

06-80

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

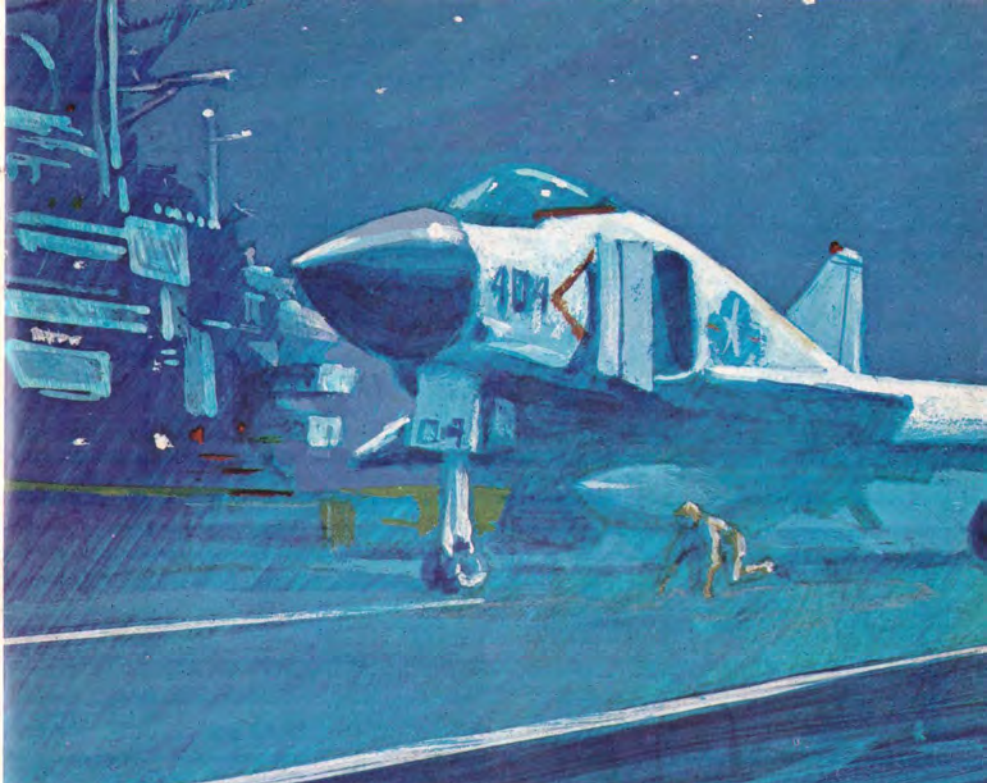
"bingo to oceana"





LT. WILLIAM R. CRANSHAW, USN Crofton, Maryland

How long does it take a man to learn that Jesus can handle life's crucial problems? It took me less than two minutes—in a crippled jet fighter I was attempting to land safely.



to oceana”

In August, 1975 I was a Naval Flight Officer stationed aboard the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Independence* for a pre-Mediterranean deployment work-up cruise. My pilot and I were assigned a 10:30 p.m. takeoff to reacquaint ourselves with night carrier landings. As we moved to the flight deck I gazed at the stars and

thought to myself, “What a beautiful evening for flying.”

At exactly 2230 hours, our F-4 Phantom jet taxied from the stern of the ship toward the most outboard of the catapults. I quickly scanned the instrument panel and reported that we were ready for launch. Within two seconds we had ac-



celerated from 0 to 130 m.p.h. and were soon operational. We now had about an hour of flying time ahead of us before we returned to the carrier for several practice landings.

Thirty minutes into the flight, my pilot reported that our utility hydraulic pressure had dropped slightly. As we monitored the system, pressure dropped a little more. We decided there must be a leak somewhere in the miles of hydraulic lines. I radioed the ship.

"We've got a slight drop in utility hydraulic pressure. Do you want us to recover aboard or Bingo to Oceana?"


The answer came back, "Signal Bingo."

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Translated, the conversation meant that the captain did not want us to land on the ship because the mechanical failure we were experiencing meant we had no brakes. "Bingo to Oceana" was a signal for us to return to Oceana Naval Air Station at Virginia Beach, Virginia. Twenty minutes later we were circling the base, waiting for our fuel load to burn enough to allow us a safe landing. There was nothing to do but wait—and think.

My thoughts drifted back to the previous June when I met Jesus as my personal Lord and Saviour. What an encounter it had been.

Jesus and I weren't exactly strangers to each other, for I had



...at 200 m.p.h. we came in with the Phantom's side ablaze...

learned about His principles as a child in Sunday school and church. But when I went to college I became an agnostic. As far as I was concerned, God was nothing more than a mysterious force.

