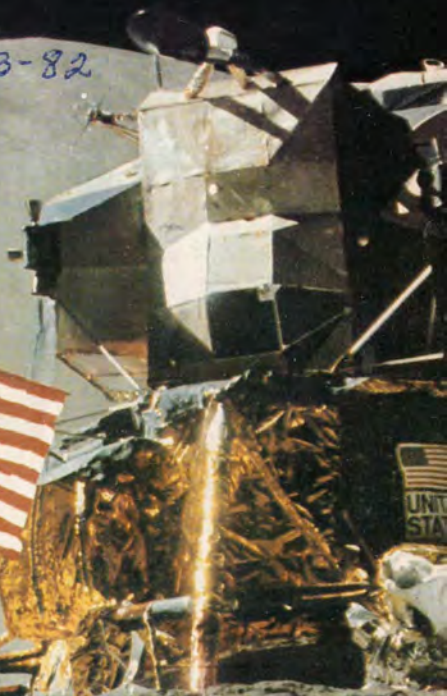


FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

03-82

.....
SPACE EXPLORER'S
SECOND CHANCE
.....





**SPACE EXPLORER'S
SECOND CHANCE**

James Irwin, Colorado Springs, CO

I was in a hospital, tied to the bed, flat on my back with two broken legs, a broken jaw and a concussion.

Cuts and bruises covered my entire body. My right leg was so badly shattered that the doctors were considering amputating my foot.

Though I was test pilot at Edwards Air Force Base in the California desert, it hadn't been during the flight of some exotic aircraft that the accident happened. It took place while I was flying with a student pilot who was at the controls of a little general-aviation airplane.

The student turned out of traffic and into a flat spin. Out of control, we hurtled toward the ground and crashed in the desert.

By all standards we should have died that day—and we might have were it not for the quick actions of those who pulled us from the wreckage, checked our injuries, then airlifted our broken bodies to March Air Force Base miles away at Riverside, California.

Now the difficult task began of putting us back together.

"This couldn't have happened to me, Jim Irwin, the hottest pilot in the

sky," I thought, lying broken and bruised in my hospital bed. But the answer was all too real. Jabbing pain attacked every inch of my body, reminding me that I was just another human being, subject to the same fate as anyone.

It occurred to me that I might never fly again. I was suffering from more than physical damage. My pride, my ego, all the things I felt important in life were being challenged.

It was humbling to lie there when I had just been assigned as the first test pilot to fly the world's highest and fastest plane, the YF12A. It was the best assignment a test pilot could ask for.

At a time in my life when I thought I was so very important, this accident had brought me quickly down to earth.

"Lord, why? Why did You let this happen to me? I've come so far, I've made it to the top. How could You let me fall like this?" My questions to God were repeated over and over. "Lord, haven't I been faithful?"

Well, I knew the answer to that. Although I'd always considered myself a Christian I was living a very selfish

life. As long as I could fly high and fast, as long as I could maintain that level of excitement, I figured that's all it would take to satisfy the soul of Jim Irwin.

I was wrong, and this accident proved that to me. It was the toughest trial, the most traumatic experience of my life. But because of it I was forced to take a close look at all aspects of my life. As I did, my need for a real relationship with my Saviour came sharply into focus.

I prayed that the Lord would heal me, and I prayed that He would help me to draw closer to Him through all

of July 26, 1971 when I joined the other crew members of Apollo 15 on our epic journey to the mountains of the moon.

Our destination was Hadley Base, a little spot at the bottom of the 15,000-foot-high Apennine Mountains. We were to be the first and only mission to explore the mountains of the moon.

Awakened at 4:30 that morning, we were prepared for the adventure of a lifetime. After a final medical check, we suited up, readied for the long, slow, anxious drive out to the launch pad.

I had to start over again at the bottom of the ladder.

that had happened. He did both, there in the hospital.

My test-project team had all but given up on me. However, with renewed faith I wasn't ready to call it quits. Eventually I returned to Edwards Air Force Base and astounded everyone with the announcement that I was ready to get back to work. Though I had to start again at the bottom of the ladder, our faithful God helped me to climb rung by rung back to the top—to the point where I was flying high and fast again.

In 1966 I was one of just 19 people chosen that year to become an astronaut. The next five grueling years were spent preparing for the morning

In the silence of that drive our thoughts raced as we approached that spectacular moment when we would leave the security of earth and be flung into space for an appointment with the moon. I found myself focusing in again on what was truly important—my relationship with the Lord.

I thought back to the time when I first accepted the Lord—30 years before my flight into space. I remembered the first joy of receiving the Lord Jesus Christ; how tears had welled up in my eyes as I simply and willingly invited Him to come into my life. For a few years I had been very active for Him, then drifted far away.

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE (ISSN #00428264) is published monthly (with the exception of August, which is combined with the July issue) for \$3.50 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92626, 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. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to VOICE at above address. March 1982 issue.

