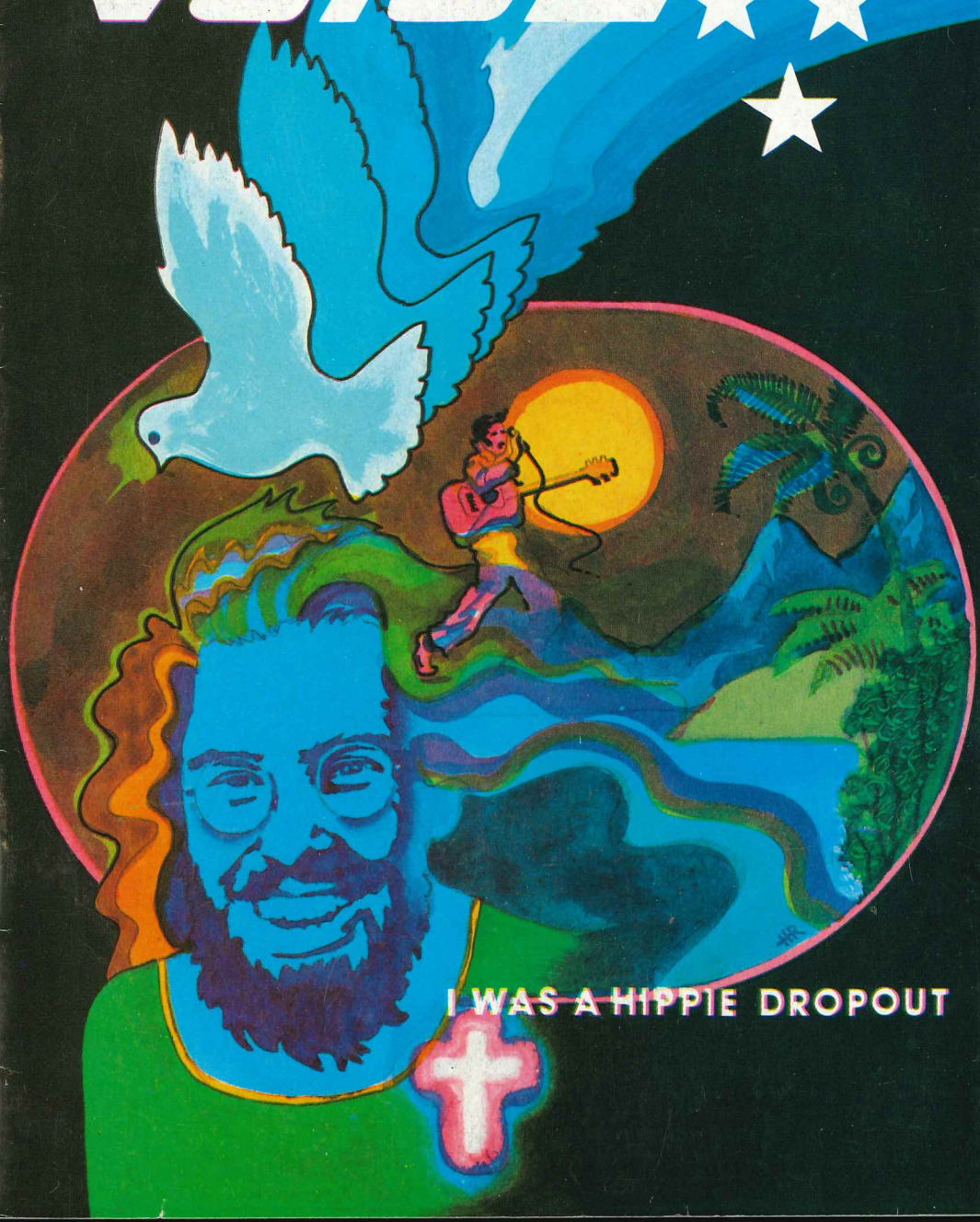


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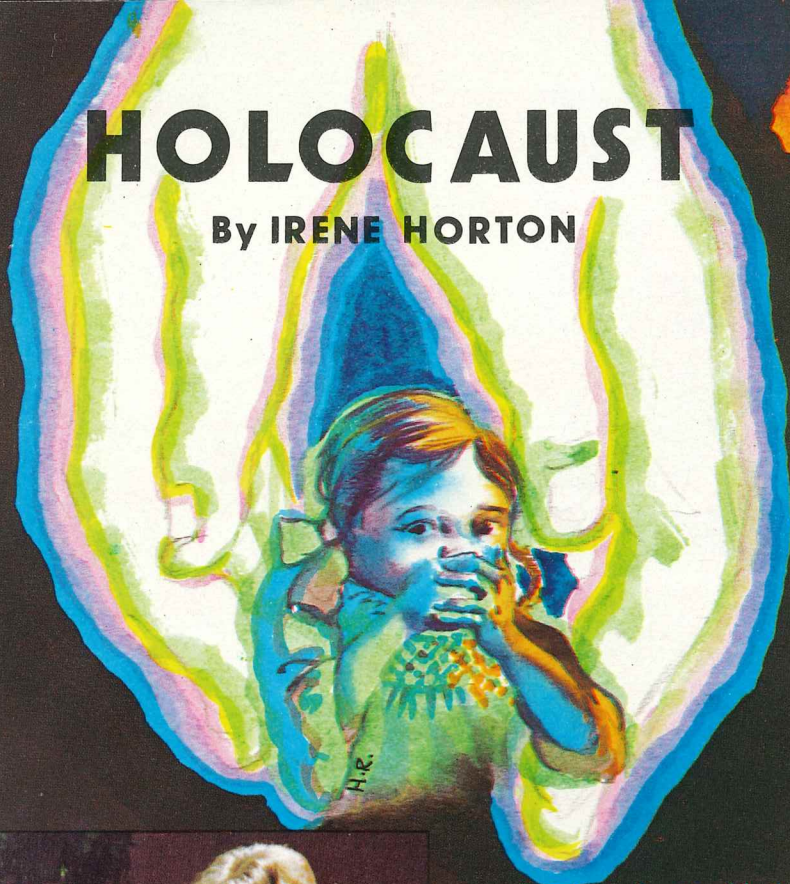
VOICE



I WAS A HIPPIE DROPOUT

HOLOCAUST


By IRENE HORTON



I woke up in utter blackness and the walls were crumbling in. I was five years old and just remember screaming and screaming. The bombs were falling everywhere and the noise was deafening.

