

VISION

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www.fgbmfi.org.nz

New Plymouth Convention







Ken Harrison

Ken and Raewyn Harrison ministering together, alongside Danny Smith and his wife Helen, provided a wonderful platform of ministry, each with their own style. They interacted together to build a powerful podium for our Lord Jesus Christ to minister during the Full Gospel Business Men's National Convention, held in the Plymouth Hotel in New Plymouth, over Kings Birthday weekend. In a single statement, all three speakers focused their messages on empowering the Body of Christ along with their testimonies and encouragement.

Ken, a successful pastor and teacher, fed us from his rich storehouse of treasure when he spoke in the three sessions, at times accompanied by Raewyn. Throughout his 50 years in leadership and ministry, having planted a number of churches, each day he committed himself to learn something new. At 15 his parents gave him a Bible. At 17 he started seeking the Baptism in the Holy Spirit which he received and committed to speaking in tongues every day of his life. From that day, with the help of the Holy Spirit, he set his life on a specific task for each day and he acknowledged God in everyday life. This is the heart of the man who spoke so powerfully to us over this very special and anointed weekend.

The challenge he brought to us all on Friday evening was the same one as given by our founder President, Demos Shakarian, "One on one gets One." Demos' vision was to see people come to Christ through you/us, and to equip the saints (us) to do the work of our ministry, out in the community, not in the church. Ken said: "God gives us a testimony so we must use it, to glorify Jesus." He encouraged us to love people, to share our faith with people. We are a people filled with the Holy Spirit who



need to earn credibility and trust and do what Jesus did. Five points he made were, the Word of God, the Presence of God, the Power of God, the Authority of God and our own Personal Testimony. Using the example of Peter to the beggar: we don't have silver, don't have gold, but we do have the authority of God. Ken concluded the evening by having us stand and declaring over us "We are in partnership with Him, Christ, to complete the work." Ministry then took place across the room, bringing to a climax a powerful day of ministry, enhanced by Danny sharing his testimony in the afternoon session and Raewyn bringing her key message of 'what happens when life goes off script' when speaking at the ladies' meeting.

Ken's continued ministry over the weekend was powerful, sowing seeds into our lives with wonderful titbits of encouragement. Using the example of the

disciples feeding the five thousand, he said if we hold our knowledge of the kingdom of God and its many blessings to ourselves it brings poverty; if we give, it grows! We need to be aware that there are three spiritual realms, human Spirit, Holy Spirit and demonic spirit. Often you can hear the human spirit, missing the Holy Spirit. People do not come

to Christ by telling people that they are going to hell. It is our job to love them, encourage them and rejoice with them when they receive the redemption lift. "For when people come to Christ they experience a 'redemption lift.'" These are just snippets from a powerful teacher. Source the DVD's or audios from National Office to gain the full impact.

Another amazing Convention that was so impacting and empowering for all who wanted to receive.

Keith Wooderson

Raewyn Harrison

At the FGBMFI National Convention 2023, experienced and faithful Christian leaders and teachers, Ken and Raewyn Harrison, of Infuse Ministries, imparted wisdom and encouragement at the various sessions over the four days of June 2nd to June 5th.

At the first Ladies' Meeting, on the Friday afternoon, Raewyn presented a session entitled, "When life Goes Off-Script, What Do You Do?"

Raewyn recounted personal testimony of having a loved one pass on just before the nationwide lockdown. Farewell arrangements for Raewyn's dear mother were not able to go according to plan. Raewyn spoke of the range of emotions that

we may go through when faced with unexpected events. She spoke of the "Valley Experience". Raewyn had four succinct points to encourage us:

TRUST God, not your own script; REMEMBER that He cares, and *does* know what we're going through; KNOW that God *is* with us, always; WALK with Him through the valley times, and the good times.

