

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

02-84
VOICE

CONDEMNED and DELIVERED

the **FRED FERRARI** story





CONDEMNED and DELIVERED

Fred Ferrari, Anaheim, California

Fred, how does it feel to be free?" The judge smiled as the bailiff removed my handcuffs.

"Your Honor, I was free three years ago in the Arizona State Prison," I responded happily, rubbing my wrists. "All you're doing is turning my body loose."

The courtroom scene seven years earlier had been quite different. On that day I had stood condemned, sentenced to life in prison for murdering a man who was interfering with my racketeering

business. Today, I was a changed person—not only freed by the court but liberated by the transforming power of Jesus.

Life has been exciting and challenging during the two and a half years since the judge overturned my murder conviction. I've traveled all over the country and returned to prison many times, telling how Christ wonderfully changed my life.

Born and raised in New York City, I was determined not to live in poverty. My father died when I was ten or eleven

to beat him up. But when he started running off at the mouth again during our brawl, I killed him.

The police suspected me from the start because they knew I was having trouble with this guy. Nevertheless, without witnesses or fingerprints as evidence it took them a year to build a case against me. When I was finally brought to trial the jury found me guilty of murder, and the judge sentenced me to life in prison and ten to fifteen years running wild.

**“Fred, after you die
I’m going to keep
your body in that cell
for fifteen more years
until you’ve finished
your time!”**

More than once while I was in the Arizona prison the warden declared, “Fred, after you die I’m going to keep your body in that cell for fifteen more years until you’ve finished your time!” When I went to the Commute Board they told me, “Come back in the year 2021.”

Seven years later my conviction was overturned. The Federal Court ruled that I had been tried illegally, and ordered that I either be retried within ninety days

or turned loose. A hearing was scheduled and I pled guilty to second-degree murder. The judge gave me ten years’ probation, and I was freed January 16, 1981.

Though I had been living behind bars, I was already a free man. In my cell three years earlier, Jesus entered my life and released me from sin, fear and hatred.

My first year in prison my wife divorced me. Prison turned out to be the same lifestyle I’d known in the streets, except tougher. So much tougher, in fact, that at first I had been apprehensive. But I soon settled down to my old routine—and of course I was against the system as usual.

Then during an uprising in the prison during the first week of March, 1978 I had been forced back to my cell by six riot guards with shotguns. Standing there in my cell, frustrated and enraged, I asked God a very simple thing.

“God, are You for real? I’m tired of killing and trying to be killed.”

Suddenly I began to cry. I wept for three and a half hours. Something unexplainable happened to me during that time. All that anger and bitterness and hatred just fell off me like a shot and I felt washed clean.

My life started changing drastically. I started *liking* people—the black dudes, chicanos, Indians. I *knew* I’d changed when I even started liking the guards. Then I realized it was because I had

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Arizona Prison identification photo of Fernando Ferrari at right, in contrast with one at left taken six years earlier, is indication of positive change Jesus made in his life.

started liking myself.

The very first day I threw out all my *Penthouse* and *Playboy* magazines. Within thirty days I had stopped drinking homebrew, snorting cocaine and dropping pills of every kind. I had smoked about ten cigars a day for twenty-five years. God delivered me in an instant from that.

Within three months after I came to the Lord I received the baptism in the Holy Ghost while in my cell. I was reading in the book of Acts where it says, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you . . ." (Acts 1:8). I said, "Boy, would I like to have this power!" The first thing I knew, the Holy Spirit fell on me and I started speaking in tongues. It scared me at first because I didn't know what was happening. Then a guard saw a light coming from my cell, so he came and asked me to turn the light off—but the light wasn't

even switched on!

I was afraid to tell the guys I was speaking in tongues because they already thought I had flipped when I accepted Christ. The warden had almost fainted when I took a job in the kitchen, mopping floors and doing other chores. Instead of showing hatred and causing trouble, I was working 300 hours a month at three cents an hour. That's how much I changed.

Inmates who had known me for years didn't recognize me. They'd give me a strange look and say, "Man, this can't be Fred Ferrari!" I remember the warden's reaction when I went to see him.

"Are you 33087—Fred Ferrari?" He shook his head in amazement.

"Yeah, that's me."

So much hatred had been on my face that I had had a deep sunken place running down my cheek in a line. But because my countenance had changed so

years old, and my mother worked two jobs trying to put some food on our table. People in the church we attended wore ragged clothes, and I didn't want to live that way. I wanted money in my pocket, fine clothes and a nice place to live.

So I stopped going to church and went the way of the streets, selling booze, running notes, hustling street women and card games, and shining shoes for guys in organized crime. I left home at fifteen and had young kids working for me, selling newspapers. I learned all the tricks of making money the easy way.

By the time I was twenty-one I was married and owned a gas station with an operational bookie joint in the back. Some days I made as high as \$10,000. I was arrested thirty-three times during my career as a criminal, but always used money and clever lawyers to keep me out of jail.

About a year later, when the FBI began putting a lot of heat on organized crime in our area, I decided to move to California. Santa Monica, West Los Angeles and Culver City were part of the territory assigned to me for a booking operation by the "Family."

When you made the kind of money I did, you had to have something to "wash" it with. For that reason I always had legitimate business fronts, like gas stations and apartment buildings. Nevertheless, by the late 1960s the FBI again started putting a lot of heat on me. People who worked with me were being arrested left and right and I was having to bail them out.

I lived in constant fear—not of my own people because I never cheated them.

But I had to contend with the Feds, and there were always the small-time operators who wanted to move up the ladder and didn't mind taking shots at me. For protection I always carried three to five guns—one in a shoulder holster, a Dillinger in my boot, a pistol in my pocket, and a sawed-off shotgun beneath the front seat of my car.

Finally it got too hot for me in California and I moved to Tucson, Arizona. There, mainly so I could drink without spending money in other bars, I bought a big nightclub with a cocktail lounge. I drank about two quarts of Scotch a day and did a lot of cocaine.

I got a percentage of any dope, guns

This guy was a lot of trouble, and I killed him later in a brawl

or action that came through the north-west side. Tucson was a wild town. People used to come into my bar at night and check in their guns. That didn't scare me much; I was used to that kind of life. But one guy began causing me a lot of trouble, badmouthing me around the bar and in other places, saying he was going to kill me, and putting the heat on me from the police. I knew this guy was not only crazy but had committed some terrible crimes involving children.

I warned him a couple of times but he continued to interfere with my business. One night I decided to put a stop to it. I burst into his apartment, intending only



FGBMFI Field Representative Big Jim Tucker (left), an ex-convict, involved Fred in prison ministry upon his release.

much, he ordered all new IDs of me.

For the next three years I studied the Word and served the Lord in prison. I used seven different translations in order to understand the Bible, and in the process God was helping me to become a better reader. I had about a fifth-grade education, but I wound up getting my high-school GED. I helped form a Christian fellowship and was instrumental, with the help of a Christian guard, in bringing Christian satellite television, movies and outside groups into the prison for services.

