

03-86

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE



Chairman, Thomas Nelson Co.

Sam Moore

Immigrant Builds Empire

Sam

Sam Moore
Nashville, Tennessee



Moore

Immigrant Builds Empire

Q *Tell us how you came to know the Lord as your personal Saviour.*

A Even though my folks weren't of the Protestant faith, I attended an evangelical school in Lebanon run by an Armenian refugee. There I learned about God, the Bible and the need for salvation. Here in America it seems popular to become a Christian. But in the old country you could lose your job or be an outsider. I didn't want to be in that category. I wanted to have my dances, drinking and good times.

Having decided to be a doctor, I enrolled in pre-med at the College of Three Doctors in Beirut.

While there God began dealing with me. A Christian neighbor often came down the street after work, singing, with the joy of the Lord on his face. I thought "What good is money if you're not happy? What good is an important job if it doesn't bring you joy?" Then my buddy was shot. I discovered his body early in the morning, under an olive tree. The first thing I thought was that he died and hadn't had a chance to be saved.

I had gone to a Christian high school, learned about the Bible and had memorized more than fifty verses. Still I didn't

believe in God or the Bible. I was still living for the devil.

At home, I got out a dusty old Bible that hadn't been cracked in two years. I started reading, but couldn't find the right verses. I felt the weight of my sins, though I hadn't done terrible things—just things of the world, having fun, doing what I wanted to do.

Q *Why did you think that was wrong?*

A Because I didn't have joy. I knew God had said, "Come out from among them and be ye separate" (II Corinthians 6:17). But I had seen that Christians were persecuted, and I hadn't been ready for that. That morning I made up my mind that I wanted salvation. Our neighbor came by, singing. I rushed down the steps and held him by the arm. "Brother, I want to be saved," I said. "Do you think the Lord will save me?"

He looked at me. "Do you really mean it?" I had often given him a hard time. Once I even threw a firecracker at him when he was praying.

I said, "I mean it." He got me on my knees on an old rug in the kitchen. We read from the Bible, and I accepted the Lord as my Saviour. That afternoon I was truly born again. It happened when I

Sam Moore is chief executive officer of Thomas Nelson, Inc. He was born in Lebanon and immigrated to the United States in 1950. Sam received his B.S. degree in economics and attended graduate school at the University of South Carolina. He completed his master's degree at Columbia Bible College.

Today, Moore lives with his wife and three children on a farm in Mt. Juliet, Tennessee. He is active in community and church affairs as board chairman of Donelson Christian Academy and as a member of Gideons International.

came to the realization that Sam Moore couldn't do it on his own—he needed God's help. I became a different person. My desires were not the same. I was happy. I knew my name was written in the Book of Life.

I went to college one year, then quit and drifted for a couple of years. I wasn't really sure what God's plan was for me. Toward the end of the second year (1948), I really wasn't reading the Bible like I should. I wasn't praying. I even doubted parts of the Bible; for instance, creation.

Then a missionary I met gave me a book, *Life of Faith*, the life story of George Mueller. I read about this German boy who left his home, went to England, and trusted God. Because of his obedience, thousands of orphans were fed, clothed and educated. I prayed

"God, if this story is true, then You can do for me what You did for Mueller. Fill me with Your Spirit so I can carry on and be like him."

Two years earlier I had experienced salvation, but now I had completely surrendered to God. I asked Him to help me trust by faith. This is the secret.

Q *What was your next move?*

A In 1950, I came to America with \$600 in my pocket, hoping to finish my medical training. The tuition and room and board at Columbia Bible College were about \$1,000. My first job was pumping gas at a Shell station for 55 cents an hour. I then cleaned floors in a food store for 75 cents an hour. After taxes and uniforms, I had very little money left. I asked the Lord to help me; if I couldn't go to school, I couldn't stay in America. The

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE (ISSN #00428264) is published monthly for \$4.35 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92628, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Second-class postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. March, 1986, Vol. 34, No. 3.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Voice* at above address. In Canada send return copies to 628 Monmouth Rd., Windsor, Ontario N5Y 3L1. Yearly subscription: U.S.—\$4.35. Canada and overseas—\$5.25. Bulk rate cards sent on request. Also available in French, German, Norwegian, Swedish and English (U.K.)—\$4.50; Spanish—\$2.00.

only money that Dad would send would be for a ticket back to Lebanon.

I saw a sign on the bulletin board: "Earn \$100 a week." In the interviewing room, two young kids had a Bible selling for \$29.95, *Bible Storybook*, cookbook and dictionary. One had made \$2,600 in twelve weeks that summer, working seventy hours a week. The other had made \$2,200. I thought, *If I can make half that much it will be a miracle.*

I was shy, my English vocabulary was limited, and I had only been in America nine months. I signed up to sell the books, and went to a sales school. I had half of the county. I bought a bicycle for \$10, got a map of the town, and an income profile of that county.

That first week I worked hard, knocked on many doors and made \$19—not enough to eat on. I almost quit. At the end of the week my boss told me, "You have to show the customers the *benefits* of this beautiful Bible. If they can pay for a mortgage, a TV and a car, surely they can pay \$30 for a Bible!"

I learned my sales pitch, lived on sandwiches and Coca Cola, and put in more than eighty hours a week. Sometimes people I called on in the evening would invite me to eat with them—the only hot meals I had that summer. With new enthusiasm and determination, I made \$71 the second week, \$140 the third, and by summer's end I had saved \$2,535.

I paid the college \$1,000. With \$1,500 left, I went to a Chevrolet dealer. The cheapest Chevrolet sold for about \$1,800. The salesman said, "The cheapest I can let you have it for is \$1,535." I said, "I'll buy it."

I gave him my money, fifteen \$100 bills. He noticed my heavy accent and



asked, "Where did you get the money, son?" When I told him, he took me to the sales manager, who after asking the same question, wanted me to meet the president. The president asked, "What kind of books did you sell?"

I went to my bicycle, brought in my briefcase and showed him the Bible and

CONTINUED, PAGE 24



In a continuing series of key executive interviews with leading businessmen from around the world, Sam Moore (left) shares a lighter moment with Steve Shakarian, MBA, chief operating officer of FGBMFI (center), and Jerry Jensen, Ph.D., Litt.D., editor of Voice (right).

Jim Santo
Stockton, California

Oh, Santo, Not Again!

...the priest muttered as he struggled to haul me to my feet.

"Hi, Father," I stammered meekly.

"James, this is the *third* time you've fainted in the confessional!" The priest's glasses had gone crooked on his nose. Little purple veins of frustration pulsed at his temples. "Teenagers," he sighed, gazing up at heaven.

Abandoning the effort to raise me, he dropped to his knees at my side. "Jim, is there something you need to tell me about?"

"No, sir, Father," I said emphatically, raising myself to my elbow to scrutinize my belt buckle. "It's stuffy in there. I got kinda dizzy."

"Jim," said the priest, trying to rub the exasperation from his face with both hands, "give me a break, will you, son?"

"What do you mean, Father?"

"Having to drag unconscious fifteen-year-olds from the confessional doesn't



“speak too highly for my counseling abilities, now, does it?”

“No, Father. I mean, yes, Father. I mean...”

“Never mind that,” he interrupted. “Just try to get hold of yourself, all right?”

“Right, Father.”

As he stalked away I assured his re-treating back that I would have my claustrophobia under control by the next time he saw me.

I was scared of tight places, all right. But the tight place I was in had little to do with the confessional itself. I was boxed in by guilt over sins I couldn't confess.

It seemed to me that I had been in one kind of trouble or another ever since I hit puberty. As an altar boy in our little Minnesota town, and after we moved to Wisconsin, I had tried to get high by inhaling the smoke from the incense we burned at High Mass, or by polishing off the leftover sacramental wine. But I wasn't into drugs or alcohol. Still, I kept getting these weird thoughts about girls that left me glassy-eyed and fog-brained.

I couldn't talk to the priest about it. As far as I could tell, priests never thought about girls—even when they were kids. I couldn't count on my six older brothers and sisters to understand, either. One was a priest himself, another a nun, and the others equally hopeless. I decided that my dad was too busy to understand (he was the local mayor, saloon operator, dog catcher, justice of the peace and

fire chief), and no guy tells his mother stuff like that.

In time I learned how to gloss over my “sins of thought” so that I could receive communion. But I was deeply uncomfortable about it. I really wanted to be close to God. But I didn't know much about Him, and I couldn't find anyone who did.

I went on to college in 1955 at St. John's University, a Benedictine monastery, where I studied music and history and met Chloe, a dark-haired French girl who played classical piano. After I talked her into marrying me in 1959, we left Minnesota and moved to Newhall, California. There at twenty-two years of age I started my own business, a roller-skating rink, which I operated from 1960-62.

No longer as tender of conscience as I had been at fifteen, I began to compartmentalize my life, developing a different set of values and behaviors for each area of living: business, church, home.

I moved on into sales and marketing for some of the largest companies in the food industry, such as Ralston Purina

*I was
boxed in by
guilt*



Jim and Chloe Santo and their sons

and Ocean Spray Cranberries. Steeped in the *Power of Positive Thinking* and *Think and Grow Rich* philosophies, I approached each project with the high energy, enthusiasm and diligence that spelled success.

After moving to a beautiful new home in Pleasanton, California in 1968, I organized a guitar Mass for young people under the guidance of our new assistant pastor, my old college chum, Father Dennis Iverson.

Throwing myself wholeheartedly into my business and religious projects, I failed to notice that my family relationships were deteriorating. While I led other men's children in 'deeply spiritual hymns' like "He's Not Heavy, He's My Brother," my own four boys were playing around with drugs and dabbling in Satan worship and Chloe had slipped into astrology. I don't know what would have happened if it had not been for our neighbors, the

football coach and his wife.

For some time Jay and Judy Risse had been acting strangely. Jay kept riding his bicycle up and down the street in front of my house, grinning from ear to ear. An old marketing man like me knows when someone is getting ready to sell him something. Finally my curiosity got the best of me and I invited them in.

Chloe and I had never before met witnessing Christians, and these two were smart. All they did was invite us to go on a Marriage Encounter weekend.

