



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

JULY/AUGUST 1973

25¢

A Marine's Hymn

by COLONEL SPEED WILSON

United States Marine Corps



I GREW UP in west Texas and lived on a ranch until I was about eight years old. Our nearest neighbor was about twenty miles away. Then we moved to town so that I could go to school. I don't remember ever going to church with my parents; we were not a church-oriented family. There were only two churches in town, the Methodist and the Baptist, and when I finally decided to attend the Methodist church it was probably because I thought there were more girls there, and because it was the focal point of social activity.

When I was fifteen years of age, this church held an annual meeting in which they gave an altar call. At that time I was co-captain of the football team and several people in the congregation pled with me to respond to the invitation and go forward, think-

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Volume 21 Number 7

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ing that other members of the football team would then follow suit. It was quite a testing time for me. I finally did go forward and others did follow. Although I didn't fully comprehend the importance of what I had done, I do believe a spiritual change began to work in my life even then.

When World War II came along, I volunteered to serve in the Marine Corps and went through the war as a fighter pilot. Although I did not live a Christian life by any stretch of the imagination, there were a few things that I refrained from doing that most of my friends did do, which seemed to indicate at least a desire to live a better life. Our country wasn't exactly winning the war when I went to the South Pacific area, but the Lord had His protective hand on me. Although I shot down a few Japanese airplanes, I also managed to get shot down myself three times. The scars on my face are my own fault not the fault of the Japanese; I forgot to lock my should-

er harness on one occasion when I had to crash-land in the ocean.

I later served in the Korean War, and then found myself in Japan in 1958, where I had been promoted to the position of commanding officer of the largest air facility in the Far East at that time, Marine Corps Air Station Iwakuni near Hiroshima. There were 1,500 marines in my command and 7,000 Japanese civilians running the base. Naturally I was proud of this new assignment—but there was an emptiness within me, and I was well aware of it.

One night toward the end of June 1958, as I stood in the middle of my little 10x10 room, for some strange reason I suddenly purposed in my heart to know the Lord. The central theme of my testimony is that once you make that decision, you don't have to "sweat it"; the Holy Spirit will lead you. I stood in the middle of the room and asked the Lord to show me a purpose in life. There has to be more to it than this, I thought. Then I felt a strong urge to get down

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE—Published monthly (with the exception of August, which is combined with the July issue) by *FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL*, a worldwide evangelistic association, 836 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles, California 90017 U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953, as a non-profit religious corporation. Second Class Postage paid at Los Angeles, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. (Litho, in U.S.A.)

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Foreign subscriptions to *VOICE*:

For German, French, Dutch, Swedish, or Norwegian translations contact: Paul Krohnert, 4537 Kingston Rd., West Hill, Ontario, Canada

Spanish, *LA VOZ*—Albert D'Arpa, P.O. Box 4574, Tampa, FL 33607

Japanese *VOICE*—H. C. Nitake, 28, 2-Chome, Akazutumi, Setagaya-Ku, Tokyo, Japan

A Marine's Hymn





on my knees. That seemed absurd, since there wasn't anybody with me, and besides, wasn't the Lord supposed to know what I was thinking? Nevertheless I finally got down on my knees by my bunk and continued "thinking" prayers, seeking the Lord.

Then I got another strong urge, this time to vocalize what I was thinking. That didn't seem to make any sense either, because again the Lord knew what I was thinking, but I reluctantly complied. Believe me, it certainly is strange to hear your voice praying aloud when you really haven't prayed before. Oh yes, one time when I had spent some days in a rubber boat during the war, I had made a few "deals" with the Lord, but I never kept them.

Now, as I prayed aloud, and seriously, I suddenly began to feel differently inside. I would describe it as a contrite spirit that caused me to confess my sins. As I did, the burden got lighter and, although I was crying profusely, I was deeply happy. This I couldn't understand, because in the natural when you cry you are sad. I don't know how long that went on, but it felt wonderful, *continued*

and when I finally got up from off my knees, it was 2 o'clock in the morning. I went to bed and slept as I had never slept before in all my life—an undisturbed rest—and awakened the next morning to a whole new world. Around Hiroshima and the inland sea, it's very foggy until about noon, and it was one of those mornings outside—but the sun was shining brightly *inside*. Furthermore, now when I looked in the mirror to shave, I could look the other guy in the eye. Formerly I didn't like what I saw, for I knew what was inside of him, but I saw something different in there now. I knew that some of the old things had passed away and there was something new occurring. I didn't understand it, but it was a great feeling.

I stepped outside the barracks and saw a major, known in the Marine Corps as "Bitter Bob," a man who could be eating strawberries and whipped cream and vow that it was really going to turn to something else. He seemed to believe that nothing would turn out right—and most of the time it didn't, not for him, at least. But I looked at Bob, and for the first time I loved the guy. I couldn't understand that, since such a feeling is somewhat foreign to the Marine Corps, but I knew it was a part of what I had experienced. When I asked him to have breakfast with me, he was equally confused, because you see he led a fighter squadron and whenever anything went wrong in his squadron he'd blame the base, which

was my area, so we were constantly in conflict. I'm sure that all through breakfast his "wheels" were turning, as he tried to figure how I was going to get back at him later in the day, because that's the way the world operates. As someone so aptly said, "We use people and love things."

The most remarkable incident of all occurred about ten o'clock that morning. One of my better staff sergeants, a black man, knocked at the door, stuck his head in and, obviously confused, said, "Major Wilson, as I was passing by your door, I felt led to invite you to our Bible study and prayer group." Then I knew why he was confused; he knew the life that I had been leading and that the last place you would ever find me was in a Bible study and prayer group. But if you think he was surprised when he *invited* me, imagine his surprise when I *accepted!*

The group met in a back corner room of a big barracks-type building that the troops called "Stalag 17." Some eight or nine marines were present, but no chaplains. I found out later that there were many more of like mind on the base who were holding similar meetings at different places. Although it was all rather new to me, I entered into the occasion and enjoyed the meeting immensely.

About a month later I was taken with an immediate development of arthritis in the left leg and was taken to a large hospital for X-rays, which revealed calcium deposits. The doc-



Col. Speed Wilson with Henry Carlson, FGBMFI director from Chicago and director of eight Scandinavian-European airlifts, at a Washington, D. C. Convention Military Breakfast.

tor couldn't understand how these had developed so quickly, but I know why now—I had backslidden and that was the means by which the Lord got my attention.

I had time now to read the Bible, for I couldn't get up and around too much. One Friday night, when I was virtually alone in the hospital, again I purposed in my heart for a closer walk with the Lord and asked His forgiveness for what sins I had committed since my conversion experience. As I did so, suddenly I experienced what I now know to be the baptism in the Holy Spirit (I didn't know then, in 1958, what it was), and was slain in the Spirit and in a most unlikely place—the restroom, where I had gone to be alone with the Lord. It was quite a few years later that I really understood fully what had transpired that night.

