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Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE



*DR. JORGE SERRANO  
President, Republic of Guatemala*

*When Jorge Serrano came to Jesus Christ as a young civil servant in Guatemala, he asked that his pastor teach him only from the Bible.*

*"Only what is written" he insisted.*

*This has led him to a deep daily prayer life. Through prayer he has found God's guidance and answers ...in family life, in government service, in exile and as President of the Republic of Guatemala.*

*In his testimony to a recent FGBMFI meeting in San Antonio, Texas he asks Full Gospel brothers in Christ to give him prayer support for his great responsibilities.*

*"I want  
Demos to  
always be  
praying  
for me."*

Dr. Jorge Serrano, President  
Republic of Guatemala



In November of 1990 I ran for the Presidency of the Republic of Guatemala for the second time. I was given little to 'no chance' to win. The political analysts considered my candidacy so weak that they did not even put my name in the surveys conducted to predict the relative chances of the twelve candidates. They had reason to doubt my strength. I was backed by no major political party and was without significant financial support. All I had was my name on the ballot, along with eleven other presidential candidates. Before the election I was dismissed as an 'also ran'.

But even in the face of these very long odds, there were people in my country who had prophesied that I would win. I took them seriously and also believed in my calling. Years earlier I had been introduced to a faith that had given me strength in many trials of my adult life. This faith was with me as I worked faithfully for the Presidency of Guatemala.

As a young man, when I returned home after earning a graduate degree at Stanford University in the United States my head was full of science from scholarly teachings and the experiences I had lived in the University. I was very rational. One day my sister asked if she could invite a pastor to come to the house of our mother and explain something about life. That was the only thing that I lacked. Since it was

my mother's house, I couldn't say anything against it. So they invited Pastor Victor Toranzo,

and he came to the house.

My sister invited me in to listen. But I had heard so many things about this kind of thing. I had seen a very strange change in my family. I said, "This is the one involved in making fanatics of my family." I really went in to listen to that pastor with the intention of criticizing, rather than listening.

But when the pastor began to explain things in the Bible, I knew it was something very special. He explained all about the sacrifice of Christ. And in order that we could be saved, that it was not by the works of man, but by the blood of Jesus Christ. *That just blew my mind.* It shook my soul. I began to think seriously about something that before had not been very important to me.

The "god" that had been presented to me was just a god of good luck! If one died in grace he was saved. If he died in sin he was lost. Just lost...as if it was all a lucky thing of being in the right condition at the moment of your death.

I was completely convinced that I could not live without sin. So I had believed that you just enjoy life and take your chances.

But the pastor was saying that God really was a God of mercy. He wasn't a condemning God. But He was a God of love; of forgiveness and grace and He was willing to cover us with His grace. He would cover that multitude of our sins with His mercy. It was then that I understood I was really interested in this kind of God.

The next day I couldn't stay in my office. I was Assistant to the Officer of

Investigation and Technology of Guatemala. I didn't know that pastor and I didn't know where he was, but I left my work and my office looking for him. I finally picked him up at his house late that afternoon. We didn't get back until five o'clock the next morning.

He just explained the Bible to me all night; from the beginning to the end, all that night. I told him, "I don't want your opinions. I want to know what the Bible says." I told him that I was a little educated and a little ornery. I let him know that I didn't want anything except what was written.

I still don't know how this pastor explained all those things to me from the Bible. But the Lord took hold of my life...and my family. And since that moment we began to live life very differently.

My friends began to make fun of me. They referred to me as a "crazy monk". I was changed. This began a totally new life experience for me and for my family. The education of my children changed. My relationship with my wife and my family changed. And above all my relationship with God changed.

Some years later we had to leave Guatemala as expatriates when another government took over the country. We

came to San Antonio, Texas in the United States, seeking a place to stay and also seeking spiritual support. I consider the year and a half that we spent in San Antonio like the forty years that Moses and the Israelites spent in the wilderness. Moses had been in the court of Pharaoh. He had known all the greatness of the arts and sciences of Egypt. But there was one thing he lacked.

He lacked really knowing who God was; knowing that God really lived. And that God's people were doing everything that Moses could not do. I have never had more problems in my life than I had during that year and a half in exile from my country. All those problems seemed so far away from me. They were in Guatemala. They were so far away from my possibility of doing anything to solve them. I was persecuted politically and could not return to my country. Many people took advantage of the situation. And I had only one recourse: *To bow before God and ask God to help me.* For every problem I placed before God, there was not one problem that God did not help me with.

Whether big or small, whatever the problem was, in praying we saw God's solution. People would walk into my bedroom as I knelt praying before

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God. My children would put their hands on my back praying for me... backing me in prayer. And helping me to hold up under all those problems I had during that year and a half.

God was preparing us for something that was to come later. A work that we knew in our hearts that God had called us to do.

So we returned to Guatemala when I could again take control of duties there. I had to forgive a lot of people. I had to begin anew, forgetting everything in the past. But with a new vision and knowing a powerful God—the God who had solved problems although we were two thousand kilometers away. There are in San Antonio those who are witnesses to this great work that God was doing, even while out of my country. Some of those true Christian friends backed us up and prayed for me and my family during those difficult times.

I remember the support and spiritual backing of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in San Antonio during those months. I had met the founder, Demos Shakarian, twenty years earlier in Washington, D.C. This man has been a great blessing to me. I do not want Demos to forget us. I count upon his prayers and want him to always be praying for us.

On my latest trip to the United States, my first stop was in San Antonio. As our airplane approached the airport, how different that landing was from the one a few years back when we had come to the United States as exiles. But both times the man was there to meet me who led me to Jesus

Christ, Pastor Victor Toranzo. How is it that a place where we had suffered so much can hold such remembrances in our heart? It is simply because of that experience, that difficult time in which we had to walk by faith. It is like Job said of the Lord when he said, "I have heard of You with my ear, but now I have seen You!" I came into forced exile to see who God really was.

We received the meaning of a changed Guatemala. In the 33rd chapter of Jeremiah it is clearly explained what God wants to do in my country. Changed from desolation, death, sadness—changed into happiness, health and prosperity. With my family for ten years we have sustained that vision.

In 1985, my brothers who had held up began to grow weak. Nobody believed that I could win the presidential election. The surveys reflected this by not even taking me seriously. But there was something that exhorted us to keep going on. There were people in the Republic who testified that I was coming to power; that it would only be by the power of God and the action of the people of Guatemala. And we came to the Presidency with the greatest winning majority on record. A landslide. And without owing anybody anything.

This is what gives us liberty. Everything will be done that can be done to conquer poverty. Like the wisdom of Solomon... "if there is perversion against the poor, there cannot be prosperity, and there will be corruption of justice".

These are two great elements that continue to be present with us today. In all the civilizations of the world,

perversion of justice and the oppression of the poor are the great enemies. This is a commitment that we have to God...a commitment to solve these evils. We all have to work on it and pray for it to come to pass. We cannot escape this if we are going to see peace come to our people.

God is a God who deals with nations, and He also deals with individuals. Traditional theologians give all importance and emphasis to dealing with individuals. And the theologians of liberation put all the emphasis upon God dealing with society.

But we should not go to one extreme or the other. God has always looked with love upon men...and also with love for nations.

God does not ignore the fact that the Christian is "light" and "salt". But in order to change nations, we must do more than just change the churches. We cannot just come together to enjoy fellowship, like in FGBMFI chapters. God has a responsibility for each of us outside the church.

This Jesus, when He prayed to the Father, He prayed: "Father I do not pray that You take them out of the world...but that You keep them from the people." If the Lord had prayed for them to be of the traditional Christian faith, He would have prayed in reverse: "Father take them out of the world, and keep them from the heathen." This was not Christ's prayer, but "Leave them in the world...guard them from evil. Make them light; make them salt...so that they can change mankind."

If someone would have spoken like

that to Lot, what happened to Lot would not have happened. He was happy and he considered himself righteous. He wasn't worried about all the problems around him. And in the stroke of a moment—God's justice came. He was taken out, but his children were very rooted in the corruption of the city they were in, and his wife also. Lot's wife's heart was back there in the corruption of that city. Lot was just, but the corruption that was all around him came right up to his house, and even included his daughters. And they even conspired against him to have children by their father.

Don't let us think that we can take the lofty attitude that Lot had. Don't let us think that we won't be affected by the corruption that is around us. There are only two possibilities: either we affect the world so that it changes, or the world affects us so that we change.

How many times have the priests in the church said that we shouldn't get involved in politics...that's for other people to do? That's a dirty area. But in what area can you put your hand that is not dirty?

If politics is dirty...then we must change it. If not, then sooner or later we are going to have to accept it. This is going to come against us...that which God has declared not against us. God has a program for us. God made us in His own image—His likeness. And God gave us a special nature. A country's laws and constitution should be like this so that it will not come against the nature of man—the man that God made in His own image.

Laws should reflect what has been put into the heart of man by God.

There is no possibility of taking away from man his liberty and dignity. Because man's nature comes directly from God. Not from the state or society. If we want to see this—our nature reflected in society—then we have to work in order to obtain that.



