

AUSTRALIAN

# VOICE



Good news at  
the waterfront

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# Good news at the waterfront

## The Jim Beggs story

*Federal President, Waterside Workers Federation*

"What sort of work do you do, Jim?"

I hesitated before I replied. The question had come from my new neighbour, Tom, who had moved into the beautiful big home on the plush double block next door to our humble cottage in Balwyn.

In those days, Balwyn was developing into a "posh" suburb of Melbourne and my neighbour's home was typical of the mini-mansions being built for the business executives who were beginning to make their homes in the area.

By contrast, our little home was insignificant. My wife, Tui, and I had been married only a few years and we were gradually building a new home as time and money allowed. In those days, some 40 years ago, I was working only part-time and I felt rather inferior as I framed an answer to my new neighbour's polite question.

"Oh," I said, "I'm one of those

people you read about in the daily papers. I'm a wharfie."

Tom gave a slight smile. "Oh, I work on the wharves myself," he said.

My face must have shown my surprise, so he went on to explain. It turned out he was a financial director for one of the big stevedoring companies I worked for on the Melbourne wharves.

Tom's next question also took me by surprise. "Jim, do you believe in God?"

Now, I had been brought up in a Presbyterian church and had even taught in its Sunday School, but my five years of working on the waterfront had weakened my faith and I had to think about the question.

Finally, I answered. "Yes, Tom. I do believe in God, though I haven't practised my faith for a long time.

Tom smiled again. "Well," he said, "I believe that God has a plan for every living soul and if you take the time, He will show



Jim Beggs (rear right) with his wife Tui (rear left) and their daughters Vivian and Karen, son Philip (front left) and son-in-law Jonathon with grandson William.

you what His plan is for your life.”

He went on to tell me how he and his wife spent time every morning seeking God’s will and plan for them for that day and their future.

Later, when I told Tui about the conversation, she responded positively. We decided to try this experiment in asking for God’s guidance in our lives. We spent time reading the Bible and praying. After about a week, I began jotting down any thoughts

God placed in my mind.

The thoughts were simple, but they began to challenge me. At first they touched on our relationship with one another as man and wife. As we talked about these things we began drawing closer together in our feelings for one another.

Then God began to challenge me about my life, especially related to my work. First, there was my attitude to my employer. I had always been ready to accuse the management of dishonest

practices, but God challenged me about my own dishonesty in stealing items from the cargo that I handled.

I was so convicted that I determined to return the goods I had taken. It has never been easy to thief off the wharves but I can tell you that it is even harder to take things back. If I had been caught, it could have meant the sack. But God enabled me to do it. This in itself was a minor miracle.

Next, God challenged me about my attitudes towards others. One day I had the simple thought that I should go to one of the leading Catholics on the waterfront, named Les, and apologise to him for my bigotry towards him.

My father came from northern Ireland and was a staunch Orangeman. I grew up thinking that Catholics were very different. At union meetings I had always supported the Communist line, not because I was a Communist, but because I wanted to vote against the Catholics.

But God had challenged me to apologise to Les. I didn't know why God wanted me to do such a

thing. I didn't like Les at all. At union meetings he was always aggressive. He seemed to be a born agitator.

I was at a union meeting one day and the leader of the Communist group had made a fiery speech. Les leaped to his feet and really attacked him and his colleagues. There was a lot of shouting and booing from both sides, as there always was and nobody was making any progress.

Suddenly I found I was on my feet and as I spoke, there was a lull in the noise, so my voice rang out clearly.

I said, "I have come here as an ordinary family man to find out what we can do about the problems in our industry, but all you two have done is turn the meeting into a political football to push your own points of view."

Everyone seemed to be listening, so I continued, "If you two could get your acts together and fight on the same side, nobody could beat us. We would be an unbeatable team, but your divisions have turned us into rabble."

By now I was feeling inspired, so I went on to tell the wharfies what I felt they could do for the nation if we all put our shoulders to the wheel. We could be a positive force for good in the industry and the country, I said.