One Scripture that Raewyn focussed on was Hebrews 4:14-16. "Therefore, since we have a great high priest who has ascended into heaven,

Jesus the Son of God, let us hold firmly to the faith we profess. For we do not have a high priest who is unable to feel sympathy for our weaknesses, but we have one who has been tempted in every way, just as we are – yet he did not sin. Let us then approach God's throne of grace with confidence, so that we may receive mercy and find grace to help us in our time of need."

A very valuable time with Raewyn. We, none of us, know the future exactly, but God does.

Helen Herrick

Danny Smith

Oh death where is your sting, oh grave where is your victory?

It's 1 p.m. Friday the 2nd of June at our FGBMFI conference and Danny Smith's voice is proclaiming the challenge.

Jesus gave us everything to have victory over our lives. Jesus makes us as lights in the world to illuminate the way for others to follow. Jesus, a man of prayer, who speaks with authority through His Holy Spirit, wants to empower us. Anointed by association, who do you walk with? What's rubbing off from them upon you? Jesus left the earth physically but left with us his comforter.

Danny spoke about his wife who had spoken at our convention previously who has now died from cancer. Danny had to deal with terrible disappointment. He asked himself: "am I still going to serve god? How do I deal with this disappointment?"

What do you do with the hard things in your life? Complain or become God praisers. Are you persuaded to walk out in faith?

The body of Christ commands a blessing when in unity. Anointed by association.

Danny, as a young man, sat at the table of Dr Lester Sumrall who had been trained by Smith Wigglesworth. Dr Sumrall became his mentor.

"Feed your faith. Starve your doubts to death when trouble comes knocking at your front door. Make God your first phone call."

On Saturday morning Danny proclaimed: "God is a God of restoration. Taking drugs is going into the demonic realm. Your own struggles and successes in Christ are your strength your armoury for witnessing. Danny shared how he came to his personal salvation, through a cousin of his witnessing to him one-on-one.

The Holy Spirit spoke to Danny: "This is not who you are? You do not belong here?" His life story

was being rewritten by the God of restoration.

On Saturday night during a short testimony by Barry Magee, an athlete's running coach, Barry informed us that Danny Smith is a marathon runner who ran an 57 mile marathon in Africa.

Danny Smith responded, " The race is how you finish, with

endurance and perseverance over a 92 km race. I was running with a man of God. My mind was reciting "Bless the Lord o my soul with all that is within me." 57 miles is a test of endurance and when I felt there was nothing left in the tank there was something left in the tank. It's how you finish the race that matters. I walked into that stadium playing bagpipes after a 57-mile marathon. Danny, playing those same bagpipes, piped us into the



song of Amazing Grace. We all sang along, united together. Danny then shared with us: "Worship and praise God in order to stay in the anointing. Jesus preached that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. The names of God are description of God's character. Have the right people with you. A real friend will get you into the presence of Jesus.

Spend time in prayer to be in the presence of Jesus. Push through the crowd, the noise of the world, to be in Jesus' presence in the Holy Spirit."

On Sunday afternoon Danny proclaimed: "It's the anointing that destroys the yoke that binds into slavery.

The Holy Spirit will not take you outside the will of God but will keep you in it.

"When there is no prayer there is no power. Jesus spoke only what God said to him. Renew your minds with the word of God."

Amyas Storey

Convention Recordings

Each of the sessions at convention were videoed by John Fickling and his helpers. This is a ministry of John's and he has purchased equipment to be able to produce recordings to a high standard. All proceeds from the sale of DVD's and USB's go to help cover the costs of recording, copying and posting out the materials.

It is not too late to order convention recordings. If you were unable to attend convention you can still view the proceedings by placing an order with National Office by emailing office@fgbmfi.org.nz (preferred), or calling 03 260 7111.

