

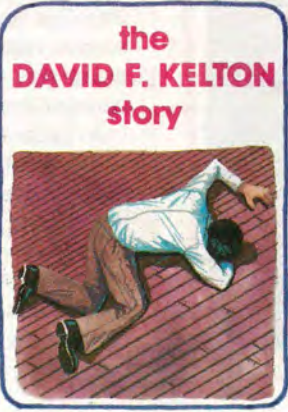
02-85



# VOICE

FULL GOSPEL  
BUSINESS MEN'S

IS THERE HOPE FOR A MAN LIKE THIS?



## IS THERE HOPE FOR A MAN LIKE THIS ?

David F. Kelton, Wilmerding, Pennsylvania



I looked at my gun, lying on the table. "There's nothing left; why not?"

I picked up the gun and put a magazine in it. I cocked it, opened my mouth, stuck the gun down my throat and pulled the trigger.

Click.

No explosion! Nothing but a click. I took the bullet out. The shell carried an indentation where the hammer had struck it. I cursed it and loaded the pistol again.

Click.

I slammed the gun against the wall, looked up at the ceiling and cursed God. "I hate You, God! You won't even let me die! I don't understand what You want of me! Just let me die!" Then I scooped up some more pills and washed them down with the rest of my liquor.

*I can't stand to live, and He won't let me die, I thought. Why is He picking on me?*

My great-grandfather was an atheist, and so were my grandfather and my father. After considering my mother's sincere faith in Jesus Christ, I rejected it at the age of fifteen. After all, she believed in a good God, but people told me that it was God who had taken my father in a sudden heart attack a few months earlier, at age forty-one. Christians, I soon decided, are weak, superstitious people. I too became an atheist.

Along with my atheism I developed a deep anxiety. Though I worked at part-time jobs such as in a grocery store or machine shop, I was restless and unable to keep a job very long. I immersed myself in alcohol and drugs and spent most of the next fifteen years in a world of petty crime in order to finance my habits.

Mom fixed a room for me over her garage in Kansas City, so I always had a place to sleep.

My mother and two brothers moved to Charlotte, North Carolina, where Mom had a job offer. More or less against my will, I followed them after a miserable year in that room over the garage.

Then came a year at the University of North Carolina, but I dropped out at exam time and got drunk. After nine weeks of basic training in the army I got an "Outstanding Trainee" award, but the second year I was repeatedly disciplined for my behavior. Following the army I managed a pool hall involved in a lot of illegal things. But then I got an engineering job which used the training I had received in the army, and tried sobriety for a whole year. I grew very anxious and depressed.

Most people hope to live and fear dying. Drunks and drug addicts like me hope to die because they fear living. Finally I decided to commit suicide.

"Why not do it the fast way?" I recalled a lonely stretch of railroad track where a big freight train came through every morning about three o'clock. Taking a handful of barbiturates and a bottle of liquor, I parked my new Buick convertible directly on the railroad tracks. While waiting for the crash I took the pills, drank the booze and passed out on the seat.

Mom had sensed all evening that something was seriously wrong and had gone to all the joints where I usually hung out. After praying and searching for hours, she returned home about 2:00 A.M. and knelt to pray by her bed. Suddenly she saw a vision of a lonely wooded area, a railroad crossing and my car parked on

**My mother saw  
me there  
in her vision**



the tracks.

Mom got dressed again, jumped in her car and drove right to the very spot. She pushed me across the seat and drove my car home. Somehow she got me into the house and into bed.

"David," she announced a few hours later, "Jesus showed me where you were."

"Aw, Mom, how dumb do you think I am?" I knew Jesus was dead. How could a dead man show her where I was?

Though I worked several days at a time on construction jobs my cousin's husband, Big Bill, would get for me, I was becoming a common wino and was trafficking in drugs. Everybody else gave up on me, but Mom continued to pray.

She'd always take me into her little home when I needed a place to go.

She arranged for me to go to an alcoholics' rehabilitation home but I refused. So she called Big Bill. He threw me on the floor, tied my hands and feet, tossed me into his car and drove me to Greensboro, North Carolina, where I was forced to go through withdrawal.

For several days I went through hell on earth. Sick and vomiting, cursing and screaming, I suffered indescribable torment. When it finally subsided I was too weak to get out of bed.

After regaining my strength and being there more than a month I earned my first five dollars, and promptly spent the money on cheap wine. The superintendent spotted my condition immediately and threw me out—at 10:00 P.M. He threw out another guy, too, so the two of us picked up some pills and beer from people he knew and headed south on I-85 in his car. The booze and pills began taking effect, so I crawled into the back seat and passed out.

No one saw the wreck, but a mile down the highway a North Carolina state trooper heard the crash. When he arrived at the scene minutes later, the patrolman fainted.

Even in the midnight darkness he could see hands and arms scattered throughout the wreckage, strewn over hundreds of yards. Five people had died

**The trooper shone  
his light on me—  
and passed out again**



instantly when two drunken drivers smashed head-on at an approach speed of at least 150 miles an hour.

My jaw was shattered and ripped loose from the skull. My neck, four ribs, one arm, right hip and thigh were broken. The roof of my mouth was split in two, my left eye was dislodged from its socket, and I sustained massive internal injuries.

My left leg was crushed beneath the engine and transmission, which had come to rest where the rear window had been. The trooper had set out flares along the highway, and while walking

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back to the wreckage he heard a groan. Reaching inside, he shone his flashlight on me—and passed out again.

No one could believe I was alive, yet there I was—still breathing. During the next two weeks, expecting me to die momentarily, seventeen doctors worked on me at Charlotte Memorial Hospital.

I survived months of excruciating pain and repeated operations, especially on my smashed face. I ended up with a left leg two and one-eighth inches shorter than the other, and from then on I had to wear a built-up shoe.

I had had a brief and disastrous marriage when I was very young. Now I asked my live-in girlfriend of a number of years to marry me, and she was happy to do so. We lived for a year at my Mom's. How either of them ever put up with me or our lifestyle I don't know, but Brinda stuck with me through thick and thin, even when I drank up the money she worked to earn.

One day Mom asked me to go to a "meeting" with her. It was right down the street from the cheap skid-row hotel room where Brinda and I lived. At least it wasn't a church, so I agreed if we sat in the rear, near the door.

These were strange people, beginning with their name: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. They were hugging each other and singing a silly song with all kinds of body movements. I sat restlessly through long testimonies, silently mocking everything they did. A man who said he was a dairy farmer from California was introduced as the president. A farmer at the head of a businessmen's organization? That

**Demos said three  
electric words:  
'Jesus! Heal him!'**



seemed silly, too. His name was Demos Shakarian.

Imagine my amazement when, at the close of the meeting, I found myself up in front, and Demos bowed his head and spoke three electric words: "Jesus! Heal him!"

I felt paralyzed. Then the muscles of my left leg began to twitch and jerk. It felt as if I had a muscle cramp. Then that leg shot straight out. I jumped out of the chair—and found myself standing lopsided. With the built-up shoe, my left leg was now much longer than the other.

I dropped to the floor to take off my shoes. When I stood up again I was standing perfectly straight, both legs exactly the same length. Everyone stood and began praising God excitedly.

In an instant I knew Jesus was not a

myth—He was real, and He had power! He was not only alive, but He knew my address. Jesus knew exactly where I was. I'd never been so scared in my life.

Carrying my shoes, I ran in the rain to the nearest bar and drank until I was oblivious to my new and terrifying problem: Jesus.

I tried clumsily to tell my friends at the bars about what had happened to me. One drunk would agree, the other would laugh, and then we'd have a stupid theological discussion. But I knew what I knew: where formerly I had not believed in Jesus, now I did.

Since I thought I was a Christian now, I went to the church where my brother Tim pastored, and even to Bible studies. For about a year I held down a construction job, but I got very depressed. Gradually I became more and more involved in crime in Virginia and the Carolinas. My arrest history from age fifteen on was five pages long, but somehow I never served more than two or three days in jail. Each time I was caught, Mom would pray—and I'd think how "lucky" I was when the judge would release me.

Alcohol and drugs filled my body with pain. Brinda got depressed too and tried to commit suicide. One day, brooding over the fact that I'd messed up everything I'd ever touched, I figured again that I might as well end it all. That was when the gun refused to fire.

One evening I thought I was finally going to die. Mom led me into a bedroom to lie down. "David, why don't you ask Jesus to help you?"

"Mom, I don't want to hear about Him anymore! He's been driving me crazy for two years! . . . If you don't quit talking



## **I struck my mother in the face!**

about Him I'm going to hurt you!"