## **God challenged me about my own dishonesty in stealing**

As I sat down, who should be standing beside me but Les, the Catholic. I thought he was going to hit me, but he reached out, put his hand on my arm and said, "Listen mate, I agree fully with what you just said."

We got to talking about our work situation and I felt urged to say, "Les, I've drifted away from my faith and I haven't been a positive force on the waterfront. I'm sorry, Les, for the things I've said against your religion. It hasn't been helpful and, as Christians, we ought to be working together on the waterfront instead of against each other."

From then on, I supported Les in his union affairs and saw him rise in the ranks through secretary to president to national councillor. In 1961, it was Les who helped change the political direction of my union.

There was a union election coming up and, if the leadership went to the left faction it would lead to disruption throughout the waterfront all over Australia.

My industry was the lifeline of this nation, an island continent that was then totally dependent on the seaways for its imports and exports. Stop the waterfront and you affect four out of five workers in Australia. In 1961, my union was involved in more industrial and political stoppages than there are hairs on my

## **We tried to foster an attitude of Christian tolerance**

head. The whole union was on the point of anarchy.

As Les and I worked together with others for the forthcoming election of the union's leadership, we used to meet in one another's homes. We would bring along other union members from both sides of the political fence, introduce them to one another and try to break down the barriers that divided them.

We tried to foster an attitude of Christian tolerance and honesty, not by quoting the Bible but by demonstrating our own willingness to give and take and look at both sides of every question.

At the election in 1961, Jim Healy, a well-known Communist, was elected as general secretary of the union. Then on the day the election results were announced, Jim Healy died quite unexpectedly. Everyone, including the newspapers and employers, said that another Communist was sure to be elected in Healy's place.

But this little group who had been meeting in our homes

decided no good would come from having a leader from either the extreme left or the extreme right.

We decided to support the appointment of a man named

***My industry was the lifeline of this nation. Stop the waterfront and you affect four out of five workers in Australia.***

Charlie Fitzgibbon. The possibility of him winning was almost nil, because we had neither the experience nor the finance that the Communists had.

To raise funds, we followed the pay cart around the wharves in a car and as the pays were handed out we asked the wharfies for contributions. Our opposition did the same in another car.

One day, our opposition's car broke down and the driver of our car turned to the fellows in the back seat and said, "You blokes hop out." Then he called to the opposition, "Give us three of your best men and we'll take them around with us. If we are going to win this campaign, we want to win it fair dinkum."

As the three opposition men got into our car, one said, "If your car had broken down, we'd never have offered you a lift."

Five weeks later, at the end of the campaign, that man was handing out our "how to vote" tickets. The spirit was so tremendous that people were just

coming across to our side.

It is history now. We won the election and Fitzgibbon was elected as general secretary of the union. Having a man of vision in control meant a world of

difference to our union and the waterfront throughout Australia.

By 1968, the general secretary was able to convince the employers that wharfies should no longer be employed on a casual basis but should have permanent status. Later that year, a permanency agreement was signed. This was the beginning of a quiet revolution on the waterfront.

I have been federal president of the Waterside Workers Federation for almost 20 years. About 10 years ago I wondered whether I could keep going much longer because I could not see any younger men wanting to follow my ways and I had an executive committee that was divided.

On my very first day as president I realised that we had five different political views on the executive. This not only led to constant disagreement, but occasionally even to violence among the members of the executive.

I determined that, as president, I would not take sides on any issue and that I would treat my fellow members of the executive as brothers and part of my family. It wasn't always easy to be unbiassed.

I knew that none of the executive had supported my nomination as president and three of them came to me individually and said, in effect, "Now look, Beggs, you won the election, but keep your \*\*\*\*\* Christian ideas out of this office and stick to Federation policy

At the party, one of the men said, "I've been on the executive for nine years. For eight of those years I've hated the job. There were always arguments and fights. But in the last 12 months the atmosphere in our office has been totally different. I've never enjoyed my job so much.

"I don't go along with all your Christian ideas, but I do appreciate the effect they've had."

This effect has also impacted on the ordinary members of the union. Fifty percent of those who

***"Keep your \*\*\*\*\* Christian ideas out of this office and stick to Federation policy."***

and you'll be OK."

