

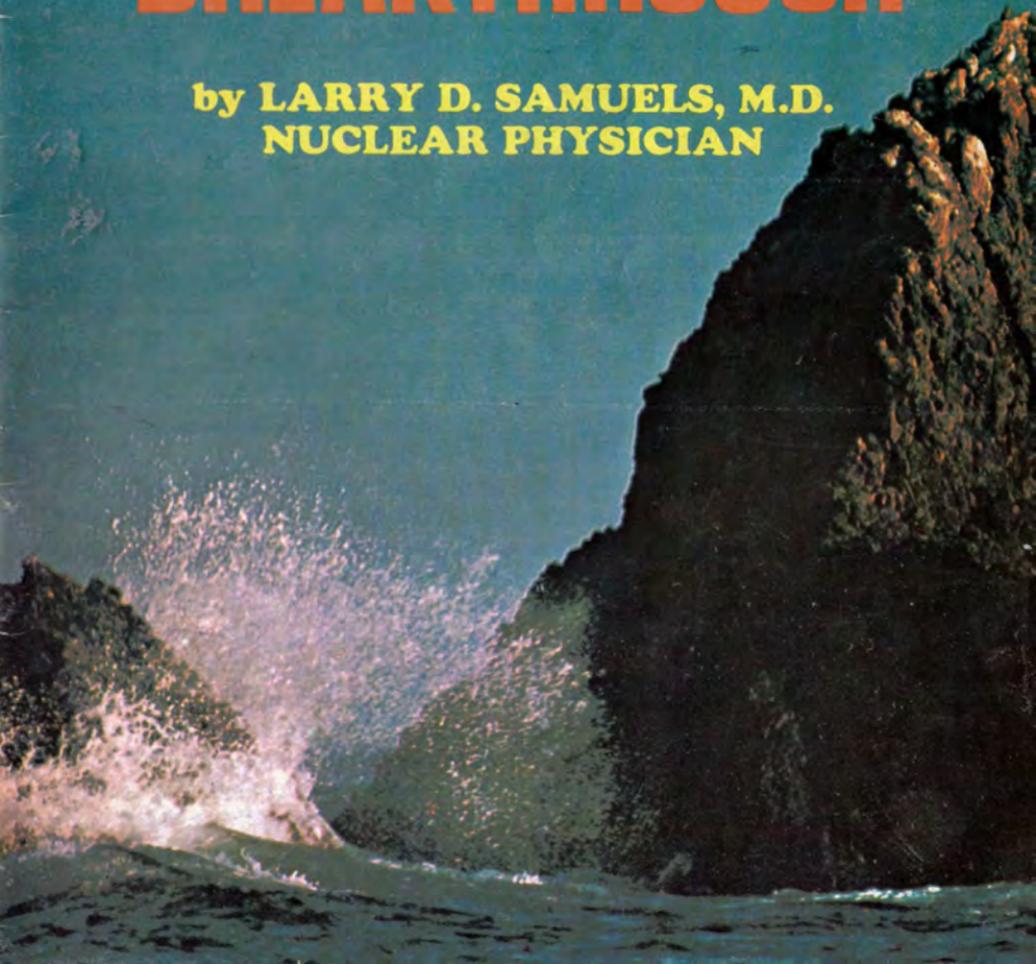
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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

BREAKTHROUGH

by **LARRY D. SAMUELS, M.D.**
NUCLEAR PHYSICIAN





BREAKTHROUGH

LARRY DAVID SAMUELS, M.D. Jerusalem, Israel

I stood alone, watching the Pacific tide smash against the rocks near my Bolinas Point home. The water exploded in spectacular liquid fragments, and with each wave I felt bitterness swell within me.

"Your life is like that," I told myself. "Smashed. Exploded. Demolished in a single day because of a lousy freak accident."

Only two and a half years earlier I had been a respected young physician, a pioneer in the field of nuclear

medicine. Now I was a physical, mental basket case with no hope of ever practicing medicine again.

It began the day I moved my family into a new home. I had no way of knowing there was a hidden killer waiting for us.

The first day we were there I became very sick and decided to stay home and rest on the couch. I became weak, dizzy, confused, every muscle painfully cramped.

"This is one terrible case of the

flu," I told myself, and slipped into a nearly fatal sleep. For it was not the flu that was making me sick; it was carbon-monoxide poisoning. Somehow the vent pipe for our gas furnace had become disconnected behind the wall and instead of being carried outside, the tasteless, odorless fumes were permeating our house.

When rescue workers miraculously appeared I was in a deep coma. I had spent a night and a day in that deadly gas chamber. One of my rescuers passed out from the fumes. They expected to find a corpse, but life still flickered in my numbed body.

Doctors were able to retrieve me from comatose sleep, but what they brought back to consciousness was not Larry Samuels. It was a living, breathing vegetable, unable to walk, talk, write, comprehend or even think.

Though my mind and body gradually returned to a semi-functional state, I was a physical and emotional cripple, unable to carry on a rational conversation, and often screaming or breaking into tears if people so much as looked at me. I was unable to walk normally. Because carbon-monoxide poisoning causes a type of muscular dystrophy, I couldn't even sleep unless I was encased in pillows. I lived daily with pain and humiliation.

As months passed I went to three major medical centers. After extensive treatment at each one, the verdict was always the same: "The damage you have sustained is incurable. You'll never practice medicine again,

Dr. Samuels. Now accept it and just be happy you are still alive."

My family and I had always attended church. I had even been an elder at one time. But though the church people were sympathetic no one ever offered to pray for the healing of my hopeless condition.

Now as I stood looking down the coastline toward San Francisco Bay, I felt like Job on the dunghill, scraping the sores of my body, mind and spirit. Out of total desperation I wailed above the roaring breakers to the open sea, "God, if You can find any use for this empty shell of a body, go ahead. It's Yours, all Yours."

What was that? A voice . . . almost as though the waves themselves were speaking to me. Over and over I heard the same mysterious phrase: "Go to Jerusalem. Go to Jerusalem."

