

09-82

ULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

# VOICE

**THE BRAVE  
GET BRAVER**

*A Walk  
Across America*





**'Nam' was the start of an astonishing series of miracles**



# THE BRAVE GET BRAVER

Bob Wieland, Arcadia, CA

**I**n 1966 I was an outstanding athlete at the University of Wisconsin at LaCrosse, scoring almost as well in the classroom as I did on the playing field. I was fortunate to be a winner.

Blessed with perfect health and an athletic body, I could bench-press my own weight and loved to play baseball. I was a good pitcher and after my college career was negotiating a contract with the Philadelphia Phillies. The Phillies scouts didn't know it, but I wanted to play so much, I would have played for free. I couldn't wait.

I lived with a dozen or so other students in a duplex at LaCrosse which we called the "Bat Cave." We were a wild bunch and thought it was a big joke that we actually *did* have bats in the attic. One day a Campus Crusade team visited the Bat Cave. At first I was simply curious. As they described their own relationships with Jesus, I thought that what they said made a lot of sense. They told us that religion wasn't the answer; the real key was a saving relationship with Jesus Christ—that He loves me and to experience that love all I had to do was ask.

In spite of my successes in college and semi-pro and the anticipation I had of playing professional baseball I had had the uneasy feeling that something was missing. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, but there

were important questions that I had been unable to answer. The Campus Crusade people seemed to understand exactly how I felt.

That night—November 28, 1966—while lying in my bed I prayed for the first time, asking God to forgive my sins and accept me into His church. I spoke to Him as I would to a personal friend, something I had never thought possible. I had had no church or biblical upbringing and never had a Bible. But just talking to God that night, I put everything in His hands and felt unburdened and so happy that I wanted to share it with somebody.

The next morning I felt great and looked for the Campus Crusade team to tell them about this wonderful feeling. There were a lot of questions I would have liked to ask, too, but the team left and for the time being I went back to concentrating on school . . . and baseball.

It would be some time before my questions would be answered, but at least I knew God was *there* and that He cared about me.

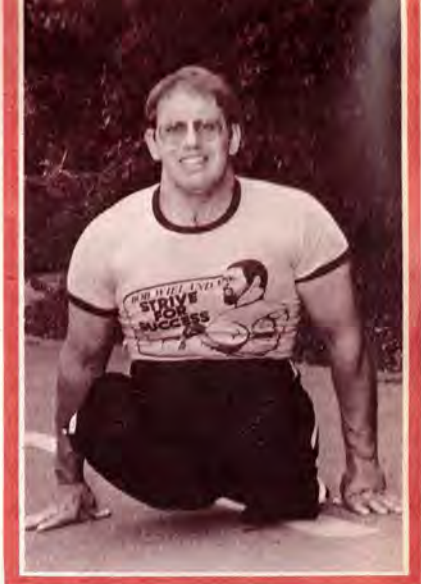
Before the Phillies were able to recruit me another team got me—the U.S. Army. I found myself drafted March 25, 1968 and in Vietnam, April 1, 1969.

There were about 500 new recruits arriving that same day, and one of the first bits of information we picked up

was that very few of us would get back to the states alive. I thought, "O God, don't they know I'm supposed to be playing baseball?"

I was assigned to the second of the 14th Battalion of the 25th Infantry Division, about 28 miles northwest of Saigon in the southern part of Vietnam, at the base camp, Cu Chi. We had the job of doing morning patrols, search-and-destroy missions in the afternoons, and ambush patrols in the evenings, in an area heavily infiltrated with booby traps. We were in constant danger from rocket attacks, ambush patrols, incoming mortar rounds; on the go about 20 hours a day. It was a horror-filled nightmare.

A couple of months later, June 14, 1969, my patrol was struggling through the dense, steamy jungle, sweat pouring from our bodies and our faces white with fear as we tried to avoid both enemy fire and the vicious explosives buried in the ground. Suddenly we were surrounded by a deafening volley of fire. We had taken one step too far and were in the open end of a "horseshoe" ambush. The Viet Cong had encircled our patrol and opened fire. Dead and wounded were falling all around me. As I saw a



*Bench-press champion Bob Wieland strives for a new achievement—a walk across America.*

friend go down, I ran to him and everything went black.

I had stepped onto, and detonated, a hidden 82mm mortar round. An explosive engineered to crush the heavy metal armor of a tank ripped me in half. Sent flying through the jungle vegetation by the concussion, what was left of me landed heavily against the ground. My legs had been blown right off my body. Blood poured out onto the ground as I lost consciousness.

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That's when my heavenly Father began an astonishing series of miracles in my life. A chopper deviated from his scheduled route, bypassing another patrol to get to us, and 20 minutes later I was on the operating table. I was losing blood rapidly; my blood pressure went to almost zero. I wasn't breathing, so they performed an emergency tracheotomy, cutting a hole in my throat to pump oxygen back into my lungs.

Almost my entire blood supply had to be replenished—15 seconds longer in that Vietnam field without medical attention, the doctors told me, and it would have been too late.

They didn't expect me to make it. I lay there unconscious for five days. Then I contracted malaria and my body temperature shot up to 106 degrees. I was packed in ice to bring the temperature down and looked like a corpse ready for burial (I wasn't far from it).

It was as though God and Satan were playing a tug-of-war and I was the rope. Before the battle was over I went down to 87 pounds, but my God didn't let go.

Finally I awakened to the blaze of bright lights, I.V. tubes and hospital sounds. Heavily sedated, my mind saw but did not understand the significance of the top sheet trailing off below my waist and lying flat against the bottom sheet. At last I lifted the sheet and took a look.

The greatest anesthesiologist of them all is our Lord. Tenderly and

lovingly, He spared me the bitter thoughts that I could have had: that I would never walk again, run again, stand tall—that my baseball career was finished. The emotional pain that drives many veterans into depression was replaced by a peace which I realized later could come only from Jesus Christ.

With His help I was able to maintain a positive outlook throughout my stay in hospitals. He stayed with me and assured me that it would be okay. I knew it was Jesus because I had that same beautiful feeling I had had at LaCrosse when I asked Him into my heart.

I was now 87 pounds and too weak to sit up in bed. The doctors thought I should start rehabilitation therapy, so they brought some weights to me. I took a five-pound weight and tried to do what's known as a tricep extension. I couldn't lift even five pounds. It was embarrassing.

Transferred stateside, I was at the Valley Forge General Army Hospital. One day they assembled a large group of new arrivals in a room—men who had lost arms and legs, some blind, others terribly deformed. We were told that we could expect to spend a year or more in that hospital.

I thought, "Me? I don't want to be here." I didn't want to be caught in the sympathy trap and have to listen to nurses and doctors tell me that I looked fine and was doing fantastic. I wanted to live a normal life, with normal people. So I worked hard on

the weights, determined to get out of that hospital. And I had God on my side.

There must have been a few converts when they saw how in six short weeks I was totally rehabilitated and ready to go home. I could understand why some of the other veterans didn't want to face society and chose to go right back to the hospital. But, personally, I was thrilled because I wanted to go out and be with people, no matter what natural reaction they might have when they saw me. I don't think the Army was prepared for my speedy recovery, since it took quite some time to get a discharge.

