

12-72

Full Gospel Business Men's

# 12-92 VOICE



**PRESIDENT OF  
CBS STUDIO  
CENTER FINDS  
DIRECTION**

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# In His Steps

Mike Klausman  
Studio City, California

Quiet. Unassuming. Good-natured. Spirit-filled Christian.

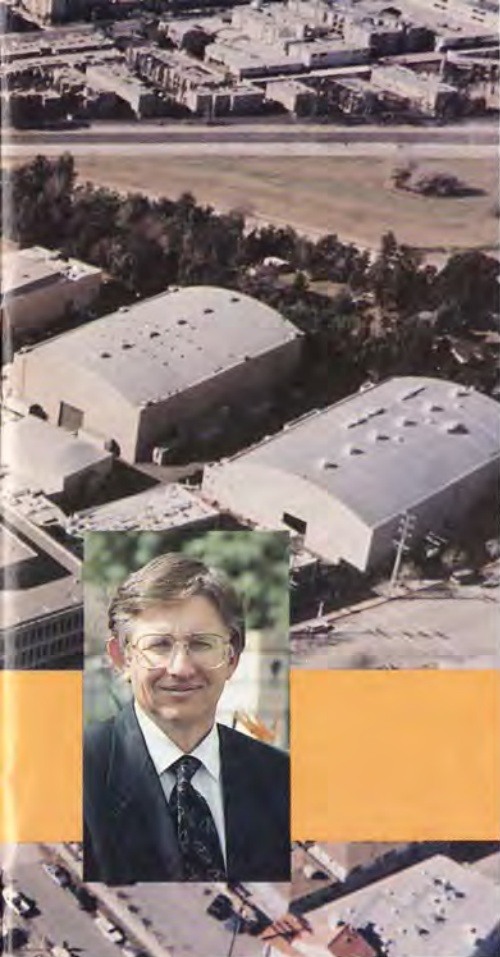
These are not your standard descriptive phrases for the stereotype of the president of one of the largest motion picture/television studios in the U.S.A.

Yet, I've "gone against the grain" in

Hollywood. As overseer of the CBS Studio Center complex, I work hard, visiting the employees on the 40-acre lot, quietly spreading God's good news.

This world-reknown studio lot has written motion picture and television history since the Roaring '20s. My vari-





ous mementos are scattered around my office. But most important to me is a stack of books that I enjoy giving to people. The title of one book best exemplifies my attitude towards my relationship with Jesus Christ. I even pattern business decisions upon the

content of that one book.

*In His Steps.*

This inspiring, Christian bestseller has eternal purpose for me...guiding all my decisions and efforts. Before I ever make a decision, I always ask and pray about one question: "What would Jesus do?" I've always taken a timeout to ask first before I ever made an important move.

I try to think, "Lord, what kind of decisions would You have me make? Shall I make this deal? Or pass on it?" It just changes one's ethics.

Honesty and straightforwardness, sometimes elusive in the entertainment business, has made me successful in dealing with many within this industry.

When I give my word, I stand up for it. I believe it's why I've moved up so quickly. It's because of Jesus. Before I got saved, I was probably one of the biggest liars there ever was. Maybe not necessarily outright lying, but not telling the whole truth. Now my ethics play a big part in obtaining studio business.

I haven't always been "president." I began in 1972 as an usher and a page at CBS Television City, to help earn some money to help complete my Bachelor of Science Degree at California State University Northridge. I wanted to be a doctor, so I majored in pre-med.

But the "hard work ethic" eventually paid off for me. I started out ushering people into such television shows as "All in the Family," "Maude," "Sonny and Cher," "Tony Orlando and Dawn" and "The Mary Tyler Moore Show."

Now, after two decades of hard, honest work, advancing "up through the ranks," I have the title of president, overseeing the running of the studios for some of the top-rated sitcoms on national television. To many, this might sound like a glamorous job, but don't be fooled. As to the "glitter of Hollywood," I got over that many long years ago!

I attribute whatever success people think I have to hard work, dedication and loyalty to my bosses. I've had a lot of "breaks" along the way. I've never sat with anybody to interview for a job. In all the job moves and promotions, somebody has come and asked me to move up. It's always been God at the right time and at the right place.



*"...I want people to see something in my life that Jesus has given."*

These breaks have all come because God intended them to be. God's got His plan.

People know where I stand. I don't make any excuses about or hide my testimony. I walk this lot and pray for the people here. I tell them we are blessed because God blesses us.

I try to live the way I feel Jesus would live. You can't help but have people recognize that you are different than people in the world. I'm not a "Bible-toter" and I don't believe in beating someone to death with the Gospel. I want people to see something in my life that Jesus has given. If what they see is good, then they will want it. They'll ask about it. Then I can tell them!

My parents made me go to church. I was rebellious. I didn't have anything to do with God, even though I was raised in a Christian home. In my heart, I knew I needed to go to the altar, sooner or later. Unfortunately, it was later.

When I was about 19, I met a young, pretty girl (Beckie, my wife) who was a genuine Christian. We were extremely fond of each other. However, she couldn't continue the romance because I wasn't saved. I either had to make a decision for Christ, or she would have to break it off...one way or the other.

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*Mike Klausman's wife, Beckie, is surrounded by their five children.*

I thought about it for a couple of weeks. I prayed with the pastor. I got down on my knees and cried. Just like the old songs say, I had such a “release.” Sin just left me. I felt clean, like “the burdens rolled away.” My wife was the impetus. Like all new Christians, I felt new, reborn, and clean. My life was changed. I then started following “In His Steps.”

I didn't know much about the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I was *never* going to speak in tongues. An older lady came up to me in church and said, “You need the Holy Spirit. You need to speak in tongues. Just start saying these words...”

She was really “on my case,” putting pressure on me. I made a deal with God, “Forgive me, Lord, but I'm just going to copy what the lady is doing behind me”...to placate her! But then I got in the proper “frame of mind.” I became honest before Him. Soon, it started flowing freely. It was real to me. This continued for about two

hours. It was a fantastic experience—but it sure didn't start out that way.

The Holy Spirit gave me power, courage, and boldness—total strength. The Holy Spirit gave me the energy to be a Christian, an active doer.

But being a Spirit-filled Christian in the work place doesn't shield you from attacks of the enemy. On February 25, 1991, I almost died with cancer of the esophagus. My ten-hour operation was a miracle in itself. The kind of cancer I had was supposed to be deadly. The major surgeon told me, “You are the luckiest man on this earth to have been diagnosed at the right time.”

I was cured through the operation. But had they discovered it a month or two later, it would have made the difference between life and death. The real struggle was not the operation itself. I later went through a period of deep depression and pain, losing over 150 pounds. I didn't eat or sleep, to speak of, for six months following the

operation.

Labor Day of that year was another turning point in my life. I just didn't want to live anymore. I thought about "writing my life off..." Then God brought me back to my senses and showed me scripture to claim and believe... "By His stripes, I am healed!" For six hours, the devil kept taunting me, "Take the easy road out!" God countered, "I've got something for you to do!"

Within the same day, I received the name of a doctor who specializes in pain therapy. Proper medication put me back on the road to recovery. My health has turned around. My father-in-law's suggestion really helped, too: "Fight your physical problem in the Spirit by just devoting yourself to the Word." I was so sick, I couldn't read. So I just listened to Bible cassette tapes around the clock. My mind was constantly reminded that God was in charge of the situation... "by His stripes, I am healed!"

My wife Beckie and my children (Heather, Amy, Allyson, Troy, and Micah) are very important to me. My children are the jewels of my life. That's why I'm glad that family-oriented programming is beginning to make a comeback on television. I don't see family programming as "rosey", but I think it is improving.

We are beginning to see a change going on in the type of sitcoms we are seeing; a change to more reality-based shows. If you look closely, you'll see there are a lot of family-oriented type shows. With the emergence of cable

television, people began to watch the old "Father Knows Best" and "Leave It to Beaver" family shows. I believe that showed network executives that people want to get back to a little more wholesome-type shows.

Hollywood is a lot like what you read about it. But there's also a wholesome side to it. There are good people and bad people like everywhere else. The bottom line is that these people all need Jesus. I've seen people change their lifestyle overnight. I've seen miracles happen.

