

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

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God
Loves
You,
Crazy
Horse

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God Loves You, Crazy Horse

Michael Harris
San Antonio, Texas

I thought I had it all—large income, elegant home, a yellow Jaguar that was my personal trademark, a wonderful wife who drove her own sports car and two corporations whose business always increased. I was highly respected in my community of Corpus Christi, Texas and had served on various boards of civic organizations and had headed annual fund raising drives for the Children's Heart Institute, United Cerebral Palsy and other well-known charities.

My seemingly secure position didn't even waver, at first, when tragedy struck. I came down with a tumorous condition at the base of my brain which required the removal of my pituitary. This essential gland is located just below the brain and produces hormones that stimulate growth and other biochemical functions. Specialists told me removal of the pituitary would require taking prescription drugs, indefinitely, to make up for the hormones the gland normally fed into my body.

I did not fear the operation even though it was delicate brain surgery. I was not a Christian, but gladly allowed an unattached religious man who wore a baseball cap and called himself "Reverend Charley" to pray for me. He laid his hands on my head and spoke to God about my illness as though he was on very personal terms with the Almighty.

Before leaving my hospital room he told me, "Michael, you are going to be all right. Even though it is brain surgery, you are going to come through it fine." This gave me confidence in a peaceful kind of way. But my real con-

fidence was in my doctors. I submitted to the surgery without fear, telling them to do whatever was necessary.

The operation was a frontal craniotomy (opening of the head from the front). This was necessary because of tumorous infarction around the pituitary gland. Without this complication the surgery could have been performed through the nasal cavity. The procedure lasted almost fifteen hours—a very long time. When I came to I learned that my pituitary gland along with the tumor had been removed. In addition my sinuses had been damaged. Surgical team members were visibly elated I had survived the long and difficult operation. One doctor told me outright—“Michael, it’s a miracle you are still with us.”

I had been a man who had exercised regularly and practiced good health habits. The doctors felt that my strong physical condition helped me survive the ordeal. I gratefully remembered Rev. Charley laying his hands on me and praying. Several clergymen from local churches had come by my room. All wished me well, but none had prayed.

My recovery and life-sustenance now depended upon a massive routine of daily medications. These drugs were to substitute for the growth and masculinity hormones which had been secreted and fed into my system by my pituitary gland. My thyroid gland was not functioning normally. This required more drugs. The pain in my sinuses and other post-operative areas called for massive doses of powerful painkillers. I was alive, but a damaged and tortured

human being. As the months dragged on my pain increased and I found myself taking double and triple the prescribed painkiller drugs.

I felt I had left my insurance business in very stable condition, although it was essentially a holding operation. Too debilitated to work, I maintained contact with the office by means of just one phone call a day. This went on for almost a year, my income being sustained by the high integrity and loyalty of my staff. But my business desperately needed my personal attention.



When I returned I was anxious to make up for lost time and move my company forward. In the process I allowed a close and trusted friend to get me into a project that became my financial undoing. He managed to swindle me out of over \$100,000. This

was a hard blow to a business which was just recovering from my long absence. The money had to come from my company, which at that time could not withstand such a loss. I ended up borrowing \$65,000 from my bank, although I needed at least \$100,000, but could not get that amount approved.

At that time I noticed that I was having a hard time making decisions. Some of my closest friends were saying, "Michael, you don't seem like the same person. And you don't look the same." Still being on strong medications and enduring constant pain, I sought additional expert medical help, including specialists in Arkansas and Southern California. Dr. Peter Kohler, an endocrinologist at the University of Arkansas Medical Center, after months of study and consultation told me that my condition had subtracted 15 to 25 years from my life span. He was one of the best in his field and had given me much personal attention. I took him at his word.

This was not the only bad news. My accountant had made major mistakes in filing and paying my income taxes. This led to high penalties and back payments with interest to the IRS. The money that I had been able to borrow wasn't enough to fill the cash flow need and I faced bankruptcy—which I

eventually filed—just to keep my company in operation.

Although my business was still operating and I was managing to maintain my standard of living, the pain and medications from the removal of my brain tumor and my pituitary gland and my damaged sinuses were driving me up the wall. Added to my physical pain, the FBI informed me that I had committed a federal offense.



The bank from which I had borrowed the \$65,000 filed charges that I was guilty of 'misapplication of funds' borrowed for a specific purpose. The money actually had been used as I saw

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fit for my financial survival. The bank had lost money by my filing bankruptcy. They questioned my administration of borrowed funds. I did not have the \$25,000 my attorney required to fight the case. I ended up being sentenced to five years probation by agreeing to make restitution at a specified monthly repayment schedule.

I had difficulty even making those payments. And the constant hurting in my body and the pains in my head, plus the side effects of the medications were making my life almost unbearable. I began to think of suicide as the only way out. Not being a Christian, there was nothing to stop me. Of one thing I was sure—I didn't want to live.

I happened to listen to a "700 Club" broadcast and called in for help. I told the counselor I wanted to die. He prayed with me, asking God to give me power against my wish. But it didn't stop a serious attempt. In desperation I took almost 120 strong pain killer tablets, deadly if ingested in large enough doses. I meant business.

The next thing I remember was coming back to consciousness in a hospital emergency room with my stomach being pumped out. When out of danger I was sent to a drug and alcohol detoxification unit. It was also a psychiatric facility. I had tried to commit suicide and was considered mentally ill. My confinement in the ward was for thirty days.

When released I discovered that my whole world had been taken from me in just one month. My wife was leaving me, my business was gone along with my house. My cars had been repos-

sessed and monetary assets were depleted. Dispossessed, I ended up in a tiny apartment, totally alone. My old friends who were business and civic leaders in Corpus Christi wanted nothing to do with me. My own family didn't know what to do with me.

Beginning with the tumor that grew around my pituitary gland and its subsequent surgical removal, I had dropped from a man of affluence and community leadership with a handsome wife and enviable home—to nothing. I was lonely, broke, despondent, heart-broken, the victim of evil scheming against me when I was down, and seemingly without hope. Suicide again seemed a good logical solution. I had nothing to live for. Every new day was a fight against the acute pains of my body and the cruel humiliation of my spirit. I couldn't find a job and had few remaining friends. I was a broken man.

I had again started listening to the "700 Club" when I got the message that my dad was dying. I went up to Victoria, Texas and sat beside him in his failing hours. At that point I was not even sure there was a God, but I remember saying, "God, take my daddy to heaven." It just came out of my mouth without even thinking.

After watching Dad die I went back to Corpus Christi determined to find out more about this God whom I had, somewhat accidentally, asked to take Dad to heaven. I was determined to find out more about Him. I began crying out to God, although totally unacquainted with Him.

A short time later I was having breakfast at a pharmacy lunch counter



in Corpus Christi when a man tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Michael, you need to know the truth about Jesus Christ. If you know the truth, it will make you free." He continued. "Michael, you need to have Jesus Christ in your life."

Without even stopping to consider, I answered, "Yes, I sure do."

He began to share God's Word with me. He told me that knowing the truth about Jesus Christ would set me free. But that I had to repent of my sins, and believe that Jesus Christ had paid for my sins with His death on the Cross. He said, "Michael, you must know for sure that God has forgiven you. If you don't know for sure that God has truly forgiven you, then the Devil, the evil one, will use it against you. But if you are certain that God has forgiven you, then the enemy, Satan, cannot shake you."

I repented of my sins, and that godly sorrow was so strong that literally for days I would break down and cry...just

thinking that for forty years I had been living separated from God because of sin in my life and not acknowledging God. On that day, October 17, 1985, I accepted Jesus Christ into my life as my Saviour and I came to know God as my Father.

Immediately I was joyfully consumed with my love for Jesus Christ and for God as my Father. I would read the Bible for hours on end. I knew that I wanted to be baptized and found the friend who had witnessed to me. I went over to the house where he was visiting and told him that I wanted to be baptized. He suggested that we go to Corpus Christi Bay which was not far away. But I wanted to be baptized right then. I said, "Please...right now." I wanted to be washed with the water. He filled the bathtub and I was baptized right there in his friend's house. I thought there would be angels singing, or some heavenly manifestation. But this did not happen. I realized that this was a time for my own faith to affirm God's love and power.

I was still taking massive doses of drugs for pain to substitute for the hormones that my removed pituitary gland would have provided. But on January 10, 1986, just three months after I had received Jesus Christ and started my life in Christ, a miraculous act took place. On that date God healed me. He gave me a new pituitary gland.

This is how it happened. God spoke to me. He told me not to return to my doctor for a period of time. Medically, I was living at high-risk and was proceeding from day-to-day according to

my doctor's directions. Up to this time I had to have medications every day without fail. I wore a 'Medical Alert' bracelet on my wrist and an emergency information necklace, just in case I passed out and strangers had to get help.

