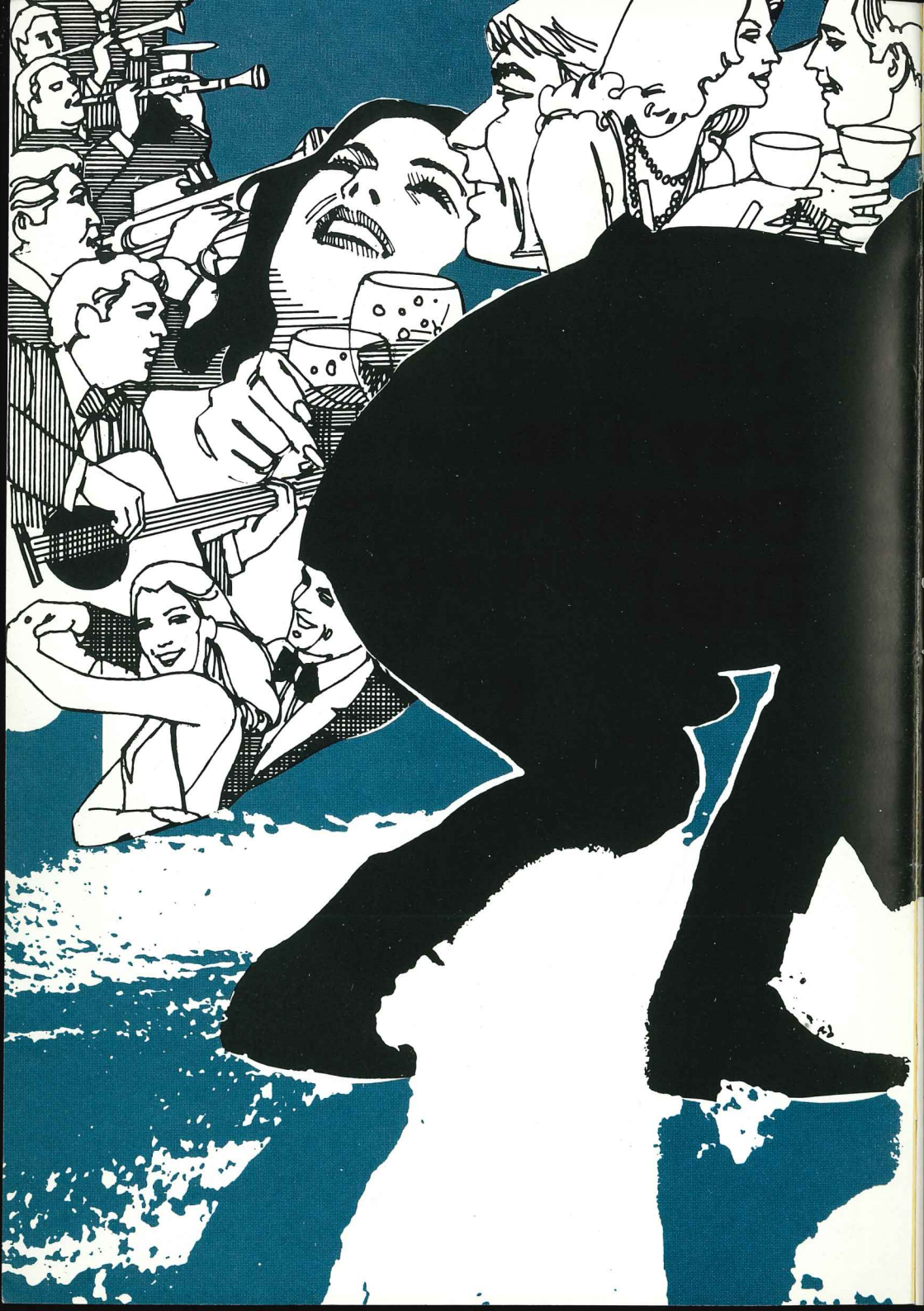


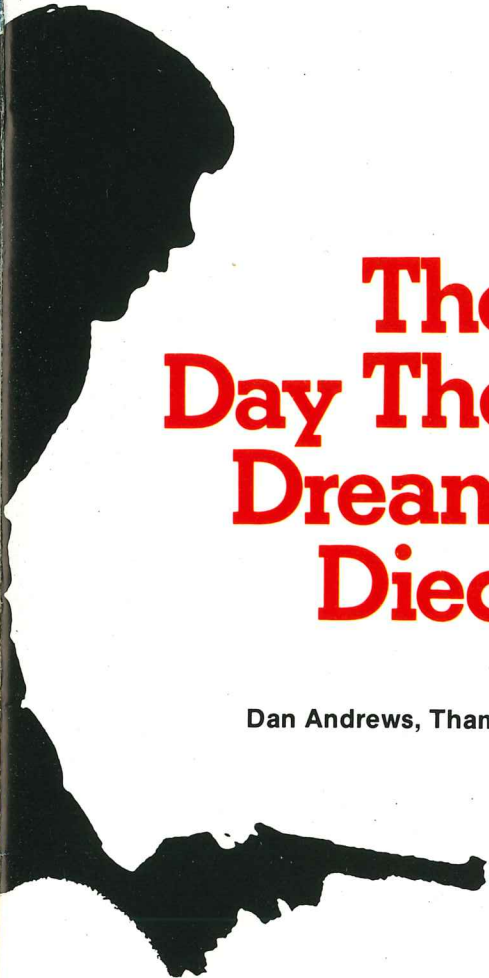
SOUTH PACIFIC  
**VOICE**

**The  
Day The  
Dream  
Died**



**SAVAGE  
LIFE**  
Page 6





# The Day The Dream Died

Dan Andrews, Thames

**A**s the gates of Brisbane's Bogga Road prison closed behind me a sickening wave of hopelessness washed over me. I was facing five years inside for fraud, forgery and robbery with extradition charges for similar offences in New Zealand.