Sinners can substitute all the pain, grief, and turmoil in their life if they just ask Jesus to come in and take charge right now. God can take care of them right now...even in Hollywood!

But all of us must follow IN HIS STEPS.

Before you make any decision, or before you do anything, always think — "What would Jesus do?"

Even something as little as receiving too much change back at the grocery store. What would Jesus do? I believe He would give back the change.

This mind-set changes your ethics and your life. It makes one an ethical businessman. I'm told I'm known for my honesty and straightforwardness. I find that ethics plays an important part of success.

But it's all because of my faith in Christ. Success comes only from following...IN HIS STEPS! ■

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**Mike Klausman and his wife Beckie, along with their five children, live in Southern California. He is the president of CBS/Studio Center in Studio City, California.**



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# BRIAN'S NEW HOUSE

Jack Hicks  
Birdsboro, Pennsylvania





*"Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all" (Psalm 34:19).*

Many things happen in life that are extremely difficult to explain. In our highly educated way, we often pursue deep philosophical answers to occurrences that we can't readily understand. Because of our desire to mind-probe, in an analytical sense, we often miss the very basic and simplistic answers we seek. It is important to point out that man was not designed, by his Creator, to function in a one-dimensional realm. Modern, humanistic teachings have permeated every aspect of our lives. These teachings are void of any reference or consideration of spiritual truth. Truth, that is inherently ours, by virtue of our triune makeup. Every person has a body, soul, and spirit.

During my more than five decades on this earth I have heard and observed just about every foundational concept that man can contrive. In my earlier years, I was prone to generally accept, as fact, many of the modern teachings. However, as I matured, and had the opportunity to evaluate each set of circumstances, it became apparent that in our quest to solve problems, we have profoundly overlooked the most important element at our disposal. Nothing can be truly evaluated apart from the Lord. Nothing! I am grateful at this point in my life, to realize that by God's wonderful grace, I can call upon Him in every situation. I am, and can always be assured, that in

my relationship with Jesus Christ, no problem, no circumstance, is too big, or too difficult, to face. What a pity that the overwhelming majority of men and women who pass through this earth refuse to accept the simplistic solutions offered by a loving, caring, problem-solving God.

I have utilized this much print to arrive at the very heart of this commentary. Hopefully, it won't take an excessive amount of time to formulate my thoughts into terminology that can be easily understood. I am writing this testimony within a week of one of the biggest tragedies of my life. And yet, my spiritual awareness and understanding of the grace of God is at its peak. The depth of our spiritual being will never be experienced more fully, than when a loved one is lost in a tragic, and untimely death. To the person who is imprisoned in the humanistic mind-set, death is final. But, to we who know the Risen Saviour, death is just the completion of our bond of love with the Lord.

Spiritual awareness, and growth, is predicated in our desire to serve our Heavenly Father. The principle is simple. In business, if you want to secure a profit on assets you possess, you must make an investment. Spiritual growth is no different. To secure the maximum return from God, one must invest the total of his/her spiritual being into the relationship with the Father, through the Holy Spirit. The development of spiritual awareness of the heavenly Father, is directly correlated to the amount of time we spend

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in prayer, and in His Word, the Bible. Only when we have developed our relationship with God, can we totally comprehend the profound reality of what occurs when one dies.

Most people accept it when an elderly person, who has reached full maturity, transcends time and eternity, in leaving their earthly vessel, the human body. Death for the elderly is generally expected. But, what happens when the life of a very young child is snuffed out? The response of most people when tragedy occurs in a youngster's life, is predictable. Questions immediately are asked, "Why would God do this?" "How can God allow such a tragedy to occur?" "Why does God punish children?" The answer to all of these questions is simple. We are not puppets on a string. God never promised us that we wouldn't have trials and/or tribulations. None of us is immune to the reality of life. Death of loved ones occurs, even in untimely and tragic circumstances. But, even in the face of adversity, God is always present. His loving arms draw us ever closer to His warmth and tenderness, while He soothes our grieving hearts.

On October 12, 1991, I lost a dear, three-year-old grandson in a tragic house fire. Brian was a joy-filled toddler, who was as expressive of love as any child I've ever seen. His hugs were an experience to remember. He, along with his twin sister Brittany, rounded out my oldest son John's family of five children.

My wife, Audrey, and I left for a mini-vacation to Niagara Falls on October





*(Far left) Jack and Audrey Hicks.*

*(Left) The Hicks' grandchildren, l. to r., back row: Steffany, John III, Danielle; front row: Brian and Brittany.*

11th. On the 12th at about 1:30 p.m. I called my answering machine to retrieve any messages. To my surprise there were ten messages. As I began to listen to them, it became obvious that we had a serious problem at home. I was able to get through to my mother, and she broke the heartrending news about Brian. I also learned that my daughter-in-law, Barbara, and seven-year-old granddaughter, Danielle, were hospitalized in serious condition.

The nine-hour trip back from Niagara was painful. Although I had reconciled myself to the fact that Brian was with the Lord, I had deep concern for Barbara and Danielle. Words of comfort came to mind. It was as if the Holy Spirit wanted my full attention on Brian. Over and over, I thought, "Heaven-sent, and Heaven-taken; Fires of Hell, but, not forsaken." What peace and joy filled my heart! There is always comfort when you are in the presence of God. "When thou passeth through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee" (Isaiah 43:2).

Tragedy occurred for the first time in Brian's life about ten months before the fire. His mommy and daddy were divorced. Even at age two, Brian realized the full impact of what had happened in his life. His little heart was broken. Each time he witnessed his parents argue, he would proclaim that he was going to leave, and go to his new house. His proclamation was voiced on many occasions, even after the final separation. Little did he know how prophetic his words would be.

I'll never forget my final hug from Brian. God, in His infinite love, provided me with one of the greatest spiritual experiences of my life. It was about two weeks before the fire. Audrey and I stopped by to see Brian and his family. As we were getting ready to leave, we got the usual hugs and kisses from the children. Brian was the last to hug me. As he clung tightly to my neck, it was as if a voice from Heaven whispered, "Cherish this moment, for Brian is on his way home." As I handed Brian back to his mother, his eyes met mine briefly. His eyes sparkled. It was as if his young mind fully comprehended the spiritual depth of the moment. It appeared that he

understood what was happening, and he gave it his full stamp of approval.

When I left my daughter-in-law's house that day, I was numb. No doubt, I was blessed! But, I fought unbelief, and a human mind-set that wouldn't allow me to embrace the overflowing love of the Father, which I had just experienced. In fact, I was so shaken that I resolved that I wouldn't even tell Audrey what had happened. It wasn't until the day after the fire that I finally told her.

Every family faces tragedy at some point in their lives. But, not every family can endure the aftermath of the event. Only where Jesus reigns, as Lord, is a family able to grasp the reality that death is only a transitional state. I praise the Lord of Glory, that I know without hesitation, that my precious little grandson, Brian, has relocated to his new house. And, oh how thankful I am, for that last earthly hug. That wonderful hug! And the eye-to-eye confirmation from Brian, that he had the full peace of God, firmly rooted in his young life. Oh yes, there's one more thing. I know beyond a shadow of doubt that one day I'll be reunited with Brian. That brief spiritual hug that we shared during our last earthly moments together will have its fulfillment, as we spend eternity together in Brian's new house...the house of our loving Heavenly Father. "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." ■

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Darrell Johnson  
Colorado Springs, Colorado

# A Place

# Called Singing River

So here I am at a place called Singing River, in the beautiful Rocky Mountains of Evergreen, Colorado. Lost in my problems, running from my past and hiding from my future. Most confusing of all is "Why am I here?" My father-in-law had invited all the men of the family, expenses paid, to a Full Gospel Business Men's retreat near Denver. I had planned to work this weekend but at the last minute the overtime had been canceled. I could go to the retreat or I could stay home facing the many problems in my marriage and with my life. Needing time to think, I chose the retreat. Even though it was my father-in-law who invited me to go, it was my



Heavenly Father calling me. It was time for Him to intervene in the mess that was my life.

The events that led up to this weekend began many years earlier in my life. Since I was young the gifts the Lord had given me were used for everything but for the Lord. Coming from a good home, supplied with love and all my needs provided by my parents, I thought I didn't need anyone other than myself. My parents had the usual problems but they didn't affect my life. They were loving and fair parents. The roads I chose were my own. I left home with a good education and all the support I needed.

