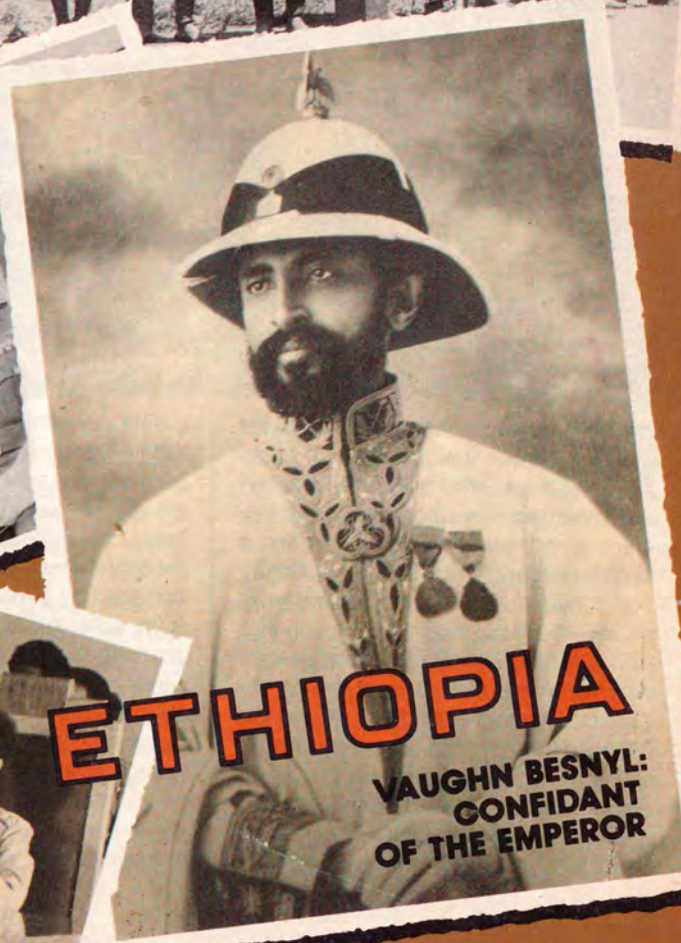




FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

09-85



ETHIOPIA

VAUGHN BESNYL:
CONFIDANT
OF THE EMPEROR



ETHIOPIA

Vaughn Besnyl, West Covina, California



Why would a man who was the confidant of the emperor hop a plane and skip the country? Why would he leave behind him two theaters, a thriving export business and a cement factory which cost \$5 million?

For two good reasons: I didn't want my throat slit, nor did I want to be hung.

The setting for my story really begins with my Armenian parents fleeing the Turkish massacre in 1896. They first escaped to Lebanon, then obtained a visa to go to Fresno, California; but they were unable to secure passage. Ultimately, hearing that Ethiopia's Emperor Menelik II had made provision for land

grants, my family sailed for that country.

My father prospered in the export business and sent me to France and Italy for my education. My relationship with Emperor Haile Selassie grew out of a reception for 4,000 people which I arranged for him in 1940 upon his return from exile. Although I had never done anything like it before, the governor (a friend of mine) said, "If anyone can do it, Vaughn can." I did, and it was so successful that from that time on I was in charge of all state functions.

Inasmuch as I spoke six languages, the emperor also appointed me as his special envoy at large to personally



1. Emperor Haile Selassie views city of Asmara. 2. General Phillips represents British government in granting Ethiopia's independence. 3. Vaughn with Ros Abebe, secretary of war (center) and unidentified man. 4. Emperor receives Arab citizens of Ethiopia during Ramadan, Mohammedan holy month. 5. Governor of the palace Fitorari Asfow with Vaughn in front of Imperial Palace.

represent him in Europe.

We enjoyed a close personal relationship as well. Although I was never in employment of the government, I ate in the palace for thirteen years. Many nights I would sit between the emperor and the empress, viewing a film from the two movie houses I operated and translating the French or Italian for them.

Emperor Haile Selassie was a good Christian man. On occasion he would read the Bible to me. He began each day with an hour of prayer in the palace chapel.

In contrast, my Christianity was limited to praying only when I was in trouble.

When the Italians, under Mussolini, occupied Ethiopia in 1935, I came down with some kind of typhus. Though I was delirious, with a high fever, no medication was available. The hospital was filled with Italian soldiers, and every day they carried out those who had died during the night.

Thinking I was going to die, I pleaded, "Jesus, if You will spare my life I will pray by my bed every morning and every night."

God spared my life, but when I got well I forgot my promise to God.

However, He had a plan for my life. One night in 1940, I had a vision in which I saw myself flying from London, then



Left: Vaughn in Paris, as special envoy. Center: Vaughn with oryx, shot in successful hunt. Right: Patriots who fought Italian army recount heroic war stories to emperor upon his return from exile.

from New York to Los Angeles—then I saw myself twenty miles east of Los Angeles. Since I operated two movie houses, of course I knew about Hollywood, but I had never heard of Los Angeles. The next morning I checked an encyclopedia and saw a picture of the Los Angeles City Hall—the very building I had seen in my vision.

In that vision I also saw myself selling liquor, then at a sewing machine.

For the next ten years I related this vision to people until they were tired of hearing it. They would say, "We know. . . . You're going to Los Angeles to open a liquor store—and then you're going to use a sewing machine!"

Life in Ethiopia went on as usual. That does not mean that it was routine or dull. Numerous times I faced life-and-death situations. Once a friend and I were driving through a jungled area about 300 miles from the capitol, when several men

confronted us with guns. They shot at me twelve times but never hit me. Then they blocked the road. With a gun aimed at my head, they ordered, "One move and we'll shoot!"

They took our coats, money and a gold watch the emperor had given me. They could have killed my friend and me. Although I did not understand it, and certainly did not deserve it, in this instance and many others Jesus spared my life.

There was always the possibility of an attempted Ethiopian revolt. Sometimes I would receive a phone call telling me to wear my gun when I came to the palace. Also, there was jealousy on the part of Ethiopians within the palace because I, an Armenian, had such a favored relationship with the emperor.

One of the chief guards, a friend of mine, warned me, "Get out while you can. If there is a revolution, you will be

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the first one I will have to hang." That is when, in 1953, I decided to leave everything and fly to America.

And that is when the vision that I had seen ten years earlier was fulfilled in every detail.

After arriving at Los Angeles, I bought a liquor store. Next I opened Hamilton's Men's Clothing Store in West Covina, California, twenty miles east of Los Angeles.

One of the many things not included in that dream was how I would meet my future wife. I went to the home of a friend in Glendale on a sort of blind date. Carolyn had moved there from Alabama; as I entered the front door and saw her I told my friend, "There's the girl I'm going to marry."

When we were introduced I told her the same thing. She thought I was kidding, but three months later we stood before a judge in Pasadena and were married. We have been blessed with thirty wonderful years together.

As I said earlier, Jesus had saved my life again and again but I had never let Him save *me*.



After a period of financial difficulty in my life I began to feel my inadequacy in dealing with my problems. Something was missing from my life. I often had dreams with special meanings, and in January of 1970 I dreamed that a friend of forty years' duration came to me and kissed me on my forehead.

I discussed this with my wife the next morning. She asked me his name. "Hampartsoum," I replied.

My wife is not Armenian. "What does that mean?" she asked.

"Resurrection or rebirth," I replied.

Going to my store, I prayed my morning prayer with earnestness, and dedicated my life to the Lord. I knew that He had given me new birth.

One day a man entered my store and said, "I was putting gas in my car and something urged me to come in here. Are you a Christian?"

"Yes," I responded. "I'm Armenian."

For three months Bob McCartney came back again and again to talk with me. Finally I accepted his offer: "Be my guest at a Full Gospel Business Men's dinner at our Covina chapter. If you do, I'll never bother you again."

