

full gospel business men's

VOICE

october 1971

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

THE BILL LOFBOM STORY, page three

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NOT BY BREAD ALONE

by BILL LOFBOM



A baker by trade, Bill Lofbom is owner-operator of the Bit of Stockholm Smorgasbord Restaurant in North Hollywood, California. He is also President of the North Hollywood Chapter of FGBMFI. With him is his wife, Damian, daughters Lisa and Michelle, and son, Sonny.

I WAS BORN in a small farm town near the city of Skelleftea in the northern part of Sweden. My father owned a small farm and worked long hours during the depression years of the 1930's to support his wife and a growing family of five. At the birth of the sixth child, my mother and the baby died, leaving my father a heartbroken man with five children to raise of which I was the youngest.

He sold his farm and moved to the coast where the steel industries had begun to spring up and there he obtained a job. A housekeeper was hired to care for us children. She happened to be a born-again believer of the Pentecostal faith that had just begun to sweep that part of the

country. She would witness to my father about an experience of salvation that could transform his life, and give him a new course of direction. His answer was that everything was well with his soul, since he was baptized as a child, confirmed at twelve years of age in the Swedish State Church, and knew the catechism by heart. But with much persuasion he promised to attend one meeting in the Pentecostal church, and instead of leaving, suddenly found himself in front of the church weeping and repenting of his sins, asking Jesus to come into his heart. He soon was baptized in the Holy Spirit and joined himself with that group of believers. That experience changed his life. Be-



Building contractor Paul Irwin at opening of Lofbom's Restaurant, North Hollywood, Calif.



Bill Lofbom in front of his Lankershim Blvd. establishment.



NOT BY BREAD ALONE



Malcolm D. Kemp, Controller at FGBMF International Office pays a visit.



New bank building across the street figures in the Lofbom story.

cause of my father's conversion, all except one in our family of five accepted Christ in our early youth.

When I was eight years of age I contracted jaundice. I grew increasingly worse as my fever rose so high I became delirious. When it became apparent I was dying, my sisters and some neighbors who knew how to pray began to bombard heaven for my healing. I still remember vividly, opening my eyes while my loved ones were kneeling beside my bed, the fever having broken.

God spared me another time when I was 11 years old. Two of us fellows were cramped into a canoe with an opening made for one person, to take a ride on the river. The canoe overturned, and we found ourselves stuck inside. When finally freed we were only one breath away from death.

In my early teens I began to seek the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and pled and begged God for many years (continued on next page)

before I finally received, not realizing that the Baptism is a gift, and that all I had to do was reach out and take it.

When I was seventeen years of age I attended a great camp meeting held in a tent way up north in the province of Lappland. There I had a marvellous experience of the infilling of the Holy Spirit, speaking fluently in a language that was not my mother tongue and none that I had learned. But soon after this experience, feeling that I had arrived, I put this experience on the shelf and did not use the tremendous power I had received. Instead of being an effective Christian, I became a pew-warmer for some years with no zeal for Christ.

In 1953 my Viking blood began to boil in my veins, and, together with some friends, I set sail for Canada. There with the hardship of a new language and all the difficulties that encounter an imigrant in a strange land, I grew colder and colder in my Christian experience.

But, though I turned my back on God, He never left me. In the midst of a gay party I could hear Him whisper, "Son, you don't belong here." Even though away from God, when I retired at night I would pray a little prayer I learned as a boy in Sweden. "Gud som haver barnen Kär, se till mig som liten är vart jag mig i världen vänder står min lycka i Guds händer." This is a prayer asking God, who loves the little children,

to watch over me wherever I might be in this world.

I knew God had a plan and a direction for my life, yet I was walking away from Him. A revolution was going on in my soul. Realizing the devil was trying to get a grip on my life, and very soon could have me ensnared, I finally said, like the prodigal son, "I will arise and go back to Father and home."

Finding my way to a little church where people knew how to pray, I was the first one at the altar when the invitation was given. Oh the peace and joy that filled my soul when I told my Saviour how sorry I was for sinning against Him. Once again I could feel that marvellous surging of His Spirit through every fiber of my being. I wept for joy before God for days, and again I felt that urgency of witnessing for Christ. The next day I told my fellow workers at the factory of my encounter with the Lord, and they were aware that something had happened to me.

After emigrating from Canada to the United States in 1955, I took a brief trip home to Sweden to visit my folks. I came back to New York penniless and in desperate need of a job, but the only work available was a low paying job of cleaning floors and dusting stairways at some of the mansions of New York's elite. However, that gave me a lot of involuntary time on my knees, where I prayed for God's guidance.



Celebrating restaurant's 1st anniversary are Michelle Fullmer, "Miss North Hollywood," Lofbom, and Lutheran minister Bernhard Johnson.

After a few months there, my life-long dream of living in Florida with its eternal summer and miles long white beaches became a reality. I joined myself to a Spirit-filled church where a fiery young preacher by the name of J. Billy McIntosh was the pastor. In his church was a young lady from Hawaii with brown, flashing eyes, a big smile, and the voice of a nightingale. She was also the very competent choir director. Needless to say, I joined the choir immediately and the warm heart of a south seas girl melted the Nordic iceberg. We were married the following year and God has blessed us with three lovely children.

It was in Miami that I first came in contact with the Full Gospel Business Men. When Russ Gray started a chapter there, I immediately joined. I began to work among young people, challenging them to be bold in witnessing for Christ. This took us to jails, parks, beaches and convalescent homes. Eventually we launched out

to reach more people by renting the great bandstand at Biscayne Bay Park, where we echoed the message of Jesus through loudspeakers throughout the park.

It was here I first met Demos Shakaranian and many of the brethren as they gave their testimonies in this amphitheater.

In 1961, on the invitation of a young Christian business man who had recently launched a bakery business in North Hollywood, California, we moved west. My dream and ambition was to have my own bakery some day, since baking had largely been my profession. I was waiting for the right opportunity to come my way. I wanted so badly to get a start that I didn't wait on the Lord for guidance, and as a result experienced many heartbreaks.

Having no capital, I grabbed a chance of getting into business as a partner with a very little investment on my part. I lost my money but still didn't learn my lesson.

Upon my father's death, I took my inheritance of \$868.00 and put it in escrow as a down payment to purchase a bakery business. Again God warned me, and I became sick knowing that more than likely I would lose my whole inheritance by not going through with the transaction. Now with two failures, God had taught me a lesson to wait for His "go" sign.

(Continued on page 23)



Impressed by the spiritual leadership of Demos Shakarian, Art Forrester was inspired to depict the Founder-President of FGBMFI as registering compassion, happiness, and concern for his fellow man. Presentation of the oil painting was made last July during the Fellowship's World Convention in Denver, Colorado.

“... beauty for ashes, the oil of joy
for mourning, the garment of praise
for the spirit of heaviness . . .”

(Isaiah 61:30)

by ART FORRESTER

FAR BEHIND HIM was his own household and all that he had ever possessed. There was a bottle in his hand and old, wrinkled clothes upon his back.

Drunk and alone, swaying uncertainly from side to side, this desolate, yet familiar looking figure was staring into a dark alley, considering it to be a likely place to “sleep it off.” He was oblivious to the passersby, nor did they mind him except for an occasional compassionless remark meant to arouse laughter at the expense of this shameful object of pity.

