

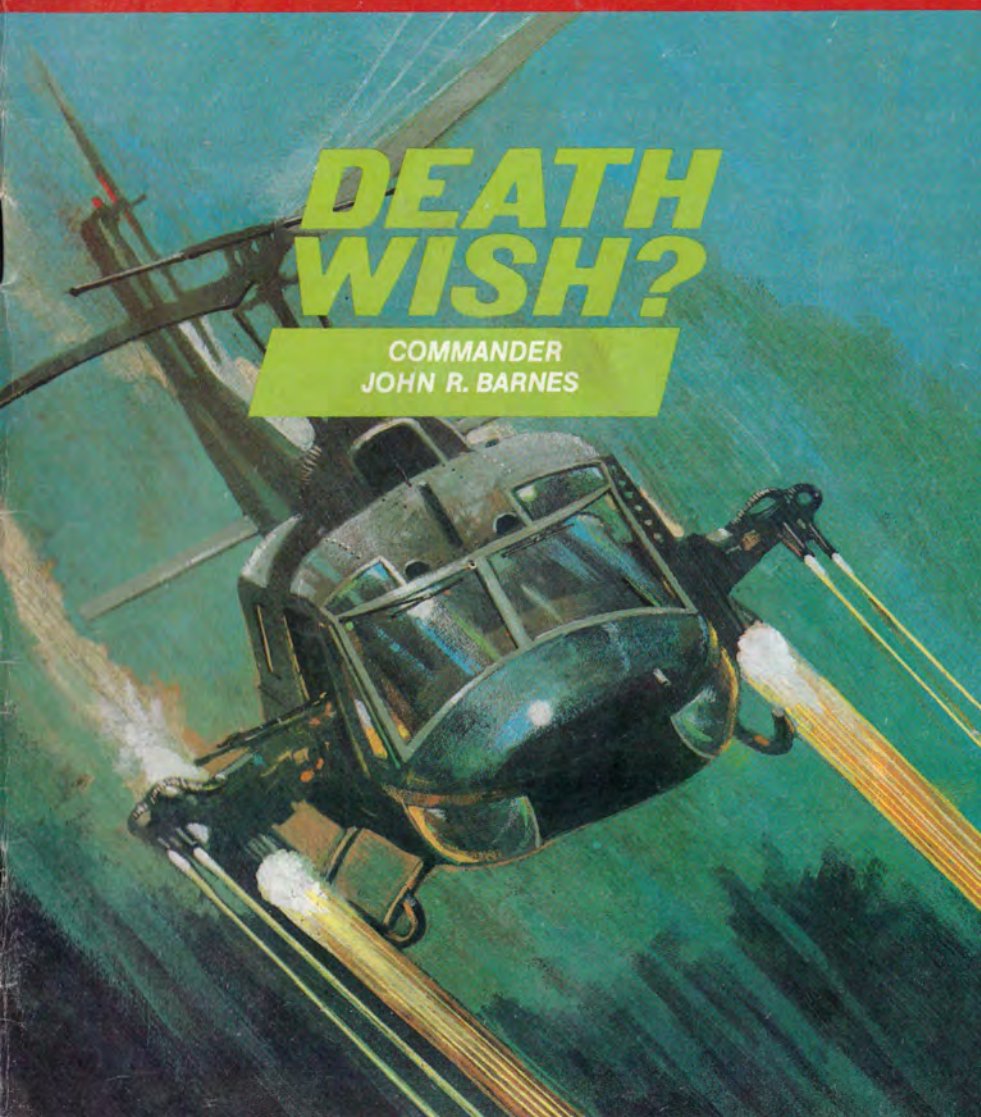
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FULL GOSPEL
BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

DEATH WISH?

COMMANDER
JOHN R. BARNES





DEATH WISH?

Commander John R. Barnes, U.S. Navy, Nokesville, Virginia



Death wish? That's what a journalist suggested during an interview after I related that my closest friend and I had volunteered for duty in Viet Nam. Once there, we wanted to get in the thick of the action. We repeatedly requested assignment to areas where helicopter gunship squadrons would be engaged in high-risk encounters with the enemy.

Upon returning to the United States I had longed to go back and get involved again. In fact, since Navy regulations prohibited a second tour in gunships, I

even considered an inter-service transfer to the Marine Corps.

No, I do not think I had a secret death wish. I believe that, in that confused era, my devil-may-care attitude reflected my low self-esteem. My sense of the value of human life—of my own as well as of others—was gone. Humanism had eroded absolutes, and the preciousness of life was divorced from my thinking.

The bargain-basement price tag I attached to life as a pilot leading a deadly accurate flight of helicopter gunships contrasted 180 degrees with the deep conviction I now have that each person is supremely valued by God.

My love for a son severely damaged at birth, and my concern for the 1,100 men in Navy brigs whom society often considers as losers, is a miracle born of my discovery that God truly loves me.

I wanted to convey this conviction and its origins, as I addressed a room filled with delegates and their wives, law-enforcement officials, prison workers and street people at a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship prison ministry breakfast in July, 1984. I had been invited because of my new position as head of correctional programs for the United States Navy.

Awaiting my turn to speak, I reflected that three years ago I had not known much about correctional systems (brigs, in Navy terminology). My principal skill then was training helicopter pilots and crewmen in all phases of flying skills, as well as anti-submarine warfare. Now God has given me, as a Spirit-filled Christian, a deep concern for people shut up in brigs, in prisons and in jails.

My spiritual horizons began to expand the day three years ago when I chose an assignment to the lowest-rated squadron in our air wing. I came aboard as the safety officer, then became operations officer and finally maintenance officer.

For the first year or so things remained very grim. We encountered many adverse circumstances affecting our morale, including losing two aircraft from unavoidable causes while I was safety officer.

During this time of trial I really drew close to God. I knew I was where He wanted me, so I just continued to plant seeds and to "call things that be not as though they were."

Gradually over the next year our squadron was totally transformed. The squadron commander openly asked for God's guidance, and acknowledged *His* leadership. The men became excited about themselves and their work, and in 1983 we were recognized as the most improved air squadron in the Atlantic Fleet. We were also awarded the Battle "E" as the most combat-ready squadron of our type in the Atlantic Fleet.

The transforming power of God made the difference. He showed us how to use practical principles based on His word, the Bible, in dealing with men as total human beings—spirit, mind and body. Their image of self changed; they began to see themselves as winners, not losers. Marriages were healed, diseases were healed, and—to God be the glory—our squadron was healed.

I'm excited about my present assignment because I believe that this same concept can transform our correctional

systems, not only in the armed services but in civilian jails and prisons.

Did you know that 80 percent of all crime is committed by repeaters? What a waste of human potential! We could break this vicious cycle if we could apply God's word to heal the spirits and renew the minds of persons behind bars, so that at their release they could be successful, law-abiding citizens.

Many persons involved in crime have missed, as children, the closeness of a family circle with unconditional love and acceptance. They have missed being taught responsibility and discipline.

That's critically important. I know, because I was one of the fortunate ones. I was raised in a loving Christian home, and my father is still a fulltime pastor. I accepted Jesus as my Saviour at a revival meeting when I was young, but began to drift away from God in college.

I believe it was the prayers of my parents, then and later when I was on combat duty with a helicopter gunship squadron in Viet Nam, that protected me.

I met my wife in college. Pat had been married before, so at our wedding I acquired an instant family—a daughter, Teresa, and a son, Scotty. Because of a total blood change at his birth, necessitated by an RH problem, Scotty had developed cerebral palsy and epilepsy. Neurological impairment affected his ability to speak and to learn, and it took a

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lot of medication to control his symptoms.

Peacetime Navy duty followed. Now I see that I did not really like myself a lot. I knew nothing about God's power to heal and restore; in fact, I no longer had a satisfying relationship with Him. We attended church more as a social

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function than anything else.

It was our son's plight that first began to draw us to Jesus. When he was fourteen I was serving with a helicopter training squadron in Jacksonville, Florida. Even the best neurologists examined Scotty and shook their heads; they could give us no hope. We had to give him phenobarbital, Dilantin and Depakane four times a day, and I began to consider him more as "a zombie" than as a human being.

My commanding officer kept inviting me to Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meetings. "I feel that Jesus can somehow meet your need," he would tell me.

Pat and I finally went to a meeting in February, 1981 and were impressed by the love we found there. We attended a few more times, and began to read literature that opened our minds to new truths from the Bible.

In April, 1981 I took a weekend trip out of town—and came home to a transformed wife. At an FGBMFI meeting Pat had accepted Christ as her Saviour and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I could see a new joy and peace in her eyes.

At the next meeting I too asked for and received this gift from the Lord. I experienced a new power to witness to others about my faith. Eagerly I dusted off my neglected Bible and began to read. At times I read and studied it all night. As problems came into our lives during the days that followed, the Lord would lead us to parts of His word that would meet each need.