The meeting was strange. All those people with their hands in the air looking at the ceiling! I looked up and said to myself, *They see something that I don't.*

I couldn't sleep all that night.

The next month I went to another FGBMFI dinner meeting. The crowd was singing, "Hallelujah!" I closed my eyes and raised my hands along with everyone else. Suddenly I saw a vision, of Jesus all dressed in white. He placed His left hand on my head and baptized me in His Holy Spirit.

I gasped aloud, "He's alive! He's alive!" My life has not been the same since.

At eight o'clock the next morning I went to my store. Upon opening my desk drawer I saw a picture of Jesus. It was exactly as I had seen Him in my vision. Startled, I thought God must have put it there.

Later, I learned that my pastor had given it to one of my salesmen for me. I have a copy of that picture in my home, in my office and in my car.

I used to make promises to God in times of trouble and then forget Him. Not any more! Not only His picture, but Jesus himself, goes with me everywhere I go—He lives in me.

Not long after Jesus appeared to me, Carolyn received a phone call urging her to rush to the hospital. Our son Randy had been seriously injured while riding a skateboard. He suffered a concussion and broken ribs, as well as an injured knee and possibly a broken pelvis.

The next morning before going to the hospital I went to the store to pray. I told the Lord, "I've accepted You. You are my Lord. Please heal my boy. Show me Your power. I'm going to the hospital to see You heal our son."

When I entered his hospital room Randy was asleep. When I awakened him I found him confused as to why he was in the hospital. He had no pain and was feeling fine.

The doctor came in. He couldn't believe what he found. Although X rays taken the preceding day had shown Randy's broken ribs and the concussion, now there was nothing wrong.

The doctor turned to him and asked,

"What is your name?"

"Randy."

He continued testing. "How much is five and five?"

"Ten."

"One hundred times two?"

"Two hundred," Randy responded.

The doctor exclaimed, "This must be God. Vaughn, you must have been praying for him! You can take him home."

Another time God used me when a dentist friend who had virtually destroyed his liver with alcohol was sent home from the hospital and doctors expected him to die within a couple of weeks. This 250-pound man was reduced to skin and bones, weighing only 100 pounds.

At home, he had a dream in which he saw a bright light and heard the words, "Call Vaughn, call Vaughn." (I had taken him to an FGBMFI chapter meeting once, but he had not accepted Jesus.)

In response to his wife's phone call I went and laid hands on him, prayed for about an hour, then left. While there was no immediate change, a week later he was out of bed; three months later he weighed more than 200 pounds. His doctors couldn't understand it. X rays showed that even his liver was perfect. Praise God! Jesus can use even a businessman like me when He wants to heal the sick.

Nothing compares with knowing Jesus. I had made fortunes in two countries and had as many as 800 employees at one time. The business I had in Ethiopia would, by today's standards, be worth at least \$10 million. But something was missing...not *something* but *Someone*.

Since that night that Jesus, in a vision, placed His hand upon my head and bap-



Carolyn and Vaughn Besnyl

tized me in His Holy Spirit, I can say with the apostle Paul, "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ" (Philippians 3:7,8).

My greatest joy is in serving the Lord, helping others, giving to the needy and telling others about Jesus. One of the most effective ways I've found to do this is through *Voice* magazine. I mail copies to Africa, to Europe and to several cities in California. I don't know how many souls have come to Him because of it, but I do know that he uses these wonderful testimonies.

One night I was watching as a

(continued to page 38)



Dharam Singh, Prince Rupert, British Columbia, Canada

different worlds

I was born a Hindu and I intended to die a Hindu—until I came to know Jesus and let His power change me.

My great-great-great-great-grandfather came from East India to the Fiji

Islands, bringing with him centuries of culture, custom and the Hindu religion. My father was a Hindu priest and wanted his son to follow in his footsteps, so my childhood in the Fiji Islands was in the strictest Hindu tradition.

I spent twelve years in the temple, and reverently performed all the rituals my father taught me. In our village they called me "Young Priest."

My mother was a devout sun-worshipper. I adopted her beliefs also—until my first year of high school. In geography class one day the teacher mentioned that the sun is a planet. The dictionary told me that "planet" means a mass of land in space.

As I walked home from school that afternoon, I looked up at the sun and for the first time realized that it wasn't a god.

"Sun," I said, "you are just a sun and not my god. From this day on I will not worship you."

Then I prayed, "Lord, I know that You are real, and that You exist, and that You created heaven and earth. Lord, I want to come to know You and worship You someday."

I began to study other far-eastern religions, especially Buddhism and the Islamic religion. Throughout my childhood I had heard the witness of Christians, but I rejected everything they said, and if someone gave me an article or tract about Christianity I immediately burned it. Something in me didn't want to know the Lord Jesus—yet I believe He always had His hand upon me.

One day an elderly Christian lady asked me to help her write a letter to an evangelist. When she finished dictating it to me, she said "Amen."

"What do you mean by 'Amen'?" I asked.

She jumped up, put her hands on my head and prayed for me. "Son," she

said, "don't tell your dad I prayed for you. Some day you'll come to know what 'Amen' means."

I believe that my salvation, years later, was the answer to her prayer.

After getting the best education the Fiji government could give, I emigrated to Canada in 1959, intending to become a doctor. But I had to earn the money first. I took a job in a logging camp, hoping to save enough money to go back to school.

West Coast loggers like to live it up. After two years in that logging camp, I

From Fiji I emigrated to Canada and took a job in a logging camp

was one of them. Becoming an alcoholic, I lost all respect for myself. As I realized I would never get back to the university, I sank into depression.

After two more years I quit the camp and went north to Prince Rupert. There I met Nydia, a beautiful Filipino school teacher. The first time we met I knew I was going to marry her, which I did, in 1970.

During our honeymoon in New York City, I went to a Christian church for the first time in my life. There I picked up a tract which said that Hindus worship cows and monkeys and elephants. It really made me angry.

The more the pastor preached about peace and joy, the madder I got. When he greeted us after the service, I stated

my feelings in no uncertain terms. What made him think that 500 million people in India didn't have peace and joy just because they weren't Christians? And what about all the problems that Christianity was causing in Ireland? It didn't sound like the perfect religion to me!

The man had a lot of wisdom. Instead of arguing with me, he reached out and hugged me.



"Brother, if I had known you were coming today, I would have taken every tract out of the church. . . . Here," he said, "how about this for a gift?"

He took an American flag from his lapel and pinned it on my shirt. "I'll be praying for you," he told me. I felt very small. The love of Christ which I saw in that man made a big impression on me. Still, I held on to my anger.

Although I had left the logging camp, I clung to its lifestyle—and dragged Nydia down with me. I got deeper into alcohol,

then added sleeping pills and nerve pills. I became more and more depressed as the university grew further from my reach, and our marriage suffered as Nydia's Baptist background clashed with my Hindu upbringing.

Then Nydia began to act very strangely. She became more pleasant to live with. She didn't get mad at me anymore, no matter how drunk I was when I came home. Searching for something called the baptism in the Holy Spirit, she had gone to a Pentecostal church, had turned her life over to Jesus, and had been "filled with the Holy Ghost."

The change was so drastic that I became worried that I would lose her, yet I had to admit that it was the best thing that had ever happened to my wife. Because it was so much easier to live with her when she went to church, I encouraged her to go. It never occurred to me that I should go with her.

One day in 1971 the pastor of the church which Nydia attended came to visit. "Dharam," he told me, "you need Jesus."

"I was born a Hindu, and I will die a Hindu. I have all the booze I need and I'm happy as I am. I don't need your God."

"If you would come to know Jesus you would be even happier."

"Don't preach to me! I'm not interested in your Lord Jesus Christ!"

He never did preach to me again, but instead let me see Jesus in his life. We became best of friends. Later, when he invited me to his church, I agreed to come.