I was not sure why God told me *not* to see my doctors, but I obeyed. Although not understanding it, I felt healed and stopped taking the prescribed medication. I asked a Christian friend, why God had told me not to see my doctors. He said, "Michael, God is going to perform a miracle on you." He laid his hands on me, and I knew that God had given me a new pituitary gland.

"I wanted to be baptized right then...I thought there would be angels singing,...But this did not happen. I realized that this was a time for my own faith to affirm God's love and power."

I attended a home Bible study, looking forward to sharing what God had done for me. My case was well known. When I told them that God had healed me—giving me a new pituitary gland—I expected them to rejoice. But they were very critical, telling me that I

would die from not taking the medicine exactly as directed. I told them that I had flushed the drugs down the toilet and was doing fine. This testimony caused an uproar. They called my doctors and my probation officer. I told them they had no faith.

To obtain an independent medical opinion I visited another Christian physician in Corpus Christi and asked him to do tests on me to determine if I had a pituitary gland. After extensive tests this respected internist told me, "Michael, you have a new pituitary gland and it is functioning properly. God has performed a miracle." He went on to tell me that my thyroid had not entirely healed. God's speaking to me was confirmed medically.

Again, I remembered Rev. Charley's words just before the operation, "Michael, you're going to be all right."

My new closeness to the Lord daily warmed and thrilled me. I would often get up two or three hours early and read the Word, then spend an hour or two before God on my knees. I attended many meetings of believing Christians. At one a 'word of knowledge' was given that God had completely healed me. The Holy Spirit seemed to pour over me like heated oil from my head to my toes. I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and a beautiful prayer language which was to be a great comfort and strength in the hard days ahead.

My probation was revoked because I could not meet the monthly restitution payments. Without funds to hire a proper defense lawyer, the court appointed one. He was a Jehovah's

Witness who lectured me about having the wrong religion. His defense was no help. I was sentenced to 179 days in a civil prison. But *instead* was sent to the Federal Facility at Eden, Texas, an illegal alien detention center. I was one of the very few white men there. Most were Hispanics. But the races of the world seemed to be present: Orientals, Mid-Easterners and Africans.



My fair skin and red hair set me apart. Crowded into a cell compartment built for twenty prisoners which was crowded with over fifty men, I knew that I was in trouble. I quickly learned that I was considered a 'spy' for the FBI. Later I was told that they planned to do away with me. The 'inside authority' or prisoner power structure was headed by a man by the name of Crazy Horse. I had never seen a more powerful or more feared person. I saw him singlehandedly beat up five black men, although any one of them was bigger and more muscular than Crazy Horse. He was feared by every prisoner in the whole facility.

But I placed my hope and trust in God and determined to get up two to three hours early to read my Bible and spend time in prayer. My praying friends back in Corpus Christi had told me not to fight being sent to the Eden Federal Prison, a place with a very bad name. They said, "There are men from everywhere there...and God will use you." Now at that unspeakable detention center, I wondered how God would use me, even as I feared for my life.

On my first night, I felt led to read the Book of Deuteronomy. A man came over and said, "God sent you here. I have been praying for someone to be sent to Eden who could tell me about Jesus." He was a huge man who introduced himself as "Mac". I began to share the Word of God with him right there. Others were interested and we started several Bible classes. I had no training as a teacher, so I would just read a passage from the Word. Someone would interpret for those who couldn't understand English.

The third morning I was there I rose three hours early. Already I had learned that I had to be prayed up to get through the day. There were Muslims, Satan worshipers and all kinds who were hostile to the Gospel. By the time the call for breakfast came, I felt the Spirit of the Lord mightily upon me. When I reached my place in the dining hall I could not sit down. Mac, my friend who had started the first Bible class, was across the table from me as I tried to seat myself but couldn't. I said, "Mac, something awesome is about to happen. If you don't

want to see it, move quickly." He told me, excitedly, that he wanted to stay right there.

I felt the Holy Spirit directing me from my table and I walked down the aisles among the tables of prisoners. I was given a mighty voice as I moved, saying, "Even though you are behind these prison walls...Jesus Christ can make you free." I kept walking and the



Spirit of God gave me utterance. During meals the hall was a place of many noises, but it became reverently quiet. I heard some "Amens". When the power of the Holy Spirit left me I went back to my place and ate my breakfast.

After the meal a guard asked me to come outside where he could talk to

me. He said, "Harris, I am a Christian, too. Did you know that while you were talking not a person could move? Not even a guard." He told me that if he could ever do anything for me to let him know. I also learned later that prison officials planned to place me in solitary for causing a disturbance. But they never did.

In prison, I learned quickly that you do not intimidate anyone. They love to get even. One day I was in the small maximum security "outside exercise yard". I saw a prisoner coming for me. I was horror stricken. It was Crazy Horse, the "inside" boss, the toughest guy in Eden Federal Detention Center.

What had I done to him? I was thinking, "This man is going to shred me like a piece of meat." He came on, and when he got to me he slapped me on the shoulder and said, "Michael, you're the boss. If anybody wants to do anything to you, they have to fight me first." He spread this message throughout the cell blocks. That was better protection than the warden could provide.

Crazy Horse did not join a Bible class, but I would go to his bunk and try to share the Word with him. Mostly, I would say, "Crazy Horse, God loves you. You have no idea how much God loves you."

"You mean God could love Crazy Horse, Michael? I have sold drugs, and beat up men for pay. I'm a mean man." I would go on, emphasizing over

Michael Harris and Crazy Horse, shortly before Crazy Horse's release from prison.



“...God loved Crazy Horse...enough to send His own Son to the Cross to die for the sins of Crazy Horse.”

and over how much God loved Crazy Horse—“even enough to send His own Son to the Cross to die for the sins of Crazy Horse.” All he had to do was truly repent and accept Jesus as his Lord.

On a cold West Texas winter day I went outside into the exercise yard for a breath of fresh air. You couldn't stand it for long, because they issued no winter clothes at Eden Federal Detention Center. From another unit I saw a man stumble out onto the yard. He appeared to be sobbing his heart out. He came straight for me and I saw that it was Crazy Horse. His face was

covered with his hands and he was crying just like a small child.

I said, “Crazy Horse, what is it? What's the matter?”

Between sobs, he said, “I was lying on my bunk. I heard this voice say, ‘Crazy Horse, Crazy Horse! Get up. Get up now! Go talk to Michael about Jesus.’” I believe it was the Holy Spirit of God speaking to him. Because he was transformed into a little child seeking something most precious, with all his heart.

He walked away from me a few feet, then turned and began jumping up and down. In an excited voice he yelled, “Michael, Michael, I want to live for Jesus.” There was a new peace upon his face. He continued to jump, experiencing joy unspeakable.

The Bible study groups had multiplied and they were bearing fruit. A quiet, but growing revival was taking place within the walls of this prison which was so tough that all guards carried shotguns at all times.

A group of new believers wanted to be baptized. I asked a local minister who regularly visited the prison if he could arrange to use his church baptism to baptize those who were being saved and seeking baptism. He told me he would have to check with his congregation. The answer was, “Sorry, but no. The church doesn't want any criminals.”

It was almost time for Crazy Horse to be released. He had a month left and everybody knew it. Again he sought me in tears. “Michael,” he cried. “What am I going to do? I'm about ready to go home and my wife

called and said she was divorcing me." He was distraught. His wife and daughter lived in Matamoros, Mexico, just across the border from Brownsville, Texas. Returning to his wife and family is the prisoner's hope of the future. It's all he has to look forward to.

Crazy Horse's crying continued and he asked, "Michael, where is God? Can't He help me?"

God put the answer in my mouth. "Just wait, Crazy Horse. In three days it will be all right." I got permission to use the phone and called a member of our faithful prayer chain in Corpus Christi, asking them to intercede with God. A weekend was coming up and on Sunday his wife did call. Her answer was, "There will be no divorce, Crazy Horse. I love you. I am coming back to you. I want to serve Jesus with you. And our daughter, Stephene wants to serve Jesus, too." He was

released and returned to Matamoros at the end of the month.

I never heard from Crazy Horse again. I was released shortly after he left and the rules of my probation forbade me to communicate with convicted criminals in any way. But one great day I hope to embrace Crazy Horse in boundless joy before the glorious Throne of God.

Like others at Eden Prison, Crazy Horse surrendered to the same Lord Jesus Christ who saved me, and gave me a new life in Him, and a glorious lay ministry for Him. ■

Michael Harris now lives in San Antonio, Texas and is working at re-establishing himself in business. He has given his testimony to FGBMFI chapters in Colorado and Texas. He is now married to a Christian woman, the former Katharine Rainbolt. You may write to him: Northside FGBMFI Chapter, P.O. Box 791444, San Antonio, TX 78279-1444.

