

Full Gospel Business Men's

04-87

VOICE



OSCAR
WINNER
AL KASHA

Two-time Oscar winner Al Kasha seemingly had it all. Fame, fortune and a loving family. But suddenly, without warning, he found himself unable to venture out of his house for business meetings, or for other important engagements. Agoraphobia—a paralyzing fear of being in open, public places, threatened his very existence. Almost without warning, his career, his family and his personal life began falling apart. Finally, out of desperation, he cried out to a God he barely knew.



FAME, FORTUNE AND *Fear*

Al Kasha / Beverly Hills, California

Voice magazine recently interviewed Al Kasha at his home in Beverly Hills, California. Below are excerpts from that interview:

I was born in Brooklyn, New York to a poor Jewish couple. My Polish father was a barber and my mother operated a beauty parlor and kept the books. I had an older brother named Larry and we all lived over the shop.

I was an abused child. My father who was a violent alcoholic, would whip my mother, brother and myself. The only thing that saved my sanity during that time was God had given me the gift of music. We lived across the street from the old Vitagraph Studios, which was the old Warner Brothers movie studio. Later, it became NBC Studios. Being so close to the Vitagraph Studio, my father would give haircuts to many of those who

worked in the studios and I would often sing in my father's barber shop. One day Mr. Daily, who worked at Warner Brothers and WOR Radio in New York, heard me sing, and he told my mom to give me lessons. We couldn't afford lessons, but my Uncle Herman offered financial help and I started taking singing and piano lessons.

When I was 7 years old, I appeared on Broadway with Ethel Merman in the stage production of "Annie Get Your Gun." At night, I found myself applauded by theater audiences, then during the day, my father would beat me up, and at times, lock me in the closet. He was very jealous of any accomplishment by either my brother or myself, but I didn't understand that then.

My brother Larry became a successful theater producer. He produced and won a Tony for "Applause", he also did "Woman of the Year", and "She Loves Me." We did "Seven Brides For Seven Brothers" together.

One day while in my late teens, my father, in a drunken stupor, beat me so bad I had to leave home. I moved in with my older brother. He didn't really like that because he had finally gotten out of the

house, and he didn't want anyone around that reminded him of that environment. However, I didn't stay long, and after that I just lived from one house to another for quite awhile.

During the early part of my life, I had an eating problem. I was so unhappy, I used to binge on food like crazy. I am about 5 foot 10 inches tall, and yet I weighed 220 pounds by the time I was 15 years old. So I have compassion for people who have a weight problem. I was eating compulsively without even realizing it. I felt it was the only thing I deserved, and the only thing that would make me happy.

At age 19, I started going uptown to the Brill Building. This building housed songwriters like Carol King, Gerry Goffin, Burt Bacharach, Hal David, Leiber and Stoller, and many other great writers of today. Though I was fairly well educated, I started writing Rock'n Roll songs. In fact, this Jew's first introduction to Christ, was through Rock'n Roll music. Many of the old melodies came from the church. It's amazing how God works sometimes to reveal His true story.

I used to sing in the synagogue. I studied with a Cantor, so I knew the Old

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At night, I found myself applauded by theater audiences, then during the day, my father would beat me up, and at times, lock me in the closet.

Testament quite well. When I was saved years later, as a Jew, it became a natural transition for me. It still shocks me to this day why more Jews don't accept Christ, because I have found hundreds of promises that the Messiah is coming in the Old Testament, beginning in Genesis and going all the way through.

During this time, I was working, going to college and completely absorbed in my music career. I had a hit record when I was 19 years old called "Irresistible You" recorded by Bobby Darin. It eventually moved to the top 10. This hit made it easier financially, but it didn't make me wealthy enough to make it on my own.

By the time I had reached 22, I had achieved a great deal of success by writing a bunch of hits for Jackie Wilson, a black Rhythm and Blues singer, who eventually became a pop singer.

Columbia Records called one day and made me a job offer. They wanted to enter the Rhythm and Blues and Rock'n Roll business. So, at 22 years of age, I became the youngest producer at Co-

lumbia Records. At that time, they had Tony Bennett, Vic Damone, Johnnie Mathis, Rosemary Clooney and Guy Mitchell, but they all wanted to enter the pop field. So the first person Columbia asked me to produce was Aretha Franklin.

While at Columbia, I produced "Rock A Bye Baby" for Aretha which went top 15 in the country. That was a breakthrough. It was also when I became obsessed with finding approval, which is true of abused children. They want approval rather than love. I hadn't received any approval from my father. So I confused approval for love and became a people pleaser.

Because I was a people pleaser, I became a workaholic. I would work until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. My boss would say, "how come you're not in the office at 9 o'clock?" So, I'd get in there and work without sleep. Many times I would sleep only two or three hours. My first marriage failed at this time which only added to the problems.

The child of an alcoholic generally wants to rescue other people, so he becomes a workaholic for approval, not for the proper reasons. But that's the only way he feels he can receive love.

I also became addicted to pills, not because it was the "in" thing to do, though it was with a lot of people in the 60's. But, because it practically became a necessity with many people in our business, including me. We were poor kids, who just basically wanted to make it. It

took a lot of hard work and a lot of hours, and it seemed the only way we could do it was to use pills. I was taking drugs to get me up and drugs to get me down.

In my early twenties, I started having panic attacks. During the attacks, I would hyperventilate, and feel like I was fainting. At the time, I attributed it to the long hours I was working, or the drugs. But in reality, I was trying to be a perfectionist. That's why most people are agoraphobic. They need approval so desperately.

I became so successful promoting the careers of others that I felt I could make anyone a star, so I left Columbia and went into business for myself. That move was both good and bad. It was good, because I had the confidence to believe that I could make anyone a success. It was bad, because I was always living in the "what if" stage, rather than the "here and now." Many phobics do the same thing. They always live for the past or for the future, but never in the reality of the present.

I was living in the glamour of my past hits and then living in expectation of what the future would be, but never living in the present. Our Lord is the same yesterday, today and forever. So He teaches us to live in the present and to seek His face today.

About this time, I met my second wife Ceil, who is now my wife for the rest of my life. Her father is of Portuguese extraction. He is Catholic, and was one of the first persons that talked to me about

...I was basically a prisoner in my own home. I couldn't leave. I still felt empty...always trying to prove to my parents that their youngest son had made it.

Jesus.

Ceil's father told me that Jesus was a Jew. He said, Jesus is your God, you're Jewish and you should know about Jesus. I told him very candidly that people have always said that the Jews killed Jesus. I remember as a kid passing by St. Bendon's Catholic High School, and they would beat me up saying that I was the Christ killer. I knew very little about Christ. I didn't understand what they were saying. They kept saying that Jesus was a Jew and yet we supposedly killed Him.

After my wife and I were married, we moved to California, and I went to work for CBS. Though my wife converted to Judaism, my parents still didn't approve of the marriage.

I began moving up the CBS ladder. A film company was formed at CBS, and I started writing musical scores for motion pictures. But, I always felt torn between trying to be two different people, the



creative person and the business person.

I worked for CBS from 1968 to 1969, then a company by the name of National General hired me from 1969 to 1970, to do essentially the same thing I was doing at CBS. Suddenly, they went out of the movie business. At the time, it seemed like a real bad period in my life, but actually it was the best period, because it got me back to music. I was actually stretching myself too much between business and music.

In 1972, Joel Hirschhorn and I were nominated for an Academy Award for the theme song of the Poseidon Adventure, and won in 1973. The song is "The Morning After," which is the name of our book. Ironically, my biggest phobic attack happened then, even though I had been having them from age 23. Now, I was in my 30's.

The next night, after the award ceremony, I called my mother in Brooklyn

and she said, "some day when you win a Tony Award on Broadway, like your brother Larry, then you will be successful." I thought, even with this triumph I still can't measure up. I don't know what took over, but I remember walking out of the house and having this incredible phobic attack. My legs and arms felt heavy, I was spinning. When I came back into the house, my wife asked what was wrong. I said, maybe I had too much Oscar last night.

While working on the set of the Poseidon Adventure, I met a fellow named Mark, he was the second person to introduce me to Christ. I wish there had been more earlier in my life. My biggest regret is that I wasn't saved earlier.

