

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

NOVEMBER 1970 25c

"THE VOICE OF THANKSGIVING"
THE ART NERSASIAN STORY

Page 4



COMING CONVENTIONS HIGHLIGHTED

- **NEW YORK CITY REGIONAL: November 5-7, 1970**
Statler Hilton, 7th Ave. & 33rd St., New York, N.Y. 10001. Simon Vikse, Chairman.
Rooms: Single, \$14; Doubles & Twins, \$20 (with 3 in room, \$24; with 4, \$28).
Speakers: John Osteen, Velmer Gardner, Arthur Katz, Kathryn Kuhlman.
For further information, write: Simon Vikse, 84 Ganesvoort, Staten Island, N.Y. 10314, or call (212) 448-9180.
- **STOCKTON RALLY: November 6, 7, 1970**
Holiday Inn, 221 N. Center, Stockton, Calif., Buell Cash, Chairman.
Rooms: Single, \$13; Double, \$17.
Meals: Breakfast, \$3.00; Banquet, \$4.75.
Speakers: Kevin Ranaghan, Lloyd Johnson.
- **PHOENIX REGIONAL: January 27-31, 1971**
Ramada Inn, 3801 E. Van Buren, Phoenix, Arizona. Carl Williams, Chairman.
This 11th Anniversary Regional will feature **the very best of speakers**, plus many who were saved, filled with the Holy Spirit, healed or benefitted in some way as a result of past Phoenix Regionals.
Room and Meal rates will be published in the December issue.
- **WASHINGTON, D.C. REGIONAL: March 17-20, 1971**
Washington Hilton Hotel, Connecticut & Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.
Rooms: Single, \$15.50; Double or Twin, \$19.50.
Meals: Breakfasts, \$3.50 each; Luncheon Banquet, \$6.00. Combination meal tickets and reservation, \$18.00 per person.
Speakers: Alfred L. Durrance; Raymond O. Corvin; Arthur Katz.
Meal ticket reservations and registration may be obtained by mail after Jan. 1, 1971, but **HOTEL RESERVATIONS SHOULD BE MADE NOW.**
For further information, write: Al Malachuk, Convention Office, 5644 3rd St., N.E., Washington, D.C. 20011.

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

VOLUME 18, NUMBER 9

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The First Thanksgiving Proclamation

by *George Washington*

A National Thanksgiving. Whereas it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly implore His protection and favor; and

Whereas both Houses of Congress have, by their joint committee, requested me to recommend to the people of the United States a day of public thanksgiving and prayer, to be observed by acknowledging with grateful hearts the many signal favors of Almighty God, especially by affording them an opportunity peaceably to establish a form of government for their safety and happiness:

Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the 26th of November next, to be devoted by the people of these States, to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be...

And also that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and Ruler of nations, and beseech Him to pardon our national and other transgressions;...to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations...to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us; and, generally, to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as He alone knows to be best.

the voice of thanksgiving

"That I may publish with the voice of thanksgiving, and
tell of all thy wondrous works" (Psalm 26:7).





by **ART NERSASIAN**

Fullerton, California businessman (AAMCO Transmission Service)
and newly-elected International Director of FGBMFI

I WAS BORN in the Pentecostal movement and as a boy saw the miracles of God, wonderful healings, tongues and interpretations. I saw the power of God manifested and knew what it was, yet I never had the desire to receive any of these gifts.

One year we were having a tent meeting revival in the Southern California area where I lived. I was only about eleven years old, but when I went to the altar to accept the Lord I knew something definite had happened to me that had never happened before. Each individual has to have that experience with the Lord. You can try to explain Jesus to someone and tell what it means to be saved, but you can never fully convey to another person the fullness or the

depth of that experience. Each man must experience it for himself.

In high school I became involved in many other activities and gradually found that I was too busy to give as much time to the Lord as before. I've never been in what you might call deep sin, but still I had gotten farther and farther away from the Lord. I can't say it was the fault of the church or the ministry; it was my own fault, because I began to look at and want other things. I had everything materially that a fellow my age could want. I had a car when I was fifteen years old and in high school—something most of the other kids didn't have. After graduation I worked for my father and drew good money, but it seemed the more



Art Nersasian, Secretary-Treasurer of the Los Angeles Chapter, and Founder-President Demos Shakarian display charter at recent Saturday breakfast broadcast, now in its 17th year.

money I had the more things there were to spend it for.

Then one day I met a girl. We went together for a long time before I got up nerve enough to propose to her. We were married and in the years that followed God blessed our union with two children.

Then the Lord began to deal with my wife about her spiritual condition. She had been raised in a non-Christian home, but she had a praying grandmother who used to teach her scripture verses and talk to her about the Lord. Though she had gotten away from that early influence, now that yearning came again to her heart to be in closer touch with the

Master. This hunger began to grow within her heart and she began to seek—and the Lord answered. He never turns a deaf ear to a seeking heart. She accepted the Saviour and then went on to seek a deeper experience.

One night she wanted to go to some Gospel meeting in Maywood. It was raining and I wouldn't go, so she went by herself; she was hungry for more of God. That night she received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. She came home and began to tell me about it but I wasn't too interested. Now, mind you, I *knew* what it was but felt that a deeper walk with the Lord might interfere with some of the things I wanted to do.

One day it suddenly dawned on me that something was amiss. *I* was supposed to be the Christian in this family. *I* was supposed to be the one to lead the family to the Lord, but *my wife* was closer to Him than I, and now she was going on without me! I told the Lord that He just had to do something about it, yet I wouldn't completely surrender. There were still things I wanted and things I wanted to do. I had a business that was doing well, had an airplane, cars, trucks—almost everything a man might want—but I didn't have that desire, or willingness, to let Jesus rule over my life.

After a while the business began to slow down. The Lord was trying to teach me, and I was being foolishly perverse. I was asking Him to help

me, but when He would reach out His hand I'd pull back. How could the Lord help me if I wouldn't let Him? My business continued to go from bad to worse until I was almost at the point of bankruptcy.

In the midst of all this I had an experience that made me know without a doubt that God loved me. One day while working I began to get a headache such as I had never had before. By noon the pain was so bad I actually wept, and my vision and entire system was affected. I went home. My wife took one look at me and knew something was wrong. I went straight into the bedroom and fell across the bed exclaiming, "I'm sick! Call the doctor. Do something!" She said, "Let's pray." I exclaimed, "I need a doctor! I don't need to pray!" Nevertheless she put her arm around me and said just one word: "Jesus!" Instantly I knew God had touched me. It was as though He had said, "My son, I love you. Won't you let me help you?"

A man cannot doubt such an experience, yet I was still not quite ready to surrender. The business continued to deteriorate until one day, realizing I was at the end of the road, I went home, threw myself across the bed and wept like a baby. I told the Lord He could have everything I owned—that if He didn't want me in that business, then to please take it away because I was now willing to accept anything He had for me. I really meant it; I couldn't resist my

loving heavenly Father any longer.