After finding a good job I just knew my life was on the right track. Now I was in control of my life, I was making all the right decisions, I was in control. Boy, was I wrong! This new road I was traveling was cluttered with people who introduced me to drugs and alcohol but was I worried? No, I was in control. My travels along my new road led me to marriage but took a detour that I had not anticipated, and soon I found myself divorced and in and out of jail—twice.

My parents decided to move to Colorado Springs, Colorado from our home on the west coast and offered me a chance to start over in a new location. I found a new job and hoped this would be a fresh start for my life. Unfortunately, when I moved with my parents my old habits moved with me and it didn't take long for me to find myself involved in drugs and the same old problems again. Apparently, I hadn't

left my problems behind, I had only run from them. No longer married but with lots of spare time on my hands I now spent that time getting deeper and deeper into drugs and alcohol.

While at my new job in Colorado Springs I met my present wife, Sue. Sue had two children from a previous marriage, was supporting herself and the children alone, and we found that we had a lot in common as far as our interests and experience in the high tech field of electronics. After marrying we decided to start our business in our beautiful new home in the mountains working side by side, building circuit boards for large companies for their satellite programs. The money was good and once again I felt that heady excitement of being in control of my world. We were on our way to the top of the success ladder until contract payments were not paid to us on time or not at all. The pressure grew along with the bills and my only escape was in the world of the make-believe freedom that drugs provided.

Falling to the bottom of that ladder of success was a drop right into the lap of reality seen through drugged eyes. We now had to sell our lovely dream home, close our business and admit defeat. Where was this control of life that kept slipping through my grasp? Our families were concerned but what could they do to help? We ignored their suggestions to try letting God have the control. We could manage on our own somehow, somehow. Picking up our pride and our children we moved again to Colorado Springs and



*(From left to right) Sue, Amber, Darrell and April Johnson.*

found new jobs.

Life seemed to improve a little but we were now wounded in spirit as well as financially and in our marriage relationship. Even with a steady paycheck the money was not enough to meet our needs. The tension at home became unbearable and our mistakes were impossible to forget much less forgive. Living life on a daily basis became more than a burden, it became impossible. How was I to provide for my family like this? How could I shake off the feelings of failure in business, as head of my family and more importantly, as a man. Eventually, we lost our new home and declared bankruptcy. The need to prove I could succeed financially became an obsession. I decided that I would be in control and I would not be defeated and would use the means I knew best. Drugs had used me and used me up but this time I would use drugs for my benefit and I would control them. I would use drugs to make a living.

Drugs and alcohol ruled the entire events of my life. My health was failing and my job got in the way of my lifestyle. Reluctantly, Sue allowed me to walk out on our marriage unable to understand me and no energy left to even try. My need to succeed with women drove me to make mistakes that should have ended any shred of love Sue may have had for me and came so close to cutting her from my life entirely. After being separated for a year and a half, Sue and I decided to try again to repair the torn fragments of our marriage. Sue was making an honest effort to get her life back in order with God as her guide and God would try through her love to save me. I would not respond. I just knew this time that my intelligence and wit had saved me once again and had kept me one step ahead of fate. Little did I realize that God's grace was protecting me all the way, saving me from the total destruction that I deserved. In short, God was constantly saving me from myself.



Eventually, I found that my marriage was a mess. My wife was fed up with me and our marriage this time was all but over when the invitation came for Singing River. I did not see Singing River as anything but a convenient escape for a few days.

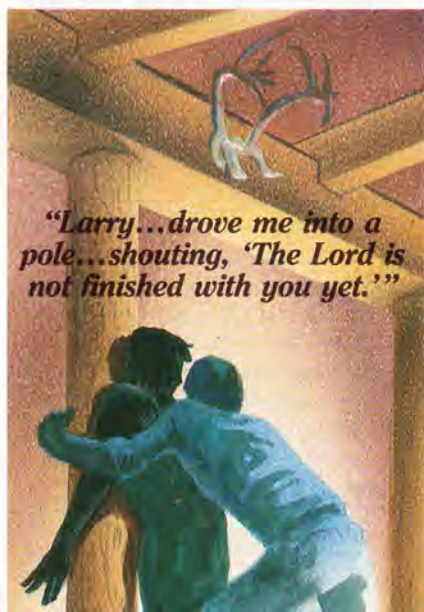
Immediately upon arrival at Singing River the Lord firmly pushed me to examine my past and the lack of a future. I have always known of God but I never knew Jesus Christ. There became a driving need inside of me to find answers to questions that before I wouldn't have even admitted existed. I followed the leaders of the retreat around relentlessly trying to find these answers.

One evening, the guest speaker was a man named Larry Hrovat who confessed that he had traveled down a road that sounded almost identical to my road. Was it possible that someone

could have found the exit off this road to the real path? I had to know. Between the busy activities of the retreat he found time to listen to my story and I told him the truth of my life and the desperation of my situation. He told me that in order to walk away from my old life I needed to have power. This power could only be found in Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ had to become my Lord and Master and I must relinquish my control to Him. I wanted to believe Larry was right so I started to look to the Lord to help me.

Being a strong-willed person, the Lord knew I would not easily give up my will to Him without a major unrefutable experience to convince me. Boy, was He ready for me! During one of the evening prayer sessions, after spending the afternoon enjoying the river roaring at my feet and all the mountains around and above me, I felt compelled to go forward for prayer and healing. Although I desperately wanted God's touch I still had my doubts that He would actually be able to reach me. While Larry prayed for me I felt a presence surround me and the next thing I was picking myself up off the floor.

Dazed and disoriented I was not exactly sure what was happening to me. Larry had moved on to minister to other men when the Holy Spirit alerted him that I was trying to gain control again of my own will but the Lord was not finished with me. Turning immediately to obey the Lord, Larry in a running tackle, powered by the Holy Spirit, drove me into a pole in the center of the room shouting, "The Lord is not fin-



ished with you yet. Demons come out of him!" At that instant a great weight was lifted from my soul and I collapsed completely overwhelmed into a chair at the base of the pole. The Holy Spirit freeing my bound up emotions released the tears I had hidden all my life and I wept until I was thoroughly baptized in the Holy Spirit. He lifted the guilt I had been carrying. I cried on His shoulder for what seemed an eternity. Then He comforted me and took the pain away. Next He filled me with the Holy Ghost and expelled my demons. He touched me in the only place that I could be reached, my emotions. He showed me His love and forgiveness. All of a sudden I found myself saved, filled and blessed in a blink of an eye with a new life and hope for the future. A peace and calmness began to fill every part of my being and then the tears were gone.

The Lord made that weekend the beginning of a totally new life for me. I opened the door at which Jesus had been knocking all my life. The fellowship and unjudgmental support of the other men there gave me strength and courage to walk towards my new future. A future in Christ!

At the end of the retreat I went back home to Sue determined to rebuild our family. I had no idea that while I was gone she was packing my bags moving me out. She had finally given up on me. I am sure that as she listened speechlessly to events of the weekend her mind and heart were in a turmoil as to whether she should trust what she was hearing and stand by me or was this another hoax. Thanks to the

gentle leading of the Holy Spirit she decided to trust.

The Lord has blessed us with renewal. Renewal of our marriage relationship plus His gift of love that was missing before. Renewal of our financial situation. He has provided more money to escape our financial problems and receive freedom from debt. We now have a new home and no longer live in a rented trailer house. Renewal of my health. I no longer rely on drugs or alcohol for comfort or escape. The miracle of instant deliverance from these demons has set my life in motion at a pace that leaves me and my family breathless. The best renewal of all has been to our faith. Our faith is no longer in this world's system and especially not in myself. The burden has been lifted from my shoulders to always be successful by myself and I have a new freedom that I never found in drugs. Sue and I still face the everyday problems of life but the love and grace of the Lord always overcomes them all. We still struggle sometimes with our past and present problems but the Lord is there now to carry us through and give us joy and strength to make it.

Singing River is the place I will always remember as the fork in the road that led me to the Lord. This year I will bring someone else to the Full Gospel Business Men's retreat at Singing River to see the love of my Lord. Maybe he, too, will find the fork in his road.

