

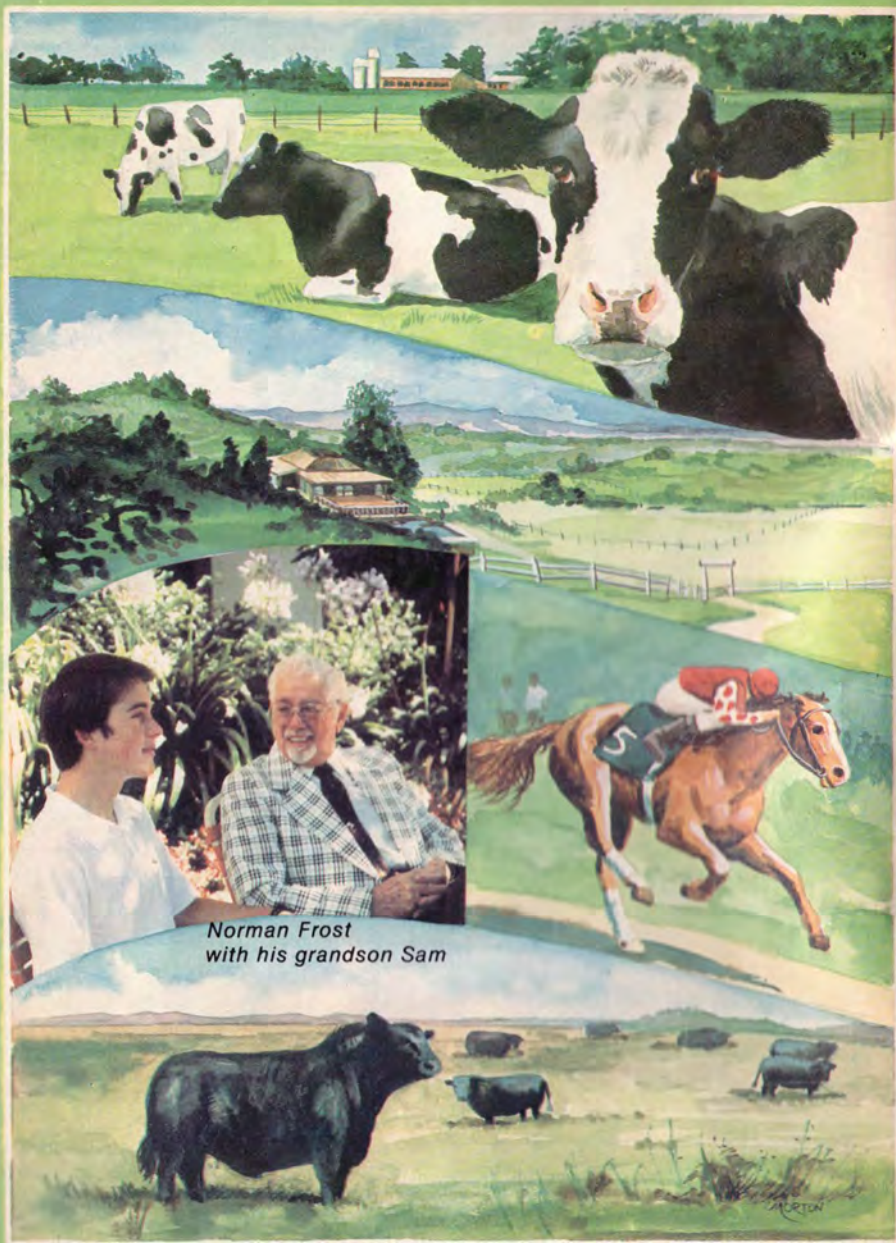
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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

**the missing
ingredient**





*Norman Frost
with his grandson Sam*

the missing ingredient

Norman Frost, Berry Creek, CA

I'll be 71 next April, and I feel better today than I felt when I was 30. The reason is that I was born again just a few years ago, and God has packed more happiness into the last five years than I knew during my previous 65 years.

By the world's standards I should have been happy a long time ago. I was able to retire from my dairy business before my fiftieth birthday with a million dollars in my pocket. My wife and I lived in a palatial 10,000-square-foot home on a 1,000-acre ranch with tennis courts, swimming pool and racing stables. We wound up owning with partners one of the largest quarterhorse stables in the country, and at one point four horses which either held or had equaled the world's record.

After a few years of that fast life, waking up every Sunday morning with a hangover, and becoming disillusioned with horse racing, I decided to move to a 660-acre spread near Oroville in northern California and to start raising Angus cattle.

"This is going to make me happy," I

thought. "Now I can feel fulfilled." You see, it wasn't that I was miserable or anything . . . I was just *empty*. You'd think that making a million bucks would make a guy feel he'd accomplished something, but it seems as though nothing is ever enough when you don't have the missing ingredient.

Well, the ranch wasn't enough. I would look around at this beautiful place and think, "Why isn't this sufficient? What more can a man possibly need or want?"

In 1976 we found out my brother-in-law had terminal cancer. One day he asked me to take him to a meeting of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, which had just opened a chapter in Oroville. To please him more than anything else, I went along. Religion pretty much turned me off, even though I'd been raised by a godly mother and even gone forward at the age of 10 to accept Jesus during an Aimee Semple McPherson crusade. From the time I graduated from high school the desire to make a buck was my religion. When my mother would

talk to me about God I'd say, "Well, Mother, if you're a Christian why do you condemn the Catholics? And why are there so many different churches? Why can't so-called Christians seem to get along with each other?"

But when I walked into that first FGBMFI meeting I immediately saw something different. Here were men from all denominations, Catholic and Protestant, hugging one another, smiling, acting like brothers.

My brother-in-law had previously given me a copy of Demos Shakarian's book, *The Happiest People on Earth*, and I had also seen him on the "Good News!" telecast. This was especially interesting to me because Demos and I had been friends—and competitors—in the milk business since 1939. When I learned that Demos would be speaking at an FGBMFI regional meeting in Redding I decided to attend. Meantime, I attended several more FGBMFI chapter meetings and saw without a doubt that these men had what I didn't have: joy and fulfillment. When the 1979 Redding convention rolled around I was ready to go.

As my wife Happy and I came into our hotel to register I saw my old friend Demos for the first time in many years.

"Is that who I think it is?" he asked with a big smile.



When Demos Shakarian had the largest herd in the world, Norman Frost was also a giant in the dairy industry. Now these former competitors travel worldwide to lift up Jesus.

"It sure is," I said. "I've come to get what you've got." Back in the old days, that would have had a totally different meaning between two competitors. Demos just kept smiling and said something like "It's yours for the asking, Norm."

I learned what he meant that Saturday night. After stirring messages by Demos and Bob Kitchen, they asked any wanting to receive Christ to come forward. I went up with my brother

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John and my wife. As Bob Kitchen touched my forehead and prayed for me I suddenly lost all touch with the world. I can't remember what happened; I only recall coming out of a warm, joyous haze, feeling a wonderful glow enveloping my whole being.

"This is love!" I thought. "After 65 years, this is the thing I needed. Wonderful love!" Oh, what joy I felt! My whole life turned around 180°.

