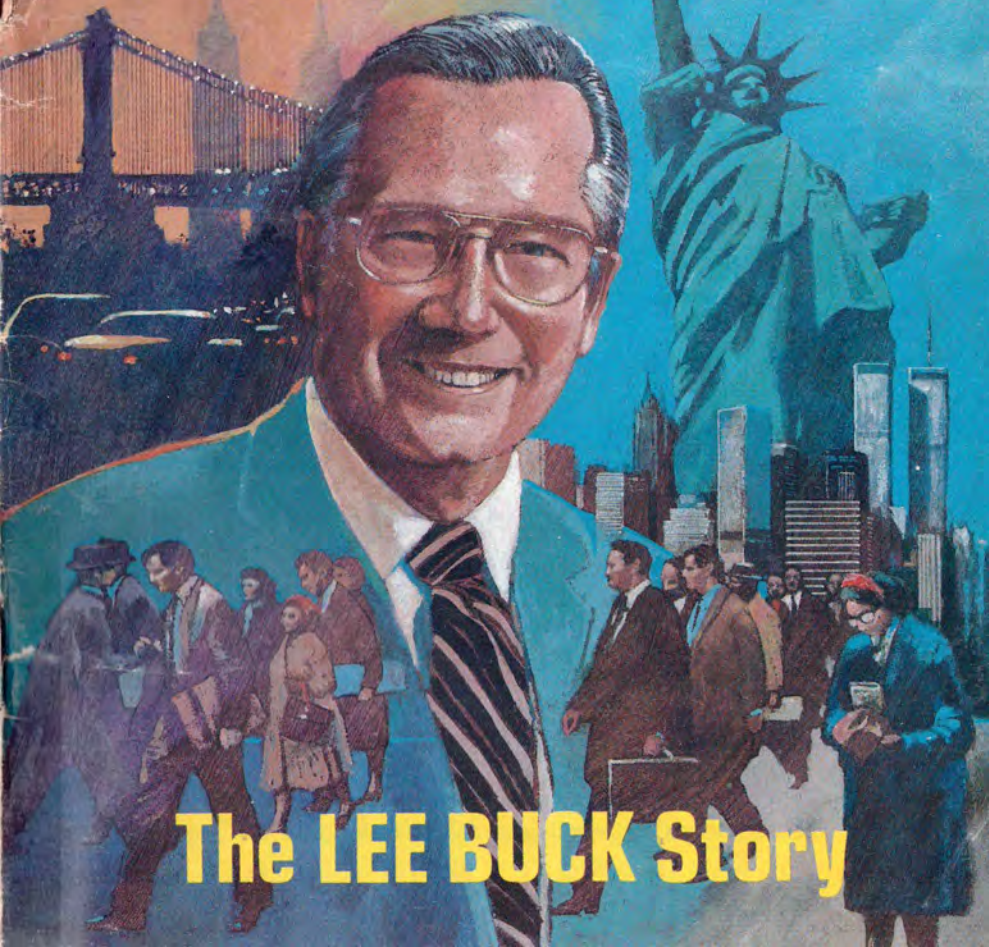


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FULL GOSPEL  
BUSINESS MEN'S

# VOICE

IS  
LIFE INSURANCE  
ENOUGH?



The LEE BUCK Story



## IS LIFE INSURANCE ENOUGH?

**E**very time I drive by a little stone church in Ridgefield, Connecticut a mixture of emotions floods me. On one hand I am embarrassed by what I did there one evening. On the other, I feel very grateful.

It happened in 1969 when I was zone vice-president in charge of sales for the eastern half of the United States with the New York Life Insurance Company, the

fourth largest in the country. My wife, four children and I were living in New Canaan, Connecticut, from which I commuted to my Manhattan office. New Canaan marked our thirteenth move to various locations across the country—not too abnormal for an executive on the way up.

I had started with New York Life as a salesman in 1963 and had advanced

through many positions, vigorously reaching for the next rung on the ladder, then the next.

This necessitated my being away from home a lot, so it was a little unusual for me to be at home that night. My wife Audrey had gone to a Bible study which she had started attending.

When she returned she came over to my chair, leaned down, kissed me and said, "Lee, today I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Saviour."

"That's nice," I murmured, buried in my *Wall Street Journal*.

She might as well have said she had had the car washed that day, for all it meant to me, even though we were churchgoers and Audrey and I had led a youth group and taught Sunday school for ten years.

A few weeks later she prevailed upon me to accompany her to a church called Saint Stephens in Ridgefield. We took two of her friends, and I grudgingly sat with some 150 to 200 other people in the little stone building, listening to an Episcopal priest speak about miracles.

*Miracles, I sniffed silently. I've been a top insurance salesman, have two degrees, and here I sit listening to some nut talk about miracles. What in the world has Audrey gotten herself into?*

Then they had an altar call. This was something new to me: people going forward and kneeling. My curiosity got the better of me and I joined them. As I knelt at the rail a young Thai layman stepped over, placed his hands on my head and prayed for me.

I didn't like the idea; resentment burned within me. Rising abruptly, I

wheeled about and stomped down the aisle toward the door. Stopping next to a white-faced Audrey who was sitting half-way down the aisle, I barked in a voice the whole congregation could hear, "Audrey, this is a hoax! If you want to stay, okay, but I'm leaving."

I marched outside into the cool night air, planning to wait in the car. Then I remembered: Audrey had the car keys. My fury kept me warm as I trudged impatiently around the grounds.

"What tripe," I muttered to myself, kicking at leaves. Though I was a churchgoer, my god was hard work. It was the only thing, I believed, that really got one anywhere. Hadn't my life proved it?

My father had died early in the Great Depression, and for six years in Flint, Michigan my mother, younger brother and I lived on welfare. When she could, my mother ironed for others, kept boarders and worked her fingers to the bone trying to keep us going. She ended up running a beer parlor called The Indian Village. A corner of the tavern, walled off with plasterboard, became our home.

By the time I was thirteen I was out making money any way possible to help support my mother and brother. I found an old, battered saxophone under the bed and learned to play it for tips at the tavern. We formed a musical trio with my mother at the piano and my brother on drums. Later I played with local bands.

The fear of going hungry and of not having a place to sleep constantly haunted me. My brother and I wore hand-me-down workshirts and overalls to school and I felt that the other kids snickered at us.

"Listen, God," I railed silently, "if you are what people say, why don't I have a father? Why are we on welfare? Why do I have to work every night?"

It was then that I had decided that if anything good were to happen to me I would have to do it myself. I had worked my way through college and was studying for my doctor's degree at the University of Michigan when I started out as a life-insurance agent.

***"Hard work, that's what did it," I said to myself, "--not a lot of kneeling and praying"***

And now I was in charge of 5,000 salesmen. . . . *Hard work, that's what did it*, I said to myself as I waited for Audrey outside that little stone church. *Not a lot of kneeling and praying.*

When the service ended Audrey found me. My anger had cooled but now I was embarrassed.

"Lee," she said, "they're serving coffee and cookies at the rectory. Won't you come?"

"Audrey," I muttered, "all I want to do is go home."

"But we have the other two ladies with

us," she said. "You could at least be polite."

"Okay," I grunted.

We walked over to the rector's house and joined the others in the crowded living room. By now I was really embarrassed and tried to blend in with some draperies in a corner.

I wasn't successful. A young girl who sang at the service that evening came up to talk. She seemed pleasant enough.

"Do you go to this church?" I asked.

"No, I'm Catholic," she said.

Now I really was confused. What was a Catholic girl doing singing Baptist hymns in an Episcopal church?

Three weeks later Audrey wanted me to go with her to a Wednesday-evening Bible study at St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Darien, Connecticut. The rector was Arthur Lane and the study was held in his living room.

Before we left our house, I stopped my wife at the door. "Audrey, if this meeting is a regular, sensible Bible study, okay. But I'm warning you, if it's anything like that last mess, I'm going to get up and leave."

Graciously, she said nothing. When we joined the other people in Art Lane's living room I was relieved to see that it seemed just like any other study group. Everyone looked normal. Even Art Lane seemed like a regular kind of fellow.

But hardly a half hour passed before I noticed something unusual in that room.

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Somehow, deep down, I *knew* that those people *loved* me.

