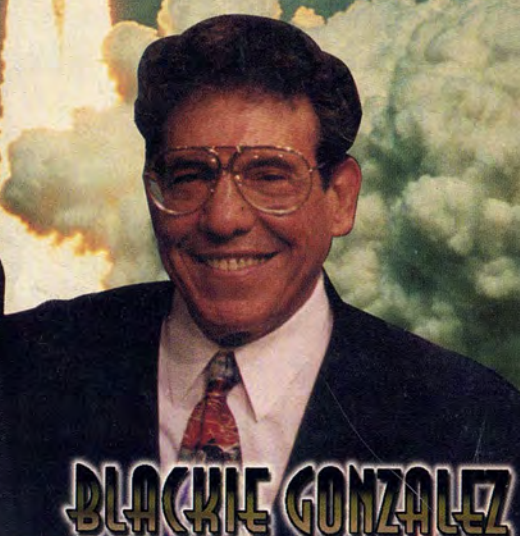


Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International

05-1996

Voice

AS SEEN ON
TV



BLACKIE GONZALEZ

THE SKY IS NOT THE LIMIT

Networking

FGBMFI WORLDWIDE PRAYER NETWORK - PRAYER AROUND
THE WORLD - AROUND THE CLOCK IN 137 NATIONS

NOW...JUST FOR YOU A WORLDWIDE PRAYER NETWORK. The nations of the FGBMFI are forming networking prayer teams. You may participate by becoming a team member, or by sending your prayer request.

Prayer is the unseen power that ennobles us and changes our world. At the moment we can do no more...heaven takes over. Legions of unseen angels are dispatched. Circumstances become divinely guided by the irresistible unseen hand of God, changing the night with the brightness of His Son rising in a glorious new day.

Not long ago, in Jerusalem, three of our top International officers, John Carrette, V.P., Kwabena Darko, Sec., and I sat in the Knesset. We held hands and prayed that the prince of peace would help that troubled land.

Today, on the White House grounds, Vangie and I prayed for President and Mrs. Bill Clinton, Shimon Peres and Yassir Arafat, who have come to meet.

Yesterday, in Washington D.C., Vangie and I sat in the Senate Gallery. We held hands and prayed for every Senator as each walked up to vote - Senators Dole, Kennedy, Rockefeller - as they all voted we silently prayed for each one.

Here in Washington D.C. I remember the

physical miracle in Jerusalem as my father knelt in the street and prayed for a crippled man. Pop! Pop! And he stood and leaped!

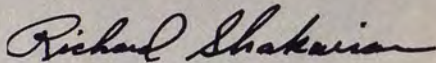
I remember in the Soviet Union, as I spoke in a stadium near Mt. Ararat, a man mute 30 years burst forth in speech.

Yes, God answers prayer...whether for forgiveness, for healing, an impossible family or business problem...God is greater than your need. I believe, as we pray, the Son will dawn through your darkest night and God's new day will begin for you.

JOIN THE FGBMFI PRAYER NETWORK. Prayer Generals are now praying for us in Jerusalem, Washington D.C. and in 137 nations around the world. Our men and wives are praying around the world

and around the clock. **SEND YOUR PRAYER REQUEST** and we will send it to the 137 nations! I believe God will hear your request!

RICHARD SHAKARIAN
FGBMFI International President



To join or send your request contact:
FGBMFI Network Prayer Team
20 Corporate Park, 3rd Floor
Irvine, CA 92714
Fax (714) 260-0718





BLACKIE GONZALEZ

THE SKY IS NOT THE LIMIT

My name, Belarmino Gonzalez, was a tongue twister. I was born with a speech impediment and this, along with some severe trials, had made me a loner. I was shy and withdrawn.

In my previous school I had failed the first grade and was ashamed to repeat the grade twice in the same school.

Now this problem in the new school. Sister Raymond finally gave up on trying to say my name. "I give up" she said one day. "Hereafter, I am going to call you Blackie."

Even before she changed my name, she had shown me so much love that when she suggested this new name, I felt honored that she would show me such special attention. Belarmino changed to Blackie and a whole new world opened.

By the fourth grade, I was com-

pletely different. I was confident, my school work was going well and I started working for a bakery. For an 11 year old boy I was making good money.

Working and earning money became more appealing than going to school. So off and on I quit school and went to work full time.

After dropping out of the ninth grade I started hanging out with the wrong boys. We were stealing things and finally picked up and taken to juvenile court.

Though only 13 I managed to lie my way into the National Guard. Later, I took a trip to California and got into more trouble. I ended up in jail. When my father came to visit me, I tried to put up a front. He was silent and never spoke a word but tears poured down his cheeks. He handed me a package of sweet rolls. I looked from the rolls to his tear stained face and I remem-

bered his unusual love for us children. I never received a spanking from my father, but his abundant love, like now for instance, cut deeper lashes than a whip across the back.

A truly penitent Blackie was emerging. The 'love' had done it. I never stole again. I came out of jail and resumed work at the bakery.

