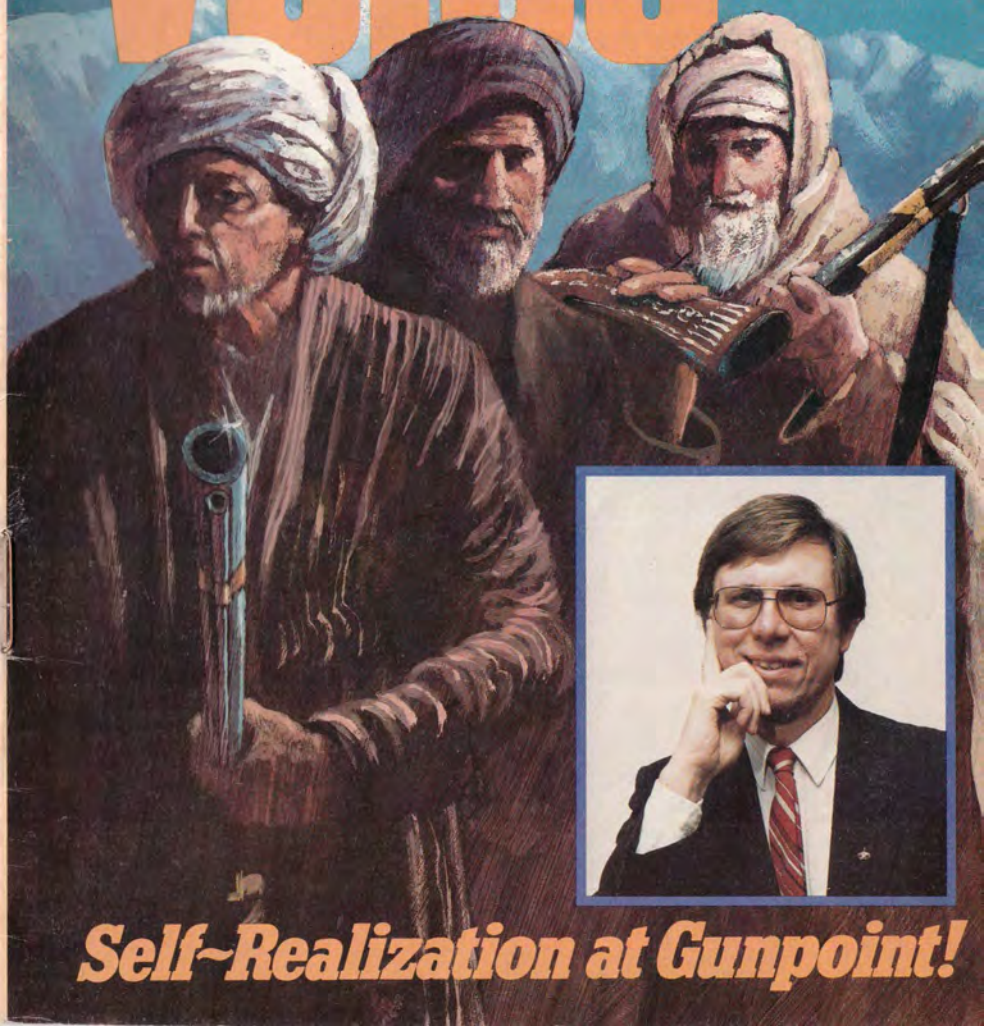
Special Canadian Issue

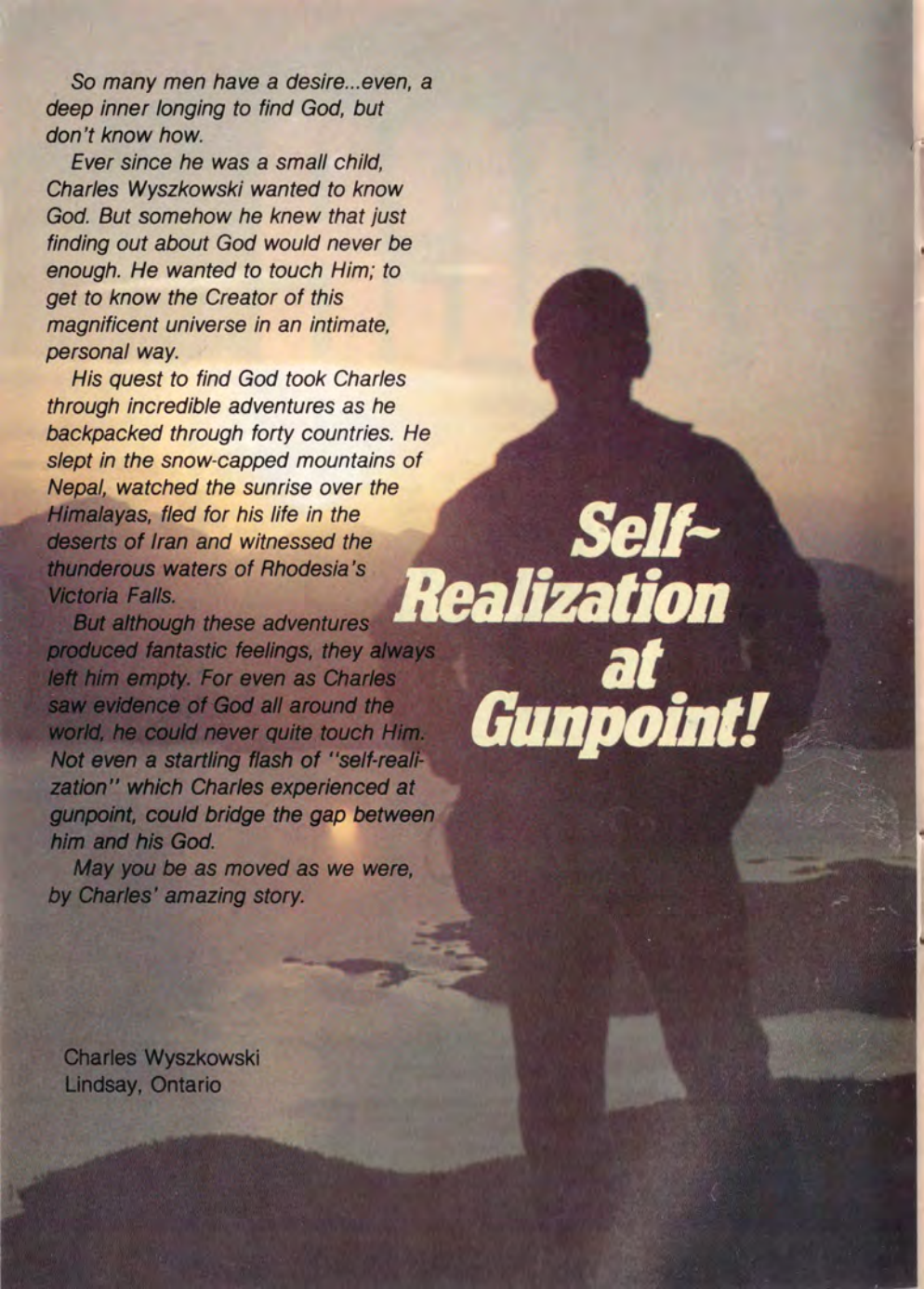
Full Gospel Business Men's

voice

07-88



Self~Realization at Gunpoint!



Self-Realization at Gunpoint!

So many men have a desire...even, a deep inner longing to find God, but don't know how.

Ever since he was a small child, Charles Wyszkowski wanted to know God. But somehow he knew that just finding out about God would never be enough. He wanted to touch Him; to get to know the Creator of this magnificent universe in an intimate, personal way.

His quest to find God took Charles through incredible adventures as he backpacked through forty countries. He slept in the snow-capped mountains of Nepal, watched the sunrise over the Himalayas, fled for his life in the deserts of Iran and witnessed the thunderous waters of Rhodesia's Victoria Falls.

But although these adventures produced fantastic feelings, they always left him empty. For even as Charles saw evidence of God all around the world, he could never quite touch Him. Not even a startling flash of "self-realization" which Charles experienced at gunpoint, could bridge the gap between him and his God.

May you be as moved as we were, by Charles' amazing story.

Charles Wyszkowski
Lindsay, Ontario

Part 1—The Travels

My search started when I was very young. As a little boy, I loved church because it gave me the opportunity to sing. I'm not sure the people around me enjoyed it, but in my own way I was trying to talk to God. When I went to scout camp, I'd go off by myself to the woods and just enjoy God's presence. I wasn't very sophisticated in my thinking, but I did feel Him around me. Later I even worked summers as a forest ranger, spending as much time as I could by myself in a canoe on the lake or in the woods, still trying to get past the vagueness of His presence, which was becoming frustrating to me.

I graduated from college in 1968. Several weeks later my parents asked me to drive them to a resort in Haliburton. You see, they had a car, but neither of them really drove. So when they wanted to go to this place for a long weekend, I was recruited.

I went, but totally against my will. I'd had my own plans for the weekend — I was going to help my girlfriend in Toronto babysit. Suddenly being asked to go to Haliburton spoiled all that, and I was upset. Besides, seven years prior when we had vacationed at this resort, I had met Cassandra, the daughter of the owner, and we'd had this wild, hot romance at the age of 13. Now I was 21, and was embarrassed to see her again.