Normally, I would have reacted strongly to their threats, but instead I thought to myself, "Now here is a brother giving me some friendly advice." It didn't sound too friendly but I accepted it as friendly.

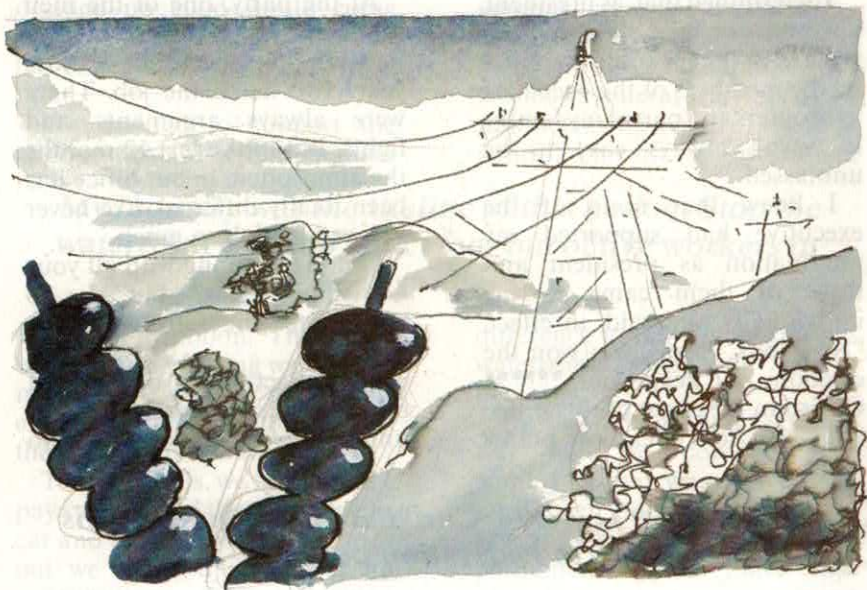
So I said to them, "Obviously, I have a lot to learn. I'm new to this job and if I go in the wrong direction I hope you will set me right."

Gradually, I won their respect. At the end of my first twelve months, for the first time, the executive held a Christmas party with our wives. We had never done that before, but there was a new attitude prevailing.

came into my office aren't there about wages or conditions. They are there about personal matters.

They know they can talk to me about their problem and I am able to point them in the direction of an answer.

Some people ask, "What can one person do?" I want to say that one person and God can do anything. I am not the federal president of the Waterside Workers Federation in spite of my faith in Jesus Christ. I am president because of my faith in Jesus Christ, and that's the message I want to get across to the ordinary person in the community.



# Power — good and bad

By Peter Gunner

A man doesn't usually know just when his days on earth will end but there was a day I remember when I came unexpectedly close to the end of my days.

The fact that I am here to

record the events of that day are due only to God's intervention.

I am a professional tree-lopper. I had looked the previous week at a job I had to do. Two large limbs were overhanging a house at Palm Cove, near where I lived in Cairns, North Queensland. For safety, they had to be removed.

During my inspection of the job, I noticed the power lines very close to the tree. Some of the lines passed through the leaves of the tree and I pointed out to the house owner that the Power Board would cut these back for him.

The limbs I had to cut were about three metres from the power line and I felt it would be safe to tackle this job.

On the fateful afternoon, I towed my cherry-picker to the site and prepared for the task. My two workmates, my brother-in-law, Rowan, and friend, Rick, drove there in our tip-truck to cart away the lopped branches and other debris.

Rowan had worked with me on another job earlier in the week and I had shown him how to raise the cherry-picker bucket using the second set of controls on the ground.

The main controls were in the bucket where I could use them to position the bucket in which I stood while I worked.

This was the first time I had shown him how to control the bucket. I didn't realise at the time how important this would be.

I put the cherry-picker in a position where I could carry out the whole job without having to move it, climbed into the steel bucket and raised it to the position where I could do my

*Peter Gunner at work in the bucket of his cherry-picker.*



work on the tree.