Mark was a studio lighting man and, his conversation started me thinking. He said, "You know, you wrote a religious song, this song is about God." Then he repeated the lyrics, "there's got to be a morning after, if we can hold on through the night, we have a chance to find the sunshine, let's keep on looking for the light."

I said, "I love Oscar Hammerstein, and he always wrote songs of hope." Then he said, "why don't we have lunch together." I said, "fine," he seemed like an awfully nice guy. Over lunch he prayed. I had never seen anyone do that for a long time, especially in Hollywood. But he prayed, and I felt good when he prayed. I remember that.

He said, "why don't you come to a Bible study some time?" I didn't even

*po si'den - the myth - god of the sea + of horses; 7
identified to the Roman Neptune*

know what a Bible study meant. A Bible study seemed the furthest thing from my mind. I said thank you. I had heard on the set the next day that he had lost a child about a year ago. I said, how could this person possibly believe in God and have lost a child. Now I know the Old Testament even better where David lost his first son and said, he won't come to me but someday I will go to him. He seemed so calm to have lost a child a year ago, and he was preaching to me about God and Jesus being the Saviour and the Son of God.

After this panic attack happened in 1973, I had two terrible years where I was basically a prisoner in my own home. I couldn't leave. I felt I had reached the top in my industry, but still felt empty. I was always trying to prove to my parents that their youngest son had made it. In 1974, Joel and I were nominated again, this time for the theme song from the motion picture "Towering Inferno." And, once again, we won.

I walked up on stage, getting there with pills. I was panicky sitting there before I was called up. I kept getting up and down. The ushers kept saying you can't get up and down. I was running in and running out. Finally, I got up on the stage, received the award, and left for home immediately. I just barely made it through that evening, it was one of the most impossible evenings I'd ever experienced.

I started working on a picture called



Pete's Dragon. It has since become a Disney classic. I'm convinced, God gave us the ability to create this film. While at Disney, I met Gary Morgan, a fellow Jew, who spoke to me about Christ. I felt comfortable with him. I would see Gary pray at Disney and have prayer meetings. I thought, gee this is amazing, a Jewish guy who has accepted Christ. He said, "Al, some day you will come to Christ," and he witnessed to me.

Finally, my phobia got so bad that I would leave the studio, go home and then return after everyone had left. I didn't even attend my daughter's public school graduation. I stopped going on vacations with my wife. We ran out of restaurants, shopping centers, etc. It eventually became so bad for my wife that she said she couldn't go on in the marriage any longer.

It was 1978, we had been nominated again for our third and fourth Academy Awards for Pete's Dragon. Ceil would say, "nothing seems to make you

...I wasn't happy with myself, even with all these awards. I had everything, but nothing without God.

happy." It was true. Not that she didn't make me happy, but I wasn't happy with myself, even with all these awards. I had everything, but nothing without God.

People who are striving to acquire material things don't have the answer, nor do people who try to live by a strict legal code. I'm sort of an in-betweener that way, it's not material and it's not legal. If you do that with Christianity you are going down the wrong route.

During my worst bout with agoraphobia, my wife and I actually separated. We had a good marriage, at least I felt it was good. But she said, you have to get out. I moved into an apartment and stayed there for three weeks. I was terribly depressed and angry, because phobics are perfectionists, who have a lot of what I call the tyranny of "ought to be", they ought to be this, they ought to be that. I thought, how could I have blown this marriage?

I was despondent, but more than any-

thing else, I wanted my marriage to work, and that kept me going. Through my own personal will, and I'm a willful and prideful person, I tried desperately to get off the valiums. Surprisingly, I was doing a good job by myself. The idea of salvaging the marriage gave me a goal. I had a deep desire to get back with my wife and daughter.

I was pretty much off the valium for about two weeks. I don't want that to be a source of encouragement to people, because they still have to come to God for a lasting answer.

Late one night, I started watching the Trinity Broadcasting Network, because I couldn't sleep. I didn't know any of the evangelists on television. About 3 a.m., a repeat of Robert Schuller's program came on. He was quoting from 1 John 4:18 where it says, "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casts out fear...." I started praying to God quietly. I said, "God You have to deliver me from this, I can't stand being phobic and having these panic attacks." Schuller said, "everyone tries to be perfect, but only God is perfect."

"Blessed are those who are poor in spirit. We all have poverty pockets. Each man and woman helps each other because we all have our weaknesses. Only God is perfect. He can perfect you until you reach heaven." The writer in me reversed it and said, fear casts out love. Here I was alone. Since I was a Jewish boy, it was hard for me to say Jesus.

He says, "you have a chance to have

...a lot of laymen feel a calling to come out and speak the word of Christ, but have avoided doing it, because they don't want to lose their possessions or position.

Jesus in your life and here is your chance to surrender your life and have Jesus." It was, 3 o'clock in the morning, I said Je Je until I finally said Jesus. I sat and prayed, and started crying and confessed every sin I could think of since I was about five years old, asking forgiveness for my father, mother, and my brother. I said, "God I want to be reconciled with my wife." I also had a vision of God and He said these words to me, "You are my son and I love you." I needed desperately to hear those words.

The next morning, "coincidentally," was Sunday. I went to visit my wife, so I could see my daughter. The amazing thing is, that I got into the car and didn't have the shakes. That's how quickly this miracle took place in my life. And, even though God has since given me scriptures to help people in the steps towards recovery, I truly believe that if they would let the Spirit of God move on them, and submit their lives to God, they would experience a real spiritual transformation in their lives.

God began to work. That Sunday I did not have a phobic attack driving the car. I kept saying the scripture that Robert Schuller spoke about the night before, "if you guard your heart and your mind and think upon things that are lovely and of good report, and things that are pure and just." So I kept guarding my heart and my mind. I started thinking upon positive things. I am a positive compulsive personality. I began to dwell on things that were very positive in my life and the

blessing side of things.

I arrived at the house okay. My wife was very distant, and didn't know how to act with me. For seven years, I had taught song writing at UCLA. A girl named Pat Hollis, who was a Christian singer, had been one of my students. She had asked me if I would listen to an album of her work, and make some constructive criticism. I used to do this often when I was staying at home. Well, "coincidentally," she came by the house that day, maybe I set up an appointment, I don't remember.

She is a born again Christian, in fact, she is married to an evangelist. She said, "I'm going to go to church." And I said, "I'm going to go to church with you." My wife took a 360 degree turn and said, "why would you want to go to church?" I didn't tell her at first what had happened, the night before. I just said, "maybe it can help us." We got in the car again, I didn't have any phobic reaction. We drove to the Vineyard church in the San Fernando Valley, where Ken Gullikson



pastors. Ken spoke from the Song of Solomon about marriage. Then he invited people to come forward and receive the born again experience described in John 3. I went forward, and my wife followed right after me, I was amazed.

Two days later, we went to a Bible study at Rosemary Clooney's home, and people prayed over me. That Bible study wound up at our home four months later, and we had it for the next eight years.

