

11-85

# VOICE

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S



## FLIGHT PLAN LIFE PLAN

LT. COL. JAMES MCAFEE STORY



---

# FLIGHT PLAN LIFE PLAN

---

James McAfee, Lt. Col., USAF (Ret.)  
Belleville, Illinois

---

**N**avigator to pilot. I have a large thunderstorm dead ahead on radar. We can't avoid it!" The crisp words sent chills down my back. As copilot on the B-47 bomber, I knew that we were in a dangerous situation.

Almost immediately we were inside of the massive storm. Severe turbulence wrested control of the six-engine bomber from the crew; the blackness of the night was shattered as we were struck by lightning. Out of control, our night vision gone, with the smell of ozone and burning wires permeating the cockpit, we were going down.

Fear gripped my heart as I prepared for ejection from the wildly gyrating bomber. Expecting an in-flight breakup at any moment, I was surprised when the aircraft commander was able to snatch control of the big jet away from the dynamic storm. In just a few minutes we found ourselves out of the elements, unscathed.

I had never considered flying inherently dangerous as a peacetime occupation. Given enough time in the air, however, any pilot will encounter emergency situations. As a young pilot officer, I battled the fear of death, a concern that I never confided to anyone. I believed that if I were killed I would go to hell because I didn't keep the Ten Commandments.

My father died when I was three. An only child, I was brought up in Ohio by my loving mother and Aunt Kate. They saw to it that I got Christian training. I believed in God and was aware that Jesus Christ was the one and only Saviour. I believed that God loved me and I wanted to love Him, but He seemed so far away. Oh, but those Ten Commandments! No matter how hard I tried, I was unable to keep them.

Three things dominated my early years: girls, drinking and the desire to be an Air Force pilot. These same three interests followed me from high school into college, where I studied engineering, first at the University of Detroit for two years, then Ohio State for a semester. At twenty-two I quit college, was accepted into USAF pilot training and married the young lady I had been dating.

Our little family grew quickly as I progressed in my Air Force career. In

four short years my wife gave birth to a boy and three girls. I spent a lot of time away from home, flying bombers with the Strategic Air Command. Frequently changing assignments moved us from one base to another—Texas, Georgia, Oklahoma, New York, South Carolina. I was also assigned one type of aircraft after another.

Switching from bombers to transports brought longer and more frequent family separations. Flying cargo over most of the free world, I spent as many as 200

---

## Lightning shattered the blackness of night

---

days a year away from home. My drinking increased with the travel and spilled over into my home life. I spent most of my off-duty hours fishing or drinking, and little time with my family, even though I loved them.

After ten years of this my wife, deciding she could no longer cope with a distant and usually drunk husband, left me. I found myself divorced, with custody of our four small children, ranging in age from four to eight.

Unable to see what had gone wrong in our marriage, I bitterly blamed my wife. After all, I had not fought with her; I had been a loving husband and father, even if I was not home much. I had supported the family financially. I did not see alcohol as a problem.

I wanted to be the best parent any one person could be. However, my plans were interrupted by orders to Vietnam to fly rescue helicopters. The children's



problems would have to wait for my attention. They were loved and cared for by their maternal grandparents while I was away.

My combat-zone tour at Cam Ranh Bay, South Vietnam in 1970-1971 was a mixed blessing. Flying HH-43 Husky helicopters was very rewarding. I flew missions ranging from picking up downed fighter pilots from the sea to extracting wounded from the jungle. Considering that I had previously been trained to take

lives, saving them was a new mission for me. I was credited with twelve such "saves" during my tour.

But I missed the children. My off-duty time was spent at my favorite pastime of getting drunk. With the alcohol came increased fears of death and hell. A few close shaves in the air increased my concern about my spiritual condition. I vowed to change my ways—as soon as I got back to the States.

Reunion with Mike, Susie, Patty and Linda in 1970 was pure joy. I had missed them so much. Assigned to a rescue helicopter unit in Del Rio, Texas, I settled into the task of being both father and mother and became very domesticated. I cooked, cleaned, scrubbed, washed and kept a spotless home, with a lot of help from the children's elderly maternal great-grandmother. No one was going to say the McAfee kids were not being cared for.

I grew lonely in the evenings. After putting the kids to bed I began to spend most of my time at the officers' club.

In Wichita Falls, Texas, just before departing for Vietnam, I had met Dotty, a pretty lady from Little Rock. We had corresponded while I was overseas and continued the long-range relationship while I was in Del Rio. I visited Little Rock when I could. We fell in love and after receiving news of my promotion to rank of major, I proposed. Dotty accepted.

A dilemma arose. My long-lived but unrealized intention to change my ways

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE (ISSN #00428264) is published monthly for \$4.35 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92628, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Second-class postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. November, 1985, Vol. 33, No. 11. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Voice* at above address. In Canada send return copies to 628 Monmouth Rd., Windsor, Ontario N5Y 3L1. Yearly subscription: U.S.—\$4.35. Canada and overseas—\$5.25. Bulk rate cards sent on request. Also available in French, German, Norwegian, Swedish and English (U.K.)—\$4.50; Spanish—\$2.00.

and get right with God suddenly hit a brick wall.

My church's regulations regarding divorce led me to believe that I would be doomed to hell if I remarried. As I saw it, salvation would be unobtainable to me.

But I was only thirty-four years old, and death and hell were a long way off. We were married in 1971 as planned. My family almost doubled, since Dotty had two young boys, Tim and David. I was a new husband, and father of six, with drinking and spiritual problems.

After only six months our marriage relationship started to crumble. Although I really loved Dotty and the children, it seemed that flying, drinking and fishing were still the priorities of my life. The little time we had together was spent arguing religion over frozen daiquiris. My old habits remained unchanged. *Lak'er ē*

As our marriage worsened, Dotty sought God in desperation. Just a month before the Air Force moved us to a new assignment in Utah, she committed her life to Jesus Christ.

I was happy in my new job as a helicopter instructor, but our family togetherness was zero. Not only would Dotty not drink with me any more; she bedeviled me with Bible quotes and religious talk. My position was that I had already given up my church and my salvation to marry her. Now she had become a religious fanatic. I felt betrayed.

We constantly battled over the children and how they should be raised. She seemed to go to every church service, prayer meeting and Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting in the area. I responded by going to the officers' club every night after work, even staying out

all night on occasion. I was a good officer and pilot, but a lonely and lousy husband and father. Then an incident occurred that got my attention.

Late one night I had a dream. It consisted entirely of a huge, ugly, contorted and convoluted face with horns and fangs—the face of a gargoyle. I was that



face. I started a deep animal growl, a growl not of any human origin, rose from the bed, turned to my sleeping wife and attacked.

She screamed. Then again! I didn't hear. As she rolled over on her back in response to the growling sound, she had covered her face with the sheet. I tore at her face as though with claws, unable to hear her frantic and repeated screams.

In desperation she cried out "Jesus! Jesus!" Immediately I awoke and realized what I was doing.

Badly frightened, I grabbed her to me. She was unhurt. Although I had previously denied the reality of the demonic, I knew I had seen a demonic face, and then realized that Satan had tried to make me kill or maim my own wife.

We moved from Utah in 1975 to a headquarters job at Scott Air Force Base, Illinois. Dotty stopped "beating me over the head" with the Bible. By this time she had received something called the baptism in the Holy Spirit. It seemed to mellow her a bit, as far as harassing

---

## I awoke the next morning, a changed man

---

me about my spiritual condition.

After we had settled down in our new assignment, Dotty decided to go to Little Rock to visit her mother for a couple of weeks. The Saturday after she left I went to a party at a fellow officer's house. True to form, I came home late and drunk, looking forward to the late show with a bottle of "Jim Beam" as my companion.

Switching channels, I came across a TV program called "The 700 Club." An oriental woman was telling the host how she had lived with a man, became pregnant, and then aborted the child. Afterward, miserable, she had sought God and committed her life to Christ. Soon she'd slipped back into her old ways, got pregnant again and had another abortion. Again she had repented of her sin and went on to live for Jesus Christ, her life now completely transformed.

I was stunned. If God could forgive what she had done, I felt that He could forgive me—even though I was severed from my church and couldn't keep the rules in the Bible.

Switching off the television, I went to bed. My time of decision had arrived. It was now or never.

I wanted to say a sinner's prayer that I'd heard Pat Robertson of "The 700 Club" repeat a few minutes earlier, but I was unable to pray. . . . What would I have to give up? What would this commitment cost?

Aloud through tears, I said, "God, I don't know what it will cost me to serve You, but whatever the cost I'll pay it! I accept You!" With those words, I received a release in my heart. I took Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour and was born again that night, February 28, 1976.

I awoke the next morning, a changed man, with a new excitement. I called Dotty in Little Rock to tell her what had happened. Rejoicing, she asked me to say the words: "I've accepted Jesus as my Saviour." She even called the little Assembly of God church she had attended in Utah to tell them that at last their prayers had been answered.

To my surprise, I discovered that I didn't have to "give up" drinking or smoking. I simply no longer wanted to do those things. My thirst for alcohol and my craving for tobacco were gone. After twenty-six years of smoking a pack a day (since sixth grade) and twenty-two years of drinking, I was immediately free of these habits, and with no withdrawal.

I had cursed and used bad language since I was seven; now my rotten mouth was gone. That surely was a miracle.

The Monday after I was saved, I caught my hand in the door, going to work—and discovered that it was not even a battle to control my swearing.

Most importantly, I suddenly experienced God's love for me; it was like being bathed in warm sunshine. My spirit responded and I was filled with a deep love of God. Jesus Christ had created a new James L. McAfee.

The realization hit me that salvation *had not* come to me by believing in God, going to church or trying to follow the Ten Commandments. It had come by repenting, acknowledging Him as Lord and accepting His death on the cross—period. No other conditions!

I found that I was now reasonably able to follow the Ten Commandments. I discovered that keeping the commandments is the *fruit* of salvation—not the *root*, as I had always believed.

I learned that being a Christian was fun. I had had a lot of fun before, but now I could enjoy life without having a "hangover" or suffering guilt and depression. Dotty was exuberant.

I began attending church again, this time with my wife and children, and found that the chaplain had learned how to preach in the meantime. I attended a Friday-night nondenominational charismatic prayer meeting on the base, and men's breakfasts at the church.

My first source of fellowship, however, was Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. I marveled to see so many different people meeting there: Catholic, Methodist, Lutheran. Though my wife had tried to drag me to their meetings before, I consented to go when a new Christian worker at my job invited me.

