

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE



The
HUNTER

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**Richard
Shakarian**

"He Shall Have Dominion from Sea to Sea"

The winter harvest of trees was in full swing as Bob Vanderwell and I finished breakfast at one of his winter logging camps in Northern Alberta, south of the Northwest Territories. I was reminded of the beauty and bounty that God created for mankind.

Before us stood seemingly endless miles of tall timber trees, ready for harvest -- wood to build homes, schools, and offices. We build buildings, but God builds nations and happy lives.

Most western nations were founded upon the Biblical principles of truth and honor to God, our Creator. In today's world, in spite of the backdrop of society's loss of values, there is about to begin the most awesome demonstration of the glory of the Lord, which will result in the greatest of all harvests -- the awakening of nations and millions of people to a new relationship with God.



Richard Shakarian

Richard Shakarian- International President



I grew up in a good home with honest, good parents. Though they never professed to be Christians they raised us properly. While I seldom attended church, somehow I vaguely knew something about God. I knew Jesus was the Son of God and that He was the only way to salvation.

By the time I was 17, I was running around with older guys and joining in their "fun," which was mostly drinking and gambling. I had also taken up professional boxing. It was a fast-paced, enjoyable life-style.

Over the years I have often heard adults talk about their earlier wild times. Many

games, I felt totally miserable.

I became especially aware of this when I came home late. First I had to face mom, who always waited up for me. Then as I lay there and thought about the things I had done, my guilt would overwhelm me.

I can see now that God was drawing me to Himself. Years

The HUNTER

Rodney Lee
Louisville, Kentucky

piously say, "We thought we were having fun, but we really weren't."

Not me. I enjoyed myself. If it's not enjoyable, why do so many pursue these things? People do not run after misery. The only problem is that the joy doesn't last. In spite of endless late nights, great parties and many hot poker

later, I still cannot imagine why He cared for me, loved me and saved me. I didn't deserve it. Yet it helps me to see clearly that



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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 Caamano; International Treasurer, Tom Leding.

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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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**20 Corporate Park Dr,
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He cares for each person, regardless of who they are or what they have become.

The Lord got through to me with a bad dream. I came home one night after running around, and collapsed into bed. Soon I dreamed I was falling into a deep hole in the ground. As I fell lower and lower into this pit, a terrible, loud roaring surrounded me. Finally, it ended.

The next night I had the same nightmarish dream – terrible continuous falling and fearful screeching. Only this time I also felt pain. Every bone in my body throbbed and ached. Somehow, I knew it was a dream. As it continued, I thought, "I must wake up. I have to pull out of this dream." Finally, I did.

This went on for at least five or six nights. It got so bad that I feared going to sleep, knowing I would have that dream. On the last night it happened the dream again proved dismal and painful. Yet this time, from somewhere came the thought, "I'm going to quit fighting. I'm going to trust in God."

At that moment a bright light shone down on me from above. Lying on my back, I looked up. The light penetrated my heart. Without turning my head, I could see my elbows sticking out on either side of my body. I could see the flesh melt away from my bones.

Suddenly these strange sensations stopped. At that point I knew Jesus had come into my heart and given me eternal life.

The next morning I said cheerfully, "Mom, I was saved last night." She didn't know what to say or do and neither did I. After that morning I didn't mention this awesome experience again, however my friends noticed a great change in me. I became so different that several started calling me "Deacon."

Unfortunately, after several months the glow slowly faded. As Christians, we must get involved in a church and separate ourselves from worldly ways whenever possible. The old saying, "You can know a person by the company he keeps" is very true.

Two years later, after dating for awhile, I married Marguerite. Though I hadn't yet reached 20, and she was only 17, we agreed our marriage was made in heaven. God blessed us and, though we endured some hard times, we also enjoyed many good times.

About a year after our wedding I had another experience with God. This happened right before I reported for the second shift at my job at the railroad station. A friend had several beagle hounds and we would go out in the morning to get them ready for rabbit-hunting season. On

that day we ran the dogs and returned to his house. As we sat talking with his parents, his mother sud-

denly said, "Rodney, I've never asked you. Are you a Christian?"

For three years the only person I had told about my salvation experience was my mother. Though its luster had dimmed because of my failure to attend a church, I was confident that God had saved me, so I replied, "Yes, ma'am, I am a Christian."

