

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

JANUARY 1978 35¢

# VOICE



**"UNSHACKLED"**  
**Indeed!** The A.J. VANDER MEULEN Story

**A "FIRST" FOR  
FGBMFI CHAPTERS**

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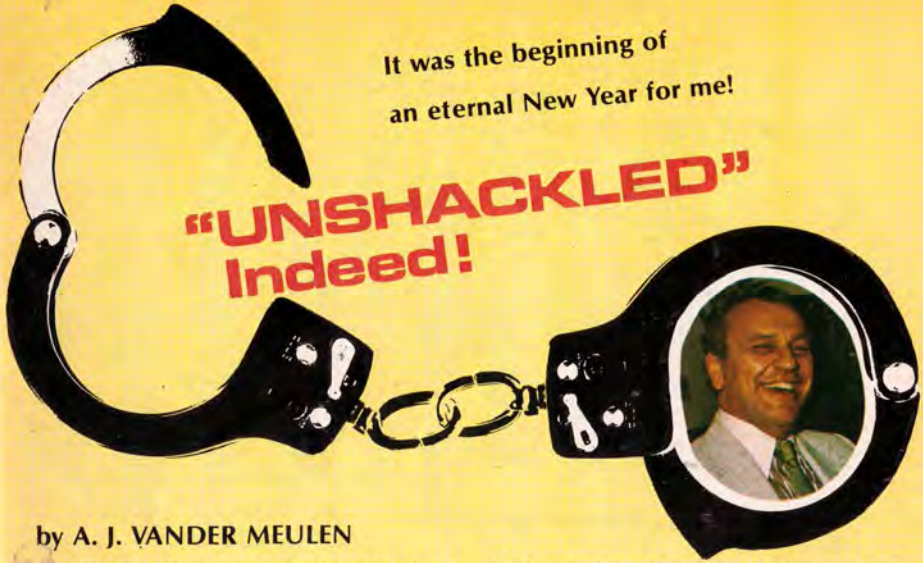


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It was the beginning of  
an eternal New Year for me!

**“UNSHACKLED”  
Indeed!**

by A. J. VANDER MEULEN

**A**LTHOUGH I was a drunkard, a dope addict and a professional thief for seventeen years, and served more than five years in prisons, my Christian parents held on to Acts 16:31, “Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.” No matter what I did, they clung to this promise and fully believed that some day I, too, would become a Christian.

As a boy I submitted myself to every demand of the church but there was no change in my heart. I said the right words but was not born again. And as I grew older I became hardened towards the Gospel. My mom used to stand before me praying with tears coursing down her cheeks and literally soaking

the front of her dress, and I’d curse and spit on her and slap her face. When she would kneel before me and pray, I’d kick her to make her get up.

When I was serving time in San Quentin my dad traveled four days across the United States to visit me for three hours and beg and plead with me to put my trust in Jesus Christ. When the visiting time was over and we walked out of the room toward the gate, Dad threw his arms around me and kissed me on the cheek, whispering that he and Mother and God loved me, and that Jesus wanted to save me. “Son, just before I leave I’m going to pray for you,” he said. As he bowed his head and prayed for me, loud and strong be-

A. J. VANDER MEULEN has been a Baptist minister for over twenty-seven years, and until recently was the Administrative Assistant to the Executive Director of Chicago’s famous Pacific Garden Mission, the largest institution of its kind in the world. The Mission’s radio ministry, “Unshackled,” is world-wide and has for many years been a tremendous witness for Christ. Rev. Vander Meulen is now available for speaking engagements in churches, and in FGBMFI conventions and chapter meetings.

When she would kneel  
to pray. I would kick her

I served  
five years



My Father lay at my feet with  
four teeth knocked out

fore the other inmates, I was ashamed of my father and in a rage I knocked him unconscious. He lay there at my feet with four teeth knocked out and his lips crushed and bleeding. When the prison doctor was hurriedly summoned and brought my dad back to consciousness, the first thing he said was, "God, forgive my boy and save him before it is eternally too late."

After prison I hit skid row in Chicago, and at noon on December 25, 1947 my "Christmas dinner" consisted of what I could forage from garbage containers in back of the Stevens Hotel (now the Chicago Hilton). I was more dead than alive and weighed only 114 pounds. The clothes fell off my back in rags and my body was covered with vermin. At 3:00 o'clock that afternoon I slashed my wrist with a rusty tin can and drank my own blood. I had reached the bottom rung of sin's ladder.

One week later, on New Year's Eve, as Mom and Dad were on their knees praying for me in St. Petersburg, Florida, God directed my feet to the Pacific Garden Mission on South State Street and there I heard the Gospel presented. That night at five minutes to eleven I responded to the sweet invitation of Matthew 11:28, "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That night I came to Jesus, weary, worn and sad, and found in Him a resting place, and He has made me glad. That night He reached down from heaven and gloriously saved my soul and set me free from the bondage of sin. It was the beginning of an eternal New Year for me.

Three years after I was born again I became a Baptist minister and have preached the Word for twenty-seven years. I also became a member of the staff of Pacific Garden Mission, serving



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as Administrative Assistant to the Executive Director until my resignation August 1, 1977.

In May of last year the Mission held a convention at the Chicago Hilton and there I was introduced to Mary Deuschlander, who soon became my fiancée. That night I was busy selling tapes and didn't get a chance to talk with her. But I couldn't forget her face. At home that night I prayed, "God, if I ought to see her again, send her back tomorrow night." And He did! But again I was very busy and didn't get a chance to talk to her. I watched as she walked toward the exit and suddenly realized I didn't know her phone number or where she lived. Right then I didn't care if I was busy or not—I had to speak to her. I caught up with her just outside the door and said, "Hello, Mary, don't you want a cup of coffee and a sandwich?"

To my amazement she replied, "Yes."

I said, "I've got a little bit of work to finish, will you wait?"

She said she would and sat down on the steps while I went back inside to complete my work. We went to the coffee shop and then I drove her home and lined up a date with her. This was the beginning of what became a wonderful relationship, which will culminate soon in marriage.

One day in late June we went up to Lake Geneva for a boat ride. During the return trip to Chicago I looked over at Mary and for some strange reason began to weep. After that, each time I looked at her I'd weep. Her only answer was an understanding smile. After several days of this, Mary told me she was taking a week's vacation to attend the Full Gospel Business Men's World Convention being held in the Chicago Hilton July 3-9, and invited me to attend some of the evening sessions with her. I

promised to do so, although the thought of going made me more uneasy with each passing day. However, I was determined to go because of Mary.

On Tuesday evening I wept intermittently from the minute we sat down at 6:45 until we left at 11:25. Mary would smile and hug me around the neck and kiss me on the cheek and say, "It's going to be all right." But it got worse. And the worse it got, the more she smiled. At the closing invitation I went forward to stand with several hundred other people, weeping profusely, but finally when no one came to pray with me I made my way back to my seat. Mary smiled and asked, "Did anything happen?"

I replied, "No."

Then she asked if anybody had helped me. Again I said, "No."

