

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

01-84
VOICE

Peace In Northern Ireland?



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Mayor of Charlotte



Visitors to the mayor's office in Charlotte, North Carolina sometimes remark that the well-worn Bible on my desk looks as if it's ready to be replaced. Perhaps so, but I prefer that worn Bible to a new one. It serves as testimony to the fact that I try to govern by the greatest moral principles ever revealed, and it gives me an opportunity to share my personal faith with the folks who come to City Hall.

I grew up right after the Great Depression on a farm near Davidson, North Carolina, just a few miles out of the city. I was the youngest of eight children and, like most babies in rural America at that time, was born at home with the family doctor in attendance. The doctor's fee for assisting at the birth was one cow, so my two older brothers walked the animal over to the doctor's home in the town. But the doctor's wife refused to keep the animal in the backyard and instructed the boys to lead it to a farm six miles down the road. Halfway there, one of my brothers turned to the other and said, "Why didn't we just keep the cow and give them Eddie?"

Religious education was a way of life in my home. My mother, Annie Knox, played the piano at a Presbyterian church, while my father, Ralph, led the singing. Daddy kept time by beating on the piano while my mother played. All of us kids sang in the choir and by the time I was six or seven I was singing solos.

In 1950, when I was thirteen, I attended a church camp where I had a chance to think seriously about my personal relationship with God. I had always obeyed my parents and lived a decent life. In fact, my folks kept us so busy milking cows, chopping cotton and attending church that there wasn't a lot of time to get out of line. But a thirteen-year-old can feel God's presence pretty strong at camp and I felt in my heart that He wanted me to take an important new step right then. I asked Jesus Christ to forgive my sins and took a public step forward, acknowledging Him as my Lord and Saviour.

Looking back, I realize that my decision that day was not just to feel guilt taken away, but to follow Christ and to serve Him in day-to-day activities. What I didn't know then was that those day-to-day activities would someday include meeting human needs as a public servant.

For a while I found it pretty easy to follow the commitment I'd made that day at camp, but in my late teens something happened that I'll never forget.

My father expected me to sing a solo at church every single Sunday of my young life. Maybe he felt proud to see me up there, but I can't tell you how embarrassed I was, trying to sing in front of the same boys and girls I wanted to impress at school during the week. For the first time I decided to rebel. I told my folks I

was through singing in public.

At the next worship service the preacher nodded in my direction as usual and my mother passed the songbook to me. Well, there was nothing I could do then but get up and sing, but I tell you, I was carrying the bitterest spirit I'd ever felt in my life.

All the way home I was quiet, but when we trooped into the house I exploded. "I want to get one damn thing straight," I yelled. "You won't ever do that to me again!" My folks had never heard that kind of talk from me before; in fact, I had never even talked back to them. I loved and respected them.

My father, who had suffered two heart attacks, promptly decked me right there in the kitchen. He told me I couldn't talk like that to them and still stay in that house, so I went to stay with a friend of mine.

The two weeks during which I was barred from my own home were the loneliest of my life. Eventually, friends intervened for me, and my father agreed I could come home. I learned some important things about myself and about human relationships from that incident, and I decided I never again wanted to be separated from the people I love the most. I've always been grateful that reconciliation took place when it did, because my father died unexpectedly several months later.

My daddy was loved by everyone at the church we belonged to, and when he died they wanted to make me into everything he had been. They elected me to serve as delegate to the area synod when I was only eighteen. I was fascinated by the parliamentary process and by the amount of time and devotion people put into doing God's work.

I stayed out of school for a year after my daddy died, and then I enrolled at North Carolina State University in Raleigh. A friend urged me to run for vice-president of the freshman class and I won. Then I became president of the sophomore class, and in 1959-60 I served as student-body president. I feel that God was leading me into a life of service even then, and I've found public office a means of fulfilling that calling.

I selected a career in law mostly because it gives me a chance to work with people. In the early 1970s I served two terms as state senator, and I have had the privilege of working with a number of boards and committees at the state level. Along the way, I became aware of tremendous mental-health-care needs and problems related to blindness and the prison system. I had an opportunity to chair the state commission on prison reform, and we saw some much-needed changes brought about in our correctional institutions.

At the same time, I've tried to pass on

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the spiritual values that my parents gave me. My family is active in our church, and whenever we've moved from one neighborhood to another I've tried to make church work a major part of my commitment. I've served as deacon, taught Sunday school, and I love to sing when I get the chance. In fact, one reason I don't get to worship with my church as much as I'd like is because I sing pretty regularly with a gospel-music-and-witnessing group. We visit churches all across the state on weekends, singing and talking about the Lord and what He means in our lives.

I was elected mayor of Charlotte in 1979 and re-elected without opposition in 1981. During these four years I have relied heavily on God's love to bring peace into my life and to guide me in good judgment when we have tough decisions to make concerning the city's business.

Every elected official has to wrestle with tough decisions and to make choices that can't always be explained to everybody's satisfaction. When I make

that kind of judgment, knowing that opposition will be very vocal, it's good to feel an inner calm and to realize that God understands and cares.

Sometimes God's peace and understanding comes to us through other people. I remember one time when I thought that some folks on the city council had wronged me in a decision. My first reaction was to tell them off in no uncertain terms. One of my assistants, a devout Christian, caught me just in time and read a Bible passage to me that I really needed to hear. Calmness returned to me, and when I told the council that I disagreed with their action I was able to do it without any hostility or hard feelings.

Another thing I've had to come to grips with is the fact that anyone in the public eye receives threats by mail or by telephone. Most of them come from cranks or from folks who are just letting off a little steam, but you always wonder if someone with a problem might actually harm you. Once again, knowing God's

Mayor Eddie Knox announces his candidacy for governor of North Carolina.



peace and loving care in a personal way brings calmness to my mind and to my spirit.

In the spring of 1983 I visited the Holy Land. This marvelous experience gave me a new understanding of the Bible, and I urge everyone who can do so to make this trip. One of my favorite spots over there is the Inn of the Good Samaritan, a small stucco building standing along the side of the Jericho Road. This inn isn't the one mentioned in Jesus' parable, but it's probably close to the original location.

As I stood looking at the building, going over in my mind the story I'd heard so many times, it struck me that those of us in public office who are followers of Jesus must have the courage and the convictions of a "good Samaritan." As the mayor of Charlotte, for me this means a genuine concern for the poor, expressed through housing projects and benevolent programs. It also means taking a stand against evil, using the influence of my office to close massage parlors and rid my city of prostitution and making the "Jericho Road" where I live a safer highway to travel.

When I've had the pleasure of sharing

at FGBMFI chapter meetings I've been impressed with the concern the men have expressed for people in my strata of life. I've been especially impressed that they have invited law-enforcement personnel to events honoring those who receive too little appreciation from the public.

Someone once said that the cross Jesus died on symbolized two relationships that we all need in order to keep strong every day. The vertical post speaks of a personal relationship with God. The horizontal bar shows us the need for caring relationships with people around us. As I follow Jesus in my everyday life, I try to give my deepest commitment to both of those relationships. □

Eddie Knox has a BS degree in agriculture education from North Carolina State University and a law degree from Wake Forest University. He has practiced law in Charlotte for 20 years. His decade of public service includes two terms as state senator, four years chairing his state's Advisory Budget Commission, two terms as mayor of Charlotte, and leadership in scores of other state and local programs. He and his wife Frances are members of Calvary Church-Presbyterian, and have four children: Cindy, Bryan, Scott and Ashley.