Until that point, my only friends had been military men, and they were new every three years. I had no Christian friends. Now I was invited on three-day fishing trips and we'd all take our Bibles along. It was a new experience for me; I was in a whole new world with people who loved me and whom I loved. I even thought differently. My relationship with my family improved greatly. Our children saw the difference in me and it gave them a new lease on life as well.

Of course my basic personality remained intact, even though I was "a

---

## What would I have to give up? What would this commitment cost?

---

new creation." Dotty was surprised to learn that I could be hard to get along with, even *without* a hangover. We still quarreled a lot, a habit we'd developed after the first six months of our marriage. We both loved the Lord, loved each other, and loved to fight; as a result we were often puzzled by our own yo-yo-like behavior. Here we were, both born-again, Spirit-filled Christians—with a rocky marriage threatened by collapse.

We didn't want to separate, but at times it seemed to be the only answer, though we felt certain, from the Scriptures and the Holy Spirit's conviction, that there should be absolutely no reason for two committed Christians to divorce. We had to do something.

The turning point came in 1980 when Dotty and I prostrated ourselves before the Lord on our bedroom floor, committing ourselves and our marriage to Him

and confessing that we would do His will rather than ours. We would be faithful to Him over our own desires and emotions. We never again spoke of divorce.

Today we're closer than ever and our relationship is growing every day. We don't claim to be 100-percent problem-free, however. Our occasional disagreements are in the realm of a normal husband-wife relationship.

The Christian life is exciting. I will never go back to my old ways. I can't see any purpose to life without Jesus Christ. I love God and desire to serve Him forever. My life as a Christian is much happier than ever before. I have a revitalized marriage, am blessed with many good friends, and I don't have time to be bored.

Praise His Holy Name!

*Jim is an aeronautical information specialist for Defense Mapping Agency in St. Louis, Missouri. He has a B.S. degree in geography and an M.A. degree in management. He served for twenty years in the U.S. Air Force, flying bombers in Strategic Air Command, transports in Military Airlift Command, and helicopters in Aerospace Rescue and Recovery Service. He completed his military career as an Operations Staff Officer for Headquarters Airspace Rescue and Recovery Service, retiring in 1979. He is president of the Belleville (Illinois) Chapter of FGBMFI and field representative for the St. Louis Metro East area. He and his wife Dot attend Full Gospel Tabernacle in Belleville and have six married children.*





# 1985 WORLD AND NATIONAL CONVENTION TAPE ORDER FORM

## World Convention—Melbourne, Australia

- \_\_\_ C6103 Tue. Evening—Boninke
- \_\_\_ C6104 Wed. Breakfast—Buck
- \_\_\_ C6105 Wed. Breakfast—Luckhoo
- \_\_\_ C6106 Wed. Breakfast—Subritzky
- \_\_\_ C6107 Wed. Teaching 1—Hayford
- \_\_\_ C6108 Wed. Teaching 2—Hayford
- \_\_\_ C6109 Wed. Evening—Boninke
- \_\_\_ C6110 Thur. Breakfast—Luckhoo
- \_\_\_ C6111 Thur. Breakfast—Subritzky
- \_\_\_ C6112 Thur. Breakfast—Buck
- \_\_\_ C6113 Thur. Teaching 1—Hayford
- \_\_\_ C6114 Thur. Teaching 2—Hayford
- \_\_\_ C6115 Thur. Evening—Boninke
- \_\_\_ C6116 Fri. Teaching—Subritzky
- \_\_\_ C6117 Men's Luncheon—Buck
- \_\_\_ C6118 Men's Luncheon—Luckhoo
- \_\_\_ C6119 Ladies' Luncheon—Subritzky
- \_\_\_ C6120 Ladies' Luncheon—Fowler
- \_\_\_ C6121 Fri. Evening—Hayford
- \_\_\_ C6122 Sat. Breakfast—Subritzky
- \_\_\_ C6123 Sat. Breakfast—Buck
- \_\_\_ C6124 Sat. Breakfast—Luckhoo
- \_\_\_ C6125 Sat. Teaching—Buck
- \_\_\_ C6126 Sat. Teaching—Subritzky
- \_\_\_ C6127 Sat. Evening—Boninke
- \_\_\_ C6128 Melbourne Testimonies, Tape 1
- \_\_\_ C6129 Melbourne Testimonies, Tape 2
- \_\_\_ C6130 Men's ALTS\*, Part 1
- \_\_\_ C6131 Men's ALTS\*, Part 2
- \_\_\_ C6132 Men's ALTS\*, Part 3
- \_\_\_ C6133 Men's ALTS\*, Part 4
- \_\_\_ C6134 Ladies' LTS\*\*, Part 1
- \_\_\_ C6135 Ladies' LTS\*\*, Part 2
- \_\_\_ C6136 Ladies' LTS, Part 3
- \_\_\_ C6137 Leader's Seminar, Part 1—Boninke
- \_\_\_ C6138 Leader's Seminar, Q & A Session, Part 2—Boninke

## National Convention—Dallas, Texas

- \_\_\_ C6075 Tue. Evening—Schambach
- \_\_\_ C6076 Wed. Breakfast—Little
- \_\_\_ C6077 Wed. Afternoon—Schambach
- \_\_\_ C6078 Wed. Evening—Shakarian
- \_\_\_ C6079 Thur. Breakfast—Graham
- \_\_\_ C6080 Thur. Afternoon, Part 1
- \_\_\_ C6081 Thur. Afternoon, Part 2
- \_\_\_ C6082 Holy Spirit Seminar—Subritzky
- \_\_\_ C6083 Thur. Evening—Subritzky
- \_\_\_ C6084 Fri. Breakfast—Carroll
- \_\_\_ C6085 Ladies' Luncheon—Mmes. Curry, Lindsay
- \_\_\_ C6086 Men's Luncheon—Curry
- \_\_\_ C6087 Fri. Evening—Robertson
- \_\_\_ C6088 Sat. Breakfast—Luckhoo
- \_\_\_ C6089 Sat. Closing—Curry
- \_\_\_ C6090 Testimony Highlights
- \_\_\_ C6091 Prison Field Rep. Workshop, I
- \_\_\_ C6092 Prison Field Rep. Workshop, II
- \_\_\_ C6093 I.D. Wives Luncheon
- \_\_\_ C6094 Conv. Chairmen's Luncheon
- \_\_\_ C6095 1985 16-Pak Set (\$59.95)
- \_\_\_ C6096 1985 6-Pak Evening Set (\$22.95)
- \_\_\_ C6097 1985 Nat'l Highlights Tape
- \_\_\_ C6098 Ladies' LTS\*\*, Mon.—Mrs. Shakarian
- \_\_\_ C6099 Ladies' LTS\*\*, Mon.—Mrs. Shaefer
- \_\_\_ C6100 Mon. Banquet—Carroll
- \_\_\_ C6101 Ladies' LTS\*\*, Tue.—Mrs. Ashcraft
- \_\_\_ C6102 Ladies' LTS\*\*, Tue.—Mrs. Subritzky

### CONVENTION TAPES \$4 EACH UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

Subtotal . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

5% postage & handling . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

California residents add 6% sales tax . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

TOTAL AMOUNT PAID . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to: FGBMF1 / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

\*Men's Advanced Leadership Training Seminar

\*\*Ladies' Leadership Training Seminar

3300-18-9999

3301-18-9999

**R**olf, here, take your bag. Hurry! We must leave immediately!" I grasped the handbag my mother had packed. Judging from the sharp, worried tone in her voice, I knew it was useless to protest.

"Where are we going?" my brothers whined.

"To the train station. Now, hurry. Pick up your bags. Off with you!"

Mother gathered up her things and pushed us through the door and outside into the late afternoon sun. As we marched toward the Hamburg railway station a short distance away, I half-guessed the reason for our hasty departure.

In Holland we were looked upon as outsiders. Mother felt uprooted, lonely and bitter. When the Germans occupied the Netherlands we became marked in our neighborhood as German sympathizers.

I was separated from Mother and our family when I was seventeen. In September of 1944 the Allies were at Arnheim, just fifty miles from our town, when an enthusiastic announcement came via the BBC that a vast army of underground fighters were waiting behind German lines—ready to smash the German army and liberate Holland.

That announcement proved fatal to thousands of Dutch people. Suddenly the

## Without Hope

Rolf Hart, Pukera Bay, Wellington, New Zealand

My parents had divorced and Mother was raising me and my two brothers. It was 1934, and Hitler was in power. I remembered his triumphal entry into Hamburg when I was seven years old. All of us school children had been called out to meet him. Now Hitler's state had begun to interfere with the upbringing of our fatherless household.

My German mother had reared us to be proud of the old Prussian traditions. She did not want to let the state raise her children. Fearing she would lose us, she decided to claim my father's nationality, for he was Dutch. The Dutch consul advised her to leave Germany immediately.

I was frightened. We were leaving everything behind for a strange country. What would happen to us? The stage was being set for a life that could have ended in futility . . . if God had not had designs on me.

Nazis rounded up every male from sixteen to sixty and transported us to "labor" camps. I was among those who wound up in a concentration camp.

One hundred fifty of us spent three days cramped into a small space in the hold of a river barge, and a long period on trains back to Germany in the middle of a bitterly cold European winter. We were without food and water and had no sanitation facilities during the entire journey. I spent most of the time standing, trying to fight back tears of pain from an agonizing back ailment which, later in life, was to nearly cripple me.

In the German camps I witnessed mass murder and destruction. People who no longer looked like human beings were reduced to mere objects by a system so coldly inhumane that I could not comprehend it.

Everything that I experienced during



# or Country

these times hardened me toward God and life. Religion seemed to us the biggest sham that mankind had ever invented. For several years I had been without enough food to satisfy my aching hunger, yet the "princes" of the church (as we called the priests in Holland) lived in luxury, eating delicacies I hadn't seen in years. In the last years of the war 40,000 people died of hunger in our area of Holland alone. Yet I saw church leaders with huge potbellies regurgitating holy words about the evils of stealing. I became so disgusted with Christianity that I wanted no part of it.

Shortly before Germany surrendered, I managed to escape and find my way back to Holland. In 1947 I was drafted into the Dutch army. For the first time in my life I had a set of new clothes and three square meals a day.

