

# *FULL GOSPEL* *BUSINESS MEN'S* VOICE

06-85

## trapped in the wrong body

the SY ROGERS story



32ND WORLD CONVENTION STORY

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

see page thirty-four

William Harvey Jett, Batesville, Arkansas

# SEX, DRUGS and ROCK 'n' ROLL

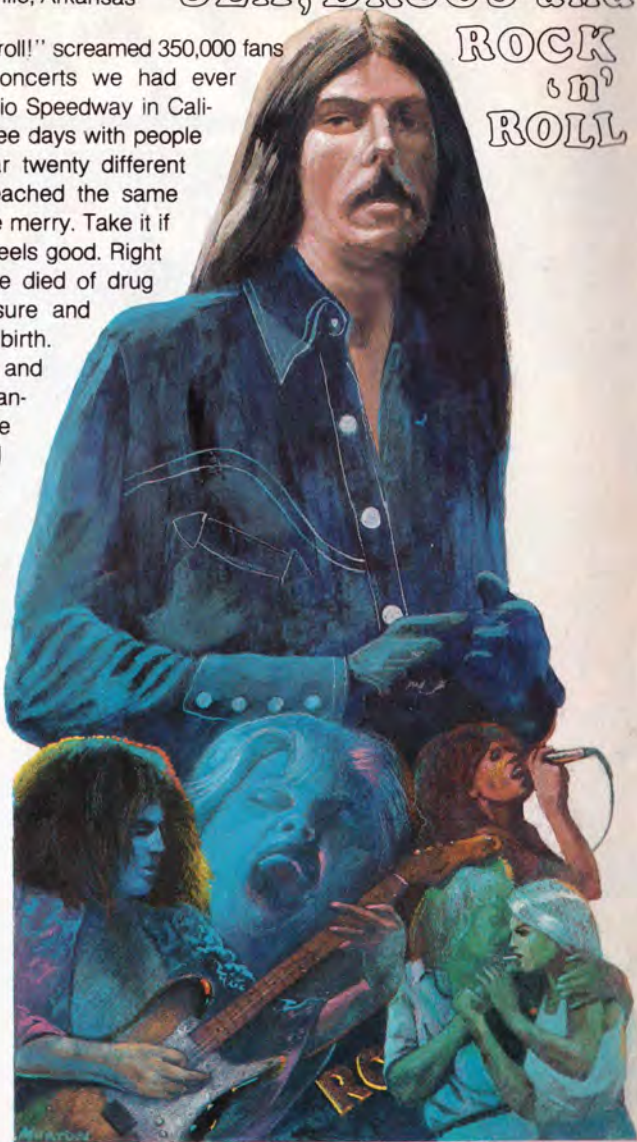
"Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll!" screamed 350,000 fans at one of the biggest concerts we had ever dreamed of playing. Ontario Speedway in California was jammed for three days with people who had gathered to hear twenty different rock groups. They all preached the same message: eat, drink and be merry. Take it if it gets you high. Do it if it feels good. Right there in the crowd, people died of drug overdose and heat exposure and young pregnant girls gave birth.

I was lead guitar player and vocalist for Black Oak Arkansas. Standing there on the twenty-foot-high stage, I looked out across the ocean of sunburned, drug-dazed faces and asked myself, "Is this what life is all about?"

I was born in Jonesboro, Arkansas in 1949 to a seventeen-year-old unmarried girl. Because she couldn't seem to settle down, my grandparents took me as their very own.

When I was six something happened that changed the course of my life. My grandfather bought a Sears & Roebuck guitar for eighteen dollars for my two aunts. They pretended they were playing it, but never went any further with it.

But I was captivated by the sound of those strings. I





could tune them to what I later learned was a perfect D chord. Then my Uncle Clyde visited us from Indiana and taught me a few chords. Uncle Clyde was a great singer of country songs and his yodel-sounding voice has made stars out of many top-name performers.

For the next ten years I played that guitar, teaching myself. When company would come, my grandparents would say after awhile, "Get your guitar, Harvey." I loved it, but I'd always turn red with shyness until after the first song.

My grandfather moved back and forth around the Memphis area, doing road-construction work. During all those years of growing up, we never did go to church and I quit school in the ninth grade. By the time I was seventeen I was hanging sheetrock for a company out of Memphis during the week, playing nightclubs on weekends and waiting for an opportunity in music to come along.

In 1967 a longhaired rock 'n' roll group came to town, and they were good. They heard from someone about my guitar playing. One night when I came home from playing music with my friends I found a note stuck in our screen door (we didn't have a telephone).

The note said to call their manager. I did and he asked me to audition with the group. I was excited; I could see their potential. They had determined that some day they would "make it rich" and I shared this dream and desire.

I passed the audition and several weeks later left home to live and work with them in their two-story home, which happened to be in Jonesboro, back where I'd been born.

The group was Black Oak Arkansas.

We played everywhere around the state, drawing large crowds with ease. After several months we had saved enough money to leave for our first stop to fame and fortune: New Orleans.

We had no contacts and knew nobody there. Renting a house ninety miles east of New Orleans, in Long Beach, Mississippi, we made some friends and settled down to rehearse, write songs and get ready.

One evening our manager and a couple of the guys in the band were walking down Bourbon Street. Just as they passed a club called the Gunga Din, a group of people burst from the place. They turned out to be the club owner, quite unceremoniously helping a musical group out of the club and telling them not to come back.

Our manager asked him a fairly obvious question: "Do you need a band?"

"How fast can you get your equipment together?"

"Two hours," said our manager, making some hasty calculations.

"Be here in two hours and you've got yourself a job," said the disgruntled club owner. We got there with our instruments all the way from Long Beach in one wild, joyful scramble and played at the club for six months.

We hadn't been exposed to drugs in Arkansas. In fact, our band had strict rules that if any of us took drugs he'd be kicked out. We were headed for the big-time with our goals set, and nothing was going to stop us along the way.

The only thing is, we had long hair and all the appearance of dopers and people couldn't figure us out. They didn't think we were for real because we didn't do

drugs. It wasn't long before we realized that we were being taken for possible undercover narcs.

Then one night our drummer went to a party with some people who turned him onto drugs. When he came back and told us all about his experience, instead of kicking him out we decided we'd all try drugs too.

Even though we were making money, somehow it was all going for living expenses, and now drugs. Our friends in Long Beach supplied us with crates of eggs, which helped. We could eat for twenty-six cents a plate at the Holmes Cafe, a place where winos and hippies could survive. But sometimes I had to bum money to be able to eat red beans and rice.

We went on to other New Orleans clubs, then made a trip to California, and spent a year in Memphis, working clubs there and recording an album for Stax.

Our next stop was California, in 1969. There we became acquainted with a Southern California rock group, whose manager got us in touch with Atlantic Records. We auditioned at The Corral in Topanga Canyon and Atlantic signed us on.

Our first record sold over a million dollars' worth and became a gold record. Out of the first seven albums on which I played, three turned gold and one turned platinum, which means \$15 million or more in sales. We netted \$10 thousand

to \$20 thousand for each live performance and played five, six and sometimes seven nights a week. I don't know how much we made exactly, but we were worth millions.

Touring with Black Oak Arkansas as lead guitarist was exciting for a while. We rode in limousines and custom buses, and played in coliseums and ballparks to thousands. We toured every major American city at least three times in a period of about three years, and all over Europe. I was a rock 'n' roll star "to the max."

Then something started to happen to William Harvey Jett.

We were in a different place nearly every night, with no anchor, overworked and exhausted a lot of the time, and confused. As long as I was drunk or high on pot I didn't worry about what was happening. But there were times when we would run out of pot. Then reality was a lonely, empty, scary thing.

I saw people around me die in car wrecks and of overdoses. I started thinking a lot about death and wondering about God. I was growing hungry for the truth about living. Who was I, really? What if I should die like some of the others—was there life after death?

I became so afraid, so lonely, so miserable, that I wanted to quit and go home. But the contract with our New York booking agency said four more years.

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I knew I'd never make it out alive. I needed help but nobody seemed to really care. I would read Gideon Bibles in my hotel room; it seemed that whoever wrote the Bible was talking directly to me. That scared me even more.