I had not been long at work with my chain saw when, unexpectedly, I felt myself being hit by electricity. It was coming in through my right arm and then flowed all over me.

My first thought was, "How can this happen when I've taken all the right precautions?"

What I didn't know was that these power lines were high voltage, 22,000 volts, and that this power was being carried through the leaves of the tree.

The pain was unreal. It is

***My arms and face felt like they would explode. I thought I was going to die. There was nothing I could do or say.***

difficult to describe. The electricity was coming in my right arm and flowing out through my right foot. I was wearing steel-capped safety boots and was standing in a steel bucket.

When the electricity came into my hand, I dropped the chain saw to the ground, about six or seven metres. Rowan and Rick ran to pick it up, thinking that I was waiting for them to move it so I could drop the branch.

All this time, I was getting the current all over me. By now I was bent over the bucket. My arms and face felt like they would explode. I thought I was going to die. There was nothing I could do

or say while this was going on.

The last thing I remember was smelling the smoke from my burning right boot. The pain in my foot was unbearable. My little toe was partly burned off and the right side of my foot suffered bad burning.

It was about 30 seconds before the smoke rose out of the bucket where it could be seen from the ground. It was a long time!

Rowan was the first to see the smoke. Risking his own life, because the whole cherry-picker was alive with electricity, he ran

and pulled the lever which lowered the bucket and broke the current. I collapsed into the bucket.

Rowan and Rick brought the bucket down. They found I still had a pulse. I was still alive. Praise God!

I was taken to the hospital and went through problems with my heart. The first 24 hours were crucial. I spent two days in intensive care and a further three weeks in hospital recovering.

My toe was removed and I had two skin grafts. Many doctors to whom I spoke told me that, by just looking at the burns on my hand and foot, they knew that it

was a miracle that I was still alive.

I owe my life to the quick action of my brother-in-law but, even before that, I owe it to God for prompting me to show Rowan how to operate the controls of the cherry-picker.

God knows all our needs, even before we have them, and He moves ahead of us to provide and answer. Whatever is our problem, if we commit it to God and trust Him, He will help us. I was ready to die, but God saved me.

He did even more than that. In the hospital, I laughingly told the doctor that I used to suffer tinea under that little toe but now there's not a trace of it!

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Peter Gunner has now fully recovered from his brush with death. He is living happily with his wife Cindi, and their three children.

They enjoy fellowship with the Cairns Christian Centre at Brinsmead.

# Finding peace

by Craig Bartlett

I slammed the pool gate, kicked a hundred-dollar chair and smashed it. I had just had another argument with my wife.

I suddenly realised I couldn't go on any more. Everything I had worked for was now worthless. My marriage was on the rocks, my business was in financial trouble and life just wasn't worth living any more.

There seemed no way out. I had tried everything I knew to save both, and now I was at the end of myself.

I had what everyone thought was the ideal lifestyle. Nice home, swimming pool, lovely life. Three beautiful kids, and we lived on 50 acres secluded on the edge of Launceston.

This was the success I had worked for all my life and now I hated it. Without my family they were worthless.

How can a man leave his wife and children? It seemed impossible, but how can you carry on if all is falling down around you?

I had made a decision. Rather than do anything suicidal I

would leave. I was on the next plane out.

I got a \$1500 a week job in Melbourne, one of my girls came with me and I left all my troubles behind. I thought everything would be alright. How wrong I was. It was devastating.

I became the most lonely, hurting man alive.

I had left my father's farm when I was 21, and married Kim. We had some good years. Building up our lawn-mowing business, selling that and moving into landscaping, expanding into retail nursery and tractor and backhoe hire, growing and selling instant lawn.

Then we sold all that and built a new house on our 50 acres and improved that over the next few years.

By this time there was a driving force in me to be successful and I was blinded to the fact that this force was destroying me and my family.

I was a proud man and thought that if I failed and could not provide an income, my wife wouldn't love me any more.

While I was working in Melbourne our relationship got even worse. We could not even talk on the phone. Kim was hurting so much and I was the same. There seemed no way to reconcile the situation.

