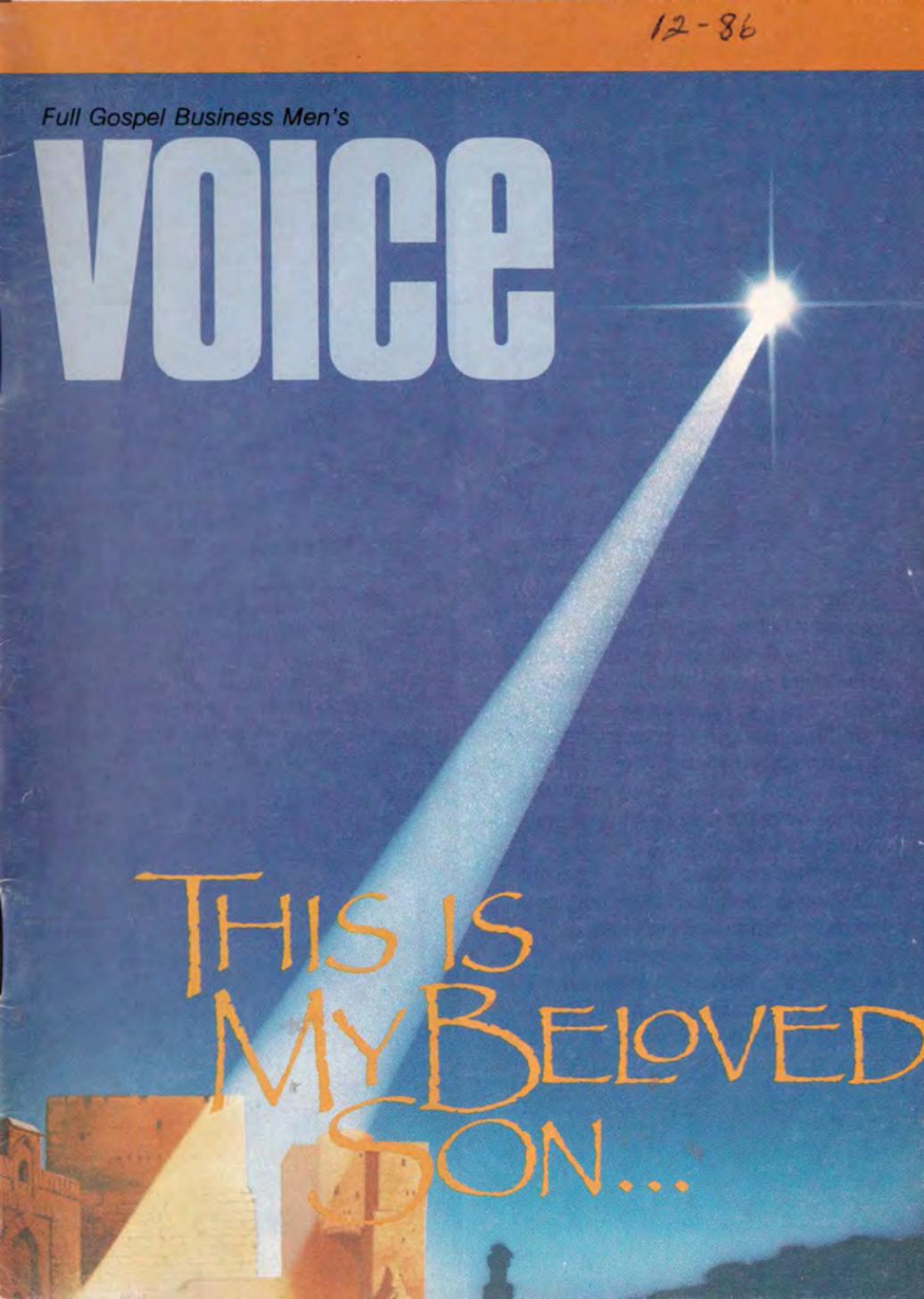


12-86

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

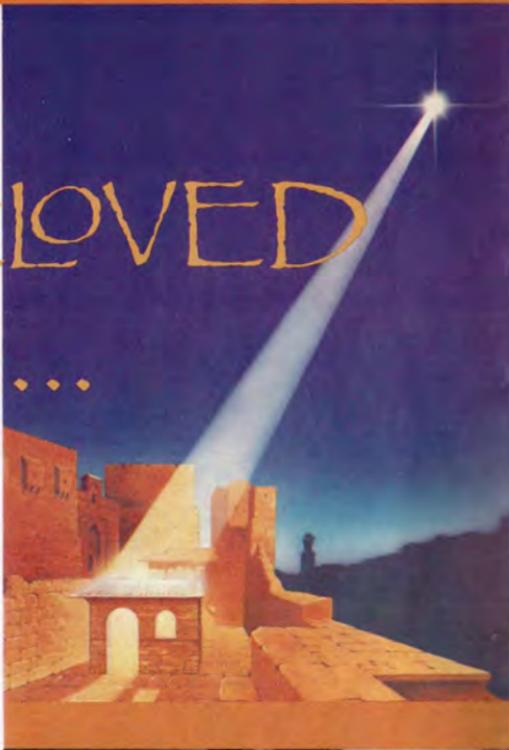
THIS IS
MY BELOVED
SON...



THIS IS MY BELOVED SON....

These words were spoken by our heavenly Father at the baptism of His Son in the River Jordan. They speak of a beautiful love relationship between the Father and the Son.

In fact, this love prompted the greatest Christmas gift ever given.... "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son." Christmas was the start of God's "Christmas concerto." The "heavenly host" sang the introduction and then the main theme was revealed. Revelation 5: 9-14 gives us some of the words of this beautiful "salvation concerto." "And they sang a new song saying, Thou art worthy...for thou wast



slain, and hast redeemed us to God...Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom...Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power be unto...the Lamb for ever and ever."

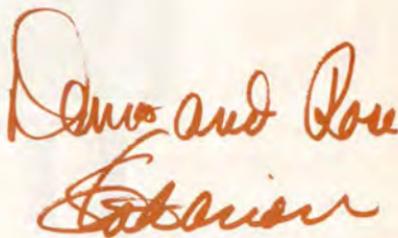
Yes, Jesus the Son is the Saviour and Lord. But, more importantly He is *your* Saviour and Lord! He is worthy of all honor and glory, because He has given me the gift of all gifts. He has redeemed me and made me a king and priest unto my God.

The Christmas message, as brought to us by the Father and Son, illustrates the real meaning of love. The Apostle Paul put it this way in Ephesians 2: 4-5: "But God! So rich is he in his mercy!...In order to satisfy the great...love with which he loved us, even when we were dead by...trespasses. He made us alive together in fellowship and in union with Christ. He gave us the very life of Christ himself...it is by grace—by his favor and mercy which you did not deserve—that you are saved (delivered from judgment and made partakers of Christ's salvation)" (Amplified Bible).

We invite you to read this issue of *Voice* and to see how the divine love of the Father and Son have brought new hope, love, and life to the fathers and sons whose testimonies appear on these pages.

It is our Christmas prayer that this love may fill your life during this holiday season.

In Christian Love,





There are a few businesses that remind us of the holiday season—one of the best known is the bakery with all of its pies, cakes, cookies, gingerbread men, etc. Well-known on the West Coast is Svenhard's Swedish Bakery. It was started by a father and son team, who, after turning their business over to the Lord, have then allowed the Spirit of God to direct all of their activities. Today they are a leading producer of bakery goods. Like the lad with the loaves and fishes, they gave Him Svenhard's Swedish Bakery and...

HE TOOK IT AND BLESSED IT

Q *What is the history of Svenhard's Swedish Bakery, Inc.?*

A My grandmother had the first bakery in the family while they lived in Sweden. My dad bought his own bakery while we still lived there. In 1949 we moved to the United States, and my dad bought another bakery in Seattle, Washington. We then moved to Oakland, California,

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where we were in the retail bakery business for several years. In retailing, we "baked in the back and sold in the front." My dad, brother, and I were the only three working the business at that time, with the exception of some salesclerks. In 1957, we had the opportunity to start baking for one of the local supermarket chains.

That was really the beginning of our growth. We had seven of these small retail stores at one time. We baked at three locations and sold at seven. When we started the wholesale business and began packaging our product, the business took off. We now distribute to over 4,000 stores.

Q *What are some of the stores that you supply with your product?*

A We supply a majority of the supermarkets in California and Arizona.

Q *What are your product lines?*

A Years ago, we started making a complete line of both American and Swedish products. At that time, we discovered that ethnic-type breads were not in great demand by the general public. A small segment would drive several miles to get the bread, but the general public wasn't interested. So we began specializing in a type of Danish pastry product, which is really an Americanized type of

breakfast roll.

A real Danish pastry must be eaten immediately and doesn't package well. Our products must be made so they can be packaged. My father went through hundreds of experiments over the years before he got the product where he wanted it to be. He established the basic product line that we have today—the breakfast-type roll. We have everything from a single pack roll up to twelve rolls packaged in different varieties. They're sold primarily in the supermarkets.

