

04-67

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

Servicemen's Edition

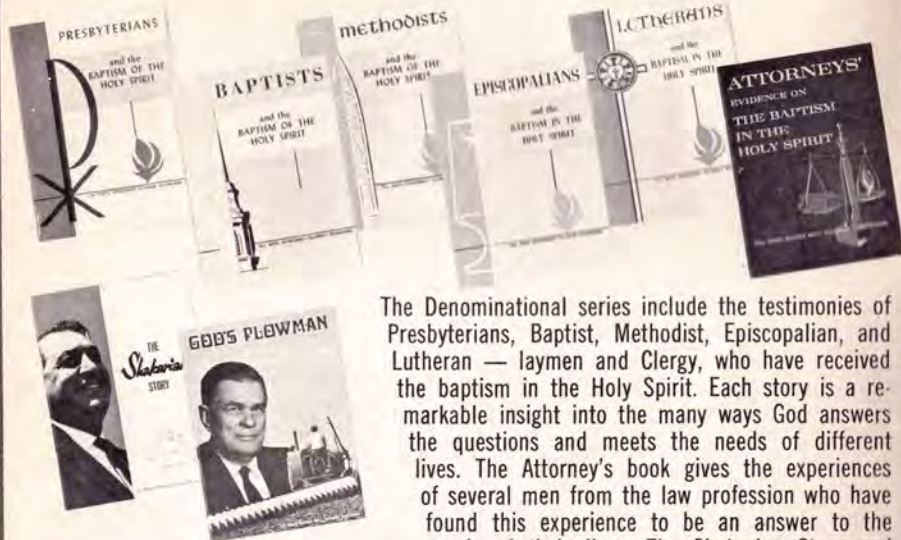
VOICE



Vietnam. You Were There



FGBMFI BOOKS ON THE HOLY SPIRIT



The Denominational series include the testimonies of Presbyterians, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, and Lutheran — laymen and Clergy, who have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Each story is a remarkable insight into the many ways God answers the questions and meets the needs of different lives. The Attorney's book gives the experiences of several men from the law profession who have found this experience to be an answer to the needs of their lives. The Shakerian Story and

God's Plowman contain the story of Demos Shakarian, International President of FGBMFI, and Henry Krause, Chairman of the Board. The vivid account of God's leading in their lives will be a blessing to everyone who reads. In addition to these books, we have prepared a large 68 page pictorial book telling the story of the FGBMFI Airlift to London. (This book sells for \$1.00 a copy). In order that you may order our booklets for distribution among your friends, we have prepared special quantity prices. The prices are: 50c each • 3 for \$1.00 • 6 for \$1.50 • 7-24 23c each • 25-49 20c each • 50-99 15c each • 100 or more 10c each. Mail your order today to: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, Box 17904, Los Angeles, California 90017.



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE — Published monthly (with the exception of February and August, which are combined with the January and July issues) by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, 836 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles, California 90017 U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953, as a non-profit religious charitable and educational corporation. Second Class Postage paid at Los Angeles, California © Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International 1967. All rights reserved. (Litho. in U.S.A.)

VOICE

Volume 15

Number 3

CONTENTS

- 4 Vietnam: You Were There
- 17 FGBMFI Convention Report
- 19 "... and underneath are the everlasting arms"
- 22 A Ministry to Servicemen
- 25 What About the Other Twelve?
- 28 Chapter Reports
- 30 The Reader's VOICE

STAFF

Jerry Jensen, Editor; Minola Taylor, M.B. Waldron, Alicia Cruz, Editorial Assistants.

EDITORIAL BOARD

Darrell Hon, Chrmn.; Dan Malachuk, Enoch Christoffersen, Sam Rudd

COVER

At Pleiku, South Vietnam, at the artillery installation of the "Famous Fourth" Infantry Division, Servicemen listen gladly and solemnly as Paul Toberty tells the age-old story of salvation. This is just one small part of FGBMFI Spiritual Airlift to Vietnam.

Books You Should Read

THEY SPEAK WITH OTHER TONGUES



The Charismatic Renewal, as a fresh breath from Heaven is gently but steadily moving aside the curtains of re-

sistance in formal churches, and bringing new life, and power to the entire Church Body. John Sherill, the author, is Senior Editor of GUIDEPOSTS, and a man who has watched the steadily rising tide of the Charismatic Renewal. Price 60¢, paper back.

THE CHALLENGING COUNTERFEIT



By Raphael Gasson who, born into a Jewish family, became a spiritualist medium then a Christian. In his book he

writes of his personal experiences in both areas, comparing today's Charismatic Renewal with the psychic phenomenon in spiritualism. Price \$1.50.

Order From: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, 836 South Figueroa, Los Angeles, California 90017.

Vietnam: You Were

WE HAVE WITNESSED a miracle! FGBMFI has witnessed many a miracle on former Spiritual Airlifts; but none quite like the one we saw and felt and tasted in Vietnam!

So definite was the call to go, so intense has been the interest among FGBMFI and its hosts of friends, so constant has been your intercessory prayer for this Airlift, that though you could not join us in person, we know your hearts have been with us every happy, weary, grueling, glorious mile of the way. We shall endeavor to take you with us in retrospect, right from the tremendous send-off at home, the stop-over in Tokyo and Hong Kong, arrival in Saigon, our first two days of bitter difficulty, disappointment, and near

defeat when we just hung on by sheer faith, into our hotel rooms where we gathered to pray and await God's guidance, and finally through the door to almost nationwide service that God flung open for us — a door where there was no door!

You who attended the San Diego Convention and know of the burden laid upon Paul Toberty's heart to go to Vietnam, will recall that at the same time there came the witness that the answer to our requests for entrance would be No — No — No —



There

and finally YES! And so it was. For two days every answer was NO from all sources. The "arm of flesh" upon which we had leaned, and which had given us to understand all arrangements would be made, utterly failed us. When all hope was gone, and all that remained was our faith in God — faith that He who had called us to go would indeed open the way — then God began to move. In less time than it requires to tell it, every barrier was miraculously swept away and the courtesy of a nation was ours.

But join us at Seattle, where the group from the West, Southwest, and Middlewest met those from the East and Pacific Northwest, and thirty-two of us board Northwest Orient Airlines headed for Saigon, South Vietnam.

