

FULL GOSPEL
BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

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REDESIGNED

Architect Walter Moore's Story



REDESIGNED

Walter Moore, Arnold, Missouri

The place in Kentucky where I grew up is where poverty originated, or at least so we thought. We used to say that we were so poor we couldn't pay attention. We didn't even know what ice cream was. The closest we came to it was putting some vanilla on snow and eating it.

I never saw a doctor. Castor oil was the one cure for everything. If you had a stomach ache, headache, chills or fever you got castor oil. If that didn't cure you it

was mixed with turpentine. You can believe that I never confessed being sick. Never!

My introduction to religion was through my grandfather, a Southern Baptist preacher. Grandpa preached at Piney Grove Baptist Church, a little white clapboard country church. He had gone off somewhere and got what he said was "the baptism in the Holy Ghost." Others explained the change in him by saying that Grandpa was old and senile.

He would preach about Israel being restored, Armageddon, the signs of Christ's return—earthquakes, famine and pestilences. He shouted that the

earth would split asunder and the graves would be opened and loved ones reunited with those who had died in Christ.

Grandpa made it so real that I remember scooting over to the window and looking over the honeysuckle vine to see if any of the graves in the churchyard were splitting. They weren't, so I assumed that Grandpa didn't know what he was talking about.

That was the first of many deceptions Satan planted in my head. The Bible warns in John 8:44 that the devil is a liar and the father of lies.

During World War II we moved to Cincinnati, Ohio where I attended the University of Cincinnati, studying engineering. There I encountered another of Satan's falsehoods—evolution.

Evolution teaches us that we came from an accidental chemical reaction; that we came from nowhere, are going nowhere and are doing nothing worthwhile while we are at it. How could the impressionable mind of a boy from Kentucky resist the brilliance of the most learned?

The result was wrong direction to my life. Believing that you came from chemicals doesn't help you to be loving or to be loyal. It doesn't build self-esteem or meaningful relationships. If you question what I'm saying, just wake your wife with the greeting, "Good morning, Swamp Gas!" and see how *that* affects your marriage.

Satan has used the false theory of evolution to degrade a whole generation into doing whatever felt good regardless of the consequences.

A friend of mine said he saw a sign on

an old car that said, "Stamp Out Morality—If It Feels Good Do It." It made him so angry that he wanted to take a sledgehammer, beat the headlights in, break the windshield, dent the hood and doors, and then put a sign on it: "It Felt Good and I Did It." That satanic philosophy is destroying lives and homes, and can destroy a nation.

It had a disastrous effect on me. I belonged to a motorcycle and flying club, the Flying Eightballs. We dressed in

We rode motorcycles, flew airplanes, chased girls and drank alcohol

black leather jackets, black leather pants, black hats with white bills and gold braid, and black boots with gold spurs. We rode motorcycles, flew airplanes, chased girls and drank alcohol.

In spite of this tough exterior, inwardly I was hungry, searching and miserable. Life seemed aimless and meaningless—a cruel joke.

My brother came home from the war in Europe, where he had learned a little German and French. While he was away his wife Dorothy had gone to some meetings and had been born again and filled with the Holy Spirit. When Jimmy came home he didn't like what had happened to his wife. She was not the same person and didn't like to do the same things.

By now, Satan had Jimmy and me believing that a good weekend was to ride cycles, get in a barroom brawl and

come home drunk, unable to remember anything on Monday.

Jimmy threatened that whenever his wife would go to a church meeting he was going to go to a nightclub with other women. Her response was, "Jimmy, I love you, but I love Jesus more than any other person on earth."

As you know, the Lord and the devil just don't sleep together. The relationship between my brother and his wife was so strained at this time, with Jesus in

I flew into a cloud that looked like a cathedral

her and the devil in him, that they had separate bedrooms.

One night Jimmy heard her praying in the next room. He was so angry that he dashed in, intent on violence. By the time he got there Dorothy was praying in her prayer language. He heard her saying in German that Jesus was God's Son and that He died so that Jimmy could believe and be born again.

Knowing that she knew no German, my brother was shocked. He asked her, "Do you know what you're saying?"

"I'm just praying in the prayer language that God has given me," she explained.

"No, you are not!" he said. "You're preaching to me in German."

She was so excited that she exclaimed in French (she knew no French), "Not only will you be born again, but you will be filled with God's Holy Spirit."

This hit Jimmy so hard that he fell on his knees by the bed, accepted Jesus as his Saviour and was filled with the Holy Spirit.

Through that experience the Lord amazingly changed my brother from a man of anger and violence to a happy and loving person. He looked like he had joined the Order of the Holy Grin. He and Dorothy were in church anytime the doors were open.

My daddy said, "I am glad Jimmy doesn't beat his wife and drink and do all those things he used to do, but I think this religion has affected his mind."

I myself thought they had hypnotized him, because nobody had that much fun going to church. Church *had* to be a drudgery.

I decided that if I went down to that church and punched out the preacher it would break the hypnotic spell and I could get my brother back to wine, women and song. I wanted to save him from salvation!

Dressed in my black leather outfit, I roared up to the church in my Harley Davidson and went inside. I didn't know that Jimmy had everybody in that church praying for me.

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As I stepped inside, a man almost eighty years old who had suffered a partial stroke hobbled up to me with his cane and asked if I was "Brother Moore."

In no uncertain terms I told him I wasn't his brother.

He asked if I was Jimmy Moore's brother. I answered, "No. Jimmy Moore is my brother."

The old man threw his arms around me and gave me a big smack right on the cheek. I saw tears in his eyes.

I stopped looking for the pastor. All I could see was that old man, praising God that I was saved. I *wasn't* saved yet, but I got goosebumps as I ran out of that church and rode off on my cycle.

But I was running a losing race. Six months later I was flying a Luscomb Silvair all by myself over Cincinnati, with the blue sky above and the green earth below, when God came into that little airplane. I flew into a cloud that looked like a cathedral, maybe five miles wide and nineteen miles long. The sun's rays were refracted; it was all colors.

All of a sudden I was released to God. I don't know how to explain it, except that I was a totally new person when I walked away from that airplane.

That night I walked into Jimmy's church while the service was in progress. I didn't know that there was a time for an altar call, so I walked right down to the front, motorcycle outfit and all. The pastor stopped and asked what I wanted.

I said, "Whatever I need."

One thing I appreciate about Pentecostals is that they're so full of zeal. The people in that church came at me like chicken at corn. If *they* could have given me the Baptism I'd have had it instantly.

Finally they all left me, but the Holy Ghost didn't. I saw something flickering; the pastor was turning the lights on and off to signal that it was time to go home. But I was so full of praise that it burst out, and for an hour and forty-five minutes I wanted to express my love to God in every way I knew. I was so changed that I have never been the same since.

I came home praising God in tongues at 2:00 A.M. and woke Mom. She put her hand on her head and said, "Where did we go wrong in raising you boys?"

In time we have had the joy of knowing that our mom and dad saw us get something real and solid: a faith in Jesus

that has affected our whole family and even multitudes throughout the world.

One experience in the city of St. Louis shows the difference between believing that you're a chemical reaction and believing that you're created by the living God to enable His Son Jesus to minister to others in the power of His Holy Spirit. A Methodist minister, who had recently been filled with the Holy Spirit, lived next door to Bill Banks. Bill was in the last stages of cancer. The doctors at Barnes Hospital concluded that there was no cure.

Bill had weighed about 200 pounds, but now was down to 90. His kidneys had

During my university days I had been deceived

ceased functioning and he was on a dialysis machine, with the prognosis that he had fewer than forty-four hours to live. Many were praying.

The minister asked me if I would go along with him to pray for Bill personally. When we entered the room Bill was unconscious. I opened the Bible to Isaiah 53 and read, "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; with his stripes we are healed."

I laid the open Bible on his stomach. As we prayed he went into convulsions. Something in my inner spirit rose up. I said, "That is the last stand of Satan!"

I didn't know what resulted until the following Saturday at a prayer breakfast, when someone asked, "Did you hear

about Bill Banks?" I hate to tell you the first thought that entered my mind—the worst. But before I could expose my lack of faith the man exclaimed, "Bill has been healed!" God had heard His people's prayers.

