



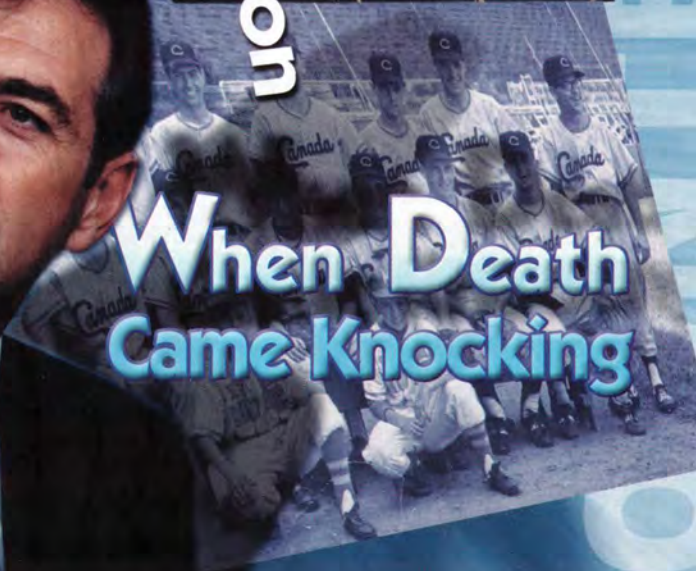
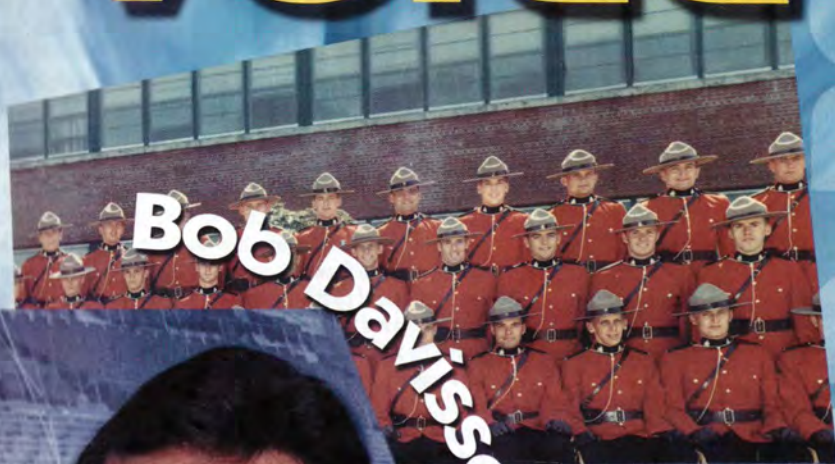
New Millennium Edition

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

Bob Davison

**When Death
Came Knocking**



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The King of Kings and Lord of Lords

Last week, in Nigeria, I renewed my longstanding friendship with His Majesty King Onirun of Irun. His Majesty has an absolutely

awesome testimony. The tribal kings of Nigeria are expected to lead the witchcraft ceremonies for their national tribes. As king, he is honored, revered, and taken care of in every way, but is also expected to perform tribal ceremonies.

Quite unexpectedly, one night Jesus appeared to him in a vision. His Majesty had never heard of Jesus. He didn't know anything about the Lord. This figure in his vision spoke to him about God, and told him to lay his witchcraft and idols aside and never touch them again.

The next morning His Majesty was so impressed with his vision of Jesus Christ that he gathered all of his collection of idols and witchcraft paraphernalia, which was quite expensive, and had it all taken to the river – and thrown in. He then declared Jesus Christ as King of Kings and Lord of Lords. He said Jesus had spoken to him at night in a vision, and had told him never to be involved in witchcraft again. Of course, the witch doctors did not like this. Neither did the people who were making money off of witchcraft. So they began to stir up the people, and the people began to come against the king. Just like in most western nations where the king is supported by the government, they had all of his support cut off. They tried to get him thrown out as king.

Finally, after several years of standing his ground without any support of any kind, he had a trial before none other than the President of Nigeria. On one side were his accusers, and on the other stood the king by himself. The president was to decide his fate. After he had heard them all, he said to the king, "Do you realize that your subjects want you to do this witchcraft?" The king replied, "Oh yes, I know they want me to do it, but I refuse because God spoke to me in a vision and told me not to have anything to do with witchcraft."

Finally, there seemed to be no room for compromise. The President of Nigeria asked the accusers, "If God told you not to do something, and everybody else told you to do it, what would you do?" They all hung their heads in shame because they knew they would obey whatever God said. The President said, "It's settled. Restore to him his income and honors."

This great tribal king came and gave his testimony to 20,000 Nigerians at a recent Full Gospel Business Men's Convention in Lagos, Nigeria. He is also president of one of our chapters.



How could a guy who's accomplished so much, who's represented his country in world class sports, who had a whole room just for trophies, and who owns a well located successful McDonald's Restaurant, ever want to commit suicide?

Back in 1964 I played an exhibition ball game in Cuba. I was representing Canada and actually pitched against Fidel Castro on the Cuban team. At the end of the game the coach wanted to give him a gift and, since my team jacket was the right size, we presented Fidel Castro with my jacket.

After that although I had many sports scholarships, I decided to follow my

BOB DAVISON

dad into the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. It was quite an ordeal even to get in. The medical revealed scarring in my left lung from my childhood, and they had to fill the lung with liquid to ascertain if it was working currently. It paid off and I was accepted.

