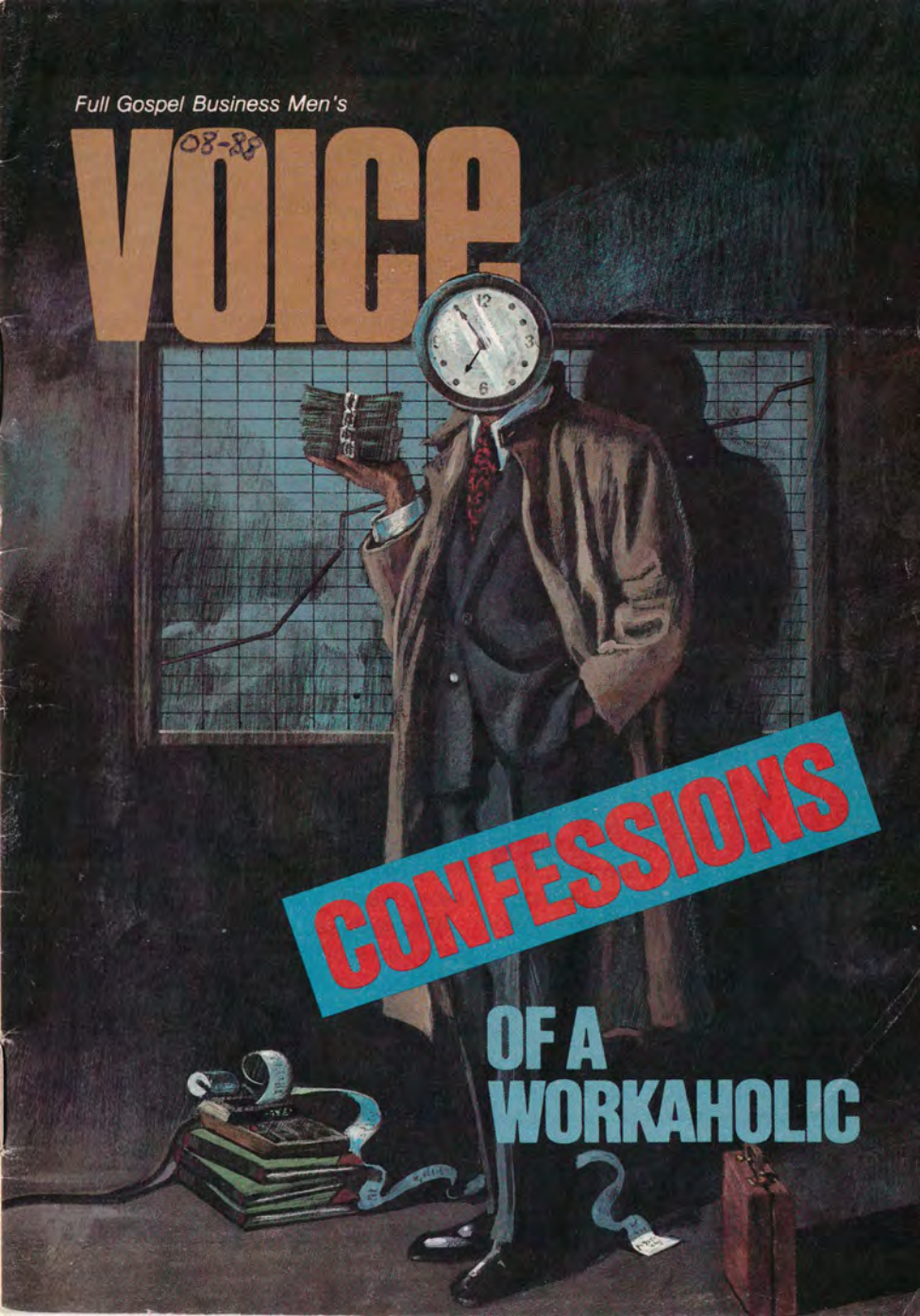


Full Gospel Business Men's

08-88
VOICE

CONFESSIONS

**OF A
WORKAHOLIC**



ADDICTED TO WORK?



HOW DO YOU STOP?

Workaholism. The term is commonly used, but what exactly is a workaholic?

Workaholics are usually those industrious folks who work a minimum of 50 hours a week, although it's more common for them to toil 70 or 80.

How many workaholics exist? We can only guess. For although it's a problem that affects thousands of families and individuals, there aren't many rehabilitation programs or recovery centers for people who devote most of their hours to work. Therefore, there are few reliable statistics.

Several years ago one researcher es-

timated that approximately five percent of the U.S. population (at least 12 million people) are addicted to their jobs. However, as more women enter executive positions and our society continues to place a strong emphasis on materialistic values, the true figures could be much higher.

Wayne Oates, the author of two books on the subject, claims credit for coining the term "workaholic" in 1968 to describe the addictive qualities of this behavior. But what makes these "work addicts" the way they are?

There are many forces which can drive the workaholic. Insecurity, ego, greed, immaturity and a desire to prove a childhood tormentor (often a parent) wrong, are just some of the root causes attributed to the habit.

However, most workaholics see a positive side to long days at the grindstone, citing such rewards as high income, personal acclaim, self-gratification and the intrinsic pleasures of good hard work.

The price of being a prolonged workaholic is high. It can be measured by physical ailments such as ulcers, heart disease and migraine headaches.

Equally tragic are the personal problems which often accompany workaholism. These can include divorce, alcoholism, drug abuse, depression, and other symptoms that are brought on by an imbalance between domestic and office life.

In the following two testimonies of Jim McEwan and Richard Galloway, you will see how two men who were totally caught up in their addiction to work, finally were freed from this deadly vice.



CONFESSIONS

Jim McEwan
Hampton, Canada

OF A WORKAHOLIC

Another Saturday night. Another night of hell.

As the only son and the oldest of three children, I drew the unlucky duty of staying up with my mother to wait for my father to come home.

My mother was a God-fearing woman; my father, a weekend alcoholic. He was a brilliant engineer who traveled the world. But when he was home, a brutal spirit of fear permeated our home.

We were brow-beaten, bullied and threatened. Time after time he would disappear into the bathroom on the pretence of suicide (a further source of pressure, terror and intimidation) as we waited in apprehension for the outcome. This occurred week after week, month after month, for more years than I care to remember. Nothing ever happened, but each weekend episode saw my mother both mentally and physically

abused for hours on end.*

So there I would watch and wait at the bay window for this man who never touched a drop of liquor during the week, but lived in Glasgow's Naval Club on Saturday and Sunday.

Incredibly, he never struck his children, but the pain inflicted by his demeaning words was even worse. He frequently called me a "bastard" and declared I would never amount to anything.

As a result, I grew up with resentment and hatred. I became critical, having no self-worth; was aggressive with no friends, and was a loner, devoid of self-esteem.

So at the age of 30, when I moved away from my Scotland, I vowed to prove him wrong.

Considering my experiences in World War II, I'm lucky I ever lived to see age 26. Early in the war, I joined the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve leaving behind my teenage sweetheart, Irene, and an advertising apprenticeship with a publishing firm. I flew during the Battle of Britain and despite four crashes, walked away from each one.

** In 1969 my father passed on. I praise the Lord that I was able to visit him in Scotland and make my peace with him. At that time he told me he had made his peace with God.*

But in December 1940 I crash landed 10 minutes from a German concentration camp. I soon heard the words, "The war's over for you." Even as a prisoner of war, I was to see how blessed a life I really led.

I spent many grim hours in the four-plus years I endured captivity. Near the end, I nearly collapsed on a forced



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE (ISSN0042-8264) is published monthly for \$4.95 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92628, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Second-class postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. August, 1988, Vol. 36, No. 8.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Voice at the above address. In Canada send return copies to P. O. Box 1704, Windsor, Ontario N9A 6Y1. Yearly subscription: U.S.—\$4.95. Canada and overseas—\$5.35. Bulk rate cards sent on request. Also available in French, German, Norwegian, Swedish and English (U.K.)—\$5.00; Spanish—\$3.00.

march toward the Russians. One day, out of nowhere a Red Cross truck appeared. My fellow prisoners and I headed for a field with the lunch that literally enabled my emaciated body to cling to life.

I considered that Red Cross vehicle a miracle, but it couldn't match what followed.

"I FLEW DURING THE BATTLE OF BRITAIN AND DESPITE FOUR CRASHES, WALKED AWAY FROM EACH ONE."

We had just finished eating when an RAF spitfire and two rocket firing typhoons appeared in the sky. They circled into the sun, turned and jetted back, firing at Germans and POW's alike. I hit the deck, and those three aircraft spewed bullets at me . . . missing me completely but leaving a silhouetted pattern of holes in the ground around my body. Impossible!

When the firing ceased, everyone else in my area was dead. But instead of being grateful, I was angry. I was cold, still hungry and exhausted. On top of that, the Germans forced us to pick up all the corpses.

Though I didn't realize it then, it was the faithful prayers of my teenage sweetheart that kept me alive. Irene had been a Christian since childhood, but despite her influence, it was many years before I

became a fully committed born again Christian.

After the war, I returned to Scotland, married Irene and resumed my advertising career. I worked for two different agencies in Glasgow and enrolled in some evening classes in marketing.

Marketing was my strong suit. One time for kicks when I was a POW, I drew up a mock business plan for a fictitious company and mailed it to a marketing firm in England. On the strength of that plan, they offered me a post-war job, but for some unexplained reason my mother didn't show me the letter until it was too late.

While some of my Scottish compatriots considered me a hero for surviving German captivity, my father wasn't impressed. He continued to berate me even after I was out on my own, and the continuing animosity between us frightened Irene. She feared that at some point in the future the antagonism might become more physical, so in 1951 we migrated to Toronto, Canada.

Even though we moved far away from home, my hatred and hang-ups accompanied me. I was burning with resentment, both for the father who had belittled me and the mother who had forced me to shoulder the responsibility of "protecting" her when I was so young.

I had other past problems as well. For example, one time as a youth, kids had laughed at me because I was poorly dressed. Before long in Toronto, I owned 15 suits, proudly wearing my new status of the snappy dresser.

Of course, my priority was to prove my father wrong and I eagerly set out to accomplish that. I earned a bachelor of

arts degree while working full time, first with a New York-based advertising agency, then a Toronto firm. I spent 20 years with the latter, and there my workaholicism blossomed.

Many people think of advertising agencies as places that dream up the cute commercials they see on TV. But full-blown marketing plans, like the type I

"BEFORE LONG... I OWNED 15 SUITS, PROUDLY WEARING MY NEW STATUS..."



coordinated, involve many other tasks.

When we tackled a project, it was akin to fighting the war all over again. Our research covered all the aspects of a product: color, smell, size and shape, even the best color for the box. We lined up all the competitors' products and researched them, did further testing, and conducted price studies and then wrote voluminous reports on our findings.

In one case, I even told a company that their best plan of attack was not advertising, because theirs had resulted in 97 percent name recognition but no sales. We replaced advertising with a

merchandising program such as meetings with store executives, special seminars and other awareness-raising activities that increased sales six-fold in the first year.

One of my biggest successes was a Canadian detergent. Two co-workers and I had approached the president of a large package goods organization with a marketing plan, but he didn't think it would work. Finally, he allowed us to experiment in the Maritime Provinces, and within six months the product had risen to the number one position in eastern Canada. The result was national distribution. Eighteen years later, that detergent is still number one.

Fantastic was another soap product I promoted. Over the years I also mapped marketing strategies for Samsonite Luggage, and engineered the name change of Westinghouse to Hot Point. I also handled many pharmaceutical companies.

By this time I was Senior Vice-President for the largest advertising company in Canada.

When it came to work, nobody could top me. I was there first in the morning and the last out the door at night. I had very little use for the people who worked under me unless they followed the same pattern, regardless of the cost to their families.

Of course, I was paying a tremendous price in my own life for being the supreme "company man." Workaholicism and alcoholism have many similarities, but their common denominator is the suffering that both cause in the home.

Mine was in chaos because I failed to exert my scriptural authority to direct and

guide in love as the head of the household. When you fail to do this, men, you're begging for trouble. What happens is, whether you realize it or not, you hand over that authority to your wife and she hands it over to the children, who don't know what to do with it either. Pretty soon you have utter domestic turmoil.

My wife was very unhappy. My son and daughter, who were born before we left Scotland, were in their early teens as I was reaching the height of my 12 to 15-hour work days. My lack of attention to them caused severe rebellion as I found myself drifting in my father's direction — not with physical abuse, but in the area of harsh words and lack of demonstrative love.