*President Serrano presents Demos Shakarian with a painting from Guatemala—so that "Demos will not forget to pray for us."*

And that is the great responsibility that we have. We have come to power and we have a standard for action. We are not going to act just on expediency or for convenience. *We are going to act on conviction.* Fundamental principles. Naturally our society is not ready for that. And it is very difficult governing that way. Society tends to be governed by corruption and violence. And to take those two elements out of a society like ours is very difficult. It is perplexing because it is easier to pay or send someone to kill than to govern by conviction and principle.

But our purpose is to govern by conviction and principle and eliminate those elements of violence and corruption from our society. It is easy to say that, but very difficult to accomplish. Many times we feel like our patience has given out. But it is necessary to take new hope; and that is exactly where I need the prayers of all of you in Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship...so that God will give us strength to continue governing with justice. This is not easy, but I believe this pathway can take us into prosperity and freedom.

I sincerely ask you to pray for us. I was asking the Lord, "Why can't we do it? Why can't other people see what we are trying to do?" The Lord brought to my mind the case of Moses and the case of Joshua. Moses brought the people out of Egypt into the wilderness. They had eaten food that God had provided. And God had given them divine guidance and divine protection. In spite of that they murmured against Moses, and rebelled against God.

When Joshua crossed the Jordan River, the "promised land" was before them. But the people of Israel still had to fight in order to win the land, and be able to enjoy the promises of God. The Bible says that the people were glad to have a just ruler or governor. I firmly believe that.

But that alone is not sufficient. Everything is a new struggle. One day it was the fall and taking of Jericho. The next day they tried to take Ai. It is not just a new lesson that we learn. It is not just a matter of winning the election. It is a matter of walking day

by day with the Lord and winning those battles that God brings into our lives.

We were able to win the campaign and election without any kind of dirty politics. There was the blackest, ugliest campaign raised against us that anyone can imagine. And I want to tell you something—they didn't even cost us a vote. The opposition got only the percentage of voters going to the polls and casting their votes for them that were backing them before the election.

Today our situation is very difficult. Our nation has changed. I received a country with 60 percent inflation.

*"I came here so the people can understand what is happening to the people in my country—so that they will respect the dignity and government of my people."*

*President Jorge Serrano with Demos and Rose Shakarian at the banquet held in the president's honor.*





Today we have only 4.6 percent inflation over the eight month period that I have been in office. When I entered office there was only \$18 million dollars in the National Bank. Today there is over \$4,000,000,000. We did not even have the money to meet our government payroll when I took over as president. Now we have over \$200 million extra in the payroll account. For the first time in many years we are going to close with a balanced budget.

It seems that everyone has false concepts about Guatemala. In Washington they have been calling the World Bank to see if what I have been saying is true. And they found it to be true because those facts don't lie. Much false material has been put out about us. Our enemies are both subtle and clever. But all one has to do is check the facts. Our government keeps right on going.

What these false reports do is keep the cooperation and help from getting to the people who really need it. I have just been in Washington for an interview with President Bush. When I came out of the White House the first question the members of the press asked me was "What did you come to ask for?" I said, "Maybe you have never heard of me—but I didn't come here to ask for anything.

"I came here so the people can understand what is happening to the people in my country—so that they will respect the dignity and government of my people. All we want is to have a just trade agreement with the United States and Guatemala.

"What we want is trade—not aid!"

For many years the balance of trade between the United States and Guatemala has been tipped in favor of the United States. This means that there are more transfer of funds from Guatemala to the States than from the United States to Guatemala. We are buying more from you than you are buying from us. And what we want is even dealing—so that we can sell our products to the United States in equal amounts to what the U.S. sells us.

I am sure that if we can achieve this, we can better help our people.

I have had encouraging success in New York. Great companies are willing to go to Guatemala and build factories where there had been violence for thirty years. This is what I came to the United States looking for...and I believe that we will achieve it. This is what we have sought from other countries. And I ask my fellow members of Full Gospel and other Christians to help us, to understand us, to pray for us, to defend us—because we want to keep going forward with dignity. Without dignity we have nothing. We have clearly manifest that our principles are non-negotiable.

We have been very successful in fighting against drugs and drug trafficking. Our Army which has been criticized is the very one that has been active in the fight against drugs. Our Army is taking risks to protect the youth of our country and the youth of the United States.

Yes, the struggle is great and is continuing. We need you to be fellow laborers in prayer with us. I thank you. May God bless you. ■

# INSIDE CLIFFORD KELLY

Clifford Kelly  
Chesapeake,  
Virginia



**“A number of things had driven me to this edge of total despair, not the least of which was... drunken brawls in the Village Pub.”**

The gray October skies hung over Stockton, California like a leaden sheet, cold, heavy and still. It seemed as if I could hardly breathe under its weight. So I just lay there in my bed, unshaven, unshowered and virtually paralyzed by the Great Depression that had descended upon me. I hadn't slept in days (or nights), and the rooms of the house felt like they were getting smaller, stiller, darker, almost airless.

It was then, on October 29, 1979, that I began to seriously think about death. Some Scotch, some 30 milligram Dalmanes, a trip to the garage and the white RX-7, and it would all be over. My first thought had been, “Anything has to be better than this!” But my second thought chilled me more than the tule fogs that shrouded my city: “What comes after death?” So I wrestled there on my bed, alone with my thoughts of death—wanting to embrace it as an escape from life on the one hand, but fearing its implications on the other.

My job as assistant professor of communication at University of the Pacific seemed a thousand miles away. A few days before, I had decided to just not show up for classes. Funny. No one even bothered to call me. But no wonder; I hadn't been the nicest man on the campus since coming there in 1976.

A number of things had driven me to this edge of total despair, not the least of which was my addiction to alcohol. A few years before this, it didn't have the absolute control over me that it did today. Drunken brawls in the Village Pub. Lying down with

strange women then passing out. Dancing like the village idiot in front of university students. Not knowing where I'd end up the next morning, or in what condition. The booze had had its way with me, and I and my liver, sixty-five percent dysfunctional, were dying.

As a result of my alcoholism, my general health, both physical and emotional, was in rapid decline. I remember having nightmares about my teeth falling out, and often would awaken the next morning to find bits and pieces of teeth on my pillow. Rapid heartbeats and anxiety attacks sent me to cardiologist Dr. Abbas Chothia, and recurring genital warts to urologist Dr. Ronald Allison. "They'll never go away, Cliff. You just have to keep getting them removed surgically."

But the most painful part of my life didn't involve these illnesses. It was more "inside" where the hurt lay. A young woman I had intended to marry understandably left our deteriorating relationship. After that I felt suddenly, completely alone, abandoned, and without any hope. Within a short time, I plunged headlong into a pitch-black killer depression, and began my excursions into the murky depths of suicidal thoughts. Thus I lay on my bed, confused about how I'd come to this place of death, and not knowing anything about how to help myself.

What I also didn't know was that there was a magnificent underdrama occurring, just out of my line of sight. My mother, unbeknown to me, had nine months before given her life to Jesus Christ and been filled with the Holy Spirit. I had wondered why she'd

been sending me all that religious literature earlier in the year. Anyway, she'd joined up with an intercessory prayer group I later named "The God Squad," and prayed a simple, courageous prayer: "Lord, bring Cliff in, whatever it takes."

Then there were those Campus Crusade for Christ kids from the university. Apparently they had targeted me as well: "Let's get Dr. Kelly. He'd make a great Christian!" And my next-door neighbor (can't recall his name), a black pentecostal, had been praying for me ever since I moved in. Guess it didn't take too much discernment to figure I was in trouble. There was still more to this heavenly conspiracy.

An obscure, young Canadian-born pastor of an equally obscure little church in Stockton called Lincoln Neighborhood had also been praying. As he drove around the perimeter of Pacific's campus, he'd cry out: "Oh God, please send me a couple of people, or even one man from this campus!" Apparently, he'd had no one from the campus ever even visit his



**"Let's get Dr. Kelly."**

church, and he so wanted young people to come. But no one ever did. That, however, was about to change, and change dramatically.

On the night of October 29, I desperately wanted to get some sleep. Significantly, I had had nothing to drink for two or three days. So I was stone-cold sober, but couldn't get to sleep. As my mind began to warp more and more from the insomnia, I had the thought: "Hey, if I'm going to do myself in, I need to get some rest. I know! I'll get a good book to read, to help me sleep." As I stepped into my study about 9:00 o'clock that evening, I grabbed the first thing off the shelf that my hand touched, and took it back to bed with me. That was the very best decision I had ever made in my entire life.

As I opened the pages, it was immediately apparent that this was different from anything I'd read before. It talked about addiction to drugs and alcohol, but it also talked about family, hope, and help. And it talked a great deal about someone named Jesus Christ. Jesus... Yes, I remembered that name, from my early school days in a San Bernardino Christian school in California, a name that would slip every now and then into my drug or booze-soaked poetry in later years. It didn't seem to matter that my Mom had sent this book to me, or that the author was Johnny Cash, the legendary "Man in Black." It only mattered that its contents engaged me, pulled me into its message of Christ.

