

09-84

THE HARVEST

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

# VOICE

31ST WORLD  
CONVENTION  
STORY

## FIFTH MAN IN THE FLIGHT



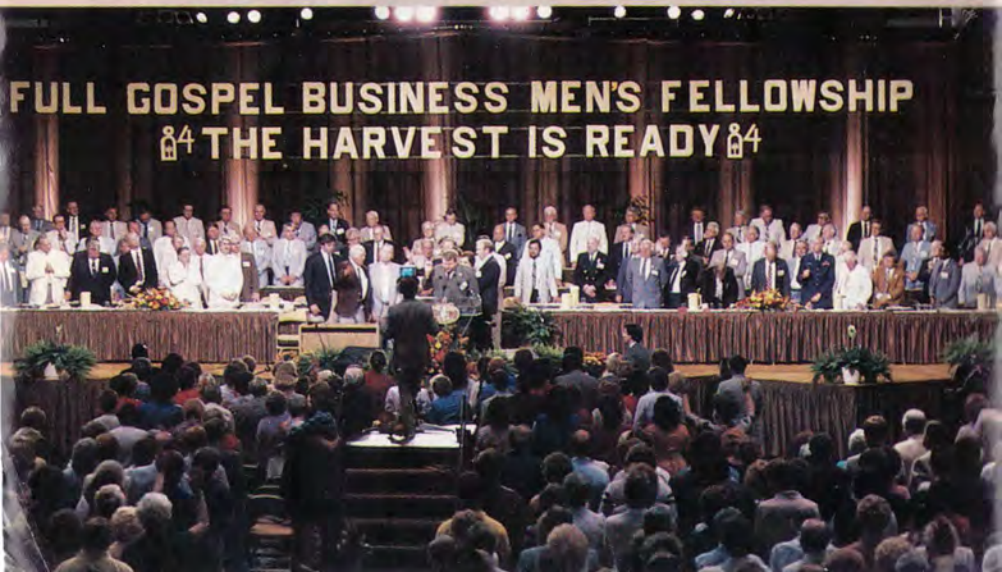
STORY ON PAGE 4

# The 31st World Convention



The World Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is a tremendous experience for all who are privileged to attend and an unforgettable one for those who receive a special touch from God.

Countless testimonies from past conventions relate with undiminished enthusiasm how a man was lifted out of the gutter at a convention, how a family which had become unglued was cemented together in Christ, or how a person suffering a terminal illness was healed by the power of God.



---

The FGBMFI World Convention is something like the trip odometer on your automobile, informing you how far you have traveled. The Convention graphically reflects to what extent the world vision has been fulfilled which God gave Demos Shakarian more than three decades ago. In that vision he first saw the continents of earth peopled by pathetic, dejected human beings. As the vision continued to unfold, he saw them transformed by the power of Christ into radiant worshipers of the God of the universe.

The thousands of worshipers filling the Anaheim, California Convention Center constituted a visual reminder of the growth of the laymen's spiritual movement that began 32 years ago with 21 men at the organization's first breakfast meeting at Clifton's Cafeteria, Los Angeles. The presence of more than 300 who had come from overseas was an encouraging reminder that FGBMFI now has ministry in 84 nations, and stood as a continuing challenge to plant chapters in the remaining 112 countries on earth within the next five years.

There were many evidences that this laymen's movement is touching the highest levels of government. President Ronald Reagan addressed the convention via videotape. Herb Ellingwood, chairman, Merit Systems Protection Board, spoke at an Advanced Leadership Training Seminar. James Watt, former United States Secretary of the Interior, addressed an evening meeting. Both are FGBMFI members, as are two other prominent men who ministered at the convention: Brigadier General Efrain Rios Montt, former president of Guatemala, and Grenada's Chief Justice James Patterson.

A Prison Ministry Breakfast exhibited the Fellowship's commitment to reach all segments of society. The intermingling of businessmen and their wives, law enforcement officials, prison workers, bikers, and street people, provided tangible proof that the love of Christ is all-inclusive. Respect for this important aspect of FGBMFI's ministry was made known by a letter of commendation from Chief Justice Warren Burger of the United States Supreme Court and by prominent men in the criminal justice system who came to Anaheim to participate. These included Commander John R. Barnes, head of Correctional Programs Branch, United States Navy; Michael Francke, secretary, New Mexico Department of Corrections; and Harry Howard, chaplain, San Quentin Prison.

A letter of encouragement to Demos Shakarian from Dr. Billy Graham and the ministry of Southern Baptist evangelist James Robison at the convention reflected FGBMFI's work in bridging denominational differences and its desire to be used of God to heal brokenness in the Body of Christ.

The depth of the ministry of this great laymen's movement could be seen through powerful moves of God in a tremendous response to altar calls; healing and deliverance experienced in miracle services led by R.W. Schambach

**O** was quite comfortable in the cockpit of my single-seat jet fighter when God intervened in my life in 1976.

Financially and socially comfortable, a major in the United States Marine Corps, I was content with my lifestyle and career as a naval aviator. My denominational upbringing had taught me that there was a God and I knew about the historical Jesus, but I had long since ignored this training. My matter-of-fact dealings with life left no room for spiritual involvement.

God was soon to change all of that.

For thirteen years I had been a jet pilot, flying missions throughout many countries in different types of tactical aircraft and in all kinds of weather conditions. During a total of twenty-one months of accumulated Viet Nam service, I flew 500 missions during the late '60s and experienced much combat action.

In 1970 I was one of sixteen pilots selected by the Marine Corps to fly a uniquely new jet, the vertical takeoff-and-land AV8A Harrier. One of the highlights of my tour in the Harrier was to demonstrate its versatility in national military and civilian airshows, along with well-known aerial acts: the Blue Angels, Thunderbirds, Confederate Air Force and

other aviation personalities.

However, none of my experiences had such lifechanging impact as when God flew "wing" on my aircraft 1,300 miles out over the Pacific Ocean on November 29, 1976.

My squadron, VMA 513, was stationed at Iwakuni, Japan, preparing to TRANS-



## FIFTH MAN IN THE FLIGHT

PAC seven Harriers from Japan to the United States. They would fly in two divisions one hour apart. This TRANS-PAC (trans-Pacific flight) was a very extensive mission involving support personnel and approximately thirteen large aerial refueling and maintenance tankers

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE (ISSN #00428264) is published monthly for \$4.35 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92628, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Second-class postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. September, 1984, Vol. 32, No. 9. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Voice* at above address. In Canada send return copies to 628 Monmouth Rd., Windsor, Ontario N5Y 3L1. Yearly subscription: U.S.—\$4.35, Canada and overseas—\$4.25. Bulk rate cards sent on request. Also available in French, German, Norwegian, Swedish and English (U.K.)—\$4.50; Spanish—\$2.00.

to service the Harriers.

With high spirits I anticipated the upcoming flight to the States and reunion with my wife and two children. Though our marriage had been shakey in the past, I was confident that we could work out our difficulties, even though in the meantime my wife had gotten "religion" and had been speaking in a "foreign language."

pending thunderstorms, in-cloud refueling and, for me, a fateful rendezvous with my Creator.

At a point approximately 1,000 miles east of Hawaii we encountered the unexpected thunderstorms. Our tankers had diverted from our planned refueling track to find an area less difficult for refueling. By mutual effort we located each other and "plugged" into the refueling basket



So it was with great expectations that I took off that day with the three other aircraft comprising the first division heading for Hawaii. Our moods matched the sunny, clear weather as we soared smoothly over the ocean.

Aerial refueling is a precise, sensitive maneuver requiring perfect weather conditions. Our aerial refueling between Japan and Hawaii went uneventfully. Now we pressed on, enroute to San Francisco, unaware of what lay ahead: im-

just as we entered the storm. The next 100 miles turned out to be one of the wildest rides I had ever experienced.

After what seemed an eternity, we broke out of the storm into a thick layer of grayish clouds, our visibility limited to two or at most two and a half miles.

With refueling completed, we proceeded to re-establish our formation. While rejoining my flight, however, I lost my formation airspeed by deflecting my nozzles a fraction of a second too long



## One of us was flying upside down

and began to fall behind the other three aircraft.

They couldn't pull their power back, since they needed all of it to climb to our cruising altitude of 33,000 feet. I didn't have the extra power to overtake them.

I was rapidly becoming a flight of one, 1,300 miles from Alameda Naval Air Station in California.

The three aircraft ahead became small dots as I continued to fall further behind. *If I can just keep them in sight until they reach 33,000 feet, I thought, they'll level off, pull their power back to cruise, and I can catch them.*

I glanced at my altimeter—only 3,000 feet to go.

Leaning forward in my harness, I strained to maintain a visual contact in the clouds with those three dots, my point of reference. Under the circumstances there was no question that my survival depended upon keeping them in sight.

Suddenly I sensed a presence to my left. I looked over and to my astonish-

ment saw another Harrier flying next to me. But one of us was upside down.

I was looking down on the pilot, canopy to canopy. His face, turned toward me, couldn't be seen because of his helmet visor and oxygen mask. Nevertheless, I saw that his gaze was calmly fixed upon me. He was flying a rock-steady, perfect wind position only a few feet away.


There could not possibly be another aircraft of any type in my vicinity . . .

