

03-81

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

# VOICE

## space shuttle



# space shuttle

*Right*, Space Shuttle Orbiter *Enterprise* mated to a 747 Shuttle Carrier Aircraft flies over Mojave Desert during its first approach and landing test, August 12, 1977.

*Center*, seconds after separation, *Enterprise* soars above the carrier.

*Left*, first touchdown at more than 200 mph. Note Northrop P-38 "chase" plane in foreground, dwarfed by *Enterprise*.



GEORGE METCALF, National Aeronautics and Space Administration Communications Specialist, Conroe, Texas

**A**merica's space program will enter a new era when the reusable space shuttle makes its first operational flight, scheduled for this month.

The shuttle will make it possible to undertake large-scale construction projects in space and will provide an economical means for regular space voyages.

I'm involved with the space shuttle

as a communications specialist, supervising the maintenance and operation of the communications systems of Johnson Space Center, Houston. This includes such matters as command communications, voice communications, television, and radar tracking ground stations around the globe.

My connection with the space program dates back to the 1950s when I



traveled the Atlantic Missile Range, setting up radio transmitting systems and building communication plants. Later I was asked to implement a communications network at Cape Canaveral for Projects Mercury and Gemini. The quality of voice communication between spacecraft and ground was my direct responsibility.

I was still handling communications for NASA during Project Apollo

when our astronauts landed on the moon, and in 1974-75 I directed communications in our joint venture in space with the U.S.S.R.

Space exploration was pretty glamorous stuff, and I met many interesting people around the world. With so many fulfilling experiences, I didn't feel it necessary to make a place in my life for religion. Not that people didn't try to steer me into a vital faith

in God. My mother was a Spirit-filled Christian, and back in the days of Project Mercury John Glenn had witnessed to me about trusting Jesus as my Saviour. At that time I regarded the church as a place of condemnation—and perhaps I *needed* to feel that way. I had the reputation of being a real hell-raiser.

While I could push aside the concern of people like my mother and the Christian astronauts, I wasn't prepared for Carolyn, my pretty secretary. One day I made a pass at her. "No thanks!" she responded. Then she quoted to me the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians. That ended that. The pure love referred to by that scrip-

ture wasn't exactly what I had in mind.

A short time later Carolyn left the company to do other things, and it was several years before our paths crossed again and we had opportunity to renew our acquaintance.

One evening we were sitting in her living room, sharing a cup of coffee and discussing my work, when for no apparent reason Carolyn began to weep. "I don't want you to think I'm a kook, George," she whispered. "But I've just had a vision that concerns you. I must tell you that I feel your time is running out and I'm concerned about where you're going to spend eternity!"

*George and Carolyn Metcalf with some of their 11 children: Amy, 3; Ruth Ann, 5; Christine, 17; Connie, 20; Forrest, 15.*



I couldn't understand why her words shook me so deeply, but I left her rather hurriedly and headed for a bar. For the next two weeks I tried desperately to dismiss the whole thing, then slowly began to realize I was fighting a commitment I needed to make. Finally I went before God to surrender myself to Him.

"I'm not good enough to serve You, Jesus," I murmured into the quietness of my room. "Will You take me as I am?" Praise God! He did. What a weight of sin and guilt disappeared the moment I made that simple confession of my need for Him.

Two weeks later I was driving along a freeway singing a happy song, when without warning I began to sing in another language. As a child I had seen and heard my mother pray in tongues many times, so I understood what was now happening to me as being from God. Almost blinded by tears of indescribable joy, I pulled to the side of the road and stopped my car.

This was not just an experience of the moment. The joy I had found in the reality of God quickly spilled over to my fellow workers. They saw the dramatic change in my behavior as Christ began His work of replacing old habits with new and more constructive ones. Almost seven years since my first encounter with Jesus, that process is still at work in my life.