| | USB ORDERS | PRICE |
|---|--|--------|
| 1 | Complete Set of VIDEO's & AUDIO's on USB Stick | 150.00 |
| 2 | Complete Set of AUDIO's on USB Stick | 50.00 |

| | DVD ORDERS | PRICE |
|----|--|--------|
| 1 | Friday - Men's Seminar - Danny Smith | 20.00 |
| 2 | Friday - Ladies Seminar - Raewyn Harrison | 20.00 |
| 3 | Friday - Banquet - Ken Harrison | 20.00 |
| 4 | Saturday - Testimony Breakfast - Danny Smith | 20.00 |
| 5 | Saturday - Ladies Seminar - Raewyn Harrison | 20.00 |
| 6 | Saturday - Men's Seminar - Ken Harrison | 20.00 |
| 7 | Saturday - Public Meeting - Danny Smith | 20.00 |
| 8 | Sunday - Teaching Session 1 - Ken & Raewyn | 20.00 |
| 9 | Sunday - Teaching Session 2 - Danny Smith | 20.00 |
| 10 | Sunday - Public Meeting - Ken Harrison | 20.00 |
| 11 | Monday - Testimony Breakfast - Raewyn | 20.00 |
| 12 | COMPLETE SET OF DVD's | 150.00 |

Australian Convention

An Australian National Convention to be held in Adelaide 14-16 September 2023. The three Australian arms of the FGBMFI will be hosting this.

Further details are available at the convention website - <https://www.fgbaustraliaconvention.com.au/> .

The new International President of FGBMFI, Francis Owusu from Ghana, will be there as will Doug Woolley the International Secretary. Already several nations have indicated they are coming. This includes Indonesia, Malaysia, Philippines, Nepal, and Fiji.

New Zealand will be represented by Michael Miller, Regional Director for the Lower South Island.

Testimony – Kevin Mudford

A reprint of Kevin's testimony from South Pacific Voice magazine number 24.

Kevin moved to Australia over 30 years ago and is still active in sharing his faith in Jesus

Thirty government institutions in 13 years. That about sums up my life.

Borstals, drug abuse centres, psychiatric hospitals – you name them, I've been there. I was one of society's misfits and there was no place for me but prison cells and hospital wards.

People told me I was beyond help so many times that I gave up on myself and accepted the hopeless cycle of prison to freedom to crime and back to prison again. My name is on the record books of institutions from Porirua's psychiatric hospital in Wellington to New Zealand's maximum security prison at Paremoremo.

It has only been in recent years that I have been able to break the cycle of crime and mental disturbance that began with my first arrest at the age of 13.

I was born and raised in Napier. Our family was one of those ones that all of society just seems to shake its head over.

Our home life was traumatic. My father was a heavy drinker. I would often go to sleep at night with sounds of violence as he beat my mother after a drinking binge.

At the age of six I contracted meningitis. Though this disease often proves fatal I lost only the hearing in one of my ears.

Though the health results of my deafness were not too bad it started to have a bad effect on my schooling. Violence had been bred into me from my hectic home life and it spilled over in the schoolyard where I lived by the law of fist and boot.

In the classroom my partial deafness resulted in poor concentration and I seemed to get very little

out of the lessons. Instead I made it my business to disrupt proceedings as much as I could.

At the age of nine the education authorities were at their wits end as to what to do with me. The Department of Social Welfare stepped in and I was sent for a two month stay at a department home in Gisborne.

From that point I gave school up as a joke. After coming back home from Gisborne I spent more time wagging than attending.

It was not long before I joined up with groups of street kids who roamed around Napier. They committed petty crimes such as vandalism and small burglaries just for the fun of it and to ease the boredom of their aimless lives.