Finally in 1973 I couldn't stand it any longer. I asked God my questions: "Where

She gave me a *Living Bible* and showed me where the New Testament is. "Read that part," she instructed. "I want you to find out for yourself who Jesus is."

After two weeks I had read the New Testament books of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and I knew that Jesus was real. So one night after we'd closed a concert



## We toured every major American city and Europe

are You, God? Please help me find peace! If You *are* real, please help me. I'll do whatever You say!"

A sudden peace and calm came over me. It seemed that a voice was saying, "I've been waiting. . . I couldn't help you until you were ready."

The very next day the drummer's fiancée, Robin, came up to me. She was a born-again Christian. "Harvey," she said, "I feel like God's telling me to talk to you. You're searching for truth." So we sat and talked.

Robin shared God's plan, why we were created, and that Jesus had cared enough about me to die for me. My heart was touched. The puzzle started coming together. Now I could understand.

in St. Louis, Missouri, in the back of our \$80,000 custom coach as it rolled down the highway, I quietly prayed, "Jesus, save my soul." At that moment I knew that I had become a different person.

Right away I stopped all drugs, alcohol and wild parties. I knew I couldn't do those things anymore. At times it was a big battle, but the Lord gave me strength to stand firm.

And suddenly I wanted to tell everyone about Jesus. The band members thought I'd lost my mind. "You'll get over this, Harvey," they said. But Jesus was giving me a new mind.

After my surrender to Jesus I knew God was telling me to leave the band and that whole scene. I was vice-president of

the group and still under three years' personal contract with them. You can imagine the angry turmoil and the chilly, even threatening, atmosphere after I broke the news to the band about what I was going to do.

In order to be released, I agreed to forfeit the rest of my record royalties, thousands of acres of real estate, cash in banks, tax shelters, pension funds, and all of my equipment. I felt ripped apart at leaving something behind that I loved and had worked seven years to help build.



But on June 1, 1974 I rode through the big iron gate of our estate in a lowly U-haul rental truck, catching a ride to Memphis with one of our equipment workers.

It was definitely a low-key departure. One or two of the band showed their faces to say a weak goodbye. I started to turn and wave but the Lord impressed me sharply with this: "*Don't look back. I have greater things ahead for you.*"

After I got saved I had written letters to

my grandparents, sharing with them about the Lord. They ended up getting saved too. At this time they had a place in the country near Truman, Arkansas and I headed for it. I had just enough of my own personal savings to be able to live quietly with them for a year, studying the Scriptures, getting my life back together and growing in the Lord.

Then one night in 1975 I went to a tent revival down by the river and was introduced to contemporary gospel music. Three guys in flannel shirts and blue jeans, with long hair and beards, were playing guitars. Up till then I thought God only knew three chords. All the Christian music I'd ever heard had seemed pretty limited. But I was surprised to find that I could relate to this music and to these guys.

The next night I went back. This time they asked me to sit in and play with them. From that time on we grew and developed together, called ourselves "New Life," and began to travel around and minister at prisons, churches and high schools. That year we also recorded an album of gospel music, "New Life."

In the meantime, the host of a local fifteen-minute Sunday-morning Christian radio program had invited me to come on the show as a guest, singing and giving my testimony. I returned to the show several times after that and became good friends with the station manager and his wife. In the process, they rededicated their lives to the Lord.

Then, with a little possible matchmaking in mind, they asked their born-again niece Lacrechia to come and work for them at the station. Their plan worked;



Lacrecia and I were married October 13, 1975.

Now our days and weeks are filled with telling what God has done in our lives. I share how God has delivered me from the drug world, and Lacrecia has a testimony of God's miraculous healing power.

I've had the opportunity to minister at churches, schools, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meetings, over the "PTL Club" and "The 700 Club" on Christian TV, wherever I'm invited, including prisons in eight states. Recently I spent a full week in prison ministry in Colorado with three FGBMFI men sponsored by their local chapter, and it was such a great joy to see fifty or sixty of those men come to the Lord.

When I give youth concerts I ask the local sponsoring group to supply the band. Then I come in a day or two ahead and rehearse with them. That way I become a more intimate part of the lives of many young musicians, and it's a great experience for them, too.

At one point in my life I went all the way to zero for the Lord. But God told me, "Let Me show you what I can do." He's been faithful to me and my family. All I ever ask when I minister anywhere is travel expenses and a love offering, plus I sell my music tapes. And yet out of serving Him God has brought an amazing prosperity, especially for someone as young as I am, thirty-six.

Now Lacrecia and I have a two-story home in the hills. In two more years we will be completely debt-free. We're able to enjoy raising several registered horses and some Great Danes. I have trained

myself to be both engineer and producer, and I operate my own recording studio in our home, to help other music ministries get started.

It didn't happen overnight, but I can testify that life in Christ is easier than the life I lived in the world. I can say this even though there have been several threats against my life in attempts to discourage me from what I'm doing, which is preaching Jesus. I've been set up for drug busts, but they backfired on those who set them up. God has delivered me out of every snare.

Jesus has never let me down. I wouldn't trade Him for all the world. In fact, it's just the other way around: I traded all the world for Jesus. ☐



*Harvey Jett was lead guitarist for the legendary Black Oak Arkansas for seven years. Since 1975 he has ministered for Jesus nationwide in concerts. He and his wife Lacrecia have two children: son Kyle, fourteen, and daughter Hollie, eight. The Jetts attend Southside Assembly of God Church in Batesville, Arkansas. Harvey is a member of Batesville Chapter, FGBMFI.*

## *the drama is not ended*



Richard Farrell  
Nelson, British Columbia, Canada

**M**y wife Anne and I felt we had lived a good life, and now we were looking forward to enjoying retirement. We did not dream that God was just about to draw back the curtain upon a whole new dramatic period of our lives.

I had been saved in 1934, inside a Brethren church in Revelstoke, British Columbia. I had worked there on the Canadian Pacific Railroad for forty-eight years, and retired as a conductor in 1968 at age sixty-five. In 1974 we moved to the Nelson area, bought a mobilehome, and began spending six months out of every year in sunny Arizona.

In Phoenix, we were introduced to Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. And so began the wonderful, unexpected drama of our later years. Let me describe for you some of the important scenes of that drama.

FGBMFI meeting, Phoenix, January, 1979: Anne and I arrive early. We stop at the coffeeshop before the meeting begins. Suddenly I have sharp stomach pains. John Osteen, who is to be the evening speaker, is also in the coffeeshop. As he stands at the cash register paying his bill, several of our friends rush up and ask him to pray for me. The moment he lays hands upon me and prays, I feel a warmth go through my entire body and I am healed.

At the meeting, later that night: An invitation is given and I go forward and am filled with the Holy Spirit. This will be followed in days to come by a great new desire, even a need, to read the Bible and to pray. The Bible comes alive in my life in an entirely new way. I can't seem to get enough of the sharing, Bible teaching and inspiration of radio and television programs. I spend six to eight hours a day learning more about God in this way.

Jerusalem, two months later: Anne and I are with a Trinity Broadcasting Network tour to Israel. Just two days ago I was baptized at the mouth of the Jordan River. Today, in the Upper Room, 250 of us are singing and praising God.

Another tour member puts her hand on my shoulder, saying, "Remember the Blood." Instantly I see a vision of Jesus on the cross, blood dripping from His side. I begin to speak in a heavenly language. I walk and even dance about, talking to people in this language.

Aboard first FGBMFI airlift to China, 1980: The lady seated next to me says,



"The Lord tells me that you have a blockage in your right ear." That ear has bothered me for ten years. The doctors have said I need a major operation, but success is not guaranteed. Here on the plane from Hawaii to Manila, the lady prays for me. I am instantly healed. The ear will never bother me again.

Riding the bus from Peking to the Great Wall of China: I give my testimony and speak in my heavenly language. Our Chinese guide, sitting next to Dr. France Word of Vancouver, tells Dr. Word he can understand: I am calling people, in a Chinese dialect, to the temple for prayer.

