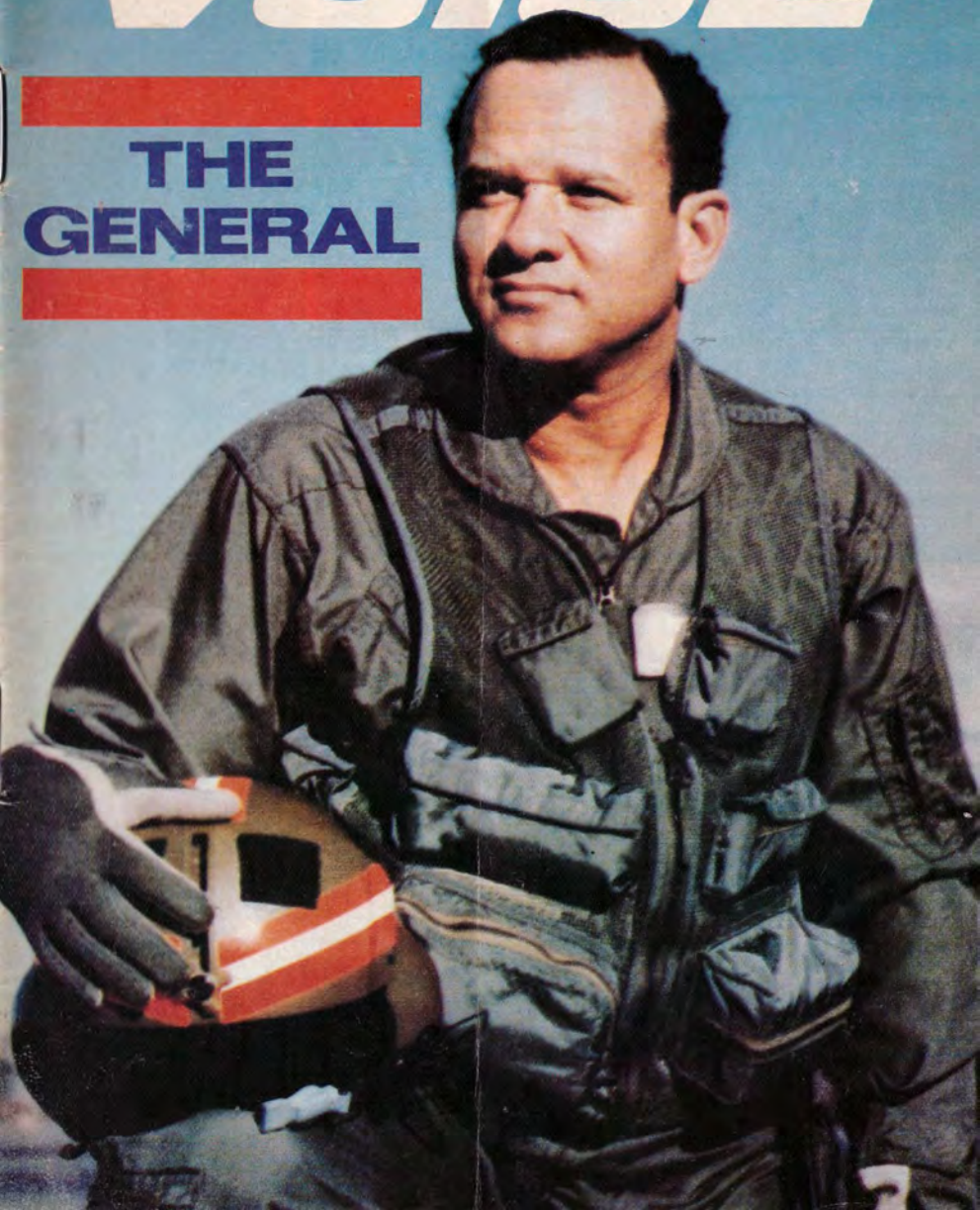


02-82

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

**THE
GENERAL**





Martini

"I've got a little problem here," came the voice over the two-way radio. I sat up sharply in my jungle base in the province of Dak To, South Vietnam and grabbed the mike. Even if I hadn't heard the background of heavy automatic weapons fire, there was no mistaking the urgency in the voice.

THE GENERAL

Jerry R. Curry, Commanding General, U.S. Army

Military District, Washington, D.C.

"What is it, Larry?"

Larry McNamara, captain in the U.S. Army, was serving as advisor to a Vietnamese battalion. He'd been under heavy enemy fire, and as his commanding officer I'd been in radio contact with him off and on that day.

"We're pinned down," the radio shouted. "Most of the battalion is gone. I'm the only officer left, and we're surrounded by a superior force. I need some help."

"You've got it," I answered. "Larry, we're going to use all the artillery we've got in this area to provide some cover for you. We're going to hit them hard, total volume all at once. Our fire pattern will be in the shape of a horseshoe around you, so you'll have one side open. When it hits, move your men out of there fast."

"Fine," he shouted over the sound of heavy fire. "Which way do I go?"

Unfortunately, we had no way of protecting our communications.

Every North Vietnamese battalion with a radio could listen to what we said, and no doubt many of them were listening. If I told Larry which side we would leave open, they'd know too—and Larry and his men would be massacred. How could I tell him without telling them? The radio crackled as I pondered. Time was short.

Suddenly I knew.

It was not an answer that would have occurred to everyone. But God has ways of preparing people for the jobs He sets before them, and many things in my life had prepared me for this one.

I had entered the Army as a private many years before, was sent to Germany, made a corporal, and soon afterwards went through Officer Candidate School. After being commissioned second lieutenant I found myself commanding a platoon. Then, as captain, I commanded a rifle company; then, as major, an army aviation

company in Vietnam; as lieutenant colonel, an infantry battalion; as full colonel, a mechanized brigade; and



Major General Curry, his wife Charlene and daughter Natasha, youngest of their four children.

as brigadier general I was Fifth Corps Chief of Staff. After that there were two years of service in Korea and two in Vietnam. I also worked at the Pentagon in the office of the Vice Chief of Staff of the Army. Although I'd entered the Army with only a high-school education, I picked up three college degrees, including a master's

degree in international relations.

Two days before I was to return to Vietnam for a second tour there—the tour on which Larry McNamara would be surrounded by the enemy—something else happened. More than any other event, this one would prepare me to help Larry and to deal with the many other crises I would face in my career.