By the time I got to Haliburton I had committed myself to a miserable weekend. But eventually I went down to the lounge and she showed up. We got to talking and there was something about her that kept me from going back to my room. She was very attractive.

Talking into the night, we discovered we had something in common: the desire to know more about God. At the time my interest was "on hold," but she was doing something about hers. She was reading a book called, *The Autobiography of a Yogi* and was just loving it. I thought she was bananas for believing that stuff, but you don't tell a beautiful girl she's crazy — not if you hope for a relationship!

So the next weekend I went back and we talked about the book . . . and the weekend after that, and the one after that. Pretty soon its philosophy was rub-

bing off on me. By September we'd joined the Self Realization Fellowship.

In October I embarked on a six-month trip to Europe, which I'd planned for four years. It was supposed to be a "gentlemen's tour" — suit jackets and all. But two weeks after I landed in England I bought a back pack, replaced everything I had with jeans and T-shirts, and went through forty countries in ten-and-one-half months.

Starting in London, I saw an ad to join a group of guys who were going to Afghanistan. I didn't know where Afghanistan was, but the price was right. So I signed up with these seven other fellows; four from England and three from Australia. They had a postal van all doctored up with windows on the sides, coach seats in the back, a kangaroo on one side for the Aussies and a maple leaf on the other side for me.

Away we went. To enhance the trip, I armed myself with study courses on meditation, yoga exercises and self realization. In moments of privacy during the trip I would practice these techniques.

However, I was soon to encounter a shocking realization that I hadn't counted on. It happened in Iran.

Late one night we were riding along in the middle of the desert, when we saw an obstruction in the middle of the road. It was so foggy that at first we didn't know what it was. Then it became clear: "it" was a group of bandits. Within thirty seconds our curiosity turned to sheer panic.

These fellows were right out of a comic book. Dressed up in turbans, baggy pants and masks, they had long guns with mother of pearl handles, rows of bullets across their chests, and daggers in their boots, if you can believe it.

Walking up to the van, they stuck their rifles through the side windows. As one of the barrels went right for my head, I discovered I was no hero. Taking stock of the situation I uttered one prayer — a very simple prayer. Pointing to the fellow next to me I said, "God, if he's going to shoot anybody, let it be him." With that I laid back as flat as I could against the seat so that the gun was pointed at my partner instead of me.

Now, here I had been spending all this time learning how to "self realize," how to develop my fullest potential as a human being and become a more vital part of the universe. But what it all came down to was the fact that I didn't want to die! I didn't care at all about the guy beside me. The bottom line of all my "self evolution" was "Get him, not me!"

Well, instead of pulling the trigger, the men motioned for us to get out. Climbing out of the van I saw a shallow ditch beside the road. Now, I had never been

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in a war, but I had my own picture of what ditches were all about, so I dove into the ditch, leaped up the other side and kept right on going. The Aussies did the same thing and we ran as fast and long and hard as we could.

The bandits shot once, but in the fog, didn't hit anybody. Incredibly, we escaped. But what else was in store? For here we were, on our way from the frying pan into the fire as we crossed the border into Afghanistan. I was shaken.

I wrote to my girlfriend and told her how I had been stripped psychologically

In Iran, an encounter with a caravan

of all conceptions of how great I was. I no longer knew where I stood with myself, and I was terrified. Besides, I honestly didn't think we'd get out of Afghanistan alive.

After several more hair-raising adventures, we did get out. When we did, I went on my own through Asia, India and Africa. Finally, I took a ship back to Europe. But why did I travel so far?

I did it because every place I went I saw the magnificence of God's creation that I had experienced as a little boy. He was everywhere! The problem was, in no specific place could I stop and rest saying, "Here it is! I've really found God here!" What happened was the more I saw, the more I realized that I still couldn't touch Him.

I arrived back in Canada with six dollars in my pocket and a problem. The yogi's teachings were not meeting my needs but I couldn't tell my girlfriend because I'd fallen in love with her. However, I soon learned that she was feeling the same thing. So off we went again, trying to find God.

This time someone gave us books about a fellow named Edgar Cayce. He was known as the "sleeping prophet" and was America's most famous clairvoyant. From him I learned that Jesus Himself was reincarnated 29 times before He made it to become Christ, although He never did live on earth as a woman. We soon joined the Association for Research and Enlightment (A.R.E.).

After my wife and I were married, we continued our quest for several years.

Then one day my mother-in-law gave me a book called *Nine O'clock in the Morning* by Dennis Bennett. Taking it reluctantly, I read (for the first time) not just people's ideas about how to relate to God, but the experiences of people who were actually changed by a living God! These people were describing the very thing I wanted but had never attained. They said they got it by inviting Jesus into their hearts.

As soon as I finished the book, I asked

Jesus to come into my heart. When I did, all my world travels could not compare with what happened next. Quietly, very quietly, I finally met the God I'd been longing for.

No bells went off. No angels sang. No rockets flared, but I knew, deep inside, that I had finally found God. I told my wife about this, and the next day she invited Jesus into her heart.

Part 2—The Trials

At this time in my life I was about to become a mathematics teacher, but I felt shy about facing students. I desperately needed God's help. So I went to a prayer meeting seeking something else I'd read about in the book — the baptism in the Holy Spirit. When the person in charge of the meeting asked who'd like this baptism, my wife and I both went forward. I felt like I was stepping off a branch — but God was there!

Again, there were no choirs of angels, but God did fill me to overflowing with His peace and His joy. I started praising Him in a language I'd never learned. The rest of the meeting ignored me as I went on praising God. I KNEW He was real.

My wife received the baptism too, and for three-and-one-half months we just enjoyed God. We thought it would never end. No matter what we asked for, God answered our prayers.

But several months later an even more amazing thing happened: our marriage fell apart.

One morning our two lives came head to head. You see, we had asked Jesus into our lives individually, but hadn't asked

Cooking and eating outside their van while traveling through Iran

Him into our marriage at all. We were living two separate lives. We had problems, but hadn't acknowledged them. She was doing her thing and I was doing mine. We decided it was over.

The morning of the showdown was horrible. We had been living in an apartment in Toronto, and I was commuting fifty miles to school. After we ended it all, I got in the car and headed for highway #401. But I didn't really know why I was going anywhere. My life was falling to pieces. I was shattered.

Roaring along in the express lanes, despair totally overwhelmed me. Gripping the steering wheel I screamed at the top of my lungs, "Jesus!" I thought I was going crazy, but then I did a very strange thing: I started praising God.

That night I knew I had to go back and face the situation, but I didn't know what to do.

I drove home and went upstairs. Neither of us said very much, but we did end

up taking hands. This was not a romantic gesture — I would just as soon have put my hands around her neck. But we made a covenant. We agreed to do something.

Through gritted teeth we said we believed that three months earlier we really had met God and that Jesus had come into our lives. If that was true, then we could ask Him to save our marriage.

Actually, on the surface I didn't want to do it, and she didn't want to either. But at a much deeper level, as a couple, we did want to do it. So we agreed to let God help us.

For an entire year I had to ask God to help me do absolutely everything that had to do with my wife. This was really embarrassing . . . I felt like a total klutz. To make it worse, everything He wanted me to do for her I did through gritted teeth because part of me still didn't want to give in.

For instance, we went up to Haliburton again and were walking along. Now, when you're putting a marriage together you go for a walk, right? You hold hands. Those are the things you're supposed to do. So we went up this hill and sat on a rock.

There we sat, immobile, refusing to look at each other. All of a sudden the Spirit of God told me what I had to do: I was to put my arm around her. Granted, this was no big deal but inside I said, "No way! I don't want to do it. Let her move first. Why should I be the first one to reach out? Let her put her arm around me and say something." I wasn't about to go first.

So I sat there, impassively staring ahead as this battle raged within me. Pride held on tight.

Finally I won the battle and heroically put my arm around her shoulder. Do you know what she did? Not a thing. She didn't say, "Oh, how I appreciate you for doing that." She didn't smile — nothing. She just sat there.

I was shattered. Here I had sacrificially given of myself . . . poured myself out to break the ice, and what did I get? Nothing.

I felt rotten, but in another way I felt good; good because I had obeyed God. And that's the way it went all year long. I learned that when I obeyed God I felt good, no matter what response I got. However, there was another part of me that said, "This is really killing me!" God was going chip, chip, chip on my heart of stone. I'm surprised I have any teeth left because I gritted them that whole year.

Charles and Cassandra Wyszkowski

Finally we started having a marriage built by God, not the one we had tried to fashion ourselves for four years. However, during this time I had some pretty wild pity parties. I refused to stop thinking about the circumstances around the earlier marriage breakup.

In the fall there was a Full Gospel Business Men's Convention in Toronto. I'd never heard of FGBMF, but we went to the meeting. The first night there was an altar call. As I stood in the line for prayer, I started calling to Jesus very quietly. As I did, something started to roll around deep inside me. Just like a boiling kettle, I started to shake and quiver as God "did surgery." Suddenly I cried out, "Lord, help me to forgive!" With that His Spirit of forgiveness washed over me; I was a new man!

After that our marriage really got on track as we both discovered His "peace that passes all understanding." Daily we began to experience God's touch and the awesome love that He had for us. I learned that what I had traveled the world looking for was right there, in my heart and in my home.

