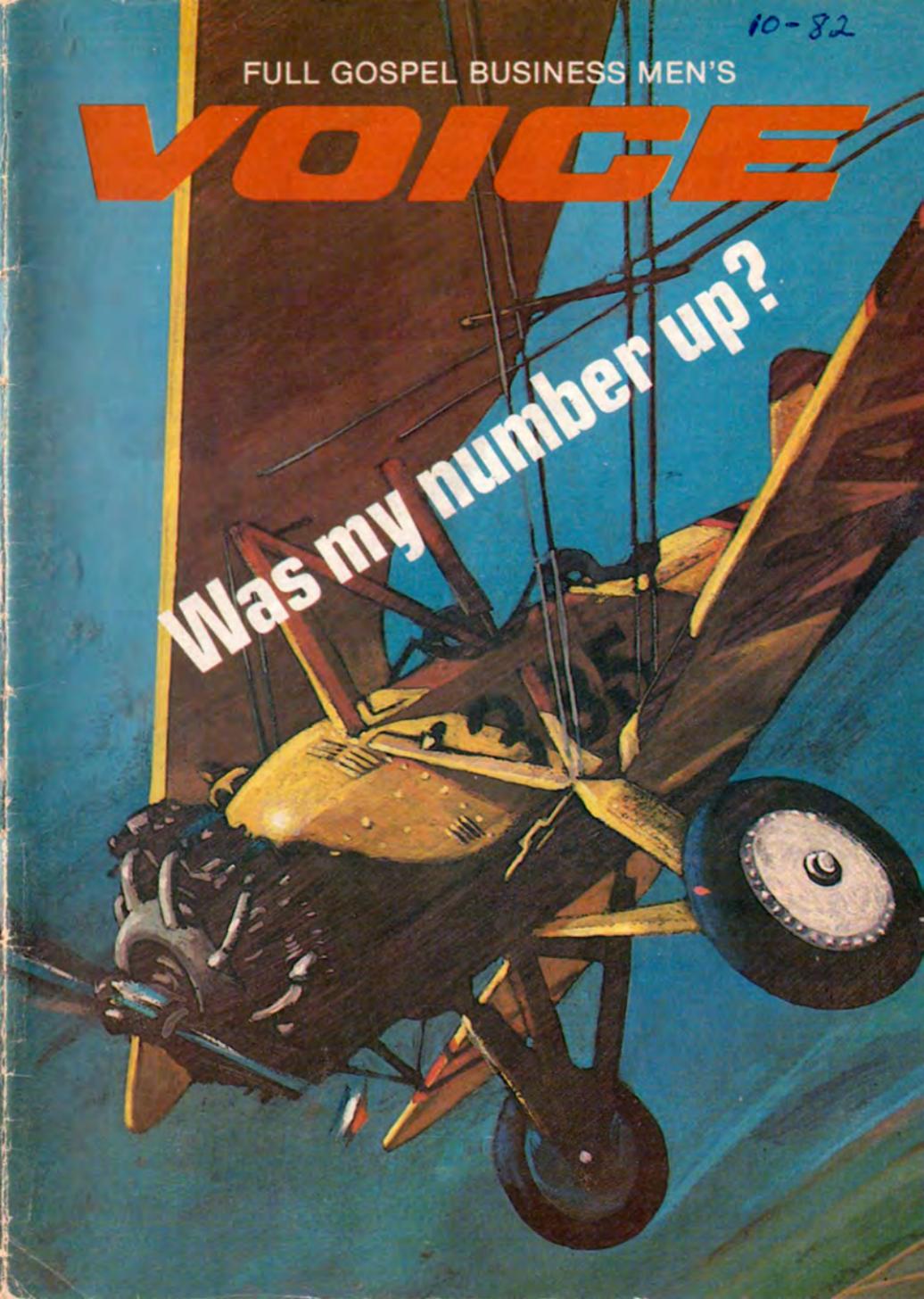


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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

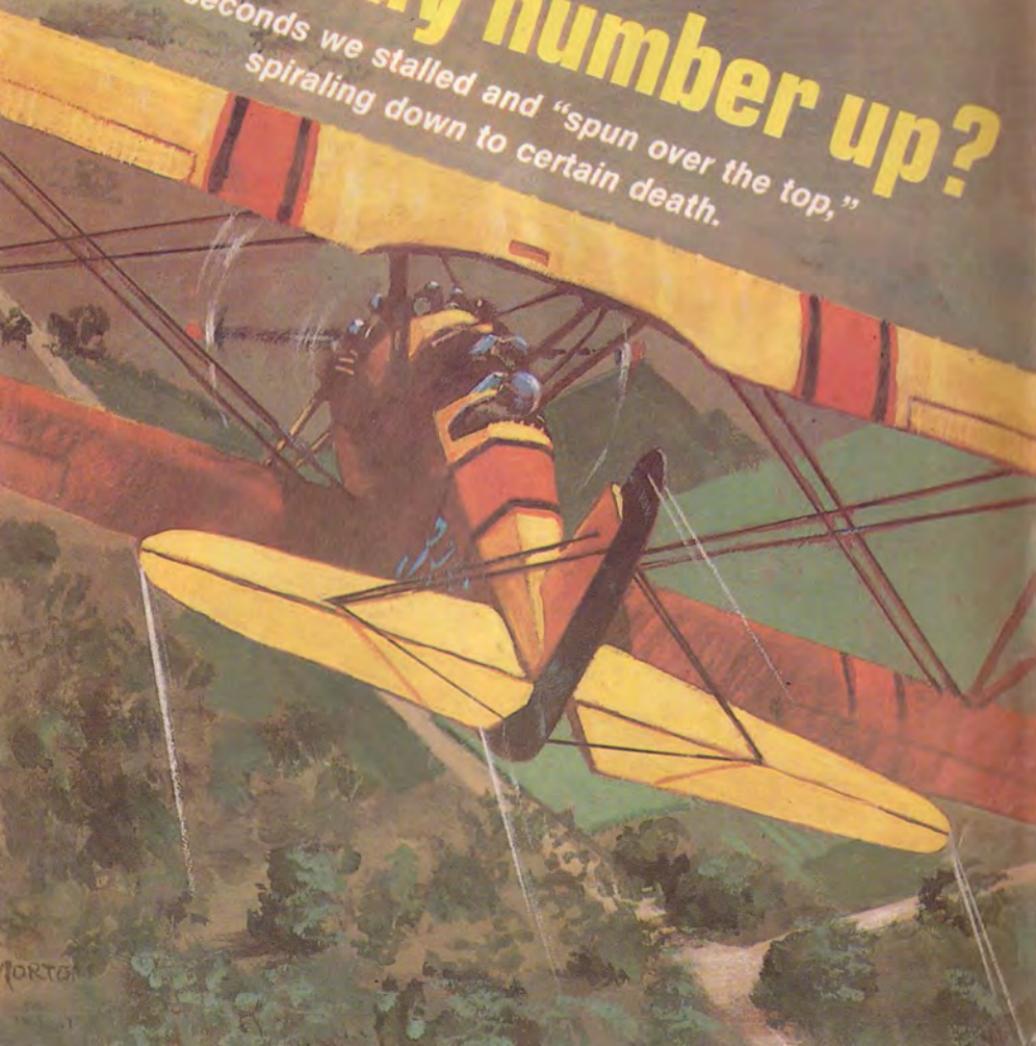
VOICE

Was my number up?



Was my number up?

*In seconds we stalled and "spun over the top,"
spiraling down to certain death.*



I was a 20-year-old Navy cadet at Glenview Naval Air Station, learning to fly the Stearman biplane, notorious for one thing: if you crashed from a spin, you were not badly hurt—you were dead.

I never wore my shoulder harness because I did a lot of acrobatic flying and had to be able to move with freedom in the cockpit. Instead, I tied it in an overhand knot and threw it behind

carrier, and specifically how to “slip to a circle.” I had done it once but the instructor was not satisfied, and impatiently he proceeded to show me again. He miscalculated—the plane stalled and “spun over the top.” In an instant we were spiraling toward certain death. I thought, “We can’t crash. I’m not ready to die.”

A second later we hit the ground, digging a trench four feet deep and



Cadet Stinson, standing by a Stearman biplane trainer

the seat so it wouldn't tangle in the control cables under my feet. But one day as I was preparing to go on a training mission, a little inner voice said, “Put it on.” I laughed to myself and started to put the harness over the seat, but the voice repeated, “Put it on.” I did.