After my training I was transferred to Vernon, BC, and then up to Kamloops, where I served for about eight years. While I was there I specialized with police dogs. This was a highlight for me in my career with the Mounted Police. Then, when I hurt my back and couldn't do that work anymore, I was transferred to Regina.

There I was a shooting instructor. It was like having a hobby and getting paid for it. The first year I won the national championships. I traveled all over North

When Death Came Knocking

Swift Current,
Saskatchewan, Canada





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As this is the first issue being shipped in the year 2000 we are calling it No. 1 Jan 00. Last month's issue was called No. 10 Oct. 99. Subscribers will still get 12 issues of Voice.

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America representing the Mounties in police combat competitions. I won many trophies, medals, plaques, and awards. I loved it!

In 1982 I competed for the national team and went to Venezuela, representing Canada. When I returned, I had an opportunity to buy a business in Swift Current, Saskatchewan. Getting this business was nothing short of a miracle, but it was a big change for me.

In February of 1984, Frank, a regular customer in my restaurant, came in and asked, "How would you like to take your sweetheart to a Valentine's Banquet tonight?" Well, with the Olympic team training and the business, I'd hardly had time to see my family, so this sounded pretty good. I remember phoning my wife, Linda, to say, "Honey, we are going out tonight." Tickets were to be at the door, and it started at 6:30, so I reasoned the bar would open at 6 p.m. I asked her to get a baby sitter that could stay late.

It turned out to be an FGBMFI dinner meeting. It was a unique experience. The people there were happy and were praising God. I thought to myself, "What are these people on?" I had never seen anything like it – people being so happy without drinking. It was incredible! I wanted to leave there so badly, but my pride wouldn't let me. The speaker's name was Tom. He is a politician today. He told us how he had been an alcoholic and God had changed his life. He went on and on. I thought, "Man, this is too much!" At the end of the evening I went up to talk to the man, thinking I would encourage him. It embarrassed me that he would stand there talking about Jesus all that time. After introducing myself and bragging a bit, I suggested that next time he told his story perhaps it would be good if he didn't mention the word Jesus so much.

On the way home I told Linda we were never going back to something like that again. I was under conviction. I had seen prisoners in jail going through withdrawals, seeing snakes and creepy things, but I had never heard of anybody seeing Jesus before.

At the Pre-Olympics in Mexico, there were 52 countries represented. I loved every minute of it. When I stood on the podium and they hung the bronze medal around my neck, the entire Canadian and American teams were cheering, and my chest was puffed out with pride. The press interviewed me and I thought, "Man, this is it! This is great. This is what it is all about." Then I went for a walk. Within five minutes the feeling

of triumph was gone and I felt empty, like I'd been cheated. I couldn't understand it. I mused, "I trained this hard and it is all so empty."

While in Mexico, I got a lung infection and began bleeding. When I got back to Swift Current, I resigned from our national team. I saw some doctors but, in spite of the medication, the infection seemed to get worse. Finally the doctor told me they had to "get that left lung out." Your right lung is now starting to get a lot of infection. He explained, "Within five years you will be in a wheelchair, but if we take the lung out and stop the infection you will have a healthier life down the road."

This was not good news, so I refused, but the problem continued to get worse. Then depression started setting in. It got so bad that I planned my own funeral. I even went and visited my parents in Manitoba for what I thought would be the last time. I never let on to anybody what was happening. I would kneel by my children's bed. I wanted to see them grow up and knew I wouldn't.

In police work I had learned that it was a criminal code

Bob with his police dog, "Amigo"



offense to commit suicide, so I knew it had to be an accident. I believed there was a "God" and that if you committed a crime, you couldn't go on to a good place after you died, but if it were an accident, that was different. I decided to hit a train at a high speed. I'd investigated some of those accidents and it appeared that nobody really suffered. The only fear I had was the pain I'd have to go through to die.

A friend had once asked me, "If you died, what would you say to God that would get you into heaven?" I replied that I'd tell Him all the good things I'd

done. She explained that they were not good enough and that the only thing that would get me into heaven was the death of Jesus on the cross. I had filed that away, thinking, "I'll just say that and I'll get in."

Every month Frank would ask me to the FGBMFI dinner. Finally I accepted, knowing that nobody smoked there, which was important because of my health. I thought Linda would enjoy "one last evening out." There were about 300 people in the room and they were having a great time; in contrast, I was so depressed. I sat there wishing a bomb would fall on that room so that the people would feel miserable like me. There was now a tumor in my lung and I just plain hurt.

Baseball team (back row 3rd from left)



After the meal the speaker began sharing his testimony. As he did he told the Bible story about Nicodemus, who came to Jesus at night and asked, "Teacher, what must I do to enter the kingdom of God?" He was told that he must be "born again." It was as if we were the only two people in the room.

He continued to explain how we are all sinners. My thought was, "I've never been caught." He seemed to answer, "Have you ever told a lie?" Over the years I had told many little "white" lies, but nothing big. He said, "That's a sin." He concluded with, "The Bible says in Romans that if any man believes in his heart and confesses Jesus Christ with his mouth, he will be saved. And in Ephesians 2 it says we are saved by grace and not by works." I was thinking, "That's incredible; I'm glad I heard this."

Then he talked about healing. He used to wear coke bottle glasses and he had also had a heart attack. Some people had prayed for him and he was healed. He doesn't even have to wear glasses anymore. "That's it," I thought, "This is a sting operation." Maybe these guys have been talking to my doctor. They are setting me up to get my donation." He then quoted out of Mark where Jesus says to his followers, "This is how you will know people are my followers..." and he gave a list that ends with, "when they lay hands on the sick they shall recover."