Every Sunday morning for two months I went to that church with my wife—and

every Sunday morning at precisely ten minutes after eleven I would fall asleep, no matter how much rest I had had the night before. At 12:20 I would wake up.

There was still something inside of me that didn't want to hear about Jesus.

One Sunday morning, fast asleep as usual, I was suddenly jolted awake. A man in the church, his face aglow, was speaking out loud in a foreign language.

When he had finished and sat down someone else stood and gave what seemed to be an interpretation of what the man had said. It was all about the Holy Spirit encouraging the church.

I was astounded. I had seen "miracles" in Hinduism where people walked on fire and carried more than a ton of weight by themselves, and I knew about spirits—but I didn't know that there was a "spirit" in Christianity.

Later that day the minister's wife went over the second chapter of Acts with me and explained all the gifts which the Holy Spirit has given to the Church.

"What Holy Spirit?" I asked. "I didn't know you people had a Holy Spirit! I thought Christ was crucified on a cross and died!"

From then on, whenever I heard Christians talking about the Holy Spirit I listened carefully. I learned that the Christian life is a different kind of life. In spite of my curiosity and new discoveries, my negative attitude about Christianity was hard to give up. Every time someone said, "Hallelujah, Jesus!" I felt like punching him in the mouth. How I hated that word "hallelujah!"

Three months later—June, 1972—we went to a church rally. As we entered the

church, I saw a huge, expensive-looking motor home parked in front. When I learned that it belonged to Lorne Fox, the evangelist, I grew very angry. Weren't Christians supposed to be humble and poor and share what they had?

When the offering plate went by, Nydia put in ten dollars. "Lord," I whispered, "how can a man like that stand in the pulpit and claim to be so holy and righteous? All these poor people in this church, and he enjoys a motor home. And look at my wife; she's completely gone! Ten dollars in the offering! I could have bought four cases of beer!"

I could have bought four cases of beer!

During that service, however, the Holy Spirit began to speak to me. As I sat there grumbling, every evil thing that I had done since childhood passed through my mind. I began to feel conviction for my sinfulness. The Holy Spirit showed me exactly where I was: an alcoholic, chronically depressed, hooked on pills.

By the time the evangelist called for those who needed spiritual healing, I was ready to go forward. Walking down the aisle, I felt that I was walking on air charged with some powerful force. People all around me had their hands in the air, praising God.

Lorne Fox spoke to me: "Brother, do you believe in God?"

"Partly," I answered.

He prayed for me, then asked me if I would repeat the sinner's prayer after

him. I knew I needed help. My hands went up in the air. "Lord Jesus," I cried, "if You are the true living God, come and prove it to me right now or just forget about me!"

At that moment the power of God came upon me. Every hair on my body stood on end. I was shouting "Hallelujah, Jesus!" My mind wanted to stop but my heart wanted to continue. I felt every burden roll from my shoulders. A love welled up inside that I had never known existed. I wanted to hug every person in that church.

My mind wanted to stop but my heart wanted to continue

Because of pride, I was reluctant to tell my wife what had happened. But each night as she lay asleep beside me, I talked to Jesus, thanking Him for all the great things He had done for me. As I continued to pray each night, I felt new power flowing in me.

One night as I lay and worshipped Him, I felt my whole body being engulfed by the power of His love. Experiencing Romans 8:11, I asked Him, "Is heaven real? And am I really saved?" The Lord showed me a vision of heaven's gates and the Book of Life. When I asked my pastor about my vision, he confirmed it from the Bible.

I had worshipped the Lord of Krishna, Kali and Rama and many others—but now I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that Jesus was the only true Lord. I knelt

before our couch at home and made a total commitment to Him.

I began to seek the Lord in earnest, asking what my ministry was to be. One evening as I prayed I had a vision of Jesus. He stood in mid-air with His hands extended. Millions of people ran toward Him; the crowd stretched as far as I could see. The Holy Spirit said to me, "You are going to be a soul-winner for Me."

From that day on the Word of God came alive to me, and I have been winning souls for Jesus wherever I go.

Then I heard of a Full Gospel Business Men's chapter opening in Prince Rupert. I realized that they were soul-winners.

About six months after I accepted Jesus, I took an alcoholic from skid row to have a pastor pray for him. The Lord spoke to me: "You're not very far from being what this man is. . . . How about you?" I began to weep and both of us were delivered.

But the greatest miracle in our lives was the healing of our son Cyrus when he was about seven months old.

My wife was rocking him one day when he began to cry. She put him in his crib, but his crying continued, so she picked him up again and put him on her shoulder.

At first she thought he was having a convulsion or had fainted. She put his body under running water to shock him awake, then tried shaking him.

It was then that she noticed that his face was black.

"Death, I arrest you in the name of Jesus!" she cried. "Cyrus, I command you to come back to life in the name of

Jesus! Lord, You raised Lazarus from the dead; now raise Cyrus." She began to pray in tongues. Our baby came back to life.

We rushed him to the hospital. After five X rays, he was diagnosed as having an enlarged heart. We were to take him to Vancouver a thousand miles away for further tests.

Our church prayed for us all that week. In Vancouver the specialists could find nothing wrong with our son. Today Cyrus is a healthy three-and-a-half-year-old, a joy to our family.

One day I failed to follow the Lord's directions to witness to a man at my place of work; the Lord told me he had only a few hours to live. The next morning I learned that he had died in the night. I fell to the floor, weeping, "Lord," I cried, "if You ever speak to me again I'm going to listen to Your voice."

Within two weeks He put me to a test. Nydia and I had been witnessing to a Filipino lady in Prince Rupert who had cancer and was nearly at the end of life. As we walked into her room she lay propped upon pillows, no hair on her head, her husband feeding her with a spoon.

At that moment the Lord spoke to me that she would live. We laid hands on her and I said, "You're not going to die. You're going to live. The Lord Jesus will heal you." A series of miracles took place and within two months she was discharged from the hospital. To this day all her tests remain negative; she works as a salesgirl in Prince Rupert and is serving the Lord.

An alcoholic couple lived in an old, dilapidated shack across from a new housing development where I was helping to build several of the homes. I prayed, "Lord, help me to reach these people somehow."

I began to observe their behavior. Every day about 11:00 A.M. the man would call a cab, or a car would come to pick him up. About 2:00 P.M. he'd return, very drunk.

One morning I intercepted him as he started to get into the car. I said, "Man, you sure need Jesus." He swore at me—and at the Lord.

I said, "You shouldn't swear at Jesus like that. Man, at one time I worshipped Krishna, and if you swore at Krishna like that you'd be eating your teeth. But Jesus is forgiving, and I believe He wants me to forgive you. He loves you, too, just remember that."

The people in the car agreed with me as he climbed in and they drove off.

The next morning I was walking on the road past the little shack. The couple who had picked this drunk up the day before were visiting him. They called out to me, "We need Jesus! Please pray for us!" I prayed and cast out the demon of alcohol.

During the next six weeks I built a friendship with the couple who lived in the shack. One day he told me, "The world hates me." I said, "No, Jesus loved you so much that He died on the cross for you."

He began to cry. He grabbed my hand and put it on his forehead. Nydia and I

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

led him in a sinner's prayer; then his wife got saved. The very next day we took them to an FGBMFI banquet.

About a year after I accepted Jesus, I was riding a bus in Mexico City when a group of Hare Krishna boys came aboard. They were preaching to the people on the bus, telling them, "Lord Krishna can do this for you, and that for you . . ."

The Lord spoke to me: "Aren't you going to say something about Me?"

The power of God lifted me to my feet and I proclaimed to the entire bus: "I worshipped Lord Krishna for eighteen years. I learned that he is nothing but a

stone idol. There is only one Saviour. His name is the Lord Jesus Christ. The world has denied Him and rejected Him, but He's still the only One who can do all that these men are telling you that Lord Krishna can do.

