

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

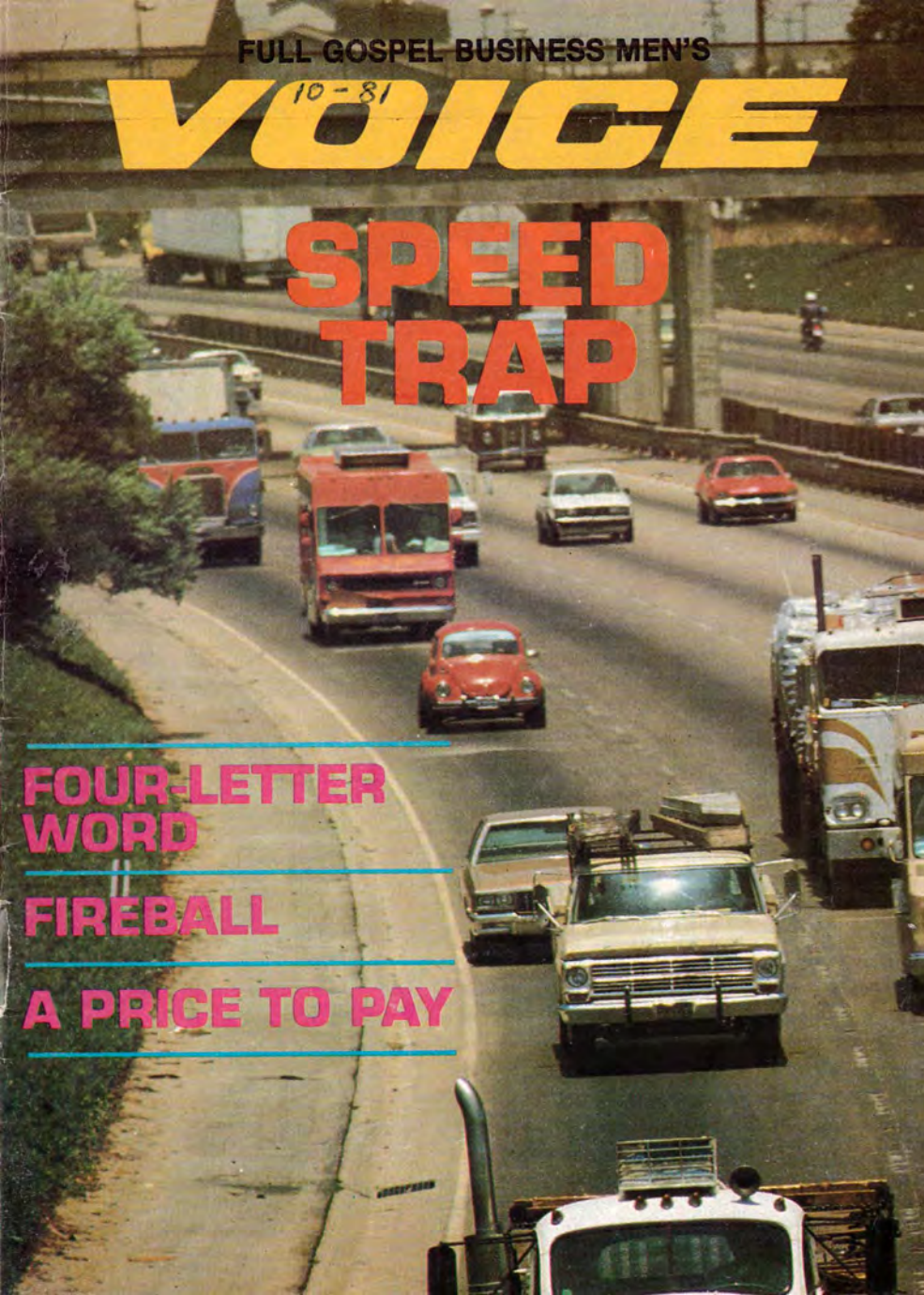
10-81
VOICE

**SPEED
TRAP**

**FOUR-LETTER
WORD**

FIREBALL

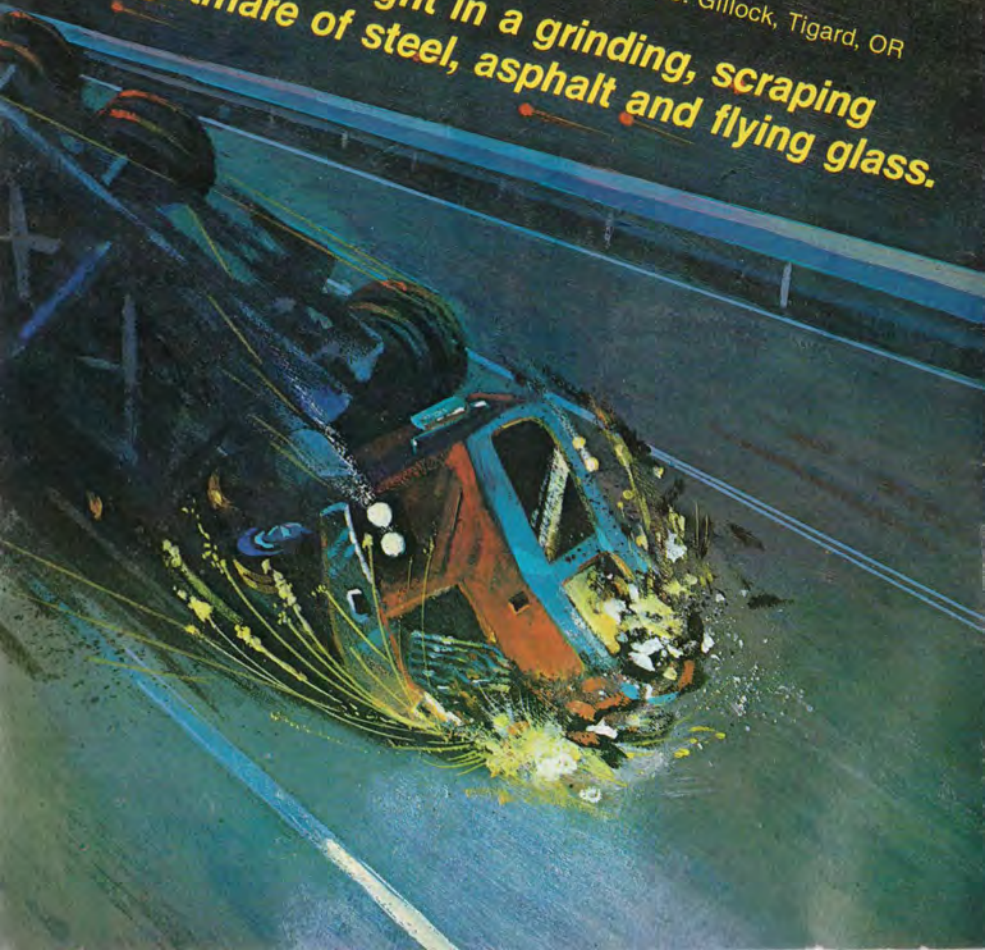
A PRICE TO PAY



SPEED TRAP

Franklin C. Gillock, Tigard, OR

I was caught in a grinding, scraping
nightmare of steel, asphalt and flying glass.



As I slept, I could still hear the monotonous drone of the big diesel, a noise I'd lived with most of my life. "Maybe everything will be all right," my tired mind comforted me. Maybe someday I'd be back on top again, making close to 30 grand a year, people standing in line to hire me to haul their goods. Maybe I'd even get my family back. Someday.

Crack!

Jolting awake, I instinctively jerked the steering wheel away from the noise at my right. I'd fallen asleep at the wheel of my tractor/trailer. The smacking sound was my cab demolishing a highway marker.

The tractor obediently bolted back onto the road, but the trailer was already mired in the soft roadside gravel. It began tilting onto its side, and the next thing I knew I was sliding down the freeway at 55 miles per hour in a grinding, scraping, screaming nightmare of steel, asphalt and flying glass.

As the ambulance carried what was left of me to the hospital I was certain that it was the end of the road for Frank Gillock. Looking over the logbook of my life, I could see I'd made one phony entry after another. It hadn't always been that way, though.

My mother and daddy were wonderful folks who lived close to God. Dad was a railroader by profession, an evangelist by nature. There were six of us boys and since Dad had been an opera singer before becoming a Christian, he taught us all to sing.

I gave my heart to Jesus when I was seven and ministered right along with my family in a quartet. Although I felt that God had called me into the ministry, at 16 I rebelled against Him and my family, setting my sights on a truck-driving career. Instead of preparing to preach, I got ready to roll.



I was 16 and ready to roll.

I worked hard, and after several years was one of the highest-paid over-the-roads in the city. My wife and baby didn't see me much. One job wasn't enough anymore so I took on extra work for other companies. Looking forward to the time when I'd have enough money to buy my own truck, I was on the road constantly. By 1969 I was relying heavily on "bennies" (amphetamines) to keep going. I was at the wheel, but Bennie did the driving.

Then in 1975 my high-flying world crashed all around me. My employers found out I was taking drugs and fired me. No one else would hire me for long-distance jobs. Soon, with my

money gone, the tensions caused by drug and financial problems created such turmoil in our house that my wife left me.

I could no longer get high-paying driving jobs, which meant I had to settle for less pay and longer hours. I needed Bennie more than ever. By 1976 my drug bill was \$150 to \$250 per week and growing. Finally I couldn't take it anymore. One February morning in 1977 I swallowed 100 bennies and lay down prepared never to get up again.

