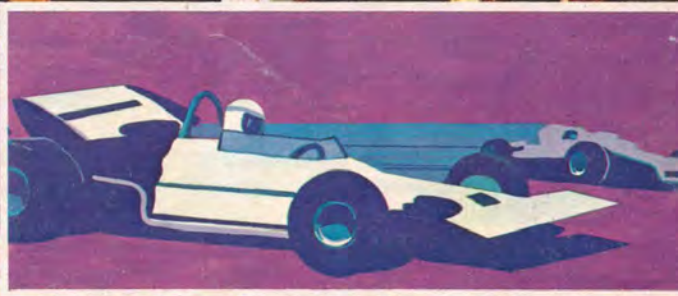


FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

04-81

SPORTS ACTION





THE BIG JUMP

GENE SULLIVAN, Motorcycle Stunt Rider, Greenville, South Carolina

Isn't it weird how events that seem unimportant when they occur sometimes mark the start of something big in a person's life?

Events like an interrupted phone call.

In April, 1972 I was in a hotel room in Reno, Nevada, talking on the phone to my dad in San Francisco. Suddenly

the switchboard operator broke in to say that Evel Knievel, who was in the next room, needed me right away.

I'd met Knievel in 1969 when he came to San Francisco to do a show at the Cow Palace. My dad, an *Examiner* sportswriter gathering material for a column on the daredevil, intro-

duced us and we hit it off right away. In fact, I even helped Knievel set up for his stunt.

Some Hell's Angels were in the crowd that night, and they did all they could to break up the show by throwing heavy objects at Evel. When they couldn't prevent him from jumping, a couple of tough Angels dashed out of the stands and attacked him. I ran over to join in the fun. I'd won the Seventh Fleet heavyweight boxing championship and several other titles, skills that helped me whip the day-lights out of those guys.

Knievel was impressed. When he invited me to go on the road with him I quit my job and joined his team as right-hand man, bodyguard, and set-up man. Before long I was performing some of the same death-defying feats before large crowds.

The stunt business appealed to me because of the thrilling entertainment it provided the crowds and because it is devoid of phonies. Stunt performance leaves no place for pretense.

I guess I owe a lot of my attitude to my parents. My dad, Prescott Sullivan, wrote about hard-nosed sports personalities for 50 years, while my mother was a captain in the Air Force WASPs during World War II and flew B-25 bombers as a ferry pilot along the Aleutian chain.

But about that phone call.

When I walked into Evel's room he was lying on the floor and couldn't get back into bed. He had broken his ankle a few days before during a

show and I was replacing him until he was able to return to jumping. I helped him back to bed and sat down to watch TV.

A talk show was on and Pat Boone was guest. Pat talked about his relationship with Christ. I snickered a little but deep inside I was impressed. Boone didn't come across phony. There was something real about his belief in Jesus.

About a month later I decided to leave Knievel and go out on my own. I was back in Reno for a few days when a man invited me to a breakfast sponsored by the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. Although I wasn't especially religious I'd go anywhere for food so I accepted the offer.

I stuck out like a sore thumb at that affair. Not only was my lifestyle 180 degrees opposite most of the men but my size set me apart from everyone else. At that time I weighed 240 pounds, was lifting more than 400 pounds, and served as a nightclub bouncer in my spare time.

The physical contrast between the speaker and me was hilarious. The program committee had called in Albie Pearson, the smallest baseball player in the major leagues, to give the message. Pearson stood about five feet four and was known as "The Littlest Angel" when he played for California.

Albie talked about establishing a personal relationship with Jesus, then introduced a friend who shared his personal testimony. What a story the

man told. He had been a hard-core heroin addict for six years but when the Lord entered his life the man just threw away all his drug-related paraphernalia. He said, "I want to tell you that I woke up the next morning a free man. I haven't had a single withdrawal symptom. God totally delivered me."

Two things happened to me when I heard about God's power in the speaker's life. First, I began to weep; second, I saw that everything I had done in life added up to zero. All my efforts to live up to high character standards were worthless in the sight of God, nor was He impressed with my ability to ride bikes through walls of fire. He had brought me to the end of myself.

When Albie Pearson invited those who wanted to receive Jesus as their Saviour and Lord to come forward, I stood to my feet.

My prayer went something like this: "Lord, whatever I am now, whatever I will be, wherever I go, whatever I do, I now totally commit my life into Your hands. You will be my Lord from this day forward. I want You to lead me in anything I do or say." In my mind I visualized myself signing the bottom line of a contract. When the prayer ended I belonged to God.

"Now, brother,"—it was Albie's voice—"we are going to lay hands on you and God will fill you with His Holy

Spirit." I didn't have the slightest idea what that meant but I was sure it would happen. Sure enough, four men laid their hands on me and I began to speak in an unknown tongue.

I felt as though scales had fallen from my eyes and I could see the difference between right and wrong more clearly than before. I knew I should give up the wild partying I'd enjoyed for so long, but it wasn't a problem for me. I *wanted* to give those things up.

The Lord had a bonus for me: marriage to the woman I had loved for several years but feared to marry. You see, my parents had divorced when I was small and some fears carried over from my experiences with a broken home. Now the Lord gave me peace.

For a time I returned to the stunt business, all the while asking the Lord to make me a faithful witness for Him. Opportunities came from every direction—TV and movie contracts, performances before huge crowds. Then the Lord pulled me out of the public eye to prepare me for something better.

One morning I was reading the Bible and the Lord said, "Gene, I want you to give up everything." I saw that He was really taking me up on my promise at the breakfast meeting in Reno.

I called my manager and canceled

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE (ISSN #00428264) is published monthly (with the exception of August, which is combined with the July issue) for \$3.50 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92626, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Second-class postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to VOICE at above address. April 1981 issue.

the contracts. In a single phone call I walked away from the one thing in life I knew how to do. God was now my only guarantee of security.

A few weeks later I went to work as shipping clerk for a Christian magazine, and mowing lawns for a church lawn service. Nobody there seemed impressed with my press clippings; no one cared about my boxing records and skills with a bike. For two and a half years my chief claim to fame was setting up overhead projectors for Bible teachers.

Aren't God's ways fantastic? I had to stay in the meetings to shut off lights, etc., so night after night I was exposed to the truths of Scripture. The Lord knew better than I that the rough edges of my life could be sanded smooth only by repeated encounters with the Word. One lesson I needed to learn was that only the person who is faithful in little things can be trusted with larger responsibilities.

Early in 1978 I began to pray seriously about my future work. God renewed the vision I'd had earlier about using a cycle to witness for Him, but I was filled with questions. Where was I going to get a bike? How could I put together a show when I was nearly broke?

That's when the Lord gave me some basic training in faith. First I received an invitation to put on a program, then the Lord sent me a bike. I began to get the picture. God was putting the whole ministry together so I couldn't take credit.

At last, after six years of spiritual

preparation I was ready to take off. The site was a church parking lot, not the big stadium I was accustomed to, but the action was the same as before. I'd begin with some "wheelies" while I circled the lot, then get ready for the big jump.


At the climactic moment I headed toward a long row of barrels and a flaming 16-by-8-foot fiberboard placed at the end of the long jump. I felt myself airborne over the barrels, then I was through the blazing wall and on the ground again.

But unlike those earlier times the show wasn't over. Not yet. Not until I had shared my testimony and invited onlookers to accept God's forgiveness.

Wherever I go, that's how the show works. Many towns give the ministry front-page coverage but that's for the Lord, not me. He gets all the credit because the show belongs to Him. The same goes for TV interviews and public performances.

I always want the show to center around the person of Jesus Christ, not my stunts. People may forget my name or how far or what hurdle I jumped, but when the show is over I want them to know that knowing Jesus Christ is more thrilling than being a stuntman. I want each person who hears me or reads my testimony to know that he, too, may experience this exciting life in Christ. □

The Six Steps to Salvation on page 31 is a helpful guide to any person seeking this satisfying life. Additional help may be obtained by dialing Prayerline, (714) 754-1400.



