

Full Gospel Business Men's

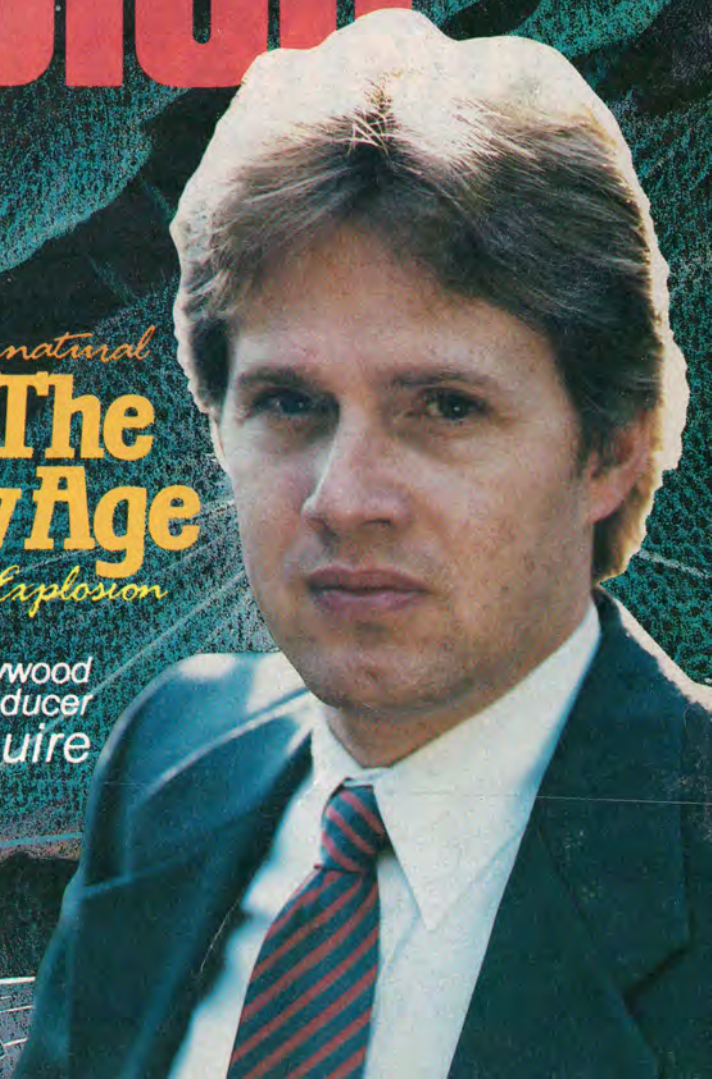
03-88

VOICE

*Supernatural
Faith
and* **The
New Age**
Explosion

Hollywood
Producer

Paul McGuire



The background of the entire page is a dark, atmospheric landscape. In the center, a black silhouette of a human figure stands with arms slightly out, a bright white glow emanating from the head area. To the left, a large, dark pyramid sits on a flat, dark ground. The sky is filled with stars and a large, glowing full moon in the upper right corner. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, blacks, and greys, with highlights from the moon and the figure's head.

What is The New Age?

New Age has become the buzz-word of the 80s. It has been linked to a spectrum of things that are not, as a rule, related: from music to mystics, seminars to celebrities, health-food stores to crystal rocks. For example, major corporations like RCA, Boeing, General Mills, Procter and Gamble, AT&T and Ford Motor Co., have hired New Age consultants to help them increase

employee productivity. In addition, many New Age seminars and workshops are held in major corporations under the umbrella of "stress management."

A burgeoning new music genre called New Age combines blues and jazz to help listeners relax. Some health professionals are turning to New Age "therapeutic touch" techniques in their search for ways to promote healing. And even New Age rocks are touted for their ability to help you sleep better, work faster, play harder.

How does a person, place or thing earn the title of New Age? Getting a handle on this phenomenon means looking closely at the one element shared by all things New Age: the underlying belief that man and God are one.

Focus on the Family magazine calls the New Age philosophy "a hodge-podge of spirit worship, Hindu mysticism and avant-garde psychology. Its essence lies in ancient Hinduism, which holds that everyone — and everything — is part of God, part of a divine 'oneness' within. Thus people need look no further than themselves for life's answers."

New Agers are encouraged — through music, foods, literature, and expensive training sessions — to get in touch with the "well-spring of power and energy" within themselves and, by doing so, tap into the "universal energy of life" that surrounds us all. For some people, dabbling in New Age thinking means placing a sliver of quartz crystal under their pillow to help them sleep. For others, it means attempts at mind-travel outside the body, communicating with spirits and a strong belief in reincarnation.

Whatever the form, New Age thinking translates into a religion of self that relegates the concept of a personal, caring God to the realm of the archaic. There is no Higher Being, no higher purpose than what we ourselves create and control. A philosophical/religious approach feeding off humanism and pantheism, New Age thinking is

cropping up in homes, schools, small businesses, corporate offices, and even churches across the country.

Every indication is of increasing public interest: Book publishers estimate that New Age titles have already brought in at least \$100 million (and mounting) in retail sales, and a recent article in *Forbes* encouraged corporate readers to use this "fad" as a marketing technique to sell products. Perhaps the New Age movement appeals to so many because it comes in so many forms: For those seeking to fill a spiritual void, New Age thinking promises supernatural adventures and insights. For the more "down to earth" types, it appeals to the human ego with an intellectual, self-help approach.

This month, *Voice* magazine highlights the dangers of New Age thinking with testimonies from two men who have been there. Their dynamic stories illustrate just how diverse and widespread the movement is — and how futile. For Paul McGuire, Brad Tuttle — and countless others caught up in this destructive trend — the New Age path to spiritual and self-awareness is a dead-end. □

Supernatural Faith and **The New Age** *Explosion*

Paul McGuire
Hollywood, California

Paul McGuire is a Hollywood based independent feature film producer and author whose recent science fiction film was a best seller at the Cannes Film Festival. He has been deeply involved in the New Age Movement, and has experienced, firsthand, cosmic consciousness, mental telepathy, astral projection, altered states of consciousness and Eastern mysticism. Now he tells us about his startling conversion to Jesus Christ. How did he finally come to believe, without a doubt, that Jesus is real?

As far as my family was concerned, Christians were anti-life, anti-sex and anti-joy. Therefore, I was raised with a real bias against Christianity. I thought that Christians were a very primitive, very superstitious and very weird people.

One time during a Thanksgiving dinner, my grandmother (who was a Catholic) asked my father to say a prayer. He said, "No, we're not going to pray because everything we have at this table is through man's work." Humanism was our god.

I was taught that there was no God ... man was the center of the universe. Neither was there any absolute right or

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wrong — all human evil was simply due to ignorance.

My father was a teacher and an artist, so the friends who came to our home were artists, intellectuals, painters and poets. I never met a Bible-believing Christian the whole time I was growing up. Nobody ever shared the Lord with me. Nobody ever witnessed to me. Yet I had an incredible spiritual hunger.

Three driving questions had haunted me ever since I was two years old. They were: Why was I alive? What was my

purpose in life? What was I doing here? While other children were playing, I pondered questions about the meaning of life.

Thinking that maybe science would give me the answers, I began reading the biographies of great scientists. By the time I was ten, I had read about every scientist from Einstein to Enrico Fermi. I had a huge laboratory in my bedroom with beakers, test tubes and control panels. I did amateur cryogenics experiments where I was freezing plants in my refrigerator in an attempt to put them in suspended animation. I was very serious.

However, after exhausting science as a means of finding the meaning of life, I next set myself to the task of investigating the occult and Eastern religions.

When I was eleven, my parents divorced and my world was ripped apart. I became very rebellious. My "spiritual pilgrimage" merged with a growing hatred of all authority and society. My mother, who was concerned about her rebellious son, sent me to a psychotherapist who would hopefully solve my problems. However, this only led to further confusion. I was ripe to be seduced by the counter culture and the psychedelic philosophy of the 1960s which later became the New Age Movement.

By then the "hippie" movement was on and drugs exploded across the nation and in New York City.

At fifteen I was demonstrating with Abbie Hoffman in New York's village, and was made an honorary member of the Black Panther party even though I

was white because I was involved in organizing demonstrations. I wanted to see the U. S. government overthrown. Then, through peaceful means we could develop a planetary consciousness and a new world order which would usher in the New Age. In all this I viewed Christians as a threat to the spiritual-political revolution that was coming to the planet.