The great thing about it was that it continued to grow, this wonderful feeling. What a thrill to wake up in the morning and know you love Jesus; to say your prayers at night and know that you know Jesus and He knows you. I had literally received a new life.

I can't tell you how things began to accelerate from that moment. I used to have a problem with "social" drinking, but Jesus completely delivered me from alcohol. A persistent back problem caused by a bad fall I had at an early age was healed instantly when brother Cliff Powell laid hands on me.

Happy and I learned about the worldwide spiritual airlifts carrying Full Gospel Business Men and their wives to all countries of the world to share Jesus, laymen to laymen. We told the Lord, "Jesus, whatever time we have left belongs totally to You. Use us any way You see fit." I began getting deeper into the word of God, and the Holy Spirit used this as a time of seasoning and growth. Before long we found ourselves traveling all over the world with other FGBMF members, ministering in India, Australia,

New Zealand, the Middle East, and even Red China.

What a joy it has been to see Jesus changing lives in every part of the earth. Man's problems are rather universal, no matter where they live or what language they speak—and God's answer is universal, too: His Son Jesus. We've found that leaders and businessmen look to their American counterparts for answers. When we tell them how Jesus has helped us with our home life, with our business, with our government, they want Him.

For instance, in Bombay, India a new chapter invited us to come and share our testimonies with a group of India's top business people, about 1,200 in all. Charles Duke, the astronaut, gave his testimony, and Demos followed him, pointing out India's vast problems—20 million people going untreated for leprosy, 1½ million literally living and dying on the streets in Bombay alone—and Jesus, the one solution.

At the altar call between 800 and 900 came forward for salvation. One man fell to his knees at Demos' feet and began weeping, "Tell me more about your Jesus! I must know more about Him!" There is great darkness in the world, and when people see the true Light they rush to Him eagerly.

Not long after returning from an overseas airlift, Happy and I faced a serious crisis. About 2:30 one morning our daughter-in-law Carolyn called to tell us that our grandson Sam was deathly ill. There was a chance he would not live through the night.

Demos placed his hand on Sam's head



to see my grandson. By that time it had been determined that Sam had Reye's Syndrome, a highly contagious, often fatal disease. While nurses and doctors watched, Demos placed his hand on Sam's head and commanded, "In the name of Jesus, be healed!"

Sam had been suffering from severe convulsions, but he quieted suddenly. A few hours later he called for a nurse.

"Can I have a taco?" he asked. Hallelujah! To the doctors' amazement and our great joy, he has been totally healed by the grace of God.

When I think about that miracle during this Christmas season, knowing how close we came to losing Sam, I realize just a little bit of how God must have felt when He sent His Son Jesus to die for the sins of the world. But Sam has experienced the resurrection power of our Lord, just as Jesus did after His death on the cross, and that's why we can rejoice.

People say, "Norm, you look so happy." Can you blame me? After all those years of searching I've found the missing ingredient. His name is Jesus and, like the folks in Demos' book, I too am now one of the happiest people on earth. □

Immediately I called several brothers in FGBMFI, including Enoch Christoffersen and Cliff Powell. At that time, although Demos was very busy getting ready to open the new World Headquarters in Costa Mesa, I called him and he prayed with me over the phone as the others had done. The next day the doctors allowed Demos into the hospital room

Norman Frost, a retired dairy farmer and rancher, accompanies President Shakarian on numerous airlifts. He is president of the Oroville Chapter and was named an international director at large of the Fellowship at the 1982 World Convention. He and Happy have raised two boys, Rod and Greg.



the alfalfa fields

Bob Jorgensen, Leavenworth, WA

Face down and half-dressed in a farmer's alfalfa field, I sat up slowly, squinting at the brilliance of the morning sun.

"Where am I?" I muttered, picking dewy, green leaves out of my teeth.

I surveyed the scene about me. An empty whiskey bottle rested at my feet and my truck was parked in the ditch nearby. My chin itched from a scrubby, day-old beard worn by a man who should have spent the night at home asleep with his wife. I knew where I was. I'd been here before.

I asked myself a question I'd asked before. How could a man who had designed naval bases, medical buildings and even entire towns have disintegrated into such brokenness?

Things seemed so different years

ago. I had such dreams and ambitions, always as if something were pushing me to a greater purpose.

At 20 I entered architectural school, leaving for Seattle, Washington three years later with my new wife, my ambitions and \$300. There I quickly earned an architect's license and got my first job.

Unsatisfied, however, with my work, I moved my family over the next few years from Seattle to New York City, back to Seattle, then to Tacoma. Between hops across the country we managed to raise two strong boys.

Finally settling near Seattle, I met a man who said he needed a creative designer for his company's product development department. I jumped at the chance. The idea of packaging

and merchandising, drawing up gadgets and gimmicks, seemed perfect for my creative energies. And it was.

In five years we had the factory doing \$6 million a year with an additional 240 employees. I invented dozens of items still used today and all registered under U.S. patents.

Soon company profits resulted in a buy-out by investors, who moved the factory to Ohio. I made the decision to stay in Seattle, which forced me to rely again upon my architectural work.

In the next 25 years of architectural practice I designed well over 100 buildings, including everything from U.S.

different psychiatrists, who prescribed the drugs librium and qualudes to help calm my nerves. Initially the drugs were helpful, but I soon became totally dependent on their artificial relief to get me through the day.

Pepped up by these stimulants and a habit of drinking nearly a fifth of whiskey a day, I began spending less and less time working and more time waking up in alfalfa fields.

Life grew steadily more and more dismal. Then I met a woman from Winthrop, Washington who offered me a job building her ranch home.

... back to the alfalfa fields again

Navy torpedo facilities to shopping centers and mule barns. I took pride in the strength of each building. And at home I felt that the life I had built for myself and my family was likewise strong and invulnerable to crisis.

Then tragedy struck.

My oldest boy Kris came home from college with what we thought was pneumonia but was later diagnosed as Hodgkin's disease. Five years later he passed away, leaving only memories and his enraged, embittered father. The loss nearly ruined me. Angry at a God I didn't know and at everyone else who crossed my path, I became so consumed with anger that eventually I suffered a heart attack.

Weeks passed. When I had grown strong enough to travel, Jeanette, my wife, encouraged me to meet with two

Delighted with the designs I made, she asked me if I would like to design an entire town.

"You've got to be kidding!" I replied.

"I have an idea," she said, "to turn the store fronts of Winthrop into a western main street. I would like you to design and supervise the construction of all 26 store fronts."

I accepted, and for more than two years created and supervised the westernizing of this small central-Washington town. Out of that dull, hapless gas stop there blossomed a rustic main street constructed like a page out of *The Virginian*.

When the project was finished I decided to try to make a new life in Leavenworth, Washington. However, the use of liquor and drugs continued

(continued, page 37)



DARE THE DEVIL

Henry F. Lackey, Col., USAF, Dayton, OH

You don't know me, do you?" I thought he was just another customer at the gas station where I worked. However, just a few minutes into the conversation I discovered I was face to face with my own long-lost father. He had deserted my mother in Illinois 14 years earlier, before I was born. I had never seen him until that gas-station encounter, and I never saw him again.

