



voice

to empower  
men for life



Bringing purpose to **life?**

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International



# Nothing is Impossible for God

**Craig Marsh, New Zealand**

**I stood in front of a huge servery at the Conference dining hall, ravenously hungry for the first time in ten years. Before me were dishes of Southern Fried Chicken and equally greasy tasty dishes.**

Hours before I had received an incredible healing miracle of my digestive system, yet my mind was screaming out it would be crazy to touch the food as bitter experiences of the recent years with subsequent pain spasms, blackouts and rushes to the hospital had shown. I hesitated, a battle going on in my mind. Then I heard the Lord say within, "Arise and

eat for you are healed, for I am the same yesterday, today and for ever. I do not change. I am the God who heals. Freely you have received, freely you are to give. Pray for the sick. See that I will confirm with signs, wonders and miracles."

My story of God's miraculous healing began many years earlier. There was a time when I thought I was invincible. I was smart, a good communicator, physically tough. I had to be as an Instructor in the Army for many years. I succeeded at all the things I did. I was happily married to my "Princess" Jenni and we had two young sons.

We had become Christians and God was looking after us real good. I felt I could take on anything and win. Looking back I now see God had to work on some areas of my life.

In the space of a few days in 1989 everything changed. I had become ill with stomach and abdominal pains. Doctors diagnosed I had a nasty disease that was attacking areas of my stomach and immediate surgery was required. In that first operation about half of my stomach was cut out and the rest stapled together. My gastric acid flow was cut in half to compensate. Normal eating following the operation was not possible as I went through painful adjustment. I believed in divine healing so sought prayer whenever and wherever I could yet my condition did not improve. I no longer felt invincible.

Two years later in 1991 my condition worsened, requiring a second operation. This time I was opened up like a filleted fish by the surgical team, the medical name for the operation being almost as long as the hours I spent on the operating table! Out came more of my stomach and related organs and tissues. I spent many weeks in the hospital recuperating. Lying day after day on the hospital bed I was forced to evaluate my life. Jenni was a wonderful support for me. Among other things she would bring our sons after school to see me. I have memories of them down on the lino

floor of the ward quietly doing their homework day after day – week after week. Their behaviour changed as they watched me suffer. Our elder boy became withdrawn and quiet while our younger boy became angry and aggressive. I felt helpless in the grip of a disease that prayer did not seem to shake off.

**During the time the medical staff worked to revive me I had a wonderful near death experience of heaven.**

In 1994 this disease again took off with a vengeance. Within days of fresh medical tests following further pain I had to

endure a third massive operation that took 10 hours. Much of what was left of my stomach and associated organs were removed. All this took such a toll on my system that I clinically died and stopped breathing for eight and a half minutes while being moved out of post-op. care. It was very traumatic for Jenni as she was right there when this happened. During the time the medical staff worked frantically to revive me I had a wonderful near death experience of heaven, almost too wonderful to describe. In it the Lord said I could choose to stay or return to earth as my work there was not finished. I chose to return and revived to the sound of medical staff exclaiming “Thank God! We’ve got him back, he’s breathing again!” This was an exclamation rather than a praise of our Heavenly Father.

I would like to say all went well. I could not foretell that I would have to endure five more difficult and horrible years as a chronically sick person. Some days were fine. On

*Craig and Jenni Marsh.*



the world between 1994 and 1999; Brownsville Pensacola (USA) revival five times, the Toronto (Canada) revival, South America twice, and London. All manner of well meaning people prayed for me. I would accept prayer from anyone but none seemed to help. Meantime Jenni was crying out for me to the Lord. She came to the place where she handed me over in prayer to God whatever He wanted for me, whether death or healing.

About that time in 1998 I had got interested in Y2000? Evangelism, which was a Christian witnessing

those days I worked as Marketing Manager for the nationwide Christian Radio network in New Zealand, Radio Rhema for UCB. Every few days I reluctantly ate some food. I need to say that I had been re-plumbed inside so that when I ate normal undigested food it went straight to my intestines. This caused intestinal spasms and pain that caused me often to lose consciousness due to this incredible pain. Often I would be rushed to the nearest hospital. Our family life was severely disrupted. I slowly lost weight. The gloomy prognosis of the medics was that I would only live another couple of years.

