

GREY AREAS!

One of the worst problems mankind has brought upon itself in this modern era is a dangerous place in our mind called "GREY AREA."

What was once black or white, right or wrong has shrunk dramatically and the GREY AREA is growing like a cancer throughout the body of society at alarming speed.

In Alcoholics Anonymous I learnt an "invaluable gem" – a half-truth is a whole lie! A woman can't be half pregnant; she either is pregnant or she isn't. You either win the battle or you don't win, and you're either a Christian or you're not a Christian – get the idea?

In my gang days, I witnessed many lawyers delve into GREY AREAS of the law hoping to get an acquittal for us; after all, they

were only doing their job, true? Don't get me wrong, at times even I was grateful for their skill, but I now understand why people are disillusioned about the Justice system.

If something is wrong, ten people saying it's OK doesn't make things right, and all the GREY AREA in the world won't change it either. A lie is sin – period. Call it by its correct name and stop gift wrapping it up and trying to pass it off as something else. There's no such thing as a "white" lie; putting it bluntly, it's still a lie.

God explains it in Isaiah 5:20

Let's face it - when we are called to give an account to the King of Kings on Judgment Day, all the GREY AREAS in the world won't get you into Heaven.

Blessings, Willy.

"Woe to those who call evil good and good evil, who put darkness for light and light for darkness, who put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter."

Isaiah 5:20

there to keep the bed warm, 2: to have a feed ready whenever he gets home, at whatever time, and for whoever else he brings with him (I often brought many bros home for a session) and 3: to pay the bills. And if there's no money, they have to get it by whatever means they can, even if that means going into prostitution. The gang lifestyle is very selfish."

Willy is now living in Wanganui with his two daughters, and is currently doing a Christian counselling course at Wai-ora Trust. He also is Liaison Officer at Kiwi Street school in Wanganui East where he is a "pivot" between the kids, their parents, and staff. A lot of the kids come from broken homes, gang homes, and basically all kinds of dysfunctional situations. Willy sees the damage that is happening to the children.

"People want to belong, and for many teenagers, the gangs offer a false sense of security. But for this generation, it's the blind leading the blind because when the kids go home from school, if dad's in the pub (if he's on the scene at all), and mum is at housie, there isn't a "safe family unit" atmosphere. This is where they fall victim to peer pressure. And that applies to all races. I'm not just talking about pakeha or Maori."

He is willing to talk to any groups or organisations about his life, drugs, alcohol, gangs or spiritual matters.

"I'll go and see people at home, the school, at the marae, wherever. I don't Bible bash, but I do acknowledge the help and strength I get from God. The Christian walk is a commitment to God."

Willy still has his failings, but he acknowledges without God in his life, he most likely wouldn't be around to encourage others on the long "hiko" (or march) to Salvation.

Forgetting 35 years of hard living isn't easy and bad habits don't change overnight; you have to work through the process daily. As Willy says, "I'm nowhere near what I want to be, but thank you Lord I'm nowhere near what I used to be either."

Amen to that!