While this was happening, some friends came and visited

Kim and gave her new hope. She invited Jesus into her life.

The first I knew of this was when I rang Kim one day and I noticed the change. We talked happily for the first time in a long while.

I asked her what had happened to her. When she told me, I thought, "That's OK for Kim, but not for me. I will go along with anything to keep the peace." I wondered how long it would last.

After that, whenever I talked to Kim, she would tell me things that happened in the church and what she read in the Bible.

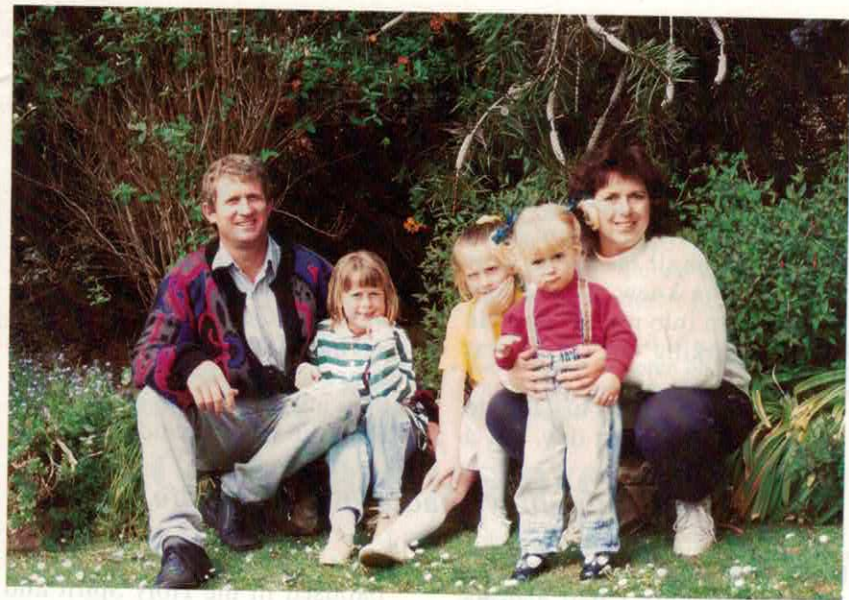
It was interesting to listen, and when she talked of healings and speaking in tongues I wanted to know more. I had never heard of anything like it before. The change in Kim was something I had never experienced.

One weekend, Kim came to Melbourne to take our oldest daughter to a church service for healing of her warts. I tried to get out of going but at the last minute went.

Boy, that church service was on money and greed etc. It spoke straight to my heart. I knew then that I should explore more.

We had the prayer for Danielle's warts and went our separate ways again.

Some Christians I met gave me some books to read and a Bible. As I lay on my bed at night, I



*Craig and Kim Bartlett with their three children*

would read them.

It was very interesting and I could see how many people had changed their lives. Still, I was hurting, and even though we were getting on better I couldn't bring myself to go home to Kim and the children.

Then one day Kim rang and said "Craig, I have been praying that you will come home and wondering why you don't, and God gave me this scripture. It was from Habakkuk and ended 1:11, "Guilty men whose own strength is their God".

God was saying it was because I was still relying on myself, and hadn't given my life to Him.

Suddenly I was convicted. That was me.

I was reading God's word, starting to believe in, seeing God start to heal our marriage but by my free will I wasn't letting God do anything. I decided to go home and was on the next plane.

Things were good for a day but on Saturday night we had another fight. I was devastated and so was Kim. Later that night we made up and went outside for a swim in our spa.

At 2.30 am that morning I gave up. I invited God into my life and gave my life to him.

It was a hard thing to do

because you have to mean it. Well, I meant it! I cried and cried and we both went to bed that night as Christians.

The next day, I still did not really believe in God. I was a hands-on man. If you can't see it and feel it then it's not there. Well, God knows us all. He knows your heart and he knew mine. I had invited Him into my life and He started working the very next day.

I had planned to fly to Queensland the next day, but a

up but you have to have the next one.

At this conference I was prayed for by a minister from N.S.W. who had come down to Hobart after he had a prophecy in the church that a man would approach him who was in need.

