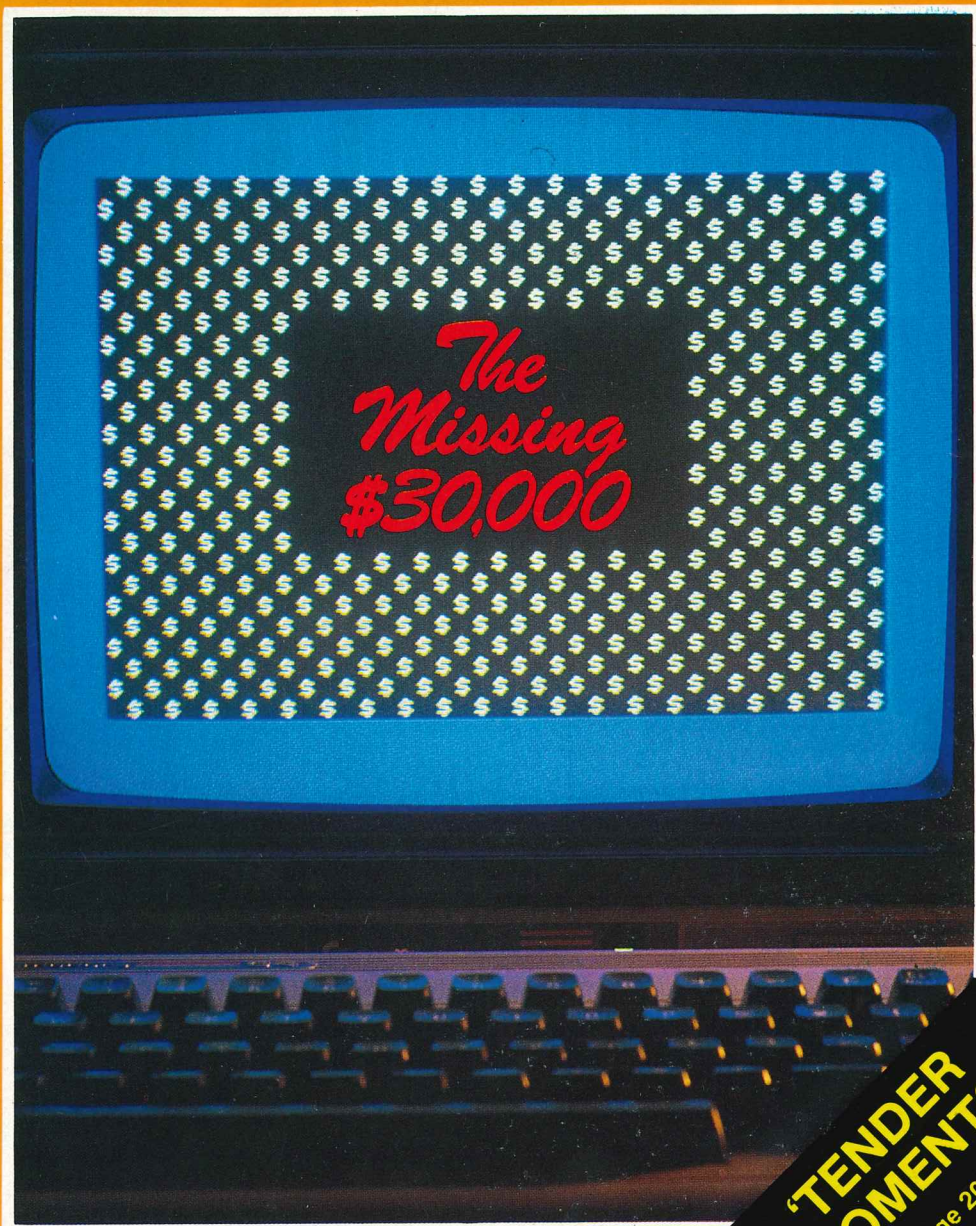
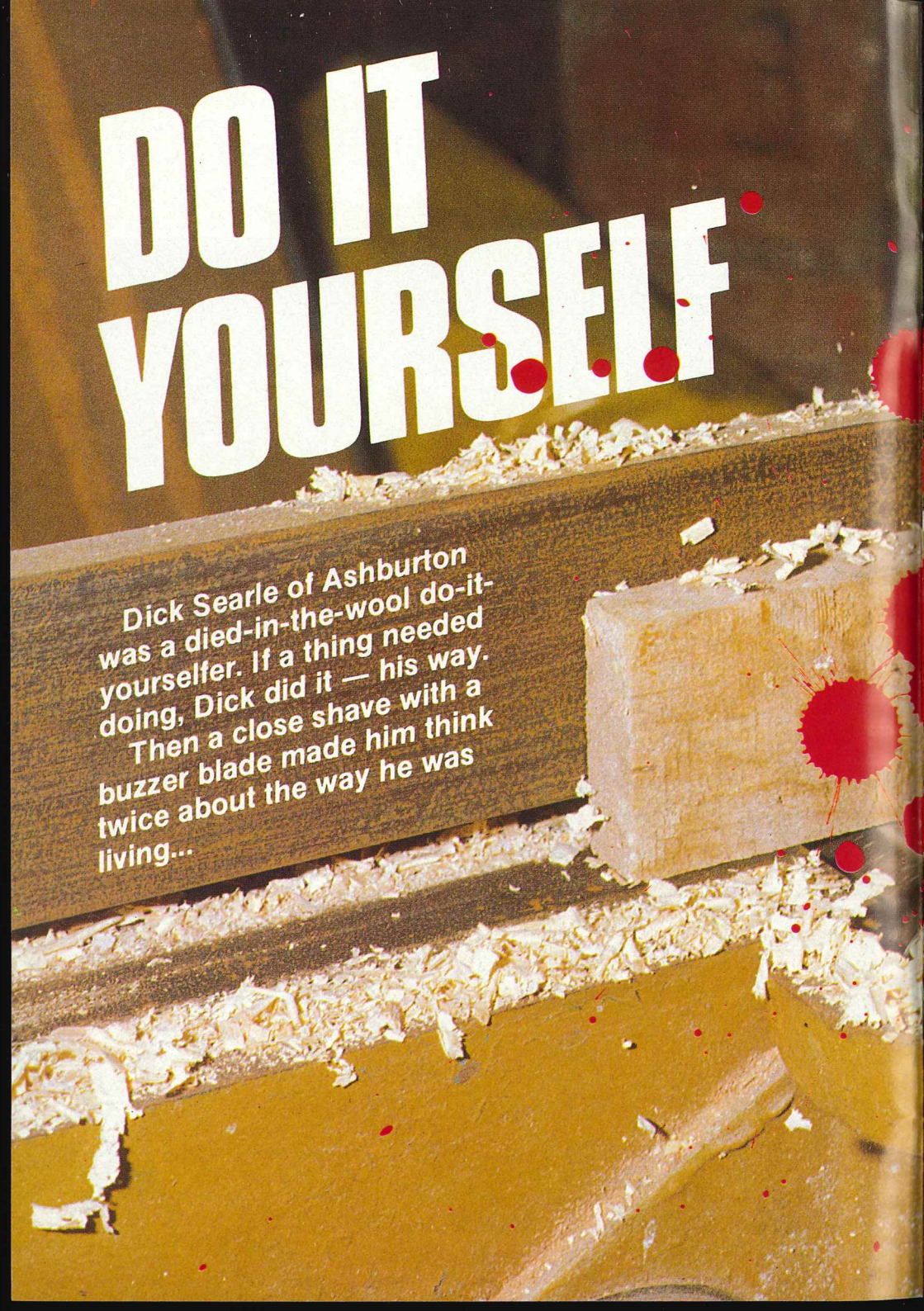