After a few minutes of this — just standing there because I couldn't do anything else, I felt two arms around me. It was my mother. I don't know where she came from, but she grabbed me.

Irene is married to Bob Horton, International Director of the F.G.B.M.F.I. They live in the Albany district north of Auckland and have four children, Christine, Todd, Johanne, and Andrew.



This was one of the many bombing raids that we experienced in those days. It was 1940 and we lived in a town in Latvia called Daugavils. We were constantly experiencing alternate occupation by the Germans and the Russians.

cross the courtyard. In Latvia the flats were in a square with a quad courtyard in the middle. This was our play area as children.

Somehow we managed to cross the courtyard diagonally to another building and we stood in the doorway.

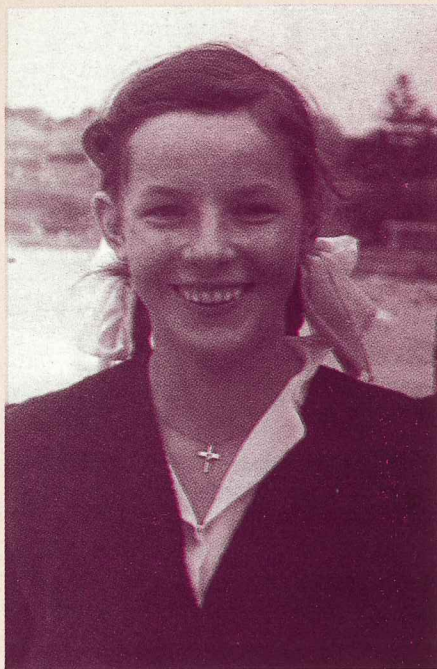
THE RUSSIANS WERE ATTACKING

This particular night the Russians were attacking from the other side of the river. During the evening my parents had been holding a party and I went to bed knowing that there were people in the house. When I woke up utter chaos had broken loose.

My mother half carried me down some very steep stairs then we had to

There were all sorts of things flying through the air because of the bombing. We were only there a minute or two and my mother dragged me away again.

Apparently she heard a voice saying 'Get out of here'. As we left, the building collapsed. We got out through a tunnel and into the street. We then had to get to the air-raid



Irene photographed shortly after her arrival in Australia.

shelter across two other streets. There were bullets and debris flying around but we managed to get there safely.

God had His hands on us that night . . . it just had to be God. The next day we returned home — because we had nowhere else to go and found that eleven bombs had dropped around our flat that night. My pet rabbits were killed — I was very sad.

WE LIVED AMONG DEATH

I remember the Russian prisoners working in our courtyard and the German soldiers with guns on them. To a child it was scary — it was eerie — an awesomeness comes upon you when you see other human beings,

obviously prisoners, and others standing over them with guns.

I also remember when the Jews in the town were taken away to be slaughtered. The Germans came and told all the Jews to take a few belongings and just get out. They were all gathered into army trucks and were driven off and we never saw them again, but it was obvious that they weren't coming back.

My mother saw them being shot — all lined up in a row. They had to dig their own graves, stand on one side, and be shot down. They would just fall into the holes.

My mother was working for the Germans as a nurse in the hospital. During one of the occupation raids when the Russians were attacking, the Germans retreated taking my mother, myself and my brother with them — we were the two youngest children. Just before we were taken away I remember going to the toilets in the darkness and I lost my direction. There was this terrible noise again and the bombs were dropping. I was screaming and pleading 'Somebody please come and get me out of here' but nobody did and I finally found my way out.

During the retreat there were thousands of us (displaced persons they called us) being driven like sheep. We were being bombed and I

remember one bomb hitting this big boulder on the top of a hill. It rolled down among the people and hit my father smashing his leg. There were planes overhead machine-gunning us and many people were killed or

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE WITH GOD

wounded.

Eventually we arrived in Riga and were put onto a German hospital ship and shipped out to Germany. I have never seen my father or my four other brothers again.

Although it was a hospital ship we were continually raided. I remember my mother and I on our knees crying out to God to save us again. I felt terrible fear but the ship wasn't hit although the bombs were falling all around us. The next day the two of us were just a laughing stock among the others on board. I remember feeling humiliated but knowing that God was in control and that He had saved us.

I call these my 'happy days' — knowing that God was there. Although I wasn't a Christian, I was brought up in the Catholic Church and I just praise God that I was taught to know that there was a God who cared. A God who would keep me from harm.

From the ship we were taken to a German TB sanatorium. We had no choice. It was in a forest and the patients were all outside.

My mother worked very hard and it's a wonder she didn't get TB herself as it was very cold in the winter. During this time I was accused of doing something terrible. I was completely innocent but as a child nobody took any notice of what I said. This was the first time my mother gave me a hiding. I felt it was an injustice and for the next fifteen years I seemed to be in situations where I was suffering from injustices but unable to do

anything about it. So in disgrace my mother was sacked and we were taken to a German farm where she worked as a cook.

The Germans were now retreating and we were right on the front line. WE LIVED AMONG DEATH. The Russian snipers would just shoot people down indiscriminately — anything that was moving. Being young, I knew no other way of life. That was how we lived and we just grew up in it.

Eventually we were liberated by the Canadians. They began by firing mortars at us trying to hit the houses where the Germans were. This went on for days and nights. The Germans were bringing in their dead and piling them up in the barn.

We had been given special tags and were told to put them on when the Allies came. The Germans thought we were on their side but when the Canadians reached us they took us and put us in their best rooms. I suppose my mother had played a political game.