As someone gave him the airline tickets and he thought it was from God, he came down.

That man who was to approach him was me. Through that minister, God set me free from the sexual bondage.

### *Everyone thought we had a successful life, but ...*

friend dropped in and suggested I stay. Suddenly I had a peace about staying. This was a peace I had never had before. It was from Jesus. I flew back to Melbourne, packed my gear and came home for good.

When I got home, I was sitting with my daughter and I asked her about her warts. I was too embarrassed to do this before because I thought they would be still there. God honoured the prayers and all Danielle's warts had gone. I was amazed.

A couple of weeks later at a Christian conference another miracle happened. I used to read a few pornographic magazines and watch the occasional blue movie. I thought they were harmless, but they end up like smoking. You want to give

At the same time, I was baptised in the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues. At that minute, I knew Jesus Christ was real, and he had forgiven me. That same night I was ministering to other people. To this day, I have lost all the desire for pornography

Later in the year my wife and I went for some Christian counseling at Kingsholme for Healing. It was a time where we both bared our hearts to God.

We were set free from past bondages and learned to forgive people from the past. I was also able to ask other people for forgiveness. This was another turning point in our lives.

I have now been a Christian for about 18 months. In that time, God has restored our marriage and our family is stronger than it

has ever been.

We both look to God now instead of ourselves. He gave me back my business and we are slowly paying back our debts.

We realise now it is not a sin to borrow money but it is a curse. We now have our house on the market and when it sells we will be free from being in bondage to the bank.

God's word tells us we are servant to the lender, and I want to be a servant to do God's work,

helping people, who are in the situation I was in find hope in getting their families back through Jesus Christ.

Jesus said, "I have come to give you life more abundantly". I can personally recommend to invite Jesus Christ into your life and receive the "Peace of God that passes all understanding."

*Craig Bartlett is a member of the Launceston chapter of F.G.B. Craig and Kim are both active in the Launceston Anglican Community.*

## God watches over us

by Allan Ash

My wife and I had planned to drive from our home in Camden, south-west of Sydney, to Brisbane on holiday.

The morning before we were due to leave, I was unexpectedly required to drive to Sydney, about 80km, on business. I was mildly annoyed at having to make the journey as I still had packing to do for the holiday.

I drove to the city and approached the Central Station area along the downhill section of Broadway. As the cars ahead of me suddenly slowed, I put my foot on the brake pedal and it fell flat to the floor.

At this critical moment, the hydraulic brakes had failed.

On my left was a side street. I

swung around the corner, applying the mechanical hand brake.

I found I had stopped outside a brake specialist. It took the mechanic only a few minutes to locate a broken oil line in the hydraulic brake system.

I took the bus to the city while the brakes were repaired.

Later, I collected my car and drove safely home, praising God for arranging for me to stop outside a brake specialist's.

Then it dawned on me. If I had not made that annoying trip to the city, I would have set out next morning with faulty brakes.

And if I had driven 80km from Camden on the highway to Brisbane, I would have been descending the steep road from Hornsby to the Hawkesbury River when the brakes failed.

# Powerless to help

Dr Bill Stanley, Chatswood NSW

David was three years old when the illness struck — and I was powerless to help. Over a period of five or six days he got steadily worse. I was unable to diagnose the problem, even though I was a practising MD. Nothing I prescribed for him had any effect. He just lay in his bed getting paler by the day. He wasn't eating any food and consequently he got weaker. Then he began to experience pain and went downhill very rapidly, causing my wife and I to become extremely worried. I consulted with a specialist colleague but he also was unable to correctly diagnose what the problem was.

It was then that we thought of a friend who was a Christian — one of the sort who believed in faith healing, as I called it then. I was strictly a five senses man, but over some months prior to David's illness my wife and I had begun to reflect a little on our Catholic upbringing and decided that perhaps it would be good if we, as a family, started becoming religious — for the children's sake.

Prior to this decision our Christian friend had given me a book to read on healing. It looked

into divine healing as illustrated by the life of Jesus and his followers. I didn't feel inclined to read it at all, and it wasn't until I was sick in bed one time that I turned my attention to it.