That day I was learning how to maneuver a fighter plane on board a

100 feet long. The plane tumbled over, I unstrapped my harness, and both the instructor and I dropped out of the cockpit without a scratch. A white-faced fireman who had already witnessed one fatal training flight that day came running up, figuring to find two dead fliers, and was astounded to see us standing there. (To show you what a miracle this was, as I told this

story not long ago another pilot of that era came up and shook my hand in amazement, saying he'd never met a man who survived a crash from a spin in a Stearman.)

The night of the crash I had a nightmare in which two forces seemed to be pulling me apart. I awoke, remembered the voice that had warned me to wear my harness, and wondered, "Could that have been God? Impossible! But if it was—thank You, God, for my life."

Seven years later, as a senior aeronautical engineering student, I felt God's touch again. I suffered from a painful cyst which doctors repeatedly told me would cost \$5,000 to fix and a year, face down in bed, to recover from. Finally it occurred to me to call out to the God who had spoken to me in the cockpit that near-fatal day. I awoke the next morning with an unexplainable peace that the problem would be solved.

That same day, out of the blue, a professor interrupted his own lecture to give me the name of a surgeon he thought could help me. I went, and the kindly German doctor did the operation for five dollars, using a unique method which had me back in class three days later.

After graduation I went to work as an experimental test pilot for Cessna.



Bill Stinson

During that time I had countless experiences that should have killed me. A senior vice-president told me once much later, "Bill, you're either the smartest test pilot who ever lived—or the luckiest." He reminded me of one hair-raising situation where an experimental twin-engine Cessna 310 had gone into a vertical climb, totally out of my control.

On takeoff the elevator control had begun moving back and eventually reached full nose-up position, frozen there. Airplanes simply don't fly in that condition. Loss of speed and the inevitable stall and crash were only

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE (ISSN #00428264) is published monthly (with the exception of August, which is combined with the July issue) for \$4.00 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92626, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Second-class postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to VOICE at above address. October 1982 issue.

seconds away. Desperately I tried everything I could think of.

Then I heard a quiet voice—the same inner voice I'd heard before—saying, "Reduce power." And though reducing power was the opposite of what the situation required, I obeyed, realizing there was only a chance in a million we might fly out level.

From that moment, everything—right down to a safe landing—was accomplished using only the throttles.

"I'll never know how you had the presence of mind to reduce power in that situation, Bill," said my friend, "when the natural thing would have been to pour it on." I went into my aw-shucks Gary Cooper act, not telling him about the voice I'd heard. . . . I can't count how many times God spared me, but whenever I had a close call I was still just chalking it up blindly to luck or to being a "hot pilot."

Eventually I got out of test-piloting and went into sales, with phenomenal success. Fifteen years later I was director of marketing for another airplane manufacturer. I was on top of the world—big houses, big cars, plenty of money and liquor. By this time I had a wife and four kids, but I was involved with another woman. I thought I could do anything, get away with anything. Then my life fell apart with a crash. The big houses, big cars, titles, positions, money—all of it was gone. I just shook my fist at the world and said, "I'll be back!" I could not believe my perennial good luck would

ever let me down.

Then my wife Ann attempted suicide with an overdose of pills. She was in intensive care in a deep coma, all vital signs gone, but the full impact didn't hit me until the doctor said, "She's going to die."

As I stood by her bed I mistakenly felt that God was demanding a life. From the depths of my heart I said, "You can take *me*, God, if You'll just give her a total recovery and let her live to raise our children." I took out of my pocket a little book of scriptures I'd found in the waiting room and began reading to her. As I heard words about God flowing from my mouth, I laid my hand on her head, thinking vaguely that somehow these mysterious words would flow into her.

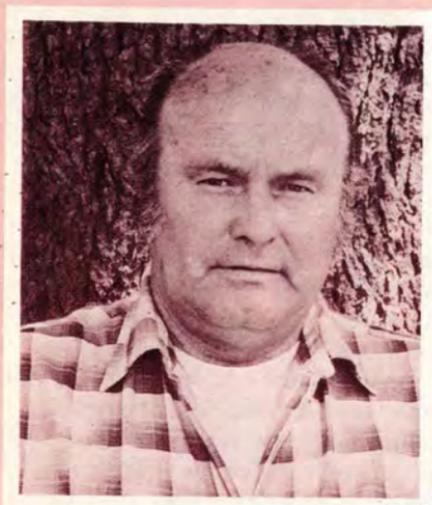
All this time, nurses kept coming in and saying, "Mr. Stinson, she can't hear you." I was there for hours that day, and they all felt sorry for me. Time after time they tried to persuade me to leave. But I couldn't give up.

Ann's doctor had told me that her brain had been deprived of oxygen too long; that if she were kept alive she would be in the coma at least two to three months, and after that would have to be placed in a nursing home. But the very next day she was in recovery, and in one more day she was home, totally healed.

As months passed, I began to feel a loneliness and depression such as I'd never experienced before. My children were becoming alienated from me,

(continued, page 30)

“Nothing Short of Amazing”



J. Wayne Duncan, Beaumont, CA

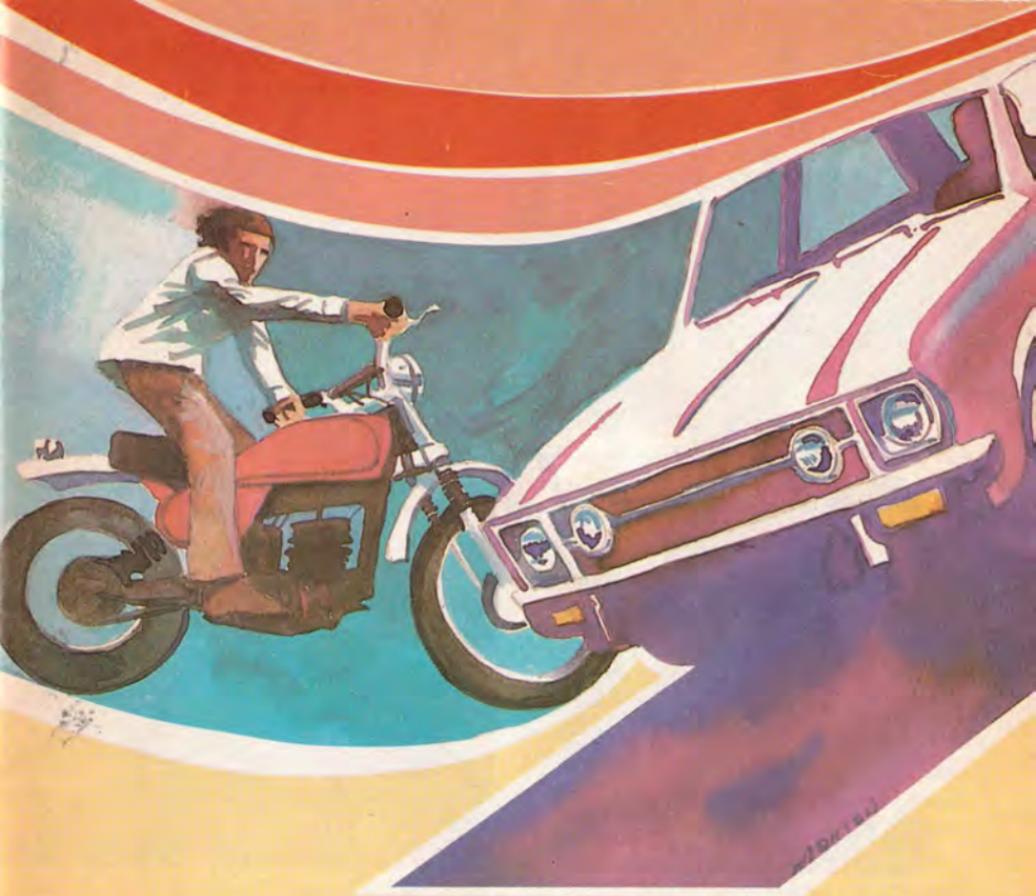
It was a bright spring morning—one of those days when you think nothing can go wrong. I climbed aboard my brand-new motorcycle and told the guys at work that I had to run home to pick up some papers I needed.

Just a few days earlier I had committed my life to the Lord Jesus, and I was looking forward to being baptized that coming Sunday. I guess Satan didn't want that to happen, because as I was going through a busy intersection a car turned left directly into my path.

There was no time to dump the bike. Smashing into the side of the car, I flipped over the hood, turned another somersault on the asphalt, and came to a stop sitting up in the middle of the street.

Immediately I felt hands on my shoulders and heard someone say, "Stay put!" (Your first reaction in such a situation, if you're still conscious, is to get out of the way. Your adrenalin is rushing and even though you're in a slight state of shock your body wants to move.) Again the man told me to lie still, so I did.