It's a wonderful world to be living in today, when the Holy Spirit is being poured out on all flesh. I've been asked many times, "Do you see this phenomenon manifested in the mili-

tary as well as among the church members, business, and youth?" Yes I do, very markedly so. In Vietnam, in 1969, for instance, one night after we started a withdrawal and were no longer allowed to hit and run on the enemy, I saw a group of troops at the first marine division headquarters walking up the hill on a Wednesday night. Having just come from the command center, I knew there was no night operation and should be no movement of troops, so I followed them to see where they were going. Although they had their weapons with them, as soldiers in the field always do, they did not act like men moving into combat position. As I followed them around the mountain and up the hill, there was a big white cross, and I knew they were going to the chapel. It turned out that at ten o'clock that night there were possibly 400 marines in that place praising the Lord, sharing the Scriptures, laying hands on one another for the Baptism and healing, and just having a great time in the Lord—and all without benefit of a chaplain. I found out later that the same thing was going on at various command posts, with only the Holy Spirit in charge. I understood also that in the Marine Corps boot camps at Paris Island and San Diego, many of them go on liberty with a Bible under their arm and head for the nearest prayer group instead of the nearest bar. And I know this is going on in the other services as well. ■

... the poor young fellow "froze" in the door.



GERONIMO!

by MAJOR ROBERT CRICK, Chaplain, United States Army

THIS IS GOD'S HOUR! The Supreme Authority we as Christians serve, is not the one my uniform represents. There is a higher echelon.

The supreme authority I lay claim to is that which Jesus Christ gave me. It is the same power that delivered the three Hebrew children out of the fiery furnace, protected Daniel in the lion's den, delivered Peter from jail, sustained the martyrs throughout the ages, and brought the church into being. And it is the power that is not only being ministered in the church today but also in the military.

God isn't confined to a church building. He is doing wonderful things in the Army, too. Someone gave a prophecy a few years ago in a servicemen's retreat that a four star general would one day receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. In discussing it later, one of the privates laughed and said, "*That'll* never happen!" But it *has* happened, as witness the experience of General Ralph E. Haines (VOICE, November 1972). There is just no telling what God will do in this day and time.

I served in the airborne for seven years. Those airborne fellows haven't yet learned that an airplane is to ride in; they are always jumping out. One of my greatest experiences was joining the 101st Airborne Division at Fort Campbell—my first real unit. I went through the usual three weeks of training and made my five jumps, and thought myself qualified.

Then came the day we went out for our field exercise—the one that would tell whether or not we were combat ready. A very young lieutenant without too much experience assembled the company about three in the morning on the airfield and gave us a pep talk that went something like this: "Fellows, I know all of you are inexperienced, but we're going out there and take our position and we're going to jump out of that airplane like airborne troopers have been doing since Normandy. Are you *ready*?" Of course everybody yelled, "Yes, lieutenant, we're ready!"

I wasn't so sure about my own readiness, but I went along with the crowd. When we got on the plane the

lieutenant decided he'd better pep us up a little more. "Are we going to jump out of this big bird?" Everybody yelled, "Yeah!" "Are we afraid?" There were vociferous shouts of "No!" That was when I kept my mouth shut. The fellow next to me pretended he was sleeping, but I knew he was praying.

Finally the door of the aircraft opened. We were 1250 feet up in the air. I could see the green earth of Kentucky beneath us, remembered the days when I was a boy on the farm with my feet under Mama's table—and wondered how in the world I ever got into *this* predicament!

The drop zone was coming up in a few moments. The lieutenant gave us the command to hook up, check our equipment, and stand in the door. He looked out, and over the wind that was beating against him yelled, "I see the drop coming. We're about ready to go." The red light on the side of the door turned to green. It was time to go and I was anxious because he had gotten me all inspired. *Then that poor young fellow "froze" in the door.* I was the second man—right behind him. I pushed and shoved and prayed for him, and did everything I could to get him to jump. It was impossible.

Just then an experienced sergeant came up, asked me to move out of the way, pulled the young lieutenant back and said, "Sit down, sir." Then he took command of that aircraft. As

we made our circle again, the sergeant stood in the door and said, in a calm, confident voice, "We're going to make this jump, men. Not one of you will fail!" Then out the door he went and I unquestioningly followed him because I felt sure that everything was all right.

This is an hour when God has stood us in the door. He has given us the confidence—through His Word, through the working of His Holy Spirit and the demonstration of His power throughout the world—and we can fearlessly jump into action, sure that all is well. All the devils in hell can't stop us! There may be those who "freeze" in the door and refuse to go for fear of what is out there awaiting them, but God has inspired my heart in I Corinthians 1:22, "For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God. . . ."

God has chosen *you* for this hour. God has chosen *this hour*. God has chosen this time in your life for some special need to be met. He has already demonstrated to us that His power is real. Some are prone to stand in the door as they stumble and fumble around looking for answers, but God is working in the hearts of people today and telling them that in spite of the paradox of the matter, in spite of



"I pushed and shoved and prayed for him, and did everything I could to get him to jump! It was impossible."

how strange it may seem, this is His way.

I think I'm one of the most foolish chaplains in the Army, but God uses me. When I went on my first assignment nobody told me what kind of sermon to preach. I only had one theme: "Ye must be born again." God had called me and promised to be with me, and I determined to preach Him everywhere I went regardless of who might object. When our commander heard that I was Pentecostal, he asked me, "What do you do? What's your ritual?" I replied, "Sir, you're going to have to come and see it, because you wouldn't believe it if I told you." God takes that which we are willing to give Him in the name of Jesus, and though it may seem simple and foolish to the world, He transforms it into *the only thing that will save our world from damnation*. God's wisdom is that which

comes out of Christians who are foolish enough to take Him seriously and live His life, obey His commands, trust His power, and walk in His light.

When I was stationed in Vietnam I had to hump around through the jungles like everybody else. The unit I was with didn't have a rear guard that I could hide in, nor any support units. They were the 173rd Airborne that became part of the 101st at Fort Campbell. I was given a pack and when I asked where my jeep was they laughed. I asked who was my assistant, and they laughed even louder. When I mentioned a tent someone explained, "It's on your back! That's your poncho. You better learn how to bathe in it, sleep in it, and use it for everything!"

Don't tell anyone this, but soldiers don't wear pajamas. They wouldn't be caught dead in pajamas, even in the barracks. After humping through the jungles all day, however, I rejected the idea of getting into my sleeping bag in my dirty fatigues or underwear, so I asked my lovely wife to send me some pajamas. She sent me a nice pair of *silk pajamas!* I didn't *dare* get caught in those, so I'd wait until everyone had sacked out, then sneak into my pajamas. I timed myself so I'd wake up early ahead of everyone else and get out of them and into my fatigues.

