



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

DECEMBER 1973

25c



Home for Christmas



ONLY A FEW MONTHS after my conversion experience, Jean and I were married in the same beautiful Nazarene country chapel in Hollywood, Maryland, where I had accepted Christ as my Saviour. Two weeks after our marriage my U.S. Navy squadron deployed to the Mediterranean for a six-month stay.

I did a lot of reading over there. It was exciting to read God's Word as God's child, and the hours were further sweetened by the precious

letters from my brand new bride 5,000 miles away.

Every word in the Bible seemed personally written just for me. As belief grew I began to claim the promises there, especially the well-known building block of faith in John 14:13. That passage was changing my thinking about God. Believing every word, I laid a challenge and a vow before the Lord, saying, "Jesus, it's impossible for me to be home this Christmas. There's just no way. But you said anything I ask for

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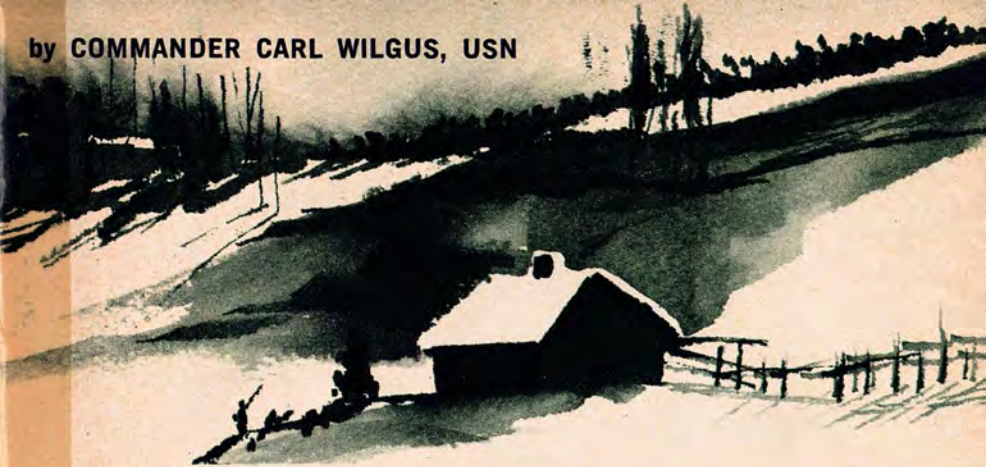
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in your name you would do so that the Father may be glorified in the Son. Well, Lord Jesus, I pray to be home with my beautiful bride on Christmas day. Even though I know it can't happen in the natural, I promise that if you can do that for us I'll never doubt you in all my life and I'll testify for you everywhere."

Five days before Christmas the commanding officer called me in and said, "Wilgus, pack your bags. You're going back to the home base as officer-in-charge of the detachment

there." I got home on Christmas Eve. Jean could hardly believe it. Even I wasn't sure it was real until I called her from the airfield. She just screamed for joy!

What a wonderful Christmas gift, right from the Lord. I have never since doubted the truth of God's amazing promises and have been testifying to His goodness ever since, both in churches and throughout the military. Our God is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think! ■

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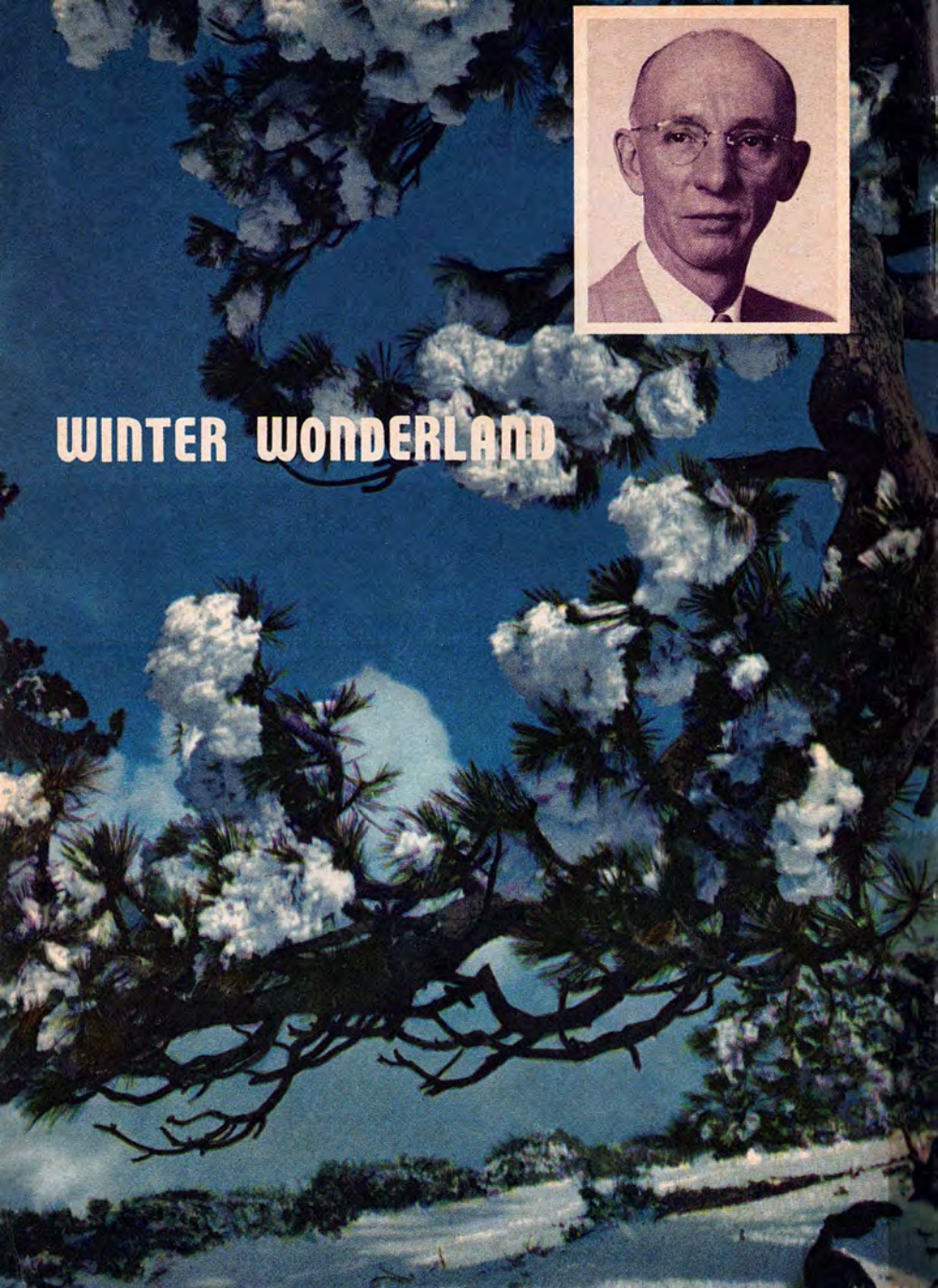
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WINTER WONDERLAND



by GLENN O. RANDALL

Professor Emeritus, North Carolina State University; Elder, Presbyterian Church; Organizer and Past President, Raleigh, N.C. Chapter of FGBMFI; President, Association of Eastern N.C. chapters of FGBMFI.