At that moment I looked up and saw a tall man in a white suit leave the speaker's platform and come towards me. I don't know how Fred Ladenius picked me out in that vast crowd but he did. He came to my seat, put his hand on my head and prayed for me, then put his arms around me and prophesied, "Tomorrow you're going to speak in a new language."

That night I was so miserable I don't think I slept more than fifteen minutes. I had a 7:00 a.m. breakfast appointment with some Christian men and when our food came I asked one of the men to pray. As soon as he did so, I began to weep and sob until finally I had to get up and leave without eating. I walked around for a while to regain my composure, for I had another important

appointment at 9:00 a.m. with a man who wasn't a Christian. When I sat in his office and commenced to converse with him, the weeping began again so that I could no longer talk. This businessman wanted to call a doctor but finally I regained my composure enough to say, "I'm sorry, I must leave. We'll have to set another appointment at a future date."

From there I went to my office but was unable to concentrate on my work. Deciding to walk to the Hilton two blocks away in the hope of finding Mary, I arrived at the International Ballroom just as the morning meeting was letting out. Realizing how difficult it would be to find Mary among those thousands of people, I sat down in the back of the auditorium and began to pray, telling God that I didn't know what was wrong but whatever it was I couldn't bear it any longer.

Suddenly I looked up and there was Mary with a big smile on her face. She sat down beside me, hugged me and kissed me on the cheek and said, "It will be all right, honey." Then she said to her friend, Sophia, "Go up front and get one of those men; A. J. needs help."

Sophia came back with Joe Forrester, a Nashville, Tennessee businessman. Joe took one look at me and knew what was wrong. He brought a chair over and sat down by me and started to weep also. For thirty minutes he spoke very quietly to me about his salvation experience. And then he dropped a bombshell: "Do you know what's the matter with you, A. J.?"



I said, "No."

He said, "You're fighting God. His Spirit wants to do a new and a special work in your heart and life, and you are rebelling. What you need is the baptism in the Holy Spirit."

With my Baptist background, if Mary had dared say anything like that to me during those first weeks of our dating I would have resented it, claiming that the experience might be okay for others

## **I ceased to care what anybody thought!**

but not for me. Now I meekly asked, "What do I need to do?"

"It's very simple," Joe replied. "I'm going to stand up and lay my hand on your head and pray for you. During my prayer I'll touch your arms. When I do, I want you to raise your hands toward heaven and begin praising the Lord."

He started praying. In a few minutes I felt his hands touch my elbows, and for the first time in over twenty-seven years in the ministry, this old fundamentalist preacher ceased to care what anybody thought. I raised my hands and praised the Lord the best I knew how. Then, beginning to strangle, I felt Mary's hand touch my throat and heard her rebuke the old adversary the devil.

Suddenly it was as though a clog had been removed from my throat, and I began to speak in another language, bypassing my own intellect with utterings and groanings from the depth of my heart that I suppose only God could understand. After a time of praising Him

in tongues a deep peace settled over me. The tears were all gone—and I had the biggest grin on my face anyone could possibly imagine! In the meeting that night I asked Mary to go forward with me to the altar so I could publicly praise God for baptizing me in the Holy Spirit.


Since then God has blessed me in so many ways. A terrible allergic condition to many foods had for some time made it necessary for me to take strong medicine every day, else I would wake up in the middle of the night and think my head was coming off. God completely healed me of this condition, and of arthritis as well.

My testimony is one of deliverance in so many areas of life. On New Year's Eve 1947, I was set free from sin—unshackled from Satanic bondage through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ in Chicago's Pacific Garden Mission on skid row.

Then, after being privileged to subsequently serve for many years on the staff of the very institution where I had met the Saviour, I was again set free—unshackled this time from the burden of a certain fearfulness to launch out into a richer, deeper and more powerful ministry through the baptism in the Holy Spirit, a challenge for which I will be forever grateful to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship.

I was delivered yet a third time—unshackled by the healing power of God from the physical afflictions which had held me captive for so many years.

"Unshackled?" Indeed so! ■



I was baptized in a blizzard!

# FIRE & SNOW

by MAX P. GASSMAN Machinery Designer, Waterloo, Iowa

**I**N JANUARY of 1966 I went to a small grove of trees near my home in south Waterloo to ask God whether the empowerment of the Holy Spirit was available for Christians today. It was about 5:00 p.m. I returned on two other occasions and each time felt closer to God.

On my fourth trip to the woods, as I held my hands up to the Lord and called upon Him once more for the empowerment of His Spirit, great ecstasy came to me and such power struck my body that I buckled at the knees and at the waist. Weeping for joy, I became aware of a great love for God and my fellow human beings such as I had never known. Walking joyfully about in a small area of the woods, I suddenly realized that I was praising the Lord in an unknown language. *I had never heard anyone speak in tongues and yet I praised God for about half an hour in several different languages, all unknown*

*to me.* The January weather that evening was cold and a midwestern blizzard was in progress but the fire of God was in me. There was no longer any doubt in my mind that Jesus was still baptizing believers in the Holy Spirit!

I had learned about God and the salvation established in Jesus Christ while attending Zion Evangelical Lutheran Day School in Mission, South Dakota. My older brother, Walter, and I were invited to attend the school during our seventh and eighth grade years by the German Lutheran farmers in the area. Our family was quite poor, having come through the Great Depression and the dust bowl conditions of the thirties. My earliest recollection of our living conditions was a sod house with a dirt floor on the Rosebud Indian Reservation. It was indeed good news to me to hear that Jesus was my friend, and I accepted Him as my Saviour and Lord





at that time. From then on, my life began to change for the better.

After finishing high school in 1948, I served in the Air Force for four years. Following military service, I attended engineering college in Rapid City, South Dakota on the Korean War Veterans Benefits Bill. During that time I married Gail and after completing my studies, went to work as a machinery designer in Waterloo, Iowa.

My church involvement was nominal but I did maintain a serious interest in spiritual matters, calling on the Lord often in prayer and finding Him always ready to answer.

About 10:00 p.m. one night early in 1961, while walking across the campus of Iowa State University, I suddenly felt the presence of God in a very special way and knew that He was calling me for some purpose. I placed my briefcase on the ground and indicated my

willingness to follow whatever directive He would give me in the days to come. At that time my family and I were living on the ISU campus for a few months while I took courses for a master's degree in engineering. We returned to Waterloo a few weeks later.

In 1963 my pastor, Lavern Kampfe, began training a group of people from Zion Lutheran Church in Waterloo to teach the Bethel Bible Series. He asked me to join the group and I did so, thinking that perhaps the Lord would reveal more regarding the nature and extent of His calling for me.

As we studied the Bible together, I began to realize that God is truly a God of miracles, and that Jesus Christ is indeed the same yesterday, and today, and forever (Hebrews 13:8). This being the case, it seemed reasonable to me that He would do miracles today if we

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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

# Dateline: World Report

CONSTRUCTION ABOUT TO BEGIN  
ON NEW FGBMFI LAYMEN'S  
WORLD HEADQUARTERS BUILDING



IT IS APROPOS that at this time the FGBMFI is about to begin construction of its new headquarters home this year—the twenty-fifth year of its life—a time also that begins its second twenty-five years of service!