Five minutes after I took those pills my godly mother, nearly 250 miles away, was awakened with a powerful urgency to pray for me. She obeyed the voice of God, and the next morning I awoke disgusted to find myself still alive. Bennie had let me down.

Now, lying in a hospital, I faced months of therapy and treatment. It seemed as if every muscle, ligament and nerve-ending from my skull to my tailbone had been jarred loose in that wreck. The drugs I had taken and the life I had lived over the last six years had taken a tremendous toll on my body. Vitamin and protein injections had to be administered just to build my body to a point where the doctors could begin to treat my injuries.

Two months after the accident I tried to kill myself again. But Bennie

had let me down twice—once when I wanted to die, and again the night of the accident when I wanted to stay awake—and I wasn't going to let him do it again. I poured a bottle of Valium down my throat and chased it with a half-bottle of whiskey.

For a second time God alerted my mother to pray for me. I awoke the next day to find that again I'd failed to die.

At last God had my full attention. Unable to drive, listen to my CB radio, drown my thoughts in the noise of the diesel engine, or even die, all I could do was listen to the still, small voice of God.

One Sunday morning I turned on the TV to find Jimmy Swaggart singing, "The world will try to satisfy your longing...but only Jesus Christ can satisfy your soul." Those words really hit home. My mind and body had been reduced to a shambles by drugs and God was saying, "Come back to Jesus."

"Lord," I cried out, "I've been just like Jonah. If You'll show me how to find You I'll come back to You." I didn't know that even before I called out to God He'd begun to bring me back to Himself. Nor did I know that He intended to bring someone else back with me.

At a roller rink where we'd taken

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our children, Beverly and I struck up a friendship that was to lead to marriage. She was a backslidden Christian, too, and just as lonely and desperate for God as I was. We made a vow to each other that as soon as we were married we'd go back to church. We became man and wife November 5, 1977 and six days later went to church to rededicate our lives to the Lord. From that moment on God began to do amazing things for us.

One Sunday morning I was in such pain from the aftereffects of the accident that I was going to go home after Sunday school. Instead, Beverly persuaded me to stay and have the deacons pray for me. They did, and as I returned to my seat I realized I was no longer in pain! Before, I could turn or bend my head only a fraction of an inch. Now I could turn it easily to either side and tilt it freely backward and forward. Praise the Lord!