Our weekend proved to be a turning point for our marriage. Chloe and I forgave each other the hurts of the past. For the first time ever, we began to pray together—not the rosary or prayers composed by someone else, but speaking out prayers of our own to Almighty God, telling Him of our needs and our concerns for our children, and expressing to Him and to each other our hopes and our dreams.

After fourteen years of marriage Chloe and I simply fell in love again. Things really began to happen now.

Ed and Anne Heagen suggested that I buy a book entitled *The Taste of New Wine* by Keith Miller. *Great idea, I thought. I've wanted to make cranberry wine for a long time. This book ought to tell me how to go about it.* I hustled down to a little bookstore near the Corewood Car Wash and bought a little book with berries on its cover.

The book was not what I expected, but I got hooked. As I read the story of a seminarian-turned-oil-executive who had found peace in a personal relationship with the Saviour, I began to feel this joy in my chest.

I finished that book at 8:30 A.M. on February 4, 1974 while waiting in a gas

line in front of the Shell station on Hopyard Road. As I set it on the seat beside me I prayed a simple prayer, as Miller had done: "Lord Jesus, I surrender my life to You right now. You can come into my heart."

My entire person seemed to relax, and when I opened my eyes the whole world looked different. I wanted to hug the guys at the gas pumps. Everything had taken on a glow. The sky looked bluer, the grass greener. The air smelled fresher. The birds were singing their little heads off.

Once I got home I didn't know what to say to Chloe. Neither of us knew what it was to be born again. After I tried to tell her, I just grabbed her, held on tight and danced her around the kitchen table, both of us laughing and weeping at the same time.

When I had regained some of my composure, I phoned Ann. "Yes," she assured me. "I know what you're talking about. No, you're not losing your grip. I have someone I'd like you to meet."

Several days later we found ourselves at a prayer meeting at St. Charles Catholic Church in Livermore, shaking hands with a big, handsome guy wearing a five-pound, rhinestone-studded aluminum cross and Ed Heagen's big grin. With all the confidence of a man who prides himself in being a good judge of men, I said to Chloe, "He looks holy to me. Must be somebody from the chancellor's office."

As it turned out, he was a Culligan man, a layman, just like the Full Gospel Business Men. He used his off-hours to lead other Catholics into the deep truths of God.

While I led
other men's
children,
my own were
playing with
drugs

I riveted my attention on every word that came from the Culligan man's mouth. Although I still didn't know what "born again" meant, or what the baptism in the Holy Spirit was, when he said, "If there is anyone here tonight who wants to receive the Holy Spirit...", I grabbed Chloe's hand and headed in his direction.

Since we had never had anyone lay hands on us in prayer before, I kept both eyes open—just in case.

Then someone cried, "Do you renounce Satan?"

"What?"

"Do you renounce Satan?" he repeated.

Sounds like confirmation, I thought. "Sure!"

"How about ouija boards? And astrology? You have to renounce all those things and get them out of your house."

Now, how did he know we had that stuff? "Okay," I said. "We'll do it. I don't know why—but we'll do it."

A few minutes of instruction on deliverance, a time of prayer, and Chloe and I

were praising God in a language we had never learned.

Early the next morning I awoke with an incredible longing to learn all that I could about God. It was a longing far more intense than I had ever known as a boy.

The only Bible we had in the house was a \$69.95 red job that I had bought from a traveling salesman the year Chloe and I were married. We had never read it. We pressed things in it, like flowers and the kids' baby curls and things like that. Like a hungry locust in a field of new corn, I devoured the Word.

Chloe and I became real "Roamin' Catholics," searching out ministries where the word of God was being taught in the power and anointing of the Holy Spirit. Meanwhile, we continued to minister in song to more than 1,000 people who attended our nine-o'clock guitar Mass every Sunday morning.

We also opened our home for a Bible study. During a period of eighteen months we led more than 400 Catholic men and women to be born again and filled with the Holy Spirit, right there in our home.

No, I didn't go on to become a Catholic Billy Graham. I have remained a businessman, and have seen the Lord perform miracles in my work. After the president of a San Francisco company for which I was a food broker watched the changes in my life and decided to cut me loose in 1977, the Lord began speaking to me personally. There I was, all mortgaged up—house, car, everything—and no job. I knew the Lord wanted me to let go of possessions.

Like a hungry locust,
I devoured
the Word



The following year we sold our house, walked away from everything we owned, and moved to Stockton. We didn't know anyone there, but I met two farmers and we began a little sunflower-seed business that went from zero to \$6 million in three years.

Jim Santo is director of industrial sales and marketing for Sun Diamond Growers of California, a Fortune 500 member. He has spent twenty-five years in related fields, working as sales and marketing manager of Ralston-Purina, Ocean Spray Cranberries, Wyman & Foreman Food Brokerage and his present company. He and his wife Chloe are members of Lakeview Assembly of God in Stockton and have five boys: Vince, Aaron, Pat, Jimmy and Chris. Jim is a deacon at his church and has served FGBMFI as vice-president of the Livermore Chapter and president/founder of the Stockton Chapter. He is field representative for Central Valley-Northern California.

A few years ago the Lord spoke to me again. I was beginning to become a white-knuckled Christian—you know, clutching what I had and letting it become too important in my life. "Let go of it again," He said to me. "You got blessed, and you're planning on keeping it for the rest of your life. Let go. I want to give you something new."

I did, and the next thing I knew, I became director of industrial sales and marketing for one of the world's largest farm co-ops. I am indirectly responsible for 100,000 tons of commodities, principally raisins, figs, prunes, walnuts and hazelnuts owned by 7,000 farmers.

After all these years, Jim Santo has finally come to know his Saviour, and to understand the great gift of Jesus Christ's sacrifice on Calvary. Christ's death and resurrection did not merely make heaven possible for me if I somehow managed to become good enough to attain it. Through His blood He broke down the walls of sin and guilt that separated me from Almighty God, inviting me into a close, intimate, personal relationship with my Creator.

Now, as a child of God, it is my right and privilege to come directly to Jesus Christ, certain He will forgive me, cleanse me and *heal me from all unrighteousness*. And as an FGBMFI field representative I am part of a ministry that is bringing this Good News to men, women and children all over the world. □

The balmy Florida night had lulled us to sleep. But as mild breezes rustled in the palms outside our condominium windows, Debbie and I both awoke suddenly to the sharp ring of the phone.

"Hello...?" I tried to hide the drowsiness in my voice, noticing that the clock radio read 1:00 A.M. Then, listening, I caught my breath. "Oh, no!..." I slammed the receiver down and started to dress.

"Robert, what is it?"

"That was Jim....He says the F.B.I. will be here any minute. There's been some kind of grand jury investigation, and I'm involved."

"Sounds like you'd better call an attorney..."

"That's exactly what I'm going to do."

I didn't quite realize it then, but at that moment my fast-paced world of Lear jets, chauffeured limousines and Cuban cigars had begun to crumble around me. I was in the worst kind of trouble.

At the time, I was the division vice-president of one of the largest construction firms in the country. We employed more than 4,000 people and did nearly a billion dollars' worth of business a year. From a lowly engineer's position I had worked my way into a place of power and strength, controlling the lives of a great many people.

In the course of my success, I had gradually begun to feel that I was above the laws and morals set up by God and society. Although I was from a Christian home, I was clearly the god of my own life. There was no room for anyone else.

GRAND

JURY

Robert Maguire
Greenville,
South Carolina

INVESTI

GATION





But now a secret grand jury had conducted an interstate investigation involving bribery, construction price-fixing, kickbacks and fraud. The proceedings had to do with many millions of dollars and implicated several bank presidents and corporate executives. And I was right in the middle of the whole mess, guilty as could be.

My 6:00 A.M. arrest that summer morning in 1981 was only the beginning of many kinds and degrees of fear. The future looked more ominous with every passing day. During the next ten months I was indicted for crimes committed in four different states—twenty-seven federal and eleven state counts of bribery and kickbacks. Then, in the the midst of everything else, I suffered serious and what was thought to be permanent injury to my leg in a shooting. I had always suspected that my criminal activities involved some rather seedy characters. Now I knew it was true.

After my hospitalization and recovery, the court date finally arrived in March, 1982. At age thirty-eight, the rest of my life depended on the judge. My attorney pleaded, "Your honor, Mr. Maguire isn't really a bad person. He is just a person who did something bad."

The judge was unimpressed. Gravely, he slapped me with six five-year concurrent sentences. I can still hear Debbie's voice screaming out from the back of the courtroom, "No, God! No!"

Like a cube of ice dropped into scalding water, my life was losing its shape, dissolving before my eyes. Fear....

I will never forget the metallic chill of chains and leg irons clanking shut around my limbs. In an ugly holding cell I was stripped, sprayed with delousing chemicals and handed a pair of prison pants. More fear.

Once I had been a topnotch executive dressed in \$500 suits, tailored shirts and fine shoes, in control of other lives. Now others had control of me and everything I owned was wadded into a brown paper bag.

By this time Debbie was Spirit-filled and praying for me night and day, supporting me with her whole heart. Even though I had feared that our marriage would collapse because of my imprisonment, she was standing faithfully beside me. She was encouraging me to go to chapel to read the Bible, to pray.

Many years had passed since the foundations for my life had been laid by my Christian parents. Yet I knew, deep in my spirit, that if I had walked with God my life never would have become such a nightmare.

On the way to Federal Prison Camp at Eglin Air Force Base I spent several weeks in solitary confinement at Tallahassee Federal Prison. Enroute I also shared a cell with a half-crazed prisoner three times my size. I thought, *My life's going to end right here on the floor of this cell.* I didn't even know how to pray.

Nevertheless, one evening in August of 1982, lying on my cot at Eglin and staring at the ceiling, I began to pray silently: *God, maybe You could help me get a different job. If I got assigned*



(Above) Debbie and Robert Maguire
(Facing page) Eglin Prison Chapel

someplace where I didn't have to work on Sunday morning, I could go to church. I had just been given a dishwashing job in the mess facility and knew that there was no real chance of a work change for six months.

And another thing, God. You know how weak I am. Maybe You could find some strong people who can support me while I try to find out about You.

Does God answer prayer? Within days a prison official called me into his office, "Robert, would you be willing to change jobs and do some engineering work for the government?"

"Well, it's got to beat washing pots and pans!" I grinned. And so I began to do design work for the Bureau of Prisons. Suddenly I had my own little office with a drawing board. And, most amazing of all, every inmate employed in that area was a born-again Christian.