When he drank from the bottle, his swollen features contorted and grimaced. It was as though he drank only to hold life a moment longer from imminent torture and a premature grave of hopelessness.

His eyes rolled in their sockets, unable to focus.

“The remorseful world within this damaged brain was filled with woe and sorrow, contentions, and babblings; there were wounds without cause and the out-of-focus eyes saturated with redness. All because he tarried long at wine and had been on a continuous journey seeking every

kind of drink. Now it was biting like a serpent and stinging like an adder. As a result he had beheld strange, forbidden things and his heart uttered perverseness. It was like floating helplessly in the midst of a raging sea or lying across the top of the mast of a ship, and helpless to do a thing about it” (Proverbs 23:29, 34).

Vaguely realizing the tragedy of his plight he was unable to contain himself. He convulsed with shaking and trembling, and vehemently cursed the day he was born. With difficulty, he got the bottle to his dribbling mouth, weaving and gulping, he drained it, lifting it several times to insure its emptiness. Finally convinced that there was not a drop left, he wildly slammed the bottle into a brick wall several feet away. At the sound of the crashing glass, an expression of extreme panic came to his wasted face. He fell to his knees and until he lost consciousness, agonized with a loud voice, “O God! O God! What shall I do? What shall I do?”

As I look back upon those days, it is difficult to believe that I was

this thing of pity that was no longer a man—I, who had everything the heart could desire in material things. With cocktail in hand, I had rubbed elbows with the most elite and charming of the country clubs and ballrooms of a wealthy western city. But the “fast life” gradually took its terrible toll, until I finally became an alcoholic, likened unto a sponge soaked to the saturation point, as well as being loaded with several kinds of pills. My mind was befuddled and cloudy, my thinking ability gone. Reasoning was a thing of the past.

Then I met “a man called Moses.” I remember but little—just a vague flash here and there—of that which transpired the first few days I spent with this man of God, who was unselfishly dedicated to help alcoholics. After giving me his full program of eight weeks, during which the Lord Jesus completely delivered me, he died suddenly. I was the only man he had helped who heard his last sermon. His message was based on the fifth chapter of II Corinthians. Three hours later he was with Jesus whom he knew so well.

Just to be sober and feeling well again was not enough. I had done this so many times from coast to coast in jails, hospitals, hotels, every kind of sanitarium. During the time Brother Moses was dealing with me, I occasionally had the cowardly urge to run again. One night I was looking up to the millions of brilliant stars



Art Forrester, a miracle of God's grace.

wondering if there were really a God who cared. I was shaking and weeping, and unaware that His minister was on the premises. When I saw him I knew that he was carrying the same weight in his heart that was destroying me. Without a word he dropped on his knees and prayed as I had never heard a man pray. Although my condition was near hopelessness and no one believed I would make it, after this prayer, without saying so, we both knew that my deliverance was at hand.

Having tried everything else, I had gone to talk with this man of God as a last straw. There are many institutions that do much good, but only Jesus could help me from this hopeless “point of no return.”

Though dubious at first, the sincere teaching and preaching and Bible study began to attract me. Then I was happily surprised that I was beginning to hear the Word gladly. Moses would say, “Seek the Lord until He is yours and you are His. This

is the only lasting therapy for an alcoholic."

I had never believed that the Bible was God's Word. I didn't recognize the blessed Holy Spirit then, but He opened my heart and I believed without a doubt that the Bible was literally God's Word and His truth was all that I needed—whether my sins were those of an alcoholic or an adulterer or what have you—the one and only truth to live and die by.

**"I had taken dope
and alcohol
for twenty-five years.
Now I felt no
need for them!"**

I had been taking pills and tranquilizers and other forms of dope and alcohol for about twenty-five years. Now I felt no need for them. I had also smoked all this time, almost constantly, but a voice within said, "Don't light another one; you don't have to smoke anymore." And that was it.

I began taking long walks, seeing the earth's beauty for the first time, and when I looked through the trees to the sky, I would think of God. Without effort I would pray to Him, asking Him to forgive my terrible

wasted past, to free me from my sins (all of them) and restore my hope and the joy of His salvation.

Then came the greatest sermon I had ever heard. I really don't remember the sermon now—I only remember what it did to me then. It hit me hard and caused me to search deep within. It aroused my determination to accept Jesus as my Saviour, to come to Him with all my problems. I became very much ashamed of my thinking and behavior, and realized that I was sick and poor and bad, lame and maimed and hurt beyond repair. With fervor this question permeated the air, "Wilt thou be made whole?" These words of Jesus sank deep into my heart. My eyes filled with tears—I seemed to melt inside and then to overflow. I was answering from deep within. "Lord, I will be made whole—*make me completely whole!*"

No one sang, "Just as I am." The others didn't know that I had a special invitation, all my own, even before the service was over.

There at that little altar, with Brother Moses kneeling beside me, I prayed the full prayer of repentance. I somehow left the old creature that I had been, at the altar. When I rose to my feet the burdens of sin's heaviness rolled away and I stood there amazed that I was not that "old man" anymore, but a brand new creature in Christ Jesus.

This was almost seven years ago.

After three years, I had an invention patented, believing that God would let me make a lot of money so I could help alcoholics to become rehabilitated. He didn't. I blamed Him, and fell for a season. But this was a very different experience. I stayed to myself and the Lord would not let me have help from anyone. Then, He washed me and embraced me with light like the sun, setting me completely free once more—healed and made whole. To seal my healing and wholeness that I might not soil the precious name of Jesus again, I fasted forty days and forty nights, taking nothing but water.

I return to this little altar every now and then just to search my soul—to take a spiritual inventory—to ask myself again and again, What is *really* important? *“Jesus” is still the only answer I can come up with.*

As many of my Christian friends are, I was blinded and felt that I didn't need “that embarrassing experience” of speaking in tongues; but at the FGBMFI Convention in Charlotte, N. C. last November, I believed that I would receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. In the service at Garr Memorial Church on the Sunday following the convention, I went to the altar to get someone to pray that God would grant me a safe trip back to Alabama. As I turned to go back to my seat, there stood Demos Shakaranian. I blurted out, “I've come all the way from Alabama to receive the

Baptism, but nothing has happened. Blessings and blessings like I had never known before from many wonderful meetings—but no Baptism.”

Demos said, so others could hear, “This brother needs help.”

Two young men, singers in the church choir, threw their robes to one side and knelt with me. Before I realized it, I felt that there was a literal emptied vessel inside me reaching from the depth of my abdomen up to my throat. From the very bottom a strange sound began and rose in fullness to my throat, then went out through my mouth with the aid of an unattached tongue. The source of this voice seemed to flow from below the vocal chords.

One of these two Spirit-filled witnesses whose glowing face reminded me of Stephen said, “The devil will try to make you doubt this wonderful experience.” The other man handed him a business card, which in turn he gave to me. Something was written on the back of the card. I put it in my billfold.

This is what was written on the card when I read it sometime later: “Jerry L. Martin, 1749 Herrin, Charlotte, Never have I seen the Holy Spirit enter and be given such freedom and physical peace be so evident! PRAISE JESUS!”