By the grace of God go I in Christ our Lord. ■



Park York  
Nashville, Indiana

# We did it His way.

“Please come up here. I have a word for you.”

The evening speaker was pointing toward my wife and me, as we sat in the audience waiting for the service to begin. The visiting evangelist, often seen on Christian TV, finally convinced us to make our way to the platform.

“I see you two ministering God’s Word together. You may not have realized it, but I believe God wants you to bring His message of love and hope to many people. The Lord will bless your work for Him.”

That was about it. As we turned to go to our seats, a feeling of exultation mounted, but with a cloud of doubt. “He couldn’t know,” I said to myself. “In our sixties, with my partner, Flossie, going through the early years of Alzheimer’s Disease, we surely couldn’t be candidates for a career of traveling and speaking, if that’s what God means by ministry.”

Then a light of hope flashed through my consciousness. “God’s great power is strong enough; He can fully restore. Flossie’s affliction will pass, so that we can spread words of healing and hope to others. Great! Thank You, Lord.”

The following days flowed into weeks, then months and years. I continued thanking Him for His grace and His all-knowing will. When would she be healed? When would I no longer see friends turn away at her irrational responses? When would the days and nights of increasing dependency no longer be her lot? As speech, good posture and control of bodily functions were lost, I expected her healing, when it came, would be dramatic—more of what would inspire future audiences.

The brilliant sunshine of summer fades into the cool of autumn, and eventually becomes the chill of winter. So the flame of my hope became a flickering candle. But still I knew God hadn’t totally abandoned us. The candle’s feeble light began to show the way to new paths of service. During the early time of our struggle with Alzheimer’s, Flossie often sat in the car while I ran errands and made business calls. She spent the time reading the Bible, and sometimes copied her favorite selections. If I had asked her to choose one to pass on to others, this is what I think she would have said, “Pray without ceasing. In everything

give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you" (I Thessalonians 5:17, 18 KJV).

When I first joined a support group, it was for the help, advice and comfort to be gained from others traveling the same caregiver route.

Family, new friends and neighbors helped. Eventually God moved professionals in the healing fields, radio, TV, and the press to ask for any words of counsel I might offer to others in similar circumstances. When interviewers asked, "How in the world can you give her this total care, still watch her decline, smile, and keep going?", my answer often came back: "Only by God's grace, and it's not of this world." Sometimes I called attention to a quotation from the Living Bible, II Corinthians 1:3,4:

*"What a wonderful God we have  
—He is the Father of our Lord  
Jesus Christ, the source of every  
mercy, and the One who so wonderfully  
comforts and strengthens us  
in our hardships and trials. And  
why does He do this? So that when  
others are troubled, needing our  
sympathy and encouragement, we  
can pass on to them this same help  
and comfort God has given us."*

It's hard to read the mind of an Alzheimer's patient, but anyone could read something of Flossie's sweet submissive spirit. When I put her in her wheelchair and took her out among people, she had no voice but her large brown eyes carried a message of love for those she encountered. Her mental anguish over the loss of her abilities

never showed. "As a sheep before (her) shearers is dumb, so (she) opened not her mouth" (Isaiah 53:7 KJV).

Now and then, at the least expected times, a few understandable words came out: "I'm sorry," "Do you want me?", "You're good"...words that became the stimulus for me to write my impressions or interpretations. I sought to apply her rare words to situations in which any person might find himself or herself, and thus be helped.

Newspapers and magazines published some of these. Letters of appreciation came from people in our country and from as far away as Australia.

A man in a nearby city wrote in response to a reporter's feature article in his city's paper, "I just came from church, read that article, and it was better than 100 sermons." The article later won in a statewide competition among reporters.

Margaret Cook, who regularly came to bathe Flossie, observed, "I feel a lot closer to the Lord because of you folks. I always felt the Lord's presence in your home."

We were the ones receiving the blessing when Phyllis Davis came into our lives. She found time to relieve our loneliness by placing her youngest child in a day care facility, while her other three were in school. She and I talked while Flossie slept, giving us both an opportunity to exalt our Lord. I shared how Flossie had surrendered her life to God's will, in obedience to the Holy Spirit.

And yet, as a decade slipped by, my



hope of sharing a ministry in the world began to fade, shining with less and less intensity. Had God made a mistake? Surely not. Perhaps the prophet had heard a word intended for someone else? A communication breakdown? But the Apostle Paul said to give thanks in everything. That was right: give thanks *in* everything, not because *of* everything!

Almost imperceptibly, Flossie's strength waned, even with good care from a home health care agency.

When, on a sunny July day, the



(Top) Flossie York enjoying a "good" day during a hospitalization. (Above) Park and Flossie York.

nurse told me she would worry about my health if I continued my day-and-night routine of personal care, I had to make a decision I had long avoided. I placed Flossie in a care center.

Her resistance slipped away more noticeably. She slept almost constantly and ate very little. Before many weeks, the day came when the doctor predicted only a few more days left for her life. Phyllis offered to be with Flossie when I could not, so I had short periods of rest.

One afternoon the nurse's call came to tell me Flossie was gone. Now I could picture her having a super conversation with her Heavenly Host! Since Phyllis is a singer and writer of songs I asked her, "Would you please sing one of your songs at the memorial service?" "No, but I'll write one and sing it for Flossie," was her response.

During the service I listened, as she addressed our Flossie:

*"...I knew your needs were many,  
There was so much to be learned,  
But the biggest change occurred  
inside of me.*

*And did you think your ministry  
had ended?*

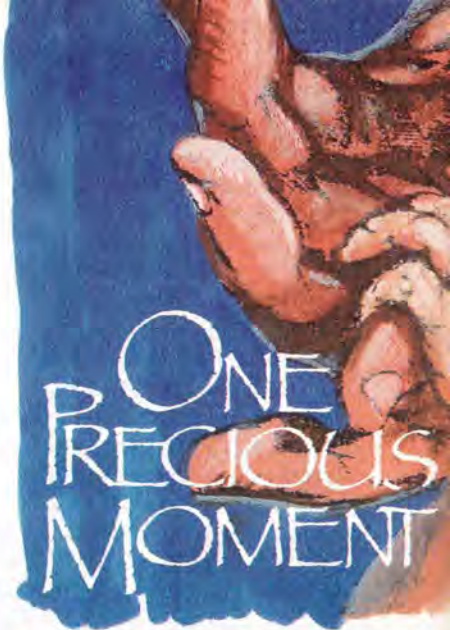
*Did you think your purpose done?  
How happy you must be,  
For now you see the victories you  
won..."*

Strange, I thought. Phyllis had never been told about the prophecy. But before the last words were sung and the last guitar notes faded away, I knew that our ministry together was accomplished according to God's plan, not according to mine. ■

On January 13, 1988, I turned the “Big Four-Oh”, as my wife Vicki put it. The surprise birthday party she arranged was very nice, but the best surprise came a day later. The next day we received a phone call informing us that our six-month-old Korean daughter would be arriving at JFK International Airport, January 19th. It seemed like only yesterday that my wife and I had decided to adopt. We came to this decision after we discovered that we were not able to have our own biological children. Why? Sixteen years ago, while I was dating my later-to-be wife, I discovered that she was pregnant and talked her into having an abortion. She did, and to this day she cannot conceive.

We left Rochester, New York on the 18th and spent the night at my in-law's house, which was only an hour from the airport. The morning of the 19th we left for JFK three hours early just to make sure that we were there when our baby arrived! Before we knew it they announced the arrival of her flight, and the attendants were pushing all these beautiful little babies in strollers down the walk-way. We knew instantly which one was Rachel, our baby, because she was the most beautiful child I had ever seen. She was also the only baby who was crying. Apparently the 16 hour flight from Seoul did not agree with her. As soon as she was put in her mom's arms she stopped crying. There was an immediate bond between Vicki and Rachel, and Rachel knew she was finally with her mother.

That night, rather than going back



to my in-laws, we decided to stay at a motel so that we could spend the first night alone with our daughter. Vicki put Rachel in bed with her, and I just sat in a chair watching. About 4:00 a.m. Vicki noticed that I still wasn't asleep, and asked if I would like to lie next to my baby. As I snuggled next to Rachel, she wrapped her tiny hand around my thumb and held onto it for the rest of the night. We stared at each other for what seemed like hours—me with tears of joy in my eyes and Rachel with a pacifier that said “I love Daddy.” It was the most beautiful and most precious moment I have ever experienced.