She wouldn't quit. Suddenly I jumped from the bed and hit her in the face, knocking her to the floor and breaking her glasses. She got up slowly and said, "David, I guess you're just going to have to kill me, because I'm not leaving this room until you ask Jesus to help you."

I didn't know how to deal with that boldness, so I lay there a few minutes and thought about it. Finally I said, "Well, all right, how do I do it?"

"Just say, 'Jesus, help me.'"

I started to say it but my mouth was suddenly slammed shut. Something seemed to have me by the throat and I couldn't talk. Within a few moments I became violently ill.

Mom called my brother Tim. He walked into the bedroom and I went wild.

Jumping from the bed, I grabbed him by the shirt, lifted him off the floor and slammed him against the wall. In a voice that was not mine I shouted, "I hate you! I'm going to kill you!" Tim was a husky six-footer weighing about 230 pounds, and my body was so wasted that I weighed barely half that much. But I had a sudden superhuman strength, and a supernatural voice to match.

I let Tim go and fell back on the bed. Then I jumped up to hit him again. But he pointed his finger at me and shouted, "Satan! I command you in the name of the Lord Jesus to come out of David!"

I couldn't move. I tried to kill Tim but I couldn't even touch him. Instead, I fell over on the bed, helpless and trembling violently. I'd always laughed when Christians had told me about demons. Now I

thought maybe it was true. Where had all that strength come from? And that voice.

Tim repeated over and over, "David! Call on Jesus! Ask Jesus to set you free!"

I tried, but each time a force would clamp my mouth shut and try to choke me. *I could not say "Jesus."*

Then Mom and Tim began naming individual demons, commanding them to come out in the name of Jesus Christ—demons of hatred and murder, perversion, lust, lying, alcoholism and many others. I could feel the sensation as each one went. I was growing weaker and the pain in my body was intense.

Several times I grabbed my brother's hand and pleaded, "Tim! Whatever you're doing, don't give up! Please don't give up!"

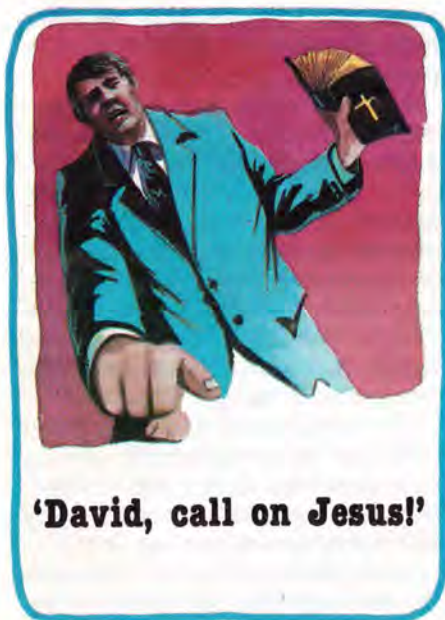
A few minutes later I'd be cursing him again in that strange voice. And I still couldn't say the name of Jesus.

Tim and Mom kept urging me to call on Jesus. After hours of prayer and deliverance, I finally was able to speak the name: "Jesus! Jesus, help me!"

Instantly I was free. We hugged each other and laughed and cried. Then we prayed some more. I was thrilled to be able to ask Jesus Christ to become the Lord of my life. Brinda got saved that night, too.

It was September 6, 1972 and I was thirty-one when God finally answered Mom's prayers. I knew without question that God had forgiven all my sins and that I had eternal life.

Sixteen years of warfare between Mom and me ended. I had always known that one of us would have to die. Well, David Kelton died that night and a new



**'David, call on Jesus!'**

man was born. This time there was no drug withdrawal.

An ex-hippie named David Rowell began to teach me for hours at a time, night after night. Drugs and alcohol had so damaged my brain that very little was registering. He'd tell me a simple truth about Jesus but I couldn't remember it long enough to repeat it to him. I could barely read or write, but I truly wanted to learn and David was patient. Repeating a simple biblical fact over and over, he saturated my burned-out brain with the Scriptures.

Slowly God restored my mind. David Rowell lived and worked with me for six weeks until he felt his work was done. I could now read the Bible for myself.

Big Bill had invited me right away to start work at a construction job, which I did even though I was very weak. Within a few days the workmen (who knew me and recognized the change) started to call me Preacher.

Then one night, lying in bed, I began to sense that insatiable craving for drugs. Within minutes my body was screaming for them. I had the fight of my life that night. I walked the floor until dawn, carrying my Bible. The desire left with the daylight, but I was severely shaken. I was sure it would come back and get worse, and that there was no way I could continue to resist that terrible craving.

I went to work without sleep, angry at God. All day I worked with a sullen attitude: "If that's all the power You've got, God, I'll just go back to the pills!"

I dreaded to see nighttime approach. It was Thursday—prayer-meeting night at my brother's church. I went, and

## **'Lord, let David feel Your power'**



seated myself defiantly in the rear. At the close of the service I started forward for prayer.

Sensing what was in my heart as soon as he looked at me, my brother prayed silently, "Lord, let David feel Your power."

Tim moved toward me, raising his hand to place it on my forehead. He was within inches of my head when a spiritual charge like electricity jolted me. Tim was knocked backward. I was catapulted in the other direction and slammed into the wall ten feet away. I fell forward on my face and lay motionless on the floor.

The congregation quickly gathered around me. When they heard me praying in tongues they knew I was all right. Several knelt and laid their hands on me as everyone joyously praised God.

I learned beyond question that God is far more powerful than Satan. In the



years since, I have never once had another desire for drugs of any sort, or a craving for liquor. I was delivered from cigarettes too.

Now I was really free. With the Holy Spirit's power I felt a confidence in Jesus Christ that I hadn't known before. I fed on the Scriptures like a starving man. I read as a trusting child, and discovered to my delight that I began to understand the Bible.

I could now lie down and go to sleep peacefully for the first time in many years. The army psychiatrist had decided that I had been a hyperactive child, and that that was the cause of my troubles, but he was wrong. The deep anxiety had begun during my teen years—after I made the decision that there was no God.

All those times when I was spared army court martial, jail sentences, accidental death and suicide—I always thought I was lucky. That was not luck; despite my family's four generations of atheism, God was watching over me. I had been chosen to live!

God gave me a job at the fledgling "PTL Club" in Charlotte. Step by step, He saw that I was trained in every area of Christian television. Today I am executive vice-president of a Christian television station in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. God has totally healed my damaged brain and body. Along the way I began teaching Bible studies and Brinda got healed miraculously of cancer.

Many of my weekends are occupied with speaking in churches and at FGBMFI banquets. During 1984 I spoke in forty-two FGBMFI chapter meetings, and saw

more than 600 salvations as a result. I hurt inwardly each time I share this terrible yet glorious testimony. But I cry tears of joy to see someone accept Jesus Christ when they hear what God can do in a life.

I know that *you too* can experience the miracles of God. Jesus loves you just as He loved me. He'll forgive you and cleanse you, too.

Ask Him—now.



*Since 1981 David Kelton has worked with WPCB-TV, Channel 40 in Wall, Pennsylvania, moving from general manager to executive vice-president. Prior to that he worked for seven and a half years in a number of capacities with Jim Bakker over the PTL television network in Charlotte, North Carolina. He is author of the book Chosen to Live. His mother now ministers throughout the eastern United States. David and his wife Brinda attend Monroeville Assembly of God Church in Monroeville, and David is a member of FGBMFI's Monroeville Chapter.*

# INDONESIA



Lucas Henry Budiono, M.D.  
Surabaya, Indonesia

**W**e were at a birthday party when we heard a terrible thud in the street. We all rushed out of the house. I was stunned to see my youngest boy, just two years old, lying very, very still in the middle of the street. A trishaw was hurrying away. . . .

Being a doctor, I recognized signs of intra-cranial bleeding in my little son. His right arm twitched convulsively. I knew we must obtain immediate medical attention for him or he would die.

In my agony of shock and despair I realized I didn't even know how to pray.

The first time I ever attended church was on Christmas day, 1951. I went only because the girl whom I loved asked me. I was so afraid of losing her that I even agreed to attend catechism classes with her. These classes led to my baptism before we were married.

Though we routinely went to church together every Sunday, I knew absolutely nothing of Jesus and even less of the "born-again" experience. The Bible we had received as a wedding gift had never been opened. And our hearts were like-

wise closed to the Lord Jesus.