We've now reached the "end of an era" for the Full Gospel Business Men's ministry. But we've also reached the time of a new beginning—another twenty-five years of challenge for the Fellowship.

About two-and-a-half years ago the international board voted to look for a suitable piece of property on which to build our world headquarters. Miraculously we were able to find a choice location at a very reasonable price, and put this property in escrow with the contingency that we would be enabled to obtain zoning for an office building.

It was indeed a miracle that everyone—the planning director, city council and the surrounding homeowners—were unanimous in desiring to see our World Laymen's Headquarters built in that area. We praise God that the required zone change for an office building was approved.

With the rezoning, the land value increased from our purchase price of \$1.50 a foot for six acres to over \$5.00 a square foot. It is next to the San Diego Freeway, one of the largest in Southern California, and directly opposite the large South Coast Plaza shopping center and hotel. Further-



more, a new freeway has recently been completed directly behind the property, placing us in a most strategic location where over 100,000 cars travel daily.

In the next ten years the land alone will be worth more than we are putting in the land and building today. At \$30,000.00 a month, it would cost us over \$3 million for rent alone during the ten years—and at the end of ten years we would own nothing. But owning these six acres of land gives us room to expand. This is good stewardship of God's money.

Already secured and paid towards the building are the land (\$380,000.00), architectural design, and permits. In addition, several phases of construction have been pledged from various Christian contractors.

T. L. Walley, a retired contractor from Redding, California is donating his time and skills to supervise site construction of the World Laymen's Headquarters until full completion.

Paul Toberty, developer-contractor and FGBMFI international director, has pledged all the excavation. The trusses and all the plywood have also been pledged by other Fellowship friends.

From its 60,000 square feet, the staff of FGBMFI will be able to direct the Fellowship's six major ministries with greater efficiency.

The building will allow expansion of our prayer ministry to include 24-hour phone-in prayer and counseling center. Plans also call for an expanded computer center, a video studio, cafeteria and auditorium, as well as general office space and shipping department.

This building will save the Fellowship thousands of dollars—money that can be better used in direct ministry.

Join us in this commitment to God and His work. Help us build a home for this vital ministry that together we may win souls for Jesus Christ and bring to others the blessings we have already received.

The World Laymen's Headquarters will only provide a basis of operation. The Fellowship is in business to change lives—to heal souls, bodies and minds by the power of Jesus Christ. The world needs help. Let the answer come from us. Let's work and pray together to see to completion this "new vision"—a permanent home for the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. ■

## **FIRE AND SNOW**

*Continued from page 9*

would call upon His name. The thought of receiving "power from on high" to witness for Him such as the early Christians received at Pentecost interested me.

Seeking further knowledge concerning the Holy Spirit, I discovered that there are two schools of thought on the Baptism. Some theologians, for instance, taught that this experience was not for today, while others taught that nothing had changed and that the Pentecostal experience could be received by asking. It was at that point that I went to the woods to seek the truth from the Source of all truth Himself, as He advises us to do in His Word, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God . . . and it shall be given him" (James 1:5).

In the days that followed my baptism in the Holy Spirit, I was aware of a closer relationship to God. Calling upon the Father in Jesus' name for many things, such as healing for friends and relatives, I knew in great faith that He was answering me. Each day I praised God in tongues and became aware that the gifts of the Holy Spirit were now active in my life.

Since very few people in 1966 were involved in the current Holy Spirit revival in the area in which we lived, I asked God to put me in fellowship with other Christians who had received the Baptism. In April 1971, the Holy Spirit prompted pastor G. D. Coburn to initiate the Inter-Faith Charismatic Fellow-

ship in the Waterloo area. Coburn was pastor of Central Assembly of God at that time. I was privileged to be at the first meeting of the fellowship and sensed that God had answered my prayer. This fellowship has been instrumental in bringing hundreds of people into salvation and the Baptism.

Someone gave me a copy of the Full Gospel Business Men's VOICE soon after I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I began to see that the Fellowship was fulfilling a tremendous God-given ministry today. A chapter was started in Cedar Rapids, Iowa in 1971. I attended some of the meetings and asked the brothers there to pray with me regarding the formation of a chapter in the Waterloo area.

In December of 1974 I was in the office of the John C. Rider and Associates Advertising and Art Studio. John and I had previously discussed the possibility of starting a chapter, and as we talked that day, the Holy Spirit gave us the assurance that if we held an initial meeting He would reveal whom we should appoint as president of the new chapter.

By faith we arranged the first meeting for January 29, 1975 at Dimitri's Restaurant and asked John Kittleson of Postville, Iowa to be our speaker. We advertised the meeting in the *Waterloo Courier* as the initial gathering of the Waterloo area chapter of FGBMFI. We were not aware we needed to contact Fellowship headquarters prior to the meeting to obtain an application.

January 29 was cold and windy and





**Waterloo, Iowa Founding Chapter Officers: John Argabright, Max Gassman, John Rider. Photo taken in Rider's Christian Graphics Studio.**

another midwest blizzard was in progress. I wondered if the speaker would make it to the meeting since he had to drive about 100 miles through the Iowa countryside to attend. I also wondered if *anyone* would come to the meeting. However, God provided! John Kittleson arrived on time, and 160 other people as well disregarded the snowstorm and turned out for the dinner meeting.

God blessed us in many ways during that evening. Near the end of the meeting someone introduced me to John Argabright, a local plumbing and heat-

ing contractor. To my surprise and delight, I learned that he had already taken steps to organize a chapter, obtaining permission and the necessary application form from FGBMFI headquarters. He had seen the need for a chapter but had not been sure when to hold the initial meeting. John Rider and I had never heard of John Argabright before, but we knew he was the man that the Holy Spirit had indicated to us. Thus the Waterloo area chapter was soon formed with Argabright as president, John Rider as vice president, and I as secretary-treasurer. I became vice president in 1976.

When I first asked God to place me in fellowship with other Holy Spirit empowered Christians, I didn't realize how abundantly He would answer that prayer. There are now twenty FGBMFI chapters in Iowa and more are being planned. In addition to being involved in the ministry of the Fellowship, I am also co-chairman of the Inter-Faith Charismatic Fellowship.

A commercial artist, John Rider's work among other things includes a teaching poster for use on calendars, and place mats produced for the Inter-Faith Charismatic Fellowship and Iowa FGBMFI chapters.

I thank God that He involved me in these ministries. His presence as I walked across the Iowa State University campus in 1961 was real. When He baptized me with His Holy Spirit in January 1966, in the midst of a blizzard, the Lord opened the door to do the work for which He had called me. ■



# A LESSON FROM LOTTIE

by **SCHOEL HAMMER** Retired Postal Worker, Glenwood, New Mexico

**T**HE DATE was Friday, January 1962. The place, the Holiday Inn, Phoenix, Arizona. I was there for the Full Gospel Business Men's Convention. I had been attending their local chapter in Los Angeles for nearly a year and was eagerly looking forward to the meetings.

Some two years before I had come into a personal relationship with the Lord and now was further pursuing the search for a deeper significance in that

relationship. After many years of frustrating, fruitless searching for the meaning of life I had at last received the answer to the dilemma. I had found that Jesus Christ was the answer to all of life's questions.

