

Full Gospel Business Men's

Voice

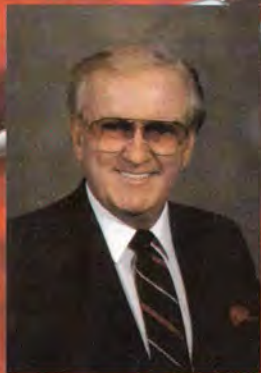
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the
Shadow
of
His Wing



**The El
Jarman
Story**





Eldrede "El" Jarman
Gainesville, Florida

the Shadow of His Wing

Miami, this is Zero Three Poppa," I radioed from Daytona Beach after spotting the first patch of soil since departing from foggy Washington, D.C. "What kind of weather are you painting ahead of me?"

"A severe system just came in," the controller replied. "It's moving southwest to northeast, directly across your line of flight."

"Please advise whether to circumnavigate to the east or the west."

"It's too wide to get behind it. We advise you to go east-southeast. You're cleared to do so at this time."

Leaving National Airport, hazy weather had forced me to file a flight instrument plan. I would carefully follow a predeter-

mined course at 10,000 feet altitude until landing my cabin class aircraft in Fort Lauderdale.

After three weeks in the nation's capital, I was commuting back to the home office. Our company had three different D.C. churches under construction; during my holiday break the projects would be managed by two project managers.

Not only was it time to check on other business, I looked forward to spending Christmas with Lee, my wife, and our youngest son and his family. It loomed just eight days over the horizon.

Still under radar control, I turned my twin-engine Cessna away from Florida's shoreline and headed 60 miles out over the churning Atlantic Ocean.

Within 20 minutes, a vicious storm tossed me about like an oak leaf in an autumn gale. I throttled down to 160 miles an hour, trying to reduce stress on the aircraft and to ride out the tempest.

Whoosh!

A downdraft yanked me 500 feet lower.

"Good thing I finished my coffee," I thought. "Otherwise, it would be up there on the ceiling. Next to my stomach."

For the following hour, I forgot about the upcoming holiday and building strategies. Scanning the plane's 33 dials, I subconsciously jiggled my seat belt. Mechanics had failed to fix the loose buckle during recent repairs.

Though I once served as a pastor, my prayers sometimes lacked fervor and conviction. During this time, I prayed rather blandly, "Lord, see me through this...and I pray You'll be with Lee until I get home."

Funny. My conviction of personal lukewarmness had once led me out of business and into the ministry. To explain, I must backtrack to the chest pains that struck me as a hard-charging 30-year-old.

Prior to that, I thought I was doing the Lord's will. Saved at 14 in a rural Illinois town 40 miles southwest of Chicago, I had considered entering the ministry before military service and the birth of our first son.

Undoubtedly, God wanted me to provide for my family as a man should. Exposure to poverty as the teenage stepson of a poor

tenant farmer instilled the overwhelming drive to be successful and I chose the insurance field to leave poverty far behind me.

So, for 12 years I worked my way up the ladder, advancing to agency vice-president. In this executive position, I managed offices in Illinois, Kansas and Missouri.

However, as a deacon and faithful church member, over the years I also saw a vast need for good money management in the body of Christ.

Utilizing my insurance background, I organized a business advising congregations on financial stewardship. Flying around the country, I counseled them on taking both a professional and spiritual approach to building programs, and hundreds of thousands of dollars in funding programs were secured.

The trouble is, it was MY business. I was still "programmed for success," acting without first praying.

That changed the morning I awoke in the hospital. A doctor gave me the wrong drug and the reaction nearly killed me. I still remember wondering why there was no feeling in my fingers.

Just then, a mental picture flashed in front of me.

Walking into the kitchen, my youngest son looked up into his mother's face and asked, "Where's Daddy?" My wife picked him up and softly said, "Honey, Daddy's with Jesus now."

Within 20
minutes, a
vicious storm
tossed me
about like an
oak leaf in an
autumn gale.

Though I felt no fear of death, shame drenched my soul. I was about to stand in front of my Saviour with the realization I had been thoroughly self-centered in all my pursuits.

Though all my nurses were waiting for me to die, I miraculously recovered. Four days later, I came across James 4:14: "What is your life? For you are a mist that appears for a little time and then vanishes."

Clutching my Bible to my chest, I prayed, "Lord, I affirm that if my life is to be extended, it's Yours. I take my hands off of it."

Soon after that I accepted a call to pastor in Ossining, New York, the home of Sing Sing Prison. We went without the promise of a steady income, except for a \$10-a-week pledge from a young couple who wanted to reopen an abandoned church in this town. We started with a membership of two, plus our family of four, plus a golden retriever. Forty-four people attended our first service. Eighty-five people accepted Christ and the church was self-supporting within twelve months.

I would only spend five years in preaching the Word from that pulpit before requests from other pastors led me back into the business (and ministry) of stewardship. This time, I followed His plans. The Lord knows best where our talents lie, yet we must yield to His direction.

Though I had a little architectural training from the University of Illinois, over time my endeavors grew until I incorporated as Evangelical Building Ministries. In designing and building churches, we're careful to remember this overriding truth: it's God's money.

Over the years, we've worked with more than 100 houses of God, ranging from charismatic to fundamental to independent. At many building projects, I was asked to preach the Word.

And, in logging millions of air miles, I became intimately familiar with harsh weather. In fact, as I flew over South Carolina earlier on this storm-soaked day, rain struck my windshield like machine gun bullets. Since little turbulence accompanied that storm, it didn't bother me.

However, a different story unfolded in Florida. The edge of the storm that forced me over the Atlantic fully tested my piloting skills.

Thus, delight surged through my body when my instruments signaled the proximity of West Palm Beach. However, nearing land, I noticed the fuel gauge had dropped to near empty.

By my calculations—using pounds of gasoline burned per hour and power settings—I should have had enough to make it to Fort Lauderdale. But I couldn't take chances.

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"This is Zero Three Poppa," I radioed Palm Beach Approach Control, requesting approval for lower altitude and landing. When I flew down through the clouds, sun glistened off the groomed shores of Palm Beach. Soon I could call Lee to let her know I was okay.

Suddenly I heard sputtering. My right engine surged and then quit.

I flicked on the pump to power fuel into both engines.

Zoom!

The motor sprang to life.

"That shouldn't have happened," I thought. "Did that severe turbulence dislodge sediment on the bottom of the fuel tanks?"