I became very busy with my medical practice and was soon transferred to Padang, Sumatra, where association with things of God became even weaker. In 1965 I became an internist in Surabaya. My life was full of doubts and I was far away from the Lord.

And now, just a year later, I had come face-to-face with this terrible crisis.

On the way to the hospital my still-unconscious boy started vomiting. We were panic-stricken. He must have surgery very soon. But no surgeon would operate after eight o'clock at night.

There was nothing for us to do but to wait.

While I sat prayerless, suddenly, as though filled with the Holy Spirit, my five-year-old daughter cried out, "Jesus Christ is the Doctor of Doctors! He is the only Saviour who can heal my brother!"

Before I could recover from my surprise, our children began praying. My own little children were teaching me how to pray in this emergency!

The night dragged by slowly. It

seemed an eternity. As the first rays of the sun burst into the hospital room, I bent over the still form of my son.

His eyes fluttered open. In a tiny whisper he said, "I want milk."

I simply could not restrain my tears of joy. Gratitude welled up in my heart. I heard myself saying, "Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!"

The doctors were amazed at my son's sudden recovery. He had been unconscious for the last fourteen hours. "It's incredible!" they said. "What medicine did you give him?"

I shook my head. I was not ashamed to confess: it was through prayer in Jesus' name that my boy was miraculously healed.

Since that blessed incident, each one of us in our family has made Jesus Christ his Lord and personal Saviour. We set aside our largest bedroom as a chapel and started a prayer group for us and our close relatives. Soon the room was too small to accommodate all who began coming.

We relied upon Jesus' words in Mark 9:23 to meet the need: "If thou canst believe," Jesus said, "all things are possible to him that believeth." A few months later the Lord blessed us with a hall that could seat 150 people.

Overwhelmed by deep gratitude for what the Lord was doing in our lives, I was soon doing anything I could to serve Him. I began driving with three ladies from our prayer group to the village of Pasar Turi to minister there.

During one of these trips I felt the tremendous presence of the Holy Spirit. I began praising the Lord and suddenly I

was singing in tongues.

God engulfed me with His awesome love and power. I am actually living out the promise of Acts 1:8, because since that moment joy and power have filled my life.

God has been so good and gracious to me and my family. Peace and harmony prevail in our home. Through God's gracious provision our three children, including my "miracle" son, are able to further their studies in the States, and I am free to serve the Lord. I am vice-president of the Surabaya Chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, which gives me even greater opportunity for service.

No wonder we rejoice and are glad as we sing and share His blessings with our fellow men. Hallelujah! □



*Dr. Lucas Budiono graduated from Airlangga University, Surabaya, in 1958 as a general practitioner and in 1959 as an internist. He is vice-president of FGBMFI's Surabaya Chapter. He and his wife Rebecca have three children: Samuel, twenty-six; Judith, twenty-four; and Nathan, twenty. They are members of Gereja Kristen Indonesia (Presbyterian).*



# The Loneliest Years

Simon Graham, Lexington, South Carolina

**A**fter five years of marriage and two children, Patricia filed for a divorce. The shock came when I realized, probably for the first time in our married life, that I really loved her.

You would have thought that, being raised by Christian parents, I had learned how to love. But my understanding of love was distorted. From the examples in my life, I had concluded that the wife gave and the husband took.

I really felt that I was a good husband.

I was a good provider, never physically abused my wife, and wasn't a womanizer.

But I was emotionally destroying Patricia. She needed her sense of self-worth built up. Instead, I tore it down. Selfishly, I thought only of my own needs.

Finally in May of 1967, after an all-night session in which we tried desperately to get to the bottom of what was wrong between us, for sheer survival Patricia left our Torrance, California home.

She had been coming in from her late-night shift as waitress, but not coming into our bedroom where I was sleeping. Not until later did I learn that she had been wanting to leave for a year. She had tried to hang on until I had finished some training involved with my new job as television repairman.

At the end of our all-night discussion I thought I would call her bluff. As soon as it was a decent hour, I drove her over to a lawyer's office.

It turned out to be just what she really wanted. Now I was the one who was scared.

So began three of the loneliest years of my life. On weekends I saw our five-year-old son Michael and our daughter Cindy, less than two years old. Otherwise I lived the typical single life of the world. On various occasions I would attempt to reconcile with Patricia, but she would have nothing to do with it.

One day in particular was one of the lowest days of my life. I had just had a tonsillectomy. After checking myself out of the hospital and returning to my apartment, I was overcome with loneliness, self-pity and fear.

I thought, *Nobody cares about me.* (Oh, your mother always cares . . . but someone close, your own, who loves you? I had nobody.)

Until we were married, I had accompanied Patricia to the large church of which she was a member. Then I had started to complain about the size of the church.

She found a small church. I complained about that too. Finally she quit

looking, and we quit going.

I'd made friends in the meantime with a man who let me know that he was an atheist. I thought he was a lot more intellectual than anyone I knew who claimed to be a Christian. That was all I needed to finish shelving my Christian upbringing in favor of what I thought was intellect.

On a Monday evening in February, 1970, without ever a kind word from her during our three years apart, Patricia suddenly phoned and wanted to see me.

I had a pool tournament that night. Besides, I really couldn't handle the angry words I was sure were in store.

I said, "No, thanks."

"Simon,"—her voice was very firm—"if you ever want to see me and these children again, you'd better come over tonight."

When we met that evening, she told me she had awakened that morning with an overwhelming desire to see me. She fought it all day long. By evening she had decided to call and see what might develop.

"What do you want?" I asked.

She didn't say a word. Tears started trickling down her face.

"Do you want to get back together?" I probed, completely nonplussed.

She said yes.

Up to that moment, she herself hadn't known why she wanted to see me. God had sovereignly intervened in our lives.

Now it was Patricia's turn to be shocked. I informed her of the plans I'd already made to return, the following Saturday, to my home state. My job transfer had just come through.

But we settled things then and there about getting back together. We agreed that she would stay behind so that Michael could finish his school term, while I would go on to South Carolina and get settled in my job.

Patricia and I were remarried in May of 1970. It was our new beginning. Michael and Cindy fairly exploded with excitement. Cindy told everybody on our flight from Los Angeles to Columbia, South Carolina that her mommy was going to marry her daddy!

God's timing is perfect. We see now

rience to bring me finally to the understanding that there had to be more to my relationship with God than socializing with nice people in a beautiful building. If there wasn't, I was going back to my weekends of television and a sixpak.

In February of 1975 desperately I gave God an ultimatum. "This Sunday during the service," I told Him, "I need You to manifest Yourself to me, or I'm going back to the way I was."

The next Sunday we dedicated our new church sanctuary. As part of the service, anyone who felt especially led to

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## Cindy told everybody on our flight from Los Angeles to Columbia that her mommy was going to marry her daddy

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that God's plan was to get us where we would have no one but Him and each other. I really believe that if we had tried to make a new start in Los Angeles, we would have been defeated.

Within a few months Patricia had rededicated her life to the Lord. We began to attend church as a family. I went only because I thought people who did had better marriages.

But the Word is powerful. After about a year I faced the fact that, whether I did anything personally about it or not, Jesus Christ is still God incarnate. I gave my life to the Lord at a Sunday-morning altar call, and Patricia was overjoyed. Finally—a Christian home!

Then came several years of becoming involved in our church, doing anything that needed to be done. It took this expe-

pray before the congregation was encouraged to do so. As I prayed, the Lord touched me and filled me with His power, His love, and a new authority I had not known before.

I began to fairly eat the Word, and to spend time with the Father in prayer. I became a fanatic.

One of my sisters, Cecilia, who lived in another town, had been praying for Patricia and me ever since the beginning. I used to call her my "Holy Roller" sister. There had been times when I actually felt sorry for her because she was different.

Now I got on the phone to Cecilia. I told her what had happened to me.

She said, "Simon, you've been filled with the Holy Spirit!"

I didn't know what that meant.

"What do I do?" I asked.

She suggested I call a man in town who was involved with a group called Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship.

When I called Jim Ceman, he told me that the regular monthly meeting of the Greater Columbia Chapter had been cancelled so that they could be involved in a week of local meetings with a special out-of-town teacher named Kenneth Copeland.

I went to every one of those meetings. Patricia feared I was getting into some kind of spiritual error. To keep tabs on me, she went along.

The next month we went to the FGBMFI chapter meeting. As the praise and worship began, I started to cry, overcome by the love that flowed in that place. It was the first time ever in my life to cry in public, but I wasn't ashamed. All about me were men who were freely expressing their feelings of love and joy.