Out across the broad Pacific we head for the first stop on our journey — Tokyo, Japan, then on for an overnight stop in Hong Kong. There are many servicemen on the plane and

we improve the hours witnessing to them and the other passengers. We reap several precious souls up there thousands of feet above the earth, gliding along in a smooth passage. The Sergeant in charge of this group is impressed by the sincerity of our men, their burden and desire to go to Vietnam and share the Gospel message. It seems difficult for the boys to understand why businessmen should take their time, pay their own way, perhaps risk their lives just to tell a bunch of servicemen that God loves them. During the stop-over in Tokyo, the Sergeant gathers the men together in the "in transit lounge." Sam Rudd, our International Director from Denver, Colorado, who served in World War II, gives his personal testimony of what being a Christian meant to him during those rugged days. At the close, approximately 35



men join him in repeating the penitent's prayer.

This opening introduction is really the pattern of our trip — our servicemen so gladly receiving the message wherever and when ever we can find opportunity to tell it.

We leave Tokyo, and Fujiama fades away into the distance as we head for Hong Kong. We are met by a delegation from our Hong Kong FGBMFI Chapter which is under the leadership of S. K. Sung, our International Director in the Far East. A meeting has been arranged for our group the following noon just prior to our plane's departure for Saigon, so the evening and following morning are spent in looking over Hong Kong, its giant buildings, beautiful parks, lovely hotels, and intriguing shops. It is difficult to realize, from the architecture, that we are not in a busy American city.

At the noon meeting, the Shanghai Restaurant in the President Hotel is filled with an enthusiastic group of men who have come to greet this group which has received and responded to this all-important mission. It is a time of rich blessing. After a most delicious meal, our gracious hosts escort us to the airport and we board Air France for our flight to Saigon.

As we approach this land and this city of which newspapers have been shouting at us daily, and over which congressmen, governors, college young people, and even the man on the street have been debating—some learnedly and some foolishly and bitterly — a strange hush settles over

the passengers.

Below, the South China Sea that is frequently tortured into madness by wild winds and perverse forces of nature, lies today calm and blue. The shoreline of Vietnam along the entire uneven length of it, as far as we can see, appears to be edged with white ruffled lace of gently breaking surf upon the sandy beaches. The topography of the country is varied — level plains, red sand, mountains, fertile valleys, blessed by nature with the prerequisites of a prosperous, productive country in a vitally strategic spot in the Far East.

Every passenger — and the plane is filled to capacity — tries to reach a window, press for a better glimpse of this land which is of such importance in the world today — this country of South Vietnam.

This is the picture as our plane settles down at Tan Son Nhut Air Base — the airfield in Saigon. We taxi a great distance, past row after row of jet fighters, bombers, reconnaissance planes, helicopters, some bearing the insignia of America, others from Australia, some from South Vietnam, but all engaged in the battle against communism, halting the infiltration of Viet Cong, and relieving the pressure from the north.

We alight from the plane. The weather, in America, in Tokyo, and Hong Kong has been in the delightful 60's and 70's, now we suddenly are wrapped in a woolen blanket of 96 degrees temperature, and humidity to almost match it.

All is absolute chaos at the airport. We are greeted with heat, the press of

a hurrying crowd, turmoil, perspiring exasperation, delay in making our way through a line for stamping of passports, entry cards, health cards, money exchange cards . . .

Finally checked out by baggage inspectors, we take a bus which has to be pre-arranged, because taxis are not allowed on the base during the current crisis. Our bus distributes us between the Majestic, Embassy and Park Hotel.

We have endeavored to conform to every suggestion made by those in authority. First, by cutting our group from over 100, down to its present size; and second, by delaying our trip until the Tet holiday period is over, during which Vietnamese do not appreciate visitors, we are told. Our original preparations, which we thought complete, have gone through many phases. Chaplain Duie Jernigan received TDY orders from the head Chaplain of his area (The Dragon Mountain Base Camp at Pleiku) to go to Saigon some several hundred miles to the south where he talked with Chaplain Prudell, (in charge of



Team member Reed Keso and his son, a war-rant officer in Viet Nam, who accepted the Lord during our airlift.



Paul Toberty, left, and Jerry Jensen, right, pictured with George Jacobson Mission Coordinator for the American Embassy in Saigon.

Team members Gene Scalf, Grant Andahl, and Don Warren with hospital Chaplain.



L to R: Bill Swad, Jerry Jensen, and Sam Rudd preparing to leave for Vung Tau for services with the 7th Fleet.



the Chaplains in Vietnam), and also with MACV headquarters for all service personnel — Army, Navy, Marine, Air Force — in Vietnam, under the command of General Westmoreland. Then suddenly communications stopped.

Several others have volunteered to assist in setting up meetings and means of talking to our soldiers, but none of them materialize. Finally, a frank discussion (after 24 hours of delay) results in a very dismaying, and very, very cold reception and expression that the Charismatic move of today is not approved in Vietnam. Well, we remark to each other when our final callers have left, there goes our last contact — our last plan. Now the Lord can take over and open whatever doors He would have us walk through. This He has always done on our former airlifts, and we have faith that, having called us to Vietnam, He will provide a way for us to do whatever is His will.

Despite our disappointment, we do not waste any time. After a prayer meeting in our hotel rooms, we sally forth into the streets of Saigon. We know God's way is the best way, and if He wants us to witness person-to-person on the streets, that is what we shall do. Arming ourselves with tracts, copies of VOICE magazine, and New Testaments we go forth, hopefully, remembering that in many areas where we have ministered the things which have proved of greatest import, and have accomplished most lasting results, have been the miracles God has performed through or for individuals, opening doors and using

men away beyond their own capabilities, for His glory.

We hold another prayer meeting that night, and God begins to open doors. Our men have met and witnessed to soldiers and civilians, and they in turn are getting through to their Officers and Chaplains. That the Chaplains want us to get up to the battle zone where most of the men are, we know. We have an appointment to talk to Mr. Jacobson, assistant to Ambassador Lodge. Arrangements are made for our group to visit some of the chapels in Saigon and immediate surrounding area, including some hospitals in Saigon area. Col. Scudder, MACV Protocol Officer gives us all the assistance he can, for which we are most grateful.