This went on for years. Even after our children were grown, I was still a failure as a husband. Finally, Irene got down on her knees in prayer and said, "Father, I'm reading your Word and it's kind of dry. My prayers have not been answered. Jim doesn't love me, my kids don't love me . . . I want You to tell me in some way that You love me."

Within a few days, He showed her, filling her with the Holy Spirit. All of a sudden, I had a new wife, one who smiled at me all the time and had no scolding or reprimands for my late hours and other shortcomings.

This caused a change in me. I started staying out even later and for the first time, was drinking heavily. Instead of the dreaded booze that ruined my father's life, I combatted the tension of the high-powered agency business through valium. Many times I had to sneak into the board room prior to a major confer-

ence and pop an upper to counter the dulling effect of my favorite tranquilizer.

When I decided to take up alcohol, opportunities abounded. TV stations, other agencies and clients all put on product demonstrations or promotions, mostly centered around cocktail parties, dinners or receptions where the liquor was free.



"...I HAD TO SNEAK INTO THE BOARD ROOM...AND POP AN UPPER."

What I didn't know after I started my boozing spree was that when I came in at night, Irene was laying hands on me and praying. It took four years, but her answer to prayer came the weekend in 1975 when I agreed to go with her to a Couples' Weekend Seminar.

J. Allan Peterson led the seminar, and as this tremendous orator spoke, the Holy Spirit worked through him. I felt like his simple, concise inquiry was delivered right to me: "McEwan, what are your priorities?"

Now, I could preach a good sermon

on salvation. I had heard all about that. But this message hit me where it hurt. My life was everything but what it should have been, and it pained me to admit it.

That night, when we went to our room, I cried. Proud Glasgow men don't cry, no matter what the circumstances. But I cried — all night. Tears of repentance and regret flooded my cheeks. At day-

On Sunday morning, when Peterson asked if anyone had a testimony, I was the first to respond. Loudly I proclaimed, "Christ first, wife second, children third and job last!" And that's the way it has been for the last thirteen years.

Not only was I filled with joy, I experienced healing, beginning with an immediate release from my Valium addiction. I



The still successful, but now fulfilled Jim McEwan and his wife Irene.

break I committed myself to the Lord Jesus. Four years and two months after Irene was baptized in the Holy Spirit, I returned to my God. This is an amazing parallel, since the time frame exactly matched the length of my POW existence!

was also healed of chronic tendonitis and of a stroke in 1979. Next to go were my headaches — the migraines which had been so severe the only relief had been to lie in a dark room while Irene literally froze my head with a bag of ice. My damaged relationships as both a son

and a father, were also healed.

Finally came an end to the deep-seated hatred, although it did not come until four years later. In 1979, I attended a Full Gospel Business Men's convention in Blackpool, England, where I saw two Irishmen, one from the north and one from the south, hug each other. I knew the Lord was the only one who could

“LOUDLY I PROCLAIMED, 'CHRIST FIRST, WIFE SECOND, CHILDREN THIRD AND JOB LAST!' ”

make that happen. Then I watched a Messianic Jew embrace a German. I decided to hug him, too, and discovered I had been healed of the bitterness stemming from my wartime experiences.

At the advertising agency, employees and fellow executives immediately noticed a change.

“What's happened to you?” many asked when they realized Jim McEwan was no longer a slave to the corporation.

“Let me tell you,” I would smile, shutting my office door before I would witness. One thing you should realize is that the advertising business attracts creative people who tend to be quite tolerant of others' beliefs, even if you're a “Jesus freak.” But while many

shrugged off my talks, I did see a number of co-workers later accept the Lord.

Four years after my conversion, I decided to set up my own agency, which gave me more flexibility in working for FGBMFI, a ministry I consider to be one of the greatest ever raised up by the Lord.

Nonetheless, my numerous contacts and business experiences resulted in a steadily expanding clientele. Business was so good that in 1986 I arrived at a crossroads. I could feel myself being lured back into the same old rat race as the exciting challenges of the marketing business were whetting my appetite for action.

This time I made a sensible decision. I shut down my firm to devote full time to Full Gospel Business Men and to Bible teaching.

I know now beyond a doubt that the only work that will last is the kind done for His Kingdom. □

Jim McEwan spent 36 years in the advertising and marketing field, including 20 years with Foster Advertising in Toronto. In 1979, he formed McEwan Advertising Limited, which he operated until retiring in 1986. He and his wife, Irene, have a son, Kevin, a daughter, Lauraine, and seven grandchildren.

The McEwans are members of the King Street Pentecostal Church in Oshawa, Ontario, where Jim serves as an elder. He is a lifetime member of FGBMFI, has been an International Director and serves on the Canadian Board as Second Vice-President.

He has shared his testimony and conducted leadership workshops, been a convention speaker and teaches seminars at conventions and men's advances in Canada, U.S.A. and the United Kingdom. Recently, he was a teacher at the 35th World Convention in Toronto, Canada.

In April, 1984, he and Irene made a trip to Japan and also to the third Asian FGBMFI Convention in the Philippines, speaking at two of the convention meetings.

It is your decision!

A Step Toward Your Goal

Goals are the stepping stones of life.

Many stepping stones may be laid with the help of your will. An effective will begins with concern for your family, friends, and other special interests. It assures that the

goal you have set for your property's disposition has been properly recorded.

The sooner you make a will, the sooner you can move on to other goals.

Take the first step. Return the coupon below and receive a copy of this helpful booklet, "Giving Through Your Will."

..... *Clip and Mail*

FGBMF/USA, P. O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

Please send me a complimentary copy of your booklet "Giving Through Your Will."


Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____





When Richard Galloway joined two other partners to start a convenience store/gasoline pump operation, he had no intention of creating a monster. But 10 years later, he realized that the complex daily demands of his life ruled him. When he came to the end of his rope, he didn't have to promise to quit drinking, or go to church, or even to become a Christian. He just had to ask for help.

A PRISONER OF SUCCESS

Richard Galloway
North Dallas, Texas

"Richard, you're going to have to leave until you get your act together."

The emotionless expression on my wife's face didn't provide any clues to what she was thinking, but I didn't need any. I knew my life was a mess.

Our relationship had steadily deteriorated ever since I had borrowed \$2,000 to invest in a convenience store that had mushroomed into a chain of 20. We were

rich beyond our wildest dreams — but we weren't happy.

As the boss of this empire, I was always on call. A 275 percent annual employee turnover added lots of personnel interviews and training to an already busy schedule. When I wasn't putting in a typical workday (which lasted from 12 to 20 hours), I was either tossing down



“I was tossing down double shots of scotch to relax.”

double shots of scotch to relax, or soothing my nerves with hits of marijuana and cocaine.

Dixie had grown weary of this reckless lifestyle, even though she had partied

with me in the early years of our marriage. She was sick of my overpowering personality and was concerned that our three children were growing up without the right paternal example. She was especially fed up with my weekend habit of staying loaded while lying in front of the TV.

I didn't learn the workaholic routine as a child. My parents both worked hard, but on weekends they spent time with me and my sister. This included taking us to church every Sunday. Born in Scottsbluff, Nebraska in 1944, I accepted Jesus as my Saviour at a young age and was filled with the Holy Spirit while attending church camp at 14.

But in my senior year of high school, I began questioning the hypocrisy I detected in our church. Besides some of their legalistic “no-nos,” I didn't care for their racial intolerance. I grew up in a mixed neighborhood and many of my friends were black. When the congregation made it plain they didn't want any “colored folk” around I thought, “If that's the way they are, I'll just leave. I don't need any of this phony stuff.”

After high school, I attended the University of Oklahoma for two years. There I met Dixie, and we married just before I left for three years in the Army. After my hitch, we ultimately returned to California, where we bought a 7-Eleven convenience store in San Francisco.

We enjoyed the store and wanted to buy more. However 7-Eleven wouldn't sell me any more franchises in the area, so I sold out to accept an offer from Dixie's father to invest in a new convenience store he wanted to set up in Oklahoma City where we moved in 1971.

That first store (ironically called Happy Foods) was so successful that in a few months I had paid back my loan. Initially, my wife and I handled the store without any employees. I ran the cash registers and she handled the bookkeeping out of an office in our home.

The convenience store business is quite challenging, but meeting it came



Richard and Dixie Galloway

naturally. I have always liked serving people, and our store was located in an inner city neighborhood where we had many repeat customers. As we constantly reinvested our profits and grew, so did our responsibilities.

I don't know how they design refrigeration equipment so that it only breaks down at 2 a.m., but that seemed to be the most opportune time for wake-up calls. If it wasn't that, it was responding to the latest robbery or calling a wrecker to haul away cars when customers parked their cars two feet outside the front door.

After two years, we had bought out the third investor and owned 20 stores, with three supervisors and a full time auditor to keep Happy Foods operating. While

my father-in-law was a silent partner, he played a key role in my slowly evolving worship of work. I admired the way he had come out of the Depression, worked himself through college, and risen to corporate executive and successful independent businessman. Though it's not his fault, I tried to pattern myself after him in becoming a business success.

One thing that drives a workaholic is pride. You take pride in working harder than anyone else and in your sense of accomplishment. Of course, what I discovered is that nobody really cares that you're putting in so many hours, unless it's someone below you who is striving for the same "riches."

Dixie and I also boasted of our sense of urgency. If a problem existed, it received our immediate, continuing attention until it was solved. As time wore on, I grew increasingly contemptuous of people who didn't share this relentless attitude. I thought I was a superhuman, someone who operated above the system and owned all the rewards, a badge of my superiority.

The truth is, I was a prisoner of success. Early in my business career, I hardly ever drank, since I considered pot smoking a better method of loosening up. But one night I decided to sip a little wine. Several years later I had advanced to more than a quart of tequila a day.

The thirst for alcohol wound up shaking my secure, work-founded world. As a master of business (my abilities had landed me on the board of directors of a local bank), I thought I was in control of everything. So when my mother-in-law remarked one day that I really was drinking too much, I decided to prove her

wrong. But all it took was a "small" toast to a successful business deal a few days later to demonstrate that I couldn't stop.

Fear gripped me. There I was, a highly disciplined, self-made man and I could not quit drinking! As I reflected on that, I realized my marriage and family life were going downhill and I couldn't do a thing to prevent that, either. I was riding a fast track to destruction.

Luckily, the Lord intervened. Dixie had been shaken up by her aunt's death and had begun studying the Bible to find more meaning than existed in our crazy lives. She had been saved as a child and now the Word was drawing her back to God.

Thus, on that May evening in 1981 when she told me to leave, she had far more wisdom than I did. I didn't know what to say. I couldn't promise to change my ways because I had already been trying for a year. Perched there on the edge of the bed, I felt like I was losing my mind.

"Richard," Dixie said after she gazed at my panic-stricken face, "you've tried everything else. Why don't you try God?"

Then she turned and walked down the hall.

"What a strange idea," I thought. "Where does she get off bringing God into this? And how can you 'try God,' anyway? I mean, why would He want to talk to me? I didn't talk to Him when things were fine."

But as I pondered her question, I realized my carefully crafted world was going down the tubes. The sum total of my very best effort was a big zero. I needed help. As awkward as it felt, I knelt next to my bed.

"God, I don't know if You would and if

You would, why You would," I prayed, "but I'm asking You with all my heart . . . God, I want You to help me."

Then I arose. No flashes of lightning struck the room. No voices spoke. No clouds appeared. But in a fleeting moment, I detected a strange sight at our bedroom window: a group of familiar faces. They belonged to acquaintances who represented the many problems I faced, such as drugs, booze, sex and money. At first I was terrified, but then a strange feeling welled up inside. None of these problems were insurmountable and, for the first time in my workaholic existence, I just knew everything was going to be okay. Fear and worry departed.

For some reason, when Dixie came to bed, she didn't demand that I leave. The next morning I headed straight to a bookstore because I wanted a book about God. He had my attention and I wanted to know more about Him. I purchased a Bible that morning and began reading it cover to cover. The thing that impressed me the most was God's power. I knew that He knew all about me, what I had done and how far I had strayed from Him, and yet He loved me in spite of that.

Not only did I read His love in the Bible, I experienced it. I read more and discovered that God is still in business today. Before I had assumed the Bible was irrelevant because so many Christians talked about a Jesus who came to earth 2,000 years ago and if you followed Him, you might get to heaven someday. But now I saw how the principles that had helped me succeed in business were actually based on the Bible.

Suddenly my whole world turned

upside down. I realized how badly I had neglected my family, my spiritual life and so many other things that were more important than money and worldly treasures. From Proverbs 16:3 I learned that if I committed my work to the Lord, He would establish my plans. In Psalms 127, I found that if we build anything under our own power, it's all in vain.