My wife and daughter and I had stopped off to visit with my mother in my old home town of Liberty, Pennsylvania. "Jerry," she was saying, "how would you like to really be the kind of Christian you think you already are?"

It wasn't what I really wanted to hear, despite the love her voice expressed. After all, I was 38 years old—not some kid. I'd been a Christian since I was a small boy, a real, honest-to-goodness, born-again Christian. I'd proved myself in many ways.

But as I began in self-defense to list my accomplishments my mother stopped me. "Oh, I *know* you've done well, and I'm proud. Mothers bring their babies up to you in church and tell them, 'I hope you grow up to be just like him.'

"But Jesus doesn't care how successful others think you are, Jerry. There's something Jesus himself would like to do for you that's far more important than any honor the

Army has ever given you. John the Baptist said it of Jesus in Mark 1:8: 'I indeed have baptized you with water:

But nothing happened to me



but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.'"

In the town where I'd grown up my mother was considered as a kind of female Moses. It had been that way as long as I could remember. And the way she'd loved and prayed for my brothers and sisters and me so many years left little doubt about the power of her faith.

The witness of her life was a much stronger argument than any doctrinal questions that arose in my mind, and

after we'd discussed the baptism in the Holy Spirit with my mother for a short time that night, I could tell my wife and daughter felt the same.

So we knelt, the three of us, and my mother prayed that we would be baptized in the Holy Spirit. Immediately my wife and daughter joyfully lifted their hands and prayed as I'd never heard them pray before. I knelt as still as a stone and watched them.

But nothing happened to me.

I *wanted* that baptism in the Holy Spirit that made my mother the kind of Christian she was—however, I still had one or two doctrinal questions about it which hadn't been resolved.

But the next night at nine o'clock, the night before I was to leave for Vietnam, the door burst open and in rushed Fred Shawl, a man with a big smile on his face and a Full Gospel Business Men's pin on his lapel. He hugged my mother and said, "Where is he?"

"Here," I said.

Fred laughed, a friendly, wholesome laugh that relaxed my defenses. "Your mother always calls me in on hard cases," he said. "Listen, I don't have much time. I have another appointment later this evening and I can't miss it. If you want to get baptized in the Holy Spirit, let's get to it. Now."

The doubts and questions that had hindered me the night before had been draining away all day as I'd watched my newly baptized wife and daughter singing, praying, and

bubbling all day long. *That's joy*, I thought. *That's real, true joy, the kind the Bible calls one of the fruits of the Spirit. My mother has it, my wife and daughter have it—why don't I have it?*

As we sat, Fred said something that swept away the last traces of my barrier of intellectual pride. "You're a special man, Jerry. But God knows that. And He knows how to handle each one of us perfectly."

Of course. And if God wanted me to have the baptism in the Holy Spirit, despite my "sophistication" and my hard-charging career, then how could I infer that He didn't know what He was doing?

My brother David, unsaved then and contemptuous of these "Holy Ghost Christians" (he is a Spirit-baptized minister now), sat nearby, puffing on a cigarette and purposely blowing the smoke in Fred's face. But Fred had come for one reason—to pray with a man to be filled with the Holy Spirit. And no cigarette smoke was going to sidetrack him.

Neither would my doctrinal questions. He waved them aside. "I don't have a nice, neat theological system to present to you tonight, Jerry," he said. "I don't even care if you believe that the baptism in the Holy Spirit is a valid experience. All you have to do is honestly say, 'God, if this is from You, I accept it.' That's all. It's up to God to do the rest."

That much I could do. And with all the others looking on, Fred and I knelt and prayed—and God was faithful. Soon my hands were raised and I was

praying in true joy, my family joining with me.

The next day I left for Vietnam to take my place as senior advisor to a Vietnamese infantry regiment.

And now, listening to the crackle of the radio in a jungle in South Vietnam, I was grateful for my mother's persistence before I left. The Holy Spirit brought to my mind how to tell Larry the way to escape from the North Vietnamese.

I switched on the mike. "Okay, Larry. It's very simple. Do you remember the direction the star came from when Jesus was born?"

"Roger."

"That's the direction. You've got five minutes."

Five minutes later our artillery barrage exploded simultaneously on three sides of Larry and his 40 bone-tired South Vietnamese troops. Larry and his men got back in one piece. He had led them to the east, just as a star had led other wise men to life long ago.

The doctrinal questions that Fred Shawl waved aside that night in Pennsylvania don't bother me anymore. I *still* don't understand the doctrine of the baptism in the Holy Spirit, but I appreciate the results. I feel like the man in the New Testament who, after he'd been healed by Jesus Christ, was grilled by religious authorities. They raised all sorts of theological questions. But the man's answer, recorded in John 9:25, was unshakable: "I only know that I was blind, and now I see." □

no more excuses

William (Bill) T. Morris
Watertown, NY

I'm not the only dedicated drunk who ever thought of suicide. Now—after a lifetime of swinging—I had finally struck out for good.

Methodically, I made my plans. At some point during the weekend I would drive to the City Hall parking lot, make a call to the dispatcher where I worked, and say, "There's a body in a parked car over here. Call the cops!"