Prayer instantly assumed all-encompassing significance. Removing my hands from the yoke, I said, "Lord, save me. I don't know what's going to happen, but save me."

I grabbed the controls again. My left engine sputtered.

"West Palm, this is Zero Three Poppa. I'm having trouble with both of my

engines. They're going in and out."

"Advise, advise, advise!" he exclaimed. "You're cleared for emergency landing at the airport. Advise, advise, advise!"

"Thank you," I sighed, "coming in."

Pumping the throttle to keep fuel flowing, I turned parallel with the coastline. That would carve a more direct path to the airport. After a minute, the right engine sputtered again.

"West Palm, we have an emergency!" I called. "I'm going to lose an engine."

"We're holding up all the jets. Come on in."

In a split second, I surveyed the landscape. How inviting the runways looked! Then time froze.

If both engines quit...blocks and blocks of houses to fly over. Kids coming from school. Families starting dinner. I couldn't risk the lives of people who would surely die in a fiery plane crash.

"West Palm tower, I'm going to have to ditch it in the ocean," I answered. "If I'm going to die, I'm going to die alone."

Not understanding, the controller pleaded, "Zero Three Poppa, you're cleared for landing! Come in, come in, come in!"

Just then, the captain of a jet airliner monitoring us over his \$100,000 radio boomed, "Controller, he said he's going to ditch his airplane in the ocean."

My "blueline," or minimum approach speed, was 120 miles an hour. I held it



there as I lost my altitude even faster...1,000 feet...900...800...700.

This was it. Instead of panic, a calmness filled my soul.

"Lord, I love You and I want Your will to be done."

Several yachts sailed nearby. I quickly turned 180 degrees to avoid them.

Now 500 feet...400...300.

Landing in water is a tricky maneuver. A plane's nose needs to remain up as long as possible so the tail strikes first. Nose dives lead to certain death.

Just as I dipped to 200 feet...zoom!

The right engine roared to life!

Left hand on the yoke and right hand on the throttle, I strained for control. The aircraft kept plunging! The torque was too great.

The horizon flashed before my eyes. Then I dive-bombed into the water, right wing and nose first, at 110 miles per hour.

The crash ripped both wings off beyond the engines. The nose cone thrust up to the pilot's seat, jamming the steering yoke outside. The windshield shattered, leaving whipping, razor sharp fragments intact. One of my partially-full fuel tanks would be found floating in the ocean.

My first thought after impact?

Knocked unconscious and many feet under water, I instinctively paddled my way upward. Bobbing to the surface, I realized I hadn't catapulted through the windshield. Instead, I surfaced at the right rear, next to the tail section. (Later, I would be grateful that my seat belt had never been repaired.)

Thrusting my right arm out, I cupped my wrist over the edge of the tail, clinging

to it until the plane sank.

Twice I dived below the surface and tried to remove my shoes. Twice I failed.

"Why hasn't somebody come?" I wondered. "Why hasn't somebody heard me? What's going on?"

I could see people on shore. Bloodied from head to toe, fading in and out of consciousness, I began swimming. Side-stroke...overhand...soon the motions sagged. "So much easier to sink than swim!"

Just as I was about to quit, I thought of my family and kept swimming.

I never heard the yacht approach, nor the yells of the crew. "The Misty" had started out to sea, until a squall came up. To avoid endangering passengers, the captain held back.

Later, the director of the F M 's Miami office told me, "There was no possible way for you to survive that crash. None. But you did. Secondly, you should have catapulted through that windshield to the front of your aircraft. But you didn't."

I wasn't in the hospital long, either—less than four days. Despite four broken fingers, a broken rib, multiple cuts and bruises, an ear slashed by razor-sharp metal whiplashing about the ocean...and a head gash that, had it gone 1/2-inch deeper, might have split my skull in two.

I have no idea how the angel of the Lord guided me to safety. It doesn't matter. Now I really understood how firmly He controlled my destiny. I wonder if I will have an instant replay in heaven?

Psalm 91:1-2 took on new meaning: "He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High,

shall abide in the shadow of the Almighty; I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in Him will I trust.”

But just to demonstrate how closely He watched over me that afternoon, He sent the yacht’s captain to my hospital room.

“I came to see you to find out what happened out there yesterday,” he said. “While you were still in the ocean, before the first mate pulled you up, I saw a circle of calm water gather around you. It was about 75 feet in diameter. Yet, beyond that area, it was choppy. What was that I saw? How could that be?”

“Captain, I knew something was going to happen before the crash and I prayed, ‘Lord, save me.’ God did what you saw. If you hadn’t come to tell me, I never would have known that what you just described had happened.

“I want to thank you,” I smiled, extending my hand, “but I also want you to know: we

have a God who answers prayer. He is always in control.”



Since 1971, Jarman has designed and erected 46 churches in 22 states. In addition to his business experience, he has a master's degree in divinity and a Ph.D. in counseling. He and his wife, Leone (Lee), have been married for 45 years, and have two sons and six grandchildren. El is available for speaking engagements by calling 904-336-7553.

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 120 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.**

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SAILING ON THE ROCKS

Dennis Feten Issaquah, Washington

I didn't need Jesus in my life! Hadn't I earned my degree from the University of Washington in landscape architecture? Hadn't I passed the demanding state examinations to become a licensed landscape architect registered with Washington state? My credentials provided me with a good position with the Army Corps of Engineers in Seattle. What I needed I could provide for myself.

My goal was to take off and sail around the world. The local waterways around Seattle where I lived, the beautiful Puget Sound, the San Juan Islands and the Gulf Islands of Canada, gave me a sense of freedom. At twenty-six years old, I bought a world class cruising sailboat (thirty-eight foot), named Sekui. I had it all.

I even had a beautiful girlfriend, Lonnie, who liked the sailboat and the

good times and adventure which it provided. On weekends I would stock my boat with food and we would take off for the San Juan Islands. When we had several days we liked to go to Victoria, B.C. to the annual Swiftshure Bank Race. Hundreds of boats came for these races, and we had great parties.

I was raised in an upper middle class family where not only my needs were met, but we also enjoyed many of the extras. My father was a Boeing engineer who knew how to wisely manage money; he provided well for his family. My mother and dad always had ways of making a little extra money on the side to provide a summer home on Lake Sammamish, vacations and the perks in life. I liked our style of living, and I wanted to pursue the "good life" as I saw it when I became an adult.