In my youth I had been involved in Spiritism and other forms of the occult and in my adult years had looked into some of the Eastern religions and their occidental counterparts, none of which



satisfied the thirsty soul in search of God.

After half a dozen years of no belief in anything, I had through the persuasion of my wife started attending services in a large denominational church. It was there at the age of forty-eight that God succeeded in getting through to me in the person of His Son Jesus Christ. I now knew without a doubt that Jesus Christ was the key to the meaning of life, but how to match that key to unlock life's daily problems evaded me.

I read in the Bible of the many teachings Jesus brought and how His followers' lives were changed as a result. His Word convinced me that something should transpire in me if I believed. Paul's writings informed me of the things that should occur as the outcome of this commitment to God. Yet I saw no drastic change in my life to bear out that conviction.

True, I did have a greater sense of peace and to a degree a personal relationship with God, but there was still a void that could not be filled by theological statements of belief.

During this time of searching I became acquainted with the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship and from then on was a regular attendant at their Saturday morning meetings in Los Angeles. It was there that I learned of the baptism in the Holy Spirit and concluded that that was the quality that was missing in my relationship. There was something a little different in the faces of the men and women who attended these meetings.

Because of my misconception of what and who the Holy Spirit is and what was required to receive Him into my life, I remained "stalemated" for many months. Hence my journey to Phoenix to try one more time in the climate of "faith" I was certain would be manifested there.

With several other men I had been invited that Friday in January 1962 to the room of one of the group to receive instructions for the purpose of obtaining the Baptism.

Hope and expectancy were mingled with a degree of skepticism as I entered the room. I had been instructed many times before and was fearful that more of the same teaching might be forthcoming. True to my fears, the instructions were identical. However, in obedience to them, and in faith I again asked the Lord to baptize me in His Holy Spirit. I felt nothing except a little foolish as I raised my hands and uttered syllables of an unknown jargon. No lights came on, no cymbals clanged and I left the room chagrined, apparently no different than when I had entered.

I was extremely disappointed. I had seen others become emotionally involved, shouting and leaping with joy. Surely, I thought, they must be particularly favored by the Lord. Mentally I chalked up the experience as being yet another blighted attempt to know the unknowable.

However as the evening wore on I experienced an awareness of God, a closeness and feeling of well-being I had not known before. Normally I was a

very phlegmatic person, not given to expressing much emotion. Now I began feeling a kinship and concern for others, which was completely foreign to my nature. Also I had sense of elation which was not normal. That night I slept peacefully. God was as good as His promise, He had done what He said He would do. I only regretted that I had not taken the step earlier.

Little did I realize that the Lord had a far greater experience for me and also a

claimed the seat was of the type I loathed. She had evidently come in off the street and to describe her and the child with her as unkempt would be a gross understatement. They both were indescribably filthy. Their repulsive appearance was exceeded only by the foul odor which emanated from their bodies.

Nothing the speaker said registered. I was so provoked over this turn of events that my mind was blank to all

## One did not see Lottie,

beautiful lesson in humility. In a few short hours I was to taste the bitterness of despair. The emotional pinnacle on which I was now perched proved to be a very unstable platform indeed.

The following early afternoon there was to be a speaker of whom I had heard much. With eager expectation I looked forward to hearing him. Well before the appointed time for the auditorium to open I was there, choosing a seat ten rows from the rostrum on the center aisle in order to have a clear view of the speaker and to be able to hear distinctly.

I was the only one present and waited forty-five minutes before the others began trickling in. I congratulated myself on my foresight for in a short time the auditorium was filled to capacity and the hum of conversation set the air to vibrating. People lined the walls and the seat in front of me was one of the last to be filled.

To my consternation the person who

else. After half an hour of vexation and chaffing I arose and left the auditorium in a huff, returning to my room.

To say that I was miserable would have been a flagrant diminution of fact. I tried praying but the heavens were as brass. I even considered cutting my sojourn short and returning to my home in California. Fortunately I decided to stay, and after eating dinner I returned to the auditorium.

There were a number of speakers but only one made a lasting impression on me and that only because his testimony introduced another person. In a brief testimony he related how a dozen years before a black woman had come to their home as a servant. She ultimately became such a vital force for God in their household, that the lives of every member of his family had been drastically changed. She had been instrumental in bringing the family out of Christian religiosity into a true relationship with God. The speaker bubbled



over with enthusiasm as he told of the holiness of this humble black child of God; about the unbridled love she showed to everyone regardless of how badly she was treated. To use his own words, "I tried her to the 'Nth' degree."

His ridicule and non-acceptance of the love God poured out through her would have discouraged a lesser person but she assumed everything in God's grace. For more than two years she had endured his insults as she witnessed to

their cigarettes. He said he tried many times to fire Lottie but without success. But after they became born again they were immediately delivered from all their bad habits and their home became a mecca for all their friends and acquaintances, seeking Lottie's prayers. God worked in miraculous ways through Lottie to perform His will in their lives.

At the end of his testimony the man called Lottie to the stage and intro-

## one saw Christ in ebony.

and prayed over him until he finally acceded to the convicting power of God and turned his life over to Christ. He observed that the great power she exhibited in her daily life as she prayed for people was due to the love of God which flowed from her in great abundance. His family never had to see a doctor; they just had Lottie pray for them and they were healed. Her faith had even brought a dead cat back to life. The children had picked the cat up from the roadway where it had been run over. They were crying as they brought it to Lottie who comforted them with the words, "Don't cry, dear hearts; the Lord will heal your cat." She placed her hands on the cat and the speaker said, "I saw a dead cat resurrected."

He and his wife before their conversion were forced by conviction to give their cocktail parties at their club rather than at home, because of Lottie. They sneaked into the bathroom to smoke

duced her. Her appearance was unpretentious. Of indeterminable age, she could have been in her late fifties or older. As was said of our Lord, there was nothing in her physical being that would cause anyone to hold her in special regard. One did not see Lottie, one saw Christ in ebony. The Bible's explanation of love as the "greatest thing" in creation was given new meaning to me. I saw the human concept of love as an extremely poor substitute for the love of God—the *Agape* love that can only be known when the life is centered in God.

I was so completely captivated by her spirit that none of the other speakers mattered. To me, Lottie, that seemingly insignificant human vessel, uneducated, humble and looked down upon by many who considered her beneath their notice, far outshone all of the featured speakers, many of whom were well known theologians.

I retired to my room feeling much

better than I had earlier. I had beheld one of God's choice "saints." Being in a pensive mood and mulling over the day's happenings, I thanked God that He had forgiven me for my earlier offensive attitude, and wondered how I could fit into His scheme of things. My life should count for something in His economy, but what? At fifty, it was perhaps a trifle late in life for me to launch into a professional ministry.

I was sitting on my bed in the dark, searching my heart for an answer. Suddenly an overwhelming sensation of another presence being in the room was felt. The very atmosphere was charged and the room became as light as day with no apparent source of light being evidenced. I was startled but not frightened.