The next morning we were greeted with icy roads, but we still managed to make it to the in-laws. They also commented on how beautiful she was, and how she looked like her mom. We still





Donald E. Cox  
Williamson, New York

had a five-hour drive ahead of us, so we said good-bye and started off for home. We hadn't been on the road five minutes when Vicki started shaking Rachel and talking to her, telling her to wake up. I pulled the car over to the side of the road and put my ear next to Rachel's mouth. Rachel wasn't breathing. I immediately started praying, and asked the Lord to help us find a hospital. As I looked up, there in front of us was a sign saying "Hospital—1 mile". As soon as I pulled into the emergency ramp Vicki ran inside yelling that her baby wasn't breathing. A nurse immediately took Rachel and began working on her. As Vicki and I stood in the doorway to the Emergency Room holding hands and praying, a beautiful black woman appeared. My wife and I have matching rings that say "Jesus Is Lord." This lady never

looked at my hand to read what the ring said, she just touched it and said "You're going to have to rely on Him now more than you ever have before in your life." She then asked if she could pray with us, and the three of us stood there praying aloud. As I held this lady's hand I knew that there was something very special about her, and to this day I am certain that God had sent us an angel in our time of need to help comfort us.

I remember that the whole time we were praying that we did not ask our Lord to heal Rachel, we prayed that His will be done. Three times I heard the EKG machine send out a solid tone, and three times I heard them start Rachel's heart again. After about an hour, a nurse asked Vicki and me if we would follow her to a private room. We said good-bye to our angel friend, and waited to hear the results. The doctor on duty came into the room and expressed his deepest apologies, but he was unable to save Rachel. I fell onto the floor weeping. Then a nurse asked us if we would like to hold Rachel one last time. We agreed, and we were taken into a small room where Rachel was lying on a bed. Vicki picked her up and held her, rocking and singing to her, and then I did the same. Saying good-bye to her was one of the most difficult things I have ever had to do in my life. As we were leaving the hospital one of the nurses asked where our friend was. We said that we didn't know, and that we had never seen her before. She said that they never had either!



*"...I knew...that God had sent us an angel in our time of need..."*

We drove back to my in-law's house and immediately called one of our Christian friends back home. Within minutes they called other friends, and a prayer chain had been formed. One of our friends was at a Pat Robertson rally in Albany when he received the news, and he asked if everyone there would pray for us. Within a couple of hours, there were hundreds of saints praying for us. What happened next is hard to explain, but I had always heard that when the peace of the Lord comes over you, it's like a blanket. This is the best I can describe it also, because Vicki and I would start feeling depressed, and wave after wave of warmth flowed from the top of our heads to the bottom of our feet. I looked at Vicki and asked if she could feel it. I really didn't have to ask, I could see it in her face. His peace became so overwhelming that when my father-in-law came back home he asked

if there was anything he could do to help. Vicki replied, "Yes, I could really go for a pizza right about now!" He was amazed, to say the least. How could someone who just experienced such a tragedy have such peace? I also received a phone call from a very good biker friend. He called from Florida to express his sympathies, and I told him not to feel so bad, because Rachel was in good hands. He told me, "You know, I never really understood what happened to you and Vicki when you became Christians. But whatever it is, it's for real!" Amen.

I began praying, and asked the Lord to comfort me with His Word. I was led to 2 Samuel 12:23. David had just lost his son and ordered his servants to bring him food. When asked how he could eat at such a time, David replied, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." I had said good-bye to Rachel for just a moment, and we will have an eternity to talk about all the things we never got a chance to.

As night drew near, I feared that my wife would be plagued with nightmares, and asked the Lord to help. Vicki had just lost her mom to cancer a few years before, but before she passed away she accepted Jesus Christ as her Lord and Saviour. In the middle of the night Vicki sat straight up in the bed with her eyes wide open. As I looked at her, she was smiling and had a beautiful peace about her. I asked her what happened, and she told me that she had just had a dream. In the dream she saw Jesus, and He was holding Rachel in His arms. He then went over



to her mom and handed Rachel to her, as though He was saying, "Don't worry, she'll be well taken care of until you arrive!" Praise God! We both fell soundly asleep with smiles on our faces.

I was still struggling with the fact that Rachel was no longer with us. I told the Lord that I knew that His ways weren't like ours, and I accepted His decision to take Rachel from us, but I asked if He would somehow explain to us why He did. That Sunday our pastor had us go to the front of the church and the congregation laid hands on us and prayed for us. After the service one of the women expressed her sorrow, and asked if Rachel had any physical problems that we had known of. We told her that when we were going through the adoption we were made aware of the fact that her adrenal gland was not functioning properly, and that she would

have to take cortisone supplements for the rest of her life. The lady looked up towards heaven, thanked God, and then asked us if we knew how serious that was. We said no, and she told us about a little boy she knew of who had the exact same disease. By the time he was two years old he had already undergone several operations. When he was three he was so disfigured that he did not have much resemblance to a little boy. At four years of age the Lord mercifully took him home to be with Him. The Bible states that our Lord will never give us more than we can handle. We thank God that He took Rachel peacefully and swiftly.

We immediately went back to our adoption agency and started the proceedings for another baby. Within three months the Lord delivered Leah into our arms. I must say, the Lord outdid Himself...He gave us the *two* most beautiful babies in the world! ■

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# VOICE

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**WHO WE ARE** Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community. That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 115 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 / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



The last thing I remember before the collision was the sound of grinding metal as a speeding vehicle jumped the median strip and crashed into my car...

This was the real-life version of a dream my wife Nonie had dreamt some ten years earlier. In the dream, I was in a serious automobile accident at a major intersection in my green Torino, which we fondly called "the green lizard." The car was totaled, and I was left for dead on the highway, lying in a pool of blood. There seemed to be no hope, but my wife was confident of my survival.

Nonie had many other dreams and visions during the next few years. Each concerned important events in our lives, and all came to pass—except for the one about the accident. Though this dream had recurred several times, we had come to think of it as being ridiculous and born of fear. We even joked about it.

In 1976,

after earning my Ph.D. in food science and nutrition, I took my first job in that field. About that time our pastor, Earl Eccles, told us of a vision he had of some of the men in our church. They had tools in their hands and were going out to harvest fields in the Lord's service. The tools, he explained, represented the professions of the men.

"Tom, you were one of those men," he prophesied. "The Lord is going to use your profession to help the needy and to nurture His Church."



*I was  
left for  
dead on  
the highway.*



# To Life

From January, 1987

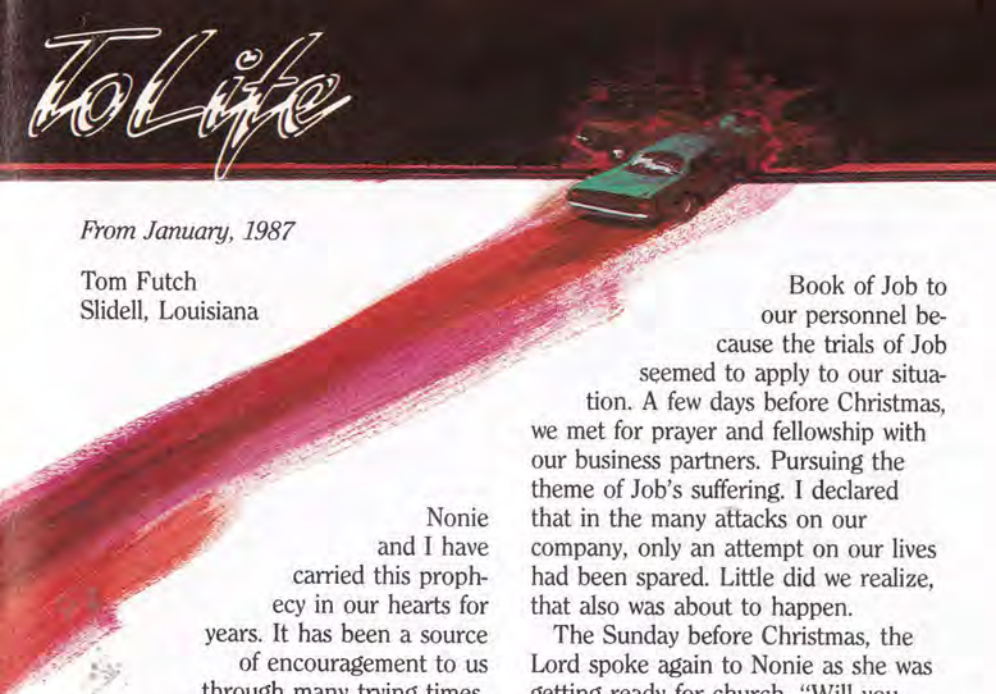
Tom Futch  
Slidell, Louisiana

Nonie and I have carried this prophecy in our hearts for years. It has been a source of encouragement to us through many trying times, especially after I entered private business as a food developer.

