

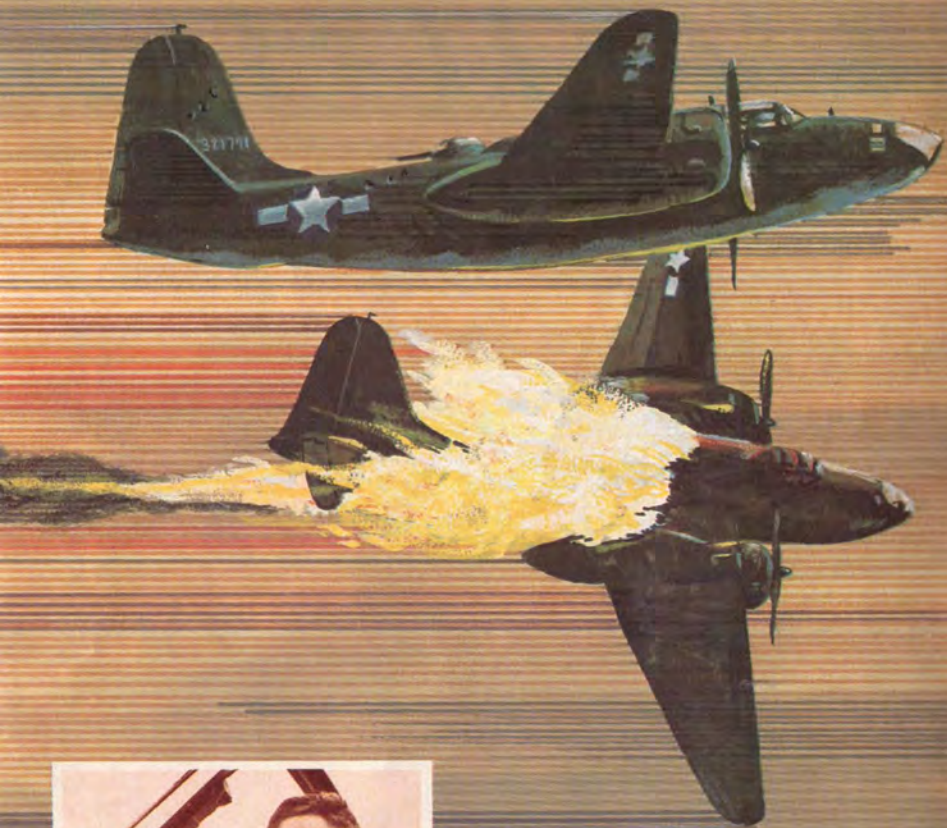
05-83

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

Air Force General





The plane on my right wing disintegrated before my eyes. My own shredded aircraft, which now looked like a range target, began to lose altitude.



Air Force General

General Richard Shaefer, Nashville, TN

It only hurt when I laughed. Or moved.
Or thought about moving.

Not that I felt like laughing much. Of course I knew the irony of it ought to be worth a chuckle or two to all my old flying buddies: Dick Shaefer, three-star general, deputy chairman of the mightiest military body in the free world, veteran of air battles since WW II through Viet Nam—flat on my back in the hospital, a victim of... what? A terrorist explosion? A midair dogfight?

No. What did me in was an overzealous Greek driver trying to show me (I guess) what a fine fighter pilot he'd make. A splendid, cordial young man with 68 of the whitest teeth you've ever seen, all displayed in a continuous, gallant smile. Didn't speak a word of English, didn't know the meaning of the word "slower"!

A concrete abutment brought his dreamed-of flier's career—and my real one—to a painful end.

I was flown from Europe to Wilford Hall Hospital in San Antonio, Texas. After six months of surgery, intensive care and treatment, the military's finest neurosurgeons sent me home, neck and wrists encased in braces,

with a money-back-guarantee that if I so much as stumbled I could expect to be paralyzed from the neck down... that is, if I survived the impact. The good news was, I'd always know when I was awake because that's when I'd be in the most pain.

What the doctors didn't know, and what I was only beginning to suspect, was that God had ended my military career to give me a promotion.

Let me put this in reverse for a minute. My military career began shortly before the United States entered World War II. I loved flying, and trained as pilot for the Army Air Corps. I saw plenty of action but my tightest scrape came June 6, 1944, as I was leading a low-level sweep over the Normandy beachhead.

The desperate Germans were throwing everything they had at us. The plane on my right wing disintegrated before my eyes. My own shredded aircraft, which by now looked like a range target, began to lose altitude. I was already too low to bail out, and anyway I would have felt out of place in the middle of all those soldiers shouting at me. As my plane shuddered over the treetops of the Nor-

*World War II
A-20 attack
bomber
hit by enemy
ground fire*



mandy Peninsula, I did what men in war have done since time began: I called out to God.

Yes, I knew who He was. I'd been raised in church, and even claimed Jesus as my Saviour. But He'd always been a remote force, not a Person. He didn't hold back on me, though. He carried my gasping plane back across the frigid waves of the English Channel, on to the south coast of Great Britain, where I made an indecorous landing which did my body considerable damage most of which was not immediately detected.

My military career continued and accelerated. I was selected to brief Winston Churchill and other world leaders on military and strategic plans. There were personal associations with kings, queens and heads of state, and I was on a first-name basis with some of the world's top military

men. I represented the entire U.S. military establishment on President Eisenhower's Committee for Outer Space Planning. Later I spent many hours with our Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, discussing national security.

After serving as Chief of Staff, U.S. Air Forces in Europe, and as Chief of Operations for all of Allied Command in Europe, I was at the zenith of my career as deputy chairman of the NATO Military Committees; then came the car crash, which brought to a head the progressive deterioration from the injuries I'd received during my WW II plane crash and ended my career in 1974.

Although the hospital stay didn't heal my injuries it certainly cured my ego. That, apparently, was what the Lord wanted to do, because as General Dick Shaefer lay flat on his back in

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that bed he discovered he finally had enough time to talk—and listen—to God.

I'd always admired the phrase "God is my co-pilot." A friend of mine wrote a book by that name and I thought the concept was right on. But as a flier I knew that a co-pilot's duties were limited to technical responsibilities and emergency situations. God began to show me that He didn't want to be the co-pilot. He wanted to be the pilot, in full control of my life.

Meantime, my wife Caroline was going through her own personal spiritual revolution. Having spent much of her life going in and out of surgery for serious abdominal problems, she was herself a 30-year veteran of hospital wars.

A friend gave Caroline a copy of Catherine Marshall's *Beyond Our Selves*, and after reading it Caroline broke before the Lord and relinquished herself—and me—to Him. Her new commitment, which came a few months before my auto accident, really began to get through to me while I was in the hospital. I don't know an exact time when it all came together for me. I just know that when I left that hospital Jesus was not only my Saviour, He was my Friend and Lord.

Caroline and I had always been churchgoers, but now we had an unquenchable spiritual hunger to know God. We yearned for someone to lead us, but none of our friends, chaplains or pastors seemed to know any more

than we did. We read the Bible voraciously, though, and when we got to the part about the baptism in the Holy Spirit we wanted it. With nowhere to turn except to one another, one evening we knelt in my study, laid hands on each other and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

By now we were back in our home in the Virginia suburbs of Washington, D.C. One day we discovered Pat



Caroline and Dick Shaefer

Robertson's "The 700 Club" on television and Caroline called to tell them we were desperate for real Christian fellowship. Within hours, it seemed, we were flooded with visits from Spirit-filled believers.

