

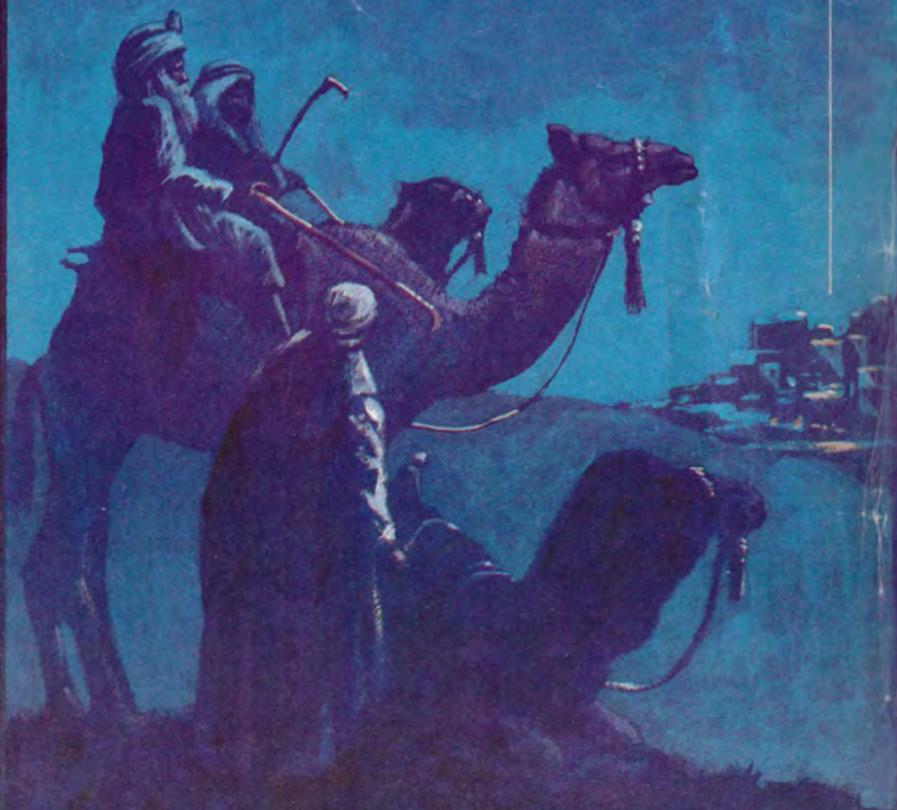
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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE



Wherever You Are



Demos Shakarian
Founder / International President, FGBMFI



As we approach another Christmas, the melody of that beautiful song, "I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked," floods my mind with meaningful memories.

To visit the land of the Bible and to walk where Jesus walked is a great blessing. If you haven't yet enjoyed that privilege I hope that you will soon. However, you don't have to go to Jerusalem, Bethany or Nazareth to walk with Jesus. In fact, the majority of the people who live where Jesus lived do not know Him.

I recall that our first visit to Bethlehem was really a disappointment. We stooped to enter the small door to the Church of the Nativity and went down to the grotto—the place where Jesus is believed to have been born. It wasn't anything like I had imagined after reading the accounts of Jesus' birth recorded in Matthew and Luke. I had anticipated a great spiritual experience once I stood at the supposed spot where God indwelt human flesh to save us from our sins. It didn't happen.

While we were in Bethlehem I visited the Armenian church. That, too, was a sad occasion for me. Here were people in a smoke-filled room, playing cards. They were so near to the Saviour's birthplace, and so far from God.

I was taken to the priest's quarters, where I shared from my heart my own experience of what I have seen my living Lord do in my life and in the lives of others. They knew nothing of this; they were oblivious to the fact that He is at work in the world today.

I left Bethlehem thinking, "Here I am, an Armenian farmer from faraway California, where I invited Jesus into my heart. Here, my countrymen living in the city of the Saviour's birth have never met Him—have never known the peace and the rest that He alone can give."

The wonderful Christmas message that I want to share with you is that you don't have to go anywhere to find the Son of God. He who left heaven and came to Bethlehem to become Saviour of the world is knocking at your heart's door wherever you are. Let Him in. □

GIVE YOUR WAY OUT

Billy Ortiz, Los Gatos, California



I was born with a deformed back and spine.

When I was four I developed a heart murmur. They said I'd never be able to run and play like other kids.

At five I developed a rare bone disease. Nothing could relieve the indescribable pain in my legs. Hundreds of sleepless nights were spent with my dad heating towels around the old pot-bellied stove in Minturn, Colorado, to wrap around my legs. Many times I prayed for death to escape the agony.

When I was twenty an orthopedic surgeon told me I'd have to have back-fusion surgery or I might lose the use of my legs.

A few years after that I faced seven lawsuits, my \$40,000 barn was nearly demolished by a mudslide, and I was \$29,000 in debt.

But I was a Christian, and through it all I learned to trust in God. My God is a God of miracles. Let me tell you about the miracles He performed in my life.

When I was five an evangelist in Denver, Colorado prayed for me and I was instantly healed of the heart murmur. My doctor could find no trace of it. I played football and basketball and wrestled in high school.

One Sunday morning when I was ten, I sat in church trying not to scream from the pain in my legs. Suddenly the Holy Spirit revealed how much I was suffering to the evangelist who was ministering. She spoke in an unknown tongue and followed it with a prophecy in English that God was going to deliver me from the pain and its cause. With tears running down her face she lifted me in her arms and prayed to Jesus. The pain vanished and has never returned. To God be the glory!

When I was ten I accepted Jesus as Lord of my life and experienced the special joy of the baptism in the Holy Spirit. However, over the years I became a "fence rider."

One day when I was thirteen, I popped six boxes of toy-gun caps down by the river with a friend, inhaling the smoke. Suddenly I couldn't breathe. I ran to my mother, begging her to help me. She took me to a mirror and showed me that my face was blue from lack of oxygen.

"No time for the doctor!" Mom cried. "Get right with Jesus! Ask Him to forgive you—and be ready to go in case you don't make it!"

I didn't have time to make a deal with God. Between gasps for breath, I asked

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I hired bulldozers at \$100 an hour to hold back a twenty-five-foot mountain of mud moving eight inches an hour toward my newly remodeled barn



for forgiveness and promised to live for Him if He would spare my life.

I felt an explosion inside me and ran to the bathroom to vomit. My color and breathing returned to normal. Mom and I prayed and cried and praised God for deliverance.

When I was sixteen I went to a tent crusade in Newark, California. The evangelist told of a need for a certain amount of money. Immediately forty-nine people stood to pledge part of it. God told me I was to be the fiftieth person. I had been working at a carwash for more than a year to save money to buy a car. Now God was telling me to give that money to His work.

I almost disobeyed. Surely someone "with money" would make that final pledge. But God told me to give and He would bless. Finally I gave every dime of my savings.

For two years I had been trying to get a job with a large labor union, but they wouldn't hire me. The very next morning after the tent crusade, the union called to offer me a job. The first week I received two and a half years' worth of promotion credit, and started, not as a trainee or apprentice, but as assistant to the boss of the department.

I worked my way through college and prided myself on the fact that I didn't smoke, drink, swear or tell dirty jokes. My only vice was being a "respectable" playboy. I was never faithful to any girl. I thought it was a joke to go steady with six different girls at one time, each with her own "going steady" ring.

Satan told me that what I was doing was not a sin, and because it was con-

venient I believed him. After all, I was still going to church and tithing. That was certainly proof that I was a Christian. But I was too busy being the big shot to think about the hearts I broke.

While I was in college God delivered me from the playboy habit and showed me it was just as sinful and deadly as a heroin habit. I repented. Then God opened doors for me to chase the things of God instead of women.

In 1967, at age twenty-one, I married Josephine, a beautiful Catholic girl who loved God very much. She was a real inspiration to me and a special friend as well. I realized that if I didn't seek the Lord with all my heart, Satan would lure me back into sin and ruin my home.

