

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

MAY 1975

25c

MIRACLES UNLIMITED

the story of
LARRY SNELGROVE
FGBMFI's first
Canadian Director
see page two



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by **LARRY SNELGROVE**

FACE TO FACE with death at the age of thirty-five, my father, a policeman with the Canadian Pacific Railways in Quebec, who had always believed that living a good life would insure his entrance into heaven, realized for the first time that this was not enough. Stricken with pneumonia, knowing his end was near, he asked my mother to get the Bible and help him find God. Since she herself did not have a personal relationship with the Lord, however, she called for a neighbor, a member of the Plymouth Brethren Church, to help my father in his dying hour.

I was only five years old at the time of my father's death in 1911, so I do not remember anything about him, but a surprise encounter in Montreal nineteen years later gave me the blessed assurance that before his death Dad had repented of his sins and confessed Jesus Christ as his Lord and Saviour. In 1930, while passing out religious tracts and Bibles on the ocean-going vessels in



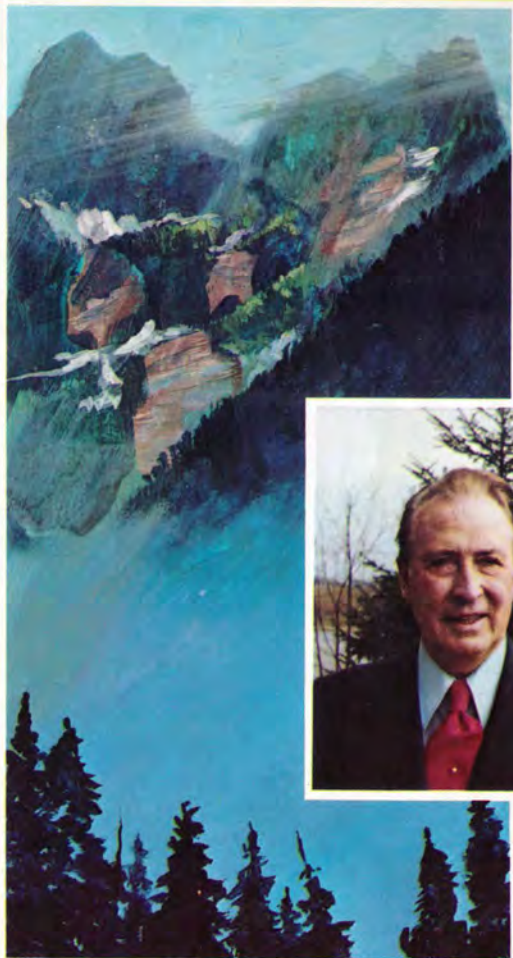
Concert Hall, Toronto, 1958. Canada's first FGBMFI dinner meeting. Attendance: 500.

the Port of Montreal, I met another Christian who was also handing out Gospel literature. After conversing for some time concerning our experiences in witnessing for Christ, he proclaimed that the most outstanding experience of his life was leading a dying man named Snelgrove from darkness to light and seeing great joy and peace come to him. Imagine our combined joy when I told him that my name was Snelgrove, and that he was the neighbor who had led my father to the Lord!

Four years after Dad's death, Mother accepted Christ also and received the wonderful experience of the baptism in the Holy Spirit. My brother and sister were born again shortly after, and we all began attending services in a Pentecostal church in Quebec. But although then

thirteen years of age and often under deep conviction, I still had not accepted Jesus into my heart and life. One Tuesday, however, God's Spirit dealt strongly with me and I decided to get right with Him with the help of the first person who would ask me to do so. That same evening my brother invited me to attend church with him, and I readily accepted. As we boarded the streetcar and took our seats, without any prompting or preliminary discussion about spiritual things I told my brother of my decision to accept Christ as Saviour that very night. So anxiously did I await the altar call, that to this day I do not remember what the sermon was all about. After confessing my sins and pouring out my heart before the Lord for about an hour, the scripture verse, "If we

LARRY S. SNELGROVE was born and raised in eastern Canada, and has lived in Toronto most of his seventy years, many of which were spent in the real estate business. Appointed in 1955 as FGBMFI's first international director in Canada, he has been active in this capacity ever since.



"A surprise encounter
in Montreal gave me
assurance."



First group from Canada (Toronto) to attend an FGBMFI convention in the States (Atlantic City, N.J., 1958). Larry Snelgrove, right.

confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I John 1:9) was quoted in confirmation of my salvation. But because I felt nothing emotionally, the devil kept whispering in my ear that maybe my sins were not forgiven and that God had not saved me. About one week later, however, while walking along the street, the joy of salvation and the peace of God that passes all understanding flooded my soul.

Mother told me later that my brother had spent all day Tuesday (the day of my conversion) in fasting and prayer for my salvation. No wonder it had been easy for me to make the decision! This was the first real miracle in my life, and for the first time I realized the power of prayer and desired to seek God for the baptism in the Holy Spirit. For this reason I attended a charismatic meeting every night, either in a church or in someone's home, for almost six months. After one such meeting, as I waited before the Lord in prayer and praise, suddenly a heavenly language began to flow out from my innermost being. I felt the earth tremble beneath me and was reminded of the scripture, "And when they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness" (Acts 4:31). For about one week it

was much easier for me to pray in my heavenly language than to pray in English.

A second miracle—deliverance from a stammering tongue that had bound me since a child—occurred in 1932 in Toronto under the ministry of Dr. Charles Price. At times my stammering left me completely speechless, unable to carry on a conversation. Having been prayed for without deliverance many times before, I had made up my mind to wait on God in fasting and prayer before attending the service. This time God wonderfully delivered me, to the extent that I was able to enter the selling profession and eventually build a very large real estate business in the city of Toronto, with a staff of more than seventy-five people. It was an outstanding Christian testimony.

In 1948, while attending a convention in Kansas City, the presence of the Lord filled my room early one morning, awakening me from a very deep sleep. In an almost audible voice I heard the words, "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Then, to emphasize the point, the words were repeated, "*Larry, it is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit!* Larry, did you hear what I said?" I answered, "Yes, Lord; I understand."

In the past I had depended so much upon my own ability in witnessing for the Lord, but now He

was showing me the importance of relying on His Holy Spirit to enable me to do the work. Following this experience, the name of Jesus began to take on new meaning, witnessing for Him became easy, and my life has since become so much more fruitful.

Deliverance from affliction has formed a major part of my Christian walk. God has given me more than thirty miracles of healing in my own body, and many hundreds of answers to prayer for myself and for others. The Bible says, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous; but the Lord delivers him out of them all" (Psalms 34:19). I give all glory to Jesus Christ, the Great Physician, who has healed me of cancer of the throat, cancer of the bladder, and kidney stones—all without an operation and with complete clearance from my doctors. I recently suffered a stroke and was completely paralyzed down my right side. Before I arrived at the hospital, however, God fully delivered me. On another occasion, God undertook for me after being scheduled for an operation because of a heart condition. For thirty-seven years I wore eyeglasses, but through prayer the Lord healed my eyes, giving me wonderful vision to this day. My faith has surely been tested through these afflictions, but I stand on the Word of God which says, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them,

and ye shall have them" (Mark 11:24).

