

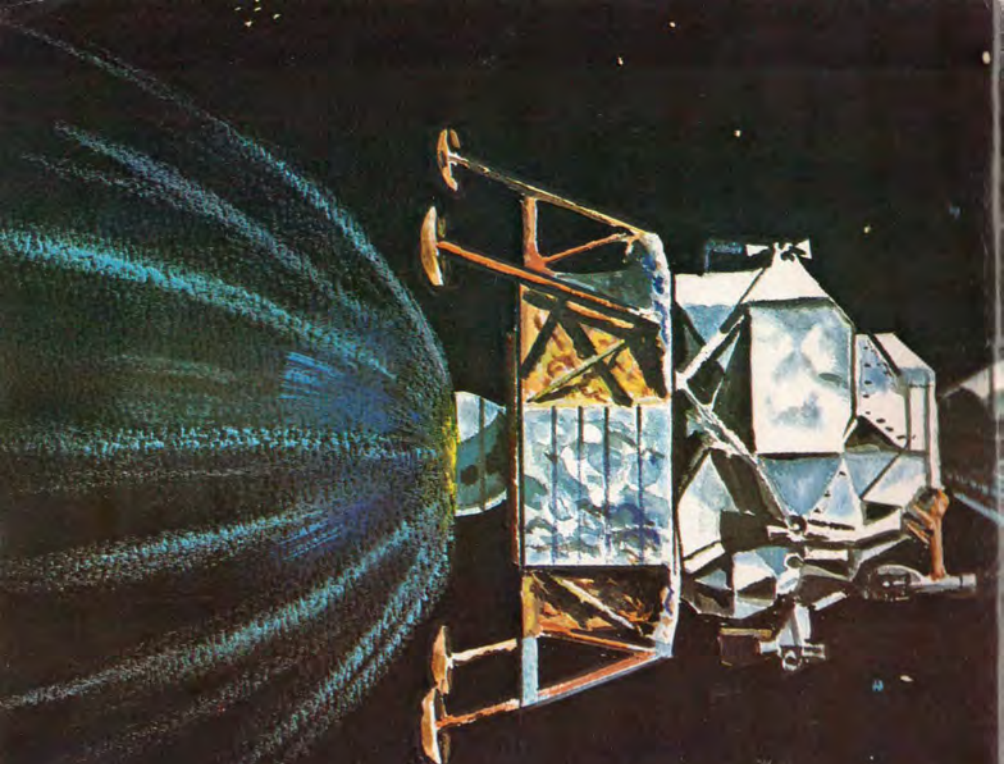
04-80

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

**“Houston,
we've got
a problem.”**





“Houston”

JERRY WOODFILL

Johnson Space Center Engineer, Houston, Texas

It was April 13, 1970—9:00 p.m. At the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, Texas I sat watching a TV console of spacecraft measurements of the Apollo 13 command module. As warning system engineer, I paid close attention to the master alarm signal on the TV screen.

This was our third mission to the moon, and the astronauts had just prepared for their sleep period. Soon I'd be home asleep, too, probably dreaming of these spacemen who were more than 200,000 miles from earth.

Suddenly, I noticed the master alarm flash on! Then I heard Astronaut Jack Swigert say, “Houston, we've had a problem.”



we've got a problem."

And what a problem! An oxygen tank in the spacecraft had exploded, blowing out the entire side panel of the life-supporting service module, possibly leaving three men stranded in space.

I watched other alarms come on: the fuel cell warning, the power failure warning and others. The ship was dying, and only prompt action would save its crew.

Quickly the astronauts powered up the lunar module and shut down the command ship. The lunar module was designed only to land men on the moon and return them to the command module. Now it was the crew's lifeboat and only hope to return to earth alive.

The news media—radio, TV and press—reported the explosion the moment the problem occurred. Millions of people in homes, factories and offices around the world were alerted to Apollo 13's fight for survival.

The result was an explosion of prayer focused on three men 200,000 miles away and on us, the missions operation team at the Manned Spacecraft Center. Pastors, priests and rabbis called their people to prayer. Special late-night prayer vigils were held by both individuals and prayer groups.

The *New York Times* described on page one the special prayer services in New York City, while Pope Paul expressed from Rome, "We cannot forget at the moment the lot of the astronauts of Apollo 13. We hope that at least their lives can be saved." Even the U.S. Senate quickly adopted a resolution urging all businesses and news media to pause at 9:00 p.m. April 14 for prayers for the safety of the astronauts. Possibly never before had so many united in prayer for one cause.

