

# VISION

Issue 53 - March 2017

[www.fgbmfi.org.nz](http://www.fgbmfi.org.nz)

This is the first issue of the VISION to be emailed out to all members we have an email address for.

## New Website Up and Operating



After much hard work by Michael Miller, President of our Dunedin Chapter, our new website is now operational. Please take the time to check it out at [www.fgbmfi.org.nz](http://www.fgbmfi.org.nz)

During the year more resources and information will be added, for example: testimonies and discipleship materials. If you have events coming up that you would like shown on the website, please email a PDF of your publicity for the event to the National Office and request that it be uploaded (please ensure advertising for the website is of a high quality).

Convention information, registration and credit card payment are all available on the website. This reduces manual processing at the National Office and we would encourage you to register for the convention through the website and pay by internet banking.

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## From The National President's Desk

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### Joshua Generation

In October last year, our National Board attended the South Island Men's Camp at En Hakkore, a couple of hours drive in from Dunedin.

When I spoke to the men there, I made the following comment:

*"If you are over 65 years old, you have had your day (I am also over 65). But wait, you have a new job and a new calling as men of FGBMFI.*

*To reach this next generation for God and for FGBMFI. To build, encourage and father this*

*generation who are being called out for the work of the Kingdom.*

*It's time to Pass on the baton."*

It is with excitement that I forward an article from FGBMF America, read it, it will encourage you.

I have asked them to keep me posted on their strategy to reach a younger generation in the U.S.A.

Blessings

**Graham Eagle, National President**

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### Joshua Generation on the Move

by Christopher Burge, Vice President,

FGBMF America

#### Water into Wine!

We have recently seen the graduation of some mighty men of God who were fathering many in the body of Christ. John Paul Jackson, Kim Clement and Bob Bignold were all men who carried the sound of the Father's heart and passed on a mantle to the next generation. I believe there has been an impartation released to many through their lives. What does all this mean for FGBMFA? How has the Father been shaping us? I'm glad you asked.

There is a generation rising, equipped with the wisdom and anointing that has been transferred from those who have gone before them. There is a tangible residue of glory that has penetrated the lives of the next generation and many of them aren't even aware of it. Through the relationships that have been nurtured and cultivated within Full Gospel America among the young people, I have been able to see the Father releasing sonship first hand and it is exciting! Earlier this month, a couple of "Joshua's" and I spoke into the life of a 28-year-old man at Starbucks. I can't count the number of times he said, "That's exactly what I needed to hear!", or "You hit the nail right on the head!" By the end of our two-hour visit, this man was full of hope! He stated that what he had just encountered was exactly what he had been looking for. What happened exactly? Jesus was turning the WATER



INTO WINE! Right now, God the Father is taking what has been tasteless and creating wine! The Father knows where his hungry ones are and will set up the perfect opportunity for us to recover that which was lost. He has hidden treasures in each person and with the leading of His Holy Spirit we can unveil those treasures. This same scenario is being played out over and over through the Fellowship. We are seeing the vision of the Holy Smoke Hangout outreach that was given to Jerry DeFlorio begin to multiply across the country. There are young people looking for an outlet to release the passion and gifting that God has placed in them. The Father is speaking His approval over this generation and they can't help but respond. This is where Full Gospel America can take action!

Yet many in the body of Christ have been going through a time of great testing and it has not been easy. By God's grace we are being strengthened for an even greater wave of revival that is about to invade your immediate space. If you have been going through a tough season, I want to encourage you to keep your head up and look around, because the season is changing. "He incubates your greatness through your frustration" - (TD Jakes).

There is so much passion and drive in the Joshua Generation but it requires the support of mature leaders and spiritual fathers. The Father has entrusted us to speak power into the reservoir of a child of God and release the wine of the Spirit. The positive influence we have in a young person's life can catapult them into the realm of God, the likes of which we've never seen or heard before. This

next generation needs our friendship, trust, support, and protection. They need someone to echo the sound of the 'Good Good Father' that we know and serve. We are not required to understand it all, but simply be obedient to shepherd them. I believe we have a tremendous charge to create a safe place for these young warriors to grow in Christ. As ministry begins to bloom, we need the people of God to step in with grace and truth to undergird the young people as they learn how to deal with the real issues of life - marriage, family, finances, jobs, and loving one another. I believe God is preparing us for a victorious battle so that we can stand in the promise land together. Everyone can have a part in

building the kingdom of God through the next generation!