The book started me thinking, if nothing else. It got me out of the realm of my five senses and awakened me to the possibility that there was a dimension to healing other than that offered by medical science. My Catholic upbringing had also prepared me to accept the supernatural, so intellectually I could accept such an eventuality. At least in theory.

So when this friend offered to get her small church to pray for David I had a little understanding of divine healing and was prepared to take a chance. "After all," I thought to myself, "there can be no side effects from praying!" I told her to go ahead and her church group prayed for David on Wednesday night. By Friday morning he was completely well. All trace of the virus, or whatever it was, had disappeared, and while we were overjoyed at David's recovery, we were a little amazed at the way in which it had come about. It was my first experience of healing

outside of medical science.

I figured that the least I could do was go down to the church and thank them all publicly and pass on to them the news of his recovery. This I was able to do at a morning service soon after.

### Meeting the healer

There was a man there who had just returned from a world business trip and was speaking on his experiences visiting different Christian groups as he travelled. He talked about physical healings which totally amazed me. I had never heard of such happenings. Then there were emotional healings, marriages put back together and deviants helped. As he spoke I became convinced that what he was saying was true. There was a whole world of supernatural healing that I had barely considered. God, through this man, awakened in me a desire to know more. I had seen some evidence with David and now I was hearing many further examples.

At the end of the meeting I was talking to this man, I was more than interested in what he had to say although I didn't quite expect him to come out with the line he did.

"Where's Jesus in your life?" he asked me. I looked a little embarrassed. "Well, I must admit that I haven't given him too much

thought over the last few years," I replied. "He's certainly not at the centre of it, not like you described."

"Where would you like him to be?" he continued.

"Well, after seeing David healed and hearing you speak today," I said. "I realise that Jesus lives and cares for people and from now on I want him to be at the centre."

The events of the last few months climaxed at that point. I had been introduced to the supernatural through my upbringing and I'd recognised a certain value in religious belief. The idea of God being practically concerned for people was suggested through the experience with David and hearing this man speak I realised that God is willing and able to invade the sphere of personal life to bring his love and care to the individuals he created.

We prayed together, I asked the Lord for forgiveness for my sin and for being so complacent about him in the past. I asked Jesus Christ to be my Lord and Saviour and to take control of my life.

We finished praying and I knew that I was different. There was a conviction inside of me that shouted out that I was different. There could be no denying it.

I had to leave at that point but

before I left the man praying with me announced to the congregation that I had been saved that morning. There was no way I could believe that through the act of one simple prayer I had been saved. Surely it couldn't be that simple.

Driving home I was singing in the car and praising the Lord for the first time in my life. I looked at myself sideways at times, wondering if I was dreaming. That afternoon we went on a picnic and I couldn't stop jumping around. I was so excited. As you can imagine I had a bit of explaining to do to Margaret, my wife. No I hadn't been drinking. God had changed me. Put me in contact with himself through Jesus Christ.

I was amazed and delighted at the new dimension to life that I had encountered and in the days and months ahead I was to discover even more.

Three days after I had become a Christian Margaret also committed her life to God and made Jesus her personal Lord and Saviour too. Not long after that both of us were baptised in the Holy Spirit and received the power of God to live out the new lives he had given us. The change had been rapid and dramatic. But it was solid and both Margaret and I have never looked back.

## God in my surgery

Not long after becoming a Christian I saw the need to study and understand the Bible if I wanted to grow in my new faith. This I did with great enthusiasm and saw in its pages that I was now a son of God. This excited me as I saw the potential in such a relationship. The power of God, through the Holy Spirit, was available to me as a son. And it was to be evident in every area of my life — and that included my medical practice.

With study of the Bible came a growing realisation of the place of divine healing in medical practice and its relationship to medical science. I soon found other doctors who believed in, and practised divine healing, recognising that it was a gift of God made available through the Holy Spirit to all believers. I was encouraged to find these men and I began to allow God to work in my own practice.

Over the years I have seen some amazing healings take place when God has intervened.