Back home, I started working out in earnest. With every pound I was able to add to the bar I was closer to my goal. I didn't know it yet, but the Holy Spirit was getting me in shape for competition. I was ready to start my life over again.

My career as a baseball player ended in Vietnam, but my role as a serious athlete had just begun. The Master Potter was molding me and shaping me up for the plan He had for my life.

Eight years later, on August 21, 1977, at a body weight of 122 pounds I was able to bench-press 303 pounds in competition, breaking the world's record. I am proud to admit that I have actually broken the record *four* times, even though once it was not "officially" recorded because the rule book reads that all entrants in competition "must be wearing shoes." There is a funny side to everything.

God still had a firm grip on me and was shaping me up for other exciting experiences. Within a year He brought me to a church where I finally received Bible study and found answers to the questions I had had in college after I accepted Jesus as my Lord. Through the teaching I received, my faith began to expand and I recognized the need for a greater portion of supernatural power to live this life. I was baptized in the Holy Spirit, and life took on more and more meaning as I began to understand what God had done for me and what He was planning for me. Slowly I began to see that nothing happens by chance... He was preparing me to spread the good news of Jesus by telling people of my personal experience.

He has brought me back from death, and from being so weak I could not lift a five-pound weight, to the epitome of athletics as a world champion weight-lifter. And I'm just *one* example of His amazing grace and power.

I am convinced that God can and will do anything for His children—His love for us is so tender and so complete. Any human being, in spite of the circumstances, can reach out to God and trust Him to the point of victory. We can all be winners—in Jesus Christ. □

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*Bob Wieland now plans a cross-country walk on his hands from California to Washington, D.C., expecting to average 5 to 10 miles per day. Purpose of this tremendous athletic achievement is to share his testimony and faith in Jesus Christ with the people of America.*



# Was the magic gone?



Russell Linenkohl, Atlantic Beach, FL

**B**arbara and I had most of our arguments in our bedroom, and after the children were in bed. That night was no different. Many times she had said she couldn't live with me and she couldn't live without me. Her depression was much deeper than I knew.

In the midst of our argument that night the thought flashed through my mind that my wife was going to have

to be put into a mental institution.

She had been emotionally unstable for some time. I did not realize that she sometimes was unable to distinguish between reality and her fantasies. There had been other warning signs but I had ignored them. Now it appeared that she was unable to deal with her frustrations. I was scared.

Outwardly we were the ideal Ameri-

can family, church-going tithers, successful, nice home, good car—everything. In fact, our social life centered around the church. We were very much involved in friendships with many of the people who attended and we shared a similar lifestyle. On Sundays I would get together with other men in the church to talk over the events of the week, standing outside for a quick cigarette and conversation between services. The service inside seemed actually dull to me, but it was our way of life. In my own way, I tried to “do the right thing.” Privately, I felt that church was a waste of time except for the socializing, but I still believed in God, so we went through the motions as a family.

We kept our marital problems hidden from our church friends. The magic had long since gone from our marriage and I felt burdened by my wife’s demands and complaints. I had begun to think that we were really opposites—180 degrees out of phase with each other. When I first met her, Barbara had captivated me. She was a stunning blonde and a great dancer, and in those days we couldn’t get enough of each other.

Now, however, my interests were centered in my electrical business and it did take most of my time. I was out of town a lot and burned plenty of midnight oil to make it successful. Barbara saw that my priorities were out of order and complained that I gave all my attention to my work and had no time for her and the children. She said she could not feel my love.

At one point we had even gone to a marriage counselor, but it didn’t seem to do any good. Finally I told Barbara that she could keep going if she wanted to, but I wasn’t going anymore.

Then she said she wanted a divorce. But because of my upbringing and church involvement I had strong feelings against it for any reason. I told her I wouldn’t consider it—and if she tried to divorce me, I would hire a good lawyer and take the children away from her.

Now as some of these thoughts flashed through my mind I began to have some understanding of what had happened to my wife. For years I had refused to meet her needs and, unknowingly, I had backed her into a corner. She felt trapped, and people in that situation are desperate to find an “out.” Once she had even considered suicide but decided she didn’t have the courage for it. She could have chosen drinking or drugs. Her depression increased and she began living in a fantasy world to escape the hurt. More and more, when I came home on weekends, we rehearsed our verbal disagreements. We went over them and over them.

Finally there came that eventful night when I realized that she was talking but not to me. Right then I realized that we were both in a corner with no means of escape.

Going into the bathroom, I got on my knees. It wasn’t a long prayer—I simply said, “God, if You will heal my wife I’m Your boy.” I didn’t say anything

*(continued, page 36)*





# INTERVENTION

Ogburn Yates, Jr., Asheboro, NC

**T**he last thing I had on my mind as I approached the barn on our family farm one Sunday afternoon in August was an experience that could have taken my life. Going into the barn toward the door at the other end, I suddenly felt something strike at my left leg. I jumped, let out a terrifying yell like none I'd ever made before, and looked down to see a large snake slithering back under the sill. It had struck

just below the top of my brogan. Had it aimed one inch higher I would have felt its deadly fangs in my flesh and it would have become a life-and-death matter.

Hearing me cry out, my wife came running to the barn. Along with the caretaker who lived there, we managed to spear the snake with a pitchfork and drag it out. It was a deadly timber rattler with 14 rattles.



*Ogburn Yates relaxes with his herd of Black Angus on his farm south of Asheboro, NC, where he and his family spend Sundays.*

I don't feel this experience was just a coincidence. I believe in God's divine power to intervene and protect His children in time of danger. I grew up in a Christian home where we attended the Episcopal church every Sunday, read the Bible and had evening prayers with each member of the family participating. My father, a respected member of the community and active churchman, later served on the board of Oral Roberts University and was an international director of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. My mother's spiritual influence was an important factor in our home. We were a close family and my two brothers, sister, and I enjoyed a happy childhood.

Following three years at a boys'

school in Virginia I enrolled at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill. Upon graduation I attended Naval Officer's Candidate School at Newport, Rhode Island, received a commission and for the next three years served as an officer on a heavy cruiser. We sailed the Caribbean and Mediterranean waters and docked in many ports of Europe and South America.

Upon my discharge from the Navy at 26 I became a management trainee in a 350-department-store organization of which my father was a partner.

I cannot pinpoint a specific day when I was "born again," but I do experience the daily presence of Jesus Christ living within me. And I do vividly recall when I received the baptism



in the Holy Spirit. While in management training I lived with my grandmother in Raleigh, North Carolina. Both she and my mother had attended several FGBMFI conventions and both had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit with the evidence of speaking in tongues.

"It's the same experience," Mother testified, "that the early Christians had at Pentecost, and it's being received by Christians in all the churches today just as the prophet Joel promised."

She referred to Joel 2:28: "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. . . ."

Mother's fervent prayers for the family were effective. All but one of her children received this marvelous experience. I was the lone exception. I was not really opposed to it, nor did I seriously seek it. I figured that when God was ready, I would be. I know now that that argument is a cop-out—God has been ready ever since Pentecost.

