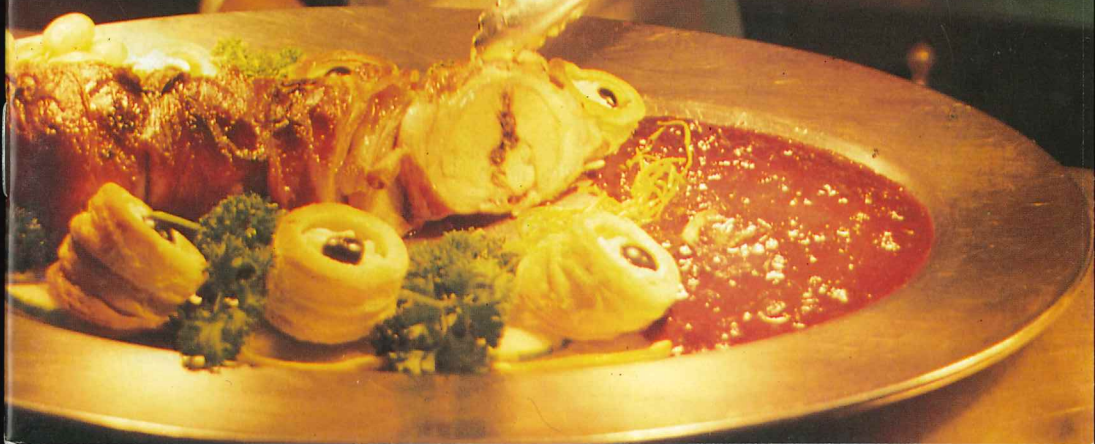


SOUTH PACIFIC
VOICE

**Joker In
The Pack**



The first time I took Sue out I ended up kissing her brother! It's true. You see, it was love at first sight. Between me and Sue, that is. I was smitten — but I'm not a hundred percent sure Sue felt the same way!

I mean, do you fall in love with someone you think looks like a psychiatric inmate from a medieval institution out to mix it for a day with the "normals"? Certainly not.

And that's exactly what Sue thought when she first encountered me in the corridors of the hospital in Christchurch where we both worked. She was a hairdresser by trade and was having a change of occupation; I had just moved up from Dunedin and was a chef in the hospital kitchens.

I was a bit of an extrovert anyway, and in my baggy, ill-fitting chef's togs I looked too much like a clown to convince Sue I was for real. She thought I was a madman.

But I eventually won her round and she agreed to come out with me to the races. Her brother came too — and that's when I kissed him. My horse won, you see, and I got so excited I threw my arms round the wrong person!

They were great days, allowing plenty of scope for my crazy tendencies. I guess I was a free spirit — always had been as long as I could remember. Like when I was about four years old (we were living at Stewart Island at the time) I sneaked out of the house with a line and hook and headed for the harbour to catch some fish. I'd heard you could catch them with kelp as bait!

Unfortunately, the only thing I caught was a good hiding from my frantic mother when, with the help of a neighbour, she finally located me. She marched me home and cuffed me all the way, right in front of a funeral procession!

Practical joker

Even at school I was known as the class fool; the practical joker — the one who knew that rules were only made

to be bent. I was always the first candidate for any punishment that was going.

I didn't like school because I could never understand what was going on. Couldn't handle the intellectual stuff. It wasn't till we moved to Nelson that they found I had dislexia. That accounted for my being behind so much — and for my outrageous behaviour.

After that discovery my parents got me extra tutoring during high school. It must have stretched them a bit financially to do that since I was one of five children. It helped a little, but I still compensated for my lack of academic understanding by my mischievous antics.

I was determined not to be rejected and I hid my fear of this behind my extrovert exterior. Actually it was my loud disposition towards life that landed me my first encounter of the spiritual kind.

My mate and I were at a youth group (my parents were regular church people) and these two great looking girls were singing. We thought, "Here's a go", and tried for the pick-up at the end of the night.

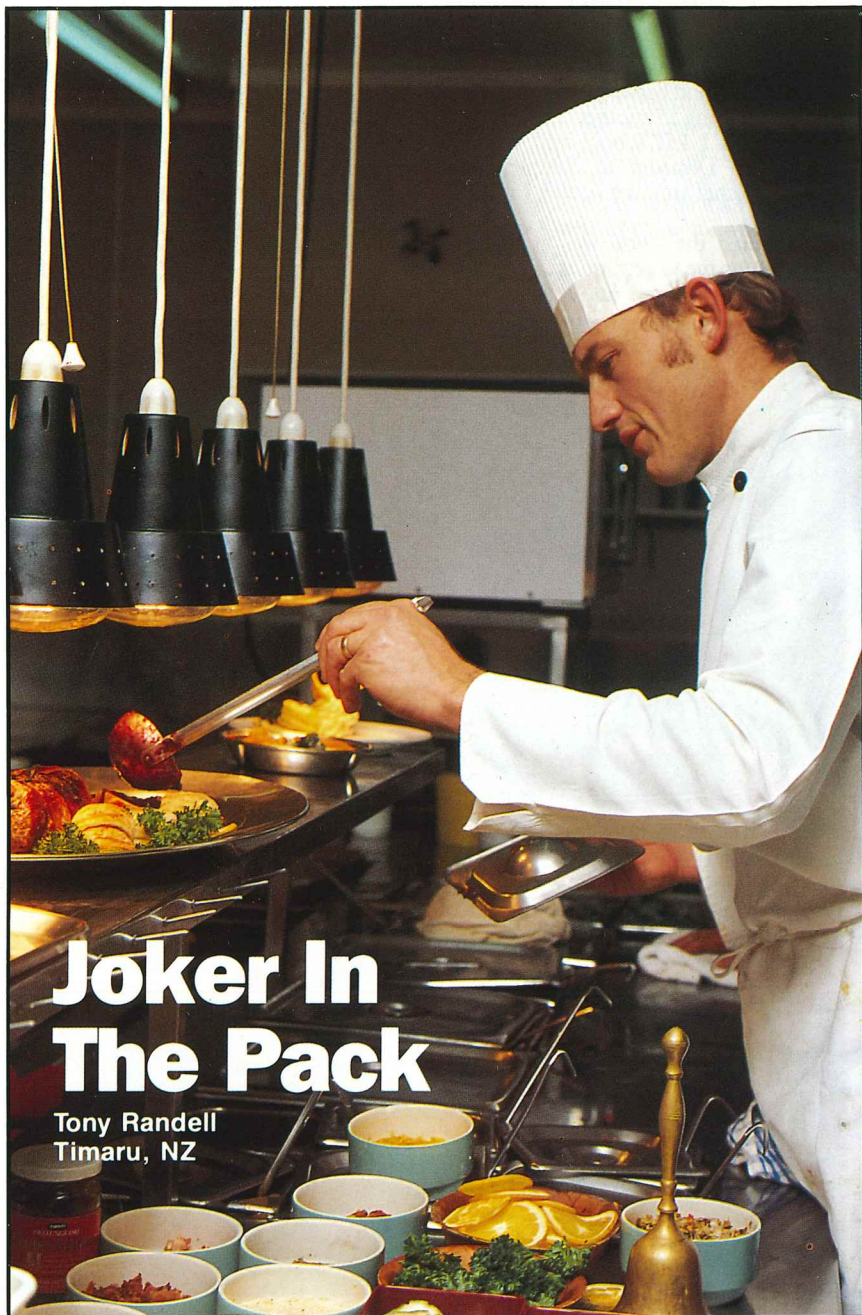
"Do you know Jesus?" they replied to our advances. And though I responded with all the ingenuity my smart alec intellect could muster, something cut deep into my heart.

It didn't stop there. Two weeks later I was sitting in a coffee shop listening to a bloke talking about the end of the world and it got through to me.

"God," I said, "I want you to come into my life." Just like that.

Next thing there were tears of joy rolling down my face but I didn't care. I'd had to fight most of my life to be accepted and now I was experiencing this boundless sense of release and freedom. It was like a bag of cement was lifted off my shoulders.

I let everyone know about what had happened, including my mother and all my class mates. I gave it to them straight — hell-fire and damnation, the works!