As I read on, something began to ignite within my nearly dead heart.

Nothing dramatic. Just a faint glimmer, really. But it was there, no mistake about it—an embryo of life and light beginning to grow as I finished the last few pages around 3:30 the next morning. When I finished, I recall I just lay there and stared at the ceiling, wondering silently about this Jesus. Where could I find Him? Who could introduce us? Could He really help me? Just where do I start? Thus were construed my very first prayers.

Then a thought came like a bullet: "Call a pastor!" Over and over again, it repeated itself loudly in my mind: "Call a pastor! Do it now!" By this time it was around 4:30 or so, and so I started calling people I knew, to ask them if they knew of a pastor I could call. After awakening several rather startled faculty members of the UOP community, I finally got the name of a pastor from my sister, who had recently gotten his name from—you guessed it—my mom.

So around 5:00 a.m. on the morning of October 30, 1979, I made the most important phone call of my life, to the pastor of little Lincoln Neighborhood



**"...this was different from anything I'd read before."**



## “...I made the most important phone call of my life...”

Church. “Hello?” his wife sleepily answered. “Hello,” I said. “You don’t know me, but I need to talk to a pastor. Do you have one there?” A long pause followed, as I recall, as Mrs. Eugene Kraft pondered whether to hang up or not. Seems they had been getting some crank phone calls earlier that month. “Well, yes. Just a moment, and I’ll get him.” I mumbled something to him about needing to see him that day, and, sensing my urgency, he agreed to meet with me later that morning at the church.

I got dressed (for the first time in days) and tried to make myself somewhat presentable, a difficult task. I had dropped in weight down to about 120 pounds from my normal 150 or so, and my post-60s, bell-bottomed, Afro-haired, Castro-bearded appearance certainly presented a challenge.

Anyway, I showed up around 10 that morning, and met this pastor, whose appearance shocked me as much as mine did him. I remember he was dressed with sharp, bright colors—tangerine, lime green—and his face and skin looked, well, incredibly pink!

Make that “healthy,” actually, or maybe just “clean.” That’s it. He just looked real bright and clean.

My tired brown eyes met his piercing blue ones as we nervously shook hands, and he led me to his office. I sat down, appropriately, on his couch. He gently asked what I wanted to talk about, and I began to intellectualize, in self-defense, still fighting back my nervousness, and the humiliation of having to “ask for help.” I quoted a few psychologists, I recall, then began to feel the welt in my chest and throat grow. “Oh, no!” I thought. “I can’t cry! Not here! Not now!” But there was no fighting it. Soon I was a flood of tears, gasping for breath as I wept years of turmoil and blackness out of my soul. And I remember crying out, “I don’t want to be a bad man anymore. Please help me to be a good man.” And I wept and wept. Then I was done.

When I looked up, quite embarrassed at my emotional display, here was this pastor head down in his hands, weeping and praying for me in my pain, asking for God’s help. And a message went through me at that moment: ‘Whoever this God is, His people show unbelievable compassion.’

We fumbled around a bit for something appropriate to say—these two strangers who had just cried together—and Pastor Kraft said, “Well, did you, uh, want to, ask Jesus to come in?” “I guess so,” I replied uncertainly. No bells rung. No white light shone. But with three simple words I said “Yes” to Jesus Christ. He gave me my first real Bible. I stood up, uncomfortably, to leave trying to figure out what to do

with this Bible under my arm, and said my goodbye's and thank you's.

I felt so strange. Sort of like a man crossing over into a new place, but not yet fully there. Not at all sure about what I'd just experienced. So I went into my house, sat down at the dining room table where all my research materials had been assembled for a convention paper I was to deliver in San Antonio, Texas in two weeks, sat unattended. My first real prayer went something like this: "God, I know, uh, I think You are probably pretty real, so I need Your help here with this paper I have to type. Thanks." And I began to type, just like that.

Around six days later, I finished a 30-page manuscript that was delivered in San Antonio to rave reviews. "Interesting," I had thought. "Wonder why they liked it so much?" During this time, I had contacted my mom to come up and help get me back on my feet—I had still not reported for work, and yes, people were now beginning to call. But not out of any loving concern, I can assure you. Except for Dr. Larry Chase, my dear and loyal Jewish friend who teaches communication at Sacramento State University. He literally took over my classes, without remuneration, to keep them going until I returned.

As Mom plied me with chicken soup and Christian tapes, I began to get some strength back. I needed it. The university had formed a special investigatory committee of deans and faculty to look into my "unprofessional behavior;" i.e. not showing up for class and basically being a pretty crummy

guy over the years.

One day during this week or so that my mom stayed with me, she inquired about my warts, and asked if she could pray for them. I said, "Sure," and she knelt down by my bed and very quietly prayed. But not in English. And not in Spanish (my mother is Mexican-American). But in some strange language that I could not understand. She left the room, and said, "Son, about those warts, don't worry about them." "Right, Mom," I said somewhat cynically, and promptly forgot about them. Three days later in the shower, I remember looking down and gasping: "They're gone! They are all gone!" Well, well. It seemed this Jesus could really do some stuff.

The university tribunal (as I came to call it) assembled the following January, to consider my possible termination—or some other punishment. Files were requested, witnesses interviewed, and photocopies of my desk calendar circulated to the committee. As the faculty called me to testify on my own behalf, there came one point when one of the deans pointed to a particular day on my calendar which I had marked in heavy, black pen: "Born Again." The committeeman fairly glared at it and asked with a distinct edge to his voice: "And what does this 'Born Again' notation mean?"

The dryness came quickly to my throat as I tried to grope with the enormity of his question. How would I be able to tell them what it means? How on earth do I explain Jesus to this crowd? So I girded up what little courage I had, and squeezed out some-

thing like, "Well, I was having some personal problems, as I indicated to you earlier. And well, I sort of ended up in this church, and, uh, accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Lord and Saviour. That's what it means to be born again."

The silence that fell on that room was deafening. This was the one answer the committee had not, in their wildest dreams, imagined. They were not prepared for it. They could not speak. Not one person said a word. They just looked at one another in a worried fashion, until their turn to grope for a response. Seeing none, the chairman mumbled, "Well I suppose that concludes our business today. The meeting is adjourned."

As a good friend and colleague, Dr. Sidney Turoff of the business school, was making tough phone calls on my behalf to the university president, the committee seemed unable to move ahead further. So it was dissolved with the issuance of an official reprimand, and a stern warning that if I got out of

line again in any way, they would resolve to reconsider my case. Within the two years that followed, I was promoted to associate professor, given lifetime tenure, and convinced all but one man, one of the deans, that my change had been genuine.

What followed was a long and often times bumpy climb upward out of a lifetime of self-destructive habits. The drinking had moderated, but not stopped. One night, Christmas Eve 1980 as I recall, I was walking my dog, a female border collie mix named Smokey, along the Calaveras River near the campus. I was high on wine, and when Smokey didn't obey a command to come to me, I hit her hard along her haunches, sending her rear end sliding in the gravel. Her eyes looked at me as if to say, "What did I do to deserve that?" I had no answer. My real anger and hurt was self-directed: I could not stop drinking, and knew it at that precise moment.

I looked up into the December night-sky, tears rolling down my cheeks, and could almost hear my Father say: "Son, if you'll give this to Me, there isn't anything I can't do with you." I knew He was talking to me, and I responded, "But God, I can't quit! I don't even want to stop! But if You can take it away, ok, go ahead and do it." It would take God fifteen months to break through my 22-year habit of addiction, but He would have His total victory over my alcoholism.

Ten days after this conversation with the Lord about my drinking, I had this increased interest in something called the "Baptism in the Holy Spirit." I had



**"And what does this 'Born Again' notation mean?"**

been attending two churches—a Baptist church and Lincoln Neighborhood Assembly of God—and got a pretty different line on the Holy Spirit from each. So I had to make some choices about which line to believe. It would all come to a head on Sunday evening, January 4, 1981—two years to the very day from the time my mom was saved and filled with the Spirit.

Lincoln Neighborhood Church was by now filling up with more and more students from University of the Pacific, and this night was no different. Only this time Pastor Kraft decided to ask those of us who were interested in “The Baptism” to come forward for prayer. Donnie Moore was sitting next to me, a former quarterback of the UOP football team and now a close friend. One of us said, “Hey, you wanna’ go for it?” The other responded, “I dunno. I mean, does that mean we have to speak in tongues?” “Well, I’m not sure, but hey, let’s go get the Baptism—but with no tongues!” What a great idea! So we walked forward together, having struck our contract with God’s Spirit.

Apparently God had other things in mind. As the older church members prayed for us at the altar, I began to hear Donnie speaking off to my left. He was talking really fast, kind of like a motor boat. I had never heard Donnie speak this way; he certainly didn’t do this in my communication class at Pacific. As I glanced at Donnie, I saw this big, muscular athlete with hands raised straight up in the air, tears streaming down his face, praising God in a motorboat-like

language that I couldn’t understand. I was immediately jealous: anything that made a man this happy had to be ok, and I wanted some of that.