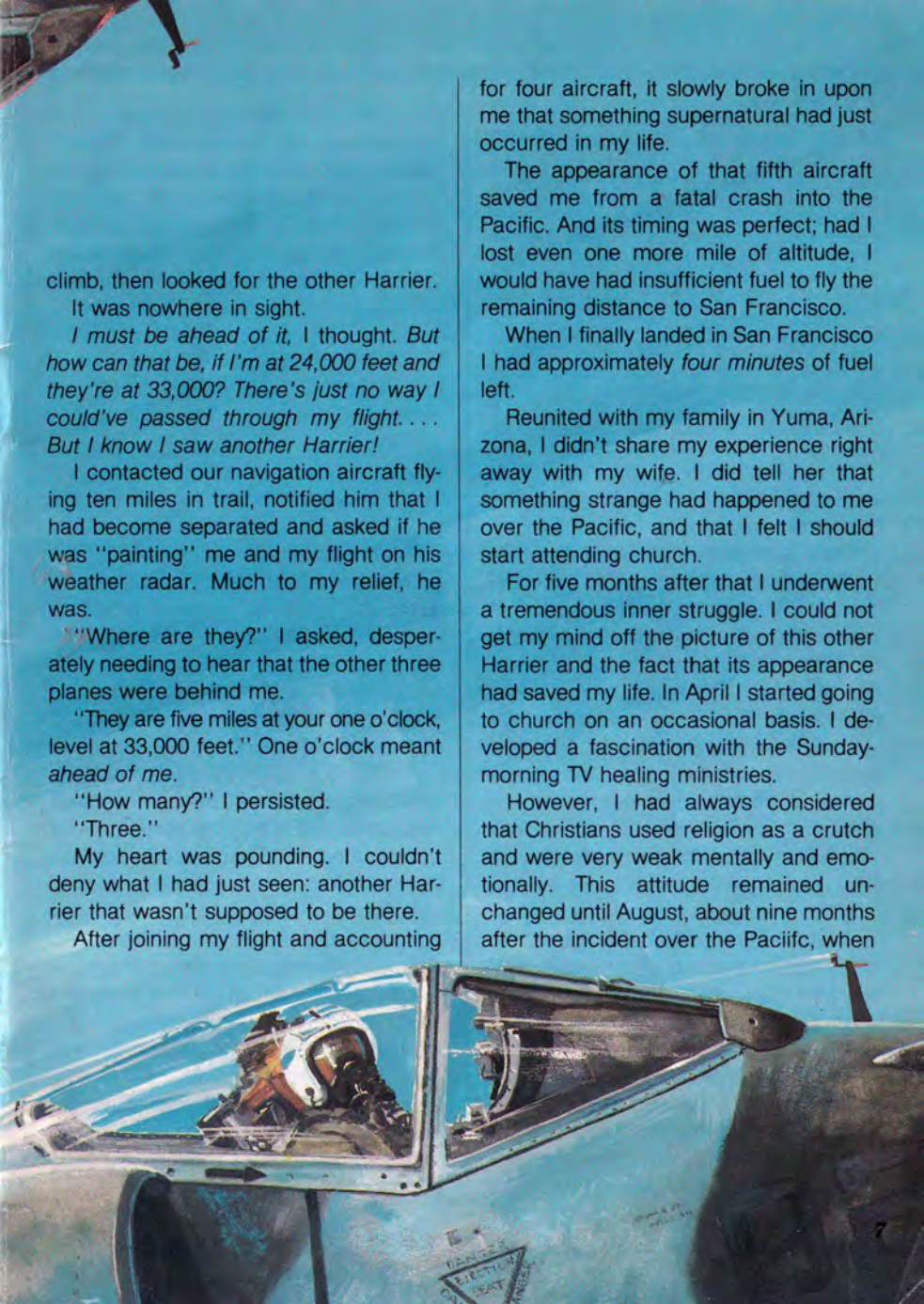
*Did I overfly my flight? Am I now flying through their formation? Are we going to have a mid-air collision and explode into flames?*

As these questions flashed simultaneously through my mind I fixed my eyes on the altimeter. To my utter disbelief, it showed that I had lost more than a mile of altitude and was passing rapidly through 24,000 feet. The other instruments revealed that in my intensity to maintain visual contact I had neglected my instruments, experienced vertigo and unknowingly rolled to a near-inverted position.

I thought I was climbing. In reality I was diving full speed toward the ocean.

I righted the plane, re-established my





climb, then looked for the other Harrier.

It was nowhere in sight.

*I must be ahead of it, I thought. But how can that be, if I'm at 24,000 feet and they're at 33,000? There's just no way I could've passed through my flight. . . . But I know I saw another Harrier!*

I contacted our navigation aircraft flying ten miles in trail, notified him that I had become separated and asked if he was "painting" me and my flight on his weather radar. Much to my relief, he was.

"Where are they?" I asked, desperately needing to hear that the other three planes were behind me.

"They are five miles at your one o'clock, level at 33,000 feet." One o'clock meant *ahead of me*.

"How many?" I persisted.

"Three."

My heart was pounding. I couldn't deny what I had just seen: another Harrier that wasn't supposed to be there.

After joining my flight and accounting

for four aircraft, it slowly broke in upon me that something supernatural had just occurred in my life.

The appearance of that fifth aircraft saved me from a fatal crash into the Pacific. And its timing was perfect; had I lost even one more mile of altitude, I would have had insufficient fuel to fly the remaining distance to San Francisco.

When I finally landed in San Francisco I had approximately *four minutes* of fuel left.

Reunited with my family in Yuma, Arizona, I didn't share my experience right away with my wife. I did tell her that something strange had happened to me over the Pacific, and that I felt I should start attending church.

For five months after that I underwent a tremendous inner struggle. I could not get my mind off the picture of this other Harrier and the fact that its appearance had saved my life. In April I started going to church on an occasional basis. I developed a fascination with the Sunday-morning TV healing ministries.

However, I had always considered that Christians used religion as a crutch and were very weak mentally and emotionally. This attitude remained unchanged until August, about nine months after the incident over the Pacific, when



Susan gave me a copy of Pat Robertson's testimony, *Shout It From the House-tops*.

Robertson was a former Marine officer who became a lawyer and businessman. He had had a personal salvation experience with Jesus Christ and had become a Christian. I was tremendously impressed and Jesus began to deal with my heart.

I still had a highly active social life. I hadn't even considered giving up the parties, the bars, the clubs and the lifestyle. But in October my enthusiastic wife invited me—very casually—to attend a healing service at a charismatic church.

A Spanish evangelist was ministering and praying for those who needed healing. A shooting incident had left a ringing in my left ear, so with some hesitation I agreed to attend.

As we entered I heard people praying in a strange language. *Maybe Spanish*, I thought. *Why did she bring me here?*

But at the end of the service, after much prodding, I went forward for prayer

and stood there sweating, wishing I were home. Suddenly the speaker laid his hand on me and my knees buckled. Quickly regaining my balance, I thought, *Why did he push me?* I knew that something supernatural had just occurred, similar to the experience over the Pacific, but all I wanted to do was get out of there.

I had never read the Bible, but my wife kept suggesting I begin. After much stubborn resistance I decided one evening to read the last chapter to see how it turned out.

I started reading at Revelation 20. I was shocked. "Susan," I exclaimed, "you mean I could be swimming in the lake of fire if I died right now?" She agreed that I could be.

Now, with a hunch that my name was not written in the Lamb's Book of Life, my desire to attend church was more than just out of curiosity. I started attending on a fairly regular basis. I had never heard preaching like that in my life.

As the Sundays passed, every altar call became hotter and hotter. I sweated and wondered why everybody's eyes were riveted on me. (God will use the imagination to His advantage.)

Finally in May of 1978 I set up a meeting with the pastor to talk about salvation. We talked about things important to me—like my social life and drinking. I asked him if he drank. When he said no I thought, *Well, that's not too bad. To each his own!*

I asked if I could drink and still get saved. His response was, "Yes, God will take care of that." I thought that was pretty good, too.



I really had no intention of getting saved. I just wanted to talk about it. But during the course of our conversation the pastor asked if I would pray with him. I found myself praying a prayer of salvation; I mean, *giving my heart to God!* Jesus became my Saviour that day.

Jesus Christ was now fully revealed to me as the One who had saved me out over the Pacific. I remembered a recent Sunday message about three Hebrew children, thrown into a fiery furnace for not bowing to an idol. In Daniel 3:25 the king who had them thrown in said, "I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

I realized that the fourth man in the furnace had been the fifth man in my flight.

My life began to change. My language cleared up. I was aware of an increased tenderness toward others. But, taking the pastor's word literally, I did not stop drinking.

In July I returned home from an airshow and sat down to read the Bible. I began at Proverbs 23, the page and chapter to which I had arbitrarily turned. I was astonished.

It was talking about gluttony, *drinking*, strife, *babbling*, *redness of eye*, lust, vain talk.

Nearly two weeks later, following another airshow in Omaha, Nebraska, I strolled into the motel bar to talk with other show participants and to drink a coke. My merry group invited me to join them in a beer. *One won't hurt*, I thought. . . .

Numerous toasts later, I drug myself off to bed and awoke the next morning feeling somewhat guilty. I decided to make up for things by watching an evangelist on TV while packing. I was terrified to see Jimmy Swaggart on the screen, expounding on the evils of drinking.

"God, I've heard You," I cried. "That's it—I'll not drink again!"

I flew home, walked into our house, told my wife I was through drinking, packed up three cases of booze, pushed the bar up against the wall, and that was the last time I ever touched another drop.

God took care of it, just like the pastor said.

In September I went forward at an altar call to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. A few nights later, as I prayed with Susan in our living room, God gave me a prayer language.

By November, two years after the Harrier incident over the Pacific, I can say truthfully that my life was freed of the vices that had kept me enslaved. Only the salvation power of the Lord Jesus Christ was able to accomplish that. Salvation truly is a miracle.

Through 1979 I studied the Bible diligently. In 1980 I started teaching Sunday school. Through 1981 I preached at a mission church in Ajo, Arizona. The Lord used it as a stepping-stone to launch me into His fulltime service upon my retirement in 1982, after twenty years of service with the USMC.

Not only did God preserve my life but my marriage. We have seen other marriages saved and healed as a result of

*(continued, page 38)*

# Is Life A Gamble?

John D'Amico, Alexandria, Louisiana

**T**alk about contrasts! Only a few years ago I was a professional gambler, earning my living as a bookmaker. I had only two interests: chasing women and drinking Scotch. If I had any spare time after pursuing these interests, I spent it playing poker, shooting dice or betting horses. My philosophy in life was "If you catch a sucker—bump his head."

Now I was president of an FGBMFI chapter and happy to tell a hotel ballroom full of people the remarkable account of how Jesus had changed my life.

Needless to say, the old lifestyle had not made me exceedingly happy. On the contrary, it brought about one divorce and a tragic accident in 1966 in which I lost my wife and an unborn child. I suffered remorse for years before I could feel and know God's forgiveness.

I had been raised by a God-fearing Catholic mother who prayed constantly and encouraged us to love and serve God. I knew about Jesus Christ and intellectually believed He was the Son of God who died for my sins—but I never served Him.

After the accident that took my family I began to realize that I was a most miserable person. In the world, I was living "the good life"—wine, women, song, big cars, good clothes—but I was filled with misery.

The day came—in March of 1966—that I cried out to God for help and asked

Him to send me a good woman for a wife. I promised to clean up my act.

I had no idea that God was actually listening and would answer.

I wish I could say that I changed and that everything became rosy, but it



*Before-and-after photos of John and Sally D'Amico. Above: at a New Orleans, Louisiana nightclub in 1975, "before we were saved."*



didn't. Soon I had forgotten about my prayer and gone back to my former pastimes with even more vigor, until I was consuming a fifth of Scotch per night.

I forgot the prayer . . . but God did not forget. He loves us even when we are in sin. We will never fully understand His wonderful love and ways.

At the same time I was pouring my heart out to Him, a lovely young woman in California was praying the same prayer. Because of God's love and wisdom, our paths crossed in November, 1966. Sally became my wife March 10, 1968. I did not give God the credit for my wonderful wife and my answered prayer. Instead, I took the credit myself.

God had His hand on our life together. He blessed us with two girls and two boys, a beautiful home and a prosperous grocery business (I had retired from bookmaking in 1967). I even began attending church sometimes.

Although we were both happy, something was missing and we didn't know what it was. Sally, the curious one, was searching. As the Scriptures promise, "Seek, and ye shall find" (Luke 11:9). In September, 1977 Sally met some "fanatics" and her whole life changed noticeably for the better. She was more considerate, always happy and smiling.

