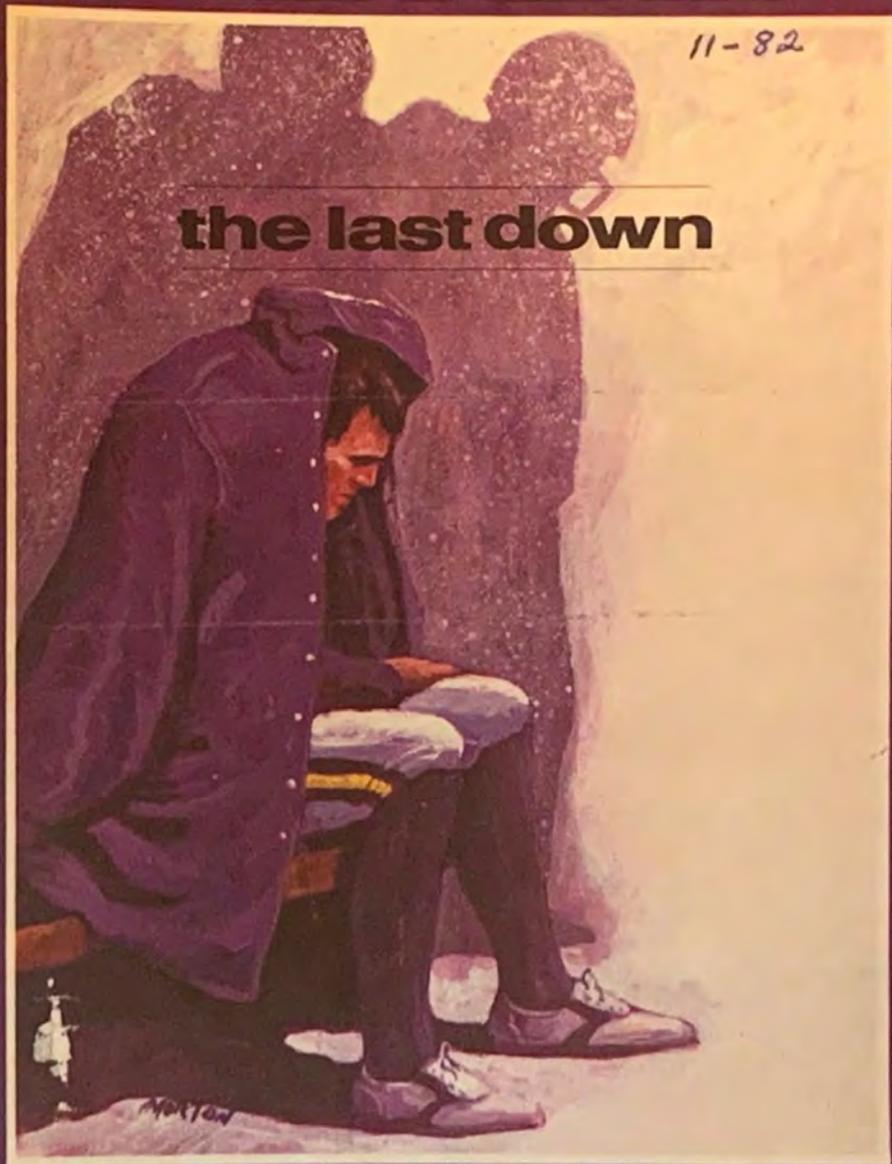


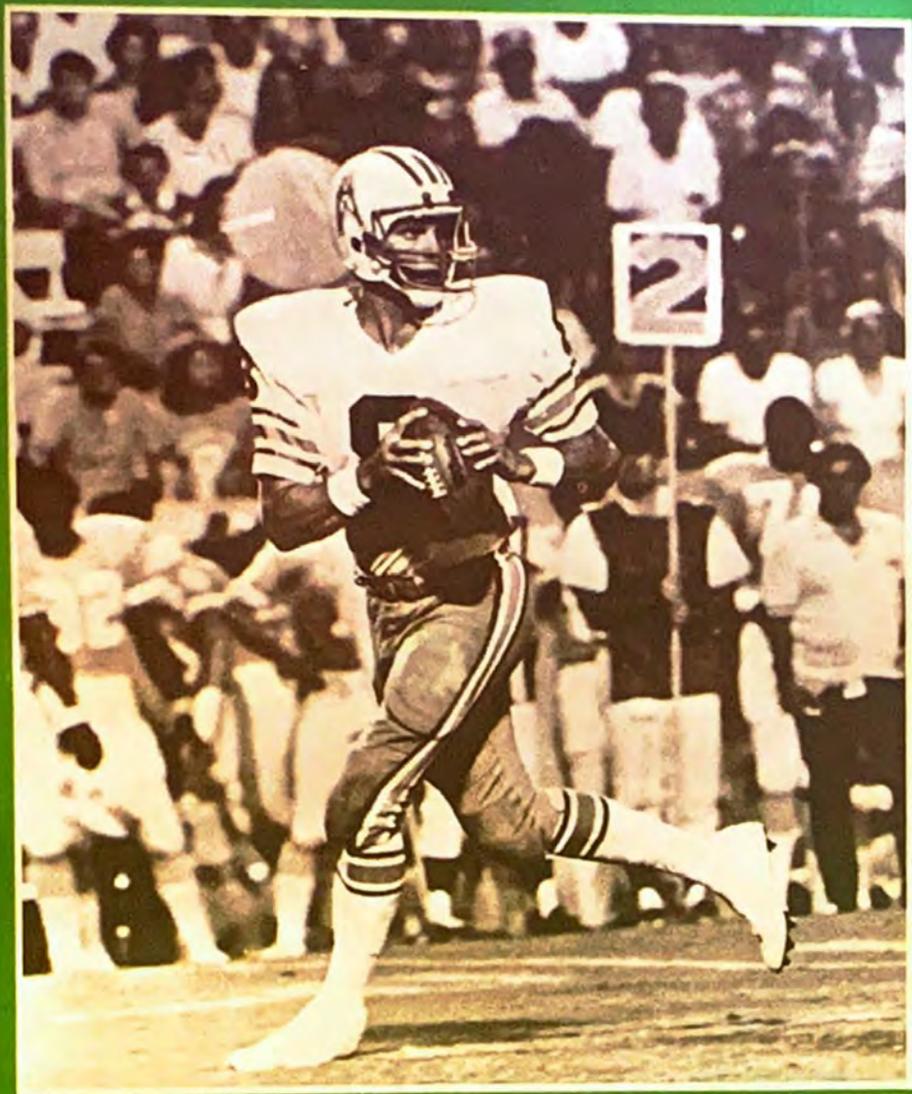
FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

11-82

the last down





John Reaves began his professional football career with the Philadelphia Eagles and subsequently played for the Minnesota Vikings, then the Houston Oilers.

the last down

John Reaves, Houston, TX

For nearly 20 years I lived for football, and it gave me just about everything the world says should make a young man happy.

So why, after eight years of professional football, did I find myself totally frustrated, separated from my wife and kids, strung out on dope and alcohol, in debt to the tune of about \$100,000, and on the run from the police?

Obviously this wasn't God's original plan for my life. I had asked Jesus into my heart when I was only 12 years old, thanks to a godly grandmother who loved the Lord and made sure we went to church every Sunday. But I discovered football that same year, and after every service I'd go home and watch the games on TV. I heard how much money those guys were making and thought if I could just get good enough to break into pro football I'd live happily ever after.

At that point I sort of put God on waivers, or at least on the bench, and went all out for football. I became a star player in high school, made All American, and started getting recruiting offers from all the major colleges.

I went to the University of Florida to play for the 'Gators, and in our first game we beat the #1 team in the nation, the Houston Cougars, 59-34. I threw five touchdown passes and was named National Back of the Week. Our team went on to play in the Bowl game, and our ranking went from the bottom 20 to Top 10.

I was selected for a couple of All America teams, and things just seemed to be flying my way. At 19 I traveled all over the country, meeting leading sports figures like Howard Cosell, Joe Namath and "Dandy Don" Meredith. I patterned my lifestyle after the image I had of a superstar's "good" life; if I could party like he did and win the Super Bowl, that's what I'd call success.

After college I was a first-round draft pick for the Philadelphia Eagles, and in 1972 they gave me a huge contract. At 22 I had all the money and fame and travel a guy could want . . .

Plus a huge, nagging, empty feeling that "success" couldn't quench. Life was like an endless football game where no matter how often you scored it was never enough. The other

guy was always ahead.

