

07-85

FULL GOSPEL
BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

Colonel Jack Lousma
USMC (Ret.)

NINE AND A HALF WEEKS IN SPACE



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IN SPACE

Jack Lousma, Colonel, USMC (Ret.), Ann Arbor, Michigan



In 1973, Alan L. Bean, Owen K. Garriott and I spent nearly sixty days in Skylab 2, circling Earth.

We were in space longer than anyone else had ever been before that time. If the 858 orbits we made were laid out in a straight line they would extend for 25 million miles, or one-fourth of the way to the sun. But from God's perspective of infinity and eternity, we didn't go anywhere and we didn't spend any time doing it.

As a result of this unique experience I am frequently asked, "Did you feel closer to God during your space flight? Was it a special religious experience?" When I say no it usually brings a puzzled look. I know the questioner is thinking, "Here is a guy who had a chance to be closer to God than most of us will ever have, and he blew it."

But a trip to space is not required to be close to God. God is everywhere.

My experience with God began when we moved in 1941 from Grand Rapids to Ann Arbor, Michigan. My dad took a

bomber-plant job at Willow Run, constructing B-24s. Our family attended Grace Bible Church, which was just starting up in someone's home. At a church camp when I was nine I said, "Lord, I believe that You died in my place for the things I have done wrong. I want You to come into my life and change it and make it different for the future." And He did.

At the church there was a young lady of whom I suddenly became aware by the time I was sixteen. The predictable happened: when we were twenty Gratia and I were married.

She worked as a nurse while I attended the University of Michigan to earn a degree in aeronautical engineering. After I graduated in 1959 I went into the Marine Corps for a short stint. But the Lord directed me to stay—for twenty-five years, seventeen of them with the NASA program.

After completing training at the U.S. Naval Air Training Command and receiving my wings in 1960, I was assigned to VMA-224, 2nd Marine Air Wing, as an attack pilot. Later I served with the 1st Marine Air Wing at Iwakuni, Japan.

The 1973 space flight was my first such experience. I spent eleven hours in two separate spacewalks on this flight. Then in March, 1982 I spent eight days with C. Gordon Fullerton on the third orbital test flight of the space shuttle Columbia. On these two flights I logged nine and a half weeks in space.

I was also on the backup crew for the US-Russian Apollo-Soyuz Test Project in 1975. I lived in the Soviet Union for a couple of months, learned their language, and worked with them for two

years during 1973-75. Later I was sent to represent the United States in the People's Republic of China and other nations.

During all this time I was aware of God's leading and of His constant presence. While I lived in the Soviet Union I read the Psalms and Proverbs for my daily devotions. I looked up all the verses that related to the universe and the earth. There are many which extol God's universe and demonstrate that it is His. But one of the greatest passages is found in Psalm 19:1-6:

A trip to space is not required to be close to God

"The heavens are telling the glory of God; they are a marvelous display of his craftsmanship. Day and night they keep on telling about God. Without a sound or word, silent in the skies, their message reaches out to all the world. The sun lives in the heavens where God placed it and moves out across the skies as radiant as a bridegroom going to his wedding, or as joyous as an athlete looking forward to a race. The sun crosses the heavens from end to end, and nothing can hide from its heat" (TLB).

We will never understand everything about our universe. There are enough galaxies for everyone in the world to own two or three of them personally. Yet this whole universe operates in perfect harmony and order, like a finely tuned watch.

Only Almighty God could put it together and keep it running so perfectly.

As we learn more about the universe, we come to know its Creator more fully and to appreciate Him in a greater way. Look into His Word, the Bible. See how He speaks of His creation, how He delights in it and how much He wants us to know more about it.

While we circled Earth 858 times I got a new perspective of our world and also of myself. It has affected every experience I

I got a new perspective of our world and of myself

have had since. It was a great privilege to get a God's eye view of our beautiful blue earth—the blue oceans, the white clouds and snow on the mountains, the green and brown patchwork of farmers' fields, the vivid hues of purple, brown and red of the desert, just as the "Master Painter" painted it so many years ago—so much more radiant than our world appears from our earthly perspective.

From space, the world looks just as it does on our maps and globes, except that there are no boundaries to separate countries. I saw how, in spite of man's physical nearness to man, he puts up possessive boundaries against his fellow.

I saw man's inability to live at peace without God. I saw the way God has taken the patchwork of events in my life, the variety of colors of my days, and how He has been putting them all together to reveal Himself to me.

It is easy to see the evidence of God in the universe. But, more important to us, if we are attuned to Him, we can see the effects of God in our lives.

Our God has a wide-angle lens that looks over His creation and keeps it in running order. But He also has a telephoto lens that zooms right in on the Milky Way galaxy to this planet, to your country, your city, your home and your heart.

He cares about your troubles as He has cared about the troubles of those who have gone before us and will care about the troubles of those who will come after us. He has the hairs of our head numbered, as Jesus tells us in Matthew and Luke.

God has guided and led in my personal life. I have never felt I had to compromise my personal faith in order to be successful. I am not afraid to tell it like it is. Whether in the space industry, from a spaceship, in the political arena or wherever God leads us next, I will stand up for what I believe.

He has been at work in my family life. An astronaut's life is a tough, competitive course—with a lot of family separations, a lot of stress on wives and children, a

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE (ISSN #00428264) is published monthly for \$4.35 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92628, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Second-class postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. July, 1985, Vol. 33, No. 7. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Voice* at above address. In Canada send return copies to 628 Monmouth Rd., Windsor, Ontario N9Y 3J1. Yearly subscription: U.S.—\$4.35. Canada and overseas—\$5.25. Bulk rate cards sent on request. Also available in French, German, Norwegian, Swedish and English (U.K.)—\$4.50; Spanish—\$2.00.

need on his part to perform under difficult circumstances. Yet God has drawn our family closer together because of our relationship with Him.

And God has given me guidance in my professional life. I asked Him to direct my life when I was in high school, and He has led me through college into the Marines, the space program, and the political field.

In 1984 I ran for the United States Senate in my state of Michigan. Though I won the primary, I lost the general election. Yet through these ups and downs God was leading me. There have been many turns in the road and different directions open to me, but He has always pointed me in the right one. He still leads my life—and He still has more parts of the patchwork puzzle to be positioned and revealed.

My wife and I have had the opportunity to share our faith across this country and around the world on many occasions—both publicly and one-on-one. We are not the kind of people who go around ramming our faith down people's throats, but God has given us opportunity to speak out for Him on so many occasions, and we are grateful for it. We have found such peace and joy in following God through the Lord Jesus Christ that we cannot help but share Him with others.

The twin portraits of God pictured on the pages of the Bible seem incredible, incomprehensible. One reveals Him as the creator and sustainer of the universe. The other portrays God as personal—a loving heavenly Father.

Once grasped, this profound truth has tremendous implications for each of us. Just think for a moment. He is limitless in

power. There isn't anything that He wills to do that He cannot. He is personal. He cares about you. No matter where you are, the Lord has a view of the end and the beginning, He knows every area of your life, and He can direct your path to a full and rewarding life in Him.

Trust Him today. □



Jack Lousma spent seventeen years at NASA and served twenty-five years as a pilot in the U.S. Marine Corps. He became an astronaut in 1966 and flew two space flights. He has degrees in aeronautical engineering from University of Michigan and the U.S. Naval Postgraduate School, and honorary doctorates in aeronautical science from the University of Michigan and in science from Hope College. Colonel Lousma was inducted into the International Space Hall of Fame in 1982 and has been awarded many commendations and medals throughout his career, among them four Distinguished Service Medals. He and his wife Gratia Kay worship at Grace Bible Church in Ann Arbor. They have four children: Timothy, twenty-one; Matthew, eighteen; Mary, sixteen; and Joseph, four.

NIGHT OF TERROR

East County

Police have no suspects in Mt. Helix shooting

A MESA TODAY

Wednesday, April 23, 1982

Police search for men who shot Mt. Helix pair

The San Diego Union

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA, WEDNESDAY MORNING, APRIL 22, 1982

Minister, wife shot

THE TRIBUNE

Friday, April 23, 1982

Mt. Helix couple shot by burglars



Malcolm Parkinson, La Mesa, California

All I saw was the shadow of a man and the glint of a gun barrel. He shot me three times, but I didn't realize I had been shot at all; adrenalin can do amazing things. I fought with him and managed to knock the gun out of his hand, but when his accomplice

came around the corner I ran for my life.

I heard one more gunshot, and this time I knew I had been hit. A searing pain hit the back of my neck and blood spurted from my face, soaking my shirt.