I didn't know what to make of it. She told me she was "filled with the Holy Spirit." All she would talk about was Jesus Christ and the Bible. I thought she had gone off the deep end. She invited me to come with her to some Bible teaching at a charismatic center, but I wanted no part of it. An hour of church on Sunday was enough for me.

Then Satan struck. Our youngest daughter, Missy, age seven, was diagnosed as having grand mal epilepsy. She would require medication three times a day for the rest of her life in order to control the seizures.

Sally would not accept this verdict, but stood on her faith in God. When Missy was eight we took her to Charles and



Frances Hunter's miracle service in Houston. It was my first experience of such a service. I decided they had a nice "racket" going for them. You can imagine the thoughts crossing my mind during the offering when Frances said, "The more you sow, the more you reap," and people began giving hundred-dollar bills.

I muttered, "This is better than book-making!" Doubtful to say the least, I searched for faults.

Then Frances prayed for Missy in the front of the auditorium. A few weeks afterwards, our little girl came running into our bedroom at about two o'clock in the morning. "Jesus healed me," she cried. "He was in my room! He had a long white gown on. I couldn't look into His eyes. They looked like fire! The whole room lit up and He touched me on my head. Then He stretched out His arm, and a door full of beautiful jewels appeared. He said that He would open doors for me to give my testimony!"

Always shy before, Missy now changed dramatically. The next time we held our home Bible study she came downstairs and asked to give her testimony to the group. Today she is a thirteen-year-old cheerleader, honor student, and walking testimony of what our God can do.

We had EEG tests run the week Missy saw Jesus, and the doctor was amazed to find no trace of epilepsy. He said that it was a miracle, and that Missy didn't need her medication anymore.

That was in 1977. I found faith taking root in my heart, and in December I gave my life to Jesus Christ as Sally led me in a sinner's prayer in our living room. After another two months I was filled with the



*Missy D'Amico*

Holy Spirit in my bedroom after reading a book by Frances Hunter.

Sally and I set new priorities. Heading the list was to search and study the word of God. I was amazed to discover who I am in Christ: a son of God and a joint heir with Jesus.

Satan struck again on Father's Day, June 15, 1980. This time it was with the death of our oldest son Danny in an auto accident in southern Louisiana, where he was staying with his grandmother for the summer. But we praised God that the devil had no victory in it. Not long before, Danny told his mother on the phone that he had completely surrendered his life to Jesus on April 5. He's in heaven with Jesus now.

The manner in which God poured His love and His strength into us during this difficult time was truly a great witness to all who knew us. While God did not cause it, He used this tragedy to bring at least two of Danny's close friends to Himself. Sally led one of them to the Lord just hours before he too was killed, in a

head-on auto collision.

Since my experience with the infilling of the Holy Spirit, our lives have been enriched beyond our wildest dreams. God has poured out His blessings on us. One of the greatest blessings is our Christian friends. Our home is an open house every day where we are privileged to be used on a regular basis to minister to hurting and bruised people. We hold a weekly Bible study, have led many souls to Christ, and have seen many healing and financial miracles.

In the summer of 1979 Sally ran into a friend, Angela, who was considering taking her life that very day. Angela had become despondent because of two divorces and many other life-controlling problems.

We took Angela into our home for two months, where she received God's word, love and much prayer. She became born again, filled with the Holy Spirit, and God healed her of a serious physical problem.

Today she has a ministry of her own. Her family calls her "a walking Bible." Angela has led many souls to the Lord and is a living example of how Jesus can completely transform lives.

In December, 1982 I was reading Lester Sumrall's book, *Seven Ways Jesus Healed the People*, when I heard the Spirit of the Lord: "If you will take this book to Sally Gahn I will show you a miracle."

At first I thought it was only my own idea and not God's voice. I hardly knew Sally Gahn, having met her briefly a year earlier. Since then she had been diagnosed as having terminal cancer.

I didn't say anything to my wife; however, the voice was persistent. I

heard it every night for almost a week. Still I was hard-headed.

Then suddenly Sally asked me if I would go with her to visit Sally Gahn.

I was only too glad to go and to take the book with me. When we arrived Sally said, "Hi, I've been expecting you."

As we assured her that God didn't give her cancer, and of His healing power and love yesterday, today and forever, great faith rose in her heart. She began to listen to Christian tapes and to read God's word. Today she is off the treatments and the doctors cannot find a trace of cancer. They call it remission—but we know that Sally reached out and touched the hem of the Master's garment and is totally healed.

Through this her whole family has come closer to God. A few months ago Sally received the infilling of the Holy Spirit.

One financial miracle that especially stands out in my mind happened in the spring of 1983. Thinking that the sale of my family car, a Lincoln Continental Mark VI, was final, I purchased a Mercedes and signed a thirty-day note for \$18,000.

However, the Lincoln deal fell through. I prayed, believing God would send a buyer for the Lincoln, but after three months and three note renewals with interest there were still no serious prospects.

Finally God spoke: "I want you to give the preacher a car." My immediate reaction was that that was surely not God's voice, but that of the devil. But each time I would return to God for help on the situation, He would repeat His instructions.

I didn't tell my wife; I was afraid she might agree that it was God. One Sunday night at church I asked God if He would confirm through Sally, that same night before bedtime, that it was really from Him.

I felt I was safe. It was already nine o'clock and Sally didn't know one thing about any of this.

After church we all went out for pizza. I heard nothing from Sally.

We got home. I jumped into bed, thinking with relief, "I *knew* that wasn't from God."

Just then Sally came out of her dressing room, a strange look on her face. She told me, "I hope you don't think I'm crazy . . . but God just spoke to me. He wants me to tell you to give the preacher a car."

I did it.

The next week the bookkeeper for my business discovered \$10,000 more in my bank account than we should have had.

All of our records agreed with the bank's records. If God had healed me physically, I knew I would act on that healing in faith, so that's what I did with this financial miracle. I wrote a check on it. It never did bounce, and there never has been any explanation of where that money came from or any trouble with my account. There *is* no explanation, other than that God was teaching me to trust Him and obey Him.

Maybe you think someone with a Mercedes doesn't need a financial miracle. But the way God met my need was not nearly as important as my learning obedience to what He wanted.

I thank God that the old man I was has died and was buried in Christ. I am a new creature.

I have also learned that what Frances Hunter said that day—"the more you sow, the more you reap"—is indeed true in God's kingdom. You can't outgive God. And that really does beat booking. □



*John D'Amico graduated from Alexandria Business College in 1947 and earned a B.A. in business at Northwestern State University in 1960. He has owned and operated a grocery store for the last seventeen years. He is past president of FGBMFT's Alexandria Chapter, a member of the Alexandria Chamber of Commerce and other civic organizations. He and his wife Sally are members of Southgate Assembly and have three living children: Janet, John, Jr. and Missy.*

# WHEN THOUGHTS TURN TO CHRISTMAS...

Your 1984 Christmas greeting can be more, much more, than a happy thought for the season.

*Voice* for December 1984 has been prepared to help you introduce the Christ of Bethlehem to your relatives, friends, neighbors, associates, clients and customers.

The beautiful Norman Rockwell-type cover makes your greeting distinctive. The dynamic testimonies of changed lives will inspire hope in those who receive your Christmas *Voice*.

The cover also provides a way to personalize your greeting with your name. Bundled in multiples of 50, copies cost only 20 cents each—

less than most greeting cards. The magazine requires no envelope for mailing. Order your *Voice* bundle today to be sure of early delivery.



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

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

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

Total amount enclosed, payable to FGBMFI ..... \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. Offer expires November, 12, 1984.

2801-18-9999



1



2



6



7



10



11



12

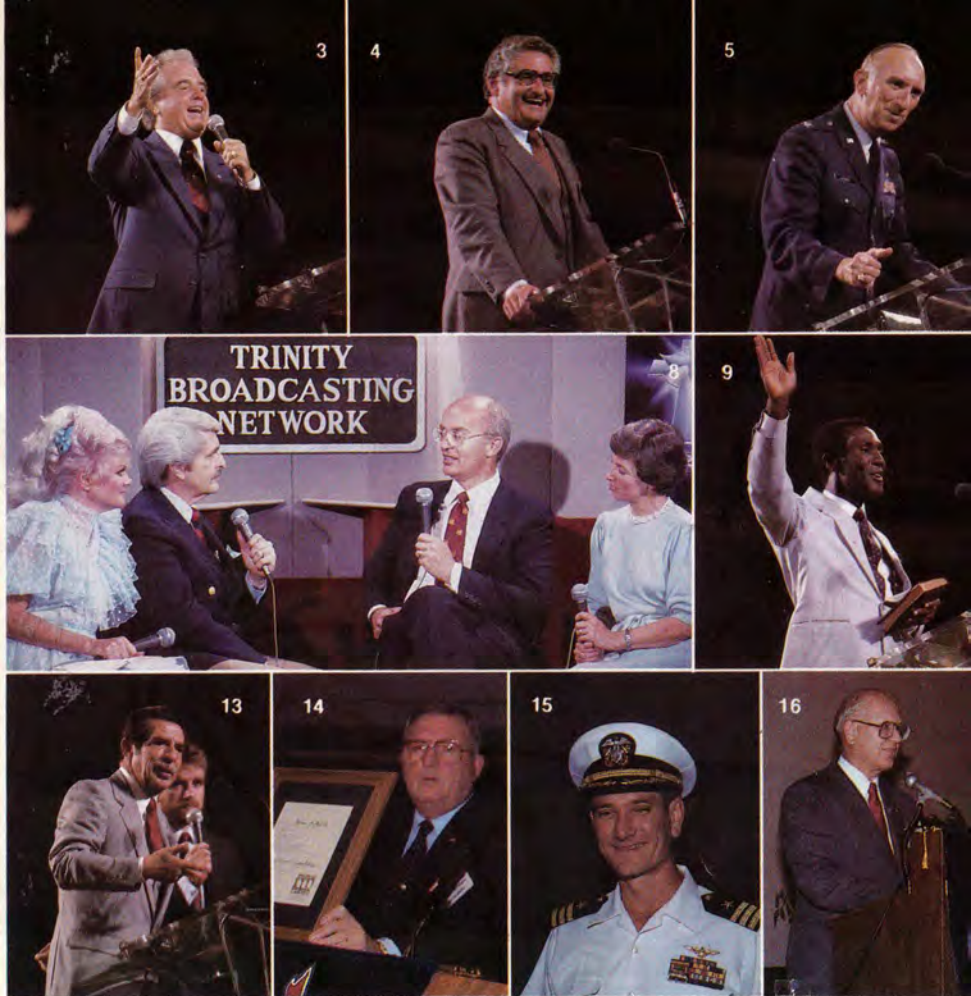
and Joe Poppell; and the ministry of 300 counselors who, night after night, saw hundreds experience salvation, baptism in the Holy Spirit, and many miracles.