"Look at India. Krishna has done nothing for India! But my Lord Jesus can set you free and give you life—abundant life! The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life. If we believe on His Son Jesus, we will have eternal life!"

This is my testimony: Jesus is not one of many hundreds of gods, but He is *the* God of my life, and I will gladly serve Him the rest of my days. □

Building and commercial contractor Dharam Singh has owned and operated Reyland Electrical and Construction Limited in Prince Rupert for five years, prior to which he was for eight years an electrician. He coordinates and emcees citywide Christian crusades through his church and FGBMFI; is a frequent FGBMFI speaker; and is president of FGBMFI's Prince Rupert Chapter and field representative for the North Coast and Interior British Columbia. He and his wife Nydia are members of Sixth Avenue Pentecostal Tabernacle, and have four children: Rey, twelve; Roland, eight; Daisy, six; and Cyrus, three and a half.



CONVENTIONS

SOUTHERN OREGON REGIONAL

September 5-7, 1985
Nendel's, Medford
Write: Mr. Jerry Lausmann
Box 1608
Medford, OR 97501

VIRGINIA STATE

September 12-15, 1985
Pavilion Convention Center
Virginia Beach
Write: FGBMFI
1043 Luxford Ln.
Virginia Beach, VA 23455

KEARNEY, NEBRASKA RALLY

September 13-14, 1985
Ramada Inn
Write: Mr. Walter Swanson
Box 411, Gibbon, NE 68840

KOOTENAY COUPLES' RALLY

September 13-15, 1985
Sandman Inn, Castlegar
Write: Mr. Don Watt
Box 524
Fruitvale, British Columbia
Canada V0G 1L0

OREGON MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

September 13-15, 1985
Aldersgate, Turner
Write: Mr. Floyd Bennett
Box 2162, Salem, OR 97308

ISRAEL AIRLIFT TO FEAST OF TABERNACLES

Sept. 28-Oct. 9, 1985
Jerusalem, Israel
Write: Mr. Joe Forrester
c/o Advance World Travel
1161 Murfreesboro Rd.
Nashville, TN 37217

NORTH-WEST OHIO COUPLES' RALLY

September 27-28, 1985
Ramada Inn, Fremont
Write: Mr. Jim McKeegan
11731 Allen Twp., Rd. 100
Findlay, OH 45840

HILL COUNTRY MEN'S ADVANCE

September 27-29, 1985
Texas Lions Camp, Kerrville
Write: Mr. Lee W. Tauferner
13 Country Creek Ln.
Fredericksburg, TX 78624

YOUNGSTOWN MEN'S ADVANCE

September 27-29, 1985
Punderson State Park
Burton, Ohio
Write: Mr. Robert Romanello
8869 Altura Dr.
Warren, OH 44484

NIAGARA FALLS REGIONAL

October 3-5, 1985
Sheraton Brock Hotel
Niagara Falls, Ontario
Write: Mr. Lynn Morris
5 Blue Spruce
St. Catharines, Ontario
Canada L2N 4E6

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

October 3-5, 1985
Holiday Inn, Redding
Write: FGBMFI, Box 3023
Redding, CA 96049

MINNESOTA STATE

October 10-12, 1985
Holiday Inn, Duluth
Write: FGBMFI, Box 3201
Duluth, MN 55803

MONTANA STATE REGIONAL

October 10-12, 1985
Colonial Inn, Helena
Write: Mr. Maxim Krikorian
Rt. 1, Box 545
Glasgow, MT 59230

GRAND ISLAND RALLY

October 11-12, 1985
Midtown Holiday Inn
Grand Island, Nebraska
Write: Mr. James Hunter
3111 W. College, Apt. 16
Grand Island, NE 68801

ARKANSAS MEN'S CAMP

October 11-13, 1985
Brookhill Ranch, Hot Springs
Write: Mr. Joe Murphy
9212 S. Gary
Fort Smith, AR 72903

B.C. INTERIOR REGIONAL

October 17-19, 1985
Capri Hotel, Kelowna
Write: Mr. Neil Simmonds
#23-2055 Ethel St.
Kelowna, British Columbia
Canada V1Y 2Z6

CALIFORNIA STATE

October 17-19, 1985
Riviera Hilton, Palm Springs
Write: Mr. Peter Congelliere
3321 Yale St.
Santa Ana, CA 92704

EASTERN OREGON REGIONAL

October 17-19, 1985
Red Lion Motor Inn, Pendleton
Write: Mr. Ed Sheets
Rt. 1, Box 12
Hermiston, OR 97838

MIDWEST REGIONAL

October 17-19, 1985
O'Hare Holiday Inn, Chicago
Write: FGBMFI
564 Fulton St.
Chicago, IL 60606

NEW ORLEANS AREA RALLY

October 18-19, 1985
Airport Travelodge, Kenner
Write: Mr. Lawrence Guichard
4421 Rebecca Blvd.
Metairie, LA 70002

SOUTH CAROLINA MEN'S ADVANCE

October 18-20, 1985
St. Christopher Conf. Ctr.
Seabrook Island
Write: Mr. W.L. Rucker
Box 71015, Charleston, SC 29415

ALABAMA STATE MEN'S ADVANCE

October 24-28, 1985
Camp Ambassador, Chilton Co.
Write: Mr. William Abercrombie
1413 Woodland Ave.
Birmingham, AL 35211

NASHVILLE CENTRAL SOUTH REGIONAL

October 24-26, 1985
Maxwell House Hotel, Nashville
Write: Mr. Hoyt Elliott
Box 24096
Nashville, TN 37202

MEN'S ADVANCE

October 25-27, 1985
Aylmer, Quebec, Canada
Write: Mr. Norman Brazeau
57 Thibault St.
Gatineau, Quebec
Canada J8T 2Z4

MID-ATLANTIC REGIONAL

Oct. 31-Nov. 2, 1985
Radisson Wilmington Hotel
Wilmington, Delaware
Write: Mr. Al Rinehimer
20 Annes Way
Landenberg, PA 19350

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA REGIONAL

Oct. 31-Nov. 2, 1985
Holiday Inn, New Kensington
Write: Mr. Charles Bowlin
429 Colonial Dr.
Monroeville, PA 15146

**Conventions published in this
issue were approved on or
before May 13.**

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

FIRST USA NATIONAL CONVENTION



NEW MARCHING ORDERS

The Dallas National Convention will go down in history not only as one of the most spiritual we have ever had, but as the place where our Founder/President Demos Shakarian issued to us new marching orders.

Demos explained that there were two parts to the vision from the Lord out of which FGBMFI grew. First, there was the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Second, it would be followed by an outpouring of God's healing power.

"God has spoken to me," exclaimed Demos. "He said, 'Go to the ballrooms—go and I will pour out My Spirit. There will be tremendous healings—you and the laymen will be used in healings.' Newspapers and television will pick up the story of what God is doing through the Fellowship.

"Here at Dallas we seem to have recaptured something of the early days as we returned to the hotel ballroom. There has been a closeness conducive to giving and receiving ministry.

"One song which Big John Hall has repeated several times by request has electrified the convention. Words from the song underline my message to you: 'Blow the trumpet in Zion! Sound the alarm! We're going forward!'"

1. Founder/President Demos Shakarian with former Kentucky Governor Julian Carroll. 2. Astronaut Charles Duke prays for speaker General Jerry B. Curry just before his message at closing luncheon. 3. Pat Robertson of CBN brings a stirring challenge to the convention Friday evening. 4. Popular with conventioners, Bill Subritzky of New Zealand is asked to bring an extra seminar. 5. Sir Lionel Luckhoo of Guyana, Saturday-morning breakfast speaker. 6. Evangelist R.W. Schambach opens convention with dynamic message and signs following. 7. Big John Hall thrills attendees with his singing—especially "Blow the Trumpet in Zion."







