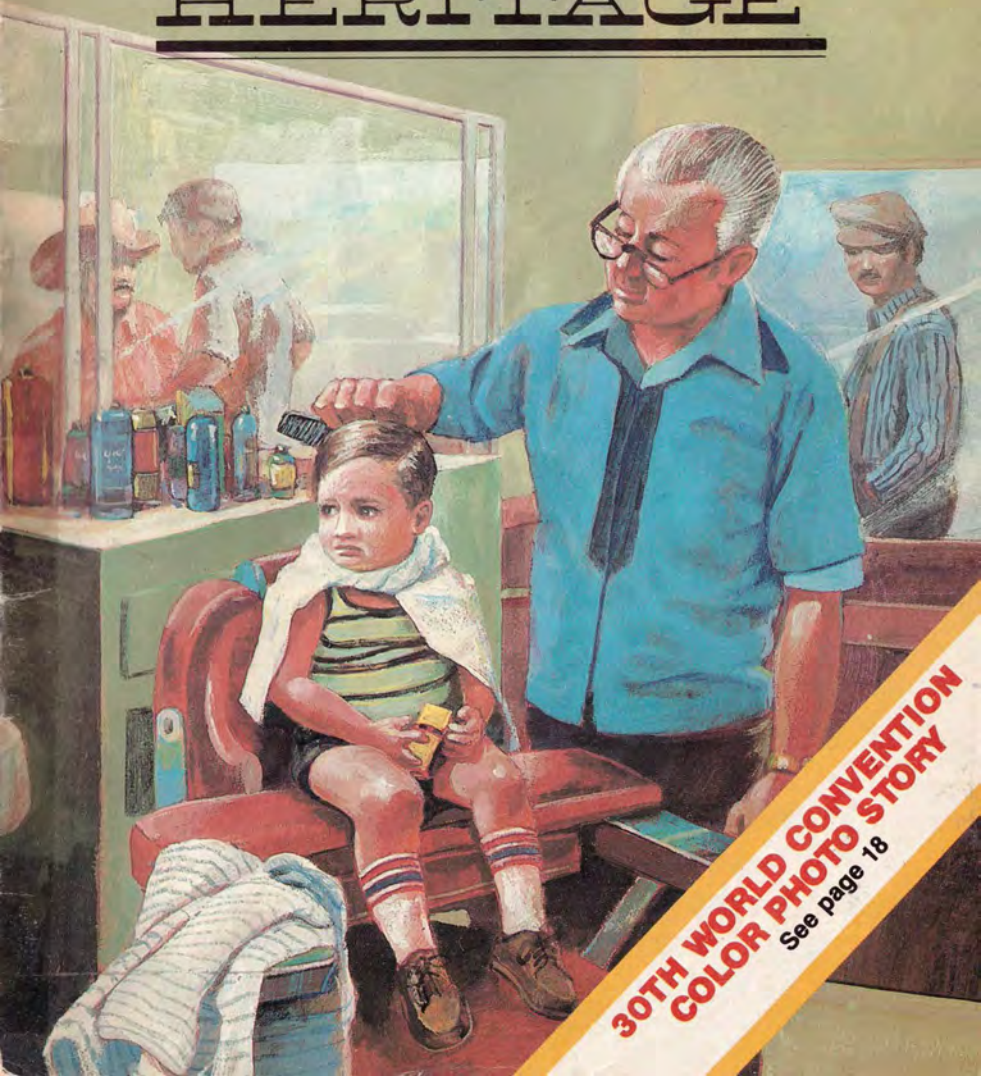


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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

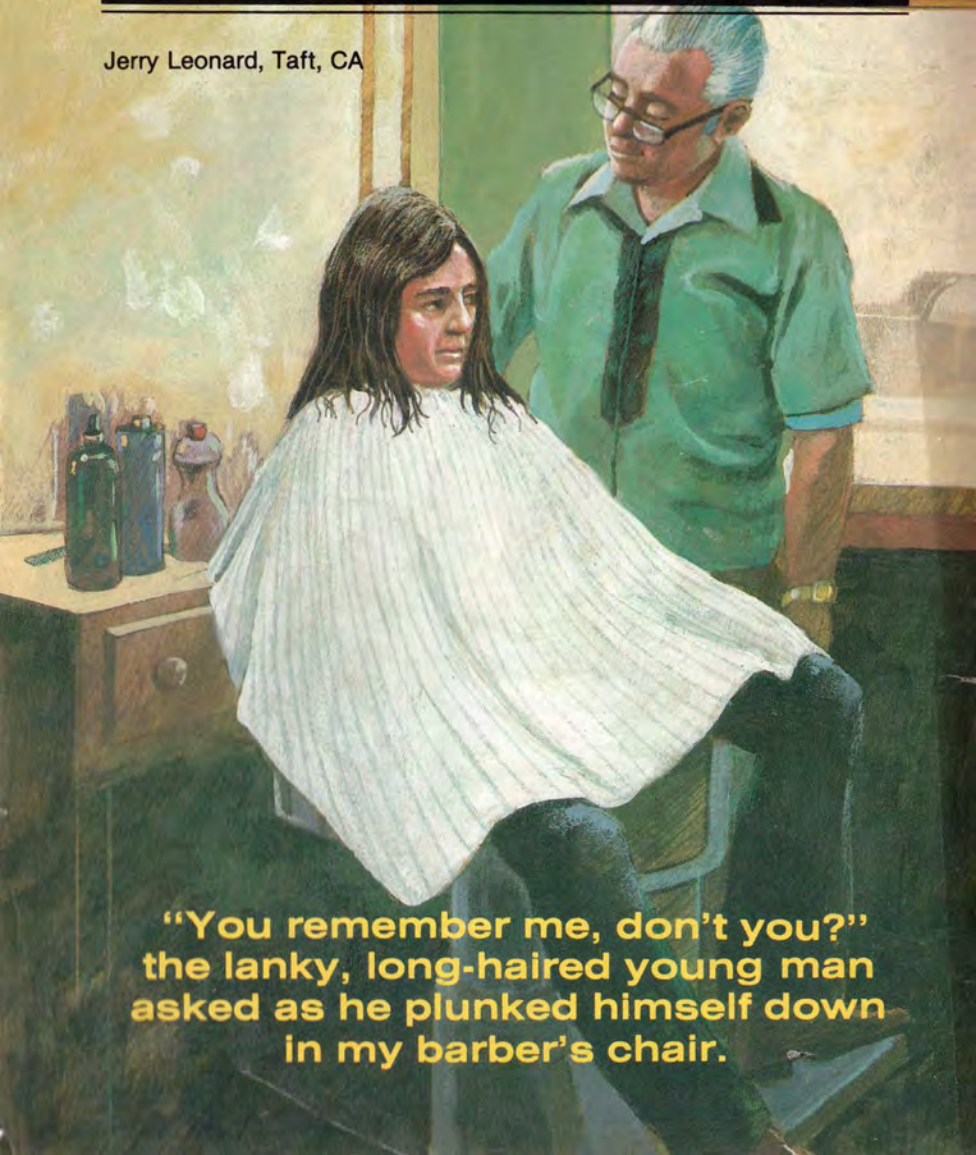
AMERICAN HERITAGE



**30TH WORLD CONVENTION
COLOR PHOTO STORY**
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AMERICAN HERITAGE

Jerry Leonard, Taft, CA



**"You remember me, don't you?"
the lanky, long-haired young man
asked as he plunked himself down
in my barber's chair.**

"Sure, I do," I replied. About six months earlier he'd come into my shop, complaining that his back hurt so bad he was about to have surgery. Sensing that he needed spiritual surgery even worse, I had shared Jesus with him.