It was ten days or so, as I kneeled alone by my bed in my condominium, before I would have a similar encounter. As I was praying one January night, it was as if the room literally filled with what I often describe as “liquid electricity,” and I began to speak in a Hebrew-sounding tongue. It was so good, whatever this was that was happening to me, and I just stayed there for awhile, letting God speak through me in a language that remains a mystery to the ages, but not to Him.

Not long after that I realized one of the benefits of this new gift. A friend and I were having dinner in a little restaurant in the mountain town of Strawberry, California. All of a sudden, we heard a loud crash to our left, and saw an elderly woman face down, motionless, in her plate of fish-sauce-like meal. Before I could think about it, I sprung from my chair and landed right behind her, my left hand touching her neck where I could feel a very slight pulse. I looked around to see everyone staring at me in surprise, and thought, “Oh man, what do I do now?” So I prayed a simple prayer: “Lord, please help this woman. Please.”

It is still hard for me to believe what I saw take place. As I nervously whispered that little prayer, the woman bolted straight up out of that plate as if someone had attached pulleys to her back! Totally alive. Totally alert. Completely well. And very calm. I recall she picked up her cloth napkin, wiped all





**“I prayed... ‘Lord, please help this woman. Please.’”**

the fish-goup off her face, turned to her elderly dinner companion and said something like, “I’m ready to go home now.” And she left.

Needless to say, the entire restaurant was in ‘that silence’ thing again not unlike that of my faculty committee a month before. I fell, stunned, back into my chair and just stared dumbly at my friend and said something brilliant like, “Can you believe that?” Anyway, a busboy was making his way to my table to ask the unthinkable: “Sir, what did you do to that woman?” I thought, “Oh brother, now I have to confess Christ again!” As I tried to explain that I had recently become a Spirit-filled Christian, he got all excited (found out he was a Christian, too) and ran around the restaurant exclaiming, “Jesus healed the woman! Jesus healed the woman!”

Well I had had enough, so I told my friend to finish up; I needed to get out of this place. But I couldn’t shake the wonder and terror of what I had seen. I had been trained in my doctoral days

at Bowling Green State University in the early 70s that science was the only way of understanding things. But science had no answer for this, or for that matter, for any number of things that had been happening in my life. So I tried as best as I could to forget about it for awhile. But God had a few more thunderbolts in His quiver to deliver my way, the next of which was Easter Sunday 1981.

While completing a master’s degree at Cal State Long Beach, I had met and married a beautiful airline stewardess whom I’d met on the beach. But for all the predictable reasons, it ended in separation and divorce four years later. During those long, tortuous days of marital turmoil at Cleveland State University where I’d taken my first appointment after graduating from Bowling Green, I unconsciously resolved to never marry again. Ever. This bright Easter Sunday, however, would shatter that oath in a hundred pieces, as I went to evening service to see one of those prophecy films. After the movie, pastor asked if anyone needed prayer, and several raised their hands, including one young lady in particular.

As pastor counseled with her, he looked up as if looking for someone and when his still-blue eyes found mine he yelled, “Cliff! Come over here. I want you to pray with someone.” As I went up front to see who it was I was to pray for, my eyes fell on this lovely, dark-haired and somewhat diminutive Euro-Asian woman whose face was stained with recent tears. As I began to talk with her, I found out that she,

too, had recently come out of a broken relationship, became a Christian and was trying to put it all together. We shared about each other's hurts and our new life in Jesus, and prayed together. And somehow I knew that this was going to be a special person in my life.

All that week we would meet (at my enthusiastic suggestion) either at church or what was then called Carnation Restaurant in Stockton. And we'd talk and share, and just, well, get to like each other a whole lot. I ended up asking her for a date, and our second time out I said, "Suzette, I think I love you and I think we're supposed to get married." Much to my amazement she responded, "I think you're right." We were married the following Fourth of July, 1981, at Lincoln Neighborhood Church.

It didn't take my wife too long to realize that her new husband came with a bit of baggage from his former life-style. I still liked wine a little too much, with or without dinner. But she never complained about it. She just agreed with my mom in prayer, that God would have His way with the booze. One night as Suzie and I were preparing to go to dinner at the house of an Arab student named Fahad Meleki, the Lord began to speak to me again. While my wife was in the shower, I heard the thought run through my mind, "You're ready. You don't have to drink anymore." Over and over these sentences ran through me, and I began to get excited.

I ran to our den and grabbed my Bible, got down on my knees and said

to the Lord, "If that's Your voice, confirm Your words as I open the Scriptures. And I'll obey You." Now Mr. Meleki, it is important to add, was the son of a chief administrator in the court of the king of Saudi Arabia. He would offer us wine, no doubt, as a westernized Arab. As I cracked open my Bible, the pages fell neatly to a single, highlighted passage from Daniel 1:8. "But Daniel made up his mind that he would not defile himself with the king's choice food or with the wine which he drank..."



**"Suzette, I think I love you and I think we're supposed to get married."**

I never saw the end of the passage; I had seen what I needed to see: God had spoken to me, personally. I let out a whoop that nearly rocked the ceiling of my apartment. Suzette thought I had hurt myself, but I just shouted, "Honey, Jesus set me free from booze; I don't have to drink anymore!" And at that moment, in March 1982, I found liberty.

And so it went. Many more stories could be retold here. Like the time I thought I wanted to leave Suzette and was directed to one of hundreds of cars in a shopping mall parking lot which had "1 Cor. 7:27" on its license plate. "Are you bound to a wife?" it said, "Do not seek to be released." Fairly straight forward, don't you think? And another bondage was shattered forever, and another old habit of "Well, if things don't work out, just leave 'em" was dissolved in the love and power of God.

But one more episode in this wonderful journey with God needs telling, to make our story complete. Back in 1980 I had heard about a new Christian college called "CBN University," and listened to a few tapes by its chancellor, Pat Robertson. I remember getting a resume into an envelope with a cover letter, sealing it and dropping it in a mailbox with the following benediction: "God, I really don't want to go to CBNU, but here, just in case You've got something in mind." Sometime later I received a gracious letter from the dean of the College of Communication, Dr. David Clark, who said there were no positions available. I breathed a noticeable sigh of relief, and forgot about it.

Three years later in the spring of 1983, however, I got a very strange phone call, this time from a Dr. Jack Keeler. Seems he was now the dean of the college, and was looking for some faculty. As I answered the phone he said, "Is this Dr. Cliff Kelly?" I said, "Yes." And he says, in just this way: "Would you be interested in teaching

here at CBN University in Virginia Beach?" As my head literally began to nod "No!" I said, without blinking, "Yes!" "Fine," he says, "We'll be in touch as to the time we'll fly you out for interviews." End of conversation. "End of my life," I worried. "What am I gonna tell my wife?" The same wife who had never lived outside of California or ever been on an airplane.

I needn't have worried. When I told her what had happened, she began screaming alternately with crumpling on the floor praising Jesus. Subtle signs of her agreement, I supposed. Anyway, my wife has visions from time to time, and they come true. In one of them, she saw what she described as a wide, brick plaza in front of a traditional-looking brick building with "tunnels" or archways in it. I was standing in one of these archways with papers in my hands, and students were all around me, applauding. Though I didn't have any of this in mind during my interviews later that spring for the job, the Lord was about to remind me of the vision.

At the end of the first day's interviews, which went extraordinarily well, I phoned Suzette from my waterside Omni Hotel in Norfolk, Virginia. As I described what was going on, she burst into tears over the phone saying, "There it is! There it is!" I said, "There what is, Suzie?" She cries out, "You know, the vision! The vision!" Well, she finally explained that she was watching the *700 Club* as she was talking to me. On her TV screen at that moment were Pat and then-CBNU president Richard Gottier standing in

front of the nearly completed university library building. And they stood in a wide, brick plaza, directly in front of a brick building with characteristic archways or "tunnels." The Lord was making clear my calling to CBNU for reasons I did not yet comprehend.

When I returned home, however, I began doubting again whether we were supposed to go. One Monday night around 11 o'clock, after Suzie had drifted off to sleep, I was reading some CBN University brochures, when something amazing happened. Though I cannot recall actual words being said, a Great Light entered into our bedroom and lingered there for perhaps only a minute or so. I was overwhelmed by this Presence, and knew it was the Lord. Its essential message to me was clear: 'Go, and become part of something so great, that you could not possibly comprehend it if I told you what it is.'

I spent the rest of the night begging God to offer me the job. And it was offered—but only after I was made to wait what seemed like years (actually, it was only a couple of weeks). And as Suzie and I made the six-day drive from California to Virginia, we knew we were in God's will, and that there was a sense of destiny in this that excited both of us. And, if truth be fully known, we were scared silly. We were leaving all we knew and loved behind as relative newlyweds, and facing an uncertain, though exhilarating, future in a place we knew nothing about.

