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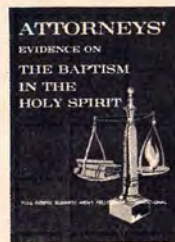
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COLLEGE EDITION

# VOICE



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WITNESS**



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# Charisma on Campus

By Dan Malachuk

**W**HAT IS HAPPENING to today's college students? Many have found themselves ever searching and never finding — on a perpetual journey without a fixed destination.

Empirical evidence is not accepted by most students, they classify it as strictly personal and subjective, contending that the Christian's concept of deity in Jesus Christ is too limited. When the student who looks for truth, will not consider Jesus Christ as the embodiment of truth; it may be that he is actually fearful of finding it.

Too often students are driven from God by sincere folk who try to convince by negative reasoning. But when meeting a Christian with a joyous attitude and a deep spiritual commitment, they are aware of something real.

It is the ministry of the Holy Spirit (The Charismatic Renewal) that is making the difference on campuses today. Many are asking — what is it?

If you refer to the following scriptures: John 7:37-39, John 14:6, Mark 16:17, Luke 24:49 and Acts 1:4-8 you will read of the many times Jesus referred to the coming of the Holy Spirit. The promise was fulfilled on the Day of Pentecost, as recorded in Acts 2:1-4. When Peter preached on Pentecost he used the prophecy of Joel (Joel 2:28-29) to explain the mighty moving of the Holy Spirit.

It is encouraging to report that on many campuses, groups are coming together to talk about Christ and the present Charismatic Renewal; the Holy Spirit revealing that Jesus is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. The following testimonies of students and professors are vivid illustrations of how the Holy Spirit has answered the questions of those who earnestly sought the truth.



# CAMPUS



COLLEGE OPENED to me a whole new world of opportunity. When I arrived at Swarthmore I was happy to find that there were Christians on campus. They believed the Bible from Genesis to Revelation: the second coming of Christ, heaven and hell, but something was missing. These Christians were meeting, like the early church, over in the corner somewhere, behind locked doors for fear of the Jews. But when Pentecost came, something happened!

I had received this Pentecostal experience; that is, I was baptized in the Holy Spirit just before I entered college. And it was not long until the Holy Spirit began to work in the lives of these campus Christians. Things began to change. God confirmed His Word with results as we began to witness boldly. No longer were we on the defensive against scientists, physicists, or chemists. With complete confidence we declared our belief in the Bible and its miracles, because of what had happened in our lives. As a result, college students have

# WITNESS

By Vince Eareckson

been transformed. They have come to realize that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

It was not always this way in my life. I had been brought up in a nominally Christian home, where the Bible was accepted as true past history and a valid prediction of the future, but not alive or pertinent for today. I had claimed to be a Christian, and believed in the resurrection and the second coming of Christ in the way one believes science text books. It was intellectually satisfying but not redeeming.

My views changed, however, when at a Methodist church camp I came to know Christ personally as my Savior. Coming to Him, I drank of the water that He can give, and it satisfied my thirst. And for the next three and a half years, I told everyone at the private school, where I was attending, how I had come to Christ and He had satisfied my thirst and could satisfy theirs also; but they were not interested. In fact, during my senior year at George School my coun-

selors and teachers asked, "Vince, why don't you have more friends?" Naturally, I desired to be popular with my classmates but it seemed no one wanted me around because I was always talking about Christ.

One day I decided I was going to make every effort to have friends. My opportunity came the next week while walking the hall.

"Hey, why don't you come and help me type some envelopes?" someone called. Although I knew it was part of a practical joke to be played on the whole school, my big chance to be a friend was at stake. I typed the envelopes against my better judgment. A week later, I was expelled from school for participating in the misdemeanor. Shocked parents greeted me when I arrived home. What had happened to their boy who had always maintained a perfect disciplinary record?

Actually, the incident was a blessing in disguise, because my inability to communicate the

gospel came into sharp focus. I realized that although I was a Christian and diligent in my witness, I lacked the power needed to win souls and attract people to Christ.

Since my father and I had always been close, I went to him with this problem.

"I don't know how to help you," he told me, "but people have been giving me some magazines lately that you might be interested in reading." He was half joking and didn't think I would take seriously the copies of TRINITY and VOICE he handed me. But I sat down and began to read about the great spiritual discoveries being made in many denominational circles. To these people the Bible was the living Word of God. They were having experiences that confirmed Biblical writings. Stories of visions, prophecies, healing, and dreams were all given scriptural references. I am not particularly interested in experiences as such, but in those that confirm the Word of God. I went to my Bible and sure enough, there they were. I was convinced that was what God intended.

I read in God's Word, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." This is the experience that quenched my own thirst. But it goes on to say, "Out of your innermost being shall flow rivers of living water." This would be the blessing to others, made possible through

the Holy Spirit whom we should receive.

The next morning I decided to locate a Pentecostal church, although I had never heard of one prior to reading the magazines. Surely I would find there the answer to my tremendous hunger. Knocking on the parsonage door, I asked for the pastor. When he appeared I blurted out my mission immediately. "Pastor, my name is Vince Eareckson. I want to be filled with the Holy Spirit." Such a greeting so early in the morning was a bit startling. Though his jaw dropped in amazement, he took me inside the house and began to explain what I was seeking. When we knelt down to pray, he began speaking in tongues. It was the first time I had ever heard such a thing and I wanted this immediately. I prayed earnestly, "Lord, fill me with the Holy Spirit." No sooner had I said these words, I felt the Holy Spirit flooding my soul and I began to worship God in a new language.