In viewing the upward, outward, and inward growth of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, there must be an awareness that the lengthening shadow of the Fellowship is, in essence, a measurement of the man who founded it. The most electrifying moment of the Convention was when Founder/President Demos Shakarian, who suffered a stroke March 26, walked onto the platform with his arm raised in victory. It was the first time most of those

**WORLD CONVENTION** (from page 3)

(continued, page 18)



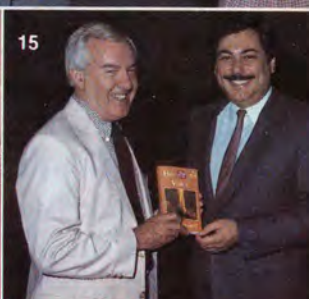
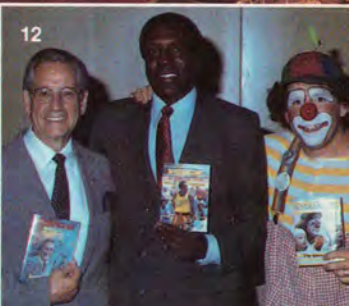


1. International Directors welcome Demos Shakarian with standing ovation. 2. Opening patriotic program. 3. ID Don Ostrom leads praise. 4. Steve Lightle, Israel. 5. Air Force Colonel James Lackey. 6. President Reagan via video. 7. James Robison, Southern Baptist evangelist. 8. TBN's Jan and Paul Crouch interview former Secretary of Interior James Watt and wife Leilani. 9. ID Kwabena Darka. 10. Oral Roberts. 11. R.W. Schambach, evangelist. 12. Chief Justice James Patterson, Grenada. 13. Brigadier General Efrain Rios Montt, former president, Guatemala. 14. Vice-president Norman Norwood appeals for "Thousand Dollar Club" members. 15. Commander John R. Barnes, head of Correctional Programs Branch, U.S.N. 16. Herbert Ellingwood, chairman, Merit Systems Protection Board.



present had seen their beloved leader since his life-threatening illness; they rejoiced with uninhibited joy.

Demos' voice was strong as he relived the trying experiences of the last three months, his spirit confident as he spoke of the future. With his wife Rose by his side, and flanked by the international directors who have stood with him through the years, Demos reviewed what God had allowed them to do together and pledged with enthusiasm to do more for God than ever before to fulfill the vision of reaching a lost world for Jesus. □



1. Joseph Kwaw, Nigeria. 2. Soloist David Sapp. 3. Evelyn Roberts, ladies' luncheon speaker. 4. Rudy Silva introduces new believer at counselors' meeting. 5. ID Walter Moore, one of many providing personal ministry. 6. International Board meeting. 7. Rich Cook Praise Singers. 8. Meadowlark Lemon. 9. Thousands respond to altar calls. 10. Larry Dotson, children's ministry. 11. Michael Francke, secretary, New Mexico Department of Corrections. 12. Lee Buck, Meadowlark and "Snuggles" display Voice covers on which they were featured. 13. ID Oscar Pinto, Honduras (left), interprets for attorney Ramon Uribe, Mexico City. 14. Advanced Leadership Seminar. 15. ID Reidy Lawing presents His Voice New Testament to Chief Operating Officer Steve Shakarian.



# The Harvest is Ready for You— Be Ready for the Harvest!

Cassette tapes of the 1984 FGBMFI World Convention in Anaheim, California can be an effective means both to receive and to share blessings.

You can continue to enjoy the powerful messages proclaimed by some of the world's great spiritual leaders.

New insights into the Scriptures, increased understanding of your benefits as a believer, and clear instruction for discovering and exercising spiritual gifts can be yours.

Plus recorded messages by profound teachers and inspiring testimonies of laymen from around the world can be your means of ministering to needs of others who look to you for help.

## ..... 1984 WORLD CONVENTION TAPE ORDER FORM .....

### TUESDAY, JULY 3

- \_\_\_\_\_ C6029 Evening Session—  
Demos Shakarian  
R.W. Schambach

### WEDNESDAY, JULY 4

- \_\_\_\_\_ C6030 Breakfast Session—Jim Tucker
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6031 Afternoon Session—  
R.W. Schambach
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6032 Evening Session—James Watt

### THURSDAY, JULY 5

- \_\_\_\_\_ C6033 Breakfast Session—Tom Ashcraft
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6034 Afternoon Session—  
R.W. Schambach
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6035 Evening Session—  
James Robison

### FRIDAY, JULY 6

- \_\_\_\_\_ C6036 Morning Session—Lee Buck
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6037 Ladies' Luncheon—  
Evelyn Roberts

- \_\_\_\_\_ C6038 Men's Luncheon—Don Bloom
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6039 Evening Session—Oral Roberts

**SATURDAY, JULY 7**

- \_\_\_\_\_ C6040 Breakfast Session—Jim Jarvis
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6041 Afternoon Session—Joe Poppell
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6042 Evening Session—  
Judge James Patterson
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6043 Testimony Highlights
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6054 How to Share Christ—  
Dave Malkin

**YOUTH TAPES**

- \_\_\_\_\_ C6044 Wednesday Morning—  
David Allbritton
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6047 Thursday Evening—  
David Allbritton
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6048 Friday Evening Banquet—  
JoJo Sanchez
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6049 Saturday Morning—Rick Danna

**CONVENTION SEMINAR TAPES**

(\*Tapes also sold as Seminar Teaching Tapes Set)

- \_\_\_\_\_ C6050 Estate Planning Workshop
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6051 Prison Ministry Seminar—  
Wednesday\*
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6052 Prison Ministry Seminar—  
Thursday\*
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6053 Overseas Delegate Reception
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6054 How to Share Christ—  
Dave Malkin\*
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6055 Peace Officer's Workshop\*
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6056 Homosexuality & Christianity—  
Sy Rogers\*
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6057 Convention Chairmen's  
Breakfast
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6058 How to Start Men's Camps—  
Fred Doerflein
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6059 How to Minister the baptism in  
the Holy Spirit—Dave Malkin\*

**CONVENTION TAPES**

- \_\_\_\_\_ Individual Convention Tapes ..... \$ 4.00
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6060 1984 Convention Set ..... \$59.95  
(16 Adult Sessions plus vinyl album—savings of \$4)
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6061 1984 Evening Session Set ..... \$22.95  
(5 Evening Sessions plus 1 Testimony Highlights in vinyl album—savings \$1)
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6062 1984 Seminar Teaching Tapes\* (6 tapes in vinyl album) ..... \$22.95
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6063 1984 Youth Session Set (4 tapes in vinyl album) ..... \$14.95
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6064 1984 Anaheim Advanced Leadership Training Seminar ..... \$25.00
- \_\_\_\_\_ C6065 1984 World Convention Highlights Tape (will be shipped) ..... \$ 4.00

**BIBLES ON CASSETTE**

- \_\_\_\_\_ C4205 New Testament—King James Version (Alexander Scourby) ..... \$29.95
- \_\_\_\_\_ C4209 New Testament—Revised Standard Version (Rev. Richard Peterson) ..... \$29.95
- \_\_\_\_\_ C4210 New Testament—New American Bible (Rev. Richard Peterson) ..... \$29.95
- \_\_\_\_\_ C4206 Old Testament—King James Version (Alexander Scourby) ..... \$89.95
- \_\_\_\_\_ C4211 Psalms & Proverbs—King James Version (Alexander Scourby) ..... \$15.00
- \_\_\_\_\_ C4212 The Gospels—King James Version (Alexander Scourby) ..... \$15.00

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

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

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

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

Make checks payable to: FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628. 2801-18-9999

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

Ken Hunter, Casper, Wyoming

**O**ne, two, three, four—one, two, three, four. One, two, three, four . . .

The pace droned on and on. Only four miles into the Philadelphia Independence Marathon, blisters began to develop on my feet.

One, two, three, four—one, two, three, four . . . The pain was building to the point where every step was excruciating, but I knew I had to go on. So much work, so much effort was in the balance.

I just had to achieve a good time. For

## 20

years I had had my eye on the Olympic games. Except for the American boycott, 1980 would have offered a good opportunity.

*This may be my last chance. In '88 I'll be thirty-five years old. It's now or never, I have to go on, I have to do well.*

By the twenty-four-mile mark the pain had become overwhelming. I felt that one more step would be one too many. My shoe was soaked in blood.

*How is it possible, how can I go on? . . . One, two, three, four—one, two, three, four . . . But on the other hand, how can I possibly stop now, after running twenty-four miles and only two to go?*

I began to pray again, asking my closest Friend, Jesus Christ, to give me the strength and the will to finish.



There had not always been someone to turn to for help and encouragement. Sure, people were always around—that is, as long as I was winning. But sometimes a man needs something more, like the strength that only Jesus can give. Reflecting back, it has been only since 1977, but oh, what a difference Jesus has made in my life.

During my youth in Casper, Wyoming I became heavily involved with the Jewish religion and even took the Jewish name Avinoan Ben Abraham Avinu. So as you can see, I accepted the fact that God existed and I acknowledged Him as

about four years, feeling that there were other things in the world and wanting to try some of them. I was an investment broker, and after awhile I became fat and lazy. Life became a bit blasé. I began seeing athletes against whom I had competed winning a fair degree of success on the international level.

I decided to get back into shape.

It was slow going at first, but in time I managed to reach the national class once again and was given an athletic track and cross-country scholarship.

In 1980 I returned to college to complete my business degree and to get

## MILES A DAY

being sovereign. I believed He heard and answered prayer.

But I couldn't really relate to Him in a personal way. To me He was an all-powerful Being who was worshiped in a somewhat ritualistic manner, a Being more interested in mankind in general than in me as an individual. I could see that He did form personal relationships with some men, such as Moses and Abraham—but not individuals like Avinoan Ben Abraham Avinu!

As for my running, at fourteen I was city champion of Casper in the 800 meters. Then in high school I attained the honor of being the best two-miler in Wyoming. At Black Hills State College in South Dakota I became a track-and-field All-American for the 10,000-meter run.

After college I laid off running for

back into serious competition.

There was only one problem with running. I worked very hard, exhilarated by the goal that was set before me. But once attained, it seemed somehow shallow. I centered my entire existence on winning yet another race. It was what kept me going.

Even so, I knew something was missing. Life should have had more meaning than it did. If I won, it meant another trophy or medal to put on the shelf. But so what? In the end, who cares?

My fiancée was beautiful, intelligent, talented, and she loved people. She was everything I'd ever wanted, yet things were not going well for us. She did not like my job, and I myself was not all that keen on it. Being an investment broker was well paid but not reliable, for the job

fluctuated with the market.

She wanted me to work for her uncle, who owned a drilling company in Casper. It was a field about which I knew nothing. In addition, all my friends were still unmarried and I was not sure I was ready to settle down.

As a result, I broke off our engagement, an act I was soon to regret. By the time I realized it, she had come to the conclusion that I was not the man for her. I was miserable.

Some of my friends working in construction got me a job on one of their sites. I didn't think this would contribute to any sort of reconciliation between me and my girl, but it might give the change I needed. On top of that, it would give me a little more consistency. I could work forty to fifty hours a week and earn good money.