I had come downstairs to the refrigerator, heard a rustling at the side door and

gone to investigate. I walked through the breezeway into the garage. It was then that he fired the shot that went through my arm and into the breezeway trellis. I staggered back to the breezeway.

Sheila met me inside the door, horror on her face. "There are two killers outside!" I told her. "Stay inside! I'm going to call the police!"

Although I was confused and disoriented, somehow I remembered the emergency telephone number. In a moment police and rescue vehicles were on their way.

Suddenly the killer with the gun appeared at the window. I ducked out of sight. Sheila had disappeared. I thought she'd gone into the family room, but I couldn't see her there.

"Stay on the line until the police get there," the policeman on the phone told me.

I could hear the helicopter and the sirens already. "You stay on the line," I retorted. "I have to go and find my wife."

By the time the ambulance and police unit arrived, I had found Sheila. She lay in a huge pool of her own blood, her skull smashed, her eyes rolled back in her head, her body convulsing erratically.

I knew from seven years of experience in visiting nursing homes that she was dying. Finally she stopped moving. My tears mixed with the blood on my face. I called on the only name I knew: "Jesus! We love You and we serve You! Save us!"

If it hadn't been for a locksmith named Rupert, I wouldn't have known that wonderful Name, and I would have had no one to turn to in my desperation.

I was born in England in 1934. My father died when I was two, and when I was five my mother, twin sister and two older sisters moved to Canada at the beginning of World War II. Conditions in England were very bad, and there was rumor of a German invasion which never took place.

We attended the United Church of Canada, and I was accepted right away into the St. Mary's Anglican Church Boys' Choir, even though there was a two-year waiting list. One day one of the choir boys with a history of heart trouble turned blue and died. It was a traumatic experience for all of us, and it set me to thinking.

When I got home from the funeral, I asked my mother how I could be sure I would get to heaven. She replied that if I learned to behave myself and grew up to be a good man, then I would get to heaven.

I met Sheila at the light opera in Windsor, Canada, where I was singing, and married her in 1956. My employer, the Toronto-based Consumer's Gas Company, wanted to expand into northern New York, so in 1962 Sheila and I moved with our four children to Massena, New York to start a gas-heating and appliance business partnership.

In Massena I also started doing something as an avocation that I had always desired: singing in a nightclub.

While I was at the nightclub one day, a locksmith came to repair the locks. "You sing pretty well," he told me, "but you should sing for the Lord." Rudely I told him to get lost. Little did I know that I was the one who was lost.

However, Rupert was not easily put off. He invited me to sing at his church, a Christian and Missionary Alliance church. It was amazing that they permitted an un-saved nightclub singer to participate in the service. But the Bible says that God's ways are above our ways—and I did sing for them, "How Great Thou Art."

The reaction of the church members scared me. They started raising their hands and saying "Praise the Lord!" right out loud. When they began to pray for me, I got out of there as fast as I could. I had no intention of getting saved, although people had witnessed to me in the past. I was a successful businessman, and I saw no reason to ruin all that

by "getting religion."

Until the bottom fell out of my life.

Sheila and I lived in a luxurious home in a fashionable suburb of Massena, but when our business went bankrupt in 1963 we couldn't pay our rent. I received a summons from the landlord, and there was no money for groceries. I needed \$500, and I needed it fast.

That afternoon, when I was at my lowest, Rupert drove up to our house in his locksmith truck for a visit. I told him my dilemma.

His response was, "Why don't you accept the Lord Jesus Christ?"

"It's pure hypocrisy," I answered, "if I only call on God when I'm in trouble!"

Malcolm Parkinson at Sheila's bedside following the tragedy



"God knows us," Rupert replied. "Sometimes the Lord will put people flat on their backs so they will look up to heaven."

"Oh, all right, I'll receive the Lord," I said, but without really meaning it. I had my mind more on the landlord's summons than on God.

However, God apparently took me at my word, and He soon confirmed to me that He had indeed saved me.

Earlier that day, Rupert had talked me into stepping out in faith and buying a license to go back into business for myself. I could barely afford the two-dollar fee.

That evening I went to see my former business partner in the pouring cold rain and his landlady told me, "He's gone home to Canada to be with his family." This was the last straw. I started to weep.

Rupert had told me, "Whenever you're lonely, ask the Lord to take you to someone lonelier than you are." So I went to see a former customer of mine. After welcoming me with open arms, Ernie told me, "You've done a fabulous job, Malcolm. We've got heat in that upstairs back bedroom for the first time in forty years."

He suggested I visit a crippled lady named Mary who lived just around the corner and needed a furnace.

Another thing he had told me was that whenever I met someone new I should tell them, "Jesus has saved me," before I said anything else.

So when Mary answered the door the first thing I said was, "I don't understand it all, but I'm saved. . . . Are you?"

She smiled. "You know, I believe I am.

I've been reading the third chapter of the Gospel of John, and I did what it said to do—I asked God to let me be born again."

The next day she gave me \$200 down on a new furnace.

As I turned to leave, Mary told me, "By the way, my sister is waiting to see you. She lives just down the street and she needs a new furnace, too."

The sister's son was quite hostile to salesmen, so I figured I wouldn't succeed in making that sale. I witnessed to the sister too, and finally she gave me a

'Sometimes the Lord will allow you to be flat on your back so you'll look up to heaven'

\$300 deposit. I knew it wasn't because of my fantastic salesmanship. It was because I had called Rupert, and his entire church was praying for us.

God had provided the exact amount of money I needed—a total of \$500.

I went to the landlord, witnessed to him about Jesus and paid the rent, then stopped off at the grocery store. When I got home, Sheila was in the bedroom crying because she thought we were going to have to go back to Canada.

I hadn't told her yet that I was saved, and had no intentions of telling her. I had about \$100 worth of liquor under the kitchen sink and I wasn't about to change my lifestyle.

When I threw the roll of bills on the bed, Sheila asked me if I had robbed a bank.

"No," I replied. "I'll tell you what I did." Then I couldn't believe what I said next. "I got saved, and God gave us that money. You need to be saved, too, honey."

Not long after that I got tired of the cold and snow in New York. We auctioned off our household goods, getting more than twice what the auctioneer had estimated, packed up the kids and headed for San Diego, California.

And that was where I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

In 1969, working in cemetery and mortuary sales, I made a call on a family in a poor section of southeast San Diego.

When I threw the roll of bills on the bed, Sheila asked if I had robbed a bank

They weren't at home. I heard some strange singing coming from the other end of the tenement and went there to investigate.

As I passed two black boys sitting on a rail, swinging their legs, they called out to me, "Hey, mister, are you going to see that crazy woman over there?"

An elderly black lady with silver hair sat in her doorway singing in the Spirit, her face aglow with the joy of the Lord. Her home was very poor, but I could see that it was immaculate.

As clear as a bell, the Lord's voice spoke to me: "Help her."

I was struggling to get a foothold in my new work, and I had only a five-dollar bill in my wallet. In those days, five dollars would more than fill my car with gas. But I handed the bill to the lady. "The Lord

told me to help you," I said.

"The Lord will abundantly bless you, my son," she replied.

As I walked down her steps, a tremendous power knocked me down. No matter how I struggled, I couldn't get up. Tears pouring down my face, I began to praise the Lord. The two boys stood across the street laughing. Although I was embarrassed, I couldn't stop the words of praise that flowed from my mouth.

Finally I struggled to my knees—and my hands shot up in the air just as two people walked by, staring. I didn't fully understand what was happening to me. I couldn't get my hands down!

At last I got into my car and found myself on the freeway, still praising the Lord. Somehow I got to my pastor's office, where he explained what was happening:

"It's what the Pentecostals call the baptism in the Holy Spirit. You are being blessed by God and empowered to live your life for Him."

When those two intruders shot me and nearly killed Sheila, I witnessed to anyone who would listen in the hospital, including the television and newspaper people who interviewed me.

The first thing I did at the hospital was to sing "How Great Thou Art" to see if I still could.

The bullet had entered a half inch from my spinal column at the base of my neck. It could have blown half my face away and entered my brain. Instead, twenty-three X rays showed that, enroute, *somehow* it had made a left-hand turn and passed one-eighth inch from my jugular vein.

Instead of coming out of my mouth it came out of my left cheek next to my nostril, leaving no damage, not even bone fragments. The doctor could not explain it. I was released after only three days.

Before I left I witnessed again to all the nurses gathered to say goodbye. "If you don't know Jesus Christ as your Saviour," I told them, "you need to."