The holiness that pervaded the room caused me to feel extremely insignificant and unworthy and I knew something of what Moses must have felt when he met God at the burning bush. I fell to my knees facing the other side of the bed. In front of me the robed figure of a man materialized and the intensity of the light increased greatly. "He is the light of the world," I remembered. No audible sounds were made but God communicated with me in that still small voice within as plainly as though He had spoken aloud. "You can love as Lottie loves. There is no greater ministry, no greater force in all the universe."

At the same time the figure held out His arms toward me. Waves of a mist-like substance rolled over me in huge billows. To describe the sensations that

went through me is impossible. Over the years I have tried to attest to the love of God—to put into writing what it is like—and each time I realize the impossibility of the task.

The love I felt before when Lottie spoke was as nothing in comparison but I knew it was from the same Source. The image faded after a few minutes and the room became dark once more but the love still lingered on. Christ in His infinite compassion and mercy had deigned to reach across the barrier to flesh and reveal a fundamental truth to me; I Corinthians 13 became a living reality. Without the love of God, nothing in this world or the next is of any consequence. Love is a vital living element that nothing can withstand and if practiced by those who claim Christ as Saviour, would change the world in one generation. God cannot help loving because love is His nature. Love Himself is the Creator. God made His creation of which man is the highest conception, to reflect that love.

The ensuing years have only served to emphasize the truth of that experience: the reality of God and the all-encompassing love that transcends all barriers of race, color or nationality.

Since that January in the Full Gospel Business Men's Convention in Phoenix, I have seen that same love manifested to a degree in others of God's children but never in the same measure that Lottie expressed it, and most certainly in a scale far below that that came to me personally in my room where God met my need. ■



## 25th WORLD CONVENTION, ANAHEIM, JULY 3-8, 1978 Silver Anniversary Celebration to be FGBMFI Event of Century!



**E**XCITEMENT AND IMPACT as never before! The 1978 World Convention/25th Silver Anniversary to be held in the Anaheim Convention Center Anaheim, California, will be the Fellowship "Event of the Century."

You will attend the greatest banquet yet—a grand birthday celebration—a spiritual feast!

You will hear some of the finest Gospel singers and musicians lifting the entire convention in thrilling song and music in praise to our Lord.

Important benefits will be the life-changing and heart-moving teaching from some of the nation's most notable Bible scholars. There will be special meetings for the women and children for instruction and spiritual growth. National and international businessmen will testify to the reality and power of Jesus Christ in their lives.

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Come—be a part—let God build your faith. Let us draw closer to Him and to one another. Let's allow Him to meet all of our needs, physical and spiritual. Let us "praise God together" at the '78 World Convention and 25th Anniversary Celebration at the Anaheim Convention Center in Anaheim, California, July 3-8.

To secure God's personal blessing upon this convention, we are asking as many as possible on the first day of each month (mark it on your calendar) to pray, and, if God directs you, to fast for a special manifestation of His Spirit in our midst as never before.

Thousands will attend our 25th Anniversary World Convention. Contact your local FGBMFI chapter president now for further information. If there is no chapter in your area, write to: RICHARD MINASIAN, World Convention Coordinator, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626. ■

This could be  
our finest year . . .



by DEMOS SHAKARIAN

# SILVER



# JUBILEE

## International President, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

**T**HIS YEAR has been designated as the official Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. It marks the time when on Saturday morning, December 20, 1952, following fourteen months of frustration which culminated in a God-given vision of a coming world-wide revival, the Fellowship finally got off the ground and by New Year's Day 1953 was in full flight.

But the original idea for all that has transpired since then actually came to me in 1951, twenty-seven years ago. At that time, the words of the late Dr. Charles Price, spoken to me seven years before, began to sear deeply into my consciousness: "Demos, I will not be here to see it, but you will witness one of the major events foretold in the Bible. Just before Jesus returns to earth, God's Spirit is going to descend on all

flesh, and laymen will be the most important channel through which He will work."

I had seen an example of this when 100 men and their wives gathered for a chicken dinner at Knott's Berry Farm several years before to help us prepare for a Pentecostal Rally in Hollywood Bowl. As I looked into the faces of those businessmen, an extraordinary idea came to me. What if a few of these men were to come up to the head table and tell the rest of us what God meant, personally, in their lives. It could be a tremendous encouragement to us all.

The next moment I blinked. Three tables away the face of a tall middle-aged man in a pin-striped suit suddenly lit up as though a spotlight had shined on it. I knew this was the man I was to call on first.

"Won't you share with us the won-



# DINER

**"Demos, this is real," Oral said. "This has God in it!"**

derful thing the Lord has done for you?" I asked him, as he came forward to stand beside me. The man shook his head in bewilderment. "I don't know who told you," he said, "but yes . . . my wife and I have so much to be thankful for!" And he went on to tell how his wife's father had recently been healed by prayer of what doctors called terminal cancer. In the electric hush which followed I looked around the room again. Near the window another face was illuminated. "Sir, will you come up here where we can all see you . . . ?"

So it went on for an hour and a half, during which we heard stories of marriages healed, alcoholism overcome, business partners reconciled. The combined effect of those testimonies was more powerful than any sermon I had ever heard. What an irresistible force it could be if hundreds—thousands—of

such men were to band together to spread this kind of Good News all over the world! The idea would not let me alone.

In the fall of 1951 we helped set up Oral Roberts' Los Angeles campaign, the largest yet seen in the city, with over 200,000 attending during the sixteen days.

"This is rewarding," I said to Oral one night as we sat over pie and coffee in an all-night diner after the service, "and yet I keep getting the feeling that these kind of meetings are no longer God's work for me, and that He is showing me something different."

"What's that, Demos?"

"It's a group of businessmen who will tell what they've experienced of God to other men like themselves—men who might not be interested in what a preacher said but who will listen to a

plumber, dentist or salesman because they're plumbers, dentists and salesmen themselves."

Oral set down his coffee so hard some of it sloshed into the saucer. "Demos, I hear it. I hear it, brother! What would you call such a group?"

"The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International."

Oral stared at me across the plastic tabletop. "Quite a mouthful."

"Yes, but every one of the words is necessary. *Full Gospel*. No subject would have to be avoided at our meetings—Salvation, Healing, the Baptism in the Holy Spirit, Tongues, Deliverance. Whatever the man's experience, he could talk about it, just as it happened. *Business Men*. Laymen, ordinary people. *Fellowship*. A group of people who love to gather in Christian love and invite others who might need the Lord in some way to join them. *International*. The whole world. The 'all flesh' spoken of by the prophet Joel."

"Demos, this is real," said Oral. "This has God in it. Is there anything I can do to help to get it started?"

Was there! With Oral Roberts as the speaker, hundreds of Christian businessmen would turn out to an initial meeting. "Oral, if I invited businessmen from all over Los Angeles to a Saturday morning meeting, would you come and help launch this thing?"

And so it was settled. As a meeting place we chose the second floor of Clifton's Cafeteria on Broadway at Seventh, a large overflow room used at peak hours during the week but gener-



**Demos Shakarian, president, signing the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International Articles of Incorporation.**

ally deserted on Saturday mornings. Then I got on the phone with every Spirit-filled businessman I knew, announcing the first meeting.