Looking myself over, I realized the damage could have been much worse. I could easily have been killed.



***I smashed into the side
and flipped over the hood.***

I hadn't been wearing my helmet as I normally do, but miraculously there were no head injuries. I saw my right leg swelling, and there was a scrape on my left elbow. I believe God intervened to save my life.

At the hospital they determined that my right leg was broken, with several pulled muscles and torn ligaments. They had already phoned my doctor, and when he came into the

examination room he exclaimed, "Oh, no! You didn't ruin my masterpiece, did you?" Just a couple of years earlier Dr. Dombrowski had operated on my left leg to remove some torn cartilage.

After he put my leg in a cast, the doctor said I should plan on a three-month recovery period. But even as a new Christian, I knew that Jesus

(continued, page 38)



ESCAPE FROM UGANDA

...from Idi Amin's bloody regime of terror and death.

Joseph Dodzweit, Anaheim, CA

Death stared me in the face the day I was born. It looked like the first two days of my life could have become possibly the last two. Born in Kenya in 1953, I weighed only a little more than two pounds and the doctor saw absolutely no hope for my survival. In fact, he asked my father to take me home from the hospital so that they might make room for other

patients.

Picking me up from the hospital, my father prayed ardently that somehow God would make it possible for me to live. His first stop was at a Catholic orphanage, but the workers there agreed with the doctor: "The baby will die in a matter of hours."

Then in a last-ditch effort to help me live Dad stopped at the home of a

missionary couple from the U.S. At first the missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Dodzweit, were reluctant, and for good reason. It looked as if I was on the verge of death. Also, during a period of Mau Mau tribal unrest, they didn't want to be accused by the natives of killing a child. However, Mrs. Dodzweit wanted to take me in—and after considering, her husband agreed and they became my parents. She named me “Butch” and prayed that I would live—and I did. I grew up to be a normal and strong man.

In 1962 we moved to Uganda. There God gave my adoptive father a vision to see the Book of Acts fulfilled in its true meaning. During the next 11 years more than 2,000 churches were born in East Africa.

Rescued from the jaws of death, reared with material blessings to sustain me, and having the spiritual influence of my godly parents—these things impressed upon me the idea that God had a definite purpose for my life.

At age 18 I accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour of my life and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Following high school a scholarship from the Air Force Academy was made available, but I felt divinely maneuvered to go to Bible school instead.

It was at this point that my father had a disturbing dream which changed the course of our lives. He saw a tree blossoming forth with bitter fruit. A sense of foreboding moved him to his knees. For six months he asked the churches to pray that God would intervene and help us resist whatever evil attack of the enemy was on its way.

In about six months the suspense ended—a tragic holocaust began to descend on our peaceful nation. The announcement came by television that a dictator named Idi Amin had staged a *coup* and had become head of Uganda's government. That was only the beginning of sorrows. All the churches were closed by government order; missionaries were persecuted

War-torn street scene in Uganda



and killed or they escaped from the country. During this bloody regime it was not uncommon to see the dead swinging from trees, corpses jammed tightly into roadside trenches, and bodies riddled with machine-gun fire.

Dad prayed, asking God for direction. One morning he received definite guidance that he and Mother were to leave the country. They did immediately, and events of the next day proved his premonition to be timely—security police came seeking to arrest him. He was on the regime's death list for that day.

Even though Amin excommunicated the Asians from Uganda, border security was extremely tight, preventing escape of others from the country. It seemed as though, almost every few feet of the highway, soldiers were checking the identity of travelers. The tyrannical regime was determined to kill and destroy whomever it desired.

It was in the midst of this adverse cloud of happenings that I decided to escape by car with a close friend. We started out from Kampala to Torro, about 200 miles away. From there we planned to cross the border into Kenya.

Every 20 miles or so we underwent the grueling experience of stopping for a roadblock. Our trust in God on a moment-by-moment basis kept us going, though the sides of the highway were strewn with bodies, visible reminders that many before us hadn't made it. Added to this, bandits disguised as soldiers looted and killed those on the highway.



Joseph Dodzweit

We finally made it to the last checkpoint. Now we had only to cross the border.

It happens that in the British system of motor vehicles, which is prevalent in Uganda, every car has a logbook. In each logbook there is a number which must correspond with a number imprinted on some part of the vehicle engine. This validates the ownership of the vehicle.

At the very last roadblock a sergeant checked our logbook, then asked us to find the corresponding number on the vehicle itself. We searched our Fiat diligently from 2:00 to 6:00 P.M. but were horrified at being unable to find the number anywhere on the engine. Impatiently the sergeant barked his orders to an assistant: "Put these two men with the group to be shipped to Makendia concentration camp tomorrow."

The very word *Makendia* gave us the shivers. It was rumored that the only people who came out of that

place were carried out in coffins.

My friend pleaded with the sergeant for one more chance to find the number on the car. Reluctantly he agreed, lending us a flashlight to help in the search. All our attempts were futile.

The next morning, along with 40 others, including several women and children, we awaited our fate. When the truck that was to transport us to Makendia did not arrive, the soldiers decided to kill us all. Conversing in Swahili (which I understood), one of the high-ranking officers ordered that they not waste bullets but use knives instead.

We froze with terror. Visions of a knife piercing my body filled my mind. I closed my eyes, feeling unbearably alone—no parents, no friends, no family. With a fervency I had not had before, I prayed. Suddenly peace flooded my inner being and I felt as if Jesus himself was standing to the left of me. With my fear totally dissipated in seconds, I opened my eyes and said, "Go ahead and kill me, I'm not afraid to die!" My declaration hit the commanding officer like a thunderbolt. On his face was an astonishment beyond description.

The soldier closest to us put his knife down and circled our car several times. Seeing a Bible on the back seat, he questioned the two of us as to its contents. We honestly shared the truth. Then, appearing to be totally disgusted, he condescendingly blurted out, "You two just leave right now!" We were on our way.

When we reached the Kenya border, just before permitting us to enter the country the guard requested we produce identity cards. Not having had need of such documents prior to the new regime laws, we were caught totally unaware and flabbergasted.

The Kenyan official interrogated us. "If you are not Kenyans we must return you to Uganda," he threatened.

"Please," I pleaded, "I would rather die than return to Uganda."

At that precise moment an official came in who seemed to recognize me. Questioning me for a few minutes as to my village, tribe, and upbringing, he declared, "I know who you are, you are my long-lost cousin." He vouched for both me and my friend and we crossed the border and escaped into Kenya alive and well.

To this day, I must confess I still do not know the man who claimed to be my long-lost cousin. But God planted him at the right place at the right time.

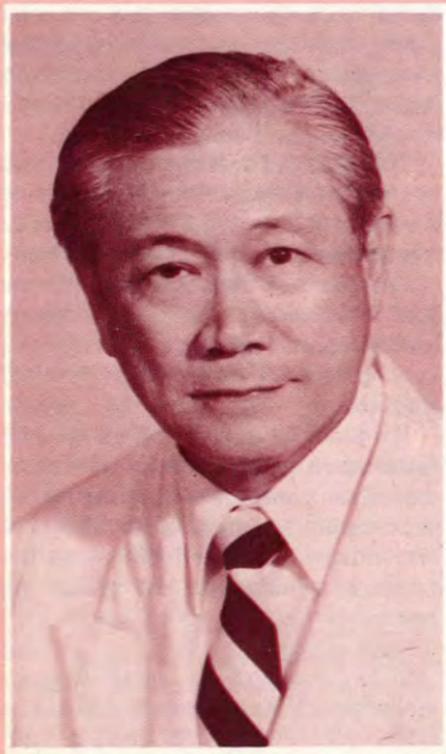
I've learned through experience that the God of the Bible is a refuge and strength to His people. He is a very present help in the time of trouble.

I'm thankful to God for deliverance from death on more than one occasion. Even greater, I'm thankful for the opportunity to enjoy life in the here and now and to lead others to the same knowledge of His preserving power. □

Joseph Dodzweit resides with his wife and son Richard, age one, in southern California. He completed his MA in TV communications at Cal State University in the spring of 1982.

“dead letter” Christian

Khoo Oon Teik, Singapore, Republic of Singapore



Although I was a committed, born-again, Bible-believing Christian for more than 40 years, my experience was as one living in a spiritual desert. At one time I served on more than 20 committees, including the oldest Bible-reading movement active in many countries.

But knowing and believing the Bible and translating it into life and joy are two different things. When you have the first without the second, the Christian experience can be very frustrating indeed.