We spread out and attend services in the various chapels and churches. In the evening one group attends Trinity Baptist Church. This is the beginning of a series of events so thrilling we cannot begin to tell all of it. The pastor of that church becomes friends with many of our men. He opens his doors to the men to minister there during our entire stay in Saigon, and graciously sees us off when we leave.

Without warning, the entire area is suddenly open to us — transportation — hospitals — helicopters — bunkers — camps — shipboard — it seems we cannot go fast enough. The one thing that is heartbreaking is the fact time simply will not permit us to visit each boy in the hospitals individually.

The team visiting the 3rd Field Hospital is warmly welcomed by a

Presbyterian Chaplain. A man who has just recently returned from the front has a most thrilling testimony to give. We put it on tape and will publish it later. It is a very excellent testimony from a wonderful man.

Out here, we come face to face with war — not only personal danger from it, but the results of it — injured boys brought in by DUST OFF (Dedicated Unhesitating Service To Our Fighting Forces). In bed after bed lie young men with heart hunger showing on their faces, and we cannot bear to pass one by — many, many accepting the Lord during this one afternoon visit to this hospital. We later visit as many of the base and field hospitals as time will permit. We receive the name of a Chaplain at Tay Ninh, which is the place of the Junction City battle (a rather terrifying one we are told). In fact, it is more or less the airbase and base camp for the pushout to that battle. This Chaplain also shares with us his fellowship, his chapels, and finds other places for us to minister.

It is impossible in one narration to follow all the groups. Bill Swad has arranged to charter an airplane to Vung Tau on the coast. Part of the 7th Fleet is anchored off Vung Tau, and it is also an R and R (Rest and Rehabilitation) center for our troops.

Mr. Khuong Huu Dieu, former Under Secretary of State of Commerce for Viet Nam and now Director of the Bank of Industrial Development, standing on the sight of his nation's largest Industrial development. More than 65 new plants are now being developed. Mr. Dieu, a close friend of New York Chapter officer Wiley Childs, is one of the first generation American trained Vietnamese Industrialist.



The plane is piloted by a Lieutenant who has retired from the Airforce after 2500 missions and is now piloting charter flights. Three of us fly down there. Shortly a patrol boat comes by, unloads a couple of Australians into a row boat headed for shore. We wave, they come over to the dock, we explain our problem, they radio the ship we wish to go to, because on board that ship is a young sailor from Bill Swad's church back home. The ship replies it is okay for us to come out, and our gunboat with guns bristling fore and aft, weaves in and out among the ships of the 7th Fleet until we reach the one we are looking for and are taken aboard. We meet the Commanding Officer, tell him our mission, and he gladly sends for the boy we are looking for, who is a young noncom. He takes us to "chow" where we meet the lay leader of the ship. (This ship does not have its own Chaplain, though most of them do). There are about 500 men aboard. The lay leader says he will see if he can "round up" some of the boys and get them down into the "rec" rooms where perhaps we can have a service. We give our testimonies, the men receive them gladly, we hand out copies of VOICE all around and tell them of our mission and our burden. The men are happy that we have come. They stand around after the service and talk, and we promise to return the following evening at 6:00 and have another service.

We get a flight back to Saigon via Air America (actually a part of the CIA) and hitch a ride in a military

car into Saigon. Back in the hotel room, there is a phone call from the lobby — a young officer who knows one of our group from Washington and who is now serving with the 4th Infantry out of Pleiku. This young man is a Catholic, he does not claim to having had a definite experience with the Lord, but is interested in what we are doing. He listens quietly as we tell of our difficulties to date, then remarks he thinks he can help a little. Our chief difficulty is transportation. We have a good list of Chaplains obtained from MAC V, but thus far we have been unable to reach them. Now, the doors open wide — planes, helicopters, trucks, jeeps — and we divide up into groups and visit every point time will permit us to reach.

Our first stop is to be Cam Ranh Bay, to contact Major Carothers, the man who has been responsible in the past for opening the door for our VOICE magazines to go to Vietnam. He is a Methodist Chaplain and a real Charismatic Christian. Because of the weather, our plane has to overshoot Cam Ranh Bay and we fly on north to Tuy Hoa, which is a new airbase developing there. It is large and excellent for the purpose for which constructed, but is a rather desolate and uninviting place — at least at the airstrip. We feel this delay in reaching Cam Ranh has a purpose in God's plan for us, so we contact all possible men at the airstrip. We have some C rations for lunch and finally are able to board a flight back to Cam Ranh Bay. Chaplain Carothers meets us with his jeep and

takes us back to some quarters he has arranged for our stay — the VIP quarters on his part of the base. He invites us to his officers' mess and we have a wonderful time of fellowship that evening. He shows us around the Bay, where the boats are loaded and unloaded, the munitions handled, etc. The following morning we meet another Chaplain, a friend of Carothers, and are able to tape the testimonies of both men which we hope to present to you later. We make arrangements for others of our group to come and enjoy a time of fellowship at the Bay, then we take a plane to Pleiku. In Pleiku we try to contact Chaplain Jernigan who has worked very hard to make our visit to Vietnam a glorious success. It is only by chance we arrive at his base. Phone service is bad and we are unable to call from the airport where we land. We bump into an officer at the airport, explain our dilemma, and the good Major gives us a ride back to the base in his jeep.

This trip from the airport to Dragon Mountain Base is through


Chuck Flynn with Viet Cong child who was injured in capture with his father in Viet Nam.



Paul Toberty and Sheldon Clements with Chaplain Major Merlin Carothers at his chapel in Cam Ranh Bay.



Leut. Pierre Burnet shows Correspondent Lew Breyer how he handles his gun near the front in Viet Nam.

Sheldon Clements and Bill Johnson getting ready to travel in Viet Nam. 



roads deep with a clinging, fine, red dust. This is headquarters of the 4th Infantry. We are by this time in a bad state — perspiring, covered with red dust — even our hair is red. We find Maj. Jernigan has that very morning left on R and R for Hawaii. We have just missed him. However, we are taken to the tent of Col. Hett, head Chaplain for the 4th Infantry, in charge of some 25 Chaplains, and a wonderful man. He is with the Evangelical United Brethren Movement, and is rather surprised to see us, as he has been told the entire plan for our Airlift has fallen through and FGBMFI is not coming to Vietnam. He is happy to assist in any way possible. We have dinner in the officers' mess and are assigned sleeping quarters.