One day in 1955 while on vacation in southern California, my wife and I stopped at Laguna Beach. There we met a lady who was attracted to us because, as she put it, "You look so happy; you must be Christians." Pointing to a letter in her hand from her brother, she told us how thrilled he was over a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting he had attended at Clifton's Cafeteria in Los Angeles. This aroused our curiosity, so we attended the next meeting, which was on the following Saturday morning. Enraptured with the spirit of love that seemed to radiate from the people, we knew we had "struck oil"—the anointing of the Holy Spirit upon the lives of businessmen—and were intrigued by the amazing way in which the Fellowship was bringing the message of salvation and the baptism in the Holy Spirit to thousands of laymen and ministers of all denominations. I became truly involved, and later that same year, while attending the FGBMFI World Convention in Denver, received the honor of being appointed the Fellowship's first International Director in Canada.

Time has passed and I am now seventy years young, vibrantly working for the Lord and thanking Him for using me in this dynamic ministry of His Spirit that is spreading all across Canada. ■



Be Steadfast!

by ANTHONY LEWIS

OUR VOCAL TRIO began climbing in the heady world of show business success. We recorded many songs and played the world-famous Palace Theatre in New York City. When we began working on the Arthur Godfrey show, I never dreamed that the Lord was about to call it all to a halt.

One day God's Spirit spoke demandingly to my heart. "Stop!

ANTHONY LEWIS is President of STEAD-FAST TEMPORARIES INC., New York, N.Y., an organization supplying temporary office personnel to companies throughout the city. Many accounts call him requesting a STEAD-FAST temporary on a permanent basis.

Enough is enough. Go carefully now and you will know the direction of your life."

My mind went back a number of years to the moment at age 18 when I personally accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. I recalled how little I had known at first about the many blessings God wanted to give me *after* I received Christ.

It was at a prayer meeting in Los Angeles a bit later on that something unusual began to happen. As I prayed, a wave of love came over me. I began to weep and raised my hands toward heaven praising God. Remarkable for me! By nature I am basically a quiet individual.

That was an awakening, a new step forward, but God wanted me to have more. I did what I should have done earlier—began to read the Scriptures to see what God has in mind for people following their initial decision for Christ. Because of what I found in the Bible, I soon was asking God for a definite filling with His Holy Spirit.

For many seekers such a prayer is speedily answered. From my experience, however, I can say: If it doesn't happen immediately for you, don't be discouraged!

I "tarried" many weeks for the infilling of the Holy Spirit. Then one

night at a meeting scheduled for those seeking this Baptism, the call was given to come forward to the altar.

I moved out from my seat.

"O Lord," I quietly prayed half way down the aisle, "I love you so much. What *else* do you want me to do?"

I never reached the altar—the power of God actually swept me off my feet. I felt as if I were floating in another dimension. For two hours the Lord flooded me with His Spirit, enabling me to speak in many new languages and sing new songs in the Spirit. Afterwards people said that those who tried to approach me during this marvelous experience were pushed away by the power surrounding me.

The Spirit said, "Enough!"

Such an outpouring of the Spirit fills one with eagerness to serve Jesus and those for whom He died. I began to sing and even preach for Him at every opportunity. Power to serve Him, however, is not a guarantee that a person can never again be tripped up in his Christian life!

It was quite some time later that I allowed the broken home from which I had come and other unpleasant circumstances to all but swallow me up. Reaction: the decision to go into show business.

So here I was now, a successful entertainer for a number of years—and suddenly the Holy Spirit was say-

ing, "Enough!"

What was the new direction for my life of which He was speaking to my heart? I didn't fully know but gave notice to my associates, stating that I was joining God's business!

"A Greater Door Will Open!"

Immediately I began to attend Glad Tidings Tabernacle in New York and to work for an organization that supplied temporary office personnel to companies throughout the city. For 15 years I continued in this work and rose to the vice president's spot. All this time I again and again asked the Lord, "Is *this* what you want me to do?"

One morning I walked into the office and learned from the president that the business had been sold. I was to give the new owners the same service I had given in the past.

Frankly, I was disappointed—I knew I would have to prove myself all over again. Once more it was time for special prayer.

As I called upon God for guidance, the inner voice of His Spirit consoled me:

"God has closed this door, but a greater one will open!"

A scripture verse came to a good friend of mine as we prayed together a few days later. "First Corinthians 15:58!" (The passage reads, "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye STEADFAST, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,

forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.”)

Somehow we sensed clearly that God wanted me to open my own business, one that would be dedicated to Him. The new venture would be called “STEAD-FAST Temporaries Inc.”!

On opening day, January 17, 1972, the stocks were at an all-time low, people were unemployed, the cost of living was leaping up, and a phone strike was on. To top it all, the former company decided to sue me for over half a million for leaving and starting a business in the same line. People thought I was out of my mind.

I feel it was God who caused two highly capable friends to join me in my new enterprise—Marge Dowling and Irene Cardinal. Then, praise His name, the phones were installed, the personnel orders rolled in, and

IMPORTANT: PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION

Originally scheduled for early in March, this year's Philadelphia Regional Convention, due to close proximity with the Washington, D.C. International Regional (Feb. 26-Mar. 1) has been moved to June 5-7. Featured speakers will be James Brown, Dr. John Klem, Van Bruner and Bill Basansky. See page 40 for contact information.

STEAD-FAST won the law suit!

God has showered the business with blessings during these first three years. We have grown and grown until recently we were forced to move into much larger quarters. It has been a joy to provide helpful service to many people—both believers and those who don't yet know Him.

Net result: I am convinced that you can do anything at any stage of your life, provided you are in God's will and directed by His Spirit! ■

It should be the greatest in our 22-year history . . .

THE 1975 WORLD CONVENTION OF THE FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

Anaheim Convention Center, Anaheim, California

June 30-July 5

Come and be blessed by the ministry of Demos Shakarian, Oral Roberts, Kathryn Kuhlman, Rex Humbard and Maude Aimee, Senator Mark Hatfield, Fred Ladenius (Vatican Press Secretary), Howard Conatser (Pastor, Beverly Hills Baptist Church, Dallas), Fr. John Patrick Bertolucci (Albany Diocese), plus many prominent businessmen.

The FGBMFI Institute of Charismatic Living will conduct three afternoon sessions on Faith, Healing, and the Holy Spirit, featuring the ministry of Kenneth Hagin, Ken Copeland, Dick Mills and Joe Poppell.

Then immediately following the World Convention, join the large delegation flying to the “World Extension Convention” in Honolulu, Hawaii, July 6-13. All in all, these will be times of spiritual and physical refreshing you will long remember!

For further information, address: FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION, P.O. Box 17904, Los Angeles, CA 90017

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SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer. Here are the six Scriptural steps which all must take to pass from death unto life:

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). You must acknowledge in the light of God's Word that you are a sinner.

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). You must see the awfulness of sin and then repent of it.

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). "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans 10:10). The Lord awaits your admission of guilt.

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). Sorrow for sin is not enough in itself. We must want to be done with it once and for all.

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). "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" (Romans 10:9). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16). Believe in the finished work of Christ on the cross.

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). Christ must be received personally into the heart by faith, if the experience of the New Birth is to be yours.

Why not make your eternal decision right now: "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men."