Suddenly the bright lights, the expensive clothes and cars, the Sydney club circuit and the power of almost unlimited cash became a pathetic dream. The good times just seemed to be a sheer waste of time and whereas I thought I had everything, in reality I saw I had nothing.

Ever since I was a child I had nurtured the fantasy of having money, lots of money, limitless money, money that would give me a sense of power to do whatever I wanted to do.

My parents had split up when I was very young and I was brought up in foster homes and also for a time by my grandparents. At 12 years old I started living with my father, along with my brother and sister. We children were never allowed to talk freely to each other. We were often locked alone in the shed for two or three days at a time. I cannot remember my brother not having a welt mark somewhere on his body from the frequent beatings he endured and I can still almost hear the sounds of my sister whimpering in her room.

As children we were flogged unmercifully and made to work long hours to "earn our keep". There were times after I had worked till all hours of the night folding washing in the family laundry business that I would crawl into one of the cubby holes where the laundry was kept and sleep there.

Eventually the social welfare took me away and put me on a farm. I wanted to get away from the horrors of my childhood and make a new start in life but the past had become a part of me and I couldn't escape. By the time I was 14 I had a string of burglaries to my name and I was incessantly driven by the desire to get money — I was a "moneyaholic". Only one thing interested me and that was how to make a fast buck.

At 20 I went into a jewellery partnership doing assembly and piece work. We had a shop in Auckland's Queen Street and we operated under a single principle — rip off as many people as you can as often as you can for as long as you can. We kept double books, cheated the tax department and tried to score off the retailers we were contracting for. After 18 months we had to bail out because the authorities were on to us, so we parted company and I went to Australia, "the land of opportunity" (or so I thought).

In Sydney I met up with some old friends who owned strip clubs and porno shops and before long I was in the thick of it. I learned how to make easy money and live round the clubs. It wasn't uncommon for me to spend \$1400 in a single night at one of Sydney's better clubs.

I would foot the bill for drinks for my entourage and that usually came to \$600. If we liked the floor show we would keep them on just for us — another \$500. The girls wore the most exclusive dresses and it was nothing for me to spend upwards of \$140 on a suit (and those were high prices 10 years ago).

When we went to the race course I would have \$3000 cash in my pocket

and another \$3000 in the back of the car if I ran out. I was a fanatical gambler and sometimes my winnings were so high I would buy the winning horse only minutes after it had won the race. If I did badly I always knew how to pick up six or seven thousand in half an hour or so.

But life was not all roses and smiles. I could never rest easy at night for fear that the people I was ripping off would get their own back at me. I had hired a group of extortionists to look after me but I always lived in fear that the door would burst open and detectives come in with a warrant for my arrest.

But this didn't stop me making illicit money hand over fist. I planned jobs for people who didn't have the mentality to think them up for a percentage of whatever they took. When I wasn't forging business accounts I was fencing anything from building materials to fried chicken.

Then came the day when I was finally tipped off to the police. That was the day I found out how much I really had — nothing. My so-called friends deserted me and my dream world collapsed around me. In its place was the harsh reality of the remand yard of Brisbane's maximum security prison. The prison operated according to Queensland Premier Joh Bjelke-Petersen's motto: *Nothing is too good for our prisoners and nothing is what they get*. Prisoners could be stripped naked at any time and were usually bashed as an introduction to prison life. It was nothing to have the person next to you be cut up by a jam tin lid for cheating at cards but you "didn't see it" because otherwise it would mean you were

next on the list.

I didn't take kindly to prison life and if there was trouble going on I was in the middle of it. It wasn't long before I was thrown into solitary for bashing a guard and making an escape bid. In solitary there were no radios, books or magazines and because the cells were underground you didn't know if it was night or day. I had been beaten up and I had never been so low emotionally or physically or felt so humiliated in all my life. That night I heard a voice that was so clear it could have been someone in the cell with me. The words were, "Dan, get through this night and you'll never experience another night like it!"

I clung to those words for dear life. I didn't know it was God because I didn't believe in God, but those words gave me hope.

The next morning as my food was pushed under the door I noticed the tray was raised just a fraction off the floor. I lifted up the tray and there was a small book called "Peter Calvary of the Hebrides". It was the story of a Christian man who was living on the Hebrides Islands off the coast of Scotland. The book asked a number of questions.

The first was, *Do you believe in God?* "No," I answered, because I had always been a mocker of religion.

The second was, *Do you ever pray?* "Well, yes, sometimes," I had to admit, which meant I had to change my answer to the first question because you can't pray to someone you don't believe in!

The third question really hit me. *Do you pray only when you're in trouble?* My answer was yes again. Then the author blasted me. Did I

think God was around just to hear my whinging cries when I got myself into trouble, the book asked. *God is a 24 hour-a-day God*, the book declared.

That day I asked God to be a 24 hour-a-day reality to me and I invited Him to come into my life. From that moment on I started to feel the presence of the Holy Spirit, the comforter as He is called in the Bible. I had to eat the book because if they had found me with it I would have been punished and there would have been a big investigation to find out who had sent it. To this day I don't know who sent it, but one day in heaven I will meet the man who was responsible for saving my eternal soul.

Eventually I came out of solitary but I felt that I had been released and set free already.

Though I was still caged in physically I was a free man inside. I started to share with the prisoners the freedom I had found and some who were contemplating suicide or who were deeply depressed gave their lives to the Lord too and found what I had found.