A prayer group formed at Johnson

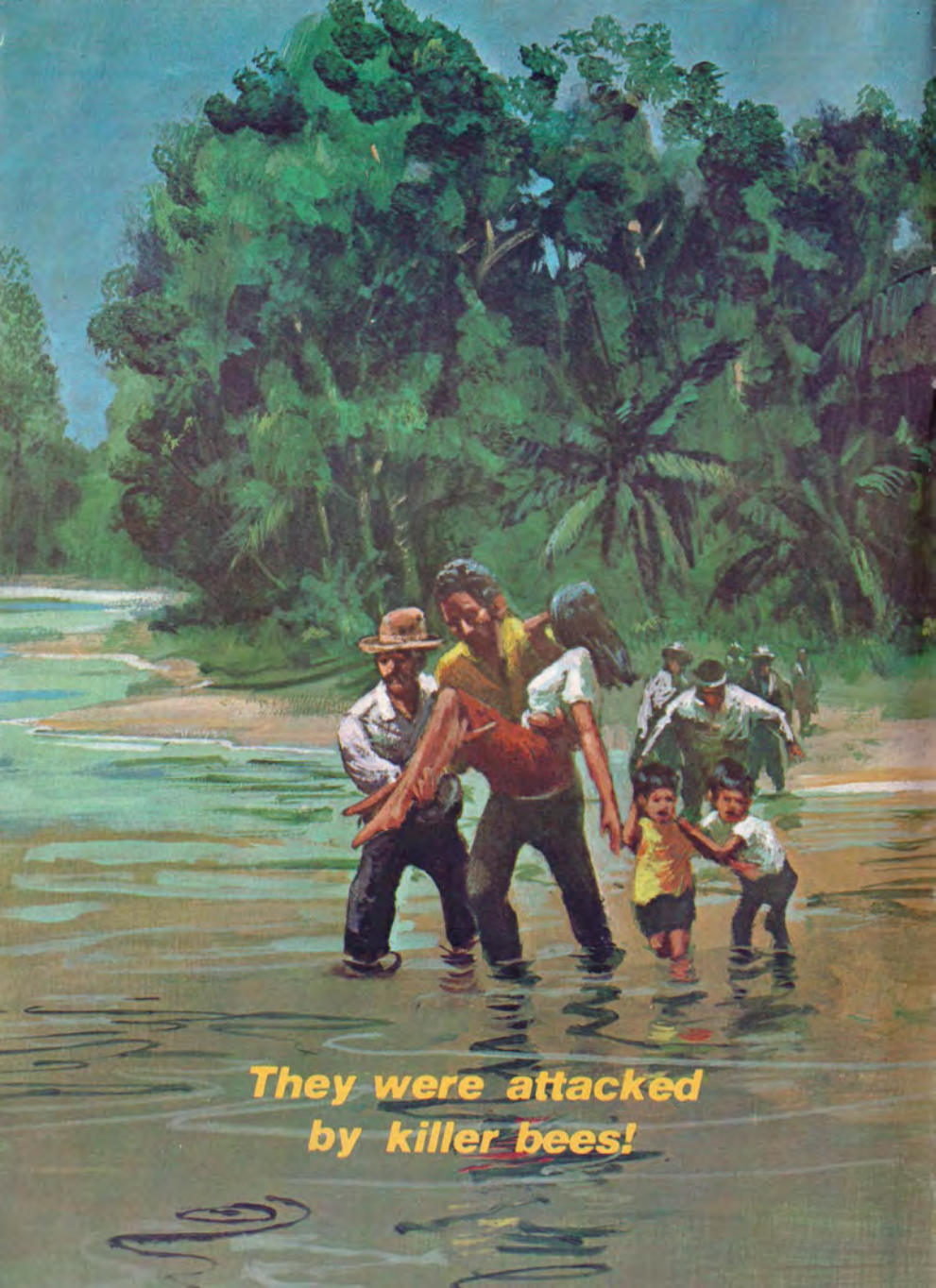
Space Center. As a result of this noontime meeting scores of men from many different denominations have been filled with the Holy Spirit, including one of our key systems engineers and the man who designed the leading edge of the wing on the shuttle.

On and on it goes, God doing His thing in the lives of technicians and technologists. I used to hear it said that science and the Word of God aren't compatible, but there are Ph.D.'s at Ames Research Center in California and high-level NASA people in research who have learned that the two go hand in hand.

Early in 1977 I learned about Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International—that they were laymen out to take the world for Jesus. I gave my testimony at a FGBMFI meeting in Houston, and this led to other opportunities for me to share my faith.

I was invited to go to Belize (formerly British Honduras) as speaker at a meeting of Women's Aglow Fellowship. Having never spoken before a group of women in my life, I was terrified. My testimony finished, I asked those who wanted to receive Jesus to raise their hands. A sea of hands went up. As best I could, I led them in a prayer of commitment to Christ, then asked any who needed healing to come forward. Once again, to my utter amazement, the women

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***They were attacked  
by killer bees!***

responded en masse.

As the Catholic priest with whom I was ministering joined me in a prayer for healing, many of the women fell to the floor in front of us. I had never seen anything like that before, but I could tell by the expressions of peace and joy on their faces that God was doing a special work in their lives. I later found out that this manifestation is called being "slain in the Spirit." I was to see even greater evidences of God's Holy Spirit at work as I took advantage of other opportunities to minister outside the United States.

Right after the Jonestown massacre Demos Shakarian led an airlift of FGBMFI members to Guyana, South America where we saw God move in tremendous ways. But by far my most memorable experience occurred in the remote interior, far from any church or public meeting.

A number of us were waiting for a ferry to carry us across a wide river when we heard a great commotion heading in our direction. Pushing through the brush that lined the river was a group of people. They all seemed to be yelling at once. At the head of the crowd were some men carrying a woman, while two little boys, screaming and crying at the top of their lungs, followed closely behind.

"What's happened?" I asked one of the men. "They have been attacked by killer bees," he explained breathlessly. "See, they are covered with huge red welts. We are taking them to the hospital across the river."

When I offered to pray they were eager, so I laid my hands on the woman's head and began to pray in the Spirit for her. Instantly her welts disappeared and she became perfectly normal. The boys immediately quieted as they, too, were healed.

This incident gave me the opening I needed to witness to the saving power of Jesus Christ. Later as I was being ferried across the river I led a Hindu gentleman and his wife to the Lord and handed out a case of *Voice* magazines I had brought with me.

I continue to join FGBMFI airlifts whenever the opportunity presents itself, as I have seen firsthand the great outpouring of the Holy Spirit now taking place among heads of state in countries around the world, and I am thrilled to be a part of what God is doing in these days.

Carolyn, the secretary whose influence helped me find Jesus in the first place, is now my wife and God has blessed us with two children. There have been problems in our lives (I wouldn't want to give you the impression that the Christian life is any bed of roses). But my life with the Lord, and with these loved ones of mine, has been the most rewarding and joyful time of my entire life.

When you watch the space shuttle on television or read about our experiments in the space lab, remember that some of those responsible for its operation are born-again Christians. Pray for us, that we will be **witnesses to the God who rules both time and space.** ■

## TWO MEN—ONE GOAL

Preposterous! That's what Nathaniel thought when Philip announced that he had found the Messiah. He replied, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" He found it inconceivable that the Anointed One should come from the northern hill country rather than Judea.