There are young men with wisdom and grace coming up who have their eyes on the Lord and follow His Spirit; they are truly "pillars being prepared in the quarry". Expect to see these Joshua's come out of the shadows and spark a flame in your heart! They have powerful, fresh testimonies that must be heard and released through Full Gospel America. I am excited to see more young men rise and join the race many of us have been running for years!

**The fruit of your prayers and commitment to God's vision is now coming about.**

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## National Convention - Hamilton 2017

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Plan NOW to attend the 2017 Convention at the Distinction Hamilton Hotel over Queen's Birthday Weekend, starting 10am Friday the 2<sup>nd</sup> of June and finishing 11.30am on Monday the 5<sup>th</sup> of June. This is for all people, men, women and families; members or non-members. Book your air travel EARLY!

### Guest speakers are:

#### Danny and Tracy Smith

Danny, originally from Scotland, was radically saved at 21 from a lifestyle of drug and alcohol addiction. After attending bible college, Danny travelled extensively in ministry. He has a teaching gift and greatly enjoys helping others gain a greater understanding of God's word.



Tracy grew up in Australia and New Zealand. Her parents split up when she was 5 and riddled with rejection she went on to become a rebellious

teenager. She came to faith in Switzerland when she was 21. She has a passionate down-to-earth communication style with a contagious sense of humour.

The two met in Scotland and Danny proposed on their first date. They moved to NZ in 2001 and live in Whakatane, where they have a preaching and teaching ministry. Both enjoy ministering prophetically.

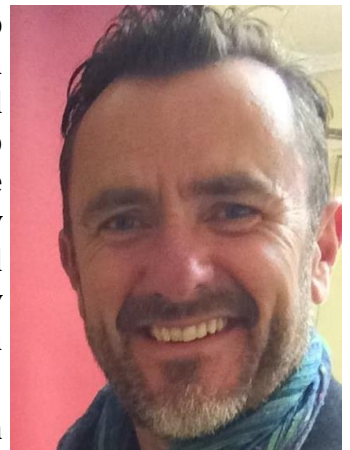
#### Steve Dunne

Steven met his wife Emma in a Hell's Angel's bar, she fancied him because he was the lead singer in a post punk rock band. They decided to roam North America together, where somebody was brave enough to tell them both about JESUS.

After Steven studied to obtain a degree in Theology, they travelled to several nations to share the news of the Father's love. They arrived in New Zealand in 2004 and they presently live in Auckland.

They have founded a charity (Jeremiah Trust) which helps women with unwanted pregnancies to consider Adoption instead of Abortion for their child.

Steven is presently running a painting company, employing and working among refugees and asylum seekers. They have been married for 25 years and have 8 children.





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## My Story (Part 2) – Russell Burnett

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Love was my only hope. I left school and worked on the family farm. Just Dad and I.

For you to understand the situation you need to know a bit about my father. He was a lovely soft hearted man, but he didn't know it. Because of the death of his mother at the age of seven and the perceived rejection from his father, who returned from WW1 with shell shock, he decided that there was no God and no love. Therefore he embraced materialism and rejected love. A spirit of rejection haunted him. Whenever something happened that he perceived as rejection his eyes would roll back and then he would lose it. He would either attack you verbally or lapse into self-pity. Sometimes he would run around and throw things. This was the man I worked with.

When I told him I had become a Christian he silently pointed at the door implying go and don't come back. I explained that I intended to be a Christian farmer. I worked hard, did what I was told, was good with machinery and didn't care how little I was paid. Thus I was kept on. However, Dad saw me as fair game for all his hurt in life and his anger at God. He was extremely critical and sarcastic and also knew every mistake I had ever made.