In May, 1975 Patricia and I went to a charismatic retreat. Dennis Bennett asked those interested in the baptism in the Holy Spirit to stay afterward. He taught us about it, then asked us to begin to sing in the Spirit. I started to sing in English. Before I realized it, I was singing in a language I had never heard before.

I had only stayed for that meeting in hopes Patricia would gain something. She didn't—but I did.

Patricia had always wanted a Christian husband. Now that she had one, she didn't know what to do with me. We had

many emotion-laden encounters and discussions.

One day she began again to tell me that my experience of tongues was not for today. To back up her views, she tried to quote the Bible along with her traditional doctrines.

I finally said in resignation, "Pat, I don't know the answers. You know I love you, because I married you twice. But I can't turn my back on God. If it's between going on with Him or making you happy, I'm going on with God."

She got up and left the room. I thought, *She'll leave again.*

Instead, she got down on her knees in our den and asked the Lord to show her the truth.

He filled her with immediate peace and assurance.

She dropped her doubts, stopped her arguments and started reading the Word. The Lord began to remove the scales of tradition from her eyes. Within a year she too was filled with the Holy Spirit. Now she is state president of Women's Aglow.

Because God has brought our marriage and our emotions such complete restoration, it's hard to believe that the first part of our married life, and the years of our divorce, ever took place. We remember what went before only at times like this, when we share our testimony with others. And we are able to do it, being open and honest about our past,

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

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because God has healed us, spirit, soul and body.

I Thessalonians 5:23,24 says, "... and I pray God your whole spirit and soul

and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it." □



*Simon Graham served two years in active duty with the U.S. Navy on destroyers, has been employed as a cook, sheetmetal worker and heat-press operator, and since 1967 has been a TV repairman with General Electric Company. He is a local director and has served as secretary and vice-president of the Greater Columbia Chapter, FGBMFI, and worked for six years in prison ministry. He and his wife Patricia have two children: Michael, twenty-one, and Cynthia, eighteen, and worship at Gateway Christian Fellowship in West Columbia, South Carolina.*

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Enclosed is my \$4.35 for one year's subscription to *Voice* magazine.

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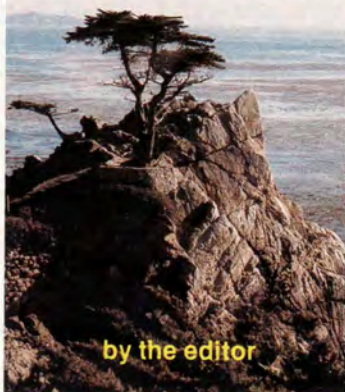
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Ronnie and Norma  
Svenhard

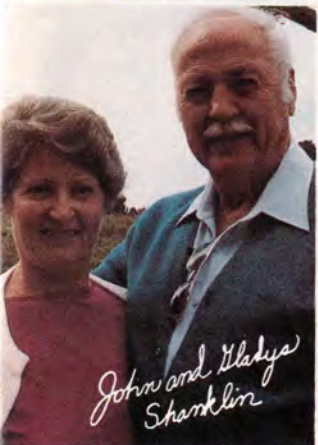
## From Cana to Carmel



by the editor



Jim and Carolyn  
Coffaro



John and Gladys  
Shanklin



Doc and Marge  
Winterfield



David and Tamie  
Sapp

**C**hristian marriages are not immune to problems. That admission may be shocking to some. To others it is obvious.

While the rocketing divorce rate within the Church is frightening, perhaps it isn't surprising that so many homes are troubled. Most people are ill-prepared for marriage. Much more is required to obtain a driver's permit than a marriage license. Yet in the wedding of two lives there is a surrender of independent status for mutuality. Not only are a man and

a woman united, but their family trees are engrafted. Temperaments demand adjustment. Unfulfilled and sometimes unreasonable expectations bring disillusionment. The devil delights in exploiting these difficulties to destroy Christian marriages.

The battle lines for the home are sharply drawn.

There is honest hope for hurting people in fractured families. There are answers. Jesus' first miracle met the unfulfilled need at a wedding in Cana of Galilee. He

is still miraculously transforming families embroiled in a living hell into homes that are "a little bit of heaven on earth."

If this is true, why are so many Christians missing it? Why haven't they received their miracle?

One reason can be that they feel their marriage should be perfect, they tend to assess other marriages as being successful, and are ashamed that theirs is not. In fact, tragically, they pretend to be happy and this pretense blocks them from the available help from God and Christian friends who could minister to their need.

This hypocrisy is never more center-stage than at church. The scene is all too familiar: the family hassle of trying not to be late for Sunday services—children's baths, a misplaced child's shoe, fighting children, a crying baby. Accusations, arguments and raised voices are followed by stony silence during the drive to church. But when the car turns into the church parking lot, plastic smiles are neatly arranged and pleasantries are exchanged with parishioners.

God loves us just the way we are. He wants us to be happy, but is limited in His help until we confess we are needy.

Incidentally, most of us are surprised by the warm, caring attitude which is expressed by Christian friends when we risk revealing our hurts. The couples' retreat sponsored by FGBMFI Greater Bay Area regional chapters last October provides a beautiful example of this response. One hundred fifty-five couples came to the retreat, which had been prayerfully planned to make good marriages better and to heal those marriages

that were hurting.

God used the testimonies of Christian couples willing to bare their souls and to witness to Christ's power to make tarnished marriages glow again.

A young singing evangelist and his wife, raised in Christian homes and married for five years, described the tensions



*Bob and Mary Tozier*

that nearly pulled their home apart. While he was flying to other continents to win a lost world, she was left alone with the unglamorous task of struggling with their three little ones, diapering babies, and waiting through fearful nights of being alone.

Her "Please don't leave me! Don't leave me!" went unheeded when he left once again for evangelistic services in Asia. Resentment exploded. Her final words at the airport—"I hate you!"—haunted him throughout the three-week trip.

As this testimony continued, they

shared how Christ came into that crisis situation and how the husband's priorities have been rearranged in obedience to the Lord's command: "Husbands, love your wives even as Christ also loved the church and gave himself for it" (Ephesians 5:25).

This couple witnessed to forgiveness given and received and bitterness and resentment removed, as they have walked in unity, prayed and read the word of God together.

Unhappiness in Christian marriages is not confined to the young, newly married. An FGBMFI field representative and his wife, in their sixties, confessed that a war of words ended in a terrific emotional explosion. They related how the Holy Spirit had convicted them of playing the role of Christian leaders outside the home in contrast to their un-Christlike lifestyle inside the home.

The response to these two life stories was heartwarming. The Holy Spirit moved and scores of persons opened their hearts to let Jesus perform the miracle they needed in their marriages.

International Director Jim Coffaro asked if Jesus had put back together the marriage of any couple during the last three months. Bob and Mary Tozier stood.

In relating what happened, Bob began. "At the beginning of last summer we had a tremendous fight. It was so bad that Mary even contemplated suicide. We talked of divorce. I didn't want one and I am sure that she didn't, either. Apparently the best we could hope for was to stick it out for another four years until our son Patrick finished high school, then

we would probably go our separate ways."

It was not that the Toziers were not Christians. They had accepted the Lord in 1975. Mary's recollection of her born-again experience was most touching: "We had been in and out of church, but we did our own thing. I knew that Jesus died for everybody, but when I was told He died for me I thought, 'I am just a little speck of dust on this earth. How could He care about me?' I didn't know that we could have a personal relationship with Jesus.

"For the first time in my life I decided, 'God, I am going to know You.' I started in Genesis, reading how God created the world. Tears came down like a river. The more I read, the more I understood how selfish we are and how great His love is. Thank You, Jesus! From that time on I was changing, but my husband wasn't. He kept saying that I should 'submit,' but why should I? He wasn't doing what he was supposed to do."

Bob described their years of frustration as they tried to make their marriage succeed. "We were growing further and further apart. It was affecting our relationship with the children. We kept reading the Scriptures, Mary and I, and we would go to church and to prayer meetings. In spite of this, the situation worsened. It was just one fight after another.