I rushed out of that meeting to the hospital and found Bill sitting on the edge of his bed, totally healed. He had gotten the man in the bed next to him turned on to Jesus.

Since then Bill and his wife have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at an FGBMFI meeting. In their Presbyterian church, with a membership of more than 3,000, hundreds of people have received the Baptism.

In the thirty-five years since I got saved and baptized in the Holy Ghost I've continued to grow in the Lord. I met my wife Mary in church and we were married in 1959 and started our family. I settled down to my career, first as a designer for an architectural firm in St. Louis. Then, after many years as a progressive employee through a series of promotions, I began my own architectural firm in 1973.

In 1961 when I went to Washington, D.C. to work on an architectural project for my employer, I found myself in the same hotel as a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship convention. They were all over the place, looking happy and enjoying themselves, and one of them invited me to attend the meetings. I've been hooked ever since.

Through Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International I have had the joy of telling others on distant continents that God loves them and that Jesus died

for them. The Lord has helped me to be able to spend about 40 percent of my time as an architect and 60 percent of my time ministering for Jesus. I have participated in eleven airlifts going into more than eighteen countries, including the first airlift to England.

About a year ago I spent \$4,000 to go to India, but what an investment. In five days we saw ten thousand people born again. How did we do it? This architect and others challenged the devil. Hinduism alone has 380 million gods. We stood and declared, "Jesus is the only true God!"

Thousands of people got healed. One old man stood and testified through an interpreter, "I am ninety-six years old and everybody in this village knows me. For fifteen years I have been blind and could not see any of you, my friends. Now I can see. God has visited our village—and I say let's accept Him as our God. When eyes that have been blind are opened, the deaf hear and leprosy is healed, you must make a decision either to accept God or reject Him. All of you who want to accept Jesus, stand. . . . Now, first we want to renounce false gods!"

Besides the more than ten thousand who accepted Jesus, forty Bible students from India were there and many of them have remained in that place to minister. Praise God!

During my university days and at other times as I grew I had been deceived by Satan. But now, praise God, I have been delivered from his power by the Lord Jesus Christ. The before-and-after phases of my life stand as a testimonial to the

peace, joy and fulfillment that God offers to those who put their lives in His hands.

The choice is clear. It is not between belief and unbelief, but between believing the devil's lies or the promises of God. □



Walter Moore attended the University of Cincinnati, spent two years in the Korean conflict, and has devoted thirty-one years to engineering and architectural work, the last twelve in his own firm, "Moore Designs" Architectural Company in St. Louis. He and his wife Mary worship at Life Christian Center in St. Louis, and have two children: Anna Marie, twenty-two, and Jerry, eighteen. Walter is a member of the St. Louis Chapter of FGBMFI, and has served since 1974 as an international director and since 1984 as a vice-president on the executive board and a member of the editorial committee.

The impact of the .38 caliber bullet slammed me back upon the bed. "My God, what have I done?" I moaned.

I struggled to my feet and, leaving a bloody trail behind me, stumbled to the

Jack Shaw, Johnstown, Pennsylvania

living room and into the horror-stricken presence of my family.

It was Christmas Eve.

I had been drinking and popping pills for days. The more I drank, the more drugs I took, the sicker I got. And the sicker I got the more I drank. My wife Grace begged me to stop. "Please don't spoil Christmas for me and the kids," she said. But, just as I had done for many years, I ignored her pleading.

The first time I saw Grace in church, I thought she was the prettiest thing I had ever seen. I talked her into giving me her address and phone number. She lived in a foster home, and when I finally mustered the courage to telephone her they allowed me to see her but not to date her. So I'd go to her house and we'd sit and talk for hours.

Grace told me that she wasn't very happy living with foster parents. At the time I wasn't getting along with my father. We concocted a plan: we would run away and get married. She was fifteen; I was seventeen. She had saved up about four dollars, while my only asset was a 1935 Ford coupe with a tankful of gas.

While Grace's money lasted we ate bread-and-mustard sandwiches. Then I stole food to eat and gas for our car.

When I got caught stealing milk in Maryland the police took us to the jail for questioning. "What are you doing down here in Maryland, anyway?"

"We're going to get married," I said.

"Why don't you just go home to Penn-

STEEPLE

sylvania and forget the whole thing?"

We promised we would. They released us. Back home, my father handed me \$50 and the keys to his Buick. "Go get married," he said.

Afterwards we moved into a small apartment that my parents had, and I went to work as a steeplejack for my older brother Bob. I earned \$73.90 a week, most of which I paid to Dad for our board and room.

Bob had contracted a huge job in Utica, New York. About a week after I was married, I went to work in Utica. There we worked long hours, ate in restaurants, lived in a hotel, and returned home every two weeks for brief visits. Despite being a minor I learned that I could go into a bar or liquor store without being challenged. I remember vividly my first purchase: a fifth of vodka, a fifth of gin and a fifth of bourbon. I took it to my motel room, drank much of it—and became terribly sick.

I don't know why I started drinking. Maybe it was because of the frustration brought on by extreme poverty. I was one of eight children, so poor that the neighbors used to bring in food and gifts for us at Christmas; I

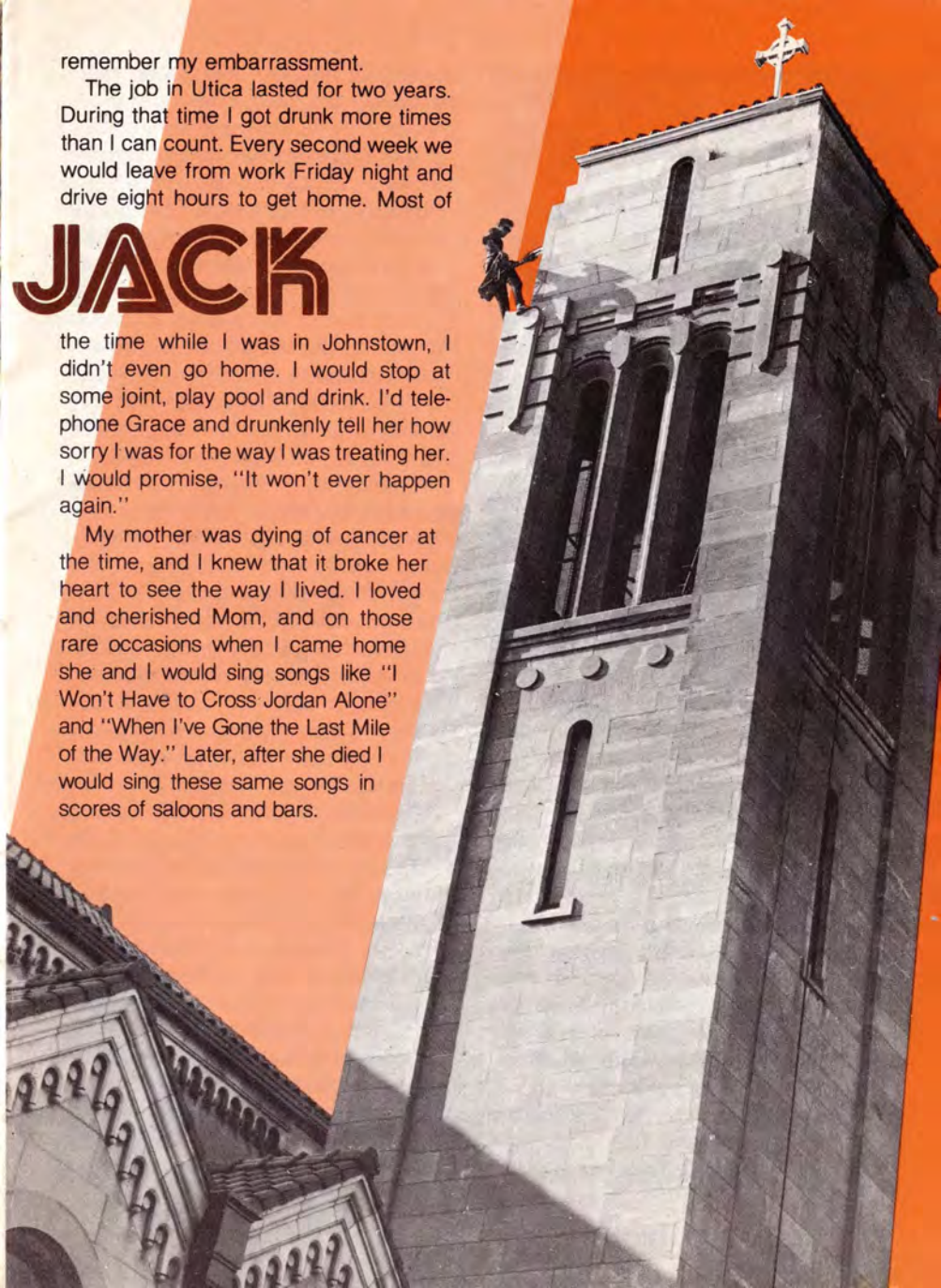
remember my embarrassment.