Before long I owned my own small bricklaying firm and was very busy, if not entirely happy.

In August of that year a good friend from college days, Gary Padgett, came by to see me on his way to California, where he was to run for Athletes in Action. He had been a Christian for a couple of years, and I could see a drastic change in his life. His testimony really affected me, but I wasn't going to accept anything involving such a radical change without giving it a lot of thought.

Life had become somewhat pointless, things were not improving with my girlfriend, and in general I felt restless. Finally I went up to our family's mountain cabin in Casper to think things out.

Getting down before God, I prayed,

"God, if Jesus Christ is the way to obtain a closer relationship with You, then that's what I want. Please help me to get my life back together. Give me reason to go on. I need some direction and fulfillment.

A couple of years later, in 1979, I decided to devote more time to training and try to qualify for the Olympic Trials Marathon. I wanted to make the team to compete in the Moscow Olympics the following year.

Gary was still running for AIA in California. When I shared my desires with him, the suggestion was made that I should consider training with AIA.

As the result of my visiting with him and speaking with the coach, I sold my business and moved to Sacramento, where the AIA coach was starting a Youth For Christ track club.

The new running team held clinics in high schools. We would start off on the track, helping them with their techniques and form. Then we'd take them inside and work on good strong mental attitudes.

This led very nicely into a short time of sharing our own personal beliefs concerning Jesus Christ and how He made a difference in our lives.

I'll never forget one of those clinics. It was held on the twenty-first of February, 1980 at Edison High School in Stockton, California. The students were predominantly Mexican, black and Puerto Rican. The principal warned us to expect trouble. Apparently, up to that point no one had ever been able to conduct an assembly without problems. But we were committed to Christ and had an answer: prayer.



When the date came around, to the astonishment of all concerned, including me, the clinic went off without a flaw, as smooth as silk. In fact, out of the seventy-seven athletes attending, twenty-eight indicated that they, too, wanted to invite Jesus into their lives.

That unbelievable clinic so deeply affected me that it became a turning point in my own commitment to the Lord. In a sense, I shifted gears. I discovered an insatiable desire for the things of God. Nothing has ever been the same since.

After college I was invited to Brussels, Belgium to work for International Correspondence Institute. I also went on to win a third place and became top American finisher in the Bank One Marathon held October, 1982 in Columbus, Ohio.

That year, as one of five runners, I was asked to represent the United States at the Singapore International Marathon. I came in second in that grueling event,

*Ken Hunter, seen here competing at the Singapore Marathon, worked as shipping manager at International Correspondence Institute in Brussels before returning to Casper to train at 5,000 feet, running up to twenty miles a day in preparation for the 1984 Olympics. He teaches business courses in the Casper School System and attends Faith Assembly of God.*

behind Ray Crabbe of Great Britain.

Since then, Nike Sport Shoes has sponsored me for other events, helping me to reach my goal of the Olympic games.

*But now, with only 800 meters to go, I must shovel on the coal, I've got to do well—one, two, three, four—one, two, three, four... Well, forget the pain. There's the finish line!*

Spending my last ounce of energy and endurance, I crossed the finish line. I had come in third, quite an accomplishment considering the state of my feet.

The story wasn't over yet. There were still the Olympics. My time of 2:17:38 and coming in third in the twenty-six-mile Philadelphia Independence Marathon qualified me to compete in the U.S. Olympic Marathon Trials at Buffalo, New York on the twenty-sixth of May, 1984. On March 25, 1984 I placed fifth in the Vienna Marathon with a time of 2:15:29. . . . □



A person wearing a hat and dark clothing stands on the edge of a rugged, layered rock cliff. The cliff face is composed of large, flat rock slabs. Beyond the cliff, a vast, deep canyon stretches out, with layers of rock visible in the distance under a clear, light blue sky. The overall scene conveys a sense of vastness and solitude.

---

# Grand Canyon Emptiness

---

James D. Schuette, D.D.S.  
Kansas City, Missouri

**O** eased the family Cadillac into the driveway of our suburban Kansas City home. Our dream vacation was over. As my wife Jeanne helped our two preschool daughters into the house, a sudden sadness touched me.

We had just flown back from a trip to the Grand Canyon, Las Vegas, Disneyland and San Diego. Standing at the brink of the immense canyon at sunrise on Easter Sunday, I had thrilled at its wideness, its vast emptiness.

My life was just as empty. I longed for peace. It seemed as distant as the opposite rim of the Grand Canyon had appeared in the long shadows of an Arizona morning.

I was thirty years old, a successful dentist who owned many expensive "toys," such as a fully-equipped bass fishing boat. I could afford to clear a day every third week and take off for a long fishing weekend at Branson, Missouri, a resort town 210 miles to the south. I had reached all my goals. None were left to challenge me.

*Is this all there is to life? I wondered. If it is, I want off the merry-go-round.*

I had grown up in suburban St. Louis. Each Sunday my parents had taken me to church, where I had picked up a head knowledge of Jesus.

When I was in the ninth grade a sudden tragedy had shattered my life. The car my mother was driving left the road and rolled over three times, killing her and a woman passenger. My sister Jackie and the other woman's daughter were injured, Jackie so severely that she was hospitalized for several months.

"Why, God?" I stormed inwardly. "How could You let this happen to my mother?" I would have stayed away from the funeral if my older brother John hadn't insisted I go. When my father remarried less than a year later, I was angry that he thought he could replace my mother in such a short time.

Several years later, in college, I revered my philosophy professor and tried to emulate him. "How do you know there's a god?" he challenged the class. "You can't see him. You can't touch him. Listen, you have to believe in *yourself*, not in some god whose existence you can't prove!"

From then on I redoubled my efforts to achieve on my own merits and abilities. Jim Schuette worshiped a god named Pride.

In one class I met an attractive girl named Jeanne, and three years later we had a big church wedding. The ceremony called for us to kneel before our guests and pray, but I rebelled. "I'm not going to kneel before anything or anybody!" I declared. The minister finally yielded and omitted that part.

After completing dental school in 1972, I began my practice in Kansas City. My goal was to become the best dentist possible. As a result I spent sixty hours a week at the office, often neglecting my family responsibilities.

By 1975 I had met most of my goals and was not satisfied. In fact, I was very depressed.

When our first daughter, Janice, was born we began attending church. My motives could be summed up in a remark I made later to a woman friend of Jeanne's

who was also a member of our church: "Belief in Christ isn't necessary. The church is a good social organization, and Christianity teaches good moral principles."

I would have been embarrassed had I known that this lady now joined Jeanne in praying for my salvation.

When our second daughter, Julie, was a year old and Jeanne was five months pregnant, we took one of our frequent fishing trips to Branson. Suddenly Jeanne went into premature labor. I hurried her to the small Branson community hospital, where she miscarried and continued to hemorrhage. Doctors put her under general anesthetic and curetted the bleeding sites. Since there was no visitors' lounge near the surgical area, I waited in Jeanne's room, watching the Kansas City Royals on TV.

All at once I had a strange, compelling urge to pray. I hadn't prayed in five years and I still didn't know if there was a God, but I said, "God, please protect Jeanne," and continued watching the Royals.

An hour later, when Jeanne was in the recovery room, the doctor told me that she had stopped breathing for twenty minutes while on the operating table.

For the first time in my life I had obeyed the Holy Spirit's urging to pray, and God had honored it by answering my prayer—although I didn't give Him the credit at that time.

Some two years later, shortly after our Grand Canyon vacation trip, the Lord began to weave the strands of my life into a pattern which was to bring the peace and fulfillment for which I longed.

It began with a lay-witness mission at

our church, in which a visiting team of lay men and women spent a weekend witnessing and leading discussions on deeper Christian commitment. Jeanne wanted me to go with her, but I had planned a canoe trip with three other men down the Norfolk River. The other men cancelled out, so I found myself in church Friday and Saturday.

I kept sitting next to a man named Everett Griffith, a member of the team. I learned that, like me, he loved to hunt and fish; but he told me something else that sounded strange: "I love worshiping the Lord Jesus even more."

Saturday night I was in a small group. The study topic was commitment. Since there was little discussion in our group, we finished before the others. We were to go and pray if we wished, so I ventured into the empty sanctuary. After making sure I was alone, I knelt, and out of my mouth came a simple prayer: "God, if You exist, come into my life. Amen."

During the next four weeks I discovered a burning desire to read the Bible. I wrote Everett and his wife Fay, inviting them to join us in a Memorial Day weekend fishing trip to Branson.

The first day of the trip, they witnessed to us from four o'clock in the afternoon until three o'clock the next morning about the working of the Holy Spirit in the world today. This was all new to Jeanne and me. They had brought along a book, *Face Up with a Miracle*, by Don Basham. "We want to give you this book," they said. "Take it home and read it."

We accepted it. Jeanne read it first. A week later, after much prodding from

her, I picked it up—the first book other than professional literature that I had read in ten years. I was fascinated by the author's account of how the baptism in the Holy Spirit had transformed his life from frustration into joy and power. I couldn't put the book down until I had finished it early the next morning.

For the next couple of weeks I thought about all these things that were new to me. I wondered why I hadn't listened before to any teaching on the Holy Spirit.

Five weeks after Memorial Day—July 3, 1977 at 10:30 P.M.—in the Griffiths' living room, Jeanne and I received the baptism in the Spirit, and with it our heavenly prayer languages, as the Bible promises: "They shall speak with new

### **The doctor told me she had stopped breathing**

tongues" (Mark 16:17). We haven't been the same since.

Jeanne changed from a marginal Christian to a committed one. Through such members of the lay-witness team as Sybil and Jim Brockman and the Griffiths, we both started growing spiritually. Sybil held prayer meetings in her home regularly and Jeanne and I became involved.

Like the author of the book, Jeanne and I often have found ourselves "face up with a miracle" since coming into the flow of God's Holy Spirit power. It can happen to you, too. He wants everyone to experience this gift, but the first step is accepting Jesus as Saviour.

Our lives and our outlook are changed. We listen to Christian music now. Although I never drank in excess, after our

last Full Gospel Business Men's Advance I felt the Lord leading me to get rid of wine and beer in the house. He's slowly cleaning up my act.

God's providence is very real to me, too. In 1977 when Brush Creek suddenly flooded in a torrential downpour, I was trapped in my car on the bridge. All of the cars in front, behind and to my left were stalled. There was nowhere for me to go and my feet were getting wetter as the creek rose and water seeped into the car.

For forty-five minutes atop that bridge I used my heavenly prayer language. The other cars were finally able to get off the bridge, and just as a Lincoln Continental ahead of me was swept downstream I was able to drive to safety. Water crashed over the top of my car and completely inundated the hood, but my car never stalled.

A number of perilous places remained to be negotiated on that eventful day, but God gave me an inner peace and brought me safely home.