My grandfather, who raised me,

had become my boyhood hero. Though Grandfather himself did not attend church, he insisted I go. In spite of my attempts to talk him into going fishing or hunting instead, I always wound up at the little country church close to our farm. It was there in an evening revival meeting that at age 12 I accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour of my life. I didn't understand then that I had received true power into my life. As a result, my



Colonel and Mrs. Henry Lackey

years would be spent in a vain search for it from every other source.

Only three years later all the relatives were called into Grandfather's room at three o'clock one morning to watch him breathe his last in this world. I loved him more than anyone else in the world. He had had a profound influence upon my life—including the fact that he had never been able to forgive my father for what he had done to me.

As Grandfather passed away before my eyes I realized I'd missed the opportunity to tell him that I loved him or to talk with him about Jesus. I felt a helplessness in that moment that

made me wonder why there wasn't something better to help people face such times. I didn't know it was already available to me in Jesus.

After high school graduation I continued to work at the gas station. In my late teens I developed a sense of reckless adventure, beginning with the thrill of racing motorcycles at 120 mph. Whenever the state troopers weren't around I challenged the highways and curves and found myself becoming more and more skilled at taking risks. Every time I nearly killed myself I grew bolder.

By the time I met my wife-to-be Lill at age 18 I had decided to join the Air

Force, where I could continue to feed this strong desire for adventurous living. At basic training I kept telling them I wanted to be a fighter pilot, and a break finally came when I was accepted into the Aviation Cadet Pilot program, where I was very successful. I enjoyed flying straight up, straight down and inverted. My skill in avoiding disaster was amazing. My self-image and pride rapidly increased to the point where I sincerely believed that I could do anything I wanted to do; I just had to decide to do it.

What I had really envisioned was to become a "fighter ace" in Korea and to reach the stature of a military hero at a young age. But suddenly the war ended. I was assigned to Aerospace Defense Command; when the "scramble horn" went off I could takeoff in three minutes and go to 40,000 feet in the air in another three minutes, accelerating to 1,500 mph. For the next 24 years I piloted fighters in the United States, Europe and finally Korea. My wife, son and daughter have moved with me to more than 20 different locations around the world.

Even though my dream of heroism had crashlanded, my strong sense of success motivation continued unquenchable. My priorities were in this order: job, family, then God. When it was convenient we attended church. Because I believed money brought happiness, my way of proving my love for my family was to provide all that they needed or wanted materially. With this type of philosophical outlook, of course the stress in my life

increased and was transmitted in various ways to them.

Always striving to have everything "under control," I got involved in psychology, even acquiring an academic degree in it. I felt the study of human behavior was a tool by which I could control others, but soon discovered it had its limitations and that people do not always yield to manipulation.

Risk, control and competition were my daily bywords. In my own eyes I was self-sufficient, powerful and poised for even greater success. But tension continued to mount, and in hope of answers I moved on to the techniques of self-hypnotism and

My dream of heroism had crashlanded

transcendental meditation. Experience soon taught me that involvement in these things is similar to taking aspirin for a brain tumor. The true cause of my inner restlessness remained undealt with.

As I implanted my high-powered success ideals in my family with military zeal, the inevitable results began to surface. Lill and I started experiencing marital difficulties. Ignoring my own shortcomings, I was focusing on *her* weaknesses, using what I had learned about psychology as a weapon. Our 17-year-old son Mark injured his knee and had major surgery.

I had pressured our children to be nothing less than #1, and in the midst of all this domestic turmoil our 15-year-old daughter Lisa responded by disappearing.

I was frantic, posting rewards, keeping in touch regularly with the police, personally spending enormous amounts of time searching, even counseling with a minister, who assured me that "all things work together for good to those who love God."

I had always thought you weren't to ask God for anything you could do yourself. Now it was dawning on me that this crisis was totally beyond my control. Desperate, I turned to Him and pleaded for His help: "Jesus, I want to apologize for not being able

to handle this problem myself. This is the first time in my life I just can't do it alone, but if You'll just bring my daughter back home I'll rededicate my life to You and do anything You want me to do."

Within three days, through a miraculous set of events, she had returned. Praise God!

The process leading to my full recognition of God's divine power was only beginning. Mark's operated knee suddenly locked in the fully-bent position and after x-rays the orthopedic surgeon recommended immediate surgery.

That night Lill said, "I've heard God can heal things like this; why don't we ask Him to heal Mark?" So we prayed that God would let him come to

For the next 24 years I piloted fighters.



breakfast next morning with a perfectly functioning knee. In spite of an anxiety-filled night God answered our prayer. Our son walked in for breakfast, absolutely normal. Later that day a puzzled doctor confirmed the healing and canceled the scheduled surgery. Although I was not bold enough to witness to God's healing, our son himself began to do so.

The friction in our marriage, Mark's physical problems and Lisa's disappearance all had driven Lill to

In spite of an anxiety-filled night, God answered our prayer

psychiatric counseling and five drugs (20 pills) a day. Now as we saw God work in the lives of our children, we decided to trust God for my wife's needs. One Sunday while at church we were attracted to the ministry of a visiting evangelist. After one of his meetings Lill shared her problem briefly with him and he prayed for her in the authority of Jesus' name. That was the turning point. Within days she was delivered from a smoking habit, able to go off the pills and completely restored. The power of the Great Counselor had touched her life.

We had been suspicious of Spirit-baptized Christians. But after renewing our dedication to Jesus Christ our curiosity got the better of us. One night we visited a church that believed in the baptism in the Holy

Spirit. What we heard and saw made a distinct impression on me and all the next day I just couldn't get it off my mind while flying my F-108 aircraft. Lill felt the same way. That night we went back to church and after prayer received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

That was in May of 1977. Within two years both of our children had accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. Then via TV we learned of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International and began attending their meetings, where we saw and felt so much love and joy. Our family's Christian life has become eventful and exciting.

I had always been told that pride was good. But in Mark 7:21,22 Jesus lists pride with such things as theft, murder and adultery. My pride had had to be fueled by position, possessions, human accomplishments and power over people and circumstances. But when we abandoned all our pride and humbled ourselves before God in a time of need, we discovered the greatest power in the universe, the source of which is Jesus Christ. □

Colonel Lackey is Director of Safety at Headquarters, Air Force Logistics Command, Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio. He has flown jet fighter and trainer aircraft for 24 of his nearly 30 years in the Air Force. He is vice-president in charge of membership, Dayton-Chapter, FGBMFI, and has given his testimony in chapters throughout the nation.

But I'll seek first *my own kingdom* and *my own* righteousness: then all power and wealth shall be added unto me!" This was the gospel according to me—"Wheeler-dealer" Al Hanson.

As I sat alone in that solitary cell in the maximum security prison in Stillwater, Minnesota, I tried desperately to recall the good days, searching my mind as to what had gone wrong with

Lord, my parents found themselves on the other side of the world on a disease-ridden island off the coast of Africa called Madagascar. Seven years later, still praising God for what he was doing in Africa, Dad was forced to come home because of ill health and began public-school teaching, preaching at every opportunity. It was into this kind of Christian atmosphere that a new life

"WHEELER-DEALER"

my life. It was hard at first to remember, with all the unfamiliar interruptions: the clanging echoes of cell doors, the heavy footsteps of guards steadily making rounds, the overpowering smell of industrial disinfectant which seemed to permeate my steel-and-concrete compartment.

