

Full Gospel Business Men's

02-86

VOICE



THE OSCAR MAYER STORY

Interview with
Allan C. Mayer



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Q *Share with us the history of the founding of Oscar Mayer & Company.*

A My grandfather, Oscar Mayer, came over from Germany to Detroit as a boy of fourteen with another relative. He answered a "Boy Wanted" sign in a butcher shop, took that job and learned the art of meat cutting and making sausage. Later he moved to Chicago, worked for a competitive meat packer, then opened his own meat market, Oscar Mayer & Brothers, on Chicago's north side in 1883—103 years ago. He hired employees and started making sausage and smoked-meat products in the back of the store. Two brothers joined him from Germany. One had learned the art of sausage-making. The other learned

accounting, and became company bookkeeper.

Q *To what do you attribute the success of Oscar Mayer & Company?*

A It was based on sound principles: integrity; quality of product; and fair treatment of employees, suppliers and customers.

Q *When did the rapid growth of your company occur?*

A It began to develop rapidly after my father became president and later chairman. He entered the business directly out of college, a Harvard University graduate. He was a dynamic businessman, very intelligent. He became a guiding

light and the strong force behind the growth and success of the company. (At one time there were four living Oscar Mayers—my grandfather, father, brother, and my brother's son.) Then we expanded to a national organization, even international because of operations in certain foreign countries.

Q *What preparation did you have before entering the business world?*

A I went to Yale University, then finished at Northwestern, where I received a bachelor of science degree in business administration.

Q *Did you also go right into the family business after college?*

A Yes, I became a trainee in the Chicago plant, making sausage, working in other manufacturing, shipping, sales and staff departments. Part of my training was in the Madison plant, the company

headquarters, where I worked with live-stock buyers, in the stockyards, and in various meat-processing departments.

After finishing my training program I was promoted to plant manager at our meat-processing plant in Davenport, Iowa. It was quite a large animal preparation and meat-processing plant, with a wide line of manufactured products. They included a full line of sausage and smoked-meat items, like wieners, ham and bacon.



Founder Oscar Mayer and a company truck from the '40s



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That position was the most difficult of my business career. I was only twenty-seven and was put in charge of about 1,200 people most of whom were substantially more experienced in the meat business than I.

Q *Did you make some innovations during your time there?*

A Part of it was a learning experience, but I tried to apply the sound business principles that I learned in my college business education and primarily from my father: fair treatment of people and appreciation with rewards for their contributions, no matter whether they were at the executive level or one of the hourly workers. Every person, regardless of job—employee, supplier or customer—is important to the total success of the operation.

Q *How long were you in Iowa?*

A About three and a half years. Then I was promoted to our company headquarters in Madison, Wisconsin.

Q *How many plants did you have at that time?*

A About five major plants, as well as distribution centers throughout the country where products were stored and sold.

Q *What was your position at the corporate office?*

A I held various executive positions there from 1953 to 1971, including vice-president and general plant manager. I was the headquarters executive in charge of operations at all plants, with plant managers reporting directly to me.



Q *At that point did you also have international plants?*

A Yes, we had been exporting to our distributor in Venezuela. When government regulations prevented continuation of that, we decided to operate our own plant in Venezuela, and I became vice-president of foreign operations also.

Q *So you had U.S. and foreign operations. Were any other plant expansions or new facilities added during that time?*

A Our international operations were expanded to include part interest in a company in Japan, and one in Spain.

Q *What was the major benefit you were looking for, outside of lowering your cost of production?*

A We felt that our type of product would be quite saleable and popular in those countries. Often you can't just introduce U.S.-type products, but you can modify the taste and presentation to

appeal to people in other countries.

Q *Did you transfer technology to those plants?*

A Yes, we did. They were operating with some methods inferior to those we had adopted in the U.S. We continued to expand in the U.S., too, by acquiring and building other plants: in Beardstown, Illinois; Perry, Iowa; and Nashville, Tennessee.

Q *What did you do next?*

A I also served as vice-president of corporate relations and was president of The Oscar Mayer Foundation.

Q *At what point did you make your decision to accept Christ?*

A It was during a family crisis. My wife Lois and I decided to open up a new chapter in our lives in the fall of 1971 and move to the Phoenix area with our five-year-old daughter Kathy. The transition went well for nine months. Then Kathy

developed a malignant brain tumor.

Doctors at Mayo Clinic discovered it was in an inoperable area, in the mid-brain or brain stem. All they could do for her was to give her cobalt treatments. This was not expected to eliminate the tumor, and she probably would not live more than a few months. With that grim prognosis I became desperate. The only thing left was to turn to the Lord.

Lois and I stayed with Kathy in Rochester for seven weeks. I began to attend an old church across from the clinic, would sit in a pew, read the prayer book and say prayers for the sick and afflicted, especially children. I began to attend church regularly and to read the Bible, which I had never done before in my life. I also read Christian books on healing, and began to pray with more frequency, meaning and expectation.

One night after we returned to Phoenix, under the persuasion of the Holy Spirit I fell to my knees, repented of my sins and received Christ as my Saviour

Allan Mayer spent twenty-four years in the family business, Oscar Mayer & Co., retiring in 1971 to assume business interests in Arizona. In 1981 the Mayer family sold company interest to General Foods (now part of the Philip Morris organization).

He and his wife Lois have three children: Allan, Jr., Gregory and Kathryn. He is a member and deacon of Phoenix First Assembly of God. Currently he serves as trustee of Arizona Heart Institute Foundation and of Barrow Neurological Foundation, and is a steering-committee member of Phoenix CBMC Executive Luncheon Club.

and Lord. I had become convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, Almighty God himself, and that when He allowed himself to be beaten and crucified on the cross by those Roman soldiers and died for all people, He performed the greatest act of love and self-sacrifice that the world has ever known.

It was also exciting to find out that His death was not the end. I learned that after He was buried for three days He rose from His grave and was seen alive on earth by up to 500 people. At the end of forty days He ascended into heaven, where He even now makes intercession for us at the right hand of the Father.

Q *Did any person witness to you about Christ up to that moment of decision?*

A No. I think that's one of the main reasons it took me so long to become a believer. I had always had some tenderness of heart and a fairly teachable spirit, and would have listened. But nobody really taught me the heart of the Gospel: that Jesus Christ came into the world to save lost people like me. I'm convinced that's one of the main things Christians should do—witness about the Lord.

The other reason was that I was so satisfied with my life as it was. I had a lovely wife and children. We had nice homes, automobiles and enough money to buy what we wanted. We lived the "good life," or so I thought. I didn't know about the great spiritual blessing I was missing by rejecting Christ.