When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know about it so that we may rejoice together.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

Mail to: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 17904, Los Angeles, California 90017

WITHIN PRISON WALLS

On Sunday, September 8, 1974, 30 outside guests joined with 50 inmates in the chartering of the McNeil Island (Washington) Chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. This is the first such chapter formed in a federal penitentiary.

Here are the thrilling testimonies of the chapter's first president and vice president, respectively, and a report from an outside guest who attended the recent Spiritual Advance held within the prison walls.

"THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COIN" by CHRIS HOLDER

THERE ARE TWO sides to every coin, but when entering into a life of crime, I could only see one side—luxurious living, bright lights, pleasure and great wealth. I gambled that the pleasures of this world would bring me peace, happiness and success, and that God wasn't necessary—but I lost.

Deceived, enslaved by habits, trapped by circumstances and tempted by my own lust, I became what I had never intended to become. At the outset, my wrong-doings troubled me considerably, but soon it was easy to hold up a bank without giving it a second thought. As all of Satan's victims, I started innocently, but finished with a life of regrets. It's

like failing a test and not being able to take it over. Satan never allowed me to see the depression, suffering, loneliness and isolation that would one day plague me until it was too late. That was the other side of the coin. The Bible says that Satan is the father of lies. He promises freedom, but gives bondage; he promises life, but gives death.

At the age of twelve, I accepted Jesus as my personal Saviour and received the gift of the Holy Spirit. However, at seventeen I rejected my early Christian teachings, thinking I was wise enough to make it on my own. The scripture, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Galatians 6:7), proved to be true



Last August, FGBMFI director Fred Doerflein of Seattle, left, presented the charter to McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary Chapter president Chris Holder, right. Other officers participating were, from left, Al Jimenez, treasurer; John McIntosh, director; Howard Deets, secretary; and Dwayne Warren, vice president. Chris Holder was released from prison late in 1974.

in my life, for in 1969, when I was thirty-eight years old, I was booked in the San Francisco County Jail on seventeen counts of armed robbery. Although bitter and miserable, and facing a third term in prison, my pride and guilt prevented me from calling on God for help. I hated myself for this mess, and hated the world for the dirty deal it had given me.

A close friend made arrangements for a one million dollar bail on my behalf and gave me a job bartending while awaiting my trial. After several months of heavy drinking, however, my situation became increasingly hopeless. One day, experiencing total mental chaos, I fell on my knees and cried out to God for help. Immediate-

ly, His peace and joy returned to me and life began to change for the better. After praying that God would direct my path, I attended a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting. The guest speaker that night was Herb Ellingwood, then Legal Affairs Secretary to Governor Ronald Reagan. He has since remained a spiritual influence in my life.

Changing my plea to guilty, I was sentenced to twelve years at the federal penitentiary at McNeil Island in September, 1970. One of the inmates told me that it was impossible to be a Christian in prison. He was mistaken! I have been serving my sentence and God concurrently for over four years and my joy is greater today than ever before. God has

helped me turn defeat into victory, has restored my self-respect, and has given me a reason to exist. I now have what I've always wanted from life.

I had to find Jesus before finding myself and had to learn that He alone makes life worth living. My pleasures of the past were artificial in comparison to the true happiness that comes only from knowing Jesus

Christ. Other prisoners refer to those of us who are Christians as "Jesus freaks" and "Bible-toters." At one time this would have been embarrassing to me, but now I consider it a great privilege and honor to be associated with the name Jesus Christ, and am continuing His fellowship as a member of the McNeil Island chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International! ■

"THE PERSISTENT PRISONER" by DWAYNE WARREN

IN SEPTEMBER, 1973, full of bitterness and hate, not knowing God and not wanting to know Him, I was sent to McNeil Island and placed in a cell with seven other men. This was nothing new, since all my life has been spent in prison reformatories and jails with charges ranging from fighting to armed robbery.

On this occasion, one of my cell mates was a Christian. When he asked me to attend chapel service with him, I let him know that I wanted no part of it. However, he wouldn't take "no" for an answer and kept after me until finally I agreed to go one Sunday morning to hear a singing group from Washington. It was the Warren Brenning family, composed of father, mother, and eight children. As they spoke about the love of Jesus and sang songs of praise to Him, a feeling that I had never before experienced came over me and tears filled my eyes. Surely God was real and He was

speaking to my heart.

The service was so thoroughly enjoyable that I also consented to attend a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting that night, presented by businessmen from nearby areas. This proved to be another great experience for me, even though I didn't understand all that went on, such as the praying in tongues or the laying of hands on people in prayer. But the love of God as expressed through His people toward each other and toward us witnessed to my soul. The following Sunday evening in the prayer group I accepted Jesus as my Saviour.

Now one year later, we on the Island have our own Full Gospel Business Men's chapter of which I am an officer. God has changed my life completely and has filled me with His Holy Spirit. I thank Him for His love, for His Son Jesus Christ, and for Christian brothers who don't take "no" for an answer. ■

"AN AWESOME EXPERIENCE" Reported by GENE AVEN

SEVENTEEN MEMBERS of the Seattle, Washington Full Gospel Business Men's chapter visited the McNeil Island Penitentiary recently to conduct a Spiritual Advance with 18 inmates who are members of the FGBMFI chapter on the island.

"Some of the men that went with us had never been in prison before, with or without bracelets," writes one of their number, Gene Aven, "and it was a new experience for them. Four pastors went in with us. We held a baptismal service, a communion service, and a foot washing service. This was the fourth foot washing meeting I'd been involved in. However, there certainly is something different about looking a man in the eye who had murdered at least four people, and, seeing the love of God there, hugging him and calling him 'brother.' *It's an awesome experience!*

"The weekend we were there consisted of testimonies, sharing the Word and each other's problems, and ministering in general to spiritual needs," Aven continues. "One brother, hung up on his prejudices, finally broke down and said, 'I need to be delivered of this.' We prayed and he was completely freed from his prejudicial attitude. Another prisoner walked in, and I felt a shudder go all over my body. He had eyes like cold steel.

"Harley Goodwin handed this

prisoner a tract of my testimony and he went back upstairs to his cell and read it. I had been mixed up in Eastern religions before I went to prison. Since this man was into the martial arts, such as Karate and Kung Fu, he related to my experiences and came to our evening meeting. I was asked to share my testimony. When the service was over, he asked me, 'Where do the martial arts fit into Christianity?' I took him off to a corner and invited him to share with me how he was brought up, how he got into organized crime, and the things that were churning inside him. What he told me about his wife and children, touched my heart.

"By this time," Aven continues, "the rest of the men had gone to the 'hot seat.' This is a chair placed in the middle of the room on which the men would voluntarily sit and confess something or ask for prayer. The others would lay hands on them and pray. This prisoner (Bob) said he wanted to sit in that seat. As he did, he confessed his sins, asked forgiveness, renounced all involvement with the martial arts and satanic activities—and then he began to praise God and speak in another language. But the outstanding miracle was the glow on that man's face! He couldn't stop smiling. That touched everybody—they could not help but notice the difference. ■

the far cry

by JOSEPH R. CARTER

NO MAN has ever seen the wind, yet its whistling and howling is unmistakable to the human ear. As this unseen power passes by the trees, the gentle sound of rustling leaves and the sight of swaying branches are a true testimony of the presence of that power. I have never seen the Holy Spirit, nor have I heard the Lord speak in an audible voice, yet I am convinced of the reality and the sovereignty of the power of God. Like a fragile branch in the midst of a mighty storm, every fiber of my life is shaken as He passes by. My Christian life has been marked by the miraculous, the unusual and that which almost exceeds my imagination.