Following a prayer meeting in my parents' home in December, 1963, the room emptied. Only Harald Bredesen (a friend of the family) and I remained. I now suspect that that meeting was especially arranged for my benefit. After a few moments of sharing, Harald asked if I weren't ready to receive this gift from God. I responded

"yes" and Jesus baptized me at that moment.

Had I realized the importance of this experience with the Holy Spirit to my everyday life I would never have been so casual about it all along. It threw me into a new relationship. I had boldness about witnessing that I didn't have before. Yet while I really felt I had a new relationship with Jesus, this experience did not seem to do a thing to solve a problem that was troubling me.

For nearly five years I had been praying earnestly for a wife. I was now 30 and, although I had dated many girls, that "special" one had not emerged. I wasn't getting any younger and, thinking God had forgotten me, I became more and more depressed.

One evening in March, 1965, while on my way to Asheboro, my hometown, I became very agitated because God had not answered my prayer. Before retiring, however, I did read a daily devotion for that day which gave me hope. It pointed out that as we go through life God often lets us go through valleys and even sink to a very low point where we are lonely, depressed and extremely despondent. But He never leaves us there. In His perfect time He always restores us to that exalted place where the light of His love brings us joy and comfort again. Feeling better, I went to sleep.

Before returning to Raleigh the next morning, I shared with my mother what had happened the night before. She knew that my spirits had

been low for some time. "Son," she questioned, "have you totally surrendered this problem to the Lord?"

"Of course I have," I responded. Then I realized that although I had prayed continually that God would answer my prayer, in reality I had not *let* Him, for I was working overtime to help Him answer it.

Mother went on to quote Matthew 6:33: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." I saw in a flash what she was talking about. On my return trip to Raleigh that day I made a covenant with God. I totally released my problem to Him, telling Him I would serve Him the best I could, regardless of the outcome.

From the moment I ceased worrying and began to trust Him completely, my burden lifted.

The next few months brought a dramatic change in my life. God did use me to reach others and I scarcely thought of my own situation. Exactly four months later while visiting some cousins in Norfolk, Virginia, I was introduced to a lovely girl, a nurse, named Eleanor Lankford. During the next few months our relationship grew stronger and gradually we realized that God was bringing us together. I married Eleanor after a five-month courtship, and she has been the joy of my life and a source of constant strength to me.

Learning to trust God completely has been the foundation of my faith. It

has brought me through some trying situations, particularly in our business. Since my father's unexpected death in 1969 and the call of God to my brother Tucker four years ago to leave our stores and become associ-



*Left to right: Ogburn, Lucy, Eleanor and Henry Yates.*

ated with Christian Broadcasting Network at Virginia Beach, I found myself as executive vice-president shouldering the major responsibility for the family business. This includes seven Belk Yates stores with approximately 300 employees. In addition I have the responsibility of being general manager of our flag store in Asheboro.

In crisis moments and when adverse conditions arise over which I have no control, I pray for guidance and help. Recently after prayer as we



sought highly qualified personnel to staff a new store of ours in an Asheboro mall, God brought people to us whose presence cannot be explained apart from Him.

My relationship with Jesus Christ makes a difference in both the business world and in my family circle. I believe that we have a spiritual responsibility for those who work with us. One expression of this is the prayer room in my store, established 15 years ago by my father for the use

Fellowship chapters in central and western North Carolina.

While both my wife and I are active in the life of our church, I believe that God has chosen our home as the most rewarding place for us to minister to others. For the last 14 years we have had a Thursday-night prayer meeting at our house. We have seen people saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit, others healed, and still others delivered from the bondage of alcohol. Troubled homes have been helped. All

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*"Learning to trust God completely has been the foundation of my faith. It has brought me through some trying circumstances."*

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of our employees.

I believe that I have had some measure of success as a businessman, and I always want to improve my abilities. But my life is much more than my identity with the business. The most important difference Jesus Christ makes in my life is in the ordering of my priorities. God is helping me to sort out my values, and I am still working to put Him first in all that I do.

Second only to my relationship to the Lord is my love for my family—being a good husband to my wife and a good father to my children, Lucy and Henry. I want to give them the same precious spiritual legacy my father left me.

As an international director of FGBMFI, I have been privileged to help charter many of the 25 to 30

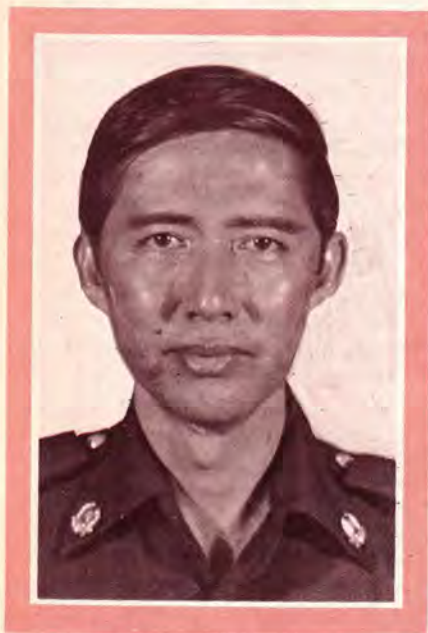
this has helped us as a family to stay close to the Lord.

As head of a group of retail stores, I know the importance of satisfied customers. My testimony is that Jesus Christ satisfies. He has a plan for our lives and allows us to triumph in all our circumstances. In Proverbs 3:5-6 we read that we are to "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." It works! □

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*Ogburn Yates is an international director for FGBMFI and chairman of the editorial board of Voice. He and his wife Eleanor reside in Asheboro, NC, where they attend an Episcopal church. He is general manager of Belk Yates Department Stores. They have two children, Lucy and Henry.*

# TRIUMPH IN TRAGEDY



Robert Lee  
Singapore, Republic of Singapore

**H**ow could it be possible? Our precious little girl dead in a month? That was the awful prognosis of doctors who had discovered a malignant tumor embedded in the brain of our daughter Jacqueline, now only 12 years old.

As a member of the Singapore police force, I was accustomed to tragedy—but not this close to home. My wife and I agonized. We could not

believe it; we could not accept it; and we could not cope with it. We cried out to a God we believed existed, but who now seemed cold, unjust and even cruel.

I had been baptized at age 12 and had studied the Bible as a subject in school. But I did not know the Lord personally, or His word. I continued attending church as I grew up, but only as a routine.

I made police work my career, got married, and enjoyed the blessing of two beautiful daughters. But as my wife and I became caught up in material pleasures, slowly our family life began to break down. By the time we received the news of our daughter's fatal illness, life had become a burden and, except for the delight I took in our children, almost meaningless.

And now one of my only sources of joy was being taken from me. We searched for answers and supernatural help in every form. My wife and I were already involved in numerous occult practices, so naturally we turned to our occult prayer group for support. We asked relatives and friends in other religions to pray for us. We didn't care where the answer came from; we only knew we wanted Jacqueline to live.

Then we met Bishop Chiu Ban It. He was the first person to give us a Bible of our own—and he introduced



us to the Lord Jesus Christ. With love, compassion and great understanding, Bishop Chiu prayed with us faithfully, and he showed us in our new Bible that Jesus is the way, the truth and the life (John 14:6)—the very things

love the Lord and follow His ways. We read the Bible with our daughters, and saw a transformation taking place in Jacqueline. She was even more beautiful, and though her body was dying her spirit soared.



