

10-88

Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE

A detailed painting of a male athlete in a red singlet with "USA LA 84" and bib number "915". He has a pained expression, with sweat on his face and closed eyes. Other runners are visible in the background, one with bib number "85". The background is a mix of blue and purple tones.

**THE AGONY  
AND  
THE VICTORY**

# THE AGONY AND THE VICTORY

As international attention focuses on the 24th Summer Olympiad in September and October, the lion's share of publicity will go to those who capture the gold medals and earn the title "Best in the World."

The words "set back" and "failure" will hardly be whispered. But rising above the fear of adversity is an integral part of the athletic scene.

ABC Television's Wide World of Sports popularized the phrase, "The thrill of victory and the agony of defeat." During all athletes' careers, they are certain to taste both, but how they handle the adversity will often determine their course for life.

Among the stories in this month's issue is that of a high school "loser" Carl Lewis, who went on to become a four-time gold medalist in track; Sam Mings, chaplain for all English-speaking athletes in the Olympics in Seoul who recovered from the collapse of his business empire; and bodybuilder Bill Ashpaugh, who won the title of Mr. Indiana just four months after he was diagnosed as having terminal cancer.

Long after the Olympic games are over, when the thrills have subsided and the medals are resting on the shelf, only those who know Jesus as Saviour will be able to claim eternal victory.



# Reaching for the

# GOLD



Carl Lewis  
Houston, Texas

*In 1984 Carl Lewis won four gold medals in the Summer Olympics, recreating a feat done only by one other man, Jesse Owens.*

*Carl attended the University of Houston and was an international star by 1983, when he gave the world a glimpse of what would happen in Los Angeles the next year at the World Championships.*

*Yet despite his athletic abilities, Carl was not always a top athlete. In fact, he struggled in his early high school days. Then, after he achieved his dream, his close knit family suffered a personal loss. How do you stay on the top through both the agony and the victory?*

As the starter calls us to the line this summer in Seoul, Korea for the 1988 Olympics, I will again face some of the top athletes in the world as I represent the United States. I will be running not only for myself and my country but for my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

In 1984 in Los Angeles, I was blessed by having the strength of Jesus to compete in four events and win four gold medals, something only one other man, Jesse Owens, had accomplished.

When I look back to that Olympics, I feel good about it because throughout my career I've gone through a lot of different situations. But the Lord has enabled me to have the confidence, the strength and the drive to be the best.

Before I came to Christ, I went through some terrible times. I was little, scrawny and not very fast. I was looked down upon quite a bit. I'll never forget the soccer coach who told me after the first

season that I would never be anything. I was a disgrace, a nobody and never would be good at anything in athletics or as a person, or anything else in life. I was 15 at the time and this coach was someone I admired very much.

But I think that I took his comment in a positive way. I could have had a temper tantrum, but I thanked him and said, "now I have one person's opinion."

Yet although I always had faith in what I could do, I had so many injury problems that my sister Carol used to beat me in races in junior high school.

I have tremendous respect for my parents. They taught me to believe in personal goals and to try hard to achieve those goals. The goals I set might not have been as high as other athletes, but once I attained them, I felt as good as anybody else that won. In fact, I became one of the best athletes my high school ever produced.

After high school, I went to the University of Houston where I began training under my coach, Tom Tellez. It was in college that I began to have some success at the national level. Then in June of 1981, I had an experience that changed my life.

I was at the NCAA Track and Field Championships in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, when a close friend of mine, Willie Gault, a world class hurdler now with the Los Angeles Rams, invited me

to a chapel service. Willie wanted me to hear a man who had recently made a big impact on his life.

When I sat down in the hotel meeting room, I thought that I was a Christian. After all, my parents had taken me to church all my life and I was an American. I, like so many people, didn't understand what being a Christian really meant. Willie's friend, Sam Mings, talked about the love of Jesus for man. He shared how Jesus had come to earth, lived a sinless life, died on the cross and rose again. Sam told how we needed to have a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. Everything he shared seemed to fit in with what I believed, yet I knew that something in my life wasn't quite right.

That afternoon, I won the long jump competition and went back for the next chapel service. At that meeting the Spirit of the Lord convicted me when Sam asked, "Have you invited Jesus Christ into your life? Has He changed your life? If you were to die today are you sure that you would go to heaven?" I knew then that I really was not a Christian and I needed to get right with the Lord. Inviting Jesus Christ into my heart was a turning point in both my career and (more importantly) my spiritual life.

I went back and shared with my family what had happened in that meeting. My brothers literally ran to the next chapel service where they prayed to receive

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Christ. Then came my sister and my parents. I think that was the final link to bringing our family to such a special closeness that there was no way we could be broken apart.



*Sizing up the situation in competition*

Christ has also brought me closer to people. With God's help, I am now more comfortable with them. I don't have to constantly worry about beating everybody else. I just need to concentrate on doing my best and serving the Lord. I have achieved a much greater peace through the love of Jesus Christ.

In the 1984 Olympics, I saw the realization of a dream. To win four gold medals and equal Jesse Owens' record was an honor and a blessing. Many people did not understand why I stopped competing in the long jump after my first jump. I knew that the jump would probably win the competition and instead of going for Bob Beamon's record, I decided to rest and save my strength for the

other events that I would have to face in the coming days.

It had taken more energy out of me than I had expected in the preliminaries of my events. But I was in the Olympics to win gold medals not set world records. So often records can be broken at other times, but it is our call in life to win the gold that will last forever.

I know that God has allowed me to be fast, but I think that there are hundreds of people walking the streets who can run as fast as I do. I am just trying to use the God-given talent to the best of my ability. So many millions of people have so many different talents; mine just happen to be running fast and jumping far.

Confidence in sports is a misconception for most fans. Anyone who is successful in anything has to believe that they are the best at it. I have a lot of confidence because I believe I have both the best coaching in the world and a God-given talent. Since my talent comes from the best source in the world, there is no way that I can waste it. I want to perfect it.

Confidence is also something I feel I have because I've worked so hard to get myself to a high level in world class competition. Some people may think this is cocky, but I feel it's just the simple confidence that comes with loving your sport. You work hard for a position, and once you get there, you want to work hard to get even better. I know that I can accomplish much through Jesus. He is the power behind my strength.

Knowing I have the Lord within me, I feel that there is no greater strength that I could have going into a competition. When I run, I feel the pleasure. When I'm

competing I have peace of mind. I feel like there is nothing else in the world at that time. I seek the Lord's help in even the simplest things.



*Carl Lewis ministers God's love.*

There are a few elements that the press and people don't know about Carl Lewis. The first one that comes to mind is that I'm a very quiet person, shy and reserved. Over the years I've had to learn to deal with different situations and people, but basically I'm a home person. I love my house, my family and my dog.

My parents have played an important part in my life both athletically and spiritually. My family took time out at the beginning of my career to start a track club that enabled my sister, Carol, and me to be involved in the sport. That was extremely important to me.

Just a month before my father died, we gathered together at the family home in New Jersey. He told us that he often wondered why he had to suffer with the cancer that had eaten him up. But I'll never forget what he told us. He said that the Lord gives us the strength and comfort for whatever we face. No matter how difficult it may seem to be, His grace

and love is sufficient. Now I know without a doubt that whatever I face, God will allow me to go through only what I can handle with His help.

After my father's death, we all pulled together even closer. Whenever one of us has a problem or need, we are there for each other.

Last year was a difficult one for me because my father had played such an important role in my life. Before my father's funeral, I wrote a song for him that I hoped could somehow express my love and thankfulness for him. As Sam Mings (who had led my father to the Lord) conducted the service, we all shared about the impact my dad had had on his family. Before he was buried, I placed one of my gold medals with him. After all, he was a vital part of the achievement of that small piece of gold.