"They shall bring forth fruit in old age . . ." (Psalm 92:14).

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? At age seventy-five I am "walking in a winter wonderland" of heretofore unknown blessings—enjoying the fullness of God's love in the December of my years!

The story of my natural spring-summer-fall existence is that of the usual routine of elementary school, high school and college, earning a living as a university professor, indulging in some worldly pleasures, experiencing some disappointments and even tragedies—and trying all the while to work my way to heaven via the church. Then, at age sixty-five an entirely new life began for me! Let me tell you about it!

I was reared as an only child by parents of high moral standards who believed in the values of education and the teachings of the Methodist faith. As a child I was taken to Sunday school, then to the worship services each Sunday, which had the effect, in addition to teaching me some of the doctrines of the Christian faith, of establishing in me the commendable habit of going to church.

On September 19, 1932, I was

married to a lovely, well-educated young lady who was a member of the Presbyterian Church. After deciding that we should select a church in which to raise our family, we chose the then new West Raleigh Presbyterian Church, which had only a hundred or so members, a large percentage of whom were on the faculty at North Carolina State University, as was I. Since this was a young church with a young minister, who was a personal friend of mine even before we became members, the situation obviously provided an opportunity for our immediate involvement in church activities. I was soon elected to the board of deacons, and later became church treasurer, chairman of the board, elder, clerk of the session, clerk of the congregation, chairman of the Christian education committee, member of the building committee for a new sanctuary, and member of the pulpit committee.

Works! Works! But the way to heaven is not through works. Jesus said: "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, did we not . . . by thy name do many mighty works?

And then will I profess unto them, *I never knew you*: depart from me, ye that work iniquity" (Matt. 7:22,23).

One day, after more than thirty years of works as a good churchman, the Lord put this thought into my mind: *Surely there must be more to Christianity than taking part in numerous time-consuming, sometimes boring, meetings of deacons, elders, and various committees!* Thus began a search for a deeper Christian experience.

In the summer of 1955, while she was visiting her mother and sister in San Francisco, my wife received the baptism in the Holy Spirit! She came home bubbling over with joy and a desire to witness, but because of my lack of understanding, her attempts to witness to me were squelched. In fact, I thought she had been led into some sort of an emotional experience that might necessitate psychiatric treatment. However, after keeping her under close observation, I was surprised to find that in the main she talked and acted quite normally.

About that time my wife came into possession, through one of her Full Gospel friends, of copies of VOICE magazine, which she left lying around in conspicuous locations where I would be sure to see them and out of curiosity read some of the testimonies of men who had received spiritual experiences similar to those with

which she had been blessed. But my wife's actions did not have the desired effect; instead, those copies of VOICE were promptly placed in my wastepaper basket. After all, I thought, who wants to read the writings of a bunch of "religious fanatics?"

One afternoon my wife was playing a tape recording of Derek Prince's testimony as I came into the house. For some strange reason I did not turn around and walk out but decided to sit down and listen for a few minutes. The Lord had led her to select the right tape, for the longer I listened, the more interested I became. Here was an unusually well-educated man with a brilliant mind, made evident by a high scholastic record and by the fact that he had been a professor of philosophy at Cambridge University. I was further impressed by the eloquent, forceful, and yet unemotional way in which he gave his testimony. My interest increased as Prince told how the Lord had led him into the glorious experience of the baptism in the Holy Spirit in the privacy of his room. The obvious question in my mind was: *If this is true, what more does Christianity have to offer?* Thus, as soon as my wife finished playing the tape, I said, "I must meet this man Prince and have a talk with him." Of course it did not take my wife long to find out and report to me that Derek Prince was to be one of the

principal speakers at a series of meetings to be held that summer at Elim Bible College at Lima, near Rochester, New York. And when I suggested that we use a part of our summer vacation to attend those meetings in Lima, my wife was enthusiastic.

My search for a deeper Christian experience had started sometime during the year 1963. On March 30, Easter Monday, in 1964 our sixteen-year-old son and two of his friends lost their lives in a tragic sailboat accident on Kerr Lake near Henderson, North Carolina. He was the youngest of our four children, two daughters and two sons, and he was all that any parent could hope for—strong, healthy, intelligent, considerate, quiet, obedient, industrious, loving—and his many friends said they considered him a leader. He and I had a very precious relationship in that our vocational interests were similar, since I was a horticulturist and he had a profound interest in plants and plant growing. His death was a traumatic experience for my wife and me, and our Christian faith was all that enabled us to withstand our grief. To strengthen this faith, and to bring peace to our hearts, the Lord made a verse of scripture very real to us, "All things work together for good to those who love God and are the called according to His purpose" (Romans 8:28). One of the effects of the loss of our son was that

of creating even a *greater* interest in my search for a more satisfying Christian experience. I retired July 1, 1964 at the age of sixty-five from North Carolina State University as Professor Emeritus of Horticultural Science, and in August 1964 we drove to Lima to hear and meet Derek Prince.

After registering for the meetings we arranged for a room near Elim Bible College, the place where the meetings were to be held. Attending such was a new experience for me and quite an interesting initiation into the Full Gospel movement. The Lord seemed to be giving the messages through the speakers. At least they were uninhibited by notes or manuscripts, and the audience showed signs of being uninhibited by giving forth vigorous "amens" in support of the speakers. Then, to supplement profound doctrinal statements, an occasional message in tongues would come forth from someone in the audience, followed by an interpretation from another person. This was all new to me and a bit difficult to understand. In fact, it seemed to me that at least one of the speakers thought that God was deaf when he prayed, and that he was speaking especially to those in the audience who had lost their normal sense of hearing. Finally this man's speech became so loud that I could not endure the reverberations any longer, so I got

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Roland Capps came to God the hard way. A successful businessman, he had been warned on two separate occasions by a friend, Norvel Hayes, speaking under the unction of the Holy Spirit, to "get right with God or suffer the consequences." One and a half years later, Roland was behind bars, a broken man. This is his story . . .



TALK ABOUT CHRISTMAS PRESENTS—I received a wonderful one from the most unlikely person in the world, the judge of the Federal Court in Indianapolis, Indiana, before whom I had pleaded guilty to counterfeiting, interstate transportation of stolen property, and forged securities! But after all, when you stop to figure it out, the gift was really from the Lord.

I was saved about three and a half years ago—not at a church altar but in the Marion County Jail. Regardless of *where* you are, if your heart honestly cries out to the Lord He will come instantly to your side—even through thick walls and iron bars.

I had just left the Federal Court to have a hearing on bond reduction. They had agreed to accept my property as bond to let me out for a couple of weeks, but my wife wouldn't sign the property bond because she had found a passport among my papers and thought maybe I was going to leave the country. So I went back to the Marion County Jail to await sentence. Of course at that time I didn't know the Lord.

It was 2:30 that hot Friday afternoon when I returned to the jail. I had a top bunk and the temperature was about 120 degrees or more up there. In a sweat-box like that the heat rash breaks out all over you

and there is no medication to ease the itching and irritation that plagues you twenty-four hours a day. At night the plastic mattress intensifies the heat.