When I was finally released after five years and sent to New Zealand I only received 12 months more in prison instead of the three to five years I had been told I could expect.

One day while I was on work release I had the greatest joy of my life — I bought a Bible. I had been given a dollar and told to spend it wisely. I knew exactly what I wanted and went to a Christian bookshop where I bought a red-and-white New Testament called "Good News for Modern Man". For the first time in my life I was able to read and absorb the living words of Jesus.



# SAVAGE LIFE

*'I lived by the law of the jungle'*

Rolf Hart, Wellington

**This business about religion is the biggest sham mankind ever invented!" I shouted. "If man is created in the image of God I want no part of it."**

Angry tears of frustration stung my eyes. For four years I had been without enough food to satisfy the permanent ache of hunger in my stomach, yet the "princes" of the church (as we called the priests in Holland) lived in luxury, eating delicacies I hadn't seen in years.

In the last years of the war 40,000 people died of hunger in our area of Holland alone. Yet I saw church leaders with huge pot bellies regurgitating holy words about the evils of stealing. I became so disgusted with Christianity I wanted no part of it.

Our family had emigrated from Germany when my father died, and when the hated German occupation forces moved in to Holland, we felt the hatred of the Dutch directed at us as well.

The people took every opportunity to express their dislike of us — we were "German scum" in their eyes. The shopkeepers in our area refused to serve us, so we had to go to the other side of town, where we were not known, to get our meagre supplies.

In 1944 the Allied forces were as close as 50 miles from our town. The BBC enthusiastically announced that a vast army of underground fighters were waiting behind German lines — ready to smash the Nazi army and liberate Holland.

That announcement was fatal to thousands of Dutch people. The Nazis lost no time in rounding up every man from 16 to 60 and transporting us to Germany.

We spent three weeks in the holds of river barges (150 men to a hold) and a further week or so in trains to Germany. It was the middle of a bitterly cold European winter. We had no food, no water and no sanitation during the entire journey. Most of the time I spent standing, trying to fight back tears of pain with an agonizing back complaint that was later in life to nearly cripple me. At times if I moved too quickly I would lose my vision completely — a condition which filled me with terror.

In German concentration camps I witnessed mass murder and destruction, I saw people who no longer looked like human beings, reduced to mere objects by a system so coldly inhumane I could not comprehend it.

Shortly before Germany surrendered I managed to escape and find my way back to Holland. I decided to enlist in the Dutch army. For the first time in five years I had a set of brand spanking new clothes and three square meals a day.

I was sent to Indonesia during the war of independence as commander of a platoon of snipers and demolition experts. We were a killer force who specialized in "cleaning up" any resistance. I lived daily with my sub-machine gun, and broke the Ten Commandments so often I all but erased my conscience. At that time if anyone had spoken to me of a loving God I would have laughed in his face. I lived by the "law of the jungle".

There were times when my men would come back from a mission and say, "Boys, what we have been up to today would make the Gestapo blush!" We had no respect for

property or person — we did as we pleased. War and oppression in Holland had taught me just one thing: give as good as you get.

When money was plentiful we led a riotous life. When money was scarce we devised schemes by which we could steal it. In our area there were a number of lucrative but dishonest Chinese traders. One of them had an impressive selection of watches which he had imported from Singapore. One day two soldiers went in to his shop and asked to look at them. While they were comparing them and finding out the prices a third man walked in, picked up a watch, looked at it, put it in his pocket and walked out. There was a moment's stunned silence, then the Chinaman shot out after him and said:

"Excuse me, sir, but you pocketed one of my watches!"

"Who? Me? One of your watches?" the man replied. "Why should I do that?"

"But I saw you. You picked one of the watches off the counter and stuck it in your pocket."

The soldier fumbled in his pocket. "Well, what do you know. There it is!" he exclaimed, producing the watch. "Sorry, old chap, here you are."

The Chinaman took the watch and walked back to his shop only to find the other two men had cleared off with the entire lot of watches!

On another occasion a group of soldiers pawned their uniforms at the local pawn shop. They got a good price for them, too, since clothing was scarce in those days. As soon as they walked out the door two other soldiers walked in and said, "We believe you are holding

army equipment here," and promptly confiscated the shop's entire stock. The owner was too scared to even protest.

When my time with the army was over I decided to leave Holland and come to New Zealand. Immediately I felt a friendliness I had not experienced in war-torn Europe.

I married a girl who followed me over from Europe. We were two lonely souls in a strange country where we struggled to speak the language and struggled to make our marriage work. For ten terrible years we lived together trying to fight the emptiness we saw in each other's lives. We craved sensation to give our lives meaning and turned to the occult for excitement. We played at ouija boards, telepathy, thought transfer and hypnosis. One day my wife came home and announced that she had "made the grade" — she was a witch. Soon after she disappeared, leaving me with three small children, and I have never seen her again.

The children were taken to foster homes until I could make arrangements to look after them and I was left completely alone. As far as I was concerned life could have ended then and there. I was absolutely devoid of meaning. The only reason I kept going was because I wanted to provide for my three girls.

I wrote to a dear friend in Germany, asking her if she would like to come and be a housekeeper and look after my children. She agreed and before long we were married and became a family again.

By this time I had entered the police force as a photographer and within five years I was in charge of



that department nation-wide. We lived in Porirua, Wellington, and were relatively happy, but my health was deteriorating rapidly.

The osteoarthritis in my spine was so bad that after a long trip it would take me 10 minutes of torture to even straighten my back. I had faced the surgeon's knife six times and had resigned myself to ending up my life in a wheelchair.

One day I had to go to Auckland on business and took the opportunity to stay with a close friend while I was there. I hadn't told him I was coming, and when I arrived he apologized, saying he had to go to a Full Gospel Businessmen's meeting that night.