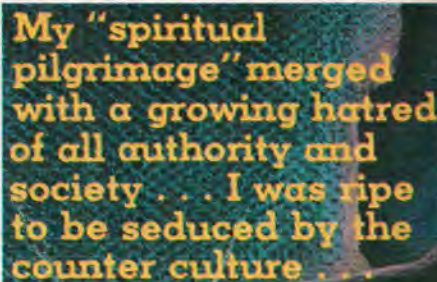
I began taking very heavy doses of LSD, left my body, had astral projection, mental telepathy, the whole thing. I was regularly experiencing supernatural phenomenon and entering a higher realm of consciousness where "spirit beings" were communicating with me and where I exercised psychic powers. On the whole I thought I was working out my "karma" and freeing myself from "the wheel of births and deaths." I wanted to become an "enlightened being." I viewed Christians as people living on a "lower plane of consciousness."

I then went to the University of Missouri where I studied Altered States of Consciousness. This was actually a pioneer course and a new accredited field offered by the university.

I had rejected the claims of Jesus Christ because I did not see any evidence of the miracles of supernatural ministry of the church through the power of the Holy Spirit as outlined in the Book of Acts. Basically, I was looking for "proof" that Jesus Christ was who He claimed to be, but didn't find it.

Later, when I encountered "Bible believing" Christians who told me that Jesus Christ was "the only way to God," I

had serious doubts. I could agree that Jesus was a very "enlightened teacher," but found it difficult to accept that He was the Son of God. Because if He did rise from the dead and perform all those miracles depicted in the Bible . . . if it was true that Christians were so filled with His love and power that they once turned the world upside down, then why were all the Christian churches I visited so dead and lifeless?



My "spiritual pilgrimage" merged with a growing hatred of all authority and society . . . I was ripe to be seduced by the counter culture . . .

At about this time I encountered for the first time in my life genuine Christians who moved in the supernatural flow of the Holy Spirit and had the glory of God shining on their faces. Members of the Jesus Movement had come to Columbia and there was an invasion of Spirit-filled Christians that had come on campus. I encountered them everywhere, and like Saul of Tarsus I thought it was my duty to defend the faith of Eastern mysticism and the religion of "higher consciousness."

As a result, I would attack them in philosophy classes, debating them when they would speak out about their faith. It was my delight to attempt to humiliate and prove them wrong through intellectual arguments.

In addition, I would increase my "outrageous" behavior when they were around in an attempt to mock and ridicule them. I was also a film student and I would make X-rated animation movies with Barbie dolls in an attempt to sneer at Judeo-Christian morality which I hated.

But, a couple of these real Christians began to zero in on me and share the love of Jesus Christ with me. Beneath all my



bravado was a hurting and frightened individual who was reaching out for answers. At first, my mind completely rejected everything they were saying. But, they would love me with a pure, deep and spiritual "agape" love. I thought what they were saying was complete idiocy but I felt myself being "wooed" by the Holy Spirit. In fact, as they would talk to me the Holy Spirit would convict me and I sensed that God was talking to me. I found all my intellectual arguments reduced to nothing as I sensed the presence of God's love for me for the first time in my life. I was encountering something far more real than anything I had ever experienced before.

This was not some "trip" or mystical high but I felt a total purity and love that

had to be God. These supernatural Christians empowered by the Holy Spirit, who praised God and spoke in tongues, opened their lives up to me. They cared about me as a person and loved me. They invited me to their prayer meetings and had me over for dinner.

Through their personal ministry to me I felt the arms of the Living God embrace me and hug me like the father I had never had. (Many years later my earthly father also accepted Christ.) The Great God of the Universe, the Creator of Heaven and Earth embraced me through the lives of these loving Christians. Something touched me deep within and it was as if the little child that was locked within me, hurt, bruised and battered, emerged and was held by the love of God.

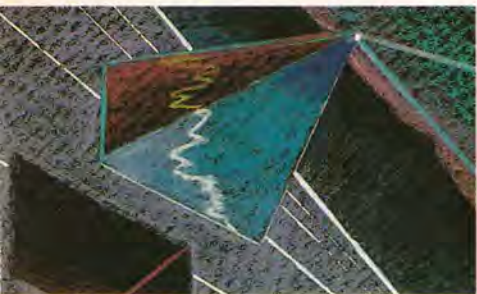
I was not yet ready to surrender, but the Holy Spirit was working in my life. I had all kinds of intellectual questions and they gave me a book entitled *Escape From Reason* written by Dr. Francis Schaeffer which changed my life. I was shocked to discover that it was possible to be intelligent and to be a Christian.

Yet, I fought with the Holy Spirit and the forces of darkness did not want to let me go. These Christians prayed for me and the Holy Spirit began to convict me. I found myself walking along by the highway "stoned" and I began sobbing and weeping as the presence of the Almighty God would touch me.

One afternoon I was invited by a guy named Tim to attend a religious retreat about an hour from the campus in the wooded area outside of Columbia, Missouri. Tim's eyes shone with sincerity and the love of God so I accepted his

invitation. In boots, blue jeans and long hair I arrived at the retreat center. As I looked the place over it didn't take me long to realize that these people did not have what I was looking for. They were the kind of Christians I had seen before: they were religious, but lacking the depth and dimension of people who have had a personal encounter with Jesus Christ.

At the retreat center they primarily played games such as "Spin the Bottle."



I was totally disgusted and these Christians reinforced my worst preconceptions about Christianity. After spending the night there I told Tim that I was going to leave and hitchhike back to the University campus. Tim walked me to the highway and said, "Paul, God will take care of your ride home." I said, "Yeah, yeah sure" hoping to humor him. So I stuck out my thumb and began looking for a ride.

My first ride was from a Pentecostal preacher and his wife. They talked to me all about Jesus during the whole ride. Stunned, I chalked it up as coincidence — after all this was the Bible Belt. They let me out back on to the highway after they had taken me as far as they were going in my direction.

I stuck out my thumb again and all of a sudden a stationwagon pulled up. It was a Bible salesman with a stationwagon filled with Bibles. As we drove down the highway, he opened a giant black leather bound Bible and began reading it to me as we whizzed down the road. With no hands on the wheel and holding the Bible in his hands he asked me if I wanted to receive Jesus into my life! I managed to gulp a "yea" and he pulled off the road. As we shuddered to a stop the thought raced through my mind, "What have I gotten myself into? Is this guy some kind of religious psychopath or axe murderer?"

The next thing I knew he was leading me in a prayer with our heads bowed and our hands clasped and I heard myself saying, "Jesus Christ, I ask You to forgive me of my sins and I invite You to come into my life and make me born again. In Jesus' name. Amen." I couldn't believe that I had said this prayer. I wasn't even sure what sin was. I thought it was some kind of archaic concept. But, I said it in faith and I meant it.

Hours later I was "partying" the night away with friends. The next day I awoke hung over and decided to go visit this Christian girl, Laura, who had spent a lot of time ministering to me. I told her about the experiences I had had on the highway. Another girl happened to be sitting there on the lawn and had overheard our conversation. She was a minister's daughter wrestling with the question of whether or not Christianity was really true. She looked at me point blank and said, "Do you believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God?"

All of a sudden, from deep within me



leaped the words, "Yes, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God!" I was shocked that I had never said those words before in my life, yet I really meant it. As I spoke to them I had the most powerful spiritual experience I had ever had in my life. It seemed as if the sky cracked open and suddenly I was overwhelmed by the presence of God. A giant veil was lifted from my eyes and I realized that God did exist.

As the week progressed, I learned without a doubt that all I was looking for in Eastern mysticism, human relationships and the New Age but could not find, I had found in Jesus Christ. This was not just another "experience" of a "higher state of consciousness." I was totally connected to reality at a deeper dimension than I had ever experienced in my life. My inner being and personality were shook to the very core of their existence as I came face to face with the Infinite

(Above) During the filming of their science fiction film, Executive Producer Paul McGuire, far right and Director Franky Schaeffer, behind camera. (Below) Paul's wife, actress Kristina David.



Personal Living God of the Universe for the first time in my life.

The contrast between the New Age and Eastern mystical experiences I had previously and my encounter with Jesus Christ were as different as night and day.

All of the New Age and Eastern mystical experiences I was involved in had an illusory quality no matter how real at the time. Jesus Christ was not just another "experience," my new found relationship with Him conveyed a reality so strong that inwardly I knew that I knew I had found God for the first time in my life.