From the balcony I heard the evangelist say that the entire service had been ordained for the healing of one man's back





Billy Ortiz' beach home under construction near Puerto Vallarta, Mexico

I rededicated my life to Jesus and began to feel a real hunger for Him, for the Word and for prayer. This time I knew I had the victory. All my problems were over. I knew I would never suffer again.

God also healed me of my spinal problems. From the back row of the balcony at an evangelistic meeting, I heard the evangelist say that the entire service had been ordained for the healing of one man's back. I knew he meant me. He prayed for me and I was instantly healed.

But within six months everything I had worked for crumbled around me.

In college I had been #6 salesman in the nation for CUTCO, a division of Wear-ever Aluminum. I purchased my first home while with this company and in less than two years at the age of twenty-one I had already purchased several homes and two ranches.

Now, all at the same time, seven lawsuits hit me. They were nuisance suits, and fairly ridiculous, but they took their toll. For instance, a tenant of a house I owned had ruined all the hardwood floors with a leaky waterbed. When I tried to collect damages, he countered with a lawsuit of his own. I was spending so much time dealing with legal problems

that I spent less and less time selling real estate. After awhile I was spending more than I was earning.

Then a newly remodeled barn on our ranch near San Jose was almost buried under a mudslide. Imagine a twenty-five-foot mountain of dirt moving toward that barn, eight inches an hour. I hired bulldozers at \$100 an hour to hold it back—until I owed \$29,000.

Creditors were phoning for their money, my favorite hunting dog was killed, and I lost twenty pounds. I tried to keep all my problems from my wife because I didn't want her to worry. But there were days when I didn't even want to get out of bed.

I knew it was Satan in an all-out attack to get me to give up on my rededication of my life to the Lord. I prayed so hard and so long I began to think God hadn't heard. I felt abandoned.

At rock bottom, I attended a Morris Cerullo crusade in San Francisco in 1980. When he announced special prayer for those in need, I got in line as one last desperate hope. When he got to me, he just looked at me and shook his head. Then he closed his eyes and placed his hands on my head.

When he looked at me again he said, "Son, if you want to take care of your business problems, give your way out." He said it three times: "Give your way out," then shook my hand.

That night I pledged to his ministry a sum of money that I didn't have.

Just days later I received \$100—but those words echoed in my head: *Give your way out*. I gave the money to an urgent need in my church.

Soon after that, a real estate deal on a church came through; it netted me about \$6,000 in commissions. I tried to bargain with God, offering Him 10, then 25, then 50, then 75 percent. *Give your way*

Suddenly business started chasing after me

out. . . I gave all of the commission to two churches.

Soon after that I sold the home of a pastor who was moving to Texas. I donated all my commission to him. Then I gave my last \$100 to a special need in our church.

Suddenly business started chasing after me. Substantial transactions came together without my trying to find buyer or seller—they both just showed up at the right moment. In one year I sold more than ten million dollars' worth of real estate—more than I had sold in the previous five years put together. In addition, the lawsuits were settled and every other problem was somehow solved. In the process, the auditor, Don Hara, came to Christ.

I have built several summer beach

homes to rent in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. On my flights to and from Mexico I stay busy leading people to Jesus and giving out tracts and tract Bibles.

This year my family and I made one of our visits to Puerto Vallarta to inspect final construction progress. During six very busy days I led to Jesus the owner of one of the largest entertainment facilities there, the taxi driver who helped me buy my land on the beach, and the realtor. Then on the last day, a Saturday, I told the Lord if He would help me find a place where we could all have lunch on short notice, I would take all thirty of the workers to lunch.

It was 11:45 A.M. when I got this idea, and the men quit that day at 1:00 P.M., but Las Vegas in Bucieras was able to accommodate us. About an hour later, there at the table, nine of those men tearfully prayed to receive Christ into their hearts.

As we were leaving they asked if I would let them pay on a weekly basis to buy Bibles with the same kind of Good News I had just told them. Each time I deliver more Spanish Bibles, there are new commitments.

Every Saturday one of these men would put a certain amount of money on the bar table to be used for drinking and the rest in his pocket for his family. When he accepted Jesus that day, a voice spoke clearly to his heart: "Pick up the money from the table. It belongs to the kids." It had been eight and a half years since he had been in church, but now he felt right about going. The next morning he, his wife, and four of the other men

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Mud Hut to Modern Miracle

Gerishon Kibarabara, Nairobi, Kenya, East Africa

That night I stood tall and hard in our mud hut in Kenya as my mother beat me with a piece of wood. "You are an outcast!" she screamed.

My father, an African warrior, had taught me never to cry or shout out in front of a woman. I clenched my teeth together until my mother sank back exhausted and dropped the piece of wood.

When I knew I wouldn't cry, I spoke. "Mother, I only want to be a good boy. That's why I went to the white people. They told me I needed Jesus. I got Jesus in my heart now. Mother, my eyes got healed from the sickness!"

My mother didn't hear my pleas. She refused me food and told me, "Our people will kill you. You are one with the white man Jesus and the white God."

This white God was only one of our

many African traditions. He was supposed to be the owner of the Mountain Kenya—and that was all. And Jesus was a white man—and that was all.

My father had three wives and many children. My mother was his youngest wife. My family and the sheep and the goats lived together in a mud hut in the bush country. I slept with the sheep for warmth. Dangerous cheetahs, tigers, hyenas and wild dogs were all about us.

My country, Kenya, began fighting for independence in the '50s. Men from my tribe, Kikuyu, the biggest tribe in Kenya, formed the mau mau movement. My father, a clan leader, was very involved. He trained me to be waterboy with the movement.

After the war things were very hard for all of us. The cattle and sheep my father and the other men of the tribe depended

upon for food and clothing were all killed, or the British took them.

Then my father and the men of our tribe were captured and put into detention camps. All our land was taken. People in our village lacked food. Many died.

All this African warriorism that I experienced made my heart sick. I knew I needed something else in my life if I was going to survive.

I was sent to a British colonial school. I had asked my teacher what I should do to get my heart filled with peace. She told me of a Christian meeting where people would pray for me.

All this African warriorism that I experienced made my heart sick

That morning, April 28, 1963, I had walked twelve miles through the bush in the rain, barefoot and without a coat, to the place she told me about. There I confessed my sins before the people and received salvation. As I confessed, even before they prayed for me, God healed my eyes of a tropical disease that was making me blind. I was seventeen years old.

Because I had accepted Jesus, my name became #2 in our village of those most likely to be killed. But when I went back to school after being saved I testified to everybody. Six hundred students and five teachers in my school of 2,000 received salvation. Some of them remain good Christians and even Bible teachers to this day.

Five days after my salvation I prayed one night at the edge of the village, under the trees where I was sure to be alone.

God spoke to me aloud, not in the English I had learned at my school, but in my native tongue. He said, "Son, you'll be victorious, you'll be successful as you learn to take My Son Jesus at His word."

These words became the rule of my life.

I saw visions in the trees that night as I prayed. And I spoke a new tongue which I had never heard.

My insides filled with joy. But the new language frightened me. I asked God to remove it.

He did.

Soon after this experience I went directly to high school from the seventh grade.

I started preaching much at school. I taught other boys how to behave. My schoolteachers loved me and my work. God began preparing me for the mighty things which were to come.

After I completed high school I became a management trainee with an import and export company, a good job.

Two years later, in 1970, while I sat in church my eyes rested on Margaret, a stranger to me.

God spoke to me: "That is your wife."

Weeks later I learned that God had spoken to her at the same moment. He had said, "That is your husband."

Not only was Margaret a Christian, but her father pastored an Episcopalian church.

We married in September, 1970. Twenty-five hundred people attended our wedding.