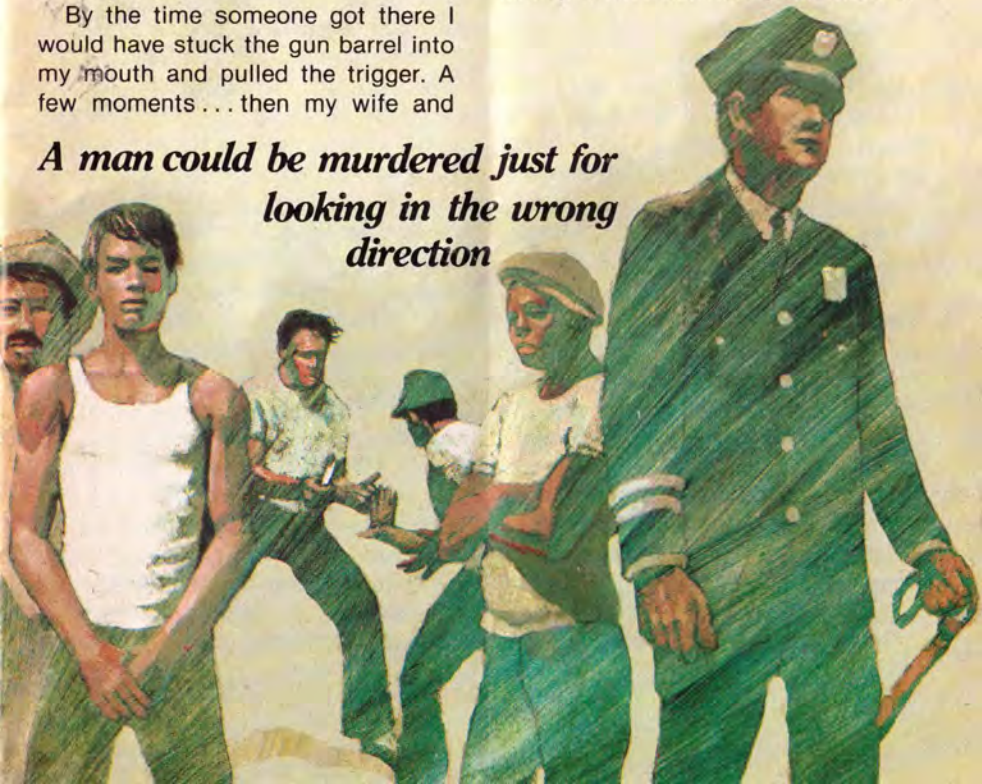
By the time someone got there I would have stuck the gun barrel into my mouth and pulled the trigger. A few moments... then my wife and

kids would be free from years lived in an emotional hell. And I'd be free of the one person I hated most. Me.

It was Friday night. Slumped dejectedly in front of the TV, I had found neither comfort nor forgetfulness in the half-empty whiskey glass in my hand. A dark, heavy blanket of depression engulfed me. "What's it all been for, ole buddy?" I asked, addressing my reflection in the glass. "What good has any of it been?" But the distorted face staring back at me only mirrored my own bewilderment and confusion.

As I thought back, I couldn't remember a time when I had felt happy or loved or secure. My folks had broken up when I was nearly 13. All six of

*A man could be murdered just for
looking in the wrong
direction*



us kids were put into different foster homes except for me and one of my brothers. We went to a home for boys.



Gradually I grew hard and thoroughly resentful. By the time I'd turned 17 I had been expelled from every public school in the city of Richmond, and the boys' home ordered my older married sister to find another place for me to live. The last thing she and her young family needed was a young high-school dropout with no job training.

When I couldn't get work I finally talked my mother into helping me enlist in the Navy. That was a bad move for a rebellious kid to make and it didn't take long for them to dismiss me. I was 19 years old with no place to go but the streets, and when you also carry an enormous chip on your shoulder you can either end up dead or in prison. For me it was prison—for trying to kill a man in a barroom brawl.

At that time in the history of the

state penal system, rehabilitation was not their goal; punishment was. And they punished me.

But I was shrewd. I wanted back on the streets where the action was—booze, cards, women. I learned how to play the game and got a parole which I never intended to keep. It didn't take long for my job to lose its appeal. Soon I was back in prison on a series of check-forging convictions.

Too hard a case for the Petersburg reformatory to which I was originally sentenced, I was transferred to the federal prison at Atlanta, Georgia. That's what I call doing hard time. Crammed into a space originally built to house 1,200 inmates were 2,700 men. I saw prisoners beat, stab and kill each other. The place was hell on earth. A man could be murdered just for looking in the wrong direction at the wrong time. Out of desperation some took their own lives, like the man who jumped head-first from a third-story tier onto the concrete floor below. I would have cried out to God out of fear alone had I known how.

When my time in the federal prison was up and I had completed my state parole time I was released. On my way to nowhere I stopped to see my sister. I didn't know they had already planned to take me to New York with them to visit the father I had not seen in many years. Once united with my dad, all the love that had been pent up within me surfaced in a rush. When my sister and her husband went home I decided to get a job in New York and stay where he was.

Then I met Connie.

She was just 16 when we started going together. We planned to marry when she was 18 and to relocate in sunny southern California. But after we were married it seemed as if the kids came faster than the money, and we couldn't afford to move.

My unsatisfied desires for a better place to live, a nicer car and sharper clothes gave me an excuse to drink. I never took into consideration that since I was drinking away most of my salary it would be pretty hard to better myself. It was a vicious circle; I kept crawling deeper and deeper into the bottle. I toyed with drugs too, but felt safer with booze; it was easy to get and widely accepted.

Finally after a six-week binge I ended up in the city hospital. Convinced I was being attacked by wild dogs, I had gone through the front window, taking the glass, sash and all, with me. Till now, I had masked my real problem by calling it pneumonia or some other acceptable illness. Now I was forced to call it what it really was—delirium tremens.

After drying out for 15 days at the state hospital at Ogdensburg, I figured I'd be all right. But in a short time I was back on booze, added to the tranquilizers prescribed for me at the hospital.

By now even I could recognize that I was a very sick man.

With the help of Alcoholics Anonymous I dried out and stayed dry for more than 11 years. But I was still the most miserable person you could

imagine. I refused one important step in their program: reliance on a "higher power." That, I felt, was for old men and emotional women, not for the macho man. So I was sober, all right, and mean. Oh, I was never *physically* cruel to my family, but I put them through years of mental torture. Then when the deaths of my mother, father-in-law and three close friends proved too much for me to handle emotionally, I began to drink again.

During 19 years of marriage Connie had hounded me about my lifestyle, the gambling, drinking, and staying away for days on end.

Suddenly she stopped. No complaints when I brought booze home. When I was hungover she looked after me. I couldn't figure out what was happening and I didn't tie in the fact that she was now going to church. Fearing she was planning to leave me, I let her lead me in a prayer of acceptance of Jesus Christ as Saviour.

I wanted to change, I guess, but I sure didn't want to give up drinking. What I didn't realize was that once a guy lets Jesus Christ into his life things are never quite the same. Afraid that Connie or one of her friends would see me, I began to go out of town to drink. Somehow, though, God had taken all the pleasure out of it and I'd find myself sick and sober.

This had gone on for four months. I couldn't seem to make it with or without Jesus, and I just couldn't take it anymore. So there I sat, only half

(Please turn to page 29)



GOING STRAIGHT

Ron Jesser, Cave Junction, OR

You are what you are, Ron. You must learn to accept yourself as a homosexual, and we'll help your family adjust to it."

