

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

# VOICE

FEBRUARY 1974

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## **The Great Physician**

The Lloyd Huneryager Story  
see page four



Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE

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Two things kept me from going out of my mind . . .



## The Word and The Spirit

by CHARLES CRISAFULLI

International Director FGBMFI,  
Meritt Island, Florida



**W**HEN THE LORD saved me at eleven years of age, He put into my heart an intense desire to tell others about my wonderful Jesus. Yet that was the most difficult thing in the world for me to do on an individual basis, for there was always with me a fear that I might speak to the wrong person, or approach someone awkwardly and in a fashion that would not bring glory to my Lord. Even today it is difficult for me to overcome a certain hesitancy to "speak up," and so I am doubly thankful for VOICE magazine, copies of which I keep in my car and use as an aid to witnessing.

Nevertheless, several years ago I was preparing to go into full time ministry. I had enough income and was arranging and diversifying my business so that when I did launch out I would have enough income to sustain myself and family.

Just when I had things all planned, the devil pulled the rug out from under me and I lost almost everything I had.

At first I thought, "Oh, Lord why does this happen to me—just when I am making arrangements to go into full time ministry for you!" It seemed at that moment I would never be able to work for God, and I became very discouraged. I just could not understand why the Lord would let this happen—but I finally found out that God had a lesson He wanted me to learn. I began to realize that in all

honesty I had to admit it wasn't the Lord's fault, for I could see where I had made some bad business deals. I knew then that if indeed I had to "go down the drain" I could never blame God for it. My basic error was that I made my own plans and was following them instead of consulting God about it first.

All my life I had told people how God can help and bless financially, physically and spiritually, and that they should rely on Him and not feel discouraged. I had that speech down to a science. *Then suddenly it happened to me!* I began to ask, "Lord do you really mean what you say—that you will not let us be tempted beyond that which we are able to bear? I'm in a jam, Lord, and I need help!"

About that time Dr. William Lawson from Georgia came to speak in our FGBMFI chapter in the Cape Canaveral area. He spoke of how, when dying with cancer and notified by the doctor that he possibly wouldn't live until the next morning, he had turned to Ephesians 3:20 and read of the One who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." He had accepted that literally and the Lord had raised him up.

Hearing that scripture was almost like a fresh revelation to me, and I, too, took God literally and stood on that promise.

*(Continued on page 19)*

Demos Shakarian interviews

Dr. Huneryager on the Full Gospel  
Business Men's national weekly  
televised series, GOOD NEWS.



"For I will restore  
health unto thee,  
and I will heal  
thee of thy wounds,  
saith the Lord"

(Jeremiah 30:17).



# The Great Physician

by LLOYD W. HUNERYAGER, D.O.

Physician and Surgeon, Collinsville, Oklahoma  
International Director, FGBMFI

AS A YOUTH I was "religiously inclined" but debated if God really was our Creator and if the Bible was really His Word, although I enjoyed reading it as well as the supply of religious books in the library. These other books, however, led me to assume the attitude that only certain portions of the Bible were true, for most of them claimed the Biblical miracles had natural explanations. Even then my unredeemed mind could not accept those partial explanations, due to inconsistencies.

This, plus memorization of a catechism was my religious foundation for becoming a church member. Essentially I wavered as to whether or not I believed in God, assuming that this premise was all there was to Christianity, but on no occasion was I asked to accept Jesus as my Saviour. The Sunday morning I joined the church one scripture came to my mind and kept repeating itself in my thinking for years afterwards. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (2 Cor. 5:17). I knew there was certainly no newness of life in me at that time. I also wondered—what does

the Bible mean by "tears of joy?"

The next fifteen years of my life were void of any real spiritual impression. In the process of receiving my education, haphazard attendance at a variety of churches, transference of church letters, and even serving on church boards was my "Christianity." When I met Allie, who later became my wife, she asked if I was a Christian so naturally I confessed I was—especially since I couldn't recall having heard any sermons on the subject.

After we were married God came abruptly on the scene. Our first child, Lesa, became seriously ill. At the age of nine she contracted a foreign particle pneumonia from smoke due to a faulty fireplace, and had temperatures in the 105 degree range. As she became more desperately ill I began to realize that medicine alone was not sufficient. I was confused because I had lost confidence in the only antibiotic available at that time, and since I really didn't know God personally, I couldn't pray for her. Through the prayers of my wife and her parents she did recover slowly, but in the meantime I had to choose whether I would become bitter or

better. In other words, would I stubbornly adhere to my total reliance on the medical world in which I was trained, or upon Jesus as the Great Physician?

I began to read the Bible more seriously. I searched frantically for three long weeks, reading late into the night to obtain a better definition of a Christian than I had assumed before, and finally found it in the third chapter of John: "Ye must be born again." (Later I found the Greek rendering of that to be, "Ye must be born from above.") I asked the Lord to save me, confessing I was a sinner, but also said if He did I wouldn't tell anyone. Nothing happened, since I had denied Him and placed my pride before Him. A short time later, however, I decided to overrule my pride and, in response to an evangelistic message, I did walk what seemed to be a long church aisle and accepted Christ as my Saviour. Then I could say, "It was so simple." I was startled to find there was such a thing as tears of joy, as God entered my very being.

I really rejoiced a few months later when I finally came to the conclusion that all of the Word of God was true, and now I had something upon which I could depend here in this world. Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life" (John 14:6), so if He is the *truth*, all other things are *part truths* in this world. Christianity had now become practical and it would

work in my life here and now. I learned that the Word and God's principals were established and it was up to me to change my theory and accept His Word by faith. This required a live faith, which is half belief and half action. When I would exercise my faith to accept a divine truth I could live on a higher plane in Him.

Three years later I knew there was still something missing in my spiritual life. I had learned to reject men's present-day philosophies and find the facts, so I began to read the Word. After several weeks I found in Acts 8:16 where the Samaritan Christians were Scripturally saved, baptized in water, and received the Holy Spirit later as Peter and John laid hands on them. There were no books available on the subject then but I knew this was for the dispensation of grace, for believers, and a free gift.

I had never seen anyone receive the Holy Spirit but I began to ask, seek, and knock. After three weeks of struggling self-effort, which was mostly a begging process and not in the Biblical attitude of accepting Him who had already been sent to believers, I concluded I would have to find someone to Scripturally lay hands on me to receive the person of the Holy Ghost. I had ceased my efforts while I was walking through the house late one night praying softly, when I realized I was stuttering very rapidly. The Lord recalled



to my mind Isaiah 28:11, "With stammering lips and another tongue will He speak to this people." I realized something within me desired to be released which did require a surrendering of myself to God. I slipped into the dining room, giving voice to these strange words which came forth as long as I yielded my vocal apparatus to Him. It was fully two and one-half hours later when I ceased and began to ponder this new dimension in God. I knew from the Word I had received Jesus' baptism in the Holy Spirit the Bible way, and gloriously rejoiced in Him.

I soon realized that the baptism into the Holy Spirit was not a resting place but an open door into an exciting spiritual experience. I was suddenly aware of a spiritual warfare and learned to become alert to the weapons God has provided for each of us personally, for "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge" (Hosea 4:6). Acts 1:8 says, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," with the word power more properly translated "dynamite"—explosive power. This spiritual power is not merely the words we speak, but that which makes these words effective. I found we have authority to utilize His power in this warfare. I had in the past the privilege of being someone as a son of God, but was now empowered to do something after I received the Holy Spirit.