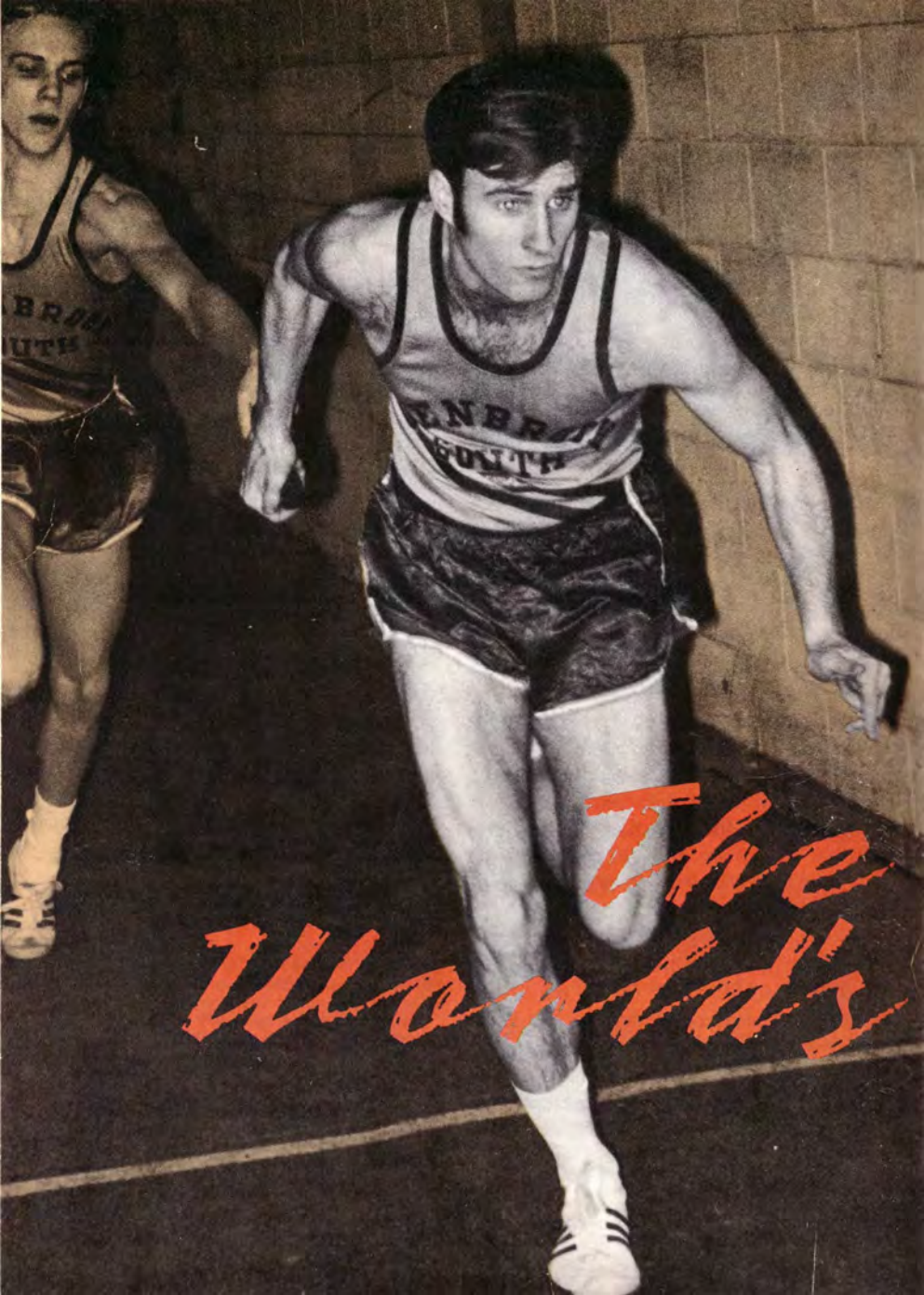
We started an outreach to people in the entertainment industry called Act One. We meet at Van Nuys Baptist Church. Many show people come, including David Soul, Dom Deluise, and others. It is like an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting in that people get up and confess their needs. This is the way a church should be. Everyone should be honest, not just the pastor or preacher. Then the others pray over that person and get them healed like doctors do. I call the scriptures "prescriptions." We have Act One in other areas around the country. Harvey Burnhart, who did the

Omen, was saved. Donna Summer and Neil Carter were saved. God has used me to lead over 10,000 people to the Lord.

In addition, my wife and I travel around the country, with "Faith Over Fear." As with Act One, it's similar to Alcoholics Anonymous. We utilize specific scriptures, and people are invited to accept Christ. You would be shocked, not at the amount of mail that we receive, but shocked by the number of Christians, who go to an analyst, and the number of people who don't deal with fear.

A lot of Christians are on self denial, and a lot of laymen feel a calling to come out and speak the word of Christ, but have avoided doing it, because they don't want to lose their possessions or position. At first, you will be attacked by the devil. I have experienced such attack in my life; a spiritual warfare. But I'm happy to repeat these encouraging words I heard recently, "when you're about God's business, God takes care of your business," and that is the truth. □

Al Kasha currently lives in Beverly Hills, California with his wife Ceil and daughter Dana. He and his wife continue to be very active in Act One and Faith Over Fear, the two organizations they started. Al and his family attend First Baptist Church of Van Nuys, California. Al Kasha has worked in the music and film industry for over 30 years, during which time, he has received two Oscars for best song, and numerous other music industry awards. The complete story of his life and struggle with agoraphobia can be found in his recently published book Reaching The Morning After, which he coauthored with Joel Hirschhorn.



*The
World's*

The day they invited me to the party, I figured I had it made. The lone white sprinter on the college track team, I was desperate for acceptance and jumped at the chance to join my teammates.

"C'mon, Jim," they teased that evening, "have a smoke off this joint." I had never even seen marijuana before, but valiantly stuffed a cigar-sized joint in my mouth and puffed away, all the while sipping rum and coke. That's when my world turned upside down.

Falling heavily to the floor amid the suddenly-hostile taunts of my so-called "friends," I focused dimly on the only other white face in the room, the drug pusher. He grinned like a Cheshire cat behind his mirrored sunglasses.

"Hey man, I put opium in that reefer," he gloated. "And now look at the champion sprinter, the Olympic hopeful, sprawled out on his belly."

Suddenly, I began to hear my mother cry. "She's weeping at my funeral," I thought in the agony of hallucination. I could dimly hear my high school track coaches asking what could have happened to the young man who never even

drank soda pop because the carbonation affected his running time.

"Oh, God," I sobbed, "please don't let me die! I'm so sorry for everything I've done. Don't let me die!"

That wasn't the first time I had talked to God. As the 15-year-old track star of Glenbrook South High School, I had devoted my life to an overriding goal: winning an Olympic gold medal and becoming the world's fastest man. I had it all planned out.

Obsessed by the need to be popular, part of the "in crowd," I would do anything to win track events in pursuit of my ambition, which I was convinced would bring me instant fame. I ran the 220 in 21 seconds flat, and the quarter-mile in 49 seconds, breaking records right and left.

My dream meant so much to me that I had made a deal with a God I hardly knew: "If You'll just let me remain undefeated in track and go downstate, I'll never swear," I promised. That may sound like a one-sided deal, but to me, giving up swearing was like sacrificing my manhood.

Fastest Man

Jim Wehrheim
Belvidere, Illinois

So for my senior year in high school, I never used profanity and enjoyed a record-setting track season, earning a scholarship to college in Flint, Michigan. That's where the pressure hit; as the only white sprinter in a predominantly black college, I was constantly being challenged for my spot on the team. Every week meant competition against a new opponent, intent on my defeat. Miserable in my lonely exile, I eagerly went to the pot party, a decision that changed my life.

God seemed to hear my prayer that night and let me live through the drug overdose, but the days, weeks and months that followed were horrible. Over the next year, sleep brought a recurring dream of collapsing to the ground—sometimes two or three times a night. Even when doing something simple like brushing my teeth, a few minutes would seem to stretch into hours as I lost track of time.



But that wasn't the worst of it. About a year later, walking down the hall, turning the corner, sitting in my room, I'd hear voices. "Hey, Jim, hey Jim," they would taunt. I would look, but no one was there.

My life decayed into slow motion. I'd walk out after an hour in class, not remembering anything that had been said. Five freshman classes resulted in five 'F's. My track times became slower and slower, and I slipped from first place to second to third. My running days were over.

Devastated, I transferred to Simpson College in Iowa, an ex-athlete without an



Jim—once the drunk and brawler—now the family man with wife Carol and sons Wesley and Lance.

identity. But my need for approval didn't diminish, so I became a drunk and a brawler, running with the football players who liked to bend stop signs down to the ground and insult girls.

I'd do anything for acceptance, and the crazier I acted, the more my "friends" liked me. My top act was to take a bite out of a beer glass, crunch it up in my mouth, then spit out a bloody-red mouthful of beer. Another favorite was to ignite myself with lighter fluid and run down the street—"Hey, look at me, the track champion" I'd say. "I'm a shooting star! See how fast I run!"

Acting like the big man soon led to my becoming a thief, because my buddies loved it when I stole things for them. While they waited safely in the car, I'd go in and take cameras, bikes, clothes, records, booze...anything. Before long, I was expelled from college for fist fighting and had to return home.

That was a nightmare to my parents. Unashamed, I stole from them and continued to get into more fights, costing them thousands in psychiatrist and attorney fees alone. I was arrested twice for violence and destruction of private property, given two years' probation, during which time, I had to report monthly to a parole officer at Chicago's Cook County jail (a very bad place by the way).