During all of this I believe that my life had literally been guarded by the hand of God. It could have been snuffed out at any time. I don't believe that 'luck' had anything to do with it because the situation was so often totally impossible. But NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE WITH GOD.

When the war finished we were taken to the Displaced Persons camps where we spent the next five years. Would you believe that this was when the nightmare really started!



My 'stepfather' had arrived on the scene by this stage and we were allocated one room in which to live. Each family was given one room and we had to line up each day for food.

Eventually we were given a choice to go to Australia or America. If we'd gone back to Latvia the Russians would have sent us to Siberia because we'd had dealings with the Germans. We learnt later that one of my brothers had been sent out there. So we decided to emigrate to Australia. We applied and were accepted and I remember having my 15th birthday just before we sailed.

In many ways the next few years in Australia were the darkest period of my life. I'd had continual language difficulties throughout my schooling, switching from Latvian to Polish to German and back again.

In Australia I had to learn another language, English, and was way behind at school. All the time I had the feeling that I was unacceptable — a foreigner — not one of them. This feeling of non-acceptance has remained with me over the years — it's not finished yet — but we're getting there, praise the Lord!

My mother was working as a house maid for the Brazilian Consul, a very wealthy man. We were living with them in Sydney and I had to look after their children and do the chores as a maid. Then my mother had a row with the lady of the house and we were literally thrown out on the street.

We went to Hyde Park and slept there until we were picked up by the police. They phoned the consulate and as a result there was no way they were going to believe our story. This must

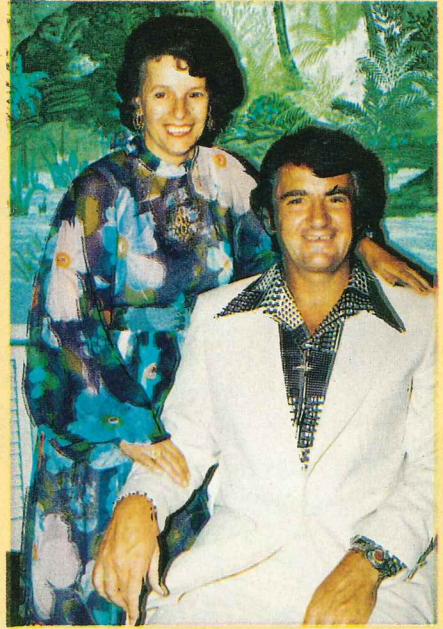
have been the hand of God again because shortly afterwards my mother came across a woman in a shop in Sydney and started talking to her.

I don't know how because she still can't speak English very well. But this woman took us home, found my mother a job, and took me in as one of the family.

By now I was 16 or 17 and going to school at Hurstville. I had a real hunger for God and I went to the Priest one day, because he was going through catechism with me. I said to him "Would you give me something that would tell me about Jesus?" I didn't know there was such a thing as a Bible — as I'd never even heard of it. He gave me a catechism and said "just read about that" but I went away disappointed because I couldn't find what I wanted.

Eventually I did find what I was looking for and came into a personal relationship with Jesus, but the story about how I arrived in New Zealand and met and married Robert will have to wait for another time.

I have had to recognise that Robert is a leader in the nation and I've had to come to terms with that. I know that I'm a helpmeet to a person to whom "much has been given and much is being required". I feel inadequate to be that helpmeet, but I know that God has chosen me. I must be the one, but it's still an area that I find hard to accept.



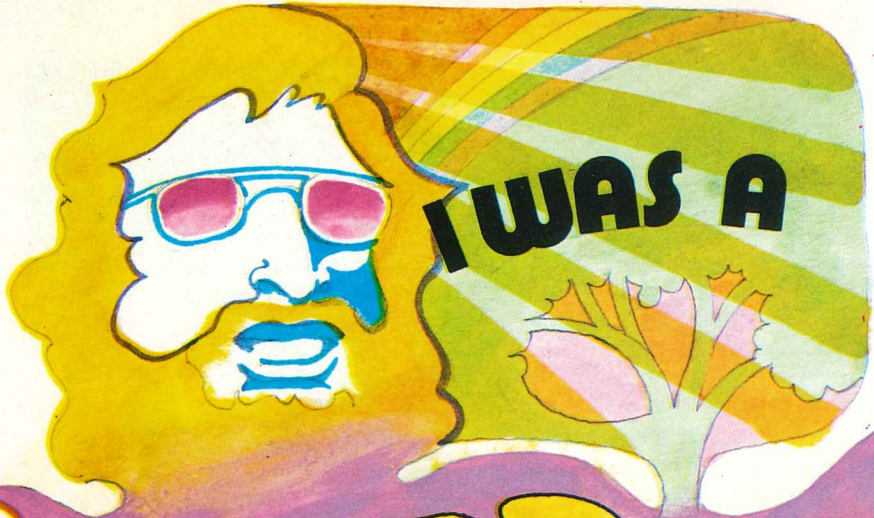
I know that when we go overseas and meet all these tremendous people at conferences and conventions that God is doing a work in me. I know that eventually I'll get to that place where I can cope but I can't understand why God picked me. However I know that God knows what He's doing. My life has been in His hands so often and He has always seen me through.

I know that He has so much more for us and I praise Him for what He is yet to do in our lives. ●

CONVENTION '80

"God is doing a mighty work in the nation of N.Z." — Demos Shakarian. This year national convention in Auckland heard speaker after speaker emphasise the special role of the South Pacific nations in reaching men and women for Jesus.

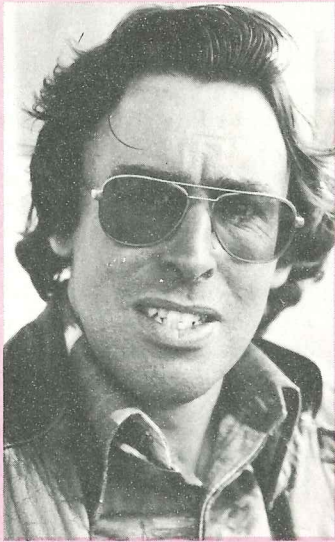
A full report on Convention '80 will be featured in the next issue of the *South Pacific VOICE*.