The great day arrived. By the time Oral, Rose and I had found a parking place in the downtown area, we were a little late and more than a little excited as we climbed the stairs at Clifton's. How many would be waiting for us? Three hundred? Four hundred?

We reached the top of the stairs. I counted quickly. Nineteen, twenty . . . twenty-one people. Including the three of us. My heart sank. Only eighteen other men had been excited enough to show up, even with a world-famous evangelist as an inducement.

After a few rather uninspired introductory remarks from me, Oral Roberts stood up. He began by thanking God for the small turnout: "So that from the beginning this will be *your* organization,



7

**Founding Board: Earl Draper, George Gardner, Oral Roberts (guest speaker), Demos, Lee Braxton, Miner Arganbright.**



Lord, springing from this mustard seed of numbers, with no thanks to human know-how." He spoke for about twenty minutes, then closed with a prayer: "Lord Jesus, let this Fellowship grow in your strength alone. Send it marching in your power across the nation. Across the world. We give you thanks right now, Lord Jesus, that we see a little group of people in a cafeteria, *but that you see a thousand chapters.*"

With that an amazing thing happened. That little group which a few minutes before had been sitting around like farmhands on a fence, suddenly came alive. It was Oral's Dream of a Thousand which changed the mood. Suddenly we saw what an adventure it would be to watch the Spirit build this all-but-empty room into a world-wide army of a thousand different companies.

Someone began to sing: "Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to

war . . ." and we all picked it up. I reached out and took the hand of the man next to me and soon we were all holding hands in a circle, marching in place, singing.

Legally the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International began a few weeks later with the signing of the articles of incorporation and the naming of a five man board of directors. The Fellowship was chartered by the State of California, January 2, 1953. Spiritually, though, it began when Oral Roberts shared his Dream of a Thousand and we all held hands like children and marched in place singing a battle song.

As we enter our Twenty-fifth Anniversary Year, the dream of 1,000 chapters has long been fulfilled and we are well on our way toward reaching 2,000. Blessed of God, the outreach of the Fellowship has indeed become international, expanding until it literally circles the globe.

Those original twenty-one dedicated men in Los Angeles have become multiplied thousands of dedicated men all over the world. God has led us through years of training—of preparation—acquainting us with the spiritual weapons He has given us—demonstrating to us their firepower—teaching us to use them with wisdom.

We have come this far by faith, led by God and dedicated to a single purpose. We have come a long way, yes, but there is yet much land to conquer.

This could be the Fellowship's finest year—the year of Silver Jubilee! Indeed, with God's help it is our responsibility and our privilege to make it so! ■

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# GOD IS BIG ENOUGH!

by IRA T. VINCENT

Former Director for Insurance, East Florida Division,  
American Automobile Association, Miami, Florida



**T**HOUGHTS FROM the past flooded my mind as I lay flat on my back at the North Beach Medical Center in Fort Lauderdale, Florida on June 19, 1976. I could hardly believe what was happening to me. Here I was, wracked with pain in the stomach, chest, intestinal area and groin to the point where I considered myself better off dead.

Although God had been good to me over the years, I strayed away from Him just as an animal might stray from home. I had accepted Jesus as my Saviour and Lord at a little Wesleyan Methodist church in Wolf Summit, West Virginia at the age of twelve. The impression He made on my life at that time was the spark that was to keep me going in the days ahead.

On May 17 I had been at my office at the American Automobile Association in Miami where I was Director of Insurance, running a multi-million dollar business and overseeing all their insurance operations for the entire east coast of Florida.

I had much to be thankful for, but

failed to give God the credit for my success. I had been working day and night for the past five years to build the business to the point where it was one of the largest operations in Florida. As I worked in my office that warm May morning I looked over the prior months' production figures and thought to myself, "Here I am, forty-seven years old, a successful businessman—yet something is lacking." I felt a terrible emptiness in my life.

About an hour later, becoming suddenly very ill with a fever and severe sharp cutting pains in the groin and abdomen, I called my doctor. He made arrangements for me to enter the hospital the next day, where upon examination it was ascertained that I was suffering from acute prostatitis and diverticular disease of the intestines. A proctectomy was subsequently performed.

I developed severe complications and lost large amounts of blood over the next few weeks, and thought surely I would die. My Spirit-filled brother in

West Virginia, Earl Vincent, my wife, Clemmie, and others, including Vena Lee, a Unity minister, were in constant prayer that Jesus would save my life, but for some reason I was not receiving the healing I expected.

On June 16 I was released from the hospital, weak from loss of blood and very disoriented because of pain but determined to get well on my own. I was also frightened half out of my skin, for the doctors had run a series of tests on my liver and pancreas and the initial X ray showed a cyst or tumor-like object on the pancreas. I knew enough about medicine to fully realize that if indeed a tumor did exist on the pancreas I was in for some very serious physical problems, not to mention the possibility of death.

To verify their earlier findings the doctors ran me through a sophisticated body scanner. This is a very delicate, highly complicated, comparatively new and costly machine for diagnosing disease in the human body. The scanner confirmed the findings of the other conventional X ray that indeed there was a foreign substance on my pancreas.

On June 17 and 18 I suffered pain in the stomach such as I had never known before, and was unable to sleep or even think. My prayers seemed in vain. The next day Clemmie insisted I return to the hospital. There the diagnosis on admission was diverticulitis, gastritis and pancreatic cyst. For the next few hours I continued to deteriorate rapidly. By now, pain killing drugs gave me no relief.

When Vena Lee came to see me, I mentioned my former involvement in Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in Roanoke, Virginia many years before, and that in their meetings I had witnessed some wonderful healings. She immediately set out to find someone in the Fort Lauderdale chapter to pray for me.

Meanwhile, I was again placed in the body scanner for a check of my pancreas. The pain continued and I was unable to tolerate food. I couldn't imagine how much longer this could go on before I would break under the strain.

On the fourth day at about 1:00 p.m. two men I had never seen before stepped into my room and identified themselves as John Hale and Art Sterling of the Fort Lauderdale chapter of FGBMFI. Although I was barely able to speak to them, my heart skipped a beat and down inside a still, small voice said to me, "Your healing is close at hand." These two fine brothers laid hands on me and began to pray. And as they prayed this hardened businessman, the head of a multi-million dollar business, cried like a baby—not tears of sadness but of joy.

Art and John prayed over me for about half an hour and all during this time we were left undisturbed. Usually nurses and other medical staff were in and out of my room every few minutes, but not this time. The Holy Spirit was at work. Before John and Art left my room the intense pain in my stomach had subsided somewhat and in less than an hour it was completely gone!



I felt hungry—and it was the first time I could even tolerate the thought of food in more than ten days. I knew then that God had answered the prayers of Art and John.

That same evening one of the doctors on my case came in and said, "Mr. Vincent, the body scan reading of your pancreas is negative." He further said, "I just don't understand it. How could it be negative now when just ten days ago two separate tests showed abnormal readings?"

The next morning another doctor came to see me and he said, "Ira, you're one of the luckiest men in South Florida. The pancreas is now normal—you've had a miracle." This coming from a scientifically oriented medical man was all I needed to prove that God had truly worked a miracle in my life.