After I read this I thought of II Corinthians 13:1—“In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established.”

What's in a Word?



by WILLIAM J. SAMARIN*

WHEN IT COMES to tongues, people seem to get tongue-tied.

A Christian was interviewing me the other day about my linguistic research on the gift of tongues, and although he had a Ph.D. in science he

*The author is professor of linguistic studies at the University of Toronto. He is a graduate (B.Th.) of the Bible Institute of Los Angeles and was a Brethren missionary in Africa. His book on glossolalia, *Tongues of Men and Angels*, will be published this year by The Macmillan Co. (New York).

hardly had the vocabulary to talk about this Pentecostal experience. He asked me, "When a person *glossolizes*, is he in trance?"

I knew what he meant, of course, so I answered, "Not necessarily. In fact, rarely. And ordinarily a trance is not part of tongues or the Christian experience."

But the funny thing was that he wanted a verb to say "speak in tongues as the Spirit gives utterance," so he invented one! This is understandable, because it's convenient to have nouns and verbs and adjectives to talk about things.

There aren't too many different kinds of words in the Bible that deal with this experience, but it is certain that the Greek-speaking Corinthians didn't have any trouble. They could do all kinds of things with the Greek language. We're the ones who have trouble with tongues.

Part of the problem is with our English translations of the Bible. The first mistake was to use the expression "speak in (unknown) tongues" to translate the words that Paul used. After all, the Greek word translated "tongues" really means "languages"—unless everybody knows that you're talking about the organ in the mouth. (The New English Bible's translation—"ecstatic speech"—is a worse one.)


So now we often get quite mixed up. Is "tongues" like "peas" that can't have a singular? Do you say "Tongues are (or, is) the gift of God"? Is one person a "tongues speaker" or a "tongue speaker"? One well-meaning person wrote, "Rarely is tongues practiced alone." (He was wrong with his facts, we know, if not for his grammar!)

And what do we do for other kinds of nouns? It's all right to say "speaking in tongues by the Holy Spirit's power is easy." But some time people want a shorter phrase in other sentences. They try "tongues speech." Others use "glossolalia." Neither of these is Biblical, but they mean the same thing and come pretty close to the Greek.

It's surprising how many Christians avoid using "glossolalia" even though it is made of the Greek word translated "tongues" plus the word for "speech." It's a nice term to use when "tongues" is overworked. And besides, it makes into a good adjective, "glossolalic," as in "glossolalic messages are interpreted." And a "glossolalist" is obviously a "tongue(s) speaker."

So if a person is not ashamed of his "tongues" (and I haven't yet met one who is), he should not be ashamed of his "glossolalia." The words don't change his experience. He ought to be able to witness to that!

Besides, as a linguist, I can witness to the fact that there is only one kind of Pentecostal experience. And it's not a "series of gurgles and grunts," as one anthropologist said it was. That's plain nonsense. If a person speaks normally in tongues (and we all speak fast some time or other even in our normal languages), I have no trouble at all in writing down the consonants and vowels in a phonetic spelling. I have never been stumped by any kind of nonhuman or science-fiction kind of sound.

So what's in a name? Not very much. Names and words only point to other things—language, churches, parents, the world, God. It's the experience that counts, not what the experience is called. 

**From jazz to Jesus,
and from ballroom to Bible.**



by DAVID CHAMBERLAIN

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to forget the first time in my life when God spoke to me. I was just four years old and sitting in a crowded Anglo-Catholic church in London with my mother, watching a Nativity Play. As the actors vividly portrayed the simple but moving drama of the Christmas Story, my young heart was stirred by the Holy Spirit. It suddenly mattered to me very much, that there was no room to be found for the Christ who was to be born. The sadness and tension that welled up in my heart was suddenly dissolved. With Mary and Joseph still

searching for accommodation, the church choir sang the beautiful but challenging hymn, "Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown when Thou camest to earth for me . . ." and after each verse they sang the chorus, "O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, there is room in my heart for Thee."

Through the words of the chorus, the Spirit showed me that in some wonderful way which I couldn't fully understand, but which was real, Jesus could live in a human heart.

A few months later I started school, and at the age of ten, gained a schol-

arship to St. Albans, which is the oldest school in Great Britain, being founded in the year 948 A.D. by Abbot Ulsinus. Together with the adjacent cathedral which was also founded at that date, and the much older Roman ruins, it helps to make the city of St. Albans a much-visited tourist centre.

At the school I was to learn much, but as the days passed, one thing really bothered me. It seemed that the whole program was designed to produce a certain type of Englishman who was refined, respectable, well-educated, but with very little freedom to stray outside certain predetermined social boundaries. As I observed the "end product," namely former pupils, I decided that this was not the way that I wanted to spend my days. Consequently I became very embittered and this led me to identify with activities that were considered anti-social, as far as this "Establishment" environment was concerned.

Being a drummer in the school military band, it was a relatively easy step, especially when my mother died and parental control was loosed, to get a spare-time job with a small local dance band. Although still attending school, dance music and jazz soon became the total preoccupation of my thoughts. The money that my father gave me for school dinners, and the money I earned in the band, all went towards the purchase of records.

When I left school at the age of

seventeen and commenced working in an insurance office in London, I still continued with my band engagements in the evenings, with the ultimate intention that one day I would achieve my ambition and become a full-time professional drummer.

However, the God who had spoken to me at the age of four had other

**"Dance music
and jazz became
the total
preoccupation
of my thoughts."**

plans for my life, and now thirteen years later, unknown to me, the stage was set for a surprise and revolutionary intervention in my life by the Lord Jesus Christ.

It all happened on a bleak, cold, windy Saturday afternoon in March 1954. I had nothing to do, so I decided to do the "in thing," namely to hear the American preacher, Billy Graham, who was holding a campaign in London, some twenty miles distant. I made the journey by train.

That afternoon in the service, Cliff Barrows played his trombone, some one else played a trumpet solo, and to me as a musician, this was just out of sight! Then Dr. Graham preached. He spoke simply and forcefully on the

story of the Rich Young Ruler, pointing out that riches in themselves were not wrong, but that anything which came between you and Christ was sin. The Holy Spirit showed me my own sinfulness, the futility of my gods of jazz and pleasure, and the utter impossibility of my changing my life. Then He showed me that if I repent, Jesus Christ could do it all. That afternoon, March 13, 1954, as I prayed with my counsellor, Jesus Christ came into my heart and saved me, and gave me the inner witness of this glorious fact!

On the train going home that afternoon, two men were sitting opposite me. One engaged the other in conversation and spoke words to the effect that he wished that this American evangelist, Billy Graham, would stay in the United States and clean *it* up before coming to England. The Holy Spirit put me on my feet and I sputtered out, "Well I'm jolly glad he didn't! Just over half an hour ago, through hearing him preach, Jesus Christ became real to me and has become my Saviour!"

That was my first testimony!

During those wonderful three months of crusade in Harringay Arena, I was able to get many of my friends to attend the meetings. About ninety responded to the invitation, and today many of them serve Christ in different parts of the world, some as pastors and missionaries, others in their business callings.

