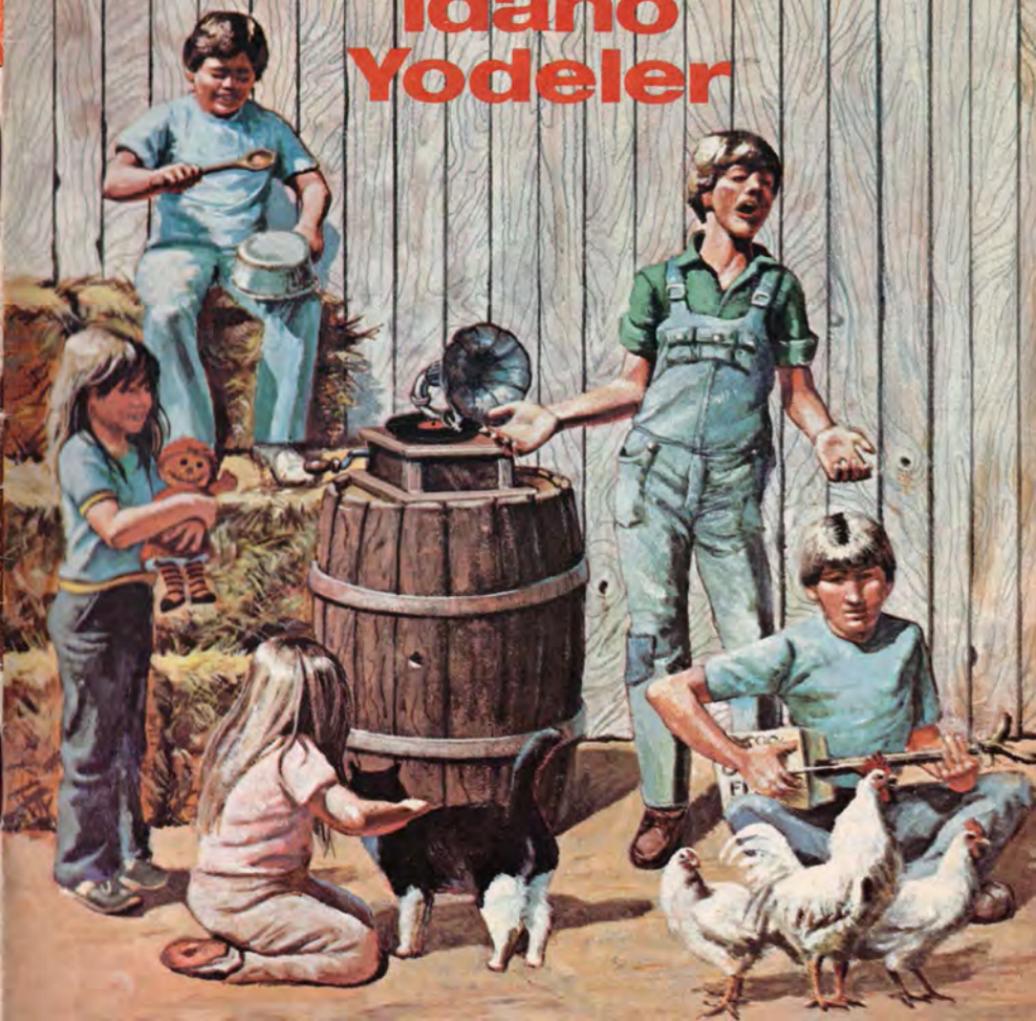


06-83

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

The Idaho Yodeler





I was one of 10 kids in our Idaho farm home and out of necessity we created our own entertainment. It was in front of the old phonograph that my career in yodeling started.

Buzz Goertzen, Lewiston, ID

Yodeling and Jesus changed my life—although not in the same way and certainly not to the same extent.

The church services our family attended every Sunday when I was a

boy could best be described as three songs, an offering and a sermon. Everyone must have agreed with the pastor's sermons because I could see them all nodding. And the messages must have been profound because

after the sermon there was a great awakening.

However, one childhood experience outside the church made a profound impact upon my life. I was seven years old, riding my Shetland pony and watching the cows graze, when I had a visitation from God. I still can't explain it but I knew from that moment that God had a call on my life.

During my teen years my sister went with her new boyfriend to his church one Sunday night. Arriving

Years later after I completed a stint in the service, married and joined the Boise police department, I was moonlighting as a department-store detective. One of our shoe salesmen was a religious fanatic. He would say things like "Praise the Lord" right there in the store where employees could hear him. I thought, "Can't he keep it to himself?" He had the kind of Christianity that was catching. Mine wasn't. I avoided him as much as possible.

About that same time my sister—

The Idaho Yodeler

home afterward, she announced, "I got saved."

"From what?" we all asked.

My curiosity aroused, I went with them the next Sunday and heard the salvation message for the first time. When the altar call was given I literally ran to the front of the church to accept Jesus as my Lord and Saviour.

I felt so good and free that I went home and tried to evangelize the whole family. Only it didn't work. I hit a brick wall, bounced back and didn't feel saved anymore. So the next Sunday I went to the altar and "got saved" again—and again and again.

There was a good salvation message every service, but that seemed to be my problem. For several years I didn't seem to grow beyond the born-again stage, always struggling but falling short of what I thought a Christian should be.

the one who took me to church when I got saved—came down with an incurable disease. Her condition worsened. Soon she was paralyzed, her skin waxen-white; breathing through a hole in her throat, she appeared to be nothing but skin and bones.

Since nothing could be done at the hospital the doctor sent her home to die and the family members kept vigil around the clock by her cot in the living room.

One day the fanatic shoe salesman buttonholed me. "Hey, Buzz, I've been meaning to talk to you."

"I was afraid of that," I muttered.

"God tells me there's a tragedy in your family and I'm supposed to pray for you," he explained.

"Who told you? God? . . . He talks to you?"

"Sure, Buzz. Doesn't He talk to you?"

Now I really knew this guy was a weirdo. "Yeah," I replied. "He speaks to me through the Bible." He agreed, but insisted that God had revealed that he was to pray for my problem.

I told him about my sister. Several days later he reported that his church had been up till midnight praying for her. I thought, "Wow, that's more than I've done."

To make a long story short, one Sunday night in response to his repeated invitations I found myself walking into that fanatic church he attended. Walking into the sanctuary

friend revealed to some of the people that it was my sister for whom they had been praying. He asked me if they could lay hands on her. A few days later, with her consent, we gathered around her bed, laid hands on her and prayed. From that day forward she gained strength, and for the last 15 years she has led a normal life and raised her family. It was obvious God had given us all a miracle.

I knew then that there is something more than three songs, an offering and a sermon: there is much more than salvation for every believer.

God used yodeling to change my life

was like walking into an explosion. I had never before seen people so excited about being in church.

At one point in the service a lady behind me began to speak in tongues. Then the man beside me gave the interpretation. I almost sank to my knees.

"My son, you are among some of God's people." Then he talked about a seven-year-old boy on a Shetland pony (a story I had never told anyone) and proceeded to give a rundown of my life, including the fact that I had shaken my fist at heaven. He said God wanted to give me more, but that I had refused His gifts because of my doctrines.

After the service my shoe-salesman

Now let me hastily retrace the years and show how God has used yodeling to change my life. There were 10 kids in our American Falls, Idaho farm home, so of necessity we created our own entertainment and had a large enough group to provide our own audience. We would crank the old phonograph, put on a record and one of us in front of it would mouth the words of a song. Once when it was my turn, instead I yodeled along with Elton Britt. My brothers' and sisters' response encouraged me to practice and improve my new talent.

