



Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

x-treme



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X-treme

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**Richard
Shakarian**

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1 million families

A whole nation shall know God's glory.

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Richard Shakarian

International President



took off from the high mountain, the lake and the ski lodge far below. There were even clouds below me. Best of all, most of my problems were beneath me at that moment and, for those few seconds in the air, I was free. When I landed and my skis touched the snow again, I had made a jump of 145 feet. People were calling it a world record - a far cry from the beginning of my life.

I was born and raised in Seattle, Washington. My parents did not believe in God. However, my grandparents on my mom's side were believers. When they would write to us at Christmas they would always mention the Lord in their letters. We would always make jokes about those being "God letters."

When I was 10 years old I went to Minnesota with my grandparents. I spent two weeks with them. All during the trip they would pray, even before

*(Credits for cover & next 2 pix:
Hank deVre' Photography)*

*Cover: John Tremann
jumping off Mount Hood.
Page 3: Above Illumination
Rock, Mt. Hood.*



John Tremann, California

Voice

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FOUNDER: Demos Shakarian; **OFFICERS:** International President, Richard Shakarian; International Executive Vice-President, John Carrette; USA Executive Vice-President, Ralph Marinacci; International Secretary, Kwabena Darko; Assistant Secretary, Bruno Coamano; International Treasurer, Tom Leding.

PUBLICATIONS: Editor/Communications Manager, Jerry Jensen, Ph.D., Litt.D.; Design/Production, Colin Smith; Contributing Writers, Bob Armstrong, Ed Barton and Ken Walker.

WHO WE ARE: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International are business men, men of high status, as well as ordinary men, and our vision is that the light of Jesus shall shine forth from each of our men into every culture, nation, race, language, and creed. That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 150 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write.

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(949) 260-0700**



driving or eating in restaurants. My grandmother asked me if I wanted to accept the Lord into my life. Being 10 years old, I wasn't sure, but I said, "Okay." We prayed and I asked Jesus to come into my life. I went back home to Seattle and, without any encouragement to follow Jesus, I basically wallowed in the world until 1995.

I never did well in elementary school, and got in a lot of fights there. My dyslexic problem was compounded by an attention deficit problem. During much of my youth I was seeing a psychiatrist, who was trying to figure out why I was so difficult to handle. My mother did a lot of the disciplining. I love my mom and Dad dearly and we get along great, but my dad is a doctor and his life was being a doctor. Because of that, he was not around, and my mom was left to do her best to raise my sister and I. When I was a young child I did a lot of things to my mom, which I regret today.

In the fifth grade I was held back for another year. I never wanted to be different, but I was put in special education classes, and not with the regular kids. I was confused, wanting to be unique and special, yet wanting to be like everyone else. Junior high was probably one of the most difficult times of my youth. I never did well in school and didn't get along with people. At lunchtime I would spend the half-hour by myself in a corner, just watching, because I didn't feel comfortable going into the cafeteria and sitting by myself. I would go to school an average of 3 days a week. The other days I would be sent home or just go home. My parents told me I wouldn't even make it to high school.

However, God had His hand on my life. Though I didn't pass a class in junior high, they let me go forward, and I did get to high school. I never studied in school, nor did I get any better



John skiing at Squaw Valley

freshman year I decided to try out for the football team. What gave me the motivation was a guy who was a class ahead of me when I was in junior high. He was a bully and we didn't get along. When I saw his picture with the football team in the school annual, I thought to myself that if that guy could play football, I could play football. Oddly enough, that gave me the motivation to go out for the football team.

During that year, I was a wide receiver and not good at it. I rarely played, sitting on the bench for most of the games, but I never quit. Even though I was struggling at school, I went to football practice every day.

One time the coach called me over and said, "Okay, John, you are going in and here is the play to tell the quarterback." I didn't know any of the plays in freshman football. I couldn't comprehend them. The coach knew that and could see in my eyes that I didn't know what he was talking about. He said, "This is what you are going to

at handling my dyslexic problem. Being a slow learner, I have to read things over and over again. In high school I cheated my way through. The only thing I ever thought of was the immediate. I wanted to get a good grade right now. My friends would let me look at their papers and give me answers.

The first time I felt the touch of God on my life was during my freshman year in high school. I never liked team sports. My parents had tried to get me involved in soccer, football, etc. In my

do. You are going to run down and do a post pattern." I was so excited; I actually knew what I was going to do. The quarterback was my neighbor and we got along okay. I told him the play and, sure enough, he threw me the ball. I remember catching the ball. It started to slip out of my hands, but I was able to bring it up with my knee and run into the end zone. I scored a touchdown. I spiked the ball; I didn't know you couldn't do that in high school.

That was a real big moment for me. After that I got to play more. Through football I started to develop relationships and feel like I had some self-worth. I started my sophomore year on offense, my junior year on offense and defense, and by my senior year I was doing special teams starting on offense and defense. God has really blessed me. It was through sports that I started to go to school and like it, even though I was still cheating. God used sports to really change my life.

In high school I loved skiing, but felt I could never do anything with it. Everyone I knew was going to college after high school. So I took my 2.8 grade point average and went to college. I was definitely not

prepared and failed miserably. I drank a lot of alcohol. Things were not going well in the fraternity because they would have tests on the history of the place and I was caught cheating. I was hazed by seniors in the fraternity, which I never quite understood.

The second time I felt God's touch was about three-quarters of the way through my first year of college. I was lying in bed, crying. I had been drinking a lot, listening to "U2" music, and wondering where my life was going. I had no hope. Then the thought came into my mind, "You can make it with your skiing, John." I went from a self-pity party to instantly knowing everything was going to be alright. I know it was from God because I have used that incident throughout my skiing career. When things got difficult for me, I would always look back and know that God wanted me to ski. It always got me over the tough hurdles.

Even though I wasn't walking with God, I still believed in Him. I would even talk to Him, though I wouldn't show respect for Him like I do now. I was definitely hard on God - I blamed Him for everything.

During the summer I decided to go to a freestyle camp on Mount Hood. It was there I decided I was going to move to Lake Tahoe. My parents thought I was crazy. My mom thought I was going to Lake Tahoe just to party, which I can understand since I had always partied. My dad thought I would be back home in a month or two. I packed up the Subaru and drove to Lake Tahoe. My car broke down right when I got into town, and I had a very difficult time finding a place to live.