These prayers received prompt answers. When the crew first sensed the danger shortly after the explosion, they tried to close the hatch between the command module and the lunar module. They, like a submarine crew, thought this might seal off any cabin

leaks. But the hatch wouldn't close!

Had they succeeded in closing the hatch, precious time and power would have been lost later when they needed the lunar module as their lifeboat. When it was time to close the hatch later in the mission, it closed easily.

Though the crew powered up the lunar module in record time, the sudden loss of the command module's fuel cells required some use of its emergency reentry batteries to keep the crippled ship going while the crew prepared their lifeboat. These batteries were essential to later reentry of the command module into the atmosphere, and their use now meant that death might only be postponed a few days. But there was no other alternative.

After the crew powered the lunar module, analysis showed that the use of the reentry batteries had been too great. There was not enough power left in them for reentry.

But God was in control. The lunar module power engineer was at home watching television when the Apollo 13 exploded. Shortly after he went to bed, the phone rang. It was mission control requesting him to come immediately.

Arriving at the Space Center, the lunar module power engineer listened to an explanation of the power shortage in the reentry batteries. Miracu-

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE (ISSN #00428264) is published monthly (with the exception of August, which is combined with the July issue) for \$3.50 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a world-wide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92626, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a non-profit religious corporation. Second Class Postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved.

Hurricane Helen →



prayer
encircled
the earth





Warning System Engineer Jerry Woodfill monitors Apollo 13's fateful journey.

lously, a procedure flashed into his mind which he had devised over a year before.

Quickly he recorded the details of a plan to recharge the command module's reentry batteries from the large lunar module batteries, using a "jumper" cable.

After the crippled Apollo looped around the moon and was returning toward earth, the procedure was tried. IT WORKED!

A later search of NASA files and the power engineer's desk failed to uncover the procedure. Even the Apollo simulation computer did not know the solution. The computer rejected the life-saving plan. But God answered prayer through a single man, bringing to memory the crucial procedure.

As I monitored the lunar module warning system, another fatal problem became apparent. The amount of

carbon dioxide gas (CO₂) was becoming quite high, triggering master alarms.

On the morning of April 15, the Apollo 13 mission engineering manager called me into his office to discuss the problem. He asked me about the accuracy of the CO₂ partial pressure alarm. It seemed that the devices, called scrubbers, which removed this gas from the lunar module cabin were too few to last throughout the rescue mission. If nothing was done, the astronauts would die on their own breath.

There were plenty of scrubbers in the command module, but these were square and wouldn't fit the round receptacle in the lunar module system.

Again God provided answers. A group of engineers at the Manned Spacecraft Center discovered the CO₂ solution—a "jury-rig" of log book covers, suit oxygen hoses and plastic bags held together with some gray tape found on board. Procedures to build the device were relayed by radio to the astronauts, and the crew was saved from suffocation.

Having dealt with the CO₂ danger, the crew faced a more ominous hurdle. The debris from the exploded tank surrounded the spacecraft, making navigation impossible. The astronauts could not sight their star markers which were required to align their guidance computer. Sunlight glistened off the tank's fragments, obliterating any view of the stars. Without proper alignment of the



The "jury-rig" solution to the CO₂ problem is tested at the Center before it is relayed to Apollo 13.

guidance system, the spacecraft would either burn up on reentry or skip off and miss the earth's atmosphere entirely, meaning certain death for the astronauts.

A friend of mine had foreseen just such a problem years before. He succeeded in putting a program into the mission control computers to use the earth's terminator line and the sun as reference points. No amount of debris could blot out either the line made by the earth's light-and-dark hemispheres or the sun. Although this computer program was all but forgotten until it was needed to save the Apollo 13 crew, God had foreseen this disaster and prepared a way of escape.

The last challenge was perhaps the most obvious example of God's intervention. The reentry officer was unable to gauge the reentry angle. Boiling water from the lunar module was, unknowingly, changing the entire lunar module and command

module alignment. If the angle became too shallow, the splashdown site could be radically changed.

Hurricane Helen was raging in the Pacific. Weathermen advised the reentry officer to select a landing point other than the one designated. He ignored both their advice and the trend of the shallow angle. Shortly, the reentry angle ceased shallowing, and the command module landed calmly in the Pacific. The crew was safe, but Hurricane Helen had moved to the exact spot recommended by the weathermen for splashdown!

God sent forth from His mission control center in the heavens a divine flight plan which rescued the astronauts. He had demonstrated His willingness to intervene when we turned to Him with prayer.

