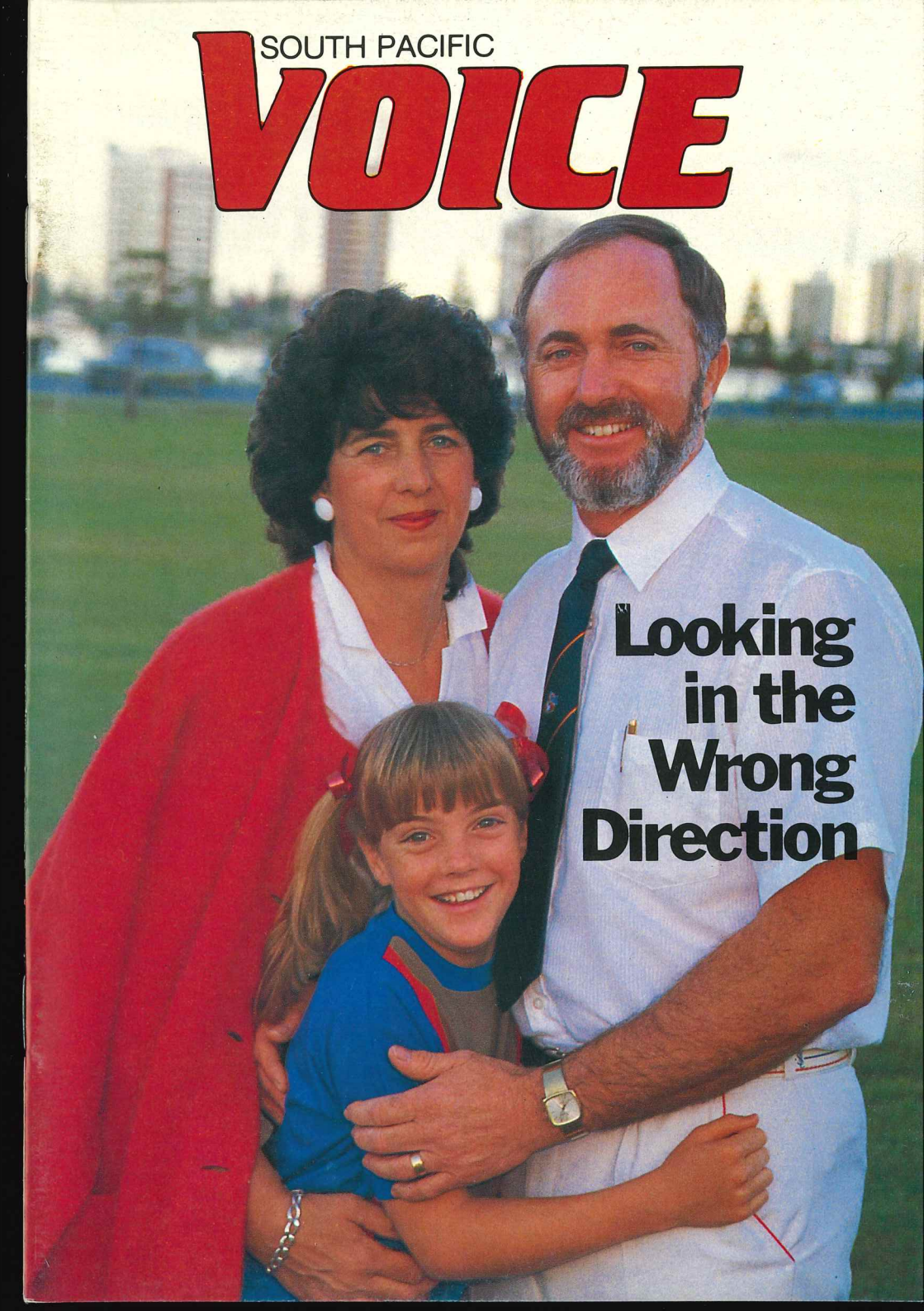


SOUTH PACIFIC
VOICE



**Looking
in the
Wrong
Direction**

Looking in the Wrong Direction

Brian Cameron-Smith
Gold Coast, QLD

“**D**ad, if I’m an embarrassment to you; if you’re too embarrassed to tell your mates at the pub, or your mates in your lodge, that your son’s going through a divorce, I’ll go and do it for you. I’ve made my stand, dad, and that’s it. There’s no going back.”

It took all the courage and strength I could muster to front up to my father. He was a proud man and from the time he and my mother first heard that I had separated from my wife, they told me they didn’t want to see me again. Divorce was an unmentionable word in our family. We all had a very straight, traditional church upbringing and to even suggest that such a thing as divorce existed as a tragic fact of life was unthinkable. Yet, here I was, their son, bringing a stigma upon the whole family. The very first to let the side down.

But that was never my intention. Raised in the church, I was deeply involved up to the age of about 21 or so. As a young man I had made a commitment of my life to Jesus Christ. I had taught Sunday School and helped with Boys’ Brigade and then became caught up in the youth department of the church. I even served on the state youth board for our denomination and decided by the age of about 18 that a life in the ministry was where I was headed. I decided that I wanted to be a pastor and follow in the footsteps of my older brother who was already in theological college. My qualifications for such a calling were in order and I fronted up for the interview for acceptance into the college.

Second thoughts

There seemed to be something final about such a move. To enter the minis-



Hour
FILM SERVICE

ONE HOUR
PHOTO
SERVICE

FOTOGRAFICA

Instant
Passport
Photos

Passports



try was in my eyes a forever thing; it was final. And that thought shook me to my foundations. Was I ready for such a move? I wasn't sure and I started to look around and take stock of myself. The reality of committing myself to one thing for the rest of my life started me thinking a little.

I looked at the people in the church I was in. In the past I had been too busy being involved to really notice what they were like; but looking at them now in church and then on Mondays. I began to see two different people. What they were doing on Sunday had no reality for them on Monday, or for the rest of the week. A lot of them were a bunch of charlie false faces; they didn't live out their Christian experience; some were ineffectual and weak; some were dishonest in the way they conducted their business; others compromised their so-called Christian belief every step of the way.

"Good grief," I thought, "if these people represent what Christianity is all about; if what I have been living for is no more than what I can see in the people of my church, then I want nothing to do with it. I want out."

And out I went. A slow drift towards the church door and away from everything I had lived for; turned off by what I saw as a weak, insipid, unthinking and dishonest lifestyle which people called Christianity.

I had married while still in the church. It was the expected thing to do. Everybody did. Traditional. Consequently I never gave it too much thought. My wife and I made our home on the North Coast. I was trained as an electrical fitter and mechanic and landed a job as works manager with a light engineering company. I loved to socialise and it wasn't too long before I was right into the whole social trip. Parties, drink, women. Out late; not coming home. Drink got a real hold on me and became a problem which I found increasingly difficult to handle.