Though reared in the Baptist church, I was not a Christian. As a matter of fact, by the age of 15 I began to seriously doubt the existence of God. It was at that time that a friend and I attended a Billy Graham Crusade for the sole intent of mock-

ery. However, after hearing the message, "Choose ye this day whom ye shall serve," I surrendered myself to God and was born again.

A year later as I was praying for the will of God in a little prayer room, I felt His presence as never before. He saturated my very soul, and His love welled up within me like a fountain until I felt that I could contain no more. This love was something that I had never experienced. My cup was overflowing with joy and peace in the presence of God. I was immersed in His Spirit!

Shortly after that time I realized that my life was no longer my own. I had to surrender my will to Him. The Lord spoke to me in a dream saying, "My son, serve me with your whole heart and life; I will accept nothing less." I had to decide if I was going to continue my studies in communications and enter the broadcasting industry, or accept the offer of

JOE CARTER is essentially a missionary to the Island of Haiti, where his ministry has been instrumental in establishing eight primary schools and many churches. Lately, however, he has been ministering extensively in Protestant and Catholic churches throughout the United States, and in Europe and the Caribbean. This testimony, first given in the 1972 Washington, D.C. Regional Convention, was recently updated by Mr. Carter specifically for publication in VOICE.



“Even the gentle sound of rustling leaves offers a testimony to God’s power.”



“Lord, if you really want me to go to Haiti,

a scholarship to the New England Conservatory of Music to study voice. That particular decision was never necessary, for the Lord had a different plan for my life.

Through the relentless work of the Holy Spirit in my heart, I knew that I had to go forth and somehow spread His love. After entering Bible college I began to experience more difficulties and problems than I had ever had in my life. The pressures became so great that I could feel my will being broken—utterly broken. For weeks at a time I lived in deep depression. My friends and my church had seemingly turned away from me, and I wondered if God hadn't forgotten me also. Bewildered and confused, I had

never felt so painfully alone. Deep within I loved the Lord with all of my heart, yet I could not understand why I was experiencing such emptiness and brokenness.

Because of my despair, I began to loathe myself and prayed for death! It seemed unbearable, yet the Lord never allows us to experience more than we can bear. I was in His refining fire—I had to understand my own frailty, vulnerability and nothingness before I could understand His strength towards me. In that fire of human tribulations and pressures I found that my strength and even my motivation had dissipated. Only when we come to the end of ourselves do we feel the need for dependence on



provide the necessary funds—and tonight!”

His great love and everlasting mercy!

Hoping to find some relief in a different atmosphere, I attended an old fashioned revival meeting in another part of the country. A total stranger to the others present, little did I know that something wonderful was going to happen which would change the course of my entire life. Upon my arrival, the Lord touched me, and like a burst of light in darkness, the despair that I had carried for almost a year disappeared instantly. I couldn't believe it; I was myself again! As the scripture says, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

One day, while I was walking in the park, a woman approached me

and said, "I am from Haiti. I believe the Lord wants you to come and preach to my people." My first reaction was that she was probably a religious fanatic. Why would she, a total stranger, make such a ridiculous statement to me? I smiled, and, to get rid of her I said, "Who knows? Perhaps some day I'll go there." Almost admonishingly she suggested, "You pray about it," and left.

For reasons beyond my understanding, her suggestion pursued me and gave me no peace, until finally one night in a church service I prayed, "Lord, I don't understand this. I know you don't want to send me to Haiti. I don't even know where

(Continued on page 33)



"Point of No

"Alcoholics Anonymous led me to sobriety—

ON JULY 16, 1972, while attending a state convention of Alcoholics Anonymous in Baton Rouge, La., I casually picked up a small magazine in the Capitol House. It was the Full Gospel Business Men's VOICE. In it was the story of a Navy fighter pilot, Lt. Comdr. Bob Wright, who told of his personal confrontation with Jesus Christ and said he held two commissions, one of which was the Great Commission. I liked what I read because it sounded real. Being an ex-Air Force fighter pilot,

I could relate to this man. Other stories in VOICE intrigued me also —exciting testimonies by business and professional people who had found a new dimension in life. Finally, I came to a page entitled "Six Scriptural Steps to Salvation," and after much consideration decided to take those steps. I prayed the sinner's prayer, signed my name and address to the coupon and mailed it to the Fellowship headquarters in California. Little did I realize the full import of what I had done!

MAJOR GEORGE C. (BUD) DEATON, USAF, was an ace fighter pilot and squadron commander in North Africa in World War II. As such he was awarded the Silver Star and the Distinguished Flying Cross. Fresh from action, he was transferred to an air finishing school in Morocco to put new crews from the U.S. through a rigorous pre-battle course. He is currently employed in the Sales and Use Tax Department of the Calcasieu Parish School Board, Lake Charles, LA, and is vice president of the Lake Charles chapter of FGBMFI.



and a copy of VOICE led me to salvation!"

In less than two months, while attending the regional convention of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in Dallas, Texas, I was standing in the registration line when it felt as if the Statler-Hilton was being shaken by an earthquake. I had been praying for the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and now, while standing on the mezzanine floor, I was shaken by the power of God and received the Holy Spirit with a new language.

My natural birth was into a strong Methodist family. In Kinder, Louisiana, where I was raised, there were seven Protestant churches and one Catholic church. Blaming my failure to find spiritual satisfaction on the fact that there was dissension among some denominations, I looked to the Catholic Church for the truth. But in

spite of passing all the instruction courses and working fervently for the Church and its related groups for about a year, my confused life without Jesus as my Saviour began to get the better of me and I realized I had failed miserably, even in my marriage of 29 years that had given me four beautiful children.

I turned to ESP, Mind Control, and then to Christian Science in my search for peace and happiness, thinking I had finally found the answer. In a "reading room" on the main street of town, I daily delved into the theory that mind was greater than matter. People could do anything after mastering mind over matter, these books told me, for matter like a disease in the body never really existed in the first place. I got so

caught up in these doctrines that after spending hours each day in the reading room practicing mind control, I would leave with a splitting headache. The end result of this experience was another wasted part of my life that merely drove me back to my drinking. I still had not found Jesus.

By this time I was an alcoholic, but by the grace of God and the help of many other men and women afflicted with the same disease, it has not been necessary for me to have any drink with an alcoholic content since October 1, 1970. I had started drinking home-brew in my teens and acquired a taste for beer. I don't know when I passed the invisible line in becoming addicted to alcohol. It is called "the point of no return." For some forty years I not only dealt myself a frightened miserable life, but hurt many people I loved dearly along the way.

I'm not at all proud of many things I did and some I don't even remember. My friends in AA call it "blackouts." For example, *Newsweek* magazine once said that I was a Spitfire fighter pilot and a war ace. While it is true I did destroy a number of enemy aircraft, there are so many "blackouts" and lost years in my life that I don't really know *what* happened.