After college I joined the Navy where I met and married a girl named Sue. Like many other couples we had our ups and downs. By March, 1975, however, there weren't many ups left in our marriage. We went to a chaplain for counseling, and he shared how much Jesus loved us and wanted our marriage to succeed. Thanks to the chaplain's influence, Sue began attending Rock Church in Virginia Beach. It wasn't long until she received Jesus into her life.

When Sue asked me to attend church with her I made a lot of excuses, but finally I broke down. I

found something there I didn't expect, and although I didn't make any decision that first night, I knew Sue was on the right track. Two weeks later I went to another service at Rock Church, and I could hardly wait for the pastor to give an invitation. I ran to the altar. Soon after, I was baptized and filled with the Holy Spirit.

As we circled over Virginia Beach and I meditated on those recent events, I knew that the same Lord who had saved me from sin was riding with us now.

As soon as our fuel weight permitted, we came in for a landing. It was too fast! Our maximum speed should have been 150 m.p.h., but our flaps would not fully extend because of the hydraulic failure. We were going to touch down at over 200 m.p.h.

Suddenly the left side of the Phantom blazed orange. We had lost the wheel from our left landing gear and were riding on the strut. The hydraulic fuel was on fire. At the same moment our aircraft turned 90 degrees and began skidding sideways. Instinctively, I reached for the ejection handle, but a Presence came into the crippled ship, and I didn't pull the release. I knew that Jesus was in the cockpit with us, and He was letting me understand that He would care for me. I was to put my whole self in His hands—not just partially, but totally. It was all or nothing. I yielded control of the plane to Him and didn't follow the natural inclination to eject. Later, I discovered my restraint probably saved our lives.

We stopped right side up. We had sheared off the right landing gear and almost everything else under the jet. We had even managed to bury the right wing in the ground—a factor that should have caused the craft to flip over and explode. Beyond a shadow of doubt, Jesus had intervened to spare our lives.

The actual incident from touch-down to stop lasted less than two minutes. Yet in those brief moments I learned what it means to trust in Jesus. I found out that I must not lean to my own understanding but instead defer to His ways.

God had chosen a dramatic way to teach me to trust, and there was more to come. The crash caused muscles in my neck to be torn and

bruised. For a year I was in and out of hospitals, submitting to a variety of medical procedures. At the end of that year I still felt continuous pain, and my neck movements were limited. Still, the Lord gave me peace and the assurance that in His time my neck would be completely healed.

In October, 1978 Sue and I attended the Maryland State Convention of FGBMFI. Ron DePriest shared a word of knowledge that five people with neck problems would be healed, and four individuals stood. I was off to the side praying with some folks to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and I didn't hear Ron's announcement. Sue heard, and she waved her arms wildly trying to attract my attention. When I didn't look her way, she simply prayed silently, "Lord, touch my husband."

It was after 1:00 a.m. before we were able to get back to our hotel room. Sue asked me, "How is your neck?"

I turned way around to answer before I realized what I was doing. No pain! And I could move my head in any direction. Praise God! He had healed me totally. I haven't had a single problem with my neck since that memorable night at the convention.

Jesus is Lord, and is always in control of situations that affect us. If we believe what He says and follow Him, ***He will meet our every need in His perfect timing.*** ■

FREE COFFEE! reads the sign greeting drivers entering Florida on Interstate 95 near Jacksonville. At the state-sponsored Welcome Center where drivers are urged to take a "safety break," FGBMFI members have been ministering to both physical and spiritual needs on holiday weekends for several years.

As truck drivers, salesmen, families on the way to Disney World, and servicemen stop for free coffee and lemonade, they are also given a VOICE magazine and a chance to learn about Jesus. Last July 4 these devoted men served 24,000 people!

During the New Year's holiday this year, FGBMFI members in Bellingham, Washington volunteered their services to the police department. People too drunk to drive their cars home called in to the police dispatcher, and FGBMFI chapter members were sent to drive those persons home. Along with the free ride, each person received a VOICE magazine and a free ticket to the next banquet.