I came to a point where I halfway asked Jesus to come back into my life, but then I was more frustrated than ever because I was out partying on Saturday night and in church the next morning professing to be a Christian. Alcohol became a major part of my life, then drugs. I lived life in the fast lane and nothing really mattered to me except football and the "rewards" it brought.

By 1979 I was depression personified. I played for the Minnesota Vikings; or rather, I occupied bench space with them. I didn't play a single down all year and at the end of the season I went on a six-month bender. In May, 1980 I conveniently smashed my car into a tow truck and was charged with drunken driving. Eight days later I was again cited for DWI (driving while intoxicated), proving that even a near-fatal accident hadn't taught me anything.

By this time my liver was swollen from alcohol, I'd left my wife and two kids, was \$100,000 in debt even above my house mortgage and regular bills, and my whole life was a wreck. I got in a barroom brawl in Tampa on the Fourth of July and the tavern owner and 10 guys who escorted me out of the place filed an affidavit that I should be committed for observation—that I was a threat to the public



John Reaves with his wife Patty and children Layla, 7, and David 3

and myself. The incident made the front page of the *Tampa Tribune*, and I headed for my brother's place in Clermont, Florida to avoid arrest and wrestle with my problem.

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It was ironic that I'd gone higher in my profession than I'd ever dreamed, and now I was about as low as a man could get. I saw what a mess I'd made of my life over the last 10 years by going the world's way instead of God's. My own father had died an alcoholic at age 41 when I was only seven, and now I was about to do the same thing to my kids.

About the second day there I dropped to my knees and asked Jesus into my heart. I knew I didn't deserve help or salvation, and I told Him so. But right then I felt new life literally pour into me. I could feel Him lifting my burden. I was a new creature in Christ! Like the prodigal son in Luke 15, I'd come home and been received with rejoicing.

Returning to Tampa, I straightened out the problem of the affidavit, then, at the request of the Minnesota Vikings, entered a drug-rehabilitation program. It usually takes up to 90 days to burn all the dope out of your system but, amazingly, when I checked into the center there was no trace of drugs or alcohol in my system. Jesus had instantly delivered me of both the need and the effects of my addiction.

My alcohol dependency was replaced by an unquenchable thirst for the word of God. When Patty, my wife, got my letter telling her what had happened, she broke into tears of joy and thanksgiving. She attended a full-gospel church and had been praying for me for five years. She told me she'd been baptized in the Holy Spirit and prayed in tongues. I thought, "Oh,

oh." Grandma had told us that was of the devil. But as I began looking in my Bible I became convinced this was an experience for today, not just the apostles' time.

The Vikes gave me the option of joining a reserve squad in Minnesota, but I asked them to put me on waivers in hopes that another team would pick me up. Fat chance, with my record. Instead, I moved back with my family and went into real estate at a time when interest rates were around 21 percent.

Patty talked me into attending her church, but I sat against the back wall, trying to be invisible. Everyone was so happy, praising the Lord with hands in the air as if they were signaling for touchdowns.

The minister said, "I had a big sermon prepared today, but the Holy Spirit is moving in worship. Someone here is like the prodigal son—he's come home. If he'll come forward, we want to lay hands on him and minister to his needs." I knew he was talking about me and I knew I had found the right place to worship. Deeply moved, I started crying and went forward to make public confession of the decision I'd made in Clermont a month before.

I wanted to learn of God. My faith began to grow, and I learned that we are joint heirs with Jesus and can live an abundant life. I'd always had an abundance of things, but I had never known what real riches were.

The real-estate market was in a depression but I was selling it like hot

cakes. My boss, who served on the Tampa Board of Realtors, said, "John, you're the only one in town who's selling anything. What's your secret?" I quoted Philipplians 4:19: "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

Regardless of the sales success, I still had a tremendous desire to play football again. The Bible says, "The things which are impossible with men are possible with God" (Luke 18:27). I began believing, confessing and preparing to play football again. As an act of faith I started working out and, although a lot of people made fun of me, our friends in the church gave me encouragement.

"Don't worry, John," one brother told me. "I saw a vision of you throwing a touchdown pass. You'll play again."

I heard that Kenny Stabler was retiring from the Houston Oilers, and I felt led to call them. Two days later they invited me to try out for the team. I read in the paper that their decision would depend on how I did in a pre-season game against the New Orleans Saints.

I went into that game with a great sense of peace and completed about nine of 11 passes. The next week our starting quarterback was injured in the first quarter of a game against Tampa Bay and I ended up playing most of that game. In three weeks I went from real-estate salesman to starting quarterback of an NFL team, when people were saying I'd never play football again. That's God!

The Oilers brought Kenny Stabler back, and although that hurt me I was learning to cast my cares on the Lord. I had become active in a fellowship of Christian athletes and a number of people on the team were becoming Christians. I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit during 1981 summer training camp, and that gave me even more boldness to witness.

When Kenny experienced a wrist injury I had more opportunities to play in what I considered a very successful season. But not long after our game against the defending Super Bowl champs, the Oakland Raiders, in which I threw the winning touchdown pass, the Oilers decided to release me.

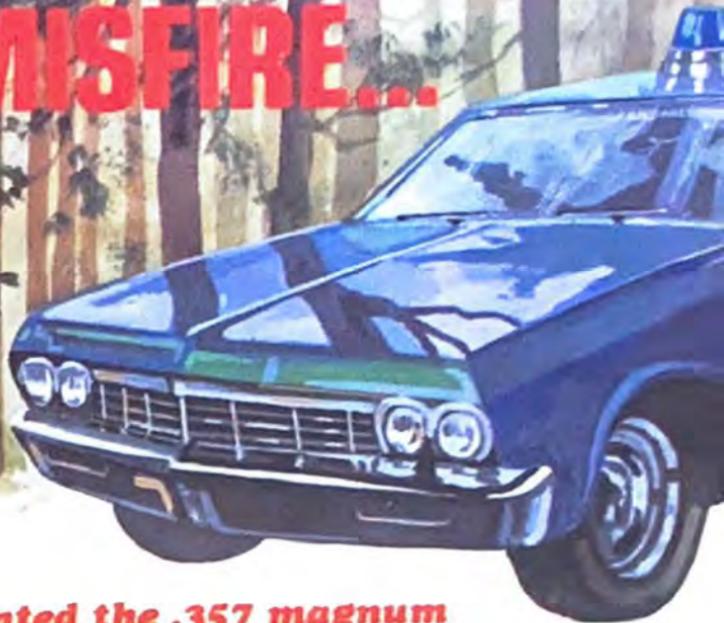
At the time in my life when football had been my god, being fired would have driven me crazy. But now I have Jesus in my life, and whether He has me selling real estate or scoring touchdowns I know He'll be with me all the way.

For instance, by tithing and obeying God's principles of prosperity I have been delivered from the bondage of debt, paying off the \$100,000 in two years.

I don't consider myself to be in a fourth-down situation anymore. With Jesus it's always "first and goal to go," and as long as I let *Him* call the plays, I can't help but be a winner. ☐

John Reeves is currently vice president of Selected Lands Corporation, a Houston real estate and oil company, is radio station KJOU sports reporter, and recently signed a two-year contract with Tampa of the USFL.

MISFIRE...



**I pointed the .357 magnum
and shot three times
in a row.**

James Rackley, Augusta, GA

For the third time in my career as a Georgia state trooper, I pulled my patrol car into a secluded spot at the south end of Richmond County, shut off the engine and radio, and pondered the fate of the sorriest, most hateful, most desperate and tormented man I'd ever met: myself.

The first two times I had come to this spot, I came intending to execute this miserable Rackley fellow. But today as I reviewed my crumbling life

there was a new factor to consider.

Actually, it wasn't new. It had hounded me all my life, ever since that day in 1956 when I walked out of my father's church, cursing God and spitting on the front step as I went.

"As long as I live, I'll never set foot in a church again," I vowed. "If there is a God, I don't want any part of Him."

Ever since birth I'd heard about God, but it seemed He was a God of despair, a God of poverty, a God who didn't care. To me, He was the God who kept my mother sick and my father broke on account of doctor bills. "He's trying to teach us something," my father would say, but I guess we

never did learn it. And when my grandparents died at an early age, I heard this reason given: this selfish God needed them in heaven. Did He need them more than their heartbroken children did?

By my teens I'd had it with this cruel God who wanted His people underfed and poorly clothed and sick. It wasn't until many years later that I learned it wasn't God at all who was doing all that, but a thief named Satan who had come to steal and kill and destroy (John 10:10). You'd think a smart cop like me would've figured that out sooner, but instead I pinned the rap on God and made Satan my closest sidekick.