Alcoholics Anonymous put me in fellowship with men and women who understood my disease. Their twelve-

step program, when practiced with sincerity, caused a gradual spiritual awakening through a "Higher Power" that made it possible to stay sober "one day at a time." The eleventh step was the prayer that finally delivered me. It was simply a crying out to God for a knowledge of His will for me. I tarried in AA for nearly two years before my personal confrontation with Jesus Christ in Baton Rouge through the VOICE and in the Dallas Fellowship convention. I daily include my many AA friends in my prayers, for although some have had twenty years of sobriety, they still do not know Jesus as Lord. From a bulletin board at a meeting in Mobile, Alabama, I saved this slogan: "AA won't keep you from going to hell; nor is it a ticket to heaven; but it will keep you sober long enough for you to make up your mind which way you want to go!"

I am so excited to be living today as a new creature in Christ Jesus, filled with the Holy Spirit, knowing that old things are passed away and all things have become new. I am excited about the way He uses me daily as a yielded vessel to bear fruit for the Vine. I thank Him for the gift of salvation and the knowledge that I am going to meet Him in the clouds soon. How beautiful it is to see Him pour out His Holy Spirit on all denominations and to see defeated men and women come alive and discover a life with the Lord. ■



healing hands

... and a VOICE

Dear Editor:

I must share with you what an inspiration the VOICE magazine is to me and my friends.

After reading the Clem Dixon story, "Healing Hands" (Oct. '74), I felt impressed by the Holy Spirit to give the magazine to one of our church members who, as Clem, was also afflicted with throat cancer in the last stages. The doctor had sent him to Duke Hospital in Durham, North Carolina for treatment, but to no avail, and he was given just six months to live. Although much earnest prayer was made for him, he did not appear to show any improvement.

Then one Sunday I prayed that if it was in His will for me to give the issue of VOICE containing the story of Clem Dixon's healing to my friend, the Lord would bring him to the morning service, which He did. I gave him the magazine and also some Scripture verses on healing.

About one month later in a Wednesday night church service, our pastor mentioned that someone in the audience wished to give a personal testimony. Lo and behold! it was my friend that arose, looking as healthy as could be and reporting that the doctors could now find no sign of throat cancer. It was a miracle from God!

My friend and his wife are now working in our church extension witnessing program in jails, nursing homes and so on. I thank God for the ministry of VOICE magazine, and for the fact that miracles still take place in the lives of those who obey Him!

Mrs. Mildred Jackson, Fayetteville, N.C.



"WINGS OF THE MORNING"

(Psalm 139:9)

FGBMFI Airlifts Transport Blessings Overseas



THE IMPORTANCE of the Full Gospel Business Men's overseas airlifts will only be fully known when we get to heaven. But occasionally we are given a little glimpse, an insight into how God has blessed the efforts of the dedicated persons who have been participants in them.

Last fall two fine testimonies were received from Rev. Jim McLure, pastor of Park Church (Pentecostal) in Glasgow, Scotland who was so ably and unselfishly used of God to coordinate FGBMFI airlifts to Scotland in 1972 and 1973 through preparatory correspondence with their director in the United States, Enoch Christoffersen, himself a tireless, dedicated worker for Jesus Christ.

The two testimonies are herewith featured on this and several pages following.

"Great Expectations"

by A. STUART DICKSON

Presbyterian Minister, Parish of Newbattle, near Edinburgh, Scotland

IT WAS THE EVENING of Saturday, September 2, 1972. The place was Park Church (Pentecostal) in Glasgow, Scotland. For what God did for me on that evening, in that place, I will never cease to thank Him. It was during the FGBMFI airlift to Scotland. At the end of the evening service, Cliff Powell was ministering in the Spirit.

I had come into that glad, joyful church service in intense pain, wearing a six-inch surgical collar. I had been out of my pulpit in Glasgow's parish of Hutchesontown-Gorbals for four months—months of constant, severe pain in my neck, shoulders, arms and hands caused by cervical spondylitis (misplaced cervical intra-vertebral disc). It was, in spite of the pain sweeping down to my very finger tips, a great joy in the Lord for me to be with His people in the Park Church that night, worshipping in the Spirit. Near the end of a very blessed

service, Cliff asked those of us who had a need for the Lord Jesus to come quietly forward. He ministered in the Holy Spirit to a brother with a condition similar to my own, then spoke to me for a few minutes before laying his hands on me and praying. The Lord healed me there and then. The pain left me and I tore off the great clumsy, uncomfortable collar which I had worn for so long.

In faith I had arranged (although but for the Lord's healing I could never have carried it out) to take the morning service in my church the next day. Cliff joked, but in truth, that under God it took a Baptist builder from California to restore a Presbyterian minister to his pulpit. The next morning I bounded up the pulpit steps in perfect health, to share gladly with my people the great things that the Lord had done for me. Great things—for that night God did far more than heal my body. But to

tell what He really did do, it is perhaps better to try at this point to tell briefly of His loving dealings with me in the forty-two years of my life that preceded that wonderful night in the Park Church.

I Was In and Out of Hospitals

I was born in Clydebank, Scotland with a very rare blood disease—in symptoms identical with haemophilia. My mother died when I was two. From the beginning, therefore, life was never easy. By the time of the Second World War in 1939, I had had many very serious bleedings. At the beginning of the war, being evacuated as were so many city children, I suffered great loneliness, physical and mental cruelty, and bodily illness. In the terrible “Blitz” by the Luftwaffe on Clydebank and Western Glasgow in March 1941, my father, aunt and I escaped unharmed when a stick of bombs fell behind our row of houses. In the same year, and in addition to a bleeding lasting for days, I took a simultaneous bilateral mastoditis. Because I was not operated on immediately, I spent the next eleven years in and out of hospitals, having a long series of operations to try to get rid of a piece of decaying bone near the lining of my brain.

By my sixteenth year I found it impossible to believe in a God in my world of suffering (I had no background of faith). By the time I was

twenty, I was bitter, chronically ill and with absolutely no faith or hope for this life or any other. Then on Sunday, March 4, 1951 in the side room of the hospital ward where I had spent so much of my boyhood and youth, I met the Saviour face to face. By 8:30 that evening, I had passed from darkness into God’s marvelous light, from death to life eternal.

Another year of constant operations followed my conversion to Christ, but oh, the inexpressible joy of knowing in that pain-racked year, that “for me to live is Christ; to die is gain.” In April 1952, with over one thousand Christians praying for me, I went for what had to be the last possible operation on my left ear. I am led to believe that my own dear minister, Rev. Tom Allan, spent all night interceding for me. That night, knowing that God had healed me of my need for further surgery, I received my call to the ministry of Christ’s Church and the Gospel.

“Help Me to Serve This People”

God began preparing me for the fulfilling of my call. I was led for some time to take training as a male nurse. In 1955, He united me with a dear Christian girl in marriage. Rose and I met in Christian fellowship just after my conversion. Then in 1963 I was ordained to the ministry of the Church of Scotland.

My first parish was in a very hard

industrial village in West Lothian. The Lord greatly blessed us by breaking down the barriers between us and many disturbed and delinquent young folk. The local church froze them out, unfortunately. A year later I almost left the ministry because I was not permitted to love my own poor, spiritually-blinded people.

Then, March 8, 1966 sitting in my car, I prayed, "Lord, if there is any gift you can give me to help me to love you in this difficult place and serve this people, Father, I want it please, and I want it now." I opened my heart and the great peace and joy of the baptism in the Holy Spirit flowed in. Then from my lips His praise poured forth in a tongue He lovingly gave me.