The job in Utica lasted for two years. During that time I got drunk more times than I can count. Every second week we would leave from work Friday night and drive eight hours to get home. Most of

JACK

the time while I was in Johnstown, I didn't even go home. I would stop at some joint, play pool and drink. I'd telephone Grace and drunkenly tell her how sorry I was for the way I was treating her. I would promise, "It won't ever happen again."

My mother was dying of cancer at the time, and I knew that it broke her heart to see the way I lived. I loved and cherished Mom, and on those rare occasions when I came home she and I would sing songs like "I Won't Have to Cross Jordan Alone" and "When I've Gone the Last Mile of the Way." Later, after she died I would sing these same songs in scores of saloons and bars.



Though she had opposed our marriage because of our extreme youth, once we were married Mom treated Grace like one of the family. It was she who tried to help hold our marriage together. And it was my mother who telephoned me in Utica to give me the news of our first child. "Jack," she said, "you've got a fine, healthy little girl . . ."

To celebrate the event I got drunk. Shortly after she held her granddaughter in her arms, my mother died.

When my brother Bob started the Shaw Brothers' Roofing Company, another brother, Ted, and I worked with him on jobs all over the country. We repaired church steeples and roofs of high buildings. Soon we had more work than we could handle. We bought a couple of old fire engines for hauling our equipment and used the ladders to reach the high places on which we worked.

After Hurricane Betsy ravaged New Orleans I drove one of those trucks to Louisiana to help clean up the damage. We were in New Orleans for two years. Because of all its bars and night life, New Orleans was like Utica, only worse, which added up to more drinking and fighting. I began getting involved with drugs.

After long, hard work days we resorted to the bars. I loved to sing country westerns, especially the songs of Johnny Cash, who inspired me greatly. Soon my singing brought me to the attention of bar owners and managers. I was often asked to perform, and did so gladly.

Because I was sure that God could not smile upon a drunk, I felt guilty and miserable most of the time. But when I

discovered drugs, I thought they might be my way out, a convenient alternative to liquor. Then I could quit them both.

But the biggest problem with drugs, I was soon to learn, was that when I "crashed" (*withdrawal* is the proper term), the hangovers, the recuperation time, even the guilt, were far worse than anything liquor ever produced.

I soon took drugs to wake up and to help me function at top speed. When I was ready to slow down and go to sleep, I'd drink. These habits made me very irritable. I was constantly in trouble, and in and out of jails and hospitals.

In the next few years some things happened which made me realize how fragile life is. One night Mickey, my fellow worker and barroom buddy, and I had been drinking heavily. Our raucous "fun" began to irritate the bartender. "Knock it off!" he told us a time or two. I was looking for a place to rent, since I had been living with my cousin. Noticing a sign behind the bar, "Rooms for Rent—Inquire," I asked the bartender about it.

He said, "We don't rent to bums."

Mickey retorted, "Who are you calling bums, Mister?"

"The two of you are bums," the bartender yelled. "And I want you to get out of my place now . . . *right now!*"

"Okay, Mister," said Mickey. "But your place is a dive." He slammed his half-full bottle down on the bar, causing its contents to splash in the face of the bartender, and headed for the door. As I drained my glass and turned to follow, a pistol shot rang out. Mickey grunted, staggered outside and fell dead. The bartender had shot him in the back.

That was in late 1965. Not long after we finished our work in New Orleans a large steel company hired our crew in August of 1967 to dismantle a huge ore bridge, which was very dangerous work. My older brother Bob and I were working within fifteen feet of each other. With no warning the ore bridge collapsed. Two men were killed instantly. Bob was one of them.

I gazed at my brother's crushed and mangled body. "God," I asked, "why was it Bob? Why was I spared?"

God didn't answer me. Why should He? I hadn't been on talking terms with Him.

From the time I was sixteen my love for country music had increased. Johnny Cash became my idol. I bought and learned the words and music of nearly every tape and record Cash produced. In 1968 I put together my own country band, calling it Jack Shaw and the Fugitives.

We attained a measure of success and became local stars with a regular weekly show on a country western radio station. That led to a string of guest shots with some big names in the business.

As a result, for two years I traveled from coast to coast with a top-notch Nashville road show and landed a recording contract with Ashley Records.

Success was finally within my grasp. But the constant pressure of travel and performances, the unpredictable schedules and the long hours took their toll. I became more and more dependent upon liquor and drugs. By late 1974, at age thirty, I was disillusioned, depressed and suicidal. Pills and booze and gambling owned and controlled me.



Jack Shaw with country-western star Johnny Cash, who was his role model

Often, after the other customers had stumbled drunkenly out of the door of one of my barroom haunts, I'd strum my guitar and sing to the empty room, "These Things Shall Pass," "When I've Gone the Last Mile of the Way," "I Won't Have to Cross Jordan Alone," and other songs from my days singing in church as a boy and with my dying mother. As I'd play and sing those old gospel favorites, my heart would cry out to God.

Hunched over a bar stool one night, I told the lady bartender, "I'm tired of this kind of life. I'm going to straighten up and get back to church."

I contracted a job in Baltimore that

stretched into a three-year-long nightmare. So wired that I seldom slept through the night, I often found myself in need of a drink at 3:00 A.M. If I found an open bar I'd down a bellyfull of beer that would enable me to relax enough to go to the motel and pass out.

Weekends, I would be back in Johnstown, driving my Blazer and my Cadillac convertible with its mobile phone. I looked the "prosperity" part, but all the time I was growing more and more desperate. Many nights, only the telephone and the one person I could reach at night prevented me from taking my own life. That person was Ray Streets, who became both my friend and my pastor.

Often in the middle of the night when the desperation grew out of hand, I would dial Ray's number and wake him. "It's Jack. Can I talk with you?"

"Sure, Jack, come on over." We would talk for hours. Ray never pressured me. But he always projected love—his own and the love of God. I grasped for that loving assurance as a drowning man clutches for a straw.

Back in Baltimore, I bought a Bible. I looked at it at night and touched it, comforted by its being there. I put it under my pillow when I tried to sleep.

But I didn't open it. I *knew* what was inside that Bible. I knew it would be God talking to me. And even in my intolerable state, I wasn't ready to listen to His voice.

Christmas Eve of 1974 almost climaxed the entire story. As usual, I was drunk. Grace and I argued about my drinking. I pulled out my .38 and stuck it against my chest. My wife turned pale. I said,

"Grace, this is it. I've got to go . . ."

She saw that I was serious and left the room. I took a deep breath and attempted to pull the trigger, but couldn't. I'm not sure why. Then, as I went to put the gun away, suddenly it went off pointblank into my side.

In the ambulance I held my head in my hands. "Oh, God. Oh, God . . . when is this nightmare ever going to end?" That Christmas, like so many others, was a miserable failure.

I spent two weeks in the hospital. Doctors said I was extremely "lucky" to walk away alive and with no serious injuries.

Help eventually came in October, 1976 through my brother-in-law. At his insistence I finally went with him to hear the Gospel preached. Afterwards I asked a counselor to talk with me.

He opened his Bible and showed me Romans 7:19: "For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." I realized that someone else had had the same problem I had—and Jesus Christ had helped him.

The counselor said, "Jack, Jesus Christ will set you free of your drug problem." When he prayed for me I was *instantly* freed from my drug bondage.

Liquor took a little longer. But on Sunday, August 4, 1977 I was delivered from its power too, when I turned my whole life over to God.

I've read my Bible on a daily basis since then. This, along with daily prayer and regular church attendance, keeps me in close touch with God and on the right path.