It took eleven hours for eight surgeons, working in teams of four, to put Sheila back together. The emergency-room staff believed she was dead, and our friends even heard the news over a radio station, but the Lord gave me assurance that she would recover.

When four of the doctors came to my room that next evening, April 13, they had a very dark prognosis. Besides the severe head injuries, Sheila had badly smashed hands and was paralyzed down one side of her body.

Though I was weeping, I said, "You're looking at one miracle now and you're going to see another when Almighty God raises my wife up."

Sheila was in ICU nearly three weeks, but a month after the attack, she was back home in time for Mother's Day and our twenty-seventh anniversary.

Many Christians had prayed for us, from our own church (Faith Chapel) and other churches, plus the entire student body of the Christian school which our children attended.

Through it all, God kept both my wife and me from wasting our energy on anger and resentment against the men who so senselessly attacked us. We both forgave them.

Seven years ago our son Curtis was killed in a traffic accident, but in spite of our sorrow the Lord gave both Sheila and me great peace, because we knew Curt was with the Lord.

When I was on the emergency room table, not knowing whether we would live or die, I prayed, "Lord, glorify Yourself through all of this—and if You'll raise us up and give me the chance I'll confess Jesus before men." I've kept my word, and He has kept His. □



Since 1984 Malcolm Parkinson has been music director and soloist at Chapel of the Hills in El Cajon. He had a career in sales for thirty years, worked for two years as a Canadian radio announcer, is a financial consultant, was for seven years chaplain in Senior Citizens for Christ, and has been the soloist for churches and other organizations for more than twenty-five years. He and his wife Sheila have six living children, ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-five: Richard, Stuart, Linda, Karen, Michael, and Nancy. Malcolm is a member of FGBMFI's San Diego South Bay chapter.

Two Tickets to Israel



Hubert Trabouillet, Arras, France

With great excitement I accepted my father's offer of a free trip to Israel. It seemed too good to be true. I had always been interested in that nation.

But when I discovered who had organized the excursion the thrill soon faded.

Our village church choir had planned to go to the Holy Land, and had made a few seats available to the people in the congregation. When my father heard about it he bought two tickets—one for me and one for my sister. Determined to have a good time in spite of what I felt was fairly dull company, I sat at the back of the bus and sang pop songs with the young people.

Occasionally the priest read the Bible across the intercom. At such times I waited impatiently for him to finish, and then continued to sing something like, "Drink, another drink, it is so nice to

drink . . ." What insolence!

Of course I would never have admitted it at the time, but God was doing something in my heart. He was mellowing me, opening me up. Yet when a member of the choir told me, "Hubert, you have such a lovely voice, you should join the choir," I retorted, "I will never be a member of your choir! Never!"

As we approached Jerusalem, however, I grew quiet. Less and less, the vulgar songs came to mind. Hushed, I began to listen to others, and when we reached the Mount of Olives the Spirit of God touched my innermost being.

Once out on the Mount, overlooking the same panoramic view of Jerusalem which Jesus had seen on the eve of His crucifixion, I cried out silently to God, "If You *are* really alive, and if You really *have* risen from the dead, and if You have relationships with those who are

not priests, then show me."

That night I came to know Jesus in a personal way.

Later, during a time of group meditation, the priest asked if the Lord had given anyone a song. To the total amazement of everyone, including myself, I began to sing.

The next day when I looked about me everyone seemed different. I had despised so many of those present; yet now I felt love for them.

The following Sunday, having returned from our trip, I ignored the startled looks in church, got up from my seat and did just what I had said I would never do; I went up to the front and joined the choir. This act opened opportunities to speak to others after the service, and to share what God had done in my life.

Still, I had not given 100 percent to the Lord. He began to deal with me on this point.

In fact, God seemed more interested in the 20 percent left than in the 80 percent I had given. I loved auctions, business and living my way. Slowly I came to understand that there was no such thing as a "sort of Christian." Either I was totally committed to God, or not at all. With God there is no cheating. He wanted me pure in body, mind, soul and spirit.

At one point I came to the place where I was prepared to give up business and become a priest, but that wasn't what the Lord wanted. He simply wanted me to be prepared to be and to do as He directed.

When I came back from Israel in 1978 I had a good job working in a small family business, but my desire was to have a business of my own. To this end I found a house for sale in the center of Arras in 1980. My father went with a friend and me to see the building. The owners gave me four days to think it over, during which time they would not sell it to anyone else.

That evening in my excitement I had already worked out plans as to how I would redecorate the place. My father, knowing how I felt, told me, "The night will bring the answer. Have a good sleep on it."

That night I laid the whole thing before the Lord. I prayed, "Lord, I have given my life to You. You are the Master of it. You have a plan for me. Please, give me advice."

Afterward, I opened my Bible and happened upon Psalms 127:1: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." With this I went to bed and slept soundly.

Four days later, after making inquiries about the cost of renovating the house, I went to the owners and made an offer for the building. I gave certain conditions, and explained that they would have to lower the price because extensive repairs were necessary.

Months passed. I heard nothing, but still I had peace that my God was in control.

Finally the woman contacted me. "We are not going to accept your offer," she

(continued, page 34)

If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through *Voice*, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



PERUVIAN PASSAGE

Jaime Sabogal, M.D., Bryan, Ohio

I was born in Lima, Peru to a wonderful, close-knit family. The Lord blessed my whole family with such love for a dedicated wife and mother who spent a great deal of time in prayer. My father was a prominent surgeon; my four brothers and I followed in his footsteps and also became surgeons.

From the time I was a very young child, I wanted everything the world could offer, but I was never satisfied. A deep longing that I couldn't explain sent me searching for a truth that I couldn't seem to find anywhere.

I went to grade school and high school in private American Catholic schools in Lima, where I began to dream of training in America. I knew I had to work hard to make that dream come true, and work I did. I won several English spelling and reading contests at school, and after high school I decided to go into medicine.

Although my mother prayed fervently for the salvation of her seven sons and daughters, I didn't give my life to the Lord until I was grown and married. In spite of that, God was very generous with me. Almost every time I asked Him to do something for me, He did what I asked—but I persisted in calling His generosity "luck" or "coincidence."

Foreign graduate medical students who want to do post-graduate work in the

United States are required to pass a special test called the ECFMG. It covers most of what we learn in medical school, as well as an English language test.

Although in 1973 I had two and a half years of medical school left before graduation, I decided to take the test to see how well I could do. I was sure to fail it but, as I always did in difficult circumstances, I prayed. The Lord generously answered my prayer: of 100 students who took the test, only a few passed it. In 1974 I learned that I was one of them.

During my last year of medical school in 1975, I was accepted for post-graduate surgical training by Union Memorial Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland. As graduation approached in December, my excitement grew. At last

**Only a few passed. I
was one of them.**



my dream was going to come true.

However, fewer and fewer foreign medical students were being accepted for residency training in the U.S. and new laws passed by the U.S. government now made such training almost impossible for a foreign student.

Then, three months before my graduation, the Peruvian government passed a law requiring all graduating medical students to serve one year in jungle outposts. In another year it might be too late for me to go to the United States.

Again I prayed. This time God didn't seem to answer as before. I was sent in 1976 to one of the most remote jungle villages in Peru. Fortunately, after only a short stay in the jungle I was transferred to a hospital for the poor in Lima, where I finished my year of government service.

During that year I moonlighted as a house physician in Clinica Ricardo Palma, a private hospital near my home. I continued to bombard American hospitals with requests for acceptance. I took my typewriter to work and filled out endless applications and legal papers in my spare time.

By that time, the immigration laws had become so tough that no hospital in the U.S. could guarantee me a position. In addition, I had to take a new Visa Qualifying Examination which had a failure rate of 80 percent. My dream of going to the U.S. was beginning to grow very dim indeed.

One day a patient in the private hospital asked what I was doing. I explained all about my difficulties. She asked me to which hospitals I had applied. I named several, among them the Jewish Hospital

in Cincinnati, Ohio.

"I have a friend who is a cardiologist there," she told me. "I'll call him."

"Thank you very much, but it won't do any good," I replied. "Even my father's friends, some of whom are chiefs of surgery, can't help me because of the new immigration laws."

Three weeks later I received a letter from her cardiologist friend in Cincinnati. He told me that he had been a personal friend of my father, and he would insist that the hospital keep a position open for me until I could get to the U.S. Grateful as I was for his help, I was sure I would never get there.

Just a few weeks before my training at Jewish Hospital was to begin, the law was changed. I didn't have to take the Visa Exam, and I would be allowed to come to America to study at the hospital in Cincinnati.