Prison is more than a lonely place; it's a place where you are truly alone. There's too much time to remember how it was and to consider how it might have been, and to fear or hope how it will be.

I came from "good Christian stock," as they say. I had the kind of father and mother who were sold out completely to the Lord and to the missionary work to which He had called them. My dad was an Augsburg College and Seminary graduate and became an ordained Lutheran Free Church pastor in 1919. Because of my dad's love for and obedience to the

called Allen was to emerge in 1930 in southern Minnesota.

Those were depression days. They were hard for kids but harder for parents because they had all the responsibilities. Food was hard to come by, and clothing was mostly a maintenance problem since the word *new* just didn't exist. Some of my friends had more than we did; they seemed to have success even in the midst of difficult times. That bothered me, but not my dad. He just kept thanking the Lord for what we did have, and went about that little Minnesota community of Jackson preaching and seeking first the kingdom of God, believing that all our needs would be met. And they were, and our family and community were blessed. But as the years moved on, I found I wanted a lot more than merely my needs met.

In 1948, making up my mind to be more successful than my dad had

been, I entered Augsburg College in Minneapolis to study business and the military. An active participant in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, I was nicknamed "The General" by my college buddies. Many of them were preparing for service in the church, but my plans were bigger, I thought.

My interest in spiritual things had deteriorated by 1950 and had been replaced by something else. It was

obsession for success in the "real" world. Surely I was on the right track, it seemed, because that year a long-awaited dream came true. I had been too young to enlist in World War II, but now North Korea had invaded South Korea and *my* war was on. Many of my college buddies signed up as chaplain assistants. Not about to miss my big chance to play the hero, I asked for combat service and got it.

As I approached
the long grey steps
it seemed
"Wheeler-dealer"
Hanson was finished



On my return from cold Korea to cold Minnesota, the warmth of God's presence and love once again found room in my heart because of Jeanette, a wonderful Christian girl. We had been childhood sweethearts and had grown up in the same church together. She became my wife and the rest of the '50s were good years. God was the center of our home and He blessed our marriage with four daughters. (We had "wall-to-wall women" in our house.)

into my work. Success fed my craving for money and before I knew it money became my God.

I began to make a lot of money on the side by buying and selling stocks and bonds. By 1969 I had left Uniroyal and become an uncontrolled "wheeler-dealer" with marginal ethical standards. I bought and sold anything I could make money on.

The natural progression of this success addiction enticed me in 1970 to purchase a seat on the largest grain



Allen and Jeanette Hanson

God blessed my business opportunities and after several promotions at Sears and Roebuck I joined Uniroyal, third largest tire company in the U.S., becoming product manager for a quarter of the nation by the mid-'60s. Again success was beginning to be the most important thing in my life. (Jeanette was in charge of the less important things like church and the kids' education, while I handled making money.) As many do in their striving, I put more than an extra effort

exchange in the world, the Minneapolis Grain Exchange. Now I could buy and sell millions of dollars' worth of stocks, bonds and commodities with inside information to which the average broker didn't have access, and by cutting commissions. Whatever it took didn't matter to me.

Jeanette and I traveled a lot during this period of the early '70s. On one combination business-and-pleasure trip we stopped in Madagascar to see where Dad had ministered before I

was born. I tried to understand how he could praise God for sending him to such a forgotten place. I was sure he had not only wasted his time, but missed success completely.

The flight home to New York from Leonardo da Vinci Airport in Rome took 12½ hours. That was just time enough to cook up my next big grain deal. This one was to be my greatest "recipe." I'd make a fortune and would be able to retire.

Eventually I put it into the works and for almost a year it seemed to be going without a slip. Then I began to get letters from attorneys general of several states, most of whom were satisfied with writing a letter expressing disapproval, or in some cases with civil action on the grain contracts. There was one exception: the attorney general of the state of Minnesota. He was a very dissatisfied customer who had been left with a bad taste in his mouth, and because of it I was in trouble. He entered into a criminal investigation of my grain-trading activities.

This culminated in my arrest, prosecution and conviction in 1977 of a felony. The following year, humiliated, fearful and handcuffed, with a deputy sheriff on each side, I climbed the long gray steps of Minnesota's maximum security prison at Stillwater and became #27977. I had been sentenced for mail fraud and theft-by-swindle. It seemed "Wheeler-dealer" Hanson was finished. My financial empire crumbled and fell.

The custom at the penitentiary is to

lock you up in solitary confinement for the first week. Staring at the steel bunk and cement toilet there in Cell 545, Cellblock A, I began to realize that God was trying to talk to me—to show me that I hadn't been doing what He wanted me to, and that I had strayed a long way from the God my Dad had loved so very much.

God knows the best way to reach us. He could have reached me in even more painful ways, and although it wasn't a lot of fun at the time, as I look back I praise and thank Him that He took that way of doing it, because *it worked*. Right there in that cell that first week in prison, I turned my life back to Jesus. I was finished making deals. Money had failed me. Jesus was the one true God and I wanted Him to be my Lord.

In that dismal cell Jesus showed me how far out of line my own priorities had been. I remembered the faces of my friends on the stock exchange, always anxious, their mood dependent on the Dow-Jones average. Our money system has built America into one of the greatest economies in the world and nearly everything about us is based on money. Our conversation concerns money; money becomes an evaluation tool. It becomes very easy for money to become the focal point—the #1 consideration—of our lives. It had taken over my thinking and my life.

Jesus showed me how this had endangered my spiritual life; how I had failed to see Who really owned what I had. I called everything mine: my car,

my house, my business. But in Hag-gai 2:8 God puts a claim on our cash when He says, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine . . ." And in Psalm 24:1 God simply says that *He* owns the earth, the world and every-thing in it. In that cell I had to allow God to be established as proper Own-er once and for all in order that I might have the proper attitude about money and avoid all the problems it had

Though my financial empire was gone I savored being free again, and some-thing far more valuable than money now was mine: renewed faith in my Lord and Saviour, and the power to live a victorious life through the bap-tism in the Holy Spirit.

Blessed and happier than I have ever been, I now "seek first the king-dom of God and his righteousness"—and God supplies all I need. □



Minnesota Maximum Security Prison, Stillwater, Minnesota

caused me.

Those months in prison, separated from my wife and daughters, seemed to drag. But as I walked closer to the Lord, I found love, joy, peace—all the fruit of the Spirit. Then in 1979 God worked a miracle; I was paroled.

Al Hanson, a member of the Wadena (MN) Chapter, still works in the investment field. He has filled more than 100 speaking appointments at FGBMFI chapters, churches and prisons during 1982. The Hansons are members of the Lutheran church and have four adult daughters.

This Christmas give Jesus the gift He wants most

Nothing gladdens His heart more than when we receive Him as Lord and Saviour. The testimonies in *Voice* will help you to bring souls to Him.