The last minute before the launch went very quickly. Before I knew it, I heard the word "Ignition!", then sensed and heard and felt that tremendous power—7½ million pounds of thrust—being released beneath our rocket as we began liftoff.

There was a complete release of tension as we cleared the launch complex. Within 12 minutes we were orbiting the earth.

Three days later we approached the moon's surface. Al Worden stayed in orbit while Dave Scott and I floated into the lunar module, separated from the command module and began our descent.

No amount of practice could have prepared us fully for the experiences that followed. As we neared the surface our rocket engine kicked up great clouds of dust. Cutting our power, we made a hard landing on the edge of a crater. The evidence of our visit would remain behind us, perhaps for millions of years; the exhaust from our rocket left a giant scar on the lunar surface.

I was profoundly moved by what I saw and felt. God's presence became increasingly real to me as we jolted over the rough terrain in the lunar rover, exploring the moon's crater-pocked surface. From the first core sample taken to the discovery of one of the moon's most ancient rocks, the Lord was there. Time and again He answered my prayers for guidance. Time and again I felt God's love.

Our last day on the moon was Sunday, and we took the rover out for a

Sunday afternoon drive.

"Jim, this sure is beautiful," said Dave Scott as we drove along. "Look at those spectacular mountains!"

Inspired, I tried to quote the first verse of Psalm 121: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

I knew without a doubt the source of my help. It came from the Lord who made the heavens and the earth, who made the moon, who made it possible for me to reach Hadley Base and to experience what few men before had experienced.

From the dawn of time earthlings have looked into space and wondered what was out there. We send unmanned craft on great journeys to look for life in and beyond our own solar system. But the real question we should be addressing is: Do we have the quality of life God means for us to have here on earth?

I figured that if I could fly high and fast, if I could reach the moon, I would be a fulfilled man. But I have come to realize, as have many others, that it simply isn't so.

Jesus Christ walking on the earth is more important than man walking on the moon. Just as He walked here 2,000 years ago, He is available to walk into a man's life today.

When I was finally willing to say, "Lord, take me now, use my life," that renewed relationship with God ushered in the most satisfying period of my life. And He is available to bring that same completeness to your life. All you have to do is invite Him in. □

***My testimony is not so much about what God saved me from
as about what He saved me for.***

Mr. President, would you allow me to anoint you with oil and pray for you?"

I could hardly believe it was my own voice. It was April 22, 1978, just a few days before Lic. Rodrigo Carazo Odio was to assume presidency of the Republic of Costa Rica. Only God could have brought us together.

All previous efforts to invite the president-elect to the Ambassador Hotel for a Full Gospel Business Men's breakfast had been unsuccessful. But God has His own way of opening doors.

A woodcarver, Louis Simon, had a son who was highly favored by the president-elect. While working diligently in Carazo's political campaign, the son was killed in an automobile accident. When his father asked on our behalf to see the president-elect he had immediate access.

"Next Saturday we will have a breakfast meeting," he announced to Lic. Carazo, "and we would like you to come." The response was, "I will be there."

My presence at the breakfast seemed to me to be as remarkable as that of the president. Certainly, 10 years earlier not even the wildest

imagination could have envisioned my requesting to pray for or anoint anyone.

I had moved up the corporate ladder of the Buick Motor Division of General Motors Corporation, and in 1967 established a large Volkswagen agency at Laredo, Texas. My holdings were later to include Subaru Inter-Mountain Inc. and from 1972 to 1975 I was also a major investor in Subaru Southwest Star.

Born and raised in Houston, I enjoyed all the cultural and social advantages of a southern aristocratic family. (The Swearingen-Peyton House, built on an old plantation in Keatchie, Louisiana and now a state historical society monument, remains in the family.) I see all this as God's preparation for a time when I would be reaching men in places of power. In retrospect, I can also trace what I know now to have been a continual groping for God. Yet each blind attempt to satisfy my intense inner need only ended in frustration. Neither the love of my beautiful German wife Anke, business advancement, financial security, social acceptance, nor religion could fill that unnamed void.

Ambassador Extraordinaire



Prime Minister of India Mrs. Indira Gandhi. Newman Peyton, and Milam County (TX) Chapter President Richard Crowe.

Then one day in June, 1969 Ed Hurlley, a wealthy contractor working on a big subdivision adjacent to my Volkswagen agency, came to my office. "God spoke to me this morning and

told me I must see you before noon. It's now 20 minutes of 12:00." Ed shared Jesus Christ with me and left a pamphlet to study.

For some unexplainable reason,

after he left I began to cry uncontrollably. Unable to face the corporate executives waiting for me, I slipped out a back door and drove home.

Anke and I went upstairs, found a Bible someone had given me, and sat down to read for about an hour. Finally, exhausted, I lay down to rest and Anke went downstairs.

you going to do what I want you to do?" This time I shouted it: "Yes, Sir!"