I was lying there with a red washcloth over my face to keep the perspiration from dripping down into my eyes, and had the feeling that no one in all the world cared for me. Prior to that I had always thought that I didn't need anybody—that I could do everything by myself. But now as my mind dwelt on my utter aloneness, suddenly there came a kind of comforting glow and a voice somewhere inside me seemed to whisper, "There's always the Lord. If you will cast your cares on me I'll take care of you."

Unknown to me, Jack Stewart and Norvel Hayes, the latter being a director in the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, had been holding me up in prayer in their church and had claimed my soul for salvation. I believe it was for this reason that I gave my heart to Jesus right there and then. Later, when they came to visit me, one look at my face told them I had accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, and that their prayers had been answered.

Two weeks later my wife signed the property bond and I was allowed to leave the jail. Norvel, knowing I

was out, invited me to a revival meeting. I had told God that if I were released I would do anything He wanted me to. Nevertheless when Norvel called I started to give him some excuse; but immediately the Spirit of the Lord warned, "Roland, you had better go."

The meetings were being held at the All Faiths Chapel on Washington Street. When I walked in with Norvel and sat down beside him, the people had their hands lifted in prayer and praise. Of course, lacking spiritual discernment, I wondered what was wrong with them. When several got up and spoke in tongues, I *knew* they were all crazy! But later that night, on the way home, I myself began to sing in tongues as I meditated upon the Lord, and I knew then that there *was* something to this experience. Almost as soon as I arrived home, Jack called me to explain "tongues"—and I told him what had happened.

I attended that revival for a couple of weeks, then had to return to court. There I was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison with modification of sentence in ninety days. This is usually done to put a prisoner under observation.

I was sent to the Louisville Penitentiary, where I prayed that I would find Christian fellowship with one or two of the inmates at least. I did, and those two fellows and I initiated some Bible study programs. Because there had been a knifing in the prison

chapel it had been closed and locked, so we had to meet elsewhere.

There is a scripture that says if two people agree on a thing it shall be done. I know now by experience that God wasn't speaking aimlessly when He promised that, and that He will keep His promise if we will just believe and meet the requirements.

One morning as I was passing the chapel the Spirit spoke to me and said, "I want you to go into the chapel every morning that you are here, and pray a prayer which I will give you. That prayer is to the effect that anyone who has anything to do with processing your papers will be moved to have compassion and *grant you a three-year probation before Christmas.*"

When I asked a guard to open the chapel (it was still locked) he said he wasn't allowed to do so. "Why do you want it opened?" he asked, and I replied, "I want to go in and pray." I guess he must have had compassion because he went to the tower and got another person who then got somebody else to open the chapel. After that it was left unlocked and I went in daily and prayed the prayer God had given me.

The marshall brought me back to Indianapolis, and on December 21st I was taken to court. As I stood before Judge Steckler, the Spirit told me to pray that same prayer again, and I silently did so. The judge looked at me intently for several minutes,

then said, "Young man, all those who have had anything to do with your paper work have recommended probation." Then he turned to the man from the FBI and asked his opinion. Of course he recommended an executed sentence. (Since the FBI was not involved in the paper work, I had not thought of including it in my prayers!) The judge turned back to me and asked if I had anything to say. I told him that because of my acceptance of Christ I now had a completely changed heart, and that if prison was for rehabilitation, I felt

that Jesus had already rehabilitated me.

Judge Steckler sat quietly for a moment, while I held my breath, then he issued his verdict: *"Three year's probation—and Merry Christmas, young man!"*

That was just four days before Christmas. After having the possibility of a twenty-five-year prison sentence removed, a man doesn't need any other Christmas present. My Bible says in Psalm 37, "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart." ■

FGBMFI DECEMBER TAPE MINISTRY

Southern California Men's "Advance," Camp Cedar Crest

☐ 73-MA4-1, **Dick Mills**, "A Winning Attitude"; ☐ 73-MA4-2, **Ken Copeland**, "His Workmanship"; ☐ 73-MA4-3, **Warden L. D. Harvey**, Huntsville, Texas, and **Dick Mills**; ☐ 73-MA4-4, **Demos Shakarian**, "Personally Speaking"; ☐ 73-MA4-5, **Ken Copeland**, "His Workmanship in Action"; ☐ 73-MA4-6, **Dick Mills**, "Forgiveness."

Check desired tapes, and whether on ☐ 5", ☐ 7", or ☐ cassette.

Harrisburg, Pa. Teaching Convention (on cassette only)

☐ 3H01, **Judson Cornwall**, "Purpose of Praise," ☐ 3H02, "Pattern of Praise," ☐ 3H03, "Covenant of Praise," ☐ 3H04, "Problems of Praise"; ☐ 3H05, **Malcolm Smith**, "The Judge of Israel," ☐ 3H06, "Jesus Our Shepherd," ☐ 3H07, "Jesus Our Peace"; ☐ 3H08, **James Spillman**, of Melodyland, Anaheim, Calif.; ☐ 3H09, **John Poole**, of Philadelphia, Pa.; ☐ 3H10, **Charles and Frances Hunter**, of Houston, Texas.

Delaware Valley Regional Convention (on cassette only)

☐ 3D01, **Jamie Buckingham**, Thursday Evening, ☐ 3D03, Friday Afternoon; ☐ 3D06, **John Poole**, Saturday Afternoon.

\$5.00 each; any five for \$20.00; any ten for \$40.00

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WINTER WONDERLAND

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up and left the meeting. However, I was favorably impressed by the friendliness of the people and the love they seemed to have for everyone.

We soon had an opportunity to meet Derek Prince and his wife and invited them to be our guests for lunch, which afforded an opportunity to become acquainted and have Christian fellowship. We had prayer together in my car after lunch, when I let it be known that I was seeking a deeper spiritual experience. I did not receive such an experience at that time, but this and the meetings that followed seemed to be a period of preparation and enlightenment.

On the way back to Raleigh we stopped at Parkesburg, Pennsylvania, for the Saturday night meeting at the historic Upper Octorora United Presbyterian Church, a Full Gospel meeting that had been started many months before by the minister, James H. Brown, and held each Saturday night since its inception, a meeting we had heard attracted not only local people but those from as far as hundreds of miles away who were in search of spiritual food.

On this particular Saturday night, in the absence of Pastor Brown who was away on a speaking engagement in Canada, a member of the church, Dr. Rodney Johnson, a scientist in charge of space research at General Electric laboratories, officiated. This

was another meeting where I sensed an atmosphere of Christian love and the presence of the Holy Spirit in great force. I was especially impressed by the way Dr. Johnson conducted the meeting. There was no formal program; instead he seemed to be following the leading of the Holy Spirit. The audience would be led in singing a few choruses, then someone would bring a word of testimony, followed by more singing, then a message in a heavenly language followed by an interpretation. As the meeting progressed, someone sent word to Dr. Johnson that the Simpson Singers from Philadelphia were present. He called on this black couple with shining faces to bring a message in song. It was the first time I had heard anyone sing in the Spirit, and I was impressed.