We still attended our Presbyterian church, and Caroline began telling our Sunday-school class that God was going to heal her.

"He's going to do a miracle, and you're going to see it," she insisted.

"Honey, don't talk about miracles to them," I admonished. "It makes people nervous. In fact, it makes me a little nervous."

We'd never heard of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship but a friend invited us to attend a military breakfast at an FGBMFI convention in Washington. When we saw the program we wanted the whole thing; Caroline was especially interested in the part that said "Miracle Service."

Pat Robertson spoke that evening on General Naaman, the leprous soldier whom Elisha ordered to bathe seven times in the Jordan River if he wanted to be healed of his leprosy. Pat described how angry Naaman must have been to do such a foolish thing, but as he dipped in the river four, five, six times, God was washing off layer after layer of pride and ego.

I couldn't turn to Caroline (my neck still wouldn't move more than two degrees to the right or left) but I sort of leaned toward her and whispered, "Tell him to quit. I get the message!"

A few moments later I saw Pat pointing at me.

"The Lord is telling me there's a man right there with a severe neck injury. He's healing it right now, brother. Accept your healing."

Suddenly I could move my neck freely without pain! God had totally healed that injury which no doctor on earth had been able to fix.

I still had lower back pain, but over the next few months the Lord led us

deeper and deeper into His word. Caroline stopped saying that God would heal her and proclaimed she was healed by the grace of God. During the next two years the Lord gradually healed every one of our infirmities. Since then neither of us has had to go back to a hospital except for routine checkups. Praise the Lord!

Before we knew it we were traveling all over the world for the Lord. I feel as though He gave me a promotion from three-star general to full-time ambassador for Jesus. We finally decided to sell our home because we were never in it. For the last few years our home has been a suitcase and our address has been wherever God calls us. And every time I lift a bag into our car trunk or off a baggage rack I thank the Lord, because when I came out of that hospital I couldn't even lift a lunch sack.

Maybe you've considered God to be your co-pilot. Or maybe He isn't even in the plane. Take my advice and let Him have full control. He'll pilot your life into a new dimension of excitement, fulfillment and joy the world can never offer. □

Dick Shaefer is retired as a three-star general after 35 years in the U.S. Air Force, including service as Chief of Operations for all of Allied Command, Europe, and Chief of Plans for the entire military operations, Viet Nam. He is a graduate of University of New Mexico and U.S. Military Academy, West Point, and attended United Kingdom Joint Services College, Great Britain, and the U.S. National War College. A lifetime member of FGBMFI, he and his wife Caroline have jointly ministered all over the world.



CAPSIZED

Paul Thompson, Vacaville, CA

These waves are getting pretty bad, honey. Maybe we'd better head on in."

If Laura hadn't suggested it, I would have. We'd been enjoying beautiful weather and good fishing for three hours, but a sudden wind brought up rolling whitecaps that rocked our tiny aluminum boat like a cork. We reeled in our lines and I glanced at my watch as I started the 20-horsepower motor. It was 5:30 P.M.

"We've got about three hours of daylight left," I told my wife. "Let's follow the shoreline back to the dock. It'll really get rough if we head straight across the lake."

Swells banged against the bow, soaking Laura, as I guided the boat slowly toward the nearest shoreline about three miles away.

I felt slightly apprehensive about our situation. Although Lake Berryessa is one of central California's

favorite boating and fishing spots, we were virtually alone on the enormous manmade lake this early summer day in 1982.

Shore seemed terribly far away and the dock where we'd launched the boat was even farther. At the turtle's pace we were going, we'd need all the daylight we had left. I decided to pick

were back in the water, with the boat floating belly-up like a dead catfish next to us.

We managed to climb onto the hull, but there was absolutely nothing to hang on to. All we could do was lie there on our stomachs . . . and pray as we never had before.

God has gifted my wife and me

the boat floated belly-up like a dead catfish next to us

up our speed a bit to raise the bow out of the water and hopefully get us home before midnight.

Easing the throttle handle open, I heard the motor's rpms pick up comfortably. Suddenly a breaking whitecap hit the motor at just the right angle to kick the handle out of my hand. As it jerked out of my grasp it twisted to full speed, throwing the boat into a sharp, out-of-control turn.

"God help us!" I shouted as I felt myself being pitched into the choppy water. The boat tipped onto its side, nearly filling with water, then settled back down. Apparently the engine flooded itself out, so at least the boat remained stationary.

"Paul, help me!" Immediately I remembered that Laura, who can't swim a stroke, had removed her life-jacket in the midafternoon sun and hadn't put it back on. Somehow we both clambered into the sinking boat. I found Laura's jacket among the floating debris and quickly helped her into it. The next thing we knew we

with a great deal of faith and we both believed a boat or helicopter would be along shortly to pull us out. But as we surveyed the lonely lake we didn't see a hint of another human being. Amazingly, both of us had a deep feeling of peace. Still, Laura's fear of water showed in her prayer:

"Lord, I'm not afraid to die because I know I am Yours. But please . . . don't let it be by drowning!"

I was suddenly flooded with the realization that we were in a genuine life-or-death situation. We couldn't stay on the boat all night; we would die of cold and exposure.

"Look, honey," I said, trying to sound encouraging, "the shore doesn't look too far away. We've both got lifejackets. We can't sit out here. Let's swim for it."

"No, it's no good," was her answer. "If you think you can make it, you go ahead and get help. I'll just hang on here. Go . . . but hurry!"

I scrabbled around under the capsized boat and came up with two



Paul Thompson, at the lake that tried to take his life

decrepit floating cushions. I gave one to Laura, then made the hardest decision of my life.

"I love you," I said, and kissed her. Then, with a life vest and crumbling cushion for flotation, I struck out for the distant bank, still praying with every breath.

Little by little I could see the shore coming closer. The wind and waves had subsided, making my tiresome journey somewhat easier. After what seemed like an eternity my bare feet touched the oozy, mucky beach mud. I looked at my waterproof watch in the fading light—it was nearly 9

P.M.—then scanned the darkened horizon for a sign of our tiny boat.

I saw only the twilight glow of the sunset and the glimmer of lamps on the opposite shore.

Fear for Laura's safety suddenly engulfed me, and I began to run, then realized that I would have to pace myself, and slowed to a steady walk.

"The main road can't be far," I thought. "I'll just follow the shoreline till I come to it, then flag down a car." What would a motorist think of a barefoot, white-haired man wearing nothing but undershorts and a battered

(continued, p. 37)

Dr. Al B. Harley, Jr., Florence, SC

BEYOND PSYCHIATRY



through the mist
of my tears,
I saw my wife
silhouetted
in the doorway



God wants us to *rejoice* in our tribulation. We are *blessed* by tribulation!"

I couldn't believe my ears. Here I was, in a church for the first time in ages, desperately hoping for some kind of spiritual nourishment—and this man was talking nonsense.

"Well, if a person is blessed by tribulation," I thought disgustedly, "I'm just about the most blessed man in Florence, South Carolina."

Up until only a few months earlier my life had been running just fine. I had a prosperous, busy psychiatric practice, a happy marriage, three lovely kids, two Mercedes in the garage, a huge, beautiful home in the suburbs and another one on the lake. What more could a man want?

My world seemed perfect. I felt I had my priorities straight. I wanted to be a good father first, a good husband second and a good doctor third. Our family did everything together. We scuba-dived in the British West Indies, climbed the pyramids of Central America, shared every spare moment with one another.