A Dr. Evelyn Thompson of California is on our bus. She and her husband have been missionaries for twenty-five years to India, Tibet and China. She confirms to me that indeed my prayer language is exactly what our Chinese guide has described.

Traveling to India with Canadian evangelists Bob and Kay Hoover, 1981: John Osteen is traveling on the same flight as ours, on his way to Madras. We deplane at Bangalore. Osteen tells me, "It does my heart good to see four 'white-heads' on the other side of the world, evangelizing for Jesus. You could be at home in a rocking chair, doing nothing and letting the world go by!"

First night, Hoover crusade, Vijayawada, South India: The stadium holds 2,000 people. The call for healing is announced. Rushing forward, the eager crowd presses us against the wall so that we can barely move. We decide to hold three healing lines tomorrow night. I am to lead one of them.

Second night: A lady in my line, I learn

through the Indian interpreter, has been blind all of her life. I move her veil back and am shocked. She has no pupils; her eyes are filmy white. I look about for help. The men in the other two lines are both busy. The interpreter keeps urging me, "She is blind, pray for her."

I place my hand on her head, rebuke the devil in Jesus' name, and ask the Lord to heal her and to give her sight. I pray for a youth about sixteen years old. There is an awful sore on his right ankle. "It is leprosy," the interpreter says. A little girl with club feet, unable to walk, is carried up by her father. I take her to another line leader and together we pray for her healing.

Third night: In my line of about fifty people a lady gestures repeatedly toward her eyes. "What does she want?" I ask. The interpreter explains. She is the blind woman for whom I prayed last night. I move back her veil. Two big brown eyes smile up at me. Praise the Lord!

The youth with leprosy, also healed, comes back to thank me. I tell him it is Jesus, not I, who has healed him. And, praise God, here comes the little girl, walking all by herself, her feet straight and normal.

I am eighty-one now, and the drama has not ended. I was more than seventy-five when I received the Holy Spirit and power at that FGBMFI meeting in Phoenix and the Lord set the stage for me to see and participate in His mighty work. Since then I have been around the world three times, spoken to thousands of people, led many of them to the Lord,

*(continued to page 38)*

# *The Chemical Crutch*

H. Bruce Ewart, Havertown, Pennsylvania

**H**ow many clergymen, physicians and counselors have encountered the perennial "mental patient" who goes from one hospital to another, one doctor to another, without improvement, year after year? I have met a significant number in my practice, and have learned beyond any personal doubt that the only solution to such hopelessness is the reality of a living Christ—a Saviour who heals today just as He did when He was on earth.

I was raised in the Lutheran faith in suburban Philadelphia. As a young man I felt a call to become a pastor. While an undergraduate at Newberry College in South Carolina and Westchester University, Pennsylvania, I pursued courses to prepare for seminary, including four semesters of Greek as well as Bible courses.

But I married at the age of twenty. A junior in college, I completed my undergraduate education while working as a radio announcer at WJBR, Wilmington in order to support my wife Diana and myself.

Shortly after we married, Diana became extremely ill. The diagnosis was chronic depression and she was treated for nearly thirteen years, including a number of hospitalizations. The pressures this created upon me, as well as

my inadequate management of the many cares of this world as our four daughters were born and grew, interfered from the very beginning with my relationship with God.

As a result I abandoned completely my call to the ministry and even stopped attending church for several years. But the Lord did not forget His call to me.

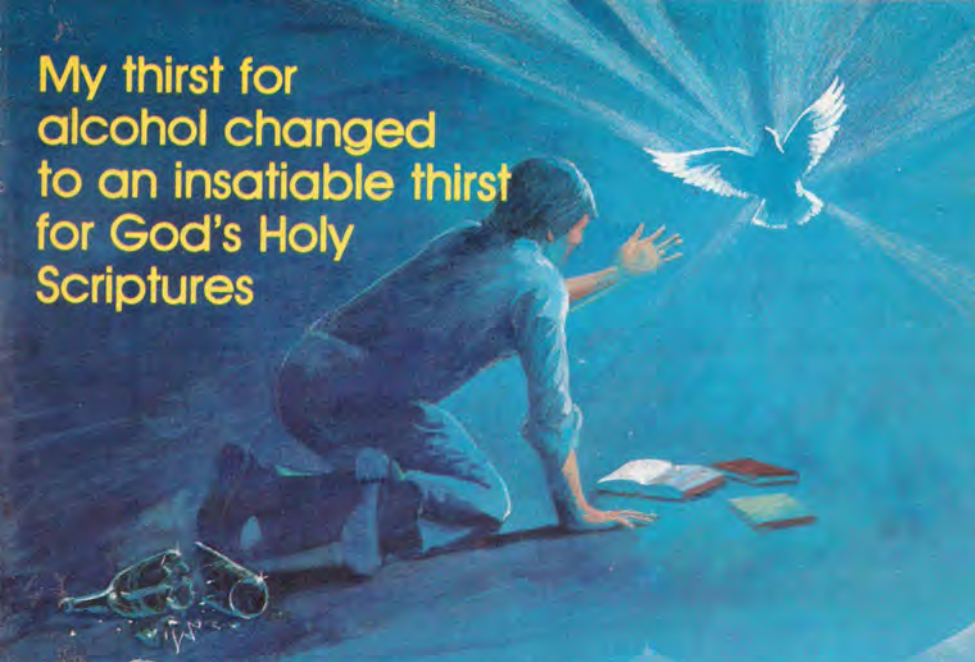
I began my career as an editor with Burroughs Corporation in the greater Philadelphia area and at the same time began a seventeen-year struggle with alcoholism. In 1971 I became public relations director of a major medical center in Philadelphia, and in 1976 a vice-president of a marketing company.

In 1977 I finally realized that I was indeed an alcoholic. Attempting to abstain entirely through my own efforts, and not following the advice of Alcoholics Anonymous, I was able to do so for a period of nine-month intervals at best. But then another binge would follow. Within five days of the first drink I would be in a hospital to dry out for five days. I was hospitalized three times in four years.

During this long struggle, the Lord was calling me to a ministry of counseling. In my sober periods I continued my education evenings and weekends at Temple University, The Family Institute of Phila-



# My thirst for alcohol changed to an insatiable thirst for God's Holy Scriptures



delphia, and in an indepth study program at Columbia Pacific University.

In 1980 I joined a psychological service corporation as staff therapist for two years where I also received superb clinical training, after which I went into private practice as a counselor. All of this is a miracle in itself in view of my continuing problems with alcohol.

Diana had discovered several years earlier that her own problem of alcoholism was causing her unbearable depression. The Lord had spoken to her through a neighbor, and Diana had immediately given her heart to Christ.

At first, I couldn't accept her decision. When I finally did, I couldn't accept it for myself. Since her own deliverance Diana had been urging me to abandon my chemical crutches so that Christ could come in. To this day Diana, as saved

wife, is my chief spiritual adviser and personal counselor.

At the end of my last bout with alcohol in 1982 I had become utterly desperate. Compounding the problem was my addiction to tranquilizers. On a chilly night in September, at the urging of my wife, I asked the Lord with complete sincerity to come into my life and take it over.

During a horrible five-day withdrawal that included constant prayer, an amazing thing happened to me. Stripped of all support, at last I was calling to Jesus to help me out of this agony. My thirst for alcohol changed to an insatiable thirst for God's Holy Scriptures. I began to read avidly, not only the Bible but also a great variety of inspirational Christian books, such as Chuck Colson's *Born Again* and Lloyd Ogilvie's *Falling into Greatness*. I became a regular TV listener to Charles

Stanley and James Robison.

That winter I was baptized in the Spirit at a local prayer meeting, which I began to attend regularly. Diana and I also took a more active part in the church.

After I was born again in 1982 I made an important decision concerning my new profession of counseling. My entire practice would be given to the Lord. I wanted it to be a ministry which brought Christ into therapy sessions instead of ruling Him out.

Of course this broke the first rule of secular psychology. Throwing most of

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## **Actual miracles began to occur; they continue to this day**

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the secular theories out of the window, I allowed myself to be led by the Holy Spirit in discerning each patient's needs. I began to pray with and for those who came to me for help. I helped to lead most of them into a personal relationship with Christ.