Since my father was a Methodist pastor, my seven brothers and two sisters and I grew up in a loving, caring atmosphere. In spite of being active in church, we didn't know Jesus as we should have. By age 14 I was already recognized as a leader in the church, but still I had not given my heart to the Lord.

Then a man named Dr. John Sung presented revival meetings in our

church and I saw that I, a sinner, must come to the Lord. When I did go forward to receive Jesus Christ as my Saviour I was filled with great joy.

"This is a tremendous experience that I must share with my brothers," I thought. So, like a drill sergeant, I lined them up in a row and demanded of each one in turn, "Will you receive Christ?"

Of course they resented this kind of browbeating, but if any of my younger brothers dared to oppose me, *bong!* went my fist into his jaw. My father, however, helped me to understand that this kind of muscle evangelism was not what the Lord had in mind.

Our family were zealous workers for the Lord and we all went street preaching and were outspoken in our witness. I was wrapped up in this work all through my school years and in college helped to start a Christian movement on campus. Even after I was married I taught Sunday school and involved myself in church-related activities at a feverish pace. Our lives became a hectic round of meetings and more meetings.

Eventually I reached the top of my profession, becoming professor and chairman of University of Singapore's department of medicine. As our department achieved international distinction I was like the bandleader—furiously orchestrating everything.

Meanwhile, though, I had little time for my family. We continued to identify ourselves as conservative, orthodox, Bible-believing evangelicals. But both my wife and I realized that, for all our orthodoxy, we were not experiencing

the joy which the Gospel promises. Our family life was crowded out, leaving virtually little for ourselves.

Then through a variety of circumstances we were both introduced to the baptism in the Holy Spirit. There was no question in our minds that this was an experience separate from salvation. Our lives radically changed as the Holy Spirit began to show us how to flow with God rather than rushing about doing "His work." I still wanted to accomplish things for God, but the desire was in quite a different vein.

I saw Spirit-filled colleagues (one, my own brother) reaching out to actually change people's lives by the power of the Holy Spirit. There was fruit in their ministries—not "canned fruit" of their own making, but spiritual fruit. I began to want that same kind of fruit.

As I looked around our department I saw that it was attending to minds and bodies of patients without touching their spirits. I began praying with patients as they came to me. It created quite a stir for the head of this prestigious department to be caught in the act of praying for patients.

Before long, God moved in my heart to start my own clinic, where doctors and staff would minister to the total person—body, mind and spirit. This was a tremendous decision to make after devoting 32 years to the university and hospital. But the Lord asked me, "Are you willing to give the remainder of your life to *My* service?"

I couldn't say no, for now I knew the real joy of serving Him while letting

the Holy Spirit do the work. So I started a little clinic dedicated to meeting needs of the entire person. Our staff prays with the patients and we have seen many wonderful results.

Meanwhile, there has been a wonderful blending and healing in our marriage as a result of this new life in the Holy Spirit.

A few years ago my wife suffered a stroke and was unable to use the left side of her body or speak properly. Many prayed for her, the Anglican bishop anointed her, and the Lord miraculously healed her. A computer scan conducted after her healing showed that a part of her brain was still not functioning. According to the scan, her left side should be completely paralyzed. But she has full use of her entire body. A walking miracle,

my wife has testified to her healing many times.

Paul said in II Corinthians 3:6, "... the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

For so many years I had been a "dead-letter" Christian, and like so many orthodox churchgoers today, I had a full schedule but a dryness of heart.

I praise God that He changed that pattern by a gracious move of His Holy Spirit. He has moved me out of the barren desert to His springs of living water. □

Khoon Oon Teik was a Fellow of the Royal Colleges of Edinburgh, Glasgow and Australia and of the American College of Cardiology. He conducts and is in practice at The Hope Clinic in Singapore.

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

CANADA: ONTARIO: Arthur Chapter, Alex Ross (519) 848-3304. **FINLAND: HELSINKI:** Helsinki Chapter, Aulis Pesonen 90320715. **INDONESIA: JAVA:** Jakarta Chapter, Lukas Halim 883-046; **Madiun Chapter**, Jacob Soedibyo (no number); **Semarang Chapter**, Gunawan Laksmana 25591; **Surabaya Chapter**, J.E.L.F. Kalalo (no number). **SUMATRA: Penakbaru Chapter**, M.D.L. Tobing (no number). **SRI LANKA: COLOMBO:** Colombo Chapter, A.K.N. Devapalan 598-855. **KANDY:** Kandy Chapter, T.S. Bongso 082260. **PHILIPPINES: CEBU:** Cebu City Chapter, Antonio Yumang 90735. **LANAO DEL NORTE:** Iligan City Chapter, Philippine FGBMFI Office 770209. **LA UNION: San Fernando Chapter**, Renato Peralta 2883. **METRO MANILA: Greenhills Chapter**, Ronald Remy 705313. **ORIENTAL MISAMIS: Cagayan de Oro Chapter**, Jesus Dingcong (no number). **PANGASINAN: Dasol Chapter**, Philippine FGBMFI Office 770209. **RIZAL: TayTay Chapter**, Dan Tamayo 695-5520. **SOUTH COTABATO: General Santos Chapter**, Philippine FGBMFI Office 770209; **Koronadal Chapter**, Pablo Estandarte (no number). **ZAMBOANGA: Dipolog Chapter**, Nick Sabandal (no number). **UNITED STATES: CALIFORNIA: Bishop Chapter**, Pete Waasdrop (714) 387-2283. **GEORGIA: Cairo Chapter**, Tommy Faircloth (912) 377-2568; **McDonough Chapter**, Thomas R. Dyar (404) 957-5729. **MINNESOTA: Cambridge-Isanti Chapter**, Remi Springer (612) 742-4563; **White Bear Lake Chapter**, Ron Mosher (612) 770-1954; **Winona Chapter**, Thomas A. Schoen (507) 452-8524. **OREGON: Brookings-Harbor Chapter**, Mark Franusich (503) 469-6291. **SOUTH CAROLINA: Lancaster Chapter**, Roy C. Catoe (803) 285-2883. **TEXAS: Van Horn Chapter**, Roger N. Sanders (915) 283-2312.



SINGAPORE Convention

Full Gospel Business Men and friends of the Fellowship converged upon Singapore from at least a dozen nations May 31-June 5 to do battle with Satan for the priceless souls of men.

The largest contingency (363) came from Indonesia. About 50 persons from the United States and Canada participated in an airlift organized by the International.

One could not find a more strategic location for doing battle with Satan than Asia. Only a century and a half ago a jungle-covered marshland with a handful of inhabitants, this nation of 225,000 square miles today has a population of 2.4 million people with more than half its population under 25 years of age.

Singapore has come from a pirate-infested fishing village to a modern city-state called the pearl



1. Singapore skyline. 2. With successful Convention only hours behind them and city skyline at their backs, International Director Khoo Oon Theam and President Demos Shakarian relax on deck and discuss future possibilities for ministry. 3. Convention leaders and speakers participate in service of dedication.

of the Orient. Its temples and mosques are a reminder that only about 10 percent of the population professes to be Christian, and that thousands upon thousands will live and die without Jesus unless they are reached with the Good News.

This awareness, together with a burden for all of Asia, led Khoo Oon Theam and other great laymen from that area to strategize for the Asian Convention and Gospel Rally '82. In great faith, they obtained the 65,000-seat National Stadium from June 2-6 and secured Dr. Yonggi Cho to speak each night, believing that God would give them a harvest of souls.

While they fully expected that the Asian Convention, held daily in conjunction with the rally, would have immediate results, they were confident also that it would have spiritual impact throughout all Asia as participants returned to their own countries with enlarged vision and increased dedication. Though they planned meticulously, the Asian leaders made it clear from the beginning that their dependency was totally upon the Holy Spirit. This was evidenced by an impressive dedication service for speakers and leaders prior to opening of the convention.

The response at the first meeting, held in the Neptune Theater Restaurant, was to portend the tremendous results that would be realized throughout the week. Late into the night, members of the airlift and their Asian brothers ministered to





1. Gospel Rally at National Stadium. 2. Miraculously torrential downpours stop before evening meetings; showers during choir rehearsal give way to "showers of blessing." 3. Airlift members minister to lame woman. 4. Khoo Oon Theam prays for a physical need. 5. Steve and Debbie Shakarian minister to a mother. 6. Demos Shakarian, Sir Lionel Luckhoo (7), and Dr. Yonggi Cho (8), with Chinese interpreter address Gospel Rally of 47,000. 9. FGBMFI leaders pose for photo following strategy session.

spiritual and physical needs. Words and pictures fail to capture the experience of being part of this great move of God. Attendance at stadium meetings increased from 35,000 to 47,000.