An unusual thing happened to me one day when an outside preacher came to

conduct a service. I was sitting in the back. Suddenly he left the pulpit and headed for me. He laid his hand on me and said, "Isaiah 61:1 and 2, Fred."

In my cell after the service I read the passage. "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me . . . to preach good tidings . . . to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; . . ." I didn't think a lot about it until six months later when another preacher visited us. During one service I was in the middle aisle, raising my hands and praising the Lord, when suddenly this preacher stepped away from the pulpit and came straight toward me. He laid his hand on my head, said the same Bible verse, and then went on with his message.

Some time later, God began to make the verse clear. It hurt me to see guys who were solid Christians return to prison within six months after their release. Each one confessed that he just couldn't make it on the outside. Some had been rejected by their churches and when the pressures got to them they had returned to the ways of crime.

A plan began to form among us to help these "brokenhearted" men. Among the ideas that came to mind was a salvage business. The guys raised quite a bit of money for the outreach. We would take stuff like old cars, TVs, refrigerators, stoves, anything, and salvage it to help freed inmates stay out of prison. That's what Jesus had done for *us*: we were junk, and He remade us. We were going to hell, but Jesus had reclaimed us with His precious blood.

To be quite honest, I thought I would be serving the Lord in prison the rest of my life. I used to get in the shower and pray and praise God out loud in tongues, in wonderful fellowship with God where nobody could hear me. One day the Lord spoke to me in the shower, telling me that He was moving me, and to "prepare the men." I got out of the shower and packed all my boxes.

Some Christian brothers came over and asked me where I was going. I told them. Their reaction was, "Fred really went bananas, man! Now he's talking to God and God talks back to him."

I didn't know what God meant about preparing the men. But I began to realize I hadn't been training the guys under me. I was still dictating to them. When I stepped back and took a look I changed my tactics and attitude. Six months later, just as I felt the Lord had helped me finish training them, God did move me. I got security clearance and was moved to the trustee part of the prison.

Now I was able to go outside the prison and witness at church groups in town. People just couldn't believe that somebody like me was allowed to do that. Although I didn't realize it, God was preparing me for the outside world.

During that time I witnessed to two of the five wardens and they both got saved. After people got wind of this, my lawyer came up to see me, saying something about a writ of *habeas corpus* that he was taking before the court. I told him I thought I was through with all of that, but he said it wouldn't hurt. . . . And that's when they overturned my murder conviction.

As the judge had my handcuffs removed on the day of my release, the last reminders of my imprisonment fell away. Now, a totally free man, I set my heart "to preach good tidings . . . to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to them that are bound." □



Fred Ferrari has been ministering full-time from the day of his release for the last two and a half years, at prisons, jails, juvenile halls and schools around the United States and in Canada and Mexico. His ministry, Jesus for Salvage, includes conducting "think-tank" sessions with prisoners to plan ways to help released men stay out of prison. God has given him a Christian wife, Teri, and they attend Eagle's Nest Christian Fellowship. He is vice-president of FGBMFI's original International Chapter in Fullerton, California, and directs its prison ministry, visiting Los Angeles County Jail every Wednesday and Orange County Jail once a month.



*Two men a continent apart, and the threatened strike
of a major airline, set the stage for a . . .*

Meeting in Miami

John Cordeiro, Pembroke Pines, Florida
Wayne T. Alderson, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

John's story:

I came awake suddenly in the dark, two words ringing in my mind, so clear, so forceful: Go pray!

I began to tremble. I knew it was the Lord telling me to pray at the negotiating session between Eastern Airlines and our union, the International Association of Machinists (IAM). The meeting was to be held at the Hotel Diplomat in Hollywood, Florida on March 8, 1983, just a few days away.

We had all been troubled about the way things were going at Eastern, where I've been employed as a mechanic for the last twenty-six years. Our union had been trying for eighteen months without success to negotiate a new contract. Things were at a crisis stage: the workers



no longer trusted management, morale was low and everyone was scared.

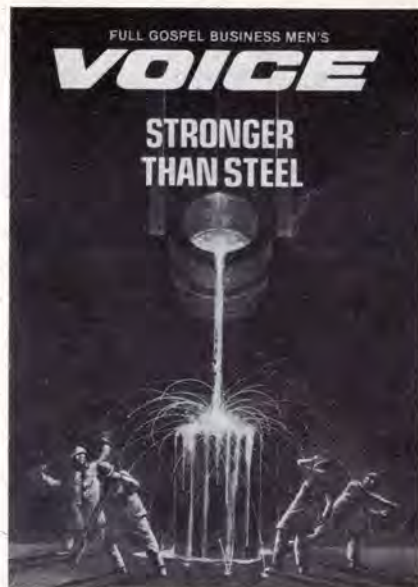
I had been trying to see Eastern's president, Colonel Frank Borman, for almost a month. I wanted to discuss an important article I'd read which I felt might affect the worsening situation.

But let me backtrack a bit. In February of 1983 I had been all stirred up by a *Voice* magazine cover story, "Stronger Than Steel." It was about a labor-management consultant, Wayne Alderson, whose life had been saved during World War II by a buddy who took the bullet that would have killed Alderson.

The story told how after the war Alderson, a coal miner's son, went on to become an executive in a steel foundry. After a series of strangely dovetailing events, including a raging fire at the foundry, Alderson was instrumental in bringing about peace and new productivity at the strife-torn steel mill. Later, he founded a national movement called Value of the Person, calling for love, respect and dignity to replace mistrust and confrontation in business and industry.

This is what we need at Eastern, I thought. I took a copy of the magazine to Col. Borman's office. A week later I received a reply in which he thanked me for my thoughtfulness and suggestions. He wrote that he'd been inspired by Alderson's story. Unfortunately, his tight schedule would prevent him from seeing me for at least two weeks.

By then it might be too late. The strike deadline was only a week away. I sent copies of the magazine to our union leaders; they too were under pressure and I



heard nothing back. I was wondering what to do next when that message came to me in the dead of night: *Go pray!*

I'm just a rank-and-file mechanic. Who would listen to me? What's more, I'm shy: how could I speak before an important super-negotiating session with top union leaders and federal mediators?

Then the words of Isaiah came to me: "And I heard the voice of the Lord saying, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?' Then said I, 'Here am I; send me'" (Isaiah 6:8). I knew then that I had to obey that inner voice even if people thought I was crazy.

With a little persistence and faith I *did* get to pray at that meeting. I ended with these words: "Father, all we ask is a fair

and just settlement for both sides. We ask this so that we . . . can all get our lives back together and make Eastern Airlines the greatest airline in the world."

Still both sides remained intractable. On Sunday, March 13, just minutes before the strike deadline, management threw a "package" on the bargaining table. In order to study it, the union postponed the strike, and a vote by the rank-and-file to accept or reject the company's offer was set for Friday, March 18.



Things didn't look good. Rumor had it that the proposed package would be unacceptable. Eastern was saying, "This is it. Take it or leave it."