"Outwardly, we appeared to be a good Christian family. But last summer we tried to witness to some people who stayed in our home for a while. I'm certain that the division in our marriage was

*(continued, page 22)*

# HIS BANNER O

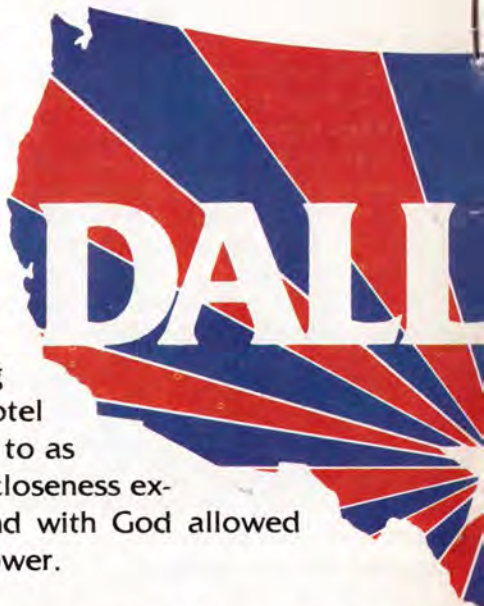
The first USA National Convention—Dallas, Texas, July 2-6, 1985—will be a historic event. Plan now to be part of this great gathering of believers.

And...it's back to the ballroom. In the early days of the Fellowship those attending FGBMFI conventions held in hotel ballrooms were often referred to as "God's ballroom saints." The closeness experienced with each other and with God allowed Him to move in miraculous power.

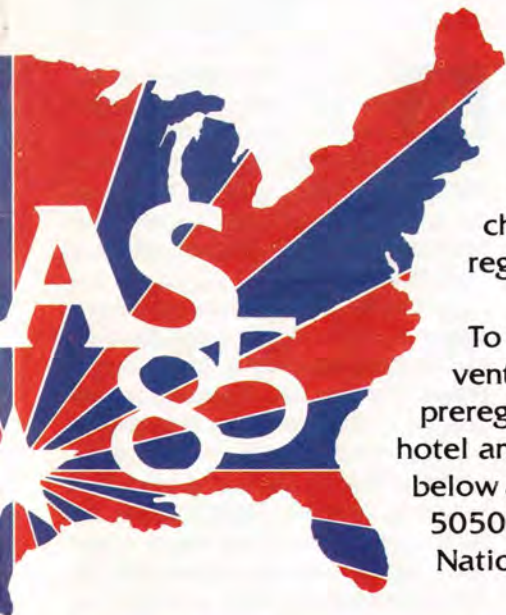
We believe that what God is going to do in Dallas will eclipse the glory of the former days. Come expectantly!

Speakers include mighty men of God like Demos Shakarian, FGBMFI founder/president; Reinhard Bonnke, world evangelist who ministers in tents seating 35,000 people; Bill Subritzky, New Zealand attorney and homebuilder; R.W. Schambach, evangelist with a miracle ministry; Major General Jerry R. Curry, assigned to the Pentagon; and music by Big John Hall.

You and your family will receive inspired teaching and ministry,



# EVER US IS LOVE



enjoy rich fellowship, and have opportunity to minister in Jesus' name.

Register now to be assured of choice hotel space and to avoid registration upon arrival.

To receive your free National Convention Brochure with complete preregistration information, including hotel and meal rates, fill in the coupon below and mail it to: FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628 / Attn: National Convention Department.

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**Please send me complete information on the first FGBMFI USA National Convention in Dallas, Texas, July 2-6, 1985.**

(Please print)

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## CANA TO CARMEL (from page 19)

apparent. I feel that they were saying to themselves, 'What are these people talking about? They can't even get together themselves.'

"About a month ago, the Lord told me that what we lacked in our lives was praying together. We prayed individually, went to prayer meetings and Bible studies—but we had not been praying together. When I shared this with my wife she questioned, 'How can we pray together when we have bad feelings about each other? It won't work!'

Mary went to a Bible study in the Walnut Creek area. The ladies were talking about God's order for the home in the fifth chapter of Ephesians—how husbands were to love their wives and how wives were to submit to their husbands. When Bob came home from work that night, the first thing she said to him was, "I want you to know that I have decided to follow what the Lord has said, and I am going to submit to you—according to the Scriptures."

"Something happened to me at that moment," Bob recalls. "I sensed what a wait-on-me-first type person I had been all my life. This was the turning point for our family."

"A month earlier Mary had rejected the idea of our praying together. Now she suggested it. We began using a devotional book, and our prayer life has grown so that it is not infrequent that our devotional time together may continue an hour or more. Last night we went back to the hotel and Mary's bitterness was gone. Alleluia! Praise God! Thank You, Lord!" □

## Three C's for a Contented Home



**A**s Bob and Mary discovered, going to church, praying longer and reading the Bible more—as good as these habits are—may not in themselves effect the desired improvement in a husband's and a wife's relationship. Here are three practical steps that will help.

1. *Confess.* The New Testament's emphasis on confession is much more inclusive than the reciting of a sinner's prayer. The promise, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9), was first written to believers. There may be the need to confess the sin of failing to love one's mate as God has commanded. On one occasion Jesus called us to love our neighbors as ourselves. Again He stretched the circle of love, commanding, "Love your enemies" (Matthew 5:44). If He demands that we love even our enemies without question, we ought certainly to love our spouse.

Confession frees us to be honest, to cry, "God, I can't handle this problem! Please help me!" In fact, rather than continuing to muddle our way deeper into the mire, confession opens the channels so God can do all that He wants to do for us and through us.

2. *Commit.* More than any other factor, commitment gives marriage an abiding quality. It is doubtful if anyone married ten years hasn't at some time felt like throwing in the towel—and many of us have considered wrapping it around a brick before we throw it. A commitment to make marriage succeed prevents us from throwing in the towel.

Jesus clearly teaches that, apart from the cause of adultery or the choice of an unbelieving mate to end the marriage, the Christian who divorces his or her mate is not at liberty to marry another. In most instances, if a person accepts as the only alternative either singleness for all the days ahead or making the marriage work, most would make a serious effort to succeed.

Even more important than the commitment to each other is a complete commitment to Jesus Christ. When a person commits to Christ as much as he knows and is able, the Son of God commits the resources of heaven to him. A husband and wife who might feel some distance between them will discover that, as if they were at the base points of a triangle and moving to the apex, as they move closer to Jesus Christ they will find a new closeness between them.

3. *Communicate.* The bridge to understanding is the ability to communicate. Too often our conversations are more like meandering paths leading nowhere. We talk about events and give opinions, but seldom risk expressing our feelings.

Men especially need to learn to share their hearts with their wives. Couples need to learn to listen as well as to talk; to hear what is not said; to listen with

their hearts. We need to learn to ask questions. A starting point for many husband and wives would be to ask the question, "What are the most important changes I can make to please you and to make our home a happier place?"

Communion with God, the highest level of conversation, is enjoyed by letting God speak to a man and woman as they read the Word together and seek Him in prayer. Those who have yet to experience this blessing cannot imagine the enhancement it will bring to their marriage. □



*Dr. Nelson B. Melvin, editor of Voice for the last six years, is editorial manager of FGBMFI and currently serves as acting director of communications. He and his wife Hannah have been married for forty-two years. They have two sons, David and Daniel, living in Aurora, Illinois.*



If this Christian lark is so marvelous,  
I'd like to know what it's doing for me

## Post Green Camp-out

Paul Knight, Isle of Wight, United Kingdom

**T**hough we were living comfortably in Ash Green in Surrey, we wanted a challenge. We chose to move in February of 1980 to the Isle of Wight, where my wife Patricia had some relatives. Things were difficult all that year. Unable to secure a job because of high unemployment on the island, I was forced to commute to the mainland and to stay with my parents there during the week.

From a house with no mortgage we

had gone to one with a hefty bank loan. It seemed we had made the biggest mistake of our lives. You can imagine the stress and conflict in our family.

Finally in 1981 I managed to find a job on the island. Mind you, even that wasn't quite right. I had worked for eighteen years at a top-quality golf course with all automatic up-to-date equipment. Now I was working at a rundown course with meager equipment which was in very poor condition.



Well, there we were on this beautiful island, with a lovely house, yet still utterly desperate about everything. To top it all off, we felt guilty about uprooting our daughters Hannah and Allison, ten and eight at the time, from all their friends, and from their nan, granddad, aunts and uncles.

One evening in 1982 there was a knock at our door. There stood Dereck Stevenson, the local curate. It was the first visit from anyone to welcome us into the community, and we had been there well over a year.

Anyway, Dereck seemed a nice bloke. We began attending his monthly family service at St. Lawrence Church, starting with the very next one. He became a regular visitor to our home as well.