Years later, the chief of police assigned me to the big Methodist church in town to assist in their ob-

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servance of law-enforcement week. I shared what the Lord had done for me and both the chief and I were amazed at the response. Calls came for me to represent the department at civic organizations, churches, PTAs and schools. I added some guitar-playing, sang, yodeled and even did a magic show for kids. A public service TV program was one of the byproducts.

At the conclusion of one of my talks on drug abuse, the head of Idaho's drug abuse center invited me to

solid with drug addicts. I was so impressed by what God was doing to redeem and deliver these hopelessly enslaved boys and girls that I felt led to leave the security of the Bureau of Drug Control and work for this drug rehabilitation center.

A singing group God helped me put together was in itself an evidence of His miraculous lifechanging power. Here was an ex-drug agent directing a group of ex-drug users, traveling together to sing and minister on the

Buzz (right), tuning up for bluegrass festival with daughter Tammy, son Kelly and anonymous fiddler



become a state narcotics agent. There was some undercover work as well, but for most of the next two years I traveled throughout the state, speaking in high schools and showing films on drug abuse.

I also studied programs of other states. One in Washington had a phenomenal success record. When I went to see for myself I found this house owned by a preacher and packed

beaches, in parks, at colleges, high schools and churches and on television programs. One of the features of the program was me yodeling, with the kids singing in the background. Interspersed with our musical program the kids would give their testimonies.

After awhile the Lord led me from Richland, Washington into a full-time singing, traveling and yodeling ministry. I am now ministering somewhere

in the United States or Canada at Full Gospel Business Men's meetings about five or six nights a week.

Some may question whether yodeling is appropriate in Christian meetings. I believe God can use any talent you have if you are willing to give it to Him.

Let me share with you an example of how God has used it to reach the lost. The first time I yodeled in a church a man passed by who was on his way to the bridge to end it all. He couldn't believe what he was hearing and came inside out of curiosity. End of the story: yodeling saved his life that night and Jesus saved him for eternity.

I know God wants me to testify to the wonderful difference He has made in our home. Our early years were a struggle. I figured I'd made a mistake in getting married and I wanted out. One time sitting in my car with my pistol in my lap, I was tempted to use it on myself. I guess she was just as unhappy with me.

We moved to Hawaii, thinking things would be better in this exciting place. They were worse. I remember sitting on the front steps one night, looking up at the stars and crying out, "God, where are You? Why don't You do something?"

Two experiences this last year reminded us how much He has done for our marriage. My wife and I were driving to Spokane, rejoicing, holding hands and enjoying each other's company. Entering the city, we looked for

the North Chuckwagon where the banquet was to be held. To our amazement the restaurant had been built on the very spot where we used to live! That evening I realized all of a sudden that, standing in the very place where 25 years earlier I had sat with my pistol in my lap and cried out to God, "Help my wife and me," I was now about to tell others of God's miracle in our lives.

A few months later on a trip to New Zealand we accepted a friend's invitation to enjoy 10 days at his apartment in Hawaii. The first morning there, we awoke to the smell of flowers and the singing of birds. We were so happy, walking hand-in-hand along the balcony. I looked down from the fifth floor and, directly below, saw the spot where as a 22-year-old kid I had shouted to the stars, "God, where are You?"

I believe God wants to use my testimony to help people who are in a religious rut, of three songs, an offering and a sermon, to discover that there is much, much more. He wants those who, like my sister, need healing to discover that Jesus is the Healer. And I know that He wants those whose homes are unhappy to hold onto God, to get into His Word, and to discover the blessings God wants to give them. □

Buzz Goertzen and his wife Wilma have three children: daughter Tammy and sons Kelly and Darrell. They are members of Faith Tabernacle in Lewiston; Buzz is a member of Lewiston Chapter, FGBMFI.

MAN TO MAN

Demos Shakarian
Founder/President



Demos Shakarian shares "man to man" with Lynwood Maddox on "Good News!"

People magazine reported a survey a few years ago in which Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International's "Good News!" television program was rated first in the religious category by the majority of those polled. As I recall, their vote was influenced by the feeling of sincerity that came across through the interview/testimony format.

I thank God that what was in my heart came through. The testimonies of the men interviewed were true and my concern for men was genuine. Week after week as I closed the program I didn't think about the possibilities of millions of viewers, but I felt I was talking to one man.

Apparently viewers felt that, too. They sensed that as a businessman I talked their language, understood where they were coming from and was acquainted with their problems.

Frequently I closed the program with "... a question I want to ask you: Do you have peace?" Every man I

have ever met wants peace. Nothing—wealth, success, position—can satisfy that deep longing within.

"How do you find peace?" you ask. By surrendering your life to Jesus. Give it to Him just as it is—problems, failures, weaknesses, everything.

Men find this difficult. No matter how badly they have messed things up they are afraid to surrender. Some have come to me who were facing financial ruin. Others were losing their families and some were enslaved to alcohol or drugs. They desperately needed peace and all their efforts had failed to find it. Yet they were reluctant to trust Jesus to put the broken pieces of life back together. Other men faced no great crisis but still had no peace without Jesus. You can trust Him to do what is best for you.

More than 40 years ago, Japan was an aggressor nation bent on a path of self-destruction. The envy of the industrial world today, Japan's recovery began with surrender to General MacArthur September 2, 1945. If Japan's restoration could come from the benevolence of its victorious enemy, how much more can we trust the Son of God, who died on the cross for us, to give us peace!

More than two million people will read this issue of *Voice*, but I want to address this question to *you*, man to man, as though you and I were the only two people on earth. Do *you* have peace? If not, I encourage you to receive it right now. The Six Steps to Salvation (page 39) will assist you.



RUN, LARRY, RUN!

I went from one near-disaster to another

Larry Wersen, Burlington, WA

How was this possible? Larry Wersen... healthiest guy in town, survivor of hideous accidents that would've killed most people... imprisoned in a chair like a helpless baby. And the cause—that was the most terrible part of all.

Nobody knew.

For nearly a month I had suffered from excruciating 24-hour headaches, unpredictable dizziness and agonizing sleeplessness. I was so weak I

could scarcely move my arms. Reality and fantasy intermingled. Nightmares plagued me when I finally drifted into fitful sleep. I was living in an earthly hell with no apparent way out.

I suspected I had a brain tumor. The doctors at Skagit Valley Hospital weren't speculating... at least, not to my face. Meantime, death seemed to be closing in on me at last, perhaps collecting on the time I'd already borrowed, and forcing me to pay the

interest with extra agony.

I thought back to the close scrapes I'd had in my life. I could remember vividly that night when I was 20 years old, a hot-shot car salesman in my brand-new '55 Mercury Monterey demonstrator. A friend in a '55 Chevy made the mistake of saying he'd beat me back to town. In those days I thought gas pedals and floorboards belonged together. Several people wrote in my high-school yearbook that I'd never make it to 21, and that night I almost proved them right.

The speedometer was topped out at 120 when suddenly as I came over the little Samish River bridge I saw a huge object in my path. It looked like a barn—the average person isn't computing very well at 120 miles per hour—but turned out to be a truck pulling out of a side road. I didn't even bother to hit the brakes. I just lay down on the seat and covered my head.

There was an enormous crash as my car flattened out under the bed of that truck and blasted out the other side. The Merc ground to a stop and somehow I opened the door and slid out.

"Gee, I'm not bad off," I thought ... and passed out in the road. Next thing I knew, people were yelling at me.

"Run, Larry, run!"

I opened my eyes and saw headlights bearing down on me fast. I managed to scramble into the ditch. Since my car and the truck were blocking the road, the other car headed for the

ditch too. I felt the rush of wind as the tires missed my head by inches.

