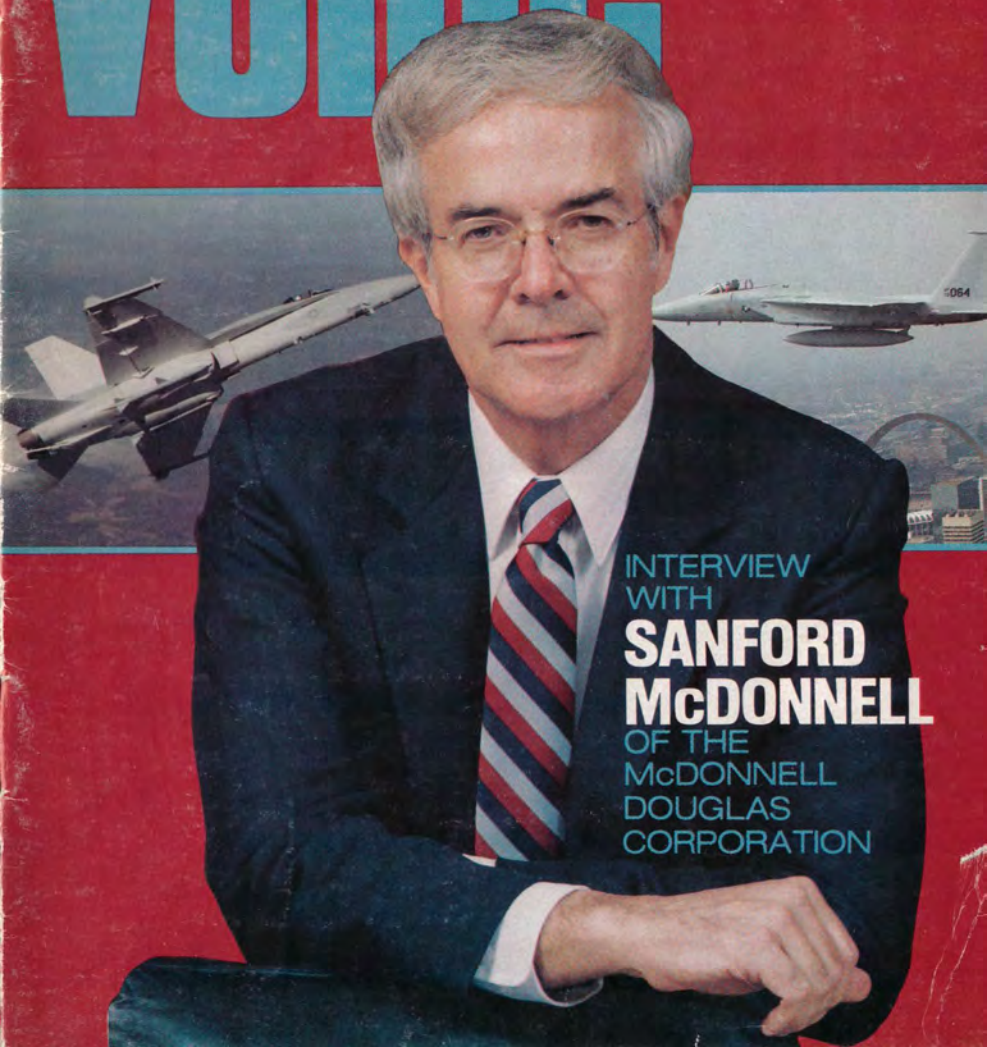


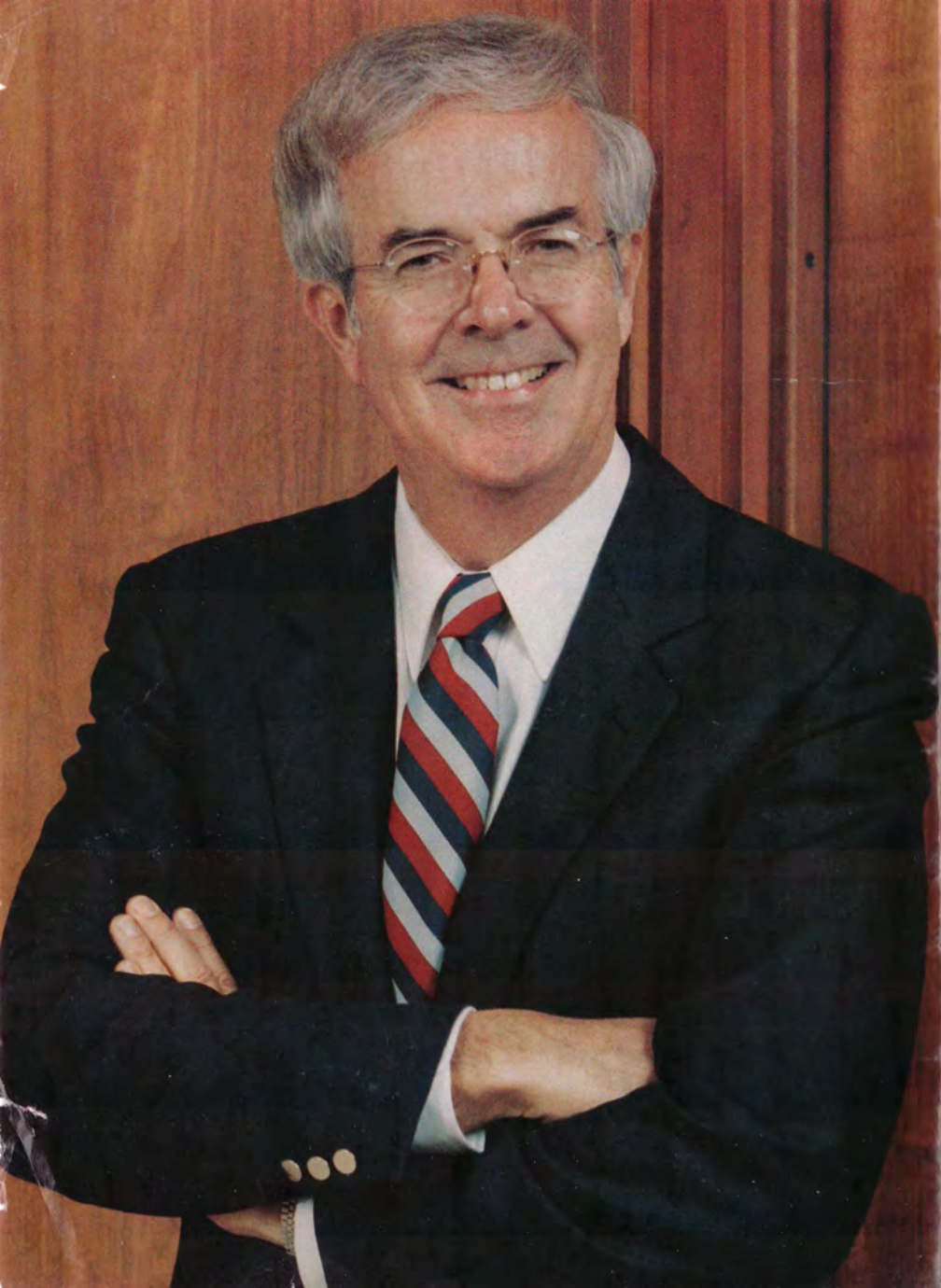
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Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE



INTERVIEW  
WITH  
**SANFORD  
McDONNELL**  
OF THE  
McDONNELL  
DOUGLAS  
CORPORATION





Sanford McDonnell is Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of McDonnell Douglas Corporation with over 100,000 employees under his leadership. However, his interest is in the individual. From his headquarters office in St. Louis, he directs a multi-billion dollar corporation whose major lines of business are combat aircraft, transport aircraft, space systems and missiles, information systems, and commercial financing and leasing. McDonnell Douglas Corporation had a \$11,477.7 billion sales volume for 1985, \$7,762.1 billion of which was for military aircraft purchased by the U.S. government. Their net earnings for 1985 were \$345.7 million. But one of the most outstanding features of this huge corporation is that it has hundreds of active Bible study groups.