God touched me a third time when I was feeling self-pity because things weren't working out. An amazing peace came over me and I just knew

things were going to work out. Sure enough, they did. I got a place with three other roommates and it worked out really well. During my first year I joined the Free Style Team and specialized in mobiles. My whole plan was to meet people and develop my skiing skills. Both happened. I met a photographer, named Hank. He is the photographer of the photos for this issue. He and I started to click. I made a ski video and sent it out to a lot of photographers and sponsors. God blessed me and the second year I was skiing with all of the ski equipment I needed and more.

My first shooting with Hank became a cover on a magazine in San Francisco. Our success started to blossom. We had good chemistry working together. My skiing career started to get better and better every year. I had more and more photos published and was in more movies.

My skiing, up until I started walking with God, had always been my **rock**. It was always something I could rely on to give me self-worth, just like football had been for me during high school. Being able to say I was an accomplished skier made me think people would admire me.

It is interesting how I thought skiing was my strength, when it was really like quicksand. I see that now because it wasn't really doing anything for me. It is like that whenever you put success or work as the number one thing in your life. It is really bottomless. There is nothing there to get you out of the holes or to teach you how to live.

Shortly after that I ended up in a relationship.

I thought the girl was pretty and smart, and that she really liked me, but when the relationship fell apart, she moved away.

That was



when I started to pray that the relationship with this girl would work out.

I called my grandparents. They got me a Bible. They told



me I needed to get into a church. I became involved in the nearest church around. I gave up the partying, drinking, and drugs. The church was dead. I told the pastor that I believed God was talking to me. He said that the last time he knew of God talking to someone was John the Baptist. I ended up falling back into the world because I didn't have the support I felt I needed and was enticed back into partying.

In the spring of '95 I decided to move to San Diego and go to school. I wanted to get better at reading and writing and take a speech class. I also hoped to be closer to this girl, with whom I was totally infatuated. I know now that God took me out of Lake Tahoe and moved

me to San Diego so He could start working on me again. That is exactly what happened. I started to pray more and to read the Bible. I called my grandparents and told them I was ready to get baptized.

I was in San Diego for three months and then went to my grandparents near Napa Valley, California. I was baptized in their church in August, 1995. That is when my walk with God started and my life totally changed. I gave up the ways of the world, the sleeping around, the drugs, and hanging out with people who were my old friends and had a bad influence on me. The North Shore Foursquare Church became my family and my home. They were the spiritual support that I needed.

I have been walking with Jesus for over three years and what God has done in my life is within me. Like a tugboat, God is slowly pushing out all the old and dragging in all the new. God has restored my mind because my mind was the biggest wreck. I was numb to life. When I look at areas of my life, such as my social skills and my priorities, I can see that He is cleaning them up. I know I will always have a long way to go, but that is what is so great about walking with Jesus. You will never reach the top until you see the Lord face to face.

I am able to be who I am instead of who people want me to be. My hope for the future is to go to Bible school and be an evangelist of some sort, using my ski videos to get people to listen, and then to let God do the work from there. I want God to use my skiing to glorify His name.



FCBMFI MINISTRIES

-  **Prayer:** Terry Peters, TX (210) 927-2095
-
-  **Airlifts:** Bob Bignold, WA (425) 226-3522
-
-  **Chapters:** Jim Priddy, MD (301) 863-5842
-
-  **Chapter Training:** Roy Brian, TX (972) 418-2066
-
-  **Christian Business Network:**
Headquarters (949) 260-0700
-
-  **Godmobile:** Paul Jenkins, OR (541) 994-9328
-
-  **Holy Spirit Power Team:**
Bruno Caamano, CA (310) 446-6170
Bob Nations, MO (573) 334-2632
Dave MacBurnie, IL (708) 239-5464
Gene Arnold, PA (717) 731-1478
-
-  **Humanitarian Efforts:**
Daniel Caamano, FL (954) 674-9888
Harry Bourassa, FL (352) 787-3611
-
-  **Ladies of the Fellowship:**
Vangie Shakarian (949) 260-0700
-
-  **Member's Benefits:** Gil Markarian, TX (713) 686-7746
Mike Neal, IN (219) 234-4900
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-  **Prison Ministries:** Andrew Kaminski, CO (303) 343-8907
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-  **Voice Ministries:** Jimmy Rogers, GA (770) 621-3044
-
-  **Youth Chapters:** Enrique Morales, HN (949) 260-0700



From Rock 2 The Rock

Nick Costello - Victor, New York

I always wanted to be a big shot rock and roll star! It began in 1969 during a high school dance as I witnessed the attention a local rock band was receiving from my peers. The desire to be part of the 'in' crowd, to date the attractive and sought-after girls, to be somebody in high school seemed unattainable for me.

I bought my first bass guitar for \$35.00 and began to teach myself to play it. It wasn't long before I hooked up with some friends, formed my first rock band and stepped onto a small stage to perform. Our experi-

ence was evident as we cranked out the tunes, but the lights, energy, attention, and applause was enough to make me feel special and important. I'd soon become addicted to pursuing the rock and roll lifestyle. Little did I know what would lie ahead on the road I was about to travel down.

At age 18, I was introduced to what would one day become my two closest friends, drugs and alcohol. One of the guys showed up for practice with these funny looking cigarettes. It was marijuana. To "fit in", I decided to drink a few beers and give pot a try. I had no idea that one hit off a joint and a couple of beers, which I thought I could control, would gradually, over time, take control of me and nearly destroy me.

By 1974, success blossomed for me in my hometown of Rochester, New York. I'd become

the leader of a talented band, who regularly packed popular local nightclubs. We had a following of groupies who had aspirations to spend the night with one of us.

Small town success wasn't good enough for me. The rock star heroes, who I admired and idolized, were living the high life for which I hungered. To the dismay of my parents, I dropped out of college and jumped in a van headed to Hollywood, California, hoping to make it big. For three years, I fell for the empty promises of agents, and hung out at celebrity hot spots, never making a contact. I auditioned for horrendous bands, all on a road leading nowhere. Frustration, disappointment, and discouragement lurked over me like a dark cloud. To find some relief and to escape my problems, I'd turn to the only remedy I knew. I'd grab a bottle of booze, pop some drugs and eventually pass out, only to get up the next day and ride the same old merry-go-round.

A concerned friend invited me to church one Sunday. As I listened, it was as if the minister was speaking right to me. He then explained that I could have a personal relationship with God through Jesus Christ.

