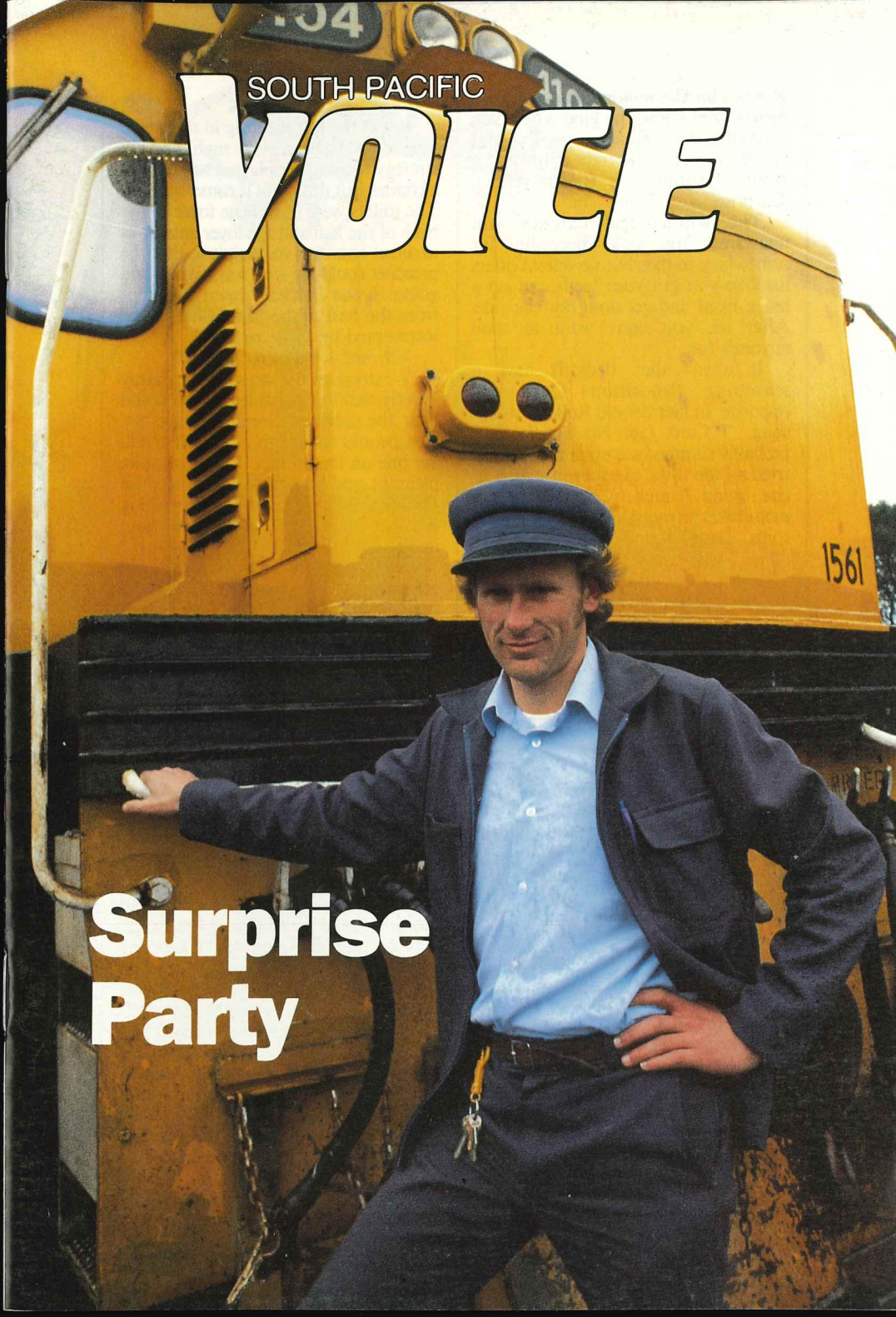


SOUTH PACIFIC

VOICE

**Surprise
Party**



It was a bit like walking into a surprise party. You know, the kind where you open the door all unsuspecting and you're greeted with bright lights and a group of enthusiastic friends yelling, "Surprise!"

The whole deal catches you unawares. You look sheepishly for somewhere to hide but no retreat offers itself so you grit your teeth, put on a brave front and go along for the ride. After all, you don't want to spoil anyone's fun.

It wasn't that I didn't have a searching disposition. Quite the opposite. In fact the old Rolling Stones song, "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" probably summed me up pretty well. I'd tried all the usual avenues in search of the good times. Cars and fast motorbikes provided speed thrills — and spills. There was the occasional love affair — all pretty temporary.

Booze, fags and drugs — they all featured somewhere along the line. One time after breaking up with my lady I took off to see the world in an attempt to forget her and make a fresh start. I tell you, I did my fair share of looking for the meaning to life. But all to no avail.

Even so, becoming a Christian was the furthest thing from my mind this particular night. I'd been going to some Christian meetings with some friends in Brisbane. They were good enough to put me and my mate up for five weeks while we looked for a job and digs, so I thought going with them to their meetings was the least I could do in return.

I'd made a point, though, of every night, just before they asked people to come out the front and commit themselves to Christ, of going out to the toilet and staying there until the end of the whole service. Then I'd duck out to the car ready to go home. I most certainly didn't want to be one of those Jesus freaks and was determined that I wasn't going to talk to them either.

Unstuck

It was the last meeting in the week-long series. I'd been every night and my strategy to avoid people had worked like a charm. But this night it came unstuck. The toilets were out in the foyer at the back of the hall and the foyer entry was in direct line with the pulpit so that the preacher could see who was coming and going. I was halfway down the steps from the hall to the foyer when I was intercepted by some people.

"Oh no," I thought, "Foiled!"