1. Demos receives gift Bible from President Ronald Reagan, presented by Carolyn Sunseth, associate director, Office of Public Liaison, The White House. 2. Tommy Ashcraft presents "Sponsor of the Year" award to Bill Phipps of Kansas City, Missouri. 3. Chief Operating Officer Steve Shakarian introduces new membership campaign to convention. 4. People give and receive ministry at every meeting. 5. International Director Donald Spear of Dallas emcees outstanding patriotic rally July 4. 6. International Directors Reidy "Mr. Voice" Lawing of North Carolina and Bill McGill of Dallas (associate convention chairman) tell about distribution of Voice magazine and His Voice New Testament in English and Spanish in hotels, motels, airports, carwashes, etc. 7. International Director Gerry Kibarabara of Kenya and his wife, who had been brought back to life after he prayed for her. 8. International Director Reidy Lawing, sharing His Voice with three young men invited off the street to attend the men's luncheon and who as a result found Christ as Saviour. 9. Dr. John Graham, plastic surgeon of Shreveport, Louisiana, shares his testimony. 10. International Director John Baldwin from Florida (at right) leaves platform with friend Ralph Paolone, who was saved and filled with the Holy Spirit at the Dallas Convention.



1985 National
Convention
Tapes
**RE-LIVE THE
GLORIOUS
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Cassette tapes of the 1985 National Convention in Dallas provide a wonderful insight for those who were unable to attend, and an inspiring and refreshing reminder of those days of blessing.

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..... **1985 NATIONAL CONVENTION TAPE ORDER FORM**

TUESDAY, JULY 2

_____ C6075 Evening Session—
R.W. Schambach

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3

_____ C6076 Breakfast Session—
Dr. Earl Little

_____ C6077 Afternoon Session—
R.W. Schambach

_____ C6078 Evening Session—
Demos Shakarian

THURSDAY, JULY 4

_____ C6079 Breakfast Session—
Dr. John Graham

_____ C6080 Christians in Government—
Part I

_____ C6081 Christians in Government—
Part II

_____ C6082 Holy Spirit Seminar—
Bill Subritzky

_____ C6083 Evening Session—
Bill Subritzky

FRIDAY, JULY 5

_____ C6084 Breakfast Session—
Gov. Julian Carroll

_____ C6085 Ladies' Luncheon—
Charlene Curry, Freda Lindsay

_____ C6086 Men's Luncheon—
Maj. Gen. Jerry Curry

_____ C6087 Evening Session—
Pat Robertson

SATURDAY, JULY 6

- _____ C6088 Breakfast Session—
Sir Lionel Luckhoo
- _____ C6089 Closing Session—
Maj. Gen. Jerry Curry
- _____ C6090 Testimony Highlights

MISCELLANEOUS TAPES

- _____ C6091 Prison Field Representatives
Workshop—Part I
- _____ C6092 Prison Field Representatives
Workshop—Part II
- _____ C6093 International Directors'
Wives Luncheon
- _____ C6094 Convention Chairmen's
Luncheon

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- _____ C6097 1985 National Convention Highlights Tape \$ 4.00

BIBLES ON CASSETTE

- _____ C4205 New Testament—King James Version (Alexander Scourby) \$29.95
- _____ C4209 New Testament—Revised Standard Version (Rev. Richard Peterson) . . . \$29.95
- _____ C4210 New Testament—New American Bible (Rev. Richard Peterson) \$29.95
- _____ C4206 Old Testament—King James Version (Alexander Scourby) \$89.98
- _____ C4211 Psalms & Proverbs—King James Version (Alexander Scourby) \$15.00
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when all else failed

Walter Henle, Althegenberg, West Germany

In 1934, when I was thirteen, my mother gathered us children around her and explained that because our father was Jewish we were in for a rather difficult time. Perhaps Father would even lose his job as building commissioner of Munich.

He had never listened to any of the talk about the growing anti-semitism. His

family had been in the area for generations; he was liked and highly respected in his community. He felt he was a good German. He had fought as a decorated commissioned officer in World War I.

His attitude had been too confident: "Why should anything change? Everyone has been through a difficult time, but in the end it will be all right."

When the trouble began, Father was deeply hurt that his country responded to him as it did. Slowly we became isolated as a family. Our friends and relatives were afraid to have any contact with us; any Jewish relationship could cause discrimination against them.

By 1935 my father could no longer leave the city. He was virtually house-bound as well, for he was required to wear a large Star of David, making it unsafe to walk the streets alone.

I attended a public school, where I had keenly participated in school sports. Slowly the others turned against me until one day, without any obvious provocation, I was asked to leave. I considered myself a normal German boy, and could not understand why suddenly people saw me otherwise.

In an effort to protect us from discrimination and prejudice, we were sent to Etal, a Catholic boarding school near Oberammergau and run by Benedictine monks. Upon my entering the school in 1936, problems related to my Jewish ancestry vanished. Soon one of my brothers graduated and took up an apprenticeship in a leather-goods store in Offenbach. He lived with a local family, and nobody knew much about him except that he was an apprentice.

My life too was relatively quiet until the "Crystal Night" in November, 1938, one which few of my generation will ever forget. That night the so-called "anger of the people" took revenge upon the Jewish population, and all synagogues and many stores and homes were destroyed or looted. On this night my father disappeared. Three months later he was found

at the water works, drowned.

Some years earlier I had accidentally discovered a small box in an old chest in the basement. Attached to the box was a note saying, "Poison—destroy after my death." Six weeks after my father's disappearance, I was home for the Christmas holidays and went immediately to the drawer in search of the little package. It was open and empty. At that moment I realized what had happened to my father.

As it turned out, my father's death saved us. Had he died a few weeks later, Mother would have lost all their property as well as her widow's pension.

In the six years between 1938 and 1944, about eighty members of the Henle family either were killed, died in concentration camps or committed suicide. On the other hand, many of my mother's family, who were party members and some of them even S.S. officers, would have nothing to do with us, insisting that we not contact them in any way. Except for one elderly lady who visited us occasionally, we were completely isolated.

When I finished high school at the monastery in 1939 I was drafted into the army. It was not long before my two brothers and I, according to Hitler's personal orders, were dishonorably discharged and sent to a labor camp.

This too turned out to be a blessing in disguise. Due primarily to the nature of the discharge, my older brother was escorted in a tank from his battalion on the Russian front. Normally, this would have resulted in a court martial, but the battalion commander, who liked my brother very much, got away with it. Not

long after that the entire battalion was annihilated. My brother was the only survivor.

Although we did not recognize it at the time, God had His hand upon us. All three of us survived. This was something very few other German families with three sons of enlisting age could say.

I was sent with my brother in 1944 to a forced-labor camp in Holland. We survived through the help of the Dutch

year postdoctoral fellowship at the University of Chicago and two years working as a research chemist in Frankfurt, I accepted an offer as scientist with Shell Development, a division of Shell Oil based in San Francisco, California.

With my wife and our daughter Patricia, who had been born in Chicago, I moved first to Texas, then to California. There I pursued my career, with the aim to make a name for myself through my



Dr. Henle with assistant in chemistry lab

underground. After the war, all the pressures of forced-labor camps and other horrors disappeared, but the emotional scars were still there. Until 1981 I never talked about my experiences. It was as if it had all been a bad dream.

I married in 1952 and completed a Ph.D. in chemistry from the University of Munich the following year. After a two-

research career and with many publications, even to the point of neglecting my family.

Everything seemed to be going well until 1971, when Shell Development operations in Emeryville, California began to close down.

After fourteen years in the U.S. with Shell, I returned to Europe and accepted

a job in Switzerland, my marriage finished and my finances in a mess. I had always been a success. Now suddenly it was all changed.