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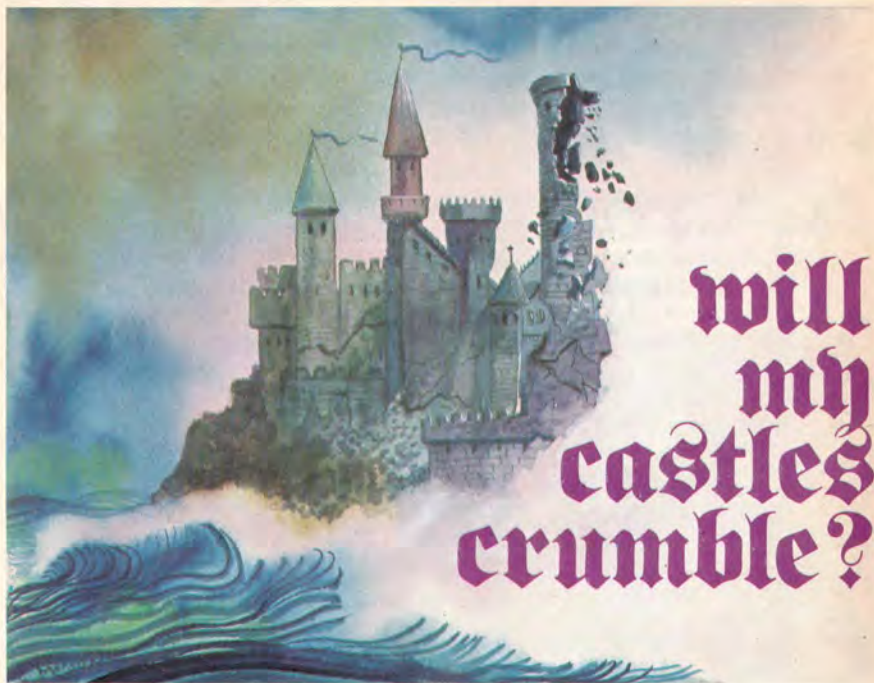
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Oscar Pinto Rossell, Tegucigalpa, Honduras

I beg you, please don't do this to me.

I can't afford the time to be the president of any other kind of organization." But Phil Israelson was unmoved by my plea, so I invited him to step outside the room where the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship dinner meeting was being held, so that we could speak privately.

I confessed my reason. "There's going to be a financial scandal here in a few days. My name will probably be on all the front pages of the newspapers, on radio and television." This

businessman from Seattle, Washington still didn't seem to understand. How could he possibly grasp how devastating this impending defeat was going to be for me? He had no way of knowing how long and hard had been my climb up the ladder of success, or what price I had paid to get there.

My father had died when I was five or six years old; consequently, we had been very poor. Shoes were a luxury we could not afford. My mother made homemade biscuits and candy and I

walked nearly 12 kilometers each day to sell them. The products I could not sell I soon learned to trade.

I still remember my prayers in those early years of my life: "Lord, when I grow up I want to take good care of kids like me. I want to buy shoes for everybody." I also remember praying, "Lord, if You will help me climb the ladder of success I will serve You."

The first answer to my prayers came when I was miraculously enabled to go to England to study. Graduating from Bristol University in 1960, I returned to Honduras with a degree in management and to my job at a bank. While working there I studied law at National University.

Escalation up the career ladder was quite rapid. When the United States Agency for International Development (AID) Honduras came with the idea for some cooperative housing projects, I decided to accept a job with them and practice law at the same time. I organized a savings and loan association of which I was president for eight years. Added to these enterprises, I became government minister in charge of purchasing. As president of five companies, I had lots of money and lots of friends. My law office had three lawyers and three secretaries. I was speeding down life's highway to power, possessions and position.

The whirlwinds of commercial success blew from my memory the words of my dear mother, who had always warned me about worldly habits such as drinking and smoking; these became

my lifestyle. At Christmas my friends didn't send me bottles of the finest liquors—they sent cases.

I worked seven days a week and had absolutely no time for my family.

Even as all this happened, I continued to think I was important and powerful, and even though I still gave away leather-bound Bibles as gifts I had forgotten God.

Then the problems hit. With the worldwide fuel crisis of 1972 through 1974 we found ourselves at the brink of a financial collapse. Almost overnight one of our housing projects looked as though it would go defunct. The castles I had built started to crumble.

When I resigned as president of the savings and loan association, my wife Marta was relieved and happy to hear the news. Then she informed me that she and the children had decided to leave me to my big plans and prosperous life for a quiet life by themselves. The very thought of separation and possible divorce left me with a hollow, empty feeling. But because it was only one problem along with so many others I did not give it my immediate attention.

One day in 1978 I received a breakfast invitation to a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting and decided to go look in on it as an opportunity for business and a potential moneymaker. However, the meeting turned out to be almost *no* business and instead a lot of testimonies about Jesus Christ. I remember wondering if

I had misunderstood the place or the purpose of the meeting. But two other invitations followed and I accepted.

I sincerely hoped that it would become a "gateway" to financial solvency for me, but the format of the second meeting was similar to the first. The enthusiastic witnesses for Christ failed to impress me.

When the third invitation arrived to a dinner meeting I decided to confer with my wife before accepting. But strangely enough, even after I had shown my disgust about the first two meetings, Marta smiled and suggested, "But this is of the Lord."

The dinner was sponsored by the U.S.-based group, headed by Phillip Israelson of Seattle. Here, because I claimed to be a Christian and was well established in the business world, I was asked to head up the launching of a Fellowship chapter. I honestly thought they were crazy, particularly because my housing project was on the precipice of total failure.

The group leader did not take no for an answer. Instead, he asked me to take him to the housing project.

It was a hot, dusty afternoon. Right there on the housing-project grounds we held hands and prayed. The prayer seemed powerful and genuine and I sincerely wished it would become a reality. As we stood there I felt a cool wind envelop us and with my eyes shut I could just visualize the man in his business attire, caked with dust. I opened my eyes—and he was as clean as before. It was a turning point.

I continued to think
I was important
and powerful



A short time later, on a day when holy communion was being given, I felt the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ, accepted Him as personal Lord and Saviour of my life and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. The cool wind was also the point at which the wind of the Holy Spirit seemed to touch my wife with God's freshness.

From that day in 1978, slowly and surely the complexities of my business began to untangle and solutions started coming my way. And today, even when things look bad or difficult for other people, my case continues to be different. My wife and I and our family have learned to take time to express love to each other. My community standing has not been damaged; on the contrary, I continue to be looked upon with respect.

My law practice has become a vehicle for witnessing. Quite often, an appointment turns into 15 minutes of legal advice followed by 45 minutes of witnessing. Our times of consultation have also turned into times of prayer, bringing healing to many lives.

Since 1978 our FGBMFI chapter has grown until now from 200 to 300 attend each meeting.

The floodgates of God's blessing are open, and I'm constantly reminded of God's warning in Deuteronomy 8 that we not forget Him in a time of prosperity and success. □

From 1972 to 1975 Mr. Rossell held the position of purchasing minister for the government of Honduras. He practices law as Oscar Pinto Rossell and Associates and is an international director for FGBMFI in Honduras. He and Marta are members of the Friends church and have six children: Oscar, Martha, Al, Christian, Daniel and David.

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My head felt as if it had a crowbar sticking right down through the middle of it. I looked at my haggard face in the bathroom mirror and growled, "You. You did this. No one else. Always telling other people what's wrong with them, Mr. Big Shot. Now look what a mess you've made of your life. You're a total wreck."