In the early 1960s I fulfilled my childhood dream when I became a Georgia state trooper. Now my bitterness became part of my uniform, like a gun or a badge. I didn't discriminate against any particular minority; I hated everyone equally. I never did find a color I liked.

My hatred exploded in all directions, but most often against God and my family. I enjoyed getting in a group where I could curse God and scream things like, "I'll shoot the first so-and-so who tries to tell my children about Jesus Christ. I'd rather catch my kids in the worst nightclub in town than in the fanciest cathedral in the state."

But even while I was ranting on, something deep inside me was screaming out, "No! No! No! you know there's a God, and you know there's a place called hell—you're

headed there, and you're dragging your family down with you!"

Though I didn't talk to anyone about it, I lived constantly with the reality that any second I could be blown away into an eternity in hell. It might be a maniac with a shotgun, or some scared kid with a .38, but every call that came over the radio carried with it the potential of being my last. Every once in a while I wondered if somehow I could get right with God, but then I'd fall for another of Satan's lies: "You can't be a pistol-carrying cop and a Christian, too." So I'd stumble on my hopeless, hate-filled way.

I began drinking heavily and using drugs, and it seemed I was constantly fighting with my wife Billie. I thought often about suicide and started taking chances in the line of duty, hoping I'd get killed and my family could collect \$50,000 and be rid of me.

Then I started hearing the voice.

"James, you've made a mess of your life, and there's only one way of escape. You've got to die." That last sentence was repeated over and over in my head until one day I knew it was true. I drove my patrol car to an out-of-the-way spot, parked, and pulled my .357 magnum out of its holster.

I put the six-inch barrel into my mouth and pulled the trigger. Nothing. I pulled twice more—*click-click*. No explosion. I pointed the gun out the window and squeezed off a round, and the noise echoed in the woods around me. Shaken, I drove off to have



Georgia State trooper James Rackley

a drink. Later I shot those same shells that had misfired... and they all worked.

Maybe this was a sign that things would get better, I thought, but still it seemed that the walls of life were caving in all around me. Drinking a bottle of whiskey a day, I couldn't get through a tour of duty without at least two drinks. My wife and family left me. And the voice kept talking.

"You know," I told the voice, "I love my kids, and it's not right that they grow up knowing their father committed suicide."

"That's simple," replied the voice. "Take them with you."

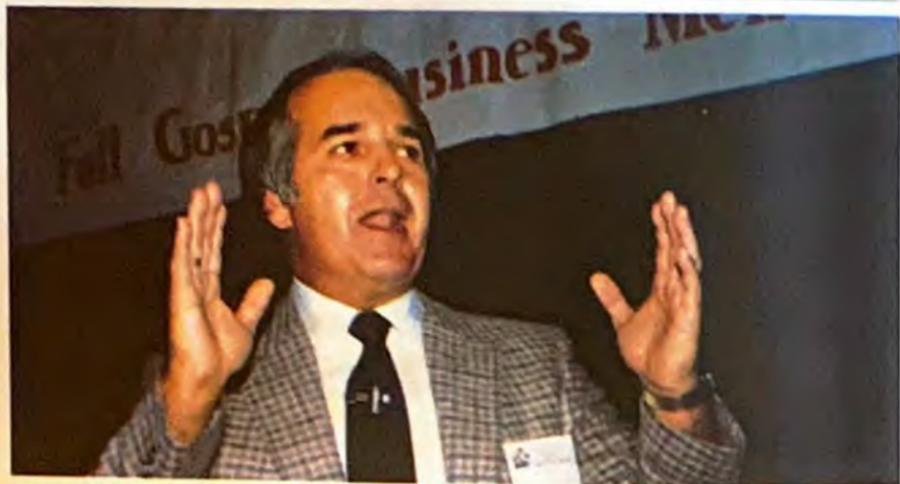
The voice told me how to do it. I started looking all over for my family, but they'd hidden from me for their own safety. When I couldn't find them the voice urged me to hurry up and kill myself. So I drove out to that same secluded spot and once again put the gun barrel to my head.

Again I pulled the trigger three times, and still I was alive! But when I pointed the gun out the window, it shot three times in a row. The "faulty" rounds also fired. Could God hate me so much that He wouldn't even let me put myself out of my misery?

The answer came in 1969, a few months after Billie and I had filed for divorce. One day she suddenly returned home with a smile on her face and said she'd been "born again." Well, I didn't want any of that, and she didn't shove it down my throat. I actually hoped she would so we could get in one of our brawls. But she just kept loving me and I hated her for having such peace and joy.

One day she came home with a pretty new Bible, so proud of it. I took it out of her hands and began ripping the pages out, like a cruel child tears the wings from a dragonfly. Through her tear-filled eyes she just looked at me and said, "James Rackley, I love you, and God loves you, too." She

At any second I could be blown into an eternity in hell.



James Rackley shares testimony at FGBMFI convention

wouldn't even fight with me, she was so inconsiderate!

Then some friends from California came to visit us. I liked my buddy Jim because he could tell such nasty jokes, and I stocked up on booze and dirty stories so we could have a good time. After about three days, though, I noticed I was the only one drinking or laughing at my jokes. When we decided to go out to dinner one evening, I thought we'd finally tear loose like good citizens and get drunk and obnoxious. Instead, I found out they'd tricked me into attending a Full Gospel Business Men's dinner.

I'd never been so mad. I cussed them up, down and sideways, and I would've fought Jim except that I knew his karate was a shade better than mine. When I finally ran out of expletives I said, "Okay, I'll play your

silly game this once, but you'd better not ever do this to me again!"

That night at the dinner I heard a man talk about a God I'd never heard about before, whom the Hebrews called "El Shaddai," Almighty God, the God who is more than enough. This wasn't the selfish, uncaring God I thought Christians taught about, but a loving Lord who gave His living Son Jesus to save *James Rackley*. My heart yearned for this God, but I didn't have the guts to go forward at the invitation.

Still, one sentence the speaker said echoed through my mind all night long: "If there were no hell to fear, and no heaven to anticipate, I'd still be a Christian because it's so much fun."

Fun to be a Christian? I'd never heard of such a thing. Still, Jim and his wife and Billie all seemed to have such love, such joy . . .

And so now for the third time I had returned to that secluded spot in Richmond County. This time instead of drawing my weapon out of my holster I cried out to God at the top of my voice.

"Lord, I'm tired of the hell I've been living! I want You to forgive me of all my sins. I'm ready to turn a new page. If it takes me the rest of my life, I'll make all these wrongs right. Lord Jesus who that man talked about last night at dinner . . . will You come into my life to abide?"

And do you know what? Jesus stepped into my life *right then*. I'll never forget the feeling of peace and love that entered my being as I literally became a new creature in Christ Jesus, and old things passed away and all things became new.

I felt God moving immediately in my life. My marriage was healed. I lost the desire for booze and dope. Opportunity after opportunity came my way to tell people about Jesus—even while I was handing them a citation. I saw accident victims miraculously healed as I prayed with them right there in their wrecked vehicles. And I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit one day while sitting by the highway tracking speeders on radar! (I know there is at least one motorist out there who believes in prayer, because when I "came down" from my personal Pentecost his digital readout on my radar was flashing 90 miles per hour.)

Later on I was assigned to a special security team to guard then

Governor Jimmy Carter. I considered him one of the finest Christian men of my acquaintance and welcomed his counsel. In fact, when my wife and I were struggling with the decision of leaving my secure position to go into the ministry the governor was the first one we went to. I will never forget his answer: "What does the Bible say?"

On another occasion God gave me the privilege of sharing with the next president of the United States my experience of baptism in the Holy Spirit.

By this time God was speaking to me about attending Bible school. Though in the natural there seemed to be no way that Billie and I could afford to make this move of faith, God went ahead of us, providing for every need. People we'd never met from towns we'd never heard of sent money to help pay our expenses and tuition. The God who is more than enough has never failed us yet.

Once my greatest dream was to be a state trooper. Today my dream is to preach this great Gospel all across the globe, sharing three marvelous things: that God is a good God; that God's word works every time in every situation; and

If there were no hell to fear and no heaven to anticipate, I'd still be a Christian because it's the greatest life there is. □

James Rackley is now an evangelist who with his wife conducts seminars, crusades and revivals throughout the North American continent.

Where can a man find genuine security?"

That was the question I constantly asked myself as I studiously analyzed the deteriorating state of the world and the economy.

First I invested in stocks and bonds. Then as the economy declined I looked to precious metals for economic stability. And as things grew

slowly, the idea that there might be some spiritual force at work evolved in my thinking.