In this way the Lord established me in the ministry from which I had run as a young man. He developed me not as a pastor but as a born-again counselor whose most important education was his own suffering.

Actual miracles began to occur. They continue to this day. One after another, people who were hopelessly lost to the psychiatric system of the world have been set free.

I have treated despairing individuals who had felt sick and hopeless for eight, ten, fifteen and twenty-five years before

coming to me. In one case, I was a young woman's thirtieth doctor—and, thank God, her last.

She was twenty years old and had not been out of mental hospitals for more than six months since she was thirteen. I told her in our first session that she did not have to be "sick" any more; that Christ could and would heal her if she would only believe and carry through some acts of faith.

She accepted the truth immediately and began to improve. For the first time in her life she had received hope. She went back to church, got involved in prayer meetings, and developed a personal prayer life with the Lord.

Today she lives independently, and has been out of the hospital for two years. She receives no more therapy, takes no medicine, works fulltime, has established financial credit, and is in the process of enrolling in college with a planned career in mental-health administration.

She is a bright and effective disciple of Jesus and has returned to witness to the doctors and social workers who tried unsuccessfully all those years to treat her.

The failure of much of worldly psychology to provide workable answers to or treatment for human suffering has been thoroughly documented. Tragically, the overwhelming majority of counselors of every sort obey the central commandment of Freud, which is not to contaminate the therapeutic setting by allowing Christ into it.

The giant spectrum of "pop" psychology is comprised of hundreds of theories, techniques and strategies which are neither science nor wisdom, but are a *sub-*



*stitute religion*—and a very primitive one at that. These theories are based on an agnostic, atheistic or downright anti-Christian view of man. Dedicated to the dignity of man, they are known as secular humanism.

A major reason for the failure of secular psychology is the illusion that the self can be bolstered and the ego made sufficient. Carry this concept to its logical end and you are saying that man can be made self-sufficient without any need for God. This premise, of course, is the original lie Satan presented to Eve in the Garden of Eden.

Hundreds of self-help books, all with a new approach to self-sufficiency, bombard us: how to become self-sufficient (as opposed to God-sufficient); how to glorify the self; that everything you need is within you; that you can, in effect, become your own god.

These trendy, fast-selling methods are logical extensions of Freudian psychology, a religion which has as a central sacrament the bolstering of the ego through endless therapy. The first step is removal of the "neurosis" of Christian belief, and replacement of it with a new religion which exalts the self.

Holy Scripture clearly teaches in many places that "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool: but whoso walketh wisely, he shall be delivered" (Proverbs 28:26).

The Scriptures give many examples of this. Peter relied upon his own determination when he told Jesus that he would never fall away, even if everyone else were to abandon Him (Matthew 26:33). But he denied Christ three times at the most critical time in history.

In the parable of the self-sufficient Pharisee and the self-abasing tax collector (Luke 18:9-14), we are warned that he who exalts himself will be humbled, while he who humbles himself will be exalted.

Only God knows the mind of man. In treating a mind we are on holy ground, in the presence of a universe of wonder that is an expression of Almighty God.



*Dr. Ewart also counsels over a weekly radio broadcast.*

Christian therapy takes into account the reality of sin and the rampaging activities of a very real Satan. In fact, the cause of what has been misnamed "mental illness" is most often sin. The term "mental illness" is a poor choice to describe someone who is suffering—and suffering nearly always from the imperfections, human failures and temptations passed along by his family and significant others—parents, husband, wife, brother or sister, perhaps even teachers and the families of these people.

So it goes, then: generation after generation, all the way back to Adam and

Eve, the original parents.

In most cases we are dealing not with a disease at all but rather with a consequence of the fallen state of all mankind, with plenty of badgering by Satan, who would like nothing better than to destroy the family and all of its members completely.

I want to make it clear that I am not referring, however, to organic conditions or such things as learning disabilities, sensory deprivations or early childhood restraint. Neither can we minimize the vital role of good medical practice in

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## **No one is born with the ability to be a parent or to be married**

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psychiatry, especially in the acute care of very distressed patients.

Therapists often are asked to treat the wrong patient. What I mean is that it is usually the victim who dutifully shows up for treatment. Therapy involves helping him to understand thoroughly what has caused his problems, then with the help of Christ to reach a final state of forgiving those who have hurt him, and forgiving himself. Forgiveness is always the ultimate goal of therapy. It always brings healing to the patient and to his vital life relationships.

Holy Scripture (such as I Samuel 3:13, Ephesians 6:4, and Deuteronomy 4:9) warns us that God will hold parents accountable for the correct upbringing of their children. Many parents have run from this responsibility by getting a doctor to agree that there is something

"wrong" with the child.

A basic key to improved mental health, or just plain happiness, from the Christian point of view, is to go to the nerve center of the family: the marriage. When the marriage gets on a solid foundation the entire family benefits, no matter who happens to be the identified patient.

Branding a small child as a patient who has something "wrong" with him is almost always a tragic mistake. Very often parents need help in their marriage and in teaching and disciplining their children. No one is born with the ability to be a parent or the ability to be married. Both are learned behaviors, and they are learned almost exclusively by example. As parents improve in these skills, children improve automatically.

The #1 marriage problem I have seen is misplaced loyalty; that is, either the husband or the wife has a greater allegiance to parents than to spouse. This too is dealt with in the Scriptures. Paul quotes the Old Testament (Genesis 2:24), saying, "For this reason a man will leave his father and mother and be united to his wife, and they will become one flesh." It is impossible to be completely married to your husband or wife if you're still married to your parents.

Some therapists, even though they identify themselves as Christians in their personal lives, are still completely secular in their treatment approach. Others use secular techniques, but add a prayer before the end of the session.

Since I was educated in secular psychology and my clinical experience as well as my early practice was strictly worldly, I've tried it both ways. My meth-



ods, the direct opposite of nondirective counseling, involve active, assertive teaching. There is plenty of feedback and an underlying emphasis on Christ as the *only* way, the truth and the life.

When I first began treating patients according to Christian truth about three years ago, I was astonished at the results. Patients have become well consistently, predictably and quickly. Therapy is usually very brief. Most patients come to a personal relationship with Christ. Many

go back to church after an absence of years. They go as witnesses who have experienced the love of Christ and who have become surrendered and committed to Him.

Mental health consists in knowing who God is as revealed through Christ, and in trusting, not yourself, but a God who is intimately involved in every detail of your life every day; a God who can not only heal but in fact transform the believer in Him. □



*Bruce Ewart is a 1965 graduate of Westchester University with a Ph.D. in counseling psychology from Columbia Pacific University. He held executive positions in public relations and marketing in the greater Philadelphia area before beginning his counseling ministry in 1980. Dr. Ewart is a member of International Ministerial Fellowship, United Association of Christian Counselors, International Doctors in AA, and FGBMFT's Media (PA) Chapter. He and his wife Diana have five daughters: Melissa, seventeen; Stephanie, sixteen; Kristen, thirteen; Jennifer, eleven; and Alexandra, eleven months. The Ewarts attend St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church in Wynnewood. The family is in process of relocating to Jacksonville, Florida.*

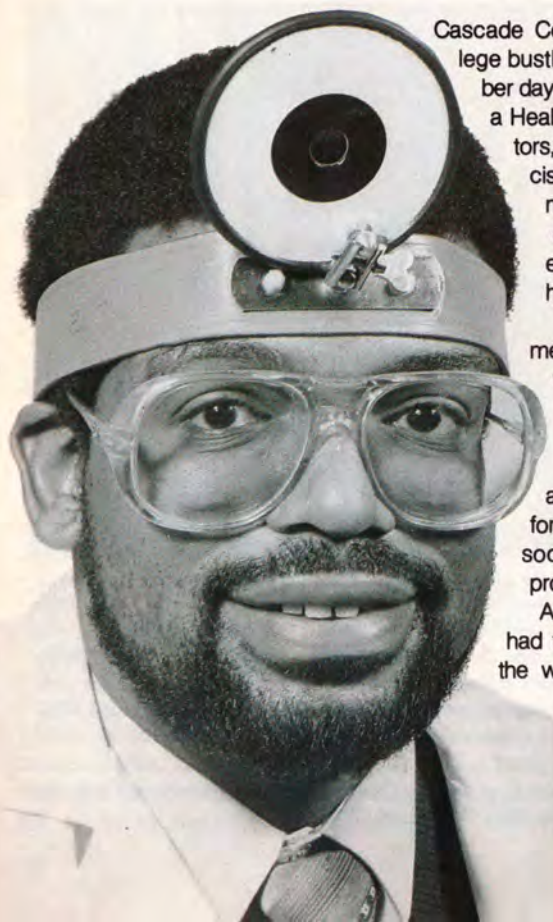
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# *More than Medicine*

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Herbert Baker, M.D., Portland, Oregon

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Cascade Center at Portland Community College bustled with activity that sunny September day in 1983, as we set up and conducted a Health Fair Day for the community. Doctors, nurses, psychologists and pharmacists were all on hand to join with laymen from local churches for mutual education, communication and encouragement in a relaxed and light-hearted setting.