Q *What is it that makes your product so good? The chains try to duplicate your product to compete with Svenhard's Bakery. Why do people purchase your product when they have to pay a little more for it?*

A I believe that my dad's efforts, as led by the Holy Spirit, to marry certain ingredients and methods resulted in a unique product with an unusually high keeping quality. You can take good ingredients and make a poor product out of them, or you can take good ingredients and make an excellent product out of them. A lot of it has to do with the method and system. One of the key factors in making any fermented baking product in which you're using yeast is just giving the process time. Many in the baking industry have tried to bypass the time cycle. We have as much as a twenty-four-hour period from the time the dough is mixed until it is processed. Wrapping takes another four hours. So there is a long time period from mixing to the finished product. The only way you can get the proper flavor, texture, and quality is by taking the time.

Q *How was your dad "led by the Holy Spirit" in his business dealings?*

A Since the turn of the century, my family has been involved in the Pentecostal movement. My grandfather and grandmother were pioneers in Pentecostalism in southern Sweden. My dad, David Svenhard, was one of fifteen children, and one of eight who learned the baking trade.

I think my dad's goal in coming to the United States was to expand his business. Though I'm sure he had a desire to serve God through his business, it became far more concrete for us in 1956. The specific thing that caused this desire to become very strong in our lives was reading one of Oral Roberts' books called *God's Formula for Success and Prosperity*. It contains eleven testimonies (Demos Shakarian's included) of busi-



Ronny Svenhard is President and Chairman of the Board of Svenhard's Swedish Bakery, Inc. He has been with Svenhard's Bakery in various capacities for thirty-seven years. He and his wife, Norma, have two daughters: Cindy, twenty-one, and Linda, nineteen. They worship at Sequoia Community Church in Oakland, California. Mr. Svenhard is an International Director for Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.



(Left to right) Al Bradfield, Carl Vucherer, Ronny Svenhard

nessmen who really felt that they could be in business and work for the Lord at the same time.

Through reading that book and focusing on expanding our business, the Lord impressed my dad and me to turn our business over to Him—to dedicate it to Him for His work. A certain amount of earnings must go back into the company to keep it healthy and growing. I think all businessmen understand that. But whatever could be spared—a portion of the profits—would go toward missionary work. So we dedicated our business this way. Through that dedication an explo-

sion took place.

Prior to 1956, we had the experience of seeing our business start expanding. I began to feel a very strong call on my life. I consider that call as real as that of any missionary, pastor, or full-time Christian worker. My call was to be a businessman for the Lord. Out of that call grew a strong desire to make the business function and prosper, and to use the proceeds for the Kingdom of God.

Q Describe the “explosion” that took place.

A After we dedicated it, we expanded

our retail business to seven outlets. During that period, my father came in contact with a store manager of one of the major chains who asked, "Why don't you package a product for our chain?" So dad did. That's when he started delivering to two stores out of the trunk of his car.

Q *So you feel that in addition to the expansion of your own stores, a door opened that might not have otherwise?*

A Yes, I believe it was a direct result of our saying, "Lord, this business is Yours to do with as You wish; we want to be good stewards of it." We've made many mistakes since that day, but it seems like when something is born of the Holy Spirit it will survive. If you're focused on the Lord and willing to repent when something is wrong, then something that is born of God will outlive any crisis.

Q *What do you especially remember about your father during your childhood?*

A He was a man of prayer. I quite often found him on his knees. He would pray for several hours at a time. My foremost impression of him was that he tried to please God in all things, and raised his family that way.

Q *Did your father make you feel good about yourself?*

A Yes! He always gave me a high level of self-confidence by showing confidence in me. He gave me a lot of responsibility at a young age. Two specific incidents stand out in my mind. When I was fifteen years old, we were preparing to leave Sweden. My father gave me a



Norma and Ronny Svenhard, with daughters, Linda and Cindy

large sum of money and sent me to pay the agent a deposit on our trip to the United States. Later, when I was twenty-three, he gave me the total responsibility for our company's production department.

Q *What actions did your father take that helped you a great deal?*

A He depended on me and gave me a great deal of latitude in decision-making. He has been the most influential person in my life. His spiritual influence on my life is the greatest gift he could have possibly given me. My father is probably the person most responsible for my being willing to become a Christian.

Q *How did you become a Christian?*

A I came to the Lord through the Oral Roberts' ministry in 1951. I went forward to accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour at an Oral Roberts' tent meeting.

Q *Was that before or after you read Oral Roberts' book?*

A Before.

Q *When did you receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit?*

A In 1960, I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I had been raised in a Pentecostal church and had made my decision for Christ nine years earlier, but I was concerned about emotionalism and extremism with regard to my faith.

Q *What happened to you when you received the Baptism?*

A That was a turning point as far as my ability to carry out the call that the Lord had placed on my life.

Q *Did it turn out to be a highly emotional experience?*

A No, not at all. As a matter of fact, in some ways it was a very logical experience. I went to a youth camp, was seeking the Lord for this experience and really sensed the Holy Spirit coming upon me there. I didn't actually have the experience of speaking in tongues, but a few days later at home, in a very matter-of-fact way it started just as Jesus said — that out of the "belly shall flow rivers of living water, but this spake he of the spirit" (John 7:38). Actually I sensed it from within and it started to come out. Out came a language I had never learned. It was very powerful. Certainly there is some emotion involved, but nothing overwhelming. After that, I could speak in tongues whenever I felt like it. I know many people think that something has to come on you and kind of control

and overtake you, but the Holy Spirit is in you because He is given to you when Jesus comes into your life. My dad passed away about two years after that, and I couldn't have carried on the business had it not been for the presence of the Holy Spirit in my life.

Q *Why do you say that? What was it about that experience that helped you with your business and the personal crises in your life?*

A In Acts 1:8 it says that "...ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judaea...and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." There is a power—an enabling. I felt that in my situation it was something that enabled me to carry on and fulfill the call that the Lord had on my life.

Q *What are some of the crises you've faced in the business which the Lord has seen you through?*

A On November 21, 1963, we had a fire in our building. It looked really bad at first, but fortunately only our inventory and stock upstairs on the second floor burned. We were only down for one day and then were back in business again. So that was a true miracle. We were sort of a fledgling company at the time. I'm sure that our competitors thought that was the end of us, but the Lord saw us through a very difficult time. Knowing that the business was committed to Him combined with certain scriptures the Lord had impressed upon me regarding that commitment saw me through this crisis. Once the Lord has given you

something to do as your life work, you continue to do that as long as you live on the earth. God doesn't change the basic direction and thrust of the ministry He has given you, or the life work He has given you. I knew that it was the Lord's business and that He was going to carry us through.

Another major crisis occurred two years after the fire. We had a major strike that lasted three weeks. One of your concerns as a bakery company providing daily service to a store or a chain of stores is a loss of shelf space. If you don't have shelf space in a store, you can't sell your product. I estimated that the strike set us back about three years in our progress—we lost perhaps ten to fifty percent of our market shares as a result. Over the next three years, we were able to get it back again through the Lord's mercy and grace.

Q *What would you say are the keys to success in business?*

A Giving monetarily has been the thing that has carried us through. I believe in that, since we dedicated the business to the Lord and it exists for the furtherance of the Kingdom of God. On a purely secular basis, I believe quality, service, and value have been our three cornerstones. But the true cornerstone of our business has been building it on God's Word, because its foundation was its dedication to the Lord's work. I believe in giving yourself out of a crisis. It sounds almost foolish, but God has a bigger shovel than you do and He always shovels back more than you can give out. I've said, "Lord, I'm going to give this amount in spite of the fact that we are tremendous-