This humorous testimony, with its skillful use of colloquialism and vivid descriptions, may make it difficult to believe that Paul Yarbrough is not a professional standup comic. He is, however, a successful investor in stocks and oil.

One of the big turning points of my life happened during the gas scare of 1974. You remember, that was the first time you had to sit in line for a gallon of gas, and they wouldn't even give you a free Bugs Bunny glass for it. They even started cutting down the amount of gas you could use in car races, and a few poor guys have run out of fuel just feet away from the finish.

A friend of mine at that time who owned a Volkswagen dealership had been filled with the Holy Ghost for

fore I knew it I was in Weatherford, Texas selling Lincolns at a time when everybody but Arab oil sheiks was buying bicycles.

Now before I go any further, maybe I oughta explain a little bit about myself. I was raised down in Mississippi, during Hoover's campaign. That was when cotton was about a nickel a pound. I was the worst plowhand on the place. (I got two opinions on that—mine and my daddy's.) I just didn't have my heart in it. I was kind of a daydreamer, and the only thing I

DEALER'S CHOICE

PAUL YARBROUGH, Field Representative, Fort Worth, Texas

about a month. They say we oughta lock 'em up for the first six months, and that's just what I thought should be done with my buddy when he told me he was going to sell his dealership. Why, people were just flocking in for the privilege of buying one of them little bugs! When he asked me what I thought he oughta do with his money, I told him to buy himself some land. He followed my advice, but a few days later he was back to break the news that God wanted him to buy a Lincoln dealership.

"Man, people ain't been buying their cars for eight months," I said.

"Well," he said, "that may be so, but God wants you in with me."

I figured he needed a little practice hearing the voice of God, but then be-

wanted to do was get big enough to get away from there.

Well, the day came when I did just that. I got myself a job selling magazines in Chicago. Before that little deal was over with, plowing that mule was about to look glamorous. The only thing got me out of that situation was Pearl Harbor. I was so bad off I figured hand-to-hand combat couldn't be any worse than grappling to get somebody to part with the price of a year's subscription.

So my brilliant idea was to join the Marine Corps. I sat down and had a real heart-to-heart with this nice recruiter, and he promised to make me an aerial photographer. I want to share this with you: everything me and that sergeant talked about, not a

bit of it has ever come true to this very day.

Instead, they made me an infantry machine gunner and several close shaves later I found myself in a hospital in New Caledonia. I picked up a book there that said the average life span of a machine gunner in combat is 46 seconds. I figured I'd done better than average, all right, but now that I knew the odds I didn't much want back in the game. I had what they call "mixed emotions" when they told me I wouldn't have to go back to the front.

Back in the states, I had just one thing on my mind and that was to get them dollar bills together. I thought if you could gather up enough of 'em in one place at one time you could be happy. Well, the dollar bills started to add up, but it didn't seem to make any difference. The more I put together, the more I spent and the more things I had to do to entertain ol' Paul. That got to be my fulltime job—entertaining ol' Paul.

Then's about when folks started saying, "Ol' Paul's a fine feller but he drinks too much." And I'd always come back with, "I can quit any time I want to." Only thing was, I never got around to wanting to.

Finally I did get around to wanting to—and found out I couldn't. That's when a living hell set in around me and my household. The only prayer I could come up with was to ask the Lord when I'd go to sleep just not to let me wake up. I thank Him today for *unanswered* prayers.

I went to every drying-out hole in America, and if they ever put together a tour of those places I could easily be the guide. I went to Warm Springs, Hot Springs, Glenwood Springs and a few other springs I can't remember. Even the folks at Alcoholics Anonymous couldn't square me away. They give you a cigarette lighter if you can stay sober one day at a time for a year. (I guess they figure smoking ain't as bad as drinking. At least you never see a man in the gutter from smoking too many cigarettes.) Anyway, they give you this lighter with your initials on it. But you know, I struck matches for 10 years. Couldn't get me a Zippo! Drunk awhile, sober awhile. I was miserable . . . miserable.

Then a miracle happened. My wife and a couple of other ladies prayed me into a prayer meeting. I know it had to be a miracle because I had no desire to be there, and that's the understatement of the decade. I had me a king-sized hangover and I figured there wasn't but one thing that could cure me and that was a drink of whiskey.

So there I sat in that prayer meeting, and all I could pray was, "God, get me out of here and into a bar where I can get some emergency treatment." Thank God for one more unanswered prayer.

Well, this thing went on and on and finally I heard somebody say, "Let's pray." I kind of perked up then because, most religious gatherings I'd been to, when somebody says, "Let's

I kept
thinking
about that
drink...



pray," it's all over with. Not this bunch, though. Then some wiseacre says, "Let's pray for ol' Paul," and before I

could object there were hands all over me. They prayed and prayed and prayed some more, and the whole time I just kept thinking about that drink I'd promised myself as soon as this ordeal was over.

Finally they turned me loose and I went straight home to the liquor cabinet and poured me an extra big snort. Well, I started to drink that thing—but then I set it down. Picked it up, set it down again. Then I walked off to another part of the house. I came back and made another pass at it. But you know, as bad as I knew I needed it I couldn't take it.

And here's the truth. I haven't taken that drink up to and including this day, and that's been over 14 years ago.

Now, that wasn't the end of it, of course. A few days later I got finagled into picking up an evangelist at the airport. My objective was to unload him as soon as possible, but God saw to it that I was in church that night when the evangelist gave his testimony. You know what his testimony was? He had been a drunk just like me! Drank himself out of an executive job with a big advertising outfit, went the whole rumdum route, even went to AA just like I did. Only difference between him and me was, he got his Zippo. Then this old boy had a spiritual experience with Jesus and ended up in the ministry.

I went to hear him preach every night after I heard his testimony, and a few days later I found myself driving

south towards Palestine, Texas for a big Methodist camp meeting.

Well, Waterloo hit me there at the meeting one night. We were in one of those sharing groups, you know, and there was an old boy across from me and, man, he had alky written all over him. His face looked like a Texas and Tennessee road map. Pretty soon the group leader asks for prayer requests and this old boy says, "I want you to pray for my brother. He's a alcoholic." I started working him over in my mind, thinking, "Man, *you're* the alky and you're blaming your poor ol' brother."

All at once this voice said, "I don't know anyone who's more capable of praying for that than Paul." I want to tell you, that changed my thought pattern in a hurry. I wasn't much up on public praying and I suppose shorter prayers have been said, but only in emergencies.

Anyway, when I prayed something happened inside me. God honored that little dinky prayer, touched my life and took away all the desire for alcohol. And that vacuum I'd always felt inside somehow got filled, and I know it was Jesus who came in and filled it.

After the meeting I was walking across the compound with this dentist fella and for some reason I just blurted out, "I ain't never going to drink no more whiskey." When I said that he started laughing. He grabbed me and hugged me. I started trying to bust loose from him but he wouldn't let me go. I wasn't used to that kind of

carryings-on, but later on I found out what was happening. The Bible says that when a soul gets saved all the angels rejoice, and this old boy was just rejoicing right along with 'em. The only thing was, he was kind of overdoing it.

Well, one morning I was sitting on a log talking to the Lord and I said, "Lord, I'll do anything You want me to do, no matter what it is." I'd made deals like that before to get out of jail and such like. But this wasn't the same, and God knew it and took me up on it. Pretty soon I found myself working with alcoholics. Did that for over four years, and I want to tell you I don't recommend that line of work to people I like. Only thing I can say is, there weren't a whole lot of people in line trying to take my job away from me. It showed me for sure, though, that Ol' Man Barleycorn treats us all the same, whether you're a farmer, schoolteacher, race driver, banker, doctor or preacher. All sorts of people came my way and many of 'em are still sober today, many of 'em came to know Jesus as Lord and Saviour, many of 'em got filled with the Holy Ghost, and a bunch are out there today carrying the Word.