In January, 1978 I received a new infilling of the Holy Spirit, an experience I'd first had as a youngster. The Lord began leading Beverly and me into a singing ministry. We formed a group

called the Wings of Song Trio, named after a group my brother and I had in my teen years. God has opened many doors of ministry to us.

One of my biggest thrills has been to graduate from Clackamas Community College with an associate of science degree in community leadership administration. God helped me graduate in the top 10 with a 3.68 grade-point average. I consider the transformation into an honor student of this one-time burned-out speed freak to be one of God's greatest miracles in my life.

I believe that the stiff neck I suffered for many months after the near-fatal accident was a physical expression of my spiritual condition: stiff-necked and stubborn. Today whenever I move my head I try to keep it in an up-and-down "yes" motion, especially when I talk to God. This is one Jonah who never wants to say no to the Lord again.

"When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord: and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple. They that observe lying vanities forsake their own mercy. But I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving; I will pay that that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord" (Jonah 2:7-9). □

Perhaps you too are running from God. Franklin Gillock has presented Jesus Christ as the answer to his life and yours. If you are ready to let the Son of God do for you all that He desires to do, the Six Steps to Salvation (page 31) will be helpful.

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by DR. FRED LADENIUS



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Love Is a Four-Letter Word

Max Call
Garland, TX

The man in front of me at the truck-stop counter waiting to pay his lunch check was big enough to go bear hunting with a stick. Clutched in one oversized paw was a porno magazine. The cashier added the price of the magazine to his meal check and, giving him his change, asked, "Do you actually read that stuff, or just look at the pictures?"

With gruff laughter he answered, "A man's gotta keep up with what's happening in the world, don't he?"

Shaking her head at his back, she watched him leave the restaurant be-

fore turning back to me, eyes filled with obvious concern as she totaled my bill. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"I know that guy," she replied. "He used to be a sweet man. I went out with him a few times, but then he started getting kinky ideas." She pointed across the aisle to the rack of magazines and books. "He *believes* the filth in those books."

Two blasts from a truck airhorn made her turn and look out to the parking lot, my change still in her hand. "There he goes—I'll bet he pulls into the very first rest stop and crawls

into the sleeper with that magazine!"

Driving north to Oklahoma City, I passed the first rest stop and, sure enough, the big man's blue-and-white rig was parked just where she said it would be. But he wasn't alone in his world of fantasy. In that sleeper beside him was the devil, adding fuel to the fire of his imagination. The driver was making someone's sick fantasy his own, reaping its lonely reward, surrendering his nobility to a lie.

But that was not the reason for the nauseous feeling that hit me in the pit of my stomach. It was the knowledge that I had played a part in the devil's plan.

You see, I'd been a pornographic author for eight years, creating lies for Satan's use. I had corrupted the lives of my readers, using sexual fantasy. Opening the devil's toy chest, I used what I found to titillate the imaginations of unwary people, glorifying degradation, humiliation and human slime.

When my words stimulated him to seek the promised satisfaction of fantasy, I chortled with glee. I knew his search would end in frustration; what he sought didn't exist. He'd paid me to torment his soul. He'd been sucked in by my lies. Best of all, I knew he'd do it again and again. A taste for pornography is an educated taste, because its flavor is so foul—the gall of the human mind, but habit forming, once the bitter taste has been accepted. The end result: my reader became a hunk of living pornography.



AUTHOR MAX CALL

The words I wrote were purposely intended to create a hunger in my reader's mind, to lead him to the very brink of hell. Couched in sophistication, they told him, "If this isn't happening in your life, then you're not getting all the gusto in life."

For eight years I had turned love into a dirty word. But it wasn't until November, 1975 that I realized what I had done.

My second pornographic novel had

been completed. Just before that a British publisher had accepted a short story of mine dealing with the same subject—sodomasochism. I was certain my book-length manuscript would find a ready market. Before sending it in, my wife Murney and I decided to spend two weeks visiting her sister's family in Dallas.

I wasn't really looking forward to the trip. I considered Clare and Jean Weakley, a Methodist minister and his wife, to be "spooky" in a religious sense. For 14 years I'd consumed 40 drinks a day and I knew they would have no booze in their home.

In addition, I had big money bet on every television football game during the 10 days surrounding Thanksgiving. I knew they wouldn't enjoy that much football, but I wanted to see every game. So I made a little deal with them.

"Look, guys," I schemed, "if you'll let me watch the football games I'll go to church with you one time while we're here."

That may not have seemed like much of a deal for them, but when you consider that I believed I only had to go to church three times a year to be considered a good Christian, that represented a 25-percent increase in my church attendance.

"Agreed," Clare said. "Since you're an Episcopalian we'll go to a Friday night prayer-and-praise meeting at the Church of the Resurrection in north-east Dallas."

That night Father Wesley (Ted)

Nelson explained the baptism in the Holy Spirit from the Scriptures. He was a former advertising man like myself so I really listened to what he had to say. His face reflecting joy, peace and love, he told how he'd met Jesus and received this gift from God.

My previous church experience had been limited to off-and-on-again membership in a couple of churches. But I knew Christ only intellectually. To me He was a historical figure and nothing more—until that night, when the pastor's explanation of repentance struck deep into my heart. I thought of all the men who had been sucked into a life of blind frustration by my lies.

I began to confess silently as many of my sins as I could remember. It was hard to believe God would forgive me for all the things I had done, but as I opened myself to Jesus I felt His love move in my heart. Experiencing for the first time in my life the true meaning of love, I knew in that moment that I could no longer write perverted lies about it.

Later at the communion rail I took a tiny sip of communion wine and a miracle happened that convinced me again that God loved me. It didn't taste like wine—and I discovered my need for alcohol was gone! My old life was ended. I was born again with Jesus in my heart.

The following Tuesday evening in the Weakley family room I asked for and received the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I could feel holy power filling

my body and the gift of tongues came the next day.