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BACK TO BASICS

Timothy P. Bennett
Albany, New York



“Jump!” screamed a man in a garbage truck out of the passenger window as he whizzed beneath the overpass. I had been leaning over the railing and seriously thinking of letting gravity take me into the busy traffic below. Here I was, 22 years old, 3,000 miles away from home, and without hope for my life. How had a Protestant-raised easterner come to such a point of desperation?

If you remember, the late sixties and early seventies were eras of great soul searching. As a generation we were convinced we were sick, neurotic, and in need of something. How else could all those wild therapies in California have attracted so many? Sex therapy, Gestalt therapy, EST, group therapy. You name it and there was probably a therapy for it.

For me, as for many others (on the east coast anyway), California represented the promised land. Get away from what you're used to, and you'll be free. Far from parents, old friends, old situations. After all, it's the environment that makes you the way you are. Change the environment and you'll change.

The problem with my philosophy, though, was simple. I couldn't leave *myself* behind with all the rest. But my plan went beyond just geographical location. At the suggestion of my older brother, I had read a book in college entitled, *The Primal Scream*, and it gave me some focus that I was lacking. The book confirmed my suspicions that I was neurotic and in need of help. The method to escape, the author explained, was to release all the

feelings you'd suppressed as a child in what he called “primals”. These occurred when you reached the core of the emotion you were ventilating. They could all be reduced to screaming or wailing. Some patients were even reported to have re-experienced their emergence from the womb. I wasn't very intrigued by this experience, but the small print under the book's title gave me all the hope I needed—“the cure for neuroses”.

I had tried college for two years but I wasn't ready for it, at least emotionally. Another book called *The Trial* by Franz Kafka convinced me of the futility of acquiring knowledge without meaning or purpose in my life. Therefore, I quit school and thought I'd work for awhile. All I found were dead ends and disappointments—an apprentice carpentry job where all the talk was anti-commie, down with Jane Fonda, and let's get to work. And later, a folk singing gig that lifted my hopes for exactly two weeks. “Yeah. You're finished kid,” I heard on the phone from the bartender, “and no you can't talk to the bosses.”

Although I was being stripped of my ideal of how good man was, I still clung to man's ideas to save me. God was not an alternative. I had gone the church route with my family. I'd ushered on Sundays, poured coffee at church breakfasts, raked church leaves, washed church windows, and rang the church bell. When I was fifteen, my parents gave me the option if I wanted to go to church. My father even suggested that I try various ones in the area. I remember thinking, “Why go to

church at all?" Church was a place for old, baldheaded men who got upset at teenagers for not ringing the bell at precisely the right moment or silver wavy-haired smiling businessmen who didn't miss a Sunday but told racist jokes when you worked around their house. No, church just demanded much and gave little.



Timothy and Veronique Bennett began their relationship with French lessons.

I needed acceptance, and in high school I thought that it might come through being in a rock group, drinking with the guys, and finding a girl friend. But, the more I pursued acceptance in these ways, the more I despised myself. Finally, I found someone who said she loved me, and she became my primary companion. Still my fears overwhelmed me, and a sense of fatalism obscured my future. When my brother offered me *The Primal Scream* to read, it seemed a

last straw, and I clutched at it. So my girl friend, a buddy, and I took a Trailways to L.A.

I called the Primal Institute in Beverly Hills the day after we found a place to stay, to see when I could start therapy. The receptionist on the phone said that I was too young, and "No" I could not have a therapist explain why, if the therapy was the truth, I was being rejected. Hanging up the phone, I walked along the overpass bridge above Route 101 in Santa Monica. I leaned over the railing, thinking, "What do I have to lose?" I'd come all this way for nothing. I leaned further over the railing and was abruptly brought to my senses by the loud scream, "Jump!"

Seeing the garbage collector looking out of the truck window, waiting for me to bounce off the pavement, was enough for me to change my mind. I wasn't going to give some sadist any pleasure—not on his life or mine!

The next several months I searched for similar therapies that took in younger people. I took frequent trips to the library and book store, and I finally discovered one. You only had to be eighteen.

My time in therapy amounted to three months. My girl friend returned to Rhode Island to finish her degree while I flew to San Rafael. At the end of three months "getting into primals", I dimly began to realize an important truth. I could choose to hate and blame people for the rest of my life for the way I was. In fact, during a "rap-up" group therapy session I had involuntarily raised my arms to strike a

therapist when he encouraged me to vent my feelings of anger toward him. My loss of control scared me. It seemed as if this hatred was a bottomless pit.

I returned home for Christmas. My girlfriend received her diploma, and we both found work to save for a return trip to California. I still needed to resolve something, and Primal Therapy was all I had.

I must say, too, that God had been trying to get through to me the whole time I was in California. My twin brother had become a Christian while in the army, and his prayer group must have been working overtime. Everywhere I went, it seemed Christians had a conspiracy to "get Tim". A Salvation Army man felt compelled to give me a Bible on the bus. Another young man I sat next to wanted to talk about prayer. Every group witnessing at the beach always seemed to gravitate to me. A girl at the nursing home where I worked while going through therapy talked of being drawn to a church "to talk to God". A couple of guys came to our apartment complex to tell us about Christ. I felt very smug, and I told them, "I don't need Him." Meanwhile, despite my pretensions of togetherness, my life was in shambles.

Then came my second trip to California. Within a couple of months after arriving, my girl friend and I were penniless and living in our beat-up Corvair. Someone we met suggested that we call a Christian hotline. With their help perhaps, we could find a place to stay and some food. I called, but refused to accept that we would

sleep apart. They weren't going to force their values on me!

When the woman refused to argue with me, I asked if there was any way we could just get some food without strings attached? She assured me there was, and despite my arrogance, she said she would come down to our location as soon as she could. I

"I walked along the overpass bridge above Route 101 in Santa Monica. I leaned over the railing, thinking, 'What do I have to lose?'"

readied myself for the Jesus rap, but the two young women with the white waxed paper bag only asked us where we were from and where we were going. That was all right with me. I didn't have a whole lot of energy for a debate, and I was extremely curious about what was in the bag. Doughnuts? At last they left, and Cheryl and I uncovered the secrets. We never tasted such delicious apples, cheese, fresh bread and milk in all our lives.

When it was thoroughly consumed

there was only one thing left to do—our daily routine. Go to the park, break twigs, and say “I don’t know” to one another. However, on the way back from the park this time something strange was happening. A definite conflict was taking place in my mind and my thoughts ran something like this—“You’re not too smart by not accepting a place to sleep. You’re not sleeping with your girl friend anyway, just getting bruises from sleeping on those suitcases.” “Oh yeah,” another voice contradicted. “If you tell Cheryl you want to accept their conditons, she’ll think you’re a hypocrite. You’ve always put down Christians. You’ll be admitting defeat.”

Ultimately I sided with wisdom, and asked Cheryl what she would think if I called back the person at the hotline. Her enthusiasm surprised me. I was less than excited myself, but consented to call.

The next thing I knew, we were sitting on a couch in the apartment where Cheryl was to stay, and a young man stood in front of us preaching the love of God as revealed through Jesus Christ. I had never heard such powerful words in all my life. I had arrived at the end of my tunnel. All my attempts at obtaining peace of mind had ended at a rock wall, but now it seemed a hole was being drilled through my hard heart, and there was a way out. Light rose in the darkness.

A few days later, a pastor explained to me the steps of salvation: that I confess my self-centeredness, turn from my way of doing things, and receive Christ’s forgiveness by faith, and

welcome Him into my life to change my heart. I humbled myself and did these things and God came into my life.

My feelings of alienation from others changed radically. I sensed love for others that I hadn’t experienced since I was a child. I felt that I belonged to a new family. I began to learn how to read the Bible and apply it to my life and to pray and let God reveal Himself to me.

Seventeen years have passed since that day, and God has changed me dramatically, and continues to do so. My fatalistic view of my future has been replaced with confidence and hope. My self-loathing has changed to self-acceptance and appreciation. Sometimes God even uses former acquaintances to show me the work He’s still doing in me. One time, going home on the bus to visit my family, I encountered a girl with whom I went to college five years earlier. She kept exclaiming, “You’re so mature looking!” over and over again. (She meant this as a compliment. I try not to think how she saw me before!) I hadn’t said a word, but yet she could tell instantly that something had changed inside of me. It was a perfect lead-in to tell her about Jesus and how He is in the character-changing business.

I am more fulfilled now than at any other time in my life. I’ve had the privilege to live and work in Europe for three years with a Christian organization called “Youth With A Mission” (YWAM). There, in France, I met a wonderful woman, Veronique, who became my wife in 1985. What began

with French lessons eventually grew into a solid friendship. From there, God confirmed through the Bible, our overseers in the mission, and our corresponding ministry goals (not to mention our abundant affection for one another) that He wanted us joined in marriage. Ironically, marriage which I had so ridiculed in my past became the very means by which God could heal me emotionally of the many rejections I'd faced growing up and from many dating relationships.