I fully appreciate the position of those who look upon the supernatural dimension of life with suspicion, especially those who have heard so much cheap and empty talk about the miraculous that they have deafened their ears to all accounts of the present day miracles of Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, Jesus Christ is still working miracles today in the lives of believers.

As a word of personal testimony, I can say that I have applied Mark 11:23 numerous times in my life and I have experienced dramatic miracles.

However, these are not the same kinds of "miracles" that I experienced in the New Age movement. You see, very real spiritual manifestations can occur when you are in the presence of a guru or someone deeply involved in the New Age or the occult. When some gurus put their thumb or fingers on the foreheads of their followers, people receive a vision of inner light and are filled with energy. This is a satanic counterfeit of the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Although these experiences are very real, they are not signs from God. Experience alone is not a sign from God. A supernatural experience must be in accordance with the Scriptures in order for it to be from God. In other words, supernatural phenomena in and of them-

selves such as miracles, signs and wonders, spirits and the like do not mean they are proof that this person or that guru is of God.


The Bible talks about deceiving signs and wonders and counterfeits to the work of the Holy Spirit and that is exactly what all these things are. But even if you have been deceived, the Infinite God of the Universe does not allow people to walk to hell uninterrupted. He throws up roadblocks along the way, sends prophets and does everything in His power to warn them.

If you read carefully, some of the accounts of people involved with the New Age such as John C. Lilly and Rennie Davis, you will see that they have been warned. There are constant references to Christian and biblical teachings concerning God, Jesus, judgment and hell. One of the former members of the Chicago 8 Conspiracy Trial, heard a voice warning him that his guru was an Antichrist but at the time he chose to ignore it. We must pray for the people involved with the New Age. God is not going to allow them to march off into oblivion; He wants to use us to reach them. □

Paul McGuire has written a book entitled SUPERNATURAL FAITH IN THE NEW AGE from Whitaker House Publishers that gives his entire testimony. SUPERNATURAL FAITH IN THE NEW AGE will be in Christian bookstores this month.

Paul occasionally speaks at FGBMFI meetings and attends the Church on the Way in Van Nuys, California with his wife, Kristina.

Persons wishing to contact Paul may do so by writing to Paul McGuire, P.O. Box 713, Hollywood, California 90078.



Brad Tuttle
San Juan Capistrano
California

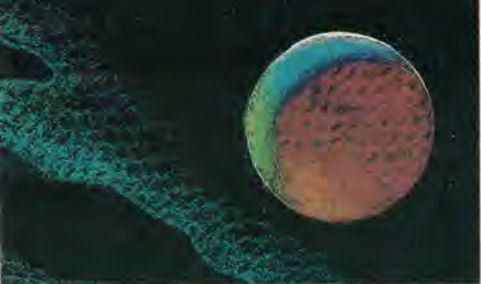
As I sat back in my La-Z-Boy chair, my cat on my lap, looking out the sliding glass door of our family room, the silence was broken by the ringing of the phone. The first words spoken from the caller were: "Brad, I'll get right to the point. You were involved in metaphysics and *A Course in Miracles* for seven years and then suddenly left it all . . . I want to know why."

I was stunned. I could not believe what I was hearing. On the other end of the line was a well-known teacher in metaphysics and an avid student of *A Course in Miracles* asking why I dropped out of the New Age Movement and was now a "born again" Christian. I was so shocked by the call that my mind went blank. I remembered Revelation 12:11, "and they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony." I paused, took a deep breath, and began to share my testimony with her.

I was reared in the wheat and cattle country of western Kansas, where I worked on a dairy farm during my four years of high school. I married my high school sweetheart following graduation and within two years of our marriage, we had two children.

Delivered

from Self



After our second child was born, I began working on a hundred-head black angus ranch, where I fell in love with one of the wildest sports: rodeo. Since I was a tall and lanky cowboy, steer wrestling became my favorite weekend pastime.

It was during this period of my life that a friend from church convinced me to quit farming and become a licensed life insurance agent. Within a few years, I was climbing the ladder of success. With my pony in the barn and my Mark IV in the driveway, I was promoted to regional manager, responsible for hiring and training agents throughout the state.

Being on the road during the week and staying in motels nightly created an unhealthy environment for our marriage. Soon I found myself packing my bags and leaving for the state of Washington to "live off the land" — alone. After I purchased twenty acres in the northeast corner of Washington near the Columbia River, I realized, much to my dismay, I could not just "live off the land."

I was surprised to find a logging crew that would hire a Kansas cowboy who had never logged before in his life. Even though I looked like a mail-order logger, I was eager to begin my new lifestyle. Everything was going great, until one day while logging, I heard a voice tell me to go down the mountain and call my wife, and have her and the children come and

live with me again. That was not what I wanted to hear, but I obeyed and called her. She was ecstatic about the idea. Our family then enjoyed an extended vacation while living in the forest of Washington. But the dream ended two years later when I told her we were moving to Pasadena, California to examine the possibility of my attending the college of a legalistic Old Testament church.

I arrived in southern California in 1979, unemployed, looking and searching. I attended several workshops on personal growth and self-development conducted by nationally known motivators.

After the completion of five workshops and reading the recommended books, I told myself that with my background in marketing and sales management, I should be able to duplicate what they were doing. Thus I began offering my program to local sales organizations in their own offices. After successfully booking three classes, I began to create the class material by visiting the self-development section of our local bookstore.

Many books on hypnosis, the hidden power of the subconscious mind, and even one on something called "the supra-conscious mind" were brought to my attention. From there it led to books on the "low-self," "middle-self," and the "high-self," then to meditation, levitation, and reincarnation; then on to divine mind, cosmic-consciousness, universal oneness.

Finally I came to what I believed was the ultimate "Book," *A Course in Miracles*. This was a set of three

blue books, written in Christian terminology but metaphysical in nature. What began as a naive journey into the business world by unlocking the incredible human potential within, ended with a seven-year saga of meditation, "channeling" higher consciousness to achieve that state of enlightenment all beings or entities desire to obtain.

Reflecting back, it seems strange that one moment I was giving lectures to business professionals on increasing productivity by increasing their self-image, and the next moment being asked to conduct classes for metaphysical workshops and giving sermons in New Age Churches.

I was spending many hours every day in meditation, trying to create my world as "I" wanted it. Yet in essence I was living a lie because in this manufactured "peace," all somebody had to do was say or do something that did not fit my expectations and my so-called peace was quickly replaced with anger. My daughters called this mental state of mine, "PP" (Pretending Peace), and they were right. My peace and happiness both were a facade. I was so blinded by the New Age thought that I could not see the obvious, that my life was in chaos and my family was falling apart.

In fact, I was falling apart. I was in mental anguish. Being "the master of my universe" and "the captain of my fate" required that I mentally work overtime to keep it all together. I discovered I did not have enough hands to keep juggling all my thoughts in their proper place. If I wanted a perfect marriage, I had to channel my mental powers to create it. If I

wanted people to respond in a certain way, my business to prosper or to manifest a new car, I had to create and hold these thoughts in my mind. My mind was on overload from the burden of constantly maintaining my "own universe."

Meanwhile, my wife had become "born again" and was painfully struggling with the thought that she was married to someone who was so diametrically opposed to what she held dear to her heart. While she was trying to live a strong Christian life, and raise our two teenage daughters according to God's Word, her husband was sleeping with whomever he chose because there was "no such thing as sin and guilt."

My daughters knew the heartaches I was causing my wife. They prayed and tried to talk to me, but they could not reason with me because I was so far "advanced." I felt sorry for my family because they were not as spiritually "evolved" as myself. I felt that the Bible was just A way to higher life, not THE way. So, just to be courteous, I tolerated my family's "primitive" beliefs about guilt and sin and the blood sacrifice of Jesus on Calvary for the remission of sin.

As a metaphysician, I looked upon my Christian friends and family as younger brothers and sisters who were at the bottom of the spiritual ladder. Like



other New Age believers, I had both empathy and disgust for those who were less evolved spiritually. As a follower of the New Age Movement, I believed that Jesus just happened to "realize His self-worth," that He just happened to evolve Himself and attain "Christ-consciousness," and because He knew who He was He came to teach His younger brothers how to achieve this same state of being.

Meanwhile, my wife had me on every prayer chain she could get her hands on, for the Lord had told her that this situation was more than a battle to save her marriage; it was a battle for my soul. It was then she realized that she was no longer praying from a selfish perspective to save her home; she was praying unselfishly to save my soul.