But the family practice of attending church every Sunday and being involved in the Christian life faded from my life. Week by week and month by month attending church, reading the Bible and praying lessened until it was no longer a part of my life. Looking back I can remember when that started to happen.

One night when I was in high school, the Lord spoke to me. He said, "There's something I want you to do for Me."

My immediate response was "no thanks." What I saw at the church I attended was boring. I didn't see any life there.

The Lord just said, "Okay."

Looking back it is amazing to me that I realized I knew God talked to me because I didn't know from my church experience that God could talk to people.

I left God's plan and followed my own ways. I believed I could make it on my own.

After a few years, Lonnie wanted to get married. I didn't. Sometimes I thought I wanted to get married, but the desire to satisfy my own selfish desires was stronger than my desire to settle down to just be another suburban statistic; a family in a mortgaged house, with two and a half kids and a nine to-five job.

Bickering over everything with Lonnie broke up our relationship of five years.

Soon Lonnie was replaced by Betty, Patricia, Connie, Mary, Sally, Donna, Pat, Becky, Sandra and names I've almost forgotten.

My boat became my mistress. I spent my time repairing equipment, scraping and painting the hull and finishing teak. All the time, I grew more self-centered, more independent and more hard-hearted toward the things of God.

Whenever my mother would try to tell me about Jesus, I would wave my hand at her to ward off the truth. "That's all right for you. But I don't need that stuff in my life. Don't tell me about Jesus."

My mother kept praying.

The more women I lured to my boat, the more cold and callous I became toward them.

I didn't like what was happening to me, growing more selfish and self-centered. But I didn't make any effort to change my lifestyle either.

That is until I met Heidi. She moved in with me for six months. While she was living with me, we started to go back to church. With my fortieth birthday coming up, I decided it was time to settle down and marry Heidi. But the harder I tried to get close to her, the farther away she got.

In the same cold, callous way that I had been treating women, God used Heidi as my enemy to turn cold, callous treatment

**MY GOAL
WAS TO
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AND SAIL
AROUND
THE
WORLD**

on me. God used one of His principles in the Old Testament to bring me to my knees: My own sin turned on me.

Numbers 32:23...and you may be sure that your sin will find you out.

I had been sowing bad seed for years in rebellion and pride against God. He decided it was harvest time. I had to reap what I had been sowing.

While we were still living together, she started going out with another man.

I cared for Heidi, but she didn't care for me. I was miserable, angry, hurt and humiliated. God brought me to my knees through Heidi.

I went home to cry on my mother's shoulder, to tell her about the awful way Heidi treated me. "Mom, help me with Heidi. I got problems."

My mother said, "Heidi is not your problem, Dennis. Your problem is your relationship with Jesus Christ."

I had been so beat down by Heidi and

so distressed that for the next hour and a half, I listened to my mother tell me about Jesus Christ and what He wanted to do in my life. This was the first time that I would permit her to tell me about the gospel. Things I had known about God as a youth and young man stirred in my heart.

When she finished, she asked me. "Would you like to ask Jesus to forgive your sins and invite Him into your life again?"

In pride and rebellion, I said, "No."

Then my mother explained, "You don't need me or a pastor to get yourself right with Jesus. You can do it alone. Just ask Jesus to forgive your sins and invite Him to take charge of your life."

That night in my parents' home, in the dark bedroom, I said, "Jesus, I give up!"

Later my mother told me that she had prayed for eighteen years for me to come back to the Lord. One day when she got tired and weary of praying for me, she had complained to the Lord. "Dennis likes his sinful lifestyle. Dennis isn't seeking You. He's not trying to find You. He doesn't want Jesus in his life."

Then God encouraged her anew in her prayers by giving her this scripture which fueled her prayers until I recommitted my life to Jesus.

Romans 10:20..."I was found by those who did not seek me; I revealed myself to those who did not ask for me."

The Lord removed Heidi from my life after His purposes were accomplished. When I tried to tell Heidi about Jesus, she wasn't interested. She moved on in the



world, to pursue the old ways I had left behind.

Is the Christian life boring? Is it less exciting than the world? Is self-centeredness more interesting than serving God?

Walking with Jesus is the biggest challenge I've ever undertaken. He stretches me beyond limits I have known. God is daily showing me a righteous way of life that is far more adventurous and exciting than anything I knew in the world. A relationship with Jesus Christ, hearing His direction, guidance, knowledge, wisdom, understanding and correction is the most fulfilling experience I have ever known as a man.

Serving and loving the Lord who created the universe is an awesome adventure. While it has been difficult to be celibate, my self-esteem has greatly increased because it is founded on who I am in Jesus.

I regret all the years I walked in the world and served the wrong master. But I'm not going to look back because I've been forgiven. I am only going to look ahead to the high calling Jesus Christ has upon my life and work toward being everything He wants me to be.

Jesus told me, "Dennis, I have great plans for your life."

I answered, "Let's go for it. I want everything You've got for me."



Dennis Feten lives in Port Townsend, Washington. He is a 1973 graduate of the University of Washington in Landscape Architecture. He worked for ten years for the Army Corps of Engineers as a Landscape Architect. Dennis attends Emmanuel Foursquare Church in Port Townsend. He is involved in music and video-taping the church's services. In 1992 Dennis co-founded a Christian ministry called Metanoia Northwest, a full-gospel ministry dedicated to sharing the Good News of Jesus Christ with the people of Port Townsend, and the Olympic Peninsula. Dennis would be glad to share with readers creative and visible ways of sharing the Gospel. He can be contacted at (206) 385-5429. Dennis is a lifetime member of FGBMFI and is currently vice-president of the Port Townsend chapter.