My concept of God was what I had learned in religious education classes as a teenager. I had been baptized, confirmed, and attended church, but I had never heard about having a personal relationship with the God of all creation. I had been deceived into thinking that because I believed in God, I'd go to Heaven when I died, despite the ungodly way I was living. The fact was that without accepting Christ's death on the cross for the payment of my sins and receiving Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior, I was separated from God, and was without hope, destined for the hell I deserved. I sensed in my heart that

I needed to give my life to Jesus Christ right then.

However, there was another voice saying things like, "Think of how hard you've been working and the sacrifices you've made to be a star. Think of all you can have; think of what you'll be giving up." This battle for my heart, mind and soul lasted about 15 seconds.

"First, I'll become rich and famous so I can then do great things for God's Kingdom," I decided. What a foolish thought!

In 1978, I joined a rock group in pursuit of a recording contract. Based in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, we named the group "Toronto", after the city. We were soon headed towards becoming one of Canada's hottest rock acts.

We signed a record deal and recorded two albums entitled, "Looking For Trouble" and "Head On." Continual radio airplay placed our songs on the Top 10 record charts. Because of excellency in record sales, we received what every rock stars covets, gold and platinum record awards.

Eventually we headlined our own shows in the largest concert halls of every major city all across Canada, performing before as many as 40,000 loyal fans.



Nick Costello

All the benefits of popular success were ours - the limousines, tour buses, autograph sessions, radio interviews, and having our faces displayed in the numerous medias. These became a normal way of life for the next three years.

Despite all I had attained, my heart was unhappy, lonely and empty. Something was missing inside. Once again, I turned for answers to sex, drugs, and alcohol. Only now I consumed amphetamines and barbituates, such as Valium, Quaaludes, speed, LSD and cocaine.

Hoping that perhaps finding true love could fill this hole, I pursued a life of gross sexual immorality, looking for fulfilling love through pornography and having sex with the groupies

who lingered after concerts. Again, all I found was emptiness and loneliness.

In my suitcase I carried a Bible obtained while attending church in Hollywood. I'd throw prayers up to God, seeking help for the mess I was in. God answered in a manner I'd never expected.

One day, I was confronted by the band and management. They warned me to get my act together and agree to do things their way, or leave. With my ego insulted, I decided I didn't like their plan and was fed up with them, so I'd leave and pursue my recording career with another band.

I returned home to Rochester, New York, and for five more years slugged it out in the pits of the rock music nightclub scene. I began a tumultuous, live-in relationship with a single woman, who had a six-year-old son. We shared the partying lifestyle. One evening, we returned home after a night of drinking and doing drugs. It didn't take long for an argument to begin. It escalated to the point that neither of us had control of our emotions.

Tempers raged. Abusive language led me to threaten physical abuse. I'd had it with everything! I jumped into my car, racing out of the driveway into 4 lanes of traffic, nearly hitting my girlfriend, who had jumped towards the car in an attempt to stop me. The next morning I awoke in my parents' driveway with no recollection of driving there.

The reality that my life was totally messed up finally hit me. People had been telling me they were praying for me. At the time, I wasn't interested, because I had new dreams of rock stardom to chase. Finally, I recognized that I was on a collision course with death. I was also on a collision course with God.

*Nick in concert with
band, "Toronto"*

Billy Graham was preaching at a local stadium at the time. Looking to find hope, help and answers, my girlfriend, Jeri, and I decided to attend. Billy Graham read the first commandment of God. "I am the Lord your God; you shall have no other Gods before me." (Exodus 20:2,3)

He elaborated that anything coming before God in your life is an idol. Jesus said, "I come that you might have life and have it more abundantly." (John 10:10) God opened my eyes to see that my gods were sex, drugs, alcohol, rock and roll stardom, and the pursuit of wealth. God was at the bottom of my list. I was filling my heart with everything but God. The Creator of the universe wanted to have a personal relationship with me, if I would invite Him into my heart.

Billy Graham read Christ's words from John 3:3, "I tell you the truth, unless a man is born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." To be born again, I needed to accept Christ's death on the cross, in place of



wallowing in misery, despair and hopelessness. I needed to ask Jesus into my life as my Lord and Savior. Only then would real life as a child of God begin for me. Could God forgive me for all the vile, wicked sins I'd committed? Yes! I desperately needed to give God control of my life. Living my way, doing my own thing, had only led to failure.

On September 23, 1988, my girlfriend, Jeri, and I were born again, surrendering our lives to Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. A sense of hope and peace came over me. God wasted no time in changing my life. About one week later I noticed my desire for drugs and alcohol had disappeared. God supernaturally filled the void in my heart

with His love. He miraculously set me free from a 20-year habitual dependency on drugs and alcohol. The day after our conversion, Jeri and I decided to abstain from further sexual relations and living together. During the next 3 months, we joined a Full Gospel church and got married.

Because of my sexually immoral lifestyle, lingering in my heart was an unhealthy attitude towards women. I carried

this baggage into my marriage. My wife exhibited an unselfish, forgiving love towards me. I responded with ungratefulness, selfishness, unkind words and the occasional violent outburst. 1 Cor. 13 says love, "always perseveres, love never fails." My wife persevered in loving me when I didn't deserve it. It seemed natural for her to love me, yet I struggled in expressing my love to her. My life had been consumed in sharing a bed in sexual relations, not sharing my heart in a love relationship the way God intended. God revealed Eph. 5:25 to me, "Husbands, love your wives as Christ loved the Church." Christ loved the Church by unselfishly giving His life for it. Christ died for the Church."

Now, as a husband, God is commanding me to die for my wife, place her needs before mine? Love her unselfishly? Impossible! However, the Bible says, "All things are possible with God". This included making a marriage work. My continual prayer has been, "Father, help me to love my wife as you loved the Church, to be sensitive to her heart's needs and to be the husband to her you've called me to be! At times, we've both felt like throwing in the towel and giving up.

On December 3, 1988, we made marital vows before God until death do us part. We made a commitment and there's no turning back! Christ is in the center of our marriage. We've surrendered our marriage to Christ. What He desires is first and foremost. As we allow Him to change us, sometimes not without a struggle, we're growing in our love for each other. Today, we see marriages are disintegrating around us. Married couples give up too easily, missing what God has for them. Even amidst life's trials and difficulties, neither of us would return to our former lifestyles. Regardless of what lies ahead for us,

Nick Costello in concert





Nick running with his Bass guitar

our confidence and trust is in God. He's proven His faithfulness to us and He holds us together!