SOUTH PACIFIC  
**VOICE**



**'TENDER  
MOMENTS'**  
Page 20

# DO IT YOURSELF



Dick Searle of Ashburton was a died-in-the-wool do-it-yourselfer. If a thing needed doing, Dick did it — his way. Then a close shave with a buzzer blade made him think twice about the way he was living...



**I** t was late Saturday afternoon and I was pushing myself to get some planing work on the buzzer finished before cleaning up for tea.

I was thinning down some timber slats for a bike shed I was building the kids. As I fed the slats into the machine I put some weight onto the timber to help the blade to bite. Suddenly my hand slipped and went into the whirling cutter.

With a cry I pulled my hand back and saw that I had lost the tip of my index finger and an inch off my middle finger.

Ironically I was the duty chemist that weekend and I ended up being my doctor's first patient. During the following weeks while my hand was in bandages I had plenty of time to reflect on the fact that I could have lost all my fingers.

"What kind of do-it-yourselfer would I be without a left hand?" I thought. It occurred to me that I didn't have life as neatly planned out as I had imagined.

From the time I left school I lived a self-sufficient sort of life. I mapped out a career as a pharmacist and ploughed into my apprenticeship in Christchurch. I was living away from home and had a ball — no parental restraints and enough money to do pretty well as I pleased.

### **Stormy Courtship**

I had a stormy five year courtship with a nurse called April. She wanted a serious relationship but I kept putting off any deep involvement because I need to study. Eventually April got sick of my dilly-dallying and travelled to England for an extended working holiday.

In time I qualified and with my

career now secure I packed my bags and followed her over. When I caught up with April I lost no time in proposing to her.

After the wedding we decided to come back to New Zealand to settle down. It was the late sixties and the job opportunities in Kiwiland weren't as good as I thought they would be. With the economic downturn qualified people were staying put rather than moving around and leaving vacancies.

The only work opportunity I could find was a chemist shop in Ashburton. It was a small, pokey place but it was in a good spot in the town and I thought I could make a go of it.

Eighteen months later a doctor who used the front part of the adjoining building moved out, so I seized the opportunity for expansion. Business wasn't exactly booming and the only way I could afford to take over the extra space was to build all the shop fittings myself.

"No problem," I said to my wife. I prided myself on being a champion Kiwi do-it-yourselfer and no job was too hard for me.

To build the shop fittings I had to first of all build a 1000 square foot workshop at home. That I did and proceeded to spend all my spare time doing carpentry.

I had just finished fitting out the new shop when news came out that a shopping mall was being planned a few doors along, and that it included a doctor's surgery.

I reasoned that I would be a mug to pass up the chance of being in on the mall complex so I bought the space and got stuck into building another 2000 square feet of fittings.

The more I built the more obsessed I became with doing the work myself. It got to the stage where every nail had to be hammered in by me. I refused to let anyone help. I started working until two, three or four o'clock in the morning and even later on the weekends.

Meanwhile April got lonelier and lonelier. I had left her to bring up our four children virtually single-handed. I convinced myself that I had to go into the workshop every night because it was "for the good of the family". I was building up a secure financial future for us all.

### **Vintage Cars**

It took nine months to finish the fittings for the second shop but I found I couldn't break the work habit. The family seemed to be running along nicely without much input from me so I saw no reason to change the situation. Instead I decided to go into the vintage car restoration business. Again I told myself and April that I would be building up a family asset, something that would give us all a lot of enjoyment.

I got the remains of a 1926 Buick Roadster and proceeded to lavish 3000 hours of work on it in three years. To me it was a great achievement, but I was so wrapped up in it that I failed to notice that my family was about to collapse under the strain my selfishness was imposing on them.

April was at the end of her tether and the children were sick of seeing their father only with his feet sticking out from underneath a vintage car.

### **(April picks up the story...)**

I knew there was no way I could directly demand that Dick stop his work and spend more time with me and our family of two boys and two girls. But I had to do something.

Bringing up the children on my own was a constant drain physically, mentally and emotionally. So I concentrated on indirect ways of manipulating Dick into coming inside to be with the rest of us.

I became a switched-on social host and threw a lot of parties. We were both keen skiers and I had a lot of acquaintances from the ski scheme who made our house a regular stopover.

Because we were playing host and hostess Dick would be forced to do his share of the entertaining but as soon as the guests had left he would be back in his workshop again. So I was no better off than before.