The participating professionals gave medical seminars and free testing services. Clergy and laymen presented family-living seminars, Christian counseling, and shared their witness. The college had donated its auditorium and several classrooms for the event, while the local medical society had donated the printing to promote it.

As the day unfolded, we knew that we had found an exciting new way to unite the work and understanding of medical personnel and of the Church for common blessing. We intend to continue with this concept, and believe that other communities may want to try it as well.





Isaiah 61, echoed in Luke 4:17,18, is the Lord's mission, which has also become my own desire: "to preach good tidings to the meek; to bind up the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." This is the work of Jesus in the world today.

The Lord has transformed my own life and prepared me for this work. He has given me a desire to see men, women and children set free and healed in body, soul and spirit through the combined avenues He has provided of the medical profession and of His Word.

But His patient and steady work in our lives isn't seen fully except as He reveals it, step by step, when we are careful to inquire, observe and seek. In my case, He began it very early.

I was one of four children of a Detroit, Michigan blue-collar worker. Enrolled in Sunday school at age four, I continued in it until I was seventeen. At twelve I publicly accepted Jesus into my life and was baptized in water.

Because of asthma until age thirteen, I experienced such severe breathing difficulty on several occasions that I had to be taken to the emergency room of a large county hospital. Once I waited twelve hours for medical attention, and saw gunshot and stab-wound patients suffering as they also waited much too long for help.

This frightening experience made a lasting impression upon me. I decided to become a physician myself and help to prevent other poor people from undergoing such insensitive treatment. I told God, "If You will help me to become a doctor, I'll serve You the rest of my life."

Though many hurdles lay ahead, from that time I trusted that He would help me. My junior-high-school counselor advised against my plans; he didn't feel I was "college material." A C-plus grade point average at high-school graduation made my entrance into the pre-med program of Michigan State University seem rather unlikely. At first I was actually turned away; nevertheless, a month later I was accepted. God had not forgotten!

During my second year there I met my wife Ann, who was also a student. I had been very lonely in the totally foreign environment, nor had I been accepted or welcomed in the churches of Suburban Lansing. The situation combined to distance me from the Lord.

Gradually the world and peer pressure gained increasing influence upon my life. Getting involved with unsaved friends and the college fraternity scene, I told the Lord, "I want to have some fun too!" Church attendance became a thing of the past.

When I finished undergraduate school

in 1971 with a B-minus average, again I needed God's miraculous help. The doomsday message that I "wouldn't make it" reared its ugly head once more. But finally I was admitted, under an affirmative-action program, into the U of M's fine medical school. It meant I would be working very hard to prove myself.

Eventually I was placed in 1975 in the U of M residency program for ear, nose, and throat (ENT) at St. Joseph Mercy Hospital—but not before I had encountered attempts by others to prevent it and then seen God turn the situation around dramatically.

Ann and I had married after my first year of medical school. Within four and a half years we had three children. To support my family, I took a moonlighting job. After putting in a hard day on duty, I would work the hospital emergency room from 6:00 P.M. to about 6:00 A.M., two or three days a week.

This, added to the heavy demands of the residency program, created incredible pressure. My life seemed to be getting out of control in every area and my marriage and family were in jeopardy.

At home, Ann faced the raising of our family almost entirely alone. Her stress came not only from anxiety over my problems, but from my unavailability, insensitivity and unfaithfulness as I slipped into degenerate sin.

But I noticed an odd thing: my wife, who should have been falling apart as I was, showed more peace and composure than she had ever shown before. I couldn't ignore the reason for it. She had rededicated her life to Christ in 1979 as a result of TV ministry.

By now I had become a resident physician at the University of Michigan Hospital. One day in 1979, I was confronted by the reality of my situation. One of the doctors on staff called me over, told me pointblank, no holds barred, that I was shiftless and lazy, and tried to stop my training.

I knew what he said wasn't true—but I also knew I was letting too many things slide under pressure. I saw that everything I had been using as a crutch was of no real help. When I looked inside myself I found nothing there, either.

Driving home that evening after work,

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I humbled myself before the Lord in a heartfelt, new commitment. "Come back into my life, Jesus," I cried. "If You will put my wife, marriage and family together, I'll serve You the rest of my life!"

By the time I reached home, I was crying and could not stop. The Lord was cleansing me and giving me a brand-new start.

He began to move supernaturally to bring healing to Ann, to me, and to our family. An inner peace and strength came into my life which was entirely new. I became aware of how little I actually knew myself, and of how insecure I had been.

Suddenly I had a real hunger for God's word. Ann and I started reading the Bible together, and listened to Christian radio and television. We drove thirty-five miles every Sunday to my childhood church, the Metropolitan Church of God, for the strong, supportive, loving fellowship and the practical, instructive sermons we knew we would find there. As we worshiped, learned and grew, our lives became exciting again.

As the end of my residency neared in 1981 we looked to the Lord for help in a decision as to whether to stay in Michigan or relocate. Meanwhile, I commuted to Detroit for six months to work at Henry Ford Hospital. The Lord uses everything; while there I gained experience in some surgical techniques which became very helpful later in my practice.

Then I accepted a position—one which I still hold—as Chief of ENT at the Portland VA Medical Center in Oregon. We arrived January 15, 1982 in a blizzard and heavy fog with our family of three

young sons and a three-month-old daughter. Within five months we had found a beautiful, well-built home at an excellent price, close to our new church.

Soon I was invited to become assistant professor in the Department of Otolaryngology and Maxillofacial Surgery at the Oregon Health Sciences University School of Medicine. I also began a private practice in connection with a North Portland medical clinic.

Six months later I opened my own office in that community. From a doctor who was going out of business the same week, I obtained office equipment at less than half its worth. A member of our church came to volunteer as business secretary. The day I moved in, I anointed the suite with oil and dedicated my practice to the Lord. He has used it in some exciting and delightful ways.

Patients come to me from the churches and the community for medical care and good Christian treatment, but also for salvation, encouragement and admonition. More than two hundred souls have been saved right in our office as we led them to Jesus. Our clinic has been a witness to the community of what Jesus Christ can do. For example, when we instituted pre-operative prayer with patients, the post-operative complication rate dropped by a startling percentage.

When a patient comes in I give him the very best medical diagnosis and treatment possible. At the same time, I give him the opportunity to have a pastor, chaplain or friend come to pray with him then and there, if he wishes, or I will pray.

"God alone heals," I tell my patients.

*(continued to page 22)*



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**MORE THAN MEDICINE** (from page 19)

"Physicians only treat and diagnose."

The Lord often gives me a special Bible passage for individual patients. I don't force my faith or God's word on them, but I suggest, "Maybe you'd like to read what God says about your condition."

In 1983 when Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International held its first world convention in Detroit, I attended. After one of the meetings I went forward to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and as a Canadian prayed with me, I received my heavenly prayer language.

Since then the Lord used me to inaugurate the community health fair which I have already described, and which has become an annual event. I established a Bible study and prayer group at each of two local hospitals. I have assembled for churches and communities a teaching series of slides combined with God's word, which helps people see the relationship between health problems and destructive lifestyles.

Our three sons have accepted Jesus as Lord, and two of them have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. My wife and I are committed to sharing Christ with others, and especially with each patient.