Joker In The Pack

Tony Randell
Timaru, NZ

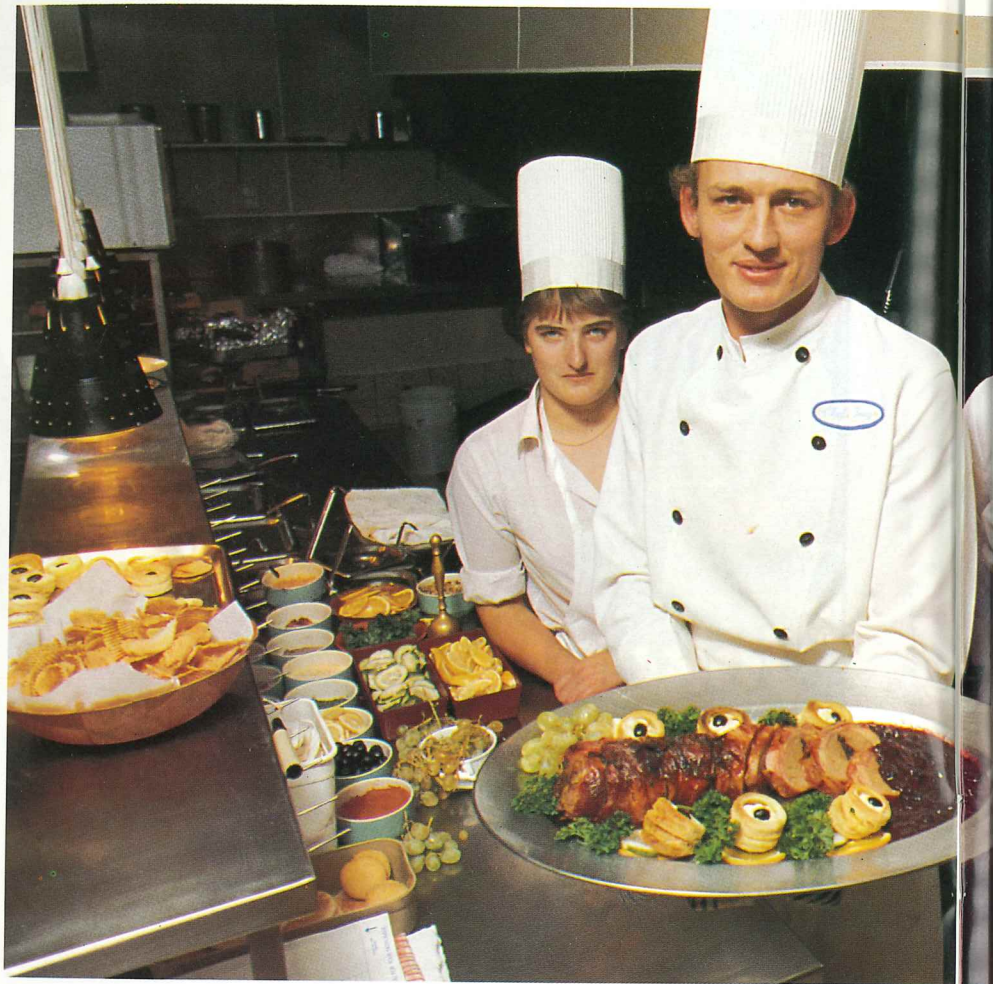
Drift away

By the time I met Sue, though, I had drifted away from all that. Sort of left God behind and began to drift aimlessly from one thing to another. That started as soon as I left school and when I moved to Dunedin to complete my polytech chef training course I was on my own.

I figured the world was at my feet waiting for me to get into it. And I did. Girls, booze, parties and a smattering

of dope. It was that time when everyone was doing it; kicking off the restraints, questioning the values and traditions of the forefathers, doing their own thing. The seventies were upon us and I lived them to the full.

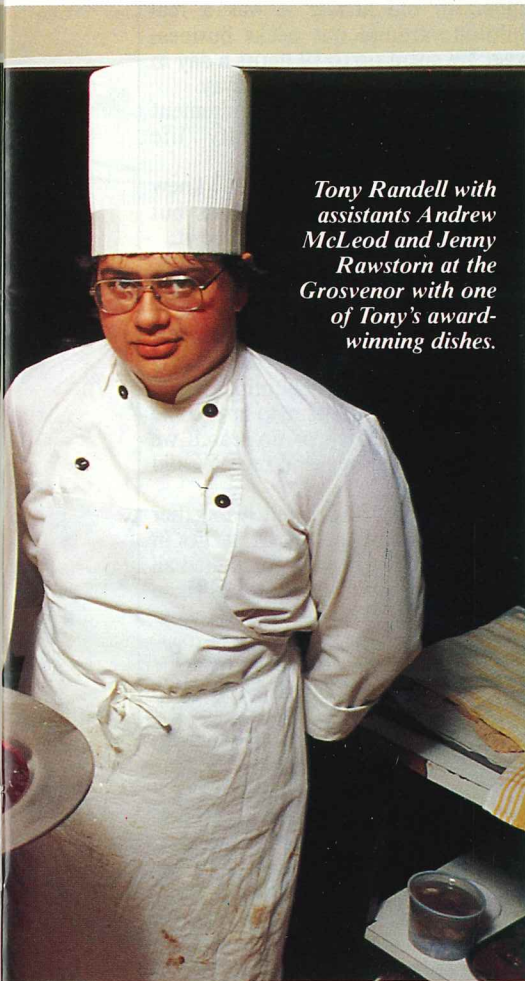
In Sue I found someone to share that boundless energy with and found companionship for my restlessness. We hit the road together. Twentieth century nomads travelling from one city to the next throughout New Zealand and Australia.



I could always land a job as a chef somewhere. We lived carefree and every town was a new chance to socialise and live it up. Then, when things began to go quiet, we would simply pack up and move on to greener pastures.

We met and lived with all kinds of people - schizophrenics, homosexual ministers, pimps, prostitutes and pushers. You name them, we knew them.

The pattern was always the same:



Tony Randell with assistants Andrew McLeod and Jenny Rawstorn at the Grosvenor with one of Tony's award-winning dishes.

glitter and glamour for a while. Then the veneer would start to crack, the normal would return and we'd push off to see what else was going on.

Our plans were interrupted when Sue fell pregnant. We were in Adelaide at the time. I was delighted with the prospect of being a father and Sue was tickled pink as well. Which made it all the more of a shock when her doctor offered her an abortion.

"No way!" we said. We weren't about to ditch our first child and we headed back to New Zealand to get married and wait for the baby's arrival.

We lived in Dunedin and there I completed my chef exams. They were the first exams I had ever passed in my life. It was quite a buzz.

We lived in the South for a while and had another baby but it wasn't long before the nomadic life started tugging at our hearts once more and we decided to head back to Brisbane to make some big bikkies.

Catching up

Our new family didn't seem to hinder our footloose and fancy-free lifestyle. We threw ourselves right into it again, although I had a nagging sense that my past was slowly beginning to catch up with me.

In a way Sue and I were like railway tracks — going in the same direction but always apart. We never argued. Never talked about what hurt us and what didn't. If either of us hurt the other we just dismissed it and pretended it didn't happen.

It was like when I was a kid: I'd befriend everyone and avoid confrontations at all costs. Because I carried that attitude into my relationship with Sue, the distance between us grew.

Not outwardly — to onlookers we were a most "together" couple. But inside we knew differently. There was something of depth lacking.

"Come back Tony. Come back."

This voice used to echo in my head

as we continued on our partying way. I knew it was the Lord trying to remind me of the time I knew him and lived for him.

Sometimes I tried to talk to Sue about that time, but only when I was boozed and coughing on a cigarette and I guess it never made much sense to her.

It came to a head one time when Sue came back to New Zealand for a wedding. The first night she was away I was in the house on my own and was struck with a desolate feeling of emptiness. Just nothing there. No Sue, no party, no nothing.

For some reason I got out a piece of paper and wrote down on it all the things that I'd done wrong in the past — wrong thoughts, wrong actions and so on.

Then I wrote down all the things that I was currently doing that were wrong. In the quiet of the night I read over my list and I had a chilling sense that I was under a sentence of death. If I had been living in Iran or somewhere like that this sheet of paper would have killed me.

I cried out from my heart with anguish that echoed in the emptiness, "Jesus, I once knew you. I want to know you again!"

With that I screwed up the sheet of paper, threw it in the rubbish and headed out on the town for a week-long binge to take my mind off the turmoil inside.

The next few months were just crazy. We were left in no doubt that God was taking a hand in our existence.

Crushed

First off I had my feet crushed by a barge. I was talking to the barge captain while standing on the slipway in my bare feet. CRUNCH! Without warning the 16-tonne barge doors came down on to the concrete, with my feet literally the meat in the sandwich.

I was whisked into hospital by ambulance (which someone else had to pay for since I was broke) but thankfully

there was no permanent damage.

When I went down to pick Sue up from Sydney a couple of weeks later both my feet were perfectly okay.

On the way back we had a narrow escape when a child fell off her bike in front of us; we swerved and nearly collected an earthmoving truck coming in the other direction.

Then there was our coffee bar. It wasn't what you'd call a raging success (though we had a lot of successful rages there!) Located in a back street alley under an old arcade it was a real millstone around our necks business wise. We spent up to 18 hours a day in that joint but made no headway.

And with the constant requirement for babysitters our family life deteriorated badly.

I felt like a prisoner in a cell. I knew there was a place of freedom but somehow I never seemed to find it.

We got interested in tarot cards, Buddhism, tea pot readers, pyramid power and just about everything else in order to find some purpose for what we were doing. I guess that was the only deep down common denominator Sue and I both had; this desire to have some meaning. But search or no search we still lived for the weekend rage. We did as we pleased.

Then God started to put it together for us. We used to run great parties in the coffee shop to which we invited all our friends. Coming up to one of these rages I met an old friend that Sue and I had known from Christchurch days.

I invited him to come and boogie with us. His reply? "Tony, I've been born again." Back in Christchurch it was me preaching to him and now here he was stirring up all the old memories of the way things used to be.

From that time on I seemed to bump into Christians wherever I went.