I hated housework. I thought housewives were cabbages. I resented Dick's interests because they had taken him away from me and the children. I contemplated burning his workshop down. There was no love left between us.

My response to his selfishness was to neglect him. I spoiled my children and deprived him. We seldom talked without blowing up over petty issues. We were like two petulant children each wanting his own way.

### **Splashed Out**

To make life bearable for me I splashed out on alcohol and gambling. Eat, drink and be merry, I thought. I couldn't care less about

our marriage and so I started crying on the shoulders of other men. Wrong relationships developed and my morals decayed.

Few of my friends knew the inner turmoil in my life. When I was with others I was an extravert, always bright and bubbly. But inside I was drowning in a sea of loneliness where my only lifeline was the supply of valium that my doctor had prescribed to help me cope.

Then tragedy struck two of our friends. They were a Christian couple whom we respected highly for their faith. One day their two small boys were looking for kittens in the hay loft on their property when the hay was accidentally set on fire.

All attempts by the mother, neighbours and firemen to rescue the children failed, as the flames engulfed the barn.

The tragedy rocked the whole district and everyone felt deeply for the grief of the parents. I tried to comfort the mother as best I could and she told me that though it was a crushing blow she had found real strength in God. She had no bitterness over what had happened and her confidence in God spoke to me deeply.

Not only that but she challenged me to think about my own spiritual state and coming from a person who had just suffered a loss like hers that was something I could not ignore.

I agreed with her on one thing — only a miracle could save our marriage. As far as I was concerned I was all over between Dick and me.

I was sitting on my bed one day with a bottle of valium pills wishing I had enough for an overdose and generally feeling like a wreck when

suddenly the miracle happened. Somehow I found myself being picked up off the bed and the next thing I knew I was kneeling down outside the bedroom screaming out, "God, if you're there, change me!"

### **Pointed the Finger**

Until then I had refused to admit that I needed to do any changing — I always pointed the finger at Dick. He was always the problem, not me.

I went downstairs and found my old childhood Bible and opened it. A passage in the 35th chapter of the book of Jeremiah caught my eye: *You shall drink no more wine — you, your sons, daughters and wives forever.*

"If that isn't to the point I don't know what is," I thought. I felt that God had spoken directly to me through those words and, with Dick's consent, down the drain went the contents of our drink cabinet and my desire for alcohol with it.

My doctor, who was a Christian, had told me that even if one partner in a marriage is willing to let God change them then the marriage can be saved.

"April," he had said, "if you want your marriage to work, you're the one who is going to have to change."

I thought that was the most unfair thing I had ever heard in my life.

"Why me?" I argued. "He's the one who isn't living up to his side of the bargain."

"If you care enough to save the marriage, you'll care enough to take the first step," he replied.

It wasn't easy. At that stage Dick was sleeping downstairs and I was sleeping upstairs. To walk down those stairs and say sorry to Dick was the hardest thing I've ever had

to do. Not only did I have to humble myself before my husband and ask his forgiveness, I also knew I needed God's forgiveness.

My conscience told me that the other men in my life had to go. Somehow I wrapped up the whole sordid mess my life had become and gave it over to God, renounced my pride and started heading in a new direction with Christ as my guide.

When I received Christ into my life my attitude to Dick changed dramatically. It might seem unbelievable but after years of merely

tolerating, sometimes openly hating him, God gave me a new love for him. And it wasn't the 'I love you because...', Jim Reeves type of love that we had when we first got married, this was an "I love you in spite of..." type of love.

My emotions, so stifled and abused, now began to flourish into affection for Dick and the desire to encourage rather than to nag him.

I didn't think it was fair that I should have to go through this humiliating process on my own without being able to say, "Well, I've



Ashburton woman,

## April Searle,

tells how to save  
a marriage



Our marriage was dead!  
And our children were distressed.  
What was happening to us?

No couple could have been happier a few years ago; and to outsiders, the deterioration wasn't markedly apparent, if at all.

How could I pin-point the cause? I lacked nothing. Was it my husband's failings? How could I change him?

Slowly, I dragged him down to a state of utter worthlessness, which of course didn't improve the situation.

Parties were great — nobody enjoyed a party more than I did but the morning after was another story!

I hardly had a kind word for anybody in the household.

What had happened to the patience I used to have with the children?

Why was I shouting at them? What was life all about?

One night at a party, someone asked my religion. I replied "Christian."

Here I was, in a darkened room, having to shout above disco music, glass of wine in hand — professing to be a disciple of Jesus Christ! What hypocrisy. Who was I kidding?

What good was my faith, being limited to Sunday worship? Shouldn't it be a way of life?

I wasn't prepared to change, so gradually, my hectic social life and bouts of depression, made family life almost unbearable. Communication was lost.

Separation seemed inevitable. This realisation was so painful that I gave up and prayed — "God — please help me, I don't want to live like this any more!"

I knew God was supposed to answer prayer, so I opened the Bible at John, and found messages which gave me hope.

During the next few weeks, my conscience [or so I thought] kept urging me to finish with alcohol. How could I? How would our families accept it? Would our friends desert us?

I knew it was God's will, so with my husband's consent — down the drain it went!

Because we obeyed God's command, He gave us strength to cope with the consequences of that seemingly over-dramatic move.

With support from Christian friends, we became increasingly aware that God's word was absolutely true! And His forgiving love was real.

Our marriage now has new life, and we are a loving, caring family, receiving guidance for everyday problems, through prayer and reading God's word together.

Luke 11:9 "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Thank-you Lord for saving our marriage.

done my part, now you do yours," to Dick, but I stuck at it because I knew that it was God's way of doing things.

I just had to trust him to get through to Dick in his own time.

### ***(Dick carries on the story:)***

Frankly, I was bewildered by all this as it happened. I didn't think there was anything wrong with our marriage and never dreamed that April was suicidal. When she told me about asking God to change her I couldn't figure her out at all. But there was no way I could deny the change in her attitude to me.

We kept on having our arguments as usual, but things were different now. Instead of both getting in a huff and not talking for a week, now April was coming to me afterwards, saying sorry and loving me. This got me down because I was playing the angry man but now I had nothing to be angry about!