*A Christian Chairman of the Board and a Five-Point Renewal Program Keeps McDonnell Douglas Corporation...*

# **IN FLIGHT**

**Q** *Would you describe your company's renewal program?*

**A** The renewal program involves five basic initiatives that we have been emphasizing at McDonnell Douglas over the past three or four years: strategic management, human resource management, participative management, productivity, and ethical decision-making. Without going into the details of the other four areas, ethical decision-making is something that we feel is absolutely fundamental to any good organization—for that matter to any relationship between people. We must have a strong basic ethical foundation for any relationship to survive.



*(Left to right) Charlie Fay, President of a St. Louis area FGBMFI chapter; Steve Shakarian, Chief Operating Officer of FGBMFI; Sandy McDonnell, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of McDonnell Douglas; and Jerry Jensen, Editor of Voice magazine.*

**Q** *What was the basis of your decision to implement such a program?*

**A** I have been active in the Boy Scouts of America organization for quite some time. When I began working in my son's scout troop, we told the boys that they should live up to the scout oath and law, which is the basic mission of scouting—instilling the values of the scout law in their hearts and minds. We kept telling them to be trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, etc. I got to thinking, "How well am I doing measured by these same standards?" Upon self-examination, I found I was falling far short of where I should be. I had a lot to do to practice what I preached. That in turn led to the conclusion that at McDonnell Douglas we didn't have a code of ethics. Although we knew that we wanted our employees to be ethical in everything they did, we really didn't have a formal code of values we wanted them to hold to.

So I formed a task force to come up with this code, and I gave them the scout oath and law as the basis to start from.

They came up with a code that did cover all the points in the scout oath and law except where a scout is reverent. They convinced me that in a corporation comprised of people adhering to many different faiths that you couldn't force

## Sanford

**McDonnell** is Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of McDonnell Douglas Corporation. He has a B.A. degree from Princeton University, a B.S. degree from University of Colorado, and an M.S. degree from Washington University. He and his wife Priscilla have two grown children, Randy and Robbin, and one grandson. Sandy and Priscilla are members of Ladue Chapel where he is a member of the session and an elder.

Mr. McDonnell is on the Board of Governors of the Aerospace Industries Association, on the American Security Council, a member of the National Defense Transportation Association, a life member of the Navy League of the United States, and an engineering honorary member of Tau Beta Pi. He is on the Board of Directors of the Centerre Bancorporation and has been National President of the Boy Scouts of America.

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people to be reverent. As a Christian, that grieved me.

We adopted this code of ethics at our April 1983 board meeting and decided that we couldn't just hang it on the wall, we had to teach people within the organization how to live the code. So we developed a training program that started with me back in June of 1984. My top eighteen executives and I took the first formal ethics training program. We are continuing to develop the program and our goal is to eventually give all 100,000 McDonnell Douglas employees the training. We continually try to undergird and reinforce our belief that as a company we must raise our ethical behavior standards.

**Q** *How did you come to accept Jesus as your Saviour and Lord?*

**A** I became a Christian in August, 1967, after a long process of searching for answers. The person that led me to Christ was one of our vice presidents, Robert E. Hage. He and his wife had been witnessing to my wife and me for quite awhile. As an engineer, I kept trying to get all the answers before I made a commitment. Bob finally made me realize that if I waited until I had all the answers, I would never take that vital first step.

That step of faith is analogous to turning on a television set. If everyone who watched TV waited until they completely understood how it worked, they'd never turn one on. But we do know that they work, so we turn them on and enjoy a program. I think this applies to becoming a Christian. If you wait until you have all the answers, you will never make that

decision and benefit from the tremendous experience of being a Christian.

**Q** *Could you be more explicit about the "benefit" of becoming a Christian?*

**A** I think one of the greatest benefits is knowing that you can turn to the Lord when you are in need. We all have times in our lives when we need guidance in solving a personal problem.

**Q** *Since you've become a Christian, what are one or two of those tough times that the Lord has been able to help you through?*

**A** We have been through some pretty trying times with the commercial aircraft, particularly with some of our DC-10 crashes resulting in the loss of many lives. That was very traumatic. Knowing the Lord was quite a source of comfort during that time.





*Sandy McDonnell displays an aircraft model.*

**Q** *How does one actually become a Christian?*

**A** You ask Jesus Christ to come into your life and accept Him as your personal Saviour. You have to do this by faith,

not by absolute, concrete evidence. It's like the television example again. You have to have faith that it's going to work. You also know that Christianity "works" by looking around you and seeing all the Christians whose lives have been changed by accepting Christ. That's very dynamic evidence that being a Christian "works."



**Q** *Would you give some examples of that?*

**A** My friend Bob Hage is a good example. He and his wife were traveling in the fast lane. Their marriage was falling apart. It was strengthened and is solid now. Accepting Jesus as their Saviour and Lord brought them back together again.

**Q** *What difference has the Lord made in your life?*

**A** I didn't accept Christ because I was in a traumatic situation; I have been very fortunate throughout my life. I come from a stable family and haven't had a lot of tragedy in my life. I accepted the Lord because I saw what it was doing for others and knew that it worked.

What it has done for me is to give me greater strength to deal with the stress that comes from being in my position in the aerospace industry. It has helped me when tragedy strikes.

**Q** *Could you please elaborate about how your relationship with Jesus impacts your position at McDonnell Douglas?*

**A** Something I feel very strongly about is a saying I once heard: "Pray as if it all depended upon God. But act as if it all depended on you." God gave us the wherewithal to carry out His work. He wants us to utilize our God-given talents. Le Tourneau, in his book *Success Without Compromise*, gave an example and asked a question. If God gave a sailor a compass, would it be more godly to be in a frenzy of prayer and ask God to tell him where to go or to use the compass? Ob-

viously, he should use the compass. The same thing applies to the various things that you do in life. You pray to God for help and then trust that He is going to let you know how to use your God-given talents to find a solution. That is the way I integrate my Christian beliefs in my career.

**Q** *Have you had the opportunity in your business to share your faith in Jesus?*

**A** Yes, I have—a number of times. But it's not a very dramatic story. I can't tell people that I was right in the middle of deep trouble and by accepting Christ I was given a way out. I feel that the best witness I have is the way I conduct myself on the job.



**Q** *Although we have had a tremendous defense buildup with the Reagan administration, there are indications that this rate of increase is actually going down substantially from what it has been. How do you feel that will affect McDonnell Douglas?*

**A** Since we are close to being the

number one defense contractor in the country, obviously cutbacks in defense would impact us.

But there is a need to cut down on the cost of defense. The President set up a presidential blue ribbon commission on defense management, and they have come out with some very worthwhile and significant recommendations to cut costs. If they are implemented properly and thoroughly, we are going to see a tremendous savings in the cost of defense.

The main area where savings could be realized is in the area of over-management and over-regulation. We have gotten to the point where the red tape is tying us up like mummies. For example, at McDonnell Douglas we have 832 full-time government people living on our premises. Last year, we had an average of 1,000 U.S. government visitors each



week coming in to "help us" with our work and we had almost 6,000 audits or reviews. When you stop to think what that means, that is if you spread it out over the whole year, approximately every twenty minutes a new audit or review is started. In a number of cases, we have agencies of the government who come in to audit on the same subject. And they won't use the other agency's audit. They



*(Left to right) Steve Shakarian, Sandy McDonnell, Jerry Jensen, and Charlie Fay share in a word of prayer.*



want to do their own. So there is tremendous over-management.

**Q** *What do you see as the answer to this situation?*

**A** To remove it.

**Q** *The problem is that the public has difficulty trusting in a defense contractor's honesty due to all the illegal activities exposed in the aerospace industry the last few years. How can this trust be reestablished?*

**A** We're trying to accomplish that by the ethical decision-making training I mentioned earlier. I believe other companies need to consider the issue of raising the ethical sensitivity of all their employees. Also, the government should discriminate between those companies that are not doing the job properly and the ones that are. The innocent companies are being burdened with the same over-management as the guilty ones.