Then one day, while driving to work, another car, coming fast in the opposite lane, swerved to avoid a pothole and hit me head-on. I was thrown out of the car, my head split open and my leg broken.

In the hospital emergency room I was hanging on a fine thread between life and death. The room was a scene of silently weeping loved ones, praying over a hopeless situation. The priest was called in and the last rites were administered, but it was not my time to go.

I was released a month after, and was walking with crutches. At a high school football game I saw a lovely petite girl. Her name, I found out, was Angela. I fell head over heels in love, and wanted her as my wife.

We saw each other often. In the meantime, I turned eighteen and was drafted. Before I started active duty I married Angie.

I was sent to Germany. While there our first child, Theodore Ramon Gonzalez, was born. I kept in touch through letters and pictures. However, my irresponsible school days were taking their toll. I couldn't express myself very well on paper.

So I started attending school at night. By the time I was out of the Army, I had taken the G.E.D. test and earned my high school diploma.

I went to college and also worked with the State Department, assisting state auditors and helped set up the first IBM payroll system for the Bureau of Revenue and the Motor Vehicle Department of New Mexico.

I taught IBM keypunching, tabulating and sorting at the college of Santa Fe and then opened my own school. In ten years we trained over 500 students with 98 percent placed in suitable jobs.

In 1963 my brother, George, and I went into partnership with John Burroughs, then Governor of New Mexico. We started a radio station in Espanola. It turned out to be a tremendous success, bringing in such good money that we decided one of us should buy another. I was the one chosen to buy the new station.

I wasn't a Christian yet, but God

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was preparing me for the work I was to do for Him. I bought 5000 watt radio station KAFE in Santa Fe. It was also a tremendous success. In 30 days we had made a profit of \$5,000. Things were going well. I bought another FM radio station as successful as the others. I also opened a gallery on Canyon Road, operated three drive-in restaurants and an IBM school.

While everything continued prospering financially, I still hadn't come into a personal relationship with the Lord. He used Angie to draw me deeper into the things of God. She asked me to attend a cursillo. That very weekend was for the men and the next weekend for the ladies. I couldn't resist her plea. I packed my clothes, a couple bottles of liquor and a set of cards.

The cursillo classes were penetrating and meaningful. I was totally absorbed. The bottles I brought were never opened, and the cards were totally forgotten. Something happened during those three glorious days. I went to please Angie but I was pulled in like a magnet to every class. I realized that what the Father had done

through His Son was for me. Jesus had died for Blackie.

I understood that all I had to do was "let go" of Blackie. I wholeheartedly invited Jesus into my heart and I was "born again" by the Spirit of God.

The next day I bought my first Bible and started reading it every day at 5 a.m. I began asking my friends to meet me daily at 6 a.m. at Cristo Rey Church. Little did I know

then that my television broadcasting ministry would be transmitted from La Voz de Cristo Rey mountains.

In 1971 I bought radio station KDAZ in Albuquerque and for three years I commuted between

Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

One morning, during my commute, God began dealing with me. Our oldest son, who had been on heavy drugs, suffered a severe set back. The doctors pronounced there was no hope for a cure.

This particular morning God's presence engulfed me and I started to pray and worship God. I began to pray for my wife and children. Then I made my own desires known to God. I asked



Blackie and Charles Duke, ApolloXVI Astronaut

Him to make me the best salesman ever. God made His way clear and we moved to Albuquerque.

Two weeks later we were invited to a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship dinner. When the altar call was given Angie and I went forward to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. We got baptized in the melting fiery power of the Holy Spirit. I asked God to take my life totally and to teach me to walk in holiness.

One lesson God taught was on healing. Isaiah 53:5 was quickened to us. Faith increased and doubts vanished. I went with Father Rick Barrella and some elders to visit my son in the hospital. We anointed him with oil and prayed over him in the name of Jesus. God heard us. He was healing our son completely. What a wonderful miracle. What a glorious Lord!

He gave Angie and me the same message:

"Son, I want you to get out of debt. I want you to pay all your bills. I do not want you to owe any money to anybody."

He taught me from Deuteronomy 28:14. Angie and I agreed that we were going to pay all our bills and not borrow a cent from anybody. God was saying to us personally:

"I will bless you in the city, I will bless you in the country, as I have made you the head and not the tail. You will not borrow but only lend."

Then God spoke directly to me

from Isaiah 55:8-13, saying something special about the radio station. "Your ways are not My ways, your thoughts are not My thoughts...My Word, it will go forward and will not return back void." It meant that every word and song on KDAZ would not come back void.

The next day I took out every secular country song and put in all Christian music. This memorable day in June 1976 KDAZ was declared an all-Christian radio station.

About this time Richard Shakarian was ministering in Albuquerque. After the service, Richard, my son Teddy and I went out for coffee.

While we were sharing Richard began to speak under the anointing. "Wouldn't it be tremendous, Blackie, if we could pray with the people of New Mexico, live, over your station KDAZ? Wouldn't it be nice if we could take their prayer needs over the air and pray with them for God to meet their needs of healing, deliverance, finances and so on and for their spiritual salvation?"