In 1971 my wife and I went to a crusade in Nairobi City. There we received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. We committed our family and business to Jesus.

After this we noticed that we had more revelation from the Lord and better guidance.

God blessed our marriage. He also prospered our family. I moved to another British company which had branches in all parts of the world. Within two years I was promoted to the shipping manager's position.

I continued to preach.

I took correspondence courses from London and earned diplomas in marine insurance and international economics.

After working for three large firms, I started my own export, import and insurance business in 1978. Businessmen Agencies has been a successful venture.

A *Voice* magazine came my way in 1972. After I read it God spoke to my mind and spirit: "Establish this type of ministry in Nairobi City for businessmen."

I knew many executives. I wanted them to hear about Jesus. In 1973 I started Full Gospel Business Men in Nairobi City.

I booked a banquet hall at the New Avenue Hotel for 500 guests. To my utter disappointment, only three attended—myself, my wife and one other man.

Six weeks later we held another meeting. This time the hotel was full. We proclaimed the gospel message. I told of my God-given vision for reaching businessmen for Christ.

Many people were saved that night.

In 1974 we drafted a constitution for our fellowship and registered with the

government.

Our fellowship also has a prison ministry. We are the only ones that the government will allow inside the jails and detention camps.

In 1977 our local newspaper began to print articles about demon activity in a home occupied by eleven people. They lived in Ngong, thirteen miles from Nairobi City.

The newspaper reported that the demons caused all kinds of problems, such as throwing rocks and changing meal to kerosene. A storage hut burned after being ignited by demons. People could not see them, but they could see their evil works.

The stories continued for two months. In February the newspaper printed an article, "Who Can Help?" Thirteen denominational church groups had gone there to pray. All had been chased away by the demons, throwing rocks.

The government sent policemen to the home. Before they could ask any questions or shoot, the demons drove them away.

Demons are real.

On February 22 I called the newspaper office. I asked the newsman, "Is it true what you are writing about these demons?"

"Yes," he replied. "Who are you?"

"I am a follower of Jesus Christ. I can help." I spoke boldly.

"What can you do that the other church people couldn't do? The Moslems came too and could do nothing."

I said, "I am going to use the name of Jesus Christ."

The newsman said, "Many church

nothing prayed in the name of Jesus and nothing happened."

"I am going to take authority over the demons," I told him.

He didn't understand about authority.

I told him about our Full Gospel Fellowship work and our success with Jesus.

To my amazement, the following day an article appeared on the front page of the *East African Standard*: my conversation with the newsmen.

Next, a government official called and commanded me to appear that night for an interview on television.

During the interview I said that I would go to the demonized home on Saturday and take authority over them in the name of Jesus.

After the television program I went home and prayed. I needed God's instruction. God gave me the secret.

He said, "You are going to cast out the demons. You don't pray *about* evil spirits, you cast them out."

Saturday many people came to Ngong to watch me and some Christian men from the Fellowship. The people stayed about 200 yards back, afraid because of all the newspaper stories.

A heavy, evil wind tried to push us back as we walked forward. I felt the presence of the evil spirits.

I called out, "I rebuke you evil spirits in the name of Jesus Christ."

Then they spoke through a young boy in the family: "We have come from New York. We are charged to come and terrorize people in Kenya."

I stood confidently before them and cast them out and commanded them to leave in the name of Jesus, as God had told me to do.

They answered, "We leave as you command us."

Within minutes the climate changed.

One of the boys in that home had a broken leg caused by the demons. He had gone to the hospital to have the leg put in a plaster cast. When he came home, the demons caused the leg and the cast to be broken again. This had happened several times.

I laid my hands on his cast and prayed. Immediately he felt his leg being healed. Before our eyes the cast went straight again.

The bystanders, watching from a distance, could feel the climate change and see the healing. They came to the house to join our group.

God's anointing came upon me. I laid hands on them as they came and many were saved that day. The eleven people in that home were all saved too.

Today a church of Jesus Christ stands in that place.

The greatest test of my faith occurred in 1977. One Wednesday afternoon about five o'clock, I returned to my home.

The housemaid met me at the door. She cried and shook with fear. "Your wife died at ten o'clock this morning. I didn't know where to find you."

My heart went heavy. Every day for months I had been watching Margaret's life slowly ebbing away from a blood disease. Only our closest friends knew. We believed that God would heal her.

How can this be, God? You do mighty works and miracles through me in the field. But in my own home I cannot help my wife to be free from sickness—and now death . . .

I didn't know what to do. I locked

myself in our bedroom. My wife lay upon the bed. Her eyes were sunken in her head.

I gained courage and reached my hands toward heaven. "God of the living . . . precious Jesus!" I cried.

Then I was in the Spirit, praising God in spite of the circumstances.

Twenty-five minutes later I came to myself. At the same moment my wife's spirit charged back into her body—woosh! I heard her sigh.

Then she began to prophesy! "I have a message to you from the Lord: 'Son, I am going to send you to many parts of the world. You are to tell everyone without compromise that sanctification is not done in heaven, but right here on earth.'"

I stared at my wife. Her soft voice held such power. Was God using her even while she was dead?

She spoke again. "'Son, give My testimony. You will tell without fear that I am a God of miracles and I can do anything for anyone.'"

My wife came back to me totally healed, restored, as I had always known her.

What happened to her that day caused me to lose any fear of death and to know, without any doubt, that the same God who raised Jesus and my wife from the dead is able to meet every need. □

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ON THE RIGHT TRACK

David Fahey, Carmel, Indiana



was in railroading for about thirty years, and during that time I tested a lot of folks' Christianity.

A guy may be religious when he leaves his office at five o'clock. But let him get stalled at a railroad track for fifteen or twenty minutes, and by five-thirty his Sunday-school teacher wouldn't know him.

Of course that was fine with me. My mother and father raised me as an atheist, and I remained true to that faith. My father warned me against Christians, and I never saw anyone who hated churches as much as he did—until I grew up and took over where he left off. If I happened to visit a home where there was a Bible on display and it looked used at all I'd suddenly remember I'd parked my train in a towaway zone or something, and leave my wife to pay my respects.

My wife Karen was raised in a preacher's family, so she thought she had it all together in the religion department. The fact that she married an atheist will give you a clue as to how right she was.

Truth was, after eight years, our marriage—the second for each of us—was close to derailment. We were at the "yours, mine, and ours" stage. And we had five kids that neither one of us wanted to claim on a bad day. I took a job operating between Indiana and Ohio that kept me out of the house about five nights out of seven.

One day in 1975 I came home from my week away to find a totally silent house. Usually I could at least count on hearing Karen crying her eyes out, which she'd been doing for almost three years straight. Whenever I came home she'd cry. When I left she'd cry. When I stayed she'd cry. I brought a lot of joy along wherever I went.

Finally I found Karen out in the backyard, crying at the picnic table. I said to myself, *Oh, good. I thought maybe something was wrong.*

"What's the matter *now*?" I asked her in my usual sympathetic voice.

"Oh, you wouldn't understand. But David, there just has to be something more to life than what we have."

I felt steam coming out of my ears.

"Now just a minute," I said. "Look around you. We have a beautiful brick veneer home, nice furniture, two fine automobiles, a sixteen-foot chassis mount camper, and an above-ground monstrosity we call a swimming pool. What else do you want?"

Yessir, we had everything credit could buy. I had a half-ton truck with a four-pound payment book. (I had to buy the truck to haul our payments to the bank.)

"I knew you wouldn't understand," Karen sobbed.

"You're right," I snorted. "I don't." I stomped into the house, poured myself a big old scotch and flipped on the boob tube.

But right after I made my exit Karen did something she hadn't really done in a long time: she prayed.

"God," she said, "if You're real, You're going to have to show Yourself to me. Some way, somehow, please save my life."

She didn't tell me she did it, of course. I hated religion so much that our marriage would have ended right there.