As we worked together I noticed a difference in their lives from the lives of others. I listened intently to what they had to say. Not long after that, in August of 1982, Pat Garrison of Freedom Prison Ministries in Mississippi arrived at our chapel. After she finished speaking, I fell on my face before Jesus, handing over to Him what was left of my life.

Not many days later, a team of Christians came from a nearby church and told us about the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Along with several others, I gratefully and joyfully received that glorious blessing. From that day on, nothing in my life was ever the same again.

After that, I began to study the Bible to seek God's will. The six men in our little office prayed together every day on our knees. The group grew to as many as seventy or eighty. I started using my skills to make a *Bible Reference Guide* of charts and graphs so we could understand the Bible better. Through prayer I was healed of all traces of the leg injury. And Debbie and I began to pray for my release from prison.



So far, all appeals had been turned down. The parole board had rejected me. Nevertheless, Debbie prayed, "Please get Robert home in time for Christmas." Because my construction projects had saved the government a great deal of money, my release date was moved up. By some further miracles, just months later I celebrated Christmas with my family—a free man.

God had clearly done the impossible. But what about my future? Who would hire me? Mine had been the largest white-collar crime ever prosecuted in the state of South Carolina, and it had received a tremendous amount of media attention. In the eyes of most people, I was a gangster.

My pastor and I went to prayer about this dilemma. Afterward he told me, "Robert, God's got the best job you've ever had ahead for you. He gave you talent. He's filled you with His love. He's got a place for you out there. Just be patient and wait on Hirn."

The following Monday—January 16 at five o'clock in the afternoon—my phone

CONTINUED, PAGE 32

I want to tell you about a stiff-necked Jew: me.

My family were devout orthodox Jews. We went to synagogue faithfully and followed all the rules. Growing up on the East Coast, I was picked on a lot because of my heritage. Not long after my bar-mitzvah when I was thirteen, my parents accepted Jesus as their Messiah and began attending a Lutheran church. But I couldn't accept their new beliefs.

My father suffered from cancer for nine years; the last two weeks of his life he was totally paralyzed except that he could talk and blink his eyes. If anything witnessed to me, it was his peace of mind. As Mom and I stood by his bed, he looked at her and said, "Hon, I have to go now, but I'll see you later." Then he calmly closed his eyes and died.

That impressed me. How could anyone have that much peace when he knew he was facing death?

I advanced very rapidly in my business career, working my way up in a Maryland shoe company for six years. I became manager of the West Virginia plant in 1973, responsible for 400 employees. But I got bored and moved, late that year, to Los Angeles to become a buyer of men's furnishings and accessories for the May Company.

I rented a classy apartment in the Wilshire District and attended a lot of parties. I was single, had lots of money and no worries. Everything was going my way. But I was lonely. I was sure, though, that the kind of peace my father had had could not be found in religion.

In addition to my regular job, I became an escort—sort of a glorified taxidriver—

for very rich Beverly Hills women, making \$1,000 an hour plus expenses. I averaged about \$7,000 a week at this, and got to attend parties given by rich and famous people. I got to know some of them very well, and some became close friends.

This was my lifestyle from the fall of 1973 to the spring of 1976. I bought a house in Beverly Hills for \$380,000 (incidentally, now valued at \$1.4 million), kept the Wilshire apartment, hired a maid, threw lots of parties, and thought I was doing very well. Still, something was missing.

After two years this overextended lifestyle began to get to me. I was tired of being used, tired of the phone ringing constantly. I realized that many of my friends were not true friends at all. I sank into depression and started avoiding everyone. In my desperate need to get away, I became store manager for Pic N' Save in Ventura and bought a condominium on the beach there.

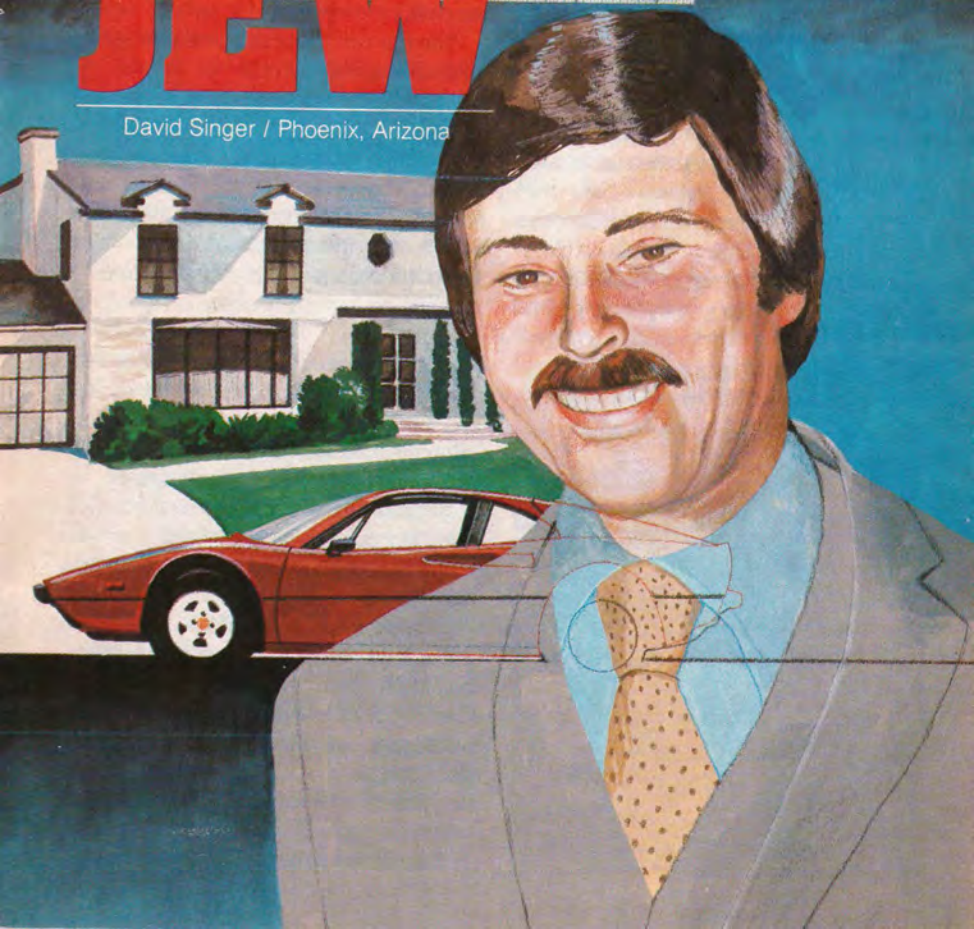
In spite of distancing myself somewhat from my former life, I continued an almost compulsive flirtation with it. I still accepted some bookings as a Beverly Hills escort, taking in an extra \$3,000 or \$4,000 a week.

I became more miserable. On the one hand, I didn't want to go to parties or to be with anyone; on the other hand, I felt a desperate pull toward someone—anyone—with whom I could talk.

One night—May 10, 1976—this tension became unbearable. Searching for my little black book, I thought, *If a husband answers I'll just hang up.* Scotch and soda in hand, I nearly tore

A STIFF- NECKED JEW

David Singer / Phoenix, Arizona



the condo apart, but I couldn't find that book anywhere, nor could I locate the collection of bar napkins on which I had written phone numbers.

Suddenly a number popped into my head. Thinking it must be that of someone I knew, I dialed.

An unfamiliar voice answered. "Pastor Fox."

"Who...?"

"Pastor Fox."

I couldn't believe it. "Who?"

"Look, this is Pastor Fox. It's two o'clock in the morning. If you're not going to tell me who you are and what you want, I'm going to hang up."

Suddenly I threw the phone up into the air and screamed, "Jesus, help me! Help me!" The moment I did this I was thrown from one side of the room to the other a couple of times. I landed in the middle of my waterbed, by which I had

been standing. At the same time, total peace flowed through my body.

The man on the phone was screaming, "Are you all right? What's going on? What happened?"

I tried to answer him, but all that came out was some kind of gibberish. I didn't know what it was, but speaking it made me feel good.

Suddenly another Voice spoke: "David, I am calling you to be a prophet unto Me." I looked around the room, but saw no one.

The man on the phone was still yelling, "Are you all right?"

I picked up the phone. "Hello," I said, inanely.

"This is Pastor Fox. *Are you all right?*"

I reached for pencil and paper. "What's your phone number? I'll call you tomorrow." It was a putoff. Then I hung up, put the paper on my dresser and fell asleep.

Coming out of the shower the next morning, I thought, *Man, that was the wildest dream last night!* I walked past the dresser—and there was that piece of paper. I dialed the number.

"Pastor Fox."

"Did I talk to you last night?"

"You sure did. And I want to see you right away."

"I have to open the store. How about this afternoon?" I made an appointment, but it was another putoff on my part. I knew I couldn't keep it. A store manager never gets out of work on time, and I had been having trouble with some of the employees, so I knew I'd be late getting home.

Something strange happened, though.

David Singer at Ventura condo shortly before his salvation in May 1976



Everything went fine that day and I got out of work in time to keep the appointment.

Pastor Fox explained to me that I had been saved by the grace of God, baptized in the Holy Spirit and delivered. Then he told me to go get a Living Bible and read it.

I read that Bible all night long. I went to work the next day, closed my office door and read all day. Then I went home and read all night. I did that for three days straight. I also sang in this strange language. (It was a month before I learned that it was tongues.)

I began to attend College Heights Baptist Church, sang in the choir, even helped counsel with people. The whole time, I felt the Lord calling me into a full-time ministry. But I didn't want to go that route. Not me! I didn't have enough Bible study; I hadn't gone to seminary or Bible college; I didn't have the charisma or whatever it was a pastor or teacher needed.

The truth was that I just wanted to be left alone.

Rebellious as I was, the Lord continued to bless me. I prayed for a wife, if God wanted me to have one. In spite of my background the Lord gave me Susan, who had been saved in 1975 and who fit my specifications exactly. We were married in 1977.

The following month I was transferred to Phoenix, Arizona to open five new stores for my company in one year. All during this time the Lord continued to remind me about going into fulltime ministry. But I felt, *Here I am with no boss to bug me, #1 in the company, the highest-paid employee, and they can't do*



David with Terry Rockwell of Rockwell International, Pennsylvania, 1982

without me. This is too good to throw away!