The experience of Apollo 13 went beyond the rescue of the astronauts. Prayers for me and others at the Manned Spacecraft Center had a

(Please turn to page 30)

...falling
short!



DAVID FLAGG

Presiding Traffic Hearing Officer
Orinda, California

They're all falling short. I can't reach them!" The memory drifts back from my childhood. Our family had gathered at a wharf in San Francisco to see my father off to a tem-



porary job on Wake Island. As we waved good-bye, Dad leaned against the rail of the giant ocean liner and threw wads of serpentine toward us. The paper kept landing in front of me, and in frustration I shouted, "They're all falling short . . ."

That mental picture was as close as I got to my father for the next four years. War broke out shortly after his arrival on Wake Island. Dad fought in the trenches along with the young marine defenders, but the day came when he was captured by the Japanese. He spent the rest of the war in a POW camp.

As for me, those years were spent in a prep school for boys in North Hollywood, California. Since the school was church related, I received



intensive religious instruction and confirmation. After graduation, I joined the army.

Unfortunately, my religious background didn't keep me from tasting all the vices available to a young G.I. miles from home. Religion and the church were just like the beautiful frosting on a cake that was not done inside, as far as my life was concerned. The frosting of church ritual didn't get through to the cake below—the real me. My religious training affected my behavior only as long as I stayed in the ecclesiastical environment of the prep school.

By the time I was discharged from military service, I'd put aside all religious activity. I enrolled at the University of California at Berkeley

and became too involved in campus activities to care about God or the church.

One night I was hitchhiking on College Avenue near the University. The driver who picked me up seemed different from other guys I knew. This fellow was interested in me as a person. I talked freely about my ambition for a singing career, and our conversation continued after we reached my destination.

Eventually the talk turned to God. I assured my new friend that I was very religious, citing my years at the church-related prep school, my theological instruction and my confirmation. But despite these credentials, I couldn't give a positive response to one question: "Have you ever re-

ceived Christ as your personal Saviour?"

At this point the driver reached into the glove compartment for a Bible and a flashlight. He held the flashlight while I read, "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23).

Seated in that car, I saw myself standing on the wharf as Dad threw wads of serpentine that didn't reach me. "They're all falling short . . ." And I was like the serpentine. My sins made me fall short of meeting God in a personal way.

“. . . the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord” (Romans 6:23).

The flashlight illuminated other verses: “. . . the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord” (Romans 6:23). “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 1:12).

“Would you like to receive Christ?”

I stared at the words, “. . . received him . . . power to become sons of God . . . believe on his name.” Then I nodded my assent.

I repeated a simple prayer, phrase by phrase, after my friend.

“Lord God, I am sorry for my sins. I have fallen short of your perfection. I believe that Jesus is the Son of God. Jesus, I receive you as Saviour and Lord of my life. Thank you for making me your child.”

Although I didn't understand all

that had happened, I felt an enormous sense of release. I left that car six feet off the ground, and I haven't come down to earth since. The inner peace I felt that night has endured to this day.

My new friend and I met often during the next few weeks. We prayed, studied the Bible and memorized Scripture passages together. Slowly, I was learning to be a real disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Becoming a faithful disciple involved a shift in my life goals. Singing had been the supreme joy of my

life. I was a serious student of voice and music, and my teachers were convinced that a career in opera was possible for me. I was ready to make whatever sacrifice was required of me to reach that goal, but the Lord had another plan for me.

One night during a stay in Puerto Rico as a summer missionary, I was having devotions on a veranda overlooking a lush valley. The Lord simply said, “David, I want you to sing *for me!*”

That's all I heard, but it was enough. My response was, “Yes, Lord.”

The Lord has provided numerous opportunities to sing for Him. There have been concert tours in the United States, Europe and South America. I have worked with major symphony orchestras and recorded several albums. Not long ago the Lord gave

me a new "unlimited-mileage" theme verse: "Send us around the world with the news of your saving power..." (Psalm 67:2 *Living Bible*). He has been making this possible through television. During one month I was privileged to appear on 10 television shows whose audiences span the globe.

Becoming Presiding Traffic Hearing Officer for juveniles in Alameda County was something else God had in store for me. My profession had been in social welfare and probation for years. My wife's mother had prophesied early in our marriage that the Lord would make me a judge, but I could hardly see how that could happen when I had not chosen the field of law. The Lord knew, however, and the day came when I was appointed by the Alameda County Superior Court to the position of Traffic Hearing Officer.