"Jerusalem?" I thought. "I've been there once, and I wasn't impressed at all, Lord. Why should I go there? How *could* I? In the three years since the accident we've lost everything. We have no money; we're living on food stamps. God, don't You know that?"

Still the phrase repeated in my ear: "Go to Jerusalem."

When I arrived home there was a small brown envelope in the mailbox. Inside was a check for several thousand dollars, a delayed compensation payment. I told my wife about my seashore experience, and instead of trying to talk me out of believing it she said, "Let's go! Anything would be better than this kind of life. If there's



Man, this isn't a flight,

any possibility at all you can be helped, I say let's try."

Within a month my wife, twelve-year-old daughter and I were on a plane bound for Jerusalem. Our route necessitated a stopover at Athens, Greece. We planned to stay there a short while, but my daughter Lisa urgently intervened. "Daddy, we must go to Jerusalem *today!*" She was so insistent, so adamant, that I found myself buying tickets for the very next plane out.

Immediately I sensed there was something different about my fellow passengers, but when the "Fasten Seat Belts" light went off I knew for sure they were unusual. They started singing, clapping— even dancing in the aisles!

"Man," I said, "this isn't a flight, it's a space voyage. Those people are high on something besides altitude."

One of them introduced himself and told me they were all going to the

Holy Spirit Conference in Jerusalem.

"You mean you don't know about it?" he asked. "Well, come on and join us!" I thought these people were a little peculiar, but the love, joy and peace that seemed to radiate through the plane fascinated me.

That first night in Jerusalem we found ourselves in a meeting unlike any I'd ever experienced. At the end of the service both my wife and daughter went forward to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. In minutes they were both crying like babies and speaking in a strange language. Joy seemed to emanate from them like light from a lamp.

The following night I went forward for prayer. As the speaker laid hands on me I suddenly felt new life surge into my body. I wasn't hit by a bolt of lightning, but I could feel disintegrated nerves and synapses being restored. Suddenly I could think clearly, talk coherently and distinctly, read

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it's a space voyage!



and write as well as before my accident, and walk with strength instead of with hobbling, halting steps. God had done in a moment what doctors and medicine could not do in three years.

We became immersed immediately in the fellowship of Spirit-filled believers, who began teaching me the importance of forgiveness if one is to be completely whole.

I had harbored *plenty* of bitterness against a number of people—including the landlord whose furnace had nearly taken my life. As God responded to my fervent prayers by removing all the hate from my heart, my physical healing became even more pronounced.

But there was still the matter of pride, a difficult thing to recognize in one's own life. One night in another meeting the leader suddenly announced, "There is someone in the room who needs deliverance from pride." I was wondering who the poor fellow was when the speaker walked right up to me, clapped his hand on my head, and said a simple prayer of deliverance.

Once again I felt the transforming surge of divine energy into my inner self. With the baptism in the Holy Spirit my healing was completed.

Now more than anything else I wanted to return to medicine. I applied to many hospitals but they had no need for a specialist in my field. Because I had no credentials with me I was afraid to apply to the large Jewish hospital. Then one day a big man buttonholed me on the street.

"You are a believer, aren't you?" he demanded. "You have the look of fire in your eyes." I told him that I was indeed a Christian, and a physician.

"Go to Hadassah Hospital," he urged. "They're waiting for you there." There was something in his manner that reminded me of my daughter Lisa's earlier insistence that we come directly to Jerusalem. Was this again the direct leading of God?

A shade dumbfounded, I trudged to the hospital and, Bible in hand, introduced myself to the head administrator. Carefully and kindly he looked me and my application over. "Can you start work tomorrow?"

The next day, after many years of

viewing medicine from a patient's-eye view, I was back in a white smock administering treatment instead of receiving it. What a glorious day!

Soon afterward, without any experience in adult nuclear medicine, without a phrase of Hebrew or a drop of Jewish blood in me, I found myself managing a major diagnostic department in that great hospital.

I later found out that the man who had led me to Hadassah was an agnostic Jew from Milwaukee. We had met during his last visit to Israel before his death. He had absolutely no connection with either the hospital or Christianity.

But I was to meet many remarkable people during my career in my new land. One day the head of the hematology department told me he was referring a very special patient to me.

"Who's that?" I asked.

"Golda Meir."

At that time few people knew that Golda had been suffering since 1963 with malignant lymphoma, a form of leukemia which is normally fatal within five years. I was apprehensive about meeting the great lady, but when she came in for treatment we talked like old friends.

"What brought you to Jerusalem?" she asked. I told her my whole testimony, though I wondered just how she would react. To my surprise, at the end of my story she said, "We really need people like you here, Larry!"

"God loves you as much as He loves me," I told her. "Don't you think

it is a supernatural act of God that you are still alive for these 15 years?"

"Well," the old Zionist conceded, "it must be."

I was concerned that I might have been a little too frank with Golda, but later the chief of medicine told me, "Golda says you are one of the most remarkable doctors she's ever met."

Until her death I was privileged to call myself Golda's friend. I often prayed and read scripture to her at her request, and I believe there was a spiritual part of her that triumphed at the end. The Lord used me, I believe, to help keep that grand woman alive until God's purpose was completed in her. I will always think of her as a latter-day Deborah.

I also have had an opportunity to share my testimony with Prime Minister Menachem Begin.

Many other government officials and public figures have gone through my office, and the Lord has led me to be a bold witness without any reservation. My *Good News Bible* is displayed prominently on my desk, and I tell everyone of my belief that prayer is a vital part of healing.

The Lord will often give me answers to difficult diagnostic problems. My fellow professors at the hospital are sometimes astounded at these solutions, and I always tell them that my Partner has given me the answer.

"Your partner? Who is that?" they ask. Of course I tell them it's the Lord. God has used medical signs and

wonders in my practice to open countless opportunities for witness. He has given me a kind of supernatural "super vision" to diagnose disease both of the body and of the spirit. I rely upon His daily manna, the Holy Spirit, to empower me as I demonstrate to physicians from all over the world that God is the source of healing and that there is healing power in prayer.