Teddy and I felt an immediate witness that Richard's message was God's message. We began making plans. All of us agreed the program should be called: "God Answers Prayer."

The very next day, KDAZ was airing this program. A continuous string of calls started pouring in and over 70 people came personally to be prayed for.

What started that day was confirmed by God and continues to this day. And it is now on television.

Three months later, I heard from God regarding television. While meditating on the Word of God one morning, God spoke to me of things to come. He told me He was going to give me a 30 minute television show.

After that the 'still small voice' of the Holy Spirit spoke to me again:

"Not only will I, the Lord, give you a television show, but I will give you a television station as well!"

Wow!! I was astounded, and an unshakable "vision" was born in my heart.

In November of that year a 30 minute television show aired on Channel 7 at 7 p.m. It was taken from the program "Christ Is Here," broadcast on Sunday morning on KDAZ.

The first promise of God was fulfilled.

Warren Trumbly, an engineer from a local television station, happened to tune into our "Christ Is Here" telecast. He, his pastor and a group from Hosanna Ministries had been praying

for a Christian television station for New Mexico. He rushed over to see me and shared what God had placed on his heart. Now, the second part of the prophecy was coming into focus.

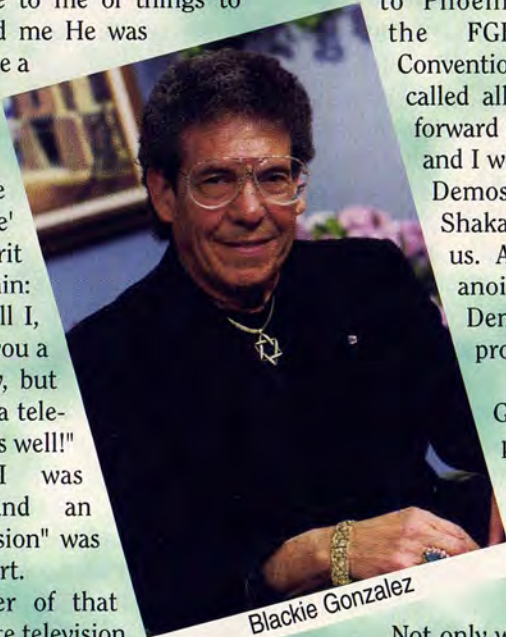
In January, 1977 Angie and I went to Phoenix, Arizona for the FGBMFI Regional Convention. The speaker, called all business people forward for prayer. Angie and I went. The speaker, Demos and Rose Shakarian prayed for us. As they prayed the anointing fell and Demos began to prophesy:

"The Lord God saith...many people will come against you, but it will do them no good. I will bless all your undertakings.

Not only will I give you one television station, I will give you 7 and will prosper you in the television ministry..." We went home blessed.

A few weeks later, every local television station, Channels 7, 4, 13, 14 and 23, filed their objections against our Channel 11.

In March, 1977, Trumbly and I traveled to the "700 Club" in Virginia. A mighty door opened, miracles poured in. The "700 Club" gave us a contract



Blackie Gonzalez

for \$125,000 to air their program when the new station began broadcasting.

God gave us three definite goals: (1) to have seven area directors in seven cities; (2) to have a seven day radiothon. Within those seven days, have three special days; (3) to believe the Lord would raise \$500,000 during the radiothon for the new T.V. station.

Two months later the radiothon began. The first day, nearly 1,500 people gathered in Jellystone Park to pray and believe God for the \$500,000. The event was aired 'live' on KDAZ radio. Even channels 7 and 13 televised some of the events. That day alone the Father supplied us \$17,000 in cash.

Monday thru Wednesday was a series of miracles. The phones wouldn't stop ringing, people continued to stop by the station, leaving cash donations.

Thursday was the second special night and the banquet. Demos Shakarian was the main speaker. Over 700 people accepted Christ as their Savior.

On Saturday, the third special night, Ben Kinchlow of the "700 Club" spoke. Again, God poured out His blessing and by that time \$481,000 had been received in total pledges. Three days later more than the targeted amount of \$500,000 had been received. We notified our attorney to place our application in the hands of the F.C.C. for final approval.

There was continuing opposition. How could the enemy rest. He was trying to stop a Christian television network. But Satan had no chance against our Lord. God continued to provide finances and miraculous deals on equipment and supplies.

Perhaps the crowning triumph over the satanic opposition was the changing of our tower location from Sandie Crest to the 'No Name' mountain, set aside to be named by God's people. Jerry Dixon and I climbed to the top of "No Name" mountain and planted a Bible on its crest.

It was a memorable day when State Senator Paul F. Becht introduced a Senate joint memorial in the New Mexico Legislature, requesting the U.S. Board on Geographic names to rename the mountain call the "No Name Mountain" in North Central New Mexico as "La Voz De Cristo Rey." In spite of opposition the Joint Memorial passed both houses of the Legislature.

"La Voz de Cristo Rey" is indeed the voice of Christ the King.