I decided to give her a month to see what happened.

The month went by.

Two months, I told myself. Same thing — she had definitely changed. I was getting cups of tea in bed in the morning and a sweet, smiling wife at the breakfast table. I really didn't deserve it!

### **Challenged**

Three months went by. I was feeling challenged. To me Christianity was going to church a few times a year to keep up appearances. I had been confirmed as a teenager, had my "ticket" into heaven and that was the end of it. I knew the Gospel story: Christ coming to die for us sinners and all that.

As a matter of fact, I didn't think I

was much of a sinner. I tried to be a decent sort of guy, tried to be nice to old ladies who came into the shop, that sort of thing. And when I looked around the church — well I was certainly as good as most of them.

But I couldn't sidestep the fact that I was now being confronted by a living example of Christianity in the form of my wife. And I had to admit that I liked what I saw! She was a new woman.

During the Christmas holidays in 1978 I took the family to Nelson to do some camping. April had packed some Christian books in the hope that I would read them and, as a workaholic cut off from his work, I had nothing better to do than to get stuck in.

The first one I read was the story of the conversion of Charles Colson, President Nixon's "hatchet man" in the Watergate affair. I was impressed but I said to myself: "I'm not going to take your word for it, buddy." I'd been ripped off too many times by slick salesmen coming into my chemist shop. Even my best friends had let me down at times. I was the arch do-it-yourselfer who took nothing at face value.

I started reading the Bible as well. I couldn't decide whether it was a bunch of myths and legends or actually the inspired Word of God. But as I read it my conscience began speaking to me about some not-very-nice things in my own life — pride, anger, greed, intolerance. I began to realise that these were indeed sins and that they had cut me off from God and set my family on the road to ruin. I wished I had the happiness and freedom April had found, but I was too proud to ask her about it.

Soon after the holiday April decided to write down on paper the story of how she had come to know God and what he meant to her now. Two hours after she had finished the telephone rang. It was the editor of the local newspaper. "The Ashburton Guardian", asking quite out of the blue, for her to contribute to a regular column called 'As I See It' in which local personalities were asked to voice their opinions.

### **Horrified**

She felt it was God telling her to publish her story but I was horrified.

It's all right to have a problem but to hang your dirty washing in front of the whole town...I might as well close my shop and get out of business.

Somehow I realised it was important to April to make a public declaration of where she stood so I agreed to let her do it.

The results were surprising. Of course a lot of our friends were embarrassed and couldn't understand it but a lot of people who had needs, responded and came to see her. In fact even now, three years later, people are ringing up and



saying: "Do you still believe what you wrote, because if you do I want to meet this God you know."

It was at this time that I had my argument with the buzzer and as I nursed my hand in the weeks that followed I began to see clearly the choice that was before me. I knew the historical Christ...was I prepared to meet the living Christ?

If Jesus had died on the cross for me, if he shed his blood for me, then was I going to reject what he had done or accept Jesus as the ruling authority in my life?

I saw it was an all or nothing decision. I had been standing at the back of the crowd, as it were, observing Jesus' death on the cross as a spectator. The time had come for me to push through the crowd and look Christ in the eye.

As I looked in my mind's eye into the face of Jesus I felt a quality of

love I had never experienced before. I saw him hanging on the cross in the greatest act of love mankind has ever seen and realised I had been totally ignoring him. I broke down and wept, asking forgiveness for my arrogant unbelief and the agony my selfishness had caused April and the children.

My hard heart was smashed into a hundred pieces as I knelt under the intensity of that gaze of love.

They say love is never having to say you're sorry. True love for me began when I humbled myself and apologised to my wife and family for not being the husband and father I should have been.

From that act has come a beautiful healing of our family relationships and this is no better illustrated than in the lives of our children.

Just recently I was digging through some old photographs and I found some pictures I had taken during a holiday on the West Coast. I had wanted to take the family on a vintage car trip one Easter, but just before we were due to leave April and I had a bust-up and she decided to stay at home.

I took the children over by myself and it was one of the most miserable weekends I've ever spent. I snapped some photos of the children trying to have a happy time at Shantytown, near where we were staying. When I found them two years later the look of grief in the children's eyes was so distressing that April and I had to destroy those photographs.

The tragedy of a dying marriage is always written on the faces of the children. Our children's faces now tell a different story — the story of God who hears, forgives and restores. □

*The Searle family: April, Matthew, Dick, Kate, Nicola and James.*



# Climbing The L

Neil Hinton, New Plymouth

**I**f you live in Taranaki there is one thing you cannot get away from — Mt Egmont.

Growing up a farm boy in Huiroa, Taranaki, I used to look longingly at that beautiful, snow clad peak and dream of climbing it. It was one of my two most cherished ambitions.

The other one was to fly in an aeroplane. I would hang around the topdressing strip on our farm for hours, watching the planes land and take off and hoping that one of the pilots would offer me a ride. The invitation never came.

In time I moved away from Huiroa and took up a job in a large factory in New Plymouth, where I am still working.

I climbed the mountain and had a ride in an aeroplane and that was that. My two ambitions were achieved.

About six years ago, however, God began to plant a new ambition in my life. Like Mt Egmont, it was something I couldn't get away from. It was just there — something which attracted me and which I had to come to terms with.

I was no foreigner to the things of God. As a child I would go to the monthly services held in the little country church which the community shared with a swarm of wild



# Lord's Mountain

bees. The bees had a hive in the wall and before each service we had to sweep up the dead bees and clean the wax off the hard wooden seats. It was in that quaint rustic setting that I first learned of the love of Jesus.

But for me religion was a private matter. It was between a man and his God and not something you talked about with others. Believing in God was a convenience, a security, and little more.

One day a young man who called himself a "born again Christian" came to work in our factory. I kept an eye on this fellow and was astonished to find that he talked to anybody and everybody about Jesus. To me talking religion to strangers was just not done!

The newcomer invited me to Full Gospel Business Men's meetings but I put off going for a couple of years until finally he persuaded me to come with him. I liked what I saw. The place seemed to be bursting with life. The men smiled and sang and told of the things God had done in their lives.