But throughout Eastern's organization people were praying for a settlement. I thought of the hardship a prolonged strike would bring to thousands of their employees and to the public, and the potential disaster to the company. So I had my own talk with the Lord: "God, I prayed like You asked me to, and I guess it helped. It's all up to You now, Lord!"

On Monday I felt led to go to the office of Charlie Bryan, IAM's powerful district president. Bryan had been engaged in meetings nonstop so I didn't know if I'd get to see him. But that inner voice was goading me: *Go now!*

I almost collided with Bryan as he was hurrying from his office. (A coincidence? Not on your life.) I was surprised at my own boldness: "Mr. Bryan? I want your permission to say a prayer before the vote on Friday night . . ."

"Sure, no problem!" Bryan replied. Then he turned to some TV people. I stood there dumbfounded and happy.

Friday arrived. The vote was scheduled for 8:00 P.M. In an effort to stay in a prayerful attitude, I tuned to Channel 45, a Christian TV station in Miami.

There on the screen was Wayne Alderson, talking about Value of the Person.

I could hardly believe it. The program was live, which meant that Alderson was in Miami at that very moment. Calling the station, I asked if I could talk to him. They said they would give him the message.

I had a strong feeling that Alderson's presence in Miami on the very day of our strike was no accident. Here, only ten minutes away, was the man whose ideas of love and reconciliation I had been trying to sell to Eastern Airlines and the union. I was agitated, my mind racing; I was hardly able to comprehend the strange turn of events. Surely the Lord's hand was in it. I had to go to Alderson *now*.

With my wife's encouragement, and without bothering to shave, I jumped into my car and drove to the station. Fifteen

minutes later I stood nervously waiting in the reception area of Channel 45. After a few minutes Alderson came hurrying from the studio, talking to a woman TV executive.

"No, please tell him I'm sorry," he was saying. "I have to catch a plane . . ." She was giving him my message and he was saying no!

As he rushed past me I touched his sleeve. "Mr. Alderson, I'm John Cordeiro of Eastern Airlines. I've . . . I've got to talk to you." Then these words just popped out: "God sent me."

Alderson turned and looked at me.



Wayne's story:

My wife Nancy and I hadn't wanted to come to Miami. We were exhausted from an intensive one-day seminar we'd given in California after being on the road for more than a week. We just wanted to get home to Pittsburgh. Nancy almost persuaded me to skip the Miami TV show—we'd have to go a thousand miles out of our

way just for a single interview. It didn't make sense. But I felt I must honor the commitment I'd made.

Before going on the air I prayed, "Lord, I don't know why we're here, but please use this program for Your glory, whatever way You see fit."

I didn't count on John Cordeiro and his message from God.

As I hurried off the set after the show, this little, slightly wild-eyed guy was standing there almost blocking the way. His hair looked like he had combed it with an egg-beater; he was unshaven. When he announced, "God sent me," I stopped.

Poor guy has a bolt loose upstairs, I thought. I don't need this.

"Mr. Alderson, I've read about Value of the Person in *Voice* magazine. I've told Col. Borman about you." He was talking a mile a minute. "God wants you to come to our union meeting tonight—we're voting on our contract."

"Are you president of your local?" I asked, scrutinizing his unshaven chin.

"No."

"Well, then, are you a union official?"

"No, I'm just a union member, a mechanic."

Oh, perfect, I'm thinking. I know unions. No outsider is allowed into a union meeting, particularly a management type like me. I could get killed. And this guy is insisting I come.

Yet there was something about the man, in his face, his eyes. He had an absolutely childlike air about him. It was as if a little boy had come to ask a favor, in perfect trust that I would grant it. And in spite of his appearance there was a

manly dignity about him. Intuitively, I knew that *he* knew this didn't make sense—his standing there and begging me to come with him; but it was clear that he believed he had to ask because God had told him to. The words half-formed in my mind: "Unless you turn and receive the kingdom of God as a little child . . ." (Mark 10:15).

I had experienced this feeling before, in other crises—in steel mills of Pennsylvania, in coal fields of Kentucky and West Virginia; you *feel* the Spirit of God bringing a situation about. It doesn't make sense; it defies logic; yet you know it is from God.

"There is no way I'll get near your union hall," I protested. "And I guarantee you, there's *no* way I'll be permitted to speak."

"God will see that it's done," Cordeiro replied quietly. "Will you come?"

"My wife Nancy is waiting on me. We have a plane to catch." But there, shining out of his dark eyes, was utter faith.

"Yes," I heard myself saying, "I'll go with you."

As we drove to my hotel Cordeiro filled me in on the details of the situation. I had known nothing of the labor crisis at Eastern before coming to Miami. In fact, I had been surprised when the host of the TV show had mentioned Eastern Airlines in his on-air prayer. The conviction was growing in me that God's hand was in this.

Dropping me off, John promised to be back for me at six. I went up and broke the news to Nancy that we wouldn't be leaving just yet. As I filled her in, she

became visibly upset.

"Wayne, how do you know you can trust this man? Suppose it's a setup? Somebody tried to *kill* you last year. Please don't go!"

"Nancy, I *don't* know that I can trust him but I do trust God," I answered. "I've got to take the chance. Remember what I said at the seminar yesterday about God setting me free? Nancy, being set free means doing things for the Lord that I don't fully understand."

My poor Nancy. We had been through this so many times in the last ten years. The look on her face—the pain, the sadness and resignation! Nancy knows that she may be able to fight me but she can't fight God and win.

I hugged and kissed her. "Come back to me," she whispered. "I'll pray until you return." As I walked to the elevator I remembered all the other explosive situations, the close calls. Maybe Nancy had reason to be scared now.

I had assumed that John was going to drive me to a small union hall with maybe forty or fifty men there, drinking beer. On the way he said something about "nearly 5,000 people."

"You can't get 5,000 people in a union hall, John," I said.

"Oh, the meeting is in a municipal auditorium," he replied easily. All at once the situation was disturbingly clear: I was being drawn into a *major labor-management confrontation*.

We pulled into the mass confusion of a parking lot with thousands of cars and joined a throng of shirt-sleeved workers streaming toward the huge auditorium.



Eastern Unfair! read a sign. John pointed to another: *We Need Respect and Dignity!* Some signs carried obscenities aimed at management. These were angry people.

But suddenly they weren't strangers. They were my people, union people. They were one with the coal miners, the steel workers, the people I had always walked with. Now I found myself walking with them again, shoulder to shoulder, and I felt happy.

Not that I condoned the obscene signs, not that I believed everything against management I'd been hearing, but I understood these people. That's why I actually felt joy, walking into that auditorium.

With little John leading the way, we boldly breezed right past the uniformed guards at the doors. Once inside, we went directly to the platform, where John introduced me to Marty Urrea, president of IAM

Local 702, and IAM district president Charlie Bryan.