I WAS A

HIPPIE

DROPOUT



by Gary MacDougall

Landscape designer and consultant,
Christchurch, New Zealand.

Ten years ago life had no purpose or meaning for me. In my aimless search for 'reality' I turned to drugs and Eastern religions.

My first 'trip' sent me to hospital to be locked up in a padded cell. But despite this terrifying experience, I persisted in taking various drugs for what I thought was 'kicks'. It was all a 'bad trip' and brought me to the edge of total disaster.

It all started back in High School when I became involved in the rock music scene. Then I went to university and like a large proportion of the students, I became involved with excessive drinking binges and wild parties even though I came from a good home with very good living parents.

Like most students, we were influenced by the general crowd but I went further and decided to 'drop out' and find out what life was really all about.

I had become deluded by what I saw as the meaninglessness of the education system and a friend convinced me that a working holiday around the world was the next step.

Eventually, after drifting from one job to another, I wound up in Sydney, Australia, a disillusioned wreck. In one year I had worked on over twenty different jobs.

My university background had programmed me for parties so one of my priorities in Sydney was to find out where the parties were. Having found them, we noticed that they were strangely different.

We saw people drifting around as though they were floating on cloud nine. Later we found out that they were . . . with the help of drugs! It wasn't long before I met a drug pusher who was keen to hook me into the drug scene. He wanted to make a living out of my habit in the same way he was making a living out of countless others.

One of my first trips, as I mentioned, sent me into a padded cell, but I persisted in my hippie style of existence. Aimlessly wandering and drifting into a psychedelic world of rock music, LSD and meditations.

Although I didn't acknowledge it at the time, I was becoming psychologically dependent on drugs to give me a life . . . without them I would be depressed and moody. Life had no purpose or meaning and I had no idea as to where I was going, however in the depths of my soul I knew I was searching for reality.

Gradually I dropped out of society, working only the odd day here and there. Several of us lived in the one house in a sort of commune situation. We just sat around smoking dope and listening to rock music. Eventually we had to resort to crime to get money to

buy food and drugs.

It was a very empty, demoralising type of existence and despite all the promises of the leaders and promoters of the hippy world, life seemed to be absolutely meaningless. The more I tried to figure it out the more mixed up and confused I became.

I found that no matter where I travelled I COULD NOT ESCAPE FROM MYSELF. My life was empty and barren like a useless, empty desert. I found no gold at the end of the rainbow of travel.

I COULD NOT ESCAPE FROM MYSELF

After about a year in Sydney, I decided to give up and go back to New Zealand. Unfortunately the drug scene was really starting to get underway here and it wasn't long before I was heavily into drugs again, particularly psychedelic drugs such as LSD.

Most of the time I went on a 'nature trip' with the help of LSD to the Christchurch botanical gardens. Gradually I started wondering how all the beautiful trees and flowers came into being. I still had enough sense to realise that they didn't just come out of thin air but that someone must have created them.

As a result, I started trying to find God my way. Many claimed that the Eastern religions were the ultimate answer and that transcendental meditation was the way to God. So I left Christchurch and went to Auckland where I tried to get to God by offering 'fruit' to the Lord with meditations.

I soon found out that yoga, transcendental meditation and other eastern religions cannot bring us to God. I found that out the hard way not

realising that thousands of years ago an all-wise God declared it in the fourth chapter of Genesis in the Bible.

Cain (Adam's son) tried to get to God by an offering which was unacceptable. I had forgotten that Jesus is the only way but I began to understand that drugs were getting me absolutely nowhere.

I returned to Christchurch confused and mindblown. I didn't know who or what I was except that I was a wreck . . . mentally and physically. I was LITERALLY ONE STEP AWAY

FROM A MENTAL INSTITUTION.

Having just arrived back in Christchurch, I was waiting for a taxi at the railway station when suddenly a car pulled up beside me. In the driver's seat was a chap with the longest hair I have ever seen. His girlfriend, who also looked 'way-out' was beside him, and in the back was a friend of mine who had noticed me waiting.

They asked me if I wanted a lift so I hopped into the car and we were away . . . to the Assembly of God Church. It transpired that the wild, long-haired hippy had called out in desperation the name of Jesus during a bad trip and miraculously his trip had stopped. As a result of this experience he had rededicated his life to Christ.

He was so transformed and joyful through this new experience that I knew, deep down in my heart, that Jesus must be real although I tried to argue Him away with my mind.

Shortly after, the Lord in His love and mercy, touched my heart, fulfilling His promise 'seek and ye shall find'. I knew that my search was over,

Jesus did what no doctor in the world could do . . .

as a peace that passes all understanding swept through my soul, and a joy welled up within me.

From the moment Jesus came into my life things happened. He set me free from the bad habits and hangups of the past — in response to prayer from believing members of our church.

My attitude and outlook on life changed to the extent that I became a positive, outgoing, mature person who knew where he was going. I was released from the bondage of fear . . . of being afraid to meet or talk to people. So real had fear been in my life that I tangibly felt it leave during prayer and immediately felt real 'rays' of healing from the hands of Jesus Himself as He touched my battered soul and mind.

Straight after this I was filled with the Holy Spirit with the evidence of speaking in other tongues and God gave me power to witness to people everywhere, at the university, in the gardens, on the street, in coffee clubs, outside hotels and so on — testifying to the grace of God.

As the Lord continued to restore my soul and renew my strength, he led me into my present career. From humble beginnings planting a vegetable garden, God has led and guided and moulded me against tremendous odds.

He has made me into a director of one of the most progressive landscape companies in Christchurch.

My business started with assets of a spade, one pushbike and the Lord Jesus Christ. Needless to say the Lord made all the difference as He has been completely responsible for my success, giving me an overwhelming advan-

tage over our competitors.