*Jacqueline*

we had been seeking.

My wife and I turned our lives over to Jesus and no longer found ourselves grieving over Jacqueline's critical illness. Instead, we took heart from Romans 8:28 which says that all things happen for good to those who

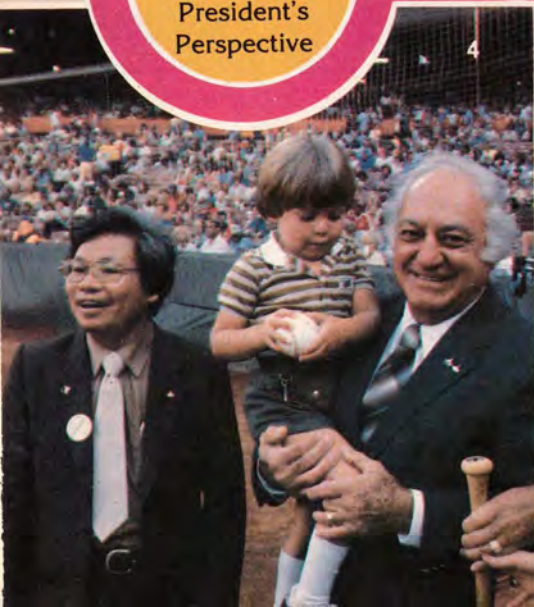
She radiated love, joy and peace to everyone around her throughout each medical ordeal. She had numerous brain operations, and her arms and legs were punctured like pincushions for countless tests and injections, but

*(continued, page 38)*



The  
Thirtieth  
Convention  
from the  
President's  
Perspective

The World Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was much more than a celebration of a thirtieth anniversary. It proved to be a turning-point for the Fellowship—a threshold to an exciting future.



1. Fervent prayer is voiced for President Reagan. International directors (left to right) Jim McDonald, New York; Lynwood Maddox, Georgia; Chuck Sutton, Missouri; Art Evanson, Washington; Demos Shakarian, California; Don Ostrom, Washington; Bill Warnock, West Virginia; with Herb Ellingwood, legal adviser to president of United States. 2. And they praised Him together. 3. Owen Khuswayo, field representative, South Africa, tells of thousands saved through train and factory ministries in South Africa. 4. Youth activities include Angels baseball game. FGBMFI president threw out first ball. 5. Men and women from outside the United States move forward for prayer before returning to minister in their homelands.





**Coming Together**  
by Demos Shakarian

This convention was unique. Of course there were the great crowds at the meetings in the convention hall, dynamic messages by world-renowned leaders, sold-out banquets, rich fellowship at breakfast meetings, reunion with old friends and new acquaintances. As always, there were spiritual victories—people coming to Jesus for salvation, the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and miracles and healings.

Yet with all of these meaningful aspects which are part of all conventions, this one was different. If I were to choose one word to





characterize this unique difference it would be *international*.

Thirty years ago when I first revealed to Oral Roberts the concept God was impressing upon me for an organization of ordinary men sharing what they actually experienced, Oral was as enthusiastic as I. "What are you going to call yourselves?" he asked. I already knew. Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. That last word sounded ridiculous then and even more so when only 21, including Oral, my wife Rose and myself, showed up for that first meeting. And it didn't seem any more appropriate a year later.

It was at that time that God gave me a vision in which at first I saw men of all races on every continent who were isolated, lonely and sad. Then the scene changed and I saw the same faces, only now they were radiant, hands raised in praise and people linked in love. It was

that vision of transformation of lives that kept me and the Fellowship going.

Now, three decades later on the closing night of the convention, I looked down into the faces of the hundreds from outside the United States who had come forward for prayer before returning to serve Christ in their homelands—Africans, Asians, Scandinavians and Latinos. My heart overflowed. The scene was like the one I had seen in the vision of people on every continent, changed by Christ.

The Fellowship is truly international. A representative from each of the seven geographical areas serves on the executive committee—Africa and the Middle East; Asia and the Far East; Europe; Latin America and the Caribbean; South Pacific; Canada; and the United States.

This does not mean that our task is complete. Far from it. People say to me, "Now that the Laymen's World Headquarters is





built and the Fellowship is ministering in 81 countries, with possibly 800,000 meeting monthly in the chapters and with more than 100 conventions a year, you can take it easy." No! I am working harder than ever before. There are still nations untouched. Jesus is coming soon and there are millions who will perish unless we reach them with the Gospel.

I was communing with God late one night when I reminded Him that Dr. Charles Price and Mordecai Hamm had both prophesied that a great laymen's revival would be part of the last harvest. I asked, "Father, when are You going to bring in this harvest?" He responded, "I have given you My Son, I have given you His name, I have given you His authority. I have given you everything you need." I saw it as I had never seen it before. Men, He's waiting for us.

1. God uses Kenneth Copeland's message on forgiveness to bring hundreds to counseling room. 2. Korea's Dr. Yonggi Cho, pastor of world's largest church, encourages FGBMFI members and television audience to stretch their vision. 3. Recognizing a special anointing on Demos Shakarian, international directors request him to pray for them individually. Bob Horton (left), New Zealand, and Bob Trench, South Africa, assist as Bob Spilman, England, kneels. 4. Pat Robertson, CBN president and founder, powerfully proclaims the positive aspects of being one of God's "peculiar" people. 5. One man introducing another to Jesus. 6. David Molyneux, manager, Brussels office, one of more than 300 ministering in counseling rooms. 7. Attentive crowds receive a word from God at each meeting. 8. Catholic layman John Klem, professor of education and psychology, Ball University, challenges laymen to say "yes" to God.







1. Members at global reception hear encouraging reports. 2. Asian leaders at men's luncheon, where they pledged \$20,000 to support the international ministry. In addition these men among themselves raised a half-million dollars to fund 1983 All-Asian Convention in Singapore. 3. Norman Norwood, chairman, presents Bible to executive vice-president Tommy Ashcraft, as he introduces International 1000, new program designed to provide a million dollars for FGBMFI's international ministry. 4. International director Earl Prickett (left), New Jersey, chats with Paul Beesley, New Brunswick, Canada, and India's Mark Buntain (right), one of this era's great medical missionaries. This spiritual giant who has saved millions of children from starvation describes FGBMFI as "one of the most effective missionary forces in the world today." 5. Inter-



 A large, stylized graphic of the number '30' in a vibrant pink color. The '0' is a thick, rounded shape. Inside the top curve of the '0' is a circular inset photograph of a modern building with a glass facade and a swimming pool in the foreground. Below the '30' is the text 'Go Ye Therefore' in a blue, sans-serif font. To the right of this text, the word 'YEARS' is written in a large, thin, black-outlined font.
 