Equally amazing is the fact that out of Downey, a small suburb of Los Angeles, should come two spiritual giants—Cameron Townsend and Demos Shakarian.

Demos first met the founder and head of Wycliffe Bible Translators at the Jungle Aviation Radio Service at Waxhaw, North Carolina. Deep love and respect created an immediate bond between the two men. Days later, Demos said of Townsend, "He is a great man, doing a great work. I want to do something to help." Subsequently Gift Publications, the book publishing arm of the Fellowship, produced as one of its first titles *Miracle in Cannibal Country* for Wycliffe.

Cameron Townsend and the ministry he founded are as inseparable as are Demos Shakarian and the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. But while the two men have much in common, including their birthplace, the ministries they have founded and fostered are certainly not "look-alikes." Yet both have been ordered and blessed by God.

God called Demos to reach the laymen with Jesus and to send them out to be ministers in the marketplace. When led by the Spirit to go abroad on evangelistic airlifts these laymen stay only a few weeks, share their testimonies and help nationals to establish chapters and arrange conventions. As a result, indigenous work has been developed in 75 countries around the world.

In contrast, a Wycliffe translator may live in an isolated area for 20 years developing a written language where there is none, then translating the book of Mark into that language and teaching it to those who live there. The work is difficult and dangerous, but important.

How important? The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation (Romans 1:16), but it is "good news" only if it can be understood and acted upon. Portions of the Gospel have been translated into more than 650 languages so that lost souls may read and be saved. The unfinished task is enormous. There remain more than 2,000 languages—some million people—without the Gospel.

The desire God has poured into Demos Shakarian's heart to encourage this great translation ministry and the love and respect these Christian statesmen have for one another can inspire each of us to increase our love and to broaden our appreciation for all who love the Lord and seek to do His will.



A photograph of two men in suits and hats talking on an airfield. The man on the left is older, with white hair, wearing a dark suit and a light-colored hat. The man on the right is younger, wearing glasses, a dark suit, and a light-colored hat. They are standing on a paved area with a grassy field and several small aircraft in the background.

# Good News in Any Language

**W. CAMERON TOWNSEND**, Founder, Wycliffe Bible Translators

**R**ocked by the most unanswerable question ever asked me, I—a twenty-one-year-old missionary to Guatemala in 1917—floundered.

Having told an ancient member of the Cakchiquel tribe about our all-powerful, all-knowing, omnipresent God, I had removed a black leather-bound Bible from my pouch and handed it to him.

The wrinkled man had taken the book, flipped through some pages and then blurted:

“You say this is God’s Word, Señor, but it is written in Spanish. If your God is so great, why can’t He talk our Cakchiquel language?”

I couldn’t answer this blunt question with words. I had to answer it with deeds, with my own commitment as a missionary. I determined to devote myself to giving God another tongue, little realizing that I would be devoting the rest of my life to this work.

I hadn’t intended originally to become a missionary; it all seems to have happened by degrees. My original intention was to take a year off from studies at Occidental College in Los Angeles, where I enjoyed learning the Spanish language, to sell Bibles in Central America—as I told Miss Stella Zimmerman, a missionary on

furlough from Guatemala.

Then Congress declared war against Germany. As a corporal in the National Guard, I took it for granted that my unit would be shipping out to Europe, so I committed myself. Even so, a buddy and I drove over to see Miss Zimmerman in a Model T Ford.

Enthusiastically, Miss Zimmerman described Central America and its many spiritual needs and opportunities, then asked, "When will you fellows be coming to help?"

"Well . . . well . . .," I stammered,

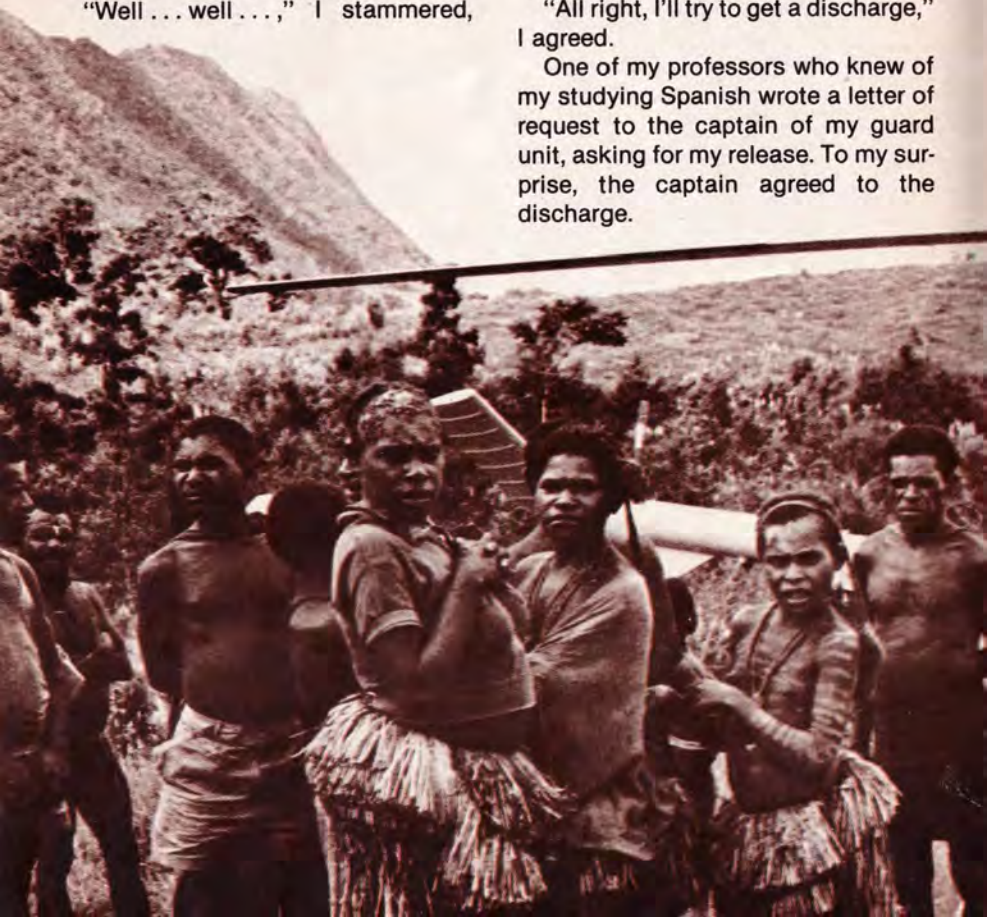
then said, "We won't be coming. We've volunteered for the service."