I was bleeding badly, as it turned out, and if some passerby hadn't put towels to my head to slow the bleeding I'd be dead today.

The pastor of my church visited me in the hospital and said, "Larry, this is a great chance for you to witness and tell people what God has done for you."

Well, I was happy to do that. I knew *someone* had intervened or I'd be dead. Only problem was, I didn't really know God, at least not the way the

Larry Wersen



pastor apparently thought I did. I'd never made a personal commitment to Jesus Christ, although I was a frequent churchgoer. But I gratefully told people that God had saved my life that night.

Years later I began teaching Sunday school and eventually became Sunday-school superintendent. But I still didn't know Jesus in my heart. I lived like a Christian simply because I couldn't afford to do anything else. My first business went bankrupt after eight months, and I spent quite a long time paying off the bills from that disaster. Then my wife and I—I was married by this time—moved to

Mount Vernon and bought an auto-wrecking yard, the same type of business I'd gone belly-up in before. With my teenage reputation as a fast driver, I jokingly told people auto wrecking was the only thing I was trained to do.

This time, though, I learned from my mistakes and started making money. Pretty soon I was able to afford to go to parties and drink a lot. I didn't feel right breaking the Ten Commandments on Saturday night and teaching them on Sunday morning, so I gradually dropped my involvement in Sunday school, although I still attended church.

With Marilyn and Larry Wersen are (left to right) their son Bruce, daughter Vickie, and her husband, Sam Price



One morning I did a dumb thing. It was my habit to get up about 3:30 A.M. to burn cars before the rest of the town got up and saw the smoke. I'd burn about 50 or 60 cars every day. It was a simple process. The night before, I'd go around and break out all the glass so oxygen could get in, then in the morning I'd pour a little gas on the car, light a fire under the dashboard where the wiring was, and in a few minutes that car was just a memory.

This particular morning I started a fire in one car, then noticed I'd forgotten to break out the glass. I walked over to it, still with the gas can in my hand, and shoved my foot through the front window. Well, my foot hung up on something and I found myself stuck like Br'er Rabbit in Tar Baby. The second the air hit that smoldering fire the car burst into flame. Somehow I managed to douse myself with gas at the same time.

There wasn't any painless way to get my leg out of there so I just ripped it loose and tried to figure out how to keep from burning alive. I will say this: I didn't panic. I was thinking, "You stupid so-and-so! How could you do this to yourself?" I yanked my sweater over my head, hoping to save my face from burning, but as I pulled it off my hair and face ignited. I couldn't get my shoes off because the flames kept flashing up in my face, so I just had to let them disintegrate on my feet.

I kept hoping I would pass out, but I just couldn't do it. When my wife found me I was a mess. She rushed

me to the hospital, and I want to tell you that if you've never been badly burned it's pain beyond imagination. I have often thought of the Scriptures which speak of being cast into outer darkness where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth (Matthew 8:12). I got just a tiny taste of what hell must be like, that day.

But to show you how gracious God can be, it happened that one of that country's finest burn specialists had just left Japan and landed in our area, looking for a place to practice. So by a miracle he was on hand when I was admitted to the hospital. I won't go into all the pain I experienced during the next weeks and months, but I often wished I could die. They ended up grafting 222 square inches of skin onto me to patch me up. I looked like grandma's quilt for a while. It was a year before I could walk again.

But I did recover, and I attributed most of it to the fact that I had always been a real "health nut" who ate the right food, worked out at weights, running, boxing and karate, and was a pretty tough cookie. I still didn't accept Jesus into my heart, and as soon as I could I went back to my party life.

Then several months later came the disease no one could diagnose. It looked as though I was going out with a confused whimper instead of in a blaze of glory.

The day before I was scheduled to see one more specialist, my pastor came to see me. It's hard to explain exactly what took place, but he began

sharing with me some of his burdens concerning our church. I began to see some of the tremendous heartaches and hardships people were experiencing. After he left I actually began weeping, because God seemed to give me a vision of the pain others were suffering. Then it was as though I heard Jesus reciting Revelation 3:20 to my heart: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock..."

Deep within, I knew this was my last chance. Suddenly I saw how patient and merciful God had been with me all these years. I got on my knees and handed Him the keys to my life... my business, my family, my health, everything. And in that moment I had a sweeping feeling of peace and joy such as I'd never experienced. I *knew* God was real, and that His Spirit was dwelling in me.

The Lord began working in my life right away. He led me to a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International chapter meeting where I met brothers in the Lord who just showered me with love. I had a tremendous desire to tell everyone about Him. I started a fellowship breakfast in my church that grew from 11 men to more than 70 in just a short time.

At one FGBMFI meeting I prayed for God to heal me 99 percent... just to leave me a little reminder so I won't ever slip away from Him. As I worshiped and praised Him I felt nine feet off the ground. I'd been in church all my life, but I had never sensed the presence of the Holy Spirit so

strongly. It was glorious!

A short time later I took some tests to see how I was recovering from this unnamed illness, and all the tests showed there was nothing wrong with me. I was "above normal" in every respect. Praise the Lord! Every once in a while, now, I wake up with a little headache (that one percent that Jesus left behind) and I remember all over again how He's preserved me, saved me and healed me.

Recently the Lord performed a series of miracles that allowed me to open a showroom of antique collector cars, where not only can visitors see some beautiful automobiles but I can share the Gospel with them as well. This collection reminds me that God could have given up on Larry Wersen and junked me long ago, like those forgotten metal derelicts in my wrecking yard. Instead He chose to restore me and make me a witness to His loving handiwork.

Do you sometimes think you've wrecked your life for good? Turn it over to the Master Restorer and discover what it's like to have a brand-new life in Jesus. □

Larry Wersen owns and operates Larry's Auto & Truck Parts, a wrecking yard in Burlington, Washington. He is former treasurer and now vice-president of Greater Skagit Valley Chapter, FGBMFI. He has since sold the classic-car collection and turned his building into a place of ministry for chapter meetings and church and youth activities. Larry and his wife Marilyn attend Avon Methodist church, hold a Bible study in their home, and have two children, Vickie Ann and Bruce.

“correspondence quotes”

“I have always felt that *Voice* magazine was the finest tool God has ever given us for spreading the good news.”

**Al H. Duren, International Director
Orangeburg, SC**

“Your magazine was recently used by God to bring about a miracle for our family. This past year my husband began having an affair. We were both raised in Christian homes, but were not living Christian lives. Last fall I filed for divorce. Three months later he was flying to visit my son and me. The only thing he could find to read on the plane was a copy of your magazine, *Voice*, which someone had left on the seat. That particular issue contained the stories of five men who had gone through situations similar to my husband's; they were sinners and had lost their families, but later came to know Christ as their Saviour.

“My husband was overcome by the testimonies. He broke down crying on the plane and asked God to forgive him for his sins and take over his life. He then came and asked my forgiveness.

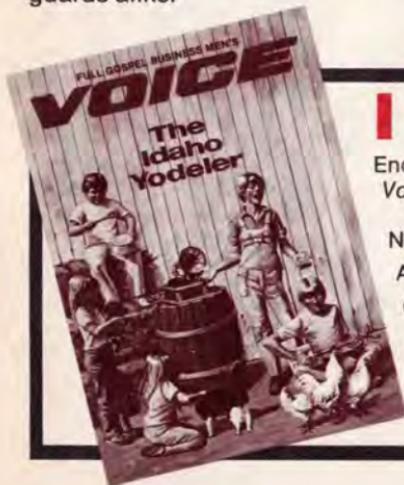
“We prayed for several days, then moved to a new town together. We are now a born-again Christian family and we are so happy. Thank you for your part in making us that way.