Of their own accord Hannah and Allison started going every Sunday to an Anglican church group called Pathfinders. To our immense surprise, for the first time in quite a while we were actually enjoying ourselves as a family. Patricia had made an attempt, back in Ash Green in 1977, to start attending church and to introduce the children to Christianity, but she was alone in the effort and had finally given up.

One day Tricia came to me and said, "Dereck has something special and I want it." I thought that was a strange thing to say. In fact, I was annoyed.

Still, I had to admit that Dereck certainly did have a glow of warmth about him. At the time I knew nothing about the Holy Spirit or being born again. I had never even read the Bible. My religious "background" was Church of

England, but I had never attended except for occasions such as weddings and funerals. My wife had gone to Sunday school and church as a child but had stopped attending until her unsuccessful efforts in 1977.

Some time later in early spring Dereck called round. He casually asked us if we would join a group from St. Lawrence who were going to a camp at the Post Green Community in Dorset. Tricia immediately responded, "Oh, yes, I'd love to!"

I said nothing, but thought to myself, *Huh! Don't think-you're going to get me out to any Christian camp. That's going too far.*

Still, to keep the peace I agreed. I knew it was quite some time in the future, and thought I could work it all out later.

The Post Green trip approached. Our family had not booked a ferry, which you must do if you want to insure getting off the island in high season (it was June). We had no plans whatsoever. Secretly I hoped it would be too late, but the Lord had other ideas.

Tricia was able to book the ferry a few days before we were due to go. So I telephoned John, a close friend living two miles down the road from Post Green. He kindly provided brand-new camping equipment. My mother-in-law said she would take care of things at home.

So there we were, my excuses used up, bundled into our little mini at the very last possible moment. Still I was thinking, *If the camp is really awful at least I have a friend as a bolt hole (escape route).*

At last we arrived in some confusion at Post Green. We had even forgotten the tent. (My friend John thought we had put it in our car, and we thought he had it in his.) Looking about, I was bowled over by the number of people already set up and organized. They were sauntering around, smiling peacefully, while I was tense and wanted to get off by myself and have a cigarette.

Poor Tricia, getting hot under the collar as well as embarrassed, muttered to me between gritted teeth, "You could at

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### **But if you have ever tried to have a row in a tent, you will know it isn't easy**

---

least make an effort to look as if you're enjoying yourself."

By the end of the first day Tricia had begun to unwind. She was really enjoying the praise, although somewhat overwhelmed by the freedom of worship. I was still resisting, to the point of openly complaining to her. But if you've ever tried to have a private row in a tent, you'll know it wasn't easy.

The next day, unable to face anyone, I withdrew into the tent while Tricia and the children went to the morning service. But Tricia was unhappy without me. She came back and persuaded me to take a walk with her to the shore, in order to talk out the way we both felt.

As soon as we were out of earshot of the other campers, I said, "If this Christian lark is so marvelous, I'd like to know what it's doing for me!"

We went on from there, finally reaching a point where, although we loved each other, we were tearing each other apart. Then suddenly it seemed as though a peace came over us both. We had gotten all our feelings and fears out in the open. We both cried.

The outcome was that we decided to go back to camp, go along with things for the time that was left, and try to enjoy the meetings.

That evening they held a praise service. The Lord was present and although Tricia and I didn't understand what was happening, we knew it was something wonderful. Then those who wished to be ministered to in some way were asked to come forward. Slowly the people responded, one after another, including Tricia, until I sat alone, feeling tense.

A woman sitting behind me must have sensed my anguish. She put her hand on my shoulder. Just then I heard the Lord speak: "Don't be afraid. Let yourself go."

As she touched me an incredible heat and feeling of power surged through my back. I felt as if I had plunged off the bow of a boat. I broke down and cried as I have never cried before. I remember telling the woman moments later, "I have just become a Christian."

I began praising the Lord, then found myself speaking in a strange language. That night I was born again and baptized in His Holy Spirit. All I had to do was ask! Jesus forgave all my failures and came to dwell in my life.

Since then, everything has turned around, it seems. I know the Holy Spirit is guiding me and will comfort me. The Lord is making Tricia and me into some-

thing beautiful, into just what He wants us to be.

Our household has become Jesus-centered. Our daughters have seen a great change in their mother and father. The Lord had reassured us that if we gently guide them and leave the rest to Him, He can help them find Him for themselves. They are active in a Christian fellowship and activities and are really moving on. The Pathfinder group now meets in our home.

I believe Tricia and I are going through the "refiner's fire" and being led into a double ministry. Our marriage has been healed and, after nearly two years of illness from mercury poisoning, I have

been healed. Now the Lord has also blessed us with a beautiful son, David.

I am studying a foundation Anglican course in preparation for further ministerial studies. I'm trusting my Father to help me since I have had little schooling.

Our large house is converted into holiday apartments. We are trusting the Lord to send the people He wants to stay with us. While they are here we cover them with prayer and have many wonderful times of fellowship.

Things get better and better every day. He is teaching us to trust Him. Of course, life sometimes gets a bit rough, but thanks to Jesus we always finish in victory. □

*Paul Knight was born in Guildford Surrey in 1947, and born again at the Post Green Community June 4, 1982. He is head groundsman at Ryde I.O.W. Golf Course, and was employed for eighteen years at Farnham Golf Club in Surrey. Paul is a member of the Isle of Wight Chapter, FGBMFI.*





1. From left: Steve, Richard and Demos Shakarian and Art Evanson join Rev. Paul Cain in praying for the thousands of mail requests received. 2. Int'l President Demos Shakarian ministers individually to more than 100 who come forward. 3. Left to right: Art Evanson, ID, introduces Executive Vice-President Tom Ashcraft. 4. And they worship Jesus.

**SASKATCHEWAN COUPLES ADVANCE**

**February 1-3, 1985**  
Hotel Saskatchewan, Regina  
Write: FGBMFI in Canada  
Box 3896  
Regina, SK S4N 1P9

**ILLINOIS STATE REGIONAL RALLY**

**February 6-9, 1985**  
Holiday Inn, Decatur  
Write: Mr. Howard Hite  
R.R. 1  
Dalton City, IL 61925

**SOUTH CENTRAL ONTARIO REGIONAL RALLY**

**February 8-9, 1985**  
Oshawa Holiday Inn  
Write: Mr. Sid Kamstra  
R.R. #1  
Hampton, ON L0B 1J0

**INLAND EMPIRE COUPLES' ADVANCE**

**February 8-10, 1985**  
North Shore Conv. Ctr.  
Coeur d'Alene  
Write: Mr. Peter Suter  
W. 2404 Seltice Way  
Post Falls, ID 83854

**WASHINGTON, D.C. INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL**

**February 14-16, 1985**  
Shoreham Hotel  
Write: Washington, D.C. Conv. Otc.  
Attn.: Mr. Ed Goings  
Box 350, Manassas, VA 22110

**GREATER EAST TEXAS AREA**

**February 14-16, 1985**  
Sheraton Inn, Tyler  
Write: Mr. Steve Riemann  
3506 Camron  
Tyler, TX 75701

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL**

**February 15-16, 1985**  
Miramar Hotel, Santa Barbara  
Write: Mr. Walter Wolf  
Box 3601  
Santa Barbara, CA 93130

**NEW JERSEY STATE COUPLES' ADVANCE**

**February 15-16, 1985**  
Star Lake Lodge, Bloomingdale  
Write: Mr. Doug List  
11 Andrew Jackson Ct.  
Cranbury, NJ 08512

**LUBBOCK-AMARILLO REGIONAL**

**February 21-23, 1985**  
Holiday Inn Civic Ctr., Lubbock  
Write: Mr. Virgel Merriott  
Box 64037  
Lubbock, TX 79464

**GREATER BAY AREA REGIONAL**

**Feb. 28-Mar. 2, 1985**  
Bay Bridge Holiday Inn, Emeryville  
Write: FGBMFI  
335 Adeline St.  
Oakland, CA 94607

**WISCONSIN COUPLES' ADVANCE**

**March 7-9, 1985**  
Royal Best Western, Stevens Point  
Write: FGBMFI, Box 20741  
Milwaukee, WI 53220

**COLUMBIA RIVER REGIONAL**

**March 7-9, 1985**  
Hanford House, Richland  
Write: Mr. Lewis Schweiger  
2122 Hudson Ave.  
Richland, WA 99352

**GREAT PLAINS REGIONAL**

**March 12-16, 1985**  
Holiday Inn Central, Omaha  
Write: Mr. Adrian Sivinski  
212 S. 89  
Omaha, NE 68114

**MID AMERICA CONVENTION**

**March 14-16, 1985**  
Holiday Inn & Holidome, Manhattan  
Write: Mr. Max Albert  
2809 Patty Dr.  
Salina, KS 67401

**SOUTHERN ILLINOIS REGIONAL**

**March 14-16, 1985**  
Southern Illinois University  
Carbondale  
Write: Mr. David Munson  
Box 2, Vergennes, IL 62994

**MONTANA STATE REGIONAL**

**March 21-23, 1985**  
Village Red Lion Inn, Missoula  
Write: Mr. David Rodli  
704 W. Sussex  
Missoula, MT 59801

**32ND WORLD CONVENTION**

**March 26-30, 1985**  
Olympic Park Entertainment Ctr.  
Melbourne, Australia  
Write: FGBMFI World Convention  
Box 156 Vermont  
Victoria, Australia 3133

**SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL**

**March 28-30, 1985**  
Sheraton Inn, Sturbridge  
Write: Mr. Blair Sanford  
20 Chidsey Rd.  
Avon, CT 06001

# CONVENTIONS

The first Greater Southern California Regional Convention of FGBMFI in six years was held at San Diego, California, November 22-24. It was the first regional-convention speaking engagement for International Founder/President Demos Shakarian since having a stroke in March, 1984.