In desperation I travelled to any significant move of God around

tool developed by a Rev. Joseph Steinbeck from Chigwell in Essex, whom I had met at a Pensacola Conference. I managed to get the distribution rights for the material for Australasia, S.E. Asia, USA and Canada. Early in 1999 a Pastor in the USA wanted to use it, which meant he needed my permission and input. The upshot was that a promotion tour was arranged to start at a conference in Florida in May 1999 with me to do the promotion. My body however was not co-operative and my family, friends and Doctors told me I shouldn't go on the eight week long tour as I might not survive it. My thinking was that I was better to die while actively spreading the gospel rather than die in my own

bed. Jenni agreed with me, provided a suitable companion accompanied me to bring me back dead or alive. A young friend volunteered to go with me. I contacted Joseph Steinberg, asking him to speak on my behalf as I was not confident my health was up to promotional speaking.

God spoke to Joseph on the London to Florida flight saying He was going to heal me. When he told me this on arrival I wanted him to pray immediately for me but he felt it was not God's timing and that the whole conference should. Naturally I was disappointed. Would I ever be healed? That was Monday. Our half hour promotional slot for Y2000? was the following afternoon at this United Methodist Conference, after lunch. I spent all Monday and Tuesday morning sick in bed. My friend got me up and ready for our first USA promotional talk. I was placed about four rows from the front of the stage so I could get a clear look at Joseph as he presented Y2000? to several hundred Minister delegates.

To be honest Joseph's talk seemed so distracted. I was wondering if I could do better even as sick as I was. Part way through Joseph faltered and stopped. He asked the Conference Chairman if the delegates could please pray for me. This caused the Chairman to be somewhat flustered, but he agreed and invited those who wished to come and pray for me to do so. When the first handful quietly gathered around me to pray something sovereign happened. Starting at the back rows people began to weep, wail and groan in prayer. God caused a burden of intercession to come on everyone, apart from a few who left as they could not handle what was happening. I could hear thump after thump as men and women dropped onto the floor from their seats, crying out to God for my healing.

It was an extraordinary scene and I was overcome by what was happening. Then an electric-like

*Craig putting a healing hand on Charles Edwards at Gracewood United Methodist Church.*



pulse was passing through my body, similar to those experienced by farmers who touch an electric fence wire. I tried to stand up but was pushed down by an invisible hand. After trying to stand five or six times I heard God's sovereign voice saying sternly to me, "Don't you dare get up when I am doing business with you!" I immediately sank back down, I was told afterwards, with a look of terror on my face. The intense prayer went on for over four hours. At this time the auditorium became quiet except for strange rumbling and gurgling sounds. Some one had gone and got a hold of a radio mike and placed it over my stomach. Everyone could hear the amplified sounds of my miraculous new stomach telling all it was ready for some food!

The Chairman then announced it was nearly six o'clock and dinner was ready, that the whole afternoon's programme was disrupted but they would try to catch up later. Well you can guess the rest. I was first in the dinner queue with an immense appetite. I ate a huge meal with no after effects. All eyes were upon me as I ate, their cheering echoing around the dining hall. The Conference was not the same. Neither was Jenni after I phoned her with the good news. My boys said later she totally "lost the plot"

with joy-dancing, crying, singing, praising God for His goodness and mercy. After returning to N.Z. my specialist did a gastroscopy and some scans, all confirming that I had a brand new stomach. All that the surgeons had removed, the Lord had restored! Truly I have been healed by our amazing Almighty God whose word and promises are true.

**Truly I have been healed by our amazing Almighty God whose word and promises are true.**

I believe healing is sometimes a process as we are called to walk in faith and not by sight (symptoms or sickness). God always hears your prayer. Never give up for your healing. Be one who perseveres and obtains the victory. For God's heartbeat is to intervene in our lives and bring healing. He says in the Bible 3 John "...for I would have you to prosper be in health even as your soul prospers".

Since my healing on 4th May 1999 my wife and I have travelled the world sharing what God has done in my life, praying for the sick and seeing amazing miracles of healing happen.

The photographs show a blind man who has received his sight and Charles Edwards, wheelchair bound with Alzheimers, just before he got out of his chair totally healed. Just two examples of the many miracles we have witnessed.