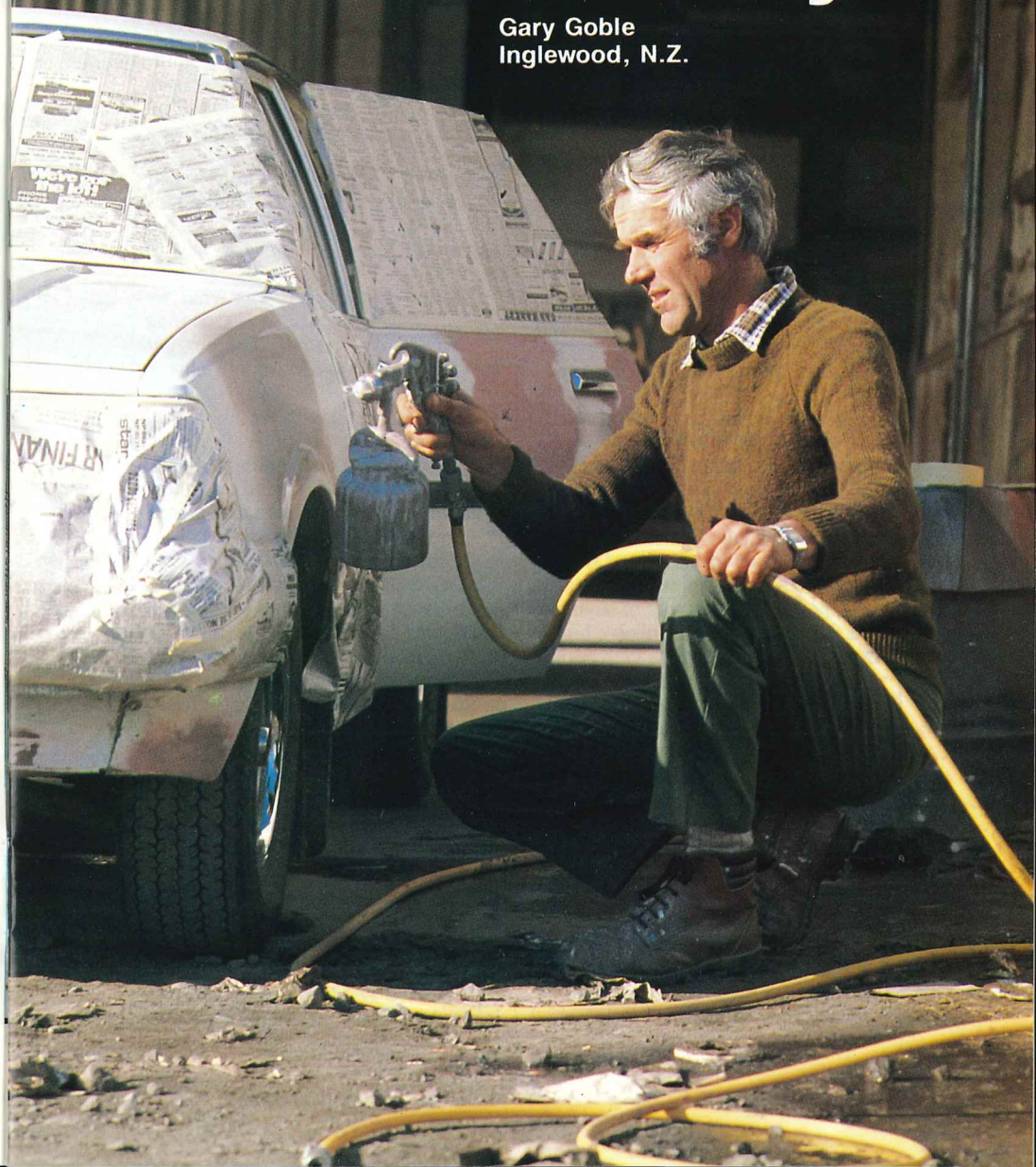
It seemed there was no getting away from it.

It all climaxed when I was asked to go along to a meeting being held by an evangelist called Steve Ryder. We had

Continued page 16

Pointing The Way

Gary Goble
Inglewood, N.Z.



I've been painting cars for 27 years and there have times when I've been tempted to give it away.

It's not an easy job. Sometimes I wonder why I carry on slugging it out with a spray gun, filling my lungs with paint particles and coughing like a smoker.

Then I think of Darryl. He was one of my employees. A seeker. Someone who was trying to find answers to the riddles of life. He tried drugs, meditation — nearly joined the Krishnas at one stage.

But Darryl saw something in my life that was different from the other guys in the trade and he wanted it. That's how Darryl came to know Jesus, just as I had a few years before.

I'd been "dosed" with religion as a boy. Learned to say my prayers every night — and meant them. But that was as far as it went: you'd pray to God but for all intents and purposes you were the one who was responsible for making a go of it.

I grew up in this area — Stratford to start with and later in Waipuku, on the family farm. I used to go to church with a girl called Beverley and eventually married her.

On our wedding night she said, "Well, I don't know about you, but I say my prayers at night". I joined her and we knelt by the bed as a way of saying to God that we wanted to involve him in our lives from the start.

We were keen as far as church was concerned — no-one could deny that. Any missions or seminars in the area, we were there.

But at the same time I'd bust my guts to get down to the pub with the lads on Thursday and Saturday for a few beers. I wasn't averse to a good time.

I ran a butchery for three years, but was forced to give it up in the end. Beef prices were rising sharply and farmers were going in for big deep freezers.

So it was back to car painting and running a 20 acre block in Stratford.

Church was nothing to get excited

about. I once remarked to a friend: "If the church doesn't get some new blood pretty soon there'll be no one left!" On the road to extinction, I reckoned.

This bloke thought differently. He gave me a book called *Nine O'Clock in the Morning* and suggested I read it.

For a long time I didn't. Westerns were about my limit. Beverley kept at me, though, saying that my friend was bound to ask me what I thought of it and it would be hard to call his bluff.

Finally I got the book out — and found I couldn't put it down. It was all about the Holy Spirit and being born again and I was hooked.

Not long afterwards a group in our church started listening to tapes about the charismatic movement and then a "Life in the Spirit" seminar was held in the area.

Bev and I knew that was what we needed. Talk about the lights coming on. Now prayer meant something. It was real communication, not just a routine.

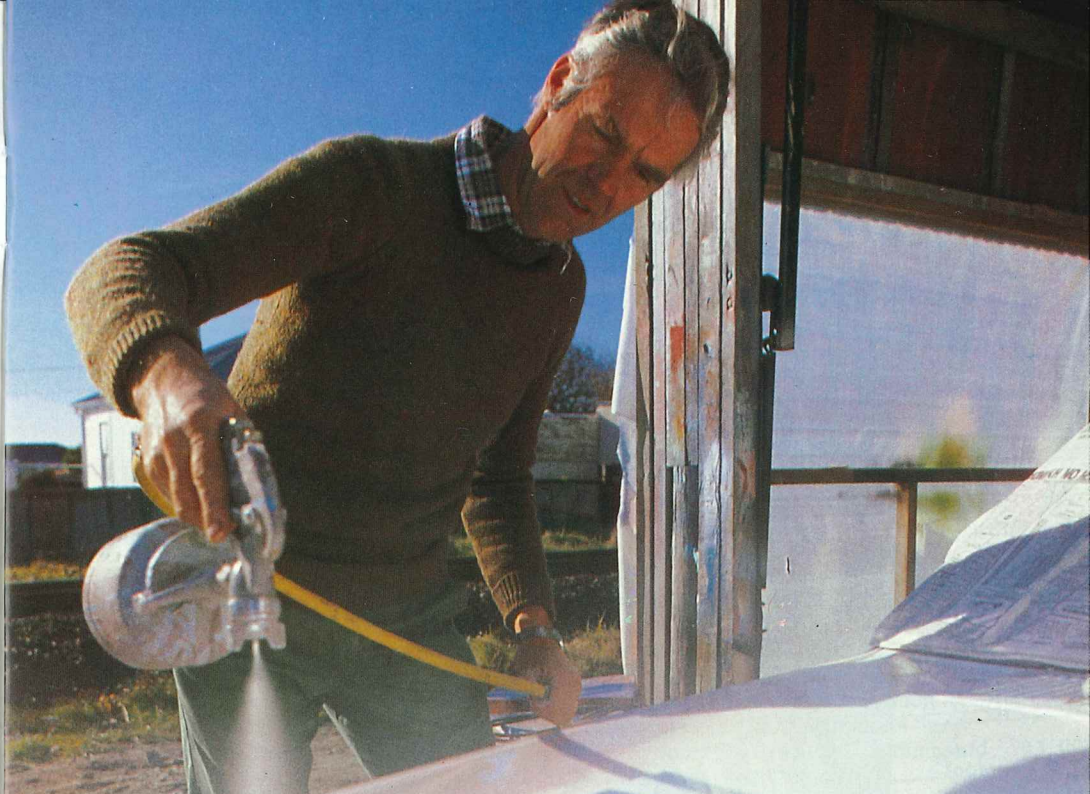
The communication between Bev and I improved about a thousand percent too. I cut out the pub for a kick-off — lost the urge, I guess. Somehow I just became a lot more caring about Bev and the kids (we've got six).

Someone on your side

Workwise I'm a lot happier too. Sure I'm fighting an overdraft like a lot of other blokes but when you're a real Christian you know you've got someone on your side. And the words of Jesus, "Come to me all you who are tired and burdened and I will give you rest" are more than just a memory verse.

Not long ago I took on an apprentice from another car painter who was running short of work. Some people thought it was a silly thing to do, given the present economy, but I thought, *I'm not bound by the economy*. I'd prayed about it and felt it was right to give him a job so I did. And enough work has been coming to keep us all employed.

We've seen God's hand in the family



too. We'd had one girl, then four boys, and Bev wanted another girl to complete the family. Adoption was the surest way, she reckoned. I wasn't too keen but we went ahead and sent in the application.

People told us we didn't have a show of getting a kid because we have five already. But a few weeks later we got a phone call from Stratford to say that they had a baby and would we like to have a look at it.

"We'll take her," we said, as we looked down at a beautiful little part-Samoan girl asleep in her crib. Stacey's nearly 14 now and she's been a delight to us.

Prayer is a whole lot more than wishful thinking. My neighbour's girl had to have eye surgery recently. There were complications and they lost her three times in the theatre. The consensus of opinion was that she'd never be able to see properly.

It was none of my business really, but

I've learned you don't have to take that sort of thing lying down. We'd been helping out with his milking during this time and I mentioned that we were praying for his daughter and that God could heal the eye no matter how bad it was.

That girl's just passed her driving licence! She's leading a normal life again. That's prayer for you.

The motor trade's a tough world. You mix with a rough crowd — they're good guys but hard players. I can take the flak and the religious jokes, because I've seen the power and I know the peace that Christ can give.

And if I can point the way to the likes of Darryl, well that'll do me.

Gary and Beverley Goble have three children still at home. "Home" is 111 acres of rough country in Inglewood that Gary and the family are breaking in. Gary is involved in the Stratford chapter of FGBMFI.

Why me, Lord?