A 247-Year-Old Church Building

Yet, even after all the love that God had showered on my life in the Spirit and in Christ, that night in Park Church—six years after my baptism in the Holy Spirit—God had still many things to deal with in my life. In a very precious way He began that new work in me. Praise Him! He has not finished it yet.

The pastor of Park Church, Rev. J. McLure, spoke to me that night of a group of ministers due to meet in charismatic fellowship two days later. As one of my greatest needs was for such fellowship, I gladly joined that group. I saw many wonderful things done by the Lord in

and through that fellowship.

Some two years ago, in a way quite plainly His way, I was suddenly called to be minister of the ancient parish of Newbattle, near Edinburgh, now one of the largest parishes in the country. We have a 247-year-old church building, the third since the year 1256. In an adjoining housing estate called *Mayfield*, we have another building. This church is but 18 years old and was erected to meet the needs of the new and developing community.

God Ministered Through the Airlifters

During the FGBMFI airlift in 1973, John and Mary Wallace took the service in the historic old church, and Fr. Francis Babbish ministered in the new church. God did a mighty work in the Spirit over that weekend, when we had altogether five of the airlift party with us. Several of our members (including our Session Clerk and my own daughter, Fiona) were baptized in the Holy Spirit, and the Lord healed a lady from another town in our area who had been in great pain and unable to raise one of her arms.

In recent days God has been dealing mightily with some of us in the church, revealing sins that must be renounced and also leading us in the Spirit to *wait on*, and *wait for* Him to anoint us with the power of the Spirit in a way we have not yet experienced. All glory be to Jesus! ■

Gifts for the Established Church

by DAVID BLACK

Pastor, Dennistoun Baptist Church, Glasgow, Scotland

SPIRITUALLY, 1974 was an exciting year here in Glasgow. Truly we can echo the words of the text, "The Lord *is doing* great things for us, whereof we are glad." It amazes us that we who are so unworthy should be allowed to share in a ministry, not only in the Dennistoun church but in the city of Glasgow and beyond. At the Glasgow Ministers Charismatic Fellowship, which meets in the Manse, more than 60 ministers have attended at various times. They vary from a Roman Catholic priest to a Brethren evangelist, but have the common interest and desire to re-discover the gifts of the Holy Spirit for the established church today. Healing has formed a large part of our ministry, and hardly a week passes without some miracle occurring. Recently an atheist, crippled for the past 13 months, in great pain and unable to sit in any position that brought comfort, was touched by Jesus and raised immediately to full health. Two days later the hospital gave him a full bill of health. This is no exceptional case, and we have witnessed such things as hearing restored, hemorrhages stopped, limbs extended, even hearts healed. People have been delivered from oppression.

And the greatest miracle of all—lives changed by the grace and power of Jesus. In all this we have learned many spiritual lessons and have often been broken by the Lord.

We are very excited at the prospects that await us in the days that lie ahead. It has become apparent that it is God's will for us to have our own Scottish Charismatic Renewal movement for the established churches similar to the work carried out in other areas. We praise God for His leading and also the fellowship of such Full Gospel Business Men as Enoch Christoffersen, Cliff Powell and others who so graciously and sacrificially came to minister in our midst. I personally appreciate the new insight they have given me into the ministry of healing and the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

They Showed Us What Can Be Done

God has used us in many ministries since then. Healing automatically leads on to deliverance, since so many diseases are caused by the evil one at work in the lives of God's children. Even the extension of limbs in the case of non-Christians in particular has proven to be a deeper need for deliverance, and often we have min-

istered for many hours and seen the pain go out of the body right through the toe!

It all began as the result of a spiritual airlift which brought to our country dedicated men and women from the United States to minister unselfishly among us. They showed us just what can be done in the name of Jesus and through the power of the Holy Spirit.

The Lord worked mightily in our midst while they were here. Many received healings, healings which we only imagined could be possible with the greatest of faith, healings which took place in our churches and various meetings. It was a joy, and a real vision was given to the church here just to see these things.

It Happened Instantaneously

In one group of ten people, within a matter of moments seven were baptized in the Holy Spirit without laying on of hands or any ministry of man. The Holy Spirit came and gave them a tongue in which to praise Him. It was a great experience to see that happening so instantaneously, something I had never seen before. It was the first time in the city of Glasgow that the Pentecostals, the Baptists, and the Church of Scotland ever really came together in this matter of seeking the blessing of the Lord. It gave us a deeper desire to work for greater unity between denominations. I know that we are going to

see His wonderful miracles performed more and more as the Word of God goes forth in power and this blessing is extended to many denominations. In my own very traditional church, the Lord really blessed and spoke to many people. My own ministry is greatly enriched because of the Full Gospel Business Men's visit.

A case in point is this. My wife had a little bit of back pain, and being Scottish and not really willing in a public meeting to confess such pain, we measured her legs at home and discovered that one was obviously shorter than the other. Amid some hilarity, we made about six attempts at seating her in the chair just to be sure of this, and no matter how we placed her, the one leg was always short.

We didn't do anything about this immediately, but at half past eleven at night when we were having coffee I said, "I think we ought to pray about your short limb." This invoked a great deal of laughter on her part, and indeed on my own, because it seemed so absolutely ridiculous that we should pray that this leg be extended, although we had often seen

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it done in the Full Gospel Business Men's meetings.

However, my wife sat down, laughing all the while, and I was laughing. Then I said, seriously, "Lord, you know what is in our minds at this moment. You know there is some disbelief in our hearts, and yet you know we believe because we've seen it so often already, and know you can do a miracle. Therefore we pray in Jesus' name that this leg will be extended to its correct size, and that the pain in my wife's back will disappear. Forgive us this humor and

hilarity which we feel at this present moment—just do a miracle, Jesus."

Lo and behold, no sooner had I finished than out shot her short leg, to become even with the other. I just about fell over, and that created a great deal *more* hilarity.

The next morning when we got out of bed, the very first thing my wife did was sit in the chair and have her legs measured. No matter how we sat her down, her leg was always exactly the same length as the other one and the pain in her back was gone! ■



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100 MEN & GOD

by DEMOS SHAKARIAN

International President, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

THE FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP has been designed to bring men all over the world back to God. It is one of the most unselfish vehicles that I know, and that is the way God designed it. When we look back upon the past twenty-two years, it is amazing to note the great number of ministries that have been started because of the Fellowship. Millions upon millions of lives have been touched, not only through the Fellowship but through the many other groups that have arisen because of the inspiration it has given.

For example, Pat Robertson is a product of the Fellowship. Now, due to his radio and television ministry,

millions of people are being touched daily.

Last year God gave me the vision of a world outreach. Now in Asia alone we are on radio ten hours a week with GOOD NEWS and reaching potentially two billion people in that area. And we're negotiating with radio Luxemburg and television Luxemburg with a plan to reach all of Europe. That will be another expensive package, but we're going to go ahead as God supplies the funds. We have increased our staff in the International Office, and God is sending in the necessary finances.