Presently, I'm establishing my own vinyl and leather repair business. Although I've never considered myself practical (I have a B.A. in literature), God is still stretching me and showing me that I can even make a living with

my hands when He is involved in it. Something I couldn't have imagined a few years ago.

Not everything changed overnight for me, but through the years God has done some major renovating of my character. The principle change would have to be that I no longer dread the future or feel myself a passive victim to the forces around me. Instead, God has shown me He can use me to love people and be a witness of His reality wherever I am.

God has proven His Word to me from Jeremiah 29:11, "For I know the plans I have for you," declares the Lord, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you a hope and a future" (NIV). ■

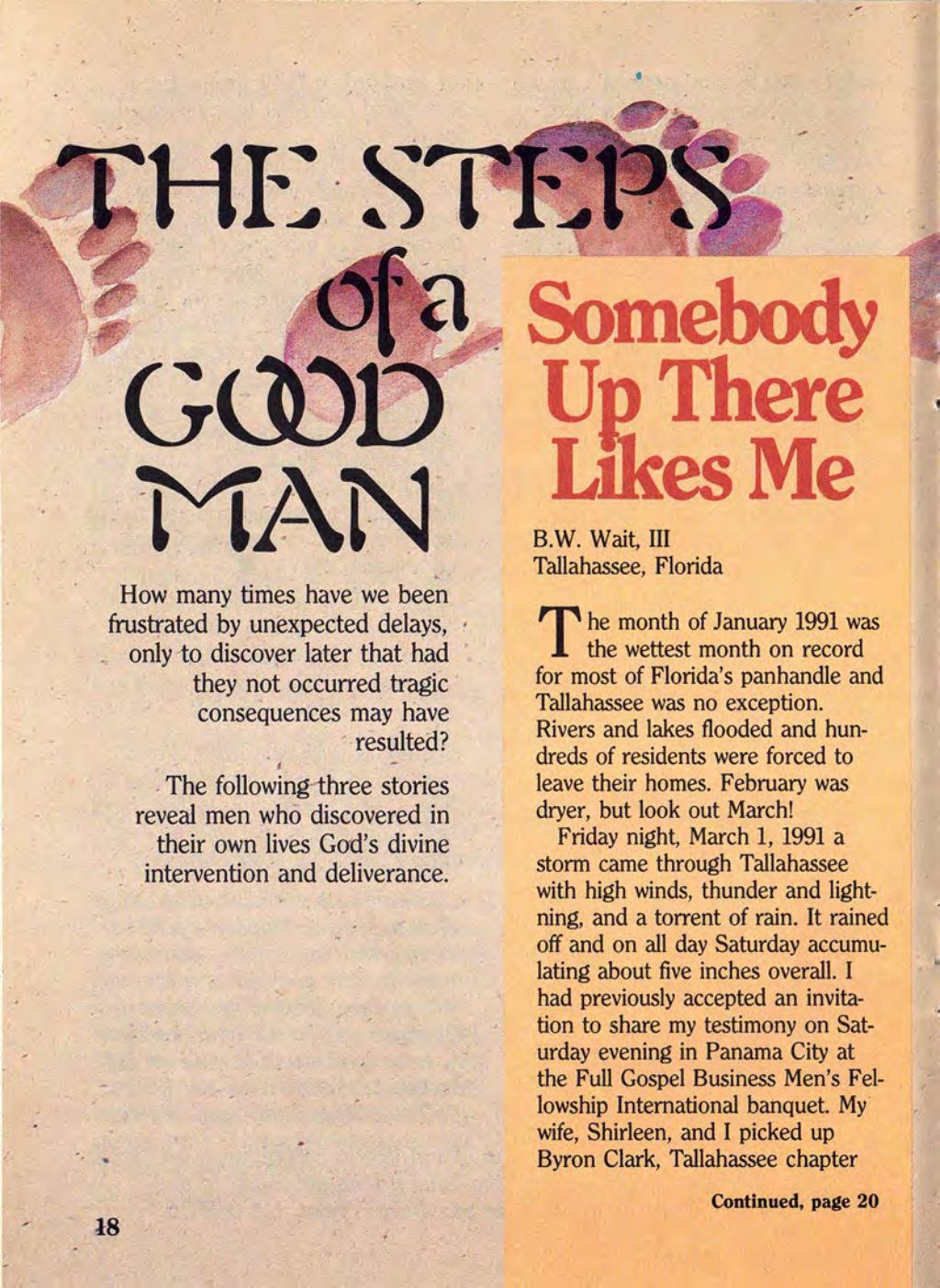
Celebrating Our 40th Anniversary



Beginning with our 1992 World Convention in San Francisco, June 30 to July 4, and continuing to our 1993 World Convention, we will be celebrating FGBMFI's 40th Anniversary.

In commemoration of this outstanding milestone, Voice Magazine will be reprinting one outstanding testimony from the past in each issue from July, 1992 to July, 1993. The February 1993 issue will be the 40th Anniversary issue which will feature an outstanding testimony from the 1950's, 1960's, 1970's, 1980's and 1990's.

*If you have a favorite testimony you would like to recommend, just send the name of the article and the issue it was published in to:
Voice Magazine, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa, CA 92626*



THE STEPS of a GOOD MAN

How many times have we been frustrated by unexpected delays, only to discover later that had they not occurred tragic consequences may have resulted?

The following three stories reveal men who discovered in their own lives God's divine intervention and deliverance.

Somebody Up There Likes Me

B.W. Wait, III
Tallahassee, Florida

The month of January 1991 was the wettest month on record for most of Florida's panhandle and Tallahassee was no exception. Rivers and lakes flooded and hundreds of residents were forced to leave their homes. February was dryer, but look out March!

Friday night, March 1, 1991 a storm came through Tallahassee with high winds, thunder and lightning, and a torrent of rain. It rained off and on all day Saturday accumulating about five inches overall. I had previously accepted an invitation to share my testimony on Saturday evening in Panama City at the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International banquet. My wife, Shirleen, and I picked up Byron Clark, Tallahassee chapter

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The Second Prodigal

Stephen Walker
Myrtle Creek, Oregon

Most of us have read or heard the story in the Bible about the prodigal son (Luke 15:11-32). The son who squandered his inheritance in a foreign land, then when in dire need, he decided to return to his father who welcomed him with open arms, forgiveness and gladness. Many have experienced being this prodigal son, and in some instances, on more than one occasion. Should you be one of those who are temporarily out of fellowship with God, I want you to know that Jesus still loves you very much and is urging you to return to your Father (Luke 15:4-6).

After having the prodigal son experience in my own life, I finally got wise and renewed my relationship with God in the fall of 1982,

Continued, page 21

God Is My Navigator

Dennis M. Eisenhart
Saint Joseph, Michigan

It was in the late 70's that an incident took place which changed my life. I was employed as a school bus mechanic, and being a bus mechanic required me to also have a school bus driver's license, in order to drive a bus load of students, in the event of an emergency. The head mechanic, Bob, never wanted to drive a bus loaded with students, and would refuse to do so. From time to time, if a regular driver did not show up for one of the runs, the dispatcher would come out of his office and yell, "Dennis, take number (whichever) run!" That would mean picking up students from either a grade school, junior high, or high school, and taking the students home.

The bus would already be ten to

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Somebody Up There Likes Me
Continued from page 18

secretary, and his wife, Emily, at 4:30 p.m. and headed to Panama City, which is more than 100 miles away. Halfway there we had to detour about 25 miles due to State Road 20 being flooded.

The storm continued all during the banquet and my testimony. After we finished ministering, the chapter officers laid hands on us and prayed for our safe return. We drove back to Tallahassee in some of the hardest rain I've ever experienced. As we drove, we talked and prayed all the way. Finally Shirleen dropped off for a little nap, but not before asking the Lord to put an angel at each wheel, one before the car and one behind it.

On several occasions during the trip back I thought about some testimonies I'd read where God saved people from washed out bridges, however, I felt no uneasiness, no premonition of being saved from disaster, no fear.

We dropped the Clark's off about 1:00 a.m. Sunday morning and headed east on US 90—Tennessee Street. The rain had subsided some by then, but it had already rained another five inches. We crossed North Monroe, which runs through the heart of Tallahassee and continued east.

Tennessee Street crests again at Magnolia Drive where I had planned to turn south a few blocks to Park Avenue which would have carried us on to our neighborhood, and home. As I approached Magnolia, normally a very busy intersection, I applied the brakes preparing to turn right. Nothing hap-

pened. The car did not slow down nor could I turn the steering wheel. I was in the right-hand turn lane but couldn't stop or turn. I lifted my foot off the brake and coasted past the one car that was stopped at the traffic light and on through the intersection eastward on Tennessee. Fortunately, there were no other cars on Tennessee (1:30 a.m. Sunday).