"Full what?" I asked.

"Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International," Bill replied, surprised at my interest.

"Well, what's it all about?" I asked, realizing just after I'd said it that I was probably in for a lecture.

"Sorry, but I've got to dash, Rolf," he replied. "Here, take this book and tell me what you think of it."

Bill handed me a paperback called "The Happiest People On Earth". I shrugged my shoulders and told him I would read it.

It wasn't long before I was back in Auckland and Bill asked me what I thought of the book.

"Pretty weird," I said, not wanting to display any interest, "but plausible, somehow."

"Well how would you like to meet the author?" Bill exclaimed. "He's right here in Auckland tonight!"

I agreed to go, if only to satisfy myself that the author was a con man. With 20 years police service I prided myself on being able to spot a con man a mile away.

That night I met the most unusual bunch of men I've ever met in my life! They were smiling, singing, slapping each other on the back and, worst of all, hugging each other. My old policeman's mind nearly did a backwards flip!

"Hysterical exhibitionism?" I wondered.

It couldn't be. I had to admit there was something so mighty, so powerful about the place that I couldn't shake it off.

My mind said: "Don't get involved! You're too level-headed for this sort of thing." But something inside of me said, "Rolf, they've got something you're looking for."

I sat through the meeting like a coiled spring. My back was aching,

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My mind said:  
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involved! You're  
too level-headed  
for this sort  
of thing!"

---

my stomach ulcer hurt and to cap it off I had a splitting headache. When Demos Shakarian, the author of the book I had read, spoke to the meeting I thought, "Now I'll really



*Rolf Hart — the “law of the jungle” collapsed in the face of God’s love.*

see who’s conning who.” To my surprise, he was open and frank and certainly not your average con man.

I went away thinking he must be a particularly good con man since he didn’t look like one!

Back in Wellington I decided to go to the Porirua FGBMFI meeting to see if the same spirit I had felt in Auckland was there. It was, and I was starting to seriously rethink my

views on Christianity.

It wasn’t until the next Sunday night that I discovered how wrong my concept of God had been.

I had taken my wife and family to a church service where someone had recommended the speaker. As we sat there he said a most unusual thing: “There’s a man here in his 50s who is suffering from a back complaint and an intestinal disorder. I want you to come forward, because God is going to heal you.”

“Hmm, sounds a lot like me,” I thought to myself. My wife cracked me in my ribs.

“That’s you!” she hissed.

I got up and walked to the front of the church, feeling a complete and utter fool.

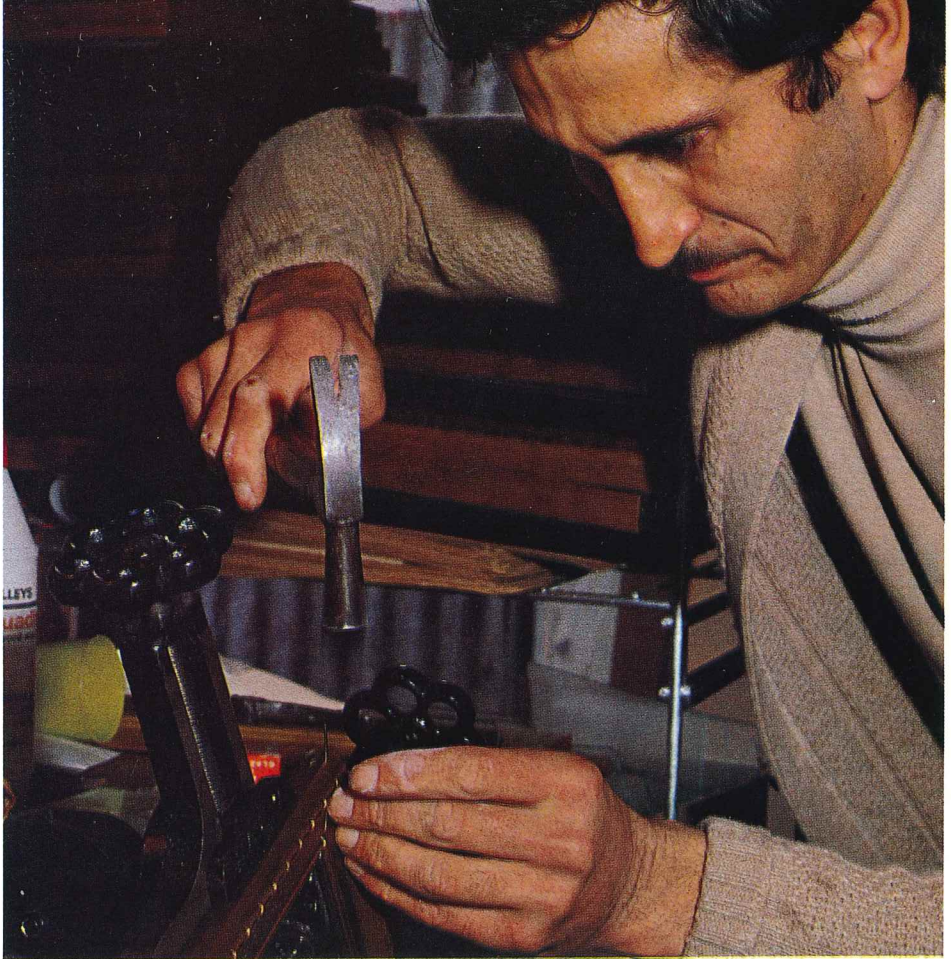
“Rolf, what have you done?” I thought, “Everyone’s looking at you.”