Today I have the opportunity to speak to many young children and others about Christ. It's the most important thing that I've ever done in my life. The peace of mind and excitement I experience as a Christian is something I don't feel I should keep to myself. I want everyone to have the same chance to accept Christ that I did. Through Lay Witnesses for Christ, I've been able to share my joy literally around the world. □

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*Carl is currently competing for the United States in Seoul, Korea at the 1988 Olympics. In addition, he has a full schedule of speaking engagements including evangelistic meetings with Lay Witnesses For Christ. He serves on the Executive Committee for Athletes Involvement for the ministry.*

*He has released an album and is looking forward to the new challenges after competing in track and field.*

*He can be contacted through: Lay Witnesses for Christ, P. O. Box 127, Hurst, Texas, 76053.*

From time to time a hurdler will take a spill — and Greg Foster is no exception to the agony of falling and not finishing. But even though he once ruled the 110 barriers, was year leader at 13.17, and had the fastest time in two seasons, Greg's topper was successfully retaining his title as World Champion at Rome.

Then the tragedy of losing several members of his family in one auto accident gave Greg a different perspective on life.

Perhaps it was this insight into the true meaning of life that helped him to deal with the personal anguish of breaking his arm just prior to the 1988 Olympic Trials in Indianapolis.

What kind of inner strength does this man have that allows him to keep going? Read on in . . .



# Overcoming the Greatest Hurdles

Greg Foster  
Chino Hills, California

I won the World Championships in the 110 meter hurdles in Helsinki, Finland in 1983. I hold two world records for

the indoor hurdles. I have been ranked number one in the world three times in the past five years in the hurdles.

I was a heavy favorite to win the gold medal at the 1984 Olympics in Los Angeles. When the starter's gun fired, I hesitated thinking it was an obvious false start. I was left behind. I ran all out, but finished second, getting the silver instead of the gold. I cannot tell you how heartbroken I was. It was almost unbearable.

Only through something that had happened during the United States Olympic Trials was I able to handle this devastating setback. I had finished as the number one qualifier for the 110 meter hurdles for the United States Olympic Team. I was overjoyed thinking nothing could surpass this joy and high I felt, but oh how wrong I was.

A friend of mine, Sam Mings, began a discussion with me. After first congratulating me on being a member of the United States Olympic Team, he asked me a question that I will never forget. I sensed genuine love being shown to me through this question. Here was a man who was more concerned with where I was going to spend eternity than reveling in the glory of my athletic accomplishments.

I ask that you consider closely the four part question. Have you invited Jesus Christ into your life? Has Jesus Christ changed your life? Is there a difference in your life? If you were to die right now are you sure you would go to heaven?

I answered truthfully that I was not sure. I had gone to church off and on. I had even thought I was religious but I was to come to find out that being religious, being good, was not good enough. I could know all about HIM, but not until I had a personal relationship

with Jesus Christ could I be sure that if I were to die I would go to heaven.

That afternoon as we walked from the Los Angeles Coliseum, Sam shared with



*Greg Foster — a "champion for Christ"*

me clearly the Good News of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. I have since come to find out that the Good News is that Jesus loved me so much that He died just for me, and rose on the third day. When I receive Him, HE comes to live within my heart. He desires to live in the hearts of whomever will call upon His name.

Convinced of my sinful condition — knowing I was separated from Holy God, I wanted to receive Christ as my Saviour — right then. We knelt and prayed out loud a simple prayer. It went something like this: "Lord Jesus, I admit I am a sinner. I know dear Lord that You gave the very best You had, Your Son, Jesus. He shed His blood on Calvary's cross just for me. He died and paid the wages of my sin. Wages that I could never pay. I ask You to forgive me and to cleanse me. I ask You to come into my life and be my Saviour. Amen!" At that point I became a new creation in Jesus Christ.



## THE 1988 OLYMPIC TRIALS — THE BIGGEST HURDLE OF ALL

In the United States, it was decided the week of July 15 through July 23, which of our athletes would represent us in Seoul in September. One of those who did not make the Olympic team was World Championship hurdler Greg Foster. But while he did not make the team, he did win the hearts of more than 17,000 in attendance. Why?

Having placed in three heats including the semi-final, Greg had only to get through one final event to qualify for the team. But with four plates and 20 pins holding his newly-broken arm together, the pain was too much.

As the hurdles fell beneath his sling and broken arm, it was obvious that he would not finish in the top three. However, it was not the winners who

made the team who got the standing ovation, but Greg Foster for his incredible courage in standing against overwhelming odds.

When a reporter asked him if the U.S. system of picking the Olympians was unfair to him, Greg responded that he knew what his country's rules were, regardless of how the rest of the world handled their selection process. He refused to say one negative word against the Olympic qualifying system. He had done the very best he could under the circumstances.

Greg faced reporters wearing his Lay Witnesses for Christ shirt proclaiming to the world his unashamed stance for Christ, as spiritually he courageously overcame a loss that was the biggest hurdle of all. □

Afterwards I learned that as a Christian, I now had the greatest privilege that anyone has . . . that of being a witness and sharing with others what Jesus Christ has done in my life. In Luke 19:10 it says the son of man had come to reconcile sinful man to Holy God. I was to be a witness for Him. I did not have to be a Bible scholar, but I was the best authority on what HE had done in my heart.

I have since come to find out that witnessing is simply taking the initiative to share Jesus Christ in the power of the Holy Spirit. The responsibility for what-

ever happens from then on is His.

Now that I am a believer, I cannot tell you that everything is perfect because I am still in this world and there are ups and downs. But I am learning daily to allow the Lord Jesus Christ to live His life in and through me. I am learning to do that as I spend time with Him daily praying and reading the Word of God. I ask all of you to pray for me to continue to do so, so that God will continue to use me. He has given me an area of influence

**CONTINUED  
PAGE 21**

# The Mings Dynasty—

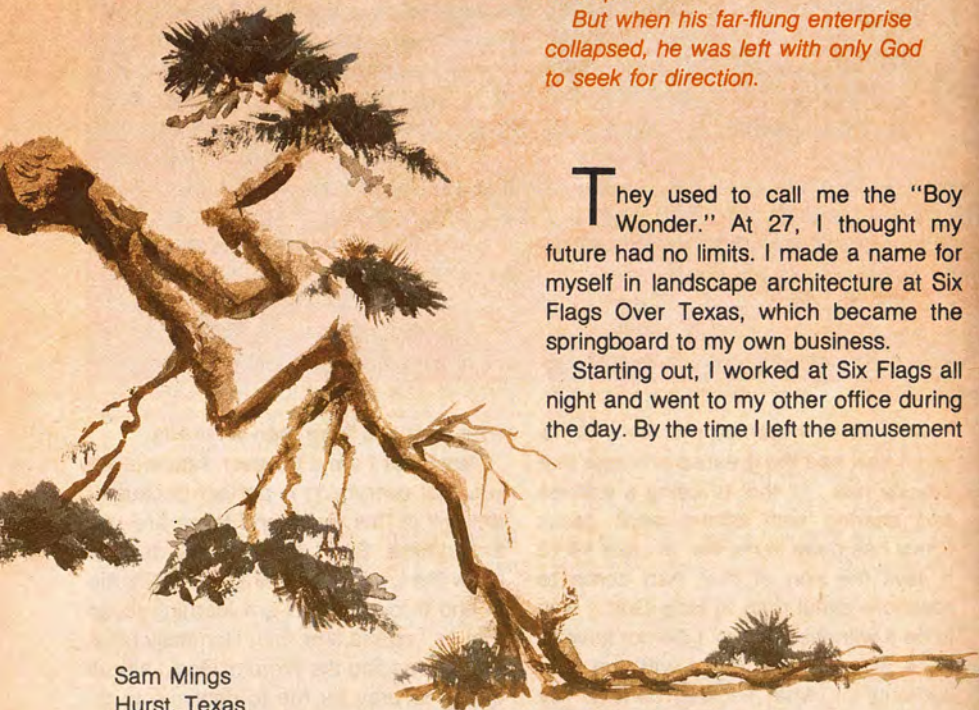
*Last spring, Sam Mings was named as a chaplain for English speaking athletes at the 1988 Olympics in South Korea. But the long road to Seoul was not uneventful.*

*Before he was 30, Sam Mings earned the exhilarating salary of \$30,000 a month in the landscaping and construction business. His custom-designed Cadillac El Dorado squired him around to numerous business and civic appointments in the Dallas-Fort Worth metroplex.*

*But when his far-flung enterprise collapsed, he was left with only God to seek for direction.*

**T**hey used to call me the "Boy Wonder." At 27, I thought my future had no limits. I made a name for myself in landscape architecture at Six Flags Over Texas, which became the springboard to my own business.