Here in the pressure cooker of a strike situation was Bryan, with almost 5,000 angry union members to handle. And along comes this mechanic, as big as you please, saying, "Charlie, this is Wayne Alderson, the man I've been telling you about. I want him to speak." The next step would be both of us getting tossed out on our ears.

Bryan looked at me and smiled. Extending his hand, he said, "Sure. We need all the help we can get." John looked at me and winked.

The meeting was called to order and John read his prayer. He said, "Father, we ask that You give Charlie and our negotiating committee patience, peace of mind and rest, to carry them through. We also pray for Mr. Borman and all those in authority. We ask that we will receive a fair settlement. May Your will be done."

Then it was my turn. Since I hadn't believed we'd even get into the hall, I didn't have the foggiest notion what I would say. But as I mounted the steps I looked up and saw, over the platform, a huge banner with the date emblazoned on it: *March 18, 1983*. In an instant my thoughts flashed back to another March 18, when I was in a shooting war and got part of my forehead blown away. Now I was in a labor-management war with ballots instead of bullets. The span of a lifetime separated those two confrontations. . . .

The Holy Spirit's peace came over me. I walked to the podium and looked out over that mass of people, all waiting for me to speak.



John:

Wayne began to talk to us in a quiet voice: "Thirty-eight years ago today—March 18, 1945—I was on the Siegfried Line in Germany, in another war. That day a friend died for me. And because Charles (Red) Preston sacrificed his life for mine, I am able to stand here thirty-eight years later and tell you that confrontation is *not* the answer.

"War—economic war—is not the answer. The problems of Eastern Airlines, and of all U.S. industry and business, are *not* the economic issues of the pocketbook. The problems are the non-economic issues of the heart.

"The problem is that you feel you are not valued.

"The problem is that you need love,

respect and dignity."

He was interrupted by thundrous applause. People's faces had become bright with something like hope. What Alderson was saying made sense. Money was only a symptom of our problem. If management really respected the workers they would give them a fair share of the profits, and if the workers, through the union, respected the company, they wouldn't make exorbitant demands.

Turning to Marty Urrea and Charlie Bryan, Alderson said, "I call on your union leadership not to look back fifty years to the old way of confrontation but to look ahead, to have vision. As God called the Israelites to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, so He is calling us today to rebuild the walls of America. That is the vision. We need love, respect and dignity in this society.

"We are called to love one another. *You* are to love management; management is to love labor. Conflict is not the answer. Oh, you can strike and you can picket and you can shout and blame management for everything, but it is the issues of the heart we must address."

Gesturing for silence, Alderson concluded by saying, "There are only two alternatives: man's way of confrontation or God's way of reconciliation."

He turned to leave and there was an eruption of people, on their feet, cheering. Nearly 5,000 hard, tough IAM machinists who an hour earlier had been brandishing picket signs spewing hate and anger were now of one accord, applauding a concept of brotherhood and a challenge to rebuild America.

Monday saw both sides back at the

bargaining table. In early April an agreement was reached and a new contract was signed. The strike we had all feared was averted.

God has a lot more to do in all of us. But that experience taught me that a man doesn't have to be a VIP to make a difference. I don't care how insignificant a person you may be, you can make a difference if you will be sensitive to God's voice and obedient to His leading. I'm just an ordinary guy, but God used me.

Wayne:

That night I returned to my hotel, seeing clearly why we had come to Miami. I thought of my initial irritation over it and with shame I recalled the words of Jesus: "O ye of little faith" (Matthew 8:26).

How many times I've had to learn the lesson over and over: I was not called to this work to understand; I was called to trust. When I trust, invariably I come to understand. But the trusting comes first. Come to think of it, that's not only true for Wayne Alderson, but for everyone.

That night, Nancy and I both had tears in our eyes as I opened the door and we embraced. Once again, almost in spite of ourselves, we had each yielded to the Lord's bidding. Again we were thankful.


Let me tell you, the next day as our plane touched down at Pittsburgh we weren't two over-tired, complaining people coming home, but two happy, fulfilled servants of the Lord. □

John Cordeiro has been a machinist with Eastern Airlines for twenty-six years, and is a member of International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, Local 702. He was born again three and one-half years ago, and he and his wife Mary Ellen attend Free Pentecostal Tabernacle in Hollywood, Florida. John is a member of FGBMFI's Hollywood Chapter and of International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, Local 702. The Cordeiros have four children: Michael, Debra, David and James.



Ten years ago, as a vice-president of Pittron Steel Foundry, Glassport, Pennsylvania, Wayne Alderson was dramatically involved in the resolution of a crippling labor dispute. Since that time he has acted as unaffiliated industrial mediator and peacemaker, and conducted Value of the Person seminars at offices and plants around the country. Just one year ago, Voice published Alderson's testimony. He and his wife Nancy have a daughter, Nancy Jean, and are members of the Presbyterian church.

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, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



Russell Lambert, M.D.
Fort Worth, Texas

Two neuroradiologists stood beside my intensive-care-unit bed. I had been undergoing a new procedure for AVM (artery and vein malformation)—a tangled mass of abnormal blood vessels on the surface of my brain that could rupture at any time and cause brain damage, stroke or death—when something went wrong.

In the midst of the procedure I had suddenly experienced a pain along the right side of my head. "Doctor . . .," I said.

He gave me a quick glance. "Yes? Something wrong?"

I nodded and told him about the pain. He took a brief look at the fluoroscope

THE TERRIBLE

and came back. "We've got a complication," he said. "You've developed a tear in the lining of your left internal carotid artery. We've got to stop the procedure immediately."

At that moment I suddenly lost the use of my right arm. Being a doctor myself, I realized that I was in imminent danger of having a stroke.

For more than four years I had known that I had a serious medical problem, but had been unable to heal myself. First I became aware of a noise in my head, not a ringing noise which many people have.

This went "kawoosh . . . kawoosh . . . kawoosh . . ." with every beat of my heart. It kept getting louder and louder until finally I was aware of it twenty-four hours a day. Month by month the noise increased, as did the pressure until, unable to lie down for more than ten minutes at a time, I had to sleep sitting up.

After about a year of increasing discomfort I decided I'd better find out what was wrong, and went to the University of Texas Medical School in Houston for examination. They took some arteriograms (a procedure in which dye is injected into the blood stream so that pictures may be taken of the circulatory system) and came up with the diagnosis: arterio venous malformation.

The malformation was on the surface of my brain, coming through the bone into the tissue behind my left ear. And it

NOISE!

was growing. They told me something I already knew: "Very few doctors know how to deal with this sort of problem."

In the United States, though, there were three world authorities on AVMs. I had asked the Lord to show me how to explain my condition to others, and shortly after that a *Reader's Digest* article appeared, describing my condition, the treatment and these three specialists. My X rays were sent to all three.

A brief quote from that article may be helpful. It spoke of the nonsurgical procedure that used glue to destroy AVMs

which had been successfully used on about 100 patients.