Miss Zimmerman, an angular young woman, stood, put her hands on her hips and, staring at us in contempt, cried out, "You cowards! Like millions of other men you will be going to war, leaving us women to do the Lord's work alone!"

Miss Zimmerman wouldn't take "no" or even a "maybe" for an answer. "You're *needed* in Central America — *right now*," she insisted.

"All right, I'll try to get a discharge," I agreed.

One of my professors who knew of my studying Spanish wrote a letter of request to the captain of my guard unit, asking for my release. To my surprise, the captain agreed to the discharge.



"Sure, go ahead," he said. "You'll do more good selling Bibles in Central America than you would shooting rifles in France."

As we sailed to Guatemala I thought back on my early life in Downey, California, where I was born, and how important missions had always been to our family. I thought of my own salvation and of the need to share the Good News with the unreached, remembering how my father had always closed our devotions with the prayer, "May the knowledge of the Lord cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

Later I had heard John R. Mott, leader of the Student Volunteer Move-

ment, speak on campus and had sensed the burden of this man for missions. These were the beginnings of my desire to serve overseas.

Upon arriving at my destination and being plunged into the reality of mission work, I wondered whether or not I had made the right decisions for a person as shy and retiring as I.

I attended a conference at which Christians were encouraged to do personal witnessing. I'd never been able to work up enough courage to lead



anyone to the Lord and almost panicked, but still I had to give it a try.

So self-conscious that I wanted no one to watch my timid first efforts, I went out to witness alone. I first approached a fellow standing at the curb but, too frightened to speak to him, I continued walking. Noticing a young man about my age coming toward me, I fervently prayed, "Lord, help me," then asked in halting Spanish, "Do you know the Lord Jesus?"

I didn't realize that the word *Senor* means both *Lord* and *Mister*—nor was I aware that every tenth man in Latin America was named Jesus. What I was actually saying was "Do you know Mr. Jesus?"

The Guatemalan's dark face showed puzzlement. "No, I'm a stranger in town myself," he replied in Spanish. "I don't know the fellow."

Completely devastated, I fled down the cobblestone street to my room, where I dropped to my knees. "Lord, I'm a failure," I sobbed.

Somehow I returned to my assignment and worked in various Indian towns. The Lord raised up Francisco, a Cakchiquel Indian, to travel with me as I sold Bibles. His fascinating stories about the tribe made me desire to learn more about them. It was through him that I met the old man who floored me with his question and impelled me to decide to make the Bible speak Cakchiquel.

After joining the Central American

Mission, I met a first-term missionary from Chicago named Elvira Malmstrom, vivacious and far removed from the old-maid missionary stereotype, who spoke Spanish like a cultured Guatemalan.

"Elvira," I said one night, "I've got a dream of learning the unwritten Cakchiquel language in order to translate it into the New Testament."

She was caught up in my dream. The more we saw one another, the more we wanted to see one another, and in July, 1919 we married. Her home church sent us \$70 with which we built a primitive house with corn-stalk walls. Living among the Indians was inexpensive. Now I began in earnest to study the Cakchiquel language, and we opened the first mission school of its kind for Indians in Latin America.

Ten years later the Cakchiquel translation was ready for the printer. We held a dedication service at First Presbyterian Church, Santa Ana, California, and my parents came to the pulpit to write in the last two words of the book of Revelation.

Tired but elated, I thought, "If this can be done for the Cakchiquels, why not for the 500 or more language groups in Latin America which had no Bible in their tongues?" Beyond Latin America was a whole world with hundreds of language barriers to the Gospel. Suddenly I saw my role in the Great Commission.

Leaving Guatemala, we set up a



*Given portions of the New Testament in their own language by Wycliffe Bible Translators, people who previously had no written language teach their neighbors.*



small summer course in an abandoned farmhouse in the Arkansas Ozarks, named it "Camp Wycliffe" (for John Wycliffe, first translator of the Bible into English) and launched a Summer Institute of Linguistics to train translators.

Today four universities sponsor Wycliffe training programs and one of our workers, Dr. Kenneth Pike, has become one of the world's foremost linguists.

Wycliffe Bible Translators came into being in 1942, by which time 50 trained young people were doing Bible translation work among Mexican tribes and the Navajos of our own country.

Then, just as the Lord was preparing us to move ahead in all directions—on the day before Christmas—Elvira died. She had suffered from heart trouble for more than 10 years, so it was a glorious release for her. It hadn't been easy for her to be engulfed by the many details of Wycliffe, SIL and work among the Aztecs in Tetelcingo where we lived.

It was almost impossible for me to carry on without a dedicated wife, and God arranged the paths of Elaine Mielke and myself to cross. Elaine had been named Chicago's outstanding young Protestant by a newspaper there and at age 26 was supervisor of special education in 300 Chicago schools.