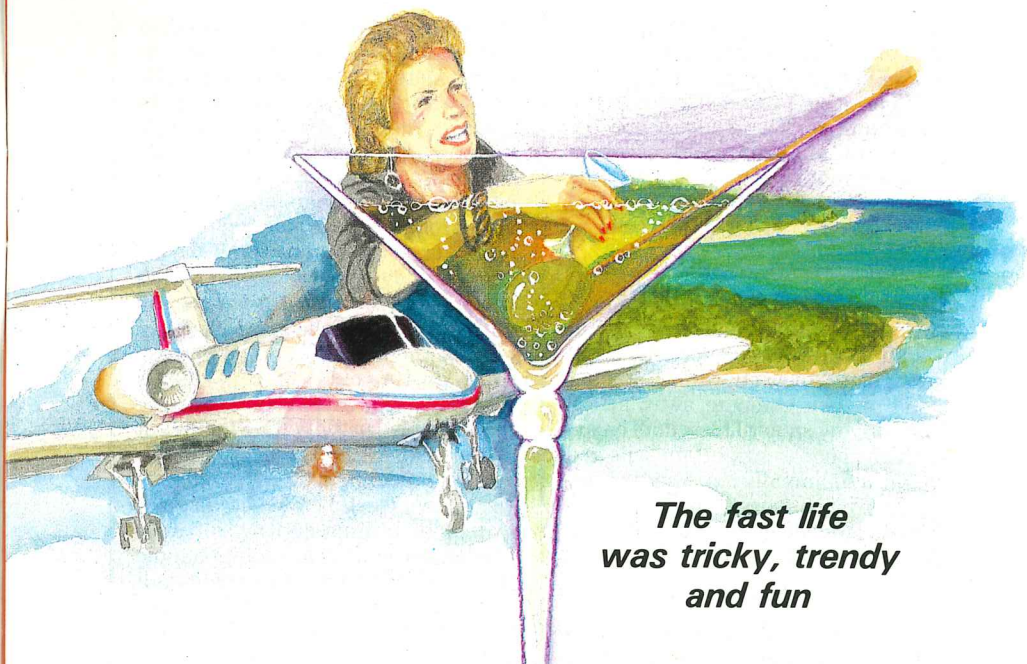
About two years in the job and I branched out on my own, purchasing an electrical contracting business. I don't really think I put the energy into it that it really needed. I was too much into the socialising and neglected not only the business but my family too. We had two children at this stage. They suffered. My wife couldn't hack the pace I was living at; nor could she handle being used and neglected; being a convenience for me at home when I decided I needed her. Around 1969 we separated.

Just prior to that my business collapsed and I lost all the money I had. Debts accumulated from both the business and the socialising and drinking hung heavy on my shoulders. In a period of about one month I had lost my business and my family. I was devastated by the whole situation. It seemed to me that I had allowed the shortcomings of other people to influence my conception of what Christianity was all about. I looked at their lives and was horribly disappointed in what I saw and I let that disappointment become my excuse for giving religion away.

Starting over

I returned to Brisbane broken and broke; \$10 in my pocket and a pile of debts hanging over me. I had lost two stone in one month since the separation from my wife began.

It doesn't matter if you're in debt for a thousand dollars or a million dollars. If you can't pay, you can't pay and that's all there is to it. On moving back to Brisbane it didn't take me long to get into work. In fact I had the job arranged before I left the North Coast and once I got some digs back in the city I started as a sales engineer for an electrical manufacturer. The flow of cash again was good but I didn't channel any of it in the direction of my creditors; instead I used it to continue the partying lifestyle I had got myself into.



The fast life was tricky, trendy and fun

Excessive drinking dominated my life and I got further and further into the wild life. I was smoking four packets of cigarettes a day, too, and that wasn't too hot on my health. Every night at five o'clock I'd leave work and head for the hotel – the best in town! I'd sit myself down in the cocktail bar and there I'd stay until closing. It wasn't too long before I became good friends with the barman and we began to explore the night life together. Once the bar had closed at midnight we headed off to find a nightclub or some other such entertainment, and we took in the action there until two or three or four o'clock. It was a blast. But then came the drive home.

Being completely wasted and out of my head was not the safest condition to be in sitting behind the wheel of a motorcar. I'd often wake up in the morning at home and be unable to work out how I got there. It used to give me a fright and I'd rush outside to see if my car was in the garage.

Sure enough, it was. But I never remembered driving it.

My whole existence was a facade of drinking and partying. The bright lights and the bottle of booze were cover-ups behind which I could hide. Reality was somewhere else; it certainly wasn't my companion. I immersed myself in much socialising so that I didn't have to face responsibility or the issues of life. Maturity, I learned later, doesn't come with age; only with accepting responsibility. And that was something I didn't want to do.

So, while on the one hand the life I was leading was just a facade, a hiding from myself, on the other it was a real buzz. The fast life was tricky, trendy and fun. There's no denying that. I enjoyed it. The company had its own chartered turbo-jet which would fly us away for a weekend of partying on Brampton Island and then fly us back in time for a week's business. And at the end of that week

we would all fly away to Brampton Island for another weekend if we were so inclined. It was great.

But even so, I was conscious of the rot setting in. The whole scene became a bit of a trap which was boxing me in more and more as I became a slave to drink and the other vices of "high society". But I didn't want to change. I liked it too much.

All this, of course, cost money. Money I didn't really have. I had paid back all my creditors with the aid of a loan from the bank for which my father had stood guarantor. But instead of then chipping away at the loan with my salary I blew it all on living high; I had to support my wife and children financially too. I had a company car so I guess from an onlooker's point of view I was doing all right. But I knew differently.

Yana

Yana knew real estate. I'd met up with her in the course of my social life and we seemed to hit it off. She told me that if I could sell electrical ware then I could sell real estate and make 10 times more money into the bargain. What further incentive did I need? We teamed up and joined a real estate company (we teamed up marriage-wise later on too!) just at the time of a property boom on the Gold Coast. In our first year of operation we made in excess of \$72,000 which for 1971 was an awful lot of money, far more than I had ever seen before.

From having nothing, through real estate I now had plenty. It was great. Yana and I never ate at home — always dined out at restaurants, seven nights a week. If before I struggled to keep up with the fast life, now I could tackle it with ease. At least as far as having the necessary finance was concerned. The best cigars were a necessity; so was the best wine. In fact I made sure we had the best of everything.

The following year we took a break

in S.E. Asia and blew \$5000 spending money in 10 days. At home we invested in a Merc sports car for Yana while I drove a large American vehicle. In a sense, though, the whole lifestyle was still a facade behind which I could escape from the issues and responsibilities of life. I mean, once the tripping around is over and you're back home; once the novelty of all the expensive things your new-found wealth can purchase wears off, what are you left with? It's finished. All you have left are memories. There is nothing there. Just a void.

In 1974 a change in Federal government resulted in the bottom falling out of the real estate business. Big development deals we were working on went down the tubes. Whereas prior to that both Yana and myself were needed seven days a week to handle the work, in '74 one of us could do it alone. So I looked around for something else to get into while Yana continued with the real estate.

I met up with a guy and we decided to form a partnership manufacturing photographic equipment. We produced the equipment together and I marketed it. Then I taught myself photography and opened up three small studios in Brisbane using the equipment I had manufactured. The studios were a fast photo service specialising in child portraits. The demand for the service was such that we built up a very successful operation over the next three-and-a-half years. At that point we sold the studios and established a similar business on the Gold Coast. But not before a significant change had occurred in my life.

Something's happening

Running three studios meant that I needed to employ staff. One time a guy came round looking for a job. He was rather persistent and not easily put off. I didn't know if I wanted to employ him or not and told him I'd think about it. The following day he turned

up at the shop and stated that he was here to start work! I stood and looked at him and scratched my head. Usually it's the employer who tells the applicant that he's got the job, not the other way round! But I admired his initiative and put him to work right away.

Yana had started work in the photographic studios by this time and she arrived home one night not too long after this fellow had started work. He was in the studio that Yana ran. "A strange thing happened today," she said when she got in. "That guy you gave the job to is a Christian".

"So what?" I replied. "So are a lot of other people."

"Well, I had a terrible headache this afternoon and happened to tell him about it," she continued. "So he told me to sit down, right in the middle of the shop, and said he'd pray for me. He put his hand on my head, not the least bit concerned that other people were watching, and prayed for the headache to be cured. And it was. As soon as he finished praying, the headache was gone."

"He probably frightened the hell out of it!" I responded sarcastically. And I let the whole incident pass out of my mind.

A week later there was another "incident". Only this time I couldn't pass it off as a coincidence or anything else. Yana rang me from the studio. The machine which produces the quick photographs had broken down and there were 13 prints still to be processed. The people wanting the prints were waiting in the studio (we guaranteed to have all work through in three minutes, that was our service). With the machine out we were not going to be able to live up to our three minute promise.