Demos had announced in advance of the meeting that, during his recovery, God had told him to pray for the sick, and that he would be praying for physical and spiritual needs at San Diego.

Demos delivered a powerful message, then moved from the podium and ministered in the power of the Holy Spirit. Those who have known him for years agreed that they have never seen such an anointing upon Demos. It seemed that half of those at the banquet meeting came forward for prayer. As they were prayed for, most of these fell under the power of God.

The blessing of God was so evident throughout the convention that co-chairman Frank Foglio, international director, and Lee Mindt, convention coordinator, have scheduled a convention for November, 1985, anticipating an attendance of 2,000. □

## **NORTH DAKOTA STATE REGIONAL March 28-30, 1985**

Ramada Inn, Grand Forks  
Write: Mr. William J. King  
2822 Clover Drive  
Grand Forks, ND 58201

## **HILL COUNTRY SPRING MEN'S ADVANCE March 28-31, 1985**

Mo Ranch, Hunt  
Write: Mr. Wes Bush  
Box 5767  
Arlington, TX 76011

## **WILLAMETTE VALLEY MINI-CONVENTION March 29-30, 1985**

Hilton Hotel, Eugene  
Write: Mr. Stan Merrell  
90440 Hill Rd.  
Springfield, OR 97477

## **ANNUAL EAST TENNESSEE MEN'S ADVANCE March 29-31, 1985**

Wesley Woods Methodist Camp  
Townsend  
Write: Mr. Thomas W. Trout  
506 Sherwood Dr.  
Maryville, TN 37801

## **UNITED STATES NATIONAL July 2-6, 1985**

Dallas, Texas  
Write: FGBMFI National Convention  
Box 5050  
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

**Conventions published in  
this issue were approved  
on or before October 15.**

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: If experiencing difficulty in receiving *Voice*, please contact us immediately. If receiving more than one copy each month at the same address, or if there is variance in the way your name appears, please return undesired label. IF PLANNING TO MOVE, send label with your new address 60 days in advance to: FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

## **Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach**

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

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

**AUSTRALIA:** Echuca Chapter, Max Smith (054) 823-250. **CANADA:** Mont St-Hilaire Chapter, Jacques Philibert (no phone). **ENGLAND:** Camborne Chapter, E. John Bennetts 0736-796968. **UNITED STATES: ARKANSAS:** Magnolia Chapter, Leslie R. Kent (501) 234-5048. **CONNECTICUT:** Vernon Area Chapter, Kirk Walworth (203) 872-0160. **MINNESOTA:** Le Sueur Chapter, LeRoy Wagner (612) 665-2889. **NEW YORK:** Troy Chapter, Joseph Battisto (518) 477-2506. **OHIO:** Millersburg Chapter, LeRoy Mullet (216) 893-2266. **OREGON:** Oakridge Chapter, Max Greer (503) 782-3553. **PENNSYLVANIA:** Greene County Chapter, James Shriver (412) 627-7378. **TEXAS:** Humble-Kingwood Chapter, John W. Rood (713) 358-2073; Vernon Chapter, Ben McGregor (817) 552-6963. **WEST VIRGINIA:** Webster County Chapter, Robert Lewis (304) 847-2612. **WISCONSIN:** Stevens Point Chapter, Lowell Knapp, Jr. (414) 336-6540. **WEST INDIES:** **CURACAO NETHERLANDS ANTILLES:** Curacao Chapter, Ernst L. Oehlers 672321.

# 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 congregations 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.

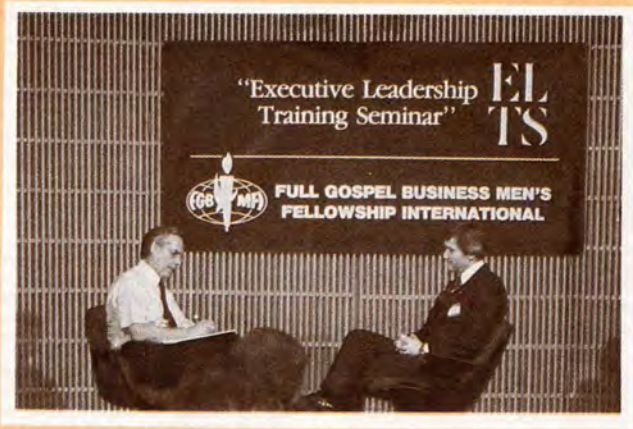
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# UPDATE!

Fellowship News from Here,  
There and Around the World



## **SUPER ADVANCED LEADERSHIP TRAINING SEMINARS**

The three 1984 Executive Leadership Training Seminars for international directors and field representatives of FGBMFI which were held in Costa Mesa, New York and Kansas City were so successful that the same training is now being offered to international directors, field representatives, chapter officers and members in all regions.

Scheduling of Super ALTS (Advanced Leadership Training Seminars) in twenty-two locations is planned so that no one need travel more than 200 miles to attend.

Every officer is urged to take advantage of this excellent opportunity to increase his leadership effectiveness and to discover biblical principles applicable to business as well as to chapter operation.

In addition, attendees learn how to exercise their God-given gifts in a way that strengthens and equips others; how to be a better husband and father; how to increase self-esteem and release hidden leadership potential; and how to develop new skills useful on the job and in God's service.

Subjects to be covered include the following: how to be a leader of men, family leadership opportunities, how-to's of explosive growth, coping with abuses and misuses of spiritual gifts, doubling your membership, the care and feeding of guest speakers, solving chapter financial problems, increasing chapter outreach and the effective use of local media.

A small fee is charged to cover the cost of training materials and each man will be responsible for his transportation, lodging and meals (including the Saturday luncheon and banquet).

Descriptive brochures complete with registration forms have been mailed to all members. Further information may be obtained by writing or phoning Super ALTS at the World Laymen's Headquarters of FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



# INTERNATIONAL

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

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

These international directors serve without remuneration, pay their own expenses, and contribute generously in support of this worldwide ministry.

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

They also serve as a point of contact for those interested in serving Christ through this organization, which includes men from almost every church affiliation and employers, employees and professionals who love the Lord and who are committed to bringing the full Gospel to a world in need.

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# The Challenge

Jay Jacobs, Auburn, California



## God has a way of using circumstances to draw you to Him

**W**hen people first hear the news that you've got cancer, usually their standard response is, "Sorry to hear about it." Secretly, they may be wondering just how much more time you have left to live, because it's common knowledge that cancer represents the major cause of death in the United States.

I know from first-hand experience that cancer need not be fatal. I had testicular carcinoma, which had spread through my lymph nodes to my neck. I was healed of it completely about three years

ago through the power of God and modern medicine.

Like many others, my story really begins before I met Jesus Christ. Growing up as a kid in Hawaii, I attended Catholic school. I was no juvenile delinquent, but I wasn't a Christian, either. My idea of a good time was to grab my surfboard after school, get down to the beach as fast as possible and ride the waves the rest of the day till sundown.

Also I loved to ski. Ever since I was nineteen, I worked at delivering office furniture for my father so that I could

save up enough money to go to Lake Tahoe and spend the winter on the slopes. Nothing could match the excitement and the sense of complete freedom that came from weaving your way down a steep, challenging ski run against the mountain-scenery background. I also took up golf.