As important and impressive as nuclear medicine is, it does not begin to compare with the healing power of the Great Physician, who alone could say, "Whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of man hath power upon earth to forgive sins [he said unto the sick of the palsy], I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go

into thine house" (Luke 5:23, 24). Praise God. Jesus did both for me.

God has given me a new life in the land where His Son gave His life on the cross for me. As with Job, God raised me up from the dunghill of a shattered life to the wonderful, miraculous life better than anything I could have imagined.

Problem-free? Far from it. Even now my bold witness for the Lord in the land of the Bible has invoked powerful oppression from the enemy. Nevertheless, I am a victor, not a victim. He who spared my life, healed my body, and saved my soul stands with me in dark and difficult hours. That is why I recommend Him with confidence to the leaders of the Israeli government, to all my patients, and to everyone at every opportunity. □

Dr. Samuels discusses his "inner space" equipment with former astronaut Charles Duke.



smell smoke!" my mother shouted.

As flames licked their way up the basement steps of our home she yelled at my three sisters and me, "Get out of the house!"

In an instant the house was ablaze. I sobbed uncontrollably as we all stood on the front lawn watching our home burn to the ground.

controlled by my own will.

As I grew to manhood I came to look upon the "God" concept as a mythical crutch holding psychological value for women, sentimentalists, hypocrites and effeminate.

I served my country, married, obeyed the law, joined the local Rotary Club, and worked hard in my

BURNED IN MY MEMORY

That was more than 50 years ago, but the guilt I felt that day was to burden me most of my life. You see, I was responsible for the fire.

I had been playing with matches near the coal pile in the basement when my mother called, "Jimmy, where are you?" I'd dropped the matches and scampered back upstairs as fast as I could, hoping to avoid a spanking.

Now as a result of my carelessness we were homeless. This proved too much for my father to handle; he deserted our family. Unable to cope with caring for four small children, my mother took her own life and we children were shuffled off to an orphanage. At the age of 13 I was shipped to New York State as a farmhand.

Guilt-ridden and hostile, I was sure no one on earth cared for me in even the smallest way. I could not trust what people called "love," and was determined that my destiny would be

profession of personnel management and retirement-home administration. I was even nominated as "Man of the Year." But inside, I hurt. Never being able to let down my guard was nerve-racking. Alcohol, tobacco and thoughts of suicide were all eating away at me.

Then our daughter Sally, a student at Oral Roberts University, came home for summer vacation. The love for Christ which she so freely expressed ignited a spiritual spark in her mother and me and we began our own search for God.

First Louise and I attended a healing service, followed by a three-day seminar at Oral Roberts University. Later through meetings of the Oakland chapter of Full Gospel Business Men I came to a full understanding of who Jesus is. It wasn't long before I asked Him into my heart and life as Lord and Saviour, then received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. But all this

was only the beginning.

I suffered acute chronic bursitis with such massive adhesions around the shoulder joints that specialists recommended surgery as my only hope. But the condition was healed



JAMES A. FERREN
Yucaipa, California

during one of those morning chapter meetings and I have been free of pain ever since. Later when the Lord instantly healed the cancerous throat I had developed through years of chain smoking, I began

turning directly to Him with every problem.

One of the first spiritual lessons I learned was to discern in my heart the voice of the Holy Spirit. I was offered the administratorship of a retirement home in Tulsa, Oklahoma. I really wanted that job but the Holy Spirit helped me to understand it wasn't God's will for my life. I felt a confident peace in the job I took instead.

After about three years as a Christian I began to feel an intense burden for a small retirement community near Los Angeles. Since it meant uprooting my family from the Oakland area I resisted. Then the Lord gave me two visions confirming His will that I take the Southland position.

I obeyed—and a very trying two years ensued. Finally, finding myself in the middle of personal and political

turmoil, I cried out, "Lord, why did You put me into this mess?"

I was learning firsthand what is described in 2 Corinthians 5:17: "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." But the change in a man's character is not instantaneous. It's a maturation process, learned through life's circumstances.

Things got so bad that I resigned my position. For weeks I was consumed by anger and the desire for retaliation. I was torn between wanting God's vengeance on my adversaries and the realization that Christ's principal law is that of love.

Gradually I came to understand that God had placed me in this situation to learn to forgive as I had been forgiven. As I wrote to all those against whom I felt resentment—forgiving and asking for forgiveness—peace flooded my entire being.

Lessons in tenderness and compassion were also in store as God gave me genuine understanding of the elderly people under my administration. I've come to identify with their sufferings and their frustration and to communicate from my heart to theirs.

A little boy's hostility and guilt molded more than half my life. But I've learned that God is "able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." And He is not hindered in that work by either our environment, heredity, or age. □

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Tom, you've got it made!" I kept hearing that statement from my friends as they cast envious eyes at the outward trappings of my success. At 33 my assets included a beautiful wife, two children, a modern home in the best part of town, a Cadillac convertible, and four beauty salons that did \$250,000 worth of business every year.

Unfortunately, there was a wide gap between my possessions and inner peace. People didn't know that I was \$100,000 in debt, including a \$70,000 IRS claim against me. They didn't know about my heavy drinking and the guilt feelings that always followed "lost weekends." They didn't know that a year before my wife Pat had moved to a separate bedroom.

Others might see success but all I could see was misery and despair. Life had become a tunnel—and I didn't see any light at the other end.

One day a friend came over and talked to Pat about becoming a born-again Christian. The friend read a tract to her and Pat prayed to receive Jesus as her personal Saviour and Lord.

Right away she began working on me. She came into my bedroom one morning while I was shaving and said, "Tom, you've got to be born again."

I told her *she* could be born again (whatever that meant) but I'd be content to remain a church member. I'd been baptized as a baby, gone through catechism classes, and attended services every Christmas and Easter. I figured that was enough religion for any normal person.

Pat's interest in spiritual matters

OUT OF THE DARKNESS CAME LIGHT



**THOMAS
PACKARD**
Toledo, Ohio

grew even more intense in 1970 after she attended a Full Gospel Business Men's World Convention in Chicago. She was standing in the hotel lobby waiting to enter a Kathryn Kuhlman meeting when a girl approached her.