This meeting amazed me. I never knew what was coming next, yet I was left with the impression that everything was done in order. The climactic experience came toward the end of the service when someone in the very back of the room came forth with a beautiful prophecy. It proved to be coming through Rev. Brown, who had returned unexpectedly ahead of schedule! I was now thoroughly convinced that there had been a void in my Christian experience, and that these Full Gospel people were in a different dimension from the one in which I found myself—a dimension that would fill the void in my life

if I could reach it.

During the interval between August 1964 and February 1965 there was time for meditation. As I reflect, it was a time of following the leading of the Holy Spirit, even though I was then not conscious of such a leading.

The Lord worked through my wife and a dear saint, Mrs. Mittie Watters,



Glenn Randall has been a "mobile advertisement" for the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International for several years.

to let me know about a Christian organization known as the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, which was to have a regional convention in Washington, D.C. the last week in February. I had a feeling that such an organization might have something to offer that would help me to find that for which I had been seeking. Thus I felt led to suggest to my wife that we attend this convention, since it was open to women as well as men.

We arrived in Washington on Thursday afternoon, February 25, 1965 in time for the first meeting that night at the Shoreham Hotel. When we stepped into that beautiful ballroom where about 2,000 people were seated, I immediately became conscious of the same unusual spiritual

presence that I had felt on that Saturday night in the little church in Parkesburg, Pennsylvania. Even the meeting was conducted in much the same way—without a set program, but orderly. It lasted about three hours, but I became so absorbed that I did not notice the passage of time.

We were up early the next morning for the breakfast meeting, which was even more interesting—beautiful music, very enlightening personal testimonies of prominent business men, messages in heavenly languages, and finally a dynamic message from a man who spoke fluently, with no manuscript or notes!

After the meeting, which lasted from 8:00 to 11:00 a.m. but without a moment of boredom on my part, we went to the hotel dining room for lunch, where we met a most attractive couple by the name of Mr. and Mrs. F. Ogburn Yates who were also from North Carolina. (My wife had previously known Mrs. Yates in Raleigh.) Demos Shakarian came in and we were introduced to him. My wife asked him to pray for us and he did so immediately, right there in the center of the Shoreham Hotel dining room, with his arms around our shoulders!

During the course of our conversation, I let Ogburn Yates know that I was seeking more of what the Lord has to offer. He seemed to be very understanding and asked if I would

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by HENRY W. BAXTER, JR.

Plumbing and Heating Contractor,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

IT WAS A FEW DAYS before Christmas in 1963 and the center city streets of Philadelphia were jammed with the usual elated and belated shoppers. One of the winter's heaviest snowstorms was softly falling, draping the otherwise drab streets and sidewalks in sparkling finery.

My men and I were working in the basement of the Baptist Building on 17th Street, making an emergency replacement of a boiler that had given out at the worst possible time. There was no heat throughout this large building and we were under pressure to get the new boiler in as quickly as possible. All of us had been working long hours to keep up with an unusual amount of emergencies that had seemed to crop up just before the holidays.

Along with these problems I had an even greater emergency built up within me. I felt much like that boiler that had reached its breaking point and come to its end. As I thought back over my life I wondered why the Lord had seemingly led me to such a place of despair.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS



As a boy of fifteen, while at military school, I had made a commitment to Jesus Christ. My Christian mother had encouraged all her children to believe in the person of Jesus Christ and to accept Him as Saviour. We were all members of the Presbyterian Church.

During my teens I was greatly encouraged through the ministry of Rev. Percy Crawford and his radio program, The Young People's Church of the Air. Besides his weekly radio programs, he held large youth gatherings throughout the eastern seaboard, bringing thousands to the Lord, and established summer camps and witnessing clubs for these young Christians.

After graduation from the Freehold Military School and the Friends Central School I entered Wheaton College in Wheaton, Illinois.

My father had been in the plumbing, heating and construction business, and my grandfather before him. I, too, seemed to inherit a mechanical aptitude and found working with my hands a source of great pleasure. Thus after completing three years in college I went to work for my father who was ready to retire and wanted someone to take over his business.

In His time the Lord led me to the girl I was to marry. She was a student at the Philadelphia College of the Bible and a member of the Baptist Church in Ocean City, New Jersey. After her graduation we set

our wedding date, December 6, 1941. Before that eventful day, however, I was drafted into the U.S. Army, and our country declared war on the Axis powers the day after our wedding.

During my four and one-half years of military service, I was stationed over half of the time in England, France and Germany. Assigned to a medical field hospital, I was part of the Utah Beachhead invasions. On many occasions I saw the hand of the Lord leading and protecting me. One such experience took place at the Main River in Frankfurt, Germany. I was in a large Diamond T prime-mover along with approximately twenty-five men. Due to the blackout we were driving without lights as we approached two parallel bridges that crossed the river. It was pitch dark. One bridge was barricaded and the other was open for traffic. I drove across the open bridge for about fifty feet; then the Lord spoke to my heart, and said, "Henry, stop this truck. Get out and walk forward." I instantly obeyed, and had not proceeded too far in the darkness when *I suddenly realized the center span of the bridge was gone!* Thanking the Lord for His goodness, I lost no time in backing my truck off and onto the other bridge for a safe crossing. Frankfurt was already occupied by Allied troops, but some of the enemy who had remained behind to harass us had apparently taken the barricades away from the bombed bridge

and put them across the good one, leaving the damaged bridge open for traffic.

I returned home in October of 1945 to be reunited with my wife Jeanne and our son Wes. Except for sixty-six boils, I had come through the war without an injury.

The years that followed passed quickly with the arrival of another son, Jonathan, and a daughter, Judith. These were happy, rewarding years, with the Lord blessing and providing our needs. We eventually moved into my parents' home—a home Father had built for Mother shortly after their marriage. We were able to have large informal gatherings where the Gospel was presented and the Word of God studied. The Lord gave us many opportunities to be witnesses for Him through our church, our business, and our ministries of prison work and children's work in our home.

About 1955 I started to receive through the mail a regular monthly invitation to attend a breakfast meeting at Philadelphia's Bellevue Stratford Hotel, held by a group of men known as the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. While I was not at all familiar with any of the men in this group, I had heard that they believed that the gifts of the Holy Spirit were still available for today's Christians. Apart from that I really knew nothing about them.

Each month I would rip this invitation in two and throw it away. I did notice, however, that in the upper right-hand corner of the paper there was a picture of a man, and under it the name, Earl Prickett, Chapter President.

In 1961, one week after the Billy Graham Crusade in Philadelphia, in which my wife and I had been counselors, I began to experience severe pains in my back. For one year I suffered, finally undergoing an operation for the removal of two discs. Naturally this prolonged illness had a profound effect on our family life and financial circumstances. One change after another took place, each one removing us farther from the place of blessing and security we had once enjoyed.

As the darkness seemed to be closing in around us, my wife would often remark, at the time the monthly invitation would come from the FGBMFI, "Henry, perhaps those men really have something that could help to lift our spirits;" but I continued to ignore them.