Go  
Ye  
Therefore

YEARS

national directors pray for one another as each by faith claims important 1982 objective for his state or country. 6. Ex-convict Ernie Hollands, who spearheads Canadian prison ministry, shares his salvation testimony. 7. Scores of persons stream forward with their financial pledges to help take the world for Jesus. 8. Vice-president Art Evanson (left), Vancouver, Washington, with executive committee's newest member Khoo Oon Theam, international director, Singapore, typify rich blending of the wisdom of experience with the vitality of fresh insight to be found in FGBMFI leadership. 9. Thanks to Paul and Jan Crouch and TBN network, evening messages were shared by TV with millions.

# COMING

World Convention Week 1982 is families coming together in Jesus to worship, praise, learn, grow, then take God's renewal to our world.

Now all the impact and powerful insight from this tremendous assemblage of Christian speakers and leaders—testimonies, encouragement, ministry, music, seminars—is here for you, in six-pak vinyl albums, to use and enjoy again and again. Great witnessing and discipleship tools.

- **Chuck Camplejohn**—Scientist in physics and electromagnastatics; a chief design engineer at Cape Kennedy
- **Jim Tucker**—Once called an "unrehabilitatable" criminal; now FGBMFI prison ministry field representative
- **Herb Ellingwood**—Deputy counsel to President Reagan; moves among top echelons of government and law enforcement
- **Bob Horton**—Spearheads airlifts into South Pacific; original founder of FGBMFI ministries in New Zealand
- **Jack Hayford**—Pastor of Church on the Way; Bible authority and daily TV host
- **Bob Trench**—Spiritual advisor to many Zulu chiefs in South Africa; sponsor of many soul-winning ministries throughout Africa
- **Paul Crouch**—Founder/president of Trinity Broadcasting Network, a pioneer in satellite TV; popular TV cohost
- **Mario Murillo**—Powerful evangelistic voice at monthly miracle services; spearheads massive outreach to youth culture
- **Nita Edwards**—Dynamic testimony to God's miraculous healing power
- **Demos Shakarian**—Founder/president, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International
- **John Klem**—Ball State University professor of education and psychology; involved in charismatic renewal
- **Kenneth Copeland**—TV, radio and crusade evangelist and teacher
- **Paul Yonggi Cho**—Convert from Buddhism; renowned Bible teacher and pastor of world's largest church
- **Pat Robertson**—Founder/president of Christian Broadcasting Network (America's fourth network) and CBN University; TV host and author
- **Manny Brotman**—Founder/president of Messianic Jewish Movement International; authority on messianic prophecy

**NOTE: Scheduled list of speakers subject to change**



# TOGETHER

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# UPDATE!

## TV RESPONSE BUILDS

A flood of favorable feedback has resulted from the "Happiest People on Earth" TV special. Aired simultaneously in Wilmington and Washington, North Carolina, the one-hour special received a tremendous response—2,200 incoming phone calls.

According to Don Evans (ID, North Carolina), "We received a call from a man in the Kenansville hospital. His leg was numb and he could not walk. Prayed for by phone, he jumped out of bed and ran down the hall. . . . Several men from the Fayetteville chapter stopped at a restaurant on the way home from the studio. A drunk man came over and asked one of them if he had been on television earlier in the evening. A conversation started

and the man was led to the Lord. Two people in an adjoining booth, overhearing, came over, joined the group, and were led to the Lord."

Between 1,500 and 2,000 calls were logged in the Los Angeles/Orange County area. In Vancouver, B.C. 250 calls came in—more than from any other special, according to coordinator Barry Lasko.

FGBMFI headquarters is averaging 150 letters of response per day. All who write in are mailed a copy of the HPOE book with a clear plan of salvation outlined.

By end of August, audiences in 61 cities will have viewed the program, with many other possibilities still in negotiation. Those desiring more information may direct calls to the media department at (714) 754-1400, ext. 365.

*Steve Shakarian, FGBMFI chief operating officer, expresses appreciation to volunteers who fulfilled thousands of requests for the book The Happiest People on Earth, sent in response to the television special.*







Members of FGBMFI Executive Committee join Demos Shakarian as he accepts Braille edition of *The Happiest People on Earth* from Bob Horton and men from New Zealand. From right: Jim Jarvis, Oscar Pinto Rossell, Kyffin Simpson, Tommy Ashcraft, Norman Norwood, Horton, Shakarian, Earl Prickett, Bill Warnock, Arthur Evanson and Don Ostrom.

## 'HAPPIEST PEOPLE' IN BRAILLE

The multiplied impact of *The Happiest People on Earth* has already far exceeded the hopes and dreams of author Demos Shakarian and co-authors John and Eliza-

beth Sherrill. A recent giant step was completion of a Braille version, sponsored by Fellowship chapters in New Zealand and six months in preparation. For more information, write Publications Department, Fellowship Headquarters.

## SO. CALIF. REGION GIVES \$10,000

Another first: \$10,000 has been donated to the Fellowship's "matching funds" account, earmarked for airing the new "Happiest People on Earth" TV special.

Pete Congelliore and Chuck Damato (both IDs, California) presented the gift to Demos Shakarian on behalf of the Southern California region. The more than 70 chapters of the region had overwhelmingly voted in favor of making the donation.

The contribution is significant in that it will help to replenish the account, thereby making more funds available to Fellowship chapters desiring to sponsor the special and to communicate Christ's love and power to their communities.



Mr. and Mrs. Lee Buck at dinner, as Demos Shakarian (center) looks on.

## FGBMFI ON MADISON AVENUE

The Helmsley Palace Hotel on Madison Avenue in New York City, noted for its architectural extravagance and gourmet cuisine, became the setting on April 1, 1982 for a milestone and pacesetting event. More than 100 leaders from New York's most prestigious firms, accompanied by their wives, attended an executive banquet sponsored by the Fellowship.

Lee Buck (ID, New York, and senior vice-president of New York Life Insurance Company) emceed the occasion. Demos Shakarian and Apollo 16 astronaut Major General Charles Duke spoke. There followed a powerful move of the Spirit and unanimous audience participation as Duke led the group in a prayer to accept Jesus Christ.

Left to right: Chuck Damato, Demos Shakarian, Glenn Traylor, Pete Congelliore.





*Singapore Convention 1982*

# CONVENTIONS

**FORT DODGE, IOWA REGIONAL**  
September 1—4, 1982

Holiday Inn  
Write: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 13  
Fort Dodge, IA 50501

**INLAND EMPIRE REGIONAL**  
September 2—4, 1982

Spokane-Sheraton Hotel  
Write: Mr. L.L. Fletcher  
P.O. Box 13468, Spokane, WA 99213

**SOUTHERN OREGON REGIONAL**  
September 9—11, 1982

Holiday Inn, Medford  
Write: Mr. J.S. Lausmann  
P.O. Box 1608, Medford, OR 97501

**ASILOMAR MEN'S CAMP**  
September 10—12, 1982

Asilomar Conf. Center  
Pacific Grove, CA  
Write: Mr. Jim Coffaro  
491 Sinclair Frontage Rd.  
Milpitas, CA 95035

**WARM BEACH MEN'S CAMP**  
September 10—12, 1982

Warm Beach Campgrounds  
Marysville, WA  
Write: Mr. Fred Doertlein  
902 N.E. 65th St., Seattle, WA 98115