However, the law only allowed me to stay two years, and it would take me five to complete the training. I refused to worry about that. The law had been changed once; couldn't it be changed again?

I began my training in July, 1977—and five months later the law was indeed changed. I was granted a five-year visa.

I wanted to specialize in orthopedics, but the problems involved were mountainous. Two of the finest resident fellows at Jewish Hospital had applied to the orthopedic program at the University of Cincinnati and were not accepted. Nearly 100 American doctors compete for every orthopedic training position in the country. I was a foreign medical student, on a five-year visa; I knew I had no chance.

However, I decided to pray about that, too.

At a party one night in early 1978, I chatted with a friend and another man whom I didn't know. The stranger seemed quite interested in me and asked many probing questions. I told him of my desire to specialize in orthopedics, and the impossibility of being accepted.

"Have you applied at the University of Cincinnati?" he asked me.

I explained that two friends of mine had recently been turned down there, so it seemed no use for me to bother. He suggested I obtain an interview with the chief of orthopedic surgery there. I replied that I was sure the chief was a very busy man and would not see me, but the man insisted I should try for an interview.

His insistence made me uncomfortable. Finally I asked, "How do you know all this? Do you know the man?"

He smiled and handed me his card: "Edward H. Miller, M.D., Professor and Director, Department of Orthopedic Surgery, University of Cincinnati Medical Center." *He* was the chief of orthopedic surgery.

Although I had prayed, when the answer came I gave "luck," not God, the credit.

Shortly before I started my orthopedic residency training at University of Cincinnati Medical Center, I met a student nurse named Pam. We had both been at Jewish Hospital for months, but we met just as her rotation there was ended and she was leaving for the last time.

We had both been praying for the right mate. We knew immediately that God

meant us for each other. In November, 1979 we were married. Our love for each other has kept us going under the most difficult circumstances, and I am grateful to the Lord for Pam, because I know that no other woman could have made me happier.

We wanted to be married in Peru. Three months before the wedding I flew there to arrange the details. Because I know immigration laws are confusing, I was extremely careful to check with the immigration department before I left the United States to be sure I would be able to come back to America. They assured me that everything was in order.



Two days before I was to return to the U.S., I reported to the American embassy as instructed. This was the last day the embassy would be open until after I was enroute to the U.S., so it was absolutely necessary that everything be

finalized that day.

After a long wait the embassy clerk reviewed my papers and told me that there was no way I could return to the U.S. with the papers I had. I explained that those were the papers the U.S. Immigration Office had told me I must bring. She replied that that was impossible.

I explained that I had a job and a future wife waiting for me in America. After nearly ten minutes of arguing, the clerk called the first secretary of the embassy. Nervously, I started to pray.

I explained the problem again to the first secretary. She told me what I must do to get my papers in order, and added that she did not think there would be any problem with my returning to the U.S. I breathed a quiet prayer of thanks.

By this time the embassy had closed. The secretary and I were the only ones there.

"While you're here," she suggested, "why don't you go ahead and fill out an application for your green card—your permanent visa to live in America?"

I stared at her. "Doesn't that take a lot of time and paperwork?" I had friends who had waited years for their green card, and some had had to retain the services of a lawyer to get it.

"Not if we start early. You seem to have all the papers needed. Let's get started on it now."

Three months later Pam and I were married in Peru, and six weeks after we returned to the U.S. my green card arrived in the mail. It arrived on my birthday—another special gift from God. He had taken a mistake and turned it into a miracle.

I had been admitted in Cincinnati as a second-year resident. I finished my four years of orthopedic training, and, through another series of miracles, began private practice in Bryan, Ohio on November 4, 1982.

Exactly one year later, the prayers of my wife and my mother were answered when I accepted Jesus as my Lord.

I was attending Dr. Lanny Johnson's arthroscopy teaching laboratory in East Lansing, Michigan. He is one of the most successful arthroscopic surgeons in the world. Eight months earlier he had operated on my wife, and I hoped to talk to him that day in the lab. However, the lab instructor told me that Dr. Johnson almost never came down to the lab.

As we returned to the lab after lunch, who should be coming down the stairs but Dr. Johnson? We started talking. I mentioned that I had heard that he attributed all his success to the Lord.

For the next two hours we talked about God, and by the end of those two hours, I was in tears.

I felt foolish crying in that professional atmosphere, but at the same time I felt very happy. With Dr. Johnson's guidance, I confessed that I wanted to receive Jesus, and to put Him totally in charge of my life. From that moment on, my joy and relief were indescribable.

God knew the right key to use to open my heart. Now I was eager to find real Christians with whom to fellowship. I had decided there were absolutely none in Bryan, Ohio, when a friend told me about Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. On April 14, 1984 I attended one of their meetings, where I saw 100

people who loved the Lord. I went forward to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit and a few days later my prayer language followed.

The Lord let me go through unusual circumstances to give me the desires of my heart—and through those circumstances He led me to repentance for my sins and full acceptance of Him.

The fact that He used a layman in my own profession whom I respected to introduce me to Jesus has convinced me that there are thousands of business and professional men like myself who will never know peace or receive eternal life unless we share the difference the Lord has made in our lives. □



Dr. Jaime Sabogal has practiced orthopedic surgery in Bryan, Ohio for two and a half years. He earned an M.D. degree from Universidad de San Marcos in Lima in 1977, and a degree in orthopedic surgery from University of Cincinnati Medical Center. He and his wife Pam have two children: Melissa, almost three, and Jaime, ten months. Until their recent move to Cincinnati to the same hospital at which Jaime worked in 1977, the Sabogals were members of Living Word Church in Stryker, Ohio, and Jaime was a member of FGMBMF's Bryan Chapter.



UPDATE!

Fellowship News from Here,
There and Around the World



YOU CAN TOUCH THE WORLD

The many-faceted outreaches of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International provide exciting ministries, reaching the highest levels of government and touching every segment of society. The same passion to bring men to Jesus which reaches out to corporate heads also reaches to confined convicts.

The foundation of this worldwide ministry, now serving Christ in eighty-four nations, is the local chapter. Banded together, men enjoy rich fellowship across denominational lines. They are strengthened by a spiritual support group of professional and businessmen.

Chapter meetings are held in pleasant, nonreligious settings where men may invite associates, clients and friends to hear dynamic testimonies of Christ-changed lives.

The chapter also provides training and challenging opportunities for a man to use his talents and to develop his leadership potential.

Many members not only minister in their own community but experience, through FGBMFI airlifts, the joy of introducing souls to Jesus in faroff lands.

Christian men who desire to enjoy fellowship, to grow spiritually, to increase their leadership effectiveness and to experience a greater sense of fulfillment are invited to write for information without obligation to: Membership Manager, FGBMFI, 3150 Bear Street, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. □

Above, left: FGBMFI is making a spiritual impact upon national and state governments worldwide; (left to right) Field Representative Joe Fry, Joe Walsh and FGBMFI President Demos Shakarian with International Directors Ronny Svenhard and Wendell Norby at State Capitol, Sacramento, California. Above right: (left to right) Assemblyman Wayne Gresham (Downey) and Bill Leonard (Redlands) chat with FGBMFI President/Founder Demos Shakarian on Assembly floor, where Demos was introduced to California Assembly. Below: Visitors from Germany and Poland touring Laymen's World Headquarters, Costa Mesa, California, are reminders of influence FGBMFI has around the world.

The 120 Club:

Men & Women of Vision

One hundred twenty obedient and united men and women waiting expectantly in an upper room were all filled with the Holy Spirit.

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it set upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts 2:2-4).

Result: people from a dozen or more nations, hearing them speak in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, carried the message back to their countries.

The experience of being filled with the Holy Spirit is available today to empower us to serve Jesus and, like those first believers, we can have a significant part in taking the Good News to the ends of the earth.

The 120 Club, an exciting new concept of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, is founded on the



conviction that there are thousands of people like you who love Jesus and who, like the 120 in Jerusalem, want to circle the globe with the Good News.

The new FGBMFI 120 Club offers you the opportunity, as a charter member, to become involved in a ministry that transcends national, racial and denominational barriers—a ministry making a spiritual impact at every level of society, from government leaders to convicts in prisons.

Why join the 120 Club?

- ✓ Be part of an exciting global ministry now in 84 nations
- ✓ Provide essential funding for reaching the world for Jesus
- ✓ Fill a significant role in achieving international goals
 - One million members
 - Forty thousand chapters
 - Chapters in every nation

As a member of the 120 Club, you will receive a membership card and an attractive lapel pin identifying you as a believer with a global vision and a deep commitment to see the world won to Jesus.