One night, however, enemy mortar projectiles began falling close by. I jumped hurriedly out of bed and

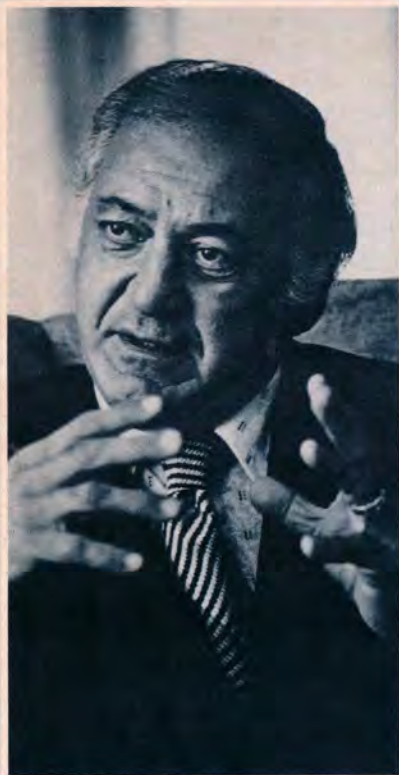
looked for my foxhole, but couldn't find it. Deciding I'd better get into the first one nearby, I dove into the middle of a bunch of five black G.I.'s in my *nice silk pajamas!*

No soldier was ever so concerned by an enemy attack that he couldn't find a moment of amusement in such a situation. One of the men looked at me and said, "*Well!* what do we have *here?*" Another, reaching over and touching my pajamas said, "I don't know, but he sure feels good!" I was embarrassed and apologetic, but I sat with those fellows while the mortars popped, and told them about God's love for them. God took what was my foolishness and transformed it into His wisdom, for He touched the hearts of those soldiers and won them to Himself. I had the privilege of baptizing them in water in a Vietnam creek. One of them received the baptism in the Holy Spirit before he was mortally wounded and went to meet the Master in glory.

God has a way of taking that which we are willing to offer Him and in His name using and transforming it into that which will save the world for Jesus' sake. Some of you may have a gift that you could give to God right now, but you think it's not very much and you hesitate to offer it. But God is tugging at your heart and saying, "Give me the gift and I'll do the transforming. I will take that paradox of using the weak things to confound the mighty and make it reality in your life right now."

The apostle Paul speaks of the transformation of our weakness into God's strength. I get so excited when I think of what God did with a little Army private in Vietnam whose heart was set afire for God by a bunch of businessmen. I'm so thankful for the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship and the VOICE magazine that reached into Vietnam in 1967 and touched the hearts of hundreds of servicemen (VOICE, January 1972). I thank God for the airlift that some people tried to stop but couldn't. God overcame the obstacles and enabled those businessmen to reach throughout Vietnam—in spite of all the barricades—with the message of God. And God took one single private and started a Fellowship around the Bien Hoa Airbase that reached no less than twenty young officers with the Gospel of salvation and the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Today some five or six of those officers are out in full time ministry, all because that boy had no better sense than to believe in the power of God.

God is no respecter of persons. Anyone who will yield all of himself and completely surrender to Him, will experience God's power and wisdom demonstrated through his life. The only thing God needs for the making of a miracle is our complete surrender. The only thing God needs to sweep this world with revival, is a personal revival and complete dedication in the heart and soul of every Christian. ■



Retreat to Advance

by **DEMOS SHAKARIAN**

International President, Full Gospel
Business Men's Fellowship

MOSES HAD A breathtaking experience out there in the desert.

To see the bush aflame yet not consumed—to stand unshod upon holy ground—to hear the voice of God speak his name must have been the great high point of his life.

Yet strangely enough “. . . the Lord said unto Moses in Midian, Go, *return* into Egypt. . . .” God had a task for him. He first prepared him, taught him, called him and equipped him, then told him to return to the land from which he had become an exile, for there lay his ministry.

The shepherds in the Judean hills were astonished at the singing of the angel choir, the glory that shone round about them, and the message that the Messiah had been born. It was an experience they could never forget. Nevertheless, out there on the hillsides were the flocks that were their special responsibility—and “the shepherds *returned*” to guarding, tending, and leading them. But in going back to where duty called, they carried the message of joy and peace to all who would accept the birth of God's Son as a babe in Bethlehem's manger.

The Gadarene demoniac, healed, clothed and in his right mind, and unshackled from the evil spirits that had bound him, desired only to walk with Jesus. But the Master said: “*Return* to thine own home, and show how great things God hath done unto thee.”

Peter, James, and John, having stood with Jesus upon the Mount of Transfiguration, were reluctant to leave that glory-filled height. But Jesus led them *back down* the mountain to where needy humanity waited to be ministered to.

The apostles stood with Jesus when ". . . he lifted up his hands and blessed them . . . and while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried up into heaven." We can imagine them standing there, gazing upward, their hearts filled with a mixture of sadness and great wonder. Then suddenly they recalled His last words, "Tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem until ye be endued with power from on high." Then "they worshipped Him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy. . . ."

It isn't easy to leave the high point of a glorious personal experience

and descend to the plain or into the valley of duty and service. But we realize that each mountaintop is a "boot camp" where God trains us and equips us with the throne weapons of love and prayer, praise and the preparation of the Gospel, the shield of faith and the sword of the Spirit. And no soldier gets equipped and prepared for battle if all he intends to do is lie down and take a nap!

Sometimes our Lord takes us aside for a little retraining, another touch of His glory, another dip in the fountain of His love, a little rest where-with He causes the weary to rest. *But this is not retirement!* It is but to make us see that when God says to go back He is sending us to a task of His own choosing that will miraculously become *a great forward move* in His master plan for our lives. ■

JULY-AUGUST TAPE MINISTRY: Indianapolis, Ind. Regional, 1973

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VOICE ECHOES

Since I've become a reborn Christian and a gift of your magazine was given to me, I have thought of sending VOICE to those I've witnessed to. When they receive VOICE I pray the Lord will come into their lives with the peace and love that only He can bring. We have a Bible study group which we are trying to interest more people in and I believe your magazine will help greatly.

F.C., Chicago, Illinois

I have been obtaining copies of VOICE at a drive-in restaurant here in Merced, whose manager is a Christian. I enjoy them so much, and now want to subscribe in order to not miss even one issue. I have experienced so much heartache that had it not been for Jesus and Christian literature like VOICE, I would have gone completely under—physically and mentally.

C.R., Merced, California

Enclosed are six subscriptions that I would like to have sent to friends and relatives. My wife and I have been saved for a number of years, but only came to know the Lord in His fulness last year at the FGBMFI convention in Columbia, S.C. Since we received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, we have literally experienced untold blessings, materially and physically, and the joy of walking with Him daily and moment by moment. VOICE magazine is simply great! If a person will read the wonderful articles in this magazine with an open mind and a receptive one, it will do wonders for him. It has for us!

L.N., Dothan, Alabama

Praise God, my daughter has taken the Six Scriptural Steps to Salvation. Although she is only four and a half years old, she loves Jesus. We want the world to know she loves Him so much.

C.E.S., Germantown, Maryland

Your publication GOD AND THE LAWMAN was of great interest to me as I have been a member of the California Highway Patrol for 25 years. It has made me interested in reading other material on the Holy Spirit. Thank you.

R.R.R., Santa Maria, California

I was excited to receive a copy from you of the October 1972 issue of VOICE. I used to live in Lancashire in the town of Preston, but now that I have retired to the west coast of Scotland I am no longer able to get VOICE through the Preston branch. I hope you will send VOICE direct to me for which I enclose \$1.50. As yet I have not received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, but I have handed out old copies of VOICE to friends at our local Baptist church and several have received the Baptism and speak in tongues.

W.B.C., Scotland

The six scriptural steps to salvation in the back of the VOICE magazine are what helped me to reach the decision to accept the Lord Jesus Christ as my Savior. I don't know how I happen to be on the mailing list for VOICE, but it is a wonderful magazine and I look forward to receiving it again. I thank whoever made it possible.