"So then faith cometh by hearing, and

hearing by the word of God" (Romans 10:17). This grounding in the Word was the key to the successes described earlier.

Then came the two and a half years in which I saw the power of God at work in my career with the squadron.

God also led me to apply the principles I had learned aboard ship to other people with needs. Pat and I began to see our son Scotty, not just as a young man with speech and learning problems, but as a total person.

We began to minister to him, body, mind and spirit; to play praise and healing tapes for him and to read the word of God over him at night.

God may not direct every person in the same way. But because we felt God was clearly telling us to do so, we began to reduce his medication gradually. Finally, in June of 1983 while I was in England on a Navy trip, I received a call from Pat saying Scotty was now off all medications.

Satan attacked him then with a vicious new symptom—grand mal epileptic seizures.

We were members of a local body which taught the uncompromised word of God. We attended a weekly home cell group which gave us prayer support and encouragement. After a year of growth and increasing faith, Pat and I understood our authority in Christ Jesus and our spiritual responsibility for our son.

Around December, 1982, with some Christian friends, we laid hands on Scotty and as faith leaped in our hearts, we uprooted and cast out the epilepsy in the name of Jesus. During the next year our

faith was tested a number of times, but Scotty has been free for about a year from his previous weekly tormentor.

He still has many limitations, but his countenance has changed dramatically since he is off the prescription drugs. His periods of rage and anger have ended. He is beginning to speak more and is so much more aware of the world around him. He is eighteen now, and every day there seems to be a new breakthrough. Praise our wonderful God!

In June, 1983 I was promoted from lieutenant commander to commander. Shortly

We laid hands on Scotty as faith leaped in our hearts

I received my present assignment. The Correctional Programs Branch supervises twenty-one shore brigs and about ninety afloat brigs around the world, and sixteen correctional-custody units.

This assignment is close to my heart. It is an opportunity to have a significant impact on many lives. And it has expanded my vision to the possibilities for prison reform in civilian life.

That's why it was such a thrill for me to take part in the prison ministry breakfast of the FGBMFI world convention. I brought to the convention a letter from Chief Justice Warren Burger of the United States Supreme Court. It encouraged us as Christian men to have a concern and an active commitment in our communities, to the correctional process.

The problem is not so much that of be-

ing a hardened criminal as it is of being misdirected. Our Navy prisoners have missed, in most cases, two very important treasures. They were never given this unconditional love such as I received from my parents; and they were never introduced to the realm of absolutes and trained in an established code of ethics and boundaries.

In America we have tried to reform criminals medically, psychologically, educationally and even religiously. But we have never had a rehabilitation program for the total person, including the spiritual.

I see many of our young people on drugs, caught up in all sorts of distractions. They are not infused with hopes, they are not dreaming or aspiring—because this precious foundation has been stolen from them.

There is almost always a very positive response when you approach a hurting, troubled person with the message that "You're important, you're significant—and most of all, God loves you."

I believe that this is an area where Christians can give practical help. Too often in the past, except for going into prisons and witnessing Jesus to them, our church communities have rejected these people.

Prison visits are certainly essential. But most offenders also need help at the point of their release and re-entry into society, and especially when they encounter suspicion or reluctance on the part of police, prospective employers or church people.

Often as an offender nears the end of his sentence, the fear of failure can be

overwhelming. If he isn't guided in a positive way back into society, he will not be equipped to cope. He needs job skills and he needs to be accepted, not rejected.

Here is where the Christian can perform a vital service in bridging the gap from cellblock to freedom. If Christians were to mobilize to become involved with ex-offenders, so vulnerable the first moment they walk out the front door of the prison . . . to be at their side during those first few days, weeks and months . . . to be there just because they care, we could reduce that 80-percent repeater statistic.

Do you think this is an impractical dream? It is being done, and it works. Ministries offering a total program for the total person routinely report repeater rates of 3 to 20 percent. As a Christian and a taxpayer, this causes me to rejoice.

Jim Tucker, FGBMFI Prison Ministry Coordinator, relates some practical ways in which Fellowship members are serving.

In New Mexico, businessmen are establishing, both inside and outside the prison walls, innovative industries based solely on free enterprise and the love of Jesus.

The accommodation house outside Huntsville Prison near Conroe, Texas, was built by FGBMFI and other concerned individuals.

Bob Morris and others in East Orange, New Jersey, meet men at the prison gate, drive them to the bus and minister to them.

And in California, Field Representative

Alan Hackney meets released prisoners, finds a place for them to stay when necessary, takes them to a chapter meeting and helps them get established.

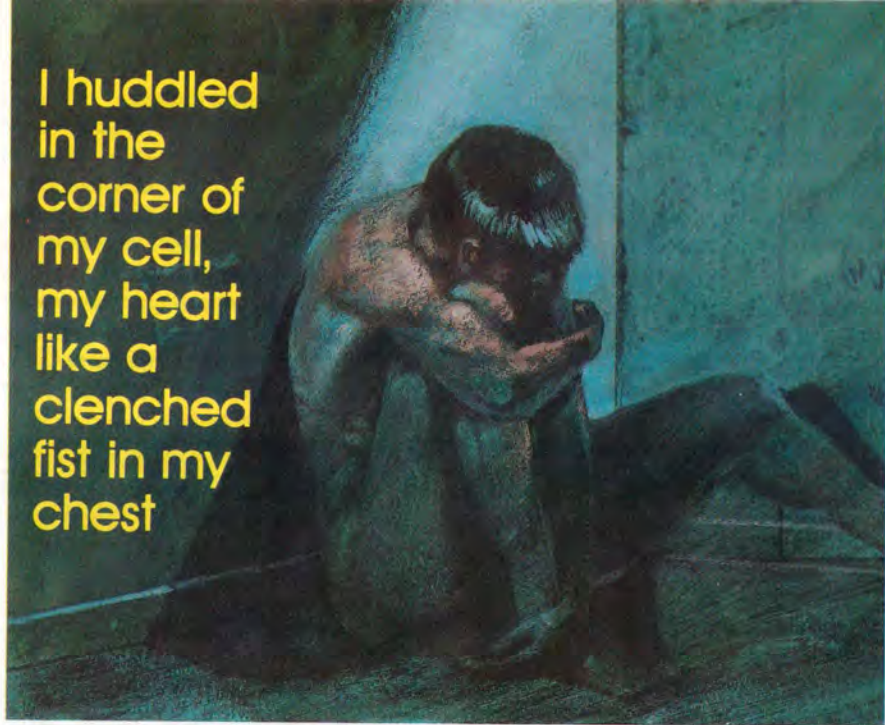
Hope! That is what God offers. He changed many "hopeless" situations in an ineffective Navy squadron. He is in the process of changing "hopeless" Scotty. He can change the prisoner in the brig afloat or in the jail ashore.

No one is "hopeless." God specializes in breaking vicious cycles. □



Commander Barnes was educated at Carson-Newman College, earning degrees in political science and history. His military service extends from January, 1969 to the present date, and includes more than 3,000 flight hours, 500 combat missions, and various squadron tours on aircraft carriers and ships. He is currently assigned to Navy Headquarters. He and his wife Pat have two children: Teresa, age twenty-three, and Scotty (seen above), age eighteen. They are members of Emmanuel Baptist Church in Manassas, Virginia. Commander Barnes is a member of the Freedom Council, is associated with Prison Fellowship, and is a member of the Manassas Chapter of FGBMFI.

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THE MACHO MAN

Jesse Garcia, Nampa, Idaho

I'm macho man. I'm tough. Nothing can hurt me." That's what I told myself as I sat naked on the cold cement floor of my cell in the Colorado prison.

When the officers came to me in solitary confinement to release me they asked, "Are you ready to come out now?"

I spit in their faces.

They turned their backs on me and walked away.

I huddled in the corner of my cell, my heart like a clenched fist in my chest.

Hate and anger fueled my body.

I was sixteen years old.

I spent two and a half years in prison, most of it in solitary confinement.

Most men train for a job. I trained to be a criminal.

I went to school through the fifth grade in Hale Center, Texas, but I didn't learn much there. Most of my learning came from the streets, where I spent as much time as in school or at home with my parents, my brother, and my seven sisters. Regularly I went to jail.

I smoked my first marijuana cigarette

when I was eleven, with fear. My mom had told us, "If you smoke marijuana you will get crazy and kill somebody." My mom was right.

Soon I was hooked. Then I burned out on marijuana; I couldn't get high on it anymore. So I popped pills—acid, mescaline, speed—and almost overdosed twice on LSD. Finally I got burned out on that too.

I started on heroin and ended up hooked. I'd work a day, then quit because I needed a fix. I couldn't hold a job anywhere.

I stole. If something was movable, I took it and sold it to buy heroin. I was already pushing drugs in order to buy my own supply.

After doing two and a half years in a federal prison in Colorado at age sixteen, I was back on the street in Burley, Idaho. I started my old tricks and soon landed in prison again.