After church the night after Thanksgiving, Murney and I both felt that God wanted us to move to Dallas. The very next day we left for California to sell our home there.

By April we were back in Texas. I no longer had an advertising agency, no longer wrote pornography, no longer had the desire to drink. What I *did* have was a consuming thirst for the Word of God. The same Bible which I had previously found so confusing now seemed clear and relevant to my life.

It was a terrific struggle to learn to write all over again. Years of creating verbal sexual fantasies had left me ill-equipped for dealing with reality, developing characters, explaining motives. (Nothing in pornography is real, so sticking to the truth isn't important.)

I also had to get over a newly acquired case of the "big head." I found my work being soundly rejected by Christian editors. What was wrong with the manuscripts I was turning out now? Hurt and mystified, I began desperately praying for answers from God. A Christian writer's conference that summer was the answer.

From Rita Bennett, one of the conference speakers, I learned this basic truth: "If what you write glorifies God, it will justify itself. But if it glorifies the flesh, it *can't* be justified."

In my heart I knew this was why my manuscripts were being rejected. I had been too busy trying to impress

my readers with what a wise and wonderful person I had become and had completely missed the fact that I was a baby Christian who still had a very long way to go.

But Jesus is redeeming and transforming all I ever learned in Satan's service. Now as I aim my writing toward honoring Him, He has begun to fill my basket with work.

The Lord has spoken this to my heart: "Max, I want you to go to publishers and sinners. I want you to write the truth of My love in words they will understand. Your typewriter is your pulpit; use it for My glory."

So I began my career as a Christian writer. First I wrote the story of George Meyer, Al Capone's wheelman, *They Called Me Devil*. Then Tommy Ashcraft and I wrote *Prodigal Husband*, the story of Tommy's transformation from an immoral womanizer into a servant of God working through FGBMFI.

But it was not until I'd begun my third book, *Deadline in Rome*, that I was able to grasp the dignity and spiritual equality of women. And that was something I had to learn from Jesus Himself even as I wrote.

Once I used the power of the written word to pervert and desecrate. Past wrongs can't be undone, nor can evil words, once printed, be erased. But God has been merciful and forgiving toward me, patient to teach and to change me. Out of this sometimes painful, always dynamic, process He is enabling me to use my talents and abilities to be a blessing to others. □

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Great Falls, MT 59404

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Write: FGBMFI-Canada

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THE IMPOSSIBLE CONVERT

Rollin Packer, Wood River, NE

If ever they take a poll in heaven of all the people who are there through sheer prayer power I will be near the top of the list. I had no desire for spiritual things. Drinking, gambling, carousing, and making money were the things I cared about. If people had not been praying for me I believe I would be on my way to hell today.

I got married the same year I started earning my living from farming—1960. Or maybe I should just say I started *farming*; there wasn't much of a *living* from it that first year. We had four acres of potatoes, 20 acres of callouses, and very little money to show for it. The next year was even worse. We harvested 10 acres but half

of the crop froze in the barn. My wife Joyce wanted me to try some other method of killing us but I decided to stick with farming one more year.

One thing we had going for us was that the potatoes we managed to get to market had a reputation for high quality, so gradually we started getting more buyers. The third year we increased our acreage to 30 and it continued increasing year by year. As a result we began to prosper.

The problem was that as money became more plentiful I started drinking heavily and playing the ponies. The highlight of my week was the day the bookie sheet came out, when my friends and I could get together and figure points. I started betting big, \$100 and more on each race.



Monday nights were the second highlight of my life. The boys and I would get together to play poker, get loaded with beer, bet on the football game, and generally raise a ruckus. About once a week I'd go to town and forget to come home. And a couple of times a year I'd really get in a brawl. At one time both our local bars told me I was welcome to stay away because of my fighting.

Everyone in town respected me when I was sober, though, because I always paid my bills on time and no one could say I didn't provide for my family. By 1975 our business was up to 200 acres and I was having a ball. I figured my wife could take care of our home and three children and she did the best she could. She took them to

church, even taught a Sunday school class, but my rowdy behavior was tearing her up inside and she started drinking by herself at home.

Then one night one of her friends invited Joyce to an evangelistic meeting. The preacher spoke out a prophecy during the service: "There's an evil spirit in your home dividing one member against the other. But a great visitation of God is coming to your home. The whole neighborhood will talk of this miracle and these words will be written so that all may hear of the great things the Lord has done."

When she came home and told me, all I could think was, "Oh, boy, maybe that means the 'tater market is going to hit \$10 a hundred next year!" Then I forgot about it.

Well, strange things started happening to me. For as long as I could remember I had a habit of taking the Lord's name in vain. But now all of a sudden when I would hear someone curse like that it cut me like a knife. I didn't know why.

Then, too, if I saw anything religious on TV I'd switch channels as fast as I could. One day, though, I ran into a FGBMFI convention with Kathryn Kuhlman and Oral Roberts. By the time the program was over tears were streaming down my prideful face and somehow I knew Jesus was real.

Later I found out that my brother-in-law Dale and his wife were praying for me and so was my wife. I know they enlisted the prayers of others, too. God was moving in my life, but I wasn't ready to give in yet. Instead I went to Las Vegas all set to have a good time on one of my frequent rounders. But when I got there all the glitter and glamor just didn't work for me. I had the worst time of my life.

At Christmas Joyce and I went to my brother's house for dinner, and my fanatical brother-in-law Dale was there. He and Joyce started talking about the Lord; Dale had given her a *Living Bible* with some scriptures marked in it. I was watching a football game I had bet on, but somehow I just got sucked into that conversation, anyway, forgetting the game entirely.

For the next three hours it seemed as if it were just Dale and me in that room. He told me I didn't have to change for Jesus, who had paid the price for my sins 2,000 years ago. In

fact, I couldn't hope to change unless Jesus was living in me. Then he asked me flat out if I wanted to accept Jesus as my Saviour.

I was feeling things I'd never felt before. I had to say yes. After I prayed a simple sinner's prayer, I can't describe how wonderful I felt. The love of God just went through me from head to toe.