After promising the Lord that she would support four missionaries from her excellent salary, she had discovered that a full commitment re-

quired giving herself also. In 1943 she went to Mexico to teach children of Wycliffe workers, later doing literacy work in various Indian tribes. Believing that the Lord had brought us together, Elaine and I married in 1946 and went immediately to the jungles of Amazonia to lead the advance there. God has blessed us with three daughters and a son.

Our jungle work led us to use small high-performance aircraft to enable workers to reach tribes in remote areas. This has grown into a major flight program called Jungle Aviation and Radio Service (JAARS).

Today half the 4,000 people in Wycliffe programs are translators; the other half, support personnel: doctors, nurses, pilots, mechanics, teachers, editors, radio technicians, printers and secretaries.

And we need still more workers—8,000 recruits to reach 2,000 language groups who still don't have the Bible. I believe God is going to help us reach them all. Our outreach is already extended to Australia, Asia, New Guinea, South America, Central America, Africa and North America.

I'm excited about what God is doing and what He's going to do to reach them all. As I look back through the years I'm happy that the ancient Cakchiquel Indian challenged me when I gave him the Spanish language Bible.

That was the beginning of producing Bibles that speak in many tongues **so that people in the most remote parts of the world may know the Good News and gain salvation.** ■

# CONVENTIONS

## EASTERN AND WESTERN REGIONS

### **GREATER BAY AREA REGIONAL**

**March 5-7, 1981**

Oakland Airport Hilton Inn  
Write: FGBMFI  
335 Adeline Street  
Oakland, CA 94607

### **MEN'S ADVANCE**

**March 6-8, 1981 and  
March 13-15, 1981**

Naramata Educational  
Training Centre  
Write: Keith Davis  
454 Barkley Road  
Kelowna, British Columbia  
Canada V1W 1E3

### **6TH AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL**

**March 9-13, 1981**

Chevron Hotel, Sydney  
Write: D. Grantham  
P.O. Box 208  
Epping, NSW, 2121 Australia

### **CANADA'S NATIONAL CAPITAL CONVENTION**

**March 12-14, 1981**

Chateau Hotel  
Write: David Gardiner  
Group Box 2, R.R. 2  
Arnprior, Ontario  
Canada K7S 3G8

### **SOUTHWEST FLORIDA REGIONAL**

**March 12-14, 1981**

Holiday Inn  
Write: Ernest F. Clark  
2222 Cleveland Avenue  
Fort Myers, FL 33901

### **EASTERN VIRGINIA REGIONAL**

**March 12-15, 1981**

Omni Hotel  
Write: Robert Harvey  
3104 Biscayne Drive  
Chesapeake, VA 23321

### **SOUTHERN ILLINOIS REGIONAL**

**March 18-21, 1981**

Southern Illinois University  
Student Center  
Write: Troy Richards  
R.R. #1, Box 22  
Vergennes, IL 62994

### **BINGHAMTON REGIONAL RALLY**

**March 20-21, 1981**

Ramada Inn  
Write: Vincent A. Sgueglia  
208 Marshland Road  
Apalachin, NY 13732

### **CALGARY AND LETHBRIDGE RALLY**

**March 20-21, 1981**

Lethbridge Lodge Hotel  
Write: Gene Begus  
339 Penworth Way Southeast  
Calgary, Alberta  
Canada T2A 4G1

### **ISRAEL—EGYPT TOUR**

**March 21-31, 1981**

Write: Lynwood Maddox  
P.O. Box 4718  
Atlanta, GA 30302

### **13TH REGIONAL, HAMILTON**

**March 25-28, 1981**

Royal Connaught Hotel  
Write: Alf Brown  
85 Megna Court  
Hamilton, Ontario  
Canada LPC 646

### **SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL**

**March 26-28, 1981**

Howard Johnson's  
Conference Center  
Write: Henry J. Rooney, Jr.  
47 Clifdon Drive  
Simsbury, CT 06070

### **GREAT PLAINS REGIONAL**

**March 26-29, 1981**

Holiday Inn, Omaha  
Write: Roger L. Helle  
4811 North 114th Street  
Omaha, NE 68164

### **UPPER MIDWEST CONVENTION**

**March 27-28, 1981**

Holiday Inn, Bismark, ND  
Write: Mel Tombre  
Box 76 R.R.  
Savage, MT 59262

### **VANCOUVER ISLAND RALLY**

**March 27-28, 1981**

Write: Keith Davis  
454 Barkley Road  
Kelowna, British Columbia  
Canada V1W 1E3

### **28TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION**

**June 30-July 4, 1981**

Philadelphia, PA  
Write: David Byram  
World Convention Coordinator  
P.O. Box 5050  
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

For a complete listing of conventions, rallies and advances, write to Conventions, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

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**I had been pronounced dead at birth.**

It had been my father's whispered prayer that had breathed life back into my cold body. That experience had formed such a bond between us that when I lost him to death following a lingering illness, I was even more deeply grieved than one would expect a five-year-old to be.

My mother and grandparents, with whom we lived, brought me up in church. We attended faithfully every Sunday and kept the faith in the only way we knew—primarily, good works.

As a teenager I accepted Jesus as Saviour and was baptized in water. Looking back now, I know it was lip-service only and was never from the heart.

As a college freshman I was determined to work hard and to make the grades which would allow me to enter upon a Ph.D. program. School became my first and only priority. In fact, I set it up as my god.

I finished Marietta College, received a master of science degree at Ohio University and went on to Arizona State University to earn a Ph.D. in botany. While there I met Joyce, a fellow student in exactly the same program as mine.