The Galloways: (l. to r.) Rachel, Dixie, Richard, Juan and Michael

But what really brought joy to my heart was 2 Corinthians 5, where I discovered that God reconciled us to Himself and doesn't hold our sins against us. I realized the Lord wasn't keeping a scorecard of my sins, and He wasn't ticked off at me.

I knew we had to get off the merry-go-round. Soon we sold our interest in the convenience stores and moved to the Virgin Islands, where we spent three years. There I really got to know my family.

In St. Thomas I was introduced to Full

Gospel Business Men and helped start a chapter there. I also taught Bible studies in our home and at a senior citizen center. For one four-month period I even handed out gospel tracts two hours a day at a local high school. I used to think handing out tracts was stupid, but during that time we led over 300 people to the Lord. This made a real impact on my life.

We then moved to San Juan, Puerto Rico, where we obtained a construction permit and helped build Christian channel 58.

At the end of two years there, we were praying and seeking the Lord's will. We were ready to sail for another island to serve as missionaries, but the Lord directed us to return to the U.S. and settle in Dallas instead. That was a real culture shock after living in the Caribbean, but I soon realized that millions of people in the United States aren't saved, despite the presence of many great churches. So many residents drive Mercedes and wear Rolex watches, but they are just as lost as those living in poverty.

At first, I invested in an automotive fast lube franchise, but after a year I discovered that wasn't what the Lord wanted me to do. Nonetheless, through it all He was teaching me humility. Finally, via contacts with some Christians, I have become an officer and stockholder in two companies that are marketing new products. One is importing a tool used by electricians, and the other is developing the world's first portable battery operated lap-top, AT-compatible computer with built in cellular telephone and error correcting modem.

While it is exciting to be part of new business developments, these endeavors

ors do not hold top priority in my heart. That is reserved for Jesus Christ.

Believe me, He is a very real person . . . someone you can know through reading the Bible and inviting Him into your life. He knows you, loves you and wants to help you. Like me, all you have to do is ask.

Richard Galloway is president of MBD International, which imports a "Volt Stick" from Sweden. He is also Executive Vice-President of Intelligence Technology Corporation, a computer company based in Dallas. He and his wife, Dixie, have three children: Juan, 18; Michael, 12; and Rachel, 8. They are members of Word of Faith Church. Richard has served as an FGBMFI field representative for the Dallas area, where he helped organize the first Chinese chapter in the world located outside of China.

CONVENTIONS

NANOOSE BAY FAMILY CAMP

August 3-7, 1988

Nanoose Bay Pentecostal Camp
Nanoose Bay, BC
Contact: Rod Lindsay
2224 Departure Bay Rd.
Nanaimo, BC V9S 3V8

ROCKY MTN. REG. CONVENTION

August 4-8, 1988

Raffles Hotel
Aurora, CO
Contact: Gerald Walker
P. O. Box 355
Denver, CO 80201

MISSISSIPPI REG. CONVENTION

August 4-8, 1988

Holiday Inn Downtown
Jackson, MS
Contact: William R. Keller
P. O. Box 625
Laurel, MS 39441

NO. ALBERTA REG. CONV.

August 17-20, 1988

Convention Inn South
Edmonton, AL
Contact: Ken Slobod
4720-124 St.
Edmonton, AL T6H 3T8

WEST. NEW YORK/ROCHESTER CONV.

August 17-20, 1988

Gedesee Plaza Holiday Inn
Rochester, NY
Contact: Jim McDonald
79 Norcrest Dr.
Rochester, NY 14617

MICHIGAN REGIONAL CONV.

August 17-20, 1988

Raddison-Southfield
Southfield, MI
Contact: Lynn Savage
13510 Coral Rd.
Coral, MI 49322

WEST VIRGINIA STATE CONV.

August 25-27, 1988

Ramada Inn
Morgantown, WV
Contact: John W. Greene
Rt. 1, Box 87
Fairview, WV 26570

CENTRAL GEORGIA RALLY

August 19-20, 1988

Macon Hilton Hotel
Macon, GA
Contact: David C. Crawford
2376 Spring Creek Rd.
Decatur, GA 30033

FORT DODGE, IOWA REG. CONV.

September 1-3, 1988

The Holiday Inn
Fort Dodge, IA
Contact: Harold Brown
P. O. Box 13
Fort Dodge, IA 50501

MARYLAND STATE MEN'S ADVANCE

September 2-4, 1988

New Windsor Service Center
New Windsor, MD
Contact: James E. Click
1645 Hughes Shop Rd.
Westminster, MD 21157

EMPIRE STATE COUPLES ADVANCE

Sept. 9-11 & 18-18

Silver Bay YMCA Conference Center
Silver Bay, NY
Contact: Fred Lawrence
Box 206
Homer, NY 13077

WEST SO. DIST. MEN'S ADVANCE

September 16-18, 1988

Lakeview Camp
Palestine, TX
Contact: FGBMFI
13401 S.W. Fwy., Suite 207
Sugar Land, TX 77478

MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

September 16-18, 1988

Aldersgate Camp
Turner, OR
Contact: Floyd Bennett
176 Liberty NE
Salem, OR 97301

VIRGINIA STATE CONVENTION

Sept. 28-Oct. 2, 1988

Pavilion Tower Hotel
Virginia Beach, VA
Contact: FGBMFI Virginia State Conv.
1043 Luxford Ln.
Virginia Beach, VA 23451

NIAGARA REGIONAL CONV.

October 27-30, 1988

Brock Hotel
Niagara Falls, Ontario Canada
Contact: Dick Penner
Box 554
Niagara Falls, ON L2E 6V2

CONVENTIONS PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE WERE APPROVED ON OR BEFORE May 12, 1988

Minister to the World!



As a member of the International 120 Club, you have the opportunity to affect the lives of people throughout the world. Just as the 120 disciples moved out of the Upper Room and changed their world, you can join with others in the Fellowship and with your prayers and gift of \$10.00 or more each month can play a vital part in

FGBMFI's worldwide ministry.

Your participation in the International 120 Club will:

- Contribute to nation-changing AIRLIFTS around the world.
- Increase powerful RADIO outreaches to third-world and Communist countries.
- Support life-changing PRISON MINISTRIES.
- Help sponsor our new half-hour weekly TELEVISION programs that will reach the homes of thousands of unsaved individuals.
- Aid local, regional and world CONVENTIONS to continue to EVANGELIZE local communities, and train, teach and inspire.
- Help deliver life-changing messages through VOICE magazine, now in 12 languages.

Membership in the International 120 Club is open to everyone. When you send in your first gift, you will receive a lovely International 120 Club pin as a symbol of our UNITY. The pins are designed for both men and women.

**THE TIME IS SHORT. WILL YOU
PRAYERFULLY UNITE WITH US TODAY?**

YES, I WANT TO HELP REACH THE WORLD.

- I want to be a member of the International 120 Club. I will pray monthly for FGBMFI outreaches, and I will give \$ _____ monthly, as the Lord provides. Enclosed is my first gift.
- I want to help, but not as a International 120 Club member. Enclosed is my one-time gift of \$ _____.
- I have enclosed a prayer request.

Name _____

Address _____

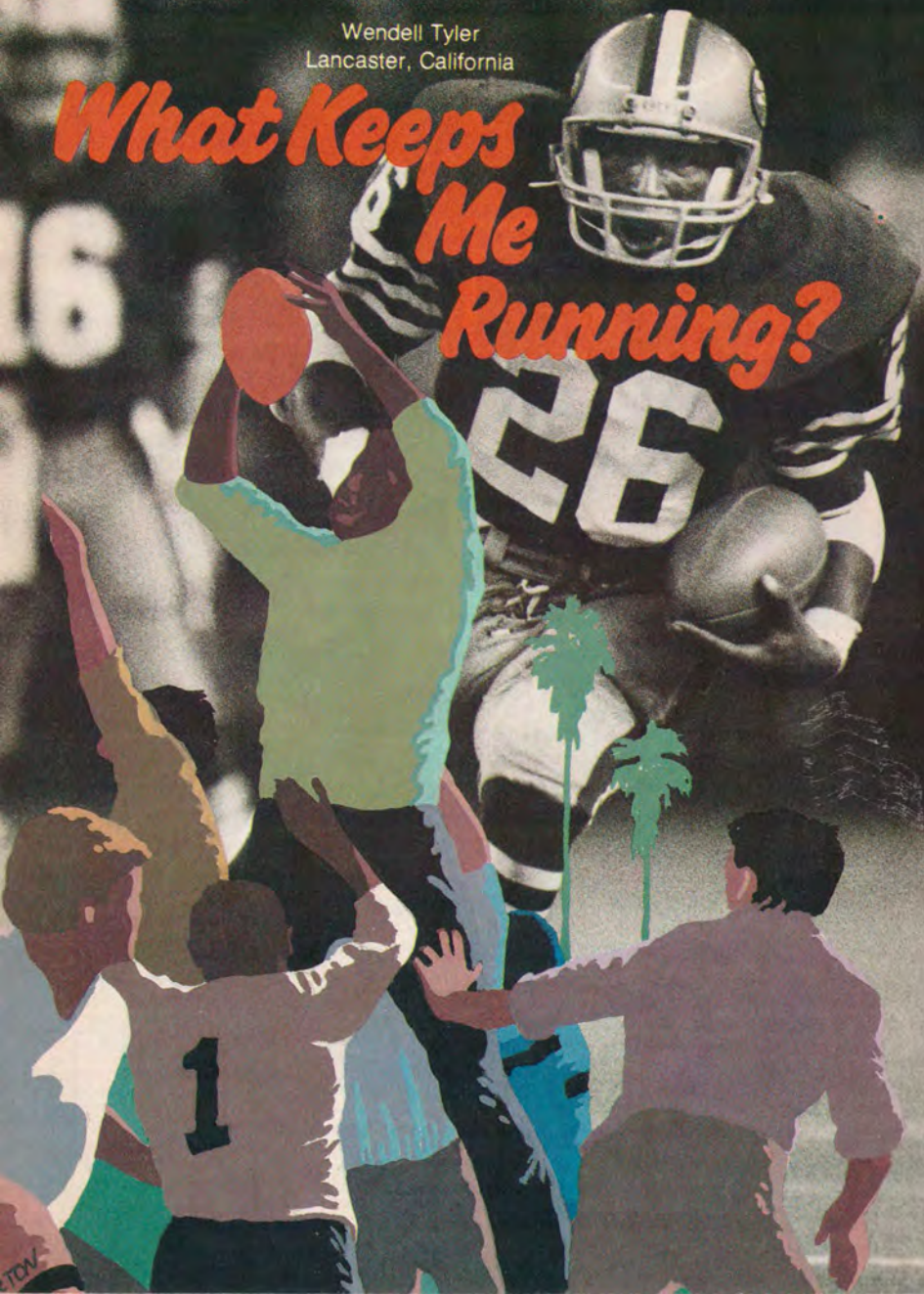
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FGBMFI, P.O. BOX 5050, COSTA MESA, CA 92628

3204-18-7003

Wendell Tyler
Lancaster, California

What Keeps Me Running?



From the time I was seven years old, I had a vision of becoming a professional football player. As a little kid in Seattle, I loved to play ball with the older boys in the streets. In a way I was a "natural." Even at that age I loved to compete and had a lot of drive.

My parents made us go to church on Sunday even if they didn't go, but half-way through mass the nuns almost always had to take me out because I was a little tyrant. I went to the Catholic school until third grade.

When I was eleven my father (an aerospace worker in the Air Force) was transferred to California, so we moved to an area outside of Los Angeles. In the tenth grade I went out for the football team. My teammates heckled me so much about being so young that I felt intimidated. But having played with older guys in the streets all those years, I was ready. I knew I could be a winner if only I had a chance.

However, the first time I played as runningback, a guy stuck out his arm and hit me full-force in the throat. Getting up I said to myself, "Is this what I want to do for the rest of my life?" My vision was shattered. But a little later I broke through for a 35-yard touchdown. All my teammates were yelling, "Great run! Great run!" My vision was restored.

I had no intention of experimenting with drugs because I had goals to achieve. Nothing was going to stand in my way. I was convinced that if I wanted to make it in life I would have to acquire a fast car, a fancy home, and have two women on each arm.

But one afternoon my buddy and I found three baggies of marijuana in a

locker. Rolling up a few joints he nagged, "Come on Wendell, just one puff." Finally I gave in.

If only I'd known then what I know now. If only I'd known that Satan is real, and that he comes into our lives very subtly to kill, to steal and to destroy. Drugs are one of his major tools. When I made the decision to experiment, the enemy of our souls began his campaign to steal my football career.