Q *What happened to your daughter?*

A She was a very sick little girl, but many people throughout the country



prayed for her. Slowly she became better, gained weight and in two months was able to return to school. Three years later, after a battery of tests at Mayo Clinic, the neurosurgeon reported that a little scar tissue appeared to be left, but no signs of the tumor itself. Naturally, we rejoiced in that great news. His words to me were, "Allan, it's a miracle."

Kathy was quite well for about five years. In 1978 she developed another brain tumor in an adjacent area, the pineal-gland area. Because of the previous twenty-nine treatments, she could have no more radiation. She had chemotherapy for more than a year and missed school for three years.

But I'm very grateful to say that she's had no more medication or treatment for almost four years now. She's nineteen, much better, and back in school fulltime. Most of her former impairments have been eliminated or greatly diminished.

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Tony Buentello
San Antonio, Texas

Love is Levelier...



Rosemarie and I stood before the priest. "Tony and Rosemarie," he said, "I now pronounce you man and wife."

I smiled at the woman standing beside me, older now but more serene and beautiful than the first time I agreed to be her husband. This was the second marriage for both of us, but our first marriages had been to each other. She squeezed my hand in love.

In my heart I cherished the miracle that God had performed to reunite us in holy matrimony on June 5, 1984, twenty-four years after our original vows and after six and a half years of separation by divorce.

Looking back on my life, I can remember another great miracle, which occurred when I was twelve. My doctor misdiagnosed pulmonary bulbar polio as measles. Not until two weeks later, when I couldn't swallow my food, did he realize his mistake, perform a spinal tap and discover that I had polio. During the thirty days in which I lay in the polio ward I saw paralyzed patients to my left and right but, miraculously, after thirty days I had no mark of that dread disease.

I was born and raised on a Texas farm. My father valued higher education and instilled that ideal in me. After graduating from high school I started to junior college, even though it meant working nights. My philosophy was positive, though self-centered: "I can do anything I desire to do."

As I advanced in my studies I accepted more and more of the secular humanistic philosophy. The concepts of "pulling yourself up by your own bootstraps...

getting a piece of the American dream... making a name for yourself" all nourished my need to be somebody.

Rosemarie and I met at Southwest Texas University, and married in 1960. For the next seventeen years we did what most other people in America do. We raised three children. They played in Little League and I became Little League president. I accompanied Rosemarie to

*This was the
second marriage
for both of us*

church just to please her. When the children grew older I took the family to church on a regular basis because I viewed church attendance as an exercise necessary to success in business.

I knew about Jesus Christ the same way I knew about George Washington and Christopher Columbus. I did not know Him as my personal Lord and Saviour, in a close, intimate way. Nevertheless, I became involved in church administration and served in many responsible functions. (Of course none of these activities brought a change in my life.) My solution to problems during this period of my life? Work harder and make more money. Happiness and money were synonymous.

I pursued government work, thinking it would be the perfect career; after five and a half years I quit. Next, for financial reasons, I worked in the insurance business. I did enjoy financial success in this new career; but I still didn't find happiness.

As a result of my lack of fulfillment, I spent more and more time away from home, rationalizing that a reward for hard work called for a stop at the local club to unwind after a twelve-hour day. Drinks left me in no condition to attend to the needs of my wife and children. On the days I didn't stop at the club I attended to Little League, P.T.A. or church administration duties.

Rosemarie tried to talk to me about my lack of attention to the family, but I didn't have time to listen. I never had time for God or prayer, either. I figured that as long as I provided my family with a good house and food on the table I had met my obligations.

A crisis came in December of 1976, after sixteen years of marriage. Rosemarie said, "Tony, the absence of love and your lack of interest in our home has destroyed our marriage. I am tired of trying to love you. I'm not going to try anymore. I want a divorce."

I stared at her, trying to shut out the words, although I knew in my heart that they had been forming for months. Mentally I saw all my twelve-hour days, the clients and the money run out of our lives and right down the drain.

I didn't want to let her go.

We consulted marriage counselors. We talked with her friends, my friends, our relatives, anybody who would listen. The situation grew worse.

In March, 1977 she and I attended a company convention in Phoenix. On Sunday morning we went to church. The priest preached about the prodigal son. He read from Luke 15:17: "Suddenly he

(the prodigal son) came to his senses."

Immediately my heart filled with the love of God as His word pierced my heart and gave me life, His life. In this incredibly simple way, I was born again at that very moment into the kingdom of God.

The experience gave me the desire to know more about God. I sought out my priest. Father McKenna advised me to read the Bible and attend the Friday-evening prayer meetings.

When I started reading the Bible I couldn't put it down. I learned why my life and that of my family was in such a mess. I had been living my way instead of God's way, allowing money and possessions to be more important than God. In August of 1977 I enrolled in a Life in the Spirit seminar, where I was baptized in the Holy Spirit and received tongues.

Psychologists may label a believer in Jesus Christ "an escapist," but I know that He brought my life into balance. I saw hope. The problems did not go away, but I gained peace in the midst of all the difficulties. I learned that Jesus is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

The Master Teacher, the Holy Spirit, showed me areas of my life which needed changing. On Good Friday of March, 1978 He led me into emotional healing during my prayer and meditation time. I recognized Jesus gently pulling me by the hand, taking me back into my early years. As we walked spiritually, He allowed me to experience, in rapid succession, four episodes from my youth.

Jesus showed me that at thirteen I had felt bitterness toward my mother because of the unloving way she had

*"For he is our peace,
who hath made both
one, and hath broken
down the middle
wall of partition
between us"*

Ephesians 2:14



Rosemarie and Tony Buentello

reacted to my father. When I was eighteen she had betrayed my confidence. As I saw these things the way the Lord saw them, He led me to forgive her for the resentment I had felt. I asked Him for forgiveness and felt deep resentment leave my heart.

Moments later, the Lord gently walked

with me spiritually to a time when I had been seven or eight. I heard myself tell my father what I had needed to say then but had not been able to express: "I don't want to be treated like a big person. I want to be held in your arms and treated like a little boy. If you will hold me I will be willing to do the big-person duties."

The remembrance caused me to weep. With the tears came the lifting of a tremendous weight I had carried all that time. I sensed the Lord asking me to forgive my father for not being the parent I thought he should be.

Then the Lord led me back in the Spirit to an episode when I was nineteen. As my father and I had been working together, I must have said something disrespectful to him. He had slapped my face. Anger had welled up in me and momentarily I had wanted to hurt him in return.

Aloud, though he was not present, I asked my father for forgiveness. Immediately the guilt of twenty-eight years left me.

Two weeks after these healing episodes, I drove to my parents' home. I recounted what Jesus had shown me and what I had done. I told them, "Please forgive me for those things I've subconsciously harbored against you."