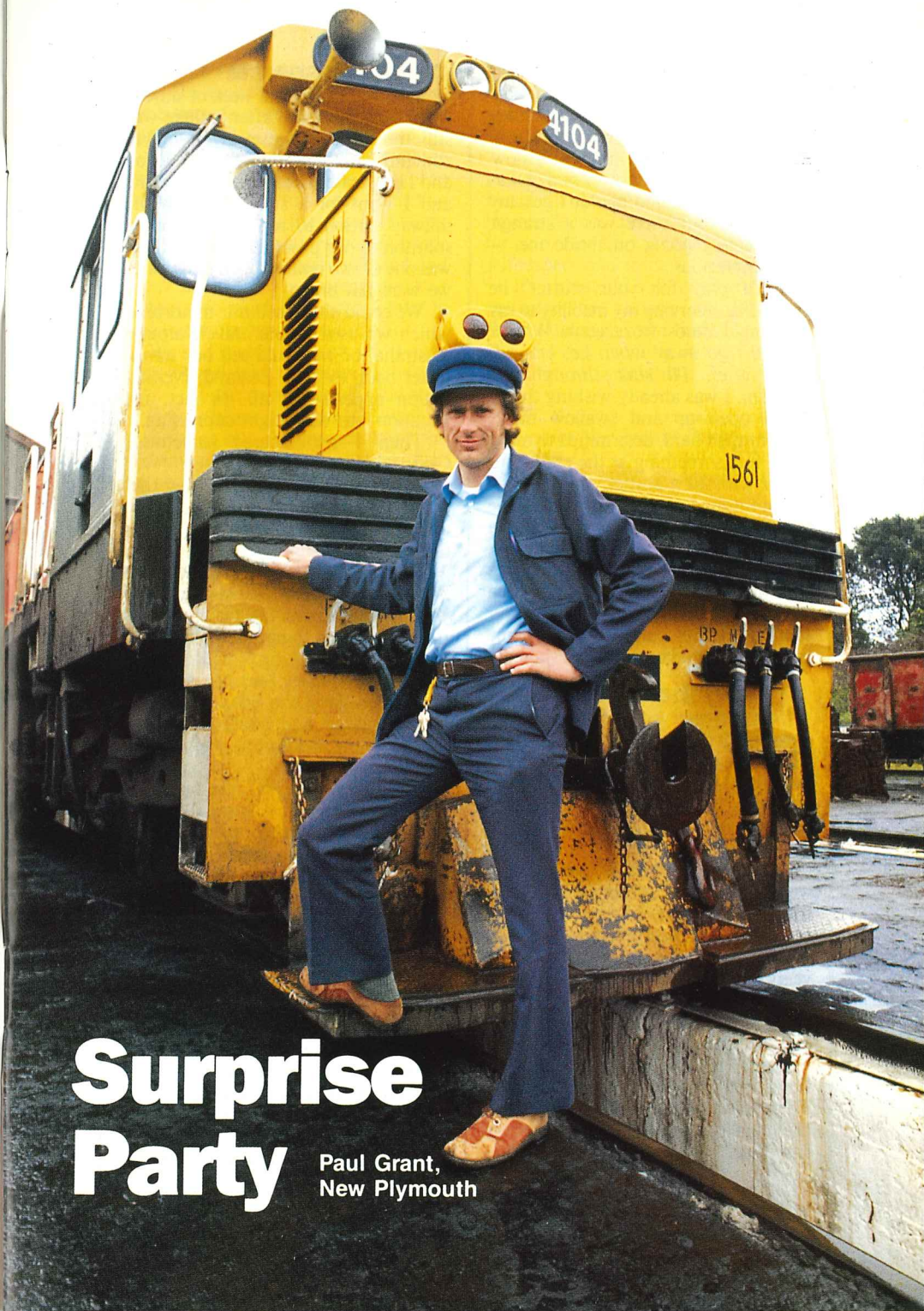
We stood on the steps chatting away quietly and in the background I could hear the preacher cranking things up. The people talking to me didn't try to lay one on me; in fact they were quite pleasant and I suppose it was because I didn't want to offend them by walking out that I decided to return to my seat at the end of our conversation.

As I made my way down the aisle towards my seat, the preacher's voice boomed out: "Look, the first one is coming in obedience to the Word of the Lord!"

I froze. It was obvious that he was referring to me. Then he called me up on the platform with him. I was petrified and embarrassed out of my brain. Having a pretty serious stutter, I avoided public speaking at the best of times, but now I didn't know how to tell him I was just returning to my seat after a visit to the toilet. Talk about bad timing; I'd landed myself in it good and proper!

In my embarrassment I had to go along with the preacher and I made my way up onto the platform. I kept my eyes firmly in a downward direction as he asked me what I came up for. *What a stupid question*, I thought to myself. *I'm here because you embarrassed me, you jerk!* Of course I didn't tell him that. Instead I muttered, "I'm not a Christian yet." I didn't want him getting the wrong idea.

"Well it's time you were," the preacher responded and with that proceeded to



Surprise Party

Paul Grant,
New Plymouth

pray for me. Well, I didn't know what to do, where to look, what to say or how to feel. And when he had finished doing his bit he shoved a microphone in front of me and asked me how I felt now. Worse than ever, thanks to him. I was a nervous wreck and couldn't get any words out. But there was a strange, warm feeling going on inside me — quite mysterious.

"We'll pray for your stutter" he responded, observing my inability to say anything. I almost froze again. *What if it doesn't go away when he's prayed? Good grief, I'll sink through the platform.* I was already wishing that it would open up and swallow me. I concentrated hard, determined to make sure I said something at the end of his prayer without a stutter.

He finished praying and with all the confidence I could muster I spoke a couple of sentences without one slip up. And while the congregation was praising God for answering prayer I'm thinking to myself, *It's not your prayer at all, it's me!* Yet, curiously enough, my stutter began to improve from then on!

Filling the emptiness

Not only that, but the preacher sent me off with a counsellor who explained what had happened and showed me from the Bible how to get free from sin, ask Christ to forgive me and hand my life over to God; in short, how to become a Christian.