Continuing to sing for the Lord, I recognized that there was power in the Gospel through song. But I also recognized that there was still something lacking. One day I was invited to sing at a meeting of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. When the meeting closed, I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit by the laying on of hands and received the gift of heavenly language—in song!

Since then, I've been an active member of the Fellowship, singing, testifying and sharing about Jesus with businessmen. And the Holy Spirit power I was seeking has come into my singing. People tell me, "I was born into the Kingdom of God

while you sang," or "Through your song the Lord convinced me that I should not get a divorce."

Now I lead singing and do solo work at the Oakland chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men and serve as soloist for many Full Gospel conventions. God has also opened the door for me to minister at rehabilitation centers, military hospitals and skid-row missions.

None of these ministries would be possible without the support of my family. Early in my Christian experience, God brought a beautiful young lady named Astrid into my life. She helped me spiritually at a time when my growth in the Lord had become stunted, and later became my wife. Today she writes lyrics for my songs, helps emcee my performances and acts as producer and publicist for my albums. She is also my constant prayer collaborator.

My daughter, Wendy, accompanies me on the piano, while Lorin, my son, assists in many practical ways. We've been able to take most of our concert tours as a family, keeping our ties to one another strong in the Lord.

It has been nearly 30 years since this hitchhiker began an exciting journey with God. What a wonderful life it has been!

If you haven't already started your journey with Him, why don't you do it right now? Just pray a prayer like the one I uttered in the darkness on College Avenue. **God will hear and answer that prayer from a sincere heart.** ■

Southern Oregon

(Left) International Directors Paul Toberty and Art Evanson. (Center) Medford Chapter President Cal Smith introduces International Director Jerry Lausmann. (Right) Convention speaker Rev. Michael T. Flynn



SOUTHERN OREGON and NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL CONVENTIONS



Northern California

Special guest Evil Knievel is prayed for by International Directors Walter Moore (right) and Cliff Powell (center), and singer Josh Massaro. Knievel spoke at convention and also shared safety tips with the children. Left photo: International Director Enoch Christoffersen shares what the Lord is doing in Egypt through FGBMFI.

Redwood photography by Ray Thompson

CONVENTIONS

WESTERN REGION

HOUSTON REGIONAL CONVENTION

April 2-5, 1980

Astro Village Hotel, Houston

Write: Ralph Littlejohn

c/o Houston State Office

5855 Sovereign Drive, Houston, TX 77036

MISSOURI STATE MEN'S ADVANCE

April 4-6, 1980

Assembly of God Lake Campground

Lake Ozark, Missouri

Write: Larry Agne

4136 Alma Street, St. Louis, MO 63116

PRAIRIE REGIONAL

April 10-12, 1980

Centennial Auditorium, Saskatoon,

Saskatchewan, Canada

Write: Dennis Wilson

14620 - 55th Street

Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5A 2N4

LAKE SUPERIOR REGIONAL

April 17-19, 1980

Normandy Inn, Duluth

Write: Duluth FGBMFI

P.O. Box 3201, Duluth, MN 55803

ABILENE-ANGELO REGIONAL

April 23-26, 1980

Abilene Civic Center

Write: Jack Yates

318 Bank of Commerce Bldg.

Abilene, TX 79605

IOWA STATE MEN'S ADVANCE

April 25-26, 1980

Camp Wyoming

Write: Duane McLean

1668 13th Street, NW

Cedar Rapids, IA 52405

TURLOCK REGIONAL

May 1-3, 1980

War Memorial Bldg.

Turlock, California

Write: Doug Dallman

1106 Monte Cristo Avenue

Modesto, CA 95350

INLAND EMPIRE MEN'S ADVANCE

May 2-4, 1980

Riverview Bible Camp

Spokane, Washington

Write: Leonard Sampson

East 17611 Appleway

Greenacres, WA 99016

THIRD ATLANTIC REGIONAL CONVENTION

May 7-10, 1980

Hotel Beausejour

Moncton, New Brunswick

Write: Paul E. Beesley

P.O. Box 6037, Station "A"

Saint John, N.B., Canada E2L 4R5

NORTHERN ONTARIO REGIONAL CONVENTION

May 15-17, 1980

Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario

Write: J.C. Elliott

R.R. No. 1, 4687 2nd Line West,

Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada P6A 5K6

NORTHWEST REGIONAL CONVENTION

May 21-24, 1980

Red Lion Motor Hotel

Portland, Oregon

Write: Art Evanson

800 Harney, Vancouver, WA 98660

20TH ANNUAL REGIONAL CONVENTION

May 21-24, 1980

Green Lake, Wisconsin

American Baptist Assembly Grounds

Write: FGBMFI, 564 W. Fulton

Chicago, IL 60606

CALGARY/SOUTHERN ALBERTA CONVENTION

May 29-31, 1980

Calgary Convention Centre

Write: Gene Begus

339 Penworth Way, SE

Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2A 4G1

NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL CONVENTION

May 29-June 2, 1980

Write: Robert Horton

P.O. Box 33,424

Takapuna, Auckland 9, N.Z.

27TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

June 30-July 5, 1980

Anaheim, California

Write: David Byram

World Convention Coordinator

P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626

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A SPECIAL NIGHT OF MINISTRY

by DEMOS SHAKARIAN

My 13-year-old grandson has a brain tumor, Demos, and we don't know if he will have permanent brain damage or even if he will live. Please pray for us."

Between that telephone conversation with a long-time friend and the beginning of the first Special Night of Ministry in the new headquarters building on January 14, 1980, Rose and I stopped at the hospital to pray.

Believing that God was already beginning to answer the prayer of my heart, we went into that meeting with great anticipation. The overflow crowd was from many areas—from Maine, Utah, Texas and even from Sweden, as well as from the Southern California area. Some were there for the first time, while others had been meeting with us since those first days at Clifton's Cafeteria.

Our loving Father met many needs that night. He ministered healing for both physical and spiritual needs. He encouraged and exhorted through Scriptures and through supernatural messages. Only God knows the numbers of those who were touched. But we praise Him that His hand was in evidence there, just as it was later in the week when that concerned grandfather called me back. "Demos, my grandson is healed! The tumor is gone, and the doctors are sending him home from the hospital." **Praise God!**

**LOVE
HAS
NO
RANK**





by MIKE EMMETT

Major, USMC, Quantico, Virginia

On the day I arrived at the Marine Logistics Support Base in Albany, Georgia, I had no idea that God was preparing me for the greatest spiritual experiences of my life.

I grew up in the church and have known the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour since grade school days, so it was natural to find a place to worship soon after our arrival in Georgia.

Our two young sons made friends with the chaplain's kids, so my wife, Kay, and I took them to the services at the base chapel. Before long I was teaching the adult class in the protestant Sunday school.

Right away I ran into problems. Our class included a young Spirit-filled Christian who insisted on hugging me and calling me "brother" outside the chapel activities. He was

a sergeant and I was a major. The Marine Corps had taught me to maintain a closely-guarded professional relationship with enlisted men, and the sergeant's uninhibited witnessing embarrassed me a great deal.

The sergeant was also an embarrassment to me during class time. Our lessons were based on Acts and I Corinthians, and the sergeant knew that the teachings and gifts referred to in these books could be part of my life, just as they were part of his. So when I tried to explain away "speaking with other tongues," the sergeant told the class about his prayer language. If I wanted to limit healing and the other gifts to New Testament times, the sergeant was always ready to share healings that he had personally witnessed.

One day I accepted an invitation to attend a meeting of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship at a local restaurant. I was surprised at the openness, the friendliness, the spirited Christian witness I found there. Kay and I haven't missed a meeting of the Fellowship since, except when I've been out of town.

God used these meetings to work in my life, and on a July night in 1976, He gave me an overflowing of the Holy Spirit, accompanied by my own private prayer language. I found myself praising the Lord as never before, and living victoriously as never before. I even hugged the sergeant who had been such a nuisance in my Sunday school class.

(Please turn to page 24)

A CONTEMPORARY EASTER MESSAGE



The resurrection is more than a historic event. Essentially it is a door to eternity. On its hinges, hope hangs.

To the person who believes the Bible to be the infallible Word of God, the resurrection of the crucified Christ is an unquestionable fact of history with contemporary significance.

The Apostle Paul declares the resurrection to be an imperative. "And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain" (I Corinthians 15:14).

Once again, in the same chapter, he declares our faith, apart from the resurrection, to be empty and good for nothing when he writes, "And if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins" (verse 17).

The resurrection is the indisputable evidence that Jesus is the Son of God. Also, it is the basis of hope for the resurrection of the righteous. Apart from it Paul states, "Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished" (verse 18).

This profound truth effected a 180-degree turn in the lives of the first followers. Simon Peter panicked in Gethsemane, fleeing into the night to save his skin. Only days later, after entering the empty tomb, he courageously faced the enemies of Jesus, taking risks that resulted in

beatings and imprisonment. Cowardice changed to courage by one factor—the reality of the resurrection.