Since I had manufactured the machine I knew exactly, from Yana's description, what had happened. A vacuum head had snapped off by paper going into the machine out of

line. There was nothing that Yana could do. The part would need to be replaced and we couldn't do that until tomorrow. "Tell the people we are very sorry but they'll have to come back tomorrow," I said to Yana. She hung up only to find this guy determined to get the 13 prints out for the people waiting. He wasn't put off at all by diagnosis of the situation. Instead, Yana told me later, he walked over to the machine, put his hands on it and began to pray — with the people watching! I don't know what kind of outfit they thought we were running. Anyway, he said, "Lord, you've told me to work in this place (I suddenly had the feeling when I heard that, that I hadn't had all that much say in his employment) and so I expect you to bless me and this studio. Lord, I need these 13 prints now. Thank you." And with that he pushed the start button on the machine and out came the 13 prints. He then put another one through, but the machine didn't produce the 14th print. He'd asked for 13, and 13 was what he got.

When Yana told me all this I didn't believe her. Then I thought I must have diagnosed the problem wrongly because there was absolutely no way the machine could produce prints if the vacuum head was broken. We both went down to the studio the next day to check it out. Sure enough, the vacuum head was broken. Yet, after the prayer, the machine had produced the prints. It couldn't happen; but it did.

For the first time in my life I had witnessed a physical phenomenon that I couldn't explain. I had a clinical mind, especially when it came to machines, so I knew when something had happened that shouldn't have taken place. This was one of those times. Yet I still dismissed it.

Back to the hotel

We knew what was coming next and both Yana and I tried to work out when this bloke would invite us to

church. We composed a thousand reasons why we wouldn't accept his invitation when it finally did come and always looked at him sideways whenever we saw him approaching us.

It happened a few months later. He never hid his Christianity; he wasn't ashamed of it. And he did the same things at work as I knew people did at church — thinks like praying. I knew that, because I had seen it. Somehow he shattered all my preconceived notions of what Christian people were like. He was different. How different, we were about to find out.

He came up to us. "Would you like," he began, (*Here it comes*, we thought, and braced ourselves), "to come out with me for dinner to the Park Royal Hotel?" You could have knocked me over. The Park Royal certainly wasn't church. In fact it was one of the best hotels in the city and we frequented it regularly. It turned out that the 1976 National Convention of some group he belonged to was taking place there. The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, he called it. They were having a dinner followed by a meeting of sorts. I was so taken aback that I accepted his invitation and we duly accompanied him to the hotel.

The place was packed full. The people there were supposed to be Christian but they were nothing like the Christianity I had known. "There's no way these people are Christians," I said to my host. "They look too happy and ordinary. And they've got these supercilious grins all over their faces!" I had always called Christians lemon-suckers because they looked a pretty sour-faced lot. They were a belittling sort of people. Mousey.

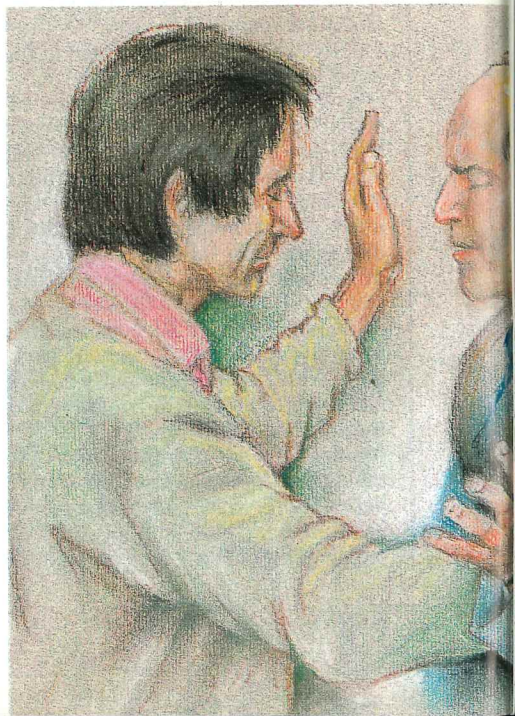
But in that room my definitions and assumptions took a nose dive. These people were different. There was something about them that I couldn't shake. There was a genuineness there that I'd never seen too much in the church I had been raised in. Both

Yana and I were deeply moved by the whole experience.

Towards the end of the evening the preacher started praying for sick people. *Wow! Is this real or is this real*, I thought to myself. Inside of me all these years I had hoped that God could do such things. In Sunday School the teacher used to say to us that Jesus Christ was the same yesterday, today and forever. And I used to bounce back with, "How come we don't see people getting healed now then?"

But here it was happening in front of my eyes. The preacher was putting his hands on people's heads, they were falling down and after a while hopping up saying they were healed.

I had had a car accident at 21 that left the top two bones of my spine permanently damaged. From that time headaches were a constant drain on my energy. I woke every morning with them and went to bed every night the same. I'd been to doctors and chiropractors for help and the only thing they were able to do was put me in hospital every six months for



manipulation of my spine. There was no lasting relief, but at least this way I started off every six months feeling okay.

I decided that I'd go up the front to see if God would heal me. Lying beside me was a lady in a mobile bed. I thought she needed it far more than me so I told God to give all the power to her because she needed it. I could learn to live with my complaint. Eventually they came and prayed for me . . . and I didn't get healed. I guess I wasn't expecting to but it made me sceptical of the whole thing.

Finally made it

A week after the convention the FGBMFI had a visiting preacher come through the city. He was a healer too. My spine had been particularly bad over the last week and I had been feeling pretty crook with it, so I decided to go.

At the appropriate time I went up to the front of the meeting to be prayed for. There were over 1000 people present. They seemed to have

rather large gatherings, these Full Gospel people! The preacher put his finger on my forehead. I heard him say, "Be healed in the name of Jesus." And I went down flat on my back. When I got up there was no pain in my spine and I've not had the problem to this day.

Now we were really cooking. Yana and I decided we would go to a Bible study to find out more. Of course I knew the Bible quite well from my past but never in the way that these people we had come into contact with did. The first time we went the leader was taking a study on the book of Revelation, the last one in the Bible. I'd been told years back that we were never meant to understand this book. It was secret and we'd have to wait until the end of the world before God would tell us what it was about. But here was this leader explaining it in terms that were easy enough to grasp.

He was talking about Jesus coming back and the fall of the economy world wide and many other things that were currently happening in the



The perfect gift for friends of yours.


When you give a subscription to *South Pacific Voice* you do more than pay your friends a compliment. You open their lives to the blessing of God.

Gift subscriptions are an ideal gift for friends, neighbours, family members, workmates and business colleagues. Just fill out the coupon and we'll do the rest.

Rates are as follows (per 11 issues, quoted in NZ dollars):

Surface mail within	
New Zealand	\$10.00
Surface mail overseas	\$13.00
Airmail to Australia and	
South Pacific	\$15.50
Airmail to North America	
and Asia	\$19.00
Airmail to South America,	
Europe, Africa and	
Middle East	\$21.50



Please send gift subscriptions of *South Pacific Voice* to: 

and

Send the renewal notice to me:

I enclose payment of \$ _____

Please send me additional gift subscription forms.

Clip and post to *South Pacific Voice*,
P.O. Box 33-424, Auckland, N.Z.

world. It blew me out to think that this book actually had written between its pages the things that were happening in the world now. That gave the things it said about the future credibility. That meant that it was entirely feasible that Jesus Christ could return to this earth – any time. And it got me thinking how it'd be if I had to stand before him and tell him how I'd lived my life. At that point I didn't have too much to be proud of. I was 31. Figured I had 40 more years to live at least. The reality of it all hit me between the eyes. I could live my life for myself, never really finding what it was that I needed to fill the gap in my life, and finally end up in hell. Or, I could face up to the return of Christ, live my life for him now and experience the completeness that would make my existence count. I began to see that God wasn't interested in being relegated to Sundays. He was to be relevant in all areas of my life – at church, in my home, in my business and in my social life. It was all or nothing. And I chose all.