The warmth I'd felt before began to well up inside me and somehow I knew this was it. In spite of me being in the situation under false pretenses, God was showing himself to me in answer to my years of searching for something to fill the emptiness I had inside.

I prayed and asked Christ to forgive and take control of my life and at that moment I felt this amazing sense of joy flood over me, from the inside out. There was a sense of finding something; like it had all come together for the very first time.

Desperate

That was in the first week of staying with my friends and after it there was still the hassles of everyday living to contend with. I still didn't have a job and I desperately needed one. My mate and I went for a stroll down to the railway station to try and nut out a solution to our problem. Seemed there was one of two options open to us, since we were flat broke.

We could either sell our motorbike, which we used in our travels around Australia; or we could sell our return ticket back to New Zealand. Neither option appealed at all. In fact, the situation was downright depressing.

Then I remembered something. God. I prayed a sort of prayer. "Well God," I said, "you're real. I found that out a couple of days ago. Could you create a situation here to get a job for us?"

With that my friend lay down to have a kip at the railway station and I went wandering over to a factory behind the station, just to have a look. I went to the office, thinking I might as well ask if they had any jobs. "As a matter of fact we have. We have just had a worker sacked and could do with a replacement. Could you start tomorrow?"

Could I ever. We had been bumming our way around Australia getting whatever work we could and scrounging old bread and bananas to live on. Actually that was how we got to be in Brisbane. We came upon hard times at a place called Nevertire and went to work on a wheat station. We went into town during the first week while they had a carnival on. Having no money, we were looking for some free food and found some in a Christian coffee bar where they were showing a film. Someone there knew my friends in Brisbane and gave me their address and we eventually landed on their door step. The rest's history.

Anyway, I rushed back to my mate,

shook him awake and laid the news on him. We could live again. God had come through. I was amazed at how he worked.

Over the next few months I read the Bible, went to study groups and got to be quite strong in my faith. A feeling grew inside me too that I ought to get back to my family and reestablish bonds with them. I left a pretty wild lad and hadn't really spared my parents and four brothers too much concern as I tried to find out what life was all about.

We had a great reunion and I even went to work with my father at the golf club — he was a greenkeeper. Had been for thirty years or more. Decided to reapply for my old position with the Railways as a trainee locomotive driver. No positions in Auckland (we lived up at Wellsford) but they would take me in Wellington and so I was off the next day.

My staff instructor in Wellington was a Christian and he took me under his wing and got me involved in his church and I have never looked back.

Run the race

It's a bit like running, I guess. I've loved running ever since I was eight or nine. I've run for clubs, done fun runs, half marathons and two full marathons. In running determination is needed, and dedication. I learned not to give up but to give it all I've got. And I've followed the same rule of thumb in my Christianity. I get involved wherever I can. In biblical terms I run the race of life and I run it for victory. I like to take the bull by the horns and tackle anything that comes my way.

When I pulled into Brisbane there were a lot of inadequacies in my life; I was rebellious towards my parents and towards society in general; I had little self-esteem (my stutter didn't help matters) and no confidence in my ability to do anything. I had no pride in my appearance and basically lacked any initiative.

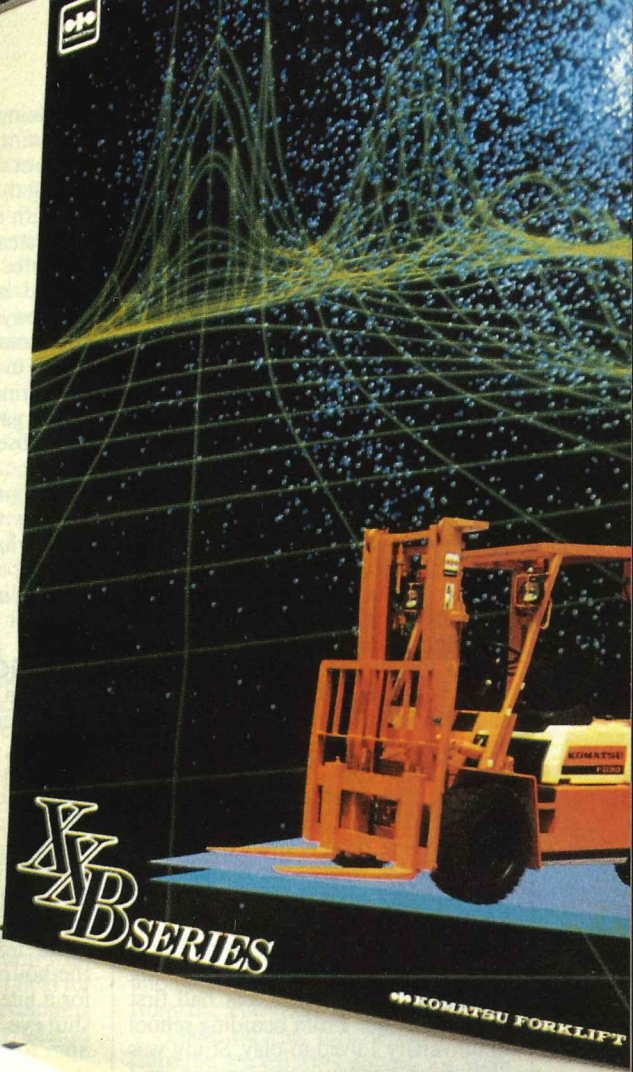
But now, nine years later, God has changed all that.

I've tackled challenges in running and also academically in passing my railway exams and doing a two week stint in a Bible School course.

I'm no brainbox, so these things really were a challenge to me. But God has given me confidence in myself as I have learned to trust him and to ask him for help. And that in turn has given me self-respect and respect for others.

It's a great life, still full of challenges and adventure. Having God tap you on the shoulder and say, "Hey, here I am" is a bit like coming home. It's the beginning of everything.