A moment later my wife joined me, and a moment later our son. That night the three of us asked God to come into our lives and take over. Immediately we knew that Christ was within us and the feeling I had experienced in the meeting in Auckland was now a permanent reality.

And my sickness? I cancelled my prescriptions for pain killers and trusted God to begin a reconstruction work on my physical being, just as he had done on my spiritual being.

Today I am as fit as a fiddle, and can do things physically I haven’t been able to do for 30 years. I have proved that God is faithful to His promise: “Seek first God’s kingdom and His righteousness and all these [material] things will be given to you as well.”

**I believe it! I’ve experienced it!** □



*Now Dan Andrews frames pictures, not people! Dan and his wife run an art supplies and picture framing business in Thames.*

**From page 5**

God has renewed and restored my life in a beautiful way. Not through my own efforts but by His great love He has given me all the things I longed for but could never find. I have a loving wife and a close family relationship with her parents where I can feel accepted and know that I belong. I live my life day by day, trusting God for all my needs and sharing wherever I can the things that He has done for me.

I know that this world is rapidly coming to an end. It will be "closing

time" soon, and it saddens me to hear people say that there'll be time enough for religion when they're old or dying. The Bible says the day of the Lord will come like a thief and I can tell you no thief will ever tell you when he's coming to burgle your house! Now is the time to get your life right with God.

God has kept the promise He made to me that night in solitary, and He has given me another one from the Bible: *Do not be afraid, for I am always with you. And He is.* □



# A farmer's story of

# God's fantastic plan

John Heaven, Maramarua

**T**en years ago I thought I was the greatest farmer in Maramarua. I had built up the 124 acre family farm from 68 milking cows and 12 head of young stock to 124 cows and 124 head of young stock. My herd was coming in high on the herd testing chart and I would be second to one farmer this month and another farmer the next — farmers who were carrying nowhere near the stock numbers I was.

I had 3,000 bales of hay stacked, two paddocks of turnips in reserve and a big stack of silage on hand.

Then came the drought.

A drought to end all droughts. My farm received only 13 inches of rain for the whole year, which is nearly as bad as Central Otago. I would watch the rain clouds form, only to see them veer either side of my property and only drop enough rain to lay the dust on my parched paddocks. The neighbouring properties got enough rain to stay green by my farm just kept on drying up.

First I used up all the silage. Then the turnips. By the end of March I had gone through 2,700 bales of hay. The cows were so weak that they would fall over as I shifted them

from one bare paddock to the next. All that I had worked for was dying before my very eyes.

I started to cry. I don't know why, it wasn't like me to do that, but big tears welled up in my eyes and I did the only thing I could — I cried out to God for help. That wasn't like me either, because I had always denied that there ever was a God, and thought churchgoers were a pack of hypocrites.

But God answered. Within minutes a thunderstorm formed over the farm and it poured. Three inches of rain fell and it's the only time I've ever seen water flow backwards up the drains. The amazing thing was that it hardly touched the farms on either side — the miracle was just for me!

From this time on I started to talk to God, though I didn't yet know Jesus as my Saviour. My marriage was going through the mill and my wife was psychologically unstable. She was starting to get violent with the children and the child welfare department said either the children had to be taken away or she had to. After agonizing months of trying to stay together as a family my wife and

I finally went through the ordeal of separation and divorce.

Still suffering from shock and depression I again cried out to God and asked Him how I could possibly run a dairy farm and bring up three boys at the same time. Should I sell the farm and buy a dry stock place or should I go into another type of business? I went to the Rural Bank advisers about my problem and one of them suggested I plant an orchard. The Department of Agriculture costed it out and said I would need \$12,000 for fencing, draining, cultivation and the cost of the seedlings. I laughed. Where was I going to get that kind of money? I only had \$1000 in the bank.

"God, if you want me to plant an orchard you will have to provide the money," I said. \$11,000 at that time was the price of three new Holdens. There was no way I could come up with that much so I promptly forgot about it.

But God didn't forget and I was about to witness another miracle. A few weeks later the Ministry of Works informed me that they needed to take some of my land in order to make the main highway safer. They also told me they would have to knock down 200 lawsoniana trees that were on that portion of the property. They had a quote for \$80 a tree to remove them, so I offered to knock them down for \$25 a tree and with that and the remuneration for the land I had almost exactly \$11,000!

"OK, God, it looks like you want me to have an orchard," I said, and set about trying to find 3,000 trees. I scoured the North and South Islands, contacting every nursery I could find but no trees were

available. I was told I would have to order them two years in advance.

Another dead end, I thought. But not with God! Three days later I had a call from a nursery in Hastings saying that an order for 2,500 trees had just been cancelled and I could have them if I wanted them.

And that wasn't all God did. I needed a shop to sell the produce and the best place I could find was unfortunately in a gully. One day a Ministry of Works man came up to me and said he had 40,000 yards of surplus clay fill and could I use it?