This time I went to a California federal prison for another two and a half years. Because I was like an animal, uncontrollable but macho, I spent a lot of it, a month at a time, in solitary confinement, naked, cold, no bed, lonely. But "I can handle it!" was my message to the world.

When I was released in 1964 I told myself, *I will change. Marriage will settle me down.*

Around Christmas time that year I met Hope. She was fifteen and I was twenty-one. She consented to take me for a husband.

On our wedding night I left my wife alone and went out with my friends to shoot dope. That was the pattern of our

lives for the next six years. I dealt in drugs and used drugs.

You reap what you sow.

In one drug deal in Idaho with two men, we had an argument. I shot both of them. One died.

The Boise, Idaho authorities arrested me. They held me in county jail for six months while the authorities tried to decide what to do with me.

Because I already had two felonies, they pushed for a death sentence. In Idaho they either hang you or shoot you. When they asked me which I wanted, I told them, "Neither one."

After having spent so much of my life in jail, I was hooked on it at age twenty-seven. Living in jail made me feel safe and secure. I had no bills to pay. Clothes and food came free. I made lots of money selling dope there, too.

God was working in this situation, even though I didn't know it. One day in 1970 when my mom and my wife visited me in jail, they said, "We got saved."

"What is saved?" I asked.

"A lady took us to this church. We invited Jesus to come into our hearts," they told me.

I still didn't understand. "Son, do you want the preacher to come visit you?" Mom asked.

"If he wants to. I guess that would be all right."

The preacher came to the jail. But the sheriff told him, "Jesse doesn't want to hear what you have." He wouldn't let him in.

That preacher wouldn't give up. Finally they brought him to my cell and locked him in with me.

He read John 3:16 to me from his Bible: "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."

I had never seen the inside of a Bible. It pierced my heart like a sword.

He looked me right in the eye and said, "Jesse, Jesus loves you."

Man, was I ever glad to hear that! Everybody else hated me.

Something was touching my heart. I bawled like a baby. I didn't feel macho anymore. Crying in front of the preacher embarrassed me.

The preacher asked, "You want to receive Jesus into your heart?"

"Yes, I do," I said hastily.

He prayed for me and laid hands on me. I repented. A weight had been pulling me down so that I felt like I had a hump in my back. It lifted.

"That feels real good," I told the preacher.

Mom and Hope rejoiced in my salvation. They both had been praying for me ever since they got saved.

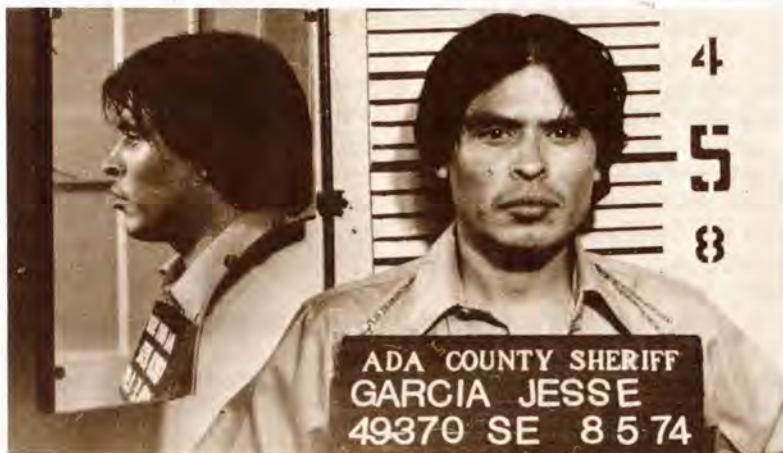
I would like to be able to say that after I received salvation in June of 1970 I served the Lord. I did not. I led a double life.

In my letters to Hope I told her that I was changed and would be a good husband when I got out of prison. But I was selling drugs and continuing in my old ways. I lied and lied. It was a big put-on.

Now I know that only the love of God kept my wife faithful to me after the terrible way I treated her.

It finally came time for my trial. The judge sentenced me to ten years for murder and I started serving my time at Idaho State Prison in Boise.

After forty months, I made parole in



1973. I came out worse than I went in. I was wild. The first thing I did when I got out on the street was to drop some LSD.

I bought a new station wagon. I told Hope, "You and me and the kids will go down to Texas and visit your folks." All the time I planned to pack the station wagon with dope and haul it back home. I would use the family as a coverup, in case the authorities questioned me. "We're touring," I would tell them.

But before we could leave I was arrested again and charged with a murder I did not commit. Bond was \$10,000. The case was thrown out of court for lack of evidence and they let me go.

Not long after that I spent the day with a friend who owned a meat-packing plant in Mountain Home, Idaho. He had been one of my good dope customers. All day long we drank, smoked dope and popped pills.

About two o'clock in the morning I started for home. While I drove along the freeway, the presence of the Lord filled my car. Don't ask me how I knew that's who was there—but I knew.

I also knew my time had come. I pulled to the side of the road and got down on my knees on the highway in front of my car. I said aloud, "Jesus, I am ready now. I can't take this anymore. Right now I make You Lord of my life. I give You my drug problem. I give You my woman problem. I give You my drinking problem. I give You everything."

I'm glad Jesus is everywhere! God made me totally sober. I got happy, with a joy and peace greater than anything I ever experienced from dope, pills or heroin.

I jumped into the car to hurry home. I woke my wife from a sound sleep.

"Listen, honey, I gave my life to Jesus!" I yelled.

Half asleep, she yawned. "What, again?"

She dropped off to sleep.

Early the next morning I woke my wife and children and we got ready and went to a church we had never attended before. My wife kept watching me in an amazed way. My kids were excited. The service was beautiful.

We went again that evening. In the middle of the praise time the pastor stopped and pointed at me. "Come forward," he said. "The Lord has something for you."

He didn't know me or my family. At first I thought he meant someone else. When I realized he meant me, I stood up and said, "I want it."

When I got to the front he laid hands on me and prayed—something about Jesus baptizing in His Holy Spirit. I had never heard about anything like that. But I wanted what God had for me.

I went and sat down. All of a sudden it hit. A sudden, exciting joy and love filled my heart.

I jumped up, praising the name of Jesus. I spoke in a language I had never heard before. I danced around the church. Others in the congregation joined me. I hugged everybody who went by and told them, "I love you."

Later I understood why God blessed me with the baptism in the Holy Spirit that Sunday morning. Ahead lay a trap Satan had set for me, the heaviest trial of my life. Without the power of the Holy Spirit I would never have pulled through. I

thank the Lord that He knows what lies ahead and He has defeated Satan.

Where before I used to go to jail regularly, now my family and I attended church regularly. A friend named Raymond came to my home and taught me the word of God and read the Bible with me. I started to grow in the Lord.

I was happy. Instead of pushing drugs, I worked at an honest job of meatcutting in Caldwell, Idaho. I shared with my boss about Jesus and I praised the Lord.

One Monday about 9:00 A.M., about seven months after I became a Christian, a detective came and arrested me at my job. The charge was manslaughter. They had some new evidence and had re-opened the case that had been thrown out of court earlier.

I said, "If that's what God wants, let's go."

The new Jesse Garcia, the new creature in Christ, witnessed to the detective who took me to the Boise jail.

I told him, "I'm not the same Jesse Garcia you arrested the first time." I told him how Jesus had changed me. By the time we got there he was glad to get rid of me.

I had promised Jesus, "In jail or out of jail, I'll serve You." I told about five of my twenty-five cellmates about Jesus.

"I found a better way," I said. One of them asked, "Then how come you're here?"

"Jesus put me here to tell you."

Next day in another cell I preached to five more men. I'd done time with two of them at Idaho State Penitentiary.

I began to fast. While I was kneeling at my bunk that night I felt the Holy Spirit

was telling me that I would be released Monday. How could this be? I was being held on a \$50,000 bond, which of course I couldn't pay.

I told everybody I was getting out Monday. They hooted.

When Hope and my mom came to visit me in jail for fifteen minutes Sunday, they brought me a message from Sister Martinez, from the Wednesday night service at church, which confirmed this.

All day Monday I waited for my release. "Monday night isn't over till midnight," I told the guys.

At 7:30 from the fourth floor I heard keys opening a door somewhere.

The new Jesse Garcia witnessed to the detective who took me to the Boise jail

"Here they come!" I said. And I tell you, that key went into the keyhole of my cell.

"We're going to court right now," the guard told me. Well, hallelujah, Jesus had the judge and prosecutor there in court, even at that hour!

All the people from my church, from a church in Mountain Home and from Caldwell, too—they were all there, praying. One of them was my ex-dope customer from the meat-packing plant. I had led him to the Lord earlier.

The judge had told me, "I don't want you on the streets." It was the same judge.

This time he lowered my bond to

\$10,000. He still didn't want me out—but Jesus did.

Out of all the newspapers stacked on his desk, a bondsman working in his office that night picked up the one telling about me. He called around and discovered I was in court right then. He walked in and signed my bond without any money.