Paul Grant is a locomotive engineer working for New Zealand Railways in New Plymouth. He recently married Robyn and he is vice-president of FGBMFI's New Plymouth chapter.



“Yet to all who received him, to those who believed in his name, he gave the right to become the children of God.” (John 1:12)

You know, I sat in church listening to sermons for 33 years before I ever realised you actually had to *do* something about God. It wasn't enough to mouth words and attend church, as good as those things may have been. That God required some form of commitment on my part was like a bolt out of the blue to me.

I was attending a church mission in Invercargill, a “Life in the Spirit” seminar it was called. At one of the sessions they studied the verse from John chapter one and verse twelve, quoted above. I couldn't believe I was reading such things in the Bible — things like receiving Jesus and becoming a child of God. But it immediately hit home and I knew I had to do something about it.

It wasn't as if I was a stranger to church. I had been brought up in it and been a regular attender from Sunday School days. But it was more of a cultural ritual than anything dynamic and vital. It didn't permeate my life. In fact, it didn't occupy even one of my waking hours, apart from Sunday, and had virtually no effect on the way I lived.

As a young child, and later throughout my teens and young adulthood, it was sport that had first place in my life. From boarding school to university I lived to play. Study was only a secondary consideration and God was a token Sunday consideration only.

It was at the end of my first year at university that my father suffered the first of innumerable strokes that eventually left him paralysed and bedridden for 18 months.

I quit study, such as it was, and returned home to join up with the family engineering business. I carried on with my sport for a while at home.

Although Dad couldn't speak he always showed great interest in what I

was doing. His effort and determination to communicate, even though he was without speech, amazed me. Somehow during those months I gained from him strength and tenacity that stood me in good stead for my business life.

Three years later the directors offered me the management of the company. I jumped at the offer and set about making the company better than it had ever been.

During my time in the business sport slowly gave way to work as my number one obsession, with the goal being money, and plenty of it. I was determined to be the richest man in the cemetery when I died! Never stopped to think what good it would have done me, though. That came later after God stepped in. But first he let me have the reins for a while longer.

Goals in business

Sonia became my wife during this time and we had three beautiful children, two daughters and one son. But even that didn't deter me from my goals in business. I didn't get to see all that much of them since, as well as managing the company, I was also supervising a contract we had secured to install the new beef chains at the Alliance Freezing Works.

I'd manage the company between the hours of 8am and 5pm, nip home for a bite to eat and a couple of hours shut-eye, then off to the works for the 8pm to 5am shift. Home for another three hours sleep before hitting the office again at 8am. It was a hectic existence.

A competitor wandered into my office one day during 1979 and in the course of our conversation I remarked that the best thing that could happen to me was for someone to come in and offer to buy me out. Two weeks later this same gentleman came back with an offer I couldn't refuse and we moved out of the engineering business.

Being free of business responsibilities gave me an opportunity to look around

and see what I had been missing out on through my hours of relentless labour! That's when this mission was on at the church and I went along as a matter of course, quite unsuspecting.

God brought me up short with the verse about becoming his child. I wrestled with the conviction that verse brought for a full two weeks before I was willing to acknowledge before God that I needed to respond to it by receiving Christ into my life.

Suddenly the ritual was gone and in its place a real knowledge of God and a sense that he was there. I knew that all I had learnt through the years of attending church had to now be put into practice in my daily life and I set out to do my best for God. But I didn't have too much success in my first business venture as a Christian.

In your blood

I guess if it's in your blood, it's in your blood, and I loved the challenge of business so I set up a home heating operation. For two years it went extremely well, but during the third year I could see the writing on the wall and I closed it down before we were squeezed right out of the market. I finished the company with a \$30,000 deficit, but since that time have been able to pay most of it back.

From there I landed a position with the Harvester company, which I held for two and a half years, developing markets for heavy construction machinery in Otago and Southland.

Then the New Zealand interest in the Harvester company was sold and in the transition just one job was lost — mine!

Unemployed. That was a new experience for me, but God was in control and for a four month period both Sonia and I had to learn to trust him to supply our needs.

We had some savings but felt impressed that we ought not to use them, at least not the main investments. We relied only on our passbook savings.

I applied for the unemployment benefit a number of times and each time was told, "Yes, that's fine. There'll be a cheque in the mail tomorrow." But the cheque never came. I had applied for a couple of jobs too, as soon as I lost the Harvester position.

One of these jobs was with a finance company. I knew the local manager and he felt sure that the job was mine but just had to clear it with his head office. But no. They decided the job was not for me.

Panic button


By the 13th week we were beginning to hit the panic button. A family conference revealed that we were down to our last 13 cents. It affected Sonia more than me and I realised for the first time what security in the home means to a woman. I had taken it all for granted before and just thought Sonia worried too much about things. But being at home I was able to see just how things worked in that area.

We prayed together and checked with the Lord that we had got the message right at the beginning about not using our investments to live on. Sure enough, the same impression came through. So we prayed that the Lord would provide some money for us to live on. He did. For the next three weeks we received cheques in the mail, two anonymously and one with back pay from the Harvester company.

Then, on the 16th week, I heard from the second job I applied for, went for the interview and was notified the next day that the position was mine.

My position with Cable Price Equipment involves selling and I am on the road fairly regularly. The position suits me. It is challenging and stimulating and puts me in contact with people I would not otherwise meet.

Looking back on my period of unemployment I can see that discipline is the name of the game. Hanging in there and being taught by God through circumstances to trust him.

A man in a suit and jacket is leaning against a large yellow forklift. The forklift is the central focus, with its mast and forks visible on the left. The man is standing to the right of the forklift, leaning against its tire. The background shows a clear blue sky and some industrial buildings.

All those years of church upbringing had to be put into practice during the four months of unemployment. Those months also taught me to be specific with God when praying.