Now, what does all this have to do with the gas scare of '74?

Well, even after I was saved it was a long time before I could accept in my heart some of the things the Holy Ghost will have us do. God showed me miracle after miracle. He even healed me of my old war injuries, and

that's a story in itself. But some of us, see, have so much pride that God just sort of has to peel us down layer by layer. He'd been doing that pretty good with me, but now here I was in Weatherford, Texas and we needed some kind of miracle to sell those Lincolns.

So one day me and my partner asked God for somebody to come and pray over the business. Few days later, we were entertaining some monogrammed-shirt types from Detroit when this fella walks onto the floor lugging two suitcases and announces, "The Lord sent me here to pray for your business."

I looked around real careful to see if the Detroit guys heard it, and when I saw they hadn't I kinda whispered, "Let's go pray in the office."

"Hallelujah!" the fella shouts. "Glor-y to God!" By now I had a kind of pleading tone in my voice. "Why don't we go in the office?"

He sat right down on the floor and started to pray. I wanted to pray too, but not under those conditions.

Then this woman came in to pick up her car. "Here," I told the guy, "I want you to pray over this woman's car. Is that all right, ma'am?" The woman said it was, and the guy laid hands on the car and started praying all over it. Then he prayed for the lady. The fella that brought the car out from the shop took off running. The boys from Detroit just gaped at us. The girls in the office, the mechanics and the parts guys were looking at us like

a treeful of owls.

I felt like such a fool but it just didn't matter anymore. I turned around and told that guy to pray for every wrench, every screwdriver, every piece of equipment in the whole place. And I looked straight at the guys from Detroit when I said it.

Meantime, that lady has big chill bumps on her arms, and I can tell she got something from God that wasn't on the accessory list. And the fella with the suitcases is marching around the building seven times, and it doesn't matter to me if it falls down or not.

That was the turning point for me—when I finally turned it all over to God and decided that it was all right to be a fool if I could be a fool for Christ's sake.

Let me tell you, it's one thing to meet together and worship, but when God puts you on a showroom floor or in the middle of a bank or hotel lobby, that's when you learn whether or not you're ashamed of Christ and His gospel. I believe the day is coming, if it's not already here, when we have to confess with our mouths whose side we're on. Jesus is coming back real soon and every knee'll bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, and we oughta get in practice right now.

It's been a long road to bring this old alky to a place of total surrender to God. But I tell you what, if He could do it for ol' Paul He can sure do it for you. □

HAYSEED



HAROLD "HAYSEED" STEVENS, Oil Consultant, Weatherford, Texas



Still hung over, I straddled the back of the jittery prize bull. His indignant snorts and twitching muscles told me he couldn't wait to buck me to the ground, once we cleared the chute.

In the reality of the morning light, I was less confident than I had been the night before in the semi-darkness of the Oklahoma bar-restaurant and the haze of half a dozen drinks. More than just my body and reputation would be riding that bull, which—for a year on the rodeo circuit—had thrown

everyone who had dared mount him.

I had bet \$1,000!

The whole thing had come about suddenly, unexpectedly.

Over a bourbon and water, one of the Oklahomans had boasted that nobody could ride that mean bull. Such a statement doesn't go unchallenged by a proud Texan.

So there I was as the bull charged out, bucking higher and higher. Jostled and bounced, I clung as if my life depended upon it. Then I understood why this bull was a champion. He knew every trick. I began to slip to one side, the ground coming up fast. I could see the self-image of Hayseed Stevens tarnished, the \$1,000 disappearing, and hear the triumphant laughter of the Oklahomans.

Stubborn, hardheaded, determined, I jerked myself upright, vowing that no bull was going to throw me. And what do you know? After what seemed a forever of vicious bounces and instant black-and-blue spots, I felt the bull gradually slow down, finally becoming reluctantly docile.

That was it.

Winning had always seemed natural—although, as I think of my start in life, I can't quite understand why.

Born not far from Abilene, Texas in the town of Tye (too small to have its own zip code), I was the only child at home to do chores for my sharecropper parents: slopping hogs, feeding cows and chickens, milking, and picking cotton. (My sister, 13 years older, had left home during my infancy.)

We didn't originate poverty but we had all the benefits of it. Debts always seemed several laps ahead of our income, \$500 gross in 1952. After selling milk and eggs to make money for clothing and other necessities we usually subsisted on watery gravy with bread.

My early days were all work and no play—chores before and after school and on weekends. Although some of my clothes came from the store, my shirts were usually made by my mother from feedsacks.

Sundays were a little easier, mostly services at Tye's First Baptist Church, where my father was a deacon. Nobody beat our family in attendance. During a revival at the old rustic tabernacle when I was nine I listened to a preacher's explanation of the plan of salvation—at my mother's urging—and was moved. That very night I invited Jesus Christ to be my Saviour and Lord.

Three years later I had to make a crucial decision. Once I graduated from the seventh grade, I had to make up my mind whether I was going back to the cotton patch and farm for the rest of my life or transfer to Abilene and complete my education.

I decided in favor of Abilene. Competitive sports attracted me. Despite my small size—five feet, nine inches and 145 pounds—I was a scrappy football player.

At that point I had the nickname "Hayseed" thrust upon me by a teammate who had made the mistake

of spending the night at our house, becoming involved in evening and morning chores and not getting enough sleep. During the first period at school the teacher woke him from slumber and asked for an explanation. My friend responded, pointing at me:

"If you had spent the night at the house of that hayseed, you'd understand." And I've been Hayseed Stevens ever since.

I gave everything I had to sports. Winning was what it was all about.



We won three state championships while I was in high school, winning 50 straight games.

Offered scholarships by several colleges, I chose Hardin-Simmons University. The football coach was Slingshot Sammy Baugh, formerly of the Washington Redskins and one of the greatest passers of all time.

A second factor influenced my decision. I was certain that there must be more to Christianity than I had yet experienced. It was my hope that fulltime Christian service would be the remedy to bring relief of an ulcer-like gnawing within. Religious education was among the disciplines offered by this church-related college, and I chose it as my major.

The conflict inside me was as rough as that on any gridiron—religious education versus football. The game gradually became my god. I worshiped it, gave it my all.

Hardin-Simmons won the Border Conference championship in 1958 with me at quarterback. Then in 1960 according to NCAA figures I led the nation's quarterbacks in passing statistics, was voted "Outstanding Collegiate Passer in the Nation," and in the Copper Bowl All-Star Game I was voted "Most Inspirational Player and Outstanding Back." These accomplishments led to my being signed by a professional football team, the New York Titans, forerunner of the New York Jets.

Married to my high school sweetheart Mary Gene, and with a small child, I took leave of absence from the team to be with my family during a crisis, never rejoining the Titans.

Instead, I launched myself in a lucrative business career—oil, investments, insurance, real estate, marketing. I made fortunes, lost them and made others, buying everything that's supposed to make a person happy—

big home, expensive foreign cars. But it was all emptiness, a round hole in me. I had tried to shove a football into it, but it wouldn't fit. Then I had tried the whiskey bottle. That didn't fit. Neither did prestige, pride or ego.

In desperation I turned to the Bible, opening it at random. My searching finger found John 20, about Jesus appearing to Mary and Martha after His resurrection. In that moment it was revealed to me that the Saviour whom I had accepted as a poor farm boy is alive today. He is not just the risen friend of Mary or Martha, who lived 2,000 years ago. The miracle-working Son of God is my Lord, too.

God filled that vacuum within, and He continues to fill me. Jesus baptized me in His Holy Spirit. My prayer language has been important since the day I first received it.

That happened when I was alone in an El Paso hotel. Frustrated by an unworkable business deal, I threw myself on the bed, crying out to God for a solution. The Holy Spirit brought Romans 8:26 to mind, that even when we don't know what to pray for, the Spirit intercedes for us with groanings that cannot be uttered. I believed it, asked for it and experienced it. Within an hour the problem that I could not solve was settled. Praise God!