In appreciation for your involvement you will receive the first volume of FGBMFI's Laymen's Library. This handsomely bound 1,200-page *Strong's Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible* references every word in both the Old and the New Testaments.

Other benefits you will enjoy as a 120 Club member include purchase privilege programs such as hotel and car-rental discount privileges, registration in

a major airlines advantage program, and a Consumer Byline enabling 120 Club members to realize substantial savings on major purchases. Benefits are contingent upon the ability of the suppliers.

To become a charter member of the 120 Club, you need only to invest \$120 a year (\$10 a month) to help Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International continue and expand its vital soul-winning outreaches through chapters, conventions, airlifts, radio and television programs, publications and prison ministry. Your prayer and financial support will help strengthen an effective witness in the 84 nations already reached by FGBMFI, and will help to reach nations still untouched.

Complete the membership form below and mail it today with your check for \$10 and we will send you your membership card and pin, your *Strong's Concordance*, and the many other benefits.

.....

The 120 Club of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International **Membership Application**

I believe in the outreach ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, and I desire to become a charter member of the new 120 Club of FGBMFI to help reach the world for Jesus.

You can count on me to make an investment of \$10 a month to help FGBMFI reach the world for our Saviour. (I may elect to make a one-time gift of \$120 if I desire.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone(_____)_____

3000-34-000

B2013

Plundering Hell to Populate Heaven

Voice testimonies are usually presented by laymen. This account of how God transformed a missionary into "the Billy Graham of Africa" is published for three reasons: 1) to encourage readers to attend the FGBMFI National Convention, where he is a scheduled speaker; 2) to inspire believers to dream great dreams for God; 3) to challenge Christians to move out boldly into vital ministry.

Reinhard W.G. Bonnke, Witfield, South Africa

We're going to drive the devil right out of Africa, from Cape Town to Cairo, in Jesus' name!" declared the outwardly easygoing but very determined young evangelist at the dedication of the world's biggest revival tent.

The modernistic cream-colored, red-accented mobile auditorium had cost more than \$3 million. Standing seven stories high, it covered an area as big as three football fields and seated 34,000.

The dedication—February 18, 1984 at the opening of the Soweto, Africa crusade—was a day of triumph. The crowd of up to 50,000 included hundreds of overseas guests and ministers. Reinhard Bonnke's ten-year dream of the world's largest gospel tent had become a reality.

Just two months later, in the early hours of Sunday, May 6, a freak wind whipped

suddenly across the Republic of South Africa's cape peninsula. Unexplainable winds at ninety miles per hour ripped the huge tent to shreds. Set up on the Valhalla Sports Field outside Cape Town, it was to have helped launch Africa-wide crusades covering the continent.

Local shamans and voodoo practitioners had boasted that they would triumph against this "Jesus power"—and it looked like defeat.

The crusade was scheduled for May 19 through June 6. A local committee had just finished nine months of preparation. The weather would be too cold for outside meetings. The tent, four years under construction, was gone.

Then a word from the Lord came through a member of the organizing committee: "My glory shall be a canopy that covers the people, and the praises of My people



shall be the pillars.”

If His glory was to be the canopy there was no need for a tent. They would go ahead with the crusade.

Local churches agreed to enter into praise and intercession for suitable weather. The meetings would be held on the very spot where the twelve seven-story poles still stood, using what was left of the sound system.

One week before the crusade was to begin, a winter storm hit. Trees were uprooted, homes destroyed. The intercession and praise continued.

Just before the opening service, the skies cleared, the rain stopped and 20,000 people came.

On the final day, 50,000 gathered for morning and evening services. The crusade was extended for three days. At least 70,000 attended the last service. More than 29,000 had registered decisions for Christ in the meetings.

Had the tent remained intact it would have been too small to accommodate all those people. Once again, just as He had done time and again throughout Reinhard Bonnke's life, God had shown His mercy.

When Reinhard was only five and living in Königsberg, capital of East Prussia, the Bonnke family (there were six children) narrowly escaped being captured by advancing Russian troops as the Germans retreated from the eastern front. Their terrifying journey ended in a miraculous escape to Denmark across the Baltic Sea aboard an ancient coal steamer. It stayed afloat despite striking a mine and constant danger of air attack.

In 1949, when he was nine, Reinhard's mother led him to Jesus as his Saviour. He fell totally in love with Jesus; every area of his life was dedicated to the Lord. His favorite "game" was preaching to trees in a nearby wood. He loved to



attend the Pentecostal church which his father now pastored. When his mother saw him weeping, she relented and allowed him to go to midweek prayer meetings as well.

At one of these, God gave one of the women a vision in which a little boy broke bread before thousands of black people. Gesturing toward ten-year-old Reinhard, standing by his father, the woman announced, "This is the little boy I saw in the vision."

By the time he was a teenager, Reinhard had made up his mind quite definitely to be a missionary to Africa. God confirmed this to him in a dream, focusing particularly on Johannesburg.

At nineteen he went to Bible College of Wales. He did not read, write or speak much English, but after only three months he was preaching on weekends without an interpreter. At the school he learned by example, then by experience, to live in complete dependence upon God. Meanwhile, his burden for Africa continued to grow.

Two years later, Bible and diploma under his arm, Bonnke was ready to win Africa for Jesus. But the way was barred.

God led him first into tent crusades in Germany, then to Flensburg in northern Germany, where he pioneered a church for eight years. Here he met Anni, who became his wife. In 1966 the first of their three children, a son, Freddy, was born.

Still Africa tugged at his heart. In May of 1967, to the regret of his congregation, twenty-seven-year-old Bonnke left for that continent.

His first year at Ermelo in southern Africa was very trying. The Apostolic Faith

Missions Board for whom he worked restrained him from getting out to preach until he had learned the culture. Reinhard was impatient.

In May of 1969 an opening came at last to go to the tiny mountain kingdom of Lesotho. For the next six years he worked tirelessly, preaching from village to village, playing his accordion to attract the people.

These were tough but happy years. He built a fine church in the capital city of Maseru, started a Bible correspondence course reaching to other African countries, and broadcast the Gospel by radio. But there was still Johannesburg. . . .

God's training program continued. Reinhard still remembers the hot, dusty day, traveling away from home, when, after having gulped down some cool but unboiled water, he became violently ill.

By morning he was delirious and growing weaker. On the third day he saw a vision of a black blanket he knew to be death. It was about to envelop him.

Suddenly he saw the face of Jesus glowing before him, and heard a voice pleading with God for his life. He recognized the voice. It was that of Mrs. Kohler, a devoted member of his father's church in Germany. Bonnke slipped into a restful sleep. The crisis was over.

After his recovery he learned that indeed Mrs. Kohler had risen that day, urged by the Holy Spirit to pray for him. Through the day the burden grew; she knew she was interceding for his very life. God had underscored the importance of prayer to his ministry.

In 1970 Reinhard borrowed money to help needy pastors get a special deal on



Seven stories high, Bonnke's 35,000-seat tent covers an area equal to three football fields

furniture. The fast-dealing salesman skipped town without delivering the furniture. Reinhard was left to repay the loan. Embarrassed, he told no one about his loss.

Two weeks later at a special meeting someone pushed an envelope in his hand. "This is for your personal use," he was told. In it he found the exact amount he had borrowed for the furniture.

Not long after, while driving through the Free State on his way to Bloemfontein, he thought again of finances. The Bible correspondence course had been going for five years, with an enrollment of 50,000, but it was a costly business to keep it running.

He was reminded of the unhappy furniture deal. He told the Lord, "If I had borrowed that money to enrich myself, I could understand why You allowed me to fall into that trap. But, Lord, You know that I borrowed it to help my brothers. I cannot understand why You allowed it."

Bonnke says that what took place next is hard to describe. "Suddenly Jesus was

tangibly in that old car. It was as if it became a flaming chariot filled with the glory and presence of God. I was no longer conscious of steering the vehicle, or of the passing scenery.

"Then I heard a voice say, 'The flour in the box shall not diminish and the oil in the cruse shall not become less.'"

God was reminding him of His provision for the destitute widow who, because she baked the prophet Elijah a little cake from her remaining bit of flour, found her supply of flour and oil never failed through a long drought (1 Kings 17:8-17).

"Then," says Bonnke, "the glory lifted. As I regained my composure those words began ringing in my heart. I knew what they meant."

He told God, "All right, Lord, my two mission accounts at the bank . . . one is the box and the other is the cruse. My duty is to pour them out. Your job is to fill them up."