So please let me urge you, that no matter what shape your marriage or your life is in, invite Jesus into your life right now. All the adventures in the world can't change you, but touching Him daily as He dwells in you, can transform your life and your marriage forever! □

The Wyszkowski family: Charles, Jeffrey, Cassandra and Elisa.

Charles is a high school mathematics teacher in Port Perry, Ontario. He's been married for seventeen years to his wife Cassandra, who is a watercolor artist. They have two children, Jeffrey and Elisa.

In addition to being very active in St. Paul's Anglican Church in Lindsay, Ontario, Charles is a Field Representative for FGBMFI in South Central Ontario. He is also treasurer of his Lindsay chapter, and is the coordinator for the 1988 World Convention in Toronto. His schedule has also included a number of speaking engagements in Canada and the United States.

Conventions

NORTH ARKANSAS RALLY
June 24-25, 1988
Holiday Inn
Mountain Home, AR
Contact: Joe Murphy
155 Meadors Dr.
Alma, AR 72921

1988 WORLD CONVENTION
July 5-9, 1988
Sheraton Centre Hotel
Toronto, Canada
Contact: FGBMFI
190 Attwell Dr., Suite # 304
Rexdale, ON M9W 6H8

COLUMBIA GORGE CONVENTION
July 28-30, 1988
Portage Inn
The Dalles, OR
Contact: Rodney M. Vickers
4300 Hwy. 35
Hood River, OR 97031

ST. LOUIS AREAWIDE REG. CONV.
July 28-30, 1988
St. Louis Airport Marriott Hotel
St. Louis, MO
Contact: Walt Thorn, Jr.
1062 Sarola
Des Peres, MO 63131

TENNESSEE COUPLES ADVANCE
July 29-31, 1988
Quality Inn
Sweetwater, TN
Contact: FGBMFI Couples Advance
901 Eastview Cir. NW
Cleveland, TN 37311

FULL GOSPEL FAMILY CAMP
August 3-7, 1988
Nanoose Bay Pentecostal Camp
Nanimo, B.C. V9S 3V8
Contact: Dr. Rod Lindsay
2224 Departure Bay Road
Nanaimo, B.C. V9S 3V8

MISSISSIPPI REGIONAL CONV.
August 4-6, 1988
Holiday Inn Downtown
Jackson, MS
Contact: William R. Keller
314 No. Magnolia
Laurel, MS 39440

ROCKY MTN. REG. CONV.
August 4-6, 1988
Raffles Hotel
Denver, CO
Contact: Dave Thompson
7525 Native Dancer Dr.
Evergreen, CO 80439

MICHIGAN REGIONAL CONV.
August 17-20, 1988
Raddison-Southfield
Southfield, MI
Contact: Lynn Savage
13510 Coral Rd.
Coral, MI 49322

NORTHERN ALBERTA REG. CONV.
August 17-20, 1988
Convention Inn South
Edmonton, AL
Contact: Ken Slobod
4720-124 St.
Edmonton, AL T6H 3T8

WEST. NEW YORK/ROCHESTER CONV.
August 17-20,1988
Gedesee Plaza Holiday Inn
Rochester, NY
Contact: Jim McDonald
79 Norcrest Dr.
Rochester, NY 14617

WEST VIRGINIA STATE CONV.
August 25-27, 1988
Ramada Inn
Morgantown, WV
Contact: George W. Greene
Rt. 1, Box 87
Fairview, WV 26570

NIAGARA REGIONAL CONVENTION: October 27, 28, 29, 1988 / Brock Hotel, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada **/** Contact: Dick Penner, Box 554, Niagara Falls, Ontario L2E 6V2

SET FREE PRISON MINISTRY Update

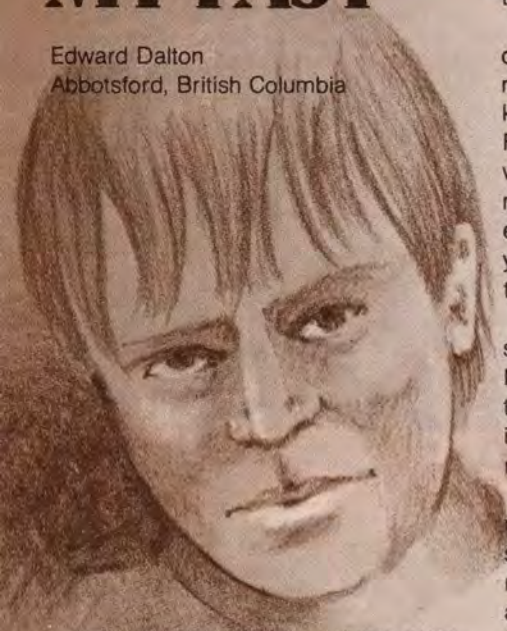
CONGRATULATIONS TO A REACTIVATED CHAPTER

The Northern Nevada Correctional Center (N.N.C.C.) recently announced that it has reactivated its Set Free chapter which was originally chartered on September 26, 1981.

The N.N.C.C. chapter in Carson City is sponsored by the Carson City FGBMF/USA chapter. May new life and a great witness flow from this latest "rebirth."

DELIVERED FROM MY PAST

Edward Dalton
Abbotsford, British Columbia



Many times the dark incidents of the past refuse to release us from our mental prisons until we confront them and seek the victory through God. That is the story of Ed Dalton, who even after his salvation, struggled with bitterness and anger stemming from his childhood. He is still learning how to deal with those problems.

"I'll kill you!" I screamed, brandishing the baseball bat I had anxiously grabbed from the corner of the church basement. "Don't you ever touch me again!"

My heart pounded as I watched the young man calmly back away, then turn and shuffle up the stairs.

That was the last time I ever went to a Boy Scout meeting. The student who had sexually molested me three times left for the seminary six months later.

For more that 30 years, the awful pain of that childhood incident lay buried beneath the tough outer wall I erected to keep it hidden. Why didn't I tell anyone? For one thing, I didn't think that anyone would believe that a "respectable," holy man had done this to me. And, in the early 1950s you just didn't say anything; you were supposed to "deal with it." I tried and failed miserably.

Sixteen months ago, I shared this dark secret with someone for the first time. My wife, who had been hired by a Christian agency that dealt with sexual abuse in the family, wasn't surprised by this revelation.

Throughout the first 25 years of our marriage, I had exhibited all the classic symptoms of a male abuse victim: anger, mood swings, rapid personality changes and an intense hatred for homosexuals. Keeping this anger locked up solved nothing, except to keep me in a state of turmoil that often erupted in violence. It nearly destroyed our marriage.

Besides the trauma of abuse, I suffered from medical problems as a youngster. The modern treatments for kidney stones were unknown then, and my affliction caused frequent hospitalizations

and three major operations between seven and 14. When I finally lost my left kidney, the doctors predicted that I wouldn't live beyond the age of 25.

My medical problems helped contribute to a rapidly-mushrooming rebellion. Unable to play any sports, I sought refuge in Toronto's street gangs. I began drinking at 13, the year after my molestation, and learned to hustle in pool halls. The street scene helped me forget my outrage at my father's drinking sprees and apparent lack of love for his family. I was developing the rough exterior that I thought would help me deal with life's problems.

Luckily, a policeman who walked the beat helped steer me in the right direction and in time I drifted away from the gangs and started attending the weekly dances at my Catholic church. There I met Ann, a pretty native of Scotland, and after graduation we were married, on September 22, 1962.

I began my work career as a yard clerk for the Canadian Pacific Railway, where I met a man everyone called "Preacher" because of his aggressive witnessing. The seeds he planted are bearing fruit in my life today, although at the time I shrugged him off. Ann and I made our customary church appearances at Christmas, Easter, weddings and funerals.

However, when our first two daughters had both reached school age, we thought it would be a good idea to provide them with religious training. In addition to attending services, we got involved in helping operate the parish bingo games, which at the end of the evening were topped off with pizza and a couple bottles of whiskey. During our year-end bash, when we ran out of whiskey, we would dip into the sacramental wine.

After two years, this practice didn't seem right. I saw myself becoming an alcoholic like my father if something didn't change. So, we quit going to church altogether.

Following six years with the Railway, I signed on with the Toronto Transit Commission for seven years, then bought my own taxi cab and drove the streets of Toronto for eight years. During this time, we were the living ideal of the "happy" family. Our jobs weren't lucrative, but as our family grew to four children and we moved into a nice home, life seemed perfect.

But beneath the surface, it wasn't. Combined with the festering sore of hidden sexual abuse was my lack of spiritual focus and continuing heavy use of alcohol. Frequently my ferocious temper erupted in screaming fits at Ann and a heavy backhand for my children, particularly my oldest daughter.

As the kids grew, so did Toronto's undesirable influences. Seeking to escape from the city's ever-worsening street crime and drug scene, in 1978 we moved to a small town 150 miles to the north.

There, I became a chemical salesman, spending a lot of time on the road. During my travels, I stopped at a hospital, trying to sell them some boiler chemicals. In turn, an engineer offered some Gospel tracts. Not wanting to offend a potential customer, I took them, but carelessly tossed them into my glove compartment.

A few weeks later, I read them and felt a strange, inward spark. Before long, I was stopping frequently at the hospital. I could have cared less about a sale, I wanted more tracts!

When the engineer invited me to his church, I eagerly accepted. Before long I was reading the Bible and calling the preacher so often with questions that he told me to look in the Book for the answers.