I continued to use drugs and to pursue my career at the same time. For a while this seemed to work as I was offered scholarships to about every major col-



Wendell Tyler

lege. Choosing UCLA, I was on my way to a thousand-yard year when I tore all the ligaments in my left arm. It was the first time I'd ever been injured, and it was a shock.

I remembered how a speaker at one of our banquets had talked about all the

money, fast cars and women that would be ours if we would stick with our sport. But nobody ever told us about the pain, the hurt, the injuries and the pressure . . . or how to handle them.

That's just how Satan operates. He never tells you about the consequences of your actions. You don't find out until after you've gotten involved in adultery, drugs or drunk driving.

In addition to the drugs, college was full of other distressing pressures. For me it became such a struggle just to survive academically that soon I wasn't able to give my best to football. I remember going from teacher to teacher saying, "Hey, I'm trying. I want to graduate. I need all of the help I can get."

At that point, my early Catholic education came into play. Because of it, I still believed there was a God and that He was a God of miracles. So with my priorities still not right I'd get down on my knees and pray, "God, make me the greatest football player so I can get a Cadillac and a nice home." I had totally bought into the lie that material possessions were the only way to a happy life.

Throughout college I was somewhat militant and cocky. I justified this with the fact that I'd had three head coaches in four years. They all had different personalities which I had to deal with. This was hard for me because I had to constantly adjust my lifestyle and thinking to their different philosophies. Since every one of them wanted to change my personality, there was conflict.

In a way, this was a considerable learning experience, but it came at a time when I was desperately struggling just to stay in school. Eventually the

pressure became overwhelming. When I was drafted by the Los Angeles Rams, it was a relief to leave. It wasn't until later that I regretted not finishing school.

By the age of 21 my dreams were coming true. Already I was making \$37,000 a year plus a \$20,000 bonus. Along came the Porsche and all the toys I wanted. But I also had to deal with the fact that everyone wanted my money. I had never been taught how to handle this either, so before long these new pressures led to more drugs.

Still, I thought I had it made until I ripped up my knee in the second year. Suddenly it looked like my career was over. For the rest of the year all I did was sit around the house, drink beer and think about how everything I'd worked for was over.

"What am I going to do now?" I'd moan. "I don't have a degree. I have no other goals in life." But by working with brutal determination after my knee surgery, I came back the following year. Then tragedy struck.

One day my wife and I decided to go to a family reunion at her parents' home in the mountains of West Virginia. We arrived on July 3rd. That night my brother-in-law asked me to go to a dance with him at the local church. Exhausted from the long drive, I said no, but my wife was insistent.

The dance was in the church auditorium where they were selling all kinds of beer. I started drinking and dancing and having a ball. About midnight, we left.

We got in the car, and both the fellow in the back seat and I promptly fell asleep. Unfortunately, my brother-in-law

who was driving fell asleep too. There he was, dozing off at 100 miles per hour with his foot on the gas. The next thing I knew we were ploughing through bushes. Then came the impact as my head hit the dash. The car crunched up like an accordion as the dash also came up and caught my knee.

My brother-in-law had a broken arm and the guy in the back had a broken leg, but I couldn't move. All I could think of was I had just bought a new car, had a brand new home, and had just signed a contract for \$200,000 a year. I was 23 years old.

When I woke up from surgery I learned that all my muscles were stretched out of place. As I laid in agony in the hospital, the family reunion was still going on. I was filled with bitterness and hate . . . hate for my wife, hate for my brother-in-law, hate for everyone I could think of.

My wife called the Rams and they sent their Lear jet to fly me to a hospital in California. The doctors told the team owner that I only had a 10% chance of ever playing again.

But laying there in traction a strange thing happened. Suddenly I remembered all the fanatics I used to walk by in downtown L.A. who'd yell out to me, "Jesus loves you, Jesus can heal you." Now when I was really down and out I remembered those people.

The next day I asked my wife to bring me a Bible. Opening to the book of Romans, I found the place where Paul talks about the fact that every time he tries to do right, he does more wrong; yet it wasn't his own will, but another "will" at work within him!

Immediately I identified with Paul and thought, "God, that's just like me. Every time I try to stop drinking or chasing women, the very thing I'm trying to avoid just comes up and grabs me. I need You to come into my life and change me. Jesus, please change me."

With that the Spirit of the Lord came into my room. The Lord told me that I would be an even greater football player, not because of my own ability, but because He now lived in me. He told me to go forth and share with His people how the devil will try to kill, steal and destroy each one of them.

When I got out of the hospital I had to learn how to walk all over again. It hurt so much that I actually cried. My natural talent was gone and I was afraid

I started playing again in October but was so filled with fear that I got hurt again. This time it was my elbow.

However, the next year I had a fantastic season. I worked very hard and gained over a thousand yards. I even tied the Rams' record for touchdowns. I was riding high, but this time all I wanted to do was to give God the glory.

One day I said to the Lord, "What can I do to give You the praise and the glory?" He said, "Every time you make a touchdown, before you slam the ball down, get down and give the sign of the cross."

So that's what I did every time I'd make a touchdown, and I was happy to do it! After all, Jesus died on the cross. He died for our sins. He died for my marriage to be healed. He died for me to be delivered from drugs. The power to overcome all obstacles was given to us right there on the cross and we can receive

that power. So seventeen touchdowns meant seventeen signs of the cross that everybody saw!

Meanwhile my wife had been born again and was going to a Christian Chapel church. But still my life wasn't quite right because I didn't have fellowship with other Christians.

One afternoon I went down to the church looking for someone to talk to. I needed to share my problems and my needs. But as I walked around the church I couldn't see anybody I could relate to. I guess the bottom line was that I was afraid to share what I was going through. I was longing for someone I could trust and have a personal relationship with — one on one, but I was afraid.

After I got home JoJo Sanchez called me. He was a member of our church and the Lord had put me on his heart. The first time he called I couldn't really open up. He called me five times. The fifth time he started telling me about himself — his background, his vision and his dreams.

He told me about how he grew up in East L.A. and was saved through the testimony of a Full Gospel Business Man in Juvenile Hall.

Later God gave him a vision to go back to the streets and inner cities of America to share Jesus. He also shared his vision of having a youth academy where kids with life controlling problems could come from all walks of society, get trained in the Word of God, learn a trade, and go back into society as productive human beings. This vision would give the Body of Christ the opportunity to finance Youth Academy U.S.A.

When I heard this I thought, "This is the man that God has sent to me to fulfill

my commitment and preach the Gospel . . . to go and share the love of Jesus to America's hurting youth and parents."

Immediately I responded to this calling. Months of biblical training soon followed. In my off season I found myself going to juvenile detention centers, prisons, churches (small and large), with one message in my heart, "Kids and parents are special!"

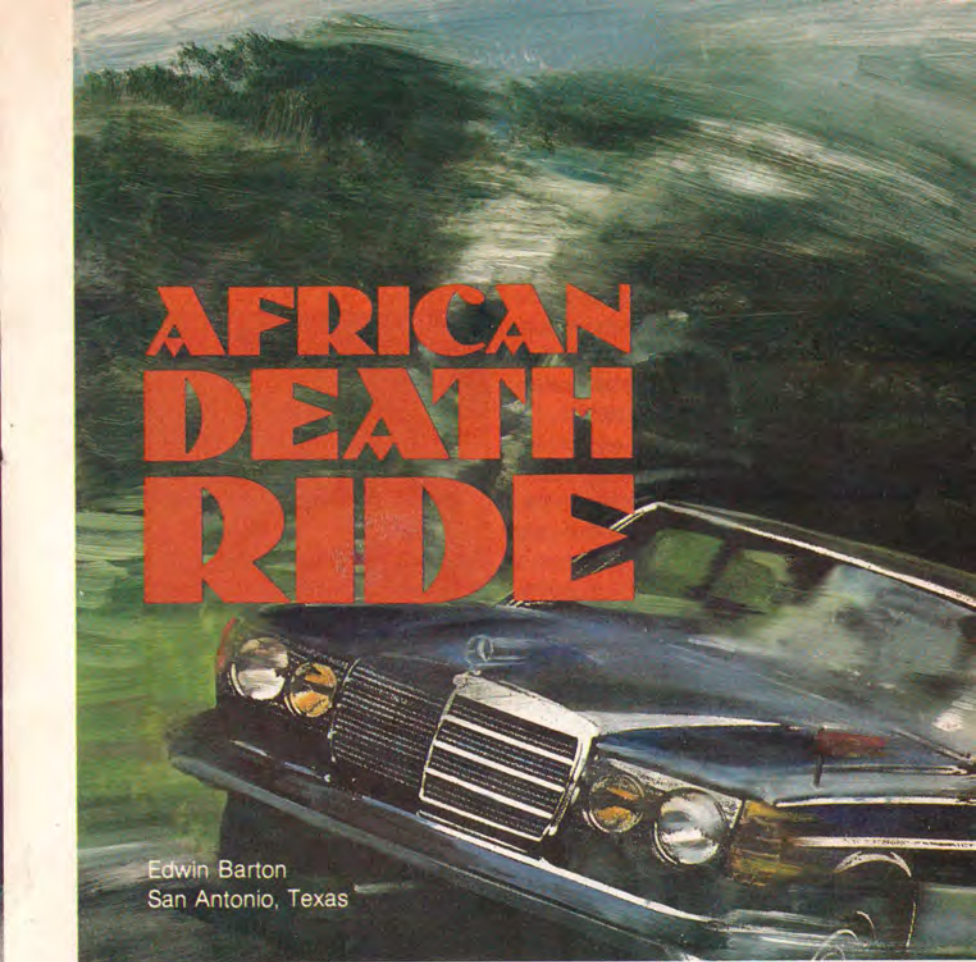
I have discovered a great love and burning desire to be like the prophet Isaiah who said, "My bones are on fire." Today, there's a fire in my bones and this fire causes me to run to the mission fields of America — to the streets, out where the people are.

Both JoJo's dream and mine are becoming a reality. God has allowed us to operate I.C.Y.M. Youth Academy U.S.A., a live-in, Christ-centered academy where young troubled youths come from all walks of life and are trained to walk and dream God's greatness and excellence in their lives. Once they graduate from the academy, they will re-enter society as productive citizens.

There are a lot of hurting people in America. JoJo and I have dedicated our lives to reconcile families. I'm now doing what God has called me to do, and that's what keeps me running. □

Wendell now resides in Lancaster with his wife Carmen, their two daughters Candace and Meagan, and their son Wendell Tyler II.

Today, he is Senior Field Representative for I.C.Y.M. Youth Academy U.S.A., which has its corporate office based in Lancaster, California. He can be reached in care of: I.C.Y.M. Youth Academy U.S.A., 42630 10th Street West, Unit 2, Lancaster, California 93534.



AFRICAN DEATH RIDE

Edwin Barton
San Antonio, Texas

From my back seat in the Mercedes limousine I could see the speedometer climb past 100, then creep up until it hovered around 145. Then it started climbing again.

Terrified, I watched the African countryside whiz past — just a blur of green, brown and tree trunks. Not infrequently, there was a hole in the forest wall where

a speeding bush taxi had left the road at high speed, cut a swatch of brush and trees and come to rest in a fireball of twisted metal, exploding gasoline and human occupants. The charred auto carcasses were grim warnings to the living.

This didn't seem to alarm the chauffeur who was a driver from the presiden-

tial car pool. Through my interpreter I pleaded with the driver to slow down. "It is not worth the risk," I urged. "If we crash at this speed we will all be killed and the mission will be lost for certain!" But my official escort, a distinguished looking African by the name of Pierre Gaudier, ignored my pleas and repeatedly yelled, "Vite! Vite! to the driver, which in French means, "Faster! Faster!"

He did explain through the interpreter that the speedometer registered in kilometers, not miles, and that we had to get to the President's residence at once. At that point we were eighty miles away on a black-top road barely wide enough for meeting cars to pass.

I watched the needle climb to 175 km (120 miles per hour). Unless the Mercedes could be slowed, it was inevitable that a truck would meet us on a curve. One swerve at this speed with no shoulder to catch us, and we would be killed instantly.

The urgency to reach the President's home at Yammasukro, Ivory Coast Republic was the result of a communications foul up. A message had been sent to Messr. Gaudier to bring me, Mr. Barton, directly to the Summer Palace where the President, Dr. Felix Houphet-Boigne would be waiting to confer on the American's mission. Gaudier had failed to receive the telegram and had proceeded to Bouke, a hundred miles north of Yammasukro. There we examined a proposed location for one of the medical camps not knowing that President Boigne had been cooling his heels, awaiting my arrival.