At one point in my life I had been active enough in my Presbyterian church to become a Sunday-school teacher and deacon. My wife had been a professional worker for the Wesley Foundation of the Methodist church. Then one day I heard a sermon by a



FORCES AT WORK

Thomas N.
Davis III, M.D.
Farmington, MO

still worse, stored food and guns seemed to make the most sense. The more I studied history and the course of world events, the more unsettled and frightened I became, for it seemed there was no way to prepare for the coming worldwide disaster.

Earlier in my career I might have labeled myself paranoid. But with more than 30 years of psychiatric practice behind me, I could honestly say that my fears were based on solid, objective study. There was no doubt in my mind that world affairs were being manipulated by some sinister force whose ultimate aim was world domination. This conviction was borne out by my personal research library of more than 70 books and countless newsletters to which I subscribed. And gradually, ever so

famous theologian, who proposed that God himself is responsible for our guilt because He created us. That idea made me feel very comfortable—so comfortable, in fact, that it was one of the last times I attended church.

Nearly 20 years later, after becoming increasingly alarmed at the state of world affairs, I started looking again in God's direction. Becoming aware of how much ruthless evil, deceit and corruption exists on earth, even in America, I was convinced there must indeed be a real, genuine Satan masterminding it all. And even though I had really lost belief in a personal God, regarding Him mostly as an abstraction, I saw that there was virtually no hope that mankind could be saved by political, economic or

Intellectual means. If America were to be saved from the same fate suffered by every other superpower through the ages, only the grace of God could do it.

So it was that, early in 1979, I began praying to God again for the first time in years. I prayed every night, asking Him to lead me to the truth and away from the deceptions of false

God was bringing the pieces together beautifully. During this time I also met a man named John Harrell, whom God had given a miraculous healing of a malignant lymphoma. His testimony overwhelmingly convinced me that God is indeed alive and real, not just an abstract, uncaring force.

My impression of Jim McKeever was extremely positive when I heard



prophets. About that same time I met Dr. Norma Farmer, a Spirit-filled former missionary to India, who, as I learned later, began praying for me.

My wife and I resumed church attendance, and soon I learned that the local chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship was sponsoring an evening with well-known Christian economist Jim McKeever. I was already a subscriber to his financial newsletter, and even received a complimentary subscription to his "End-Times Christian Newsletter." I doubted his claim to be in communication with God *on a personal level*; I even wondered if he weren't exploiting God's name for his own gain. But I respected his economic and financial expertise as it related to world affairs, and decided to attend the meeting.

him speak. It wasn't so much what he said, for much of it only verified what I already believed: that no country had ever lasted very long (perhaps 50 years at most) after inflating its currency and beginning to use fiat money; that inflation, government debt and the welfare state would bring down our country by the year 2005 at the latest if something weren't done.

But then McKeever tied all this into the prophecies of the Bible, especially Matthew 24. I saw that there is, as I had suspected, a genuine spiritual conspiracy going on, but that God knows all about it and He is the one in control.

After hearing McKeever I had a strong urge to speak with Dr. Farmer. Discussing things frankly with me,

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she convinced me of something I'd never quite considered before: that I was a sinner even though I had lived a generally moral life.

"God expects more of you than that you be a good boy," she explained. "No matter how good we are on our own, only through Christ's sacrifice can we be acceptable to God. Our 'goodness' is only a mark of pride, which is always unfavorable in God's sight and a hindrance in relating to Him."

Suddenly things were manifestly clear. I went home and, confessing to God in prayer that I had indeed sinned by straying away from Him, I asked His forgiveness. Immediately there rose in me a feeling of unspeakable relief and joy. Absolutely tearful with happiness, I felt I could reach up and touch Jesus. I found myself repeating over and over, "I'm a child of Jesus! I'm on God's team now!" As I told a professional colleague, "My few minutes of prayer, confession and repentance did more for me than years of personal psychoanalysis and psychotherapy!"

After years of seeking stability in a world system that is bound to fail, I've discovered the only genuine source of security is Jesus Christ. Every other kind is fiat currency, with no real value. The best investment advice I can give is to put *everything you've got* in Jesus . . . He never falls. □

Dr. Davis as psychiatrist and his wife Isabelle as social worker work in the outpatient department of Farmington State Hospital. A member of the Presbyterian church, he is active in Farmington Chapter, FGBMFI.



Don, if this operation doesn't work you'll never be able to perform surgery again."

For a brief moment the sick feeling in the pit of my stomach almost made me forget the unbearable pain in my back... the pain that threatened to wipe out 14 years of study and my successful career as a Navy surgeon.

For three years I had battled with the agony of a herniated lumbar disc, commonly called a slipped disc. I'd undergone surgery twice; successfully the first time, unsuccessfully the second. The last year had been the worst of my life. Pain ruled my every thought and action, finally bringing me to the point where I could not work.

Now my orthopedic surgeon was telling me that I must undergo a third

Just What the Doctor Ordered

Donald R. Tredway
Kailua-Kona, HI

Chances were 50/50 surgery would succeed;



Physician and surgeon Donald R. Tredway rejoices in opportunity to testify of the miraculous physical healing he received from God.

operation, a spinal fusion, as the only medical alternative in treatment of my unstable back. Chances were 50/50 that the surgery would succeed. If it didn't, I could kiss my medical career goodbye forever.

For six weeks after the operation I lay in a hospital bed, immobilized by a hip cast. I had been independent all my life, but now I had to rely totally on other people.

It was a horrible experience, but from God's perspective it was just what the doctor ordered. It was during this time that I began reading my Bible again. As a teenager I had accepted Jesus as my Lord and Saviour, and I still considered myself a Christian. But, lying helplessly on that hospital bed, I realized that medicine was my god and my own mind the chief priest.

I had never been able to accept anything unless I could understand it. In my hospital sanctuary, alone with God and His word, a transformation began to take place. The Lord got my attention with Proverbs 4:20: "My son, attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my sayings."

During that six weeks the Bible came alive to me as never before. I stopped trying to explain God to myself and simply prayed, "God, I trust in You." With that simple prayer an inexplicable peace flooded my being and God began to speak to my heart in a personal way.

Back at home, my recovery continued. I felt God leading me to give up my 12-year military career and accept a job offer at the University of Chicago. In the process of doing this, we discovered that the spinal fusion had

If it didn't...



failed. The old pain returned, the Navy told me I would be discharged with a total disability, and again it seemed my whole life was falling apart. Even taking codeine every four hours to kill the pain, I couldn't sit in a chair for more than 20 minutes at a time. I had sold our home in faith that I would be moving to Chicago. Had God deserted me?

One day, preparing to leave for an important medical meeting in Los Angeles, I recalled something my wife had told me a year earlier. She had attended a church service while visiting a friend in Los Angeles and had seen people supernaturally healed by the power of God. At the time, I had dismissed the whole thing because it couldn't be explained. After all, medicine was the only real source of healing!

But now the situation was different. God was showing me I was not omniscient, and besides, my medicine-god had failed to heal me. Perhaps it would be worth my time to visit this church while I was in the area.

So on the first day of the medical convention I played hookey and sneaked off to a prayer meeting, making sure none of my colleagues knew where I was going. When the service began I was startled to see people lifting their hands in worship as they sang. There was inexpressible joy in their faces, as though they were actually happy to be in church. I felt very uncomfortable—and not just because of my painful back.

The minister declared that God was going to heal 20 people of back problems. Several people went forward, and as they received prayer, some fell backward to the floor. After awhile they would get up and testify that their pain was gone. My mind rebelled. I thought they were deluding themselves.

Then a woman stood and announced joyfully, "God has just healed me of gastric ulcers!" Another woman with a large goiter on her neck went forward, and as the minister prayed the growth disappeared. A man in a wheelchair got up and began walking. My medical education could not explain any of these things.

When the people began again to sing and praise God, this time I joined in. For the first time in my life I had seen the reality of Jesus and the

resurrection power of the Holy Spirit. I went forward for prayer, warning the minister that I was a physician and would know whether or not I was healed. (My intellect wasn't going to give up its throne without a struggle.)

The moment the minister placed his hand on my forehead, the pain in my back disappeared. One of my legs began jumping up and down and I felt as though I had no control over my body. Then I fell down under the power of God as I felt His presence overwhelm my entire being with peace, love and heavenly warmth. I was praising God when the minister told me to stop praying in English, and suddenly I found myself worshiping God in a new tongue as the Spirit gave utterance.

This was the most phenomenal experience of my life. I had walked into that church not believing in supernatural healing or the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and God sovereignly accomplished both in my life that evening.

Off came my brace immediately. The next day, although I had not performed surgery for a year, I completed a three-hour operation, and within a week I was back at work full-time. Exactly a week after the orthopedic surgeon told me I would never work again, I walked into his office, bent over and touched my toes, and told him what God had done for me.