Then Dale prayed for my knee to be healed. I was about half-crippled from having fallen off a stage while dancing with a go-go girl during one of my weekly drunks. The knee had pins in it and I had to wear a brace. Dale told me to just keep praising God as I went home, and that was the strangest binge anyone ever saw me on. At home the next morning I sat down to watch a football game and noticed my knee didn't hurt anymore! Then the dog, who'd always been afraid of me, jumped up in my lap just like we'd always been best friends.

As I watched the first kickoff I realized I'd forgotten to place my bet. But I didn't care. God had healed me of my compulsion to gamble. And just in time, too, because the team I favored lost that day. I was \$550 richer for not betting!

I started devouring the Word, reading the whole Bible in the next 30 days. God convicted me about my huge collection of porno magazines, too, and Joyce and I used them to build a big bonfire in a 55-gallon drum.

I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at a ladies' prayer meeting, and that must have been some sight: an

old carouser in the middle of 35 ladies, praising God and speaking in tongues!

We dedicated our farm to the Lord. We walked with our Bibles in our hands all around the land. I laid hands on the machinery and anointed the potato sacks. We even had the name "King's Kids" and Matthew 4:4 printed on each sack—about a half million, at last count.

The devil has tried hard to set us back. For instance, one year we lost half our crop, but God intervened with a price raise and we broke even that year. Recently my wife contracted a rare disease, bacterial endocarditis, which resulted in a long hospital stay. But, praise God, she is back home again, completely well!

This year we plan to raise 600 acres of potatoes. God has provided us with a new farm and all the equipment we need to expand. Just as that preacher prophesied, a great visitation of God has come to our home and the whole community knows about it. They all know that Rollin Packer has stopped living for the devil and started living for God. Now that my testimony will appear in *Voice*, the part of the prophecy about it being "written for the world to know" is coming to pass.

My testimony is also recorded in Romans 10:20: "I [the Lord] was found of them that sought me not; I was made manifest unto them that asked not after me."

Thank God for people who pray for "impossible" converts like me. □





Bunk Busch, Tulsa, OK

fireball

As I watched the wreath of fire descend slowly toward my head I told myself, "Bunk, you've pushed your luck too far. You have been around this bunch of Christian loonies too long. You've finally caught whatever it is they've got."

I had been living my life like a ball of fire, and now this wreath of fire was coming down on me to do—I didn't know what. How had a nice fella like me gotten into a fix like this?

I'd gone to church off and on (mostly off) since I was a kid; they gave us tickets to the Friday movie matinee if we went to church on Sunday. I could stand church if it meant watching Tim McCoy and Tom Mix later in the week.

My father was the first oilfield trucker in Oklahoma so I grew up in the trucking business. I bought my first truck when I was big enough to drive it, about 15 years old. Five years later in 1937 I married a redhead

named Mildred. She raised three kids and I raised quarter horses. Meantime, my business grew from two trucks to a whole fleet, and we hauled to all the oil boom towns of Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas, and New Mexico. I felt I had my life in what I thought was good order: my horses first, my business second, my family a distant third.

God wasn't even in the running.

Mildred took the kids to church anyway. She never smoked or drank and she didn't approve of the way I entertained my customers. In fact, we used to say she was as square as an apple box. I left her out of my business life entirely for fear she might insult one of my big clients.

I drove my body like a long-haul diesel—except I took better care of my trucks. My first heart attack came when I was 39. After that I carried a stock of nitro tablets, bicarbonate of



soda, water and whiskey in my car. The bicarb was to back up the nitro when it got stale, the water was for the bicarb, and the whiskey was to keep Mildred from pouring it down the sink when I left it in the house.

In 1960 and 1961 I spent a total of 13 weeks in the hospital recovering from heart attacks. By then I was beginning to own the fifth floor of the hospital but I still didn't learn to take care of my health. I just kept driving, popping nitro and bicarb, and hiding the pain from my family.

One day, out in California visiting our daughter, we happened to be in a restaurant where a lot of activity was going on in one of the back rooms. I thought maybe they had a slot machine or something like that but the checker told me it was just a minister praying for the sick. Well, Mildred had been having awful pain in her right leg, and that night it was giving her

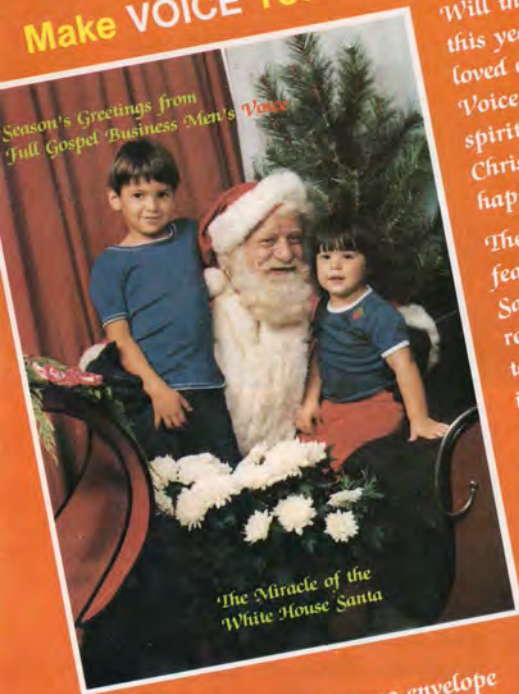
fits. I grabbed her by the arm and back we went.

The minister had her sit in a chair, then told me to come around in front of her. He showed us that one leg was shorter than the other and had me yank on the short one to see if I could pull it out, but I didn't make much progress. Then he just placed his hands under her ankles and began praying in tongues. That leg grew longer right before my eyes, which were big as teacups. It was the first miracle I'd seen. I had attended church some when our kids were growing up and even served as an usher in order to keep from going to sleep. Up to that time I thought a miracle was when the service ended by noon.