A few years went by. One day our daughter Christy got the flu. We had become accustomed to receiving immediate answers to our prayers, but this time Christy wasn't healed. I blew up.

"No more, Lord," I ranted. "I'm not going to do anything more for You until You tell me what's going to happen so I can protect my family!"

"That's fine," the Lord spoke to my heart. "I'll wait." And from that time I seemed to be cut off from His voice. In quick succession some negative things began to happen in my marriage, with my car, and at my work. After I had started three stores, I lost my job and the only work I could find was as a guard in Florence Prison.

On September 11, 1978, my third week on that job, I was leading fifty

men in pushups and other exercises, followed by a mile run. It was 118-degree weather. During the run I developed chest pains, which spread to my neck and left arm.

I stood it as long as I could and finally went to a doctor, where I waited for an hour and forty-five minutes to be seen. By that time I was having trouble breathing.

The doctor diagnosed it as a pinched nerve in my neck, gave me a double shot of cortisone to relax the muscle and handed me a prescription for a muscle relaxant.

I went back to the prison, sat down at my desk and tried to do some paperwork. Suddenly everything around me started spinning. Somebody grabbed me and then drove me to the emergency room of

Florence Hospital. Two doctors examined me and I heard them say, "He's dying. We're losing him!"

The next day I was transferred to Chandler Community Hospital, where I lay unconscious for seven days. Still no one knew what was wrong with me. One doctor speculated that it could be a brain tumor or multiple sclerosis. Next I was transferred to Phoenix General Hospital.

The sixth doctor I had seen undertook some tests and within half an hour they found scar tissue indicating that I had had two acute myocardial infarctions and multiple strokes in two areas of my brain.

Paralyzed and unable to speak, I remained at Phoenix General for a few months, gradually regaining my speech

The Singer family (left to right): Sarah, David, Susan, Daniel, Dean and Christeen



and ability to walk. About a month after I got home, I began to feel dizzy again and ended up in the cardiac intensive care unit of the hospital for nine days, bored and angry.

The doctors gave me every kind of test they could think of. They didn't know that I was a stiff-necked Jew in rebellion against God, still refusing to go into the ministry to which He had called me.

At last they decided on a new type of operation December 14, 1978, to attempt removal of some of the scar tissue. Because of my age and the delicacy of the operation, I would not be anesthetized. I was taped to the table so I couldn't move, but I could see the TV monitor of my heart.

Chatting with the doctor, I learned that he was a born-again, Spirit-filled Christian. As we talked, others began to ask questions, and right there in the operating room I heard a man and a woman accept the Lord.

I watched on the monitor as a little tube was dropped inside my heart. I saw that my heart fluttered—then stopped. As I began to lose consciousness, I heard the doctor shout something, and the nurse gave me a shot of adrenalin.

Suddenly I was standing waist-deep in a cloud. I had no pain, no feeling at all, no sense of time. I could see for miles and miles in all directions at the same time. Way, way off was a little speck in front of a golden arc of light. I moved toward it and the speck turned out to be a man. I asked him what he was doing, and as I drew nearer I realized that I was face-to-face with Jesus.

There was a warm glow all over Him,

and I felt tingly when I looked into His eyes, which were like laser beams.

"I'm rebuilding you," He answered. The beams from His eyes hit me in the chest and a light, warm and kind of sticky, poured all over me like honey. Somehow I knew it was pure, 1-billion-percent total love, and it belonged all to me. I recognized the power and majesty He represents; I felt and understood it.

And suddenly I knew how my father had felt just before he died.

Jesus told me many things. Among them, He said that everyone who comes to the Father through Him is given a ministry, but most people let the pastor, the evangelist or someone else do it. He pointed out that God sometimes has to call a man several times, and not listening can result in pain. (Job 33:14-33.)

I awoke on the operating table. All the machines had been turned off finally because they thought I was dead.... That is, all the machines but one.

Because the surgery was so new, it was being filmed on 35mm from a little recessed booth off the operating room. In all the flurry the cameraman had gone off to get some coffee and left the camera running. As a result, I have a film which shows my heart beating, fluttering, stopping, and *remaining stopped for twenty-eight minutes and seven seconds* before it started beating again. The tape shows that during that time I was not hooked up to the heart or lung machines.

The doctor had already signed my death certificate. When he and several remaining nurses, chatting about four

CONTINUED, PAGE 35

His Final Flight

In November 1985 Clifford Ford took off on his final flight—non-stop to meet his Saviour and Lord and receive his final reward—home at last.

C.C. Ford attended the First Annual Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship at the Clark Hotel in Los Angeles and at that time was appointed an international director. This was the beginning of many fruitful years of service to the Fellowship.

As a successful building contractor in Denver, Colorado, Ford had his own plane and pilot which he immediately put into service for FGBMFI. He and Demos literally flew all over America starting new chapters and promoting FGBMFI wherever possible. He deserves a great vote of thanks for his unselfish service to the



Fellowship. Today's success is built on the foundation laid in those pioneering days. Founder/President Demos Shakarian said, "Cliff played a very important part in the early growth of this Fellowship; how we thank God for men of his caliber."

Having worked for a rubber company for twelve years, Ford wanted to have his own business but lacked the assurance of success. However, one evening while reading his Bible, he found in Psalm 1 the promise that God would bless and prosper those who walked in His will. With that promise he went into business with a "do or die" attitude. If he prospered, fine; if not he would die in the attempt. Thus, he learned that God keeps His word and testified all the rest of his life that the Lord abundantly fulfilled His promises.

A wonderful tribute to Clifford Ford was written to his wife Eunice by Dr. Harvey L. Watson, LL.D., a former colleague of Ford's, who is now president of Consulting Development Service, Inc. located in Charlotte, North Carolina. He wrote in part: "*Dear Eunice,*

I think perhaps the greatest quality that Clifford had was his desire to share the good news of the Gospel with as many people as possible, and he seemed to have such a love for the 'common man.' Perhaps the second greatest quality I remember about Clifford is being a family man. As you know, his love for you and the children was unsurpassed except for his love for God. Cliff was such a tremendously moral man..."

Clifford Ford is gone from this earth but not forgotten. FGBMFI and its many-faceted ministry bears testimony to his dedication. □

AVAILABLE NOW!
In VHS or Beta videotape...

The newest one-hour Full Gospel Business Men's
Fellowship International television special

TURNING POINT!

"TURNING POINT!" features dynamic testimonies of men who have been miraculously transformed...men who have turned to Jesus and found the way to turn their lives completely around.

You will hear the testimonies of former Harlem Globetrotter star Meadowlark Lemon, world-famous criminal attorney Sir Lionel Luckhoo, self-made millionaire Richard Galloway, ex-bank-rober Ernie Hollands, former Secretary of the Interior James Watt and evangelist James Robison.



Hosted by Pat Boone, the "TURNING POINT!" message is how God's love can reach anyone...it will touch and uplift you.

Each videotape is fully guaranteed. Available for only \$39.95 plus \$4 shipping. Just fill out the attached order blank and mail it with your check to FGBMFI, Audio/Visual Department, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

Please send me _____ copies of "TURNING POINT!" at \$39.95 plus \$4 shipping each. (California residents add 6% sales tax.) Format desired (check one):
 VHS (V8-064) BETA (V8-068)

Ship tape to:
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
3300-08-4000 (NT) 3300-08-4000 (T)

SAM MOORE
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

the *Bible Storybook*. This wonderful man ordered three Bibles and two *Bible Storybooks*. He called the sales manager, salesman, and secretary. They all wanted to buy Bibles, and I sold \$250



worth of them that day. Then the president gave me a radio for the car. He put his arm around me and said, "Son, we're glad to have you in America." I cried.

Q *At that point you decided to go into business?*

A No, I was still in my second year of pre-med. But I saw that med school would cost a lot of money. I couldn't go to a state university because I wasn't a U.S. citizen yet, and private schools are very expensive. So I changed my major in my third year to economics and accounting at the University of South Carolina. I went back to Columbia Bible College for a master's degree, then took

more graduate courses at the University of South Carolina.

I was recruited by IBM, GE, Westinghouse and two banks. I took a job in 1957 with Chase Manhattan Bank in New York. After some time there, I took a leave of absence and went to Nashville, where my brother was a college junior at Vanderbilt. My brother and I set up an office and recruited twenty-three students from three or four nearby colleges to sell books, door-to-door. The enterprise was profitable. I made more than three times what I would have made at the Chase Bank, so I never went back.

I liked the free enterprise, but I felt the Bible business lacked glamour. The second year I stayed with it only because some of the students begged me to so that they could make money for school. I said, "Okay. If you recruit five more people, I'll give you 5 percent." And I showed them how to recruit.

I decided to go East to expand, so I went to the University of Tennessee in Knoxville and East Tennessee State University and recruited some salesmen for the summer. While there I spoke at a Presbyterian church and met their organist, and I married her a year later. I thought, *I'm in the Bible business and I'm married. I had better organize this thing and make something out of it.* I wanted to publish a Bible that was unique, and I wanted it done by people who loved God and believed the Bible.

I incorporated Royal Publishing in 1961 and sold stock in 1962 to about 250 people. Some of them prayed for me every day, including Bill Graham's mother. I sold the stock not for profit, but because I needed capital. Some invested in me,

not for profit, but because they believed in what I was doing. It was more of a cause than a profit venture. This is how I started, and I wanted those people to have a good return on their investment.

We published our first Bible in 1963. Every year from 1964 through 1968 I had a 100-percent increase. Then I moved back to Nashville. We had initially sold books on credit, but in ten years' time the credit business became very risky. One out of three who bought a Bible on credit was not paying. We had 34 percent reserved for bad debts, and even that wasn't enough. I didn't know what to do.

In 1968 I received a call from the president of Thomas Nelson which was owned by Lord Thompson in England. He asked if I'd like to run the Thomas Nelson Company. I went to look at it. I learned they had done more than a \$10 million business five years earlier. Now it was down to \$1,400,000. My own sales were about \$2.5 million that year. They were selling to bookstores; I was selling direct—mailorder and door-to-door. Gordon Brnton and Lord Thompson offered me more money than I was making. I asked them if they would like to sell the company. Mr. Brnton said, "Lord Thompson doesn't sell. He buys."