AVMs, the article stated, "are often inaccessible by conventional surgery. In a new technique pioneered by Dr. Paul Zannetti of Corpus Christi and developed by Dr. Charles W. Kerber of the University of California Medical Center in San Diego, a thin hollow tube is inserted into a blood vessel in the groin and threaded up into the brain. A special glue is then squirted into the AVM from an opening in a tiny balloon at the end of the tube. The glue, hardening instantly, blocks the blood supply to the AVM, diverting the blood to areas where it is needed and causing the abnormal blood vessels to wither."

I realized I needed medical treatment, but before I could do anything about it the Lord had to deal with a serious spiritual problem of mine: unforgiveness. For some reason I had developed a strong dislike for Kenneth Copeland. For years I had listened to his radio broadcasts, when suddenly I decided I didn't want to listen anymore. The matter grew more complicated when at the same time Copeland began sending patients to me.

I always saw to it that my car radio was set at a music station at the opposite end of Copeland's station. But one day I turned on the radio and here was Copeland, talking about the need for forgiveness—especially among Christians.

He ended with this: "Really, there are only two kinds of people you should be praying for: those you know are doing right, and those you know are doing wrong." I felt a tremendous sense of conviction, and decided I had to ask his forgiveness. I resolved to write him.

It was really weighing on my heart. And here's how God worked it out that very same day. The wife of a doctor friend of mine had been diagnosed as having a terminal brain tumor and my wife and I had prayed for her before she went to surgery. The day of the surgery I called my friend at the hospital and asked about his wife. "She had the surgery," he said, "but there was no tumor. She was healed!"

His next words surprised me even more. "By the way, Ken Copeland is here in my wife's room with me. Would you like to talk with him?"

I was trembling when I took the phone. But I told Copeland everything, then asked his forgiveness, which he gave. With that weight off my mind, I was ready now to go to California to see what could be done about my situation.

In LaJolla, after the neuroradiologist had examined me and left the room I was discussing Psalms 118:13-24 with my wife Ireta, my daughter Lizabeth and a Christian friend, Ernie Horn.

Lizabeth asked suddenly, "Dad, what are you going to do if the doctors don't find anything when they get inside your head?" I was deeply moved by her confidence. Later, alone in the hospital room, I told the Lord that I would join my faith with Lizabeth's. During the night it seemed that something was already taking place inside my head.

The next morning as the procedure got underway, I focused my attention and thoughts on Jesus' presence at my side.

The catheter was threaded into my femoral artery, up through the aorta and into my head. When the doctor looked at

the first series of pictures he said in amazement, "The branches of your internal carotid artery that have been feeding your malformation are nowhere to be found!"

I knew these were the most worrisome, because they could not have been helped with this new gluing procedure and would have required brain surgery.



"Where did they go?" I asked.

"I don't know," was his thoughtful reply.

"I do," I said. "The Lord removed them in answer to prayer."

And the doctor's response? "Keep on praying!"

It was just then that I experienced the sudden pain in my head which caused them to abort the procedure.

"I'm sorry, Dr. Lambert," the neuro-radiologist explained, "but we won't be able to go ahead with the gluing

procedure.”

At that very moment my right arm became completely paralyzed. Immediately the words of Psalms 118:16 came to me—“The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly”—and I asked the Lord for the use of *His* right arm at that moment:

I was instantly able to use my right arm again.

I was placed in intensive care, where two neurosurgeons were prepared for emergency surgery to attempt to save my right side from a stroke. But they were amazed to find no weakness in me.

One asked, “May we listen to the noise in your head?”

He put his stethoscope to my head *and heard nothing*. I reached for the stethoscope and listened for the noise I had lived with for more than four years. I couldn't hear it. It was gone.

Suddenly I realized, *I've been totally healed!* I began praising God, laughing and crying. The doctors told me to lie flat for the next twenty-four hours—something I had been unable to do for more than a year without unbearable pressure and noise.

The next day my doctor explained what had happened when they stopped the procedure. “The situation was so serious,” he said, “that you could have become completely paralyzed, including your speech and possibly intellect . . .”

I smiled and asked, “Where did the noise go?”

He shook his head. “I can't explain it. But you're completely symptom free. You can go home tomorrow.”

The words of Psalms 118:23 came to

my mind: “This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.”

Two weeks later the doctor called me. “I'm still completely well,” I told him, then asked, “What shall I tell people who ask what happened?”

“Tell them you were healed by the Master Physician—not by me.”

I answered, “Well, you're the world-famous physician, and if that answer's good enough for you it's good enough for me.”

I am still well, completely symptom free, and continually in awe of God's mercy and goodness to me. □



Dr. Lambert received his M.D. degree from Southwestern Medical School in Dallas in 1960, and is in family practice in Fort Worth. He is a member of the Texas Medical Association, American Medical Association, Association of Christian Therapists, and former president of Tarrant County Academy of Family Practice. He and his wife Ireta attend McKinney Memorial Bible Church and have three children: Lizabeth, 27 (seen above); Vance, 22; and Hayley, 20. Dr. Lambert is a member of the Fort Worth Chapter, FGBMFI.

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**“John, open the door.
Open the door!”**

John Ramsden, Niagara Falls, Ontario, Canada

John, open the door! Open the door!” My mother stood screaming as the flames moved quickly from her dressing gown to her hair.

It was five-thirty on a Sunday morning. An explosion in a kerosene heater with a wick and outside control had set fire to the carpet and draperies in the living room of our home. Apparently my mother had knocked the heater over accidentally, and the kerosene had soaked her nightclothes.

I was fifteen. I ran from my bedroom into the living room, shouting to my seven-year-old sister to climb out of the bedroom window. A wall of flame confronted me, a noise like thunder filled the room. The thick black smoke gathered against the ceiling and was rapidly building to a dense, acrid fog.



Through the fiery wall that divided us, I saw my mother standing perfectly still. I saw the skin slowly burn from her face, the skin on her arms dissolve in flame. I was helpless. I could do nothing to save her.

Over and over she shouted, “John, open the door. Open the door!”

I leaped through the flames, ran into the kitchen and opened the door leading outside. My mother ran past me and fell down the steps and into the garden. As I ran about helplessly, not knowing what to do, she rolled in the flowers, bushes and grass until the flames went out.

By this time the neighbors were rendering first aid. Within minutes an ambulance arrived and my mother and I were taken to the hospital. Twenty days later, she died.

I was an adopted child. When my adoptive father died I was eleven and this loss only increased the feeling of loss and rejection I had always had over never having known my real father. Now my adoptive mother, the only mother I had ever known, was gone. Within the previous four years I had seen her try to take her own life, first by an overdose and then by attempting to gas herself. Now her life had been taken for her.

I spent a few days recuperating, then found myself bearing a burden of "Am I perhaps responsible for my mother's death?" This question plagued me for the next twenty years. No one had ever told me that God was able to bear that burden for me. No one bothered to tell me of the love of Jesus.

I felt I didn't really belong in England. My sister had moved to Canada; I was totally alone and intensely lonely. I worked as a finance clerk in Normanton and by the age of seventeen I had worked and saved up enough money to get to New Zealand. There I worked in an accounting office for Europa Oil, but I soon found that even in this environment I didn't fit in.