After two years in the insurance office and two years in the Royal Air Force, it became very clear to me that Christ wanted me to dedicate my life to the ministry of His Word. In obedience to this conviction I entered Bible College and during that time, through the lives of fellow students and faculty members, and through the lectures and practical sessions, was prepared for ministry in the days which were ahead. However, one very unfortunate lecture was given which tragically colored my whole outlook doctrinally and socially toward a certain group of people. I can still remember the lecture hall, the blackboard, the professor, and the other students who were present. We were being given a lecture on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit. The whole line of argument was summed up by a misuse (as I now know) of I Cor. 12:13, making it appear that the baptism in the Spirit took place at conversion. Together with this, we were told that speaking in tongues was of the devil, and that healings and miracles had ceased with the apostles. This seemed to make sense, for I had not seen any evidence of such supernatural manifestations in the life and witness of local churches.

This particular dispensationalist position so gripped me, that I am ashamed to say I developed a chip on my shoulder about the Pentecostal position. I would even go so far as

to state in the following years in my pastoral and evangelistic ministries, that if there were any Pentecostals in the service, the Lord was doing them a real good favour, for this would be the place where they would get straightened out on doctrine! How tragically blind even sincere Christian leaders can be!

One day five years ago, however, God wonderfully rectified the situation. Knowing that arguing over texts would not help, the Lord dealt with me in His own way. It was a beautiful, sunny day. My home was near to the beach, and everything seemed to point to my spending time at the seashore; but a miracle took place that day, and the sunshine, the sand, and the sea gave way to the Spirit. I stayed indoors reading a little paperback book, *The Cross and the Switchblade*, and as I read, my heart went out in adoration to Christ for the mighty things that He had wrought through His servant, Dave Wilkerson. Then suddenly, surprisingly, sovereignly, this dispensationalist Baptist was baptized by Jesus in the Holy Spirit and spoke to God in other tongues before being slain by the Spirit for some forty-five minutes.

My wife went quietly berserk! She didn't mind having me as a husband, but not as a tongues-speaking husband!

"Dear Lord," I prayed, "please deal with her!" He did! Four days later in the quietness of her own de-

votional time, Jesus also baptized her in the Holy Spirit! Hallelujah!

This experience was a wonderful entrance into a new dimension of spiritual life—but it tore my solid, conservative evangelical theology to shreds! So I took a few months and went to the Bible afresh to marry my experience to the Word. With the infallible tuition of the Holy Spirit, I discovered that this was easy. However, the Spirit showed me so plainly that Jesus is the unchanging Christ; that He still has a heart full of compassion, not just for sinners who need His saving grace, but also for sick and suffering humanity who need to experience His healing virtue; and that He intended this ministry to continue through His new Body, the Church.

Then came another day of destiny. How well I remember it. In the quietness of my own bedroom I was reading the Acts of the Apostles, chapter eight. The Spirit showed me exactly what did happen and what should happen, when Jesus Christ is preached simply and in all His fulness. Sinners were saved, yes, but other wonderful events also took place. The paralytics and the lame were healed, and the demon-possessed were liberated. Converts not only followed Christ into the waters of baptism but were also baptized in the Spirit.

This was what Biblical evangelism was all about! But through me?

(Continued on page 29)

In South Africa,
the Pentecostal
Business Men
are conducting a . . .

SPIRITUAL SAFARI



South African Pentecostal Business Men with Demos Shakarian at World Convention in Denver. From left, O. F. F. Changuion, Nat'l Sec'y; John Greyling; Shakarian; Izaak Liebenberg; Wm. G. Roeland, Nat'l Pres. and newly-appointed Overseas Director of FGBMFI; C. J. Swart, Chapt. Pres.; P. W. Bosman, Nat'l V.P.; Peiter Du Plessis.

by **RUTH BURKE HILL**

ELDORADO, near Johannesburg, South Africa, is the national headquarters of the Pentecostal Business Men's Fellowship in the Republic of S.A., under the able direction of National President W. G. Roeland. He is also the National Chairman of Statutory Labor Boards, which is a very senior position in the civil service. He serves just under the Minister of Labor. This dedicated man of God

has spearheaded the progress of the Business Men's Fellowship in the Republic which has brought the fullness of the Holy Spirit into the lives of businessmen in all walks of life and from the major denominations. This Fellowship is affiliated with the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

The PBMF was founded in the Republic in 1963, with one chartered



Executive and friends of the South African PBMF in annual convention, Oct. 1970.

chapter in Pretoria, where Paddy Bosman has been president for many years. Pretoria, the administrative capital of the Republic, has a Bible study held each night of the week with a combined meeting on Saturday.

From that initial chapter have sprung approximately fifty chapters and fellowships, with new cities being reached almost every week. It was my privilege to spend a few days at Eldorado recently, and I was able

to observe first-hand what the Lord is doing there. The Roelands have been dear friends I have known since the early days of my youth. Having lived in the United States for the past ten years, it has been exciting to return on a visit to South Africa and see for myself all the advances in every phase of God's work, both among blacks and whites.

On February 12, 1971, sixteen businessmen from Pretoria and Johannesburg came to Witbank, where my father, Rev. Fred Burke, is the founder and principal of the All Africa School of Theology, an international correspondence school. The Fellowship ministered to businessmen from the black and white community. Great blessing attended the meetings, and hearts were stirred as never before. There were outstanding healings, two cases of terminal cancer and a boy with an ulcerated colon, a condition



Tony Oliveira, converted Portugese alcoholic, now serves God through the PBMF.



Oscar F. F. Changuion, left, ministers to black business men through interpreter.

Christ, not crises. No racial problem in the Pentecostal Business Men's Fellowship.

he had suffered for six years. One man healed of cancer, who was prayed for by proxy, was well-known in the Methodist Church in Witbank. The whole church has been stirred by his miraculous healing. A lady, Mrs. Endeman, whose husband is a high school teacher, had suffered from cancer in both lungs. The brethren laid hands on her, without knowing her condition. When she returned to see her doctor, X-rays revealed that both lungs were healed!

About 150 young people were saved in the youth meetings held by Don Foster, a converted pop-singer. He is vitally connected with the Business Men's Fellowship and has had tremendous results all over the country. Young people are responding to his challenge to them to commit their lives to Christ. As a result of his meetings in Witbank, many have given evidence of changed lives. There

have been numerous young people who have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and the enthusiasm is growing daily. The young lady who is pastor of the Methodist Church, is also Spirit-filled and is fearlessly leading others in the church to the fullness. Witbank has been stirred gloriously.

Eldorado is becoming a center of revival, and every Thursday evening the prayer meeting is attended by over two hundred people from all denominations, some coming from great distances. Prayer requests are sent in from all over the country and remarkable answers have resulted. Outstanding miracles of healing include incurable diseases like cancer and Hodgkins disease, and other healings too numerous to mention. One man, with a piece of steel in his eye, from which the lens was removed, is able to see perfectly. He is the presi-



Banquet held by Pentecostal Business Men's Fellowship of South Africa.

dent of the Tzaneen Chapter of PBMF.