How I wanted to believe that! He finished and said, "If anyone would like to invite Jesus into his heart, say this prayer." I stood and said that sinner's prayer. It was 9:30 p.m., September 11th, 1984. I asked God to forgive me of my sins, and I invited Jesus to come into my heart to be my Lord and Savior. A peace came over me. It was awesome! I wanted to go forward so badly when



*Bob with Linda, daughter
Jaclyn and son Clint*

they offered to pray for anyone who was sick, but reason held me back.

About a minute later I had a vision in which Jesus was standing before me. He was standing with His arms wide open. He was dressed in a brilliant white robe; a light was shining out from Him to me. There was so much love; it was incredible. He called me by name and said, "Come, I want to touch you and heal you." I thought for sure I had lost it. I closed my eyes, put my head down and said, "Bob, pull yourself together."

One of the men, Len, turned to me at that moment and said, "I'm going up for prayer; come with me." I was thinking of all

kinds of excuses, but he continued, "Bob, the Lord told me to take you." I hadn't heard of anything like that before. He took me to the front of the line of people waiting for prayer and introduced me to Gordon, who was the speaker.

I told him about my lung tumor and he prayed. He said, "Lord, take that tumor and tear it up in a thousand pieces." I woke up on the floor with my arms outstretched. I couldn't move, but all the pain was gone. It felt like warm water was flowing through my body.

I was feeling good for the first time in ages. As I laid there, the thought crossed my mind, "I wonder if this really worked?" I reached over and pushed on my ribs. There was no pain. I made a fist and hit my chest – it didn't hurt. I got up off the floor and sat down by Linda. At home the kids were sleeping on the couch. I picked up one in each arm and carried them upstairs.

My lungs had been so bad that even by myself I had normally had to stop and rest on the way up the stairs. That night I ran right up the stairs without stopping. That in itself was a miracle. I was so happy! I



Bob Davisson in uniform

said, "Father God, I don't know if You can hear me, but if you can I thank you for what has happened today. I don't understand it, but I am so very thankful."

Then I went in and laid down by Linda. She said, "Bob, listen, I can't hear you breathing." Up till then I had always been whistling and wheezing. It was awesome; I couldn't believe it! I began phoning friends to tell them. Then I found a Bible and started reading it.

Dave, the president of the FGBMFI Chapter, lent me some cassette tapes on healing and I listened to them again and again. I couldn't get

enough of them. Soon I phoned my doctor and told him that some people had prayed for me and that I felt great. "Can you take some more X-rays?" I asked. I told him that I'd even been running. He cautioned me, "Bob, slow down. Just wait till you've seen the surgeon in a few days." I had an incredible peace.

When it came time to go to the surgeon, I got out my old X-rays to take with me. As I looked at them a fear came over me. Len came over and prayed for me. He gave me some tapes to play on the way up to Saskatoon. As I drove, it was like God was in the car with me. I decided to sing along with the tapes I was playing. When I opened my mouth, strange sounds came out. I tried again and again, but it was always a strange language that came out. Right there in my car I received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

There is nothing like going on a road trip with Jesus. At the hospital the first thing I had to do was to blow into a lung machine. It shot those needles right off the paper. They shut the equipment down and readjusted everything. I did it again. Eventually I got in for my cat-scan. After a long time they came back and said, "Mr. Davisson, we need to take another X-ray." They did, and then, after another long wait, they said that they had to take yet another one.

"What is the problem?" I asked. She explained that their cat-scan was the best machine there was, but that they had to re-calibrate the equipment because they could not find my tumor. They never did find it! There is still a tiny scar left there, and I can not explain that, but I have never been so healthy in my life. In the past I also used to get migraine headaches that would leave me on the floor for days. That, too, is gone.

I am so thankful for people who pray. Today I can't help thinking back to when I had intended to end my life. A train was coming and my plan had been to smash into it, but something had stopped me. When I tried a second time, again something stopped me. I now know that people were praying for me.

My life totally changed. I became such a happy man.

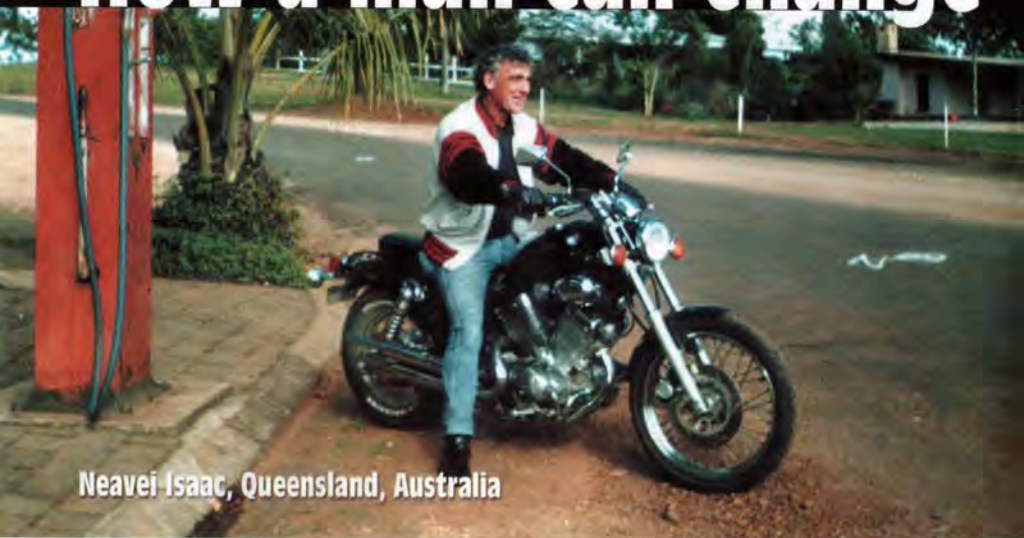
**My life totally
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When God changed my life, it was as if I saw the stars and the trees and the flowers for the first time. I also saw people differently. God set me free to love other people.