Reading God's promise to give us the



Shaw's recently-recorded gospel album is "The Master's Voice"

desires of our heart, I thought, *Well, I want to see my family happy. I want to sing to the glory of God. I want to sing and perform with Johnny Cash. I want to be a missionary.*

God has granted me all of that and more. He has put my family back together again. He has given me the privilege of performing with Johnny and June Cash. He has enabled me to go to the mission field of Haiti with Pastor Ray Streets, to share my new love for Jesus with the Haitians and to minister to them with gospel music.

He has given me inventive ideas to be designed and marketed, and gospel songs to write and sing. Through His Holy Spirit, the Lord has enriched my life far beyond anything I could ever have asked.

He will do the same for anyone who will come to Him with his whole heart, no matter how impossible that may seem. I know. Because my situation was about as desperate as anyone's could be. □

Jack Shaw has his own steeplejack company and has worked in that occupation for most of his life. For nearly ten years he had his own band, and continues to sing gospel music and to share his testimony throughout the country. He and his wife Grace have five children: Suzanne, John, Stacie, Matthew and Sarah Grace, and three grandchildren. The Shaws attend Emmanuel Baptist Church in Johnstown, and Jack is a member of FGBMFI's Roof Garden County Chapter in Somerset.



Norman Mendens, Bangalore, India

SAVED IN THE SURF

The beach was deserted when we arrived that late afternoon. Leaving my children on shore, I waded into the warm water. The rough sand and gentle waves felt good at my feet. Where the water deepened, I

floated lazily on my back, riding with the rhythmic pull of the tide as it swelled and broke on the shoreline.

I knew I was being pushed gently out to sea, but I was not unduly worried. The beach where my children played looked

reassuringly close to me.

Closing my eyes, I continued blissfully to drift. A large wave splashing over my face caused me to look about. To my horror, I saw that the land had receded into the distance and I was far out at sea.

The waves had become increasingly choppy. Quickly I struck out for the shore. All my effort to swim back, however, was futile. I could make no headway against the surge of wind and current.

My heart pounding, I began yelling for help. My voice was drowned out by the

the world I was a successful and well-known man. Yet as I struggled in the dark waters I could see that everything I had attained amounted to nothing. Despite my achievements, I had been living an utterly shallow and wasted life.

My mind raced back to a Sunday evening a few months earlier. Passing a Pentecostal church where a revival meeting was in progress, I had stopped and looked in. It was the lively music that had attracted me. I had never heard church music like that before. Then I heard the message of salvation for the

The waves became increasingly choppy. I struck out for shore but all my efforts to swim back were futile

roar of the waves. Bitter salt water rushed into my mouth and throat at every shout.

I saw my son Chris, and waved frantically to him. Not realizing my plight, he casually waved back. It was like a last farewell.

Meanwhile, daylight was fading fast and night loomed all around me. The effort to stay afloat was beginning to sap my strength.

I'm going to drown, I said to myself in panic. I'll die in these waters. I won't see my family again . . . Fearsome thoughts lashed and pounded at me: *What will happen to me when I die? Where will I go?* Heartsick, I had no answers.

I considered my life. I was a prominent member of my community, one of the pillars of my church. As music director, member of the pastoral council and emcee at every parish function, I was very much a public figure. In the eyes of

first time.

This experience had created more questions than answers. *What is all this talk about being saved?* I wondered. *Besides my involvement in church, must I also be saved?* I was determined to find out more.

For the next few months I had pored over the Bible. Reading Acts 8, 9 and 10, I found some interesting case histories with which I could identify. Gradually my eyes had been opened. It had finally dawned upon me that I was very, very far from being a good Christian. I had realized that all the rituals of Sunday church attendance, activities and good works could never win a place for me in heaven.

About that time, my wife Dorothy and our daughter Rosalind had joined a prayer group and received Jesus into their hearts. They had begun to pray that I too would come to know the Lord Jesus



in a very personal way.

For our vacation, the family had decided to holiday at the beach resort which now seemed so far away in my waterfilled eyes. Only the night before, I had relaxed on that beach, gazing at the countless stars sparkling in the sky. Staring at the vastness of space, I had been overwhelmed by the greatness of God. It had come to me that earth was a mere speck in the universe, and man but a speck on a speck.

"God," I had been moved to ask, "could You please make Yourself more real to me?"

I had gone to bed a little later, but had been awakened by mosquitoes in the middle of the night. Somehow, I could not get back to sleep.

I had reached for my Bible and opened it. John 11:25 leaped out at me: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believeest thou this?"

Exhausted by the effort to keep my head above the rolling surf, I was on the verge of giving up the struggle. Suddenly I remembered that verse from the Gospel of John. Then I sensed a gentle voice asking, "Son, do you believe?"

"Yes, Lord," I responded with all my heart. "I believe! As You once stilled the waves on Galilee, You have the power to save me from these waves. Thank You, Jesus, for coming to my rescue!"

The very next moment, seemingly from nowhere, I saw Chris swimming alongside me. He gave me a couple of pushes and asked me to check if I could touch bottom. Where only moments earlier I had been desperately treading water, to my amazement the tip of my toe felt solid ground.

God had given me a fresh lease on life. He had snatched me from the jaws of death, using my fifteen-year-old son as His instrument.

Out of the water, I collapsed from sheer exhaustion. My head spun like a top and my knees buckled. Gratefully, I knew that God had answered my cry in the stormy sea and saved me—not only physically, but spiritually as well.

The void in my heart was now filled. In

His infinite love and mercy God had reached down and touched me with His transforming power. I was now a new creature in Christ because I had received Jesus into my heart. My life was totally His.

More than six years have elapsed since this encounter with the Lord. My lifestyle, values and priorities have undergone a radical change. Wealth, ambition and pleasure no longer fill my life and my thoughts. Instead, it is Jesus, King and Lord of my life.

He has broken down barriers, healed relationships and made my life richer and fuller in every way imaginable. I have also become the priest of my house, with Jesus as the Head. As a family we now experience the reality of God in our lives. We pray to Him as a loving Father who cares for us. We read His Holy Word together, trusting the Holy Spirit to guide us in all things.

Before my born-again experience, the tension and stress in my life led to a peptic ulcer. Since accepting Jesus as my personal Lord and Saviour, I have an inner peace I had never experienced before. The problems and anxieties of the day no longer upset me, because it is Jesus who controls and directs my business. The peptic ulcer is now healed and restless nights are a thing of the past.

On the rare occasions when I am awakened at night, I have only to recite the Twenty-third Psalm and I am literally lying down in green pastures, my soul restored. When I have a particularly thorny

problem I cry out to the Lord, and either He eliminates it or He gives me grace to rise above it so that I may live the victorious life of an overcomer.

For the last twelve years I have operated a travel agency. In the course of my business, social drinking had become a way of life. Many times I tried to give it up in my own strength, but failed.

I consoled myself with the thought that all of my friends drank; that it was the accepted thing in my circles. In June of 1983, however, God dealt with me in this area.

At FGBMFI's 2nd Asian Convention I acknowledged my weakness and surrendered the problem to the Lord. Gloriously, He not only removed my bondage to alcohol, but as a bonus He took away the urge to smoke.

Today I have the opportunity to witness to people about the love of Jesus and His saving grace. In outreach ministry, I have seen broken marriages made whole and peace and joy restored. I have seen physical healing by the laying on of hands. I have also had the privilege of seeing men and women respond to the message of salvation.

I continue to thank God that He spared my life that October evening six years ago, and that He is pleased to use me as His instrument to lead many souls into His kingdom. □

Norman Mendens is managing director of a travel bureau in Bangalore and president of an FGBMFI chapter there.

If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through *Voice*, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

Let's Serve H

as members of FGBMFI

"That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his son Jesus Christ." (1 John 1:3)



A tremendous move of God is spreading throughout the world. The Lord is taking men from every walk of life and using them in His service at home and abroad.

As Christians we are privileged to be laborers together with Him, and to experience the excitement of being His ambassadors to every kindred and tribe.

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International offers men an opportunity to serve God in witnessing, counseling, ministering and distributing literature—to mention only a few avenues. You will find a vital Christian fellowship which is unique to FGBMFI. Members share a love for and dedication to the Lord and each other that is inspiring.