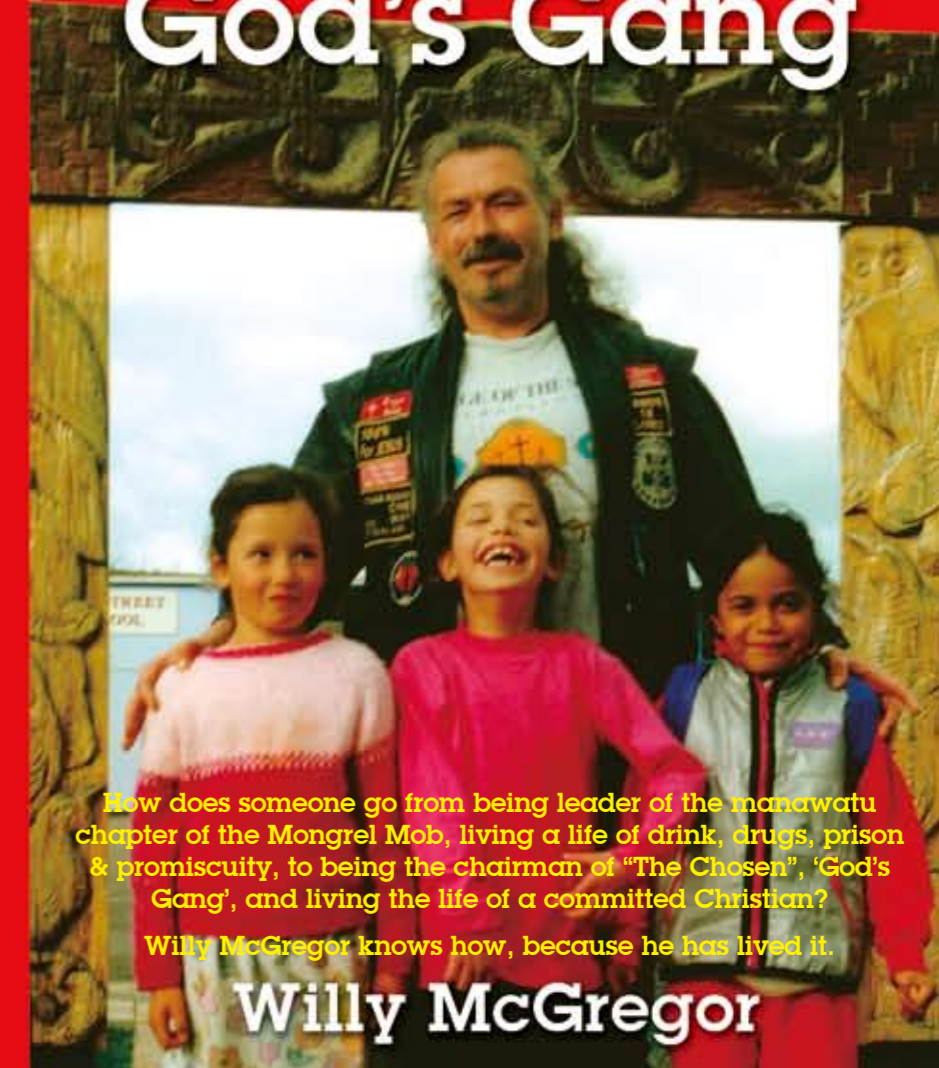
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Pix: (Front Cover): Willy McGregor with daughters Tiana Ellesha Akenihi McGregor (left), Sökkisha TeAta Rangi (middle.), and school friend Rikileigh Crawford (right). Taken outside Kiwi Street School, Whanganui. (Inside): The Chosen banner, designed by 'Animal' from Palmerston North. Taken From Ephesians 6:14-17. "Stand firm then, with the belt of truth buckled around your waist, with the breastplate of righteousness in place, and with your feet fitted with the readiness that comes from the Gospel of peace. In addition to all this, take up the shield of faith, with which you can extinguish all the flaming arrows of the evil one. Take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit, which is the Word of God."

Living life in God's Gang



How does someone go from being leader of the manawatu chapter of the Mongrel Mob, living a life of drink, drugs, prison & promiscuity, to being the chairman of "The Chosen", 'God's Gang', and living the life of a committed Christian?

Willy McGregor knows how, because he has lived it.

Willy McGregor

Born in Foxton in 1955, raised in Levin, Willy moved to Palmerston North in the mid 60's with his family due to ill health of his father.

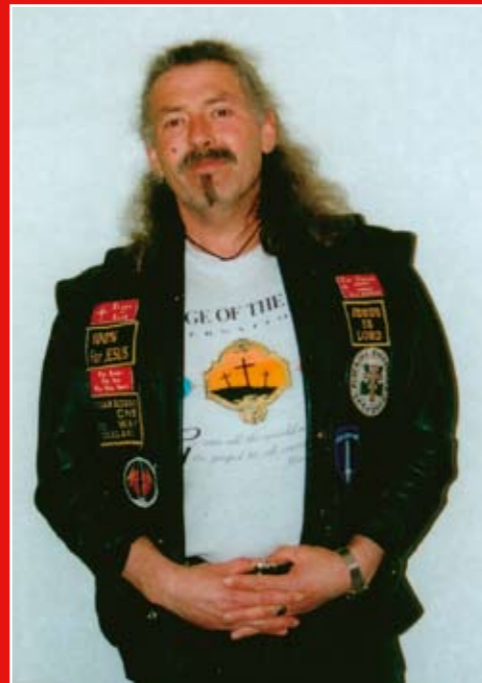
From a large family (six sisters and three brothers besides himself), Willy is the eldest of the boys but has two older sisters.

From an early age Willy felt an inner desire to protect the "little man" and he soon earned a reputation for fighting which eventually saw him joining the Mongrel Mob, and in a short period of time elevated to leader.

In the late 60's early 70's gang life was more like a brotherhood or extended "whanau" where the bros drank, drugged, (marijuana was the most common drug around back then), laughed, cried, partied, fought and picked up their women together. Their motivation was to have fun, and, like Willy, many of the 'Old Dogs' have watched the emphasis on money turn the old style gang life around to more of a business venture. Unfortunately gang business usually means big dollar returns for the smallest physical effort and the faster you can get it the better. This is why drugs, prostitution, massage parlours, strip clubs etc. are valued turf to many gangs, and the protection of this turf and clientele sees many of their members doing time.