PLUNGE INTO DARKNESS



Bill Shuck, Alexandria, Virginia

The hold of the container cargo ship tied up at the Elizabeth, New Jersey dock was dark and empty. The job of three of us on the Navy's inspection team that early morning of November 17, 1981 was to check the seaworthiness of the hull. We climbed through the door of a hatch into the hold and started to work.

Minutes later I was walking on a stringer, a narrow horizontal length of steel forming part of the ship frame and running along the side of the seventy-five-foot-deep iron hull. My flashlight beamed along the hull as I searched for evidence of dents or other damage. Suddenly, for reasons I will never know, I fell.

Coming to in the darkness, I tried to

move and realized that my left leg was badly broken, my left arm useless, and warm blood was streaming from my battered nose and deep facial cuts. Though I did not know it, my left hip was fractured as well.

Standing over me was Bill Moir, a member of our team. "Stay still," he cautioned. "Help's on the way."

Thanks to the slight curvature of the hull, I had landed on a stringer some twenty-five feet below the one from which I had fallen. It had broken my

hear the eerie scream of the siren as the ambulance raced like a frightened animal towards the hospital.

I was not particularly worried, but kept thinking of these words of Jesus Christ: "I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matt. 28:20b). I was physically shattered but inwardly at peace. However, I did wonder how my wife Pat would react when she heard the news—and what would happen when she saw me.

Pat and I had been married in 1969. As



plunge towards the bottom of the hold.

After what seemed a long time I heard the rumbling of a large crane as it moved into position to lift the heavy hatch cover. Rust particles rained on my face and suddenly I could see open sky. The crane lowered a small platform into the hold and swung it towards me. On it were two white-clad ambulance attendants, who put a hasty temporary splint on my leg and lifted me gingerly onto the platform. Now the crane hoisted us high into the air, out and down to the dock. I can still

a civilian employee with the Navy Department, my idol was my job. I was proud of outstanding performance ratings and letters of commendation, but usually held an extra part-time job, neglected my family and drank excessively. Though I put up a good front to co-workers and friends, our marriage went through some rough times. Pat suffered many physical illnesses and hospitalizations and was in a state of constant anxiety, while I underwent two personal bankruptcies and had several near-brushes

with the law, mostly over my drunken driving. And all this time, ironically, I thought I was living a Christian life.

I'd been raised in a Roman Catholic home, attended Catholic schools, and from the fifth grade through high school had served mass regularly as altar boy. (In fact, for five years of that time I served 5:30 A.M. mass every day at a local Catholic hospital, mopped hospital floors until time to serve the 8:00 A.M. mass at my church, then went to school.) Pat and I attended church every Sunday,

**I can still hear
the eerie scream
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animal**

and I always prayed—when I was in trouble.

The year 1977 was immensely important to us, because it was then that we turned our lives over to Jesus Christ. But the turning point came about gradually. We read about a healing service somewhere in Massachusetts with Father Ralph DiOrio. At her wit's end with her physical problems, Pat insisted we go, although we questioned that God healed in our day. We found ourselves inundated with heavenly singing, praise and

tongues, and learned of God's healing. I returned home, wanting more of the beautiful worship, a bit skeptical about the healing testimonies and absolutely sure I could never raise my hands in praise.

However, we were back the very next week, this time at a New Hampshire service with Father DiOrio. When I helped carry some music equipment into the church an usher got the idea I was part of the music ministry and seated me in the last row of the music section—facing the congregation. Needless to say, when the praise began, even though my hands felt like lead, I felt obligated to lift them. That's all it took. The Lord poured out such a blessing on me that I never wanted to stop.

The following month Father Ralph came to our home in a Washington, D.C. suburb of Maryland and celebrated mass there for our anniversary. It was beautiful to hear praises in our home that day for the very first time, with our two daughters Cynthia and Rebecca adding their guitars and voices. Another "first" happened that day, too. Father Ralph prayed that I might be healed of the painful, swollen lymph glands under both arms from which I'd suffered for years. Not long after that I was amazed to discover this problem was completely gone.

Even yet I was resisting the work of the Lord in my life. We started attending some Friday-night prayer meetings at Catholic University, and when they announced a seven-week seminar on the baptism in the Spirit we both enrolled. But I refused to show up for the first meeting, and went to the second for the sole purpose of telling them I wouldn't be

back. Although nobody knew this was my intention, not even my wife, imagine my shock when the first words from the speaker were these: "I know there's someone here tonight who came to say he would not attend any more classes."

At the end of the teaching we broke into smaller groups. My group's leader was a young man with long blond hair, blue jeans and sandals. When it was my turn to share how the Lord was working in my life, I said I was happy with it the way it was. Two of my work buddies and I attended go-go bars over our lunch hour several times a week, and I didn't want to change. Frank and the group seemed to accept me just the way I was. But he asked me to give my situation to Jesus and to read the Scriptures every day. I agreed to try it.

The next Monday morning my two friends and I agreed to go as usual at noon to the go-go bar. But, back at my desk, I silently told Jesus that I couldn't resist the temptation by myself, and if He didn't want me to go He'd have to stop me. A few minutes before noon a sudden emergency came up which tied me up for an hour on the overseas phone to Germany, and none of us went.

Every day that week, without my ever having to say no, something happened to prevent my going. By Friday I was convinced that Jesus was right there with me, helping me resist. You can imagine my testimony that Friday night at the prayer meeting. At the end of the seminar both Pat and I prayed for and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

From this point the changes in my life became more rapid and obvious. Instead

of country music and news on the radio, I began to listen to good gospel preaching. When we moved to a house in the Virginia suburbs we began looking for something to replace the wonderful prayer fellowship we had had. One evening we stopped to rest and eat at a



X rays of left forearm (above) and left hip and Bill Shuck suffered and from which he experi-

shopping-center cafeteria and found ourselves right in the middle of a Women's Aglow meeting, with both men and women in attendance. Hungrily we joined in. There we met Jack and Stella Davis, who invited us to prayer meetings at a Dale City Catholic church and to a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting at Landmark. God had again brought us

into special fellowship and growth among wonderful people.

All this time, Pat's health had improved dramatically. I can think of no serious crisis in our lives from the time of our conversion in 1977 until the day of my terrible fall. Now came the real test.



*thigh (extreme right) reveal severity of injuries
enced an astonishing recovery.*

This particular morning Pat, who had accompanied me to Elizabeth, was waiting patiently at the hotel. We had planned to fly back to Washington in the afternoon. Bill Moir called the hotel to tell her there'd been an accident, then drove her to the hospital. I was in the emergency room, still conscious, when she arrived.

I'll never forget the calm and peace

Pat displayed in that critical moment. For someone who, four years before, had been unable to cope even with minor problems without an emotional outburst, this was a miracle. Her quiet words of encouragement, her serene confidence in God, her steady reassurance, all strengthened me. She called our prayer group for prayer, and the FGBMFI chapter members in Alexandria also went into action.