Anger roiled within. The little boy inside of me, who had been so fearful of poverty and who had felt so rejected, still was insecure despite his material success.

To hide my feelings, I found myself becoming argumentative. Someone would read a Bible passage and share what it meant to him. Others would agree, and then turn to me.

"Doesn't it speak to you?" one of them asked.

"No, it doesn't," I said, mouth set.

Every once in a while I shot Audrey an "I told you so" look.

That night in the car, driving home, I said, "Those people talk about God like He's right in their hip pocket."

She was silent.

"I'm not going back next Wednesday," I snorted.

Still she said nothing.

I felt the battle was won, anyway, since I was usually out of town midweek on business. Being home this Wednesday had been unexpected.

But something unusual happened again. For the first time in years I was home again the following Wednesday night—and for six more Wednesdays. We attended the Bible study every one of those nights.

The seventh was a cold December evening; we got out of the car and walked briskly up the walk to the rector's house. Art Lane came to the door to greet us. And then the second most embarrassing thing that happened to me that year took place.

Before Art had a chance to say hello, I broke into tears.

I didn't know why I was crying, but I couldn't help it. I stumbled into the foyer and wept.

After slipping into the living room, I sat down in a corner chair and held my Bible in front of my face to hide my tears. Try as I might, I could not stop them. It was as if all the teaching I had heard had finally reached something inside of me,



something that was breaking open the cold, hard dam within me.

For three hours that evening I listened as the others discussed Bible passages in an illuminating way I had never heard before. At the end of the evening as the prayer group softly prayed together, everything finally broke open within me. I found myself kneeling on the rug before them, lifting my hands to heaven and

pleading, "Lord Jesus, I guess I'm not much good. But if You want me, I am Yours."

It was as simple as that. All of my former fear, insecurity and anger was washed away. The little boy of the past had been set free. I was a whole person with Jesus.

The next morning began the first day of a brand-new life for me.

It was especially apparent on the New York subway which I took every morning. Usually I detested the ride with what I called the Great Unwashed of New York City. But this morning a warm love filled my heart for each of my fellow passengers—the shopping-bag lady drowsing in the corner, the long-haired youth in grimy jeans, the heavysset man who smelled of garlic.

I loved them all. I knew each one was God's child, that He loved each one and eventually wanted each to be in heaven with Him. I was no different than they . . . no better, no worse.

I had heard about the phenomenon known as the baptism in the Holy Spirit but was completely ignorant of what it was. But now I wanted anything Jesus had for me. Two weeks after I met Jesus I was home alone with Audrey on a Saturday night. I went upstairs by myself, got down by my bed and asked Jesus to baptize me.

My whole prayer was simply, "Jesus, baptize me in Your Holy Spirit." And He did.

Within moments I began to speak in a heavenly language. I rushed downstairs, brought Audrey back with me, knelt and began to pray in the Spirit.

"Is that it?" I questioned.

"That's it," she confirmed.

It made quite a difference in my work. Gone was the overbearing, aggressive attitude. I found I was able to see problems more clearly when I looked at them from the other person's viewpoint. Just as with the Apostle Paul, negative aspects were washed away and positive elements emphasized.

I was still ambitious, but now it was directed outward: What will benefit the customer? my fellow employee? the company? These questions became foremost in my mind. In 1977 I was promoted to senior vice-president in charge of marketing.

Meanwhile, at home Audrey found a new kind of husband, one easier to live with. Our house was opened along with our hearts. We ministered to young people with problems and became foster parents to a succession of ten "daughters" who were given a new start in life. And, most enjoyable, the Lord began giving me opportunities to tell others about Him.

In January of 1983 I began to devote my full time to doing just that. Although I had testified in my church and three people came to Jesus, my ministry got into high gear when I met Demos Shakarian. I was sitting in a restaurant in Akron when I heard someone at the table next to mine say, "Christ gives us wisdom." When I looked up and saw the back of this man's head I thought, "That looks like Demos Shakarian in *Voice* magazine."

I went over and introduced myself and he invited me to breakfast. That started a

comradeship and a fellowship that has gone on for more than ten years.

I have enjoyed ministering at chapter meetings and conventions both in the United States and abroad. In addition, I've been privileged to draw upon my years of experience and to contribute my skills through Executive Leadership Training Seminars for FGBMFI.

I welcome every opportunity to introduce people to Jesus. God used my witness to my fellow workers to lead more than fifty of them to the Lord.

Life has never been more exciting. Even in the difficult times which we all face in this world, God was there as He promised. He sustained me through a

heart attack, and in 1983 when I had major bypass surgery involving five arteries, He was there. While recuperating I led seven hospital personnel to the Lord. Today He continues to give me strength.

Once I was a topnotch life insurance salesman. I still feel that life insurance is the best material protection a man can provide for his family.

But today I take great delight in selling the greatest "life insurance" of all—spiritual protection. Its benefits are everlasting life, and God provides it absolutely free.

All we have to do is to ask for it through His Son Jesus.

*Until 1983 Lee Buck was senior vice-president in charge of marketing with New York Life Insurance Company. An international director-at-large of FGBMFI, he is a lifetime member of Southern Fairfield Chapter. He has AB and MA degrees from the University of Michigan, is a chartered life underwriter, and served on active duty as a lieutenant in the Navy for four years in World War II and two years in the Korean conflict. He and his wife Audrey are members of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Darien and have four daughters: Melody, Merrilee, Bonnie and Lisa (seen below at Lisa's wedding), plus ten foster daughters.*





# THE ARM WRESTLER

David Story, Sandpoint, Idaho

**A**rm wrestling? You didn't see it on this year's roster of Olympic events. Nevertheless, the sport is mushrooming in popularity across the United States. Fifteen years ago, while watching the first match shown on national television, I made up my mind to take a stab at this fascinating competition.

I fared pretty well for a couple of months, then ran into tougher opponents. More experienced arm wrestlers showed me that there's more to this sport than meets the eye. For instance, success doesn't always depend on muscle size. Speed and technique will

give smaller men a big advantage over Goliath types every time.

So I began to study the special table arm wrestlers use, learning the best leverage points and how to get off quickly. Gradually I developed the ability to predict an opponent's moves.

On my first trip to the world championships at Petaluma, California I placed fifth in the heavyweight division. By the mid-1970s the World Wrist Wrestling Association ranked me third in the world, but despite my success this sport isn't top priority in my life.

Let me tell you the rest of the story. . . .

The summer night, as it began, looked



like a carbon copy of a thousand others I'd spent with bikers around L.A. We'd smoke a little grass and drink some wine. Later we'd end up at our favorite bar to enjoy a few drinks and someone would pass around the pills.

On this night by the time the bar closed I could hardly walk. I fell down three or four times just trying to get my chopper started, but it finally roared to life.

"Hey, bro, how long is this road?" I yelled to my buddy riding the next bike.

"Man, this road goes for miles and miles; it goes forever."

That's all I needed to hear. I cranked on the gas and watched the needle swing right—60, 75, 85 miles per hour.

That's when I saw the concrete wall dead ahead. For a few seconds I was treated to an instant replay of my whole life, then the lights went out.

Three days later I awoke in a hospital room. I'd bailed out twenty-five yards from impact and slid sideways into the abutment. I'd suffered a concussion, a few broken bones and kidney damage, but my bike had slammed into the wall

and exploded. It was a miracle that I hadn't been splattered against the concrete.

Some roads don't go on forever.

Two words describe what I now feel was at the root of my irrational behavior: *abandonment . . . betrayal.*

Not that I was physically abandoned. In fact, the memories of my early childhood are quite happy. I would describe us as a close-knit church-going family. Then the weeds of materialism—the desire for possessions—seemingly choked out the love that bound our family together. It was as though in grasping for the golden ring our parents let go of our hands.

My sister ran away at the age of fourteen and we did not know for two years whether she was dead or alive. In my unhappiness I tried to run away a couple of times myself, attempted suicide and was kicked out of high school for fighting. I felt unloved, unwanted. On my seventeenth birthday I joined the Air Force.

For an undisciplined, love-starved kid rebelling against authority, that was a bad choice. The very first day, I struck



my sergeant and ended in the brig.

Following basic training I was sent to Wisconsin, where I was in Special Services. There I smacked my Special Services officer, a lieutenant, and was back in the brig again. Depressed, I did a number on my body with razor blades.