Before long, though, he began to get angry. Finally he stamped out of my shop, still unshorn and unsaved.

Now he was back again. I prayed silently, "Lord, help me to be Your loving witness to this young man."

"I want you to know something," the man said. "I tried to go to every other barbershop in this town and I couldn't. I couldn't go anywhere else but here." I could tell he'd been pulling on the bottle a bit.

"I want my hair cut real short," he said suddenly.

I surveyed his shoulder-length locks. "You sure?" I asked.

"That's what I ordered," he retorted. I began to pray silently in the Spirit, clipping his hair at the same time.

"Yes," he went on, "I'm gonna get my hair cut, go get my booze and pills, take 'em all at once and do away with myself."

Immediately I began to take authority over this spirit of suicide as I continued praying in the Spirit. He talked and I snipped, and when he was all done talking I shared with him once again the love of Jesus, telling him how Jesus had paid the price for his sins at the Cross. I could see little



Jerry Leonard

droplets of moisture glistening under his eyes.

"Wouldn't you really like to go the way of salvation, and be sure your name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life?" I asked.

"What do I have to do?"

I led him through a sinner's prayer, and then I asked what he'd like God to do for him.

"I'd like Him to take away this need for booze and cigarettes," he said. We prayed for that, and then I reminded him of the back surgery he was facing.

"We've taken care of your spiritual condition," I said. "Now let's get the physical taken care of." I put my hand on his back, and as I prayed and moved my hand down his spine I felt a tremendous heat. It was so hot I could

hardly hold my hand there. The Holy Spirit began to minister to that young man and he wept openly. I knew his back had been healed supernaturally by the power of God. The anointing of the Lord was so strong on him that he couldn't stand up.

It was a changed young man who left my shop 15 minutes later. Instead of taking his own life he'd received new life in Jesus Christ... plus a Holy Ghost "bonus" of healing and deliverance.

That's just one of dozens of situations the Lord sends my way each year. When people come in for a haircut I try to send them out with more than they paid for.

Naturally, it wasn't always like that. Up till a few years ago all I cared about was fishing, gambling and making money, and I did plenty of all three. On Sundays I'd sit and watch football games on TV while my wife and daughter were at church. But one day something happened that changed all that.

Johnny Unitas was in the middle of leading the Colts to another victory when my daughter Charlene walked into the living room and turned off the set. Can you imagine a man's own flesh and blood doing such a thing?

"Dad," she said seriously while I squirmed in my easy chair, "I want to talk to you." Rose, my wife, was

standing there backing her up. "Mother and I are saved and we're on our way to heaven. You are lost, but we want you to go with us, Dad."

My stomach did eight or nine flip-flops. I didn't sleep very well that night. But a couple of Sundays later I was in church. When the altar call came I said, "Next Sunday, Lord." I did the same thing the following week. Finally on the third Sunday just as I was saying, "Next Sunday, Lord," the Holy Spirit jerked me out of my seat and I found myself walking down that aisle to the altar! That night I was baptized in water, confessing my newfound faith in Jesus.

But that's where I let things stop. I never read my Bible; just went to church three times a week and let myself be satisfied with that.

One day, though, I woke up to the realization that I was hungry for more of God. My wife and I started going to every meeting where they talked about the Holy Spirit. For a solid year we were in all kinds of services just about every night, and we drank in some wonderful teaching. But I felt I still lacked power in my life.

About that time my back began giving me severe problems. I'd been in one degree of pain or another for some 23 years as a result of an injury I suffered, working in the oil fields. All those years I went to chiropractors, or

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I glowed like a Christmas tree. God must have really done something.



when it would get real bad they'd come to me.

Finally I had this attack that put me in bed for six weeks. My back was like jello. I lay on a heating pad and took pain pills constantly. There were so many drugs in me that when I looked at people who came by to visit they seemed to float off the floor.

My wife brought me copies of *I Believe in Miracles* by Kathryn Kuhlman

and *Prison to Praise* by Merlin Carothers. Those books changed my life. I began to say, "Okay, Lord. I'm ready to go for whatever You want." I guess that's what He was waiting to hear.

That very weekend my wife and another lady went to a meeting of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in Bakersfield. Afterwards she told me there had been a man there praying for people with bad backs. I said, "Well, if he's there next month, I'm going." I didn't know it then, but that was a direct answer to a prayer of agreement my wife had prayed with that man. He was indeed planning to speak there the next month.

Before the month was out my doctors told me I was going to have to go in for surgery. My right leg was deteriorating, getting smaller above and below the knee. But the Lord was preparing me for His kind of healing—so I told the doctors I wasn't going in for surgery.

The day of the meeting finally came, and as we drove there I felt every bump in the road. To be honest, I didn't care for the speaker at all. He was too loud and I didn't like anything he had to say. You see, I still had a critical, selfish spirit the Lord had to deal with.

At the altar call the speaker said, "Anyone here who needs a healing in their body, come forward and let me pray for you and God will heal you."

The couple ahead of me in line got prayed for, and the next thing I knew they were falling on the floor. I almost

backed out right then and there, but my wife kept prodding me.

"Do you want to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit?" the man asked.

"No," I shot back, a little disgruntled. I didn't want any of that stuff. "I've got a bad back and you said you'd pray for me."

He put two fingers on my forehead, and immediately it was as if a 300-watt lightbulb lit up inside of me. I think I literally began to glow. The back pain was totally gone! I had come in limping and bent over and now I was standing straight. There were about 250 people in that Holiday Inn banquet room and a lot of them knew me. One lady came up and said, "You're glowing like a Christmas tree. God must have really done something!"

Well, I *knew* He had. When you've lived with pain for 23 years, you know when you're healed. To this day I have had no more back trouble.

I thought—remember, I still had that selfish spirit—"I've got what I came for. Now I can go."

But the speaker was pointing at me and saying, "That man just got a back healing, and now this lady needs one. Sir, will you come here and pray for her?"

Suddenly I saw that the Lord had done something for me and now it was my turn to pass it on. So even though I hardly knew how to pray, I laid my hand on that lady's shoulder and said, "In the name of Jesus, be healed." Lo and behold, she lit up just like I had! She'd been healed, too.

At first I was afraid to tell people what God did for me. When they would ask what happened to my back I'd just say, "It's better." But I started to take people to those FGBMFI meetings, a carload at a time. Gradually my boldness increased. One night I was sharing my testimony at an FGBMFI meeting and I saw that little old lady who'd been healed the same night I was. She jumped up and testified how God had used me, and from that point on it seemed as though the Lord began pushing me into ministry, letting me see Him do miracle after miracle.

I've seen cancers healed, deaf ears opened, people literally brought back from the brink of death by the power of God. My own mother was due to die in 72 hours from cancer, according to the doctors, but I went into her room and began to read the Scriptures aloud about healing. Today Mom is 75 years old and the doctors know she is a living, breathing miracle.

Yes, the God of miracles is living today, and whatever miracle you need in your life—salvation, healing, the infilling of the Holy Spirit—He's ready and waiting to give it to you . . . right now. □

Jerry Leonard has operated his own barber-shop for the last 30 years. He was baptized in the Holy Spirit in 1973 with the evidence of speaking in tongues, serves the First Christian Church of Taft, California, as elder, and is president of FGBMFI's Taft Chapter and former vice-president of the Bakersfield Chapter. He and his wife Rose have two grown daughters and two grandchildren.

The Sobering Truth



Gary Bortz, Ottumwa, IA

For many years I stood in front of a bathroom mirror each morning and told myself, "Gary Bortz, you are an alcoholic. You cannot have a drink today."

As any reformed alcoholic can tell you, that's the daily confession you must make as a member of Alcoholics Anonymous.