In 1982, with the backing of Christian investors, we began manufacturing nutritious, soy-based, dry blended meals and products for third world countries.

In our first year, we experienced severe management problems, which lead to months of arbitration and multi-million dollar lawsuits against the company and my remaining loyal partner, Bob Williams. In the second year, our company was placed in jeopardy by customers who refused to pay their bills. Nonie and I saw these struggles as attacks of the enemy to discourage us from following the plan that God had given us for this business.

A few weeks before Christmas of 1984, I felt led of the Lord to read the



Book of Job to our personnel because the trials of Job seemed to apply to our situation. A few days before Christmas, we met for prayer and fellowship with our business partners. Pursuing the theme of Job's suffering, I declared that in the many attacks on our company, only an attempt on our lives had been spared. Little did we realize, that also was about to happen.

The Sunday before Christmas, the Lord spoke again to Nonie as she was getting ready for church. "Will you release Tom to Me, so that I can move on with his call?" The words could not have been more clear, had they been spoken to her audibly.

"Lord, why do You ask me?" she prayed. "You know that Tom will go anywhere that You call. Nevertheless, I thank You for asking. But, please, let Tom be home for Christmas."

On Christmas Eve, we drove to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, to spend the evening with family. The entire day, however, Nonie and I were troubled in our spirits. "Something is happening, and I feel a sense of urgency and desperateness in prayer," she told me repeatedly.

Realizing that an unseen battle was raging that somehow affected us, I tried to encourage her.

Driving home that evening, she was still troubled. "It's as if a death has taken place," she sighed. "I feel such a desperate sense of travail."

By midnight, after much prayer, both Nonie and I felt a release. Although in our natural minds we did not understand what was happening, we realized that a tremendous battle had been fought and won in the spiritual realm.

We enjoyed Christmas Day with our four children. Early the next morning, Nonie was awakened with another urge to pray, this time for Bob and me. I went to the office to prepare for an upcoming stockholders' meeting.

Shortly after 10 a.m., Bob left for the bank. On the way, his car stalled in a left turn lane at the intersection of two divided highways three blocks from our plant.

Bob called me, asking for a tow back to the plant. I was kneeling with my head under the rear of my car trying to hook up a tow rope when that terrifying sound of grinding metal filled the air...

The impact tossed Bob and me like rag dolls thirty-five feet into the air. Bob landed on his back. I landed on my head, suffering massive skull fractures, ruptured arteries, multiple broken bones, punctured lungs, a bruised heart, ruptured spleen, punctured colon, mangled left arm, and many other injuries.

Bob gives this account of what happened:

When I got to Tom, I saw instantly the face of death which I had seen thousands of times as a combat com-

***"Although the doctors expected me to stay in the hospital for up to a year, I was released within two weeks..."***

mander. One eye stared left, while the other looked high to the right. There was a hole about the size of a quarter above his left eye, and the flesh was laid back from the eye to the hairline.

A stream of blood was flowing freely from both ears and his nose, and I could not detect a heartbeat. I knew that I had to get his heart beating immediately, and to restore his breathing without blowing all that blood into his lungs. With barely a touch of my hands, I could feel his broken ribs. Any pressure to restore a heartbeat would drive those bones through his lungs, and possibly into his heart.

Realizing the helplessness of the situation, I cried out to God for a miracle. In the midst of praying and shouting instructions for calling an ambulance and the police, I noticed the expressions on the faces of the crowd that had gathered—expressions which plainly said, "Why bother? He's dead! There's no hurry."

Looking at Tom, I began to wonder if the crowd was right. He had turned a wax color with loss of blood, which had made a stream approximately four



inches wide across the fast lane and was puddled in the slow lane. I saw the pens that had been in his chest pocket, bent at forty-five degree angles lying in the street.

At that point, I reconciled myself to Tom's death and began to pray that Nonie and his children would be able to cope with their loss.

Suddenly, Tom sucked in a huge breath. Carefully rolling him over to keep him from sucking blood into his lungs, I began to praise the Lord for the miracle.

Finally, the ambulance arrived. The medics quickly connected two IVs, and placed Tom on a big board to prevent further bone and back injury. I held the IVs while they splinted his mangled arm.

On the way to the hospital it became apparent that the ambulance crew did not expect Tom to live. One medic kept listening to Tom's heart and checking his eyes. Finally he took off his stethoscope, checked Tom's eyes again, then shook his head and sat back.

"What does that mean?" I asked barely conscious of my own pain.

"There's no hope," the medic sighed.

Perhaps there was no hope in his book, but I had seen one miracle already that morning. I began praying for another miracle, and quoting the 23rd Psalm. Suddenly, to the medic's astonishment, Tom began to groan, "Help me...help...me."

Only after Tom was in the hospital emergency room did I begin to realize how badly hurt I was. It is amazing

how the Lord can give you strength and block your pain when you must help someone who is wounded worse than you. I had experienced that in the past, without giving God proper credit.

Soon after my wife and Nonie were notified about the accident, prayer warriors began arriving at the hospital. The second floor waiting area was full of friends during Tom's seven-and-one-half-hours of surgery, praying for his recovery and for me. Many across the nation were praying for us as well.

During his ordeal, Tom made seven trips out of his body to the gates of Heaven. He gives this account of his amazing experience:

On the first journey, I was escorted by two angels into Heaven. Once inside its gates, they stopped, and I continued forward a few feet. Soon I saw Jesus walking toward me, smiling. He had nail prints in His hands, and His robe, hair, and beard were white. I could not see His eyes, only an immense light that shone from them.

Rejoicing in the presence of the Lord, I told Him how glad I was to be in Heaven. Then I asked Him to please have His angels take care of my wife and children.

"They will be taken care of," He smiled. "But you must go back. You still have some work to finish on earth."

With His promise of healing, I flashed back to my body.

This experience was repeated six times. Each time I stood before Him, He revealed things about me, my family, and His Church.

On one of my visits, Jesus said that

the Holy Spirit was increasing my wisdom, understanding, knowledge, and righteousness. He admonished me to train my children in God's Word, for they were among His workers gathering in His harvest. He also told me that within the next twenty-five years my family and I would be in Heaven.

On another occasion, Jesus talked of three seven-year periods for the Church. The first was a time of extraordinary spiritual revival. The second concerned a great harvest. The third involved intense persecution.

Jesus shared many other things, which are too lengthy for me to describe here. Some things I cannot reveal until the Holy Spirit releases me.

When I returned to my body for the last time, angels surrounded my bed and filled the room. They continuously praised and worshipped the Lord as His healing power flowed through my body.

Although the doctors expected me to stay in the hospital for up to a year, I was released from the Critical Care Unit

within two weeks and sent home one day short of a month after the accident. I did not suffer brain damage, as was predicted, and my broken bones healed so rapidly that I was able to walk a mile a day before leaving the hospital.

My time of recovery is memorable for the many miracles that took place—the visitations of the Lord, my physical healing, the restoration of severed relationships, the fellowship of caring and praying friends. But among the most precious moments of those weeks were the times when Nonie and I retraced hurtful steps in the past and received inner healing in our lives.

As we look back on this experience, we have a greater confidence in the Lord. Romans 8:28 says, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." I do not believe that God caused the accident, but He knew it was coming and planned to use it for His glory. ■

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# THE VOICE OF OUR READERS

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## **Awesome!**

I have been greatly encouraged by reading *Voice* magazine over the years. Our God likes to show Himself as great and awesome. My faith has been enlarged by reading what He is doing in the lives of others. He has also shown Himself in my life.