Mrs. B.A.S., Summerville, S.C.



Alaskan Adventure

by DUANE OLSON, M/Sgt. United States Air Force

I'VE HAD MY SHARE of excitement. Twenty years in the Air Force has provided many a hair-raising moment. But the most thrilling experience of my life came eight years ago when I became a Soldier of the Cross.

I was raised in the midwest, the son of a Dakota farm family. My parents, although not born-again Chris-

tians, were faithful church members. At the proper age they had me confirmed, but because I never had a personal touch from Jesus, I later neglected going to church.

At the time of the Korean War, I got married, enlisted in the Air Force, and as soon as my training was completed was sent overseas for a seventeen-month period of service.

Upon my return, I was stationed at Pope Air Force Base, Fort Bragg, North Carolina. We were there almost ten years, during which my wife and I went to church on Sundays, trying to find the right way, trying to live the Christian life. I quit smoking, and didn't drink or use profanity, hoping that by this means I would be judged a Christian. But I knew in my heart that if Jesus came I wouldn't be ready to meet Him. It was as simple as that.

When an assignment opened up at Elmendorf Air Base in Anchorage, Alaska, my wife and I discussed the matter, and I decided to volunteer for it. When we moved up there in March of 1962 we determined to visit all the Lutheran churches before deciding which one to attend regularly. However, we never got past the first one we visited, which was the largest Lutheran church in downtown Anchorage, because we sensed something different there—a love for the Lord so strong that you could feel it immediately.

Consequently we began to attend that church, knowing we needed spiritual help of some kind. Among other things, our marriage was beginning to deteriorate. Within me was an unidentified hunger that could not be satisfied with food or drink, and a voice seemed to be trying to tell me something that no amount of loud or wild music could drown out.

One night I knelt in my room and prayed, "Lord Jesus, I've been try-

ing to live for you and to do all these righteous things for you, but I now realize that in your sight all our righteousness is as filthy rags. Jesus, forgive me, help me! I just can't do it alone!"

Somehow I knew that He had heard me. I can't say that anything startling occurred at that instant, but having accepted Christ as my personal Saviour, for the first time I could now *feel* the love of God.

Shortly thereafter, there came a charismatic stirring in our church. Our pastor and his assistant visited Rev. Dennis Bennett's Episcopal church in Seattle, Washington, and were so impressed that upon their return they called a council meeting at which it was decided to invite a former pastor to conduct a "preaching, teaching, and reaching mission" (a fancy name for a revival).

It seems that this former pastor had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. He had left his law practice to enter the ministry, and our church had been his first pastorate. We were told that he had preached effectively there for five years, during which many had accepted Christ and about twenty had committed their lives to full time service. This was the type of groundwork that had produced the spirit of Christian love we felt when first entering that church. It was decided to invite him to conduct a ten-day meeting.

As this Spirit-filled man began to open the Scriptures to us, I was im-

pressed with one thing especially—that we need the Baptism in order to have power and boldness to witness. I began to take inventory of my life. How many times had I witnessed for my Lord? My score was a big fat zero. I had talked to people about church and the evil of alcohol and such things, but *I had never talked to anyone about Jesus.*

One night when he called for those who were seeking something from the Lord, I went forward. He prayed a beautiful prayer for the man kneeling next to me, laid his hands upon him and immediately the man began to speak easily and fluently in tongues. When he prayed for me, I didn't have that experience, nevertheless after that night I had a deep and moving desire for Christian fellowship and an insatiable desire to read the Bible and go to church—any church where there was a prayer meeting.

Prayer meetings were begun in our church on Monday nights, with about forty people in attendance, with tremendous things happening. Demons were cast out, people were healed, and the gifts of tongues and interpretation were manifested. However, the devil began to oppose this move of God, and caused some problems to arise, so we transferred our attendance to a Full Gospel church where we found a splendid teaching ministry. It was a time for us of becoming established in the Word.

I didn't fully understand about the gifts of the Spirit and about receiv-

ing this Baptism by faith. But because others, including my wife, were receiving the gift of tongues, and she also received physical healing, I continued to pray and search. This went on for three or four months, as a result of which I now realize that we need to encourage those who are seeking, and not judge them too harshly by our own standards.

One night while driving home from the base I was singing hymns and reminding the Lord how much I desired the gift of tongues. The Bible says that this particular gift was given to everybody and was for self-edification—and I certainly needed edifying. Suddenly, as I was alternately praying and singing, I realized a few strange words had come out of my mouth—words I had never heard before. There were only three of them, but I kept on using them whenever I prayed, even though Satan would try to tell me I was just making them up.

One prayer meeting night shortly thereafter, a lady who had the gift of interpretation was standing next to me. She asked if I knew what I was saying. When I said I didn't, she replied, "You were praising and magnifying the Lord." Then I exclaimed, "Thank you, Jesus! The devil can no longer tempt me in that area. I *know* from whence it comes!"

We were transferred to an island in Cold Bay, and even away out there I found a prayer meeting was in progress in the home of the chief, who turned out to be a Pentecostal Holi-

ness preacher. Many races and denominations were represented in that group. I was glad to be able to share some of my testimony.

One day I came across a copy of VOICE that told about the activity in the Fairbanks Chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. That was wonderful, but Fairbanks was 400 miles away, so we began to pray about starting a chapter in Anchorage.

Soon after, it was learned that four Spirit-filled speakers were coming to our city, and I suggested that we rent a hall and have a meeting. Since it was my idea, I was asked to take charge. I'd never done anything like that, but I promised the Lord to do my best and if there was any glory to be gotten from it, Jesus should have it all.

Two of the speakers were James Brown and Leonard Evans. About that time one of the magazines published a story about the charismatic renewal and our local newspaper gave much space to it. As a result, we didn't have to do any advertising because that story brought nearly three hundred people to our meetings. It was wonderful.

We had hoped the Lord would work out a way for Leonard Evans to speak in the Methodist University in Anchorage. A Unitarian Methodist was head of their religious department,

and doors to the charismatic movement were not exactly open. But some of the young college students came to our meeting and took copious notes. When it came to question and answer time, they began to fire questions. Leonard Evans is an intellectual too, and he took one question after another and laid the answers right on the line. As a result the students persuaded their professors to have him speak in the university. He gave his powerful testimony about the baptism in the Holy Spirit. They taped it and still have the tapes. We are believing the Lord will see that it bears fruit.

We got busy and started a chapter of FGBMFI in Anchorage and the Lord began to do some tremendous things.

About five years ago we were transferred to Charleston, S. C. Since there was no chapter in that city, we got together with the men who were interested in getting one started, and it has been a blessed experience.

In Bangkok, Thailand, Japan, Turkey, Germany—it's the same wherever I fly—there are people hungry for the Gospel, and Spirit-filled Christians giving out the message. You don't have to search too long before you find a prayer meeting in progress. The Lord is truly pouring out His Spirit all over the world today, and I'm thrilled to have a part in it. ■

Coming together is a beginning; keeping together is progress; working together is success.



A Lesson I'll Never Forget

by **JAMES E. JOHNSON**, Assistant Secretary of the Navy

Given at the Military Breakfast, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship
Regional Convention, Washington, D.C., January 13, 1973.