Channel 11 was built according to God's timing and has been in full operation since January 21, 1984. As God told me in 1975, "thou shalt lend and not borrow. I shall make you the head and not the tail: and thou shall be above only, and thou shalt not be beneath..." The whole project is functioning debt free.

CRASH!



Bill Bacon

Loganville, GA

My pride had cost me a family; my wife, home, sons and almost my life.

Then one day, by accident I stumbled into an FGBMFI luncheon in Atlanta, GA, in 1981 and my life was changed forever! I'm getting ahead of myself, so let me jump to May 2, 1987. That day I was flying from Atlanta, GA to Charlotte, NC by way of Greenwood, SC for AT&T. My job was to patrol their light guide cable right-of-way and stop anyone who might dig up the buried cable. The cost of having that cable cut runs into the millions and I had saved it many times.

Helicopter flying isn't the easiest or

safest job. I've had all kinds of mishaps with the machine. Engines to quit, blade strikes, transmissions explode, and blades come apart. I was even shot down twice in Vietnam -But I was never injured! I've always had the skill to land and the good fortune to crash without being hurt.

This particular day - upon taking off from downtown Greenwood, SC, The engine quit just as I cleared the trees. I knew I was in big trouble - Low altitude, full of fuel and nowhere to land. If I go into the street people will be hurt and killed. If I try to extend my glide the craft may rollover and crash upside down and burst into flames.

Directly underneath was an EXXON station and in a fraction of a second I made the decision to put the helicopter into the CRASH

The next thing I know I'm on an examining table in a hospital. Blood is everywhere. Little did I know It was my blood. The place was crazy, people crying, nurses, firemen, police, rescue, it was maddening. You see; they had never had a helicopter crash in downtown Greenwood, South Carolina before and this occurrence had everyone's attention.

The man standing to the left of the woman that was examining me could have been a doctor so I ask him if he would stop the nurse from sticking me with an I. V. needle. He looked at and said, "You are a lucky man!" I said "Luck had nothing to do with it!". To keep me from going back into shock he kept the conversation going," Well what was it?". I answered them, "it was Skill!" "Skill?" he questioned. "Yes, my brother and I brought this one in!" "Brother did you say?", he exclaimed excitedly. You see, they only pulled one person out of the wreckage! Before I passed out, I said, "My brother Jesus", and left him with it.

When I came to, I was laying in a bed with tubes coming out of me. The nurse asked if she could bring me anything, I answered, "Yes, a Bible and we started my first hospital revival.

The following year I had to have three brain operations due to complications from the crash. Each time I came from under anesthesia I would ask for a Bible and Holy Ghost revival would break out. I've been asked to give this testimony all over the United States of America.

That's the end, now let's go back to the beginning!

August 1981 Sara and I were having a hard time keeping our family

Voice

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WHO WE ARE: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community. That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 137 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write: Chapter Department/FGBMFI/P. O. Box 5050/Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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from falling apart. Skip and Jan, our oldest children were starting families, Ann and Reid were in high school. Sara was working a full time job and my business was failing. I had been sober for 90 days. The first time in 10 years. Do you have any idea what hell a person goes through who's been drunk that many years?

There had to be a change or everything was going down the tube and I knew it.

We both buried ourselves in our Methodist church. Sara and I were deeply involved in every activity of the church.

I taught Sunday school, was chairman of both pastor, parish and evangelism committees and Sara directed the acolyte and assisted me with an audio tape ministry. Still we were lost as geese flying in a storm. I had an over active drinking habit, one quart of drink a day, and Sara was a workaholic. The family structure seemed to be collapsing around us and I did not have a clue.

That August 18, 1981 at a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship luncheon every life that touched my life began to change.

A client had suggested that if my

business was doing badly, I should attend a businessmen's luncheon at the Red Lobster that noon. I had no interest but for some peculiar reason I ended up in front of that restaurant at high noon.

When I found the meeting and sat in a booth, they all stood up, pinning me in my booth. If not, I would have

been gone. As they sang a hymn, some raised their hands; I had never seen this done in my Methodist church. As one man prayed, another prayed in another language and I felt that was disrespectful. The speaker did a great job and when it was over I got out fast. One of the fellows ran me down and gave me his card. When I got home I realized the man who had given me his card was a Braves baseball player. That impressed me so I went to that

luncheon to meet the famous ball player. The player did not show up but the Holy Ghost did and I got filled.

I began a search that took me all over Atlanta as far as North Georgia. Sara was sure that if I spent as much time making money as I did looking for more FGBMFI meetings, we could



be financially independent. Then one day while driving around I-285, I received my heavenly language. What a shock! I was so surprised I nearly had an accident.

From this point great and wonderful things began to happen. Sara received her infilling under the ministry of Richard Roberts at an FGBMFI Georgia rally. We were on a roll! Sara called our oldest daughter and she and her husband were already there. Ann, the youngest, and her husband had found purpose in their Baptist church.