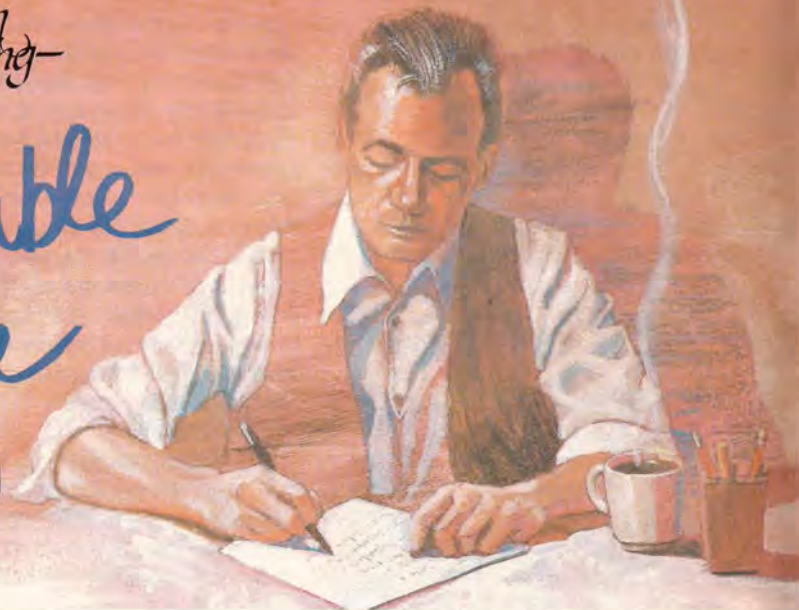
They forgave me.

Later the Lord told me, "The uncontrollable anger you have had toward your wife and children was rooted in those resentments you held toward your father and mother."

Jesus Christ also healed me of my

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Double Life



Dr. John Petersen
Polson, Montana

I had awakened, that New Year's morning in 1980, eager to begin the day for which I had waited so long. Seated at my desk, a cup of coffee steaming at my elbow, I reread the terse letter that I had carried with me for nearly two years. The words typed on Federal Aviation Administration stationery in 1978 were smeared and faded. But that would not matter, for by now I had memorized every line:

"Dear Dr. Petersen: We have been made aware that you seem to be having a problem with alcohol. Would you care to deliberate this with us, or would you like to send in your medical certificate?"

That had meant I would lose my pilot's license. The realization had hit me like a

blow to the chest. Next to my license to practice veterinary medicine, my commercial pilot's license was my most prized accomplishment. But they were right. I was an alcoholic and I was addicted to narcotics. Certain I would never fly again, I had mailed in my certificate.

I was not a falling-down drunk. Instead, like some kind of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, I lived a double life. One part of me functioned well as a respected veterinarian, while the other—the hidden side—lived in a state of depression so deep that only drugs and alcohol seem to offer any relief. Yet each time I sobered up, the muck in which I seemed imprisoned had grown deeper still.

From 1976 when I had hospitalized myself to 1978, I had gone from one alcoholic rehabilitation hospital to another, from Seattle, Washington to

Bogota, Colombia.

But on this New Year's morning my letter to the FAA would not be a rehash of my medical history. Their records were already complete. I was going to request return of my medical certificate. I wanted to fly again.

That all hinged on whether the Federal Air Surgeon would accept the fact of my healing.

There was so much to tell. How could I relate something spiritual in nature to an impersonal government agency? I took a long gulp of coffee and a deep breath, then began to write.

It was September, 1978, and my wife Lianne had let me out of the car at the door to Galen State Hospital. I don't remember that we even said goodbye. Her commitment to me had been strained to its absolute limit. Galen was my fourteenth hospitalization for drug and alcohol abuse. Obviously I couldn't offer either of us hope that this time it would be different.

Checking into my room, I began to unpack. I placed a book I had brought from home on the nightstand, next to a Gideon Bible which someone had left lying open. Then I got into my pajamas, crawled into bed and reached for my book.

I had some vague belief in a Supreme

Being, but as a scientist I had rejected the concept of Christ being divine. Nevertheless, as I read Josh McDowell's book, *More Than a Carpenter*, I began to question. What if it were true? Could Jesus Christ be God incarnate? Was He even now an active participant in the lives of those committed to Him?

When I finally closed the book it was late into the night. The Bible still lay open on the nightstand. I picked it up and my eyes went immediately to a verse which read, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me" (Revelation 3:20).

I got a mental picture of Jesus Christ standing at the door to my heart, which had begun to pound wildly. Almost afraid to breathe, I rolled slowly out of the bed and onto my knees.

"Jesus Christ," I prayed hesitantly, "if You are... whoever You are... help me out of the maze that my life has become, and I am Yours."

The unceasing prayers of my mother through the years for my salvation had just been answered.

The following morning, before surprising Lianne with the news that her drunken husband had become a Christian, I knelt in the hospital phone booth and

How could I relate something spiritual in nature to an impersonal government agency?



I thought of Lianne... the battle was over. Jesus had won it for me.

prayed again. "Jesus, if I'm going to make it this time I'm going to need the help of another man, one who knows You and who can understand me because he's been where I have been."

Meanwhile, Tom Seabase, a Christian living in another city, unaware of my current situation, had called my wife. "Lianne, God has put John on my heart. Is there anything I can do for him?"

With this former alcoholic's help, my depression dissolved along with my doubts. Over the next few weeks I read everything I could about Jesus.

A month after my salvation I was

discharged from the hospital. The old pressures began again to build.

Another month went by. Early one morning, after counseling with Tom at his office during the night, I went looking for the nearest drugstore where I could write myself a prescription strong enough to get myself through the day.

Somehow, though, I couldn't bring myself to go in. Driving to the next store several blocks away, I parked my car in the middle of the street and sat staring at the open entrance....

I thought about the good friend whom God had given me and how Jesus had

set him free of his addiction. I thought about how good it must feel to be free. I thought about the drugs waiting inside the store, and where they would lead me. I thought of Lianne and our life together.

I turned the key in the ignition and headed for home. The battle was over; Jesus had won it for me. To the extent that I believed He could deliver me, I had been delivered in Galen Hospital. And now, when I totally believed, I was totally delivered.

I labored over my letter all through the day. When I had presented the facts of my healing as clearly as I was able, I ended the letter with these words:

"Obviously, I would very much like to gain exemption from the findings regarding my medical certificate. However, of far more importance to me would be the added credence given to the body of evidence already compiled, attesting to the reality of hope for this miserable disease of alcoholism: hope in the Word of an almighty and sovereign God, a God who answers prayer in the name of Jesus Christ."

The next day I hung on my living room wall a picture which Tom had given me for Christmas. It was of an eagle in flight. On it were inscribed these words from Isaiah 40:31: "...they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles..."

For more than twenty months after that I stood daily on that Bible verse. Finally on September 14, 1981 I received the following letter from the FAA, signed by the Air Surgeon:

"The petitioner has provided evidence that the mental disorder and general

medical condition which resulted in disqualification have been successfully treated, and that there is no clinical manifestation or residual impairment. I have further determined that a grant of exemption from these sections is no longer required.