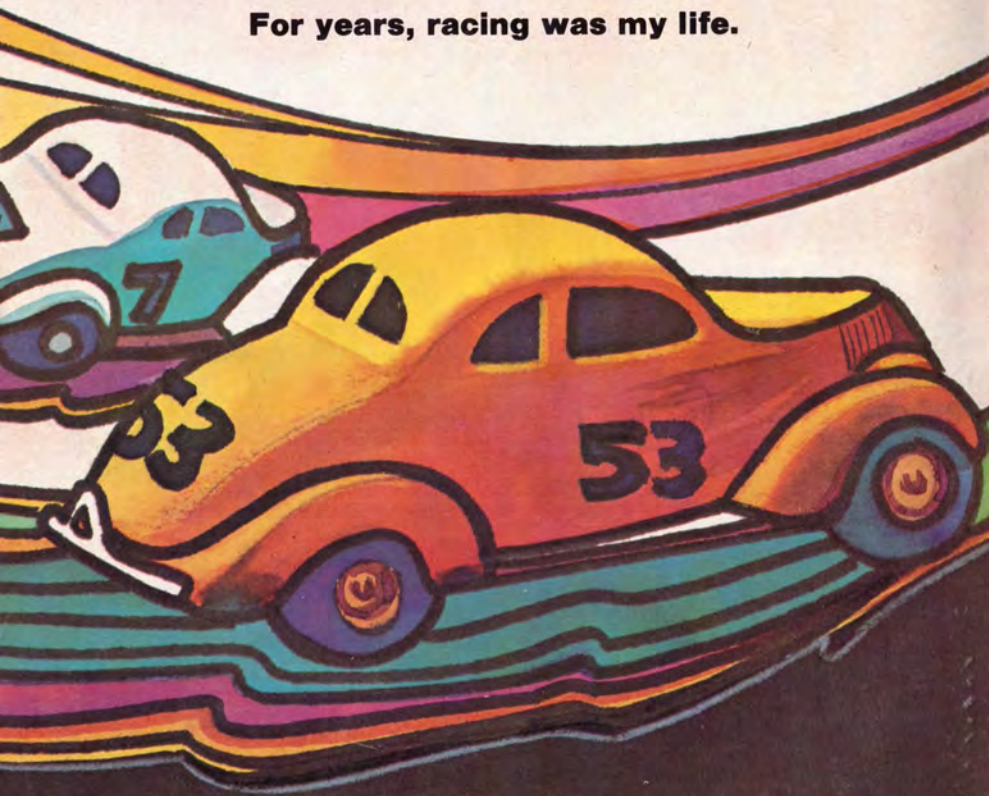
VOICE, by design, is an evangelistic tool. Reaching lost souls is its mission, and the methods for using it in witnessing are unlimited.

God's ideas for using VOICE to witness are numberless. Will you ask Him how He wants *you* to be involved? Your willingness to be used of Him is all that He requires. He will supply the unique plan you need. Just ask Him.

A free Evangelistic Distribution Kit has been prepared with some ideas which you may find helpful. Send your requests to: FGBMFI Witnessing Kit, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626. ■



For years, racing was my life.



A DIFFERENT KIND OF RACE

BILL ROSS

Salem, New Hampshire



Bill, you will never be able to speak above a whisper again." The doctor speaking to me had removed a growth from my throat which left one vocal cord paralyzed.

Facing such a tragedy should have caused me to consider the direction of my life. Refusing to allow such serious thoughts, however, I continued in my self-centered path.

Almost as early as I could remember, my own way had been the *only* way. Hopping slow-moving freight trains downtown to steal cupcakes and soft drinks was a first-grade pastime. Smoking followed close behind.

When I was eight, my folks moved us out of town to the Massachusetts countryside. My mother prayed for us constantly, even though she really didn't have a personal relationship with Jesus until she was 68. She always was concerned for our welfare and felt the country would be a better environment for us.

My love for cars began there, and I was soon spending every spare

moment hanging around gas stations pestering the mechanics to let me help work on the cars.

A couple of years later I discovered racing. As I was standing on the street corner one Saturday evening, a driver—with his race car in tow—stopped at the traffic light.

"How about a ride to the races, mister?" I asked. "Sure. Hop in the race car," he responded. Sitting up there pretending I was a famous driver was all I needed. That was the beginning of a life of cars, racing and high-speed thrills. School was left behind in the dust in my mind. Actually I half-heartedly continued attending until I could legally quit, but racing was my one love. It didn't matter what else happened to me as long as I could work on the cars and hang around the pits with the drivers.

At the age of 17 I began illegally driving in races, and for several years I was completely caught up in the life—including the partying and drinking.

After a few years, though, the drinking began to be more important than the driving. Although I had a wife and two sons at home by this time, my routine was to head for the bars after work and stay until I was ready to go home. Only then did I give any thought to my family. My wife finally had all she could take and left me. I didn't change.