Shortly after breakfast the following morning, additional members of our group arrive and arrangements are made to fit everyone with "fatigues" and proper boots, and the new members of our group are given a briefing by G-5. This G-5 program is, perhaps, one of the most interesting things we encounter on our visits to the camps. It is the civil action — the psychological warfare. Their job is to relieve undesirable economic and social conditions and assist the people they are defending. They have many projects, such as medical aid, distribution of food and clothing, assisting with building construction, building spillways, and showing people in outlying areas how to let the dirty water settle, to obtain fresh, clear water for drinking or bathing, etc.

This is the Pleiku area in the highlands, the home of the Montagnard people — a people much like our own American Indians. The Viet Cong have taken advantage of them in so many ways, forcing them to grow rice and food supplies, and then robbing them and leaving them hungry. They are literally captives of the VC. The job of the civil action program is to give these people self help projects and teach them while they protect them. There is now a Highlands Military Academy for the Montagnard children, which ranks with our highschools — ranks above them in discipline. There are some Vietnamese and a couple of Cambodian young people in the school, also. 4th Infantry has purchased a TV station for both pleasure and education of the people. They provide milk for 2000 children three times each week — and that's a lot of milk!

Of course, this is a two-way road — the "Famous Fourth" practically surrounds the villages and protect them, and the people assist the soldiers in flushing out the Viet Cong. Our men give each village a Vietnamese flag and teach them to be proud of it and to be proud of being a part of an organized government — their own government.

There is also a program of Refugee Resettlement Assistance (called "Edapenang") that supplies transportation and protection for necessary moves, while the Vietnamese government provides land and buildings for the people to move into where they will be away from danger areas and in safe quarters.

Incidentally, we find such a program is carried out, not only in the Pleiku area of the 4th Infantry, but all over Vietnam in the various divisions of our Army, Airforce and Marines. They are all carrying on similar programs in all parts of South Vietnam. We find our boys over there are proud, and hold their heads high, for they are not just fighting men — they are helping to rebuild a nation.

Make no mistake about it — the Vietnamese people are not sitting with hands folded waiting for someone to do something for them. They are an industrious and a patient people. Yet they also have the persistence of Nehemiah, who built the walls of Jerusalem in the midst of outside attack by neighboring Sanballat and Tobiah who sought to prevent the restoration of that city. As it was necessary for Nehemiah and his men to build with one hand while holding a weapon for defense in the other, so these Vietnamese people are building under great stress, difficulty and pressure from their neighbors — but they



Part of FGBMFI airlift team with Chaplains at Dragon Mountain Base Camp at Pleiku.



A young Lt. shows Montgnard children how to operate tape recorder.

Wendell Wallace, Harald Hayes, and Paul Tобerty with Col. Miller, Chief of Staff of the 4th Infantry Division.

FGBMFI team members join patrol in village near Pleiku.



are building. As fast as an area is freed of Communist control, we find social, economic, and political changes begun in that area that aim toward stability.

Strangely enough, one huge project we are privileged to visit has been planned and is under the direction of an exceedingly capable young Vietnamese who is one of the first generation of Vietnamese to be trained and educated in the United States. Heretofore, their young people have generally gone to France for their schooling. We meet this exceptional young man personally, listen to his plans, see the progress already made toward factories, mills, manufacturing plants, etc. that will provide employment for the people. We listen and are deeply impressed at the strides being made toward a solid government. It is slow. It is difficult. Any such progress is continually under fire from the VC and their neighbors to the north.

One of our group, Albert Vietzke, states: "I have gone from hospital to hospital, from ward to ward, and have talked to hundreds of men, including the wounded; and they all have the same general opinion about Vietnam. They say, 'There is more to be done here than just winning the war in the military sense. If we are to have lasting victory over here, we must bring Christ to this land where there has been so much suffering and darkness.' Coming from men who have just been returned, wounded, from the battlefield, such statements made a very deep impression on me, and should make a very deep impression on every church and every

Christian in the world." We find this war different. Our boys are fighting hate — and they are fighting it with love. Regardless of church affiliation or background, they are united in an effort to bring to others the concept of a better life, and they deserve every consideration we can give them.

Out in the 3rd Army Field Hospital, we find a man who we thought would be the least receptive to Christ; but he is the one who makes a decision for God. There is also a Lt. Colonel, a Saigon MP, a propaganda minister — in fact we have never seen a place in the world where the field is so ripe unto harvest in every level of activity. We believe the Lord is going to bring conviction to this land, and He is now preparing the hearts for others who shall come with a sweeping revival message.

We find the Chaplains in Vietnam real men of God and doing a wonderful job. As one of our group puts it: "These Chaplains are all A-OK!"

It is impossible to tell even a small part of the story here. We could go on indefinitely about riding the helicopters that bring in the wounded, flying over the battlefields just above ground fire, visiting men in the bunkers, sleeping under ground while 155 millimeter howitzers boom. (Those guns make quite a bang!) We could tell of mess hall meetings of almost an entire battalion. How they crowd into that small area we'll never know, but they are there, listening quietly. They continue to express their surprise and delight that some American businessmen thought enough of them to come all the way

out to such a place as this, to tell them how proud America is of them, and how much we appreciate what they are doing, and to assure them God loves them and that we are praying for them.

We do not find any infidels out here. Nor are they all sinners. We find some wonderful Christian fellowship among the men in all the branches of service.

When Alfred Valdez arrived at Pleiku, he reports: "My hair, my clothes and my body were red — covered with that red dust. The Chaplain took me into his tent and said, 'Pastor, here is a basin of water. Go ahead and refresh yourself. Take off your shirt and give it to me.' I took the shirt off, covered with red mud as it was, and he washed it! I was practically speechless. This man is a Colonel! I remonstrated, but he just smiled and replied, 'Pastor, didn't our Lord and Saviour wash the feet of His disciples?' Wonderful answer! I couldn't keep back the tears."