I don't know how long we were on our knees but when I got up my heart was filled with tremendous love. A love like that of St. Francis of Assisi who, while walking down the road one day, saw a leper coming toward him and was filled with such love and compassion that he ran up and threw his arms around him. This is exactly how I felt.

Since that morning the Lord

has performed many miracles for me. One of the most outstanding was the healing of my lung. It had collapsed on two previous occasions. The third time it happened, which was after I had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, I went to our prayer group at Swarthmore and asked them to pray for my healing. Without any emotion, or working up power of positive thinking, they very calmly laid hands on me and prayed.

The next morning I awakened with the amazing revelation that all the pain was gone from my chest. My recovery, which had normally taken six months, happened overnight. Immediately I began to tell my family, God had healed my lung. But my father, being a doctor, was skeptical. My scheduled date for surgery was only a few weeks off and Dad insisted that I keep the appointment.

"I don't care what you say, we're going to put you on the operating table," he declared. So, as planned, I went to the hospital. I told everyone there that the lung was fine, but they wouldn't believe me.

During the operation my father, who had just completed an eye surgery in an adjoining room, came in and observed what had happened. It was only a couple of weeks after this that he received the infilling of the Holy Spirit. And since then my father has seen many miracles of heal-



Vince Eareckson

ing in his office.

The exciting thing about the Spirit-filled life is that we no longer stay behind closed doors and hide our faith. We can stand up to anyone who is willing to look at facts. I have worked with a high school group in Swarthmore, in which there were many who claimed to be atheists and agnostics. God having enabled me to give factual answers for factual questions, one of these agnostics has already received Christ as her Savior. With a big smile on her face she exclaimed, "I don't know why I didn't get saved before. It's so wonderful!"

The God of the Old and New Testaments is alive and working today. Oh that we might witness His power in operation on campuses throughout our land.

**M**Y JOY WAS a universe wide; greater than everything about me. He, precious Lord, had drawn me to Himself. Catching the shadow of His loveliness, my own sordid, selfish, spiritually-bankrupt life began to open before me, and I repented. All things became new.

For twenty-five years up to that time, I had determined that fulfillment would come through my own efforts. As a university student nearing the doctorate, my stake and pride were in education. Confident of the possibilities of a better world, I was equally sure that intellect could produce most of the answers. I hoped that my trained mind and capacity to manipulate facts would be the stepping-stones to a modest fame among my brand of specialists, and the source of a growingly attractive livelihood.

Pleasures were spelled out materialistically. Was it not incontrovertible that smart clothing, smart entertainment and key contacts were desirable? And wasn't the excitement of growing quantities of liquor and profligate sexual experience the real coin of the realm? The only problem intellect showed me was the

#### **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Haynes Fraser, an Episcopalian, is a Professor of Political Science. Received a Ph.D. from the University of Southern California, and attended the John Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies.



moving horizon of "more."

But now, the peace that passes all understanding had lifted me from earthly trespass. Seeking, but not for salvation, *I had been found*. How overwhelming and glorious was intimation of the absolute! For the first time, I realized totality in surrender of self in the blessed name of Jesus. Freed from Satan's calendar and clock, I discerned the timelessness of eternity. The gift was given and I was born again. There was no human intervention; God had called. Why did not the churches convey that God is true, I demanded to know. Quickly the answer came. How did I know what churches conveyed, for I had not entered to see and hear!

Having no conceptual framework for rebirth or other Chris-



# MOVING HORIZON



-by Haynes Fraser, Ph. D.

tian verities, God reached me experientially. God also would provide abundantly for growth in the realm of the spirit of the doctoral candidate who already had won a written commendation from a foreign minister although she had not the scantest concept of salvation. In time, there would be cognizance of sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Spirit — fruits and gifts promised and joyfully realized. The first step, however, was divine shielding of the reality of conversion.

Providentially, I was led to a nearby Anglo-Catholic priest whose Harvard and St. Paul's background could meet my intellectual requirements. His sermon for weeks was directed at some aspect of spiritual undergirding. He assured the parish of one

point God surely intended for me: subjective truths *are* real and valid.

I began to question what should be done with this new life. But was it up to me to decide when God had a claim that I now wished to honor? My longtime professional aspirations tussled with the possibility of the religious life. At length, I put the question to my priest, soliciting the answer of the church as from God. I should become a "Christian diplomat," he said.

Seven years transpired before the significance of the command opened to me. The question, "Are you a person that God can use" raised the prime issue of obedience. Also, there were basic issues of the holy life.

*Continued on page 15*



**T**HE PLACE was a mountain top in South Korea. The year was 1950, just a few weeks before Communist troops overran the Korean peninsula. Tens of thousands of consecrated Christians passed through great tribulation during those terrible war years that followed, and in retrospect it seems that God prepared them in advance with an unusual manifestation of His Holy Spirit.

