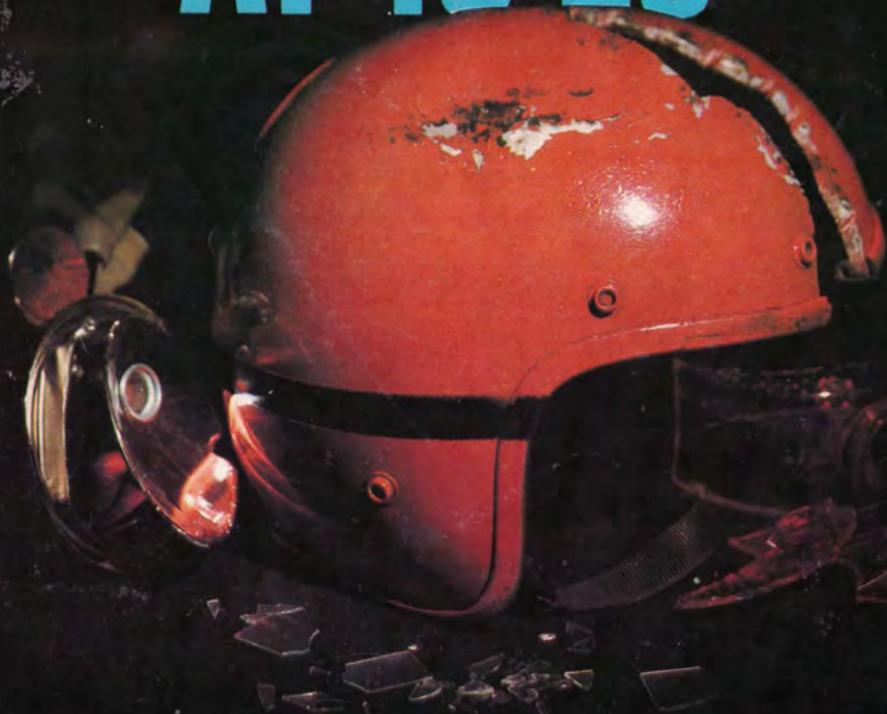


FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

05-81
VOICE

**TIME STOPPED
AT 10:25**





TIME STOPPED AT 10:25



DON BOUNDS, Dallas, Texas

The patrolman said our son was drunk when his motorcycle, going 70 miles an hour, plowed into a metal light standard last June. Clyde's helmet had split in two from the impact; his shattered watch stopped at 10:25.

The ambulance raced through the night, bringing him to the North Dallas emergency facility of Medical City. While his body was battered and scraped, his most severe injury was inside his skull, where blood and fluid were rapidly collecting, pressing

against his brain and causing uncontrollable swelling.

My wife Betty had answered our phone when it rang at midnight. The physician explained Clyde's injuries to her. "We don't expect him to live, Mrs. Bounds. Can you and your husband come quickly?"

Betty slowly replaced the receiver and turned to cling to me in shock. We stood there, parents sharing the intense pain of knowing one of our children might die. Then I remembered. Only a few weeks before I had given Clyde, once and for all, into the Lord's hands.

Eight years before, I'd made Jesus Christ both Saviour and Lord of my life. In my excitement over the wonderful changes He had made in my personality, I witnessed continually to my then thirteen-year-old son.

Maybe Clyde felt pressured into making his confession of faith, because he was never able to grow and develop as a Christian. Instead he began to take drugs, to drink. He would quit school and run away from home, then he'd be back home again for a while.

At each crisis I would pray, "God, he is Your child. You know what's best for him. You take care of his life." But it wouldn't be long before, fretting and worrying over him, I would forget my decision to trust God.

Upon Clyde's most recent return home I had determined I would keep my hands off his life from then on.

Now I reminded my tearful wife of

our commitment. As I held her close we lifted our hearts to our God who had already seen us through so much. In spite of the pain we felt, we were trusting His love and wisdom in whatever might be ahead for our family.

When we arrived at the hospital Clyde was convulsing. The doctors performed a brain scan; it was inconclusive due to the high quantity of alcohol in his system. He was placed in intensive care, his condition worsening with each passing hour. Finally a second brain scan showed a buildup of pressure that would surely kill him if it were not relieved.

There are times when a man can't pray by himself—when God doesn't expect him to. In the hours immediately following the accident, when it looked as if my son would die, names would come to my mind, one after another. As they did I would call each one, asking them to pray.

One of those calls was to Steve Shakarian at FGBMFI Headquarters. As I tried to tell him about Clyde I broke down and wept. Steve began to pray and to read scriptures to me. I remember his reading Psalm 118:17. "I shall not die," it says, "but live, and declare the works of the Lord." I felt this was a word from God for me, my wife and our son.

Then a couple of days later another Christian brother called to encourage me. Over the phone he sang a scripture that had been set to music. I was amazed to hear him sing, "I shall not die but live, and declare the works of

the Lord." Now I felt certain that Clyde would live to tell of God's healing power.

Having decided at first to surgically remove 18 percent of Clyde's brain in order to relieve the pressure, his doctors now chose a different course of action. A catheter would be inserted into the brain to drain off the fluids.

While the ambulance could have taken him to any nearby county facility, I thank God that Clyde was taken to a hospital noted for its outstanding neurosurgical unit. The operation was executed accurately, efficiently and successfully. But it was still touch-and-go for several more days.

On the fifth day following the crash the doctors reported that Clyde would live. "But what kind of a life we've saved him to we can't say."

Clyde's left side was paralyzed. His eyes, out of alignment, were unable to focus. "The damage could be permanent," the physician warned. "Even worse, there might be brain damage that has not yet been evidenced. We have no way of knowing at this point. You'll need to be prepared."