My mother had sent me to our family doctor and to a psychiatrist. Both of them had said the same thing. At 18 I was already oriented to homosexual relationships. Following the accepted medical credo that homosexuality is an alternative lifestyle rather than a perversion, the doctors gave me what they felt was their best advice.

Despite their professional opinion I remained confused, restless and

unhappy. Accept myself? I'd despised myself since I was 12 years old. In fact, every detail of the day when self-hatred was conceived in me remained painfully carved into my memory.

I'd been helping one of the hired hands irrigate a cornfield on my parents' farm in eastern Washington; we were working alone. The man molested and raped me. Frightened and too ashamed to tell anyone what had happened, I kept silent. A few days later, fearful I would go to my parents after all, the farmhand quit and disappeared. My fear turned to hatred.

I hated the man who had hurt me. I hated myself, feeling there must be something wrong with me for such a thing to have happened. And because I hadn't felt free to go to my parents when I needed their help I hated them too.

Things might have been a lot different if I'd been able to go to my dad. But he was an alcoholic woman-chaser who treated my mother terribly. She worked for two while he was out drinking. I remember once after he'd been in a bad car accident I told my mother, "I hope he dies! Then we can get off this place and you won't have to work like this anymore!"

To resist my growing feeling of identification with my mother, I struggled desperately to present a masculine image. Rebellious and uncommunicative by the time I was 14, I had begun to drink heavily. Feminine mannerisms that I couldn't seem to control surfaced in my personality. Instead of being interested in girls, I found myself drawn into relationships with boys and men.

By the time I was 16 I had switched from alcohol to drugs, mostly cocaine and hallucinogens.

When my family moved to a small town in Idaho I went all-out to be popular. At about the same time I was elected senior class president I also began to sell drugs. The sexual encounters which I had convinced myself were "accidental" while in junior high school had now increased both in frequency and intensity.

After graduating, and without

telling my parents where I was headed, I took off for San Francisco. Now free to live whatever lifestyle I chose without consideration for anyone else, I began to move from one homosexual relationship to another. Eventually I made my living on the streets as a drug dealer and male prostitute.

But I missed my mother, so I decided after a few months to go back home to Idaho.

My family hadn't known whether I was alive or dead. Mom had suffered a nervous breakdown and had just returned from the hospital. She was standing in the kitchen when I walked into the house.

"Oh, Ronnie! Where have you been? Where have you been?" she wept.

We sat down together. I told her everything—where I had been, what I had been doing, and all that had brought me to where I was that day. That's when Mom, compassionate and totally willing to help me any way she could, decided to take me to the doctor and psychiatrist. But no matter what they said she refused to believe I *had* to be a homosexual.

Able to clean up my act for a few weeks, I even enrolled in college. But before long I was back dealing drugs and involved with another man. It looked like the doctors were right; I could never hope to change. This was the way I would have to live my life. *But I hated my life and everything in it.*

Then one day I had to stop by a friend's house to score some drugs.

Right away I could tell that something was different. The drapes weren't drawn and the front door, usually locked, stood slightly open.

Cautiously I peered inside. What I saw was really strange. My friends were all sitting around reading Bibles! "Hey, what's going on?" I asked. "We're having a Bible study, Ron. Jesus has come into our lives! Come on in."

I stuttered a little in surprise, then went in. "Look, I'm not really into that. I just came to score a little dope."

"We don't do dope anymore, Ron. We've been saved. Jesus is the greatest high in the world. He's real!"

"Look, Ron, my tracks are all dry. I haven't been on speed for two weeks!"

They were all trying to talk to me at once and for an hour I listened as they witnessed about Jesus. Then as I was getting ready to leave they invited me to go with them the following night to a place called The Christian House. After they explained that it was "just a place where longhairs like me went to rap" I agreed to go.

The next day was Friday. As usual I dropped some acid (LSD 25) at about five in the afternoon, then went to meet my friends. I had expected The Christian House to be some kind of youth center so was really surprised when someone handed me a Bible and another Bible study began.

Vaguely I heard them talking about the "wages of sin." All of a sudden the Bible in my hands began to grow very warm, and I started to remember



something long forgotten: As a five-year-old I'd been helping my grandmother—the only Christian I'd ever known—tidy her living room. Trying to look as efficient as possible, I had started stacking the books on her coffee table.

"Ronnie," she cautioned, undoing my work, "we don't ever lay anything on the Bible. It's a very special Book. This is God's Book. In it you will find life."

Now, sitting on the floor of The Christian House, I was aware that the borrowed Bible in my hands was growing too hot to hold, and I laid it down beside me. Looking up, I caught my reflection in a mirror across the room. *All I could see was a skull.* I felt my face with my hands. It was like bone scraping bone. "I'm dead," I thought. "My God, I'm dead!"

Then the others began to pray. I couldn't believe the way they were praying—with such sincerity, such intimacy—talking to Jesus as though He



The borrowed Bible became too hot to hold.

were right there in the room. I began to feel something wonderful. It was the overwhelming feeling of God's love; I recognized it immediately.

"Ron," someone asked, "do you want to know Jesus?"

"Oh, yes," I responded. But I didn't know how to pray.

"Just talk to Him. He's really here."

"Jesus," I began falteringly. "Jesus, I'm so sorry! Help me! I'm so sorry!" That's all I could think to say. But at that very moment Jesus' love flooded my very being. I felt the love of Christ literally pour into me, while at the very same instant the acid trip flowed out. I was completely delivered and I knew it.

In my heart I could almost see Jesus Christ on the cross and I knew He died for *my* sins. He knew me —knew all about me—yet He loved me enough to die for me!

I don't know how long I sat there weeping, but when I finally looked up I discovered that all the hate I had felt

in my heart had been washed away. In its place was love for everyone in that room. I had never before felt genuine love.

The 36 hours that followed my salvation were a combination of my high excitement in meeting God and the bodily effects of drug withdrawal. Sunday morning found me physically drained, looking every bit the part of a down-and-out hippie and driving around town looking for a church. Having had no prior religious background I didn't know what kind to look for, except that they had to believe in Jesus.

Then, passing a small church and encouraged by the spirited singing pouring through the open windows, I went in. A sweet little Indian woman greeted me with a beautiful, toothless smile. "Oh, sonny, Jesus loves you so much!" she exclaimed, hugging me tightly. Again I felt that same loving Presence I had felt the night I was saved.