Deep inside I knew something was wrong, but of course I wouldn't admit it. It just didn't seem that anything had any lasting satisfaction. The cheap thrills didn't last long, and eventually I got into gambling and prostitution. Driving Cadillacs and carrying a big bankroll were better than being broke, but they didn't satisfy the needs of my heart. Maybe there were no answers. In fact, I didn't even know what the questions were!

My impatience with life in general was at an all-time high when I had to have the throat surgery. The fact that I couldn't speak again except in a whisper just added to the frustration I felt.

Eight months after the surgery, I was sitting in a bar. Someone asked me a question, and I spoke aloud. Doctors later checked me and said that my left vocal cord was still paralyzed. Yet somehow I was speaking again. I had no way at all to explain what had happened to me.

In my continuing search for something meaningful, I remarried. Erika and I moved to a different state in an attempt to make a new start. My

drinking was still my god, however, along with a new pastime—I had discovered CB radios. Now my hours were spent at home, but I might as well have been in another country. I would walk in, get my beer and head for my CB room. Erika wouldn't see me all evening.

She found this particularly difficult to accept. Having been born in Yugoslavia, her family of ten had been forced into prison camp during the Communist takeover when she was two. The family escaped and later came to the United States. Because of the hardships of her youth and the large family she came from, she desperately needed to feel loved. My rejection of her was very painful, causing her to turn to tranquilizers and alcohol to try to cope.

After three years she had reached her limit of endurance and planned to leave me although I wasn't aware of it. At the same time something was happening to me. I had frequently talked with another CBER who kept telling me about his church. He wouldn't try to tell me about Jesus, or that I was a sinner. He just said that they had had a great church service, and invited me to visit sometime.

The day Erika planned to leave me, she hurt her back and had to be in bed. The next morning I felt an urgency to attend that man's church, so I got up early and went. What a shock!

I had never seen so many happy people in one place in my life. They welcomed me as a long-lost friend,

and I really didn't know what to think. I wondered if they were all drinking or on some kind of drugs. Surely they weren't that happy without any help!

I could find no evidence, however, of any induced highs. It was hard to believe they were for real, but I couldn't disprove it. All day I puzzled over what I had heard and seen. Was there a chance that Jesus could give a person that kind of happiness?

By late afternoon, I could hardly wait to get back. Those people had better be for real. If they weren't, I was ready to fight. If they were, then I knew that I had to meet their Jesus.

On September 7, 1974—Sunday night at that little church in High Point, North Carolina—I met Jesus as my personal Saviour and Lord. All the sins of my past life were forgiven. Jesus had paid the price to redeem me.

Immediately I knew that I was different. My attitudes and habits were changed. Erika suddenly meant more to me than I could explain. I really loved her, and I couldn't spend enough time with her. Because of her injury, she had to be hospitalized for a few days. I spent every hour possible with her. I didn't want her out of my sight.

Of course I told her about what had happened to me. She was glad for me, but at first she just figured this was another of my obsessions. She did see a change in my attitude toward her, however, and because

of that she began to really listen to me. Two weeks after I was saved, she agreed to go to church with me. That day she also accepted Jesus.

We had so much to learn! My drinking and cigarettes were immediately gone. Instead of locking myself in with the CB radio, we began going together to Bible studies and prayer meetings. Six months later I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Although I am supposed to be unable even to speak above a whisper, the Lord has given me a singing ministry. I began to sing at churches and then at Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship chapter meetings. Soon Erika and I were traveling to share our testimonies and to sing.

The Lord has been so good to us. He has given us two beautiful miracle daughters—children doctors said we couldn't have. He has arranged for me to be reunited with my sons from my first marriage. He has given us the desires of our hearts, as most everyone in both of our families has become a Christian.

In 1979 the Lord led us into a unique ministry: He provided all our needs, including a bus in which we travel the country, sharing and singing wherever the Lord leads. He has proven to us that He will daily meet our needs. **We give Him all the praise, honor and glory for bringing us from the hopelessness of sin and despair into the love and joy of His inheritance.** ■



The call to battle rings out, and men respond. The call itself takes on many forms, but the hearts of men rise up in answer to that cry.

Winston Churchill's challenge during World War II stirred hearts in America, and the course of history was affected. Europe today is sounding a different kind of battle cry. The call to arms for this moment is a spiritual one. Christians of Europe are united in their faith that God will change their continent!

Do you hear the call? Has God given you a burden for Europe? Ephesians 6:12 tells us, "For we

DO YOU



wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

In 1976, four chapters of Full Gospel Business Men were struggling in the British Isles. One year ago, only 33 chapters were meeting. During that year that number has almost doubled, and 60 have now been established.