This incident illustrates something

Rev. Alfred Valdez with Chaplains Col. Brady and Col. Hett.



Sergeant at artillery outpost directing distribution of VOICE magazine to his men.



Wounded soldier brought out of swamp by helicopter and taken to waiting ambulance.

Team members hold impromptu meeting in Chaplain's hut near Pleiku.





of the gladness with which our visit to Vietnam was received. God has been so good! We know wonderful things are going to come from this Airlift. Even the first difficult forty-eight hours that we spent mostly on our knees before the Lord, brought our own hearts closer to Him. And oh, what a reward we received for our faith in God!

Chaplain Carothers receiving Servicemen's Edition of VOICE from Paul Toberty and Jerry Jensen on dock at Cam Ranh Bay where VOICE shipments reach Vietnam for free distribution under Chap. Carothers' direction. IF YOU WANT TO SHARE in this great project, write: FGBMFI, 836 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles, Calif. 90017.

FGBMFI CONVENTION REPORT



The 400 present at the closing banquet of the Phoenix, Arizona Convention thrilled to the testimonies of Dr. Jocko of India, Dr. Bill Reed, and many others.

EASTERN CANADIAN REGIONAL

Toronto hosted the Eastern Canadian Regional last November. It was their first regional convention, and a very successful one. Some 600 delegates from all walks of life came from all over that vast area, both from its many chartered chapters, and others presently under formation. There were speakers, as well as enthusiastic supporters, from among FGBMFI members who came from across the border. Larry Snelgrove, Canadian President of FGBMFI, acted as host, supported by members and officers from Canadian Chapters. Peter Schroeder of Toronto, International Board member, was Chairman.

"Power" was the dominant theme of both questions asked and answers given in the stirring messages, according to Comdr. A. R. Pressey,

Carl Williams, Phoenix Convention Chairman, speaking during one of the convention's inspiring meetings.



R.C.N. (Retired) who compiled the convention report. It was a particularly apt theme, inasmuch as from the windows of the convention hall mighty Niagara Falls could be seen—and heard—in all its roaring, thunderous power, which they realized was as a drop in the bucket compared to the power which holds the sun and earth and the planets together as a harmonious unit—the Power manifest when men, filled with the Spirit, speak in tongues—the Power, witnessed of and evidenced in the meetings—the Power that can perform the miracle of salvation, healing, and baptism in the Holy Spirit!

NASHVILLE, TENN.

The Third Nashville Southeastern Regional Convention was sponsored by 10 FGBMFI Chapters in that area.

As usual, Nashville opened its friendly and hospitable arms to the conventioners who gathered at the Dinkler-Andrew Jackson Hotel, Convention Headquarters.



Father Robert Julien, a former missionary and priest gave his exciting testimony at the Atlantic City, New Jersey Regional Convention.

Dr. James Brown, J. A. Dennis and Kash Amburgy, scheduled speakers, were augmented by several International Directors, including Jewel Rose, from International Headquarters, many chapter presidents, and other business men who gave their testimonies which greatly blessed the Convention.



John Raborg, Convention Chairman, is shown presenting plaque to George A. Scott honoring him as Christian Businessman of the year during the recent San Diego Regional Convention.



“ . . . and
underneath are
the everlasting arms ”

By CDR. C. L. Wilgus, USN

AS A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER, several years ago, I found the joy and thrill of the new birth. I had heard the story of Jesus many times, and I thought I was a Christian. However, one Sunday morning in a little country church I heard it anew, and God opened my spiritual eyes and unstopped my spiritual ears. I was not seeking Jesus that Sunday morning; but someone had been praying, and *He* was seeking *me*.

At the close of the service an invi-

tation was given for sinners to give their lives to Christ. I looked around at the congregation and told myself I was as good as anyone there, and no one had better invite me to go forward. I made up my mind if that happened, I was going out the back door. When no person could help me to find salvation, the Holy Spirit gave the personal invitation! The presence of the Lord was there with such power that I began to tremble. He gave me a choice: “Christ, or a

cocktail glass. You choose this day!" I couldn't resist His invitation to accept Christ as my Saviour, so I went forward and fell on my knees at the altar, overwhelmed at His concern for and knowledge of me. That moment a peace came into my heart that has continually flooded my soul ever since, even in times of danger and trial—and there have been several such times.

One of the great experiences of my life as a Christian occurred several years ago while flying a four-engine aircraft from an airfield in Florida. I was an Ensign Plane Commander at the time and pilot of the aircraft. I was also a born again Christian, having completely given my life to the Lord a few months earlier. We had just taken off from the airfield when number two engine blew the exhaust stack loose, allowing flames to enter the nacelle area where fuel, oil lines and oil tanks were located. We quickly reduced power on that engine and continued climbing on the three good ones. The aircraft was quite heavy and we were still very low, so we did not stop the engine completely by "feathering" the propeller into the wind. Instead, we closed the throttle and set full low rpm to obtain minimum drag.

We climbed a few hundred feet, then turned back toward the airfield. The other three engines were getting hot. Suddenly number one engine "seized" internally and was completely stopped. The propeller, however, was turning so fast all the nose section bolts sheared. Oil ran back on the red-hot exhaust stacks and the

whole engine was on fire. I ordered, "Feather number one," and reached for the throttles to get maximum power. The plane was dropping so fast I realized we couldn't clear the trees immediately below. To myself I said, "So this is how I'm going to die!" There wasn't a doubt in my mind but that I had just traveled my last mile.

At that instant I had a vision—Jesus was standing with arms outstretched waiting for me. I remembered my name was written in the Lamb's Book of Life—that I was a child of God. A feeling of peace, joy and sheer ecstasy swept over me. I saw another figure standing there—but sideways to me. I recognized him immediately as "Death" but his hands, which were behind his back, were bound together. Death could not touch me and the Lord was waiting for me with open arms! I cried out, "Jesus, save us!" That huge airplane sailed over the tree tops and did not crash. I don't know how—only it was the Lord.

We were now so low I planned to ditch the plane in the ocean near shore, but unaccountably it continued to hold some altitude and airspeed. We were just clearing the wave tops when I saw an unused runway that was too short for the big planes, and was closed to all aircraft. We turned quickly, landed safely, and were able to stop at the very end of the runway.