In reflection, I handled my newfound faith with the finesse of a full-back crashing through a wall of linemen. I knew my parents would be excited; they'd been praying for me for

20 years. Man, I hit the front door, grabbed Mother and Daddy and shouted, "Praise God, the Lord has filled me with the power of the Holy Spirit!" They jumped back and cried, "Oh, no, not that much!"

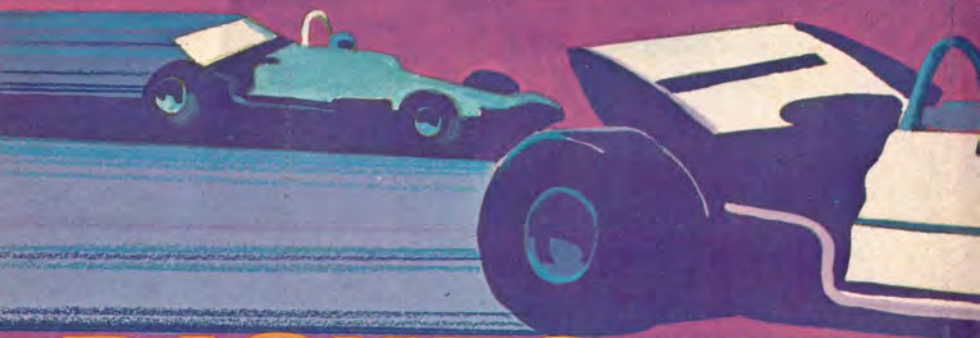
Next I ran home and told my wife, and she reacted the same way. (Since then my wife, two sons, our daughter, my mother and father have all received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.)

I closed a highly profitable business to become a fulltime evangelist, traveling and giving my testimony from Maine to Mexico, from small-town churches to a maximum-security prison in Ohio, and as far away as Alaska and Indonesia.

Recently God directed me back into the oil business as a consultant and gave me this promise: "And I will give you treasures hidden in the darkness, secret riches; and you will know that I am doing this" (Isaiah 45:3, LB). True to His Word, He has been doing it. On our very first venture God miraculously gave us a flowing well in the midst of 11 dry holes.

Another scripture He gave me explains why He is blessing me: "... so that there will not only be enough for your own needs, but plenty left to give joyfully to others" (2 Corinthians 9:8b, LB).

Had I remained in the game, today I would be a retired professional football player reading clippings of victories past. Instead, Christ has made me a player and, thank God, I'm on the winning team. □



BACK TO INDY



MEL KENYON
Race Driver
Lebanon, Indiana

The track at Langhorne, Pennsylvania is famous for eating up drivers. It runs uphill and downhill for a mile around corners and is very narrow, with absolutely no straightaways. On a blazing Sunday afternoon in June, 1965 the track nearly claimed another victim—me.

I was running in eighth place when my motor started rattling badly. I knew it was coming apart. Finally a rod flew loose, sawing the engine in two and spilling oil on the tires. Moments later I hit the fence with the left side of the car. My head ricocheted off the roll cage, knocking me out as the car burst into flames. There I lay in my car, melting. When they finally put out the fire and pulled me loose I had third-degree burns over 40 percent of my body.

At the Burn Center in San Antonio I had plenty of time to think about the events leading up to Langhorne. Doctors said I'd be in the hospital nine



months, which seemed like eternity to a guy who had never been inside a hospital longer than for a visit.

I was a depression baby, born in 1933 to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Kenyon in DeKalb, Illinois. My father, an automobile mechanic, moved our family when I was two years old to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where Dad found work repairing refrigerators. As I grew, I became interested in mechanics.

The idea of becoming a race driver hit me when I was 13 years old. My brother Don and I, walking to Sunday school, passed a sleek midget race car parked in a gas station and my eyes just about popped out. It was an old homemade car, painted silver with a big red "O" on the side. That afternoon my dad took Don and me to our first race at a small dirt track outside town.

Eventually I drove stock cars in competition, and in 1958 Don and I became partners on a midget car. Don

handled the mechanics and I became the driver of our team.

In 1964 I married Marieanne Neumann, a commercial artist. Marieanne had never seen a race car before but she learned about them quickly. That same year our team won its first of five national midget championships and the following spring we headed for Indianapolis.

We had won all three midget races entered prior to the Indy time trials and things were really looking up. I was sure that I had the same control over my life and destiny as I had over my car, but I was about to learn that I really had very little control over any of these things.

During my qualifying run I averaged 153.5 miles per hour, a time that held up until I was bumped from the field by Bill Cheesebourn. There wasn't time to climb into another car and try to get back in the field, but I was sure

(Please turn to page 24)

INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORS UNITED STATES

ALABAMA: William Abercrombie, 1413 Woodland Ave., Birmingham 35211 • Wilford A. Baugh, Jr., 105 Andrews Ave., Enterprise 36330. **ALASKA:** Guy Whitney, P.O. Box 60489, Fairbanks 99706. **ARIZONA:** William Pyatt, 136 Eastwood Dr., Phoenix 85022 • Bryan Smith, P.O. Box 1469, Glendale 85311 • Carl Williams (Treasurer Emeritus), 5919 E. Edgemont, Scottsdale 85257. **ARKANSAS:** Ray Parsons, 1811 South 47th, Ft. Smith 72903 • Larry Tedder, 12 Dunfretlin Pl., N. Little Rock 72116. **CALIFORNIA:** Miner Arganbright, P.O. Box 8586, La Crescenta 91214 • Enoch Christoffersen, P.O. Box 337, Turlock 95380 • Jim Coffaro, 6616 Dublin Blvd., Dublin 94566 • Peter Congelliere, 18392 Old Lamplighter Cl., Villa Park 92667 • Frank Cordeiro, 5305 Rockport Ct., Newark 94560 • Chuck Damato, P.O. Box 58, Agoura 91301 • Frank Foglio, 3553 Syracuse Ave., San Diego 92122 • Bob Harrison, 811 S. Grand Ave., Santa Ana 92705 • Arthur Nersasian, 27649 Via Rodrigo, Mission Viejo 92692 • Cliff Powell, 5250 Huntington Dr., Redding 96002 • Demos Shakarian, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa 92626 • Steve Shakarian, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa 92626 • Ronny Svenhard, 335 Adeline St., Oakland 94607. **COLORADO:** Elmer Lewis, P.O. Box 236, Strausburg 80136 • Adair Rippey, Box 138, New Castle 81647 • Gerald Walker, P.O. Box 355, Denver 80201. **CONNECTICUT:** Luke Sanford, 20 Chidsey Rd., Avon 06001. **FLORIDA:** Charles Crisafulli, 310 Jeremy Court, Merritt Island 32952 • Albert D'Arpa, P.O. Box 82381, Tampa 33682 • Dr. W.D. Fowler, 1501 Big Tree Rd., Neptune Beach 32233 • Russ Gray, 1001 N.E. 86th St., Miami 33138 • Russell Linenkohl, 330 Country Club Lane, Atlantic Beach 32233 • Alexander Malachuk, 2982 Meadow Wood, Clearwater 33519 • Ralph Marinacci, 7033 S. Lagoon Dr., Panama City 32407 • Sam Rudd, Dublin-Downes, 5420 Pimlico Dr., Tallahassee 32303. **GEORGIA:** Kermit Bradford, 2512 Bryan Ct., East Point 30344 • Lynwood Maddox, P.O. Box 49161, Atlanta 30359. **HAWAII:** John Witwer, 1015 Lanaai Place, Kailua 96734. **IDAHO:** James Howell, 1984 Panama St., Boise 83705. **ILLINOIS:** Henry Carlson, 564 W. Fulton, Chicago 60606 • Howard Hite, R.R. #1, Box 6D, Dalton City 61925. **INDIANA:** Ray Bullard, 1905 Homewood, Mishawaka 46544 • Wesley Smith, 5105 Road 31 South, Peru 46970. **IOWA:** Harold B. Brown, P.O. Box 304, Lohrville 51453 • Duane McLean, 1668 13th St. N.W., Cedar Rapids 52405. **KANSAS:** Paul Farmer, 801 East Mt. Vernon, Wichita 67211. **KENTUCKY:** Robert Shelley, 3000 Mississippi, Paducah 42001 • William Miles, P.O. Box 55, Neon 41840. **LOUISIANA:** Anthony J. Amoroso, 834 Marlborough, Baton Rouge 70815 • Floyd E. Crowson, 1893 Debney Dr., Baton Rouge 70816. **MAINE:** Richard E. Crockett, RFD #3, Gardiner 04345. **MARYLAND:** Charles P. Hoffman, 17 Severn River Rd., Severna Park 21146 • James E. Johnson, 2816 Blue Spruce Ln., Wheaton 20906 • Charles Nash, Sr., 6302 Orchard Road, Linthicum 21090. **MASSACHUSETTS:** Ernie Tavilla, 9 John Poulter Rd., Lexington 02173. **MICHIGAN:** John Ninowski, 28575 Greenfield, Suite #108, Southfield 48076 • Joseph Ninowski, 1931 Rathmor, Bloomfield Hills 48013. **MINNESOTA:** Lee Nystrom, 8108 Excelsior Blvd., Ste. F&G, Minneap-