My mission was to meet with the President and his Cabinet to work out the

establishment of medical camps to rescue and rehabilitate African children caught in the jaw of the Nigeria-Biafran Civil War. An estimated two thousand were dying daily of malnutrition because of the lack of food within the Biafran war perimeter. President Boigne had offered



"I was not only dead tired from the day's traveling, but also exhausted from the acute fear of losing my life at any minute."

three or more locations for the rescue medical camps.

I represented a group of thirty medical doctors from Columbia University Medical School in New York and Harvard Medical School in Boston, plus assurances of some foundation support for the humane undertaking. Through the Ivory Coast Republic's Ambassador to the United Nations, preliminary details had been worked out, but the meeting with President Boigne was vital.

As the speed run to Yammasukro continued, I was not only dead tired from the

day's traveling, but also exhausted from the acute fear of losing my life at any minute.

I closed my eyes and began to pray . . . something I had not done for months. Although I attended church regularly with my family, I had dropped my efforts toward a close relationship with God. Grace at meals and the Lord's Prayer was the extent of my praying. I had accepted a stoic, if not existential, view of life. "What is going to happen will happen," I reasoned, "so just brace yourself to live through it!"

I was used to depending upon myself, never thanking God for the bounty I enjoyed as Student Affairs Director at the Columbia Medical School. Neither did I thank Him for my own children who were very healthy.

Now I had to pray. God was the only power that could save my life and possibly thousands of young innocent African lives if the MERCY Project was allowed to succeed.

With closed eyes I sought Him saying, "Lord, I have not called upon You in a long while, but now I know no one else to turn to. If we are killed (as it seems we will be) not only my life and those in this car will be lost, but many innocent children as well. Lord, I came to Africa to save lives but it looks like I will lose my life with nothing accomplished. Now, I turn it all over to You. What happens is beyond me. I ask You to take control of this car and this project. In the name of Jesus, Amen."

That is all I prayed. Making no deals with God, I just turned it all over to Him. Although I did not reopen my eyes, I instantly experienced a complete relaxa-

tion and peace. The whistling wind passing the Mercedes as it traveled over 120 MPH no longer made me nervous. The occasional siren that the chauffeur turned on as the official government limousine approached settlements along the road no longer startled me. I settled into the deep cushions of the back seat and immediately was asleep.

The next thing I knew I was being shaken by Messr. Gaudier. The interpreter was saying, "Mr. Barton, we are in Yammasukro and will be seeing the President in a few minutes." Looking at my watch I was amazed to find that only forty minutes had passed, about the time it took to cover eighty miles at two miles a minute.

God had taken over! We had been spared, but God had only begun.

I combed my hair, entered the Summer Palace grounds, and was soon seated beside His Excellency the President of the Ivory Coast Republic, West Africa's richest nation. God was still in charge. It proved to be an especially fruitful conference, resulting in many hundreds of children being flown from Biafra to the Ivory Coast for safety and healing. The President even agreed to relocate school children so that their buildings could be ready to receive the young malnourished refugees from the war zone.

But God did not stop with me there, although I was totally unaware of the way the Holy Spirit works.

Within weeks of my return to New York, three medical students at the College of Physicians and Surgeons (the official name of the Columbia Medical School) came to see me. When I closed

the door to my inner office, they hardly sat down before the leader, a third year student doctor by the name of Frank Mithen spoke.

"Mr. Barton, we came to see if you would lead us in a weekly Bible study."

I could hardly believe what I was hearing! This was early 1969, the height of the so-called student revolution. The year before the medical students had voted to discontinue the weekly chapel service for students at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center. I failed to grasp that this visit was the work of the Holy Spirit. He was working on behalf of me and the student physicians who wanted to grow in the Word and have a personal relationship with Jesus Christ.

I told them as politely as possible that I was working as much as twenty hours a day performing my regular university duties and also serving as General Director of the Medical Relief Program for Biafran Children. There was no way I



"Mr. Barton, we have been praying about the Bible class and we feel that God wants you to lead it."

could schedule it in. The students did not argue and politely left.

But within a week they were back. "Mr. Barton, we still want to start a Bible study for medical students. Would you reconsider teaching it?" Again I turned them down.

The next week they were back again. This time they said: "Mr. Barton, we have been praying about the Bible class and we feel that God wants you to lead it."

There was nothing I could do but say, "Yes, I'll try." We agreed to meet on Wednesday afternoons at 5:15 following the dismissal of classes.

I had prepared for the ministry and had a theological degree from a well known Ivy League seminary where I had become a "higher criticism liberal." I had served a few years as a Navy chaplain, but despaired of the parish ministry after a short try. I felt I had nothing to preach. Fortunately, I also had some training in higher education which had led to my position as Director of Student Affairs for Medical Students at Columbia University.

This had been my perfect dignified escape from the ministry, so I thought. I knew dozens of fellow students at my Divinity School who had also taken the academic escape route when they found their liberal philosophy of religion did not meet the spiritual needs of church members who were hungry for the true Word of God.

I chose the book of Mark for our study. After reviewing the commentaries, I wrote a synopsis-outline. With that I thought I was ready for the first session.

As I somewhat expected, only the three students who had called on me at-



Ed and Rae Beth Barton, and their son Paul

tended. I said to myself, "I have never seen a Bible class grow. These three will probably become discouraged before we even make it through the Gospel of Mark."

My projection was proven wrong. The next week there were five in attendance . . . all advanced students who were in the third and fourth year classes. The next week seven showed up, but they did not let me zip through the book with the speed I had intended. Right from the first chapter they were asking questions like, "Now what is God trying to say to us in this verse? Let's stay on it for awhile."

We stayed in the first chapter of Mark for nine weeks. The teaching had shifted from my outline to the questions the young men were asking. They also gave testimonies of what certain verses meant to them in their own struggles to stay true to God and have a closer walk with Him.

During those nine weeks I learned for the first time what the first chapter of Mark really said. Like the students, I was beginning to see that God was speaking to me personally.

By the time we entered the second chapter there were fifteen students coming faithfully for the two-hour study every Wednesday afternoon.

I was no longer the teacher, just the moderator. I had become a student of the medical students who had become my teachers. As they shared Christ with each other and experienced growth in their walk with God, I found myself letting go of the modern and limiting concepts of "liberal contemporary theology."

I was beginning to get a feel of what God was really doing for mankind (and for me) in sending Jesus Christ into the world to redeem sinners. Even in the face of my tiring double responsibilities during the Biafra children's project, I began to look forward to the Bible study as the high point of the week. It gave me strength, power and a peace I had never known before.

We had grown to some sixty members by the end of the first year. We were beginning each session with Scripture choruses and openly praying for God to work in the Medical Center.

I was finding that there was a deep hunger for the Word of God in the middle of one of the most respected scientific centers in the world. One Ph.D. student from New York University rode the subway 45 minutes each way to be in the Bible study. During the summer we did not disband, but continued with those who were in residence.

One August afternoon in 1970, eight

student doctors who had coped with the most horrible diseases and human tragedy of Harlem (the world's best known ghetto) were at the study. The discussion turned toward their personal commitment to Christ. One young doctor posed the question, "If you should start work in Harlem after graduation, and had to choose between your Bible or your medical bag, which would you choose?"

There was a long silence. Then one of them spoke, "If I had to take only one, the Bible or the medical bag, I would take the Bible." Then, one by one, "The Bible" was the firm answer of each student. I was confused. Here they were in their final months before being graduated from a top medical school. Yet, each would give up medicine rather than forsake what their Bible meant to them. "Why?" I asked.

The student who answered first said, "I could practice medicine in Harlem and save many lives and cure many diseases, but these patients would always get sick or cut up again. Also, there are other clinics and hospitals in the community. The medical cure would never be complete. People are never entirely healed."

"But", he continued, "If I go into the ghetto with my Bible, I can share the message of Jesus Christ. Some will be saved and accept Jesus as Lord and Saviour. These men and women will have something that lasts . . . like the woman at the well. They will have living water springing up to eternal life."

"There is more," Frank Mithen added, "The new Christian will go back to his apartment and tell others. His household will be changed. He or she will lead

others in their apartment building. They will become new creatures in Christ."

As I made my way back to my office that afternoon, a deep warmth filled my soul. I was raised to spiritual heights that I had never known. The joy was overwhelming and indescribable. The witness of these eight young doctors and everything that had happened to me during the year-and-a-half since my "African death ride" had opened the way for God to reach me. My joy was complete. Now I knew that I would do anything for Him or go anywhere He led me.

With a sabbatical leave coming up, I sought part time work in a small church. By the end of the leave, a full time ministry was offered in a place not much better than Harlem.

I gladly accepted the work as God's leading, to be rewarded with a difficult but fruitful harvest. Like the one student had said, "Win one to Christ and he will bring others."

In the years since, I've seen this work. Some I have ministered to have become powerful and effective witnesses, multiplying my efforts many, many times.

I had gone to New York to escape the Christian ministry. But God, working through His Holy Spirit in super-secular New York City and in darkest Africa, followed me, transformed me and set me free. □

Edwin Barton is an active member of the Northside chapter of FGBMFI in San Antonio. He and his wife Rae Beth have one son and three daughters. He is presently writing Christian discipleship teaching materials for evangelical churches. He also gives seminars in discipleship training for laymen and the clergy. He can be contacted c/o Discipleship Seminars, 10815 Pinehill, San Antonio, TX 78230.

NOW YOU, TOO, CAN VOICE THE GOOD NEWS!

Voice is one of the most powerful witnessing tools available! Thousands of men and women receive a quantity of 50, 100 or more copies each month of *Voice* to help them tell others that Jesus is the only answer.

Stories that prove the spiritual effectiveness of *Voice* printed testimonies are almost endless . . .

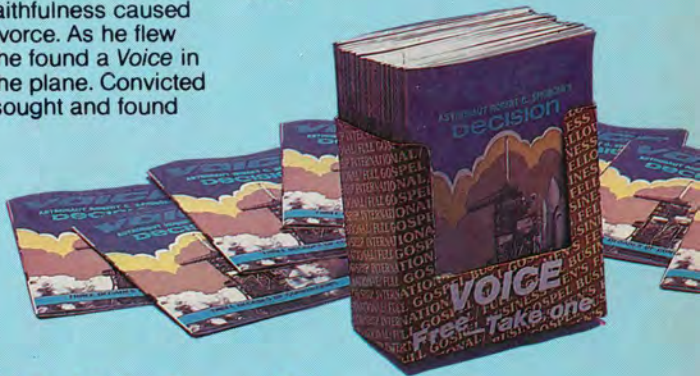
. . . A teenager, despondent because his home was breaking up, planned to kill himself. He picked up a dirty, old copy of *Voice* while passing through a shopping mall, read it late that night, and was saved, not only from suicide but for eternity.

. . . A man's unfaithfulness caused his wife to file for divorce. As he flew across the country he found a *Voice* in the seat pocket of the plane. Convicted by a testimony, he sought and found forgiveness from God and his wife.

If you meet two unsaved persons a day, 50 magazines will be gone before the end of the month. Think of it — you will have shared more than 400 powerful testimonies!

In addition to handing *Voice* to someone personally, restaurants, motels, barbershops, hairdressers, nursing homes, hospitals and airports are a few of the hundreds of places where copies of *Voice* have been picked up by men and women for whom Christ died.

To experience the joy of sharing the Good News through *Voice* magazine, complete the order form below and mail it today.



I Need 50 "Voices"!