Within the next two weeks, somebody from every religious organization in Indiana landed on our doorstep. Most of them came when I wasn't there, which was a good thing. But if I happened to be at home when a group of them started down our driveway, I'd step out on the porch and say, "Stop right where you are. You've got eight seconds to get off my property. In nine seconds, you get to

race twelve-gauge buckshot to my front gate."

One day when I wasn't at home our next-door neighbor Helen gave Karen three books to read. When she saw the titles Karen wasn't even sure she wanted to touch them.

"*Hotline to Heaven? Go, Man, Go? Hang Loose with Jesus?* What kind of books are these? And who's this woman Frances Hunter who wrote them?"

"Just read them," Helen encouraged her. "I think they'll really help you."

When she started reading Karen couldn't put the books down. This Hunter woman talked about God as though she knew Him personally. Karen had always thought of God as the unreachable, remote YAHWEH, a wise old man with a long, white beard who sat on a marble throne and only noticed when people did something bad. *This* God, though, was totally different. He *liked* people. Why, He even *loved* them.

Somehow, Karen got me to promise I'd take her to hear Frances Hunter. I said, "Sure, okay." Under my breath I mumbled, "Fat chance! This Frances will never get to our part of the country, and even if she does Karen'll never hear about it."

Ten days later I walked in the door, expecting to hear the usual weeping and wailing. Instead my wife greeted me with a kiss and a silly grin. She looked like a big smile with arms and legs.

"Oh, boy," I thought. "Happy days are here again!"

"Guess who's in town?" Karen bubbled. "Frances Hunter!"

I drew a blank on that one. When

Karen reminded me who she was I moaned. The worst thing was, I couldn't think of a way to back out of my promise on such short notice.

That Wednesday I found myself at the Indianapolis Hilton. When we walked into the lobby all I saw was teeth and bridge-work, and all I heard was, "Praise the Lord, brother, it's so good to see you!"

Fortunately, I had a backup plan. I figured I'd get Karen settled into the meeting, then go up to the lounge, watch a ballgame on the big-screen TV, and have some liquid refreshment.

I found us some seats as close as possible to the door. When I walked out to smoke a cigarette I saw a couple of books at the booktable that I knew Karen wanted, so I got them for her. Pretty soon the people started singing, and this Hunter woman and her husband Charles started walking down to the platform from the back of the auditorium. They couldn't go more than two steps without hugging someone. It took them fifteen minutes to get to the front.

I never saw so much carrying on. I thought, "Hey, this is better than going to the circus!" I started singing along and even found myself smiling like everybody else.

Meantime, though, Karen was growing as stone-faced as Mount Rushmore.

The more the people sang, the quieter she got. Suddenly I realized, *Hey! She's miserable!* I forgot all about the big-screen TV. I thought, *Honey, if this thing lasts till three in the morning we're staying. I'll teach you to drag me to something like this again!*

This went on for some time, and then I



I felt a giant hand pushing me forward

noticed that my hands felt kind of funny—hot and itchy. They looked bright red. No matter what I did, I couldn't get them comfortable. I wondered if I was having some kind of attack.

Then the room got quiet and Frances said, "There are seven people in this room who are having a most difficult time with their hands. They feel uncomfortable—itchy and even hot. The Lord has a word for you seven people. Will you come forward and receive it?"

I felt a shower of sparks through every nerve in my body. The books in my hand fell to the floor as I felt a giant hand pushing me forward. Suddenly I knew that if it was required of me, I'd never

look back, even to say goodbye.

"You seven people are chosen by the Lord for a ministry of healing," I heard her say softly. I looked and sure enough, there were exactly seven of us who had come forward. "Charles and I will now lay hands on you and pray the blessing of God upon you."

I remember that my dad had always told me, "Now, Dave, if you ever get trapped by any of these religious kooks where you can't get away from 'em, just act like you're listening and when they ask if they can pray for you just say yes, because as soon as they're done they'll turn ya loose."

I saw two sets of hands coming at me, and even though I tried to keep my feet planted on the floor, I felt myself drift upward, then backward. Somewhere deep inside me I knew that what had been in my life before was all being swept out and the empty spaces were being filled with a wonderful warmth. The next thing I knew I was staring at hundreds of colored lights. Then it occurred to me that I was flat on my back, staring at the chandelier.

When I got back to my seat, Karen looked like a statue.

I had to be at work at eleven-fifteen that night, so we left the meeting before it ended. We didn't say a word most of the way home, but before we got there I heard myself exclaim, "Why me?" I didn't know "Why me" *what*—because I didn't know what had happened to me.

"Oh, David, now you sound like Moses," Karen said with some anguish in her voice. I think she was beginning to like me better as an atheist. I didn't even

know who Moses was, let alone what he sounded like. All I knew was, he looked like Charlton Heston.

I can't remember working that night. Somehow I never killed anybody or ran the train off the track. For all I know, I was running on thin air. Several times I thought, "Now if I just get home and go to bed I can sleep this thing off. The kids'll start getting on my nerves again, I'll fight with Karen, she'll have a crying jag and everything will be fine."

Wrong. Even though I hadn't slept in thirty hours and everybody had gone to work and school when I got home, I couldn't keep my eyes closed. I took a shower to relax, but as I stepped out of the tub I thought I heard someone say, "David, you've got to pray."

How'd my mother-in-law get in the shower? I thought. But I knew I was alone in the house, and, dripping wet, I knew I was going to pray out loud right then. Talk about baring all before the Lord!

"Since You've gone to all this trouble to pick me out of all those people and get my attention," I said, "I guess I've got to admit You exist." That was my first admission in my entire life of any kind of belief in God.

"I give You my life; use it any way You can. I'm sorry for everything in the past. Just tell me what You want me to do, how You want me to do it, and where."

Jesus entered my heart from that moment. A heaviness in my chest that had bothered me for years lifted from me. I also found to my amazement that I had lost my desire for cigarettes.

Three days after all this happened,

Karen and I were invited to a dinner meeting of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. Toward the end I heard Karen sobbing.

Oh, Lord, here we go again, I thought. I asked her what was wrong.

"David, I've been doing all the searching and you've been doing all the finding. There *has* to be something for *me!* . . . David, you've got to get these men to pray for me."

All of a sudden there was a riot at the head table. It looked like one guy jumped right over it and a couple of others made an end run.

Several people put their hands on Karen's head and started praying. She was still crying, but the sound of it changed. She was laughing *and* crying. Then she began speaking in a language I'd never heard, and I could almost see her glowing. When she finally got out of the "prayer chair" she gave me a big smooch like I hadn't had in years.

I'd already told the chapter president, "Look, fella, when she gets outta that chair, I wanta get in it." They sat me down and in a few moments I got hit by the same velvet lightning bolt that got Karen. This, we learned, was the experience called the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I recommend it.

We hadn't gone to church that much, but now we started to attend every Sunday. During the next seven years in that church we taught and led many in receiving the Baptism.

In my first year as a Christian, the Lord blessed me by using me to lead fifty-eight fellow workers to Him. I didn't have to twist a single arm. In every case they

came to me and said, "Dave, I can't believe the change in you. What happened?" All I did was tell them how Jesus had taken over my life and made living a joyous experience.

But maybe the greatest blessing I've had took place in a hospital room December 11, 1983. My father was in that room, dying of cancer. When I went to see him that day I could feel the presence of the Lord in every nook and cranny of the place. Dad wasn't able to talk but he motioned that he wanted to sit up. I helped him swing his feet over the side of the bed and sat beside him.

He'd never been an affectionate man, but I could tell he wanted a little backrub. I gave him one and held him as he leaned against me.

