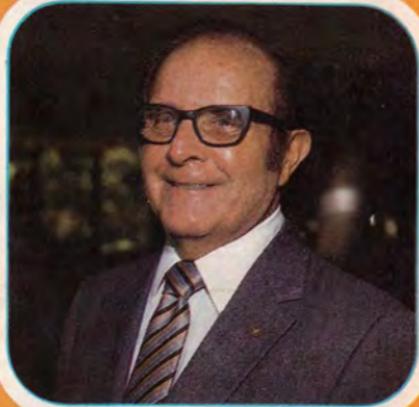


FULL GOSPEL
BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE



FROM DEATH CAME LIFE

The OTIS WILSON Story



FROM DEATH CAME LIFE

With a tremendous burst of strength, I smashed in the mobilehome door which Mike (I'll call him that) had locked. I rushed in to find his mother, my wife Nada, lying dead on the floor, a sheet covering her inert body.

Otis and Erika Wilson
Newport Beach
California

I didn't know what to do. The psychiatrist had told us Nada should not be alone with Mike. Her son had been acting strangely ever since he had returned from a visit with his father in Yugoslavia. He had been institutionalized as a schizophrenic in that country, but had escaped and contacted us, asking to return to the United States.

We had tried to help him, but he had been strangely unfriendly and aloof from the moment we met his plane. Then one day a deputy sheriff called me. Mike had been picked up for forcibly dragging his mother along the street. She had kept quiet until they were close to a service station, then called for help. Two men had come and freed her.

After this occurred Mike was placed in a mental institution. He was schizophrenic, we found out, and dangerous. His psychiatrist also told us that he might kill. Now I had discovered to my horror that he would indeed.

Not long before this occurred, Nada and I had made a twenty-two-day visit to Yugoslavia, the country of her birth. I had received a tremendous burden from the Lord for the people there. Many of them seemed to view salvation as going to church, and they seemed to have no knowledge of forgiveness of sins or a daily walk with the Lord. What wonderful folks many of them were, and how much they needed to know that we can have a personal relationship with Jesus!

A real miracle was born out of Nada's terrible death. God showed me more than ever before the need in that country for His light and love. The desire I had already had to see Him move in Yugoslavia now became overwhelming.

A short time before Nada was taken so suddenly, a mutual friend had introduced us to Erika, a Yugoslavian friend of hers. Erika came to the luncheon at the Santa Ana, California chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, the day before the funeral, and wept openly as tribute was given to Nada.

As time passed we became friends. One day Jesus told me that I would have a deep involvement with ministry in Yugoslavia, and that Erika would be involved along with me.

Apparently Nada had had a premonition that her life might be cut short. Unknown to me, she had told her friend who introduced Erika to us, "Don't leave Otis alone. He needs somebody."

After Erika and I married we took the trip to Yugoslavia. I was asked to speak and to minister at several churches, including one in Belgrade. This opened further doors of opportunity.

Fellow-members of the Santa Ana Chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship were glad to help with what God was doing overseas. At a special meeting held for this purpose, we raised \$37,000 for the work there. These funds helped Brother Martin Hlastan to get into production the Yugoslavian translation of Demos Shakarian's book, *The Happiest People on Earth*.

How merciful is the Lord to take a tragedy designed by the enemy for our destruction, and to bring good out of it. Nada is rejoicing with Jesus now; that could never be destroyed. And through her death—because of it—my vision from the Lord has the added momentum needed to propel both Erika and me to bring His salvation to Yugoslavia.



Erika:

After Otis and I married, we prayed for Yugoslavia every day. My heart is very much over there, because I still have loved ones and friends there. Even before we thought about Demos' book we were considering how we could help to spread God's good news there. We thought of reaching into Yugoslavia by shortwave broadcast from Italy.

One day we met George Otis. George was a fascinating man who had found Jesus Christ as a young millionaire jet-setter and head of a well-known electronics firm. He had been a defeated Christian for three years until he heard about the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

After hearing an FGBMFI breakfast broadcast from Clifton's Cafeteria, he attended his first meeting and Demos Shakarian called him out of the crowd. When George told the group he wanted

the Baptism, he was quickly surrounded by men praying; he received it and was instantly delivered of his alcohol and speed addiction—and all of this took place over the live broadcast.

By the time we met him, George had traveled more than half a million miles, from the Arctic Circle to Tasmania, from Tahiti to India, to share the Gospel with people everywhere: in polished mansion halls, Rotary clubs, hotels and auditoriums; on aircraft carriers and in dung huts; at television stations, in government offices, Pentagon corridors, movie studios, monasteries, universities and churches.

We told him of our burden. It had been on his heart also, we learned. We found that he wanted to establish a shortwave radio station which would reach not only into Yugoslavia via a small circle, but via a much wider one all the way to Russia.