*Craig Marsh was the main speaker at the FGBMFI National Convention in May 2004 at Llandudno, North Wales.*

# Arrested by Jesus



## Chris Sewell, Lymington

**In May 1972, my life underwent a miraculous transformation. It happened at a gathering in the home of friends in the eastern border town of Umtali, Rhodesia (now Mutare, Zimbabwe), under the auspices of the Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International.**

At the time I was member-in-charge Special Branch, British South Africa Police. The terrorist war had been running for effectively five years by then, and the future was obscure. I was immensely happily married to Helga, and by then we had acquired three beautiful, intelligent, obedient daughters. Spiritually speaking I had, for as long as I could remember, believed intellectually in God and Jesus, but the Holy Spirit remained a mystery. I had been a church attender when it suited me, and when my conscience pricked me that I really should take the children

along. However, religious ceremony and irrelevant, boring sermons had successfully anaesthetised whatever spark there had been – coupled with Sunday sailing. An unsatisfactory visit to the local minister to try and discover how Christianity could be relevant to my work and life left me more cynical than ever. Then Helga (a thorough-bred pagan) came across “Nine O’Clock in the Morning” by Denis Bennett.

The attention of both of us was drawn magnetically toward the signs and wonders which Denis related were happening in his American Episcopalian (Anglican) church. We found ourselves being riveted to an aspect of Christianity we never knew existed. Well, two thousand years ago perhaps; but now? We discovered that a friend of ours was attending meetings in a local home “where these things happened”. So, somewhat tentatively, but brim-full with curiosity, we accompanied her

one evening. The twenty or so people present were very noisy. They sang enthusiastically, most of them with their arms in the air. They frequently said "Amen!" and "Hallelujah!" very loudly. And we felt very, very out of place. Then Bunny Myers, a Canadian teacher, gave his testimony, of how he had been supernaturally healed of spinal cancer. Amazing! At the end he asked whether anyone present would like to surrender his life to Jesus? I know he used the word surrender, because it bugged me. Then he asked

everyone to bow their heads and close their eyes (they did, because I checked), and would anyone who wanted to make that surrender, raise their hand. I raised my hand.

Bunny spoke to me afterwards and put me on the spot. He asked; Did I have a personal relationship with Jesus? No. Did I know what it means to be born again? No – never heard of it. Did I know where I'd go when I died? No, but I knew where I'd like to go. I explained that my problem lay with his use of the word surrender, which had certain unhealthy connotations for someone with my para-military background. He clearly managed to convince me that in truth I had nothing to fear. There and then I surrendered – to Jesus. I had no idea what I was doing. I had no understanding of sin. I had no conviction of being a sinner (whatever that might mean). Only

**A voice told me I had made a complete fool of myself. That my colleagues at work would ridicule me behind my back.**

later was I able to appreciate the immensity of GRACE (undeserved favour of God) that I had at that moment been lavished with.

The following Monday evening, at home, in my bedroom, with the kids safely tucked away in bed, and Helga safely out of the way at a movie, and no-one hiding in a cupboard or under the bed (because I checked), I received the baptism with the Holy Spirit and my new prayer language. No flashing lights, no earthquakes. But very definitely.

The week that followed was not easy I didn't understand what was happening within me. A voice told me I had made a complete fool of myself. That my colleagues at work

would ridicule me behind my back. I knew I was standing at a fork in the road of my life, and that I was being confronted with an irrevocable decision. In my heart I knew the right route to take. But a battle was being fought for my soul. Finally in my heart I said "Yes!" – regardless of the consequences – to God and the things of God. And I knew that I knew, that I had made the right decision.

In the days and weeks that followed I was constantly aware that something deep was taking place within me. Almost overnight that Book which had been closed and boring all my life, suddenly opened up. I found myself being drawn to the Bible like

iron filings to a magnet. It read just like a love letter – and still does to this day. I learned to talk to and get to know Father, Son and Spirit as my Lord, my Lover, my Husband, my Friend, my Empowerer – my LIFE!