There is a certain amount of oversight required on the part of the government to be sure that contractors are on track and going in the right direction as far as cost, quality and schedule are concerned. Seventy-five percent of our sales involve government contracts—transport aircraft, missiles, etc., for instance. But as long as a company's on track, then the government should leave all these excessive rules and regulations and over-management controls off and let it get on with the job rather than having over 50,000 government visitors coming in

every year to look over its shoulder. The contractors that don't prove that they can be trusted should be dealt with accordingly.

**Q** *What new aircraft are you coming out with in the near future?*

**A** We have new versions of our MD-80 coming out and are also trying to launch an aircraft called the MD-11, which is an advanced version of the DC-10. We are also looking downstream to an ultra-high-bypassed engine version of the MD-80.

**Q** *What has contributed to your success in the industry that you could pass on to other entrepreneurs or businessmen?*

**A** I think one of the most important things to recognize is that each individual employee has a contribution to make to a business. If you can motivate all your employees, you will have accomplished a tremendous amount toward making a success of your business, because you will be building a team. People need to be appreciated. Employees need to feel that their ideas on improving an organization will be considered. All involved must be open to suggestions on how they can improve their job performance.

**Q** *Is there any kind of Christian activity within McDonnell Douglas Corporation?*

**A** They are all over. Little pockets of people all over McDonnell Douglas are studying the Bible and having fellowship together. I think it's great.

# COLD-

Stephen Sands  
Halifax, Pennsylvania

**M**y friend was drunk the night he promised to bring his girlfriend to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting...but then so was I.

As I sat across the table from them at the meeting, I noted how out of place they seemed. My mind then drifted back to the events that culminated in this awkward moment.

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Two months prior to that evening, I began undergoing chiropractic treatments with Dr. Jack Herd. My sister-in-law claimed that this man had prayed for her leg and it actually grew. During the past ten years, I had gone down many avenues searching for this type of power. I had been disillusioned with my pastor early in my teens and had completely turned away from the Lord. My search involved hypnosis, ESP, meditation, cults and the occult.

The morning that I walked into Dr. Herd's office, I had shoulder length hair, an unkempt mustache, chains around

my neck, and a 9-mm automatic stuck in my belt. I owned a twenty-four hour diner in the industrial section of town and had developed a wild lifestyle including partying, drinking, gambling and women. I drank a case of beer and averaged three to five packs of cigarettes a day. My friends said I seemed to have no feelings, and strangers retreated under my stare. "Cold as Ice" was a popular song at that time and that was how a friend of mine described my eyes—vacant puddles. My wife, Bonnie, had left me after my first affair (which took place two weeks after our marriage). But something changed her mind, and she decided to come back even with the possibility of my continuing to be unfaithful.

We immediately noticed that Dr. Herd's reaction to me was different.

When we walked into his office he was not afraid, he didn't flinch, he just smiled a warm, loving smile. It was not an automatic smile, nor one given by someone looking for something. He simply smiled with concern and compassion. When we left that day I told Bonnie, "That man is a phony. He smiled too much. No one is



# AS ICE





that happy all the time." But she thought he was different, that he was real. I wasn't convinced, but something continued to draw me to his office.

He would only talk about two things: my health and his Lord! No matter what subject I'd bring up, he'd change it. For the first two weeks I thought we were talking about meditation, but he was talking about Jesus. He constantly invited me to church and FGBMFI meetings. He would call to invite me, but I'd be too drunk to answer the phone and Bonnie would make excuses. But he never gave up. When he realized that I liked to read, he gave me book after book until I finally read *The Happiest People on Earth* by Demos Shakarian. I was thrilled! I had finally found the power I had been

searching so desperately for—it was the Lord's power all along.

I now knew what I wanted and went after it. I received Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Lord at a service at Dr. Herd's church, as did Bonnie. We started on a walk we've never regretted.

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But now here I was, sitting across the table from a man and his girlfriend whom I had never talked to when I was sober. For the first month after I was saved, I went everywhere telling people about Jesus. As we'd get drunk, I'd tell them about the Lord. Now they had actually shown up at the meeting, and I was uncomfortable. Since I was so confused and scared (now that I was sober), I had



Bonnie tell the people they could leave if they wanted to. I gave them a copy of *The Happiest People on Earth* as they left.

After the meeting Bonnie had to work a shift at the diner, and I went home feeling very alone. I knew something was wrong in my life and I wanted to know what it was. I got down on my knees and cried out to God. "I'm not getting up until you tell me what's wrong," I prayed.

After what seemed like eternity, I heard a voice. It wasn't a booming voice, no thunder and lightning, no burning bushes—just a gentle voice. "Steve, I want you to quit drinking."

"Lord, you know I love to drink and what about my friends...all right, I will, but I can't do it myself."

"I'll help. Steve, I want you to quit smoking."

"Oh, God; I've tried before; I can't do it, not by myself anyway."

"I'll help...Stephen, I want you to quit seeing other women."

"God, I really don't want to...oh, okay, but I'll need Your help."

I thought that was it, but He spoke again. "Stephen, if you've heard Me, prove it!" I knew exactly what He meant. I started by throwing away my cigarettes, pipes, tobacco. Next I disposed of the stacks of pornographic magazines and occultic books. I dumped my booze down the drain, except a full half-gallon bottle of red wine that I decided to give to someone else. Satisfied, I got down on my knees and He spoke for the last time. "Who would you give the wine to?" Who indeed? I jumped up and dumped it down the drain.

With a feeling of exultation, I prayed over my house and for my family. I walked from room to room with my cross in my hand (just like I had seen in the movies), literally taking hold of the powers of darkness and casting them out. What a battle was waged that night! If only I could have seen what I know my dogs were sensing. I had two Siberian Huskies that were afraid of nothing, yet that night they hid under the end tables all evening.

True to His word, the Lord helped me with all those addictions. For six years, there have been no alcohol, tobacco, or other women in my life. It wasn't always easy, but it has been worth it! He has replaced tobacco and alcohol with His Holy Spirit and other women with a strong love for my wife.

I am currently a consultant in audio accoustical design and sales of audio systems for churches, theatres, singing groups, etc.

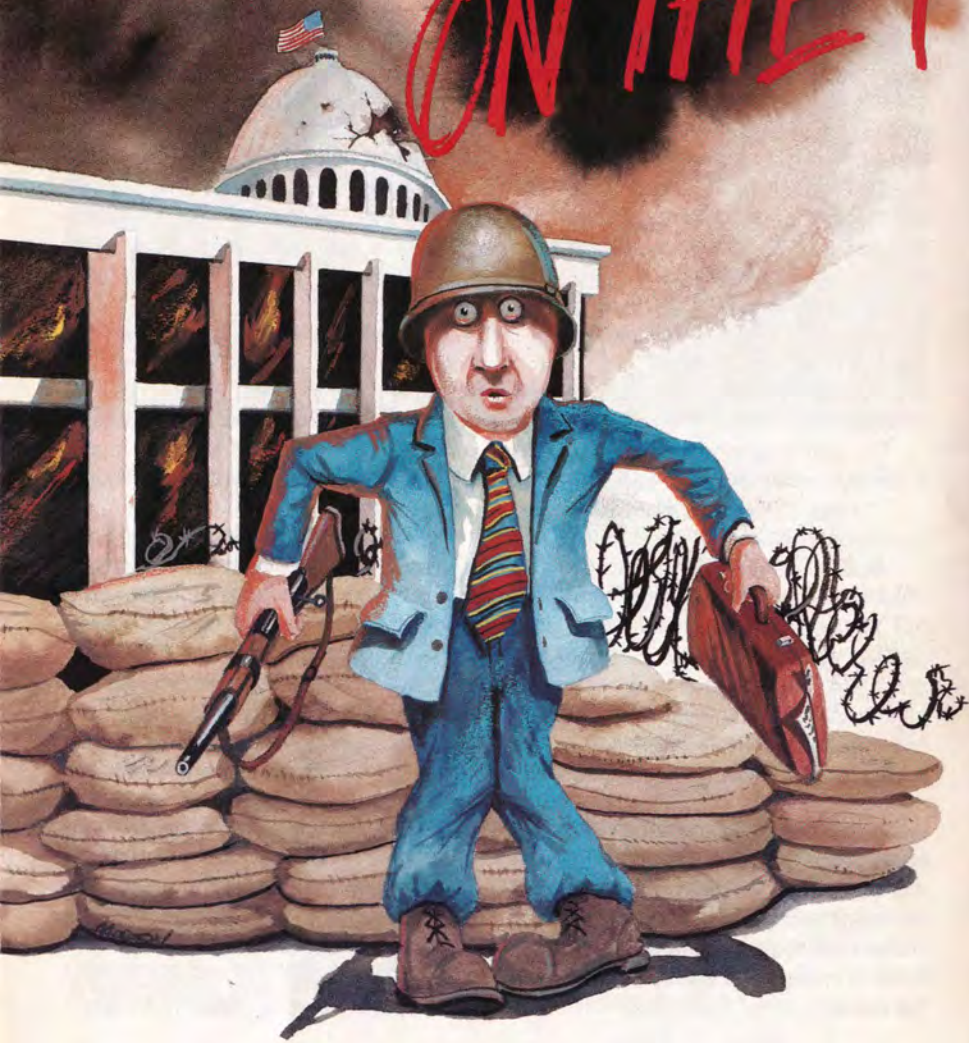
We are one of three couples singing in our group *The Family Circle* that will sing about 100 times in 1986 as a part-time group. In conjunction with *The Family Circle* ministry of music, we have an extensive sound rental system. Bonnie and I also share our testimony as a team at Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meetings and anywhere that people need to hear about God's sustaining love and power. □