“As a gift to my husband, I would like a subscription to your magazine. Thank you for everything.”

Name and City Withheld by Editor

“*Voice* is a powerful, silent, yet dynamite tool in prison, to inmates and guards alike.”

J.R. Hendren, Huntersville, SC



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CONVENTIONS

TAHOE, NEVADA RALLY

June 3-4, 1983

North Lake Tahoe-Cloud's Cal-Neva Lodge, Crystal Bay, NV
Write: Placerville Chapter
Box 1891
Placerville, CA 95667

KEYSTONE MEN'S ADVANCE

June 3-5, 1983

Messiah College, Grantham
Write: Mr. Robert Pugliese
44 South 2nd St.
Steelton, PA 17092

IOWA STATE REGIONAL

June 9-11, 1983

Howard Johnson Motel
Des Moines, IA
Write: FGBMFI, Box 85082
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: Mr. Joe Harry Metzger
1127 Sherwood Rd.
Paducah, KY 42001

FLORIDA STATE

June 16-18, 1983

Surfside Holiday Inn
Clearwater Beach
Write: Florida Convention Office
Box 5968, Clearwater, FL 33518

30TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

July 5-9, 1983

Detroit, Michigan
Write: Mr. Dave Byram
World Convention Coordinator
Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

CENTRAL NEW YORK REGIONAL

July 21-23, 1983

Hotel Syracuse
Hotel Syracuse Square
Write: Mr. David Wiggins
Box 84, Syracuse, NY 13215

TWIN LAKES COUPLES ADVANCE

July 30-August 1, 1983

Twin Lakes Covenant Bible Camp
Manson
Write: FGBMFI, Box 13
Fort Dodge, IA 50501

MARYLAND STATE

July 14-16, 1983

Mount Saint Mary's College
Emmitsburg
Write: Mr. Gene McCollum
417 Heather Ridge Dr.
Frederick, MD 21701

NANOSE BAY FAMILY CAMP

August 4-7, 1983

Nanose Bay Pentecostal
Camp Grounds
Write: Dr. W.R. Rod Lindsay
2224 Departure Bay Rd.
Nanaimo, B.C. V9S 3V8

ALBERTA REGIONAL

August 10-13, 1983

Westin Hotel, Edmonton
Write: Ken McAmmond
79 Sunset Blvd.
St. Albert, Alberta T8N 0P2

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, AREAWIDE REGIONAL

August 10-13, 1983

Marriott Hotel, St. Louis
Write: Walter Thorn
861 Manitou
Rock Hill, MO 63119

4TH KENTUCKY REGIONAL

August 11-13, 1983

Executive Inn
Rivermont-Owensboro
Write: Fred H. Garst
Box 1105
Owensboro, KY 42302

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.

DENMARK: Copenhagen Chapter, Benny E. Bertelsen. **ENGLAND: Aylesbury Vale Chapter**, Stanley Hunt 0296-22222; **Horsham-West Sussex Chapter**, Timothy R. Jackson 0403-55481. **PHILIPPINES: Cagayan de Oro Chapter**, Jesus A. Dingcong 39-81; **Dumaguete Chapter**, Roy Edgar V. Consing, 34-49. **UNITED STATES: ARIZONA: Westside Chapter**, Santos M. Diaz (602) 974-2200. **CALIFORNIA: Airport Chapter**, Ron Boehm (415) 895-9698. **INDIANA: Connersville Chapter**, Bruce P. Miller (317) 825-9663. **OHIO: Cellina Chapter**, Lisle G. Strable (419) 586-2125. **MINNESOTA: New Ulm Chapter**, Francis Biesanz (507) 794-2397. **NEW YORK: Glens Falls Chapter**, Ambrose J. Hall (518) 792-1675.

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SOUTH BAY REGIONAL BANQUET



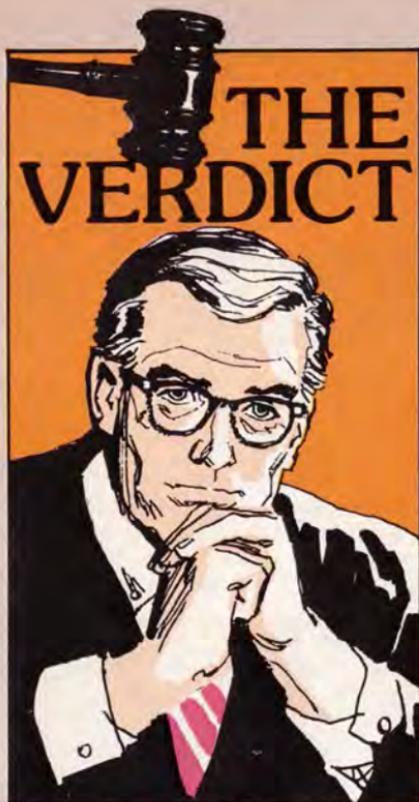
More than 800 persons from the greater Los Angeles area converged upon Long Beach Harbor March 12 to enjoy FGBMFI's first annual South Bay Regional Banquet. The sellout crowd taxed the capacity of the grand ballroom of the *H.M.S. Queen Mary*.

Features of the event included testimony of Col. Henry F. Lackey, United States Air Force, Dayton, OH (*Voice*, December 1982), and music by Russ Peavey. Messages were brought by President and Founder Demos Shakarian, Sir Lionel Luckhoo of Guyana, and Ed Dufresne, Palos Verdes, CA, who received his call to the pastoral ministry at a world convention of FGBMFI.

More than 25 people came forward in response to the invitation to receive Jesus.



(Top) More than 25 persons respond to invitation given by Pastor Dufresne. (Bottom) President/Founder Demos Shakarian inspires crowd with reports of worldwide growth.



Charles Rogers, Bascom, FL

Chuck, based on my experience as an attorney and a judge, I'd say you've got a 60-percent chance of going to the electric chair."

The room seemed to swirl as the words of my lawyer friend began to sink in. Hours earlier I'd been booked into a Florida jail, charged with first-degree murder. The presiding judge denied bail.

"But it was an accident, Joe, I swear," I protested. "I'm no angel, I know, but I didn't mean to kill anyone."

Joe already knew I was no angel. I'd recently divorced my wife and left her to provide for our three kids by herself. I moved in with another woman on the same street and spent the majority of my time fighting over her and getting drunk. I'd quit a good job to chase after one get-rich-quick scheme after another. In light of all that, it was no wonder the judge considered me a poor bail risk.

After my lawyer friend left I had a second visitor, someone I wasn't really anxious to see. It was Nic, a salesman I knew who'd kept inviting me to attend a meeting of something called Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. I turned down all his invitations, but now here he was visiting me in jail—one of the few people in the world who cared what happened to me.

"Chuck, I've said it before and I'll say it again," Nic exclaimed. "Jesus loves you and He wants to help you."

Nic offered to pray with me, and even though I hadn't prayed in a long time I accepted. He left with a smile, saying he felt at peace and that everything would be all right.

"Wish I had his confidence about that," I thought. Then I learned that two more visitors were waiting to see me: my ex-wife Cheri and her girlfriend Kathy. I wondered suspiciously if Cheri had come to rub my nose in my troubles. I almost went into shock when she said, "Chuck, don't forget—Jesus loves you and we love you, and we're all praying for you."

After they left and I had time to think, I said to myself, "I don't know

what they've all got, but I'd like to catch it."

In the next two days I found out that prayer works. The judge's heart was softened, the bail money was raised and my ex-wife came to take me home from jail.