Lying awake at night, all my parents could do was pray for me, while I was out on the town. And despite my outward contempt for all that was decent, I knew that I was living the life of a pig. Sometimes, when I was alone (which wasn't very often because it forced me to think about my sinful life), I'd be shaving and catch myself staring at my

face in the mirror. Suddenly, the tears would start flowing down across my cheeks into the shaving cream. Deep down inside, I was miserable. But, I didn't know how to change.

My life would have continued its downhill slide if it hadn't been for Carol, a beautiful girl I met one night. Of course I tried my usual tricks to impress her, but strangely they didn't work. As she drove me home after one final drunken party, determined to dump me, I decided this was my last chance. I told her how lonely I was, that I didn't really care for alcohol but just wanted to be liked. Her reaction was a surprise.

"You disgust me," she replied angrily. "I'm looking for a man I can marry, and you're obviously not him. You're a weakling and a loser. Goodbye."

The jolt forced me to face reality for the first time. I really wanted Carol, but my life had destroyed our relationship instead. In confusion, I went alone to my parents' cabin in Wisconsin and sat down looking at the sky, ready to make one final deal with God.

"Jesus, save me," I cried. "I don't know who You are, but I need Your help. Save me from myself. If You'll send someone who will love me just for me, so I don't have to put on this big act, and be a big phoney, I promise to raise our kids to be Christians. I'll make sure that they aren't like their daddy."

It was an odd prayer, since I didn't know God and didn't know what a Christian was, but I meant it, and I believe God's heart was touched. Amazingly, Carol and I got back together and one night attended church together. I remember sitting back laughing at the

preacher, who had white hair, white shirt and a bow tie, looking for all the world like a holy Good Humor ice cream man.

But as he began talking, I stopped laughing. Everything he said made sense, as if he were talking directly to me. Carol and I both went forward to give our lives to Jesus Christ, escaping from the confusion and pain of doing it our way into the freedom and security of doing it God's way. It was the right decision.

Carol and I soon got married, and I remember when our first boy, Wesley, was born. I ran to the phone to call my sister and brightly announced to the operator, "I've got a new baby. This is a collect call."

"Young man," the operator replied soberly, "I have to tell you something. When you go home tonight, you get on your knees and thank God for that little baby. And you train him to believe in Jesus, and someday you and your wife and child will live in heaven forever."

"That's really strange, Operator," I said. "I was just thinking about God."

The operator laughed in embarrassment. "I have no idea why I just told you that," she said.

But I knew then that I had just received instructions from my father in heaven.

Since that moment, I have been sure to train our children to love and trust Jesus. I pray with them every night, saying, "Please, Lord, smooth their daddy's rough edges so I can be a parent worthy of them." And, I pray that the Lord blesses them with gifts and talents that they will use to lead millions to Christ.

Looking back on those years, I think of a story I once heard. A father pounded nails into a board and showed his son, saying, "These nails are like sin. When I take my claw hammer and pull them out, that's like Jesus removing the sin. But, do you see the holes son? Those are the scars left behind from those forgiven sins."

I've suffered for what I did. But God has blessed me now in so many ways. When I go to bed at night, my sleep is sweet; He's restored me to my land. I never went to the Olympics, but I know I'm going to heaven. I never won an Olympic Gold Medal, but Jesus Christ gave me something better than that. He gave me a golden haired wife, who is my best friend and who loves me for me. He gave me two little boys who play at my feet and call me "Daddy."

Although I didn't become the fastest man in the world, I'm one of the world's most grateful sinners. Though my sins were as red as scarlet, He made them white as snow. He took from me a heart of stone and replaced it with a heart of flesh. If any man be in Christ, he becomes a new creature: old things are passed away and all things become new! □

Jim Wehrheim currently lives in Belvidere, Illinois with his wife Carol and his two sons Wesley James, age 7, and Lance Josiah, age 3½. Jim is Midwest Regional Manager for Paper-Pak Products, Inc. Jim and his family attend Faith Center Church in Belvidere. Jim is also the teen Sunday school teacher, and the "Son Light" childrens' devotional leader. He has spoken before many high school and teen groups in the area and is a soccer coach with the American Youth Soccer Organization. His current goal is to eventually become a full-time evangelist.

The Oscar-Winning Composer for "The Poseidon Adventure" Reveals His Own Incredible Escape Story

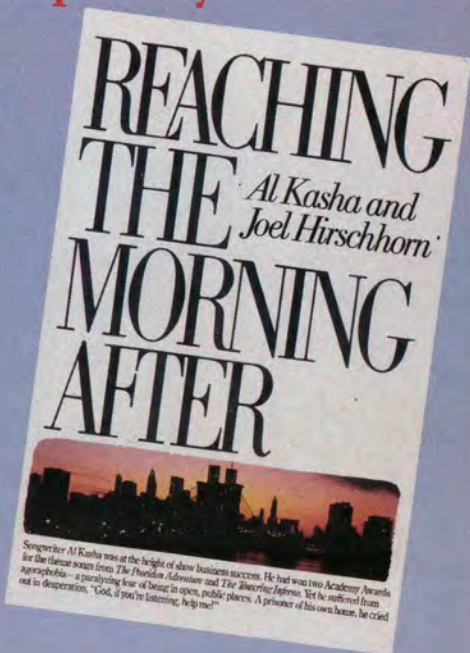
For many young songwriters, winning an Oscar would build confidence. But not for Al Kasha.

Not long after he and his partner, Joel Hirschhorn, had won two Academy Awards for hit singles in "The Poseidon Adventure" and "The Towering Inferno," Al Kasha became a prisoner in his own home, trapped by a mysterious fear.

Now in the new book, *Reaching the Morning After*, Al Kasha and Joel Hirschhorn tell the dramatic story of this crippling phobia—and the love and faith that conquered it.

Reaching the Morning After follows Kasha from a childhood scarred by physical abuse, through his successful songwriting career to his painful emotional struggles.

Share the courage of a man who has conquered his fears. Read *Reaching the Morning After* from Thomas Nelson Publishers.



Regular Price—\$14.95
to voice readers, \$9.95

Please rush me _____ copy(ies) of Al Kasha's *Reaching the Morning After* at \$9.95 each.

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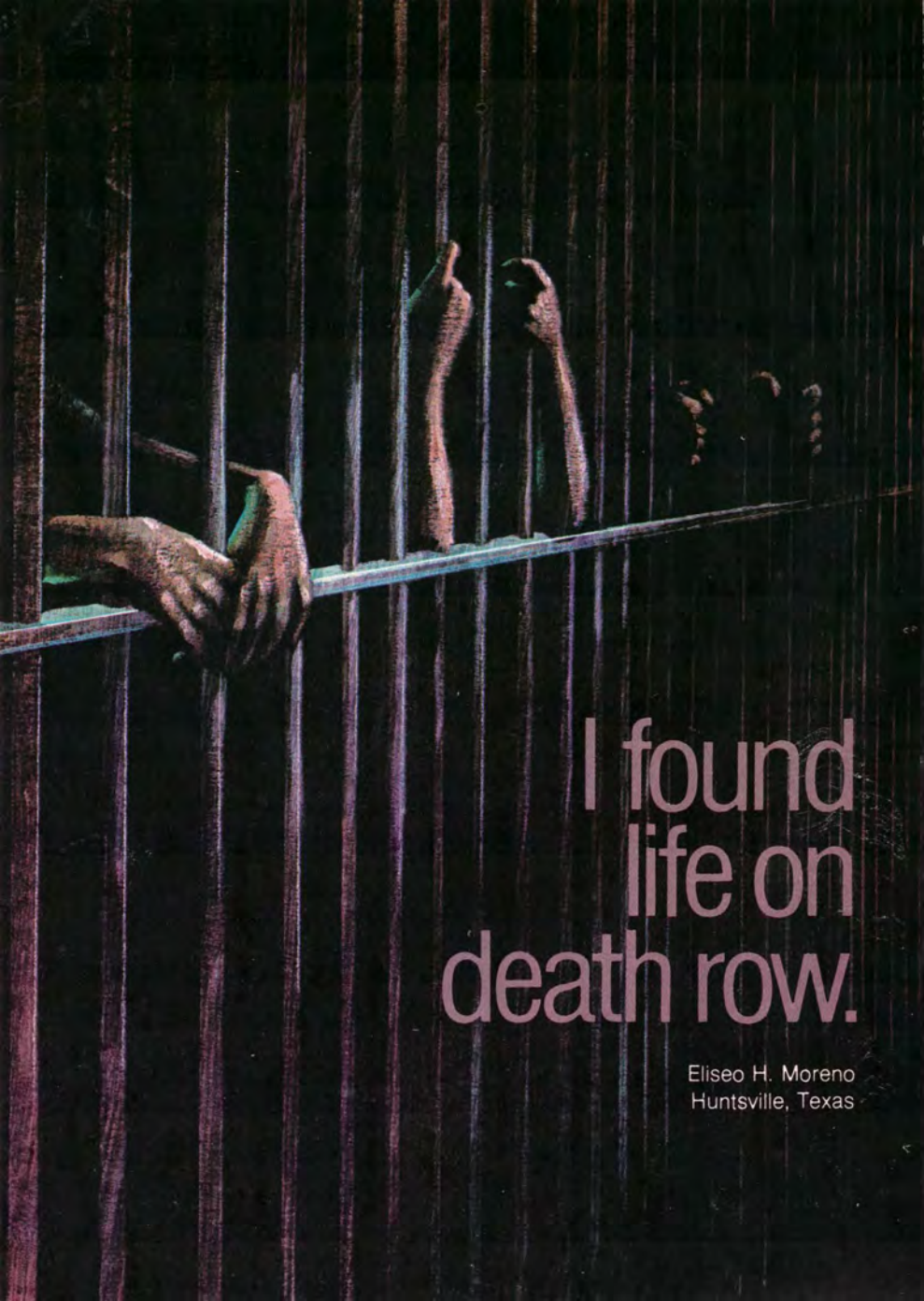
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I found
life on
death row.