Businessmen who have been filled with the Spirit include members of the Dutch Reformed Church, Methodists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, and others. Three lieutenant colonels in the Military Defense Force have been mightily baptized in the Spirit. A businessman from Krugersdorp, an electronic engineer, who had been a hopeless alcoholic, has built a drive-in at his farm which features a weekly religious movie, where testimonies and singing precede the film show. He also has a glassed-in baptismal tank below the huge screen. Many cars have to be turned away each week, for lack of space. Another farm, near Eldorado, called "Selah" conducts a special youth meeting every Saturday night, which also includes a religious film show. The youth have formed a special choir which is in great demand for functions all over the city of Johannesburg.

At a recent banquet held in Ver-

eniging, there were sixteen mayoral couples, besides senators, doctors, lawyers and other prominent businessmen. Chris Swart has been president of this chapter for a number of years. He himself had a wonderful healing from cancer and has been greatly used of God in prayer for others. This has resulted in many of the city fathers and civic leaders being saved and filled with the Spirit.

Businessmen of the Fellowship have been invited to address Rotary Clubs, Jewish Women's Society Clubs, and other women's groups, besides schools and numerous other groups. During a visit to Rhodesia, the team of businessmen received TV coverage and great response from the businessmen there.

Two national conventions are held annually in the Johannesburg area. In May 1970 there were nearly 1,000 people who attended from all four provinces of South Africa, besides businessmen from Rhodesia and Zam-

(Continued on page 30)

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

(Continued from page 7)

In 1966 Rev. Billy McIntosh came to southern California for some revival meetings. He stopped by our home one evening and my wife suggested we go out for dinner. As we dined at the restaurant I told the evangelist that the owner, a Christian man, was interested in selling. I mentioned that I would like to buy it but didn't have the money for a down payment. Pastor McIntosh immediately felt the witness of the Holy Spirit that this restaurant would be mine. We returned home and the three of us united in prayer asking God to make this a reality. A week or two later Mr. Nelsen, the proprietor of the restaurant, called me at work and requested that if I was interested in buying the business, to come in to see him. As we met he said, "If you do not have the down payment you can lease it for a few months and part of the money can be applied toward this." I knew it was God's time. After ten months of leasing we had accumulated enough for a down payment, and we were in business.

I mention this next instance to show how God works things out in the affairs of His children. After the sale of the restaurant was finalized, Mr. Nelsen bought some land in northern California to build a restaurant and a motel, putting his home up for sale in order to finance the new project. But when the house was sold, the

buyer was not able to go through with the deal. Now, having started his project, Mr. Nelsen found himself without sufficient finances, relying only on mortgage money that I would pay him from month to month.

Not too long after buying the restaurant, I realized that the overhead, expenses, and heavy obligations were far too great for the amount of business we were doing. I began borrowing from one man to pay another, always hoping that business would get better. But, although my wife and I were working frantically to keep the business afloat, I knew we were heading for the inevitable.

It was then that God began to work a miracle. The Full Gospel Business Men's World Convention came to Beverly Hills in the summer of 1968. My wife and I felt impressed to take as much time as possible away from our business to attend the convention. From the very beginning, when Oral Roberts spoke about dying to one's self, the whole theme of the convention seemed to lead in that direction. We felt our need for deeper commitments to God.

Toward the end of the convention, Velmer Gardner spoke about faith for finances. He said, "Cannot the God who owns all the silver and gold and the cattle on the thousand hills perform a miracle in your finances?" He challenged his listeners that God would honor their step of faith, and when he asked for \$1,000 pledges for the furtherance of God's kingdom, I

felt led of the Lord to take that step of faith, despite an attempt by Satan to remind me of my desperate financial plight. How could I promise to give a thousand dollars when we needed so many necessary things?

Of course, God knew all these circumstances. He also knew I had been faithful in tithing, but now He was asking me for a further step of faith.

As I stood up with many others to make that pledge, in my heart was a prayer that God would increase our business, so I would be able to meet my bills and my obligations.

I came home from the convention deeply stirred, inspired and challenged, believing that God would do something for us. One week, two weeks, three weeks went by, but instead of business getting better it grew worse and worse. Still I knew God had prompted me to pledge that money, regardless of how dark the present circumstances were. About the fourth week a real estate broker came into the restaurant and asked a waitress to see the owner. As I came into the dining room, I recognized the broker and wondered what he would try to sell me. As I sat down with him, he opened the conversation while looking at all the empty tables and said, "Mr. Lofbom, would you be interested in moving your restaurant to another location with less space, since your business does not justify this large space?" I quickly informed him, though the proposition sounded

great, that I had five years left on my lease, which could not be broken. After a short conversation he left. Returning a week later, he informed me that the owner of the large property on which our restaurant was situated, was negotiating to sell, and he asked what we would accept for the lease.

I was suddenly aware that God was moving in on the scene—that my commitment made a month earlier at the Beverly Hilton was now beginning to unfold.

We prayed much about the settlement, and decided that we needed \$50,000 to relocate. When the broker received our asking price, however, he quickly informed us that this large sum would undoubtedly stop the negotiation of the sale, since his client was interested in other sites, also. But we had prayed and felt in our hearts that this was the sum God would grant us.

The client *did* approve this sum—and all equipment was to be ours, also. Various papers and documents were signed, but all subject to conditions imposed by the bank negotiating to buy the property, such as the knowledge by soiltest that a high rise building could not be built, in which event the deal would not go through. I had to wait for a notice, and when that was given I had four months to vacate, or forfeit the money coming to me. Meanwhile, waiting on the notice, the owner of the prop-



Bill Lofbom, right, with FGBMFI Int'l Director Ralph Marinacci and Nicky Cruz ("Cross and Switchblade") in Stockholm during 1969 Swedish Airlift.

erty who owned two large clothing stores next door decided he would retire and close out his stores regardless if the transaction would finalize or not. When the stores closed and left that part of the block like a ghost town it affected our business so badly that we began losing money rapidly.

My wife and I were working almost alone to try to hold on until we would get our notice. Here I was within reach of this marvellous blessing, but seemingly losing it all. I was overworked and tired, and my nervous system began to crumble. There was dark despair with no gleam of light in sight.

I believe God allowed this to happen so that I would appreciate His blessings more. God's Word became very real to me during this time and one scripture, Psalm 37:5, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass," especially helped me.

During this time the various business taxes came due. I needed \$4,000 to keep my doors open, and knew I could not go to a bank and borrow

for a business that was losing money.

My wife and I felt that we should attend the Monday night prayer meeting at First Assembly of God Church in North Hollywood, which had been conducted for years by Rev. Walter McAllister, former Superintendent of the Pentecostal Assemblies of God in Canada, and by Pastor Leroy Sanders. God had worked miracles in thousands of lives through that prayer meeting. We did attend, and received a wonderful blessing that night.

The next morning, as I swept the sidewalk in front of my restaurant, a Christian business man came driving down the street. I felt impressed to stop him and tell him of my situation—of how I needed \$4,000 to keep my doors open until I would get my notice and first payment. He said he would have gladly loaned it to me, but having just helped a needed church project, he was short of cash. With an encouraging, "I'll see what I can do for you," however, he drove off to his place of business. A couple of hours later, he returned with one of his employees, a non-believer whom I had met casually a few times, handed me a check for \$4,000, and said, "Pay it back when you can." He didn't even require me to sign legal papers.