This honesty on the doctor's part gave us something specific to take to God. Betty and I went to the chapel and prayed, "God, You saved our son. You gave his doctors wisdom to do what they needed to do. Now we are asking You to give our son back to us a whole man."

I sat back in the chapel pew, trying

to rub away the lines of fatigue on my face. "I only wish Clyde knew I was here—and that he isn't alone," I thought. As Betty leaned against me, resting her head on my shoulder, I thought back to my own father.

I was just 10 years old when he divorced my mother, a hopeless alcoholic. I remember he just packed up one day and left, taking me with him.

Shortly after the divorce he met, fell in love with and married my stepmother. I realize now that they both loved me very much, but then I felt she was taking my dad's love from me and I hated her for that.

A few months later, wanting to tell me before anyone else did, Dad confided that I had been adopted as an infant. My child's mind took this new sense of loss and twisted it into an excuse for every wrong thing I had ever done or would do in the future.

When I became impossible to deal with, Dad sent me to a military school. I was as much a problem to them as I had been to my folks, and it wasn't long before I was sent home.

By the time I met Betty I was already a heavy drinker with one broken teenage marriage behind me. I fell in love with her at first sight. Because I wanted her to be my wife I tried to make myself look as good as I could to win her over. It worked. We were married March 17, 1956.

My initial happiness was short-lived, and soon I returned to the

bottle. Over the next 18 years I became a total drunk, losing one good job after another. But it wasn't the drinking alone that caused my family such unhappiness. It was all the sins that go hand in hand with it.

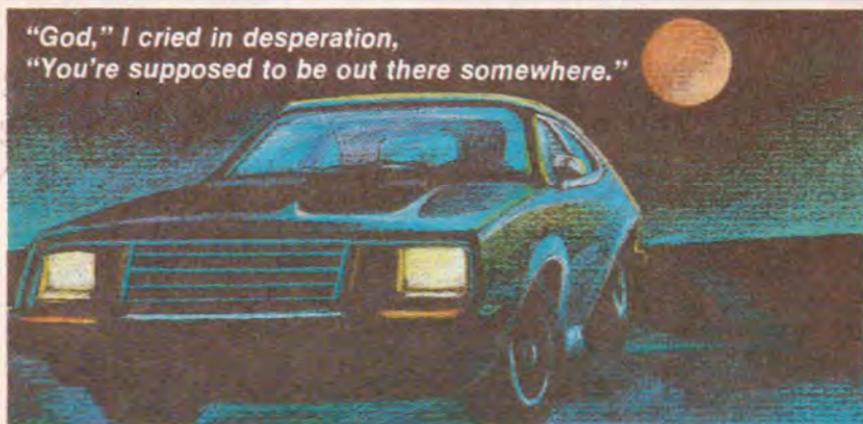
Sitting there in the chapel, I felt deep gratitude to the woman whose weary head now rested on my shoulder. Through all those torturous years Betty had hung on, struggling to keep our family together.

It was while on my way home from

clear and I began to sort through my life priorities.

I didn't understand enough of what was happening to me to tell anyone about it, but when an aunt and uncle invited us to a New Year's Eve service at their church I really wanted to go.

I'd always had to get drunk on New Year's before I could enjoy myself, but not that night. It was great. On the way home I told Betty, "This is what I've been looking for. It's real and I want to be a part of it."



an overnight stay in a Tyler, Texas jail that finally I had been forced to face myself. With several hundred miles still to drive, there was plenty of time to think about the mess I had made of all our lives. "God," I had cried in desperation, "You're supposed to be out there somewhere. If You are You've got to help me!"

In that moment a change came over me that I can only describe as supernatural. My confusion began to

A week later I returned to church to give my life to Jesus Christ. As I confessed each sin I knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that He forgave it. Now I wanted the whole world to know what He'd done for me.

Our younger children had no problem accepting Christianity, but it was a struggle for Clyde. He couldn't forget the man I'd been—the times I'd come home drunk and whipped him for no reason.

"No matter how hard I want to, I can't undo the damage I've done," I thought as Betty and I left the chapel. "It'll take God to untangle Clyde from the past."

So that his brain could rest and heal, Clyde was now put into a medicated coma. We were told that it would take from 10 to 14 days for him to regain consciousness, once medication was discontinued.

But while in the coma, and being fed intravenously, he began to lose a tremendous amount of body weight—not just fatty tissue, but muscle tissue as well, along with the vitamins stored in his system. A heart specialist was called in to insert another catheter. This time it would be used to feed vitamins into the main artery leading to his heart—a very dangerous procedure.

Again Betty and I returned to the hospital chapel, our meeting place with God, who answered our prayers in a most astounding way.

Before catheterization could begin, the specialist noticed what he thought was a decided change in Clyde's condition. Medication was temporarily halted. Within *four days* Clyde had come out of his coma completely and had been moved from the intensive care unit to a private room.

It was now time for the doctors to discuss the possibility of residual effects of his injury. Clyde still couldn't focus his eyes—they might never become properly aligned. The paralysis of his left side might also be permanent. The doctors tried to assure us

that in such an event some compensations could be made.

For Betty and me, every one of these became specific requests to take to the now-familiar prayer chapel. The very next day after we prayed our son began to enjoy limited use of the left side of his body. His eyes appeared to be righting themselves.

Seeing the improvement, his doctors decided to operate a second time. Now a half-dollar-size hole was made in his skull through which fluids that again had collected there were drained. Immediately after this surgery Clyde began to gain strength in his left arm and his eyes straightened considerably more.