My problem, which I didn't realize at the time, was that my children were my gods, my idols. Whatever's first in your life, that's your god.

And despite all the time and energy I devoted to them my little idols started developing flaws.

First, my 15-year-old, Chuck, who'd been playing football for seven years and had all the makings of a top varsity player, announced he was quitting the game. Oh, how that hurt! I'd

been thinking how great it would be to hear his name (*our* name) on the radio, see it in the newspaper. That boy was pro-football material, I just knew it.

Naturally, when he announced his early retirement I threatened him, cajoled him, called him chicken and did all the other things a normal, mature, 45-year-old psychiatrist would do. I even offered to cut off my left hand if he'd suit up again. No score.

Then as I was celebrating my birthday with friends, I got a phone call with the awful revelation that my namesake, Al #3 (we call him Tersh)

functioned on a moment-by-moment basis.

One Sunday morning I shocked my wife by telling her I was going to church with her. I'd always been a devoted, fanatical atheist, but she went to her Episcopal church regularly, anyway. My new idea was, "Well, I don't think there's anything to this religion business, but I've tried everything else. I'll go and see what happens."

That night we sang a lot of hymns and I noticed that as long as I was singing I wasn't depressed. But as

if a man could divorce his kids, I would have done it

was involved with drugs. Here was a 17-year-old who'd already won several science-fair awards, received a National Science Foundation Scholarship to study laser photography, and was editor-in-chief of his high-school yearbook... selling and using dope like some ghetto hoodlum.

For most of my life I'd had a nagging fear: what would I do if a major disappointment came my way? I'd enjoyed success in nearly every undertaking. I simply wasn't prepared for failure. Suddenly I was surrounded by it, and nothing, no one, could save me. It got so bad that one day I looked my boy in the eye and told him I wished I were dead. If a man could divorce his kids, I would have done it. I stopped living with any kind of purpose and just

soon as I got home I started icing up again. I knew I couldn't stay in church singing hymns the rest of my life. Something had to give.

On November 15, 1978 I sat down to read the newspaper and there were two things in it that changed my life. One was an article about the latest trouble my son was in. I actually felt relieved it was in there, because now I didn't have to hide the problem from people anymore.

Then I glanced down the page and saw an ad for Calvary Baptist Church, announcing that a man named Peter Lord would be speaking that night. Every time I'd try to turn the page I just had to go back and look at that ad.

"This sounds ridiculous," I told my

wife, "and I don't understand it, but I'm supposed to be in that service tonight."

Well, when Peter Lord started talking about being blessed by tribulation I just about decided I was as crazy for coming as he was for saying such a thing.

My mind started wandering. I realized my boys were probably at home right then, having a pot party in my living room. Suddenly, though, some-

audience," I thought angrily. I forgot my anger a moment later, though, when his words pierced right to the heart of my dilemma.

"If love is the greatest thing in the world," he said, "then rejected love has to be the worst." If I'd have been an "amen" sayers, I'd have said one.

"That's it!" my mind shouted. "My kids have rejected my love. I deserve better than this. I hate the very people I love, because they've trampled all over my devotion to them."

Then Peter said, "We can't make other people do right, but we can do right ourselves. The greatest frustration is trying to control others."

Somewhere during the sermon I wrote on my program, "If I get *myself* straightened out the other problems will be taken care of." I began to see that my central problem was my lack of a relationship with God. In my mind I laid my kids at the altar of God and said, "Lord, they're Yours. If there's anything I can do to help You, You just let me know. But I'm kind of hard of hearing, so You'd better tell me good and clear. I'm turning them back over to You. Thank You very much."

I'd never felt such tremendous relief. When my wife and I got home I raced through the TV room because tears were streaming down my face and I didn't want my children to see. I went up to our room, lay down on the bed and cried. Now, I've been a doctor a long time but I never knew a person could cry that much. I soaked the pillow and the bed and everything else.



Dr. Harley, Chief of Psychiatry, McLeod Regional Medical Center

thing the speaker was saying caught my attention.

He began explaining how he'd been a Baptist minister for 20 years when one night he got a call from the police, telling him his son was in jail on drug charges. He talked in detail about how his life and ministry started crumbling. But, he said, God turned that tragedy into the greatest blessing of his life.

"Someone's told this guy I'm in the

At one point I opened my eyes and, through the mist of my tears, saw my wife silhouetted in the doorway.

"I can quit this anytime I want to, Sidney," I lied. I had to say something to her. After all, how would you like to have a 300-pound psychiatrist bawling all over your bed?

"You go ahead and do what you

it leads."

I knew there was no way I could go back. And as soon as I mumbled that through my tears, a spring of joy just began bubbling out of me and I began groaning and chattering with sounds I'd never heard before. Without even knowing anything about the Holy Spirit, I experienced a wonderful



in one week's time both of my boys were jailed, my father underwent major surgery, I was audited by the IRS and my puppy had diarrhea

have to," she said softly, so I went right back to crying. Suddenly a mighty peace flooded over me and the thought came that now I had a decision to make.

"Harley, you can stop now and apologize to your wife and tell her you just got emotionally upset—and go back to being the same miserable person you were yesterday. Or you can follow this through and see where

baptism.

The next day people must have felt about me the way folks did about the regenerated Ebenezer Scrooge. I started witnessing to all the nurses and patients. I went to a Christian bookstore which was situated in a mobile home (I'd always despised both of those things) and bought some Christian books and one of those fish pins to stick on my lapel.

I canceled all my appointments and did nothing but follow Peter Lord around all that week. My wife went with me to all his meetings, and she was filled with the Holy Spirit too.

The atmosphere in our home began to change radically. For a month after

time in 14 years—and my puppy had diarrhea. But do you know, Sidney and I lived in the joy of the Lord as never before, that whole week? We never praised the Lord so much in our lives.

Out of that my boys learned they were going to have to pay for their own mistakes, my father recovered just fine, and I never did hear any more from the IRS. The puppy is okay, too.

And I don't know how I ever practiced psychiatry without the Lord. Today I let my patients know right up front that I've got one thing that will help them, and if they don't want to take that approach they really ought to find another psychiatrist. I've found that the Bible is the most dependable mental-health manual ever published, because psychology can go from fad to fad, but God's word never changes.

My boys are doing very well today. I have a wonderful daughter, Kayre, who's never been any problem, and I think the Lord sent her to me so I'd know He wasn't mad at me.

Sure enough, I guess I am just about the most blessed person in Florence, South Carolina. □



*Dr. and Mrs. Harley with family:
Tersh (left), Kayre and Chuck*

our conversion everything went perfectly. The kids were regular angels, probably because they thought I was cracking up and didn't want to be the ones who pushed me over the brink.

Then about four months later God let us go through a week you wouldn't believe. In one week's time both of my boys were jailed on separate charges, my father underwent major surgery, I was audited by the IRS for the first

Dr. Harley served as chief of neuropsychiatry, 3rd Army Headquarters, from 1963-64, and since that time has been in private practice of psychiatry in Florence, where he is chief of psychiatry at McLeod Regional Medical Center. He is Vice-President, Pee Dee Chapter, FGBMFI. He and his wife Sidney are members of the Presbyterian church and have three children: Tersh, Chuck and Kayre.