God wants a response from us all and once we have responded and made a commitment to him he wants us to continue in the same vein. No pussy-footing around. Be obedient to him. Trust him and follow him with determination.

He is direct with us. He says exactly what he wants from each of us in the Bible. He expects us to be direct with him too. Up front and full on. There's no other way.

Bruce and Sonia have three children, aged 7-12. Bruce is Sales Engineer for materials handling equipment (forklifts and the like) for Cable Price Invercargill. He is a member of FGBMFI's Invercargill chapter.



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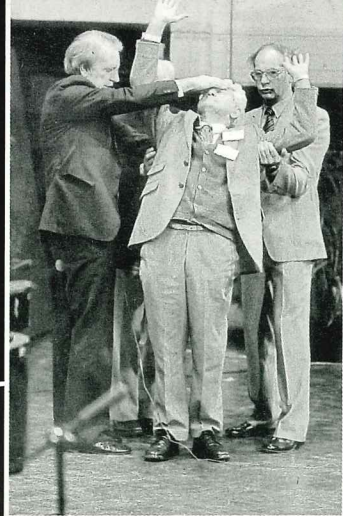
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CONTACT POINT

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?

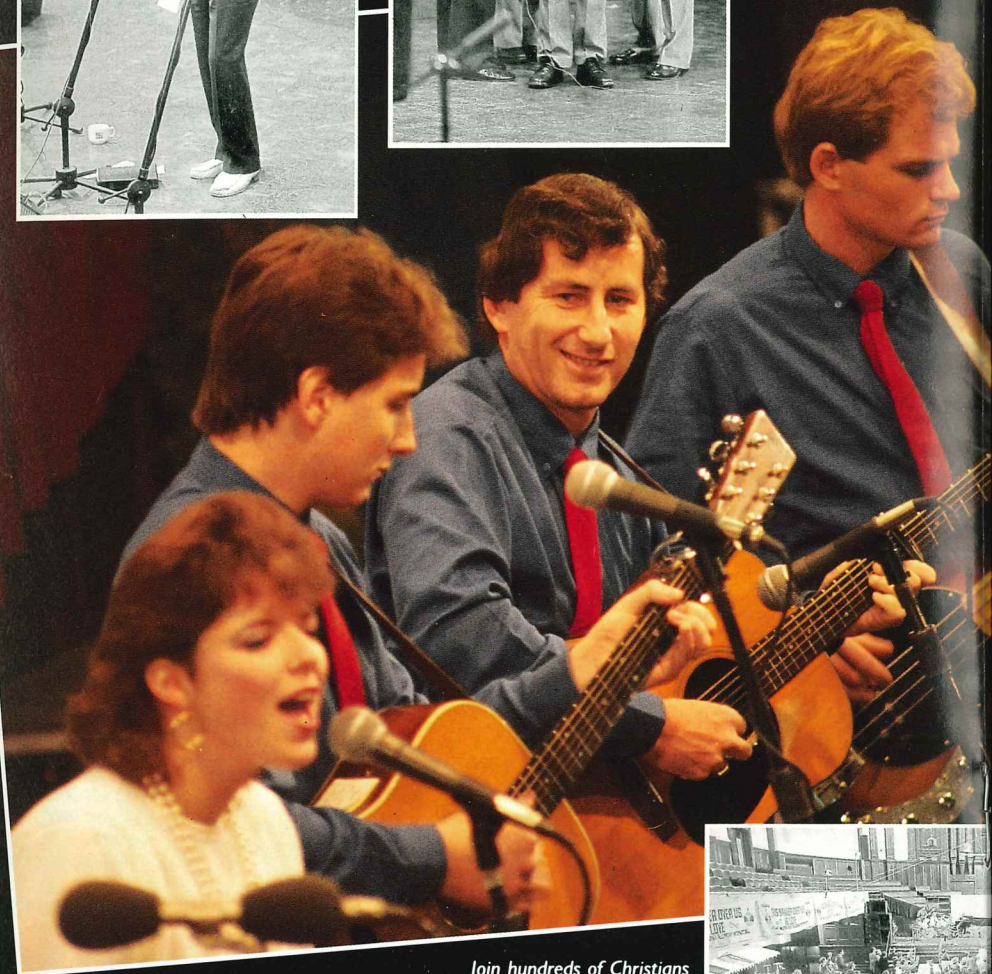
Help is only a phone call away. The following men serve as directors of FGBMFI for their regions and will be happy to give you any information and counsel you require.

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Come 1

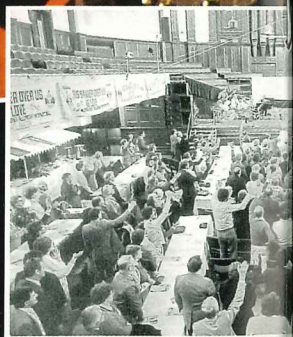
Left: Experience Bill Subritzky's powerful ministry. Far left: Cut loose in praise with Len Magee.



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**QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY WEEKEND
29 MAY — 1 JUNE 1987**

NATIONAL CONVENTION

NEW PLYMOUTH

A photograph of a man standing in front of a car dealership. The man is wearing a red V-neck sweater over a white collared shirt and a patterned tie, paired with blue trousers and brown shoes. He is standing to the right of a yellow car. The dealership building behind him has a sign that reads "htcars USED CA" and "Excellence". The sky is blue with some clouds.

The Road Home

Jim Pennicott,
Invercargill

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Three hellfire and damnation sermons in a row were just a little too hot for me to handle. But rather than send me shaking to my knees to beg forgiveness for my sins they made me feel as if I wasn't good enough to be in the same room as the preacher and the "holy" ones. If this was Christianity, I thought, then you could stick it. So we did. Sophie and I stopped going to church.

Terminating church attendance wasn't exactly cutting with a long family tradition. I think we had only been going for a month or so. "For the children", you know. We wanted Tara and Nathan to have the benefit of some religious education, but this was one of those churches where it was impossible to drop the children off without getting to meet someone and before you knew it, you were agreeing to go to church too.