Then recently God gave me another plan which I cannot divulge now but which will be instituted this year and

run on into 1976, a year for which we are now laying the groundwork. On May 1, when our International Board meets again in Chicago as it did last year (VOICE, September 1974), I will present to the officers what 1976 holds for us in the way of expanded ministry. They will rejoice with us to see that 1975 is already well on the way to being the biggest year in our history, and 1976 will be bigger than 1975. God is giving us strength and wisdom for the task.

As I glance back, it appears that every major step the Fellowship has made in its twenty-two-year history has been a right move. I thank God for our international directors, top business men, spiritual men who live close to Him. We began with five men, then eleven, and now we are up

to a hundred international directors. When you take a hundred men full of the Holy Ghost and present a plan to them, and together you analyze it and adopt it, you don't make mistakes. One man can say, "Well, I'm going to push my idea," and he could make a mistake. But if you take a hundred men working together and praying together, in the council of many there is strength.

This is not a one-man outfit or even a hundred-man outfit—it is world-wide in scope, and millions of people are coming back to God right now because this is the harvest time. This is the hour to reach the whole world with the Full Gospel message. But God has to use men like ourselves, and tell us what to do—and we must be ever ready to listen to His voice. ■

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THE FAR CRY

(Continued from page 19)

it is, nor am I a preacher, yet I get no rest from the thought. Lord, in order for me to believe something this far out, you'd have to give me a sign, perform a miracle right before my eyes." Then, half-seriously, I devised a way to rid myself of these troublesome thoughts. "Dear Lord, if you *really* want me to go to Haiti (which of course I know you don't), reveal it to the thousands of people in this place before the end of the meeting. Since no one here knows me, I'd call *that* a miracle. That's not all, Lord. You know I have no money, so if it is your will that I go to Haiti, provide the necessary funds for such a journey—and *tonight*." Well, that's that, I thought rather complacently; I won't have to worry about Haiti any more. But I was never more wrong!

An Unsliced Loaf of Bread

Something quite unusual happened in that evening service which I shall never forget. The song, "So Send I You," was sung, followed by, "Lord, I'll Go." The voice of the minister thundered through the vast auditorium: "*Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.*" There was silence and reverence in the atmosphere as he tremblingly described a vision from the Lord in that very moment—a vision wherein he saw a strange object akin

to an unsliced loaf of bread flying through the sky. Soon it seemed to develop wings and jet engines until it became an airplane traveling over the mountains and seas to a beautiful tropical island.

I Sat on the Edge of My Chair

By that time I had become so absorbed in what he was saying, that everything else was forgotten and I was sitting on the edge of my chair, intently taking in every word. The minister described the inhabitants of this beautiful tropical isle as black, very poor, thin and hungry. When the loaf of bread in the form of an airplane landed on the island, multitudes came to greet it, crying out, "We have waited so long. Why did you tarry so long?" The door of the airplane opened and a black man came out. His arms were piled high with loaves of bread, for which the many weary, hungry hands of the inhabitants eagerly reached.

At that moment the evangelist stopped abruptly and said, "*The Lord tells me the man I see in this vision is here in the auditorium tonight—and I'm going to find him.*" Silence prevailed! The minister descended from the platform and began to come down the aisle. I am sure that as he searched faces, the Lord searched hearts.

As the minister came closer, I felt my heart almost leaping into my throat. His eyes met mine and he

“God had indeed revealed the

shouted, **“IT’S YOU! IT’S YOU! YOU’RE THE MAN I SEE IN THIS VISION.”** I was utterly shocked! No one knew about that prayer I had prayed except the Lord and I—and until that moment even *I* had forgotten it!

Overcome, not only with the emotion of the moment but also with the sacred presence of the Holy Spirit, I wept at this manifestation of God’s love and approval, and others wept with me. When the minister asked where the Lord was sending me, I managed to sob, **“Haiti.”** Within my heart I prayed, **“Jesus, I’m willing to go—if you go with me!”**

Before the service was over I had been ordained by God, the money for the journey had been provided, and God had indeed revealed the entire matter to everyone there—several thousand people! I was so thrilled to understand that He really loved me and wanted to use me, though I had been so broken. I worshipped Him from the inner recesses of my heart, understanding for the first time in my life how loving and kind He really is.

Three weeks later, in May of 1968, at nineteen years of age I abruptly left everything that was near and dear to me to do the bidding of the Lord. From the very first day of my

arrival in Haiti, though faced continually with the unknown, the Lord was with me. He directed me in an unusual way. Many times situations that I was to face in the future were revealed to me before they took place. I went forth prayerfully, preaching the Gospel through an interpreter in every place they would hear me. And to my complete surprise, when I prayed for the sick, they were healed. That was the way it started. I *had* to be led by the Spirit because I didn’t know anything else to do. This poverty-stricken people had now become *my* people. I was dependent upon the Holy Spirit for direction, step by step, day by day.

After having ministered the Gospel throughout the capital city of Haiti, I prayed that God would lead me to some of the outlying areas where the need was greatest. One of these was a town about 90 miles north of the capital. As I traveled in an old truck over the humps and holes they called a road, I was squeezed in on every side by what seemed to be the entire population of that town. Along with me and peasant passengers were chickens, goats and pigs. I finally arrived at a humble native church with a dirt floor and coconut palms for a roof. About 70 people gathered to hear the Word of God and to have their needs prayed for, and the Lord

matter to everyone there!"

blessed us just as He had promised when He told me to go there.

One morning while I was teaching a Bible class, four men came in carrying a young lady whom they claimed was demon possessed. Apparently she had been going to voodoo ceremonies (common to Haiti), though she had been raised in a Christian home and warned not to go. Every time she attended a voodoo ceremony something would happen to her physically, until finally she became quite ill, lost her hearing, lost her sight, lost her power of speech, and finally became paralyzed from the waist down. As the men laid her on the dirt floor, they looked pitifully at her then called out to me in desperation, saying, "Pastor, please do something for her. *Please help her!*"

Looking at my little brief case in the corner covered with dust, I sighed exhaustedly, wishing I had some magic formula in there that would make Marie well again and realizing as never before how weak and powerless I was. In that moment the scripture came to me, "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord." Knowing I had no faith of my own in which I could trust, but rather had to trust in His faithfulness, I simply asked the Lord to manifest His love and mercy unto Marie. Immediately the Holy Spirit

in warmth and love descended upon us all, and Marie was supernaturally delivered and totally healed. God restored her sight, her hearing and her speech. Then she got to her feet and began to run around that little building as though for the first time. We lifted up our hands and praised God for His never-failing love, and my heart was bowed in deep reverence.

As a result of that miracle, hundreds of people came to the Lord. I continued to preach there, and week after week the power of the Holy Spirit was manifested as hundreds came to Him. He set them free from every kind of bondage, and gave them the gift of life.

Within the next four months that tiny congregation grew to over 750 people. Every place I went in Haiti the Lord worked in this wonderful way, and many other churches were begun as a result. I spent much time working in those newly established churches to see that the Christians received a firm foundation upon which their lives would be built.

Preaching with an interpreter can become a tiresome affair. The Creole language was difficult to me, and I had given up trying to learn it. Although French is the official language of Haiti, Creole is the language of the people. It has French roots, yet

the syntax and structure of a western African language.