I had been invited to Korea by indigenous groups of Christian students that existed in almost every school in the country. They arranged for me to speak to the entire student bodies of many of their schools, and to their various Christian student fellowships. In Taegu the school authorities marched every student in the city to a great assembly in an athletic stadium, and I had

the privilege of speaking to 75,000 young Koreans.

Meanwhile, hundreds of churches had united for simultaneous evangelistic meetings at which Dr. Bob Pierce and I preached to crowds of 15,000 every night. More than 25,000 decisions for Christ were recorded in these meetings during the spring of 1950; many being students who, a few weeks later, were rushed to arms and shot down before the invading Communist hordes.

But even as I was speaking at these evangelistic meetings I sensed that many Korean Christians had an experience with God which was far deeper than my own. My background had included Presbyterian, Baptist, and independent churches. By persuasion I was a Fundamentalist



# “MY INTRODUCTION TO LIFE IN THE SPIRIT”

by Robert V. Finley

and a dispensationalist. I believed the Bible, but felt that it must be rightly divided to explain why the supernatural manifestations mentioned in the New Testament were not in evidence today.

It came as a shock to me to find Korean believers meeting for prayer every day at 5 a.m. I had never seen such discipline in America, nor had I seen such devotion to the Lord as when hundreds of persons continued all night on their knees in pure worship. I realized that I did not know how to worship the Lord. After an hour in prayer I was finished. But some Asian Christians had barely begun after five hours. What strange power constrained them to pour out their souls in adoration and praise?

Another thing that overwhelm-

ed me was their attitude toward material things. Out of their deep poverty they would contribute half of their income to the work of the Lord. Having plain food, simple raiment, and a one room house with no furniture, they were content. Everything else went to help the poor or propagate the gospel.

Among these people I felt spiritually bankrupt and so was reluctant to accept an invitation to speak at a “prayer conference” on Sam Kak San (Three Horn Mountain). But since they insisted, I went along and arrived around 4 p.m. About 1000 people had assembled at a level clearing in the saddle between two of the peaks. I spoke to the crowd for an hour and then they scattered in all directions to continue all night in fasting and prayer. In-

dividually and in family groups they worshipped the Lord, singing and praying out loud with joyful hearts.

At sunrise they rang a bell to call the assembly together for unified worship, and then they dispersed. At noon and at sunset they again met together. This routine went on for three days and two nights. As the third day was ending they brought the sick and afflicted from miles around and laid them on the ground. No special announcement had been made; but they did as the Spirit of God prompted. One man came to the conference having carried a paralyzed boy on his back for thirty miles. The boy's entire right side was paralyzed; his hand was shriveled and wrinkled, and his right leg was much shorter than the left. I thought it was unwise to bring these pathetic incurables to the conference and leave them lying on the ground all night. But next morning at daybreak they prayed for the sick, and that paralyzed boy leaped to his feet! His right leg was lengthened and he stood on it and began to walk. He stretched out his right hand for all to see and began to flex his

#### **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Robert Finley at present is president of International Students, Inc., a program designed to reach foreign exchange students on American college campuses with the gospel of Jesus Christ.



Robert Finley

fingers and to pick up objects.

I could not believe it — such things were contrary to my theology! I went up to this fellow and felt the flesh of his hand and foot. It was completely whole, with not a trace of paralysis any more. The withered muscles had been entirely restored. So there was only one thing for me to do, change my theology.

More than fifty persons were instantaneously, miraculously healed of all manner of incurable diseases that morning. One man, healed by God, got up from his stretcher even as I was speaking — perhaps to rebuke my unbelief and to lead me into a new experience of the infilling of the Holy Ghost.

*Continued on page 27*



# Campus Conflict

by **Barbara Tengan**

**M**Y HEAD is still spinning — my mind is reeling! I have just returned from a lecture in one of my college classes.

My physical strength has been drained and mental powers numbed! My heart is stirred and burdened.

Never before have I had anything strike me so brutally and bluntly as did this lecture.

I have been a Christian for a long time with a strong Christian family to lean upon and it has been my privilege to attend a fine church institution.

Many times in the past, my Christian stand has been challenged and my testimony scorned. I have tried to remain firm for my Christ in each situation.

Today's horrible experience once again challenged my spiritual fortitude!

My professor considers himself to be a "naturalist" and an "empiricist" which could be interpreted as an atheist.

He dislikes being called an atheist because he says, "It's an ugly word."

I had been warned by many friends, from other institutions of higher learning, about the atheistic views being presented on their campuses. But, when one is not in personal contact with such teaching, it is difficult to understand how treacherous the situation. I did not learn from the experience of others, I experienced it myself — and what a

harsh realization it was.

In today's lecture, my Christ was described as a paranoid schizophrenic (in simple terms, meaning one who has lost touch with reality) who deserved to be crucified. "He was a poor creature who received attention by his 'delusions of grandeur' claiming that He was the Son of God."

The professor went into more detail, and to my astonishment, quoted the Biblical scriptures word perfect. Of course, it was a one-sided view, as he distorted the meaning at his fancy and for his convenience.

Our current assignment is to read the Book of Revelation which he claims is written by another accused paranoid schizophrenic, John. This is not to enlighten us spiritually, but to harshly criticize and bring out points of "anti-naturalism and sadism found in that book."