I now know that none of the good works we do will get us into heaven. It is only by the grace of God and through a personal relationship with Jesus Christ that we will ever get to heaven. If you are not sure where you stand, please read the "Six Steps to Salvation" on page 29.



How a man can change



Neavei Isaac, Queensland, Australia

It was not a joyous occasion on that snowy winter morning in 1944, with my mother wanting nothing to do with her new baby, claiming I wasn't even hers. By the time I was of school age my parents had convinced themselves that I was evil and stupid. It wasn't until I was forty that I discovered the reason for this persistent rejection. Mother had been raped by my uncle and I was the result. When I heard this, all the bewildering comments I'd heard from relatives over the years suddenly made perfect sense.

By the time I learned the

truth, the rebellious teenager I had been had already been replaced by a man who loves God. With His help I was able to release the bitterness I had carried for so long, and was even able to forgive that uncle.

In my youth, it seemed I was constantly in trouble with someone. My parents were very religious and each evening the family had to kneel in a circle while chanting long meaningless prayers. As you can imagine, I rejected religion. I was a thief and a liar, and not even a very good one at that. On one occasion, after stealing a motorcycle and riding it all around the city, I was stopped by the police. It was my speeding that had caught their attention.

By my fifteenth birthday I had left school and started full-time work. I was into hot cars, motorbikes, and girls. I thought I couldn't get enough

girls. Cops were just a hazard to be avoided and speeding fines were just annoying taxes. It is amazing that I wasn't killed or put into prison.

By the age of twenty-one it seemed there was no future in the jobs I was getting, so I began to search for wisdom and understanding. After three frustrating years trying to get ahead financially, I decided to go to university. It was not easy because my education had been so limited. Most of the students spent more time partying than studying, and I was no exception. Nevertheless, four years later I received a bachelor's degree, with a major in philosophy. Though I had struggled with my studies, I had proven to myself that I wasn't as stupid as I had been brought up to believe.

Before long I became aware that I was still frustrated. I now had an education, a house, a car, a wife, and a baby, but still did not have wisdom or wealth. There were some good long-term options, but I wanted the good life before I got too old to enjoy it. One of my brothers had managed to save some money and was also looking for something better too, so we joined forces and bought a service station and motor repair business. We did very well. Our bank manager even offered to lend us the finances for a major project. Little did I know how soon I was going to lose it all.

One day a beautiful young woman came in to have her car serviced. I just had to have her, and before long we were having an affair. This was not the first time. My wife didn't seem to worry when I was out late. She spent time with her women friends and seemed happy enough. There had never really been any passion or romance in our marriage anyway; we were just companions.

Starved for love as a child, I was always trying to find it in the arms of a new woman. On one occasion I had sex with three different women in one day, but found no satisfaction. Looking back I can see what a rotten person I was – a liar, a cheat, and very selfish. I scoffed at anything that hinted there

**I was always
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in my thinking.**

may be a knowing, caring God out there.

On the other hand, I was always ready to give credence to tales of the paranormal. I was pretty much New Age in my thinking. One evening while with a lover, I was over-powered by a desire to completely possess her. It was not enough to know her physically, I wanted to know her thoughts and feel her feelings. This was so

intense that I forced my spirit to leave my body and attempt to enter hers. At this point some of you may be ready to write me off as a nut case, but read on. I was familiar with "out-of-body" experiences, but had never before tried to enter another person. Instead of entering her body, I found myself surrounded by featureless greyness.

My friend later said that she thought I had died of a heart attack. One moment I was with her, fully engaged with what we were doing, and in the next I was a lifeless hulk. To all intents and purposes I was gone for about forty minutes. This was not like anything I

had known before. It was empty and cold with nothing to focus on, and I began to feel panic. Then I noticed a faint glimmer off to one side. When I looked, I could see nothing, but there was that sense of a very faint light. It was like the night sky when you have the impression there are stars, which you are not quite able to see.

Moving toward the glimmer, it became a light and slowly its illumination forced the darkness back more and more. I saw a kind of portal or doorway ahead of me, and I wanted to go through it into the light where I felt I would be safe but, try as I might, I could not go forward. I knew that I only had to relax in order to go back into the darkness.

Looking more carefully at the opening, I saw the figure of a man. Suddenly the man stepped out in my direction. As he did so, it seemed he was gigantic in comparison to me. It seemed like I was no taller than the soles of his sandals, and I was terrified. Amazingly, with each step he took toward me, he seemed to shrink. By the time he reached me, he was just a little taller than me. His revealing gaze showed me what a filthy rotten bit of muck I was. Then he spoke, saying, "You know who I am."

"But You're not real," I replied. He just looked at me with that knowing gaze. A feeling of hopelessness came over me as I wondered if this could be my judgement day. What hope could there be for me? I had been living a life of sin and had denied Jesus Christ for more than half my life. Now it seemed that I had actually died in the very act of adultery.