I envision and pray for a Christian youth and family counseling center, a nursing home, a pregnancy crisis center, and an opportunity farm for ex-drug addicts, alcoholics and mentally and emotionally troubled. Most of all I pray for Spirit-filled medical clinics in every city.

I believe the best medical care is where Jesus the Great Physician can touch and heal through medicine, surgery, the Word of God, or a combination. Christians need the option of biblically-based medical treatment.

Proverbs 14:30 (*Amplified*) says, "A calm and undisturbed mind and heart are the life and health of the body." Not only can the Lord remove us from sin and destructive practices, but as He gives His peace, love and joy He provides the perfect conditions for healing. □



*Since 1982 Dr. Baker has been section chief of otolaryngology at Portland VA Medical Center, and assistant professor at the School of Medicine of Oregon Health Sciences University in Portland; he also conducts a private ENT practice in that city. In 1980 he was given the National Medical Association's annual Joseph F. Dyer Award for research. He and his wife Ann have four children: Michael, ten; Eric, eight; David, seven; and Lorn, three.*



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1. To enlist one million members to serve in the last great harvest of souls;
2. To establish 40,000 chapters throughout the world;
3. To have chapters in every nation on earth.

*Their names and addresses are provided as a convenient 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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*Channel 66's low-power TV station provides Tri-Cities with twenty-four-hour Christian programming. Top insert, left to right: Dr. Richard Synowski, Channel 61, Salem, Oregon, an assistant ID; Allen Rither, chapter president, Pasco, Washington; Chuck Turnbull, general manager, Channel 61. Bottom insert: Martin Bjur.*

## FGBMFI'S CHANNEL 66 DEDICATED

The dedication banquet in Pasco, Washington, March 1, celebrating completion of the low-power television station owned by FGBMFI Tri-City Chapter, was an occasion for rejoicing. Chapter president Allen Rither, an attorney, served as master of ceremonies. Dr. Nelson B. Melvin, FGBMFI acting director of communications, was guest speaker. Special guests included international directors Leonard Sampson and Edwin Sheets. Officials of the county and the Tri-Cities—Pasco, Kenewick and Richland—were invited.

While the project was a united effort of the 85-member chapter, one member was singled out for special recognition as the man whose vision, burden and initial gift launched the chapter's TV ministry. Martin Bjur, 84, awakened to the increased value of some land purchased seven years earlier, concluded, "The Lord laid that in my lap for some reason." Bjur told God, "I need a new car. You can have the rest." His gift started the TV station fund.

"I can't help but compare Martin Bjur with Caleb," said Dr. Melvin. "When the Promised Land was divided, Caleb chose not the fertile valleys but, at the age of 85, said, '... give me this mountain of which the Lord spoke in that day' (Joshua 14:12)."

Was it worth it? It boggles the mind to think that a station the strength of one 100-watt light bulb can receive a signal from a satellite, making it possible for the Tri-Cities population of 100,000 to receive a Gospel witness 24 hours a day.

If, according to estimates, 3 percent of the population watch Christian programming at any given time, members of the Pasco Chapter are bringing the Gospel to 3,000 souls, day in and day out over FGBMFI's ninth chapter-owned low-power television station. □



# trapped in the wrong body

the SY ROGERS story



**I** imagine—*me*, married! A day of rejoicing and celebration, of sharing love between family and friends. At my side, my new wife, the woman I loved. Joined together by God forever, our hopes and dreams centered on Christ.

Special as it was, our wedding held much deeper significance as a testimony

of God's life-changing power.

There was a time when I would never have believed I'd come to know such love and fulfillment — much less ever be married. Only three years earlier, I had been lost in a hopeless pursuit of my identity, desperately seeking love and acceptance.

You see, I thought I was a transsexual.

Although physically a man, I felt I was really a woman "trapped" in the wrong body. I desperately desired to change my outward sex, conforming my body to what I believed I was mentally and emotionally.

I first began having homosexual encounters when I was about eight years old. Unlike many children who experiment sexually, I was strongly aware of an intense desire to be intimate with men. I wanted them to desire me, too.

Watching movies as a child, I saw that the girl was always the object of the hero's attention and affection. My heart

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## I felt I was really a woman trapped in a man's body

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would ache as I thought, *I wish I were wanted like that*. Years later, I would try to live out my childhood fantasy of becoming a woman in hopes of being truly loved at last.

It wasn't that my parents didn't love me, but circumstances deprived me of a normal childhood. I was born in 1956, the only child of a disintegrating middle-class couple. Due to my mother's alcoholism, she wasn't always able to take care of me. Even so, I had no unpleasant childhood memories until I was five, when my mother was killed in an automobile accident.

While my father pieced together a new beginning for himself, I went to live with my aunt and uncle for a year. There I developed a close bond with their daughter, near my age, and identified with her little-girl life. Later I returned to

live with my dad and grandmother in our quiet midwestern hometown. When I was eleven, Dad remarried.

My parents and I had a stable relationship until my adolescence, when my dark desires began to flourish openly. My parents made great efforts to instill a masculine identity in me, but the damage was already done.

Effeminate mannerisms and attempts at wearing makeup were only surface symptoms of my deep-rooted gender-identity confusion. Though I didn't know God, I believed in His existence. I would pray to Him, begging—even demanding—to be transformed into a woman.

Meanwhile, I was active in church, school and Boy Scouts. I played football, went out for track and the swim team, and had a couple of motorcycles. All this failed to make me "macho." In spite of my efforts to conform, I was tormented by many classmates. Life at home and in school became a miserable endurance course. Mercifully, I earned enough credits in three years to graduate.

A break came when I spent the summer months in Brazil as an exchange student. There, perhaps for the first time, I was accepted, even popular, for being as I was. The Brazilian culture seemed to accept homosexuality more readily than the American culture. My host parents, actors in the theater, worked with many homosexuals. In that country, so far away from my unhappy life at home, I felt the freedom at last to accept and even enjoy my inner desires.

Soon after returning to the United States, I joined the Navy at my parents' urging. Though I feared facing torment



similar to that in high school, I did quite well in boot camp, receiving a meritorious promotion to the next rank. Rather than being rejected for my feminine nature, I became quite popular and more confident in my mental role as a woman.

After boot camp came specialized training before reaching my duty station, a ship home-ported in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. There I fully pursued darkness, immersing myself in Honolulu's gay scene. I became involved in prostitution, drug abuse and the sometimes dangerous street scene.

The deeper I went the more I grew to despise my shallow and empty lifestyle. I felt like a vampire, out on the hunt night after night in search of the elusive "Mr. Right" who could fulfill me. On and on I went, seeing no end—and with no hope in sight.

Returning to Hawaii after a six-month tour of duty in the Orient, I found my two closest gay friends had joined Honolulu's Metropolitan Community Church. I agreed to go with them. The church openly welcomes homosexuals. By twisting the Scriptures out of context, it portrays a God who blesses rather than condemns homosexuality.

Like many homosexuals whose hearts are not calloused, I was looking for a spiritual salve for my convicted conscience. I had found a religion which conveniently approved my sexual preference. Yet I knew something couldn't be right when I could freely attend church socials "in drag," dressed as a woman. When my friends became Hawaii's first male homosexual couple to be married, I was one of their wedding



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## To think that we believed God blessed this abomination!

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party. To think that we believed that God could bless this abomination!

In the spring of 1977 I completed my Naval tour of active duty and returned to the security of the midwest. I'll never forget the look on my parents' faces as I stepped off the plane—burned out and used up at age twenty-one, a pathetic sight. Their shoulders sagged with shame.

Within a few months, I received a letter from my gay friends, the "married" couple in Hawaii. They were no longer homosexuals, but were Christians. They told me that they realized the teachings

of MCC were lies. They still loved each other, though not in a homosexual way, and they no longer lived together.

My mental response was, *What traitors!*

The nightmare of my life unfolded in its fullness when I began attending a conservative college near my hometown. Accepted and even popular for years in Hawaii, I now became a focal point of hatred. Extra campus security was necessary for my protection. A petition was circulated to have me removed from the

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## **I was arrested on a prostitution-related charge**

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dorm. I wasn't allowed to have a roommate.