NO MATTER WHERE I speak one question is always asked: "How can a man in such a high position in the Pentagon take the time out to speak for Christ?"

The honest truth is that, considering the nearness of His return, there isn't really time to do anything else but speak for Christ. Personally, if it had not been for His abiding presence I could never have made it. For

toward the end of 1972 my wife and I faced one of the most difficult tragedies that can come upon a family. Although we had prayed persistently, as did many other wonderful people all over the world, our twenty-three-year-old son, then serving in the Marine Corps, was taken away.

My atheist friends knew how much we loved him, and that we thought it outstanding that while he was in

school down in Quantico, Virginia he had been able to bring fourteen other young men to Christ. Frequently they had teased me about being a Christian. After this incident one commented: "You still say, 'Thank you, God, for letting us have that wonderful lad.' How can you continue to praise God when He took your son? Where was that God of yours when you needed Him and your boy was dying?"

My wife spoke up without hesitation: "Our God was in the same place as when His own Son was dying on the cross." That is what makes it so wonderful. Without Jesus by our side in times of trial there isn't anything at all.

As a young boy myself, Father had instilled in me many principles which shaped my later years. He passed away at age 104 but I can still remember him saying, "Son, always stand for something, for if you don't you will find yourself falling for everything. Those things that you do for yourself will die with you but those things which you do for others will live on. To treat your fellow man as yourself is what Christ wants you to do."

I have learned by experience that Jesus is truly someone we can stand for. And the Holy Scripture is something we can always depend on—something which we can take hold of when all about us is beginning to slip. What Paul said in Philippians 4:13 is still true: "I can do all things

through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Father knew how to practice what he believed. One day I came home crying because another child had taken my bicycle and given me a thorough whipping. When I got home and told my dad about this he said, "Let's go down there. We're going to teach that boy a lesson." This sounded great to me. We went back and he asked the fellow, "Did you take my son's bicycle?" The boy admitted that he had. "In that case, we are going to teach you a lesson today. *We're going to forgive you and then we are going to love you. That will teach you a lesson.*"

At the time Dad seemed to have "flipped his lid." I wanted to see that boy's blood, but instead I saw that love began coming from him. Not until I was a grown man did I understand this lesson in the power of love.

All too frequently believers are afraid to say to each other, "I love you in Christ." And of course, it is especially difficult trying to make friends of this sort in the Pentagon, although I have never found a person that I have hated. The news media seem to focus heavily on the negative aspects of life today. But I am convinced that whenever America is wrong we as Christian believers should do everything we possibly can to make things right, always remembering that God has placed us here to show forth the love of His Son. ■



“anchors aweigh”

I'M A SAILOR. But there is one difference between myself and many other sailors—I love Jesus and have dedicated my life to His service.

I work for the CNO. That not only stands for “Chief of Naval Operations” but also for “Christ and No Others.” It was not too long ago that I obeyed my superiors because I didn't want to spend time in a little place they call the Marines Crossbars Hotel, where they lock you up whenever you get out of line. Today, however, I obey them as unto the Lord, not because they have the civil authority to make me obey but because they receive their authority from the Lord Jesus Christ (Romans 13:1-4).

The Lord claimed me at a very young age. But as happens in so many lives, Satan showed me what I thought was a better road, and I went wan-

dering down that road. I looked at my life and at my church, and said, “What's happening? The Scriptures say one thing, the church says and does another thing—and my life is going a completely different way from either of those.” So I said goodbye to the church and goodbye to my parents, and began a search for the power that the Bible talks about. However, because I *did* leave church and parents, and began my search with the wrong attitude entirely, Satan came up with a counterfeit and I took off after it, just as hard as I could go.

I became involved with parapsychology, which refers to the study of things running parallel to the mind and mental processes, such as the occult, ESP, clairvoyance, etc. I studied and practiced it. Yes—Satan showed me where all the good times were and



by **BILL WARD**, United States Navy

I was out there having them. He almost broke up my family—but he didn't. He almost ruined my naval career—but he didn't.

I was sent to Norfolk, Virginia, then to Rhode Island—and then to Okinawa for a year. I finally accepted appointment to the naval medical research institute in Washington, D.C.

I began attending a nominal church, where I thought I could rationalize my psychologizing with the Scriptures and with the church. One day I was discussing the occult with one of the members, and she suggested that I read several verses in Ephesians 3. However, I read the whole chapter. Verses 17-19 seemed to stand out more clearly than the others. They read: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in

love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, *that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.*" That was the first time anything in the Scriptures was truly quickened unto me. I wanted to know the fulness of God and these verses told me how to find it through the love of Christ, who would pass the knowledge to me. The next step was, where and how would I find the love of Christ? I didn't see it in the church or anywhere around me.

One day in Sunday school we had a very interesting discussion on who wrote the Gospel of John. In the midst of the debate, a lady entered the room—and then entered the discussion as well! Whatever she said really

shook up that Sunday school class, but I recognized immediately that what she had, I wanted. After class she told me about some prayer groups that were being held and I made note of them, with the promise, "If I get a chance to come around, I will." I wasn't in the habit of going to prayer meetings, but there came the day when I had no legitimate excuse not to go to one of these, so I went.

During the course of the evening a message in tongues was delivered, and the interpretation thereof. Of course I didn't understand and consequently did not appreciate this experience, and could hardly wait until time to leave. When the meeting was over I slipped out quickly.

Now, don't ask me why, but I had to go back. I got under conviction and felt impelled to return—again and again. I could not deny the love of Jesus which I saw operative there. Those people were loving me. I wasn't loving them, but they were loving me—with all my sins, with all the confusion, hatred, and everything else that was evil within me, they loved me.

I came under such conviction that one day I went to see the pastor of St. James' parish, Rev. David Lord, and explained the situation as best I could. When I had finished, he said, "You need the baptism in the Holy Spirit." I replied, "Well, pray for me to receive it, if that's what it's going to take!" But when he came over and laid hands on me, it was almost as if

he had been knocked back by a powerful electrical charge. Looking at me intently, he said, "*You've got to learn about Jesus first.* I can't pray for you to receive the Baptism until you know Jesus as your personal Saviour." Well, I knew *about* Jesus, but I didn't *know Him*—and there's a big difference, believe me. He continued, "You've got to confess Jesus with your mouth and repent of your sins."

I discovered then how hard it was for me to say the name, "Jesus." I could say "Christ," I could say, "Lord," I could say, "God," and I could give all the titles and the offices, but I could not say the name of Jesus. Finally, however, I was able to say, "Jesus, I confess you." Then Rev. Lord said, "Now you've got to renounce Satan and get him out of your life." As I did, in the authority of the name and through the blood of Jesus Christ, he departed my life—and with him went a big host of demons. I can't remember all of them, because the list must have been a mile long, but the last one to go was the demon of sex. The moment I commanded it to depart from my body, in the name of Jesus, a new and heavenly language came pouring forth as living waters—not just a word or two, but a torrent of them—and I suddenly experienced "the love of Christ that passes knowledge" and was "filled with all the fulness of God." From that time, the way He has worked in my life has been miraculous. ■

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The theme of his life was . . .