I said, "Sir, God made it that we all have to sell." As a result we bought the company for \$2,640,000. Everyone thought I had bought a white elephant.

Q *Why did you feel that Thomas Nelson Co. was a good fit with what you were doing?*

A Here was a company that had been in business since 1798 and was well-established. It originated the New English

Bible, the American Standard Version, and the Revised Standard Version. It was a company with an exclusive product—everyone wanted a Revised Standard Version, and we couldn't make enough of them to fill the orders.

Q *Why the decline? Were they*



undercapitalized or poorly managed?

A Poorly managed; they didn't understand the Bible-distribution business. This company had three versions that I had no right to publish. I felt I could take what I had, plus what they had, and create a better line to the trade.

Q *When you completed the acquisition did you still maintain your old distribution system?*

A Yes for a year, then we changed it. We got out of the house-to-house distribution and credit business. We established the Varsity Company to sell books

CONTINUED, PAGE 28

20% DISCOUNT ON BIBLES

PLUS FREE CASSETTE TAPES WITH YOUR PURCHASE!



THE NEW KING JAMES VERSION BIBLE

- Durable leather-look hardcover
- Fine quality
- Subject headings
- Explanatory footnotes
- Red-letter edition
- Easy-to-read typeface
- King James history

\$11.95 VALUE, NOW ONLY \$9.56

SAVE 20%! And receive two free cassette tapes with this Bible, an additional \$8.50 value.

- “The Happiest People on Earth” (C4220)
- “Baptism in the Holy Spirit” (C6082)

THE BIBLE (New King James Version)

This softcover edition was developed as a response to America's top 40 questions. An index

guides the reader to special notes and highlighted scriptures that provide answers. A supplement at the back provides additional biblical insight into other contemporary concerns: how can I overcome stress?; what about homosexuality?; how can I get off drugs?; what about abortion?; what does the Bible say about sex?; why is there suffering in the world?

- Explanatory footnotes
- “Answers” sections
- Topical headings
- Every verse of original translation retained
- Easy-to-read typeface
- Using *The Bible*
- Special information

\$5.95 VALUE—NOW ONLY \$4.76

SAVE 20% Receive one free cassette tape with *The Bible*, an additional \$4 value!

- “The Happiest People on Earth” (C4220)

STRONG'S EXHAUSTIVE CONCORDANCE OF THE BIBLE

DICTIONARY OF THE HEBREW BIBLE
DICTIONARY OF THE GREEK TESTAMENT



STRONG'S EXHAUSTIVE CONCORDANCE

A valuable Bible reference tool listing every word of the King James Version except prepositions and articles.

- Accurate, dependable
- Easy-to-read typeface
- Key verse comparison
- Affordable
- Convenient size
- Unabridged
- Hebrew and Greek dictionaries
- Best-seller for three generations

\$19.95 VALUE—NOW ONLY \$15.96

SAVE 20% And receive two free cassette tapes with this order!

- "The Happiest People on Earth" (C4220)
- "Baptism in the Holy Spirit" (C6082)

.....
Please send me:

_____ New King James Bible, \$9.56 each, two free tapes (A3409)

_____ The Bible (New KJV), \$4.76 each, one free tape (A3412)

_____ Strong's Exhaustive Concordance, \$15.96 each, two free tapes (B2013)

Subtotal \$ _____

6½% tax (CA orders only) \$ _____

10% postage and handling \$ _____

TOTAL \$ _____

Check or money order enclosed

Charge to my Visa: Exp. date _____

Card No. _____

Charge to my MasterCard: Exp. date _____

Card No. _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

SAM MOORE
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

in the summer, door-to-door, using college students only. We still have that company and it's growing.

I bought Thomas Nelson Co. in 1969. It took me six months to learn the business. In 1970 I decided to consolidate both Bible publishing companies. I brought in a manager from World Publishing Company to run Thomas Nelson Co. and better establish it. In 1972 I consolidated everything. I kept the plant in Camden, New Jersey, brought in new equipment, tripled the plant capacity at Camden. We then created a division to help Christian ministries analyze their work and to create products for them, whether magazine, book or Bible.

Q *Did you have any major setbacks?*

A I also acquired Benson Printing Company, which published college annuals and had a first-class bindery in Nashville. I wanted to expand it to a larger plant, but I had to contend with four unions. They were asking for a large increase—13 percent. It was a tough time. I told them we were not making any money and we needed a new plant. The plant we had was three stories in the downtown area. We needed to move to a more automated plant, with more modern equipment. They would have to cooperate; we couldn't afford the increase. The unions wouldn't believe me.

They went on strike. The vice-president of marketing quit. A competitor had given him a five-year contract at double his salary. Later one of our largest customers cancelled a \$1,200,000 order. He

had been offered 15 percent less than our price. Next, two people in the plant got into a fight and one was shot. About an hour later, a press caught on fire.

I asked, "Lord, how much can a man take?" I was deeply depressed. I went to my car with tears rolling down my face. But that night I prayed, "Lord, I don't want the ball; it's in Your lap. Naked I came, naked I go. Though You slay me, yet will I serve You."

God gave me a fresh attitude and courage. I went back to the customer who cancelled and we got the order back. The man who was shot didn't die. The press wasn't damaged too badly, and only a few windows were broken from the strike. Within two or three weeks everything was humming again, business as usual.

I've had many setbacks. People think that the business world and the corporate life is easy. But pressure can be tough and it can come from every direction. Sometimes you can't make payroll, you have to have materials, you need a new building. You don't know where the money is coming from. At 2:00 A.M. you get the strikers calling, threatening you. But I've never turned my back on God because I know He loved me enough that He was willing to die for me.

Q *Were you able to settle the strike?*

A They decided they didn't want to settle, but 85 percent of the people came back without a contract. They believed in what we are trying to do. After that we didn't have any union.

Q *Sam, you had a God to go to and He actually spoke to you and revived*

you from almost complete defeat.

A Yes, this is the key. I feel sorry for the businessman who only uses his intelligence. No matter how smart you are, you don't know the future. That is in God's hands. The best economic expert in the world cannot predict what the infla-



tion rate or the interest rate will be in six months. We need the wisdom of God.

Q *Today Thomas Nelson is undergoing a brand-new revolution. You have made several acquisitions and are breaking out into some new areas....*

A Thomas Nelson used to derive 75 percent of its business from Bibles. We did over \$40 million annually. Then we decided to help the Christian bookstores; Bibles used to be 20 percent of their total volume but had slipped in three years' time to 18 or 19 percent. We found that greeting cards had gone from 5 to more than 10 percent. Music, books and films are also growing.

We decided to expand in those areas. Two years later our company was doing more than \$85 million. Bibles were less than 40 percent of our business in 1985. In 1986 we will do more than \$100 million. Still the Bible business has grown; it hasn't shrunk. We bought Morning Star, which gives us more than 3,000 greeting cards; the only bigger line is Hallmark.

We also bought Ideal Publishing Co. which publishes *Ideals* magazine, cookbooks and children's books, and secular and children's publisher Dodd Mead Publishing Co.

In Nelson we have more than 175 titles in the religious area alone, plus inspirational books by Robert Schuller, Zig Ziglar and Pat Robertson.

Q *Dodd Mead was an entrance into the commercial book market and distribution system, was it not?*

A Yes, Dodd Mead publishes basically only secular books. Of course, *My Utmost for His Highest* is a Dodd Mead book, and it's one of the best-selling in the country. But it also publishes Agatha Christie novels and many novels made into movies. Last year, of the fifteen bestsellers in *The New York Times* three were published by Nelson and Dodd Mead.

Q *What are your convictions in terms of operational guidelines?*

A We try to present books that will help Christians. We try to find inspiring books for children that are educational in value. We publish books on a lot of secular subjects, many intriguing novels, and Christian romance novels. We try not to be too

restrictive, but we will not publish any book that dishonors God or His Word.

Q *With your recent acquisitions—Dodd Mead, Morning Star, and Ideal—your market is no longer exclusively Christian; you have a broad line of products. Specifically, how are you addressing these new markets?*

A We are one of the leading publishers of children's books and cookbooks, a leading publisher of greeting cards. We have magazines. We sell to K-Mart, Penney's, Sears, Walden, Dalton. We're grateful that all those are secular channels.

But we have Christian views and abide by Christian principles. Today, one out of every three Bibles in America is made by Thomas Nelson—with more than 400 titles last year. That's more than any religious publisher, and probably in the top 2 percent of all publishers in America. Our company has averaged an increase in profit of 28 percent a year for the last fourteen years. We've averaged a sales growth of 22 percent a year since 1972.

That proves that God can take a small businessman like Sam Moore and make him a blessing. God's Spirit living in us can make the difference.

Q *You have a good current ratio and a lot of working capital. Are you looking for additional acquisition?*

A Not right now. However, if something good that fits comes along, I'm not saying we won't look at it. But right now we're trying to organize our company.

Q *Last year you suffered a loss for the first time in fourteen years. Has that situation turned around in 1986?*

I feel sorry for the businessman who only uses his intelligence. We need the wisdom of God.



A Last year the dollar went so strong that the pound became a dollar and six. As a result, we had a flood of products coming in from England (such as the Bible) at very low prices. We could not bring our own prices down immediately. We had to cut our prices to keep our share of the market.

We bought several new companies, reorganized them and moved three into different locations, with more than 500 people relocating. We did not capitalize all this expense; we paid it as we went along. Naturally, all of this cost us profit for the first time in fourteen years.

Q *Does competition still pressure you*

to keep your prices down?

A Today competition is very keen; any-time a businessman closes his eyes he slips quickly. Our profit is up and we are on the way to recovery.

Q *Are you considering moving any plants overseas?*

A No, but we are working an arrangement with a plant overseas where we may invest if conditions remain good. It would give us a base to manufacture for the Third World in their cheaper currency.

We are very much an international business today. We are the largest publishers of the Bible in Spanish. We do a lot of books in foreign countries, with customers in Australia, Canada, France, New Zealand, Japan, Korea, England, Germany, Russia and Africa.