David Reid,
Makarewa, NZ

Ab6

you're bleed
dy's fool

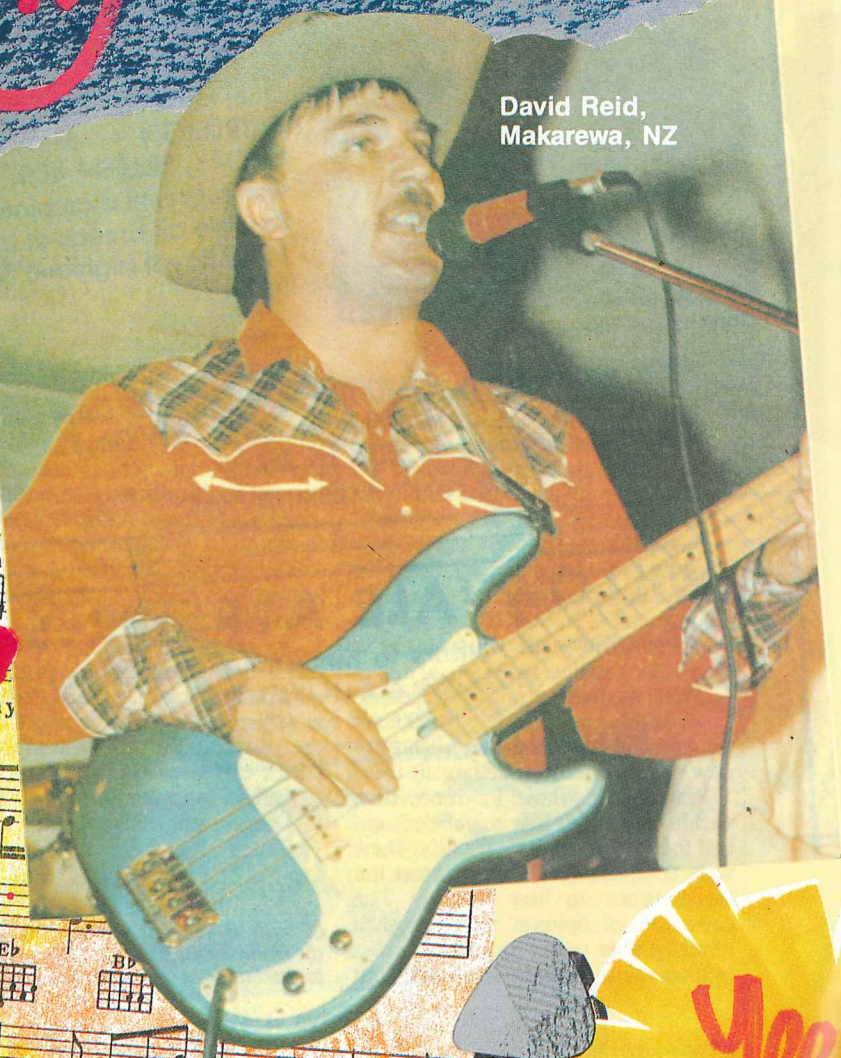
Cm

Blame it on y
And the

Bb Eb Bb

(Hum) (Hum)

This block contains a vertical strip of musical notation. It features several guitar chord diagrams (Ab6, Cm, Bb, Eb, Bb) and fragments of lyrics: "you're bleed dy's fool", "Blame it on y And the", and "(Hum) (Hum)". Red ink splatters and scribbles are overlaid on the notation.



Yeeh

I stood there with the applause ringing in my ears. 1500 people clapping, stamping and shouting. For me. It was unreal and I squinted into the glare of the spotlights in the general direction of the noise, beaming with pleasure.

And in the middle of all that a small voice spoke inside me. "This is from me, David. It's for you." That was the Lord. The rebuilder of my broken life.

My eyes warmed with tears. Then, as piercing as the spotlights, the days of childhood swamped my mind — the taunting, jeering, ridiculing faces of the other school boys. I shrank from their laughters, recalling my loneliness and the longing to be accepted.

As quickly as they appeared they were gone. In their place, Helen, my wife. I relived the drunken stupor in which I slapped her face. My ears rang to the lashing retort of her tongue. My hand struck out again to silence her and a chilling shudder ran up my spine.

And then the glare of the spotlights following me as I left the stage. It had been a long, heart-breaking journey, trying desperately to piece my life together. Now and then shadows of the past broke in with sobering reminders of the way things used to be.

Picked on

I remembered the days at high school. Being picked on. Laughed at. I remember too the laughter dying on their lips as I began to excel on the sports field and fought my way into their respect.

Even after high school I continued on with athletics in the summer (I had been the Intermediate champion at school), and rugby in the winter.

Then I discovered booze.

Right from day one my drinking was abnormal. I'd get plastered. No one else dared do the things I attempted. I'd be carried to my car, right out of it, and I'd drive 60 miles back to the farm. I'd wake up every time the car hit the shingle either side of the road. I never

remembered going home. Or how I got there. God had my car hooked up to a remote control unit in the heavens. That's my theory and I'm sticking to it!

There was no way I could see myself farming for the rest of my days. Neither could my father. So he sold up and we moved into town. Needed a job then, of course, so I applied for a couple. One of them was right up my alley — at a local brewery. Being keen on drinking I figured I'd be in the right place to keep "quality control" checks on the product.

The other was a meat inspector with the MAF. That one came up first so I took it. But it worked out okay because there was a lot of spare time for drinking involved with it.

I got married to Helen then, too. But my drinking went from bad to worse.

I was still alone. The outcast. Our friends slowly drifted away from us. Sure, they felt sorry for Helen. But they didn't like me. Still, that was their fault. If they wanted to stick their noses in the air, what could I do about it? Nothing much, I argued with myself.

Have you ever hated yourself? I mean took a good look at yourself and loathed to your back teeth what you saw? I boozed every chance I got. Helen would work; I would drink it all away. I grew to be the size of a hippopotamus. An uncouth and selfish apology of a husband and a man.

Postnatal depression I didn't understand. Although I made sure I was at the hospital when Helen was having our children, I was always rotten with booze, I hardly ever showed up to visit her, and whenever I did all I was met with was this silly woman crying her eyes out. I hated that crying. It made me feel guilty.

Soaked

The more guilty I felt, the more I soaked myself in booze. It got worse and worse. Fat, overweight and a wreck. I went on a crash diet and lost four stone over a few months. No longer a fat pig.

Just a thinner drunk. Alcoholic of the worst degree but I just laughed at the idea and continued living from one day to the next in a dazed stupor.

Then one night I hit Helen. Belted her across the face.

That's when the realisation of what I had become started to sink in. I knew things weren't normal. I wasn't normal. I needed help.

One Saturday I remember having a conversation with a bottle of beer. I had finished work about 11am and headed into the pub.

Went home plastered at 3pm for lunch. Of course the lunch was ruined and there was a screaming match with Helen and I left again with some mates. It was just the excuse I needed.

I was in an alcoholic blackout so I don't recall too much but we ended up at a pub. After prostrating myself on the floor in front of a white-bearded old gentleman and chanting "Hail, Ayottolah", we were asked to move on — for some reason.

I was right out of it by this time. I ended up at the sports car club. I was a member. I had been tanking up since 11am, remember, and by my third bottle at the club I was ready for a take-over. But not the kind that happened.

The bloke on the bar opened another bottle for me and I studied it with all the attention I could muster. I looked at the bottle and told my head, "I don't want it! Why do I need this?" I felt strong. "That's it," I slurred to the bottle. "I'm finished with you." I pushed the bottle at my mate, got up and left.

And I've never touched booze since.

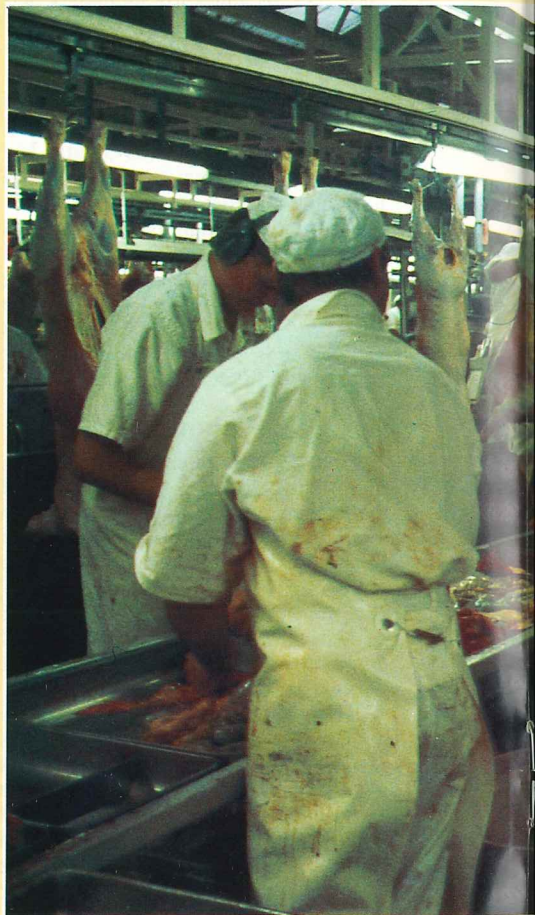
I graduated from being an uncouth, selfish drunk to being an uncouth selfish ex-drunk. Apart from my drinking nothing changed. And don't ask me why I stopped drinking. I don't know. But I do know that by Sunday I was feeling lousy. And by Monday at work I had the shakes and couldn't control it.

I was desperate for a drink. I couldn't work on the chain. So I broke off,

phoned Life Line and got in touch with the National Society on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence. I arranged to see someone at 6pm. Then I phoned Helen to tell her.

She burst into tears at the thought that I was going for help. She'd put up with hell.

I drove home to get her and there was the tea all ready, my clothes laid out on the bed, a babysitter organised — she wanted so much to believe I was really trying, but there was still a question mark in her eyes. She'd been hurt so many times before.



Fearful struggle

On the way past the pub I had one fearful struggle with the wheel of the car. It was so used to turning into my favourite watering hole that I had to use all my strength to restrain it.