I'd had Sunday School as a kid. Stayed with it until the age of 17 when I left school and headed for Deep Cove to work on the hydro scheme there.

Deep Cove

I spent four-and-a-half years at Deep Cove, first as a concrete technician and then as a placement inspector watching over the pouring of concrete in the tunnels.

A three month stint in the Territorial Army as part of my military service followed. At the conclusion of my training I returned to Invercargill and landed a job at the Tiwai Point aluminium smelter construction site in charge of the concrete batch plant.

Then I smacked up my knee playing rugby and had to have a couple of cartilages taken out. That got me thinking about what I was going to do with my life, so I decided to travel and see the world before anything else happened to me.

Heading off for the States and Europe I was leaving all connection with God behind. Ever since I'd started work I had drifted away from him to the extent that I only went to church for

weddings and funerals. Now he didn't figure at all and in the 18 months I was away God didn't get a look in.

At the conclusion of my overseas experience I came home, met Sophie, took a clerical position with an oil company, married Sophie, ignored God (except for a certain feeling inside that I couldn't shake) and had two children. That all didn't happen as quickly as you've just read it but it brings us right back to the hellfire sermons that I thought had killed all hope of me ever making a comeback with God.

Comeback

Two months after we stopped going to this church I think the minister must have noticed we weren't there because he came around to visit us. He somehow awakened an interest in Sophie, who laid a whole stack of questions on the guy. He suggested she attend a new believers class that he was running at the church just so she could gain a bit of understanding on the whole Christian deal.

And gain understanding she did. So much so that she nailed her colours to the mast and got baptised.

My life was still orientated to work and the physical side of things; my spiritual life was pretty dead. I was coaching softball and spent a good deal of time involved in the sport — and in the after sport functions where the alcohol was a big attraction.

I'd started drinking down at Deep Cove, since there was nothing else to do there, and by the time I hit the ripe old age of 20 or so I was bordering on alcoholism. It took a Catholic priest saying to me, "Son, you've got a problem," to make me sit up and get a grip on myself. I lowered my consumption from then on, but I still retained my love for the booze.

I got into dope too, especially in the States where the drug scene was all the rage. Only marijuana and hashish though — stayed away from the heavy stuff. Until someone laid one on me.

We went up to this drugs and sex commune out of San Francisco — these were the days of peace and love and dropping out and turning on. Stayed for a couple of weeks and while there someone laced my drink with LSD and sent me up on a bad trip.

Fortunately my mate came and got me out of it and took me back to the city where I recovered from the misadventure and swore off drugs ever again. Until I got to Morocco! It was all so easy there. But for some reason when I left that country I left the desire for any drugs behind. To this day I haven't touched them.

Anyway, when Sophie became a Christian and got baptised I suddenly became aware of something missing in my life. It was like a big void and I was falling behind somehow. Sophie had found some purpose and meaning to the whole existence thing on a different level to what I was operating on.

I came home one time not long after she had been baptised. I was drunk and half boozed out of my brain. Sophie had been to a church meeting where she'd been amazed at the freedom the people exhibited there as they prayed and sang. Nothing like the church we had been going to. This lot clapped and prayed out loud.

Sophie tried to make me understand that she had found something with even more depth to it, but I was so drunk it must have been frustrating for her.

The next thing that happened involved a group called Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. The speaker at their monthly meeting was a bloke I went to school with and with a bit of encouragement from Sophie I decided it wouldn't do any harm to go and hear what he had to say. He shared his life story and it stirred some memories and feelings in my closet!

Marked man

The Youth With A Mission ship Anastasis was in port in Invercargill and

some of the people on it came to speak at church. We had one of them home to lunch and were greatly impressed with her quiet confidence and belief in God. It made a mark on me.

Then the FGBMFI group had their regular monthly meeting on the ship and the ship's captain was to be the speaker. This time it was me who decided we should go. And what a meeting it was. The captain's talk of a personal relationship with God took me back to when I was 16. And when the invitation was given to go forward for prayer I went to ratify the decision I had made all those years ago.

Not long after that I attended a FGBMFI camp and during the course of the weekend a couple of events in my past started to bother me. While working at Deep Cove I had got into a relationship with another bloke's wife and I knew that I had to put it right with God. I went up for prayer and confessed this particular sin before God. The other men also prayed with me to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Nothing much happened until that night when I was standing outside on my own watching the stars in the winter's night and enjoying the feeling of tranquility. I felt tears welling up inside me and I melted and began to cry. It was the Holy Spirit working in me. Then I began to spontaneously speak in a strange new language from God — "speaking in tongues." From that night on I haven't looked back.

Both Sophie and I have found a new vitality in our marriage through following Jesus Christ together. Marriage enrichment weekends have helped us to put it all together, to enjoy each other so much more. We are now helping to run similar weekends for other couples.

We have learned to be generous with our possessions and have learned that you cannot out-give God. It seemed strange at first to give God a tenth of our income, because we didn't make



ends meet as it was. And that was with Sophie working. She's not earning now and yet we are giving to the Lord and we have never been in financial strife.

The cartilage in my knee was healed after prayer and at 35 I started playing soccer. I have been at it for four years now and my knee has not let me down once. No pain. No popping out of place. And I have even seen God heal other people as I have prayed for them too.

The emptiness that was inside of me has gone now. It took more than hell fire and damnation sermons to get rid of it but I guess those sermons played their part as well. So too did my seven-year-old friend who first introduced me to Sunday School. When I look back I can see significant people God allowed to cross my path and leave me with just a little more of the direction home.

Jim Pennicott is administration manager of Wrightcars Invercargill. He and Sophie have two children: Tara (11) and Nathan (9). Jim is treasurer of the Invercargill chapter of FGBMFI.