The rejection was almost more than I could bear. In my depression, I missed weeks of classes and sometimes wouldn't eat for days. Somehow I survived for two semesters.

Over Christmas break 1977 I was arrested on a prostitution-related charge. Though charges were dropped, the crisis prompted me to tell my parents what they had long feared: I was unhappy living as a man and wanted a sex-change operation.

In pursuit of "The Operation," I began psychotherapy sessions. A battery of tests, including a chromosome test, proved that my gender-identity confusion was not the result of some bizarre genetic mistake.

However, I had done my research into

transsexuality and was able to convince the psychiatrists that I was in genuine need of a sex change. They officially diagnosed me as a transsexual, recommending sex-reassignment surgery. I would undergo continued hormone and psychotherapy, beginning in Missouri, then have the surgery at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Hospital, famous for this.

My parents, pushed beyond their ability to cope, resigned themselves.

With my bags packed and my bottle of prescribed female hormones in hand, I was on my way to the East Coast. I settled in Maryland in April of 1978.

Landing a good office position with a contracting firm near Washington, D.C., I lived and worked as a woman for a year and a half, which was part of the required procedure before surgery. I was accepted in my role as a woman, was considered attractive and rode the crest of popularity on the party circuit.

Yet I felt a certain dread, a growing sense of incompleteness. I continued the psychotherapy briefly, but it seemed that one obstacle after another prevented it. Now I see that God was taking advantage of circumstances to close some doors. The longer I waited for "The Operation," the more I realized that it would not solve every problem as I'd once believed.

It took great effort to maintain the role of a woman twenty-four hours a day. I lived in constant fear that my true gender would be discovered. Increased drug consumption provided some relief from reality, but I could never quite numb my mind from the haunting question, "Is this worth it?"



Gradually my health deteriorated from drug abuse, and chest pains and labored breathing made sleeping difficult.

"Powder and paint, to make us what we ain't..." The chant I'd heard from the drag-queen prostitutes echoed in my memory. Through a drug-induced haze I finally saw what I had become: not just a liar, but the embodiment of a lie. I'd come to understand the art of illusion handed down from Babylon to Hollywood.

God's Spirit was drawing me. I began to meditate on pleasant things to help myself unwind. One evening, the song "Jesus Loves Me" unexpectedly flooded my thoughts. Over and over in my mind I heard Christian songs from my untainted childhood. I could only weep.

I was beginning to count the cost of giving up the only life I'd known.

Then I asked God, "Please show me if You don't want me to pursue this sex change." Deep down, I knew what His answer would be.

Three days later, awakened by the morning news on the radio, I sat up in bed, hardly able to believe my ears. Johns Hopkins Hospital had just announced to the world that it would no longer perform sex-reassignment surgery. It was not the answer for the majority of transsexuals. The current waiting list of patients seeking "The Operation" was being cancelled. I had my answer from God.

During a move that fall, I came across an old, neglected Bible and began "sneak reading" it. Before long, I began sharing the Scriptures with anyone who would listen. My friends became concerned about my growing religious slant.

Though I still lived as a woman, the Holy Spirit was making inroads into my life. I squirmed under His conviction. I was approaching a crossroad.

First I threw away my female hormones and stopped buying women's clothes. As Christmas approached, I began packing away all my dresses. With a Christmas bonus I purchased a few items of men's clothing.

During Christmas vacation everything came to a head. My heart had been beating more and more irregularly and the

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### **I threw away my female hormones and stopped buying women's clothing**

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chest pains had intensified. One night I dropped to the floor, clutching my chest, unable to breathe properly.

Terrified as I began to black out, I cried out to God, begging Him to spare me. "Please don't take me like this!" I pleaded with Him. "Let me live to know You first!"

The crushing pain began to subside. Shaken, I saw my desperate need to get right with God. But how? I turned to the Bible.

I read Isaiah 1:18-20: "'Come now, and let us reason together,' says the Lord. 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If you consent and obey, you will eat the best of the land; but if you refuse and rebel, you will be devoured by the sword.' Truly, the mouth of the Lord has spoken."

As I read it, I broke. Bitterness, guilt, and shame for all the lost years of my life poured from me as I wept at the foot of my bed. I admitted my failure and guilt before God and cried out to Him, "God, I can't change what I am, but I'm willing to be changed. I know You have the power. Make me the man *You* want me to be!"

To be pleasing to God, to be loved and not rejected by Him—that was all I wanted. As I placed my life into His hands, trusting Him, the "old me" died, and the "new me" was born. The Twilight Zone existence was over.

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## **God, I can't change what I am, but I'm willing to be changed**

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My spiritual regeneration was evident immediately. Overnight I was set free from immorality and drug addiction. The bleeding sores in my esophagus (an apparent result of drug abuse) healed in one day. As I discovered the intense, intimate love of God for me, I was set free from that consuming drive which had held me a slave to perversion.

There followed some rough times too. I attended different churches and found that some people had a hard time relating to me. Though I dressed in men's clothing and had short hair, the residue of my old life—the effeminate mannerisms, high voice, and results of female hormones—caused many to mistake me for a girl. Even though at first I was crushed

with humiliation, I was determined to live for God.

I went through times of heavy temptation in many forms. However, I learned that Satan could only tempt me . . . he couldn't force me to give in. With God's grace, I didn't.

As I grew stronger and spent time in the Word, the Lord severed my past relationships and associations. It was time to move on. During the summer following my surrender to Jesus, I began to work with a Christian ministry, and joined a church where I was warmly accepted into fellowship with other believers.

Growing up in a mainline denominational church, I had never heard of the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Christian friends explained that it was a special indwelling and empowering of God's Spirit, and that God promises this supernatural experience to all believers.

I had been seeking God several months for the Baptism. On October 12, 1980 I shared with two church friends about my desire for the Baptism. We went to a small room where we could be alone. They laid hands on me according to the Scriptures and we began praying and worshipping.

After about twenty minutes the power of God fell upon us all. His presence was very intense. Suddenly I began speaking and singing in a language I did not know. This continued for about three hours.

During this time the Lord revealed to one of my prayer partners that she was to become my wife. At first Karen resented the thought of marrying a person from a background of sexual perversion. Yet she was willing to obey the Lord; He did



change her attitude. Saying nothing to me about this, she waited on God to bring it to pass.

About a year later, I became aware of God's direction for our lives. At first I balked at the idea of marriage. Inner fears and deep-rooted feelings of inadequacy surfaced. But as Karen and I developed a beautiful friendship in the two years before our marriage, God brought healing to all these areas of my life.

God has blessed us with the precious gift of honest, open communication with Jesus and with each other. We've discovered many strengths and weaknesses, and see ourselves without masks. Today, my wife and I work together in fulltime Christian service. Our marriage is *not* proof of my freedom from sexual perversion, but it *is* one of the most beautiful evidences of my new life and growing relationship with Christ.

God has restored my relationship with my parents as well. I wrote to them when I was newly saved, but my new Christian zeal could not erase all those years of hurt they had experienced. I saw them for the first time in almost five years at my wedding and God has reconciled us. Now I have my parents again, and they have their son back.

I may never live up to society's unrealistic standard for being "a man." I no longer live according to the corrupted values of this dying world. I follow Jesus! He is my example of masculinity, my ultimate standard and goal for manliness.

One evening as I prepared for bed, the Lord spoke to my heart: "Look in the mirror . . . tell Me what you see." I looked for a moment. "I see a new creation!"

"Yes, but look again."

"I see a child of the King . . . a servant of Jesus . . . and beauty from the ashes of my old life."

Yet I knew these weren't the answers for which He was looking.

I looked in the glass again. "What do you see, My son . . .?"