From that moment things began to change. It was as though God turned my whole life around. He reached down and turned my business around, and things began to improve and to multiply until He had given me back three times what I had lost.

I never returned to that old stiff-necked trail again. Every time thoughts of doing something else came, I recalled that day that God touched me and lifted that terrible burden from me.

I began to go to the Full Gospel Business Men's meetings. At first it seemed that all I heard about was the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Every testimony, every evangelist, every layman seemed to be pointing at me. The desire began to grow to have this experience; and it continued to grow until it overshadowed everything else. I simply *had* to know God in this new dimension.

It was at a Long Beach Rally Day that God poured His glory into my soul and waves of joy overflowed. It was like standing in the ocean with one wave after another washing over me.

Walking with Him in the Spirit has been joy unspeakable and full of glory. My wife and I serve in the Los Angeles Chapter and at the weekly Saturday breakfast meetings, and love it. Our dedication is to just do all we possibly can, and leave the impossible to God.





MAKING THE SCENE



... WITH CHRIST

by DAVID ROTHSCHILD

San Fernando Valley real estate broker and
Vice-President of the Beverly Hills, California Chapter of FGBMFI

IN JULY OF LAST YEAR I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour, and one month later my lovely wife did likewise. I am now working with Dr. Liedmann, President of our Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship chapter in Beverly Hills. We have a great burden for the Jewish people, not only in our city but throughout the world.

The Lord truly moves in mysterious ways to draw us to Himself. Our twenty-year-old son had gotten into bad company and learned many wrong things. Dope had him enslaved, and that terrible habit leads to much, much trouble. Our boy had been in and out of jail on various charges. It was a great sorrow to our hearts. He was brought up in a home where he was taught the Judaic law as I was taught it as a boy, but he did not seem to have respect for it. Looking back now I wonder if things might have been different if there had been more of the love of God and less of the law. Where the knowledge of the law did not hold him, would the love of God have been a cloak to protect and a light to guide him so that by the grace of God he might have been kept out of trouble?

But the Lord is merciful. His Word promises that out of all things shall come good to those who love Him.

There is a lady, a Christian, who has a burden on her heart for young boys in distress and bound by dope addiction. Hazel and her husband Gene take some of them into their home. Immediately upon learning my son was there, I hurried over, because my heart was burdened for him and I did not know what kind of a place he had gotten into. When I arrived, this young woman began telling me about the Lord.

I couldn't figure this out. Being Jewish and also being a business man, I know people do things for money. In fact, I had spent thousands of dollars for psychiatrists, psychologists, and attorneys to help my son. We had appealed to city and state authorities for help and advice. It took us a long time to learn that we had turned to every authority except the one Great Authority. We had never been told that God would help. But here was this couple who had taken my son, along with other youngsters, into their home, absolutely without financial remuneration. Some of those

kids were so doped up when they came that they had to be carried into the house; but Hazel had told them the wonderful Word of the Lord and He, through her prayers, had healed those boys of the dope habit, and they learned to love Jesus.

This couple witnessed to my wife and me. We listened, but said, "We're Jews and we just cannot accept it." But they came again and again, and we thank God for their loving persistence.

A Christian man from a family in our building witnessed to us also. We told him the same thing—we could not accept Jesus because our Old Testament doesn't name Jesus as the Messiah. If I were to accept this message, I wanted a sign. That man gave me a little prayer to read when I was alone, and told me that if God did graciously give me a sign, I should ask Him to come into my heart.

One day, when I was alone in the living room of my home, I finally read that prayer and asked God for a sign. In His loving-kindness He did indeed give me a sign—such a sign as I shall never forget! I asked Him to come into my heart and He entered, like a gentle breeze that swept away every doubt. One month later my wife was also saved.

We attended an FGBMEI chapter meeting in Hollywood. There we found wonderful, loving, Pentecostal Christians, saw the Spirit of God in action, saw the healings, and heard people speak in tongues.

At the Southern California Regional Convention in Los Angeles, in 1969, we learned that a chapter was being planned in Beverly Hills. We met Donald Liedmann, a Hebrew Christian medical doctor, Abe Schneider, a Hebrew Christian minister, and some sixteen other Hebrew Christians. Dr. Liedmann asked me to be his helper in the new chapter, but being such a new Christian and not yet knowing the Bible very well, I didn't feel qualified.

Then the Lord blessed me with the baptism in the Holy Spirit and filled my heart with a great desire to be an active witness for Him. I immediately called Dr. Liedmann and told him, "I'm a babe in Christ and I'll stumble and stutter, but I'll do my best to assist."

At the time of the 1970 Phoenix Regional, last January, we felt we couldn't go; we had too many business problems at home. But, impressed by the Lord, we did go, and learned another lesson—that if we seek *first* the Kingdom of God, all other things will fall into place. If we take care of the things God calls us to do, He is abundantly able to look after all our interests.

We pray daily that the Lord will empty us of worldly things and make us vessels fit for the Master's use. We love the Christian songs. They touch the heart and speak to the soul. The song, "He Touched Me" is very dear to us. Truly we both can say that He touched us and made us whole! 🔥



out of darkness . . .

by HAL GLOVER

IT WAS DURING those tense days just prior to World War II, and as I proudly wore the uniform of a United States Army infantryman, I accepted Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour and received the wonderful experience of the New Birth. I joined the Church of the Nazarene and was taught concerning holiness and sanctification which comes by faith and prayer.

Upon termination of my military

service I entered a Bible college to prepare for the ministry. It was my desire to walk the highest road with my Saviour. However, while it seemed that by doing my utmost best it was sometimes possible to grasp the edge of something that was wonderful and beautiful and close to God, yet after a week or two it would slip away again and be only a memory.

In 1957 my wife became quite ill. Finally, after three or four years

. . . into the light of faith

under the pressure of having to be strong for others, my own strength, both physical and spiritual, began to weaken. Though not aware of specific sin, a great darkness began to gradually creep over my heart. I fought it in earnest prayer, but could not seem to rise above it.

One thing that helped me in that dark hour was the recollection of the words of my wife's former teacher who said: "When you wear the uniform of our armed services and you go to war against another army, it stands to reason that out there somewhere on the battlefield, you are going to come face to face with the enemy. When darkness and conflict comes into your spiritual life, don't throw everything to the winds, but just stand still and realize that as a soldier of the cross you have to come face to face with the enemy in the battle for God."

I had reached that confrontation. Occasionally the Lord would roll back the darkness a little and let me know that He was still there and still cared. This helped somewhat, but the most terrible thing was in trying to encourage others while still conscious of that unexplained darkness within. It was a difficult situation. Finally I gave up the pastorate and began to teach school, for which I was fortunately prepared and qualified.

The darkness seemed to increase. I sought God but couldn't seem to make contact. In places where other people were finding help, there seemed nothing for me. Then I began speaking and lecturing for the Narcotics Education Foundation in Los Angeles. Because of my background, they often sent me into churches. I began to observe that everywhere people were asking questions and facing problems comparable to mine, but no one seemed to have the answer.