Two disappointed disciples on the Emmaus Road retraced their footsteps to Jerusalem with the glad news, "The Lord is risen indeed."

Doubting Thomas became a believer when he viewed the nail prints in the hands of his living Lord.

Two thousand years after that first Easter the empty grave continues to fill lives. The experience of Richard Minasian, FGBMFI chapter president from Ventura, California, approximates all of the above changes in the disciples just mentioned.

At the urging of his wife, Dick agreed to attend a meeting of the 1972 convention in San Francisco. Less than a week earlier he had retired from a senior position with the Department of Defense. Hearing some of the conventioners talk about a halo which appeared above the Hilton Hotel, he went outside to see for himself. In recalling the incident, he testified, "Sure enough—there was a complete rainbow-hued circle over the hotel in a semi-cloudy sky. It was not raining, and no rain clouds were visible."

A man standing next to him questioned, "Can anyone disbelieve after this?" Dick's reaction is described in these words: "Suddenly a great dam broke within me. One moment I was a disbelieving skeptic and the next, by the sovereign work of God, I was a surrendered sinner."

When Dick shared his testimony before a packed auditorium at the

first Night of Ministry meeting held in the new headquarters building, he emphasized that while he had always believed in a Supreme Being, that day—July 7, 1972—Jesus Christ became real to him. Like Thomas, he met the living Lord. And like Peter, he found a new boldness to witness a few months later when he received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. And, not unlike the disciples on the Emmaus Road, there was an inner compulsion to "go and tell."

Recalling again his feelings following that moving experience on the sidewalk, this retired Naval captain said, "I had done a lot of things that I was not proud of. The best way I can describe how I felt as the tears flowed is, I felt clean—I felt clean. I had an inner feeling that these things would never be brought up against me. They didn't matter. I was clean, and I just had to tell somebody."

The resurrection is one of the most important events in history. It is one of the marvelous works of God. This apostolic hope gives promise for the future. In addition, the resurrection of Jesus Christ is of tremendous significance to you and me today. Jesus Christ not only died for our sins, but He lives and wills to live within us. Our hope of eternal life is not based upon emulating His example or following His teachings, but on allowing him, by the Holy Spirit, to come into our lives and live His life through us. **His love is available to us and His power can flow through us. That is a contemporary Easter message.** ■

**BY
MY**



SPIRIT

**1980
WORLD CONVENTION
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA
JUNE 30 - JULY 5**

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

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

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

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

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

HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER

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FGBMF
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LOVE HAS NO RANK

(Continued from page 17)

Even though I experienced much blessing from attending the FGBMFI meetings, I balked at joining the organization as a full-fledged member. I'd heard a rumor that the FGBMFI based salvation on speaking with other tongues, and I was troubled by the divisiveness that Satan was creating over the gifts of the Holy Spirit. I asked the Lord to show me His will about joining the Fellowship, and wondered what shape His answer would take.

I was still thinking about membership at a winter meeting when our chapter president quoted the promise of Jesus, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it" (John 14:14). Within a few days I left for Washington, D.C. to carry out some temporary duties for the Marine Corps.

As a contracting officer, I am responsible for purchasing supplies for marine bases around the world. My assignment in Washington was to meet with representatives of industry to advise them on submitting proposals to the Corps. Just prior to meeting with these businessmen, I thought about John 14:14 and prayed, "Let me talk to someone about You, Lord; let me tell them what You have done for me."

Less than 20 minutes later I was seated in the meeting with 300 businessmen. The man sitting next to me warmly shook my hand and introduced himself as a member of

FGBMFI. He was a gospel singer and active in both Teen Challenge and in a local Assembly of God church. For two days we shared back and forth what the Lord was doing in our lives. I've seldom experienced such an immediate answer to prayer.

From Washington I flew to a two-week school at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base near Dayton, Ohio. While there I attended an adult Bible study and discovered that the leader was an officer in FGBMFI.

The leader and his wife invited me to an evening group in their home and to other activities during my two weeks at the base. The Holy Spirit was showing me a model Christian home, and I grew more bold in my prayer life. I continued to claim Jesus' promise of "asking anything in my name," and asked the Lord for more opportunities to witness. Before I left Ohio, I was able to share with many officers, their families and neighbors what God was doing in my life.