Later a trial jury found me guilty as charged. But the Holy Spirit started working on the judge. He called me, my wife and our lawyer into his chambers.

"Jesse, something's going on here. I don't know why, but I don't feel good about this at all. Go home. I'm not even going to lock you up." Three days later he ordered a new trial.

At the second trial nearly four months later, I was acquitted.

The Lord taught me I cannot depend on men. He told me, "The lawyer fought your case, and the jury found you guilty. But when you gave the case to Me I didn't lose." Jesus was showing me that nothing is impossible with Him. He's never lost a case yet, and He never will.

Prisoners need to know that, no matter what they've done, Jesus will forgive them if they ask. I've been out seven years now, but I still spend much time in jails and prisons. Now it's for a different reason. I tell prisoners about Jesus, and how they can be set free even when they're behind bars. I tell them, "God is big enough to hold the universe in place but He's small enough to live in your heart."

God is moving like never before in the prisons. I've seen miracle after miracle, at Walla Walla State, Idaho State, Oregon State, Montana State, San Quentin and Carson City, Nevada.

From my own life I can show them that what Satan meant for evil God has changed for good. Through all these hardships and problems God brought me, my wife, my mom and seven sisters into His Kingdom. Praise His holy name! □



Since his release from prison, Jesse Garcia has been employed as a butcher and meatcutter. He is a member of the Boise Chapter of FGBMFI. He and his wife Hope have three sons and two daughters, ages eleven to eighteen. They are members of Spanish Assembly of God Church in Nampa, where Jesse ministers and is a board member.

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



The Big Dark Hole

Jim Klinker, Two Harbors, Minnesota

Seven years ago the fellow who used to live in this body died. He tries to rise up once in a while, and I have to push him back. But let's start at the beginning.

I was born to Catholic parents in Little Falls, Minnesota, and spent most of my life in that region with my five sisters and five brothers. My dad went to church, but Mother was the spiritual leader of our house.

When I was about seven years old I really wanted to serve the Lord, but I didn't know how. I knew I could never live up to all the laws and restrictions I thought were required.

At about seventeen or eighteen I began to notice women and take to whiskey. I soon got to the point where I couldn't have a good time without a bottle of whiskey or beer at my side. As the oldest son in our family, I'd never felt I

got to do anything I wanted to. Now everything I did, every job I had, every penny I made, was for myself.

When I was twenty I started working on the railroad for Reserve Mining Company in Babbitt, Minnesota. Good job, making good money and I was a good worker.

I was twenty-one and Diane was eighteen when we were married. Our two sons were born during the first three years of our marriage. Suddenly the good money I was earning wasn't going as far, so when I was twenty-five I took a job as a part-time bartender at the VFW club in Two Harbors.

All that booze! And I could have as much as I wanted. After the bar closed, the other bartenders and I sat around and drank and played low-ball for tips. Sometimes we didn't leave until 3:00 or 4:00 A.M.

I soon graduated from being a twice-a-month drunk to being an every-night drunk. With the extra money coming in I was able to go out more and have fun. The management put me out at the door as a bouncer for about three years and we had some hair-raising adventures, especially during smelting and deer season.

As a bartender I got attention from women. This was new. It wasn't long before I began to cheat on my wife.

In the late 1970s divorce was not as sociably acceptable as it is now. I knew that if I left Diane my friends wouldn't have anything to do with me, so I decided that if I could make her miserable enough she would kick me out. Then my buddies and I could all get drunk and feel

sorry for poor Jim: "My wife kicked me out, woe is me! Buy me a drink and pat me on the back!"

In March of 1977 I told Diane I didn't love her anymore and wanted a divorce. "You know, Jim," she said, "somewhere inside of you is the man I married, but I don't know what happened to him. If you don't straighten out by June 1st, I'll give you the divorce." I was finally going to be free to do what I wanted to do!

After that I really began to cut loose, spending \$100 a week on booze. I would take off and be gone upstate or across

Somewhere inside you is the man I married

country for days at a time, all by myself. (I never drank at home, and I always looked neat and in control.)

A lot of the time the devil spoke to me: "You're no good. You're as rotten as they come. You've hurt your wife. Do everybody a favor and kill yourself." I was sure God hated me and that whether I straightened my life out or not, He wouldn't want anything to do with me. But my Catholic upbringing taught that it is a sin to kill yourself, and I just couldn't make myself do it.

I thought if I could find a really good-looking gal, or get the right kind of liquor, or if I had a better car, maybe then I'd be happy. But when I got those things none of them satisfied me. The devil doesn't have anything to satisfy anybody. Booze, even the best made, is nothing but an empty bottle.

One day in April, after working at the bar until early morning, I went to work on the railroad and was assigned to work with a welder named Curt. I knew this Curt was a born-again, Spirit-filled Christian—and that he had been praying for me. Trading assignments with someone crossed my mind, but I was too hungover to bother. I figured I could tough out one day with old Curt.

We started down the tracks in his pickup. "How's it going today, Jim?" he inquired jovially.

I didn't feel like talking or putting up with Curt's good spirits. If I told him exactly how things were going, maybe he'd leave me alone.

"I'm spending \$100 a week on booze, I'm running around with everybody's wife, I don't care about my kids, and I'm getting a divorce in June. That's the way things are going, Curt."

"You know, Jim, God doesn't want you to get a divorce. God loves you. . . ."

"Yeah, well, I don't love Him. And I don't think He loves me, either."

Then he said something I had no defense for: "Not only does God love you, but I love you. And I care about you and your family." His voice told me that he meant exactly what he said.

Here's a guy, not even a blood relative, a real religious type; and I was a dirty, rotten sinner. How could he love me? Inside of me, something broke.

"Let's take a look at the word of God," Curt suggested.

"That 'word of God' doesn't mean anything to me!" I exploded. "I'm so bad I could have been one of the guys who whipped Jesus and nailed Him to the

cross! I might as well have driven the nails into His hands and feet!"

Curt showed me where they nailed Jesus to the cross. "Look what Jesus said, Jim: 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'"

He showed me another scripture, John 3:16. It didn't mean much to me until Curt rephrased it. He told me it was just like a will which leaves you an inheritance. He said it was God's will: "For God so loved Jim Klinker that He gave His only begotten Son, that if Jim Klinker believed on Him, Jim Klinker would have everlasting life."

Into the big dark hole I was living in, suddenly a little ray of hope began to gleam. It was the first time in my life I had ever "heard" the Gospel.

All the rest of that day Curt shared the Bible with me. That was Friday, and for the first time in years I stayed home all weekend while a war went on inside me.

By Monday morning I'd made up my mind. I had a lot of good drinking buddies that I couldn't turn my back on.

That morning I was assigned to Curt again. For some reason I didn't trade assignments with someone else, even though I figured by now Curt had his entire Assembly of God Church praying for me, and I was sure he'd have pamphlets and books and all kinds of advice for me.

We got in the truck and started down the tracks. I expected him to start preaching, but he didn't say a word.

Two miles passed. Three miles. Five miles. Curt just sat and watched the scenery. He was driving me nuts.

Finally, just to break the silence, I said,

**He came right
through the
windshield!**



"Hey, Curt, tell me some more about Jesus!"

That was all he needed. We talked the rest of the day about Jesus.

The next day was Tuesday, April 5, 1977. Again I was assigned to Curt. I knew this was the day of decision. The battle inside me had raged all night, but I'd made up my mind.

"I can't go along with this stuff, Curt. It's too much to give up."

"The road you're on ends in destruction, Jim. God has really touched you, probably for the first time in your life. You

may never get another chance to get right with God."

I needed that hard word right then. Something inside of me jumped, and I said, "What do I have to do?"

"Just admit you're a sinner. Ask Jesus to come into your life and forgive your sins."

He grabbed my hand and as he led me, I prayed the sinner's prayer: "Lord Jesus, I know that I'm a sinner. Please forgive my sins, come into my heart, and make me a new creation."

Suddenly I felt as if I were being physically lifted. Then I saw Jesus coming through the sky. He came right through the windshield of the truck, there at Mile 12¼ of the Reserve Mining Railroad. He hit me in the chest, sat down inside my body, and that's where He has been ever since. I didn't have to have a priest or a minister tell me my sins were forgiven; I knew it. The "old man" in me was dead.

A man six-foot-five, 280 pounds, doesn't cry—unless God gets hold of him. I cried, and so did Curt.

That day after lunch I pulled out a pack of cigarettes.

"You don't need that junk anymore," Curt said. "You have Jesus now." The cigarettes went out the window, and I haven't touched another one since.

That night at home I announced, "I got saved today!"

"Big deal," Diane answered. She needed some proof first.

"Things are going to be different," I told her. "I'm going to quit drinking and working at the bar, we're going to start going to church—and we're going to

start being a family like we're supposed to be."

"I'll believe it when I see it," was all she said.