We then began to see a distinct change in the personality of our second son, Jonathan, and decided that the pressures we had been living under for some time had affected his nerves, never suspecting that somehow he had gotten involved with taking pills—perhaps the very drugs I had been using to overcome the pain I was still experiencing with

my back. This was in 1963—the beginning of what is now known as the “drug generation.” We had no way of knowing how deep Jonathan’s problems were, not being familiar with his symptoms. So much has since been written to inform parents, but we were at a complete loss to understand his disinterest in school, unpredictable behaviour, and extreme moods.

His problems were ultimately going to lead us through five different treatment centers in an attempt to help him. There was much prayer going up to the Lord for him, but Jonathan seemed so confused, frustrated and unable to grasp the help he needed.

I remember so well the day he drove home from church with us when he was just a small boy, and announced, “I feel so good! I accepted Jesus as my Saviour today.” Jonathan was a deep-thinking little boy and loved to read. One summer he received a citation from our local library for having read so many books. He also had a very sensitive heart for the things of the Lord. In our family devotions he was anxious to take part, and asked many searching questions.

But here he was in his teens and seemed to have lost his way. We, too, were walking a path we did not understand. At each of the places where he was taken to receive help we saw a host of young people in the same state he was in, and our

hearts were burdened for them.

Again, however, we saw evidences of the Lord’s mercy from time to time. One such took place early one Sunday morning as we were driving to Maryland to visit Jon. It was a cold, icy, February day. We were rounding a curve when a large aluminum-body trailer truck approached us. All at once a solid piece of ice, the whole length of the truck slid off the top and flew through the air toward us, breaking into three pieces as it came. Only the first piece crashed through the driver’s side of the windshield. Instantly a hole the size of a football appeared, and glass fragments of all sizes were showered throughout the car. There was glass sticking every place, even inside my suit which was covered by my overcoat. The miracle was that not one tiny splinter had pierced any member of our family! Needless to say, we sang all the way back home that day in spite of the circumstances.

But on this December day in 1963, working on the boiler in the Baptist Building I was so tired, so broken-hearted and discouraged. I had only shortly before taken Jon to the fifth place for treatment. I was over \$18,000 in debt due to his medical bills and mine. Our house had been auctioned off to help pull us out of additional indebtedness. If ever anyone needed a touch of God for revitalization and new power, I did.

A man got off the freight elevator

in the basement and came over to where we were working. Without introducing himself he cheerfully announced he had come to check the oil tank. He was all dressed up with a grey homburg, grey topcoat, and cufflinks. I'll have to admit he was not treated very cordially, since he looked out of place with the rest of us. When he asked if the tank had a manhole cover, I replied that I really didn't know and went on with my work. He quickly removed his hat and coat, pulled a ladder over, climbed to the top of this tall tank and then back down. Putting his hat and coat back on, he thanked us very warmly and left.

I had gotten a good look at the man's face and it seemed so familiar. As I heard the freight elevator close with a bang and go up to the street level, an inner voice said, "That was Earl Prickett." I thought, "Who is Earl Prickett?" Then I remembered those monthly notices from the FGBMFI and that picture in the corner. I ran for the freight elevator—then impatiently waited five minutes for it to come, praying all the while, "*Lord, if you sent that man here for me, hold him!*"

When I finally got up to the street level I ran out into the vestibule and then to the sidewalk. All I saw was the crush of happy Christmas shoppers. As I turned around and walked dejectedly back into the building, far back in the rear corner of the vesti-



**JONATHAN
BAXTER:**

"My need has brought me straight to my knees."

bule I noticed a telephone booth—and standing inside was Earl Prickett making a call!

Needless to say, that was the Lord's appointment for me to really find out how misinformed I had been about this group called the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. In January I attended my first meeting. There I saw and felt a presence of great love and a demonstration of the power of the Lord with authority that I had needed for many years.

Both my wife and I realized our need for the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and we received this gift with rejoicing. Our daughter Judy received her portion on the Mount of Olives while we were on an airlift to Israel with the Fellowship in 1969. She is now a student at Oral Roberts University. Our son Wes and his wife Ruth have been helping to run a coffee house and half-way home for troubled young people in Philadelphia.

Our circumstances did not change overnight, but we seemed to be filled with a new joy and a supernatural power to face the deep waters we were yet to go through. Familiar with the "faith chapter" in the Book of Hebrews, our faith was in a living God and we had committed Jonathan to Him. We can now only lean on verses 39 and 40 of the 11th chapter—"And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us . . ."—for on November 2, 1967, despite all we had tried to do for him, our nineteen-year-old son departed this life. Written on his guitar music book was the following poem:

If I had the eyes of a blind man,
my friend,

I could grant thee forgiveness, on
and on again.

But I can't forget, nor neither for-
give

For the way, painfully, I must live.
My soul is transparent, secrets I
cannot hide.

It's just me and my fantasies locked
here inside.

I've thrown away the key, I'm in
one of my mind's dark seas,

But my need has brought me
straight to my knees.

In childhood's darkest hours I have
yearned for love.

I've gone out in the crowds, kicked,
shouted and shoved.

I'm now nineteen years and so

mixed by fears,

And the thing that scares me most
in my small mind—

I'm searching for images which
are smeared by time,

And the hardest of all is my iden-
tity to find.

The names John and Jonathan mean "Gift of God." My wife and I feel that our son was indeed God's gift to us. Jonathan taught us many truths that we needed to know about the sensitive spirits of young people. He was a very loving boy and we thank the Lord for the privilege of having had him for as long as we did.

There was another John who met an untimely death, and it was prophesied before his birth that he would "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; to make ready for the Lord a people prepared for the Lord" (Luke 1:17).

In January of 1974 it will be ten years since I attended my first Full Gospel Business Men's meeting. They have been ten years of new beginnings. We have in time seen the Lord restore to us everything that was taken from us physically and financially, and He has promised to restore to us spiritual children a hundredfold to take the place of Jonathan.

Our prayer is that through this testimony, mothers, fathers, children will be drawn together in a great bond of love and understanding for one another in the Lord. ■



* * * **Christmas "PLUS"** * * *



"Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God, so that things which are seen were not made of things which do appear"
(Hebrews 11:3).

EINSTEIN'S THEORY of relativity, which has been unequivocally proved by the atomic bomb, states that matter can be created from energy and energy from matter—that the two are the same and can be inter-converted. Matter has been created from high energy. Light energy is a very low quantity of energy that is

visible, but the high energy forms are not visible to the human eye. These can be used to convert energy into matter.

The Word of God says that by faith we understand. Before science discovered it within the last century, it was understood by faith that that which is, was created from that which

by JOSEPH BOHANON, Ph.D.

does not appear. God's Word said this 2,000 years ago.

I teach a course in physical science, with accent on astronomy. In preparing the lectures for this course, I ran across an interesting fact. In our universe there are billions of galaxies which move apart at different rates, some faster than others. Those that are moving the fastest are the ones that are farthest away. Taking the speed at which they're moving and calculating this backwards, we find that everything started at a common point at a common time. There was one place in space where all matter started—which is one of the most substantial pieces of evidence in favor of the Biblical story of creation. *It all started at one point.* It appears that matter was created at this one point and then a tremendous force sent it out in all directions throughout the universe as we know it now. God's Word is being vindicated every year by science.