"What do you want?" He asked. He knew exactly what I wanted, but obviously wanted me to speak it out. "I want to come into the light," I





Neavei Isaac with his wife

said, without any real hope of being admitted. "You can't go in there, and you know why," He said with finality. At that, all remaining hope and strength drained out of me; I was in utter dread.

It was then, when all was lost, that the amazing grace of God took me to the greatest moment of my entire existence. He led me to a low bench that I had not noticed before, and sat down with me. He said, "Neavei, I love you." I cannot describe that love except to say that it far transcends anything you can imagine. His love swept through me, touching every part of my being. For most of my life I had been denied love and now the Creator, Himself, was infusing me with His untrammelled love. Here was I, this vile mucky creature, being loved by this perfect Lord of all Creation, Jesus.

"I am sending you back. I have work for you to do," He said. Completely overwhelmed with joy at this reprieve, I could not even reply. I listened as He continued, "There are many on earth who know of Me. They have been raised in confusing circumstances and they are deceived. They need to be told the truth. Go and tell them that 'I Am.' I love them and am coming back soon."

He explained that the day would come when I would call out to Him to save me from the mess I had made of my life and from that moment on, He

would hold me in His hand. As I heard those words I awoke to find myself face down in the back of the car. I remember gasping for breath, and then choking on the dust I had just breathed in.

Pulling myself together, I stumbled out of the car. My friend was pacing up and down. She had thought I was dead and was wondering how to get rid of my body without facing awkward questions. It took me time to calm her down.

Not much changed in my life at that point. I continued my life-style until finally, in 1992 when my life was at an all-time

low, I called out to God for help. Months passed and I would occasionally go to an evening service with my friend – always with the same result. About that time I visited my sister, who had been a “born-again Christian” for some years. She told me many things, which affected me in a powerful way. I wanted to believe in Jesus. He seemed to be the answer to so many problems, but was all of this just the delusion of an emotional cripple, who couldn’t make it without a crutch?

Praying that God would reveal the truth no matter what it cost me, it was as if blinkers had been removed from my eyes. By then I felt a great urgency to get the matter settled. One sleepless night I sat up with the Bible. About 3:30 in the morning I prayed, “God, I have reservations about what is written in this Bible. I lack the ability to understand what I am reading.” He answered that prayer and I received an understanding of that particular puzzle. There and then I finally committed my life to Jesus Christ.

Everything changed as God transformed my entire life. It was not a quick process as there were many things that needed change and repair. With time I joined the FGBMFI and began working with other men to fulfill the commission Jesus had given me all those years ago to reach out to the lost in this world.

God continues to work in my life. I now have a great marriage that improves day by day. I am so very thankful that God can do the impossible. I only deserved God’s judgement, but He patiently loved me and forgave my many sins. These are the end of days. Jesus is coming back soon. 

Neavei Isaac



Out of the Paranormal

Michel Grisé, Sainte-Julie, Québec

Watching a hypnotist perform amazed me. He made people do funny things they would never have done on their own. What amazed me even more was when a friend told me that he could do it, too. During a break in the show, he said, "Come, I'll show you." He put one penny in my hand and said, "Look at me straight in the eyes." Then he began telling me that the penny would become very heavy. Since I worked in construction, moving cement in a wheelbarrow, I had strong arms.

Playing along to tease my friend, I let my arm down a bit and soon found myself caught in the trap of hypnosis. My hand fell to the floor and,

with all my strength, I could not budge it until my friend said, "It's over." I was very anxious to learn how he could do that. He told me about a book I could read; I ordered it right away. In the meantime I borrowed a copy from my friend. Within three days I had read through that book of over 700 pages. I wanted to know as much as possible about how I too could have that kind of power.

"On the fourth day my best friend was my subject. I could get him to do anything I wanted."

On the fourth day my best friend was my subject. I could get him to do anything I wanted. When you are sixteen years old, with such power, you think you've got it made. You can make people do what you want against their will. Unfortunately, it doesn't stop there. They also teach you how to communicate with the spirits – bad spirits. From the age of 16 to 49, I was playing with the occult. Believe me, even the bad spirits have power.

With hypnosis, I was able to become a top salesman. I was told that I could earn as much as the Prime Minister, and that suited me just fine. Three or four evenings a week I attended occult ceremonies; that was my life. Then I got involved in a couple of businesses that failed, and I lost everything.

Around that time I went to the dentist. His office was across the street from mine and I needed some extensive work. The dentist, Dr. Jacques Philibert, who happens to be a member of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, asked, "How is your business doing?" Typically, I replied, "It's good; we work in the spirit."

He asked how I did that. I explained that my partners and I met every morning and called on the spirits to foresee what we wanted to accomplish. He looked at me and said, "That's interesting; I work in the spirit, too – the good Spirit." He then gave me an invitation to an FGBMFI breakfast. He was persistent and, on his fifth invitation, I accepted.

It was November of 1985 and was very cold out. Jacques came by my office at 4:30 Friday afternoon. He handed me an invitation to the breakfast and said, "This is tomorrow." Looking at him all bundled up, I answered, "Fine, I'll go." When I arrived, my first impression was, "Wow, where am I?" But when the speaker got up, it seemed like he was speaking right to me. At the end of that meeting I went to the front and gave my life to Jesus.

God is so good. My conversion was not "bang", where everything changed at once. It was a step-by-step experience. Jesus knew me. He knew who and what I was, and He was so patient with me. For example, I started attending FGBMFI prayer meetings together with my girlfriend. Then she left me and I met another woman. We lived together in sin. Eventually she asked to come to "my meeting", referring to the FGBMFI. She was so impressed that day that she committed her life to Jesus Christ.