Because of airlifts not only into the British Isles but also into the Scandinavian countries and Central Europe, the message of salvation has been spread through the Full Gospel

as they sensed the unity God was bringing among their nations. Through prophecies and exhortations, the men left the meeting agreeing that 1980 is the Year of Europe.

The battle for Europe is not being waged with guns, planes and submarines. The spoils are the souls of men. The forces of evil are pitted against God's people.

In 1980 you have an opportunity once again to rally to Europe's aid. This time, however, it is to battle with a united Europe in her warfare against the forces of evil. Spiritual history is in

HEAR THE CALL?

Business Men's Fellowship.

A European office has been established in Brussels as a headquarters for that continent. VOICE is published there not only in English but in French, German, Norwegian, Dutch and Swedish.

Because Demos Shakarian's book, *The Happiest People on Earth*, has been translated into several languages, nations of Europe which cannot openly take part in gatherings such as Full Gospel meetings have been touched.

Still the need is tremendous. Men from several European countries who met for the first gathering at the International Headquarters last September were inspired and uplifted

the making. Romans 8:37 tells us that "...we are more than conquerors through him..."

Your European brothers have issued the invitation and are praying that you will join them August 27-30 for their JESUS TRIUMPHANT convention in London, England. International directors are speaking to their officers about group rates to London and are encouraging participation in this event.

Support this great endeavor with prayer and with your presence. For airlift information to London, contact Jose Pascua, Global Director, FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626. ■

VOICE ECHOES

"In VOICE I read about miracles. That is hard to believe. Oh, if the Lord should visit us with His miracles and His power. Try to understand how in need we are. We don't need anything but God—this wonderful miracle-working God. What is the secret that you in USA have these manifestations and we have not? Pray for our country, for our Christians, for our ministers, for our people. In Heaven we shall say thanks to you."

A brother from Yugoslavia

"We receive VOICE magazines in our store each month, which we distribute to our customers and friends."

E.T., Honolulu, Hawaii

"I have read your VOICE once, and I made up my mind to write to you. I'm a university student (third year). I have met my Lord Jesus Christ some days ago. Now I'm sure I will love and praise my Lord for ever, for He has done the most important thing for me—He has saved me from death. I'm so happy in Him."

E.H., Poland

"Last year I had to enter a hospital in this area to have surgery. It was nice to see that copies of VOICE were there to help me to witness to the people around me."

T.F., Mt. Holly Springs, PA

"This whole ministry [FGBMFI] has been raised up by God. And as men faithfully obey Christ, it will be used and blessed on an even wider scale. The tremendous thing is this: the things that have happened in Dundee can happen in Christian fellowship, at any time, where men and women are open to Jesus and His Spirit and His Word."

Rev. A.J.S., Dundee, Scotland

WESTERN REGION CONVENTIONS

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MEN'S CAMP June 6-8, 1980

University of Redlands
Redlands, California
Write: Southern California Regional
3321 Yale
Santa Ana, CA 92704

MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE June 13-15, 1980

Peterborough, Ontario, Canada
Trent University
Write: James McEwan
104 Burbank Drive
Willowdale, Ontario, Canada M2K 1N4

GERMAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE & CHAPTER LEADERS' TRAINING CONFERENCE June 13-15, 1980

Frankfurt/Main, Germany
Write: Adolph Zinsser
7067 Pluderhausen
Postfach 147, Stuttgart, West Germany

GERMANY CHAPTER WORKSHOP June 17, 1980

Frankfurt/Main, Germany
Write: Adolf Zinsser
7067 Pluderhausen
Postfach 147, Stuttgart, West Germany

BIG SKY REGIONAL CONVENTION June 19-21, 1980

Helena, Montana
Colonial Inn
Write: Ted L. Whittling
736 Hahn Road
Helena, MT 59601

RHEINLAND-PFALZ REGIONAL CONVENTION June 20-21, 1980

Idar-Oberstein, Germany
Write: Adolf Zinsser
7067 Pluderhausen
Postfach 147, Stuttgart, West Germany

BLACKPOOL REGIONAL CONVENTION June 26-28, 1980

Blackpool, England
Write: Bob Spilman
"Elsterne", Toft Road, Knutsford,
Cheshire, England

PIKES PEAK REGIONAL CONVENTION July 10-12, 1980

Colorado Springs, Colorado
Four Seasons
Write: Pete Smith
2951 White-Away Circle, West
Colorado Springs, CO 80917