The doctors decided that day that, if I were not to be left a total invalid, I must undergo extensive reparative surgery next morning, though there was a chance I might die on the operating table. Through a night of great pain I felt like a child in the presence of his Dad, the One who had everything under control.

In the morning Stella Davis, wife of the Alexandria chapter president, flew up from Washington to pray with us before surgery. With a tube up my nose and down my throat, I silently joined in. The peace that Jesus promised came: "... my peace I give unto you. . . . Let not your heart be troubled . . ." (John 14:27).

In a seven-hour operation, the surgeons inserted a large screw in the ball of my left hip, connected to a long metal plate attached to my upper leg by nine screws. They connected another metal plate to the broken bones in my left forearm. A plastic insert was put in my elbow, two metal pins in my left forearm and another below the wrist. Still more surgery was needed on my wrist, but they had to stop—it was all my system could stand.

Beginning the evening of the accident, hundreds of prayers were offered for my

recovery. Our prayer group and the Alexandria FGBMFI alerted friends in various churches. Men prayed with each other by phone, prayers were said in small groups, families prayed at dinner time. An amazing recovery began in my body.

Seeing my steady improvement after one week in intensive care, doctors at Elizabeth General Hospital allowed me to be transferred to Fairfax Hospital near our home. But then the bad news: I'd be there at least three months and possibly six.

At Fairfax, Pat spent every minute with me that was allowed. Lovingly she bathed me, shaved me, and saw to it that I was put into a wheelchair and moved around. She had become a vibrant source of energy, thanks to the daily strength of the Holy Spirit.

Now for the extraordinary part. After just *one week* at Fairfax Hospital, I was ambulatory. With the help of a walker cane I vigorously hopped about on my own. The nurses were clearly astonished at this rate of recovery of "one of our worst cases," as one nurse described me. Then, December 2, 1981, just fifteen days after the fall, they let me go home.

I still have some physical problems related to the accident and have accepted disability retirement. But this miraculous healing continues. I have a slight limp and limited use of my left arm; otherwise no one can tell what my body went through. Even more wonderful is the realization that God gave me His calm and trust and filled Pat with peace and hope, then with His resurrection power restored me physically at a pace the doctors still cannot explain.

But there was another lesson. I had always been fiercely independent, thinking of myself as stronger than Pat. During the time I was dependent on her I learned how important it is to allow others to show their love in tangible ways and to help you.

I thank God that He responds to intercessory prayer offered in the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ. My heart is grateful for the work of the Holy Spirit in recreating me and giving me a new chance to be His man on earth, that I might witness to others of His power. I believe in the promise given to the early Church: "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me . . ." (Acts 1:8a). □



On January 26, 1983, at the Washington Headquarters of the Military Sealift Command, a retirement ceremony took place honoring Bill Shuck for 28 years of government service in various agencies of the Department of Defense. At retirement he was a civilian marine transportation specialist, involved with procurement of ships and cargo space and management and planning aspects of ship operations. He is a member of FGBMFI's Alexandria Chapter. He and his wife Pat are members of St. Louis Catholic Church in Alexandria.



1



2

1. Gov. George Wallace, introduced by I.D. William Abercrombie at Alabama State Regional Convention, August 23-24, 1983. 2. FGBMFI and American Bible Society presented Good News Bible in St. Louis last July to each of the Miss Universe contestants from 72 nations. I.D. Walter Moore is seen with Lorraine Downes, New Zealand, Miss Universe 1983, and Kay Putnam, ABS representative. 3. FGBMFI members with Mayor Eduardo Orrego, Lima, Peru (background, third from right). Group includes men from U.S. airlift to Peru which met with President Ferdinand Belaunde to lay foundation for expanded ministry throughout that nation. 4. Norman Norwood presents copy of The Happiest People on Earth to Peruvian Superior Court Judge Dr. Wilbur Baca D'LaSota.

UPDATE!

Fellowship News from Here, There and Around the World



3



4



Peace In Northern Ireland?

Each day our newspapers report on new problems and fighting in all corners of the globe. Everyone wants peace, but no one seems to know quite how to achieve it. Each side of every battle has good reason for fighting. However, victory for any one side means disaster for the other.

In November, 1982, European Voice editor Blair Scott made a trip to Ireland. In the Hotel Europa (known as the most bombed hotel in the world) he met with two paramilitants; one Protestant, the other Catholic; and both having just recently put an end to their fighting. He was told in that interview that the only way Northern Ireland would ever come to peace would be through Jesus Christ and His love.

The following story was told to Mr. Scott by Bobby Maguire, a Catholic ex-paramilitant.



Bobby Maguire:

Even at the age of twelve I could see many injustices in my society. The British came to Ireland approximately 400 years ago, and by unanimous consent of us Catholics (or so I thought), they had long ago overstayed their welcome.

We had only one goal, and that was to get them out of our country by any possible means. With real hatred in my heart for the people I felt had brought my land such suffering, I joined the Fein Arms, a junior branch of the IRA. In 1975 I became part of the official IRA and was engaged in all the activities carried out by any member of the paramilitaries.

As a result, it came as no surprise to me or my family when in 1977 I was arrested and charged with possession of firearms. Shortly after my release in 1978 I found myself again before the judge. This time I received a sentence of nine years.

Tim Pat Coogan, in *On the Blanket*, says, "The H Block protest is one of the strangest and most controversial issues in the Northern Ireland tragedy. Republican prisoners, convicted of grave crimes through special courts . . . campaign for political status by refusing to wear clothes and daubing their cells with excrement. Outside, their comrades have murdered eighteen wardens, and the campaign now threatens to take a new and even more deadly twist.

"The authorities insist that these are properly convicted criminals and their woes are self-inflicted. Their supporters

see them as martyrs to political injustice. Hatred, propaganda and sheer misunderstanding cloud all parts of the argument."

This protest has come to be known as "On the Blanket," and I was a part of it. We were locked up twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, with one exception: one hour a week for Mass. This, too, was forfeit with the "Dirty Protest."

Our only clothing was a blanket. In the cell was one article: a Bible. With nothing left to do, I started reading it, at first with little personal effect. I was brought up a Catholic but hadn't been to Mass for years. I could only see the Church as a hypocritical institution which condemned us even if we won our war.

After eight months on the blanket I came off for family reasons and conformed to prison rules for nearly two years. With the hunger strike coming up I decided to go back on the blanket. I didn't know it at the time but, on the outside, people were praying for me. I attribute the miracle which happened in my life to the faith of those praying and to the mercy of God, not to anything I ever did.

I started reading the Bible again, but I was not getting what I wanted out of it. I knew there must be something more . . . something I was missing.

The next time I was permitted to go to Mass I asked the priest for some literature on the Bible, some books to help me understand it. His answer surprised me: "What you need is to open your heart to the Lord. Ask Him into your life, and He will open your eyes to His word."

Back in my cell, I thought about it and decided I wasn't going to lose anything

by trying. My prayer was simple. I asked God to help me and show me what He wanted me to do. Then I opened John's Gospel and started reading.