Before long I left to get ready for work, but as I headed down the sidewalk, a strange feeling overcame me. I didn't understand it and to this day I can't explain it, but as I walked my feet didn't touch the ground! The most wonderful sensation of joy I had ever known washed over me. The thought hit me: "God has come back into my life."

Of course, He had never left me, but this time I knew I needed to do something about it. The next Sunday I visited a church and ultimately joined it. I got involved in Sunday School and Bible study and began growing spiritually.



Rodney with one of his hunting trophies

Soon after this we had another wonderful experience. One day when I got home from work Marguerite said, "Rod, I asked Jesus to come into my life today." As we rejoiced together, she described what had happened.

That morning I had found some cigarettes hidden in the closet. I had been trying to quit smoking and was trying to make her quit, too. Like many new Christians, I was fired up and expected everyone else to believe the same way and do what I wanted them to do.

When I had found the cigarettes and accused her of still smoking, she had lied, "Oh, no, they must belong to Doris (her younger sister). They're not mine." I must have believed her because I dropped the subject. Later that afternoon she began thinking about the awfulness of her lie.

Just then she passed a mirror and stopped and gazed at it. It was hard to describe, but she said she saw sin covering her face. She ran to her bedside weeping, knelt and asked God

to forgive her for what she had done. She told me He forgave her and Jesus came into her heart. She, too, knew she was saved.

This happened while we were living in the two front rooms of her parents' home. One morning her father came into our kitchen and we had a long talk about religion.

He told me he had studied different religions and faiths and knew his denomination was the only true church. Yet I realized his opinions originated with that church.

After we had talked for awhile, I felt compelled to describe how God had saved me and come back into my life. It took a long time.

Though he listened politely, when I finished he jumped up and said, "Rodney, you are a religious fanatic! What you have said is impossible. You dreamed this up. No one could ever believe such a thing!"

Then he stormed out of the room. I sat there, stunned, thinking, "This really is a fantastic story. Who could ever believe it?"

Rodney Lee's daughters (L-R) Shirley Hawkes, Linda Hyatt and Barbara Hood





Rodney and Marguerite's 55th wedding anniversary

then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction" (Job 33:13-16).

Wow! I sat straight up, electrified. Right then, through His Word, God had answered the questions stirring in my heart. Without knowing where I was turning, I had opened the Bible and there in front of me was exactly the right verse.

Over the years I often thought about how incredible this was, God directing me to the exact verse that would answer my doubts from a story written 3,000 years ago.

I approached the matter skeptically, trying to find fault or rationalize it, because if it could be explained away then I wanted to know.

I wondered if maybe I had heard this story in a sermon as a small boy and tucked away the details in my memory. I have often heard we don't use 90 percent of our brain, so perhaps in my sleep I had reached back into my memory and pulled it out.

I meditated awhile.

"No," I declared, "there are too many details and fine

I glanced around the kitchen, sun streaming in the windows, brightening everything under its rays. I thought, "This is the real world. It's not the time for dreams. Could this have really happened to me?"

I was crestfallen. Barely conscious of what I was doing, I reached for my Bible, lying on the table next to me. I opened it and read, "Why dost thou strive against him? For he giveth not account of any of his matters. For God speaketh once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed;



*Rodney reading the Bible on
Lay Witnessing Mission*

**“The point is:
under no
circumstance
can I explain
away my
experience, nor
how it lined up
with the Bible’s
words at the
instant I began
to doubt it.”**

points to consider. No preacher could use all this in a sermon.”

I found one meaningful point in Job 33:21, “His flesh is consumed away, that it cannot be seen; and his bones that were not seen stick out.”

These words matched the unforgettable experience of lying on my back, looking straight up and seeing my elbows sticking out. Nor had I turned my head when I saw my flesh melting away. No preacher could convey this in such fine detail.

There are other verses in the passage that hold special meaning, such as the latter part of verse 24, “Deliver him from going down to the pit: I have found a ransom.” Just think, more than 1,000 years before Christ, the writer of Job looked into the future and saw the coming of our Savior.

The point is that there’s no way that I explain away my experience, nor how it lined up with the Bible’s words at the instant I began to doubt it. Today I simply rejoice that it happened and that I have been saved by the Lord’s grace.

I wish I could fully convey what happened to me, so that everyone would accept Jesus as their personal Savior. This experience made me keenly aware of God’s love for all His people. If He saved me, He will save anyone who accepts Jesus as Savior and Lord.



Rodney Lee is a retired real estate developer who has been active in lay witnessing efforts through his church, Walnut Street Baptist. He and his wife, Marguerite, have been married for 60 years and they have three daughters, three grandchildren and one great-grandson.