Each Wednesday I would take Reid to a luncheon in Norcross, Georgia. One day he said that he heard the message as he consumed three platefuls of food. That made three down and one to go. *Skip!*

Skip had left home at age 18 to join the U. S. Army. Following in the footsteps of his father. In more ways than one; he also began to drink heavily. We felt that marriage and fatherhood would settle him down, but to our dismay, he only became worse.

One Saturday in the spring of 1985 Skip's wife Brenda called me crying that Skip had overdosed on drugs and alcohol, and had collapsed in the streets of Denver, Colorado. She was going to leave him for the years of alcohol related abuse. I was heartbroken and there was nothing I could do

to make a difference. A parent's greatest fear, not being able to help.

That Tuesday I was having lunch at the Georgia state capital with my FGBMFI friends under the leadership of Jackey Beavers, Governor Harris' special assistant.

Jackey immediately began to pray for Skip's deliverance only as a black American pastor knows how to pray. That whole assembly was moved to prayer and worship and praise and adoration. Everyone sensed the mighty moving of the Holy Ghost in that place of government as they came under conviction.

Some days later that young daughter-in-law called me to tell me that Skip was dry and had taken them to church. That was 10 years ago and he is still dry today. Both Reid and Skip



are today lifetime members of the FGBMFI.

My Dad was an old time stiff-neck. Everything had to be just right and in its place. He was so straightlaced that we even had to dress for breakfast. Coat and tie.

July 23, 1990 I was giving my testi-

mony in Huntsville, Alabama when he went into the hospital in Augusta, Georgia late in the night. It was morning before Sara could get hold of me. My first impulse was to race to the hospital. The Lord impressed upon me to eat and drive safely. I arrived about 5:30 PM. All the family had been assembled so I knew it was serious. After talking with my mother and sister, I went into see him. They had him sedated and on a ventilator. Not a pretty picture. I didn't know what to do, so, I prayed for his mortal soul and for the family and myself. I felt totally at ease. The doctor came in to ask if I needed anything. I asked him to explain the monitors and he asked if I was aware he was dying. I acknowledged that I did and he explained that all the lines would go to zero and it would be over. He wanted to know if there was anything else he could help me with and I thanked him and said, "No."

After the Doctor left I began to speak to my unconscious dad and recount to him my childhood in his hometown. How in the early 1940's myself and the other small boys would go down to the stables early on

Saturday morning to ride the mules through town to auction. We were in shorts, barefooted and no tops. The older boys would put us up on top of the bare backs of those beautiful animals. Every now and then, one of us would fall off and they would have to stop, dust us off, dry our tears and put us back on top of our mule.

As I was telling him this early life experience, I was impressed that maybe he too, as a small boy, had fallen off a mule. It was then that the heartbeat line went flat. He was dead.

My mother took it well. My sister didn't. I then went to find the doctor who had been so nice to me. Each nurse's station reported no one employed fit the description. I have not shared this with my family, they would not have understood. I knew he was with Jesus.

For years I had sent him Voice, but he would never acknowledge that he read them. This new thing I was involved in was not of his Methodist church, therefore, there was nothing else to discuss. I knew he did read them. He was a very intelligent man and he did not miss much.