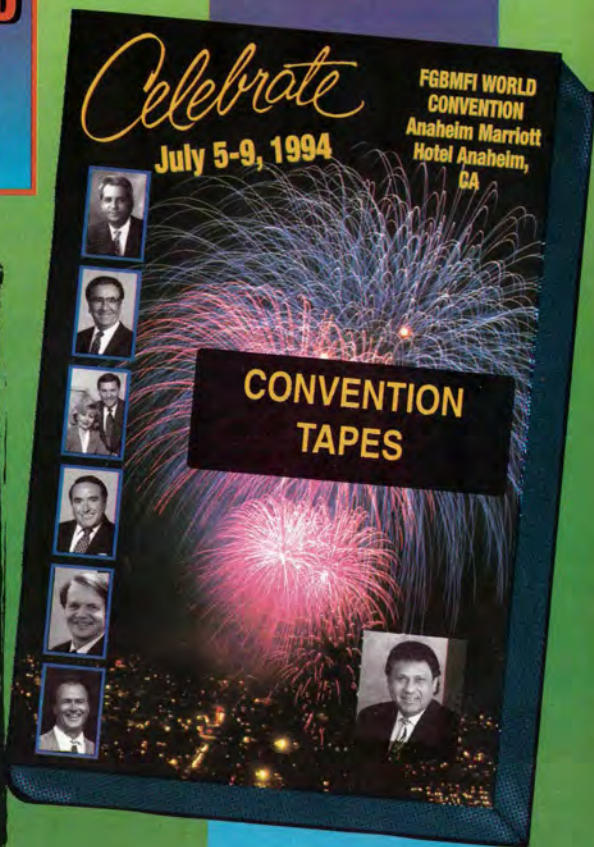




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Lives Made New! Inside this edition



Mason Valley News

Issue 3 / Vol. 10 / Oct. 9, 1994

JESUS SAVES AND HEALS YERINGTON MAN HE TOUCHED ME

By Bob Sanford
Yerington, Nevada



His brain resembles electrical wires that have burned and are frayed at the ends," the Reno psychiatrist told my wife following a scan taken to determine the extent of damage following a devastating mental breakdown.

On a scale of 1-10 in other psychiatric examinations I was about a two. I had lost memory, manual dexterity and reasoning power. I could make no decisions without utter panic. I had to practice writing my

own name since it did not look like my signature. I had difficulty putting round things in round holes and square things in the right places. And in frustration I would push these simple puzzles aside as I lay there in that

hospital bed. I had gone to San Francisco some months previously to have stomach surgery that was supposed to be a panacea to all the physical problems that had been plaguing me for years, resulting from a workaholic approach to my profession and a driving desire to be a success in the newspaper business. I was a perfectionist in everything I undertook.

Within a few months the same symptoms returned and an examination revealed a stomach growth from undi-

gested fiber. For some reason that I cannot explain I tumbled into post-operative depression. It was not the kind of depression we all encounter at times when things in our lives just don't go right. I am talking about a depression so deep that I really did not care if the sun came up or if the sun went down. Nothing meant much of anything to me.

At first it was manifested by paralyzing fear and I became paranoid about my business. Something black and ugly was hanging over my shoulder and everything I had worked so hard for would be lost. I would go to work and within minutes my head would be on the typewriter and I was saying, "I can't do it...I can't do it." I would drive home, crawl into bed, pull the covers up over my head. I would lie there in

the fetal position as though I was trying to get back into the security of my mother's womb. I could not sleep for hours on end and I would see the sun go down and come up.

I began to shake uncontrollably and one day I felt something actually snap in my brain. That's when I wound up in the Reno hospital. After a battery of tests and an evaluation I was sent home on a massive drug program...drugs so powerful that one morning as I attempted to drive to work I smashed into a parked vehicle since I had no depth perception while

under the influence. The car was a total wreck but I sustained no injuries whatsoever. Thus began one long year of what I call a living death.

I spent most of the time either in bed or sitting in a chair staring out the window. I became totally dependent upon my wife to make decisions. If she told me it was time to get up, I got up. If she told me it was time to take out the garbage, I would do that. I sat at the table at her direction and toyed with food. At night I could not wait to take my drugs and escape into a fitful sleep. Nothing lifted me from this darkness. I was just going through the motions of living.

In desperation I finally after months agreed to electric shock treatments but the results were only marginally beneficial. As a result of those treatments I

suffered a brain convulsion and could feel the life force leaving my body as I walked down the hospital corridor. I could not speak to tell the nurses what was happening. In addition, I sustained some injury to my central nervous system, apparently, and I began to have periodic excruciating body pains. I would take medication until I got dizzy but the pain often raged on for hours.

Did I consider suicide during all this trauma? I cannot really say whether I toyed with that or not. My life had become completely and utterly hopeless but

As the years passed and I found myself aging, nothing was a challenge to me anymore and boredom took over.

something kept telling me that there was an answer if I could only find it.

I was not raised in a Christian home. The name of Jesus was mentioned only in curses and crude jokes. If we had a Bible it was used to press flowers or to impress some pastor who might wander to our door. My mother—a Catholic—believed she was a Christian simply because her mother proclaimed that denomination, but neither one attended church as I recall. I ran with a little family gang and got into all the mischief we could find—stealing, lying, cheating and engaging in sex. If it had not been for a compassionate chief of police some of us might have ended up in reform school.

I should have realized that God had a plan for my life when so many times He kept me from harm's way during World War II, including the invasion of France at Normandy Beach and on into Germany.

I had begun my newspaper career—extending over 50 years—as an apprentice at the age of 14 when my father died and I became the family breadwinner. When I got out of the service I returned to newspapering and my career took off. Frankly, I don't know anyone who had more going for him than I did. A solid marriage, although rather one-sided since I was a taker and my wife a giver. Three great children who grew up with their heads screwed on right. Grandchildren who loved their grandfather. I had money, influence, recognition, power. I could walk into a meeting and change the outcome just with my physical presence on some occasions just because

of the "power" of the press. I quickly discovered that the pen is mightier than the sword and I loved that sense of power. It was great for my ego. The Mason Valley News gained in stature until it became winner of more awards in excellence than any other weekly in Nevada. The walls of my office are covered with plaques and certificates attesting to worldly success, but as the years passed I became bored and empty and began to wonder what life was really all about.

God? Oh, yes, I believed in God. Most people profess they do. But to me He was a ghost-like being floating around out there somewhere in space like a satellite circling the earth waiting to zap you if you did something really bad. If He did not, then perhaps you got away with lies, cheating, sexual lust, pornography, booze—you name it. But a God who actually came to live within the heart of man...a God who could heal and cleanse and save? Impossible.

Christians? Oh, those were the people who piously toted Bibles to church on Sunday and spent the rest of the week trying to take advantage of someone. Born again? Those guys had to be of a lesser intellect to be so weird and radical.

As the years passed and I found myself aging, nothing was a challenge to me anymore and boredom took over. Had I not seen it all; heard it all; written about it all? Wasn't everyone out to grind his own axe and succeed any way he could? To escape the boredom and emptiness of life I began to drink, and I battled that problem for fifteen long years or more. I got drunk most

every night and worst of all, I drug Martha into the pit with me. After all, who can stand a drunk unless you drink also? I even answered one of those ads in the Wall Street Journal and was going to sneak off for a couple of weeks in the hope of licking that problem. I never did. What then changed my life?