Then we had a big problem. We had both accepted Jesus and were living in sin. Not long after that, at the dinner table, she looked at me and asked, "What are we going to do about it?" We decided to take care of the matter, and we got married. That was eleven years ago now. Since that time God has been working deeply in both of our lives. The most important thing that I have learned personally about Jesus is that He is love.

Five years ago Jacques invited me to a church meeting. In the middle of that meeting a man stood up, pointed at me, and said, "You, sir, I don't know what you do, but you are going to travel a lot. You are going to put people together and it will help the people." Right after that our business started going badly and we began losing money. Nevertheless, even when we made a withdrawal from savings, my wife Louise insisted we give a tithe to God. I can still remember that when we took our last funds from the bank, she still wanted to give the Lord a tenth. After that we were flat broke.

About that time, while at a prayer meeting, a man came who was sick and had no money to

buy medicine. He needed our prayers. A few days later we met with that man again. Since he was overweight, I gave him some of my product samples – it was a weight loss product. A



Michel and Louise Grisé

Little Gabrielle, our daughter's little girl



week later he phoned me, very excited because he'd lost seven lbs and his back didn't hurt anymore. This man became a distributor for us and told me about a lady he knew, who I should meet. Well, I went to the meeting and it turned out that I was the seventh manufacturer she had looked at.

When I gave her my sales pitch, she thought for a moment and then simply said, "We will do business together." Before she left the meeting we had agreed that I would manu-

"When you prosper, there are people who will try to cheat you. In Texas, a competitor came after me, claiming that I stole their product"

facture the product and she would do the marketing.

In December they bought 240 bottles of my product, in January they bought 50 cases, then 100 cases. By the end of the first year they had 52,000 independent associates selling my product, buying 62,000 bottles a week. What was more, we were paid before delivery.

Each time I make a product presentation, I ask God to give me someone in the audience who would open the door for me to talk about Him. Every time something comes up that allows me to tell the people about Jesus. At our sales conferences all over the USA and

Canada, we add a Sunday morning meeting where I give my testimony. Our goal is to help one family at a time achieve financial independence. It is not about money. That is just a tool. Everything we have belongs to God and He allows us to use it. As we are faithful to God, He blesses us, and we can then bless others.

When you prosper, there are people who will try to cheat you. In Texas, a competitor came after me, claiming that I stole their product, when in fact they were trying to steal mine. God was with us, however, and we were able to prove our innocence.

Recently, our daughter died in a car accident. She went to be with the Lord, but we were left with her wonderful intelligent little girl. I was concerned and prayed, "Lord, we will raise her, but I want to be around to finish the job. I want to see her when she is thirty years old." It is never too late for God. The most important thing you have to remember is that God loves you. I have learned the hard way that sin separates us from His love. However, God is gracious and ready to forgive us when we confess our faults to Him. He wants to have fellowship with us and to bless us. ✨



A close-up photograph of a person's hand, palm up, holding a small, detailed globe of the Earth. The globe shows the Americas. The hand is positioned centrally, with fingers slightly curled. The background is dark and out of focus. Overlaid on the image is the title text in large, white, sans-serif font.

healed from paralysis

Jerry Odo

Suddenly I felt a little dizzy. I went into the bathroom and promptly collapsed on the floor. The room was spinning rapidly and I had violent dry heaves. My wife had just passed away and I was living alone.

I tried to roll over onto my hands and knees, only to discover that the entire left side of my body was paralyzed. My right side was barely functioning. I was in the grip of a strong stroke!

I prayed with a garbled tongue for strength to roll over. After 35 grueling minutes I managed to struggle to my nearby bed. Dizziness and dry heaves were taking their toll as I tried to pray.

Mercifully, the Lord put me into a deep sleep

for about 6 hours. I awoke at daylight, still on my stomach where I'd flopped the night before. My speech still came out garbled.

I prayed, "Father, in Jesus' name I come before You believing for healing. I remember friends of mine who suffered a stroke of this type and died within 6 months.

"Lord, I have a lot of unfinished work to do and books to write. I desire to complete them

and glorify You. Your Word says, 'I will restore health unto you, and I will heal you of all your wounds' (Jer. 13:17).

"I praise You and thank You, in Jesus' name as I receive my healing now. Amen."

Although garbled to my ears, the Lord heard my prayer. I was instantly healed! The dry heaves and the dizziness vanished! I rolled over and sat on the side of my bed with no bad effects. I got up on my feet and walked... as steady as can be. I walked up and down, room to room, hands raised and shouting clear praises and thanksgiving. It was a grand time of rejoicing in God's Power.

**I declare:
"I don't mind
dying, but
not while
I'm so alive
as I am
right now!"**



Jerry Odo with his wife

Eventually, my doctor examined me and took many X-rays. He said, "You recovered from a stroke alright, and you seem to be okay, but X-rays tell me that your heart is not right. I strongly recommend a bypass operation; otherwise you won't last long. "You could be walking or driving and suddenly your heart will quit and you will die. Believe me! I urge you to have this operation right away!"

Funny, I felt extremely peaceful. I shook my head and said, "No, doctor. I don't doubt your medical findings, but I don't accept this. My doctor tells me 'No.'"

Puzzled, his eyebrows shot away up as he asked, "What's your doctor's name?"

I matter-of-factly said, "Doctor Jesus." He barely spoke a very small "Oh!" and quietly ushered me out.

That was seven years and 15 books ago. I declare: I don't mind dying, but not while I'm so alive as I am now! 