The Air Force concluded that I was a mental case and sent me to the psychiatric unit at Parks Air Force Base, Oakland, California, where for six months I was in a ward with forty-five emotionally disturbed men.

One night when everyone else was asleep I sat on the edge of my bunk, feeling so alone. Here I was, only seventeen, wasting away in what I called the looney bin. Great scalding tears trickled down my cheeks.

A male nurse on duty heard my sobs, came over and asked, "What's wrong, Story?"

"Ain't nothing wrong, man, just go on and leave me alone," I snapped.

"Well, c'mon, I want to talk with you," he motioned. For the first time I felt like somebody really cared. My defenses began to crumble.

He unlocked the barred door and I started to follow him down the corridor, when something made me glance around. Two burly corpsmen were bearing down on me. Suddenly they grabbed hold of me. The nurse opened a big iron door. I panicked when I realized they were putting me into "the hole," a cold, dark, five-by-five concrete cell reserved for troublemakers.

Furious and feeling betrayed, I dropped the nurse with a solid right, then began beating the other two guys' heads

into the bars. One of them managed to sound the alarm. It took sixteen men finally to beat me into submission.

They banged my head into the concrete, ripped off my blue denims and left me completely naked, strapped my hands to my ankles backwards and fixed it so that I couldn't roll over.

After three days and nights of total darkness I came out of there, bitterness and hatred hardened within me like the cold cement on which I slept.

Six months later the Air Force gave me a #3916 discharge ("can't adapt to military service"). I stood on the roadside with a shirt, a pair of pants and a pair of shoes, one dollar in my pocket, no place to go, and two strikes against me: I'd been kicked out of school, then out of the service.

### ***It took sixteen men finally to beat me into submission***

I remembered that my grandparents were Christians. I believed that they loved me, so I hitchhiked across the country to their home. I was right; with open arms they took me in.

It was while there that I got back into church. I was eighteen now. I remember crying my eyes out at the altar and saying, "Lord, help me!" I got a good job, got involved in a gospel singing group, and things were going well. But hatred and bitterness were still deeply imbedded within me. Satan danced all over that, and I fell away from the Lord.

A couple of days before Christmas one year, I returned to my parents'

home, lonely and hungry for love. My twin brother was happy to see me, but it was the same old thing with my parents. All they seemed to care about was money and things. I recalled how as a child I had longed for my daddy to play ball with me out in the street like he used to before he became so caught up in materialism.

When I came home for Christmas this year my twin brother had just discovered two suits in the closet, and he couldn't wait to show them to me. Mother and Dad always used to get us two of everything, and I was excited about my new suit. But on Christmas morning the other suit was for my father. Once again feeling betrayed, I left home, broken, hating and wanting to get even with everybody.

For twenty years I had jobs as a bouncer in nightclubs. I rode with a gang for four years and lived for every kind of sensual pleasure you can name. Still searching for love, I went through more marriages than you can count on one hand, and hurt dozens of people, physically and emotionally.

While employed as a bouncer at the Rag Doll, a nightclub in North Hollywood, I was having fun one afternoon, singing with an entertainment group as they rehearsed. Dorell McGowen, a Hollywood producer, stopped by and was impressed with my voice. He gave me my first big break: a chance for an acting career. I did several segments of "The Littlest Hobo" and was "the heavy" (bad guy) in "The Ice House," but I didn't have the self-discipline to continue to take advantage of this opportunity.

Finally I became a drug-enforcer at

Lake Tahoe, but the drugs, the booze, everything literally made me ill. The road I'd been taking was coming to an end, and I couldn't see anything beyond.

One day I received a phone call from my brother. Like myself, he had messed up his life some, but recently he'd cleaned up his act. He and his wife had moved to Sandpoint, Idaho, a small town not far from the Canadian border.

"You've got to get out of there," he insisted. "Come up here for a while. There's someone I want you to meet." But he wouldn't say any more.

I drove into town early on a Sunday morning, and my brother lost no time telling me about Jesus Christ—the "someone" he wanted me to meet. They were ready to go to church and wanted me to go along. I finally agreed.

It was just down the street from where they lived. As we walked toward it, I started feeling good. About a block away I could hear enthusiastic singing. Although there were only thirty-five of them, those people were tearing up that place! I loved the music. When we got to the stairs of that rickety old rented building, I lost contact with my brother and sister-in-law. I don't even know what happened to them. I could see nothing but the two doors ahead of me.

I swung those doors open and my eyes immediately focused on the altar. The people were all clapping and singing, but it seemed that I was alone, caught in the magnetism of that moment.

I strode down the aisle and fell flat on my face before the altar, bawling, "Jesus, if You can forgive me, Lord, for what I've done, I'll serve You to the day I



*Big Jim Tucker, who spent twenty-six years behind bars and now directs FGBMFT's prison ministry, tries his hand with wrist-wrestling champion Dave Story.*

die. I promise!"

Something came over me like never before, as members gathered around to pray and lay hands on me. I'd never experienced so much genuine love. That morning I was not only saved but baptized in the Holy Spirit. You talk about revival! And for two months after that I couldn't get enough of being around those people.

My life totally changed after that encounter with Jesus. My desire for drugs and booze was replaced by an enormous hunger for the Word of God. I soon became worship leader in that church, one of the fastest-growing congregations in Idaho.

Four years later, these people ordained me as an evangelist of the Gospel. I had been one of the first converts in that church, and now I was the first to be set

apart to preach the message of salvation.

In 1981 Big Jim Tucker, a field representative for Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International prison ministry, who had spent twenty-seven years behind bars, took me with him to speak in drug-abuse programs and high-school assemblies.

During these programs I would invite young people to attend a public meeting that same night. There, with no restrictions about mentioning Jesus, I would give my testimony and talk about what He can do in them and for them. I have seen hundreds and hundreds of teenagers give their lives to Christ at these rallies.

When I went with Big Jim into the prisons, my arm-wrestling ability was used of God to attract the meanest and toughest of inmates. They would come to the

meeting to pit their strength against mine. After their defeat many of them would listen as I would play my guitar and sing. Then Jim Tucker and I would give our testimonies. Thousands of convicts have made their commitment to Jesus Christ in these meetings. Now Jim and I serve Jesus individually rather than continuing as a team, in order to fill more appointments and reach even more people for Christ.

God uses my arm-wrestling skills as an attention-getter. For instance, as the Northwest Champion for eight consecutive years, while on a television program I challenged any man to a contest. The next day I set up my arm-wrestling table in a senior citizens' hall and the town ruffians came out.

One, a huge man and probably the toughest in town, thought he could whip me. After I put his arm down I asked him if he would like me to teach him to be a champion.

"Oh, yeah," he replied.

"I can do better than that for you," I told him. "I can introduce you to someone who can really help you."

I shared Jesus with him. The next morning he came to church and got saved. The whole town just about went bananas. That night he brought his wife and child to church and they got saved. God touched the whole community through these events.

God has given me a beautiful wife, Lauri, and a little boy named Nathanael David. Lauri is effective in traveling with me to school programs. She writes personally to all the young people who make decisions for Christ at the rallies.

Although my schedule keeps me away from the world arm-wrestling championships, I haven't lost a match since becoming a Christian. Recently I won my eighth consecutive Northwest Regional title. If the Lord makes it possible for me to compete at Petaluma one more time I'd enjoy the challenge, but sharing Him with others is more important to me than collecting trophies.

If you don't know Jesus, why not at least give Him a try? If you take Him seriously and make Him Lord of your life He'll turn things around for you as He did for me.

And He will set you on a road that really does go on forever. □



*David Story takes his arm-wrestling skills and Christian witness into school, prisons and FGBMFI meetings. He is a member of FGBMFI's Sandpoint Chapter. He and his wife Lauri have one son, Nathanael David, one year old, and are members of Sandpoint Christian Center.*

# LAND OF NIGHTMARES



**I** awoke with a start, frightened, with sweat drops rolling down my face. In an instant I realized it was not reality—only one of those miserable dreams again, nightmares reminding me of days in Korea thirty years ago. *O Lord, will they never cease? Will I always be plagued with these memories, constant reminders of days gone by?*

There was no use trying to get more sleep. *I may as well start my work for the day, work hard, maybe I can forget again until my next dream. . . .*

That was the routine of my life until just a year ago.