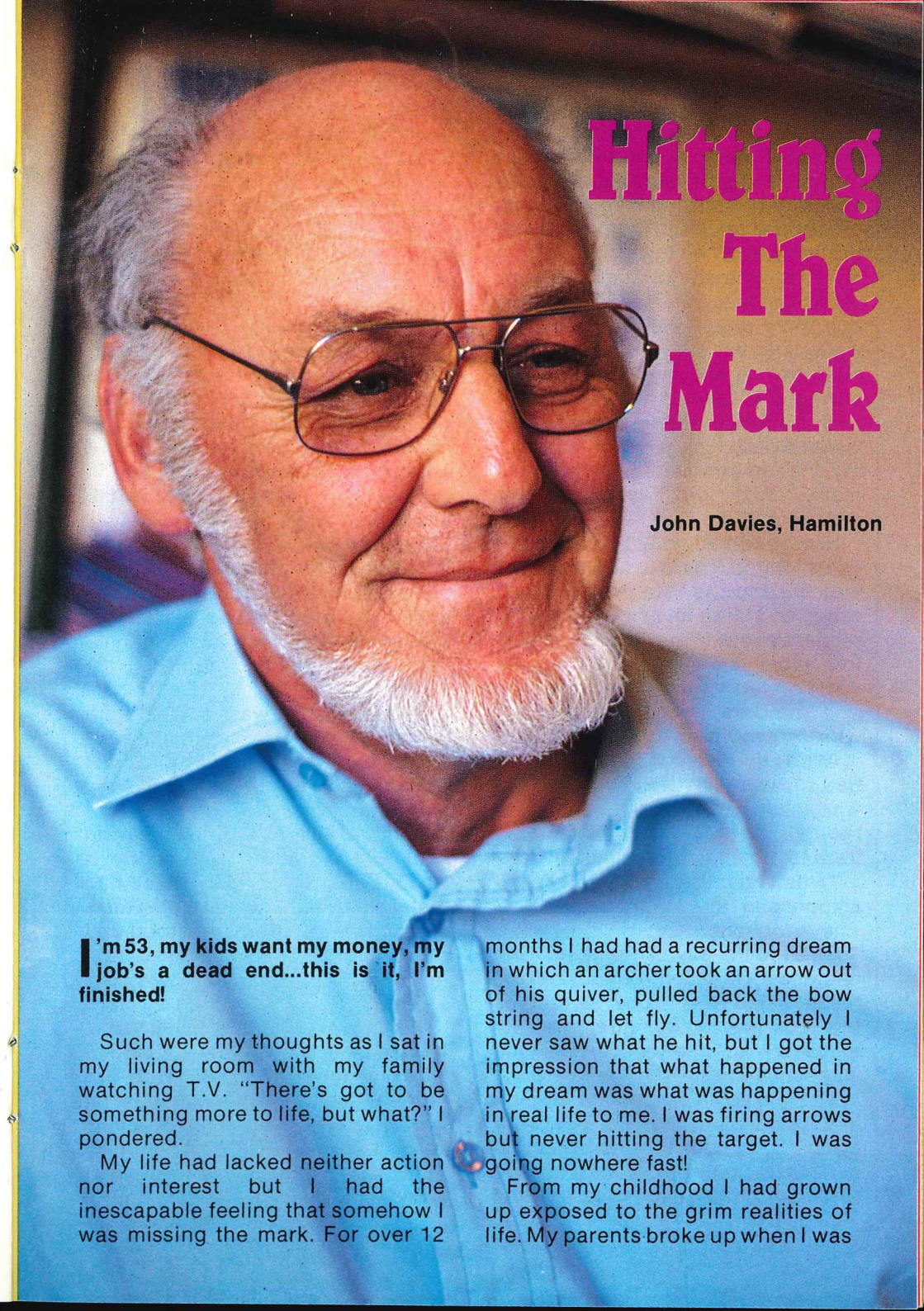
"Just fill up that gully!" I said, pointing to the spot where my shop now stands.

It was fantastic! I would have to be a fool to deny God's hand in these things. But I still didn't know God as my Saviour.

Someone invited me to a Full Gospel Businessmen's meeting and I decided that since God had been doing such incredible things in my life I would go along. There I saw men who had the joy of the Lord on their faces and who were excited about God.

"This is the God I want to live for," I thought, and I gave my life to Him. Later I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and discovered the liberating experience of speaking in tongues. From that point on the Bible became a living book to me. As I opened its pages the words sprang to life and revealed more and more about the God who had done so much for me but whom I never knew.

I have found that the love of Jesus has to be experienced to be believed. That's why the Bible says, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." **He sure has been good to me!** □



# Hitting The Mark

John Davies, Hamilton

**I'm 53, my kids want my money, my job's a dead end...this is it, I'm finished!**

Such were my thoughts as I sat in my living room with my family watching T.V. "There's got to be something more to life, but what?" I pondered.

My life had lacked neither action nor interest but I had the inescapable feeling that somehow I was missing the mark. For over 12

months I had had a recurring dream in which an archer took an arrow out of his quiver, pulled back the bow string and let fly. Unfortunately I never saw what he hit, but I got the impression that what happened in my dream was what was happening in real life to me. I was firing arrows but never hitting the target. I was going nowhere fast!

From my childhood I had grown up exposed to the grim realities of life. My parents broke up when I was

10 and in those days (1940s) solo families had a strong social stigma attached to them. I joined the merchant navy at 16 and within three months of being at sea, and encountering the pubs and brothels of Europe I realised that in life it was the survival of the fittest.

I was trained in Dicky Bond's catering school, started off as cabin boy, then progressed to first class waiter and bar steward. In 1951 our ship got stuck in New Zealand during the famous wharf strike. I was at a dance when a beautiful girl waltzed past. I leaned over to one of my friends and said: "I'm going to marry that girl," and shortly afterwards I did.

Having served on 32 ships in eight years I found it hard to settle down. I was used to the "life on the ocean wave" and like a lot of sailors I had a restless streak in me. I went from job to job and my home life deteriorated. I would get resentful and withdraw into myself and my wife Vera suffered from depression.

At one time her depression was so bad she went to see the local doctor who asked her whether she had ever thought of praying to God. When Vera told me I was furious.

"What! Paying a doctor seven and sixpence to tell you to pray to God? That's *too much!*"

Strange to say, it worked. She became a Christian. When she told me all I said was: "Look, as long as the kids are looked after and my meals are on time you can become what you like!"

