

# VISION

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## An Angry Man

I was born in the Netherlands during the WW2. Both my parents adored me, as I was the third son but arrived 10 years after my brother. My dad died when I was 7 years old. Both my brothers were at that time in the army. Left with my Mum I was a bit spoiled. Mum got remarried some 3-4 years later, and we moved from the city to the country close to the Belgium border, where I learned Martial arts. I became a fourth Dan after twelve years of training and spending some time in Japan. At age 18 I was involved in an altercation in a dance hall that led to a gentleman bleeding to death after he fell on a broken glass that was meant for me. I was arrested but because of evidential doubt the judge could either impose a short prison sentence or a stint in the army for 5 years. The choice for me was easy.

It wasn't long before my commanding officer recognised the potential of my Martial arts. I became a teacher of the sport. I was transferred to England, where I served in the elite Force of the SAS. After a year of gruelling training I was inducted a member of the SAS. There my life changed dramatically. I and several of my comrades were sent on special missions, all over Europe and to Haiti. Some missions resulted in loss of life. The first time I saw death it made me vomit, but it wasn't until we got back to base and I was



welcomed as a hero, that I knew that what I did was for the good of mankind. After one year the work started to weigh heavily on my heart. After talking to my superiors I was given the option of leaving. However, it meant finishing my time in war-torn Vietnam. I was part of a 24-man contingent sent out to help the Vietnamese people find freedom. It didn't really work out that way. Soon after arriving we overran a bunch of Vietcong soldiers, but found ourselves not having the facilities to hold or feed these men. The result was a break out which ended up costing the lives of two

of our men. We decided there and then not to take any prisoners in future. I never realized that fighting in a war could be so devastating. Death was, and became, a common sight. I became hardened to death. On entering a village that had been pillaged and villagers killed cruelly we decided to hunt down the men responsible. Not long

afterwards we found them dividing the spoils of their work, including the gold teeth of their victims. We captured them, secured their identity and ranks, spelled out the murderous act they had committed and sentenced them to death. I personally carried out the sentence on all 20 men.

Six months' later I fell into a trap. I was taken, beaten but not shot. I spent the next four days

placed in a bamboo cage suspended off the end of a pole and dropped in the water with just my head above the waterline. They randomly took pot shots each day. I saw other prisoners being shot and killed. Our food was the leftovers from our captors which was thrown at us. We would slurp up what we could. In my head I planned my escape route from A-Z, but I never escaped. However amazingly, on the fourth day, I found myself lying on the water's edge, weak but alive. There was no sign of what had happened, nor evidence of where I had been. However, I recognised the wharf where I, along with a dozen others, had been imprisoned in our cages. I managed to scramble into the jungle where I passed out. When I came to, all I saw was the eyes of two children staring into my face, smiling, and telling me I was safe and that the boy would get help. It surely was a miracle. Two kids, a boy and a girl, aged no more than eight years old. The boy disappeared but returned the next morning with his mother, who built a kind of stretcher and pulled me home. It took all of the best part of the day. At her home she took care of me, simply because her husband had been killed and she knew I was helping to end the war. My unit had been informed of my whereabouts through Vietnamese soldiers and I managed a week later to re-join them. I found out that they too had suffered further losses. It became harder and harder to survive. I received notice that the young woman who nursed me back to health had been shot. Informers had done their work. It hit me hard and I wondered what had happened to the two children I left behind. I decided I had to find them. It was strange, but somehow I knew where they were, and yes, I found them in the same place where they found me. What was I to do? I thought it best to take them to where I knew a convent was. I made a deal with the mother superior to look after them. After handing over a substantial amount of money and with the threat that if she didn't do what she said she would do, I would be back for a visit. It worked; the kids stayed in touch with me. After the war the boy became a teacher and the young girl a nurse. I lost touch after about 15 years.