Put yourself in my place. I cringed at every distorted remark; it seemed as though a knife pierced my heart and was twisted every time he took the name of my Savior, which is the most precious in the world to me, and mentioned it in such a derogatory manner.

I wanted to stand up and shout, "This Christianity is no 'fantasy,' no 'superstition' as you call it. It is real! I know it's real because I have it here in my heart."

He gave us no time to defend our stand, but ranted and raved

on with his fallacies — almost like an angry animal. When we began this course, he told us that we could think what we wanted to, but he was "god" in his class: all he had to say was true and all we thought and had been taught was false.

I should have stood up but left class hurt and numbed by his false teachings and his twisted interpretations.

Walking back home, I felt like crying my heart out. It seemed that might help relieve the painful impact of the lecture. My heart was heavy, I was choked but could not cry. I only ached inside.

This has awakened me to the blackness of the times in which we live. Students had accepted his remarks, thinking they were being enlightened — what a tragic scene it was!

The days of Christian pioneering are not over. The challenges are still here for us to accept.

I returned to my apartment with my Christian patriotism aroused. I have the Gospel to defend — a message to deliver. The scriptures from the sixth chapter of Ephesians have never been as vivid in my mind as they are now, because suddenly I realize I am engaged in a spiritual battle. Paul was aware of this, when he said:

*. . . Be strong in the Lord,  
and in the power of His  
might. Put on the whole  
armor of God, that ye may*

*be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we 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. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.*

Today these are more than just words to me — they have come alive!

During class, the electrifying thought came to me: My professor reaches approximately one-hundred twenty-five students per day with his lies. How many do I reach with my testimony each day?

My professor says there is no God. But I know there is — I sensed His presence in that classroom.

I looked at my professor with pity thinking: He considers himself to be a "well-educated and enlightened thinker." But to him religion is the invention of primitive man: "A sophisticated culture like ours has no room for such fantasy," he claims. With his seven degrees, he may be wise in the terms of the world, but I Corinthians 3:19 says: "For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." My professor declares there is no heaven or hell. If he is wrong, Christians have nothing to lose, but his

theories and suppositions will not help him then — it will be too late.

This conflict rages on every campus. We will find ourselves on one side or the other: those who align themselves *against* God and believe this atheistic teaching of such professors must face the dreaded risk of being wrong — with no possible recourse; those who align themselves *with* God not only have the satisfaction of having lived with a purpose but embrace a hope that has eternal reward.

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## THE MOVING HORIZON

*Continued from page 9*

When God had command of every aspect of life — marriage, child, and career — He filled me with the Holy Spirit and His power. As I honored the body housing the living God, old encumbrances of the world, flesh, and devil fell away. The chain smoker no longer smoked. The one-time near alcoholic no longer drank. Lustfulness was named for what it was, and exorcised. Pride and ambition in career achievement were set aside in favor of the true fulfillments of God's objectives, whether professional or personal. Vested with infinity, every project seemed equally important whether great or small. People were ends in themselves, not means to selfish purposes. I could and did love, in the name of Jesus. Life was and promised to be victory forever.

F G B M F I

# WORLD CONVENTION



# LONDON ENGLAND



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# AIRLIFT TO LONDON



Hundreds of laymen and ministers from many denominations will be boarding jet airliners in Los Angeles, Chicago, New York, Vancouver and Toronto on November 20, 1965. Their destination . . . London, England, where they will join their counterparts from all around the globe to participate in the FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION at the London-Hilton Hotel from November 24-28. Joining the several outstanding ministers and laymen who have been announced as convention speakers will be many key spiritual leaders from across the British Isles.

The London-Hilton Hotel will be convention headquarters and the following events will be held there: Luncheon meetings, featuring testimonies and messages, in the Main Ballroom on November 25 and 26 at 12:30 p.m. and on November 27 a special breakfast meeting at 8:30 a.m. with many speakers participating. These meetings will be open to the general public. Special Seminar luncheons are to be held on November 26 and 27 in the Crystal Palace Room and Branch luncheons, on the same days, in the Coronation Room at 12:30. On the 27th a special Youth luncheon will take place in the Main Ballroom.

Convention rallies (public invited) will be in the following places: November 24-25, Westminster Chapel; November 26, Metropolitan Tabernacle; November 27, Royal Albert Hall — great closing rally with Oral Roberts. These meetings are scheduled for 7 p.m.

The highlight of this airlift will be an intensive laymen's witness throughout Britain and other European countries. Plans are now being made for 150 teams of ministers and businessmen to fan out across the British Isles and Europe where they will conduct meetings in churches and public auditoriums. The impact of this intensive ministry will not only be felt in the British Isles but all over America and Canada when the airlift returns.

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Gentlemen:

I am interested in the London convention. Please send me further details.

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# LIFE WITH



**F**ROM CHILDHOOD I diligently studied the Bible and knew in theory what it said, but the possibility of knowing God personally had never been suggested to me. I was hungry for reality, but didn't know how to attain it.