Over the last five or six years God has developed abilities and talents in my life that I never dreamed I had. From knowing absolutely nothing about landscaping or business, God has brought me to a stage where I am able to manage and direct a prospering business with an ever increasing clientele.

I had to lean heavily upon the Lord and trust Him for His wisdom and although I have failed on many occasions by going my way, He has never let me down and has carried me through very difficult and stormy economic conditions. All praise and glory be to God.

Truly I became a new creation in Christ Jesus, old things passed away and all things became new just as the Bible says. God took my wretched miserable life when I came to Him just as I was. I asked Jesus to come into my heart and wash all my sin away through His precious blood shed on the cross for ALL mankind.

I was a mind blown, physical wreck, but **JESUS DID WHAT NO DOCTOR IN THE WORLD COULD DO**. He restored my soul, healed my mind, and healed my drug devastated body. Now I am free!

Since becoming a Christian about nine years ago, Jesus has blessed me with a lovely Christian wife and baby daughter as well as giving us a wonderful life which will last throughout eternity. Above all things I am glad I have Jesus and His love in my life because He is life and life eternal. The Bible says that it is appointed unto man **once** to die and after that the judgement. Where will you stand? ●



**GOOD
NEWS
80**

SHAKING THE

"It's no use having a vision in God if you're not doing anything with it." This statement from Bob Horton, director of Sharath Ministries set the tone of a recent Good News 80 conference in Wellington which brought together chairmen from the Good News committees around New Zealand.

Over 100,000 people participated in the crusades and around 30,000 responded to the altar calls for salvation, re-dedication, healing and the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Good News 80 was seen as a unique event internationally. "Never before has a nation seen a simultaneous crusade encompass so many key towns and cities in such a comprehensive way."

The theme of the crusade "One Nation Under God" was launched with one of the most comprehensive publicity campaigns undertaken by Christians in New Zealand.

Thirty towns and cities heard the Good News on radio, saw the Good News in the local press and watched along with the rest of the nation the Good News symbol on television.

It was clear that God had blessed the vision as reports from around the country indicated a considerable impact on the local Christian community from the visiting ministry. Names like Willie Murphy, Steve Ryder, Ray Mossholder, Jim Spillman and John Steele have become well known in New Zealand in recent years but others on the ministry team found the response "overwhelming" as they travelled around the country.

Newcomers including Wendell Wallace, Larry Allen, Thel Bringas, Eric Anders, Archie Dennis and Mike Warnke provided many thousands of blessings as they lifted up the name of Jesus and saw the Holy Spirit touch hearts and lives.

"Tokoroa will never be the same again," said ebullient chairman Dick Lewis. "There was a real spiritual awakening in the town and it was great to see ministers from the various churches participate in a 'love feast' on the final night."

Dick pointed out that the crusade came in the middle of a crippling strike which brought the



'mill town' to its knees economically. "No one had any money . . . we had to rely on the Lord to provide for our crusade budget . . . and He blessed us abundantly."

Dick said that the on-going work of the Holy Spirit is continuing to "fire-up" local churches. "One of our ministers gave an altar call a week or so later and for the first time in the church's history 40 people went forward . . . the church has really 'come alive'."

In Dargaville a similar effect was recorded. On the final night of the crusade a call for 'total commitment' saw more than half the meeting come forward spontaneously. Chairman D. Mawson said that the message was directed by the Lord to the body and there was a tremendous response then and since.

Palmerston North saw nearly 30 churches come together and over 3000 people turned up on the last night. The churches have continued to develop a closer relationship and the function of the body of Christ is continuing to bring many blessings to the region.

Down south, Invercargill's Civic Theatre had near capacity crowds and chairman Peter Collett said that he lost count of the number who came forward for prayer. In Dunedin, a similar response saw the town hall well filled on the final night. Around 300 people received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and the continuing move of the Spirit throughout the Christian community has in the words of the chairman "cracked the conservative image wide open". Dunedin will never be the same again.

This comment applied equally to Oamaru, a quiet rural community north of Dunedin, which was "shaken to its very foundation" by the manifestations of the presence of God during the crusade.

In Nelson the budget for the crusade was seen as a "mountain" and the committee felt that there was "no way" they could cope. But then the Lord began to deal with them and as they stepped out in faith they found that all of the necessary finance was provided before the crusade began.

Continued on Page 22.

I AM ALIVE!



by Ralph L. Jones

I am alive . . . I am alive . . . I am alive!!! Medically speaking I have no right to be. Several surgeons have stressed that medical science knows when a human body cannot continue to function. "You are proving us incorrect," they said.

A few years ago I was an extremely successful pilot in the New Zealand armed services where I really knew some of the supreme joys of living.

It was a tremendous thrill to jump into an aerobatic aircraft and go 'stunting' over the sky to see how much I could 'really' take, and there was great satisfaction in gathering a group of very good friends into a formation and proving that you had the skills needed to lead them at very high speed with their wingtips only a few feet away from yours. They knew that they could depend upon you — they could trust you to lead them safely and securely, without any mechanical 'haemorrhaging' in the process.

With such companionship, such thrills and such acquired skills . . . I found life very fulfilling.

My career prospects were more than excellent and I looked forward to rapid promotion and the continuing security of an essential job. I was on top! Life was just glorious! I was going places, and nothing was going to stop me. It couldn't . . . I was too successful! But suddenly . . . in a moment of time . . . IT DID!

One night I was a passenger in a car going out into the country to see a friend I'd completed my pilot training with, when another car thought we shouldn't be on the road — and he made sure that we weren't.

Fortunately a following car contained an off-duty ambulance driver who retrieved what was left of my human body from the heights of some nearby trees, revived it, and stayed with it until it was delivered to a hospital some distance away. The state of that body seemed barely worth the effort but a sense of duty kept him to it . . . maybe . . .