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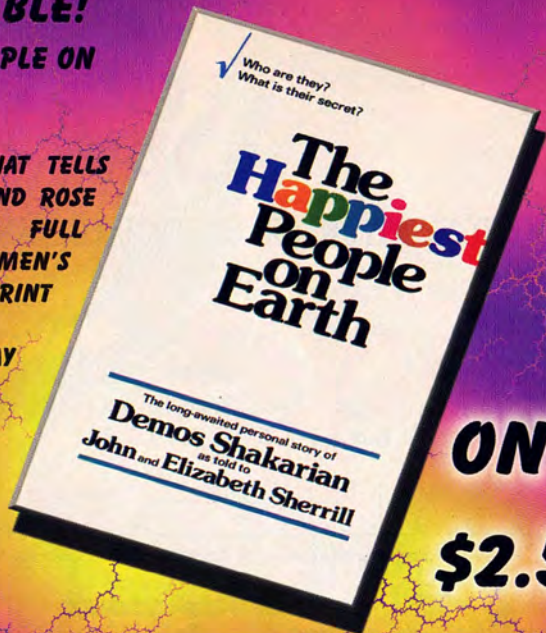
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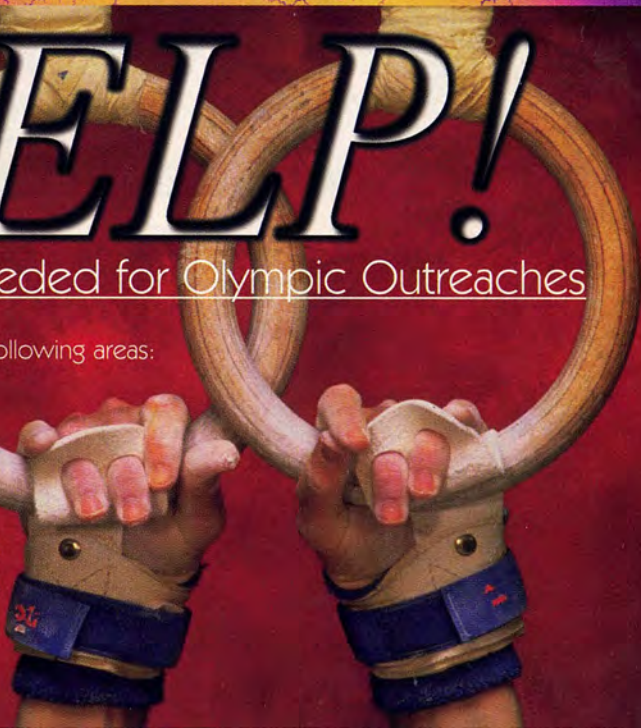
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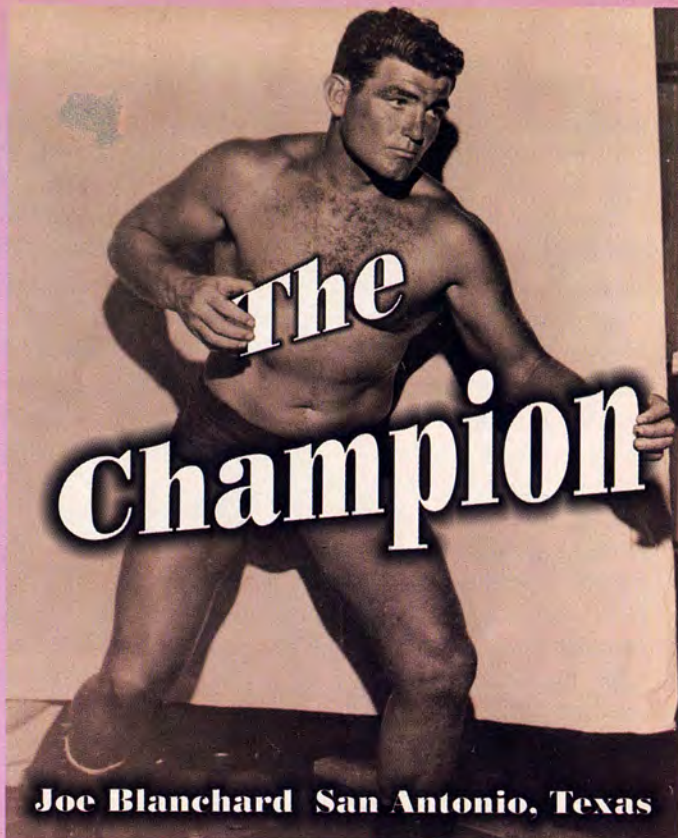


In the 1980s Tully Blanchard, my oldest son, was in the top circle of the professional wrestlers. He was the World Television Champ, the World Tag Team Champion, along with other pro wrestling distinctions. Tully was making big money on the TV wrestling circuit and was clearly established as one of the leading pro wrestlers in the United States.

I would always tell him, "Tully, what you need is Jesus." But Tully would answer back that he didn't want or need Jesus.

I had introduced Tully to wrestling. It had been my life when he was growing up. I didn't know Jesus myself during those critical years of character development for my two boys—Tully and his younger brother, Taylor. Tully had been a fine and outstanding athlete in school, and has gotten into pro wrestling easily because I had retired from the ring and had become a successful promoter and TV broadcaster.

When I was a high school kid in



Oklahoma and a star athlete, I made the offhand remark to a friend that I was going to be a pro football player and a professional wrestler. I don't know why I said that because, at that time, I had never seen a professional wrestling match. But the words proved prophetic and I became both, spending the best years of my life earning a living from those two professional sports.

Kansas State University offered me a football scholarship and I left Oklahoma with the dream of becoming a

great college and pro athlete. I had a good four years of college football, and did well enough to get my chance in the pros.

The Edmonton Eskimos of the Canadian League offered me a contract, and I was on my way.

At Kansas State I was also a varsity wrestler. In my senior year I was the All Big-Eight conference heavyweight wrestling champion. So during the years I was playing pro football in Canada, I got into wrestling on the pro circuit during the off-season. That proved a good insurance policy, as my football career lasted only three years, being forced to retire because of the 'football knee' I sustained at Kansas State. But I could still wrestle and made my way back to the United States where there were opportunities to make substantial money in pro wrestling.

I got myself booked in Kansas for matches, and later wrestled in California and on to Hawaii for more bookings. It was a great life for a young man, and I was being paid well. An opportunity opened up back on the mainland to work out of the Indianapolis Pro Wrestling booking office. This was a choice territory. I worked in making the matches as well as wrestling fairly regularly. They found that I was a natural commentator and I got into broadcasting some of the big programs, eventually announcing a syndicated wrestling show.

One night when driving with Art Nielson, I said, "You know, Art, this traveling gets to you after a few years. You ever hear of Stu Gibson down in San Antonio? He has a real deal. He promotes one card a week—Just working one day, and makes good money."