"Would you like to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit?" she inquired. Pat said she would—and right there in the lobby she did. When she arrived home from the convention she was a different person.

For example, one night after work I went out for a few drinks. I didn't call Pat to say I'd be late, but when I walked in the door the first words I heard were, "Praise the Lord! What do you want for supper?"

The next week I stayed out for three or four hours and when I got home I wasn't feeling any pain. Once again: "Praise the Lord!" Then Pat added, "I love you and God loves you." Instead of preaching to me, she fixed a beautiful meal. That wasn't like the old Pat.

She kept Christian literature around the house, and one night I picked up a *Voice* magazine. I was impressed with the testimonies in it, but I really wondered what my wife was doing at those FGBMFI rallies. When I saw an ad about a rally in Cleveland I decided to take Pat and check out this organization for myself. I called the president of the Cleveland chapter and told him I was a 50-percent believer and wanted to look over his operation.

I had an idea that Christians could be measured on a scale from 1 to 100. When I was out with the boys on Saturday night I rated myself a little under 50 percent—just short of making heaven. If I went to church on Sunday morning, that put me into the 50-plus bracket, just enough to make my future secure.

The president said that we should come down on Friday and make a big

weekend out of it. I chuckled to myself because I knew this man's idea of a "big weekend" and mine were light-years apart. Nevertheless, Pat and I arrived in Cleveland in time for the first session. I was in for a series of surprises.

Surprise #1 was to see men hugging men. One thing I had learned in the beauty salon business was that you don't hug another man, and I sure didn't want to be hugged. But one of the biggest fellows in the place came over and threw his arms around me. "God loves you and I love you," he exclaimed. I'd heard that line before.

In the meeting, several men stood and talked about the way God had changed their lives and healed their marriages. I'd never heard anything like this before, and it gripped me.

When the last speaker sat down, the leader of the meeting invited anyone who wanted to be born again to lift his hand. My background rebelled against such a step but I was hungry for what these people had. I finally slipped up one finger—just a little bit so nobody would see. I didn't realize it then, but God saw right into my heart.

As soon as I told God that I wanted Him in my life, I felt all that guilt and anxiety roll out of my life and I started to cry. I pretended I was catching a cold, but I'm sure Pat realized that something was happening deep inside me.

Later in our room she looked at me with a strange expression. "I think I heard you praying in tongues," she said.

"Did I?" I hadn't ever heard anyone

7
speak in a heavenly language before that night at the conference. But I told the Lord I'd take whatever He had for me. After the Saturday evening session I went into a prayer room, raised my hands and talked to God with my new prayer language. That was the beginning of the most exciting life any person could hope for.

The debts remained, including my huge obligation to IRS, but I felt what the Bible calls "the peace that passes all understanding." I knew God would work out the details. Gradually the debts were paid, and the government forgave a tax lien against my house. God wonderfully honored His promises. Eventually I sold the business so we could devote more time to Bible studies and sharing testimonies at various meetings.

Several job opportunities came our way, and our family moved for a short time to Atlanta, Georgia. Then Charles Rogers, a friend who was active in FGBMFI, invited me to go with him to Africa to minister. I wanted to, but where would the money come from? I applied for a passport and ordered my ticket. God graciously supplied the basic travel funds in time, but I had only \$14 left for the two weeks.

At five in the morning the telephone rang. A friend sensed that God wanted him to supply my needs, and he was on his way over with a check for \$114.

It was too early for the banks to open, so I tried to cash the check at the airline counter. No luck. But a supervisor overheard my friend and me call each other "brother" and asked what I'd be doing in Africa. When I

told him I was going to share the good news of Jesus Christ, he said, "I'm a Christian too. I'll okay your check."

God had solved one problem, but there was another hurdle to overcome. In addition to a passport I needed a visa to get into Africa. I was told it took more time than I had, and I've heard about people waiting three months for theirs without success.

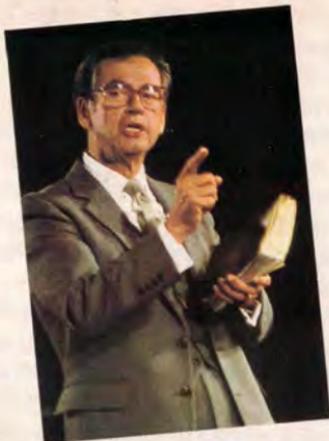
When our plane set down in Washington I jumped in a cab and asked to be taken to the embassy of Ghana. The driver struck up a conversation, telling me his father was the assistant secretary of agriculture for Ghana.

He walked into the embassy with me, but the girl at the desk said I'd have to come back in three days. There was no way I could wait that long. The taxi driver took my passport, money and visa application, walked into another part of the building, and was back a few minutes later with my visa in his hands.

During that trip I saw God work wonderful miracles confirming His Word. In Africa a blind boy's sight was restored, a clubfoot made whole, and I saw mighty spiritual deliverances. In Israel a pastor's son was healed of palsy and a paralyzed man began to walk.

Knowing Jesus Christ as Saviour and Baptizer in the Holy Ghost—living the abundant life in the Lord—is the most exciting thing that can happen to anyone. His promises are true, and He gives even more than we can imagine.

Today my friends aren't seeing the outward trappings of success. They see a man who has inner peace and hope for eternity. □



ZIG Dallas, Texas ZIGLAR

Zig Ziglar, one of the most popular of motivational speakers, hits the platform full throttle the moment he's introduced and never lets up.

Wireless mike in hand, bobbing and weaving like a bantam-weight boxer, he challenges his audience to rise to new heights of achievement.

His speeches are devoid of dirty jokes, suggestive salesmen's stories or rough language—yet his calendar is filled with appointments to some of the largest and most influential sales meetings in America.

Lacing his messages with humor and anecdotes, Zig explains steps to greater success. Whether addressing a national insurance force, a realtors association or a Sunday school convention, he affirms his belief that a personal experience in Jesus Christ is essential to true success.