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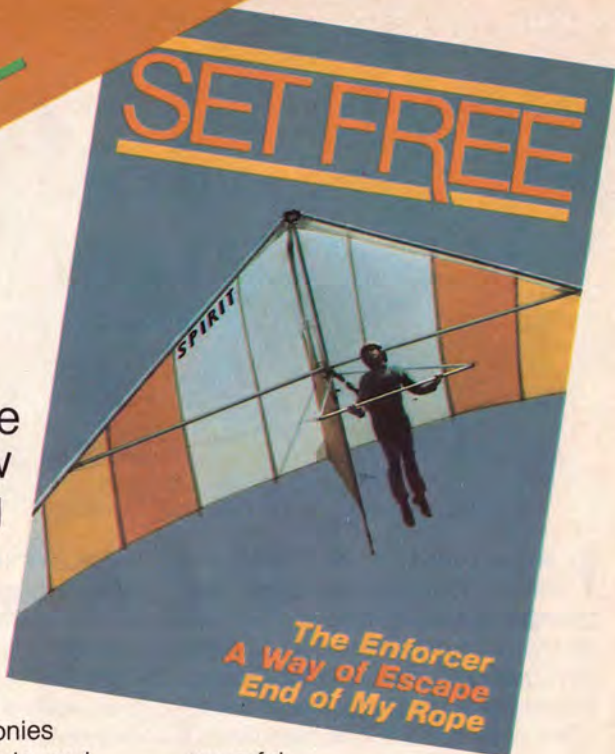
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More than Luck

Bill Hooke, Carlisle, PA

It all happened so fast I barely had time to blink. One moment I was driving my new car down the road without a care in the world, and the next moment I saw another automobile headed straight for me.

My only hope for escape was a steep embankment on my right, and I went for it. The car bounced a short distance up the bank, then came crashing down on its roof, sparks flying as metal ground against concrete. It came to rest 100 feet later, totally demolished, with the roof literally smashed to the level of the dash.

I walked away from that battered auto without a scratch or any sign of an accident about me.

The township's chief of police happened to witness the accident and I learned later that, according to his own words, he had seen Jesus himself helping me out of that wreck. The chief had been so transfixed by this

vision that he was unable to speak or move or direct traffic. This man wasn't a Christian, but he became one after that, as you might suspect!

When I tell people about some of the near-misses I've experienced, their initial reaction is likely to be "What a lucky guy!"

Well, one or two close calls—I guess a guy could attribute that to luck if he wanted to. But four or five... you start to get suspicious. And when death kisses you on the cheek a *dozen* times or so, as it has me, and then goes on by... listen, somewhere along the line you've got to admit there's more to it than luck.

I've been a rowdy most of my life. At the age of 13 I could already gulp a glass of moonshine like it was Nehi. My parents died when I was very young, and when I received my inheritance I squandered it so fast even the prodigal son would have been im-



pressed. Many times I'd drink and drive all night, and wake up the next day wondering where I'd been.

After graduating from high school I went to work for a quarry, road and bridge building contractor and quickly worked my way up to assistant manager. By the age of 22 I had 125 men under my supervision.

But I also supervised some of these fellows in after-hours ruckus-raising. We stormed around the countryside, drinking, starting free-for-alls and stealing chickens. Of course I could have been killed anytime prior to this just because of my wild driving, but it was at about this time that The Grim Reaper really started looking me over.

One day after raiding a chicken farm I discovered that the farmer had a shotgun all rigged to blast anyone who came through his fence. Without realizing it I'd cut just the right wire, the one that was hooked up to the

scattergun.

Not long afterward one of my friends was permanently blinded in both eyes from drinking moonshine, the kind I was used to guzzling—it could've been from the same barrel. Another time I was clubbed over the head so hard I lost consciousness. In another incident, a cow I was riding tossed me on top of a log, knocking me out for a long period of time. The fall should have killed me or at least broken my back.

I believe the only thing that kept me alive was this: as soon as possible after a night of hell-raising I'd get down on my knees and ask God to forgive me. That may sound crazy, but I was really sincere. Even though I scarcely knew who God was, He must have honored that glimmer of awareness in me. That's the only explanation I have.

In my midtwenties I became a

Pennsylvania state trooper and, like any cop, had my share of close scrapes. When World War II entered the picture I worked with the U.S. government as an inspector and undercover agent. I encountered many life-threatening situations, but the one that stands out in my mind happened in the spring of 1945, just before VJ Day.

Seven of us were just about to embark on a B24-bomber test flight when I got a message to report to my colonel. While I was in his office I was irritated to discover that my plane had taken off without me. A short time later, though, news came that took my breath away. The plane had crashed, killing everyone aboard except one man, who was critically injured.

By this time in my life I had completely stopped praying and felt that my escapes from death were just plain luck. So I was very annoyed when a fellow worker kept badgering me to read the Bible and pray. When I finally told him I would read the little Bible we'd all been issued, I was amazed to see tears in his eyes. I read the New Testament twice, but nothing in it impressed me in the least.

After the war I returned to my hometown of Carlisle, Pennsylvania and started a real estate and development business. I was married by this time and my wife and I enjoyed an active social life. But when our son Bill, Jr. turned seven we decided it was time we settled down, stopped drinking and joined a church. In a short

time I was a member of the church board and both my wife and I were involved in youth work, even though neither of us knew Jesus Christ as our Saviour, or even what that meant. We felt that if there is a heaven our church membership would get us in.

My business was enjoying great success but I couldn't really say I was happy. Then I met and began working with a young contractor who seemed content and joyful all the time. Like the man during the war who urged me to read my Bible, this young man had something different going for him. He witnessed to me constantly, and I put up with it because he was a fine builder. Together we put up several hundred homes and apartments.

One day, in an effort to convince my friend that I was a good fellow, I began pointing out how much work I did for the church.

"Yes, Bill," he replied, "but have you been born again?"

"Born again? What are you talking about?" I asked. He opened his pocket Bible to John 3:3, where the "religious" man named Nicodemus was confronted with this same question:

"Jesus answered and said unto him, 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.'"

"How can I be born again?" I wondered. My friend explained that I had only to ask Jesus Christ into my heart and to receive His free gift of forgiveness. Then He would take control of my life and I would literally begin again as a new person in Christ. The

Holy Spirit sent genuine conviction to my heart, and that day at the age of 45 I made a commitment to the Lord.

You might expect that my brushes with death would stop, but apparently God wanted to use me as an example of His miraculous protection. In addition to the car accident I have already related, I was involved in five major automobile crashes. (The drivers of the other cars were judged at fault in each incident, I might add.)

I was afflicted for 20 years with a body depression caused by a chemical imbalance, but after a man named Joe Jordan came to our church and taught us to take God's word as medicine, I followed his instructions and in three days God set me completely free.

Twice I nearly died from drowning but both times the Lord miraculously delivered me. Then on January 1, 1969, at the age of 61, I began having two days of nonstop severe chest pain. By the time I went to the hospital, doctors said the damage had been done; my heart muscles were completely shot. After four and a half days in intensive care, four doctors had virtually given me up for dead.

But on the fifth afternoon Monroe Wheeler, an FGBMFI brother, came in, laid hands on me and prayed. God healed my heart at that moment and I was able to get out of bed, to the doctors' utter amazement. Today, 13 years later, my heart is strong and I've had no further heart attacks.

At 65 I experienced the baptism in the Holy Spirit and once again my life

was totally changed; God gave me a greater power to witness and to lead others to Christ. I've had the privilege of leading six people to the Lord while they were actually on their deathbeds. God literally snatched these people out of the jaws of hell at the last moment, just as He has physically saved my life countless times.