I took out all my bar supplies. The whiskey and a twelve-pack of beer went down the drain, and the rest of the bar supplies went into the garbage.

It was a few days before Easter. "There's an Easter cantata at Curt's church Good Friday night," I said to my astounded wife. "We're going."

A man six foot five, 280 pounds doesn't cry unless . . .

It was a big step for me to take. I had always believed that going to any church but mine was a sin. But somehow I knew I had to trust Curt.

Right in the middle of the Easter cantata, I heard a voice back of my right shoulder: "Jim."

I turned around, but no one had spoken. When you've been an alcoholic as long as I have you get used to hearing and seeing things. I pretended I hadn't heard anything, but a minute later I heard it again, this time louder and with more authority: "Jim!"

I poked Diane. "Did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"Somebody's calling me!"

"Shh! Watch the show and be quiet!"

Proverbs 9:10 says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." I was getting smarter already. "God," I whis-

pered, "if that was You, holler again and I'll answer You."

A minute later He spoke again: "Jim!"

"Yes, Lord, I'm here. What is it?"

"This is your wife Diane, whom I have given to you. Pray with her and bring her unto Me."

For the first time I understood that God had planned our marriage. Even though I was saved now, I had still been toying with the idea of divorce. But God showed me that Diane was the woman He had given me. It erased all doubt from my mind. I would pick our marriage out of the dirt, brush it off, and get it going.

Tuesday evening, April 12, 1977, just a week after I got saved, I was at Curt's home. I had heard about the Holy Ghost and speaking in tongues, but without ever asking anybody about it, I took it for granted that when Saint Peter died he took all of that with him.

Curt talked about it as if it were still in existence. "How do I get it?" I asked.

"The same way you got saved. By asking for it."

Curt and his three kids, one of them only three years old, laid their hands on me and prayed in tongues. I had never heard that before.

I thought, *If these children can do it, certainly I should be able to.*

It was beautiful! I was so fascinated I just stood and listened.

Suddenly Curt stopped praying. "You're supposed to pray, too," he told me. "Just start."

All I could think of was to talk like the Indians on those old TV shows. "Ugga bugga," I mumbled. "Ugga bugga." Suddenly the Holy Spirit replaced my humble

effort with a heavenly language which started to flow like a fountain.

At home later, Diane stared at me and asked, "What happened to you?"

"I got filled with the Holy Ghost," I beamed. That night I prayed with her and Diane gave her heart to the Lord.

Within a month after I met Jesus our kids were saved and they and Diane were filled with the Holy Spirit. Since then we've been going from one mountaintop to the next.

That's not to say that God healed our marriage instantly. It took about three years, but when we made up our minds that we were going to make it work, God began to help us. It's getting better all the time.

No matter how bad your home situation has been, or is now, even if the flame of your love for your husband or wife has turned to ashes, God can rekindle it. He did for us.



Jim Klinker worked for seventeen years with Reserve Mining Company, first as a railroad sectionman (moonlighting for six of those years as bartender and bouncer), and since 1978 as a track foreman. He and his wife Diane are members of Rhema Fellowship in Brimston and have two sons, Daniel, sixteen, and Patrick, fourteen. Jim has been president of Two Harbors Chapter, FGBMFI, since it began in July, 1982.

CHALLENGE TO LEADERSHIP

One of the primary FGBMFI goal-reaching strategies for 1985 is provision of twenty Super Advanced Leadership Training Seminars. Qualified leaders are considered key to goals of achieving a membership of one million members, 40,000 chapters, and chapters in every nation on earth.

These weekend training sessions will make available to all chapter members the same high-quality training given to international directors and field representatives in 1984 Executive Leadership Training Seminars.

Every man in the Fellowship is being challenged to "Move up and move out for God."

Super ALTS sessions will be located geographically throughout the United States to minimize time and mileage for those participating.

Each Super ALTS will begin at 1:30 P.M. Friday and conclude at 11:30 A.M. Sunday. Subject matter covers every phase of chapter operations, outreach ministries and spiritual leadership.

Based on enthusiastic enrollment for the first Super ALTS to be held in Houston, Texas, January 11-12, a total of more than 4,000 leaders is expected to benefit from the twenty sessions.

Men who wish detailed information regarding Super ALTS, including locations and dates, are invited to write to: Chapter Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

The 120 Club:

Men & Women of Vision

One hundred twenty obedient and united men and women waiting expectantly in an upper room were all filled with the Holy Spirit.

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it set upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts 2:2-4).

Result: people from a dozen or more nations, hearing them speak in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, carried the message back to their countries.

The experience of being filled with the Holy Spirit is available today to empower us to serve Jesus and, like those first believers, we can have a significant part in taking the Good News to the ends of the earth.

The 120 Club, an exciting new concept of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, is founded on the



conviction that there are thousands of people like you who love Jesus and who, like the 120 in Jerusalem, want to circle the globe with the Good News.

The new FGBMFI 120 Club offers you the opportunity, as a charter member, to become involved in a ministry that transcends national, racial and denominational barriers—a ministry making a spiritual impact at every level of society, from government leaders to convicts in prisons.

Why join the 120 Club?

- ✓ Be part of an exciting global ministry now in 84 nations
- ✓ Provide essential funding for reaching the world for Jesus
- ✓ Fill a significant role in achieving international goals
 - One million members
 - Forty thousand chapters
 - Chapters in every nation

As a member of the 120 Club, you will receive a membership card and an attractive lapel pin identifying you as a believer with a global vision and a deep commitment to see the world won to Jesus.

In appreciation for your involvement you will receive the first volume of FGBMFI's Laymen's Library. This handsomely bound 1,200-page *Strong's Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible* references every word in both the Old and the New Testaments.

Other benefits you will enjoy as a 120 Club member include purchase privilege programs such as hotel and car-rental discount privileges, registration in

a major airlines advantage program, and a Consumer Byline enabling 120 Club members to realize substantial savings on major purchases. Benefits are contingent upon the ability of the suppliers.

To become a charter member of the 120 Club, you need only to invest \$120 a year (\$10 a month) to help Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International continue and expand its vital soul-winning outreaches through chapters, conventions, airlifts, radio and television programs, publications and prison ministry. Your prayer and financial support will help strengthen an effective witness in the 84 nations already reached by FGBMFI, and will help to reach nations still untouched.

Complete the membership form below and mail it today with your check for \$10 and we will send you your membership card and pin, your *Strong's Concordance*, and the many other benefits.

.....

The 120 Club of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International **Membership Application**

I believe in the outreach ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, and I desire to become a charter member of the new 120 Club of FGBMFI to help reach the world for Jesus.

You can count on me to make an investment of \$10 a month to help FGBMFI reach the world for our Saviour. (I may elect to make a one-time gift of \$120 if I desire.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone(_____) _____

Air Florida's Flight 90



Seventy-eight people died when Air Florida's Flight 90 crashed into the icy Potomac River January 13, 1982 at 4:02 P.M. One of the five survivors tells his story. . . .

Bert Hamilton, Melbourne Beach, Florida

Cold rain, snow and sleet continued to beat at the window of the Boeing 737 as we waited impatiently for takeoff from National Airport in Washington, D.C., headed for Tampa.

Mentally, I ticked off the circumstances that made this trip different. I hadn't been scheduled for it, and I didn't want to go. Normally I liked business trips because

they broke the office routine.

I had looked at Barbara and said, "Remember, no matter what happens, I love you." I had spoken as though I wouldn't see her again.

When I backed the car out of the garage and our sixteen-year-old son Al closed the door, an unusual feeling of emotion had surged through me. Pride

and love for him brought tears to my eyes.

Because of the weather, the airport had closed down temporarily shortly after we boarded at 2:00 P.M. A half hour later the engines revved. The aircraft rocked. Then one of the crew announced over the speaker system that our plane was too heavy for the tug and we'd have to wait for a bigger one.

I thought, *If we're too heavy to get away from the terminal, maybe we ought to stay where we are.*

In a few minutes I felt the jerking against the plane as the tug hauled us out to the lineup. About a dozen aircraft waited ahead of us for takeoff. Another wait, about an hour . . .

Our turn came. As we rolled down the wet pavement, I realized that something was not right. I flew regularly for my job with Fairchild Space and Electronics. I knew that a Boeing 727 or 737 normally has very rapid acceleration and a very quick, steep liftoff, especially out of National Airport.

Finally we lifted, into almost a flat projection. Then, after what I would judge to be about ten seconds in the air, the plane began to shake. You could hear the gear rattling in the overhead and galley.

Through the swirling snow and sleet, I saw to the left of us the green railroad bridge. It crosses the Potomac River from Virginia and runs adjacent to the 14th Street Bridge. We were *dropping* past it!

Then came the crash across the bridge. We had been airborne only about thirty-two seconds.

Icy river water flooded my lap. My seatbelt still held me fast. Looking up, I saw a big hole of light directly in front of me. I unbuckled my belt and floated out of my seat toward the light.