God has a way of using circumstances to draw you to Him, though. One reason I used to like to go to Tahoe was to see a girl named Becki whom I'd known since I was nineteen. She lived about an hour away, in Auburn. At last, at the age of twenty-seven, I asked her to marry me.

Without my being aware of it, the night before our wedding in September of 1980, my stepmother Carol led Becki in a prayer to invite Jesus to be her personal Lord and Saviour.

I really knew very little about God, Jesus or the power of prayer. Yet God placed me in Auburn as a newlywed for a reason. The only business I knew was office furniture, so we started an office furniture store, operating the business out of the front room of our house.

Becki started to pray for a fully-equipped warehouse. At first I just looked on. Then I started looking into the Scriptures. I was definitely interested, curious. Soon I joined her in prayer.

About two weeks later I got a call from a guy who had almost exactly what we had prayed for: a warehouse with a roll-up door, an office, restroom and small showroom. We had only \$300 left after purchasing the stock. Although the rent was \$600 per month, he said he'd let us in for \$300 the first month. For the very

first time I began to realize that not only is there a God; He hears and answers people's prayers.

Three months passed. By this time Becki was baptized in the Holy Spirit, I was reading the Bible and Becki's uncle, Cliff Powell, had invited me to a couple of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meetings. But I still wasn't saved. I still didn't know what it meant to have a personal relationship with Jesus.

At an FGBMFI meeting in Oakland I saw some miraculous healings: deaf people hearing, legs growing out, bad

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### **The deaf were hearing, legs growing out, skin cancer disappearing**

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backs getting straight, skin cancer disappearing. I knew the healing power of God was real, because I was sitting right there when it came upon people.

After several meetings like this, one day in 1981, without anything fancy or mysterious happening, I asked Jesus to come and live within my own heart. At that moment I became born again.

I knew nothing about being baptized in the Holy Spirit or speaking in tongues. At another FGBMFI convention in Turlock in 1980, however, a man named Enoch Christoffersen explained the Baptism, prayed for me to receive it, and within a few moments I myself was praying in tongues. It happened so quickly, yet it has forever changed the direction of my life.

Becki and I prayed for the business, and God just kept increasing it. This was

during a lull when nothing was happening and interest rates were at 20 percent.

Spiritually, I still had a long way to go. I didn't know that God can use adversity as a means of making you stretch and grow.

One day I noticed a lump on the side of my neck—not as big as a golf ball, perhaps, but it seemed big enough to me. When I consulted a doctor about it, he gave me some penicillin and assured me, "Don't worry, this will go away." Instead, another month went by and it was bigger. Then another lump appeared next to the first one.

My doctor sent me to a specialist. After examining me, he took an unusually deep breath before speaking. He didn't have to tell me what was wrong; from the way he acted, I already knew it could be cancer.

In most cases, once cancer appears on your neck you are in the final stages. The doctors said the disease had already spread all through my body. The back pain I had had for months was not from lifting furniture, but from a tumor pressing against my kidney.

I was scheduled for surgery the next day—hopefully, to remove a cyst. But after my three hours in surgery, Becki realized something was seriously wrong. I was released the next day to Becki's parents' home, where we stayed during this time. Three days later the doctor called and insisted upon talking with Becki, not me.

Becki came to the foot of my bed, started to speak, then broke down in tears. I told her I already knew what it was. "But, Becki, I talked to Jesus about

it, and He said I'm going to be okay." We both wept with joy.

The peace of Jesus settled down over both of us, and it passed all understanding, just like the Word says in Philippians 4:7. Becki became my prayer partner. Both of us knew that God could work a miracle in my body.

Within nine days I had had two surgeries and many uncomfortable tests. It was three weeks before the doctors could determine the kind of cancer I had.

I asked Dr. Roschak, my cancer oncologist, "Do you believe in miracles?"

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## One day I noticed a lump on the side of my neck

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He responded by informing me that about 1 percent of all cancer cases subside on their own. I countered, "You are going to see God work a miracle in my life."

In order to obtain the treatment he recommended, I decided to go to the medical center most noted for this procedure. But when I was situated in my room at Indiana University Hospital in Indianapolis, our peace left. Becki, her mother Deloris and I all felt such an unrest, even though everything about the hospital was wonderful.

When I had been there two days, Becki and I were speaking God's promises back and forth to each other when suddenly we both began to pray fervently. We stopped just as suddenly. I looked at Becki. "Jesus told me, 'Get out of the

boat and I'll take care of you.'"

Just then the phone rang. It was a man named David Byram from FGBMFI World Headquarters. He shared with me that at the Lord's leading he had "gotten out of the boat" and ever since has been miraculously healed of cancer.

God may not tell everybody to do what we did, but we knew we had touched the hem of His garment. Even though we had spent thousands of dollars already just to go to Indianapolis, we returned home without the treatments. The doctors warned us that if we did I wouldn't live six months.

We asked Dr. Roschak in Auburn to give me the standard treatments.

Through prayer, the power of God can be unleashed into any situation. A number of times as Becki and I prayed, the tumors on my neck would get smaller. The next morning they would be back to their previous size.

Enoch Christoffersen, Cliff Powell and Ronnie Svenhard, three FGBMFI men—all of them international directors—took the time to call me about once a week to pray, and often the tumors would get hot and start shrinking. In the morning they would be back to their former size, and growing.

After the Christmas holidays, 1981, I had to go into the hospital. By this time I was beginning to feel sick. My back had been sore for six months, even though I never stopped working, to my doctor's amazement.

For the next four days I underwent chemotherapy, which left me feeling horrible. I didn't know which was worse, the cancer or the drugs.

One afternoon I just said, "God, I give up. You're going to have to do something. I put it all in Your hands."

About a half hour later I was sitting on the couch feeling like a whipped dog. All at once the tumors on my neck started to burn. Within an hour they had shrunk away to nothing. The next thing I knew, all the other tumors in my body began to burn away.

Sick, weak and exhausted, I hardly knew what was going on. But within a few hours all the tumors I could feel were gone.

Six months later, every followup test and CAT scan was negative, although I did choose to finish out the chemotherapy treatments because I had committed to do it.

When Becki and I finally received even the medical world's final confirmation, we sat in our car and cried with joy at this wonderful work the Lord had performed.

That was three years ago. The doctors said that if it didn't recur within the first year, the cancer would not come back. While I welcomed that confirmation, I didn't need it. From the beginning I had expected God to work a miracle and He had given us His peace. Dr. Roschak had seen it. When it was all over he said, "You two never change!"

Since that time I've traveled a number of times to Central and South America on FGBMFI airlifts. I've met the president of Peru and shared my testimony in the Peruvian jungle with more than 3,000 school children. They all accepted Jesus.

In a Baptist church in Belize, people came forward with all sorts of ailments—

back trouble, bumps, tumors, you name it. After we prayed for them their backs straightened out, their tumors and lumps disappeared, and God healed every one of them. They kept leaving the meeting to bring their friends back with them, and it seemed that the healing line had no end.

One of my greatest joys is to pray for the sick and to see them get healed. When I was battling this dread disease, three prayer warriors—a real-estate developer, a baker, and a former turkey-grower—were steadfast in their prayer for me and their encouragement. With the help of modern medicine and the power of Almighty God, I'm alive and I've learned to value every opportunity each day gives me for God. □



*Prior to becoming owner of Jacobs Office Furniture in 1980, Jay Jacobs studied two years at Sierra College in Rocklin and was employed for seven years by Wholesale Office Furniture in Hawaii. He is president of the Auburn Chapter, FGBMFI, and he and his wife Becki attend Calvary Chapel, Grass Valley.*

## SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Why not make your eternal decision now:

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

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



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



## FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S **VOICE**

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(714) 754-1400

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### WHO ARE WE?

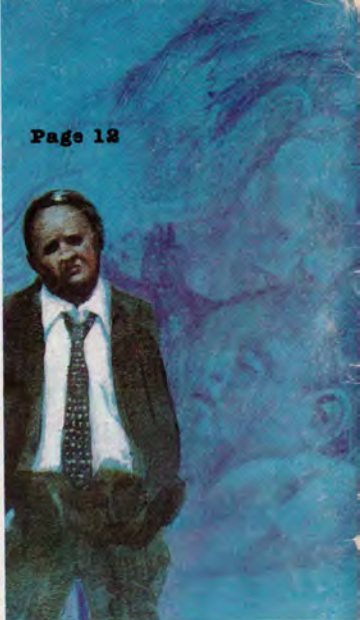
Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere in the world being brought to Jesus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

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



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