Willy had become so well known to the Police that he decided to go to Australia to let things cool down. Unfortunately, because his mindsets were the same, all he effectively did was give his life style a new address.

Long Bay Gaol in Sydney was a turning point for Willy who believes it was the first time he had slowed down enough for God to say to him "Look at yourself and what you're doing, get off this roller coaster because there is much more to life than this."



"That's the last joint I'm going to smoke" he said. All the others laughed and said, "Yeah bro, we've heard that one before!"

On return to New Zealand Willy was approached by old associates to come back as President of the Manawatu Mob (Leaders were replaced by "Presidents" in the mid to late 70's). Although Willy refused the offer and in fact never "repatched", he still frequented their "Pads" and as a bouncer at various hotels his allegiance was to the Mob in bar fights.

Meanwhile his wife and children were starting to attend church. While they prayed for Willy to change, Willy persisted in picking holes in their new found Christian beliefs and friends.

Eventually the family fell apart and Willy sank deeper into drink, drugs and old habits.

His daughter was due to be baptised on Sunday 17th, November of 1996. In the early hours of that morning he was at his sister's birthday party smoking a joint when someone said, "Don't forget, your daughter is getting baptised today!"

Something inside him changed then. He looked at the joint in his hand and thought about his daughter being baptised later that day. He dropped the joint on the ground and stomped it out.

"That's the last joint I'm going to smoke" he said. All the others laughed and said, "Yeah bro, we've heard that one before!"

Willy is proud to say that he kept his word to this day.

Later that day he went to the New Life Centre in Palmerston North where pastor Rick Edmonds was to baptise his daughter. Sitting down in the seats,

he saw his daughter climb up into the baptistry and their eyes met. Suddenly he thought to himself, "What a beautiful girl.". He felt quite emotional, but wondered if it was just the dope.

She went down into the water, and when she had come up she came over to him and hugged him. Tears flowed and he thought to himself, "Things have to change."

About 2 weeks later he began attending that same church and within a month he had given his heart to the Lord.

A few months later he was in his local pub sitting at the bar with his handle. It was about 10 in the morning, and he looked around and saw the same people he saw every week, doing the same thing they did every day. He thought to himself, "What am I doing here?"

Handing his handle back to the publican, he said "I'm tired of it."

The publican laughed and said, "We've all heard you say that before".

But again he kept his word and has not returned to the pub since. Last year in September at the funeral of his mother, Te Ata (Ada), that same publican approached Willy and said

"I'm pleased and proud that you never came back to drink."

Over the next couple of years, with the help of Alcoholics Anonymous and then members of the New Life Centre, he finally succeeded on his walk down the road to recovery. Willy would like to acknowledge Pastor John Walton and his wife Yvonne, and also Rick Edmonds and Ralph Sutherland from the New Life Centre in Palmerston North for their encouragement and support during this time.

"People want to belong, and for many teenagers, the gangs offer a false sense of security."

Since then God has led him to help and be a testimony to others. He is involved in Outcast ministry, a group of dedicated people to outreach to the outcasts of society - gang members, people with drink/drug problems; anyone who has problems they need help facing.

These days Willy has thrown away his Mongrel Mob patch and wears a new one, with equal or more pride. It is the banner (a banner, not a patch) of the Chosen. He has been Chairman of The Chosen since its inception in 1999. Willy tells of one time at a Chosen hui he looked around the room at the faces and thought of all the gangs they once represented.

There, under one roof, were ex-members from the Mob, Black Power, Nomads, and various other gangs. At one time all these guys would have hated each others guts just because of what patch they wore. But now, united by the message of Jesus Christ through the Bible, they could sit together as brothers in Christ.

"I'm not here to put gang members down for what they do and who they are." says Willy, "But I am saying that there is a way out. The door is open and you can leave. Look at me and see what God has done for me."

"I'm not proud of what I've done, and to people thinking of joining a gang I can say, 'I've been there, done that'. I've been inside and I can tell you prison life is an existence, not a living. And the gang lifestyle is so changed now and not all it's cracked up to be."

And to girls who are thinking they would like to have a boyfriend in the gang he says: "A lot of girls think that it'll be cool to be sitting on the back of a Harley with their hair blowing in the breeze. But what they don't think about is how many gang wives end up living, which is basically serving three functions to their man: 1, you're

"A lot of girls think it'll be cool to be sitting on the back of a Harley with their hair blowing in the breeze"