"You have a greater Physician than I am," he exclaimed.

I resigned from the Navy, accepted

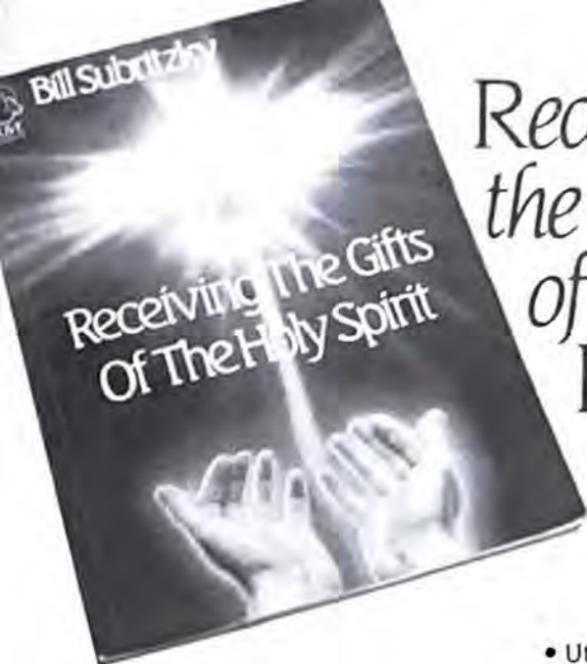
the post at the University of Chicago, and began a walk with Jesus wherein He taught me many things about the relationship between medicine and supernatural healing. More important, I started to see clearly that God is the source of all healing.

Later I was privileged to serve at Oral Roberts University for a time. Then once again God led me to give up the financial security of a fulltime practice to work with Youth With A Mission, a volunteer missionary organization. Since none of us receives a salary, this has been a new venture of faith for me, and I have come to know and trust the provision of God in a new way.

I have been amazed to see how unique the Lord is in His healing methods. Sometimes He will heal using medicine, sometimes purely by His supernatural intervention, sometimes by a combination. He never has to do anything the same way twice, for He is infinitely creative.

For years my mind rejected what it could not understand, but at last from personal experience I have learned to rejoice in a God who is smarter than I am! As His word declares in Isaiah 55:9, "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." □

Dr. Tredway is a physician and surgeon specializing in obstetrics, gynecology and reproductive endocrinology. He now lives in Kailua Kona, Hawaii, and travels extensively throughout Asia and Australia in a powerful healing ministry.



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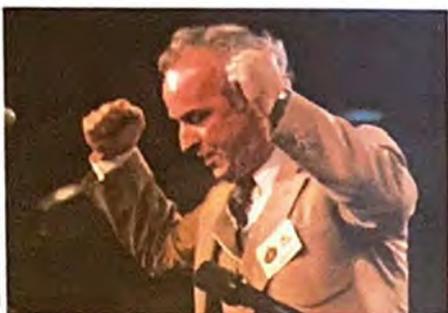
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UPDATE!



(Upper left:) Some of the 75 persons involved in ministry within the criminal justice system who participated in the Prison Ministry Workshop during the FGBMFI World Convention. (Above) Ernie Hollands, former bank robber, spearheads prison work in Canada. (Left) Jim Tucker, field representative for FGBMFI prison chapters.

PRISON MINISTRY

The effective involvement of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in prison ministry was highlighted at the 30th Anniversary World Convention held July 6-10 in Anaheim, California.

Overflow crowds at the sessions were evidence of sincere Christian concern for those in prison. Led by Jim Tucker, prison ministry field representative, the meetings introduced people to the mission field behind bars.

Seventy-five chaplains, wardens, parole officers and policemen from around the country were honored for their commitment to working supportively with the Fellowship's outreach into jails. The group included Don Severson (senior

chaplain, Lompoc), Jeff Carter (senior chaplain, Attica), Burton Nussey (senior chaplain, Auburn), Beasley Reynolds (senior chaplain, Joliet), Harry Howard (senior chaplain, San Quentin), Bill McCoy (senior chaplain, The New Alcatraz), and Ames Swartsfager (senior chaplain, Terminal Island). Also present was Ernie Hollands, field representative for Canadian FGBMFI prison outreach.

Scope of the Fellowship's involvement in the work of rehabilitating prisoners by leading them to Christ and helping them return to a fruitful life in society was evident through reports presented by all speakers. According to Jim Tucker, "Our men are now involved in ministry to over

60 prisons in the U.S. and in a number of other prisons in New Zealand, Australia, England and Sweden."

In reflecting on the success of the July Prison Ministries Seminar, Tucker felt that "the Fellowship took a very positive step to bring together law-enforcement officials to say 'thank you' to them for their untiring efforts. While there are those who look for other answers to crime and injustice, an organization like the Fellowship is a very excellent tool. We intend to emphasize even more strongly the 4 C's: Cops, Chaplains, Convicts and Christ."

Through all that was shared, the message came through loud and clear. "We need you to bring fellowship and love to those in prison." □

TELEVISION SPECIAL SCHEDULED IN UGANDA

Daniel Baker Nkata, president of Kampala Chapter in Uganda, has given leadership to negotiations leading to government approval to televise "The Happiest People on Earth" television special, with coverage to the whole nation.

NIGERIA WELCOMES FGBMFI PUBLICATIONS

Speaking at a breakfast meeting of the 1982 World Convention in Anaheim, California, Daniel E. Uwadiae, international director, Benin City, Nigeria, expressed gratitude for the 2,000 copies of *Voice* magazine sent from the international office each month. Reporting a few of the beneficial results, he commented, "These magazines are used in local chapters and are placed in hotels and other places where people assemble. Many of them are delivered at various government departments."

Uwadiae selected one specific result to share. "There was an elderly doctor, a

critic, non-churchgoer," he said, "who never wanted to hear anything about God. One day someone gave him an old 1956 issue of *Voice*. When he had read it through, the Holy Ghost came upon him. Then and there he gave his life to Jesus Christ. When he came across my name on the directors' page he contacted me by phone, and as a result of our followup ministry to him he is now an officer in the second chapter in Benin City."

The 500 copies of the book *The Happiest People on Earth* sent from the European office have been distributed to all governors of states in Nigeria and presented to the assemblymen. Additional copies have been placed in universities and libraries.

"We are receiving wonderful letters from the governors and their deputies," reports Uwadiae, "thanking us for the copies." □



Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Uwadiae share fresh spiritual victories in Nigeria.

The Wheelman

George Meyer
Sulphur Springs, TX

They called me Devil because I could drive a car with absolute abandon. In the 1920s I was considered "top wheelman" in Chicago and the "kingpin," Al Capone, paid me \$500 a week to spin him through the streets of the underworld. Frank Nitti, Capone's enforcer, cheated me on a promised bookie joint and I hit the mob for \$168,000 by robbing one of their backroom collection drops.

My name is George H. Meyer. I've used other names in my lifetime and my 31 years in prison were served as George Moore. It was 1931 when I left Chicago. I was 22 years old and Frank Nitti had put a contract on my life. If I had known then what I know now, I believe my life would have been different, but the sin of pride is powerful because it makes the devil's lies appear to be truth.

After hiding out in Pittsburgh for six months I moved on to New York City and allied myself with Owen Vincent ("Owney") Madden. Through his personal friendship with Capone he got Nitti off my back. As the Prohibition "beer baron" of New York, Owney took me under his wing and used me to control, and finally settle, his trouble with Arthur ("Dutch Schultz") Flegenheimer. Dutch's trigger man, Vincent ("Mad Dog") Cole,

was my first assignment.

In return for solving the Cole problem Owney Madden made me a partner in his deluxe 46th-Street speakeasy, right in the middle of New York's theater district. I had it made; big money was rolling in. Walter Winchell called me Mr. Moore and had a private table in my club. Ed Sullivan and Mark Hellinger were my friends. The Ziegfeld girls and their "stage-door Johnnies" were my speakeasy customers. New York's mayor Jimmy Walker was Madden's partner in the Phoenix Cereal Brewery and he considered me an associate.





After a shooting the club was closed and I was on my own. Madden offered to carry me for awhile, but I'd experienced the taste of big money and couldn't accept charity. The banks had all the money—and that's where I headed. I helped two "pros" escape from New Jersey State Prison and we went to work.

While "crazies" like John Dillinger and "Baby-Face" Nelson were getting all the headlines out in the midwest with their violent \$7,000 bank jobs, we pulled in \$300,000 from six quiet hold-ups in the northeast. I had a Federal Bank examiner on my payroll who fed us the information we needed. Each robbery tightened the police circle around us, and finally I went to South America to cool off.