olis 55416 • Donald Sjelin, 3806 Allendale Ave., Duluth 55803. **MISSISSIPPI:** Dr. William Keller, P.O. Box 625, Laurel 39440. **MISSOURI:** Robert Engle, P.O. Box 54, Shelbyville 63469 • Walter Moors, R.R. #1, Box 282, Arnold 63010 • Claude McCullay, 6510 Leschen, St. Louis 63121 • Bill Norwood, 11601 Oak St., Kansas City 64114. **MONTANA:** Maxim Krikorian, R. #1, Box 231, Glasgow 59230 • Mel Tombre, Box 288 R.R., Savage 59262. **NEBRASKA:** Robert Hensel, 708 E. 28th St., Kearney 68847 • Adrian Siviniski, 4515 So. 134th St., Omaha 68137. **NEW HAMPSHIRE:** Richard J. Morin, 264 Dover Point Rd., Dover 03820. **NEW JERSEY:** Earl Prickett, 735 No. Hurffville, Deptford 08096. **NEW MEXICO:** Clem Dixon, 4807 Constitution Ne, Albuquerque 87110. **NEW YORK:** Louis Abate, 1520 Ardsley Pl., Schenectady 12308 • Curtis Dorell, 3-East Grove St., Massapequa 11758 • Fred Lawrence, 16 Burgett Dr., Homer 13077 • James A. McDonald, 79 Norcrest Dr., Rochester 14617. **NORTH CAROLINA:** Don Evans, P.O. Box 1117, Rocky Mount 27801 • Reidy Lawing, 6520 Grove Park Blvd., Charlotte 28215 • Ogburn Yates, P.O. Box 100, Asheboro 27203. **OHIO:** Blains Amburgy, 7 No. Broadway, Lebanon 45036 • Cosmo de Bartolo, 8125 Glenwood Ave., Youngstown 44512 • James McKeegan, 2119 North Ridge Rd., Findlay 45840 • Carlton Milbrandt, 7111 Bigler Rd., Centerville 45459. **OKLAHOMA:** Dr. Lloyd Hunyenger, Box 7, Collinsville 74021 • Bill R. Weaver, 9213 Knightsbridge Road, Oklahoma City 73132. **OREGON:** Jerry Lausmann, P.O. Box 1608, Medford 97501 • Edwin Sheets, 190 Main, Hermiston 97838. **PENNSYLVANIA:** Henry W. Baxter, 135 E. Greenwood Ave., Lansdowne 19050 • Nick Cardone, 11500 Norcom Rd., Philadelphia 19154 • Angelo Ferri, Box 229, Yardley 19067 • Dr. Jack Herd, 2704 Market, Camp Hill 17011 • Foley Selvaggi, 1250 West Wylie Ave., Washington 15301. **RHODE ISLAND:** Carlin Nash, 15 Lakeside Dr., Narragansett 02882. **SOUTH CAROLINA:** Al Duren, 248 Mike Dr., N.E., Orangeburg 29115 • W.E. Shaw, 1000 Botany Rd., Greenville 29607. **TENNESSEE:** Hoyt Elliott, 704 Clearview, Nashville 37205 • David Spatafora, 901 Eastview Circle, N.W., Cleveland 37311. **TEXAS:** Tom Ashcraft, 11719 Bolero Court, Stafford 77477 • L.D. Harvey, P.O. Box 1614, Huntsville 77340 • Sherwin McCurdy, P.O. Box 3369, Irving 75061 • Virgil Mott, 131 Lombardy Dr., Sugarland 77478 • Glen Norwood, 807 Sugar Creek Blvd., Sugarland 77478 • Norman Norwood, 8 Charleston So., Sugarland 77478 • Roger Rappe, 8321 Vardeland Dr., El Paso 79907 • Garland Solomon, 303 Sunset Dr., Hereford 79045 • Donald Spear, 7224 Canongate Dr., Dallas 75248. **UTAH:** Victor J. Martinez, 6833 Village Green Rd., Salt Lake City 84121. **VERMONT:** David P. Wells, Box 43, Saxtons River 05154. **VIRGINIA:** William Besmer, 124 Beechwood Hills, Newport News 23602 • Ed Goings, 9329 Battle St., Manassas 22110 • Robert Harvey, 3104 Biscayne Dr., Chesapeake 23321 • Freeman Meadows, 90 Ashby Ave., Elkton 22827 • Col. Speed Wilson, Drawer 1, Hot Springs 24445. **WASHINGTON:** Fred Doerflin, 902 N.E. 65th St., Seattle 98115 • Arthur Evanson, P.O. Box 244, Vancouver 98666 • Don Ostrom, 36256 S.E. Fish Hatchery Rd., Fall City 98024 • Leonard Sampson, E. 17611 Applegate, Greenacres 99016 • Don Skidmore, P.O. Box 13, Yakima 98907. **WEST VIRGINIA:** William Warnock, Box 7547, Huntington 25777. **WISCONSIN:** Richard Bonson, Box 610, Eagle River 54521 • Merlyn R. Peters, 3741 S. 71st St., Milwaukee 53220. **WYOMING:** Donald Humphreys, 6413 Merritt Rd., Cheyenne 82001. **HONO-**

RARY DIRECTORS: Dr. John Barton, 12 Finger Ln., W. Hartford, CT 06107 • S. Lee Braxton (V.P. Emeritus), 8555 S. Lewis Ave., Tulsa, OK 74136 • Francis Nelson, 469 Elm Ave., Rahway, N.J. 07065.