The hospital confirmed that the body he had so carefully revived, had sustained intensive physical and neurological injuries. My parents were contacted and warned that "The human body can only take a certain amount of battering — beyond that it cannot function." **THERE IS NO POSSIBLE CHANCE OF RECOVERY.**"

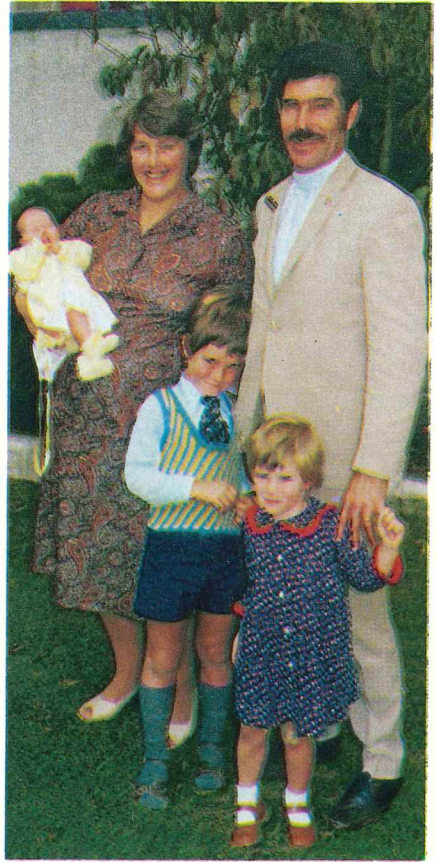
I lay unconscious for over six weeks and semi-conscious for much longer. "The human body cannot do that and still be of any use," my parents were told. But they never gave up hope for me.

When faced with the possibility of permanent, hopeless mental and physical disability I could have forgiven anyone for thinking that perhaps it would be better if I had just passed away.

I had been a Christian and a regular church attender and my family and friends met together to ask the Lord if I could regain consciousness. This couldn't have been any easy thing to do but I praise the Lord for their faithfulness.

From this simple coming together in prayer some remarkable things began to happen.

First of all I DID regain consciousness, much to the surprise of my doctors and I suppose that it was natural that the common thought would be "with those injuries he



RALPH JONES is a mathematics teacher at Huntly College in the North Island. He teaches 6th and 7th Form pure and applied math and is a member of both the Hamilton Central and Fountain City chapters of the F.G.B.M.F.I.

cannot be of much use." That was the first of many negatives my parents heard as the Lord began to restore me.

During my later recovery I had to visit many doctors at many hospitals and some of their reactions were memorable. The orthopaedic surgeon who, horrified at me just walking into his rooms said — "WHERE'S YOUR WHEELCHAIR? WHERE ARE THE

CRUTCHES WE GAVE YOU?" My reaction? . . . "My Lord didn't want me to be using them in His service!"

"YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO WALK AGAIN!"

I find myself quite adequate on the squash court now!

"YOU WILL NOT BE ABLE TO WORK OR THINK PROPERLY AGAIN!"

I can cope adequately on the top of hay trucks and with my 6th and 7th form maths classes at the college where I now teach.

MY GOD WOULD NOT DESERT ME leaving me the physical and mental wreck I had been made, by man.

When I decided to look at some new career

my life wanted earnestly to do MORE than that. He really wanted to give me a NEW life in another way. There was no hospitalisation or even inconvenience for my second NEW BIRTH. He only required that I earnestly SEEK Him and that having found Him to ask that He became Lord of my life. That's all — and such a 'New Birth' followed. He has given me such joy . . . such a peace, such contentment, such . . . everything that I find it hard to describe.

Now I am married and I have the most beautiful young family that anyone could ever dream of — and as a very unified family we praise the Lord together daily for His workings and His gifts. Recently my five-

"YOU ARE PROVING US INCORRECT!"

possibilities again the reactions were negative. The neurologist was quite blunt . . . "From your injuries you shouldn't even be able to THINK what a university IS. To consider going to one is LUDICROUS — Ha, ha, ha, ha! NO — you won't even be able to drive a bus because you won't be able to give the change!"

Perhaps this was just what I needed to stir me. I returned to both university and teachers' college. My God is a God of the impossible! Teaching 6th formers about binomial probability and my 7th formers about hypogeometric distributions speaks to me of my God's superior POWER! He is not limited — He doesn't limit His followers!!

You can see from my experiences that I felt a little bit like Lazarus as I'd been literally out of this world for some months and now was back in it again.

In a sense it was like a NEW BIRTH.

"That is good to hear," you say, "but I hope it never happens to me — my own faith and that of my friends might not get me through. That's one new birth I don't want!"

But the fact that I was alive and 'Medicine' had said that I shouldn't be spoke meaningfully to me about my somewhat basic and undeveloped faith.

By mixing with old and many new friends, I soon learnt that the Lord who had sustained

year-old with great earnestness told Jesus that he loved Him and asked Him to come and live in his heart because he wanted to be with Jesus always. That touched me deeply. Now he has a three-year-old sister who's doing the same . . . and the joys continue to multiply!!

It's really so simple. All I had to do was to seek, to ask, and to follow daily!

My God has healed beyond what medicine says is possible, and has led me into a magnificent relationship with Himself, my family and my community. I am pretty sure that I started in a much less competent state than you are in at present but — oh, what Joy and Peace and Contentment I now know simply because I did as written . . . Seek, Ask, and Give daily.

As I am talking to you, my tape of 'Amazing Grace' is just concluding with "Praise God, Praise God . . ." so let's just do that together! "PRAISE GOD! . . ."