"Based upon these findings, I have determined that this petitioner is qualified to provide a level of safety equivalent to that of individuals who meet the qualifications of this section by virtue of the fact that they have never suffered from the disease of alcoholism."

One phrase stood out as though printed in bright red letters. It was *as if* I had never suffered from alcoholism. It was like the justification Jesus Christ has secured for me—*just as if I had never sinned*.

Near the end of my period of learning to trust Him for the return of my pilot's license, God gave me this scriptural encouragement: "...and thou shalt know that I am the Lord: for they shall not be ashamed that wait for me" (Isaiah 49:23).

Jesus has taught me that I will never be ashamed as long as I put my trust in Him. Although once I was branded an emotional cripple, Almighty God has healed me and set me free. Like the eagle in my picture, as long as my eyes are on the Son I can ride above any storm that may still gather on my horizon. □

Dr. Petersen has a degree in veterinary medicine from the University of Minnesota, served two years as a veterinary officer in the U.S. Public Health Corps, and has practiced veterinary medicine for seventeen years in Iowa, Maryland and Montana. He and his wife Lianne have a daughter, Abigail. They worship at Polson Alliance Church, where Dr. Petersen is an elder. He fellowships with the Missoula Chapter of FGBMFI.

PROGRAMMED

Ralph Morgan
Northfield, Massachusetts

DAILY GUIDANCE

My university education, especially the philosophy of scientific method, did not allow for a God of creation. "If it isn't logical, it isn't real" was my position in April of 1966, and had been for the years that I worked in industry as a chemist.

My service as a radar man with the U.S. Navy on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific Theater during World War II had not

brought any insights about God, either. He was off in the distance somewhere, and as far as the miraculous was concerned—well, we knew better.

But my grandmother and aunt, who together raised me after my mother died, had taught me about God. And when I was eight I had given my heart to the Lord at an evangelistic service held in a Nazarene church. Then I began my drift away from such things.

Until now—my first night at the hospital, April 13.

I felt as though I were sinking, about to lapse into unconsciousness. An impending sense of death pervaded the room. I could see darkness closing in all about me.

About four weeks earlier, my chest had begun to feel very tight and sore.

I would wake in



*Focus on
Healing*

FOR HIS



Estelle and Ralph Morgan

a cold sweat during the night. Though I had kept working, hoping to shake off this condition, it had only grown worse. My chest had become stiff, fiery, immovable.

A specialist in internal medicine had diagnosed it as pericarditis, an inflammation of the heart lining, complicated by pneumonia and a generalized infection of the entire chest cavity.

As I felt myself slipping away into the darkness, I called out, "Lord, if You'll get me out of this I'll give my life to You!"

Something seemed to be urging me, "Yield now."

I exclaimed, "Lord, I yield it all up to You."

As I said this, a heavy weight seemed

to lift from me. The next morning I awoke to a deep inner peace, and a strong, joyful assurance that I would get well.

The doctor visited me daily for the next two weeks. Fluoroscopic examinations showed no improvement. Each day my heart was swelling further.

Our church was praying for me, and our pastor visited me regularly. Each day I told the doctor I felt fine.

On the third week he no longer came to see me.

One morning he appeared and sat on the edge of my bed. After a few moments of silence, he announced, "Your lungs are clear. Your heart has returned to normal size, and you're healed...I'm going to discharge you from the hospital."

Walking by faith was new to me; I had been programmed for logic. It was not too surprising that as I convalesced at home in the next weeks my intellect attempted to take over. I felt weak in my body, and a real struggle went on inside of me—between faith and a fear that the illness would return. But as I turned to the Lord in prayer for His strength and help I learned that His guidance and keeping power is provided *on a daily basis*.

His gentle leading and instruction continued quietly in my life. One night I awoke to hear a voice saying, "Psalm 20...Psalm 30...Psalm 40." Searching these out in the Bible, I discovered in Psalm 20 an assurance that the Lord heard my prayers. For instance, verse 6: "Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy

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Bob Porter
Portsmouth, England

MY UNIFORM WAS NOT ENOUGH

A typical adolescent growing up in England, I went the way of the crowd. It was the Mods 'n' Rockers era—girls, gangs and graffiti. The Rockers riding their big bikes and wearing their leathers, though not as aggressive or uncouth as the Hell's Angels, still had a reputation.

I hung out with the Mods. Uniformed in Army-issue khaki parkas, we buzzed about like hornets, making a nuisance of ourselves. We had many notorious fights



on bank holidays, down at the sea front, with our main enemies, the Rockers. I wasn't really an aggressive type but was swept along with the gang.

After a fair bit to drink during one Mods holiday to the Isle of Wight, we went to a dance hall and started a fight. Trying to outrun the police as well as some Rockers, doing about sixty to seventy miles an hour, I came off my bike and skidded for what seemed like a hundred yards before finally stopping. My crash helmet was ground right through to its lining, my scalp just barely grazed. Lying there on my back, looking up at the stars, I remember thinking how lucky I had been.

I left school at sixteen and, not knowing what else to do, joined the Portsmouth City Police Cadets. The work was a challenge, involving plenty of sports and adventure, and a balance between indoor and outdoor work. At nineteen I joined the police force proper and worked in Portsmouth for three years.

Slowly the pressure of the "rat race" began to get me down. In the back of my mind, I'd always wanted to be a dropout—a sort of hippie. This was definitely at odds with my position on the police force. I now had the stamp of authority on me and a reputation to live up to.

When I saw an advertisement in *National Police* magazine for officers to serve in



Bermuda, I knew I had found my answer. To my surprise, out of the hundreds who applied I was one of twelve selected.

Arriving in Bermuda, I soon discovered that life was very casual and revolved around the social scene. Nobody ever rushed anywhere. Work was defined as an eight-hour interruption of one's social life, which primarily consisted of parties, pubs, clubs and discos.

Submerged in this lifestyle, again I allowed myself to be swept along with the tide. Socializing began to be more important than my job. Then booze got its claws into me and took its toll.

After a number of motorcycle crashes due to drunken driving, I met Anne, a beautiful girl from Yorkshire who worked as a laboratory technician in the local hospital. We hit it off at once, were married in 1972, and after a honeymoon in

England returned happily to Bermuda to set up our little love nest.

Within a couple of years Nicola, our first daughter, arrived. Overwhelmed with joy, I bounced off the walls of the hospital corridor, hugging all the cleaning ladies, as I went off to tell the good news to our friends.


Several more years and our second daughter, Amy, arrived. This too was a wonderful occasion, but by now a certain sparkle had gone out of our marriage. A few weeks after Amy's birth I had an opportunity to be involved with a public-relations effort of the police force. An Outward Bound camp was being set up on a nearby island for youngsters during the school holidays. Glad for the chance to get away and help with the camp, I

went, leaving Anne with full responsibility for Nicky and little Amy.