The job I returned to lasted only one year. I had no permanent work in 1973, which forced me to live on savings until 1974, when I secured a position with a pharmaceutical company.

I remarried in 1975, but there were immediate problems. Dorthea had nerve inflammation and psychosomatic illnesses. Since the doctors did not seem able to cure her, in our search for answers we got involved with awareness training related to Scientology. The seminars were designed to show how to influence people, how to solve economic difficulties, and how to deal with personal and spiritual problems—all through one's own creative nature.

After spending three years and approximately 20,000 Deutsche marks, I had supposedly reached a teaching level in Scientology. Instead of answers, confusion, psychological difficulties and psychosomatic illnesses had only increased.

In 1978 we discussed the problem with my wife's physician. "I know that you are interested in spiritual things," he suggested. "I've heard of a seminar that might help you. It is a little different, but it is supposed to be good." He handed me a card bearing the telephone number of the Munich chapter president of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

As I entered the February, 1978 Munich chapter meeting, I had no idea what I was getting involved with. I also had no idea of the root of my problems, much less their solution.

The only seats left in the room were at the front. I was so shocked by the worship and singing taking place in the room that if we had not been seated where we were I would have left and never returned.

Then I heard something which both fascinated and interested me: a man singing in the Spirit. As people began to raise their hands and sing, a tingling went down my back. I got goosepimples all over. When they stopped singing, the goosepimples went away. They started again; so did the goosepimples.

I don't remember anything else about

Instead of answers, confusion and psychosomatic illness increased

the meeting. Afterwards I told people about my experience. I asked if there was any other place where I could find something like it and was told of a local charismatic group.

Here, too, when the people began worshipping God, I got goosepimples. After about three months of this sort of thing, I went to an FGBMFI convention, where I finally asked Jesus Christ into my life. Now I started to understand what was happening to me. Next I felt an inner desire to get rid of all my occult books and paraphernalia (Acts 19:19).

After the All-European Convention of FGBMFI in May, 1978 my wife and I decided to take a three-week holiday. We listened again to the tapes from the conference, and spent much time reading our Bibles and other books we had

bought there.

Up to this point, Dorthea had suffered much from her various illnesses. After the convention, strengthened and encouraged by the tapes and Bible reading, she stopped taking all medication. She hasn't needed any since.

From the time we both committed our lives to Jesus Christ, and Him only, God has changed everything. He has made life really worth living.

A couple of years after our salvation I made a trip to the United States in order to ask forgiveness from my ex-wife and our children for the way I had treated them. God had changed my life and I wanted to leave no stone unturned. Of course I could not expect them to understand what had happened to me, but still I needed to remove the skeletons.

My children did not understand my Christian lifestyle and witnessing. They thought that I was just involved with another mystical experience or cult.

During a worship-and-praise weekend at my church in 1981, someone told me, "In your life there is something not yet opened. It is buried deep down inside."

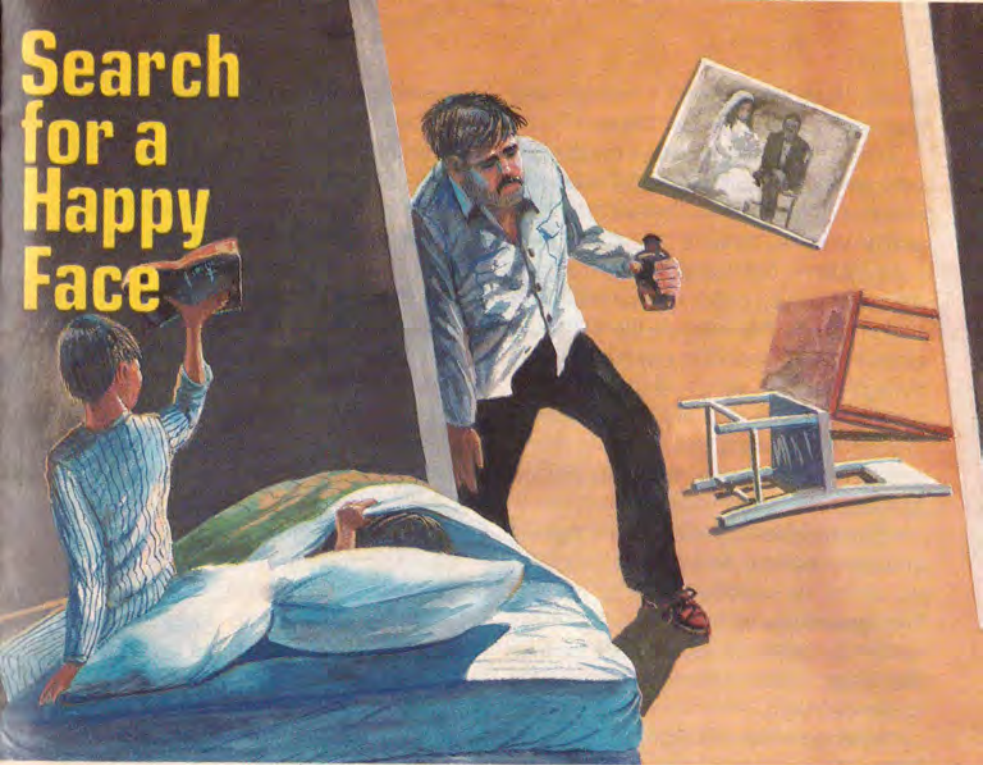
He was right. I had never been able to talk of my experiences during the Nazi years. Recently God has broken those inner chains and freed me. What I've shared here had remained locked up inside for thirty-five years.

Now God has healed my memories. He has given me the ability to forgive. He has turned what was a curse into a blessing. Now I can effectively counsel others of my generation who need the same kind of healing. □

Walter Henle, a chemist with Henning Berlin GMBH, a pharmaceutical chemical company, worked for fourteen years with Shell Oil Development Company in the U.S. He and his wife Dorthea attend Munich Christian Charismatic Centre, where he is an elder. Dr. Henle is president of the Munich Chapter, FGBMFI, and field representative for a new region west of Munich. He has two children, Patricia and Ernst.



Search for a Happy Face



Luis "Lucho" Garcia, Lima, Peru

Drunken curses followed by the crash of toppling tables and chairs shattered the midnight stillness. Father was home.

I tugged a blanket over my head to muffle the angry words being exchanged outside the door. My father, a colonel in the army of Peru, spent nearly every night with his friend, the bottle.

Suddenly my twin brother jumped out of bed, flipped on the light and held his opened Bible high above his head.

"God, You said in Acts 16:31, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.'" *And our*

Please
save our
father!



house, Lord! Tonight I claim this promise. Please save our father."

Would God really do what my brother was asking? Could even the Almighty overcome the power of alcohol and gambling in my father's life?

I had seen God do amazing things in my own life. As a child I had attended the parish church like most of the boys and girls in Lima, Peru. One day when I was in high school, my sister, who was a medical student, told me that people in church worshiped a dead God.

"Just look around today while you are at mass," she said.

I gave special attention to the service and surroundings. An old priest mumbled words that no one seemed to care about. The few people who had come to mass looked bored; a few even slept through the whole affair. I concluded that my sister was right.

Walking home afterward, I pondered what I had seen and asked myself two questions: If God is loving, why do so many people suffer? If God is just, why does injustice triumph throughout the world?

I had no answers. I knew no one who did. That day I became an atheist.

Everyone needs a religion or philosophy, however, and I chose the writings of Nietzsche to guide my life. He insisted that only children, women and weak men think about God, and my experiences confirmed that belief. Eventually I became a Marxist.

At the Catholic University of Peru I presented the claims of Marxism in every class. At the same time I studied the faces about me to see if I could find even

one person who was happy.