In high school I was involved in so many activities that I had little time to even think, much less be concerned with the issues of life. There is no denying that I obtained pleasure and enjoyment in participating in as many activities as I could find — academic, sports, music, forensics, art, and school politics—I was burning the candle at both ends, but there came to me an increasing awareness of the futility of it all.

At night, scriptures I had learned as a child would come to mind, like; "Behold all flesh is as the grass and all the goodness of man is as the flower of grass. For lo, the grass withereth and the flower thereof decayeth." I made the startling analogy that I was that grass and that all my popularity, accomplishments and awards were as flowers. They might be enjoyed today, but tomorrow they would be dead and decayed. I had to find something

# A MEANING

by Ginger Mulliner

real and meaningful in this thing called life.

My search became more intense, until on New Year's Eve, my senior year in high school, I accepted Christ. This wonderful salvation, I was to find out later, was only an entrance into a great new life in God.

That year, 1962, I graduated and entered one of our denomination's colleges, without any means of financial support. God wonderfully supplied my needs by providing a number of totally unexpected scholarships.

During the first semester my quest to really know God became even more intense and I was motivated by God's Spirit to study His Word in a new way. My life surely hadn't measured up to what I read was God's intention for the Christian. Something was lacking.

Our church doctrine was quite sound and Biblical. The people were wonderful; but I just didn't see in my life, or theirs, the real dynamic of the Gospel. I had never even heard of the baptism in the Holy Spirit, but as I studied the Bible, I knew there must be something more.

To fulfill my college language requirement I had decided to study Greek. In learning the meaning of Greek words, I came to understand that salvation entailed much more than an escape from hell. I discovered that the verb commonly translated "to save" included more than what my concept of being saved suggested. I found it meant to heal, to set free, to rescue, and to completely deliver. All of this was accomplished in the great salvation purchased on Calvary. What happened to these benefits? Why was it that when Peter preached a sermon that took me less than three minutes to read, three thousand were saved? He must have had something.

One day while reading in the Great Commission the words of Jesus, "He that believeth . . . shall be saved," I was amazed to see that He went on to say, "And these signs shall follow them that believe." (Speaking of the operation of the gifts of the Spirit.) I checked that passage in my Greek testament and discovered that the same verb used to denote the necessary belief unto salvation was used in con-

nection with the believing that results in signs following in one's life. I knew many people who had believed and were saved, but why didn't any of them have signs following?

I had been taught the days of miracles were past, but I wasn't convinced this was so. While searching the scriptures, I could not get away from the striking fact that Jesus, while here on earth, had compassion on all who were sick and healed them. And if He was the "same yesterday, today, and forever," then something was wrong. The Bible said, "God is not a man that He should lie." Since He said He was the same, then He must be. If it was His will then, to heal and perform signs and wonders "that the Father might be glorified," it must still be His will. It boiled down to something that simple; He had to be all or nothing. Either God was who He said He was, and could perform in my life those things He had provided for the believer, or Christianity was a big hoax.

I held God at His Word and He did not fail. He had assured me that if I sought Him wholeheartedly He would not allow me to be misled into any false belief. I wanted God. The reality of Jeremiah's words, "You shall seek me and find me when you shall search for me with all your heart," came to pass in April, 1963, when God baptized me in His blessed Holy Spirit.

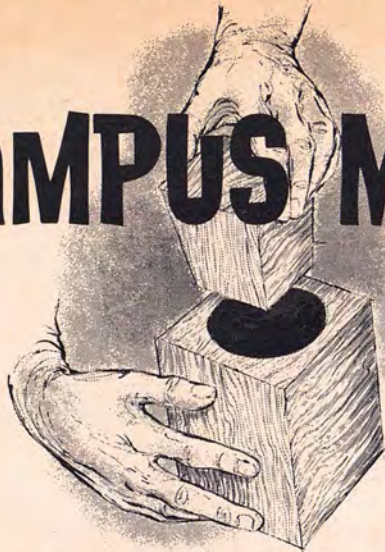
Through this I entered into a deeper relationship with God. For since that time God has fulfilled His promises and I have seen the dynamic of the Spirit in operation in my life. It is so wonderful to know that God is real. No longer is the Bible dull and difficult to understand. It has become sharp, quick and living; vital and pertinent to the times in which we live.

This life in the Spirit is a saga of unparelled excitement! Truly each day is full of miracles. It is thrilling to see the compassionate Christ is still reaching out His hand of healing to sick bodies and minds. Every day there is something new as He supplies my needs, whether spiritual, physical or financial, and empowers me to witness for Him.

I can now say with Paul that I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. It is certainly the power of God. Jesus has become my life, rest, strength, health, and my everything. He has given me joy that is so unspeakable and so full of glory that it was necessary that He give me a glorious, heavenly language with which to express it.

I am at last free to serve God in utter abandonment, as He leads from glory unto glory. There is no need to fear sickness, death, or any force which might destroy, for I am more than a conqueror in Christ. In Him I have found the meaning on life for which I sought.

# CAMPUS MISFIT



by Penny Morgan

**T**HE CROWD was having a blast, and I knew it. I was miserable for missing out and miserable for not really knowing why I was not participating.