Starting out, I worked at Six Flags all night and went to my other office during the day. By the time I left the amusement



Sam Mings  
Hurst, Texas

# HOW COULD IT

park, I had already managed such landscaping creations as the Showboat Casino in Las Vegas. Soon I had secured other lucrative contracts, such as a deal to spruce up 400 Holiday Inns, one of many that boosted me to corporate stardom.

Eventually, I presided over 12 Mings Landscaping and Construction firms, with offices in Dallas, Fort Worth, Washington, D.C., and Mexico City, and constantly jetted around to check on my enterprises. We did our job well: the "Mings Touch" became a slogan for quality landscaping.

As my reputation — and accompanying media and public attention — grew, my pride swelled like an overripe watermelon. My custom Caddy topped a 20-car fleet, each with a license plate reading, "Mings I," "Mings II," and so on.

I was a person who made things happen, a trait I developed in childhood.

I was born in the charity ward of City and County Hospital in Fort Worth. My sixteen-year-old mother gave me the name of the doctor who did the delivery, Dr. Samuel Joseph.

The training which enabled me to talk my way to success began at age nine. Frank Mings, who became my dad when I was eighteen months of age, was a

rather poor man whose only means of earning a living came through raising and brokering farm goods. He needed the help of my three brothers and me to peddle okra, tomatoes and other vegetables at the Dallas Farmers Market.

I was the best talker of the bunch, so they let me handle the selling. Working our eight-acre truck farm gave me a "feel" for the soil, but what I really craved was hawking our goods at the market. I literally lived there in the summers to keep our spot secure.

After my father was killed by a drunk driver when I was 13, I developed a serious interest in athletics, particularly track. Under five feet in height, I ran 20 miles a day in order to beat taller runners with longer strides. Working hard was my secret and it earned me the first scholarship in track ever awarded in the mid-cities area.

However, I only completed three years of study at the University of Texas at Arlington, leaving to go to work for horticulturalist Bill Baker at Six Flags.

I had a part time job there during my school years, and admired Bill's insistence that I really learn the business. That meant memorizing the Greek and Latin names of plants and trees and learning the principles of life science related to plants.

"A tree is not just a tree," he pointed out. "Each one requires special consideration during design and location."

Similarly, he taught me that plants had to be carefully landscaped in our hot, arid region in order to attain their full aesthetic value and longevity.

When I finally made the break from his tutelage, I utilized my natural marketing

# FALL?

skills to strive for my goal of becoming an internationally-recognized landscape specialist. So, as part of our promotional efforts, we photographed all of our work, filming jobs as they progressed and shooting hundreds of still pictures.

*(Left) Sam and Sharon Mings. (Center) Sam Mings (at right) in a growing ministry with a growing team. (Right) Sam and part of his staff — Carl Lewis is second from right.*



with a 6½ carat diamond ring (which today would be worth more than \$100,000) but she just set it aside. Instead, she prayed, "God, whatever it takes, spare his life but bring him totally unto You."

Had I known what she was asking, I



While I was fair in my business dealings, my services were expensive. I was proud that often we would submit higher bids, but still secure jobs because of our reputation for quality work.

Part of my public relations posture was to always talk about what God had done for me, but He certainly was not number one in my life. Though I had a genuine conversion experience at sixteen years of age, I never really understood the abundant Spirit-filled life available to every believer.

While I was impressed with my achievements, my wife took a different view. I met Sharon while visiting my old high school during a break from college and married her after a four-year courtship. She was a Christian who accepted Jesus at an early age, but her faith was laid on a firm foundation.

While we were living in an affluent section of Fort Worth, I presented her

would have been furious. I didn't want to admit it, but I couldn't sleep at night. The world of glory I had sculpted had become tarnished by the pressures and emptiness of corporate life.

The end of the "Mings Dynasty" occurred during the unusual cold period in the Dallas-Ft. Worth area in 1972. A large landscaping contract with a Midwestern corporation left us ill-prepared when the freeze hit. Since we had spread our cash flow among several corporations, our reserves were too thin to recover from the destruction of numerous landscaping elements.

The dramatic, bold risks that had thrust me into the spotlight now accelerated my fall. Without a strategic plan, the hunches and impulses I acted on crumbled like sandcastles at high tide.

Creditors were calling. Payrolls were barely met. Soon my largest corporation was forced into bankruptcy, and the

emotional strain landed me in the hospital.

"I guess the boy wonder went under," I scowled to a visiting pastor one day. He just smiled and replied, "God loves you so much, He's got greater plans for you."



After I was released, I was lying in my backyard tennis court, skeptically reading a book a friend had given me. *From Prison to Praise* by Merlin Carouthers contained the strangest message I had ever heard: praise God in all things (I Thessalonians 5: 16-18).

I thought you only praised Him for the good. But it said in all things and I decided that's what I should do. I began praising Him and shared my joy with my children, delighting as the Lord in turn began nurturing our damaged family.

Then I talked to my neighbors about His saving power. Some of them shook their heads, wondering how I could smile while my landscaping empire dried up.

But I no longer cared about that business. My pride had gone down with it, and my only concern now was reaching people with the Good News of the Jesus who had saved me from disaster.

Despite my battered finances, I was

able to enroll at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary. After that, I joined the James Robison Evangelistic Association, where I received valuable ministry training during four years as his assistant.

Boy, was the devil mad at this turn of events! While I was serving with Robison, I passed out on an airplane and was hospitalized with a severe cholesterol problem. The blockage of fatty tissues in my blood was so bad the doctor told me I had two weeks to live. But a friend's gift enabled me to fly to Houston, Texas for a second opinion, and when Dr. Michael DeBakey ran 39 separate tests, each one of them came back "normal."

Not knowing how long I would live because of these troubles, I decided to leave Robison's organization to concentrate all my attention to soul winning. I had established Lay Witnesses for Christ in 1976, and in 1981 I made it operative again with one purpose: to reach the world with the Gospel.

We started in my backyard by hanging a cross on one of our basketball goals and holding meetings. One of the first people to share his testimony with 200 teenagers one night was Mike Ditka, who went on to become head coach of the Chicago Bears.

Our intent was to carry the Gospel to the young, the old and society's down-and-outers, but we expanded to the athletic world as a result of a meeting at the University of Tennessee. I went there to speak on behalf of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes and saw 38 people get saved one night, including Willie Gault, a star receiver for pro football's Bears and now with the Los Angeles Rams.

As a result of that incident, Willie suggested I come to the NCAA Track Championships in Baton Rouge. My son, Sam, Jr., and I went there with \$40 cash, rented a hotel room, bought some soft drinks and hung out signs reading "Chapel Services." That week 78 college athletes were saved.

Because of my background in athletics and business, I understand the competitive drive of people from both worlds. Basically, they are self-starters who pride themselves on staying a little bit ahead of the competition.

But they are always looking over their shoulder, worrying about someone catching them . . . or losing everything they have. And even when they do "have it all," it's not enough. I recently led a businessman worth \$300 million to the Lord and before he accepted Christ, he told me, "I have such a void in my life."

"That's a God hole," I replied. "He's the only thing you can fill it up with."

Athletes are special people because they have to deal with not only the competitive aspect of their lives, but if they turn professional they face the insecurities earning huge sums of money can often bring. After all, fame and money attract crowds, and many who appear aren't of pure motives.