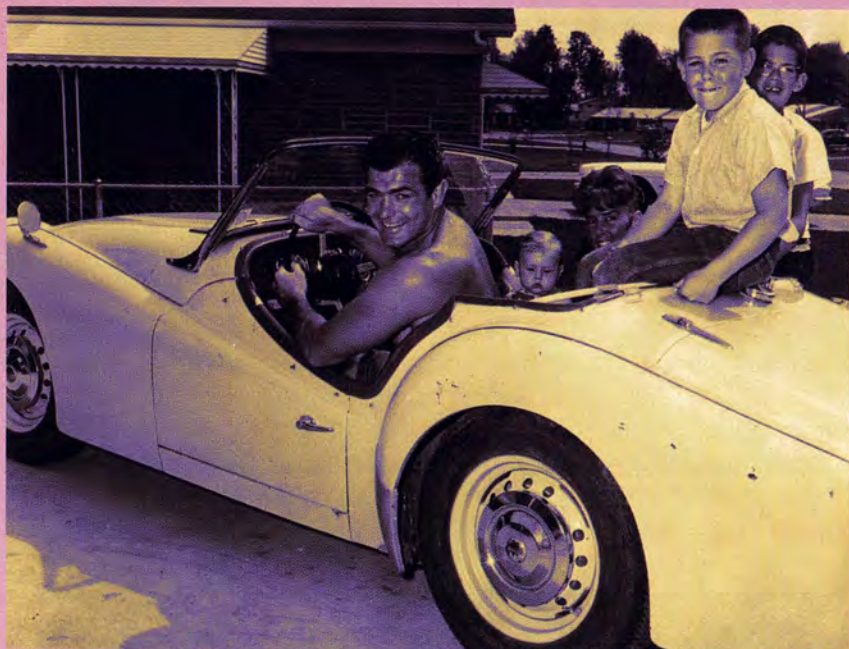
I was tired of the road. I had married Jackie, a lovely Canadian girl, and already had a small son. I said, "Art, that's the kind of job for me. I'd like a deal like that."

Sure enough, I was fired from the Indianapolis office six months later, and was able to get wrestling bookings in San Antonio. Unbelievably, the very job that Stu Gibson had been holding there opened up when I was wrestling in the Alamo City and I was hired.

Finally I was in a place where I could be home at night and be with my two young boys.

This lucrative relationship with pro wrestling lasted twenty years. I was selling out the Municipal Auditorium where our matches were held and had my own television show and was the sportscaster for Channel 12. I was driving a big car, my son was quarterback at Churchill High School and was having a great season. My business interests continued favorably. I thought I was on top of the world. But I was soon to learn that what I thought was comfortable security was not so secure.

My business started going down and



I began to have problems. At about the same time a friend introduced me to Bible Study Fellowship. I began studying the Word of God one night a week. I was trying to be a semi-Christian. That is, make my livelihood in what is really a very airy business, and still make a pretense of being a Christian. I decided that I wasn't ready to be a real Christian just yet, and continued promoting wrestling and related businesses and sort of playing with the Bible. I was to learn quickly that if you just act like a Christian, but really don't surrender to God's call, that the devil just hangs around and dribbles you like a basketball.

Suddenly it all came tumbling

down. The Municipal Auditorium burned down, leaving me no place to present my wrestling cards. I had it rented for wrestling shows fifty weeks a year. Now I had no building and was caught high and dry, losing my main source of income. I had made investments in the commodities market which turned out bad. Channel 12 was sold and the new owners put in their own sportscaster and replaced me on the special programs I was doing. With no cash flow, two buildings I had bought in town were repossessed. But this was the more bearable part of the deluge of troubles.

My son, Tully, was out with his friends when their car ended up

wrecked. I learned that they had been smoking 'pot'—a further blow as I didn't know Tully had touched any kind of dope. The muscles under his throwing arm were torn badly, almost ending his career as a quarterback. But he did have a miraculous recovery so that he could p̄lay again.

During all these disasters, my youngest son, Taylor, had just passed his driver's education test and received his permit to drive. We had played touch football that Sunday morning, something I did with my boys in place of Sunday school and church. That Sunday afternoon was the first call-out for Taylor's Babe Ruth League baseball team. Proudly he drove over to the field to join the coaches and other players, but on the way he was in a wreck and was killed. Fortunately, Jackie, who was no doubt led by the Holy Spirit, had begun reading the Bible to Taylor. He was receptive to those teachings for which we praise God.

Then we started praying for real. Something was wrong. On top of family tragedy, my personal finances were in shambles and I was essentially without income. My wife, Jackie, went into a state of depression and I was so crushed I could hardly function. About that time the Internal Revenue Service knocked on the front door and told Jackie that if we didn't bring in \$7,200 by Monday they would take our house.

By now I was on crutches, my body wasn't holding up. We had stopped answering the door. The Sheriff's Deputy had already delivered too many warrants for collection of debt. I cried out to God. "Lord, I am so beaten down that I can't take any more...unless by some means I can be rescued from all this. Help me, Lord."