The sound brought Anke running upstairs and I described to her what had happened. "There is something different about you. I can see it," she said. The next day I placed a big ad in the newspaper which read, "Praise the Lord!—Newman Peyton." I want-



International Director Glen Norwood; Newman Peyton; Prime Minister of Belize George Price; and Oscar Pinto Rossell, I.D. for Central America.

Then, unexpectedly breaking the silence, a voice seemed to fill the room. "Newman, are you going to do what I want you to do?"

"Yes, Sir," I answered.

Although fully awake by this time, I rationalized that perhaps I had been dreaming after all.

Then it came again: "Newman, are

ed everyone to know that I had come to Jesus Christ and He had changed my life.

My testimony is not so much about what God saved me from as about what He saved me *for*. It would take a full-length book to relate the dramatic experiences of these last few years.

While Jesus had changed my life

instantly, the change was not complete. I still was unable to stop drinking.

Then one night Ed Hurley took me to a little church in Laredo to a revival held by a blind evangelist. The meeting was over by the time we arrived, and people were leaving. Nevertheless, the pastor, Richard Van Natter, a friend of Ed's, encouraged us to come in for a cup of coffee, a piece of pie, and some fellowship.

Outside there wasn't the slightest breeze to rustle the cottonwoods silhouetted against a dark, cloudless, star-splashed sky. After locking the church doors and windows we walked through the sanctuary, parted the thick, heavy curtain separating the sanctuary from the choir loft, and entered the pastor's apartment adjoining the loft.

The evangelist was explaining how to read Braille when Ed broke into the conversation: "I'm sorry to interrupt you, but God has just told me we need to pray for Newman to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit—*right now.*"

I didn't know anything about the baptism in the Holy Spirit, but I was so hungry for God. What should I do? Sit down, lie down, stand—what? Ed directed me to a comfortable chair. As I sat apprehensively digging my fingernails into my kneecaps, the evangelist and the pastor laid their hands on my shoulders. The locked church door flew open and a mighty wind—strong enough to blow the

sanctuary curtain parallel to the floor—rushed through the apartment, knocking over one of the lamps.

The Spirit of God came upon me in such a way that I could almost feel fire at my feet. I began praying rapidly in an unknown tongue. At that instant I was delivered from my need for alcohol and cigarettes. Then the door



Lic. Rodrigo Carazo Odio, president of republic of Costa Rica.

slammed shut, the wind died down, and the only sound remaining was that of my prayers.

Sometimes people are given the impression that, when they have been born again and baptized in the Holy Spirit, life is problem-free. Not so—as I was about to discover. I had made

(Please turn to page 28)



Examining the Evidence

For myself and a number of other engineers and astronauts, the near-disastrous flight of Apollo 13 was a turning point in our lives.

Robert E. Bobola, Seabrook, TX

Mr. Bobola, how can a man trained in the sciences like yourself believe in God?" That isn't an uncommon question, but in this instance the query came as a direct answer to prayer.

While in Honduras, Central America as part of a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship airlift team which included astronaut Charles Duke and several other members of America's aerospace program, we had agreed to be interviewed over a nationwide television broadcast. Although invited to discuss the space program, we had prayed specifically that God would somehow open doors for us to share our testimonies.

The reporter's question gave me opportunity to tell the people of Honduras why this aerospace electronics engineer believes in God.

I explained that, contrary to popular belief, scientists are not universally agreed on either theories or techniques used to validate them. For instance, even though many educators teach that evolution is universally accepted, not all scientists believe man is a product of evolution.

Nor do scientists agree on the "big bang" theory—the idea that our universe was initially formed by some

cataclysmic explosion of unknown origin.

Some scientists believe that the earth is millions of years old, based on the outcome of carbon dating, the results of which can be inaccurate.

But there are those of us who have come to believe that biblical accounts of man's origins are much more accurate than our latest popular theories.

As an engineer for the American lunar landing, my own thinking about the earth's age began to undergo changes even before I became a Christian. We had designed the landing vehicle with big "feet" that looked like salad bowls to keep the lander from sinking in the thick layer of dust we thought would have accumulated over billions of years. But after several landings it became apparent that the dust wasn't thick at all, and a few of us began to think, "Maybe things aren't as old as we thought they were."

For myself and a number of other engineers and astronauts, the near-disastrous flight of Apollo 13 was a turning point in our spiritual lives as well.

I was a project engineer for that flight, and I know now that while attempting to bring the spacecraft

down there were several times when we almost made decisions which could have jeopardized the lives of the astronauts. But millions of people, people throughout the whole world, were praying. It was only God's guiding hand that caused us to make deci-

posed my humanistic, hard-headed philosophy or that might interfere with my drive toward success.

No one could say I lacked ambition. Attempting to compensate for a sense of inferiority learned as a child, I'd developed an "I'm OK, you're OK"



Robert E. (Bob) Bobola, chief project engineer for Orbiter Space Shuttle

sions (many of which countered things we ordinarily would have done) that brought Lovell, Haise and Swigert back to earth safely.