Previously the Bible had been only reading material—something about a man who lived 2,000 years ago, which seemed to have nothing to do with anything. This time it was a wonderful experience. It was as if the pages were alive.

The man I was reading about was Jesus Christ, my Lord, not just a man. His whole personality slowly came alive to me—His compassion, His love for people, His concern for sinners like me.

In prison someone asked me if I loved strangers, to which I answered, "Not particularly, but they're not my neighbor." God showed me that these were the very people I had to love: the guy who shoved a door on me or tried to beat me up, and so on.

My life had changed. I went off the blanket, knowing it held nothing for me any longer. I took a Bible course and gradually, day by day, built up my faith.

In all honesty, it*hasn't always been easy, but God forgave my wrongs. He made a new man of me. I am not saying I have never lost my temper or failed in any way since, but gradually God keeps working, bringing me closer and closer to His New Testament life.

Since my release from prison I have witnessed to others about the miracle God has done in my life. I pray with others for those still without Jesus. It is only through prayer that any changes will come. Jesus Christ is the answer for this country. □



The following story was told to European Voice editor Blair Scott by Billy McIlwaine, a Protestant ex-paramilitant.

Billy McIlwaine:

In 1969 troubles erupted in Northern Ireland. There were a lot of fears in the province, mainly regarding the disbanding of the "B Specials" and the disarming of the RUC, our police force. We felt the British government was going to surrender.

As a result, the paramilitary armies started to form. I volunteered my services because of my background in the British Army, my training in the use of weapons, and so forth. For twelve active years I was a member.

Throughout those years I lost many friends to assassins. One particularly close friend blew himself to pieces while making a bomb. When another friend and I went to pay our respects, the undertaker showed us a small plastic bag. That was all that was left. This experience really got to me. How could we tell his wife and children that the coffin held

practically nothing but sand?

Another time I was having a drink in a bar on the Shankill Road when the IRA arrived and shot two security men outside. Both were my close friends; both were killed. The IRA then planted a duffel bag containing a bomb, threw a blast bomb and shot dead another young man at the bar.

Two women lost their lives in the subsequent explosion. My suit was blown off my back. The whole building collapsed on top of us, burying us beneath the rubble. Fortunately, I escaped the mess with only a bleeding nose, severe shock and slight loss of hearing.

I became all the more bitter against the IRA and the Catholic population in general. There and then I resolved that we would take revenge.

In the beginning we believed that the IRA could be defeated easily, but as the fighting went on and on we began to question if it would ever end. It particularly bothered me that so many innocent bystanders, women and children were killed. It made sense that men like myself, involved in the fighting, would die, but why the others?

Upon my presenting this question to my superior officer, he answered that there are civilian casualties in every war. It still didn't seem to justify death of the innocent to me or my men.

At times not wanting to face the situation, I would just bury my head in a bottle of whiskey. Eventually I became a chronic alcoholic. Admitted to the City Hospital in Belfast, I was discovered to have an enlarged liver. I vowed that I would never take another drink.

In 1978, one year later, I was again hospitalized with internal bleeding. This time the doctor said, "Mr. McIlwaine, if you want to commit suicide you go ahead, but don't waste my time." Discharging me, he pleaded with me to book into an alcoholic hospital in Shaftsbury Square, Belfast. I declined with the flimsy excuse that the hospital was filled with Brasso and meths drinkers. (Myself, I drank nothing but the best: whiskey, sherry and vodka!).

It was Easter Tuesday and I had managed to stay dry for about five weeks, shaking and sweating very badly throughout the entire time. Standing in the paramilitary headquarters, I saw some of my buddies enter a bar across the street. They pleaded with me, "Billy, don't go back on the drink. You are going to kill yourself." They were right, and I knew it. Five of my friends had died as the result of alcohol abuse. My liver had shrunk until there was hardly anything left. According to the doctors, if I started to drink again I would have about a year to live.

But my attitude was that "If I only have a year I am going out in a blaze of glory." I decided to get continuously drunk. That way, when death came I would feel nothing.

Unfortunately, as the end of the year drew near I got to the stage where I couldn't hold whiskey. Every slug just came right back up again. On Saturday, July 14, 1979 my wife was away and at half-past five in the morning I collapsed in a heap on the floor, a terrible burning sensation in the back of my neck. Although I had been drinking the whole of the previous day, I had been unable to

hold enough down to get drunk. Somehow I managed to crawl to the telephone and dial 999, but how the ambulance men found my home remains a mystery.

The doctor said my heart was erratic. The nurse could find no blood pressure at all. For the next 10 days I had the DT's. Once I looked up and thought the ceiling was falling in on me. Another time I saw the wall covered with bats. Suddenly they flew at me; it was so real that I could feel the pain as they hit my face.

Then I saw some men come to visit the old Catholic priest in the bed opposite mine. They carried drink right into the ward, arranged their chairs around him and started drinking. Next two of them got up, left and came back with a coffin. As they lifted the old man into it I began screaming at the top of my voice. "They are stealing the body of the old priest and he isn't even dead!"

These hellish hallucinations went on and on and I was gripped in a vise of fear.

Two ministers came to see me, but I told them I was an atheist. I asked them, "If there is a God, why does He allow all the killing to continue in Northern Ireland?" In spite of my protests they prayed for me.

One night something or someone appeared at the foot of my bed. I can't say it was God, but this time it was not like all my hallucinations. It reminds me of Paul on the road to Damascus. Something happened to me on the inside, something spiritual and good.

My life flashed in front of me and I saw the terrible things I had done—how I had treated my wife, my child, my whole

family, my friends. The realization hit me: "The only thing I care about is myself and my booze." I hadn't been to bed for about two years—every night I would fall asleep on the settee with a bottle of whiskey by my side.

I had never cried before; I had never felt remorse. But that night in the hospital I wept.

I cried out to God and asked if He could ever find it in His heart to forgive me for the terrible things I had done. The answer came back clearly: "If you truly repent, you will be forgiven." That night a great burden lifted off my shoulders. I felt as though I had been set free.

"Lord, I haven't lived in the past," I told Him from my heart, "I have only existed. Now I feel like a new man. If You will heal me of this terrible disease, if You will let me live, I will serve You for the rest of my days." He answered deep in my spirit that I would be healed, that His power would be demonstrated in me. That night I slept in peace for the first time since I was admitted to the hospital.

The next morning a doctor came round with some students. "How are you feeling?" he asked.

"Great," I replied. "Last night the Lord was here, and He has forgiven all my sins." You can imagine his reaction. He thought I was crazy.

A little later in the hall I saw a Catholic nun who was working as a nurse. I called her over to my bed and asked, "Do you believe in God?"

"I do."

"Well, would you believe me if I were to tell you that God was here last night?" She said she would.

"He has forgiven my sins, and said He is going to heal me."

This, however, was going just a little too far. She cautioned me, "Remember, you are a very sick man."

A few days later the doctor came in and said, "Mr. McIlwaine, we don't think you are going to make it." (They would have transferred me to a mental hospital after the hallucinations began if they had not been so sure that my time was short.)

I answered, "Doctor, I know I am going to make it because God has told me so."

Finally after a real struggle I managed to convince them to let me go home. I was still very weak, unable to eat solid food, I shook badly and could hardly sleep. The next two to three months I spent at home, most of the time either reading the Bible or on my knees praying to God.