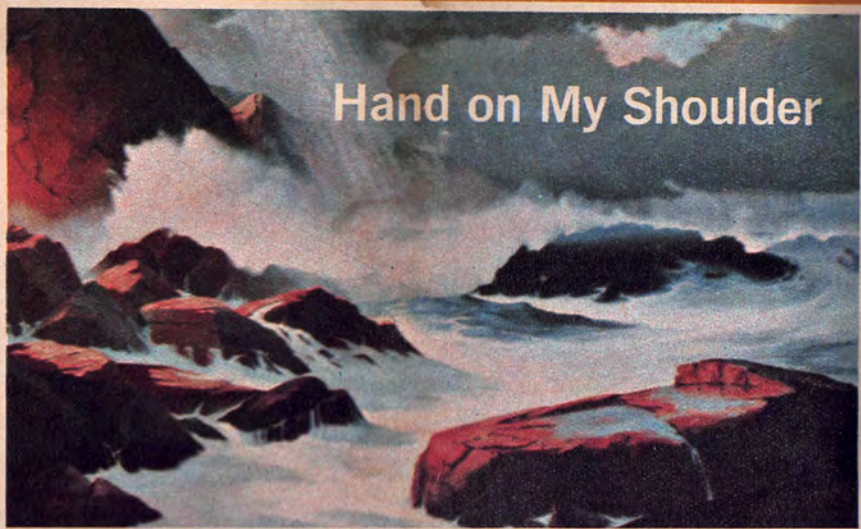
Previously soul winning was a real self-effort and a struggle, but now I found my efforts were much more effective and divinely directed. As I specifically asked for His guidance each day He would alert me to the lost person who was ready to accept Jesus. I recall speaking about Jesus to a patient in the hospital who didn't seem interested, but the man in the next bed began to perspire profusely and confessed he desired to know the Saviour. One lady, who was desperately ill, accepted Jesus as her Saviour, and the next day as I made hospital rounds I found Jesus had also miraculously healed her.

Anxious to see if healing was Divine, I turned away from the philosophy of men and began to search the Word. God led me to Matthew 8:17, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." I had already learned to accept His Word and change my mind to conform to the Truth. I know God is not natural but supernatural, and to comprehend a small aspect of Him changes our lives tremendously.

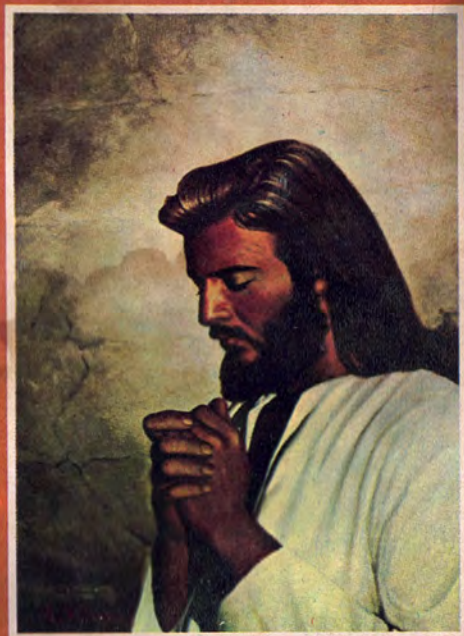
In 1970 my heart began to beat twice as fast as normal. This occurred at prolonged intervals over a period of several weeks and an ECG was decidedly abnormal. I was medically advised to take a specific drug for this but I decided God was wanting to teach me something. I knew Jesus had provided five different ways for

*(Continued on page 15)*

# Hand on My Shoulder



by **CLAIR A. WEIDENAAR**





**I**N THE YEAR 1930 the owner of a little hundred-watt peanut-whistle radio station in Hammond, Indiana gave me my first job, believing I was eighteen. Actually I was only fifteen, a wooden-headed high school dropout who thought a gift of gab was all a radio announcer needed. Since the age of twelve I had been determined to follow radio as my chosen profession. Many years later, after having worked with a bright galaxy of Hollywood celebrities, I would re-evaluate this decision. But ambitious as a teen-ager, I left my sophomore year unfinished and pursued my dreams.

I was born in the Windy City during February 1914 but my family soon moved from Chicago to Lansing, Illinois. The center of our lives became the Lansing Reformed Church. Sunday morning sermons were still delivered in Dutch and the afternoon service in English lasted an hour, only to be followed by a 45-minute lecture on Bible history in a Sunday school class. I well remember sitting through those hot summer Sunday afternoons often fighting sleep. What I enjoyed most of all was playing the drums at Thursday night band practice, chewing gum in rhythm.

The fundamentals of Christianity were taught from the Confessions of the Heidelberg Catechism. There probably has never been a time when I didn't feel the Lord's hand upon my life, but I lacked a personal experience with Jesus until the evening of September 13, 1933. It was under the revival ministry of evangelist Harry Vom Bruck at the Bethany Reformed Church in Roseland that at 9:15 that night I came face to face with my Lord. During the altar call Dr. Harry Hager had eased himself into the seat beside me and spoken in a soft tone about receiving Jesus into my life. When later that evening I told Mother what God had done she wept. And so did I.

In November of 1933 the owner of the station in Cicero built another in East Dubuque, Illinois. When it was completed and sold I was included in the deal and left home to live in Walter Klaver's hotel in Dubuque. As there was a tremendous amount of interest in the new radio station I was caught up in a whirl of social activities.

A banner on the wall of the church in Roseland had read, "God fades from the vision of the man who fails to pray." And so He does. Drifting is a gradual process. One doesn't

◀ Until his commitment to Christ in 1968, artist Clair Weidenaar's first love was the sea. Since then, however, he has sought to portray the true spiritual quality of Jesus as Christ the Messiah. Many believe he has succeeded, with a sensitivity shown by few artists in this century.

know he is moving until he is caught in the mainstream, merrily and carelessly careening down river. I had moved to Dubuque less than a month after my conversion and already one sip of beer was leading to another, cheating in one area of life encouraged deception in others.

From that launching point my radio career moved upward. I worked in Fort Wayne, Des Moines, Memphis and finally Cincinnati where I was transferred by Scripps-Howard to become radio promotion editor of the *Cincinnati Post*. Although not exactly a drunk I certainly became fond of the 25¢ Scotch we drank in those days. In the winter of 1935-1936 I met Dorothy in Des Moines. We married the following September and I added the responsibility of a family to my aimless drifting.

With the coming of World War II I joined the Navy to see the world but they had other plans than to send me into combat. At the Naval Air Primary Training Command Base at Bunker Hill my job was to produce radio programs of a public relations nature. Some great talent was stationed there, including Billy Hicks, one time trumpet man with Cab Calloway's Orchestra, and Phil Gordon who later became dialogue director for the Beverly Hill Billies.

Eventually the Navy transferred me to the Armed Forces Radio Service in Hollywood where I was eventually named producer-director of "Command Performance," probably the

biggest radio program ever done in America. "This is a fine place for a corn-shuckin' country boy from the fields of the midwest," I thought. The program had "real live movie stars" on it such as Bob Hope, Robert Young, Jimmy Durante, Frank Sinatra, Mary Pickford, Marlene Dietrich, Dinah Shore, Ginny Sims, Jimmy Stewart and Donna Reed to name a few. They freely gave of their time to entertain the servicemen overseas.

Having overseen the production plum of "Command Performance" opened my way into the "hallowed halls" of the ABC network. They were happy to hire a producer who had worked with so many top names. I joined the staff shortly after the war and was assigned to a few of the programs you may remember from "the radio years" such as "Texaco Star Theater" with Victor Young and his orchestra. Tony Martin and Norma Zimmer were both on that program, as was my good friend Jimmy Wallington. We were also assigned to the "Mayor of the Town" with Lionel Barrymore and Agnes Moorehead, "Breakfast in Hollywood," "The Louella Parsons Show," "Zeke Manners," "Hollywood Music Hall" and many others, including Jack Paar's program.

Although my Christian conscience (yes, it was still there) wouldn't let me run around with some of the wilder elements in town, I did my share of elbow-bending at the bars in Hollywood Plaza, Brittinghams





"I'd rather pick up a brush than a pen," says former Hollywood writer-producer Clair Weidenaar, as he contemplates further work on two unfinished paintings, "Jesus and the Multitude," and "Christ and Nicodemus."

and the Knickerbocker Hotel. Christ had by now become only a name in a book. He was preached on Rev. Fuller's "Old Fashioned Revival Hour" radio program from Long Beach, and was politely portrayed in an Easter sunrise extravaganza which I produced for ABC from the Hollywood Bowl. But He wasn't real to me. On occasion I wondered if at some time in the future I might return to Him. But for the moment a busy career demanded full attention.