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*Stephen Sands is president and chairman of the board of The Best Sound Incorporated. He and his wife Bonnie have two children, Stephen, Jr., five and Elizabeth, three. They are members of David's Church in Millersburg, and Stephen is a member of the Harrisburg Chapter of FGBMFI.*

WHEN THE BATTLEFIELD IS CITY  
HALL, A CITY MANAGER LEARNS  
YOU NEED MORE ARMOR THAN  
MERE DEGREES TO WIN THE  
BATTLES....

ON THE F





# FRONT LINES

Allan Schell  
Merced, California

"Crisis at City Hall!" screamed the headlines often in the twenty-three years I served as a city manager in three California communities. It took twenty of those years and two firings for me to discover a secret that would enable me to succeed in the face of political upheavals and survive the stresses inherent in the job.

I was convinced that mankind could be perfected through education and that the single most important factor in the process was government. This philosophy stemmed from my early childhood.

Born in Chicago during the Depression, I was an only child, and my parents were poor. Mother was totally devoted to me, and her love made my childhood a happy one—despite life in a tenement among bedbugs and poverty. Dad was a factory worker and at one time owned a small bait and fishing tackle business. Although they had little formal education themselves, my parents taught me that education was the key to success. This idea motivated me to rise above our poverty and go to college.

I enrolled in Drake University in Des Moines, where I soon began to excel in my studies and pursue extracurricular activities. Dating a cute coed named Carol became my most important extracurricular activity. We eventually married and were both working our way through college when she became pregnant. During our early years together, we surmounted many obstacles, had numerous arguments, and made a lot of adjustments. But what kept us going was our commitment to each other and my goal of graduation.

After graduating from Drake in 1951, I received a scholarship to the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. I managed to complete a Master's degree there and finally "lucked out" in landing a choice administrative internship with the City of Phoenix, Arizona. The job paid \$250 a month! Carol, my son Rick, and I headed for our new life in Phoenix in a beat-up old Nash, ready to take on the world.

Adventures and more children followed one after another, while my career led us to Illinois, then to California. My first city managership was in LaVerne. I was twenty-nine, the father of five kids, and in debt.

From the beginning, I tackled my tasks with the vigor of an eager quarterback, believing that logic, eloquence, and willpower could solve any problem. My managerial style worked for three-and-one-

half years, until I was fired over my program to save taxes by merging the police and volunteer fire departments.

My next city management position was in Roseville. I had learned many things from my experiences in LaVerne, but not enough to change my style. Within four years, I was embroiled in another serious controversy. During that upheaval, I fired the Police Chief and barely held onto my job, surviving a City Council vote on my dismissal by one vote. I kept my position as long as my supporters controlled the Council. But two years after the incident, the situation reversed itself, and the new Council unceremoniously fired me.

I was unemployed for six months. Finally, the Merced City Council appointed me City Manager in December, 1968.

Meanwhile, Carol and I were nominal Christians. We had attended Sunday school as children and had decided that the proper thing to do for our own was to expose them to Christian principles. Our family was active in a church, and I was even ordained a deacon. But since we moved frequently, we were not consistent in our attendance. We certainly didn't know Jesus!

One of our neighbors in Merced was the pastor of the First Baptist Church. At his invitation we began attending services, and all our family eventually accepted Christ and were baptized.

Following my commitment to the Lord, God began to reveal my need of His involvement in my career. My job was reasonably secure, despite growing pressures. Cities were facing financial problems, and the Proposition 13 tax initiative only made things worse. Union



Allan and Carol Schell

*"I still was depending on myself to come up with plans and strategies..."*



militancy was growing, and Council positions changed frequently. We had to come up with innovative approaches to city problems just to keep the peace. I still was depending on myself to come up with plans and strategies and didn't realize I could turn to the Lord with these daily crises.

I was suffering from increasing physical and mental stress as a result of all this turmoil, and my marriage began to be affected. At the same time, I was experiencing mid-life crisis. The combined pressures of marital discord and City Hall conflicts were straining me to the limit.

Meanwhile, a little magazine began arriving in the mail each month. It's still a mystery as to who gave us the *Voice* subscription, but the Lord used it to change our lives. At first, only Carol read the magazine. Then I became engrossed in reading the testimonies.

While continuing "to play quarterback" at the City Hall, I could not ignore the hand of God in our personal lives. Carol was baptized in the Holy Spirit and became so loving that our marriage radically improved. Our son Rick and his wife Jane became missionaries involved in evangelizing Liberia, Africa. Our son Jason received a miraculous healing, and our daughter Pamela had her stolen possessions restored as a result of prayer. The more I saw and heard, the more curious, convicted, and convinced I became of the reality of the Holy Spirit.

An ex-mayor invited me to join a small prayer group for government officials. (I later figured out that I was the only "official.") Soon I was accepting invita-

tions to other prayer meetings where the Holy Spirit moved freely. Gathering in private homes, we prayed for each other's needs, sang songs, and clapped and raised our hands in a wonderful spirit of worship.

As Jesus became more vital and real in my life, Carol and I began attending meetings of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, and finally I accompanied her to a Women's Aglow Convention. In a small group, Jesus' love began to break down my defenses against a total surrender of myself to Him, and I was gloriously baptized in the precious Holy Spirit.

The close relationship that I enjoyed with Jesus as a result of my Baptism transformed my life. I now gave Him my career with no strings attached, and He began to work! I began to witness changes at City Hall. A particularly strained relationship became friendly, and later a major community conflict was avoided. One evening at a City Council meeting, I watched the Holy Spirit resolve an irreconcilable zoning issue for which the staff and I were unable to conceive a solution. Carol and I had prayed at home before the meeting, and I continued praying silently in my prayer language during the hotly contested hearing. As the Holy Spirit worked, both sides were reconciled and went away smiling.

As I began to depend on the Lord rather than myself, He worked in other potentially explosive situations. State and local agencies approved city proposals contrary to stated policies and political inclinations. A potential confrontation with the Ku Klux Klan was avoided. Staff



(Left to right) Rick, Pamela, Kimberley, Jocelyn and Jason Schell

frictions and political conflicts became minimal, and minority issues and disciplinary problems were resolved. During the last six months of my tenure in Merced, a touchy police union issue was settled, a two-million-dollar deficit balanced, a controversial major water rate increase passed unanimously without public outcry, and a much-disputed salary proposal for fifty managerial positions approved.

Members of my staff were puzzled by these events, but I had come to realize just how intimately involved God can be in government if only He has someone in leadership who will invite Him in.