Soon thereafter I received my four-month notice to vacate. Not knowing where to go, I again sought God's guidance. Driving up and down Lanekershim Blvd., I looked for a logical

site, but there were no vacancies. Time was slipping away fast and soon it would be too late to get a place ready to meet the deadline. Many wonderful people were praying for God's leading, including Dan Moore, President, and the men of the North Hollywood Chapter of FGBMFI, which held its monthly meetings in my restaurant.

Then one day a man walked into my restaurant and introduced himself as the owner of the building across the street. Having heard that I had to move, he would be glad to lease me his building. When I mentioned that it contained three shops, all with tenants, he replied, "Yes, but if you want the building we will work something out."

There was only one hurdle left—how could we possibly build a restaurant in eight weeks, since we had to shell the building completely which entailed extensive work. Answer: God sent a Christian contractor by the name of Paul Irwin, who took the challenge to beat the deadline.

When construction began, the rains also began, and one of the greatest floods in California history occurred. It rained intermittently for about 30 days, which didn't help matters, but two days before our deadline everything was completed, and two days later we moved across the street and


opened the door to a new modern restaurant that God had marvellously provided for us.

From the very first day, the business increased considerably. I was reminded of Jesus' words to His disciples, that when they cast their nets on the other side of the ship they would catch many fish.

After we received the settlement I was able to pay off the mortgage to Mr. Nelsen, the man from whom I had bought the restaurant. God had now answered *his* prayer as well as *mine*, and he was able to accelerate his building project in northern California. God's timing is perfect!

This was also evident in the fact that whereas we were rushed out of the location so the ground could be cleared and the new bank building erected immediately, the lot actually stood empty fifteen months before the first shovel of dirt was turned. The *bank* didn't need the property that badly, but *we* needed to move!

We dedicated the restaurant in the spring of 1969, with many dignitaries on hand, thanking the Lord for the miracle that He had given to us.

More than the financial blessing we received, I count the spiritual blessings. This opened a new dimension of faith and trust in Him. How could I ever doubt Him after what He has done for me? 

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FROM JAZZ TO JESUS

(Continued from page 18)

Then an invitation came to conduct a revival. When I arrived at the church the notices on the outside of the building indicated that the sick would be healed in answer to prayer. This really threw me upon the mercy of the Lord! After the opening service, at which time I spoke on Luke 4:18, sinners responded to the altar call. Then I invited the sick to come forward for prayer. The first person was a lady afflicted with arthritis. When I anointed her with oil, Jesus not only loosed her limbs but also her tongue, and she was baptized in the Spirit and began to sing in other tongues. Thus did the Lord confirm His Word with signs following.

Subsequently, God opened the door for me to be the associate minister of one of England's larger full gospel organizations, the Elim Church in Derby, where I ministered with the founder-pastor, Wynne Lewis.

Since I resigned this position in the summer of 1969, it has been wonderful to minister in Canada, the United States, Great Britain and Central America, and to see at first hand, something of this wonderful charismatic renewal in the Body of Christ.

Since August of 1970 I have been pastor of Valley Chapel, an interdenominational Christian Center in Lompoc, California. We have recently outgrown the premises where we have

been worshipping, and will soon be relocating in the town.

In January this year, with ten enrolled students, we opened the Charismatic Training Center, which program offers three morning and two evening sessions of Bible study and related subjects, in a three-month self-contained program. This was so effective that we plan to repeat the process as often as God directs.

After we had been only several weeks in the area, the Lompoc Valley Ministerial Association elected me as its President for 1971. This is a good testimony to the moving of the Holy Spirit in these last days.

In the area of drug abuse (we have one person engaged to work in this area full-time in our church), in my position as Rehabilitation Director of Dawn House, a Lompoc Drug Abuse Coordination Council Community Project, and as Chairman of the Kiwanis Operation Drug Alert Committee, God has afforded me a marvellous opportunity to meet the physical as well as the spiritual needs of the community.

Sponsored by our church, I am presently conducting three different radio programs: "Moving Moments," daily Monday through Friday; "The New Look," twice weekly; "His Scene," once a week. Sunday at 8 a.m. we present a half hour simulcast on radio and local TV, called "Scene Three." These are proving effective forms of outreach. In addition I co-

SPIRITUAL SAFARI

(Continued from page 22)

bia. John Osteen and Frank Mason from the States have been featured as main speakers, besides David duPlessis, who has also been a frequent visitor to Eldorado.

"Bond", the Fellowship magazine, which is similar to the FGBMFI's VOICE in America, is published regularly, and in three years it has an estimated readership of 20,000 people per issue. Testimonies of God's wonder-working power are regularly printed in both official languages, English and Afrikaans. Religious bookrooms have also been started in

ordinate a weekly Ministerial Association telecast.

Our program is so full (praise the Lord!) that we have recently added another full-time pastor to our church staff. He is also a Spirit-filled English Baptist!

My wife has a good ministry among the women and children of the town. Our nine year old son, Andrew Leighton, was baptized in the Spirit last August.

Since coming to Lompoc, we have been blessed in our church by the ministries of Harald Bredesen, Bud Sickler, Ralph Wilkerson, the Chromatic Choir, Andrae Crouch, Father Robert Arrowsmith, Albie Pearson and Kenneth Copeland, among others. Praise God for the catholicity of the Holy Spirit! 🔥

various towns by the Fellowship.

Members of the Fellowship also assume responsibility for visiting hospitals and doing house-to-house evangelism. Oscar F. F. Changuion, National Secretary, who is also a senior executive in the general manager's office of the South African Railways and Harbours, makes up to thirty to forty visits per day, besides putting in a day's work. There is no end to the outreach of these dedicated laymen!

Many calls come in from different cities for new chapters to be established. Teams of businessmen visit these cities to do this. The meetings are warm and lively, with a delightful informality. No collections are taken and no appeals for funds are made, but all needs are met by faith in God. Businessmen in the Fellowship have been invited to serve as trustees and directors on mission boards like World Outreach, All Nations Publishers, the All Africa School of Theology and many others, besides the Committee for Mission 70, which was started by Anglicans, Methodists and Presbyterians. Mission 70 has been effective all over the country in training leadership.

Throughout the world the Holy Spirit is moving, and especially in controversial South Africa. God is doing a tremendous work in hearts and lives, and the Fellowship in the Republic is anticipating even greater things. 🔥

COMMUNIQUE: CHAPTERS and CONVENTIONS

Demos Shakarian at Philadelphia . . .

WE HAVE A "CONFLICT OF INTERESTS!"

It was a beautiful balmy evening in the city of "Brotherly Love." The expressways as usual were jammed in both directions. Hundreds in all that traffic were making their way towards the Philadelphia Chapter meeting held at the Holiday Inn on City Line Avenue.

The FGBMFI chapter in Philadelphia, Pa. is experiencing a grand rebirth! After being discontinued for some time, it is now going strong with International Vice President Earl Prickett as the chapter chairman and Nicholas Cardone as chapter president. In addition, fourteen other directors are working with them, dedicated to bringing lost souls to Christ and to introducing denominational people to the Holy Spirit.

The March banquet was a special event we had all looked forward to with great expectations. We were not disappointed! FGBMFI President Demos Shakarian was our speaker. Thinking of his vision which gave birth to the Fellowship so many years ago, and the great recent expansion of that vision to a new chapter starting somewhere for every

day in the year, astounds one's imagination!