ENGLISH LEADERSHIP AND TRAINING WORKSHOP July 12, 1980

Write: Allan Jones
"Elsterne", Toft Road, Knutsford,
Cheshire, England

GREATER DALLAS/FT. WORTH 16TH ANNUAL REGIONAL July 23-26, 1980

Dallas, Texas
Lowes Anatole Hotel
Write: Don Bounds
3780 Royal Lane
Dallas, TX 75229

IOWA STATE REGIONAL CONVENTION July 24-26, 1980

Des Moines, Iowa
Howard Johnson's Convention Center
Write: Duane McLean
1668 13th Street, Northwest
Cedar Rapids, IA 52405

27TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION June 30-July 5, 1980

Anaheim, California
Write: David Byram,
World Convention Coordinator
P.O. Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

1980 ALL-EUROPEAN CONVENTION August 27-30, 1980

London, England
Write: Buzz Dulley
Hill Place, Farnham Common
Bucks, England

For a complete listing of conventions, rallies and advances, write to Conventions, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

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“I was
that
boy”



JIM MC DONALD


Design Draftsman, Xerox Corporation
FGBMFI International Director
Rochester, New York

I don't want no kid with a limp on my team," complained the tall, skinny boy holding the football.

"That's tough," shouted the boy wearing a tattered red jersey. "You gotta take him. We've already got enough guys on our team." As the teams trotted onto the field, a dejected Jimmy—a victim of polio at the age of two—limped behind the skinny kid's squad.

I was that Jimmy, and the limp wasn't the only thing that caused me to feel rejection. My father was a gruff Irishman who found it very dif-



 . . . **drinking lost me 23 jobs .**

difficult to express affection for us. With six girls and two boys in the family, mom had little time for individual attention for any of us.

She did see that we went to church on Sunday, however. She would line all eight of us up and march us to Sunday school. In later years I would recall over and over some of those Scriptures I learned then: "For the wages of sin is death . . ." (Romans 6:23), and "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23).

To prove that I could do the same

things as "normal" boys, I worked harder and practiced longer than anyone. As the years passed my perseverance paid off, and I became a good football player. My aggressive spirit began to lead to bitterness, however, and I turned my back on my Christian upbringing and my decent friends. Drinking and partying became very important to me, and over a four-year period I secured and lost 23 different jobs.

Nothing could penetrate that wall of bitterness I had erected, although deep inside me I still struggled to

quell the thoughts of my praying mother and the conviction of the verses I had learned in Sunday school.

Mom used every opportunity to lure me back to church, and one Sunday night she was successful. A former Metropolitan Opera singer was scheduled, and I really wanted to hear him. I agreed to accompany mom.

Aware that those church people probably knew my reputation, my pride told me that I must impress them. I carefully dressed in my new double-breasted suit with the wide shoulders and pin stripes. The pegged pants and key chain were the latest thing, and my brush cut was just perfect with the corners at exactly the right angles. My black shoes could have been used for mirrors.

Oh, I was so cool! Mom marched me down to the second row. "What are you doing so close?" I asked. She responded, "Because that's where the power falls, honey."

What I didn't know, of course, was that mom had already announced to her Tuesday night Bible study that I was coming. They had all been praying for me. Besides that, on Thursday night she had been to a prayer-and-praise gathering, and she had all of them praying for me, too. I was trying so hard to impress them with my outward appearance, but they already knew my heart and were praying for God to change me.

When the altar call came, I was glad I was on the second row. I

didn't have far to go. At 9:40 p.m. on January 22, 1950, "Jimmy McDonald" was entered in the Lamb's Book of Life!

The Lord said He would turn cursings into blessings, and immediately I experienced just that. It had seemed a cursing that I lost Job Number 23 just before I was saved. It turned to blessing as my mom shared and studied the Word with me. For the first time I seemed able to understand the Scriptures. Study and prayer soon became the daily routine.

I found another job close to the church building. It was easy to run up there on my lunch hour, and it was so pleasant to walk into that cool, dark room to pray. The first day it took me 45 minutes to run out of "gimmees." The second day I had covered everything in only 15 minutes. Casting around for something else, the memory of a man I once knew who had no father came before me. He had impressed me by praying, "Thank you that I can call You Father," and "Thank you that I can worship You as my Father." Figuring that was a good place to start, I began to imitate him. Soon I couldn't praise God enough.

Those prayer times in the middle of the day became precious to me as God ministered to me and I grew in Him. Some time later God filled me with His Holy Spirit. What a change He had made in my life in such a short time, and yet He still had so much to teach me about trusting Him.

The Lord gave me a lovely, Spirit-filled wife and later two daughters. In our daily walk He blessed us and taught us righteousness and separation from sin. He led me to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, and I became first a member and then president of the Rochester chapter. Over the last few years that chapter has grown and multiplied until we now have 13 chapters in the Rochester area. Jesus has been lifted up and has blessed us there.