One evening after we got back to Tulsa my wife told me we were going to a Kathryn Kuhlman meeting. I told her I didn't have time for that kind of

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junk and she should go with her girlfriend.

If you think I didn't go to that meeting, you don't know redheaded women. There were thousands of people at the service, and many of them stood up to receive healing as Miss Kuhlman called them out. I thought she must have paid them to pretend to be healed, but then a little old grandmother carried a small boy down the aisle past us and I could see he couldn't walk very well. Miss Kuhlman said, "Put him down." The lady did, and the boy started running back and forth across the stage. I thought, "Now, how could they possibly bribe that little boy to do that?" Then a lady near us was slain in the Spirit, but I thought she'd fainted. When I started to pick her up Red punched me in the ribs and said, "Sit down and mind your own business."

Well, things got worse after that meeting. Little tracts started popping up all over the house. There were tracts under ashtrays, in the ceramic praying hands on the coffee table, and a tract on the bathroom mirror so big that I had to look around it to shave. Then one day as I was headed for the truck yard my wife told me she had a ticket for me to attend a breakfast at the Hilton Hotel. I tried to fight her off but that red hair bristled and I ended up at a FGBMFI breakfast. When I got there I saw a lot of crazy men hugging one another, raising their hands and shouting when they should have been praying very solemn and quiet the way you're supposed to,

I could see that the child being carried down the aisle by his grandmother couldn't walk very well.



and talking in foreign languages. It was too much for old Bunk, but I ended up with another ticket anyway. Don't ask me how.

This went on for several months. Every time I'd try to forget to go Mildred was kind enough to help me remember. One morning I sat next to a man who asked me where I went to church. I told him and he asked if I'd ever been saved.

"I got sprinkled on the head and the church gave me a letter," I defiantly shot back. He asked if I'd been born again. Well, that made me mad, mainly because I didn't know what he was talking about. He asked me to repeat a prayer after him, and I did it just to get rid of him.

Something funny happened, though. I kept going to those meetings and found myself sitting closer and closer to the front. One morning as Brother David Engles ministered I happened to look up at the ceiling and saw this ball of fire about the size of a large Christmas wreath floating down toward me. It was plain that no one else saw it. It kept coming down, right on top of me and all the way through me. I started bawling and mumbling in a strange language. I slipped out of the meeting as quickly as I could so none of those men would see me crying and muttering to myself. I tried all the way home to plug up the leaks in my eyes, but it just couldn't be done.

When I got home I was ready to have myself committed. I told Mildred, "You won't believe what happened to

me this morning." But when I described it to her, she just grinned. After awhile it finally sank in that I had had a touch from God, and been baptized in the Holy Spirit. That was the day the Lord moved from my head to my heart, and He's been living there ever since.

But it didn't stop there. A few months later John Osteen came to speak to our FGBMFI chapter. Pointing to me, he said, "That man has colon and stomach trouble, and if he will stand up the Lord will heal him." I did my part and God did His part. Afterward, though, I did complain a tiny bit. "Lord," I asked, "why didn't You do that a few weeks ago before I invested hundreds of dollars for X-rays to tell me exactly what Brother Osteen told me tonight?"

Later on I believed God for a new heart as well. I figured if He could heal my stomach and colon He could overhaul my heart. He did. I haven't had a heart pain for over two years! Jesus also healed my shoulder of chronic pain as I confessed and claimed His promises.

The fireball life I lived before has been replaced by a different kind of fire—the all-consuming yet all-satisfying fire of the Holy Spirit. You can have all of the other kind you want—and you can have my portion too, because I held onto it till it almost burned me up.

But I'll bet you'd rather have God's kind of fire. Take it from ol' Bunk, it's a fire that'll change your life. □



ASPHALT MISSIONARY

Jim W. Keys, Halifax, PA

There's no good reason I should be alive today. The only thing I can figure is that God needed a genuine, for-sure hardhead to reach the men and women who pilot eighteen-wheelers across the asphalt and concrete lifelines we call highways.

It more or less takes a trucker to reach a trucker, so for the last 30 years my pulpit has been the rocking, rolling cab of a big diesel and my congregation has been every driver who'll slow down long enough to step inside my church-on-wheels. You might call me an asphalt missionary.

People who want a nice, safe, easy profession generally don't become

truckers. It's a hard, sometimes dangerous, life. Many years ago I adopted as my slogan a portion of Proverbs 21:31: "Safety is of the Lord."

My life is a testimony to the truth of that verse. I was born (just barely) on July 28, 1930. I weighed in at less than three pounds and hardly had strength to breathe, but my grandma rubbed me in olive oil, wrapped me in flannel, and put me out in the sun to bake. Sounds bizarre, but it worked.

I grew up in Ontario, Canada and at the age of seven almost drowned when I fell into the Black River. The third time I went down I saw great, beautiful rainbows and knew I was about to

die, but just then a huge hand came out of nowhere and pulled me onto the dock, where someone started pumping water out of me.

At age 13 I was helping my dad pump gas at the truck terminal where he worked. While Pop was gone for awhile I took it upon myself to stamp out a little piece of burning paper someone carelessly left near the pumps, forgetting I was saturated with gasoline myself.

In an instant I was a human torch. Some truckers managed to get the fire out and get me to a hospital. The medics called my parents but neglected to say my condition was serious, so my folks didn't arrive till four hours later. Meantime, the hospital couldn't do anything without my parents' consent so I was pain personified until they came.

Pop was as mad as a trucker in a speed trap. World War II was still in

session, and the hospital staff thought it had suddenly come to Ontario. Fortunately, tannic acid had just been discovered as a healing remedy for burns and at least they had applied that to my body while waiting. I was in misery, but I was alive. I couldn't help but wonder why.

A few years later a young man in my high school shop class—a German-American whom some of my classmates had been tormenting over his nationality—lost his temper and threw a chisel at some boys near me. That thing missed and went into my back clear up to the hilt, barely missing vital organs and severing the muscles in one arm. But again I'd been spared.