I used to think that luck was the reason I stayed alive. Now I realize that



Bill Hooke never misses an opportunity to share the Gospel.

all those years, God cared enough to give me "one more chance."

Lucky? Not me . . . I'm *blessed*! The same God who saved my physical life so many times has given me something even better: life *eternal* through His Son Jesus Christ. □

Bill Hooke is a director of the Carlisle Chapter, FGBMFI. He and his wife Vivian attend Bethany Tabernacle and have one son, Bill Hooke, Jr., with whom Bill, Sr. is engaged in a land-development and realty partnership.

**30th Annual World Convention
Full Gospel Business Men's
Fellowship International
Detroit, Michigan—Cobo Arena
July 5-9**

DETROIT

Great traditions arise out of perpetually meaningful experiences.

Strong biblical teaching—by world-renowned charismatic leaders such as Kenneth Copeland, Kenneth Hagin, Dr. Roy Hicks and John Osteen—has been a valued contribution year after year at FGBMFI conventions.

Vital testimonies of victory in Jesus, shared by laymen under the anointing of the Holy Spirit, are a cherished convention tradition.

Signs, wonders and miracles are anticipated when believers come together with one mind and heart. The supernatural is not programmed. Indeed, it cannot be. Rather, the miraculous is always God's response to the prayers and praise of His people.

World Convention, traditionally, is a time of rich fellowship with old and new friends. Each year a spiritual growth opportunity is provided for all the family.



Our 1983 teachers, leaders and musicians include: (top row, l. to r.) Kenneth Hagin, Ken Copeland, Demos Shakarian, John Osteen,

The Tradition Continues



(bottom row, l. to r.) Marilyn Hickey, Len Mink, Evelyn Simpson, and Mark Harper.

Events for all ages this year include nursery . . . children's programs with Mark Harper and his puppets . . . youth activities with Greg and Lisa Glassford, Gary Greenwald and Spirit Wind . . . praise and worship daily through music with Len Mink and Evelyn Simpson.

Bring your family to Detroit's beautiful Renaissance Center, where these great traditions will continue . . . to be used of God to change your life and others' lives.

To receive your free World Convention Brochure with complete preregistration information (hotel and meal rates), fill in the coupon and mail to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626, attention World Convention Dept.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Country _____



A hundred thousand dollars! I've just given away a hundred thousand dollars I don't have, to help build a church!"

Pondering this impulsive action, I could scarcely believe I had done it.

My stockbrokerage business was not doing all that well. Yet as my friend Anglican Canon James Wong prayed with me I'd felt a deep urging to provide funds for a Singapore church building project.

Despite my mind's natural

reaction of shock, my spirit felt a certain assurance. The Lord had been convicting me of my spiritual condition. I could hear Him say, "Honor Me first, Peter, and I'll solve your problems for you."

I handed Canon Wong my check for \$100,000 with an explanation.

"I can't afford this right now, but I believe the Lord will honor it and bring in the profits to cover it."

This was really a giant step of faith in my spiritual pilgrimage.



SINGAPORE MAN

Peter W.F. Tham, Singapore

You see, I have always been a churchgoer, born as I was into a Methodist family that attended church every Sunday, including Sunday school. All it meant to me, though, was sitting through a boring sermon. We knew nothing of the power of the Holy Spirit or the reality of a living Jesus.

The older I got, the more church responsibilities I was given. I became president of the youth fellowship, then regional youth leader, then

member of the church board. I believed in salvation through Jesus, but He was not part of my everyday life.

I had a gift for good business and after graduating from college I went into partnership with my brother and some friends to buy the Ambassador Hotel in Singapore. Once we had that running well and making a profit, we opened a stockbrokerage firm, even though the market was in a slump. We worked hard to turn a profit.

Our success depended in large part (or so we thought) on treating our prospective clients "right," which often involved expensive dinners with plenty of wine, and even supplying willing "party girls." We were making money, but it was an uphill struggle.

I still considered myself a Christian even though business had become my real god. Then one day my wife came home chattering about something called *the baptism in the Holy*

"That's all hogwash," I protested

Spirit, saying that she had received it when our longtime friend Canon Wong prayed with her.

"That's all hogwash," I protested. "Don't talk to me about such things. I believe in God, I read the Bible. That's enough for me or anyone else."

Then came the day I gave Canon Wong my check for \$100,000, an act that proved to be a new and more complete commitment to the Lord.

I was becoming more open to the baptism in the Holy Spirit, too. About two months later Canon Wong told me there was to be an Anglican leadership conference on spiritual renewal. He said he wanted to videotape the various seminars, but professionals charged more than he could afford. Since I am an avid video photographer, he asked if I would tape the

week-long conference. I saw it as a wonderful opportunity. But how could I take time out from my business?

"Lord," I prayed, "I trust You to look after my business, for You've placed a burden on my heart to do this taping. I'll do it—but You must look after the business."

From the very first meeting I felt a strong presence of the Holy Spirit and was deeply moved. Later that day the Lord urged me to attend a seminar on the baptism in the Holy Spirit, which I did. After the class I asked a bishop sitting next to me to pray with me for the Baptism.

"Peter, as a Christian you are already indwelt by the Holy Spirit," he said. "One receives the Baptism as a gift by faith." It was so simple, so easy. Then came the evidence. The bishop instructed, "Just open your mouth and begin praising God." I did—and burst out in tongues, praising Jesus.

For the rest of that conference, even though I was busy taping various sessions, I fairly soaked up vast amounts of teaching and blessing. That week revolutionized my life.

As soon as I came back to work I sat down with my wife and Canon Wong and we dedicated the brokerage firm and the hotel to the Lord. That forced me to make some difficult decisions.

For instance, we realized that we had to stop wining and dining our clients. I knew that even though it was

(continued, p. 26)



Fellowship News from Here,
There and Around the World

UPDATE!



1. Paul G. Benedum, Jr.; General Charles M. Duke, Jr.; Mayor Billick; Dr. Larry Hammond. 2. Brian Pratt, grandson of City Commissioner Anderson, chats with the astronaut.

FELLOWSHIP SALUTES SPACE AGE

"A Salute to the Space Age" was the theme of a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International banquet held at the prestigious Naples Beach Hotel in Naples, Florida, Saturday, January 8.

Featuring a personal testimony by Brigadier General Charles M. Duke, Jr. and an official NASA film, the event attracted 300, including many community leaders.

Lee A. Buck, senior vice-president, New York Life, emceed the banquet. Herbert E. Elingwood, legal counsel to the United States president, and an international director of the Fellowship, delivered a message from President Ronald Reagan. Greetings were also sent by Florida's governor Bob Graham, former governor Reuben Askew and retiring governor Forbe James of Alabama.

According to Dr. Larry Hammond, president of Naples Chapter, FGBMFI, and field representative for southwest Florida, purpose of the meetings was to present Jesus Christ as the answer to life's needs, for the affluent as well as those with more obvious needs.

Results have been most gratifying. Attendance at the monthly meeting has doubled. Many who attended the Salute to the Space Age had not previously attended an FGBMFI function; several of these have been present at subsequent meetings. Six men have joined the Naples chapter and attendance at monthly meetings has doubled.

Hammond credited much of the banquet's success to efforts of two of the newest members, Paul G. Benedum, Jr. and C. Dallas Reach.



SINGAPORE MAN (from p. 24)

standard operating procedure for most businesses, it did not honor the Lord.