Those same prayers, I believe, kept on working after the astronauts were home and eventually resulted in many of us turning to Christ. But at the time I wasn't really open to anything that

philosophy which gradually became "I'm OK, you're not so great!"

I had entered the NASA space program from the United States Air Force and enjoyed the prestige and challenge of being an engineer at the Manned Spacecraft Center. I was listed in *Who's Who* and was elected to our city council. I was proud of my

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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

As this issue was being prepared for publication, the following chapters were submitted as having been recently chartered. The president's name and telephone number are included in this list for your information. Write for information regarding the date and location of a chapter meeting in your area.

CANADA: QUEBEC: Maniwaki Chapter, J. Norman Brazeau (no phone). NEW ZEALAND: SOUTH ISLAND: Kaikoura Chapter, G. Silvey (no phone). UNITED KINGDOM: Wimbledon Chapter, Anthony Turner (01) 947-4361. UNITED STATES: ARIZONA: Globe/Miami Chapter, Steven W. Koop (602) 425-3949. DELAWARE: Milford Chapter, Jack Fitzgerald (302) 422-9145. GEORGIA: Fayette Chapter, Kenneth N. Eckhart (404) 487-7703. ILLINOIS: Carmi Chapter, Roger Price (618) 382-7441. MISSOURI: Kaysinger Basin Chapter, Harry Watts (417) 395-2249; Pony Express Headquarters Chapter, Chuck Sutton (816) 667-5519. NEBRASKA: St. Paul Chapter, Terry Tolliver (308) 754-5591. NEW YORK: Newburgh Chapter, James P. Lynch (914) 496-6313. OHIO: Delphos Chapter, David W. Maxwell (419) 695-1239. WASHINGTON: North Kitsap Chapter, James Talbott (206) 779-9404.

beautiful wife Carolyn and our two good-looking daughters. I believed in God, served as chairman of our church board and was convinced I was going to heaven because I was a good person. Neither disturbed nor unsatisfied with the man I was, I was still conscious of some vague restlessness within.

Then in 1975 my wife started acting strangely. She began urging me to make a stronger Christian commitment. During the week she would read her Bible often; then she began to associate with several women whose favorite topic of conversation seemed to be "the Lord." Finally one day I

convinced of their veracity.

Intellectually, I had proved to myself that the Bible was true and that I needed to accept Jesus into my heart as well as into my head. Now I had to decide if it was worth it.

To keep myself in good physical shape I went jogging every day. There's not much to occupy your mind when you run, so I would spend that time trying to negotiate with God. I think I was afraid Jesus would be more like a Texas cattle drover than a shepherd. I expected Him to come riding into my life, shooting at my heels, stampeding me into an unacceptable way of life. "Maybe after I drink up the rest of my

I'd developed an "I'm OK, you're not so great" philosophy.

asked her what was going on. "I've given my life to Jesus," she said.

I thought, "Well, that's good. She needs that." (I thought I already knew Him.)

It took about two years for Carolyn to persuade me to attend a Bible study, and that's where I first heard and understood James 2:19, where it says that even the devils believe in God. That bothered me.

Deciding to investigate the Bible a little more closely, I first checked the authors' credentials, and discovered that there are many thousands of manuscripts which substantiate the content of both Old and New Testaments. After careful study I became

Scotch whiskey . . . maybe after I get that promotion . . . maybe, maybe, maybe."

But I was the only one negotiating. Jesus had already made His final and best offer at Calvary.

One day I just gave up. "Go ahead and take me, Jesus—just the way I am." Although I wasn't aware of any immediate change in me, that night I awoke with an unexplainable sense of peace. It wasn't long before my family began to notice the difference. "Daddy doesn't cuss anymore," my daughter observed to her mother one morning.

My attitudes about people also underwent a change. I had always tried

hard to find traits in people that, by comparison, would make me feel superior. Now I began to look for and recognize the good in people, no longer finding it necessary to play "oneupmanship." On the other side of the coin, I became increasingly aware of my own faults, asking God to work



those things out of my life.

Carolyn and I began studying the Bible together, but I have to admit that my "spiritual man" still wasn't entirely satisfied. I wanted to be able to encourage people, to see Jesus change their lives too, but I lacked the boldness exhibited by the early

church. Most of the time I felt like an "undercover" Christian.

Then Carolyn received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at a Women's Aglow meeting. We'd been reading books on this experience, and I'd read the Bible enough to know that this was something Jesus had promised.

After a couple of weeks I attended a FGBMFI dinner, and when I saw those people openly worshipping the Lord I felt something in me say, "This is it, Bob!" Even in the midst of an experience which my natural, intellectual self couldn't comprehend, my spiritual man felt right at home.

At the close of the meeting when they asked if anyone wanted to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit, I slipped up my hand. That night I received the Baptism by faith in God's word, exactly as I had received my salvation. From then on I have had a genuine boldness to speak for the Lord.

The physical laws governing space flight have always been in existence, but man is only now learning how to use them. If Abraham had built a glider it would have flown.