The beautiful music, vibrant testimonies and Dr. Cho's dynamic preaching were used by the Holy Spirit to build an expectancy that was not to be disappointed. Each night thousands moved from their stadium seats onto the oval track to stand before the dove-shaped podium. There Full Gospel Business Men and others led people to receive Jesus Christ as

Saviour, assisted them in receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit, prayed for the sick and the infirm. A number of persons testified to healings. They were led to a table where Spirit-filled medical doctors confirmed the validity of their testimony. The experience of one young man gives powerful testimony to God's love and power. The 19-year-old's affliction had been noticed first when he was 12, and had worsened over the last seven years until he was unable to attend school last year. Dr.

Halim, a medical doctor who is president of the FGBMFI chapter in Jakarta, Indonesia, indicated that x-rays and diagnosis had failed to explain fully the severity of the boy's symptoms. He could walk only with great difficulty and severe pain. The young man had determined to come to Singapore to be healed. Accompanied by his parents, he stood in the great crowd of the sick and the



afflicted. When Don Ostrom, a vice-president of the International, laid hands on him and prayed for him the change was remarkable and immediate. He walked down the track, then jumped up and down—a feat that earlier would have given him extreme pain. When he returned to his parents to embrace them after giving his testimony, the joy they expressed was indescribable. Of course, the greatest miracle of all—occurring by the thousands—was that of changed lives. And God is continuing to touch in many lands lives of those who have caught a larger vision, felt a greater burden for the lost, and made a more complete commitment to Christ.

Thousands respond to invitation to let Jesus meet their needs. Among them is 19-year-old youth, shown in series of photos: 1. Prior to a touch from God. 2. Being prayed for. 3. With Dr. Jimmy Howe. 4. Rejoicing with his parents. 5. After giving glory to God; posing with his father and Demos Shakarian. 6. Drs. Jimmy Howe and Don Tredway (7) are among physicians (8) who prayed for the ill and infirm and consulted with those desiring to testify. 9. Through videotaped interviews and messages, additional thousands around the world will feel the spiritual impact of the Convention.



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MUCH YOU
CAN GIVE AT
CHRISTMAS

To bring hope.
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Witness. Fellowship centered
in Jesus Christ.
God is waiting to
share with His
world the reality,
the freeing wonder

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books at \$5.95 . . \$ _____
- Sir Lionel #2004
hardcover books
at \$12.95 \$ _____
- Fire on Azusa Street #2003
books at \$4.50 . . \$ _____
- Prodigal Husband #2000
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- Miracle on the Sepik #2002
books at \$3.95 . . \$ _____
- Amazing John #2005
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- Calif. res. add 6% sales tax \$ _____
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- Total Enclosed \$ _____

Mail books to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(Mail coupon with check or money order to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626. Orders received by November 12, 1982 will be processed in time for your Christmas giving.)

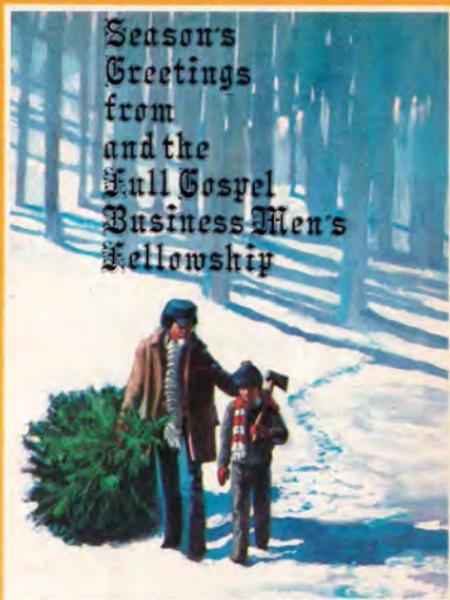
10/82/2801-18-999

Will your 1982 Christmas greeting be remembered two years from now?

Stan Koki remembers his....

Dr. Robert D. Chang, optometrist in Kailua, Hawaii, mailed 100 **Voice** magazines as Christmas greetings to patients and business associates. As a result Stan, a realtor, read the testimonies, attended an FGBMFI regional convention in Honolulu, was saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. Now he is using **Voice** to share Jesus Christ with others.

The December issue of **Voice** has been designed as an attractive seasonal greeting. The contents have been prayerfully planned to enable you to share the Good News with others.



The beautiful cover provides a way to personalize your greeting with your name. Bundled in multiples of 50, copies cost only 20 cents each—less than most greeting cards. The magazine requires no envelope for mailing. Order your **Voice** bundle today to be sure of early delivery.

Please mail _____ copies (multiples of 50 only) at 20¢ = \$ _____, to me at:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Please add special handling fee \$1 for each 50 magazines. California residents add 6% sales tax.) Total amount enclosed, payable to FGBMFI: \$ _____

(Mail to FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.)

Offer expires November 12, 1982.

10/82/2801-18-9999

CONVENTIONS

GREATER CINCINNATI RALLY

October 1—2, 1982

Sheraton-Springdale, Cincinnati
Write: Mr. Louls Lavender
2506 Eastern Ave.
Covington, KY 41014

WICHITA FALLS RALLY

October 1—2, 1982

Wichita Activity Center
Write: Mr. Dan Stanley
P.O. Box 4
Wichita Falls, TX 76307

MONTANA STATE REGIONAL

October 7—9, 1982

The Outlaw Inn, Kalispell
Write: Mr. Don Torgenrud
Dayton, MT 59914

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

October 7—9, 1982

Holiday Inn, Redding
Write: Mr. Clifton Powell
5250 Huntington Dr.
Redding, CA 96001

BRITISH COLUMBIA

INTERIOR REGIONAL

October 13—16, 1982

Kelowna
Write: Mr. Keith Davis
#109-1960 Springfield Rd.
Kelowna, British Columbia
Canada V1Y 5V7

EASTERN OREGON REGION

October 14—16, 1982

Red Lion Motor Inn, at Indian Hills
Write: Mr. Ed Sheets
Rte. 1, Box 12, Dickinson Lane
Hermiston, OR 97838

FIFTH NORTHERN

NEW ENGLAND

October 14—16, 1982

Sheraton Wayfarer Inn, Bedford
Write: Mr. Don Dionne
169 Back River Rd.
Bedford, NH 03102

MINNESOTA STATE REGIONAL

October 14—16, 1982

Sheraton Park Place Hotel
Minneapolis
Write: Mr. Lee Nystrom
6106 Excelsior Blvd.
Minneapolis, MN 55416

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA REGIONAL

October 22—23, 1982

Holiday Inn, Kensington
Write: Mr. Tom Stiller
c/o Western Pennsylvania FGBMFI
Box 381
Natrona Heights, PA 15065

AMARILLO-GOLDEN SPREAD RALLY

October 28—30, 1982

Quality Inn, Amarillo
Write: Mr. Ray Cartwright
5114 Oregon, Amarillo, TX 79109

EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA REGIONAL

October 28—30, 1982

Royal Villa, Raleigh
Write: Mr. Dick Morgan
P.O. Box 18343
Raleigh, NC 27619

NASHVILLE CENTRAL SOUTH REGIONAL

October 28—30, 1982

Hilton Airport Inn
Write: Mr. Hoyt Elliott
P.O. Box 24096
Nashville, TN 37202

WISCONSIN REGIONAL

October 28—30, 1982

Ramada Sands Motel, Milwaukee
Write: FGBMFI, Box 20741
Milwaukee, WI 53220

SASKATCHEWAN MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

October 29—31, 1982

Saskatoon
Write: Mr. Ron Redpath
Box 813, Moose Jaw
Saskatchewan, Canada S6H 4P5

VANCOUVER ISLAND RALLY

November 5—6, 1982

Nanaimo, Canada
Write: FGBMFI
6700 Finch Ave. W. 900
Rexdale, Ontario
Canada M9W 5P5

INLAND EMPIRE MIXED SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

November 5—7, 1982

Pinelov Camp, Loon Lake
Washington
Write: Mr. L.L. Fletcher
P.O. Box 13468
Spokane, WA 99213

6TH ANNUAL CANADIAN NATIONAL

November 10—13, 1982

Toronto
Write: Mr. Jim Hatton
6700 Finch Ave. W. 900
Rexdale, Ontario
Canada M9W 5P5

TEXAS COUPLES ADVANCE

November 12—14, 1982

Lakeview Methodist Assembly
Palestine
Write: Mr. Ben McCreary
3710 Millbridge Dr.
Houston, TX 77059