The secret to success in any endeavor, I discovered, is to allow the peace and power of God to work. The raging debate over the separation of

church and state has left many in our society confused. But God is concerned about the daily affairs of government, because He has established it to build and encourage orderly societies.

Spiritual warfare is fought on all fronts. Satan's objective is to thwart God's perfect plan with confusion and conflict wherever he can. I thank God for using me on the front lines in Merced to make that city a better place in which to live. □

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*Allan Schell is a retired City Manager, with a city management career spanning twenty-four years. He has a Bachelor's degree from Drake University and a Master's degree from University of Pennsylvania. He and his wife Carol have five grown children. They are members of the First Baptist Church in Merced. Mr. Schell is a member and former president of the Merced chapter of FGBMFI.*



# WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

Two widowers, with vividly contrasting stories, demonstrate the necessity of a will.

The children disapproved of their father's recent second marriage to a good Christian woman. Consequently, they have been unwilling to agree to his request to sell the family home. This unpleasant and unfortunate situation would have been avoided had this man and his wife prepared wills explaining their desires.

Another Christian, richly blessed financially, lost his wife about three years ago. Prior to her illness and death they had not only written a will, but established a trust to provide for their son. Their careful planning also enabled them to avoid probate fees and delays and minimize taxes. When this Fellowship member goes to be with the Lord, a portion of his estate will continue to provide financial support for Christian ministry here on earth. As an added benefit, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is being a good steward of all God has entrusted to him.

## EVERYONE NEEDS A WILL

Where there's a will, there's a way to:

1. Confess your faith in Jesus as your only hope of eternal life.
2. Include among those who will be



remembered Jesus, the One who gave His life for you.

3. Choose a person who shares your spiritual values to administer what you have worked a lifetime to accumulate.
4. Designate a guardian and provide a contingency cost for minor children in the event of a common tragedy.
5. Specify persons whom you wish to receive heirlooms, jewelry, or other gifts.
6. Mail the form below today to receive a free informative booklet to help you make wise decisions that will provide security for loved ones and satisfy your desires for the future.

---

Stewardship Department, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

Please send the free informative booklet to assist me in making or reviewing my will.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# MARKED FOR DESTRUCTION

I came into this world at a healthy thirteen pounds but marked for destruction by the destroyer! My mother had a nervous breakdown when I was born and was in and out of the hospital many times. When I was six months old, she had a major breakdown, and attempting to kill me, left me outside in the sun until I had first-, second-, and third-degree burns. I was hospitalized for some time until I recovered.

On her next attempt, she tried to butcher me. My oldest brother stopped her in time, but they had to hospitalize me.

She made still other attempts against my life. At night, she would go into mad rages and try to destroy me. My father slept with his back against the bedroom door to keep her inside and away from me.

On her last attempt, she put me in a wood stove to burn, but my father heard me crying and rescued me. Again badly burned, I was admitted to the hospital for the third time.

Eventually, my mother was committed to a mental institution, where she died thirty-six years later.

Meanwhile, I was placed in a foster

home. My father took me out of there at the age of five and brought me back to the house where I was born. He and my five older brothers made it very clear to me that they held me responsible for mother's mental illness and that my family considered my birth a mistake from the very beginning. My father told me that since I bore his name I would live with them until I came of age, but at that time I would leave and go into some branch of the armed forces.

**M**y mother had been a Catholic. After I was born, my father never attended church again, nor was God's name ever mentioned in our home, that I can recall. Instead, he became a very hardened and embittered man, venting his emotions on me with sometimes two or three beatings a day. He kept a razor strap in the house and a milk strap in the barn, using them whenever the mood struck him.

In turn, I became very mean, and even death did not scare my dead conscience. At sixteen I quit high school, got a job, then joined the National Guard. On my seventeenth birthday, I joined the Navy. During work duty one day, I



slipped and fell on some oil that had been spilled on the top rung of a ladder. Muscles and ligaments were torn from the bones in my foot. The Navy wanted to amputate my foot, but I wouldn't give them permission.

I received a medical discharge. When I got home I started working on the line for General Motors. I did this for nine years, then was a truck driver for eight more years.

I never knew anything about the Bible or who Jesus was. My father taught me nothing about God or His love. I was part of this world and its system, full of hate and controlled by fear.

At twenty-three I married an eighteen-year-old girl. A year later I underwent double hernia surgery and an appendectomy. One year after that I became paralyzed from my waist down. I was off work for eight months, and two disks had to be removed from my lower back.

Around the age of thirty, my life took a turn for the worse. I was placed on the third shift at my job. My wife started going out with my best friend while I was at work, and when I found out about the

two of them, I told her to go on and live with him.

The hurt and grief I felt were indescribable. Every night for a year I cried myself to sleep. I became full of hatred for myself and others and trusted no one.

Rebelling against the whole world, I began to drink very heavily and almost lost my job because of it. I joined a motorcycle club and continued to stay drunk. Life no longer had any meaning and was absolutely empty.

As I rode my bike one day, a big truck came unexpectedly out of an alley right in front of me. To avoid a collision I tried to lay the bike down. Somehow I got my left foot between the rear wheel and the crash bar, and the foot was crushed. The ball of my foot was broken in five places, the heel in seven places, and all the bones in between. It was too smashed to put in a cast, and I found myself off work for another eight months.

A year later I joined a full outlaw motorcycle club and started using drugs; I also stayed drunk most of the time. I lost track of night and day. As time went on I was in three different bike clubs.

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# ...SPARED BY THE SPIRIT

Russel Waugh  
Whitewater, Wisconsin

**T**he devil had possessed me. My inner hostility prompted me to fight—I took karate and judo lessons and started carrying a 25-caliber pistol, a buck knife and a chain belt, using them on people and property at will.

The Wisconsin police warned me against any more fighting in the state of Wisconsin, threatening me with prison. They regarded me as extremely dangerous. I got a job as a bouncer in Illinois in a rough place seating 500 people. Its clientele consisted of members of bike clubs, street gangs, and outlaw cycle clubs. The crowd was so rough that the Illinois police wanted me to stay just to help keep the place cooled down from violent riots and raids.

**I**n 1972 I was again paralyzed with another fractured disk and needed more back surgery. During this operation, my heart stopped beating and I sensed my spirit leaving my body. The first thing I saw were three lights: green, yellow and red. Involuntarily, I rose above the green light and saw the doctors operating upon my body. They started shaking their heads—my body had died. Continuing upward past a yellow light that was near the ceiling, I drifted through the blackest, most silent darkness I have ever known or care to know.

Then the red light came into view again. I was soon being hurled headlong toward it. As I fell, it grew bigger and brighter. I heard tormented screaming and crying like nothing I had ever heard

before. All of a sudden I realized that I was falling into a lake of fire.

Frantically and helplessly, I tried to grab ahold of something with my hands and feet to stop myself. It was beyond my control; there was no one to help me. I could see the bubbling, boiling red fire of the lake spraying out into the blackness. I cried out to God and asked Him to forgive me of my sins.

Suddenly I was awake in the recovery room. My doctor came to me. "You really scared me," he said. "We thought we had lost you on the operating table."

Then he told me how he was closing the door of the operating room to leave,

**"I never knew anything about the Bible or who Jesus was.... I was part of this world and its system, full of hate and controlled by fear."**



when something told him to go back to the table where my body lay. As he returned, he saw a vital sign on the screen and worked excitedly to bring me back to life.

Jesus had given permission for me to be given another chance.

**I**n spite of my new lease on life, I proceeded to turn my back on Jesus. I became even more wicked, cruel, and ruthless. I was all alone; my life was empty. I didn't care whether I lived or died and I hated myself.

One night while riding my cycle at 82 mph, I started to pass a truck. My bike

suddenly swerved to the right side of the truck and I hit a cement bridge embankment.

My body flew 300 feet through the air and landed back in the same lane, and my skin was burnt from scraping the cement.

A state police car was sitting at the bridge, and the only thing I can remember before I hit the bridge was calling out, "Oh God!"