After five years of the Hollywood shuffle I began to take stock of myself. My aim had been to become the town's top producer. But what of the price? Each night I came home to my wife and daughter in Topanga Canyon with more than enough liquor under my belt. Realizing this routine was getting me nowhere, and not willing to pay the sacrifice for larger success, I contemplated making a change. Now that I look back on it I think God's hand was on my shoulder.

During this period of self-examination I went to Honolulu to do a broadcast. Not off the airplane more

than three minutes, I decided Hawaii was for me. One month later, in January of 1950, my wife Dottie, our six-year-old daughter Sandy and myself were winging our way across the Pacific.

Royal V. Howard and I built radio station KIKI there. We fished, swam, skin dived, partied on the beaches and in the clubs. Like others who have lived in the tropics, I dreamed of great adventures. But God's hand was still upon my shoulder. Four years later I unknowingly followed His direction to return to the mainland.

Back on the west coast, I dabbled in television, then returned to radio. But a three-month union strike at the Kaiser Steel factory in Fontana, California crippled our newly-purchased station KCKC in San Bernardino in 1959. Advertising revenues fell off. The station sank three years later when angry creditors finally reached this stubborn Dutchman. Instead of my walking off with \$150,000 as hoped in the beginning, the bankruptcy court allowed me \$150 with which to begin a new career.

It was while having lunch with the general manager of ABC afterward that I mentioned the idea of giving up radio altogether and becoming an artist. This sounded better and better the more I considered it. I converted our garage into a studio and was quite surprised when a couple of seascapes which I had placed in a coffee house gallery in Hermosa Beach sold. A brand new career was opening. Painting the sea became a specialty as this was the subject I most loved to interpret.

An automobile accident with our old car left me with enough insurance money in January 1963 to open a gallery in Laguna Beach. That summer I was accepted as an exhibitor in their Festival of Arts and the sale from paintings was quite successful.

Shortly after this Dr. Harold Leestma and his wife Lois stopped by the gallery for a visit. He had been my brother John's pastor in Highland, Indiana and was now associate pastor of Garden Grove Community Church in Southern California. We exchanged pleasantries and after a few moments' conversation Harold looked me directly in the eye and said, "If you have any kind of a problem don't hesitate to call me." I knew what he meant but didn't want any part of religion again.

When Mother came to visit us from Lansing, Illinois she, of course, wanted to hear Dr. Robert Schuller at the Garden Grove Community Church. From this beginning my wife and I

joined the congregation as nominal attenders. Over the next year my thoughts slowly returned to spiritual values.

One Sunday while having coffee on the church patio between services Mary and Smith Batson, two new converts with a fresh, contagious enthusiasm for Christ, turned and said, "You folks ought to come to the pastor's class."

I consented politely: "Sure, okay."

As Dr. Leestma crossed the lawn Mary called him over and said, "What do you know, these people are coming to the pastor's class next Wednesday night." Nobody was more surprised than myself. I never intended to make such a definite commitment. But God was saying to us that *our time had come to make a decision for Him. It was now or never.*

With a gleam in his eye Harold gave me a very sincere handshake: "Welcome. You'll be glad you came. Boy, how we've prayed for this." I was hooked!

After six weeks of participating in the pastor's mid-week training class we saw that what was taught in the Bible fit together and made good sense. My wife accepted Christ and I reaffirmed my faith. In answer to the question put to new members on Sunday morning, December 22, 1968, "Do you accept this Christ as Lord and Saviour in your life?" my wife and I responded, "Yes, truly, with all my heart."

The Christian life has been reward-



ing but not easy. I Peter 1:6 is frequent encouragement to us: (paraphrased) "So be truly glad. There is wonderful joy ahead even though the going is rough down here. These trials are only to test your faith to see whether it is strong and pure. It is being tested as fire tests gold and purifies it, and your faith is far more precious to God than mere gold; so if your faith remains strong after being tried in the test tube of fiery trials,

**"I finally met a young man who had all the spiritual qualities I wanted in a model."**

it will bring you much praise and glory and honor in the day of His return."

My first acquaintance with the FGBMFI was when we attended the Southern California Regional Convention in Palm Springs in September 1971 as guests of Jim Gerrard from the San Bernardino chapter. My wife Dottie was still in the steel brace she had worn since a near-fatal automobile accident ten months earlier. It was here we first heard of the many Biblical promises which speak of healing for the body as part of the Gospel. After listening to Dutch Reformed minister Harald Bredesen my wife and I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. What a tremendous renewal of our Christian faith this produced. We both accepted by faith

that the overcoming power of the Holy Spirit was dwelling within us.

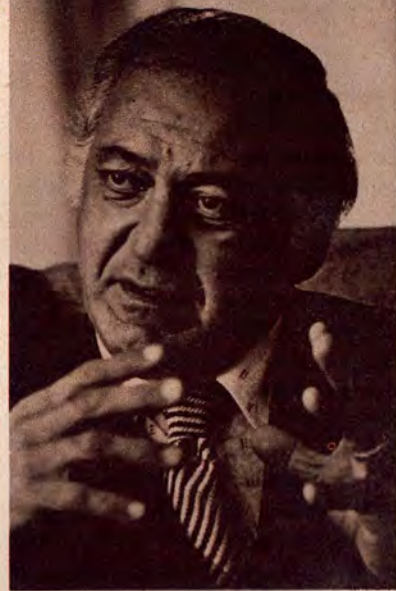
That evening the speaker prophesied that "you as an artist are going to gain fame as a painter of Biblical pictures." What he did not know was that I had been looking for a model for the portrait of Christ several years prior to that time.

Spiritually this was a time of re-evaluation and growth, although financially we suffered reverses over a second gallery we had opened in Carmel. The trials taught us the difference between "churchianity" and Christianity. It was after selling the gallery that I determined to go ahead with painting the portraits of Christ.

At Calvary Chapel in Costa Mesa I finally met a young man who had all the spiritual qualities I wanted in a model. A part-Indian who had moved to California from Tennessee, his name was Tony Feathers and he was twenty years of age. Tony sat for many sketches used in making the final paintings of Christ. Finally one day after a photographic session I asked: "Tony, just what do you do for a living?"

"I'm a carpenter," he replied.

God remains true to every one of His promises. As the parable of the lost sheep explains so vividly, the Good Shepherd never gives up trying to bring the backslider back into the fold. Dottie and I praise and thank him continually for keeping His hand on my shoulder even though I wandered far from His blessed love. ■



## Prayer for a Wayward Nation

by DEMOS SHAKARIAN

President, Full Gospel Business Men's  
Fellowship International

**S**INCE THE DAY that Moses, bowed down in the dust of the Sinai Desert, prayed so earnestly and effectively for God to spare his people in spite of their sins, individuals have from time to time prayed for the deliverance or the renewal of righteousness in their nations.

Hezekiah, at the threatened invasion of Sennacherib, spread the impious threatening letter before the Lord, and God abundantly answered and delivered. Ezra prayed for for-

givenness of the sins of the people. Habakkuk prayed, "O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."

But of all the recorded prayers for the saving of a wayward nation, there is none so moving and so vividly alive to the national circumstances as is the prayer of Daniel. It is as though he reached up his hands and literally refused to let go the horns of the altar until an answer came.

As he fasted and prayed for his nation, he did not point the finger at any one individual or group, but said, "*I prayed unto the Lord my God and made MY confession*"—the confession that *we* have sinned.

So startlingly parallel in so many respects is America's situation and need today that my heart melts and tears flow each time I read that earnest prayer. Never has there been a moment in our history when prevailing prayer was more needed. This nation has moved to shut God out of its halls of justice, its schools, its codes of ethics and morality. Therefore, in what is perhaps the most desperate hour in our history, I call upon Spirit-filled Christians everywhere to pray in essence Daniel's prayer daily, lifting our nation and all those in authority up to the throne of God:

"O Lord, you are a great and awesome God;

"You always fulfill your promises



of mercy to those who love you and keep your laws.

"But we have sinned so much—We have rebelled against you and scorned your commands.

"We have refused to listen to your servants the prophets whom you sent again and again down through the years . . .

"O Lord, you are righteous; but as for us, we are shamefaced with sin . . . We and our kings and princes and fathers are weighted down with shame because of all our sins.