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Rock Creek, Missouri, is where I grew up. Every Sunday you would find me in church, and I can honestly say that I hardly ever committed sin. Then one night I saw a girl, who had the greatest set of legs I had ever seen. Right then I decided I was going to get a date with that girl. That was more than forty years ago now. Carol and I went together for four years before we were married.

We had the largest wedding in Jefferson County. Her dad was a beer distributor. I'll tell you, the moment I found out what her daddy did, I knew I was going to marry her for sure. With my German background, I loved beer. We had twelve hundred people at our reception. We drank about thirty half-barrels of beer, and the food seemed unending. I'd never seen so many shrimps in one place in my life.

It was destined to be a truly "happily ever after" story; everything was perfect. Then I started drinking a bit. I told Carol it settled me down. I told her my smoking helped my drinking and that playing cards on Friday night was good for me. She never could understand things like that. We were always scrappin' until finally a pastor friend came to see me and said, "Leonard, I believe with all my heart if you were to die tonight and are not born again, you would go straight to hell."

Well, he upset me so badly that I didn't know what I was doing because I said, "What do you mean? How do you do it?" He explained, "Just ask Jesus to come into your heart and take



a Life

Leonard Riebold, Missouri



*Leonard Riebold
with FGBMFI founder,
Demos Shakarian*

over your life." That seemed easy enough so, without really meaning it, I said, "Jesus come into my heart and take over my life." There may not have been much depth on my part, but it meant something to God.

That day my wife and I were having another one of our "discussions", and she threw a vacuum sweeper at me. I jumped out of the way and it made hole in the living room wall. When I had boxed in the military, we had had rules, so when I got married, it made sense when a friend told me, "Don't cuss at each other or threaten divorce. Those are the basic rules." Boy, could we fight! We just never threw anything. So you can imagine my shock that day when she threw that vacuum sweeper. I thought we had made a deal never to throw anything.

What was strange was that I began to feel badly about the things I was doing. One night when I came home, I snuggled up beside my wife,

touching her with my left foot to be romantic; she just rolled over and took all the covers with her.

Lying there, I really prayed, "God, I married this girl to make her happy and she's unhappy. If You truly are real, come into my heart and take over my life." I knew something had to change. That was for sure. At that moment I could sense Jesus standing in the corner of the room.

He did come into my heart that night. God gave me a spirit of love. The next morning I got up and everything was different. Even Carol seemed to have changed. He has totally changed everything.

After I gave my life to Jesus, I was on my way home from a Katherine Kuhlmann meeting, where I had witnessed many miracles and healings. God filled me with His Spirit, with the experience of speaking in a heavenly language.

Then someone told me that I needed to get involved with the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, that they needed me and I needed them. I took the advice and found myself in what became the most exciting adventure of my life. Eventually I held various positions of leadership, beginning with vice-president of a chapter, and on up to national and international leadership positions. Presently I am the Managing Director of the Foundational Assets of God for the Fellowship.

God had me start traveling to different parts of the world. On one visit to the Philippine Islands I met the cousin of the then President Marcos. He arranged a meeting for me with the soldiers at Clark's Air Force Base so that they could come and hear me speak. (Can you believe it? A hillbilly like me?) God used my testimony that day and we saw over 1,000 men come to know Jesus.

I believe the FGBMFI can help any man that has a desire to do something for God. I encourage each of you to get involved with an FGBMFI Chapter near you. Let them know you'd like to share your testimony; then leave the rest up to God. As you step out for Jesus, your life will never be the same.

Leonard Riebold is a land developer and builder. His company has built 44 churches in the Saint Louis area and has built over 750 homes. His developing company is currently developing five subdivisions and has completed 11 others. He is now heading up a new department for the FGBMFI called the "Foundational Assets of God". He will be the Managing Director for this new ministry. More details can be obtained through FGBMFI Headquarters in Irvine or on the Internet at:

www.FoundationalAssets.org



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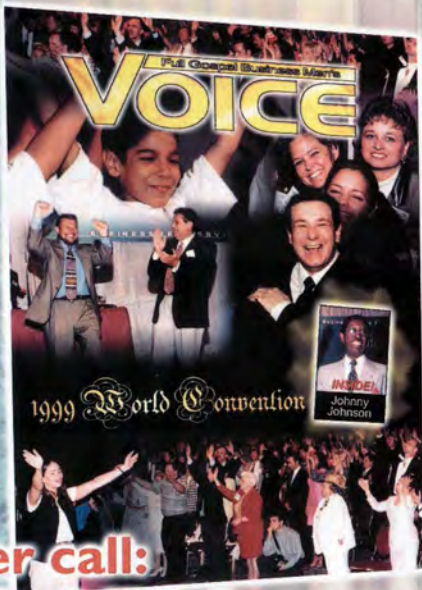
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STARTING THE NEW MILLENNIUM

For many of us, this is the time of year during which we express our thanks for the blessings which we have received as we look ahead and plan for the future. It is also a time during which we share with others and remember the good works of the organization we hold close in our heart. As the new year starts, we trust this information will assist you in making your charitable gift plans.

REDUCE TAXES BY GIVING

Year-end charitable gifts can result in tax savings to you next spring. Your tax rate governs how much you save. The higher the tax rate, the more the tax savings. If you give \$1,000 and are in the 31% tax bracket, your savings are \$310. The higher the tax bracket, the more you save in this way. If your state levies a tax on income, there are even greater savings available.