However, for me it wasn't over yet. We were down to twelve men. The Americans sent us six of their men to help us finish what we were supposed to be doing. We thought it was strange that every time we went out, they came back with one man short, one of ours. I became very suspicious and through

some clever manoeuvres found out that they were killing us off one by one. That I had to stop. After consulting with my men it was decided yes, we had to do something. That evening a grenade from us spelled the death of our so-called helpers. I spent 557 days in the front line before we were airlifted out and summoned to the USA. We were accused, but not proven, to have killed the men they had sent. We were stripped of rank, lost our pension and were sent home, not to a very warm welcome. It was suggested that I emigrate to New Zealand since I knew too much of what was going on. I did have a brother in New Zealand, so I went.

New Zealand, "the land of milk and honey." Arriving in New Zealand was like a breath of fresh air. My brother was waiting there with his wife. It was fantastic. We celebrated Christmas on the shore of Lake Taupo. There I met two young guys who became my friends. Upon arriving home in Lower Hutt, they were almost waiting to take me and show me where they lived. For me, it was a new lease of life. We went hunting, diving and fishing. What a difference a few weeks can make. It was a year later that I met a wonderful young lady, who, another year later, became my wife,

My life had taken a turn for the best. One of my friends had become a Christian. It wasn't as if I didn't know who God was, after all I was raised in a Catholic church. But he was a bit over the top as far as I was concerned. It came to a point where I told my wife: "If he starts off again with his preaching, please change the subject". However, he was determined that I come to know who God really is. It took a year or so. One Sunday morning the phone rang. It was my friend telling me about an amazing guy who was coming to his church and that I needed to hear him. I told him: "Sorry, but both my kids are crook so it would be impossible for me to come." He replied: "Never mind all that. Wrap them up and bring them. I know they will be healed if you come". Well, what an opportunity for me to show him how crazy this all was. Wrapping up the kids we set off to his church at Wainuiomata. I had never been to a church where they clapped and jumped around. For the first time, I felt the presence of God. I didn't know what that meant but when an invitation was made to come forward I scrambled over the chairs to be sure I was first in line to whatever this guy had for me. It was there I received God into my life. Even my wife and children came up to the front and did the same. We were told that a new church had

started in Stokes Valley so that's where we went the next Sunday. Fantastic.

I had never been so happy. For 10 years after my arrival in New Zealand, I never spoke about my past to anyone; not my family, wife or anyone else. One Sunday evening after an argument with my wife I stormed out of my house and drove away. But where could I go to make her stew for a while. I then drove past the church and figured that I could hang out there, sit right at the back and no one will even notice me. So that is what I did. How

dare the pastor stop what he was preaching to say that there was someone there with an anger problem. After a while I realised it was me. Angrily I walked up to the front, but as the pastor started to pray for me, my



anger got worse, my hands shot out and I grabbed him around the neck. I was convinced that this was going to be his last prayer, but nothing happened. He kept praying and it was I who lost the battle. Surrendering to God was my only option. Next day the pastor visited me. His question to me was: "What made you so angry Ed?" When I told him why, he asked me whether I had shared this with my wife. No, was my answer.

He insisted that I tell her so that she would be able to understand me better. A few days later I took my wife to a small restaurant in Lower Hutt. As we sat there a big guy walked in the door. We both looked at him. My wife said: "Wow, he needs God in his life, he is evil". I replied: "Hon, I am sure he isn't as bad as I used to be. My wife looked at me and said: "What do you mean?" So I told her my story. She said: "Oh Ed, I am so sorry, but now at least I understand why you were so hard with me and the children and I know that from now on things will be different."

God changed my heart and my attitudes. Life became much better. I was at peace at last. We still had our ups and downs but I learned to say sorry and that made a huge difference.

Today I live for God, I love my

wife and children, serve in a caring church and I can truly say life couldn't be better.

Yes, I know I am not perfect. But if you knew me before you would see the change. I know that what God did for me, He can do for you also, no questions asked. Just say: "Forgive me, Lord".

God Bless you all

**Eddy Borgonje, Martinborough Chapter**

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## **Mike Bunt – National Board Reflections and What Is To Come**

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After nine years of serving on the National Board it is time for me to step down. My 36 years of FGBMFI membership has had many high points and a few low ones. The mandate I believe God gave to me was simple: "just love the men". It is something I have done my best to do and has led me to many and various roles within this great fellowship.