I was resting easy in Montevideo, Uruguay as full partner in a three-story combination "residential hotel"

and gambling palace. Then my South American partner and the district police captain sold me out to the FBI and I was kidnapped back to the United States. In Pennsylvania they succeeded in getting me convicted for one of my bank jobs and I started serving a 10-year sentence in Eastern Pennsylvania State Prison.

For the first time in my life I was slowed down long enough to consider what I was doing with my life. I hated the police; they'd broken the law to arrest me and that made them as guilty as I was. My pride allowed me to cultivate this hatred. I considered myself above the law, and if I thought about God at all I considered Him to be my punishing agent. Satan was my master and he held the key to my happiness and freedom.

Satan paid me off in degradation, hatred, pain, loneliness, but I continued to serve him until I was 67 years old. I've done hard time in the worst prisons in America, including Dannemora, Alcatraz, Attica, Eastern Pennsylvania, Leavenworth and a short

stay in Sing Sing. At Leavenworth an inmate friend led me to Jesus, and on the infirmary elevator the Lord forgave my sins and entered my heart as the *true* Master of my life.

I was on my knees in that elevator when a new voice inside me said, "George, I want you to give witness to young people. Tell them of your stupidity and warn them against making the mistakes you made."

"Yes, Lord," I answered, "but I've got six years to do here before I'll be free."

"You're free in Me," the Voice in my heart observed. "Read My words and understand. When you're ready I'll open the doors!"

With two years still to serve, I was mysteriously paroled in September, 1978. I am convinced no one other than Jesus could have gotten me out. I was a three-time loser and considered to be an experienced and hardened criminal. Violence had ruled my life in and out of prison.

Going all the way back to the beginning of my life of crime, I began to see how God had spared me. He had been part of my life from the beginning, even when I would have nothing to do with Him. During prison-escape attempts, my partners had been killed while I remained alive. One miracle after another, all of which I'd considered luck, had been given to me for the sole purpose of at last coming, completely helpless, to Jesus. I know if I had continued to serve Satan I would have died in prison.



George Meyer

The first miracle occurred back in 1929. I was scouting Touhy's territory for Capone in the Rogers Park district of Chicago when I took a bullet in the stomach. It lodged against my spine and couldn't be moved without leaving me paralyzed. I was left at St. Ann's Hospital to die. Dr. Vernell Burdon, a famed Minnesota surgeon, just happened to be passing through the emergency entrance at that moment and saw me bleeding to death. He was the only man alive who could save me and God had him on the spot.

At every critical point in my life God has intervened to save me. I now know why. I don't ask anyone to accept my record or agree with the conclusions I've reached, but I do ask everyone to use his brain and understand that my mistakes don't have to be repeated. If the terrible mistakes I

made can be used to change a person's outlook on life and sweeten his time on earth through his accepting Jesus as Saviour and Lord, then my life hasn't been wasted.

There is an answer to human anger, misery and despair. I found it behind the walls of Leavenworth Prison after being given three chances to find it in freedom. But I was too smart, too worldly-wise, too self-important to acknowledge that no man serves simply himself. We all have a master. We freely make our choice and are rewarded accordingly.

The thousands of dollars that slipped through my fingers, the drunken laughter that echoes in my memory, the praise I received from Al Capone can't buy back one moment of my life of misery. The "Screws" and their clubs at Attica, the terrible loneliness of Alcatraz, the endless nights at Dannemora and my frustrated bitterness can't buy back one day of my youth. The pain of hate that wrenches a man's soul is the top dollar I received from the master of hell.

Hell does exist and Satan is alive. Prisons are his castles here on earth. The slam of heavy steel doors and the creeping hand of homosexuality punctuate his hospitality. Who paid for my mistakes? Thinking back on it now, I have to laugh at my stupidity. I paid for it all in blood, sweat and tears. Satan arranged it to claim full measure from me for everything he ever "gave" me. Those crimes I committed were all my doing. The devil

didn't make me do them; I volunteered—first in line when the master of darkness called for a servant.

I believed the great lie: if you're smart and careful in Satan's service you won't be punished. You'll be one of those we've all heard about who get away with everything. I've committed crimes that escaped punishment, but I didn't get away with any of them. How can anyone spend 31 years in prison and still claim that he beat the rap?

Jesus is my Master now and I serve Him with joy in my heart. I give my witness wherever I'm asked and plead with school authorities for permission to speak to young people. Our prisons are full of children sent there because of drugs and related crimes, yet the schools seem reluctant to hear the truth from a man who has been a guest in hell.

Only one person can guarantee the final and complete answer to unlimited freedom, and that's Jesus. I've seen the results of man's rehabilitation; it just doesn't work. Only God can restore, heal and make a man whole. I am living proof that "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new" (II Cor. 5:17). □

George Meyer now serves International Prison Ministry (with Chaplain Ray) and Harlow's Children's Ranch, a home for abused children. He is a frequent FGBMFI speaker.

UNFORGETTABLE MOMENTS

by Pete Congelliere

International Director, California

My life will never be the same again," exclaimed a young man upon returning from a weekend FGBMFI rally.

"I have a new husband," confided a young wife when her husband returned from the men's advance in Redlands, California. She was correct. He is a new man in Christ Jesus.

A couple on the verge of separation testified, "God healed our home at the convention."

Each year approximately 150 FGBMFI advances, rallies and retreats are held throughout the world. With attendance in the thousands, the conventions and rallies provide opportunities for spiritual growth through the ministry of some of the world's most able teachers and through the musical talents and the vibrant testimonies of Spirit-filled men.

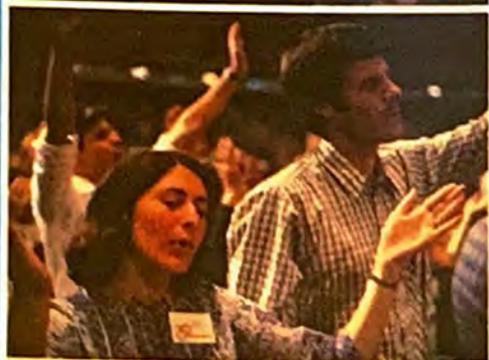
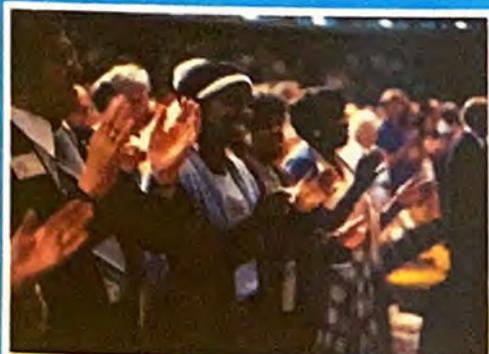
Lasting friendships develop as, year after year, families share with each other the overflow of God in their lives.

There is no more enjoyable or effective means by which men may grow spiritually or bring other men to Christ than through days of relaxation apart from the cares of the world and surrounded by the beauty of God's creation. For countless thousands, these inspirational days become unforgettable moments.

Peruse the Convention Page in *Voice* each month for meetings where you may find spiritual enrichment and ministry opportunities with the happiest people on earth. □



Pete Congelliere



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VANCOUVER ISLAND RALLY
November 5-8, 1982
Nanaimo, Canada
Write: FGBMFI Canadian Office
6700 Finch Ave. W. 900
Rexdale, Ontario, Canada M9W 5P5

INLAND EMPIRE MIXED SPIRITUAL ADVANCE
November 5-7, 1982
Pinelawn Camp, Loon Lake
Write: Mr. L.L. Fletcher
P.O. Box 13458
Spokane, WA 99213

6TH ANNUAL CANADIAN NATIONAL
November 10-13, 1982
Toronto, Canada
Write: Mr. Jim Hatton
6700 Finch Ave. W. 900
Rexdale, Ontario, Canada M9W 5P5

CENTRAL WASHINGTON COUPLES ADVANCE
November 12-14, 1982
Coursion Hall, Central Washington University, Ellensburg
Write: Mr. Dick Downey
Rte. 1, Box 39, Brewster, WA 98512

TEXAS COUPLES ADVANCE
November 12-14, 1982
Lakeview Methodist Assembly
Palestine
Write: Mr. Ben F. McCreary
3710 Millbridge Dr.
Houston, TX 77059

LAKE OF THE OZARKS REGIONAL
November 17-20, 1982
Lodge of the Four Seasons
Lake Ozark
Write: Mr. Bob Engle
P.O. Box 54
Shelbyville, MO 63469