My family knew something was up. Their suspicions were confirmed the night I poured all my whiskey down the kitchen drain. Ann agreed to attend services with me the next morning, but since she had never been to a "charismatic" church, she wanted to know more about it. She concluded her long list of questions with a strange declaration: if they sang "Amazing Grace" and "How Great Thou Art" the next morning, she would go again. If not, she was never going back.

Sunday morning the song leader arose to start the service. But after announcing the first number, he suddenly stopped and changed it to "Amazing Grace."

When it was over, the song leader grew quiet again and, after reflection, announced, "Next, we will do 'How Great Thou Art.'"

My wife stared and kicked my leg, accusing me of arranging the whole situation. But when we returned that night, she met the song leader. She wanted to know why he had chosen those two numbers.

He showed her the printed agenda, which listed neither, and explained, "God spoke to me and told me those two songs must be sung first since there was someone who had to hear them or they would leave before the service started."

Praise the Lord!

That night, I rushed to the altar to give my life to Jesus, while Ann did the same without moving out of our pew. Within six months, our daughters and son were also saved.

Of course, many times, attacks follow triumphs. Before long, I lost my job. Unable to find other work, I accepted a friend's invitation to come to British Columbia, where a few weeks later I secured a position in Canada Phone & Wire's manufacturing plant.

The job was fine until a year later when a separate plant worker's union struck and I was laid off. One afternoon as I walked down the street with my five-year-old son, he tugged my elbow as we walked past an employment office.

"Dad, there's a job in there for you."

"Son, I don't need a job," I smiled, patting his head. "I'm only on a temporary layoff."

"Well," Glenn replied, "You're always telling me to do what God tells me to do and God told me He's got a job for you in there."

As a result of what happened, I have learned to never ignore my children. Stunned by my boy's remark, I went inside and was hired part-time at British Columbia's Matsqui Institution, a medium security prison which had just been the scene of intense rioting.

Four weeks later, when the manufacturing plant called me back to work, I refused. I knew the Lord had a job for me in the prison, where I advanced to correctional officer and now serve as a

junior supervisor.

You might not consider my call to become a prison guard a miracle, unless you know that I was so turned off to jails that when the friend whose tract-sharing led me to salvation tried to encourage me to visit one, I avoided him like the plague.

My first job at Matsqui was helping clean up riot debris. On the side, I helped the chaplain conduct written Bible studies. For six months, I kept receiving sudden, unexpected work extensions until a correctional officer's position opened up.

(Above) The Daltons: (l. to r.) Kelly, Katie, Glenn, Ann and Ed. (Right) Ed, "armed" and in uniform.

There is complete confidence in knowing that you are doing what God wants you to do, and I know that God has me at this prison. At Matsqui, I met two inmates who were rival gang members during my teens. Over the past three decades they have spent all but several years in prison because crime is the only life they have known. Praise God I've been able to witness to them and trust God for their salvation.

Happily, many other inmates have come to Jesus. In fact it's quite easy for prisoners to accept Him, once they understand that Christ loves them, regardless of their past. In the last seven years, I have seen more than 150 people accept the Lord.

Not all of them have been prisoners. I have seen all kinds of people come to salvation: cops dying of cancer, hard core street prostitutes, alcoholic derelicts literally lying in the gutter, and hard-hearted prison guards.

Both Full Gospel Business Men and the Canadian Fellowship of Christian Peace Officers (FCPO) have provided me with many witnessing opportunities. I learned of FCPO in 1982 at job training classes, and helped organize Abbotsford's first chapter later that year.

I also helped manage the local FGBMFI's *Voice* magazine outreach, with that chapter experience helping me in my current work as British Columbia Coordinator for FCPO. I travel some

3,000 miles a year to minister in the province's current chapters and to help start new ones.

Our format is similar to Full Gospel's, with testimonies and prayer playing a key role in our meetings. Our vision of peace officers reaching other peace officers is the same as FGBMF's vision of businessmen witnessing to other businessmen.

Recently I was praying about starting additional chapters in our province, but could only think of three possibilities. The Lord told me there were 16! I didn't understand how that was possible, until a new chapter formed with just four members — in a tiny outpost called Hope.

I praise God for the vision of both of these Christ-centered organizations, and for His power that enables me to battle the depression that Satan tries to thrust on me every time we take a forward step with FCPO. I praise Him too for directing Ann to her work with abused youngsters; for in reading the books she brought home from training classes, I found the courage to reveal my own problems.

This came at a critical point in our marriage, since two years ago my continuing dark moods and temper had caused a temporary separation. But prayer brought us back together. Now, with my terrible secret unveiled, we are enjoying a new honeymoon in our 26th year of marriage.

The Lord is now lifting much of the bottled up anger and hatred that bound me for so long. I have forgiven the man, who has since died, for abusing me. With the Lord's help I am learning to love everyone through Him.

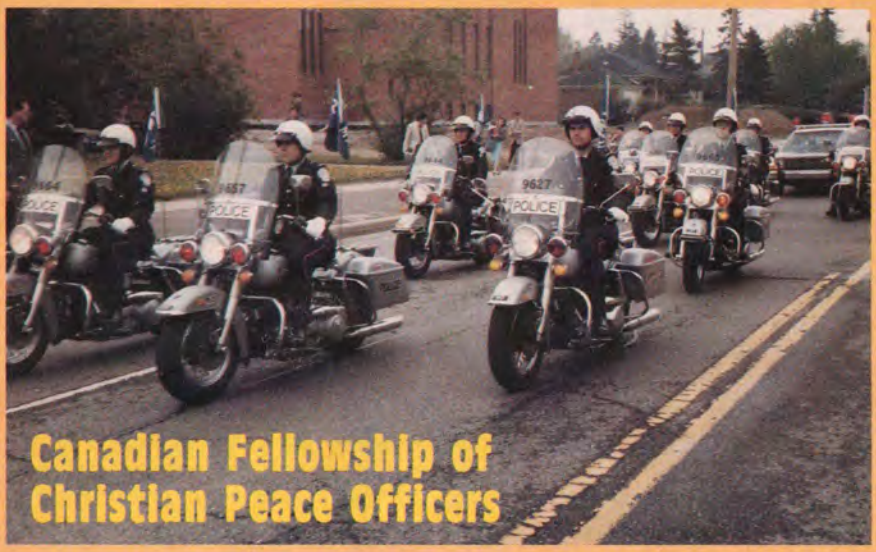
(l. to r.) Bill Milton, Ed Dalton, and Dick Hayward, Canadian FCPO President

As you can see from my testimony, I don't walk in perfection. But I do have His power at my side, which enables me to go forth into spiritual battle. As Isaiah 54:17 says, ". . . no weapon formed against you will prosper."

I know I have victory when I stand in the Name of Jesus. □

Edward J. Dalton is a CX-3 Security Officer at the Matsqui Institution in western British Columbia. He and his wife, Ann, have four children, Laurie Ann, 23; Kelly 21; Katherine, 17; and Glenn, 12. They attend Free Evangelical Church in Abbotsford, where Ed is a member of both the FGBMFI and FCPO chapters. Ann now works part-time with a new province program, counseling sexually abused children and their parents. In the future, the Daltons hope to open a halfway house for abused youngsters.

Metro Toronto Police Dept. motorcycle squad, during FCPO parade



A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE F.C.P.O.

The F.C.P.O. started in 1971 from the Los Angeles Police Academy where several L.A.P.D. officers decided to meet on a weekly basis to have fellowship and Bible study. In September, 1972, monthly meetings were started and included guest speakers, Bible studies, prayer meetings, sharing, and the conducting of business matters. There were 65 interested peace officers at this time.

In July 1974, the F.C.P.O. was incorporated as a non-profit organization with the objective of bringing others to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ and to promote Christian maturity and growth through the study and teaching of the Word of God.

In 1976, there were a total of 13 chapters of the F.C.P.O. located throughout the United States. Today there are 125 registered chapters in 35 states, with 3,000 members.

In 1978, the F.C.P.O. infiltrated into Canada with a chapter in Toronto, Ontario and a chapter in Vancouver, British Columbia. In April 1983, the Canadian F.C.P.O. was incorporated with the federal government as a non-profit charitable organization and had chapters in Ontario, Quebec, and British Columbia. As of December 1987, the Canadian F.C.P.O. has chapters in every province except Prince Edward Island and

the Northwest Territories, for a total of 31 chapters with approximately 1,200 members. In British Columbia there are chapters in Victoria, Vancouver, Surrey/Delta, Abbotsford, Chilliwack, Kamloops, Kelowna and Nelson, with approximately 200 active members.

The F.C.P.O. is watching in anticipation as God moves powerfully across Canada and the United States to form new chapters and to bring peace officers into fellowship with each other. In 1986, a chapter of the Fellowship of Christian Peace Officers was formed in Christchurch, New Zealand, truly making the F.C.P.O. an international fellowship. We look forward to having new chapters formed in other countries throughout the world as the Holy Spirit moves upon peace officers to form extensions of the F.C.P.O. in their own countries.

The F.C.P.O. has as its main objective the worshiping and glorifying of Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. The F.C.P.O. is not a charismatic movement, nor a denominational group. It believes that a strong husband/wife relationship is vital to the Christian life and therefore involves both spouses in all its activities. Our bylaws do not allow membership dues or initiation fees, and all chapter activities operate on member donations which are tax-deductible.