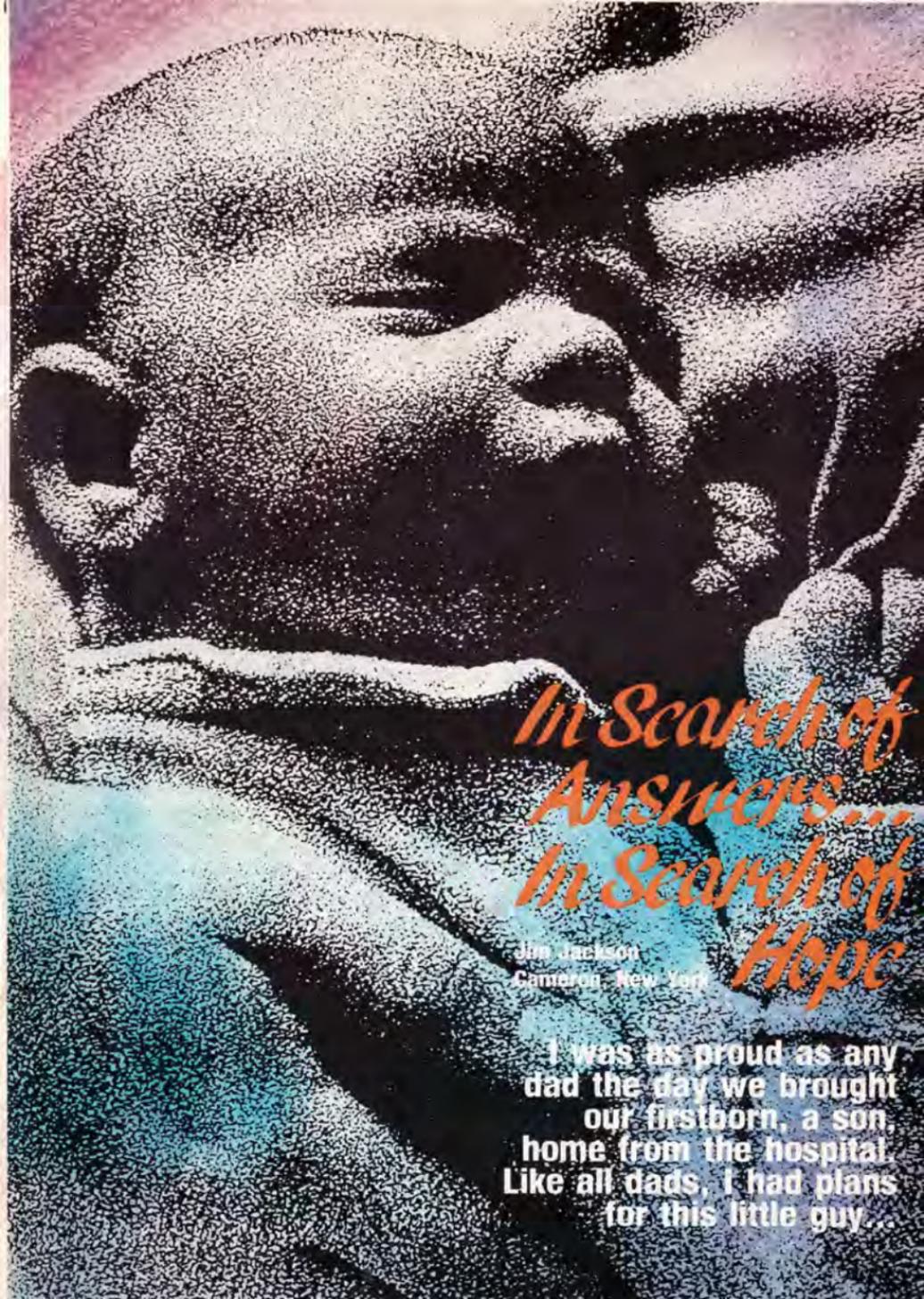
ly short on funds." I've seen Him return that amount multiplied many times over. This has happened over, and over, and over again.

Q *How did you get involved with Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International?*

A Back in 1962, I attended my first World Convention in Seattle, Washington. I was very inspired by what was going on and thought, *When I go home, I'm going to start a chapter in my area.* In the six-year period after my father passed away, I got married, our business had a major fire, we had the strike, and I was just inundated dealing with business and personal situations. So I didn't get involved at the time. In 1968 the chapter that had been quite active in Oakland since the mid-fifties stopped having meetings. They called for a reorganizational meeting, and the Lord laid it on my heart to get involved with FGBMFI at that time.

Q *In your work for FGBMFI overseas, what kind of reaction do you get?*

A Often the initial reaction is, "How can you mix business and Christianity?" I've heard this particularly in Europe. But when people start to see that the Bible addresses business principles, they begin to realize that they can use their business as a neutral location to reach out to other businessmen and share what the Lord means to them. They also become aware of the fact that they aren't limited denominationally speaking, and finally they become excited about the possibilities! □



*In Search of
Answers...
In Search of
Hope*

Jim Jackson
Cameron, New York

I was as proud as any
dad the day we brought
our firstborn, a son,
home from the hospital.
Like all dads, I had plans
for this little guy...

...I pictured us playing tag around the apple tree behind our house, raking leaves together in the fall, and shoveling snow at Christmas. Perhaps one day he'd enter the police academy as I had. Maybe he'd go on to college—something I'd never done.

Around his first birthday, however, James developed a cold that quickly turned into bronchitis and then pneumonia. Penicillin only launched him deeper into the clutches of the sickness, until local doctors could only shake their heads and recommend that Charlotte and I rush our son to specialists in Rochester, New York, which was eighty miles away from our home in Cameron.

The specialists cleared up the pneumonia and announced that James was allergic to penicillin—we were lucky the shots he'd received hadn't killed him. After a frightening week in Rochester, we returned home, believing the situation was well under control.

But James' breathing difficulties didn't go away. Three months later, we returned home from a second trip to Rochester loaded with more allergy medications, emergency phone numbers, and detailed instructions on what our son could and couldn't eat, wear, sleep or do. We even sealed off his bedroom to make it as dust-free as possible, fitting special filters in the windows and interspersing humidifiers and electric air cleaners with his baby furniture and stuffed animals.

As James' health continued to decline, the fact that I didn't know God didn't stop me from beseeching Him to heal James; it also left me with a lot of questions as I watched the struggles and suffering of my son.

Because of James' complex medical record, no local doctor would treat him, so each week we drove 160 miles round trip to Rochester for special allergy serums. Sometimes the medication itself triggered allergic reactions. We had emergency shots that Charlotte could give him at home during the week, but we often returned in two or three days for a second serum to counteract the first.

One day when James was two, we bundled him into our green Ford station wagon for an emergency run to Rochester. Charlotte held him upright on her lap—he couldn't breathe at all lying down. Gasps for air racked his thin frame. His big, dark eyes reflected fear, then exhaustion. Before we were twelve miles from home he began to turn blue, then slumped in his mother's arms, too tired to struggle anymore for air.

I brought the station wagon to a screeching halt. Leaving Charlotte clutching James in the car, I sprinted to the nearest building and phoned for help. James rode the rest of the way to Rochester breathing with the aid of an oxygen mask in the back of an ambulance.

By now, doctors admitted James would probably never see his teen years, and I realized my dreams for a lifetime of winters and falls, tag, and college would probably never come true. I still remember the time James, in a spurt of energy, ran from the house and toward the apple tree in the backyard. Laughing, he circled it once, then turned toward the house. He collapsed before reaching the back porch.

One night I sat alone in the living room, restlessly spinning the dial on our

portable radio. Suddenly an arresting voice caused me to pause and listen. A man was describing Jesus Christ as if he knew Him, praying to Jesus as if they were sitting across the table from each other, and talking about this Son of God as if He were alive.

Most importantly, the evangelist's words rang with messages of hope, healing, and meaning for life. In them, I'd glimpsed the answer to many of my questions fueled by the suffering of my son—and now I began searching in earnest.

*No local
doctor would
treat him*

That week I found a pocket New Testament and began sneaking it to work. Having recently left active police duty for a security position at an industrial plant, I was too proud to read the Bible in public. Afraid of being labeled a "sissy" or "religious" by the other guys, I found quiet times on the job to search the pages of the little black book.

Within a year, I'd read through my pocket New Testament several times. I couldn't deny that I'd seen myself—my doubt, my sin, my search for the truth—time and time again in the stories I'd read. But I still argued with God: *What did Jesus mean when He said "I am the truth?" How could I know for sure? What would that truth mean in my life? In Char-*

lotte's? In James'?

One afternoon around 2:00, I strolled through an open work area that should have been bustling with activity, but instead was unusually deserted. While I walked, I took advantage of the quiet to mull things over in my heart, silently crying out to God for some answer that would fit all the puzzling pieces together once and for all.

Suddenly an audible voice broke the silence, "I am the Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End. I'll never leave you or forsake you."

I glanced around the empty work area for some sign of another employee—but in my heart I knew the voice was God's. And His answer to me was as simple as the reality of His existence...as simple as the fullness of His love for me.

Tears dissolved my doubt, and joy welled up inside until I thought I would burst. The physical sensation of exploding joy was so great that I wondered if I were having a heart attack. My next thought was, "Even if I am...what a way to go!"

That night at the dinner table, I took a deep breath and launched into the greatest announcement of my life: "I've got something to tell you." The rattle of silverware ceased momentarily as James and Charlotte glanced my way. "Today I met the Lord."

My three-year-old said simply, "What did He look like?"

"No, no. Not like that. I met the Lord today...at the plant. I heard a voice. I know He's real. I know He loves me. I know He loves us."

"Oh." James picked up his fork again. Charlotte followed suit. "I'm glad, but

you'd better eat your supper before it gets cold, honey."

The explosion of joy I'd experienced at the plant had dissolved my fears and doubts. Now, though facing the less-than-enthusiastic reaction of my family, I still knew I'd experienced something real. In the following weeks, I searched for a church and encouraged Charlotte to attend with me. She agreed, and within a few months found her own relationship with Jesus Christ.

While Charlotte and I had found spiritual life, James continued to careen down the path toward physical death. By this time, Charlotte and I were spending more nights sleeping in hospital waiting rooms than we were at home, our financial resources had dwindled to almost nothing, and we felt alienated from long-time friends who didn't know how to deal with our impending tragedy. Even our new Christian friends had little to offer: while Charlotte and I had heard modern-day stories of God's healing power, the people with whom we worshipped assured us that healing had ceased with the death of Jesus' apostles. It seemed as if every last hope had been stripped away.