In sincere, composed tones Mr. Shakarian told how God had led him through deep and troubled waters in the past five years, how even his attorneys and business associates marvelled at his fortitude in problems which were seemingly beyond human endurance, and how he was challenged when an attorney stated in court that he, Demos, had a "conflict of interests." Those words rang in his ears.

"I had never heard that term before. I wondered what it would take to place our complete interests as businessmen in the work of the Gospel for lost souls. At what point in the making of money and the building of a business do we have enough? At what point are we contented with what God has prospered us, to go all-out for Him?"

Hearts were stirred and challenged. Many were saved and many received healing standing right at the banquet tables as God's anointing was evidenced.

At the end, a woman visiting Philadelphia from St. Thomas Island,

and attending her first FGBMFI banquet, remarked, "I've never seen such love among people anywhere."

Ted Grant, a chapter director and local car salesman, with a marvelous testimony of drug deliverance in his own life, talked with us afterwards.

"Conflict of interests," he said. "I never thought of it before myself. It's the message that we needed."

by Jeanne and Ralph Leibig
FGBMFI Children's Directors

ON THE MOVE: NORFOLK, VA.


John T. Maples, Vice President of the Norfolk, Va. Chapter reports on the Tidewater Inter-Chapters meeting held at the Golden Triangle Hotel, Norfolk, last June. A total of four meetings were held, and an early morning prayer meeting Saturday. Special guests were International President Demos Shakarian and Jamie Buckingham, pastor of Tabernacle Church in Melbourne, Florida. Testimonies from international directors and local business men as well as special music were added blessings to all present.

Brother Shakarian was the principal speaker for the Saturday evening meeting, sharing his testimony of how the Lord called him to organize the FGBMFI and some of his personal experiences since its formation.

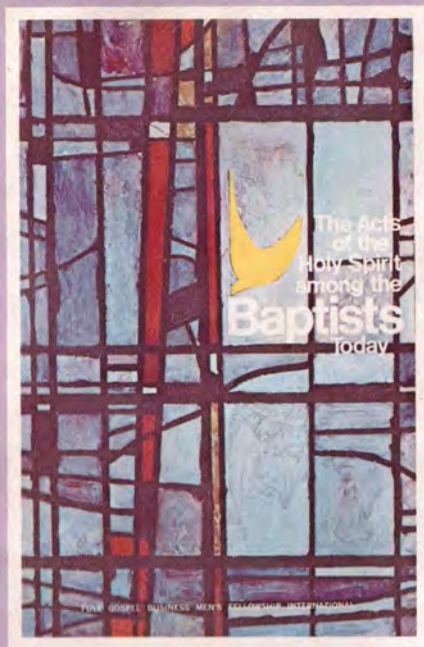
A season of prayer was held after each meeting, for those seeking salvation, healing, and the baptism in the Holy Spirit.



Part of the 185 present for the Tidewater Inter-Chapters meeting, Norfolk, Va.

Brother Maples also reports an exciting response to the ministry of Ray Solomon, Spirit-filled Catholic from Trinidad, who spoke at the Norfolk Chapter meeting July 10. Rev. Solomon gave testimony to being filled with the Holy Spirit at the age of fifteen during a vision in which the Lord told him to go out and preach the Word, heal the sick and raise the dead. He obeyed the directive, miraculous signs followed, and he has since founded 22 churches on the island. Local Norfolk business men testified as well to the goodness of Jesus in their lives and businesses. In the prayer room afterward several people received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and others had their own particular needs met. The 185 in attendance much appreciate the efforts of Colonial Stores Cafeteria manager Andy Paoly, who is also a member of the Norfolk Chapter. 

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CHARISMA CAPSULE

The Charismatic Newscene in Brief

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

In its national meeting this past June the American Baptist Convention, aware of the rapidly growing charismatic movement among its own membership and other mainline denominations, invited Rev. Kenneth L. Pagard of Chula Vista, Calif., coordinator of the American Baptist Charismatic Fellowship, to field questions on the subject. In an effort to allay fears about glossolalia he said the gift could only be dangerous if it "turns a person inward on himself rather than outward in love."

MASSANETTA SPRINGS, VA.

Taking note that growing numbers of Presbyterians and Roman Catholics report a new closeness to God and fellowship in the body of Christ coupled together with the phenomenon of glossolalia, the Presbyterian Church, U.S. declared in June that "speaking in tongues" is a valid Christian experience. The group is the Southern sister denomination to the Northern 3.2 million member United Presbyterian Church which adopted a similar statement last year. The group stated that this contemporary experience, when joined with a fresh look into the Biblical record, is "bringing us into a fuller understanding of the work of the Holy Spirit."

WASHINGTON, D.C.

William Willoughby, religion editor of the Washington Star, is foster father to the capitol city's first Jesus Paper, *The Liberator*, which debuted in June with a full page cartoon on

its front page depicting competing real estate agents B. Beelezbub who sells homes built on sand, and Jesus who gives the deed to a rock-foundation home in eternity. Involvement in the fledging paper began for writer Willoughby when, with paper in type-writer, he bowed his head in the busy Star office and asked for guidance on an upcoming article on the Jesus People. No sooner had he done so than the phone rang and charismatic executive Don Tobias, president of Data, Inc. in Arlington, Va. called offering concern and assistance. The result of the article was a flood of support for the *Liberator*, even from Jews.

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF.

Bill Hosler, owner of the Hacienda Hotel on S. Coast Highway in this summer resort and artist colony, says he is very pleased with the revival that is taking place in his building, formerly a center of drug traffic and the scene of many police raids. What made the difference? Bernard Syfan, outgoing president of the Laguna Beach Chamber of Commerce says, "All I wanted to do was get the hotel cleaned up and I felt religion was the best thing to do it. I went and spoke with some of the people from Calvary Chapel in Costa Mesa and got them together with Hosler." Owner Hosler then offered the penthouse of the hotel to the Spirit-filled young "Jesus People" who began immediately "spreading the Gospel of Christ and His love" with the drug users, drifters and runaways which constitute much of the town's summer population. ☩

"Jesus is so great! I love Him!"—Kathleen

"It's the wildest thing that ever happened to me!"—Nancy

"I've got a song Jesus gave me!"—Dan

"When you give all to God, miracles happen!"—Denice

“OUTSIGHT!”

A Report of the FGBMFI World Convention Youth Revival

THE FOLLOWING is a transcript taken from the 18th World Convention of FGBMFI, held in Denver, Colorado, July 4-9, 1971. A complete Convention Report will appear in the November VOICE.

Richard Shakarian, son of the Fellowship's Founder-President and currently working with Brother Morris Cerullo as Vice President of World Evangelism, was introduced by the day's master of ceremonies, Henry Carlson, as a spiritual leader and director of the convention's youth services. Richard in turn introduced several young people whose lives had been affected by the meetings.

RICHARD: Praise the Lord! In the area of youth activities alone, this whole convention has been like a great revival. In the first meeting, for example, over 100 young people accepted Jesus as their Saviour. In the

second service many were healed. In the next meeting a score were called into the ministry. The fourth service saw at least 100 filled with the Holy Spirit. During the entire week some 300 were filled.