You may become a member of the F.C.P.O. if you have received the Lord Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, are able to give evidence by your life and words of such a decision, and to give assurance that you desire to live a consistent Christian life.

To become a regular member with full voting rights, you must be a full-time sworn member of a criminal justice system (or retired member with more than five years service), sign an application form and adopt the statement of faith of the F.C.P.O.

Associate members have all rights except voting and office holding rights. Associate members are all non-sworn officers, spouse, reserve officers, or other interested parties. Members are encouraged to meet with other chapter members for fellowship, Bible studies, prayer meetings and local chapter activities.

Detailed information concerning membership is available from a local chapter. For more information on how to become a regular or associate member, or information on starting a new F.C.P.O. chapter in your area, please contact:

In Canada:
Canadian F.C.P.O.
P. O. Box 520, Sta. "A"
Scarborough, Ontario
Canada M1K 5C3

For United States and foreign countries:
Mr. Ralph Evans
Executive Director
International F.C.P.O.
6435 Baird Avenue
Reseda, California 91335
Telephone: (818) 708-1303

For British Columbia:
B.C. Coordinator
1550 Kipling Street
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Lost to the Auctioneer

Donald Forbes
Edmonton, Alberta

Many people living in the world believe they are completely self-sufficient, not needing anyone's love or assistance. That's the philosophy Donald Forbes had developed, but it was shaken by harsh setbacks that left him thousands of dollars in debt. Read how he came to know a love that made him happy not to be alone anymore.

I stared at the measly check lying on the table, where it had fallen from my trembling fingers. The auctioneer had kept his word and sent me 60 percent of the cut from the sale of my goods at his weekly auction. But my share was a mere $450!

My stereo, furniture . . . all gone. The pain that stabbed me the day the auction truck pulled away multiplied when I saw the meager value placed on my worldly treasures. That agony pressed on top of the debts piled so high that I didn't know how they could ever be resolved without declaring bankruptcy.

"It will take a miracle to get me out of this hole," I muttered. "How could everything go so wrong? I just knew I could do everything on my own without anyone's help."

That attitude flowered during my teens in Winnipeg, Manitoba; the seeds planted by a couple of apparently harmless incidents.

When I was twelve, a group of athletes invited me to join them behind the school's hockey shack for a "smoke." I wanted to be popular like they were, but when they watched me puff and not inhale, they all laughed and made fun.

Determined to yet be one of the gang, I sought acceptance by imitating the "cool dudes." In the next few years, I steadily progressed through drinking, smoking pot, and shoplifting, bragging about it to prove my masculinity. At

home, I masked my true feelings behind the harsh rock music that pounded the walls of my room. . .Black Sabbath, Led Zeppelin, AC/DC. .the harder, the better.

As I became more involved in the wrong things at school, my rebellious attitude increased dramatically. I felt I could do anything and I developed a hardness, coming to believe that I didn't need anyone and they didn't need me. Deep down, I desperately desired someone's expression of love, but refused to outwardly acknowledge it.

Somehow, I graduated from high school without being expelled. Taking a job as a grocery bag boy, in time I worked my way up to Inventory Control Clerk, which meant I ordered all the groceries for the largest volume food store in Canada at that time. At age 22, I was handling the same job as 40-year-olds in other Safeways. And, I was proud of it.

Then came a strike. With 95 percent of the union in favor, I refused to cross the picket line. It wasn't until the strike ended that I realized my chances of advancement were over. People I once supervised were supervising me. Even worse, old friends now disliked me.

In order to cope with this appalling turn of events, I smoked marijuana daily during the 20-minute drive to work. How I ever ordered groceries in the midst of that stupor I'll never know.

Six weeks later, I quit to take a job with a marketing company. Making as much as $1,000 a week in my new position supplied the resources for a high-stepping lifestyle.

But prosperity turned to disaster when the marketing company closed down just a year later. Convinced of my infallibility, I established a food brokering firm, but for six months I was primarily stoned and only pretended to work.

With no income, I turned to my mother for help, as well as stringing together bank notes and credit card charges to stay afloat. Finally, I called the auctioneer, but the $450 he sent barely kept me alive. After six weeks of living in a bare apartment, I was evicted.

At that point, I finally humbled myself and asked some friends for help. They let me move into a house they were renting, but soon after I entered the hospital for treatment of massive blood clots in my right leg.

One day, a dear Catholic nun I remember only as Sister Marie, left me a copy of the Gospel of John. As I read it, I felt love for the first time in my life. I didn't understand it, but I knew it was there.

Not long after leaving the hospital, a force (which I now recognize was God) surrounded me and kept whispering, "You've got to get out of Winnipeg, you've got to get away from this house." I couldn't explain this incredible urge, but in 1981, I packed up and moved to thriving Alberta. The province was in the midst of a natural resources boom and I envisioned finding work on an oil rig or in the mines.

Instead, I bounced around and finally landed in Edmonton, where I sold advertising for a trade magazine publisher. Through some friends, I also met the woman who was to become my wife. After our first blind date, I was stunned when they told me she wanted to see me

again. My self-image was so low I didn't think anyone had any use for me.

It took nearly two years after I first proposed to Lyndsey, but in July of 1983 we married. During our courtship I kept drinking and smoking, but added a new activity — reading the Bible. In fact, reading the Bible my mother had given me years before.

Donald and Lyndsey Forbes with daughter Carolyn

Even though it didn't convict me of the sin in my life, whenever I opened the covers, I felt love. Something was there I had never known in my life. Nobody had ever told me they loved me and it was so nice to feel this I kept on reading it.

In the fall of 1982, I experienced this same sensation when I attended the Good News luncheon sponsored by the South Edmonton FGBMFI chapter. By then, I had switched my sales efforts to a Chevrolet dealership, where one of the salesmen was a fanatic. Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. That's all he wanted to talk about.

Because of my financial status, when he invited me to the luncheon, I gladly accepted. While the free meal lured me, love kept me coming back . . . and back. I attended three dozen meetings in the ensuing year before finally saying, "I don't know what it is that you guys have, but I want it."

That day I repeated the sinner's prayer, accepted Jesus Christ into my heart and made Him Lord of my life. I was also baptized in the Holy Ghost, spoke in other tongues, and left the meeting feeling as if I were walking on a cloud.

All the anger, hurt, bitterness and emptiness vanished. The same feeling I had when I read the Bible, the same feeling in those luncheons, was now inside of me! I knew Jesus was real.

Lyndsey noticed a change. Before we would argue and fight. Now I wouldn't fight. Just a few months later, my wife knelt in our living room and also took Him into her heart.

One day I realized I had to live my life according to the Bible. So I confessed the truth to her about my huge debts. Furious, she tried several times to slug me, but I blocked her wild swings.

The only thing that kept her from leaving was the fact that she believed when we got married, she had made a vow before God and she was going to keep it, no matter what. I praise the Lord today for Lyndsey and her commitment.

Struggling out of those debts was not easy, and took many, many months. But from being so destitute that I couldn't even pay my rent, today we don't owe anything to any institution. Without declaring bankruptcy. This is just one of

CONTINUED pg. 34

The 35th World Convention is coming to Toronto!

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Come join us in Toronto, Canada, July 5-9, 1988 for the 35th World Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

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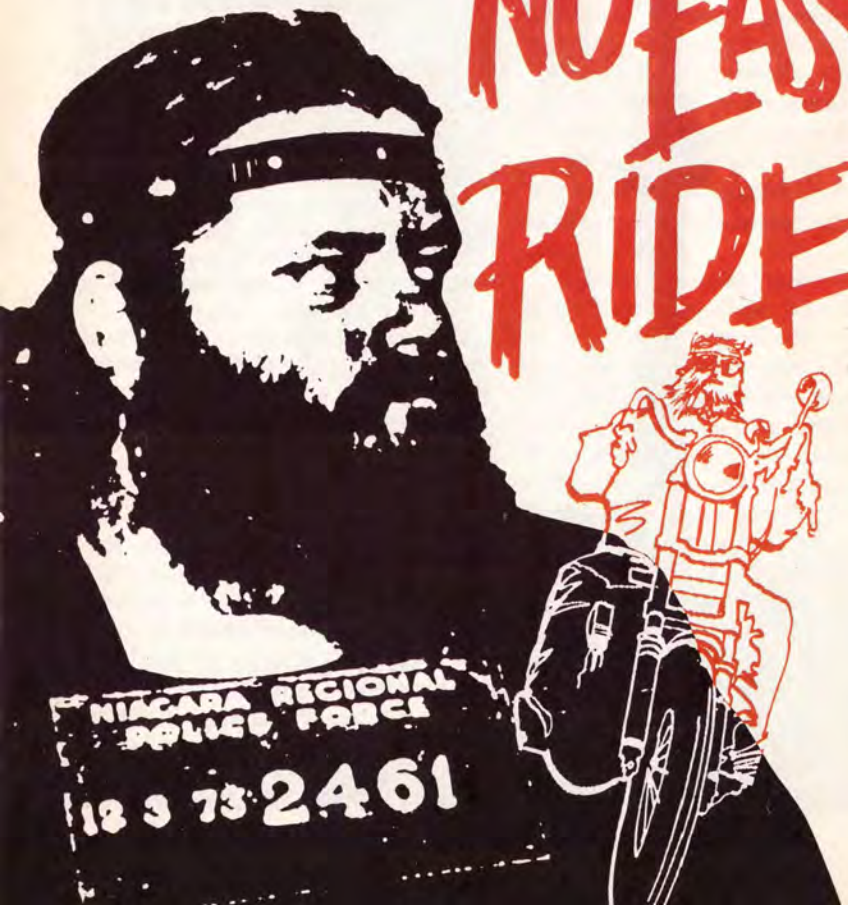
For More Information Contact:
FGBMFI
P. O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

Hand grenades, guns, dynamite, drugs, attempted murders and booze were all a part of everyday life for Doug Stadnyk, who for years was a renowned biker and the national leader of a major gang.