It is the privilege and responsibility of Spirit-filled Christians also to vindicate God's Word—and this is one of the best times of the year in which to do so. The Bible says (John 1:1,14), "In the beginning was the Word . . . and the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory . . ."

We're entering into the Christmas season—a time when God allows His

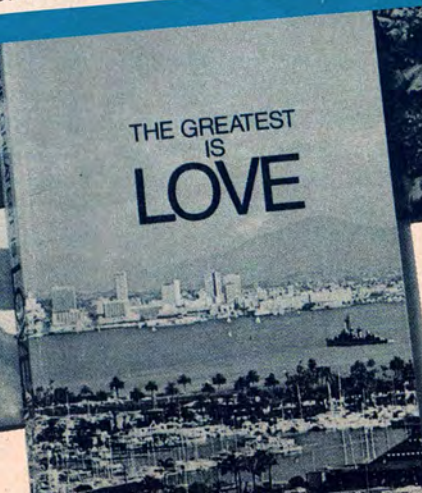
love, peace and mercy to be shed abroad in the hearts of people; and the beams fall on the just and the unjust alike. Christians, understand this: the unsaved, the unregenerated cannot comprehend the meaning of the Christmas that is in your heart because they don't know the Saviour. Christians, though well-meaning, sometimes do severe damage to the kingdom of God. For instance, an unsaved person comes up with a smile on his face and says, "Merry Christmas." The Christian, with the best intention in mind, thinking to take a stand for God, may come back with something like this, "It *would* be if all people would properly honor the One whose birthday it is they propose to celebrate!" But until they know Jesus, they can't know the real meaning of Christmas!

One of Satan's most effective lies is that fundamental Christianity makes you somber-faced and dour. Don't add fuel to his fire. Show forth the love of Jesus Christ; show that added "plus" that knowing Jesus can put into Christmas. When they give you a "Merry Christmas" give it back to them two-fold because *you know* the real meaning of Christmas, *you know* the gift of God, *you know* the glory that He has given and the mercy He has shown. Show them the added "plus" that being a Christian puts into Christmas! ■

OPERATION 1207



Dr. Howard Peto, President of the Scottsdale, Arizona chapter, FGBMFI, displays book listing names of ASU professors.



BOB CARNAHAN, graduate student and staff member at Arizona State University, has recently formed HIS Witness, Inc. which is distributing copies of the Bible translation "The Greatest Is Love" and VOICE magazine subscriptions to all 1207 professors on the university's Tempe campus.

Vision for the project came to Bob during the Phoenix Regional FGBMFI convention in January of this year. It was immediately confirmed by his lovely wife Joanne, and several days later by Scottsdale-Tempe chapter president Dr. Howard Peto who felt it was indeed the will of the Lord that they follow through with the ambitious outreach. A series of miracles facilitated its quick realization.

After Carnahan had prayed for assistance, computer programmer Benny Pollen was led to contact him and soon became the project's other team member. One Friday Benny's supervisor could not find enough work to keep the key punch operators busy and told him to send them home or use them where he could. Benny took the opportunity to have the girls punch cards with the names and addresses of all the ASU professors. The print-out was completed in record-breaking time. Said Carnahan, "Jesus is never a day late."

Soon 1207 Bibles were ordered from the World Bible League and Carnahan began filling out post office forms for the bulk mailing permit.

Said the postal official, "For some unknown reason I'm going to give HIS Witness, Inc. permit number 1," an honor normally reserved for governors and mayors.

"Hallelujah, Jesus is Number One," said Bob happily.

At the next FGBMFI chapter meeting in Scottsdale, Carnahan presented the plan and detailed its progress to date. Fellowship members responded enthusiastically by backing the proposal with prayer and with the financing of a full year's subscription of VOICE magazine for each professor, to be sent them in addition to the Bibles financed by HIS Witness, Inc.

Friday night prayer meetings in the Carnahan home now included, in addition to Biblical teaching on salvation and the baptism in the Holy Spirit, an outreach ministry of wrapping Bibles by hand. Says Carnahan, "Each Bible was prayed over before it was sent. What a joyous time was spent those evenings by all. Moreover, the Word of God was being sent to set the people free, mend broken homes and share God's love with others."

He continues, "All of us at HIS Witness, Inc., whom God had called to share His love with the professors at ASU, praise God for the Bible, VOICE magazine, and the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. The challenge is now laid out for others to join together to share God's love in like manner with *all* professors around the world." ■

VOICE ECHOES

A business man introduced me to VOICE and in reading it I had tears in my eyes to know that there are still business men who love the Lord and are concerned enough to want to share that love with others. Thank you.

W.V.B., Crystal Spring, Pa.

I was blessed by receiving a copy of your VOICE in December, 1968 and have kept the booklet since that time because the messages in it were so meaningful to me in my search for a deeper walk with Jesus. I have read it many times and enjoyed it very much. Recently I have received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and I find that I am very hungry to read more of these vital testimonies. Enclosed is my subscription to VOICE. I feel sure that I shall continue to be blessed by reading your wonderful magazine.

Mrs. O.M.A., Raleigh, N.C.

You'll never know the blessing the VOICE has been to my mother. She lost the vision in her left eye and can see very little with her right eye. When VOICE comes each month I read it to her from cover to cover. The testimonies have helped her faith so much. She is now in the hospital with a fractured hip because of her poor eyesight and a fall. She is such a Spirit-filled little saint of 85; surely the Lord does not want her to suffer this way. Please pray for her sight and that she will be able to walk again and enjoy the last few years of her life. Attached is a list of businessmen we would like to send the VOICE magazine to.

D.L.Z., Tampa, Florida

Your two-for-one offer in the December issue provided a wonderful idea for Christmas gifts. Enclosed is our check for \$6.00 for 12 gift subscriptions to the power-packed little piece of spiritual dynamite. This is a tremendous little magazine. We feel the testimonies in VOICE will do more to win the souls of our relatives than our own personal testimony. We are so grateful to God for FGBMFI. It was at a monthly meeting in St. Paul that my husband and I both received the miracle of having our legs lengthened.

Mrs. R.H., Winthrop, Minnesota

I picked up my first copy of VOICE at Seminary last night, and what a blessing I received! I came back to the Lord through the FGBMFI-TV ministry and now want to be filled with the Holy Spirit. The church I formerly attended preached against speaking in tongues, but now I know this experience is for today. In the VOICE I picked up last night, there was an article about a man who was in the same church denomination I was, who was filled with the Spirit. I know this was a sign just for me.

L.M., Kerman, California

I want to tell you how much I enjoy VOICE magazine. When I'm finished reading it I pass it along to a neighbor and she passes it along, too. So you see, it keeps on working for who knows how long! We will never know, this side of eternity, the good that VOICE is doing in this world today. God bless you.

Mrs. L.A.F., Lancaster, Ca.



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836 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, California 90017

ATTENTION CHAPTER OFFICERS! The Executive Board has voted to increase the cost of bulk orders to \$10.00 per 100, effective in 1974. Now is the time, therefore, to avail yourself of the current rate of \$6.00, by ordering a monthly bundle or by increasing your present amount!