B.W. Wait, III

I headed on down the grade and tested my brakes again; they worked fine. The steering worked fine. The only explanation I could give at the time was that I just slid through the intersection on the wet pavement. I've slid before in rain, snow, ice and mud, but this time it seemed different. However, I had no other explanation. I murmured "Thank You, Lord—I guess I'll just go on down Tennessee and go home the long way around." We reached home in another ten minutes or so with no further incidents.

The bad weather continued all day Sunday. We didn't drive on Park Avenue Sunday or Monday so we didn't

know that it had been flooded and cars washed off the road until we saw pictures in the newspaper around noon on Monday.

I later began relating my experience about "sliding" through the Magnolia intersection to a friend. My friend's eyes grew wide as he said, "Pete, somebody up there likes you." Only then did I realize that I had been part of a major miracle where God took control of the car and saved us from the dangers of the flood and the

washed out road that I surely would have taken had it not been for the hand of God taking charge of our lives. ■

Pete Wait and Shirleen, his wife, attend Holy Spirit Episcopal church in Tallahassee where he serves as Deacon. He is a member of the National Board for Faith Alive—a witnessing fellowship. He is Chaplain of the Tallahassee Power Squadron, past president of the Tallahassee FGBMFI chapter and area field representative. Currently, he serves as director of the Tallahassee electric utility.

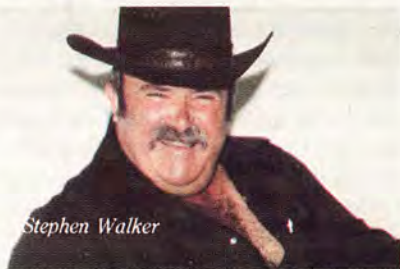
The Second Prodigal **Continued from page 19**

moving back to Roseburg, Oregon.

In 1988 I began to realize God was dealing with my heart and I knew I was in for some changes. Even the number eight in the scripture denotes new beginnings. During this time I received a 650cc special Yamaha motorcycle I had prayed and believed God for. It was a desire of my heart (Psalms 37:4). Six years previously, I had learned through my pastor about being specific in your request to God. So I listed seven things I took before God that were desires of my heart. Two other things I believed I received when I prayed were a full time ministry and a '69 Buick Riviera.

I decided to take off for Southern California on my motorcycle to visit old friends, and minister the Word. After a couple months, I started back up the coast to Oregon. Arriving in Crescent City, I decided to take Highway 199 over to Grants Pass. This is a

very dangerous highway to pass other vehicles on, yet with a motorcycle it was easy because I could accelerate so quickly. Then I got in behind a slow moving R.V. camper. I'd steer off to the right and then off to the left looking ahead to see if it was clear for me to pass.



Way up ahead I noticed a red pickup truck. Nothing in front of, or behind it. So I waited for it to come alongside the camper. I would lay back a little then accelerate quickly and zip in behind the pickup and pass the camper. Again, I checked to see the position of the red pickup and saw

everything looked clear and the time to pass would be just seconds away. As the red pickup came alongside the camper, I accelerated ahead and then behind it...right in front of a black pickup that was traveling about 100 feet behind. I can't describe exactly what took place during those brief moments except that the black pickup turned into a fog and I went right through it.

My heart began beating a mile-a-minute and as I came around the next curve in the road, a beautiful hawk flew down ahead of me then back up and off to the other side. This hawk reminded me of a painting a dear sister and brother in the Lord had given to me before my trip, which had an identical hawk in it. I thought this was a sign that the Lord wanted me to pray for them, so I lifted them up in prayer. Of course I could hardly wait to visit with them the next day. As I pondered what happened, I kept on getting in my spirit: prodigal, prodigal. I said, Lord I know if You wanted me to be in heaven with You, I'd be there right now. So why do I keep on getting prodigal in my spirit, I've been with You daily for six years now.

The next day I visited my friends in Azalia, Oregon and as I was going through the upper gate at their place, my friend Bill was out front with his wife Mary. They had just killed a mis-covie duck which they planned to fix for supper. He saw me and said to Mary, "You know, I feel like I just killed the fatted calf for Stephen." Soon I was on their front porch telling them of the red and black pickups and

the hawk. They looked at each other and asked me exactly when this occurred. Then they shared with me that at that exact time the Lord had impressed them both to pray immediately for me because I was about to be involved in an accident.

The hawk was a sign, yes, but of their prayers that helped save my life. Then to top it all off, as I was watching Bill pluck the last few feathers off, I said to Bill, "This seems strange, but I feel like you just killed the fatted calf." Of course they got all excited and told me they had just said that to

God Is My Navigator
Continued from page 19

fifteen minutes late so by the time I would get cleaned up, and the grease washed off, and do a safety-check of the bus, and work my way through traffic, the students had been waiting, sometimes, nearly half-an-hour! This was a part of my job that was not what it was "cracked up" to be. At this point, the students would be pretty rowdy, but it was a job that somebody had to do.

So there I was, buckled into my seat-belt, looking very professional, with sixty-six unruly, noisy kids behind me, all wanting to get home. Since this was a bus route that I was not familiar with, I would pick out the most honest-looking student to sit nearby and guide me through the route. This wasn't always easy either. One time I drove all over town three times without dropping off one single student. That day I

each other. Wow, isn't our God awesome?

For the next two months, during prayer and study time, scripture after scripture began to pour out of my spirit of who I was in Christ Jesus. After more than one hundred passages came forth, I knew God was showing me that I was like the other son in the prodigal story, "The Second Prodigal." Who, although he served his Father, didn't *know* that all that the Father had *was already his*. By the end of the two months, over 210 scriptures had flowed out of me of who "Our God Is"

and who "I am" in His family. God has since then directed me to spread this word—He wants His people to *know who they are*. A joint heir with Jesus (Romans 8:17). This will bring about a unity to the body of Christ only dreamed of by the prophets of old. ■

Stephen Walker, a publisher and comedian, has been a member of FGBMFI for many years and is currently serving as a chapter vice-president in Roseburg, Oregon. He also leads in worship. He travels the U.S. sharing his testimony of God's provision and is available for speaking engagements. He may be contacted at 17860 Newhope, A177, Fountain Valley, CA 92708.

drove the bus straight back to the garage, got out and told the dispatcher to get another driver.



Dennis Eisenhart

I had several experiences, during my bus mechanic days, but the one that touched me the most, was the time I *knew* that I had God as my navigator.

It was a normal 66-passenger bus load of grade school kids, and everything was going okay. I had made four or five small stops, then there was a

big stop. Half the bus emptied, including the girl who had been telling me where the stops were. I quickly looked around to see who was left on the bus that I could trust to help me with the rest of the route. I spotted a boy. He said he would assist me. I thanked him and smiled, then turned to finish watching the rest of the students crossing the two lane street in front of the bus. Seeing that the last student had crossed the street, I checked my mirrors, all of them. There was no movement, no one to be seen. I reached for the lever to turn off the overhead alternating lights. As I reached my hand out, something stopped me just inches from the lever...a force...an inner-feeling said "Wait." In the five years of doing this job, the twenty-seven years of my life I had never felt a feeling like that before. I turned and looked behind me, half expecting to see someone just over my shoulder, but no one

was there, just the kids doing what grade school kids do, laughing, talking and making noise.

I looked in front of the bus, a half dozen cars were waiting to go, and more cars coming. I checked all the mirrors again, especially the one in the front. I could see the front bumper in the corner mirror, and I could see the pavement in front of the bus, clearly... nothing. Still the feeling was there... *wait!*

I looked at the man in the first waiting car across the street. He looked impatient, window down, elbow sticking out, another quick mirror check... still nothing...I turned off the overhead alternating light. With my foot on the brake, I reached for the gearshift lever, the feeling was stronger than ever. I pulled my hand back. I looked again in all the mirrors and I looked back at the man in the first car. He just sat there, looking back at me.

I looked in the neighborhood yards, all the children were out of sight, yet something was clearly wrong. Another mirror check, another glance at the man, I had a feeling that he should be telling me something, but he just sat there, motionless.

Most people wait for the bus to move before they go. I moved the gear lever from neutral to drive...foot still on the brake. Now, I was ready to go. I had been sitting there too long. The laughter and the noise of the kids was blocked out and it was just me and that feeling of someone's presence.

Once again...a *good* look in all my mirrors.

I took my foot off the brake. The big

bus started to move. Suddenly, in the front convex mirror there was a flash of color...something moved!

My foot went to the brake instantly!

It was a little girl...where had she been? She stood up, her arms clutching loose papers and books...my heart stopped...I mean *stopped!* I knew at that moment she had been out of my sight down under that big bus on her hands and knees picking up her papers. I remember watching her as she walked across the street, and I remember looking back at the man in the car, just sitting there, as if nothing had happened.