Today I make a different sort of confession, and if you're an alcoholic or bound by any other sort of addiction I can tell you that this way is exceedingly better.

Instead of telling myself I'm an alcoholic, I look Gary Bortz in the eye and say, "Gary, you're a child of the King, and you've been totally delivered from the bondage of alcohol by the grace and power of the Lord Jesus Christ! Hallelujah!"

Now, don't get me wrong. I think AA has done more good than just about any other program the world has to offer. They just don't go far enough. They tell you to call on a supreme

being for help, but any old god will do. But you know, Jesus is the only one who can yank away the desire, the hunger, the belly-deep craving for booze. And when He does, you're not an alcoholic anymore. Calling yourself one every day is a negative confession that will keep you bound up in knots, even if you're sober. When Jesus sets you free, you're a new creature, not a drunk.

"Well, Bortz," some people are going to say, "you've got your nerve, running down a good program like AA." No, I'm not running it down. I'm just saying that man's programs can *restrict* a man from drinking, but only Jesus can *deliver* him from it.

I started drinking when I was 14. My parents were churchgoers, but I hung around a lot of drinking and swearing men and grew up thinking that's what real manhood was. I had a bad inferiority complex, but I discovered that alcohol gave me boldness to face people, at least for awhile.

At the age of 16 I became a bootlegger, running alcohol into Iowa (a dry state at the time) from Missouri. I enlisted in the service at the end of World War II and quickly became involved with the European blackmarket. I made lots of money, but before long my life was steeped in all kinds of vice and corruption. When I returned to the states I was stationed near Detroit, and underworld connections quickly opened up for me.

Meantime, though, my drinking, had become worse and worse. My first marriage ended after just four





years. I was discharged from the service at about the same time because of my problem. Even my underworld cronies began dropping me because I was so unstable. You see, the devil is happy to snare you but after awhile even he won't trust you with some of his dirty work.

Every so often I'd run across a Christian who would try to share Christ with me, but it seemed as though he'd always tell me where I was headed if I didn't straighten up. Well, I had heard plenty of that when I was growing up. I *knew* where I was headed. What I needed was someone to tell me that Jesus loved me, that there was hope for even me.

My restless spirit drove me (usually penniless) in and out of Salvation Armies and missions, listening to the word of God for my supper, from one end of the U.S. to the other, then into Canada and back down to Mexico. I lied, cheated, stole and did whatever I had to do to get one more drink.

Finally I pulled an armed robbery in San Diego and found myself in a cold county-jail cell, suffering from the worst case of DT's I'd ever had. That's when I remembered something my mother and grandmother used to tell me as a child.

"Gary, if your back is ever up against a wall and you've got nowhere else to go, you can always turn to Jesus."

I plunged to my knees right then and there and said the only prayer I could think of: "Now I lay me down to

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Can You Bank on It?



The mood around our town was blacker than the Oklahoma sky before a tornado. The Blackwell Zinc Company was closing its doors, shutting 850 of our people out of jobs. As president of both the Blackwell Bank and the Chamber of Commerce, I was painfully aware that our little town might just dry up and blow away.

I remember that the announcement came right in the middle of "Paint Up and Fix Up Week," which any small-town retailer knows is an annual ad campaign designed to get folks to spend money to fix up their homes and businesses for spring. But the campaign was a colossal flop that year because people figured they'd be lucky to keep their homes, let alone paint them.

"Listen, ladies and gentlemen," I told our Chamber of Commerce members, "I suggest we have this fellow Merlin Carothers come and speak to us at our annual dinner. I think he could have some valuable insights for us."

"Merlin?" someone humphed. "Sounds like a magician!"

"We can use one of those about now," someone else joked.

I explained that Carothers was the author of a book called *Prison to Praise*, which had been a great inspiration to me during my recovery from a recent operation. Everyone knew I'd been to the hospital for removal of a kidney stone, and I hadn't been quite "right" since. They didn't know the half of it! I chuckled to myself as I thought of the changes that were taking place in my life in recent days.

Up till a few months before, business success and the money that came with it had been the most important things in my world. I'd gotten college degrees in business, business finance and law, risen quickly in the

banking world and was already working on my first million. When an opportunity came to buy a bank in my hometown of Blackwell, I grabbed it. I even bought the home of the previous bank president, and I thought we were really secure because we lived next door to a doctor. (Anything goes wrong, you just call next door and the



Joe Berry Cannon, Blackwell, OK

doc's right there to help, right?) Then I found out my predecessor died in that house. That kind of shakes up your sense of security.

One night I woke up with an excruciating pain in my stomach. At first I thought it was appendicitis, but the doctor diagnosed it as a kidney stone that wasn't passing. They shot me full

of morphine and everything else they could find to kill the pain, but finally the pain won out.

They decided they'd have to remove the stone surgically, and all kinds of thoughts began running through my head. As I was being rolled into surgery, with all the hair on my body shaved off, no rings or watch, in a skimpy hospital gown and literally humbled before the world, I remembered something about coming into the world with nothing and leaving the same way. (I didn't have any idea then that it was from I Timothy 6:7.) Here I was, a millionaire, subject to the same death as any other mortal.

What I didn't know was that there

were a lot of people praying for me and my wife Beverly. Bev had been going through her own fiery trial. Her parents were getting a divorce, and our son had been in and out of the clinic constantly with severe allergies. One day she came to the end of her rope. She'd always believed in God and Jesus Christ, but neither of us really knew what it was to have a personal relationship with Christ. So this particular morning she fell on her knees in our bedroom and cried out from her heart, "Lord, help me!" That was the beginning of a great work in our lives.

A good friend of ours, a Methodist pastor, had recently experienced the

The Cannon family, from left: Courtney Ann, Joe, Beverly, Joe II and John



baptism in the Holy Spirit during a Kathryn Kuhlman meeting, and he felt led to come to Beverly and tell her, "Just begin praising the Lord. Everything is all right."

Beverly went to a meeting shortly after that and she too was baptized in the Holy Spirit. From that point on I had a new wife! She was so filled with love and peace that I couldn't believe it. Oh, I had my eternal fire insurance policy, sure. I'd been raised in the church since diapers and I'd gone to the altar and accepted Jesus as my Saviour at the age of six. I knew every stained-glass window in the place. I eventually taught Sunday school and served on all the committees, but I knew I needed more power in my life, and more real communion with Jesus. I always wanted to be able to go out and witness.

My operation came just about the time all this was going on in Beverly's life, and she'd asked a lot of people to pray for our family. I came through the surgery just fine but had to spend several days in the hospital. I had plenty of free time, so Beverly brought me something to read besides business magazines and *The Wall Street Journal*. It was Merlin Carothers' *Prison to Praise*.

God had me right where He wanted me. I began reading this book that talked about praising God in *everything*. It said we should lift holy hands in praise to our Maker. Well, I was a Methodist, and we would just fold our hands in our laps and pray. But I decided to try some of that praising

stuff there in the privacy of my hospital room, and I discovered that, as I reached out in praise to God, He could really touch me with His presence. That was the first real two-way communication I could remember having with the Lord.

When I got home Beverly started taking me to some pretty "flakey" meetings where people were doing religious calisthenics—you know, lifting their hands, clapping, praising the Lord out loud. But I saw in these people the same kind of sincere, burning love I'd been observing in Beverly, and I wanted to plug into it. Still, my austere banker's reserve kept me from entering in.

One night I went to a laymen's testimony meeting, and one man who really impressed me was a dairyman from Kansas. He led singing and testified of God's goodness, and he just emanated joy and peace. Now, a few of our bank customers were dairymen, and I knew the price of milk, and I knew there was no earthly reason for this guy to be happy. But he was, and that was the thing that convinced me. Banker's image or no banker's image, I wanted what these people had.