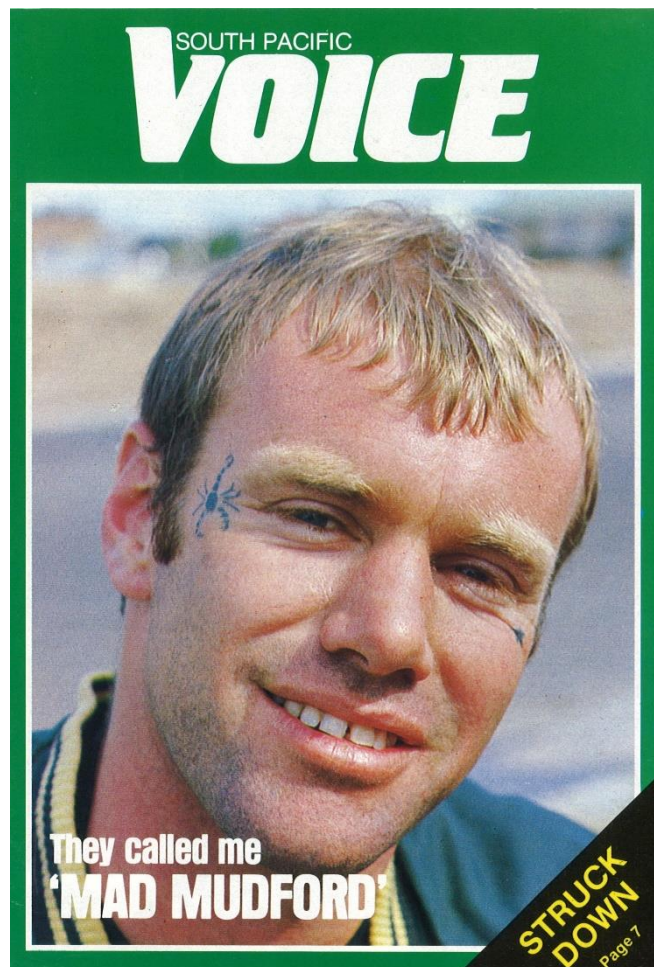
We were a nuisance to the police who would constantly pick us up off the streets and take us home, or to the police station for a good telling off. I was only 11 but already I was drinking and smoking as much as grown men.

Behind the tough exterior, though, I was a hurting little boy. My parents had rejected me and, in turn, I rejected society. Vandalism and antisocial behaviour were a vent for the anger

and resentment I felt inside of me.

I was too mixed up even for my tough street friends who teased me and called me "Mad Mudford."

At 13 I started breaking into houses. Sunday night was a favourite time because the streets were really dead quiet and the shops were often badly secured. I used my head in these crimes and often got away with a lot. However, one time that year I was stupid enough to leave a good set of fingerprints which the police used to pick me up.



I was packed off to Napier's Epuni Boys Home but after three months I was back on the streets unchanged. Society had shut me away and I wanted to get my own back by being as bad as I could.

Again that year I was caught in crime but because I was so young I could not be sent to prison, so it was off to another boys' home at Taradale near Hastings.

This time it was for eight months but no amount of threatening and discipline could change me inside. For a time I would toe the line because I was afraid of discipline but as soon as I was out and free again I would go back to my old ways.

I was shuttled back and forth to institutions through my teens and finished out those years in borstal at Invercargill. While I was there I began to be exposed to some Christian groups who made regular preaching visits to the borstal. There was usually nothing better to do so I went along to their meetings to break the monotony.

God meant nothing to me. Jesus Christ seemed totally foreign to me. I could not think of anyone wanting to love me for who I was. Besides, I was too bad for anyone to possibly love me – people had told me that.

As well as crime, I would go out for any thrill I could get. My drugs and drinking habits convinced the authorities I was in need of psychiatric help, so in 1977 they decided to try some heavy treatment by sending me to Porirua. Part of the reason for my admission was that I was starting to endanger myself as well as others. One night I had gone on a boozing spree and settled down to sleep in an industrial concrete mixer. Luckily some workers found me the next day before filling the mixer. I could have been suffocated.

I liked the treatment at Porirua. For the first time someone was paid to care for me and at last I was getting the sort of attention I had craved since I was a child. Unfortunately, it didn't have a lasting effect.

Early in 1978 I assaulted a policeman who was threatening me in one of my drunken moods. No nice mental hospitals for me this time – Mount Crawford Prison in Wellington was my next bit of "free board and lodging, courtesy of Her Majesty."