I was sent to Indonesia during their war of independence as commander of a platoon of snipers and commandos. We were a killer force specializing in "cleaning up" any resistance. I lived daily with my sub-machine gun, and broke the Ten Commandments so often that I all but erased my conscience. We lived by the law of the jungle. We all needed psychiatric help.

I had been in the midst of war for more than ten years by now. In those years, all the values I had learned as a child had disappeared.

There were times when my men came back from a mission and said, "Boys, what we have been up to today would make the Gestapo blush!" We had no respect for property or person; we did as we pleased. War and oppression in Holland had taught me just one thing: give



as good as you get. In Indonesia we shot our prisoners, and it wasn't worth the effort to carry back the wounded; we just shot them in the head as they passed.

After the war, the only country that really wanted to take us in July of 1950 was New Zealand. In fact, almost complete divisions of the Dutch army from Indonesia arrived there in troop ships to try to build a new life. Even this was delayed in my case because at first they refused me as a German.

Up to this time my life had been a complete waste. But in this new country,

I worked to build something meaningful and lasting. My immigration requirements included having to work two years for the government, so I began at the postoffice as a lineman, then as a draftsman.

I had met a girl in Europe who followed me to New Zealand. We married and started a family, but I knew our marriage was wrong and a hatred developed between us. Craving the sensational, we got involved in the occult: ouija boards, telepathy and hypnosis. My wife claimed to be a witch, able to cast spells and curses.

come and be a housekeeper and care for my children. She agreed. We were married in 1962, became a family again, and the following year our son was born.

I had become a forensic photographer on the police force. In 1968 I was transferred to police headquarters. I studied administration, criminal law and criminology to obtain a commissioned rank. Within five years I was national head of police and in six more years was promoted to inspector.

Meanwhile, transferred to headquarters in Wellington and living in Poirua, we were relatively happy. During this time I

---

## I broke the Ten Commandments so often that I all but erased my conscience

---

Later I opened a photography business, but after five years I went bankrupt when government-imposed import restrictions made it impossible to get photographic materials. In 1961 I joined the police department, where the pay was good.

While I was at the police training college my wife began seeing the man who had taught us the occult. The moment I returned from training they took off together, leaving me with three small children, the youngest being only eighteen months old. Friends took care of our two youngest. The oldest, who was eight, was placed in a separate home.

As far as I was concerned life could have ended then and there. The only reason I kept going was my desire to provide for my three girls.

I wrote to a dear friend in Germany that year, asking her if she would like to

became involved in anthroposophy, a false religion. And my health was deteriorating rapidly. At times the pain from spinal osteoarthritis was so severe that I just couldn't move. I would sit at my desk, unable to get up from my chair:

I took as much as a half bottle of codeine in one day to ease the pain, yet these and illegally imported painkillers didn't work. Six times I had surgery. I had resigned myself to spending my final years in a wheelchair.

In April, 1980 I had to go to Auckland on business. I took the opportunity to stay with a close friend. I arrived unannounced, and he apologized, saying that he had to go to a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting that night.

"Full what?" I asked.

"Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International," he replied, surprised by my interest.

"Well, what's it all about?" I asked, realizing just after I'd said it that I was probably in for a lecture.

"Sorry, but I've got to dash, Rolf," he replied. "Here, take this book and tell me what you think of it."

He handed me a paperback called *The Happiest People on Earth*.

I was back in Auckland in May. My friend asked what I thought of the book.

"Pretty weird," I shrugged, not wanting to display any interest, "—but plausible, somehow."

"Well, how would you like to meet the author?" he asked. "Demos Shakarian's here in Auckland tonight, at a Full Gospel Business Men's national convention."

a splitting headache. When he rose to share with us, Demos Shakarian was open and frank, certainly not your average con man.

In spite of the television cameras, I even went forward for Demos to pray for my healing. Though I was hopeful, nothing happened. When I left the meeting, though, I felt separated from a newfound love. God had touched my heart.

From that time I began to rethink my views on Christianity. My next encounter came in August through a fellow whom I was forced to hire in my department. I was reluctant to hire him because he seemed weak. As it turned out, he was a Christian, and persistent in his witness.

---

## With my years of police service, I prided myself on being able to spot a con man a mile away

---

I agreed to go, if only to satisfy myself that the author was a con man. With twenty years of police service, I prided myself on being able to spot one a mile away.

That night I met the most unusual bunch of men I'd ever met in my life. They were smiling, singing, slapping each other on the back and, worst of all, hugging each other.

My characteristic approach was, *Don't get involved! You're too level-headed for this sort of thing.* But something inside me said, *Rolf, they've got something you're looking for.*

Sir Lionel Luckhoo of Guyana was the speaker. I sat through the meeting like a coiled spring. My back was aching, my stomach ulcer hurt, and to cap it off I had

Soon my wife and I and our son found ourselves attending a meeting at his church. I had agreed only when I learned that the speaker, who had a healing ministry, was a lawyer.

To my surprise, there was the same joy in that service that I had observed at the FGBMFI meeting.

The speaker, a very down-to-earth man named Bill Subritzky, gave an invitation, and I went forward to surrender to Jesus Christ. Within seconds my wife and son joined me.

After we were back in our seats, Subritzky said a most unusual thing: "There is a man here in his fifties who suffers from a back complaint and an intestinal disorder. God is going to heal you."

Though I wasn't yet healed when we left the meeting, for the first time in my life I experienced peace, and my lifelong feeling of desperation was gone. Where I used to be headstrong and frequently clashed with my seniors on the police force, now (even on occasions when they've tried to antagonize me) I'd just sit there and smile.

The next year in July, at an FGBMFI men's camp in Otaki, I shared my testimony publicly for the first time. Suddenly someone stood up and shouted, "I think he needs the baptism in the Holy Spirit right now."

They laid hands on me and prayed. I renounced all involvement in the occult and was baptized—and healed. God gave me a brand-new spine. I also was relieved of my other physical infirmities, including acute migraine headaches. Today I'm fit as a fiddle and can do things physically that I hadn't been able to do for thirty years.

All of my life I was desensitized to sin because of the harsh and disillusioning experiences I had suffered as a child and young man. What a difference Christ has made in my life since I committed myself to Him! I'm now a governing elder in my church, and active in an FGBMFI chapter in my area. My wife is on fire for the Lord; I call her the female version of Reinhard Bonnke.

God is good. I am proof that He is faithful to His promise: "Seek first God's kingdom and His righteousness and all these (material) things will be given to you as well." □



*Rolf Hart served three years with the Dutch army, worked with the postoffice in New Zealand and since 1961 with the police department there, first as forensic photographer and since 1979 as inspector. He retired in May, 1985. He and his wife Elme attend Kapiti Christian Center at Paraparaumu, where Rolf is an elder. They have four children: daughters Freya, Lola, Debbie and son Robert. Rolf is president of the Wellington West Chapter of FGBMFI.*

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.

*A man who once led a Billy Sunday evangelistic team describes his*

## CENTURY OF CERTAINTY



David Sizer, Charlotte, North Carolina

**M**y name is David Daniel Sizer. I was born September 8, 1885 and I have lived one hundred wonderful years. I learned to pray at my mother's knee when I was about three years old. I never sowed any wild oats like most folks do, but I held steadfastly to the faith and beliefs of my parents.

I was taught that since guardian angels watched out for me, I need never be afraid of anything. The Lord would take care of me. I've never been afraid of anything that I know of. I just felt the Lord's

angels were with me, and that was the end of it.

I was converted when I was twelve years old, in the schoolhouse where my mother taught. A young man came to our town, Rhoadesville, Virginia and held a meeting in the schoolhouse. One night he preached from this Scripture passage: "... he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God" (John 3:18). That night I was converted and surrendered my life to Christ. The following Sunday I was baptized in water by my father, who was a Southern Baptist preacher.

For a time my father pastored Old Craig's Church, started by Josiah Craig and Frank Sanders. The Church of England hadn't given them a permit to preach the Gospel, so they were arrested in 1765 and taken to jail.

Patrick Henry, who was a graduate of William and Mary College, came through the town, heard them singing gospel songs from the jail, and said he would defend them. His speech was recorded and printed by the local paper. He closed each argument with this phrase: "What are these men in jail for? For stealing, for burning, for killing? No! For preaching the Gospel of the living Son of God."

A few weeks later in a meeting at Gum Springs, attended by Thomas Jefferson, this defense speech was used to help form the paragraph in our Constitution which says that man shall not be governed by the country's political influences, but must worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. That's historical fact.

When I was fifteen I made up my mind



I would live according to the dictates of my conscience. I would do the things that were right and proper and of the most benefit to humanity. I also made up my mind that what I couldn't help I wouldn't let bother me but would let the Lord handle.

I have been totally broke twice. I lost everything I had. That started to bother me. But I overcame those problems by turning them over to the Lord: "Here, Lord, You take these problems and do what You want with them. I'm going to forget them!"

I believe this accounts for the fact that today I can hold my hand as steady as ever and I haven't any wrinkles in my face. No doubts and no worries.

In 1909 I graduated from William and Mary College in Williamsburg, Virginia with a B.A. degree, was YMCA director for three years, then became principal of the high school in my hometown. I taught for nine years, including as head teacher of the blind at Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind.

I resigned to get my agriculture degree from the state agricultural college. I felt that learning how to help produce more food would be a service to people. I served fifteen years as county agent in three Virginia counties.

Then I joined the Soil Conservation Service as an agronomist. After retiring from government service I became a carpenter and carried a union card for ten years.

My wife and I moved to California in 1956 where, though I was retired, I taught as a substitute in elementary schools and for five years was an inspector of walnuts. At age eighty I taught in a

Job Opportunity program for Mexican-Americans; here I earned the highest monthly salary of my life.

I was injured in an accident while working, at age eighty-three. Following a Hong Kong flu attack at eighty-five I suffered some brain damage, was partially paralyzed and not expected to live. I told the Lord during one of my moments of consciousness I'd be willing to use a wheelchair the rest of my life if He would give me a good mind so that I could teach people the Word of God. From that moment I began to improve, and the Lord did exactly what I trusted Him to do.

When I was eighty-four we attended our first Full Gospel Business Men's meeting in Ventura. The speaker was Colonel Sanders of fried-chicken fame. Harold Bredesen gave a testimony about the baptism in the Holy Spirit and I received the Baptism that night.