God gave me the lifelong responsibility of becoming a father to Jeri's 6-year-old son, Tom. I stepped into fatherhood with little previous involvement in Tom's life. I desperately needed lessons on fathering from the Ultimate Father, God. Through His Word, listening to Christian leaders teach on the family, attending Promise Keepers and continual prayer, God showed me how to be the father to Tom He'd have me be. I

was extremely selfish with my time. That changed as I spent time with my son, conversing, playing, praying, and listening to him. We both grew in the Lord as I instructed him in God's ways for living. When I wronged Tom, God used it to break my prideful heart by humbling me to say, "I'm sorry," which was never in my vocabulary prior to my conversion. Embracing Tom with a hug was a new experience for me. I don't remember my father's hugs, which may explain why hugging Tom seemed foreign to me. God said, "Trust me, just do it anyway."

In trusting God, we both now enjoy an expression of love some relationships sadly lack. One of God's greatest blessings to me was giving me the privilege to be a father to Tom. I give God the praise for the fruit I now see in my 22-year-old son, who presently attends a Christian College. As my son matures, my role as his father changes. I continue to look to God for the wisdom I need in giving fatherly guidance to my son.

Music has saturated my life for nearly 35 years. Shortly after my conversion, God spoke to my heart and revealed to me that the majority of the music I



Nick Costello

listened to didn't please Him. Its contents spoke of what God called evil, wicked, and ungodly. The Bible says it represented "unfruitful works of darkness", inspired by the spirit of Satan. John 10:10 states that the devil's mission is to "steal, kill and destroy." He showed me that ungodly music and entertainment are two of Satan's weapons to influence Christians, to lure them away from God and to poison their walk with God. To pursue greater intimacy with God, I destroyed all my ungodly secular music and changed my entertainment viewing habits.

In 1990 I began sharing my personal testimony publicly. Four years later, God's Holy

Spirit convicted me regarding my 4 gold and platinum record awards I so cherished. His still small voice told me these were trophies I had received serving Satan's kingdom with my gifts and talents. One warm night this internal struggle to obey God ended as I took the awards and burned them. While they burned, I prayed and renounced all ties to my past lifestyle, restating my commitment before God to serve Him. Breaking that final tie to my past brought unexpected peace and lifted me to a new, deeper level in my relationship with God and in ministry.

Jesus is at the center of my life and the family I love. When I surrendered my life to Christ, God made good on His promise in Ezekiel 36:26, "I will give you a new heart and put a new spirit in you." If He can do it for someone like me, He can do it for you! God's Spirit lives in me. Only because of Him I am not the same person I used to be. I am not yet what I need to be, but with God's help, I will continue to grow to be what He wants me to be. I am God's house under continual construction. As I yield to Him, He's molding and shaping me to make me more like Christ.

The only reason I'm alive today is because of God's infinite grace, mercy and unconditional love for me. I regret not taking His hand which reached out to me earlier in my life, but I'm forever grateful that He never gave up pursuing me. There's no greater love than the love of God! He has unfathomable love for you, if you'll just reach out to take His hand and accept it.



*Nick Costello can be reached at: PO Box 303,
Victor, New York 14564 or combat07@aol.com*

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International Trust and Estate Service Program

We recently announced that our Fellowship retained The Capital Alliance Group to implement and assist our organization in the development of a trust and estate program.

Trust and Estate planned giving programs are becoming the fastest growing area of fund raising at a majority of charitable organizations. FGBMFI has decided to establish this trust and estate program to bring information and support to our Fellowship. Our focus will be an effort to communicate information and to share ideas about trusts and estates with the sincere hope that this information will be of value and will increase awareness.

Sometimes cash or the outright gift of property is difficult during our lifetimes because it is hard. We never know what resources we may yet need in our lives to care for our families or ourselves. A very useful alternative is to make a gift to a charitable cause at our deaths. These gifts, known as bequests, do not diminish our resources during our lives and are easily arranged in the terms of a will or in the provisions of a living trust. The living trust is just like a will. It is simply a "basket" into which you place your assets during your life and it provides for the distribution of those assets at your death - including bequests (gifts) to charity, just like a will. During your life all of the assets in the trust are for your benefit and are available for your financial security, even during illness. The primary fundamental difference between a will and a living trust is that, generally, a living trust escapes probate. It is also not usually a matter of public record like your will. But whether you choose a living trust or will as your estate planning vehicle, gifts to charity are easily arranged and they only take effect at your death. It is not necessary to "give away" assets *now*.

Every individual's needs and objectives are unique. To determine the appropriateness of the charitable planning options best suited to you and your family and to integrate charitable planning into your tax and estate-planning program, you need to consult knowledgeable professional advisors. An appropriately designed charitable gift often creates substantial tax savings and may contribute to the preservation of or enhancement of your estate for your heirs. A gift to Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International provides tax planning opportunities and creates a "legacy" that will support the efforts of the Fellowship.

**For more information call (949) 260-0700 or write:
20 Corporate Park, Suite 340, Irvine, CA 92606**

World Speed Record



Lloyd Healey, Converse, Texas

As my electric racer lunged toward the finish line of the official record run, the heat and traction of the intense speed began to disintegrate both front tires. My speed had just cleared two hundred when the left tire gave out. I almost pulled the lever to release the braking parachute to slow the streaking car... for my own safety but, putting my life on the line, I rammed the acceleration higher. I did complete the course, but without the finishing flourish needed to establish a new world record. Immediately, I gave thanks to God who had again answered my prayers and brought me through.

Racing officials and a wrecker converged on me and my



crippled racing car as the ballooned chute slowed me to a stop. The front end had also been damaged when the tires came apart. My car, on which my Healey Motorsports Team and I had built all our hopes for a world record, was pulled to the waiting area. My average speed over the measured mile had qualified me for a second record-breaking trial... if the front end could be repaired, the tires replaced, and the batteries recharged in the hour and a half racing officials allowed for preparation for a re-run.