One night I sat in our oak rocking chair, holding James in my arms. His head nodded against my chest as he drifted toward sleep. The radio sputtered on a table besides me, its sounds punctuated by the rhythmic creaking of the rocking chair and the clatter of Charlotte's dishwashing in the kitchen.

I was listening to a broadcast of a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International convention being held that night in Washington, D.C. My attention peaked

as the men began to pray for healing for one another. And when they began to minister specifically to people with allergies and asthma, I felt my heart wrench inside me. If only I could get to that meeting with James...perhaps hope existed after all. But we were 300 miles from Washington and down to our last fifteen dollars. Furthermore, tonight was the last night of the convention. There would be no more chances.

The broadcast ended, and I carried James upstairs to his room. As soon as I laid him in bed, his breathing difficulties returned and he struggled for tiny gasps of air. I waited until he fell into a restless sleep, then crossed the hallway to our bedroom.

Sitting heavily on the edge of the bed, I remembered how the men on the radio rebuked the spirits of asthma and allergies. Half-heartedly—but aloud—I repeated the words I'd heard over the air: "In the name of Jesus, get out of my son and leave him alone."

Open the door. The muffled voice came from James' room. Thinking James had awakened and needed me, I hurried across the hall and peered into his room. He was still asleep, his labored breathing unchanged.

Something I didn't understand was taking place. I returned to our room, sat down again on the bed and said—this time with a little more conviction—"In the name of Jesus Christ, leave my son alone!"

Open the window.

Suddenly I felt confident in the power of the Lord. And I was angry. "Get away from my son *now* and get out of this house however you can."

Silence. Only James' rhythmic gasps interrupted the silence of the night.

In the following weeks James began to experience violent reactions to his allergy shots. Puzzled, the doctor treating James continued to cut back on the medication, until one day he announced that he would have to administer a new series of tests to discover why—after three years—the shots that had saved James' life countless times were suddenly doing more harm than good.

But Charlotte and I knew the tests weren't necessary. That afternoon we

*If you
discontinue the
treatments...
he may die...
I can have you
arrested*

found ourselves facing our doctor across a file-laden desk, explaining our faith and James' healing. After nearly two hours of discussion, the doctor was sympathetic, but firm. "If you don't allow us to run the tests...if you discontinue the treatments...you do so against my recommendations. James will get worse. He may die. And if anything happens to him, I can have you arrested for child neglect. At the very least," he shook his head,

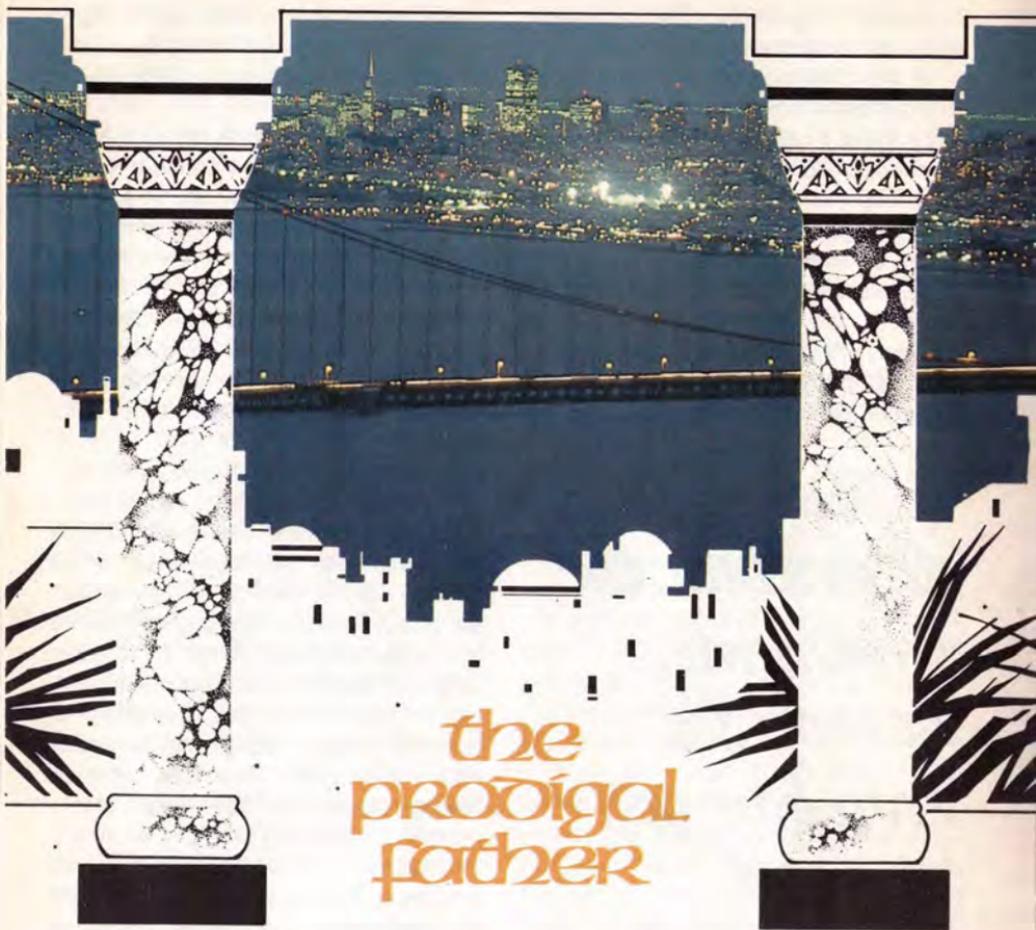
"you'll be back in a few months with a very sick child, and we'll have to start the treatments all over again as if he were a new patient."

Slightly shaken by the doctor's words—but reassured by the sense of peace in both of our hearts—Charlotte and I returned home with our son. Over the next few days...then weeks...then months...we watched James closely for any sign that he was in serious trouble. Instead, God allowed us to observe the emergence of an active, vivacious four-year-old—and the confirmation of a miracle.

The tinge of doubt planted by the doctor's words faded slowly as James began a normal childhood. But it should have disappeared a few days after we returned—for the last time—from Rochester. It was Saturday morning and James, who already felt better than he had in a long time, wanted to play outside. Following him into the backyard, Charlotte and I hovered close, fretting and reminding him to take it easy: "Don't run....Are you feeling okay?...Sit down and rest a minute....I said don't run."

Suddenly our frisky son broke away and raced toward the back of the yard. My heart leapt to my throat as James circled the apple tree twice at breakneck speed. Laughing and squealing, he turned back toward the house, cutting a running zigzag pattern back and forth across the lawn. Then my son flung himself, still laughing, into my arms. □

Jim Jackson has been a security guard at Corning Glass Works for twenty-three years. Prior to that, he was a police patrolman for five years. He and his wife, Charlotte, have one son, James, twenty-two years old.



the prodigal father

A certain man had two sons, and the younger of them said to his father: "Father, give me the portion of thy time, and thy attention, and thy companionship, and thy counsel and guidance which falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living in that he paid the boy's bills, and

sent him to a select preparatory school, and to dancing schools and to college. He tried to believe that he was doing his full duty....

And not many days after, the father gathered all his interest and aspirations and ambitions and took his journey into a far country, into a

land of stocks and bonds and securities, and other things that do not interest a boy. There he wasted his precious opportunities of being a friend to his own son. And when he had spent the very best of his life and had gained money, but had failed to find satisfaction, there arose a mighty famine in his heart, and he began to be in want of sympathy and real companionship. And he went and joined himself to one of the clubs of that country, and they elected him chairman of the house committee, and president of the club, and sent him to the legislature. And he fain would have satisfied himself with the husks that other men did eat, and no man gave unto him any real friendship.

But when he came to himself, he said, "How many men of my acquaintance have boys whom they understand and who understand them, who talk about their boys and associate with their boys, and seem perfectly happy in the comradeship of their sons, and I perish with heart-hunger? I will arise and go to my son and say unto him: 'Son, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy father. Make me as one of thine acquaintances.'"

And he arose and came to his son. But while he was yet afar off, his son saw him and was moved with astonishment, and instead of running and falling on his neck, he drew back and was ill-at-ease. And the father said unto him, "Son, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. I have not done my duty by thee, and I am not worthy to be called thy father. Forgive me now and let me be thy friend."

But the son said, "There was a time when I wanted to know things, when I wanted companionship and advice and counsel, but you were too busy. I got the information and I got the companionship, but I got the wrong kind, and now, alas! I am wrecked in soul and body, and what can you do for me?"

The father replied, "There is nothing I can do for you, but the same One who caused me to see the error of my ways can restore to us both the joy of knowing that though we were dead, we are alive again—and though we were lost, we are now found."

END ←

Our Father Knows Best

A. Wayne Ward
Tulsa, Oklahoma



Kelly dropped the bomb one night after dinner. Walking into the living room, he faced the couch where I sat reading the paper, cleared his throat, and launched into his announcement: "I've made a decision, Dad...about college."