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Mind Your Own Business



God started to deal in my life slowly because I was the kind of person who never follows advice and had to learn my lessons the hard way. Sometimes I wouldn't come home until the sun came up and that was just to get ready for work.

I remember having a dream that turned out to be the turning point of my life. In the dream my sister-in-law and I had just come out of a drug-store. As we stood outside I could see people inside and they were having a good time. We both looked at the sky and we saw some writing. It read, "BEWARE, I AM COMING SOON", but we both ignored it and started to go around the corner when a bolt of lightning hit the sidewalk in front of us. It was so loud that it sounded like a cannon and woke me up.

With time, my wife came to the point that she was so fed up with me that she turned to God and prayed this

Henry Miranda - San Bernardino, CA



*Owner, Henry Miranda,
and General Manager,
Hector Medrono*

prayer: "Lord, if You can't change him, I'm going to have to leave him."

A week later I went home and nobody was there. As usual, I began to drink my depression away. Feeling lonely, I decided to go to a friend's house for a visit. There we drank about two six packs of beer, smoked marijuana and took some pills. We had a custom between us that when he visited me, I would make sure that he had a six-pack for the road, or if I visited him, he would do likewise for me.

On the way home the road had a down incline so it was easy to pick up speed. I drove right into an embankment, hitting so hard that the whole a-frame came off, tire and all.

Having frequently left accidents unhurt, I simply opened the door, picked up the whole tire and a-frame assembly and threw them in the back of the truck, planning to get away as fast as possible before anybody came around. I was too drunk to realize that the truck wouldn't go anywhere on three wheels. The front of the truck on the driver's side was caved in. I still can't believe I got out without crushing my legs on impact.

The crash had been so loud that a lady a block away had come to see what the noise was because it had sounded like thunder or a cannon. When she told me that it reminded me of the dream which had warned me that Jesus was coming soon.

I thought for sure that I would go to jail for drunk and reckless driving, and I would lose everything, but I didn't know at the time that God had put everything in motion for my salvation.

When I was talking to the officer in charge of making the accident report, I stepped on a rock and sprained my ankle. At the same time I heard a voice say to me, "That's how easily you can get hurt." Then it dawned on me that I did not have a scratch on me, not even a bruise, even though I had hit the wall at 30 or 40 miles per hour. God had spared my life, and at the same time prevented any injuries to my body, to show His wonderful power.

Mother's Day was coming up and my brother invited me to go to his church, the Spanish

Assemblies of God. That was to be the turning point in life. I saw Jesus with His hands open to receive me into His arms and that night I gave my heart to Him and was consumed with a sudden desire to jump up and down. I was embarrassed and tried to contain myself, but the force was too great. I also started to speak in a strange language and dance.

My wife called my boss and told him I had totaled the company truck. He told her he would wait and give me his decision on my job status a bit later. At the time I didn't know that he was waiting for the police report. God had taken care of that too. The report said that I had only had one beer and was not under the influence of alcohol, so I was not fired.

I tried to tell my boss about my new Christian walk with Jesus, but he just said that it might be good for me, but it was not for him.

When I was offered a job with my old A/C company for more money, I took it. Unfortunately, instead of changing my behavior, I made one excuse after another to make my drinking seem right, even while attending church and Bible study.



Miller Outpost Cowboys, Jeff and Henry, at their booth at the Cucamonga feste 1986

One day while driving home from a friend's house, I was stopped and arrested for drunk driving. I called a lawyer friend of mine and he managed to get me out. Sadly, since I was clearly not walking in fellowship with God at that time, I was not able to tell my friend about Jesus. When your life is a bad example, it's hard to talk about God. My friend was only 42, and one day after playing handball he had a heart attack and died. I never did get a chance to witness to him about the Lord. At that point, I repented.