I assumed my duties as associate professor of communication as best I

could. I had never taught in a university where you could begin classes with prayer, and apply the Scriptures to your subject matter. But I tried, and tried hard, mostly, to find those principles which governed human communication, my chosen field. Students responded to my quest, and taught me, I think, at least as much as I taught them. But it was a professor of law that taught me the most, and who was about to influence me more than any one man had ever done.

That man was Dr. Herbert Titus, currently the Dean of the College of Law and Government at Regent (formerly CBNU) University. We had really hit it off during my interviews, I think, because of his background (before Christ) as an ACLU activist lawyer, and my stints during the 60s as an erstwhile campus radical associated for a time with the SDS (Students for a Democratic Society). One day during one of our many discussions about the biblical view of life, he noticed that I believed in relativism: i.e., the idea that all men can ever know is what they subjectively experience. Try as he may, he could not convince me of my error. Finally, in desperation, he slammed his fist down on the desk and exclaimed, "Cliff, you know that I am right! You must pray!"

And pray I did, for days, so uncharacteristic and vehement was his challenge. And it came to me: Jesus Christ is the Truth, and by His Holy Spirit, men can know truth objectively. It was that simple. Little did I realize how importantly that revelation would soon figure in my life. Because not long

after this, Suzette and I received a call from Herb to join him and his wife, Marilyn, for dinner. It was May 1, 1984.



*Dr. Clifford Kelly with his wife, Suzette, and daughter, Christina.*

That date sticks in my mind because earlier in the day I had given my testimony on the *700 Club*, with Danuta Soderman doing the interview. I also remember it because in the middle of my testimony, I had this huge thought come to mind: "There are 12 million or so people watching you right now, live. Bolt and run!" Well, I didn't. But I did meet a wonderful man afterwards at the luncheon CBN hosts for their guests. His name is Dr. J. Howard Ellison, now professor-emeritus of asparagus breeding (yup) at Rutgers University in New Jersey. After lunch, as I showed him around our small campus, he kept insisting, "Cliff, you need to be training journalists for America." I told him that I didn't do that, that I wasn't going to do that, and to basically just behave.

As we joined Herb and Marilyn Titus for dinner that night, these things had been forgotten. We were just delighted and honored to be having dinner with these wonderful folks. But as we finished the last of our apple pie, Herb reached into his coat pocket and produced a two-page prospectus, threw it down in front of me and said: "Cliff, the (university) president and I were praying about who should become the founding director of our new Institute of Journalism, and the Lord spoke your name to us simultaneously. You have 24 hours to decide if you want to accept."

As I tried to process what I had just heard—and regain the breath that I had lost—Marilyn turned to him and said, "Herbert, you're not doing this well at all." Then I responded: "Herb, you are crazy...Sir." "Well, why?" he said, surprised. Sheepishly, I informed him that I had no training in journalism whatsoever. Not one course. Zip. So Herb says: "Well Cliff, praise the Lord! Don't you see? Since you don't know anything, God can really use you!"

Still quite numb from all of this, we all drove back to our little townhome in Kempsville in Herb's old blue van, and just sat there in the driveway for a bit. Then Suzette (once again) burst into tears, saying: "Dr. Ellison! Dr. Ellison! Don't you remember? He said to you all day, 'Teach journalism, Cliff!'" Then Herb burst into tears and said, "Well why didn't you tell us this?" "I, uh, forgot." Then we all cried for joy in that old van, thanking God together.

But when I walked into our house, the magnitude of what was being asked of me hit home. 'Design a Christian journalism program, Cliff. One that is truly biblical. One that will affect the entire American news media.' Right. How do you spell "Journalism?" So I descended into our den armed only with a Bible, a note pad, and a pillow, and told Suzie I wasn't coming out til I heard from God Himself. Direct. Forty-eight hours later, on May 3, after God had told me through Job 40:2 that I ought not contend with Him further, I was convinced. I became Director of the newly formed Institute of Journalism, officially, on May 3, after Pat Robertson personally gave the appointment his okay.

Since that time, I have been graciously given the opportunity to train no fewer than 70 Christian graduate students in a biblical approach to public affairs reporting. Many mistakes. Many triumphs. Many tears. Many joys. But not for a minute would my wife and I trade how greatly God has blessed and taught us through these years. We have learned more than anything, I suppose, that God's promises are iron-firm: nothing He declares will fail to come to pass. He had told me, through my wife, that Cliff was being prepared for leadership long before the directorship. And He tells us of other experiences as well, to both warn us and encourage us.

Which brings me to my last thoughts. On March 10, 1988, while shaving in front of the mirror in our new home in Chesapeake, Virginia—a fulfillment of one of His promises—



**"...just one word,  
written... on the steamy  
mirror: 'Endure.'"**

God spoke a last time to me. One word, just one word, written, so to speak, on the steamy mirror: "Endure." That was it. "Endure." No interpretation. No bright lights. Just that word, "Endure." I recall that my feeling was one of sobriety, not fear. And then I, as so often I did, promptly forgot about it after recording this in my journal.

Later that morning one of my students, our senior editor Mark O'Keefe, came excitedly into my office and said, "Dr. Kelly! I just got a word from the Lord while driving here in my car!" Reminded again of what I'd heard earlier in my bathroom, I said in anticipation, "What was it?" "Persevere," Mark said. My disappointment was visible as I related that I had heard a different word. So we agreed to look up each one in my concordance. Good decision.

We found out that the word for “endure” is, in the Greek, *hupomone*. We found out also that the word for “persevere” is *hupomone*. Well, what about that. So God, I have come to believe, was giving us not only a personal Word, but a Word for the entire body of Christ. I know that because so many of my friends who are deep in the bonds of Jesus are doing just that: enduring unbelievable tests. They are, as a dear brother Ben Kinchlow often says, “Keepin’ on keepin’ on.”

And trials did come. Prostate disease. Loss of the directorship of the journalism program. Parents battling it out with cancer and heart disease. Physical pain and an uncertain financial and medical future. All this and more ensued since about December 1987. But oh the faithfulness of God.

The prostate disease is in reversal, plus we have a beautiful 3-year-old girl, Christina Juliana to prove it! And, at this writing, Suzette is one month away from delivering our son, Christopher William. A book on the news media from a Christian perspective is nearing completion as a result of returning to teaching duties, and my parents have never felt better. And my dad, a very special part of my life, is now a Spirit-filled believer, active in his home church and Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship in Desert Hot Springs, California.

Today, we sense we are on the very edge of something great that God is



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bringing to His church. While the world appears to be descending into what theologian Carl Henry recently called “The twilight of (Western) civilization.” I am ever hopeful. No, excited, genuinely excited. There is, without question, something going on in Heaven that will impact every nation. And soon. While I don’t know what that something is, this much I know. For everyone who will persevere in Jesus, there is a very bright future ahead.

The prophet Isaiah perhaps best

summed up this premise when he penned these words: "Arise shine; for your light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon you. For behold, darkness will cover the earth, and deep darkness the peoples; but the Lord will rise upon you, and His glory will appear upon you. And nations will come to your light, and kings to the brightness of your rising... Then you will see and be radiant, and your heart will thrill and rejoice; because the abundance of the sea will be turned to you, the wealth of the nations will come to you" (Isaiah 60:1-3,5). May it ever be so with you and yours. Even so, come Lord Jesus. ■

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Dr. Clifford W. Kelly is professor of journalism and communication at Regent Univer-

sity in Virginia Beach, Virginia. Author of several professional papers and published articles on topics related to communication, journalism and public policy, Dr. Kelly is presently working on a book entitled, *Blind Scribes: The Deconstruction of Truth in America and the News Media*.

Before joining Regent University faculty in 1983, Dr. Kelly earned his doctorate degree in communication from Bowling Green University in 1972, and taught four years at Cleveland State University, where he also helped build a nationally recognized communication department, and served as assistant dean in the College of Arts and Sciences. In 1976, he returned to his native California to teach for seven years at the University of the Pacific in Stockton, California, where he served as chapter president and vice-president of FGBMFI.

Professor Kelly resides in Chesapeake, VA, with his wife Suzette and daughter Christina. He is currently engaged as a speaker throughout the Southeastern portion of the United States.

## Celebrating Our 40th Anniversary



*Beginning with our 1992 World Convention in San Francisco, June 30 to July 4, and continuing to our 1993 World Convention, we will be celebrating FGBMFI's 40th Anniversary.*

*In commemoration of this outstanding milestone, Voice Magazine will be reprinting one outstanding testimony from the past in each issue from July, 1992 to July, 1993. The February 1993 issue will be the 40th Anniversary issue which will feature an outstanding testimony from the 1950's, 1960's, 1970's, 1980's and 1990's.*

*If you have a favorite testimony you would like to recommend, just send the name of the article and the issue it was published in to:  
Voice Magazine, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa, CA 92626*





# Rise UP!

Dr. Charles W. Doss  
Madras, South India

*"He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings" (Psalms 40:2 KJV).*

Watching me thrash around my bed with violent epileptic seizures, my father finally left the room. Outside, he cried out to God, "Lord, we cannot take another moment of this torment for my son! Please let him die! End this misery for him...and all of us!"