**AUSTRIAN NATIONAL**  
September 16—18, 1982

Vienna, Austria  
Write: FGBMFI, Brussels Office  
Ave. Franklin Roosevelt, 214  
1050 Brussels, Belgium

**SAN JACINTO, TEXAS RALLY**  
September 17—18, 1982

Pasadena Neighborhood Center  
Write: Mr. Bob Joyce  
2712 Oaks Dr., Pasadena, TX 77502

**ARIZONA STATE MEN'S ADVANCE**  
September 17—19, 1982

Camp Pinerock, Prescott  
Write: Mr. William Pyatt  
4415 W. Watson, Phoenix, AZ 85306

**EMPIRE STATE**  
**COUPLES' ADVANCE**

September 17—19, 1982  
Silver Bay Christian Conf. Ctr.  
Write: Mr. Fred Lawrence  
Box 206, Homer, NY 13077

**OREGON MEN'S ADVANCE**  
September 17—19, 1982

Aldersgate, Turner  
Write: Mr. Floyd Bennett  
176 Liberty N.E., Salem, OR 97301

**5TH ANNUAL WESTERN**  
**CAROLINAS REGIONAL**

September 17—19, 1982  
Woodlawn Road Holiday Inn  
Charlotte, NC  
Write: FGBMFI Carolinas Office  
P.O. Box 9027, Charlotte, NC 28299

**KANSAS CITY REGIONAL**  
September 22—25, 1982

Glenwood Manor Motor Hotel  
Overland Park, KS  
Write: Mr. Bill Norwood  
11601 Oak St.  
Kansas City, MO 64114

**ARKANSAS REGIONAL**  
September 23—25, 1982

Little Rock Convention Center  
Write: Mr. Ivo Phelps  
P.O. Box 1093, Little Rock, AR 72203

**SWISS NATIONAL**  
September 23—25, 1982

Zurich, Switzerland  
Write: FGBMFI, Brussels  
Ave. Franklin Roosevelt, 214  
1050 Brussels, Belgium

**EAST TENNESSEE-SOUTHWEST**  
**VIRGINIA REGIONAL RALLY**

September 24—25, 1982  
Holiday Inn, Kingsport  
Write: Kingsport Chapter  
P.O. Box 1806  
Kingsport, TN 37662



**GRAND ISLAND, NEBRASKA RALLY****September 24—25, 1982**Yancey Motor Hotel  
Write: Mr. Don Beason, Box 604  
Grand Island, NE 68802**MEN'S HILL COUNTRY ADVANCE****September 24—26, 1982**Mo-Ranch, Hunt, TX  
Write: Mr. John Singletary  
114 Haby, San Antonio, TX 78212**SOUTH CAROLINA MEN'S  
SPIRITUAL ADVANCE****September 24—26, 1982**Camp St. Christopher  
Seabrook Island  
Write: Dr. T. Clark Bowman  
1707 McLeod Ave.  
Charleston, SC 29412**GREATER CINCINNATI RALLY****October 1—2, 1982**Sheraton-Springdale, Cincinnati  
Write: Mr. Louis Lavender  
2506 Eastern Ave.  
Covington, KY 41014**WICHITA FALLS RALLY****October 1—2, 1982**Wichita Activity Center  
Write: Mr. Dan Stanley  
P.O. Box 4  
Wichita Falls, TX 76307**MONTANA STATE REGIONAL****October 7—9, 1982**The Outlaw Inn, Kalispell  
Write: Mr. Don Torgrenrud  
Dayton, MT 59914**NORTHERN CALIFORNIA  
REGIONAL****October 7—9, 1982**Holiday Inn, Redding  
Write: Mr. Clifton Powell  
5250 Huntington Dr.  
Redding, CA 96001**BRITISH COLUMBIA INTERIOR  
REGIONAL****October 13—16, 1982**Kelowna, British Columbia  
Write: Mr. Keith Davis  
648 Bernard Ave., Kelowna  
British Columbia, Canada V1Y 6P3**EASTERN OREGON REGION****October 14—16, 1982**Red Lion Motor Inn, at Indian Hills  
Write: Mr. Ed Sheets  
Rte. 1, Box 12, Dickinson Lane  
Hermiston, OR 97838**FIFTH NORTHERN  
NEW ENGLAND****October 14—16, 1982**Sheraton Wayfarer Inn, Bedford  
Write: Mr. Don Dionne  
169 Back River Rd.  
Bedford, NH 03102**MINNESOTA STATE****October 14—16, 1982**Sheraton Park Place Hotel  
Minneapolis  
Write: Mr. Lee Nystrom  
6106 Excelsior Blvd.  
Minneapolis, MN 55416**WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA****October 22—23, 1982**Holiday Inn, Kensington  
Write: Mr. Tom Stiller  
c/o Western Pennsylvania FGBMFI  
Box 381, Natrona Heights, PA 15065**AMARILLO-GOLDEN SPREAD  
RALLY****October 28—30, 1982**Airport Hilton Inn, Amarillo  
Write: Mr. Ray Cartwright  
5114 Oregon, Amarillo, TX 79109**EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA  
REGIONAL****October 28—30, 1982**Raleigh  
Write: Mr. Don Evans  
P.O. Box 1117  
Rocky Mount, NC 27801**NASHVILLE CENTRAL SOUTH  
REGIONAL****October 28—30, 1982**Hilton Airport Inn, Nashville  
Write: Mr. Hoyt Elliott  
P.O. Box 24096, Nashville, TN 37202**WISCONSIN REGIONAL****October 28—30, 1982**Ramada Sands Motel, Milwaukee  
Write: FGBMFI, Box 20741  
Milwaukee, WI 53220**SASKATCHEWAN MEN'S  
SPIRITUAL ADVANCE****October 29—31, 1982**Saskatoon  
Write: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 7047  
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan  
Canada S7K 4J1**VANCOUVER ISLAND RALLY****November 5—6, 1982**Nanaimo, Canada  
Write: FGBMFI  
6700 Finch Ave. W. 900  
Rexdale, Ontario, Canada M9W 5P5**6TH ANNUAL CANADIAN  
NATIONAL****November 10—13, 1982**Toronto  
Write: Mr. Jim Hatton  
6700 Finch Ave. W. 900  
Rexdale, Ontario, Canada M9W 5P5**PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL  
REGIONAL****January 5—9, 1983**Hyatt Regency  
Write: Mr. William Pyatt  
4415 West Watson Lane  
Phoenix, AZ 85306**1983 HAWAII REGIONAL****January 12—15, 1983**Pacific Beach Hotel, Honolulu  
Write: Mr. John Witwer  
765 Amana St., Ste. 208  
Honolulu, HI 96814**30TH ANNUAL WORLD  
CONVENTION****July 5—9, 1983**Detroit, Michigan  
Write: Mr. Dave Byram  
World Convention Coordinator  
P.O. Box 5050  
Costa Mesa, CA 92627

For a complete listing of conventions, rallies, and advances, write to Conventions, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

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**F**or more than 20 years I sought the answers to life in all forms of the occult. Every one I tried promised peace, contentment, and spiritual truth. Instead, I had a serious drinking problem, my marriage was in trouble, and I was so plagued by fear that I couldn't sleep alone without a light on.