Two years later I returned to my old job in England. A car accident left me paralyzed for ten weeks. After recovering, still in complete control (as far as I was concerned) but with less than \$100 left, I made another move, this time to Winnipeg, Canada.

Constantly I searched for the "something" missing from my life. Eight months later I moved to Bermuda, where I worked as night auditor for the St.

George Hotel. During this period of my life I became involved in witchcraft. Four of us would go to a churchyard and chant over the graves. We met in darkened rooms, tried to contact spirits of the dead and dabbled with the ouija board.

By 1968 I thought I had found the missing "something." I met Marilyn, the girl who was to become my wife. We were married a year later and immediately left for Europe on our two-month honeymoon. Then we flew to Toronto and with some difficulty settled down in a big city, for I was tantalized by a continual wanderlust.

God had no part in my life. In thirteen years Marilyn and I went to church only five times and then only for weddings and funerals. In March of 1982 problems began to surface in our marriage. Still fearful of losing affection, I was very possessive of my wife, and I suppose that was 95 percent of our problem. Finally she took our five-year-old daughter Sarah, left our son David and me and disappeared.

I couldn't understand. My reaction was one of total confusion, self-pity and anger. I searched for help from doctors and friends, but depression overtook any other sensible thought I might have had. I decided that I would *prove* to her that I really did love her; I would take my own life and show the extent of my pain.

One Sunday afternoon I took an overdose. But within an hour of my taking the pills, a friend arrived at my home and rescued me.

The emotional hurt was still very intense and I still wanted to end the pain.

Finally on a Friday afternoon in May I drove through the park on my way home, crying, as I always seemed to be doing these days. For the first time ever, I made an effort to seek God's help.

There in the car I called out, "God, help me!"

At first nothing seemed to happen. At the top of my voice I repeated it: "God, help me!"

Suddenly I sensed that I was entirely surrounded by His beautiful presence. I knew He had heard my call for help.

When I reached home minutes later, I called the pastor of a local church and explained to him what had just happened. He met with me to discuss the thirty-seven years during which I had been "in control" of my own life. He helped me to see that they had led to turmoil and were full of wrong direction.

Shortly afterward I was invited to attend a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting at the hotel where I work. At that meeting I surrendered myself to Jesus, and made a public confession of my need for Him.

About three months later while attending a class for new Christians, I realized for the first time that witchcraft was wrong. I renounced my involvement in the occult, gave everything to the Lord and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Later I had the opportunity to share my testimony at an FGBMFI meeting.

Even though I have no idea where my wife and daughter are, I am trusting God for the restoration of our marriage. Throughout the last year I have been able to offer comfort to others in similar circumstances and to share with them

the joy of knowing Jesus as personal Saviour. Another healing God has brought to my life took place three years ago, when for the first time I located my real father in England. We began communicating with each other and I have invited him to visit me.

David and I have discovered peace of mind, strength and encouragement from many new Christian friends. They are praying for my entire family.

I cling to Isaiah 49:15,16 each day with Jesus: "I will not forget you. Behold, I have inscribed you on the palm of My hand." With this assurance I continue to trust God and, as it says in II Corinthians 5:7, to "walk by faith, not by sight." □



For seven years John Ramsden has been employed by Sheraton Hotels Niagara, where he is director of catering. He is a member of Central Gospel Temple in St. Catharines and a member of FGBMFI's Niagara Falls Chapter. After preparing this testimony for Voice, Mr. Ramsden has seen the beginning of a miracle as he began to receive regular telephone calls from his wife.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR LEADERSHIP EFFECTIVENESS

EDITED BY DENNIS ROBERTS

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Senior metallurgist Bob Boler (standing, second from right) supervises major scientific experiment.

objective facts...



Robert Boler, Knutsford, Cheshire, England

Facts. That is what we need. Not more theories, ideas or superstitions. First observe the facts, then add other proven principles to them —and draw your conclusions.

My experience in the engineering industry since 1956 and my degree in metallurgy have served only to amplify my natural scientific way of thinking. In

my view, logic must apply to every area of life, including philosophy, religion and politics. One cannot overlook the evidence simply because it contrasts with present theories.

Flaws in our present political systems became very apparent to me, even at the age of seventeen. Many claimed that the evils of the world were caused by "the

system," but I asked myself, "If this is so, why are there so many evil men in every society—whether communist, socialist or capitalist—and, on the other hand, so many good men in all countries?"

As I studied the Bible to make sense of this question, I found it supported my observation. In fact, the more I studied the more obvious became the facts and the solution. The *logic* of the Cross and Jesus Christ was clear. Therefore at eighteen I set out to become one of His followers.

Although my conversion was largely intellectual, I did have one or two spiritual experiences. One in particular came when I felt deep inside that God was calling me to be a Methodist local preacher. (In English Methodism we have two orders of preacher, the "minister" who is full-time and ordained, and the "local preacher" who is a layman and has secular employment.) I studied for it by correspondence course during 1952-56 at the same time I did a full-time study for my degree in metallurgy at the University of Sheffield. I graduated with an honors degree in 1956, the same month I was accredited as a lay preacher.

Yet soon after my accreditation my intellectual approach of always examining hard facts began to produce doubts about my faith. So much of Christian experience is subjective, and therefore open to interpretation.

My spiritual "drying up" took from 1956 to about 1964. Still, even as my doubts grew and I thought of giving up preaching and leaving the church, Jesus spoke to me. Deep inside I heard (or

rather, felt) a voice saying, "Hang on! There is something more." This message was a mystery, but for eight long years it persisted. I did not give up preaching, but my sermons, having no power, dealt with ethical and slightly political subjects.

Then in 1972 at a church meeting called to discuss membership, the secretary announced that if the membership continued to decrease at the current rate, in twenty-six years no Methodist would remain in the Manchester area. A disturbing thought came to me: *I am one of those preachers who are driving the people away. I must do something about it.*

Coming across a book on the life of John Wesley, I was struck by his frequent references to the Holy Spirit. During this period, every time I opened the Bible it seemed as though the words "Holy Spirit" jumped out at me.

Of course I had studied the doctrine of the Holy Spirit and was convinced that I knew it thoroughly. Until, that is, I read a book by Dennis and Rita Bennett entitled *Nine O'Clock in the Morning*. I found the book not only disturbing but quite unacceptable. Then a young couple came to our Bible class in December of 1972 and talked about the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

It was not what they said but the glow on their faces that convinced me they had something real, something I knew nothing about. A month later my wife, who had been saved since she was ten, received the Baptism. Even so, it took two more months of thinking things

through before I was ready to ask them to pray with me. Finally at their home David and Janet prayed that Jesus would baptize me in His Holy Spirit.