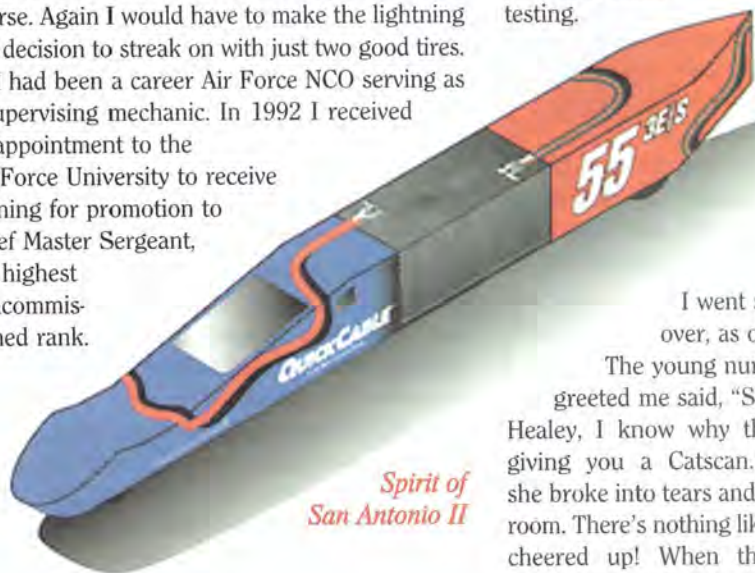
This was the speed trials competition track at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah, the hallowed ground for world class speed racing teams since 1935, when Sir Malcom Campbell set a new world land speed auto record there. The course has been the mecca for many official speed trials.

During our hurried preparation for my one remaining try to go all out to establish a new record, I thought about the the present electric powered speed record holder. It was the General Motors Corporation, which had combined their vast resources of unlimited capitol and engineering expertise to establish GMC as the premier builder of a speed vehicle powered by electric battery cells. For their official run they had brought a world class racing driver over from England. Their corporate team capability was awesome, but the GM record run did not drive through the elusive 200 mph barrier.

With the time allowed to replace my blown front tire and put on spare rubber all around, I would get my second chance. I did not know that this time, not one but two front Healey World Record/Barton tires would come apart at climax speed as I entered the fifth mile segment of the course. Again I would have to make the lightning fast decision to streak on with just two good tires.

I had been a career Air Force NCO serving as a supervising mechanic. In 1992 I received an appointment to the Air Force University to receive training for promotion to Chief Master Sergeant, the highest noncommissioned rank.

Six weeks into the course I was called in for my promotion physical. The female medic, who performed the preliminary workup for the doctor, was checking my abdomen when her eyes suddenly got as big as saucers. She had abruptly stopped her probing and rushed out of the examining room, returning with the doctor. The female physician proceeded to repeatedly probe the area that had alarmed the medical assistant. Whatever she felt turned her face into a grim frown. I was ordered to proceed directly to the Base Hospital for extensive diagnostic testing.



*Spirit of
San Antonio II*

I went straight over, as ordered.

The young nurse who greeted me said, "Sergeant Healey, I know why they are giving you a Catscan." Then she broke into tears and left the room. There's nothing like being cheered up! When the tests were complete I was told that I

had a pancreatic tumor the size of a golf ball. Now I understood why the medical assistant and the first doctor had been alarmed. Also, the catscan revealed that my liver was more than double normal size and was riddled with small tumors.

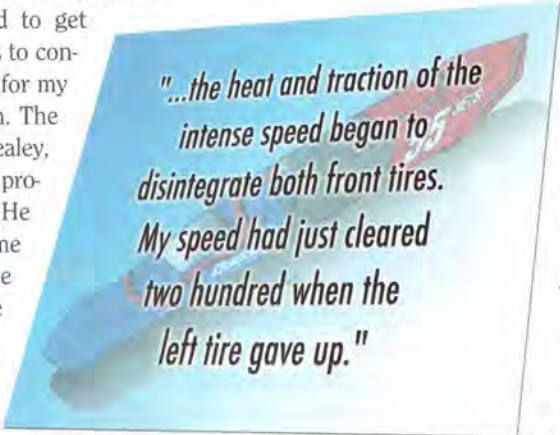
Notwithstanding the bad news, I felt fine and told the doctor I needed to get back to my class to continue preparing for my promotion exam. The doctor said, "Healey, forget about the promotion exam." He went on to tell me that I might live longer, but the prognosis was two and a half months. They decided

to fly me immediately to the Air Force's largest hospital, in San Antonio, for the intensive chemotherapy that could possibly lengthen my life. Permanently stationed at Randolph Air Force Base in San Antonio, I insisted upon driving my pickup truck home. Even in the face of the hospital's terminal diagnosis, I felt up to the 900-mile drive. The doctor reluctantly gave his permission.

My wife, Janine, and our

three children didn't know I was returning so early so, an hour out, I called home. My dear wife was shocked, but faithfully said she would prepare the children.

I visited with my family before checking into the hospital. All three of our children had been brought up in the church and we made it paramount to teach them Bible study and commitment to Jesus Christ as Lord of their lives. The



"...the heat and traction of the intense speed began to disintegrate both front tires. My speed had just cleared two hundred when the left tire gave up."

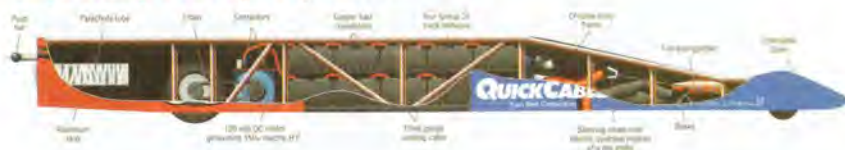
smaller children, John and Meagan, readily accepted the fact that their dad may well be in heaven with Jesus within a few months, but our older daughter, Jennifer, who was at the top of

her class in one of the largest high schools in Texas, broke down and cried.

Chemotherapy is never easy. This treatment is especially hard on the patient and can be debilitating. So the concern and kind manner of the nurses proved a blessing. They were remarkably supportive with a wonderful Christian spirit. It even seemed to mean a great deal to them that I was a Christian and did not fear death.

Well into the treatment schedule my doctor talked to me about a new cancer-fighting drug that had proved effective on test animals and had just been approved for controlled trials on humans. I agreed to be one of a group of 200 tumor

Lloyd Healey's car: Spirit of San Antonio II



patients to undergo treatment with this new experimental drug. With the new treatment I remained alive and up and around, but my cancerous condition resulted in a medical discharge at full pay.

Being still active, except for continuing treatment with the new drug, I felt good enough to buy a racing car, something I had always wanted to do. In spite of my illness and very negative prognosis, I continued to trust in the providence of God. I began the conversion of the racing car to electric power. I named it the "Spirit of San Antonio".