FGBMFI ORDER FORM

DESCRIPTION	QTY.	PRICE	TOTAL
GARDNER ALL 5 FOR \$2.00	Seven Scriptural Signs—Velmer Gardner (149)		25c
	Healing for You—Velmer Gardner (147)		50c
	World's Meanest Thief—Velmer Gardner (150)		50c
	From Darkness to Light—Velmer Gardner (151)		50c
	Reality, Results, Receiving of Holy Spirit—Gardner (148)		\$1.00
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The Acts of the Holy Spirit in the Church of Christ Today (100)			\$1.00
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COMMUNIQUE: CHAPTERS and CONVENTIONS

FGBMFI CHAPTERS RECENTLY CHARTERED

With so many chapters now being formed and chartered, we shall henceforth list only the locale, the name of the one presenting the charter, and the name of the chapter president.



Palos Verdes, Calif. Peter Congelliore, Pres.;
Demos Shakarian, Int. Pres.



San Andreas, Calif. Enoch Christoffersen, Int.
Dir.; Wesley Andahl, Pres.



Greater Sandusky, Ohio. James Ford, Pres.; Cosmo deBartolo, Int. Dir.



Newark, Ohio. Bill Swad, Int. V.P.; Thomas
Gabbard, Pres.



Levelland, Texas. Earl K. Moore, Int. Dir.;
Eddie Paxton, Pres.

CHARTER PRESENTATIONS, continued



Loveland, Colo. Virgil Williams, Pres.; Elmer Lewis, Int. Dir.



Colorado City, Texas. Earl K. Moore, Int. Dir.; E. J. Lelek, Pres.



Bakersfield, Calif. Arthur Nersasian, Int. Dir.; Dick Shine, Pres.



Batavia, N.Y. Charles H. Fouratt, Pres.; Cosmo deBartolo, Int. Dir.



Hot Springs, Ark. Wendell Watkins, Int. Dir.;
Doyle Cavnor, Pres.



New Haven, Conn. Paul Reed, Pres.; Dr. John
Barton, Int. Dir.



Hermiston, Ore. Bill Casselman, Int. Dir.; Ed Sheets, Pres.



Russellville, Ark. Paul Crossman, 1st V.P.; Larry Tedder, Int. Dir. (President Dr. Wm. Trigg was
in Chicago on business.)

CHARTER PRESENTATIONS, continued



Duplin County, N.C. Dan Perry, Past Pres., Kingston Chapter; David Fussell, Pres.



Woodward, Okla. Bill Blasdel, Pres.; Dr. Lloyd Huneryager, Int. Dir.

SAM HOUSTON JOHNSON VISITS AUSTIN CHAPTER

Under the leadership of the current president, Jack Gibson, the men of the Austin chapter, located in the capital city of the "Lone Star State," are reaching others for Christ in their monthly meetings and an every Saturday "men's only" prayer breakfast.

On a recent Saturday Jack was sharing plans for a three-day convention to be held in Austin in Septem-

ber, and also shared his burden "to pray for those in authority" and to work in contacting and reaching "key men" now. The following Saturday morning, July 21, their prayers were answered as Sam Houston Johnson, only brother of the late President, and author of the book, "My Brother Lyndon," attended the Austin chapter meeting for the first time. He enjoyed the singing, testimonies and fellow-

ship, and had a personal word to say which all enjoyed. The chapter members had been praying for and were in contact with the two brothers for years.

On April 1, Sam Houston had attended a local Full Gospel church (it has been on Austin TV for years) and from that date has worshipped in this church, enjoying the warm sincerity of Pastor Calvin C. Cook and the members.

Every child of God should obey, pray for, and witness for Jesus Christ to those in authority.



Sam Houston Johnson

CHRISTMAS

IS THE TIME FOR GIVING



Because it is Christmas time and tax time, this unique combination offers the perfect opportunity to . . .

- . . . Give a special gift now to spread the "good news" to the ends of the earth.**
- . . . Receive tax benefits for yourself by giving before the end of the year.**

There are many ways for a Christian to give. Now as never before we realize that what we do must be done quickly.

If you'd like more information on some unusual ways to give, send for your free brochure today.

Dear Brother Shakarian:
Please send me the free brochure—
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State Zip

Send to: **Full Gospel Business Men's
Fellowship Stewardship
Ministry
836 S. Figueroa Street
Los Angeles,
California 90017**



WINTER WONDERLAND

(Continued from page 13)

like to go to his room for prayer. I readily accepted, with the expectation of spending a half-hour or so; instead, we spent about three hours devoted to prayer of repentance, to acceptance of forgiveness, and to inner cleansing. I became aware of the presence of the Holy Spirit and was carried through, in a sense, a metamorphosis of the spirit, or rebirth. This experience left me with a lasting impression of having been completely cleansed and of having become a new person in the true sense of the word.

I attended the second night's meeting with eager expectancy, and it exceeded my expectations so that I felt if heaven is any better than what we have experienced here, I am not sure that I will be able to stand it! The hour was late when my wife and I retired to our room, but I awoke early the next morning and immediately became conscious of a new, unexpected, glorious feeling all over. I had never felt so good, and seemed to be at the point of bursting with joy! Even though I am not naturally an emotional person, I felt that I must give vent to that heavenly feeling, which I did by singing a song I had learned just the day before: "Oh, How I Love Jesus!" The joyful feeling continued, even while I was shaving, and culminated, again most unexpectedly, in my bursting forth with a limited number of what seemed

to be words of a language totally unknown to me.

During the remainder of that great day, Saturday, February 27, 1965, I found myself shedding tears of joy at intervals throughout the day. My wife said that every time she looked at me I had my handkerchief out, wiping my eyes. I know now that what happened on that joyous Saturday was the experience that only Jesus Christ can give—the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

After my wonderful experience I was truly a new creature. Even my interests changed. For example, my interest in the Bible previously had been confined to looking up an occasional reference in connection with a Sunday school lesson, but now Bible reading and study became a major interest. A second example worthy of note was my loss of interest in secular organizations. I had been very active in certain professional organizations, but this interest dwindled. Most important of all changes was the realization that Jesus Christ, alive and real, is, in a sense, the nucleus around which all spiritual growth develops, resulting in a fulfillment, through His grace and gift of faith in a complete and satisfying life—a very exciting life of following the leading of the Holy Spirit and experiencing His power in Christian witnessing and spreading the *full* Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ—and finally coming to the realization that a *complete and*

satisfying life is made such by the presence of the Holy Spirit to meet all of our needs if we ask in faith.