Mine was a well established family, having lived in the same home for my entire life. Both of my parents were active church workers, which more or less predestined my regular attendance at Sunday School and church. I had not experienced the presence of Christ as a foundation for faith, but by the time I reached high school I had developed some convictions. Whether it was fear or conceit, I do not know, but I remained loyal to them. It was difficult in the locker rooms

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Penny Morgan, is a Methodist from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. He is now attending Louisiana State University.

and at parties, and I often failed; but after resisting one temptation, the next was easier. This, however, led to a self-righteous attitude which did not breed popularity. I felt like an outsider in my own clique.

During my senior year in high school a young person from my church invited me to a Youth Fellowship retreat. I hadn't been attending youth functions but this sounded like fun so I decided to go.

There at the retreat all of my experiences, ideas, and frustrations came to a head. I concluded that if God had nothing for me, I was really missing out on what the world had to offer; but if God were a personal, powerful, forgiving comforter, who is alive in the world today, the most important thing in life would be serving Him.

So I made a deal with God.

I would live as a Christian the very best I could, reading my Bible and going to church, for six months. Within that time God, assuming that there was one, had to prove Himself to me, or I would turn to the world for all the kicks I could pull out of it.

God did not wait to prove His power. Almost immediately I sensed His presence as prayer requests began to be answered before my eyes. I again became active in church work. With a new foundation in faith I could now say, "I am a believer, not a doubter."

And I needed that foundation, for as I entered college I found that life on the campus was quite a bit more trying to one's faith than home life. Even at the religious student centers, where I did find fellowship, the attitude was one of liberalism, with an emphasis on intellectual satisfaction.

At this point I became disgusted, not with God, but with my religion. I had a lot of faith, but very little knowledge. Reading the Bible had been to get through it, not letting its pages speak to me of divine truth.

Although I loved my church and its people, I was ready and willing to withdraw my membership, and unite with a sect which denied the presence of the Holy Spirit, rather than exist in a group that preached the doctrine but refused to practice it.

Before I took this step, how-

ever, a friend of mine, who was a candidate for the ministry in my church, had a supernatural experience. In all sincerity, meekness, and love, he told me how he had received the infilling of the Holy Spirit with speaking in tongues, and now had a new power to witness for Christ. Although I had not believed in such strange manifestations, because of my respect for him, I could not completely disregard his experience. The problem began to tear at my heart, and I became more desperate and troubled than I had ever been. I realized that the solution could not come from people, and knew that only God could provide the answer.

On a Saturday night I left home, not knowing where I was going. I did not desire to be with my friends; I only wanted to find peace and comfort in God. Miraculously I was led to a little country prayer meeting. It was there that night that Jesus baptized me in the Holy Spirit evidenced by speaking in unknown tongues.

This experience has opened to me a new relationship with my Savior. I have found a victorious life in Him. The Christian was never meant to be without this blessing—The Apostle Peter records: "For the promise is unto you, and to your children and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call" (Acts 2:39).

*Adapted from "A Touch from God"*

# Fall Conventions

**NEW YORK, N.Y. -- OCTOBER 7, 8, 9**

Will convene at Statler Hilton Hotel, 7th Avenue and 33 Street, New York, N. Y. Special hotel convention rates — mention FGBMFI when making reservations.

Dr. Derek Prince, Rev. Harald Bredesen, Dr. Howard Ervin and many other outstanding speakers will be present.

Special features include United Nations Breakfast, October 8, 8:30 a.m.

International Businessmen's Breakfast, October 9, 8:30 a.m.

Youth Fellowship International Banquet, October 9, 1:30 p.m.

For further information and brochure, write: Dan Malachuk, Box 613, Plainfield, New Jersey 07060.

**THEME: "Charismata In The 20th Century"**

**SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA -- NOVEMBER 11, 12, 13**

Will meet at the El Cortez Hotel, 7th and Ash, San Diego, California. Registration will begin Thursday afternoon at 1:00 followed by a rally at 7:30 p.m. in the main Ballroom of the hotel. There will be a group of outstanding laymen speakers, Frank Foglio, and many other, headed by international president, Demos Shakarian.

Accommodations: Single \$9.00; Double \$12.00; Extra \$3.00. Meals: Breakfast \$2.00; Lunch \$2.50; Banquet \$5.00.

On Saturday evening there will be a youth banquet in addition to the regular convention banquet.

For further information, contact: J. B. Hawthorn, 6307 Rockhurst Drive, San Diego 20, Calif.



Sherwin McCurdy, President, Dallas, Texas FGBMFI Chapter, and Leroy Eaton, Vice President, shown with Mr. Norvell Slater, Public Service Director of W.F.A.A. Radio and Television Communication Center. They had just completed arrangements for the showing of the film "CHARISMATA IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY" on Channel 8, Sunday, October 17, just prior to the Dallas-Fort Worth South-Central-Regional Convention. The convention will be held at the Baker Hotel in Dallas, Texas, Oct. 20-24.