I also felt I must turn down a potentially profitable partnership because the Bible definitely instructs against being unequally yoked with unbelievers. A wealthy Muslim investor presented me with a proposition which would have netted me a \$50 million profit but I declined it, knowing this partnership would not have the Lord's favor.

But look what God did in return. In two years the turnover of our brokerage firm went from \$200 million per annum to \$24 billion. The market capitalization of the hotel has grown from

\$2 million to nearly \$70 million. From two companies we have grown to approximately 70 associated and subsidiary companies. Where we once employed 40 people, we now employ 2,000.

All this happened in a period of two years after I committed my business to the Lord.

Day after day, He opens new doors of business and is prospering our endeavors beyond my wildest dreams.

Meantime, the video ministry which began at that Anglican conference has grown to the point that we now have one of the best Christian video libraries in Asia, with teaching on almost any topic you might desire.

Recently the Lord gave me a word

YOUR Testimony



The power of a personal testimony cannot be exaggerated. Thousands have come to accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Saviour through testimonies published in *Voice* magazine.

No one can argue with your testimony. They can argue with your doctrine or disagree with your opinions, but not with your personal testimony. It is practical. It is not the expounding of an unproven theory, but rather the sharing of a positive and lifechanging experience. They can disbelieve it, reject it—or believe it.

Every born-again believer has a testimony and is called to share it helpfully in the power of the Holy Spirit.

When the disciples on the Emmaus road discovered that the crucified Son of God was indeed the living Saviour, Jesus instructed them to "Go and tell." His commission to all His disciples before His transfiguration was to "Go into all the world . . ." Acts informs us, "... ye shall

of prophecy during a service, but I failed to deliver it. (I wanted Him to give me all of it before I opened my mouth, but He would give only the beginning.) Later I prayed for forgiveness for this lack of faith and asked Him to please let me know the rest of it, anyway. He told me that all we need is willingness of heart and availability to Him and He will do great things through us. We don't need ability; we don't need money. If we're willing and available He'll provide everything. He is the Lord of love and compassion, and if we give Him our hearts great miracles and signs will happen and He'll give us our hearts' desires.

Later I heard this same prophecy given by another brother and I know it

was truly from the Lord.

God has already fulfilled this prophecy in my own life, for He took my offering of \$100,000 and multiplied it a thousandfold, financially and spiritually.

When we're willing and available the Lord is truly able to perform miracles we can't imagine. □

Peter Tham is managing director of Associated Asian Securities in Singapore, a member of the Stock Exchange of Singapore Ltd., and chairman of the Ambassador Group of Companies. He is an FGBMFI national director for Singapore and assistant treasurer, Asian Area Committee. He and his wife Joyce are members of the Anglican church and have three children: Christopher, 10, Caroline, 4, and Paul, 1½.

be my witnesses . . . unto the uttermost parts of the earth" (Acts 1:8).

Whether you are sharing your testimony with one person or a group, it will be more effective if you divide it into three parts. Approximately one-fourth can relate your life BC (before you met Christ). One need tell only enough of the old life to prove that no matter how far a man sinks, God will reach down to him right where he is.

One-fourth should describe the actual experience: how you met Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Lord.

The last half should describe the difference He has made in your life.

A minister witnessing to an airline stewardess during flight began with his childhood and went into great detail about the past and the process of salvation. "That's all very good," she interrupted, "but what does Jesus Christ do for you today?" She was right. Grasp every opportunity to share an up-to-date experience and tell the benefits of

belonging to Jesus.

Avoid ecclesiastical language. Someone has wisely said, "We don't need more laymen sounding like preachers. We need more preachers talking like laymen."

Witness in love. It's the greatest power in the world. Always give a show-and-tell testimony. Not only tell them that "God loves you and so do I," but by every means possible show them that love, whatever the cost.

Conclude with an invitation. Many fishers of men could be considered good rod fishermen—they can cast a good line, but they have difficulty drawing the net. The Fellowship's little scriptural step-by-step booklet "The Way to New Life" has proved extremely helpful. These may be ordered from the Fellowship in quantities of 50 for \$5.00.

When a person accepts Jesus as his Lord and Saviour, rejoice with him, use the Scriptures to give him assurance of salvation and invite him to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. □

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THREEFOLD PURPOSE OF FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP

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

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

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

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

HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER

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

CONVENTIONS

GREATER PHILADELPHIA AREA REGIONAL

April 28-30, 1983
George Washington Motor Lodge
Willow Grove
Write: Mr. Earl Prickett
735 N. Hurffville Rd.
Deptford, NJ 08096

ATLANTIC REGIONAL

May 5-7, 1983
Hotel Nova Scotia, Halifax
Write: Mr. Paul Beesley
224 Hill Heights Rd.
Saint John, New Brunswick
Canada E2K 2H3

CENTRAL CANADA REGIONAL

May 5-7, 1983
Syrian/American Hall, Turlock, CA
Write: Mr. Enoch Christoffersen
Box 337
Turlock, CA 95381-0337

ANGELO-ABILENE REGIONAL

May 12-14, 1983
Holiday Inn, San Angelo
Write: Mr. Randy Levens
264 N. Oxford
San Angelo, TX 76901

CINCINNATI RALLY

May 13-14, 1983
Quality Inn, Riverview
Covington, KY
Write: Mr. Gene Ellerbee
Box 30258
Cincinnati, OH 45230

FIRST ANNUAL ALASKA MEN'S CAMP

May 13-15, 1983
Mt. McKinley Village
Mile 231 Parks Hwy.
Write: Mr. Guy Whitney
Box 60489
Fairbanks, AK 99706

NORTHERN ONTARIO REGIONAL

May 19-21, 1983
Senator Motor Hotel, Timmins
Write: Mr. Jack Wixson
164 Spruce St., N.
Timmins, Ontario
Canada P4N 6N1

NEW MEXICO MEN'S ADVANCE

May 19-22, 1983
Sacramento Methodist Assembly
Write: Mr. H.C. Godman
1808 Hubbard
Alamogordo, NM 88310

GULF COAST SPRING RALLY

May 20-21, 1983
Mobile Hilton
Write: Mr. Don McGriff
Box 399
Montrose, AL 36559

INLAND EMPIRE MEN'S ADVANCE

May 20-22, 1983
Riverview Camp, WA
Write: Mr. Leonard Sampson
E. 12510-30th Ave.
Spokane, WA 99216

3RD SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON MEN'S ADVANCE

May 20-22, 1983
Black Lake Bible Conf.
Campgrounds, Olympia
Write: Mr. Jim Dermanoski
3218 Hoffman Rd.
Olympia, WA 98501

GREEN LAKE REGIONAL

May 25-28, 1983
Amer. Baptist Assembly Grounds
Write: FGBMFI
c/o Mr. Henry Carlson
564 West Fulton
Chicago, IL 60606

20TH ANNUAL PORTLAND CONVENTION

May 26-28, 1983
Red Lion, Jantzen Beach
Write: Mr. Art Evanson
Box 244
Vancouver, WA 98666

TAHOE, NEVADA RALLY

June 3-4, 1983
North Lake Tahoe-Cloud's Cal-Neva
Lodge, Crystal Bay, NV
Write: Placerville Chapter
Box 1691
Placerville, CA 95667

NC/SC MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

June 3-5, 1983
Camp Lurecrest—Lake Lure, NC
Write: FGBMFI Carolinas Ofc.
Box 9027
Charlotte, NC 28299