He uttered that anguish-filled prayer on the eve of my 14th birthday. Fourteen years is a long time to suffer from a variety of deadly sicknesses.

During that era, I came to appreciate the utter worthlessness of human idols when it comes to life-and-death issues.

Money, power, status. Men will grovel for them, steal for them and even kill for them. Yet they are ultimately as worthless as the Titanic on an ocean cruise.

I was born in Madras, South India, during the British occupation. At the time my father was a high government official. Because of his position, Dad had all the privileges that the government could offer. And yet he could do nothing for me.

Not because he didn't try. He spared no effort or expense seeking a cure for my tortured body. Yet my afflictions went from bad to worse.

Hospitals became my second home. I went there often for surgeries and

other treatments and spent many nights in isolation wards.

Fear tormented me on a regular basis. I dreaded nightfall and other forms of darkness. Afraid of epilepsy attacks, I insisted on keeping the light on while I went to bed at night.

In addition, I suffered from severe kidney problems and other maladies. Both the medical doctors and native physicians did their best to help me, but nothing worked.

Because of these infirmities, I never gained much weight. My taut skin, stretched over a gangly, bony frame, made me look like a walking corpse. Mix in the resulting rejection from other people and you may understand why I wandered through childhood plagued by insecurity and low self-esteem.

This caused me to turn bitter. It degenerated into hate and envy and my sickness caused me to loathe people for no reason. Especially the British, even though they had done nothing wrong to my family.

Aching with pain, the dawn of my 14th birthday brought no joy. I lay in my bed, gaunt and exhausted. My father walked into my gloomy surroundings to wish me a happy birthday. I replied, "Papa, what is there to be happy about? I wish this was my death day."

Brokenhearted at seeing me so helpless and hopeless, my father walked out of the room with tear-filled eyes.

No sooner had he left than something wonderful happened: God answered his prayer of the previous night!

A bright, blinding light filled the room. As the glory of the Lord shone around me, Jesus walked in and touched my hand. He charged my entire body with His healing power. Instantly I felt healthy and strong.

For the first time, I could inhale deep breaths of air without any hindrance. My rib cavities began expanding and I jumped out of my bed, shouting, "I am healed!"

My father ran back down the hallway, knowing from my shouts that something wonderful had happened. I could sing, "Love lifted me...when nothing else could help, love lifted me."

What a birthday present! Ever since, I have never suffered another epileptic seizure. My kidneys were healed and other sicknesses cleansed.

And yet, despite that awesome demonstration of His power, it would take another two years for me to accept Jesus as my Saviour and Lord.

It happened after I traveled to Swansea in South Wales, Great Britain, where I was invited to attend a small Full Gospel church. The pastor became a good friend and he invited me to stay in his home.

Though living under the influence of sound teaching and seeing Christ-like lives, I stayed there for a long time without being saved. I pretended to be a born-again Christian. Everyone at church thought I was, including the pastor and his wife.

But I didn't have the peace of God in my heart. Deep down I was empty and miserable. My healing of physical illness hadn't cured my spiritual ailments.

One Sunday, they invited me to give my testimony. Not having one, I didn't know what to say. So I asked if I could sing instead. The pastor accepted my offer and soon I stood on the platform with my guitar.

His wife suggested that I sing a certain hymn which we had practiced a few days earlier. It went: "Lord, make me a channel of blessing today, make me a channel of blessing I pray. My life possessing, my service blessing, make me a channel of blessing today."

The Holy Spirit sang that song through me. I wept while I sang because God's Spirit started dealing with my heart.

When I walked to the front that day, I had felt very uncomfortable. As I looked around, the people looked pure and peaceful, radiant joy beaming from their faces.

I didn't know that peace. It made me feel naked. How true that the ungodly cannot stand in the presence of the righteous.

After my solo, the Scriptures that had been quoted to me in the past began flashing through my mind. I meditated on them and quickly asked the Lord to come into my heart and do whatever He pleased.

That very instant my feelings of inferiority vanished and were replaced by a heavenly tranquility. Filled with God's glory, I no longer felt naked.

The congregation could see that something had happened. One elderly lady remarked that my face was shining with a remarkable glow. I felt it inside, too. My heart brimmed with love for everybody.

Early the next morning the pastor came into my room with two letters.

"Why don't you open the ones from the college?" he asked.

It was a letter of invitation to attend the Bible College of Wales...written before I was saved.

A week earlier, the pastor and his wife had told me I was called to be His choice servant and to travel the world as a missionary.

Still unsaved at that time, I shrugged. They wrote a letter on my behalf and had me sign it. It took the college exactly one week to respond. I was saved on Sunday and the letter arrived on Monday. His timing is perfect.

The college happened to be a "Life of Faith" institute. It was there that I learned to trust the Lord. Having never studied the Bible before, I was ignorant of the Word. I had to lean on Him for everything.

But in so doing, He began guiding me to wonderful promises. Take John 14:14, "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."

This verse became a reality in my life. When I quoted it and prayed, miracles happened. Some very practical ones, too, such as money appearing under my Bible or in my coat—at the time I was boarding buses or trains without a single penny in my pocket.

Following my missionary training, I began evangelizing the British Isles. My ministry started in Birmingham, England, where I worked among the toughest gang known at the time: the Teddy Boys. Most of these young toughs came from poor families with

hardly any love or supervision.

Though I started a church for them, the ministry proved to be an enormous challenge. The Teddies were violent and difficult to work with, striking fear in my heart. That is, until I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

The day after this glorious event, I had no fear. It was no longer me preaching but the Holy Spirit. The love of God poured out of my heart for these gang members, as I learned the truth of I John 4:18, "There is no fear in love, but perfect love casteth out fear..."

God had not just chased away anxiety, He also blotted out that hatred I once felt for the British. The work He had for me in England was miraculous on many levels.

Nevertheless, six years later I would see the fulfillment of that pastor's prophecy of world travel. It began when the Spirit led me into a 30-day fast. On the last day, I heard Him say, "Go to Kingston, Jamaica."

Though I didn't know anyone there, He reassured me that He would be with me as He was with Abraham. Just like the "father of many nations," I set out on the journey by faith.

When I arrived, I had two shillings (approximately 30 cents) in my pocket. While walking up and down the dock, meditating, I heard Him say, "Lo, I am with you always" (Matthew 28:20).

Taking courage at those words, I approached a crowd of people standing on the dock. The Holy Spirit brought the name of people standing on the dock. The Holy Spirit brought the name "Jennes" to my mind, so I

walked up to a smiling young man.

"Would you speak out this name to the crowd?" I asked. "Bring anyone who answers to me."

"I am he, brother!" he answered excitedly.

Apparently, he had heard of my missionary journey through an acquaintance and brought two carloads of people to meet me. Glory! That was the start of a worldwide evangelistic outreach.

I traveled across Jamaica for a year and won thousands of souls for the kingdom of God. He confirmed His Word with signs following.

Next, the Lord led me to the United States. Here I ministered in numerous denominations and at Full Gospel Business Men's meetings.

At the end of that year, I received an invitation to come to Java, Indonesia. A good friend (Gerald Derstine) in Sarasota, Florida had spread word of my work on a visit to that country.

I went there during volatile uprisings against the church. Some rebels were burning down Christian churches, killing those worshipping inside.

Given my struggles and despair early in life, my heart went out to those who were being persecuted. I wanted to stir them with the faith message. As always, the Holy Spirit took over.

A mighty, divine visitation occurred at one of the Presbyterian churches in Java. During the first night's meeting, people began praising the Lord in their own language. But as they continued, they were filled with the Holy Spirit and began speaking in tongues.

As the pastor of the church was

listening to this unexpected manifestation, the Spirit fell on him and he began speaking in tongues as well.

I finally left the church at 2 a.m. The people continued worshiping God until 7 o'clock in the morning. Over 300 people were lying on the floor, overcome by the Holy Spirit. One lady remained in the Spirit for two weeks, receiving heavenly visions.

This was the start of great crusades, with numerous healings and other miracles taking place.

I have taken 75 missionary journeys around the world over the past three decades, to such places as Scandinavia, central Europe, the Middle East, Southeast Asia, Australia and many other countries.

Hundreds of thousands have come to salvation during that time. Many with "incurable" diseases have been gloriously

healed. One time in Malaysia 80 deaf mutes were healed and sang praises to God; medical doctors confirmed their healings.

By my estimation, more than 500,000 have come to Jesus during my travels. That is halfway to my goal of one million.

I know that Jesus is risen from the dead and, as it says in Revelation 1:18, is alive forever. His power to save, heal and deliver is the same forever. His church is the continuation of the book of Acts, the acts of the Holy Ghost.