LAKE OF THE OZARKS REGIONAL

November 17—20, 1982

Lodge of the Four Seasons
Write: Mr. Bob Engle
P.O. Box 54
Shelbyville, MO 63469

SAN DIEGO REGIONAL

November 18—20, 1982

Holiday Inn at the Embarcadero
Write: Mr. Cyril Houlihan
8712 N. Magnolia, #245
Santee, CA 92071

OKI REGIONAL

November 24-27, 1982

Miamisburg, Ohio
Write: Mr. Jerry Wagner
445 Lexington Rd.
Eaton, OH 45320

PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGIONAL

November 25—27, 1982

Sea-Tac Red Lion Motel, Seattle
Write: Mr. Byron Nelson
Box 5040, Kent, WA 98031

NEW YORK REGIONAL

November 25—27, 1982

New York Statler
Write: Mr. Frank Paledino
260-65th St., 6K
Brooklyn, NY 11220

SALT LAKE CITY

November 26—28, 1982

Hilton Hotel
Write: Mr. Victor Martinez
6833 Village Green Rd.
Salt Lake City, UT 84121

PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

January 5—9, 1983

Hyatt Regency
Write: Mr. William Pyatt
4415 West Watson Lane
Phoenix, AZ 85306

1983 HAWAII REGIONAL

January 12—15, 1983

Pacific Beach Hotel, Honolulu
Write: Mr. John Witwer
765 Amana St., Ste. 208
Honolulu, HI 96814

30TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

July 5—9, 1983

Detroit, Michigan
Write: Mr. Dave Byram
World Convention Coordinator
P.O. Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92627

UPDATE!



Harris with Sumner County Sheriff John Wylie

TRUE FREEDOM FOR PRISONERS

Seven years ago Stan Cornelson, chapter vice-president, Wellington, Kansas, formed a visitation team to the local prison with Dick Waln, chapter president, and Percy Harris, another chapter vice-president. At the request of the local ministerial alliance, they conducted regular services each month. Results were extremely positive, and as one member of the prison staff testified, "Prisoners are giving us less trouble with fights since you started talking to them."

Today Percy Harris is chaplain of Sumner County Jail in Wellington. He explains, "We tell the men in jail that we are not there to try to get them out. It is our

goal to help them to know the Lord and to find a better way of life so they can stay out once they are released. Bibles are given those desiring them."

After a recent trip to the jail, Harris reported, "We told them about Jesus and His love. Before we left we asked them if they would like to receive Jesus as their Saviour. Three of the men dropped to their knees. Two of them confessed Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour of their lives. The third did not verbalize a decision, but was still weeping when we left the jail. Obviously the seed had been planted."

As jail chaplain, Harris is now on call to counsel suicide victims, prisoners and their families. From personal experience, he highly recommends that other chapters start jail ministries. "They're badly needed," he affirms, adding, "one soul is worth all the time and effort it takes."

YELLOW PAGES DO THE TALKING

In a four-month period before publication of the telephone company's newest Yellow Pages for North San Diego County, California, Ken Clarke, FGBMFI field representative, received 15 calls from persons all over the United States inquiring about the Fellowship. Callers asked about chapter meetings in the area, the nearest Spirit-filled church, and *Voice* subscriptions.

As a result, the new directory carries a FGBMFI listing.

One man who used it to reach Clarke is now a chapter president.

It pays to advertise—especially when it promotes the gospel of Jesus Christ.

THE YOUNG AND THE INVOLVED

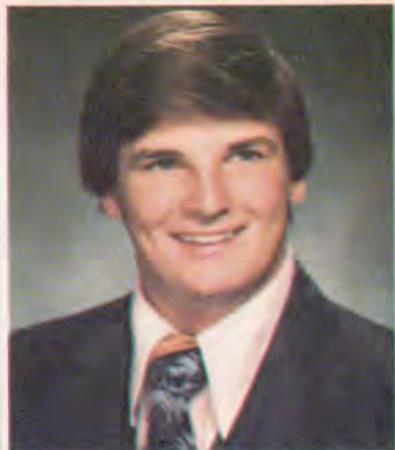
The Fellowship appeals to men of all ages—young, old and in-between.

It was recently brought to the attention of the FGBMFI office that Bryan Fike, at 17, is publicity director of his chapter in Port Charlotte, Florida, and shares his ministry in song at churches and at Fellowship groups.

Brian could possibly be one of the youngest chapter officers on record.

Interestingly enough, his spiritual heritage involves his own father, Bob Fike, who has for many years also been a member of the Fellowship. Both father and son enjoy doing the Lord's work.

It's always exciting when the "torch of faith" is passed on from one generation to the next so that the light of the Word shines with a continuing brilliance.



FAIRGROUNDS OUTREACH

Cool water and a place to rest—that's the fulfillment of the heart's desire for weary visitors at the fairgrounds each summer. In response to such a basic human need as this, the FGBMFI Gateway chapter of St. Louis, Missouri decided to set the stage for a visible witness for Jesus Christ.

A lot 40'x100' with a 20'x40' tent was acquired and the opportunity for men to come to the fair and witness was publicized. Commencing at nine o'clock each morning, August 20-30, literally thou-

sands of people stopped by the FGBMFI display and received *Voice* magazines being distributed to passersby.

An added punchline to this evangelism thrust was the message imprinted on the men's vests, which read, "Ask Me About FGBMFI."

These efforts paid off with results of eternal value. Three people received Jesus and were baptized in the Holy Spirit. Four others requested prayer for healing, and God performed miracles. More than 12,000 copies of *Voice* were distributed and 8,000 cups of cold water were served to thirsty people.





“Hell’s Prized Possessions”

Lt. Joe Sicilia, Salvation Army, Omaha, NE



Happy 17th birthday, Shinsky,” said the turnkey as she locked me in. (Shinsky is my nickname.)

“Sure. Real happy.” I elbowed my way through the maze of about 20 guys crammed into the room, waiting to be transported to St. Charles Reformatory. I found an empty bed, slumped into it, swallowed hard and vowed to myself, “Nobody’ll ever catch *me* crying!”

I’m not sure when I first learned that tough kids don’t cry. It may have been when I was expelled for picking a lock at our Catholic grade school and shooting out the convent windows. By the time I finally got kicked

out my parents' divorce was final, but I didn't cry about that, either. I just left home. I was seven years old.

At first I stayed in homes of friends, but pretty soon the street—and sometimes abandoned cars or the stainless steel tanks used to haul Staley syrup—became home.

I drifted into carnival life and learned all the con games . . . and some other things, too, such as smoking and doing dope. After several years somebody came along and decided I should be in school, so I ended up in a public junior high. It wasn't long before I had organized a gang of about 150 kids called "Hell's Prized Possessions." I was sure God didn't want us, so we might as well aim for hell.

We started looting cigarettes from gas stations and selling them at school. Before long we were doing stickups and breaking and entering liquor stores. By the time I hit high school I got tied up with a syndicate dealing in stolen cars and drugs. As a high school sophomore I made a profit of two to four thousand dollars a month selling drugs.

A bunch of kids in our high school had a Bible study group, and one of our gang's favorite entertainments was sticking the heads of these "Jesus freaks" in toilet bowls and tearing up their Bibles.

I'd picked up several short jail sentences along the way, but I always managed to con my way out of anything more than that. Then came the night I got picked up on the way to a gang fight and was charged with 12 offenses, including stolen car,

possession of firearms, driving while intoxicated, possession of stolen state property, and dealing in drugs.

By this time the judge was tired of seeing me, so he said, "I'm sentencing you to St. Charles Correction Center until you are 21." I'd heard about St. Charles. It was a real tough place—the worst. Something in my chest seemed to split open, like a bleeding wound. But there were no tears.

Now here I was, "celebrating" my 17th birthday in a jail cell with wall-to-wall people, yet I had never been more alone in my life. Then into the cell walked a man in a red-and-white polka-dotted shirt with a big cross hanging around his neck.

"Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" he said. I groaned. Then he looked straight at me and said, "Hey, kid, you want to go home with me?"

This guy must be a real nut, I thought, but anything would be better than St. Charles. "Sure, if you can get me out of here, let's go, man!"

Bill Kropp had five kids of his own and two other foster kids, the day he came dragging me home. As we walked in, Bill said, "This is Shinsky. He lives here." Mrs. Kropp, who had had no advance warning, gave me a big hug; the other kids said, "Hi, brother"; and Bill started telling me the family rules and giving me my household assignments. All of a sudden, I *belonged!* I couldn't believe it.