Our God is able to do anything!

Recently a new "dimension" has been added to my life—the baptism in the Holy Spirit. The teaching of

my church is against this experience—especially the speaking in other tongues—but God has helped me to overcome the limitations of that background.

When attending my first FGBMFI meeting in Modesto, California, I heard Tony Fontane speak, and was amazed at the spirit of Christian love manifested in that group. I was forced to search the scriptures to see if these things they talked of were true. After reading the Word, I had to make an “agonizing reappraisal” of my personal theology; but a new joy came when I believed the Word for this experience and decided to seek its fullness.

The first time I sought, I spoke a few “confused syllables.” Some of those praying with me rejoiced and told me I had the Baptism; but I wasn’t satisfied, feeling that I had somehow done the speaking—that the Holy Spirit wasn’t my entire motivation. Some time later in private devotions early one morning the Holy Spirit was quietly present and I spoke the syllables as He gave utterance. Not only did He give the utter-

ance, but He also gave the interpretation. The word meant “Heavenly Father.” That’s all there was that morning—just one little word and its meaning. I wasn’t overcome with joy at the time. In fact, I was a little disappointed, having expected so much and having heard and read so many glowing and dynamic testimonies. My experience wasn’t like that at all.

I continued thus for some time. Still I didn’t think I had the fullness of this experience because I didn’t have a complete vocabulary in another language. But again it was the Word of God that confirmed the experience and made me rejoice, for I finally realized that all the Bible says is: “. . . they spake as the Spirit gave utterance.” It doesn’t say how long they spoke, or how many words. Suddenly I realized *the Spirit had given me the utterance and I had spoken*, and now the promise was mine! The Word is true! The experience is real! And I can testify it is also true that “ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you and ye shall be witnesses unto me.”

“I had heard the story of Jesus many times,” says Commander Wilgus, “and I thought I was a Christian. One Sunday morning, in a little country church I heard it anew. I was not seeking Jesus that Sunday morning; but someone must have been praying, and He was seeking me. I could not refuse the personal invitation of the Holy Spirit Who seemed to give me a choice—saying, ‘Choose ye this day.’ And I chose Jesus.”



SERVICEMEN'S CENTER

A Ministry to Servicemen by Sgt. Bill Wade, USMC

IN NOVEMBER, 1959, I returned from Okinawa, having completed an eighteen months tour of duty in the Far East with Bravo Company, 1st Battalion, Third Marines. I was tired—tired of myself—tired of the type of life I was leading. I really *wanted* to stop my heavy drinking, but could not find the strength within myself to accomplish it. So I continued going deeper and deeper into sin. Like a man in quicksand, it seemed the more I struggled, the deeper I sank.

A young Marine checked into my outfit around March, 1960. I thought he seemed to be nothing but a "pile of milktoast" or a man who had no backbone. Needless to say, several of us found some kind of pleasure in taunting or ridiculing him—just to see if we couldn't harass him into striking back. One day when I had been annoying him even more pointedly than usual, he remarked quietly:

"Some day when you are in town, and want to save your money for more booze, yet would like something to eat, go into the CSO in Santa Ana, California. They will give you a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

None of us seemed able to really get him riled. At first, that fact made me pretty annoyed. Then, gradually, it took all the fun out of razzing him.

It was the last Wednesday in September of 1960 before I thought again of his mention of the CSO. Half drunk, as usual, I wandered in to get a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Immediately I entered, a young man approached me with a smile as broad and warm as though I had been his long lost brother, and put out his hand.

"Hi! I'm Dick Zelinka!" he exclaimed heartily.

I managed to reply that I was Bill Wade. As he took me by the arm and began to steer me toward the rear of

the room, he asked:

"Are you a Christian?"

"Of course!" I replied stiffly. "I'm a Catholic!"

Much to my surprise Dick said: "Praise the Lord!"

Really taken aback, I demanded to know what kind of a nut he was. It wasn't very gracious of me, but at the moment I didn't really feel gracious. However, he didn't bat an eye, or even stop smiling or talking pleasantly.

By this time we had reached the counter where one of the other men was pouring us some coffee. Dick talked on about how much he loved the Lord. My first reaction was that he was really putting on an act, and that if I had to listen to much more of this, it would have been better to go out and *buy* my coffee and sandwich. Then, as he continued to talk, I began to recognize his sincerity. It really wasn't put on at all. But when he asked me to go to church with him that night I replied glibly: "It's against my religion!"

"So is getting drunk," he countered instantly. I went to church with him.

After the service I was introduced to a group of young people who were discussing a beach party for the following Friday. One of the girls came over and asked me if I would like to go, and I accepted. I don't know where I ever got the idea that the invitation was for a twosome; but I did. Friday was payday, and because I wanted to make an impression on the young lady, I went to the enlisted club and bought two six-packs of

beer. When I got to the church where I was to pick up the young lady, I suddenly realized we would not be alone—that she hadn't meant the invitation to be individual and personal, but had been inviting me to join this entire group of young folks at the beach.

Embarrassed at my own stupidity, I wanted to turn and leave; but they had already seen me and everyone came running over to open the trunk of my car and stow away some of the stuff for the beach party — surf boards, and such. Without any comment they set my beer on the ground, loaded in their gear and put my beer back on top of the stuff. Seldom in my life have I felt so embarrassed! Somewhere inside me there was a strange feeling—a very uncomfortable feeling that I was somehow guilty of something. Having never felt real conviction before, I didn't recognize it at first. I had beer and they had Bibles! The incongruity of it stung like a lash. By the time we had reached the site of the beach party, I had disposed of the beer. I don't know for sure whether I managed it as inconspicuously as I hoped; but if they did observe the surreptitious jettisoning they gave no indication. Still, that fact didn't help my feeling of guilt.

While we were at the beach, I saw those kids had something I lacked. They had the love of Christ. They were enjoying a wonderful evening and at the same time glorifying their Lord. I don't know when a beach party has been so much real fun.

The following morning Dick and I

were shaving in the CSO. He began telling me of the plan of salvation. I suddenly knew there was only one thing to do—repent of my sins and invite Christ into my life. When I got up off my knees that morning, I knew what Dick was talking about! I *knew* what it means to be born again! I had never felt so free and so clean, or so happy in my life. It wasn't long after that, I was telling others of Christ. Within three weeks I had led one of my buddies to the Lord.