"Oh Lord our God, we have disobeyed you; we have flouted all the laws you gave us . . . we have turned away from you and haven't listened to your voice . . .

"Though we have sinned so much and are full of wickedness, yet because of all your faithful mercies,

Lord, please turn away your furious anger . . .

"O our God, hear your servant's prayer!

"Listen as I plead!

"Let your face shine again with peace and joy upon your desolate sanctuary—for your own glory, Lord.

"O my God, we don't ask because we merit help, but because you are so merciful despite our grievous sins.

"O Lord hear; O Lord, forgive" (*The Living Bible*; Daniel, Chapter VI).

Who knows but that if a million Spirit-filled Christians prayed that prayer daily for America, the Angel Gabriel might be sent from heaven, as in Daniel's day, "to give skill and understanding" and prophetic guidance once again to His servants in these last days. ■

## THE GREAT PHYSICIAN

(Continued from page 7)

healing but one way was frankly unfamiliar to me. I searched the Word and found in the Book of Acts that most healings therein were not with prayer, but as they spoke the Word, acknowledging it was God's will to heal. In Mark 7:32 Jesus healed a man who was deaf and had an impediment in his speech. He placed His fingers in his ears, spat, touched his tongue, and spoke authoritatively, "Be opened!" This required more

than medication—it required specific directive words. Since the Lord gave us authority in Acts 1:8 I did not pray to my heart, but out loud *told* my heart, "In the name of Jesus, beat normal and function normal now." It did! This is the highest kind of faith, since we know it is God's will to heal. This opened a glorious new avenue to abandon myself in Him, and I realized that God desires we speak what we know is true, based on the Word, and we will get the Word's results. This is the word of faith. ■

The background of the top half of the page is a dark green illustration. On the left, a football player in a helmet and uniform is shown in a three-quarter view. On the right, a large, stylized profile of a man's face is visible, rendered in a similar green tone. The overall style is painterly and textured.

# Goal to Go!

by FRED KEHOE

Assistant Athletic Director, Ball State University, Muncie, Indiana

**P**LAYING LIFE'S GAME according to God's rules can be as exciting as making a touchdown on the football field!

I have always been the type who loves and enjoys life, but when I found reality in Jesus Christ, I became *truly* alive. In November 1966, at the age of 38, I asked Him to come into my heart. Just as it says

in Romans 10:9, if we will confess with our mouth and mean it with our heart, the Lord will save us. I did—and He did! Things have never been the same since.

I grew up in a small city in northern Indiana with a great desire to be a good athlete. Sports meant a great deal to me, and recognition and success were mine to a measure because



of athletics. This desire to excel in sports was the motivation I needed to boost me through college, and I planned a teaching-coaching career after graduation.

Our home was not entirely a Christian one because I can never remember us sharing Jesus together. However, we children (I have an older brother and younger sister) were encouraged to attend Sunday school and church. At the age of twelve, as was the custom of the Church of the Brethren, I joined the church and was baptized in water by immersion. Whatever may have happened within me at that time of a spiritual nature had disappeared by the time I graduated from high school. God has revealed to me since that the seed was planted during those early years and kept alive by the Holy Spirit, even though I began to live in a way that contradicted His teachings.

Not all athletes and coaches are proud, egotistical and self-centered, but I know there was at least one—me! Looking back on my life prior to

1966, these are the things that probably hindered me from finding God and the reality of Jesus. To be a churchgoer and be a hypocrite about it has to be one of the worst subterfuges in the world. Eventually I could rationalize my feelings and behavior no longer, and had to admit to myself that I was pretending to be something I wasn't—a Christian.

Most people apparently thought I was a well-mannered "good guy." I had a beautiful wife and four fine children, a college coaching position, a nice home—and was a member of the Methodist Church. I wonder how many others there are today in a similar position. I was even the president of the young marrieds class and served on committees (grudgingly, I might add), but I did not know Jesus as my personal Saviour. How strong is the power of Satan to blind our eyes to the truth.

One November Sunday in 1966, Bill Stutzman, an Amish man, came to speak to our combined Sunday school classes. He presented the life

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**FRED KEHOE** has been Assistant Athletic Director at Ball State University for the past four years, and was a member of that school's football staff for twelve years. An all-time Ball State halfback standout, he scored 84 points in his senior year to lead the Cardinals to an undefeated season in 1949. Besides lettering in football, he also won two varsity awards in both basketball and track.

Upon graduating from college, Kehoe spent two years in the Army before returning to his high school alma mater, Plymouth, as an assistant coach. He was promoted to head football coach in 1956 and compiled an impressive 14-2-1 record in two years before returning to Ball State in the fall of 1958.

Fred Kehoe is currently serving his third year as president of the Muncie, Indiana chapter of FGBMFI.

we should be experiencing in Christ as we enjoy the "fruit of the Spirit" referred to in Galatians 5:22. Somehow my ears were attuned to what he was saying and I realized my position—without Jesus and without the fruit. He gave one of those, "heads down, eyes closed, hands raised" altar invitations, and I put my hand up as he requested. Jesus saw it and came into my heart just as He said He would, and I was a new man.

As the days progressed, the fruit of the Spirit began to be evidenced in me in a way I never dreamed possible. The most evident were love, joy, peace, temperance, gentleness and faith. I began to receive of the Lord, as I acquired a deep thirst for the Word, a desire to fellowship with believers, an urge to witness to the power of God, a growing awareness of Satan and his efforts to ensnare us, and finally the knowledge that there is more to receive of God than our salvation.

Four months after my salvation experience, I attended a Christian gathering where the topic of the speakers dealt with the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Since I knew very little about the Bible and church doctrines, I was open to what God said in His Word about this subject. I learned that when Jesus went away, He sent the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, to guide us, teach us all things, and endue us with power. I read also

that one evidence of the baptism in the Holy Spirit was to speak in a new tongue.

A day or two after learning this, I was convinced that if Jesus gave it, I wanted it. I knew He had given me the best thing that had ever happened to me up to that time—salvation from sin—so as far as further blessings were concerned I was ready to be greedy, not needy. With the laying on of hands by Rev. Ray Bringham and my confessing that I wanted this baptism, God filled me in that moment. I was a little disappointed that the language I received consisted of only one word, "Ama," but the men with me said, "Hold to that word by faith, believing that God will complete the work." So I continued to pray in the Spirit, "Ama, ama, ama." It didn't seem foolish, and I was greatly blessed.

About two weeks later, after I had retired to bed, I was nearly asleep when the Lord visited me. The experience is unforgettable. I was lying flat on my back when I became aware of my body being lifted up from the bed by two beings (probably angels) by means of a cord around my waist. With my body in a rigid horizontal position and my eyes open, the room gradually became bathed in beautiful light, and I heard beautiful music, softly played. The higher I rose, the brighter the light and the louder the music.

When my body was about twelve



inches from the bed, I became frightened and said, "Stop, I want down!" Immediately I began to return to the bed just as I had risen from it, and the light and music gradually melted into the darkness of my bedroom. I lay there a few seconds in wonder, then excitedly awakened my wife Barbara, who was asleep beside me, and related to her what had happened. "Honey," I said, "I feel like praising the Lord." As I did, I spoke fluently in a new language, the first word of which was "Ama."

I have shared this experience with many Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship groups verbally, but writing it down for publication in VOICE brings a new blessing to me. It has been nearly seven years now, and with the Lord there is no stopping place. The further you "carry the ball" for Him, the more He does for you, through faith and by His grace. My wife and four children are in the same game with me and all are equipped with the Holy Spirit. For us, it's now "goal (heaven) to go!" ■

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## THE WORD AND THE SPIRIT

*(Continued from page 3)*

There were two things that kept me from going entirely out of my mind during the period of my financial misfortune—the Word of God and the baptism in the Holy Spirit. So much else had been swept away: the best friend I ever had passed on; my own pastor was about to have a nervous breakdown; I had to resign from the bank board because of my situation; my wife was worried and discouraged; and I felt that no one wanted to talk to me, as though I might have leprosy. All I could do was talk to God in the language of the Spirit. I wasn't sure what I was saying, but felt it was a coded message going directly to the heavenly throne.