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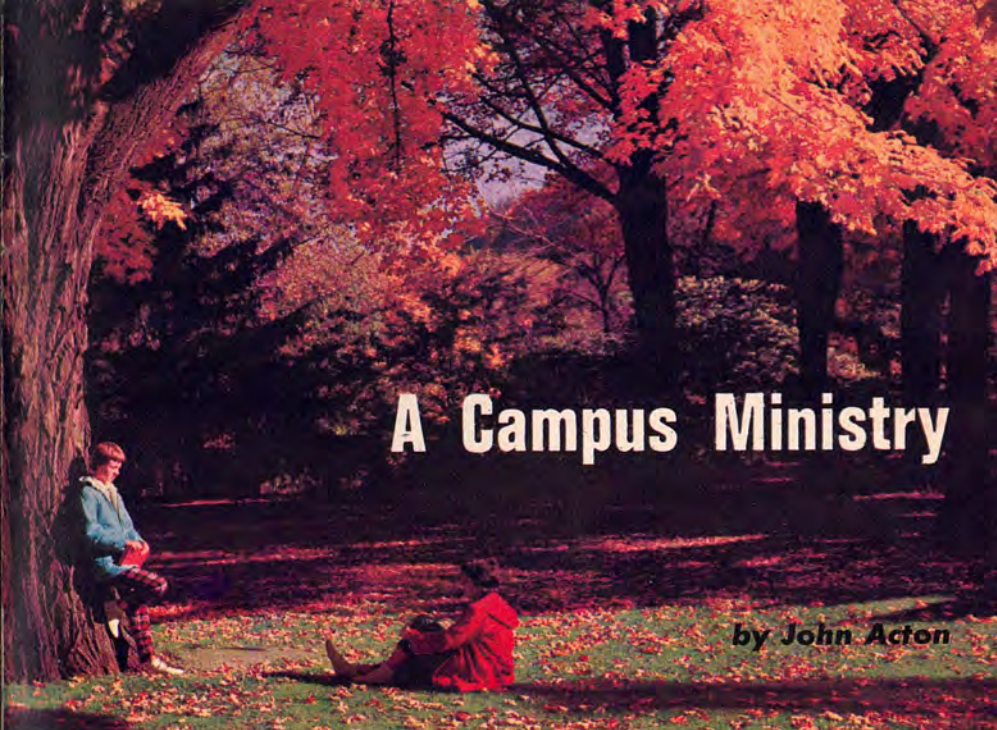
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# A Campus Ministry

by John Acton

**I**T SEEMED that fellow Christians were either nonexistent or serving the Lord under camouflage. Here I was on a secular campus and not receiving the Christian training I had hoped for. My desire was to enter the ministry and I had assumed that a Christian college would be the ideal place to prepare. But circumstances had demanded that I find a campus near my home. I entered Whittier College, a small liberal arts school in Southern California. Although it had been founded by devout Quakers, it had long since become a secular institution. The campus religious activities were few and poorly

attended. I began to wonder if I had missed the will of the Lord. But had He not said "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths"?

During my junior year three fellows and I decided to start a men's prayer group. Because a suitable room was hard to secure, we chose the exciting alternative of meeting outdoors in Harris Amphitheater at 7:30 a.m. each Monday. We had wonderful times of prayer and fellowship, but didn't attract a new member all year. Our only visitor was a friendly jackrabbit who came once in a while to nibble the shrubbery. Nevertheless we met

regularly on the cold concrete bleachers and worshipped the Lord in the morning shadows of the tall eucalyptus trees. On exceptionally cold days we retreated to a battered Volkswagen. From all appearances our little meeting had failed in its purpose to lead other collegiates to Christ. But the results which came from that "failure" surprised even us. The next year every one of the fellows became a leader of an important sector of campus religious life. God had been preparing us for greater service.

In my case, I was privileged to serve as president of the steering committee which organized and founded Whittier College Church. As far as we knew it was the only student church on a secular campus in the Western United States, except for the Claremont College Group. Four years earlier I would not have dreamed of such a bold, new venture.

From the very beginning there was a keen interest in Whittier College Church. There were many regular members and the weekly attendance ranged from 50 to 150 students and faculty members. All gave generously in the

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#### **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

John Acton recently graduated from Whittier College, where he maintained a high scholastic average. He is presently studying at Oral Roberts University.



John Acton, Jr.

offerings. Inspired by the Christian witness of a blind girl, who led our responsive readings, we set aside special funds to provide added learning facilities for Whittier's blind students. We also contributed to the support of an Anglican missionary in South Africa, and provided a year's support for an orphan overseas. Certainly, God can use college students today.

The highlight of my year as leader of College Church came during our Religion in Life Conference, held at a mountain retreat. The Catholic Bishop of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles, the General Secretary of the California-Nevada Council of Churches, and a priest from the Orthodox Cathedral in Los Angeles presented their observations from the Vatican Council in Rome. Their conclusions were that church unity would not find its source in a world-wide organiza-

tion, but in fundamental Christian principles derived from a sincere reexamination of the original Bible texts. They also agreed that Christians the world over could only be bound by love, not by any new and ingenious theological innovation. I believe this gradual crumbling of denominational barriers and the widespread desire to return to Bible-centered Christianity are added signs that the church is being prepared for the soon coming of Christ.

My four years at Whittier College were not only fruitful spiritually, but also scholastically. During my junior and senior years, aside from a full course of study, I assisted in the fine arts program and gained valuable teaching experience. This brought me face to face with many of the problems and frustrations which confront college students today.