Down at the altar a young man was fervently praying. I recognized him immediately. We had been best friends in junior high. "What's happening to him?" I asked the Indian woman.

"He's being filled with the Holy Spirit!" she said, hugging herself in delight.

No one had ever told me anything about that, and the room was so charged with excitement that I felt uneasy. I found myself a place to kneel and pray too. "Jesus, I don't know if this is from You or not, but if it is, I want it. If it isn't—*get me out of here!*"

Now the presence of God became almost overwhelming. I felt my hands being gently lifted into the air—but when I looked to see no one was there. I took a deep breath, opened my mouth—and as joy filled my entire being a strange language began to pour from me.

That night I was baptized in water. (They had had to explain that to me, too.)

After leaving the service that night I ran into a young man with whom I'd had relationships many times. I told him all about what had happened to me.

"I went to church once," he said. "I spoke in tongues, I ministered for the Lord. It didn't last. Once you're gay, you're always gay. It's like a cancer. Forget this church stuff and come home with me."

For the first time I was confronted with the *morality* of my lifestyle. Now the Holy Spirit was shouting to me,

"No, it doesn't have to be that way!"

"Tom, this is my first battle as a Christian. I know I have a decision to make and the choice is entirely mine. I want God to win. So I'm not going to be seeing you anymore."

That one act of my will literally changed my life. All this happened more than 11 years ago. It wasn't easy, battling a day, a week, a month at a time. Yet today I stand before you proven. A man whom God has delivered. One for whom the world said there was no hope.

Seven years ago the Lord gave me my beautiful wife Kathy, and we have two daughters, Charity and Selena. Kathy and I have been to Bible school, pastored a church, and ministered together to hundreds of young people on a one-to-one basis. I make sure to counsel in my own home where the rewards of leading an overcoming life can actually be seen.

About four years ago my father was saved and we have entered into a rich relationship we had never known before. We have even been able to minister together on several occasions.

Although most Christians would like to ignore it, everywhere I turn I see the specter of homosexuality troubling young people. The body of Christ needs to face up to the problem without condemning the people involved. Sexual sin is not worse than any other kind of sin—all sin is repugnant to God. The homosexual needs to experience God's love and receive the patient counsel that will help him overcome all the personality



Today Ron Jesser and his father George enjoy a rich relationship founded on their mutual love for Jesus Christ.

problems associated with that sin.

Men and women who feel themselves drawn toward homosexual relationships must confront their problem, not hide it, just as the alcoholic must. Because we live in a sex-saturated society, the person with these tendencies needs to recognize and remove himself from the sources of his temptation.

Jesus said of himself, "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath

anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised" (Luke 4:18). **Christ's love is powerful enough to break any bondage.** And He promises, "Never will I leave you; never will I forsake you" (Hebrews 13:5, NIV). That's a promise strong enough to build your life on. □

COMING TOGETHER

It's the 30th anniversary of FGBMFI, and we're celebrating it at our World Convention in beautiful southern California July 6-10, 1982.

This promises to be a week you will remember. Bringing us God's message of the hour will be notable speakers such as Dr. Paul Cho, pastor of the world's largest church in Seoul, Korea; world-renowned faith teacher Kenneth Copeland; President of CBN Dr. Pat Robertson; Trinity Broadcasting Network President Paul Crouch; International Directors Bob Trench from South Africa and Bob Horton from New Zealand; plus leading businessmen and laymen from all over the world!

Lovely Nita Edwards from Sri Lanka will speak at the ladies' luncheon.

Inspirational messages, teaching, children's activities, youth services—something for the whole family. Plus the invitation to visit Disneyland, Knotts Berry Farm, and many other southern-California tourist attractions.

Mark your calendar now! Plan to attend the FGBMFI World Convention as we all COME TOGETHER!



1982 World Convention of FGBMFI Anaheim, California July 6-10, 1982

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1982 FGBMFI
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ANAHEIM, CA

70 YEARS

Freedom

Ed Hutka, Livermore, CA



Freedom is something every creature desires. Man above all longs to be free to stretch his wings, to run, to soar, to roam wherever his heart takes him, unfettered and unconfined.

I know that longing for freedom so well because I experienced it for 40 years.

Outwardly I seemed like a normal man, a good family man and businessman, but inside I felt as if I were caged, deprived of enjoying life.

It wasn't that I didn't try. During all

those years I attended church regularly with my family. I had confessed Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and did all the various religious things I felt were expected of those who were considered Christians.

I wasn't just a pew sitter, I worked hard at being good. I was a men's leader, a Sunday school teacher, and even a deacon. I tithed 10 percent of my earnings faithfully, feeling that I must appease God with my good works and righteous living.

Then why was I so unhappy?

Why are there so many other Christians, men like me, with continued frustration and disappointment in so many areas of their lives?

My son Jerry had a pet owl once. We called him Barney, for he was a large barn owl with two big brown eyes in the midst of snowy white feathers. This bird lived continually in a cage.

One night while Jerry was preparing to feed Barney, he neglected to close the door properly. Suddenly, seeing his chance, Barney flew out and soared aloft, alighting in a nearby tree.

Dismayed, Jerry called and called, trying to bribe his pet with strips of fresh meat and pleading with him to return. Barney, perched out of reach, just sat there and stared back at him.

He didn't budge. It was plain to see that he had no intention of letting anything lure him back into that cage again. He was free and he planned to stay that way.

As I considered Barney, I knew just how he felt. Freedom! I wished I could gain it, too.

Often I recalled how, for a short period in my teens, I had experienced spiritual emancipation. I remembered how I had felt close to God, clean and light and joyous. I loved everyone and there was no guilt or condemnation in my soul. I thought then that it was the baptism in the Holy Spirit that made me feel that way.

Unfortunately, that wonderful peace

and release didn't last long, because I began again to try to fulfill what I believed to be practical Christian responsibilities.

I was caged by the do's and don't's that had formerly frustrated me and put me in bondage.

Still, wanting with all my heart to serve God, I enrolled in Bible college. There I noticed that many of my classmates seemed to enjoy freedom in the Spirit. But it didn't work for me. Christian life seemed too complicated.

I became an electrician and later an electrical contractor. In 18 years I built up a big business, traveling all over California from San Diego to San Francisco on jobs.

In an attempt to cut transportation time, yet still enable me to personally service our construction projects and supervise the 65 men working for me, I bought an airplane. My business was now grossing several hundred thousand dollars annually. But after expenses were paid there seemed to be little left to show for all my effort.