But as our outreach to athletes gradually expanded, the Lord showed me three segments of society that have powerful platforms: athletes, movie stars and politicians. So when athletes discuss their faith publicly, many will take the time to listen.

That was certainly the case at the 1984 Olympics, when the Lord enabled 22 of our representatives to fly free of

charge to Los Angeles, where we witnessed to thousands by taking Olympic athletes around the city to give their testimony. Some of those talks followed street basketball games in the poorer sections of the area, and the crowds' ears were glued to our speakers.

We also wound up with a board member as a result of our work there: Niva Chanan Khan, the Pakistan, record holder in the sprints and long jump. She saw a poster of Calvin Smith with the words "I gave my life to Christ" on it, later called me and I led her to salvation over the telephone.

We know the Lord is blessing our work. In the last seven years, only 110 people have given to our ministry, because not many have heard of our work. But Lay Witnesses for Christ has become international in scope, spreading to nearly 70 countries, with offices on four continents.

As I prepared this story, I was still in the planning stages for what I hope will be one of the biggest events at the 1988 Olympics, "An Evening With The Stars."

Basically, we will have Olympic gold medalists from the United States, Africa, Asia and Europe sharing their testimonies with a crowd that could reach 1 million if we are able to raise enough money to hold the event in Seoul's Yoido Square downtown. Plans have been made to show this event on TV networks from the Far East and the Voice of America.

The real joy I receive from participating in the 1988 Olympics is not traveling to a far-away place or the status of attending an event viewed around the world. It's knowing that the Lord chose

me to be a part of His work.

I once thought blessings meant the riches of the world, but I learned those riches are rust and are meaningless. Why not find out about the eternal riches that await you in Jesus? □

*Sam and his wife, Sharon, have been married 25 years and attend North Richland Hills Baptist*

*years and attend North Richland Hills Baptist Church. They have three children: Tammy, 23; Teena, 22; and Sam, Jr. (known as Bo) 20; and four grandchildren. Lay Witnesses for Christ has its headquarters in a local church in Hurst and is directed by an international board chaired by C.A. Doolittle, Jr., a business man from Wichita, Kansas. The association also has an athletic advisory committee which is chaired by Willie Gault. Co-chairman is Reggie White of the Philadelphia Eagles. Lay Witnesses for Christ International address is: P. O. Box 127, Hurst, Texas, 76053, U.S.A.*

# CONVENTIONS

## **B. C. REG. CONVENTION**

**October 13-15, 1988**

Harrison Hot Springs Hotel  
Harrison Lake, BC  
Contact: Art Dick  
3519 McKinley Ct.  
Abbotsford, BC V3G 1B4 Canada

## **HOOSIER 1988 COUPLES ADVANCE**

**October 14-15, 1988**

The Good Shepherd  
Huntington, IN  
Contact: Dean Dawes  
P. O. Box 545  
Wabash, IN 46992

## **7TH SO. INDIANA MEN'S ADVANCE**

**October 14-15, 1988**

Lincoln State Park  
Dale, IN  
Contact: Charles Conrad  
R. R. #1, Box 356  
Georgetown, IN 47122

## **WISCONSIN STATE CONVENTION**

**October 20-22, 1988**

Holiday Inn  
Madison, WI  
Contact: Merlyn Peters  
P. O. Box 20741  
Milwaukee, WI 53220

## **COUPLES ADVANCE**

**October 21-22, 1988**

Holiday Inn  
Grand Island, NE  
Contact: Richard Mendyk  
4123 Mason Ave.  
Grand Island, NE 68803

## **30. SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY RALLY**

**October 21-22, 1988**

Hodel's  
Bakersfield, CA  
Contact: Robert Miller  
1402 26th St.  
Bakersfield, CA 93301

## **MIXED SPIRITUAL ADVANCE**

**October 21-23, 1988**

Best Western Motel  
Coffeyville, KS  
Contact: FGBMFI Border Chapter  
P. O. Box 364  
Caney, KS 67333

## **CAROLINA'S MEN'S ADVANCE**

**October 28-30, 1988**

Camp St. Christopher  
John Island, SC  
Contact: T. Clark Bowman  
2413 Pristine View Dr.  
Charleston, SC 29407

## **MEN'S ADVANCE**

**October 28-30, 1988**

Echo Valley Conference Centre  
Fort San, SAS Canada  
Contact: John Protsko  
Box 1390  
Yorkton, SA S3N 3G2 Canada

## **ALABAMA STATE MEN'S ADVANCE**

**October 28-30, 1988**

Kings Ranch Vineyard Conf. Center  
Ariton, AL  
Contact: William Rymer  
P. O. Box 1312  
Enterprise, AL 36331

## **NASHVILLE CENTRAL SO. REG. CONV.**

**November 3-5, 1988**

Ramada Inn  
Nashville, TN  
Contact: Hoyt Elliott  
P. O. Box 24096  
Nashville, TN 37202

## **11TH NORTH N.E. REG. CONV.**

**November 10-12, 1988**

Holiday Inn Downtown  
Portland, ME  
Contact: FGBMFI North N.E. Conv.  
P. O. Box 1362  
Portland, ME 04104

## **HIGH DESERT REGIONAL RALLY**

**November 11-12, 1988**

Essex House  
Lancaster, CA  
Contact: James R. Bowen  
5233 Ocotillo Ave.  
Ridgecrest, CA 93555

## **OKI CONVENTION**

**November 23-28, 1988**

Holiday Inn-Dayton Mall  
Miamisburgh, OH  
Contact: Jerry Wagner  
445 Lexington Rd.  
Eaton, OH 45320

## **PACIFIC NORTHWEST CONVENTION**

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# DRUGS IN SPORTS

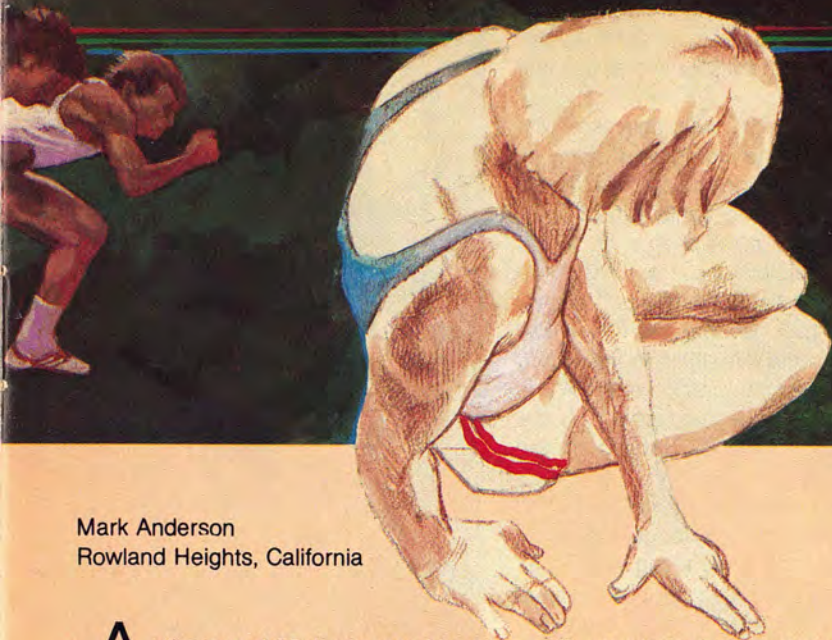
"I watched as Lonias drew blood back into the hypodermic from my vein, signifying that he had penetrated it. Then he plunged the charge of methadrine into my vein. Instantly, the drug raced throughout my system and into my brain. The chemical properties and balances of my being had been invaded with a foreign and forbidden substance, altering my normal consciousness with blinding speed. I didn't lose consciousness, but my perception of sequential time and space was turned inside out and upside down. Accelerating throughout my being, tearing, battering, destroying the walls of my soul, my mind was infiltrated by fallen angelic hosts as my resistance gave way under the rush of the onslaught. Here I was, the somehow guilty, yet somehow innocent battleground of an ancient cosmic struggle."