That was fifteen years ago. Reinhard's unflappable confidence in God's eagerness to provide frequently strikes

consternation in the hearts of those around him. Yet God has honored his risk-all faith.

A third event revolutionized his ministry. For all his years in Lesotho, it was still difficult to draw a crowd; fifty was exceptional. Longing for a real breakthrough that would shake people out of their lethargy, he invited a well-known evangelist with a healing ministry to preach at two services, Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Saturday night the largest crowd ever attended the church. The evangelist preached well, but something wasn't right. Halfway through his message he turned to Reinhard and urged him to close the meeting.

Reinhard replied in dismay, "We cannot do that. These people want you to pray for them!" Finally he did agree to the closing, insisting that all be prayed for next morning.

Morning came. The evangelist packed his things; the Holy Spirit was telling him to go. As the evangelist drove off, Reinhard cried out to God, "I am not a big-name preacher. I am just a missionary, one of Your little men. . . . But now I will preach at this meeting, and You will do the miracles."

The crowd was even larger than the night before. Bonnke walked to the platform, aware that everyone was asking the same question: "Where is the great man of God?"

He told them, then waited to see what would happen. Two men in the front row got up and left. Everyone else remained.

Reinhard began preaching. The anointing became so strong that his

interpreter slumped to the floor, tears streaming down his cheeks. After the interpreter had regained his feet and the message could continue, the Lord assured Reinhard (as He has also done in Luke 10:16), "My words in your mouth are just as powerful as My words in My own mouth." Reinhard was to call the blind to come forward.

He knew that in this land where people believed firmly in witchcraft, more than his own reputation was at stake. Taking a deep breath, he shouted, "In the name of Jesus, blind eyes . . . *open!*"

Before the sound had finished reverberating, a woman's voice screamed, "I can see! I can see!" Another, totally blind for four years, jumped forward, crying, "Give me something to read! I can see again!"

The crowd went wild. Cheering, they pushed forward. A mother with a crippled child, unable to get through, passed the boy forward over the heads of the crowd until his frail little body was thrust into Reinhard's outstretched arms.

As Reinhard prayed, God's power surged through the child's body and his legs began to vibrate. He put the boy down on the platform. It was like putting a wound-up toy on the floor. The boy stood for a moment, then started to run, his crippled legs straightened before everyone's eyes.

Miracles continued for several hours. When everyone had left, one man remained. He walked quietly to a darkened corner, bowed his head and prayed, "Thank You, Holy Spirit, for sending the big evangelist away. Thank You, because now

(continued, page 38)



JOE A. SAMPLE
0101

CHAPTER NUMBER

Full Gospel
Business
Men's
Fellowship
International

LIFE

EXPIRATION

**BECOME A LIFE MEMBER OF FGBMFI NOW.
SAVE \$200 OFF THE REGULAR \$500 DONATION!**

Men, you can honor Founder/President Demos Shakarian on his 72nd birthday by becoming a FGBMFI member for life. Send the coupon below with your check for \$300 to receive your life membership card and gold pin. (This special membership offer will not be extended beyond July, 1985.)

Enclosed is my \$300 donation for life membership in Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. (Mail checks to: FGBMFI/P.O. Box 5050/Costa Mesa, CA 92628.) 3101-15-9999

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Province, Zip _____

I am a member of Chapter # _____.

I am not currently a chapter member.

CORRESPONDENCE QUOTES

Sitting in the hospital waiting to have a blood-sugar test, I picked up a small magazine named *Voice*, brought it home with me and read it. Although I have Jesus Christ in my heart, and I read the Bible and attend Bible study and prayer meetings, I feel deep within that the Holy Spirit is lacking in my life. This is the first magazine I've seen like it anywhere. Whoever left it is a blessing to me.

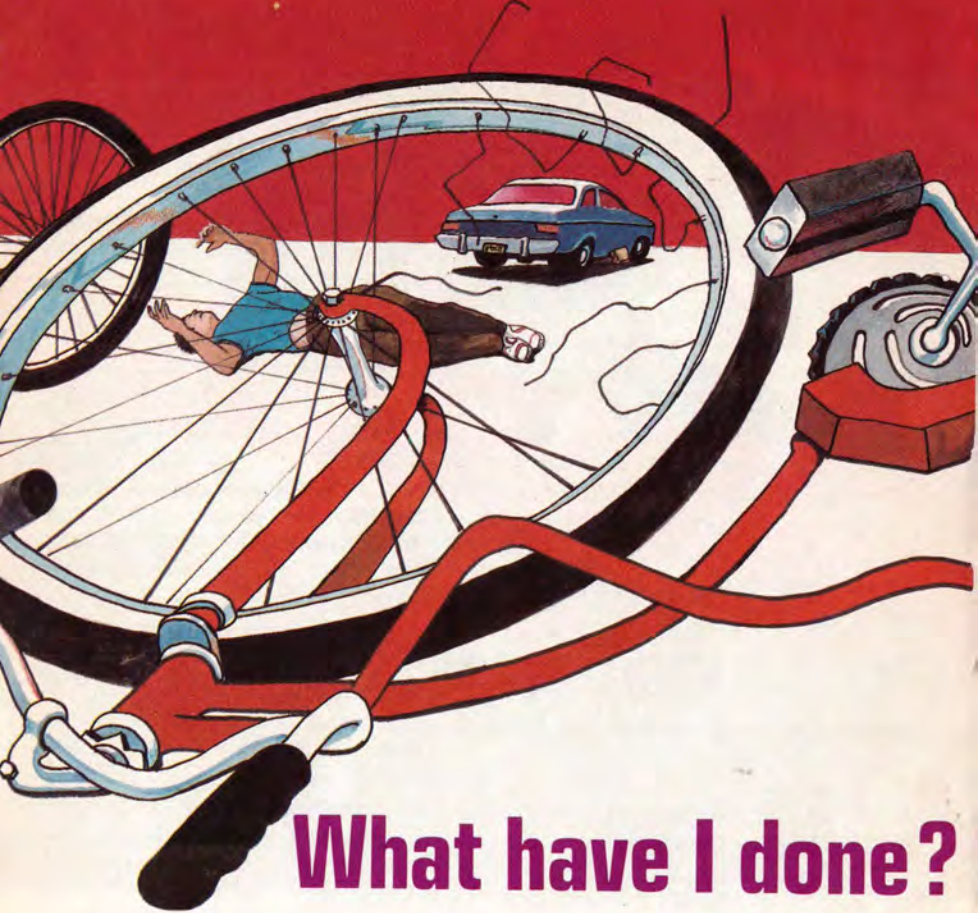
—A.G., Sparta, IL

I'm an assistant chaplain at a county boys' school and I get a great variety of Christian literature free, so I got upset when the price of *Voice* went to ten dollars for fifty copies. Well, I apologize. The magazine is too good to pass up. I'm a salesman during the week, traveling five states. I leave *Voice* everywhere—motels, restaurants, waiting rooms. That Iowa truckdriver who wrote you could have been a man who turned to Christ because of a *Voice* I left!

—J.W., Eden Prairie, MN

My chapter here in Nanaimo takes 1,200 copies of *Voice* and covers two mail routes a month. In a little over a year we cover the whole city.

R.L., Nanaimo, B.C.



What have I done?

John "Randy" Reed, Evansville, Indiana

I awoke the morning of September 20, 1981 hearing my name and a string of obscenities. "That Reed guy is in for it," said the voice.

"They'll throw the book at 'im," was the gruff response from another strange voice.

It was Sunday morning in the Vanderburgh County, Indiana jail. I was in for

hitting a young family of bicyclists with my car. Drunk driving.

I asked for a newspaper. Someone in the cell next to mine shoved the Sunday paper through the bars. I had to know the condition of the three people I'd hit. Because of my drinking on Saturday the 19th, I had not only hit the family, knocking the parents from their bicycles, but with one of the bicycles tangled under

my car I had dragged the baby for 2,300 feet—still strapped in the child carrier. The father was in serious condition; the mother and baby, critical.

I was still in shock from the accident, but now I felt lost, confused and utterly helpless. A small comfort in the midst of my despair was that the three were all alive. I was unable to think anything, other than that I was the most wretched of men.

As the morning wore on, one fact kept breaking through my anguish. I needed to find God, the God I'd always heard about from my parents. He had to be the answer to my hopeless situation.

As an up-and-coming \$30,000-a-year sales-account manager, I knew the necessity for personal contact. I had never sought God personally before, although I was aware of people who did. But I was not only mystified as to how to get in touch with Him; I was intensely aware of my total unworthiness even to try. With my back to the jail wall, so to speak, how dare I call God's name?