No, I was not some kind of gullible cult member, or a practitioner of black

person uses only about 10 percent of his mental capacity. Anxious to get on the fast track to success and determined to use as much of my mind as possible to get rich, I went to an organization called The Planned Happiness Institute where they hypnotized me and taught me to hypnotize myself.

About this time I became interested in ESP (extrasensory perception). I

# END OF DARKNESS

Ray Golabienski, Ontario, Canada

magic. In fact, I was a successful businessman and regarded myself as intelligent. But the realm of the occult encompasses much more than witchcraft and Satan worship. For a young man in pursuit of personal development and success, there are many popular and enticing avenues to follow.

My first step into the occult came at around the time I graduated from college. I had read that the average

was told that ESP is a normal human ability gradually lost as man became more civilized.

One day I combined my self-hypnotic ability with an experiment in thought transference. I surprised myself by being able to project my thoughts into another person's mind. Just as I made the connection, a bell went off in my head and suddenly it was as though a steel curtain dropped. I snapped out



of my self-induced trance. Terrified by the experience, I decided never to try that kind of experiment again.

Next I turned to astrology. If the stars could tell me what career to pursue, whom to marry, and what to do each day, how could I miss? I went to an astrologer who charted my horoscope based on my exact moment of birth. It seemed very scientific.

The astrologer told me I would get



rich from my "artistic endeavors" and that my mother had a "great influence" on me. I became so enthusiastic about astrology that I joined my astrologer's school and learned to cast horoscopes for others.

Eventually I realized that astrology wasn't working. (What boy isn't greatly influenced by his mother? In the last 30 years I've made only \$200 on my artwork.) So I turned to yoga,

studying under a personal guru for three years. As I sat in the lotus position one day, my mind in a "perfect state of rest," a harsh voice in my mind commanded, "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

I didn't understand it then, but my mind-bending interests were drawing demon forces to me like a magnet. Suddenly I became afraid of the dark; in an unlit room I panicked—me, a big hulk of a man. We also were finding mysterious scratches on the walls and eaves of the house. I learned later that this is how demons frequently let people know of their presence.

Then I took up racing and flying to prove my courage. I was probably the most scared boat racer in New Jersey, but I still won the state open invitational championship in 1966.

When yoga failed me, I tried Rosicrucianism, a religion of psychic and spiritual "enlightenment." It was the same hodgepodge as before, but one morning a significant thing happened. As I awoke, this thought came to me: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." I didn't know these were words of Jesus recorded in the Bible, but a great feeling of peace accompanied the words. I just lay there and enjoyed it for a while.

Two weeks later the thought came to me: "Trust in the Lord." I knew the words had spiritual significance, but I didn't know how.

Next I went to a man who said he could tell me about my past lives. He went into a trance and in a strange voice told me I was first incarnated in

the year 900 A.D.

Later I got involved with an Edgar Cayce study group conducted by the pastor of a local church. I was desperate to find spiritual answers, but this too proved to be another blind alley.

My company transferred me to Canada and I was made vice-president of marketing. I got to be good friends with our ad agency representative, Jim McEwan, because we shared numerous long lunches over martinis.

One day Jim didn't want to drink anymore and started telling me about Jesus. I explained that I already knew about Jesus—He was the guy on the wall of a church I hadn't attended in 25 years. Jim invited me to watch a television program produced by Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, called "Good News!" I couldn't see myself getting up at eight o'clock on a Sunday morning to watch a religious program, but I said I'd watch it sometime.

That Sunday I woke up alone, because my wife was in the hospital for an operation, and remembered the "Good News!" program. It was already 8:15 but, quickly turning on the TV, I saw a face that somehow communicated the love of God. It was Demos Shakarian. He was saying, "Would you like to know Jesus?"

At that moment something happened deep inside me that I couldn't explain. I began to cry. Not little tears, either. My whole body was shaking. I needed Jesus desperately and I knew it. Something in my tortured spirit told me, "This is it! Jesus is the answer!"

I called Jim and he invited me to dinner. That night he and another friend shared the message of salvation from the Bible and I knelt in prayer to accept Jesus into my heart. There were all kinds of hugging going on and we were all crying. Instead of feeling embarrassed as I had expected, I had the peace I had been seeking all my life.

When my wife Joan came home from the hospital she noticed a definite change in me. She said even my physical appearance was different—my skin and eyes had actually softened. After she saw the transformation in me, she soon accepted Jesus, too. We both received the baptism in the Holy Spirit; I while praying for a young man at a Bible study, and Joan at the FGBMFI regional convention in Toronto.

Joan has been healed of a lifelong back problem, as well as a hiatal hernia.

For years I looked for answers in gurus, the stars, and psychic phenomena, but the only truth I found in that time was "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

My answers were not in the stars, but in the Son—the Lord Jesus Christ. □

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*Ray Golabienski is general manager of Barnes-Hind, Canada's leading manufacturer and distributor of contact lenses and contact-lens solutions. He is a frequent speaker at FGBMFI meetings in Canada and the U.S.*





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## SECRET AGENT

David C. Crawford  
Macon, GA

**D**addy, why do you and Mommy quarrel so much?"

My little daughter Tracie had been asking me that a lot lately, and I just didn't know how to answer her. I myself couldn't understand why my wife Polly was so insistent that I stop singing in nightclubs. After all, she'd been up there singing with me for a few years and we'd made a very successful team.

Lately, though, our hectic schedules were keeping us apart most of the time. I was not only working weekends

in nightclubs but holding down a good government job. In addition, both Polly and I were very active in our church. We sang in the choir, taught Sunday school, and I served as deacon. Although I did not recognize it at the time, I was like a "double agent," trying to serve God and the world at the same time. And where Jesus was concerned in my daily life, I was definitely a "secret agent."

One night while we were flying to a nightclub engagement in a friend's plane, a sudden updraft sucked us into a cloudbank. Our instruments went crazy, and I thought we were done for. Suddenly three bolts of lightning flashed directly in front of us, forming the image of a doorway. I flew toward a little spot of light below us.

"This is a heck of a place to go," I muttered. "I don't even know where I am."

I was speaking geographically, but that statement was even more accurate spiritually. I headed for the spot of light and we broke safely out of the clouds.

God had spared us—but life went on as usual.

Then I noticed a change coming over Polly. She didn't threaten to leave me anymore. She was always going to church meetings, reading her Bible, listening to teaching tapes, and telling people about Jesus. One day she told me some ladies had prayed with her and she had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. "What do you think of that?" she asked.

"Well, if God gave it to you, who am



I to say you can't have it?" was the only answer I could think of.

Polly persuaded me to start attending some meetings of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, and I made it a point to sit as close to the exit as possible. But I was touched by the love those people displayed and by the depth of Christian experience reflected in their testimonies.

I also consented to take Polly to an FGBMFI convention in Atlanta, provided she would go to the meetings by herself and let me lounge by the hotel pool. But when we got there I made the mistake of peeping into one of the meetings and hearing part of a testimony by Ralph Marinacci, a former nightclub performer. That hooked me, and I never did get to the pool. I was overwhelmed in those meetings by the presence of God and the kindness everyone exhibited.