While we were living at Oral Roberts Retirement Center in Tulsa, T. L. Osborne prayed for me and I was miraculously healed of a serious kidney infection, and have outlived my doctor. I began to teach prisoners in the Tulsa City Jail about Jesus. Students from ORU and Rhema Bible Institute helped me. In nine years we saw more than 1,000 conversions there.

I taught Bible classes in each of the fourteen churches of which I have been a member, until age eighty-three. My wife and I still hold weekly Bible classes in three retirement centers.

I never think about being old. I feel like I'm about fifty or sixty. I never think about having a problem at all. I just thank the Lord for showing me what to do and that I still have the ability and desire to study God's word and to magnify His name. □



## this can't be!

Henk Frijters, Colborne, Ontario, Canada

**J**ust relax on the examination table, Henk, while I make a phone call."

With that, the neurospecialist stepped into his adjacent office. Through the open door I could hear his low-voiced conversation. His concluding remark shattered my world.

"...I'll have Mr. Frijters there by nine-thirty in the morning. And you can let me know, but I believe that the brain damage is irreversible..."

Irreversible brain damage? Me? Shock rippled through me. *This can't be*, I

thought. On top of all the other problems I had, I didn't need this.

While waiting for the neurospecialist to return, I thought back over my life. I had been born in Tilburg, a Dutch town, in 1945. My father was self-employed. We had always attended church, but it meant little to me.

We moved to Belgium when I was thirteen, where I attended high school, planning to become a drama teacher. But in 1965 something happened which drastically changed my life.

One night the chief of police picked

me up on the street and told me that my parents had been involved in a bad car accident. Two weeks later, after having a leg amputated, my father passed away. My mother died after eleven weeks in a coma. I spent the next few years at home taking care of a younger brother and sister.

During this time I suffered from constant nightmares and feelings of guilt. The night of my parents' accident, they had been delayed by my indecision as to whether I wanted to go along. I had finally gotten out of the car a mile before they approached the place where the accident occurred.

My thoughts haunted me: *What if I had made up my mind quicker? ... Or slower?* It never occurred to me that God had saved my own life.

In 1968, after my brother and sister were both employed, I ran away from the scenes of my memories to see the world.

Eastern Ontario, Canada was my first stop, where an uncle lived. A year and a half later, I married a pretty Dutch girl from Belleville. Mary and I both worked at schools for the deaf, in group homes for needy children from family court. I studied interior design for four and a half years by correspondence from Design Institute of Chicago, and worked for a department store as a consultant. We quickly had four children.

All the while my memories continued to haunt me.

In 1974 I opened my own interior-design studio. We did all the right things, attended the local church and sent our children to Christian schools.

We prospered for two years until in the fall of 1976 I started having terrible head-

aches. Doctors at Belleville General Hospital located a small tumor on my brain and treated it. A few months later the headaches returned. This time, unable to find a physical cause, the doctors blamed the headaches on the pressure of my business.

I took a holiday. The pain became worse.

In the spring of 1977 a recession hit our area. The supplier of 80 percent of my inventory went bankrupt and pulled several small businesses down with him,

---

## **'I believe the brain damage is irreversible'**

---

mine among them. My wife fell and tore all the ligaments in her foot. Our third child contracted meningitis and was rushed to the hospital in a coma. The bank repossessed our car. The mortgage company told us to vacate our house within five days.

That was enough, but it wasn't all. By now I was taking so many pain-killing drugs that the Canadian Manpower Services and Social Services evaluated me as unemployable, and I could not get a job. Finally we were forced to move into the basement of my wife's cousin. Even our marriage was in the pits.

One day, visiting my daughter in the hospital I met the neurospecialist there. He arranged an immediate appointment for me. And now this: irreversible brain damage! How much more could I take? *(continued, page 22)*

# 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." (I 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. \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Business Phone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Home (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter Name \_\_\_\_\_ Chapter # \_\_\_\_\_

I have enclosed:  \$25\*     \$75\*     \$100\*     \$500 for a:  
 one-year     three-year     five-year     lifetime membership

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

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

**THIS CAN'T BE!** (from page 19)

The next day, after similar tests at Kingston General Hospital in Eastern Ontario, another physician came to the same conclusion.

The question now was how to treat it.

After three days of testing, the doctor told me to go home, put my affairs in order



and come back; that it looked as if I were going to be in the hospital a long time.

I went first to my wife's relative Walter's place to pick up a car someone had left there for us to borrow. Walter and his wife were cleaning strawberries. I sat down and began unloading all my troubles. Walter was the chief social worker for a major hospital, so I was sure

he would have the answers. I knew that he had joined Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship and that he was considered a charismatic, but had never given it any more thought.

"Henk, there is nothing we can do for you," Walter said when I finished, "—but we'll pray."

I nearly panicked. I was thirty-two years old and this was the first time anyone had said anything like this to me.

As Walter and his wife knelt and began to pray, I became even more unsettled.

"Lord, we're here with Henk," he said.

---

## While Walter and his wife I began unloading

---

"He tried to build a business and he left You out, Lord. He blew it. And, Lord, Henk tried to build a family, but he left You out. He blew it."

On and on he and his wife went, presenting my problems to God and telling Him I was the one who had "blown it." I began listening to what they said—and I had to agree. I *had* left God out of my life.

Sure, I went to church and sent my children to Christian schools, but it didn't have much meaning to me at that time. And the night before I had gone to the hospital, my wife and I had had a terrible quarrel. Though I didn't find this out till later, Mary had gone down on her knees and prayed, "God, You can have him! I'm a Christian and I won't divorce him, but You can keep him in the hospital because I don't want him anymore."

Now I felt a tremendous urge to cry. But men don't cry—especially me.

Walter looked at me. "What is

happening, Henk?"

I told him. He and his wife got excited. The Holy Spirit was working.

They prayed harder.

"Henk, have you ever asked Jesus to take over in your life?" Walter asked. "You've heard the message in church so often, but have you ever *asked* Him?"

Suddenly I knew what I had to do. "Lord," I groaned, "if there is anything left to my life, it is Yours. Help me!"

I cried for more than half an hour—for the years of trying to live my way. I became aware of a tremendous peace.

---

## cleaned strawberries, my troubles

---

Walter rose. "Henk, God says that if we lay hands on the sick, they will be healed. We want to do that now."

I absolutely panicked. I had never heard anything like this before.

Walter assured me that everything would be all right. He and his wife laid their hands on my head and began to pray. I felt the pain with which I had lived for more than nine months drain out of my head. I went over to a mirror a little later and was amazed to see that the lines from pain were smoothed and my gold-colored eyes and black tongue, discolored from too much medication, had turned back to their original colors.

The next two years brought constant miracles. The doctors could find nothing wrong with me and sent me to the University of Toronto. After six months of outpatient observation, the doctors closed my file with this comment: "This patient claims to be healed by faith. We

cannot explain his healing."

Although I was for the most part unemployed for nearly two years during this time, we never lacked anything. Money, food and clothing were provided in miraculous ways. Mary and I drew closer to the Lord and to each other. Following a dire medical prediction, our fifth child was born without complications. God was showing us His faithfulness in many areas.

Shortly after my healing Mary and I went to our first FGBMFI breakfast. A few days earlier we had prayed that God would not cause a division between us concerning things of God (she was much more cautious about the baptism in the Holy Spirit than I). At the breakfast, the speaker prayed for both of us, using the identical words of our own earlier prayer.

A few months later an FGBMFI convention speaker in Toronto prayed the same prayer, word for word, leading to our total surrender and filling with the Holy Spirit.

In 1979 I was sent to do some government research in home care for developmentally handicapped people at Prince Edward Heights. At this institution I observed a twelve-year-old boy, blind and deaf, his face expressionless, and so severely retarded that I became nauseated upon sight of him. He was covered with saliva and his arms and legs were pitifully twisted in unnatural positions as he lay on his mattress on the floor.

As I turned away from the boy, the Lord spoke to me in a still, small voice: "Henk, I want you to love him."

I hesitated, my stomach heaving.

He commanded me a second time. "Henk, I want you to love him. He was

created in My image."

Mustering my self-control, I knelt by the child. But I had to pray, "Lord, I cannot do it. I cannot fight this feeling of nausea and vomit coming up in my throat. Lord, You will have to love this child through me."

The Lord did just that. My nausea disappeared as I took the child in my lap and cleaned him up as best I could.

As I looked down on the boy I found myself looking instead into the face of Jesus.

The next moment, the total love of God enveloped every square inch of each of us. The boy relaxed and smiled up at me. His legs even became untangled. At that moment the Lord restored sight to my eye which had been blind since birth. A week later I learned that the boy went

to be with the Lord.

Since that day, the Lord has allowed me to share His love with many churches and FGBMFI meetings throughout eastern Ontario. In 1984 I became pastor of a fledgling home missions church and have seen it turn around and become totally self-supporting.

We serve a great God, who told us in II Corinthians 1:4 that He is a God who "comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

These words gripped my heart when God was dealing with me. He has shown me again and again that He means it. You, too, can share in this comfort. You have only to ask. □



*Mr. Frijters served in the Belgian Army, worked as counselor for the deaf and design consultant, operated his own interior-design studio, and is a member of the Quinte (Canada) Chapter, FGBMFI. Studying under the auspices of Eastern Ontario Pentecostal Bible College, he became pastor of Colborne Pentecostal Church in 1984. He and his wife Mary have five children: Ian, Sara, Delia, Andra, and Joel.*



# Make Your Christmas Greeting a Christmas Message

Christmas Greetings from  
Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship  
and



Make your 1985 Christmas greeting one that your family, friends, business associates and others can never forget.

The December issue of *Voice* has been designed so that you may use it as your own personal Christmas greeting. The beautiful Norman Rockwell-style cover provides a place for you to personalize this attractive issue. And inside, dynamic testimonies carry the true meaning of Christmas and how the eternal event affects every life.

Bundled in multiples of 50, copies cost only 20 cents each—less than most greeting cards. Order your *Voice* bundle today. Orders must be processed immediately to guarantee on-time delivery.

Please mail \_\_\_\_\_ copies (multiples of 50) at 20¢ = \$ \_\_\_\_\_, to me at:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(Please add special handling fee of \$1 per 50 magazines.  
California residents add 6% sales tax.)

Total amount enclosed ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Make checks payable to  
FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050,  
Costa Mesa, CA 92628.  
Offer expires November 11,  
1985.