When approached by Keith Wooderson to accept nomination as a National Board Member at an Invercargill convention my first reaction was: 'No.' However I did promise to pray about it. I did pray

and then forgot about it until one day while driving back to my office, the Holy Spirit ambushed me saying: I want you to accept nomination for the National Board.

I have been blessed to serve next to a great bunch of men; Graham Eagle, Graham Simpson, Len Brijs, Noel Spiers, Hugh August and John Speirs. Over the years, I have also been blessed to hear from the Lord prophetically and as an encourager and peacemaker.

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It has been a time of persistence and perseverance with the fellowship's vision, not giving up, and believing God is going to use FGBMFI in a major way once again as a forerunner in New Zealand. Watching the membership numbers gradually decrease has been difficult, however there have been many highlights. The Annual Conventions, Regional Camps and Leadership weekends in Auckland as we came together in unity and love were special, especially when the Holy Spirit was moving and seeing men set free and encouraged.

### Hope for the Future

John Speirs and I meet regularly to pray for FGBMFI. In May 2021, while praising and praying, the Holy Spirit spoke to me, "**the floor suddenly was sloping down on about a 30% angle**" for several steps then levelled off again.

I believe the interpretation is "**the downward slope will continue but is coming to an end and then we will see the Holy Spirit moving powerfully through FGBMFI.**" We need to continue with thankful hearts and with praise and worship and be expectant.

In the Bible, many of the prophetic words spoken were for the future, two I have been involved with. The first happened at the 1999 Palmerston North Convention. Keith Winstone shared about **oncoming battles**. I saw a picture of the bible opened, I shared what I had seen and thought God was saying: **the main weapon we are to use is the Word of God**. Then George Bradfield spoke: **it is the anointing of the Holy Spirit on the word that will be effective**.

The second occasion was when I had a vivid dream at the 2002 Invercargill Convention involving my new car being changed, new tyres, a jack still under the car, similar but a different car with car keys sitting on the driver's mat. Keith Wooderson also

had a car dream in 2002. Interpretation, "**About change, deciding to pick up the keys was the important part. Until I did so I thought the dream was just for me. However, when I said yes to picking up the keys, the Holy Spirit said it is for FGBMFI.**"

**I believe these two words are for today, and the Board needs in faith to discern and decide to pick up the keys, not knowing what the changes will be.**

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International belongs to God, inspired by Him. He gave Demos Shakarian the revelation to begin the Fellowship. We remember how Demos endeavoured for twelve months to expand the Fellowship in his own strength to no avail. Only afterwards did the Holy Spirit begin to move powerfully. Let us ask the Lord for ears to hear as Demos heard, the Spirit whispering into his heart. God's power as experienced by Demos, is the birth right of every Christian. Accept that power.

The final reason I'm confident in FGBMFI's future is the word given to me on 1<sup>st</sup> February 2020 while praying for the Masterton Convention.

John 12:24 "Jesus replied, the hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified. I tell you the truth,



unless a kernel of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a single grain. But if it dies, it produces many seeds."

None of us knew it meant Graham Eagle was to die. However, I believe God's word has declared FGBMFI will have many seeds.

I am confident that, under the leadership of the current board,

the Holy Spirit will begin to move powerfully through the Fellowship. Be expectant, step out in faith, keep praising and worshipping our God.

Come Lord Jesus, come.

**Mike Bunt, Taieri Chapter**

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## En Hakkore Camp

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Our Southern Regions Camp at En Hakkore in July was a wonderful time for me and for all who took the time out to be there for the weekend. My mate Jun/Paora, a new brother in Christ, and I, shared a room which was all the more fun. I was enjoying a new freedom in Christ too which was amazing.

At our Dunedin Chapter prayer meeting, prior to camp, as I went to head home, one of the men said, "No, you're not going until we pray for you." Reluctantly I allowed this. I gave them a quick summary of where I was at. I shared some of my frustration at what I described as a sickly veneer over our nation of walls comprised of pride of life arguments that people construct and maintain around their hearts and lives to justify the way they live and "don't you dare question me." I shared how hard it is to share Jesus and the gospel into that attitude in a way that slices through. One of my own daughters lives like that also.