IOWA STATE REGIONAL

June 9-11, 1983
Howard Johnson Motel
Des Moines, IA
Write: FGBMFI
Box 65082
Des Moines, IA 50265

ONTARIO MEN'S ADVANCE

June 10-12, 1983
Trent University, Peterborough
Write: Mr. J. McEwan
104 Burbank Dr.
Willowdale, Ontario
Canada M2K 1N4

ASIAN CONVENTION

June 13-18, 1983
Mandarin Hotel, Singapore
Write: FGBMFI-Asian Regional Ofc.
Ste. 1802 Asia Chambers
20 McCallum St.
Singapore 0106

FIRST JACKSON PURCHASE ANNUAL

June 15-18, 1983
Executive Inn Riverfront, Paducah
Write: Joe Harry Metzger
1127 Sherwood Rd.
Paducah, KY 42001

30TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

July 5-9, 1983
Detroit, Michigan
Write: Mr. Dave Byram
World Convention Coordinator
Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

NORTH WALES: Anglesey Chapter, Tony Griffiths 0407-710528. **SOUTH AFRICA:** Helderberg Chapter, Andrew John Cook (024) 24614; Highway Chapter, Peter Page (031) 732083. **UNITED STATES:** ARIZONA: Southwest Tucson Chapter, John Lopez (602) 294-2753; Tempe Chapter, George Levesque (602) 837-3351; Wilcox Chapter, John Ashcroft (602) 384-3029. **CONNECTICUT:** Greenwich Chapter, Mr. Gerald Porricelli (203) 637-5009. **FLORIDA:** Lake Placid Chapter, Troy W. White, Sr. (813) 465-2317. **ILLINOIS:** North Shore Chapter, David Rorem (312) 943-6600. **LOUISIANA:** Jena Chapter, Don Smith (318) 992-8686. **NEBRASKA:** Bellevue Chapter, Gary D. Skinner (402) 292-4218. **PENNSYLVANIA:** Pittsburgh Chapter, Michael Ford (412) 221-6540. **TEXAS:** Katy Chapter, Robert McDougall (713) 492-1374.



International Director Ronny Svenhard directed an airlift to Ensenada, Mexico, February 17-22, which included banquets, pastors' luncheon, prison ministry and a crusade. Nearly 1,000 decisions for Christ were recorded. 1. Alfonso de Anda Lopez, president, new Ensenada FGBMFI chapter. 2. Walter Hardcastle, David Schneider and Mike Kuhn, three of the 33 Americans who participated. 3. Ensenada resident healed of deafness. 4. Evangelist Robert Fierro ministering.



Left to right: Verle Carter; Field Representatives Ed Faulkner and Joe Fry; Daniel García; Field Representative Wendell Nordby; Edwin Lee; and Raul García Vargas.

Lord, Fred has been sincere and honest in seeking You, yet something seems to be blocking him. Please show us by Your Holy Spirit what the problem is."

As Pastor Warner prayed for me in his car, his words suddenly triggered an echo from the past. Could this be the obstacle that prevented my experiencing genuine spiritual rebirth, that perhaps had even stood in the way of my son's healing?

For years I had been totally absorbed in finding a way to secure a

normal life for our adopted son Greg. He had suffered brain damage at birth, impairing his speech, affecting his learning ability and making him susceptible to violent emotional outbursts. Though I was a licensed psychologist and educator, I was helpless to do anything for him educationally, medically or psychologically.

After exhausting every natural means of finding a cure I began turning to God, but only as a means of helping Greg. As a staunch Roman Catholic, I could not see any needs in

Help My Son, Please

Fred Zani, North Attleboro, MA



my own life. It was Greg, not I, who needed God's help.

I took our son to a Kathryn Kuhlman healing service, where as countless healings took place all around us my eyes were opened to a whole new realm. Midway through the service, though, Greg finished off the last bit of candy I'd brought to keep him occupied and began biting my hands and yelling. I had no choice but to leave the auditorium, feeling that my last hope had been dashed to pieces.

But God was only beginning. As a direct result of the Kathryn Kuhlman meeting I heard about a prayer meeting being held regularly in nearby Seekonk. I began attending—not for my own spiritual condition but, as always, to “help Greg.”

One evening Joe Pardini, who conducted the meeting in his home, asked me if I'd been “born again.”

I told him, “I've never heard the expression.”

“Jesus said in John 3:3 that a man must be born again if he is to enter God's kingdom,” Joe explained. “That means we ask Him to forgive our sins and surrender our life totally to Him. Have you ever done that?”

I acknowledged that I hadn't and Joe led me through a sinner's prayer. I didn't feel anything and all the while I was wondering to myself, “Could this be something that will help Greg?”

Later Joe introduced me to Pastor Arthur Warner of the Christian Missionary Alliance at Foxboro, who gave me several tracts and urged me to

read the third chapter of John's Gospel until it “read back to me.” From that point on I read my Bible daily, but there seemed to be no change in our lives.

Later during a tent meeting I went forward at an altar call and again recited a sinner's prayer—again with no noticeable results. My total motivation was still wrong: to make myself acceptable to God so that He would



Dr. Fred Zani

do something for my son. Greg's condition remained the same. Nearly two years had passed since the day of the Kathryn Kuhlman meeting, and by now I had decided that although Pastor Warner and the others were good people, there wasn't much they could do to help me. I felt I would just have to be content with my lot—and Greg's—in life.

We were able to enroll Greg at The Devereux Foundation at Devon, Pennsylvania, which provides 24-hour supervision and care for multiple-

handicapped children. Though I did not realize it at the time, this in itself was a blessing from God, for Greg would have destroyed himself and our family had he stayed at home.

Then on March 18, 1972 the breakthrough came. Pastor Warner invited me to a banquet where several vibrant Christians gave moving testimonies of God's daily reality in their lives. Still, something seemed to be blocking me from having the kind of relationship which they experienced through Jesus.

On the way home Pastor Warner again led me through a sinner's prayer, yet I still felt nothing had changed. Then he began interceding for me in prayer. That's when my thoughts suddenly rushed back to childhood. Could my problem be rooted there?

"Pastor," I interrupted, "when I was a boy I suffered from a birth defect that prevented my playing school sports. I exercised on my own, underwent extensive physical therapy for six years, had surgery at age 12, and had about an 80-percent improvement. But I was deeply and openly resentful, constantly hostile. I can remember that during my high school years when I had to exercise at home instead of participate in sports, I would pound on the floor of my bedroom, cry and curse God."

He instructed, "I want you to pray again a prayer of repentance, and I'm going to take authority over this thing in the name of Jesus."



Vocational training school now rates Greg Zani a promising achiever in culinary arts department

The pastor claimed the authority of Jesus Christ to bind the spirit of resentment in me and ordered it, in the name of Jesus Christ and according to the word of God, to loose me.

Suddenly something was rising from me. Just as suddenly, the Spirit of Christ entered my heart. The sensation was indescribable. For several minutes the joy was so intense I could hardly endure it. It was as though all my concerns and worries had never existed. I found myself laughing, even giggling, praising and thanking Jesus. Until then I had never been able to praise Him, but ever since that moment the name of Jesus Christ excites every fiber of my being.

A couple of weeks later I attended an FGBMFI meeting in Providence, Rhode Island, where Reverend Joe Poppel prayed for people to receive healing. I was mainly there to act as proxy for Greg, but Reverend Poppel asked if anyone in the meeting had shortened limbs. Of course my birth defects had left me in just such a condition, with the right arm and leg shorter than the left. As he prayed for me I actually felt and saw my shortened limbs grow to their correct length.