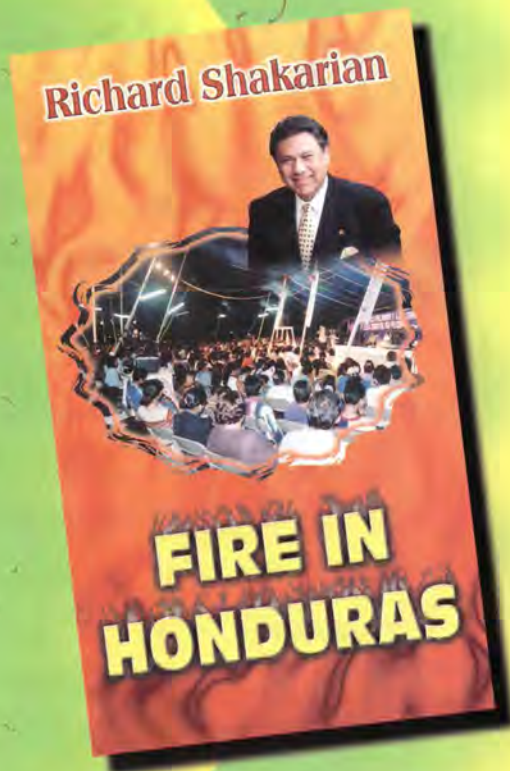
I also decided that if I was to have faith in God, I would have to totally depend on Him so I decided I was going to quit my job to start my own air conditioning company.

When my older brother picked me up at the airport, I told him about my plans to start my own business. I don't think he believed me at the time. Soon I gave my notice at work and at the

next church service dedicated my new business to Jesus. I started the company solely on faith since I did not have any bank accounts or savings. I did a job for a store owner in exchange for a used truck he had in his back yard, then repaired it as best I could and used it for my work. God blessed us and we had a lot of business. Soon I got used to spending more money than we had and found myself in a financial mess. I did not know what to do about it. I needed seven thousand dollars to get out of debt. I found myself seeking the Lord without any answer.

Then I had a strange feeling that lasted for about a week. I would pray but wouldn't feel anything. That was the longest week of my life. At the end of the week I heard a voice say to me, "That's how it would feel without Me." I had never thought about it before, but when we become a new creation in Christ we have the Holy Spirit in us and we become the temple of God.

I finally got through that financial burden. You would think that once you go through something like that you would not repeat it, but I did the same thing over again. Only this time



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Schedule

Friday and Saturday

7:30am Prayer meetings

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Nationally known on TV, **Roger McDuff** has a powerful music ministry.

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Peter Gammons - One of the world's great evangelists, he has spoken to hundreds of thousands. Used in healing and prophetic words.

Ladies and Men invited

I needed \$13,000 to get me out of my debts. I felt bad when my wife told me of our financial status, and I did not know what to do. I considered bankruptcy, but then it dawned on me that it wasn't my problem. I had given my business to God, so I just turned the problem over to Him. Within a week He had taken care of it.

God blessed my company and we started to grow. We went from a single-room office to a 1600-square-foot building. It was the Lord's doing -- the company did not have the funds to make the move. God opened the right doors for us. We moved in with no down payment, and on top of that we received a month's free rent and they built us two new offices. We grew to where we had 15 employees and eight work trucks.

We always had a lot of work, even when business was slow for some of the A/C companies around us. We were able to buy several properties with the income we made.

Our company was featured in one of the A/C magazines. The magazine article was called "Who's Who in the HAVC News". They picked one A/C company from each state and

Henry with his wife, Alice, and grandson, Tommy.

they picked our company to represent California.

I received a lot of calls from supply companies and friends to congratulate us and ask how we made the company grow so fast. We went from nothing to \$250,000. net worth between 1981 to 1985. Sadly, instead of giving God the glory, I took all the credit. I began treating people with no respect, and would fire them with very little reasoning behind it.

I was a very bad steward of the Lord's company and tried to do things on my own without praying and asking direction from God. I was too full of pride to listen to God's direction.

I was bidding on a big job and needed a bid bond to be able to bid on the job, but God was closing all the doors to me and I had a hard time getting the money. I should have prayed about it and waited on the Lord. We had a hard time doing the job because of the time element and in order complete the job as required we had the men work a lot of overtime. We didn't get paid for the last payment and that hurt us



real bad. We ended up owing a lot of money for taxes and to the suppliers of our materials.

I ended up selling our properties and whatever else we could sell to pay the taxes and most of our bills. I should have known that God didn't want us to do that job. If only I would have taken the time to counsel with Him as He wants us to do.

God told me once when I was asking Him why He left me when I needed Him the most, that He is with me always. He never leaves or forsakes us. It's actually *we* who turn away from Him when we think that He has turned His back on us.



Henry Miranda and his wife, Alice, attend The Church of the Crossroads in Redlands, Ca. They have four married daughters, and seven grandchildren. Henry still runs a refrigeration and A/C company called All Types A/C. Henry is getting ready to start his second year at San Bernardino Valley college. He is pursuing a degree in Electrical Engineering.