"Christ For The Nations"

A Memorial Tribute to Gordon Lindsay



REV. GORDON LINDSAY, internationally known evangelist and author, was called home to be with his Lord at 2:45 p.m. April 1, 1973 while sitting on the platform during a Sunday service at the Dallas-based Christ for the Nations Institute, of which he was founder and president.

His survivors include his wife Freda, who had faithfully assisted him in all phases of the ministry, and three children: Carole, a journalist, film producer and resident of Israel for five years; Gilbert, who is president of Lindsay Printing, Inc. which does all printing for Christ for the Nations; and Dennis, who has been working with "Youth With A Mission" in Europe for the past three and one-half years.

Gordon Lindsay's love for Israel was widely known. His numerous prophetic books on Israel's role and destiny had resulted in his being looked to for leadership on this subject by many fundamental Christians. His activities have drawn favorable response and appreciation from leaders all over the world, including prominent Israeli government officials who commended his service to that nation through advancing love and understanding of Christians toward the Jews.

Rev. Lindsay had been a stalwart friend of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship ever since its inception, having given FGBMFI activities and conventions a tremendous boost in the early 50's with whole pages of free publicity in his widely circulated magazine.

At the memorial service that week FGBMFI President Demos Shakarian

spoke briefly about his personal friend: "I met Gordon Lindsay a little over twenty-five years ago through the William Branham evangelistic meetings and the **Voice of Healing** magazine. We began to draw closer and closer together, and I watched this precious brother grow. It has been my privilege through the years to meet him in many places and under many circumstances—in Gospel meetings, in hotel rooms, in our home and in various locations where we spent the wee hours of the morning just talking, praying, planning.

"Brother Lindsay was a pioneer, one of the most dedicated men I have ever met. He was one of the most lovable, godly men you could ever know. I never heard him say an unkind word toward anybody. He literally burned out his life to encourage others. Many times in my difficult, struggling days we would counsel together. Our lives were parallel in certain ways—my lot was to encourage laymen, his to encourage ministers.

"Brother Lindsay emphasized the healing ministry, which spread through America and around the world. Millions of lives have been touched because of this man's life, yet you wouldn't have known it to talk to him, for he never boasted. He was anointed by God, directed by God. He had the love of Jesus in his heart and the compassion of Jesus in his life. Through his efforts thousands of ministries were launched.

"I've seen Brother Lindsay go through some of the greatest trials of his life, but he kept going on. I've seen him when he enjoyed mountain peak experiences, but he remained humble before God. Because of his life millions have found Christ, have been healed and brought to a closer understanding of who Jesus is—have had that personal experience of being reconciled to God."

During the memorial service, glowing tribute was paid by many others who had known and worked closely with this blessed servant of God through the years.

At the time of his death Gordon Lindsay had authored over 200 books, with close to 13 million copies circulated worldwide in 54 languages. The Christ For The Nations Institute currently enrolls 250 students and is working with native churches in 84 nations. Rev. Lindsay was also then serving as president of Full Gospel Fellowship, an independent group of some 1500 ministers.

No words could more appropriately close this tribute to a man who spent the best years of his life in God's employ than the following, taken from his own poem, "The Call of the Harvest":

And what of us who live today?
This is our hour; let us not stay.
A call to the harvest till it shall end.
Work now, work fast, reap, my friend.
New dawn and sun rise—
To the faithful the Master will give the prize.



God in Government

by **BOB JONES**

Member of the Indiana House of Representatives, and Educational Consultant

I THOUGHT I had everything. I was in my third term in the legislature, had a lovely wife, four handsome sons, a good business, and prestige in the community. I was raised in a Christian home, had been active in the church, and thought I possessed everything life had to offer.

What a fool I was! I didn't realize what I'd been missing all those years, until July, 1971, when I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. The thing that led me to actively seek that wonderful experience was an incident

concerning my son. It is strange how we are too dull sometimes to see what God is trying to do in our lives until He gives us a strong nudge.

My wife had received the Baptism a year before and had done all the traditional things—left tracts around the house where I couldn't miss seeing them, played tapes loud enough for me to hear, and now and then called my attention to certain men who were scheduled to appear in our area and speak on that subject. The more she did this, the more it turned

me off. My doctorate is in guidance and counseling, and I had been trained on the philosophy that man heals man. Jesus is there alright, but the casting out of demons refers back to the day of the Salem witch hunts—or so I thought, until I got desperate.

In the spring of 1971 our oldest boy, one of the finest runners in Indiana, was to compete in the state track meet. Four weeks before the finals he turned his ankle and tore some ligaments in the instep. In the natural, that kind of injury doesn't heal fast enough to permit top flight competition in four weeks. For the first time in my life I prayed for the healing of an injury.

My wife and I both prayed with Bob. He accepted this beautifully, and his healing came about—but perhaps he didn't quite accept it completely. About two weeks later we were taking a workout at the Butler University track. He went over the first hurdle all right, but couldn't make it over the second. He made some mumbled excuse about being off balance, and went back to start over again. As I saw him sort of lumbering down that track it dawned upon me that I was witnessing a God-vs-devil battle right before my eyes. I said, "Lord, I'm not sure I believe this completely, but I'm desperate. In the name of Jesus Christ I bind every foul spirit that seeks to oppress this young man. He is going to run perfectly in Jesus' name."

I was fifty yards away from him and he couldn't have heard my words, but he went back and ran through a flight of hurdles perfectly while I stood there with my mouth open and thought, "In the natural I'm not supposed to believe this, but I'm seeing it and I *have* to believe!"

I can't begin to tell you all the miracles I've seen since that day—my own healing, my own deliverances, the healing of my wife and members of our family; but I want to speak especially about *authority*—not the authority Jesus has over us, nor the authority the church through the apostles and elders has; I refer to the authority that *you* and *I* have, that *we all have in the name of Jesus*.

While reading the Scriptures it suddenly struck me that the first time I had ever taken authority over the devil was that afternoon on the Butler track when I had commanded, in the name of Jesus, that Satan get away and leave that boy alone, and in the name of Jesus he *had* to do it. I'm a little bothered by those Christians who give the appearance of just "hanging on" until the Lord returns. That's not the way the Lord ordained it. He said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it."

What more authority do we need?
We are all familiar with the words

of Jesus when He gave the disciples their instructions on where they were to go, what they were to do, and the things over which He gave them power. But remember, *we* are His disciples, too. He is speaking to *us* in the same words: "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me; and he that despiseth me despiseth him that sent me . . . Behold I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you."

To the believer, that is sufficient. It is all the authority we need. That was all the authority the seventy needed, for they returned with joy saying, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name."

We read that "as many as received him, to them he gave the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." When we receive Christ we receive His power. John says it rather specifically: "For whatsoever is born of God, overcometh the world; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God; and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ. For in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power."

Through Him we have overcome the world. He is in us and He is greater than anything around us. We are complete in Him. He is the head; we are but the hands and feet through which He ministers. And He has told us that "greater works than these shall ye do because I go unto my Father. Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do."

The 1972 session of the General Assembly was the first one I served in after having received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. A bill was about to come up in that session and was being discussed on the floor. I sat in my seat, not sure whether I should speak or not, and began to pray quietly for guidance. The discussion waxed hot and heavy. The bill was generally expected to pass by about two to one. I felt it was *not* a good bill for the state of Indiana, still I felt no leading to go to the microphone.