That was the second time I called on God. Again my life had been spared.

**S**hortly thereafter I met and married my wife, Debbie. Activities with the club continued for another two years. In 1981 a fellow biker and club member received a release from prison. I felt compelled to go to a welcoming party for him. Debbie tried to get me to stay home, as she felt uneasy about the evening. We went—and got involved smoking dope and drinking.

I decided to take someone's new '74 lowrider cycle for a spin. At 85 mph, I started to shift down to third, but missed it, skipped second and slammed into first gear.

As my foot lifted the clutch, the bike came to a screeching halt. The handle bar plunged into my stomach and my spleen exploded. My face crashed into the road, and my skull was fractured. Debbie's face slammed into the pavement, and her nose was smashed. She rolled over to see what condition I was in and detected no life in my body.

She prayed and cried out to God.



Though it was 1:30 in the morning, all of a sudden the whole area lit up and she could see me clearly. She asked God to send someone to help me. As she gave CPR, she prayed for God to breathe life back into my body.

Out of nowhere, a paramedic appeared—on an old country road at 1:37 a.m.—and called an ambulance. For one and a half hours they worked on me, using heart paddles twice before they could move me. We were eight miles from the nearest hospital. They finally put my broken body into the ambulance, with two more applications of the heart paddles. At the hospital they immediately directed us to the trauma center. The surgeon rode with us in the ambulance. There was no time to wait for blood. My heart stopped beating again; heart paddles were applied once more. They put a tube straight into my heart to administer medication. I continued functioning on two units of blood for seven hours. (Later I learned that it is clinically impossible to live on fewer than five units.)

It was the blood of Jesus that kept me alive. Seven days later I was completely healed once again.

At home the eighth day, I began building a deck in my backyard, when I received a sharp tap on my shoulder. My attention was drawn toward a spot in the northwestern sky. This happened several times over a two-week period. I later understood that Jesus was asking me to follow Him, but I didn't understand it



then.

I finally committed my life to Jesus Christ once again. This time I dedicated my entire life to Him, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. I started going to church and got involved in activities there.

I began sharing my testimony with some inmates at a prison. One night sixteen men got saved. I came home all excited and went out in my yard to sing praises to Jesus and to thank God.

I heard a very stern and loud voice saying, "Will you follow Me?"

I looked up and there stood Jesus! I



was so shocked I couldn't say anything. As I got up to walk toward Him, He disappeared like a vapor.

At this time I realized what the tapping on my shoulder earlier had meant. Jesus was asking me to follow Him. Debbie and I prayed and agreed to go wherever He would lead us. We waited for confirmation and received assurance that we were on the right track.

The next step was to sell everything we had, as we felt led to head to Tulsa, Oklahoma. When we got there, we lodged in a KOA camp. Debbie asked, "Where are we going, and what are we going to do from here?" We needed direction very soon. I laid face down on the floor and prayed for Jesus to tell me what He wanted me to do. I prayed for three days!

**O**ne morning Debbie was doing the laundry at the KOA camp. I came in and told her I still hadn't heard anything from Jesus.

Another man in the laundry room said, "Praise God, I can talk freely."

He said his name was Steve and that he had been ministering in Las Vegas when the voice of God came to him, instructing him to go to a KOA camp in Tulsa, and to stay there for one week.

At first Steve did not want to go. He had never stayed in a KOA camp before and he was not told who to talk to or who to see. This would be a delay in his destination, as he was on his way to minister in Canada.

After two days of waiting and being

dealt with by the Lord, Steve set out for Oklahoma, which was 400 miles away from his original destination.

Through Steve, Debbie and I received many confirmations about our calling and who we were in Christ. He continued to share words of knowledge in guidance and direction, confirming to us what we felt in our spirits. We sensed God was leading us to western Texas to seek Him in prayer and fasting.

We are currently sharing revival, the Second Coming of Jesus Christ, and the baptism of fire with the Body of Christ in the last days.

When we minister at meetings, we have seen the Lord move in powerful ways. As the Lord moves, there are salvations, baptisms in the Holy Spirit, physical and emotional healings, deliverance from demonic possession and oppression, and people slain in the Spirit. We have seen the Lord set many free from their bondages. We give all the glory to the Lord for these demonstrations of His mighty, miracle-working power and feel abundantly blessed to be His instruments.

Debbie, our daughter Jackie, and I love Jesus with all our hearts, minds, and souls and are living for Him until He returns. □

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*Russel Waugh is traveling extensively sharing Jesus and the power of the Holy Spirit. He was with General Motors Assembly Division for seventeen years. He and his wife Debbie have one daughter, Jackie, fourteen. They are members of the Living Stone World Outreach Center in Monroe, Wisconsin. Mr. Waugh is a member of Rock Valley Chapter of FGBMFI.*

Joe Murphy  
Alma, Arkansas

**A**h...beer. I loved it. I drank it every-day and if I wanted a stronger drink, I just added a jigger of good whiskey and had a boilermaker.

I started drinking when I was fifteen and drank almost every night. I didn't start out to become an alcoholic; I just drank because I liked it and all my buddies did. Everybody I knew drank. If I couldn't buy it, we would find an older friend who would buy it for us.

By 1965 my marriage had ended in divorce, and I thought the best thing for me was a bachelor career. I know that the Lord was protecting me during this period of my life, because one night I passed out at the wheel three times on the eleven-mile trip home from the bar.

About this time, Ann came into my life, I fell in love, and she ruined my bachelor career. We were married in August 1966. Since both of us had previously undergone a divorce, we felt we needed to make a real commitment to each other. I made that commitment, but it didn't help my drinking.


We moved our family from Southern California to Arkansas in late 1968. A new start didn't help my problem—I just found a new set of drinking buddies.

When I stopped for one beer on the way home it was never enough. Ann never knew when I would get home.



Oh...How I Love



A painting of a glass of beer on a wooden surface. The glass is filled with a golden beer and has a thick layer of white foam on top. The glass is set on a dark wooden surface, and the background is a dark, textured wall. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the glass and the foam.

Every Christmas we had a party at work, so my family knew when I got home I would be drunk.

In 1972 I got so sick I couldn't work or sleep. I felt weak, but my doctors could find no physical basis for my sickness. They recommended a psychiatrist...but I wasn't crazy, only a little sick! Reluctantly I made an appointment with one, and he diagnosed my condition as depression and prescribed medication. He firmly instructed me not to drink beer, since it's a depressant. The pills made my mouth dry, and the best thirst- quencher I knew was...beer. I hit an all-time low.

The psychiatrist did get me back to work, but I was still a very unhappy person. I understood why no one wanted to drink with me then since I wasn't much fun to be around.

About this time the Lord sent into our lives a mechanic who knew about Jesus. This was probably the only way He could get through to me, since I was a mechanic. We would sit around the kitchen table and talk for hours. We would start talking about cars and trucks but he would end up telling me stories about himself and other men whom the Lord delivered from alcohol, whose lives were changed. One night about 1:00 in the morning, I wanted the peace of God in my life so badly that tears streamed down my cheeks. But I didn't know how to receive Him.

# and Boilermakers

The second Sunday in January 1973, Ann and I decided to go to church. That night the pastor preached from Romans 6:23: "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." All I had coming was death, and I wanted more. When he gave the altar call, I did everything he said to do. I stood up, bowed my head, and closed my eyes. He asked that those who wanted to be saved come forward, but I was waiting for a feeling before making a move. Ann had already gone forward, but I just stood there!

Finally the pastor came to me, took me by the arm, and escorted me down the aisle. The only thing I could think was, "What will I tell my drinking buddies now?"

This church had a wooden altar bench in front of the pulpit, and I knelt at one end. The pastor was on my right and a layman on my left, and they were praying for me. I didn't know how to pray because I had never talked to God and didn't know how. I just cried and apologized for keeping them so late, but they didn't seem to mind. I looked up and saw that Ann had already experienced salvation. The ladies on the other side of the church were rejoicing. *I didn't want to go home unsaved!*

Finally, the man on my left asked me, "Don't you want to be a Christian?"