I now have a testimony to give of God's wonderful work in my life. And although I had no previous public-speaking experience, I was able to testify recently for one and a half hours before a large congregation. I was terrified, but Christians were praying and just before the service the Lord gave me a verse: ". . . the tongue of the stammerers shall be ready to speak plainly" (Isaiah 32:4). I was able to tell of God's protection and miracles in my life.

The fact that I am alive is in itself a miracle from God in answer to my mother's constant prayers for me. I was born to German Mennonites in Blagoveshchensk, Siberia in 1929 and was destined to a life of hardship, struggles and persecution.

When I was only three months old my parents took me on a cold winter night and fled over the ice of the two-mile-wide River Amur. This took us from the Russian Reds into Manchuria, China.

Through the next few years we were blessed of the Lord, and by 1945 my father owned a very prosperous farm and was the chief of Lunkiang, a thirty-five-family village. This village consisted mainly of Russian families who, like us, had fled their country.

The year 1945 proved to be the end of our freedom, however. The end of World War II brought in the Russians who, in alliance with American forces, had taken over China from the Japanese. The Americans left, but the Russians didn't, although they promised to. Almost immediately they arrested my father—for a short interrogation, they said; but he never returned to us.

This made me head of the family at age sixteen, my mother, brother Henry and two sisters Gertrude and Helen being dependent on me.

Life was unpleasant and uncertain, with constant fighting between nationalists, Russian and Chinese Reds, and bandits; and with looting, stealing and killing.

The Russians had taken all the men from our village, so only the very old men, boys under twenty, and women and children remained. Because of the looting, we decided to organize and guard the settlement as best we could.

One night in 35-degree-below weather, just after I had done my night watch, I sensed something was wrong at home. Quickly and quietly I stole up to the door of our home and opened it with a bang. There before my eyes was my mother, pinned against the wall by a bayonet under each arm. Three Chinese soldiers

had their guns trained on her.

With a great yell and a leap, I landed on two of them, knocking them to the floor. In the scramble that followed I had them all, finally, at the point of one of their own guns.

Now what should I do? Father and Mother had taught me the Ten Commandments, which included "Thou shalt not kill." Besides, Mother was saying, "No, Jake, don't do it!"



I marched them outside into the freezing cold, tied them up and, knowing they would soon be frozen to death, said, "Okay, Lord, You do it for me."

When I returned to the house Mother had set the table and was calmly preparing a meal. And . . . she had set three extra places.

I was angry! But when she told me, "Okay, now you can bring them in," I obeyed reluctantly. She fed them, gave them horses and told them to leave.

This incident saved my life later, in 1948, and taught me the meaning of the commandment, "Honor your father and your mother, so that you may live long in the land the Lord your God is giving you" (Exodus 20:12, NIV). I was jailed in Tsitsihar, China for challenging a Red Chinese officer who was trying to take my big, beautiful horse, my only possession, for himself.

I had defied his attempts many times and he was angry. Eventually I fell into his trap and was accused of stealing from a Red Chinese army camp. This led to my assaulting the officer, breaking his ribs and knocking him out.

At my trial one of the men in the long row of Red Chinese officers acting as judges stood and spoke on my behalf, because of what my mother had done for him. He was one of the three soldiers Mother had fed. The result was that after one week in jail I was allowed to return to my family.

My father had been taken from us in the fall of 1945. In the spring of 1946 we were ordered to pack up and return to Russia, leaving our home, machinery, grain and everything behind, except one wagon load of belongings, one wagon load of feed grain and a few horses and cows that we could herd with us.

However, because Dad had suspected that he wouldn't be returning to us, he had cautioned me never to move north, no matter how good it sounded, but always south and eventually out of China



if possible. We used the fact that the railroads had been bombed as an excuse to go south in search of a good railroad to Russia instead of north.

Eventually we were south far enough (at Tsitsihar) that the Russians no longer bothered us. We learned through the Red Cross many years later that Dad had lived for two years after he was taken into Siberia, so I know that during this time he was praying for our safety.

We tried desperately to leave China but could not obtain visas. Finally the Red Chinese military asked me to serve in the Korean War in exchange for papers that would give us our freedom. These men in their uniforms with the skull emblem had taken away my father, had kicked and persecuted my mother, and now they wanted my help.

It was a real struggle for me; I wanted freedom for my family, but how could I do this? I finally decided to try it, only to find that Mother would not give her consent. (I was eighteen.)

Then one day she relented. I asked her what had changed her mind. She told me, "I saw a vision of Jesus. He told me that you would be all right, that you would not be harmed."

Although I was not a Christian, this assurance kept me through many hard situations that were to follow. There were times when I would sneak close to the American forces and just watch them, lying there dreaming of the time when I would be on their side.

In 1950, after eighteen months' service and at the age of twenty-one, I was given the permit from Red China that granted our freedom. What a day it was when my family and I left Tientsin for Hong Kong, and then on to Frankfurt, Germany. Jesus had kept His promise, I was not hurt, and our prayers for freedom were answered.

Through the efforts of my uncle Cornelius Eckert, a farmer in Rosemary, Alberta, we were soon on our way to join him in Canada.

On Thanksgiving Sunday, 1951—our first Sunday in Canada—we attended a Mennonite church at Rosemary. Their services were still held in German, so we understood it all.

Shortly after Christmas a catechism class for people of my age was to begin at the church. At Uncle Cornelius' suggestion, I attended until Pentecost Sunday, when we were to be baptized if we had accepted Christ.

Until the last week I was not sure of my salvation. Uncle said I must be sure, and that I would know. He told me to pray and ask Christ to enter my heart. I had prayed, but felt no assurance.

Then, just two days before Baptism Sunday, riding the tractor and doing field work, my mind not on anything in particular, all at once I knew. Praise God, I knew Jesus was in my heart!

I stopped the tractor and ran home to tell my mother and Uncle Cornelius. On Pentecost Sunday, May, 1952, at the age

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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 92628.

of twenty-two, I was baptized in water with eight others. I felt so good, so clean and completely at peace.

Life seemed beautiful. However, I was still plagued by horrid dreams of the war, and wondered if they would ever stop. I talked to others about it, and was assured that eventually these memories would be gone. But at times I was afraid even to go to bed or to let myself sleep, because I knew the dreams would return.

I married a lovely girl, Margaret, in February of 1959. In time we were blessed with a daughter and two sons. We bought a beef cattle and grain farm near Duchess and again enjoyed the fruits of the labors of our hands. We continued to attend the Mennonite church.

After twenty-one years, Margaret became ill and was diagnosed as having cancer. We tried everything to save her, but almost a year later she went home to her Lord. Wonderful friends were praying for us and, praise God, I did not become bitter. Our daughter was married, but the boys, aged sixteen and twelve, were still at home and gave me an incentive to live.

Then in 1982 the Lord brought me a new wife, Dolores. She had lost her husband four years earlier and soon after that had been baptized in the Holy Spirit. I had been introduced to Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship and was attending some of their meetings at Brooks, so I knew some of what the Baptism was about. Then, through some Bible studies at my neighbor's home, I too received the Baptism in February of 1983.

One or two weeks after my baptism I sensed that I was about to dream the worst nightmare of them all. This involved a past experience with approximately 120 high-ranking army officers in one barracks. I had been allowed to be with them as an interpreter. During the night the American forces had surrounded our barracks with machine guns and lobbed hand grenades through the windows.

I had already awakened, sensing something wrong, and was alerted to get under cover. However, with the building on fire we would have to leave or be burned.

As the surviving men ran from the building they were machine-gunned down, one by one. What should I do?

God in His mercy gave me the inspiration to dig a hole in the soft dirt floor, cover a smoldering mattress with the dirt, get in the hole and pull the mattress over me. Three Chinese buddies with whom I had grown up joined me in the hole. Miraculously, we were able to breathe until everything grew quiet and we could leave.

I dreaded reliving this episode in my dreams, and each time I was unable to function properly for a couple of days afterwards.

I said, "Lord, what are You going to do about this? Are You going to let me dream it again?"

I did have the dream again.

This time I went through every agonizing part of it—until the end. Instead of the dirty, smoldering, old mattress, this time I pulled a beautiful white sheet over myself. I awoke, knowing that I was a

new person, that old things had passed away, and that I would never have that dream again. The practicality of the baptism in the Holy Spirit was made real to me that night in March of 1983.