Eliseo H. Moreno
Huntsville, Texas

There are over 200 men on Death Row here at the Ellis 1 State Prison at Huntsville, Texas. They are all awaiting execution by lethal injection. I am one of those men.

My name is Eliseo H. Moreno. I was born in Weslaco, Texas near the Mexico border, in 1957. Both of my parents, my six brothers and four sisters were all born nearby. Our parents seldom attended church. My father suffers from epilepsy. My mother has always suffered from high blood pressure, which probably came from me worrying her too much with my drinking. They were not churchgoers, but praise God, they have changed during the past two years.

I dropped out of school at the ninth grade. I started drinking at the age of fourteen with my friends, and was always getting into fights with other kids. As time passed, I became a chronic alcoholic without realizing it.

I worked as a small-engine mechanic, and was pretty good at it, but due to my heavy drinking, I could never seem to stay out of trouble. I would fight in bars, on the streets or anywhere I happened to be. I would often end the night getting beat up because I was slim and didn't weigh but 137 pounds. But with my drinking I managed to gain up to 202 pounds. I exercised and lifted weights to become a better fighter. I thought about becoming a boxer but I got into alcohol so heavy that many times I would black-out and had no recollection of what I had done or where I had been.

I married when I was sixteen and had a good loving wife. She once took me to a Pentecostal church but I only stayed for five minutes and walked out. I went to

the nearest bar where I proceeded to get drunk and into trouble again.

After five good years of marriage and four lovely boys, I left home and met another girl. I married her without bothering to divorce my first wife. Things just didn't work out, my drinking got out of hand again, and I ended up getting into an argument with my brother-in-law (my wife's brother) and his wife. I lost control of myself and ended up killing both my brother-in-law and his wife. Half an hour later, I was stopped by a State Highway Patrol Officer. I shot and killed him.

I have no recollection of what happened during the next three hours. I was just too drunk! Evidence shows that I burst into the house of a complete stranger and killed three elderly persons living there. I had kicked open the door, and for no reason I opened fire on them.

I was arrested that same night, around twelve midnight, about forty miles west of Houston and was placed in the County jail at Hempstead, Texas. The next day I was charged with capital murder of a peace officer and five counts of murder.

I was arrested on October 11, 1983 and during the next three and a half months in the county jail, my weight dropped from 202 to 140 pounds. I was sick inside and felt bad. I couldn't drink and I just wanted to die. I tried to commit suicide but it just so happened that a rescue team truck was passing by and came to my aid and saved my life.

An elderly local couple, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Schroeder, came to the county jail and ministered to the inmates each week. At first I resisted their ministry, pretending to listen because I did not want them to know that my mind was

somewhere else. After a few weeks, I began to realize that they had something that I had never had.

They had a peace and a love that just seemed to flow out. I began to realize how empty my own life had always been. I wanted to know more about how I could have this same peace in my life. My parents had sent me a Bible, and I decided to open and read it for the first time.

The first scripture I read was the last portion of 1 John 3:15, "No murderer has everlasting life." Satan had caused me to read only this part of scripture to discourage me from ever again opening my Bible, but I finally reached the point where I let myself go and cried out to God. I said, "God, if you are real, show me something, for I need help." I cried for two hours without stopping. Hot tears came down my face like never before.

During those two hours, every sin that I had ever committed, rolled in front of me. I confessed each sin individually and asked God to forgive me for each sin individually. Every sin was forgiven. I knew without a doubt that I was a new creature, that my sins had been forgiven. At the end of those two hours, I fell asleep and had the most restful sleep of my entire life.

Mr. and Mrs. Schroeder brought me a song book and I enjoyed reading all of the beautiful and inspirational songs, especially "Rock of Ages."

For the next two months, I prayed for the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and it finally came. I experienced the most warm, unspeakable joy I had ever known. I knew for a certainty I had been forgiven and that Jesus loved me.

When my trial came up I wanted to

just plead guilty but my attorney insisted that I let him represent me since he had already been appointed by the court. On February 8, 1984 I was found guilty as charged and sentenced to death by lethal injection according to the laws of the State of Texas. The District Attorney said that it was the most vicious and cold blooded crime/crimes he had seen. I told him that I held no grudge against him, for he was only doing his job and that I was guilty as charged. He knew from the beginning that my attorney would not allow me to plead guilty.

On February 14, 1986, I was sent to the Texas Department of Corrections, Ellis 1 Unit, to become an inmate on Death Row and was assigned number "759."

During this time, I have learned more of God's wonderful truths and promises. I wish there was space to write all of the beautiful scriptures that mean so much to me. Here are a few of my favorites -Romans 8:28, Esphesians 4:22, 5:8, Philippians 1:6, 3:20 2 Cor. 5:1, Psalm 32:5, 116:15. When you read these particular verses you will better understand how I feel.

I have several Christian brothers here on Death Row, among them are Stephen Nethary #698, Bob Black #819, Herman Clark #715, and Jose Moses Guzman #766. We study the Bible together and lift each other every night in prayer.

I have studied diligently since I have been here and have been told that I am articulate and talented in writing poetry. I would be glad to send one of my poems to anyone who wants one. Just let me know. We receive letters from some of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellow-

ship members. They really are a blessing to us and help us to "make it." If you have never written to an inmate, I pray you find one to minister to through writing to him. They are so lonely, and a letter from a caring Christian can mark the turning point in their life.



I can only continue to pray for the victims' families and ask God to give them strength to carry on. There is no way I can change what I have already done. I know they miss their loved ones every day and I know that the scars I left in their hearts are deep. Maybe when I am executed it will ease the pain I have caused them.

Jack Easterwood, who directs the Full Gospel Business Men's Prison Ministry here in Texas, comes to our prison regularly to conduct chapel services and to visit with men on Death Row. He brings boxes of *Voice* magazines for Chaplain Taylor and Chaplain Timmons to distrib-

ute. In each magazine is a prayer request that can be filled out and mailed back to Mr. Easterwood. At the bottom of the prayer request, they ask the question, "Where will you be living upon your release?" They send this information to the chapter nearest to that place so that the local chapter can start writing to the inmate and welcome him home upon his release. Obviously, I could not give the name of a Texas town where I will be living upon my release. My answer was, "When I leave here, I will be living in the NEW JERUSALEM with my Lord and my Master, Jesus Christ, to Whom be glory forever and ever! Praise God, Praise God!