Bond was posted. My wife Celeste and my parents came for me Sunday evening. They also brought the devastating news that the baby had died.

My world as I knew it collapsed. The enormity of what I'd done was incomprehensible to me. I wanted to get to Madison, Indiana as fast as possible to talk to my parents' priest, Father Carl Buffington of Christ Episcopal Church.

After the arraignment the next day, at which I pleaded not guilty in order to buy time, we left immediately for Madison. Our own two-year-old daughter Kelli was

taken to my sister's home because I couldn't bear to be with her just then. She was a visible reminder that I'd killed someone else's daughter; I felt I didn't even deserve to see her, much less to hold her close.

When Father Buffington came to my parents' home that evening, we discussed my distressing situation. I'd killed a child and the parents might die as well. I would probably lose my job; I could lose my family.



The community had begun to hate me as though I were a maniac; people wanted to see my name, John "Randy" Reed, written in my blood. My lawyer quit; he knew my case would be a political football in which the many light sentences for drunk driving in Vanderburgh County could now be expiated by throwing the book at me. News editorials compared me to Charles Manson.

But, according to Father Buffington, all of this was secondary to whether I

had a relationship with Jesus Christ. When he asked me what that relationship was, I could only tell him I didn't know.

He said simply, "If you don't know, then you don't have one."

With that, I gave my life to Christ. All I was capable of at the time was a mental exercise, but it was a beginning and God honored it.

During the next two months I was assailed by fears and deep depression. I prayed, not knowing how to pray, and slowly became aware that I really did have a relationship with the living Lord. As I offered my fear and depression into the Lord's care, He answered with the gift of hope.

Before the trial my priest gave me spiritual counseling. My church offered support through prayers, love and friendship.

My four-and-one-half-day criminal trial began January 25, 1982. In the courtroom, the hatred for me was so thick that a chainsaw couldn't have cut it, or so I felt. A guilty verdict was returned after fifty minutes, to no one's surprise.

The Sunday before my sentencing, Celeste's father died. Within a week, she would have lost the two most important men in her life. I agonized over how she would manage. We buried her dad, and on the following Monday I was sentenced and began immediately to serve the two-year prison sentence.

None of the prison articles I'd ever read could have prepared me for the terrors of prison life, but I determined that while I "did my time" I would try to be a Christian witness. I talked of God's love to anyone who would listen, but I was

sure no one heard.

Unlike others' accounts of wondrous prison conversions, after serving my sentence I didn't have a single convert to my name. Still it was a beginning, and God had honored my other beginnings.

When I was released, I was fearful of the adjustments that lay ahead, but my wife and our church supported me with love and prayers. I was very much in debt; I needed a job; a \$6 million civil suit still confronted me.

In the weeks ahead, my debts were not wondrously cancelled; they increased. I could not find gainful employment. My anxieties over the civil suit mounted.

My faith was in crisis; God had surely forgotten me. My own Episcopal priest heard my lifetime confession, in which I asked forgiveness for every wrong I'd ever committed and some I probably hadn't. Although God had forgiven me, nothing seemed to have changed. The civil suit was approaching rapidly. Even prison seemed more peaceful than the way I felt.

The Friday before the scheduled court appearance, I was more uptight than ever. In order to decide upon a dollar value to compensate the victims for their anguish we would all have to relive the tragedy. The trial would involve viewing graphic enlargements of their suffering. Emotionally, I didn't think I could survive.

In desperation, I sought a Christian friend at the car dealership where I'd finally been able to find a low-paying job.

I roared into his office as though an entire shipment of cars had caught fire, and, interrupting his conversation, announced, "I need you outside right now!"

He didn't have to be told I wanted prayer, he could see it.

We circled the building several times, not unlike Joshua and his army. It would have been easier to pray for walls to fall down, but I wanted the Lord God to take charge of the courthouse where my trial was to take place. I didn't care how He did it; for a change I didn't even tell Him how.

On the last turn around the building, my friend said peacefully and confidently, "Randy, something miraculous will happen in your life—immediately!"

I praised God for these words of comfort as expectations tumbled through my mind: *Now I'll get a decent job.* That would be a miracle. *Better yet, the civil suit will be settled out of court. It's not too late for the lawyers to agree. What a relief that'll be. Maybe both!* Weren't these the things I needed?

Despite the prophecy of a miraculous event, I was hardly in a state of grace when my wife picked me up after work. I lectured her all the way to the drugstore section of Schnucks grocery to pick up a prescription. We were definitely not going to spend the evening strolling its endless aisles; we would go directly to the prescription counter on the right, then leave promptly.

She got the message. Meekly, Celeste followed three paces behind as I led her into the store and turned left, not right. At produce, I turned again and strode, mumbling, past jars of mayonnaise and mustard, then into household detergents.

I was half a store away from the prescription counter. Suddenly Celeste cried, "Oh, Randy, look at this beautiful baby!"



'The Lord has been working in my life...I've forgiven you'

We stopped to admire a tiny, absolutely adorable baby perched front-papoose style on its mother. I heard both women gasp and I looked up.

It was the mother of the baby I had killed.

In the emotional state I was in, had I seen her from a few feet away I would have fled. But when she took my hand I knew that this was the miracle my friend had foretold.

Still holding my hand, she said, "John, the Lord has been working in my life. I've needed to see you, to tell you that I've forgiven you." All three of us began to cry and hug each other.

I don't know how long we stood there, hugging and crying between the Tide and

Oxydol displays, but the laundry aisle of Schnucks surely had never seen so much salt water.

After not having seen the baby's parents even once in two and one half years, I learned through another chance encounter the very next day between Celeste and the mother at a shopping mall that the father had forgiven me too.

Searching the Scriptures soon after my conversion, I had read with amazement of God's miracles, but this miracle of forgiveness in my own life had me truly in awe. I had been sure that I needed financial relief, a really good job and the settlement out of court of the civil suit. I did need these, but God knew that in order to be a truly free man I had needed to hear words of forgiveness from the baby's parents.

Now I knew I could face even the impending agony of the civil suit.

On February 13, 1983 I arrived at the courthouse for the trial, but even before the beginning arguments were heard, my insurance company had agreed to settle the case out of court. Again I experienced God's grace.

I can never undo the wrong. It's impossible to restore the life taken. There is no way that I can ever pay for my sin. Aware of my guilt, I find new depth of meaning in the Apostle Paul's declaration, "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, Even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ, (by grace ye are saved;) And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: That in the ages to come he might shew the

exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus. For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God" (Ephesians 2:4-8).

I have experienced God's grace beyond anything I could have hoped for. By grace I have been saved through faith in Jesus Christ. □



John "Randy" Reed earned a bachelor's degree in social work from Murray State University in Kentucky in 1975. He was an in-service sales representative for Western Kraft, Inc. for two years, then became sales-account manager for Weyerhaeuser Co. in 1979. Since his release from prison he has been employed as a car salesman, and he and his wife Celeste have spoken in industries and at high school and college classes on drunk driving, in addition to giving his testimony at churches and Christian organizations. The Reeds have a daughter, Kelli, age six, and a son, John Adam, nine months, and attend St. Michael and All Angels Episcopal Church in Evansville. Randy is a member of the Evansville Chapter, FGBMFI.

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TWO TICKETS TO ISRAEL (from page 13)

told me, "but we do have something for you. When we were cleaning out the house I came across an old dossier I felt you might be interested in."

I went to see her. She handed me a paper, handwritten in gothic characters, with an artistic gold design around the edge. Apparently it had been done forty years ago by a missionary who spent some time with the woman's parents.

On the paper was written Psalms 127:1: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it."

A few weeks later I was in Arras, helping my parents, who owned a small shop in the country. I took their wares in a van to an open market in the town square. Having arrived late that morning, I was still arranging the merchandise when a business woman who owned a shop in the square came over for a chat.

"Hubert," she said, "you should have your own shop here in the market square."

"That would be wonderful," I told her, spying a building with a for-sale sign posted, "but it would be too expensive.

"I've tried to buy a shop," I explained, "but my offer was not accepted."

She asked for my telephone number, and promised, "I will make a few inquiries. If I hear of anything I will telephone you."

Three weeks later a solicitor telephoned, asking me if I was interested in a building in the market square in Arras. It all worked out ideally. I now own that shop in the center of Arras, with three floors and a spacious basement. We sell

men's and women's fashion clothing, such as Pierre Cardin and Ted Lapidus.