I began to look at my wife, Martha, for the first time in a lot of years...really look at her. I could not understand how she had the strength to endure watching someone she loved deteriorate. She believed I had willed myself to die. Where could she possibly find the strength to cope? I

didn't know at the time that this lovely woman who had given her heart to Christ at the age of seven had returned to her first love and made a new commitment to Him.

One night I said to her: "Martha, there is something different about you." She denied it, but I insisted and told her I did not understand or know what she had that I did not, but I had to have it. A lay minister's daughter, she urged me to begin reading the Bible which I did. After wading through several versions, including the King James, I sat back and expected something to happen to me. Something magical was supposed to happen and affect my life. Nothing did. I began to hunger and thirst to know this God of the Bible.

Could it really be possible? Could I actually find the answer in a personal relationship with God? Could He really

dispel this spiritual darkness in which I had walked for 62 years and give me life more abundantly?

One night, with tears streaming down my face I said that prayer, and not knowing any better, I repeated it for several nights.

I had finally, after months of searching, come to the bottom line. Either Jesus Christ was—and is—who He said He was, or

He was a liar and His disciples badly misled. Either the Bible is the inspired Word of God or it is just another interesting history book. By faith, that night all alone in my kitchen, I chose to believe. I felt no

different...there were no physical manifestations...no tongues of fire or tremors—nothing. But, I could not wait until Martha came home to tell her what I had done, and we fell into each other's arms crying and rejoicing.

The next day when I awoke I knew there was something different in my life...something had happened to me. Jesus had touched me and "Oh, the joy that floods my soul" the gospel song says.

As the days and weeks passed the sky became bluer, the grass greener and the very air I breathed was a pleasure to me once again. I had stepped from darkness into the light...from death into spiritual life. Depression lifted and disappeared. I was alive again, praise God!

A few months later I was baptized in the Holy Spirit and a new language poured from my lips. That night I found

**Depression
lifted and
disappeared...**

myself unable to sit or stand. I paced the house praising God, on and on. The feelings of His love penetrated to my very being, enveloping me like a cloud. There was an overwhelming sense of His presence in the room.

The body pains were there that night but it didn't seem to matter. Jesus had become my healer, Jesus had become my Saviour and redeemer, and I reveled in that joy even as Satan tried to harass me physically. I sang all the old hymns I knew and then I sang Christmas carols. I guess in my childlike way I was praising God. Slowly those pains drifted away never to return.

He never ceases to amaze me with His majesty and power. One morning I woke with excruciating pain in the groin and Martha rushed me to the emergency room. They diagnosed a kidney stone and medication did not touch the pain. One of the young women in my church was an aide that day and she came to the emergency room to pray for me. I don't know what she and Martha prayed but I simply asked: "Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me" as the blind man had cried out centuries ago. Within about two minutes the pain completely left my body. A little youngster had been brought into the emergency room that morning also, and her eyes

were badly dilated because of head injury. When my pain left, Martha heard one of the nurses say: "Look at her eyes...they have returned to normal." We believe the Spirit of the Lord descended on that emergency room that morning.

I later sustained a broken hip when falling on the ice. The doctor told me I would not walk normally for six months to a year. Seven weeks later, I put my crutches against the wall, asked the Lord to let me walk without pain and walked across the room without any discomfort.

Three years ago during a routine examination, a malignancy was discovered involving the prostate gland. Surgery was advised but during the procedure, the doctor discovered that I

had many small tumors in the pelvic area and he concluded that the cancer had spread. When he touched them they disintegrated and biopsies came back benign. The malignancy was confined to the prostate and I remain cancer free.

What is the fruit of my relationship with Jesus? Well, for one thing the curses that used to fall from my lips are no longer there. I had an employee who used to close the door between our offices so she could not hear my foul language. I didn't know that at the same time she was praying for me and had been for 15 years.

**I want to
stand before
my Saviour
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something
pleasing to
Him.**

She was in the front row the first time I shared my testimony at an Aglow meeting. I have no desire or compulsion to drink.

I didn't know what real love was in marriage and family until I experienced the love of Christ. I was always a taker and Martha a giver, but I found that if you want to know what real love is, give it away as He does without qualification. It will come back to you a hundred fold.

My perspective on life has dramatically changed. The things that were important to me do not matter now. I no longer worship the idols of money and power and I have learned that I can apply Christian principles to my business. One of the first things I did when I became a Christian was to walk through the plant with my pastor praying and dedicating the business to God.

I once believed that recognition and worldly accolades would fill the emptiness in my life and I could buy joy and peace. A few years ago my business partner was recognized as a Distinguished Nevadan, and at the time I thought if I could ever attain that recognition it would be a fitting climax to a long career.

That happened to me soon after I became a Christian, but as I stood there that day in all the pomp and circumstance of the university graduation, I realized it was as meaningless as Ecclesiastes says, and the recognition paled in the light of a personal relationship with a living God.

I don't want to stand before a university president and have him hang a medalion around my neck. I want to stand

before my Saviour one day and know I have done something pleasing to Him. I want to have an answer when He asks: "What did you do with My Son?"

I have been blessed by appearing on the 700 Club soon after I became a Christian and in being invited to speak at churches and Full Gospel Business Men's chapters. FGBMFI has been an important part of my Christian life. The desire of my heart until His work in me is complete is to share a message of hope that can be found in a relationship with Jesus Christ no matter what the circumstances. He is the Way and the Truth and the Life.



Bob Sanford is a retired weekly newspaper publisher in Yerington, Nevada, having spent nearly half a century in that profession. He continues in an advisory capacity to his two sons, Jim and David, who have taken over the business. His grandson Cory also recently joined the publishing and printing firm. He also has a daughter Janie who is a schoolteacher. He and his wife Martha are currently involved in jail ministry in the Lyon County area.

He is a life-time member of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship and has spoken at chapter meetings and shared his testimony in area churches. He appeared on the 700 Club to share his testimony on television.



Co-chairs Peter Reding (left) and Martin Coday

FGBMFI BRINGS CHURCHES TOGETHER

Sandy Blodgett of the Boise, Idaho Chapter reports that the congregation of a Boise church had unanimously voted to give their \$300,000 church facility to a Baptist church serving black Americans. The donor church had outgrown the facility and just finished building a new church.