A numbness went over my body from head to toe. I don't remember how long I sat there, frozen in my seat. I barely remember finishing the bus run that day, my only thought was how I had been seconds away from running over that child! I *knew* right then and there, that it was the hand of God that kept me from running over that little girl. I had heard stories about accidents just like this, where a child had gone under a bus to get something, and sometimes the driver never knew what happened until they returned to the bus garage. A lot of drivers were unable to take the wheel of a school bus again, ever.

I had always believed in God. But it wasn't until that day that I knew He was beside me in that bus. I thank Him every day for giving my story a happy ending! Thanks to God, this experience saved two lives.

I trust Him, and I know that He will always be, throughout my life, my *Navigator!* ■



The Only Thing That Makes Any Sense

Tom Byron
Midland, Michigan

On Sunday evening, February 16, 1985, I went to bed a little early. As I explained to my wife, "I am going to talk to God." What I told God was, "The only thing that makes any sense to me in this world is You. From this point on You can have my life and do with it what You want."

I had no idea of how many things about my life would change. Midlife crisis, male menopause, whatever people call it, had come upon me in my forties. I had tried a number of things to give more meaning to my life, none of them successful. I had dropped out of going to church. Then I decided to stop the frantic attempts to make myself more important. We moved out of a big five bedroom home we couldn't afford into a more modest three bedroom ranch style with a finished basement. That summer of 1984 I decided to go back to church in the fall. I had not been to church in over a year. That decision pleased my wife, Judy.

I joined the church choir, even though I didn't read music. In March of 1985, I was reading in a booklet called "Power for Living". It said that if I wanted to be filled with the Holy Spirit, all I had to do was ask. So I

prayed, but nothing happened. Later as I watched a PBS special, Gordon McRae was singing "You'll never walk alone," it happened.

It was a truly supernatural experience. My body actually felt like it was being pumped up like an inflatable toy. Tears of joy flooded from me as I was cleansed by the Holy Spirit. Three days later I attended my first Full Gospel Business Men's meeting. I had read about it in the newspaper and decided to go. At the meeting I shared my experience with the man I had breakfast with. Another man overheard and told me I could speak in tongues. I had never heard of speaking in tongues. I had not read the Bible.

It took me one month and two more FG BMFI meetings to get up the courage to ask God to give me the gift of tongues. On a Sunday afternoon in April, alone in the house, I began praying and found myself on my knees, crying, with my head on the floor. I became fearful and straightened up. Suddenly there was a hand on my back forcing me back down to the floor. A voice spoke in my ear. "YOU HAVE ASKED FOR TONGUES... NOW SPEAK!"

I didn't understand the words

coming from my mouth, but I knew that I was speaking from my heart directly to God. The next week, a friend directed me to a charismatic prayer group at St. Bridgit's Catholic Church. The Lord used this group to teach me many things about Jesus and



the Holy Spirit. Books and teaching tapes became a regular part of my diet. Spiritual gifts were manifest in this group and the Lord began to use me in the gifts as well. I began to read the Bible and understand it, for the first time in my life. Through this prayer group and Full Gospel Business Men, I came to know Jesus. Hallelujah!

Here are just a few examples of how the Lord has used me in the gifts of the Spirit over these last few years. One Tuesday night toward the end of a prayer meeting, the Lord told me there was a woman in a green sweater with a pain in her left shoulder. I opened my eyes and the first person I saw was this very lady. After the prayer meeting, I asked her about the pain in her left shoulder. She was shocked that I knew, because she had told no one. I prayed for her and her arthritic shoulder was healed the next day.

Another time a lady with a sore shoulder was healed immediately.

Prophecy fulfilled can be awesome and a little disconcerting as well. One night the Lord told me that a specific woman was going to have a relative in Detroit die unexpectedly. I was to tell her, but also tell her that her grief would not be as bad as she might have thought. I told her that a relative would die, but I left out the part about Detroit. I was a little afraid about being too specific. As a result she was worried about her husband and daughter. Two weeks later, her niece in Detroit died unexpectedly. After she shared this with the prayer group, the people were a little afraid about what I had to say to them, for obvious reasons. However, the Lord does prepare us for what we are to do.

In that remarkable year, 1985, I heard the audible voice of the Lord two more times. Once, when I was driving to Kalamazoo to get some of my daughter's things. I asked God for the truth about abortion and divorce. About fifteen minutes later on the freeway, as I was singing and talk-

“...the Lord prepares us for what we are to do.”



ing in tongues, God interrupted me. "BE QUIET. YOU TALK TOO MUCH!"

My hands suddenly had a white knuckle grip on the wheel. For about five minutes God explained why abortion was wrong and why He opposed divorce among believers. Then it was quiet. I wished I had asked Him more.

The third time was in July of 1985. My son had a bad emotional time one afternoon and I was troubled. In the shower that evening I began to pray a prayer of desperation. "Please God, help Mark!" I have no idea how long I would have prayed, but after saying it five times, God answered. "I AM!"

Hearing that "I AM!" stood me up very straight in the shower. I had heard from God again and I believed then and there. God is faithful and His word does not return void, but fulfills that which it said it would do. I never worried about what would happen to my son after that. My wife asked me if I was worried. I told her, "No" and what God had said. I had heard and I believed.

Since that time my son's life has

turned around. He knows the Lord and has found what he wants to do. He teaches finance and is working on a Ph.D. in finance. He is also active in Inter Varsity Christian Fellowship.

In January of 1990 the song leader of our Wednesday evening chapel service asked me if I would sing some Wednesday night. The thought of singing a solo had never entered my head. About two weeks later I sang "People Need the Lord" at an FGBMFI breakfast and then at church on Wednesday evening. To my pleasant surprise, people enjoyed the singing and the Lord touched their hearts.

I decided to buy a *Karaoke*, which is Japanese for singing machine. Along with this I began to purchase background tapes, so I could sing along with the orchestras and choirs, rather than accompany myself. When my wife questioned me as to who would want



to listen to me, I replied, "I don't know but God put a desire in my heart to sing His praises and to proclaim Jesus is Lord in song."

A year and a half later I have retired from teaching and begun a music ministry. God has given me the desire of

my heart, which is to serve Him. About two or three times a week I sing in nursing homes, churches, prayer meetings and FGBMFI meetings. There is nothing that gives me more pleasure and fulfillment than praising my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

There are few things that give me as much pleasure as watching people being touched by the Holy Spirit. At one nursing home I noticed an elderly lady in a wheelchair keeping time with her left hand, while I was singing "Amazing Grace". But then I noticed that she was tapping with different fingers. Later, I found out that this ninety-six-year-old used to be a church organist. She had been playing the bass part of the song as I sang.

Another wonderful experience was having my wife and daughter with me in a service and seeing the tears on their faces as the Holy Spirit touched them. I had to look away quickly, because I knew that I would not have been able to finish the song otherwise. But as I looked at the others in the congregation, some of them had tears as well.

Before each time I sing, I pray that whatever comes out of my mouth is of the Lord, and that everything that people hear is of the Holy Spirit. "Perfect submission, perfect delight..." (words from "Blessed Assurance") help me to keep things in perspective. In whatever I do, it is my desire that Jesus is glorified. ■

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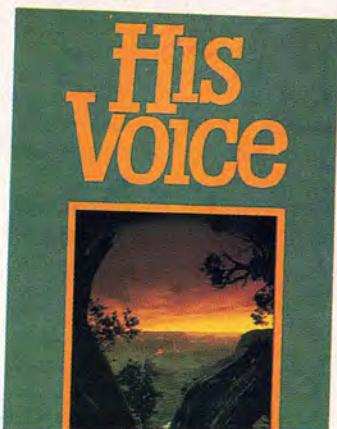
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FGBMFI NEWS

Before The Game

In early December 1991, when the New England Patriots were in Denver to play the Denver Broncos, the Patriots invited Full Gospel businessmen Hoot Gibson and Seth Pomeroy as chapel speakers before the game. Hoot opened with prayer. Seth then gave a 30-minute Spirit-anointed talk on his complete deliverance from alcohol and the confines of a mental institution. He then passed out the December issue of *Voice* with his testimony. Many players were stirred and touched by the story. Today there is unquestionably a burning desire for an experience of Holy Ghost power not found in traditional religion.

Into The Highways And Hedges

Bridgeport, CT Chapter Meeting— After several months of little growth, last year International Director Jerry DeFlorio challenged the 26 members present to bring in the homeless. "There are over 1,000 street people in this city, and if you will bring them to this banquet, I will pay for their meal," he said.