Just so, the spiritual laws governing our salvation have always been in existence, but I had to discover them for myself and learn how to put them into action.

How can a man trained in the sciences believe in God? According to the evidence, I *have* to believe in Him. I've checked Him out personally, and He's for real. □

COMING TOGETHER

It's the 30th anniversary of FGBMFI, and we're celebrating it at our World Convention in beautiful southern California July 6-10, 1982.

This promises to be a week you will remember. Bringing us God's message of the hour will be notable speakers such as Dr. Paul Cho, pastor of the world's largest church in Seoul, Korea; Copeland; President of CBN Dr. Pat Robertson; Trinity Broadcasting Network Kenneth Crouch; International Directors Bob Trench from South Africa and Bob Horton from New Zealand; plus leading businessmen and laymen from all over the world!

Lovely Nita Edwards from Sri Lanka will speak at the ladies' luncheon.

Inspirational messages, teaching, children's activities, youth services—something for the whole family. Plus the invitation to visit Disneyland, Knotts Berry Farm, and many other southern-California tourist attractions.

Mark your calendar now! Plan to attend the FGBMFI World Convention as we all COME TOGETHER!



1982 World Convention of FGBMFI Anaheim, California July 6-10, 1982

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INTO his HANDS



Gordon V. Durr
Bellevue, WA

Who is this Dennis Bennett, anyway?" I asked a fellow church board member, my irritation coming through plainly. I had brought a guest to our men's regular monthly meeting, and was disappointed to hear that the speaker was a preacher, and an Episcopal priest at that.

My own church was humanistic in its outlook, and when our men's group got together the discussion seldom had anything to do with religion or Jesus. As for me, I had a good family life, no major personal hangups, a decent income which was moving me in a comfortable rut toward early retirement. Who needed God?

"He's just come up to Seattle from southern California," my fellow churchman replied. "I understand he got run out of his church down there. Something about speaking in tongues. It was in all the newspapers."

Well, I thought, maybe this will be worthwhile after all. I was interested somewhat in the supernatural, and had dabbled in Christian Science, spiritualism, metaphysics, ESP, and the writings of Edgar Cayce. Maybe this man Bennett had had some contact with the spirit world. So I stayed, never suspecting I would go home a changed man.

That evening the soft-spoken young priest shared with 40 of us men how, in 1959, just months before, he had

come in contact with an experience called the baptism in the Holy Spirit. He told us that it had revolutionized his ministry, his entire life. But it had also created a row in his church which eventually led to his resignation. Now he was in Seattle to pastor little St. Luke's, and already the ministry of the Holy Spirit was touching the lives of the people, and His church was beginning to grow, both spiritually and numerically.

I can't explain just how it happened, but that night as Dennis shared with us my own life went under new management. I raced home from the meeting and told my wife all about it. She thought I had gone crazy, but agreed to accompany me to St. Luke's that Friday night to hear Father Bennett (later admitting she went along only to look after me).

The outcome was that we were both drawn quickly into the experience of new birth in Jesus Christ, followed soon after by a wonderful baptism in the Holy Spirit. For weeks I was walking off the ground. What a wonderful thing to be 57 years old and starting life all over again! My head was really in the clouds.

But a couple of months later, some of those clouds started getting dark. My little printing business, which I had begun just two and a half years before, was facing bankruptcy. I had a wife and four teenagers to support, two of them in college. It looked as though we would lose everything.

In desperation I called Axel, an old friend of mine who always seemed to have his prayers answered. Axel often irritated me because he was always telling me what was wrong with me: "The trouble with you, Gordon, is you're too educated." Or "The trouble with you, Gordon, is you're too proud." And on and on. But fear drove me to call him, anyway.



"Axel," I told him, "you're always bragging about your connections, so get down here and pray for my business."

He came down, all right, but the first thing he asked was, "Gordon, have you put this business on the altar?"

Why, no, I hadn't put it on the altar.
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GLOBAL



The Three-fold Purpose of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

1. *To witness to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man, and by this to reach men for Jesus Christ, especially those having the same social, cultural or business interests as the person doing the witnessing.*

2. *To provide a basis of Christian fellowship among all men everywhere through an organism not directly associated with any specific church but co-operating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches.*

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International does not start churches. Rather, we desire solely to be a service arm to existing ones.

3. *To bring about a greater measure of unity and spirit of harmony in the body of Christ, where members are united in a common effort for the good of the whole body.*

HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to:

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FGBMF
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HANDS

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and I didn't want to.

"All I want from you is prayer, Axel. God gave me ability and brains to run this business. Now pray, or get out!"

But Axel's question kept prodding me. Finally after a week of torment I dropped to my proud knees and gave God the business, in more ways than one. I begged Him to take care of my family and, if I should lose the print shop, to help me pay off our creditors. When I got up, though, I was mad at Axel again and vowed that if my enterprise went belly-up I'd punch him in the nose for sure.