Furious at my lack of financial progress, I drove myself and my men unmercifully. Harder and harder, faster and faster I went. I plowed through plans and prepared bids feverishly, often working into the wee hours of the morning. I had my wife bring my meals to the office so I wouldn't have to stop. I spent little time at home or with my family—just work, work, work.

One day in 1958 I was invited to a meeting of Full Gospel Business

Men's Fellowship International in Turlock, California. The mayor, Enoch Christoffersen, was there. He was also the world's largest turkey processor. But the most outstanding thing to me was that he was the most excited man about his Christian life I had ever seen.

There was another man there—Demos Shakarian. They told me that he was the international president of this organization of Christian businessmen.

Shakarian, a dairy farmer, claimed that God would reveal to him which calf he should pick out of his herd to make his prize breeder. This was incredible!

Did God really do things like this? Does He really help men make business decisions?

Despite my years of church attendance, my service, my religious life, I'd never heard such claims before. No one ever told me I needed to make God my business partner.

I was impressed.

But somehow, I just couldn't accept this for myself. Because of my unwillingness to step out on faith that God really could help a man in his business, I was doomed to spend the next 10 years in misery, desperately pursuing that elusive goal of success—by myself.

Finally this furious self-effort began to take its toll. I had developed an ulcer, my nerves were frayed and raw, and I was tormented by shingles and hives. My temper was short; I seemed to be angry all the time.

One day it hit me.

I was on a job at the atomic laboratory in Livermore when without warning I suddenly became dizzy, then delirious. My foreman offered to take me to a doctor. While speeding down East Avenue toward the hospital, my head was whirling. Everything looked distorted; I couldn't focus my eyes. The telephone poles whizzing by the window of the car seemed to be bent at 45-degree angles.



As I sat on the examining table my muscles went into a spasm, my flesh quivering and jumping. I knew I was a very sick man—sick in body and spirit. At the end of my rope, I had no other place to turn, no one else to call on—except God.

I felt helpless before Him as I cried out, "Oh, dear God, help me! Please help me!"

Apparently that was just what He was waiting for me to do, because as soon as I called He answered and

began to heal me. Not only did the hives, shingles and ulcers begin to disappear, but a wonderful transformation took place in my heart. My relentless striving had taken its terrible toll on body and spirit, but as I surrendered control of my life to my Lord and yielded myself to whatever His plan and purpose might be, I felt the frustration and anger drain from my life.

Although I had never known exactly what I was seeking, I was now certain I had found the key to peace of mind and the entrance into true worship of God. The Holy Spirit was now in charge, free to direct every aspect of my life.

Before long I started attending Full Gospel Business Men's meetings, and over the years I have come to know literally thousands of men who have had experiences similar to mine. As I got more and more excited about the wonderful changes in my life I realized God was blessing me at every turn. A scripture in Ecclesiastes 2:26 (NIV) became a beacon light to me:

"To the man who pleases Him, God gives wisdom, knowledge and happiness, but to the sinner He gives the task of gathering and storing up wealth to hand it over to the one who pleases God."

It was phenomenal!

Soon I started a chapter of FGBMFI in my own home town of Livermore. I had no idea of the enormous amount of time this new activity would require, but I was even more amazed to find that the more time I spent telling

others about Christ and testifying for Him, the more money my business made.

Within a few years this prosperity made me the largest industrial developer in my city—because God was in control instead of Ed Hutka.

I even found time to travel abroad for the Fellowship—trips that took me to China, Japan, Singapore, the Philippines, and even behind the Iron Curtain and to Czechoslovakia.

Everywhere I went I told my simple testimony about Jesus and people began to accept Christ as their partner in their lives and their businesses. I knew that, just as He had done with me, God does not force anyone against their will but gives them free choice.

In the Philippines I learned that the world's deepest sea is in that area—a depth of 35,000 feet. Man has tried to explore it, but has managed to go only 1,000 feet.

That's just like God's great love and forgiveness. He puts man's sins in the deepest sea of His forgetfulness, never to be recalled.

Once in a prison I visited, 150 inmates responded to prayer. To see men set free just as I had been set free was truly a thrilling experience.

I have escaped from my cage of bondage. I am in love with Jesus, my life is exciting, and my health is restored.

You, too, can be free from the chains that bind you when you ask Jesus into your heart and make Him the Lord of your life. □

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The Three-fold 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



running

Dana Hartong, Sturgis, MI

It was a little past midnight and I was driving toward the Ohio Turnpike. I wasn't driving toward anything, I was just driving away. Away from 30 years of marriage. Away from a successful business. Away from the church I was pastoring. I didn't know where I was going, I only knew I didn't want to be where I'd been.

The worst part of it was that I knew God had tried everything imaginable to restore me. I had been healed of a major infirmity in my right arm, I had been prophesied over, and I had been touched so powerfully by the Holy Spirit in one meeting that I came away laughing like a drunk man. When you look at it, it just didn't make sense. But I was running away all the same.

It's hard to say just when things began to deteriorate. I had been working myself to death juggling several jobs which sometimes kept me up close to 24 hours a day. I taught school all day, pastored a church of more than 200 people, ran a 200-acre hog farm, sold \$350,000 worth of farm

equipment each year, and helped to coach football and basketball on the side. Sometimes I would come home from school, drive 250 miles to make a sale, rush home for one or two hours of sleep, and be back in school that morning. I'd heard of workaholics and thought it would be interesting to meet one, but it would have shocked me to hear I belonged to the club.

My wife received the baptism in the Holy Spirit one morning while praying at her usual time and place—2:00 a.m. in the bathroom, using the bathtub as an altar rail. That was the one place she could pray where I couldn't hear her. You see, even though I'd been pastoring for 20 years and the Lord was blessing our church I was not what you could call a perfect vessel. When Val told me about her baptism I said, "Okay, what's done is done, but don't ever mention it to me again."

Nonetheless, from that time on Spirit-filled people kept popping into our lives, especially members of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship.



We began attending some Full Gospel meetings, including a youth rally with Richard Shakarian and the football player Bubba Smith. That's when God started prodding me to straighten out. One of the first things Richard said in that meeting was, "I believe there is a marriage here that needs to be healed tonight." I thought sure it was a setup. How many married couples would you have at a youth meeting?