In addition to the wonderful fellowship, there is fulfillment of spiritual needs and service which give a joy and peace difficult to understand and impossible to explain.

Sharing your testimony at chapter

him Together!

I John 1:3

meetings, during conventions and on overseas trips is only one door of service the Fellowship will open to you. Prison ministry, and television specials with supportive phone counseling are among the available avenues of spiritual challenge.

We want to invite you, as a born-again Christian who is open to all God has to offer, to become a member of FGBMFI today. For a limited time the cost of membership has been reduced from \$30 to \$25 for one-year; \$80 to \$75 for three-year; and from \$120 to \$100 for five-year memberships. Just fill out the membership application below

and send it with your check to FGBMFI Headquarters. By return mail you will receive your membership card, beautiful lapel pin and subscriptions to Voice and Vision magazines. Send your application today.

A unique opportunity lies ahead of you as a Christian man in the marketplace. Whatever your denomination, your business, profession or occupation, you may help to change the spiritual destiny of thousands.

As men of God, let's link arms, hearts and lives to serve Christ in this day of great opportunity—

LET'S SERVE HIM TOGETHER!

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Business Phone (_____) _____ Home (_____) _____

Chapter Name _____ Chapter # _____

I have enclosed. ☐ \$25* ☐ \$75* ☐ \$100* ☐ \$500 for a:
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Signature _____ Date _____

Mail application and check to: FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628

*Special membership offers valid through December 1985 (good in U.S. only) 3100-15-0985



SERVING TOGETHER

How can a worldwide Christian organization such as Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International include in its membership men from almost every church background you can name, and still enjoy unity? How can men with differing doctrinal positions experience genuine fellowship?

The primary reason is that their fellowship is centered in a *person*—Jesus Christ—not around a position. The tenets printed below do not constitute a basis for judging others, but rather a core of truth which needs to possess those who join together through FGBMF to reach the businessmen of the world for Jesus.

Unconditional love transcends denominational barriers, and the call to greatness submerges differences that divide. Come, let's serve Him together.

1. We believe in one God, Maker of all things and being in Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

2. We believe that the Son of God, Jesus Christ, became incarnate, was begotten by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary, and is true God and true man.

3. We believe that the Bible in its entirety is the inspired word of God and infallible rule of faith and conduct.

4. We believe in the resurrection of the dead, the eternal happiness of the saved, and the eternal punishment of the lost.

5. We believe in the personal salvation of believers through the shed blood of Christ.

6. We believe in sanctification by the blood of Christ, in personal holiness of heart and life, and in separation from the world.

7. We believe in divine healing, through faith, and that healing is included in the atonement.

8. We believe in the baptism of the Holy Ghost accompanied by the initial physical sign of speaking with other tongues as the Spirit of God gives utterance (Acts 2:4), as distinct from the new birth, and in the nine gifts of the Spirit, listed in I Corinthians 12, as now available to believers.

9. We believe in the Christian's hope—the imminent, personal return of the Lord Jesus Christ.

10. We believe in intensive world evangelism and missionary work in accordance with the Great Commission, with signs following.



HELL AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

Joe Forrester, Nashville, Tennessee

Once upon a time there was a twelve-year-old boy who found out that sniffing airplane glue gave him and his friends a great high. But soon that wasn't enough. They moved on to wine, beer, whiskey, marijuana, uppers, downers and hard drugs. By the time he was fourteen he was hopelessly caught up in the fast lane.

There were fights at home, in the neighborhood, at church and at school. The resulting turmoil at home helped to hasten his parents' divorce. Although he failed every subject at school, he was promoted to the next grade; his teachers didn't want him a second year.

When he was seventeen, he took a

dose of homemade "uncut" LSD—enough to kill him in fifteen minutes. Driving home, he began to hallucinate, hit another car head-on, crashed through the windshield, and was taken to the hospital to die. At 2:00 A.M. they pronounced him dead.

But this boy sensed that he was looking down on his own body from above, and he heard the medical staff talking about him. Then he felt himself traveling down a very long tunnel. At the end of it he saw hell, and he knew he was going to spend eternity there.

With all his heart he cried, "Jesus, please save me!"

Four hours later that young man was

released from the hospital with no brain concussion, no trace of LSD in his body, not even a sign of a cut or bruise.

What he did have was a new nature. He was head over heels in love with Jesus. He started picking up unwanted kids off the street and taking them to church with him—three carloads three times a week. Now he devotes his life to telling people about his Lord.

I know this story is true, because the young man is my son Mark.

As for me, I grew up in a nice, respectable Methodist church where we had a program to follow and the pastor and choir all wore robes. I thought I was a Christian because I had gone to church all my life.

As a manufacturer's representative for eight textile mills in fifteen south-eastern states and eight foreign countries, I was doing very well for a country boy. I traveled so much that I wore out a passport every three years. I drove Cadillacs and BMWs and owned a nice home in the suburbs. I wasn't aware that there was anything missing in my life until we started to have trouble with Mark—and it never occurred to me that God could do anything with a now-seventeen-year-old drug addict.

After Mark's conversion nothing in our lives was the same.

Although I lived 300 miles from Mark and his mother, he would call me long-distance to witness to me. He never preached, and he didn't try to explain it all out. He'd simply tell me about things that were happening in his life, and let the Holy Spirit explain them to me.

One day he called to tell me about a

couple of people whose lives had been changed by God.

He ended by saying, "Can you imagine God allowing a young man like me, who has done so many terrible things, the privilege of being in His presence and and seeing Him change somebody else? Daddy, the main reason I called you was to tell you how much I love you."

Then he hung up. The Holy Spirit explained it to me all night.

Mark pointed out that I hadn't liked his friends when he was doing dope, but he had some new friends he wanted me to meet. I knew where I'd have to go to meet them. I wasn't interested in his church. *That stuff is okay for him*, I told myself, *but it's not for me*.

I resisted Mark for two and a half years, but on June 22, 1974 I woke up knowing I was going to go with him next day and get him off my back forever.

As I looked around the church that Sunday, my poor Methodist heart almost had an attack. On one side was a piano, an organ, and . . . a set of drums. On the other side was an electric bass, two electric guitars, two Martin rhythm guitars, a trumpet and a tambourine. I got very nervous.

The songleader asked us to open our "psalms book"—but nobody *had* a songbook, and nobody had a program. How did they know what to do next? The churches I'd been to, if it didn't have an asterisk over in the left margin, you didn't do it.

They all opened their Bibles to the Book of Psalms and started singing. Some people raised their hands, while

others clapped. (I didn't know that was scriptural.) I acted very respectable, but in spite of myself I liked the music. And my toes started tapping.

After a few songs the songleader said, "Mark, would you take us to the throne of God?"

I had never heard my son pray before, and as he prayed a personal prayer to a personal God, it seemed as though the Lord stood next to me and put His arm around me.

Right there in the church I said,

I traveled so much that I wore out a passport every three years

"Jesus, please come into my heart and take this junk out of my life. I'll go where You want me to go and do what You want me to do."

I felt Him as He came in. I felt Him mentally, physically and spiritually. I was all hollow inside, way down to my toes, and the Holy Spirit filled me up like a thermometer until I overflowed.

The first thing God did for me after I got saved was to heal my marriage. After thirty-two years, we have the most precious marriage imaginable. My wife tells me that before I knew Jesus, she ranked about twentieth on my list of priorities—"somewhere after the boat trailer."

Today she is second only to God in my life.

Mark went through Bible college and Vanderbilt Divinity School with straight A's. Today he's an ordained Methodist minister and pastors two churches. God

has used our family around the world. I've spoken to about 300 FGBMFI chapters in the last ten years, in Australia, New Zealand, the United States, South and Central America and Europe.

In December of 1979 I was asked to share my testimony with eight chapters in Hawaii. That trip opened doors that changed my life.

At one breakfast meeting at the Marine base, a Christian teacher brought her twenty-four Buddhist oriental students to hear my testimony. I thought they slept through my speech, but when I gave the salvation invitation at the end, I was astounded to see twenty of those students come forward.

I led them in a sinner's prayer, and when we got to "... and I accept the salvation that was purchased for me at Calvary by the blood of the Lamb," eight of them fell over on the floor and began to speak in tongues.

About forty people in one section were slain in the Spirit, and a little girl got healed of an eye injury. Before the weekend was over, the other four students also got saved.