Please send _____ copies of *Voice* each month, at \$12.50 per bundle of 50, to:

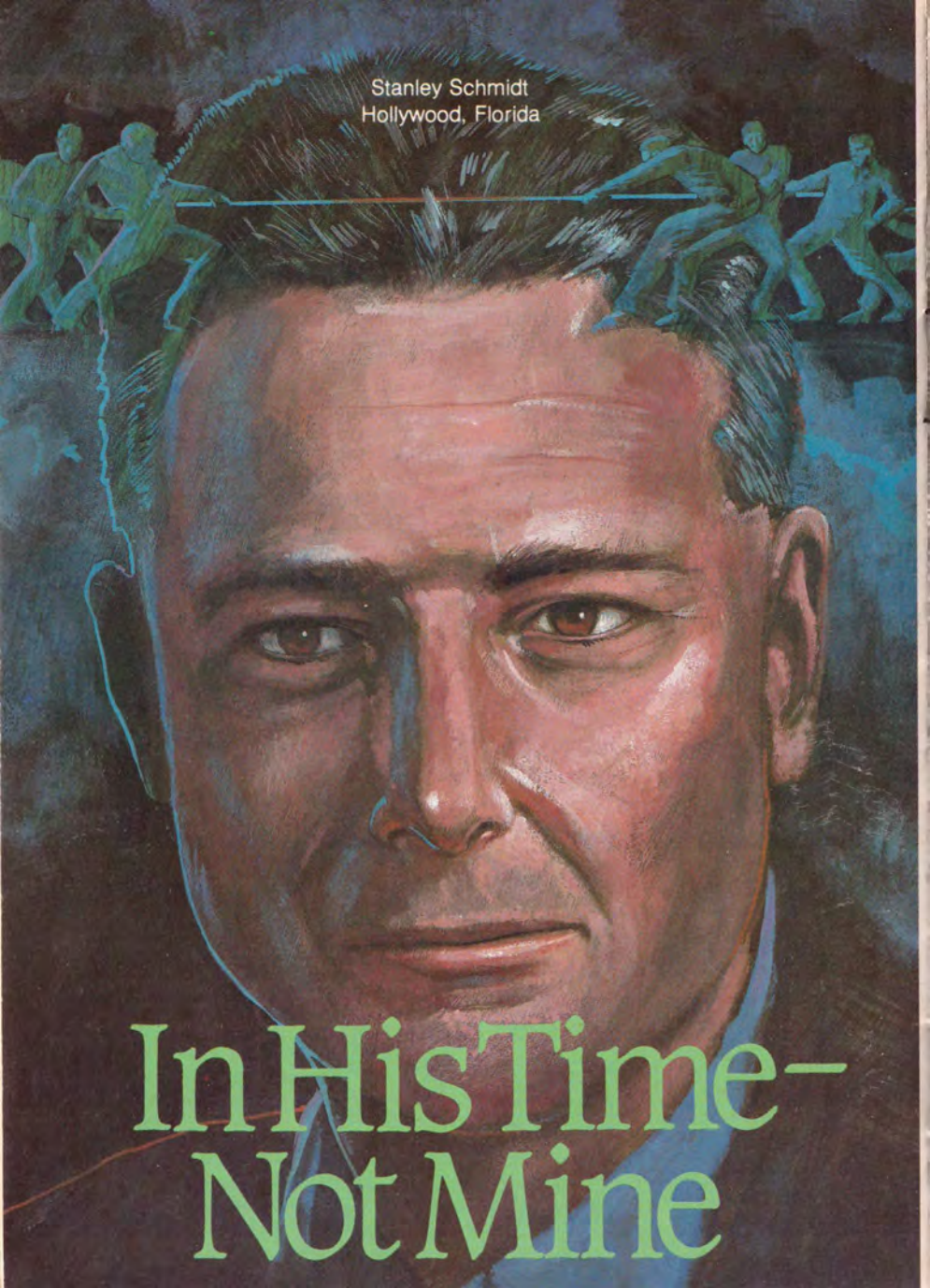
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

2801-18-9999

(Order only in multiples of 50; handling and postage included in price. Offer limited to continental U.S.) Mail coupon and check payable to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

A detailed oil painting of a man's face, likely a portrait of a man in a suit. The man has dark hair, a serious expression, and is looking slightly to the right. The background is dark and textured, with a blue-tinted scene of a relay race visible behind the man's head. The text 'Stanley Schmidt' and 'Hollywood, Florida' is written in white at the top. The title 'In His Time - Not Mine' is written in large, stylized letters at the bottom.

Stanley Schmidt
Hollywood, Florida

In His Time—
Not Mine

Stanley Schmidt is a Jewish convert to Christianity. But his story is not only of how he came to know Jesus Christ, but about his desperately lonely struggle over whether or not to continue taking medication for a condition which he believed God would heal.

Stan dedicates this article to all those who may be grappling with this same issue. He hopes that those reading this story will learn to mix their faith with wisdom when making their decisions on this very sensitive issue.

“Sugar? Is that you, Sugar?” the voice of my sixty-two-year-old “other mama” sang into the telephone.

“Yeah, it’s me, Lila, Stan.”

“Lordy, Lordy, Lordy Jesus.”

“Praise God,” I laughed excitedly.

“Sugar! What do you mean, ‘Praise God?’”

“Lila, oh Lila, have I got great news for you! You are my sister in the Lord! How d’ya like that? Jesus is in my heart! Me, your little Jewish boy! I’m born again!”

“Oh, Lordy, Lordy! Thank You, Jesus, for saving my sweet child. Thank You, Lord Jesus, for answering my prayer.”

I had grown up in a fine, upper middle-class, reformed Jewish home. Lila Mae Bradley had been our housekeeper and like a second mother to me for more than twenty years. One of the finest black gospel singers I had ever heard, she always had a song in her heart and on her lips for the Lord. How she loved to sow the seeds of the Gospel into my little Jewish ears! Now her prayers for me had finally been answered.

She listened excitedly as I shared with her how the Lord was living and moving in me. We cried and we laughed — as if the years had never separated us.

The first time I was ever away from home was in the fall of 1972 when I enrolled in a top Midwestern university. Taking advantage of my new freedom, I immediately set my course for the fast lane. My popularity with the girls came quickly as I began partying, drinking and experimenting with drugs. In the first quarter I was elected freshman dormitory president, and soon was pledging with the top fraternity on campus and participating in every intramural and fraternity sports event.

My days of partying were short-lived, however. Being the center of attraction had left me no time for studies. By midterm I was failing in every subject and experiencing alternate moods of euphoria and severe depression. I was finally booted out of college on a medical discharge and admitted to the West Pennsylvania Psychiatric Hospital. There I was diagnosed as manic depressive and put on a regimen of powerful tranquilizers and anti-depressant medications.

I stopped taking the drugs after my release from the hospital and continued my life in the fast lane, only to return to the hospital in the winter of 1974 and again in the spring of 1975 for more psychiatric evaluations. Each time, I quit taking my medications shortly after being released.

I moved with my parents to Florida in the spring of 1976, but returned to Pittsburgh a few months later to live with a friend. Parties, women, discos and drugs

continued to be my lifestyle until the fall when my manic behavior became more severe. At one point, I even entered a fictitious \$200,000 deposit in my checkbook, believing that I had somehow acquired this fortune. I went on a check-writing spree, purchasing clothes, leasing luxurious cars and giving expensive gifts to my friends.

Finally, my roommate's stepmother, a doctor, caught on to me. She prescribed Valium to calm me down and notified my parents that she was sending me home. Explaining how I had been writing bogus checks, she advised them to put me in a psychiatric hospital immediately and, if I refused to go, they should have me arrested.

My parents made arrangements with Regis Moore, a Christian friend of mine, to fly home with me on Christmas eve. On the plane I took out my checkbook and showed Regis my six-figure balance. "I'm really sick, huh?" I sighed.

"Yeah," he nodded. "But don't worry. I love you and the Lord is watching over you. Get some rest."

The next day I was admitted to the psychiatric unit of our local hospital. A male nurse took my duffel bag. As I was handing him a crucifix and rosary (which a little old lady had given me in Pittsburgh), a long-haired guy nearby grabbed the cross and began cursing Jesus Christ and me.

I jumped out of my wheelchair, punched him and slammed him to the floor. This behavior quickly landed me in a room with rubber-padded walls. Wrapped in a straight-jacket and strapped head to toe on a stretcher bed, I screamed profanely into the camera

above me on the ceiling, "Get me outta here!" No one responded. Finally realizing the depth of my illness, I began to cry out to God.

"God, I'm scared. Look at me! I'm strapped to a table like an animal! Please, God, help me. I don't want to be sick anymore."

Determined to get well this time, I cooperated with my doctor and the hospital staff. My doctor confirmed that I was suffering from manic depressive psychosis, which is caused by a physical chemical imbalance. He prescribed a drug called lithium, and within two weeks my condition stabilized.

For the next ten years, I had excellent physical health. On my birthday in 1983, I married the young lady whom I had been dating for five years. I opened a sporting goods store while she pursued nursing. Within months, however, we had become so engrossed in our jobs that we began to drift apart.

In September I suffered a severe back injury from a fall. During the next fifteen months, my injury required five hospitalizations, and two back surgeries. In the process, I became crippled and addicted to prescription drugs and cocaine.

I also began skipping doses of lithium, and my old manic behavior returned. As a result, my wife and I were divorced. I lost my friends, my business and all my possessions. Finally, after failing in my attempt to commit suicide, I re-entered the hospital.

However, through all of this, God had His hand on me. Dr. Stanley Silverblatt, a Jewish doctor whom I had known since childhood, visited me frequently while I was in the hospital. Early each morning

he would leave tracts about Jesus beside my pillow while I slept. I was shocked when he told me that he was now a born-again Christian and that he was the one who had been leaving the tracts.

As a Jewish boy, I had always believed in God, but I was never taught how to have a true personal relationship with my heavenly Father; nor did I realize that Jesus Christ was God's Son, the promised Messiah.

Six months after I was released from the hospital, Dr. Silverblatt invited me to a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship breakfast in Hollywood, Florida. This was no ordinary breakfast. Men were laying hands on others who sat in a chair with all kinds of prayer requests. I wondered what my lifelong friend had gotten himself into. To make matters worse, he was president of this group.

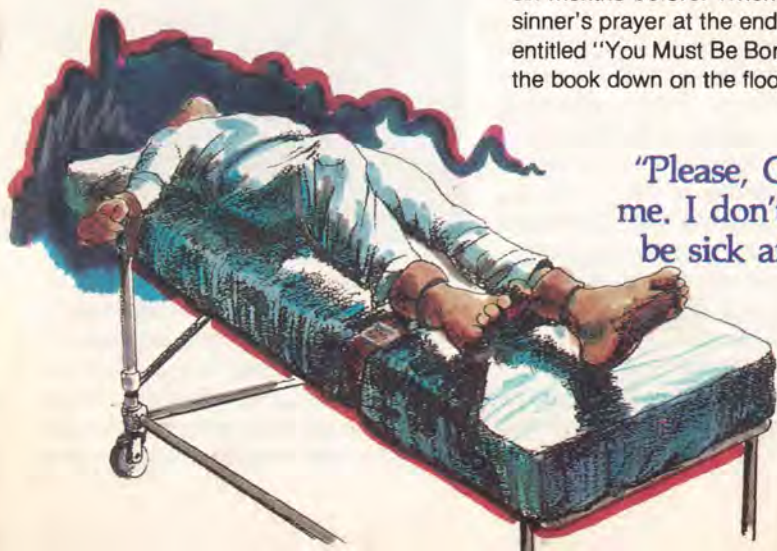
At one point he motioned to me, "Come on, Stan, get in the chair and let us pray for you." Reluctantly, I sat on the

chair and told them much of what had happened to me. Then a pastor asked, "Stan, do you want to receive Jesus right now?"

I felt like General Custer at Little Big Horn, but agreed to let him pray for me. After I said the sinner's prayer, I jumped out of the chair and shouted, "Hallelujah! Thank you, Jesus," just as I had heard everyone else do before me. But I was lying.

As the months went by, however, Dr. Silverblatt and the other men from the Fellowship prayed for me, and I began to ask God to show me who Jesus really was. One day I sensed an inner urge to go to the library and read the Bible. First I read a book called Romans, then parts of the Gospels. I especially liked John Chapter 3 where Jesus was talking to Nicodemus about being born again. The longer I read, the more I wanted to receive Jesus as my Messiah.

Later that evening, I began reading a book which one of the men had given me six months before. When I came to the sinner's prayer at the end of chapter six, entitled "You Must Be Born Again," I laid the book down on the floor and began to



"Please, God, help me. I don't want to be sick anymore."

read the prayer aloud, receiving Jesus into my heart. God's presence filled my being. For the next forty-five minutes I wept before God, thanking Him for Jesus.

Through the prayers and encouragement of Dr. Silverblatt and other Christians, I began to grow in the Lord and sensed a burning desire to lead others to Christ. I started attending a church in Fort Lauderdale and for the next several months prayed, studied God's Word, memorized scriptures and received spiritual counseling from my pastor.

But having lived for ten years with the stigma associated with manic depression, I sought deliverance from lithium. Diligently, I studied scriptures on healing. Although I wasn't certain, I believed that God would tell me I was healed and I could stop taking lithium. One day I believed that God was telling me to go off my medication. I gradually decreased my dosage from four pills a day to none. Feeling no ill effects, I presumed I was healed.

For nearly nine months I shared my faith in Christ and prayed for the sick in hospitals, prisons, and retirement homes. Many people were healed and came to know Jesus as their Saviour.

But in September of 1987 I noticed that I was not feeling well. During the next two weeks my condition worsened. I couldn't sleep at night; I felt shaky and tired; my mind was racing, and I couldn't concentrate; I became reclusive — all symptoms of manic depression. I wondered whether this was a spiritual attack, or whether I was getting sick again. Finally, I concluded that my

problem was demonic and called my pastor for prayer. When no relief came, he suggested that my condition was physical and that I should go back on lithium. I resisted his advice.