Forty-one days after the terrible crash that almost took his life and threatened to leave him brain-damaged—an invalid—our son left the hospital for home.

His healing has been so complete that a recent examination hardly showed where the skull opening had been made. Today, less than a year since the accident, Clyde has returned to work, completely healed.

The great miracle is not only his physical healing, but his spiritual healing. My son and I were once a million miles apart. Now we are as close as one man. An Old Testament prophet foretold this special work of God in the last days when he said, "And he shall turn the hearts of the children to their fathers . . ." (Malachi 4:6).

Everything that I trusted God to do, He has done.



Equipping for Action

Guatemala—one of Planet Earth's trouble spots—is my homeland," began John Curretta as he shared at the first Advanced Leadership Training Seminar of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International at its Laymen's World Headquarters February 5. "Nicaragua and San Salvador are like Vietnam," he continued. "And in Guatemala it is very similar."

In 1978 John had stood with other men in front of the Anaheim Convention Center and Demos Shakarian had prayed for him. Results: "I had never been to a chapter meeting, but when I returned home something burned inside of me to start one. I gathered 25 men at my hotel and the first chapter in Guatemala was born.

"We've been going through some hard times down there, but 'where sin abounds, grace doth much more abound.' All one has to do in such situations is to take a man in the midst of problems and show him what Jesus can do in your life and in his. You will turn him around."

Essentially, John has stated the mission of the Fellowship: to lift up Jesus.

The seminar was planned to help increase the effectiveness of chapters in fulfilling that objective. One hundred forty-six officers from Canada, Guatemala, Scotland, and 23 states participated in the two-day event.

Five additional seminars are planned

for 1981. They are the fulfillment of a dream expressed by President and Founder Demos Shakarian at the dedication of the Laymen's World Headquarters in January, 1980. In view of the urgency of the times and the magnitude of the task of reaching businessmen of the world for Christ, Demos foresaw the necessity of bringing men from around the world to be inspired, trained, and challenged to take the world for Christ.

Expertise and Experience

Most meaningful moments of the seminar, according to reports received, were those when the president shared the vision of the Fellowship, and again when he ministered at the Thursday night banquet.

Other leaders contributed from their expertise and experience. Executive Vice President Thomas Ashcraft drew on his 25 years with the Fellowship to outline fundamentals of effective chapter operations. "How to Have a Healthy Chapter" was ably explained by Vice President Don Ostrom, whose Seattle chapter has more than 500 members. International Director Keith Davis, Canadian jeweler, addressed important areas of the family life of a spiritual leader, and the place of worship and music in chapter meetings. Chuck Damato, newly appointed I.D. and president of the fastest growing chapter in the United States, provided proven how-to's for chapter growth. David Malkin, a director of the Thousand Oaks (California) chapter, conducted a practical

workshop on how to lead a person to Christ and how to assist others in receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Chief Operating Officer Steve Shakarian and his staff members informed attendees of the numerous resources and services available, and underscored the desire of all Headquarters personnel to be an effective support team in partnership with chapter members.

Enthusiastic Response

Praise and appreciation were unanimous from the men, all guests of International. The following responses are indicative: "It's been wonderful; I really benefited from it" (Jerry Morephis, attorney and chapter secretary, Jacksonville, Mississippi). "Very informative. I didn't realize how well organized and effective International is. We are excited about outreach. I've discovered the way to put the vision into practice simply and effectively without a lot of red tape" (Jim Warren, Antelope Valley, California).

When asked if the seminar had been helpful to small chapters, Jim replied, "Oh, yes, any chapter. All the men I've talked with are very positive. They are really turned on."

John Curreta, Guatemala, concluded, "We've not only been given the mechanics of how to run a chapter meeting, we have a clearer concept of what the vision is and a better understanding of what the Lord is going to be doing in the future. We're really thrilled about what God is doing in the states, and we are even more

excited about the prospects outside your country. I believe that soon the continental membership will be matched, even exceeded, by membership around the world."

Training Is Essential

Leadership training is an essential function of the Fellowship. God has used this organization to bring untold numbers of laymen to the Saviour and to introduce thousands to new power through the baptism in the Holy Spirit. God has also used it to transform men who were merely "pew-fillers" into fruitful followers of the Master.

Through the Fellowship's Leader-

ship Training Seminars God can equip thousands of men for ministry. Every chapter can become a basic training camp for service. The ripe, white harvest will be lost without it. If you would like to enjoy the satisfaction men feel when fulfilling a significant role in a dynamic men's ministry, write the Chapter Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92626, or call (714) 754-1400. Without obligation, you will be informed of meaningful opportunities for fellowship, training, and ministry in a dynamic organization that bridges denominational differences and has a spiritual impact in 75 countries. □



"You shall select out of all the people able men who fear God, men of truth, those who hate dishonest gain; and you shall place these over them, as leaders" (Exodus 18:21, NAS)

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The Three-fold Purpose of the 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.*

The 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

THE LUCKIEST MAN ALIVE

*In the steaming hell
of jungle warfare
I beat Charlie
on his own turf.*

ROGER L. HELLE, Omaha, Nebraska



I was just 22 years old, but with nearly three years of combat duty under my gunbelt I was recognized as one of the toughest, luckiest Marine leathernecks in Vietnam.

I'd been wounded twice (both times while rescuing fellow Marines) and decorated six times. I couldn't count how often I'd cheated death. In the steamy hell of jungle warfare I had learned to stay alive and beat Charlie on his own turf.

In fact, the Viet Cong had a \$500 price tag on my head, and they only wanted me one way—dead.