It is more than a year later now, and I have had no more of those horrible dreams. I praise God for mothers who pray, for His unspeakable goodness to me, and for His provision of victorious Christian living by the power of His Holy Spirit. □

*Jacob Eckert has been a farmer in southern Alberta for the last twenty years. He and his wife Dolores are members of the Duchess Mennonite Church. Mr. Eckert, who speaks German, Russian, English, Chinese and some Japanese, is a member of FGBMFI's Brooks Chapter.*



## Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach

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, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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.

**AUSTRIA:** Amstetten Chapter, Erich Schindler (07472-3191); Volcklabruck Chapter, Walter Seidel (07672-3435). **CANADA:** Pefferlaw Chapter, William Morton (705) 438-3344. **CENTRAL AMERICA: GUATEMALA:** Centro-Pan American Chapter, Enrique Rincon (922355); Guatemala City Chapter, Juan Jose Font (2-51-3378). **HONDURAS:** Choluteca Chapter, Roberto Pinel (82-0274); Danli Chapter, Jorege Castillo (93-2163); El Progreso Chapter, Oscar Barrientos (56-4473); La Ceiba Chapter, Raul Pineda (42-0212). **ENGLAND:** Chelmsford Chapter, Sidney Arthur (0245-414529); Chorley Chapter, David Nicholson (02572-72002); Malvern Hills Chapter, Nicholas R. Harmer (068-45-3624); Southampton Chapter, Keith Black (0703-849437); Stevenage Chapter, Malcolm Draper (0438-351539). **FINLAND:** Kemi-Tornio Chapter, Eero Heikura (358-80-81161); Vastra Nyland Chapter, Tor Soderstrom (358-11-42627). **IRELAND:** Limerick Chapter, Brian Moore (061-28815). **MEXICO:** Regis Chapter, Ramon Uribe (905) 518-0800; Saltillo Chapter, Francisco Chacon (91-841-45347); Torreon Chapter, Arturo De La Rosa (7-3687). **NEW ZEALAND:** Gore Chapter, Allan Bleakley (0203) 8566. **NORWAY:** Hamar Chapter, Geir Froyskov (065) 26-105; Jessheim Chapter, Kjell Nygaard (06-980673); Stor-Oslo Chapter, Kare Nordlie (02-784488). **SCOTLAND:** Aberdeen Chapter, William Anderson (0224-740017). **SINGAPORE:** Central Business District Chapter, Lawrence Yeo (65-467-2127); Serangoon Chapter, Keew Choo Ng (4474594); Thomason Chapter, John Mathew (252-9437). **WEST GERMANY:** Stuttgart American Chapter, Dennis Bobbert (071-730090). **WEST INDIES:** Nevis Chapter, Ira Walwyn (5-277). **UNITED STATES: CALIFORNIA:** Oakdale Chapter, Richard Wright (209) 847-0195. **FLORIDA:** Jacksonville/Spanish Chapter, Daan Witkamp (904) 269-9954. **NEW HAMPSHIRE:** Mount Washington Valley Chapter, Nelson R. Glibben (603) 447-5519. **TEXAS:** Cleburne Chapter, David Murdoch (817) 645-6587.



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\_\_\_\_\_ C6029 Evening Session—Paul Crouch

\_\_\_\_\_ C6034 Afternoon Session—  
R.W. Schambach

\_\_\_\_\_ C6035 Evening Session—  
James Robison

### WEDNESDAY, JULY 4

\_\_\_\_\_ C6030 Breakfast Session—Jim Tucker

\_\_\_\_\_ C6031 Afternoon Session—  
R.W. Schambach

\_\_\_\_\_ C6032 Evening Session—James Watt

### FRIDAY, JULY 6

\_\_\_\_\_ C6036 Morning Session

\_\_\_\_\_ C6037 Ladies' Luncheon—  
Evelyn Roberts

\_\_\_\_\_ C6038 Men's Luncheon—  
Demos Shakarian

### THURSDAY, JULY 5

\_\_\_\_\_ C6033 Breakfast Session

\_\_\_\_\_ C6039 Evening Session—Oral Roberts

**SATURDAY, JULY 7**

- \_\_\_\_\_ C6040 Breakfast Session
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6041 Afternoon Session
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6042 Evening Session—  
Sir Lionel Luckhoo
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6043 Testimony Highlights

**YOUTH TAPES**

- \_\_\_\_\_ C6044 Wednesday Morning—  
David Allbrittan
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6045 Wednesday Evening—  
David Allbrittan
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6046 Thursday Morning—  
David Allbrittan
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6047 Thursday Evening—  
David Allbrittan
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6048 Friday Evening Banquet—  
JoJo Sanchez
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6049 Saturday Morning—Rick Dana

**CONVENTION SEMINAR TAPES**

- \_\_\_\_\_ C6050 Estate Planning Workshop
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6051 Prison Ministry Seminar—  
Wednesday\*
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6052 Prison Ministry Seminar—  
Thursday\*
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6053 Overseas Delegate Reception
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6054 How to Share Christ—  
Dave Malkin\*
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6055 Peace Officer's Workshop\*
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6056 Homosexuality & Christianity—  
Sy Rogers\*
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6057 Convention Chairmen's  
Breakfast
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6058 How to Start Men's Camps—  
Fred Doerflein
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6059 How to Minister the baptism in  
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- \_\_\_\_\_ C6064 1984 Anaheim Advanced Leadership Training Seminar ..... \$25.00
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6065 1984 World Convention Highlights Tape (will be shipped) ..... \$ 4.00

**BIBLES ON CASSETTE**

- \_\_\_\_\_ C4205 New Testament—King James Version (Alexander Scourby) ..... \$29.95
- \_\_\_\_\_ C4209 New Testament—Revised Standard Version (Rev. Richard Peterson) ..... \$29.95
- \_\_\_\_\_ C4210 New Testament—New American Bible (Rev. Richard Peterson) ..... \$29.95
- \_\_\_\_\_ C4206 Old Testament—King James Version (Alexander Scourby) ..... \$89.95
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**NOTE: Speaker schedule subject to change without notice.**



# ELECTROCUTED

**L**inemen always expect trouble—shooting calls after a storm. Since it had stormed all night, I wasn't surprised to be ordered out to check a problem with a transformer pole. But I was filled with a strange apprehension, sort of a premonition that something was wrong. It was the morning of September 15, 1965, and I had been a lineman for the Ohio Power Company out of Logan, Ohio for ten years.

As we drove to the trouble area, the apprehension increased, though I couldn't put my finger on anything. Even as I readied myself to climb the pole the feeling persisted . . .

Orville Yates, St. Petersburg, Florida

Up on the pole, everything looked fine, except that there were indications that lightning had struck a few connections. Since I was a second-class lineman and the lines were "hot" with 7,200 volts of electricity, a first-class lineman, Jim "Goat" Moorehead, climbed above me to check out the pole-top insulators.

Goat's inspection revealed a hairline crack in one of the insulators, so we decided to change it with "hot sticks" while the power was still on. I shifted my position to be able to assist Goat. Just then the insulator broke and the hot wire dropped.

It sagged toward the ground and came within inches of touching it, which would have burned the wire in half and caused the line fuse to blow. Instead, the deadly wire whipped upward and struck me on the right hip. The force and shock of that blow jerked my hands over the neutral wire, completing the circuit and sending 7,200 volts of electricity surging through my body.

Instantly Goat reached for the wildly swinging hot wire with the hot sticks. He finally caught it—but not until the snake-like copper had twice more surged back against my right hip. By the time Goat had snatched the wire and blown the fuse by shoving it against the guy wire, I was hanging upside down by one leg, entangled by wires and completely paralyzed.

I realized that I was dying. I knew that I wasn't ready to die and I was afraid.

It seemed that my parents had always

been Christians, and I'd been raised in a Christian home, but as a boy I had resisted Christ's call and, like so many young people, had "sowed my wild oats."

Then I met the girl who became my wife. There was something different about her. I liked her and since she was a Spirit-filled girl and a regular church attender, I soon began attending church with her. Before long I received Jesus and was baptized, both in water and in the Holy Spirit. I was nineteen.