Then God began to move into the situation. He had heard my prayer and He worked everything out far better than I or a whole staff of business counselors could have done. He holds the universe in His hands! We haven't even scratched the surface of what He has to give us and *wants* to give us if we will stop complaining and weeping long enough to receive it.

When I consider the wonders He has worked for me, I am determined to be in the stream of that which He has promised to pour out in these days. I was afraid for a while that I was going to be left out, and I didn't want to miss it. I'm going to be right in the middle of it! I lost enough money to put three radio stations on the air all by myself, but now I think perhaps, by the grace of God, He and I can still do it! ■



**"It Can  
Happen  
to  
Anybody!"**

by **RUSS BIXLER**

Author of the book  
by the same name

**H**E THAT GLORIETH, let him glory in the Lord." Most of my life had been a failure. As a young adult everything I tried turned sour. I had a lot of pride, yet not much to be proud about. Good things would happen to the man on my right and the one on my left, but somehow they always seemed to pass me by. I figured the entire human race hated me, and determining to get even by hating them back, I developed a shell over my personality that defied anyone to break through—a shell composed of fear, anger, hostility and jealousy, among other things.

Though I wasn't aware of it, God had His hand on my life and I was shaking it off—never perceiving it as His hand trying to guide me. In fact, I wasn't sure there was a God. But in His love for me God had to allow these things, for He chastens those whom He loves and I was resisting that love. Today I thank God for that experience. It has helped me many times when counseling with people who have suffered great emotional anguish, hardship, and failure in various areas of their lives. I look at them and smile and say, "My, but God surely must love you!" Of course their first reaction is to think I'm crazy, but those who respond to that love and give their hearts to the Lord have come back and said, "You were right; God does love me and now I'm letting Him show me that love."



When I was about twenty-five years old I determined to study law, although I was so shy and reserved it seemed impossible that I could ever stand up and speak in public. I had by then gotten so fed up with things going wrong, however, that I determined to study law in self-defense. When I passed the admissions test with a very high score I assumed that meant I was supposed to be an attorney, and proceeded to work everything out in the early spring of 1955, preparatory to entering law school in the fall.

One night, awakened from sleep I saw in the darkness over my head two letters, "NO." They appeared to be made up of a million tiny technicolor lights such as one might see when pressing hard on the eyeballs. I didn't think much about it—just rolled over and went back to sleep. When it happened again the next night it set me to wondering. A few days later I had another strange experience. There was the sense of this word "NO" descending over my head like a great sheet or blanket that was suffocating. It was an uncomfortable

experience. The same thing happened again the next day and at other times during the following week.

One thing I did have going for me was an analytical mind, and so in trying to analyze these things, I noted there was a pattern: the suffocating feeling descended over my head every time I thought about plans for law school. "This must be from God," I decided. "He is muscling into my life and I'd better get this straight with Him." For many years I had maintained what I thought was a suitable arrangement with God, if He did indeed exist; He could stay up in His heaven and not bother me and I'd stay here on earth and not bother Him. But it now appeared that God wasn't keeping His end of the bargain and I began to wonder just how to discuss it with Him. The trouble was that though I was twenty-seven years old *I didn't know how to pray*. I had learned the Lord's Prayer in my school days (when it was still legal to say it in class). I had also heard prayers offered in church, but was too involved in its social life to give more than token interest to this

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**RUSS BIXLER** is the author of the best seller *It Can Happen to Anybody* which he says is a spiritual autobiography of what God has done in his life. Rev. Bixler explains: "Many may not be fully informed about the Church of the Brethren, of which I am a minister in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Our background is German out of the Pietistic movement. We came to America in the train of the Mennonites and Amish when William Penn sent his agents to reach the Anabaptists in Germany. He was concerned that he have some good solid Christians to settle in his colony. Our old name was German Baptist Brethren, sometimes nicknamed the Dunkers or Dunkards. We are now called the Church of the Brethren."

aspect—basketball and softball trophies were all over the place; furthermore, since all of us young married couples would attend Sunday evening service and then go out and play penny ante poker half the night, my mind was often occupied with thoughts of this during the meeting.

But now I faced a disturbing situation and realized I didn't know how to pray. To further complicate matters, I didn't want anyone to *know* I was even *trying* to pray, so it had to be done where nobody would see. I finally went out and got into the car about 2:00 a.m., quietly closed the car door and said, "All right, God. What's this all about? Don't you want me to go to law school?" Instantly that "NO," like a huge blanket, came down over my head. I said, "Do you want me to take up some other career or occupation?" I named several, but each time came that negative response.

Exasperated, I exclaimed somewhat sarcastically, "Well, I suppose you want me to be a *minister!*" A tremendous "YES!" seemed to boom through me, rocking me from head to foot. I was momentarily stunned. "God, you can't *do* this to me! I can't *stand* ministers! I don't want to spend the rest of my life holding the hands of little old ladies." (My opinion of clergymen in general, born out of misunderstanding, was not very flattering.)

As I sat there protesting to the Lord, He spoke to me again, but this

time it was quietly. "Don't worry about that, Russ. You will be my man and you will stand on your own two feet." With that the interview ended. I sensed that the Lord had said all He was going to say to me that night.

For three or four weeks, although I often complained to the Lord, it began to dawn on me that He had muscled in on my life in some other ways also, and that if I continued to make my own plans for my life I'd never have anything different than I'd been having the last few years—failure, irritation, and hatred for the world. Finally I said, "All right, I'll go to seminary and be a minister—but you are going to have to see me through. Suddenly I *knew* that He *would* see me through no matter what I needed—knew it, even though at that time I still didn't know Jesus as my personal Saviour.

It is difficult to describe how my wife, Norma, reacted when I broke the news to her, except to say that she became hysterical. From time to time for weeks after that things would simmer down and there would be a truce between us, but then she would say, "*Why* do you want to go to seminary? *Why* do you want to be a minister?" That was difficult for me to answer because I couldn't very well say, "I *don't* want to be a minister, but evidently that's what I'm going to be."

Finally we agreed to put off seminary for a year (I had hopes that the Lord might change His mind).



In the interim He had little ways of tapping me on the shoulder and reminding me, "I'm still here, Russ. You're going to seminary." Finally, go I did—still full of stubbornness and hostility, and still not knowing Jesus. I had thought seminary would be filled with wonderful, pious, holy young men studying to be ministers. It was startling to find that most of them were as bad as I was!

We had a course called Practice Preaching. My shyness made this a misery during my first year. It was pathetic. My voice couldn't be heard beyond the first row and the ones who did hear me didn't understand what I was talking about. I didn't know, either. But somehow I got through that first year.

During the summer we were supposed to go out and work in a church program where we would preach. The very thought of it practically demoralized me. I got a reprieve that summer because Norma was expecting a child, and I breathed a sigh of relief—even though I well knew there would be another summer and no reprieve.

It had been no trouble to get top grades in Biblical studies and in that first year nobody challenged me about my personal relationship with God. The second year of seminary, however, I was bothered by a course called Devotional Life. It was taught by the only woman member of the faculty—a former missionary to India who had gotten filled with the

Holy Spirit back in the early 1930's when they used to put people with this experience out of the Church of the Brethren, so she didn't tell anybody. I thought she was ridiculous at first, but as that term went on I began to sense that when she spoke about Jesus she talked as though she

**“Those who did hear me didn't know what I was talking about. I didn't know, either.”**

*knew* Him personally. I didn't have that reaction with other professors. Also I sensed that something was beginning to happen to me. Little cracks were coming in the thick shell around my spiritual personality and some love was beginning to seep through. After a few weeks I began to hang on every word she said. And, for the first time I began to read the Bible because it *felt good* to read it, not because it was an assignment. Always before I had been bored stiff with it.