Outside the aircraft, I began to tread water, unsure as to just how I had exited the 737. I didn't know where everybody else was. I had no thought that they were dead. I recall thinking, *This is not a crash—people don't survive crashes.*

Ice choked the river. My left shoe was coming off. I let go of some floating debris in order to dive after it. That was my favorite pair of Hanovers.

Above me, a bus stopped on the 14th Street Bridge. Several people got out, ran to the edge of the bridge and peered down. Then they got back on the bus and it drove off. They couldn't even see me.

Swinging around to the left, I discovered three other passengers about fifteen or twenty feet away. I remember being concerned about them.

Peace and calm flooded my inner being. Not once did I think that I could die.

I had removed my suit jacket aboard the plane. Now I lay in the 20-degree water in my short shirtsleeves. Surprisingly, I didn't feel cold. I believed my right arm was broken, but I didn't feel any pain.

Firetruck sirens sounded in the distance. Somebody yelled down from the bridge, "Everything's going to be okay! The firetrucks are here."

I questioned, *What are they going to do with firetrucks in a river rescue? How are they going to get us out of here?*

I yelled to the people on the bridge,



"What you need is a boat! Somebody get us a boat and get us out of here!" I don't know if they heard me. Later I learned that the only boat available was locked solid in the ice.

I prayed again: "Lord, I know You didn't get me out of that plane so I could freeze to death in the Potomac. . . ."

Off somewhere I heard the whirring of a helicopter blade. As it grew louder I watched the blue-and-white chopper fly in, drop and hover so low that its skids touched the water. The crew threw out life rings designed to open on hitting the water. I caught one in the air, but couldn't get it open. I threw the thing away.

The strong wind stirred up by the blades blew me off the debris on which I balanced in the water. I decided to swim the ten to fifteen feet to the chopper. I hoped they'd wait for me.

One of the crew, Gene Windsor, reached down to pull me up by my right arm. That arm was broken. I couldn't give him any leverage. He had to let go.

With some effort, I hooked my left arm around the skid. I almost got my right leg up and over when they lifted. I fell off.

Down I went, under the water, gasping and gulping. But my plunge took me below the black layer of aviation fuel on the surface, and I got a mouthful of river, not fuel. Others later called that luck. I know it was God's protection.

Bobbing to the surface, I found the preserver I had thrown away had now inflated itself and was floating directly over my head. Again God had provided.

Gene tied a rope to the back of the helicopter and dropped it. With what I thought was great presence of mind, I grabbed it and started winding it around my neck. Gene yelled, "No—let it go!"

When I did, he tied a loop in the end of it. I squirmed into the loop, pulling it over my head and under my arms. Slowly I was lifted out of the Potomac.

The helicopter crew unloaded me at the frozen and slippery riverbank. A woman leaned over me. "I'm a nurse," she said. "We're going to take care of you. Everything's going to be okay."

"Thank you," I said through chattering teeth. "Here's how to reach my family. Tell them I'll be home tonight. I'm going to the hospital to have my broken arm set."

When we arrived at the hospital emergency room I was fully conscious. I heard the doctors and nurses: "We have to prioritize. Take him first," they said, indicating me. I wondered if there was really something wrong with me.

Someone wheeled my stretcher to bright lights. A doctor bent above me. As he cut away at my clothes a bit of humor crossed my mind. I told him, "This just proves my Mom's old adage. She always told me to take a bath and put on clean underwear before I went out, in case I was in an accident."

I was treated for severe hypothermia. The nurse couldn't get a reading on the thermometer; my body temperature was too low. We had been in the water from thirty to forty-five minutes. I had a shattered right wrist, broken forearm, a few other broken bones throughout my body, and cuts and bruises.

The miracle of God's provision in my life flashed across the nation's television screens. I would like to be able to say that during this time I was a spiritual giant. The truth is that I am a Christian under construction.

I'll tell you how my relationship with Jesus Christ started.

After my parents got a divorce when I was two years old, I was raised by my grandparents in a little town in Texas called Stephenville, fifty miles southwest of Fort Worth. We used to say that the most exciting thing you could do on Saturday night in Stephenville was to meander down to the courthouse and watch the red light change.

Early in my life I became disenchanted with the Church. I decided that

only hypocrites attended. I saw them going into the taverns on Saturday nights. Also, I got the idea that the preacher thought money, and acquiring it, were evil. That contradicted the life goal I had set for myself. I wanted to be at the top, be "big time"—and I would need plenty of green stuff. Then, too, most of the Christians I knew walked around with long faces and I didn't want to be like them.

When I was seventeen I joined the Air Force. In my squadron our main claim to fame was that we could out-drink and out-fight any other squadron on the base. I liked that reputation.

In May, 1965 I married Barbara. After our son arrived, Barbara started getting on my case about religious training for Al. I couldn't see anything wrong with that. I believed in God. She could take him to church Sunday morning as long as she didn't wake me.

About this time, I discovered golf. I also learned that a nine-o'clock tee-off time was ideal. This didn't set well with Barbara. She stayed on my case.

Most of my life I had been interested in motivational thinking, positive thinking, and PMA (positive mental attitudes). The basic idea was that what you think is what you are. I bought every tape on it and "positive-thought" until I was blue in the face.

On February 13, 1979 I attended a positive-thinking rally in San Antonio, Texas. Zig Ziglar, probably the #1 motivational speaker in the country, gave a great message. Along with it he shared his Christian faith.

He seemed to be speaking directly to

me. He said, "You're allowing a hypocrite to stand between you and God. Just be aware that the hypocrite is closer to God than you are."

He gave me a whole different perspective on success. Ziglar said, "I'm the King's kid, and He wants me to be successful. God says that it's okay to be in business."

He told me I could have a personal relationship with Jesus Christ: that Jesus loved me and would forgive me.

That hypocrite is closer to God than you are

That statement really set me on my heels. I had always figured that God sat on His throne in heaven with a big club, just waiting to zap me if I got out of line.

I really wanted that relationship that Ziglar possessed, but fear gnawed at my insides. I remembered the apostle Paul's conversion on the road to Damascus. God struck *him* blind. I figured if I were to be truly converted, the same thing would happen to me. I envisioned exploding fireworks, searchlight beams. . . .

None of those fearful things happened. Instead, a nice, quiet feeling invaded my inner being. For the first time in my life I knew that Jesus Christ was exactly Who He says He is.

For about two weeks I sheltered my experience in my heart. Then one night

when Barbara, Al and I sat in the living room, Al said, "I really don't understand what's going on around this place, but I like it."

I understood. God brought a peace to our home.

Then Barbara and I shared what was happening to us. I learned that God had spoken to her heart also. On April 15, 1979, which was Barbara's birthday and Easter Sunday, we both accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour of our lives.

Imagine my surprise to find that the Bible is the best positive-thinking book and business guide published! The best motivation available comes from daily Bible reading. Every morning I like to read five psalms and one chapter of Proverbs. God speaks as I read. A particular Bible verse will jump off the page, an answer to my daily living problems and business concerns.

Then I read an announcement in the paper of a dinner meeting of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. I went, and heard exciting personal testimonies. Afterward I told Barbara, "I'd love to do that! But . . . I really don't have a testimony."

That was Friday, January 8—five days before the crash. I certainly have a testimony now, and I've shared it with thousands of people.

Not only did He care for me during the air disaster, but God also strengthened my family. Barbara and Al were at home in Maryland when the news of the air crash flashed on the television at 4:02 P.M. They said, "We knew in our hearts and spirits that it was your flight." The early reports over radio and television

were very confusing, but I thank God for the true witness of the Holy Spirit to my family.

Immediately they knelt to pray. Al led their prayer. When he finished he called "The 700 Club" twenty-four-hour prayer line. "Pray for my dad and the others who crashed in a plane," was his request.

At 5:30 P.M. an official from my company called our home and told my wife, "Eight of our people were on that flight. We don't hold out any hope that any have survived."

When Al heard the news he told Barbara, "You know, if Dad didn't make it he's better off than we are now."

Later when I heard how my son took the responsibility as spiritual head of the household, my heart filled with paternal pride and love.

Wherever I've given my testimony, so many people have told me that as soon as they heard of the crash over the news they started to pray. I am living, walking, talking proof that intercession works. Whenever you feel the urge to pray for a situation or a person, even when you don't understand the circumstances, *pray*—and don't give up!

My brush with death opened my eyes and broadened my focus. My concerns had been limited to my own ambitions and family. Now I see how different the world would be if we reached out in love to others, like some of the many heroes at the crash scene.

Lenny Skudnik jumped into the river, endangering his own life, to rescue Priscilla, a survivor who fell from the helicopter just before they got her to shore.

Roger Olliam swam out from shore with a rescue line made of rope, jumper cables, and anything else people could find to tie together. They got a line long enough to get him within ten to fifteen feet of the wreck site.

I couldn't see Roger, but the other survivors have since told me that seeing him gave them hope, and a spurt of superhuman energy to keep hanging on till help came.