Before returning to the marine base in Georgia, I made an important decision. By now I had realized that the rumors I'd heard about FGBMFI were false, so I called Kay long-distance and told her to fill out my application for membership in the Fellowship.

And that trip taught me another lesson: don't ask for anything in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ unless you expect an answer. **The Lord who answers my prayers will do the same for you.** ■

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#18-0040

A STRANGER IN MY HOUSE



JOSEPH P. DALLANEGRA, JR., Minister, Nakomis, Florida

Success—who can measure it? A glance at my life would easily have given the appearance of success.

My parents and I had been the first father-mother-son team of attorneys to be admitted to practice before the U.S. Supreme Court at the same time. Our law practice was very successful. My pretty wife, Barbara, and I owned a home near work, a winter retreat on the Gulf of Mexico, a summer vacation home on Barnagat Bay, several cars, a 28-foot boat and had traveled around the world.

In spite of appearances, happiness was elusive. Life's only meaning seemed to be to make more money, and the day came when Barbara's purpose for living was alcohol. Recognizing her problem, she sought help from Alcoholics Anonymous. There she met a "Jesus freak" named Jeri. Thru AA and Jeri's prayers, Barbara quit drinking and also quit smoking. At a meeting conducted by Arthur Blessit at Calvary Baptist church in New York City, she turned her life over to the Lord. Jeri then introduced her to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, and she was baptized in the Holy Spirit.

While these things were happening to Barbara, I continued my quest for more money. Though she had been difficult to live with as an alcoholic, I found the stranger now in my home unbearable. Communica-

tion had long since ceased, and I didn't really know what had been going on in her life. What I did know is that I wanted out of the marriage.

After agreeing that it was over, we felt freer somehow to talk to each other. As we calmly walked through the house deciding who would take what furniture, I really began to look at Barbara. There was a difference there I couldn't identify, and the thought crossed my mind that somehow her attorney had planted a double in my house to catch me in some compromising situation. Illogical as that may have been, I decided to question her about things only my wife could answer.

"Why did you put down 'Christian' for your religion on that form you filled out?" My thinking was that, knowing she had been raised an atheist and later converted to Catholicism, a "plant" would find that a difficult question. But she answered, "Because I *am* a Christian."

Not giving up so easily, I asked, "What is a Christian?" She said, "A person who has received Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour." Beginning to be irritated, I responded, "Jesus, Jesus. What's all this talk about Jesus?" "Jesus is God." That one was food for thought for a Roman Catholic who had been deaf to the Gospel message.

Retreating to my office, I began working on my accounts with the in-

tention of showing reduced income when we went to court so that alimony and child support awards would be reduced. Being an attorney, I was aware of the unwritten law judges generally applied in determining support payments. Their experience had shown that when men were ordered to pay more than 50 percent of their net income, their response was often to leave the state and provide no support whatsoever.

Concentrating on the accounts became increasingly difficult. What was happening to me? Why had Barbara changed so much? And why did I feel so miserable thinking about the new Barbara? Could Jesus really have changed her? If He had, where did that leave me? I was sitting here trying to figure out a way to legally deprive my children of finances for their livelihood! Where was that nice guy I thought I was?

The thoughts whirled and my mind was reeling throughout the afternoon. I was at my wit's end. "Okay, God," I said. "I give up. I can't do it anymore." Through my tears I noticed my wife coming into the room. "Barbara, what shall I do?" I asked her. After she had led me in the sinner's prayer, the weight of the world lifted from my shoulders!

At dinner that evening I lifted my hands to my daughters and asked them to hold mine. My oldest daughter asked, "Daddy, are you going to pray?" This was something that had never been done in my home. "Yes, I am," I nodded. "Are



Barbara and Jay Dallanegra

you a Christian, Daddy?" When I responded affirmatively they both ran to me and hugged me, crying. They were only four and six years old, but they told me how they, too, had turned their lives over to Jesus. That momentous day the Lord began to bring our home into His divine order, and many problems the girls had suffered disappeared.

After dinner Barbara told me it was the night for the monthly FGBMFI meeting, and that George Otis was the speaker. Accompanying her and Jeri, I listened and heard him invite those who wanted to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit to go into the room on the right. Jeri leaned

towards me and said, "That's for you." Now my experience with baptism had had to do with getting wet. My suit had just come back from the cleaners, and I wasn't ready to get it wet. I responded, "No, that can't be for me. I don't have a bathing suit."