Every so often he would tell me how stupid I would look when I died and found there was nothing. When I hurt my back rock climbing and couldn't work for 6 weeks I had to stay in my room as my father didn't want to see me until I could work. As I began to love this man, I became aware that I had help and opposition in this endeavour. Sometimes I did the wrong thing.

Once I got mad and I left home, staying at Woodend Beach. I tried to go home to get some stuff, still mad. God stopped me with a puncture in my motorcycle. A few days later I was sitting on a swing in the playground contemplating a job fencing that a man had offered me. Suddenly God spoke to me and said, "Why are you fixing another man's fences when your father has miles of fences that need fixing?" I knew I was to go home.



When I met my father I said I am sorry and I was wrong. At that moment the power of God fell on me. I felt the Holy Spirit on me and I knew I had got it right. Dad said start work tomorrow.

Touching God in worship became very important to me. I discovered this by accident. One day I started to sing with all my might like I was playing rugby or at war. I sang very loud. I was all in over the top. Gradually growing stronger something like liquid electricity came upon me. It was good and good for me. I realized that this was the Holy Spirit and my whole hearted worship drew him upon me. I was in a spiritual battle against the devil who wanted me to hate my father and to perpetuate a spirit of rejection. Whole hearted worship was vital to keep me in the game. I needed the topping up with the Holy Spirit I leaked. This didn't endear me to everyone in the church, but for me it was a matter of life or death. My situation was intense.

To give you an idea of how intense my situation was I will recount what happened when I told my father he needed God. He was in his 50's. and I in my 20's. Having told Dad he needed God, Dad exploded shouting he didn't need God. I was emotionally shocked. He went completely mad. I went back to my bedroom and flopped on the bed. Suddenly I heard a roaring sound in my ears. I felt and heard air rushing past my ears. It was real and physical. I was falling into a dark pit when I hit the bottom a dark force entered me. It wanted me to hate my father. I got up off the bed and I knew I had to make myself love him.

For the next 3 weeks I made myself help and serve and love my father. After 3 weeks the battle was over, but I knew my adversary the devil was waiting, watching for a weak moment. He hates love. Sometimes I got it right. One notable incidence happened out on the farm. We use to drive round in a truck. Dad drove, my job was opening gates. As always Dad was criticising me and being sarcastic. Verbal persecution, he was ruthless with his tongue. This day I felt a small voice say have a go at him. Defend yourself and attack back. I rejected it and kept quiet.

We pulled up at a gate. There was a hayshed on my left and Manuka scrub on my right. As I stepped out to open the gate something welled up inside me and I said to myself, I'm going to love that man. It bubbled up in me like liquid. I looked towards the gate and then up into a blue Canterbury sky. Suddenly the sky unzipped right down the middle. I looked into another dimension in the middle of which was a ball of light. The light shone down on me and just for an instant these dark bat like creatures were caught in it. They let out a scream and were gone. I looked into the light, into a place that had no selfishness. The words, "The more you think of yourself the greater hold the world will have on you," came to me, but not verbally just straight into the mind. The other thing that struck was the reality of this place. It made this world seem like a movie in comparison. Then the moment was gone.

Dad saw nothing, but I knew I had seen something profound. I had seen something of God's nature and also a revelation of what was really going on. The years have gone by, but the reality of what I saw has not waned. Indeed, as times gone on I have come to understand better what I saw and felt. Now at 58 years old I feel the prayer I made when 10 years old to find God and understand the world I live in has come to pass. God is love. It is his very essence.

To finish the story, my father died 4 years ago aged 87. All his life he had an aching gap inside for his father's love, but pride and self-thinking kept him a prisoner. He was emotionally handicapped. A victim of this world.

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## Something New From Invercargill

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*Riki Ashwell, President of the Invercargill Chapter, reports on something new they have tried.*

An exciting way to spread the Love of God into the community is a BLESS REACH.

What is a Bless Reach you may ask?

Your chapter members meet together on a Saturday morning for a coffee or a bite to eat. The men pray about how God wants to use them and are then sent out in pairs to Bless someone in the city.