The first day that I was able to walk again down the Shankill Road, a bar where I used to drink seemed to me as huge as the Empire State Building in New York. I felt as if a giant magnet were trying to draw me inside. I started to shake and sweat. The deceiver whispered, "Go and have a drink. You'll be all right."

A Bible verse came to mind: "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me" (Philippians 4:13). Quoting this verse, I felt strengthened and passed the building. With each succeeding day the building shrank. Today, having tasted the new wine of the Spirit, there is no appeal at all for me in alcohol or bars.

One year after my hospital release I returned for a checkup. All the tests

showed no trace of my ever having had cirrhosis of the liver. My liver was completely whole! I hadn't been healed instantly, but God gave me His word, I accepted it and He fulfilled it. Today I am as healthy as any man walking the streets of Belfast.

I love life. I try to reach every man, woman and child, no matter what their creed or color, with the good news that Jesus can change *existing* into *living*. Each day on my knees I thank God for another day of sobriety and safekeeping.

There is only one peace in this world, and that comes from Jesus Christ. His peace cannot be disturbed even by bombs and bullets. □



Billy McIlwaine has worked for an engineering firm, making components for textile machinery; and as paid fulltime administrator of a Protestant paramilitary organization. For the last eight years he has been chairman of the Black Taxi Association, Shankill and Shore Roads, Belfast. He and his wife Sally have one daughter, Rhoda, 15, and are members of Zion Tabernacle, an Assemblies of God church. McIlwaine presents the Gospel to all paramilitaries, ex-paramilitaries, prisoners and their families, and has given his testimony in nearly every FGBMFI chapter in Ireland.

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an urge to kill

Fred Anness
Cincinnati, Ohio

You've heard the expressions: "I was boiling inside. . . . I was ready to explode."

There was once a time I was "angry enough to kill." That's not just hype; it's the way I actually felt toward two guys in my town. If a miracle hadn't cooled my boiling emotions, I might be writing these lines from behind bars.

I'm a buckeye by birth, born in Cincinnati in 1948. My dad and mom divorced when I was eight. He died soon after the split-up and Mom worked hard to fill the roles usually shared by both parents.

Sports were my passion, with basketball my favorite. I played well enough in high school to earn a full scholarship to Cumberland College in Kentucky. Life on

campus was beautiful. I made the dean's list, set some school records on the basketball court and graduated with my share of trophies and certificates of merit.

After graduation in 1970, I took a coaching position at Little Miami High School. During my seven years at the head of LMHS golf, football and basketball programs, our teams won five championships.

Along the way I got married to Candy, my high-school sweetheart. One of the things I loved about her was the way she put others' feelings before her own. She could recognize needs and respond to them. But my ego had a way of blinding me to those hurts and hungers.

Along with the ego was this anger, always simmering below the surface. Every so often it would let go like Mt. St. Helens and everybody within earshot would take cover. That's how I was and that's how I expected to live for the rest of my days.

Near the end of 1974 I began to think seriously about my relationship to God. I wasn't even pretending to be a Christian at that point, although I'd met some people in college who made me ask a few questions about the meaning of life. Candy had a real walk with God, and some of the issues I'd pondered in college still haunted me when I thought about her values and lifestyle.

By January, 1975 I was ready. I received Jesus as my personal Saviour and began a new way of life. Under the ministry of a Methodist pastor in Goshen, Ohio I began to learn what it meant to

live for Jesus in day-to-day situations.

One year later our first and only child arrived. My understanding of God's love took on deeper meaning as I watched little Brandon grow. If I loved my son this much, how much more wonderful is God's love for His sons and daughters!

Another year, another home; this one in Cincinnati. Of course we wanted to find a church that was right for us. Our search finally led us to Carthage Church of the Nazarene. I was growing rapidly there as a Christian, but I had never given my anger problem over to God. It was still tucked behind a locked door in my life, just waiting to break loose and destroy.

One New Year's morning at 5:30, that door nearly flew off its hinges.

The new year began for me with a telephone call from the hospital. My brother Greg had been in a fight and was in serious condition. Could I come to the emergency room at once?

When I saw Greg I couldn't believe my eyes. Although he was well built and a weightlifter in his spare time, he had been beaten almost beyond recognition. My first question to a nurse, was, "Do you think he'll make it?"

Greg had gone to a New Year's eve party at a local tavern. Two men, high on drugs, crashed the party, picked a fight with Greg's friend and Greg rushed to his aid. They quickly got the best of the intruders, and the bartender booted out the guys who had started the ruckus.

Several hours later the outsiders came back, higher than before, and taunted Greg and his buddy to "come out

back." Greg had had too much to drink by this time and recklessly charged out the back door to take them on. My brother never saw the three steps, or maybe he was tripped. In any event, he ended up on the ground and one of the fellows knocked him unconscious. They proceeded to beat him unmercifully.

I looked at his eyes, swollen shut and horribly puffed up. The men who had administered the unfair assault were known to me. Everything inside of me shouted, "Get even."

My anger was becoming visible to those around me. Mom pleaded with me not to get involved, but even while I promised her before leaving the hospital that I wouldn't exact justice, I was privately planning what I'd do the moment Greg's attacker opened his door.

As I've said before, I was a Christian but this was one part of my life I'd held back from the Lord's control. I was open to Satan's subtle whisper: "He's your brother. Are you going to let them get away with that?"

About two o'clock that afternoon my golfing buddy (Candy's cousin) arrived for dinner. Tracy Stallard will always be remembered as the ex-big-league pitcher who gave up Roger Maris' 61st home run back in 1961, but Tracy's friends know him as a strong, easygoing type of man who would do anything for a friend. When I explained the situation and the anger that was eating at my insides, he responded in his slow Kentucky drawl, "Let's go get 'em."

We went to a bar down the road, ready to handle the assailants the way they had handled Greg. They should



**God's answer to those prayers
was as swift as the snap
of a finger**

have been there but they weren't. In fact, we couldn't find them anywhere. I'm sure God had His hand in our failure to locate them, but I was still riled up when we went home and all next day.

About the only positive thing that happened was that God restrained me from going out to look for the guys. Had I found them the results could have been disastrous, for I was mad enough to kill.

Wednesday night I went to church with Candy and Brandon. I hadn't talked with anyone there about the situation, so I wasn't prepared for what the pastor had to say. His lesson was taken from Habakkuk 3:2: "In wrath remember

mercy." God used those words to pierce the shield of resentment I'd been carrying around for three days. I broke into tears and finally stood and confessed to the congregation what I'd been feeling and that I still wanted to punch out these guys' lights.

Our church believes in anointing with oil as a symbol of the Holy Spirit's power, so when I finished my confession the pastor asked if I would like to be anointed and prayed for. I was willing. People laid hands upon me and asked God to take away the anger. They claimed the authority of Jesus' name in commanding anger to turn me loose.

God's answer to those prayers was as swift as the snap of a finger. That quick, my emotions were healed, my anger left and God's healing strength flowed through my whole being. I could hear a still, small voice saying, "I know who they are and what they are. Let Me take care of them."