I had lost my marriage, most of my money and, worst of all, my "right" to self-righteously condemn others. To top everything off, I was losing my health. Though barely into my 40s, my hearing was failing, my back tortured me much of the time, I'd developed a serious case of hemorrhoids and I was also extremely fearful of death.

In short, I didn't know where I was going but I knew it was bad. Oh, I knew how to have *fun*, but I had no *joy*. There's a world of difference. All it left was misery and emptiness.

Of course I also tried religion; in fact, I had been on the fringes of religion most of my life. Though our home was a very religious one, my mother consulted a mystic. One day as she dealt her cards the black ace of spades came up, pointing at my father. Not even a month later my father, one of the truly good men I knew, was killed on his job in a freak accident. I was devastated, and I blamed God for the tragedy.

"How could You do it, God?" I asked over and over again. "How could You do it?" It's strange how, whenever something terrible happens—a war or a death or an awful

I WANTED OUT

Joseph Levasseur
St. Louis, MO



disease, we blame God. But we seldom give Him credit or thanks for the good things of life. Of course, now I know that that is part of Satan's deception.

I attended church for the 23 years of my first marriage, but I didn't get much more out of that than I did out of my early upbringing. I felt bad if I

I moved out, and my girlfriend told me that if she got drunk she couldn't tell what might happen—she might have someone blow up my car. This added to my fears and paranoia. My mental deterioration continued.

One day I decided that what I needed was a friend, a real friend to whom I could talk, maybe enjoy taking to a

All my life I wanted to be somebody to escape
the poverty of my Depression-age youth.
In many ways I was a paradox.

went and worse if I didn't, so I kept going.

All my life I wanted to be something, to escape the poverty of my Depression-era youth. In many ways I was a paradox, painfully shy, yet terribly egotistical and self-righteous, quick to tell others how to straighten out their lives. Meantime, my own marriage and career were heading downhill. I did become a success in my profession, but even that began to dwindle as my confusion mounted.

Finally I came to the place where I recognized that there was no one to blame but myself. I was dabbling in psychic and occult phenomena, could not handle the mixed-up relationship with my girlfriend, and was in almost complete mental chaos. Now, facing my reflection in the mirror, I knew I wanted out of this miserable existence.

football game. I went so far as to figure out statistically the odds of finding that someone amidst St. Louis' million-and-a-half population.

I was sitting alone at a bar the first time I saw Ann, and asked her to dance. Within six days I decided she and I were "it." She had gone through a number of disappointing relationships, too. We dated awhile, and I felt this was the girl for me. But it wasn't that simple for Ann.

She had an image of a "macho man" that I knew I could never fill. One evening, sitting on her back porch, I felt as if my insides were tearing out because I knew this relationship was about to end like all the others. I had found my perfect "buddy"—but I couldn't live up to her image.

Then something absolutely unexplainable happened. At that black and desolate moment we both suddenly

felt something indescribable. For a while neither of us said a word; then I opened my mouth to say something to end the hopeless situation. Instead, it was as if the words I spoke came from the top of my head. They contained a message for both of us. Instead of what I intended to say, I heard, "You are not looking for the ideal man but a man who will give you

A short time after Ann and I were married, my sister Anita came to visit. I'd told her about our experience, but when we saw one another face to face she surprised me by saying, "Joe, there's more—more than what you've got."

"No," I replied impatiently. "I've tried other churches."

"I'm not talking about churches,



Joseph Levasseur, executive vice-president and general manager of Coinco

100 percent of himself. I cannot fulfill the image of the man I think you want, but I can give you 100 percent of myself."

Like the beam of a flashlight in a dark tunnel, this treasured truth revealed a way out of our hopeless situation. Now each of us could be the answer to the needs of the other.

Joe, I'm talking about Jesus. He's the One who touched you."

My sister opened her Bible and began to show us New Testament truths. She spoke about healing, and speaking in other tongues, and salvation. I felt a yearning in my heart to go to her church and witness these things for myself.

God answers prayer, and a few weeks later in church Ann and I felt a sustained joy very much like that earlier first touch from God. We went forward at the altar call and were gloriously saved, and found the genuine joy of the Lord.

As my faith took hold, God immediately began putting back the pieces of my life. He delivered me of the spirit of fear and healed my physical problems. My career flourished, and He began to send me people at work who needed salvation. In the last few years

God immediately began putting back the pieces of my life

the Lord has used us to help lead hundreds to the Lord Jesus. They just come to talk about their problems, and I direct them to the only answer I know.

The Lord has also given me a ministry of praying for people in other places. For instance, a Japanese brother who had just been saved told me he wished his mother in Tokyo might be healed of a chronic illness. Ann and I agreed that his mother would be healed right then. Several months later we learned that this dear lady had been delivered of her illness at the very hour we prayed for her.

To show you how the Lord can work, I once prayed for a lady in our company who had a damaged eye. We were in the middle of a group of employees, and as I commanded the pain and swelling to leave in the name of Jesus the puffiness went down immediately. The people around us were amazed, and a few days later this lady came into my office bringing with her three others who had been in the group that day. She said, "We've got to get saved!" I prayed with all of them for salvation, and two were baptized in the Holy Spirit with the evidence of speaking in tongues.

One of them then asked me to call on a woman in the hospital who was dying of cancer. My son Brian, who works for the same company as I do, went with me to see the woman and led her to the Lord. We prayed for her recovery, and the result was that her illness went into remission.

I could go on and on about the miracles I have seen God work in the last few years. But I still marvel at the greatest miracle in my life: the fact that God cared enough for me to touch my life and bring me out of utter blackness and confusion.

Yes, I found a friend when I found my wife Ann. But now we've both found an even greater Friend—the Lord Jesus Christ. □

Joseph Levasseur is executive vice-president and general manager of Coinco, St. Louis, MO. He is a member of Hope Chapel and a director of FGBMFI's Clayton Chapter.

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THREEFOLD PURPOSE OF FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP

1. *To witness to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man, and by this to reach men for Jesus Christ, especially those having the same social, cultural or business interests as the person doing the witnessing.*

2. *To provide a basis of Christian fellowship among all men everywhere through an organism not directly associated with any specific church but cooperating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches.*

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International does not start churches. Rather, we desire solely to be a service arm to existing ones.

3. *To bring about a greater measure of unity and spirit of harmony in the body of Christ, where members are united in a common effort for the good of the whole body.*

HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER

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, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

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DETROIT

JULY 5-9

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It all happens this summer, when FGBMFI's 30th World Convention meets in a spectacular new riverfront convention environment unlike anything else on earth. The 73-story Detroit Plaza

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PRESIDENT REAGAN ACKNOWLEDGES GIFT

Herb Ellingwood, legal counsel to the president of the United States and an international director of FGBMFI, presented to President Reagan the Pony Express Bible which he had accepted on the president's behalf at the FGBMFI World Convention last July.

In response, the following letter was sent to Demos Shakarian:

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 17, 1982

Dear Mr. Shakarian:

I want to express my sincere gratitude for the personalized Bible which you presented to Herbert Ellingwood for me. I understand that this Bible was carried over the original Pony Express trail by members of the Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International. Their splendid feat certainly gives added meaning to your organization's special remembrance, and I deeply appreciate this generous gesture of friendship.