Trust & Estate Service Program

Our recently formed Trust & Estate service program was created in the spirit of service to our Fellowship. It is an effort to bring information and share ideas about trusts and estates with the hope that this information will be of value and increase our awareness of the need to plan for the distribution of our property and to determine who will benefit and how they will benefit from what we own.

Roughly 80% of Americans do not have a will. They work hard to create an estate, provide financial security for their families, and support their communities, their churches, and the humanitarian causes they believe in. Yet they fail to put in place the simplest of estate plans. Instead they leave the ultimate control of their property to the laws of the state in which they live. Every state has an estate plan for you if you fail to direct the distribution of your estate.

What is proper estate planning? Proper estate planning allows you to plan for yourself and your loved ones without giving up control of your affairs. Your estate plan should also allow you to plan for your own disability.

It should combine strategies for managing and transferring wealth during our lives and at our deaths. It should give what you own to whom you want to receive it, the way you want them to receive it, and when you want them to receive it. The most simple and straight forward way to make a lifetime gift is to give "cash," but not everybody has cash or other property to give away during his\her lifetime. One of the simplest ways to make a contribution is by naming a charity as a beneficiary in a will or living trust. This is known as a bequest.

Bequests come in different forms. They are as follows:

- Specific bequest: This type of bequest names a specific amount or item to be left to charity.
- Residual bequest: The remainder of the estate is bequeathed to the charity after all other distribution takes place.
- Percentage bequest: This bequest involves the actual naming of a percentage of the remaining estate or another asset.
- Contingent bequest: With this bequest, the charity receives a gift only if another beneficiary has predeceased this will.

Your gift to Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International creates a legacy that will enable the good work of the Fellowship to continue.

**For more information, call (949) 260-0700 or write:
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God drove my Truck



*Eugene Harrison
Tustin, CA*

It was a cool, nippy but clear January morning as my 18 wheeler steadfastly clung to narrow Highway 2 coming out of Iowa, headed toward the Illinois state line and eventually on to Chicago and home. The time was about 1:30 a.m., and my mind was dwelling on one thought -- a warm shower and the clean sheets in my home in Brainard.

The road was incredibly dry, which was quite unusual for

that time of year, and I knew that the remainder of the trip back to Chicago would be a breeze. My three daughters would be sound asleep by now, but they were all "Daddy's girls" and that compelling thought drove me to hurry home.

I was quite unprepared for the event that was about to unfold. It would change my secular realm of thinking and eventually project me into the world of the supernatural. Just up the road,

Eugene in the cab of his truck

dead ahead, destiny was unfolding and time was about to stand still.

The moon was bright and telephone poles and a series of tree shadows invaded the curves along the highway as tiny bits of snow fell and began to melt on my windshield, slowly changing into a mixture of rain and ice, prompting me to engage my wipers. As I strained my eyes to see the road ahead, my vision became impaired as a haze of the flurry white stuff, rapidly falling, altered the condition of the road, and I realized that if I didn't slow down, an accident was more than likely to occur.

As buckets of snow dumped round about me, I noticed on the right side of the highway, through my peripheral vision, a lone car, racing toward the entrance ramp of the highway directly in front of me. He didn't see me because three inches of snow covered his back window and his left side view mirror had formed into a snow cone shape, blinding his rear view. I thought to myself, "He won't try to enter the highway with my eighteen wheeler approaching at such a rapid rate of speed," but I was totally wrong. Looking at the scene before me was more than my mind



was willing to comprehend. As I blew two long blasts on my air horn to warn my impetuous friend, he appeared to mash harder on his gas peddle and began to fish tail and slide sideways, losing control of his vehicle as he approached the entrance ramp into my lane.

"Jesus, I'm going to kill him," I thought as he spun in a circular movement toward me.

I knew that it would be over in just moments. Realizing that he had made a mistake in judgment, he tried to brake, but to no avail; he just kept spinning like a top towards my front bumper on the snowy, slick road.

Now, if you have any trucking background at all, it's common knowledge that if any truck starts into a jackknife cycle, there is absolutely nothing anyone can do about it, and you might as well prepare to bite the dust, as the old saying goes.

My thoughts at that moment were to apply the trailer brakes slowly and then engage the foot brakes and that would probably keep the truck from jackknifing.