Although I loved God for nearly fourteen years after that, I began to allow my work and other things to interfere with my relationship with the Lord. Gradually I became unfaithful in my church attendance, and finally drifted away from God completely, even my marriage at an end.

That was my spiritual condition when I found myself electrocuted and dying, swinging by one leg from a power pole . . .

I heard the crew on the ground talking. "It's no use," one of them said, "he's dead." I couldn't speak, but I thought to myself, "Those dudes are planning to bury me! And I'm not dead!"

Then—suspended there between heaven and earth, my body burned and torn by the power of all those volts—I called out to an even Higher Power:

"Lord," I prayed, "if You'll give me back my life, I'll serve You, I'll live for You . . . even if it's for a day, a month, a year . . . whatever . . ."

God answered me.

At that moment my body whipped about and life again surged through me.

My heart began to beat again, my lungs to breathe. In due time the crew lowered me to the ground and untangled the wire. I wanted to walk around, but they were concerned about my hip and insisted I lie down, which I finally did while we waited for the ambulance.

When Hocking Valley Community Hospital personnel called the company doctor and told him that I'd been burned three times with all that electricity, he said, "He won't live very long," and questioned if it was worthwhile to come and see me.

***My body had swelled so badly that he had to cut off my clothes before he could treat my burns***

By the time Dr. Jack Rauch, my family doctor, arrived, my body had swelled so badly that he had to cut off my clothes before he could examine and treat my burns. My urine had turned black because of the burnt tissues, and my blood was checked constantly to see if it had started to crystallize. I was kept under round-the-clock observation and care.

How I thank God for praying parents! My dad queried the doctor about my condition. The answer was, "We'll give him about twenty-four hours . . ."

Praise God! That was nearly nineteen years ago!

In answer to prayer my urine cleared

up and my blood remained normal. When it was determined that I would live, they started the cleanup work. After fifteen operations I was growing weary and wasn't sure in my own mind that I'd live. I asked God for some encouragement.

While I lay there a strange and wonderful figure robed in white appeared to me and spoke reassuring words that gave me a certainty I would recover.

Then one night after that a "miracle" walked into my room in the form of a woman I'd never seen. She had been attending a church service in Cincinnati when the Lord told her to "Go to Logan, Ohio, visit a burn victim and give him a message."

So she had driven 160 miles, walked past the nurses on duty (who ordinarily would have stopped her) and into my room. She leaned over my bed and put her hand on my forehead.

She explained who she was, then said, "The Lord sent me here and this is what He is saying to you: 'You will live, and live a long life. You will be working for Me, singing for Me, ministering for Me and doing My will.'" Then she was gone.

Shortly after that I was moved to nearby Mount St. Mary's Hospital in Nelsonville, where they removed dead tissue from palms and forearms and cut away a third of my right hip. Reconstruction of my hands began, as well as the grafting of skin to my hip, although they told me it was so bad I would never be able to walk again.

After these surgeries I was moved to Riverside Hospital in Columbus, Ohio, where Dr. John Terry and Dr. Trabue did further reconstructive surgery to save



my hands. They relocated nerves and tendons, then sewed my hands to my stomach wall for a while in order to graft live tissue. Praise God, 85 percent of the grafts were successful.

As a result of those men's skilled, dedicated surgery, I was soon able to walk and I now have the use of my fingers.

When electricity goes into a body it has to come out somewhere. I thank God it came out my hands instead of my brain, legs or kidneys. God saved my voice so that I could sing and minister for Him; my legs for following in His footsteps; my eyes for reading His word; my ears for hearing His voice . . . and my hands, what's left of them, to reach out to others.

True to the message which that miracle woman brought to me, I have ministered for the Lord—at penal institutions and Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meetings; and for several years I sang with my sister, brother and sister-in-law in a group called "The Miracleaires."

Wherever I go I sing praises to the Lord Jesus Christ, who alone is the Higher Power.



*Orville Yates worked in Logan, Ohio and surrounding areas, and was employed for ten years by the Ohio Power Company. He has remarried, and he and his wife Janet are members of Calvary Foursquare Church in St. Petersburg. Mr. Yates is a member of the St. Petersburg Chapter of FGBMFI.*



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## **VOICE FOR EVERYONE**

Arbert G. Pool, Live Oak, California

**P**ut *Voice* magazines in the offices of all the doctors and lawyers in this area." It was not a voice I heard but rather an impression, such a deep, strong impression that it awakened me from a sound sleep in the middle of the night and I knew that it came from God.

I got out of bed and scanned the yellow pages of the telephone book. What a long list of doctors and lawyers! "Father," I prayed, "it would take 5,000 magazines a month to do that!" Where would I get the money?

Already my wife Jane and I were distributing 100 copies of *Voice* a month with funds from our small Social Security check and from selling pop bottles and aluminum cans we gathered while riding our bicycles. I was sixty-three and retired from pastoring a small Assembly of God

church in Orick, California, following a light stroke in 1981.

Now I would need more money to distribute the additional magazines God was requesting. How could I do it?

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," says Hebrews 11:1. How many times I had seen proof of that in the past!

Born in 1919, the youngest of six children in a very poor family, I had often seen my mother pray when there was no food upon the table at our Texas farm. Miraculously, someone would always appear with something to eat.

Mother taught me much about God and the Bible. I gave my heart to Jesus at a very early age and even heard God's call to preach.

When my parents separated during the Great Depression, I was thirteen. I

went to live with relatives and for several years I did not go to church, but the Lord did not forget me. He supplied my needs.

After I married at the age of twenty, Jane and I both felt God had called us into the ministry. We planned to be in the ministry within two years. Instead, we gradually quit going to church and serving the Lord. It took eight years before we got back into church. Even then I did not want to commit myself fully to the Lord.

In 1951 we moved to eastern Oregon, where Jane taught school and I worked first on a ranch and later in a sawmill. One day our home burned with everything we owned. I pulled my sobbing wife into my arms and declared, "From here on, we will completely trust God." I knew that God didn't cause the disaster, but I was staring at charred evidence of the folly of trusting in material possessions.

After moving to Elkton, Oregon in 1953, we began attending the small Assembly of God church in town. I became the songleader, Jane the Sunday-school superintendent, and we both taught Sunday-school classes.

I enjoyed working in the church, but when the members talked of speaking in other tongues I did not want any part of that. I had been taught by my parents that such manifestations of the Spirit were caused by self-hypnotism or demon possession.

Then one day while I was at work at the sawmill, God called me again to preach. "I will fill you with my Holy Spirit," He promised. That summer during a camp meeting our entire family of

five received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and spoke in heavenly languages.

A year later Jane and I enrolled in Bethany Bible College in Santa Cruz, California. In 1956 God called me to pastor my first church, in nearby Davenport.

During the eight years we spent at Davenport, the Lord supplied our needs in marvelous ways. With fourteen cents to our name, and me with an injured back and no job, we bought a two-story house when a kind realtor agreed to take our future tax refund of \$250 as down payment. With students from the Bible college helping us, we converted the bottom floor into a church and furnished it. We lived overhead.

That first year, God healed me of the injured back, and Jane of a heart ailment, migraine headaches and a severe anemic condition. Jane miraculously learned the Spanish language within a short time and we organized a Spanish church in connection with the English-speaking church I pastored.

Later we helped with a mission church in Tijuana, Mexico. Following a light stroke which I suffered in 1964, God sent us to Tulare County, California. Here Jane pioneered and pastored a Spanish-speaking church at Poplar. I preached on street corners, taught Bible classes at Porterville State Hospital and conducted services at a convalescent hospital on Sunday afternoons.

In 1975 God sent us to Orick, California, where I was to pastor for five years. I had first heard of a young organization called Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International back in 1956. Ever

since, I had subscribed regularly to *Voice* magazine and sent gift subscriptions to many of our relatives and friends. Now in Orick we began to distribute the magazine, and encouraged the men of our church to attend FGBMFI chapter meetings in Crescent City, forty miles away.

After a second stroke and my retirement, we moved to Live Oak to be near our children. I started distributing *Voice* here also.

And now God wanted me to enlarge my ministry. Thinking back over all of God's help in the past, I accepted His commission without further hesitation.

"I will start out," I told the Lord. "I can't do the job—but You can." During these last two years God has somehow accomplished the task.