There are three major ideas I try to share with people in writing and public appearances. Number 1 is my joy in salvation through Jesus Christ. Number 2 is the innumerable benefits that are yours *now* if you turn your life over to Him. Finally, I seek to put to rest the absurd notion that Christians are supposed to have long faces and short pocketbooks.

*God spoke to me in
the dark of night*



I grew up in Yazoo City, Mississippi during the Great Depression. My father died when I was small and by the time I was seven I was selling vegetables on the street to help support my mother and 10 brothers and sisters.

Our family faced a lot of uncertainties, but one thing we could count on was regular church attendance. That wasn't a matter for discussion or negotiation. Mama made sure that we went to Sunday school and to morning and evening services; then she took us back again for the Wednesday night prayer meeting. Many times I'd protest that it didn't do me a bit of good to go to church and hear the same old things, but Mama turned a deaf ear.

Church attendance must have become a habit, though, because during my time in the Navy during World War II I transferred my membership to a church in whichever city I happened to be stationed.

I married "My Fabulous Redhead" Jean in Columbia, South Carolina in 1946. We attended church fairly often but there weren't many Sundays when I felt excited about the services. Today I can look back and see the contradictions in my life. I served in various capacities that made me *look* like a Christian, but I was actually following Satan's dictates.

I didn't doubt the existence of God. I just didn't know Him personally. I'd flippantly pray, "Lord, if You're going to take me, please give me five minutes so I can get my house in order."

I cavorted with Satan's crowd, never dreaming of doing anything to

**By the time
I was seven
I was selling
vegetables on the
street to support
my family**



make them feel uncomfortable. I'd drink a cocktail with them and tell a few mildly smutty stories. From time to time I'd make reference to "the Man upstairs" so my friends would feel Ol' Zig was a pretty good fellow—even a little religious, without being a fanatic. Then I'd cross the street, piously adjust my halo, and hobnob with my Christian buddies. Apparently both saints and sinners were comfortable with me, but I was miserable in either crowd.

When we moved to Dallas in 1968 we left behind all reason for pretense. Nobody knew us or expected us to be in church so we quit going. Actually, we were pretty self-sufficient, with a good income and happy family relationship. In fact, I didn't feel a need for God. I was proud of my independence and never talked to God about anything unless I was in desperate trouble. For me, prayer was a *last* resort, and when I cried out to God it was in fear, not faith.

In 1971 something happened to change my attitude. I met a marvelous Christian woman named Ann Anderson, whose left leg had been broken in three places in an auto accident. Osteomyelitis set in, the leg refused to heal, and amputation seemed to be the only answer. Then a friend introduced Ann to a faith healer who prayed over the leg in the name of Jesus Christ. To make a long story short, Ann still has her leg and is living a normal life.

The Redhead and I decided to fly Ann and the faith healer to Dallas for

a Fourth of July weekend in 1972. The Lord really used the two of them.

On July 4, as our country was celebrating independence from Great Britain, I declared my complete dependence on Jesus Christ. Accepting Jesus Christ is a unique experience. I'm told some feel a great surge of emotional release. For me it was a very quiet thing, but I knew that I was a new person. I *knew* that I was saved, that the Lord lived, and that I too would live with Him. I belonged to Him and would never again do some of the things I'd done in the past.

Not long after the experience of committing my life to the Lord, I was out in my swimming pool looking up into the heavens and praising God. As I gazed into the vastness of the universe I said, "Lord, this is some universe You put together, and I know the day will come, maybe soon, when You'll tear it all down." At that very instant I saw a star fall, and God spoke to me, clearly and in my language, "That's right, boy, and don't you ever forget it!" I never have.

God spoke to me again a few days later.

That spring I'd been contacted by one of America's leading sales organizations. They said I was being considered as speaker for their international convention, so I sent back a copy of my best sales talk, enclosing lots of references and credentials. I felt sure I'd get the assignment. A month later the company sent word: my name had been dropped from consideration.

I felt letdown, but forgot about the matter. Then, right after my commitment to the Lord, a representative from the sales organization called, wanting to book me for the sales meeting after all. As I wrote the date in my book the Lord again spoke to me in my language. In clear terms He said, "You see, Zig, when you leave things up to Me I'll take care of them!"

I don't solicit for speaking engagements, and the Lord keeps my calendar full. When anyone engages my services as speaker, they recruit me at my very best for that occasion. My best effort comes when I turn my speech over to the Lord. It would be unthinkable not to make reference in some way to Jesus Christ; I would not be at my best.

The total time I spend witnessing seldom exceeds one or two minutes, but since I speak at about 280 words per minute (with gusts of up to 550) I can cover a lot of territory in a matter of seconds. I'm confident that for every engagement I lose because of witnessing, the Lord gives me two to take its place. Don't you love the Lord's arithmetic?

If it sounds like I'm a satisfied "customer" of Jesus Christ, you've gotten my message. I listened to Satan's lying promises and gave him too many of the first 45 years of my life. Then I listened to the promises of Jesus Christ, and I confess to you, He is the best thing going on Planet Earth. I never had it so good—so much love,

peace, joy and security, along with better physical, mental and spiritual health. My career is moving along far better under the leadership of the Eternal Director, and I've made more financial progress these last nine years, than in all the preceding 45.

I'm convinced more every day that God has spelled out in His Book in minute detail the things we are to do. I can testify that He is as good as His Word, and if we bring Him our tithes He will pour out blessings of all kinds, including financial. We have found that the cliché "You can't outgive God" is literally true.

Jesus clearly spelled out the plan in Luke 6:38: "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again." In a nutshell, this says that the big givers are the big getters—if your motive in giving is love, care and concern.

The message seems quite clear to me that God wants us to prosper, provided we don't make money our god. In short, you can honestly get an unlimited amount of money, and there is nothing wrong with it, so long as you don't let the money *get you*. I'm convinced that, everything else being equal, we can serve, witness, honor, and lead more people into a meaningful relationship with our Lord from a position of financial stability than we can from a position of financial weakness.