One Sunday I was sitting in my chair reading my metaphysical "bible," when I came upon a phrase that finally broke through all my mental chains. It read, "You can be indescribably happy." I thought "baloney!" I slammed the book shut, threw it on the floor and finally admitted to myself, "I am NOT indescribably happy . . . I am a mental mess!"

At that moment I fell to my knees and cried out in a loud voice, "Jesus, I am wrong; I am living in sin. I am NOT indescribably happy. God, I am sick and tired of hearing about someone else's happiness and not experiencing my own. I am sick and tired of hearing about someone else's joy and my not experiencing joy. I am sick and tired of hearing about someone else's love and my not experiencing love. I have grown weary from the burden of carrying the



United in their love for each other, the Tuttle family: Christine, Brad, Juneal and Michelle

load on my shoulders that I have to create and maintain my world."

"Jesus, I am wrong, please forgive me. I need You, not as an older brother who is one of the 'ascended masters,' Lord, I need You in MY heart to be MY lord and master — MY savior. I need to experience You. I do not want to read about it any more. I want to *experience* Your joy, Your peace, Your love."

During my practicing of metaphysics, I always felt like I had a psychic band around my neck from all the mind expanding meditation techniques separating my head from my heart. My heart ached because it did not know love. I lived with so much pressure on my heart and head, that I would go to medical doctors for relief. When they were of no assistance, I would seek psychics for yet another channeled solution to my problem.

Here I was, a physical, a mental, and a spiritual mess, and, ironically, I was the expert. On that Sunday when I invited Jesus Christ into my life, He told me to begin going to my wife's church at six

o'clock every morning to pray for an hour. I hate getting up in the morning because I am a night person, so I was not at all excited about going to the church early in the morning to pray.

That next morning when I arose, I said, "Jesus, number one, I do not know how to pray. I know all the different methods of meditation but I do not know how to pray. Number two, how do you pray for someone else?" I was the great teacher who had been meditating for six years and yet I was so full of self, I did not even know how to pray for someone else. Jesus revealed to me that all my teaching and learning began with the same word, "SELF": self-help, self-image, self-worth, self-actualization, self-realization, self, self, self.

When I arrived at the church, I prayed, "Jesus, if You want me to come here and pray for an hour for other people, You are going to have to teach me how," so He began by bringing people to my mind and instructed me how to pray for them.

After the third month of going to the church and praying for one hour for other people, Jesus said, "Have you realized, Brad, you have not once prayed for yourself in this three month period? All your prayers have been for other people."

At that moment, I lifted my hands and started singing songs of praise because of what He was telling me! Then a strange sound came out of my mouth and the block of pressure around my heart moved up to my throat. More strange words came forth, and the block came out of my mouth as I began singing and praising God in a language I had never spoken before! I was so excited that I was

experiencing the joy of Jesus through the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I felt as if a great dam had just been broken as the love, joy, and power of the Holy Spirit flooded my dry, sun parched, aching heart.

I told my telephone caller exactly what had happened in my life. The caller did not agree with a lot of the things I had said, but afterwards we prayed together and I said, "I am going to pray every day that Jesus is going to be victorious in your life."

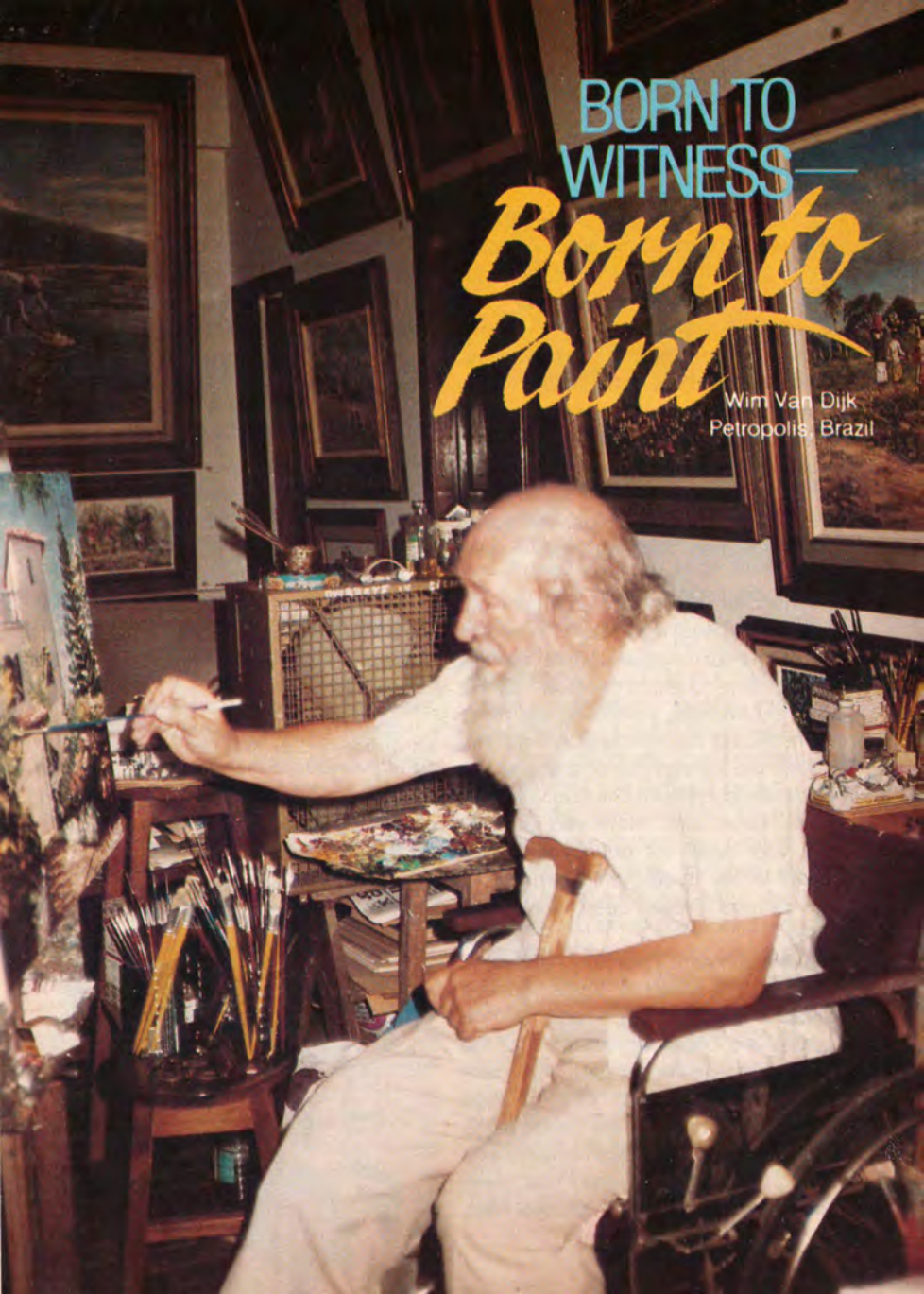
Less than two months after our conversation I received a second phone call, and oh . . . what a call it was! For as I answered the phone, I heard the most beautiful song, sung in the Spirit, that I have ever heard in my life.

As I told the caller, "You do not know the bondage you are in until Jesus Christ sets you free!" HALLELUJAH! □

Bradley K. Tuttle is a mortgage broker who resides in San Juan Capistrano with his wife Juneal and their daughters, Michelle, 18, and Christine, 17.

He is currently Prayer Coordinator for Ocean Hills Community Church. Brad is also a lifetime member of FGBMFI and the secretary of the Saddleback chapter, giving his testimony throughout Southern California.





BORN TO
WITNESS—

Born to Paint

Wim Van Dijk
Petropolis, Brazil

Holland has produced some of the greatest painters in the world. Among them is Wim Van Dijk. Wim was born in Holland in 1915. He studied at the School of Fine Arts in Rotterdam. He later won a "Prix de Rome," enabling him to study art in Paris, Rome, and Milan.

He has had exhibitions in all parts of the world and his pictures can be found in the most famous collections. He is considered to be one of the best contemporary painters.


The outbreak of the war found him back in Holland. He was a member of the Dutch Resistance, sustaining wounds which later required the amputation of both legs.

Soon after the war, the queen named Van Dijk cultural attache to the Dutch embassy in Brazil. Van Dijk remained in Brazil upon retirement and married a Brazilian woman, Magaly.