After the meeting this dairyman and some others prayed for me. I asked the Lord to forgive me for my sins and to baptize me in His Holy Spirit, and He did both. When I left that meeting it seemed I'd been given a new set of eyes. Everything was different . . . brighter, somehow. Colors came alive, as though I'd had a grey

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WORLD HEADQUARTERS: Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626. **AFRICA:** **East Africa:** Box 52850, Nairobi, Kenya. **South Africa:** FGBMFI National Administrative Centre, Box 4040, Durban 4000. **West Africa:** P.M.B. 1405, Benin City, Nigeria. **ASIA:** Ste. 1802 Asia Chambers, 20 McCallum St., Singapore 0106. **CANADA:** 6700 Finch Ave. W., Rexdale, Ontario, Canada M9W 5P5. **EUROPE:** 214 Ave. Franklin Roosevelt, 1050 Brussels, Belgium. **SOUTH PACIFIC REGION:** **Australia:** Box 67, Stones Corner, Brisbane 4120, Queensland. **New Zealand:** Box 33.424, Takapuna, Auckland 9.

THREEFOLD PURPOSE OF FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP

1. *To witness to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man, and by this to reach men for Jesus Christ, especially those having the same social, cultural or business interests as the person doing the witnessing.*

2. *To provide a basis of Christian fellowship among all men everywhere through an organism not directly associated with any specific church but cooperating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches.*

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International does not start churches. Rather, we desire solely to be a service arm to existing ones.

3. *To bring about a greater measure of unity and spirit of harmony in the body of Christ, where members are united in a common effort for the good of the whole body.*

HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to: Chapter Department, FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

If you people want to hear about the Bible why don't you go down the road to the Orthodox Presbyterian Church—they teach it there!"

A stunned silence met my blistering statement before the congregation. For more than a quarter of a century I had done just about everything in the church—choir, church board, produced religious plays, etc. Our well-run church was similar to a well-run corporation. A few fanatics upset everything.

Next day I received a letter from a lady. It read, "I was shocked at your statement this morning. I want you to know that I have placed your name on my prayer list. I intend to place it on every prayer list that I can find. I am going to pray that God will put such hunger in your heart for His word that you will crawl on your knees before Him in repentance and worship. I pray that you will come to know Him as your Saviour and Lord. I will be praying for you every day. Love, Irma."

Not only did she have the nerve to write that letter, but she sent it. And, praise God, my Lord heard Irma's prayer.

Dick Steele was the man God used to produce the answer. Dick and I worked together at Litton Industries in College Park, Maryland. While we were producing a proposal one night, dining together, Dick began to talk in a way I had never heard before. He told me stories I couldn't believe. For instance, he related how his son was healed of deafness at a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting



To Tell It Like It Is

Arthur Sills, Laurel, MD

and how his wife had one shorter leg that was lengthened.

The idea that God performs miracles today conflicted with the teaching of my church that these signs and wonders ceased with the first century. In spite of the fact that I didn't believe in it, I found myself attending FGBMFI meetings. My attitude was that of a mathematician, insistent that everything add up. My educational and denominational background made it hard for me to step out in faith.

Determined to approach the subject rationally, I moved to the FGBMFI book table. There were more books on the subject of the Holy Spirit than I could have imagined. This fact in itself impressed me that there must be something to it. Yet I was not ready to take the necessary leap of faith.

Then one night at an FGBMFI meeting I went forward to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Jean Coleman, author of the book *Chapter 29*, prayed for me and I received immediately.

What a difference that gift has made in my life! I discovered that the Gospel is not dead. It's alive and vital. I get out of bed each day filled with anticipation for what God is going to do next.

One of the most important reasons for receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit is that it gives us power to witness. I used to feel, as so many others do, that religion is a very private situation, not to be shared with others, much less to be talked about. Jesus promised, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me" (Acts 1:8). That's true. Now I am glad to share Jesus Christ with anybody who will listen.

And the Holy Spirit is the great Comforter. As a layman I understand that in the original language that means "the Helper who stands beside us." I thank God that He was beside me when I was flying an L-19 observation plane, known as an "army bird-dog." If you move across the runway and touch down in heavy, gust-wind

conditions, the center of gravity can cause the tail to whip around in front of the nose. It's called "going into a groundloop." When that happens the



Art Sills, with one of the jets (top) flown by Air Force "Thunderbirds" team, continues his interest in aviation, flying aerobatics in plane seen at bottom.

plane will go over on a wing tip, or possibly turn upside down.

Just before I touched down I hit a gust. The plane started to go out of

control. All I had time to do was to say, "Jesus, help me!" All of a sudden it seemed as though things went into slow motion.

I can't describe what really happened. It seemed as though the plane was moving very slowly. The moment I was able to focus my vision, I saw



The Arthur Sills family

that the plane was sitting in the middle of the runway, heading in the direction in which I had landed, with the engine ticking over. And, praise God, I suffered no injury and there was no damage to the plane.

I have found also that the spiritual gifts are still operative today. I have

watched my own daughter's arm lengthened by a miracle of God. And I have seen the radiance on the faces of the deaf who have been able to hear sounds for the first time in their lives. That's an incredible experience.

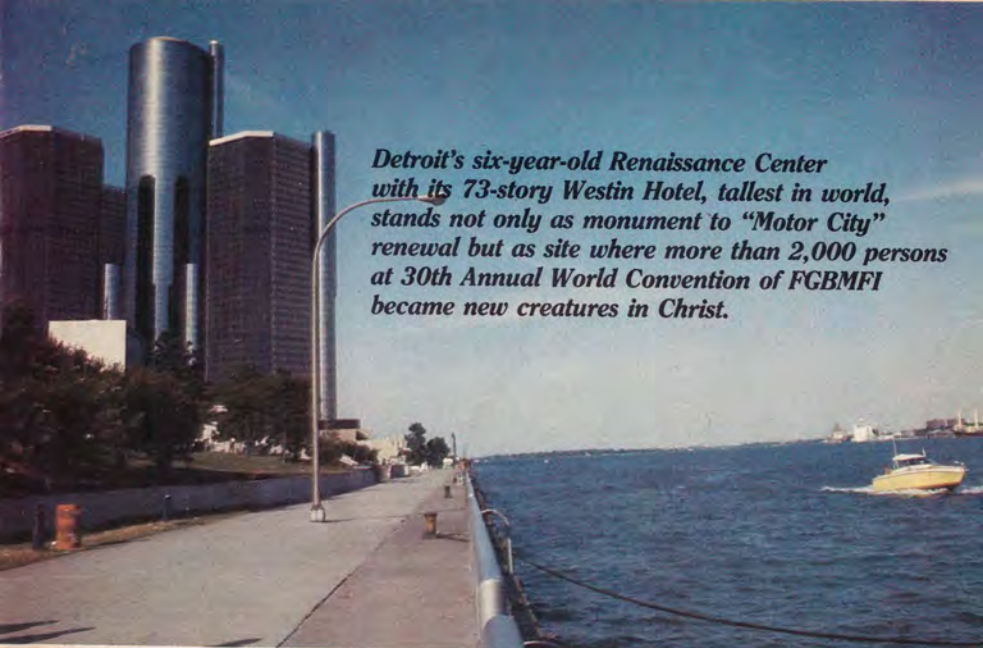
The Lord healed me of an illness which seven doctors could not cure, and this had a profound influence on my spiritual life.

By another set of miracles I was able to pray with my father, for the first time in his life, just before he died, and I could see his change of heart after a lifetime of disbelief.

In a series of training experiences, the Lord has shown me to step out, but to be very sensitive to His leading, and to be ready at all times to step back should He instruct.