Shortly thereafter I was married to a wonderful girl, and we opened our home to servicemen. You can't know, unless you have been alone in a strange city of a strange land—separated from others, in a way, by the very uniform you wear—refused admittance here—finding an “off limits” sign yonder—you wander about looking for something that you can't seem to exactly identify. If the truth were known, it probably is a slab of Mom's apple pie, or the warmth of a friendly smile. When you have had that experience, you will know what it means to a serviceman to be invited into a home—not necessarily a fancy home, but one that is warm with friendly welcome.

We had been married one year when I received orders for the Philippines. The day I arrived someone told me of a missionary who was building a home for servicemen—his name was Dick Patty. I spent seven happy months helping in his work and then had to leave because of the illness of my wife, Linnea, and our baby son. A few months later, Linnea and I re-opened our home again, and



Sgt. Bill Wade

a period of service and witnessing followed.

In February, 1965, I again received orders for overseas duty. This time it was for Iwakuni, Japan. It is apparent the Lord had His hand in all this, for he led me to organize a home called the Servicemen's Bible Mission where we could gather and pray and testify.

After seven months of service there, I returned home with orders for Camp Pendleton, where I am presently located. When we arrived, we opened our home once more. In the gatherings there we have been privileged to see a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We have organized teams of men who go to the streets of Oceanside, California, with person-to-person witnessing. One night a month we are able to use the El Camino Playhouse in Oceanside for a program to reach the unsaved.

WHAT ABOUT THE OTHER TWELVE?

IT WAS JUST A SMALL ITEM, somewhat inconspicuous on an inside page of a voluminous Los Angeles newspaper. It announced simply that Army Pfc. Rickford R. Schmidt of Lawndale was listed on the latest casualty report, among 13 U. S. Servicemen killed in action in Vietnam.

But there is more—much more—to the story!

The following morning a man walked into FGBMFI International Headquarters, during our daily de-

votional service. Just before the closing prayer, he stood and said he would like to give a testimony. He was Earl Schmidt, Secretary of our Crenshaw-Imperial Chapter.

“We just received word,” he said quietly, “that our son Rickie has been killed in action in Vietnam. Our hearts are bowed, but we are upheld by the fact that we know Rick was a Christian. In his letters home he told of the wonderful comfort his faith was to him, and how grateful he was that he had been able to win



some of his fellow soldiers to Christ. Although we grieve, as any parent grieves to know a soldier son will not be returning, we are sustained by the knowledge that he was ready to meet his Lord, whenever or however called. We are proud of a son who was willing to give his life for his country; but even more proud of a son who had given his life to Christ and who was never hesitant or ashamed to witness for Him.

"An Army Sergeant came personally to advise us of our son having been killed in action. Just two hours later the postman delivered to us Rick's last letter, written just before he went into action for the last time. Though he was fighting a war and facing death every day, he had begun to plan for the future—to make use of his talents and abilities for the glory of God. It was this that apparently prompted his last letter:

"Dear Mom and Dad:

"How are things back home? Thank you so much for the pictures. I like to be able to look back on things and praise the Lord for His protecting hand on my life . . . I'm on my own now, out to serve the Lord . . . I'm going to tell you what I have on my mind. God has His hand on me, I know. I will be getting out 23 April 1969 . . . I want to come home and go to L.I.F.E. Bible School. I want to become a young people's leader . . . You see, Mom, I'm praying hard to know just what God wants me to do. Dad, you know I'm one of the happiest guys in the world. I chose the Army. I came in with

an open heart, to grow up . . . You know, I thank both you and Mom for being the parents you are . . . We're going out tomorrow. I can't tell you about it yet. We do know it will be from 6 days to 10 weeks. I can tell you this—listen real close to the news. The whole 1st Division is in it. Today has been a busy one—we had to get ready for a long time in the field . . . I've got to go now . . . I love you all! Rick."

One day prior to our notification, Rickford's art teacher in Lawndale, Calif., received a letter from him:

". . . We are doing a lot of fighting over here . . . more than we had hoped for. You know your talks to the kids . . . well, keep it up. If only they could see this without getting hurt! It does something to you to be right here in the middle of it all. It's really difficult to explain it to you on paper. Will you please pray with us of Co. A, 1st Inf. of the 26th. We need your prayers real badly. We are getting ready to go into the worst of it. The next time you see Kathryn Kuhlman ask her to please remember us in her prayers, not only for us, but all of our loved ones back home, too. They need strength to go through a year of this. I know it's hard on them; but I'm here and I have a job to do, and that's that. . . ."

"When he went to Vietnam, it was as though our boy had, almost in one leap, become a man. He bore the burden of a man in offering his all for his country; but his first love was his Lord, and he continued to serve

Him by witnessing for Him. He had his hopes and plans for his life when he returned, yet he was quietly and willingly listening for the call of God. He did not know that the answer would be the trumpet call to life eternal—but his heart was ready for that, too. His mother and I know that when the Lord shall call us, we shall see our son again in an Eternity where there is no more parting.

Rick had been in Vietnam since early October, 1966. The last of September he attended his last church affair here at home. Two and a half weeks later he had already seen rugged action, and he was in action practically from the time of his arrival there until his decease. In his time off, we are told, he found much pleasure in ministering to the children, orphaned or left homeless by the ravages of war. In those few short weeks he distributed much clothing and other items sent by his family and church; and he faithfully told the story of Jesus to those youngsters.

How wonderful it is that when the hurt hits deep within our own homes and lives, God's sustaining grace is sufficient! Our hearts go out to the bereaved family. **HOWEVER**, a greater burden is ours:

There were 13 casualties that day, the report said — **WHAT OF THE OTHER TWELVE?** Were they, too, prepared to go? If they, too, had read some of the wonderful testimonies in **VOICE**, would their hearts have been comforted and their thoughts turned Godward? Would they, perhaps, have renewed a faith that had become a little battle-scarred?



Pfc. Rickford R. Schmidt

Every effort is being made by FGBMFI to get the Gospel story over there, and to place a copy of **VOICE** in the hands of every serviceman in Vietnam. Many thousands of copies have already been sent, and thousands more are ready to go as soon as the Lord provides the postage.