One Sunday we heard that David Wilkerson would be speaking that evening in Anaheim Christian Center. We decided to attend the morning service also, just to "look the place over." The moment we stepped inside the door I knew that God was in that place. That morning as Pastor Ralph Wilkerson (no relation) preached, I knew in the depths of my being that the door was opening again. When the invitation was given I hurried forward. In the prayer room the peace of God came quietly back into my heart. The shackles and the bonds and the darkness were gone. I could lift up my head and pray and know that I was reaching God.

Someone asked me if I had been baptized in the Holy Spirit. I felt that was rushing things a bit, however, because I had all kinds of built-in barriers against this thing of speak-

ing in tongues, had preached against it and sincerely thought I was right. So I didn't enter into any discussion on the subject very enthusiastically that morning.

However, as I sat in the evening service, the Lord spoke to me as definitely as I could speak to you, and said, "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate." Immediately I began to question: "Where, Lord? Where?"

Someone told me about a Spirit-filled Episcopalian minister who held prayer meetings in his home in Monrovia, California. We attended. There, in a quiet Episcopalian atmosphere I heard some people speak in an unknown language, which was then interpreted. All this time I was alert and waiting for the checking of the Spirit to be evidenced. None came. There was just the sweet, wonderful presence of God.

Silently I began to pray, "Lord, is this real? After all I have been taught and all I have said, is this really true? If this is for me, please show me. If it's not, then let me know definitely—and please slam the door tight." No door slammed, but the sweet presence of God persisted.

I made an appointment with the Episcopalian and we met in his office on February 11, 1968 to talk over this matter as one minister to another. I wanted to be sure whatever happened would be of God. He said, "All I ask is that you be willing for anything God wants to give you." As he

laid his hands on my head and began to pray, words began to come and I found myself speaking in a language I had never learned. It was joy unspeakable—a depth and a height of blessing that human language cannot express.

One aspect of this experience that means a very great deal to me is this: Everything that I had been taught *should happen* when a person is sanctified and filled with the Spirit, *has happened to me!* I had known nothing like it before.

I must admit that I worried a little that first day, as I thought back to those times when it had seemed that I was on the verge of something glorious and yet nothing had happened. The next morning, however, the Holy Spirit was still there. He was there two weeks later. Today, two years later, He still abides within. *This is the most exciting life in the world!* I've had more spiritual adventures in this past couple of years than in twenty-five years of ministry, and I've learned that God's Word means exactly what it says.

Life has not been entirely one smooth walk on the sunny side of the street. Often I have had to drop to my knees before leaving home in the morning and say: "Lord, before I go to work this morning I must have help and strength." He has always been blessedly there to help, strengthen, and guide. I rejoice in His indwelling presence, because whenever I call, *He comes and we conquer.* ♣



what did we have

PENTECOST is for *employment*—
not *enjoyment*.

Receiving the blessed Holy Spirit baptism was the greatest joy I have ever known; but it is given to supply the power to do the things that Jesus Christ did. Every man and every woman, every boy and every girl who has the power of the Holy Spirit within, *can* do the works of Jesus Christ!

Do we fully understand what that means? Can we comprehend the depth of the meaning of those words of Jesus: "Greater things than these shall ye do...?" Jesus meant just what He said!

This is our failure! God's people have failed—His church has failed—failed to use the power of the Holy Spirit and failed to permit themselves to be used by the power of the Holy Spirit! Jesus didn't tell us to *plead* for the healing of the sick. He said: "*Heal* the sick!"

It's an exciting experience to be a child of God!

Six years ago I was president of our congregation, had a degree in chemical engineering and a master's degree in business administration, and felt very self-sufficient—quite capable of handling life's problems. But let me tell you something—God

has a way of backing a man up into a corner—backing him so far up into a corner that he has no place to turn except to God, because there is no sufficiency left within himself.

My little boy was born retarded. We didn't know exactly how badly, when he was small. He began to have epileptic seizures at the age of three. They became more and more violent and his retardation seemed to grow worse. He was having forty to fifty seizures a day. At all hours of the day and night we would hear him scream. There's a peculiar sound to the cry of an epileptic suffering grand mal seizure. Once you've heard it you will never forget it. My son would cry out in the night and I'd go to

thing I did was directed toward that goal. It was driving me to emotional instability—to the point where my hands shook, I couldn't sleep at night, was a nervous wreck, and needed God but didn't have sense enough to know it. They don't teach that in the universities where I got my degrees.

About six years ago I began to seek for God. There had to be a reality to this thing, or else there was nothing. There was no use going to church every Sunday and not ever knowing the power or the love of God, never knowing that He cared. I would have gladly given my right arm if it would have healed the poor little afflicted body of my son. Didn't

to be thankful for?

by JAMES BOSWELL

his bed where his tormented little body jerked and twitched. My wife and I would take turns caring for him. When he was five years old the doctors gave no hope of any help and we were advised to place him in a home for the handicapped, and forget him.

We needed God. We went to church every Sunday and gave ten per cent of our income, and thought that would take care of matters. My wife and I were on the verge of divorce because of the rottenness within my unregenerate soul. My only objective in life was to succeed in my business and become a millionaire, and every-

God care?

In His mercy, the Lord led me into the Gideon organization. One of the requirements of membership is that you be born again. Through a further mercy of God the Gideons sent me to the Carmichael (Calif.) Assembly of God to make a presentation, and there I saw definite evidence that God is alive and that His Holy Spirit works the same today as it worked for Peter, James, and John.

I sat on the platform—an old dried-up, spiritually-dead, unsaved church member who needed God. I had never seen anything like that service before. They all actually

looked as if they were happy. The people were radiantly alive in their testimonies that night. Everybody seemed to have been talking and walking with God that day. Then a young man got up and said, "This day I give myself to Christ." Tears rolled down his face as he confessed his unrighteousness and his need for God. About that time a woman stood up in the room and began to praise God in an unknown language. Then somebody interpreted. I didn't know what it was, but God spoke to me, even in my sinful condition, and said: "That's what you need."

After making the presentation I went down and sat in the front row. The pastor gave a message on the baptism in the Holy Spirit. When the service was over he asked us all to come forward and kneel and pray. Believe it or not, the people actually got out of their seats, walked to the front of that church, knelt down, raised their hands, and talked to God as if they meant it! I had never seen anything like that before.

The minister finally got through praying with those at the altar and I walked over to him and said, "Pastor, how do I get that Holy Spirit you were talking about?" His mouth dropped open. He looked at me for a few seconds, then said, "It's a gift from God. Just get down and pray."

As I dropped to my knees, the minister called every man in that congregation to come and pray for me. As they held up my hands, I began

to weep and praise God and ask Him to fill me with the Holy Spirit. The tears were running down my face, and I didn't even care—all pride was gone. I wanted something from God—oh, how I wanted it! As I lifted my hands I was, in my thoughts, figuratively lifting my son up toward God.