At that study I committed my life to Christ. I asked his forgiveness for the way I had lived my life over the past ten years or so. I asked him to control my life. Yana did too and together we discovered what it meant to be Christian; what it meant to know God.

Brian Cameron-Smith is a Regional Director with FGBMFI. He operates a photographic business and a small printing business in the Pacific Fair Shopping Centre on the Gold Coast.

Brian is also Chairman of the Board of the Gold Coast Christian Ministry Training College.

On the following pages Brian outlines part of his philosophy in business and explains why for him credibility is the name of the game.

BUSINESS NOTEBOOK

Brian Cameron-Smith on

Credibility

In business Brian Cameron-Smith has learned one thing: being a Christian doesn't guarantee success. "It takes a lot of strength, guts and courage to be a Christian," he says.

In 1979, he and his wife Yana took a break from their successful photographic business and their real estate concern and headed overseas for six months. They leased their interests out while they were away and returned to find that the budgets they had calculated for were not being met. Drastic changes were needed.

Following on the heels of this shortfall a slump occurred in the real estate market in 1981 and the Cameron-Smiths found that they were not able to service their loans adequately.

Things were looking rather embarrassing for Brian. The

president of the local FGBMFI chapter, he stood to lose his businesses and his credibility.

He needed help. "Man is not an island," Brian reflected, remembering the words of John Donne, "And I had to turn to the men in the FGBMFI chapter for help. This I found difficult. It is easy to give help but it's not so easy to receive it."

An accountant and a business consultant from the chapter assessed Brian's business and pointed out to him some principles from the Bible which were pertinent to his situation.

"Proverbs 27, verses 23 and 24, taught me a real lesson on knowing the state of my business all the time," comments Brian.

"The results of such diligence are outlined in verses 25 to 27 of that chapter.

"Be sure to know the condition of your flocks, give careful attention to your herds; for riches do not endure for ever, and a crown is not secure for all generations. When the hay is removed and new growth appears and the grass from the hills is gathered in, the lambs will provide you with clothing, and the goats with a price of a field. You will have plenty of goats milk to feed you and your family..."

"My businesses had got into the state they were in because of mismanagement — just as the Bible predicts. I couldn't blame anyone except myself."

From that point, says Brian, God started teaching him and guiding him on the road to recovery in his business. And the word was work. Hard work.

Yana, too, was praying and the Lord led her to a scripture in Isaiah chapter 30:

"Whether you turn to the right or to the left, your ears will hear a voice behind you, saying, 'This is the way; walk in it!'"

Confidence to tackle the situation was what Brian needed and this scripture certainly gave it to him. "I knew that I could walk forward in confidence," explained Brian. "Even if I put a foot wrong, God would show me. It was obvious there was going to be no miraculous short cuts. It was going to be hard, steady, work. One step at a time."

Both Yana and Brian set about the task with vigour. They worked long hours, 12 to 14 a day for six days a week. Within two years they had put the business back on its feet — all creditors were paid back, including one company

to which they owed \$15,000. The bank loan in excess of \$50,000 was paid back and they had paid all taxes owed by their business. Of the feat, their accountant commented, "Two years ago I had written Brian and Yana's business off. The fact that they got it back on its feet is proof of the power of God working in their lives."

"Even though God is blessing us and guiding us," says Brian, "it is still hard work. There is no easy way to succeed in business."

Competitors

How does a businessman cope with competitors? According to Brian Cameron-Smith you can do one of three things. First, you can worry about them to the point where you become paranoid. Second, you can resent them. (But neither of these two approaches achieves anything, except perhaps giving you an ulcer, says Brian.) Third, you can pray for them and continue to work hard and to be diligent in applying the principles of God to your own business.

"I believe in having a fair price for a fair product. I don't undercut my competitor's price just to get the business. My price is determined by my profitability margin; not by my competitor. I haven't changed my prices for two years now. They are not excessive prices; neither are they cheap."

Brian tells of the situation where a store next to his quick print photographic studio installed a quick print process worth a quarter of a million dollars. It far exceeded his operation in size. One of his employees rang in quite a state as she thought such an operation right next door would put the Cameron-Smiths out of

business. "They'll send us broke," she said.

"Let's get one thing straight," Brian informed her. "God is in control of this business. He is my supplier and I am not dictated to by what my competitors do. If that company wants to install that machine then God bless them. You can rest assured that your job will in no way be threatened."

Last Christmas that particular company had to cut their prices in half in order to attract business. Their price was much lower than what the Cameron-Smiths were charging, yet Cameron-Smith had to put on two shifts to cope with the work.

"Providing we work in accordance with the principles and purposes of God," says Brian, "God is a God of blessing who is able to transcend the prevailing conditions."

Faith versus expertise

How should faith and expertise relate? For Brian there are two main considerations. Firstly, God is an integral part of a person's life. It is impossible to separate out any part or area of life where God is irrelevant. Secondly, nothing is impossible to God.

That means that what is good for Sunday must apply for the rest of the week as well, and it means that there is no situation that is outside the control of God.

"God has voluntarily limited himself to operate within parameters that he instituted. That is, the sun always rises and sets; you reap what you sow. All knowledge comes from God and no man has all knowledge. We all have a little. Now," continues Brian, "I have certain knowledge and expertise which are gifts from

God. If I don't use that knowledge and expertise, then I am a bad steward of what God has given me. My accountant has gifts which are different from mine. I need his gifts to complement mine; my staff have different gifts and abilities to mine and without them my business would not be able to operate. We all must do what we know to do.

"As an employer I must follow principles of faith outlined in scripture. I must pay my staff correct wages and pay them on time. Personally I am not into supposedly "super-spiritual" stuff with a lot of froth and bubble. I don't like fluffy Christians. I see the principles in scripture; I have gifts and abilities given by God; I should obey the principles and use my gifts.

"Faith and expertise are inseparable. God isn't a magic wand to cure our negligence or laziness. The principles of God demand I work hard with what I've got and leave God to undertake his end of the deal."

"Each day I must pray for wisdom. I just don't sit round and do nothing in the face of competition or adverse circumstance. I ask for wisdom, I believe I have what I ask for (if I don't believe then I'm just a hypocrite) and then I act within the bounds of God's principles and the gifts he has given me.

"Apart from my personal life," concludes Brian, "my business should attract other businessmen to Christ. It should, through its stability and its non-dependence on the economy, competitors, circumstance or political situation, become a challenge to non-Christians to investigate the basis on which it is run."

Learning to be a Man

John Higgs,
Masterton, N.Z.

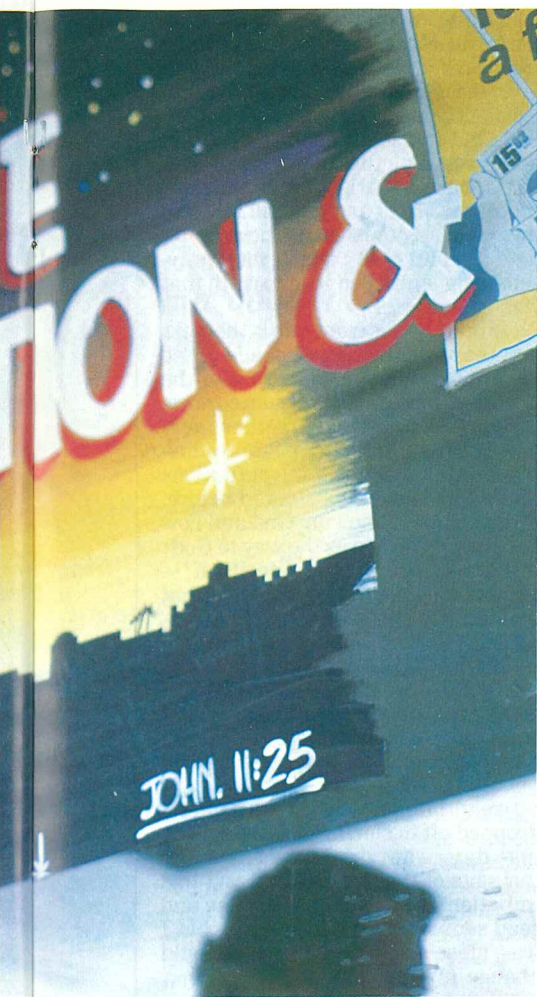


From my father I learned the importance of hard work. What I didn't learn (and still hadn't learned 30 years later) was that there's more to life than work. And that a workaholic can destroy his family just as successfully as an alcoholic can.