Work on the island was demanding, with long hours and very few breaks. When I did get spare time I spent most of it in some bar or hugging a bottle. When I did finally reappear at home I wasn't of much use to Anne.

Other than my three months of the year spent with Outward Bound, I found little or no job satisfaction. I wasn't putting much into it and not getting much out. The same was true of our marriage, which lapsed into the mundane.

Anne and I both worked, so our children were sent to a nursery school. The people running the school happened to be committed Christians who seemed very nice. Our kids would come home



*I was
approaching
age thirty
and thinking,
where do I go
from here?*

singing little hymns they had learned.

I suppose things were going well from one point of view, but life lacked something indefinable. I was approaching age thirty and thinking, *Where do I go from here?*

During the seventh year of our marriage, Anne went home to England with the kids for the school holidays, and I went as usual to my Outward Bound island. The difference this time was that I ended up having a relationship with Anne's best friend.

When Anne returned from England she sensed something wrong right away. On the night of our seventh anniversary—while we were out for dinner and her best friend was babysitting—things came to a head and Anne found out what had been going on.

As if that were not enough, within a few days, while Anne and I were both at work we received a telephone call that Amy had lapsed into some sort of convulsion and had been rushed to the hospital.

When I got to the hospital casualty department I saw our daughter, purple, convulsing and foaming at the mouth, being treated by the doctors and nurses. All my self-control and training went right out of the window. Anne soon arrived and we both just stood there in semishock.

Although I had been raised in a normal working-class family and attended a local Baptist church for several years early in my youth, I had never heard the Good News of Jesus Christ as I know it today. But I believed there was a God, and there by Amy's cot I began to call out to Him in my hopelessness.

That evening Diane, Amy's nursery-school teacher, contacted Anne, expressing love and concern. She shared something else: her personal relationship with Jesus. She told Anne that she knew God cared for us and that He could work things out.

One Sunday morning Anne and I were lying in bed when Nicola snuggled between us and asked, "Mummy, do you have Jesus in your heart?" We both sort of grunted and moved Nicola out of the way. We didn't know what she meant, but whatever it was we didn't have it.

Shortly afterward Diane came round to dinner. Events of recent weeks had affected my wife and she was quite down in the dumps that day. After Diane left that evening, Anne said to me quite unexpectedly, "I think I want to commit my life to Jesus tonight."

"Fine," I responded. "Whatever turns you on. Just leave me out of it."

The next morning I noticed a dramatic change in my wife. Her bitterness and restlessness had actually disappeared. In their place was a sort of glow of real peace and love. At first I thought, *I'll just let her get on with it—as long as she stays out of my way.*

I expected to find tracts in my shoes, on the shaving mirror or stuck in the fridge, but there was nothing. No Bibles left open. No tracts. Nothing.

She just started loving me, showing care and concern, even though she had no reason to do so.

Within a few months the change was so undeniable that some of my beliefs were being confronted head-on. I had always believed I was going to heaven,



that I was no sinner, that I was on the right side of the law. After all, my uniform, that magical blue suit, made me a righteous person, didn't it?

Now I had to take another look at where I stood.

Some weeks later a chap from the church came round to the house. As he and Anne talked I found that for one reason or another I needed again and again to walk through the room where they sat.

I couldn't get my mind off their conversation. Just as this chap was leaving, I came in and began to chat with him. By the time he rose again to leave, I had begun to feel a real need to hear something more about God. I asked him not to go.

Anne and Bob Porter with daughters Amy and Nicola

He couldn't stay any longer, but offered to pray for me before he left. I thought, *Well, fine, bless this house or something...* He sat down again and started to pray. To my surprise, I began to shake and went first hot, then cold. I thought I might explode at any moment. I had never felt anything like it before.

God was dealing with me all the following week. I felt as if I were standing at the edge of a cliff and Jesus was saying, "Jump, and I'll catch you," while another voice shouted, "Don't be stupid! If you jump you're going to break your neck. You'll die. It's all a con!"

Finally I said, "Right, Lord, I think I'm

going to do it—but let me clear out my system first. I'm going to have one more really good week. I'm going to the disco to get drunk and say goodbye to all those girls. Then maybe I'll think about You."

But God doesn't work that way. At the end of the week just before my would-be spree, Diane came to dinner, bringing a friend. The son of a local millionaire, he had joined the Royal Air Force in Britain and there became an alcoholic and drug addict. He shared with us how God had delivered him.

Two hours later, this gentle giant of a man prayed with me. It was a simple sort of prayer in which I asked Jesus into my life to take over, to clean me up and to make me what He wanted me to be.

When we finished I felt clean and new, like a newborn baby. A tremendous warmth and love encircled me; I knew God was present. An awareness of His presence has not left me since.

How I managed in my excitement to sleep at all that night is a mystery. The next morning in my shower I started singing, laughing and crying all at the same time.

When I left the house for work it was pouring rain, a miserable day, and I had dreaded traffic duty. The roads were narrow and you had to breathe in to let two buses pass, truly an unpleasant job. Rain continued to pour, the traffic fumes were terrible, yet there I was laughing, waving and smiling at all the passing drivers. As you can imagine, there were some weird responses.

As soon as I arrived at the station I began telling people that I'd committed

my life to Jesus. Some of the men looked at me as though I had lost my senses. Many of the policewomen, it developed, were born-again Christians. By the time I reached the third floor and my office, I had been hugged and kissed several times.

Things just seemed to take off from that point. Our marriage suddenly clicked. It was fantastic. My desire for drink was gone. I was delivered from lust. I really felt the joy of being forgiven and cleansed. I just couldn't get enough of the Bible or of God.

Since that time, God has healed Amy of the convulsions, and Anne's and my marriage has become better and better. We have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and have returned to England, where I got a job as a constable on my old police force, at the Havant station in Hampshire.

While we were still in Bermuda I had been quite impressed by a *Voice* magazine I had seen. Shortly after our return to England, a policeman by the name of Dave Letters asked if I would like to attend a dinner sponsored by "the people from *Voice*"—Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. At the meeting I was thrilled to see such joy, such love, such freedom in worship. People were being transformed through Jesus Christ, getting healed and delivered. God was working in a powerful way.

Now, with other policemen from the area, I am involved with the Portsmouth Chapter of FGBMFI. I am trusting that, through my job and through the Fellowship, God will use me to help others find Jesus. □

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But above all please COME!



We continue to trust the Lord, believing that He will remove all effects of the illness, in His perfect way and time.