Then I said, "Dad, I can't see the Lord in this room but I know He's here, and I've got a feeling you may even be able to see Him. You've always been a solid businessman, honest and moral all your life. You've made a lot of decisions. But there's one choice you haven't made yet. The Lord has been following you around for some seventy-odd years and He's got His hand out to you right now. You can ask Him for forgiveness and He'll give it to you. . . . Then just reach out and take His hand."

Dad was silent for several minutes. Then, very slowly and deliberately, he reached out to one side with both hands. He had been extremely restless the last few days, but from that time on there was nothing but tremendous peace. Eight hours later he went to sleep and into the presence of the Lord.

What a tremendous comfort that was

to me. Since that time I have seen many salvations, many healings, many Holy Spirit baptisms—but none is more precious than seeing my own father enter the kingdom of heaven, forgiven of an entire life of unbelief.

God's love is open to all . . . to the lifelong atheist and to the "religious" person who has grown up in church but doesn't know Jesus as Saviour.

Whether your life's been sidetracked, on the wrong track for years or even completely derailed, Jesus is waiting to put you back on the right track for heaven. □



David Fahey served four years in the Navy as radar operator, was a locomotive engineer for nearly thirty years with the New York Central Railroad (now Conrail), and since 1981 has worked as a piano technician. He is an international director of FGBMFI, a former vice-president and president of the Carmel Chapter, and served for three years as a field representative. He and his wife Karen are members of Northview Christian Life Church, where David is a deacon and teaches a foundation class. They have five children: Michael, twenty-seven; Mark, twenty-six; Donna, twenty-four; Kay, twenty-three; and Dawn, fifteen.

The 120 Club:

Men & Women of Vision

One hundred twenty obedient and united men and women waiting expectantly in an upper room were all filled with the Holy Spirit.

"And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as a rushing, mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it set upon each of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance" (Acts 2:2-4).

Result: people from a dozen or more nations, hearing them speak in their own tongue the wonderful works of God, carried the message back to their countries.

The experience of being filled with the Holy Spirit is available today to empower us to serve Jesus and, like those first believers, we can have a significant part in taking the Good News to the ends of the earth.

The 120 Club, an exciting new concept of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, is founded on the



conviction that there are thousands of people like you who love Jesus and who, like the 120 in Jerusalem, want to circle the globe with the Good News.

The new FGBMFI 120 Club offers you the opportunity, as a charter member, to become involved in a ministry that transcends national, racial and denominational barriers—a ministry making a spiritual impact at every level of society, from government leaders to convicts in prisons.

Why join the 120 Club?

- ✓ Be part of an exciting global ministry now in 84 nations
- ✓ Provide essential funding for reaching the world for Jesus
- ✓ Fill a significant role in achieving international goals
 - One million members
 - Forty thousand chapters
 - Chapters in every nation

As a member of the 120 Club, you will receive a membership card and an attractive lapel pin identifying you as a believer with a global vision and a deep commitment to see the world won to Jesus.

In appreciation for your involvement you will receive the first volume of FGBMFI's Laymen's Library. This handsomely bound 1,200-page *Strong's Exhaustive Concordance of the Bible* references every word in both the Old and the New Testaments.

Other benefits you will enjoy as a 120 Club member include purchase privileges programs such as hotel and car-rental discount privileges, registration in

a major airlines advantage program, and a Consumer Byline enabling 120 Club members to realize substantial savings on major purchases. Benefits are contingent upon the ability of the suppliers.

To become a charter member of the 120 Club, you need only to invest \$120 a year (\$10 a month) to help Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International continue and expand its vital soul-winning outreaches through chapters, conventions, airlifts, radio and television programs, publications and prison ministry. Your prayer and financial support will help strengthen an effective witness in the 84 nations already reached by FGBMFI, and will help to reach nations still untouched.

Complete the membership form below and mail it today with your check for \$10 and we will send you your membership card and pin, your *Strong's Concordance*, and the many other benefits.

.....

The 120 Club of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International **Membership Application**

I believe in the outreach ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, and I desire to become a charter member of the new 120 Club of FGBMFI to help reach the world for Jesus.

You can count on me to make an investment of \$10 a month to help FGBMFI reach the world for our Saviour. (I may elect to make a one-time gift of \$120 if I desire.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Phone(_____) _____

CODE NUMBER #1-TK



moving up



down under

Bernard Gray, Brisbane, Australia

*Melbourne, site
of 1985 FGBMFI
World Convention*



*attempt big things for God, and
He will do big things through
you. . .*

"Hi! My name's Bernie Gray. Would you like something to read?"

I stood on the campus of Queensland University in Brisbane with several other members of the Brisbane Chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, offering a book and a magazine to each student who passed by. The book was *The Cross and the Switchblade* by David Wilkerson. The magazine was *Voice*.

Our chapter had bought thousands of copies of each, and had obtained permission to hand them to every college student in the city.

For the most part, we had no way to know on what kind of ground our seed of faith had fallen. But a few years later I walked into the office of television Channel 9's program director in Brisbane to discuss establishing the Fellowship's "Good News!" program throughout Australia. The young woman receptionist asked me, "Are you Mr. Gray?"

"I sure am."

"Mr. Gray, my name is Debbie. I was a student at one of the colleges where FGBMFI members handed out books. As a result I gave my life to Christ, and my entire family knows Jesus now!"

God is on the move in Australia, and we of FGBMFI are excited.

You've never been to Australia? Never seen the beauty of our country—never looked up into the night sky and seen the Southern Cross?

Then it's time now to start planning to attend FGBMFI's World Convention next

year—the first to be held in our country. It will be in Melbourne, March 26 through 30 (that's early autumn in our hemisphere, and Melbourne will be 150 years old).

We'll meet in the 7,000-seat auditorium of the Olympic Park Entertainment Center, site of the 1956 Olympic Games. We look forward to hearing such outstanding speakers as Reinhard Bonnke and Jack Hayford.

FGBMFI men already have great visibility in Australia, thanks to nearly five years of the "Good News!" program over national network television.

I've been a member of the Fellowship since 1962, when it first started in the Brisbane area.

I was born into a beautiful family in Toowoomba, a provincial city in the western part of southern Queensland. My dad ran his own business, and all weekend he'd preach the Gospel, singlehandedly building small churches in areas of Queensland.

In my early boyhood in church I learned when to say "amen" and "the Lord bless you." I knew when to stand, when to kneel and when to sit. But not until I was fourteen did I realize that I needed a personal relationship with God.

I plunged into "the business world" when I was in the fourth grade at Dalby State School and became a local paperboy. In my enterprise and ambition to succeed, I got up at five-thirty each morning to be first on the job. I formed the habit then of commitment to whatever I was doing, and if somebody said a thing couldn't possibly be done, I always found a way that it certainly could be.

After attending technical college in Toowoomba I began an apprenticeship in motor mechanics in that school, going on to work in the family engineering business (machining and steel-structure fabrication), then for a Renault Peugeot franchise for twelve months.

In 1955 my partner and I proudly launched the firm of Williamson & Gray, a motor repair business, in a little rented building with a leaky roof, behind a chemical factory in Brisbane. We relocated; now above us was the Story Bridge, a six-lane main arterial across the Brisbane River. We could hear every car hit the metal plates up there, but we were growing. Our next move gave us a showroom for new vehicles, a versatile workshop and a replacement-parts outlet right in the heart of the city's business district.

We began specializing in automatic transmissions and this grew into a franchise chain of shops all around the country. We had a good import business and a distribution center in Sydney, and were headquarters for all Queensland and for the Northern Territory.

I began importing airconditioning components for automobiles in 1967. In 1969 we were the first to bring the Subaru automobile into Queensland from Japan.

Then God stepped in with a message for me. On the eve of the new year, 1974, at a vacation camp my wife Nell and I were attending with 250 others, we were being encouraged to make vows to do more for God in the new year. In the middle of this a voice spoke strongly within me: "Something dramatic will happen in your business this year."