Less than a week later I was awarded one of the biggest jobs I'd ever had. It marked the turning point in my business. From then on, with God as

my partner, the place turned a good profit. Seven years later I sold the shop and retired comfortably.

Life didn't stop at retirement, though. In fact, my wife and I have enjoyed these past few years more than any others. We now have all our time to devote to things of God and the Lord has allowed us to minister to many, many people, particularly young folks.

For me, life began a little more than 20 years ago at age 57 when I discovered Jesus is real, and that the baptism in the Holy Spirit is a gift He wants every Christian to have. What a blessing to extend an experienced hand to some tearful youngster, and to be able to say, "I know. I've been there. Give me your hand and let's let God show us the way out." □



Oneness of spirit is the key that will open Asia to the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in these last days before the coming of Jesus Christ.

You can be part of an exciting evangelistic thrust in Singapore June 2-6, 1982, which will include the first All Asia FGBMFI Convention and Gospel

Rally '82, a regional outreach.

Leading Full Gospel laymen Demos Shakarian, Lionel Luckhoo of the republic of Guyana and others will witness to God's love and power.

Dr. Paul Yonggi Cho, pastor of a 200,000-member Korean church, will minister in the 60,000 seat National Stadium.

For information on how you may take part in this convention, write or phone: **Singapore Airlift**, Global Dept., Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626, tel. (714) 754-1400; or write directly to **Khoo Oon Theam**, Suite 06-09 Orchard Plaza, Orchard Road, Singapore 0922.

The Man Who



Sneered at God

William Isaac Cooper, M.D., Easton, PA

Bobby's been killed in a plane crash!" A numbing sense of unreality overwhelmed me as I listened to my mother's voice over the telephone.

For days I wept uncontrollably; my only brother had been my closest companion. When I finally emerged from grief I was an angry, embittered and militant atheist.

Christianity had already begun to lose its relevance for me while I was still in high school. Once in college, I decided to limit my beliefs to those things scientifically provable and discernible through the intellect and senses.

Although I had looked forward to

becoming a doctor like my father, I lacked self-discipline and by the time I had completed the pre-medical curriculum my grades were inadequate for admittance to the American medical system.

With the door to medical school abruptly closed, and having no other ambitions or direction, I gradually became submerged in the flourishing hippie subculture of the '60s.

After my brother's tragic death I could only sneer at the mention of the name of God. In this frame of mind, I enlarged upon a plan I had formulated before I lost Bob. Basing my operations from a hippie commune at Frankfort, West Germany, I began

smuggling hashish from anywhere in the world I could find it: Morocco, Holland, India, Goa, Nepal.

After two years the authorities became suspicious and I was busted at Dulles Airport as a suspected courier. I knew my drug-dealing days were nearly over. Reports began filter-

family and out of contact with old "straight" friends, I felt I now had no one to whom I could turn.

If I was, as the majority of scientific literature would indicate, merely a happenstance arrangement of molecules evolved over millions of years—without real purpose—then it no long-



ing back to me that the FBI was investigating my activities, but I was so deeply in debt that I felt compelled to make one last trip to Germany.

One night not long after arriving in Frankfurt I sat alone in the copy room of the commune's underground newspaper, quietly taking stock of my life. Deeply depressed, alienated from my

er seemed reasonable to go on.

But what if there were a God? Was He, as my hippie friends claimed, a nameless, vague, omniscious intelligence?

Or was He, as my parents had taught me, One who considered me and all mankind as His children and who had both a purpose and a plan

for my life?

If that were the case, it was reasonable to expect that if I turned my life over to Him He would give me direction. So I bowed my head and prayed:

"God, if You are, and if You created me with a purpose in mind—if You can bring any good out of my life—show me, and I'll do whatever You ask of me, even if it costs my life."

I can't say I really expected an answer to my prayer, but instantly I found myself plunged into a thick darkness in which I seemed to be sinking deeper and deeper. Then, just as suddenly, I felt myself being lifted.

of presumption to say yes, I dared not say no. "Yes, Lord, I'm willing." As I spoke, a rainbow of transcending beauty filled my entire field of vision—then all at once I was back in the copy room.

The presence of God surrounded me as again He spoke:

"I knew you when you were a child, and although you left Me I did not leave you. As long as you are obedient to Me I will perform My purpose in your life. But it will be for My glory—not yours."

Gradually the sense of God's presence faded and I was alone with my

I sat in the copy room of the commune's underground newspaper, quietly taking stock of my life.

My eyes were opened and there in front of me I saw what I sensed with certainty to be the city of Jerusalem.

To my right I saw Jesus Christ being crucified, a scene I might encounter in the emergency room after a major catastrophe. His body was covered with lacerations and welts. Sweat and blood ran in rivulets down His face and chest; His hair, intertwined with thorns, was caked with blood and dirt. I knew what I was seeing was not a dream.

As I looked on appalled, God spoke to me: "Can you do it?"