PUERTO RICO REGIONAL
November 18-20, 1982
Write: Dr. Saul Monge, I.D.
P.O. Box 20997
Rio Piedras, Puerto Rico 00928
Central America

GREATER SAN DIEGO REGIONAL
November 18-20, 1982
Holiday Inn at the Embarcadero
Write: Mr. Cyril Houlihan
8712 N. Magnolia, #245
Santee, CA 92071

OKI REGIONAL
November 24-27, 1982
Holiday Inn, Miamisburg
Write: Mr. Jerry Wagner
445 Lexington Rd.
Eaton, OH 45320

NEW YORK REGIONAL
November 25-27, 1982
New York Statler
Write: Mr. Frank Paiedino
260-65th Street #K
Brooklyn, NY 11220

PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGIONAL
November 25-27, 1982
Sea Tac Red Lion Motel, Seattle
Write: Mr. Byron Nelson
Box 5040, Kent, WA 98031

SALT LAKE CITY
November 28-28, 1982
Hilton Hotel
Write: Mr. Victor Martinez
6833 Village Green Rd.
Salt Lake City, UT 84121

CENTRAL AMERICAN
December 3-5, 1982
San Salvador
Write: Mr. Max Mejia Vides
1a. Calle Pte. 3035
San Salvador, El Salvador

ALL INDIA NATIONAL
December 9-12, 1982
Kerala, India
Write: Mr. Thomas Yadaikut
Admiral Tour & Travel Bureau
H.O. Dwaraka Bldg. M.G. Rd.
Cochin 682 016, S. India

TEXAS CAPITAL NEW YEAR'S EVE RALLY
December 30-31, 1982
Villa Capri
Write: FGBMFI Austin Chapter
P.O. Box 14545
Austin, TX 78761

PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL
January 5-9, 1983
Hyatt Regency
Write: Mr. Bill Pyatt
4415 West Watson Lane
Phoenix, AZ 85308

1983 HAWAII REGIONAL
January 12-15, 1983
Pacific Beach Hotel, Honolulu
Write: Mr. John Witwer
765 Amana St., Ste. 208
Honolulu, HI 96814

WASHINGTON, D.C. INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL
February 3-5, 1983
Shoreham Hotel
Write: Washington, D.C. Conv. Ctr.
Box 350, Manassas, VA 22110

30TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION
July 5-9, 1983
Detroit, Michigan
Write: Mr. Dave 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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THREEFOLD PURPOSE OF 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 cooperating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches.*

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.

“Why Me?”

Ernest M. Loga
Eau Claire, WI

I was so confused. Happiness and security had eluded me like I was the plague. Every time I thought I was getting ahead I was fired from my job. I had changed jobs so frequently—every year or less—that my friends began calling me a job-hopper. I painted houses, repaired shoes and pumped gas; washed dishes, scrubbed floors and tended bar. I sold insurance, new and used cars, pots and pans, Amway, Bestline, fertilizer, farm-implementation attachments, shoes—and my own soul.

My finances were a complete shambles and my marriage on the rocks. We were going full speed into something neither my wife Jeanne nor I could avoid. Jeanne couldn't bear the thought of my coming home and I couldn't, either, until I had had a few drinks. Our daughter was a bundle of nerves before she was a year old. Jeanne had decided that she couldn't take any more and was about to leave me within the next week.

What had gone wrong? We had been married only three short years, yet deep wounds already infected our marriage. I resented Jeanne because she refused to get a job to help with our finances. She resented me because I didn't bring home enough money to buy groceries, let alone pay bills. Pride and selfishness kept us from sharing with each other how we really felt.

In desperation we turned to the teachings of Edgar Cayce and Jeanne Dixon. We were certain contact with the spirit world through clairvoyance and ESP could provide answers to our problems. Together we studied witchcraft and reincarnation, and began to piece together the “secrets of life” and their interrelated functions.

But we just couldn't find the vital link needed. Our relationship deteriorated more rapidly than ever. Our life together was almost nonexistent. It just wasn't worth the effort any more. Separation seemed to be our only solution.

One day, listening to my car radio, I heard that Nicky Cruz was speaking at Regis High School. An “upper room” would be available for people who wished to be baptized in the Holy Spirit. The announcer mentioned that Nicky was the main character in a book by David Wilkerson titled *The Cross and the Switchblade*. A girl in high school had given me the book to read, six years before. The announcer said that Nicky would tell how Jesus had changed his life.

Two months earlier I had called on an insurance client who turned out to be a born-again Baptist. He spent nearly two hours telling me about salvation through the grace of Jesus Christ and gave me some tracts to read, but I couldn't make the connection. I thought I was already



***I sold everything,
including my
own soul.***

saved, because as an infant I had been baptized in the Lutheran church. My parents had tried to raise me in a Christian atmosphere and saw to it that I was confirmed. What more could Christianity offer?

But the thought of hearing Nicky Cruz was tantalizing. When I asked Jeanne if she would like to go, she was eager. In fact, she'd been wanting to ask me; she wanted to know more about the power that comes with the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

When we arrived at the high school I couldn't believe my eyes. The gymnasium was packed—standing room only. The crowd didn't bother me, only the strange people who kept saying "Praise the Lord!"

I looked around for Jeanne but she'd been swallowed up by the

crowd, so I stood and listened to everything Nicky said. When he finished he gave an altar call. My heart wanted to go forward but my feet were stuck to the floor; I wasn't going anywhere until I found Jeanne.

A gentleman stood up and announced that those who wished to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit could go to the upper room. As people began filing out of the gym, my wife and I were reunited. We compared our responses to Nicky; hers were almost identical to mine. She too had wanted to go forward but didn't because she couldn't find me. We decided to find that upper room and observe the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Our plan was to wait until we were absolutely sure the room was full, then quietly slip in at the back and

watch. We waited what seemed to be a century, then crept down the halls to the room they had described. As I poked my head around the corner of the door, I was caught red-handed by Reverend A.J. Dornfield.

"Did you come to receive the Holy Spirit?" he asked. Surprised, I said yes and followed him into the room, Jeanne right behind me. Ushered to the front row, we were led through salvation and instructed about the Holy Spirit. When the pastor laid hands on us we were both filled with the Holy Spirit and began immediately to speak mysteries in a new prayer language.

"God, if You really want me to go back to school then You'll have to supply my tuition and meet our bills while I study." (If that wouldn't turn God off, nothing would, I thought.)

A few days later my mother called me. She and Dad had been talking. They had decided that if I wanted to go back to school they would pay my tuition.

God really did want me to finish my college education. He gave Jeanne and me jobs we didn't apply for. He blessed us spiritually by healing our marriage and delivering us from the bondage of reincarnation, witchcraft and clairvoyance.

Andrew's chance of survival was very narrow.

Shortly after that I suffered a whip-lash and brain concussion in an automobile accident and lost my job. I didn't qualify for workmen's compensation or unemployment benefits and was in debt up to my eyebrows.

Contrary to the advice I was getting from well-meaning friends, God kept reassuring me that He had all things under control, that if I would be patient and keep my eyes on Jesus He would open up the financial gates of heaven for me.

He was even beginning to impress upon me that He wanted me to finish college. My response? "Oh, sure, God. No job. Four of us to support. I don't need more schooling, I need a *job* so I can become solvent and support my family again." Finally I said,

Many times we would go to the mailbox and find an envelope containing \$20, \$30 or \$40, with a note saying "Compliments of Jesus Christ." We would find money mysteriously in coat pockets and purses. At my college graduation we didn't have an unpaid bill and had money in the bank. God had done it all. He took my life and let all its foundations crumble because He wanted it built on the solid rock of Jesus Christ.

In August, 1979 God blessed us with our third son. He was born with a severe heart murmur. The pediatrician conducted an EKG, called in specialists, and warned that Andrew's chance of survival was very narrow. We were devastated, but convinced that Jesus could heal heart murmurs.

Driving home from work to take Jeanne and our little boy to the doctor, I prayed and gave Andrew to Jesus as we had done before. Then I was impressed to command Satan to remove his influence from Andrew's heart, and as I did I was filled with

can still hear the words my three- and five-year-old sons prayed. My daughter prayed and wept, and my wife and I praised God for His blessing.

Next day, the heart specialist used an echo scan, with sound waves producing on a video screen a picture of the inner walls of the heart. He repeated it. Then, amazed, he asked us to sit down. The pediatrician's EKG had confirmed the heart murmur but the echo scans didn't even reveal scar tissue, nor could he hear the murmur through his stethoscope. He wondered if we had the right baby, or had received the wrong reports.

The two doctors conferred by phone but were nonplussed. Dismissed for that time, we had to return for subsequent tests, but each time there was nothing to be found. Praise God, Jesus had done it again!