Q *Sam, you've had a very successful career. A company you purchased for \$2 million now has a market value in excess of \$35 million, possibly more. You are the number one Bible publisher in America and expanding into many other areas. What have been the keys to your success?*

A "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it" (Psalms 127:1). The first key to my success is very simple—faith. Faith is the beginning of having something. My faith comes from the Lord. Next, I ask, "Is there a need?" I find a need, then we fill it. My next question is, "Will it help people?" We are in the business of helping people.

Fourth, I have the desire to accomplish what God has given me the faith for.

Fifth is discipline. People who don't discipline themselves will fail. Sixth is consistency. We must stay committed to a project day in and day out, whether we lose today or win tomorrow; in the long run we will win.

Seventh, one must have a heart for God, to say, "I love You, Lord, and I want to serve You." If we put Him first in our lives, He will bring us the desires of our hearts.

Q *One thing in your story is really striking. God led you into every area—to America, into business, into Bibles, and to Thomas Nelson. Is that true?*

A Yes, absolutely. A Christian must listen to God's voice. His guidance is far better than direction you can get from anybody else.

Q *This is like a Horatio Alger story. Many who read this article may be businessmen who don't understand how you can hear the voice of the Lord. How does God actually talk to you and lead you?*

A In several ways. First of all, we can receive direction from the Word of God. The Holy Spirit causes a verse to stand out, and that verse says something that gives you confidence that God is speaking to you. Second, you have peace about doing something when God is leading. Third, evidence falls into place that manifests God. If it is God's will that you be in a business, He supplies the resources, He opens the doors; otherwise He shuts the doors.

Those three things, I believe, show God's hand of leadership in our lives. □

GRAND JURY INVESTIGATION CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

rang. To my shock, the caller was the chairman of the board of my former company. He was a Christian. And he'd heard that I had become a Christian, too.

In my criminal activities, I had hurt this man and his corporations very deeply. Not only were millions of dollars lost in the process, but the publicity couldn't have been worse. Yet this man had called me to tell me that he loved me and had forgiven me.

His next words were the most astounding of all. "Robert, would you be interested in having your old job back?"

Tears stung my eyes. I was speechless.

Of course I gratefully took the job back, returning to work February 2. Such a turn of events was nothing short of another miracle, and no one realized it more than I. He would face much criticism for this courageous act.

But the federal government wasn't so favorably impressed. They had diligently, fervently prosecuted me. Why would my old company take me back?

They wanted to know.

In June, 1984 I found myself grimly entering the Federal Court House in Washington, D.C. I was about to be investigated again! Without the aid of an attorney, I was to be grilled by a twenty-three-member panel of grand jurors. Those who knew what to anticipate warned me, "You can expect the very worst."

First two United States prosecutors began to interrogate me. Then one of them said, "Now we'd like to hear your story in your own words."

I recalled that in the Book of Romans

the Apostle Paul had said that we should never be ashamed of the gospel of Christ. I began to witness boldly. After a few moments of sharing the Good News, I declared, "None of the things that happened to me were too big for God to handle."

All at once one of the ladies in the grand jury stood up and shouted, "Praise God!" Soon several others joined her. I couldn't believe my eyes and ears. Out of twenty-three grand jurors, nineteen were born-again believers.

Instead of the expected two days, the entire process took only an hour and a half. At that point the government officials simply dismissed the grand jury and sent us all home.

"Bring my soul out of prison," the psalmist David once wrote, "that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about, for thou shalt deal bountifully with me" (Psalms 142:7).

The soul's prison may be difficult personal circumstances. It may be loneliness or frustration or hurt. Or it may be a physical place, with guards and guns and bars. But God can do it!

He brought me out. He surrounded me with the righteous. He has dealt bountifully with a convicted criminal named Robert Maguire. □

Robert Maguire has spent twenty-one years in construction industry. Starting as a draftsman, he is now operations manager of construction and estimating for Harrison International Corp. He has served in a number of managerial capacities there since 1978. He and his wife Debbie attend Evangel Chapel in Greenville and he is a member of the Greenville Chapter, FGBMFI. His dramatized story was aired by CBN in May, 1985. Local and regional prison ministries in the southeast have placed 10,000 copies of his Bible Reference Guide in prisons and jails, including Death Row.

IT'S EXCITING!



The FGBMFI convention department reports that advance registration for the 33rd World Convention in Orlando, Florida is the highest it has ever been this far ahead of the actual convention.

COME and enjoy the fellowship of God's family from all over the world when you join the happiest people on earth from July 8 to 12, 1986 at the new Marriott's Orlando World Center.

COME believing that God will meet your need. Our founder/president Demos Shakarian and other outstanding leaders will be praying for the sick.

COME and have your cup filled to overflowing as world-renowned speakers share from the Word and a wealth of experience.

COME and let God provide vital spiritual enrichment for the children and youth. Spirit-anointed leaders will conduct

special programs designed just for them.

COME and bring the whole family for a vacation with purpose. The Orlando area has Disney World and a myriad of other vacation attractions.

COME and be prepared to enjoy yourself. Our World Convention brochure contains complete information on hotel reservations, meal tickets, air travel and other convention details.

For further information, please write to: FGBMFI, World Convention, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628 or phone (714) 754-1400.

But above all please COME!



CONVENTIONS

CALIFORNIA STATE CONVENTION**March 6-8, 1986**

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

COLUMBIA RIVER REGIONAL**March 6-8, 1986**

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

SOUTHERN INDIANA**COUPLES' ADVANCE****March 7-8, 1986**

Clifty Falls Inn, Madison
Write: Mr. Gerald Bennett
1424 Brookside
Evansville, IN 47714

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS REGIONAL**March 12-15, 1986**

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

WISCONSIN COUPLES' ADVANCE**March 13-15, 1986**

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

SOUTH GEORGIA RALLY**March 14-15, 1986**

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

WILLAMETTE VALLEY**MINI-CONVENTION****March 14-15-1986**

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

MID-AMERICA REGIONAL**March 20-22, 1986**

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

MONTANA STATE REGIONAL**March 20-22, 1986**

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

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

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

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

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

EAST TENNESSEE MEN'S**SPIRITUAL ADVANCE**

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

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

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

NASHVILLE AREA SPRING ADVANCE**March 21-23, 1986**

Henry Horton State Resort Park Inn
Chapel Hill, Tennessee
Write: Mr. Hoyt Elliott
Box 24096
Nashville, TN 37202

OHIO MEN'S ADVANCE**March 21-23, 1986**

Sawmill Creek, Huron
Write: Mr. Jerry Wagner
445 Lexington Rd.
Eaton, OH 45320

TEXAS STATE CONVENTION**March 28-29, 1986**

Adams Mark Hotel, Houston
Write: FGBMFI
13401 S.W. Freeway, Ste. 207
Sugar Land, TX 77478

17th INDIANA REGIONAL**April 2-5, 1986**

Downtown Hilton, Indianapolis
Write: FGBMFI
Box 19032
Indianapolis, IN 46219

PRAIRIE REGIONAL**April 3-5, 1986**

Saskatoon Centennial Aud.
Saskatchewan
Write: Mr. Martin Zip
Box 7047
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Canada S7K 4J1

WEST MICHIGAN REGIONAL**April 3-5, 1986**

Grand Rapids Hilton Inn Airport
Write: Mr. Dean Ziegler
3411 Ancliff
Rockford, MI 49341

SOUTH DAKOTA STATE REGIONAL**April 10-12, 1986**

Howard Johnson Motor Lodge
Sioux Falls
Write: Mr. Arno Ewert
Box 198
Sioux Falls, SD 57101

NORTHERN ONTARIO REGIONAL**April 24-26, 1986**

Holiday Inn, Sudbury
Write: Mr. Marcel Gratton
FGBMFI, Box 2174
Chelmsford, Ontario
Canada P0M 1L0

MICHIGAN MEN'S ADVANCE**Feb. 28-Mar. 1, 1986**

Clarion Hotel, Lansing
Write: Mr. Carl Milbrandt
4941 Moonglow
Troy, MI 48098

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

Marriott Resort and Conv. Ctr.
Orlando, Florida
Write: FGBMFI World Convention
Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

**Conventions published in this
issue were approved on or
before November 12, 1985.**

**A STIFF-NECKED JEW
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21**

feet away from me on their way out of the room, heard me make a noise, they jumped back into action. But my recovery was clearly the work of the Lord, and it caused quite a commotion in that hospital.

I was released just before Christmas. As I recuperated during the next six months, I faced my rebellion at last. One night I went to the church altar and surrendered completely: "All right, God. I will give You myself 100 percent now. I will go anywhere and do or say anything You want me to do." With great joy I began again to hear the Lord's voice, as I had before.

Since then I've collected a mail-order library of 5,000 tapes, have written a book, *Jesus, Help Me!* and have ministered at churches and FGBMFI meetings all over the United States and western Canada.

The Lord called me to be a "prophet unto Him" when I was saved, but I wanted to do it my way, not His. God did not give me those heart attacks or the

pain—I opened myself to Satan's attack by failing to keep following God, who had already called me out from Satan's dominion and wanted me to remain protected from the enemy forever.

If the Lord speaks to you, listen. According to His word, you have several opportunities to hear what our merciful God has done on your behalf, or wants to do. But unless you cooperate, you will not be able to receive it.

If He calls you to do something, do what He asks—the first time you hear Him.

Since 1981 David Singer has been owner of realty/investment and property maintenance and management companies. Prior to that, he was plant merchandise manager of Bata Shoe Company in Maryland and West Virginia, buyer of men's furnishings for May Company, Los Angeles, and district supervisor for Pic N' Save Corporation Stores. He served three years in the U.S. Army Signal Corps and has a business degree from University of Maryland. He and his wife Susan have four children: Dean, twelve; Christeen, eight; Sarah, seven; and Daniel, five. They are members of Koinonia Fellowship in Chandler. David is a member of Chandler Chapter, FGBMFI.

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

International Directors

The international directors listed on these pages give direction to the multifaceted ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in eighty-seven 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, which includes men from almost every church affiliation, and employers, employees and professionals who love the Lord and who are committed to bringing the full Gospel to a needy world.