The pastors had met at a Pastors' Breakfast sponsored by the Boise chapter of FGBMFI. The meeting had been organized after viewing a video from headquarters that encouraged a better relationship between area churches and FGBMFI. When one pastor at the table expressed that he had a church to sell, the black pastor said he sure needed to buy a larger facility.



Leonard Riebold, FGBMFI Director prays for participants at Northwest Regional Convention

Northwest Regional Convention at Portland, Oregon: A Splendid Success!

The Oregon and southern Washington chapters recently sponsored their Thirty-first Annual Northwest Regional Convention in Portland. It was a huge success. Prior to and during the convention, National Director Martin Coday and other members formed a Jericho march, anointed the convention site, and prayed for the success of the convention. As the men prayed, the Lord blessed!

Outstanding men and women who graciously consented to be featured speakers included: Richard and Vangie Shakarian from California; Dr. James Maloney from Texas; Leonard and Carol Riebold from Missouri; Fr. Don Kennedy from Washington state; and Don Franke from Oregon. In addition, Sara Paulson, who is widely acclaimed for her musical talents and was Miss Oregon 1992-93, gave her personal testimony and provided special music at the Ladies' Luncheon.

Attendance for the three-day convention exceeded 800 persons. In addition to the ten regular sessions and seminars, a baptismal service was held by Fr. Don Kennedy in the hotel swimming pool.

Martin Coday, Co-chair for the convention, declared, that conven-

tions continue to be a very effective way to reach members of the Fellowship to get them recharged and energized to evangelize in the marketplace! Further, the convention was a marvelous, non-threatening forum to reach the unsaved for Jesus. God blessed us in a mighty way. Many were saved, healed and filled with the Holy Spirit! Glory to God!

Bible Rack Ministry Explodes!

Mike Salamone of New York sends in this thrilling report.

"In 1989 I purchased a small book rack filled with paperback New Testaments and Christian paperback books and magazines from the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. I placed the rack in a friends restaurant for his customers to take, free of charge. That rack became "miracle number one." I couldn't keep it filled fast enough. TV, radio and the newspapers picked up the story. An elderly semi-invalid, Christian lady wrote about it in a national Christian periodical magazine. The Salvation Army, Volunteers of America, a dozen churches and also many FGBMFI chapters all over New York State began sending me used Bibles and Christian paperback books and magazines. They were literally pouring into our garage by the boxes. Business places were calling me for a free rack, filled with free Christian literature."

"As of this date, we have over 70 free Bible racks in 15 towns and cities in New York State and in several other states across America

- at no cost to anyone...that is "miracle number two."

"If you know of a place of business (please, no churches...they have their own racks in their vestibules), that will accept a free rack and free Christian literature, I will send the entire package, free of charge.

NO MONEY NEEDED...that is MIRACLE NUMBER THREE!!

FGBMFI Chapters in Martinique Experience Great Blessings

We had the joy of having Ralph Marinacci as the main speaker for our public dinner.

This meeting took place in one of the best international hotels in Martinique—the "La Bateliere." We could only accommodate 451 persons, and unfortunately we had to refuse entrance to 165 persons.

This meeting was the last one this year for the Full Gospel Community of Fort-de-France (Martinique). Thirty people received Jesus as their Saviour and many others were healed as well!



Ralph Marinacci



FISHING

FISHING FOR PEACE

Ed Davenport, Lake Havasu City, Arizona

The mid-morning sun shone brightly. I shielded my eyes as I looked out over the deep azure Pacific Ocean, back lit by a cloudless aqua sky.

We had just fueled up my 40-foot sport fishing boat at Catalina Island, 26 miles off California's coast, and set out for the big prize.

"Hey, Ed, how about a margarita?" called my buddy, a retired Air Force officer.

"Of course," I grinned. "This is the big day. Today's the day we catch the marlin that wins the tournament. Let's celebrate now."

We never caught the elusive trophy. But I don't think my circle of fishing partners and I would have known what to do if we had. It was the lure of something better

over the horizon that kept us going.

Aside from making money, fishing was my first love. I held memberships in the Long Beach and Catalina yacht clubs and the Mission Bay Marlin Club. It was easy reaching fishing tournaments since I parked my craft close to home—next to my backyard in Huntington Harbor.

My friends lived amidst similar affluence. Mostly successful businessmen, we were rich beyond our wildest dreams. With our wealth we bought all the toys in sight. Fancy homes, luxury cars, motorcycles and sport fishing boats, to name a few.

Not knowing what to do with the toys, we used them trying to find happiness. For me that meant racing dirt bikes when I wasn't

fishing, often leaving my secretary to run my business and my wife to run our home.

It sounds like the dream life. Yet none of us could answer the unspoken question that burned in our minds: why doesn't this bring any lasting peace or satisfaction?

I pursued money because of the lack of it during my childhood. To make his alcoholism worse, my father worked as a brew master, having learned the trade from his father.

I grew up at the tail end of the Depression. Between tough economic times and Dad's drinking, I never knew if food would appear on the supper table.

Because of this unstable background I thought money held the answers to every problem. A newspaper carrier at age 9, a year later I had taken over two morning routes and one in the afternoon. I mowed yards, too. Whatever I could to earn a buck.

After quitting high school at 15 and serving a hitch in the Coast Guard, I got married. My wife and I both went to work for a dry cleaning plant near the Southern California town where I grew up.

Together we dreamed of owning a neighborhood dry cleaners. Finally, an opportunity opened and we purchased a small shop located in Downey.

Ironically, I knew of Demos Shakarian, who was then organizing Full Gospel Business Men. His business reputation spread far because of the family's successful Reliance Dairy in town.

I flirted with the idea of quitting my business to go to work for Demos. But my natural salesmanship began turning over lots of cash and I decided to stick with it.

From one shop we expanded to a plant servicing 12 stores across Orange and Los Angeles counties. We added a drapery service, too, because of the healthy cash flow it created.

With the profits I invested in real estate. This led me into developing hotels and motels, some of them the X-rated kind. That helped satisfy illicit urges stemming from my pornography addiction, which took hold in the Coast Guard.

Over a 35-year period I also got involved in a restaurant business and liquor store. None of these endeavors ever held much personal attraction. Not compared to the challenge of making money.

When you're not walking with God, the devil will show you many ways to chase the almighty dollar. But he'll never tell you that it won't bring satisfaction, happiness or a good home life.