After that I started waking up two or three nights a week, seeing a vision of a field full of Oriental people. I realized that God wanted me to become, like Peter, a "fisher of men." So, on Christmas day of 1979, I gave my brother my half of the business. I didn't know what I was going to do, but God started talking to me:

"I want you to build an army to go around the world for Me." Then he opened a position with a travel agency for me, and suddenly I was putting together tours of China.



Things started happening.

One day evangelist Nora Lam called me and asked me to put together a trip to China for her.

A few days after that Jim Irwin, the former astronaut, called and told me he had talked to Nora Lam. "Are you afraid of anything?" he asked me.

"No," I replied, "I'm too dumb to be afraid."

"Stay that way—because we're going to smuggle Bibles into the Chinese underground church."

We took 5,000 Bibles, disguised to look like worn and faded Mao Tse Tung books. We also had 75,000 flyers with a picture on the front, of Jim Irwin standing on the moon. Inside was Jim's testimony in Chinese, and an address where people could write for more help.

We couldn't just hand them out to people, so we took a Polaroid camera, singers and puppeteers with us, and we took pictures of the children on the streets. We always drew crowds. Then we quietly slipped the flyers into their hands.

One day a young lady wearing a special work badge approached us. We knew by the badge that she had been specially trained to handle tourists. She knew the right things to say and do—and she also knew how to keep tourists away from places they were not supposed to see. The badge was essential; she could lose her job if she showed up for work without it.

Pointing at Jim Irwin, she asked me who "that man" was. I gave her the tract with his picture on it. As she read the tract, she seemed to be very disturbed. "We know about God, and we know about heaven," she told me, "but I've never heard of Jesus."

I tried to explain that Jesus was the Son of God, and that He died so that we can live forever and go to heaven—but she didn't know enough English to understand me. Finally with words and gestures I made her understand that Jesus had come down from heaven to live in her heart.

Nearly weeping, she squeezed my hand, then suddenly took off her work badge, pinned it on me and walked away. She cut all ties when she did that.

Later when again I had the vision of the Oriental people in the field, I recognized this young girl in the crowd. "Lord," I said, "I know who *she* is, but

(continued, page 26)

1985 WORLD AND NATIONAL CONVENTION TAPE ORDER FORM

World Convention—Melbourne, Australia

- ☐ C6103 Tue. Evening—Bonnke
- ☐ C6104 Wed. Breakfast—Buck
- ☐ C6105 Wed. Breakfast—Luckhoo
- ☐ C6106 Wed. Breakfast—Subritzky
- ☐ C6107 Wed. Teaching 1—Hayford
- ☐ C6108 Wed. Teaching 2—Hayford
- ☐ C6109 Wed. Evening—Bonnke
- ☐ C6110 Thur. Breakfast—Luckhoo
- ☐ C6111 Thur. Breakfast—Subritzky
- ☐ C6112 Thur. Breakfast—Buck
- ☐ C6113 Thur. Teaching 1—Hayford
- ☐ C6114 Thur. Teaching 2—Hayford
- ☐ C6115 Thur. Evening—Bonnke
- ☐ C6116 Fri. Teaching—Subritzky
- ☐ C6117 Men's Luncheon—Buck
- ☐ C6118 Men's Luncheon—Luckhoo
- ☐ C6119 Ladies' Luncheon—Subritzky
- ☐ C6120 Ladies' Luncheon—Fowler
- ☐ C6121 Fri. Evening—Hayford
- ☐ C6122 Sat. Breakfast—Subritzky
- ☐ C6123 Sat. Breakfast—Buck
- ☐ C6124 Sat. Breakfast—Luckhoo
- ☐ C6125 Sat. Teaching—Buck
- ☐ C6126 Sat. Teaching—Subritzky
- ☐ C6127 Sat. Evening—Bonnke
- ☐ C6128 Melbourne Testimonies, Tape 1
- ☐ C6129 Melbourne Testimonies, Tape 2
- ☐ C6130 Men's ALTS*, Part 1
- ☐ C6131 Men's ALTS*, Part 2
- ☐ C6132 Men's ALTS*, Part 3
- ☐ C6133 Men's ALTS*, Part 4
- ☐ C6134 Ladies' LTS**, Part 1
- ☐ C6135 Ladies' LTS**, Part 2
- ☐ C6136 Ladies' LTS, Part 3
- ☐ C6137 Leader's Seminar, Part 1—Bonnke
- ☐ C6138 Leader's Seminar, Q & A Session, Part 2—Bonnke

National Convention—Dallas, Texas

- ☐ C6075 Tue. Evening—Schambach
- ☐ C6076 Wed. Breakfast—Little
- ☐ C6077 Wed. Afternoon—Schambach
- ☐ C6078 Wed. Evening—Shakarian
- ☐ C6079 Thur. Breakfast—Graham
- ☐ C6080 Thur. Afternoon, Part 1
- ☐ C6081 Thur. Afternoon, Part 2
- ☐ C6082 Holy Spirit Seminar—Subritzky
- ☐ C6083 Thur. Evening—Subritzky
- ☐ C6084 Fri. Breakfast—Carroll
- ☐ C6085 Ladies' Luncheon—Mmes. Curry, Lindsay
- ☐ C6086 Men's Luncheon—Curry
- ☐ C6087 Fri. Evening—Robertson
- ☐ C6088 Sat. Breakfast—Luckhoo
- ☐ C6089 Sat. Closing—Curry
- ☐ C6090 Testimony Highlights
- ☐ C6091 Prison Field Rep. Workshop, I
- ☐ C6092 Prison Field Rep. Workshop, II
- ☐ C6093 I.D. Wives Luncheon
- ☐ C6094 Conv. Chairmen's Luncheon
- ☐ C6095 1985 16-Pak Set (\$59.95)
- ☐ C6096 1985 6-Pak Evening Set (\$22.95)
- ☐ C6097 1985 Nat'l Highlights Tape
- ☐ C6098 Ladies' LTS**, Mon.—Mrs. Shakarian
- ☐ C6099 Ladies' LTS**, Mon.—Mrs. Shaefer
- ☐ C6100 Mon. Banquet—Carroll
- ☐ C6101 Ladies' LTS**, Tue.—Mrs. Ashcraft
- ☐ C6102 Ladies' LTS**, Tue.—Mrs. Subritzky

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END OF THE TUNNEL (from page 24)

who are all those other people?"

"They are the ones she has brought to My Son." From that time my motivation to reach the lost has been intensified.

Since then, God has prospered my business so that I have more time to put together trips for Jesus. We have been involved in airlifts to the Dominican Republic, Jamaica, Granada, Nassau, and all over the Caribbean, Mexico and Central and South America. Wherever possible, FGBMFI chapters have been started in the countries we visited.

At four o'clock one morning Tennessee businessman Norvel Hayes called me. "The Lord just told me to take a team to Belfast, Northern Ireland," he announced. "We are going to knock on

doors, witnessing for Jesus and bringing healing. God told me to call you because you're not afraid of anything."

"I wish the Lord wouldn't tell everybody that," I said. But we put together a team, and in three afternoons in Belfast we saw more than 100 people won to Jesus and many outstanding healings.

Jesus. . . . His name is above *all other* names. Because of the power of that Name, there are people winning others to Jesus behind the Iron Curtain and the Bamboo Curtain, in prisons and on city streets. God is not concerned with curtains or walls or bars. He *is* concerned about souls, and He will use whatever means He can to save them.

He uses people like you and me if we'll just open ourselves to Him. □



Joe Forrester was a manufacturer's representative for fifteen years, spent two years with AAA Worldwide Travel, and since 1983 has owned and operated Advance World Travel Agency of Nashville. He and his wife Anna have three children: Mark, thirty; Linda, twenty-eight; and Joyce, twenty-five. The Forresters worship at Faith Is the Victory Church in Nashville. Joe is a past vice-president of the Nashville Chapter of FGBMFI and since 1977 a field representative for the mid-Tennessee area.