After having attended the Full Gospel Business Men's convention in Washington, D. C., and learning more about the movement and its ministry, I immediately became interested in starting a chapter in Raleigh and was finally put in touch with three Spirit-filled men living there whom I had not previously met. Not one of these men had known any one of the other three before we were miraculously brought together. To show how the Lord works, someone in another city gave me the name of a Raleigh businessman who was also interested in starting a chapter of FGBMFI. All I had to start with was his post office box number, but I finally got in touch with him and we arranged to have lunch together. He was Robert C. Roberson who later became our first president. A few weeks later, my wife and I attended a Full Gospel Business Men's regional convention in Norfolk, Virginia, and at one of the breakfast meetings became acquainted with a young man sitting across the table who was from Raleigh and who asked my wife to call his mother when we returned to Raleigh and tell her we had seen him at the meeting. "It will make her feel good," he said! After our return, my wife called his mother and, in the course of their conversation, learned the name of a man in her church who

was interested in FGBMFI. This man was Dr. David Zaukelies, a research chemist, who later became our first secretary. Mrs. Mittie Watters mentioned that Ogburn Yates, Jr., then in business in Raleigh, would surely be interested, and I got in touch with him. He became our first treasurer and is now an international director. I accepted the office of vice-president, which I have been ever since, except for the years I have served as president.

The Lord has greatly blessed our Raleigh Chapter of FGBMFI from the time of its inception. The attendance has more than doubled, actually more than tripled at some of our monthly meetings during the period from 1965 to 1973. The real success of our ministry is not measured by the number of people in attendance, however, but by the number of people who have been born again, baptized in the Holy Spirit, healed of physical and mental illnesses, and inspired to start new chapters of the Fellowship and to enter various Christian ministries.

I have found that life for me *truly* began at age sixty-five—in the December of my years. ■

IMPORTANT! Due to the Middle East conflict, the **FGBMFI Holy Land Airlift** has been postponed until next year—hopefully in the spring.



Earl Prickett



Fred Doerflein



Don Ostrom

WHAT HAPPENS when a group of convicts begins praying for God to send revival in prison? Can His indwelling Spirit rehabilitate their minds and overthrow the power of past mistakes? In the fall of 1971 the Lord prepared just such a miracle for the inmates of Shelton Correction Center in Shelton, Washington.

It was during an afternoon meeting of the Full Gospel Business Men's World Convention in Denver, Colorado in July of that year that Warren Brenning received a strong impression to organize a series of meetings in the Washington state correctional institution.

Says Warren, "Their hopes had been temporarily abandoned because the chaplain who had promised them the meetings drowned in a boating accident at a nearby lake. One day

they approached my wife Marlene and myself and said, 'Now that the chaplain is gone we will never have the revival.' This had been ringing in my mind but I didn't know what to do." At the convention God began to formulate a plan in Warren's thinking.

He first contacted FGBMFI members Al Ferrar, who recently retired as the chief of detectives for the Tacoma, Washington Police Department, and Lt. Col. Don Williams, currently serving in the office of the Adjutant General at the large Fort Lewis U.S. Army base. Together the three men visited the superintendent of the institution in Shelton and in a matter of moments the prison meetings were arranged. The FGBMFI chapters would be allowed six consecutive nights in which to testify to

RELEASE!

**"If the Son therefore
shall make you free,
ye shall be free indeed."**

John 8:36



Rod McDougal, Warren Brenning, two inmates, Al Ferrar.

God's power in their lives, and an additional chapel service on Sunday to highlight the events of the week. The theme for the series was John 8:36: "If the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." FGBMFI chapters in the vicinity each agreed to be responsible for one of the six evening programs.

Rod McDougal became coordinator for the outreach. He says, "When I was asked to help in the meetings many imaginations went through my mind about what we would meet. I had been preaching on the campus, beaches, parks, streets and many other places to all types of crowds, some of which had been a bit unruly and others bordered on violent. If I was at all hesitant as to what I would encounter, my fears were dispelled the first night. As I walked into the

chapel I met one of the inmates and began to shake his hand. Then the all-knowing Spirit of God revealed that this was a brother in the Lord. Though not being acquainted, except by the Spirit, we firmly grasped each other. I saw the tears well up in his eyes with overflowing joy to meet Christians who came in from the outside to fellowship. Randy McKaig was later to write to me, "Thank you, Rod, and all the Full Gospel Business Men, for coming. I'm about to come unglued with sheer *life!* I just can't believe what Jesus is going to do in and for me!"

The first night was kicked off with testimonies from the Seattle Chapter, including those of Don Ostrom, president, and international director Fred Doerflein, and Earl Prickett of New Jersey. Continues McDougal: "Eleven

men made decisions for Jesus. What a wonderful beginning for the handful of inmates who had attended. We were thrilled. Each night the number of men attending the meeting increased and more received Jesus as their Lord.

"Friday night men came from the Vancouver, Washington chapter. A large number of new inmates turned out that night and they began to interrupt the meeting with their questions, comments and snickers. As the men finished their testimonies I quoted Acts 17:29,30: 'Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.'

"Also I shared that one of the heroin addicts who came to the Lord in Seattle and then was added to the 'House of Joshua,' accepted Jesus when he had several guns in his car and had vowed that he would never return to jail but would rather 'hold court' in the streets if necessary to remain free. Then he was freed by the Spirit of Christ and is ministering full time now in the work of God. More lives were changed and several received the Holy Spirit."

While Rod McDougal is thankful that God could set the men free while they are still in prison, his heart is burdened for those on the outside

who are still captives of Satan.

"Saturday night Al Ferrar gave his testimony of how he had been a sinner without God but now he was saved, and how God healed his body through a miracle," he continues. "What he didn't say was that he was the retired Chief of Police from Tacoma and had spent his life in law enforcement. Lt. Col. Don Williams also testified of his conversion from a background of many years in military service and a traditional church life. But since his conversion three years ago his Christianity has exploded with life.

"The handful of men who attended the first night's meeting spread the word of what happened and each night the number multiplied. Toward the end of the week the chapel was almost full. During the week forty to fifty men dedicated their lives to Jesus Christ. Another fifteen to twenty received the Holy Spirit and spoke in a heavenly language. God had formed a nucleus of believers during the week who would now take their position in the body of Christ as disciples. Some of the believers began to meet on the grounds for prayer daily at 11:30 a.m. and in their own dorms at 9:30 or 10:00 nightly. Three evenings a week a formal Bible study is now led by pastors from area churches."

This is what happens when a group of convicts begins praying for God to send revival in prison! ■

F G B M F I

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Del Webb TownHouse

**Carl Williams, Chairman, 5919 E. Edgemont,
Scottsdale, Arizona 85257 Special: Pat Boone**

Speakers: Demos Shakarian, Rex Humbard,
Robert DeWeese, Paul Hagerdorn, Joe Poppell



Carl Williams



Solomon Ono

HONOLULU, HAWAII: January 20-26, 1974

Hilton Hawaiian Village

**Solomon Ono/Ike Akamine, Co-Chairman,
771 Amana St., Honolulu, Hawaii 96814**

Speakers: Demos Shakarian, Kenneth Hagin,
Fr. Francis Babbish, Gen. Ralph E. Haines (Ret.),
Earl Prickett, Joe Ninowski, Bill Swad

WASHINGTON, D.C.: February 13-16, 1974

Washington Hilton Hotel

**Al Malachuk/Francis Robinson, Co-Chairmen,
P.O. Box 4270, Washington, D.C. 20012**

Speakers: Demos Shakarian, James Beall,
Kathryn Kuhlman, Gen. Ralph E. Haines (Ret.),
Charles and Frances Hunter



Al Malachuk