3300-18-999 (NT)  
3301-18-9999 (T)  
M3153





# ANOREXIA

## *A father's rude awakening*

Kenneth Keefer, Palmyra, Pennsylvania

**B**renda Lee was missing. Her mother and sisters hadn't seen her for hours, and none of the forty men and women in our tour group knew her whereabouts. The muscles in my face tightened as I walked around areas where young people gather at Heritage U.S.A. "Brunette . . . fifteen years old . . . very thin . . . have you seen her?"

Nobody had a clue.

I stared at the steel-grey sky and shivered. Darkness falls quickly across the Carolinas in November and I dreaded the thought of my daughter spending a night at the mercy of the elements—especially with her problem.

Brenda had anorexia nervosa, the "dieter's disease." For about a year Shirley and I had watched our daughter's

weight drop dramatically.

Not only had she plummeted from 142 pounds to a skin-and-bones 99, but Brenda was talking more and more about death. Some evenings she would disappear for hours while we combed the neighborhood looking for her.

Brenda, second oldest of our four children, hadn't always looked at life through despair-colored glasses. In fact, she and Shirley had watched a TV show about anorexics a year earlier, and Brenda had expressed indignation that someone

commitment to the Lord at age six, and led a decent life. Yet my reputation as a workaholic was destroying relationships in our family.

Sometimes I'd go for days without giving attention to our son and three daughters. Worse, even when I was around the kids I didn't show much affection or interest in their lives. I belonged to the school that says, "If I don't say anything you'll know everything is okay." I limited my rare remarks about their performance in any area of life to times when they needed

---

## **She reasoned that by dieting she could become more attractive and win my attention**

---

could starve himself to death.

Yet she herself was now walking that same treadmill to oblivion.

Anorexics not only reject food; they become hyperactive. On as few as 300 calories a day they run or bicycle for miles, or perform calisthenics hour after hour. Brenda couldn't be still for a minute. I remember trying to carry on normal conversations with her as she jogged in place in front of the TV each morning.

Looking back, I suppose the panic building inside of me was tied to feelings of guilt. I knew that anorexics often feel rejected by one or both parents. Their obsession with becoming thin is linked to their belief that people who appear fat aren't loved. I knew, too, that Brenda could point out dozens of times when I'd been a poor excuse for a father.

Not that I got drunk, ran around on Shirley or cheated on my taxes. No, I'd grown up in a Christian home, made a

correction. My dad hadn't shown affection or offered praise for a job well done, and when I became a father I simply followed the style I'd seen him model.

Brenda, reading rejection into my attitude, reasoned that by dieting she could become more attractive and win my attention. Then somehow, as low self-esteem and suppressed anger led to loneliness, confusion and depression, the urge to lose weight simply ran away with her. She would cry and say, "You could cut my hands off and I still could not eat that food." Had I shoved my own daughter over the brink?

When a man feels overwhelmed there's no better place to turn than to God. That cold November afternoon in 1981 as I looked for Brenda I began a serious conversation with Him, nearing Lake Heritage: "Lord, do You want me to give up being head usher at church? Perhaps You're asking me to quit the Christian

organizations and meetings I love so much." I was willing to do anything to find my daughter, anything to see her delivered from the demon that was destroying her inch by inch.

I was still crying to God from the depths of my soul when Brenda came into view. Instead of eating lunch, she had gone off by herself, feeling rejected by some friends.

I sighed with relief, but just seeing her again reminded me that nothing had changed. We still had a problem too big to handle alone. At this point our family doctor encouraged us to seek counseling with a Christian psychiatrist.

That evening our tour group drove into nearby Charlotte, North Carolina for the weekly meeting of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship at a large hotel. Shirley and the girls were seated at a table in the audience, but as emcee I was seated on the platform to introduce the speaker. The program was running like clockwork and for the first time that day I started to relax.

The euphoria was short-lived. A lady came to the head table and whispered, "Mr. Keefer, you're needed in the back room right away." I glanced at the table where Shirley and our daughters had been sitting. Shirley and Brenda were missing.

The scene in the back room was like a hundred other scenes back home in Pennsylvania. Brenda, curled in a ball, was crying her heart out. Shirley stood nearby, a helpless expression on her face.

Though the situation was familiar, this time something was different. For the first time I felt a twinge of hope. An inner

voice said, "God is going to deal with this problem."

That was the good news; the bad news was that the same voice insisted I let go of my stubborn pride and ask Brenda to forgive me for being a poor dad.

Even as these feelings were clashing inside me, Brenda sobbed out a painful memory. She reminded me of a day years earlier when I'd taken a few moments to tumble around the living room with Wendy and Sandy, our two younger daughters. Brenda had tried to join the fun, but I'd shoved her aside with the excuse, "You're too big."

Rejected, she still carried the sting of my words.

"Please forgive me for pushing you away," I said in halting tones.

"I can't," she replied. "It hurts too much."

"Brenda, please forgive me!"

She looked at me through her tears. "It wasn't just that time. It was *all* the time," she sobbed.

She was struggling, but I too was fighting a battle. It isn't easy for a man who has projected a macho image for his entire adult life to humble himself and let God deal with his pride.

"Brenda, I'm asking you to forgive me for that one time, and for all the other times, too. I wish I could go back and live those years over again, but I can't. We must go on from here. . . . Will you pray for me?"

Tears mingled with broken sentences as Brenda did what I asked. We hugged, knowing that God was beginning something special inside both of us.

On the trip home I picked up the microphone in our tour bus and tried to



*Today Brenda is free from the bondage of food and is studying at Bible college*

relate to the forty-six passengers what God had done the previous night. I'd barely started to talk when the lump in my throat shut off the words; I wept like a baby.

Humbling myself and sharing openly caused members of the group to examine their own priorities more closely. Others testified, confessed needs and asked for prayer.

The next day, Sunday, our family testified during our church service at Grace Chapel in Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania. When Brenda and I shared from our hearts, the altar was jammed with parents and children. It seemed that everyone wanted to set things right with

God and one another.

I wish I could say that the healing in our lives was so powerful that everything changed overnight, but that just isn't true. I've seen the Lord perform instant miracles, but His usual procedure is to set in motion a change that develops slowly. Perhaps that's because He understands us so well. He knows that we appreciate most those blessings that take time and effort on our part.

For weeks Brenda's body screamed for nourishment and she went on daily eating binges. In addition, there were emotional outbursts that caused us all embarrassment. And I wasn't always happy, cutting out important meetings to make quality time available to Brenda and her sisters.

About six months after the breakthrough in Charlotte, I was scheduled to take part in an FGBMFI advance near our home. Wouldn't you know that Brenda's high-school banquet, to which parents were invited, came on the opening night of that special weekend?

I took a deep breath and went to the banquet, eating alone because food was still a big problem with Brenda. She and her mother joined me for the awards program that followed the dinner. All through the meeting my thoughts kept straying to the advance. But I knew that this was where I should be as her father.

Saturday morning at the FGBMFI event I had a chance to tell the men why I'd chosen to be somewhere else the night before. There must have been 400 men in the room, and suddenly God's power fell on us. When I asked those who wanted prayer to come forward, the aisles were filled with men who sensed a

need for God's help in their parenting roles.

I've seen that response again and again whenever I've shared God's dealings with this Christian dad who needed his pride broken and his eyes opened to needs right under his roof.

And that reminds me of something that happened on top of a roof not long ago that shows how far the Lord has brought father and daughter.

I'm a roofer by trade. Last summer I employed Brenda to help me work. You should have seen that girl, up there in the heat, ripping off old shingles and nailing down new ones. One afternoon when the sun was intolerable she asked permission to go home early.

"Sure, honey," I told her.

"Thanks, Dad," and she gave me a big hug and kiss.

I watched her descend the ladder and thought, *We've sure come a long way—both of us.* Today Brenda is free from the bondage of food and is studying at Bible college. I call her long-distance while she's away, and spend time with her on her vacations and summers at home.

I limit my workload so that I have more time available for my family, especially to take our girls shopping (an area in which God very distinctly spoke to me). Though our son doesn't live at home now, he works for me and I have plenty of opportunities to compliment him.

Our two daughters still at home know they can come to me with their hurts or problems, their projects and accomplishments. Even if I'm tired after a hard day's work I'll take time to listen, to pray for them, and to work at changing whatever is needed.

I can't help but be amazed at what God does in FGBMFI meetings. He can bring hope to men who haven't darkened a church for years, but He also can perform miracles for those of us who show up every time the church doors are open.

God's healing extends to anorexics and workaholics, among others. My daughter and I are exhibit A. □



*Ken Keefe served in the army two years, was employed by his father as a roofer, and today owns the family company, Keefe Roofing. He is a member of FGBMFI's Harrisburg Chapter and a field representative for Central Pennsylvania. He and his wife Shirley are members of Grace Chapel in Elizabethtown, where Ken served for more than six years as head usher. They have four children: Scott, twenty-four; Brenda, nineteen; Sandy, seventeen; and Wendy, fifteen.*

# CONVENTIONS

## MID-ATLANTIC REGIONAL

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

## 8TH NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL

Oct. 31-Nov. 2, 1985  
The Center of New Hampshire  
Manchester  
Write: FGBMFI, 169 Back River Rd.  
Bedford, NH 03102

## WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA REGIONAL

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

## SOUTH CAROLINA STATE

November 1-2, 1985  
Hyatt Regency, Greenville  
Write: Mr. Al Hafer, 138 Ingleoak Ln.  
Greenville, SC 29615

## SASKATCHEWAN MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

November 1-3, 1985  
Ectio Valley Centre, Fort San  
Write: Mr. Roy Coulman  
1412-10th St., East  
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan  
Canada S7H 0J5

## 9TH ANNUAL CANADIAN NATIONAL

November 6-9, 1985  
Calgary, Alberta  
Write: FGBMFI, 190 Attwell Dr., #304  
Rexdale, Ontario  
Canada M9W 6H8

## PERMIAN BASIN REGIONAL

November 7-9, 1985  
Holiday Inn Center, Odessa  
Write: Mr. Jerry Lee Jones  
4906 Delwood  
Odessa, TX 79762

## HASTINGS AREA RALLY

November 8-9, 1985  
Holiday Inn, Hastings  
Write: FGBMFI, Box 754  
Hastings, NE 68901

## WISCONSIN MEN'S ADVANCE

November 8-9, 1985  
Best Western Royale, Stevens Pt.  
Write: Mr. Merlyn Peters  
3741 S. 71st St.  
Milwaukee, WI 53220