***There's a peculiar
sound to the cry of
an epileptic suffering
grand mal seizure!***

You can never forget it.

I didn't receive the Holy Spirit that night, because I wasn't even saved; but I was hungry to get closer to God. I didn't care if I ever ate or slept again. I was consumed by a desire to know the living God in all His power. I was ashamed to tell my wife about it that night, because I knew she would laugh. I would go to church Sunday morning, then sneak off Sunday evening and go to a Pentecostal church and pray for the Baptism.

Finally God told me, "Jim, the reason you're not receiving this Baptism is because you are still telling dirty stories."

Can you imagine that? A man

who is president of a church congregation and hungry for God, yet a filthy-mouthed, rotten sinner! I told God if that was what was holding it back, I'd never do it again. God blessed me wonderfully at that moment, but the longed-for Baptism did not come. There were many aspects of my life that were not yielded to God. Patiently He pointed out this little thing and that little thing, and as I kept yielding in each area, He would bless me, but still the power didn't fall. I searched the Scriptures and pestered that poor preacher to try to get me baptized in the Holy Spirit until he probably hated to see me coming down the street.

One Sunday night the pastor preached a sermon just for me. At least it hit me squarely and made me realize what a useless bit of humanity I really was. After the service I went to the prayer room and began to pray. I had reached the place where there seemed nothing else left for me to yield, yet God didn't baptize me. Sitting on the floor, broken-hearted, the tears flowing, I felt like the filthiest, no-good reject in the world. In despair I cried: "God, you *know* I'll never be able to make myself acceptable to you, but oh, I want to be filled with thy Holy Spirit! Take me as I am, transform my life, and make me over again!"

In that moment a Voice spoke to my heart, very plainly and clearly: "Jim, you're a child of God."

Oh, hallelujah! Instead of tears and rejection, a great joy welled up within my soul because I was accepted as a child of the living God. It seemed as if a fountain had broken up above my head and warm water was pouring over me and through me in a cleansing flood. I began to laugh with the sheer joy and knowledge of being a child of God. I laughed until my sides hurt and my face hurt. That preacher came to me and said, "Son, this is wonderful, but you haven't received your heavenly language yet." He kept me on my knees before God until something strange took possession of my lips and they began to speak words that I did not understand. Then, what a glory filled my soul! It seemed that God was so close and so gentle and loving—surely He would touch my son if I asked. I said, "God will you heal my son?" He said, "It's all right; I'm taking care of it. You needn't worry."

Back in my motel room I called my wife and said, "Honey, how is Jimmy?" She wondered why I asked and I told her I knew something had happened to Jimmy.

My wife was not a Pentecostal believer, but she *was* a Lutheran believer, and she had been steadfast in believing that God was going to heal our son. She told me that just a few minutes before my call came through she and the boy were sitting at the table, and she was looking at Jimmy's face that had always been kind of lopsided. She said, "His face seemed

to shift, like soft putty, and suddenly it was perfect!”

My son began to get better. He wasn't entirely healed, but God was doing what He said He would do—taking care of it—and the seizures become less violent and much farther apart.

When I got home, all excited, and tried to tell my wife about my experience in the Holy Spirit, she thought I was a fanatic. But one day, soon after, she began to weep. All she could say was that God had given her a burden for something and she didn't know what it was. Feeling sure God was going to fill her with the Holy Spirit, I just kept on praying, and she went on weeping all that week. We skipped church Sunday morning. The afternoon wore on and finally she became convinced that maybe it was the Spirit of God dealing with her. We went back to church in Carmichael that evening. After the testimony service and the prayer service, I couldn't contain myself any longer. I jumped up and said, “Everybody please pray that my wife will receive the Baptism tonight.”

They did—and she did!

A year and a half after I was saved and six months after my wife received the Baptism, our son was still having seizures now and then. We studied the Word and read where Christ healed an epileptic right after He came down from the Mount of Transfiguration. The apostles had tried to heal the boy, but they

couldn't. Jesus explained: “This kind can only be healed through fasting and prayer.”

We fasted through Thanksgiving week-end and on Sunday at noontime we took our children and went to church and knelt at the altar. Our little boy was then six years old. He knelt to pray with us and in about ten minutes he jumped up, his face radiant, and said: “Daddy, Jesus just healed me! I don't have to take medicine ever again!”

We went home rejoicing; but you know how fear will enter into your heart. The doctor had told us the boy must not be without the medication one hour. He was taking barbiturates of such a strength level that, if a normal person had been taking it and was instantly removed from medication, the result would be epileptic-like seizure. We worried over the thing, and decided to not give him the medication for a while and see what happened. Then we felt that wasn't having faith in God. We decided to throw the medication away but to keep the prescription—just in case. We prayed about that and decided that wasn't having faith in God, either. Then we decided if we believed as we preached, we would throw the medication and the prescription away and completely trust God.

That is what we did—five years ago. Our son has never had another seizure. Today he is eleven years old,

(Continued on page 32)



BLACKLIST

by KARL BUJOK

Given at a Saturday Breakfast Broadcast
of the Los Angeles Chapter.



ON A BATTLEFIELD in France, while serving in the army of my country during World War II, the realization dawned upon me that I was facing eternity.

Reared in the Lutheran church in my native Czechoslovakia, I knew that there was a God and an eternity, but had not realized the vital necessity of a personal confrontation with Jesus Christ.

I was just eighteen years old. Death had always seemed a distant thing until that day when I lay in the scant shelter of a clump of bushes not far from the front, seriously wounded in both arms, unable to help or defend myself, separated from my

comrades, the roar of death-dealing missiles thundering in my ears, not knowing when the tide of battle might sweep over me. Suddenly there came to me the terrible realization that one shattering bullet might bring me face to face with my Creator—that not even one more instant of life was guaranteed to me.

Louder than the sounds of war in my ears, there came to my heart the sure knowledge that my soul was unprepared to meet my Maker. In my extremity I cried out to God, promising that if He would spare me and give me another chance I would live a different life.

God heard and answered that pray-

er. At that moment I had little knowledge of *how* to live this “different life”—but God knew, and He began to lead me, step by step, toward a personal walk with Him.

When the war was over and the doctors at long last released me from the hospital, I returned home to Czechoslovakia—a war invalid. However, I was able to finish my college and go on to study economics at the University of Prague, but because of political reasons I was not permitted to complete my studies there. In despair I tried to leave Czechoslovakia but was unable to do so. Apparently God had other plans for me, for in this time of crisis He reminded me of my promise made to Him six years before when I lay wounded and alone on a battlefield in France. In my frustration and disappointment I had nearly forgotten—but God hadn’t. He never forgets. He keeps His promises—and He lovingly and faithfully reminds us to keep ours.

A friend invited me to an evangelical church in Prague. Through the message of the prodigal son, as recorded in the Gospel of Luke, God spoke to me. For the first time I realized that personal promises, human efforts to live a decent life, and church membership are not sufficient. At last I found forgiveness and eternal life in Jesus Christ, although I had not yet fully realized what a great privilege it is to serve Jesus or to suffer a little for my Lord.