In less than sixty hours the I.V.'s were taken out of my arm and I was able to eat and drink normally. I had no pain even though another test showed my stomach and intestines to be grossly inflamed. Yes, in just hours after the Holy Spirit entered that room through the presence of His messengers I left the hospital where only days before I was sure I was dying.


God continues to heal my body. But this experience didn't stop with my bodily healing. He has moved on my life in such a way that I once again realize how beautiful life is and how wonderful God is. I know that His Spirit was always with me—I had just blocked Him out. I have vowed that this will never happen again. I praise God daily that He is big enough to rule the universe yet small enough to live within my heart. ■

## Just a few more days —

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Please send information immediately on how I can save taxes through FGBMFI's Trust Program.  I would also appreciate a copy of "A Guide To Your Christian Will."

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# "The Shepherd Psalm"



by DR. JAMES HESTER

Dr. Hester pastors Arlington Christian Center in Arlington, Texas. He has earned degrees from Hardin-Simmons University and Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary in the United States, and the University of Perugia and the International Language Institute in Italy. This article is a condensation of a message in our tape library.

THE 23RD PSALM has long been treasured as the most beautiful of all psalms. One reason for that is its elegant poetry. But far overshadowing its literary excellence is its central theme. David, the great king of Israel, wastes no time telling us what that is when he boldly and confidently declares, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." For David, life's problems were solvable, his fears allayed, and his life was one of blessing and power simply because he had made God his shepherd. This is the message of the 23rd Psalm.

There's the story of a little girl who got up in front of the congregation to recite this psalm by rote memory. But when she looked at the crowd and saw an ocean of faces, all she could say was, "The Lord is my shepherd. And He's all that I want."

That little girl didn't have all the wording exactly right, but she was certainly theologically sound. For, as we interpret this psalm in a Christian context, David is saying negatively that if you put your confidence and your trust in anybody or anything other than the Lord Jesus Christ, you will be on a collision course with disappointment and trouble and heartache. But when we make Jesus the Lord and Shepherd of our lives, He truly is "all that we want." David, through the use of analogy and a recollection of his days as a shepherd, goes on to tell us why Jesus is all that we could ever want.

First of all, he says, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." In the Holy Land there are no long stretches of green pasture land. David no doubt remembered that when he was a shepherd lad he had to seek out the green



pastures so his precious sheep could eat. And so he is saying that when we follow Jesus Christ as our personal Shepherd, we can be confident that He's going to take us to those blessed green pastures where our spiritual and physical needs will be met and we can rest in the abundance of His mercy.

And then David says, "He leadeth me beside the still waters." Sheep will die before they'll drink from swift-flowing water where they cannot see their reflection. When I was a missionary in Lybia I watched a shepherd leading a flock of sheep to water. When they passed the fast water the sheep became fearful, but as soon as they came to still waters they drank and drank until they were satisfied.

Jesus leads us not only to green pasture land but to still waters where there is a never-ending supply of all that is essential to life and to life eternal. God has provided for our needs in abundance because He loves us.

The next verse is the most precious in all of David's comparisons between his life as a shepherd and his life in God. He says, "He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake." God in His great mercy and love for us sent His only Son to die on the cross so that our souls could be restored to wholeness. But God didn't leave us at the cross. Jesus came to be not only our Saviour, but our Shepherd. Even now He lives in our hearts, faithfully guiding and directing us in righteousness each day of our lives.

And because Jesus Christ has re-

stored our souls and walks with us day-by-day, we do not have to fear death and the evil that is around us. David knew the blessing of serving the Lord, for he says, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

In this life we are going to go through those valleys of danger and trouble, and we may even walk in the shadow of death. But while we are there we need not fear because *God is with us*. When we trust in Jesus Christ as the Shepherd of our lives, He does indeed comfort, protect, and deliver us from death and evil. Even that eventual death will not really be death at all, for Jesus said, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die (John 11:25-26).

David also had confidence that God guarded him from those who hated him and sought to kill him. "Thou prepest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." A good shepherd, when he has found some pasture for his sheep to feed on, will first check it out to make sure there is nothing there which will harm the sheep. If he finds poisonous weeds, he will hoe them aside with his staff. If he encounters a snake or a wild animal that threatens to attack the sheep he will shoo it away or kill it if necessary.

Then he will call the little sheep to come and feed at the table he has prepared for them. Thus has our Shep-

herd, Jesus, in the midst of a world that is filled with our enemies—if not persecution, then certainly sin and evil—prepared a feast for us in His riches.

“Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.” Early in the morning the shepherd will rub oil on the sheep’s head so if he cuts himself in heavy brush the healing balm will already be there. Jesus Christ is our healing balm, and

truly in Him our cups of blessing overflow in every way.

And then David concludes by saying that since God is his shepherd, “Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.”

Here is the final blessing, the final victory, when we make Jesus Christ the Lord and Shepherd of our lives. ■

## 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” (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 right now:** “Dear God, I am convinced by your Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men.”

**When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know so that we may send you a booklet, NOW THAT YOU’VE RECEIVED CHRIST.**

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"Praise consists in wonder  
at the goodness of God." Manning.

# miracle on 42<sup>nd</sup> street



by **ROBERT W. STEINMETZ** Salesman, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

**A**S A SALESMAN I travel by automobile well over 25,000 miles a year. In the performance of my job it is necessary to keep my leased car properly serviced at all times. In the last eight years of work I can't recall having a road service call for maintenance. Therefore, I was surprised on a recent overnight trip to New York City when at the intersection of 42nd Street and 9th Avenue, with multi-lanes of traffic rushing southward, my leased Ford LTD stalled. I started it, moved a few yards forward from my middle lane, and it stalled again. By the time this had occurred once or twice more, I had maneuvered to the extreme right driving lane. That is where the motor died and all efforts to start the car failed.

At this point, I was blocking the right lane and extending a foot or two into the second lane—and slowing down traffic considerably. Unfortunately, cars and trucks were parked solidly along

the right curb so that I could move no further in that direction, even by pushing the car.

Taxi horns were sounding and impatient glances were cast in my direction from passing motorists—and no doubt some choice remarks as well.

Having read recently about praising the Lord in all circumstances, particularly when trouble or adversity strikes (I Thessalonians 5:16-18), I began offering up numerous "hallelujahs" as well as prayer petitions for Divine help.

Minutes seemed like hours. I'm a salesman, not a mechanic. Had I flooded the engine? Was my battery weak? I tried to push the car out of the second lane and into the first so that I would only block one lane of traffic, but with no success! It was simply too heavy for one person to move. I looked longingly for a good Samaritan.

Taxis, cars, and even a police cruiser car passed me by. Pedestrians ignored

my evident struggle. So I reentered the car, praised the Lord several more times and kept trying the ignition, with great expectations.

A truck moved away from the curb directly in front of me. This would allow me to get the car out of the traffic, but no amount of shoving and pushing would even budge the mule-stubborn vehicle! Finally, a man crossing the street saw my predicament and assisted me in pushing the car to the curb lane. With heartfelt gratitude I thanked the man—and the Lord.