Standing six feet, three inches tall and weighing 427 pounds, his self-image was truly one of being "big, bad and ugly." However, when he was thirty-five, his life drastically changed. Read this incredible story of how he learned to deal with a life that was . . .

Doug Stadnyk
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

NO EASY RIDE



In 1969 I went to see a new movie titled "Easy Rider." It told me what I wanted to hear—do drugs, own a big motorcycle and have plenty of women. Then life will be bright and beautiful.

Well, I found out the hard way that traveling with the devil is no easy ride. Rather, it is hell on earth.

I started making this discovery shortly after seeing "Easy Rider."

Some of my friends and I were returning to my home town, St. Catharines, Ontario, after visiting Niagara Falls. I was riding my Harley-Davidson. Drunk and stoned, I drove my bike through an intersection without stopping. A car hit my bike, throwing me 65 feet into the air. Rushed to the hospital, I found out what had happened. My hip bone had pierced my kidneys, and I had lost my left leg from the knee down.

I spent the following year in the hospital, becoming addicted to demerol — the pain killer they gave me every three hours. At the same time my emotions erupted, as I started hating people with an intensity I had never felt before.

When I was finally released from the hospital, the outside world couldn't help but stare at me. There I stood six feet three, weighing four hundred pounds, with long, oily hair and a scruffy beard. Going for months without a bath, I could be smelled from three blocks away!

Soon drugs and alcohol became my only way to deal with my hurting feelings — feelings easily traced to my childhood in Campbellton, New Brunswick. I had become a rebel at the ripe old age of seven!

I guess it all began when I told myself that my mother and father didn't love me or even care for me. Dad never hugged me. In later years, I learned that his dad never hugged him, so he had never learned how to show affection.

Starving for attention and unable to handle my feelings of anger and rebellion, I was determined to get into trouble. Sometimes I would throw stones at car windows, then steal the articles inside. On one occasion I knocked my sister's teeth out with my grandfather's cane while she slept. I had no real reason for my wild and violent behavior; I just felt driven.

One Halloween, after I had upset the neighbors by my sadistic pranks, a group of them came and told my parents, "You'll have to do something with that kid of yours."

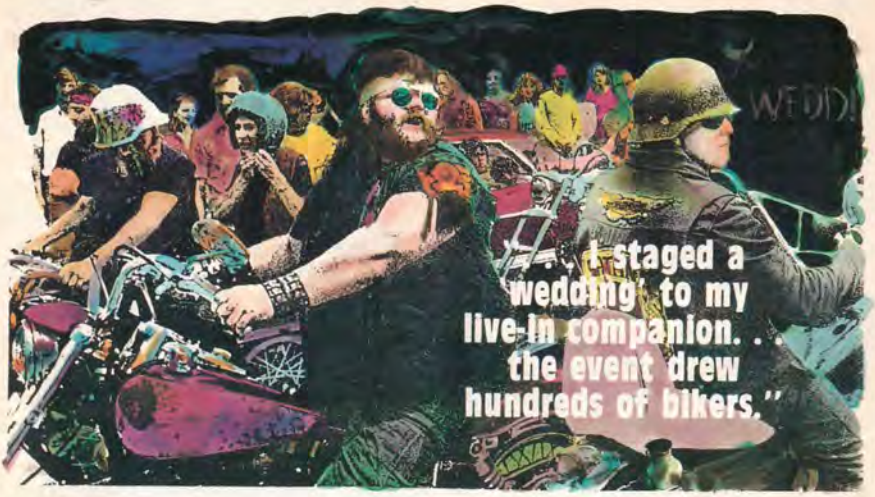
We ended up in family court.

The judge ruled that I be sent to a reform school staffed by some Catholic brothers. I was just a little over eight years then. Reform school would be my "home" for the next eight years.

I kept on rebelling against all authority. Even when the Catholic brothers warned that God would punish me for my sins, I shrugged my shoulders. How I wish they would have told me that God is love and is a forgiving Father! That's what my heart yearned for and that's what won my heart many years later.

When I turned fourteen, I was moved to another reform school — a new one that had been built to house the kids who were too hard to handle in the other facilities. This one was built like a penitentiary. It was here that I became "street smart" — picking up pointers from other rebels. I became angrier and tougher.

Released when I turned sixteen, I



went home. Things didn't work out very well there so after two months, I got a place of my own. Now I was free — free from reform school, free from parents. I was lonely and craved acceptance. Finally, a group of eighteen-year-olds started taking an interest in me. Within a year, I was a dealer, traveling to California to get more "stuff" for my Canadian customers. I liked the easy money and my new fame in the drug world.

Two years later, some bikers in St. Catharines formed a motorcycle club and invited me to join. Soon I became president of the group and was nicknamed "mother" because of my size. Eventually, I became national boss of a famed motorcycle gang.

We were a colorful group that would do anything to get attention. We flaunted Nazi garb to antagonize others. We waged gang wars over "territory" and "colors." Gang members would rather lose their lives than their colors — the decorative patches which adorned their jackets.

Day after day we ground through city streets on our Harley-Davidsons, getting into barroom brawls and blood-letting scuffles with police. I was constantly being hunted down like an animal by both the police and other gangs. When I left the club house in the morning, I never knew if I would return alive. At night I would watch the news on TV just to see what the reporters were saying about me!

I really got the attention of the press when I staged a "wedding" to my live-in companion. This was really an excuse to design a national party of bikers. The event drew hundreds of them.

Yes, I was getting plenty of attention, and the money was really rolling in be-

cause I was also into organized crime and the black market. It was not uncommon for me to walk around with three to four thousand dollars in my pocket. One year I bought fifteen Cadillacs. But despite all this, I was miserable — nothing eased the pain in my heart. The only way I could drown my feelings of loneliness and rage was to get drunk or stoned.

One morning, I made up my mind to get away from it all, to get free of the gang's stranglehold. So I headed West, my only possession was the gun that I had carried for seventeen years.

I spent one year in Vancouver, then moved to Calgary. In both places I couldn't stay away from the limelight and fell in with the wrong crowd.

When I received word that the guys back home in St. Catharines were asking about me, I returned. They were shocked to see that I was such a drunk and addict that I couldn't even ride my bike.

But not everyone was sympathetic. Some bikers who knew I was no longer in the club followed me out of a dive called "The Booze Can," hit me over the head with a .45 revolver, beat my face in and tore off my artificial leg. They left me in a snow bank for dead. Later somebody called an ambulance, and I survived. I ended up with a fractured skull and 150 stitches in my head.

Two weeks later I decided to go West once more — this time to Winnipeg, Manitoba. By the time I arrived there, I was in such a mess that I decided to end my life. I was sick and tired of being sick and tired. I got some booze and drugs, rented a hotel room and locked myself in. Then I cocked the gun but could not pull the trigger. A Bigger Hand than mine was in control.

Two days later, I headed for Regina, Saskatchewan, and then on to Saskatoon. In the latter city, I was busted for gun possession and stolen goods. I was taken to Prince Albert, to the old jail on the hill.

It was in this jail that I cried out to God for help.

The very next morning, my prayer was answered. When I asked if there was any prison program to help alcoholics, I was put in touch with a prison guard who told me about AA — Alcoholics Anonymous. I had never heard about AA. The same guard told me about the love of Jesus. Later, when I was asked to choose an AA sponsor, I chose a likable fellow who turned out to be a born-again policeman. What a wonderful way for God to help me get rid of my lifelong hatred for cops!

After two and a half years in AA, I realized that I needed something more to

"I will never forget the day of my conversion — Good Friday."

fill the emptiness in my life. My sponsor took me to his pastor, Angus Nicholson, who lovingly and scripturally told me how to obtain forgiveness of sin through Christ's blood and eternal life through faith in Jesus. When I prayed the sinner's prayer, I experienced a wonderful burning sensation that stayed with me for 48 hours. Was it God's love purging me from years of accumulated hate, anger and guilt? I believe it was. I will never forget the day of my conversion — Good Friday. Something truly good happened to me that day.

Although I felt cleansed and joyful, I was still powerless in sharing Christ with others. Then some dear brothers at Full Gospel Business Men told me how to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I asked, and the Comforter came in. But it wasn't until nine months later that the torrent came. I was driving downtown. Suddenly, I had to pull my car over to the side of the road and raise my hands as I poured out a beautiful prayer language. The fear of man had been broken. I could now be bold for Jesus.

Then God gave me another magnificent blessing . . . a lovely young lady of Ukrainian descent — Nadia. I finally got up enough nerve to invite her out for dinner and to stop by a florist first to buy her a flower. (I had never bought flowers for anyone before!)