As you read this, you are not alone; just as I am not as I tell it to you. Jesus is with both of us right now! Let's just thank Him together and say to Him as I did . . . "Here I am Lord; I want to be yours . . . use me!" ●

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BUSH-WAIRARAPA	3754	8579	TOKOROA	60-950 68-536
CAMBRIDGE	7128	7799 (b)	WANGANUI	855 Kai Iwi 46-394
CHRISTCHURCH CENT	43-951	524-021	WAINUOMATA	648-747 643-197
CHRISTCHURCH NE	859-065	859-928	WELLINGTON	663-140 793-333
CHRISTCHURCH NW	429-028	497-462	WEST AUCKLAND	836-7217 884-616
CHRISTCHURCH SE	325-986	34-776	WHAKATANE	5573 6780
CROMWELL	50-302		WHANGAREI	50-650 52-350
DUNEDIN	64-579	51-871	WAIMATE	885 Morven 858 Morven
EAST AUCKLAND	567-950	44-137	TONGA	21-450 21-672
EAST COAST BAYS	478-5997	446-278		
FEILDING	814 Colyton	38-215		
GLENFIELD	444-5730	438-751		
GORE	5002	8612		
HAMILTON CENTRAL	57-862	64-823		
FOUNTAIN CITY, HAM.	85-087	492-464		
HAWERA	662 Kaponga	849 Midhurst		
HAWKES BAY, HAST	436-302	437-496		
HIBISCUS COAST	HBC 7742	WGP 5856		
HIKURANGI	HIK 542	50-074 WR		
HORNBY, CHCH.	41-142			
INVERCARGILL	CEN544	87-234		
KAPITI	Raumati 85-796			
LEVIN	83-400	86-923		
LOWER HUTT	696-641	696-784		
MACKENZIE COUNTRY	8222 FK	8079 FK		
MASTERTON	81-665	81-856		
MOUNT ALBERT	604-925	866-619		
MT MAUNGANUI	63-848			
NELSON	RD7407	28-262		
NEW PLYMOUTH	33-693	84-912		
NTH CANTERBURY	8713 Kaiapoi			
NORTH SHORE, AUCK.	450-355	451-712		
OPUNAKE	8200			
OTAKI	8665	5983		
OTAMATEA	38-117 Ruawai	66M Paparoa		
OPOTIKI	957D			
OTOROHANGA	8416	748 Otewa		
OXFORD, CHCH.	24-058 OX	24-252 Ox		
PALMERSTON NORTH	BUN 766	75-642		
PORIRUA	399-448	759-870		
QUEENSTOWN	912	113K		
ROYAL OAK, AUCK.	892-994	667-749		
ROTORUA	56-498	59-701		
ROSE CITY, P. NORTH	68-003			
SOUTH AUCKLAND	HCK 47-877	585-121		
STOKES VALLEY, WG	SV 7374	SV8570		
TAURANGA	83-284	64-673		

PRISON CHAPTERS

AUCKLAND - MT EDEN	Contact 534-7877
PAREMOREMO	413-9789
CHRISTCHURCH	65-123
INVERCARGILL	
MANAWATU	89-366 NU
NEW PLYMOUTH	33-693
WAIKERA YOUTH CENTRE	
WANGANUI	46-394
WELLINGTON - MT CRAWFORD	882-860
WITAKO	

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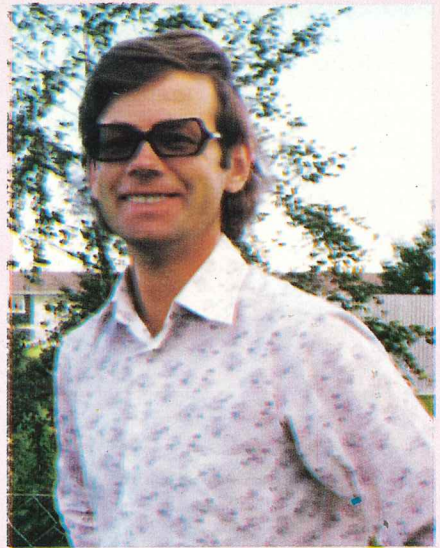
“IT COULDN'T HAPPEN TO ME...”

by Eric Booth

One day in the course of putting through some payments for my employers, a bank cheque inadvertently came back from the secretary already signed. As a countersignatory to all the cheques it was an easy matter to quietly use this cheque for my own purposes, filling in the amount I needed and using the money to pay my creditors.

I was employed as an accountant responsible for all the accounting functions of the board. Having 'succeeded' once it was a relatively easy thing to arrange for blank cheques to be included 'accidentally' in future blocks of cheques requiring signature.

This went on for four years with the total amount getting bigger and bigger all the time.



ERIC BOOTH is a computer operator in Palmerston North, New Zealand, and a director of the Rhema Tape Library for the Palmerston North Christian Centre.

I spent an hour and a half with a loaded rifle in my hands...

During this time a curious mental state existed. One that acknowledged that one day it would all end and that 'justice' would have to be faced, but 'it wouldn't happen to me' became the lie that I believed in.

Born into a Christian family some 37 years ago I was raised in an evangelical church environment. At the age of 14 after my sister's water baptism I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour.

Over the ensuing years I sat under sound biblical teaching which I knew to be right but although I had a good knowledge of doctrine, etc., somehow it didn't mean all that much. My 'religious' activities and commitment were real enough to a young man who was seeking to serve the Lord, but often my motives . . . duty, pride, etc., were wrong.

At the age of 22 I married and during the next four years we were blessed with two children — Robert and Kathryn — who were a real delight.

But then the Lord began to be pushed into the back seat of my life and my other interests of work, hobbies and 'doing good' took over.

Gradually my heart towards Him grew more and more distant until all of my religious activities took on a 'form' without reality, although from time to time there were flashes when I guess God was trying to get through.

During these 'cold' years I became more and more tied up with material possessions, including buying houses. Our second house was an older home that needed considerable renovations to bring it up to an acceptable standard for my way of living. In the course of these renovations I purchased materials on credit until the time came when I had so heavily committed myself that the suppliers began 'pushing' for payment.

It was at this point that I began to move into deception and finally dishonesty. But all this time I was attending church regularly — twice on Sundays — and was the secretary-treasurer. I could say all the right words, even believing in what I said, but inside me it was all rotten — all a lie!