There was an immediate change in Vera's life and I was eaten up with curiosity. I'd often dabbled in mysticism, seances, witchcraft and other spiritual phenomena and had

even been in some church services where I had been stirred by God's Spirit. But being an intellectual I had tended to dismiss spiritual things as "not being for me."

As I saw what was happening in Vera's life and thought about my recurring "archer dream" I began to wonder whether God was speaking to me.

I went to a church service where the preacher said Jesus had died for sinners, and a sinner is a person who has missed God's mark for his life. Then he used the illustration of an archer who shoots an arrow but misses the target. It all started to fit together in my mind and I decided to acknowledge God intellectually.

There was no change in life, however, until I was ready to yield my whole being — body, soul and spirit — over to God. I was in a prayer meeting when a man prayed that I would be filled with the Holy Spirit.

Suddenly it was as though something had snapped inside me. I collapsed on the floor like a sack of potatoes and my whole life flashed before my eyes.

I started to cry — deep heaving sobs that shook my whole body. It was the first time in 20 years I had really cried. I saw my life from God's point of view and when I stood up I knew I had been cleansed and forgiven by God and that I was born again.

Dreams, experiences, mysticism... some people might mutter, "Definitely Freudian!" But I *know* God has touched me and given me a reason for living. He's real and I know Him as my friend. In Him I am a new man, **and no one can take that away.** □





***I was firing arrows  
but never hitting  
the target. I was  
going nowhere  
fast!***



# DIRECTORY

## NEW ZEALAND CHAPTERS

	President	Secretary
<b>NORTHLAND</b>		
HIKURANGI	39,349 Whangarei	51,756 Whang
KAIKOHE	584K	181X
KAWAKAWA	847	675
OTAMATEA	66 Paparoa	60D Paparoa
WHANGAREI	83.645	70.463
FIELD REPRESENTATIVE	38.117	
<b>AUCKLAND</b>		
AUCKLAND CENTRAL	500.825	734.886
AUCKLAND EAST	5344.782	5344.137
AUCKLAND SOUTH	669.217	585.121
AUCKLAND WEST	874.390	8362.553
MOUNT ALBERT	864.162	866.619
ROYAL OAK	655.951	667.749
EAST COAST BAYS	478.4196	478.2123
GLENFIELD	478.5997	
HIBISCUS COAST	65.170	5854
NORTH SHORE	479.5983	498.779
WHANGAPAROA	7742HBC	5854HBC
FIELD REPRESENTATIVES	4159.156 450.355	
<b>WAIKATO</b>		
CAMBRIDGE	64.843	4864
FOUNTAIN CITY (HAM)	393.251	74.429
HAMILTON CENTRAL	59.265	52.723
HUNTLY		
OTOROHANGA	8416	8315
TE AWAMUTU	3263	654 Te Kawa
THAMES	86.709	
FIELD REPRESENTATIVE	57862 or 49988	
<b>BAY OF PLENTY</b>		
FOREST LAND	67.282	60.950
OPOTIKI	965M	126
ROTORUA	20.837	477.198
TAURANGA	25.438	87.967
TE PUKE	37.144	37.980
WHAKATANE	84.187	84.282
FIELD REPRESENTATIVE	25.438	
<b>CENTRAL NORTH ISLAND</b>		
BUSH	EKE 4233	8579
FIELDING	38.854	37.144
GISBORNE	6233Wk	5786
HASTINGS	775.042	799.842
LEVIN	83.979	87.217
MASTERTON	69.294	
NAPIER	436.302	437.718
PALMERSTON NORTH	69593	73.616
ROSE CITY	77.897	71.168
SANSON	723 Rongotea	816 Rongotea
FIELD REPRESENTATIVE	292.766 P.N.	
<b>TARANAKI</b>		
NEW PLYMOUTH	33.693	85.382
OPUNAKE	8200	554 Rah.
STRATFORD	6472	6604
FIELD REPRESENTATIVE	33.693	
<b>WELLINGTON</b>		
KAPITI	70081	28517
LOWER HUTT	696.784	697.966
WAINUIOMATA	648.255	647.870
WELLINGTON CENTRAL	663.140	
WELLINGTON —		
WESTERN COASTAL	359.628	327.575
FIELD REPRESENTATIVE	696.641	

<b>TOP OF THE SOUTH</b>		
BLENHEIM	88.898	89.815
GREYMOUTH	7777	6210
NELSON		520.927
PICTON	705	705
FIELD REPRESENTATIVE	7777 Collect	
<b>CHRISTCHURCH/NORTH CANTERBURY</b>		
CHRISTCHURCH CENT.	41.850	516.090
CHRISTCHURCH N.E.	559.684	859.509
CHRISTCHURCH N.W.	526.392	
CHRISTCHURCH SOUTH	843.734	885.708
HORNBY	41.142	588.554
HURUNUI	841 Omihi	713 Waipara
KAIPOI	8713	8713
KAIKOURA	715	
OXFORD	Cust 736	Cust 832
FIELD REPRESENTATIVE	559.684 429.028	
<b>SOUTH CANTERBURY/NORTH OTAGO</b>		
ASHBURTON	6592	83651
MACKENZIE	8179	8527
NORTH OTAGO	49973	71.384
TIMARU	61.683	60.322 Tim
WAIMATE	WIO 828	733 Mun
FIELD REPRESENTATIVE	8222	
<b>OTAGO/SOUTHLAND</b>		
BALCLUTHA	82.892	81.104
CROMWELL	805 Rarras	50.747
DUNEDIN	761.481	876.333
GORE	42.239	84.187
INVERCARGILL	86.538	69.525
LAWRENCE	25 Lawrence	
QUEENSTOWN	884 Arrowtown	
FIELD REPRESENTATIVE	945k (Q'Town)	

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TONGA	

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# SHATTERED

*A cop who found Christ*

Collin Mellors, Hamilton



**M**y view of Christians was that they were a bunch of hypocritical do-gooders. In the New Zealand Police Force if someone “turned religious” we would dismiss them as cranks and Bible bashers — Christianity just didn’t fit in to my view of reality.