During my teen years I made a profession of Christianity but never did yield my life to Jesus. I looked much older than I was and took advantage of it to lead as wild a life as I could.



*"I forgot
I was saturated
with gasoline."*



But by the time I was 20 I was so burdened down with guilt that I couldn't sleep. I remember coming home to an empty house and going into a state of panic, thinking the rapture had taken place and I'd been left behind.

Finally in the autumn of my twentieth year, after wrestling with God for three nights, I gave in to Jesus. I experienced a beautiful peace, and as soon as I got off my knees I reached into my wallet to tithe my paycheck. Somehow I sensed that if God had control of my billfold He had control of me. He's honored that attitude ever since.

The following year I got married, then went to Bible school, fully intending to become a foreign missionary. But God kept impressing on me, "Go back to the trucking industry and work for Me there." For three years I protested. Then I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at a church in Toronto, and I knew definitely that God wanted me on the road.

Starting with a single truck, I turned a big trailer into a traveling chapel with a huge lighted cross over the cab. I would not be surprised if quite a few hopped-up truckers have pulled over and accepted Christ just by seeing that big, fiery cross rolling toward them in the dark, lonely night!

Gradually more trucks and chaplains were added. We preached the Gospel, exhorted the men to remain faithful to their wives, even promoted traffic safety as a by-product of Christian living. Our rolling chapels carried

our slogan: "Safety is of the Lord." We'd pull up at every truck stop and invite the men to come to church. Many mean-looking drivers have wept at our chapel altars and invited Jesus to take the wheel of their lives.

Recently I have felt the Lord leading me to form the first charismatic ministry to truckers, under the name Association of Christian Truckers. We have a new tabloid called *Wheels Alive*. I believe this added emphasis on the ministry of the Holy Spirit will help men to retain and grow in their Christian experience, even in a field of work filled with temptation.

One man wrote us after reading a trucker's story in *Wheels Alive*, "You know, chaplain, I used to drive with this man back in the 60s. We used to be real hellraisers, women chasers, and so on. I lost track of him over the years till I picked up a copy of your magazine. I read where he saw in the Bible that the wages of sin is death, and bowed his knee and accepted Christ as Saviour. I knew if God could do that for him He could do it for me. So I just knelt down by my truck and asked God to forgive me and save me through Jesus Christ."

People tend to think of trucking as a life of hauling freight down the highway, with a nice coffee jug and the CB radio on, ordering breakfast eggs "sunny side up" at your nearby truck-stop. But there's more to it than that. From sunup to sundown on the road, life can get pretty lonely. Men traveling the highway need something more than the road ahead to occupy

their time. That's why many turn on to drugs, alcohol, and sex at truckstops. But none of these things seems to satisfy for very long. They don't make the loneliness go away. And trucking can be a hard, dangerous life.

Over the last 30 years "Secret-Service Christians" have been coming out and boldly telling truckers across America about the life-changing power of Jesus Christ. They're coming out of the ranks of dock hands, office workers, mechanics, and drivers in the trucking industry. And the field is wide open in South America, which has twice as many drivers.

I have been blessed to see the Holy Spirit mend broken marriages, save men's souls and lives, and even increase traffic safety. We've seen hundreds come to know Christ right there beside the truckstops. One night in Atlanta a family pulled their rig beside the Spirit of the Road (our traveling chapel) while our crew was asleep. Next morning when the crew returned from breakfast they found the whole family, four people, sitting on the chapel steps, and the first thing they said was, "Sir, we want to be saved."

And God continues to protect. Not long ago I jumped in to stop a fight between two truckers. One of them had a broken beer glass in his hand, but he dropped it when I confronted him.

"I'd have gutted you, Keys, if it hadn't been for that cross in front of you."

I didn't see any cross, but that driver did. Safety is *still* of the Lord! □



A PRICE TO PAY

Paul Christensen, Holdrege, NE

You know this isn't going to work," I muttered to myself. "All it will do is postpone the day of reckoning for awhile."

I was at the bank again, borrowing money in yet another desperate attempt to shore up my sagging trucking business. What a contrast! Just a few months earlier, my cattle and freight hauling enterprise had been a prosperous operation with 45 employees, terminals in six midwestern

cities, and more business than we could handle.

Now it seemed I spent all my time scrambling around for working capital. Overexpansion and lack of adequate cash flow coupled with my own wild and fast living had backed me into a financial corner. My wife and I had already sold out our interest in another business in order to straighten out our truck line checking account. But that still wasn't enough. The day of



PAUL CHRISTENSEN

reckoning was fast approaching.

When that day came, sadly we sold out our share of the truck line for a grand total of one dollar. That took care of back taxes and some notes I had signed personally. When the roof was through caving in, all I had left were two old trucks and three trailers. And I still owed \$50-\$100 thousand.

Throughout our ordeal I knew I was on the wrong track and that I ought to confess my sin and get right with God again. But there would be a price to pay, and I knew what that would mean. I would be giving the driver's seat to God.

Yes, I had once been a Christian; I received Jesus as my Saviour in my teen years. But I was a depression kid, raised on a dried-up Nebraska

farm under a blazing sun that sucked every drop of moisture from our scraggly corn crop and scrawny herd of cows.

I married a Christian girl from my home church and spent every waking hour scrabbling for enough money to support us. It wasn't long until we fell away from God and the church. We didn't plan it that way. We were drawn into the rat race of materialism in order to take care of our physical wants and needs. In the process God came in second, then third, then fourth, and finally He didn't figure in our plans at all.

We had three kids, which only spurred me to work harder than ever. I had hauled livestock and freight night and day, and gradually our business had expanded. Several years of success had been followed by the disastrous period I've just described, when my financial chickens came home to roost.

But even though I wasn't ready to give in to God my wife rededicated her life to the Lord and, with our three children, began praying for me.

One day I was driving to Kansas City in one of my battered trucks, worrying about how I was going to pay off my debts and support my family, and generally analyzing what had gone wrong with my life. Suddenly I remembered the apostle Paul's Damascus-road conversion described in the book of Acts.