Africa (East): Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Box 49578, Nairobi, Kenya. **(South):** Brian Leisegang, Box 4040, Durban 4000 / Bob Trench, 189 Stamford Hill Rd., Durban 4001. **(West):** Joseph Kwaw, Box 10849, Accra-North, Ghana. **Canada:** Paul Beesley, Box 6037, Sta. A, St. John, New Brunswick E2L 4R5 / Norman Brazeau, 55 Cure Trotter, Kirkland, Quebec H9J 1K3 / Jack DeLong, 73 Sunhill, Es. 52552, RR 224, Sherwood Park, Alberta T8A 4R7 / Jim Jarvis, Box 483, Westlock, Alberta T0G 2L0 / Dr. W. Rod Lindsay, 2224 Departure Bay Rd., Nanaimo, British Columbia V9S 3V8 / Owen McCormick, Box 2361, Saskatchewan S0E 1A0 / James McEwan, R.R. #1, Hampton, Ontario L0B 1J0 / Neil Simmonds, 23-2055 Ethel St., Kelowna, British Columbia V1Y 2Z6 / Ernie Voth, 190 Attwell Dr., Ste. 304, Ontario M9W 6H8 / Alan Wersch, 311-75 Swindon Wy., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3P 0X2. **Central and South America:** Eduardo Alvarez, Casilla 10202, Lima 100, Peru. **Brazil:** Custodio Rangel Pires, Praia de Icaraí 275, Apt. 401, Nitorói, Rio de Janeiro. **Guatemala:** Juan Jose Font, KM. 9.5 Carretera Al Atlantico, Guatemala City. **Guyana:** Sir Lionel Luckhoo, Box 163, 2 Belair Gardens, Georgetown. **Honduras:** Oscar Pinto Rosell, Box 1700, Tegucigalpa. **Denmark:** J. Gunnar Olson, Ekoxevagen 5, 702 30 Orebro. **Finland:** J. Gunnar Olson, Ekoxevagen 5, 702 30 Orebro. **France:** Bruno Berthon, 5 Villa des Peupliers, Neuilly 92200. **Germany:** Adolf Zinsser, 7067 Pluderhausen, Postfach 147, W. Germany. **Indonesia:** Dr. Lukas Halim, 14 Jalan Tegalan, Jakarta 13140. **Kenya:** Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Box 49578, Nairobi. **West Malaysia:** Dr. Peter K.T. Tong, 69 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur 01-17. **Norway:** Sophus Schanche, Box 10, 5040 Paradis. **Philippines:** Narciso Padilla, Box 109 Greenhills Commercial Ctr., Metro Manila 3113. **Singapore:** Khoo On Theam, 2 Finlayson Green #18-00, The Penthouse, Asia Ins. Bldg., Singapore 0140. **South Pacific Region:** **Australia:** Bernard Gray, Box 67, Stones Corner, Brisbane, Queensland / Ronald Oastler, Box 57, Breecroft 2119, New South Wales / Roger Pearce, "Charis," 12 Chichester Sq., Wantirna, Victoria 3152. **New Zealand:** Len Brijls, 106 Hepburn Rd., Glendene, Auckland 8 / Ian James, R.D. 5, Fielding, / Jack Jensen, Box 68548, Newton, Auckland. **Swe-**

den: J. Gunnar Olson, Ekoxevagen 5, 702 30 Orebro. **Switzerland:** Gunnar Muhlig, Bockhornstrasse 23, Zurich 8047. **United Kingdom:** England: Robert R. Spilman, "Els-terne," Toft Rd., Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 9EB / John L. Wright, Kirby House, Kirby Bedon, Norwich, Norfolk NR14 7DZ. **Scotland:** Jim Robinson Winter, High Tower Lochwinnoch Rd., Kilmacald, Renfrewshire. **West Indies: Dominica:** Charles A. Maynard, Box 147, Roseau. **Barbados:** Kytfin Simpson, Box 98, Bridgetown. **Netherlands Antilles:** Sir Charles Vlaun, Box 33, Philipsburg, San Maarten. **United States:** **Alabama:** William Abercrombie, 3160 Dolly Ridge Dr., Birmingham 35243 / Wilford A. Baugh, Jr., 105 Andrews Ave., Enterprise 36330. Don McGriff, Box 399, Montrose 36559. **Alaska:** Guy Whitney, Box 60489, Fairbanks 99706. **Arizona:** Norman LeBlanc, 7960 W. Heather-bank, Phoenix 85033 / William Pyatt, Box 37695, Phoenix 85069 / Bryan Smith, Box 1730, Sun City 85311. **Arkansas:** Joe Murphy, 155 Meaders Dr., Alma 72921 / Ray Parsons, 1811 South 47th, Fort Smith 72903. **California:** James R. Bowen, 5233 Cocotillo Ave., Ridgecrest 93555 / Enoch Christoffersen, Box 337, Turlock 95381 / Jim Coffaro, Box 4881, San Jose 95129 / Peter Congelliere, 18392 Old Lamp-lighter Ct., Villa Park 92667 / Chuck Damato, Box 58, Agoura 91301 / Frank Foglio, Box 22370, San Diego 92122 / Cliff Powell, 5250 Huntington Dr., Redding 96002 / Demos Shaka-riyan, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa 92626 / Steve Shaka-riyan, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa 92626 / Ronny Svenhvard, 335 Adeline St., Oakland 94607. **Colorado:** Elmer Lewis, Box 236, Strauburg 80136 / Adair Rippey, Box 722, Rifle 81650 / Gerald Walker, Box 355, Denver 80201. **Connecti-cute:** Gerald DeFiorio, 332 Westport Rd., Wilton 06897. **Florida:** John D. Baldwin, Jr., 1409 N.W. 60th St., Gainesville 32605 / Evans Crary, P.O. Drawer 24, Stuart 33495 / Charles Crafalulli, 250 Joshua Pl., Merritt Island 32953 / Albert D'Arpa, Box 82381, Tampa 33682 / Dr. Douglas Fow-ler, Jr., 320 Third St., Ste. B, Neptune Beach 32233-5184 / Dr. Stephen P. Glyand, Box 747, Atlantic Beach 32233 / Alexander Malachuk, 2982 Meadow Wood, Clearwater 33519 / Ralph Marinacci, 7033 S. Lagoon Dr., Panama City 32407 / Sam Rudd, Dublin-Downes, 5420 Pimlico Dr., Tallahassee 32303. **Georgia:** Smets Blitch, Jr., 111 Chelsea Circle, Statesboro 30458 / Kermit Bradford, 2512 Bryan Ct., East Point 30344 / Lynwood Maddox, Box 450007, Atlanta 30345 / Donald L. Norris, 460 Hays Mill Rd., Apt. P-1, Carrollton 30117 / James M. Rogers, 2376 Spring Creek Rd., Decatur 30033. **Hawaii:** John Witwer, 1164 Bishop St., Ste. 1007, Honolulu 96813. **Idaho:** James Howell, 1984 Panama St., Boise 83705. **Illinois:** Henry Carlson, Box 608036, Chicago 60626 / Howard Hite, R.R. #1, Box 6D, Dalton City 61925. **Indiana:** David Fahey, 148 York Dr., Carmel 46032 / Richard Harshman, 8327 Skyway Dr., Indianapolis 46219 / Joseph C. Turnbloom, Jr., 4566 Elm Dr., Newburgh 47630. **Iowa:** Harold B. Brown, Box 304, Lohrville 51453 / Duane McLean, 1668-13th St. N.W., Cedar Rapids 52405. **Kansas:** Stanley Hoerman, 1000 N. Manhat-tan, Manhattan 66502 / Richard P. Wain, 1506 Orchard Ln., Wellington 67152. **Kentucky:** Robert Shelley, 3000 Missis-sippi, Paducah 42001. **Louisiana:** Anthony J. Amoroso, 834 Marlbrook Dr., Baton Rouge 70815 / James Farmer, Sr., 124 Harding Dr., Houma 70364. **Maine:** Richard E. Crockett, Rte. #3, Box 4320, Gardiner 04345. **Maryland:** Charles P. Hoffman, 17 Severn River Rd., Severna Park 21146 / Ar-thur Williams, 2223 Michael Rd., Myersville 21773. **Massa-chusetts:** Alex Canavan, 34 Wynchrop Dr., Hingham 02043. **Michigan:** Carlton Milbrandt, 4941 Moonglow, Troy