To my dad achievement was everything, and so that's how I perceived life and manliness. In our home family activities centred around work. As a young man achievement in work

and sport were the driving force, gaining for me influence and acceptance in my peer group. Life consisted of making successful choices, but in a detached sort of way so as not to become dependent on others. Unfortunately, such a philosophy doesn't do much to build relationships. On the contrary, it produces a false world of self-sufficiency.

Because my father had lost his job as a carpenter through the Depres-



sion, he was very conscious of the need for me to have a protected trade. He gave me the choice of becoming an electrician or a plumber, and I chose the latter. I worked hard at the trade from the age of 15, eventually branching out into my own business.

I married Sandra at 22, and as we had our family I continued to work harder and harder to provide us with a higher standard of living than the one I had had as a child. Swimming

pool, spacious home, immaculate grounds, well-bred children – on the outside, everything a person could want. Lots of friends to bolster the sense of identity as a successful family.

Slow drift

But while the surface looked good, there was nothing underneath to sustain a real relationship. I didn't have the time to put into the kind of heart-to-heart communication that would have kept our love alive. So Sandra and I began the slow drift apart.

Sport and service organisations began to eat up whatever time I had left after work. I suppose the service organisations were an attempt to ease my conscience over the neglect of my own family. I became president of the Lions Club, as well as being on numerous other committees. I was also president of the local squash club.

This whirlwind life left little time for me to reflect on the role I was playing in the life of my wife and children. But it did give me plenty of time for socialising outside the family. I was smoking 40 cigarettes a day, no trouble, and was drinking my way towards alcoholism – all in the attempt to extract enjoyment out of life and to put up a confident front.

I managed to fool myself, but not my family. One day my son said to me, "Dad, I would rather have you at home to play footy with me than have all the fancy toys and games you've bought me." What an indictment: being told by your own children to stop buying their love.

Shattering

It is a shattering thing to realise that you are a failure inside. It doesn't matter what sort of front you put up, sooner or later you find out the truth about yourself; and from then on you try to avoid facing up to it.

We planned a family Christmas at Waitarere in 1979, which was going to be followed by a sea cruise in the Pacific. I decided that I was too busy to be able to take the cruise and even

opted out of accompanying Sandra and the kids on the Christmas break. I stayed at home, working. I didn't want to face spending time with my own family! What would I say to them? Superficial chit-chat would soon show how shallow I really was and would no doubt reveal to them just how untogether things were with me.

So I stayed home, working. The first night I got in after a day at the job and had a strange sense as I entered the house that there was a presence there. Not scary, but peaceful. I had never sensed it before. In fact, for some reason, I decided against going to the pub and eating out like I'd always done whenever I'd been on my own before. I opted for staying in and knocking myself up a meal. It was the first time I'd ever cooked!

I sat down with my bottle or two of beer and my cigs and ate my meal. As I sat there I reflected a little on my life. I intended not to get too involved in analysing myself but somehow my thoughts ran away with me and I was soon delving into my life and what I had made of it. I thought about work and all the pressure that it exerted. I thought about Sandra and the way I related to her and the children. I knew the sort of person I was and I also knew that I'd been running from having to face up to the real me for quite some time. But that night, sitting alone in my own house, it was different. There was nowhere to run and I sat and looked at myself; a pretty sorry picture of a man.

Out of character

We hadn't been a churchgoing family. Sandra took a bit of Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church but I never bothered with such things — too busy! But for some unexplained reason, right there and then, I had a desire to read the Bible. It was a desire that was completely out of character, and it took me by surprise. I almost looked around to make sure no one was reading what was going through my mind. I got up and start-

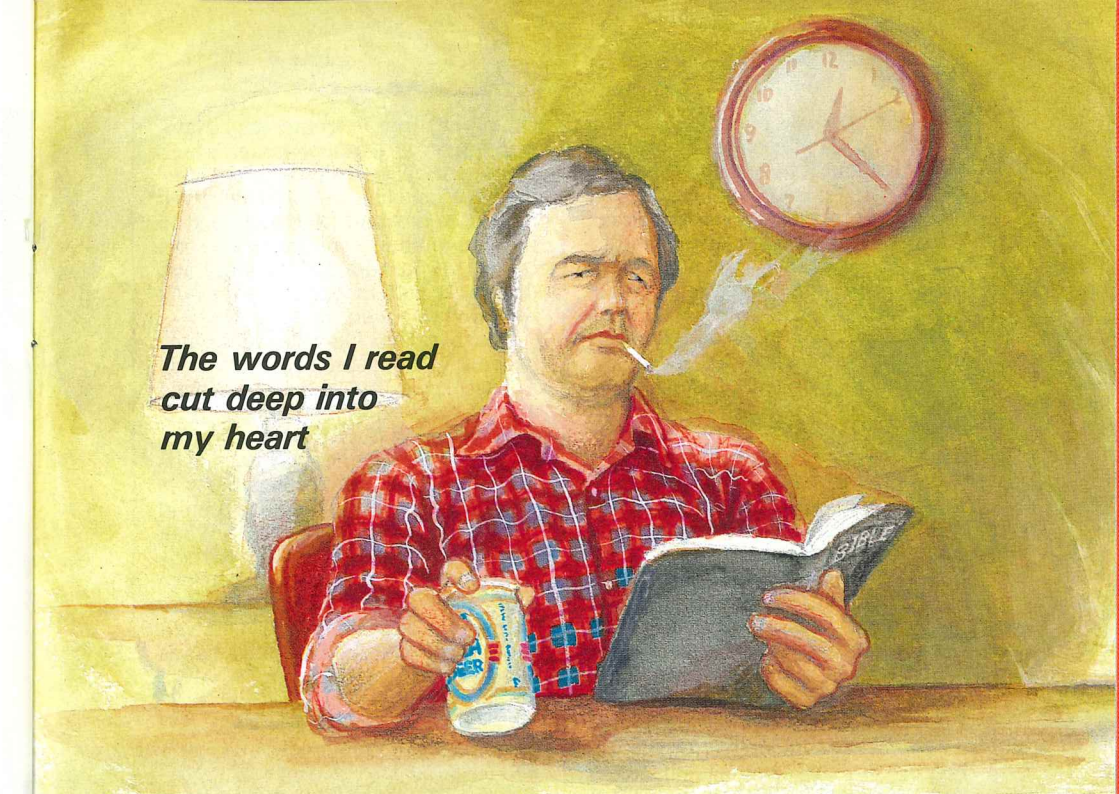
ed looking for a Bible, eventually finding an old King James version hidden away on a forgotten bookshelf. I dusted it down and started reading.

I can't remember what part I started in but it was all about Egypt and how it was a picture of the world with all its sham and bright lights and false promises. I read and read till late into the night, astonished at how up-to-date it all was. As I read I found myself being enveloped in a warmth that was so peaceful.