And that is the way it will be. I have His personal promise and assurance! "The Word of the Lord abides forever-I Peter 1:25." □

Eliseo Moreno is currently imprisoned on death row in the Huntsville, Texas Prison, where he is awaiting execution by lethal injection. Prior to publication of this testimony Eliseo learned that his execution date had been set for March 4, 1987. He had indicated earlier that he would no longer attempt to appeal his case, and that he was ready to go home and be with the Lord. As he stated earlier in February in a letter written to FGBMF Prison Outreach minister Jack Easterwood, "I will be going home on March 4..., but I want you to know that I am really looking forward to it, since our citizenship is in heaven (Philippians 3:20) and we are not of this world (John 17:16) plus, I have a great desire rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord (II Cor. 5:8). There is no fear at all as I count-down my days because God has not given us a spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind (II Timothy 1:7). So, I look forward to that day when I will "blast-off" and be with the One that loves me so,—Jesus, my Lord and Saviour. For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us (me) from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord (Romans 8:38-39)."

Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy. If I ever had to lay down my life for you, I'd do it in a minute because I love you."

I heard these words often in the three years I lived with my grandparents in their farmhouse in Sandstone, Minnesota. My mother, baby brother and I moved there when I was one year old, shortly after we were deserted by my father.

My grandfather, however, made sure I felt no lack of love. He told me often—sometimes with tears in his eyes—just how much he loved me. We developed a very special relationship, Granddad and I, and the times we spent puttering together around the farm are some of my fondest memories today. Even as a child I knew that Granddad's love for me was special, and that he

would indeed have laid his life down for me in a moment's notice.

But by the time I graduated from high school, I'd found two new "special loves"—alcohol and fast driving. And these new loves were not about to save my life—instead, they nearly destroyed me.

Because the legal age limit for drinking was 21 in my home town, each weekend my buddies and I drove 25 miles into the country to a county bar where drinks were served to anyone over 18. Driving home in the early hours of the morning, the roads were dark, we were drunk, and more often than not we raced the distance back to the city.

At 19, late one evening I drove my 1953 Mercury over an embankment at

Greater Love Has

Jim Hanna
Grand Rapids, Minnesota



80 miles per hour. The following year I totaled a late model Dodge while driving 90 miles per hour. By now, I was getting used to waking up in the hospital. But drinking and driving had become such a thrill and a challenge that I usually laughed off each close call with death.

Until one accident changed my life for the worse.

One Friday night a handful of guys from work and I wrapped up a construction job by celebrating at a local bar. We left our first stop in separate cars and, in a hurry to get to another party, I passed three cars in an attempt to beat a train to the crossing. Without succeeding.

I was driving a prized 1954 Ford given to me by my grandfather when—in a crushing fury of shattered glass and

twisting metal—my car met the locomotive. The Ford was dragged the length of a football field and nearly torn in half. A five-gallon can of gas in the trunk burst into flames, and two boxes of shotgun shells in the back seat began exploding inside the mangled car where I lay unconscious.

Two days after I'd been pulled from the burning wreckage, I woke up in the hospital—again—with broken ribs and a

No Man Than This...



crushed vertebrae in my neck. But the worst was yet to come.

Shortly after I regained consciousness, the doctor delivered this announcement: "Mr. Hanna, a strange thing happened. At the exact moment your car hit the train, there was a death in your family. Your grandfather died of a heart attack. I'm sorry."

Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy. If I ever had to lay down my life for you, I'd do it in a minute because I love you.

The doctor's words hit my heart with an impact I could only compare to that of the crushing train. By some ironic twist of destiny and will, I believed that Granddad had died in my place. At the moment I should have met a violent death in Granddad's '54 Ford, he died instead. I'd killed him somehow: the person I loved most of all.

Consumed by guilt, my drinking increased and my life took a course that was more destructive than ever before. By the time I was thirty-five I'd survived nine car accidents—including one involving a semi-truck—two near-drownings, and a chain saw accident. I'd even been knocked unconscious by electricity while iron working 100 feet in the air. My friends began calling me "Hard Luck Hanna."

The only piece of good luck that seemed to come my way in those years was my marriage to Vicki, and the birth of our son, Jamie. But my own slow self destruction was destroying my family as well.

Early one New Year's morning I came home after a three-day drinking binge and crawled into bed to "sleep it off." Hours later I awoke to an empty house



and a note on the kitchen table: "Jim—I no longer care to live like this. I'm taking your son and I never want to see you again."

I believed my drinking and driving had killed my grandfather, and now alcoholism had robbed me of my family. On the brink of suicide, I called a friend who led me to Alcoholics Anonymous. I entered treatment and began reconstructing my life. Within a year, Vicki and Jamie returned, and our daughter, Jessie, was born.

AA helped me find a self worth that I had long forgotten, but I soon found that it wasn't enough: while I was conquering alcohol, a new torment took hold in my life. For years I'd flirted with death, hardly caring whether I lived or died. Now that I desperately wanted to live, I was terrified by the thought that I might die. At the age of thirty, a taunting, inner voice had me convinced that I wouldn't live to see my thirty-third birthday.

At that time, I was employed repairing train cars for the Burlington Northern Railroad. When a good opportunity within the company opened up 100 miles from home, I took it, intending for Vicki and the children to join me as soon as I found a house. The next twelve months, however, were almost enough to drive me back to drinking as I lived in a garage and tried desperately to sell our home and buy a new place for my family.

After a year's separation, Vicki, Jamie, Jessie and I were reunited in a beautiful home I'd found just outside the city limits where I worked: I'd never felt happier. Two weeks later, however, someone with greater seniority bumped me from my position, and I was forced to return

home. And because our old house had already been sold, I returned alone.

As a result, at thirty-two years old I found myself living alone and lonely in a beat-up camper on the edge of an empty field, across the road from some woods and 100 miles from the family I loved.

One cold February night as I was trying to fall asleep, I heard that familiar voice of my fears, but this time with a message of even greater terror: "This is the night that you die, for I am going to kill you."

Panic flooded my heart, and in desperation I cried out to God for help. At that moment, I heard a different voice—a calming voice—telling me to go into the woods and tell the people waiting there about my fears of death.

At that point, I was ready to try anything! Pulling on some work clothes



Jim and Vicki Hanna with children Jessica and Jamie

and wrestling into a parka jacket, I opened the camper door and stepped outside into the night

It was an hour before midnight, and 20 below zero as I climbed into my car and drove across the field to the edge of the woods. A full moon had cast the trees in silver, turning the wooded landscape into a midnight wonderland. I knew a young couple had built a house beyond the pines and—feeling utterly ridiculous—I walked the stretch of a driveway toward the house.

As I neared the house, I saw a man and woman standing against a window, of their gas lit home and peering into the moonlit night as if looking for someone.

Within moments I found myself seated at a wooden kitchen table, pouring out my life story—and my fears—to two total strangers. "So there it is," I concluded. "I'm not sure why I came here, of all places—"

"We know who brought you here," the young woman interrupted with a smile. "God's Holy Spirit brought you here because He loves you. There's only one person who can save you from your fears and that's Jesus Christ. Jim, would you like to meet Him as your Saviour?"

Joining hands across the table, these two strangers led me in the prayer of salvation. Then the young woman added, "Jim, tonight you *have* died. Your old nature has passed away and you are a new creature in Christ." That was three weeks before my thirty-third birthday.

Delivered of my fears, I soon discovered that God had even greater blessings in store for me! Within a month God led Vicki and me to a Spirit-filled church where Vicki accepted Jesus as

her Saviour, and later my mother, step-father, brother and sister-in-law were to do the same. And when a bittersweet mass lay-off at Burlington Northern enabled me to join my family, God saw us through a rough year of unemployment, providing odd jobs here and there until a permanent position opened up. He even allowed me to be instrumental in leading a neighbor to church, where he received healing for painful back problems or complications of the spine and met Jesus Christ as his personal Saviour.

Finally, God led me, through the invitation of a friend, to a Full Gospel Business Men's chapter where I learned more about—and later received—the baptism in the Holy Spirit. It was also there, amid the fellowship of committed Christian businessmen, that I once again experienced that unconditional love and acceptance I hadn't felt since my grandfather's death.

Today I'm an elder in my church, an officer of the Grand Rapids chapter of FGBMFI, and committed to telling friends and colleagues about my friend and Saviour, Jesus Christ. You see, I know now that it wasn't my grandfather who died for me, but God's only begotten Son. Because of His sacrifice and resurrection, I'm alive today, and nothing gives me greater joy than to tell the story of the One who loved me enough to give His life that I might live. □

Jim Hanna currently works for the Johnson Telephone Company as a cable installer. He attends the La Prairie Church of God in Grand Rapids, and is Vice President of the Grand Rapids chapter of FGBMFI. He and his wife, Vicki, have two children: son Jamie, 9; and daughter Jessie, 8.