Easter 1976 I attended a church conference with my parents and something that was said at one of the sessions must have broken through to me. For many months I hadn't been sleeping properly and I had a suicide thought pattern. I would drive to work and pray that God would allow an accident to happen and end my life.

My wife, who was not aware of any of the things that had been going on would be able to collect my insurance and would be far better off without me. This was the thought pattern that Satan had sown in my tortured mind.

On Sunday, May 2, 1976 in the evening, I spent an hour and a half with a loaded rifle in my hands whilst God and Satan fought a battle within me as to who was going to claim me! Praise God — He won!

The following morning I contacted a Christian lawyer friend and advisor — told him what had been going on and then fronted up to my employer.

Over the next six weeks as the auditors examined the account books my wife and I experienced a new and living relationship with a loving heavenly Father — a Father who cared enough about us to ensure that Satan could not win.

Crawford prison on one of the exposed hills in Wellington. It was winter and five days after my arrival there it snowed. It was bitterly cold in the unheated concrete buildings but the Lord was gracious and organised work for me in the prison printing department.

I was operating printing presses in a warm heated workshop — the only heated area in the prison other than the kitchens.

Four weeks passed very quickly until I was transferred to a minimum security open institution way up in the middle of the North Island — a cold

I WAS TAKEN AND "CAST INTO JAIL!"

Remember — MY WIFE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT WHAT HAD BEEN GOING ON and I guess the hardest thing that I had to do was to tell her. She was really tremendous. Her first reaction was to take me by the hand and lead me into the bedroom, there to kneel in the presence of God, seek His forgiveness and establish a new relationship with Him.

I knew I faced a court appearance and a prison term but God gave us both such a sense of His peace and an inner joy that the final acceptance of the three year sentence was easy. I saw it as His perfect will in our situation.

And so on June 16, 'I WAS TAKEN AND CAST INTO JAIL'. The first four weeks of my term was spent in Mt

place in winter but very warm in summer. Here the Lord really took over for the next 18 months and taught me many things about myself, about other men, about God. This time was really the schoolhouse when things in my life were revealed and dealt with — many things that I had not realised were present. I remember God speaking to me one day after I had described the place as 'a dump'. He told me not to call the place where HE had put me a dump as HE knew what HE was doing!

I saw miracles happen in that institution that under ordinary circumstances would not have occurred. For example, during the late winter we prayed for five fine Saturdays in a row to enable the local village to be painted. We had wet week-days but

fine Saturdays for the five weeks needed! I saw men finding a faith in God and a new purpose in life.

In fact there was a small group of Christians who were labelled by the officers and inmates as the 'God Squad'.

In the last three months of my time up in that place a fellow Christian who the Lord was dealing with in a similar manner came to 'stay' and things 'took off' spiritually. We shared the Lord together and through him the Lord spoke to me many times always for my benefit and then He would use me to speak to my Christian brother.

We spent many blessed happy hours in the presence of the Lord, sharing His Word together, praying together and sharing Communion early one morning each week. The Lord brought us on in leaps and bounds during that time.

Eventually that time had to end, and in late January 1978 I was transferred to a pre-release hostel in Wellington. There I went out to work each day, returning in the evening to the hostel. Each weekend I travelled

home (100 miles) to share 36 hours with my family. In June 1978 I was released and came back to Palmerston North to rejoin my family whom the Lord had kept in such a mighty way.

I have found a beautiful family of God in the church where we now worship. They have accepted us completely and the Lord has given us an area in which we can serve Him. A widening horizon had led to active participation in the local FGBMFI chapter and a desire to serve the Lord in any capacity that He wishes to use me.

After all that the Lord had led me through, after all that He has done to solve the very big problems in my life, I think that the least I can do is to completely commit my life to His service. We are back in our home again with finance which the Lord found for us and in the same way my job as a computer operator is a provision from the Lord.

I don't know where He is leading at the moment but looking back and seeing where He has led so far I have full confidence in His faithfulness. ●

Continued from Page 13.

"We know that we have a rhema from the Lord to reach out and touch the nation for Jesus," said Bob. "Back in '74 we were told to 'Lift up My Son Jesus' and this launched us into the Jesus Crusades in Auckland. We have always waited on the Lord and have kept Jesus sweet and fresh in our spirits. After '79 the Lord said 'Go to the Nation' and GOOD NEWS '80 was birthed in a spirit of joy as God gave us 21 cities and towns. We didn't lose one, in fact God gave us the increase and 30 towns participated to the full.

"But what is God doing now? Where does He want us to go from here?" This question has been the basis of much prayer particularly in the realm of finance. Good News '80 was not without some cost but as a community catalyst and media outreach the implications are still to be fully appreciated.

"Crusades are not in themselves going to get the job done," said Bob. "Certainly we reached many people but these were still only about three percent of the community . . . what about the other 97 percent . . . clearly we've got to become involved in the media to communicate the Good News in many different ways.

"We are the salt of the earth, but we've got to have our salt shaker out there seasoning the nations with the love of Jesus.

"We are looking at television, radio and the print media and over the past few weeks Dr Paul McClendon has been travelling throughout New Zealand conducting media seminars. This is a new ball game . . . it's a new scene but like the manna that came from heaven it's going to put the 'what is it?' back into our community. The 'what is it?' is Jesus!"

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

1. ACKNOWLEDGE: "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3: 23). "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18: 13).

2. REPENT: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13: 3). "Repent ye 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 thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou 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 believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3: 16). "He that believeth and is baptised 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 them that believe on his name" (John 1: 11-12).

Why not make your eternal decision right now: "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men."

When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know so that we may send you further information.



The Three-fold Purpose of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

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

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

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

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

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL



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- Please send me further details on membership.
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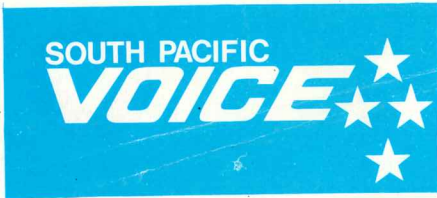
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