He did! Praise God. I knew that trouble had come upon me because of my living in sin. I had not committed myself to God. We began going to Cornerstone Church where we heard about commitment from Pastor John Hagee. With me still on crutches we listened to the teaching from the pulpit. Satan had done such a number on me that I was truly desperate for the only help there was left—God.

Though my commitment was sincere and complete, God's presence through the Holy Spirit came gradually. But it came, and how grateful I was! The Holy Spirit took over. I was changed!

I had learned that you don't mess around with God. Neglect Him and Satan is there ready to destroy you—as he almost did to me. I turned to God just in time. I committed to God completely. I had tried the semi-Christian way and was all but wiped out. Now I knew the right way. All I wanted was God!

But later my son, Tully, now riding the crest of success in professional wrestling, was a lost man. He was liv-

ing on the fast track and hostile to any attempts I made to witness to him. I knew that he was a dope user and I didn't know what else he had slipped into. Having spent most of my career as a professional wrestler or promoter, and having found Christ, I now knew that the wrestling business was of the devil. I feared for my only living son. I could not bear the thought of losing Tully or seeing him become a pawn of Satan. Tully was in my prayers day and night. My wife, Jackie, joined me in constant prayer that our oldest son would come to the Lord.

Since coming to the Lord, I had learned that He was a forgiving God. I knew that He was hearing our prayers for Tully. I got the people in Cornerstone Church and every prayer line I knew about to pray for Tully. He was now thirty-five, in sin but very successful and famous in the world of wrestling. A tough task, but I still prayed in faith that the Holy Spirit would get to my only living son, that Tully would open his heart to Jesus.

Well, during some personal anguish that Tully was going through concerning trouble with wrestling management, he came to a place where he could stand it no longer. Getting out of bed and onto his knees, he cried out to God. I don't know how he knew about God because he never went to church and he turned me off every time I tried to witness to him

after he was a grown man. I was not saved until long after he left home to make his own career. But somewhere he had learned that he could come to God in his deepest need.

God heard Tully's prayer for help and right there beside his bed, Tully turned his life over to God. A miracle? An answer to prayer for sure.

He left wrestling for good and is now a minister in North Carolina. He works in ministry for a large church in Charlotte and does evangelistic preaching at churches throughout the Southeastern United States on weekends.



Joe Blanchard and his wife, Jackie, live in San Antonio, Texas where Joe is a counseling minister at the Cornerstone Church. Tully Blanchard is a minister and evangelist at the Central Church of God, Charlotte, North Carolina.

Chapter Newsbreak

New Anointing

By Eric Pittser

There's a new anointing upon the fellowship!!! You don't even have to believe it anymore because it's happening whether you believe it or not!! Last month 247 NEW Chapters opened up in the country of Zaire alone!! Now that's exciting news for the Kingdom of God, and FGBMFI..

I just finished talking with one of our directors, Bart Daley, of San Antonio, Texas, and received the following report: "We opened up a chapter on the Ft. Sam Houston army base a few months ago and our sixth meeting was held last week with a total of 722 salvations being reported!!" Hallelujah give God the Glory!! They also opened up a new chapter last week at Lackland Air Force base, during the first chapter meeting they had 105 military personnel come forward and gave their hearts to the Lord. Glory to God

It isn't just in Texas that things like this are happening either. The guys down in Florida are keeping me busy just keeping track of all their outreaches.

During the last month chapter guys and directors have ordered nearly 100 new chapter starter kits, bet the devil doesn't like that.

This week I discovered that some chapter distributes around 2,000 voice magazines every issue!!

What a testimony for a servant of the Lord.

Some days I receive so many telephone calls with glorious accounts of things that are happening in and through the Fellowship it brings tears to my eyes and a cry from my lips.

For those of you who have been so patiently awaiting the revision of the Chapter Manual I believe your patience will be rewarded when you receive the revised edition with a lot of wonderful additions, including an excerpt from the famous Dr. Vinson Synan, describing in one of his books the part FGBMFI played in the Charismatic renewal around the world. According to Dr. Synan during the early 1980's no less than 500,000 persons attended monthly meetings, while world attendance totaled over 1,000,000 persons! Dr. Synan is a recognized historian with a Ph. D. in history from the University of Georgia.

Currently I am completing the reordering of all the chapter supplies that you need. At present we have already received a shipment of new membership pins, and trust that all of you have already received your beautiful new membership cards.

I stand in awe of what some of you guys are accomplishing for our Lord Jesus through the fellowship and invite any and all of you to allow us here at International to serve you as you serve the Lord.

Remember John 15:16, "You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you and ordained you that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should remain, that whatever you ask the Father in My name He may give you."

God bless you all and keep up the good work!

6 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." (1John 1:9)

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 sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." (John 3:16) And (Mark 16:16)

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

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 those that believe on His name." (John 1:11, 12)

Why not make your eternal decision now?

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

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "**Now That You've Received Christ.**"

Yes! I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Saviour.

Please send me the booklet "**Now That You've Received Christ.**"

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Clip and mail to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 19714, Irvine, CA 92713

Worldwide, Day & Night, FGBMFI is a Light.



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