Immediately I remembered my rather lightly spoken prayer that even if it cost me my *life* I would be willing to serve God. While it seemed the height

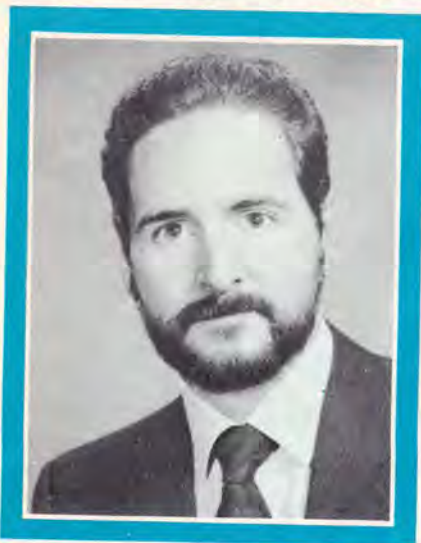
thoughts. "Has God really manifested Himself to me," I puzzled, "or have I experienced some sort of schizophrenic breakdown?" A day and a half later a telephone call came from the United States. Apprehensively I answered; no one knew of my whereabouts except other drug-dealers. Amazed, I heard my mother's voice. Somehow she'd managed to locate me.

"Billy Ike, what happened to you night before last? The Lord gave me a tremendous burden of prayer for you. You must tell me what happened!"

I cannot express the weight that lifted from my shoulders at that moment. For the first time in my life I had proof of God's existence. He was

real—and involved with me. Then Mom said, "Billy Ike, come home." And I did.

As soon as I arrived, Mom called a prayer meeting. That evening (although I felt I had already done so that night in the commune) I prayed a prayer of commitment to Jesus Christ. Then in response to my next



prayer Jesus filled me with His Holy Spirit while my body literally vibrated under the power of God.

At another meeting a few weeks later there was special prayer for God's direction in my life. The very next day I received a letter from a friend I hadn't seen in years, and who was now in medical school in Mexico. "If you want to make something out of your life," he wrote, "come down here and join me. All you need is your

pre-med requirements, short hair and belief in God."

Six years before, I'd given up all hope of ever being a doctor, but it was still the desire of my heart.

I flew to Guadalajara, and although I spoke no Spanish the Lord helped me to learn the language. Within three months I entered medical school. This time I maintained an "A" average. Time apart from my studies was spent in absorbing the word of God and in prayer fellowship with missionaries J.B. and Mildred McMath who grounded me in my Christian walk.

Two years passed. Then I began to feel God calling me out of Mexico. Prophecies were given that God was indeed opening and closing doors, moving to fulfill His purpose in my life. But it required a real step of faith. I had to drop out of school in Guadalajara to get the transcript needed to apply for transfer into the third-year class at George Washington University, Washington, D.C., the only school to which I felt led to apply. It was the following September before I finally heard from them. They had 200 applicants but there were no openings.

That evening I prayed, "Dear God, if You want me in this school I'll be in. If You don't, then I don't want to be there either." The next morning on the day of registration the dean of admissions called. "One student transferred to another medical school over the weekend. Would you like to take his place?"

That was only one of countless

miracles during my years of God-directed medical training. I have seen patients and colleagues saved and filled with the Holy Spirit and witnessed physical healings that defy medical explanation.

Then in February, 1980 I met Dr. Paula Raso, a young, Spirit-filled physician. "I intend for you to marry her," the Lord informed me.

"Well, that's fine, Lord," I replied, "but *You're* going to have to tell her that!" I deliberately made no move to indicate my interest in Paula. How-

has led us to establish a joint private practice in Paula's home town of Easton, Pennsylvania. Our prayer is that our ministry will be not only to the bodies but also to the souls and spirits of our patients.

My childhood dream had been to be a doctor. As I moved further and further from God's plan for my life I grew more unfulfilled and miserable. Because I did finally seek His will and follow His directions, that childhood dream (His plan for me all along) has come true.

The satisfaction I've found in being a doctor is nothing to the incomparable joy and fulfillment that has come through knowing Jesus Christ.

ever, about three weeks later we chanced to run into each other again.

"Bill," Paula said, "there's something I want to talk to you about." She proceeded to tell me that the Lord had spoken to her that He was sending her a husband—but she felt no peace about the two Spirit-filled men who had proposed to her since.

"The only one I feel at peace about is . . . the one who hasn't asked me yet." Needless to say, I took care of that situation right away.

Although in many ways we were still strangers when we married a few weeks later, immediately we were one in the Spirit. Our love for Jesus Christ and for each other has grown and multiplied.

Our residencies completed, God

But the satisfaction I have found in being a doctor is nothing to the incomparable joy and fulfillment that has come through knowing Jesus Christ personally, for in Him is life itself:

"I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die" (John 11:25,26). □

God has a plan and a purpose for *your* life. In order to line up with that purpose you must be born again through acceptance of Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord of your life. *The Six Steps to Salvation* are presented on page 31 to help you make that commitment. Discover the abundant life He has promised to all who believe on His name.