Today, scientific evidence of spiritual life and of the presence of God appears everywhere

Nothing happened—at least not that day. Two weeks later, while praying one evening, my words took on a new form and I began speaking in tongues. To a scientist, facts are important, but so is personal experience. Now I had irrefutable, demonstrable evidence that was far more convincing than cold, objective facts. It was the start of a great deal of change in my life.

Soon the Holy Spirit began to show me visual images which, in themselves, were very subjective until events proved them to be true. One took place when a businessman came to one of our prayer meetings, asking us to pray for a certain business problem. During the prayer I saw a pile of papers, the last one bearing three names and addresses. When I described this to the group, the businessman was shocked. He dashed to his car and returned with the exact sheaf of papers I had described. He had received them only that morning. In this way Jesus was able to point the man to the right person and solve his problem.

Today, scientific evidence of spiritual life and of the presence of God appears everywhere. The blind see, the deaf hear, the lame walk—all hard facts. Theology was once called "Queen of the Sciences." Today this saying is reality for me as God is demonstrated by objective facts and not by ancient traditions or the meanderings of men's minds.

Since the Holy Spirit opened my spiritual eyes I have seen how, in reality, godless science is the study of only one small fraction of what *is*. But when the realities of heaven and the mighty power of the Holy Spirit become a part of everyday life, brilliant but godless scientists are puzzled while even little children nod with understanding. □



For the last seventeen years Robert Boler has been senior metallurgist at National Nuclear Corporaton Ltd. (United Kingdom). He and his wife Margaret have four sons: Stephen, 26; Graham, 23; Martin, 21; and Jan, 19. Mr. Boler is a member of Knutsford Methodist Church, Cheshire, and of FGBMFT's Cheshire Chapter, where he is subscription manager of United Kingdom Voice.



Everybody
wants a
Voice...

especially
young
people!

I WAS WONDERING IF YOU COULD GIVE
ME A SUBSCRIPTION TO ^{THE} VOICE MAGAZINE.
DAVID AND I REALLY ENJOYED READING
THEM. ITS ONE OF THE PW
MAGAZINES ^{THAT} DAVID LIKED TO READ FROM
FRONT TO BACK.
LOVE, Kathy & David

This letter International Director Cliff Powell from California received from his young friends in Virginia may remind you of friends, young and old, who would welcome a *Voice* subscription.

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A TRUE MILITARY VICTORY



Bill Pyatt, International Director, Phoenix, Arizona

The battle of the barracks was not gained by a brilliant strategy. The Holy Spirit won the victory.

Again we saw the biblical declaration reinforced: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. 4:6). The very presence of Full Gospel Business Men in the El Salvador military camp was a direct result of the miraculous power of God. Before I relate the thrilling incidents, let me provide you with some background.

Vice-President Norman Norwood requested that I go to Honduras to conduct a weekend leadership seminar. International Director Oscar Pinto Rossell met me in Tegucigalpa and we drove to a retreat center where 78 men from the Central American nations gathered for the seminar.

In El Salvador at a meeting attended by more than 350, the power of God fell and we ministered until 1:30 A.M. The last four persons in line were El Salvador's vice-president and the minister of defense and their wives. Standing in the presence of their armed guards, they surrendered to Jesus and were filled with the Holy Spirit.

Their new allegiance to the Son of God

caused the defense minister to open the military quarters to the Gospel. He got us into the barracks, but God won the battle.

As we began the meeting in the day room of the security forces, a few paid attention. Most were smoking, drinking and visiting with their families. I noticed the son of one of the soldiers had a built-up shoe. Through an interpreter I announced so that everyone in the room could hear, "God is going to heal this boy right now!" A group encircled us to observe and as we prayed his leg lengthened three inches. God got their attention.

Next a sergeant whose eardrum had been shattered by an explosion weeks prior came forward and was healed. Three master sergeants were saved that morning and took it upon themselves to set up chairs for a Sunday-afternoon meeting to be conducted by the San Salvador chapter of FGBMFI. Sixty-seven soldiers, a major and a colonel (the two highest-ranking officers in the camp) made first-time decisions for Jesus.

I rejoice to report that in the midst of all the disturbing news the media brings us from this troubled area of the world there is good news: Jesus is Lord! □



1. Sixty-seven of these military men, fully armed, make first-time decisions for Jesus. 2. Soldiers watch with rapt attention as leg of teenager lengthens by three inches. 3. Medical doctor (center) agrees in prayer with Bill Pyatt for healing of chapter member with heart condition. 4. Full Gospel Business Men leaders (left to right) Juan Jose Pepe Font, Oscar Pinto Rossell, Max Maheas, John Perrett and Bill Pyatt. With exception of chapter president Maheas, all are international directors.



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Threefold Purpose of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

1. *To witness to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man, and by this to reach men for Jesus Christ, especially those having the same social, cultural or business interests as the person doing the witnessing.*

2. *To provide a basis of Christian fellowship among all men everywhere through an organism not directly associated with any specific church but cooperating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches.*

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International does not start churches. Rather, we desire solely to be a service arm to existing ones.

3. *To bring about a greater measure of unity and spirit of harmony in the body of Christ, where members are united in a common effort for the good of the whole body.*

How to Start a Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter

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.

UPDATE!

Fellowship News
from Here, There
and Around the World

THE GOSPEL: GO

Responding to Jesus' commission to go into all the world with the Gospel, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is committed to establishing chapters in every nation on earth within the next five years.

Members from Texas and Northern California participated in a fruitful airlift to Peru in May, to assist President Eduardo Alvarez and members of the Lima chapter in expansion of the work throughout his country.

The group included FGBMFI Vice-President Norman Norwood of Texas and International Director Cliff Powell of California. On the team were several young men as well as some for whom it was their first airlift.

Alvarez and his chapter members scheduled a wide range of witnessing opportunities, from a visit with Peru's President Fernando Velaunde at the presidential palace to sharing Jesus with 800 children at a jungle village school.

Airlift personnel and local chapter members also witnessed at the Police Academy, the Palace of Justice, the Continental Bank, the American embassy, a Catholic school, a meeting of lawyers, a Lima University artist group, church and youth meetings and a dinner attended by more than 600.

Only God knows all that was accomplished as these men moved out in obedience and faith, but they are rejoicing in the knowledge that lawyers, cab drivers, school children, artists and many others prayed to receive Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

They also witnessed the demonstration of His healing power touching people afflicted with arthritis, paralysis, eye, back, female and other problems.

One of the most important results of the airlift is the discovery, by some of the men who in Peru ministered for the first time in the power of the Holy Spirit, that the same God is enabling them now to be His powerful instruments in their own communities. □





1. In Superior Court of Lima are, left to right: International Director Oscar Pinto, attorney, Honduras; *Eduardo Getsemani*; Norman Norwood; Vice-President of Superior Court Hector Javier Ajro Verau; Jim Stracner and attorney Mark Doughty. The Superior Court official and his wife, a medical doctor, were saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit at the FGBMFI meeting. 2. Left to right: Jim Stracner, Craig Garrett, Bill Carlson and Mark Doughty arrive at Lima Airport. 3. Team members schedule their day at breakfast. 4. Photographed at presidential palace, left to right (front row): Mark Doughty, Norman Norwood, President Fernando Velaunde, Eduardo Alvarez; (middle row) Dr. Alfonso Mier y Teran G, Jay Jacobs, Stan Taft; (third row) unidentified, Bill Carlson, Oscar Alvarez. 5. At National Police Training Academy, men testify to more than 100 officers and are guests at luncheon which includes the general and fifteen top officers. 6. At this breakfast attended by more than forty attorneys, four lawyers publicly accept Jesus.