Thinking the best way to serve God was to first study theology, I completed theological studies in 1955 in Prague. Today I know that is not the only way, and often not the best

way to please God. Theology, as it was taught there, was a great disappointment to me. It was only by God’s grace that my faith was not entirely destroyed.

Several things made it very difficult for me to become a pastor in my church. Even if I could be ordained, it would not be possible to obtain permission from the government (which was required) to preach the Gospel because by that time I was already on their “black list.” To complicate my situation, I had by then come into contact with the Full Gospel believers, which further placed me “beyond the pale” as far as the authorities were concerned. It seemed the only thing to do was to find some kind of secular work to provide for my family.

At that particular time the Christians in our country were going through a rough experience. Largely because of my record of theological studies, there was much difficulty in finding work. Nobody wanted me. They ridiculed and laughed at me. However, after three months I finally obtained employment.

God has many ways in which His people can be useful to Him. Having always been interested in religious literature, I dedicated myself to that work. From 1955 to 1964 I received a great deal of Full Gospel literature, especially from the United States, which happily included some copies of VOICE magazine. We translated it and distributed it among believers all across Czechoslovakia. This work was done (without official sanction, of course) mostly by young Christians who were set on fire for God through



**My entire correspondence
had been photographed
and translated by the
secret police!**

reading this literature. We often gathered in a secluded place where we remained for days praying, fasting, and pledging our lives to God. We deeply desired to see in our homeland the same outpouring that was being experienced in America. We longed to witness God confirming His Word "with signs following"—to see the blind receive sight, the lame walk, and the power of Satan broken.

It was in 1960, I believe, that we received news that Evangelist Oral Roberts would be speaking in Warsaw, Poland. We had read much about his ministry and nearly everyone wanted to go to Warsaw—but *they closed the border!* It is most remarkable, is it not, how greatly atheists and tyrants fear the Full Gospel?

Determined not to give up, I tried to think of a way to obtain permission to cross into Poland. I finally told them that a famous physician had arrived in Poland and that we believed he could help my wife who was suffering from near blindness. That was not a lie, for truly we were seeking the Great Physician whom we were convinced is able to open blind

eyes today just as He did two thousand years ago. It was finally decided that it would be wiser to request permission to enter Poland not more than ten miles beyond the border, inasmuch as permission with such restriction was easier to obtain.

Warsaw, we knew, was about 300 miles from the border, but we ventured on and finally arrived in Warsaw, well knowing that some day we would have to pay a price for such daring because the Full Gospel church, as such, was not allowed to exist. It had to join another denomination and be known by another name.

In 1968 the situation changed for the better, but in 1964, together with some other brethren, I was arrested. Before actually arresting me they made a search in my home for foreign literature. They were very interested in my Bible, especially because of the signature of Oral Roberts on an inside page.

The next step was the closing of two local Full Gospel churches that had long since been forced to join some of the State-acknowledged denominations. For more than four years they worshipped underground. About a year ago the situation eased, the keys of the churches were returned to the congregations, and they have since enjoyed comparative freedom. This, however, was not the case in 1964.

After my arrest there was intensive interrogation, but Jesus Christ proved again to be a Mighty Deliverer. It was most surprising to discover that my entire correspondence of recent years had been photographed and

translated into Czech. I was reminded that as a Christian I could not lie, and that if I did it would cost me two years of imprisonment. They accused me at length about the healing ministry. They were very fearful of that, and most afraid of the "speaking in other tongues."

Many times, out of the very alchemy of our deepest personal trials, much good comes to the cause of the Gospel. For instance, those officers of the secret police had read every word of the literature they had confiscated. Was that not a wonderful thing? How else could they have been persuaded (or even permitted) to read it? The Lord also gave me grace to testify before them about eternal life in Jesus Christ, resurrection of the dead, and final judgment for deeds done in the body. Though it was spoken in great weakness, the Lord used that testimony. I was privileged to see how the Gospel is a power even to the atheist.


On the last day of my interrogation I told the officer of the secret police that my great wish was that we both could meet at Jesus' feet in eternity. God gave me an assurance that many of those who questioned me became convinced that God is not dead.

I was sentenced to two years imprisonment, but due to my wife's illness, the sentence was suspended. Undoubtedly they did not realize that the hand of God was in this decision, but I give thanks to Him for it. Some of my literature, my Bible, and translation of Kenyon's books were later returned to me. Due to the amnesty, my case was also taken under further consideration. Thus it was apparent

that no further service for the Lord in that direction was possible.

I wrote a petition to the Ministry of Interior asking that they allow me to leave Czechoslovakia. Truthfully, my faith that this would be permitted was a bit weak. Nevertheless, the matter was in God's hands. When five months had dragged by without a word from the Ministry, hope was becoming weaker. Then, to my great astonishment and delight, the reply came granting me permission. God had proved again that He is the Great Deliverer.

In 1966 I left my country, my parents, and my brothers and sisters in the Lord, and moved to West Germany where I now live with my family. Our Great Deliverer is with us, for He knows no national or racial boundaries. In the past three years I have visited six times in Czechoslovakia—twice as an interpreter for preachers of the Gospel.

Now I have come to your great and God-blessed country—a privilege for which I have prayed many years. It was a real thrill to be introduced and allowed to share some of my testimony at the breakfast meeting of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in Los Angeles, California. I could scarcely believe that now, face to face, I could talk with Brother Demos Shakarian. Many years ago in Czechoslovakia I read his life story published by VOICE magazine. How we thrilled at the working of God in his life, and how we were blessed by the testimonies of many other Christian laymen. I have learned that what is impossible to men, is possible to God. 

POSSESSED

by COSTA DIER

IN ISRAEL, when I was young, we did not know much about Jesus, but God sent a missionary who began to preach the Gospel there. I was only eleven years old, but was already leader of a gang, and as soon as that man began the singing we would stone the meeting place.

One day he got hold of me when I came with the gang to throw stones. I thought he was going to beat me, but he didn't. He took me into the little mission, had me kneel down, laid his hands on me and began to pray. My fears were calmed because he didn't beat me, but when he prayed for me, electricity went all through me. At that time, of course, I didn't know anything about Pentecost or about Jesus.

The evangelist, who I found out later was of the Assemblies of God, gave me a Bible and asked me to come to the meetings, which I did, bringing the gang with me. I liked the way he preached, but it was when he began to pray that some-

***I was utterly
possessed, and
wanted to fight
with everybody there!***

thing would vibrate inside of me. I didn't know what it was, but it was strange and I laughed out in the meeting.

When I became a little older we lived outside the city called Ramla, just between Jerusalem and Jaffa (Tel-Aviv). In that area were many Ishmaelites — Moslems or Mohammedans as they called them. My father didn't want us to live among them, so we lived outside of town but I attended school with them. After every one of their holy days they would gang up on us "Christians" and beat us. When they use the word "Christian" it merely means that one is not Moslem. Thus I came to hate every holiday, and determined in my own heart that something was going to be done to those Moslems before I graduated from that school. I joined a club and began to exercise and train for boxing. I applied myself and rigorously disciplined myself. After every holiday I would line up all those "Christian" boys and we would go to town. Our opponents didn't know boxing so it was my

turn to beat the Moslems. I was proud of it, of course. The flesh is always proud of its accomplishments.