The first time it happened was not long after I had been a Christian. A young man came into my surgery and his marriage was on the rocks. His wife was out at discos most nights and he was getting interested in another girl. As I talked to him about his situation the conversation came

round to religious beliefs and I was able to gently ask him if he believed in God and what he thought of Jesus Christ. He broke down then and told me he was an ex-Anglican and yes, he did believe in Jesus, that he was the son of God. I was able to then explain salvation to him and he committed his life to God, inviting Jesus Christ to become his Lord and Saviour. He did that with much weeping. Then we prayed for his wife as well and for their marriage. He went home and told his wife what had happened and within three days she too had repented of her sin and committed her life to God. Their marriage was completely restored and today they are living a good solid life as children of God.

Another time I was in a prayer meeting, one of the first I attended after I had become a Christian. The phone rang for me. It was the friend of one of my patients, who had had an endoscopy for a stomach ulcer. From the account the friend gave over the phone it was obvious that the ulcer had perforated. My patient was feeling clammy and getting paler all the time. She really thought she was going to die as she was in great pain.

I phoned the ambulance for her and told the friend I'd meet them at the hospital. Before I dashed out of the prayer meeting

I told the people what had happened and got them to pray for the girl.

When I arrived at the hospital the pain had largely subsided and she was much more relaxed. There was no need for emergency surgery, but just as a precaution she was kept in hospital for the next two weeks to see how the ulcer was behaving. At the end of that time another endoscopy was carried out to give some idea of the condition of the ulcer.

The result of that endoscopy stunned me. It showed virtually no sign of the ulcer. Nothing wrong at all. I thought to myself, "I've just got to tell her how that all happened. When the opportunity arose I was able to tell her how my prayer group had prayed for her that night we rushed her into hospital.

"I knew it," she said. "I knew there was some intervention of God in the situation that night. I was praying too. I'm from a Catholic background."

The result of that was my patient committed her life to the Lord and so did her friend.

I could go on and describe how I've seen God work in my practice to restore broken marriages and broken lives. I've seen him perform physical miracles, psychological miracles and spiritual miracles to give people new life and new hope. He is the master doctor!



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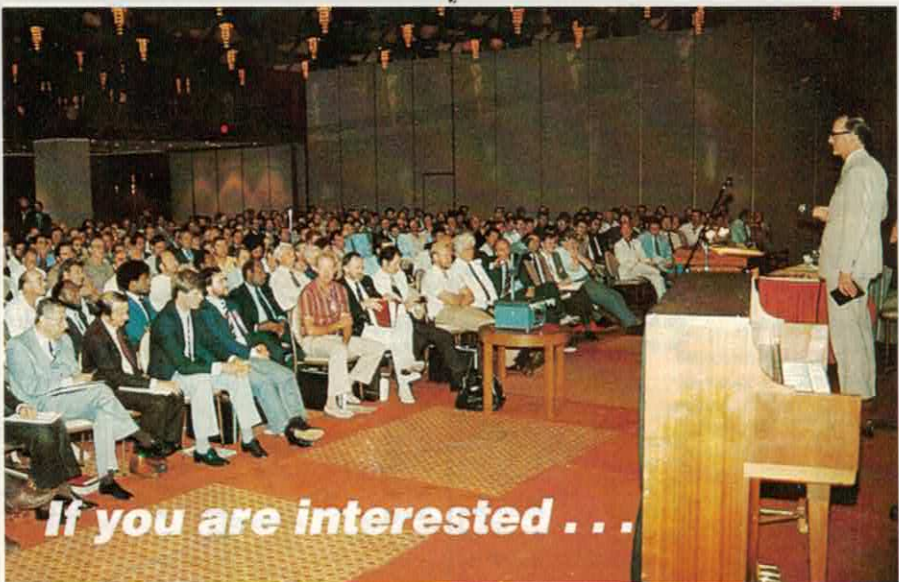
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## SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

- 1. ACKNOWLEDGE:** "For all have sinned and fell 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 1:19. "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.

AUSTRALIAN  
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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.*
- 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.

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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