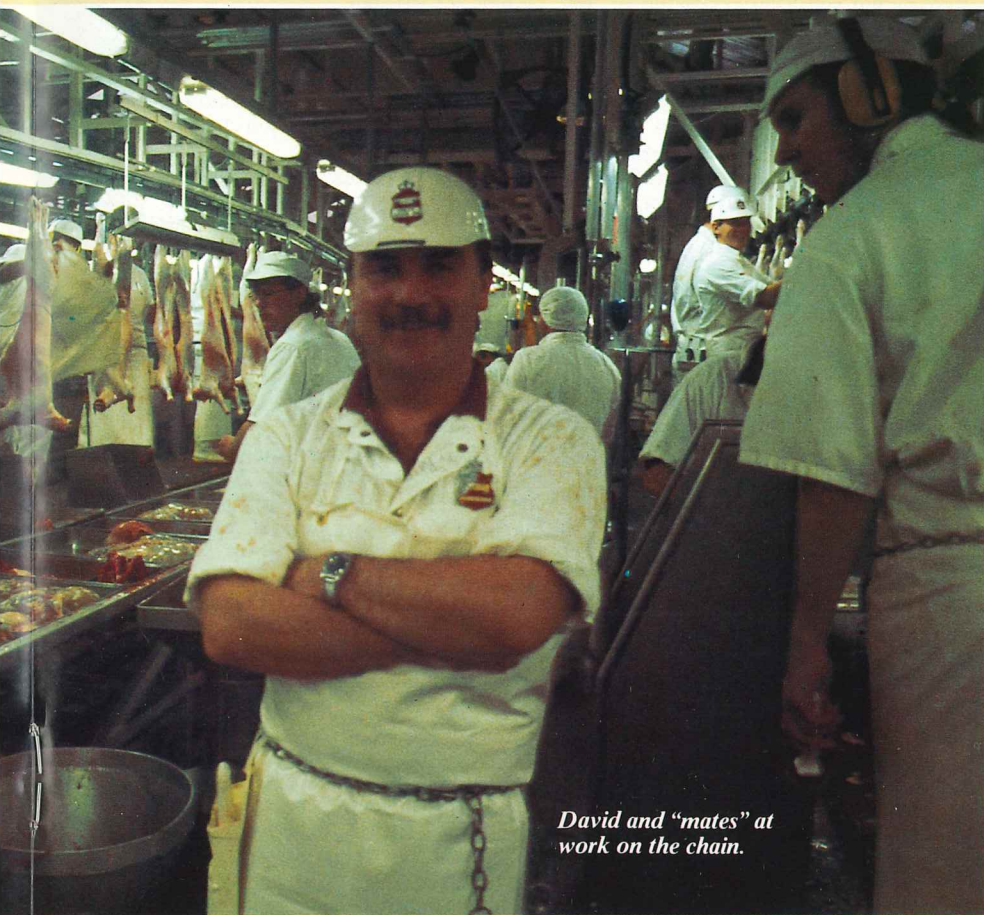
But there was no denying it this time. I was an alcoholic. I admitted it and the sense of relief I felt at just that small confession was amazing. I had a disease. A lot of people had it. The counsellor convinced me to stay for a meeting that night. Other alcoholics. My feet began to get cold but I stuck it out. I imagined

I would enter a room full of trembling, shaking, unshaven, decrepit old men clutching brown paper bags! But to my surprise they were all normal people. Even a couple of mates of mine. I had wondered where they got to.

Antabuse pills were prescribed. They make you sick if you have a drink while on them.

I told my work mates the situation. I couldn't work normally. Still a whole lot of shaking going on. Needed help to sharpen my knife. But they were all tremendous.

Monday nights at the NSAD



David and "mates" at work on the chain.

meetings were a great support. But then the government cut funding to NSAD and if it hadn't been for the Salvation Army our Monday night group would have been closed. I was attending Alcoholics Anonymous too, but needed the extra support the NSAD gave.

The Salvation Army guy who took it over introduced talk about God. That was fine. After all, God is mentioned in the 12 steps of AA. But such talk certainly helped thin the crowds! I stayed. I was interested in what he had to say. Visions of God from Sunday school days lodged themselves in my mind. Captain Davis didn't give me all the answers, just enough to make me curious. He certainly succeeded at that.

He gave me a book called "Warning", about the state of human society and what was going to happen when the Lord returned to earth. Scared the pants off me. I was still a fence sitter as far as God was concerned but this book knocked me right off my perch.

There was a prayer in the back of the book. It was about turning from your sin, asking Jesus Christ to forgive you and become the Lord of your life. I needed that. I prayed the prayer with my door closed — didn't want anyone to see or hear. Always thought prayer was puerile.

I thought nothing had happened. But when I woke the next day and got into gear I noticed the ache of insecurity was gone. So was the guilt. I felt clean.

Not long after that Helen came to Christ too. Actually he came to her. He appeared to her one night in our room and talked with her. Convinced Helen, that did!

Of course, I couldn't keep it in. About becoming Christian and how neat I felt. Copped a bundle of abuse and so on at work but I thought, "What the heck." It couldn't take away from the wall of sheer love I had encountered at the church we started going to. The love and the warmth and the acceptance of the people there was so genuine. I spent my first Sunday bawling my eyes out.

Needless to say my relationship with Helen took an upturn as I learned what it meant to be a husband and a man too.

Gold Guitars

Country music came not long after I'd got it together with God. Singing in a Christian coffee bar one night I encountered some toughs. Thought my number was up. One came over, sat down and listened. Then he asked me if he could do a song. He sang Kristopherson's "Why, Me Lord." Got talking to Kevin after that and later he became a Christian.

We were invited to a country and western club, which I really enjoyed, and eventually formed a group with Kevin and two ladies. Tremendous singers, they were. Landed a job at a pub and we went from there.

Trouble was, though, drugs crept into the group. I didn't do them but I knew I was compromising my Christianity by singing suggestive songs and the like. There were other hassles in the group too and I knew deep down that it was the wrong place and the wrong time. I quit. Repented of my slack stand and began to see my life take on new strength.

I played bass at church. And at the Full Gospel Businessmen's fellowship I had joined. I loved the music. A phone call from a band asking me to play bass for them got me back into the country scene. But this time I spelled it out before we got started. The rest of the guys accepted my stand and away we went. And that's how we ended up at the Gold Guitar Music Awards in Gore.

As I waited in the wings I was sweating with excitement.

I had entered country music competitions but had never been successful. After the enthusiastic reception of the crowd I was beginning to feel just a little hopeful that maybe this time it would be different.

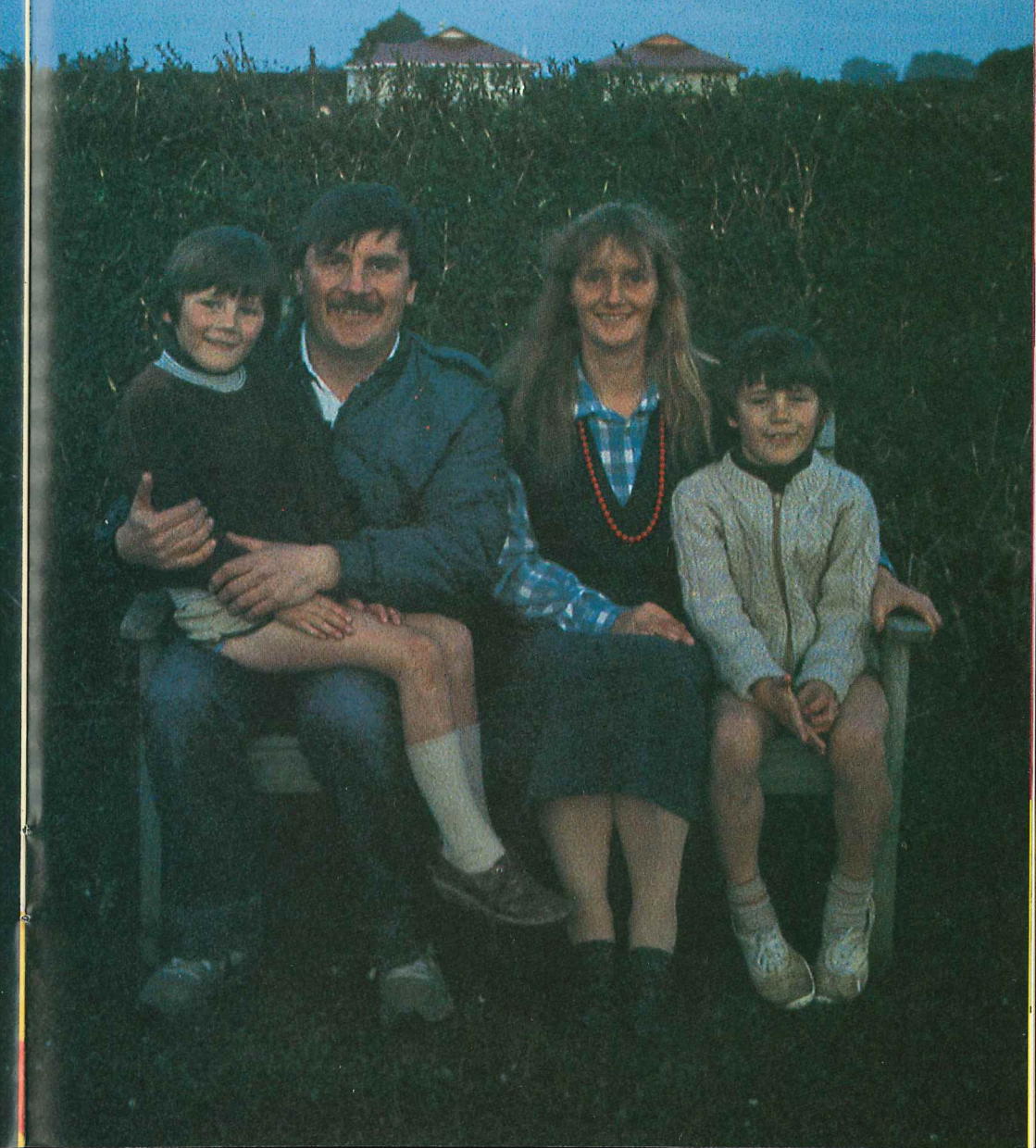
Then they announced my name as winner of the yodelling section. I didn't

Alcohol can be mean on families, leading to domestic violence and heartbreak.