When I became popular as a boxer, I began to drink. Soon I became an excessive drinker — two or three bottles of wine in the morning before breakfast, then later in the day, whiskey, gin, beer, cognac. Finally my system rebelled and disease laid hold of me. For three and a half years my joints were burning like fire twenty-four hours of the day. The best Jewish hospital in Jerusalem pronounced me a hopeless case. A French hospital in Jerusalem X-rayed me but couldn't find the answer. I was sent to another famous hospital in Bethlehem but the doctors there gave up and sent me home to die.

I was then twenty-one and a half years old, and suffering constantly from acute pain, especially in my head. The only way I could find any rest was to keep beating my head until I went to sleep. That was a most miserable three and a half years.

One day a missionary came. Thank God for missionaries! Send more of them — send thousands — millions — and give of your means to support them!

That was the second missionary who entered my life. He lived as our neighbor for three years, but I didn't bother his meetings — I was too sick. However, I could watch what was going on. Shortly afterward one of my girl friends asked

**The speaker was
about my size. I
began to visualize how
I could strike and
stomp him!**

me to visit the place. I told her, "I'm Greek Orthodox and I don't like these Protestants. They are hypocrites." Of course I was only repeating what I had been told. She knew how to overcome that obstacle, however. "There is a missionary coming who plays music," she said. "You're a musician. Come hear the music." So I went.

As the soloist began to sing, the "boxing demon" oppressed me once more. I was utterly possessed and wanted to fight with everybody there. Something rose up within me against everything and everyone. But the people were so sweet and kind and loving. They calmed me down and we sang a couple of hymns that I had learned long ago from the Assemblies of God missionary.

Then the man started to preach and I began to feel very miserable inside. I feared no man in the ring, but when this missionary preached, conviction came upon me. At that time I thought it was fear of the speaker, and I could not tolerate the

idea that I would physically fear him. He was about my size. I began to visualize how I could strike and stomp him. All these thoughts ran through my mind. When he was through speaking I jumped up and made a tremendous effort to get through the crowd to him, but failed. Three times I tried, unsuccessfully, and when I left the meeting I was so angry I could scarcely speak for two days.

After two days of terrible conviction, I was in a miserable hell on earth. I attempted to drink, but all forms of alcoholic beverages tasted terrible. Finally I said, "God, I'm going back to that church. I'm so miserable; maybe something is going to happen to me."

I went back again to that church. What happened in that meeting that night is a long story, but I went forward to the altar before the man was through preaching. When I did, he stopped speaking and left the pulpit. His daughter, wife, and other missionaries also left, because they had been told I was an evil person who would hurt them. There was no one left who could lead me to Christ. Everyone was terrified of me and I stood there alone — didn't know how to pray, what to say, or what I wanted; but somehow I knew I had to come down to the altar. I stood there for a solid hour, weeping.

Finally, I said, "God, if Christ is real and this Bible preacher is right, something must happen to me right

now." *And it did!* Mine was not a scriptural prayer, but the Lord knows how to understand our most simple, stumbling cries for help.

I had taken some of my boys with me—boys I used to train, to fight. I told them to come with me down to the altar. When they hesitated I told them if they didn't come I would "fix" them. So they came and I pushed them to their knees. Next I got all the girls down there, and then began to yell at the old folks for just sitting there, and told them to come to the altar. My language was pretty rough. I'm sorry for it; but I had never learned any other way to say it and somehow I knew they needed to come down there just as badly as I did. Anyway, the people came; they didn't know what else to do. But the Lord had mercy and many of them got saved. Some are preaching the Gospel today. One of them is ministering in Longview, Texas; others are missionaries in other parts of the world.

A great revival broke out in that place. It was a sovereign act of God through the prayer of that missionary who first got hold of me when I was eleven, sat me down, gave me a Bible, and prayed for me. He does not know until now that I later got saved, but it pays to pray and keep on praying for that friend or loved one. Continue to believe God. He is going to overtake that person one of these days.

I was so happy the night I got

saved, that I went outside and began to yell at the top of my voice that I had found something real and had no more fear of the evil and unclean. The next day I tried to tell everyone who came to visit me what happened to me. I told them, "I'm so happy inside!"

The next night I heard about the Holy Ghost—that "you shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost comes . . ." I had no idea who the Holy Ghost was, but the word "power" appealed to me and I decided that this was what I must have. For one solid week I hardly ate anything. I wanted the baptism in the Holy Spirit so badly, but didn't know that it doesn't come by fasting.

The missionaries gave me a New Testament. I got as far as Romans 8:26, where I read that "the Spirit helpeth our infirmities," for we no longer have to pray for ourselves, but the Holy Ghost knows how to pray for us. That was it! I was filled with the Holy Ghost and began to speak in tongues. Immediately all pain left my body and I felt stronger than ever before.

There is nothing in the universe that is worth living for but Jesus! God is sending a mighty outpouring of His Holy Spirit all over the world today. He is pouring out such a glorious power for service. He wants His people to be a mighty spiritual army to go forth to all nations with His gospel. I'm so glad I got recruited into that army of the Lord.

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God's Hotline



The Telephone Prayer Ministry of George Watters, South Bay, Calif. Chapter Pres.

PLEASE PRAY for my son! They tell me he is dying of spinal meningitis at Fort Ord."

It was in the wee small hours of the morning that the telephone brought that urgent request from a deeply concerned father. Together he and George Watters approached the Throne of Grace in prayer that God would heal that soldier-son.

"Go to your son," Brother Watters then urged. "I feel the witness that God has healed him." When that father returned he joyfully testified in the South Bay FGBMFI Chapter that when he arrived at the Fort he found his son sitting on the edge of his bunk, eating lunch. God had indeed touched him.

This was no isolated incident. It is the story of the Fellowship's day-by-day, hour-by-hour telephone min-

istry. From time to time we have referred to the special telephones that are installed at every convention so that radio listeners and all who need prayer, but are unable to be personally present, may call in their requests. This is just one of the means utilized by Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in its efforts to reach as many as possible with the Gospel. It has been so outstandingly successful that our International President, Demos Shakarian, has suggested it may be a challenge to every FGBMFI chapter, many of which have already caught the vision.

Perhaps we have not often enough made mention of this ministry. In our greater Los Angeles area it has been especially laid upon the heart of George Watters, president of South Bay Chapter. FGBMFI has had a

special telephone installed in the Watters' home where someone stands by at all hours, day or night, to answer those who call to request counseling or prayer.