Four or five guys started praying. Grant said "You have a heart cry that needs to come out." He kept asking me questions until he got the full truth at a deeper level out of me. I had my own pride walls which had to come down too. "I don't have time for this," was one of them. "I don't want to cry in front of these men" was the other main one = Ugly. I

repented of these pride walls in my own heart. I finally gave deep honest answers to Grant's persistent (annoying) questions. Presenting myself to God afresh, along with honest answers, turned into a heart cry from me that the Holy Spirit got hold of. Next thing I was having my heart wrenched on behalf of the lost (those who I had been talking about earlier). Weeping with so much passion/compassion/agonny and... after this I stood up in freedom, freshly filled with the Holy Spirit. An ongoing battle with a depression cloud that had been hanging over me was also gone. Praise God.

The message at camp of unblocking wells, taking out the rocks, resonated with me.

The 7am Saturday and Sunday prayer meetings at camp are always special. We tend to spend some time praising and thanking Jesus and then hand the prayer time over to the inspiration and leadership of the Holy Spirit and it takes shape from there. On Sunday morning, as I was thanking Jesus once again, the Holy Spirit got hold of me in a different way this time. I wept tears of joy and gratitude while choking out a prayer of thanksgiving for all the things that Jesus paid the price for in full. Thanks for each and every one of us as blood purchased children of the Living God. Thanks for



filling us with His Holy Spirit and for how amazing these truths are. The following prayer time was precious. And for me it is wonderful to know that my heart is alive and well and counted as available by the Living God. I thank God for such an incredible undeserved privilege. One of the challenges that came through the prayer time was for those of us who have been around a while to lay down our agendas, our expectations of what this fresh move of the Holy Spirit is going to look like. Instead, we need to open ourselves to God to allow the fresh move of His Spirit to manifest itself in whatever way God chooses. Isaiah chapter 43: 19 "Behold, I will do a new thing, Now it shall spring forth; Shall you not know it? I will even make a road in the wilderness and rivers in the desert. 20 The beast of the field will honour Me, The jackals and the ostriches, To give drink to My people, My chosen. 21 This people I have formed for Myself; They shall declare My praise."

I loved the simplicity of the worship too, it was very cool. Two men on their guitars and a bongo drum leading by example in raw and real songs, prayer and worship.

And as always great food.

And to finish...

Another challenge for me personally was the hooking up of "Fathers," older men in the faith with "young men" as highlighted in 1 John 2: 12 - 14. This was one of the things Andrew Robertson spoke of on the Sunday and this is something that God seems to be setting up/organising for me a bit since camp, which is cool. Anyway, I left camp tired but carrying fresh freedom in my walk with Jesus.

My wife reckons she got her man back, which is one measure of how good the camp was. Actually it has been quite tough on many fronts since then, but ... I/we know HIM.

Thank Christ for that

**Paul Bernard, Dunedin Chapter**

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## **Some Humour for Difficult Days**

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These lockdowns are getting annoying and quite frankly I've had enough. I've discussed the matter over a cup of tea with the kitchen sink, and we both agree that the experience is draining.

I didn't mention anything to the washing machine as she puts the wrong spin on everything.

Same with the fridge. He only gives a cold shoulder. I asked the lamp, but she couldn't shed any new light on the situation.

The vacuum cleaner was rather rude and told me to suck it up Princess. The threshold was no better, it suggested I get over it.

The carpet advised me to sweep my feelings under the rug. But the fan was more upbeat and thought that the crisis would soon blow over.

The toilet looked a bit flushed and didn't offer an opinion.

The wall didn't say a word either, just gave me a blank stare.

The doorknob was more forthcoming - told me to get a firm grip on the situation and move on.

The front door declared I was unhinged and so the curtains told me to.....you guessed it right - pull myself together.

Then the chair told me to table it, and the table remarked, I didn't have a leg to stand on. When I told the table to break a leg, the mirror said that my comments reflected poorly on my thinking.

However, in the end, the iron set things straight. She said everything will be fine. No situation is too pressing for long anyway.

**Selwyn Stevens,**

**Jubilee Resources International**