"You've got more lives than a platoon of alley cats," my buddies told



me. I began to believe I was indestructible, the luckiest man alive.

But luck has a way of petering out. It was late 1969, and I was walking point for my combat unit, a special team of Vietnamese militia and Marines, as we headed back to the site of an earlier victory to blow up any usable enemy equipment that might have been left behind. With the gung-ho *elan* of a John Wayne movie character, I had strapped almost 50 pounds of explosives to my body before starting out.

Telling my platoon to hold back, I inched forward to check for booby traps. Suddenly something hit my leg.

I spun around, then looked down. I saw the enemy grenade under me for only a split second before it exploded with a blinding blast, rocketing thousands of flesh-shredding fragments through my body. Fear and searing pain flashed through my whole being as the explosion launched me backward. By rights, I should never have gotten up again, but pure terror forced me almost immediately to my feet.

Blood filled my eyes. I swiped at it desperately to clear my vision. There, only 40 feet away, stood Charlie with a rifle pointed at my guts. One bullet ripped through my stomach, another shattered my arm. The slugs sent me

sprawling face-first to the ground. As I rolled onto my back I looked into the hate-crazed eyes of a North Vietnamese soldier as he lunged his bayonet into my stomach. At the same time I realized that my arms and back were burning from the white phosphorus of one of my own grenades.

Propelled by panic and the fury to live, I lurched to my feet, wildly tearing off my burning clothes and, with them, layers of my own charred flesh. In the confusion of battle I somehow managed to reach my platoon.

Six days later I awoke to the voice of my twin brother, also a Vietnam combat veteran. He was talking to a doctor and the news was bad.

"He's going to die," the doctor said flatly. "There's nothing we can do."

My brother knelt by my bed and began to weep and pray. Tears rolled down my face. I didn't want to die. I was only 22 years old! Too weak to talk, I spoke to God with my heart:

"God . . . if there is a God . . . if You let me live I'll do anything You want." Then I passed out again.

Strange things started happening. First the doctors said I would live. Then after six weeks I was sent state-side. Both gangrene in my leg and a bone infection in my arm disappeared. Unexplainably, my shattered body began to mend. The doctors proclaimed me "very lucky" and in less than a year sent me home.

But like most foxhole converts I forgot about my last-ditch deal with God. Still out to find excitement and build a

reputation for myself, I went to work for Pinkerton, the world's largest detective agency. I met a wonderful girl and we were married two years after my military discharge. Everything was going my way.

But some awful force was driving me. Work was an obsession. Worse, not satisfied with my loving wife and happy home, I started going out with other women and soon my marriage was on the rocks.

Then the rest of my world began to collapse. My younger brother was murdered in Arizona. Arthritis had begun

**"He's going to die.
There's nothing we
can do."**



to cripple my legs. Work no longer satisfied me. Life had become empty and meaningless. Sometimes I wondered why I hadn't just died in Vietnam.

Since every respectable businessman is supposed to go to church, my wife and I began attending one in our community. I expected the people to be phony and "churchified," but these Christians were genuine and loving. We both saw something in them that we wanted to be but couldn't. This only added to my frustration.

Then on Thanksgiving Day, 1974 my wife left me. I felt that I could now live all for myself again. But something haunted me. I kept hearing my marriage vows over and over again. I now realize it was the voice of the Holy Spirit, convicting me of my lifestyle and drawing me to God.

After 10 days of separation my wife and I determined to try again. This time we began searching our lives to see what was wrong, what was missing. God showed us, through the Scriptures and some Christian friends, that it was *someone*, not *something*, that was missing. It was Jesus.

In the only way we knew, we prayed and asked Jesus to come into our lives. That very hour the Lord miraculously transformed us and we experienced wonderful power and fullness in the Holy Spirit.

With God in control, my career took off. I was placed in charge of Pinkerton's Omaha branch. Business doubled the first two years. My salary increased unbelievably and we tithed 15

percent in grateful response to God's goodness.

The Lord placed us in a coffee-house ministry at our church, and we began to see how He could change other young people's lives as they abandoned drugs, alcohol and "free" sex to serve Him.

One evening after three years in this ministry the Lord spoke to my heart. "Roger, do you love your work more than Mine?"

"No, Lord," I answered, "I don't think so." I knew then that He was calling me into fulltime ministry.

When I handed in my resignation the company offered me an executive position at double the salary! I told them I couldn't refuse God's call on my life. With no visible means of support we began our ministry.

We knew we would be helping to deliver drug addicts and child alcoholics in addition to serving in the coffee-house ministry. Three weeks after I left my job God began opening new doors, and our coffeehouse became a Teen Challenge rehabilitation center.

Did I give up a lot to serve God? No! I owe Him my life many times over, for I know today it was He who repeatedly spared and healed me in Vietnam. It was He who saved my marriage and home. It was He who delivered me from a wicked, meaningless, self-serving life.

The luckiest man alive? Luck had nothing to do with it. Unlike luck, God never runs out—He's always right there when you need Him most. □

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Even casual contact with newspapers and airways today reveals the sickness of spirit permeating our society. But continuously there is a *Voice* testifying to the real hope Christ gives in every situation and in every problem we face.

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ON COURSE



CAPT. O.A. FISH, Bostic, NC

I had just boarded a flight dead-heading for Tampa, Florida, where I was to pick up my own flight. The doors closed and we prepared to taxi. Suddenly the jetway was put back up.

"What's going on?" I wondered as the gate agent opened the door and called, "Captain Fish, bring your bags. You're wanted in the crew-scheduling office."

A phone call awaited me. "There's been an accident. . . ." I was scarcely aware of the words that followed: ". . . another car . . . Barbara's dead."