While exercising this field of strategy, my trailer brakes froze

**"I'm going to kill him",
I thought, as he spun in
a circular movement
towards my front bumper**

up and locked, and to my amazement forty feet of my trailer passed me on my left-hand side. Immediately my mind slipped into denial. I thought, "This isn't happening to me".

As my truck turned completely around, facing traffic, but still moving in the same direction, I could see blurry headlights interfacing with my lights, headed straight for me, and I knew my life was over. I thought I had bought it.

Thank God for safety belts. There were jerky movements, and a feeling of no control. Trembling





Eugene and his truck

and scared, I just rode with the punches. Panic filled my mind as I tried to steer while fighting the wheel, but there was just nothing left that I could do.

Then I heard a soft, gentle voice that came from nowhere and said to me, "Let the wheel go." Not having the slightest suspicion of who was talking to me, I said "huh?" Again I heard the words, "I said let the wheel go!" "O.K.," I replied, not knowing who I was addressing.

I could see the neon road markers being rooted up, flying all over the highway as my truck scooped clusters of dirt and dead grass, mixed with snow and freezing ice. The words just came out of my mouth, "Oh God, Jesus"! Everything began to move in slow motion, as a cloud appeared before me and it flooded my cab.

As I observed the scene around me, my steering wheel began to spin first to the left, then to the right and then all of a sudden it just stopped spinning. It appeared that something or someone had grabbed the wheel and was driving my truck. Now my attention was totally focused on

this strange phenomenon and on my invisible friend.

After a few more twists, bumps and a thud or two, my truck tractor pivoted on the fifth wheel and swung entirely to the right side, smashing into the trailer, giving it an accordion effect in appearance as it came to a halt.

I sat there for a few moments waiting for Gabriel or Michael or another angelic host to give me my final instructions before entering eternity, but the only thing I heard was a knock at my truck door. It was a State Highway Patrolman inquiring about my well being. He said, "Are you alright?" My reply was "Yeah!" Then life began again. The Patrolman said, "I don't know how you avoided

smashing into the car that cut you off, but I can't catch him in this weather. All I can do is call in help for you. You know, you're lucky to be alive!"

"To my amazement forty feet of my trailer passed me on my left-hand side.."

He called a tow truck because my trailer, while still attached to the cab and fifth wheel, was down in a ditch, just deep enough to support my tractor on the far right shoulder of the highway. It was away from the oncoming traffic with more than enough clearance for the officer's car and a person to stand on the shoulder side of the highway without fear of someone running into us in the fog. The engine was still run-

ning and instead of the gear being in the tenth position, as it was before the accident, it was now in neutral. In reality, that was an impossibility.

After the tow truck pulled the tractor and trailer out of the ditch, I immediately started out to complete my journey homeward. I shall never forget that experience and how I believe the Lord God spoke to me and drove my "Rig" on that horrible night.

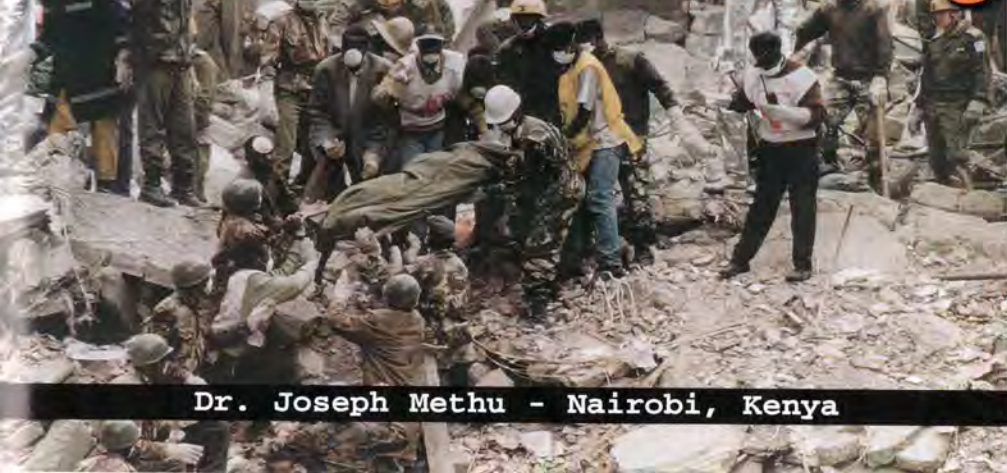
Thank you Jesus! Am I a Believer in the things of the Spirit and My Lord, Jesus Christ?" Well, I'm a minister now and I've traveled halfway around the globe, sharing the Word of God anywhere I can. The Lord has blessed me to share this soul-searching story because, prior to this event, I didn't know Jesus or anything about Him. But I do now!