He taught me the meaning of sin, how from conception I had sought to be master of my own destiny, thereby treating Him as irrelevant. In a word: control. In a word: idolatry. Just like the singer sang the song: “I did it MY way...!” He opened my eyes (and continues to do



so) to the cross, the indescribable enormity of what took place there, – and why. My first prayer: “THANK YOU, LORD!” My second prayer: “I LOVE YOU, LORD!” I had never known that Christianity was a relationship, and a love one at that. Sad to say, He made my lovely pipe and delicious tobacco taste really yukki; so that went down the tube. He cleaned out my mouth; changed my ambitions; altered my priorities; softened my heart; loosened my wallet. But most importantly, He answered my question as to how what I had now come into was relevant to my work and life.

While I was lying in my bath in the Aliwal Gardens Hotel in Durban, He said quite clearly, “In the same way that I am changing you, I will change the lives of the people you have to do

with.” So it was that I began to talk to criminals about how they could get off that awful, evil, treadmill they had got themselves onto. When I confronted them with their criminal history sheet, and asked if they

were proud enough about their lifestyle to frame it and send it home to Dad, not one ever said yes. Most were ashamed. But none knew HOW to get off it. Those who were genuinely sorry about their whole course of conduct could be helped. Not so the one who

was simply sorry he’d got caught, and saw in me a sucker who might just get him off the hook.

As I witnessed angry, hostile, embittered, unforgiving, broken men turn to Jesus in repentance (change of direction), I saw in them the very same supernatural transformation that had taken place in me. So began the TIC-TOC CLUB (“Take In Crims, Turn Out Christians”). And so began for me a voyage of discovery that continues to this day, as I witness the supernatural power of the risen, living, Jesus Messiah to change human lives. No! Christianity is not churchianity, nor is it religiosity. It is a living relationship that SETS MEN FREE from everything that holds them in bondage. For Jesus says, “If the Son sets you free, you will be free indeed!”

*Christopher Sewell is a member of the Lymington (Hants) Group.*



## A Fresh Start **Cliff Bull, Scunthorpe**

**I**t was in December 1985 that I reached a point in my life where I didn't want to live. I just wanted out of this world! I can well remember walking the streets of Messingham at 3 a.m. crying my eyes out because I could not deal with the pain and the hurt any more. I had no fight left in me.

I had become so depressed it was hard to believe, and much harder to explain what it is like when you are in a deep depression. It's like being in a deep dark pit that you cannot climb out of. You lose your sense of humour and tend to avoid even your friends. You cannot see anything good going to happen in your life – no light at

the end of the tunnel. It was like a big dark cloud over me all the time, as if I just wanted to hide away within four walls and end it all.

Emotionally, I had been kicked from pillar to post. I was in little pieces inside. Depression in its full form is like a living hell. I have great sympathy for anyone who suffers from it. It was at that time when I was walking the streets crying, feeling so alone, that I walked into a church porchway and sat down. All was dark and locked and not a soul in sight. Being in such a mess, what a time to need help!

I took one look up at the stars with tears flooding my eyes and said, "If

there is anyone up there, I need help” and, as soon as I said that, something changed. For some reason I didn’t feel so bad as I had, so I walked back home.

A few days later I walked into a church on the Berkeley estate. As I entered, it felt something like static electricity flowing up and down me. It felt

like I had walked into a pool of love. I had never felt anything like it before. It felt great. When I went inside I found the congregation singing songs about healing of broken hearts and boy, did that hit home!

There was a guy preaching after the singing. It seemed to me that I was the only person in there because everything he said was just spot on, as if he knew how I felt, and yet there were at least a hundred others there besides me.

At the end of the service they had what is called “an altar call”, when they asked if anyone wanted to know Jesus, or if anyone needed prayer. I was out to the front like a shot, and as I was prayed over by a member of a visiting Christian band I was genuinely lifted up out of my depression. That was the 2nd December 1985 at 8.30 p.m. I truly have never been the same since. I

cannot say that I have never had a rough time since, but now instead of problems overcoming me, I overcome the problems.

**I cannot say that I have never had a rough time since, but now instead of problems overcoming me, I overcome the problems.**

The trials and problems that came afterwards could have finished me off, but now I have a Helper in my life who cannot be overcome. I am never alone. I get answers to my

prayers and have known the presence of God so many times that I don’t have any doubts! I know He is always there! Knowing Jesus is to know REAL life instead of existing, which I seemed to have done previously.

I used to walk into church with my fingers crossed before this, as church was only for ‘hatches, matches and despatches’. If anyone had said I was going to become a Christian, I would have told them to “pull the other one, it’s got bells on”.