During Christmas week I got a job in a warehouse. On Saturday they only needed one man so I was there alone. Since there wasn't too much to do, I opened my New Testament and began to read the Gospel of John. Suddenly it became alive. When I got

to the third chapter and third verse where Jesus said, "Unless you are born again you cannot see the kingdom of God," I jumped out of the chair and hollered, "That's *me!*"

Tears began to stream down my cheeks and I began to laugh and weep and stomp all over that warehouse praising the Lord. *I had been born again!* I knew Jesus! I was a Christian and could communicate with Him personally. I no longer had to be afraid to die because if I did, I'd be with Jesus. *Oh, how I loved Him!* I felt warm and clean. Somebody loved me in spite of the fact that I was a mess. It overwhelmed me. *I yearned to get into a pulpit and preach about Him.* Surely this couldn't be Russ Bixler—straining at the leash for a chance to preach! This *must* indeed be a new creation.

Something wonderful had taken place in my life; but I was still a loner. I didn't share with Norma or with my seminary associates what had happened; I just enjoyed the Lord. Norma knew something had happened to me, but she didn't dare ask what it was.

I had a wonderful time the last half of seminary and graduated with honors. I had begun to see the world through different eyes—a world of people for whom Jesus died. For the first time in my life I felt loved—I who had always held love off at arm's length.

During the final quarter of seminary we normally got invited to a

church to speak. Norma and I had it all figured out to go to a little country church where I could start out nice and easy with a friendly little congregation. After living three years in Chicago we didn't want any more of the big city.

One evening the phone rang and a man introduced himself as chairman of the ministerial committee at the Pittsburgh Church of the Brethren and asked if I would preach a trial sermon for them. A refusal was instantly on the tip of my tongue when a still small voice said, "There it is, Russ; go to it." It was so plain I almost turned around to see who was behind me. Then I said meekly, "All right. We will come down on a weekend and I'll preach for you." One thing led to another and we ended up going to Pittsburgh in September, 1959 and that's where we have been ever since. They have been good years.

Though I'd been born again I had much difficulty accepting anything I couldn't explain by sight, touch, or sound. I had a terrible time with the healing ministry. I got forced into situations wherein people expected me to anoint them and pray for them as the apostle James says to do, and hated myself every time I did it because I didn't really believe it. I told myself miracles didn't happen anymore. *Then lo and behold, they happened*—and I was undone again! God was taking me apart and putting me back together after His pattern.



The first year our attendance was away up, offerings were increasing, the members seemed pleased with what was going on, but I didn't see people being born again. I couldn't seem to feel satisfied with the status quo, and wanted more action. One morning, when I saw a woman in the congregation elbowing her husband and realized he was going to sleep

**"I waited for Jim to say something unbiblical—but he never did."**

during my sermon, I became desperate.

"Russ, you're ready for the baptism in the Holy Spirit," a Presbyterian friend said one day. Two thoughts ran quickly through my mind: I've been making the wrong kind of friends; and does she think she has something I do not have?

That is one of the greatest sins born-again Christians commit. It is called spiritual pride, and the devil uses it against every one of us. Spiritual pride blocks Christian growth. When someone suggests you come into deeper water, if you react as I did that day, it is nothing but spiritual pride.

However, it only lasted thirty seconds, and the next thing I knew she

had sold me a couple of tickets to a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship banquet. A Presbyterian minister, Jim Brown, was the speaker. I went there with a head full of theology and waited for Jim to say something unbiblical—but he never did.

Afterward they invited us to the prayer room. I looked at Norma and her eyes had a queer far-away look as she passively followed me up the aisle. They got a chair for her, but I don't think she even knew it was there. She had only been born again for a month, but her heart was so open and ready to receive the Holy Spirit that there was no waiting. She was so much under the power and so in love with Jesus that most of the time in that room she couldn't talk, except in tongues.

We were there until 2 a.m. with a Methodist minister and his wife, a Presbyterian minister and his wife, and some other folks. At first I was full of questions; pretty soon, however, I began to laugh. I was so happy and filled with the love of God that I wanted to hug everyone, and I wondered what had happened to me. Eight days later I spoke in tongues.

Then the miracles began! All I had to do was walk into a room and a miracle would happen. Somebody would come up and say, "Tell me about Jesus." Nobody ever did that before. One would say, "Pray for me," and the Lord would heal him almost before he got through asking. These things happened day after day.

That was the beginning of a tremendous and continuous miracle of God. He is blessing our church in so many ways. A quarter of our membership has been baptized in the Holy Spirit, and our church is almost a focal point in the Greater Pittsburgh area to demonstrate His power and glory and love. Our regular Church of the Brethren attendants are often outnumbered on Sunday evenings by Catholics and Presbyterians—the two largest denominations in our community. The place is packed to the walls every Sunday night and I am awed by the praise that goes up to God. We average about thirty to sixty

new people every week. There is a large turnover because people are going back to their own churches and glowing there. Prayer gatherings and Bible study groups have multiplied.

Healings are taking place at a beautiful rate. We have had the blessed privilege of seeing God reach out and by His wonderful love and power perform the miracle of putting back together bodies that had been so badly broken that doctors felt there was no hope.

*I tell you this Spirit-filled life is the most exciting life there is!* There is nothing in the world to compare with it! ■

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# VOICE ECHOES

I was introduced to your magazine VOICE through a Spirit-filled co-worker who belongs to the Assemblies of God church. I belong to the Lutheran church and as yet have not received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Through reading VOICE and other books and articles on the Baptism, I am convinced of the need of it and am earnestly seeking it. Your magazine with the articles of witnessing is terrific. Keep up the good work.

**T.A., Gillispie, Illinois**

Your's truly is a "VOICE" crying in the wilderness.

**L.S., Portland, Oregon**

We praise God for the day we picked up a copy of VOICE in a hotel. It is a great blessing now to us to introduce others to this Holy Spirit-inspired magazine. It's exciting to think of how many lives will be changed by reading it.

**D.F., Pomona, California**

Just a note to say that of all the Christian literature that we receive, we find the VOICE the most exciting and interesting and like to share it with others.

**W.F., Coraopolis, Penn.**

We were so pleased to have a friend share an issue of VOICE with us. Your magazine unites the spirit of men, enabling them to "fellowship" though miles apart, and encouraging them in the lead role men should have in being followers of Christ.

**A.R., Cave Junction, Oregon**

Enclosed is a check for \$5.00. Praise the Lord for VOICE magazine. Many members of my family have come into the baptism in the Holy Spirit due to my receiving a copy.

**E.K., Tampa, Florida**

Just a note to let you know how very much I have enjoyed your monthly magazine, VOICE. I have read them for six months and am passing them on as I finish and these people in turn are enjoying them. It was your November 1972 issue that I thought was so terrific; about the rainbow-halo over the Hilton. I sent that issue to my son and daughter-in-law.

**E.R., Spokane, Washington**

God is really using FGBMFI. About five years ago we had our nephew contacted by a member of FGBMFI, and we have sent him VOICE. It seemed as though nothing was happening, but praise God, he just went to his first FGBMFI breakfast meeting. He was so thrilled, that he is taking his wife the next time.

**B. & T.S., Bridgewater, Virginia**

While visiting several churches in California last November, I came across a copy of your magazine, VOICE. I have read it through and found it full of wonderful spiritual blessings. To tell you the truth, I was much depressed spiritually and physically, but I found myself entirely strengthened and encouraged after having read VOICE through.

**T.S., Tokyo, Japan**

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**CHAPTER OFFICERS** report an ever-increasing amount of testimonials resulting from copies of VOICE they make available to those who attend their meetings, and of awakening interest among their members to form new chapters in other areas.

World conditions indicate that we must "work while it is yet day," and that we must "redeem the time, for the days are evil." VOICE is a spiritual power tool to help all Christians everywhere to more effectively perform the task of evangelism committed to the church in these last days. May we use it well.

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## FGBMFI "GOOD NEWS": VIEWERS' VIEWPOINT

I was wound up in football, hockey and other sports on TV until one day the station I was watching changed its programming. I was sitting at the table with a cigarette in one hand and a beer in the other waiting for Roller Derby, when a new show came on instead. It was called GOOD NEWS and the whole idea made me plenty mad. Rather than get up, though, I sat through it. In fact, I sat through it for three weeks in a row. I guess what really kept my attention was the fact that I knew that those men weren't lying.