In 1972 we began to face the biggest trials that we as a family had ever encountered. The first indication of a problem began as small bumps appeared all over my body. It was soon apparent that the bumps were growing, and I consulted a doctor.

"They must come out," he declared. And come out they did—all 65 of them. "Lymphatic tumors" the doctor called them. But they reappeared, and the second surgery removed 85 more. A third surgery was required later on to remove 75 more of the tumors.

By the time of the third surgery, I was given a blood transfusion because of low iron count, my stamina was gone and I was no longer able to donate my rare-type blood because they wouldn't take it. Even my hair seemed to be affected. It had grayed very quickly and was beginning to fall out.

After I was hospitalized again for extensive tests, the doctor advised that my condition was very serious. "It could be one of three things," he

told us. "Multiple myeloma (bone cancer), Hodgkin's disease or leukemia. We believe it is leukemia."

Such a pronouncement causes all kinds of emotional reactions. My response to my wife's tears, however, was almost automatic: "Honey, I gave my life to the Lord 22 years ago, and I haven't taken it back. My life is in His hands."

That trust carried us through the next few days. We asked a few people to pray with us and just left it in the Lord's hands.

Three weeks later I had a bone marrow test. As we entered the hematologist's office to hear the results, he was shuffling papers on his desk, looking rather uncomfortable. He was muttering, "I can't understand it . . . I don't know what has happened."

"Jim," he said, "we now know that you don't have Hodgkin's disease. And we can rule out cancer of the bone. Further, we are certain that you don't have leukemia, either. As a matter of fact, whatever you had three weeks ago, *you don't have it now!*"

As tears began sliding down my wife's cheeks, I said, "Doc, we believe in prayer. I firmly believe that God has healed me."

"Well, it wasn't us," he replied.

Walking daily with the Lord continues to present challenges to my faith. Whether that challenge involves a plane crash, a financial problem, illness or death, I realize that my strength and stability come because **my life is in His hands!** ■

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1. *To witness to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man, and by this to reach men for Jesus Christ, especially those having the same social, cultural or business interests as the person doing the witnessing.*

2. *To provide a basis of Christian fellowship among all men everywhere through an organism not directly associated with any specific church but cooperating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches.*

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International does not start churches. Rather, we desire solely to be a service arm to existing ones.

3. *To bring about a greater measure of unity and spirit of harmony in the body of Christ, where members are united in a common effort for the good of the whole body.*

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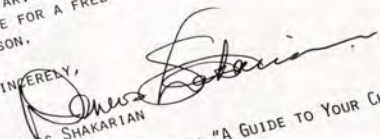
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*During a seance
a semi-luminous
vapor would ooze
from my body,
become solid
and take on the
form of a person.*

Once again I was awakened in the middle of the night by my guides, Evening Star and Running Water. They informed me of the events that would happen the next day, giving me instructions and advice for those who would visit me for readings. My wife could stand it no longer. The loud conversations of my visitors who assembled around my bed, but who could not be seen by my wife, were too much for her. She moved out of our bedroom.

satan's servant

ALLEN DITTMANN

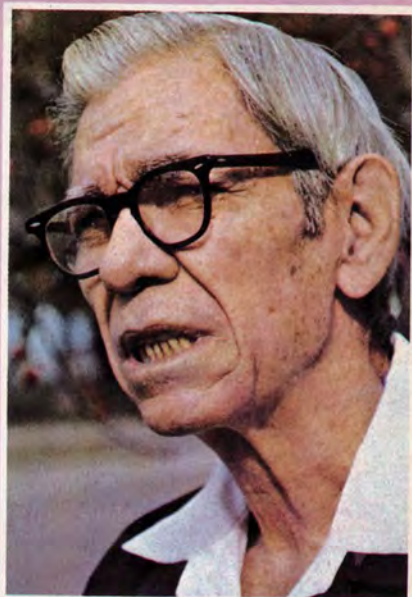
Cortland, New York
(As told to Lorraine Pakkala)

The routine had been established when I was 15, however, and wasn't at all strange to me. As a matter of fact, I could not remember a time when Evening Star and Running Water

(Please turn to next page)



**“I remember when
other spirits came to
join . . .”**



**Familiar spirits would
whisper in my ear what
was written on the
folded pieces of paper.**

were not part of my life. I could remember when other spirits came to “join your band” as they called it. Just how many there were I never really knew.