Nearly two years earlier, I'd had an

experience which was to sustain me during this time of intense sorrow. But first, let me share my background.

I grew up on a farm in the foothills of western North Carolina, next to the oldest of 10 children. When I was 15 my father died and finances became scarce.

My mother signed for me to join the Air Force when I was 17 and I fell in love with flying. Although I was not able to get into pilot training in the service, as soon as I got out a friend and I bought a J-3 Piper Cub. About this time I also met and married my wife Charlotte and we began our family.

I worked hard at flying, looking forward to the time I would be good enough to become an airline pilot. I never had time to attend church with my wife or daughters.

For a long while I'd felt an inner emptiness, but I was sure the void would be filled when I became a pilot. I did achieve my goal in 1962 after 10 years of private flying when Eastern Airlines hired me. But the emptiness did not go away.

In fact, I found by age 30 that I no longer had a goal to inspire me. I thought, "Life is half over and everything's just downhill from here on."

Suddenly one night, lying in bed, I realized I was headed for a nervous breakdown. I had accepted Christ at the age of nine but had never lived a victorious Christian life. Now, overcome with conviction, I knew I should relinquish my life to Jesus.

I began sobbing and crying out to

God, "Lord, I can't live the Christian life. It's too hard and I don't have the strength within me." The whole bed shook as I wept and I feared Charlotte would wake up, but the Lord kept her in a peaceful sleep.

My sobbing subsided and I gave my life totally to God. A wonderful peace came over me.

The next morning I woke with an unquenchable thirst for God's Word. I read for hours each day. At this point I had a dream.

We were living in Alexandria, Virginia. Exhausted after a long flight, I had come home and plopped down in my favorite chair in front of the television set. Soon I fell asleep.

The dream involved a model airplane towing the word "professionals." I woke up as Johnny Cash was giving his testimony and God spoke clearly to my heart that He was raising up professionals—including myself—to give witness to Him.

How could this be? I loved the Lord and diligently studied His Word, but I was so shy about my faith that I had difficulty praying aloud even in front of my family.

A year after the dream we moved to North Carolina. I'd felt a calling to buy land and build a Christian youth camp. Charlotte teased, "How can you minister in the camp when it's so hard for you to pray aloud?"

"I don't know," I answered, "but I believe when the time comes God will take care of it." Little did I know what God had in mind.

Just before we left Virginia, a movement started in our little Methodist church which was to affect my life more than I realized. A number of people talked about the baptism in the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues. "That's for weak, emotional people," I thought. "I'm intelligent and rational. I don't need the experience."

We moved on to North Carolina. Shortly after settling there I was watching the "700 Club" on television while Charlotte washed dishes. As the host of the program began to pray, she turned around and said to me, "In just a moment that man will pray in tongues." (She hadn't told me, but I suspected Charlotte was one of those tongues-speakers.)

"Oh, no!" I replied. "He would never do that on TV."

But he did. I had never heard anything like it. The language sounded like Arabic or Hebrew to me and I could feel the hair standing up on the back of my neck.

Twice the week that followed I dreamed of speaking in tongues, accompanied by a wonderful feeling. A short time later I was settled in my motel room in Atlanta, Georgia for a stopover. (The Eastern crew base in Atlanta was too far from my home for constant commuting and I often had to spend the night at a motel.)

Flicking on the TV set, once again I found myself watching the "700 Club." Although nothing was being said about the infilling of the Holy Spirit, I knelt by the bed and prayed,

"Dear Jesus, I know now that I need this experience. I yield my whole self to You, including my tongue. Please baptize me with Your Holy Spirit."

Glory filled that room and a new language of praise gushed forth for almost an hour. I went to sleep a happy man and woke up with a boldness I had never experienced before. When I got home, our four daughters all said, "Something must have happened to Daddy!"

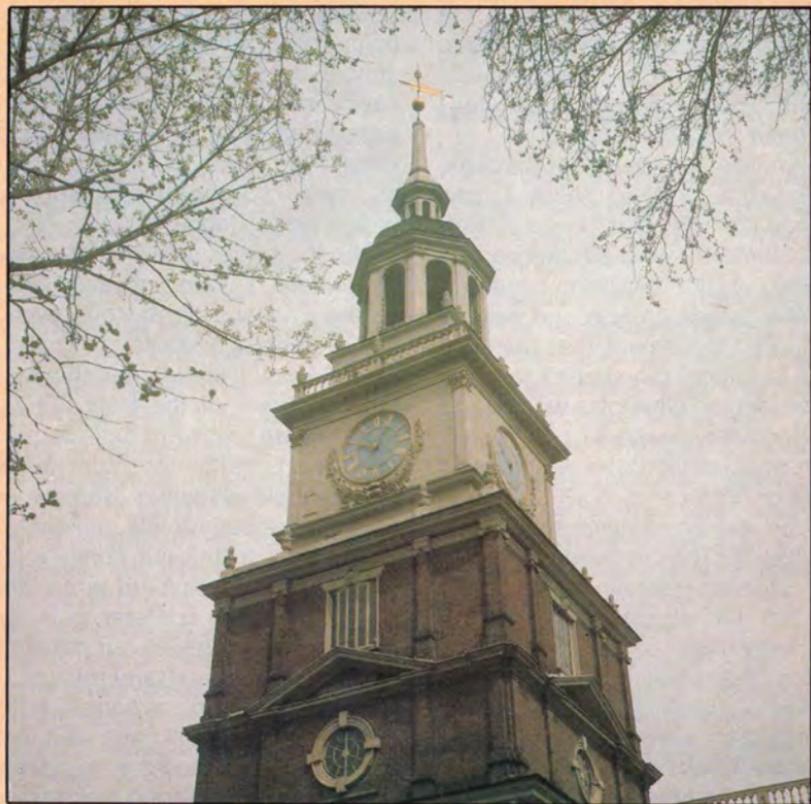
Not long after receiving this power to witness I found myself leading others to Jesus as Saviour, even on busy Atlanta sidewalks.