Cheri started taking me to prayer meetings and my own heart began to be receptive to the Gospel. Nic finally talked me into going to an FGBMFI meeting, and it was there that all heaven really broke loose. I went to the altar and asked Jesus to come into my life. I felt like I'd been hit by a velvet thunderbolt. All I can remember about that evening is trying to tell everyone how peaceful and excited I felt at the same time.

Over the next eight months God poured on miracle after miracle. Nic introduced me to another attorney (president of an FGBMFI chapter);

through a referral he helped us contact the top criminal lawyer in the state, who offered to take my case for \$5,000 total. Still, we didn't have even a fraction of that. I needed a good job, and quick. Even while Cheri and I were on our knees praying about this, the phone rang and I received a good job offer.

I went to trial in January, 1982, and from the very beginning people commented on how the Lord's presence seemed so prevalent. The prosecution was frustrated at every turn. For instance, they brought in a gun expert to testify that the pistol which killed the man could not possibly have misfired, as I testified it had. With the jury removed from the courtroom, he demonstrated his point with a simple experiment and the gun acted as he said it would. But when the jury returned to witness the same experiment, the gun

The Rogers family, left to right: Tammy, 11; Chuck and his wife Cheri; Tony, 4; Brian, 10



misfired three times in a row and the expert had to concede, "There *is* obviously something wrong with this gun!"

On another day the prosecutor loudly accused my attorney of taking some important case papers. Suddenly—with all the windows closed and no heat or airconditioning turned on—a "breeze" began flipping papers on the prosecutor's desk until the missing ones were lying on top of his pile! I was about two feet away and never felt a whisper of that miraculous wind that we saw.

After four days of testimony there

even though we had virtually no money. The next day we found a gorgeous four-bedroom home on three acres and moved into it, just two and a half months after I'd been sentenced to jail.

During the brief periods of time I spent at the jail I was able to tell several people what Jesus was doing for me. One of these men had already been convicted of armed robbery and was to be sentenced next morning at four o'clock. I prayed with him that the Lord would see that justice was done.

At the sentencing next morning,

guilty of second-degree manslaughter

was no question in anyone's mind about what had happened. I was found guilty of second-degree involuntary manslaughter and sentenced to six months in county jail.

But when I showed up at the jail a week later to begin my sentence, the sheriff was waiting for me.

"Rogers," he said, "I'm familiar with your case and I don't think you belong in jail. But the court says you've got to do time, so you come on down here each night after work."

I couldn't believe my ears. I happened to need to be out of town on business for a month, and I was even allowed to go.

My beautiful wife forgave me for the pain I'd caused her and we remarried. We prayed that the Lord would provide us with a home of our own,

the man's wife walked unannounced into the courtroom and confessed that she and her boyfriend had committed the robbery and set her husband up. She went to jail and her husband was freed.

Not all the miracles in our family have been limited to my life, however. One day my nine-year-old son was hit by a car. The first thing I knew about his condition was that he had tubes in both nostrils and IVs in both arms, was cut and bruised all over, and the doctors wouldn't even speculate on the outcome.

Cheri and I prayed for God's healing grace, fully believing our prayers would be answered. That same week my son was back in school with no permanent damage from the accident.

On many occasions I've gone back

to the jail, but not to serve time. I've gone in with FGBMFI brothers to pray for men who are incarcerated for various crimes.

Recently the chapter president and I were at the jail to pray for a man. Two uniformed policemen and a detective met us to assure us that the inmate was guilty; that they had two eyewitnesses who would prove it. We witnessed to and prayed with the man for three hours. He confessed he was a drug user and heavy drinker, that he was divorced and couldn't even talk to his ex-wife without a big fight, and that he was still troubled over the divorce of his parents, which had occurred some 16 years earlier. But he steadfastly maintained he was innocent of the crime of which he was accused.

Four days after we prayed, the sheriff notified me that the "positive eyewitnesses" had cleared the man of the crime and he was out of jail. But greater miracles were yet to come. Since that time, he and his wife

have remarried and are attending a Christian college together. Praise the Lord!

Today, a little more than three years since my conversion, I've been promoted to a top management position and made a full partner at the shipyard where I work. I'm still not wealthy in the world's eyes, and I confess I'm still no angel. But my life is far richer than I ever dreamed possible, and day by day, step by step, I'm becoming more and more like my Lord Jesus.

Thanks to Jesus, I've received a permanent "stay of execution" that will last for all eternity. □

Charles Rogers worked for 18 years as commercial pilot and air traffic controller and is now vice-president of a shipyard, Kay Marine, Inc., and owner of an auto-parts store in Jackson County, Florida. Rogers is a director of FGBMFI's Marianna Chapter, with responsibility for its local prison ministries. He and his wife Cheri attend St. Anne's Catholic Church and Caverns Road Church of Christ, and have three children: Tammy, 11; Brian, 10; and Tony, 4.

M/V North Bay, first boat Charles Rogers built, anchored at Kay Marine shipyard



The miraculous is
always God's
response to the
prayers and
praise of His
people.

This means that
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Please join FGBMFI friends and members all around the world in setting aside **five Wednesdays in June** to fast and pray, asking for and expecting God to reveal Himself just as He did in the first century, with signs, wonders and miracles.

Pray for—

- ✓ Salvation of the lost—reaching vast new groups
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- ✓ Baptism in the Holy Spirit—for every believer
- ✓ Attendance—God bringing those He wants, with their special needs
- ✓ Logistics and detail—everything done decently and in order
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Full Gospel Business Men's
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the day I died

Frank Eppley, Marysville, PA

Lord, why did You desert me?" The question came from deep inside, from an ache that no painkiller could quell. For the first time in several years I was crying out to the Lord whom I'd seen so clearly that sweltering, fateful, bloody, day in the jungle . . . the day I died.

Kneeling by my bed, I was amazed at how clearly the memories returned. It was April 18, 1968, near Long Chue, South Viet Nam. My platoon, the

Bloody Red 1, 1st Division Infantry, was far into Viet Cong territory on a search-and-destroy mission. What a laugh! We searched and they destroyed. For most of us, unwilling combatants in a war we couldn't understand, searching for Charlie made as much sense as throwing rocks in a den of snakes.

Slogging through the dense jungle in the sweatbox-humid 120-degree heat, our platoon was already fighting



on four fronts against biting insects, lurking snakes, fear and exhaustion.

Suddenly the jungle exploded with rifle fire and grenade blasts. We'd found Charlie, all right, and we had him right where *he* wanted us.

"Medic!" The shrieks of my wounded buddies pierced through the din of battle. My best friend, our only medic, jumped out from behind a tree and ran for the nearest casualty. A grenade exploded next to him and I saw him fly through the air.

Those of us who were left returned fire and gradually drove the enemy back. We'd suffered heavy casualties and now, with Jim hit, we had no medic. For some reason I felt compelled to take over his job, one of the most dangerous front-line assignments a man can have. But as I made my decision I suddenly lost my fear of death.

Moments before, I'd been questioning God's very existence and hating Him, if He *did* exist, for allowing such hellish cruelty on His earth. Now I found myself praying to Him.

"Lord," I whispered, "from this point on, my life is totally in Your hands."

That night our camp must have looked like a scene from Bedlam. Some of our men were praying, others were crying, just collapsed from sheer exhaustion. We took turns on guard, and talked about home to keep from cracking up.

The next day we trudged farther into the jungle. Again we "found" the Viet Cong, and their first shot took out our point man. As I raced to his aid, two VC leaped out in front of me and opened fire. Two rounds hit me in the right thigh. A third guerilla blasted me from behind, hitting my legs and knocking me down. Meantime, the firefight blazed all around me as I screamed "Medic!" Then I realized I was the medic, so I yelled for God.