Q *You came to the Lord because of a situation that, for the first time in your life, you couldn't handle. There was a healing—and yet, another problem developed. How has this affected your relationship with the Lord?*

A I've learned that, rather than ask why, we are to stay close to the Lord and continue trusting Him, believing that what happens in our lives can work to our own benefit and can teach us important truths. I've gone through a fiery furnace but some of the chaff in my life has been burned away, just as certain raw materials are improved during the process of heat and time. God can help us overcome our trials and tribulations and we can use the opportunity to improve spiritually. Kathy has received the Lord in her heart, and has handled her difficulties very well with His help.

Q *I understand that you've received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. What led up to that experience?*

A While reading and studying the Bible, I learned about the Baptism and became interested in receiving this additional dimension of the Lord. At a Full Gospel Business Men's convention in Scottsdale, George Otis and I went to a side room, he laid hands on me, prayed and asked the Lord to baptize me in His Holy Spirit—which the Lord did. I began praying in a new prayer language, a beautiful and blessed experience.



Q *What are the benefits?*

A We receive divine power, which enables us to duplicate the ministry of Jesus Christ by using the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

Q *While at Oscar Mayer you had a humanistic philosophy. You also had some philosophical management ideas in terms of fair treatment of people: integrity, honesty, many things currently being talked about in management circles but which are often missing. Did becoming a Christian change your value system?*

A I had concentrated on pursuit of things of this world—making money, gaining social prestige, power and recognition. After becoming a Christian I recognized that these are very temporary. Now it frightens me that I spent so much time planning and pursuing worldly things and gave hardly a thought to my eternal destiny, what would happen to

me after I died. I thought I would revert to a state of complete oblivion, as before I was born. Or if there were a heaven, by chance I could get there by doing good works. (I thought I qualified by being a fairly good son, husband, father, businessman and civic worker.)

But Jesus said, "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The Lord showed me, too, that getting to heaven by good works is impossible. Ephesians 2:8,9 says, "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast."

But I also learned this vital fact: While good works are not important to God

before we are born again, after we receive Christ our good works are important to God, and will determine our rewards in heaven.

I also realized that we must put God first, family second, and business pursuits third in our lives.

Q Does that make you less effective in business?

A More effective, I think. As a non-Christian I still held some good values concerning people with whom I worked. But I had been at times bitter, negative, critical, cynical, sarcastic, even hateful towards people in certain situations. The Lord largely removed these undesirable characteristics from me after I became a



Steve Shakarian, MBA, chief operating officer of FGBMFI (left), and Jerry Jensen, Ph.D., Litt.D., editor of Voice (right), present Allan Mayer with copies of *The Happiest People on Earth and Voice* magazine. This article initiates for 1986 a Voice series of key executive interviews with leading businessmen from around the world.

Allan C. Mayer's Biblical Principles of Business Success— According to Proverbs

- 10:21 *A godly man gives good advice.*
- 11:24 *It is possible to give away and become richer.*
- 13:16 *A wise man thinks ahead.*
- 14:8 *The wise man looks ahead.*
- 14:15 *Only a simpleton believes what he is told! A prudent man checks to see where he is going.*
- 14:16 *A wise man is cautious and avoids danger.*
- 16:3 *Commit your work to the Lord, then it will succeed.*
- 16:9 *We should make plans counting on God to direct us.*
- 17:18 *It is poor judgment to countersign another's note, to become responsible for his debts.*
- 18:15 *The intelligent man is always open to new ideas. In fact, he looks for them.*
- 21:5 *Steady plodding brings prosperity; hasty speculation brings poverty.*
- 21:11 *The wise man learns by listening.*
- 21:20 *The wise man saves for the future, but the foolish man spends whatever he gets.*
- 22:3 *A prudent man foresees the difficulties ahead and prepares for them.*
- 24:3,4 *Any enterprise built by wise planning becomes strong through common sense, and profits wonderfully by keeping abreast of the facts.*
- 27:12 *A sensible man watches for problems ahead and prepares to meet them.*
- 27:24 *Watch your business interests closely—know the state of your flocks and your herds.*

believer. Of course, we're all human; we stumble and fall at times. But now I know that when I do, as I confess and pray, the Lord Jesus Christ picks me up and helps me back on the right track again.

Q *How does God speak to you?*

A Primarily through His word, the Bible. It's our navigation chart for life, with answers to any problems we will ever encounter. Also, when we open ourselves to the Lord and spend time in prayer the Holy Spirit can make His will known to us. He can also use the counsel of other

committed Christians, and circumstances which either open or close doors.

Q *Do you think that approach might scare agnostic businessmen? Put yourself back where you were, before you knew the Lord. How would you have received a comment like that?*

A Probably with skepticism, because I didn't know the Lord or His word, and of course I didn't believe or act upon it.

Q *As an investor today, does access to the ear of the Lord help you in business decisions?*

A Very much so. It would behoove any businessman to follow the business and financial principles of the Lord as outlined throughout the Bible—especially in the Book of Proverbs.

Q *How has the Lord helped you in business transactions?*

A Back in the early 1970s one of my brothers, his friend and I were partners in a corporation involved in a large, horse-oriented residential development. Times were rather depressed for real-estate development. In order to get the project going, we had to pour hundreds of thousands of dollars into it, putting in paved roads, underground utilities, horse-training facilities, jumping rings, bridle paths and a couple of artificial lakes. We also owned a couple of model homes.

At first hardly any money came in. I became very uneasy about the project, skeptical about its future, and decided to sell my interest back to the corporation. The Lord worked this out in a very friendly way. But even after that, four lending institutions kept my name on the jointly and individually liable bank guarantees, a seven-figure obligation. At one point, foreclosure seemed imminent.

I would wake up at night very concerned. How was I ever going to get out of this financial dilemma? I turned my concern over to the Lord, praying that He would help me. He heard and answered over a period of a year, either through re-financing or the lending institutions simply offering to relieve me of responsibility on the notes (which is almost unheard of in business). Finally I was completely free of all indebtedness to the

corporation. I certainly thank the Lord. It truly was a miracle.

This happened after I confessed and repented of violating God's principles. I had signed the bank guarantees and become financially responsible for other people, which the Bible prohibits, or at least discourages. And I also got into a large debt beyond a reasonable certainty that it could be repaid by profits.

We should not get into tax shelters unless they make economic sense—not just for the purpose of easing taxes, but for productive business purposes. The Scripture that comes to mind is that we are to pay unto Caesar that which is Caesar's. We are to pay the amount of taxes we rightfully owe.

Regarding people with whom we become associated, we should follow I Corinthians 6:14, which says that we should not be unequally yoked in very close business relationships, such as a limited partner with a general partner. Be sure that the key people believe and act spiritually as the Bible intends us to do in business and all aspects of life.

Q *Have any of your family accepted the Lord since you did?*

A Yes. One rewarding experience pertains to my sister. She developed lung cancer a few years ago. I visited her and told her about the Lord Jesus and His life-transforming power in people who confess and repent of their sins, and invite Him to become Saviour and Lord.