In 1977 God pulled me through another tight spot. Driving up a steep, narrow, graveled country road, pulling my bass boat on its trailer, I lost traction and began to slide back down the hill. Every time I touched the brakes I skidded some more. While I prayed, the Lord gave me an inner peace and kept the boat straight behind the car as I skidded several hundred feet downhill to a safe resting place.

He gives me insight at the dental chair as well. For instance, in root-canal work sometimes a tooth has more than one chamber to be filled, but the additional chamber has to be located. The Lord has

given me understanding and guidance in such situations.

Joy has entered my life since I made Jesus Christ my Lord. I now have the peace that I longed for after the Grand Canyon trip.

Would you like to experience the same joy and peace? Jesus has promised, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him . . ." (Revelation 3:20).

Take a moment right now and invite

Him to come into your heart and take control. (See "Six Scriptural Steps to Salvation" on page 38). □

*Jim Schuette was educated at the University of Missouri-Kansas City Dental School and has practiced dentistry in Kansas City since 1972. He is a member of FGBMFT's South Kansas City Chapter. He and his wife Jeanne are active members of Faith Presbyterian Church, where James is an elder. The Schuettes have four children: Janice, Julie, and twin sons James Richard and John Douglas.*



# CONVENTIONS

## **SOUTHERN OREGON REGIONAL**

**September 6-8, 1984**  
Holiday Inn, Medford  
Write: Mr. Jerry Lausmann  
Box 1608  
Medford, OR 97501

## **REGIONAL VOICE RALLY**

**September 7-8, 1984**  
Holiday Inn North  
Winston-Salem  
Write: Mr. Reynard McMillan  
3851 Whitfield Dr.  
Winston-Salem, NC 27105

## **SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MEN'S ADVANCE**

**September 7-9, 1984**  
Calvary Chapel Camp Ground  
Blue Jay  
Write: Mr. Chuck Damato  
Box 6661  
Thousand Oaks, CA 91359

## **WARM BEACH MEN'S CAMP**

**September 7-9, 1984**  
Warm Beach Camp, Seattle  
Write: Mr. Fred Doerflein  
Box 588  
Kenmore, WA 98028

## **SOUTH AFRICA NATIONAL REGIONAL**

**September 13-15, 1984**  
Athlone Hotel, Durban  
Write: FGBMFI National Admin. Ctr.  
Box 4040, Durban 4000  
Natal, South Africa

## **NEW JERSEY STATE MEN'S ADVANCE**

**September 14-15, 1984**  
Star Lake Lodge, Bloomingdale  
Write: Mr. Doug List  
11 Andrew Jackson Ct.  
Cranbury, NJ 97403

## **SAN JACINTO NINTH ANNUAL RALLY**

**September 14-15, 1984**  
Hobby Airport Hilton, Houston  
Write: Mr. Ted Ganyard  
15527 Pensgate  
Houston, TX 77062

## **OKLAHOMA REGIONAL**

**September 20-22, 1984**  
Tulsa Excelsior Hotel  
Write: Mr. Charles W. Taylor  
5215 E. 71st St., Ste. 600  
Tulsa, OK 74136

## **NINTH MEN'S HILL COUNTRY ADVANCE**

**September 21-23, 1984**  
Texas Lion's Camp, Kerville  
Write: FGBMFI Advance  
Box 32004  
San Antonio, TX 78216

## **SOUTH CAROLINA MEN'S ADVANCE**

**September 21-23, 1984**  
St. Christopher Conf. Ctr.  
Seabrook Island  
Write: Dr. Lyon Tyler  
49 Church St.  
Charleston, SC 29401

## **MIDWEST REGIONAL**

**September 27-29, 1984**  
Write: Mr. Henry Carlson  
FGBMFI  
564 W. Fulton  
Chicago, IL 60606

## **CLEVELAND RALLY**

**September 28-29, 1984**  
Holiday Inn North  
Write: FGBMFI  
Box 2051  
Cleveland, TN 37311

## **NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL**

**October 4-6, 1984**  
Holiday Inn, Redding  
Write: FGBMFI  
Box 3023  
Redding, CA 96008

## **INTERIOR REGIONAL**

**October 11-13, 1984**  
Capri Hotel, Kelowna  
Write: Mr. Neil Simmonds  
#23-2055 Ethel St.  
Kelowna, British Columbia  
Canada V1Y 2Z6

## **HASTINGS AREA RALLY**

**October 12-13, 1984**  
Holiday Inn, Hastings  
Write: FGBMFI  
Box 754  
Hastings, NE 68901

## **EASTERN OREGON REGIONAL**

**October 18-20, 1984**  
Red Lion Motor Inn, Pendleton  
Write: Mr. Edwin Sheets  
190 Main St.  
Hermiston, OR 97838

## **MID-ATLANTIC REGIONAL**

**October 18-20, 1984**  
Radisson Wilmington Hotel  
Wilmington  
Write: FGBMFI  
735 N. Hurlville Rd.  
Deptford, NJ 08096

## **NEW ORLEANS WORLD'S FAIR REGIONAL**

**October 24-27, 1984**  
Write: Mr. Frank Van  
6311 Brunswick Ct.  
New Orleans, LA 70114

## **NASHVILLE CENTRAL SOUTH REGIONAL**

**October 25-27, 1984**  
Maxwell House Hotel, Nashville  
Write: Mr. Hoyt Elliott  
Box 24096  
Nashville, TN 37202

## **WISCONSIN REGIONAL**

**October 25-27, 1984**  
Ramada Airport Hotel, Milwaukee  
Write: Mr. Marilyn Peters  
3741 S. 71st St.  
Milwaukee, WI 53220

## **ALABAMA STATE MEN'S ADVANCE**

**October 26-28, 1984**  
Camp Ambassador, Chilton County  
Write: Mr. William Abercrombie  
FGBMFI Alabama State Office  
Box 35044  
Birmingham, AL 35211

**Conventions published in this  
issue were approved by May 17.**

## **Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach**

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

**CANADA:** Sparwood-Elk Valley Chapter, John Stokmans (604) 865-2929. **DENMARK:** Esbjerg Chapter, Henning Ahlmann (05/11-55-54); Kobenhavn Chapter, Peter Duus (no phone). **REPUBLIC OF SINGAPORE:** Bukit Timah Chapter, Douglas Koh (4664028); Chinese Speaking Chapter, Ewe Kheng Goh (3385041); Katong Chapter, Robert Kim Hon Lee (44220021); Orchard Chapter, Dr. James M.J. Supramaniam (2535188). **UNITED STATES: CALIFORNIA:** Woodland Chapter, Jack A. Galart (916) 662-2090. **FLORIDA:** Mid-Pinellas Chapter, Boyd Congleton (813) 595-2960. **GEORGIA:** Camden County/Kingsbay Chapter, Odell Eller (912) 882-3513. **ILLINOIS:** Crystal Lake Chapter, Thomas J. King (312) 658-4037. **INDIANA:** Southeast Indiana Chapter, Larry W. Seth (812) 432-5129. **MINNESOTA:** Howard Lake/Cokato Chapter, Richard A. Jacobsen (612) 543-3643. **MISSOURI:** Mississippi County Chapter, Donald D. Meredith (314) 683-6911; Ste. Genevieve Chapter, John R. Long (314) 883-7306. **TENNESSEE:** Music City Chapter, Sam Weiland (615) 373-5741. **TEXAS:** Parkway Chapter, Clifford Fleetwood (214) 492-6444.

# INTERNATIONAL

**AFRICA (East):** Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Box 49578, Nairobi, Kenya. **(South):** Brian Leisegang, Box 4040, Durban 4000. **(West):** Joseph Kwaw, Box 10849, Accra-North, Ghana. **CANADA:** Robert Barber, 54 Torrance Woods, Brampton, Ontario L6Y 2V1 • Paul Beesley, Box 6037, Sta. A, St. John, New Brunswick E2L 4R5 • Norman Brazeau, 57 Thibault St., Gatineau, Quebec J8T 2Z4 • Jim Jarvis, Box 483, Westlock, Alberta T0G 2L0 • Dr. W. Rod Lindsay, 2224 Departure Bay Rd., Nanaimo, British Columbia V9S 3V8 • James McEwan, R.R. #1, Hampton, Ontario L0B 1J0 • Ernie Voth, 1252 King St. W., Ste. 9, Toronto, Ontario M6K 1G5 • Alan Wersch, #8-1336 Markham Rd., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3T 4E5 • Dennis Wilson, 14616-55th St., Edmonton, Alberta T5A 2N4. **CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA:** Eduardo Alvarez, Casilla 10202, Lima 100, Peru • **BRAZIL:** Custodio Rangel Pires, Praia de Icarai 275, Apt. 401, Nitoroi, Rio de Janeiro • **GUATEMALA:** Juan Jose Font Elias, 5A Calle 10-53, Zona 1, Ciudad de Guatemala • **GUYANA:** Sir Lionel Luckhoo, Box 163, 2 Belair Gardens, Georgetown • **HONDURAS:** Oscar Pinto Rossell, Box 1700, Tegucigalpa. **FRANCE:** Marcel Bannou, 2 Rue du Bel-Air, F 92190 Meudon Bellevue • Bruno Berthon, 5 Villa des Peupliers, Neuilly 92200. **GERMANY:** Adolf Zinsser, 7067 Pluderhausen, Postfach 147, W. Germany. **INDIA:** Kevin Louis Fernandes, 70-A Hill Rd., Bandra Bombay 50, Maharashtra 400 050. **INDONESIA:** Dr. Lukas Halim, 14 Jalan Tegalan, Jakarta 13140. **KENYA:** Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Box 49578, Nairobi. **WEST MALAYSIA:** Dr. Peter K.T. Tong, 69 Jalan Ampang, Kuala Lumpur 01-17 • Dr. Joy A. Seevaratnam, 75 Tanjung Bunga Park, Penang. **NORWAY:** Sophus Schanche, Box 10, 5040 Paradis. **PHILIPPINES:** Narciso Padilla, Box 109 Greenhills Commercial Ctr., Metro Manila 3113. **SINGAPORE:** Khoo Oon Theam, 2 Finlayson Green, #18-00, Asia Ins. Bldg., Singapore, Republic of Singapore 0104. **SOUTH PACIFIC REGION: AUSTRALIA:** Bernard Gray, Box 67, Stones Corner, Brisbane 4120, Queensland • Ronald Oastler, Box 57, Beecroft 2119, New South Wales • Roger Pearce, "Charis," 12 Chichester Sq., Wantirna, Victoria 3152. **SWEDEN:** J. Gunnar Olson, Ekoxevagen 5, 702 30 Orebro. **SWITZERLAND:** Gunnar Muhlig, Bockhornstrasse 23, Zurich 8047. **UNITED KINGDOM: ENGLAND:** Robert R. Spilman, "Elsterne," Toft Rd., Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 9EB • John L. Wright, Kirby House, Kirby Bedon, Norwich, Norfolk NR14 7DZ. **SCOTLAND:** Jim Robinson Winter, High Tower Lochwinnoch Rd., Kilmacolin, Renfrewshire. **WEST INDIES: DOMINICA:** Charles A. Maynard, Box 147, Roseau • **BARBADOS:** Kyffin Simpson, Box 98, Bridgetown • **NETHERLANDS ANTILLES:** Sir Charles Vlaun, Box 33, Phillipsburg, San Maarten. **UNITED STATES: ALABAMA:** William Abercrombie, 1413 Woodland Ave., Birmingham 35211 • Willford A. Baugh, Jr., 105 Andrews Ave., Enterprise 36330. **ALASKA:** Guy Whitney, Box 60489, Fairbanks 99706. **ARIZONA:** William Pyatt, Box 37695, Phoenix 85069 • Bryan Smith, Box 1730, Sun City 85372. **ARKANSAS:** Ray Parsons, 1811 South 47th, Fort Smith 72903 • William Whitley, 112 Elaine, Camden 71701. **CALIFORNIA:** Enoch Christoffersen, Box 337, Turlock 95380 • Jim Coffaro, 5472 Club Dr., San Jose 95127 • Peter Congelliere, 18392 Old Lamp-lighter Ct., Villa Park 92667 • Chuck Damato, Box 58, Agoura 91301 • Frank Foglio, Box 22370, San Diego 92122 • Cliff Powell, 5250 Huntington Dr., Redding 96002 • Demos Shakarian, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa 92626 • Steve