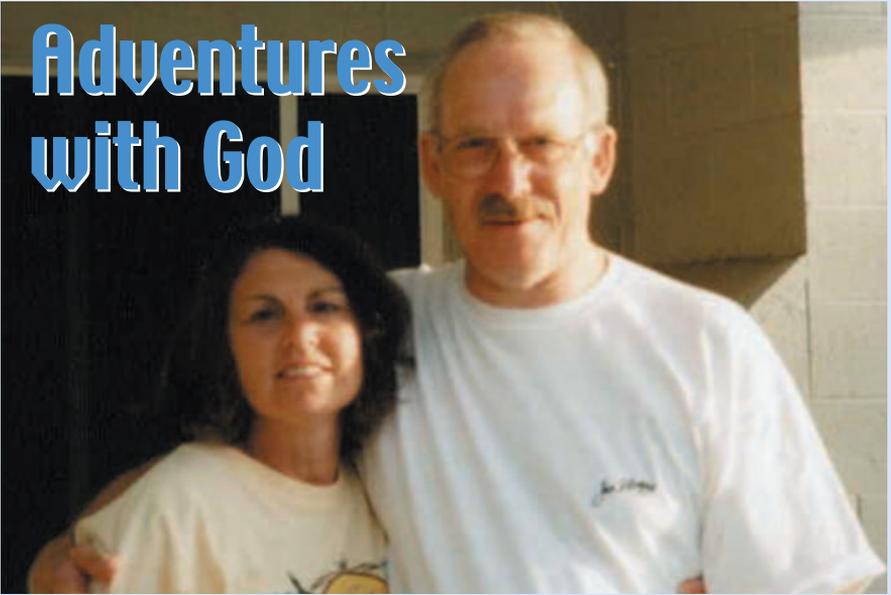
Knowing Jesus is in your life will transform your life so that you can truly know a life of peace, love and happiness you never had before.

Ask and it will be given to you, seek and you will find, knock and the door will be opened to you.

Come and find out what it means to be born again and why Jesus loved and still loves you so much that he died on a cross for you personally.

*Cliff Bull is a member of the Scunthorpe Group.*

# Adventures with God



## Ian Strong, Chichester

**I was born just after the Second World War into a working class family and grew up in the aftermath of rationing, low wages, poverty and basic accommodation. My father left the army and continued with his profession as a plumber until he contracted lead poisoning and was forced to give up this work and he became a trolley bus driver. My mother brought my younger brother and I up in the best way she knew and was always there for us.**

My secondary education finished at age fifteen when I started work as an apprentice engineer. Not long after my sixteenth birthday my father had a heart attack and died. In the following winter I nearly died too when I was struck down

with pneumonia, being in a coma for seven days and three weeks in bed.

Just before my 22nd birthday in April 1968, my mother died of cancer. It was after this that my girlfriend Marianne and I decided to get married. In the December of that year whilst listening to a discussion about Christian things I was convicted by the Holy Spirit about the way I was living my life and that God wanted me to repent and invite Jesus to become Lord of my life. After a day and night, the only relief I could get from a feeling of being empty and lost was to read the Bible. On the 4th December 1968 I asked the Lord Jesus Christ to become Lord of my life, He filled me with the Holy Spirit, and my life was never the same again, I received a peace and joy that has never gone away.

In December 1976 I was invited to go to a conference in Nottingham. One of the speakers was Dr R.T. Kendall whose sermon was entitled, “You have left your first love, repent therefore and do your first works”. I was challenged into seeking a deeper relationship with God. However in the circles in which I mixed, the teaching was that all Holy Spirit manifestations, with the exception of people being born again, finished with the disciples of Jesus’ day and were no longer required as now there is the revealed word – the Bible. In my heart I knew there had to be more. Every day for nine months I prayed that God would manifest his presence to me. At the end of August 1977 I was in a communion service in my Baptist church when suddenly I was in the roof space looking down on the congregation and seeing myself seated with everybody else. I now know it was an ‘out of body’ experience. After I returned to my body I felt a release of the love of God, from my head to my toes, and I started to speak quietly in a language I had never learned. It was “speaking

in tongues” which the Bible tells us is a gift of the Holy Spirit.