My wife went forward at the invitation and I tagged along at a distance. I was sitting in a corner staring at the floor when a Full Gospel field representative named Dean Ziegler came by and asked if he could help. We wound up at his home sharing our problems with him until 2:30 in the morning. No overnight solutions came, but I couldn't get over the fact that a total stranger would care enough to open his heart and home like that. This fellow was a very special kind of Christian, I thought.

Later we went to a "Come and Dine" meeting at which Demos

Shakarian spoke. He came down off the platform especially to pray for us. Then Edgar Miller, who is president of the Middlebury FGBMFI chapter, invited us to a prophecy meeting with a man named Harold Harding. At the end of that service Harding looked right at my wife and me and said, "I want you two to come up here so I can pray for you."

But he did more than pray. He literally told us our life story and touched on all the problems we were having, but in a way so that only we could understand just what he meant. And even though our marriage was blown to bits by that time, all we could do was cling to one another and cry like babies. At that time, Harold Harding gave us a personal prophecy that everything was going to be all right. But in the natural we just couldn't see how that could be true.

It seemed that everywhere we turned, people from Full Gospel were touching our lives in one way or another. Finally in July of 1979 an FGBMFI field representative,

Clarence Kepple, invited us to attend the World Convention in New Orleans. In 1954, as a result of a farm machinery accident, I had lost the feeling in my right arm. But at the convention Ralph Wilkerson prayed for me and sensation in that arm was restored. (In fact, if you have a copy of the 1979 World Convention issue of *Voice* you'll see my picture there with Brother Wilkerson.)

Right after that I went into a meet-

going to pray for your friend. But we're going to pray for you, too, and you're never going to be the same." He touched my forehead, and it was like all of a sudden he just faded into a tiny dot—like the dot on a TV screen when you turn it off—and all about him there was an explosion of light. I woke up on the floor, unable to move for some time. When I finally did, great waves of laughter overwhelmed me and I could scarcely walk straight.



Val and Dana Hartong celebrated their 33rd wedding anniversary August 29, 1981.

ing where a fellow named Bob Trench was praying specifically for people who needed direction in their lives. While he was praying for people, I met another man, Bob Harvey, international director from Virginia, and told him I'd like prayer for a young man who needed healing of his kidneys. I let him know I was a pastor so he wouldn't try any of that falling-down-in-the-Spirit foolishness I'd seen, trying to push me over or anything like that.

Harvey just smiled and said, "We're

Well, you'd think that such an encounter with God would have changed me for good. But it didn't. When Val and I got home from the convention, I was still bent on getting out. In fact, I had already completed most of the divorce papers. All Val had to do was pick them up. But she steadfastly refused to do so, saying, "I don't believe God is in the marriage-breaking-up business."

Nothing meant anything to me anymore, not my 11 grandkids; not the four new vehicles I'd purchased on a

wild spending spree, not my church, nothing. I moved out of the house into a trailer. Then I just got in my car one night and left. I told Val I was going to visit my family in Cleveland and I'd be back the next day, but I really intended to keep on going. I did stop and visit my sister, but about midnight I left her house and headed toward the Ohio turnpike, looking for a place to buy some gas.

God had all the gas stations closed that night, though, and I decided to check into a motel and get a fresh start in the morning. When I went into my room, there was a Gideon Bible on the nightstand; hoping to find some encouragement, I opened it. No matter where I looked I was in trouble. I finally threw it in the drawer and jumped in bed. The next day was to be the start of my new life, I thought. It was, but not in the way I expected.

The next morning I woke up hungry, rested . . . and at peace. I couldn't explain it, but something had happened during the night. I wasn't in a black pit anymore. I was in the middle of a bright August day. I ate breakfast, put my things in the car, and drove onto the turnpike—headed west. For home.

When I got home I told Val that I loved her, something she found hard to believe. When I still loved her the next day and that love continued day after day, Val was thoroughly confused. Had I really changed or should she prepare herself for another onslaught against her? Fasting and praying, she sought the Lord for

answers to her perplexity. It was then that He spoke to her heart: "Look at Job 33:14." Obediently she opened the *Living Bible* and much to her amazement and joy she read, "For God speaks again and again, in dreams, in visions of the night when deep sleep falls on men as they lie on their beds. He opens their ears in times like that, and gives them wisdom and instruction, causing them to change their minds, and keeping them from pride, and warning them of the penalties of sin, and keeping them from falling into some trap."

Jesus said that in the last days even the very elect—God's own children—would be subject to deception (Mark 13:22). Satan had made black seem white, up seem down, destruction seem progress. Yet God also promises a way of escape from every temptation (I Corinthians 10:13).

Even though I had closed my conscious mind to the love and mercy God had so clearly shown me, Val continued to stand faithful to her Lord and to me. In response to her prayers God dealt directly with my inner man while I slept, delivering me from Satan's snare.

"When I think of the wisdom and scope of His plan I fall down on my knees and pray to the Father of all the great family of God . . . who by his mighty power at work within us is able to do far more than we would ever dare ask or even dream of—infinite beyond our highest prayers, desires, thoughts, or hopes" (Ephesians 3:14,15,20, LB). □

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Statesboro, GA 30458

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Tyler, TX 75701

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Tucson
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Tucson, AZ 85708

**EASTERN VIRGINIA
REGIONAL
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**WILLAMETTE RALLY
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P.O. Box 2804
Eugene, OR 97402

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REGIONAL
March 17—20, 1982**
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P.O. Box 82
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**SOUTHERN NEW
ENGLAND REGIONAL
March 25—27, 1982**
Howard Johnson's Conv. Center
Windsor Locks
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126 Old Farms Road
Simsbury, CT 06070

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Mar. 31—Apr. 3, 1982**
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Write: FGBMFI
P.O. Box 19032
Indianapolis, IN 46219

**NORTHWEST REGIONAL
May 27—29, 1982**
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Write: Mr. Art Evanson
P.O. Box 244
Vancouver, WA 98666

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WORLD CONVENTION
July 6—10, 1982**
Anaheim, CA, Conv. Center
Write: Mr. David Byram
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EXCUSES

(continued from page 9)

aware of the Christian TV talk show Connie was watching, making plans to kill myself.

Then suddenly a soft voice broke into my thoughts. "*If there's any man listening tonight who knows his heart is not right with the Lord . . .*" I hardly heard the rest of what the show's host, a gray-haired man, was saying. Up to that moment you could have taken a club and beat me, but you couldn't make me cry. Now I was overcome with feelings I had never before experienced. "*You need God!*" he said, looking straight at me. W.T. Morris was going to cry his first tears since he was a kid.