Finally the Speaker called for a vote. When the result was flashed on the board the *bill had been defeated two to one*. I leaned back in my seat with an audible, "Praise the Lord." Several legislators sitting near me must have thought, "Poor Jones has really gone 'round the bend' this time." But in the last week of the General Assembly I found that the fellow sitting on my right had also received the Baptism.

Wouldn't you rather have the seats of government occupied by Spirit-filled people? It's time good people

from everywhere entered government and ran for office. Don't think of it as something dirty. The Word makes it plain that government is instituted by God for our good.

In the 1972 primary I was initially running on my own with only my wife to back me. I have a reputation for voting my own conscience, and am not always pleasing to some of our Marion County bosses. They didn't slate me for re-election, so I ran against the organization. I happen to be blessed with a political genius in my wife. She knows more about volunteer organizations than any other person I know. She organized the whole thing, and by the time it was over there were more volunteers working for me than the entire balance of the party throughout the county.

We prayed earnestly about this. It was the first time in my life that I had ever really gotten down on my face before the Lord. I had to make a decision on whether to run or not. I had to have guidance from the Lord, and we prayed for it most earnestly. That was the day that one of the city councilmen called and told me he hoped I'd run and that he would do his best to help me. Other councilmen called. The sheriff called. There were calls from citizens saying they wanted me to run and that they would work for me. I accepted that as my answer. The Lord Himself ran the whole thing.

In 1972 when the forces of rebellion and violence threatened and seemed about to take over and disrupt the Republican and Democratic conventions, the people of Miami requested that we pray. That was during our own FGBMFI International Convention in San Francisco. Fifteen hundred people, gathered in a great ballroom in the San Francisco Hilton hotel, began to pray—and God answered and spoke peace to the troubled sea of humanity during both conventions.

Don't ever underestimate the authority you have been given in the name of Jesus—the authority you can exercise through prayer. Use it freely and with pride. We are all children of the King, and that is what He expects of us and that is what we must do. With Him we are more than conquerors. We are to be the action agency through which He can carry out His work in this earth.

“And these signs shall follow them that believe: *in my name* they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.”

That's the way God wants us to do it. That is our mission! That is our authority! That is our God-given power. That is the task the Master has given us. We can and must do it because *it is His will.* ■



From left:
Lyle Howell,
Myrna Pillado,
Joseph Spickard,
Esther Spickard,
Eleanor Howell,
Ben Spickard.

telephone to glory

IS THE laying on of hands always necessary to a person's receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit? Through several unusual experiences International Director Enoch Christoffersen has found that Christ is willing to baptize believers in the Holy Spirit, whatever the circumstances, when they are ready to receive.

It was January 20, 1973, that evangelist Mrs. Lyle Howell telephoned Mayor Christoffersen in Turlock with this request: Her son Joseph had received the Baptism several weeks earlier at a Los Angeles FGBMFI breakfast where Enoch had spoken. Now her daughter Esther was anxious to receive also.

Throughout the day the conversation stayed on his mind. Could a seeking person be baptized in the Holy Spirit over the telephone, he wondered? That evening he returned the call and from the scripture encouraged Esther on how willing the Father is to give His Spirit to those who ask. "Turn your voice over to the Lord in faith. He will speak in a heav-

enly language through you but you must furnish the voice to begin with," he explained. She immediately began praising the Father in tongues.

The mayor agreed to speak at a meeting in their area and on February 28 was met at the Ventura airport by Mr. and Mrs. Howell, their son Ben and a young lady, Myrna Pillado. Riding home at 60 mph in their Volkswagen bus, Enoch discussed Acts 2 and Luke 11 with them. By the time they had arrived Mr. Howell and Myrna had likewise been baptized in the Holy Spirit, and son Ben, who had become lax with the Lord since his Baptism in August 1971, was renewed in the Spirit.

Said Christoffersen: "This was the first time I had ever prayed with anyone to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit over the phone. It was also the first time I have ever prayed for anyone to receive the Baptism while driving in a car. It does show how anxious the Lord is to fill us. If we are hungry we should help ourselves." ■



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Beautifully printed, they take their rightful place among **the other five books** recently published by the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International: "The Acts of the Holy Spirit in the **CHURCH OF CHRIST Today,**" "The Acts of the Holy Spirit Among the **UNITED METHODISTS Today,**" "The Acts of the Holy Spirit Among the **BAPTISTS Today,**" "The Acts of the Holy Spirit Among the **PRESBYTERIANS Today,**" and "**GOD AND THE LAWMAN.**" (See book list, page 25.)

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THE FGBMFI OUTREACH:



IDAHO FALLS, IDA. Front row: Int'l Director Jim Howell presents charter to Chapter President Ben Lunis. Back row: Jim Goettsche, treasurer; Dewey Wilmot, vice president; Elston Brown, secretary; Cliff Powell, int'l director, Redding, Calif., guest speaker. Chapter was formed to bring witness of today's charismatic renewal to this area so closely identified with the atomic energy program.



NORTH WILKESBORO, N.C. Officers and directors of this chapter which received its charter at the hand of Int'l Director Ogburn Yates last November, are shown in this recent photo. Officers are: Frank Day, president; Jim Rhodes, vice president; Ivery Haynes, secretary; Ted Broach, treasurer.



SIDNEY CHAPTER, SAVAGE, MONT. From left: Mel Tombre, president; Jim Colter, vice president; Chuck Hackley, treasurer; Norman Lindvig, secretary. Int'l Director Bill Casselman presented the charter.



LIBERAL, KANS. Int'l Director Bill Norwood presents charter to Wallace Main, president, as Gene Lofland, secretary, Bill Green, treasurer, and Merle Goss, vice president, look on.

MORE CHAPTERS CHARTERED



SCOTTSDALE, ARIZ. From left: Fred Bailey, music; Rev. David Green, spiritual advisor; Bryan Smith, int'l director; Dr. Howard Peto, president; Robert Carnahan, secretary; Ernie Roberts, Newman Peyton, vice presidents; David Harris, treasurer; George Pauly, board member. Chapter was formed last year.



GOLDEN, COLO. March 3, 1973, Int'l Director Elmer Lewis presented the charter to this chapter organized one year ago, culminating the efforts of five men, all of differing denominational backgrounds. From left: Kelly Scott, guest speaker; Thomas Draney, treasurer; Victor Sundseth, vice president; Curtiss Long, outreach chairman; Elmer Lewis; Doc Cunningham, president; George Loving, secretary; Ed Johnson, vice president.



ALTOONA, PA. Approximately 210 persons witnessed Int'l Director Dr. Jack Herd present the charter to Chapter President Darrel Shawver on March 10, 1973. The chapter was formed in January. Seated (l-r): Robert Mills, vice president; Leo Nehrt, vice president, Harrisburg Chapter; Darrel Shawver; Dr. Jack Herd; Rev. James Bissell, guest speaker. Standing: Fred Isenberg, 2nd vice president; Gerald Stalnaker; Gary Shawver, treasurer; Thomas Stacey, Paul Hileman, Howard Mickey, Jack Foreman and Burket Farrell, directors.



... the cadet was staring dead ahead, eyes wild with fright . . .