To give you an idea of some more of God's promises, in Psalm 1:1 we are told very clearly, "Blessed is the man who walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Verse 3 says, "And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." I believe that God is telling us that when we walk in His light, He sends prosperity our way. The Lord of my life *does* pack it down and run it over in all departments.

Let me be very specific. After I really understood what God was saying in Psalm 1 about the source of our counsel, I took action that brought me more joy and more prosperity. I engaged an attorney and a CPA who were both born-again Christians. Although their particular services do not bring direct sales into the company, I'm convinced that our business took the immediate dramatic jump it did because God was honoring His Word.

We also changed to Christian suppliers with two of our major items and got better service as well as better prices. That verifies what God tells us in Malachi 3:11, where He promises to protect our gains from the devourer. Of course I believe that a Christian, like anyone else, should earn his business or get his job based on ability and performance. But everything being equal, I prefer to deal with believers.

Let me share something I've said a

thousand times since my venture into the saving grace of Jesus Christ on that day in July, 1972. Even if there were no eternity, if when they lowered me into the grave it were all over, any changes I allowed in my lifestyle would be to serve Jesus Christ even more enthusiastically. What I have gained so far from serving Christ cannot be measured. The peace, joy, excitement, and relationships with my wife and my fellow man now, compared to the way things were before I found Christ as my living Saviour, cannot be described. The extra power the Lord has given me as I live in obedience to Him, the effectiveness of my profession, and the love of my fellow human beings, all add up to a substantial number of reasons for serving Him.

Eternity is my bonus. The *now* "snacks" from God's heavenly smorgasbord are beyond belief, and I'd like you to share them with me. If you don't know Jesus, but are now ready to acknowledge Him as Lord and Saviour, I hope you'll repeat this prayer:

"Lord, I know that You are God's only begotten Son, that You went to the cross and shed Your blood to wash away my sins. I ask You to forgive my sins and accept me into Your kingdom of eternal life. Thank You, Lord. In the name of Jesus. Amen." □

Zig Ziglar has presented Jesus Christ as the answer to his life and yours. If you're ready to let the Son of God do for you all that He desires to do, the Six Steps to Salvation (page 31) will be helpful.

PETER BUTT West Indies/Philippines

What are you doing here this time of night? Are you drunk?"

"No, sir," I replied. "I'd like to speak to a priest on matters of philosophy and religion."

I was in the United States for my college education, a student at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston.

As a child in Trinidad, West Indies, where I was born of English parents, I sometimes attended church with my grandmother. However, my religious life was quite erratic and as a teen I drifted away from the church.

At MIT I began a spiritual search. College studies in philosophy confused me. That is why I'd gone to the church that winter evening, hoping to speak to a priest. Now as we talked I was unable to give logical expression to the confusion in my heart. Finally, frustrated and deeply discouraged, I left the church. It was many years before I again allowed myself to seek God.

I married in 1954 and my wife and I returned to Trinidad. Looking for satisfaction in business, I rose, in spite of heavy drinking, to head my section at Shell Oil Company.

I did have difficulty, however, saving enough money for my wife to visit her parents in her native Philippines. So in 1957 we decided to emigrate to Australia, hoping to prosper there. Enroute we planned a short layover in the Philippines. However, once surrounded by loved ones, we decided to remain and except for one brief year

back to the philippines



we have lived there ever since.

Within five years I became president of an American-owned company. But in 1969, suspecting that the Philippines were about to enter a Vietnam-type situation, I gave notice. The company asked me to remain three years to train a replacement.

In 1973 we finally headed for Australia. When we had been there only a year, my brother-in-law Ciso Padilla came to visit. "Peter, I need you to come back to the Philippines and help me start a new business," he said. "Things are good now."

We returned. Ciso and I started a construction company, within two years were doing more than \$5 million worth of business a year, and became one of the largest companies in the country. But in spite of my success I was restless and disturbed by a certain lack of life direction. So once again I began my search for deeper meaning.

Business often brought me to the States. During one of these trips, while resting in my hotel room I idly flicked on the television. Normally I would have continued around the dial, but my attention was immediately caught by an interview in progress.

It was that of a man whose life had been changed in a dramatic way by his relationship with Jesus Christ. Deeply moved, I listened intently to all he had to say. Then as the host led in a prayer of confession and commitment, with tears streaming down my face, I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour.

But it was still some time before I discovered the necessity of making

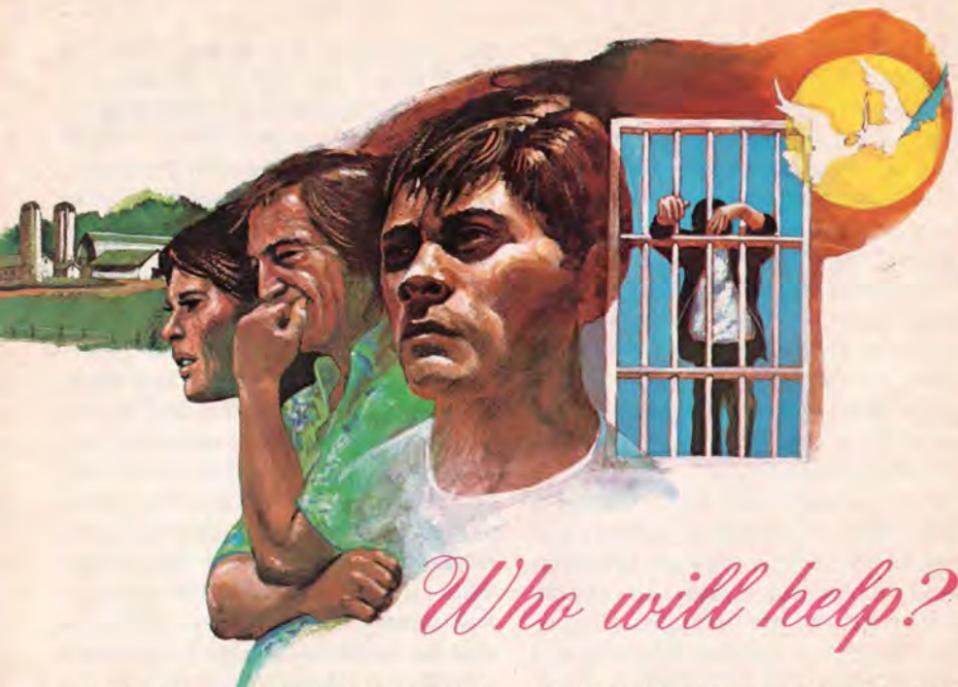
Him *Lord* of my life as well. Within a short time I had lost a considerable amount of money due to fluctuating oil prices. My nerves became frayed by the weight of financial problems. Under these circumstances I was finally humbled enough to ask God's help and to relinquish the outcome of my life to His wise leadership.