Jeri said, "Don't worry. Go anyway." So the *lamb* went to the room on the right. After 15 minutes of teaching, George prayed and had us raise our hands. As I opened my mouth to speak, I had the sensation that someone poured warm water down my throat which went all the way to my toes, filled my whole body and overflowed. And I began to speak in a language I had never heard.

The next day we heard George teach on marriage and the family. After some discussion with him, we requested that he perform a marriage ceremony.

With about 50 people in attendance, Barbara and I reaffirmed our marriage vows on that November 9, 1972. That was the day that Barbara was to have left me for good, and also, we finally realized, was our ninth wedding anniversary!

Priorities took on a new perspective. I gave away my law practice in northern New Jersey, and for a year we studied the Bible under two capable teachers. During that time I was also privileged to travel to several FGBMFI conventions and meetings. Instrumental in founding the Toms River, New Jersey chapter, I was elected as its first president. We

later moved to Florida, and I served the Sarasota chapter there as secretary and then as president.

Feeling the leading of the Lord, we moved to Southern California. There I enrolled in the Master of Divinity program at Melodyland School of Theology and was ordained in 1979.

Barbara and I are now in the process of beginning a new church on the south side of Sarasota. Having maintained my credentials to practice law in Florida, I have begun once again to represent a few clients—all Christians. My desire in that direction lies solely in the Christian field, particularly as I feel that legislation concerning the first amendment and freedom of religion will proliferate during this decade.

In addition to our work in establishing a new congregation of God's people in this area, we are working once again with the Sarasota chapter of FGBMFI. Because of the visionary thinking of International Director Sam Rudd, a special project of this chapter has become the outreach to the "up-and-outers" in our area. These men—prominent super-achievers of the community—nevertheless feel the same emptiness inside that I once felt before I turned my life over to the Lord. It is exciting to be a part of this unique outreach to these men. God is providing for our needs and abundantly blessing us. **We praise Him for the opportunity to be vessels used by Him for reaching others in these last days.** ■



Astronauts Jim Lovell, Fred Haise and John Swigert splash down safely in the Pacific, miles from raging Hurricane Helen.

APOLLO 13

(Continued from page 7)

profound effect on our lives.

Not long after the mission, I met a man who later invited me to a meeting of Christian businessmen. This group was called the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

Out of curiosity I attended. There I met men who had peace, joy, and love in their lives. Though I was a stranger, they showed me this love. At the meeting I discovered the source of their strength. They had asked Jesus Christ into their lives as Lord and Saviour.

Ralph Marinacci, FGBMFI international director from Florida, shared what they called a testimony. He

spoke of a personal experience with Jesus Christ and asked those who desired to know Christ as Lord and Saviour to come forward for prayer.

I wanted Jesus in my life, too, so I almost ran to the front. That day—February 11, 1972—I asked Christ to take over my life. Since then I've wanted to pray and read the Bible daily and share what Jesus has done. He has become my only lifeboat.

God has provided a lifeboat for you, too, from His mission control center above. That lifeboat is His Son—Jesus Christ. If you would like to get on board with Him, follow the Six Scriptural Steps to Salvation shown on the next page. **You will never be the same.** ■

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" (Romans 10:9).

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision right now: "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 so that we may send you a booklet, NOW THAT YOU'VE RECEIVED CHRIST.

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Full Gospel Business Men's **VOICE**

Volume 28 Number 4
April 1980

3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa, CA
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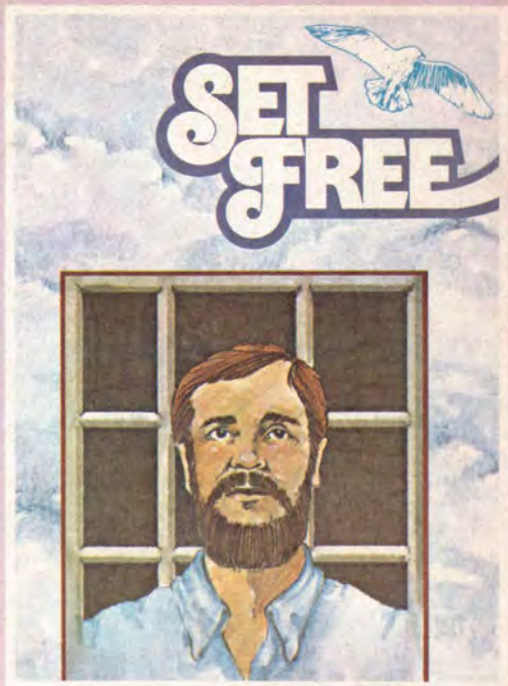
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