"Paul," I told myself, "you're just like that other Paul in the Bible. You've been 'kicking against the

pricks' just like Jesus said Paul was. Why don't you quit trying to battle God and turn your life back over to Him?"

There was no brilliant light. I didn't fall on my face and I wasn't blind for three days. But deep in my heart I realized I just didn't want to live anymore if I had to handle my difficulties in my own strength. Right there and then on the road to Kansas City I confessed my sin and gave God the wheel of my life.

That was my most important day of reckoning.

Many of the things I had learned as a youngster had stayed with me, and I believed that God could heal finances as well as bodies. I began to exercise the pact recorded in Malachi 3:10: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

Well, I wish I could say everything was wonderful from that point on, but the truth is, that first year and a half after my reconsecration was the most difficult period I ever lived through. We hardly had money for fuel and repairs and I got so discouraged I tried to get completely out of trucking. I would have gone into almost anything else—but all the doors remained closed.

The truck licenses came due—another day of reckoning. Only one rig

was running but I had to buy licenses for both. Although somehow I managed to scrape up enough money for six months' worth of license, I wasn't sure it was worth it if it was going to be such a struggle just to exist.

Leaving the trucks idle for several days, I wrestled with my decision. Then it seemed that God spoke something to my heart.

"Paul, if you will buy the licenses for those two trucks you'll never be sorry." I bought the licenses and went back to work. Smooth sailing from then on? No way! The next six months were like a thousand miles of bad road. Not only was I struggling with our business, but our newly-born fourth son had to go into the hospital for surgery and we had no medical insurance. I began to doubt that it had been God's voice I heard, but we kept trusting Jesus to meet our needs. Miraculously, He always did.

One night I went to a special church service where the speaker had us come forward for prayer no matter what our need was—physical, spiritual, or financial. I went forward, not really expecting much to happen. But 30 minutes after I arrived home the phone rang. It was someone calling to have me haul a load of cattle for him. That week I had all the work I could handle, a real change from my normal situation.

It didn't happen overnight but from then on it seemed things began to improve. There were still times when we gave to the Lord's work, not knowing

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The Three-fold Purpose of the 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:

Chapter Department
FGBMFI
P.O. Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

A PRICE TO PAY

(Continued from page 27)

how we would buy fuel for the trucks. But God always honored our giving by keeping the trucks on the road.

Not long afterward I attended a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting, where I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. A new joy and fullness came into my life and I felt closer to the Lord than ever before. Our company continued to prosper as we gave liberally to God's work. We took literally the admonition of Luke 6:38: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete

withal it shall be measured to you again."

The Lord continued to bless us and we were able to pay off every single personal note I had signed. We were also able to put our three children through college, and today one of my sons and a son-in-law are my partners in business. Thanks to the Lord, we run 40 trucks and our company's gross income is five million dollars per year.

Once I feared giving God control of my life. But now I would be afraid to have it any other way. As we have faithfully abided by God's rules for living and giving, He has turned our days of reckoning into days of rejoicing! □

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.

ENGLAND: Nottingham Chapter, Tony Bray 0602-22-68-91; Scotch Corner-North Yorkshire Chapter, Nigel Brookhouse 0748-52-34; Taunton-Somerset Chapter, Bob Winyard 046-06-5393. **FRANCE:** Grenoble Chapter, Daniel Mesierz 76-09-49-95; Lyon Chapter, Benjamin Kapoudjian 7-821-06-01; Mulhouse Chapter, Guy Gringer 89-37-18-85; Nice-Cote d'Azur Chapter, Michel Forcellini 93-59-53-85; Ile de France, Marcel Banoun 01-626-53-55; Strasbourg Chapter, Alfred Riff 88-39-35-87; Toulon Chapter, Jean Mallet 94-22-08-25. **UNITED STATES:** **ARIZONA:** Green Valley Chapter, Howard McCright (602) 625-6803. **ARKANSAS:** Morrilton Chapter, John Baker (501) 354-8617. **CALIFORNIA:** Northridge Chapter, Ed Longshore, Jr. (213) 368-3452; San Diego/South Bay Chapter, Bill Stinson (714) 422-5454; Yreka Chapter, Ernest Oliveira (916) 842-4620. **COLORADO:** Fort Carson Chapter, Kenneth Rupkalvis (303) 635-5690. **FLORIDA:** Miami Spanish, Jose Becerra (305) 554-1439. **KANSAS:** Fort Scott Chapter, John Durham (316) 223-3161. **KENTUCKY:** Union County Chapter, Royce Vancleave (502) 389-2300. **LOUISIANA:** Ragley Chapter, Ray Hayes (318) 725-3781. **MAINE:** Down East Chapter, Robert Stanley (207) 963-7062. **MINNESOTA:** McIntosh Chapter, Kermit Juve (218) 435-1374. **MISSOURI:** Independence Chapter, William Ketchum (816) 836-4404. **NEVADA:** Reno Chapter, William Earnhardt, Jr. (702) 972-1023. **OHIO:** Warren Chapter, Ralph Abraham, Jr. (216) 856-3734. **OREGON:** Chiloquin Chapter, Ken Odiorne (503) 783-2267. **PENNSYLVANIA:** Bucks County Chapter, Barry Page (215) 348-7846. **TENNESSEE:** Columbia Chapter, Bill Kunzelman (615) 388-7235; Lexington Chapter, Hugh Don Johnson (615) 968-5660. **TEXAS:** Crockett Chapter, Richard Curry (713) 655-2214; Huntsville Chapter, Stan Taft (713) 295-9255. **VIRGINIA:** Landmark Chapter, Robert Bower (703) 370-4990; Pulaski County Chapter, Roger Frye (703) 980-2887. **WALES:** Merthyr Tydfil Chapter, David Lozano 0685-71676.

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.

FGBMFI World Laymen's Headquarters

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

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