I knew that I loved Nadia. And I sensed that she loved me. But old feelings of unworthiness flooded my mind. I was a clean biker; she was an educated social worker. We were as different as night and day. I thought there was no way we could ever get together. But love found a way and we finally set a wedding date — August 25, 1984.

But just two days before the wedding, tragedy struck. I had come home from work. As I pulled my bike into the yard, a car stopped about four feet from me with two men wearing ski masks. Just before they opened fire, I felt a shield go around me — it must have been the angels of God. My attackers shot me five times — three in my stomach, one in my leg, one in my arm. As I hit the ground, I felt a peace come over me that I had never felt before. There was no anger, no hate. I lay in a pool of blood, praying for those two guys.

Soon an ambulance was rushing me to the hospital. On arrival, the medical staff cut off my clothes and stuck tubes in my arms. They were ready to give me a dose of demerol for the pain. But I didn't want to play with the drug that once had me so addicted.

Nadia and Doug Stadnyk

"I don't want anything for the pain," I whispered. "I'll just pray."

The surgery lasted four-and-a-half hours. I didn't have to take anything for the pain. Later, a doctor told me to plan on staying in the hospital for three to four weeks.

"I'd like to go home tomorrow because I'm getting married," I responded.

When I left the hospital only three days later, I was completely healed! Four days later, I married my precious Nadia.

On our honeymoon, we talked about our dream of working for the Lord with troubled young people. When we returned to Saskatoon, we discovered that God was making that dream come true. My father-in-law called to tell us that he had sold our smaller house and had put his own money as a down payment on a bigger house that he felt we needed for our proposed ministry. We liked what we saw — a house with fourteen rooms and six bedrooms. I knew this was our "miracle house" because the Lord had touched the heart of Nadia's father to make sure that this opportunity did not slip through our fingers.

I could hardly believe that at one time this man and I disliked each other. He thought I would never change and would therefore mess up his daughter's life. Now he was a partner in faith with us in "Impact House," a home for women who had suffered physical, emotional and sexual abuse and drug addiction. During our first year of marriage, we had more than twenty kids in our home!

Recently I received a note from one of the masked gunmen, a former Hell's Angel, who had shot me. He had also become a born-again Christian and was asking for my forgiveness. Of course I forgave him.

God has been good to me. Three times He has spared my life. I know I'm here on earth to bring Him glory.

Now, wherever I speak — in schools, jails or churches — I try to tell it like it is: with the devil, there are no "easy rides." But the yoke of Jesus is easy; His burden is light! □

Currently, Doug and his wife, Nadia, are founders and directors of Impact House, a treatment home for street girls. Doug is also actively involved in his church (Holy Family Parish) and in his FGBMFI chapter in Saskatoon, where he is membership chairman. In addition, he spends much of his time speaking to students, churches and community groups.

For further information on Impact House or speaking engagements, Doug can be contacted at: P. O. Box 9587, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada, S7K 7G1, or call 1-306-343-0577.

Minister

OF THE LAW

Ashley Gnys
Niagara Falls, Canada

I was fortunate to have grown up in the family I did. I was never starved for physical affection. For us, kissing, hugging, holding hands and hearing "I love you" was a way of life.

Dad was a well decorated Polish air force officer having shot down the first two German aircraft of World War II. He was a man's man to a young boy, and I respected and revered him. His strength was undeniable yet he was just as prone to cry if the right buttons were pushed. Mum was a fireball. Her immense strengths more than made up for her five foot stature.

Mum and Dad never talked much about a relationship with Jesus Christ, but I knew that God played a role in their lives. The tradition of their Catholic faith was a very meaningful, but private one.

We went to church most Sundays, but for me it was a waste of time. I would much rather have been on the golf course.

In school, I was an achiever. I excelled in sports and my studies. Whatever I put my hand to seemed to prosper. My dad taught me well. "If you're going to do something, do it well, or don't do it at all." Usually, my doing things well meant being the best. I gave God no credit for my achievements. I was cocky, self-assured and confident.

At an early age, I became a skeptic. You see, Dad trusted almost no one. His experiences had been shaped by an often brutal life growing up in Poland, and they had left their mark on the pages of his memory. He had seen the men of two world wars enter and ravage his country, killing family members and friends. He had seen his father's wealth stripped away by greedy men. Close relationships were difficult for him. They were also difficult for me, and so I had few friends. My father had taught me well and I was my father's son.

When I was quite young, my dad was a real estate salesman. But this man I admired so much was never home. He seemed too busy for a little boy. Later, as I entered my teens, my folks had a business in which they worked crazy, long hours. I'm sure they felt they had no choice but to work hard just to survive. My sister and I learned to be pretty self sufficient during those years. "Independent" became my middle name.

Then in grade 12, it happened. Valerie and I met over a bunsen burner in a science lab. It was love at first sight. Some people say it was chemistry. She became my high school flame. I remember asking her out to our first date. I asked her if she would go with me to a high school dance. She said, "No, I can't. I'm Pentecostal." I quickly glanced down at her feet, expecting to see a physical handicap. I didn't know what Pentecostal meant.

I remember meeting her parents for the first time. Three of Valerie's uncles were Pentecostal ministers. You might say that they were really into their faith. They were concerned that Valerie had brought home a Catholic boy. My first conversation with her mother went something like this:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Of course, I'm a Catholic."

"Are you saved?"

"From what?"

It went downhill from there.

Fortunately, her mother persisted. She put into my hands a book entitled, *Catholic Pentecostals.* I learned of how the charismatic renewal was sweeping the campuses of American universities. I read of strange things like physical healings and "speaking in tongues." The skeptic in me reared its ugly head. And yet, I desperately hoped that it was not a lie. Could I ever get to know God in such an intimate way?

The following year, Val and I went on a summer holiday to Bancroft, Ontario, to visit her elderly aunt. When Sunday morning came, we all went to Aunt Evelyn's church. I remember feeling annoyed that we weren't going to a Catholic mass. During the service for the first time, I heard someone give "an utterance in tongues" followed by an interpretation. It was just as if God Himself was speaking to His people. As I stood in my pew I remember feeling tears welling up inside, ready to break the dam. No respectable Catholic would be seen crying in church, certainly not the son of my dad. I had no alternative.

I walked out of the church. As I made my way along the busy highway leading beyond, I noticed the clouds as they brushed by the surrounding hills. I was caught by the beauty of the day and God's creation. How could there not be a Creator? And yet, He seemed so distant. I cried out to God. "If You really exist, make Yourself known to me. If You don't, leave me alone; stay out of my life forever."

I am not sure to this day where that bucket of warm molasses came from, but I suddenly felt a warm sensation envelope me from the top of my head, seep through my entire body to the tips of my feet. In my spirit I heard God say:

"My son, do you realize how much I love you? I love you just the way you are. With all of your weaknesses and all of your strengths, in spite of the sins you have committed, I have loved you with a love that is without condition and without limit. If you had been the only person living at the time, I would have even then sent My only son, Jesus, to die for you on the cross."

Like the Apostle Thomas of old, I cried, "My Lord and my God." I invited Him to take up residence in my heart. I handed my life over to Him and asked Him to be the Lord of my decisions, direction and goals.

But how could I tell my girlfriend that I'd just met Jesus? Especially me, who prided myself on logic and careful analysis. I had a big problem. Later that afternoon, Val and I decided to go to a familiar lake with the canoe. On the way, I broke the silence that had gripped the car and "spilled the beans."

She was understanding, but I wanted more. Being the kind of person that wanted to maximize any effort, I shared with Val that I also wanted this "baptism in the Holy Spirit thing" that I'd read about in the book her mother had given me. Although she had grown up in a church where it had been preached all her life, she had never genuinely experienced it for herself. We got down on our knees.

For me, nothing comes easily. So I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised when four hours later, nothing had happened. Well, almost nothing. Our

knees were sure sore.

I was desperate. I made my first deal with God. "Lord if You will fill Val with Your Holy Spirit and cause her to speak in tongues, then I will believe because I know she wouldn't just fake it unless it was real."

As soon as I had prayed these words, Valerie's lips started to stammer, her face shown like an angel and out came a heavenly language. It proved to be four years before I was able to exercise this similar gift of speaking in tongues. But my life changed instantly that day. God performed open heart surgery on me. He removed my heart and replaced it with His own!

I searched my heart for how I could serve God without reservation. I was a Catholic. I was in love with the woman who would eventually become my wife. I did not have the gift of celibacy so that eliminated becoming a priest! And yet becoming a minister in another church was not the answer either.

God had made it very clear to me that I was to "bloom where I was planted." I stayed in the Catholic church. Then a strange thought came to mind. I was to become a minister of law. Crazy. There were no lawyers or judges in my family. Besides, how were the pursuit of law and things of God reconcilable? What a strange contradiction!

Six years later in 1979, garbed in graduation gown, I was admitted to the Bar of the Province of Ontario. I was now a lawyer, but still with few insights as to how I could have a "ministry" in law.

The early years of my practice flew by. There were many struggles and few victories. Yet as I sat at my desk one May morning in 1983, my professional life came to a grinding halt. At least that's the way it seemed that morning.