But a couple of days later the old con in me started coming out. It was Illinois State Fair time, so I asked Bill if I could get a job there "to help with expenses." What I really had in mind



**What was happening to me?
What had drawn me to this tent?**

was finding some of my old buddies and skipping out of state. Bill smiled and said, "Sure. Go ahead." *This guy was going to be a pushover.*

During the first three days of the fair my old friend Lyle and I took dope—a lot of it. But something was different. I wasn't getting my usual high. I couldn't understand it. On the fourth day we couldn't find any drugs. Frustrated, I ran back to the Kropp house. Finding nobody home, I flopped down on the couch and tried to figure out what was happening to me. Then in a moment of absolute clarity I heard a voice—not an audible voice, but a very real one. It asked me two questions: "Who are you?" and "What are you going to be?"

Now, I'd been doing dope for 10 years but had never heard voices. It scared me to death, but somehow I knew this voice had nothing to do with drugs. Afraid to be alone, I ran back to the fairgrounds and stood by the fountains. Then I noticed a huge

tent, with *FGBMFI* on it. I didn't know what that was and I didn't care. I only knew I didn't want to be alone, and this tent was full of people. I went in and sat down in the back row.

A group was up in front singing gospel songs, and when they finished some man got up and started giving his testimony. The tent was so crowded I couldn't see him, but I could hear what he said. He told about being an alcoholic, stealing cars for the syndicate and doing prison terms. *Man, I thought, that sounds like me up there!* I stood up and peered over all those heads, and what I saw almost knocked the breath out of me. The speaker was Bill Kropp. He had on a Salvation Army uniform. I'd never even thought to ask Bill what he did for a living. I never dreamed he'd be at the fair. *What was happening to me? What had drawn me to this tent?* I started to go to pieces.

Then I spotted an old carny friend at the meeting who had done a prison

term but was now driving a Bible-school bus. I grabbed him and begged, "Harvey, will you pray with me?" When he saw I meant it, Harvey took me outside. We got only about 50 feet from the tent when I fell on my knees in the grass. A huge knot of accumulated pain and rejection and guilt seemed to break loose inside of me and I did something I hadn't done for more than 10 years. I cried. Then from somewhere deep inside of me, words started breaking through between sobs.

"I'm sorry, Lord. You carried that great big heavy cross and wore those thorns on Your head and walked up that big hill, and You hung on that cross. And You did it for me—Shinsky. I'm sorry, Lord. Oh, I'm so sorry." I lay there with my head in Harvey's lap and all I could do was sob. And suddenly I knew that, no matter how much of a Barney-bad-guy I thought I was, the Lord was able to carry all of my sins.

I looked up then and saw that there were 40 to 50 people kneeling outside that tent, praying for me. People from my past, who had since found the Lord, came up and hugged me. Tough guys like me . . . who were crying like me.

Now I knew why Bill had let me go to the fair, even though he knew I'd skip if I got the chance. He was praying for me and he believed his prayers would be answered. Now I knew why I hadn't even been able to get high and why I'd been drawn to that tent. I was under conviction because all those people were praying for me.

Someone said, "Give me your pipe." I handed it over and have never smoked again. Someone else gave me a Bible verse that helped me to quit smoking, drinking and drugs, cold turkey, with absolutely no withdrawal symptoms.

It's Matthew 18:18: "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." That verse has been my life line again and again. When I asked God to bind my sinful nature, it was immediately bound in heaven and no longer had any influence over me. Then I loosed my spirit to Him. God took it, then gave it back to me, fresh and clean and infused with His Holy Spirit.

This all happened on the fourth day of the fair. The other six days I spent in evangelizing my friends. Then I went back to school, and later under Bill's guidance I started teaching the Bible-study group my gang used to torment.

When the Lord asks me, "Who are you and what are you going to be?" I answer, "I'm a child of the King, and I want to be His best." I know I'm still a sinner. I've still got lots of faults, but I've also got a Saviour who loves me, and His promise in Matthew 18:18 that will hold me up if I start to fall.

And every day I thank God for the trusting prayers of a man named Bill. □

Eleven years later, Joe ("Shinsky") Sicilia is an officer in the Salvation Army, teaching alcoholics and drug addicts about Jesus Christ. He and wife Susan have a two-year-old son and new baby.

MY NUMBER

(continued from page 5)

and the harder I tried to win them back, the further they were driven from me. Eventually the day came when I loaded my .38 with hollow-point bullets and got ready to use it on myself.

But as I started to raise the gun to my head the thought came to me: "I wonder what God thinks about suicide? What does He do with people who kill themselves?" The fear of God, a real God who had a purpose for lives, at that moment literally stopped me from going ahead with my plan.

About this time my sister Betty came to visit and persuaded me to attend a Baptist church. I envisioned a little box-like place filled with stiff-necked hypocrites. Instead I found a beautiful, bright building where everyone seemed friendly and sincerely happy. And when the pastor preached, it seemed he'd created the sermon just for me.

He talked of how Jesus might have felt as He waited in jail. He'd been hailed as a king the day before and now He was a criminal. I related to that. I'd been a leader in my profession just months ago, and now was as low as I could get.

"Perhaps Jesus even felt depression," the pastor surmised, and I thought of my own near-suicide. "But God loves you," he continued. "No matter who you are, no matter what you've done—God loves you," he said.

"There may be businessmen here who were once leaders, but have fallen. But God loves you, no matter what." I envisioned myself at the bottom of a sandpit, grappling in vain to get out. Then I heard him say, "You may have found yourself in a deep pit, unable to get free. There's only one way out: take a stand for God."

Right then, I heard God say, "Stinson, have you had enough? You've always done things your own way and you've lost everything. Now are you ready to try it My way?" I said yes in my heart and tears rolled off my chin as I ran for the altar. Kneeling there weeping, I felt the weight of the world lift from my shoulders.

Weeks later as I was talking to someone in the church about the pastor's sermon, they said incredulously, "Bill, Pastor didn't preach anything of the sort!" I got a tape of the morning's sermon and was astonished to discover that not one word of it was as I recalled. I double-checked to make sure I had the right tape from the right week. There was no error. Jesus had apparently preached a sermon just for me, a sermon that only I heard.

But it was the same sermon He'd been preaching to me for years, even before I clearly understood: "God loves you. No matter who you are, no matter what you've done, God loves you." □

Bill Stinson attends First Assembly of God Church in Chula Vista and has a very effective singles ministry in addition to serving as president of San Diego South Bay FGBMFI chapter.

PONY EXPRESS



Among those waiting at Pony Express Monument in Sacramento for conclusion of Voice pony express ride were (left to right): Jim Coffaro; Charles J. Fry, field representative; Leland Warner, father of rider; Enoch Christoffersen; Norman Frost; Chuck Sutton; Ron Svenhard; Demos Shakarian; Rick, rider who completed first and last leg of the trip; and Chuck's son Chip. With exception of those identified otherwise, above-named are international directors of FGBMFI.

A lonely rider galloped into the sunset as he left the Pony Express Stables, St. Joseph, Missouri, April 10 and headed toward Hiawatha, Kansas. Rick Warner had just left the kickoff *Voice* rally at the Patee House, a hotel dining room where pony express riders ate in 1860. Rick and other riders traced much the same trail as mail carriers had taken 122 years earlier.

Instead of carrying mail, Rick left St. Joseph with the saddlebags filled with *Voice* magazines and three Bibles—one for the president of the United States, another for Demos Shakarian, FGBMFI president, and the third for Dr. Nelson Melvin, senior editor of *Voice* magazine.

Inspiration for the *Voice* trail ride had begun with Sutton, a housemover who moved Jesse James' home and who is founding president of FGBMFI Pony Express Headquarters chapter. The imaginative idea caught fire and became a reality through cooperation of officers and chapters across the western states. Starting event was a free trail supper. Other *Voice* rallies were held in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Nevada, and California, for a total of 16.

A fivefold purpose governed the project: (1) to extend outreach of *Voice* magazine; (2) to promote *Voice* rallies along the route; (3) to introduce FGBMFI and *Voice* to the general public and to the church; (4) to provide encouragement and inspiration to chapter officers and members; and (5) most important of all, to reach the lost for Christ.

A sellout crowd filled the hotel banquet hall for the trail-end *Voice* rally July 1. Chuck Sutton and Rick related numerous blessings they had received, together with spiritual victories along the route. Close to 100 people came forward for ministry when Demos Shakarian concluded his message.