The last 10 years have been blessed. Our daughter has accepted Jesus Christ into her heart and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Jeanne and I have seen our marriage reconstructed and reconditioned by the blood of Jesus Christ, and recently celebrated our thirteenth anniversary. God has allowed me to see the saving grace of Jesus Christ in my own life and that of my family.

Praise God, Jesus did it all. □

Ernest Loga has been employed for the last eight years by the State of Wisconsin as management information specialist/research analyst. He is a member of FGBMFI Chippewa Valley Chapter. The Logas have four children.

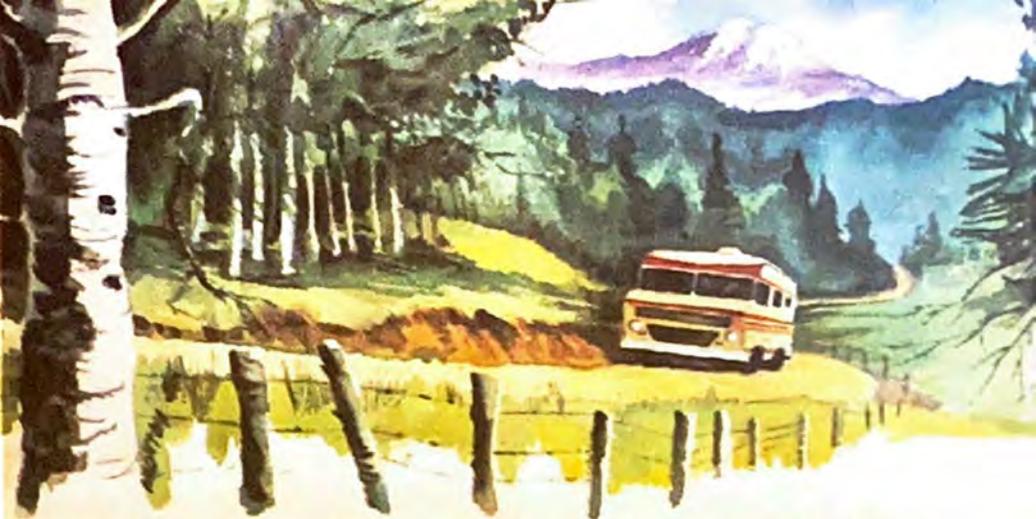
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Ernest Loga with son Andrew

absolute peace. Immediately with my spiritual eyes I saw the hand of Jesus reaching into the heart of my son and closing the hole.

The doctors didn't see any improvement, and scheduled us to see a heart specialist in two days. On the evening before our appointment we gathered our other children and told them about Andrew. We anointed the baby with oil, laid hands on him, and each of us thanked Jesus for healing him. I



Uphill, All the Way

Albert O. Cooper, Roswell, NM

It was hard to believe there really was a fuel shortage. But it was 1979 and we could not forget how motorhome sales had slowed in 1977 when the government considered gasoline rationing. Now, two years later, with prices climbing steadily at the gas pumps, the news media were painting a discouraging picture of the fuel situation. We hoped that since there was an abundance of fuel in our area we wouldn't be affected.

Then suddenly the price of gasoline doubled and sales stopped.

RV trade publications, with their reports of manufacturers' and dealers' bankruptcies, began to look like obituary columns. Closings were so widespread that one RV manufacturer listed 92 competitors who had gone out of business—and his list was not complete.

Our motorhome dealership was typical. 1978 had been a record-breaking year and, believing that 1979 sales would be even better, we had a large inventory. I was owner and manager of my own business and now I was getting nervous, remembering when as sales manager for someone else I hadn't had to carry the risk. I had traveled most of the time and regarded money as the answer to everything. I thought my wife Tommie and five children were happy with our home in the country, cars in the garage, swimming pool, and money in their pockets. I did not see that my absence required my wife to be both mother and father to our children and that they were becoming rebellious as a result—until one day I returned from a business trip and Tommie said we should talk about a divorce.

To be brutally honest, my priorities were so warped that it wasn't so much the thought of losing her and the children that bothered me, but the fact that there was an unwritten policy in our corporation that *divorced men were never promoted*.

So, although I was already serving as a member of our church governing board, attended church regularly, and saw no need for it, just to please my wife I agreed to attend a family church camp. I knew I wasn't going to like it. My youngest son summed it up when he said, "It's going to be like going to Sunday school for a whole week!" To top it off, my mother-in-law (a religious fanatic) was going to be there. And when we arrived the first man I met tried to hug me.

In the service that evening I heard the term *baptism in the Holy Spirit* for the first time, and how the fruit of the Spirit could make one a better person.

Again my worldly motives went into action and, deciding that this "baptism" might be just the thing to help me get my next promotion quicker, I responded to the invitation. Nobody could've been more surprised than I was when they asked why I had come forward and I heard myself saying, "I want to be saved."

I stopped the evangelist so I could tell him that I wanted the baptism in the Holy Spirit, not to be saved. But again I announced, "I want to be saved." (In my church we didn't even use the word *saved*.) For some reason which I couldn't understand, I just kept repeating that I wanted to be saved until the man led me in a sinner's prayer. Suddenly I felt tears on my cheeks. Then as he prayed for me I received the Baptism. It was the beginning of a new life for me.

Two years later I was promoted and transferred to California where we

Albert Cooper declares his faith at business site.



bought a motorhome. The more we used it the more I was certain of its potential, and the future of RVs.

Hearing of an automotive repair business for sale in my old home town of Roswell, New Mexico, my wife and I decided to buy it with the objective of converting it some day into an RV center.

I had been quite successful in the corporate life, but after we prayed about it we believed that God wanted us to start the motorhome business immediately. When we put our house up for sale our friends couldn't believe that we would give up the security and future we already had to start a

new business on our own.

Because of the 1974 recession real-estate sales were nonexistent, but we prayed that if it was God's will for us to move our house would sell. Two days later we received a cash offer.

But in New Mexico our new business was slow. We ran very short of cash—and banks were not lending money.

I began to wonder if we had heard God correctly and whether I should go back to my old job. Then we saw a newspaper announcement about a meeting with a speaker who had a prophetic ministry. Although we didn't know him or anyone else at the meeting, we went. At the close the

PHOENIX

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For 22 years people from faraway places have not been disappointed as they have come like thirsty men to a desert oasis to attend the Phoenix Regional Convention.

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At the Hyatt Regency, Phoenix, January 5-9, 1983.

For reservations and information: Bill Pyatt, Int'l Director
4415 W. Watson Lane, Phoenix, AZ 85306.

speaker called me out of the audience and up to the front. "God told me to tell you," he said, "that the business you just bought will prosper, and in fact this will begin tomorrow." The next morning (at 11:45, to be exact) our business did take off. People began coming in to buy our vehicles.

A good friend who had managed the largest liquor distributorship in New Mexico came to me and confided the conflict he felt since he had come to know Jesus as his Lord and Saviour. He came into my business as partner and we made a contract with God stating that we wanted Jesus to be the Manager in Charge and to run the business in a way that would be pleasing to Him.

Prayer, salvation and worship became as common in our shop as brake alignment and motorhome repairs. A day didn't seem complete if we didn't see some type of miracle. One of our friends used to telephone and ask, "Well, what's new at Roswell RV & Miracle Center?"

Yet four years later we were in financial trouble again, and all I could say was "How come, God?" My wife reminded me of God's promises: that "My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus" (Phil. 4:19); that we are delivered from the curse of the law—which is sickness, poverty and spiritual death (Gal. 3:13,14); and that since we are tithers and cheerful givers God's promises of Malachi 3 are our promises.

We soon found that the worst thing we could do was to worry and agree with the newscasts (or anyone else) that things were getting bad. We found that when we would confess with our mouths the word of God and His promises, and rejoice in being His children through the blood of Jesus Christ, He would supply all our needs.

After we put God's instructions into action our business again began to do well. We found that people would travel hundreds of miles to buy a motorhome from us. This was astounding, since the same motorhome was often available in their own community. When we asked why they came to us the typical answer was, "We don't know. It just seemed the right thing to do," or, "We heard you are honest people."

Some of the manufacturers have even asked us why we were able to make sales when other dealers could not, especially since our location is so isolated. We just tell them about the sign on the front of our building. It's a 20-foot cross with the words "Christ Is the Answer." □

Albert Cooper still enjoys his successful RV business in Roswell. He is president, FGBMFI Roswell Chapter, and as acting field representative he recently helped to organize two new chapters.

If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through Voice, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

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SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

5. BELIEVE: "For God so loved the world, 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:
"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.



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