My church had given me a religious philosophy. I believed purity of body, purity of mind and pure good works would get me to heaven. Added to this, school taught me the godless principles of evolution and humanism. I pursued my Ph.D. in the area of plant anatomy and morphology, the

very essence of which is grounded in the theory of evolution.

On one hand I affirmed God, the church and good works. On the other hand I believed—and taught—the godless formation of the earth, evolution. Confusion coupled with intellect began to control my life.

In 1967 Joyce invited me to attend church with her. She was convinced that powers of the spirit world were real. Without a doubt in her mind, there was life after death and a force that controlled this world.

Joyce had been reared in a strict church and had been a dedicated church member. But, not seeing the power of God in the church, she had drifted away in search of some real evidence of God or of life after death. At the age of 18 she began to find through the spiritualist church what she believed was concrete, scientific evidence of a spirit world.

One Sunday evening she told me to prepare myself for something a little different from the traditional. We drove to a small white church in Phoenix, Arizona. Entering its front doors, we were given a piece of paper (termed a "billet") by the usher as we were seated. The services began. We sang hymns, prayed and gave an offering in the traditional way—except that we were told to write the names of three deceased family members on the billet and place it in an offering basket. Questions could be addressed to these deceased persons if a "message" was desired. By folding



A painting depicting a man in a blue suit and white turban, possibly a religious leader or a wealthy individual, offering money to a crowd of people. He is holding a green banknote in his right hand, extending it towards the crowd. In his left hand, he holds a wooden tray filled with small white objects, likely coins or small gifts. The crowd consists of several people, some wearing head coverings, looking towards the man. The scene is set in a dark, dimly lit environment, possibly a market or a public gathering. The overall mood is one of transaction or exchange.

**“DECEIVED!”**



a dollar in with the billet a "reading" would be assured. We were also instructed to note the serial number of the bill.

After delivering his sermon, the "minister" covered his eyes with two balls of dough. He then wrapped several feet of gauze over the dough. Next, his head was wrapped in yards of adhesive tape. Without hesitation he walked up and down the platform steps and moved as though he had full vision.

The offering baskets filled with billets were then taken to him. After some time he picked mine and called out with perfect accuracy the serial number of the dollar bill and the name Floyd. "Floyd has a message for Clark. . . Please acknowledge." A little stunned, I raised my hand. "Floyd says to tell you he is pleased with you and with what you are doing."

Floyd was my father's name! As a child I had longed to have him with me. Now I saw the possibility of having him with me by spiritual means. The fear of death that I had had ever since my father's passing began to leave, and in its place a kind of calmness settled over me.

I was eager to learn more of this spirit world. Soon I discovered that spirit guides would be assigned to me for my bidding. They would save parking places, find lost articles, change traffic lights and in general serve me. I could contact them through seances,

*Tarot cards and Ouija boards—  
my contact with hell.*

"trumpet readings," tarot cards, Ouija boards, etc. In the next year a whole new world opened to me the depth of which I could never have believed possible.

What I did not know was that I had contacted hell and all the demons of Satan in it.

Had I been grounded in God's Word, I would have realized Deuteronomy 18:9-12 forbids such things: "Men are given a time to live and a time to die—then the judgment." There is no such thing as reincarnated human beings. They are deceiving spirits which fell from heaven when Satan did. God never intended man to associate with demons.

In ignorance I pursued the scientific evidence of the spirit world, reading publications concerned with physical and chemical composition, accounts of psychic and spiritualist research findings, and exploring my own possible psychic abilities. In addition to this I began to study oriental religions: yoga, Hinduism, transcendental meditation, etc.

Joyce and I were married in 1968, and I assumed a professorship at The Citadel, the military college of South Carolina located at Charleston. My new self-set idolatry was now teaching and research.

By 1977 we had had three beautiful children and since both Joyce and I had been raised in church we felt they belonged there also. We agreed to try to find one acceptable to our beliefs.

Saturdays were always late-night work sessions. I prepared for the week, graded papers, wrote lectures, did research and always slept late Sunday mornings.

Joyce always rose early with the children and would turn on the TV. For some time she had been watching "Good News!", a program sponsored by Full Gospel Business Men. She asked me to watch it, and finally one Sunday morning I did. Struggling out of bed, I viewed a show different from anything I'd ever seen. Men were sharing the power of Jesus—not the historical Jesus I had been raised with but a Jesus who was alive, walking in men's lives daily.

I continued to watch the show for a couple of months. Joyce urged me every week to investigate the Christian fellowship they spoke of at the end of each show. She even suggested I go to one of their breakfast meetings.

As I walked into my first Full Gospel Business Men's meeting, I was surrounded by happy, friendly people such as I had never known. I soon realized that they had a love for one another that even included me. That love brought me back to their meetings again and again. I wanted more of what these people had. I didn't realize it at the time, but I was responding to the fruit of the Spirit of God in them.

*(Please turn to page 24)*

# PHILADELPHIA



## Philadelphia World Convention

### Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International

June 30—July 4, 1981

Join men and women from around the world for a new kind of family vacation in the City of Brotherly Love.

God's love will minister to you through these inspirational and challenging speakers, teachers, musicians, and more:

- **Kenneth Hagin**
- **Charles Duke**
- **Pat Robertson**
- **Father Dean Braun**
- **Oral Roberts**
- **Jim Bakker**
- **Rosey Grier**
- **Bill Subritzky**

- **Demos Shakarian**
- **Anne (Mrs. John) Gimenez**  
(women's luncheon speaker)
- **Andrae Crouch**
- **Voice of Freedom choir**

Complete week-long programs for children and youth and historic tours of the city where our nation had its birth will make this an educational and life-changing experience for persons of every age.