At last I understood. "I see . . . that the man—the *man* in the mirror is *me*!" □



*Sy Rogers served in the U.S. Navy in personnel from 1974-77, spent two years working as office clerk, and since 1980 has worked in counseling, writing, teaching and art production on the staff of Mount Hope, Inc., a prison ministry and community outreach in Maryland. He has made numerous appearances over Christian television and radio and has conducted workshops on homosexuality and related issues throughout the country at churches, prisons, FGBMFI meetings and conventions, and Exodus groups. Sy and his wife Karen are members of Faith Chapel in Hagerstown. He is secretary of the Hagerstown Chapter of FGBMFI.*



# 32<sup>nd</sup> World Convention

The 32nd World Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, held in Melbourne, Australia, March 26-30, 1985, was the first to be held outside the U.S.

Representing every continent on earth, 5,000 attendees registered from 35 nations.

Convention crowds swelled to 7,000, filling the Melbourne Sports and Entertainment Center to capacity. An estimated 5,000 responded to evening altar calls. Possibly 3,000 filled the aisle all the way to the rear at the closing meeting.

German-born evangelist Reinhard Bonnke,



1. Pastor Jack Hayford. 2. Don Ostrom leads singing as hundreds respond to evangelist Bonnke's invitation. 3. Reinhard Bonnke. 4. Lee Buck motivates 400 chapter officers at ALTS. 5. Breakfast speaker Bill Subritzky kneels as men pray for fresh anointing; left to right: Al Malachuk, Florida; Wilfred Baugh, Jr., Alabama; Arthur Remison, New Zealand; Enoch Christoffersen, California; Dillon Harris.





"the Billy Graham of Africa" whose 34,000-seat tent is largest in the world, was principal speaker. Jack Hayford, pastor of Church on the Way, issuing a "call to glory," declared the Fellowship to be on the threshold of a new day, based on Joshua 3:7.

Even breakfast meetings at three locations could not meet demands for table seating to hear rotating speakers Lee Buck, former New York Life marketing manager; Sir Lionel Luckhoo, Guyana attorney; and Bill Subritzky, New Zealand lawyer and home-builder.

Steve Shakarian, chief operating officer,

emceed an Advanced Leadership Seminar for 400 the day before the convention. Men's and ladies' luncheons were sellout events. Music ministry was superb throughout.

Dynamic testimonies witnessed to God's power to change lives, among them an Australian aborigine healed of blindness and arthritis, and a man once so mean that he forced his wife to eat with dogs from their dish, but now a man of love, transformed.

This is the beginning of the story. Like the Book of Acts, the 32nd World Convention has not ended, but will continue as people return to their homelands to be His witnesses.





6. Music director Robert Coleman. 7. Leaders enjoy fellowship. Left to right: John Packard, Michigan; Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Gray, Australia; Joe Forrester, Tennessee; executive vice-president Thomas Ashcraft, Texas; Arthur Evanson, Oregon; Steve Shakarian, chief operating officer, California. 8. Australian international directors and their wives provided leadership for Convention and received tremendous support from their chapters. Left to right: Roger and Helen Pearce; Ron and Norma Oster; Nell and Bernie Gray. 9. Children's meeting. 10. Sir Lionel Luckhoo receives laying on of hands. Identifiable from left to right: international directors Gunnar Olson, Sweden; Art Evanson, Oregon; Walter Moore, Missouri; Ernest Voth, Canada; Bernie Gray, Australia. 11. Vice-president Tom Ashcraft, one of hundreds who ministered to individuals in power of the Holy Spirit. 12. Head table at one of ladies' luncheons.



# CONVENTIONS

## **ATLANTIC REGIONAL** **June 6-8, 1985**

Gander, Newfoundland  
Write: Mr. Wade J. James  
Box 505  
Gander, Newfoundland  
Canada A1V 2E1

## **GREATER OZARKS REGIONAL** **June 6-8, 1985**

University Plaza Conv. Ctr.  
Springfield, MO  
Write: Mr. George Rushing  
1201 E. Summerhill  
Ozark, MO 65721

## **CAROLINAS MEN'S ADVANCE** **June 7-9, 1985**

Camp Lurecrest, Lake Lure  
Write: Mr. Reidy Lawing  
c/o FGBMFI Carolinas Office  
Box 9027  
Charlotte, NC 28299

## **KEYSTONE STATE MEN'S ADVANCE** **June 7-9, 1985**

Messiah College, Grantham, PA  
Write: Mr. Raymond Dougherty  
314-8th Street  
New Cumberland, PA 17070

## **3RD ANNUAL JACKSON REGIONAL** **June 12-15, 1985**

Executive Inn River Front  
Paducah, KY  
Write: FGBMFI Convention Office  
Box 2882  
Paducah, KY 42001

## **IOWA STATE REGIONAL** **June 13-15, 1985**

Howard Johnson's, Des Moines  
Write: Mr. Gene Walker  
Box 3805  
Des Moines, IA 50322

## **TAHOE/RENO RALLY** **June 14-15, 1985**

Holiday Inn, Reno  
Write: Mr. Lanny Langston  
Box 1691  
Placerville, CA 95667

## **GEORGIA STATE** **June 20-22, 1985**

Radisson Conf. Ctr.  
Atlanta  
Write: FGBMFI  
Box 450007  
Atlanta, GA 30345

## **SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MEN'S ADVANCE** **June 21-23, 1985**

University of Redlands  
Write: FGBMFI  
3321 Yale St.  
Santa Ana, CA 92704

## **UNITED STATES NATIONAL** **July 2-6, 1985**

Dallas, Texas  
Write: FGBMFI National Convention  
Box 5050  
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

## **MARYLAND STATE** **July 18-20, 1985**

Mount St. Mary's College  
Emmitsburg  
Write: Mr. Charles Nichols  
8122 Cambridge Dr.  
Frederick, MD 21727

## **COLUMBIA GORGE** **July 26-27, 1985**

Hood River Inn  
Hood River, Oregon  
Write: Mr. Rodney M. Vickers  
4300 Hwy. 35  
Hood River, OR 97031

## **TWIN LAKES COUPLES' RETREAT** **July 26-28, 1985**

Twin Lakes Bible Camp  
Rockwell City, IA  
Write: Mr. Harry Komprood  
2037-5th Ave. No.  
Fort Dodge, IA 50501

## **ST. LOUIS AREAWIDE REGIONAL** **July 31-Aug. 3, 1985**

Henry VIII Hotel  
Bridgeton, MO  
Write: Mr. Walter Thprn  
861 Manitou  
Rock Hill, MO 63119

**Conventions published in this issue were approved on or before February 19.**

## **Full Gospel Business Men's 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, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

As this issue was being prepared for publication, the following chapters were submitted as having been recently chartered. The president's name and telephone number are included in this list for your information. Write for information regarding the date and location of a chapter meeting in your area.

**BAHAMAS:** Nassau Chapter, Rodney Williams (809) 325-4444. **ENGLAND:** Derby Chapter, Brian Harker 0332-762951; Peterborough Chapter, Peter Marsh 0733-234889; Scarborough Chapter, Richard Carpenter 0723-870903. **PHILIPPINES:** Mayoyao Ifugao Chapter, Johnny Bogwana (no phone); Solano Nueva Vizcaya Chapter, Reynaldo O. Divad (no phone). **SOUTH AFRICA:** Klipplaat Chapter, Russel Geard 0020-2721. **UNITED STATES:** **IOWA:** Creston Chapter, Doug Bailey (515) 782-6714. **TEXAS:** Monahans Chapter, Charles R. Johnson (915) 943-2156.

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#### **NOT ENDED** (from page 9)

and seen many miracles and healings.

I still love to tell people about Jesus and what He has done for me. He will do the same for anyone who will trust Him and be a believer, not a doubter. He is the way, the truth and the life (John 14:6). □

*Every month Dick Farrell faithfully distributes Voice magazines about his city. His tract titled "Who Are You Serving—Jesus or the Devil?" is printed in ten languages: English, Italian, Dutch, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, and five East Indian languages. He is a member of the Nelson Chapter of FGBMFI, and he and Anne, his wife of fifty-seven years, have one daughter, three sons and eight grandchildren. They are members of Ethel Christian Center in Nelson.*

## **SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION**

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

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

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

**3. CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 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: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.**





*Lobby of World Laymen's Headquarters, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Costa Mesa, California. Below: world globe, rotunda.*



## **FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE**

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### **WHO ARE WE?**

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 in the world being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching eighty-four 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, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



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