Of course, it's tough to build a strong home when you're never there. My absences were a constant source of friction with my first wife. It got so bad that after 23 years I demanded a divorce.

At first she refused. When nothing changed she got fed up and agreed to it. When we split she snarled, "You'll pay dearly for all the abuse," referring to my verbal bashings, drinking and neglect.

**Aside from
making money,
fishing was
my first love.**

I couldn't blame her for being angry, but I thought she carried spite a little far. She hated my fishing boat so much that as part of our divorce decree she insisted I agree to sell it.

Looking to get away from this animosity, over the next few years I wound up following my business to eastern California, where I was developing a hotel. By then I had been dating my second wife.

When our relationship turned serious, she refused to live in the desert. We settled on nearby Lake Havasu City along the Colorado River, bordering Arizona and California.

A change in scenery won't do a bit of good when you take along old habits. Lake Havasu is where I entered the liquor store business. When I wasn't selling it I drank it. When I wasn't drinking I smoked dope.

I told myself these were "social" activities. In truth they had their hooks so deep in me I had no way out.

After nine years of marriage my second wife spurred me to look for answers. First, she spent years eight and nine pleading with me to slow down.

"You don't even know Brooke (our daughter)," she scolded more than once. "Or me."

Disgusted at my refusal to listen, she walked out. I came home one night from a three-day business trip to find her and Brooke gone. No note. Just an empty house. Her only communication that week came via divorce papers.

I remember how lonely and low I felt during that time. Like someone reached inside and ripped out my guts.

I sleepwalked for a year until, through a mutual friend, I met Linda. Knowing of our friend's party life (she hadn't told Linda about my bad habits), Linda almost backed out of a dinner invitation at our friend's house.

A Christian, Linda had been through two bad marriages herself. Her husbands had been like me, hard-drinking, insensitive workaholics. Yet something "clicked" that night and I did everything in my power to make a date with her.

She agreed, but all Linda wanted to talk about was Jesus, whom she accepted as her Saviour at age 11. Funny thing. I wanted to listen. I heard about Him growing up in parochial school but never knew you could have a personal relationship with Him.

Over a few months we dropped out of general circulation and spent hours together talking about the Lord. The more she talked about Him the more I realized I needed to get out of the liquor trade.

I put an ad in the paper and quickly found a buyer. The day he signed the agreement I felt a weight fall off my back.

I didn't realize it but changes were taking place in my personal life. Suddenly I stopped cussing every other sentence. My hard-charging, uptight manner began melting away.

Over the next six months I developed a hunger to know God. I went to a bookstore and bought my first Bible. I also attended this funny church with Linda (now my wife) where they played loud music and got happy and excited.

Yet I still needed that personal relationship Linda told me about. One night in my

backyard Jacuzzi I stood up and raised my arms toward heaven.

"Lord Jesus, just come into my life," I prayed. "I repent of all my sins, Lord. I put all of it behind me. I want You to lead me out of this terrible life I'm in. I thank You for coming into my life."

Immediately I felt His presence. Such peace and calm flooded over me it's hard to describe. Fear left me. Anxiety disappeared. So did loneliness.

From that moment life took a dramatic turn. I honestly didn't understand but I didn't care. It worked!

I never realized the stress that worrying about money caused. Now when I woke up I didn't worry. I knew the Lord was there, that He would direct me and that He would take care of me.

Two or three days passed and I realized I hadn't been lighting up any marijuana. And I didn't miss it.

For another week I nipped afternoon cocktails with fellow businessmen, a time we had used to swap lies, too. Then I noticed the booze didn't give me that relaxed feeling any more. I guess there was no pressure to relax from. So I quit that and didn't miss it either.

Next God delivered me from pornography. This is a terrible addiction, so strong that the Lord is the only answer to over-

coming it. Psychiatrists can't remove this bondage. Not books or self-help plans. He simply removed this lust from me. It's one of the most miraculous things He's ever done in my life.

These wonderful gifts kept whetting my appetite for drawing even closer to the Lord. Linda kept talking about being filled with the Holy Spirit and I wanted that, too.

In response, a minister from Africa traveled to our church one week. He preached on the anointing the first night. I knew his sermon was an answer to prayer.

When he gave an altar call I was so anxious to get there I almost ran over the people. He laid hands on me and I could feel Jesus' hands on me. Immediately I was slain in the Spirit. It felt wonderful, like a bolt of lightning passing through my body but one with a soothing sensation.

Although I felt the warmth of Jesus' arms around me that night, I didn't have any visions or speak in tongues. I did get a new prayer language seven months later, yet I know the Spirit filled me that night. From that moment on I've burned with the desire to tell the world about Jesus.

Over the following year these feelings grew so strong Linda and I decided to

**"Immediately,
I was slain in
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lightning
passing
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body, but one
with a soothing
sensation."**

enroll in Bible school. Then the Lord revealed to us in prayer, "Before you think about going out to save the world, you should start with your family."

So we began praying for them. The first to come to salvation was Ken, Linda's youngest son. Though raised in the Word, he had strayed from church. Living with his father in West Texas, he didn't want to leave his high school athletic activities.

We kept praying and one day he phoned to say, "Mom, I want to come live with you." After he arrived the Lord worked on him and he was born again.

After that came my daughter from my second marriage. Brooke's mother had moved to Oregon and I never expected to hear from her again. Suddenly my ex-wife called to say, "I can't handle her anymore."

Brooke moved to Arizona, got born again and is now enrolled in Bible school.

There were others. One of the sweetest experiences was leading my younger brother to salvation. He had never been inside a church in his life.

His wife called from Colorado one day, crying, "Walt is in the hospital. He has a deteriorating heart."

The doctors said there was nothing they could do for him; he was going to die. I called the hospital and asked how he was feeling.

"A little groggy," he said. "They've got me a little sedated and I'm swollen up like a balloon from this heart problem. They've been draining fluid off me."

Immediately the Holy Spirit moved and urged, "Get right to the bottom. there's no sense talking about anything else. Just get

right to the bottom."

"Walt," I said, "you need to know Jesus." Then I waited for an argument.

"You know," he said softly, "I do. I do."

He prayed the sinner's prayer with me and we prayed that God would heal his heart. That was in September of 1992 and Walt is still alive and well. God answers prayer!

Linda and I are currently enrolled in a two year pastoral study program. While we're in school, we also have a family around us. Jesus brought love into my heart and made its meaning clear!