God knew I would need this supernatural power of the Holy Spirit for the ultimate test of faith. It came December 31, 1973—the night our sixteen-year-old daughter Barbara was killed in the automobile accident.

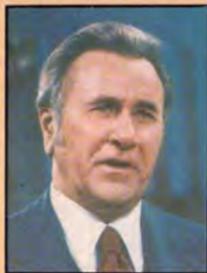
She was driving our family station wagon, bringing a youth group home from a Christian conference in Georgia. Cheryl, another of our daughters, was with her. Cheryl later told us, "We were singing scripture songs and Barbara had just said, 'I can't wait to see Jesus,' when the accident happened."

We don't understand why the Lord permitted our daughter to be taken from us at such a tender age. But since that day we have come to know the peace, the love and the mercy of God in new measure. The tragedy of our daughter's premature death has made known to us the great comfort of the Holy Spirit, drawing us closer to Jesus Christ and to each other. □

PHILADELPHIA



**Philadelphia World Convention
Full Gospel Business Men's
Fellowship International
June 30—July 4, 1981**



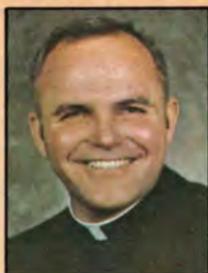
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Benton Convention Center
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**NORTHERN ONTARIO
REGIONAL****May 14-16, 1981**

Holiday Inn
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**NEW MEXICO MEN'S
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NORTHWEST REGIONAL**May 20-23, 1981**

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American Baptist Assembly
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COUPLES RETREAT**May 22-24, 1981**

Banff Springs Hotel
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**1ST SOUTHWEST
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Black Lake Bible Conf. Center
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**28TH ANNUAL
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Philadelphia, PA
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World Convention Coordinator
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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.

CANADA: Ft. McMurray Chapter, Edward W. Mercer (403) 743-0834. **PHILIPPINES:** Makati Chapter, Peter Butt 894747. **SOUTH AFRICA:** Empangeni Chapter, Brian Innes 24237. **UNITED STATES: ALABAMA:** Brewton Chapter, Ken Shaulis (205) 867-9738. **IOWA:** Oskaloosa Chapter, Homer Rempe (515) 673-7822; **Winthrop Area Chapter,** William Reed (319) 935-3682. **KANSAS:** Marshall County Chapter, James Anderson (913) 562-2579. **MASSACHUSETTS:** Greater Lowell Chapter, George Brouillette (617) 256-0896; **North Shore Chapter,** Robert Crafts (603) 642-8029. **MICHIGAN:** Coldwater Area Chapter, Paul E. Ruse (517) 279-9412; **Dowagiac Chapter,** G. Ronald Fletcher (616) 782-3606. **MONTANA:** Forsyth Chapter, Thad E. Turner (406) 356-7749. **NEVADA:** Reno Chapter, William S. Earnhardt, Jr. (702) 972-1023. **NEW YORK:** Middletown Chapter, Charles Paduch (914) 342-2273. **OKLAHOMA:** Lincoln County Chapter, Eddie Green (405) 258-1064. **WASHINGTON:** Camas/Washougal Chapter, Charles F. Bartley (no phone). **WISCONSIN:** Antigo Chapter, Marvin Beyer (715) 623-4472.

Reach Out and Touch Someone



CHRIS VAN LAAR
Toronto, Ontario, Canada



No one told me to do it—I wasn't part of some master plan of evangelism. I just wanted to personally tell as many people as I could about Jesus—starting with my own neighborhood.

I plan to serve God through Christian television after I get a master's degree in broadcasting. But that seems a long way off when you're 17. I'm not about to wait for years to get into the action.

It took a lot of thinking and praying to decide the quickest, best way to reach my neighborhood. But when I finally told them my idea of distributing *Voice* magazine door to door, my church was excited and enthusiastic.

They and our local chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International provided me with all the magazines I'd need to do the job.

My younger sister, a buddy and I took one week of our summer holiday last year to visit just over 3,000 homes right around where we live. Not one person we talked to refused to accept *Voice* from us, and some of them requested more for their friends.

Being president of the Inter-School Christian Fellowship keeps me busy during the school year, but I'm making plans to use *Voice* magazine again this summer to reach my community for Christ. □

A FAITH TO BROADCAST



GENE B. MC CORKLE
Dayton, Ohio

The sound of the front door slamming behind me echoed through the empty house. Kay had left me a note that she'd be at the laundromat for a while. "That's good," I thought. "I need some time alone—time to decide." Flopping down on the couch, I leaned over, absent-mindedly switched on the radio, and placed my gun on the table beside it.

Bitterness over my injury in Vietnam consumed me. Life was no longer worth living. Should I pursue my dream of a radio career? Now that I was an amputee, how could I cope with making personal appearances as a disc jockey? What should I do with the rest of my life?

Gradually I became aware of the music being played over the radio. It was "Amazing Grace." As I listened to the words—intently now—I began to weep bitterly.

Life had seemed to hold such promise when I first completed broadcast school. I got a job as an announcer in Kentucky, then as a disc jockey in Chillicothe, Ohio. But this budding career was interrupted in 1968 when I was drafted into the army.