A racing car built just for breaking speed records looks much like a drag racer. Our car is twenty two feet long and just twenty five inches wide. I fit into the narrow driver's seat, with a quarter inch to spare.

This car has three compartments: The front section accommodates the driver in a stretched out posture, as there is not enough headroom to sit up. The fifty-four-unit complex of battery power is housed in the middle compartment in two layers, again to keep the racer's profile compact and lean. The powerful electric engine, the drive wheels and the parachute housing make up the rear section of the twenty-two foot long and narrow speed machine.

All sections are enclosed tightly for ultimate streamlining against wind resistance at maximum speeds. The drogue chute is the only breaking

mechanism the racer has. Miles 6 and 7 of the speed recording course are for slowing the rocket-like vehicle down to a stop after top speed.

On September 23rd, 1996, at the Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah, Mike Meeks and our team had everything readied for our second try for the World Electric Speed Record with the "Spirit of San Antonio II", my second racer since my diagnosis with terminal cancer four years before. Even though the other 199 cancer patients who volunteered to have the new drug tested on them were now dead, I was in the driver's cockpit and ready to again assault the 200 mile speed barrier that the big names in auto manufacturing had not achieved.

The reason I had survived was very clear to me then, as it is today. I knew there were three helpers and sustainers that had kept me alive and still able to compete with the best, although a terminal cancer patient.

These were: my faith in God, the new drug that I was taking, and my consuming desire to break the electric car world speed record. I was open in my praise to God for these blessings, as was my family.

Jennifer, my oldest daughter, who had graduated from Judson High School as the Salutatorian of her senior class of over 900 graduates, opened her address with these words, "I give thanks to God that my Daddy is alive to see me graduate."

We were now poised on the apron of the official Bonneville Flats Race Course, ready for "The Big One". Our Healey Motorsports team and I had worked furiously during the hour and a half they gave us to get the front end repaired and batteries recharged.

The race official gave the go ahead and the car moved. I was being pushed up to a speed of fifty miles per hour, then would get the OK to cut in my electric engine and begin the speed run at the starting line. This takes one mile of the seven mile course. Miles 2, 3 and 4 are to build to top speed. Mile 5 is to go for the fastest measured velocity possible: The record setting segment. At the mile six marker, the race is over. The

driver pushes the lever that releases the drogue parachute, breaking the rocketing vehicle over the remaining two miles.

My car picked up speed fast to 182 mph in mile three. In the fourth mile the race director yelled into my headphones that I was hitting 198. But somewhere around the 4 1/2 mile marker the rubber treads again began to give way, just as it had an hour and a half earlier in my first trial. Now both the front right and left one were coming apart.

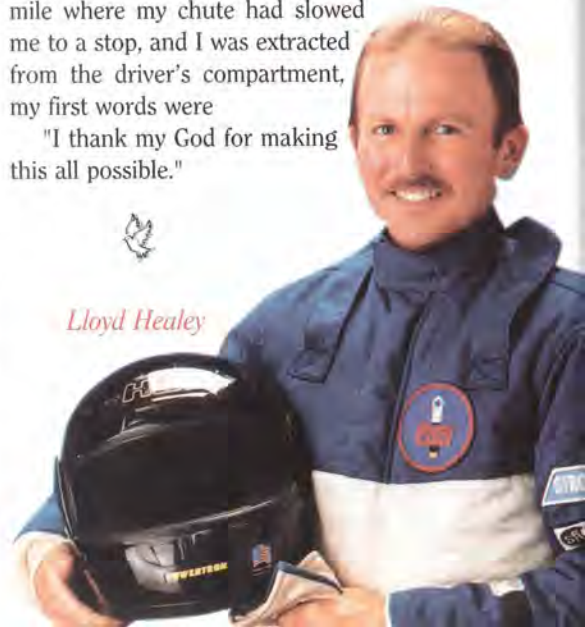
I didn't even consider pushing the lever to activate the chute. All my reflexes urged me on. I was streaking the fastest electric powered speed run in history, and still building as I went into the crucial fifth mile on damaged front tires.

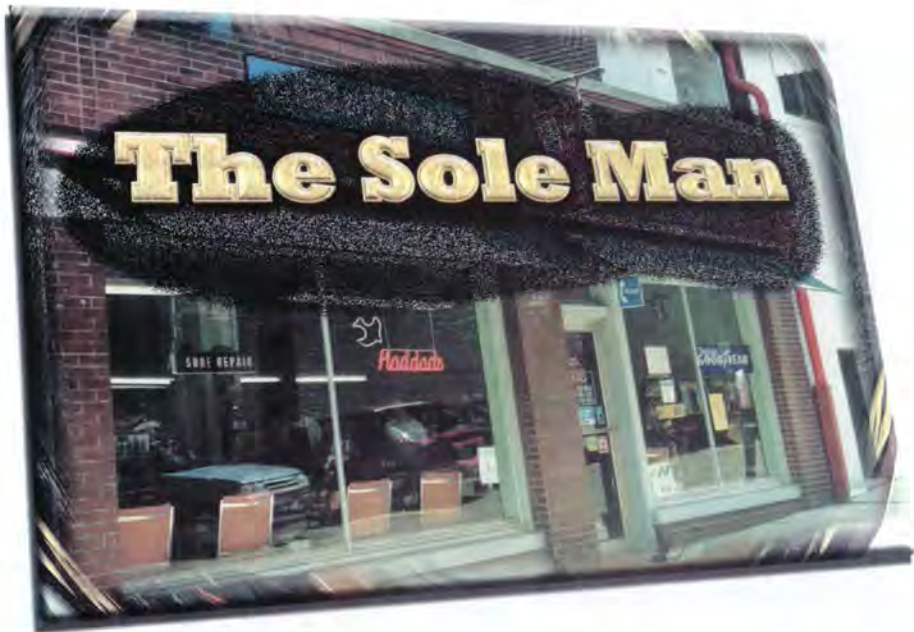
Skimming the salt flat surface, I averaged 204 streaking miles per hour in the climax mile, and hit a top speed of 206.51, breaking the GM-held world record by a little over 8 mph. When the track officials and my crew reached the seventh mile where my chute had slowed me to a stop, and I was extracted from the driver's compartment, my first words were

"I thank my God for making this all possible."