Coming home from work the next day the same feeling of peace came upon me again. I couldn't shake the desire to read the Bible some more, so I cooked myself up another meal and started reading. I began to discover in those pages some definitions of life I had never considered before. It talked about knowing God and how that Jesus Christ was the way to God; in fact it said he was life itself — without him one merely existed. That painted a picture of my own life — merely existing — and I got this deep sense that the Bible was talking to me. I knew that inside I was nothing, I was dead. I had nothing positive or loving or decisive to offer my family. I wasn't a firm anchor that they could hold on to.

I read late into the night before I dropped off to sleep. Work the following day was dominated by the thoughts of the night before and this impatient urge to get back home and read some more. I had a sense that I was close to something that could change my life somehow.

The third night I repeated the routine (I was getting to know my way round the kitchen by the third night!) and got back into reading the Bible. As I read the same peace enveloped me and the words I read cut deep into my heart. In order to experience the life I had been reading about, the Bible said that I needed to surrender my life to God and ask Jesus to be Boss. I knew what these pages were saying was right — I had to do something otherwise I was doomed to drift along in my present state and there was no



*The words I read
cut deep into
my heart*

telling what the outcome would be.

Right there in my own lounge room I prayed and asked Jesus Christ to come into my life and make me the sort of man he intended. And it happened. Instantly there was a deep, penetrating sense of peace that seemed to radiate from right inside me out through my whole body. A whole new sense of being alive gripped me and I was almost dumbfounded at what was happening.

Compelling

After that night I wanted to go to church. But I had not met too many people whom I considered, in all my self-righteousness, to be good examples of a Christian so I didn't exactly know which church to go to. Until I remembered a lady I had done a plumbing job for. She said she was a Christian and there was something about her, I remembered, that was certainly compelling and true. So I rang her and asked what church she

went to. And that's where I went on my first Sunday. And what a good time it was. The people seemed to radiate joy and the music was nothing like I ever imagined they had in church. It was exhilarating and the whole service was a beautiful experience. It was as if I had found my real home, and I just wept.

I rang Sandra at Waitarere and told her of the experience I'd had. But she showed little reaction. So I told her I had started going to church, but there was still little comment from her. It was almost as if she knew something that I didn't. When Sandra and the kids came home I took them all off to church with me and they seemed to enjoy it. I think the music was attractive to the kids, but whatever it was, it wasn't long before they gave their own lives over to Jesus Christ and became Christians too.

I couldn't get over Sandra. She just seemed to fit into the church like a hand in a glove. I was different. There

was a decisiveness about me now and a new sense of purpose and responsibility that hadn't been in my life previously. Of course, it hadn't just happened overnight. It was a growing thing that had begun in my lounge room when I asked Jesus Christ to take over my life. I guess the change in me was evident to both my children and to my wife and I was beginning to feel rather pleased that I was able to lead Sandra to God through the evidence in my life.

But I was in for a bit of a surprise on that score. Three months later I was asked to address the inaugural meeting of the Masterton chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. The night before that meeting both Sandra and I stood up at church and told the story of how we had become Christians. You can imagine my amazement when I heard Sandra say that she had become a Christian three years before I finally got round to it.

Sandra had a similar experience to my own and had talked about it with a friend who was able to explain what it all meant and lead her to ask Jesus Christ to be the Lord of her life. Sandra did this, but she never told me. She didn't go to church, either, because, as she explained, she felt God was telling her to pray quietly for me. Had she come out with being a Christian and wanting to go to church, I would have been most antagonistic and probably tried to stop her. So instead of doing anything rash, Sandra stayed home and prayed that I too would become a Christian. And it worked. Rather than me leading my wife to God, she led me.

Inspid

It's a strange thing that in New Zealand society it's not considered manly to take the lead in matters of faith and family. It's almost as if men have left those areas to the women. They have tossed over their responsibility to their families and to God and have become weak and inspid creatures looking out only for themselves.

Or, on the other extreme, they maintain some rigid, macho image which sets them up as little dictators over the wives and children God has given them responsibility for. It's hard to find the middle ground where a man is able to communicate lovingly and decisively with his family in the way that God intended.

One thing that I have learned since becoming a Christian is that if I do nothing else except be a good husband and father I will have done what is most pleasing to God. To see my family growing together with each of us taking our rightful responsibility is the one thing that can begin to rebuild the society in which we live. When men take their responsibility to their families, when they learn how to love and communicate and how to represent God to their wives and children, then can they hold their heads up; then will they be men.



John had a lot of learning to do in the area of communication with his wife Sandra, and his two children, Nicola and David, when he became a Christian. But learn he did. Over the time since handing his life over to God he has seen the Lord restore his family and perform miracles of healing in the lives of his children. From the principles they themselves have learned from God's Word, John and Sandra hope to be an example and encouragement to other families. Together they run the family plumbing and heating business in Masterton.

BEYOND CHANCE

Bob Aghan, Vermont, VIC.

We were flying along the Gippsland Coast — me and about twenty other Air Training Corps cadets — when I heard one of the DC-3's engines sputter and then cut out.

Promptly the pilot's voice came over the loudspeaker: "Don't worry, lads, this thing can go just as well on one engine."

Then the other engine cut out.

The pilot's voice was urgent this time.

"Buckle up; we're going down!"

The ground raced up to meet us at a sickening speed and white eyes stared at other white eyes across the cabin as we waited for impact.

Crunch! The undercarriage snapped off as we hit and the plane skidded across a paddock, stopping just short of a rock wall.

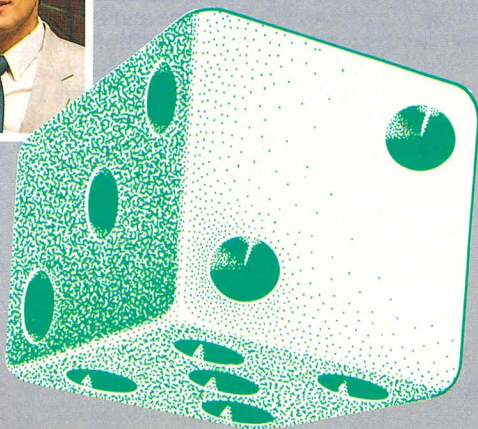
No one was hurt, but it could just as easily have been curtains for all of us. The strange thing was that on the way down I had a deep sense of calm — the feeling that everything was going to be all right. I knew it was God. Don't

ask me how — it was just one of those times when you intuitively know that God is right there. To me, it meant more than just my life was spared. I felt that God was saying to me that he had something special for me to do with my life and it was about time I got my act together and started doing it.

I mentioned these thoughts to my girlfriend after the drama was over but all she had to say was, "Well, if you think you are going to be a minister or something then you'd better get yourself another girl."

Well, I didn't become a minister (at least not a professional one) and Francine did marry me. We tried hard to be good Christians in our own way, but as the children started to grow it became more of an effort to keep it up.

We were going to a small church and I felt an obligation to help out where I could. My name was on the preaching roster and every so often it would come around to my turn. I didn't enjoy it very much. I had better things to do with my time than pre-



pare sermons. One Sunday I was behind the pulpit preaching about the Holy Spirit. It seemed to be coming across all right (probably because I got most of what I was saying out of the scriptures listed in a pamphlet I had found). I was preaching that Jesus is alive and that he gives the Holy Spirit to those who ask him, to empower them to live a victorious Christian life.

After it was all over some of the people came up to me and told me it was the best sermon they had ever heard me preach. Maybe it was, but I went home feeling miserable. God was telling me loud and clear that I was the biggest hypocrite in the church. And I had no answer. I knew that what I had talked about wasn't real to me. It was just a lot of words.

Clammed up

It was one thing to talk about God inside the four walls of a Church but I knew that when I was outside that protected environment I clammed up about religion. I was afraid of being branded as a nut.

That day Francine and I had a long talk. We admitted to each other that we were only playing church. "Lord, we want reality," we prayed. "Every door of our lives is open to you. Come in, change us and lead us into your plan for our lives."