I lowered the business section, pursed my lips, and waited.

"I need a break. More than just the summer." Kelly paused. "I'm not going back to school."

Although Kelly and I clashed over a grade point average I believed was too low, I'd been relatively pleased with the way my son's education was progressing. He had just completed his sophomore year at Oklahoma State University and in a week or so would head for Colorado where he worked each summer as a camp counselor. Things had been going pretty much as planned.

Now it was my turn to clear my throat. I laid the paper on the cushion beside me and waved Kelly toward an easy chair. "Sit down. We obviously need to discuss this." Kelly took a step toward the chair but remained standing. "You've decided on an educational path...a good one. Whatever you're feeling now, you need to consider the future. Stick with your plan. You can always make—"

"No, Dad. I can't stick it out. I'm not learning what I want to learn. Everything they're teaching me at school is different from what you've tried to teach me here at home. Values, morals...they're up for grabs out there."

"Kelly, you're strong-minded. You'll pull through. And it can't be as bad as you're describing."



"Trust me."

"Don't fear knowledge. After you get your degree you can discard the part of your education you don't need or want. The important thing now is to plan ahead and follow your plan. You can't go through life—"

"Dad, my decision is made. As soon as I get to Colorado, I'm looking for a full-time job for the fall." He sounded serious. "I'm not coming back."

My reasoning with him was abruptly silenced. Kelly left the room, and I mulled over my disappointment alone. Of course I still had until the fall semester to change Kelly's mind—but considering how strained things had been between us lately, I wasn't sure how much of an influence I could have on him.

Our relationship hadn't always been like this; things had been pretty smooth while Kelly was growing up. I'd supported him through Little League tryouts, second-string blues, and varsity triumphs. I'd shared his pride when he became an all-state swimmer in high school. I'd watched while he broke state records.

We'd shared other things too. Kelly sat through my Sunday school classes at church. He'd seen my example as an elder and deacon. We'd talked about Christian values. He knew the importance of an impeccable character, rational behavior, and strong purpose in life.

Now, however, I felt my son was behaving irresponsibly—operating on a whim. And I didn't like the feeling.

I, too, had faced my share of challenges: I'd earned bachelor's and master's degrees in engineering and math.



(Back row) Kelly and Lee Ann Ward; Wayne's wife, Kay; Jeff and Pam Stone, holding Daniel Stone; Wayne's father, Robert Ward; (front row) Wayne's mother, Grace Ward; Leslie Ward, holding Cindy Stone; Wayne Ward

I'd served as president of the Oklahoma Society of Professional Engineers and director of the American Foundry Society. I'd been a marine pilot, owned my own engineering business, and was in the process of raising three children in a Christian home. I'd succeeded in these and other ventures because I had certain goals and stuck to them. I wanted the same for my son.

But Kelly had other plans. He completed his stint as a summer camp counselor, then disappeared into the moun-



tains as an emergency medical technician and ambulance driver on the more remote slopes of Colorado.

I was still nursing my disappointment over Kelly's abandonment of college when another crisis struck—and this one wasn't about to disappear into the mountains.

At the invitation of a friend, my wife and I attended a chapter meeting of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. The atmosphere of the luncheon gathering was much different than that of the liberal church Kay and I attended. While I was turned off by the difference, however, Kay sensed something in the lives of those around us that was lacking in our own—the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

When Kay experienced this "difference" for herself a few weeks later, I

hoped I'd heard the end of it. Instead, her developing walk with God began to have direct implications for our lifestyle. She became less satisfied with the open-minded teaching at our church. Before long, she suggested we stop attending social activities at the local country club. She began expecting me to integrate spiritual principles into business and political ventures when, frankly, it didn't always seem practical.

One day, in a fit of frustration, I approached God with my problem. Closing myself off in a back bedroom, I got on my knees and said simply, "God, she's driving me crazy. You've got to do something about Kay...."

But He had other plans. That afternoon, God spoke to my heart in a way He never had before—or perhaps I'd just never listened. Suddenly I was communi-

cating with the Lord in another language—one I didn't understand with my mind but that seemed to eloquently express all the new feelings in my heart. I understood Kay's sudden thirst to know more of God. Her desire and drive to live her faith daily made sense for the first time.

With our own lives rededicated to God in a new and deeper way, Kay and I yearned to have our children come into this spiritual fullness as well. Daughters Leslie and Pamela shortly followed suit. Kelly, however, was still somewhere in the mountains of Colorado, and I was burdened with the realization that in the process of busily raising my son, I hadn't taken the opportunity to really know or enjoy him. Most importantly, I knew I'd left something else undone as well.

One day I went to Kay with my burden, "I've got to find Kelly and share the Gospel with him. I've lived with him for twenty years, taught him in Sunday school, provided him with a firm foundation for knowing right and wrong. But I don't believe Kelly has ever heard the Gospel of Jesus Christ—I know he never heard it from me."

It took Kay and me a week of calling around to locate our son. He and I arranged to meet at the Arapaho Airport in Denver the following Thursday.

When he arrived, Kelly looked good, although thinner than I remembered. We shook hands, exchanged pleasantries and drove to a nearby restaurant for lunch.

"Kelly, what do you think about eternal life?" I asked when we were seated. "About heaven and hell?"

Kelly shrugged and offered a rather intellectual and rational discourse about

the philosophy of religion. My heart breaking, I searched his words in vain for any sign of a personal commitment to Jesus Christ.

"But what does all that boil down to?" I finally asked. "If you died today, what do you believe your fate would be?"

"Purgatory," he replied simply.

"How in the world did you settle on that idea?"

"From you, Dad," Kelly looked surprised at my question. "Don't you remember? When I was in your Sunday school class in high school, you wanted us to understand different religious perspectives. Remember how you invited guest speakers from different faiths to come in and address the class? That's when I decided the concept of purgatory made sense."

I then shared openly about my commitment to God and the recent experience that had deepened that commitment. When I left Kelly a few hours later, I thanked God for allowing me to fulfill my responsibility as Kelly's father, which I had neglected, and prayed fervently that He would awaken Kelly's heart to the truth.

One week after our discussion about eternity, Kelly answered a call for an ambulance at a remote mountain residence. Entering the house, he found the body of a seventeen-year-old boy who had shot himself. After cleaning up, Kelly drove two lonely hours down the mountain to the nearest medical facility and dropped off his charge. It was late at night when he finally returned to his apartment. Despite the hour, he knelt in prayer and committed his life to God.

Within a few months, Kelly left the

mountains of Colorado and returned home to begin working on his paramedic's license. I was ecstatic, experiencing my greatest joy in Kelly's newfound relationship with the Lord. I was also thrilled that he finally seemed to be pursuing a concrete career goal. In addition to studying for his license, Kelly worked night and partial shifts at a children's hospital as an ambulance and emergency helicopter dispatcher.

I didn't realize, however, that Kelly's newfound relationship with his Heavenly Father was about to influence the goals his earthly one was pleased about.

When Kelly shared with me his decision to take part in a short-term foreign mission, vestiges of the old disappointment dampened my response. Kelly was convinced that God had called him to minister in an orphanage in Nepal. I only saw him responding, once again, to a whim, and asked point-blank when he was ever going to settle on what he wanted to do with his life. After that brief, wonderful respite, our relationship was becoming strained again.

Early one evening Kelly walked into the living room. "I've gotta talk to you," he said simply. Sensing a desperate sincerity, I gave him my full attention.

"Dad, why can't we be more like brothers than father and son?" he finally blurted out.

"I suppose we don't act like brothers because we are father and son. That's the way God planned it, and that's the way it is." As soon as the words left my mouth, I knew they weren't the answer either of us sought. In the awkward silence that followed, I began to pray quietly under my breath, asking God for wis-

dom. Then a thought came to my mind ...and planted itself firmly in my heart as well.

"Kelly, it's true we're father and son. At the same time, we have the same Heavenly Father. When you get right down to it, I suppose we are brothers in the family of God. We certainly are brothers in the Spirit."

Kelly's eyes filled with tears. Then we were hugging—father and son, brothers in Christ. The disappointment I'd felt earlier began to fade. Kelly would always remain my son, but I needed to acknowledge that he also belonged to Someone whose plans for his life were higher than mine. Letting go of *my* expectations might not happen overnight, but I knew now that my son and I could build a new relationship on the foundation of our relationship with our Heavenly Father.

Following God's plan for his life, Kelly spent two years in Nepal and is still active in a U.S.-based ministry to that country. He married a Spirit-filled, Christian girl, graduated from Victory Bible Institute, and was on staff with Victory Christian Center in Tulsa. He is now working with Willie George Children's Ministries. And while he'll always be my son, he's also a brother in whose ministry and maturity I can daily rejoice. □

A. Wayne Ward is a licensed professional engineer who travels worldwide in his business. He has a B.S. degree in engineering from Clemson University, and an M.S. degree in engineering and mathematics from the University of Alabama. He and his wife, Kay, have three children: Kelly, 27; Pamela, 25; and Leslie, 15. They worship at Victory Christian Center in Tulsa where Wayne is on the Advisory Board. He is director of Tulsa's Oil Capitol Executive Chapter of FGBMFI.

not alone

Morgan Hahn
Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pennsylvania



Christmas. Was it possible that another year had passed? I recalled the past few Christmas seasons. How I had dreaded them. This year it would be different. God had comforted me and had proved His sufficiency. Now He had blessed me with another home and a wife to cherish.