Ken Klein  
*Intercepted By Drugs*



# Going for God's Gold





Mark Anderson  
Rowland Heights, California

At the age of 25, I was considered to be the best at the decathlon in the nation. Fully sponsored, I was living high on the hog. I had a nice income, newspaper articles, television commercials and women.

As the 1984 games approached, I veiled in thoughts of world recognition and sponsorship. As I walked into the arena at the Los Angeles Coliseum, I surveyed the thousands of people who were cheering and urging the Americans in their quest for the Gold. Every nerve in my body felt the crowd's craving for spectacular wins.

For seven years I had trained six to seven hours a day, six days a week. Athletics was my life. When I gave the worst performance of my life at the Olympic Trials, I was devastated.

My coach had been speculating that we would shatter the American record. I was the top American hope for a medal. Instead, I bombed.

Thinking back, I tried every way I could to rationalize my failure. After all, I'd never had a normal childhood. When I was born I weighed two pounds, two ounces. My father committed suicide when I was five. My mother remarried and my stepfather despised me. We never got along. Thus I didn't have the things the other kids had like baseballs or a bicycle. I always felt like my childhood was taken away.

My only escape was to stay in school. I wanted to become an athlete so badly that I tried every sport in the book, but I was a late bloomer. At graduation I was 5'9" and weighed 114 pounds.

Because I wasn't big enough to compete in major sports, I became a high jumper. You can be light and skinny and still do that.

In junior college I was obsessed with trying to become somebody. Achievement became a god in my life. I was constantly driven to achieve so I could get praise from other people. In 1979, I received a scholarship from UCLA for my track and field capabilities. Within 8 months, I had become the #1 ranked collegiate in the decathlon in the United States. I went on to break the NCAA and UCLA decathlon record as well as the UCLA javelin records. I became the athlete to beat in 1981, 1982, and 1983 while retaining the #1 ranking for United States decathlon. I also gained fame, glory and all that goes along with it.

When I started my poor performance at the Olympics, I couldn't figure out what was going on with my body. Why was it failing me? What was going on?

I had no idea at the time that the hand of the Lord was on me, although His plan wasn't revealed to me until eight months later.

After the Olympic Trials I was in such despair that I went into seclusion. Incredibly, not one person called me to find out what had happened. My girlfriend, Susan (who was an Olympic hopeful in figure skating), had poured so much of herself into my life that we were both overwhelmed and didn't know where to turn. So not knowing what else to do to calm the pain, we got married.

Needless to say, we started married life with a total lack of direction. Although being married did help smooth out some of the disappointments, it also created a



new set of complex problems.

About that time, a friend introduced us to cocaine. Soon Susan and I were up to eight grams (worth \$800 to \$1,000) a day. To counter its effect, I was taking Valium with alcohol so I could sleep at night. In the morning I'd wake up to find I'd had nose bleeds all over my pillow.

By this time the "Big C" had become a roaring lion inside me. I couldn't think beyond the next thought. I vacillated between blame and forgiveness with the people around me. All the youthful determination that I'd once had for sports



Mark Anderson

**“As I walked into the arena . . . every nerve in my body felt the crowd’s craving for spectacular wins.”**

faded away.

One day while I was staring at a pile of the white powder in the soft lamp light in front of me, I started breathing heavily.

In desperation, I suddenly looked up and cried into the darkness for help. Moments later I heard a still, small voice say, “Pray.”

That’s all I heard; just, “Pray.”

“Pray?” I muttered, my mind whirling.

Then, with a mixture of defiance and frustration I yelled, “Listen, God. I don’t know You! I don’t know if You know me.

But I'm addicted to this. I can't stop. I've tried. I'm not this type of person. I need help. If You are my God, You'll take this away from me right now!"

That "prayer" was the best I could do.

Within a few moments I felt a warm, loving presence cover me. It enveloped me like a father picking me up and holding me close to his chest.

The joy of His love! My thoughts became still as I yielded to His Spirit, which was cleansing me from head to toe. I felt coherent, clean and forgiven. The cocaine high that I was on disappeared. I was healed by a loving God I had never acknowledged.

Two years have taken place since then and many changes have taken place in my life. After asking the Lord into my heart and being baptized in His Spirit, spending time in His Word, fellowshiping with Him and getting to know Him became priorities for me.

The Bible says, "Be anxious for nothing." So I said to Him, "I don't want to be anxious about going back into training. If You want me to start again, You'll have to open the doors. I give it all to You. Then it will be for Your glory, not mine."

At that point I knew that if I did go back into training, it would be for the right reasons. No longer was I motivated by wanting to please everybody and cater to the crowd. Now my sole motivation is to please Jesus.

I used to get upset very easily. Now I have peace. Also, I am no longer driven by fear of failure. In love, there is no fear.

Needless to say, cocaine no longer has its grip on me. I abhor what it does to people. It weakens the user's mind and leaves it vulnerable to dark spirits.

Confusion, despair, lying, stealing, prostitution, adultery, lust, mistrust, unforgiveness, selfishness, hopelessness, witchcraft, idolatry, hatred, murder, drunkenness, etc., are all symptoms of addicted behavior.

I don't believe that everything I went through had to be that way, but when I learned to surrender my past to the Lord, I discovered He is capable of giving me the victory over it and slapping it all right back in the devil's face.

Today, I'm doing as much as I can as an athlete and a lay evangelist to share His love with others and pray for people who have addictions and inner hurts. In fact, I had the privilege of leading my former cocaine dealer to the Lord. Now he's on fire for Jesus. His goal is to save 1,000 people for every person he sold cocaine to!

Anyone can be set free just like I was, for it was the power of the Holy Spirit that delivered me from drug addiction. Previous to that time, I had never seen how powerfully God could work in the life of one individual. But when He moved in my life, He got my heart; and if He got me, He can move miraculously for anyone.

An athlete doesn't have to be bound in moral and physical decay. He can be free through Christ. Nobody has to go through what I went through. There is a better way. □

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*Mark and his wife Susan currently own Deca Sportswear, an athletic sportswear company. In addition, the Lord has given Mark a vision of using the company's profits to reach out to needy people who are without food, or shelter, and those who are bound by drug and alcohol addiction.*

*Mark can be contacted by writing him at 19362 Springport, Rowland Heights, CA 91748.*



*Bill Ashpaugh could bend a 60-penny nail into a horseshoe with his bare hands, bend a steel bar with his teeth, burst a rubber hot-water bottle with a blast from his powerful lungs and lift 500 pounds of cast iron. Among his bodybuilding titles were: Mr. Detroit, Mr. Indianapolis, Most Muscular (Miami Valley), and Mr. Indiana, runner up Mr. America, Mr. World contestant. But when he lay dying of cancer, his physical strength couldn't save him. He needed a Power greater than his own.*

**M**y bodybuilding endeavors were foreshadowed just moments after my birth, when I lifted my six-pound body up on one arm. That early show of strength demonstrated my preference for physical action over verbal.

As a toddler, I always had to jump higher, run faster and throw farther than anyone else. In grade school, my two older brothers arranged wrestling matches for me even though I was the youngest and shortest.

I eagerly anticipated these fights for several reasons: one was the relief they offered from the pain of school. I was so bashful that I would cower behind the girl in front of me rather than risk the teacher noticing me and asking me to read. Each day I would concoct new excuses for not reciting or reading — laryngitis, sore throat, hay fever. The teacher must have thought I was the sickliest kid around.

But when my energies were unleashed on the playground, I was a terror — a reputation that grew with time. In high school, I wouldn't speak publicly,

# The Winner's Edge



Bill Ashpaugh  
Noblesville, Indiana

but thought nothing of taking on half the football team in arm wrestling matches, often on the short side of two-against-one.

Though I didn't realize it, the physical routine of farm life was one of the most stringent training routines I could have requested. As a teen, I developed the reputation of one of the best farm hands around Westfield. Even the veterans had to admit I was the hay-baling champion.