By early October, I was physically and



emotionally exhausted from my ongoing ordeal. Reluctantly, I decided to see Dr. Silverblatt for a physical, hoping he would find some other kind of sickness to account for my symptoms. But after the exam, he took me into his office and

advised me to go back on lithium. Detecting my reluctance, he leaned forward slightly in his chair and asked kindly, "Are you afraid that if you go back on lithium you will spoil your testimony?"

Swallowing my pride, I agreed with him. But I had testified to my family and to all of my friends of my healing. What would they say now about Jesus? Would they reject Him — and me? I felt angry with God. After praying for the sick, seeing instant healings, blind eyes opened, deaf ears unstopped and leading scores of people to Jesus, how could He let me lose my healing?

As I sought the Lord for answers and direction, I went through a very confusing period in which I received conflicting advice. Well-meaning friends pressed hard for me to trust God and stay off the medication, trying to convince me that going back on lithium reflected a lack of faith. Others found wisdom in my supervised return to medication.

As I continued to wait upon God, He began to answer my questions through His Word and through the wise counsel of several godly men. As I once again began to meditate on the Scriptures, I began to realize that I had failed to balance faith with wisdom.

Please don't misunderstand: I am not minimizing faith. I have seen firsthand the miraculous healing touch of our Lord both in my life and in the lives of others. God had delivered me from prescription drug addiction and cocaine, and healed me of my back injury. In addition, I have seen deaf ears unstopped and blind eyes opened. However, in my prideful desire to escape the stigma of manic depression, I ran ahead of God.

I had to learn that all things will be healed in His time — not mine. Since then I have learned to balance faith with wisdom, and to accept God's method and timetable for healing. With this understanding, I felt at peace about resuming my medication under a doctor's supervision.

Truly, I'm a new creation in Jesus Christ and am happy in the knowledge that God loves me just the way I am with all my defects. In my weakness He is strong. Day by day He is working to make me whole.

As I reflect on these things, I'll never forget Lila Mae Bradley's joy over her "little sugar" coming to know Jesus as his Messiah. Neither will I forget her encouraging words that day as we cried and laughed over the phone.

"Know what, Lila?" I concluded. "The Lord gave me a powerful testimony full of trials and tribulations — and miracles — for one reason. To win souls for Jesus Christ."

Her voice smiled into the telephone. "Then you go out and win 'em for the Lord, Sugar!"

That is what is foremost in my mind to do! □

Stan Schmidt is a Florida writer whose experience also includes retail management. In addition, he has a layman's ministry to hospitals, retirement homes, prisons, drug clinics and churches. Stan has been on two missionary trips which have taken him to Nigeria, West Africa and Israel. He has been a guest speaker at three South Florida FGBMFI chapters, and is a member of the Hollywood, Florida chapter. He can be contacted through: P.O. Box 221281, Hollywood, Florida 33022-1281.

International Directors

The international directors listed on these pages give direction to the multifaceted ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in ninety-six countries of the world. They also provide leadership in achieving the goals of the Fellowship.

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

They are also a point of contact for those interested in serving Christ through this organization.

Africa (East): Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Box 49578, Nairobi, Kenya. **(South):** Brian Lelsegang, National Administrative Center, 189 Stamford Hill Rd., P.O. Box 4040, Durban 4001. **(West):** Kwabena Darko, Darko Farms & Co., Ltd., P. O. Box 513, Kumasi, Ghana / Joseph Kwaw, Box 10849, Accra-North, Ghana / Samuel A. Mbata, P. O. Box 674, Port Harcourt, Nigeria. **Canada:** Paul Beesley, 224 Hill Heights Rd., St. John, New Brunswick E2K 2H3 / Norman Brazeau, 95 Mapleview Cir., Nepean, Ontario K2G 5H9 / John Davies, 1090 Strathcona St., Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 3G6 / Jack DeLong, 8523 Argyle Rd., Edmonton, Alberta, T6C 4B2 / Gordon F. Hicks, 36 Bruce St., Welland, Ontario L3D 3R1 / Jim Jarvis, Box 483, Westlock, Alberta T0G 2L0 / Dr. W. Rod Lindsay, 2224 Departure Bay Rd., Nanaimo, British Columbia V9S 3V8 / Owen McCormick, Box 2361, Melfort, Saskatchewan S0E 1A0 / James McEwan, R.R. #1, Hampton, Ontario L8B 1J0 / Neil Simmonds, Box 893, Kelowna, British Columbia V1Y 7P5 / Ernie Voith, 190 Atwell Dr., Ste. 304, Rexdale, Ontario M9W 6H8. **Central and South America:** **Brazil:** Custodio Rangel Pires, Praia de Icaral 275, Apt. 401, Nitoroi, Rio de Janeiro. **Guayana:** Sir Lionel Luckhoo, Box 163, 2 Belair Gardens, Georgetown. **Honduras:** Oscar Pinto Rossell, Box 1700, Tegucigalpa. **Europe:** **Denmark:** J. Gunnar Olson, Ekovevagen 5, 702 30 Orebro. **Finland:** J. Gunnar Olson, Ekovevagen 5, 702 30 Orebro. **France:** Bruno Berthon, 5 Villa des Peupliers, Neuilly 92200. **Germany:** Dr. Hans Baur, Teckstr. 11, 7401 Pliezhausen / Gunther Durmeier, Am Bahnhof 5, 8019 Assling / Dr. Ulrich Von Schurbein, Schlossau 1, 8370 Regen / Adolf Zinsner, 7067 Pluderhausen, Postfach 147, W. Germany. **Indonesia:** Dr. Lukas Halim, 14 Jalan Tegalan, Jakarta 13140. **Kenya:** Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Box 49578, Nairobi. **Malaysia:** Dr. Peter K.T. Tong, 4th Floor, MUI Plaza, Jalan P Ramlee, 50250 Kuala Lumpur. **Philippines:** Narciso Padilla, Box 109 Greenhills Commercial Ctr., Metro Manila 3113. **Singapore:** Khoo Oon Theam, 2 Finlayson Green #19-00, Asia Insurance Bldg., Singapore 0104. **South Pacific Region:** **Australia:** David Grantham, P.O. Box 236, St. Leonards 2065, New South Wales / Bernard Gray, Box 67, Stones Corner, Brisbane, Queensland / Ronald Castler, Box 57, Beecroft 2119, New South Wales / James Tatters, 165 Raeburn, Manley, Queensland 4179. **New Zealand:** Len Brijs, 106 Hepburn Rd., Glendene, Auckland 8 / Ian James, R.D. 5, Fielding / Jack Jensen, Box 68548, Newton, Auckland. **Sweden:** J. Gunnar Olson, Ekovevagen 5, 702 30 Orebro. **Switzerland:** Gunnar Muhlig, Bockhornstrasse 23, Zurich 8047. **United Kingdom:** **England:**

John E. "Buzz" Dulle, Anatole, Wellington Parade, Walmer, Kent CT14 8AB / Dillon Harris, Mildmay Pt., Queen Camel, Somerset BA22 7NH / J. Allan Jones, 18 Vicarage Rd., Orrell, Wigan, Lancs. 4N5 7AX / Donald G. Latham, 1 Uplands Close, Limply Stroke, Near Bath, Avon BA3 6JU / Robert R. Spillman, "Elsterne," Toft Rd., Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 9EB / Bert Sture, 1 Springswood Rd., Shipley, West Yorkshire BD183DG / John L. Wright, Kirby House, Kirby Bedon, Norwich, Norfolk NR14 7DZ. **North Ireland:** Hector Croy, 32 Downs Road, Newcastle, County Down BT 330AD. **Scotland:** Jim R. Winter, High Tower Lochwinnoch Rd., Kilmacollin, Renfrewshire. **West Indies:** **Dominica:** Charles A. Maynard, Box 147, Roseau. **Barbados:** Kyffin Simpson, Box 98, Bridgetown. **Netherlands Antilles:** Sir Charles Vlaun, Box 33, Phillipsburg, San Maarten. **United States:** **Alabama:** Wilford A. Baugh, Jr., 105 Andrews Ave., Enterprise 36330 / Don McGriff, Box 399, Montrose 36559. **Alaska:** Harold Founds, 1625 Bannister Dr., Anchorage 99508 / Guy Whitney, Box 60489, Fairbanks 99706. **Arizona:** Frank Evans, 5625 East Burns St., Tucson 85711 / Norman LeBlanc, 5828 W. Vista Ave., Glendale 85301 / William Pyatt, Box 37695, Phoenix 85069 / Willard Richardson, 420 Bethel, Box 10, Marmoth Spring 72554. **Arkansas:** Joe Murphy, 155 Meaders Dr., Alma 72921. **California:** James R. Bowen, 5233 Ocotillo Ave., Ridgecrest 93555 / Enoch Christoffersen, Box 337, Turlock 95381 / Ken Clarke, 1352 Tower Dr., Vista 92083 / Jim Coffaro, Box 4881, San Jose 95150 / Peter Congelliere, 3321 Yale St., Santa Ana 92704 / Chuck Damato, Box 58, Agoura 91301 / Mark A. Doughty, P.O. Box 3420, Yuba City 95992 / Frank Foglio, Box 22370, San Diego 92122 / Wendell Nordby, 3009-A Coffey Lane, Santa Rosa 95401 / Cliff Powell, 5250 Huntington Dr., Redding 96002 / Dennis Shakarian, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa 92626 / Rommy Svenhand, 335 Adelino St., Oakland 94607. **Colorado:** Adair Rippy, Box 722, Rifle 81650 / Gerald Walker, Box 355, Denver 80291. **Connecticut:** Gerald DeFlorio, 332 Westport Rd., Wilton 06897. **District of Columbia:** Dr. Reginald Elliott, 3724 Seventeenth Pl., NE, 20018. **Florida:** John D. Baldwin, Jr., 1409 N.W. 60th St., Gainesville 32605 / Henry Carlson, 3535 Pine Lake Court, Palm Harbor 34684 / Evans Cray, Jr., 555 S.W. Colorado Ave., Ste. #1, Stuart 33497 / Charles Crisafulli, 250 Joshua Pl., Merritt Island 32953 / Albert D'Arpa, Box 82381, Tampa 33682 / Dr. Stephen P. Glyand, 2606 Park St., Jacksonville 32204 / Alexander Malachuk, 2982 Meadow Wood, Clearwater 33519 / Ralph Marinacci, 7033 S. Lagoon Dr., Panama City 32407 / Sam Ruddy, Dublin-Downes, 5420 Pimlico Dr., Tallahassee 32303 / Larry A. Tipton, 14049 Yacht Club Rd., Seminole 33542. **Georgia:** Smets Blitch, Jr., 111 Chelsea Circle, Statesboro 30458 / Kermit Bradford, 2512 Bryan Ct., East Point 30344 / Dr. Douglas Fowler, 205 West Main St., Colquitt 31737 / Lynnwood Maddox, Box 450007, Atlanta 30345 / Donald L. Norris, 2194 Harper Ct., Villa Rica 30180 / James M. Rogers, 2376 Spring Creek Rd., Decatur 30033. **Hawaii:** John Witmer, 1164 Bishop St., Ste. 1007, Honolulu 96813. **Idaho:** Larry D. Knapp, 4541 Oxbow Pl., Boise 83704. **Illinois:** Howard Hite, R.R. #1, Box 6D, Dalton City 61925 / Max E. Hollenbeck, 612 South Fifth St., Springfield 62703 / Jerry McMahon, 511 Aurora Ave., Apt. 415, Naperville 60540. **Indiana:** Richard Harshman, FGBMFI Indiana Off., P.O. Box 19032, Indianapolis 46219 / Joseph C. Turnbloom, Jr., 4566 Elm Dr., Newburgh 47630. **Iowa:** Harold B. Brown, Box 304, Lohrville 51453 / Duane McLean, 1668-13th St. N.W., Cedar Rapids 52405. **Kansas:** Stanley Hoerman, 1000 N. Manhattan, Manhattan 66502 / Darrell J. Hoskinson, 7505 Ida, Wichita 67233. **Kentucky:** Joseph R. Brown, Route 8, Box 13, Frankfort 40601 / Robert Shelley, 3000 Mississippi, Paducah 42001. **Louisiana:** Ronald G. Andrus, 101 Southwood Drive, Lafayette 70503 / James C. Farmer, Ste. #24 Harding Dr., Houma 70364. **Maine:** Richard E. Crockett, Rte. #3, Box 4320, Gardiner 04345. **Maryland:** Dr. Robert Barthel, 2501 Rocks Rd., Forest Hill 21050 / Arthur