I never dreamed that joy would be mine again, or that peace could replace the agony that had become my life. My thoughts went back to that cold, January night which triggered the nightmare that followed.

* * *

The spirit of Christmas was still coursing through me as I drove up to the house.

"Lana, I'm home," I called as I stomped my snow-covered boots on the mat outside the door of our mountainside home. I carried the groceries inside and placed them on the kitchen table. "Honey, I'm home!" I repeated. No answer.

A little shiver went through me as I shrugged out of my heavy jacket. The house seemed chilly, and I wondered if the fire in the wood-burning stove, our only source of heat, had gone out.

Smiling to myself, I thought that Lana and little "Peeper," who was not quite three, were probably playing tricks on Daddy again. I went stealthily down the basement stairs, looked around, then checked the stove. There was a log thrown on the fire, but it wasn't burning. I opened the draft and poked the coals. The house was so quiet!

Back upstairs, I wandered from room to room, expecting the two clowns to come jumping out at me from their hiding place. I stood in the doorway of our bedroom. The empty corner nagged at the back of my mind, but the missing shotgun didn't really register at the time.

Looking into my son's room again, an uneasy feeling came over me. *Maybe*



Peeper got hurt, I mused, and Lana had to take him to a doctor. I didn't notice the scrapes on the newly painted wall as I closed the door behind me.

Once again a chill went through me. Thoughtfully, I went into the living room, turned on the television and sat down, but was too restless to sit still. Where was Lana? She always left a note when she went somewhere. A deep loneliness settled upon me, evolving into a smothering panic.

Trembling, I snatched up the telephone and began the endless calling to family and friends, neighbors, hospitals, and finally to the police. Little did I know that my wife and little boy were lying in the woods behind the house....

I decided to check with my sister who lived in a small mobile home at the bottom of the mountain. I felt so helpless... at least I would be doing something. My visit was brief since there was no information.

My turmoil was interrupted by the thought of my sixteen-year-old nephew, who had the habit of popping in at odd times. Lana objected to his untimely visits because he gave her "the creeps," so I had insisted that he visit only when I was home.

Johnny, who had spent time in a juvenile detention setting for arson, had recently been released from probation and now lived with his grandmother, next to my sister. The Holy Spirit seemed to escort me, and before I realized it, I was standing in Johnny's doorway.

Johnny was lying on his bed. As soon as he saw me, he bolted upright and whined, "I didn't do anything, Uncle Morgan."

"Johnny, did you see Lana and Peeper

today?" I questioned.

"I saw them at noon. They were okay then," he replied.

"Johnny, can I help them?" I pressed.

"I didn't do nothin'! I didn't do nothin'!" he snapped. He sat up and began to cry.

The light in the room was dim, so I stepped over to his bed. Again, it was the Holy Spirit's impulse that caused me to flip Johnny's hair back from his face. He went white, accentuating several livid, claw-like scratches on his cheek.

The turmoil inside of me mushroomed. Johnny spoke with a voice unlike his own. "Why won't anyone believe me?" he pleaded.

"I know." I answered. I realized that the Holy Spirit had responded. I was con-



(Above) *Peeper the clown*; (opposite page, back row) *Morgan Hahn*; Lana's father, *George Glace*; Lana's brother, *Archie Glace*; (front row) *Lana Hahn*; Lana's mother, *Orpha Glace*



fused and dazed. But the presence of God settled upon me as I stumbled out of the trailer.

The police questioned me for several hours as the search got underway. Long after nightfall, it was finally called off until daylight because of the extreme weather. I thought the night would never end. I spent long hours waiting for the telephone to ring, for some news or a reasonable explanation about my family. I wanted to know that they were safe and that everything would be all right. Deep inside I knew something was terribly wrong and that Johnny was somehow in-

involved, but I refused to let myself think that Lana and little Morgan wouldn't return. God was on my side, wasn't He? He knew I loved Him, didn't He?

I had accepted Christ as my Saviour in 1976. I was twenty years old and involved with a church's youth group. The love and peace that I witnessed in God's people had impressed me. I wasn't used to that kind of love.

My dad had died when I was fifteen, and I'd been on my own since then. I attended school during the day and pumped gas at night. I lived alone for awhile, then shifted from relative to rela-

tive—whoever would have me. It was like searching for something....

My search ended when I received Christ, yet I didn't live a committed Christian life. The Holy Spirit continued to work with me until I rededicated my life to Jesus in 1983. Since then, Lana and I had experienced the sweetness of God's abiding presence in our lives together.

At dawn the search was resumed with the help of K-9 dogs. My pastor arrived several hours later. We sat together in silence, mute over the impending tragedy that we sensed but would not accept. The steady drone of helicopters overhead seemed to take up the chant, "They're missing...they're missing...they're missing."

It was mid-morning when a police officer entered the house. "The dogs found them," he said. "They are both...deceased...I'm sorry."

Cruel anguish surged through my body like volts of electricity and exploded into white-hot fury. "No! No! No!" I cried. I bolted out of my seat, but someone grabbed me. My mind went spinning off into hellish torment as I struggled to get free.

"I'll kill him!" I raved, "I'll kill him!" I didn't realize that it took six men to hold me down as unleashed rage consumed me.

"Morgan, you're hurting your father-in-law," one of the officers pleaded.

When I heard that, I collapsed, sobbing, "No! No! No, God, no! Lana wouldn't go without me! She wouldn't leave me all alone! No! It isn't true—*please God, no!*" The thoughts reeled through my mind with searing anguish as I screamed my protests.

I was to learn later that Lana and Peeper had been shot through the chest. When they were found, our family dog was guarding the bodies.

In a blur, an ambulance transported me to a local hospital. My mind was occupied with one thought—I was all alone now. What would I do? I wanted only to be with Lana and Peeper. Death would be a welcome guest, if only it would come to me! Every time I closed my eyes, I saw Lana and Peeper being driven up the mountain at gunpoint. How frightened Lana must have been for Peeper's safety! Lana, my sweet Lana...what had she suffered? Was it a whole day since I had kissed my wife goodbye and left for work? How would I go on without her?

It seemed to be an eternity later that I sat in the church in which services were held for Lana and Peeper. I was so numb I couldn't think anymore as I gazed at them, lying so peacefully in the shared coffin. Peeper's blond locks rested on Lana's shoulder and her arm enfolded him. I knew she would want it that way. They were so still now. I stroked her flowing blond hair and silently vowed to get revenge.

My nephew, Johnny, had been apprehended and charged with two counts of criminal homicide. My imagination concocted various methods of destruction. I wanted to kill Johnny, and it didn't matter to me who would get hurt in the process. I dreamed of blowing up the prison or poisoning all the prisoners. Most of all, I longed to take my own life and escape from the cruel reality of my loss.

I hardly heard the words that were spoken at the funeral. I couldn't allow myself to think about them. The choir

sang one of Lana's favorite songs, "Pass It On," but the words of comfort could not penetrate my bitterness.

When it was over we gathered at the fire hall for refreshments. It seemed that even God had withdrawn from me, and the only thing left was the lonely vacuum devoid of all that was dear to me. I was not only hurt, but confused. The question that echoed inside of me constantly was, *Why, God—why? Why did You take them and not me? Why must I stay behind?* The only thing that kept me from suicide was knowing that Lana wouldn't want me to handle it that way.

In my agony I sank into a chair in the corner of the room. My eyes filled with tears once again as the unbidden thoughts crept into my consciousness. A small group of people from the church joined me and began to pray. Nothing mattered to me now, yet there was a vague realization that the Lord was still my only hope. I recalled my renewed dedication to Him; six months previously, Lana and I had followed the Lord into baptism together. I had asked Him then to use our lives to bless others at any cost to me. Now, I heard the pastor praying for me, and the sound of my own sobbing wracked my body with renewed anguish. I was completely broken.

In the midst of the turmoil, a quieting peace swept over me. Once again, God's presence overwhelmed me and I abandoned myself to Him. I wept before the Lord, expressing in my prayer language all my complaints. I was coming to terms with God, not by having my questions answered, but by the realization that He had not and never would leave me. Somehow He would help me and

use the tragedy to help others.