But since I wasn't tall and muscular, the coaches saw no future for me on the football team and in those days only the "natural" athletes had any other opportunities. I didn't know what the outlet for my limited talents would be, until I risked \$38 on a set of Charles Atlas weights at the age of 15.

Those mail-order specials turned out to be a solitary set of dumbbells, but I set up my own gym in our dilapidated chicken coop and trained faithfully throughout high school. After graduation, some friends and I converted a two-car garage into a training facility with wall-to-wall weights, bars, power rack and a small rowing machine.

But a weekend trip to Pennsylvania for an organized weightlifting competition convinced me I needed more. Soon I was training at the Olympic Health Club in Indianapolis next to Peter Lupus, who honed his skills for the Mr. Indiana title before he went on to the Mission Impossible TV show.

Encouraged by my compatriots, I joined the competitive world. While I was satisfied with fourth place in my first Olympic weightlifting competition, I knew things would change. I vowed from that day forth to always be first through

dedication, discipline and hard work.

Actually, I didn't reach the top that fast. But it wasn't long before I brought home the runner-up trophy from Indiana's State Weight Lifting Championship. And to have the flexibility to train when I wanted, I talked my brother Dave into setting up our own business after I earned my electrician's license.

As an athlete, I was always in the process of moving to the next rung, tackling new obstacles, never reaching a final destination. So when I learned of "the pill," it seemed the best way to scale new heights.

"Everyone's using it," my gym buddies told me, which seemed true. I noticed that lifters I had competed against on several occasions were suddenly bigger and stronger, their muscles more defined, their stamina greater. When I asked why, the answer was always, "The pill. It's the winner's edge."

I had to visit a doctor in Noblesville in order to learn that those little blue pills (which a trainer had slipped me one day), were anabolic steroids. However, I scoffed at the warning he showed me in his *Physician's Desk Reference*: "Anabolic steroids do not enhance athletic ability."

I knew that wasn't true. After taking them for a few weeks, my body was pumped up before my workouts started. I felt wonderful: bigger, stronger and more powerful than ever. Everyone at the gym commented on my progress and physical changes.

Some of my colleagues on the contest circuit wouldn't talk about their habit, partially because they were ashamed that they used artificial means to com-

pete. All of us knew drugs were wrong, as well as illegal, but we knew we couldn't win without them. The drive to win overruled our conscience.

Ironically, my final step over the line of common sense followed "retirement," when I decided I had enough trophies. I intended to devote myself entirely to building my brother's and my electrical business, but the old spirit of competition wouldn't die. When I visited a gym in Indianapolis to assist young lifters, I found myself getting involved in bodybuilding routines which is a specialized division of weightlifting. Before I knew it I was up to my eyeballs in this new interest.

What started as a positive preoccupation rapidly became a negative obsession. Weightlifting and bodybuilding became my entire world. Everything I did was geared around my daily four or five-hour workouts.

My steroid consumption quickly ballooned to seven pills a day, when one was more than enough. At that inflated level, I couldn't sleep at night, so the doctor provided a prescription for sleeping pills.

Mixed with this crazy routine was a developing thirst for glory — a desire to be the center of attention. Imagine, a kid who was too afraid to read in front of the class being invited to be a featured guest in the Indianapolis 500 parade!

Despite being raised in the church, and still attending Sunday services, my spiritual life during these years was lukewarm. You never would have known it to look at me in the role of Sunday school superintendent, faithful tither, and daily Bible reader. But it was all by rote, as

much a ritual as brushing my teeth.

However, all those testimonies about the power and love of Jesus Christ which I had heard from my family for many years, took on new meaning the afternoon the doctor ordered that a hospital



*Bill Ashpaugh*

room be prepared for me by 9 that night. I had made an appointment to find out why I was having a mysterious pain in my groin area that had plagued me for two months. After some initial probing, the doctor was very concerned. Immediate exploratory surgery was ordered.

When my family and pastors visited me in the hospital the morning after my sudden admission, I tried to play the self-assured, laugh-a-minute comedian.

"Who needs prayers?" I thought when the minister asked if he could pray with me before the surgery. "I've got the best surgeons around. I don't need any-



thing else.”

But bravado quickly disappeared the next morning when I was told of the removal of a malignant tumor and the doctor’s expectations of additional surgery.

Suddenly my mind flashed back to the time I asked for my first steroid prescription. When the doctor was informing me about the possible side effects, he had asked if anyone in my family had ever had cancer.

At the time, I didn’t care. Winning was all that mattered. I had to have those pills. Now weightlifting and bodybuilding trophies seemed like hollow prizes in return for my life.

It was my kid sister, Lois, who cut through the wall of tears and mourners around my hospital room when I was given only four months to live. In spite of her reddened face, a joyful look brightened her appearance.

“Bill, Jesus Christ can heal you.”

“What are you saying?”

“God can heal you of this cancer just as easily as He can heal you of a cold.”

This was news to me. All my life I had treated God as irrelevant. I continually made fun of the evangelists who said the Lord could heal the sick. Now my own sister was endorsing those claims. But why would He heal me? Why bother with old high-living, self-centered, worldly Bill?

I had been bathed before surgery and was lying between two fresh sheets, when suddenly I was overpowered by a terribly dirty feeling. I felt small and inferior, as if I were in God’s presence. Unexpectedly, I experienced a compelling need to talk to Him.

“God, you know I’ve been a phony all

my life,” this now-meek champion prayed. “But I feel different now. If You’ll accept me today, if You’ll come into my life, I’ll give You everything I’ve got. I want You in my life and I’ll do anything You want me to. I’ll quit lifting weights — anything — if only You’ll come into my life.”

I never asked Him to heal me. In fact, I forgot about the cancer when I realized I was suffering from something much worse. My spirit’s need for God was far greater than any physical ailment.

Then it happened. I still don’t know how. But like the blind man in the Bible, suddenly I could see. Looking up at my sister, I simultaneously laughed and cried, “I’ve got Jesus in my life.”

I surrendered everything that morning, including my pride. Most importantly, I gave Him all of me. I knew for the first time in my life that I was ready for heaven and was not afraid to go. Whatever He wanted was fine with me.

A comforting peace washed over me. Total submission. Total freedom. How good it felt!

When my girlfriend, Nancy (who has now been my wife for 18 years), came into the room, I led her to the Lord. Then I told the doctors that another operation wouldn’t be necessary since God was going to heal me.

Nancy told her friends at the café where she worked the same thing. Everyone thought we were nuts. In fact, it was a struggle to maintain my positive outlook when so many friends were planning the funeral and dropping in to offer their condolences.

Later one of the hardest things I did was return to the gym to resume training

for the Mr. Indiana crown. As runner-up the prior year, I was considered the favorite. Now, people stared at me in pity as they surveyed my gaunt, yellowish-tinted body. It certainly didn't look like the Lord was about to heal me.

One Sunday morning I slipped into a back pew at church as a girl was reading the passage from I Samuel 17 where David tells Goliath the Lord will give the giant into his hand. As I contemplated those words, another voice spoke to me, "Tonight, son, you're going to be healed."

Two days later, before the doctors injected me with red dye to test for

cancer, I guaranteed them they wouldn't find any. They greeted my statement with amused looks, but the next day the doctor confirmed it. No cancer!

Nancy and I were married several months after that. Incredibly I then went on to win the Mr. Indiana title, thanks to a crash training routine that surprised countless numbers of people who had made plans to attend my funeral.

To some, the five-foot trophy might have symbolized a crowning achievement, a stepping stone to bragging rights and financial gain. For me, it was a tool I could use to witness to thousands about the power of Christ who had carried me



# WINNING NATURALLY

By Bill Ashpaugh

Drugs are so prevalent in national weightlifting competitions that I eventually dropped out of bodybuilding contests.

Yes, it's that bad. It doesn't matter if it is amateur trophies or huge cash professional prizes, the pressure to win is so great there is an overwhelming temptation to "go along with the crowd."

We don't hear enough about steroid damage because many of those whose bodies are ruined by abusing the drug simply drop out of sight.