I wondered about this, because another man was involved financially in the business. Then I saw a vision of a big blackboard. On it were figures showing a division of property and the exact amount of money that would change hands.

That year I sat with accountant advisors and a solicitor to work out the details of selling half the business to my partner. The Lord was right about the amount.

For six years I operated a specialized auto repair business in Brisbane, and also spent two years pioneering an international company with a world franchise for interior decorating products.

I have seen the power of God not only prosper my business affairs, but also in the physical healing of my wife and son.

In 1970 Nell and I came to the United States to attend the FGBMFI World Convention in Chicago. I arranged a nine-week business trip around that visit, in-

cluding England, Israel, West Germany and Japan.

Nell had a serious sinus problem that could be set off by things like automobile fumes, flowers, and especially air travel. Her struggle to get her breath at such times was shocking and painful to see.

Looking at our itinerary, she warned me, "We're going to be in and out of thirty-eight airplanes, and you know what that means." She went to her doctor and got four bottles of capsules.

At the convention, Kathryn Kuhlman began to speak to a jam-packed auditorium. Then abruptly she stopped. Pointing her long finger toward the rear where we sat, she announced, "There's somebody in the back—the Lord is touching you right now. He's healing you of a hereditary problem, something to do with your respiratory organs."

I looked at Nell. There was no doubt about it, she was healed. She took five

Left to right: Former Australian Prime Minister Mr. Malcolm Fraser receives request from Full Gospel Business Men Keith Kelley and Bernie Gray to call for national day of prayer and fasting.



deep breaths in a row, then another five. A glow spread over her face.

We left that auditorium, went up to our room, and she threw all those capsules down the sink. She hasn't had an attack since.

When our son Jeffrey was six months old he began bleeding behind the retinas of both eyes. In a Brisbane hospital for six months, his eyes were bandaged tight. God bless the sisters in that hospital! They kept telling us, "There's only one answer: prayer. Unless a miracle occurs, this little boy will be blind in one eye and have only 35 percent sight in the other."

Prayer groups began interceding. When he was a year old, doctors removed Jeffrey's bandages. He could see. The specialists continued to work with him to strengthen his eyes.

As Jeffrey neared school age the doctor warned us, "Your son will have to sit in the front seat next to the blackboard. He'll have to wear very strong glasses. He'll start school late, and he won't be able to enter some school activities."

We kept praying and believing, and God intervened, gradually healing our son. Jeffrey was known by the eye specialists the whole time as "the miracle boy." He did not start school late; he never had to sit in the front seat; and he's never worn glasses in his life. Now, at age twenty-six, he is a managerial accountant with one of the largest construction companies in Australia.

The same God who heals is empowering Full Gospel Business Men in Australia to accept great challenges. A few years ago, all our coal fields in one area went

out on strike. After fourteen weeks, Blackwater, a mining town, was suffering severely from the depressed economy.

That weekend, at an FGBMFI Men's Advance, a member said God was showing him that some of the men should visit Blackwater and declare the sovereignty of God against the works of Satan there. He suggested that I lead the group.

I called one of the ministers in the town and told him what we planned to do. "Can you get the other ministers and congregations together?"

"Sure."

"How many homes are in your area?"

"Twelve hundred."

He called five other ministers together, with members of their congregations.

Attempt big things for God . . .

Our printer donated 2,000 brochures and with 1,500 copies of *Voice* the churches at Blackwater put one of each in every home. We hired a pilot and flew to every idle coal field, praying over them. Then we landed and gave our testimony in a nearby park, using a good P.A. system. We told the town we would serve 114 free meals in the largest hotel. The place was packed out that night—we served 140—and we saw a dozen young couples and many individuals give their lives to Christ. A painter drinking in the bar downstairs surrendered to Jesus.

The next day was Sunday. At the invitation of the ministers, we spoke in their churches. All the congregations joined us afterward for a spontaneous picnic in the park. It was the first time all these churches had cooperated in a single project.

The very next week all coal-mining

operations in that area became productive.

Shortly after our ministry in the coal fields, the program director for Channel 9 invited me to his office. He had heard what God had done in the mining town.

"You men and your 'Good News!' are meeting a need that no other type of program can meet," he said. "You men really put your money where your mouth is. 'Good News!' stays on Channel 9!"

I've seen God at work in Africa, too. On one trip my wife and I went across the continent, speaking in Kenya at the national convention and in many other areas in chapters. Our trip began with a circle of prayer in Brisbane. Again we were instructed to declare the sovereignty of God against the forces of evil in that land.

Attempt big things . . .

While we were in South Africa, Owen, an FGBMFI field representative who went to all the businesses in Pietersmaritzburg, said, "There's something missing in your factory—an invisible, unifying force that can help your employees to work together much better."

They agreed to stop the factories and let him come in. He went to sixty factories during one month; I went around with him for two days. The men would listen to the Word and as he prayed for them they would kneel and say, "I want the life of Jesus Christ living in me."

As a result, production has risen dramatically in every factory and the men want to know, "When is Owen coming back?"

When the Bible says that "God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith" (Romans 12:3), it doesn't mean just the

man in the pulpit. To everyone is given a measure of faith. I love the excitement of the business world. The enterprising spirit that first expressed itself in me as a paperboy has never left me. A lifetime of starting businesses, buying and selling them and expanding into international trade has only increased the thrill of the adventure.

Yet nothing can compare with being a businessman for Jesus. Being in partnership with Him and doing business for Him is the greatest joy of my life. □



Bernard Gray is managing director of Gray Holdings Pty. Ltd. Since 1983 he has devoted his time to the national office of FGBMFI in Brisbane as South Pacific Vice-President on the International Executive Board of the Fellowship. He has been a member of the Brisbane Chapter since the early '60s. He and his wife Nell have two children: Jeffrey and Joanne, and are members of Glad Tidings Tabernacle in Fortitude Valley, Brisbane.

HELP LIFT JESUS UP IN THE LAND DOWN UNDER

Plan now to be part of the 32nd World Convention, March 26-30, 1985 in Melbourne, Australia. Join the thousands of believers from around the world who will come together for this historic gathering—the first world convention held outside the United States. Enjoy worship, fellowship, teaching and ministry in the Land Down Under.

Speakers will include FGBMFI Founder/President Demos Shakarian...Reinhard Bonnke, recognized as one of the world's most challenging evangelists, whose ministry is marked by signs, wonders, healings and miracles...Dr. Jack Hayford, pastor of Church on the Way, Van Nuys, California—his congregation has grown in 14 years from 18 persons to

6,000 and he has ministered in 36 countries...Lee Buck, who left his position as Senior Vice-President in charge of New York Life's marketing to enter fulltime ministry...Bill Subritzky, senior partner in a New Zealand law firm and director of one of his nation's largest homebuilding companies...Sir Lionel Luckhoo, four times Mayor of Georgetown, Guyana; twice knighted by Queen Elizabeth II; distinguished diplomat and listed in the *Guinness World Book of Records* as "most successful criminal attorney."

Write today for your World Convention packet. It includes program information, alternative travel options, available hotel selections, tourist attractions and registration form.



For complete information on the 32nd World Convention to be held in Melbourne, Australia, March 26-30, 1985, clip and mail this coupon to: FGBMFI / 3150 Bear Street / Costa Mesa, CA 92626 / (714) 754-1400.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

HAWAIIAN HARVEST



Frank Diehl, Jr., Honolulu, Hawaii



hat is this personal Saviour stuff? I know who Jesus is!" And I rattled off the same things I had been saying for years. I knew Jesus as a historical character—and I knew all the intellectual, logical and philosophical arguments about Him. But

when people asked me if I wanted to accept Him as my personal Saviour, I didn't understand what they were talking about.

I should have understood, because my mother knew how to pray—and get answers. But somehow I never learned

how she did it, although I could sense, even when I was away from God, that when I was in a jam Mom was praying for me.