I thank God for the Spirit-filled Christians whom, during my self-righteous years, I had invited to leave our church. Most of all, I thank God for their love and for their prayers for me, like those of Irma. I now share their hunger for the Word but, rather than stubbornly insisting upon proof before I believe, I now know that faith produces the evidence. You can trust Him. He never fails. □

An electrical engineer with a Ph.D. from Penn State University, Arthur Sills currently heads the Computer Modeling and Simulation Unit, Tactical Electronic Warfare Division, at the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, D.C. He is a vice-president of FGBMFI's Laurel-Fort Meade (MD) Chapter. He and his wife have two children: Janice, 13, and Danny, 10, and attend Laurel Presbyterian Church, where Art is chairman of its board of trustees and an adult Bible teacher.



Detroit's six-year-old Renaissance Center with its 73-story Westin Hotel, tallest in world, stands not only as monument to "Motor City" renewal but as site where more than 2,000 persons at 30th Annual World Convention of FGBMFI became new creatures in Christ.

Crowds upward of 15,000 receive ministry in one of greatest conventions in Fellowship's 31-year history.



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

DETROIT



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2



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4



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9

Strong teaching by some of God's greatest spokesmen and stirring testimonies by committed laymen bless believers and draw hundreds to seek Jesus as Saviour, Baptizer in the Holy Spirit and Healer. Among many who minister: 1. TV, radio and crusade evangelist Kenneth Copeland, Fort Worth, Texas; 2. Sir Lionel Luckhoo, attorney, Georgetown, Guyana; 3. John Wimber, pastor of Vineyard Christian Fellowship, Yorba Linda, California, and adjunct professor at Fuller Theological Seminary, Pasadena, California; 4. John Klem, associate professor of educational psychology, Ball State University, Muncie, Indiana; 5. Dr. Kenneth Hagin, founder and president of Kenneth Hagin Ministries, Tulsa, Oklahoma; 6. Dr. Stephen Gyland, pediatrician, Jacksonville, Florida; 7. General Charles M. Duke, Jr., Apollo 16 astronaut; 8. Dr. Roy Hicks, general supervisor, International Church of the Foursquare Gospel, Los Angeles, California; 9. John Osteen, pastor of Lakewood International Outreach Center, Houston, Texas.



FGBMFI leaders recess an executive committee meeting to greet Secretary of Interior James Watt and wife Leilani. Kneeling, from left: Steve Shakarian, chief operating officer; Earl Prickett; Lee Buck; Don Ostrom; Ogburn Yates. Standing, from left: Lynwood Maddox, Norman Norwood, Adolf Zinsser, Bill Warnock, Douglas Fowler, M.D., President and Founder Demos Shakarian, Mr. and Mrs. Watt, Tommy Ashcraft, Bernie Gray, Khoo Oon Theam, Gerry Kibarabara and Kyffin Simpson.

I wish there were some wonderful place/Called the Land of Beginning Again/Where all our mistakes, and all our heartaches/And all our poor, selfish grief/Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door/And never put on again.

This cry of the human heart for a new beginning, so poignantly expressed by the poet Edgar Guest, was answered for more than 2,000 persons at the 30th World Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International July 5-9. Their "land of beginning again" was Detroit's Renaissance Center; through their encounter with Jesus Christ their past was washed in the Blood of the Lamb and they received new life in Him.

Behind this statistic there are 2,000 thrilling stories. . . . For instance, one man came to the Convention to please his wife. She had been praying for his salvation for 10 years; he was saved at Cobo Hall. . . . A chapter president's wife was led to Jesus in a counseling room. Imagine how his heart rejoiced! . . . James B. Callis, field representative from Missouri, became friends last year with a vacationing Ford Motor Company engineer and repeatedly encouraged him to attend some of the Detroit meetings with him. Persistence paid off. Jim reported, "On the last night, at the last service and perhaps his last chance, this man—son of the chief engineer for the late Henry Ford—was one of the first to step forward when Kenneth Hagin gave the invitation."

Another 2,500 were baptized in the Holy Spirit and at least 500 persons came forward after Kenneth Copeland's afternoon message on marriage to request prayer for their homes.

Praise and worship accented the meetings. True to His word, God inhabited the praises of His people. Music by Len Mink, Evelyn Simpson, other soloists and great choirs was never entertainment, always ministry evoking explosions of praise.

The primary purpose of the convention—bringing people to Jesus—was realized also in the



youth meetings. Two hundred young men and women made decisions on Friday night alone when Pastor Gary Greenwald of Eagle's Nest, Irvine, California, warned of the risks encountered in rock music.

Although this was an anniversary year celebrating three decades of conventions, it was not a time for nostalgic remembrance but rather of keen anticipation. Without prior consultation among the speakers, many of them predicted that a new wave is about to crest.

John Osteen reiterated the biblical warning, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge" (Hosea 4:6). He emphasized the need for preparation, for being grounded in the Word so that we can know who we are, who our enemy is and the authority given us.

Kenneth Hagin rehearsed the waves of the Holy Spirit that have swept the world in the last few decades—the baptism in the Holy Spirit, spiritual gifts, healing, deliverance. "The new wave," he



PHOTOS BY LEO OLBRYNS AND STAFF

1. Bill Subritzky, New Zealand attorney and homebuilder, testifies to Jesus' power to transform a home, and stands with his family as hundreds respond to invitation. 2. Sellout crowd of 2,000 attends ladies' luncheon to hear author and radio/TV teacher Marilyn Hickey. 3. In closing moments of Convention, Kenneth Hagin ministers individually to each of overseas international directors, field representatives and chapter officers. 4. Mrs. Irma Henderson, Detroit City Council president, welcomes Convention, presents key to city to Demos Shakarian. 5. International Director John Ninowski and wife Louise with staff of 90 volunteers provide spiritual and organizational leadership for 30th World Convention. 6. Jim Tucker, heading successful prison workshop attended by 300, autographs his book *Three Gates to Hell* as wife Virginia looks on. 7. Believers minister in Jesus' name. 8. Paul and Jan Crouch, president and founders, Trinity Broadcasting Network, interview Interior Secretary James Watt, wife Leilani and Demos Shakarian. Through satellite and cable coverage, TBN outreach makes Convention messages available to 5½ million viewers. 9. The Glassfords of Tulsa, Oklahoma minister to youth. 10. After John Carrette, owner and general manager, Pan American Hotel, Guatemala City, reads hand-carried letter from President Rios Montt to Demos Shakarian, hands are laid on John and prayer is offered for the president and his nation. 11. In anticipation of 50th wedding anniversary of Rose and Demos Shakarian, August 6, friends from around world hold early celebration to extend congratulations.

predicted, "will encompass all of these and more. It will be marked by much more unity."

Recognizing that FGBMFI had been a major factor, John Wimber reported that 200 million believers have been baptized in the Holy Spirit in the last quarter-century. He believes that the next wave of the Spirit will sweep through theological seminaries, colleges and universities and impact the upper echelons of society.

Like surfers poised ready to ride the big wave to shore, the international directors adopted the challenging goal of reaching every nation on earth by 1988. To accomplish this, they will enlist an army of one million Spirit-filled men and establish a total of 40,000 chapters to engage in the greatest harvest of souls this world has ever seen.