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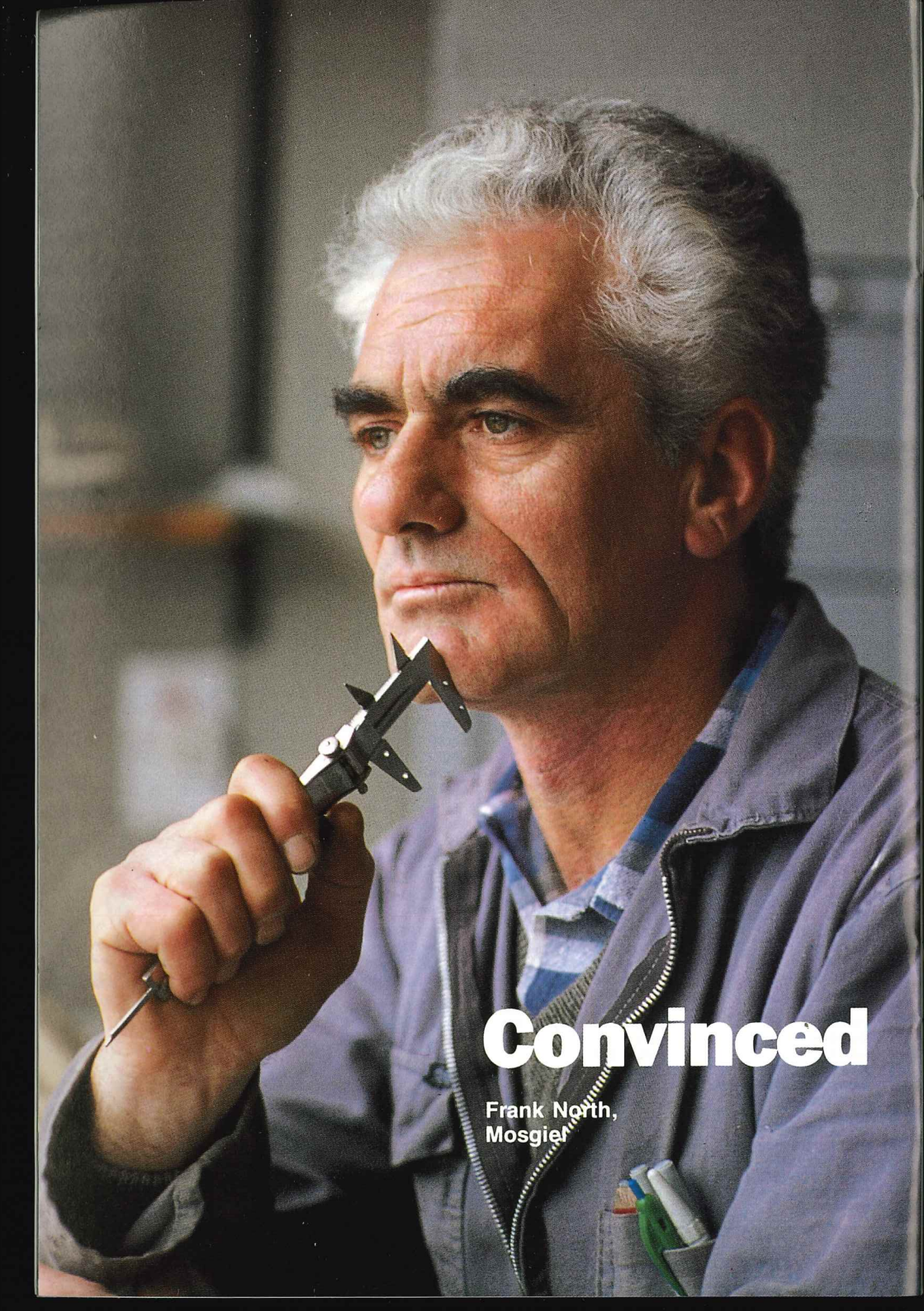
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Convinced

Frank North,
Mosgiel

A one-day-a-week Christian — that was me. By the time Monday morning rolled around I was back into the old routine of doing things my way and no thought for God.

Seventeen years I spent attending the local church but most of that time it was just out of habit. I enjoyed the services — there was no problem on that score. In fact, I admired the way the ministers spoke about the present and not just the past, using their life experiences to illustrate what they were saying. It's just that it never went more than skin deep with me.

Id been taken to Sunday School as a kid, but by 12 or 13 Id dropped out of church altogether. Too much competition in the wide, wide world.

Motorcycle racing was an early attraction and I owned a succession of motocross bikes, including a BSA 350, a Jawa 250 and a Triumph we modified for the standing quarter.

After serving my time as a fitter and turner in Dunedin I did a three year spell as a motor mechanic in Mosgiel. Then a job came up at Invermay Agricultural Research Centre and I took it. The job was so interesting and the working conditions so good that I'm still here 17 years later!

After some pretty unproductive years as far as spiritual things went my faith got a shot in the arm when I met, courted and married Alison. She steered me back in the direction of church, though I must say I was still something of a "doubting Thomas."

Then a husband and wife healing/teaching team came through town and blew my spiritual socks off! I went to the meetings they held and saw things I would never have believed possible. Sick people getting well in front of my eyes; people getting "filled with the Holy Spirit" — I didn't understand it but there was no mistaking that Jesus was doing it.

I was convinced: Jesus had to be real and I wanted in on the action.

As I prayed and asked God to touch

my life the way he was touching others I experienced a great sense of peace and a softening in my heart. I found I was easily moved to tears when I thought of love of Christ for an undeserving world.