Again, with my warm thanks, and with best wishes to you and the fine men you represent,

Sincerely,
Ronald Reagan

CHAPTER GROWTH MEASURED

Perusing some old records, Art Evanson, international director from Portland, Oregon, discovered that in 1970 there were 180 active chapters in the United States, with 9 in Canada and 10 overseas.

Twelve years later, there are 1,677 U.S. chapters, 229 in Canada and 638 in the rest of the world.

Growth continues as the report for the first six months of 1982 shows 119 new chapters either already chartered or with charters pending.

Number of countries in which FGBMFI now ministers is 81, compared with 71 in the previous report.

LIFE MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN SUCCESSFUL

Twenty-five hundred men became lifetime members of FGBMFI during June and July as the result of a 30th Anniversary Membership Drive.

An analysis of newly purchased life memberships reveals the interesting fact that one-third of the men have not belonged previously to the Fellowship.

One-third of the memberships were purchased by ladies as gifts for their husbands.



A Christmas Message

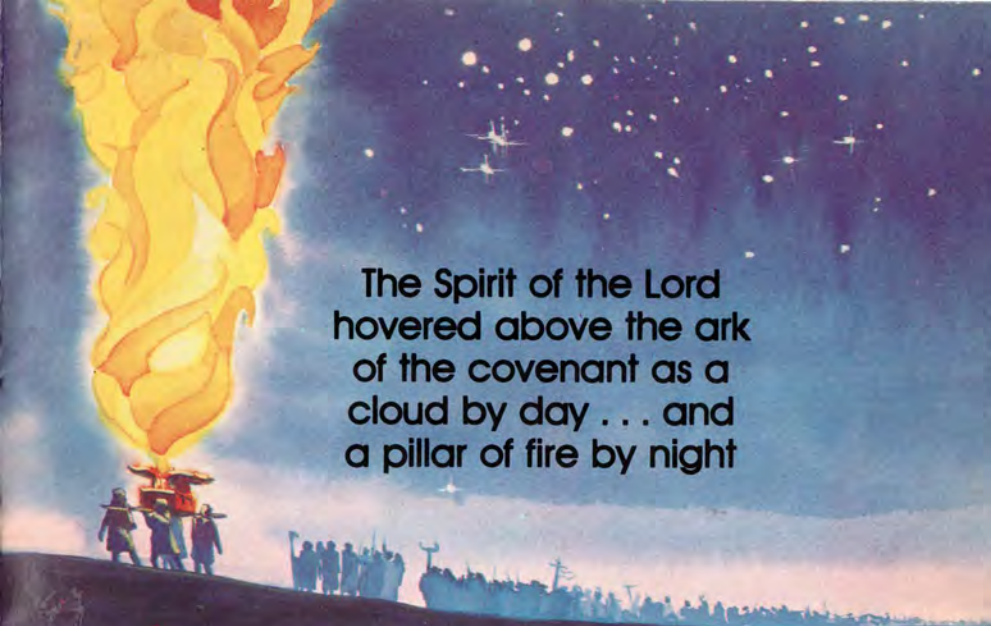


Demos and Rose Shakarian

Demos, I need your help." Norm Frost, a former competitor in the dairy business and since a brother in Christ, was phoning from his home in northern California, relaying an urgent request from his daughter-in-law for prayer for his grandson.

Enroute to a meeting at the Laymen's World Headquarters, Rose and I stopped at Children's Hospital, Orange County. Gowned and masked, I entered the isolation quarters where 13-year-old Sam was critically ill with Reye's Syndrome. He was strapped to the bed in an effort to restrain his delirious thrashing around.

The memory of this experience always reminds me of a tremendous



The Spirit of the Lord
hovered above the ark
of the covenant as a
cloud by day . . . and
a pillar of fire by night

DEMOS SHAKARIAN, FOUNDER/PRESIDENT

truth that lies at the very heart of the Christmas message. Recalling the anguish of Sam's parents and grandparents as he hovered between life and death, I have a little clearer understanding of John 3:16: "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."

In that hospital room I understood just a little better the price the heavenly Father paid for your salvation and mine.

Rod, Sam's father, was in the room when I arrived. We moved to the boy's bedside and I prayed a simple prayer, asking God to heal him. Rather than

reveal here what happened, I'll let you make the wonderful discovery when you read Norman Frost's testimony in these pages of *Voice*.

Let me pose a question you may be asking: "How can a farmer/businessman have the boldness to step into a life-and-death situation and pray expectantly for a miracle?" The answer to that question expresses one of the most practical and promising Christmas messages found in the Bible. It can revolutionize your future.

Let me refresh your memory with a little background from the Old Testament. God gave the design and the dimensions for the ark of the covenant.

(continued, page 36)



CONVENTIONS

NORTHERN ILLINOIS RALLY December 2—4, 1982

Hilton Hotel, Arlington Heights
Write: Mr. Henry Carlson
564 W. Fulton
Chicago, IL 60606

CENTRAL AMERICAN December 3—5, 1982

San Salvador
Write: Mr. Max Mejia Vides
la. Calle Pte. 3035
San Salvador, El Salvador

ALL INDIA NATIONAL December 9—12, 1982

Kerala, India
Write: Mr. Thomas Vadakekut
Admiral Tour & Travel Bureau
H.O. Dwaraka Bldgs., M.G. Rd.
Cochin, 682 016, S. India

TEXAS CAPITAL NEW YEAR'S EVE RALLY December 30—31, 1982

Villa Capri
Write: FGBMFI Austin Chapter
P.O. Box 14545
Austin, TX 78761

PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

January 5—9, 1983
Hyatt Regency
Write: Mr. Bill Pyatt
4415 West Watson Lane
Phoenix, AZ 85306

1983 HAWAII REGIONAL

January 12—15, 1983
Pacific Beach Hotel, Honolulu
Write: Mr. John Witwer
1164 Bishop St., Ste. 1410
Honolulu, HI 96813

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA RALLY January 14—15, 1983

Harley Hotel
Write: Mr. Jim Clark
11722 Johnson Rd.
Fort Wayne, IN 46815

WASHINGTON, D.C. INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

February 3—5, 1983
Shoreham Hotel
Write: Washington, D.C. Conv. Ofc.
Box 350, Manassas, VA 22110

30TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

July 5—9, 1983
Detroit, Michigan
Write: Mr. Dave Byram
World Convention Coordinator
P.O. Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

For a complete listing of conventions, rallies, and advances, write to Conventions, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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.

UNITED STATES: COLORADO: Monument Chapter, Robert L. Throgmorton (303) 495-3144. **HAWAII:** Schofield Barracks Chapter, Darrel Smith (808) 624-5859. **IDAHO:** Upper Valley Chapter, David L. Rankin (208) 624-3272. **MICHIGAN:** Copper Country Chapter, David Larsen (906) 296-0046. **MISSOURI:** Arnold Chapter, James Poindexter (314) 464-0616; Laurie Chapter, Larry E. Ollison (314) 374-5101. **TENNESSEE:** North Hamilton County Chapter, Gene Sholl (615) 332-4820. **TEXAS:** D-FW Airport Chapter, Ron Bollinger (817) 431-1022; Ennis Chapter, Gilbert Frey (214) 875-6412; Giddings Chapter, Wade L. Moore (713) 542-5657.