At the next month's meeting Jerry was amazed to see the ballroom filled. At the call for decisions for Christ, 63 homeless persons came forward, weeping before the Lord. The next month, these people brought their friends, and they were saved. The following month, the speaker, after singing

"People Need the Lord," felt lead to call for decisions instead of sharing his testimony, and everyone came forward to receive Jesus. Over these three months, close to 300 people have been saved—50 to 70 every meeting. Businessmen have helped pay for the meals, and FGBMFI members have taken many to their churches. Praise God for the faith and obedience of these men in bringing in the harvest.

Norwalk, CT— Bob Birdsong, the former Mr. America whose story appeared in *Voice* magazine, was guest speaker at the Norwalk, CT chapter. Bob and chapter members went to gyms inviting people to the meeting. 370 people attended the meeting—many for the first time. One third of those attending were saved that evening.

Joy In Ministry

Bob Nations from Cape Girardeau, Missouri reports: 5,000 *Voice* magazines were distributed at a recent *Voice* outreach held in our community. There was great joy and ministry going forth as men placed *Voice* boxes in local business places. We met back at the restaurant and shared the many testimonies.

One of the shop owners asked two of the men to visit a man dying of cancer. God blessed, and he received the Lord. We anointed him with oil and

BRIEFS

prayed for the healing of his body. Praise the Lord! The total ministry was led of the Holy Spirit.

This *Voice* outreach has brought life back into our chapter. We will continue to see results of blessing to our city. I would like to encourage other chapters to hold an outreach and see the Lord bless as He did us.

FGBMFI's Youngest Member

1991 was a good year for the Blount County, Tennessee chapter. One of the year's highlights was David Eric Stott becoming a member. In March, at the age of seven, Eric became the youngest member of FGBMFI. Eric enjoys attending the dinner meetings. He also helps his father, Gary, a life member,



with the sound system set up and operation. FGBMFI is a family affair with the Stotts: Heather, Eric's sister, helps with

room set up, and Pam, Eric's step-mother, ministers through special music.

Chapters Reorganized

Bob Zider, International Director reports: It has been exciting to watch the Holy Spirit working in reorganizing and resurrecting chapters around Vermont. The Southern Vermont Area chapter (Springfield) is alive and well again with regular meetings. The Connecticut Valley chapter (White River) has been reorganized under new chapter president Stan Martin; and the Lord is stirring men again in the Northeast Kingdom chapter (St. Johnsbury) under President Dick Kettinger.

Street people are being reached through FGBMFI chapter meetings. This has been happening on Long Island, in New Haven, Connecticut and at the Central Vermont chapter meeting in Montpelier where two street people accepted Christ. God is blessing this outreach ministry.

European Report

The following is reported by FGBMFI Treasurer, Ronny Svenhard, from the European Leaders Meeting held in Leuven, Belgium.

United Kingdom— David Amtrobus reviewed the "old" three fold purpose of FGBMFI: 1. Fellowship; 2. Reach men everywhere for Jesus Christ; 3. Promote unity in the body of Christ.

The Lord confirmed this message to David through Jer. 6:16...old paths... good ways...He related how as chapter president the chapter revolved around him. Although men were saved they were not being trained and lacked commitment. He started another chapter with four men. It grew to 34 in two

years. The men were now doing the ministry. Many other chapters were birthed from this chapter. Without fellowship the members were like fish out of water.

Belgium— National President, Marc Den Haerynck said, "For a time I didn't even want to talk about the work in Belgium, it was so discouraging. Now I am eager to talk about it."

Switzerland— Urs Kaesermann, incoming national president says, they have a total of 16 chapters, nine in the French speaking part. With 40-70 in attendance and four-five salvations in many of the meetings. Switzerland has four official languages: French, German, Italian, and the old Swiss language.

Spain— Fernando Gonzales, field representative from Barcelona, is learning to get into the Vision, and is expecting a move from God as they plan for the Summer Olympics.

Austria— Winfried Fuchs reports thirteen chapters in Austria. The great move they had was hindered as they tried to organize the move of the Holy Spirit and set goals.

Norway— Gunnar Gustavsen, National Director and National President from Norway, reports they have five chapters, with 134 members. He is very optimistic about the work. Two new chapters have started of late.

Pakistan

Dr. Terry Peters, International Director from San Antonio, Texas has just returned from Pakistan where as a layman he ministered to around 15,000 people with about seven to eight thou-



Dr. Terry Peters ministering in Pakistan.

sand accepting Christ. Many were healed and delivered from demon possession. There was a dramatic move among the Muslims—so many saved and delivered. God is using businessmen today to extend this ministry to the uttermost parts of the world.

South America

Custodio Rangel Pires reports from South America:

Argentina: in September a group of seven men traveled from Buenos Aires to the cities of Gallegos, Rio Grande, and Usuahia where they held Full Gospel meetings. Many gave their hearts to the Lord and new chapters were started. Another trip was then planned for early 1992 with the participation of several men from Brazil.

Three new chapters were established in Santiago, Chile last year. They held their first seminar in November. Ten people were filled with the Holy Spirit and many sick were prayed for. The vision was shared as they prayed over the map of Chile.

New chapters were started in Lima, Peru; Caracas, Venezuela; and Paraguay, with plans for others in Ecuador and Guyana.

God is working in South America!

THE VOICE OF OUR READERS

Greetings in the blessed name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Last November we held a leadership seminar in our church conducted by Rev. Peter Bollant, Maam Lee and Rev. Ben Estimada. Rev. Bollant brought with him your books entitled *Voice and Baptists and the Baptism in the Holy Spirit*.

I'm so amazed, your books are so full of the anointing of the Holy Ghost. Every portion, every testimony is a great blessing to me. Every time I read I can't hold the tears that fall from my eyes because of the joy that fills my heart. I've learned many things from your books and this encourages me to a deeper commitment and dedication to God. It's my prayer that God will continue to miraculously bless your ministries.

D.D., Philippines

I'm a truck driver and I stopped along the highway to check my equipment and found this magazine, *Voice*, in the weeds. I am now a born again Christian (3 years) after 49 years without committing my life to Jesus. I would like an application.

Yours sincerely, B.W., San Lorenzo, CA

We have been taking *Voice* magazine for many years. Mary, my wife, would save them after we read them and pass them on to others to read. We will never know how many souls were saved by this.

When we attended the Full Gospel Business Men's Convention in Houston, TX in 1963, we heard a Baptist minister give his testimony that he received the Holy Spirit after reading the *Voice* magazine someone had sent him in Texarkana, TX, our home town. The convention in Houston was really a blessing to us.

When we lived in Texarkana we bought *Voice* bundles and put them in the Federal Prison there, also in hospitals, clinics, doctor's and lawyer's offices—anywhere people sat and read.

When we moved here to Springfield, MO we learned of a medical center for sick federal prisoners. There are around 1,300 of them. As I don't get around as much as I would like, I thought this would be a good place to put 100 each month. I am close to 86-years-old now but I want to do all I can.

Yours in the service of our Lord,
J.C.E., Springfield, MO

(We wanted to share this letter recently passed on to us.—The Editors)

Dear Bill,

After the Rock Eagle meeting, nothing but good things have been happening to me and my friends...

I know that you have heard about how Jesus has blessed so many people, so I won't go into every detail, but I just thank Jesus and the Holy Spirit for being in my life. Now I want to tell you about *Voice* magazine.

Bill, I was filling out the lifetime membership card and you started to talk to me about *Voice*. At the time I did not know what I would do with them. When they arrived I put them on a filing cabinet at our office and people have been taking them and giving them to other people. One day the secretary came in and said, "Tom, what should I do with all of these *Voice* magazines?" Well, I didn't know so I had my prayer time the next morning and asked Jesus to send someone to get them.

Now, after about two days our accountant friend, Greg, came by the office, we got to talking about the Holy Spirit and something told me to ask him about *Voice*. "Well," he said, "I read a *Voice* about a year ago, and have been trying to find some ever since." So Greg took the box with the most *Voice* magazines. This was a sign to me that Jesus wants people to read *Voice*.

Thank you for introducing me to *Voice* and having me subscribe to it monthly.

Love in Jesus Christ, T.B., Helena, GA

FGBMFI 1992 WORLD CONVENTION

June 30-July 4
San Francisco, CA



Dear Friend,

I want to invite you to our **39th ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION** in San Francisco, California. This year we will begin our celebration of the mighty things God has done throughout the past 40 years of ministry. Many special guests have been invited and many special events are planned.

San Francisco is opening its Golden Gate to all the friends of FGBMFI from June 30 to July 4, 1992. Some of the nation's finest speakers will be there to bring challenging messages and minister to the needs of all who attend.