48098 / John Packer, 25130 Southfield, Ste. 208, Southfield 48037 / Dean Ziegler, 3411 Ancillif, Rockford 49341.
Minnesota: Lee Nystrom, Box 20011, Bloomington 55420 / Donald Sjelvin, 3806 Allendale Ave., Duluth 55803. **Mississippi:** Dr. William Keller, Box 625, Laurel 39440. **Missouri:** James B. Callis, 219 S. Ohio Ave., Sedalia 65301 / Robert Engle, Box 54, Shelbyville 63469 / Walter Moore, 3833 Baemumner Dr., Arnold 63010 / Bill Phipps, 1201 W. Gregory, Kansas City 64114. **Montana:** Maxim Kirkorian, R.R. #1, Box 4545, Glasgow 59230 / Mel Tambre, Box 288 R.R., Savage 59262. **Nebraska:** Eugene Dankert, 5934 LaSalle, Lincoln 68516 / Richard V. Mendyk, 4123 Mason Ave., Grand Island 68801 / Adrian Sivinski, 4515 S. 134th St., Omaha 68137. **Nevada:** Richard Young, 1871 Deming Way, Sparks 89431. **New Hampshire:** Richard J. Morin, 264 Dover Point Rd., Dover 03820. **New Jersey:** Douglass List, 11 Andrew Jackson Ct., Cranbury 08512 / Earl Prickett, 735 N. Hurffville, Deptford 08096. **New Mexico:** Clem Dixon, 4807 Constitution N.E., Albuquerque 87110. **New York:** John Barone, 1114 Boyd St., Watertown 13601 / Curtis Dorell, 3 E. Grove St., Massapequa 11758 / Fred Lawrence, Box 206, Homer 13077 / James A. McDonald, 79 Norcrest Dr., Rochester 14617. **North Carolina:** Don Evans, P.O. Drawer 1117, Rocky Mount 27801 / Reidy Lawing, 6520 Grove Park Blvd., Charlotte 28215 / Ogburn Yates, Box 100, Asheboro 27203. **North Dakota:** Jeff Miller, R.R. 1, Box 138, Bantry 58713. **Ohio:** Cosmo de Bartolo, 8125 Glenwood Ave., Youngstown 44512 / William J. Cooke, 8950 Charington Ct., Pickerington 43147 / James McKeegan, 11731 Allen Twp. Rd. 100, Findlay 45840. **Oklahoma:** Joe B. Cannon, 102 N. Main, Blackwell 74631 / F. Don Hall, Box 702187, Tulsa 74170 / Bill R. Weaver, Box 54776, Oklahoma City 73154. **Oregon:** Thomas Gutzler, 11685 S.W. Denfield, Beaverton 97005 / Jerry Lausman, Box 1608, Medford 97501 / Edwin E. Sheets, Rte. 1-Box 12 Dickinson Dr., Hermiston 97838. **Pennsylvania:** Philip S. Cashman, 1247 Wittshire Rd., York 17403 / Angelo Ferri, 13th & Walnut St., Empire Bldg., Ste. 401, Philadelphia 19107 / Dr. Jack Herd, 2704 Market, Camp Hill 17011 / Foley Selvaggi, 1250 W. Wylie Ave., Washington 15301. **Rhode Island:** Carlin Nash, 15 Lakeside Dr., Narragansett 02882. **South Carolina:** Don D. Tingen, 1541 Jessamine Rd., Lexington 29072 / Phillip Walker, Box 905, Rock Hill 29731. **South Dakota:** Clifford L. Linn, 1855 Ballpark Rd., Sturgis 57785. **Tennessee:** Hoyt Elliott, 704 Clearview Dr., Nashville 37205 / David Spatafore, 901 Eastview Circle, N.W., Cleveland 37311. **Texas:** Col. C.M. (Andy) Anderson, 232 W. Beauregard #200, San Angelo 76903 / Tom Ashcraft, 11719 Bolero Court, Stafford 77477 / Floyd Hurst, Rte. 1-Box 307-14, Seguin 78155 / Ralph Littlejohn, 11 Hedwig, Houston 77024 / Bill McGill, 3619 Casaverde 11B, Dallas 75234 / Wayne T. Mitchell, 5602 Randon Rd., Houston 77091 / Virgil Mott, 131 Lombardy Dr., Sugar Land 77478 / Norman Norwood, 8 Charleston S., Sugar Land 77478 / Garland Solomon, 303 Sunset Dr., Hereford 79045 / Donald D. Spear, 16200 Dallas Pkwy., Ste. 130, Dallas 75248. **Utah:** Victor J. Martinez, 6833 Village Green Rd., Salt Lake City 84121. **Vermont:** David P. Wells, Box 275, Saxtons River 05154. **Virginia:** William Beamer, 124 Beechwood Hills, Newport News 23602 / Ed Goings, 9329 Battle St. Manassas 22110 / Robert Harvey, 3104 Biscayne Dr., Chesapeake 23321 / Freeman Meadows, 90 Ashby Ave., Elkton 22827 / Col. Speed Wilson, Drawer 1, Hot Springs 24445. **Washington:** Fred Doerflin, 17509-86th Ave., N.E., Bothell 98011 / Arthur Evanson, Box 244, Vancouver 98666 / Don Ostrom, 36256

S.E. Fish Hatchery Rd., Fall City 98024 / Leonard Sampson, E. 4004 Longfellow, #3, Spokane 99207 / Donald E. Skidmore, 3402 Roosevelt Ave., Yakima 98902. **West Virginia:** Clifford Haddad, 4825 MacCorkle Ave., South Charleston 25309 / William Warnock, Box 7547, Huntington 25777. **Wisconsin:** Marilyn R. Peters, 3741 S. 71st St., Milwaukee 53220 / Charles W. Witzel, 4042 Galaxy Dr., Rt. 2, Janesville 53545.

DIRECTORS AT LARGE: **Africa:** Bob Trench, 189 Stamford Hill Rd., Durban, South Africa 4001. **Denmark:** Johannes Muhligh, Smedegade 13, Denmark. **United States:** Richard Bonson, Box 1179, Eagle River, WI 54521 / Lee A. Buck, 126 Huckleberry Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840 / S. David Cox, 1125 N.W. 36th Ter., Gainesville, FL 32605 / Herbert E. Ellingwood, 6607 Briar Hill Ct., McLean, VA 22101 / Norman Frost, Box 130, Berry Creek, CA 95916 / George Gray, Rt. 1, Box 266AA, Marengo, IN 47140 / Col. Hank Lackey, 2905 Rhett, Beaver Creek, OH 45385 / Steven Lightle, 4850-156th Ave. N.E., #307, Redmond, WA 98052 / John Ninowski, 4222 Rosewood, Royal Oak, MI 48075 / Lt. Gen. Richard Shaefer, 103 Hanover Sq., Nashville, TN 37215 / Chuck Sulton, R.R. 1, Stewartsville, MO 64490. **Malaysia:** Dr. Joy A. Seevaratnam, 75 Tanjung Bunga Park, Penang.

ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR: Nick Cardone, 11500 Norcom Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19154.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: Dr. Richard Synowski, 3375 Eagle Crest Rd., N.W., Salem, OR 97304.

DIRECTORS EMERITUS: Louis Abate, 1520 Ardley Pl., Schenectady, NY 12308 / Henry Baxter, 125 E. Greenwood Ave., Lansdowne, PA 19050 / Al H. Duren, 248 Mike Dr., N.E., Orangeburg, SC 29115 / Robert Hensel, 208 East 27th, Kearney, NE 68847 / Dr. Lloyd Huneryser, Box 7, Collinsville, OK 74021 / Claud McCulley, 6510 Leschen, St. Louis, MO 63121 / William Miles, Box 55, Neon, KY 41840 / Francis Nelson, 469 Elm Ave., Rahway, NJ 07065 / Bill Norwood, 11601 Oak St., Kansas City, MO 64114 / Norman E. Roberts, 19 Riverside Blvd., Thornhill, Ontario, Canada L4J 1H4 / W.E. Shaw, 2805 Wade Hampton Blvd., Taylor, SC 29687 / Larry Snelgrove, 44 Long Bourne Dr. #404, Weston, Ontario, Canada M9R 2M6 / Dennis Wilson, 14616-55th St., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5A 2N4.

EXECUTIVE ADVISOR TO CONVENTIONS: Arthur H. Evanson, Box 244, Vancouver, WA 98666.

HEADQUARTERS' MAILING ADDRESSES

World Headquarters: Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.
Africa: East Africa: Box 49578, Nairobi, Kenya. **South Africa:** FGBMFI National Administrative Centre, Box 4040, Durban 4000. **West Africa:** The Nigerian Office, 24 Ikwerre Rd., Box 674, Port Harcourt, Nigeria. **Asia:** 2 Finlayson Green #18-00, The Penthouse, Asia Ins. Bldg., Singapore 0140, Republic of Singapore. **Canada:** 190 Aitwell Dr., Ste. 304, Rexdale, Ontario M9W 6H8. **Europe:** Ave. d'Italie #43, Box 25, Brussels, Belgium 1050. **Latin America/Caribbean:** 13401 S.W. Freeway, Ste. 207, Sugar Land, TX 77478. **South Pacific Region:** **Australia:** Box 67, Stones Corner, Brisbane 4120, Queensland. **New Zealand:** Box 33.424, Takapuna, Auckland 9.

6 STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

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 for your information. Write for date and location details of a chapter meeting in your area.

Australia: Beaconsfield Chapter, Neil Warnock 003-947-255; Pyramid Hill Chapter, Douglas Miles 05-455-7215. **Ghana:** Sunyani Chapter, Kwaku Owusu-Tabiri (no phone). **Philippines:** Sorsogon Chapter, Wilfredo Z. Duana 6-7-3-4; Zamboanga City Chapter, Ramon B. Tan 37-51. **South Africa:** Pretoria Chapter, John Colin Day 012-290-2500. **United States: California:** San Francisco Chapter, James Hollenbeck (415)545-3685. **Colorado:** Southglenn Chapter, L.E. Wood (303)773-6321. **Kansas:** Border Chapter, Virgil Peck (316)725-3424. **Louisiana:** Winnsboro Chapter, Randy McLemore (318)435-9081. **Zaire:** Kinshasa-Quest Chapter, Mukendi Mulumba 32455; Kinshasa-Sud Chapter, Kaxamba Mukumadi 23933; Kisangani Chapter, Botelua Bontumo (no phone); Mbuji-Mayi Chapter, Muteba Mutombo (no phone).



VOICE

Vol. 34 / No. 3 / March, 1986
P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628
(714) 754-1400

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Founder/President Demos Shakarian
Executive Vice-President Thomas Ashcraft
Vice-Presidents Douglas Fowler, Bernard Gray,
Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Walter C. Moore,
Norman Norwood, Don Ostrom, Oscar Pinto
Russell, Khoo Oon Theam, Ernie Voth, Ogburn
Yates, Adolf Zinsser
Secretary Lynwood Maddox
Treasurer William E. Warnock

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Chairman Ogburn Yates; Henry Carlson, Enoch
Christoffersen, Fred Doerflein, Reidy Lawing,
Walter C. Moore

CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER

Steve Shakarian


PUBLICATIONS

Editor Jerry Jensen, Ph.D., Litt.D.
Associate Editor Maurine Kish
Editorial Assistant Rose Hamill
Art Director Pete Berg
Foreign Editors Blair Scott, Belgium;
Albert D'Arpa, Florida; Len Brijs, New Zealand
Illustrator Cornell Morton
Cover Photo Dan Owen

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

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

CONTENTS



**Sam
Moore**
*Immigrant
Builds
Empire*

Educated by missionaries in Lebanon, Sam left his home and sought his future in America. He began selling Bibles door-to-door and now heads his own publishing empire.

2



**GRAND
JURY
INVESTIGATION**

From a lowly engineer's position, Bob worked his way up to division vice-president and found himself in the middle of bribery, kickbacks and fraud.

12

Sam Moore: Immigrant Builds Empire	2	Conventions	34
Oh, Santo, Not Again!	6	International Directors	36
Grand Jury Investigation	12	Six Steps to Salvation	38
A Stiff-Necked Jew	16	Chapter Outreach	38
His Final Flight	22		

From: **FGBMFI**
P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628

In Canada, return to:
628 Monmouth Rd., Windsor, Ont. N8Y 3L1