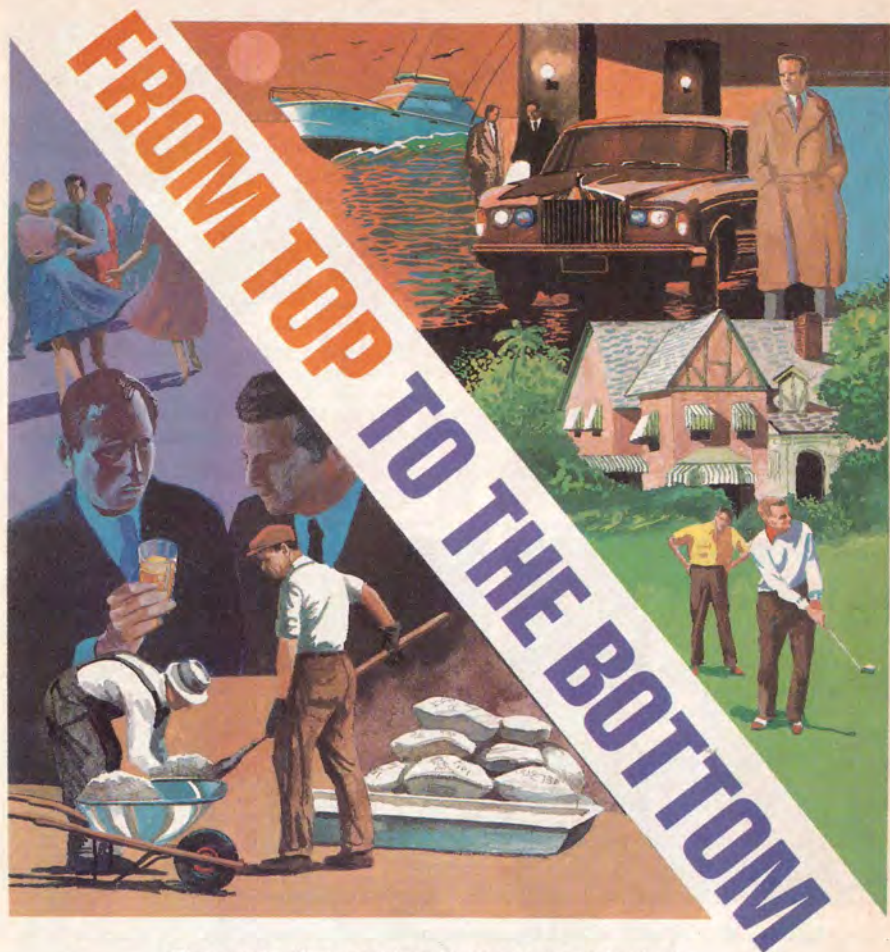


UPDATE!

Fellowship News from Here,
There and Around the World



1. Founder/President Demos Shakarian, banquet speaker for 22nd annual Full Gospel Business Men's Northwest Regional Convention, Portland, Oregon. 2. Another banquet highlight of Portland convention: Art Evanson and Herb Ellingwood lay hands on two Oregon legislators, John Minis (left) and Bob Olson (right). Jim Carty, attorney from Boise, Idaho, leads in prayer for our country. 3. FGBMFI Board of Directors for Mexico meets at beautiful Chepenque Hotel in mountains overlooking city of Monterrey, to project Mexico outreach program for balance of 1985, 1986. Those attending, left to right: (back row) Ralph Littlejohn, Abel Martinez, Pedro Morales, Jose Tapia; (front row) Francisco Chacon, Ramon Uribe, Wendell Norby, Paul Ricardez. 4. International Director Angelo Ferri, president, Delaware Valley Chapter, presents plaque to International Director Earl Prickett in appreciation of his many years of service to the Lord and to the Fellowship. The Executive Committee also gave Mr. Prickett an award for outstanding service, presented by International Treasurer William Warnock at Dallas National Convention in July.



Paul Jones, Sunnybank Hills, Queensland, Australia

Helen slammed the telephone receiver back into its cradle. For several minutes she stood, hands covering her face, sobbing. Then slowly, like someone in a dream, she turned to face me—and began to scream.

"How could you do this to me? That was another of your . . . your . . . lady-friends. Paul, what in God's name have I *done* to deserve such torture? *Tell* me what I've done!"

What could I say to the wife whom I had wearied with my selfishness and

promiscuity, this woman whom I had made old before her time?

"Leave me alone, woman. I'm sick of your continual nagging. If I can't get some peace and quiet in my own home, I know where I can!"

As I stormed from the house that night it wasn't really anger that I felt; it was guilt and self-contempt. The only way I knew to cope with my feeling was to drink it away at the nearest pub. But in all of Australia there wasn't a schooner of beer deep enough to blot out the memory of the misery on Helen's face, or to

estate development put me on top, and in time I was able to afford the best of everything: a spacious home, the most expensive American and European cars, the finest in food and drink, plenty of time to play golf throughout the South Pacific islands, and wealthy, powerful friends. Quite an accomplishment for the son of a house painter, I thought.

Meanwhile, I had met and married Helen in 1960 and we built our first home at Blacksmith, a seaside resort south of Newcastle.

Then the world economic downturn of

I could afford the best: a spacious home, the most expensive cars, finest food and drink, and plenty of time to play throughout the islands

bury my own growing despair.

In the old days Helen had been a different person, fun-loving and eager to please me. I, however, was the same as I had always been. During more than twenty years of marriage I had remained the center of my own selfish world, pursuing my ambitions and my pleasures while Helen looked after my needs and raised our three children. It seemed a perfectly equitable arrangement to me. After all, I reasoned, I had provided her with everything that a woman could possibly want.

Right after leaving Marist Brothers College in 1953 I had gone into business for myself (a men's hairdressing salon, a sporting goods store, then insurance sales) and had been successful from the start. Ultimately, my involvement in real-

the early 1970s began to be felt in Australia. The resulting credit squeeze put unthinkable pressure on real-estate investments. Everything I tried to hold on to began to slip from my grasp.

In less than a year I went from cruising behind the wheel of a Rolls-Royce to knocking about in a beat-up old Land Rover; from my position as general manager and director of the sixth largest land-development company in Queensland with a staff of 100 to literally begging for a job as a representative with a tiny real-estate office; from closing a million dollars' worth of real-estate deals aboard my own yacht in Sydney Harbor, to panting and grunting under the hot Aussie sun, a forty-eight-year-old businessman-turned-laborer, struggling to keep up with the much-younger competition.



Along with the loss of my money and prestige, of course I also lost my important friends—Yugoslavian royalty, pro golfers, top restaurateurs and investors. However, it wasn't our financial condition that had etched those deep lines in my wife's face. It was my drinking and all that went with it.

I had always equated drinking with manliness. Alcohol was an important

part of every social or sporting event, every celebration, every business deal.

It wasn't until I lost the material trappings of success and the companionship of those who still retained their power that I began to drink heavily. Drinking gave me a temporary confidence in myself, and the attention of women I met in the pubs and hotels flattered me and made me feel important again. After awhile I realized that I was in deep trouble, but a bloke like me isn't inclined to ask for help.

In mid-1975 I tried unsuccessfully to establish my own real-estate company in Brisbane. Then a chance came to operate a rundown winos' pub in Toowoomba. This kind of work was all new to me, but I buckled down and learned how to do everything. I'd start at 5:00 A.M. and go until 2:00 A.M. the next day, changing my clothes about four times.

I'd scrub the restrooms and floors in the morning, change clothes and set out beer from the cold room, shower and change again, then open and tend the bar.

Then I'd organize the counter lunches and the lounge for the afternoon business crowds. I'd mingle with that crowd till suppertime, and after a break I'd be on hand for the evening crowds.

It was like that, day after day. I almost never saw my family.

I built the hotel trade until we couldn't get the people in. When the hotel owners sold the hotel in about 1979, the new buyers insisted that I stay on. That was good for my ego but bad for my wallet, for they paid me very little. It was great to

be "Mr. Hotel," though, and to greet and know everyone. But by this time grog had completely taken over my life, and after the new owners had learned how I did things they let me go.

That's when I got a job as a common laborer, pouring concrete.

Two months later I managed to get on with a company promoting timeshares in a resort on Magnetic Island (one of the island resorts of the Great Barrier Reef just off the northeastern coast of Australia). It was early in November, just a few weeks before the onset of our summertime, which starts in mid-December and ends in early February. For several days five other salesmen and I had been working a shopping center in Sunnybanks, building toward Friday, the busiest day of the week.