Speakers include: **Benny Hinn** who had a dramatic ministry at our World Convention in Orlando, Florida last year. **John Hagee** is a newcomer to our convention but is known throughout the world as an outstanding TV evangelist and pastor of the large Cornerstone Church in San Antonio, Texas. **Ulf Ekman**, the Swedish dynamo who was such a blessing to our convention in

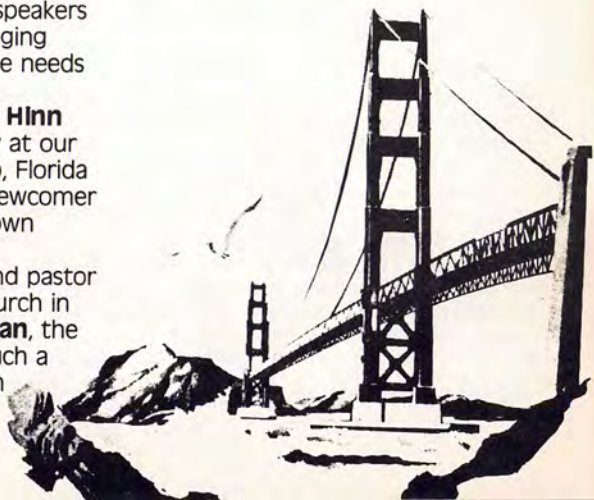
Anaheim, California. These guests in addition to our own Founder and President Demos Shakarian, Executive Vice-President Gene M. Ellerbee and many others.

There are many in the beautiful city of San Francisco who are poor, brokenhearted, captive, blind, and oppressed. They need Jesus, they need you.

Use the forms on the next page to pre-register with our office and to make your reservations at the **San Francisco Hilton Hotel**. Many will be coming from around the world, so let us hear from you soon. You don't want to miss this historic event.

I look forward to seeing you **June 30-July 4, 1992**. God bless you!

Demos Shakarian
Founder/President



1992 WORLD CONVENTION PRE-REGISTRATION FORM

NAME _____ SPOUSE NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

COUNTRY _____ PHONE (_____) _____

Names of children included in my **Family Registration** (Adults must register separately):

_____ Age(____) _____ Age(____) _____ Age(____) _____ Age(____)

Pre-Registration Forms will ONLY be processed with \$10 Family Registration fee.

- USA Check or Money Order for **\$10 Family Registration Fee** attached.
 Please charge my VISA Mastercard (ONLY VISA OR MASTERCARD ACCEPTED).

NUMBER _____ EXP. DATE _____ SIGNATURE _____

Using your credit card, fax it (714) 557-9916, or phone it (714) 754-1400, or mail to FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. Please return by June 1st.

SAN FRANCISCO HILTON HOTEL RESERVATION FORM

FGBMFI—1992 WORLD CONVENTION—JUNE 30-JULY 4

NAME _____ SPOUSE NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

COUNTRY _____ PHONE (_____) _____

The San Francisco Hilton convention rate is **\$87** per room for single or double. Only a money order deposit or credit card charge of \$87 will guarantee your reservation.

- Please reserve _____ single and/or _____ double occupancy room(s) for my family listed below. (Children 18 and under in same room—no extra charge. Those over 18 will be charged \$10 per night.)

_____ Age(____) _____ Age(____) _____ Age(____) _____ Age(____)

ARRIVAL DATE _____ DEPARTURE DATE _____

MONEY ORDER deposit made payable to the San Francisco Hilton Hotel for \$_____ is attached.

Please charge my VISA Mastercard American Express Discover for \$_____.

NUMBER _____ EXP. DATE _____ SIGNATURE _____

Using your credit card, fax it (415) 923-5075, or phone it (415) 771-1400 or (800) 445-8667, or mail to San Francisco Hilton Reservations, 333 O'Farrell, P.O. Box 420868, San Francisco, CA 94142-0868. Please return by June 1st.

CONVENTIONS

SAN ANTONIO, TX MILITARY BRKFT.

Mar. 21, 1992
Hyatt Regency Hotel
Riverwalk, TX
Contact: Larry Debbecke
8306 Brookline
Universal City, TX 78148
(512) 659-6222

MID-ATLANTIC 4-STATE CONV.

Mar. 26-28, 1992
The Founders Inn
Virginia Beach, VA
Contact: Wes Ropp
14807 Walthall Dr.
Colonial Heights, VA 23834
(804) 530-1803

OHIO MEN'S ADVANCE

Mar. 28-29, 1992
Mason, OH
Contact: Duane Kinnison
566 Cherry Hill Place
Fairborn, OH 45324
(513) 879-3943

CENTRAL CALIF. VALLEY REG. CONV.

Apr. 9-11, 1992
Modesto, CA
Contact: Wes Andahl
P.O. Box 848
San Andreas, CA 95249
(209) 754-3280

SO. CALIFORNIA COUPLES' ADVANCE

Apr. 10-12, 1992
Beaumont, CA
Contact: Robert Miller
2512 "K" Street
Bakersfield, CA 93301
(805) 322-5554

OLYMPIC PENINSULA MEN'S ADVANCE

Apr. 24-26, 1992
Bremerton, WA
Contact: Mike Krier
2980 Calaveras Ave., S.E.
Port Orchard, WA 98366
(206) 895-0137

NORTHERN NEW YORK REGIONAL

May 1-2, 1992
Watertown, NY
Contact: John Barone
1114 Boyd Street
Watertown, NY 13601
(315) 788-7019

14TH MISSOURI MEN'S ADVANCE

May 1-3, 1992
Lake of the Ozarks, MO
Contact: Bill Phipps
1201 W. Gregory Blvd.
Kansas City, MO 64114
(816) 333-7738

NORTH SOLANO RALLY

May 2, 1992
Vacaville, CA
Contact: Richard Meng
142 N. Alamo Street
Vacaville, CA 95688
(707) 448-2836

COLORADO MOTHER'S DAY ADVANCE

May 8-10, 1992
West Cliff, CO
Contact: FGBMFI
P.O. Box 3178
Pueblo, CO 87005
(719) 564-3611

NEW MEXICO MEN'S ADVANCE

May 14-17, 1992
Sacramento, NM
Contact: Henry Godman
1808 Hubbard Drive
Alamogordo, NM 88310
(505) 437-4863

GULF COAST RALLY

May 15-16, 1992
Biloxi, MS
Contact: Gary Grayban
2745 Briarwood Drive
Moss Point, MS 39563
(601) 475-8760

SUGAR PINE MEN'S ADVANCE

May 15-17, 1992
Sugar Pine, CA
Contact: Robert Miller
2512 "K" Street
Bakersfield, CA 93301
(805) 322-5554

NORTHWEST REGIONAL CONVENTION

May 28-30, 1992
Portland, OR
Contact: Art Evanson
P.O. Box 244
Vancouver, WA 98666
(503) 283-1160

FLORIDA MEN'S ADVANCE

May 29-31, 1992
Leesburg, FL
Contact: R.C. Cummins
8436 Central Ave.
Brooksville, FL 34613
(904) 596-9590

SIERRA MEN'S CAMP

June 5-7, 1992
Placerville, CA
Contact: Lanny Langston
4631 Moon Lake Drive
Placerville, CA 95667
(916) 626-0039

DENVER REGIONAL FAMILY ADVANCE

June 26-28, 1992
Evergreen, CO
Contact: Elmer Lewis
P.O. Box 37072
Denver, CO 80136
(303) 622-4458

ALL EUROPEAN FAMILY CONVENTION

July 29-Aug. 1, 1992
Brighton, England
Contact: European Regional Office
Mechelse Steenweg 30
B-3000 Leuven, Belgium
011-32-16-20-7944

CONVENTIONS PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE WERE APPROVED ON OR BEFORE FEBRUARY 10, 1992.

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INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORS

The international directors listed on these pages give direction to the multifaceted ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in 106 countries of the world. They also provide leadership in achieving the goals of the Fellowship.

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.

They are also a point of contact for those interested in serving Christ through this organization.

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SIX STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

YES! I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Saviour.

Signature _____

Please send me the booklet *Now That You've Received Christ*.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

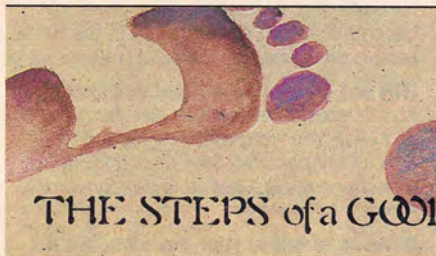
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Michael Harris thought he had it all—a large income from two successful corporations, an elegant home, and a wonderful wife. But then misfortune and trials arrived—first a brain tumor, followed by business failure, divorce, and finally, prison. But through these he found Jesus Christ and was able to share this hope with the least, the last, and the lost.

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THE STEPS of a GOOD MAN

How many times have we been frustrated by unexpected delays, only to discover that had they not occurred tragic consequences may have resulted? B.W. Wait, III, Stephen Walker, and Dennis Eisenhart have all seen God's divine intervention and deliverance in their lives.

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