MEN'S CAMP CHANGES LIVES

Photos on opposite page were taken at Warm Beach Men's Camp, Marysville, Washington, September 10-12: (1) Don Ostrom, international director and a Fellowship vice-president, Fall City, Washington. (2) Bernie Gray, international director, Brisbane, Australia. (3) Approximately 1,300 men gather to praise God, to receive biblical teaching and to minister to needs. (4) Some of eight Australians who are guests at the Advance. (5) Many commitments are made, including an estimated 50 first-time decisions for Christ; nearly 100 are filled with the Holy Spirit.

CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

(from page 33)

It was a two-by-two-foot, gold-plated chest, a little less than four feet long. On its lid were two golden cherubim with outstretched wings. This box, which symbolized the presence of God, rested in the Holy of Holies of the tabernacle and was carried by the priests when they traveled.

Miracles were associated with it. When the priests, carrying it on poles, stepped into the Jordan River the waters parted, permitting the Israelites to cross over. Also, it was an important part of the procession that marched around Jericho seven times when God miraculously caused that city's walls to tumble.

On another occasion, the Philistines defeated Israel in battle and captured the ark of the covenant. But they suffered so much from misfortunes and plagues that they returned it.

As King David and 30,000 of his men were returning the ark to Jerusalem on an oxcart—rather than on poles shouldered by the priests, as God had ordered—the wagon jolted and a priest grabbed the ark to prevent it from falling. He died immediately. Afraid, David left the ark at the house of Obed-Edom.

However, before long King David learned that the Lord was blessing Obed-Edom because the ark was there. So he brought it, this time in the manner God had prescribed, to Jerusalem for the blessing of the nation.

What does this Old Testament

account of blessings that occurred when the box was present have to do with us this Christmas? How does it relate to my praying expectantly for the healing of Sam and for thousands of others? The answer is exciting.

The angel who appeared to Joseph before the birth of Jesus quoted the prophet Isaiah: "Behold, a virgin shall be with child and shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us" (Matthew 1:23). Jesus came to be among us. Even more than that, He came to dwell *within* us. He promised, "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him" (John 14:23).

In the same chapter Jesus declared, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it" (John 14:12,13).

I believe Jesus. That is the basis for my confidence when I pray for miracles. He is in me and in every believer, and He will do today the same marvelous works He did when He walked Galilee's shores. Just as there were miracles and blessings everywhere the ark of the covenant went, everywhere you and I go there will be the presence and the power of God. □

ALFALFA FIELDS

(from page 8)

and added to them was an affair with another woman. In 1973 I ran away with Lila, my new companion.

It was the last straw. Devastated by guilt and the reality of my life, my taste for liquor vanished overnight—but not my need for quaaludes, librium or valium. When I returned home my wife had the divorce all ready for me. Soon after that I married Lila and settled in Leavenworth.



Bob Jorgensen

Unemployed and restless, I took up watercolor painting. But all I could muster were depressing portraits of black crows and brown ducks, which were about as exciting as my life had become. I figured I was washed up as an architect, rotted out with booze and drugs and stumbling about like a zombie. I had lost all the old ambition to do something new, alive and worthwhile.

Then came a break. A friend called and said a large interdenominational church outside of town needed an architect for their new facility. I decided to check into it and after the pastor

and his business manager met briefly with me they said excitedly, "Come on, let's go to work!" I wasn't used to such eagerness, but thought it might be nice to do something for God.

To my surprise, I found I could still do the work. Men of the church worked as laborers on the building and occasionally I had to stop some of the guys from praying or reading their Bibles on the job and get them back to work. They were very friendly, however, and one of them gave me a Bible. It turned out to be the most fascinating book I've ever read. Embarrassed to be seen with it, I had to sneak reading times in at my truck and at home.

I discovered in the Scriptures that man's relationship with God begins by receiving Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. But this troubled me. Why, I asked myself, should someone else have to come between God and me?

Becoming obsessed with tracking down any "loophole" in the Bible which might disclaim the assertion that Jesus was the only way to God, I read and reread the Scriptures as if they were a building code. I couldn't find the loophole. It doesn't exist.

One day I was chatting with a shop owner when we suddenly got on the topic of Christians. This man wanted to know what "those church people" were like.

"They're real nice," I responded. "They're reborn, and unless you're reborn you won't see the kingdom of God." My own statement surprised me. I realized then that this was what I

needed: to be born again in God. Suddenly panicked by this revelation and feeling as though something was about to press me to the floor, I shouted, "I've got to get out of here!" and jumped into my truck.

I didn't get far down the road before the Lord met me with His love and I started breaking up. I hadn't cried for years, but here I was, soaking my shirt like a baby.

I think I cried for three weeks. But when it was all over my life was changed. I accepted the Lord and He forgave me for all the horrible things I had done. Best of all, I discovered I had true peace without the use of whiskey or drugs. Then someone lent me a tape by Harald Bredesen on receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit and I found God was giving me a beautiful way to communicate with Him in an unknown tongue.

Happily, Lila came right along behind me, receiving the Lord and the Baptism in her car.

In the months that followed, the Lord had to heal and change many areas of my life. Through a beautiful vision, He gave me the wisdom to trust His purpose for taking Kris years ago. One afternoon Lila and I were sitting on a river bank when suddenly I saw my son walking and talking with Jesus on the far side of the narrow river. As they entered a grove of aspens, Kris turned and waved back at me. Then they disappeared into the trees. Suddenly faith and assurance replaced my years of bitterness.

The Lord put my derailed relationships and ambitions back on track, as well. He had given me long ago the talent to create, design and paint. He was just waiting for the time when I would allow Him the use of my easel. With the air still gray from the stacks of depressing crow and duck pictures which I had thrown into the burning barrel, Jesus gave me a compelling desire to paint the Gospel. Today I paint pictures that let people know about Jesus. Not liturgical, religious portraits, but compositions that reveal Christ.

Sometimes it takes more than 200 sketches of a single element in the painting before I'm sure it's perfect—sometimes only one, as the Lord directs. But always out of the apparent chaos of swirling brush strokes and paint comes a painting depicting His love.

So it is with Jesus. The Master Painter can take the canvas of a man's life and paint a portrait of self-respect, dignity and fulfillment. □

Since his conversion in 1976 at age 60, Bob Jorgensen has worked hard to raise the standard of Christian art. He has one surviving son and two grandchildren. He and his wife attend Leavenworth Christian Fellowship and he is a member of FGBMFI's Leavenworth Chapter.

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 92626.

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

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(714) 754-1400

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Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Laymen's World Headquarters, Costa Mesa, CA

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 right now:
"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and I write 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 92626.



page 32



page 20



CONTENTS

- The Missing Ingredient . . . 2***
- The Alfalfa Fields . . . 7***
- Dare the Devil . . . 9***
- "Wheeler-dealer" . . . 14***
- Will My Castles Crumble? . 20***
- I Wanted Out . . . 24***
- International Directors . 28***
- Update! . . . 31***
- A Christmas Message . 32***
- Conventions . . . 34***

**Season's Greetings from
Full Gospel Business Men's Voice**



From: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626