## MID-AMERICA WINTER REGIONAL

November 20-23, 1985  
Marriott's Tan-Tar-A Resort  
Lake Ozark, MO  
Write: Mr. James B. Callis, Box 1111  
Sedalia, MO 65301

## NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA

November 14-16, 1985  
The Arena Hotel, Wilkes-Barre  
Write: Mr. Angelo Ferri  
13th & Walnut Sts.  
Empire Bldg., Ste. 401  
Philadelphia, PA 19107

## HIGH DESERT REGIONAL RALLY

November 15-16, 1985  
Holiday Inn, Victorville  
Write: Mr. James R. Bowen  
5233 Ocotillo Ave.  
Ridgecrest, CA 93555

## MANITOBA MEN'S ADVANCE

November 22-24, 1985  
Westward Village Inn  
Portage La Prairie, Manitoba  
Write: Mr. Abraham Thiessen  
21 Macaulay Pl., Winnipeg  
Manitoba, Canada R2G 0P7

## OKI REGIONAL

November 27-30, 1985  
Holiday Inn, Dayton Mall  
Miamisburg, OH  
Write: FGBMFI, Box 2252  
Dayton, OH 45429

## PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGIONAL

November 28-30, 1985  
Sea-Tac Red Lion, Seattle  
Write: Mr. Phil Israelson, Box 812  
Redmond, WA 98052

## SALT LAKE CONVENTION

November 28-30, 1985  
Salt Lake Hilton  
Write: Mr. Victor J. Martinez  
6833 Village Green Rd.  
Salt Lake City, UT 84121

## HAWAII REGIONAL

January 22-25, 1986  
Ala Moana Americana Hotel  
Honolulu  
Write: Mr. John L. Witwer  
1164 Bishop St., Ste. 1007  
Honolulu, HI 96813

## PHOENIX SILVER ANNIVERSARY REGIONAL

Jan. 29-Feb. 1, 1986  
Phoenix Hilton and  
Civic Center Ballroom  
Write: FGBMFI, Box 37695  
Phoenix, AZ 85069

## WASHINGTON, D.C. INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

February 6-8, 1986  
Washington Sheraton  
Write: FGBMFI, Box 350  
Manassas, VA 22110

## 33RD ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

July 8-12, 1986  
Marriott Resort and Conv. Ctr.  
Orlando, FL  
Write: FGBMFI World Convention  
Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

Conventions published in this issue were approved on or before July 22.

## 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.

**ANTIGUA/WEST INDIES:** St. Johns Antigua Chapter, Norman Spencer (809) 462-4552. **FINLAND:** Kouvola Chapter, Hannu Hurri 51-15485. **GUATEMALA:** Capitulo Zacapa Chapter, Arturo Hernandez 502-410-093. **NICARAGUA:** Nacional de Nicaragua Chapter, Dagoberto Palma 0311-4440. **UNITED STATES:** **KANSAS:** Harper County Chapter, Howard Hadsall (316) 842-5439. **KENTUCKY:** Campbellsville Chapter, N. Dale Freeman (502) 465-8080. **MISSISSIPPI:** Magee Chapter, James W. Cole (no phone). **MIS-SOURI:** Mammoth Spring/Thayer Chapter, Willard D. Richardson (501) 625-3506.

**A** new man was about to enter my wife's life and I couldn't have been happier. The new man was me.

I was on a jetliner in February, 1982, flying home to Rock Hill, South Carolina from a business trip to Alabama. Below us the roads and towns I'd driven through dozens of times looked different from 30,000 feet. I knew they'd look different to me at ground level, too, from now on because I was a new person.

For as long as I can remember, people have called me "multitalented." I've delved into many jobs—mainly car dealerships and the construction business. Dad recognized my talents early and did his best to convince me I'd achieve success if I played my cards right.

One "card" he didn't like was my high-school sweetheart. "Take your time, Bill," he would say. "Find someone who can help you get to the top." When you're young and in love you don't hear some things too well.

After three weeks of marriage, Dad's viewpoint made more sense to me. I knew I'd made a serious mistake. I compounded the problem by dealing with it in the worst ways.

First, I plunged headlong into work, spending day and night at the job. Second, I didn't keep Dad's remark to myself, and those words eventually destroyed totally my relationship with my wife. After thirteen years together, she left me for a mechanic who worked in the car dealership which I owned.

I married again in 1973, but by now I was a five-star workaholic at age thirty-eight. I'd given up selling cars and had become a building contractor, putting up



houses all over South Carolina. I put more than 90,000 miles on my car every year, which was hard on the vehicles and even harder on my body.

Eventually I developed ulcers, back trouble and an assortment of physical problems. When doctors put me in the hospital I'd take stacks of papers with me. I was driven to make my business succeed.

When the Arabs cut off oil in 1975, builders like myself nearly drowned in red ink. Meanwhile, on the home front my second marriage was going downhill. My family (by now we had four children) had come to regard me as a money machine, and when the "machine" no longer turned out all that was needed, it was time to look for a replacement.

My wife let me know in not too subtle ways that I was like an old car with a burned-out engine, ready for the junkyard. I was forty-five, with fading dreams





of success. I'd given life my best shot and it simply wasn't enough.

But thank God for Cliff. He was my favorite factory representative, knowledgeable and always friendly. I looked forward to his calls, but one thing puzzled me—the "Jesus First" lapel pin he wore when he called on customers.

One day Cliff suggested that we go into business together. Our combined savvy about products and promotional skills were just right for a small operation. At Cliff's suggestion I flew to Birmingham for a meeting.

While we were in Alabama, Cliff took me to a men's prayer breakfast at a cafeteria. I'd been in and out of churches most of my life, but I'd never seen such a collection of fellows from different walks of life. Men arrived with suits and ties, while others, obviously plumbers and electricians, came in their work clothes.

I was equally surprised by the

speaker, a layman, who told how his father, a man in his nineties, had recently given his life to Christ. During his testimony I saw for the first time that I was lost, as well as my entire family.

We divided into clusters of four or five for prayers. My group included Cliff, the pastor, and the man who had shared his testimony that morning. I was scared, never having prayed aloud in a group.

Cliff's prayer was that I might come to know the Lord.

Then it was my turn.

I started in, then broke down completely. Through my tears I asked God in the simplest possible terms to come into my life and take over.

He did. The old Bill Mohle died that morning in 1982 and a brand-new person walked out of the breakfast meeting.

The changes were both sudden and gradual. Right away my vocabulary did a flip-flop. I must have lost 80 percent of

the words I used on the job, and with this switch came an enormous hunger to read the Bible and a new desire to give.

One more change: I fell deeply in love with my wife. I couldn't wait to get home to Rock Hill so she could see the new Bill Mohle. We would start a second honeymoon the moment I stepped over the threshold.

The night I got home, I talked excitedly about what had happened at the prayer meeting, and what I believed God could do in our marriage. My wife looked bored

---

## I poured out my soul. 'I don't want to break up this family,' I insisted

---

as I recited the details of my conversion. When I finished she exclaimed, "So, what's the big deal?"

She had no idea where I was coming from. A few days later I learned that the new man in her life was *not* me, after all.

I did everything possible to win her back. One Sunday afternoon I walked into the house and poured out my soul. "I don't want to break up this family," I insisted. "Whatever it takes to bring us together, I'm willing to try."

She stiffened, said a lot of things that are too painful to repeat, then called her mother to say that I'd finally cracked and lost my mind. She even called her lawyer to see if she could have me legally removed. A year later she obtained a divorce.

God was still at work, however, and He gave me some wonderful experiences to show me that my life was on the right track. My mother, eighty-three years of age, accepted the Lord and began to witness to her friends.

A man prayed for me in his Christian bookstore in the summer of 1983 to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit and two weeks later I received my prayer language while driving my pickup. Then some men from Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship began to meet with me and encourage me. I attended their meetings in Charlotte, North Carolina, and it was there that I found strength to go on.

But I'm a slow learner, and losing my wife and a beautiful house brought tremendous pain. My bank account stood at zero; my self-esteem wasn't much higher. My cabinet business went into Chapter 11 bankruptcy in August, 1982 and I went back to work with my hands.

When I'd get depressed I'd fantasize about my wife and the man in her life. How I hated him! I pictured myself running him down with my truck loaded with cement blocks. I actually plotted ways to kill him if I ever caught him with her. I didn't trust myself to go shopping or to nearby restaurants for fear I would see them and carry out what was in my thoughts.

Still, my visits to FGBMFI events and the love these fellows showed me kept me from going off the deep end. Some of the men gave me tapes of messages; I played the tapes over and over, and rays of hope began to probe my darkness. I heard speakers say that there is no hole so deep that God can't get a man out, no



hurt so severe that He can't heal.

One day when I was really down, a member of the Charlotte chapter of FGBMFI handed me a book that included some Bible verses affirming God's power. These passages showed His ability to help people cope with the most difficult situations.

For example: "Greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world" (1 John 4:4) . . . "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper" (Psalms 1:3) . . . "For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death" (Romans 8:2) . . . "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal

bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you" (Romans 8:11).

Whenever depression began to creep into my life I'd open the book to these sections and read aloud. In time I was able to repeat all the verses from memory. My spirits would soar as I thought about God's power in my life. But there were physical benefits as well.

Once as I unloaded heavy blocks, a sharp pain shot through my back. I knew what that meant, for on other occasions this kind of pain had put me in the hospital for six weeks or more.

This time I leaned against my truck, quoted those verses about my body belonging to God, and claimed healing in the name of Jesus. As I prayed, the weakness went away. No pain, no time in the hospital . . . God was working in the new Bill Mohle.

Our youngest daughter, Katie, stayed with mother and me almost every weekend. Whenever I saw Katie I would call her my "born-again, Spirit-filled child of the living God." One day she said, "Daddy, if you don't stop calling me that, it's exactly how I'll be!" Praise God, she is. I called her that for a year, hundreds of times. One Sunday night when she was nine years old Jimmy Swaggart led her to Jesus over television.

Three years ago I was broke, sick and defeated, and thinking murderous thoughts. Today I'm healed, prosperous (I repaid all my business debts in June of 1985), and I've never known such joy.