God had just the right building for us all along. We have even been able to start a weekly prayer group in the shop.

After my Israel trip I attended a dinner sponsored by Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, an organization which really excited me. Before long I began praying for a chapter in Arras.

Five years later a chapter formed, and at our first meeting September 5, 1983 seventy-seven people came.

Since I committed my life to God, He has given me a wife, Therese. He has given me a new business. He has exchanged my boredom for excitement, mere existence for real living, and guilt for freedom. □



Hubert Trabouillet is owner of a fashion shop in Arras, France, and is president of the local chapter of FGBMFI. He and his wife Therese worship at the Catholic Church in Arras.

Conventions

UNITED STATES NATIONAL

July 2-6, 1985

Dallas, Texas
Write: FGBMFI National Convention
Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

MARYLAND STATE

July 18-20, 1985

Mount St. Mary's College
Emmitsburg
Write: Mr. Charles Nichols
8122 Cambridge Dr.
Frederick, MD 21727

COLUMBIA GORGE

July 26-27, 1985

Hood River Inn
Hood River, Oregon
Write: Mr. Rodney M. Vickers
4300 Hwy. 35
Hood River, OR 97031

TWIN LAKES COUPLES' RETREAT

July 28-28, 1985

Twin Lakes Bible Camp
Rockwell City, IA
Write: Mr. Harry Komprood
2037-5th Ave. No.
Fort Dodge, IA 50501

ST. LOUIS AREAWIDE REGIONAL

July 31-Aug. 3, 1985

Henry VIII Hotel
Bridgeton, MO
Write: Mr. Walter Thorn
861 Manitou
Rock Hill, MO 63119

MISSISSIPPI REGIONAL

August 1-3, 1985

Holiday Inn Downtown, Jackson
Write: Dr. William Keller
Box 625
Laurel, MS 39440

NANOOSE BAY FAMILY CAMP

August 1-5, 1985

Pentecostal Camp Grounds
Write: Dr. Rod Lindsay
2224 Departure Bay Rd.
Nanaimo, British Columbia
Canada V9S 3V8

COLBY FAMILY RALLY

August 2-4, 1985

Colby Community College
Write: Mr. Roger Johnson
6400 Chick
Colby, KS 67701

MICHIGAN REGIONAL

August 7-10, 1985

Hyatt Regency, Dearborn
Write: Mr. John M. Packer
Box 526
Southfield, MI 48037

6TH KENTUCKY REGIONAL

August 7-10, 1985

Executive Inn Rivermont
Owensboro
Write: Mr. Randall Franey
2320 Middleground Dr.
Owensboro, KY 42301

WEST VIRGINIA STATE

August 8-10, 1985

Holiday Inn Charleston House
Charleston
Write: Mr. Clifford Haddad
4825 MacCorkle Ave.
So. Charleston, WV 25309

FLORIDA INTERAMERICAN

August 8-10, 1985

Sheraton Twin Towers, Orlando
Write: Mr. Al Malachuk
2982 Meadow Wood Dr.
Clearwater, FL 33519

NORTHERN ALBERTA REGIONAL

August 14-17, 1985

Westin Hotel, Edmonton
Write: Mr. Ken McAmmond
Box 333
St. Albert, Alberta
Canada T8N 1N3

WESTERN NEW YORK/ ROCHESTER REGIONAL

August 14-18, 1985

Genesee Plaza Holiday Inn
Rochester
Write: Mr. Jim McDonald
79 Norcrest Dr.
Rochester, NY 14617

Conventions published in this
issue were approved on or
before March 19.

HARRISBURG REGIONAL

August 14-17, 1985

Messiah College, Grantham
Write: Mr. John Guerrin
709 Russell Dr.
Harrisburg, PA 17112

BOISE VALLEY

August 15-17, 1985

Boise State University, Boise
Write: Mr. Larry D. Knapp
Box 7613
Boise, ID 83707

NEW MEXICO REGIONAL

August 15-17, 1985

Marriott Hotel, Albuquerque
Write: Mr. Clem Dixon
4807 Constitution Ave., N.E.
Albuquerque, NM 87110

CAROLINAS MEN'S ADVANCE

August 16-18, 1985

Camp Lurecrest, Lake Lure
Write: Mr. W. Reidy Lawing
c/o FGBMFI Carolinas Office
Box 9027
Charlotte, NC 28213

ADULT FAMILY CAMP

August 16-17, 1985

Holiday Inn, Oshawa, Ontario
Write: Mr. Bill Ballyns
R.R. 7, Simcoe, Ontario
Canada N3Y 4K6

ALABAMA STATE REGIONAL

August 22-24, 1985

Birmingham Hyatt House
Write: Mr. William Abercrombie
1413 Woodland Ave.
Birmingham, AL 35211

FORT DODGE REGIONAL

August 28-31, 1985

Holiday Inn, Fort Dodge
Write: Mr. Harold Brown
Box 13
Fort Dodge, IA 50501

KANSAS CITY REGIONAL

August 28-31, 1985

Overland Park, KS
Write: Mr. Bill Phipps
1201 W. Gregory
Kansas City, MO 64114

Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach

As this issue of VOICE went to press, the following were submitted as recently chartered chapters:

AUSTRALIA: Knox Chapter, John Wardle (no phone); Mossman Chapter, Scott Grimley 070981399; Sydney Warringah Chapter, Stuart Robertson 02-941472. **ENGLAND:** Blackpool Chapter, Kenneth Hobin 0253-822285. **FINLAND:** Pori Chapter, Hannu Ylikoski 358-39-34854. **UNITED STATES: ARKANSAS:** Hot Springs Chapter, Lawrence Raymond (501) 767-6847. **FLORIDA:** Palm Harbor Chapter, Hugh A. Richeson, Jr. (813) 785-0579. **INDIANA:** Stark County Chapter, Harry Paulsen (219) 845-2466. **NEW YORK:** Tri-Town Chapter, Leland H. Miller (607) 563-1064. **TEXAS:** Desoto/Lancaster Chapter, Howard Ryden (214) 223-3276; San Augustine Chapter, Feryl R. Little (409) 275-3493. **WALES:** Llandudno Chapter, Mike Russell 0492-76790.

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1. To enlist one million members to serve in the last great harvest of souls;
2. To establish 40,000 chapters throughout the world;
3. To have chapters in every nation on earth.

Their names and addresses are provided as a convenient point of contact for you to learn when and where chapters meet in your area, or to receive needed spiritual ministry.

They also serve as a point of contact for those interested in serving Christ through this organization, which includes men from almost every church affiliation and employers, employees and professionals who love the Lord and who are committed to bringing the full Gospel to a world in need.

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PLUNDERING HELL (from page 26)

nobody can say it was him. Everybody is saying it was Jesus who did these miracles. . . This is how I want to serve You. This is how I want to work with You."

Reinhard Bonnke had entered a new dimension of authoritative ministry. God was loosing him from his ties to Lesotho. The long-awaited move to Johannesburg came in 1974. In 1975 he began ministering there under the banner of Christ for All Nations.

Almost immediately the Lord showed Reinhard that he was to preach citywide crusades in sports stadiums. He began in the Botswana capital of Gaborone in 1975. Miracles and healings drew the people. A month later, when the Lord told him to call for people to be baptized in the Holy Spirit, 1,000 were slain in the

Spirit at the same time, receiving tongues.

The firstfruits of mass evangelism were heady. Reinhard told the Lord, "I have tasted honey. Let me never again be satisfied with syrup. . . Give me a million souls, plucked from the jaws of hell!" The Lord spoke: "I'll be with you. Go on."

He has. The ten years that have followed have made massive inroads into a continent of pain, revolution and hopelessness.

The catastrophe of the ruined tent was an expression of Satan's onslaughts. The resulting open-air crusade, attended by twice the people the tent could have accommodated, was Bonnke's response to the devil. The thousands of souls saved, deliverances and healings were God's vindication of a man on a relentless mission to "plunder hell and populate heaven." □

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer.

1. ACKNOWLEDGE: "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23). "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13).

2. REPENT: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 3:19).

3. CONFESS: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10:9).

4. FORSAKE: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord . . . for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7).

5. BELIEVE: "For God so loved the world,

that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16).

6. RECEIVE: "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:11,12).

Why not make your eternal decision now:

"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S **VOICE**

Vol. 33, No. 7, July, 1985

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WHO ARE WE?

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere in the world being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching eighty-four nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write Chapter Department, FGBMI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



Lobby of World Laymen's Headquarters, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Costa Mesa, California. Below: world globe, rotunda.





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From: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628