I began living out my commitment to Christ by rising at 4:30 A.M. for an hour and a half of prayer and Bible reading before waking my wife to join me. During one of these early-morning sessions with God, as I knelt on the floor I had an intense spiritual experience of God's warmth flowing through my body. That day I quit drinking and my wife quit smoking.

That very same day the Lord also worked miraculously in a business situation. A piece of property long on the market finally sold, releasing a much-needed cash resource. I saw in both of these instances God's demonstration of His power and ability to provide for all my needs.

About two years after I came to Christ my brother-in-law Ciso took me to my first FGBMFI meeting at the Mandarin Hotel. The Fellowship's work here is fresh and new—just crystallizing. Eventually I became so involved myself that I started the new Makati chapter, where we average 100 men at each meeting.

I have found God, and in Him all the reality and meaning for which I sought so long. I am excited about the possibilities ahead in my own future and that of the Philippines. □



Who will help?

"A drug bust landed John in a California jail. For 28 years my wife had prayed for the salvation of her family's prodigal son. Through her prayers, God had reached me four years ago. Now we wondered how He could use us to reach her brother, nearly 2,000 miles from us in Iowa. Who would help?"

"The answer was in my FGBMFI chapter manual. Among the 131 California chapters I noted that the Los Angeles Peace Officers chapter president was Officer Robert Burkhead of the L.A.P.D. Who could be more helpful than a Spirit-filled lawman?"

"That was the beginning of a story with a truly happy ending. Enroute to the Advanced Chapter Leadership Seminar at the World Laymen's Headquarters, my wife and I visited John in Chino Prison. He had been saved and delivered from drug addiction. Even the needle tracks on his arm had disappeared miraculously. Praise God!"

"When we left John to return home I assured him that he would not be alone. Jesus would be with him, and men from the Fellowship would visit him. How I thank God for an extended family that reaches every state in the union and 75 countries of the world! Of all the benefits I receive by belonging to the Fellowship, I treasure most the unbelievable measure of love and concern I have experienced."



MINISTERS IN THE MARKETPLACE

STEVE SHAKARIAN

Chief Operations Officer
International Headquarters

The testimony on the opposite page, recently shared with us by a homebuilder from Iowa, illustrates one of the many reasons men find it fulfilling to belong to the Fellowship. Here are others:

1. There is a feeling of confidence in being part of a mature ministry which has enjoyed solid growth

throughout its 28-year history. Only 21 persons showed up for the first breakfast at Clifton's Cafeteria, Los Angeles in 1953. Currently six to eight million are reached through the meetings of its 2,300 chapters and 150 conventions. *Voice* magazine and "Good News!" radio and television programs increase that number to possibly hundreds of millions.

2. Two oft-repeated phrases heard at FGBMFI gatherings—"Lifting up Jesus" and "Bringing men to Jesus"—describe the overriding purpose of the Fellowship and explain why it has been so mightily used of God to bridge denominational and racial barriers. It would be difficult to name a denomination not represented in the membership. Racial barriers are nonexistent.

3. The sharp focus of its purpose dictates that meetings not be held in churches, but in hotels and restaurants. Men appreciate a nonreligious setting where they may bring business associates, clients and friends to hear convincing testimonies of Christ-changed lives.

4. The emphasis on the authority of the believer and on the baptism in the Holy Spirit brings a whole new dimension to a layman's ministry, both in his church and through the Fellowship.

5. Training for effective service through workshops, weekend advances, and in Advanced Chapter

Leadership Seminars equips a man to be a "minister in the marketplace."

6. The Fellowship structure allows freedom of individual members to exercise their God-given gifts and abilities in specialized ministries. One man has answered the call to take Christ's message of love to pimps, prostitutes and others of Boston's "combat zone." A New Yorker's ministry is the Wall Street financial district. A rental equipment dealer in California takes truckloads of food and clothing to Mexico to meet spiritual and physical needs of homeless children. A stockbroker witnesses each weekend to teenagers. A Minnesotan is engaged in prison ministry, and a man who considered running for United States Senator has been redirected by God and now presents Christ as the answer to leaders of nations.

7. Men with leadership potential are challenged by limitless opportunities

to serve the Lord through chapter involvement, regional conventions, and the international ministries of the Fellowship. Many men who have a story to tell are privileged to share their personal testimonies not only locally but on airlifts overseas.

What does membership cost? Holding up a credit card and his plastic membership card, International Director Chuck Damato of California told a group of men, "The credit card costs, but the membership pays. Your credit card demands payment every month. In contrast, the \$20 annual membership fee is an investment in a worldwide ministry that pays eternal dividends."

If you are not yet a member of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International and are looking for ways to make your life count for Jesus Christ, write for information to Chapter Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626, or call (714) 754-1400 for new-member information.





Photo by RICE

CONVENTIONS

BILLINGS, MONTANA REGIONAL

June 4-6, 1981

Holiday Inn West
Write: Frank Braun
2633 North Ridger Drive
Billings, MT 59102

EMPIRE STATE MEN'S REGIONAL ADVANCE

June 4-7, 1981

Silver Bay YMCA Conf. Center
Write: Fred Lawrence
16 Burgett Drive
Homer, NY 13077

PETERBOROUGH MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

June 5-7, 1981

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

IOWA STATE

June 11-13, 1981

Hilton Inn, Des Moines
Write: Gary L. Bortz
1119 North Green, Box 326
Ottumwa, IA 52501

NORTHWEST INDIANA MEN'S ADVANCE

June 12-13, 1981

Camp L.R.C.A., Crown Point
Write: Ron Johnson
12031 West 93rd St.
St. John, IN 46373

MARYLAND STATE

June 18-20, 1981

Mount St. Mary's College
Emmitsburg
Write: Emil E. McCollum
417 Heather Ridge Drive
Frederick, MD 21701

28TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

June 30-July 4, 1981

Philadelphia Civic Center
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.