He has moved in many hearts to catch the vision of *Voice* as an effective witnessing tool. Now many people help us collect aluminum cans and bottles, and they contribute to a fund for the magazines.

By 1982 I was buying 500 copies a month of *Voice* and 400 copies in the Spanish edition, *La Voz*. My wife and I have placed them in businesses and hospitals all over Live Oak, Gridley and Sutter. In the Yorba City-Marysville area alone, we distribute to eighty-eight business locations; thirty-nine of these are doctors' offices, as the Lord had instructed me. We reach people in missions, hospitals, halfway houses, county jails and convalescent homes.

We deliver magazines to barbershops, realtors, lawyers' offices, Bible bookstores, motels, a senior-citizen center, beauty shops, laundromats, florist shops,

hardware stores, grocery stores, service stations, drug stores, a contractor's office, restaurants, and a farm-equipment manufacturer. We check on the supply several times a month to insure that magazines are always on hand.

Soon, with the help of nearby FGBMFI chapters, we will be distributing 2,000 copies of *Voice* every month.

While we near the goal which God laid upon my heart in 1981, I am confident that He will provide a way to supply the remainder of the magazines, so that additional thousands of lost souls may be introduced to the Saviour through the convincing testimonies of changed lives.

Once again I have learned that, whatever our needs, if we are willing to step out in faith God will supply them. □



*Arbert Pool and his wife Jane conduct home Bible studies and prayer meetings; Arbert preaches in rescue missions and is a member of FGBMFI's Yuba City-Marysville Chapter. The Pools have three children: Jerry, George and Mary Jane, and are members of the Assembly of God church.*

# CONVENTIONS

## ST. LOUIS AREAWIDE REGIONAL

August 1-4, 1984

Henry the Eighth Lodge & Inn  
Write: Mr. Walter Thorn  
861 Manitou  
Rock Hill, MO 63044

## MISSISSIPPI REGIONAL

August 2-4, 1984

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

## NANOOS BAY FAMILY CAMP

August 2-6, 1984

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

## COLBY FAMILY RALLY

August 3-5, 1984

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

## FORT DODGE REGIONAL

August 8-9, 1984

Holiday Inn, Fort Dodge  
Write: Mr. Harold Brown  
104 Maple  
Lohrville, IA 51453

## FIRST MEXICO NATIONAL

August 9-11, 1984

Camino Real Hotel  
Mexico City  
Write: FGBMFI Mexico  
229 Zucatecas St., Ste. 411  
Mexico City, D.F., Mexico

## CAROLINA MEN'S ADVANCE

August 10-12, 1984

Camp Lurecrest, Lake Lure  
Write: FGBMFI Carolinas Office  
Box 9027  
Charlotte, NC 28299

## CENTRAL GEORGIA RALLY

August 10-11, 1984

Macon Coliseum, Monument Room,  
Macon  
Write: Mr. Ned M. Newman, Jr.  
1349 Normandy Rd.  
Macon, GA 31210

## FLORIDA INTERAMERICAN STATE

August 15-18, 1984

Sheraton Twin Towers, Orlando  
Write: Mr. Bud Nairn  
250 W. Hwy. 50  
Winter Garden, FL 32805

## HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA REGIONAL

August 15-19, 1984

Messiah College, Grantham  
Write: Mr. Jack Herd  
Box 3843  
Harrisburg, PA 17027

## WESTERN NEW YORK / ROCHESTER REGIONAL

August 15-18, 1984

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

## UTAH FAMILY CAMP

August 17-19, 1984

Granite Retreat Center  
Mill Hollow  
Write: Mr. Victor Martinez  
6833 Village Green Rd.  
Salt Lake, UT 84121

## MICHIGAN REGIONAL

August 22-25, 1984

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

## ALABAMA STATE REGIONAL

August 23-25, 1984

Hyatt Hotel, Birmingham  
Write: Mr. William Abercrombie  
Box 35044, Birmingham, AL 35211

## BOISE VALLEY

August 23-25, 1984

Red Lion Motor Inn, Boise  
Write: Mr. Larry Knapp  
4341 Oxbow Place  
Boise, ID 83704

Conventions published in this issue were approved on or before April 16.

## WEST VIRGINIA STATE

August 23-25, 1984

Holiday Inn Charleston House  
Charleston  
Write: Mr. Bill R. Weaver  
Box 3302, Charleston, WV 25333

## KANSAS CITY REGIONAL

Aug. 29-Sept. 1, 1984

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

## INLAND EMPIRE REGIONAL

Aug. 30-Sept. 1, 1984

Inn at the Park, Spokane  
Write: Mr. Leonard Sampson  
E. 4004 Longfellow, #2  
Spokane, WA 99207

## SOUTHERN OREGON REGIONAL

September 6-8, 1984

Holiday Inn, Medford  
Write: Mr. Jerry Lausmann  
Box 1608, Medford, OR 97501

## REGIONAL VOICE RALLY

September 7-8, 1984

Holiday Inn North  
Winston-Salem  
Write: Mr. Reynard McMillan  
3851 Whitfield Dr.  
Winston-Salem, NC 27105

## WARM BEACH MEN'S CAMP

September 7-9, 1984

Warm Beach Camp, Seattle  
Write: Mr. Fred Doerflin  
Box 588, Kenmore, WA 98028

## SAN JACINTO NINTH ANNUAL RALLY

September 14-15, 1984

Hobby Airport Hilton, Houston  
Write: Mr. Ted Ganayrd  
15527 Pensgate  
Houston, TX 77062

## OKLAHOMA REGIONAL

September 20-22, 1984

Tulsa Excelsior Hotel  
Write: Mr. Charles W. Taylor  
5215 E. 71st St., Ste. 600  
Tulsa, OK 74127

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## ONE STOP TO ANOTHER

Tom Doiron, Norwich, Connecticut

**D**riving to work one fall day, looking forward to the 1976 tourist season, I neared my Florida restaurant. Up ahead I could see two large backhoes and hear the rattle of jack hammers. The state was tearing up the only road to the restaurant. It would be months before traffic would be able to get there.

I needed that tourist business to survive.

*The story of my life*, I thought.

No matter how hard I worked, no matter what friends I made, success and

stability continued to elude me.

I was a transplant to Florida. My devoutly Catholic, French-Canadian upbringing in eastern Connecticut had taught me that God was awesome. Once, as an altar boy, I had surrendered everything to God, but upon leaving home in my early twenties I left church behind.

Then began the typical striving for success. From parts salesman of a large electronics store in Groton, Connecticut, I went to being manager of one of its departments. On weekends I was a police officer. A Thunderbird was parked in my

garage and a big organ in my home, which I enjoyed playing.

I still respected God, but had decided to take my chances on my own. I even gave up going to confession on Easter.

When an organ franchise I'd brought into the store lost money, I lost my job. Starting over at a nearby Sears store, within a few months I had become a department manager there.

I married in 1971 at the age of twenty-seven. Because my wife was a divorcee, the church would not marry us, and now I began to carry an active grudge against religion. My wife's first husband had threatened her, so we decided to move to Florida to avoid possible conflicts.

In Florida my success continued, but not the stability. Each job I took was better than the last. Sears set me up as a department manager of a new store in Winter Haven. After taking a Dale Carnegie course I got a job managing a small chain of hardware stores. I owned two cars and a boat and was president of the Sertoma ("Service to Mankind") club, a humanitarian organization.

When the owner sold the hardware business during the 1974 recession, I became partner with a chef in managing a popular steak house in Lake Wales, Florida. The following year I faced another uprooting when the owner decided to sell the business.

With the profit-sharing from the restaurant sale, I bought my own restaurant in a Lake Wales shopping mall. Now that I was in control, how could I be uprooted?

Within eight months the road construction had changed everything. Business trickled down to almost nothing.

The boat, the cars, the house and the business had to be sold. I started all over one more time.

In 1977 we moved back to Connecticut. A job was already lined up when I arrived: managing a restaurant business out of the New London area. The owner had a fast lifestyle: drinking, smoking, partying. Now, besides working eighty hours a week, I joined him after hours every day, and my family life, which had already deteriorated, grew worse.

The next year a local theater sponsored the Broadway production of *Godspell*. That was a big deal for New London. I got the restaurant in on the publicity by arranging to sponsor a promotional dinner for the troupe. They invited me to a rehearsal and I liked the music. I realized for the first time that the show was about Christ.