"We pray for people from all over the country," George testifies, "and many miracles are witnessed. One lady was healed of cancer of the liver, and another instantly delivered from crippling arthritis. One Saturday morning during the regular breakfast meeting in Los Angeles, two ladies received the baptism in the Holy Spirit with speaking in tongues—over the telephone. God is not limited by distance. We know He uses the radio, television, and the printed page to touch the hearts of men and women and draw them to Himself—and He also uses the telephone. Sometimes the calls come at midnight—often at two or three o'clock in the morning—and sometimes they almost pile on top of one another.

"One night I was counseling with one caller and we had been on the 'phone for over a half hour when the operator came on the line to say there was an emergency call, and we cleared the line. It was a call from an almost desperate man. His wife had just passed on. She had been a Christian, but he was a backslider and he wanted to get back to God. As we talked and prayed he wept his way back to the Lord. As I was thanking God for another soul brought into the fold, the telephone rang again. Someone "out there" needed prayer,



WE ARE SORRY that some of our friends have failed to receive **VOICE** as usual. **WE JUST DIDN'T HAVE ANY ZIP!**

Incidentally, every copy of VOICE that is returned for want of a zip code, costs this Fellowship TRIPLE POSTAGE—one to send it the first time, another for its return to us, then another to forward it on to you when we do get your zip code.

PLEASE HELP US!

and his groping hand was reaching through the night seeking help.

"When I was dying with polio," George Watters testifies, "the Lord healed me and called me into His service in 1937. As I lay in that hospital, I promised God I would do whatever He called me to do, and I know He will give me strength for any ministry He may call me into.

"Among the multitude of calls there are many especially from elderly people who have been left entirely alone in the world, and who have an acute need for a Christian with whom they can talk about Jesus. I know how important and needful that can be, because during my year in the hospital I can count on one hand the Christian people who came to pray with me and talk about the goodness and the love of God."


One wonders how many of us "miss

the boat" when calling on shut-ins. We have the feeling we must entertain them, cheer them up, and talk lightly and brightly of things that are happening in the world around us, when their hearts are really hungry just to talk about Jesus.

George Watters, and those in FGBMFI chapters across the world who are quietly carrying on the telephone prayer ministry, need help. Might it be possible that we have not sufficiently emphasized this ministry? There may be those who long to actively serve but who are unable to leave their homes or families, but they could join in the telephone prayer and counseling ministry. Undoubtedly there are individuals who have sensed the need, who are quiet-

ly carrying on such a ministry, and who could testify of souls saved and physical and spiritual needs supplied in answer to two prayers joined via telephone.

It makes no difference *how* we communicate, because *the power is in God's Word* regardless of the channel through which it flows. God is everywhere. There are no distance barriers.

"In all of our telephone prayer ministry," concludes Brother Watters, "I have never before seen so many miracles—tremendous miracles—as we are seeing today. Nor have I witnessed so many backsliders reclaimed. All we need do is *speak the Word* and leave the miracles to God." 

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70StL9-7—Derek Prince: (Fellowship meeting): "What Causes Disunity in the Home"

70StL9-4—John Osteen: "Having Our Needs Met"

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Multiple Uses Told

Wonder Grass Developed In Israel

Reprinted from the Santa Monica,
California EVENING OUTLOOK,
June 10, 1970.

A wonder grass with multiple uses and a promising commercial future has been developed in Israel's Negev Desert.

Its growers claim it can reduce water pollution, cheaply substitute for wood pulp in the production of high-quality paper and do many more things.

Dr. Hugo Boyko, who died in May, developed the reed-like vegetation called juncus-esparto, using desert sand and plentiful underground saline water.

Just before his death Boyko said tests in Scottish and English paper mills had yielded excellent results.

The mills thought so much of its qualities that they applied for the complete harvest once it reaches an economically profitable level of 10,000 tons annually, Boyko said. He indicated that Israeli production within the next few years will be much higher.

"I'm not trying to tell you that the juncus is going to completely replace wood pulp for papermaking," he said. "But the market for high quality paper is so great that we will have absolutely no trouble selling our entire production no matter how large it becomes—and we shall be able to cover millions of desert acres now empty and unused."

WHAT DID WE HAVE?

(Continued from page 18)

in fifth grade in public school, and last year was at the head of his math class. And it was all through the power of the name of Jesus!

I have been asked if this faith affects my business life. It certainly does! Anything I was able to do before, God has helped me to do it better. He will do that for anyone who will trust Him and serve Him

with heart and soul. But don't think He will bless you if you are ashamed of Him in your business life. He won't. I work for a company that supplies materials to the Air Force Base industry, as a technical field representative. I turn in a major portion of the total sales of that company, not because I am anybody special, but because *God is with me*. It is fantastic what God does and how miraculously He does these things. ☺



by JIM WATT

Department of Interior,
Washington, D.C.

DECISION



FIVE YEARS AGO, while I was working for a United States Senator in Washington, D.C. some faithful person gave my wife a flyer announcing the Full Gospel Business Men's Convention. She was determined that I should attend, and when I did I heard the sounds of success—

material and spiritual—because of Jesus Christ, with whom (they said) they had become personally acquainted. They'd been lifted up and made successful in their spiritual life, in their financial, social and marital life—and I was attracted to, and interested by, what they said.

An "altar call" was given—the first such call that I had ever heard in my life, and my heart was gripped. The question was asked, "Do you know Jesus?" My whole life-span flashed through my mind. Do I know Jesus? Well, I was born and reared in a Congregational church. "But do you know Jesus?" the voice kept asking. I was a Presbyterian when I was in college. "But do you know Jesus?" I went to a Methodist Sunday school while attending law school. "But do you know Jesus?" I went to a Southern Baptist church when I came to Washington. "But do you know Jesus?" The answer was obvious—and so I went forward that night and committed my life to Jesus Christ.

In that next seven-month period, while I was working in the senator's office, God dealt with me and taught me many things for which I want to thank Him. God had to instruct me in His way, and clear many false doctrines from my mind—doctrines that are sweeping across our university campuses today and that had been a part of my college education. Finally I was brought to the point where I realized fully that by the blood of Jesus Christ alone I had become a child of God. After that, a hunger set in for the fulness of the Pentecostal experience, and God dealt in a beautiful and patient way with me, until I received my Baptism.

Just recently I have come more fully into the government and have been privileged to help set up the present administration. I had been praying for a long time, "Lord get

me out of the job that I'm in." And God would respond, "I have something better for you." With each job opportunity that would come up I would pray and He would always answer, "I have something better for you." This would satisfy me for awhile, but then the next opportunity would come along and I'd become impatient once again.

When the last election came, and we moved into the formation period of the new government, in the early pre-inauguration days I got caught in some "political flak" and had a rough time of it for awhile. Finally, however, as they were setting up the Department of Interior, I was offered a position there. At first I turned it down, but after several weeks they called me in again and said, "The Secretary needs you in this position."

Still undecided, I prayed, "Lord, what do I do now?" And as I sat in the office of the secretary to the Secretary of the Interior, expected to make a decision once and for all, the answer came from heaven: "This position is in the plan that I have for you." My spirit rejoiced. What a thrill, that God has a plan for each of us and that we can find that plan and move ahead with Him!