One example is a friend who faithfully used steroids while he trained next to me for two years, winning a roomful of trophies in the 215-pound weight class. After losing touch, I saw him again at age 30, and he looked more like 60. His frail body had dropped more than 50 pounds and his hair was rapidly thinning. And the same man who introduced me to ster-

to victory.

My mother had always hoped I would go into the ministry. I did, but not from the pulpit she had in mind. My witnessing is often done in the way I know best; in gym trunks and tank top as I demonstrate feats of physical strength to the audience. Then I share how Jesus made it possible for me to even be standing before them.

Of course, I don't always take to the stage. The Lord also gives me opportunities to respond to the guys who approach me in the gym to ask about my experiences.

I told the Lord I was willing to give up

lifting if that's what He wanted. But instead His plan is for me to use my talents to glorify Him.

It's no different for any of you. He can use you, too, right now, right where you are. Believe me, He needs every one of us to accomplish His work. □

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*For the past ten years, Bill has been working in his business, Bill Ashpaugh Construction, in Noblesville. He also fulfills a rigorous schedule of speaking engagements and weightlifting demonstrations. This includes an extensive outreach to youth (especially young athletes) across the country, and to inmates in prisons.*

*Bill can be reached by writing him at:  
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oids has died of the same kind of cancer that killed another one of my training partners and also plagued me.

This cancer was in the lymph gland and lymph node area through the muscle tissue. It starts out in most men's male organs.

If you're a budding athlete considering the steroid path, please remember these facts:

- \* Putting drugs in your body is like adding nitro to a carburetor. An immediate boost insures great performance, but it also will burn out just as quickly.
- \* Muscles that are artificially inflated by drugs will soon sag and droop. If you want to stay in shape, the natural way is the only way.
- \* Training without drugs calls for a long-term commitment. It's hard work and takes years to do it right. But it's also worth it.

- \* Don't depend on your coach to turn you away from steroids. The spotlight of victory is broad enough to shine on trainers, managers and coaches, so they experience the same pressures as athletes.
- \* The saddest thing about amateurs who use drugs to win is they are risking their health for a cheap reward. Are you willing to die for trophies that will tarnish, ribbons that will fade and titles that will mean nothing?
- \* One of the side effects you will find listed on most bottles of steroids is DEATH.
- \* If you want to be able to stay in shape when you get older, don't throw away your future now.

I'm not putting down anybody who takes steroids, but I am pleading with you to please get your mind together and look at what it could really do to your life.



# Intercepted By Drugs

Ken Klein  
Carlsbad, California

**T**he jet engines whined, straining to lift the aircraft into the sky as we took off from LA International Airport.

I was nearly 18, and this was my first extended trip away from home. I was on a fact-finding mission to the University of Oregon to decide if I would go there to

college. Actually, I was looking for a place to "find myself."

High school had been a devastating experience. In my school, even if you were fortunate enough to be one of the socially "chosen ones," there was a very tight and competitive pecking order. Hav-

ing complexion problems and being too small for the varsity team, I was leaving behind a scrap book of unwanted memories.

My plan was to earn a scholarship to the University of Oregon by somehow making the football team. Incredibly, I was accepted and, catching the coach's eye, was awarded a full four-year athletic scholarship.

Arrogantly, I basked in my new found success, for with this new position came status and instant popularity. I had never been treated like this before, "But after all," I reasoned, "everyone has always looked down at me, why shouldn't I look down at them?"

But there were bitter lessons ahead.

In my college football career, I managed to land in the newspaper headlines twice. The first time was after a game with the Air Force that emblazoned my name in the Oregon record books for the longest interception return in the history of the University.

My second trip into the headlines was not so jubilant. The paper said, "Klein Denied Year of Eligibility." My world collapsed. In the first game of the season against Brigham Young University, I mistakenly tackled a player who was already on his way to the ground. In so doing, I separated my shoulder and knocked him unconscious. This put me out for the season. When the conference voted to reinstate the year's eligibility, they denied it.

My football career at Oregon was over and I felt like there was a curse on my life.

However, one of the coaches worked hard to get me invited to play in an All Star game in Germany that June. Now I

had some bargaining leverage with the pros. When the 49ers sent a scout up to talk to me, I was elated. They offered me a contract and a bonus, so I jumped on it. I worked very hard conditioning myself as the school year came to a close. With my passport and immunizations in order, I was ready for the All Star in Europe.

**"We saw the world as misguided and corrupt, needing adjustment and healing. We didn't realize that we were not part of the answer, but part of the problem."**

There was one problem. The Six Day Arab-Israeli War of 1967 erupted and air traffic throughout Europe was in utter pandemonium. The All Star Game was canceled. I accepted my fate with a passive, fatalistic indifference. After all, I still had one egg left in my basket — the 49ers.

Soon it was time for pre-season training. I was so eager to begin that I was one of the first ones there. Then fate struck again.

During practice I moved to intercept a pass when our middle linebacker crashed into my left side. When the pain finally localized I discovered that it was in my knee. It was all over.

Two months later, when I finally healed, I was put on waivers to be picked up by another team. Once again, I had no purpose in my life.

It was now the winter of 1967. I returned to Eugene, Oregon to finish my Bachelor Degree in Social Sciences. But university life had changed. The value systems of both the youth and the country were in violent upheaval.

It was then that a stewardess I had met when I was 18, reentered my life and turned me on to marijuana.

As the school year drew to a close in June, 1968, the combined effect of my increased use of marijuana and the social events around me began to dramatically affect my willpower. My motivation toward sports was slowly weakening. I no longer trained as I once had. I now dreaded the pre-season camp. My thinking became clouded. Even my friends were changing. These events made it difficult for me in wanting to go back into professional football.

Then there was the romance with Sue. It began in my junior year at Oregon and dragged along for three years. She was the first woman I had respected who liked me as a person in return.

Deeper and deeper I fell into a powerful emotional bondage and dependency. Later I realized that I really didn't have the right kind of love for Sue at all. I loved the feeling that the illusion afforded, and was deceived by my emotional fantasies.

In a way, Sue really cared for me, but I abused it. When it came down to a decision between her or football, I couldn't forsake my first love.

I had signed a contract with the Houston Oilers and it was time to join the team in Kerrville, Texas. We had just finished training camp and had a perfect pre-season going when we met the New Orleans Saints at the Astrodome. Again, fate struck and I was injured. This time in the shoulder. But since I had dropped several tablets of benzedrine (bennies) before the game, I was impervious to the pain and kept on playing.

The next morning I was released from the squad. It's hard to describe how devastating it was to be released from a team. The coach told me they would take care of my shoulder, but what was I to do with my life?

The assistant coaches drove me to the airport, where I had no idea what plane to get on? Should I go to Houston? Los Angeles? I decided to go to Houston for surgery on my shoulder, and then go to my parent's house in Los Angeles for several months' recuperation.

Deep down, I couldn't understand my failures in love and life. This catapulted me into a secret quest for reality. Was pain, heartache and failure to be my portion in life? How could anybody live in this hell? Something was missing from my life and I had to find it.

This quest sent me on an odyssey of very strange experiences.

After moving aimlessly back to Houston, one afternoon I was watching television when I became intrigued with an expose on a man who claimed that he could consult with spirit beings. When he

went into a trance, a being from another realm would inhabit his body and speak through his mouth.

Later I found this man and visited him. I was looking for answers to deep personal problems. Meanwhile, I was advancing into heavier uses of marijuana, partly because I was drawn, and partly because I was pushed.

I was drawn by the intrigue and mystery. I was pushed by my own failures that demanded answers about life itself, but nothing satisfied my inner longings.

My experience with the medium only whetted my appetite for more of the spiritual realm. I began meeting at the beach with four other friends to drop LSD. When the drug took effect, I lost all orientation of time and space. I also began to see things beyond my normal consciousness.

The LSD seemed to heighten my awareness of spiritual phenomena, but the human mind can only monitor them, it cannot discriminate. Thus, the drug also opens the soul to the influence of demonic beings.