Register now for choice hotel selection and priority seating plus early-registration bonus savings.



**ORAL  
ROBERTS**



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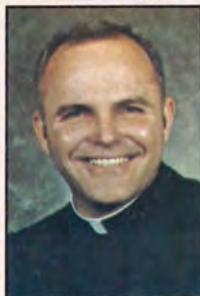
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## The Three-fold Purpose of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

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

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

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

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

## HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to:

Chapter Department  
FGBMFI  
P.O. Box 5050  
Costa Mesa, CA 92626



*Joyce and Clark Bowman counsel their children (Chris, 11, Courtney, 8, and Camden, 6), "Little children, keep yourselves from idols" (1 John 5:21).*

## **DECEIVED**

*(Continued from page 19)*

Members of the chapter invited me to an advance. (I was to discover that Full Gospel men never retreat. They always "advance" for Jesus.) Looking

forward to a weekend at the ocean, I knew it would give me the chance to question these men more. My intellect still stood between me and God.

At the advance God supplied the man I needed. Doyle Haden, a scientist working nationwide with satellites, began to converse with me, revealing his deep past involvement with the occult. While in the orient and before becoming a Christian, he had immersed himself in oriental religions.

Under God's anointing, Doyle began to open the Scriptures to me. I was impressed by his deep biblical understanding but even more astounded to learn how completely I had been deceived by the counterfeit gifts of the demonic world.

Toward the end of the weekend, a water baptismal service was held on the beach. Doyle and I had been watching, and as I looked toward the water, Jim Barton beckoned me to come into the ocean. Deep within me a longing I could not contain pulled me toward the water. Jim looked at me and asked, "Clark, what do you want God to do for you?"

"I want everything God has for me. I want everything, Jim, everything!" Then he led me in the sinner's prayer and I received my salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Now," Jim asked, "do you want to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit?" Again I said, "Yes, Jim, I want it all." So the men laid hands on me and prayed. Under the awesome power of God my hands and arms shot toward heaven and I began to praise the



Lord in a heavenly language.

The men prayed as Jim submerged me in the cold Atlantic Ocean that November afternoon. Buried beneath the baptismal waters, I felt a wave wash across my body—a wave not of the ocean but of Jesus Christ. This wave washed over every cell in my body. Cleansed and filled by the Spirit of God, I knew I was a new creature in Jesus Christ (2 Corinthians 5:17).

Three years have passed since that day and Jesus Christ is truly the Lord of my life. Joyce was brought to the Lord in a miraculous way when Jesus appeared to her in our kitchen one December morning in 1977. Each of our children is saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. I've replaced the theories of evolution and humanism with the knowledge of God as Creator and Jesus Christ as Saviour. Although I have always taken my career as an edu-

cator seriously, God has added an infinitely more rewarding dimension to my teaching.

I am able to share with these young, eager minds this sound advice from the Word of God: "Take heed to yourselves, that your heart be not deceived, and ye turn aside, and serve other gods, and worship them" (Deuteronomy 11:16).

I was deceived when I first delved into the spirit world because I was ignorant of God's Word. I was unable to discern the source of spiritual powers that I saw manifested.

I now know that there is only one Source of eternal life, and that is God. His nature and work are revealed in the living Word, Jesus Christ.

Because in His mercy and grace God saved us from the tragedy of being eternally lost, **my family and I now serve Him with our whole hearts.** ■

## FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

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**PAUL BRENNEMAN**, Prayerline Counselor, Orange, California

## THE PENDING PAYCHECK

**T**he soldier hurriedly positioned another boulder into the wall. Given a little more time, he could have sealed the opening completely against the advancing enemy. But it was zero hour—time had run out. Flinging his trowel and mortarboard aside, he wedged himself into the remaining opening to block the attacking army.

This vivid description of a crisis situation is reported in Ezekiel 22:30. It ends with these sad words: "And I sought for a man among them that should make up the hedge, and stand in the gap before me for the land, that I should not destroy it: but I found none."

God was and is still looking for men

who will give themselves—not just their means—to save men from the impending judgment. This Old Testament record tells of God's search for someone, anyone, who will sacrifice himself to fill an opening. The search ends. Grieved, God reports, "And I found none."

Not so today. God is finding men who give gladly of themselves to rescue lost men and women before it is eternally too late. PRAYERLINE, the telephone counseling ministry of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, is maintained by mature Christian volunteers who love Jesus and love people.

An outstanding example of these

self-giving servants is Paul Brennan, whose relationship with the Fellowship dates back to an Iowa Regional Convention that transformed his life. Upon returning from the convention he received the baptism in the Holy Spirit alone in the quiet of his home.

Paul recognized from the beginning that God gives His Holy Spirit not just to make us feel good but to *do* good. Subsequently he sold his automobile agency in Washington, Iowa and moved to California. Now he and his wife give leadership in a singles ministry at Melodyland in Anaheim, work with handicapped persons and unhesitatingly step into any gap they can fill.

Learning of a critical need for daytime phone counselors at International Headquarters, Paul was impressed that God wanted him to serve fulltime without remuneration, trusting God to meet his financial need. For more than eight months now God has used this man with a quiet spirit to pray and counsel as persons reach out for spiritual help. I pray that Paul's example will inspire other men to hear God's call and offer their time and talents to Jesus.

As paychecks were distributed recently a secretary remarked, "Paul, I don't have one for you; you'll get yours from the Lord." And he will. He certainly will.