Being a practical man I was impressed by what they were saying about how God intervened in financial matters, guided them in business decisions, healed them, restored their marriages and all

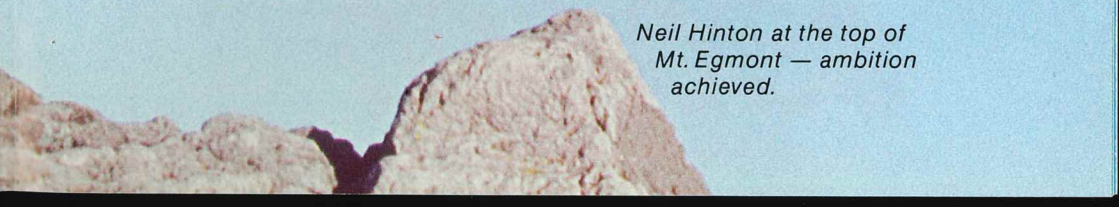
sorts of other things.

I started to attend the meetings regularly and slowly the Lord "unlocked" my mouth. I began to speak to people about my faith. But I was still far from enthusiastic about it.

Just recently I realized that what I needed was to receive the Holy Spirit. Our church was holding a special week of meetings on this theme and at the end of the week the congregation was given the opportunity to be prayed for in order to receive the infilling of the Holy Spirit. I went forward to the front of the church and knelt down while the minister laid his hands on my head. That night I found the reality of God in a way I had never experienced before.

Now I am doing things I would scarcely have dreamed I was capable of. God has put a boldness into me, a confidence in the truth of his word, a clear understanding of his love and power.

It is as though I am climbing a new mountain — the mountain of the Lord. It is a far more exciting and fulfilling ambition than the one I had as a boy. Climbing any mountain has it's difficult moments, but one is always spurred on by the thought of the view from the top! □



*Neil Hinton at the top of  
Mt. Egmont — ambition  
achieved.*



*The  
Missing  
\$30,000*

Stewart Munro, Timaru

**The cheque had been paid out in error and some honest person had returned it, pointing out the mistake.**

I stared at the cheque for some time, fingering it nervously as I considered the possibilities. It was only a small amount — six dollars, to be exact. But I was in debt and six dollars was six dollars. Besides, the manager would never find out.

At the time I was in control of the computing and accounting systems of the Lower Hutt branch of an insurance company I had been with almost continuously since I had left school.

I had started with the company in Dunedin and moved on promotion to branches in Whangarei, Lower Hutt, Christchurch, Dunedin and then back to Lower Hutt again.

When you've got a wife and two children, galavanting around the country in an attempt to climb the corporate ladder takes its toll financially in rent and removal expenses and by the time we got to Lower Hutt for the second time we were struggling to make ends meet.

As a company executive I had certain expectations concerning my standard of living and my present income was not sufficient to cover my commitments. Yet each day thousands of dollars passed before my eyes in premiums and claims.

I quickly looked around to make sure no-one was watching, then filled out a chit crediting the six dollar cheque to my own account. A small indiscretion, perhaps, but it started a habit that I found extraordinarily difficult to give up.

I took further small amounts and soon solved my indebtedness. But greed is a hard taskmaster and I

continued to siphon off company funds for a further eighteen months. I "doctored" insurance claims, channelled premiums that had been paid unnecessarily into my own account and made out fictitious claims, pocketing the payments.

Our third daughter was about to be born and financially things were sweet. But one day as I walked into work though, I noticed two strangers outside my office. Instantly I guessed who they were — detectives. The game was up.

I was interviewed and questioned and then taken from work to the police station, where I spent the night in a cell. Next morning, at a special hearing, I was granted bail, but had to report to the police station every day while a full audit of the company books was being conducted. That took two months, and the amount I had unlawfully taken grew and grew.

It became apparent that I was heading for prison. My employer began to institute proceedings to recover as much money as he could. He promised not to make undue demands on my wife and family but each time I gave him something he would ruthlessly press for more.

On December 1, 1975, in the Magistrates Court, I pleaded guilty to embezzling \$30,000 and received a sentence of two years in prison.

As I was escorted from the courtroom I stared at the floor in anguish and disgrace. I had no idea of the amount I had taken until it was revealed in court. I didn't want to even see my family but the welfare officer insisted I do so and I'm glad I did. I needed their encouragement for what I was about to face.

By the time I was delivered to Mt

Crawford prison I felt like a husk of a man — a body that had been stripped of its identity. I was fitted out with prison garb and given a plate, spoon, fork, rubber mattress and one sheet. Then I was marched into the jail confines and placed in a community cell with 18 other inmates.

The cultural shock was traumatic. I was living with alcoholics, rapists and bikies. As I looked out of a high window that first night my one desire was to serve the sentence as quickly as possible so I could return home to support my family again.

After a few weeks I was transferred to Wi Tako, a minimum security prison at Trentham. I appreciated the more relaxed atmosphere and the longer hours of movement.

I was assigned work, first of all in the officers' mess as a kitchen hand, then in the superintendent's garden, some twenty minutes walk from the prison. As a special privilege I was allowed the use of my watch so that I could leave and return to the prison on time.

It was great to get away from the hurly burly of prison life and working on my own in the garden gave me plenty of time to think. The superintendent's children, however, did their best to make life difficult for me. They were used to having prisoners working around the home and would refer to them as "houseboys" and treat them as such. I was no exception.

As the months dragged on my thoughts turned to God and something began to happen in my heart. I came to realize that besides breaking the law of the land and failing my family I had broken a

higher law and betrayed a deeper trust — the moral law of God.

Graciously, over a period of time, God showed me who I was. Piece by piece he removed the hard shell of insensitivity I had built around me.

I had become hardened to the misfortunes of life because all through my working life they had been paraded before me in insurance claims. What I wanted out of life was status in the community and business world and the ability to work and see the results of my labour in material prosperity.

Both of those ambitions had been blown to smithereens.