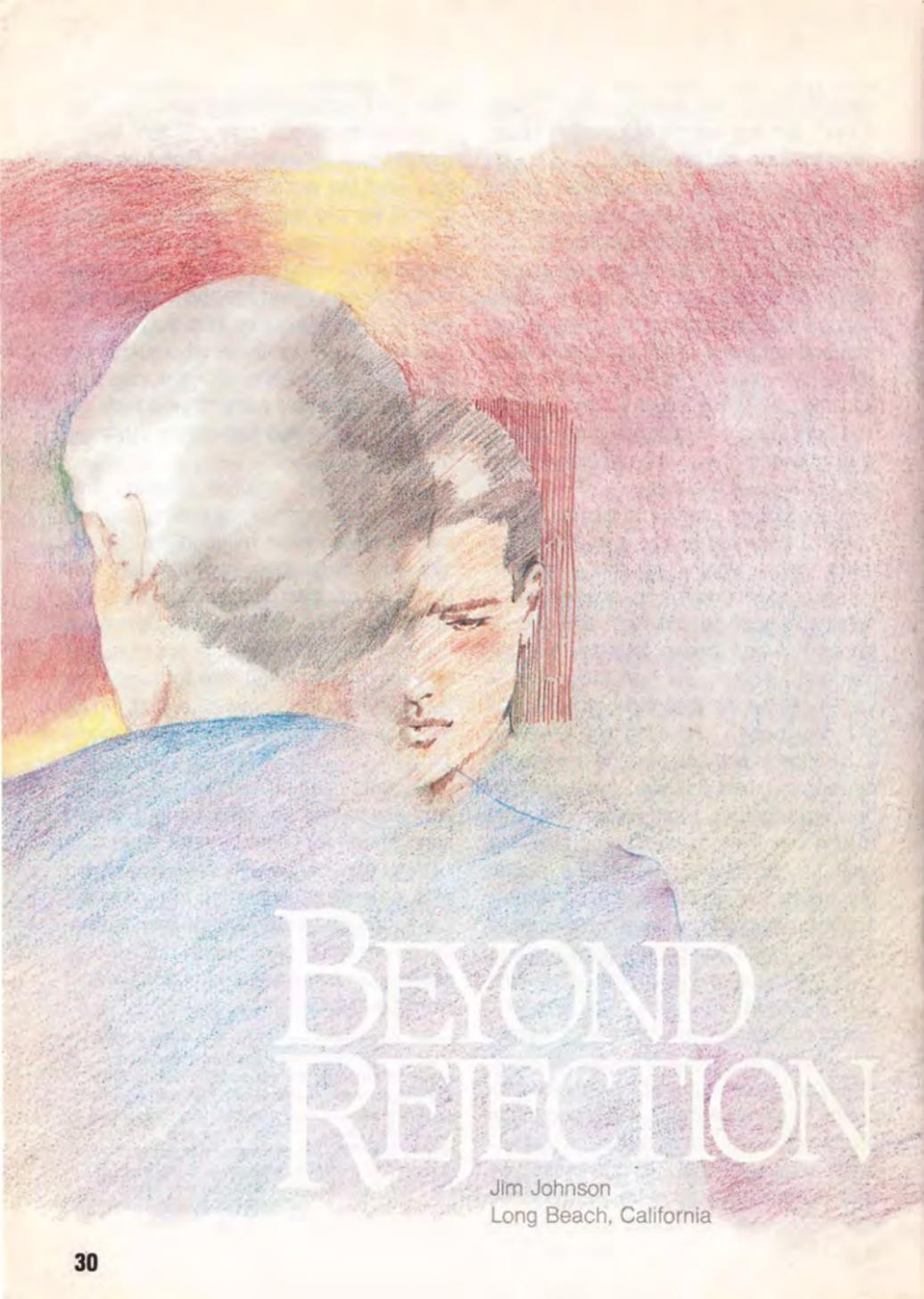
Many questions plagued me in the months that followed, but God has faithfully kept His word. Although the events of that terrible day will never be erased from my memory, God has relieved the lonely hours with the comfort of His presence. He has given me the companionship of other Christians who pray for and support me in my times of despair. He has also blessed me with the love and affection of Lana's parents who took me into their home and shared the suffering of our mutual loss.

The greatest spiritual triumph has been the resolution of my feelings toward my nephew. I have relinquished the desire for vengeance not through any power of my own, but through the Holy Spirit. The Lord will deal with Johnny in His own way, and I can accept that. The only way I have been able to handle my feelings was the knowledge that God's grace is sufficient for me (II Corinthians 12:9).

Though I battled with loneliness daily and saw myself as being alone, I *knew* I hadn't been forsaken by my Father.

If my experience will cause one of you who is desperately hurting to turn to the Lord through Jesus Christ, then something beautiful can come out of this senseless tragedy—and Lana would want it that way. □

Morgan Hahn has been self-employed in the firewood business for the past six years. Prior to this, he worked in construction, in masonry, and operated heavy equipment. Morgan remarried in July of this year. His wife, Mary, is a support to him as they share his testimony in various chapters of FGBMFI. Morgan is a member of the Harrisburg Chapter. Morgan and Mary worship at Peace Fellowship Foursquare Gospel Church in Dauphin.



BEYOND REJECTION

Jim Johnson
Long Beach, California

There was a time in my life when I was sure that my Heavenly Father wanted nothing at all to do with me, and that I would never be able to serve Him in any viable way. My relationship with my earthly father was also next to nonexistent.

I had hit bottom all right. After an unsuccessful suicide attempt, being jailed twice for alcohol-related offenses, gut-wrenching breakups of long-term relationships, and devastating financial losses, I was in utter despair. Only then, as a true "prodigal son," could I finally surrender and return to my Father God in obedience to His persistent call on my life....

* * *

Born and raised in Southern California, I became aware of the Lord at the age of four. I faithfully attended Sunday school and was baptized when I was eight years old. At the age of twelve, I publicly committed my life to the Lord Jesus Christ in a church service, promising to faithfully serve Him. Through my teen years, I studied church doctrine with great intensity and was confirmed when I was seventeen. I appeared to be enjoying a "typical" teenage social life at the same time, including having girlfriends. But all was not well inside me.

Molested repeatedly by an older man when I was five years old, I was deeply traumatized but felt I could tell no one. This situation was compounded by my family relocating, forcing me to make new friends, which only deepened my feelings of insecurity and encouraged a sort of detachment from my family. My father worked long hours and was gone most of the time. Though he did love me

a great deal, I didn't perceive that he did, and we grew detached from one another. We never really had a close relationship.

Though I longed for friendships with my peers at church, I seldom developed them. One possible barrier was the fact that I was a slow learner and grew very self-conscious about it. The longing for intimacy with my father was transferred to two pastors. It was about that time that I entered the homosexual lifestyle and began the journey that distanced me from my Heavenly Father for nearly twenty years.

Having a true desire for a long-lasting relationship, I didn't hop from bar to bar and bed to bed. One relationship lasted eleven years. When this man began the process of leaving me for someone else, my whole world fell apart. Over the six months that he vacillated between me and the other man, I was torn apart.

My despair over the rejection by my lover became so great that I finally attempted suicide. Upon waking up in the hospital, I became keenly aware that I needed to recommit my life to the Lord. This was in 1981.

My way of doing that, as settled as I was in the homosexual lifestyle, was to become very involved in a "gay" church. But I believe the Lord saw the sincerity of that recommitment, and that's when He began to work in my life even though I continued in my rebellion.

I was a deacon in this church—preaching, teaching Bible studies, and leading prayer groups. One night, as I began preaching, my speech suddenly became unintelligible to those listening! The particular topic I had been preaching on involved morality, and I realized later

that the Lord had sovereignly dealt with me about that issue. That night, I became convicted of the error in what I was teaching and never again was in the pulpit of that church. About six weeks later, I left that church, but made still another mistake—I took the pianist with me.

Our relationship lasted eighteen months and was a close and intense one. But once again, this young man left me. Instead of turning to the Lord over this rejection, I turned to alcohol.

A day didn't go by without my drinking to try to assuage the pain. During that time, I was arrested a second time for an alcohol-related incident and it was an extremely humiliating experience. Ultimately I was assigned to a one-year alcohol rehabilitation program.

At this point, I was at an all-time low. Though once I had been a fairly successful real estate agent, the turmoil of my personal life had also taken its toll financially. I had lost most of the property I owned and practically everything of any financial value.

I began to pray desperately, pleading with the Lord to either let me die or enable me to serve Him. At this point, I completely surrendered and returned to my Heavenly Father.

* * *

The Lord began to act quickly on my behalf as soon as I had made this decision. I received a call from the former owner of my home, a pastor. In the course of the conversation, it became clear that he could certainly use my home, should I choose to give it up, as a home for unwed mothers. I prayed about it and became convinced that this

was something the Lord wanted me to do—that I needed to be obedient as a response to the total commitment of my life to Him. I told the pastor that I wanted to turn the house back over to him, and that's when my life really began to change.

Within a few days of making that decision, I saw Colin Cook of Quest Learning Center in Reading, Pennsylvania (one of the co-founders of Homosexuals Anonymous) giving his testimony on television. He and his wife were sharing about his struggles with leaving the homosexual lifestyle, and their courtship and marriage. They also spoke about having developed Homosexuals Anonymous (H.A.) and Quest Learning Center's counseling programs. But what really gripped me was that Colin's wife knew everything about his homosexuality and loved him unconditionally. They had subsequently married and had children. The desire for a wife and children had never left me during my years in the lifestyle, and hearing these two talk had a profound impact on me.