He now resides in the Brazilian resort town of Petropolis in the mountains some 40 miles from Rio de Janeiro.

He has been the rector of several universities of theology. He also knows the New Testament by heart in the original Greek and speaks sixteen languages fluently.

Van Dijk often shares his testimony in Full Gospel meetings in Brazil.

 was born a painter. At the age of two or three my parents gave me paper and colored pencils. I always drew as a young child.

My first exhibition was held in Rotterdam, Holland.

I have never counted how many exhibitions I have had the world over. Neither have I counted the gold medals I've won from all over the world, for this isn't important to me. I never tried to win them.

There was a grand exposition of the Brazilian Associated Press in honor of the quarter century, organized by the government. I participated, but didn't go to the inauguration. I don't like to waste time. In general, inaugurations don't concentrate on the art, and it isn't our interest. Now, if it was to pray, I would be the first to be there. We need to serve as the Master taught us to. We have been called to serve and not go for important awards. Only Jesus is important!

I came to know Jesus as my Saviour because I grew up in a home where God was the center. My mother had great knowledge of the Scriptures. I was always privileged to sit at the table with my parents and brothers. My father asked us to hold hands and pray before each meal. He also read a passage of the Holy Scriptures. My father fed me from the Word. My mother conceived me as Hannah conceived Samuel, whose name in Hebrew means, "the mouth of God." My mother consecrated me to God (as she did with all her children), before I was born.

I praise the Lord for this. For I can honestly say that I never picked up a paintbrush, during my whole life, without having first studied from the Word. I praise the Lord also for the knowledge of the Word of God by the Holy Spirit, more than any other knowledge acquired from the university.

In Matthew, Chapter 5, we don't read "blessed are the theologians," but always "blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." We need to be very careful today because in this time theology is so important to the world. God cannot speak to those who judge themselves to be theologians, but He does speak to those who are in submission, who hear the voice of the Holy Spirit.

I have been the rector of many universities of theology in my life. My specialty, by the grace of God, was Greek New Testament.

Greek reveals many things, and helps us to better understand the passages from the Bible. We can see the beauty of the original text. Perhaps you will find it strange, but I do not like the expression "believer." I will explain why. In the original Greek the word translated as believer, means "to give over completely, without reserve, a complete and total giving over." This is the kind of believer I want to be! You see, the devil also believes. Therefore, as saved Christians, God wants to dwell in our inner being. To do this, we must give ourselves to Him completely, without reserve.

How can we identify someone who is truly a Christian? By the peace that he radiates, by the humility that he shows, by the silence that we observe, and by the power and grace that he demonstrates when he takes a step backwards if necessary.

I always ask my students: "Have you prayed for the one who made your

clothes? Have you prayed for the person who will sit next to you on the bus, the train or airplane? Have you prayed for the one who will sleep in the bed you are sleeping in after you leave?" We are nothing — we need to give God's value to everything. Even if it is someone who irritates us — don't stop praying, because it is an opportunity for God to reveal Himself in you.

During the war, I was commander of the 18th Dutch Resistance Group. At that time I lost my two legs in the war. However, I did not lose anything with God. In Him a loss is gain! I speak this with certainty. After the war, when I was still a skinny young man, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland said to me, "Wim, do you want me to send you to Washington as a cultural attache, or do you have some other idea?"

"I want to go to Brazil," I answered. Therefore, I was the first cultural attache after the war in Brazil, but with an extra mission: to reproduce Jesus Christ with all my force. With the difficulty of the heat on my mechanical legs, I opted to live in Petropolis, where the climate is more pleasing.

I traveled extensively outside of Brazil. But I never flew anywhere in a plane without finding an extended hand to pray with me.

I remember one fantastic case. I was with the Secretary of Organization of the American States in Washington, ready to travel directly to London. He didn't want to free me on the marked hour because he had many important things he wanted to discuss with me. So

he gave an urgent order that the airplane was to wait for me. I did not like this.

After a certain time of conversing with the Secretary, he ordered that they take me to the International Airport. Soon I was sitting in first class, next to a lady whose face was totally disfigured. I looked at my neighbor and could sense her desperation. "My lady, can I do something for you?" I asked. She responded: "I am the wife of an important politician in South America. My daughter is separated from her husband and is now in Washington. I am going to London because my son is separating from his wife. I can't take any more," she said with great desperation.

"Daughter, give me your hand and let me pray for you." I did not know that while I was praying the stewardess observed from afar. Three minutes later, the commander of the airplane came to me

**How can we identify with someone who is truly a Christian?
By the peace that he radiates, by the humility that he shows, by the silence that we observe, and by the power and grace that he demonstrates when he takes a step backwards if necessary.**

and told me that there was panic in his family; would I pray for the love of God for him as I had prayed for the lady next to me. I prayed and asked the Lord to use me as His instrument. God heard my

prayer in favor of the commander. I could then see that it was God's plan that I didn't miss the plane, because He had a mission for me there.

Sixteen days later, when I was in Rome, I called my wife who told me that the commander had telephoned her. He was so happy and so comforted, that passing through the International Airport in Rio de Janeiro, he called and offered to do anything he could for me.

My last exhibition was in the Diplomatic Center in Bonn, Germany. This exhibition was considered by the European press to be one of the best exhibitions in Europe. But I'll tell you why God really sent me to Bonn.

At the exhibition they gave a concert in my honor. Then, after this concert by the best violin cellist of Germany, there was a big supper with many invited. I asked the wife of the president of the Museum Association of Germany to accompany me quickly to the hotel on the other side of the street, to change my sweaty shirt.

On the way, God said to me, "Son, for this I sent you here. When you return to the supper where everyone is seated, ask those present to stand up and pray for them." Salvation is not a place in the sky or in a church, but in the person of Jesus Christ. He can be glorified anywhere.

About 38 ambassadors from different countries were at the concert, most of them with their wives and ministers. When I returned to the concert, God opened my mouth and I prayed and praised

Continued, Page 33

ESCAPE FROM THE "EASY MONEY" TRAP

Bob McConnell
Anchorage, Alaska

"Bob, we have a warrant for your arrest, and a warrant to search your shop!"

The long-feared moment had finally come. I stared breathlessly at the seven Federal agents standing just outside my front door in the crisp morning air. Among them was Larry Jackson, who had been my client and friend for the past two years. So, he had been an undercover agent all along!

Suddenly the warnings of my father took on reality, "Bob, nothing is for nothing. You're going to pay for everything you do, and you're going to get caught." Although I was a born-again,



**"Bob, we have a warrant
for your arrest, and a warrant
to search your shop!"**

Spirit-filled Christian, the lure of quick money and success, combined with an exciting lifestyle, had deafened my ears.

I was part of a two-year, coast-to-coast sting operation being conducted by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service of hunting guides and outfitters and their clients. At that moment in various parts of the United States sixty of us were being arrested or cited for various game violations. I was facing seventy-two state and federal charges of illegal tag switching and off-season hunts.

I had been doing taxidermy since the age of 16. Learning the trade through a correspondence course from the Northwest School of Taxidermy in Omaha, Nebraska, I began mounting deer heads and small birds. Eventually I found a job working for Jonas Brothers in Seattle, a taxidermy company boasting to be the world's largest. While at Jonas Brothers, I prepared, stuffed and mounted the skins of animals for such celebrities as Roy Rogers, Fred Bear of archery fame and Roy Weatherby of Weatherby rifles. Soon, I started mounting at home on the side, and when business grew too large for me to handle part time, I quit Jonas Brothers and opened my own shop in Sultan, about an hour's drive east of Seattle.

I earned \$20,000 my first year in Sultan, quite good for a young man of 23. When I added guiding and hunting to my business, my income doubled. I quickly earned a reputation as a good hunter and North American Game Trophy Specialist, and soon clients — many of them doctors and lawyers — began calling on me from all over the

United States and some foreign countries.

There are twenty-eight big game species in the United States, and more than three hundred around the world, some of which are on the protected and endangered list. To collect one of each was considered quite an achievement. At present twenty-seven hunters have received the coveted Roy Weatherby trophy for accomplishing this feat. Many of my clients were competing for the Weatherby honor. Some of them, however, were physically out of shape and couldn't take the rigors of such hunting. So they began buying their trophies out of my shop. They would have me ship the animals mounted while they lied about their supposed expedition.