Who can tell how far reaching will be the echoes from this one Christian life? In the natural, it may seem that a young life was ruthlessly snuffed out before he had time to fulfill his potential of Christian service. But who knows upon what distant shores the ripples started by his words, may break gently with the story of Jesus — ripples that began perhaps among his young friends here in his homeland—or perhaps were set in motion by the story of Jesus the Saviour which Rick told to one of those little heart-hungry orphans in far off Vietnam?

“God doeth all things well.”



FGBMFI CHAPTER REPORTS

SALISBURY, MARYLAND

At our banquet meeting May 13, 1966, in The English Grill, with seventy-five people present, International Director Bill Miles presented the formal charter to our Chapter President, Oscar P. Martin, as Edwin Dennis, Secretary-Treasurer and Robert Ruark, Vice-President, smile approval.

We are most happy to report our Chapter is progressing rapidly, both in membership, attendance, and in the number of souls won and believers filled with the Holy Spirit.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

At our December meeting Rev. Paul Morris, a Spirit-filled Presbyterian Minister, gave a thrilling testimony of how the Lord has been using him in New England area. Father William Manseau, one of the twelve priests of the northeastern area, Spirit-filled and ministering in his church, brought a tremendous inspiration to the meeting, which was attended by 170. There had been only 70 reservations made, but Brother Mancini, acting in behalf of our President Jim Bower, handled it most



Pictured with Rev. Leonard Evans during his recent visit, are officers of the Tri-Cities (Richland-Pasco-Kennewick) Chapter. L to R: Joe Zinn, Director, Jack O'Connor, Song Leader, Bruce Mackebon, Vice President, Rev. Evans, Paul Dionne, Secretary and Acting Treasurer, and Jack McMaster, President. Chapter was formally chartered in January, 1967.

graciously, the Spirit of the Lord was present, and a wonderful blessing fell upon the entire gathering.

LANSING, MICHIGAN

Hy Wilde of Detroit, a dedicated member of FGBMFI, has organized many chapters throughout Michigan and given them encouragement and support. Our chapter in Lansing is but one of them. In January, 1967, we received our formal charter.

WORCESTER, MASS.

Kermit Bradford, International Director, presented our chapter its formal charter in December, 1966. This is the culmination of one year of glorious blessing and widening ministry for our chapter. We are witnessing the wonderful work of God's Holy Spirit which has reached into the area churches through individual members and pastors who attend our chapter meetings.

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

We are thankful that even the recent inclement weather could not freeze the fountain of God's blessing! At our chapter meeting January 28, there were approximately 100 present. Our scheduled speaker was snowed in at South Bend, but the Lord took over and conducted the meeting. One lady received the Baptism even before the invitation for prayer was given. It seems our meetings are growing more precious every time we gather together.



Charter is delivered to Lee Bush, President, by International Board Member Nick Timko, as Rev. Larry Jones, special speaker, and other officers of Lansing, Michigan Chapter look on. L to R they are: John Wilson, Secretary, Ivan Craft, Vice-President, Frank Basel, Vice-President, and Ward Cameron, Treasurer.



This is a picture of the group that originally formed the nucleus of our Cranbrook, B.C. Chapter three years ago, except one man, who has since moved to Vancouver. Our meetings are wonderful, and men from various denominations of this area attend and are members. (Back row) Clem R. Pepin, Vice President, James Shore, Carl E. Schwindt, Secretary-Treasurer. (Front row) H. Brehm, Lornel Pocha, J. Smith, President, and Malcolm Redmond.

The Reader's Voice

Enjoy reading the VOICE. There have been issues that, upon opening the magazine and reading a few lines, I could feel the very presence of the Holy Spirit. You are doing a wonderful service for your Lord. God bless you.

Mrs. E.J., Galt, Ontario, Canada

Please send me a subscription to VOICE. It was a copy of this publication that led me to be baptized in the Holy Spirit!

J.W.C., Aberdeen, Md.

I received a copy of the London Airlift issue of VOICE through the kindness of someone, and they will never know how much I appreciated their thoughtfulness. It gave me such a spiritual uplift. I loaned my copy to a friend, and would like to have another.

Mrs. J.R.S., Corpus Christi, Tex.

I enjoyed reading a copy of VOICE that I took from the Church Literature rack at the Airport, Anchorage, Alaska.

SP5, XVIII Airborne Corps

When I subscribed for 100 copies of VOICE per month, I nearly panicked when I began to wonder how I would distribute that many. The Lord led me to donate most of them to a boys' detention home where we hold weekly services. The boys receive them eagerly. I think the testimonies of Christian business men are a fine influence for these boys.

Miss J.M.S., Oxon Hill, Md.

A friend recently let me read a copy of VOICE, and I was touched by the power of the simple message of what the new birth and baptism in the Holy Spirit really mean in the life of the believer. "Real life" examples of the *changed life* are thrilling to read.

Mrs. G.C., Akron, Ohio

For a number of years I have been receiving the VOICE, but in all that time have never written to thank you for the wonderful articles that I always found to be of comfort and encouragement to my soul. It is a splendid and worthy magazine for anyone spiritually minded to have.

J.H.S., Stratford, Ont., Canada



CONVENTION SCHEDULE

TIDEWATER REGIONAL

April 27-30, 1967, Montecello Hotel
Norfolk, Virginia
Delmas E. Marlowe, Local Chairman
8300 Capeview Ave., Norfolk, Va.

TURLOCK, MODESTO REGIONAL

War Memorial Bldg. May 4-6, 1967
Divine Gardens Motel
Enoch Christoffersen, Local Chairman
P.O. Box 337
Turlock, California

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

June 8-10, 1967, Statler Hilton Hotel, Los Angeles
Paul Toberty, Local Chairman
2624 No. Baker, Santa Ana, California

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION

Deauville Hotel, July 2-8, 1967
Miami Beach Florida
Russ Gray, Local Chairman
51 N.W. 36th, Miami 34, Fla.

FAR EAST AIRLIFT

August 16 - September 5, 1967
Enoch Christoffersen, Chairman
P.O. Box 337, Turlock, California

PLAN TO ATTEND