GLOBAL

AUSTRALIA: Bernard Gray, AN.Z. Bank Chambers, 16 Old Cleveland Rd., Stones Corner, 4120 Brisbane • Harold Lawrence, Town House 3, 10 Anderson St., Templestowe 3106, Victoria • Ronald Oastler, P.O. Box 57, Beecroft 2119, New South Wales. **CANADA:** Paul Beesley, P.O. Box 6037, Sta. A, St. John, New Brunswick E2L 4R5 • Stewart Berlett, 6700 Finch Ave. West, #900 Rexdale, Ontario M9W 5P5 • J. Keith Davis, 454 Barkley Rd., Kelowna, B.C. V1W 1E3 • Jim Jarvis, Box 483, Westlock, Alberta T0G 2L0 • Norm Roberts, 19 Riverside Blvd., Thornhill, Ontario L4J 1H4 • Larry Snelgrove, 44 Long Bourne Dr., Apt. 404, Weston, Ontario M9R 2M6 • Ernie Voth, Box 97, Thorold, Ontario L2V 3Y7 • Dennis Wilson, 14616 55th St., Edmonton, Alberta T5A 2N4. **COSTA RICA:** Marco Antonio Perez, P.O. Box 10274, San Jose. **CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA:** Sir Lionel Luckhoo, P.O. Box 163, Georgetown, Guyana • Newman B. Peyton, 135 Concordia, Katy, Texas 77450. **CHINA:** Herbert E. Ellingwood, 812 J St., Sacramento 95814. **ALL EUROPE:** Steve Lightle, 21409 S.E. 19th St., Issaquah, WA 98027, U.S.A. **ENGLAND:** Robert R. Spilman, "Elsterne," Toft Rd., Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 9EB. **FRANCE:** Marcel Banoun, 2 Rue du Bel-Air, 92190 Meudon. **GERMANY:** Adolf Zinsler, 7067 Pluderhausen, Postfach 147, West Germany. **INDIA:** T.V. Thomas, Thekathundiylil, Kuzhikala P.O., PIN 689644, Kerala State. **INDIA:** Kevin Louis Fernandez, 70 A Hill Rd., Bandra Bombay 50, Maharashtra 400 050. **ISRAEL:** Dr. Larry Samuels, Jerusalem Christian Embassy, 22 Rehov Rashbat, Jerusalem. **KENYA:** Gerishon N. Kibarabara, P.O. Box 49578, Nairobi. **NEW ZEALAND:** Robert Horton, P.O. Box 33.424, Takapuna, Auckland 9. **NIGERIA:** Daniel E. Uwadiae, P.M.B. 1405, Benin City. **NORWAY:** Kare H. Nordlie, 190 Bleikerasen 190, 1370 Asker • Sophus Schanche, P.O. Box 175, 5040 Paradis. **PHILIPPINES:** Narciso Padilla, P.O. Box 4557, Manila. **PUERTO RICO:** Dr. Saul Monge, P.O. Box 20697, Rio Piedras 00928. **REPUBLIC OF SINGAPORE:** Khoo Oon Theam, 62 Middle Road, Singapore 7. **SOUTH AFRICA:** Bob Trench, 189 Stamford Hill Rd., Durban. **SWEDEN:** J. Gunnar Olson, Varbovagen 25, S 70230, Orebro. **SWITZERLAND:** Gunnar Muhlig, 23 Bockhornstr., CH. 8047 Zurich. **WEST INDIES:** Charles A. Maynard, P.O. Box 147, Roseau, Dominica • Kyffin Simpson, P.O. Box 98, Bridgetown.

HEADQUARTERS' MAILING ADDRESSES

WORLD HEADQUARTERS: P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626. **AUSTRALIAN OFFICE:** AN.Z. Bank Chambers, 16 Old Cleveland Rd., Stones Corner 4120, Brisbane. **CANADIAN OFFICE:** Humber Tower, 6700 Finch Ave. West, #510 Rexdale, Ontario, Canada M9W 5P5. **EAST AFRICA:** P.O. Box 52850, Nairobi, Kenya. **EUROPEAN OFFICE:** 214 Ave. Franklin Roosevelt, 1050 Brussels, Belgium. **NEW ZEALAND:** P.O. Box 33.424, Takapuna, Auckland 9. **NORWAY:** Huitfeldtsgt. 12, Oslo 2. **SOUTH AFRICA:** 817 Game Centre, West Street, Durban 4001 • Heathgate, 258 Smit St., Johannesburg. **WEST AFRICA:** P.M.B. 1405, Benin City, Nigeria.



The Three-fold Purpose of the 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.*

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

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

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



February 6, 1979 was a cold, blustery day in Hot Springs, Arkansas. I had gone to the track early that morning to race in an upcoming meet. It was a familiar routine; I had been licensed over a hundred times in more than 20 states during my 17 years as a jockey.

The head steward took me completely off guard. "I'm sorry, Eddie, you'll have to come back tomorrow. We can't get a printout on your past record. I'm going to have to check into this further before you can be licensed."

I left his office and walked along the

backstretch brethren

EDDIE DONNALLY, Jockey, Crystal Beach, Florida



rail bordering the racetrack where the local TV station was filming a spot about the new race meeting. Little did I dream that before the day was over I'd be in front of those same cameras.

I just happened to glance back in the direction of the steward's office in time to see two well-dressed men come out and walk toward the nearby parking lot. I realized at once who they were. Since there seemed no need to delay the inevitable I went to meet them.

"Eddie Donnally?" the tall one asked. "FBI. We have a warrant for your arrest. You have been indicted in

the state of Massachusetts for sports bribery."

I got into the agents' car as they directed, and rode in silence to the Federal Building in downtown Hot Springs, where I was photographed and fingerprinted. A few hours later I was arraigned before a magistrate. Television cameras were allowed to film the proceedings.

The next day my picture hit the front pages of the Hot Springs and Little Rock papers as well as the *Boston Globe* and *American Herald*. A shadow of suspicion was cast over my entire character. It looked like my riding career was over.

Arkansas, needless to say, refused to license me, and my wife and I and our two children returned to our home in western Florida. There the race-tracks refused even to allow me on their grounds. The only job I could find was exercising horses on a farm.

My family and I attended a small



community church in the area. Warm and supportive of us, the church members began to offer prayers on our behalf. When the pastor asked me to drive him to a Billy Graham crusade which he had helped organize at the Tampa Stadium, I was more than happy to do him the favor. It wasn't until later that I realized who was really being helped.

My wife and I listened to Dr. Graham's message with open hearts, and when he gave the invitation to accept Jesus Christ we stood, joined hands and walked together down to the floor of the stadium where hundreds of people were converging for their prayer of commitment.

I had looked for God in the past, but never had I experienced His presence as I did that night. As I asked Jesus Christ into my heart, giving Him control of my life, I felt an electric current flow through me. Tears coursed freely down my cheeks.

Asking God's forgiveness for my sins, I made a covenant with Him: "I will bring Your gospel to the racetrack if You will restore my career to make it possible."

It was now time to go to Massachusetts to stand trial. Because our entire savings had been depleted during the eight months since I had been accused, we had to move in with my wife's parents.

I had expected the trial to be a devastating experience. Instead, God used it to show me His wonderful grace and mercy. All charges were dropped, the case against me dis-

missed, and I was free to race again.

Men often, in times of deep trouble, make promises to God that are soon forgotten. I had not forgotten mine. God had kept His part of the covenant I had made with Him on the day I was saved. Now I determined to keep my part.

I returned to Hot Springs, and with the assistance of a local minister we began to hold Christian services at the track.

Next I moved to Arlington Park in Chicago. I had real difficulty finding a minister or a church willing to extend their mission to the racetrack because of the gambling that takes place there.

Finally someone put me in touch with Ed Targus of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. Ed was eager to help me.

After only a few weeks we had outgrown the tiny racetrack community center where we first began to meet, and had moved to the track cafeteria. Ed brought men to our meetings with whom the track personnel could identify—men who are living proof of the power of God's Holy Spirit to change lives.