Going to minister in a little church in the mountains one evening, I was informed that my personal interpreter was unable to attend, but that an excellent one would be provided upon my arrival. Later, as I began to preach about life in the Spirit, I realized that the people were not receiving the message, and suspected that my interpreter was indeed misinterpreting. Frustratedly I asked the interpreter to be seated, then stood before the congregation not knowing what to do or say. Preaching about the limitless world of the Holy Spirit, I came face to face with my own limitations.

Suddenly, as I thought of the Day of Pentecost and how the disciples had spoken in languages they had never learned, I again felt that wonderful warm presence of the Holy Spirit welling up within me. Opening my mouth to praise the Lord, I began to preach instead. *The words came almost faster than I could dispel them, and it was a few seconds before I realized that I was preaching in Creole!* Not only was I speaking in a language that I had not learned, I understood everything I spoke. When the people saw this miracle, some fell to their knees to ask for forgiveness, others stretched forth their hands in worship to God. At first I could only speak the language when praying or preaching, but with-

in two months I could converse freely and fluently at will, and can do so to this day—without an American accent! To God be the glory for all these things He has done.

The ministry in Haiti continues to grow. The poor, the sick and the outcasts of society are finding new hope and new life through the preaching of the Gospel. Our churches are being filled with people once shackled by voodoo. We have eight primary schools where hundreds of children begin their day with prayer and Bible reading. The local ministers have come to know the power of God, and preach His Word with sincerity and fervor as the Lord works with them, bringing spiritual and physical healing to the lives of the people.

Though a portion of my heart remains in Haiti, I asked the Lord to send me wherever people hunger for Him. In March of 1972, as I approached the podium in the grand ballroom of the Washington Hilton Hotel and looked out at the distinguished congressmen, ambassadors, and some 3,000 other guests attending the regional convention of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, I realized that God once again through the mysterious working of His will presented before me a new challenge. That challenge has since been taking me throughout the United States, and to Europe and the Caribbean to minister His love. ■



REGIONAL CONVENTION: FOCUS ON PHOENIX '75



1. Demos Shakarian and Dick Minasian, retired naval officer and civil engineer of Port Hueneme, Calif. who accepted Christ as a result of the "halo" which appeared over the San Francisco Hilton during the 1972 FGBMFI World Convention. His story appeared in VOICE, November '72. 2. Don Skidmore, recently-elected director of the Fellowship, is a Washington businessman. 3. Adair Rippey, president of Rippey Construction Co., New Castle, Colorado, is in the earth moving business and in construction of highways. His testimony stirred thousands in the Del Webb TowneHouse. 4. Dwaine Farrell, youthful insurance executive from Honolulu recently saved and filled with the Holy Spirit, has already won many to Christ through his enthusiastic testimony. 5. Bert Carver, Washington, D.C. businessman, reported successful advances in the area of FGBMFI television. 6. Glen Norwood, an FGBMFI director in Houston, is one of three chairmen directing the Fellowship's teaching and prayer ministry.

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1. Robert Fierro, at the Greater New York Regional Convention, November 28-30, 1974. 2. Water baptismal service at the Men's Spiritual Advance, Lake Coeur d'Alene, Washington in May, 1974. 3. Chuck Damato, at 1975 "kickoff" meeting of the Simi Valley-Thousand Oaks Chapter. 508 persons attended. 4. Dr. John Meyer, Spirit-baptized Catholic dentist, at the Southern Oregon Rally in Medford last November. 5. Evangelist Chuck Perkins shared how God has moved in his life through the Holy Spirit, and over 50 received Christ as Saviour. The occasion was the Southeast Ohio Rally, January 17, 18, 1975. 6. John Ninowski, co-chairman of the Detroit, Michigan Regional Convention, reports an average attendance of 2600 adults, 425 youth. About 1,000 received Christ, 1,000 were baptized in the Holy Spirit, and scores were healed. 7. General Ralph E. Haines (Ret.) shared his witness for Christ in a special dinner meeting of the Orlando, Fla. chapter on January 17, 1975. Over 900 attended. 8. The Clairemont/San Diego, California chapter was chartered recently. From left, Marvin Ford, Lee Mindt, Don Howard (treasurer), Frank Foglio (international director), Al Hollenbeck (secretary), Ed Baillie (president), Richard Shakarian (Youth Crusades of America president), and Pat Higgins (chapter vice president). 9. The Carbondale, Illinois chapter was given its charter recently also. From left, Carl Shoaf, Don Gladden, Lloyd Roberts, Walter Schewe (president), Walter Moore (international director), Bill Wheatley, Dean Berger, Frank Wilkerson, Charles Jennings, and Jerry Bryant.



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Demos Shakarian, representing the Executive Board, signs a new three-year contract with Arcata Graphics, which has printed VOICE for the past seven years. They are also manufacturers for the leading weekly magazines and major commercial printers for the western United States, printing TIME, U.S. News and World Report, Newsweek, Sports Illustrated, People, and other well known publications. The agreement represents a contract in excess of 2 million dollars. Seated are **Dr. Raymond Becker**, Editor of VOICE; **Shakarian**; **Jim Shelton**, Arcata Vice President and Division Manager, Rear, from left, **Art Nersasian**, Int'l Office Administrator; **Ray Thompson**, Arcata Art Director; **Terry Tevis**, Commercial Sales Manager, **Jerry Meyer**, Account Executive.





Conventions and Rallies

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

May 28-31, 1975

Green Oaks Inn (Interstate 28 West)
Ed Matthews/Paul Yarbrough, Co-Chmn.
528B W. Seminary Dr., Ft. Worth, TX 76115

GREEN LAKE, WISCONSIN

May 28-31, 1975

American Baptist Assembly Grounds
Henry Carlson/Gene Bailey, Co-Chmn.
564 W. Fulton, Chicago, IL 60606

JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI

June 5-7, 1975

Hotel Heidelberg
Dr. Wm. R. Keller, Chairman
314 N. Magnolia St., Laurel, MS 39440

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

June 5-7, 1975

Bellevue-Stratford Hotel
Earl Prickett/Ralph Marinacci, Co-Chmn.
735 N. Hurffville Rd., Deptford, N.J. 08096

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

June 5-7, 1975

Rodeway Inn
James Powers/Sherwin McCurdy, Co-Chmn.
3355 Kenton Dr., Salt Lake City, UT 84109

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

June 5-7, 1975

Royal Coach Motor Hotel
Lynwood Maddox/Kermit Bradford, Co-Chmn.
3490 Emperor Way, Tucker, GA 30084

FREDERICK, MARYLAND

June 11-14, 1975

Hood College
L. P. Safford/Calvin Walker, Co-Chmn.
38 E. Third St., Frederick, MD 21701

WEST TEXAS/NEW MEXICO

June 12-14, 1975

Inn of the Golden West, Odessa, Texas
Lynn Davis/Earl Moore, Co-Chmn.
2002 Kermit, Odessa, TX 79760

1975 WORLD CONVENTION

ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA

Anaheim Convention Center

June 30-July 5

HONOLULU, HAWAII

July 6-13, 1975

Ala Moana Hotel
Blaine Amburgy, Director
7 N. Broadway, Lebanon, OH 45036

PLAN NOW TO PARTICIPATE IN THE 1975 ROME-EUROPEAN CONFERENCE, SEPTEMBER 13-28. For further information, write to: Angelo Ferri, Rt. 1, Box 182, Newtown, PA 18940

For May conventions and rallies, see April issue