If you have a problem with alcohol and want help, turn to page 22 and phone one of the men in CONTACT POINT.

No strings, no preach; just honest-to-God understanding and friendship.

Give it a try...



know which way to turn! I headed up to the stage to collect my award and went the wrong way. When I recovered from that embarrassment I tripped on the step. But finally the winner's cheque and trophy were in my hands. It was a great feeling. The applause, the excitement and the encouragement of other competitors and friends.

It didn't stop there. My name was called again. This time as overall runner up in the Gold Guitar Awards. What a thrill. An Ovation guitar plus a few hundred dollars of time in a recording studio.

Unbelievable. The lights in my eyes again. Shaking hands with the presenter. More applause. This was all a far cry from six guitar chords and a stack of bawdy, crude rugby songs. The life and soul of the party. Drunk as 40 cats and pig-headed to boot.

I looked down at the guitar in my hands. And the recording opportunity. My eyes were pretty watery amidst all the noise and cheering and excitement of the night. My life had been plagued by a bitter sense of under-achieving. Always wondering what direction I should take, I could never find my niche. I guess from there came the insecurity, the booze and the bashing.

Where to from here? Well, I guess that's the Lord's business. I want to use my music for him. It needs to be out where the people can hear it. I want to use it to encourage and challenge and bring stacks of enjoyment to people all over.

It's been a rough road, with hard times. Especially for Helen and the kids. I only hope that God can hear the ringing applause in my music, in my heart.

It's for him.

David and Helen live in Makarewa with their two children, Murray (8) and Bevan (6). David is employed as a meat inspector at the local freezing works. With the recording opportunity he won at the 1986 Gold Guitar Awards he hopes to extend his music further. His desire is to sing for the Lord at every opportunity, in every situation.

Continued from page 6

to battle all hell to finally take the invitation up, but we made it one night after much hassle.

I gritted my teeth and in we went.

I tell you, it was like coming home. Something inside me was smiling and saying, "Hey this is where you belong." And I knew it. All those years of running from God — what a waste. I belonged to him. I was born to believe; and, believing, I was reborn. So was Sue. We made the decision together and what a change came into our lives.

His love ate up my fear of rejection. It washed out the pain and wretchedness of the past and set me free from smoking in the process.

He took me from a back-street coffee shop to a restaurant at the top of a 21-storey building. That was a challenge. I felt I lacked experience and, worse still, creative ideas.

But I found there was an answer for that too. The Bible says, "If any man lacks wisdom, let him ask of God . . ." When I needed ideas I would pray and start writing out my menu and, sure enough, the ideas would flow.

There's a freshness in our family now. A sense of vitality, yet one of peace. I remember leaving for work one morning and looking at Sue still sleeping. She was radiant as if she was cushioned on arms of love.

Those two railway tracks have been moulded into one.

Tony and Sue Randell now live in Timaru where Tony is the head chef at the Grosvenor Hotel. They have four children — Sarah (8), Chloe (6), Samuel (4) and Ruth (2). Number 5 is on the way!



DIRECTORY

AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY

BELCONNEN	(062) 58 7909	
CANBERRA	(062) 88 5341	(062) 88 1708

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 2969	(068) 48 5228
GOULBURN/CROOKWELL	(062) 38 1397	
GRIFFITH	(069) 62 1103	(069) 62 4511
GUNNEDAH	(067) 421 3821	(067) 44 1328
INVERELL	(067) 22 4103	
LEETON	(069) 533 791	(069) 53 3894
LITHGOW	(063) 55 5518	(063) 52 1626
LIVERPOOL	(02) 606 0204	(02) 607 9840
MANNING/GREAT LAKES	(065) 59 2781	(065) 52 5296
NARRABRI	(067) 93 2156	(067) 95 7147
NEWCASTLE	(049) 48 8361	(049) 584 244
ST GEORGE/BRIGHTON LE SANDS	(02) 542 1106	(02) 570 3087
SYDNEY CITY	(02) 848 0661	(02) 389 8892
SYDNEY HILLS	(02) 652 1602	(02) 869 1854
SYDNEY MARTIN PLACE	(02) 371 0406	
SYDNEY NORTH SHORE	(02) 498 4209	
SYDNEY PARRAMATTA	(02) 674 2771	(632) 4029
SYDNEY SUTHERLAND	(02) 524 3448	(02) 542 3104
SYDNEY WARRINGAH	(02) 981 3700	(02) 997 2883
TAMWORTH	(067) 65 9495	(067) 673 347
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
WOLLONGONG	(042) 61 2522	(042) 832 383

NORTHERN TERRITORY

ALICE SPRINGS	(089) 52 2106	
DARWIN	(089) 32 1276	(089) 322 280
GOVE	(089) 87 1033	

QUEENSLAND

ASPLEY	(07) 269 9579	(07) 355 7513
BRISBANE	(07) 349 1642	(07) 396 7026
BUNDABERG	(071) 26 6140	(071) 72 5796
CAIRNS	(070) 67 6252	(070) 54 5418
CENTRAL HIGHLANDS	(079) 84 9285	(079) 82 2212
CHINCHILLA	(074) 62 7266	
CLERMONT	(079) 83 1783	(079) 832 792
CLONCURRY	(077) 42 1477	
GOLD COAST	(075) 33 8159	(075) 572 054
INGHAM	(077) 77 8806	
INNISFAIL	(070) 61 1326	(070) 611 704
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) 941 269
MT ISA	(077) 43 7664	(077) 43 4048
NOOSA DISTRICT	(071) 47 8240	(071) 478 309
SOUTH EAST MORETON	(07) 206 4084	(07) 200 2022
SPRINGWOOD	(07) 800 3322	(07) 349 5346
SUNSHINE COAST	(071) 467 717	(071) 41 6199
TOOWOOMBA	(076) 32 6679	(076) 301 701
TOWNSVILLE	(077) 74 5027	(077) 79 5777

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

ADELAIDE REGENCY	(08) 264 4222	(08) 261 2196
ADELAIDE SOUTH	(08) 270 1036	(08) 272 8229
EYRE PENINSULA	(086) 8185 37U	(086) 20 7048
PORT LINCOLN	(086) 824 764	

TASMANIA

BEACONSFIELD	(033) 94 7255	(033) 944 639
GLENHORCHY	(022) 72 7229	(002) 342 084
HOBART	(002) 44 6316	(002) 28 01167
LAUNCESTON	(003) 27 2481	(003) 34 0645

VICTORIA

BENDIGO		(054) 39 5402
CITY OF MELBOURNE		(054) 22 2426
DANDENONG	(059) 704 6303	(03) 795 3619
DONCASTER/TEMPLESTOWE	(03) 878 7407	(03) 878 5869
EAST GIPPSLAND	(051) 45 6348	(051) 45 6842
ECHUCA	(054) 82 3250	(054) 82 1493
FRANKSTON	(059) 79 1235	(059) 853 707
GOULBURN VALLEY	(058) 55 2425	(058) 52 1136
HEIDELBERG	(03) 716 2215	(03) 898 5625
KNOX	(03) 725 3776	
LATROBE VALLEY	(051) 27 6426	(051) 27 4074
MARIBYRNONG	(03) 391 2323	(03) 379 1272
MAROONDAH	(03) 722 1577	(03) 876 2858
MELBOURNE ITALIAN	(03) 795 4486	(03) 850 7912
MOORABBIN	(03) 592 3310	(03) 557 1298
OAKLEIGH	(03) 568 8197	(03) 572 2329
PARRAMATTA DOWNTOWN	(02) 651 2613	
PYRAMID HILL	(054) 557 215	(054) 36 6369
SEYMOUR	(057) 92 2891	
SHEPPARTON	(058) 23 1652	(058) 21 9280
SUNBURY	(03) 744 1882	(03) 744 4616
TRARALGON	(051) 66 1534	(051) 74 7676
WANGARATTA	(057) 21 4406	
WARRNAMBOOL	(055) 654 251	(055) 62 6701
WAVERLEY	(03) 555 2618	(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) 216 534
PERTH	(09) 481 3244	

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 (9 issues).
I enclose \$NZ10.00/\$A10.00.

Name _____

Address _____

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

There is no more embarrassing situation in business than when the product you are marketing fails. Unfortunately for me the failure of the computer system I was installing was for a very influential person in the local business community. It cost me many long hours repairing a defect in the system — a hassle I didn't need.