When Christ gave the great commission in Matthew 28:19-20 I believe that He included the men, women and children of racing's backstretch community. Acts 1:8 tells us that we are to be witnesses unto Christ "both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." I am grateful that in restoring my career God put me in position to bring Christ to the racetrack. □

CONVENTIONS EASTERN AND WESTERN REGIONS

12TH INDIANA REGIONAL

April 1-4, 1981

Essex Hotel
Write: Indiana State Office
FGBMFI, P.O. Box 19032
Indianapolis, IN 46219

KANSAS REGIONAL

April 8-11, 1981

Broadview Hotel
Write: Paul Farmer
801 East Mt. Vernon
Wichita, KS 67211

COASTAL GEORGIA RALLY

April 10-11, 1981

The Buccaneer Motor Lodge
Write: Bill Holder
123 Cross Brook Drive
Brunswick, GA 31520

HOUSTON REGIONAL

April 16-18, 1981

Adams Mark Hotel
Write: FGBMFI
5855 Sovereign Dr., Ste. 124
Houston, TX 77036

PRAIRIE REGIONAL

April 23-25, 1981

Write: Martin Zip
P.O. Box 7047
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Canada S7K 4J1

PRINCE GEORGE REGIONAL RALLY

April 24-25, 1981

Delta's Inn of the North
Write: Len Tisdale
Box 61
Prince George, British Columbia
Canada V2L 4R9

FGBMFI COUPLES ADVANCE

April 24-25, 1981

Tucson Ramada Resort
Write: Frank Evans
5625 East Burns Street
Tucson, AZ 85711

MODESTO-TURLOCK

April 30-May 2, 1981

War Memorial Building
Write: Enoch Christoffersen
P.O. Box 337
Turlock, CA 95380

NORTHWEST REGIONAL

May 20-23, 1981

Red Lion Motor Inn
Write: John Wehlitz
12020 Southwest Tremont
Portland, OR 97225

28TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

June 30-July 4, 1981

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

For a complete listing of

conventions, rallies, and

advances, write to Conventions,

P.O. Box 5050,

Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

CANADA: Stoney Creek Chapter, Allard Reisiger 692-4772. **CENTRAL AMERICA:** Belize City Chapter, Jaime Guitierrez 2266. **SCOTLAND:** Edinburgh Chapter, Ronald Skivington 031-332-9911. **UNITED STATES:** **ARKANSAS:** Little Rock Chapter, Ray McCollum (501) 851-8530. **CALIFORNIA:** Susan River Conservation Center Chapter, Joe Angle Meza (no phone). **COLORADO:** Gunnison Chapter, Walt Sebring (303) 641-1308. **FLORIDA:** Hollywood Chapter, Paul Cobb (305) 981-6178; Homestead Chapter, John R. Sanderson (305) 245-0785. **GEORGIA:** Gwinnett Chapter, Oriel D. Swiger (404) 972-0195. **NEW YORK:** Mid-Island Chapter, Dominic Demalo (516) 541-4408; Pulaski Chapter, Donald White (315) 298-4062; Watertown Peace Officers for Christ Chapter, Kenneth G. Sloan (315) 788-3288. **OKLAHOMA:** Alva Chapter, Buddy Pettit (405) 327-3844. **OREGON:** Canby Chapter, Stephen Emig (no phone). **PENNSYLVANIA:** West Grove Chapter, Charles A. Allen (301) 398-1316. **SOUTH CAROLINA:** Newberry/Saluda Chapter, B.F. Poole (no phone). **TENNESSEE:** Dickson Chapter, Charles Everitt (615) 670-4173.

BACK TO INDY

(continued from page 17)

we'd be back next year.

Even as I lay in the Burn Center I was sure I'd pick up my career where I'd left it a few weeks before. I was making rapid progress—in fact, I was way ahead of schedule—when suddenly I developed an infection.

Up to that point I'd been a model patient. Although I was suffering with those third-degree burns I was learning to keep the pain under control and wasn't causing anyone much trouble. But once the infection entered the picture I discovered I didn't have it under control at all. Pus pockets, sometimes up to three inches long, formed all over my body, oozing so much fluid every morning that it ran over the edge of the bed and onto the floor. I couldn't lie down, but had to sleep sitting up on a rubber thing shaped like a donut while holding my badly burned left hand high in the air. I took out my discomfort on doctors, nurses, even my wife. Finally I got the message; there was only *one* Person who could help me get through this predicament: Jesus Christ.

Why is it that when we get into trouble we pull out our list of things to try and Christ is always at the bottom of the page? We keep checking off approaches that won't work and finally we get down to the Lord. I was no different than other people; He was at the bottom of my "help list," too. I soon discovered that He belonged at the top.



TOM REEL

**I do more with a hand
and a half than most
men with two**

There in the hospital I found Jesus Christ and discovered the big and wonderful difference He can make in one's life. Although I'd gone to Sunday school every week as a boy and was brought up in the church, I had never really accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour. I looked on going to church as a duty. It had no real meaning. Then came my accident and the long recovery period.

With Marieanne's help, I fully accepted Christ into my heart and turned my life over to Him. There was no big clap of thunder or band playing or anything like that to signal my conversion, but several days later there was definite improvement in my condition, both spiritually and physically. It was as if the dark clouds had been swept away and the sun had come into my life.

That was the turning point. My body began to heal remarkably fast, but the doctors felt it necessary to remove part of my fingers. Every time they cut away pieces of my hand I would say to myself, "This is going to make it more difficult for me to get back into racing," but I didn't lose confidence in what God could do.

During the off-season Don, my dad and I completely rebuilt our midget car in preparation for the 1966 season. We designed a glove-and-socket affair for my left hand by welding two pins to form a "T" pin, then clamping it on the steering wheel with a couple of hose clamps. Dad made a socket attached to a leather glove which fits

over the "T" pin and is locked in place. The system has proved so efficient that we never had to change it.

Sure enough, on Memorial Day, 1966 we were back at Indy where I finished fifth, some five laps behind the winner, the late Graham Hill. With the Lord's help we've won five national midget championships and missed a sixth by only four points. In addition, I've been able to finish as high as third in the "500." I've been able to do so much more with a hand and a half, and the Lord's help, than most people can accomplish with two good hands.

I've never wanted anything as much as I want to win the Indy 500. But of greater importance to me than any goal I have for my racing career is my ambition to become the best witness I can for the Lord Jesus.

I'm not a professional speaker and I don't preach or give sermons, but I've had a chance to share my faith in Christ with various groups around the country. I like to tell people that although tragedy strikes our lives because of our mistakes and human frailties, God is with us even in trying times. The Lord means a lot to me and I rely on His guidance and strength in everything I do, especially when I'm driving at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway.

Marieanne and I have come to know God through His Son Jesus Christ. I pray that through my story others will come to know Him without having to go through an unfortunate experience like mine. □

PHILADELPHIA



Philadelphia World Convention

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International

June 30—July 4, 1981

Join men and women from around the world for a new kind of family vacation in the City of Brotherly Love.

God's love will minister to you through these inspirational and challenging speakers, teachers, musicians, and more:

- **Kenneth Hagin**
- **Charles Duke**
- **Pat Robertson**
- **Father Dean Braun**
- **Oral Roberts**
- **Jim Bakker**
- **Rosey Grier**
- **Bill Subritzky**

- **Demos Shakarian**
- **Anne (Mrs. John) Gimenez**
(women's luncheon speaker)
- **Andrae Crouch**
- **Voice of Freedom choir**

Complete week-long programs for children and youth and historic tours of the city where our nation had its birth will make this an educational and life-changing experience for persons of every age.

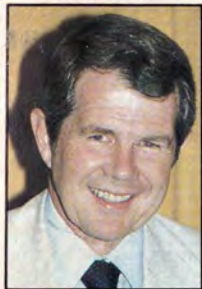
Register now for choice hotel selection and priority seating plus early-registration bonus savings.



**ORAL
ROBERTS**



**DEMOS
SHAKARIAN**



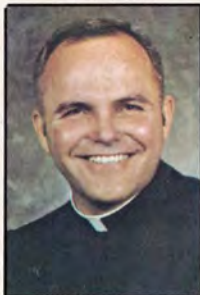
**PAT
ROBERTSON**



**JIM
BAKKER**



**KENNETH
HAGIN**



**FR. DEAN
BRAUN**

YES! I'm interested in attending the Philadelphia World Convention. Please send me the 1981 World Convention Brochure with registration and hotel information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: **World Convention
Dept., 3150 Bear Street,
Costa Mesa, CA 92626—**
or call **(714) 754-1400.**

**Come
and
Be Loved**



GOD SPEED

LOU SATTELMAIER, Drag Race Driver, Brunswick, Ohio

Talk to a few race drivers and mechanics and you'll notice a pattern about their lives. For most of them, interest in racing started as a hobby, grew into a passion and finally became a fulltime profession. That's what happened to me.