It had been an extraordinary three months. In March of 1983 I had relocated my law practice from the nation's capital in Ottawa, Ontario to Niagara Falls, some 350 miles distant. There I had hung up my shingle with a close friend, Cal Beresh. The law firm of Beresh and Gnys was born. Those several weeks were busy ones as we looked for a larger office. I poured myself into new files, met new faces, and purchased a home in a new city.

I sat at my desk that morning in May, feeling very much content as I opened my day's mail when one of the envelopes marked "Special Delivery" caught my eye. It was from Ernie Tannis, a lawyer in Ottawa. Apparently, I had not done my job properly when I represented Mr. Tannis' client on the purchase of a property several years before and now I was being sued for negligence.

As I read this letter marked, "Without Prejudice," I learned that it had cost thousands of dollars of legal time to clear up the problem that I should have handled myself years earlier. They were now looking to me personally to have these legal fees repaid. Val and I were hardly in a position to come up with many thousands of dollars. Financially, we were strapped. We had just left my practice behind in another city and started all over again. We had been through an expensive move and the remainder of our savings had been invested in my new practice in Niagara Falls.

I struggled with the Lord. Why was this happening to me? I asked Him to reveal

the real purpose behind this horrible turn of events.

In the weeks that followed, I went into a state of shock. This was a real crisis in my professional life as a lawyer. I began to doubt my own ability. I was no good. I was incompetent. My self-confidence leaked out of a thousand newly formed cracks. I plunged into depression.

Mind you, no one knew this at the time — not my partner, not my wife, nor my clients. I wore a mask that a Hollywood acting school would have been proud of. But I knew it was there. The seeds of doubt had grown in my heart. Perhaps I was never meant to be an attorney.

". . . the Lord does not test us with more than He knows we can bear."

While the court action against me was still going on, Val and I found ourselves visiting in Ottawa for a holiday. While there, the Lord told me to do a crazy thing.

"Call Mr. Tannis," the Voice seemed to suggest.

"Why would I want to speak to him, God? He's the last person I want to speak to."

The Voice was definite. "Call him."

Call Mr. Tannis I did, and at the end of the third ring, I gratefully hung up the phone and I said to God, "Satisfied!" I felt smug in my obedience. But once again I felt God urging me to call the lawyer. Taking a deep breath I did, but to my shock the phone was answered on the second ring. It was Mr. Tannis on the line.

"Okay Lord, what am I supposed to say now?"

"I'll give you the words," He said.

I told Mr. Tannis how shaken this lawsuit had made me feel and that I would be glad when it was over. He told me how he, too, had been sued a couple of years earlier and it had almost sent him into bankruptcy. He said that without the help of God he would have lost hope altogether. I shared with him my relationship with Jesus Christ and how God's strength was sustaining me. Mr. Tannis (who by this point in the conversation was urging me to call him Ernie) was intrigued and fired questions like bullets. He said he had never even spoken to another attorney about his belief in God.

I invited Ernie to a Christian Legal Fellowship Conference that my law firm was helping to set up in Niagara Falls. Sir Lionel Luckhoo was to be our keynote speaker.

As it turned out, Ernie was going to be in the area that weekend, but due to prior obligations, could not make the conference. However, he did promise to call.

About 1 o'clock that Sunday afternoon, my phone rang. A voice on the other end exclaimed, "Jesus Christ is truly risen indeed!" As it turned out, my partner Cal had succeeded in having Ernie attend his church's morning worship service where Sir Lionel Luckhoo had been invited to speak. Ernie was now calling to say that he had just given his heart to the Lord. He wanted to come right over to the house and tell me all about it.

What a scene! Several minutes later he was in our kitchen embracing me and Valerie. He had become a new creature in Christ; my brother in the Lord! We laughed with him and cried with him as he poured his heart out to us.

(Top) Ashley and Valerie Gnys. (Above) Their children Kerri, Gregory and Amanda

What an odd celebration we both had with this man who had brought so much torment and grief into our lives. Of course, he was only doing his job, but it is hard to be objective when you're going through the trials of life. Since then Ernie has become a precious friend.

I wonder what would have happened in May of 1983, if the Lord had asked me to write a check for several thousands of dollars to repay legal fees due to an error I had made, so that a stranger could come to a saving knowledge of Him. Would I have done it? Would I have written that check? I am glad the Lord does not test us with more than He knows we can bear.

Today in 1988, I find myself as a partner with Calvin Beresh, a Christian brother, at Sharpe, Beresh and Gnys, located in Niagara Falls, Canada. My practice is restricted to the field of personal injury claims. Many of our clients are hurting both physically and emotionally from car accidents that have literally turned their lives upside down. As such, the Lord opens many doors to my staff and I am allowed to minister to those hurts.

What a joy it has been to witness the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ to clients and to pray for many of them. One such client in fact was "caught" reading a *Voice* magazine in our waiting room one day. This lead to a perfect opportunity to ask some probing questions. Shortly thereafter, I was privileged to be a part of leading this person to Christ.

Finally, I have learned that I am truly a "minister" of the law. □

Ashley is vice president of the Niagara Falls, Ontario chapter of FGBMFI, and a frequent chapter speaker in Southern Ontario. He attends St. John the Evangelist church in Niagara Falls, where he is a member of the Parish Council. His law firm, Sharpe, Beresh and Gnys, is also located in Niagara Falls.

many miracles I've seen the past five years.

Soon after I started attending Full Gospel luncheons, I joined a life insurance agency. Gradually the Lord taught me about the world of finance and in the fall of 1986 I established my own firm, handling such services as group benefit planning, life insurance and financial planning. Not only have I been able to witness to people, I've seen some saved, either right in their offices or later at one of our chapter meetings.

Just as miraculous was the way God helped me to conquer lust. I struggled with it because of my past lifestyle of sexual activity and involvement with pornography. The Lord delivered me, just as I know He will deliver you from the clutches of this powerful sin. But you must confess it and ask Him to take it away. Satan will use any "secrets" to keep you bound.

The Lord also gave me a desire to witness, and seeing people saved is an amazing miracle. Soon after we were saved, the Lord gave me a burden for Lyndsey's grandparents and I began to pray for them. Before long, I was able to lead them in the sinner's prayer.

Afterwards, Grandpa said that it was sure nice to know at the age of 79 where he was going when he died. He now knows in his heart that he is going to be with Jesus forever.

Then, there is the miracle of children. This is one of the dearest, because my wife and I wanted children so badly, but early in our marriage were unable. At first, we got mad at God and wondered why He didn't want us to have any kids.

But the Lord Jesus loves us so much He did something really special. He gave me a vision in which I saw Lyndsey, myself and two children seated at a huge banqueting table dressed in white. I recognized it was the Marriage Supper of the Lamb spoken of in Revelation, and asked the Lord what He was trying to show us.

The answer was both encouraging and very important. The encouragement came when God told me we were to have two children. But then He instructed me to look at the ages of the children and I realized they were both under 10. The Lord was telling me it won't be long before His return!

A month later, Lyndsey was pregnant and in April of 1987 she gave birth to a happy baby girl. The Lord has blessed our daughter with good health and she has made us realize even more how Jesus loves us. Sometimes when I hold her, I think of how our heavenly Father is holding us in His arms as well, caring for us and looking after our every need when we put our trust and faith in Him.

I know what the Lord has done for me and my family and I know what He can do for everyone who makes Him Lord of their life. All I want to do now is share the same Good News that I have received with the people who really need to hear it. □

Donald Forbes lives in Edmonton, Alberta, with his wife, Lyndsey, and their one-year-old daughter, Carolyn Sarah. They are members of Central Pentecostal Tabernacle in Edmonton. Donald is President of his own business, Lyndon Financial Services. He serves as Vice President of the South Edmonton Chapter of FGBMFI and is chairman of one of the two Good News weekly luncheons held in the city.

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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 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" (I 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 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 them 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." Our mailing address: FGBMFI/Box 5050/Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

Chapter Outreach

As this issue was being prepared for publication, the following chapters were submitted as having been recently chartered. The president's name and telephone number are included for your information. Write for date and location details of a chapter meeting in your area.

Canada: Flesherton Chapter, President Preston McIntyre, 519-924-2951; Oyen-Empress Chapter, President Robert Shields, 403-664-3690; Windsor Chapter, President Peter Gillen, 519-734-6354; Middlesex/South Huron Chapter, President Gilles Rancourt, 519-225-2353. **Denmark:** Kristne Forretningsmend Chapter, President Hugo Martinussen. **England:** Skipton Chapter, President Edward Woodbridge, 0756-3021. **Ghana:** Akosomobo Chapter, President Robert Ankrah, 0251-705-282; Berkekum Chapter, President James Adu-Amankwah, 107; Legon Chapter, President James R. Anquandah, 75381. **Ireland:** Dundalk Chapter, President Patty Walsh, 042-72280. **Nigeria:** Effurn Chapter, President Chike Mbamalu, 053-230070; Ihiala Chapter, President Fyne Nsofor, 046-811-072; Ilesa Chapter, President Adewale Osinaike; Maiduguri Chapter, President David Pofi, 076-232007. **Scotland:** Glenrothes Chapter, President Douglas Smith, 0592-745236. **Togo:** Lome Chapter, President David Komlavia, 21-0813.

voice

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WHO WE ARE Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching ninety-six nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write: Chapter Department / FGBMFI / P. O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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