The Lord has also provided me with a new five-bedroom house on a lake, development property with two houses in the mountains, a prison ministry and,

*(continued, page 38)*

# INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORS

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

*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 are also 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.*

**AFRICA (East):** Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Box 49578, Nairobi, Kenya. **(South):** Brian Leisegang, Box 4040, Durban 4000 • Bob Trench, 189 Stamford Hill Rd., Durban 4001. **(West):** Joseph Kwaw, Box 10849, Accra-North, Ghana. **CANADA:** Robert Barber, R.R. 1, Palgrave, Ontario, L0N 1P0 • Paul Beesley, Box 6037, Sta. A, St. John, New Brunswick E2L 4R5 • Norman Brazeau, 55 Cure Trotter, Kirkland, Montreal, Quebec H9J 1K3 • Jim Jarvis, Box 483, Westlock, Alberta T0G 2L0 • Dr. W. Rod Lindsay, 2224 Departure Bay Rd., Nanaimo, British Columbia V9S 3V8 • Owen McCormick, Box 2361, Saskatchewan S0E 1A0 • James McEwan, R.R. #1, Hampton, Ontario L0B 1J0 • Neil Simmonds, 23-2055 Ethel St., Kelowna, British Columbia V1Y 2Z6 • Ernie Voth, 190 Attwell Dr., Ste. 304, Ontario M9W 6H8 • Alan Wersch, 311-75 Swindon Wy., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3P 0X2. **CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA:** Eduardo Alvarez, Casilla 10202, Lima 100, Peru. **BRAZIL:** Custodio Rangel Pires, Praia de Icarai 275, Apt. 401, Nitoro, Rio de Janeiro. **GUATEMALA:** Juan Jose Font, KM. 9.5 Carretera El Atlantico, Guatemala City. **GUAYANA:** Sir Lionel Luckhoo, Box 163, 2 Belair Gardens, Georgetown • **HONDURAS:** Oscar Pinto Rossell, Box 1700, Tegucigalpa. **DENMARK:** J. Gunnar Olson, Ekoxevagen 5, 702 30 Orebro. **FINLAND:** J. Gunnar Olson, Ekoxevagen 5, 702 30 Orebro. **FRANCE:** Bruno Berthon, 5 Villa des Peupliers, Neuilly 92200. **GERMANY:** Adolf Zinsser, 7067 Pluderhausen, Postfach 147, W. Germany. **INDONESIA:** Dr. Lukas Halim, 14 Jalan Tegalan, Jakarta 13140. **ISRAEL:** Steven Lightie, Box 20618, E. Jerusalem. **KENYA:** Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Box 49578, Nairobi. **WEST MALAYSIA:** Dr. Peter K.T. Tong, 69 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur 01-17. **NORWAY:** Sophus Schanche, Box 10, 5040 Paradis. **PHILIPPINES:** Narciso Padilla, Box 109 Greenhills Commercial Ctr., Metro Manila 3113. **SINGAPORE:** Khoo Oon Theam, 2 Finlayson Green #18-00, The Penthouse, Asia Ins. Bldg., Singapore 0140. **SOUTH PACIFIC REGION:** **AUSTRALIA:** Bernard Gray, Box 67, Stones Corner, Brisbane, Queensland • Ronald Oastler, Box 57, Beecroft

2119, New South Wales • Roger Pearce, "Charis," 12 Chichester Sq., Wantirna, Victoria 3152. **NEW ZEALAND:** Len Brijs, 106 Hepburn Rd., Glendene, Auckland 8 • Ian James, R.D. 5, Fielding • Jack Jensen, Box 4397, Howick, Auckland 1. **SWEDEN:** J. Gunnar Olson, Ekoxevagen 5, 702 30 Orebro. **SWITZERLAND:** Gunnar Muhlig, Bockhornstrasse 23, Zurich 8047. **UNITED KINGDOM:** **ENGLAND:** Robert R. Spillman, "Elsterne," Tolt Rd., Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 9EB • John L. Wright, Kirby House, Kirby Bedon, Norwich, Norfolk NR14 7DZ. **SCOTLAND:** Jim Robinson Winter, High Tower Lochwinnoch Rd., Kilmacolm, Renfrewshire. **WEST INDIES:** **DOMINICA:** Charles A. Maynard, Box 147, Roseau. **BARBADOS:** Kyffin Simpson, Box 98, Bridgetown. **NETHERLANDS ANTILLES:** Sir Charles Vlaun, Box 33, Philipsburg, San Maarten.

**UNITED STATES:** **ALABAMA:** William Abercrombie, 3160 Dolly Ridge Dr., Birmingham 35243 • Wilford A. Baugh, Jr., 105 Andrews Ave., Enterprise 36630. **ALASKA:** Guy Whitney, Box 60489, Fairbanks 99706. **ARIZONA:** Norman LeBlanc, 7960 W. Heatherbrae, Phoenix 85033 • William Pyatt, Box 37695, Phoenix 85069 • Bryan Smith, Box 1730, Sun City 85311. **ARKANSAS:** Joe Murphy, 9212 S. Gary, Fort Smith 72903 • Ray Parsons, 1811 South 47th, Fort Smith 72903. **CALIFORNIA:** James R. Bowen, 5233 Occitillo Ave., Ridgecrest 93555 • Enoch Christoffersen, Box 337, Turlock 95381 • Jim Coffaro, Box 4881, San Jose 95381 • Peter Congelliere, 18392 Old Lampighter Ct., Villa Park 92667 • Chuck Damato, Box 58, Agoura 91301 • Frank Foglio, Box 22370, San Diego 92122 • Cliff Powell, 5250 Huntington Dr., Redding 96002 • Demos Shakarian, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa 92626 • Steve Shakarian, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa 92626 • Ronny Svenhvard, 335 Adeline St., Oakland 94607. **COLORADO:** Elmer Lewis, Box 236, Strausburg 80136 • Adair Rippey, Box 722, New Castle 81647 • Gerald Walker, Box 355, Denver 80201. **CONNECTICUT:** Gerald DeFlorio, 26 Heather Ln., Wilton 06897. **FLORIDA:** John D. Baldwin, Jr., 1409 N.W. 60th St., Gainesville 32605 • S. David Cox, 1125 N.W. 36th Ter., Gainesville 32605 • Evans Crary, P.O. Drawer 24, Stuart 33495 • Charles Crisafulli, 250 Joshua Pl., Merritt Island 32953 • Albert D'Arpa, Box 82381, Tampa 33682 • Dr. Douglas Fowler, Jr., 320 Third St., Ste. B, Neptune Beach 32233-5184 • Dr. Stephen P. Gyland, Box 747, Atlantic Beach 32233 • Russell Linenokhi, 330 Country Club Ln., Atlantic Beach 32233 • Alexander Malachuk, 2982 Meadow Wood, Clearwater 33519 • Ralph Marinaccio, 7033 S. Lagoon Dr., Panama City 32407 • Sam Rudd, Dublin-Downes, 5420 Pimlico Dr., Tallahassee 32303. **GEORGIA:** Smets Bltch, Jr., 111 Chelsea Circle, Statesboro 30458 • Kermit Bradford, 2512 Bryan Ct., East Point 30344 • Lynwood Maddox, Box 450007, Atlanta 30345 • Donald L. Norris, Box 9, Carrollton 30117 • James M. Rogers, 2376 Spring Creek Rd., Decatur 30033. **HAWAII:** John Witwer, 1164 Bishop St., Ste. 1007, Honolulu 96813. **IDAHO:** James Howell, 1984 Panama St., Boise 83705. **ILLINOIS:** Henry Carlson, 564 W. Fulton, Chicago 60606 • Howard Hite, R.R. #1, Box 6D, Dalton City 61925. **INDIANA:** David Fahy, 148 York Dr., Carmel 46032 • Richard Harshman, 8327 Skyway Dr., Indianapolis 46219 • Joseph C. Turnbull, Jr., 4566 Elm Dr., Newburgh 47630. **IOWA:** Harold B. Brown, Box 304, Lohrville 51453 • Duane McLean, 1668-13th St. N.W., Cedar Rapids 52405. **KANSAS:** Stanley Hoernner, 1000 N. Manhattan, Manhattan 66502 • Richard P. Wain, 1506 Orchard Ln., Wellington 67152. **KENTUCKY:** Robert Shelley, 3000 Mississippi, Paducah 42001. **LOUISIANA:** Anthony J. Amoroso, 834 Marlbrook Dr., Baton Rouge 70815 • James Farmer, Sr., 124 Harding Dr.,