In pursuit of deeper spiritual experiences, I decided to go to Spain. To the Europeans, I was no football hero; I was just another ugly American. I was starting to see life from the bottom, as a nobody. With this came a growing sense of my own loneliness and emptiness.

I had heard that the Moroccans had some of the greatest hashish in the world, and I wanted some. Soon I was smuggling hashish from Morocco to Spain.

The damage I did to my mind in Spain is impossible to calculate. I remember the night I thought I was overcharged for

a hotel room. Furious, I threatened to break every window in the place and demolish the furniture. I didn't care if I went to jail for ten years. I screamed and yelled, "Thieves, Thieves," so they finally gave me my five dollars. I stomped out shaking my fist and yelling, "I'm going back to the States." And I did.

Arriving in San Francisco, I began to hang out with every variety of prostitute, hippie, junky and dope pusher. These street people were the source of a magnetic pull that compelled me. I found myself intoxicated with their nomadic, gypsy lifestyle.

I let my hair and beard grow. But along with this outer change, came a change in my personality. My friends began to fear me.

I thought I was just a "free soul" with no boundaries. We hippies honestly believed we were given the responsibility of bringing in the "Age of Aquarius." Ironically, the deeper my involvement in drugs, the deeper my interest grew in religion and God. We saw the world as misguided and corrupt, needing adjustment and healing. We didn't realize that we were not part of the answer, but part of the problem.

At the time I had no understanding of the depth and power of spiritual influences when people open themselves to direct communication with spirits through drugs.

Today, many athletes and entertainers use drugs to enlist the powers of the spiritual world. Inadvertently, they alter the natural state of their personalities as they spiritually entwine their souls with dark, supernatural powers. These spirit beings give them strength to perform

with an excitement and power that affects the audience. Unbeknown to the user, he is often a pawn of these dark forces.

One night, on one of my trips to Sunset Strip, a group of street-preaching youths confronted me with the Bible and Jesus. I found this quite uncomfortable, but I couldn't convince them that I knew more about God than they did.

However, I did begin to read the Bible with the idea that if I ever encountered these people again, I would be more prepared to deal with them.

Although I fought against going back to the Sunset Strip, I felt as if a higher power was compelling me. God was working on me.

I would walk up to Laurel Canyon Boulevard and purposefully stick out my thumb to go in the opposite direction of the Strip, yet no one would pick me up. As soon as I went to the opposite side of the street, cars would stop.

This happened many times. Soon I'd run right into these "Jesus people." How could they know God just from that Book? It didn't make sense, so I started searching deeper into the Bible to find things to throw against them.

They would spend several hours street preaching each night and then invite any listeners to their chapel meeting. Finally, I decided to go to one of their meetings.

First, they graciously fed us dinner and then the minister began to speak. After about an hour of hymns and preaching, they had an altar call.

That night, I decided to go forward and ask Jesus Christ to forgive my sins. I didn't know what to expect, but when I started praying, confessing that I was a

sinner in need of Him, I felt a strange lifting sensation, as though a heavy weight had been taken off my shoulders.

But it wasn't until two years later, in 1971, that I finally let go of my love for the world. It was in Eugene, Oregon that I finally stopped fighting God. On the steps of the Union hall I heard a long-haired hippie sharing Jesus with some other fellow. As I stopped to eavesdrop, the Christian turned and asked if I believed in Jesus. I said, yes. Then he asked, "Are you living for Him?"

I said, "Of course," So he responded, "Please come over to our house to fellowship with us and have dinner."

Although I agreed, I never showed up. Two days later we ran into each other again. When I was invited again an almost audible voice said to me, "What are you afraid of?"

I knew it was the voice of the Lord. Although I had put up a stiff fight, It was all over. God had brought me to the end of myself.

Soon I moved into the house with my new friend and several other Christians. My time there was for training — for becoming equipped with the weapons of spiritual warfare and coming to a new spiritual understanding built on the Word of God. At one of their Wednesday night services, I was also baptized in the Holy Spirit. "God, my God," I prayed, "give everyone this wonderful gift as much as they can handle and give me as much as I can handle . . ."

I now realize that the power and equipment to do the work of Jesus is not only in wisdom and the Word of God, but also in the enduring power and anointing of the Holy Spirit. I had received the Holy



Ghost into my spirit the day I had gone forward and prayed for forgiveness in Los Angeles, but now I had an anointing from God to labor with Him as He prepares the church for Himself.



*The Ken Klein Family: Ken, Jan, Jonathan and Mikey*

One year after being baptized in the Holy Spirit, the Lord called me to begin a ministry among college students.

I took a position as college pastor at Faith Center, a Foursquare church in Eugene, Oregon. God poured out His blessings and the work grew to over 200 people. During that period, the Lord gave me a wife and two children. But it was

also during that period that I grew restless.

I decided to take some of the college people and evangelize in Oregon. After going to 30 cities, two churches were birthed. The Lord was moving me from being a college pastor to a church planter.

Soon after these works began, my wife and I (along with four other couples) moved to Seattle and pioneered another church that today has grown to over 3,000 people. But as soon as that work was on its feet, God moved us to San Diego, California.

We took a six-month rest and I wrote my book *Intercepted by Drugs*. As soon as it was finished, we birthed another church in Carlsbad, California. Three years later the Lord placed me in the secular world.

Currently, I'm serving on the Board of Directors of Phoenix Aviation, Inc., and work with Ideal Construction Company as a sales and marketing representative.

Meanwhile, God has given me insight into the end time sequence of events before He returns. This includes a revelation of how drugs could fit into Satan's plan for a one world government and the "Mark of the Beast." This is the thesis of my next book, may God be praised!

---

*Ken's books and tapes are available by writing Ken Klein, P. O. Box 1668, Oceanside, California 92054.*

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*If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through Voice you may request guidelines from the Editorial Dept., P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.*

FGBMFI 35th  
WORLD CONVENTION



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- C6901 General Session 1WCT88  
James Hestor

## WEDNESDAY, JULY 6

- C6902 Attendee Breakfast 2CWCT88  
Bruno Berthon
- C6903A Afternoon Session 3AWCT88  
C6903B Bill Subritzky (2 tapes) 3BWCT99
- C6904 General Session 4WCT88  
Gerry Kibarabara

## THURSDAY, JULY 7

- C6905 Attendee Breakfast 5WCT88  
Ian James
- C6906 Afternoon Session 6WCT88  
Alex Canavan
- C6907 Afternoon Session 7WCT88  
Allan Jones
- C6908A Afternoon Session 8AWCT88  
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# 6 STEPS TO SALVATION

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*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.**

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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 ninety-six 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.

# CONTENTS

## THE AGONY AND THE VICTORY

"The thrill of victory and the agony of defeat" — a phrase so well known it's become a cliché. But to athletes like Carl Lewis and Greg Foster, it's a daily reality. As competitive athletes, they've both known the heights of achievement, but how they deal with the adversity of competition is what really makes them champions.

2



## DRUGS IN SPORTS

No matter how hard an athlete trains, the intense competition constantly compels him to find new advantages and short cuts to victory. Mark Anderson, track; Ken Klein, football; and Bill Ashpaugh, bodybuilding, found their "edge" in drugs. But as quickly as they excelled they fell — and harder.

16

<i>The Agony and the Victory</i> .....	2	<i>The Winner's Edge</i> .....	22
<i>Reaching for the Gold</i> .....	3	<i>Winning Naturally</i> .....	26
<i>Overcoming the Greatest Hurdles</i> .....	7	<i>Intercepted by Drugs</i> .....	28
<i>The Mings Dynasty — How Could It Fall?</i> ....	10	<i>International Directors</i> .....	36
<i>Conventions</i> .....	15	<i>Six Steps to Salvation</i> .....	38
<i>Drugs In Sports</i> .....	16	<i>Chapter Outreach</i> .....	38
<i>Going for God's Gold</i> .....	17		

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