As God gently cut away my pride, my excuses and my vain hopes for status and success I came to the point of asking for his help. I was alone at the time and suddenly a wave of realization swept over me and I broke down and sobbed uncontrollably. As the wave of emotion subsided I felt incredibly refreshed and worthwhile.

At that time the prison system was such that it made you think of yourself as a nobody. You'd made a mistake and you would never be any good.

Now God had given me an inward assurance that I was acceptable to him not on the basis of what I had or had not done, but on the basis of who I was. He loved me. I was important to him.

That was an amazing revelation. All my life I had been struggling to achieve, to succeed, to be a winner. Right from school days I strove to follow in the footsteps of my three older brothers who had excelled on the sports field and in the classroom. Somehow I never quite measured up to their performance

and I knew it. Now I was able to lay down that burden of striving and bask in the warmth of God's acceptance.

As my term stretched into its second year I was granted home leave for a weekend. It was an indescribable joy to be with my family again without being surrounded by steel bars. My wife Denise and I talked long into the night about the things of God. She too had been drawn by God and was attending a local church.

She told me of a "Life in the Spirit" seminar which she was going to and where she had received the infilling of the Holy Spirit. I was fascinated and when I returned to prison I was determined to find out for myself about this experience.

It was on one of the rare occasions that I had a cell to myself that it happened ...

I had been reading the Bible and some other Christian books that evening and when lock-up occurred I turned my light off and got ready for bed. I lay down and listened to the silence as it spread over the prison.

I had just dozed off when I was awakened by a soft light and an unmistakable presence in the cell. I knew it was God. As I lay on my bed I knew something very special and important was happening. It was a release and cleansing the likes of which I had never experienced before. It was the coming of the Holy Spirit.

From that time I knew a peace and confidence inside that made my prison stay more bearable. One day as I was looking out the window, thanking God for all that he had done for me, the "thank you"

suddenly turned into another language.

"At last!" I whispered to myself. "The gift of tongues!"

On April 1, 1978, I was officially released. April Fools Day. I was a fool to land in jail but that day I was the happiest fool alive!

The family was together again. There was a peace in our home that had never been there before. On my lips was a song of praise to God for all that he had done — in bringing Denise and I to himself and keeping her and the children safe during my imprisonment.

It hadn't been easy for them. My previous employer had continually hounded them in his attempts to get back what I had taken. Eventually he settled his claim against us and we were able to be totally free from the chains of the past.

There is a passage in the Bible that is so applicable to my situation that it could almost have been written for me. It is in Paul's letter to Titus:

*At one time we too were foolish, disobedient, deceived and enslaved by all kinds of passions and pleasures. We lived in malice and envy, being hated and hating one another. But when the kindness and love of God our Saviour appeared, he saved us, not because of righteous things we had done, but because of his mercy. He saved us through the washing of rebirth and renewal by the Holy Spirit.*

I am convinced that God has the answer to every problem, great or small, through Jesus Christ. The love of God is reaching out to every person, no matter what mistakes they have made.

**I put forward my life as proof. □**



# DIRECTORY

## NEW ZEALAND CHAPTERS

	President	Secretary
<b>NORTHLAND</b>		
HIKURANGI	768 HIK	87.165 Whang
KAIKOHE	181X KHO	850 KHO
KAWAKAWA	729S	675
OTAMATEA	66M Paparua	88K Paparua
WHANGAREI	61122	81356
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 38.117 Ruawai</i>		
<b>AUCKLAND</b>		
AUCKLAND CENTRAL	500.825	734.886
AUCKLAND EAST	534.3609	534.4173
AUCKLAND SOUTH	669.217	266.6749
AUCKLAND WEST	836.2553	
MOUNT ALBERT	864.162	866.619
ROYAL OAK	655.951	657.332
EAST COAST BAYS	478.4196	478.2123
GLENFIELD	438751	444.7034
HIBISCUS COAST	65.677	65.412
NORTH SHORE	450.355	453.042
WHANGAPAROA	7742HBC	5854HBC
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 450.355</i>		
<b>WAIKATO</b>		
CAMBRIDGE	6709	8228
FOUNTAIN CITY (HAM)	393.251	638.19
HAMILTON CENTRAL	492.464	52.723
OTOROHANGA	8123	8416
TE AWAMUTU	858 Maihihi	654 Te Kawa
THAMES	86.709	
MARAMARUA	857 Mar	
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 57862 or 59988 Hamilton</i>		
<b>BAY OF PLENTY</b>		
FOREST LAND	67.282	67.371
OPOTIKI	965M	822K
ROTORUA	86.511	477.198
TAUPO	87.467	
TAURANGA	83.820	25.614
TE PUKE	37.144	38.755
WHAKATANE	84.187	7786 Kawerau
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 25.438 Tauranga</i>		
<b>HAWKES BAY/POVERTY BAY</b>		
HASTINGS	775.042	799.842
NAPIER	434.708	437.718
TAKITMU/GISBORNE	6233 WK	5786
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 436.302 Napier</i>		
<b>CENTRAL NORTH ISLAND</b>		
BUSH	EKE 4233	8679
FEILDING	38.854	37.144
LEVIN	86.629	87.127
MASTERTON	69.294	49.037
PALMERSTON NORTH	69.593	73.616
ROSE CITY	88.890	71.168
SANSON	723 Rongotea	724 Sanson
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 69.593 P.N.</i>		
<b>TARANAKI</b>		
NEW PLYMOUTH	34.734	87.135
OPUNAKE	554	8372
STRATFORD	6472	6604
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 33.693 N.P.</i>		
<b>WELLINGTON</b>		
CITY — Lunch Hour	696.641	674.907
Evening	663.140	
LOWER HUTT	696.784	697.966
UPPER HUTT	277.290	284.936
WAINUIOMATA	648.255	647.870