Shakarian, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa 92626 • Ronny Svenhard, 335 Adeline St., Oakland 94607. **COLORADO:** Elmer Lewis, Box 236, Straussburg 80136 • Adair Rippy, Box 138, New Castle 81647 • Gerald Walker, Box 355, Denver 80201. **CONNECTICUT:** Luke Sanford, 20 Childsey Rd., Avon 06001. **FLORIDA:** Evans Cray, Box 3238, Stuart 33494 • Charles Crisafulli, 250 Joshua Pl., Merritt Island 32953 • Albert D'Arpa, Box 82381, Tampa 33682 • Dr. Douglas Fowler, Jr., 320 Third St., Ste. B, Neptune Beach 32233-5184. • Russ Gray, 1001 N.E. 86th St., Miami 33138 • Russell Linsenokh, 330 Country Club Ln., Atlantic Beach 32233 • Alexander Malachuk, 2982 Meadow Wood, Clearwater 33519 • Ralph Marinacci, 7033 S. Lagoon Dr., Panama City 32407 • Sam Ruddy, Dublin-Downes, 5420 Pimlico Dr., Tallahassee 32303. **GEORGIA:** Kermit Bradford, 2512 Bryan Ct., East Point 30344 • Lynwood Maddox, Box 450007, Atlanta 30345 • Donald L. Norris, 15 Barnett Dr., Savannah 31406. **HAWAII:** John Witwer, 1164 Bishop St., Ste. 1410, Honolulu 96813. **IDAHO:** James Howell, 1984 Panama St., Boise 83705. **ILLINOIS:** Henry Carlson, 564 W. Fulton, Chicago 60606 • Howard Hite, R.R. #1, Box 6D, Dalton City 61925. **INDIANA:** David Fahey, 148 York Dr., Carmel 46032 • Richard Harshman, 8327 Skyway Dr., Indianapolis 46219. **IOWA:** Harold B. Brown, Box 304, Lohrville 51453 • Duane McLean, 1668-13th St. N.W., Cedar Rapids 52405. **KANSAS:** Stanley Hoerman, 1000 N. Manhattan, Manhattan 66502 • Richard Wain, 1506 Orchard Ln., Wellington 67152. **KENTUCKY:** Fred Garst, Box 1105, Owensboro 42302 • Robert Shelley, 3000 Mississippi, Paducah 42001. **LOUISIANA:** Anthony J. Amoroso, 834 Marlbrook, Baton Rouge 70815 • James Farmer, Sr., 124 Harding Dr., Houma 70364. **MAINE:** Richard E. Crockett, Rte. #3, Box 4320, Gardiner 04345. **MARYLAND:** Charles P. Hoffman, 17 Severn River Rd., Severna Park 21146. **MICHIGAN:** John Packer, 25130 Southfield, Ste. 208, Southfield 48075 • Dean Ziegler, 3411 Anciliff, Rockford 49341. **MINNESOTA:** Lee Nystrom, 6106 Excelsior Blvd., Ste. F&G, Minneapolis 55416 • Donald Sjellin, 3806 Alledale Ave., Duluth 55803. **MISSISSIPPI:** Dr. William Kelfer, Box 625, Laurel 39440. **MISSOURI:** Robert Engle, Box 54, Shelbyville 63469 • Walter Moore, 3833 Baeumner Drive, Arnold 63010 • Bill Phipps, 1201 W. Gregory, Kansas City 64114. **MONTANA:** Maxim Krikorian, R. #1, Box 545, Glasgow 59230 • Mel Tombré, Box 288 R.R., Savage 59262. **NEBRASKA:** Adrian Sivinski, 4515 S. 134th St., Omaha 68137. **NEW HAMPSHIRE:** Richard J. Morin, 264 Dover Point Rd., Dover 03820. **NEW JERSEY:** Douglass S. List, 11 Andrew Jackson Ct., Cranbury 08512 • Earl Prickett, 735 N. Hurlville, Deptford 08096. **NEW MEXICO:** Clem Dixon, 4807 Constitution N.E., Albuquerque 87110. **NEW YORK:** Curtis Dorell, 3 E. Grove St., Massapequa 11758 • Fred Lawrence, Box 206, Homer 13077 • James A. McDonald, 79 Norcrest Dr., Rochester 14617. **NORTH CAROLINA:** Don Evans, P.O. Drawer 1117, Rocky Mount 27801 • Reidy Lawing, 6520 Grove Park Blvd., Charlotte 28215 • Ogburn Yates, Box 100, Asheboro 27203. **OHIO:** Cosmo de Bartolo, 8125 Glenwood Ave., Youngstown 44512 • James McKeegan, 11731 Allen Twp. Rd. 100, Findlay 45840 • Carlton Milbrandt, 7111 Bigger Rd., Centerville 45459. **OKLAHOMA:** Joe B. Cannon, 102 N. Main, Blackwell 74631 • F. Don Hall, Box 702498, Tulsa 74170 • Bob Harrison, Box 54546, Tulsa 74155. **OREGON:** Thomas Gutzier, 11685 S.W. Denfield, Beaverton 97005 • Jerry Lausmann, Box 106, Medford 97501 • Edwin E. Sheets,



# DIRECTORS

Rte. 1-Box 12 Dickenson Dr., Hermiston 97838. **PENN-SYLVANIA:** Henry Baxter, 135 E. Greenwood Ave., Lansdowne 19050 • Angelo Ferri, Box 229, Yardley 19067 • Dr. Jack Herd, 2704 Market, Camp Hill 17011 • Foley Selvaggi, 1250 W. Wylie Ave., Washington 15301. **RHODE ISLAND:** Carlin Nash, 15 Lakeside Dr., Narragansett 02882. **SOUTH CAROLINA:** W.E. Shaw, 2805 Wade Hampton Blvd., Taylor 29687 • Don D. Tingen, 1541 Jessamine Rd., Lexington 29072. **SOUTH DAKOTA:** Clifford L. Linn, 1855 Ballpark Rd., Sturgis 57785. **TENNESSEE:** Hoyt Elliott, 704 Clearview Dr., Nashville 37205 • David Spatafore, 901 Eastview Circle, N.W., Cleveland 37311. **TEXAS:** Col. C. M. (Andy) Anderson, 1501 Bryant Blvd. So., San Angelo 76903 • Tom Ashcraft, 11719 Bolero Court, Stafford 77477 • Floyd Hurst, Rte. 1-Box 307-14, Seguin 78155 • Ralph Littlejohn, 11 Hedwig, Houston 77024 • Virgil Mott, 131 Lombardy Dr., Sugar Land 77478 • Norman Norwood, 8 Charleston S., Sugar Land 77478 • Garland Solomon, 303 Sunset Dr., Hereford 79045 • Donald D. Spear, 16200 Dallas Pkwy., Ste. 130, Dallas 75248. **UTAH:** Victor J. Martinez, 6833 Village Green Rd., Salt Lake City 84121. **VERMONT:** David P. Wells, Box 43, Saxtons River 05154. **VIRGINIA:** William Beamer, 124 Beechwood Hills, Newport News 23602 • Ed Goings, 9329 Battle St., Manassas 22110 • Robert Harvey, 3104 Biscayne Dr., Chesapeake 23321 • Freeman Meadows, 90 Ashby Ave., Elkton 22827 • Col. Speed Wilson, Drawer 1, Hot Springs 24445. **WASHINGTON:** Fred Doerflin, 17509-86th Ave. N.E., Bothell 98011 • Arthur Evanson, Box 244, Vancouver 98666 • Don Ostrom, 36256 S.E. Fish Hatchery Rd., Fall City 98024 • Leonard Sampson, E. 4004 Longfellow, #3, Spokane 99207 • Don Skidmore, Box 13, Yakima 98907. **WEST VIRGINIA:** William Warnock, Box 7547, Huntington 25777 • Bill R. Weaver, Box 3302, Charleston 25333. **WISCONSIN:** Merlyn R. Peters, 3741 S. 71st St., Milwaukee 53220. **WYOMING:** Donald Humphreys, 6413 Merritt Rd., Cheyenne 82001.

**DIRECTORS AT LARGE: AFRICA:** Bob Trench, 189 Stamford Hill Rd., Durban, South Africa 4001. **ISRAEL:** Steven Lightle, Box 20618, E. Jerusalem. **UNITED STATES:** Richard Bonson, Box 1179, Eagle River, WI 54521 • Lee A. Buck, 126 Huckleberry Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840 • Herbert E. Ellingwood, 6607 Briar Hill Ct., McLean, VA 22101 • Norman Frost, Box 130, Berry Creek, CA 95916 • Lt. Gen. Richard Shaefer, 3606 Sperry Ave., Nashville, TN 37215 • Chuck Sutton, R.R. 1, Stewartville, MO 64490. **ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR:** Nick Cardone, 11500 Norcom Rd., Philadelphia 19154.

**DIRECTORS EMERITUS:** Louis Abate, 1520 Ardsley Pl., Schenectady, NY 12308 • Ray Bullard, 1905 Homewood, Mishawaka, IN 74136 • Al H. Duren, 248 Mike Dr., N.E., Orangeburg, SC 29115 • Robert Hensel, 208 East 27th, Kearney, NE 68847 • Dr. Lloyd Huneryager, Box 7, Collinsville, OK 74021 • Claud McCulley, 6510 Leschen, St. Louis, MO 63121 • Sherwin McCurdy, 847 Castleglen Dr., Garland, TX 75043 • William Miles, Box 55, Neon, KY 41840 • Francis Nelson, 469 Elm Ave., Rahway, NJ 07065 • John Ninowski, 4222 Rosewold, Royal Oak, MI 48073 • Bill Norwood, 11601 Oak St., Kansas City, MO 64114 • Norman E. Roberts, 19 Riverside Blvd., Thornhill, Ontario, Canada L4J 1H4 • Larry Snelgrove, 44 Long Bourne Dr. #404, Weston, Ontario, Canada M9R 2M6.