Doctors told my mother she would never have children, but she prayed and prayed—and God heard. I was born late in my parents' marriage, and it was a miracle that I was born at all.

I had been delivered by Caesarian section, and after the doctors recovered from the shock of my birth they solemnly informed my mother that she would never have any more children. She went back to praying—and I have a younger sister and brother.

Of the three of us, I was the only one with health problems. At age six I went into a coma from rheumatic fever with throat complications. I was rushed to the hospital, where they told my parents I had only two or three hours to live. Mom and Dad prayed and I pulled through the operation. I studied first-grade lessons in bed while recuperating and did well enough to go on to second grade.

My dad spent most of his life as a wool-plan manager and bank collector, but he was also a master carpenter and taught me a lot as he and I built a summer home for our family on weekends over a period of nine years. In his later years he held a responsible service position with our parish church.

Throughout my childhood in a devout Catholic family, my life revolved around religious people. My uncle was a priest, and nuns and priests came and went in our home all the time. Their intellectual discussions and debates fascinated me. I learned all about church history,

theology and philosophy—but it never occurred to me that Jesus was anything more than an intellectual exercise.

During my teenage years I spent some summers with my uncle who was a priest and watched him working in Detroit ghettos and with the Papago Indians. His rectory was open to anyone anytime, even in the middle of the night, and his compassion impressed me deeply. I didn't know that the Lord was preparing me for a similar ministry years later.

I studied piano and saxophone from the time I was in the fourth grade, so it seemed natural that I leave home and

They told my parents I had only two or three hours to live

join a rock 'n' roll band when I turned eighteen. I stopped going to church after that because I traveled so much.

During my twenties I was married for several years, then divorced. I was always on the road, and having too much fun to settle down.

After playing in several rock bands up and down the East Coast, I moved up to being a conductor in the theater. This was a more stable lifestyle and I always seemed to be at the right place at the right time to get good gigs. I was on the road with "Mame" for a year and a half, but most of the conducting I did was in summer-stock tours: "I Do, I Do" with Jane Powell, "West Side Story," "Golden Boy" and "Carousel." I also did "Boyfriend" with Anna Maria Alberghetti.



I moved on to the active, upbeat music of the nightclub arena. In 1972 I went to Hawaii for a month with a group called The Three Degrees. While I was there a promoter asked me to groom and produce a nightclub act for him, so I went back to Philadelphia, packed everything and moved to the island of Oahu.

There my life really went downhill.

I experimented with marijuana but didn't like losing that much control. Liquor, however, was another story. I kept telling myself I could take it or leave it, but it got to the point where I had to have it. I drank from the time I got up in the morning until I passed out in bed at night.

I thought I was enjoying myself. It was fun, fun, fun—bedhopping, drinking, no responsibilities. I had my share of scares; twice I've had a gun pointed at me by a jealous boyfriend. I can see that God had His hand on me even then. Looking down the barrel of that .38, I thought

my life was over, but the jealous boyfriend holding the gun simply changed his mind. Of course I walked around for more than a year in fear of running into him again.

Always the curious type, I wanted to know about everything. I liked to discuss issues and "higher philosophies," and I read almost every scientific publication I could get my hands on. I was heavily into reading about UFOs, TM and had even experimented with astral projection on my own, but when I actually saw demons in my room it scared me so much I never tried it again.

Then God began to deal with me.

A girlfriend saw me going downhill and cared enough about me to want to help. She had not been brought up in any religion whatsoever. She didn't even know who God was, or if there was a God. But she was a very persevering woman. She'd seen movies where Catholics lit candles and prayed, so one day in 1976 she went into a Catholic church in Waikiki, lit a candle and said, "God, whoever You are, do something with Frank."

She began a search for God. Through the book *The Late, Great Planet Earth* she was saved and eventually baptized at the Waikiki Beach Chaplaincy Outreach. Now she was full of questions about things of God.

I rattled off answers from all the theological knowledge I had. One day she just looked at me. "If you know so much how come you're such a hypocrite?" she demanded.

I've been called worse things, but the Lord used that question to bring conviction upon me. I began to feel the first

stirrings of a need to turn my life over to God.

Next she began to drag me to Bible studies, most of them interdenominational. I thought the whole thing was crazy. I couldn't understand people getting together and studying the Bible; I couldn't remember ever having read it.

At one meeting I met a fellow from Notre Dame University. That made me feel a little better; I figured he would be able to discuss things on a more intellectual level. So I sat and listened.

Then someone asked me for the first time if I would like to accept Jesus as my personal Saviour. I responded by spouting all the theological jargon I'd heard all of my life.

I was the only one impressed.

Someone suggested instead that I pray a sinner's prayer. Feeling ganged up on, I prayed it just to get them off my back.

Soon after that I was asked to play the organ for Faith Fellowship, an interdenominational church. They met in a recreation center, which was so completely outside my frame of reference that it made no sense to me. (I believed that church could only be held in stained-glass cathedrals with pipe organs.) The organ they had was an insult to my trained ear. But I agreed—because I liked the pastor, not because of any personal commitment to Jesus.

For two years I played the organ and listened to the preaching without any apparent change. But the seed sown in love by that pastor took root. In the spring of 1978 I finally made that true commitment.

For the next two years I walked in the faith, but it was like a roller coaster—up one minute, down the next. Finally I had become tired of being a carnal Christian.

It was April 17, 1980. I remembered that David had thrown himself naked and prostrate before the Lord. There in my room, I did the same. I wept and prayed, "Lord, You gotta do something to change me! I can't do it myself!"

But I was still trying to help Him. "Lord, Easter Sunday . . . the Resurrection . . . I'm gonna do it then." I started on a fast. Easter was two days away.

After church on Easter Sunday about seven of us went out to eat. I learned that one of them, Alan, was a born-again Jew, but he didn't fit my image of a man of God. He was a weightlifter and a street person. He couldn't possibly be a man of God.

"Lord," I muttered, "I think this guy is a phoney! Let's expose him!"

Suddenly Alan looked directly at me and announced, "I feel the Spirit of the Lord telling me we should pray. Frank, I think this prayer should be for you."

The only thing I heard him say was, "Lord, let the scales drop from his eyes."

The next thing I knew I was crying like a baby in Uncle John's Restaurant. I am not the kind of man who cries in public. But I sat there and sobbed—deep, wracking sobs. Somehow I knew that God had answered—He was cleansing me, doing what I could never do for myself.

I walked out of there on a cloud. At home that evening I started praying in tongues and couldn't stop. I had read about it but had been afraid it was from

the devil. The Lord gave me this Bible verse: "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I suddenly realized if I asked in the name of Jesus to receive a language, it would certainly be from the Lord.

What I received was actually only one word but in a number of dialects. The meaning was "liberty, freedom." Just this year someone pointed out to me that my name, Frank, means "free man"!

From that point, my life really started to take on purpose. Now I was totally committed to the Lord.

I had been working for the Jim Nabors show. Now the manager of the Don Ho show asked me to put together a new production for him. When we began in September, 1982, only one of our singers and I were born again. She spent a lot of time in prayer for them, and one by one our singers, dancers and some of our musicians got saved.

But they had no grounding in the Word of God. In June of 1983 we started a Thursday-night Bible study in my dressing room after the show. Though it was originally intended for the cast of twelve, it turned into an outreach for street people. Sometimes as many as seventy-five people came.

Then somebody invited us to a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting. When they started the Waikiki Chapter in 1982, I became vice-president.

Time went on. Feeling that God was calling me to still more of an outreach, I started ministering in September of 1983 at Eureka House, a drug rehabilitation center, and wherever else the Lord called me to teach or speak.

One day a man told me, "God is calling you to be a pastor. You should be shepherding the people." I knew he was right, but I also felt that God wanted it to be official, so I went before my pastor and the board of elders. I waited for their blessing. After two months of deliberation they let me go and offered their help.