While the *Voice* trailride has ended, Chuck Sutton believes that results will continue month after month as each person who subscribes for 50 copies of *Voice* a month shares them with men and women who need Jesus. □

Close Calls of Another Kind

Woody Clark, Pendleton, OR

I had climbed a ladder to get to the top of the bin at the sawmill where I hauled sawdust and wood. Sawdust had piled high and stuck on the sides, so I had taken a long pole to poke it loose. Not quite able to reach, I stood on one side of the pile and *whoosh*, it caved in under my weight. Soundlessly I sank to the bottom. Then the other side caved in. I tried to yell for help, but couldn't open my mouth—in fact, I couldn't even breathe.

How long I was in there, suffocating and expecting to die, I don't know. As my panic subsided I wiggled my toes and found that I could move my legs a little, too. I inched my way down toward a chute at the bottom of the bin, where the sawdust was loaded onto trucks. Suddenly I was falling through and tumbling out onto the back of a truckload. I bounced to the ground, spitting out sawdust.

I was 20 years old and thought how lucky I was to be alive.

At age five I had had pneumonia and in those days there were no antibiotics. Most children or elderly people died who had it as bad as I did. I kept getting worse, until at last I could barely breathe and the doctor told my parents that I had only about



another half hour to live. My dad got down on his knees.

"Lord," he prayed, "if this boy is going to grow up to serve You, heal him now. If not, take him now. Please don't let him suffer."

To the doctor's amazement, I was healed right then and there. My dad and mother told me that story again and again, and I grew up knowing that Jesus had healed me. All the same, when I was 14 I quit going to church and to school and started to work.

Ambitious, I worked 10, sometimes 20 hours a day, seven days a week and 365 days a year. The years went by and I worked and worked, and still I didn't have two nickels to rub together.

When I was 16 and working on a cattle ranch, one of the cows used my face for a punching bag. It was my job to stick the tongs in the cow's nose and hold her while they vaccinated her. This cow wasn't going to have any part of that. She raised her head and knocked me for a loop, mashing my face in. They took me to an old rundown hotel, where the doctors rearranged my nose to the best of their ability. In that emergency situation it was a makeshift job, and I'm still wearing that battered old face.

Another time I was riding a motorcycle 100 miles an hour when I ran into a car head-on. It isn't possible to live after an accident like that—but I had praying parents. I pulled through, but for many years one leg was shorter than the other and I had a bad back problem.

I was 25 when I got married. We had two children in two years and I was still working seven days a week without saving a penny. We were so poor someone would have had to give me \$10,000 in order to be broke. We moved to Pendleton, Oregon so that I could take a job hauling logs. But no matter how hard I worked, I just



Woody Clark

couldn't make enough money.

One night I came home late and woke my wife Julie to talk to her. A strange thing was bothering me. Our oldest son was nearly five and we weren't taking him to church. I don't know why I cared, but I did.

"Woody," my wife said, "I've been taking the kids to church on Sunday while you were working."

That hit me hard. I didn't even know my own family was going to church! After that I quit working Sundays to set a better example and started attending church with them. It occurred



God's blessing upon Woody Clark's business is graphically illustrated in the contrast between its beginning (upper left photo) in 1965 and the present establishment.

to me that if I was going to sit there every week I ought to pay my way, so I started putting a little bit in the offering. I wasn't a Christian, but something funny happened. God started blessing me financially.

I became a successful salesman for International Harvester Company and flew all over the country selling trucks. In 1960 I got into my own truck dealership, which we still have and which God continued to bless. In 1967 we started a second business, distributing snowmobiles, which became a very successful enterprise.

My bookkeeper couldn't understand it, either: every year for five years the business doubled. Then in 1972 I sold the snowmobile business, and the following year the bottom fell

out of that industry. God had His hand on me.

I kept trying to pay God back and He kept blessing us more and more. We soon found out that you just can't outgive God.

During these years I drove myself relentlessly. I was still determined to have lots of money, thinking it was the answer to my problems. So it was easy to fall into the habit of having a few drinks at night to unwind from the pressure of the day. I became a pretty heavy drinker and kept myself going during the day with endless cigars.

By 1975 I realized that I needed to quit drinking, but it was too late—I couldn't quit. I had finally achieved financial freedom, but I was hooked on booze. I attended mass each morn-

ing trying to be a good person; still I couldn't stop drinking. I knew it was hard on my family.

One day a neighbor who belonged to our church asked me to go to breakfast with him. (We had never been particularly friendly and I thought it was a little strange.) He said it was a group called Full Gospel Business Men. The "business" part caught my attention, so I went and was surprised to see nine other people there whom I knew. But when they started to pray I asked myself what I was doing there with all these *good* guys.

Although I felt uncomfortable, I managed to survive the meeting and before I got out of there I had a copy of *Voice* magazine and two tapes by Father Bertolucci and Father McNutt. Hearing these Spirit-filled Catholic men encouraged me to attend another FGBMFI breakfast. . . . Then I found myself at a convention in Seattle, Washington.

I had gone a little reluctantly, not having any idea what to expect. Arriving at the Olympic Hotel the day after Thanksgiving, we went right to the ballroom where 1,100 people were already gathered.

Looking around, I saw two Catholic priests sitting at one of the tables and, across the room, three nuns sitting together. I didn't feel so alien then. But it turned out that the people at that convention weren't all Catholic—every denomination I had ever heard of was there. And nobody had any hangup about it. It seemed like a little bit of heaven, the way everybody

loved everybody else.

Then one businessman after another got up and told what Jesus had done in his life, all of them so excited and happy. I told myself I had to have whatever it was they had. That night I asked Jesus to come into my life and to be *Lord* of my life. Suddenly I felt a peace and joy and love that I had never had before. My eyes turned into two faucets as the tears flowed—tears not of sorrow but of joy.

My father had prayed for me as long as he had lived and my mother was still praying for me. At last their prayers were being answered.

At another meeting of the convention I received a grand infilling of the Holy Spirit. A week later I realized I had no desire for alcohol and cigars.

Back at home one day, a Christian friend stopped by, saw that I was in pain, laid hands on me and prayed for a healing of my back. The Lord instantly delivered me of the pain and lengthened my shorter leg. I couldn't believe it at first, but when I went to get a new pair of pants I saw that both legs fit without having to have one of the pant legs shortened.

I thank God for faithful parents who prayed for nearly 50 years that I would be saved. And I praise Him that He had the love and patience to see me through all my accidents and alcoholism, and that He can still love me. Even me! □

E.M. ("Woody") Clark is owner of Woodpecker Truck and Equipment, Inc., Pendleton, Oregon, largest heavy truck dealership in the Northwest.

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

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

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

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

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

HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to: Chapter Department, FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

NOTHING SHORT OF AMAZING

(continued from page 7)

promised in Mark 16:18, "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." He also said in Mark 11:24, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

So when I got home my wife and I called our pastor. Together we laid hands on my broken leg and asked God for complete healing.

Two days after that I went to Dr. Dombrowski and asked him to remove the cast. He chuckled and reminded me that I had another 88 days to go. I told him I believed God had healed the leg, and he asked if I could bear any weight on it. When I responded that I sure could, he agreed to put my leg in a simple straight cast and told me to come back in a week for another checkup.

All during the following week I kept my faith renewed by prayer and the word of God, thanking the Lord for healing my leg in fulfillment of His promises.

Eleven days after my accident, I returned to the doctor for a checkup and x-rays as instructed. Dr. Dombrowski studied the new x-rays with surprise and exclaimed, "Where did it go?"

The films showed no sign of a break in my right leg.

"Did you know these x-rays would turn out this way?" the doctor asked.

"Sure," I replied. "I told you God healed my leg a week ago."

Dr. Dombrowski had them take three more x-rays for good measure. He again examined the evidence and shook his head.

"I see it, but I don't believe it," he sighed. "Please use your crutches for a while, though, Joe, and when you get home soak your leg in warm water. Move it around, and if you have any pain at all, call me immediately."

When I arrived home I took off the cast (which the doctor had already cut and taped), enjoyed a nice hot shower, and went out to dinner with my wife. I left the crutches at home—and kept a sharp eye out for the doctor.

When he found out what I'd done Dr. Dombrowski didn't scold me. Instead he wrote a letter confirming my astounding recovery.

"The patient was allowed to begin weight-bearing and has absolutely no pain or problems of any sort," he stated in his letter. "This result is totally unexpected and is *nothing short of amazing*."

By the way, in spite of Satan's interference, I have been baptized. And today I know without question that I serve a God who is truly amazing in His love for us. □

Wayne Duncan is a heavy equipment operator. He and wife Cathy have four sons and one daughter.

If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through Voice, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision right now:

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

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

Volume 30 Number 9
October 1982

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