Lloyd Healey





***"I SAVE SOLES AND
HEEL THEM TOO!"***

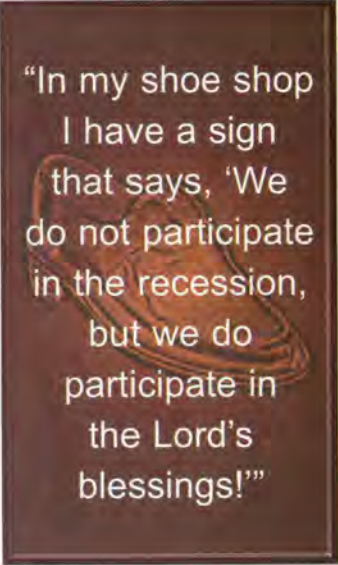
***Freddie Haddad,
Parkersburg, West Virginia***

My greatest desire was to go to the United States of America, an impossible dream for a boy from the little town of Jijannine-Bekah, Lebanon, who could speak no English. My father was a shoemaker and had passed his trade down to me, I was raised Greek Orthodox and as a little kid loved to go to church. When I was nineteen, a friend of my Uncle Nathan came to visit my hometown. We talked about me coming to the U.S. as a student. Our conversation fueled my longing to go to America. I prayed for five years and God worked

one miracle after another to get me to the United States.

In 1955, the U.S. Consul said that I couldn't go to the U.S. because I was single and needed schooling. If I could get proper papers from a high school in the United States that would accept me as a beginner, I could possibly go. As a beginner, I would not have to have a high school education.

My Uncle Nathan was very good friends with the principal from Charleston High School and was able to get me the proper papers. When the clear-



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ance came through for me, I had to have my passport to get my visa in less than 24 hours because I needed to leave Lebanon within two days. Miraculously I got my passport in less than sixteen hours when it normally takes up to two days. I was soon on a ship and, within two weeks, was in the United States.

Because of my inability to speak English I had trouble understanding in high school, so they sent me to Woodrow Wilson Jr. High. Within six months, I got a job handling a grocery store by myself from 11:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. Even

with working, I was still able to go to school and make the B honor roll. In 1957, I met and, within six months, married my wife, Frances. We moved to Ravenswood, West Virginia in 1959, where I had my own shoe shop. We also started our family.

Nineteen sixty was a year of mixed emotions – joy over receiving my U.S. citizenship and sadness because my business wasn’t doing well. I had an offer to go to Parkersburg, West Virginia, but I really wanted to go back to Charleston because that’s where my family was. The Parkersburg job paid \$100 a week and the Charleston job offered \$75 a week. Even though I would have rather gone to Charleston, God knew where He wanted me.

Parkersburg is where I bought my home and my shoe shop, and where I truly came to know God and was abundantly blessed.

Growing up in church didn’t mean that I had a true relationship with Jesus. Like so many people, I was looking to fill that void that exists in all of us. I started going to the Full Gospel Business Men’s prayer meeting. At one of the meetings a man said, “I don’t know why I’m telling you this, but Nicky Cruz is going to be in town this weekend. I read ‘The Cross and the Switchblade’ by David Wilkerson, and I didn’t believe half of it.” In spite of his skepticism something drew me to that Full Gospel Business Men’s meeting with Nicky Cruz, and that night in May of 1970, I rededicated my life to Jesus and was filled with the Holy Spirit. With God’s help I was able to quit social drinking, and the Bible became a source of knowledge that I had never known before. I started learning about tithing and giving. Until then I would put a dollar in the offering and think that I had given a lot. Now I understand the principle of sowing

and reaping, and being a cheerful giver. In my shoe shop I have a sign that says, "We do not participate in the recession, but we do participate in the Lord's blessings!" And God prospers me the more that I give to Him.

I continued to go to the FGBMFI meetings and grow in the Lord. From 1970 till now I have only missed three meetings: one when I was in Lebanon, one when I was out of town, and one when I had my surgery. The FGBMFI has opened the blessings of God to me.

Along with the principle of tithing, I learned about God's miracle-working power. At one FGBMFI meeting I heard a missionary speak about Africa. He told of the great miracles that happened there. I kept thinking, "God is doing so much in Africa, why not here?" For most of my life I had had a chronic sinus condition. The following morning, as I was going to get my sinus prescription filled, I heard God speak to me. He told me, "If you don't fill your prescription, I will take care of you." I don't recommend not taking your prescribed medicine, but that morning I truly heard from God. I didn't fill my prescription and, since that time in 1970, have never had a sinus condition.

In 1973, one of my permanent teeth was lost. The dentist told me there was nothing anyone could do. Responding, I said, "I have Someone who can put a tooth in there." God did such awesome things, I knew my tooth was an easy task for Him. I started praying for a new tooth

and in 1975, at the age of 45 I grew a brand new tooth.

The Lord has always worked through my situations for His glory: the way that I got to the United States, the way I came to Parkersburg and the way He saved my life in 1990. It all started in 1985, I had a bout with colitis and was taking prednisone. My church was having a blood drive and I wanted to take part. The woman at the Red Cross told me that I would have to go off my medicine for 48 hours and then I could give blood. She said, "Better yet, you need to go to your doctor and get permission." I hadn't been to my doctor in over three years! The doctor gave me a complete physical. He checked



*Freddie Haddad and his wife,
Frances.*



The Haddad family

my lungs carefully because he had seen damage from the chemicals I worked with in the shoe shop when I had been there before. To check my lungs, the doctor decided to do some extra testing and sent me for X-rays and an ultrasound. The tests discovered a small spot on my kidney. More testing was ordered, including a catscan and a kidney scan. These tests were conclusive. I had a malignant tumor on my left kidney. When they said, "You have cancer", it didn't bother me. I wasn't afraid, I had a real peace with God.

On November 12, 1990, I went into the hospital, and on

the 15th, they had to remove my left kidney. The operation was a total success. The cancer had not spread anywhere else, so I did not need any radiation or chemotherapy. After the operation the doctor asked, "What made you come to the doctor? Were you in pain or bleeding?" I told him, "No... it's a long story." The doctor answered, "You were really lucky you came when you did. If we hadn't found the tumor, you could have been dead in one year!" I answered, "Doctor, I'm not lucky. There's somebody up there watching over me."