And he came. Right then and there we knew a transaction with eternal consequences had been made. But that wasn't all there was to it. Shortly afterwards Francine and I found a dynamic that filled us to overflowing with the reality of God's presence and power. Every time we opened the Bible it seemed that passages would leap out at us. "How did that get in there?" I would exclaim. "I've never noticed that before." It all became so relevant. We began to believe God's promises and see them fulfilled in our lives.

I'd been a fiend for study and

knowledge. With degrees in metallurgy and physics, a master's degree in engineering and a PhD from the University of Leeds in England, I knew all about academic study. The trouble is, mental prowess alone cannot lead you into the kingdom of God. You can have degrees coming out your ears, but without Jesus and the knowledge of God's word your education hasn't even started. I wouldn't exchange what I now know from the Bible for all the degrees in the world.

Deduction

Since returning from the UK to Australia in 1978 I have worked with many highly educated research scientists. Because the scientific method is one of analysis and deduction they often try the same approach with spiritual things. I often say to my colleagues, "If you could completely understand God with your mind then he would be no bigger than your mind and therefore not worth believing in."

The Bible says that a humble reverence for God is the foundation of knowledge. It is little wonder that even the most highly educated people can still lead tragic lives because they refuse to acknowledge the one who is the source of all truth. Without God there is no answer to the circumstances of life — we seem to be at the mercy of fate. As a Christian I have, through relationship with my creator, the privilege, through prayer, of seeing circumstances change.

For example, one of the many miracles we have seen in our own family was the healing of our eldest son Andrew when doctors had said he could be in a wheelchair for the rest of his life. No amount of education can do that!

Bob Aghan is a senior research scientist with the Australian Department of Defence, working in the field of metallurgy. He is a Regional Director of FGBMFI in Victoria. Francine and Bob have three teenage children.



DIRECTORY

AUSTRALIA

President Secretary

AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY

BELCONNEN (062) 58 7909
CANBERRA (062) 88 5341 (062) 46 6492

NEW SOUTH WALES

ARMIDALE (067) 72 3239 (067) 72 7647
BANKSTOWN CITY (02) 644 2009
BLUE MOUNTAINS (02) 439 8173
CENTRAL COAST (043) 32 3125
COFFS HARBOUR (066) 55 1473 (066) 52 8666
COONABARABRAN (068) 42 7817 (068) 42 7853
DENILIQUIN (058) 81 2581 (058) 812 695
DUBBO (068) 82 9648 (068) 82 6768
GILGANDRA (068) 47 2696 (068) 48 5228
GOULBURN/CROOKWELL (062) 38 1397
GRIFFITH (069) 62 1103 (069) 62 1266
GUNNEDAH (067) 42 2696 (067) 44 1328
INVERELL (067) 22 4103
LEETON (069) 59 1194 (069) 53 3894
LITHGOW (063) 55 5518 (063) 52 1626
LIVERPOOL (02) 606 0204 (046) 27 1266
MANNING/GREAT LAKES (065) 53 5204 (065) 53 4934
NARRABRI (067) 93 2156 (067) 95 7147
NEWCASTLE (049) 58 2645 (049) 48 8361
ST GEORGE/BRIGHTON LE SANDS (02) 522 6912 (02) 570 5484
SYDNEY CITY (02) 848 0661 (02) 389 8892
SYDNEY HILLS (02) 652 1602 (02) 86 3617
SYDNEY MARTIN PLACE (02) 33 5850
SYDNEY NORTH SHORE (02) 498 4209
SYDNEY PARRAMATTA (02) 636 7769 (02) 623 6157
SYDNEY SUTHERLAND (02) 523 1952 (02) 242 3104
SYDNEY WARRINGAH (02) 997 5649 (02) 997 7287
TUGGERAH LAKES (043) 33 1036 (043) 32 3286
WAGGA WAGGA (069) 25 3783
WAUCHOPE/PORT MACQUARIE (065) 83 5249 (065) 83 2951
WELLINGTON (068) 45 1332 (068) 45 1332
WOLLONGONG (042) 61 2522 (042) 61 3335

NORTHERN TERRITORY

ALICE SPRINGS (089) 52 2106
DARWIN (089) 32 1276 (089) 85 5283
GOVE (089) 87 1033

QUEENSLAND

ASPLEY (07) 269 9579 (07) 284 5983
BRISBANE (07) 30 4233 (07) 848 5647
BUNDABERG (071) 26 6140 (071) 72 5796
CAIRNS (070) 67 6252 (070) 53 1570
CENTRAL HIGHLANDS (079) 84 9285 (079) 82 8224
CHINCHILLA (074) 62 7266
CLERMONT (079) 83 1784 (079) 831 783
GOLD COAST (075) 33 8159 (075) 30 5730
INGHAM (077) 77 8806
INNISFAIL (070) 61 1326 (070) 61 3838
IPSWICH (07) 282 2790 (07) 281 1010
KINGAROY (071) 62 3265
MACKAY (079) 57 7166
MAROOCHYDORE (071) 48 5244 (071) 45 3968
MARYBOROUGH/HERVEY BAY (071) 29 7212
MOSSMAN (070) 98 1399 (070) 98 1503
MT ISA (077) 43 7535 (077) 43 7664
NOOSA DISTRICT (071) 47 8240 (071) 478 309
SOUTH EAST MORETON (07) 349 8187 (07) 200 2022
SPRINGWOOD (07) 349 0546 (07) 200 8831
SUNSHINE COAST (071) 42 1652 (071) 45 1256
TOOWOOMBA (076) 32 6679 (076) 34 4620
TOWNSVILLE (077) 79 3139 (077) 79 5777

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE REGENCY (08) 264 4222 (08) 261 2196
ADELAIDE SOUTH (08) 270 1036 (08) 391 0220
EYRE PENINSULA (086) 20 7048
PORT LINCOLN (086) 82 1207

TASMANIA

BEACONSFIELD (033) 94 7255 (033) 944 639
GLENHORCHY (022) 72 7229 (022) 72 3043
HOBART (002) 27 8756 (002) 28 0116/7
LAUNCESTON (003) 27 2481 (003) 34 0645

VICTORIA

BENDIGO (054) 39 5402
CITY OF MELBOURNE (054) 22 2426
DANDENONG (03) 700 1388 (03) 795 3619
DONCASTER/TEMPLESTOWE (03) 844 3994 (03) 878 5869
EAST GIPPSLAND (051) 44 1382 (051) 47 1766
ECHUCA (054) 87 1368 (054) 82 1493
FRANKSTON (03) 787 8354 (059) 79 1235
GOULBURN VALLEY (058) 55 2425 (058) 52 1136
HEIDELBERG (03) 469 2519 (03) 848 2774
KNOX (03) 723 2542 (03) 754 6760
LATROBE VALLEY (051) 27 4074 (051) 27 6426
MARIBYRNONG (03) 391 2323 (03) 306 1228
MAROONDAH (03) 722 1577 (03) 876 2858
MELBOURNE ITALIAN (02) 337 6056 (03) 850 7912
MOORABBIN (03) 592 3310 (03) 557 1298
OAKLEIGH (03) 568 8197 (03) 572 2329
SEYMOUR (057) 92 2891
SHEPPARTON (058) 23 1652 (058) 21 9280
SUNBURY (03) 744 3294 (03) 744 2363
TRARALGON (051) 74 5291 (051) 74 7676
WANGARATTA (057) 21 4406
WARRNAMBOOL (055) 62 4415 (055) 62 6704
WAVERLEY (03) 277 6171 (03) 277 1802

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

ALBANY (098) 41 2703
BUNBURY (097) 21 7972 (097) 251 950
GERALDTON (099) 21 1039
KALGOORLIE (090) 21 5548 (090) 21 1115
PERTH (09) 457 7229

AUSTRALIA OFFICE

P.O. Box 67, 34 Old Cleveland Road,
Stones Corner 4120, Brisbane (07) 397 3557 (07) 397 3130

NEW ZEALAND OFFICE

P.O. Box 33-424, Takapuna,
Auckland (09) 444 9478

WORLD HEADQUARTERS

PO Box 5050 Costa Mesa
CA 92628 USA (714) 754 1400



I want a VOICE!