Imagine a scrawny, sickly little Indian boy getting off his deathbed and eventually traveling millions of miles around the world. There's only one Person who could enable me to do that. And there's only One Person who's worth doing it for—His name is Jesus. ■

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# VOICE

Vol. 40 / No. 3 / March, 1992  
P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628  
(714) 754-1400

**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:** **Founder/President,** Demos Shakarian; **Executive Vice-President,** Gene M. Ellerbee; **Vice-Presidents:** John Carrette, Kwabena Darko, Douglas Fowler, Bernard Gray, Ralph Marinacchi, James McEwan, Carlin W. Nash, Don L. Ostrom, Bill Phipps, Custodio R. Pires, James M. Rogers, Richard Shakarian, Khoo Oon Theam, James Winter. **Secretary,** Col. Hank Lackey. **Treasurer,** Ronny D. Svenhard.

**PUBLICATIONS:** **Editor/Communications Manager,** Jerry Jensen, Ph.D., Litt.D.; **Communications Coordinator,** Sharrill Johnson; **Copy Editor,** Rose Hamill; **Contributing Writers,** Bob Armstrong, Ed Barton, Capitola Gwilliam, Ken Walker; **Special Projects Voice Representative,** Chuck Sutton—(816) 667-5519; **Art Director,** Pete Berg; **Illustrations,** Cornell Morton; **Foreign Editors:** Blair Scott, Belgium; Altomir Regis de Cunha, Brazil; Kleber Saavedra, Florida; Mark Raffills, New Zealand; C. K. Lee, Singapore.

**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 106 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write: Chapter Department / FGBMF / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



# FGBMFI NEWS

## LATIN AMERICA REPORTS

From the report by Ronny Svenhard regarding the Latin America Leadership Conference held in Guatemala, November 22-24, 1991:

### Belize

Belize, a nation of 200,000 people, was the first nation in Central America to have a chapter. At the present time, there is one chapter in Belize City. National President, Justin Nicholas is a school principal.

### Costa Rica

The population of Costa Rica is approximately 2,750,000. They have seven chapters, with two more being developed. Their membership is eighty-four.

Four young people, two Catholics and two Protestants, are asking to start a chapter for the youth.

### El Salvador

Jaime Sol, National President, operates and manages a plastic container company for his father. His family also owns and operates two Coca Cola bottling plants. He has been active in the Fellowship for five years. There were two things about the Fellowship that stood out for him when he first got involved. The people were happy to see him and they were in unity.

El Salvador has 300 members.

Today in El Salvador, Jaime said, "We love each other."

### Guatemala

Gerardo (Jerry) Townson, National President, is a banker and chairman of the board of the largest financial holding company in Central America. Jerry feels a special calling to pull the body together in Guatemala. There are an unusual number of Fellowship people in government positions. They plan to contact these government people and remind them of their Christian responsibility.

Jerry announced that they are going on a major training program with their men. They have 61 chapters. Though they only have 1367 paid-up members as of record, July 31, 1991, they have over 4,000 in their system.

I have not seen a more dedicated group of men to the vision of the Fellowship, than in Guatemala.

### Honduras

National President, Emanuel Rodriguez, a former priest, exports lumber and rice.

Emanuel has a vision for reaching out to top leaders. They have two chapters geared towards leaders. One chapter in Honduras has opened up nineteen additional chapters this past year. Honduras has 1,047 members recorded.

# BRIEFS

## Mexico

There is an issue coming up in Mexican politics regarding the freedom to proclaim the gospel. If I understood correctly, the President of Mexico is for more freedom of the gospel.

Constancio, new National President of the Fellowship in Mexico, says "We are one." They are behind the International 100 percent.

## Nicaragua

Dogoberto Palma, a farmer, is the National Director. They have four chapters, and hope to have two more by January and four or five more next year.

## The Latin America Caribbean Office

This office consists of six people: John Carrette, Hugo Arevalo, Enrique Escobar, Rick Gillis, Rene Melgar, Krimhilda Arevalo. All hold positions in John's company, in addition to working together in the Regional Office. It is the most unique blending of a business and the Fellowship I have witnessed.

Ozzie Martinez, Associate Editor of *La Voz* was with us. I believe a good start will be made towards receiving testimonies from Latin America as a result of Ozzie's visit.

*La Voz*, is a twenty-four-page magazine, with thirty to sixty thousand copies printed every three months.

Juan Jose (Pepe) Font owns and operates his own company which manufactures chemicals. He is Regional Coordinator for Latin America, which comprises Mexico and the seven Central American Nations. Pepe says of the Fellowship, "It is a special ministry towards unity, there is no other like it."

## Keeping The Vision Alive

November 2, 1991 marked the fourth annual Military Breakfast for the New London, Connecticut area. Two members from the Thames Valley chapter and two past members from Whaling City, an inactive chapter, sponsored a Military Breakfast outreach.



Bill Ross of Virginia sang "God Bless The USA" and Carol Van Erven of New London sang "The Star Spangled Banner". The mayor of New London joined 70 people and four color guards in a "Heads Up and Hats Off" to the speaker along with former POW and now Executive Director of the American Red Cross, Capt. Giles Norrington, U.S.N. retired.

Plans to reach the military and veteran personnel in the southeastern Connecticut area are already in the planning and prayer stage. All of chapter #25 want to be part of next year's event. "Praise the Lord," reported Jim Pothier organizer of the breakfast.

# Sharing the Good News through VOICE

**Voice** magazine is one of the most powerful witnessing tools available! Thousands of men and women receive a quantity of 50, 100 or more copies each month to help tell others that Jesus is the only answer.

**Voice** saves souls. It also saves lives, marriages and businesses. If you meet two unsaved persons a day, 50 magazines will be gone before the end of the month. Think of it—you will have shared more than 400 powerful and inspiring testimonies.

To experience the joy of sharing the Good News through **Voice** magazine, complete the order form below and mail it today.

## MY VOICE ORDER

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ copies of **Voice** each month, at \$20 per bundle of 50, to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(Order only in multiples of 50; handling & postage are included. Offer limited to continental U.S.) Mail coupon and check payable to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. 2801-18-9999



# THE VOICE OF OUR READERS

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Dear Sirs,

I really enjoy *Voice* magazine as a spiritual uplifter when I'm feeling down. The articles are about real people and their triumphs. I thought that your publication might be interested in my brother, Jason Van Pelt. Jason is walking around America spreading the word of our Lord to the people. The first leg starts January 1, 1992 from Miami, Florida and continues to Augusta, Maine and then back to Florida. I think that his story would touch the hearts of your readers.

J.P., Orange Park, FL

Dear Brother in Christ,

I'll never forget that cold morning I came across this old *Voice*, volume #8, 1985. Praise God! It was carelessly dropped by the maid who had left some months ago and I almost threw it away as I swept the room where she used to sleep. As I tried to go over it I somehow thought it a bit interesting. So I sat on the bed and read it. I soon realized it was full of testimonies.

As I read them I was so much touched by the power of God graciously working in a victim of a massive heart attack who thought his life was only a preparation for death. How God healed him and even showed it publicly for all doubting Thomases to see. Praise the Lord! I immediately realized there is hope for life and that God cares a lot. I started crying for God to solve my problems.

I'm a housewife with one child and expecting another one. My husband is a drunkard whose drinking has become more important to him than either his career or family. At times my one-year-old child and I



do without food while he drinks night and day.

Pray for me. And tell your family that this seven-year-old testimony saved a poor soul somewhere in Kenya.

R.K., Nairobi, Kenya

Dear Sirs,

This past weekend my husband was asked by a friend to attend a morning prayer meeting. My husband is a Christian though not without sin. I am a very new Christian. I still struggle with some of my old ways. I just try a harder and ask for forgiveness and guidance. But after reading *Voice* I know I am not alone. I truly enjoyed reading it. I've seen other small leaflets but I would thumb through them and put them down. Yours I read from beginning to end. I'm very glad my husband's friend asked him to the meeting where they passed out the *Voice*. Again, thank you for a very moving magazine.

E.K., San Antonio, TX

*Following is a letter passed on to us.*

—Editors

Dear Mom,

I just wanted to drop you a note to thank you for the birthday present and for the *Voice* magazine you tucked in with it. I never realized what a special way God could use a simple story from a magazine.

As I read the story about Willie Gault I immediately thought about two Raider fans in our youth group and decided to read his story at our next Bible study.

I watched as the same boys who always sat at the back quietly, suddenly came alive with questions. Not only about their sports idol, Willie Gault, but about storing treasures in heaven and living a life for Jesus.

Through a simple story God was able to show me a tremendous need and a way to help these boys.

Continue to pray for us as we work with them that God will guide us to even more ways to present the gospel. Thank you for that small measure of love which reached beyond me and touched two more lives.

All my love, Lee Ellen



## FGBMFI's 40th Anniversary 1992 Pocket Planner

This convenient inspirational planner is designed for personal use. Sized at  $3\frac{1}{8} \times 6\frac{1}{8}$ " it features:

- Easy-to-use week-at-a-view format
- Each week features a verse from the New International Version Bible
- Suggested daily readings help you read through the Bible in one year
- Includes "month-at-a-glance" calendars for 14 months
- Contains pages to chart prayer concerns and answers
- Includes a Topical guide to help and comfort from the Bible
- Ribbon Marker

Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ 1992 Pocket Planner(s) at \$4.95 each. (Calif. residents add 7 3/4 % sales tax)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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

# FGBMFI 1992 WORLD CONVENTION

June 30-July 4  
San Francisco, CA



San Francisco is opening its Golden Gate to all the friends of FGBMFI from June 30 to July 4, 1992. Some of the nation's finest speakers will be there to bring challenging messages and minister to the needs of all who attend.