**THE EDITOR**

### **CALL TO PRAYER**

**HOLLY, TX:** *A woman, weeping for her alcoholic son, is comforted by the promises of God concerning her household.*

**CRANBROOK, B.C.:** *A man, disturbed because he has seen no evidence of salvation in his life, is counseled and led in the prayer of commitment. "I know now for sure that I am born again, and I am going to church to make my confession of faith public!"*

**STAGEVILLE, NC:** *"Please pray for my fourteen-year-old daughter Tammi, who is seriously ill with cancer."*

**HUNTINGTON BEACH, CA:** *"Won't you pray for my brother in Poland. He may be in danger."*

**BRUNSWICK, GA:** *"God met my financial need we prayed about the other day when I called."*

**ARKANSAS CITY, KS:** *"Praise God for my son's return to his wife after we prayed for healing of their relationship. Pray now that he will be saved."*

**STEBENVILLE, OH:** *A woman who has asked for prayer for her alcoholic ex-husband phones to report: "He accepted Jesus as his Saviour last Sunday!"*

*Are you in need of someone to counsel you from God's Word and to stand with you in prayer? Call **PRAYERLINE**, (714) 754-6351 or 754-6357, Monday through Friday, 8 AM to 9 PM (PST).*



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## LYNWOOD MADDOX

Secretary  
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Atlanta, Georgia

**D**ad, that sounds like an awful lot of money to me!" My son Lynwood Jr. looked a little shocked as we walked back to our hotel from the Anaheim Convention Center.

"Yes," I told him, "but, son, I've learned that when God is about to provide you with some money you might as well give it away before you get it—it's easier that way."

So we laughed and joked about the \$50,000 pledge I'd just made at the World Convention of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. But I felt a little uneasy, just the same. There was still Bonnie, my wife, to tell.

Lynwood Jr. and I had come on ahead to the convention in California to attend a committee meeting. Bonnie and the rest of our family in Atlanta planned to arrive in a day or two. I hadn't had any particular plan about

my personal giving when I got there, but I *had* had a distinct feeling for some time that God was going to increase my income during 1980.

When I walked into the fundraising meeting of the Fellowship's executive board, I was prepared to do all I could to help plan ways to inspire people to give for the Lord's work. But I didn't feel at all prepared for the crazy idea that hit me like sledgehammer as I heard the men talking. I suddenly felt sure God wanted me to pledge \$50,000.

That was an awful lot of money for me, just like Junior said, and I'd never given a gift that big to anybody in my life. But I told myself, "If you don't get up and pledge it *fast*, you'll back out." So I jumped up and did it.

Now Lynwood Jr. and I were getting just a little nervous as we waited for my wife's arrival in California. "Oh, Lord," I prayed, "I believe this was what You wanted—but help Bonnie to see it that way, too."

When we met her at the airport, Bonnie was bursting with some important news. "Honey," she said, "guess what! While I was praying back in Atlanta, I felt like God wants you and a group of men to get together and give a large sum of money to challenge other men to give."

"Did He tell you how much?" I asked.

"Yes, He did." She took a deep breath, then sprung it on us. "Fifty thousand!"

Bonnie didn't even blink an eyelash when Lynwood Jr. broke our news:

"It's not a *group* of men, Mom, it's you and me and Dad. We already gave it ourselves." God had done more than simply prepare Bonnie's heart. He had shown us it was His will for the Maddox family to make this gift.

The more we thought about it, the more all three of us got excited about the way God was leading us. I'd had a number of chances to learn how smoothly He can make things happen when you're in His will. But still it was a surprise, just a few days after returning home to Atlanta, to be visited at my office by a man from Canada. He said he was handling the estate of another Canadian, and wanted to talk to me about a debt the man had owed me.

About two years before, I'd handled a transaction for the man and his Atlanta business partner. Then the man died, his business still owing me \$47,000. Not long after that his partner lost the entire business, went into bankruptcy and moved away to Alabama. It didn't look as if I'd ever get a dime out of that situation, much less \$47,000, so I wrote the whole thing off as a bad debt.

Now here was this Canadian, sitting in my office. In a sort of daze I heard him say, "What kind of discount would you be willing to give on this thing, and what kind of payments can we set up for paying it off?"

It was dawning on me—this was money coming in to help with my pledge at the convention. As soon as I realized that, I got up the nerve to ask for the whole amount in one check.

Again I was surprised. God had prepared him to cooperate, and he didn't argue a bit. In fact, he seemed quite happy to do it and promised me, "When I get back to my office I'll have my lawyer in New York send you a check to pay it in full."

Maybe I was a little skeptical when I called his New York lawyer a day or two later, not quite knowing what to expect. But while I was at it, I gave the lawyer (who turned out to be Jewish) my Christian testimony, and told him how the money was going to be used.

Soon I received a certified check for the entire \$47,000, just as promised. In a very short time God had provided every cent of that pledge over and above the \$3,000 we both knew I could sensibly give. Praise the Lord! Another proof that you just can't outgive God.

The Scripture says that the Lord will always make you rich enough to be generous at all times (2 Corinthians 9:11). Not only that, but He goes ahead of you and prepares situations and people's hearts. And even when you do something—for His glory—that looks pretty reckless in man's eyes, He sees to it that it works out right, giving you a lot of joy and excitement while He's doing it.

David said in 2 Samuel 22:37 that the Lord had enlarged his steps under him as he went. I'm glad the Lord helped me understand for myself what this means. Why not let God do for you what He did for David? **Go ahead and take some big steps for Him.** ■

## 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" (Romans 10:9).

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

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

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

**Why not make your eternal decision right now:** "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men."

**When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know so that we may send you a booklet, NOW THAT YOU'VE RECEIVED CHRIST.**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY/STATE/ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE

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