The very next day I called the Quest Learning Center and became involved with their various programs and ministries, which further encouraged my healing. A few months later, I began hearing the gentle, but insistent call of the Lord. He wanted me to reach out to others struggling with the homosexual lifestyle—those who really wanted out and felt trapped. Once again I answered, "Yes, Lord."

As I began to have an active ministry to these strugglers, my healing continued. It has been and continues to be a process with many stages. About a



Rebecca and Jim

year and a half ago, I attended the tenth annual conference of Exodus International (a coalition of ex-gay ministries). There I met a very pretty young lady named Rebecca, who heads an ex-gay ministry in Rockford, Illinois called *Beyond Rejection*. Our long-distance relationship deepened in the following months, and by the time I saw her for the second time in Chicago, I knew that this was the woman the Lord had called to be my wife. On Valentine's Day of this year, we became engaged. I will be spending Christmas with Rebecca, and we are planning to be married in the summer or early fall of 1987.

Through the healing process, I have come to the certain knowledge that I am not a homosexual! I am a heterosexual man who experienced two decades of homosexuality in my life due to some choices made at the critical juncture of adolescence. The trauma of the molestation and the detachment from my father

certainly set the stage for that choice, but I did go into the homosexual lifestyle of my own free will. My heterosexual identity in Jesus Christ has progressively grown stronger within me over the last two years of God's restoration of my life, as I daily trust and rely on Him. The key has been obedience—constant obedience. Every obedient step I take, the Lord pours out His blessings. As I get up each morning, I consciously turn myself over to the Lord for that day. I praise Him for His blessings of wholeness and continue to acknowledge my utter dependence on Him. A once arrogant son has been humbled under the gentle hand of his Heavenly Father.

My ministry today has several facets. We send educational literature all over the United States to those struggling with homosexuality and to other ex-gay ministries. We do some counseling, but ultimately attempt to direct people to pastors and Christian psychologists. The final, relatively recent development in the ministry has been the opening of three homes to those persons with AIDS or AIDS-Related Complex who are homeless and have no resources. The Lord has done a mighty work in this area and has used my real-estate business sense to His glory.

One of the greatest evidences of my healing is a restoration of the relationship between my dad and me. About a year and a half ago, I went to my dad and began to tell him what I was going through. He was taken aback, but for the first time in decades he really paid attention to me. This has been one of the most tangible miracles so far in my life—that at the ages of thirty-six and seventy-two, we

began being restored. Our relationship continues to grow deeper and closer. This has proven to be a rewarding and fulfilling result of the Lord's restoration.

Maybe today you feel hopelessly trapped in some sort of addictive behavior. May I introduce you to the One who *can* and *will* deliver you from your personal nightmare? He is the Lord Jesus Christ, and you can meet Him and begin to experience that deliverance in a very

real way by taking the Six Steps to Salvation on page 38.

May you, too, begin to experience the complete security of being "beyond rejection" in Christ Jesus.

Jim Johnson is currently president of the Beyond Rejection ministry. He is also the western pastoral assistant to Courage, an outreach to Catholics struggling with homosexuality. Prior to this, he was a real estate agent for seven years. He and Rebecca will be married late next year. Jim attends St. Matthew's Catholic Church in Long Beach.

CONVENTIONS

NASHVILLE CENTRAL SOUTH REGIONAL CONVENTION

Nov. 6-8, 1986

Hilton Airport Inn
Write: Mr. Hoyt Elliott
Box 24096
Nashville, TN 37202

WISCONSIN STATE REGIONAL CONVENTION

Nov. 6-8, 1986

Travelers Inn, Fond du lac
Write: FGBMFI
Box 20741
Milwaukee, WI 53220

RIO GRANDE VALLEY RALLY

Nov. 6-8, 1986

Hilton Resort Hotel
So. Padre Island
Write: Mr. Bob Veale
1902 Runnels Street
Harlingen, TX 78550

MIDLAND/ODESSA RALLY

Nov. 7-8, 1986

Midland Hilton
Write: Mr. Leroy Linney
506 Carrol
Stanton, TX 79782

WESTERN NEW YORK MENS' ADVANCE

Nov. 7-9, 1986

Holiday Inn, Grand Island
Write: Mr. Jim McDonald
79 Norcrest Drive
Rochester, NY 14617

TENTH ANNUAL CANADIAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

Nov. 12-15, 1986

Constellation Hotel, Toronto
Write: FGBMFI
190 Attwell Drive #304
Rexdale, Ontario M9W 6H8

NORTH PLATTE AREA RALLY

Nov. 14-15, 1986

Stockman Inn
Write: Mr. Russ Castle
2015 East D
North Platte, NE 69101

LAKE OF THE OZARKS REGIONAL CONVENTION

Nov. 19-22, 1986

Lodge of the Four Seasons
Write: Mr. James Callis
Box 111
Sedalia, MO 65301

SOUTHERN MANITOBA MENS' ADVANCE

Nov. 21-23, 1986

Westward Village Inn
Write: Mr. John Davies
1090 Strathcona Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 3G6

OKI REGIONAL CONVENTION

Nov. 26-29, 1986

Holiday Inn, Miamisburg
Write: FGBMFI
Box 2252
Dayton, OH 45429

ALASKA STATE CONVENTION

Nov. 27-29, 1986

Anchorage Westward Hilton
Write: FGBMFI
1625 Bannister Drive
Anchorage, AK 99508

PACIFIC NORTHWEST CONVENTION

Nov. 27-29, 1986

Sea-Tac Red Lion
Write: FGBMFI
Box 812
Redmond, WA 98073

SAN DIEGO REGIONAL CONVENTION

Nov. 27-29, 1986

La Jolla Marriott
Write: Dr. Lee Mindt
2111 Redbird Drive
San Diego, CA 92123

ANNUAL FLORIDA STATE MEN'S ADVANCE

Dec. 11-13, 1986

Eutis, Florida
Write: FGBMFI
Box 5968
Clearwater, FL 33518

CONVENTIONS PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE WERE APPROVED ON OR BEFORE OCTOBER 7, 1986.



A NEW WAVE OF REVIVAL
ANAHEIM '87
YEAR OF THANKSGIVING
THE 34TH WORLD CONVENTION

FGBMFI is pleased to announce that our World Convention Department has prepared a **special Early Bird Registration Packet** for those who would enjoy **special priority seating** at our World Convention, June 30 through July 4, 1987, in beautiful Anaheim, California.

Included in this packet will be a **coupon redeemable at the Convention Bookstore. This Early Bird Special will end January 6, 1987.** All registrations received after that date will be handled as regular registrations for the Convention.

The Anaheim Marriott will be our headquarters. Plan to take your vacation this coming year in California and join with people from all over the world who will gather for a refreshing, fulfilling time of fellowship and praise. The young people will also have an exciting time participating in the well-planned convention program and also enjoying the many other activities that Anaheim and Southern California offer.

Special speakers for the 1987 World Convention include: **Allan Mayer**—Retired vice-president and general plant manager for Oscar Mayer Company, **Sandy McDonnell**—Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer of McDonnell Douglas Corporation, **John DeLorean**—Former automobile executive and founder of DeLorean Motor Company, **Father Ralph DeOrto**—Catholic healing evangelist, and **Gene Ellerbee**—Executive with Procter and Gamble.

Register now! This special expires January 6, 1987. There will be no registration fee for youth 18 years and under, but they must register. Registration is only \$10 per household. Please complete this coupon and mail it with the \$10 registration fee to: **FGBMFI World Convention Department / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ Country _____

Telephone (_____) _____ Date _____

List full names of all immediate household members included in your registration as they are to appear on name badges.

Priority seating, special name badge, and bookstore discount coupon for EARLY registrants. Complete this form and mail to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. Completed form and \$10 registration fee per household must be received no later than **January 6, 1987** to be eligible for priority seating, special name badges, and bookstore discount coupon. No registration fee required for youth under 18 years of age. 3204-05-7336

REGISTER NOW!

International Directors

The international directors listed on these pages give direction to the multifaceted ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in eighty-seven countries of the world. They also provide leadership in achieving the goals of the Fellowship.

Their names and addresses are provided as a point of contact for you to learn when and where chapters meet in your area, or to receive needed spiritual ministry.

They are also a point of contact for those interested in serving Christ through this organization.

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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" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9).

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision 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: FGBMFI / Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

CHAPTER OUTREACH

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 92628.

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 for your information. Write for date and location details of a chapter meeting in your area.

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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 eighty-seven 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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HE TOOK IT AND BLESSED IT

When the Svenhard family came to the United States from Sweden, they began producing bakery goods in the back of a little shop. They then dedicated their business to the Lord and now supply products to over 4,000 stores.

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Our Father Knows Best

Fathers and sons have historically differed. As a father and son, Wayne and Kelly were no exception—until they became brothers...in Christ.

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