Many faces were full of hate. Other faces told a story of great suffering. The faces of 95 percent of the men reflected lust. I saw no one who appeared happy.

One afternoon a friend pointed out a tall, handsome athlete whom we all knew and respected. Carlos held an open Bible as he talked to four students about God.

"He is a *real* Christian," my friend whispered.

Carlos must have seen me from the corner of his eye, because he turned and said, "Jesus died because He loves you, Lucho."

"You are living in the wrong age, Carlos," I shot back. "This is the twentieth century, not the Middle Ages."

The four students laughed at my remark and we all walked away, leaving Carlos alone with his Bible.

Still, I couldn't forget what I had seen that afternoon. Despite his out-of-date thinking, Carlos' face was what I'd been searching for. It reflected the inner happiness I hadn't seen anywhere else.

I continued to see his smiling features around the campus. One day I had to ask him, "Carlos, why are you so happy?"

"Because of Jesus," he answered.

With both hands I grabbed his shirt and shouted, "I'm fed up with your talk about religion!"

The smile never left his face. "I didn't talk to you about religion," he said. "I only told you about a real Person—Jesus."

Carlos opened his Bible to Matthew 11:28: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Hearing the words wasn't enough;

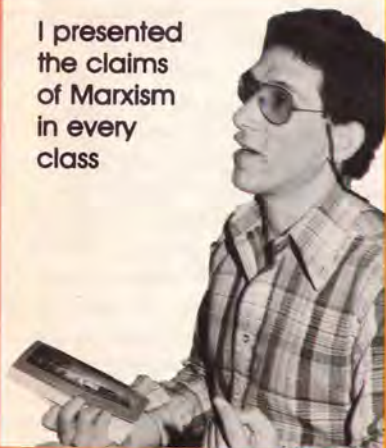
I seized the Bible and read the verse for myself. Never before had I looked inside a Bible.

Then I asked Carlos the questions that had troubled me, about God permitting suffering and injustice. I was surprised when he in turn asked me a question.

"Lucho, how much time do you give to God every week? Every month?"

I admitted that my schedule didn't allow much time for such nonsense.

**I presented
the claims
of Marxism
in every
class**



Carlos exploded. "And you have the nerve to blame God for 'forgetting the world' when you are the one who has forgotten Him? Lucho, the condition we see around us is not God's fault. It's the fault of people like you!"

His arguments weren't easy to take, but they made sense. After three hours of conversation, Carlos asked if I would pray to receive Christ as my Saviour. I looked around at the students passing in

the corridor. These men and women knew me; knew my Marxist enthusiasm and my anti-Christian stance.

I must have blushed with every color of the rainbow, but I bowed my head and prayed a sinner's prayer. When I walked out of the building I felt as light as a feather.

Members of my family could see a great change in my life and after months of witnessing to them, my mother, twin brother, and two of my three sisters came to know the Lord.

Father, however, resisted the claims of Christ and discouraged us from reading the Bible. He went deeper into drinking and gambling, eventually driving us to the brink of bankruptcy.

He was particularly upset by an organization called Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. My brother and I invited Father to a breakfast meeting which FGBMFI was holding in downtown Lima, but he would have none of it. He seemed totally hardened to God.

About a week after my brother claimed Father's salvation from Acts 16:31, a group of us met for prayer at the home of a friend, Jimmy Pestana. In the midst of the service, Jimmy said to us, "Go to your homes and say to your parents, 'I love you.'"

My twin and I tried to slip away, but Jimmy cornered us. "If you want the Lord to work in your home, you need to say to your father, 'I love you,' and kiss his forehead."

When we walked in, Father was working a crossword puzzle. "I'll count to three and say it," I murmured to myself. "One . . . two . . . three. Father?"

"What?"

"Uh . . . can I help you with the puzzle?"

The same thing happened to my brother.

A whole week passed and I couldn't say those three words.

One night as I prayed for strength, the Lord showed me Romans 5:5: ". . . the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts . . ." Believing that God would give me the love that I couldn't express without His help, I slipped into Father's bedroom.

He was particularly upset by a group called FGBMFI



He was reading a newspaper when I came up, kissed his forehead and said with trembling voice, "Papa, *te amo*."

"What do you want from me?" he growled.

"Nothing, Father. I just wanted to tell you that I love you."

The next morning at breakfast, Father asked, "Did you boys say something about

a Full Gospel Business Men's breakfast? I'd like to attend."

Saturday morning my brother drove Father downtown and dropped him off at the Country Club Hotel for the meeting. We knew that Father would be hearing the Gospel for the first time, and that made us uncomfortable. As a military man, he would certainly not be open to the message if given by a priest or missionary. He would probably reject whatever was said unless it came from another officer.

Would you believe that he was seated at the same table with General Campos of the Peruvian army? The General already knew my father and, what was more remarkable, he also knew the Lord.

During the meal General Campos poured out his heart, describing his conversion and what Christ was doing in his life day by day. At the end of the meal, Father turned his life over to Christ.

His drinking and gambling ended abruptly, and Father became excited about Bible study and witnessing. For one year our family experienced unspeakable joy. Then Father grew ill and died—exactly one year from his conversion.

At the funeral, held at the Army Hospital, our family was joined by some 100 Christian brothers and sisters who sang hymns of praise and helped us to express joy for what God had done in Father's life. This was the scene that greeted my oldest sister when she stepped into the room.

"Are you all crazy?" she exclaimed. "This is a funeral—and you are celebrating like this?"

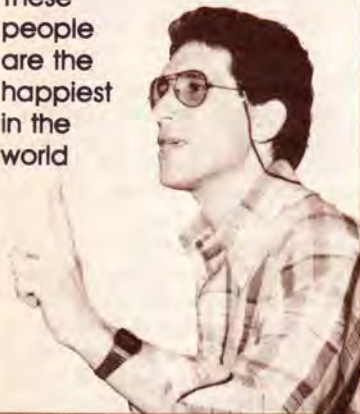
One of the women touched her arm.

"Look at the faces of these people. They are the happiest people in the world because they know God as their heavenly Father."

My sister began to weep, and right there at the funeral service she prayed to receive Christ. The promise of Acts 16:31 had been totally fulfilled for my family.

At the cemetery General Campos said, "Lucho, the last time I visited your father he said with broken voice and tears in his eyes, 'My son told me that he loved me.'"

**These
people
are the
happiest
in the
world**



One day twelve of us in a Christian fellowship were fasting and praying at the beach. An American surfer from California befriended us. He couldn't speak a word of Spanish and none of us could speak English, but he finally let us know that he wanted to pray with us.

He laid hands on each of us in turn and prayed. As he did, we all received

the baptism in the Holy Spirit. We didn't understand what was happening, but for three hours there on the sand we could do nothing but pray in tongues. One of our group was liberated from a bad spirit as well.

The American pointed out verses from I Corinthians 12:14 in his English Bible and we looked them up in our Spanish Bibles. As we dialogued back and forth in this way, we finally understood what had taken place.

I grew very eager to share the Gospel. One of the religious brothers in charge of a Catholic school for boys asked me to start a charismatic group for young people which would meet at the school. I agreed, and enlisted the help of my friends who had been at the beach that day. It grew from 20 to 600—men, women and children.

I began to travel—to sixteen Latin American countries and once to the United States—sharing the Gospel.

Recently I was privileged to attend an FGBMFI seminar in Greensboro, North Carolina. When they took an offering, the Lord seemed to be telling me, "Give all the money you have."

I protested silently. "But, Lord, I have only \$22.76. On what will I live?"

The Lord was very firm: "On faith, Lucho."

I put in the \$22.00. Even before He whispered it to me, I knew what He would say: "... and all the change."

I sighed and put in the seventy-six cents.

The second day of the seminar one of the men came to me. "Answer me yes or no," Bob said. "Have you any money in

your pockets at all?"