The Holy Spirit also urged me to witness to those in my family who had never committed their lives to Christ. This was something I had never done.

Soon after that on a Sunday evening I was given the opportunity to tell our whole congregation about the wonderful release God had given me from the grip of anger. I testified, "God has not only taken away my anger but enabled me to actually forgive." At the close of the message many people came forward to receive His salvation. Recently my brother

Greg accepted Christ as his Saviour at the altar of our church. To God be the glory!

I guess many people around Cincinnati know about me because of my golf. I've entered a lot of weekend tournaments, making it clear that I won't play on Sundays. I've stuck by that conviction, even when I've led the field after Saturday play, and for that reason sportswriters have given me a bit of notoriety.

But I'd rather be known as a man who was healed of the urge to kill. Jesus specializes in the impossible. Only He can rid us of revenge. □



Since 1978 Fred Anness has been employed as transportation consultant for the Ohio State Department of Education, with responsibility for seven counties. He coached high school for seven years, two of them as athletic director. He and his wife Candy have one son, Brandon, age 7. They are members of the Carthage Church of the Nazarene, where Fred has served as superintendent of Sunday school and chairman of the board of Christian life.

Correction: Bob Bobola was incorrectly identified in "Update!" (*Voice*, December 1983) as an astronaut. Mr. Bobola is manager, Orbiter Engineer Office, Johnson Space Center.



David and gingie

David and Gingie Clark, Frankfort, Kentucky

I never thought it would happen to me. I had a good wife and three lovely daughters. I belonged to a prominent Presbyterian church. I was active in community affairs. It seemed, at least outwardly, that I was doing all the right things.

Nevertheless, in June of 1982 I faced the Federal Jury in Lexington, Kentucky

and heard the decree "guilty."

Two separate indictments had been returned in mid-December, 1981: a 12-count and a 2-count. What a way to enter the Christmas season—and what a way to begin a new year!

Since Gingie and I met when she was four and I was five, it seems that we have always known each other. We lived in the

same small town of Hillsboro, Illinois and went to school together. We even graduated, a year apart, from the same university.

I believed in getting things done. All on the same day, I received my ROTC Air Force commission at 8:30 A.M., was graduated from the University of Illinois at 10:30 A.M., and Gingie and I were married at 5:30 P.M. A very full day!

We went to school for another year, Gingie to complete her undergraduate work, and I to earn a graduate degree in civil engineering. Then I reported for active duty in the Air Force in June of 1956, where I was basic instructor in a jet program. When I was severed from active duty three years later, we moved back to Hillsboro and I joined the family consulting engineering firm begun by my stepfather twenty-two years earlier.

In 1961 when our firm set up a new office in Kentucky I was promoted to assistant highway-project manager and moved my family to that state, where we have lived for more than twenty-three years. Our work prospered and soon we were involved in highway projects across the state.

If anyone had said I was not fully a Christian I would have taken very strong exception to that. Brought up with strong religious influence from my grandparents, I went to the altar when very young and was baptized at about twelve. I felt I had always been a believer.

Quite naturally, Gingie and I raised our children in what we considered to be a Christian home. We had adopted many

principles which belong to God, but neither of us possessed any real knowledge of Jesus.

I was busy with my engineering business, but gradually began to expand into other business ventures. I also became quite involved in civic things as leader of the United Fund, president of the YMCA board and a member of the Red Cross board. As business improved and Gingie and I began to enjoy financial success, God became less and less important in my life. I guess it was inevitable since, out of 168 hours a week, we committed only an hour or less to things of God.

My life began to take a new turn. I became involved romantically with a young lady. Inevitably Gingie learned of it and we faced a marital crisis. In desperation she sought Christian counseling for us. Though this helped to some degree, it didn't solve the problem, especially because I failed to give up my relationship with the other woman.

Then Gingie started going to a prayer meeting with a friend and was born again and baptized in the Holy Spirit. She said nothing to me about it at the time, but she and our girls, who previously had also become Spirit-filled, began praying for me. In fact, the whole prayer group did.

Quite soon, things started changing. Gingie and I accepted Chuck Cotton's invitation to join him and his wife Margo at a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting. The honest testimony of real people began to convict me. Till now I had tried to reform countless times, but it was

always in my own effort. I began to realize that I could ask God for help.

Then, even though I'd been in church all my life, came the startling discovery: I didn't know how to pray. My prayers went something like this: "Lord, we want somebody to come teach us how to be Christians." At this point I still thought it was a matter of intellect.

In October, 1981 I attended a Bill Gothard Basic Youth Conflicts seminar, and the Holy Spirit impressed upon my heart that "You must accept Jesus as your total Saviour. You must live in Me and allow yourself to be led by Me." At that moment Jesus opened my eyes, my ears and my understanding. I knew that He was real and alive, and happily I committed my life to Him.

Two months later, in December, I was indicted by the grand jury for perjury, contempt of court and mail fraud. Here I was, a brand-new Christian. Suddenly I was in desperate confusion and prayed, "Lord, this didn't turn out right. Why is this happening?" The trial was set for June, 1982, the date on which I would hear the "guilty" verdict.


I remember that God didn't give me a direct answer to my question at the time I asked. But I had already made an unalterable decision: "I've lived forty-eight years without knowing You and made nothing but a mess of things. I'm not going to turn back from You, Lord. *Nothing* will change that!"

A year and a half before, I knew nothing of God's forgiveness. But I was learning quickly to live in it and to express it. It's difficult to sit on trial in a courtroom, to hear the words of accusers, to read the

front-page articles. It's even more difficult to say, "God, please forgive them . . ."

It wasn't easy. But I *did* forgive them. All of them. And now I can really thank God for teaching me, during that dark time, not only forgiveness but endurance and patience.

**I was indicted by the
grand jury for perjury,
contempt of court and
mail fraud**



After the June, 1982 verdict, upon motion of our attorneys the judge miraculously declared it an unfair trial, set aside the jury's decision and ordered the procedures to be re-initiated. New trial dates were set, then changed. The first attempt at a retrial lasted just one day, when the judge, discovering that a newspaper had been circulated in the jury room, declared a mistrial. The case was rescheduled for November, 1982, but the grand-jury transcripts were discovered by both sides to be erroneous and the prosecution moved for dismissal.

That was great . . . for two months. In January, 1983 I was re-indicted for the alleged perjury and we started all over again. The trial date was eventually set for May 31. That's when the truly big mir-

acle happened. By accident the grand-jury tapes had been removed from a locked vault and inadvertently used to record another proceeding. Half of the tape had been taped over. This meant that the so-called "evidence" against me no longer existed.

We moved for acquittal and the judge rendered a verdict of "not guilty." The mail-fraud charges have been deferred and are due to be completely dismissed in June of 1984. As for the contempt charges, they had been dismissed with the very first verdict.

Though my slate was not perfectly clean in other areas, I was not guilty of any of the charges made against me. Why did I have to go through all those months of personal and business trauma? During those long and difficult two years I learned how to live in forgiveness—non-bitterness, non-jealousy and non-hate. And Gingie and I learned how to make our home truly Christian.

God gave us a brand-new marriage—based on the new love He has given each of us. We have learned to love each other unconditionally, and we have become *one*.