My legs were so mangled I couldn't move them. I bit down hard on the cross I wore around my neck, and the fog of death began rolling across my brain and eyes.

"O Jesus," I pleaded. "Please deliver me from this hell."

A moment later I saw a huge, white sphere surrounded by mist. The mist disappeared, and I saw Jesus himself, reaching toward me with open arms.

"Come forth, My son," I heard Him say. I realized then that I was standing in front of Him, and as I looked back I could see my own twisted body on the ground. The pain was gone and

all I could feel was an immeasurable, indescribable love.

"Jesus, please take me with You," I said.

"No," He replied, "it isn't time for you to come. I've chosen you to go back and tell people of My return. For I am the Light of the world, and whoever believes in Me shall have eternal life."

"How'd you get way over here, Eppley? The war's over there," one medic quipped.

"Someone must have dragged him, the shape his legs are in," the other one said. "War's over for you, buddy."

During that time I began to evaluate the vision I'd had. Two psychiatrists told me that what I'd seen *could* have been real. They'd heard of such things before, especially in wartime. A pastor concurred.

Still a battle of bitterness raged inside me. The war had ruined my life. The drugs they gave me for pain were virtually ineffective, and I came close to addiction. I left the hospital with a disability rating of 60 percent.

Over the next few years I drifted from job to job, either because of low pay or no advancement. My disability always stood in the way of physical

"War's over for you, buddy"

Yes, the Viet Nam war was over for me, but another war was just beginning. After a week at a Medivac station where I recovered from a case of amnesia, I was shipped to Japan for a major overhaul. As I lay bedridden, the doctors left my wounds open for two weeks. Twice a day the corpsman would rip off the dressing to make sure that no blood poisoning had set in, and I would scream out to God to let me die. However, I spent a very short time on crutches and the doctors were amazed at the healing of my legs.

Finally I was sent home to Valley Forge, where I underwent extensive treatment and "deprogramming" for a year and a half. It took me that long just to begin my reorientation to society.

work and I knew that my life was going to be a struggle. My nerves were bad. I felt a deep depression, smoked, drank and had an "I don't care" attitude. I got married and eventually found work with the federal government, but couldn't seem to get ahead there, either.

One day in 1979 while my family was away I dropped to my knees in desperation.

"Lord," I cried, "why did You desert me?"

Then I looked up through my tears and saw Jesus again, just as He had appeared to me in that steamy jungle hell 12 years before.

"My son," He said compassionately, "I've been with you all along."

Once again I was flooded with a sense of peace and love such as I had

felt, that time many years before. I reached out toward Him.

"Lord," I exclaimed, "this time I'll never let You go."

When my wife Ginny returned home I told her about my experience. She called a Christian friend to come and listen, and as I retold the story I felt the presence of the Holy Spirit come upon me. Although I'd had no previous knowledge of the Bible, I heard myself quoting the Scriptures. That very evening at the dining-room table, as our friend prayed and instructed us, Ginny and I invited Jesus to come into our lives.

"I thought God had gone AWOL," I mused. "But I was the one who deserted. He's been there ever since I first called out to Him!"

Since that time more than two

years ago the Lord has given me countless opportunities to witness for Him and to carry the message He gave me so many years ago. It hasn't changed . . . in fact, it's the same one He delivered 2,000 years ago:

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John 8:12). □

Frank Eppley has worked for the federal government for 10 years, first at the New Cumberland Army Depot, currently as supply clerk at the Mechanicsburg Navy Depot. His community involvement includes civil defense, medical rescue and American Red Cross instruction. He is a member of Capital City Chapter, FGBMFI. He and his wife Ginny attend Wesley United Methodist Church in Marysville and have two daughters: Christina Ann, 7, and Nicole Marie, 5.

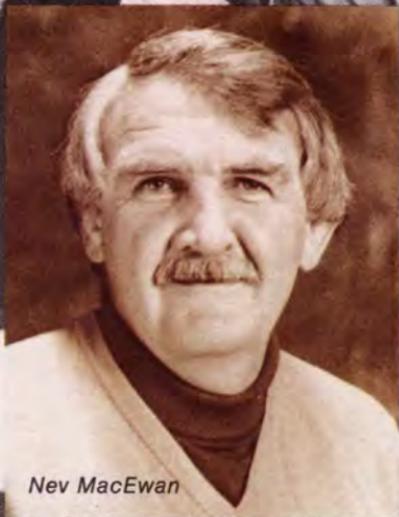
The Eppley family, left to right: Christina Ann, 7; Ginny; Frank; Nicole Marie, 5



Nev MacEwan
Palmerston North, New Zealand

Reach

Watching the Rugby Internationals on television, I recalled the dreams I had had of being the kingpin in a test match. I could see myself breaking through from the lineout,



Nev MacEwan

for the Top

sidestepping all of the opposition and scoring the winning try under the posts. I played many internationals for New Zealand and became something of a rugby idol, but the time came when more than a sidestep was needed to defeat the opposition.

As a small boy I was always known as Ferdinand because all I wanted to do was to sit down and smell flowers. But as I started to develop my rugby career, people saw me as a robust All Black. Although I was still very gentle inside, I had to keep up outward appearances—and this meant going along to the pub or the function after

the match and keeping up the pace with the best of them.

Today I am an alcoholic, and it was through the drinking and gambling, beginning all those years ago, that the crunch finally came.

There is nothing like a successful rugby career to open doors into the business world. As I moved into greater positions of authority and responsibility I needed more and more alcohol, and soon found myself on a great big merry-go-round. But instead of finding the love and acceptance I really craved, I was full of despair and alone.

On June 29, 1979 the police arrived to tell me they were proceeding with charges laid against me: "theft as a servant." I didn't really think anything



would come of it; this had been threatened before. I had wheeled, dealed and cheated my way out of it many times and I thought it would just disappear. That's how careless and twisted my thinking had become.

The irony was that it should have happened years ago. All through my sporting career I had not been honest with myself, because deep down I couldn't be. And I couldn't be honest with friends, family, business acquaintances or bankers. I didn't know what honesty was.

When things got bad I used to dream that a Golden Kiwi lottery

to face this one. There's no way it's going to disappear and I guess it's time I stopped running away."

For me this kind of thinking was inspirational. I went back ready for the court case Monday.

The police had my statement admitting to the whole fiasco. I had taken money from an organization in which I held the trusted position of secretary-treasurer. Some technical reason, which only the Lord can reveal to me, delayed the case for a week, and when I heard this the tension became too much. In my own stubborn, stupid way I'd been calling

they told me alcoholism is a disease and that I was at dis-ease with myself

would come along and everything would be right. Money and possessions were supremely important.

I had never really wanted to hurt my family. Nevertheless, I had come to hate my wife because she was interfering too much with my drinking program. We had a very unhappy home; in fact, I wanted out of our marriage but I didn't have enough gumption to get out on my own. She had to do the walking. The children were torn between the two of us, and now I was facing court proceedings.

Thinking, "If I delay it everything will come right," I went to Vinegar Hill, a reserve area outside Palmerston North, to sit on the riverbank and think through what I would do. Eventually I concluded, "I'm going to have

out for help, but the reality I now had to face had become too frightening. I just wanted out the only way I knew—the coward's way. The following Sunday I tried to commit suicide.

Like most other things I attempted, it didn't succeed. I praise the Lord that by His grace I'm here today.