"No."

The next thing I knew Bob was taking a collection for *me*—something they never do at the seminars. They handed me one thousand dollars. I realized that if I had not obeyed God about the small change the day before, I could not have answered with a no, and God could not have blessed me.

What a meaningful discovery to find that God is faithful, not only to save me, but to be the supplier of all my needs. My love for Him and my gratitude for His goodness to me compels me to tell others about my Jesus.

God has given me a special burden for Argentina and Chile. Now I know that there is a real need for FGBMFI in all Hispanic countries.

I want to be for them what Carlos was for me—a man in whom Jesus shines forth. And I want the Lord to use me to establish FGBMFI chapters throughout those countries, so that there will be thousands of men who will witness to those who need to hear the words Carlos spoke to me—"Jesus died because He loves you"—and the words Jimmy taught me to speak—"... and I love you too." □

Jesus loves you and
I love you too



Lucho Garcia studied food technology engineering part-time for three years at the State Agricultural University of Lima, pastoring part-time and supporting himself by tutoring sixteen- to twenty-year-olds in math. He spent two years with Young Life Peru and recently studied television production for eight months in the United States with Jimmy Pestana. He attends Yo Soy (I Am) Fellowship in Lima, which he started and helps to lead, and he is a member of FGBMFI's Lima Chapter. His twin brother is one of the leaders in the Catholic charismatic renewal in Peru.

Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach

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

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

ENGLAND: Canterbury Chapter, Martin Collings 0227457003; Harrow Chapter, Paul Gunter 01-428-2275; Wakefield Chapter, Bill Cowan 0927-255248. **IRELAND:** Coleraine Chapter, Teddy Doherty 0265-822377; Donegal Town Chapter, Thomas Kane 06626-71345. **UNITED STATES: KANSAS:** Southern Kansas Chapter, Joe I. Stuckey (316) 442-2071. **NEBRASKA:** Ord Chapter, Harold Keep (308) 245-2831. **NEW MEXICO:** Clayton Chapter, Bobbie L. Apple (405) 261-7413. **TENNESSEE:** Germantown-Collierville Chapter, T. Jasiel Wilmoth (901) 755-3648. **WISCONSIN:** Southwestern Area Chapter, Franz Niederberger (608) 325-6197.



SERVING TOGETHER

How can a worldwide Christian organization such as Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International include in its membership men from almost every church background you can name, and still enjoy unity? How can men with differing doctrinal positions experience genuine fellowship?

The primary reason is that their fellowship is centered in a *person*—Jesus Christ—not around a position. The tenets printed below do not constitute a basis for judging others, but rather a core of truth which needs to possess those who join together through FGBMF to reach the businessmen of the world for Jesus.

Unconditional love transcends denominational barriers, and the call to greatness submerges differences that divide. Come, let's serve Him together.

1. We believe in one God, Maker of all things and being in Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

2. We believe that the Son of God, Jesus Christ, became incarnate, was begotten by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary, and is true God and true man.

3. We believe that the Bible in its entirety is the inspired word of God and infallible rule of faith and conduct.

4. We believe in the resurrection of the dead, the eternal happiness of the saved, and the eternal punishment of the lost.

5. We believe in the personal salvation of believers through the shed blood of Christ.

6. We believe in sanctification by the blood of Christ, in personal holiness of heart and life, and in separation from the world.

7. We believe in divine healing, through faith, and that healing is included in the atonement.

8. We believe in the baptism of the Holy Ghost accompanied by the initial physical sign of speaking with other tongues as the Spirit of God gives utterance (Acts 2:4), as distinct from the new birth, and in the nine gifts of the Spirit, listed in I Corinthians 12, as now available to believers.

9. We believe in the Christian's hope—the imminent, personal return of the Lord Jesus Christ.

10. We believe in intensive world evangelism and missionary work in accordance with the Great Commission, with signs following.

Let's Serve Him

as members of FGBMFI

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his son Jesus Christ." (1 John 1:3)



A tremendous move of God is spreading throughout the world. The Lord is taking men from every walk of life and using them in His service at home and abroad.

As Christians we are privileged to be laborers together with Him, and to experience the excitement of being His ambassadors to every kindred and tribe.

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International offers men an opportunity to serve God in witnessing, counseling, ministering and distributing literature—to mention only a few avenues. You will find a vital Christian fellowship which is unique to FGBMFI. Members share a love for and dedication to the Lord and each other that is inspiring.

In addition to the wonderful fellowship, there is fulfillment of spiritual needs and service which give a joy and peace difficult to understand and impossible to explain.

Sharing your testimony at chapter

Tim Together!

I John 1:3

meetings, during conventions and on overseas trips is only one door of service the Fellowship will open to you. Prison ministry, and television specials with supportive phone counseling are among the available avenues of spiritual challenge.

We want to invite you, as a born-again Christian who is open to all God has to offer, to become a member of FGBMFI today. For a limited time the cost of membership has been reduced from \$30 to \$25 for one-year; \$80 to \$75 for three-year; and from \$120 to \$100 for five-year memberships. Just fill out the membership application below

and send it with your check to FGBMFI Headquarters. By return mail you will receive your membership card, beautiful lapel pin and subscriptions to Voice and Vision magazines. Send your application today.

A unique opportunity lies ahead of you as a Christian man in the marketplace. Whatever your denomination, your business, profession or occupation, you may help to change the spiritual destiny of thousands.

As men of God, let's link arms, hearts and lives to serve Christ in this day of great opportunity—

LET'S SERVE HIM TOGETHER!

Membership Application (U.S. ONLY) New Renewal

Last Name _____ First Name _____ M.I. _____

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I have enclosed: \$25* \$75* \$100* \$500 for a:
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Mail application and check to: FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628

*Special membership offers valid through December 1985 (good in U.S. only) 3100-15-0985

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The international directors listed on these pages give direction to the multifaceted ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in eighty-four countries of the world. They also provide leadership in achieving the goals of the Fellowship:

1. To enlist one million members to serve in the last great harvest of souls;
2. To establish 40,000 chapters throughout the world;
3. To have chapters in every nation on earth.

Their names and addresses are provided as a convenient point of contact for you to learn when and where chapters meet in your area, or to receive needed spiritual ministry.

They also serve as a point of contact for those interested in serving Christ through this organization, which includes men from almost every church affiliation and employers, employees and professionals who love the Lord and who are committed to bringing the full Gospel to a world in need.

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CONFIDANT (from page 7)

prominent man in Southern California was being interviewed over Trinity Broadcasting Network. When asked what had brought him to Jesus, the guest replied, "Some man in Covina kept mailing me *Voice* magazines. I don't know who sent them, but God used them to save me." That's one of several victories I know about.

On another occasion as my wife and I registered at a hotel in San Antonio, Texas, I gave the girl on the night shift a *Voice*. The next morning she told us excitedly, "I'm a Christian now! I read that little magazine last night and accepted Jesus!"

We have an affluent clientele at our men's store, but regardless of how much money these men have, they need Jesus, so I place a *Voice* magazine in the

pocket of every suit we sell.

These are simple little ways I can serve Him. But I want to use every possible means to help everyone I can to make life's most exciting discovery—that Jesus is alive! □

Vaughn Besnyl is owner of Hamilton's Men's Shop in Southern California. He spent thirteen years as a special charge d'affaires to Emperor Haile Selassie, and has operated movie theaters and several businesses here and abroad. He and his wife Carolyn have two married daughters and three sons in college. The Besnyls attend Covina United Methodist Church. Vaughn is a member of the Covina/West Covina Chapter of FGBMFI and a member of Rotary Club and the Chamber of Commerce in West Covina.

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 now:

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

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



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



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE

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WHO ARE WE?

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

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



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The Small Magazine with the World's Greatest Message

From: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628