I was a constable for 10 years and worked in the armed offenders squad for four of those years. I was known as the bikie liaison officer in Hamilton and would regularly chaperone the local bike gangs on their runs. We were called the “shadow patrol”.

Those years in the force made me hard. Whenever I talked to people I would naturally assume they were lying to me because that was the kind of person I usually dealt with. I got very pessimistic about people because in the police force you’re exposed to so much that turns your stomach, so much hatred, so much evil.

One night I attended a fatal motor accident where a young girl got killed. I went to her parents’ place at six o’clock in the morning to break the news.

“Mrs \_\_\_\_\_,” I said, “I’ve got some bad news for you ... your daughter’s been killed in a car crash.”

“She can’t be! My daughter’s in bed asleep!” she exclaimed.

We went to her bedroom. The window was wide open and the bed was empty.. I’ll never forget the look of hopelessness on the mother’s face. That look epitomized for me the hopelessness of our society, but I’d learned to live with that by becoming a “hard-nosed cop”.

Then something happened to shatter the tough image I had built

up. My brother-in-law, who was also in the force, was struck down with cancer. I watched him waste away in hospital until he was little more than skin stretched over bones. Jack and his wife were Christians and I cried out to God:

“If you’re there, and you’re as true as they say, please fix him up. Don’t let him die.”

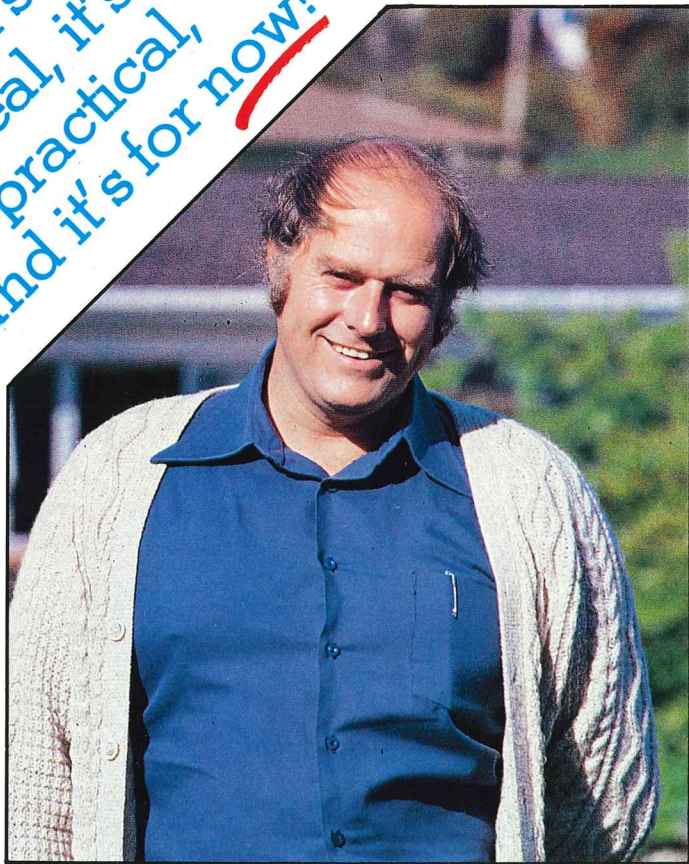
Jack did die, and I was broken up inside. But at the funeral something strange happened. Amidst the natural grief at losing him, I noticed that in the eyes of his family and friends there was a deep joy and peace — as if Jack’s death was not an *end* but more of a *new beginning*. I found myself looking at a different concept of Christianity from anything I had seen before. I couldn’t pin it down to facts, but I could sense a power and reality in these people that was foreign to me.

Was it just because of Jack’s death that I was feeling this way? I decided to go to church the next day to see if the same experience was there. It was, but this time I started to feel downright uncomfortable.

I started to look at my life and the rut I was in and started to feel conscious of the need to change. I knew the way I was living was wrong but I couldn’t quite put my finger on what I needed to do. I wanted to reach out to something good, something that would take away the hardness and rottenness I felt in my own life.

“Jesus, come into my life,” I said. Simple words that 48 hours earlier I would have laughed at as the ravings of a religious freak. But now they were real to me. I *knew* that Jesus was the answer and that He could make something good out of

It's  
real, it's  
practical,  
and it's for now!



Collin Mellors — a new beginning

my life. A tremendous feeling of relief washed over me.

God began to restore my crumbling marriage. The emotional love I used to have for my wife had died, but God started to change my attitudes and heal the areas of my life where sin and immorality had left their scars. In a matter of weeks it was like having a second honeymoon.

Best of all, we had our first child after 12 years of marriage. We called her Amber Dawn. We chose the names because we thought they

were pretty but later we discovered their real meaning. Amber means a precious gift and Dawn is a new beginning. *And that is just what happened to me.* I had received the precious gift of salvation (the forgiveness of my sins) and had been given a new beginning in life.

In my life I have discovered that Christianity can't be dismissed as "pie in the sky". It's real, it's practical and it's for now. **What's more, it's the only living alternative in a dying world.** □

## 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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SOUTH PACIFIC  
**VOICE**

Volume 2  
Number 6

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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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BUSINESS MEN'S  
FELLOWSHIP  
INTERNATIONAL**



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