After that I didn't miss a rehearsal or a performance and met most of the cast. I became intrigued with the idea of Jesus as a person. Was He really as kind and loving as the play portrayed Him to be?

One of the men I worked with at this time was a spiritist. He would predict things about people which seemed to come true. He said he always used his "spirits" for good and never for financial gain. He was a helpful person and a hard worker, and sounded legitimate, so I began taking some of his advice. I didn't want ever to fail again.

However, I had to ask myself, how did what the spiritist said fit in with what I had been hearing about Jesus? This man never considered God awesome or talked about Jesus as a person. He seemed to be caught up in life the same

way I was. The hard work and hard play weren't making me any happier.

These were my thoughts as I drove back from one of the restaurants late one night in June, 1978. The interstate was practically deserted. I had plenty of time to think.

How did all these things fit together? Who could really make sense of it all?

"Jesus!" I found myself crying out. "Teach me to love You!"

There in the car the peace of God fell upon me. Jesus showed me immediately that He was real and that He would answer me when I prayed to Him.

I wanted to find out more about Him, so I began taping and watching religious TV shows. One of these programs helped me see that I was a sinner and showed me how I could receive forgiveness. I confessed my sins to Jesus and consciously committed my life to Him.

At that point the Lord meant everything to me. I really wanted to serve Him. I realized I could not do that by serving drinks in cocktail lounges and promoting the lifestyle associated with it.

It was such a change in my life that my family labeled me a fanatic. Learning from the Christian TV shows that I needed a Bible, I bought a reference Bible at a bookstore and began reading it eagerly.

I quit my job. With some income from a part-time job as a hotel night clerk, I had enough back pay to live on for a while. That winter I got a job as a school bus driver and at the end of the school year took work as a transit bus driver, the job I still have.

I started playing the organ at a Cath-

olic church and organized a choral group. (The masses were in English now.) They accepted me and I was excited. The Lord gave me a developing love for Catholics, which has healed my past bitterness.

One day at the Christian bookstore in town where I used to buy church music, a flyer was posted for a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship breakfast in New London. It sounded interesting—but would they accept me? Would I like it?

I went, and heard the testimony of a Catholic auto bodyshop owner. When he talked about how the Lord had changed his life, he cried.

"What is this?" I wondered. "Businessmen crying?" But he had to be honest. This was real.

John Martin, the chapter vice-president, invited me to tent revival meetings which his church was holding all summer. There I heard about the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I bought two sets of tapes on the Holy Spirit from the bookstore.

About four months later, in October of 1980, I attended another FGBMF breakfast, this time in Plainfield, Connecticut. An insurance executive gave his testimony, then offered to pray for anyone who would come forward.

I was not sure whether the Baptism was for me. I prayed, "Lord, if You want me to have this You're going to have to get me out of this chair."

Somehow, I was the first person up there.

"I would like the baptism in the Holy Spirit," I told the man.

"Praise God!" he said. "The Lord is telling me in my spirit that you're ready



to receive all that God wants to give."

He anointed me with oil. I prayed. It was the first time I had made a public confession of faith in Jesus. I broke down and cried. I did not speak in tongues, but the speaker told me to expect this.

That Monday I attended a church near my home for two weeks in a row. I had been praying, "If tongues are not from You, Lord, I don't want them."

The second week as everyone was lifting his hands and praising God the heavenly language just fell. It flowed naturally. I had given my question to God and in His mercy He had given me His gift.

Driving transit buses was a blow to my pride at first, but God has used it to develop my character. Dealing with so many different bus riders, I have learned patience and humility. The Holy Spirit has shown me how to be kind and compassionate to all kinds of people. One driver I work with turned her life over to the Lord as a result of a *Voice* magazine I gave her.

Since my baptism in the Holy Spirit I am aware of a constant communion with the Lord, even as I drive the bus. As president of the transit workers' local I have the opportunity to share with my fellow workers, who naturally come to me if they have a problem.

My family life had deteriorated long before I came to the Lord, and it eventually ended in divorce. I now saw how I had always related to my family in a selfish way and how much I still needed God to change my character.

I am learning that "the Lord will perfect that which concerneth me" (Psalms 138:8). I used to try to work hard

to please God when I first became an active Christian, but He is the One doing the perfecting, not me. As this has become real to me, God has lifted a load of guilt.

The Cross has become more significant as I grow in the Lord. I am still amazed at all the things Jesus accomplished at the Cross. Most important, it is so good to have a God who loves me and who laid down His life for me.

Realizing God's kind of love has been a tremendous revelation to me, just as Ephesians 3:17-19 promises. Now I understand that no other roots will ever be secure enough until you are "firmly rooted and now being built up in Him and established in your faith, . . . and overflowing with gratitude" (Colossians 2:7). □



*Tom Doiron is a member and former president of Whaling City Chapter, FGBMFI. He spent three years in the restaurant business and has been employed for the last five years by South East Area Transit District as a bus driver. He ministers at the organ regularly at his church, The King's Chapel, and elsewhere.*

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## Our Mission Statement

- To reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ
- To call men back to God
- To help believers to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and to grow spiritually
- To train and equip men to fulfill the Great Commission
- To provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship
- To bring a greater unity among all people in the body of Christ

## Our Five-Year Goals, 1984-1989

### I. Worldwide Outreach—

*Chapters in every nation*

### II. International Membership—

*A membership of one million*

### III. Chapters—

*40,000 chapters*



# UPDATE!

Fellowship News from Here, There and Around the World

1. At least 1,000 persons filled Assyrian-American Hall, Turlock, for Saturday-night banquet of Central Valley California Regional Convention May 3-5. 2. Leaders gather around International Director Ron Svenhard to pray for needs, including comfort for family of Frank Cordeiro, international director who went to be with the Lord May 1, 1984: (left to right) International Director and Convention Chairman Enoch Christoffersen; Tom Coffaro; Robert Fierro, Thursday-night speaker; Field Representative Pat Harrington; International Director Cliff Powell; soloist Mike Trenton. 3. Ben Kinchlow, vice-president of CBN and a host of "The 700 Club," spoke at men's luncheon and banquet. 4. His wife Vivian addressed ladies at their luncheon. 5. Many came forward to receive ministry from Jesus each night. 6. One of those healed, an Iranian stroke sufferer brought to his first FGBMFI function by family and friends, at first shuffled with support of a man at each side. Pictured above, he stood and walked unaided. Smile on his face is priceless.

# REGISTER TO VOTE!

A sobering message to American Christians:

America is *not governed* by majority rule.

55 million Americans are not registered to vote.

Regardless of your political preference, you will be shocked to learn that only 27% of the eligible voters determined in 1980 who would be President of the United States.

Forces within the nation are threatening traditional values.

Moral decency, Christian liberty, and economic integrity will be determined for this and future generations *by the elective process*.

Christians have an obligation to stand for the Judeo-Christian values that have founded this nation and made her great.

Help make America  
tually. Register to  
with your Christian

"Righteousness



strong spiri-  
vote... Vote  
convictions.

exalteth a nation"  
(Proverbs 14:34).

# THE NEED IS ENOUGH

The experiences shared in this issue of *Voice* are nearly as varied as one could imagine. These men—an insurance executive, arm wrestler, farmer, electrical lineman, bus driver and retired preacher—live in different worlds and struggle with a wide range of problems. Yet the essence of each man's testi-

mony is that his deepest need has been and is being met in Jesus Christ.

Whether your need is to wipe the slate clean of past sins and receive forgiveness, or strength to be delivered from a destructive force, the cementing of broken relationships or a physical healing, Jesus is the answer.

Whatever need you feel right now, why not surrender it to Him today? Obey Him. Trust Him for the answer and let the Six Steps to Salvation (below) help you to put your life in His hands.

## SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Why not make your eternal decision now:

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

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



**FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S**  
**VOICE**

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**WHO ARE WE?**

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

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



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

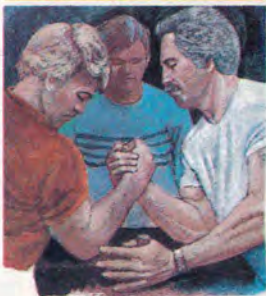




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