Ordained a Spiritualist minister at the age of 20, I traveled the world and went into the depths of satanic worship. Serving Satan was my business. My working day did not

end at five o'clock. I was on call 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

The benefits were many in my eyes. There was power and recognition, for example. People were amazed that I could "read" what was written inside a folded piece of paper. They flocked from far and near to meetings I would hold. And of course they were willing to pay for my services. That was another benefit of my business. Never did I conduct a free seance, reading or sitting in 45 years.

My "friends" were always available to whisper in my ear what was written on the folded pieces of paper. Or they would tell me in the midnight sessions just what to say to the people who would be coming the next day for a sitting. Enough information was always given to me for the person to convince him of my power and ability. Then he would listen to the advice.

One very lucrative aspect of my business was acting as a physical medium. During a seance I would go into a trance, and a spirit posing as the departed dead would appear in bodily form. At the time I was absolutely convinced that these spirits were the actual dead. They had the ability to take on the mannerisms, speech and likeness of the actual person.

Our "churches" encouraged people from all faiths to attend. We had a Bible in every Spiritualist church and frequently used a picture of the head of Christ on our advertising

literature. We completely avoided any mention of the blood or the cross, however.

For 45 years I served the devil in this manner, with no real thought as to what might happen to me after death. But at age 60 something happened which terrified me. A large lump appeared on my neck, and doctors ran tests for cancer of the lymph glands. I was beside myself with fear and was ready to grasp at any straw.

Someone mentioned that a small neighborhood church near us was conducting healing services. I was so desperate I really gave no consideration to the fact that I was a Jew and the church was a Christian church. In my desperation, I just hurried down there.

As I walked in, they were singing "The Old Rugged Cross." The cross had always been a taboo subject with me, and I started to walk out. But the pastor started walking toward me. He pointed his finger and shouted, "Satan and all your evil workers, come out of him!"

The next thing I knew is that I was lying on the floor. Infuriated, I was determined to get out of there. My hand went to my neck, however, and the lump was gone! I slumped back into the pew, not knowing what to do next.

A young man took my hand and led me to the front of the little church. We knelt, and he prayed, "Jesus, have mercy. Make Yourself known to this brother. Accept him

as a sinner coming to You.”

My Jewish blood boiled, and I made a fist to punch the guy. When I turned to hit him, however, the little church had disappeared. I was face to face with the cross. On it was a bleeding Jesus. My gaze was held by His piercing eyes. I couldn't believe the love in them. He said, “I did it for you. I died for you.”

Could it be true? Had He really died for Allen Dittmann?

I was so conscious of the blood. It seemed to cover Him. Yet as I looked on in horror, recognition of Jesus as the Lamb of God set forth in the Old Testament came to me. Here was the ultimate Sacrifice for sin.

Before my eyes He seemed to change. The blood was removed, and I began to see the glorified Jesus—a beautiful, love-filled Jesus. He reached out His hand and repeated, “I did it for you.”

My own sinful state overwhelmed me. How could I have been so insensitive? Why had I caused so much suffering? As soon as I had asked forgiveness, my being was flooded with peace, happiness and joy.

Not only had I been healed, but I had been delivered from the depths of hell. No longer did I have my midnight visitors. My swearing, my dirty jokes, my books—all were gone.

Sometime later, I awoke one night around midnight and went downstairs to study my Bible. As I began to praise the great and mighty name of Jesus who had

brought me from so dark a pit unto Him, He baptized me in His Holy Spirit.

His blessings have been innumerable. He has taught me so much about the life I formerly lived, and has shown me Scripture after Scripture that warns of the dangers of seeking to know the future apart from God.

He has given me churches, Full Gospel Business Men's meetings, and assemblies to tell my message—to warn people that the power in the satanic movement is real, but that it leads to death (Leviticus 20:27). My message has been to warn against any kind of attempt to see into the future. The Scriptures plainly warn against numerology, astrology, reading of horoscopes and witchcraft (Deuteronomy 18:9-12). People are often innocently ensnared through a “game” such as a Ouija board, or by practicing TM or yoga, or through attempts to “expand their psychic consciousness.” Any touching of the spiritual being apart from God is wrong!

I have learned that Jesus is the answer to every problem. He is able to handle any situation that arises. His love is poured out for us, and His blood covers any sin. What He did for me—saving me at the age of 60 after I had served the devil for most of my life—He can do for you. **Will you surrender your life to Jesus? Turn to page 31 and follow the Six Scriptural Steps to begin your walk with Him.** ■

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

3. CONFESS: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (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 right now: "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men."

When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know so that we may send you a booklet, NOW THAT YOU'VE RECEIVED CHRIST.

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