Eugene Harrison



After the Bombing



Dr. Joseph Methu - Nairobi, Kenya

I was born in late 1958 to a poor family in a small village in Kenya, East Africa. At that time Kenya was going through a so-called Mau-Mau rebellion that led to the ouster of the British Colonial Government and eventual formation of an African government headed by a Kenyan. As a child I was brought up in my uncle's home under very difficult and abusive conditions. My own parents were not able to take me to school or to pay for my school fees, therefore my uncle, my mother's brother, took me in and paid for my schooling through high school. I had to work for him and his two wives, much like a bond slave, to compensate him for the favor.

I committed my life to the Lord Jesus Christ and was saved at age ten. It was only by the mercies of the Lord that I survived all the cruelty shown me.

After graduation, the Lord provided me with a small amount of money. I used it to set up a small business, which thrived greatly for this poor Kenyan young man. I bought merchandise and sold it at market places in the Rift Valley (like American swap meets, but in rural areas).

As a small entrepreneur I was always busy trying to make some money from one market place to another, buying new merchandise with my profits. While I was in this business I heard the call of God to join the ministry. The Lord spoke to me three times, but I ignored Him.

*Wrecked cars and the
body of a victim at the
embassy bombing.*

My fear came from what the English missionaries had told us -- that it was holy to be poor. I had come from a poor family. I reasoned if I went into the ministry I would always be poor. I would never ever make it in life and my family would remain poor forever. Little did I know what God had in mind.

The Lord continued to speak to me through my conscience and He finally warned me that I would suffer mightily from the consequences of disobedience. I knew for sure that I would not escape the hand of the Almighty by trying to run away from Him.

November 1978 is a time I will never forget. It was the time everything turned in a direction I did not expect. It was during this time that I was involved in an early morning automobile accident. I knew in my heart it was going to happen and I tried to avoid it, but the only way I could have done that was by obeying God's call upon my life.

My business colleagues and myself had to hire a big open truck to move all of our mer-



chandise from one market place to another. We would sit on top of our goods on the back of the open truck. I remember the day well. It was early morning in November and it was raining. The roads to our markets are not good in Kenya. We were traveling on mud roads which were wet, slippery, and very dangerous. I will never forget when our truck slipped into a ditch as the driver tried to control it. We managed to lift it back onto the road and proceeded on our dangerous adventure. The truck did not have headlights or a good clutch, although we were using it to travel in the wee hours of the morning before first light.

Finally, near the city of Eldoret, we arrived at the river Yala, a big wide river which runs into Lake Victoria. This river is full of large snakes and huge crocodiles. To cross unharmed, it appeared we would require a miracle like the children of Israel when they were crossing the Red Sea.



L-Medical personnel attending to a child victim.

Below-Dr. Joseph and Rose Methu with Victoria, the youngest of their 2 sons and 4 daughters

Many of my colleagues started to yell at the driver to let them off as they were afraid of the flimsy wooden bridge we were about to cross. The driver stopped and many people got off, but one of my Christian friends yelled at them, saying, "You are timid of death because you are not saved and you do not have tickets to heaven." He commanded that Christians should not get off of the truck as this would depict a lack of faith in God. I am one of those who obeyed his instruction by staying on.

Then the truck started cautiously crossing the bridge. When we were right in the middle of it, the timber of the old bridge started to give way, then it broke. We were all thrown into a huge river full of hungry crocodiles and dangerous snakes. I was losing all of my merchandise; all of my hard-earned wealth was going down the river. My Christian friends and I were in the very dan-

gerous river and we could not swim. I saw the whole world spinning before my eyes.

Then in the deep water of that river, I cried out like Jonah and the Lord heard my cry and saved me. Then I said to Him, "Lord, I will serve you all the days of my life." I do not know how, but I found myself on the banks of that great river pulling people out and praying for them.

Many lost arms and legs or had other injuries. I ministered to them all. Men and women



were touched that morning on that river bank and a church and minister were born. Fifteen souls came to Jesus and then revival broke out with many more getting saved and being filled with the Holy Ghost. Later we built a building on that riverbank. It was my first church.