Williams, 2223 Michael Rd., Myersville 21773. **Massachusetts:** Alex Canavan, 34 Winthrop Rd., Hingham 02043. **Michigan:** Carlton Milbrandt, 4941 Moonglow, Troy 48098 / John Ninowski, 4222 Rosewood, Royal Oak 48073 / Dean E. Ziegler, 8635 Belding Rd., Rockford 49341-9427. **Minnesota:** Harold Amundson, 8336 16th Ave., South, Bloomington 55420 / Donald Sjelin, 3806 Allendale Ave., Duluth 55803. **Mississippi:** Dr. William Keller, Box 625, Laurel 39440. **Missouri:** James B. Callis, 219 S. Ohio Ave., Sedalia 65301 / Walter Moore, 3833 Baumner Dr., Arnold 63010 / Fred Noah, #25 Spur Dr., St. Charles 63303 / Bill Phipps, 1201 W. Gregory, Kansas City 64114. **Montana:** Frank Braun, 2633 North Bridger, Billings 59102 / Mel Tombre, Box 288 R.R., Savage 59262. **Nebraska:** Eugene Dankert, 5934 La-Salle, Lincoln 68516 / Richard V. Mendyk, 4123 Mason Ave., Grand Island 68803. **Nevada:** Richard Young, 1871 Deming Way, Sparks 89431. **New Hampshire:** Richard J. Morin, 264 Dover Point Rd., Dover 03820. **New Jersey:** Earl Prickett, 735 N. Hurffville, Deptford 08096. **New Mexico:** Clem Dixon, 7502 Trail Ridge N.E., Albuquerque 87109. **New York:** John Barone, 1114 Boyd St., Watertown 13601 / Rolf Buehler, 47 Woodbury Road, Farmington 11738 / Curtis Dorell, 3 E. Grove St., Massapequa 11758 / Fred Lawrence, Box 206, Homer 13077 / James A. McDonald, 79 Norcrest Dr., Rochester 14617. **North Carolina:** Don Evans, P.O. Drawer 1117, Rocky Mount 27801 / Douglass S. List, 120 Westlake Pointe Dr., Pinehurst 28374 / Ogburn Yates, Box 100, Asheboro 27203. **North Dakota:** Don Bennett, 1616 14th Avenue South, Fargo 58103 / Jeff Miller, R.R. 1, Box 138, Bantry 58713. **Ohio:** William J. Cooke, 8950 Charington Ct., Pickerington 43147 / James McKeegan, 11731 Allen Twp. Rd. 100, Findlay 45840 / Loren Minnick, 4711 Judith Dr., Dayton 45429 / John Schrock, P.O. Box 222, Berlin 44610. **Oklahoma:** Joe B. Cannon, 102 N. Main, Blackwell 74631 / F. Don Hall, Box 472167, Tulsa 74147 / Bill R. Weaver, Box 54776, Oklahoma City 73154. **Oregon:** Jerry Lausmann, Box 1608, Medford 97501 / Edwin E. Sheets, Rte. 1-Box 12 Dickenson Dr., Hermiston 97838. **Pennsylvania:** Philip S. Cashman, 1247 Wilshire Rd., York 17403 / Angelo Ferri, 13th & Walnut St., Empire Bldg., Ste. 401, Philadelphia 19107 / Dr. Jack Herd, 2704 Market, Camp Hill 17011 / Foley Selvaggi, 1250 W. Wylie Ave., Washington 15301. **Rhode Island:** Carlin Nash, 15 Lakeside Dr., Narragansett 02882. **South Carolina:** Don D. Tingen, 1541 Jessamine Rd., Lexington 29072 / Phillip Walker, Box 905, Rock Hill 29731. **South Dakota:** Clifford L. Linn, 1855 Ballpark Rd., Sturgis 57785. **Tennessee:** Hoyt Elliott, P.O. Box 24096, Nashville 37202 / David Spafatore, 901 Eastview Circle, N.W., Cleveland 37311. **Texas:** Tony Buentello, GPM South Tower #428, San Antonio 78216 / Leroy Linney, 506 Carroll St., Stanton 79782 / Ralph Littlejohn, 11 Hedwig, Houston 77024 / Bill McGill, 3619 Casaverde 118, Dallas 75234 / Wayne T. Mitchell, 5602 Randon Rd., Houston 77091 / Norman Norwood, 8 Charleston S., Sugar Land 77478 / Garland Solomon, 303 Sunset Dr., Hereford 79045 / Bob Veale, 1902 Rannels, Harlingen 78550 / Jerry Woodfill, 4202 Crownwood, Seabrook 77586 / Paul Yarbrough, 104 Valera Ct., Ft. Worth 76134. **Utah:** Victor J. Martinez, 67833 Village Green Rd., Salt Lake City 84121. **Vermont:** Robert W. Zider, R.R. #4, Box 9215, Barre 05641. **Virginia:** William Beamer, 124 Beechwood Hills, Newport News 23602 / Robert Harvey, 3104 Biscayne Dr., Chesapeake 23321 / Freeman Meadons, 90 Ashby Ave., Elkton 22827 / David Shanks, 314 E. Main St., Christiansburg 24073 / James B. Thorsen, 7808 W. Boulevard Dr., Alexandria 22308. **Washington:** Fred Doerfflein, 17509-86th Ave., N.E., Bothell 98011 / Arthur Evanson, Box 244, Vancouver 98666 / Don Ostrom, P.O. Box 812,

Redmond 98073 / Donald E. Skidmore, 3402 Roosevelt Ave., Yakima 98902. **West Virginia:** Clifford Haddad, 4825 MacCorkle Ave., South Charleston 25309 / William Warnock, Box 7547, Huntington 25777. **Wisconsin:** Merlyn R. Peters, 3741 S. 71st St., Milwaukee 53220 / Charles W. Witzel, 4042 Galaxy Dr., Rt. 2, Janesville 53545.

DIRECTORS AT LARGE: Africa: Bob Trench, 189 Starford Hill Rd., Durban, South Africa 4001. Canada: Ernest C. Hollands, Box 1485, London, Ontario N6A 5M2. Malaysia: Dr. Joy A. Seevaratnam, 75 Tanjung Bunga Park, Penang. **United States:** Richard Bonson, Breakers East, Unit 1106, 1010 Highway 98 E., Destin, FL 32541 / Charles C. Bowlin, 429 Colonial Dr., Monroeville, PA 15146 / Lee A. Buck, 126 Huckleberry Hill Rd., New Canaan, CT 06840 / S. David Cox, 1125 N.W. 36th Ter., Gainesville, FL 32605 / Cosmo DeBartolo, 8125 Glenwood Ave., Youngstown, OH 44512 / Gene M. Ellerbee, 918 Keswick Pl., Cincinnati, OH 45230 / Norman Frost, Box 130, Berry Creek, CA 95916 / George Gray, Rt. 1, Box 266AA, Marengo, IN 47140 / Col. Hank Lackey, 2905 Rhett Dr., Beavercreek, OH 45385 / Reidy Lawing, 6520 Grove Park Blvd., Charlotte, NC 28215 / Steven Lightie, P.O. Box 70094, Bellevue, WA 98007 / Virgil Mott, 131 Lombardy Dr., Sugar Land, TX 77478 / Lee Nystrom, Box 20011, Bloomington, MN 55420 / Lt. Gen. Richard Shaefer, 103 Hanover Sq., Nashville, TN 37215 / Chuck Sutton, R.R. 1, Stewartsville, MO 64490 / Lee Watson, 1682 Russett Ridge NW, Atlanta, GA 30237 / David Wells, Box 275, Saxtons River, VT 05154.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR: Dr. Richard Synowski, 3375 Eagle Crest Rd., N.W., Salem, OR 97304.

ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR: Nick Cardone, 21311 Bristlecone, Mission Viejo, CA 92692.

DIRECTORS EMERITUS: Louis Abate, 1520 Ardsley Pl., Schenectady, NY 12308 / William Abercrombie, 3160 Dolly Ridge Dr., Birmingham, AL 35243 / Henry Baxter, 135 E. Greenwood Ave., Lansdowne, PA 19050 / Al H. Duren, 248 Mike Dr., N.E., Orangeburg, SC 29115 / James Howell, 1984 Panama St., Boise, ID 83705 / William Miles, 204 Holiday Rd., Winchester, KY 40391 / Francis Nelson, 469 Elm Ave., Rahway, NJ 07065 / Bill Norwood, 11601 Oak St., Kansas City, MO 64114 / Norman E. Roberts, 19 Riverside Blvd., Thornhill, Ontario, Canada L4J 1H4 / Leonard Sampson, E. 4004 Longfellow #3, Spokane, WA 99207 / Sophus Schanche, P. O. Box 10, 5040 Paradis, Norway / W.E. Shaw, 1000 Botany Rd., Greenville, SC 29607 / Dennis Wilson, 14616-55th St., Edmonton, Alberta, Canada T5A 2N4.

HEADQUARTERS' MAILING ADDRESSES:

World Headquarters: Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. **Africa:** East Africa: Box 49578, Nairobi, Kenya. **South Africa:** FGBMFI National Administrative Centre, Box 4040, Durban 4000. **West Africa:** P.O. Box 674, 24 Ikwerre Rd. Dioby, Port Harcourt R/S, Nigeria. **Asia:** 2 Finlayson Green #19-00, Asia Ins. Bldg., Singapore 0104, Republic of Singapore. **Canada:** 190 Attwell Dr., Ste. 304, Rexdale, Ontario M9W 6H8. **Europe:** Mechelse Steenweg 30, B-3000 Leuven, Belgium. **Latin America/Caribbean:** 13401 S.W. Freeway, Ste. 207, Sugar Land, TX 77478. **South Pacific Region:** Australia: Box 67, Stones Corner, Brisbane 4120, Queensland. **New Zealand:** Box 33.424, Takapuna, Auckland 9.

6 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" (Romans 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: FGBMF/Box 5050/Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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 / FGBMF / P.O. 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 for your information. Write for date and location details of a chapter meeting in your area.

England: Maidstone Chapter, President, Leonard Gill, 0622-43134; Kings Lynn Chapter, President Fred Sanders, 4-857-0264. **Ghana:** Krobo Chapter, President Nicholas Oteng. **Pakistan:** Peshawar Chapter, President Zia Pervez Mirza. **Rep. of Singapore:** Jurong Chapter, President Anthony Lim, 268-4879; Toa Payoh Chapter, President Tan Boon Chee, 453-3808. **United States: New Jersey:** Greater Brunswick Chapter, President Joseph Albanese, 201-246-2854.



VOICE

Vol. 36 / No. 8 / August, 1988
P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628
(714) 754-1400

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Founder/President Demos Shakarian
Executive Vice-President Norman Norwood
Vice-Presidents William E. Beamer, Douglas Fowler, Bernard Gray, Gerishon N. Kibarabara, Carlton Milbrandt, Walter C. Moore, Don Ostrom, Oscar Pinto Rossell, Khoo Oon Theam, Ernie Voth, James Winter
Secretary Lynwood Maddox
Treasurer William E. Warnock

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Chairman Ogburn Yates; Henry Carlson, Enoch Christoffersen, Fred Doerflein, Reidy Lawing, Walter C. Moore

PUBLICATIONS

Editor Jerry Jensen, Ph.D., Litt.D.
Associate Editor Kay Mangio
Editorial Assistant Rose Hamill
Typesetter Nils Peterson
Art Director Pete Berg
Illustrations Cornell Morton
Foreign Editors Blair Scott, Belgium
Altomir Regis de Cunha, Brazil
Albert D'Arpa, Florida
Kennedy Warne, New Zealand
C. K. Lee, Singapore

WHO WE ARE 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 being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

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

CONTENTS

CONFESSIONS OF A WORKAHOLIC

As Jim McEwan grew up, his father constantly told him he'd never amount to anything. Determined to prove his father wrong, Jim dedicated himself to his career and attaining success. His long hours paid off professionally, but his personal life was in chaos.

3

What Keeps Me Running?

From the time he was seven years old, Wendell Tyler knew he would become a professional football player. His vision was clear and he had no intention of letting worldly vices stand in his way. However, good intentions aren't enough.

18

<i>Addicted to Work? How Do You Stop?</i>	2	<i>African Death Ride</i>	23
<i>Confessions of a Workaholic</i>	3	<i>In His Time — Not Mine</i>	30
<i>A Prisoner of Success</i>	11	<i>International Directors</i>	36
<i>Conventions</i>	16	<i>Six Steps to Salvation</i>	36
<i>What Keeps Me Running?</i>	18	<i>Chapter Outreach</i>	38

From: **FGBMFI**
P. O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628-9949