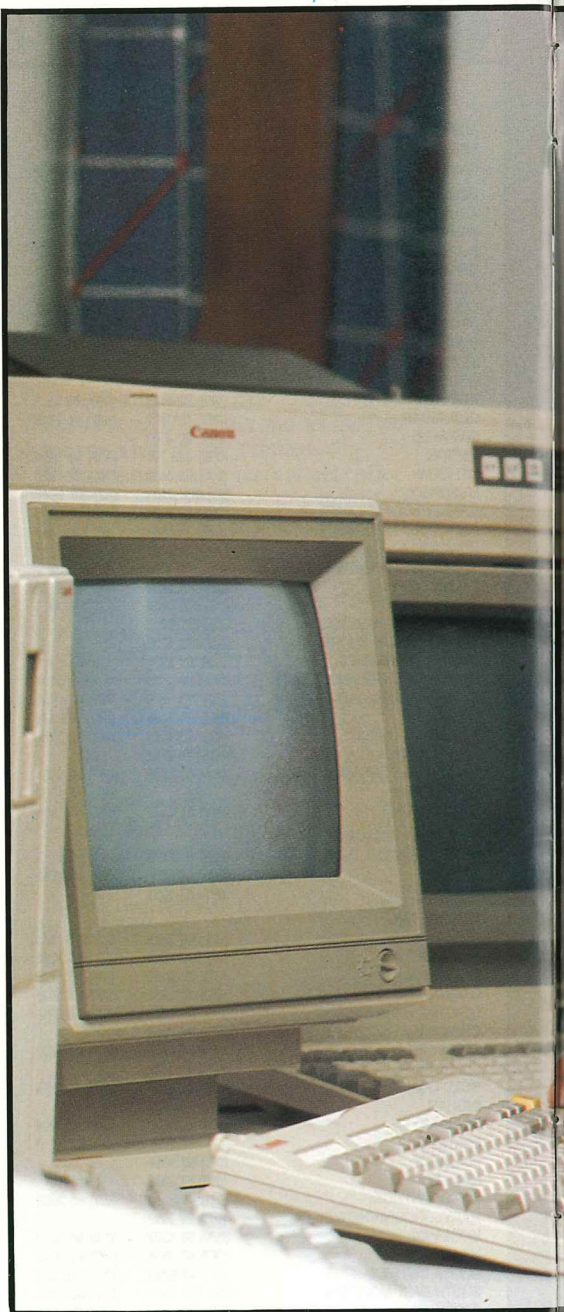
But two years down the track I had successfully navigated my computer software business through the cut and thrust of commercial competition to emerge in a rather healthy position. I credited much of the success of the business to the biblical principles by which I operated the company. But more of that later.

At this point in time I decided that I wanted to do a full profit and loss analysis of my company's operation. Just for my own peace of mind. This was to involve a full turnover/revenue analysis of each staff member and revenue source. As far as I was concerned there was no other way to run a business properly: such an analysis was a vital requirement.

I set the analysis up on a standard computer spreadsheet. It was a programme involving all the standard functions such as cashflow analysis and profit and loss. This programme was identical to the ones I sold to clients and for which they received full training either by myself or another company member.

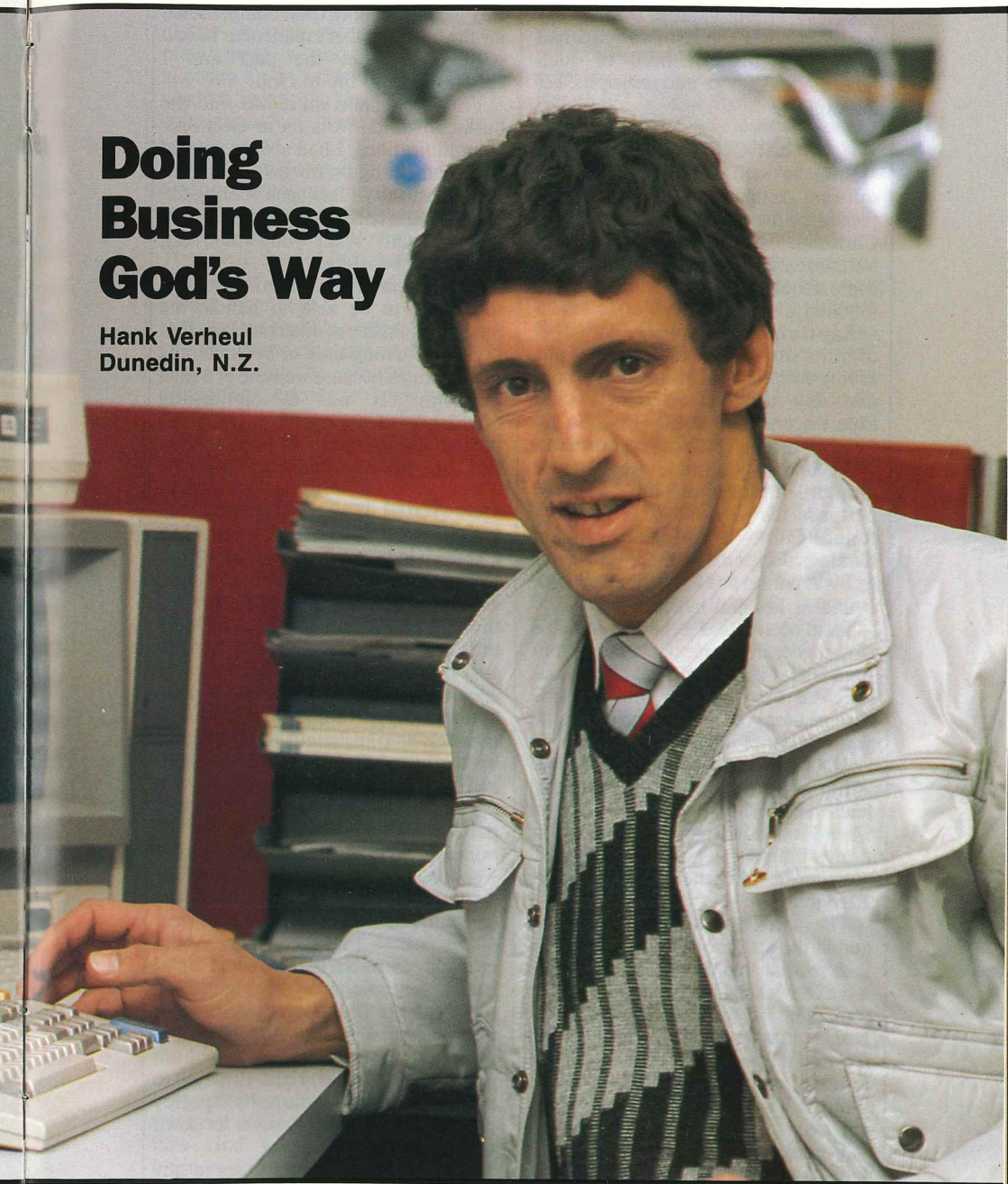
But do you think the programme would work when I tried to use it on my own company? No way. The keyboard blew up! I spent several frustrating days and nights trying everything I knew, but all to no avail. Why was the programme not working in the way it was supposed to?

Kay, my wife, came up with the answer. She had been reading the Bible and a scripture impressed itself on her. It stated, in effect, that one should not analyse the Lord's work. Now I know you're not likely to find such instructions in any current journal of



Doing Business God's Way

Hank Verheul
Dunedin, N.Z.



business management but my experience over the last two years had taught me to take heed of such "unorthodox" advice and principles. Let me explain.

Smouldering

Prior to setting up the computer software company with some friends two years previously, I had become a Christian. The main catalyst in this transformation was the change that had come about in my wife when she had followed a similar course of action.

Kay had been a hard lady with a lot of hurts smouldering away in her life. Living with her had been a battle from one day to the next. After her experience with God, life became a joy for all of us; our children and ourselves.

At first my attitude was one of outright hostility as Kay tried to persuade me to join her in her new-found faith. I had had religion hammered into me as a kid and as far as I was concerned I was finished with it and its lies and hypocrisy.

I had been raised to be a respectable churchgoer in a respectable family, but from what I could make out church was all a lot of rules that someone else designed for you. Talk to one priest and you got one interpretation; talk to another and you got a different view.

In those days you weren't allowed to read the Bible for yourself. And then when I wanted to marry Kay, who came from a different denomination, all hell broke loose! I gave the whole thing away after that.

The more I saw of the change in Kay and in the attitude of our children and their relationship with their mother, the more convinced I became that there was something in what she had found. Besides, in spite of everything else, I had received a good moral upbringing as a result of my parents' religion and I thought I would like the same for my children.

Eventually I figured it was about time I did something about it. The evidence

Kay displayed more than compensated for the unfavourable experiences I'd had with religion in the past and I surrendered my life to God.

From that point on it was into the business world. Working in electronic communications, I had always wanted to do something on my own. This was the opportunity I had been waiting for, although the encouragement I received wasn't exactly what you would call confidence-boosting.

My mother-in-law told me I worried too much to be able to handle the pressure of business; others told me that it was the wrong time to be launching new ventures because we were in a mild recession. It was a frightening experience to set out; I was leaving behind a secure job and good money. But then my new faith took over.

Total involvement

I had to discover that being a Christian involved every part of my life, including my business venture. I soon learned to commit everything to God through prayer and I had a sense that the Lord would look after us. From the very first Kay and I prayed about every decision we had to make. We prayed about the opportunities that presented themselves to us; about the franchises we ought to take up; about the plant and vehicles we should buy.

Our decision-making followed a pattern similar to this: we would ask ourselves whether the course of action we were contemplating was just our own desire or a valid need of the company; then we prayed for each facet of the deal — that the finance would be readily available, that we could afford it, that the timing would be right. If all the elements fitted together then we went ahead believing that God was in it. We followed this pattern from purchasing vehicles, right through to making major company policy decisions. And we were never let down once.

For me, the basis of success in any

business lies in its profitability, the ability to pay suppliers on time, maintaining a good cashflow, and allowing for a correct mark up on the product being marketed. In the early days, though, it wasn't as easy as it sounds here.

I would sit down at night and do the creditors' accounts and then go to bed feeling utterly green! Where was the money going to come from to pay them? They were days of little faith, but God was bigger than my concerns and always provided.

As well as that I learned management and technical skills that enabled me to better manage the company. Efficient profitability depended to some extent on a reliable debt collection facility. I prayed about this aspect of the business and ended up praying over every debt before I acted on it. The debt collection success has been outstanding and we have never had to employ a professional debt collection agency.

Two principles I have learned from the scriptures: pay your taxes and pay what you owe. So we always write out our cheques on time, pray over them, and then I sign them with my eyes closed! That's because I know there is not nearly enough money in the account to pay them. Theoretically I have usually written out three times more than our overdraft limit, but somehow the cash flow has always been sufficient to cover all the cheques that get sent out.

Another aspect of paying what you owe is the principle of tithing — giving 10% of profitability back to God. I learned to operate my business, my home and every other activity on this basis. We give to God; he gives to us. And we give to God before we set about paying everything else. What goes on the plate comes out first.