She listened, and then prayed a sinner's prayer from her heart shortly before she died. It gives me great comfort to know that she is now in the presence of the Lord for eternity. □

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heaven with the saving strength of his right hand."

Psalm 30 described my experience in the hospital: "O Lord my God, I cried unto thee, and thou hast healed me. O Lord, thou hast brought up my soul from the grave..." (verses 2 and 3). So did the first part of Psalm 40: "And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God..." (verse 2).

A few weeks later, in a dream I saw a Bible open before me and my eyes fell upon Job 3:25: "For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me." At that moment the Lord spoke to me quite definitely, "Your healing is not progressing because of your fears."

Shortly after that, as I rummaged through the public library, I came across a book describing the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Among my associates and friends I could find no one who had experienced this, but I began to develop a deep hunger for it. For a year I continued to pray that I might receive it.

I began to think it must not be intended for me.

During the summer of 1967 my wife and I were camping with our two children at Lake Carmi in northern Vermont. One morning, very early, while she and the children were still asleep, I rose to start a campfire and cook breakfast for them.

I was thinking of nothing in particular when suddenly I became aware of a Presence all about me. A deep love and peace enveloped my being. I heard an

audible voice: "My son..." I knew that God himself had spoken to me.

Several weeks later as I sat reading a good book I found myself saying two words foreign to me. I yielded my tongue—and began to speak in a heavenly language. Again God had met me in my ignorance, looked upon my heart and granted my desire.

During this time the company for which I worked was in the process of being phased out. I asked the Lord very specifically for a position at the University of Massachusetts in Amherst. A week later, God provided it in a unique way, and I began working there within a month.

At Amherst I started attending a prayer group. They joined me in prayer for guidance concerning a new home we needed, and again God supernaturally provided for our needs. God has continued to guide me in many other ways, right up to the present.

In the early '70s I served as president of the Brattleboro, Vermont Chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. Later I founded the Franklin County Chapter in Greenfield, Massachusetts. FGBMFI has been a blessing to me, giving me many opportunities to testify as the Lord works to save, baptize in the Holy Spirit, heal and deliver others. □

Ralph Morgan worked as a chemist for the State of Virginia, as an industrial chemist for feed companies in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, and for the last seventeen years at the University of Massachusetts, retiring in 1984 as staff associate/official chemist. He and his wife Estelle have two children and attend Grace Church of Christ in Springfield. Ralph is a member of the Franklin County Chapter of FGBMFI, and a field representative for western Massachusetts.

feelings of inferiority. I learned that whether the hurts were imagined or real, they had made a big impact on my life.

But the fact that I surrendered my life to Him and that He was showing me a new way to walk out my life did not eliminate all of my problems. My wife saw my interest in the Bible as a substitute for working all the time. In September, 1978 she asked me to move out of the house. After many agonizing weeks the divorce became final.

During this time and since, I was encouraged and strengthened by a group of loving men in Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship.

In March, 1978 while I was attending a Bible institute at St. Mary's University, the Lord spoke to me: "Tony, your marriage is healed." For the next five and a half years I lived with that message in my heart. I could not see it or feel it, but by faith I believed it. Again and again the Holy Spirit reminded me, "Your marriage is healed."

Rosemarie and I continued to see each other after the divorce, but not without pain and difficulty. After a terrible argument in December of 1983 I said, "Lord, this is it! I cannot do it anymore." Following this final surrender of our situation to Him, the Lord quickly moved in and did a work.

A few weeks later when Rosemarie and I met, we were friendly and even enjoyed each other's company. Later we talked of getting married again.

The Lord confirmed this direction of

events through the Bible. Ephesians 3:14 assured us that our marriage was His design: "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

Ephesians 2:14 assured us that all resentment, argument, hostility and unforgiveness had been removed by the Lord: "For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us."

We enthroned God and His word in our hearts in our second marriage, something we had not done in our first one. He beautifully healed my emotions, which had been so long enslaved, so that now they may be used in His service. The Lord has continued to transform and use both of us.

Rosemarie and I are able now to minister regularly to people in troubled marriages, to the divorced and separated, and to those with runaway children. We see people healed of physical, emotional and financial problems as we pray. We are witnesses to the mighty healing and reconciling power of the Lord in lives and marriages. □

Tony Buentello, member, Million Dollar Round Table, is a chartered life underwriter who has served San Antonio and South Texas clients for more than thirteen years through American Founders Life, a major financial institution in the Southwest. He has a degree in business administration from Southwest Texas University and served six years with the U.S. Air Force Reserves. Previous to 1969 he was employed as an inventory manager with Kelly Air Force Base. Tony and his wife Rosemarie have three children: Richard, Liza, and Yvette. They worship at St. Brigid's Catholic Church in San Antonio. Tony has served the San Antonio North Chapter of FGBMFI as vice-president, president for four years, and now as a field representative.

CONVENTIONS

PHOENIX SILVER ANNIVERSARY REGIONAL

Jan. 29-Feb. 1, 1986
Phoenix Hilton and
Civic Center Ballroom
Write: FGBMFI, Box 37695
Phoenix, AZ 85069

NEW JERSEY STATE COUPLES' ADVANCE FEBRUARY 7-8, 1986

Star Lake Lodge, Bloomingdale
Write: Mr. Douglass List
11 Andrew Jackson Ct.
Cranbury, NJ 08512

GREATER EAST TEXAS AREA CONVENTION FEBRUARY 13-15, 1986

Sheraton Inn, Tyler
Write: Mr. Steve Riemann
3506 Camron
Tyler, TX 75701

MIXED SPIRITUAL ADVANCE FEBRUARY 14-16, 1986

Ramada Inn, Billings, Montana
Write: Mr. Mel Tombre
Box 288 R.R.
Savage, MT 59262

ALBERTA MEN'S ADVANCE FEBRUARY 21-23, 1986

Capri Centre, Red Deer
Write: Mr. Red Huisig
18 Martin Close
Red Deer, Alberta
Canada T4N 0H1

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS REGIONAL MARCH 12-15, 1986

Southern Illinois University
Carbondale
Write: Mr. David Munson
Box 2
Vergennes, IL 62994

WILLAMETTE VALLEY MINI-CONVENTION MARCH 14-15, 1986

Valley River Inn, Eugene, Oregon
Write: Mr. Stan Merrill
90440 Hill Rd.
Springfield, OR 97478

ILLINOIS STATE REGIONAL FEBRUARY 5-8, 1986

Holiday Inn, Decatur
Write: Mr. Howard Hite
Route 1, Box 6D
Dalton City, IL 61925

INLAND EMPIRE MIXED SPIRITUAL ADVANCE FEBRUARY 7-9, 1986

University Inn
Moscow, Idaho
Write: Mr. Pete Suter
W.2400 Seltice Way
Post Falls, ID 83854