In 1971 I reached the stage where I thought seriously about making a living on wheels. I'd been working around cars for 15 years but didn't have enough money to go out on my own, nor did I have prospects of gaining a sponsor.

Even nonreligious people like me find it helpful to pray now and then, so I turned to God for advice. He surely didn't owe me any favors but He showed me in my heart that I should take the plunge and become a racing pro.

Sure enough, God led me to a nationally known oil company. They were putting together a team of drivers and I was one of 27 selected to represent the firm.

Just to be sure I didn't forget who was responsible, the Lord allowed several incidents to happen that I couldn't predict ahead of time. For instance, the company decided that the drivers should go into the schools and talk to kids at assembly programs. That definitely wasn't my bag. I'd never been able to stand in front of people and give speeches, but God gave me the strength to overcome this fear.

Then during the energy crisis of 1973-74 when the oil company eliminated 26 spots from their team, I was the only driver they kept employed. In a

way I could see that God was up to something in my life, but I still had no special commitment to Him.

In fact, I'd get ticked off when my wife played Christian records so loudly that I could hear them through closed doors and windows while I worked outside on my racing equipment.

She hadn't been that religious when we married, but one night she attended a prayer meeting at the invitation of a nun we both respected. There was a radiant glow about this little lady, and after the prayer meeting she led my wife to a personal encounter with Christ.

When my wife tried to share with me what it meant to be born again I turned her off. I got sick listening to her excitement about spiritual matters—not to mention those stupid records.

Then in August, 1975 she asked me to join her for a Christian luncheon at a construction firm. This was a regular event over there and she had invited me many times before. This time I agreed to go with her.

The speaker talked from his heart about the love of God and I began to feel strange about what I was hearing, as if the Word of God were melting me as I sat there. Before leaving that meeting I opened my life to Jesus Christ and accepted Him as my personal Saviour and Lord.

That very night I asked my wife to put on the turntable those records she'd been playing. I started listening to Christian programs on radio and television and couldn't get enough Bible study.

I guess the biggest change was getting my racing career into the right perspective. Before I met Christ, racing was the most enjoyable facet of my life; now I would rather talk about the Word of God and what the Lord is doing in the lives of people. In my new order of priorities my family comes next, with racing third.

In 1979 I realized I needed a new trailer to transport my racing car. I had envisioned a 20-foot enclosed vehicle with the Lord's name on it in sparkling letters to honor Him, but I didn't know where to start. After praying about this need, within two months I had both the plans and materials for building it. The Lord provided everything I needed, including the lettering and paint. We get many comments about the lettering as we travel, and during TV interviews the cameras zoom in on the Lord's name on the truck or on my uniform or car. In talks to groups I tell people how the Lord has wonderfully provided these things for us.

We've also been able to use the trailer for small worship services. At an Ohio rod run we held a Sunday morning service inside, and we conducted a big prayer meeting in the pits at the National Drag Races in Indianapolis. Drivers and their wives, racing officials and sponsors attended.

Sometimes we get into conversation with people about their personal needs and we're able to take them inside the trailer for prayer. The results can be dramatic. One time a mechanic working in the pit area cut his hand

and doctors were pessimistic that they could save it. They told him that he'd never be able to use that hand again. We prayed with him and after the stitches were removed his hand was as good as new. Doctors pronounced his healing a miracle.

On another occasion we visited a school where the principal's wife suffered from incurable cancer. She drove up behind our trailer and saw the words, "All things are possible with God." Through that simple verse God touched her and she received complete healing!

We're also able to share the Lord's working through radio and television interviews. Even national media people who have no commitment to the Lord seem to be interested in what we're doing for Him. God does some unusual things in this area of our witness.

I've learned to apply the Word to my activities. As I get buckled into my car before a race I repeat Bible verses and talk with God. I know He'll protect me, even when I make some serious mistakes.

I learned how valuable His care can be the day I raced an airplane. The pilot took off at full throttle and as he went over the starting line I was to accelerate from zero. The car won, but only by a few seconds. Television cameras were filming the event and I

swerved the car back toward where the crew was shooting. The brakes were overheated and wouldn't slow the car. Pumping wildly, I roared past the cameras at 100 mph.

In front of me was a fence with a busy highway beyond and planes parked wing to wing on both sides of the runway. At the last moment I saw an open space at the left, right beside the fence, and spun into the grass sidewise, narrowly missing the lanes and the fence.

As I got out I saw that it was in first gear. That had to be the Lord's doing. There's no human way I could shift from second to first, because of certain controls. Even the cameraman was touched. He came up and said, "Boy, God really *is* your Pilot!"

Another time I discovered a gasoline leak during a race. A hose had come off and the fuel injector was spraying gas all over the red-hot exhaust system. Normally there would have been a terrific blaze, but this time—nothing. It could only have been the hand of God.

I pray for every part that goes on the race car. My dependence on Christ in everyday situations as well as in the crisis moments has been a positive influence on my five children. They are learning with me that Jesus Christ is not only our Protector; He also gives life real meaning. □

*Are you in need of someone to counsel you from God's Word and to stand with you in prayer? Call **PRAYERLINE**, (714) 754-6351 or 754-6357, Monday through Friday, 8 AM to 9 PM (PST).*

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision right now: "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men."

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

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

Mail to: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship
International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

Volume 29 Number 4
April 1981

3150 Bear St.
Costa Mesa, CA 92626
(714) 754-1400

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Founder/President: Demos Shakarian

Vice Presidents

Thomas Ashcraft, Stewart Berlett,
Arthur Evanson, Norman Norwood,
Don Ostrom, Earl Prickett,
Ogburn Yates

Secretary

Lynwood Maddox

Treasurer

William E. Warnock

EDITORIAL BOARD

Chairman: Ogburn Yates;
Henry Carlson, Enoch Christoffersen

PUBLICATIONS

**Editor/Publications
Group Manager**

Nelson B. Melvin, D.D.

Managing Editor

Joan M. Squires

Editorial Assistants

Rose Hamill, Maurine Kish

Art Director: Ray Thompson
Pacific Press

Illustrations: Cornell Morton

European Editor: Fred Ladenius, Brussels
Spanish Editor: Albert D'Arpa, Tampa, Fla.

Yearly subscription: U.S.—\$3.50. Canada and
overseas—\$4.25. Bulk rate cards sent on request.
Also available in French, German, Norwegian,
Swedish and English (U.K.)—\$6.00; Spanish—\$2.00.

PRISONERS:

JESUS' SPECIAL CONCERN

Let us not love in word, neither in tongue but in deed and in truth
(1 John 3:18)

**Give SET FREE
magazine.**

Set Free magazine is an evangelistic tool to help you reach prisoners for Christ—a *Voice*-sized full-color magazine designed to give hope to readers in jail and behind prison walls.

Set Free is prisoners speaking to prisoners—powerful testimonies of men who have found freedom in Christ.

Set Free strengthens faith and helps men and women find the truth that frees . . . the secret for living . . . Jesus Christ.

Order a quantity today! If you cannot take *Set Free* to prisoners personally, your gift will enable others to reach them.

- Bundle of 100 *Set Free* @ \$25
- 50 @ \$12.50 25 @ \$7
- Send to my home
- I cannot go, but I want to be a part of this ministry.



Enclosed is my check for _____ copies of
Set Free in the amount of \$_____

Sales tax 6% (Calif. res. only) \$_____

Shipping & handling (5% of total) \$_____

TOTAL \$_____

2801-18-9999

To order, mail this page with your check (payable to FGBMFI) to *Set Free*, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

From: FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92626