Houma 70364. **MAINE:** Richard E. Crockett, Rte. #3, Box 4320, Gardiner 04345. **MARYLAND:** Charles P. Hoffman, 17 Severn River Rd., Severna Park 21146 • Arthur Williams, 2223 Michael Rd., Myersville 21773. **MASSACHUSETTS:** Alex Casavan, 34 Winthrop Rd., Hingham 02043. **MICHIGAN:** Carlton Milbrandt, 4941 Moonglow, Troy 48098 • John Packer, 25130 Southfield, Ste. 208, Southfield 48075 • Dean Ziegler, 3411 Ancilff, Rockford 49341. **MINNESOTA:** Lee Nystrom, Box 20011, Bloomington 55420 • Donald Sjelin, 3806 Allendale Ave., Duluth 55803. **MISSISSIPPI:** Dr. William Keller, Box 625, Laurel 39440. **MISSOURI:** James B. Callis, 219 S. Ohio Ave., Sedalia 65301 • Robert Engle, Box 54, Shelbyville 63469 • Walter Moore, 3833 Baumner Dr., Arnold 63010 • Bill Phipps, 1201 W. Gregory, Kansas City 64114. **MONTANA:** Maxim Krikorian, R. #1, Box 545, Glasgow 59230 • Mel Tombre, Box 288 R.R., Savage 59262. **NEBRASKA:** Eugene Dankert, 5934 LaSalle, Lincoln 68516 • Richard V. Mendyk, 4123 Mason Ave., Grand Island 68801 • Adrian Silvinski, 4515 S. 134th St., Omaha 68137. **NEVADA:** Richard Young, 1205 Industrial Way, Sparks 89431. **NEW HAMPSHIRE:** Richard J. Morin, 264 Dover Point Rd., Dover 03820. **NEW JERSEY:** Douglass S. List, 11 Andrew Jackson Ct., Cranbury 08512 • Earl Pickett, 735 N. Hurffville, Deptford 08096. **NEW MEXICO:** Clifton Dixon, 4807 Constitution N.E., Albuquerque 87110. **NEW YORK:** John Barone, 1114 Boyd St., Watertown 13601 • Curtis Dorell, 3 E. Grove St., Massapequa 11758 • Fred Lawrence, Box 206, Homer 13077 • James A. McDonald, 79 Norcrest Dr., Rochester 14617. **NORTH CAROLINA:** Don Evans, P.O. Drawer 1117, Rocky Mount 27801 • Reidy Lawing, 6520 Grove Park Blvd., Charlotte 28215 • Ogburn Yates, Box 100, Asheboro 27203. **NORTH DAKOTA:** Jeff Miller, R.R. 1, Box 138, Baner, 58713. **OHIO:** Cosmo de Bartolo, 8125 Glenwood Ave., Youngstown 44512 • William J. Cooke, 8950 Charington Ct., Pickerington 43147 • James McKeegan, 11731 Allen Twp. Rd. 100, Findlay 45840. **OKLAHOMA:** Joe B. Cannon, 102 N. Main, Blackwell 74631 • F. Don Hail, Box 702187, Tulsa 74170 • Bill R. Weaver, Box 54776, Oklahoma City 73154. **OREGON:** Thomas Gutzler, 11685 S.W. Denfield, Beaverton 97005 • Jerry Lausmann, Box 1608, Medford 97501 • Edwin E. Sheets, Rte. 1-Box 12 Dickenson Dr., Hermiston 97838. **PENNSYLVANIA:** Phillip S. Cashman, 1247 Wiltshire Rd., York 17403 • Angelo Ferri, 13th & Walnut St., Empire Bldg., Ste. 401, Philadelphia 19107 • Dr. Jack Herd, 2704 Market, Camp Hill 17011 • Foley Selvaggi, 1250 W. Wylie Ave., Washington 15301. **RHODE ISLAND:** Carlin Nash, 15 Lakeside Dr., Narragansett 02882. **SOUTH CAROLINA:** Don D. Tingen, 1541 Jesamine Rd., Lexington 29072 • Phillip Walker, Box 8, Williamsburg 29697. **SOUTH DAKOTA:** Clifford L. Linn, 1855 Ballpark Rd., Sturgis 57785. **TENNESSEE:** Hoyt Elliott, 704 Clearview Dr., Nashville 37205 • David Spatofero, 901 Eastview Circle, N.W., Cleveland 37311. **TEXAS:** Col. C. M. (Andy) Anderson, 232 W. Beauregard #200, San Angelo 76903 • Tom Ashcraft, 11719 Bolero Court, Stafford 77477 • Floyd Hurst, Rte. 1-Box 307-14, Seguin 78155 • Ralph Littlejohn, 11 Hedwig, Houston 77024 • Bill McGill, 2619 Casaverde 118, Dallas 75234 • Wayne T. Mitchell, 5602 Randon Rd., Houston 77091 • Virgil Mott, 131 Lombardy Dr., Sugar Land 77478 • Norman Norwood, 8 Charleston S., Sugar Land 77478 • Garland Solomon, 303 Sunset Dr., Hereford 79045 • Donald D. Spear, 16200 Dallas Pkwy., Ste. 130, Dallas 75248. **UTAH:** Victor J. Martinec, 6833 Village Green Rd., Salt Lake City 84211. **VERMONT:** David P. Wells, Box 225, Saxtons River 05154. **VIRGINIA:** William Beamer, 124 Beechwood Hills, Newport News 23602 • Ed Goings, 9329 Battie St., Manassas 22110

• Robert Harvey, 3104 Biscayne Dr., Chesapeake 23321 • Freeman Meadows, 90 Ashby Ave., Eikton 22827 • Col. Speed Wilson, Drawer 1, Hot Springs 24445. **WASHINGTON:** Fred Doerlein, 17509-86th Ave. N.E., Bothell 98011 • Arthur Evanson, Box 244, Vancouver 98666 • Don Ostrom, 36256 S.E. Fish Hatchery Rd., Fall City 98024 • Leonard Sampson, E. 4004 Longfellow, #3, Spokane 99207 • Donald E. Skidmore, 3402 Roosevelt Ave., Yakima 98902. **WEST VIRGINIA:** Clifford Haddad, 4825 MacCorkle Ave., South Charleston 25309 • William Warnock, Box 7547, Huntington 25777. **WISCONSIN:** Marilyn R. Peters, 3741 S. 71st St., Milwaukee 53220 • Charles W. Witzel, 4042 Galaxy Dr., Rt. 2, Janesville 53545.

**DIRECTORS AT LARGE: AFRICA:** Bob Trench, 189 Stamford Hill Rd., Durban, South Africa 4001. **UNITED STATES:** Richard Bonson, Box 1179, Eagle River, WI 54521 • Lee A. Buck, 126 Huckleberry Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840 • S. David Cox, 1125 N.W. 36th Ter., Gainesville, FL 32605 • Herbert E. Ellingwood, 6607 Briar Hill Ct., McLean, VA 22101 • Norman Frost, Box 130, Berry Creek, CA 95916 • George Gray, Rt. 1, Box 266AA, Marengo, IN 47140 • Col. Hank Lackey, 2905 Rhett, Beaver Creek, OH 45385 • Steven Lightie, 4850-156th Ave. N.E., #307, Redmond, WA 98052 • John Ninowski, 4222 Rosewood, Royal Oak, MI 48073 • Lt. Gen. Richard Shaefer, 103 Hanover Sq., Nashville, TN 37215 • Chuck Sutton, R.R. 1, Stewartsville, MO 64490. **MALAYSIA:** Dr. Joy A. Seevaratnam, 75 Tanjung Bunga Park, Penang.

**ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR:** Nick Cardone, 11500 Norcom Rd., Philadelphia, PA 19154.

**ASSISTANT DIRECTOR:** Dr. Richard Synowski, 3375 Eagle Crest Rd., N.W., Salem, OR 97304.

**DIRECTORS EMERITUS:** Louis Abate, 1520 Ardsley Pl., Schenectady, NY 12308 • Henry Baxter, 125 E. Greenwood Ave., Lansdowne, PA 19050 • Al H. Duran, 248 Mike Dr., N.E., Orangeburg, SC 29115 • Robert Hensel, 208 East 27th, Kearney, NE 68847 • Dr. Lloyd Huneryager, Box 7, Collinsville, OK 74021 • Claud McCulley, 6510 Leschen, St. Louis, MO 63121 • William Miles, Box 55, Neon, KY 41840 • Francis Nelson, 469 Elm Ave., Rahway, NJ 07065 • Bill Norwood, 11601 Oak St., Kansas City, MO 64114 • Norman E. Roberts, 19 Riverside Blvd., Thornhill, Ontario, Canada L4J 1H4 • W. E. Shaw, 2805 Wade Hampton Blvd., Taylor, SC 29687 • Larry Snelgrove, 44 Long Bourne Dr., #404, Weston, Ontario, Canada M9R 2M6 • Dennis Wilson, 14616-55th St., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5A 2N4.

**EXECUTIVE ADVISOR TO CONVENTIONS:** Arthur H. Evanson, Box 244, Vancouver, WA 98666.

#### HEADQUARTERS' MAILING ADDRESSES

**WORLD HEADQUARTERS:** Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. **AFRICA:** East Africa: Box 49578, Nairobi, Kenya. **South Africa:** FGBMFI National Administrative Centre, Box 4040, Durban 4000. **West Africa:** 24 Ikwerre Rd., Box 674, Port Harcourt, Nigeria. **ASIA:** 2 Finlayson Green #18-00, The Penthouse, Asia Ins. Bldg., Singapore 0140, Republic of Singapore. **CANADA:** 190 Atwell Dr., Ste. 304, Rexdale, Ontario M9W 6H8. **EUROPE:** Ave. d'Italie #43, Box 25, Brussels, Belgium 1050. **LATIN AMERICA/CARIBBEAN:** 13401 S.W. Freeway, Ste. 207, Sugar Land, TX 77478. **SOUTH PACIFIC REGION:** Australia: Box 67, Stones Corner, Brisbane 4120, Queensland. **New Zealand:** Box 33424, Takapuna, Auckland 9.

### **FIVE-STAR WORKAHOLIC** (from page 35)

thanks to Him, my business is thriving.

I regret deeply that my ex-wife hasn't joined me in this wonderful adventure of walking day by day with God, but there's no longer any hatred or bitterness for her in my heart. That has been replaced by the joy of seeing Christ's power in my life and by applying the Word of God, His peerless remedy for a broken heart. □

*Bill Mohle spent eleven years in the Marine Corps as pilot, nine years in the automobile business, and the last fourteen years as self-employed licensed general contractor in the Rock Hill area. He worships at Neely's Creek Church in Rock Hill and is vice-president of FGBMFI's Rock Hill Chapter. He has four children: son Shawn and daughters Lindsey, Hope and Katie.*



## **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" (I 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.**



## FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S **VOICE**

Vol. 33, No. 11, November, 1985  
P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628  
(714) 754-1400

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

**Founder/President:** Demos Shakarian  
**Executive Vice-President:** Thomas Ashcraft  
**Vice-Presidents:**  
Douglas Fowler, Bernard Gray, Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Walter C. Moore, Norman Norwood, Don Ostrom, Oscar Pinto Rossell, Khoo Oon Theam, Ernie Voth, Ogburn Yates, Adolf Zinsser  
**Secretary:** Lynwood Maddox  
**Treasurer:** William E. Warnock

### EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

**Chairman:** Ogburn Yates; Henry Carlson, Enoch Christoffersen, Fred Doerflein, Reidy Lawing, Walter C. Moore

### CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER

Steve Shakarian

### PUBLICATIONS

**Editor:** Jerry Jensen, Ph.D., Litt.D.  
**Associate Editor:** Maurine Kish  
**Editorial Assistant:** Rose Hamill  
**Art Director:** Ray Thompson  
**Illustrations:** Cornell Morton  
**European Ed.:** Blair Scott, Belgium  
**Spanish Ed.:** Albert D'Arpa, Florida  
**So. Pac. Ed.:** Len Brijis, New Zealand

### 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 in which he saw 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-seven nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write Chapter Department, FGBMFI, 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.*



Page 26



Page 2



From: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626

Flight Plan/  
Life Plan . . . . 2  
Without Hope or  
Country . . . . 10



Page 10

# CONTENTS

Century of  
Certainty . . . 16  
This Can't Be! . . . 18  
Anorexia . . . . . 26  
Conventions . . . . 31  
Five-Star  
Workaholic . 32  
International  
Directors . . . 36

The Small Magazine with  
the World's Greatest Message



Page 18