This practice soon led to illegal tag switching. Hunters rarely got caught for poaching until they brought their animals to a taxidermy service. Since I was both a guide and a taxidermist, this problem was eliminated. I could guide illegally and switch tags in my shop.

Other guides assisted me in this operation. On one occasion we had sixty-five hunters from Albuquerque, New Mexico, and shot sixty-four antelope in two days. With a refrigerated truck for all the meat and large tents for accommodations, it was quite an operation.

During my last year in business, I grossed more than \$60,000 in guiding and taxidermy services. In addition, my clients brought me expensive gifts. One gave my wife a rose dipped in gold. Another gave us a \$10,000 vehicle. The more money and gifts we received, the more I wanted.

Unknown to me, two of my clients were federal undercover agents. At times I grew suspicious of them. Frequently they would ask unusual questions of my other clients, and when they poached their mountain goats they would ask me to be in the photograph of the trophy. Usually I was paid for my services in cash and would give clients a receipt for a photo trip or a future legal hunt. But these undercover agents insisted on paying by check. When they realized I was becoming suspicious, they would pay me in cash and shower me with expensive gifts. This would calm my fears for a while.

The government's sting operation came to an end that morning of March 10, 1982, after these and other agents had gathered sufficient evidence on our operation. Arrests were coordinated simultaneously in various locations throughout the United States to prevent those of us under surveillance from tipping each other off.

As the other agents searched my shop, Larry pulled me aside. "If you cooperate with us in testifying against your clients, we can make it easy on you," he offered.

I had known the Lord since I was a child and had been raised in the Assemblies of God. I had even attended a Bible college and joined the Full Gospel Business Men's chapter in Snohomish, Washington. I was well aware that my operation was illegal, but I justified my actions on the premise that I wasn't killing any of the animals, only guiding my clients on their hunts. Frequently, under the conviction of the Holy Spirit, I had wrestled with the possibility



Bob McConnell in his workshop.

of quitting business and getting another job. But the prospects of exchanging my \$60,000-a-year income — to say nothing of the extra bonuses — for a modest \$25,000 was too much for me to seriously consider.

Now, however, the situation was different. Caught red-handed, I quickly admitted that what I was doing was wrong and told Larry, "I'll be more than happy to cooperate."

Because of my willingness to help with the investigation, I was not arrested. Soon afterward, I was forced to shut down the legal part of my business for lack of sufficient income. Meanwhile, I hired an attorney and for six months we tried to negotiate an arrangement for my cooperation.

When my wife, Terry, first learned of my illicit activities, she was shocked. Few knew of my venture, and — except

for my father — were paid to keep silent. God's love for us is so overwhelming that He will go to any extent to get our attention, and so He began to strip me of all the possessions that I had accumulated through my illegal enterprise. Guns, knife collections, vehicles, homes, livestock — all were sold to meet expenses. Only my wife's possessions and the things we had owned before I went into business were spared. Even our friends abandoned us.

For the first time since going into business, I was in a position where I would listen to the Lord. I repented of my wrong-doing and rededicated my life to Him. And although the stress of our ordeal was hard on our marriage, Terry stuck by me with compassion and understanding. It was through her prayers, and those of my family and pastor, that I found strength to endure my trial.

I was facing five years in prison and more that \$20,000 in fines, but with Larry's help, we made a plea bargain with the Department of

Interior. State and federal agencies finally conceded to nine months of hard time with a \$10,000 fine. This was modified further by the judge.

Stepping into the courtroom on the day of my trial, the judge ordered the courtroom cleared except for Larry and myself. Then he motioned for us to follow him into his chambers.

"Mr. McConnell," he began, "the Federal Government is needing your help and is willing to drop the fine, and I'll suspend your sentence to sixty days' work release if you will work with them on future cases."

"We have a deal," I responded quickly.

Larry asked me to work as an undercover taxidermist in Everett, Washington. My job was to get all the information I could about a hunt — an easy task for me because people like to brag when they are doing something illegal. The government would pay all my expenses. I was chosen because I was a skilled taxidermist and guide with experience in illegal trade. As an



*The
McConnell
Family*

undercover agent, I wouldn't have to pretend. I could act myself and use my real name. This meant I was back in business again, booking unlawful hunts and performing illegal taxidermy — this time for Uncle Sam. The plan was to start another sting operation.



Director of U.S. Fish and Wildlife congratulates private investigator Bob McConnell.

Eventually, the sting was expanded to Anchorage where I took an undercover job with a large taxidermy company, which the government suspected was involved in illegal hunts. I worked there for more than a year, running the shop while the owner was out guiding. Soon Uncle Sam purchased a home for my family, and I turned our two-and-a-half car garage into a shop where I could attract more illegal business. Our theory was that since there would be no interruptions by legal customers, the poachers would feel more comfortable to talk. Surveillance systems were set up in the shop, and I wore a special recorder around my waist to tape conversations

in restaurants, hotels and vehicles. Other detection equipment was installed inside mounts of eagles, owls, polar bears and other trophies, which were then traceable to their owners anywhere in the city. When the sting operations in Anchorage and Everett were completed on January 28, 1987, more than 100 persons were cited for game violations. Approximately a dozen airplanes and vehicles used in transporting illegal wildlife and firearms were confiscated. Also taken in the sting was \$1 million worth of cocaine.

Now that my cover was blown, I had to find another occupation. Soon I opened a detective agency, offering a range of services including missing persons, check collection, small claims, body guard, theft control and, of course, undercover work.

I have learned many valuable lessons from my experience. There is no shortcut to success. Compromise is not the mark of a Christian. We must walk one day at a time, trusting the Lord, being honest with ourselves and with God. If I had just had a regular, honest job, I would have been a lot farther ahead in life. It would have taken me longer to get there, but at least I would have been able to keep some things instead of losing them all.

Our lives, I learned, must be as straight as an arrow. It's easy to say we are a Christian and be a little crooked in the middle. Often people see just the front of our arrow when they admire how straight we are as a Christian. But if we are dedicated to the Lord, we will be constantly on guard to be walking, living witnesses for Christ. □

SET FREE
PRISON
MINISTRY
UPDATE

This month's "update" is very special to us. It, like many letters we receive, reflects how the deepest needs of these men are being met by those in our prison ministry who labor night and day to serve the Lord.

Dear Maxine,

I'm writing to say "thank you" for listening to my problems, for I have many problems indeed. I always thought that *no one cared* about people who were in jail or in prison. In fact, *I didn't expect you to answer my letter.*

I want you to know that your letter and literature came *just in time*, because I was *ready to commit suicide* in my cell. However, just as I got ready to do it, the jailer said, "You got some things from Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International." Anyhow, I read all of the things you sent me and I realize now that I cannot give up and let Satan get me down. I am trying hard to read my Bible and to pray. But I am finding it hard in asking God's forgiveness and it's very difficult for me to forgive the one who did me wrong, but I'm trying.

On January 15th, at 10 a.m., (central time) I will be sentenced for crimes I didn't commit. I am hoping I will get probation because my mother has cancer and needs me to take care of her. On *January 15 at 10 a.m., I would like for you to be praying for me*, that I might return home with my mom. Whatever happens, I will be sure to tell you how it all came out.

For the first time, I feel like I can rely on someone. It's been a long time since I felt this way, as I have very few friends back here. Most of them and my family have disowned me because of the things that have happened to me.

My town is a small town with less than 11,000 in population. The people here believe once a criminal, always a criminal. The worst part is that they don't think a person can change his or her ways. The justice system back here will convict an innocent man, but will let a man who has committed 1st degree murder and been found guilty of it, out scott free as if they said, "Don't do it again."

This actually happened last week. So you are most certainly right, I have been treated unjustly and unfair. Well, I guess the Lord will have to work it out, for I can't.

Anyhow, thanks again for responding to my letter.

God bless you.