J.H., Evansville, IN

## **Intensify!**

*Voice* magazine is always an inspiration and blessing to read. I thank you for the work that you, and the others do, who are responsible for the production of this magazine.

I have just read the latest *Voice* (Sept.) and am writing to thank you for this wonderful issue and most importantly for the article "Praying In The Spirit" by Gary Grayban.

Most of us are totally unaware of these powerful results of praying continually in the Spirit, and of the need, at times, to intensify this for our own good, and the good of those we pray for. I was greatly enlightened and encouraged to intensify my spiritual prayer life thru Gary's experiences and I hope many others will be also.

May the Lord Jesus Christ, the Baptizer in the Holy Ghost, and the Deliverer from all satanic oppression, be exalted in all that you do. Many thanks!

D.W., St. Leonard, MD

## **Encouraged**

I have just finished reading through the March issue of *Voice*, and have been encouraged by the stories of men overcoming depression. Although a female aspect would have been appreciated, I realize that your

magazine is male-oriented. This quick note is just to say "thanks" and you are appreciated.

T.L., Laconia, NH

## **Thanks For The Ideas**

I am writing to request a copy of the "letter to business people" and the Bible verses mentioned in *Voice* (May) magazine. I feel the articles on pages 32 & 33 (News-briefs: Poconos Outreach, and W. VA Advance) are *especially* good because they furnish *ideas* for reaching our brothers and sisters! Keep up the good work!

M.H., Annandale, VA

## **A Godly Source**

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship is my soul-saving station for the past thirty years.

When I thought of all the people who had been saved, healed, and blessed in regional, world, and local conventions, I didn't see how I could write a book without mentioning the source through which God worked to bless so many, including myself.

I would like to receive the U.S.A. Chapter Directory so I can notify friends and relatives in different states of chapter meetings in their cities.

D.H., Rapid City, SD

## **Moved To Write**

I am looking forward to receiving *Voice* magazine in the mail, as indicated in your recent letter to me. I was first introduced to FGBMFI around 20 years ago, and my husband and I (for several years before he died) enjoyed *Voice*, as well as the meetings and programs on TV in which Demos Shakarian and other brothers spoke of the mercies of the Lord.

Since I am looking forward to receiving the magazine, and other mail or notices of meetings that may be scheduled in the future, I felt it necessary to write immediately and inform you of my change of address. So far my first issue of *Voice* has yet to arrive, and I wouldn't want to miss it.

R.S., Baton Rouge, LA



# FGBMFI NEWS

## Russian Airlift

A group of Full Gospel Business Men from northern California organized a dynamic airlift to Russia. Following is the first installment of their story as told by team members:

### *Wendell Nordby:*

I flew from San Francisco through Brussels to the Moscow airport. I was met by Jim Winter, FGBMFI European President, and Douglas Weerasinghe, who used to head up the Brussels office and now lives in Moscow.

Later we were joined by Dario Rabak, Jim Santo, Noel Burt and Wes Andahl. The next day we were taken to Obminsk, about 80 kilometers outside of Moscow. It had been like a forbidden city—it wasn't even on the map. They have a university for the study of nuclear science. They are a pretty intense and highly educated bunch of people. There are 106,000 people living there. The fellow that took us had been in a meeting in Moscow that Jim Winter and Douglas had put on where people from all over Russia had come to hear and learn what FGBMFI is and does. One man had come all the way from Siberia.

The fellow from Obminsk was a power plant manager with a degree in nuclear thermal physics. They had rented a bus that seats 40 people for the 12 of us. It cost \$2 an hour for the whole day and that included the driver.

When we got there they took us into

the culture center. It was like a theatre. It kind of reminded me of an old coffee house. They described to us what they did and all the great things that they were doing for society. Then they asked us to give our story. Jim Winter gave the vision of the Fellowship and each of us gave a testimony. One of our boys talked so long that it went into lunch time. I'm thinking to myself, we blew this. We should pray for these people. We came all this way and haven't prayed for them and now they are going to have lunch and we've lost them.



**Members of the Russian Airlift team with managers and physicists from the nuclear plant in Obminsk.**

After lunch one of their men gave a testimony about his daughter receiving a children's Bible from the United Bible Society and how it had changed her life. And when she brought it home how it had changed her parents' lives. After



# BRIEFS

that, I said we would like to pray for the four men there that had taken 2,000 people out of this town and gone into Chernobyl right after the disaster to help clean up the mess. These four men had been radiated and had problems with their bodies. One fellow you could tell was in pain. His color was ashen. The thing I noticed about them was that they had no hope. They were just going to give up and live as though it was their lot in life to deal with this pain and agony, not expecting they would ever get better.

The first fellow said, "Okay, you can pray for me." Well, as we prayed, down he went right there on the floor. We prayed for all four of them and they all went down under the power. God was touching them. Later when they came to the banquet meeting in Moscow, the one man's ashen look had gone, he had such radiance and color in his cheeks, he was not the same man. He was absolutely transformed by the Holy Spirit.

Back to our meeting, everyone was prayed for after that move of the Spirit. I remember sitting down and going through Scripture with several of the fellows, step by step, sharing how salvation worked, and how God could forgive them. It was tremendous. There was a wide open door. Every time you said Jesus, they said "Yes."

## **Dario Rabak:**

As we prayed for the people it wasn't

that people were jumping up to be prayed for, but a person would be under the anointing of God and then you would see them stand up and get off their chair and slowly just walk over. At the beginning we talked with them and then all of a sudden, we just started to wait on the Lord without even talking. Then the power of God would come on them and down they would go. This was men and women alike. The last one that came, I called her my sister because she looked like my sister in Canada, she was way up in the corner with a red dress, watching all this, and we were all done. But in my heart I felt that she needed to come up because she was the only one that hadn't been prayed for. Then she got up, walked right over to us, and we didn't say anything to her, we just looked at her. We started to talk and down she went. This same lady came to the Thursday night banquet in Moscow and you couldn't recognize her. She was smiling and beaming ear to ear.

What happened to people was that their whole countenance changed. But the question that men and women asked was, does this happen anywhere else? It was supernatural. The Holy Spirit put it together and moved through it without any effort. It was just so precious.

## **Wendell Nordby:**

They had a meeting set up with the city officials. We were 2½ hours late. One of the men from the power plant we had prayed for was beaming all over and filled with the Holy Ghost. He apologized to the vice mayor for our being late but, he said, "We had to stop and get baptized in the Holy Ghost." So the vice mayor said, "Oh yes, that's a good excuse, everything is fine." The local television was there and you could see their hunger...they saw us as American businessmen and



we were going to be the answer to whatever problems they had.

Thursday night we had an FGBMFI banquet in Moscow—140 people attended. Two car loads of these people came from Obminsk including a majority of the members of the city council. They had the room set for three hours, and microphones out of the 1920's that scratched; I didn't think anything was going to work. For \$4 you got a meal that they had planned to serve for three hours. We found this out an hour into the meeting. I'm thinking, we'll never get testimonies, this will never work. So finally we just cut them off. We shut off the eating and started the meeting. And Noel did a great job with his testimony. And then Wes. And then Jim did a super job. And then sang *a cappella* "How Great Thou Art."

Then Dario did a wrap-up of the meeting, inviting people forward. There was a great response to the altar call. They responded before he even finished. Everybody prayed for everybody. I remember praying for a young man. He was 18 years old. He had something wrong with his stomach. When I prayed he jumped back and said, "It's hot, it's hot." He started looking at my hands and it scared me, it was unbelievable. As you are praying you can't speak the language—you are using an interpreter—but the Lord would give you words for each individual person and it was scaring me what I was telling them. It was just flowing. It appears from all the conversation that you hear over there, that the Holy Spirit is moving and just taking people into His kingdom. Whoever goes over there, no matter who they are, if they will let the Lord move through them, they will be used. You can't stop it. It's just God's



**The airlift team meets with the mayor and city council of Obminsk—the nuclear center for all of Russia.**

timing and He's going to do it and if we're going to be a part of it we get into the flow.

#### **Dario Rabak:**

Demos has been talking, especially lately, about the river flowing. The river is flowing, don't stand on the side, get into the flow. When you get into the flow it's not us, it's Him.

Until that Thursday evening meeting we didn't have many meetings set up—only two. But from that night God opened up many doors in many places, especially one in a Christian school.