My recovery from surgery was a miracle in itself: Saturday I came home from the hospital, Sunday I worked on my books for three hours, the following Wednesday I went to the bank to make a deposit, and one week later I was able to go to work part time. It wasn't three weeks before I was back to work full time. I knew God had been with me all the way, but sometimes you don't understand why you go through things. I asked God, "Why? You can heal me. Why the hospital and the operation?" When we ask questions, God will give us answers. He showed me that when a Christian is not guarded with all the weapons God has given us, like prayer, the Word of God and obedience, we are open to attacks from the devil. Ephesians 6:11 says, "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Through my ignorance, I didn't have all my protection. God also showed me that if we are serving Him to the best of our ability, honestly and sincerely, He will take care of us. No matter what, He will always be there.


God has also prospered the things I put my hands to. My shoe shop has been successful for years and I have been able to pay off my debts. One time I wanted to buy the building my shop is in, plus three adjoining stores. At one time it

was to cost \$240,000. God's timing is good. Miraculously, in November of 1990, I purchased the building for \$47,000. The building housed an old shoe store that went out of business. The owner asked if I wanted to buy their stock. Some people thought it was a bad investment, but I knew it was right. On November 14, 1992 I purchased 20,000 pairs of shoes, most of them out of style, for \$4,300. Within three months the money I made from the shoes helped me pay off the new building completely.

Over the years, the Lord has opened many doors for me to minister. I became president of the Parkersburg FGBMFI Chapter in 1990 and was also named a deacon in my church. Recently I have been able to give my testimony at different Full Gospel Business Men's chapters in the area. I have had many opportunities to pray for people through these meetings, as well as in my church and business. One particular lady in my church was praying to have a baby. The Lord told me to tell her that she would have a child within a year. She now has three children. People have come into my shoe shop and I have prayed that God would lengthen their legs. We have had several miraculous healings occur. There is not enough time to tell all things God has done and the miracles that have happened.

More than anything in this world, I want people to see what God has done for me. He's saved, delivered, healed, and prospered me. I want people to say, "That man is a Christian. He knows his Lord and walks in obedience to Him." I believe Matthew 6:33 when it says, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Twice I had the pleasure of meeting the founder of the Full Gospel Business Men, Demos



"Twice I had the pleasure of meeting the founder of the FGBMFI, Demos Shakarian. He was a role model for Christian men everywhere."

Shakarian. He was a role model for Christian men everywhere. You could look at his life and say, "That man is a Christian." Mr. Shakarian asked me what I did for a living. I thought for a second and then said, "I save soles and heel them too!"



Freddie Haddad resides in Parkersburg with his wife, Frances. They have three children and five grandchildren. He has given his testimony at several FGBMFI chapters in the Mid-Ohio Valley.

Fellowship Events

BEILNGRIES, GERMANY BAYERN NATIONAL CONV.

March 12-14, 1999

Contact: Ulrich von Schnurbein
(+49)9921/2728

SWEDISH NATIONAL CONVENTION

Mar. 19-20, 1999

Stockholm

Contact: Alf Liljehall
(+46)370.229.30

PRAIRIE REGIONAL CONV. SASKATOON, SASK. CANADA

April 9-10, 1999

Contact: Frank Leler
(306) 245-3450

23rd ANNUAL SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND FAMILY CONV.

April 15-17, 1999

Sheraton Stamford Hotel
Contact: George Frost
(860) 242-6315-eve

N. WEST, MN, MEN'S ADVANCE STRAWBERRY LAKE

April 15-17, 1999

Contact: Don Richter
218-631-1933

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA NATIONAL CONV.

April 15-17, 1999

Parkroyal Hotel, Parramatta
Contact: David Granthorn
+61/02 9906 6106

MEN'S CAMP FT. FLAGLER, WA., USA

April 23-25, 1999

Call Mike Krier
(360) 895-0137

VENICE ITALY April 24-25, 1999

Info: FGBMFI Italy
+39 376 32 5176

36TH ANNUAL PACIFIC NW CONV. PORTLAND, OREGON, USA May 6-8, 1999

Contact: Peter Reding
(503) 292-2161 tel/fax
e-mail: peter@redingworld.com

VICHY, FRANCE NATIONAL COUPLES' ADVANCE

May 13-15, 1999

Contact: Bruno Berthon
(+33)14/637.42.46

17th ANNUAL MARYLAND STATE MEN'S ADVANCE June 11-13, 1999

Contact: Jim Priddy
(301)863-5842

FGBMFI-INTERNATIONAL WORLD CONVENTION ANAHEIM, CA., USA July 25-31, 1999

Contact: FGBMFI Headquarters
Ron Weinbender
(949) 260-0700

TAMPICO, TAMAULIPAS. MEXICO NATIONAL CONVENTION

Contact: Ing. Djoko Yaluyo
Phone: (+52 878) 2 56 71
Fax: (+52 878) 2 73 27 Email:
waluyo@infosel.net.mx

WALES MEN'S ADVANCE, NEWTOWN, WALES. Sept. 17-19, 1999

Contact: Roger Saunders
+44-1686-650545
Or Ken Woods +44-1686-627821

GERMAN NATIONAL CONVENTION KIRCHHEIM/HESSEN Sep. 24-26, 1999

Contact: +49 9921/2728

MEN'S CAMP LAKESIDE WINDERMERE, NORTHWEST REGION, UK. October 29-31, 1999

Contact: +44 161 794 5916
Fax: +44 161 794 5916

GUATEMALA, NATIONAL CONVENTION Nov. 3-6

Contact: Roberto Recinos
Tel: +502 4710280
Fax: +502 4716260

Send all your events info.
to the International H.Q.

6 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 come short of the glory of God." (Romans 3:23)
"God, be merciful to me a sinner." (Luke 18:13)
- 2 Repent**
"Except you repent, you shall all likewise perish." (Luke 13:3)
"Repent, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." (Acts 3:19)
- 3 Confess**
"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." (1John 1:9)
"If you shalt confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in your heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, you shalt be saved." (Romans 10:9)
- 4 Forsake**
"Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord...for He will abundantly pardon." (Isaiah 55:7)
- 5 Believe**
"For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16)
"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." (Mark 16:16)
- 6 Receive**
"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not. But as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to those that believe on His name." (John 1:11, 12)

Why not make your eternal decision now?

"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Savior and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ."

Yes! I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Savior.

Please send me the booklet "Now That You've Received Christ."

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Clip and mail to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 19714, Irvine, CA 92623 ph (949) 260-0700

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