I wrote in for the free subscription to VOICE magazine offered on the program, and since I was already under some conviction, this was all I needed. I got down on my knees and asked the Lord to take over my life, and did He ever! I started reading the New Testament daily, and for a guy who never read the Bible before, this is a rather big change. Twelve days later, as I was driving my car and praying, I was filled with the Holy Spirit and received my prayer language at this point.

My insurance business as well as every other area of my life is completely changed and I find myself daily

sharing the joy of the Holy Spirit with others. What really amazes me is that God went out of His way to reach me, using the combination of television and businessmen—the only combination I could have responded to.

**A.N.R., Wood River, Illinois**

Your presentation on TV with Rogelio Parilla singing and testifying has been great for me, and especially in this area of the country where we have some Cubans, Mexicans and Puerto Ricans. There is not even one evangelical Spanish church or radio program preaching the Word in Spanish, so I am glad I can hear a little bit of the Gospel in my own language. I feel the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship hit right on the target with this presentation, which really is an answer to our tremendous need of the Gospel in our area. I will tell my Spanish countrymen about it.

**J.M., Springfield, Illinois**

I am 16 years old. Last night my parents and I were watching your program GOOD NEWS. I think it was the best I have ever seen. My father doesn't serve God, but he enjoyed the program, too.

**E.A., Rockaway, N.Y.**

### FEBRUARY TAPE MINISTRY

#### Turlock-Modesto, California Regional Convention, 1973

73TC5-1 **Vernon Gross**, "The Occult Danger";  73TC5-2 **Cliff Powell**, "Jesus The Healer";  73TC5-4 **Kenn Mann**, "Call To Worship";  73TC5-6 **C. M. Ward**, "Neighbor Or Thief," and  73TC5-7 "Desperation Always Better Than Despair."

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# COMMUNIQUE: CHAPTERS and CONVENTIONS

## FOURTH CHARISMATIC MEDICAL CONVENTION SLATED FOR APRIL

Held under auspices of Birmingham, Alabama Chapter

Physicians, dentists and nurses active in the neo-Pentecostal movement will hold their fourth annual Charismatic Medical Convention April 26-28, 1974, under the auspices of the Birmingham, Alabama chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

Healing services, testimonies and small group seminars will be led by physicians, dentists and nurses of many medical specialties who believe in supernatural healing, speaking in tongues and all other gifts and fruit of the Holy Spirit. The main purpose of the convention is to examine the applicability of the Christian Gospel to the medical arts and provide an atmosphere for the spiritual growth of medical people.

Three previous Charismatic Medical Conventions in Birmingham have attracted an average of 300-400 medical personnel, ministers and Christian laymen of all religious denominations.

Most of the medical people who attend the convention are leaders of the charismatic movement in their home towns. Some hold Bible studies in their homes and speak in churches and FGBMFI chapter meetings.

William A. Abercrombie, president of the Birmingham FGBMFI chapter, feels that charismatic medical people

constitute one of today's most persuasive forces for spiritual renewal. "The high level of credibility which doctors enjoy makes people receptive to almost any opinion a medical doctor holds on any subject," he said. This is especially true with regard to healing, and healing is an important area of agreement between charismatics and the medical profession, Abercrombie explained. "It is now commonplace for physicians to recommend spiritual therapy for physical diseases and even to practice the Biblical laying on of hands," he said. "Scores have been cured of spiritual, emotional and physical ailments during the healing services conducted by the doctors at our Charismatic Medical Conventions."

The convention will begin with a 7 p.m. coffee on April 26 which will include testimonies and healing services led by physicians and nurses.

April 27 activities will begin with a 7 a.m. devotional, followed by small-group seminars at 10. All medical doctors, dentists, registered nurses and their spouses are invited to a free ladies' luncheon at 12 noon. The general public is also invited, but a moderate charge will be made for their meals. The luncheon program includes testimonies by medical wives and

nurses. Another small-group seminar will begin at 1:30 p.m. The final worship service, at 7 p.m., will feature more singing, testimonies, preaching and ministering by physicians and nurses.

There will be no charges for any of the Charismatic Medical Conven-

tion events except the ladies' Saturday luncheon. All events will be held at the Cabana Motel, 1631 2nd Avenue North, and free babysitting provided for all services except the 7 a.m. The programs are open to persons of all or no religious persuasions and are interracial. ■

## HOLY SPIRIT BAPTISMS HIGHLIGHT LODI RALLY

Enoch Christoffersen, mayor of Turlock, Calif. reports on a successful rally in nearby Lodi last November. He writes:

"Before the meeting David Yad-dow introduced me to several people who were hungry to receive the Holy Spirit and to tell their relatives about it by the following Wednesday (this was Saturday). I took them to an 'upper room' on the second floor where they were gloriously filled and returned downstairs to enjoy the rally as 'Pentecostals.'

"During the service a large group came forward either to receive the Holy Spirit or to learn more about the Baptism. As a result, some 15 were filled. Three students from California State College in Turlock—Dori Schlichtmann, and two brothers named Rose—prayed for four persons who received their Baptism. At the time of her own infilling, Dori had also been healed of injuries received in an accident four years previous.

"Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Freitas and their daughter, Beverly, indicated their desire for the baptism in the Spirit. All were filled as hands were laid on them according to the

Bible pattern.

"Dr. Delbert Sowerby, Spirit-filled anesthesiologist, was the main speaker for the rally; Buell Cash, president of the Stockton-Lodi Chapter, was m.c.; Mrs. Christoffersen gave an effective testimony to her Lutheran background and subsequent baptism in the Holy Spirit; and Cliff Powell, international director from Redding prayed for the sick."



Dr. Del Sowerby



Buell Cash

Dori Schlichtmann





# Rich Spiritual Results Mark Redding Regional

Redding, California, October 11-13, 1973



1. Convention headquarters.

2. Clifton Powell, general contractor and convention co-chairman with Dr. Dave Gasman and Harold Becker, was enthused over spiritual gains.

3. Herb Ellingwood, Legal Affairs Secretary to Governor Ronald Reagan, told of unprecedented move of Holy Spirit within his area of ministry.

4. Jim Howell, Boise, Idaho real estate developer, testified of daughter's deliverance through prayer from extreme mental disturbance resulting from nervous breakdown.

5. Dennis van Loan, D.D.S., related how his private dental practice has provided wider area of ministry since his Holy Spirit baptism in January, 1973. Dr. van Loan is a Catholic layman.

6. Dr. Roy Howes, Spirit-filled pastor of Boise's First Presbyterian Church, is nationally recognized for his pioneer work to restore the priesthood of the laity in the church.

7. Bill Bond, truck driver currently engaged in agricultural management in real estate, is also president of the new Santa Cruz County Chapter of FGBMFI.

8. Bruce Mansfield, airplane pilot, related how Enoch Christoffersen had led him into the baptism in the Holy Spirit in a private plane 12,000 feet in the air traveling 200 miles an hour from Yakima to Redding. (Someone else was piloting the plane at the time!)



## "From Death Unto Life"

by DAVID CLARK



Missionary to Africa; Given at a  
Los Angeles Chapter Breakfast Meeting

**G**OD CALLED us to Africa to help the comparatively few missionaries there ignite the fire in the hearts of the Africans—a fire which we believe will spread and reach many of their own people that we could not possibly reach.

I shall give you just one incident that occurred while I was ministering in Uganda. One of our African evangelists came to me all excited and said, "I want to tell you what happened in my area. One day I was walking down the street of a little village and saw a funeral procession passing by. Suddenly the Spirit of God came upon me and told me to go and pray for that dead man—and I did!"

It requires great faith and obedience to do a thing like that, but the evangelist claimed that after he had laid his hands on the dead man and commanded him in the name of Jesus to get up, it broke up the funeral procession when the man did indeed arise and walk.

I must admit to having a little

question in my mind concerning the evangelist's story, because one does not often hear of such things today, so I took a day off and went to that village where I met and talked with many of the inhabitants. Some were Moslems, and most of them were unsaved people. But they all agreed: "Yes, it is true. *We are not Christians, but we can tell you that this man had been dead for the most of a day. His body was stone cold. There was no life in him. We can testify this is true.*"

Perhaps you can imagine the stir it caused in that village. The result is that today there is a nice little church there with a congregation of active Christians—and I do mean *active* among their own people. This is only one incident of many that have happened.