#### **Jim Santo:**

At the meeting we met the director and his wife of the Moscow Christian school. It's a school for gifted children between 13 and 17 years old. They have 200 students. They took us to the school and we held a meeting with all of the students. We talked to several classes and we gave our testimony. Dario and Noel prayed with the English teacher. We thought all of the teachers were Christians, but after talking to them we found they really weren't born again. After this prayer we know there is one Christian teacher there. They led the English teacher to the Lord and a tremendous healing began in her life.

Our last day, as we were leaving



Russia, we had gone through customs and were waiting for our plane when here comes this couple from school. They were going on their first vacation. A Moscow businessman gave the school \$30,000 and all 200 kids were put on a boat and sent to Stockholm. The husband and wife were leaving for a Christian seminar in Holland. So the Lord blessed them during the short time that we were there.

### **Dario Rabak:**

Concerning this school, the lady we prayed for, there was evidence in her face that she was hurting. As we prayed for her a physical change took place in her face and she changed immediately right in front of us. It was so beautiful. I called to tell her I had a little booklet I felt she needed to grow spiritually and I was leaving it with Douglas for her. I left a message for her to call the hotel and she called me just an hour before I was leaving and she was so excited. She invited young people from our country who would like to go on an exchange basis to their school and stay with the families of teachers, and in return we would have some of their children brought to our schools in America for a season. It is wide open to have an exchange student program with that particular school.

We were received with such warmth every place we went, by everybody whether in churches, Full Gospel Business Men's meetings, or their homes. They didn't want to let us go. In most cases they cried when we left, and we had known these people for only a matter of hours, but there was such a kindred spirit.

**More reports from this historical airlift next month!**

## **FGBMFI's 40th Anniversary 1993 Pocket Planner**

This convenient inspirational planner is designed for personal use. Sized at 3 3/8 x 6" it features:



- Easy-to-use week-at-a-view format
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- "Month-at-a-glance" calendars for 1993 and 1994
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Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ 1993 Pocket Planner(s) at \$3.95 each. (Calif. residents add 7 3/4 % sales tax)

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Mail coupon with payment to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

# FELLOWSHIP EVENTS

## NO. NEW ENGLAND MEN'S ADVANCE

Jan. 15-16, 1993

Lake Morey Inn Resort, Fairlee, VT  
Contact: FGBMFI Men's Advance  
P.O. Box 662  
Montpelier, VT 05602  
802-223-5223

## GEORGIA MEN'S ADVANCE

Jan. 15-17 & 22-24, 1993

Rock Eagle 4-H Camp, Eatonton, GA  
Contact: Jimmy Rogers  
3001 Linstock Way  
Suwanee, GA 30174  
404-633-4405

## ILLINOIS MEN'S ADVANCE

Jan. 22-23, 1993

Inter Laker Resort, Lake Geneva, WI  
Contact: David MacBurnie  
933 Cherry Hills Lane  
Naperville, IL 60563  
708-357-7363

## INDIA AIRLIFT (FROM U.K.)

Feb. 1993

Contact: Tony John  
5 Lime Rd., Normanby  
Cleveland TS6 0DN, England  
(44) 642-461189

## ILLINOIS STATE REGIONAL CONV.

Feb. 3-6, 1993

Holiday Inn, Rt. 36 W, Decatur, IL  
Contact: Howard Hite  
RR 1, Box 6D  
Dalton City, IL 61925  
217-874-2274

## PEACE RIVER MEN'S ADVANCE

Feb. 5-7, 1993

Peace River  
Contact: Bob Savage  
P.O. Box 884  
Grand Prairie, Alberta T8V 3Y1  
403-539-6468

## 39TH INLAND EMPIRE COUPLE'S ADV.

Feb. 12-14, 1993

Ridpath Hotel, Spokane, WA  
Contact: H. Alfred Dunning  
N8510 Northview Ct.  
Spokane, WA 99208  
509-927-2703 (W), 509-466-4579 (H)

## EASTERN OHIO COUPLE'S ADVANCE

Feb. 19-21, 1993

Salt Fork St. Park Ldg., Cambridge  
Contact: Red Houston  
P.O. Box 1832, 19 Shawnee Ave.  
S. Zanesville, OH 43702-1832  
800-821-1110

## SOUTH AFRICA NAT'L. CONVENTION

Feb. 23-27, 1993

Johannesburg, South Africa  
Contact: Kwabena Darko  
P.O. Box 513  
Kumasi, Ghana  
(233) 51-3740, (233) 21-774902  
FAX: (233) 51-6126, (233) 21-772238

## EASTERN USA REG. CONV.

Mar. 4-6, 1993

Founders Inn, Virginia Beach, VA  
Contact: Wes Ropp  
14807 Walthall Dr.  
Colonial Heights, VA 23834  
804-530-1803

## MID-AMERICA REG. CONV.

Mar. 11-13, 1993

Ramada Inn, Kansas  
Contact: Richard Napper  
811 Osage St.  
Manhattan, KS 66502  
913-539-3837

## EASTERN ONTARIO RALLY

Mar. 26-27, 1993

Days Inn, Kingston, Ontario, Canada  
Contact: Leslie Running  
RR# 4  
Lansdowne, Ont., K0E 1L0 Canada  
613-659-2157

FELLOWSHIP EVENTS PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE WERE APPROVED ON OR BEFORE OCTOBER 21, 1992.

# CHAPTER OUTREACH

As this issue was being prepared for publication, the following new chapters were submitted. The president's name and telephone number are included for your information. Write for date and location details of a chapter meeting in your area.

**C.I.S.:** Belarus: Christian Mission Chapter, President Yerenkevich V. Vladimirovich. **COSTA RICA:** Presidente Chapter, President Jose A. Solano D., 50-624-2568. **GHANA:** Mampong-Akwapim Chapter, President Frank Merle. **NEW ZEALAND:** Manurewa Chapter, President Chris Ross, 266-4294. **UNITED KINGDOM:** Corby/Kettering Chapter, President Brian Block, 5-366-9300. **UNITED STATES:** Georgia: Cobb County Chapter, President Raymond W. White, 404-436-9217. **ZAIRE:** Bandundu II Chapter, President Kanyinda Kalala; Bandundu III Chapter, President Mikaba A. Pulu; Beni-Uamusho Chapter, President Rutsuba Bakulu; Idiofa II Chapter, President Mampasi Nkolaba; Idiofa-Combilim Chapter, President Mampasi Gratien; Kalima Chapter, President Katula Luyindu; Kanyabanyonga Chapter, President Etuyema Amisi; Kin-Fire Chapter, President Mulo-ko Claude; Kin-Lemba Intercn. Chapter, President Katonia M. Kiponda; Kin-Limete Jeunesse Chapter, President Muamba Mudimba; Kin-Masina Arche Chapter, President Nsampanga Assas; Kirotshe Chapter, President Kambulu Ciunza; Lemba-Bas Zaire Chapter, President Kanduki Masundoli; Lisala Chapter, President Kedinshiba Albert; Lukala-Est Chapter, President Odia Mwepu; Lwiro Chapter, President Wafula Mifundu; Mulongwe-Lumiere Chapter, President Mihigo Ngabo; Ngandajika Chapter, President Kabeya Tshilu; Nioki Chapter, President Moke Mupiri; Nyawera-Adoration Chapter, President Minsay Booka; Shabunda-Victoire Chapter, President Kadaha Mastaki; Tango Chapter, President Ebwa Musolo; Tshilenge Chapter, President Mbombo Roger.



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# SIX STEPS TO SALVATION

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*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 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: FGBMFI/Box 5050/Costa Mesa, CA 92628.**

**YES! I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Saviour.**

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Please send me the booklet *Now That You've Received Christ.*

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Clip and mail to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

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## In His Steps

*Mike Klausman is a Spirit-filled Christian. He describes himself as quiet, unassuming and good-natured. He also happens to be the president of one of the largest motion picture/television studios in the United States. He's a Christian with a mission. And his mission field is the CBS Studio Center in California and living rooms across the country.* **2**

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## A Place Called Singing River

*Darrell Johnson was running from his past and hiding from his future. He was lost in his problems, but found himself at an FGBMFI retreat in the Rocky Mountains.* **14**

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