Respectfully,

D. B.

P. S. If you have more advice for me, I'll certainly listen.

CONVENTIONS

COLUMBIA RIVER REG. CONV.**March 3-5, 1988**

Hanford House
Richland, WA
Contact: Lewis J. Schweiger
2122 Hudson Ave.
Richland, WA 99352

CALIFORNIA STATE CONV.**March 3-5, 1988**

Sacramento, CA
Contact: Ronny Svenhard
335 Adeline St.
Oakland, CA 94607

MISSISSIPPI GULF COAST RALLY**March 11-12, 1988**

Holiday Inn - Coliseum
Biloxi, MS
Contact: Gary Grayban
2745 Briarwood
Moss Point, MS 39563

**1st ANNUAL TRI STATE
MEN'S ADVANCE****March 11-13, 1988**

Hulldoom
Quincy, IL
Contact: Donald F. Seward
1251 Kentucky
Quincy, IL 62301

**WESTERN OKLAHOMA
MEN'S ADVANCE****March 17-19, 1988**

Methodist Canyon Camp
Hinton, OK
Contact: Bill Blasel
2122 Lakeview
Woodward, OK 73801

**MID-AMERICA
REGIONAL CONVENTION****March 17-19, 1988**

Holiday Inn Convention Center
Great Bend, KS
Contact: Darrell J. Hoskinson
7505 Ida
Wichita, KS 67233

**SOUTHERN ILLINOIS REG. CONV. SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND
REGIONAL CONVENTION****March 18-19, 1988**

Holidome
Carbondale, IL
Contact: David Munson
Vergennes, IL 62994

March 24-26, 1988

Treadway Hartford Hotel
Cromwell, CT
Contact: Donald Carlson
1052 Farmington Ave.
West Hartford, CT 06107

OHIO MEN'S ADVANCE**March 25-27, 1988**

Kings Island Inn
Kings Island, OH
Contact: Bill Cooke
29 E. Fifth Ave.
Columbus, OH 43201

TEXAS STATE CONVENTION**March 31-April 3, 1988**

Adam's Mark Hotel
Contact: FGBMFI International
Regional Office
13401 S. W. Freeway, Suite 207
Sugar Land, TX 77478

WESTERN MICHIGAN RALLY**April 1-2, 1988**

Stouffer's
Battle Creek, MI
Contact: Alfred C. Bousson
10450 6 Mi. Rd. Lot 134
Battle Creek, MI 49017

19th INDIANA REG. CONV.**April 6-9, 1988**

Indianapolis, IN
Contact: Dick Harshman
8327 Skyway Dr.
Indianapolis, IN 46219

PRAIRIE REGIONAL CONV.**April 7-9, 1988**

Centennial Auditorium
Saskatoon, SA Canada
Contact: Owen McCormick
Box 2361
Melfort, SA S0E1A0

HAWAII REG. CONV.**April 13-16, 1988**

Ala Moana Hotel, Honolulu
Contact: John Witwer
1164 Bishop #1007
Honolulu, HI 96813

BLACK LAKE MEN'S CAMP**April 22-24, 1988**

Olympia, WA
Contact: Ken Halvorson
4545 64th S. E.
Olympia, WA 98503

**OLYMPIC PENINSULA
MEN'S ADVANCE****April 22-24, 1988**

Fort Flagler State Park
Nordland, WA
Contact: Michael Krier
2980 Calaveras
Port Orchard, WA 98366

MIDDLE EAST CONVENTION**April 27-30, 1988**

Marnott Hotel
Cairo, Egypt
Contact: John Wright
"Kirby House" Kirby Bedon
Norwich, Norfolk
England NR14 7DZ

1st INT'L SO PACIFIC REG. CONV.**May 23-28, 1988**

Landsborough Shire Civic
Cultural Centre
Caloundra, Queensland, Aust.
Contact: FGBMFI Aust. Nat'l Office
Box 67, Stones Corner, Queensland
Australia 4120

1988 WORLD CONVENTION**July 5-9, 1988**

Sheraton Centre Hotel
Toronto, Canada
Contact: FGBMFI
190 Attwell Dr. #304
Toronto, ONT M9W 6H8

7th ASIAN CONVENTION**August 10-13, 1988**

Hotel Hyatt Central
Bangkok, Thailand
Contact: Jose Pascua
FGBMFI Headquarters
3150 Bear St.
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

**CONVENTIONS PUBLISHED
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DECEMBER 22, 1987.**

One Nation Under God, Inc. Presents

Washington for JESUS in '88



*FGBMFI founder/president
Demos Shakarian enthusiastically
addresses the crowd at a previous
rally.*

Seven years ago the course of our nation was changed when 700,000 people from across the land gathered in Washington, D.C. to repent of their sins and turn back to God for forgiveness and healing. FGBMFI had a vital part in that great rally.

Now, once again, John Gimenez has asked us to unite with him for Washington for Jesus in 1988. It's time to go back.

I urge you to join me in Washington, D.C. this April to pray for our nation and our world in this crucial time.

The time is short. What we do, we must do together.

Demos Shakarian
FGBMFI President/Founder

REGISTRATION FORM

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone (_____) _____

\$25 Family Registration Fee enclosed.
Names of family members included in registration:

Please mail registration form to:
FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

With the Word of His Testimony,



Many Shall Be Saved

Steve Duffy
Chicago, Illinois

As a successful military helicopter pilot, Steve Duffy was having a wonderful life of travel, excitement and women . . . wonderful, that is, until he learned that he was to become a father.

Using this sudden traumatic circumstance, the Lord soon turned Steve's life around in a dramatic way.

I came from a large Catholic family in Chicago and went to a Catholic grammar school. From there I went on to public high school, then to Notre Dame, then to Navy flight school. I was successful in everything I did.

Just before the Christmas break of my freshman year at Notre Dame, I quit going to church. I had decided to live a wild life and was tired of carrying a heavy burden of guilt. I said, "Okay, I'm going to hell. That's fine, just get off my back and let me live my life. Leave me alone."

I thought I was talking to the Lord, but I was really talking to my conscience. Making that statement was a big turning point for me, because from then on I got crazier.

If a sailor has a girl in every port, when I became a successful navy helicopter pilot, I had one in every airport. I was girl crazy.

On Mother's Day, 1980, I was in Austin, Texas when a bad thunderstorm came through and we were grounded. I decided I'd find the cutest girl around and see if I couldn't spend some time with her. I walked over to a National Car Rental where I saw a little girl in a kelly green dress.

Joanne was different from a lot of

the girls I had met on the road. We started seeing each other regularly, but when she moved to Northern California, I could only see her once in a while.

One day when I was on vacation, I stopped in to see her. She told me she was pregnant.

Suddenly, all the weight, all the responsibility and all the consequences of my life style fell on my shoulders like a ton of bricks. I didn't know what to do.

So I asked her to marry me. But after a couple of weeks I thought, "This isn't right. I'm rushing into this thing and I haven't thought it through." I called Joanne and canceled the wedding. It broke her heart.

This bothered me because I really loved her, but I wouldn't admit it. I was having too much fun horsing around. If I admitted that I loved her, I would be forced to make a commitment that I didn't want to make.

So I brought up the subject of abortion. I didn't know much about abortion, except that it would eliminate my problem. I praise God that Joanne refused to have it, because our daughter is so beautiful.

Joanne's refusal to abort the baby turned me upside down. I didn't know what to do. Because of my upbringing, I felt responsible for my actions. Out of desperation I got some insurance guy to come in and set up an allotment. I was going to finance the whole thing — take care of her and pay for the child — but still run.

Somehow I just couldn't run away from it. You've heard people talk about motherly instincts. Well, there are such things as fatherly instincts, too. I

started feeling for this child. It was part of me and I just couldn't turn my back on this baby who had Duffy blood.

One night Joanne called me sounding very peaceful — more peaceful than she'd ever been before. I wondered how she could be so calm when I was all torn up and crying like a baby. She said, "Duffy, last night everything reached a crisis point. My heart was palpitating. I was breathing irregularly. I couldn't sleep. I haven't been eating right in the last two weeks. I thought I was going to have a miscarriage. All of a sudden I said, 'Jesus, I can't handle it. You take it.' The next thing I remember was waking up to a big blue sky with the sun shining and the birds singing outside my window. Steve, Jesus will work for you, too."

After she hung up I went upstairs to my room, knelt down and prayed. "Lord," I cried, "just show me what You want me to do and I'll do it. I don't want to do something that is wrong."

Four days later I was flying over Western Texas when a little voice in my head said, "See Bostic."

Bill Bostic was a friend of mine from flight school who was born again. Weekends at his house were like retreats. I knew Bill would have an answer, but he lived on the east coast. How was I going to get there? Once again the voice affirmed, "See Bostic."

A few days later I was sitting in Bill's house telling him how afraid I was of marriage, and even more afraid of divorce. Why? The bottom line was I was afraid of failure. I had never failed at anything, and I did not want to fail at being a husband.

Then there was another reason: I still had a chain of women strung from coast to coast. I thought I was having a good time and didn't want to give it all up. How could I just drop it?