Roger said, "When I jumped into the water, the strangest thing happened. Those were strangers I tried to rescue, but all I could feel was pure love. I didn't understand it. I never felt that much love for anybody in my whole life."

I know that God gave him that love. He'll give the same love to any of us who will reach out to others.

The nightmare that haunted me after the crash is this: What if I had died never having expressed my love and pride for my family or my feeling for those close to me?

I grew to manhood in a very unemotional family. We didn't hug or kiss or say "I love you." Though I knew my family loved me, they never told me so. As I progressed in the business world I was not equipped in caring for those around me. It was easy to become insensitive.

I believe God offered me a second chance.

After the crash a reporter questioned, "If you hadn't made it that day, would it have been okay?" I don't want to die. There are a lot of things I want to accomplish in this life. But the answer to that question is, "Yes, it would have been okay."

And the most important question facing you is, "If your plane crashed today, would it be okay?"

One thing I learned through my ordeal is that you are not likely to turn your life around in the last thirty seconds. "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (II Corinthians 6:2).

If you don't have peace and assurance, they can be yours. I have found Jesus Christ to be the answer, both in this life and for all my tomorrows. Turn to the Six Steps to Salvation on page 38 and put your life in His hands. Then it will be okay. □



Bert Hamilton worked in purchasing for twenty-one years in the Air Force, for two years at Sunstrand Corporation in Illinois, and, until his recent location to Florida, at Fairchild Space and Electronics Company in Maryland. He and his wife Barbara have four married children and one son at home, Al, eighteen. They worship at The Tabernacle in Melbourne. While in Maryland Bert was a member of the Gaithersburg/Rockville Chapter of FGBMFI.

Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach

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

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

AUSTRALIA: Maroochydhore Chapter, Bill Lowry (071) 48-5244; Warrnambool Chapter, Bruce L. Taylor (055) 623-137. **DENMARK:** Naestved Chapter, Anders Rieks-Pedersen (no phone); Vejle Chapter, H. Jessen Nielsen (05) 822971. **ENGLAND:** Medway Chapter, Roger Sharp 0634-42054; Weston-Super-Mare Chapter, Rodney Curtis 0272-620008. **GHANA:** Accra Chapter, Akwasi Amoakohene II 29805; Kumasi Chapter, Kwabena Darko 051-6451; Takoradi Chapter, Augustus Newman 3434; Tema Chapter, Nana Twum Ampofo 0221-2940; Winneba Chapter, Richard Ekem 218. **MEXICO:** Chihuahua Chapter, Joab Garcia 6-03-93. **NEW ZEALAND:** Feilding Chapter, John Lucas (063) 38554; Hornby Chapter, Lawrence Wootton (03) 498591; Lawrence Chapter, Lance Enright 1280; Levin Chapter, David Paul (069) 84365; Nelson Chapter, Ron Anderson (054) 7482; Riccarton Chapter, John S. Gallon (03) 481-850; South Wairarapa Chapter, Bernie George (0553) 69294; Stratford Chapter, Malcolm Watson 0663-6684; Whangaparaoa Chapter, Peter Bilton (0942) 45419. **PHILIPPINES:** General Santos City Chapter, Bonifacio Anislag (no phone). **SOUTH AFRICA:** Dias Chapter, Chester George Wilmot (04652) 3213; Knysna Chapter, Richard Gibbings (0445) 21472; Kokstad Chapter, D. Haird (0372) 2917; Port Elizabeth West Chapter, J.M. McLaughlin (041) 307793; Umlazi South Chapter, Sam Mthembu 320231. **UNITED STATES: ALABAMA:** Atmore Chapter, Ray Biggs (205) 368-5094. **CALIFORNIA:** Clear Lake Chapter, Albert R. Vivian (707) 994-0588; Palomar Chapter, Kenneth Clarke (619) 726-4703; Ceres Chapter, Mack Rabun (209) 538-2542. **ILLINOIS:** Mendota Area Chapter, Stephen P. Beetz (815) 539-5340; Rochelle Chapter, Jeffrey Saffell (815) 562-5965. **MISSOURI:** Tri Lakes Chapter, Ted Herbert (417) 779-4345. **TEXAS:** Mainland Chapter, Jack Dixon (409) 938-7502. **WALES:** Abergavenny Chapter, R. Wayne Evans 0573-831582; Vale of Ffestiniog Chapter, Michael Orton (0766) 780665.

HELP LIFT JESUS UP IN THE LAND DOWN UNDER

Plan now to be part of the 32nd World Convention, March 26-30, 1985 in Melbourne, Australia. Join the thousands of believers from around the world who will come together for this historic gathering—the first world convention held outside the United States. Enjoy worship, fellowship, teaching and ministry in the Land Down Under.

Speakers will include FGBMFI Founder/President Demos Shakarian...Reinhard Bonnke, recognized as one of the world's most challenging evangelists whose ministry is marked by signs, wonders, healings and miracles...Dr. Jack Hayford, pastor of Church on the Way, Van Nuys, California—his congregations has grown in 14 years from 18 persons to

6,000 and he has ministered in 36 countries...Lee Buck, who left his position as Senior Vice-President in charge of New York Life's marketing to enter fulltime ministry...Bill Subritzky, senior partner in a New Zealand law firm and director of one of his nation's largest homebuilding companies...Sir Lionel Luckhoo, four times Mayor of Georgetown, Guyana; twice knighted by Queen Elizabeth II; distinguished diplomat and listed in the *Guinness World Book of Records* as "most successful criminal attorney."

Write today for your World Convention packet. It includes program information, alternative travel options, available hotel selections, tourist attractions and registration form.



For complete information on the 32nd World Convention to be held in Melbourne, Australia, March 26-30, 1985, clip and mail this coupon to: FGBMFI / 3150 Bear Street / Costa Mesa, CA 92626 / (714) 754-1400.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Five Ways to Use Your Voice



Ernie Katai, Taylor, Michigan

As my family and I travel we make it a practice to distribute a mighty little magazine as part of our witnessing. The magazine is *Voice*, and here are five ways God has used it.

More Than an Ordinary Tip

On a trip to Florida, my family and I stopped at a Holiday Inn to eat. I always tuck my restaurant tip inside a *Voice*,

then hand it to the waitress.

This time our waitress stopped about ten or fifteen feet away, thumbed through the magazine, and stood there for several minutes reading it.

Suddenly she turned, came back to our table and asked if I was a minister.

I said, "No, I'm a layman. I belong to Full Gospel Business Men."

She started to cry and confessed to us, "I'm a backslider and I need to get right with the Lord."

We were happy to tell her that Jesus still loved her and would forgive her. We prayed with her right there at the table, encouraged her to return to church for worship and fellowship, and told her how to find an FGBMFI chapter in her city.

Sky Ambassadors

After fog grounded our flight on another trip from Michigan to Florida, Helen and I chose to spend the night at the Atlanta airport rather than in a hotel at the airline's expense.

In the morning as we boarded I told Helen with a yawn, "I'm going to sleep all the way to Florida." Just then a Korean sat down next to me and quickly identified himself as a doctor from Fresno, California on his way to a medical convention.

Since he seemed inclined to be talkative and I still wanted to sleep, I gave him a *Voice* to read. As he did so he became quite excited. We soon learned that he was a born-again Christian.

He told me, "I've been praying to do more for my people. I thought of selling my practice to return to Korea and lead

as many of my people to Christ as I can. But the Holy Spirit has just impressed upon me to remain in my practice where I can earn the income to distribute these magazines; also that I should get them published in the Korean language. This way I can get thousands opened to the possibility of accepting Jesus as Lord and Saviour instead of just a few by my own efforts."

We were blessed to see how *Voice* spoke to this man and gave him a clear-cut answer from God.



"Bridge" Work

One morning I sat in my truck at the foot of the Ambassador Bridge between Detroit and Canada, filling out some papers for my work as truck broker. I was buried in thought, when suddenly the truck door jerked open and a burly face peered in.

"What do you want?" I asked, breathing a silent prayer.

"I just want to talk to somebody. I'm a seaman from North Carolina, down here at the docks getting the boat unloaded. My little five-year-old daughter just died of an illness and I'm depressed about it. I feel like I should have been able to do something for her."

I shared Jesus with him, assuring him that if he would accept the Lord into his life God would save his soul and give him peace about this matter. I told him that his little daughter was in heaven, and that by accepting Jesus he would be reunited with her one day.

I reached for a *Voice* and turned the pages to the Six Steps to Salvation. "If you'll receive Christ, your life can change right now," I told him. His response was quick, affirmative and joyful. I encouraged him to look up an FGBMFI chapter in North Carolina when he got home.

Then the fellow confided to me, "Sir, I want to tell you that I was walking up that bridge, planning to jump off and end my life. But something spoke to me deep inside to stop and talk to you. It's a miracle."

I thank the Lord for what the printed page can do, and that a life was spared.