I had to get out of that room fast before Connie saw me. I barely made it upstairs to my room before the tears started to flow. With shaking hands I dialed the phone number that had flashed on the screen, somehow burning itself into my mind. Gil Pultz, a member of the local Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship chapter, was manning the phones. I don't remember exactly what we prayed about but I did feel somewhat better after that. Gil invited me to the chapter breakfast to be held the following week, and although I had no real intention of going I said I would.

Thank God Gil cared enough about me to follow through, come to my home, and personally invite me again. I sort of forgot my original plans and exactly one week from the day that

was to have been my last, Connie and I drove into the meeting-place parking lot.

At that breakfast I saw people doing things I had never seen before: raising their hands to praise God, weeping openly as they talked about what Christ had done in their lives. I came away that day vowing never to go back.

But something drew me back again and again. By the fourth meeting I had accepted Christ as my Lord as well as my Saviour. Now I too was raising my hands and shouting "Praise the Lord," and meaning every bit of it.

At that meeting Ralph Marinacci gave his testimony and when he was finished he invited anyone with a cigarette addiction to come forward for prayer. Connie had wanted to quit for a long time so when she jumped up and started to go forward I figured it was my place to go with her—to encourage her, I guess. The fact that I could breathe only with the top half of my lungs and had been refused company insurance a month before never dawned on me.

It was Connie's problem, right?

I was very surprised when Connie didn't fall to the ground during the prayer as the others had. (Connie is a very emotional woman, and I thought that was what "being slain in the Spirit" was—emotionalism.)

People know I'm a lot of things, but no one would ever accuse me of being emotional—or a phony. Yet when Ralph came over to pray for me and anoint me with oil my hands went up,

and bang! I went out like a light.

I got up off that floor a new man. Since that day I have not had the desire to smoke, nor have I had the craving for one drop of alcohol. But it wasn't until three days later that I realized the full impact of what had happened. I was sitting at the kitchen table when for the first time I realized I could breathe deeply again.

Ten months later Demos Shakarian came to share at our FGBMFI chapter. (By then I was a member.) Standing there with my eyes closed as he ministered to some of the brothers, I felt him coming toward me. The presence of the Holy Spirit was warm, like a gentle summer wind. I knew what was going to happen. "O Lord, not tonight. Not tonight." I might as well have tried to hold back the wind with a feather, because down I went.

I lay there a long time, praising God in a beautiful, heavenly prayer language. I believe that this was the

point where I made an absolute and total commitment of my life. From that time forward I have had a deep desire to tell others about what God in His mercy has done for me. My entire future was now in His hands.

No more excuses and no more running away! The man who once discounted miracles now lives in their constant experience. I have since been healed of back trouble that had plagued me for more than 18 years.

Connie and I have a son and three daughters, ages 17 through 23, and they are all saved by the grace of God.

Once a social rebel, I now serve my community diligently as assistant superintendent of public works for the city of Watertown, New York. Is there anything too hard for God?

"Ah Lord God! behold, thou hast made the heaven and the earth by thy great power and stretched-out arm, and there is nothing too hard for thee" (Jeremiah 32:17). □

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.

CANADA: Owen Sound Chapter, Ontario, J. Herbert Ebel (519) 376-2074. **CENTRAL AMERICA:** San Salvador Chapter, Dr. Reinaldo Rodriguez C-233552. **NEW ZEALAND:** Palmerston Chapter, Ian James 69-593. **UNITED KINGDOM:** Cullompton Chapter, Michael Yendell 039-288-282. **UNITED STATES:** **CALIFORNIA:** Taft Chapter, Jerry Leonard (805) 765-6359. **FLORIDA:** Orlando Spanish Chapter, Johnny Morales (305) 834-4514. **ILLINOIS:** Macomb Chapter, Larry R. Baumgardner (309) 833-4638. **INDIANA:** Crawfordsville Chapter, Emery L. Parks (317) 794-4703; Kendallville Chapter, Lester Egli (219) 854-3512; Madison Chapter, George Staley, Jr. (812) 273-3691. **MAINE:** Mid-Coast Region Chapter, Ernest Freeberg (207) 725-7876. **MARYLAND:** Salisbury Chapter, Joseph M. Raley (301) 742-0163. **NEVADA:** Northern Nevada Correctional Center-Carson City Chapter, William S. Earnhardt, Jr. (702) 972-1023. **NEW YORK:** Lakewood Chapter, Ray Drake (716) 763-2113; Ticonderoga Chapter, J. Roy Sheehan (518) 585-7002. **NORTH CAROLINA:** Matthews-Mint Hill Chapter, Lamar Crawford (704) 882-2959. **OREGON:** Santiam Chapter, Ed Trauter (no phone). **WEST VIRGINIA:** Grafton Chapter, Robert Smithmyer (304) 265-4943.

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.

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

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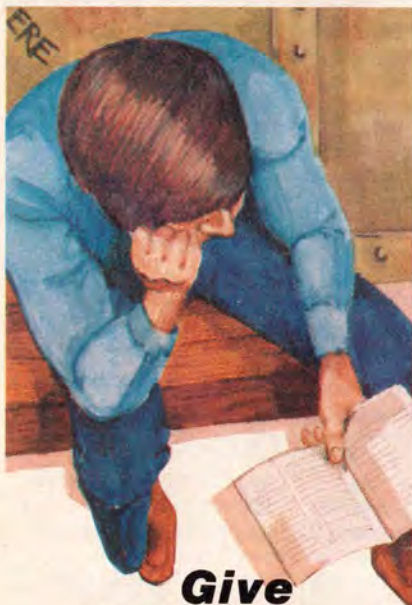
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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESSMEN FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL**
invites you to Fellowship with us on the 4th Monday each month except December at the Apple Valley Community Center on Navajo Road just south of Highway 15. Dinner served at 7 P.M. Pastors, now pastoring a church, and wives invited as guests of the Chapter. All children 12 years old and under will be served for \$1. Ladies are welcome and all unable to attend dinner are welcome to attend the evening at 7 P.M. DINNER \$2.50 - Reservations Required. DEADLINE - 7:30 A.M. Day of Meeting. For further information call 245-7868 or 244-2307