I am now a member of Full Gospel Business Men and very involved with my chapter in winning souls and discipling new believers. One of the unique ministries of our chapter is our prayer support for the churches of Frankfort. Each Saturday following breakfast we go to any church that will receive us to pray for the pastor and congregation. I can truly say that God's way is the only way. I am happy now to a degree I had never known before.

Gingie Clark:

I was truly devastated when I found out about David. We had a comfortable home and family. We were good church-going, civic-minded people. And the thing that hurt so much was that this image was now going to be shattered.

But I didn't want a divorce. My home and family are very important to me. I found a Christian counselor and one of the first things he told me was that I would have to learn to forgive. "Gingie, there can be no mending of a marriage without forgiveness."

I honestly tried—in my own strength—to forgive David, for about six months. But of course I wasn't succeeding. I had even begun making a little file of grievances against him as my "ace in the hole" in case we actually had to go through a divorce.

Then Mike and Colleen Murray spoke at an FGBMFI meeting, on forgiveness. I knew that even though I was a "good" person, I had petty sins of my own and sins are all equal in God's eyes. Before I could have complete forgiveness I'd have to completely forgive David. I thought, "But the Lord will let me keep this little packet of information against David." Then the Lord told me, "No, Gingie. You have to surrender it all."

So I took the file out and destroyed it. Just two weeks after that, David surrendered himself to God.

It wasn't me or my "goodness" or David and all his "trying" that saved our marriage. It was the Holy Spirit, working in both of our lives.

Since that time, through all the publicity, the trials and the insecurity of not knowing when or if David would be imprisoned, there was a new openness in my husband. We became a truly sharing family. Our girls, who had been praying for us, were now able to pray *with* us.

The day I found out about David, one of my best friends came over and prayed for us both. After that I got involved in her prayer group. I told those ladies, "Even when my life was good I didn't have the real joy that a Christian is supposed to have. That's what I want: complete freedom and joy in Jesus Christ."

They prayed for me and I was baptized in the Holy Spirit. Then things started to fall into place in my life.

I have this to say to wives when things go wrong in your family: Love your husbands, even when you know they're wrong. Don't have a pity party for yourself. Love them! Forgive them! Take

your eyes off your own hurt. That's not easy to do when you yourself are hurting—I know! But if you won't dwell on your own hurt, and if you'll show them God's agape, unconditional, 1st-Corinthians type of love, He *will* change your life... and begin working on your husband.

It's only possible through the indwelling Holy Spirit. People with successful marriages are using God's principles, whether they know Him or not. But only with His supernatural life at work in two people can He give you the brand-new, *ultimate* marriage He intended for you. □

David Clark is a highway engineer and has worked in a family consulting engineering firm in Illinois and Kentucky for twenty-four years. He is also in the oil-extraction business in the Illinois-Indiana-Kentucky oil basin. He and his wife Gingie have three daughters: Dorsey, Paula and Virginie. They are members of the Presbyterian church and David is a director of FGBMFT's Frankfort Chapter.



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Box 3601
Santa Barbara, CA 93130-3601

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January 17-21, 1984
Pacific Beach Hotel, Honolulu
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1164 Bishop St., Ste. 1410
Honolulu, HI 96813

SAN PABLO RALLY

January 20-21, 1984
San Pablo Civic Center
Write: Mr. Dario Rabak
Box 34, San Pablo, CA 94806

OKI COUPLES' ADVANCE

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Kings Island Inn, Kings Island
Write: Mr. Jerry Wagner
445 Lexington Rd.
Eaton, OH 45320

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Hotel Saskatchewan, Regina
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Canada S4N 1P9

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Manassas, VA 22110

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Box 387, Wyckoff, NJ 07481

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Savannah, GA 31406

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Conventions published in this issue were approved on or before September 21.

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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.

AUSTRALIA: Coonabarabran Chapter, Timothy O'Neil (068) 421-222. **CANADA:** Southeast Winnipeg Chapter, Lewis Van Steenkiste (204) 256-1557. **ENGLAND:** North Humberside Chapter, David Fotherby 0482-441321; Reading Chapter, Peter Green 0734-722442. **GUATEMALA:** Queche Chapter, Carlos Alfredo Dardon Letona 055-1545. **MALAYSIA:** Malacca Chapter, Dr. Eddy Cheong Seng Giap (06) 21919; Seremban Chapter, Tan Yee Beng (06) 712022. **SCOTLAND:** Perth Chapter, Mervyn Milne 08212-236. **WALES:** Bridgend Chapter, Jeff Tidesley 0656-740320. **WEST GERMANY:** Nurnberg Chapter, Jerry Wright 09-107-1234. **UNITED STATES: CALIFORNIA:** Rancho-Temecula Chapter, Fred Whistler (714) 676-4862. **MARYLAND:** Charlotte Hall Chapter, Joseph Wilerson (301) 884-3028. **MASSACHUSETTS:** Berkshire Hills Chapter, Fran Esposito (413) 663-5288. **MISSOURI:** Chesterfield Chapter, Joseph Levasseur (314) 469-7513. **NEBRASKA:** Aurora Chapter, Jon Morre (402) 849-2616. **NEW YORK:** Bronx House of Detention Chapter, Eddie Collins (no phone). **OKLAHOMA:** Okmulgee Chapter, James O. Sutton (918) 756-3659. **TEXAS:** Northwest Houston Chapter, Monty May (713) 859-3507.

Onervously fingered the trigger of the .22 caliber gun, about to raise it to my right temple. Then I decided it would not be the "decent" thing to do to blow out my brains on the lawn of my parents' home. I would blow my heart to bits instead.

With the barrel of the gun just inches away from my chest I squeezed the trigger and the bullet plowed into my body. Life had been one messed-up experience after another, and now at the age of 25 I was taking the "only" way out.

Five years earlier, I had met Brenda and we were married. A precious little girl we named Nikki was born to us, and I should have been the happiest man in Asheville, North Carolina. But I was miserable. I had begun selling out to Satan as drugs took control of my life.

First it was marijuana. A bit later, believing I had found the ultimate in happiness, I turned to hard stuff, including heroin. For a week I shot this addictive narcotic into my body. Then one night I decided I'd had enough.

"Ken," I told myself, "you are quitting this stuff while you can." The next morning I discovered it was not that easy. Tortured by cramps, I could hardly crawl from my bed. Withdrawal was like hell on earth. What I did not realize was that I had opened myself to Satan, allowing him to manipulate me. Drugs are tools of the devil, who is a master of deceit as he displays his wares.

Unable to quit, I would have done anything to obtain the money I needed for drugs. In fact, I just about did. I broke the

law in order to purchase them.

Brenda and Nikki left me, and although my parents never disowned me I felt as though I did not have a friend in the world. To top it all off, Asheville authorities were on my trail, for I had become a junkie, trafficking in drugs.

A fresh start was needed, I told myself. But a fresh start without Jesus is no start at all. It's the same old rat race leading nowhere except to destruction. A few months in Dallas, Texas proved it, and on December 11, 1976 I returned to Asheville and turned myself in to the authorities.

The police released me on my own recognition. That same day Brenda and I decided upon a reconciliation and we went out that evening to "celebrate." Of course we chose a worldly place—and Satan was there waiting. I met an old buddy and within minutes had yielded once more to drugs.