I finished up in Ward 5 for 15 days. During this time, feeling as if I were in cotton wool, I went out for two appearances in court. I didn't know till later what Ward 5 was all about. Eventually I discovered that it was a detox unit for alcoholics, druggies and society's misfits. But I laughed when the nursing staff came up to me one day and said, "We think you've got a drinking problem." I totally disagreed. There was nothing wrong with me.

I loved my alcohol. It gave me that warm sense of security, the wings to fly, the confidence that I could go into a group of people and feel comfortable. They had a terrible job getting me to understand and accept that I was an alcoholic. Then one day someone came into the ward and told me that alcoholism is a *disease*, and that I was at *dis-ease* with myself. This rang bells. I recognized that that was how I had felt for most of my life.

So I went along to Alcoholics Anonymous meetings and listened to people tell how they had managed to get themselves into their drinking situation. I found that for the first time I could share my innermost feelings without being ridiculed or judged.

Then I began to worry about what I would do with all of the time I had previously spent drinking. I used to go into the pub or drink on my own at least four nights a week, and not a day went by that I didn't consume large quantities to stop the pain and the hurt of the life I was living. What was I going to do to replace all those drinking mates, all my rugby friends? What were they going to think?

For the first time in my life I started to realize that it didn't really matter what other people thought. When the crunch came there weren't too many friends around, anyway. This was understandable; I had embarrassed, walked over and hurt so many people. It wasn't possible, later on, to go around and tell them all individually that I was truly sorry. But I am, and I take every opportunity to say so.

It was hard to admit to being an alcoholic and that my life had become unmanageable. I didn't want to accept that I was beaten. But Step 2 of the AA program required that I admit there is a power greater than myself who could restore me to sanity. Step 3 informed me that I needed to make a decision to turn my will and my life over to God as I understood Him. There were great knots in my throat when I heard this one—I just couldn't hack it at all.

But the longer I went to AA and the more I participated in the Christian fellowship at All Saints' Palmerston North, the more I knew that these people had something I didn't. They didn't know me from a bar of soap, but they accepted me, came around and supported me and began to give me renewed hope. They had the very things I had been searching for all along—the peace and joy—and no matter how much it was going to cost me, I wanted it.

I heard them talk about this "higher power" and what God had been doing in their lives. Gradually I realized that this higher power wasn't the AA group or the fellowship meetings, but Jesus Christ. The moment I accepted Him into my life, tremendous things began to happen. There was, however, a time of testing.

As a result of my alcoholism and gambling, the book-and-toy-store business I had bought six months before my crash had gone out the window, with an enormous sum of money involved. My solicitors and accountants

said, "Nev, it's an impossible situation. There's nothing you can do about it but put your home on the market."

I got down on my knees and said, "Lord, no matter what I've done, please don't let my family be thrown out on the street." Although we accepted that the house must go on the market, I handed everything over to the Lord. It was just too complicated for me.

The house is in an ideal location in Palmerston North, just a block and a half from the square, but to this day we haven't had one offer for it. Now it's no longer on the market. I never thought we would find the money to be able to keep the house. My salary had taken a tremendous nosedive. But my Bible tells me that God will provide for our needs, and in a very real way the Lord showed this to me.

One way was that we were always \$50 short each week until He encouraged me to go up to the flea market Saturday morning with some seconds from my wife's pottery. Every time I did this I always made exactly \$50—never anything more. On one occasion when some funds had already come to us for the week, I decided to go up to the market as usual to make a bit more and get ahead. I sat there from six in the morning till midday and never sold a single thing. It was brought home to me very forcefully: "Nev, don't be so stubborn. I will always provide for your needs—never your greeds."

The Lord has been doing some

wonderful things in and through my life. I love being a "servant of hope" to alcoholics, drug addicts and others in all walks of life—but particularly in prisons—who are suffering, confused or alone. God led me right into the prisons, the one place I feared most. Now I'm very deeply involved with the Prison Fellowship ministry started by Chuck Colson.

I never could understand why Jeannette didn't leave me. She says she remembered all the advice she was given to leave me, but she also remembered her wedding vows. Christ has welded our family together, and Jeannette and I have learned a new life together in Him. Our home will always be a place of Christian fellowship.

The Lord's blessings have overflowed to others on many occasions, but it certainly has nothing to do with me. I'm nothing but a has-been All Black, a has-been businessman and a has-been public relations officer. But in Jesus I have everything I need. He makes everything possible.

If you're heading in the same direction I was, and you want out . . . there's only one way, and that way is Jesus. □

Nev MacEwan is employed by Massey University as a laborer. He played Rugby Union some 135 times for Wellington Provincial team from 1954-1958 and 55 times for the National Rugby team (the All Blacks) from 1956-1962, of which times 20 were internationals. Nev and his wife Jeannette ("Net") attend the Anglican church and have four children: Douglas, 23; Bruce, 21; Angus, 18; and Jeannie, 14.

UPDATE!



Left to right: Jeff Park, PTL ministry; Bill White, director, West Virginia Prisons; Lt. Col. Keith Weese; Warden Ronald Gregory; Demos Shakarian, president/founder, FGBMFI; Carleen Warnock; Bill Warnock, FGBMFI treasurer; Norman Frost, international ambassador; Donald Rice, Elkins chapter president.

NEW PRISON DISH

William E. Warnock, International Treasurer

Modern technology provides an exciting new way to express our love to Jesus. You will recall that in Matthew 25 Jesus commended one group, saying, "I was in prison, and ye came unto me." He condemned others, saying, "Ye visited me not." Perplexed, both groups asked, "When?" The response: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Based upon these words, my wife Carleen and I view the new translator at Huttonsville Correctional Facility, Huttonsville, West Virginia, as a thrilling new way to minister to Jesus and to take God's message of love inside prison walls 24 hours a day.

The project can be traced back to a burden God gave Carleen. Letters from prisoners who found my name in *Voice* were heart-rending. Then last September we were in the PTL television audience when Jim Bakker read a letter from a man at Moundville Federal Penitentiary, West Virginia. He had received Jesus while watching "PTL." Jeff Park, in charge of PTL's prison ministry, related the tremendous possibilities for reaching prisoners through satellite receivers. Carleen whispered excitedly, "There's our answer! Let's buy a dish!"

Involvement and support of West Virginia FGBMFI chapters has been overwhelming. Cost exceeded the \$3,000 we sent to the International Office, so Full Gospel Business Men members contributed the additional \$1,500 needed. In addition, the chapters contributed \$1,000 to purchase blankets, and Elkins Chapter has become deeply involved in prison ministry.

The earth station was installed December 18 and dedicated during a one-hour live program televised in the prison February 4 by the PTL crew. Demos Shakarian and I gave testimonies, Jim Bakker spoke, and 30 men gave their hearts to the Lord that day and the number has since increased to 52. Praise God.

It's not a substitute for personal ministry, but it provides an effective additional dimension to our efforts to lift up Jesus as Saviour and Lord. □

Intervention of



Charles Carney, Kansas City, MO

Captain, one of your main tires is lying back here on the runway." My co-pilot and I exchanged glances. His eyes were wide and his mouth was open, and I knew my own expression was one of disbelief.

"My God," he muttered, "what do we do now?"

My thoughts repeated it: "My God, what *do* we do now?"—but my question was a prayer. I was a good Catholic and I attended church religiously but I still walked in the carnal world. It seemed the only time I ever talked to God was when my life literally depended on it. For many years this was the pattern of my religious life: I needed something in a hurry and I cried out to God, even before I contacted Braniff.

Now I had command of a 70-ton airliner with only three out of four main-gear tires—not a good percentage—no spare, and not a towtruck in sight. That this should happen to an airline with the best safety record in the world was inconceivable.