They let me work on the prison farm and somehow I managed to get hold of some whisky. My mind was so warped at this time that I tried to get a high from drinking the stuff and eating poisoned mushrooms. I nearly killed myself. For the first

time I realised that if I didn't get some sort of positive help I would probably end up dead. I went to talk to the prison chaplain because I knew he would be nice to me. He got me referred to the National Society for Alcohol and Drug Abuse's centre at Hamner Springs in Canterbury.

Two months of treatment there did little good for me. I was referred for some intensive treatment at a halfway house for reforming drug addicts and alcoholics in Dunedin. They were nice, caring people there but it was not long before I found where they kept the hard drugs. I was caught getting stuck into the drug cabinet one night and the exasperated authorities decided to try desperate measures.

This time it was the psychiatric unit at Kew Hospital in Invercargill where I was kept under heavy drugged sedation. But I was too much of a drain on the hospital so they packed me off to Otago's secure mental institution – Cherry Farm near Dunedin.

By the end of 1981 I was in Auckland's infamous Oakley Hospital, a hopeless case beyond help. It was only a matter of time before I would be sent to New Zealand's toughest mental hospital, Lake Alice in the Manawatu, which looks after maximum security patients.

It was around this time that something divinely powerful started to happen which would eventually break the cycle of crime and institutions that had been with me all my adult years.

My brother Michael had followed me into a life of crime from an early age. He was as bad as me and I knew that if anything could change him it could change me.

At the end of that year I received a letter from Michael, who was in Napier at this time. I thought it would be news of the latest trouble he was in along with the new institution address for his letters.

Instead, he told me he had become a Christian. I was thunderstruck. If God could crack his destructive life cycle, then I knew there was hope for me. A flicker of light began to appear at the end of the dark tunnel that was my life. I was determined to follow it.

When I was released from Oakley I went straight down to Napier to see the "new" Michael. Mike's wife had always hated me and thought I was just a good-for-nothing whom her husband should see as little of as possible. But as I came to their home this time she ran out and hugged me. Both of them

were Christians. As I stayed with them I saw that Mike really had changed.

They gave me a loving environment to live in for a time which seemed to stabilise me. For once I was not on my own in a cold hard world. Because I had really been down to the pits in my life, I actually started to lose the desire for crime. Besides, I knew what would happen the next time I was put away – it would be for a long stretch.

Michael and his wife were attending the local Apostolic Church. I was only too happy to accept their invitation to go along with them. People in the church welcomed me into their midst. I was accepted and treated kindly by Mike's friend who were also Christians.

The hope that had been started in me was being constantly reinforced to the point where I was ready to believe that Jesus Christ would actually accept me, if I chose to do the same thing that Mike and his wife had done.

I really had nothing to lose and everything to gain. My life would probably go off the deep end if I got into trouble again, while at the same time Christ was holding out so much joy to me – inviting me to take it.

In November 1982 I was at a regular evening service with Mike when I decided that this was the time. The speaker extended an invitation at the end of his message to anyone who wanted to give their lives to Jesus to come forward and stand in front of all the congregation.

It was a big thing for me to do because, like most people, I hated standing out in a crowd. Gritting my teeth, I stood up and walked forward.

That night, as I invited Jesus to come into my life and become Lord of my life, it was like turning the clock back over the years I had wasted in crime and anger. I felt God erasing the guilt and hopelessness and filling me with a sense of peace and love – the love I had never found as a child.

Sometimes when people become Christians they slip back into their old ways because the past has a powerful hold on them. My past nearly killed me, so for me the choice was clear – Jesus or death.

When I was 17 and doing my first stint of borstal at Waikeria I would often lie in my cell thinking about a piece of graffiti on the wall, scrawled there by someone in a moment of profound perception: "I will not live in a world without love!"

It took a special move by God to show me that His love was available for all people – even ones like me who had treated Him and other people with contempt and hatred. Now there really is nothing else worthwhile in my life apart from Jesus. Several times recently I have been to prisons to share my story with the inmates, many of whom are probably locked into the same cycle of crime that I was. I have told them life for me now is one of no compromise in following the Lord.

All through my twisted life I sought to live in a world of real love. At last I have found the world.