Jeff Brown, the author of this story, died April 19, 1986. An autopsy showed his arteries were so blocked and hardened that he should have died five years before that. But God's mercy decreed otherwise, and what we have now is the testimony of a man who didn't know he was...

Living on Borrowed Time

The Story of Jeff Brown

"I'm sick of all this religious nonsense! If you two love God so much, why don't you just get out and leave me alone!" I shouted angrily.

The story behind this desperate ultimatum really began a long time ago...I always tried to prove my manhood. I was wrapped up in my work, thought only about making money, even my love for my wife was nothing but sex. All I wanted was success and self-satisfaction, and yet I had a very restless heart....



On Thursday morning, September 5th, my wife Bernadette, and her friend Brooke, both born-again Christians, left for a place called PTL in Charlotte, North Carolina. "Ah, peace at last," I thought, as I dressed for work. Bernadette will be back after a while, I figured smugly. But not Brooke, I smiled. After some of the things I'd said to her, she'd never darken my door again!

Friday evening, I decided to go out for a little distraction. While sitting in a local dinner club, I happened to notice two ladies walk in, one of which I was uncontrollably attracted to. For some reason, I couldn't keep my attention off her. Later, after eating, as I was ready to leave, I found the courage to go and introduce myself, and we exchanged small talk. "What brings you here tonight?" she asked.

I proceeded to explain how I'd just thrown my wife and her friend out of the house because of all the religious stuff that was going on.. At that point she told me *she* was a born-again Christian as well as her friend with her! "Oh no," I thought to myself, "I'm getting away from these two lunies." But a little voice inside me said "Don't be afraid." Somehow I could not walk away!

All she could talk about was the Lord, and how He had changed her life. As I said goodbye and left, I knew I'd have to see her again.

We met the next night for dinner, but the more I talked about my struggles, the more she talked about her walk with the Lord. We went back to her place and talked some more. After a while, I knew we might both get into trouble if I stayed any longer, so I summoned up my cour-



Jeff and Bernadette Brown

age to do the right thing and left.

It was a close call that showed me how upset I was as a result of Bernadette's departure. The next evening, I found myself reading a book about the Bible. The chapter that grabbed my attention was called, "How Can I Be Saved?" I was having awful chest pains and my head was throbbing, but I read on with deep interest.

When I finished, I knelt down beside my bed and started talking to God! Repeating this verse about how to be saved, I really didn't understand what I was saying, but the longer I talked, the calmer I felt. Then I noticed the headache and chest pains were gone, too. I started to cry, and the more I cried, the better I felt.

I settled into bed, at peace and ready

for sleep. But the phone rang.

"Hi, Honey, this is Bernadette."

"Thanks for calling, Honey," I said. "I was just reading that book of Bible answers to your questions, and then I prayed like the book said, and couldn't stop crying. I feel a lot better now."

The silence that followed made me wonder if she understood what I'd just told her. "I miss you, Bernadette."

"Honey, I think you need to find your answers and solace from people other than me right now," was her reply.

"But...."

"Why don't you read in Luke, chapter fifteen, verses eleven through twenty-four?"

"What?..."

She repeated her suggestion and said goodbye.

"Don't forget me," I pled as she hung up.

The passage she'd mentioned was the parable of the prodigal son, but I didn't see what it had to do with me. The phone call had upset me. Worse, Bernadette had never told me exactly where she was.

Now, alone and confused, I began to imagine that my wife and Brooke were

involved in every evil and perversion possible. As these thoughts bombarded my mind, the peace I'd felt earlier was gone.

My tension and nervousness grew over the next two days until I finally decided I needed to talk to someone who could help me—but who? I finally resigned myself to the idea of calling the pastor of the church Bernadette and Brooke attended.

He turned out to be a sympathetic listener, and he prayed that Bernadette and I would be reunited. He even said that a miracle was going to happen in my life that day! Little did I know what the next 24 hours would hold...

My agitation increased and I began to search through our address book for someone whom Brooke or Bernadette might have called. After a couple of false leads, I called Bernadette's mother and told her all my repulsive suspicions.

"Well," she said, "I haven't heard from Bernadette since last week. But I don't think she'd do anything like that. You just keep praying for her. And I'll pray that you two are reunited—so will my whole church. Trust God, Jeff, everything's going to be all right."

I'd just thrown my wife and her friend out of the house because of all the religious stuff that was going on.



Jeff and son Todd—one week before Jeff's death

That was good to hear, but I was still feeling frantic. I sat back in bed and started to read the Bible. The phone rang. "Jeff, this is Gerard (my wife's brother). I'm calling to talk to you about the situation you're in."

Great! I thought, and I proceeded to indict Brooke as an evil seducer who was the cause of the whole problem.

Gerard ignored my protests and urged me, in a fatherly way, to see *myself* as a sinner in need of God's forgiveness and love. "Jeff, say these words after me," he said.

"Okay."

"Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, a sinner. I open my heart to You. Please come in, forgive my sin, and take control of my life."

I said those words after Gerard—and I meant them. Afterwards, I felt more peace than I had for days.

I awoke at four-thirty the next morning, however, filled with fear and confusion. I sensed I had to do something to rescue Bernadette from Brooke's evil clutches. I had to get to that place called PTL.

Several hours later I was on the road

north from our home in central Florida. By the time I reached Jacksonville, the reality that I still had more than three hundred miles of road to cover struck me. On the north side of the city, I turned off the expressway and went into the international airport. A plane for Charlotte was about to leave!

In Charlotte I hailed a taxi. "You'll need a lot of patience," I told the driver. "I'm searching for my wife who's at PTL, but I don't know where. *But I'm counting on a miracle!*"

"I'm with you," the driver smiled at me in the rearview mirror.

"Help me keep an eye out for a little yellow Mazda with a bashed-in right front



Jeff and Bernadette Brown after his water baptism. Their pastor is at left.

fender," I told him. Our search took us on an extensive—and useless—two-hour tour of the entire area and its places of public lodging. My stomach tightened and my head was pounding. Where was God?

Eventually, I arrived at the main infor-

mation area of PTL. The clerk handed me an activity sheet and I started looking for that hateful head of red hair that was Brooke's. She was the enemy. I needed to break her hold on Bernadette—my mission was clear.

My quest took me to the Youth Center where I searched frantically—like a bloodhound that knows its prey is near at hand. Finally, in a small side-room, I saw Brooke!

But then my fury evaporated. I felt weak. My past and all my sins passed before my eyes in an instant.

She turned and our eyes met. A stunned expression flashed across her face, then was gone. She smiled, got up, and came walking toward me—arms outstretched in welcome.

In that moment, everything changed.

Instead of Brooke, I saw Jesus coming to me. Just as the father had welcomed the prodigal, He was welcoming me, a sinner in need of forgiveness.

I opened my arms to Brooke and we embraced and wept. My heart, which had, only moments before, been filled with anger, was now flooded with love.

After a few minutes, Brooke led me to Bernadette who was sitting out on the lawn beneath a tree, reading. Brooke left me and I slipped quietly up behind Bernadette and just looked at her. Then it started to sprinkle lightly. She gathered her things and stood up. That's when she first saw me.

Her eyes went wide. "Am I dreaming? Where did you come from?" she asked.

"The Lord brought me." I smiled. My miracle was a reality! □

An Afterword

by Bernadette Brown

That was how Jeff's amazing change got started. A few days later, he received the baptism in the Holy Ghost at a Full Gospel Business Men's dinner in nearby Charlotte. As the brothers laid hands on him, he began to tremble and speak in other tongues just as the Bible says.

Our remaining days at PTL were engulfed in God's love. Jeff later called them his "incubation" period.

Back in Florida, it was clear to everyone that Jeff was a "new creation" in Christ. His habits changed dramatically and he became an avid student of the Bible; and he began to use his guitar to

sing God's praises. And, wonderful to tell, our relationship blossomed as never before with peace and harmony.

At church, Jeff served on committees, sang in the choir, visited homes, and—what pleased him most—he was asked to teach a class for new believers.