As he had numerous times before,

Another Kind

**the tower radioed
that our 70-ton airliner
had one of its
main gear tires missing!**



the Lord God was about to intervene and avert a near tragedy.

My first life-and-death prayer came when I was in college. One day I was skydiving over the Arizona desert when my parachute malfunctioned. I threw out the emergency chute, but it tangled with the main parachute. With 1,000 feet to go at 120 miles per hour, I didn't need a calculator to know I'd be eating sand very shortly. But I had just enough composure to yell, "God, help me!" Immediately a peace came over me that was unexplainable in a man about to die. I looked up and watched the parachute unspool, then quickly open.

When I hit the ground I said a quick "Thanks, God" and went on with my life.

After college I joined the Navy and flew gunships in Viet Nam. My life-

style kept me as far away from God as a person can be. I tried to fill that emptiness with all the carnal things of the world but satisfaction was always short-lived.

One day while on patrol I heard an explosive noise from the engine, and the little fellow on the ground got the better of me in the air. The next thing I knew we were hurtling toward the rice paddy below. On the way down I yelled out to God, and later my copilot remarked that he didn't know I was the religious sort. I wasn't—but I sensed that same peace come over me again, that assurance that I was going to be all right. We hit the ground with a roar. We should have been dead, but we crawled out of the wreckage without a scratch between us. I said "Thanks, God" and kept on running as I had before.

After active duty I joined the Naval Air Reserve and one afternoon after taking off from San Diego in a P2V Neptune with full tanks of fuel and 15 passengers, my right engine caught fire. Unable to extinguish it, I knew I'd have to land within minutes before

said my thanks and thought, "See You next time, God."

While I was serving on Naval Reserve duty in Memphis in 1979, two persistent Christian friends kept asking me to church and prayer meetings. I had my religion—parties and



engine on fire,
totally overcast,
no radio . . .
again I called out,
Lord, help me!

the fire spread through the wing to the tanks. It was totally overcast below me, and to compound the situation my radios went dead. At that point I didn't know if we were over land, sea or mountains.

Again I called out, "Lord, help me!" Amazingly, peace came over me as it had before. Closing the throttles, I pushed the nose through the clouds. Miraculously, as we broke through the cloud layer I saw a runway directly ahead—the same runway I'd taken off from a few minutes before. Thirty seconds later we were on the ground. I

the pursuit of the good life—so I declined Greg and Vicky Smith's invitations. But one day, after inviting me to dinner, Vicky gave me a plate of chocolate-chip cookies, my favorites. Hidden at the bottom of the plate was a *Voice* magazine. When I saw that I thought, "Well, here's one thing I'm not going to swallow." But I didn't have much to do that day so I took the bait.

Reading about men who talked as though Jesus were a personal friend, who said He had healed them of physical, emotional and spiritual sickness,

I was absolutely astounded. I decided this was either the phoniest PR job in the world or it was for real. And if it was for real I couldn't take a chance on missing out.

As weeks passed I looked into the phenomenon called the "baptism in the Holy Spirit." I read *They Speak With Other Tongues*, and more copies of *Voice*. I was fascinated, but still I put off attending a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting.

Then the Lord came into the cockpit of that B727 that day, and I made a decision.

"Okay, Lord," I said in my bargaining voice. "I know I've been putting it off. Get us on the ground safely with no injuries and I promise I'll go next month."

I had to land at Dallas-Fort Worth. During radio communications a feeling of concern had been manifested from the ground that the remaining tire would not fully support the weight of the aircraft. On our final approach at 800 feet I felt the yoke start to move in my hand. I wasn't putting any pressure on it; it seemed to move by itself. As we neared the ground the yoke came back and gently flaired the aircraft. That day an unseen hand was at the controls, guiding them in my hands to touchdown. It was the softest landing I *never made* in my entire life. Jesus was in the cockpit that day.

Jumping off the plane, I said, "Thank You, Lord," but this time instead of going on my way I found out where the nearest FGBMFI chapter was, after calling Bill Norwood, an international director in Kansas City.

I was finally starting to catch on.

My wife Barbara and I attended our first FGBMFI meeting at St. Joseph, Missouri. I wasn't entirely ready for what happened. First, two men tried to hug me and one of them succeeded. Then a gentleman next to me started praying in tongues. I was half-way out of my chair but Barbara said, "We came for a reason. Let's stay." I said, "Okay, but you watch the fellow beside me while I watch the speaker."

After Carl Milbrandt, an international director, gave his miracle testimony, Chuck Sutton, the president, got up and started talking about Jesus as though he knew Him on a first-name basis. When Chuck gave the altar call I was down there like a shot. I accepted Jesus with my whole heart that night, but when people began speaking about the baptism in the Holy Spirit I said, "Not right now. Let me read up on it a bit more."

Although I was really sincere in my commitment, I have to admit my life didn't change that much. The Bible just wasn't real to me, and I couldn't read it for more than two seconds. I

(continued, p. 38)

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.

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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 cooperating 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.

INTERVENTION (from p. 35)

still kept my *Playboy* and other pornography magazines—I had them dating back to 1964, and my wife and I had many battles over them. And I still participated in the party life. But for the first time in my life I didn't enjoy it any longer.

The next month I attended an FGBMFI regional convention at Kansas City and asked Chuck Sutton to pray with me for the Baptism. Chuck asked me to stand up and give my testimony to Jesus. Then a group of Full Gospel businessmen came together around me right onstage and prayed for me to be baptized in the Holy Ghost. The next thing I knew, there was a glorious language flowing from my mouth. For the first time in my life I felt the love and joy of Jesus pour over me.

That night completely changed my life. My wife said she thought if a truck drove through our house I would have just said, "No problem. We'll build another one." The cares and burdens I'd always carried rolled off my back. I threw out my precious collection of *Playboy* and many other magazines, and suddenly, as if a blindfold were removed, I noticed that I had a beautiful, intelligent wife and two delightful daughters, all *Christians*. Now the Bible came alive to me and when I found out it was printed in English I couldn't put it down.

In the two and a half years since I had this lifechanging experience, God has given me countless opportunities to glorify Him in word and deed. That

is what the baptism in the Holy Spirit is all about: it causes our lives so to overflow with "springs of living water" that other people can't help but get wet.

All my old friends saw the change in me right away. A fellow pilot, Eddie, came up to me in a roomful of other pilots and said, "Chuck, what's this I hear about your becoming a born-again Christian?" All of a sudden the room was dead silent. I told him yes, he'd heard the truth, Jesus was now my Lord and Saviour.

"I want to talk to you," he said. This man who had so many questions about my experience ended up going to an FGBMFI meeting, and today he and his wife are two of the most radiant, Spirit-filled Christians you could ever meet.

I could go on and on about the people God sends across my flightpath every day. This Spirit-filled life is the most surprising, exciting life imaginable. Sometimes when I see the Lord doing such wonderful things, I just want to reach out and grab Jesus and yell, "I love You!" and give Him a hug. Today when I say "Thanks, Lord" I really mean it. □

Charles Carney flew five years on active duty in Europe and in southeast-Asia combat, 15 in the Naval Air Reserve, and more than 13 for Braniff International Airways. Since Braniff closed in May, 1982 he has ministered nationwide at FGBMFI conventions, chapters, Voice rallies, churches and over radio and TV. He is a member of FGBMFI's Heart of America Chapter in Kansas City, Missouri. He and his wife Barbara have two daughters: Stephanie, 14, and Catherine, 7.

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*Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International
Laymen's World Headquarters, Costa Mesa, CA*

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.



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THE SMALL MAGAZINE WITH THE WORLD'S GREATEST MESSAGE

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