I am ever looking forward, of course, to new assignments. But my immediate challenge is to carry out to the best of my ability that which I am capable of doing as a whole man, intellectually, spiritually, and emotionally; to do the job that God has for me in this present position, which is within His plan. I am glad that I have a senior partner, Jesus Christ, to assist me in this task. ♠

VOICE ECHOES: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I can't begin to tell you the powerful supernatural effect God made upon my heart through those Holy Ghost and fire-filled testimonies and articles in the January-February 1970 issue! God thrilled my soul and He has compelled me to order copies to distribute to executives on my job.

J. L., Bronx, N.Y.

Thanks to God for VOICE magazine.
W. N., Arlington, Virginia

I do enjoy reading this publication.
A. J., Maraga, Calif.

This is the first time I have ever had the privilege of seeing or reading your magazine VOICE. Someone was concerned enough to leave one on my desk. I have read **every word** of your June 1969 issue.

B. C. S., Cheyenne, Wyo.

I was given your magazine, VOICE, by a friend. It is so filled with spiritual food that I am subscribing for it. I have the Baptism in the Holy Spirit but I believe the magazine and books I have ordered will lead me into deeper depths and higher heights in the Lord, and help me to win others to Him. God bless and increase the wonderful work you are doing. My prayers will certainly be with you from now on.

K. S., Healdsburg, Calif.

VOICE is the most inspiring magazine that I have found in the Christian community and it gives more encouragement to Christian ideals than any book except the Bible. I pray that it may continue to spread the message of Christ in a troubled world.

**G. F. O., Napanee,
Ontario, Canada**

I look forward to the VOICE. It feeds my soul and I get a blessing out of it. It is a wonderful magazine. You can feel God's Spirit through the reading of it.

Mrs. L. C., East Moline, Ill.

I look forward to this little magazine from month to month. It is so thrilling to hear the testimonies of Christians from different denominations. It is wonderful to read how God's Holy Spirit is falling on and working through all peoples.

Mrs. R. S., Allentown, Pa.

We like the magazine very much.
R. S., Seattle, Washington

The VOICE magazine is a great blessing to me. It is so wonderful to read over and over again about other people's experiences in the deeper life.

E. L., Switzerland

I'm sure this little magazine and the Fellowship meetings has helped more than anything in breaking down denominational barriers. When I'm through reading the VOICE I never throw them away. I leave them in motels, hospitals —or give them personally to others.

Mrs. W. E., Wyoming, Ill.

I am sending \$5.00 for the VOICE. It is a real blessing to my soul. I read it from cover to cover.

D. N., Glencoe, Illinois

For a long time I was in a spiritual darkness. I praise the Lord for the VOICE magazine because Christ is glorified in it. It was through VOICE that I was led to the higher spiritual atmosphere. Then I got the baptism of the Holy Ghost after seven months of prayer. The VOICE strengthens and lifts my spiritual life from time to time.

K. A., Nazareth, Ethiopia



Wycliff Bible Translator Maalon McCourry watches his right leg lengthen as Rev. Poppell prays during Saturday Breakfast Broadcast in Los Angeles.

"With Signs Following"

God confirms His Word at International Office through Ministry of Rev. Joe Poppell



I BELIEVE THAT TODAY the love of God is being revealed in a greater way than ever before. I've seen hundreds of miracles just as a result of this one man's ministry, and I believe God wants the rest of us to start doing the same thing as our faith is inspired."

In this manner did Don Locke, our international director in Oklahoma City introduce Rev. Joe Poppell of Jesup, Ga. to the capacity audience attending the Saturday morning breakfast in Los Angeles on July 18, as thousands more listened over radio. Rev. Poppell had ministered effectively in the 1970 World Convention in Chicago, and now Mr. Locke had felt led of the Lord to fly Rev. and Mrs. Poppell to Los Angeles at his own expense for the primary purpose of ministering to the staff at the International Office. This he did on Friday, July 17, with tremendous results. After Rev. Poppell had spoken briefly on the subject of faith, nearly everyone received a healing touch—limbs were lengthened, hear-





Rev. Joe Poppell



Mr. Don Locke

ing was restored, a serious heart condition was corrected, and many other miracles took place. Similar deliverances were evidenced during the Saturday morning meeting, and another at the International Office that night for chapter officers. Because of this, FGBMFI President Demos Shakarian

felt led to ask this man of faith to return to Los Angeles for three additional public appearances the weekend of July 31-August 2. On Friday night, two television tapes were made as Rev. Poppell ministered in the auditorium of Faith Center in Glendale, at 7:00 p.m. He appeared again on


MaDonna Troxel, Secretary to the Editor, was healed instantly of a serious heart condition.

Demos Shakarian and So. Calif. Chapters President Paul Toberty, with television tapes of testimonies for national viewing.



the Saturday morning broadcast at the Holiday Inn, Olympic and Figueroa, at 8:30, and in the Playhouse Theater, 940 South Figueroa that same evening at 7:00.

This is God's time to mightily bless His people as in apostolic days,

when He "confirmed the Word with signs following." We are convinced more than ever that Jesus Christ is indeed "the same yesterday, and today, and forever," and we praise God for the renewed confirmation of this biblical fact. 

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer. Here are the six Scriptural steps which all must take to pass from death unto life:

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). You must acknowledge in the light of God's Word that you are a sinner.

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). You must see the awfulness of sin and then repent of it.

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). "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans 10:10). Confess not to men but to God.

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). Sorrow for sin is not enough in itself. We must want to be done with it once and for all.

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). "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). Believe in the finished work of Christ on the cross.

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). Christ must be received personally into the heart by faith, if the experience of the New Birth is to be yours.

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 about it so that we may rejoice together.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

Mail to: **Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International**
P.O. Box 17904
Los Angeles, California 90017

FGBMFI

Our Banner is Love

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Convention Schedule

NEW YORK CITY REGIONAL

November 5-7, 1970
Statler Hilton
Simon Vikse, Chairman
84 Gansevoort,
Staten Island, N.Y. 10314

STOCKTON RALLY

November 6, 7, 1970
Holiday Inn
Buell Cash, Chairman
1501 Willow, Stockton, Calif. 95204

RALEIGH RALLY

November 13-15, 1970
Hilton Inn
Glenn O. Randall, Chairman
901 Canterbury Road
Raleigh, N.C. 27602

SEATTLE REGIONAL

November 26-28, 1970
Olympic Hotel
Fred Doerflein, Don Ostrom, Co-Chairmen
902 N.E. 65th St., Seattle 98115

WEST TEXAS DAY APART

December 4, 5, 1970
Inn of the Golden West
Earl K. Moore, Chairman
P.O. Box 2486, Odessa, Texas 79760

PHOENIX REGIONAL

January 27-31, 1971
Ramada Inn
Carl Williams, Chairman
5919 E. Edgemont, Scottsdale, Ariz.