The days at Detroit were so blessed that as the convention closed International Director John Ninowski mused, "I hate to see it end"—then added, "It isn't going to." □

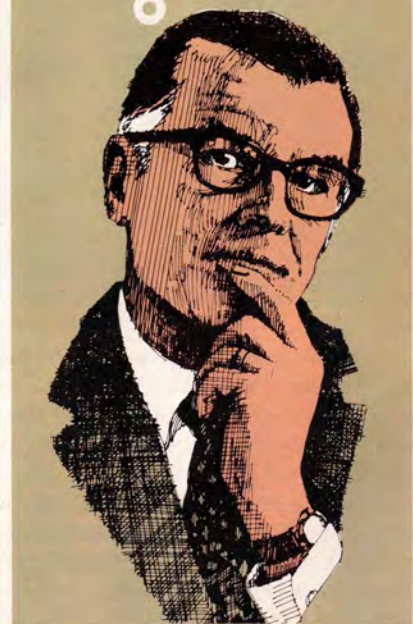
**“If I'd
only
been
there...”**

You've heard echoes of the tremendous move of God at the recent World Convention in Detroit and wished, “If only I'd been there.” Or you were there and are wishing, “If only I could hear it again.”

Now you can.

Hear the stirring messages by world-renowned speakers, sit under the instruction of some of the most able Bible teachers, and rejoice as you hear the exciting reports of what God is doing worldwide.

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Make checks payable to FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626. Offer expires December 31, 1983.

Note: Speaker schedule subject to change.





Larry A. Berna, New Carlisle, OH

Chuck

Chuck Hood? What a name!" I said to myself. Everything about him, from the tattoos on each arm to his hard and scraggly looks, told me

to stay away from him. I knew this guy would be bad news. But what surprised me the most was that in spite of his toughness there was something calm and appealing about him that I couldn't pin down.

Drugs had been the most important thing in my life. And for the last seven years since the ninth grade a day didn't pass that I wasn't either stoned on marijuana, acid, coke, downers or speed. But even though "loaded" most of the time, I was still able to do well in high school and make A's on exams, join the tennis team, play chess and graduate fifth in my class.

After attending Wabash College for a year I dropped out because of financial problems, moved in with my girlfriend, then decided to commute to



Ohio Laborer's Training School in February, 1980. That was where I met Chuck Hood.

At first I thought what we had in common was the camaraderie that fellow dopers share. Doing as many drugs as I was and going to as many rock concerts as possible led me to a particular type of lifestyle and friends. Chuck looked like one of us. But what made me a little cautious was the fact that he didn't act like the other dopers I knew.

One night at dinner I watched astounded while, head bowed over his plate, he asked God to bless his meal—right in front of 50 or 60 other construction workers! Later I noticed something else about him. He was playing pool in the recreation room, with his opponent goading him to play for money. Chuck just quietly refused, saying that his hustling days were over.

He explained that after the Viet Nam war he'd made his living as a professional pool hustler in Detroit. He would've hustled your last penny then. But ever since Jesus Christ had come into his life, those days were finished.

Chuck had many things to say that night that sounded strange and new to me. He spoke of Armageddon, end times, the mark of the beast and of Jesus returning to earth. I sat mesmerized, straining to hear his every word. When he talked about the Antichrist (somebody I thought was a good guy) I discovered how spiritually ignorant I was. I had been to church only two or three times in my life,

when I was a kid younger than 10.

When he finished talking, Chuck walked over to where I sat. The Holy Spirit had revealed to him that I was ready for more. He asked if I wanted to learn more about God. Nobody had ever sat down and explained Jesus to me before, and my eager questions tumbled out. Chuck patiently turned to his Bible and let me read the answers for myself. I discovered I could actually understand the Bible.

The next week Chuck asked me if I knew how to get to heaven. My answer was no. After explaining the plan of salvation he turned to Romans 10:9,10: "That 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. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

I wanted to believe in Jesus, I wanted to accept Him into my heart. But I didn't want to give up smoking pot. Chuck said, "Larry, it took you 20-some years to get in the shape you're in, and it might take God some time to change you. You can't change before you come to God. First you come to Him, then let Him change you. When God tells you to give up pot, then give it up."

I repeated a simple sinner's prayer. Nothing miraculous happened at all. I didn't feel any different. But Chuck assured me that I was born again and that the Holy Spirit would begin to teach me spiritual things.

Later that evening, alone in my

room, reading the Bible and smoking a joint, I felt a dark and sinister presence. Trying to ignore it, but unable to get back into my reading, I went to find Chuck and described it to him.

"Oh, that's just Slewfoot," he said, taking my hand to pray. He began to take authority over the evil presence and rebuked it by the power and authority of Jesus Christ. I was utterly amazed that he was actually coming against Satan and telling him what to do. I returned to my room only to find peace—no more darkness anywhere.

The next day we headed home—

a long time, realizing that for all the sins I had committed I deserved to stay locked up for many years. I thanked the Lord for all the times He had spared me, and decided then and there to give up drinking.

That Sunday I took my girlfriend Mary to the First Baptist Church, where she gave her life to the Lord. We became members there and they gave us a book called *Survival Kit for New Christians*. It was a six-week course giving us a firm foundation in the Lord and in the Word.

Two months later I woke up one

my "connection" was my heavenly Father

Chuck to Portsmouth and I to New Carlisle. As usual, I stopped to buy some beer. Popping the top off the first can and taking a sip, I looked in my rear-view mirror and saw the Ohio State Patrol speeding up behind me, lights flashing in all directions. He gave me a ticket for consuming an alcoholic beverage in a motor vehicle. Not having enough money for the fine, I was taken to jail to wait for a bondsman.

I had spent years of my life stealing cars, pushing drugs, selling marijuana and shoplifting (just to name a few), and had never been caught. Now here I was, born again, and headed for jail. The irony and frustration of the situation was almost too much.

I was searched, fingerprinted, photographed and escorted to a jail cell. While I waited to be released on bond I stood looking through those bars for

morning and announced that I was going to flush all my marijuana down the toilet. Mary thought it would be a better idea to sell it and give the money to the church. But there was no way to avoid the conviction I felt at that moment. I walked over to our stash and chopped up three huge marijuana plants, flushing \$200 worth of grade-A pot down the toilet. As I watched the last bit of grass swirl down into the sewer system, I felt a tremendous burden lift from me and a sense of freedom I had never experienced before. That was the end of my desire to smoke pot.

Mary and I got married at the church the following week. Now each of us was founded on the Rock and so was our marriage. God began to bless us with a love for each other that we had not been able to imagine. We got rid of all our rock records next. Then

we were baptized. Chuck had refused to baptize me at school because I was living with Mary. It had been hard at first to understand his refusal, but living this new life and growing more each day taught me that he had used wisdom and discernment in his decision.

Doctors had told us that my wife would never be able to carry a baby for the full term, due to an earlier abortion. She became pregnant, and our own deep concern for her and the baby's health was shared by the other members of our small, Spirit-filled Bible study. One night we all laid hands on her and prayed that she and the baby would be healed. We all felt God's marvelous healing power flood through Mary's body. She said it felt as if God had performed some kind of surgery and she knew she was healed.

Much to the doctor's surprise, Mary carried our baby without complications for the full nine months. She had taken as many drugs as I had, including LSD, but the baby was born normal and healthy, without any effects of our old lifestyle. We praised God for our miracle baby Joshua and felt blessed by His mercy and goodness.

Chuck had told me I would grow in the Lord and one day I would "know that I knew." He was right. One night I woke up speaking in a heavenly language. If anyone had told me a few years earlier that one day I'd be speaking in tongues and worshiping the Lord instead of getting stoned, I would have laughed at them and said

they were crazy. God was teaching me new things every day.

With a growing family to feed and a job without a future, I prayed that the Lord would guide me to a better opportunity. A Christian friend encouraged me to join the Plumbers and Pipefitters Union. I applied along with 150 other workers. They chose only 15 of us; I was #7. The other 14 all had "connections," but my only connection was my heavenly Father. I was thrilled recently to learn that Smith Wigglesworth, that great man of faith and miracles, had been a plumber too.