On Friday morning, however, a group of Christian musicians moved in and began setting up their equipment at the center right in front of our video displays. Four of our men left work in disgust, but the fifth man convinced me that it would be a good idea to stay.

"I'm a Christian," he said, "and I have heard this group before. They're from the United States."

"We just might as well pack up and leave too," I argued. "Look at the size of those speakers! No one will be able to hear us over the roar."

"Hold on, Paul. Let me tell you what's going to happen. These men are really excellent musicians. Everyone in the shopping center will come to hear them. When they do they will have to walk right by us, because the group will be playing

directly in front of our stand. All we will have to do is walk around and pass out our brochures. As simple as that!"

It seemed a good plan, so I settled down to see what would happen. My partner was right; the group was first-rate. And while hundreds of people crowded about to hear the Yanks play, we passed out all of our brochures.

Oddly enough, the first man I approached happened to be the one who had organized their performance. He invited me to attend a concert which the group

From millions to scrubbing restrooms

was to give at the Garden City Christian Church the following Sunday evening. I surprised myself by agreeing to go.

When I told Helen that I planned to go to church and asked her to go along, she called me a hypocrite. However, by four o'clock Sunday afternoon she'd changed her mind about going.

We were met at the church door by a happy-faced bloke wearing an FGBMFI badge in his lapel who greeted me with a hearty handshake and a loud "Welcome, brother!" He did not further endear himself to me when he led us to two seats in the first row, directly in front of the pulpit.

While the music was enjoyable, I was so uncomfortable at being right under the minister's nose that I didn't grasp much of his sermon. However, when he

invited those who wanted to know Jesus Christ in a personal way to raise their hands, mine came flying out of my pocket and shot straight into the air, jumping as though I had St. Vitus' Dance.

"What on earth are you doing?" Helen whispered in embarrassment and irritation.

"I don't know," I mumbled. "I can't pull my hand down!"

Then the minister called for anyone who had raised his hand to come forward for prayer. Well, there I was, right in

My hand came flying out of my pocket and shot straight into the air

front of him; all I had to do was straighten up a bit. The pastor, who had never seen me before, stopped and said, "Church, before we go any further, we must all pray for this man."

While they were praying I took a peek at Helen. There she was, surrounded by what looked like half the congregation, tears streaming down her cheeks.

I thought, going out of that church, that I was the same man as I had been going in. My heart seemed as closed to religion as it had been before. Helen and I still battled furiously, on the brink of divorce. I continued to drink very heavily. Yet, several weeks later, in the very early hours of a December morning, I found myself slumped dejectedly on a hard wooden pew in a Catholic church near our home.

The sun had not yet begun to color the sky; the church was empty. I pulled myself down to my knees and, for the first time since I was a boy, began to pray.

"Jesus, they tell me You are alive. If You are, I want you to come into my life. Help me to give up my drinking and smoking and running around in the night-time. Jesus, I want to put my family back together."

That was more than four years ago, and from that day to this I've not had the urge to drink, to smoke or to commit adultery. What I have had instead is a burning desire to express love to my family.

No matter how much I wanted it to happen, there was no instantaneous, miraculous healing for my marriage. In twenty-one years I had destroyed far too much in our relationship for all that bitterness to dissolve overnight. For several weeks Helen continued to dredge up my past sins and to parade them before me and our children. Her friends encouraged her to leave me. At times I thought that they were right. I began to wonder if even God could do anything about our marriage.

Convinced after being a Christian for three months that my family would be better off without me, I tossed a few things into the boot of my old car and drove away. I'd gone only a little way when I heard a voice: "Paul, turn around and go home. You love the girl you married. It will work."

"Oh, fine!" I said aloud. "Now I'm hearing voices." I pressed the accelerator pedal to the floor. *(continued, page 34)*

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FROM TOP TO THE BOTTOM (from page 32)

Several hundred miles from home, I heard the voice a second time. This time I knew Whose it was.

"Paul. Go home!"

I turned the car around and headed back to Helen and our children. I was through with running away.

Hours later, as I drove through the gateway to our home, a deep peace settled over me. With it came the knowledge that I was not alone and that Jesus would not let me botch things up again. I knew that I must let Him guide me.

It was not an easy matter for Helen and the children and me to rebuild our lives. Sometimes it seemed that we took one step backward for every two forward. But God continues to heal what I had nearly destroyed. We began to see His miracles in our lives.

Helen renewed her childhood dedication to Jesus Christ and we were both baptized in the Holy Spirit. Our children, who once clung to each other for solace and security, now have both parents to love and care for them.

I have returned to property development as managing director of Queensland Country Developments. But my renewed financial stability is *not* my testimony.

In my country there are seeds that germinate only after fire has passed over the area. In the same way, the fires of financial devastation, dishonor and disgrace ravaged my life, threatening to destroy not only me but my family. Yet out of the ashes Jesus has brought forth healing and restoration.

He has showered me with His unconditional love. Helen is a more beautiful

(continued, page 38)

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October 3-5, 1985
Sheraton Brock Hotel
Niagara Falls, Ontario
Write: Mr. Lynn Morris
5 Blue Spruce
St. Catharines, Ontario
Canada L2N 4E6

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

October 3-5, 1985
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Redding, CA 96049

MINNESOTA STATE

October 10-12, 1985
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Write: FGBMFI, Box 3201
Duluth, MN 55803

MONTANA STATE REGIONAL

October 10-12, 1985
Colonial Inn, Helena
Write: Mr. Maxim Krikorian
Rt. 1, Box 545
Glasgow, MT 59230

GRAND ISLAND RALLY

October 11-12, 1985
Midtown Holiday Inn
Grand Island, Nebraska
Write: Mr. James Hunter
3111 W. College, Apt. 16
Grand Island, NE 68801

ARKANSAS MEN'S CAMP

October 11-13, 1985
Brookhill Ranch, Hot Springs
Write: Mr. Joe Murphy, 9212 S. Gary
Fort Smith, AR 72903

B.C. INTERIOR REGIONAL

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#23-2055 Ethel St.
Kelowna, British Columbia
Canada V1Y 2Z6

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Santa Ana, CA 92704

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Chicago, IL 60606

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Metairie, LA 70002

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ALABAMA STATE MEN'S ADVANCE

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Birmingham, AL 35211

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Nashville, TN 37202

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Canada P4N 7C2

MEN'S ADVANCE

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Canada J8T 2Z4

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Oct. 31-Nov. 2, 1985
Radisson Wilmington Hotel
Wilmington, Delaware
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20 Annes Way
Landenberg, PA 19350

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Manchester
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169 Back River Rd.
Bedford, NH 03102

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429 Colonial Dr.
Monroeville, PA 15146

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Greenville, SC 29615

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9TH ANNUAL CANADIAN NATIONAL

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Canada M9W 6H8

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4906 Delwood
Odessa, TX 79762

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Hastings, NE 68901

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Sedalia, MO 65301

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November 14-16, 1985
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Philadelphia, PA 19107

HIGH DESERT REGIONAL RALLY

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Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to: Chapter Department, FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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

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1. To enlist one million members to serve in the last great harvest of souls;
2. To establish 40,000 chapters throughout the world;
3. To have chapters in every nation on earth.

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

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FROM TOP TO THE BOTTOM (from page 34)
woman now than when I married her, and I am learning how to respond to her and to our children with that same unmatchable love which our Lord has given us. The ability to give and receive real love is the greatest of all riches, riches that can never be stripped away by a will other than one's own. Together, Helen and I are now helping other troubled couples to rebuild their families on the solid rock of God's unchanging love. That is my testimony. □



Paul Jones is managing director of Queensland Country Developments, and has spent twenty years in the real-estate, insurance and hotel businesses. He and his wife Helen are members of Garden City Christian Church, where Paul is a deacon. They have three children: daughters Michelle, twenty-one, and Kristen, nineteen, and son Adrien, fourteen. Paul is a member of the Springwood Chapter, FGBMFI, and is a regional director for the Fellowship in the South Pacific islands.

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 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 92628.



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WHO ARE WE?

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere in the world being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching eighty-four nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write Chapter Department, FGBMI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



Lobby of World Laymen's Headquarters, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Costa Mesa, California. Below: world globe, rotunda.



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