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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: Hervey Bay Chapter, D.A. Milne 282237. **CANADA:** Dawson Creek Chapter, Ernest Hamre (604) 782-2613; Davidson Chapter, Glen Haugerud (306) 734-2236.



NARCISO PADILLA
Manila, Philippines

FROM TWO SUITCASES AND TEN DOLLARS

Not bad for a guy who left Cuba with two suitcases and ten dollars to his name," I thought to myself.

As president and founder of Prescon Philippines, Inc., one of the most respected construction outfits in the islands, I had wealth, social prestige, all the advantages of "the good life."

But I still had many unanswered questions. For instance, why had both my children become addicted to hard drugs? Why did I always have to run down the competition in order to sell my own product? And why, despite my success, did I feel a lack of fulfillment?

A self-made man who had pulled himself to the top of the corporate heap after years of hardship, I was regarded in the community as a "good businessman."

I grew up in the Philippines with my mother, brother and sister. My parents separated when I was 10, but my

mother, a strict disciplinarian, sent us to a Catholic school where we would be sure to stay in line.

Later I was sent to the United States to study civil engineering. In 1952, after graduation from Massachusetts Institute of Technology, I met and married my wife.

We moved to Cuba where I practiced structural engineering until shortly after Castro took over. We stayed on another year and a half until 1960, then moved to Puerto Rico.

When we left Cuba we were allowed only the two suitcases and ten dollars. In Puerto Rico we had to start with literally nothing. After finding an unfurnished apartment, both my wife and I started working. Wanting to get ahead, sometimes I would work all night doing design work for other architects, then go to my regular job in the morning.

Often tired and easily irritated, I



TO THE TOP OF THE CORPORATE HEAP

would beat my two children just for crying. At the office I found it difficult to cope with the gossip and backstabbing that went on. I became very bitter because it always seemed my colleagues were putting me down.

In 1956 my ailing father asked me to return to the Philippines. He gave us a plot of land in a prestigious part of Manila but I didn't have enough money to build a house. I worked for another company for a short time, but then decided to sell the Manila property and go into business for myself. I took the 176,000 pesos from sale of the land and very quickly had built up a lucrative business.

Outwardly it seemed everything was fine. But my stomach was being eaten up by ulcers caused by the pressures of business and family problems.

One evening in 1972 we invited a Catholic priest to dinner. He told us he had a great dream.

"I would like very much to go to Spain to celebrate my parents' twenty-fifth wedding anniversary," he said. "But of course that is impossible. I haven't the money."

My wife and I decided we would give this kind man a round-trip ticket to Spain. Overwhelmed with gratitude, he said he wanted to give us the most important thing he possessed, his Spanish Bible.

We had bought a nice, big Bible in Puerto Rico and it looked very pretty on our table, but we seldom read out of it. I couldn't help but wonder why this old Bible would be so important to the priest. But since I wanted to practice my Spanish, I used that Bible as a textbook. I read it cover to cover five times from 1972 to 1977, but though I learned to understand the language I could not grasp the meaning of that Book.

I began to watch Christian TV

programs, hoping for enlightenment. One evening after returning home from a dinner and cocktail party I turned on the TV to a different kind of talk show. The host and his guests were discussing spiritual things.

In my earlier parochial-school training I had often heard the scripture, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God" (John 3:3). But not until I heard the TV panel explain the need to be transformed by the Spirit of God did I understand. To be made new from the inside out—that was just what I needed. When the phone number flashed on the screen I called the station. As a counselor prayed with me, I invited Jesus Christ into my heart.

Things now began to happen very fast. I started meeting for prayer with some other members of my local Rotary Club. Soon we had started our own chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. I also started a prayer meeting at my business, not only for the administrative staff but for the laborers. I didn't force them to come; we paid them for prayer-meeting time whether they worked or prayed.

I also began to change my business practices. I tried to be more kind to my workers and they began coming to me with their personal problems. I didn't feel a need to run down my competition anymore; in fact, I began helping them. More than once I have lent inventory to competitors who needed it. That is something I never

would have done before.

People began dealing with me not just because I had a product they wanted but because they knew they could trust me. The quality and quantity of our work increased, enabling us to give bonuses to our laborers. We had fewer work stoppages because our people took better care of their equipment.

And even as God prospered our business, He began to mend our family. Both of my children have left the drug scene and my son now attends church.

Because Christian television was instrumental in my salvation I have a deep desire to develop a Christian television station which will reach millions of people in the Philippines. I have begun to move out in faith to bring that dream to fruition.

In 1978 a Manila station, Channel 11, went up for sale. Establishing the Hallelujah Foundation Broadcasting Corporation, we purchased the station, and God has prospered my business to a point where we were able to build a 22-story broadcast building without obtaining a loan! Now we await God's opened door to minister through television to the millions of lost souls in our country.

A self-made man? I used to think that's what I was. Now I know that no man is self-made. It is God to whom all the credit is due. My prayer is that the rest of my days be spent as a wise and fruitful steward of Christ. □

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 right 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 us 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 92626.

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

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CALL 714/754-1400

You still have a few more days to advance-register for the 28th World Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International ... for a family vacation that's a whole new adventure with God ... in the City of Brotherly Love, where our nation was born, and where the faith of many will be reborn.

Join thousands from around the world June 30 to July 4 and let

God's love minister to you through leading Christian speakers, teachers, business leaders, and musicians.

This is our last call—you can avoid long registration lines when you get to the Philadelphia Civic Center by dialing now to reserve *your* 1981 World Convention packet, name badge and meal tickets.

It could be the best call you ever made.

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