WESTERN COASTAL	399.648	359.628
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 696.641</i>		
<b>TOP OF THE SOUTH</b>		
BLENHEIM	88.898	89.815
GREYMOUTH	7777	6210
NELSON		7482 RD
PICTON	115R	705
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 705 Picton</i>		
<b>CHRISTCHURCH/NORTH CANTERBURY</b>		
CHRISTCHURCH CENT.	524.021	324.664
CHRISTCHURCH N.E.	559.684	856.145
CHRISTCHURCH N.W.	238.077	584.900
CHRISTCHURCH SOUTH	843.734	885.708
HORNBY	498.591	482.049 ext 617
HURUNUI	841 Omihini	48.592 Amberley
KAIAPOI	8713	
KAIKOURA	715	706
OXFORD	24086 Ox	832 Cust
RICCARTON	41850	
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 559.684 or 429.028</i>		
<b>SOUTH CANTERBURY/NORTH OTAGO</b>		
ASHBURTON	21.804	7957
MACKENZIE	712	8256
NORTH OTAGO	29.572	71.384
TIMARU	61.683	61.869
WAIMATE	WIO 828	8357 WIO
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 8222 Fairlie</i>		
<b>OTAGO/SOUTHLAND</b>		
BALCLUTHA	82.892	82.549
CROMWELL	805 Tarras	50.747
DUNEDIN	879.634	876.333
GORE	42.239	763 Puk
INVERCARGILL	86.538	82.750
LAWRENCE	128D	25
QUEENSTOWN	884 Arrowtown	
WINTON	544 CB	692
<i>FIELD REPRESENTATIVE 544 Centre Bush</i>		

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 4120, Brisbane.

**NEW ZEALAND OFFICE**  
 P.O. Box 33-424, Takapuna, Auckland.

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# DON'T MISS THESE TWO CONVENTIONS

- 1984 Australian National Convention, March 28-31, Surfers Paradise
- 1985 World Convention, March 26-30, Melbourne

Write for details to:  
**FGBMFI Convention Secretary**  
 P.O. Box 1252  
 Southport, QLD  
 AUSTRALIA 4215.

Not all of Otorohanga photographer Richard Wallace's work gains him the recognition this one has. Entitled 'Tender Moments', it won first prize in the Bible Society of New Zealand's competition for photographs depicting an aspect of Psalm 23.

In the following story Richard Wallace recalls a "tender moment" in his own life — a moment of comfort, but also of challenge and change...



## 'Tender Moments'

**I**n 1942 I was a two year old boy lying in a New Plymouth Public Hospital bed. My parents had been told I only had a few hours to live.

Mum and Dad weren't praying for me, but I guess they were praying that day as they sat anxiously by my bed, watching the life ebb out of their son.

My only memory of that critical time is a sense that I was on the edge

of eternity, and about to slip in.

I am told that the miracle of penicillin kept me alive, but there is no doubt that that childhood experience made me profoundly aware of the spiritual dimension of life.

As I was growing up my lifestyle was not one that got me into a lot of trouble. Probably the cheekiest thing I ever did was when I was 16 and had taken the office girl from the

place I worked to a dance. While we were there I spotted a very attractive girl sitting by herself in the hall. I quickly took my date home (her father had asked that she be home early) and then rushed back to the dance to chat up the other girl. It was just as well I did — she's now my wife!

At the time, of course, I couldn't see how a 16 year old guy could stay with the same girl for four years and eventually marry her. Neither could my parents. Dad often said to me: "Give that girl up! Quit that girl!". Instead, our love quietly grew until in 1961 Ruve and I were married.

It was the time of the great exodus of Kiwis across the Tasman, so Ruve and I decided to join in and soon found ourselves in Adelaide without jobs and with few prospects of getting work: My scholastic record had been pretty mediocre and my job in the motor industry left me without satisfaction or fulfillment. Photography had become my growing interest. I wanted a new start.

In an unexpected way I was given the opportunity to work (without wages) for a talented photographer. About the same time a lady asked us to live in her home, rent free, while she was travelling overseas. So we were able to manage on Ruve's modest wage.

Later we moved to Brisbane where we met a man who was into Theosophy. He was a noble-looking character and terrifically healthy — he was 80 but he didn't look a day over 55. Among other things he told us that Jesus Christ was just a walking stick for weak people.

This knocked us back somewhat. We had both made a decision to

follow Jesus during a Billy Graham crusade back in Otorohanga in 1959 and had been trying to stay faithful ever since.

In Adelaide we had attended church and taught Sunday School. And we used to kneel together beside our bed each night and pray. And we knew that the Bible was important, but it all seemed rather unreal and often very dry.

So we began to read the books our Theosophy friend lent us in an attempt to find a deeper spiritual reality. We found a spiritual reality, all right, but it was spooky. Occult practices, spirits in trees, that sort of thing.

At the time we were living in a one-roomed flat which had an outside toilet. For the entire year we were reading his material I never visited the toilet at night — I was petrified of the spirits I might encounter.

We realised that Theosophy wasn't the answer, and later, when we came home to Otorohanga, we arrived at the same conclusion about Scientology.

Our minds were full of questions. Did Jesus go through all that agony on the cross just so we could sit in a pew once a week as part of a captive audience listening to mere words? To me it didn't add up. I wanted to know how Christianity worked in practice.

In 1970 God revealed himself to us in a beautiful way. I was taking some studio portraits of a girl who just gained her B.A. I told her how lucky she was to have a degree and she replied by saying she never would have got it without Jesus.

"OK Lois, what do you mean?" I asked, thinking she was pretty naive.

For an hour she told me about the reality of God and how the Holy Spirit can give you direction and power in your life. I was impressed. Here at last was someone who seemed to know what it was all about. We invited her and her husband to a barbecue to carry on the discussion. I was still skeptical but after we had talked for a while they asked if they could pray for us. We agreed, and shut our eyes, and pretty soon I felt two hands on my head. It felt good. Then they began to pray.

It wasn't the ordinary style of prayer I was used to, it really was God speaking. These are the words Ruve and I heard:

*"My children, I have called you. I have a plan for your lives. Continue to seek after me and you will enter into all that I have for you. You are to be a light in this town. As your house looks over this valley, so many people will look up to you."*

For the first time in years I broke down and cried. I don't mean a couple of tears came out of my eyes, I cracked up! I went outside and sat on the terrace, saying: "What's going on, God? What are you saying to me?"