After two years of operating the company through prayer and relying on the word of God, I wanted to check on how God was doing! I guess my business pride was getting the better of

me since the unconventional means whereby I arrived at the results I did were difficult to explain to the bank manager and other business associates. Not that I hedged about telling them when the opportunity arose. It was just that knowing exactly how the company was doing would give me a greater feeling of being in control.

I wanted to operate a little more in line with the conventional code of business practice; but it was apparent that God was happy with the way things were and he wanted no changes of the kind I was anticipating. That was why he put a "spanner in the works" and, I believe, caused the failure of my software programme when I tried to do the full profit/loss analysis of my company. (Incidentally, the following week, when demonstrating the programme for a prospective client, the programme worked perfectly!).

I didn't really need the figures; the incredible results over the past two years should have been more than sufficient to convince me that "hard-nosed" business techniques come only second when God is on the job. And acceptance of that can not be called blind faith because I have seen the results!

I can't deny the place of God in maintaining honesty, integrity and success in my business. The practices of prayer, tithing and complete honesty, though contrary to some people's view of modern business practice, are living proof that God's ways work in business.

Faith in God is imperative to the fostering of good business practices and a positive attitude.

Business is hard work; but if it wasn't for God I'd be grey, full of ulcers and not having any fun!

Hank Verheul lives in Dunedin with his wife Kay and their four children, David, Steven, Emma and Timothy.



DIRECTORY

NEW ZEALAND

President Secretary

NORTHLAND

HIKURANGI	(08939) 411	(08925) 398
KAIKOHE	KHO*181-X	KHO-850
KAWAKAWA-MOEREWAI	KV-729-S	(0885) 27 392
OTAMATEA		(PAP) 37 108
WHANGAREI	(089) 81 312	(089) 81 621
FAR NORTH	KTA-521	KTA-503

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (0884) 38 117

AUCKLAND

AUCKLAND CENTRAL	(09) 579 889	(09) 734 886
AUCKLAND EAST	(09) 534 7746	(09) 567 087
AUCKLAND SOUTH		
AUCKLAND WEST	(09) 836 2553	(09) 874 390
EAST COAST BAYS	(09) 478 3782	(09) 444 7034
HIBISCUS COAST	(0942) 48 390	(0942) 66 878
MOUNT ALBERT	(09) 864 162	(09) 866 619
PAREMORU MAXIMUM		
ROYAL OAK	(09) 667 749	(09) 861 450
WHANGAPARAOA	(0942) 45 854	(0942) 45 419

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (085) 68 764

WAIKATO

CAMBRIDGE	(07127) 3000	(07127) 5703
HAMILTON	(071) 59 338	(071) 64 761
MARAMARUA		
OTOROHANGA	(08133) 8416	(08133) 6312
TE AWAMUTU	(08226) 654	(08227) 889
THAMES		

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (071) 59 626

BAY OF PLENTY

FORESTLAND	(080) 26 736	(080) 68 634
OPOTIKI	OP-522-K	
ROTORUA	(073) 56 281	(073) 59 701
TAURANGA	(075) 62 136	(075) 84 960
TE PUKE	(075) 37 144	
WHAKATANE	(076) 88 554	(076) 84 187
TAUPO	(074) 82 007	(074) 88 514

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (075) 25 438

HAWKES BAY/POVERTY BAY

TAKITIMU	(079) 79 661	(079) 28 827
HASTINGS	(070) 67 826	(070) 798 287
NAPIER	(070) 54 615	

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (070) 436 302

CENTRAL NORTH ISLAND

BUSH		
FEILDING	(063) 37 321	(063) 38 696
LEVIN	(069) 86 332	(069) 88 326
MASTERTON	(059) 84 308	(059) 86 832
PALMERSTON NORTH	(063) 67 434	(063) 67 470
ROSE CITY	(063) 83 371	(063) 71 168
SANSON	(063) 293 724	(063) 335 789
SOUTH WAIRARAPA	(027) 49 720	(0593) 8517

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (063) 69 593

TARANAKI

HAWERA	(062) 87 723	(062) 84 667
NEW PLYMOUTH	(067) 87 150	(067) 46 787
OPUNAKE	(0661) 8472	(0661) 8390
STRATFORD	(0663) 5982	(0663) 28 825

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (067) 33 693

WELLINGTON

KAPITI	(058) 88 924	(058) 86 633
LOWER HUTT	(04) 671 472	
WELLINGTON	(04) 766 429	(04) 892 291
UPPER HUTT		
WAINUIOMATA	(04) 647 870	
WGTON. WESTERN COASTAL	(04) 399 648	

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (04) 662 647

TOP OF THE SOUTH

BLLENHEIM	(057) 25 641	(057) 88 607
GREYMOUTH	(027) 4824	(027) 6660
NELSON	(0544) 5316	(0544) 6366
KAIKOURA	(KK) 330	(KK) 266

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (05422) 846

CHRISTCHURCH/NORTH CANTERBURY

HURUNUI	(0504) 48 327	(0504) 48 592
CHRISTCHURCH CENTRAL	(03) 554 776	(03) 481 097
CHRISTCHURCH N.E.	(03) 831 420	(03) 853 809
CHRISTCHURCH N.W.	(03) 238 170	(03) 554 595
CHRISTCHURCH SOUTH	(03) 885 708	(03) 58532C
HURUNUI	(0504) 48 474	(0504) 48 327
RICCARTON	(03) 484 432	(03) 478 34C

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (03) 481 850

SOUTH CANTERBURY/NORTH OTAGO

ASHBURTON	(053) 83 487	(053) 7957
MACKENZIE	(0505) 8688	(0505) 8323
NORTH OTAGO/OAMARU	(0297) 23 896	(0297) 47 572
TIMARU	(056) 80 516	(056) 83 721
WAIMATE	(051927) 733	(0519) 7897

REGIONAL DIRECTOR (056) 83 667

OTAGO/SOUTHLAND

BALCLUTHA	CO 167-R	(0299) 82 54C
DUNEDIN	(024) 43 668	(024) 876 333
GORE	(0203) 8967	(0202) 1846
INVERCARGILL	(021) 330 536	(021) 88 426
LAWRENCE	L-128-D	L-25
WINTON	CEN-829	WO-692
TAIERI	(02489) 4788	(02489) 4712
ALEXANDRA	(0294) 6421	(0294) 6624

REGIONAL DIRECTOR CEN-544

SOUTH PACIFIC

APIA
NUKU'ALOFA

CONTACT POINT

Do you feel challenged by what you've read in this magazine? Are you facing a personal crisis? Do you need someone to talk to? Help is only a phone call away. The following men serve as directors of FGBMFI for their regions and will be happy to give you any information and counsel you require.

Merv Dodd, Ruawai (0884) 38-117
 Keith Goulstone, Auckland (09) 5344-782
 Ces Finch, Hamilton (071) 59-626
 Andy Lovell, Gisborne (079) 81-115
 Adriaan Blom, Tauranga (075) 25-438
 Bernie George, Martinborough (0553) 69-294
 Jim Copland, New Plymouth (067) 33-693
 Terry Hore, Lower Hutt (04) 662-647
 Brian Tucker, Upper Moutere (05422) 846
 John Gallon, Christchurch (03) 481-850
 Charlie Tomlinson, Timaru (056) 83-667
 Wally Harrington, Winton CEN 544

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 53

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.*

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.*



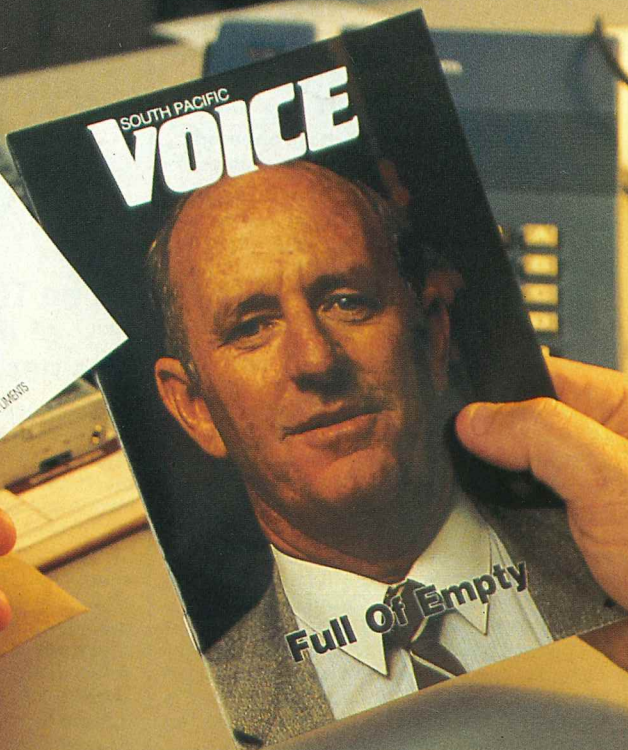
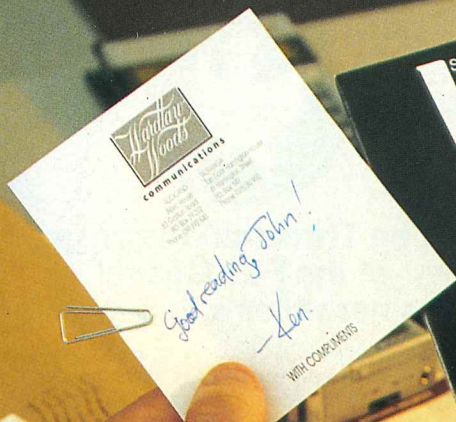
FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

P.O. Box 33-424 Takapuna, Auckland.
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



Give a friend a Voice.

Introduce your colleagues to Christ by giving them *South Pacific Voice*.

Practical, punchy and always pertinent *South Pacific Voice* is read by men from every walk of life. These men appreciate its clear message and no-nonsense approach.

Isn't it time you joined the *South Pacific Voice* network? You can, by simply ordering a bulk supply (10, 20, 50, 100) from the addresses below.

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