Raising the hood of the car, I looked for obvious things that could be wrong. A few curious spectators stopped to watch, among them a young chap who agreed with me that the carburetor wasn't flooded and the battery did indeed function, but suggested that I probably had a gasoline feed problem which would require a mechanic.

I put the hood down, reentered the car and thought of my alternatives. I could take the bus home and let the lease agency worry about the car, or I could find a garage and remain with the car until it was repaired—probably staying overnight. Meanwhile I continued to pray and praise the Lord.

Deciding to phone the lease company in my home town and seek advice, I was told to get it fixed and "good luck"! But where does one find a garage or even a gas station in New York City? A parking lot sign nearby on 42nd Street gave me hope that someone there would know where a garage was.

After a brief conversation with the

attendant I learned there are few garages in that part of the city, but he knew of a tow truck service that might be available. I visualized towing charges of \$25.00 and perhaps a repair bill of \$50.00. But having no choice, I ordered the tow truck and indicated I would be standing by the car when it arrived.

On the walk back to the car, I recalled the miracle performed by God during the Israelites' battle for the walled city of Jericho (Joshua, Chapter 6). The Israelites were promised that when they shouted praises unto the Lord after marching around the city seven times, He would honor their obedience and cause the walls to fall. In my desperation, therefore, I decided to march around the car, seven times if necessary, hoping that God would work a miracle in my behalf as He had in theirs.

At the end of the first lap a white shirted man, carrying his coat, approached out of nowhere and asked if I needed help. After a brief explanation of my predicament I learned that he was presently unemployed but had been a mechanic for eighteen years in Detroit, had worked on Fords, particularly LTD's, and that he was sure he knew what the trouble was and would fix it. He advised me to cancel the tow truck.

All he needed to do the repair work, the stranger said, were some pliers. I always carried assorted tools in the car, but after a diligent search in the trunk revealed the absence of pliers, he recommended that we find a hardware store and purchase a pair.

Have you ever needed a hardware





**"I put the hood down, reentered the car and thought of my alternatives."**

store in New York City? Where do you begin to look for one? There were plenty of restaurants, food markets and shops on 9th Avenue, but hardware stores—hardly. And yet, as I looked around in desperation, hoping again for a miracle, there, on a building directly across the street was a sign, "Hardware Store."

Within minutes I had purchased a pair of pliers, locked the car, and at the insistence of the stranger went back to the parking lot to cancel the request for the tow truck.

By the time I returned to the car, harboring some doubts as to my benefactor's ability, I found the motor running (with the car still locked and the key in my pocket). The stranger had, he said, simply removed and cleaned the

gas line filter.

I immediately thanked him, paid him a nominal sum of money which he insisted was adequate, and happily drove off.

The two-hour trip home allowed me to thank God and praise Him even more for the "miracle" on 42nd Street. He had turned what was for me an insurmountable problem into victory and a testimony.

As Psalm 27:6 indicates, God wants us to offer sacrifices of joy and sing praises unto Him. Trials and tribulations will come our way but, like gold, we are made more precious and purer when through faith we pass through the refiner's fire. I rejoice in that through this incident I've learned the true value of praising the Lord. ■

## FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

As this issue was prepared for publication, the following chapters were submitted as having been recently chartered. Hopefully, one is in YOUR area! The president's name and telephone number has been included in this list for your information.

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### 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, California 92626.*

## JANUARY TAPE MINISTRY

—check desired tape—

- 16WCA5, **Rev. Rex Humbard**, "The Best Is Yet to Come";  6D5, **Rev. Charles Duncombe**, "The Spirit-Filled Man Under Duress";  6A6, **Dr. Michael Esses**, "The Just Shall Live by Faith";  1AT6, **Dr. Howard Ervin**, "The Healing of the Church";  30A6, **Fr. John Bertolucci**, "Jesus, the Good Shepherd";  33WC6, **Rev. Howard Conatser/Adolph Coors, IV** (personal testimony)/and others.

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## A "FIRST" FOR FGBMFI CHAPTERS

January 1978 VOICE Sponsored by Lloyd Center, Portland, Oregon



Tim Scott, treasurer; Andy Waterman, vice president; Bob Carter, president; George Linn, secretary.

**I** AM the God of the expected . . . and of the *unexpected!*"

This prophecy, given during the time of sharing at the weekly Men's Luncheon of the Lloyd Center Chapter on Tuesday, October 4, 1977, was confirmed throughout the meeting as men told how God was moving in both expected and unexpected ways in their lives and businesses.

Faith was running high and the air was charged with expectancy as VOICE Editor Raymond Becker presented a brief report concerning the magazine (circulation then 875,000, now 950,000); testimonies of lives touching lives for Christ; \$60,000-plus monthly printing cost). Dr. Becker then reminded his hearers, on the basis of Matthew 20, of their opportunity as "11th hour men" before the return of the Lord to roll up their sleeves and do in "one hour"—through all the avenues of modern-day media—what it took Christians in past generations "eleven hours" to accomplish.

Then it happened! Bob Kitchen, FGBMFI director in Hawaii, had just flown in from Honolulu and was invited

to say a few words. Those few words were unexpected and explosive. Bob challenged the Lloyd Center Chapter men to be the first on record to sponsor one entire issue (January 1978) of VOICE. The response was instantaneous and enthusiastic, with most of the nearly 100 men present indicating by upraised hands that they would contribute \$1,000 or \$500 toward the cost of printing first edition of VOICE.

The possibilities of this move are far-reaching. With some 1800 chapters in the United States alone, chapters might well begin vying with each other for the privilege of sponsoring a certain edition.

It is entirely proper to use the word "privilege" here. For example, for every person saved, healed, baptized in the Holy Spirit or encouraged to dedicate his life to Jesus Christ through reading this particular issue of VOICE, every man present at the Lloyd Center Luncheon on Tuesday, October 4, 1977—and on subsequent Tuesdays—who shared in the giving will also share in the blessings and rewards of this literature ministry, both for time and eternity. ■

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## SPOKANE, WA

## Northwest Regional

Participants in the **Inland Empire Regional** in Spokane, September 1-3, included: **1. Bill Sharp**, pastor of Las Vegas Christian Center ("Centerama"), a featured speaker. **2. Nancy Sharp**, Bill's wife, ministered in song. **3. Gwyn Vaughn** led in inspirational singing and praise. **4. International Directors Don Skidmore**, Yakima, and **Leonard Sampson**, Spokane, co-chaired the convention. **5. International Directors Art Evanson** and **Art Nersasian** both spoke at the convention. **6. Praising the Lord** was a familiar sight in every meeting.



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## Conventions in Color

## MEDFORD, OR

Participants in the **Southern Oregon Regional** in Medford, September 8-10, included: **1. Cal Smith**, 1st vice president of the Medford Chapter; **Demos Shakarian**; **Jerry Lausmann**, convention chairman. **2. International Director Jim Howell**, Boise, Idaho, a main speaker. **3. Kathleen Haynes** (Jim Howell's daughter), banquet soloist. **4. Carl Williams**, FGBMFI Executive Treasurer, Phoenix, Arizona. **5. Robert (Buz) Goertzen**, in charge of special music. **6. Banqueters** follow advice of the Psalmist: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

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