"I am a Christian," I exclaimed, and confessed Jesus as my Lord and Saviour at that moment. He slapped the altar and said, "You can get up now, we're through." I hugged that preacher's neck and whispered, "I've got to go home and burn some things." Jesus had come in and changed my life. Ann had a new



husband and I had a new wife.

When we got home that night, I emptied the bottom dresser drawer of pornographic magazines, pictures and movies, and carried them outside to the fifty-gallon oil drum where we burned our trash. Ann and I stayed right there, stirred up the fire and rejoiced. We wanted to make sure everything was burned. I wasn't ashamed of them earlier that day, but things were different now that I was a new creature in Christ Jesus (II Corinthians 5:17).

When I went to work the next morn-





*(Left) Joe's Automotive—a Christ-controlled business*

*(Below) Joe Murphy*



ing, I told my friend who traded pornography that I had been saved and what I had done. He exclaimed, "Man, I could have sold it all for \$300." It was the first time I got to witness for Jesus!

The next day I found a six-pack of beer in the bottom of the refrigerator. When I poured it out, the smell made me sick. I never drank another beer or smoked another cigarette. I only swore twice and that knocked the wind out of me, so I stopped. Jesus had changed my life....

At noon Friday, all my friends came by my workbench and invited me to go

with them to drink beer and eat pizza for lunch like we usually did. I told them I didn't drink anymore, and they never asked me again.

At our daughter and son-in-law's church we learned about the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. When we received the Baptism, we had more power in our lives to help us control our tempers and be witnesses for the Lord.

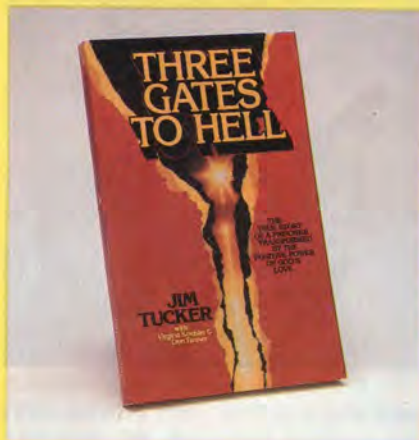
After working at the Pontiac agency for over six years, I became unhappy on the job. Everyone treated me well

**CONTINUED, PAGE 31**

**A POWER-PACKED  
BOOK WITH LIFE-  
CHANGING IMPACT:**

# THREE GATES TO HELL

*by Jim Tucker*



The nightmarish butchery of his young, beautiful mother by an unknown assailant in the darkness of their apartment left sensitive, seven-year-old Jim Tucker and his kid brother in shock.

With nowhere to stay, Jim—placed in cold, impersonal Juvenile Hall with older boys who had committed crimes—felt even more bewildered, lonesome, and then rebellious.

He learned to hate confinement, the cruelty of events and people that brought him there, and fellow inmates. He made the mistake of trying to fight the system. Older and freed, he graduated from petty to more serious crimes and from prison to prison—each one rougher than the last. Then it seemed hopeless. He could never live long enough to serve his sentences. There was nothing more a human could do to get out, Jim thought....

But there *was* something more. Through God's intervention, Jim Tucker has turned himself inside out—from negative to positive.

*Three Gates to Hell* goes beyond being just an exciting prison study. It offers many answers to the injustices of the criminal justice system and to its glaring failures.

Please rush the following book to the address shown below:

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enough, but I was still miserable. One day my boss came back from lunch, and I was loading up my toolbox to leave. I couldn't tell him what I was going to do, but I just knew there had to be a change.

It didn't seem like the right time to quit my job. Ann and I had paid a twelve-dollar late charge for the last four months because we couldn't get ahead enough to make our house payment on time. I didn't have any money to start a business, but I had to do something.

A few days later I walked into a building that had been converted from a barbershop to a garage. I instantly became excited because I knew this was the place for me.

A friend loaned me \$600, with which I paid the first week's rent on a one-year lease and had the utilities turned on. I rolled my toolbox in and went to work.

I didn't have a name for the business, but there was a sign on the building that read Ron's Automotive. A sign painter came out and for ten dollars changed two of the letters to make it Joe's Automotive.

We had cars to work on from the very beginning. But one day I had nothing to do, so I thought I would knock on some of the doors in the neighborhood. Ann was there and asked me why I was going to do that. "I am going to make something happen; I'm going to rattle some doors," I replied. She looked up and asked me if I had prayed. I knelt beside her and

started to pray, but never finished that prayer since a car drove in. After that, we knew we were to trust the Lord for our business.

After a few weeks we hired a part-time mechanic to help me with the work. He ended up being full-time for over two years. By this time, I had enough faith to start buying equipment.

After sixteen months, we bought a building for the business with *no down payment*—another miracle. Businessmen had told me for years that to get started in business you needed thousands of dollars in capital, your family situated so they needed no income for a year or two, and a good location. I didn't have any of them. You couldn't see the building from any well-traveled street, and our building faced an alley. I remember people driving up, looking around, and asking, "Where did all these cars come from? I had a hard time finding this place."

The Lord continued to prosper our business. One winter I decided to get involved in an advertising campaign to keep all three mechanics busy. A local television station crew came out to make a commercial and said they would call me when it was ready to view. Two days later a customer said, "I saw you on TV yesterday." As I questioned him, he admitted it wasn't a very good commercial. So I went to the station to see it and had to agree.

The TV salesperson wanted to make another commercial, so we set a date. I was ready when the crew came with their cameras. I backed Ann's new Buick into a stall, shined up our scope, and was hooking it up when they got there. I

plugged this five-thousand-dollar scope into their lighting extension cord and it went up in smoke. Nothing would work. I walked out of the building, wondering why I was having so much trouble and was so uncomfortable. The Lord then spoke to my heart, *Why are you fooling with this when I am sending you new customers all the time? And what glory will I receive if you operate like everyone else? We never made that commercial or any others.*

In September 1984, a man walked into our shop and told me, "You've got to buy my business so I can retire." He owned a thirty-six-year-old business located on a main thoroughfare, where it was highly visible. It was twice the size of my old building. We had been working outside because we didn't have any more room in our building. I was able to write him a check for his equity and assume his mortgage. After a few months, we moved Joe's Automotive into that building and leased out the old building.

Malachi 3:10, "...and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it," was coming to pass.

Then after praying that we could get the building next door for a year, it became available. Many businessmen had wanted the building, but the owner was a Spirit-filled man who wanted me to have it. He could have rented it for more but felt we should be in it!

The first day of 1986 my shop was broken into. A customer's car and \$20,000 worth of tools and equipment were stolen. The police gave us this

report: "We may get the car back, but you will probably never see the tools again." So we prayed and asked the Lord to return them to us. I felt peace about the matter and didn't replace any of the tools or equipment. After seven days, the police called for us to identify a car. The car and all the tools were returned. They just couldn't understand how this could happen. Evidently the car had been left on the street in a town nearby in Oklahoma. It was unlocked, but I believe God must have had some angels watching over it. All we lost was some oil, two batteries and some anti-freeze. It is such a joy to turn your problems over to the Lord!

My son, Richard, manages the shop now and this gives me time off to travel for Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. Ann and I have traveled to Mexico City and Guatemala with FGBMFI, ministering in chapter meetings and conventions. All our full-time employees are saved. Sometimes people call requesting prayer. We stop work, join hands and pray for that need right then. We pray for each other and for our customers. We want to minister to them and their needs.

I found no peace until I met Jesus. If you want this peace, you can be saved right now. I invite you to turn to page 38 and take the Six Steps to Salvation. □

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*Joe Murphy has worked in the automotive business for over twenty years. He is the owner of Joe's Automotive in Fort Smith, Arkansas. He is president of the Fort Smith Chapter of the Independent Automotive Service Association. He and his wife Ann have five children and ten grandchildren. They worship at Fellowship of Believers in Van Buren. Mr. Murphy is president of the Fort Smith Chapter of FGBMFI and International Director for western Arkansas.*



# THE 120 CLUB?

The 120 Club consists of men and women of all races, all denominations, who may or may not be members of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. The 120 Club provides an easy means for those who want to serve the Lord and to further the outreach of FGBMFI.