Now each pair may do something different from the others, the idea is to encourage each other before you go.

Here are some examples of what the men might do, but anything goes: street healing, one on one witnessing, visit someone sick, visit a back slider, help with someone's gardening or house work, gift a food parcel to the needy, walk the city and pray, etc.

This is a no pressure, enjoyable way to spread the Love of God.

Next time you meet you get to share and encourage each other with testimony of what the Lord did.

The Invercargill Chapter have tried it with great success and they are planning their next Bless Reach.

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## Chapter Finances

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I (John) have been surprised at the number of members who do not understand how their chapter funds its activities. So a few comments are:

1. Members annual membership fee is used to help fund the National Office.
2. In addition, most chapters also make an annual contribution towards funding national operations.
3. Members need to be aware that it is them alone who must fund the chapter's activities.



4. We need to be aware that more and more men (especially younger ones) do not carry cash and therefore won't make a donation at a meeting.

5. Chapters should consider asking their members to make a regular contribution to the chapter finances. A monthly automatic payment into the chapter bank account is an easy way of doing this.

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## Stories from “Shout It From The Housetops”

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### Receiving words of knowledge takes courage.

Inspired by reading “*The Desert Road South of Jerusalem*” I asked God to teach me to talk to strangers. Often I had seen people that I “felt” I should talk to but hadn’t dared - not being sure if it was God or my imagination.

Then, on the train on my way to Church in London last Sunday, I was quietly praying in tongues. Soon an American family sat down next to me. Suddenly I felt the Lord say “*They are from Chicago*”. I argued with the thought as I was sure they would be from New York. So I said to God, “*If that was from you and you want me to say something to them, then confirm it in your Word.*” Immediately **Psalm 39 vs 2-3** popped into my mind. In my Bible I read:

*‘But when I was silent and still, not even saying anything good, my anguish increased. My heart grew hot within me, and as I meditated the fire burned; then I spoke with my tongue.’*

This was so blatantly from God that I pictured him smiling at me! Then, without thinking, I leant over and asked them “*Are you guys from Chicago?*” “*Yes, how did you know that?*” they said. “*God just told me!*” I replied, with a big smile.

It didn’t end there. On the way home a couple of elderly Americans asked if the tube was going to Waterloo. I said it was so they joined me. Then I had the same thought, “*They are from Chicago.*” I thought it was just my imagination, it couldn’t happen twice. But as we neared Waterloo I knew I had to know. So I asked them where they lived. “*We are from Chicago*”, they said. How I wished I had asked them in the first place!



But God taught me a lot about trusting him and I believe this is only the beginning.

### With God all things are possible.

We were at Vichy, France, for the French National Convention of the Full Gospel Business Men. I had been asked to teach them how to talk to strangers about Jesus. In preparing my talk, I sensed the Lord say, in French of course, that anyone who goes out without a Voice magazine or tract should be as embarrassed as if they were ‘*sans pantalons!*’

Then, to show that such madness could succeed even in France, I walked down a marble paved street in Vichy lined with very expensive shops. Outside a very *haut couture* ladies dress shop I saw two young girls, very elegantly dressed, with delicious hats, gazing at the dresses in the window

to the right of the door. They had their backs to me so I sailed up behind them and said,

*‘Bonjour, Mesdemoiselles!’*

They ignored me. So, discerning that Satan had put a spirit of deafness upon them, I cast out this vile spirit and again spoke to them,

*‘Bonjour, Mesdemoiselles!’*

Again they ignored me. Then I had a gift of wisdom. I would pretend to walk through the door; they were bound to look up to see who had been speaking to them; I would then whirl round and catch their eye. Then they would hear about the One I love. So I walked through the door, whirled round, and then discovered that they were, in fact, not girls at all but dummy Mannequins!

When I recounted this story to the assembly later that afternoon my interpreter was laughing so much he could hardly speak.

With God all things are possible - most of the time!

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**This year we plan to produce four editions of the ‘Vision.’**

**Articles, testimonies and reports on chapter or regional events are most welcome, along with accompanying photos.**

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