AMBASSADOR

(continued from page 9)

numerous investments, incurred millions of dollars of debt, and finally through a combination of circum-

choice. But I am confident God was encouraging me to follow Him instead through portals to places of power so that I might talk about Jesus with leaders of nations.



Mother Teresa, winner of the 1979 Nobel Peace Prize, has given her life as an expression of love to the dying of India.

stances and financial reverses it was necessary to sell the Subaru automobile distributorship to satisfy my obligations.

Looking back, I can see that God was slamming the door on a part of my life that I dearly loved, for I would never have left the automotive field by

Under God's direction I have made more than 70 trips outside the United States, including six to India, 14 to Europe, and the remainder to the Caribbean Islands and Central and South America.

I did not choose this ministry—God chose me. And He has called other

businessmen: Glen and Norman Norwood, Texas homebuilders; astronaut Charles Duke; a farmer, Demos Shakarian, founder and president of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International; and numerous others to witness in love to government leaders living in perilous times, holding awesome power, and weighted by intolerable burdens.

He has seen to it that we were in the right place at the right time. For instance, Glen Norwood and I checked into the Pegasus Hotel at

was given by Demos Shakarian, Prime Minister Burnham was among the first to stand for Jesus Christ.

Our effort to reach men at the top is by no means exclusive. If you were to go to Belize with me to meet my dear friend Prime Minister George Price, a great Christian, we would first be warmly greeted at the Fort George Hotel by Abba, a shoeshine boy whom we led to Jesus on one of our first visits.

God loves ruler and pauper alike, but we are convinced that when we

"...joy is finding what God wants you to do..."

—Mother Teresa

Georgetown, Guyana November 4, 1978—just days before the Jonestown tragedy that stunned the world. At a FGBMFI dinner November 7, famed criminal attorney Sir Lionel Luckhoo came to Christ.

A few days later, Congressman Ryan and his party checked into the Pegasus.

On November 17 we wrote a letter to Linden Forbes Sampson Burnham, prime minister of Guyana, inviting him to a FGBMFI dinner in his honor.

Congressman Ryan and his party were murdered on the 18th. The likelihood that Prime Minister Burnham would accept the invitation of an unknown religious fellowship such as ours now seemed remote.

Yet on March 1, 1979 he did attend that dinner, and when the invitation

reach top leaders in business and government the difference Christ makes in them is felt throughout the nation.

In our meetings with these men we do not offer political or financial solutions. We present Jesus Christ as the only answer for their national and personal needs. All men involved in the struggle for power live under threat of death; some of these men have endured incredible suffering. Many are coming to realize Jesus Christ is the only answer to these troubled times.

In Dominica's parliament 17 of the 19 seats are now held by Christians. The Honorable Charles Maynard, minister of health and education, is an international director of the Fellowship.

The comandante of the Nicaraguan



Linden Forbes Sampson Burnham (at right), prime minister of republic of Guyana, is greeted by Newman Peyton and (center) Demos Shakarian, founder and president of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

prison system has been born again. Through his efforts and those of Comandante Tomas Borge (who was also brought to Christ through the Fellowship) several thousand prisoners have found Christ. Subsequently, 2,000 of these have been released from prison.

General Policarpo Paz Garcia, president of Honduras, concluded a televised speech to his nation with this significant statement: "Now I would like to conclude this evening by placing my trust in the Lord Jesus Christ. I know that by trusting Jesus, He will bless our land of Honduras.

Jesus Christ is Lord!"

Mother Teresa, who has given her life as an expression of love to the dying in India, told me, "Newman, joy is finding what God wants you to do—and doing it," and she was so right. Thirteen years later, I am still grateful to God that when He asked, "Newman, are you going to do what I want you to do?" I answered, "Yes, Sir!" □

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 92626.

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 right 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 92626.

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

Volume 30 Number 3
March 1982

P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626
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What is the secret of the happiest people on earth? The answer comes not only from Demos Shakarian but from guests such as pro football star Rosey Grier, TV host Pat Robertson, author and educator Oral Roberts, astronaut Charlie Duke, businessman Bob Trench, musician Andrae Crouch and a host of others.

For information and brochure explaining how you may help bring this program to your area, contact your local FGBMFI chapter.

THE ONE-HOUR TELEVISION SPECIAL



From: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626

**THE APPLE VALLEY CHAPTER OF
FULL GOSPEL BUSINESSMEN FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL**
invites you to Fellowship with us on the 4th Monday each month
except December at the Apple Valley Community Center on Navajo
Road just south of Highway 18. Dinner served at 7 P.M.
Pastors, now pastoring a church, and wives invited as guests of the Chapter.
All children 12 years old and under will be served for \$1. Ladies are welcome
and all unable to attend dinner are welcome to attend the meeting at 8 P.M.
DINNER \$2.50 - Reservations Required. DEADLINE - 7:30 A.M. Day of Meeting
For further information call 245-7860 or 244-2807