I ask that you pray for the African people that God will continue to move the revival across Congo where it is already beginning to experience an encouraging outreach. ■



## FGBMFI CHAPTERS RECENTLY CHARTERED



**Palmer, Alaska.** From left, Harry Yost, secretary; Dave Kepler, vice president; Stanley Davis, president; Howard Alexander, int'l director.



**Chadron, Nebraska.** From left, Bob Roos, vice president; John Longbrake, secretary; Bill Heuser, treasurer; and Jim Bentley, program chairman. Unavailable at the time the picture was taken were Bill Jay, president; and Bob Hensel, int'l director.



**Clearwater, Florida.** From left, Russ Gray, Int'l director; Chuck Harnish, secretary; Bob Anderson, treasurer; Jim Dockerty, vice president; Charles Crisafulli, int'l director; Frank Palazzo, second vice president; Demos Shakarian, int'l president; Lee Peyton, president; Albert D'Arpa, int'l director.

**Burton, Ohio.** From left, Henry Bontrager, treasurer; Howard Rowan, secretary; Herb Arp, second vice president; Bob Polson, vice president; Jim Cofer, president; Cosmo de Bartolo, int'l director.

**Fayetteville, N.C.** From left, Ogburn Yates, int'l director; Quincy K. Nimocks, vice president and leader in chapter's founding, Paul Trolinger, Asheboro Chapter director; Jim Shirley, president.

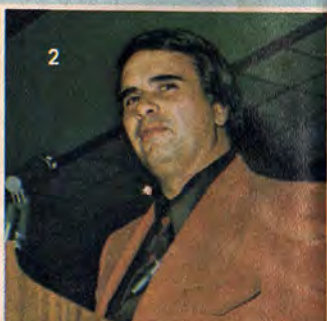


## CHARLOTTE, NASHVILLE CONVENTIONS COMBINE

Charlotte, North Carolina, October 18-20, 1973



1. C. E. Welch, convention chairman, m.c.'d this 10th regional, headquartered in new Sheraton Center.



2. John Jiminez, founder-pastor of Rock Church, Virginia Beach, Va. and former dope addict (VOICE, Feb. 1972) was closing night speaker.



3. Wm. Abercrombie, FGMBFI director from Birmingham, Ala. invited conventioners to attend regional in his area within three weeks.



4. Rev. and Mrs. Neal Hail ministered in song before his Friday evening message in Charlotte's new Civic Center auditorium.



5. Dick and Mignon Coleman conducted Saturday afternoon "miracle service" in which many were delivered of their afflictions. His testimony appears in FGMBFI book, "The Acts of the Holy Spirit Among the Baptists Today."



6. Jamie Buckingham, co-author with Nicky Cruz, Kathryn Kuhlman and Pat Robertson, gave two teaching seminars.



7. Alfred Garr, pastor of Garr Memorial Church in Charlotte, narrated Saturday night musical program presented by church choir, then sang lead in special arrangement of "Amazing Grace, How Can It Be?"



8. Dan O. White, music director for Garr Memorial Church for over 25 years, was convention pianist and organist, and arranged for all musical presentations.



## SPIRITUALITY WITH SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Nashville, Tennessee, October 25-27, 1973



1. Hoyt Elliott, FGBMFI director and president of Nashville chapter, chairmanned this 9th regional held in Hilton Airport Inn.



2. Kenneth Hagin, a non-scheduled speaker, held conventioners spellbound with his testimony of miraculous deliverance from death.



3. Gloria Copeland was featured speaker at Ladies' Luncheon on Friday, followed immediately by husband Kenneth in afternoon teaching seminar. Rev. Copeland also held seminars on Thursday and Saturday.



4. T. L. Lowery, former evangelist now pastor of North Cleveland (Tenn.) Church of God, gave stirring message on Second Coming of Christ.



5. Dr. Wm. Keller, physician from Laurel, Miss. and FGBMFI director, intrigued audiences with his lively song direction.



6. Men's Luncheon brought some 100 businessmen and clergymen together for Christian fellowship.



7. Sammy Hall Singers performed before overflow crowd at youth Banquet arranged and conducted by Richard Shakarian, Youth Crusades of America president, and Norvel Hayes, Cleveland, Tenn. record manufacturer and FGBMFI director.



8. Three retired U.S. Army officers enjoyed hearing guest speaker Comdr. Carl Wilgus, USN. From left, 1st Sgt. S. S. Campbell, Gen. R. H. York, Maj. James Dale.

## FOUNDER OF CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY CHAPTER PASSES

Rodger Hazen, president of the Chautauqua County Chapter, Fredonia, N.Y., reports the passing of Frank Peckham, 73, who at the age of 70 founded the Chautauqua County Chapter and was its first president.

Rev. Peckham was a pastor for twenty-seven years of four different Assembly of God churches and holder of many offices within that organization. Upon his retirement from the pastoral ministry in 1955, he worked under the auspices of the American Sunday School Union, then later with the FGBMFI. Three years ago, at the age of 71, he started a coffee house ministry for the young people three nights of the week. All of this along with maintaining his home and a trailer court.

President Hazen concludes: "Frank Peckham was a man who refused to retire from the Lord's work. We of the Chautauqua County Chapter FGBMFI and all his friends throughout western N.Y. will miss him greatly. May we all learn from his example of a life lived for Jesus."

### SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer. Here are the six Scriptural steps which all must take to pass from death unto life:

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). You must acknowledge in the light of God's Word that you are a sinner.

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). You must see the awfulness of sin and then repent of it.

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). "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans 10:10). Confess not to men but to God.

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). Sorrow for sin is not enough in itself. We must want to be done with it once and for all.

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). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and

shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16). Believe in the finished work of Christ on the cross.

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). Christ must be received personally into the heart by faith, if the experience of the New Birth is to be yours.

**Why not make your eternal decision right now:** "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men."

**When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know about it so that we may rejoice together.**

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY/STATE/ZIP .....

Mail to: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 17904, Los Angeles, California 90017



# F G B M F I

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# Conventions and Rallies

## **GREATER WASHINGTON, D.C.**

**February 13-16, 1974**

Washington Hilton Hotel  
Al Malachuk/Francis Robinson, Co-Chmn.  
P.O. Box 4270, Washington, D.C. 20012

## **TULSA, OKLAHOMA**

**February 13-16, 1974**

Camelot Inn  
Jack Long/Lee Braxton/  
Dr. Lloyd Huneryager, Co.-Chmn.  
Mailing Address: Dr. Donald O. Tregoning,  
2020 S. Maplewood, Tulsa, OK 74101

## **FORT WORTH, TEXAS**

**February 20-23, 1974**

Sheraton Ft. Worth Hotel  
Odell McBrayer/Sherwin McCurdy, Co-Chmn.  
826 Commerce Bldg., Ft. Worth, TX 76101

## **CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA**

**February 21-23, 1974**

Gateway to the Stars Motel, Cocoa Beach  
Charles Crisafulli/Earl Anderson, Co-Chmn.  
Rt. #2, Box 860, Merritt Island, FL 32952

## **NORTHERN CALIFORNIA**

**March 14-16, 1974**

San Francisco Hilton  
Ronny Svenhard/Frank Cordeiro, Co-Chmn.  
19356 Meekland Ave., Hayward, CA 94541

## **VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA**

**March 14-16, 1974**

Empress Hotel  
Wm. Scott/Dr. Doug Roberts, Co-Chmn.  
Mailing Address: Jack McNeill,  
1769 Emerson St., Victoria, B.C.

## **HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA**

**March 20-23, 1974**

Royal Connaught Hotel  
Stewart Berlett/Alf Brown, Co-Chmn.  
P.O. Box 4106, Postal Station D, Hamilton, Ont.

## **MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA**

**March 22-23, 1974**

Muskogee Civic Center  
Henry Freese/Dr. Lloyd Huneryager, Co-Chmn.  
3620 W. Broadway, Muskogee, OK 74401

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