Shortly after graduation last June, I received a letter from Oral Roberts University stating my acceptance in the Graduate School of Theology. This precluded all other educational plans or ambitions. For I believe this is a seminary which advocates training for not only a more scholarly, but also a more important Spirit-filled ministry with the power and gifts of the Holy Spirit in operation. This is the ministry Christ's church so desperately needs today, and the one I would like to be part of.

## MY INTRODUCTION TO LIFE IN THE SPIRIT

*Continued from page 12*

On my knees there among these Spirit-filled people, I could no longer explain away the power of Pentecost which my Lord had so graciously allowed me to witness. So I resisted Him no longer. I entered with Christ into the heavenly places promised to those who are redeemed by His grace and quickened by His power.

I learned also that similar manifestations of the Spirit were evident among all the young churches of Asia.

When I experienced the baptism of the Holy Ghost, I discovered that our God is a consuming fire (Hebrews 12:29). All who enter this sacred flame must die to self, be buried, and come forth on resurrection ground saying, "It is no longer I that lives, but Christ liveth in me" (Gal. 2:20). I am not my own. My time is not mine, nor is my body or anything — I am the Lord's.

Thus contemplating both the dreadful and the heavenly aspects of the baptism of the Holy Spirit, I have come to understand the source of the devotion, power, and discipline of our brothers in Asia. Sometimes it causes me to tremble when I realize how far some of us still have to go before we truly comprehend all that is involved in being baptized into Jesus Christ.



# chapter highlights

SHELDON CLEMENTS/CHAPTER COORDINATOR

## Lansing, Michigan

Blaine Amburgy, International Director from Lebanon, Ohio, and Rev. Thom of Africa were guest speakers at a meeting of the Lansing Chapter. Several in attendance acknowledged their need of salvation and even a number of days after the service reports of healing were still being received.

A business session was conducted and the following new officers elected: Lee Bush, president; Ward Cameron, secretary and treasurer; and Frank Basel, vice president.



Lee Bush, chapter president, greets International Director, Blaine Amburgy, at recent meeting of the Lansing, Michigan, chapter.

## St. Petersburg, Florida

St. Petersburg's Chapter recently enjoyed a wonderful breakfast meeting with Rev. Harold Bredesen from Mt. Vernon, New York, as the speaker. Several were filled with the Holy Spirit and many received healing for their body.

## Rockford, Illinois

President Hubert Pash writes: Three years ago I attended the Green Lake, Wisconsin, Regional



Receiving the official charter, from Henry Carlson, International Director from Chicago, is Rockford, Illinois chapter president Hubert Pash. Also pictured are: Earnest Brown, treasurer; Eric Peterson, vice president; Ed Bailey and Harold Spong, Chicago Chapter members; and David Holman, secretary.



Approximately 80 people were present when the Port Arthur Chapter received their charter from International Director, Tom Ashcraft. He is seen presenting the document to G. S. Jones, president of the chapter. Also pictured are C. R. Fletcher, secretary; Lester Bourg, vice president; and Ross Elliott, treasurer.

Convention. The banquet room was full, except for one empty chair at my table. God directed Demos Shakarian to occupy this vacancy. As the men at my table expressed their desire to have a chapter in our area, Bro. Shakaran motioned in my direction and said, "Why don't you start one."

God performed many miracles and at our first meeting 250 per-

sons were present.

### Shenandoah Valley, Va.

Mr. Ralph Marinacci was the speaker for the August fellowship of the Shenandoah Valley Chapter. In response to his stirring message, urging men to be witnesses for Christ, many made known their need of salvation or a rededication to God's service.



Pictured at meeting in St. Petersburg, Florida, from left to right: William Burdette, vice president; Albert D'Arpa, International Director; Howard Sills, president; and Sidney Regnier, Sr., secretary-treasurer.



Rev. David duPlessis addressing the Lexington, Massachusetts, Chapter. Accompanying him at the head table are Rev. Freedom Wentworth and chapter president, Ernest Tavilla. Of the 300 who attended, 15 received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

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Volume 13

Number 10

# CONVENTION CALENDAR



## **NEW YORK, NEW YORK REGIONAL**

October 7-9, Statler-Hilton Hotel  
Dan Malachuk, Local Chairman  
185 North Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

## **DALLAS, TEXAS REGIONAL**

October 20-23, Baker Hotel  
Sherwin McCurdy, Local Chairman  
1217 Sunny Glen Drive, Dallas 32, Texas

## **SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA REGIONAL**

November 11-13, El Cortez Hotel  
J. B. Hawthorne, Local Chairman  
6307 Rockhurst Dr., San Diego 20, Calif.

## **SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO REGIONAL**

November 11-15, San Jeronimo Hilton Hotel  
Albert D'Arpa, Local Chairman  
2321 W. Columbus Dr., Tampa, Florida

## **LONDON, ENGLAND WORLD CONVENTION**

November 24-27, London-Hilton Hotel  
William Thompson, Local Chairman  
20 Maddox St., London, W.1., England

## **PHOENIX, ARIZONA REGIONAL**

January 27-31, Ramada Inn  
Carl Williams, Local Chairman  
5919 Edgemont, Scottsdale, Arizona

**...plan to attend!!**