At work, Jeff was promoted to a new and better job which enabled us to enjoy a new and more pleasant home. It was in that home, while speaking on the phone, that he led his own daughter to faith in Christ. His final words to her that night were, "I'm so happy because we'll be in heaven together forever."

CONVENTIONS

COASTAL GEORGIA RALLY**April 3-4, 1987**

Quality Inn/Buccaneer Motel
Jekyll Island
Contact: Bill Holder
123 Crossbrook Dr.

EASTERN ONTARIO RALLY**April 3-4, 1987**

Pembroke, ONT
Contact: James McEwan
RR1
Hampton, ONT LOB 1J0

3rd ANNUAL SOUTHERN NEVADA RALLY**April 4, 1987**

Alexis Park Hotel, Las Vegas
Contact: Larry DePaulis
4329 Gibraltar Way
Las Vegas, NV 89121

SOUTH DAKOTA REGIONAL CONVENTION**April 9-11, 1987**

Ramkota Inn, Sioux Falls
Contact: FGBMFI
Box 36
Sioux Falls, SD 57101

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA REGIONAL RALLY**April 9-11, 1987**

George Washington Motor Lodge
Willow Grove
Contact: Angelo Ferri
Empire Bldg. #401
13th & Walnut St.
Philadelphia, PA 19107

TEXAS STATE CONVENTION**April 15-18, 1987**

Lowes Manitou Hotel, Dallas
Contact: Bill McGill
3619 Casa Verde #118
Dallas, TX 75234

HAWAII REGIONAL CONVENTION**April 22-24, 1987**

Ala Moana Americana Hotel
Honolulu
Contact: John Witwer
1164 Bishop #1007
Honolulu, HI 96813

WEST MICHIGAN REGIONAL CONVENTION**April 23-25, 1987**

Grand Rapids Hilton Inn
Kentwood
Contact: Dean Ziegler
3411 Ancliff
Rockford, MI 49341

PRAIRIE REGIONAL CONVENTION**April 23-25, 1987**

Centinall Auditorium
Saskatoon, Sask.
Contact: Martin Zip
Box 7047
Saskatoon, Sask. S7K 4J1

OLYMPIC PENINSULA ADVANCE**April 24-26, 1987**

Bremerton, WA
Contact: Harold Stephens
210 S. Cambrian
Bremerton, WA 98312

CAMP WYOMING MEN'S CAMP**April 24-25, 1987**

Wyoming, IA
Contact: Duane McLean
1055 Juniper Dr. SW
Cedar Rapids, IA 52404

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA VALLEY REGIONAL CONVENTION**April 30-May 2, 1987**

Assyrian American Civil Hall
Turlock, CA
Contact: Enoch Christoffersen
Box 337
Turlock, CA 95381-0337

LINCOLN SPRING RALLY**May 1-2, 1987**

Holiday Inn
Lincoln, Nebraska
Contact: Eugene Dankert
5934 La Salle
Lincoln, NE 68516

NORTHERN NEW YORK RALLY**May 1-2, 1987**

Ramada Inn, Watertown
Contact: John Barone
1114 Boyd St.
Watertown, NY 13601

MISSOURI MEN'S STATEWIDE RALLY**May 1-3, 1987**

Assembly of God Camp
Rocky Mount
Contact: Dennis Bouselli
2921 Orton
St. Charles, MO 63301

NORTHERN INTERIOR MEN'S ADVANCE**May 1-3, 1987**

Hudson Bay Motel
Smithers, B.C.
Contact: Peter Neave
Box 325
Smithers, B.C., V0J 2N0

SAN ANGELO/ABILENE REGIONAL CONVENTION**May 14-16, 1987**

Sheraton Hotel-Conv. Ctr.
San Angelo, TX
Contact: Col. Andy Anderson
1501 Bryant Blvd.
San Angelo, TX 76903

NEW MEXICO MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE**May 14-17, 1987**

Sacramento Methodist Assembly
Contact: H.C. Godman
1808 Hubbard Dr.
Alamogordo, NM 88310

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May 15-17, 1987

Woodleaf, Challenge, CA
Contact: Mark Doughty
1095 Stafford Way #E
Yuba City, CA 95991

INLAND EMPIRE MEN'S CAMP

May 15-17, 1987

Riverview Bible Camp
Cusick, WA
Contact: Leonard Sampson
E. 15420 Second Ave.
Veradale, WA 99037

**29th ANNUAL MIDWEST REGIONAL
CONVENTION**

May 20-23, 1987

American Baptist Assembly
Green Bay, WI
Contact: E.N. Bailey
6801 N. Seeley
Chicago, IL 60645

NORTHWEST REGIONAL CONVENTION

May 21-23, 1987

Red Lion Inn, Portland, OR
Contact: Art Evanson
Box 244
Vancouver, WA 98661

**CENTRAL CA. REGIONAL MEN'S
ADVANCE**

May 29-31, 1987

Camp Sugar Pine, Oakhurst
Contact: Dean Whitlow
2115 Merced St.
Fresno, CA 93721

**10th ANNUAL EAST TENNESSEE
MEN'S ADVANCE**

May 29-31, 1987

Westley Woods Methodist Camp
Townsend
Contact: Thomas Trout
506 Sherwood Dr.
Maryville, TN 37801

GEORGIA STATE CONVENTION

June 11, 12 & 13, 1987

Radisson Hotel
I-75 & Howell Mill Rd. NW
Atlanta
Contact: Lynwood A. Maddox
P.O. Box 450007
Atlanta, GA 30345

1987 WORLD CONVENTION

June 30-July 4, 1987

Anaheim Convention Center
Anaheim, California
Contact: FGBMFI WORLD
CONVENTION
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ANAHEIM '87

YEAR OF
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34TH WORLD CONVENTION OF FULL
GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S
FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL
JUNE 30-JULY 4, 1987

Our 34th World Convention to be held in Anaheim, California, June 30th to July 4th, 1987 is fast approaching. The convention will feature outstanding speakers such as: our own Founder/President Demos Shakarian, Pat Robertson, Father Ralph DiOrio, John Carrette of Guatemala, Rev. Kenneth Hagin, Charles and Frances Hunter, Allan C. Oggs, Sr., Sanford McDonnell of McDonnell Douglas Corp., John DeLorean, Allan Mayer of

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2. Inn At The Park	\$59	\$59	\$59	\$59	\$59	\$155-380	\$230-290
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4. Quality	\$59	\$59	\$59	\$59	\$59	\$150	
MOTEL							
5. Paul Bunyan Travelodge	\$50	\$50	\$50	\$50	\$50	\$ 97	\$127
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Phone Number _____

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Please attach separate sheet listing full names of all immediate household members included in your registration. List each name as you wish it to appear on name badge. **\$10 registration fee is required per household (or per single).**

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NOTE: Application must be dated and postmarked no later than **June 2, 1987** to enable us to mail your name badges, meal tickets and discount coupons. **All applications postmarked after June 3, 1987** will be processed and materials available for pickup at FGBMFI registration counter, Marriott Hotel, from opening date.

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To request reservations, please complete all information. All room-reservation requests must be made through FGBMFI Housing Bureau at address shown below. Placement will be made in order received. Your first choice will be honored if rooms are available. In order to be processed by the Housing Bureau, reservation request must be postmarked prior to June 1, 1987. (After this date all requests for reservations must be made directly to FGBMFI Housing at (714) 999-8939 only.) Your hotel will confirm your reservations by mail. Thereafter, failure to notify assigned hotel directly of any changes in arrival dates, times and/or type of accommodations may result in cancellation of your reservation. **Please note: A \$65 deposit is required for each room reserved. Make checks payable to FGBMFI Housing Bureau. Mail coupon and deposit check to: FGBMFI Housing Bureau, P.O. Box 4270, Anaheim, CA 92803.**

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TOTAL
AMOUNT

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1987 FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION

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6 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.

CHAPTER OUTREACH

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 92628.

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VOICE

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WHO WE ARE Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching eighty-seven nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write: Chapter Department / FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



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FAME, FORTUNE AND

Fear

Two-time Oscar winner Al Kasha seemingly had it all. Then, almost without warning, his career, family, and personal life began falling apart. Out of desperation, he cried out to a God he barely knew.

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Living on Borrowed Time

Jeff Brown told his wife if she loved God so much to get out and leave him alone. Then began his desperate search to find her and what she had... while he still had time.

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