The Bible teaches us that there is pleasure in sin for a season, but the season is short and the end is death. It wouldn't be entirely honest of me to say that I didn't have fun during my drug-taking days. But compared to my new life in Christ, my old drug days were as archaic as a horse and buggy next to a brand-new Rolls Royce. My life then was extremely limited and really going nowhere. I experienced each day with a constant false high. But since I have met the Lord, my days are alive with an abundance of genuine peace, joy and love—unattainable through drugs. □

Larry Berna is employed through Plumbers and Pipefitters Union Local #162, Dayton, Ohio. He is a member of the Troy-Tipp City Chapter, FGBMFI, and is active in prison ministry, especially to juveniles. He and his wife Mary have three children: Shona, Shelly and Joshua, and attend Maranatha Bible Church in Huber Heights, Ohio.

UPDATE! Fellowship News from Here, There and Around the World

Africa, a land of immense natural resources and exquisite beauty, is a fermenting political cauldron presenting one of the most urgent challenges for a practical demonstration of the love and power of God.

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International has grabbed the gauntlet. Resulting victories read like a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles.

Jose Pascua, international coordinator, left the International Headquarters May 7 to participate in a national Leadership Advance at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, and to consult with FGBMFI leaders.

"South Africa hasn't had rain in months," remarked several in that area of the world where families are penalized if they exceed their daily allotment of 400 liters of water. In contrast to the absence of rain, people are experiencing a downpour of the Holy Spirit.

Churches are experiencing a growth explosion. By way of example, Rhema Bible Church, Johannesburg, in the last couple of years has mushroomed to 2,000 people at each of its two worship services and Hatfield Baptist Church, Pretoria, has more than 5,000.

Nor is the response to spiritual hunger limited to churches. A ministry called Christ for All Nations has just completed a tent the size of two football fields, with steel posts that reach seven stories heavenward and seating for 34,000.

Full Gospel Business Men constitute a vanguard unit in the frontline trenches for the conquest of souls. "The men are penetrating every area of society," Pascua observes. He notes that factory and team ministries to reach laborers are still going strong. He also reports, "We visited a Moslem—a wealthy Indian businessman. We witnessed and prayed for him, and his whole family was responsive as we shared Jesus."

Leaders of nations have been impacted by the Fellowship. Bob Trench reports, "We have been privileged to speak to numerous political leaders and we have spoken in houses of parliament. We have presidents in Africa who are born again.

"In addition to ministering to government and industrial and business leaders," says Trench, "our work among tribesmen and ordinary citizens in the 27 countries where we have chapters is helping to produce a spiritual groundswell."

Gerry Kibarabara, international director from Kenya, which has a population of 15 million, concludes, "The Fellowship has been instrumental in transcending racial barriers. We are a ministry on time."

Men in America share the same awareness and sense of urgency. Jose Pascua met with Joe Holden, medical doctor and FGBMFI member from Crowley, Louisiana, who was in Africa in response to a God-given vision for that continent. Jim Dermanoski, partner in a real-estate company, Olympia, Washington, shouldered his own expenses to serve with the international coordinator as an instructor at the advance.

Returning to the World Laymen's Headquarters, Costa Mesa, California, Pascua reports, "Allan Sutton, national chairman of the executive committee for South Africa, and International Directors Brian Leisegang and Bob Trench are providing excellent leadership. Currently there are 21 chapters in South Africa."

As a result of the Leadership Advance, attended by 80 officers and their wives, he anticipates a dramatic increase in chapter growth and outreach ministries for Jesus. □

1. Ted Pavitt, chairman of Gencor, second largest gold mine in South Africa, shares testimony. 2. Inside a gold mine. 3. International Directors Brian Leisegang and Bob Trench with Field Representative Gordon Smith. 4. Allan Sutton, chairman of FGBMFI Executive Committee in South Africa. 5. Standing on property granted by the government for a building to house headquarters for FGBMFI and other ministries are Gerry Kibarabara, international director for Kenya; Joe Holden, M.D., of Crowley, Louisiana; and Juneus Gitonga, field representative. 6. Jim Dermanoski, instructor, is seen seated in front row at National Leadership Advance.

AFRICAN CHALLENGE





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Fort Dodge, IA 50501

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September 1-3, 1983
Holiday Inn West, Spokane
Write: Mr. Leonard Sampson
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**GRAND ISLAND COUPLES
ADVANCE**
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Ramada Inn
Write: Mr. Richard Mendyk
4123 Mason Ave.
Grand Island, NE 68801

KOOTENAY MIXED RETREAT
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Cranbrook (B.C.) Inn of the South
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WARM BEACH MEN'S CAMP
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Warm Beach Campgrounds
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Redmond, WA 98052

OKLAHOMA REGIONAL
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5215 E. 71st St., Ste. 600
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NEW JERSEY MEN'S ADVANCE
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ARIZONA MEN'S ADVANCE
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Phoenix, AZ 85306

1983 MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE
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Aldergate Conf. Grounds, Turner
Write: Mr. Floyd Bennett
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Salem, OR 47301

**SOUTH CAROLINA MEN'S
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St. Christopher Camp & Conf.
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HILL COUNTRY ADVANCE**
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Kansas City, MO 64114

PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL
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Hyatt Regency
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January 17-21, 1984
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July 3-7, 1984
Anaheim, California Conv. Center
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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

IRELAND: Cork Chapter, Travers V. Jeffers 234-1420. **SOUTH AFRICA: Esikhaweni Chapter**, M.R. Thipa (035) 62400. **SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Eyre Peninsula Chapter**, Barry C. Young 008-689-1142. **WALES: Llanelli Chapter**, Wyn Grayell 055-482-0268. **UNITED STATES: CALIFORNIA: Cambria Chapter**, Robert Stonebrook (805) 927-3443; **La Jolla Chapter**, Dr. Lee J. Mindt (619) 278-3172. **FLORIDA: Coral Springs Chapter**, Frederic D. Kaufman (305) 791-6315; **New Smyrna Beach Chapter**, James Bennett (904) 427-3220. **ILLINOIS: Bloomingdale Chapter**, Vic Derian (312) 894-8194. **INDIANA: Indianapolis-West Side Chapter**, Larry Miles (317) 271-9176. **NEVADA: North Shore-Lake Tahoe Chapter**, Tony Musselman (702) 831-6617. **NEW YORK: Carthage Chapter**, Ray Metcalfe (315) 493-0959. **PENNSYLVANIA: Waynesboro Chapter**, Terry Sheldon (717) 762-9451. **TEXAS: Bryan-College Station**, Jon Quinn (713) 693-9547. **WEST VIRGINIA: Berkeley County Chapter**, Charles Long (304) 274-3191.

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THE SOBERING TRUTH *(from page 9)*

sleep" But God knew I was reaching out to Him.

That was a turning-point of sorts for me, although I still had a long way to go. Step by step, the Lord began leading me gently back to Himself, even though I took a lot of side trips in the process.

The immediate result of my prayer was that the man who was supposed to press charges against me never showed up at the police station so I went free. I was still a condemned man, though, because health-clinic doctors told me I had about six months to live. I headed in the general direction of Iowa so as to be home when I died, stopping off at a number of bars and jail cells along the way. In one of them the chief of police shared with me about Jesus. It may seem surprising but I always was glad to listen to the word of God. That was one thing I still could do.

I wasn't well received when I got home, but one of my Christian cousins started taking me to church. He also introduced me to a young lady named Olive, who took me home to her Bible-reading mother. The two of them sat me down at a kitchen table and bombarded my booze-numbered brain with the Scriptures.

Olive and I got married in 1960, and for several months I went to church and AA meetings, trying to get straightened up. I was in and out of clinics, trying to kick the thing cold turkey and literally climbing the walls.