A sniper's bullet in Khe-Sahn, Vietnam on April 10, 1969 almost killed me. I was unconscious for several hours as medics transported me by armored personnel carrier to the hospital. When I finally came to on the operating table, surrounded by doctors, it had taken 52 pints of blood to save my life.

Five days after surgery I was shipped to Japan. Gangrene developed in the wound and, having no other alternative, doctors amputated my leg.

As soon as I was able I phoned my anxious parents. The loss of my leg had been such a severe trauma to my nervous system and emotions that even their words of encouragement gave me little comfort.

Shortly after the amputation Mom, Dad, my fiance Kay and I were reunited at Valley Forge Hospital in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. The attending physician told my parents rehabilitation would take at least 18 months, but I spent only nine months there.

Kay and I married prior to my medi-

cal discharge in 1979. Although I found a job in Xenia, Ohio as a disc jockey, fear for the future was eating away at my insides. That's when I began to think of ending my life.

Now as I listened to "Amazing Grace" two forces seemed to pull me—Satan, wanting to destroy, and Jesus, calling me to life. It began to dawn on me that Christ's reason for coming to earth was to heal broken lives, to give hope to the hopeless.

Slipping to the floor, I looked toward heaven and asked, "Jesus, I need You to forgive me. Please, come into my heart and give me Your life." It was as if all the love in heaven were poured into my heart at that moment.

I was still sitting on the floor when Kay came home. Dropping her armload of laundry, she ran to me. "What's the matter? Are you hurt?"

"Jesus has forgiven me, Kay." Overcome with tears of relief, I could say no more. God's presence was so strong in that room that Kay fell to her knees beside me, rededicating her own life to God.

That same night Kay's parents asked us to go to church with them. We did, and took a public stand for Jesus, being baptized in water shortly afterwards.

Only three months after my conversion the Lord opened a ministry for me. The Xenia station changed its format from country music to religious radio and chose me as the afternoon announcer to share the love of Jesus between records and commercials.

Listeners began calling and asking for prayer, and I felt privileged to lead many souls to Christ.

During the four years I remained at the station God opened doors for me to join a gospel singing group traveling throughout Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Michigan on weekends.

Next I worked at a 59,000-watt FM station in Dayton and attended Dayton Bible College. During this time God gloriously baptized Kay and me in the Holy Spirit and gave us our prayer language.

Both of us saw the change in our lives. God spoke to Kay about my applying at Christian Broadcasting Network in Virginia Beach, Virginia. I was not as sure as Kay was, but I followed through and a week later Kay and I

traveled to Virginia Beach to visit CBN. God opened many doors, and soon I joined the staff of CBN Northeast radio at Ithaca, New York. Beginning as radio announcer, I later became both music director and program director.

Presently I am administrative assistant at Channel 26 UHF TV in Dayton, where I also co-host a daily talk show.

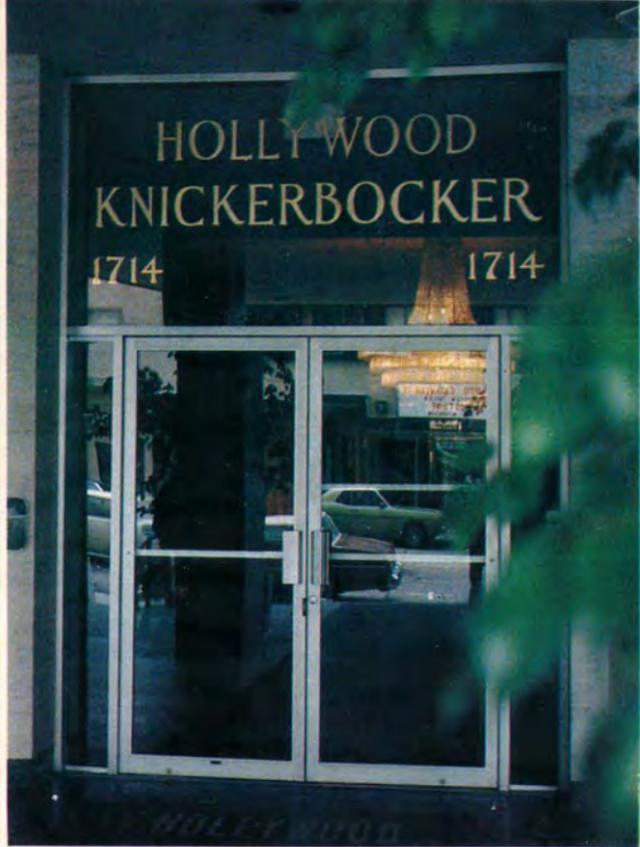
Once—a disabled veteran with no future—I wept in bitter discouragement. Then God lifted me out of my hopelessness, restoring my faith in Him and in my future. Now I serve Him with all my time and strength. And I look forward to His return—when I'll receive a new body and reign with Him forever. □

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DAVE MALKIN, Canoga Park, California

Get up!" I commanded my wife. She ignored me. Sweat poured from my face as I ordered her again. "Get up!"

"How embarrassing," I thought. "My wife—lying on the floor of the Hollywood Knickerbocker Hotel!"

Little did I know that that experience back in 1968 was to revitalize our lives.

Jan and I had met at a little Baptist fellowship some years earlier. After our marriage we dropped away from the church for a time. Then as our children came along we felt we should be back with God's people.

My spiritual training dates back to early childhood. As a youngster I often observed my mother listening to Christian radio programs, joining in the



David and Jeanette Malkin with daughter-in-law Elizabeth.

singing and praying. My parents took me to church, too. I suppose that background is one reason I've always believed in God. However, I found it difficult to relate the Gospel to my everyday life.