When we got home Brenda gave me my walking papers. "Ken," she declared, "we're through! I've had all I can take." I couldn't blame her. How could I expect a woman like her to want to live with a drug addict?

For the next three days I did little but sit and cry. I was at the end of myself, a hopeless, helpless derelict with no way out but suicide. At my parents' home on the evening of December 14, I quietly opened the door of my father's car and felt for the gun I knew he carried about with him.

When the bullet tore its way into my spinal canal I experienced an agony

the only way out?

Ken Greene, Asheville, North Carolina



even worse than my withdrawals had been. I lay moaning, "O God! O God! O God!"

My mother—amazingly calm—bent over my prostrate form. "Ken, I've begged you again and again to straighten out your life and now you are dying. Ask God to forgive you, son, before you die. Right now!"

I would have no part of that. "No, Momma," I protested, "I want to die. I'm sick and tired of living like this. If this is all the world has to offer I don't want to have any more to do with it."

The Bible tells us we can determine our eternal destiny by the words we speak. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue" (Proverbs 18:21). When I said, "Momma, I want to die," my spirit left my body and I began to descend into a darkness so frightening that I can't describe it.

I did not want to go to hell, yet I knew that at that very second I was on my way there. In terror I cried out to God, and this time I meant business. I sensed my spirit returning to my body. God in His

mercy had heard my cry.

Following surgery, the doctor explained what had happened. "Within six minutes after the bullet penetrated your aorta, you should have bled to death. I don't understand it, but in your case the artery fused itself." Of course God had performed a miracle.

Still Satan was waiting for me, and soon after my release from the hospital I was living my old sinful life again. I stole government checks, got caught and on April 12, 1977 was sentenced to prison at Lexington, Kentucky.

A Christian service was conducted in the prison every Monday night, and with little else to do I decided to attend. That decision led to a dramatic change in my life. Several inmates were to be granted permission to attend a Billy Graham crusade at Cincinnati, Ohio, and I asked if I might be one of them. Permission was granted, but when the crusade was just two weeks away Satan began his overtures: "Ken, you don't want to get involved in a thing like that, now, do you?" I tried to beg out of going.

Christian inmates thought otherwise. "No way, Ken! You're going along!" And I did.

All the way to Cincinnati those inmates on the bus sang, praised and prayed. "Stir-crazy!" I labeled them as I sat there, drawn up into a little knot and perfectly miserable. Satan was there to warn me I was in for a long, boring evening.

But it was not that way at all. When Billy Graham extended an invitation for salvation I could hardly wait to go forward and give my heart to Jesus. I stayed there so long that I almost missed the bus.

"Ken, we were afraid you had escaped," one of the men told me. The glow on my face told him otherwise.

I escaped, all right, I told myself as I found my seat on the bus. I've escaped death and hell—and tonight I know I'm saved!

However, I was still a long way from being physically free and when I requested a furlough to Asheville in 1977 I was turned down. The parole officer, Robert M. Colville, knew exactly what would hap-

pen. Satan and the old crowd would be waiting for me.

I did receive a furlough that Christmas to go to Dallas, but on my return to the prison at Lexington my plane was grounded in Atlanta for three days. In the hotel room where I waited out the weather, I discovered a Gideon Bible on the night table and read several chapters from the book of Proverbs. I had brought along with me a dog-eared copy of a devotional guide called *The Upper Room*, and a Scripture text in it seemed to jump out at me: "Be still, and know that I am God" (Psalms 46:10).

Be still! Instead I had been frustrated and fuming over being cooped up in a hotel room.

I dropped to my knees by the side of my bed, and as I did so a presence, a bright light, entered my room. Even though I dared not open my eyes, I knew it was Jesus.

Right then and there He baptized me in the Holy Spirit. I got up and danced about my room for an hour in pure joy.

Later, transferred to a prison near Dallas, I discovered that every Tuesday a group of Full Gospel Business Men ministered to the inmates. Bill McGill and others provided spiritual food I had never tasted before.

One evening an FGBMFI brother looked me in the eye and said, "Young man, you are going to be called into a full-time Christian ministry." I almost hit the ceiling in pure ecstasy. Full Gospel men helped me in many more ways.

Upon release from prison, my desire was to return to Asheville. I did, but the day I walked into parole officer Colville's

office my knees were weak as water. I had no idea whether he would allow me to stay.

I told him just what Jesus meant to me now, and how the FGBMFI in Texas had been instrumental in keeping me spiritually afire. Mr. Colville heard me out. Then he broke into a warm, friendly grin.

"Ken," he said, "I'm president of the Asheville chapter of Full Gospel. And I have a revelation about you from God. He wants you to go to Tulsa, Oklahoma and enroll at Rhema Bible Training Center to prepare for the Christian ministry."

God's miracles began flowing like a mighty stream. I went to Rhema. Brenda, now Spirit-filled, and I were remarried at Christmas of 1980.

Today I have the joy of witnessing for Jesus both in this country and abroad. In the spring of 1983 I spent three weeks in India. One night I testified to 10,000 spiritually hungry souls, and during the crusade 6,000 persons came to Jesus. Three who were totally blind received their sight, and 100 deaf-and-dumb worshippers were healed.

I thank God that He spared my life that December evening in 1976. I praise Him for Full Gospel men who cared about me, and especially for Robert Colville. Instead of being in hell today I have the privilege of leading many into the kingdom of God. □



Ken Greene and his wife Brenda have two daughters, Kellye and Nikki, and are members of Candler House of Prayer. Ken is a member of FGBMFI's Asheville Chapter.



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Threefold Purpose of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

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

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

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

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

How to Start a Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to: Chapter Department, FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

HUMAN HURTS AND HOPES

Testimonies in this issue of *Voice* run the gamut of human hurts and hopes. Two Northern Ireland ex-paramilitants from opposing sides declare that Jesus Christ is not only the one hope for peace among nations but also the one hope for peace in the human heart. One of them, who was dying of cirrhosis of the liver, also witnesses to the healing power of Christ. . . . Gingie Clark, devastated when she discovered her husband's affair, could not cope with the situation until she surrendered herself and her family to the Lord. Together David and Gingie testify that "He gave us a new marriage." . . . Ken Greene's life was so unbearably messed up by drugs that he tried to end it with a bullet. Facing a Christless eternity, he cried out to God and now lives a full and meaningful life helping others.

The purpose of *Voice* is to glorify God and to draw men and women to Him. The men whose faith is shared in these pages want you to know that whatever the problem—addiction to drink or drugs, financial, physical, family, lust or any other—Jesus is the answer. He is the only Saviour, the Healer and the Baptizer in the Holy Spirit.

If you have not received Him as your Lord and Saviour, six steps to salvation are provided below to guide you in putting your life into His hands.

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

3. CONFESS: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (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 Fellowship International
World Laymen's Headquarters, Costa Mesa, CA



**FULL GOSPEL
BUSINESS
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VOICE

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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, God gave him a vision in which he saw the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere in the world being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 83 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write Chapter Department, FGBMI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



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FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION
July 3-7, 1984, Anaheim, CA

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