Speakers include: **Benny Hinn** who had a dramatic ministry at our World Convention in Orlando, Florida last year. **John Hagee** is a newcomer to our convention but is known throughout the world as an outstanding TV evangelist and pastor of the large Cornerstone Church in San Antonio, Texas. **Ulf Ekman**, the Swedish dynamo who was such a blessing to our convention in Anaheim, California. These guests in addition to our own Founder and President Demos Shakarian, Executive Vice-President Gene M. Ellerbee and many others.

At the San Francisco Convention we will kick-off our 40th Anniversary Year. This anniversary celebration will continue until our World Convention in 1993. Special rallies, publications and videos will highlight the year's activities.

**Dear Friend,**

I want to invite you to our **39th ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION** in San Francisco, California. This year we will begin our celebration of the mighty things God has done throughout the past 40 years of ministry. Many special guests have been invited and many special events are planned.

God desires that we live by His Holy Spirit till the end of the age, and that we raise up a new generation of men who will walk as Jesus walked on this earth.

**"The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because He has anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor. He has sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovery of sight to the blind, to set at liberty those who are oppressed, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."**

—Luke 4:18-19

There are many in the beautiful city of San Francisco who are poor, brokenhearted, captive, blind, and oppressed. They need Jesus, they need you.

Use the forms on the next page to pre-register with our office and to make your reservations at the **San Francisco Hilton Hotel**. Many will be coming from around the world, so let us hear from you soon. You don't want to miss this historic event.

I look forward to seeing you **June 30-July 4, 1992**. God bless you!

Demos Shakarian  
Founder/President

## 1992 WORLD CONVENTION PRE-REGISTRATION FORM

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ SPOUSE NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Names of children included in my **Family Registration** (Adults must register separately):

\_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_)

**Pre-Registration Forms will ONLY be processed with \$10 Family Registration fee.**

- USA Check or Money Order for **\$10 Family Registration Fee** attached.  
 Please charge my  VISA  Mastercard (ONLY VISA OR MASTERCARD ACCEPTED).

NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_ EXP. DATE \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

**Using your credit card, fax it (714) 557-9916, or phone it (714) 754-1400, or mail to FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. Please return by June 1st.**

## SAN FRANCISCO HILTON HOTEL RESERVATION FORM

**FGBMFI—1992 WORLD CONVENTION—JUNE 30-JULY 4**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ SPOUSE NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE (\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

The San Francisco Hilton convention rate is **\$87** per room for single or double. Only a money order deposit or credit card charge of \$87 will guarantee your reservation.

- Please reserve \_\_\_\_\_ single and/or \_\_\_\_\_ double occupancy room(s) for my family listed below. (Children 18 and under in same room—no extra charge. Those over 18 will be charged \$10 per night.)

\_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_)

ARRIVAL DATE \_\_\_\_\_ DEPARTURE DATE \_\_\_\_\_

**MONEY ORDER** deposit made payable to the San Francisco Hilton Hotel for \$\_\_\_\_\_ is attached.

Please charge my  VISA  Mastercard  American Express  Discover for \$\_\_\_\_\_.

NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_ EXP. DATE \_\_\_\_\_ SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

**Using your credit card, fax it (415) 923-5075, or phone it (415) 771-1400 or (800) 445-8667, or mail to San Francisco Hilton Reservations, 333 O'Farrell, P.O. Box 420868, San Francisco, CA 94142-0868. Please return by June 1st.**

# CONVENTIONS

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**TENNESSEE MEN'S CAMP**

**Feb. 28-Mar. 1, 1992**  
Columbia, TN  
Contact: Wallace McCoy  
2955 Hillhurst Dr.  
Nashville, TN 37207  
(615) 228-1175

**MID-ATLANTIC 4-STATE CONV.**

**Mar. 26-28, 1992**  
Hyatt Regency Hotel  
Riverwalk, TX  
Contact: Larry Debbecke  
8306 Brookline  
Universal City, TX 78148

**OHIO MEN'S ADVANCE**

**Mar. 28-29, 1992**  
Mason, OH  
Contact: Duane Kinnison  
566 Cherry Hill Place  
Fairborn, OH 45324  
(513) 879-3943

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**CENTRAL CALIF. VALLEY REG. CONV.**

**Apr. 9-11, 1992**  
Modesto, CA  
Contact: Wes Andahl  
P.O. Box 848  
San Andreas, CA 95249  
(209) 754-3280

**OLYMPIC PENINSULA MEN'S ADVANCE**

**Apr. 24-26, 1992**  
Bremerton, WA  
Contact: Mike Krier  
2980 Calaveras Ave., S.E.  
Port Orchard, WA 98366  
(206) 895-0137

**NORTHERN NEW YORK REGIONAL**

**May 1-2, 1992**  
Watertown, NY  
Contact: John Barone  
1114 Boyd Street  
Watertown, NY 13601  
(315) 782-7145

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**14TH MISSOURI MEN'S ADVANCE**

**May 1-3, 1992**  
Lake of the Ozarks  
Contact: Bill Phipps  
(816) 333-7738

**NORTHWEST REGIONAL CONVENTION**

**May 28-30, 1992**  
Portland, OR  
Contact: Art Evanson  
P.O. Box 244  
Vancouver, WA 98666  
(206) 694-9502

**FLORIDA MEN'S ADVANCE**

**May 29-31, 1992**  
Lake Yale Baptist Assembly Grounds  
Leesburg, FL  
Contact: R.C. Cummins  
8435 Central Ave.  
Brooksville, FL 34613  
(904) 596-9590

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CONVENTIONS PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE WERE APPROVED ON OR BEFORE JANUARY 8, 1992.

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## CHAPTER OUTREACH

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As this issue was being prepared for publication, the following 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.

**AUSTRALIA:** Alexandra Chapter, President James W. Hawley, 5-772-1420; Gambler Chapter, President Harry Worzfeld; Newcastle/Lake Macquarie Chapter, President Gregory Swane, 43-6367; North Canberra Chapter, President Heiner Frank, 6-249-6667; North West Coast Chapter, President Jim P. Hosie, 425-2500. **GHANA:** Akatsi Chapter, President Paul Senaya; Beach Chapter, President George Asiedu, 22-0155; Effiduasi Chapter, President Kwabena J. Boakyie; Mim Chapter, President K.O. Frimpong-Marfo. **NIGERIA:** Abakpa Nike Chapter, President Ambrose E. Okpala, 4-233-6893; Aba P.H. Road Chapter, President Samuel Ogbonnaya; Ago-Iwoye Chapter, President F. Jola Jegede, 3-739-0134; Ahoada Chapter, President Jonathan I. Temedie, 8-420-0164; Ankpa Ward Chapter, President C.E. Sillo; Ilorin G.R.A. Chapter, President Francis Olatunji, 3-122-1441; Isanlu Chapter, President Emmanuel Owu; Jebba Chapter, President Andrew Abu, 3-140-0156; Katsina Ala Chapter, President Terdo Angbagh; New Haven Chapter, President Uzochukwu Onweluzor; Nkpor Chapter, President Obiora Ezeunwu; Okpo Chapter, President G. Bala Akogwu; Surlere Chapter, President Koye Fajemisin, 61-2204; Ughelli Chapter, President Isaac F. Uduarighe; Umungasi Chapter, President Eugene C.U. Onwuka, 8-222-7099. **PARAGUAY:** Ciudad del Este Chapter, President Jose I.D. Perez, 6-2581. **UNITED STATES: California:** Downey-Firestone Chapter, President Boyse K. Hobgood, 213-920-2985; Filipino LA Chapter, President Florencio Biagan, 213-533-0392. **Oregon:** Forest Grove Chapter, President Zig Ziegler, 503-357-1414.

# INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORS

The international directors listed on these pages give direction to the multifaceted ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in 106 countries of the world. They also provide leadership in achieving the goals of the Fellowship.

Their names and addresses are provided as a point of contact for you to learn when and where chapters meet in your area, or to receive needed spiritual ministry.

They are also a point of contact for those interested in serving Christ through this organization.

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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" (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 \_\_\_\_\_

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*"I want Demos  
to always be  
praying for me."*

*Jorge Serrano came to Christ with only one request of his pastor—to teach him only from the Bible. This has led to a deep daily prayer life which has given him guidance in family life, government service, in exile and as President of the Republic of Guatemala.*

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## **INSIDE CLIFFORD KELLY**

*The outside of Clifford Kelly was pretty obvious—an intellectual college professor, a drunkard, a womanizer, physically sick with a failing liver. But the inside was where his pain and fear really lived—and ruled his life.*

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