I had never thought of God as a father. No-one had ever told me that he considered us to be his own family, his own children. It was all too much for me.

That night was a turning point in our lives and in our family. We began to learn the principles of God's word and to apply them in our lives.

For example, we always had problems in disciplining our children. We tended to be indulgent and the kids took advantage of us.

One day we had a Christian couple around for tea. After the children had gone to bed they said: "We notice how badly behaved your children are. Can we make a few suggestions?"

Now if there's one sure way of losing friends, it's by saying that! But they were right and we knew it. They cared enough about us to risk their relationship with us and point out the facts.

In ten minutes they had given us the biblical principles of child rearing and for the first time we began to get order into our home. We stopped threatening the children and started instructing them.

Discipline was no longer a haphazard business done only after Ruve or I had blown our stack. Now the children knew where they stood and a much greater sense of security came into their lives.

It's not cruel to physically discipline your children. It's cruel to hit in anger but the Bible says if you discipline your child you keep his soul out of hell — and you can't state it plainer than that!

The Christian life is not a game. You can sing and pray in church till you're hoarse, but the crunch is in whether you live what you believe. It's faith working through love. Not the rigid, dogmatic attitude of a wowser but the simple, uncluttered honesty of calling a spade a spade and getting on with the job of loving God and loving your neighbour through the power of God's Holy Spirit.

And that's exciting! It's as exciting to walk with Jesus today as it was 13 years ago when I first called God my father, and he called me his child.

## 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."

**When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know so that we may send you further information. Mail the adjacent coupon now.**

SOUTH PACIFIC  
**VOICE**

Number 27

Designed and laid up by  
Ploughshare Press Pollen Street Thames.  
Printed by Institute Press Aitken Terrace  
Auckland.



## 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.

**FULL GOSPEL  
BUSINESS MEN'S  
FELLOWSHIP  
INTERNATIONAL**



P.O. Box 33-424 Takapuna, Auckland.  
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- Please send me information on how to be a Christian
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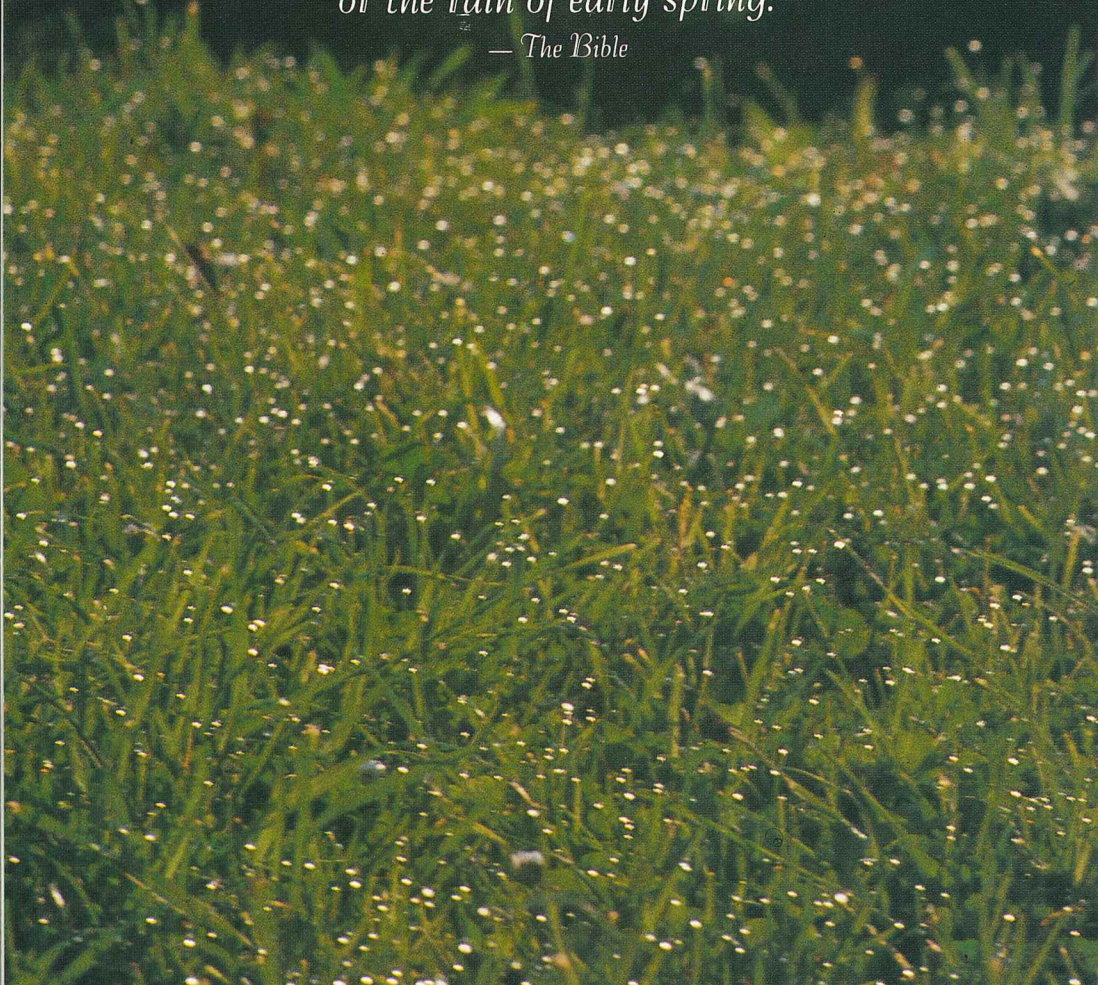
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*Oh that we might know the Lord!  
Let us press on to know him,  
and he will respond to us  
as surely as the coming of dawn  
or the rain of early spring.*

*— The Bible*

A close-up photograph of a lush green lawn filled with numerous small, delicate white flowers, possibly daisies, scattered throughout the grass. The lighting is bright, creating a vibrant and fresh appearance.

**FROM: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 33-424, Takapuna, Auckland;  
P.O. Box 67, Stones Corner, 4210, Brisbane**