1. Columbus police color guard. **2.** From right: Sir Lionel Luckhoo (waving) and chairman Bill Garwick; Field Representative Bill Cooke; event treasurer George D. Margo. Sir Lionel, former mayor of Georgetown, is acknowledged by Guinness Book of Records as world's most successful criminal attorney. Said Luckhoo, "This particular function was outstanding in excellence. The anointing of the whole arena by the Holy Spirit provided the crescendo to the entire proceeding. I believe that nearly every mayor came up to report how touched he was." **3.** First annual prayer breakfast October 15, 1983, meets with tremendous response. Five hundred twenty-five attend, including twenty-five mayors from central Ohio; fifteen judges; many city, county, state officials. **4.** Honorable Tom Moody, mayor of Columbus, who welcomed distinguished guests and visitors, presents speaker Sir Lionel Luckhoo with book about the city. **5.** Master of ceremonies Daryl Sanders, former Detroit Lions football player. **6.** Dr. Phillip Code, deputy director of economic development, State of Ohio, prays for mayors. **7.** Woody Hayes, coach emeritus, Ohio State University, gives welcome address.



CONVENTIONS

CENTRAL ILLINOIS REGIONAL

February 8-11, 1984
Holiday Inn, Decatur
Write: Mr. Howard Hite
R.R. 1
Dalton City, IL 61925

WASHINGTON, D.C. INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

February 16-18, 1984
Shoreham Hotel
Write: Washington, D.C. Conv. Ofc.
Box 350
Manassas, VA 22110

LUBBOCK REGIONAL

February 23-25, 1984
Holiday Inn Civic Center
Write: Mr. Virgel W. Merritt
Box 64037
Lubbock, TX 79464

NEW JERSEY STATE COUPLES' ADVANCE

February 24-25, 1984
Star Lake Lodge, Bloomingdale
Write: Mr. Doug List
Box 387
Wyckoff, NJ 07481

SOUTHEAST GEORGIA RALLY

February 24-25, 1984
DeSoto Hilton Hotel, Savannah
Write: Mr. Donald L. Norris
15 Barnett Dr.
Savannah, GA 31406

INLAND EMPIRE COUPLES' ADVANCE

February 24-26, 1984
North Shore Conv. Ctr.
Coeur d'Alene
Write: Mr. Peter Suter
2701 N. 7th
Coeur d'Alene, ID 99207

COLUMBIA RIVER REGIONAL

March 1-3, 1984
Hanford House, Richland
Write: Mr. Lewis Schweiger
2122 Hudson Ave.
Richland, WA 99352

GREATER BAY AREA REGIONAL

March 1-3, 1984
Bay Bridge Holiday Inn
Emeryville
Write: FGBMFI
335 Adeline St.
Oakland, CA 94607

SECOND SOUTHERN INDIANA COUPLES' ADVANCE

March 9-10, 1984
Clifty Inn, Madison
Write: Mr. Ted Stone
2131 Wilson Ave.
Madison, IN 47250

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS REGIONAL

March 11-17, 1984
Southern Ill. University
Carbondale
Write: Mr. Howard Hite
Route 1, Box 6D
Dalton City, IL 61925

KINGSTON ONTARIO RALLY

March 16-17, 1984
Queens University Theater Aud.
Write: Mr. Jack Bradbury
R.R. 1, Kingston
Ontario, Canada K7L 4V1

NORTH DAKOTA STATE REGIONAL

March 15-17, 1984
Fargo, North Dakota
Write: Mr. Mel Tombré
Box 288
Savage, MT 59262

SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL

March 22-24, 1984
Sheraton Inn, Sturbridge
Write: Mr. Blair Sanford
20 Chidsey Rd.
Avon, CT 06001

VIRGINIA STATE REGIONAL

March 22-25, 1984
Pavilion Tower Hotel
Virginia Beach
Write: Mr. Robert Harvey
3104 Biscayne Dr.
Chesapeake, VA 23321

SOUTHERN ALBERTA REGIONAL RALLY

March 23-24, 1984
Lethbridge Lodge Hotel
Write: Mr. Bud Matson
2007-6th Ave.
Lethbridge, Alberta
Canada T1H 079

GREAT PLAINS REGIONAL

March 27-30, 1984
Red Lion Inn, Omaha
Write: Mr. Dennis Tripp
1404 Maenner Dr.
Omaha, NE 68114

MONTANA STATE REGIONAL

March 29-31, 1984
Village Red Lion Inn, Missoula
Write: Mr. David Rodli
704 W. Sussex
Missoula, MT 59801

OHIO MEN'S ADVANCE

March 30-April 1, 1984
Kings Island Inn
Kings Island
Write: Mr. Jerry Wagner
445 Lexington Rd.
Eatonsville, OH 45320

WILLAMETTE VALLEY MINI- CONVENTION

March 30-31, 1984
Hilton Hotel, Eugene
Write: Mr. Stan Merrell
90440 Hill Rd.
Springfield, OR 97477

31ST ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

July 3-7, 1984
Anaheim, California Conv. Ctr.
Write: FGBMFI World Convention
Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

**Conventions published in
this issue were approved
on or before October 14.**

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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.

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A SPARK OF HOPE

One man described his thoughts after reading *Voice* for the first time. Hope rose within. With mustard-seed faith he concluded, "If God could do something for those men perhaps He can do something for me."

We pray this will be accomplished in the lives of every reader who identifies with the needs and hurts shared in this issue of *Voice*.

Fred Ferrari, convicted murderer, is Exhibit A of the power of Jesus Christ to save from sin.

Robert Boler, scientist, intellectual and dry churchman, witnesses to the before-and-after contrast, now that he has received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

The tragedy and loneliness experienced by John Ramsden that drove him to attempted suicide ultimately turned him to Jesus, the Friend who never leaves or forsakes.

John Cordeiro testifies to the amazing way God will use a man in ordinary situations when he is obedient.

If the testimonies in *Voice* have spoken to your heart and created a spark of hope, tell God your need and put your life in His hands. The Six Steps to Salvation are provided to help you.

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.

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International
World Laymen's Headquarters, Costa Mesa, CA



**FULL GOSPEL
BUSINESS
MEN'S**

VOICE

Volume 32, Number 2, February, 1984 P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628 (714) 754-1400

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WHO ARE WE?

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian, an Armenian dairy farmer, to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision in which he saw 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 83 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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FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION
July 3-7, 1984, Anaheim, CA

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