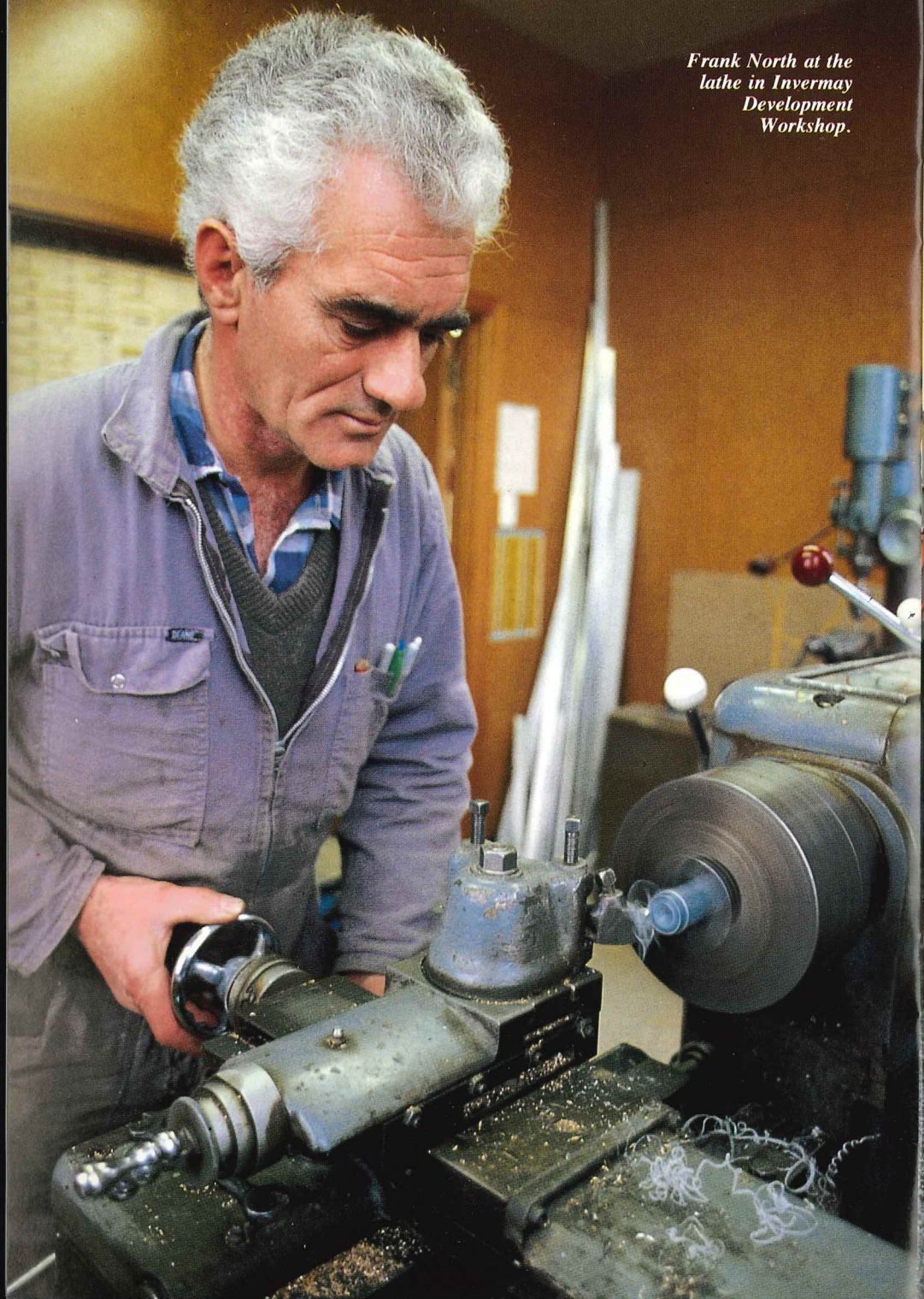
Sure, I still have my ups and downs. Like the Christmas break — I always find it hard to keep from slipping back during the Great New Zealand shut-down.

FGBMFI has been a real strength. It's the closeness of the friendship that does it, I think. During the 1986 National Convention in Dunedin God did more in four days than anything that happened previously. The teaching sessions helped me get through the doubting stage and the real icing on the cake was getting the gift of tongues.

The future's looking better and brighter all the time. And that's the way it should be when you've got the Light of the world on your side!

Frank and Alison North have three children: Craig, Mark and Sally. Frank works in the Development Workshop at Invermay, designing and producing laboratory and farm equipment (anything from fume cupboards to soil grinders). He is a member of the Tieri chapter of FGBMFI.

*Frank North at the
lathe in Invermay
Development
Workshop.*



SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer.

- 1. ACKNOWLEDGE:** "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God" Romans 3:23. "God, have mercy on me, a sinner" Luke 18:13.
- 2. REPENT:** "Unless you repent, you too will all perish" Luke 13:3. "Repent, then, and turn to God, so that your sins may be wiped out" Acts 3:19.
- 3. CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just and will forgive us our sins and purify us from all unrighteousness"¹ John 1:9. "If you confess with your mouth, 'Jesus is Lord', and believe in your heart that God raised Him from the dead, you will be saved" Romans 10:9.
- 4. FORSAKE:** "Let the wicked forsake his way and the evil man his thoughts. Let him turn to the Lord, and He will have mercy on him ... for He will freely pardon" Isaiah 55:7.
- 5. BELIEVE:** "For God so loved the world that He gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life" John 3:16. "Whoever believes and is baptised will be saved, but whoever does not believe will be condemned" Mark 16:16.
- 6. RECEIVE:** "To all who received Him, to those who believed in His name, He gave the right to become children of God" John 1:12.

Why not make your eternal decision right now?

"I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to take away my sins. I now receive Him as Lord and Saviour of my life and will, by His help, announce that fact to others."

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

1. *To witness to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man, and by this to reach men for Jesus Christ, especially those having the same social, cultural or business interests as the person doing the witnessing.*

2. *To provide a basis of Christian fellowship among all men everywhere through an organism not directly associated with any specific church but cooperating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches.*

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

3. *To bring about a greater measure of unity and spirit of harmony in the body of Christ, where members are united in a common effort for the good of the whole body.*



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