Olive went through all this with me, which amazes me to this day.

One day I came home with my brother Daryl and found a letter from Oral Roberts on the TV set. It was apparently an answer to one Olive had written him about me. It said, "Let this be your point of contact for your deliverance." I didn't get a chance to read any further. Immediately I felt a surge of energy, like electricity, go through my whole being, and the room was ignited with a great light. There Daryl and I were, two nervous little Lutheran boys, standing in the Shekinah glory of God. I asked Daryl if he was experiencing the same thing I was, and he said, "Yes, I am." In that moment I was delivered from the desire for alcohol.

I ran to various church leaders to tell them what had happened or to ask them what had happened. One scolded me and scoffed, "You don't believe that, do you?" Another said, "I don't know what has happened to you, but I like it."

I had a desire to be baptized in water by immersion. Olive and I started attending a denominational church simply because they immersed converts instead of sprinkling them and served grape juice instead of wine at communion.

Then the devil caught me in a new snare. I went from alcoholism to materialism. I'm just telling you all this so you'll see how Satan can trick even sincere Christians who don't learn to appropriate the power and authority of God. I began working

seven days a week at two jobs (as maintenance laborer on the municipal golf course and sexton in a cemetery), so I had no time for AA, no time for church, barely enough time to confess my alcoholism before the mirror each morning. Before I knew it, because I was out doing it all on my own again I took a fall and was mired in the quicksand of drunkenness once more.

along a wall with their hands lifted, singing in a strange language. I thought it was Latin; I found out later they were singing in the Spirit. At any rate, it was just the sweetest music I ever heard. (I even got to sing in that heavenly "Latin" later myself.) In that meeting I met people who were Methodist, Baptist, Assemblies of God, Catholic, Lutheran and from other denominations. They just took me into

***After nine and a half years
I was back on the roller coaster of
halfway houses, jails, drunk tanks
and all the rest, for 18 months***



After nine and a half years of sobriety I was back on the roller coaster of halfway houses, jails, drunk tanks and all the rest, for 18 months. Psychiatrists had given up on me long before. Then one day a man asked me to come to a prayer group at a Catholic school. I talked to some people in my church about it and they warned, "Oh, no, don't go there! They're a bunch of those charis-maniacs who talk in funny languages and fall down." But curiosity was always a major flaw in my character, so I went.

When I walked in the door I saw several Catholic sisters lined up

their arms and loved me, and not one of them told me where I was going if I didn't straighten out.

When I got home I told Olive, "Honey, that's the way church ought to be." I sat in that group for six months and just drank in the teaching. Then one night an evangelist named John Kittleson came to speak, and at first I thought someone had told him about me in advance. He was just preaching from the Scriptures but my sins seemed to jump right off the pages at me. I was on every page except the "begats."

But John also started preaching about the authority of the believer.

"He who believes *shall...*" For the first time in my life I saw that in Jesus I had authority over the things that were happening to me. My alcoholism had been nailed to the Cross years before, but I had been taking it down and saying, "Gary, you're a drunk." I was confessing that Jesus hadn't delivered me when He *had*.

Kittleston told us that miracles didn't stop after the apostles died, which made me a little mad because the church people I'd known had always insisted that the age of miracles was dead.

But he proved differently that night. He prayed for the healing of a degenerated disc in Olive's spine, and for one of her legs that was shorter than the other. Before my very eyes that leg grew out.

Then John prayed deliverance for me. I experienced another "first" in my life when a group of people stood around me, laid hands on me and showed me how to take spiritual authority over the power of Satan in my life.

And on that night, December 13, 1973, Gary Bortz, a chronic alcoholic who thought there was no more hope for him, and that addiction to booze was a cross he'd have to bear all his life, was set free, totally and completely. I have never again confessed something I'm not.

Early in 1974 a friend invited me to a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting. My wife and I were so impressed with the love these men had that we drove 100 miles every

weekend to attend different chapter meetings.

God went on to perform more miracles in my life. Later on, in front of about 45 people, John prayed for one of my legs, which had been twisted in an auto accident, and God healed it totally. After that I was healed of asthma and emphysema (there are before-and-after X rays to prove this) and delivered of a 35-year smoking habit. All this came as I, and others praying for me, took authority in Jesus' name over the things which had me bound.

Am I an alcoholic today? Praise the Lord, I can say with 100-percent assurance, "*I am not.*" Step by step, God has proved to me that I am His child, and neither Satan nor booze have authority over me. I'm a new creation (II Cor. 5:17) and the righteousness of Christ (II Cor. 5:21).

Do you long for freedom from some addiction in your life? Perhaps it's booze or drugs or pornography, or perhaps it's materialism.

Call on Jesus, for He promises more than temporary relief. He promises total *deliverance*. □

Gary Bortz has been employed by the City of Ottumwa since 1963, being assistant foreman at the municipal golf course for the last 13 years. He started the Ottumwa Chapter of FGBMFI in 1977, has served as its president continuously since then, and has started or helped start chapters in Iowa and other states. He serves as field representative and has helped with Voice rallies in Iowa and Missouri. He and his wife Olive are members of St. Marys Catholic Church and have two children: daughter Lora Lynn and son Eric Vaughn.

CAN YOU BANK ON IT (from page 13)

veil over my face before and now it was removed.

I recalled all this as I sat in that Chamber of Commerce meeting and suggested we bring Merlin Carothers to speak. The suggestion was adopted and Merlin came to address our annual dinner. He told us to quit grumbling and start praising God! That was an unusual thing to tell a bunch of hard-headed midwestern business people but, believe it or not, our community took the advice.

From that day on our city fire alarms would ring at 11 o'clock every morning to call people to prayer. Everyone would stop what he was doing and pray that God would bring jobs into our community.

It wasn't too long before a new agricultural industry moved into Blackwell. Then came another, and another. Today, 11 years later, our town still hasn't dried up and there are, in fact, 12 new industries in Blackwell.

Of course, my approach to banking changed a great deal. People began joking that you had to swear on the Bible to get a loan from our bank. That wasn't exactly true, but we definitely began relying on the guidance of the Holy Spirit to tell us which deals to accept and which to deny. We've accepted some that seemed pretty shaky, but God said to go ahead and they've turned out fine. Others that looked great on the surface have been turned down on God's say-so, and we've been glad every time that we rejected those "golden opportunities."

Our responsiveness to God's leading has resulted in a nearly 800-percent increase in bank assets.

Visitors to our bank find copies of *Voice* on display, as well as Bible bookmarks. About one-third of our employees are Spirit-filled believers. New folks in town get the picture right away about the sort of people who run the bank, because our marquee often carries Scripture verses and Christian messages on weekends. And while I was praying for God to raise up Christians for public office, He answered by prompting me to run successfully for the office of mayor of Blackwell.

Philippians 4:19 promises us that "my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." I hope that my testimony and this word of God will help you trust Him in tough times for His delivery system. It's a promise you can bank on. □

Joe Cannon is president of First National Bank and Trust Company, Blackwell, Oklahoma, and mayor of the city. He has served as charter president of FGBMFI's Blackwell Area Chapter and as field representative, and is now an international director for the west half of his state. He and his wife Beverly are members of the Methodist church, where Joe is trustee and member of the board, and have three children: Joe II, 21; John, 16; and Courtney Ann, 15.

If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through *Voice*, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

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Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International
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SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer.

1. ACKNOWLEDGE: "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23). "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13).

2. REPENT: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 3:19).

3. CONFESS: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Rom. 10:9).

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision right now:
"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.



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THE SMALL MAGAZINE
WITH THE WORLD'S GREATEST MESSAGE



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