That's when Bill said, "Man, if that's what you're after, you'll never be happy. You'll be walking down the street with Ms. America and Ms. Universe will go by. You'll never be happy."

This made me stop and think because similar things had already happened.

Bill continued. "Look, you've got this great lady. She loves you and is going to have your child. I know you're excited about her and I know you love her. Why don't you let something grow out of that? Build something constructive."

Then he started quoting Scripture to me. Although I sat in a chair across the room, I felt as if I were in the shower with the water of the Word washing over me.

All of a sudden I had a wonderful feeling that a load of bricks had been lifted off my back. Grinning, I said, "Bill, I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to ask Joanne to marry me again."

Well, we got married, and from then on I decided that Jesus would be my guiding light.

I've had to learn to ask the Lord to help me. Life isn't easy. When you are touched by the Holy Spirit, you don't just sit around like a flower child thinking everything is peaceful and wonderful. As one lady in my prayer group said, "The Lord struggled with His humanity right up to the cross. So what



(Top) The Duffy family, one month before Steve's fatal crash: Steve and wife, Joanne, holding Brian; Dori and Mike in foreground. (Above) Digging an ice cave in Antarctica

makes us think that we are going to have any less agony in our lives than Jesus did?"

Life isn't a bed of roses, but with Jesus in your life, you can take the thorns a lot easier when they come along.

There's a song that says, "Spirit of the Living God, fall afresh on me. Melt me. Mold me. Fill me. Use me." My life is like that now. Jesus is constantly melting me down; remolding me and using me for something.

I like giving my testimony, for when you give your testimony, Satan is overcome and souls are saved. For Revelation 12:11 says, "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and the Word of their testimony." □

"Therefore be careful how you walk, not as unwise men but as wise, making the most of your time because the days are evil."

Ephesians 5: 16-17, N.A.S

Steve Duffy was killed in a helicopter crash while giving an instructor check flight on July 28, 1987. He was 34 years old and the father of one daughter, Dorianne, 5, and two sons, Michael, 3, and Brian, 2.

His wife, Joanne, tells of events that occurred at the time of his death, and how the miracle power of God has never stopped working, even in this tragic situation.

Joanne Duffy's Testimony

I didn't want to go to Dallas. In fact, I even tried to miss the plane.

But somehow I kept convincing myself that, in the future, I would need the training I would receive at the annual Mary Kay Cosmetics convention. So on Saturday, July 25, I boarded a jet with a real spirit of heaviness. A voice deep inside me kept saying over and over, "I shouldn't be doing this. I really want to be home."

Just three weeks before, Steve and I had been spiritually "recharged" at the Full Gospel Business Men's Annual Convention in Anaheim, California. We had both been going through a "desert" period, but that week God broke through to us in a powerful way.

Steve had been especially touched by the workshop conducted by Charles and Frances Hunter. He began studying their material before I left for Dallas and had finished their book, *To Heal the Sick*.

"You know," he told me, "I feel that God is getting me ready for something big — to be used in a new way. I think He's about to give me a healing ministry."

On July 24th, Steve made his last entry in his journal. In it he expressed once again that God was preparing him for something big. He was excited and filled with joy.

Feeling the overwhelming power of God's love, he cried for two hours, telling God, "I know how much You love me. I know how much You've done for me. Now I want to do something for You!"

Ever since he was born again, Steve had been a strong witness to other pilots and crewmen. Now his dream

was to not only see them saved, but healed. He was equally concerned for me.

A week before I left for Dallas, I was having serious trouble with my eyes. I had developed an allergic reaction to my contact lenses and the doctor told me, "You are an ex-contact lens wearer. From now on you must wear glasses." For me, that was devastating.

On my last night with Steve, he laid his hands on my eyes and prayed for them, believing that God would heal them.

When I arrived in Dallas, I couldn't shake the feeling of heaviness — of longing to be home.

On Tuesday night I was seated in the audience with 8,000 other women for the annual Mary Kay awards celebration, when my director came and got me. In a room backstage the Navy Chaplain told me that Steve had been killed that morning.

Mary Kay Ash, the founder of Mary Kay Cosmetics, left the stage to pray with me along with several other directors — a kindness I will never forget. My director flew home with me the next morning.

What about Steve's healing ministry? What about the plans for greater service that he thought were from God?

A few weeks after the funeral, I visited my eye doctor. As he examined my eyes he was astounded. "I've never seen eyes as bad as yours return to normal," he said. My eyes had been healed!

Still, I started to question God: "Why did You take him? We were so happy. Hadn't I done my job?"

God replied, "You did your job; you made Steve happy. Steve did his job. Now I'm doing My job. I will never leave you or forsake you."

It was then that I remembered the one Scripture that I had clung to throughout the funeral, and the one that I'm certain will get me through the days ahead. It is God's assurance that, "His banner over me is love."

It is by our testimonies, by our witnessing to our brothers and sisters over and over again, that some may be affected and in some way come to know the Lord.

Yes, through the witness of the saints, many shall be saved. □

A Young Widow's Prayer

August 30, 1987

Dear God,

Please help me to raise Dori, Mike and Brian to love, honor and serve You all the days of their lives, that they may know You as their Heavenly Father and daddy and love You, Lord, deeply within their hearts; that their Christian faith will be a witness for others — as their daddy's was and now still is, even in his death.

Help me to discipline fairly, firmly, and never in anger. Dear God, bless my children with healthy self-esteems, that they will value their person, their unique self, and stand up against sinfulness and live for You.

Fill them with Your love, Lord, that they didn't receive from me. Dear God, please help me and guide me in Your perfect will for me. Jesus, show me where You want me to be — in Reno, San Diego, Florida — where?? All I think

about is Reno — is that the place? Lord, I know and You know I'm writing and thinking this prayer. But I know You hear me and will guide my steps — Lord, carry me next to Your side — Love me, Lord.

Will I ever be loved again like Steve loved me? I think not, and that really saddens me, because Steve was perfect for me — God, You gave him to me to love and I know I made him happy, but I didn't think You would take him back — he belonged to You, God. But why did I have him such a short time? I never

knew anyone could love me the way Steve did.

The Lord's Reply

He wasn't yours, Joanne. Steve was Mine — and I gave him to you to love. You did your work, Steve did his and I have done Mine. I will keep you and not leave you orphaned. I will never forsake My own and you are Mine, too. I will not leave you.

Peace be with you. Be still and know that I am God. I am with you. □

Van Dijk continued

Him. I allowed myself to be an instrument of His, beseeching blessings on everyone present.

I never saw anything like it! I saw everyone crying and felt, in that moment, how they all needed Jesus, much more than an exhibition of pictures. With pictures, we cannot become saved, but with Jesus Christ, a person can grasp on the anchor of salvation. Only the things based in Jesus Christ have eternal value. The others are only temporary.

Painting is valid only when utilized for the glory of God. The Bible says: "In everything glorify God, praise God in everything." It is nothing for me to be a well-known painter, if my washerwoman and cook don't hold hands with me and pray with me. One day, we will all sit together around the same table with the King, Jesus Christ. This is not illusion! Therefore, we cannot make exception of the one next to us. At times, the cleaning lady is looked upon with distaste. But

Christ washed us with His precious blood; that cleaning lady's boss really is Jesus Christ!

People ask me about marriage. Marriage is very serious, a gift from God. A real marriage is a union among three people — man, woman and Jesus Christ. She is the helpmate. I have the privilege to have a helpmate, because without her I wouldn't be able to work. When children observe in their youth a couple living according to the law of God, who always pray together, this seed continues to make an impression in their lives. It is something so important that it influences the children for eternity! The family is the first divine institution. I praise the Lord for the teaching I received from my mother and father.

I am sometimes asked, "Do you believe in the baptism in the Holy Spirit with evidence by speaking in other tongues?" My answer is, someone who knows the Bible doesn't ask this! □

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6 STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

3. Confess "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 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: FGBMFI / Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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 / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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WHO WE ARE

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

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching ninety-three 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 / P. O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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What is The New Age?

Corporate and commercial America have embraced and promoted "New Age"

as a "well-spring of power and energy" on many levels. Two men — Paul McGuire and Brad Tuttle — found this path to spiritual and self-awareness a dead-end. A special section this month.

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With the Word of His Testimony, Many Shall Be Saved

Steve Duffy was a successful military helicopter pilot. His was a life of travel, excitement and women across the country. Then he found out that one of them was going to bear his child.

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