SAVE EVEN MORE BY GIVING ASSETS

Giving appreciated assets such as stocks, bonds and mutual funds that you have owned longer than one year allow you to bypass the capital gains tax that would be due if you sold the assets. This may further reduce the after-tax cost of your gift by as much as one-third. Limits on deductions may sometimes apply. You may use gifts of cash to eliminate tax on up to 50% of your income. For gifts of most appreciated property, you may deduct up to 30% of your income. Any excess may be used to reduce your taxes for up to five future years. To learn more about the opportunities to save more by gifting stocks, bonds, mutual funds and other appreciated property such as real estate, please contact us or your financial advisors for additional information.

"Grouping" deductible expenses affords savings....

The timing of making charitable gifts is something that we each control. If you do not have enough deductions to exceed the standard deduction, you may concentrate, or "group," your deductions in alternate years, thereby increasing your tax savings.

Consider making larger charitable gifts in the years when they will give you the greatest advantage.

It's easy to see, whether you decide to give cash, securities, or other types of property, a little time planning maximizes the benefits you receive.

PLAN NOW TO GIVE LATER

For many of us, this is a time for reviewing our overall estate and financial planning. Remember that these plans, by simply including a charitable provision may give you significant additional benefits. There are many meaningful ways and vehicles through which you may make charitable gifts. For example, you may wish to include your charitable interests for a specific amount, a percentage, or "what's left" after providing for heirs.

Life insurance policies and retirement plans are not only convenient, but they offer wonderful opportunities and benefits for charitable giving. (Plans also exist that can help in supplementing retirement income and achieving other goals.)

Please contact Ron Weinbender, Director of Planned Giving at (949) 260-0700.

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 **Prison Ministries:** Andrew Kaminski, CO (303) 343-8907

 **Voice Ministries:** Jimmy Rogers, GA (770) 621-3044

 **Youth Chapters:** Enrique Morales, HN (949) 260-0700

Fellowship Events

ILLINOIS REGIONAL CONV.

January 13-15, 2000

Holiday Inn, Decatur, IL, USA

Contact: Rod Hite

Tel: (217) 768-3996

INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT'S FIRE RALLY

January 14-16, 2000

Miami Park Plaza Hotel

Contact: Miami Park Plaza Hotel

Tel: 1-800-860-3966

1-800-437-7275

GEORGIA MEN'S ADVANCE

January 21-23, 2000 &

January 28-30, 2000

Eatonton, GA

Contact: Jimmy Rogers

Work(770) 621-3044 or

Home(770) 476-4088

E-Mail: jmrwains@mindspring.com

OREGON NEWPORT RALLY

January 20-23, 2000

Shilo Inn, Newport, OR

Contact: Peter Reding

(503) 292-2161

LONDON INTERNATIONAL DIRECTOR'S MEETING

January 29, 2000

Imperial Hotel

Russell Square, London

Meeting time: 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Contact: U.K. Office

Tel: 44-1565-632-667

Fax: 44-1565-755-639

INTERNATIONAL PRESIDENT'S FIRE RALLY-ALL EUROPE

February 4-6, 2000

Marriott Hotel

Freising, Munich, Germany

Contact: Marriott Hotel

Tel: 49-8192-7334

Fax: 49-8192-8773

NORTHERN ALBERTA MEN'S ADVANCE

February 4-6, 2000

High Prairie, Alberta, Canada

Contact: Rene Gagnon

or Warren Wilson (780) 925-2266

or (780) 751-2450

9th MEN'S ADVANCE SOUTH WEST REGION - ENGLAND

February 4-6, 2000

Sidmouth, South Devon

Contact: Keith Sholl

Tel: +44-1726-822911

Fax: +44-1726-823101

E-mail: JKSHOLL@aol.com

or Philip Caroline

Tel: +44-1872-277744

LADIES OF THE FELLOWSHIP FLORIDA ADVANCE

Mar. 3-5, 2000

Orlando, FL, USA

Contact: Ann Marie Clawson

(407) 677-7974

OHIO MEN'S ADVANCE March 24-25, 2000

Cincinnati, OH

Contact: Tel: (937) 438-5076

Fax: (937) 438-5080

UNITED KINGDOM FIRE TEAMS

Apr. 4-8, 2000

Contact: U.K. Office

Tel: 44-1565-632-667

Fax: 44-1565-755-639

14th MIDLAND MEN'S ADVANCE

Apr. 7-9, 2000

Malvern, UK

Contact: Vince Smith

Tel: 01905 25180

Email: jp36@dial.pipex.com

OLYMPIC PENNSYLVANIA MEN'S ADVANCE

Apr. 28-30, 2000

Fort Flagler State Park

Contact: Mike Krier

Tel: (360) 895-0137

E-mail: mkrier@juno.com

HONDURAS - FIRE TEAMS May 1-7, 2000

**We are calling for 5,000
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Contact: Honduras Nat. Office

Tel: 504-232-7875

Fax: 504-239-1897

37th PACIFIC NW REGIONAL CONVENTION

May 11-13, 2000

Portland, OR

Contact: Peter Reding

(503) 292-2161

**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." (1 John 1:9) "If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you shall 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 believes and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believes 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 for 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 _____

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

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Hear great testimonies from ordinary people who believe in an extraordinary God! It's a wonderful time to fellowship and network with other people, and a place to use and develop your gifts and talents. Our FGBMFI chapters are designed to help you become successful in every area of your life.

You will be enriched spiritually to become the champion God desires you to be. This is the time to participate in one of our many chapters that are meeting around the world. **You will be blessed.**



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