I invited Ralph to come to Macon, our hometown, to share his story. When he did I was deeply moved by his testimony. While visiting us Ralph did something that was to prove very significant later on. "Jesus," he prayed, placing his hand on my throat, "I claim this voice for You."

Meanwhile, I stayed in the nightclubs playing and Polly stayed at home praying. Little by little, though, I was coming under conviction. One night while our band was playing a fast number, a man dropped dead of a heart attack. Someone suggested we join hands and pray, and that was the first time I ever saw a prayer meeting in a nightclub. But it was too late for

the man on the floor.

Polly had wanted to attend an FGBMFI convention that night, but my club engagement took priority. Now a man was dead and maybe on his way to hell. Still I kept on playing, but the incident nagged at my conscience.

I promised myself that we wouldn't miss that FGBMFI convention next time. A year later I found myself at the convention talking to a man named Bill Brock, giving him a hundred and one reasons why it was okay for me to keep playing in nightclubs. I expected him to argue. Instead he just said, "Dave, let's pray."

That night the speaker, George Otis, said God was going to baptize 100 people in the Holy Ghost. He did, and I was one of the hundred. And when God filled me with the Holy Ghost and fire, my spirit knew I couldn't be a double agent anymore. I had to quit the clubs.

Today our home is united with the love of Jesus. Polly and I no longer sing in nightclubs, but minister together in the Central Correctional Institute in Macon, where we have held three FGBMFI conventions within the prison itself. It has been a relief and a joy to give up my role as double agent and to say, "I claim this voice for You, Jesus!" □

---

*Dave and Polly Crawford are former nightclub entertainers now using their talents for Jesus. Dave is president of FGBMFI chapter 1656, Central Correctional Institute, Macon, GA, while Polly serves as president of Macon's Women's Aglow.*



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



**MAGIC** (from page 8)

else. I didn't even feel anything and I didn't know if God heard me. I just knew there wasn't anything else to do.

I went back into the bedroom and saw the first of many miracles: Barbara was rational again and I could communicate with her. There was no question in my mind that God had intervened.

This really amazed me. It was almost too good to be true. As far as I knew, God had never done anything for me before. (Today I know differently, of course, but at that time it was a revelation.)

Another thing happened that day. I became a changed man. I hadn't gone through a sinner's prayer or anything, but I know I met Jesus, because from that moment my life changed direction. I've been headed in the right direction ever since. Even when I fall, I fall in the right direction, and I'm closer to Jesus when I get back up.

Drinking had been one of my real stumbling blocks, and to my surprise I found that I had the courage to stop. God had taken care of that, too. Meantime, the healing of our marriage began. In time I started to tell about our experience because I knew other people were hurting the way we'd been hurting. We both started reading the Bible and Christian books and listening to Christian radio programs. Things weren't perfect, but we were on the right track. I became more and more thirsty.

The power of God was still missing in our lives. Hunger but not the power.

I suppose we could have continued living like that, but one day our daughter called from college and asked us what we knew about speaking in tongues. She said that one of her friends had this gift; she was praying for people and getting amazing results. We said she didn't have to associate with the girl if she didn't want to. Our background was such that we would not have sought the company of such people on our own, even if they did pray and get results.

Then a good friend told us she'd received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. We remarked that she was the second person who had told us that recently, and we asked if she knew anyone else who had had that experience. She gave us the name of a mutual friend.

"Yes, I received it just by asking," our friend said. She advised us to read *They Speak With Other Tongues* by John Sherrill. After reading it we were convinced the experience was real—and we wanted it.

Barbara went into our bedroom and told God she wasn't leaving until He filled her with the Holy Spirit. She prayed until her knees got sore. Then she decided to lie down and rest for a while. Lying there, she remembered a book she'd just read, *Face Up With a Miracle*, by Don Basham, about faith.

Faith. Suddenly Barbara realized it was by *faith* that she would receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. She opened her mouth to say "Father,"



but instead began speaking words she'd never heard before. She got so excited she danced all around the room, singing and praising God in her new prayer language.

Excitedly, she told me about it when I came home and I wanted it, too. So Barbara began praying for me to receive the Baptism... and my whole body began to vibrate.

"Cut that out," she scolded, but as I tried to tell her, *I wasn't doing it*. After it happened a number of times, she gave up. A few weeks later a friend was sharing scriptures with me on the baptism in the Holy Spirit and all at once I understood. In that moment I was filled with the Holy Ghost; I opened my mouth and prayed in my new heavenly language. Barbara was out of town, but I had to share this wonderful news with her, so I called her and we prayed together in

tongues over the phone.

Our Christian experience was like a house afire after that. We had an immediate hunger for the Bible. We thought they had rewritten it, it was so fresh and exciting. We saw God work many miracles, including the healing of our grandson, who doctors said would die... or be a vegetable. Today he is whole!

Once Barbara and I were always "out of phase" with one another—because we were out of phase with God. Since we "plugged in" to Jesus and have been given the power of the Holy Spirit, our love for one another and for the Lord burns brighter than ever. □

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*Russell Linenkohl graduated from Georgia Tech in electrical engineering and is a veteran member of Power Systems Co., Westinghouse Electric Corp. He and wife Barbara have two married children and four grandchildren.*

## 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.

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**JACQUELINE** (from page 15)

she never complained of pain or discomfort. Even when her lovely hair was shaved off for surgery she didn't grumble, but assured us that Jesus was with her and we needn't worry about her.

Jacqueline cherished the word of God and memorized her favorite psalms. We had the enormous comfort of knowing that the Lord was protecting her from pain and allowing His love to shine through her.

Her condition continued to deteriorate, so we determined to fly her to the United States to attend some of Kathryn Kuhlman's meetings in Los Angeles and St. Louis. The doctors feared that being in the pressurized cabin would cause Jacqueline's brain to expand, resulting in bleeding and possible death. But the Lord gave us definite assurance that everything would be all right, and she experienced no difficulties whatever on the flight.

Our daughter was not physically healed in the meetings and, while we were disappointed, nevertheless we were spiritually uplifted to see miracles and healings happening to others. We had never seen anything like the mighty moving of God that took place in those services. We realized that we had much to be thankful for in that Jacqueline was not experiencing any pain.

Shortly after that time our whole family was blessed by being baptized in the Holy Spirit, an experience that

deepened our commitment to the Lord and to one another. Then we began a little prayer group in our home.

Starting with seven people, it gradually grew as they heard about the faith and joy God had given Jacqueline even in her illness. Our daughter touched many lives by her steadfast faith and serene peace.

It was approximately 13 months after the discovery of the tumor that Jacqueline was called home to be with the Lord. During those months she had allowed herself to be a channel for God's love and joy to flow out to us, her family, and to all of our friends. One of our most wonderful treasures from the experience was the salvation of my father-in-law, who accepted the Lord and was baptized at the age of 74.

Our weekly prayer meeting blossomed soon after Jacqueline went to be with our Lord. Literally hundreds have come to know Jesus as a result of these services, which probably never would have happened if it had not been for the "tragedy" of our little girl's illness.

In our natural thinking, we expected Jacqueline's healing to bring great glory to God. But in her death our daughter has touched many lives for all eternity. □

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*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

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