God continued to move in my life daily. At a meeting with Demos Shakerian in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, I received my heavenly language; my wife Dottie received hers three months later. My brother Dick, whose life had been spared by God after a massive heart attack, accepted the

Lord at an FGBMFI breakfast.

Still, the one whom I wanted most to be healed seemed to remain virtually as before. Was Greg's problem too big for God?

In April of 1975 I brought Greg, then 12, to an FGBMFI breakfast, where he surrendered his life to the Lord. Almost immediately we saw improvement in his behavior. He was less restless, less likely to explode. His condition continued to improve over the years. In May, 1981 during a Richard Roberts crusade God touched our son dramatically. He was baptized in the Holy Spirit and it was as though he'd entered a whole new dimension.

Today we receive glowing reports of Greg's progress at the vocational training school he attends. In fact, he's been rated the best worker in the culinary arts department. My wife and I have been told that he shows great promise, and will very likely become a productive, gainfully employed member of society. Praise the Lord!

I never thought I'd be grateful that God didn't heal Greg immediately. But, as always, His plans were higher and greater and more blessed than ours. In seemingly not "helping" our son as I thought He should, God brought help and healing to the one who needed it most: Greg's father. □

Dr. Zani is a guidance counselor at Attleboro High School, a frequent contributor to professional magazines, and a member of the Warwick (RI) Chapter of FGBMFI. He and his wife Dorothy have two adopted children, Gregory and Elizabeth.

“correspondence quotes”

“I have been reading your book *Voice* and I am touched by it. I am writing to seek your help. I want to know Jesus and accept Him as my personal Saviour so that I can enjoy the fruits of eternal life and keep away from sin.”

G.A.M., Blantyre, Malawi

“Every time I see *Voice* magazine I cannot help but pick it up and read the inspiring testimonies of Christians being filled with the Holy Spirit. It is not always easy to contact business individuals, professionals, or intellectuals with the Gospel. But I believe that they can be reached through *Voice*. . . I request that you send me a bundle of *Voice* magazines to distribute to people in our area. Let the people hear God's *Voice* through the Full Gospel Business Men's magazine! Thank you, and may God bless you.”

R.E.L., Philippines

“I have two dear Christian friends who operate a motorsports park. At the annual championship event there will be 25 to 30,000 riders and spectators attending. I know *Voice* magazine will be a tremendous way to reach out to these people, so I would like to have you send at least one case. Even if just one boy or girl receives the message and a life is changed for Jesus, it is all I ask.”

B.H., Wickenburg, AZ

“I enjoy reading your *Voice* magazine every month. It has really witnessed to me and I have accepted Jesus as my Saviour. Thank you for such an inspiring magazine.”

W.F., Abbeville, SC

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CAPSIZED (from p. 9)

old shirt? I'd just have to deal with that when the time came.

After a short distance I was confronted by a narrow inlet that protruded far back into the shoreline. These tiny fingers of water are scarcely noticeable from a plane or boat but to an exhausted man on foot they are a major obstacle. I tried walking around the inlet, reached the end, started to cross what looked like damp ground and sank up to my knees in quicksand-like mud. In near panic, I slogged across to firmer ground and dropped panting on my side.

Remembering Laura forced me back on my feet and I plunged on. Periodically I would stumble into barbed-wire fences, unable to see the thin strands of rusty spikes that stabbed at me out of the darkness.

The mud turned to sharp rocks, biting into my tender feet. With my eyes more adjusted to the darkness, I glimpsed a marvelously round stone just a step away and took an aching step toward it. Faster than I could blink, there was a lightning movement under my upraised foot.

Rattlesnake!

Thank God, the rattler wasn't coiled . . . just slithering toward the lake for an evening cooler.

"Could there be snakes out there where Laura is?" I wondered. Now I virtually raced over the rest of the sharp rocks, hardly feeling the pain.

"Help! Help!" I yelled as loud as I could, by now in a fullblown state of panic and fear for my wife.

Part of me said "Give up." Another part insisted, "You've got to go on. While there's even the faintest hope of saving her, you've got to go on!"

The world seemed pitchblack, with only the barren hills around Berryessa outlined against the moonless sky.

"Dear God!" I was falling again, this time down a steep embankment. I landed with a resounding thump on my left hip. I tried to get up. The pain was unbearable.

"You've got to go on." Crawling up the bank, I found a piece of driftwood for a walking stick.

Suddenly my feet touched a strange new terrain. Asphalt! I'd found the road. Using the white line as a direction-finder, I limped toward civilization, praying aloud to God to have mercy on my wife.

This seemed to be a remote road on the unpopulated side of the lake. Chances of seeing a car here would be slim. But that noise . . . was that a car? Lights! Automobile lights coming my way! Long before they could see me I was waving my arms and shouting.

And that's when God spoke a word to my heart that struck like a lightning bolt and has literally changed my life.

In a matter of moments I was in a warm pickup truck with a young rancher and his wife, headed for the resort on the opposite side of the lake. Then I was in an ambulance

talking with a flabbergasted young paramedic.

"You're 59 years old, and taking treatment for tuberculosis and high blood pressure? Mr. Thompson, do you realize that you just swam three miles and hiked more than five? You're lucky to be alive!"



*A thankful Laura Thompson
at site of near-tragedy*

Meantime the young ranch couple had alerted park rangers to search for my wife. It was midnight, six and a half hours after our ordeal began. I simply didn't know if I could even hope for her to be alive.

At about 1:00 A.M. an astonished and happy park ranger presented me with the best gift I ever had: Laura

... cold, damp, tired ... but rejoicing in the Lord.

"Honey," I wept, hugging her tight, "I was afraid I wouldn't see you again this side of heaven."

"I asked the Lord to please not let me cry when I saw them coming for me, Paul," Laura confided. "When they noticed how calm I was, I told them, 'I wasn't alone. The Lord Jesus was with me!' I was able to talk about God all the way back to shore!"

"That's wonderful, honey," I said, "because God showed me something tonight. Something I'll never forget.

"I almost gave up several times. But my love for you kept me going. It pushed me beyond my limits of endurance.

"Then when I saw the lights of that truck coming my way, God impressed this upon my heart:

"'Paul, that's the kind of love I want you to have for the souls of people who don't know My Son Jesus.'"

And I knew I could never again casually value a man's eternal soul. □

Semi-retired after 22 years in the fast-food business, Paul Thompson is now a bee-keeper in the business of honey production. He serves as president of the Vacaville Chapter, FGBMFI, and recently completed a three-year term on the board of Vaca Valley Christian Life Center. The Thompsons have three children: Debbie, Mark and Greg.

If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through *Voice*, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.



World Laymen's Headquarters

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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 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.

Hon Memorial Prayer Chapel





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

**THE APPLE VALLEY CHAPTER OF
FULL GOSPEL BUSINESSMEN FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL**
invites you to Fellowship with us on the 4th Monday each month
except December at the Apple Valley Community Center on Navajo
Road just south of Highway 18. Dinner served at 7 P.M.
Pastors, now pastoring a church, and wives invited as guests of the Chapter.
All children 12 years old and under will be served for \$1. Ladies are welcome
and all unable to attend dinner are welcome to attend the meeting at 8 P.M.
DINNER \$2.50 - Reservations Required. DEADLINE - 7:30 A.M. Day of Meeting
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