## HEADQUARTERS' MAILING ADDRESSES

**WORLD HEADQUARTERS:** Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. **AFRICA:** East Africa: Box 49578, Nairobi, Kenya. **South Africa:** FGBMFI National Administrative Centre, Box 4040, Durban 4000. **West Africa:** P.M.B. 1220, Warri, Nigeria. **ASIA:** 2 Finlayson Green, #18-000, Asia Ins. Bldg., Singapore, Republic of Singapore 0104. **CANADA:** 190 Attwell Dr., Ste. 304, Rexdale, Ontario 39W 6H8. **EUROPE:** Ave. Franklin Roosevelt 214, Brussels 1050, Belgium. **LATIN AMERICA/CARIBBEAN:** 13401 S.W. Freeway, Ste. 207, Sugar Land, TX 77478. **SOUTH PACIFIC REGION:** **Australia:** Box 67, Stones Corner, Brisbane 4120, Queensland. **New Zealand:** Box 33.424, Takapuna, Auckland 9.



## Our Mission Statement

- To reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ
- To call men back to God
- To help believers to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and to grow spiritually
- To train and equip men to fulfill the Great Commission
- To provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship
- To bring a greater unity among all people in the body of Christ

## Our Five-Year Goals, 1984-1989

**I. Worldwide Outreach—**  
Chapters in every nation

**II. International Membership—**  
A membership of one million

**III. Chapters—**  
40,000 chapters



## Pruned to Produce

Demos Shakarian

*Oral Roberts, president of the university bearing his name, conferred upon Demos Shakarian, FGBMFI founder/president, the honorary degree Doctor of Laws in recognition of his great worldwide contribution to the cause of Christ.*

*On the opening night of the convention, Founder/President Demos Shakarian walked to his chair at the podium, where he was joined by his wife Rose. Recovering from a series of strokes and surgery three months earlier, he was back now where he belonged, with his people. The crowd rose and applauded. Tears and cheers were added. Demos and Rose's friends were seeing an answer to their prayers.*

*A symphony of praise filled the Anaheim Convention Center when Demos raised his right hand in triumph. Thousands before him raised their hands in worship to God for sparing his life.*

*Some of the thoughts Demos shared on that unforgettable occasion are published for the benefit of the thousands of Voice readers not privileged to enjoy the convention.—The Editor*

**I** have waited three months for this moment. Only one month ago I could never have sat up like this. I had no sense of balance and I would have fallen off the chair in a few seconds. Now I feel I could sit here all night and talk with you. God is my Helper!

I want to thank all the international directors, the officers and members and all you dear people, for your prayers. Especially I want to thank Paul Crouch,

here tonight, who urged his millions of viewers over the Trinity Broadcasting Network to intercede for me. It's your prayers that have brought me back.

God had His servants at the hospital to care for me. The day after I was operated on at UCLA Medical Center, a neurosurgeon sat next to me. "You are going to be all right, Demos," he said.

"How do you know?" I asked him.

"About a year and a half ago I read your book, *The Happiest People on*



*Richard, Steve and Gerry, children of Demos and Rose Shakaran, were invited by Oral Roberts to stand with their families and their parents at final meeting of Convention.*

*Earth.* You have millions of people praying for you. You will be all right."

Then he told me that his mother had called him the night before to tell him that I had suffered a stroke. "It's all right, Mama," he had told her. "I'm going to be his doctor." Praise God for a Spirit-filled physician!

When I was brought to the Daniel Freeman Hospital, God had someone there also: a black nurse from Jamaica. When she saw me she cried out, "Demos Shakaran! When the news came over the television that you had suffered a stroke they said, 'Demos is in critical condition. Get on your knees and pray right now.' I was washing the dishes but I stopped everything and knelt on my kitchen floor and cried out to God." This lady became my nurse.

I had three strokes. They tell me I had only a 50/50 chance of survival. I tell you

I am glad that I have served Jesus all my life. From the time we were holding meetings out in a park in 1940, Rose and I have never turned back. We have always looked forward. I love Jesus with all my heart.

When you are in the condition I was in—not knowing whether you are going to live or die—it's a wonderful thing to know that you are right with God. I didn't worry. I had peace in my heart. If you are not ready, it's time to get right with God now.

Rose turned my hospital room into a prayer closet. She cried out to God. The whole family lifted their voices to the heavenly Father. Patients and folk in that wing of the hospital heard and wondered what was going on. One of the patients was a prince, the son of an African king. He questioned somebody, "Who is in that room? He must be an important man." He didn't know that I, too, am a



*Rose Shakarian, who has labored side by side through the years with Demos, thanks members and friends for their love and prayers.*

prince—a child of the King!

While I was recovering from surgery some of the patients learned that I was there. They asked if Demos could come to the room and pray for them. The nurse wheeled me across the hall and, while I was in great need myself, I prayed for others. No matter what your circumstances are you can always be a blessing to someone.

A young Japanese nurse came to my room. "There is a young lady totally paralyzed from a car accident," she said. "Will you go and pray for her?" When I prayed the Spirit of God came down.

One of the results of this affliction is that I have more compassion for people in wheelchairs. I never knew what it meant to be confined before. I will never

pass up another person in a wheelchair without pausing to talk with him.

The turning point in my hospitalization came one morning when I was at my lowest point. I was wheeled down to physical therapy, where about twelve of us formed a circle of wheelchairs. I was sitting there discouraged, feeling sorry for myself. A cloud of depression filled the room.

The therapist said, "Somebody do something. Somebody sing a song."

A heavyset black lady in the circle seemed to have the mind of a three-year-old. She cried continually. The lady began to sing, "Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry. While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by. Saviour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry. While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by."

Jesus was there in that room. I leaped up out of my wheelchair, wept like a baby and reached up to Jesus, like the woman who wanted just to touch the hem of His garment. The Holy Spirit moved in and filled the place. I got a new charge and from then on moved forward.

In John 15 Jesus said that He is the vine and we are the branches. He added, "Every branch that bears fruit he prunes that it may bear more fruit." I feel that I have been pruned by this experience and that I am going to bear more fruit than ever. In fact, there is a promise in the Psalms that says God will give me the heathen for my inheritance. I am claiming that promise. I have more ambition to serve God than I have ever had in all my life. I want to bring the heathen of the earth to Jesus. □

# GOD'S LOVE . . . A MAGAZINE . . . AND A MAN'S OBEDIENCE

June 18, 1984

Dear Editor:

Exactly a year ago this month my testimony appeared in *Voice*. God has used it to open many doors for me to share His Word. I've been to at least twenty-five FGBMFI chapters, and many more are lined up. I've been asked to appear on three television shows. Many have been saved and been filled with the Holy Spirit through the story of what God did for me eighteen years ago. I give Him the praise and glory!

Late one Sunday night about three months ago, the phone rang. My wife woke me to take a collect call from Houston, Texas. I sleepily accepted it, even though I didn't know who was at the other end of the line. All I remembered next morning was that I had cried, prayed in tongues, then gone back to bed.

Two days later another collect call came from the same man. (This time I was wide awake!) He turned out to be a prisoner at the Houston County Jail. He had read my testimony, accepted Jesus into his heart, then phoned me collect because he had no money. Now he reported that what I had prayed for in tongues in that first call was already answered. His sentence had been reduced and he would soon be paroled.

We began to write each other. I contacted an FGBMFI chapter near him to go and minister to him in jail. The two felonies against him have now been dropped, he called today to say that he is a free man, and he's going to find an FGBMFI chapter in his area. And it's all because of a *Voice*, obedience, and God's love for His people. Thank You, Jesus!

Frank Eppley  
Marysville, PA



## I want a *Voice*!

Enclosed is my \$4.35 for one year's subscription to *Voice* magazine.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

Please clip and mail this coupon with check payable to: *Voice*, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. 2802-18-0001

## FIFTH MAN (from page 9)

our witness.

My wife had believed and prayed for my salvation for nearly five years. The Lord showed her I Corinthians 7:14: "The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband: else were your children unclean, but now they are holy."

After three years, my Harrier experience was the sign the Lord gave her that her prayers were answered. Prayer was the power that moved heaven on my behalf.

I testify to you today that the fourth man in the furnace, who was the fifth man in my flight, can turn any upside-down situation right side up. □



*Robert Snyder served in the U.S. Marine Corps for twenty years, retiring as major. He is a member of FGBMF's Yuma Chapter. He and his wife Susan are members of Mt. Zion Church, where Robert serves as associate pastor and principal of the church school. The Snyders have two children: Michael, seventeen, and Karen, fifteen.*

## SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

**3. CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (I John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10:9).

**4. FORSAKE:** "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord . . . for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7).

**5. BELIEVE:** "For God so loved the world,

that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16).

**6. RECEIVE:** "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:11,12).

### Why not make your eternal decision now:

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

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



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

Volume 32, Number 9, September, 1984

P.O. Box 5050 Costa Mesa, CA 92628

(714) 754-1400

**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE**

Founder/President: Demos Shakarian

Executive Vice-President: Thomas Ashcraft

Vice-Presidents:

Douglas Fowler, Bernard Gray, Jim Jarvis,

Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Norman Norwood, Don

Ostrom, Earl Prickett, Kyffin Simpson, Khoo Oon

Theam, Ogburn Yates, Adolf Zinsser

Secretary: Lynwood Maddox

Treasurer: William E. Warnock

**EDITORIAL COMMITTEE**

Chairman: Ogburn Yates; Henry Carlson, Enoch

Christoffersen, Reidy Lawing

**CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER**

Steve Shakarian

**PUBLICATIONS**

Editor: Nelson B. Melvin, D.D.

Associate Editor: Maurine Kish

Editorial Assistant: Rose Hamill

Art Director: Ray Thompson

Illustrations: Cornell Morton

European Ed.: Blair Scott, Belgium

Spanish Ed.: Albert D'Arpa, Florida

So. Pac. Ed.: Len Brijis, New Zealand

**WHO ARE WE?**

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

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching eighty-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, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



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



Page 2



Page 26



Page 4



Page  
22



## CONTENTS

|                                |    |
|--------------------------------|----|
| <i>World Convention</i>        | 2  |
| <i>Fifth Man in the Flight</i> | 4  |
| <i>Is Life a Gamble?</i>       | 10 |
| <i>20 Miles a Day</i>          | 22 |
| <i>Grand Canyon Emptiness</i>  | 26 |
| <i>International Directors</i> | 32 |
| <i>Pruned to Produce</i>       | 34 |

The Small Magazine with the  
World's Greatest Message

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

In Canada, return to: 628 Monmouth Rd., Windsor, Ont. N5Y 3L1