The best thing is I'm not special. All I did was go fishing for peace. Jesus grabbed my line and pulled me into His life!



Ed and Linda Davenport plan to serve a church as co-pastors when they graduate from World Harvest Bible School in Columbus, Ohio, in the spring of 1995. They are members of World Harvest church, pastored by Rod Parsley. Ed and his family spend their summers in Arizona, where he is a member of the FGBMFI chapter in Yuma. They attend Abundant Grace Assembly of God in Lake Havasu City in the summer.

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Voice magazine is one of the most powerful witnessing tools available! Thousands of men and women receive a quantity of 50 or more copies each month to help tell others that Jesus is the only answer. How effective is this? Read the following testimony.

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Fellowship Events

NORTHERN OHIO RALLY, AROUND THE FELLOWSHIP SEP 23-24, 1994

Holiday Inn, Hudson, OH
Contact: Bob Lindemann
21327 Nottingham Dr.
Fairview Park, OH 44126
216-734-5055

FGBMFI NIAGARA FALLS REGIONAL CONVENTION SEP 29-OCT. 1, 1994

Skyline Brook Hotel,
Niagara Falls, CANADA
Contact: B. Lynn Morris
5 Blue Spruce Court
St. Catharines, Ontario
CANADA L2N 4E6
905-646-6230 (Home)
905-641-1932 x5306 (Office)

COLUMBIA GORGE 10TH ANNUAL CONVENTION OCT 6-8, 1994

Shilo Inn/O'Callahan's, Shilo
Inn, The Dalles, OR
Contact: John F. Fagan, Sr.
516 East 2nd, St.
The Dalles, OR 97058
503-296-1123 (Business)
503-296-3075 (Home)

SOUTHERN COLORADO RALLY OCT 7-8, 1994

Canon Inn, Canon City, CO
Contact: Newell Hampton
647 Autumn Drive
Pueblo West, CO 81007
719-547-2984
719-593-8030

B. C. REGIONAL CONVENTION OCT 13-15, 1994

Richmond Inn,
Richmond, B.C.
Contact: Bill Adams (FR)
1861 Larson Road
North Vancouver, B.C.
V7M 2Z7 CANADA
(604) 984-6035

2ND SOUTH EAST REGIONAL MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE U.K. OCT 14-16, 1994

Annan Court Conference &
Holiday Centre
Annan Court, Easons Green,
Nr. Uffield, East Sussex
Contact: Bob Gellatly
Paddock Wood
40 Le Temple
Kent TN12 6HY
Tonbridge
0892 836495

NEBRASKA STATE VOICE RALLY OCT 21-22, 1994

Fort Kearney Inn,
Kearney, NE
Contact: Dale A. Herter
Rt. 2, Box 216
Gibbon, NE 68840
308-324-2153

CARIBBEAN REGIONAL CONVENTION OCT 27-29, 1994

St. Maarten,
Netherlands Antilles
Contact: FGBMFI
P.O. Box 834
Philipsburg, St
Maarten
Netherlands Antilles
Caribbean

TENNESSEE CENTRAL SOUTH REGIONAL CONVENTION OCT 27-29, 1994

Airport Hotel Days Inn,
Nashville, TN
Contact: Donald Barnes
841 Union, Suite F
Shelbyville, TN 37160
615-684-1827

NORTHERN OHIO MARRIED COUPLES ADVANCE OCT 28-29, 1994

Comfort Inn East,
Northwood, OH
Contact: Ed Huener
518 Hampton Avenue
Toledo, OH 43609-2938
419-385-8314

14th ANNUAL MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE OCT 28-30, 1994

Corona Motor Inn,
Yorkton, Saskatchewan
Contact: Frank Leier
Box 39,
Francis, Saskatchewan
CANADA S0G 1V0
306-245-3450

U.K. 8TH CONVENTION OCT 29, 1994

Hilton Hotel,
Newport, Gwent
Contact: Mike Thurman,
M & N Hygiene
4, Crawford Street
Ind. Estate
Newport, Gwent
NP9 7AY

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MEN'S ADVANCE NOV 4-6, 1994

Pinecrest Conference Center
Pinecrest, CA
Contact: Jim Fitch
14603 Bella Court
Whittier, CA 90604
310-946-2912

12TH OKLAHOMA MEN'S ADVANCE (FATHER & SON) NOV 4-6, 1994

Methodist Canyon Camp
Hinton, Oklahoma
Contact: Alan M. Schmook
3555 N.W. 58th St. Suite 300
Oklahoma City, OK 73112
405-947-7600

EL PASO QUARTERLY RALLY NOV 5, 1994

Holiday Inn, El Paso, TX
Contact: Henry Godman
1808 Hubbard
Alamogordo, NM 88310
505-437-4863 (Home)
915-779-1968
(Office-R. Rabbe)
915-772-1019
(Home-R. Rabbe)

JERUSALEM CONVENTION NOV 6-8, 1994

Jerusalem, Israel
Contact: Tony John
011-44-642-461189

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL FGBMFI CONVENTION NOV 10-12, 1994

Holiday Inn (By the Bay),
Portland, ME
Contact: Richard Crockett
P.O. Box 1362
Portland, ME 04104
207-562-5133

CANADIAN NATIONAL CONVENTION NOV 17-19, 1994

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Six 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" (I 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/Box5050 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 _____

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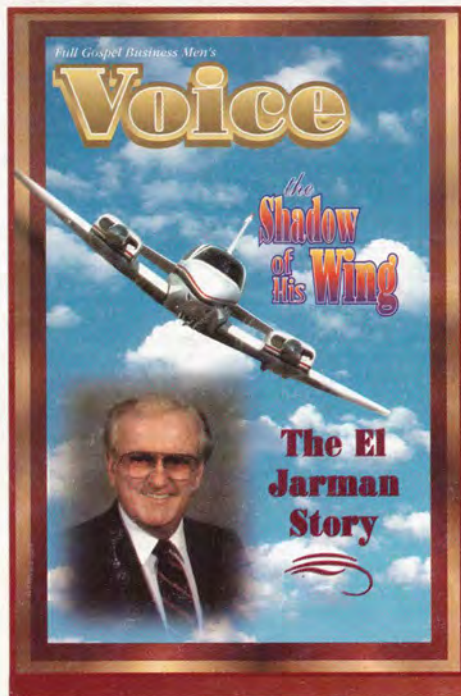
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