For eight years I preached and started churches without any theological training -- only the leading of the Holy Ghost. Then, in 1987, I entered Nairobi Pentecostal Bible College, established by the British Assemblies of God. I graduated in 1989. In 1996 I graduated from Southern California Community Bible College in Norwalk, California, with a Doctorate of Divinity. To God be the glory and honor.

Over the years God has been faithfully using me in various areas of ministry, such as evangelism, church planting and overseeing the ministry of over fifty churches in Kenya. The Lord has used me in various capacities, with accompanying signs, miracles and wonders. In 20 years of ministry in Kenya, I have planted over 50 churches and have had the privilege of knowing and experiencing the ups and downs of a growing

ministry. For the Kingdom of God is not a matter of meat and drink, but of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit.

Now the Lord has called me to a new field, to minister to the political leaders, to families and churches of the nations, starting in Kenya and spreading throughout Africa and the world.

In 1997 I served my country for seven months in the capacity of the executive director of the Bureau of Electoral Education Research and Monitoring. In December 1997 I gained the nomination to run for a parliamentary seat in Kenya's National Assembly for Nyandarua, my home district. I came in second, garnering over ten thousand votes. From there God has given me a burden to start a ministry focusing on the family, churches and politicians.

The memories of Friday, August 7, 1998, will never leave my mind. My wife and I left our house as usual ready for a busy day. We kissed our little daughter, Victoria, as we left. I dropped my wife off at her office and was proceeding with haste to my office because I had a full day ahead of me. The most important assignment was going

President Benjamin Mkapa of the Republic of Tanzania shakes hands with Dr. Joseph Methu, on an official visit to Kenya, East Africa.



to my bank, which was just next to my office, to draw some money and take it to my travel agency for my ticket to travel to the USA.

Shortly after leaving my wife's office, I met a politician friend who told me they had organized a prayer meeting in an Anglican Church that morning and that they had been trying to contact me because they wanted me to preside over this meeting with the host pastor. I told my friend that it was not possible for me to attend. My friend insisted and I gave in to his demand.

We proceeded to the prayer meeting in his car. I didn't remember to call my office to inform them that I would be late that morning.

The prayer meeting had started at 10:00 am. We were about 50 minutes into the service when we heard a big bang in the city's center. The USA Embassy in Nairobi had been bombed by suicide terrorists. Our city was turned into a wailing, weeping and mourning mass from that point.

Ambulances, fire fighters and helicopters were all over. Nairobi City with a population of over 5 million, a city that is known as the City in the Sun, was turned into the city in the darkness of death, pain and agony.

We rushed to the scene of the bombing only to find that a seven-story building next to the US Embassy had collapsed and our countrymen and women, who were least prepared for that kind of disaster, were now struggling to save lives from the rubble.

My office was located directly opposite the USA Embassy. That's where I would have been that morning if it were not for my friend's persistence that we go to the prayer meeting. Some members of my staff were hurt, but none died. Over 260 Kenyans lost their lives in this disaster, more than 100 are now blind, over 5,000 people



Dr. Joseph Methu when he left Kenya for his visit to the United States in 1994

were injured and 12 Americans were killed.

By the mercies and the grace of God I was part of the rescue team, which worked tirelessly to retrieve bodies from the collapsed building. My office was completely destroyed and we lost everything because what was not destroyed was looted by multitudes who made a fortune out of it. It will take time to put our broken pieces together but with God all things are possible.



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GEORGIA MEN'S ADVANCE

EATONTON, GA., USA

Jan. 22-24, 1999

Jan. 29-31, 1999

Contact: Jimmy Rogers

CANADIAN COUPLE'S

ADVANCE

WATROUS, SASK.

Feb. 5-7, 1999

Contact: Frank Leler

(306) 245-3450

VOICE CONVENTION

MULHOUSE, FRANCE

Feb. 5-7, 1999

Contact: Donato

(+32) 75 52 9733

USA NATIONAL

DIRECTORS MEETING

SEATTLE AIRPORT, WA

Feb. 25, 1999

Doubletree Hotel

Contact: FGBMFI Headquarters

Ron Weinbender

(949) 260-0700

USA NATIONAL CONVENTION

SEATTLE, WA

Feb. 26-27, 1999

Doubletree Hotel

Contact: FGBMFI Headquarters

Ron Weinbender

(949) 260-0700

DIJON, FRANCE

LEADERS' WEEKEND

March 12-14, 1999

Contact: Bruno Berthon

(+33)14/637.42.46

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

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

(+32)2/390.92.98

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

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

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 Saviour 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 Saviour.

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

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

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