Then as Jan and I became more active in church I began witnessing about Jesus as Saviour, and many accepted Him. Yet a hunger stirred within me for a deeper spiritual walk, a more powerful life. God honored that hunger and through a series of events brought me into a new relationship with Jesus, one which I never dreamed was available.

First, I became involved in a Christian men's group. At a restaurant meeting as we sat around a table drinking coffee, Bob spoke up: "Jesus has really blessed my business. I got another contract today for a subdivi-

sion." Others talked about Jesus being central to their lives. I had never heard this kind of discussion before.

At home, I shared with Jan that these businessmen were involved with the Lord all the time. I had sought my satisfaction in success, not in my relationship with God. Now I realized that more was spiritually available to me—but I had no idea how much more!

I began to lead others to the Lord more fervently. Home prayer meetings developed, and soon we had several hundred people coming to our house. We felt thrilled as we watched God work through us. Yet a spiritual emptiness remained.

One night a young man came to our meeting who had been on an LSD trip and couldn't come off. Doctors had no cure for him and he felt desperate.

A Baptist who regularly attended

our sessions and who was sort of a secret-service-Holy-Ghost man approached the youth. "You evil spirit," he commanded. "Come out of him in the name of Jesus!" Immediately the young man was set free.

"Where did that power come from?" I questioned, hungering for more spiritual insight. I'd never witnessed a deliverance before.

One evening a neighbor invited Jan and me to a meeting where we heard Dr. Ray Charles Jarman tell his life story. There we learned that he had been a pastor for 52 years, yet had never had an encounter with Jesus. But recently he had received Christ as his personal Saviour and also experienced what he termed the baptism in the Holy Spirit. He testified, "My life and ministry were revolutionized."

Jan, who for years had suffered from a physical problem causing constant pain, began to feel hope for healing as she listened to Dr. Jarman. "There must be more spiritual power available to us—something we haven't yet discovered," we decided.

We found out about that power the evening Jan was slain in the Spirit at the Knickerbocker Hotel. I had never been around Pentecostal Christians or heard speaking in tongues. In fact, not having experienced these things, I had doubted them. Now I became receptive as God began revealing His truths to us.

When we came into the hotel meeting the atmosphere blew my mind: four nuns in full habit, a Methodist

minister, a Baptist preacher and many others, all praising the Lord together.

"Why don't you give your testimony, Dave?" asked the friend who had invited us to the meeting.

I became nervous. "What am I going to tell these people? I'm just a businessman."

He said, "Just share a little about the way God is working in your home meetings." So I talked about those experiences, and to my amazement the Spirit of God began to move on everyone in the room—including my wife.

So here she was on the floor, praising God. She later told me, "God healed my neck injury as I basked in His presence." I knew her experience was genuine. And I found I wanted more of Jesus myself.

The next day as I was driving along the freeway pondering recent events, strange sounds burst forth from my lips. "This babbling is crazy!" I thought. "It can't be." But it felt so good that I prayed, "God, if this is real just let it flow." And my new prayer language gushed forth like a river.

For a time I felt a surge of power to live a vital Christian life. An intense love flowed through me. Then as the years passed I slowed down in my witnessing. I read the Bible less often and prayed infrequently. Without my even realizing it, my faith had dwindled. God was about to rekindle those spiritual fires, however, using my wife's illness as a catalyst.

Jan had become ill again. During a test the doctor hit her sciatic nerve by

mistake. Now she could hardly walk and was in constant agony.

As I prayed about her situation, this scripture came to me: "Return to your first love" (Revelation 2:4). Jan and I began again to saturate ourselves in God's Word, and while at a camp meeting she was completely healed.

Shortly after Jan's healing I participated in a FGBMFI airlift to Denmark. God poured out His Spirit in a marvelous way, with hundreds coming to know Jesus as we shared the Gospel with them. Again my heart overflowed with God's Spirit. I realized I had become spiritually stagnant because I had not continued to reach out to others with the gospel message. God lifted me right back up as I witnessed of His love to others.

As I searched His will for my life, wanting to serve Him without reservation, He directed me to Isaiah 48:20: "Announce with shouts of joy, proclaim it and send it out to the ends of the earth, saying the Lord has redeemed His servant." And that's what I've been doing.

I began with seminars, teaching people how to share their faith. More than 200 became involved. One of the group suggested, "Why don't we go down to Jungleland and witness to the kids?" So some of us began to go to the Jungleland parking lot on Friday nights to share Jesus Christ with some of the 300 youths who congre-

gate there looking for excitement.

One evening we met a young Cuban named Marco. I gave him a little booklet with my phone number in it and invited him to come with us to our FGBMFI meeting the following week. He promised to come if we would pick him up.

When we stopped by his place on the way to the meeting we were surprised to learn that 24 members of his family were living there with him. His father had taken a boat to Cuba to pick up 17 more, with still another 10 planning to come at a later date—all refugees and in need of help.

A week later we were loading a truck with beds, clothing and groceries to be taken to the family. A Simi Valley seafood restaurant owner phoned to say he had a truckload of fish for the family, whom he'd learned about at the FGBMFI meeting.

As we pulled up in front of the house Marco's family ran out to meet us. Their smiling faces and warm handshakes radiated the gratitude they were unable to express in English. Even the youngest struggled to help carry the heavy bags into the house. All wanted to have part in the joy of giving and receiving.

This is the kind of real meaning and purpose Jesus Christ has given my life. Whatever lies ahead for me, I'm sure of this: Jesus Christ will make it exciting. □

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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 invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell us 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.

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

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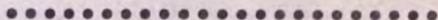
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