Divine Directive!

THE ORDER HAD to have come directly from God, for in that tense, frightening moment of time, no human mind could have formed the thought!

It was during the Second World War, while stationed at Pasco, Washington Naval Air Station as flying instructor, that the first spiritual happening of my life occurred. No preparation, no expectation—it just completely and unexpectedly happened.

One of the duties of flight instructors was to check out any student who was questionable in his ability to continue towards becoming a United States naval aviator. One morning I was assigned to check out such a cadet.

The aircraft used was a Stearman biplane, Navy designation N2S-3. This open biplane was evidently stronger in construction than we were given to



by **JOHN H. GARRAGHAN** (Formerly LCDR, USNR)

believe, for which I was very thankful. The cadet occupied the rear cockpit and the instructor occupied the one in front of the cadet. Our only means of communication was through the "gosport" helmets which were equipped with speaking tubes.

After we took off from the airport I realized that the cadet was somewhat nervous and might lack confidence although he handled the plane rather well during the take-off, climb and other necessary maneuvers. I inquired of him as to whether or not he had ever flown in inverted flight. Receiving a negative reply, and then an affirmative one when inquiring as to whether or not he would like to try such flying, I instructed him to proceed up to 5,000 ft. altitude.

After reaching the desired altitude he followed through on the controls as

instructed, while I turned the plane over into the inverted flight attitude. Shortly thereafter we were making turns and of course losing altitude rather quickly since the engine was no longer operating with power, just the propeller turning due to the speed of the aircraft. The cadet was doing fine and we were talking to each other very calmly. The speed of the aircraft was about 90 mph and the airspeed indicator hand was positioned around 5 o'clock. As I recall, the *highest permitted speed* would be indicated at the *8 o'clock position* on the dial.

When we reached the 3,000 ft. altitude I instructed the cadet to follow through while I maneuvered the plane back to the upright position. Everything went well during the brief maneuver and we were once again flying normally with the nose of the aircraft down to make the propeller continue to turn and restart the engine. The engine did start promptly and of course the speed also increased somewhat, to about the 6 o'clock position on the dial. Our altitude then was around 2,500 ft.

As I attempted to resume level flight the controls could not be moved, neither the control stick nor the rudder pedals. Pulling as hard as I could the control stick could not be moved, and our speed increased rapidly as we lost altitude. One look in the mirror told me why. The cadet was staring dead ahead, his eyes wild with fright; he had "frozen" onto the con-

trols. He could not comprehend anything said to him, due to fear. Our speed was at the danger mark, altitude 1,500 ft. and falling.

How could I get him to release the controls? I could not reach him to slap him back into reality. *Airspeed indicator was way past the danger mark and approaching 11 o'clock on the dial. Our altitude was about 1,000 ft.*

Knowing that the wings would certainly be torn off due to the excessive speed, and that the parachute would soon be useless because of insufficient altitude, I released my seat and shoulder safety straps and started to leave my seat to bail out. Survival was my only desire. *Then it happened!*

The order had to have come directly from God. No human mind could ever have formed the thought. "TURN AROUND AND SMILE AT HIM" was the command! I did so, and *instantly the cadet released the controls.*

Although by that time we were around 500 ft. altitude, the dear Lord provided sufficient time, strengthened the plane and brought both the cadet and myself back to the airport in complete safety!

At the time of this experience I was not really a complete and believing Christian, despite the fact that I went to mass regularly. In fact, this implicit faith did not become mine until more than twenty-five years later, when I was baptized in the Holy Spirit in 1970! ■

FOR THE ARCHIVES

Anyone possessing the **movie film** taken of **Richard Nixon** when he addressed the Full Gospel Business Men's Convention in Washington, D.C. in **September 1954** as Vice President of the United States, please write to: **EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, FGBMI, 836 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles, CA 90017**

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

1. **ACKNOWLEDGE:** "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23). "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13). You must acknowledge in the light of God's Word that you are a sinner.

2. **REPENT:** "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 3:19). You must see the awfulness of sin and then repent of it.

3. **CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans 10:10). Confess not to men but to God.

4. **FORSAKE:** "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord . . . for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7). Sorrow for sin is not enough in itself. We must want to be done with it once and for all.

5. **BELIEVE:** "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "If thou shalt confess

with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9). Believe in the finished work of Christ on the cross.

6. **RECEIVE:** "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:11,12). Christ must be received personally into the heart by faith, if the experience of the New Birth is to be yours.

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

When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know about it so that we may rejoice together.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY/STATE/ZIP.....

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



Conventions and Rallies

NEW YORK WORLD CONVENTION

July 2-7, 1973

Americana Hotel, New York, N. Y.
Simon Vikse, Chmn.
84 Gansevoort Blvd., Staten Island, NY 10314

CHARLESTON, S.C.

July 12-14, 1973

Holiday Inn, Downtown
Jim McCourt, Chmn.
165 Cannon St., Charleston, SC 29403

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

July 19-21, 1973

Sheraton Peabody Hotel
Hoyt Elliott/A. B. Cunningham, Co-Chmn.
P. O. Box 12051, Memphis, TN 38112

COLUMBUS, OHIO

July 26-28, 1973

Sheraton-Columbus Motor Hotel
Bill Swad, Chmn.
Box 111, Columbus, OH 43230

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

August 8-11, 1973

Chase Park Plaza Hotel
212 N. Kingshighway Blvd.
Claud McCulley/Walter Moore, Co-Chmn.
6510 Leschen St., St. Louis, MO 63121

BOISE VALLEY, IDAHO

August 9-11, 1973

Rodeway Inn
Jim Howell/Art Evanson, Co-Chmn.
517 N. 19th St., Boise, ID 83703

DENVER, COLORADO

August 9-11, 1973

Hilton Hotel
Sam Rudd/Elmer Lewis, Co-Chmn.
Valley-Hi Ranch
Rt. 2, Box 362, Evergreen, CO 80439

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

August 15-18, 1973

Hotel Syracuse
C. Fred Lawrence/Simon Vikse, Co-Chmn.
16 Burgett Dr., Homer, NY 13077

PEORIA, ILLINOIS

August 18, 1973

Holiday Inn Motel, East Peoria
Bill Scudder, Chmn.
113 Pebble Court, East Peoria, IL

DALLAS, TEXAS

August 21-25, 1973

Dallas Hilton
Gail Rhea/Bill McGill, Co-Chmn.
7447 Piedmont Dr., Dallas, TX 75227

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

August 23-25, 1973

The Troy Hilton
John Ninowski, Chmn.
4222 Rosewood, Royal Oak, MI 48073

GREATER DAYTON, OHIO

August 24, 25, 1973

Holiday Inn of Dayton—South
George Border/Ray Webb, Co-Chmn.
4211 East Third, Dayton, OH 45403

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

August 29-September 1

Penn Harris Motor Inn
Rts. 11-15, Camphill By-Pass
Dr. Jack D. Herd/Thomas E. Rose, Co-Chmn.
3810 Candlelight Dr., Camp Hill, PA 17011

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

August 30-September 1

Del Webb Hotel
"M" Tulare St.
Les Lile/Enoch Christoffersen, Co-Chmn.
2607 N. Rowell, Fresno, CA 93703