We began meetings May 13, 1984 in gorgeous Mauna Loa Park. It's a private estate owned by a missionary family.

I have even greater visions for a worship outreach, communicating (not entertaining) through song and dance. We really feel that we have a special calling to Japan. Japanese people love music, and they love Hawaii. The Lord has given us a woman who works with us every Sunday, speaking fluent Japanese. Our dance captain Colleen and I are allowed to witness at a Japanese college.

One night in November of 1983 God spoke to me: "I called you when you were young and you didn't answer. I called a second time and you wouldn't answer. I'm calling you again, this time for an answer."

I bolted out of bed and cried, "Yes, Lord!" I want to live the rest of my life for Him. □

Frank Diehl has a bachelor of music degree from Philadelphia Musical Academy and for eighteen years has worked as a musical conductor for Broadway productions and on the theatre/nightclub circuit throughout the United States. Since 1982 he has been co-producer and musical director of the Don Ho Show originating in Hawaii. Currently Frank is vice-president of the Waikiki Chapter of FGBMFI and pastors the new Gathering Place Fellowship. He has a son, Chip, age twenty.



Chapter members from Carolinas distribute 10,000 Voice from float in Christmas Carousel parade.

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

Voice continues to be one of the most effective evangelistic tools for reaching men for Jesus. Community gatherings, parades, county fairs, flea markets and athletic events provide tremendous opportunities to witness through *Voice*.

The sixty-nine chapters in North and South Carolina entered a float in the 1983 Carolinas' Christmas Carousel and distributed 10,000 copies of *Voice*. Their success has encouraged the Wilmington, North Carolina chapters to enter the float in the Azalea Festival.

The Charlotte, North Carolina chapter has an arrangement with the Holiday Inn, North Tryon Street, where their monthly meeting is held, to have maids supply a copy of *Voice* and a New Testament to every room. The New Testament describes the ministry of FGBMFI, explains the way of new life, and lists time and place of chapters in mid-Atlantic states.

In mid-America, the St. Louis, Missouri chapters are sending 3,000 individual subscriptions to corporate leaders. In Fairfield, Iowa last October, twenty men attending a *Voice* rally canvassed the town on Saturday morning, placed thirty-four *Voice* boxes and distributed 3,000 copies of *Voice*.

Eying the Democratic convention as an outreach, FGBMFI men in the San Francisco area ordered 10,000 copies of the April, 1984 *Voice* featuring the testimony of Julian Carroll, former Democratic governor of Kentucky. □

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Our Mission Statement

- To reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ
- To call men back to God
- To help believers to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and to grow spiritually
- To train and equip men to fulfill the Great Commission
- To provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship
- To bring a greater unity among all people in the body of Christ

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GIVE YOUR WAY OUT (from page 7)

were with us in church. Glory to God!

A man named Henry—*el mintiroso*, which means “the storyteller” or, more accurately, “the liar”—and I had been involved, months earlier, in some business ventures. Henry had taken and taken my money, repeatedly promising but never actually delivering the products I ordered. I brought him money each time he asked for more to complete the work, but each time I added some Spirit-filled Spanish music tapes and shared about the love of Jesus.

The day came when Henry's misappropriation of my funds was discovered by others, and he faced possible serious legal troubles. I asked everyone to forget it, forgave him, put my arm around him, and gave him three more tapes.

Imagine my joy recently to learn that Bible studies by a Puerto Vallarta pastor are now being held in Henry's brother's home, who is now helping to open a new work in Bucieras. He coordinates our Spanish-tape ministry and wants to help start an FGBMFI chapter there.

God has assignments everywhere. Recently after missing a flight to Los Angeles and taking a different one, I found myself taking an unexpected hour-long taxi drive to the bank building where I had an appointment. At the end of our drive, the Armenian taxi driver prayed right there in his cab to receive Christ. At the bank, God gave me spiritual insight in explaining the intrinsic values of my purchase offer. It was accepted, even though it was \$50,000 less than the competitive offer. Another soul for Jesus—plus my sale as a bonus!

I sold a high-priced home in the woods which no one else had been able to sell. As a result, my client's friends' home in the woods was also listed with me. It too sold immediately. Again and again I witnessed to the owner, Paul, an elderly atheist.

Just after the house sale closed, Paul's wife was hospitalized for a stroke. At her request I went to see her, even though I had a very heavy schedule.

An unusual “heat wave” often greets me at hospitals. This was no exception, although the thermostat on the wall read 70 degrees. I told Mary, lying there with tubes in her mouth, nose and arms, about Jesus. She asked Him into her heart, gripped my hand, smiled and went off to sleep as the angels took her home to Jesus. I praise God that He had tugged at my heart to go.

This last Easter season was a very blessed time for our family. My aunt renewed her commitment to the Lord as we prayed together. After eighteen years of our witness to him, Josephine's father prayed to thank the Lord Jesus for dying for his sins and saving his soul. Her aunt and uncle also made a full-fledged commitment to Christ as my agent Mike Centanne and I knelt with them at their living-room couch.

There have been so many miracles in my life; I wish I could share them all. The more deeply I commit my life to Him, the more blessings He adds. I have learned that if I stay in prayer without ceasing, God gives me insights and answers to problems before I get the details of the problems themselves.

Financial blessings are wonderful, but

they will not satisfy the hunger of the spirit. Only God can do that. My greatest joy is winning souls for God, testifying about what He means to me, getting to know Him better and learning more about His resurrection power.

Because I'm committed to the Lord, this is my real concern: to go in the compassion of Christ wherever the Spirit of God leads me, to give, to pray and to serve. □



Billy Ortiz is an investment realtor, real estate broker and developer. He has a marketing degree from Foothill College, Los Altos, California; was regional salesman for a nationwide cutlery firm for three years; for six years an agent for a residential real-estate firm; and since 1976 has been president of Ortiz Realty and Investments, Inc. in San Jose. He is fund-raising chairman and a director of the San Jose Chapter of FGBMFI, and helped to launch the chapter luncheon in 1983. He and his wife Josephine are members of the Cathedral of Faith in San Jose. They have three daughters: Denise, fourteen; Deanne, ten; and Debra, six.

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

5. BELIEVE: "For God so loved the world,

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision now:

"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



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VOICE**

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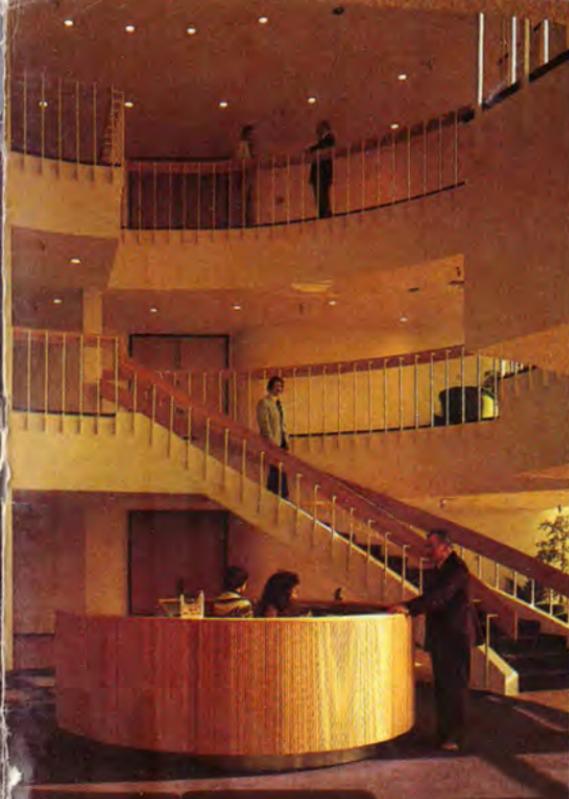
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Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in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

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



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





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