EASTERN OHIO COUPLES' ADVANCE FEBRUARY 14-15, 1986

Saltfork State Park Lodge
Cambridge
Write: Mr. William J. Cooke
29 E. Fifth Ave.
Columbus, OH 43201

I LOVE JESUS FESTIVAL FEBRUARY 15, 1986

Convention Center, Empire Plaza
Albany, New York
Write: Mr. Howard VerGow
56-109th St.
Troy, NY 12182

CALIFORNIA STATE CONVENTION MARCH 6-8, 1986

Hotel El Rancho, Sacramento
Write: FGBMFI
Box 23901
Oakland, CA 94623

WISCONSIN COUPLES' ADVANCE MARCH 13-15, 1986

Best Western Royale, Stevens Pt.
Write: Mr. Merlyn Peters
3741 S. 71st St.
Milwaukee, WI 53220

MID-AMERICA REGIONAL MARCH 20-22, 1986

Holidome, Great Bend
Write: Mr. Donald K. Peterson
Box 338
Macksville, KS 67557

WASHINGTON, D.C. INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL FEBRUARY 6-8, 1986

Washington Sheraton
Write: FGBMFI, Box 350
Manassas, VA 22110

SASKATCHEWAN COUPLES' ADVANCE FEBRUARY 7-9, 1986

Hotel Saskatchewan, Regina
Write: Mr. Bill Dedman
Box 3896
Regina, Saskatchewan
Canada S4N 1P9

OKI COUPLES' ADVANCE FEBRUARY 14-15, 1986

Kings Island Inn
Kings Island, Ohio
Write: Mr. Loren F. Minnick
Box 2252
Dayton, OH 45429

LUBBOCK-AMARILLO REGIONAL FEBRUARY 20-22, 1986

Lubbock Plaza
Write: Mr. Virgel W. Merriott
Box 64037
Lubbock, TX 79464

COLUMBIA RIVER REGIONAL MARCH 6-8, 1986

Hanford House, Richland
Write: Mr. Lewis J. Schweiger
2122 Hudson Ave.
Richland, WA 99352

SOUTH GEORGIA RALLY MARCH 14-15, 1986

Quality Inn-Buccaneer
Jekyll Island
Write: Mr. William H. Holder
123 Cross Brook Dr.
Brunswick, GA 31520

MONTANA STATE REGIONAL MARCH 20-22, 1986

Village Red Lion Motor Inn
Missoula
Write: Mr. David Rodli
6180 St. Thomas Dr.
Missoula, MT 59803

Conventions published in this issue were approved on or before October 16, 1985.

NORTH DAKOTA REGIONAL**March 20-22, 1986**

Holiday Inn, Bismarck
 Write: Mr. Jeff Miller
 R.R. 1, Box 138
 Bantry, ND 58713

SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL**March 20-22, 1986**

Park Plaza, New Haven
 Write: Dr. Sol. Aordkian
 25 Cherry St.
 Naugatuck, CT 06770

EAST TENNESSEE MEN'S**SPIRITUAL ADVANCE****March 21-23, 1986**

Wesley Woods Methodist Camp
 Walland
 Write: Mr. Thomas W. Trout
 506 Sherwood Dr.
 Maryville, TN 37801

MISSOURI COUPLES' ADVANCE**March 21-23, 1986**

Sheraton Hotel, I-70
 Wentsville
 Write: FGBMFI, Box 1111
 Sedalia, MO 65301

TEXAS STATE CONVENTION**March 25-29, 1986**

Adams Mark Hotel, Houston
 Write: Mr. Norman Norwood
 13401 S.W. Freeway
 Sugar Land, TX 77478

33RD ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION**July 8-12, 1986**

Marriott Resort and Conv. Ctr.
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are coming to you. Look for the one in your region:

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SOUTHEASTERN: Baton Rouge, LA, Feb. 21-22; Charlotte, NC, Mar. 14-15; Little Rock, AR, Aug. 15-16; Nashville, TN, Apr. 25-26; Orlando, FL, Jul. 7-8; to be confirmed: Mobile, AL

MIDWESTERN: Bismarck, ND, Jun. 6-7; Des Moines, IA, Nov. 21-22; Grand Island, NE, Feb. 28-Mar. 1; Indianapolis, IN, May 16-17; Manhattan, KS, Sep. 19-20; Southfield, MI, May 30-31; St. Louis, MO, Feb. 21-23; Stevens Point, WI, May 9-10; to be confirmed: Columbus, OH; Dayton, OH; Decatur, IL; Duluth, MN; Sioux Falls, SD

NORTHWESTERN: Helena, MT, Apr. 25-26; Hermiston, OR, Apr. 4-5; to be confirmed: Anchorage, AK; Salt Lake City, UT; Seattle, WA

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FGBMFI Super ALTS, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

Let's Serve Him

as members
of **FGBMFI**

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his son Jesus Christ." (1 John 1:3)



A tremendous move of God is spreading throughout the world. The Lord is taking men from every walk of life and using them in His service at home and abroad.

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Sharing your testimony at chapter

him Together!

I John 1:3

meetings, during conventions and on overseas trips is only one door of service the Fellowship will open to you. Prison ministry, and television specials with supportive phone counseling are among the available avenues of spiritual challenge.

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A unique opportunity lies ahead of you as a Christian man in the marketplace. Whatever your denomination, your business, profession or occupation, you may help to change the spiritual destiny of thousands.

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

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6 STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

5. Believe "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:6).

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

Why not make your eternal decision now:
"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: FGBMFI / Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

CHAPTER OUTREACH

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to: Chapter Department / FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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VOICE

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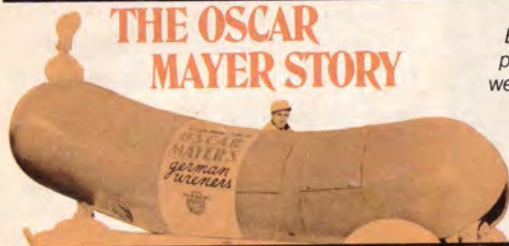
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WHO WE ARE Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would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

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

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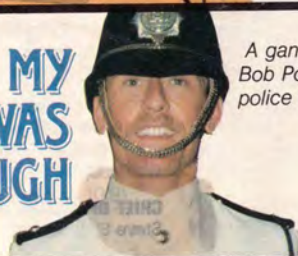
THE OSCAR MAYER STORY



Business success doesn't guarantee personal happiness. Nor can personal wealth ensure inner peace. Allan Mayer, grandson of Oscar Mayer, knows.

2

MY UNIFORM WAS NOT ENOUGH



A gang member and school dropout, Bob Porter wound up on the Bermuda police force but still refused to toe the straight and narrow.

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