Please send me a year's subscription
of South Pacific Voice (11 issues).
I enclose \$NZ10.00/\$A10.00.

Name _____

Address _____

Clip and post to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 33-424
Takapuna, Auckland, New Zealand.



DIRECTORY

NEW ZEALAND

President Secretary

NORTHLAND

FAR NORTH	AA1 77 304	KTA 69
HIKURANGI	(08925) 649	(08939) 411
KAIKOHE	KHO181X	KHO-850
KAWAKAWA-MOEREA	KV729-S	(0885) 27 392
OTAMATEA	(PAP) 37 086	(PAP) 37 190
WHANGAREI	(089) 81 312	(089) 60 928

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (0884) 38 117

AUCKLAND

AUCKLAND CENTRAL	(09) 579 889	(09) 734 886
AUCKLAND EAST	(09) 534 7746	(09) 567 087
AUCKLAND SOUTH	(09) 278 6869	
AUCKLAND WEST	(09) 836 2553	(09) 814 9320
EAST COAST BAYS	(09) 478 3782	(09) 478 9221
HIBISCUS COAST	(0942) 64 627	(0942) 48 796
MOUNT ALBERT	(09) 864 162	(09) 866 619
PAREMOREMO MAXIMUM	(09) 466 276	
PAREMOREMO MEDIUM	(09) 478 5292	
ROYAL OAK	(09) 667 749	(09) 600 861
WHANGAPARAOA	(0942) 45 419	(0942) 45 865

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (09) 5344 782

WAIKATO

CAMBRIDGE	(07127) 3000	(07127) 8228
HAMILTON	(071) 59 338	(071) 56 046
MARAMARUA	(08525) 850	
OTOROHANGA	(08133) 6416	(08133) 6312
TE AWAMUTU	(MIH) 858	(08226) 654
THAMES	(0843) 86 709	

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (071) 59 626

BAY OF PLENTY

FORESTLAND	(08022) 700	
OPOTIKI	OP-522-K	
ROTORUA	(073) 56 281	(073) 56 498
TAUPO	(074) 84 569	
TAURANGA	(075) 25 982	(075) 84 960
TE PUKE	(075) 37 144	
WHAKATANE	(076) 88 554	(076) 84 187

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (075) 25 438

HAWKES BAY/POVERTY BAY

HASTINGS	(070) 67 826	(070) 67 216
NAPIER	(070) 444 805	(070) 54 615
TAKATIMU GISBORNE	(079) 74606	(079) 28 827

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (070) 436 302

CENTRAL NORTH ISLAND

BUSH	(06505) 4233	(0650) 8579
FELDING	(063) 37 321	(063) 38 696
LEVIN	(069) 84 365	(069) 89 953
MASTERTON	(059) 83 763	
PALMERSTON NORTH	(063) 89 035	(063) 89 035
ROSE CITY	(063) 71 168	(063) 62 647
SANSON	(063293) 724	(063335) 789
SOUTH WAIRARAPA	(0553) 69 294	(0593) 8517

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (063) 69 503

TARANAKI

HAWERA	(062) 67 723	
NEW PLYMOUTH	(067) 512 332	
OPUNAKE	(06613) 554	(0661) 8390
STRATFORD	(0663) 5982	(066328) 825

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (067) 33 693

WELLINGTON

KAPITI (058) 88 924

LOWER HUTT	(04) 671 472	(04) 699 472
UPPER HUTT	(04) 267 046	(04) 286 450
WAINIOMATA	(04) 647 870	(04) 643 601
WGTN. WESTERN COASTAL	(04) 399 648	(09) 359 628
WELLINGTON	(04) 766 429	(04) 674 907

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (04) 662 647

TOP OF THE SOUTH

BLENHEIM	(057) 27 490	(057) 28 336
GOLDEN BAY	(0524) 59 960	(0542) 59 635
GREYMOUTH		(027) 4051
KAIKOURA	(KK) 330	(KK) 706
NELSON	(054) 5316	(054) 6368
REDWOOD/BLENHEIM	(057) 87 571	(057) 87838

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (05422) 846

CHRISTCHURCH/NORTH CANTERBURY

CHRISTCHURCH CENTRAL	(03) 524 021	(03) 481 097
CHRISTCHURCH N.E.	(03) 831 420	(03) 853 839
CHRISTCHURCH N.W.	(03) 238 170	(03) 554 595
CHRISTCHURCH SOUTH	(03) 885 708	(03) 585320
HURUNUI	(0504) 48 474	(0504) 48 327
RICCARTON	(03) 484 432	

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (03) 481 850

SOUTH CANTERBURY/NORTH OTAGO

ASHBURTON	(053) 83 487	(053) 7954
MACKENZIE	(0505) 8688	(0505) 8426
NORTH OTAGO/OAMARU	(0297) 45 459	(0297) 47 572
TIMARU	(056) 83 667	(056) 45 934
WAIMATE	((051927) 733	(051924) 828

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (056) 83 667

OTAGO/SOUTHLAND

ALEXANDRA	(0294) 6421	(0294) 6562
BALCLUTHA	CO 167-R	(0299) 82 549
DUNEDIN	(024) 43 668	(024) 876 333
GORE	(0203) 6707	MT 8566
INVERCARGILL	(021) 330 536	(021) 88 426
LAWRENCE	L 128-D	WNA 402
TAIERI	(02489) 4788	(02420) 519
WINTON	DIP 5052	WO 692

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (CENTRE BUSH) 544

SOUTH PACIFIC

APIA		
NUKU'ALOFA TONGA	31 140	21 834

PRISON MINISTRIES

AUCKLAND	Mt Eden — 2A Crescent Ave, Parnell, Auckland 1. Paremoremo Maximum — 2/218 East Coast Rd. Paremoremo Medium — PO Box 65-060, Mairangi Bay, Auckland 10.
CHRISTCHURCH	Paparoa — PO Box 22-383, Christchurch.
INVERCARGILL	Borstal — 45 Thompson Street, Invercargill.
MANAWATU YOUTH	Linton — 49 Hayden Street, Palmerston North.
NEW PLYMOUTH	29 Clawton Street, New Plymouth.
WAIKERIA YOUTH	PO Box 46, Otorohanga.
CENTRE	Mt Crawford — 34 Monorhgan Road, Strathmore, Wellington.
WELLINGTON	Wi Tako — 43 Sladden Street, Naenae, WELLINGTON.

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 47

Editor: Kennedy Warne
Production: Wardlaw Woods
Communications Ltd, Box 149, Tauranga
Printing: Institute Press, 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.*
- 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.*

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



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

P.O. Box 33-424 Takapuna, Auckland.
P.O. Box 67, Stones Corner, 4120, Brisbane.

- Please send me information on how to be a Christian
 - Please send me further details on membership
 - Please send me further general information about FGBMFI.
- NAME (print clearly)

ADDRESS

Phone

Experience the fellowship!

Plan now to attend the 1986 National Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International to be held in Sydney.

Speakers include former USAF General Richard Shaefer and Bill Pyatt of Phoenix, Arizona.

Anointed ministry, dynamic teaching, refreshing fellowship —

ingredients that make an FGBMFI convention a must for you and your friends.

Enquiries and registrations to:

1986 National Convention

P.O. Box 236

St Leonards 2065

NSW

AUSTRALIA



**1986
National
Convention**

SYDNEY, MARCH 11-15

**FROM: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 33-424, Takapuna, Auckland;
P.O. Box 67, Stones Corner, 4120, Brisbane.**