While It Is Still Today

My wife had been going to a doctor. One day she told me, "Ernie, I've had a vision of my doctor lying on a sick bed, and I'm prompted by the Holy Spirit to go witness to him."

He was forty-seven, and we knew that he was not a born-again believer.

After thinking about it for a while Helen said resolutely, "This is of God, and I'm

going to do it."

She made an appointment. When the day came she took with her a copy of *Voice* in which she'd found a story about a medical doctor.

When Helen's doctor walked in she said, "If you have a few minutes I'd like to tell you about the Lord Jesus Christ and your salvation. . . ."

Tears began to well up in his eyes.

Helen talked of the importance of knowing Jesus personally and of having peace with God. Then she told him, "I'd like you to read this magazine. It has testimonies of businessmen in different walks of life. And I definitely want you to look at this page." She pointed to the Six Steps to Salvation.

He thanked her and promised he would read it.

Not long after that we got the news that her doctor had had a massive heart attack and was in intensive care. We weren't allowed to go see him, but his wife got in touch with us.

Shortly before he went Home to be with the Lord, her husband told her, "Honey, I'm not scared to die anymore. I read that magazine and made my peace with God."

Front Desk

As they checked out after an overnight stay at a Palm Beach motel, my wife and daughter Bonnie gave the woman desk clerk a copy of *Voice*.

Two days later, before they had even returned, a letter came to our home in Detroit from this woman, thanking Helen again for the magazine and reporting that one of the stories related to her situation.

It had given her the answer to a prayer she'd been praying for several months.

That shows the beauty of handing out these magazines.

Ernie Katai is an automobile dealer and is president of the Downriver Chapter of FGBMFI and a field representative for Michigan.

I want a *Voice*!

Enclosed is my \$4.35 for one year's subscription to *Voice* magazine.

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Please clip and mail this coupon with check payable to: *Voice*, P.O. Box 5050,
Costa Mesa, CA 92628. 2802-18-0001



Fellowship News from Here, There and Around the World

UPDATE!

FGBMFI TELEVISION SPECIAL

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International has announced plans for an all-new one-hour television program to be released in January, 1985.

The first one-hour special produced in more than two years, it will feature moving testimonies and dynamic messages from recent FGBMFI world conventions.

Through a format designed to appeal to a broad audience of Christians and non-Christians, the Fellowship hopes to minister to all by offering a wide range of testimonies and gospel messages by well-known evangelists.

"While the main focus of the Fellowship is upon businessmen testifying to the unsaved of the difference Jesus Christ has made in their lives, the same testimonies also minister to Christians," says program producer Denny Ermel.

Former Secretary of Interior James Watt and Meadowlark Lemon of Globetrotter fame are just two of the dynamic men whose testimonies you will hear during the special. The Fellowship also plans to highlight messages from Kenneth Copeland, James Robison and Oral Roberts.

Through a cooperative plan, FGBMFI chapters around the United States will join in bringing the program to their communities. It is expected that the 1983 special will be aired in twenty-five major markets, as well as in many other cities.

"Our last two television specials each aired over more than 100 television stations," said Michael Paolino, FGBMFI's media coordinator, "and we hope to reach even more people with this evangelistic program."

More than 30,000 responses were received as a result of the 1983 HPOE television special, giving strong evidence that this is an effective witnessing tool.

Here are a few quotes from the thousands of letters received:

"I was greatly blessed, inspired and encouraged to live a Christian life through your broadcast."

"Praise the Lord! God saved my husband and is healing him of a severe heart problem."

"I saw your program last night and accepted the Lord into my heart."

"I never intended to watch the program. But after a few minutes, still standing in front of the set, I found myself slowly backing away until I made it to the chair and remained there until the end."

If you would like information on how you may be a part of witnessing through television to the power of Christ to change lives, and how you may be able to bring this dynamic program to your community, contact: Media Department, c/o Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



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Our Mission Statement

- To reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ
- To call men back to God
- To help believers to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and to grow spiritually
- To train and equip men to fulfill the Great Commission
- To provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship
- To bring a greater unity among all people in the body of Christ

Our Five-Year Goals, 1984-1989

I. Worldwide Outreach—

Chapters in every nation

II. International Membership—

A membership of one million

III. Chapters—

40,000 chapters

Conventions, Advances



and Rallies

Each month an estimated 600,000 people receive ministry through breakfast, luncheon and dinner meetings of local FGBMFI chapters. In addition, thousands of others are blessed through approximately 150 FGBMFI conventions, rallies and men's camps.

Conventions and rallies range in size from a few hundred to several thousand. They provide opportunities for laymen to witness to the change Christ has made in their lives, for believers to enjoy rich fellowship, and for men and women to receive solid biblical teaching and spiritual ministry.

Men's camps, as the name implies, provide a weekend during which men may withdraw from pressures of the world and let God do a deep and profound work in their lives.

Responding to felt needs, in recent years two additional ministries have been developed. First of these are training seminars enabling laymen to develop leadership potential and to become more effective in exercising spiritual gifts.

The Northern California Couples' Advance at Asilomar Conference Grounds, sponsored by Greater Bay Area FGBMFI chapters, is typical of the other and more recent ministry. The couples' advance provides an occasion where husbands and wives may enjoy each other and fellowship with other believers in a relaxed setting and spiritual atmosphere. Purpose of these retreats is to help heal marriages that are hurting and to make good marriages better.

You are encouraged to enrich your life by enjoying as many of these various events as possible. □

1. Scenic view from Pebble Beach Drive near Asilomar Conference Center, site of Couples' Advance.
2. Several couples enjoy leisure time at Carmel.
3. Bob and Alice Oliver, Modesto, California, are one of the 175 couples who testified that the Advance helped to make good marriages better.
4. Table fellowship is a natural setting for finding new friends.
5. Bob Harrison, who with his wife Cindy served as Advance leaders, ministers to husbands as they make new commitments to God and family.

PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

January 16-20, 1985
Phoenix Hilton
Write: FGBMFI
Box 37695
Phoenix, AZ 85069

HAWAII REGIONAL

January 23-26, 1985
Pacific Beach Hotel, Honolulu
Write: Mr. John L. Witwer
1164 Bishop Street, Ste. 1410
Honolulu, HI 96813

SASKATCHEWAN COUPLES ADVANCE

February 1-3, 1985
Hotel Saskatchewan, Regina
Write: FGBMFI in Canada
Box 3896
Regina, SK S4N 1P9

SOUTH CENTRAL ONTARIO RALLY

February 8-9, 1985
Oshawa Holiday Inn
Write: Mr. Sid Kamstra
P.R. #1
Hampton, ON L0B 1J0

WASHINGTON, D.C. INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

February 14-16, 1985
Shoreham Hotel
Write: Washington, D.C. Conv. Ofc.
Attn.: Mr. Ed Goings
Box 350, Manassas, VA 22110

GREATER EAST TEXAS AREA

February 14-16, 1985
Sheraton Inn, Tyler
Write: Mr. Steve Riemann
3506 Camron
Tyler, TX 75701

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

February 15-16, 1985
Miramar Hotel, Santa Barbara
Write: Mr. Walter Wolf
Box 3601
Santa Barbara, CA 93130

LUBBOCK-AMARILLO REGIONAL

February 21-23, 1985
Holiday Inn Civic Ctr., Lubbock
Write: Mr. Virgel Merriott
Box 64037
Lubbock, TX 79464

32ND WORLD CONVENTION March 26-30, 1985

Olympic Park Entertainment Ctr.
Melbourne, Australia
Write: FGBMFI World Convention
Box 156 Vermont
Victoria, Australia 3133

UNITED STATES NATIONAL July 2-6, 1985

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

Conventions published in
this issue were approved
on or before September 24.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: If experiencing difficulty in receiving *Voice*, please contact us immediately. If receiving more than one copy each month at the same address, or if there is variance in the way your name appears, please return undesired label. IF PLANNING TO MOVE, send label with your new address 60 days in advance to: FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

BETTER THAN NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

of God has on lives of men who have shared their experiences in these pages.

In essence, Jesse Garcia's story says, "If God could save me He can save anyone. There are no hopeless cases."

Jim Klinker encourages all to believe that miserable marriages can be redeemed, and that men can be delivered from drunkenness.

Commander Barnes witnesses to the joy of being used to bring hope to men considered as losers.

Survivor of the Air Florida Flight 90 crash, Bert Hamilton stared eternity in the face and reordered his priorities.

What more appropriate time could there be than at the start of a new year to put God first in your life? Allow Him to make you the person He intended and that you really want to be. The Six Steps to Salvation, appearing below, will help you to put your life in His hands. □

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

5. BELIEVE: "For God so loved the world,

While New Year's resolutions are short-lived and of little consequence, a new relationship with Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord will make a profound difference in this life and throughout eternity. The testimonies in this issue of *Voice* witness to the positive effect a personal relationship with the Son

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision now:

"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



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



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE

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

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

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