The other night we announced a special communion service. The news of the outpouring of the presence of God brought so many that we served communion to 1200 people. Afterwards, the presence of Christ was so real that the people began to praise Him loudly in one accord. Wave after wave of God's glory flowed through that room. For fifteen or twenty minutes, every person stood with hands raised singing praises to the Lord. The scene reminded me of the sight described in the Book of Revelation, when the Church Bride meets Christ.

We appreciate the many who minis-



World Convention revival-oriented youth meetings were led by Richard Shakaran.

Jerry B. Walker alternated with other speakers in ministering to youth and adults.

David, son of Director David Tremum, was healed of blurred vision. Details next issue.

tered during the week, including among others Jerry B. Walker, Joe Poppell, Kenneth Copeland, Kenneth Hagin, Blaine Amburgy, Judge Wilbur Shull, Andrae Crouch and the Disciples, Steve Shakarian, and the King's Quartet.

I'd like to introduce Nancy Dagnolt as one of the young people whom God touched in a special way in these meetings. Nancy, what happened to you?

NANCY: I got the baptism in the Holy Spirit last night.

RICHARD: That's great; but *you didn't believe* in the Baptism did you?

NANCY: No. I didn't believe tongues were for real. I've been living at Teen Challenge and I fought them for several months. I just thought they were a bunch of fanatics. But last night I found out this experience was of God. It's very real, and the wildest thing that ever happened to me besides salvation.

RICHARD: Thank you, Nancy. Thomas Fowler, tell them what happened to you.

THOMAS: In one meeting I was sitting in my chair against the wall. There was nobody behind me. When the preacher called for those who were willing to dedicate themselves to full-time service, somebody behind me began to push. It couldn't have been anyone else but God. So I went forward and received the anointing of God to go into the ministry. Then last night I received the baptism in

the Holy Ghost.

RICHARD: Hallelujah! That's what God wants—anointed ministers, ministers filled with His Spirit. Here is Kathy Smith, a young lady from New Mexico. Kathy, you received a great healing a few nights ago. What was it?

KATHY: I was able to hear with my right ear again!

RICHARD: What do you mean, you were able to hear *again*?

KATHY: I've been deaf for two years in my right ear. The doctor told me I'd never hear out of it again.

RICHARD: And you can hear now?

KATHY: I can hear *great* now!

RICHARD: Well, praise God for this healing! Isn't Jesus wonderful! Here is another young man, Dan Thompson. Dan, what happened to you?

DAN: For twenty-three years I've been seeking entire sanctification, and for three years I've been seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Last night I received it.

RICHARD: Dan, what is your occupation?

DAN: I'm a Presbyterian minister. The wonderful thing about last night's experience was this—when I was speaking in tongues, I found myself listening to it analytically. I've studied Greek, German and Spanish, and have a teaching degree in these languages as well as in English. Brother, let me tell you, 'tongues' is not jibberish, it's a language . . . and it's beautiful . . . and it's real! I woke



Demos Shakarian with granddaughter Denice, an active participant in youth revival.

Worshipful praise was the norm in all services, especially the youth meetings.

King's Quartet of Albuquerque ministered daily to large and appreciative audiences.

up this morning and found I still had my gift. It was right there!

RICHARD: Hallelujah! I don't think Dan will mind me telling this. Last night the power of God was so strong we were all almost drunk in the Spirit as they were on the Day of Pentecost. Dan had just received the Holy Spirit. He took the microphone from me, and said, "I've got a song Jesus gave me." He sang that song, and although he 'couldn't carry a tune in a bucket,' because he was full of the Holy Spirit that was the best I had ever heard any Presbyterian minister sing!

Here now is Keith Pepper and his sister, Kathleen. Keith, tell what happened to you in these special services.

KEITH: Last night I received a complete baptism in the Holy Spirit. Not only did I receive my language, but my brother and sister also received. Praise God!

RICHARD: Kathleen, please tell what Jesus means to you.

KATHLEEN: Oh, He is so great. I love him. Oh, the baptism, it's beautiful!

RICHARD: Amen; it is. Keith, don't you have two more at home?

KEITH: Yes.

RICHARD: Do they have the baptism?

KEITH: No.

RICHARD: What's going to happen when you get home?

KEITH: *They're going to get it!*

RICHARD: Thank you Keith. This

next young lady, Denice, has been a real witness on her school campus. In fact, everywhere she goes she's winning souls for the Lord Jesus Christ. She's been really working in this convention and I'd like her to give a word of testimony.


DENICE: When I'm giving my all to God, so many wonderful things happen that sometimes I have to say, "Hold on Lord!" I talked to one girl and she accepted Christ over the phone. Students walk up to me on campus and say, "I want to know about God." They're searching. When you give all to God, miracles happen!

RICHARD: Well, that's wonderful. I believe you can tell by the response, Denice, that our audience appreciates that kind of a witness from our young people today! Amen!

By the way—this young lady is Denice Shakarian, my oldest daughter.

DEMOS SHAKARIAN: I just couldn't resist stepping up to the microphone. Denice is my first grandchild. I'm real proud of her. She's a beautiful girl.

Richard was a soul winner when he was thirteen years old. He won over 300 souls in one year to Christ. His daughter Denice is fourteen years of age. She's filled with the Holy Spirit, and is one of the greatest soul winners of her age today.

I am richly blessed of God, for I have seven beautiful granddaughters like Denice—and all are saved and filled with the Holy Spirit! 

FGBMFI

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Convention Schedule

NEW YORK REGIONAL

October 7-9, 1971

Statler Hilton Hotel
Simon Vikse, Chairman
Box 355, GPO, New York, N.Y. 10001

SPOKANE REGIONAL

October 7-9, 1971

Davenport Hotel
Edward W. McFalls, Chairman
1611 E. 17th, Spokane, Washington

CHICAGO REGIONAL

October 13-17, 1971

Conrad Hilton Hotel
Henry F. Carlson, Chairman
564 W. Fulton, Chicago, Illinois 60660

DEL-MAR-VA REGIONAL

October 14-16, 1971

Ocean City (Maryland) Convention Hall
Maurice Twilley, Bill Miles, Co-Chairmen
Rt. 50, Willard, Md. 21874

NASHVILLE REGIONAL

October 28-30, 1971

Hilton Airport Inn
Hoyt Elliott, Chairman
P.O. Box 96, Nashville, Tenn. 37202

ALABAMA STATE REGIONAL

November 11-13, 1971

Thomas Jefferson Hotel, Birmingham
Wm. A. Abercrombie, Chairman
P.O. Box 2384, Birmingham, Alabama 35201

RALEIGH REGIONAL

November 19-21, 1971

Hilton Inn
Glenn O. Randall, Chairman
901 Canterbury Road, Raleigh, N.C. 27602

SEATTLE REGIONAL

November 25-29, 1971

Olympic Hotel
Fred Doerflein, Don Ostrom, Co-Chairmen
902 N.E. 65th St., Seattle 98115

PHILADELPHIA REGIONAL

December 8-11, 1971

Holiday Inn
Earl Prickett, Ralph Marinacci, Co-Chairmen
735 N. Hurfville Rd., Deptford, N.J.