Since then God has led Marianne and I and our two children through some amazing adventures. Most were very hard to take at the time but led to tremendous blessing afterwards. Both

Marianne and I have been prospered in our different times of employment and we now have our own Consultancy business. Our son Alex graduated some years ago from Greenwich University and now is employed in Local Government and our daughter Becky graduated last year with a degree in Biochemistry, she is now doing a Ph.D. in viral research.

In January 1995 God led Marianne and I into starting our own business, a business where God is the chairman and we

manage it on a day to day basis. All major decisions are His, all the profits are His as well. God has taught us the meaning of Luke 6 v 38. “When you give, it will be given back to you, pressed down and running over”.

As a family we have had many first hand experiences of God’s power

**He filled me with the Holy Spirit, and my life was never the same again, I received a peace and joy that has never gone away.**



*Becky.*



*Alex and Becky.*

from financial miracles to healing miracles. The most amazing happened when our daughter Becky was just fifteen months old. She became ill with a virus we now know as the HIB virus. It lodged in her right hip joint and she had a temperature of over 104 degrees. We took her to the hospital and after several doctors examined her it was decided that an operation was necessary to relieve the pressure on the hip joint. After the

operation x-rays revealed that the cartilage in the hip joint had been destroyed and that the joint would seize up and Becky would be in a wheelchair for the rest of her life.

However we met a vicar called Trevor Dearing who has a healing ministry. After he prayed for her, he said, “she is healed, believe it and you will see it.” Over the next five years God not only replaced the cartilage in the hip joint but also grew her left leg by 10mm to balance her walking. Becky went on to be an ardent gymnast and athlete and represented Surrey University at netball.

Our experiences of the manifestation of God’s power are many as we spent over three years working in the ministry of healing evangelist Steve Ryder. We have seen God at work in both large and small things. We are convinced that He cares about every part of our lives, physically, emotionally, spiritually and financially.

*Ian Strong is a member of the Chichester Group.*



**empower men for life** is the purpose and focus of the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship International. What began following a vision given to Demos Shakarian, a business man, has spread to 160 nations in every continent in the world. The life changing story is told in the book *The Happiest People on Earth*.

Through our meetings we aim to:

- Reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ
- Reveal the power of Christ to men
- Offer Christian fellowship and mentoring for men
- Bring greater unity to the Christian Church worldwide
- Equip men to fulfil the Great Commission

**If you have been challenged by the stories in VOICE you may be asking, “How can I become a Christian?”**

**A Christian is a person who has a personal and living relationship with God through inviting Jesus to become their Lord and Saviour.**

To become a Christian there are 3 simple steps you need to take as you recognise that God loves you and wants space in your life to help you live life to the full.

**Step 1** **Accept** the love God offers. Acknowledge that Jesus is the only Son of God, that you need His help in your life. Invite Him to help you have the living relationship that God offers you.

**Step 2** **Believe** that Jesus died on the cross and rose again to pay the price for your sin to enable you to have a relationship with Him as your Lord and Saviour.

**Step 3** **Confess** by saying sorry for all the sin and wrong things in your life. Tell Jesus you want to get rid of those things so that you can have a fresh start and receive His forgiveness.

**Why not pray this simple prayer to invite Jesus into your life:**

Lord Jesus, I want to thank you for showing me that God loves me, that you want me to know you personally, that you care about me and right now I say yes to your offer of friendship, forgiveness, and a fresh start. Please make yourself known to me as I invite you into my life.

I am sorry for the times I have hurt you and others, please forgive me and help me to change. Help me to forgive those who have hurt me and to become the person you want me to be. Let me know you as my special friend who is always with me, please give me the strength to follow this decision through. Amen.

**Please let us know of your decision so that we can send you helpful information to “empower you for life”.**

- Please send me details of “**empower men for life**” meetings in my area.
- Please send me “Now that you’ve received Christ” booklet.

First Name: ..... Surname: .....

Address: .....

.....

..... Postcode: .....

Tel: ..... E-mail: .....

Data information will only be used to send you details of Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship International and “empower men for life”. (Full address details overleaf.)



## Nothing is Impossible for God

Craig Marsh



## Arrested by Jesus

Chris Sewell



## A Fresh Start

Cliff Bull



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