You may make one payment of \$120 or you may pledge \$10 per month for one year, and your donation is tax deductible.

This year, we need 10,000 members. Will you march with us? As a member, you will receive a membership card, pin, a beautiful new *Strong's Concordance*, and an Avis preferred-status discount card.

Your pledge will help support the following FGBMFI outreaches:

1. The reaching of many Communist and third-world nations with Christian testimonies via radio.

2. Airlifts to every continent and establishment of new chapters in every corner of the globe.
3. Prison ministries.
4. Dynamic revivals that help thousands find the Lord.
5. Local, regional, national and world conventions held around the world that train, teach and inspire.
6. Super ALTS seminars, providing leadership training for Full Gospel officers and lay leaders.
7. *Voice*—printed in eleven languages, helping to spread the work of FGBMFI into every corner of the world.
8. Many, many others....

Many will hear the *full* Gospel for the first time because of *your* support. We need 10,000 members this year. Will you be one of them?



---

YES, I believe in the outreach ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International and I want to help those ministries.

You can count on me to invest \$10 a month in support of FGBMFI's effort to reach the unsaved around the world. (I may elect to make a one-time gift of \$120 if I desire.)

Enclosed is my donation of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (a one-time gift)

Enclosed is my donation of \$10 as the first payment of my pledge of \$120.

Please bill my credit card:  Visa  MasterCard.

The number is \_\_\_\_\_ My card expires \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

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

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# CONVENTIONS

**GREATER OHIO VALLEY REGIONAL CONV. VANCOUVER ISLAND FAMILY CAMP**  
**July 30-August 2, 1986**

Executive Inn, Evansville, IN  
Write: Mr. Gerald Bennett  
1424 Brookside  
Evansville, IN 47714

**August 1-4, 1986**

Nanoose Bay Pentecostal Camp  
Nanoose Bay, B.C.  
Write: Dr. W.R. Lindsay  
2224 Departure Bay Rd.  
Nanaimo, B.C., Canada V9S 3V8

**MICHIGAN REGIONAL CONVENTION**  
**August 6-9, 1986**

Hyatt Regency, Dearborn  
Write: FGBMFI  
Box 526  
Southfield, MI 48037

**MISSISSIPPI REGIONAL CONV.**  
**August 7-9, 1986**

Holiday Inn, Downtown Jackson  
Write: Dr. William Keller  
Box 625  
Laurel, MS 39441

**NORTHERN ALBERTA REGIONAL**  
**August 13-16, 1986**

Edmonton Inn, Edmonton, Alberta  
Write: Mr. Jack DeLong  
#73 Sunhill Estates  
Sherwood Park, Alberta  
Canada T8A 4R7

**ROCHESTER/WESTERN N.Y. REGIONAL**  
**August 13-16, 1986**

Holiday Inn  
Write: Mr. Jim McDonald  
79 Norcrest Dr.  
Rochester, NY 14617

**HARRISBURG REGIONAL CONVENTION**  
**August 13-16, 1986**

Messiah College, Grantham, PA  
Write: Mr. Leo Nerht  
6210 Whitehall Dr.  
Mechanicburg, PA 17055

**ALBUQUERQUE REGIONAL**  
**August 14-16, 1986**

Marriott Hotel  
Write: Mr. Clem Dixon  
7502 Trail Ridge NE  
Albuquerque, NM 87109

**KOOTENAY RALLY**  
**August 15-17, 1986**

Inn of the South, Cranbrook, B.C.  
Write: Mr. Don Watt  
Box 524  
Fruitvale, B.C. VOG 1L0

**CENTRAL GEORGIA RALLY**  
**August 15-16, 1986**

Hilton Hotel-Macon  
Write: Mr. David Crawford  
2554 Pineworth Rd.  
Macon, GA 31206

**ALABAMA STATE REGIONAL CONV.**  
**August 21-23, 1986**

Governor's House Hotel, Montgomery  
Write: Mr. Robert Alton  
4345 Belmont Ct.  
Montgomery, AL 36116

**WEST VIRGINIA STATE CONVENTION**  
**August 21-23, 1986**

Ramada Inn, Morgantown  
Write: Mr. Clifford Haddad  
4825 MacCorkle Ave.  
South Charleston, WV 25309

**COLUMBIA GORGE MINI-CONVENTION**  
**August 22-23, 1986**

Portage Inn, The Dalles, OR  
Write: Mr. Rodney Vickers  
4300 Hwy. 35  
Hood River, OR 97031

**CAROLINAS MEN'S ADVANCE**  
**August 22-24, 1986**

Windy Gap, Weaverville, NC  
Write: Mr. Reidy Lawing, c/o FGBMFI  
Box 9027  
Charlotte, NC 28299

**FORT DODGE IOWA REG. CONVENTION**  
**August 27-30, 1986**

Holiday Inn  
Write: Mr. Harold Brown  
104 Maple  
Lohrville, IA 51453

**KANSAS CITY REGIONAL CONVENTION**  
**August 27-30, 1986**

Marriott Hotel, Overland Park  
Write: Mr. Bill Phipps  
1201 W. Gregory  
Kansas City, MO 64114

**MARYLAND MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADV.**  
**Sept. 5-7, 1986**

Write: Mr. James Click  
1645 Hughes Shop Rd.  
Westminster, MD 21157

**MONTANA REG. CONVENTION**  
**Sept. 11-13, 1986**

Write: Mr. Jim Jones  
20 Clay St.  
Butte, MT 59701

**VIRGINIA STATE CONVENTION**  
**Sept. 11-14, 1986**

Pavilion Tower Hotel  
Virginia Beach  
Write: FGBMFI Virginia State Conv.  
1043 Luxford Ln.  
Virginia Beach, VA 23455

**MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE**  
**Sept. 12-14, 1986**

Alersgate, Turner, OR  
Write: Mr. Floyd Bennett  
Box 2162  
Salem, OR 97308

**SALT LAKE CONVENTION**  
**Sept. 18-20, 1986**

Salt Lake Sheraton  
Write: Mr. Victor Martinez  
6833 Village Green Rd.  
Salt Lake City, UT 84121

**HASTINGS RALLY**  
**Sept. 19-20, 1986**

Holiday Inn  
Write: Mr. Ralph Ready  
2317 Bateman  
Hastings, NE 68901

**MONTREAL RALLY**  
**Sept. 19-20, 1986**

Holiday Inn  
Pointe-Claire, Quebec  
Write: Mr. Greg Anber  
39 Cambridge St.  
Kirkland, Quebec  
H9H 3Y4

**OKLAHOMA STATE CONVENTION**  
**Sept. 25-27, 1986**

Excelsior Hotel, Tulsa  
Write: Mr. Don Hall  
Box 702187  
Tulsa, OK 74170



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**ABITIBI-TEMISKAMING RALLY****Sept. 26-27, 1986**

Hotel Albert, Rouyn, Quebec

Write: Mr. Marcel Poulin

292 Rue Bonaventure

Noranda, Quebec J9X 5J4

**NORTHWEST OHIO COUPLE'S RALLY****Sept. 26-28, 1986**

Imperial House Motel

Findley, OH

Write: Mr. James McKeegan

11731 Allen T.R. Rd. 100

Findley, OH 45840

**NORTHWEST FLORIDA COUPLES' ADV.****Sept. 26-27, 1986**

Blue Springs Baptist Assembly

Marianna

Write: Mr. Leonard Cobb

110 Thomas St.

Marianna, FL 32446

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**CONVENTIONS PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE WERE APPROVED ON OR BEFORE MAY 14, 1986.**

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# CHAPTER OUTREACH

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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.

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# 6 STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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# VOICE

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

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

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Sandy McDonnell, Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of McDonnell Douglas Corporation, is responsible for a major portion of America's defense program. So why does his company make room for hundreds of Bible study groups?

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## ON THE FRONT LINES

As City Manager, Allen Schell's battlefield was City Hall. He soon found out he needed more armor than his university degrees to win the battles.

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