The radio station was established in southern Lebanon. For three days George traveled all through the country looking for a Yugoslavian-speaking person to make the tapes. The whole time, God was speaking to him, telling him that I was supposed to be the one.

He asked me to do it, and today I tape them in my home. As a result of these broadcasts, letters have been received from all over the world: from Russia, the Caribbean, Holland, Sweden, even the United States. They come from all the places the broadcast reaches.

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I could not possibly have envisioned the triumph God would bring out of that tragedy

Otis:

No one can ever be fully prepared to cope with the brutal murder of a loved one and the incarceration of a stepson in a prison for the criminally insane. I don't know how people who do not know Jesus keep their sanity when faced with such a horrible scene. Thank God I had received the Peace-Giver years before.

I was twenty-five years old when I became a Christian. A couple of years earlier I went for the first time to church, in Tacoma, Washington with a fellow employee. All I remember about the sermon is that the pastor declared, "All who drink beer are going to hell." I drank beer, and concluded that I had hopelessly polluted myself, I never went back to church.

About two years later I visited an

elderly lady in Puyallup, Washington and saw her Bible on the table. I had never opened one in all my life.

"You seem to be interested," Jennie remarked. "We're having tent meetings. Would you like to go?" I agreed, and at the first meeting received Jesus as my Saviour.

I continued to attend. At those meetings they spoke about the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I wanted it. I was so hungry for it that each night I would kneel by my bed and cry out to God, seeking it.

God answered in the strangest way. About a month went by. On the day before I was to be baptized in water, Jennie had no means of transportation, so I drove her home from the church. I let her out of the car in front of her home. She came around to the driver's side, and as we talked for a moment more, I asked her if she were coming to see me be baptized in water the next day.

She replied, "I am not sure." I felt she was greatly responsible for my salvation. I was disappointed and started to ask why, when strange words came tumbling out of my mouth. I thought, *I'm talking too fast. I've got to slow down.*

I slowed down. Nothing changed. *I'm just mixed up*, I thought. *There must be something wrong with me.*

Jennie explained, "The Lord is baptizing you in His Holy Spirit!"

I raced to the church, where people were standing about the piano, singing. I still could not speak a word in English, but praised God in the heavenly language for the next forty-five minutes. God had filled me to overflowing with His precious Holy Spirit.

The day I found Nada's murdered body, I could not possibly have envisioned the triumph God would bring out of that tragedy. Countless thousands have been introduced to Jesus. God alone knows how many more have come to the Saviour through our personal testimony, the Santa Ana FGBMFI chapter, "King of Hope" radio programs and the Yugoslavian translation of *The Happiest People on Earth*.

The comforting truth rising out of all this is that God can take the worst that can happen to us and use it for the good of others and for His glory. □



Otis Wilson is an independent stockbroker and is president of Santa Ana Chapter, FGBMFI. Over a period of seventeen years he built the largest prepacked candy business in the Northwest, starting with only \$200 and an old truck. He then rose to the position of regional vice-president of a nationwide investment company, managing eleven offices and receiving the Man of the Year Award in 1964. Otis and his wife Erika attend Calvary Chapel, Costa Mesa.



Martin Hlastan
Yugoslavia

My family was doomed to be executed during World War II because we were Jews. We waited all day long every day for four years for the fulfillment of this threat.

It was a terrible time. I remember as a little boy walking around with my mother searching for food. We sold our clothes just so that we could eat. This is how we survived from 1941 until 1945.

My father had met Jesus as his personal Saviour in 1906 while he was in Germany. In 1909 he had returned to Yugoslavia to bring the Good News to our country. He was often imprisoned then because the ideas which he brought to the people were contrary to those taught by existing local churches. Later he was imprisoned by the Nazis because of his race.

I saw many hypocrites during my

youth. Professing Christians had two lives: one in church, praising and worshipping the Lord; the other, at home, living contrary to God's ways. As a result I decided that there must not be a God.

At home, however, my unbelief was challenged by the true Christian lives of both my father and mother. They continued to show me God's love, although I was trying to push Him away.

Once in 1952 I had an experience with the Lord. Father was holding services in our home. He used to preach for three, four and even five hours at a time. One of those evenings, about 9:00 P.M., I felt God's presence. I knelt and said, "Lord, here I am. I'm ready to accept You." I was about fourteen years old.

The experience was real, but I did not continue faithful to the Lord. As I matured I became a well-known soccer player, and an accomplished violinist with the symphony—and my experience with God faded.

Both of my parents were greatly concerned with my low spiritual condition. Often I awoke to hear my father praying beside my bed. I would hear him say, "Lord, You are responsible for my son. Take care of him. I cannot save him. That is Your responsibility." It really bothered me to hear him praying like that.

Sometimes I saw my mother watching me through the window of the place where I played violin. I knew she was praying for me. I knew she had to walk home a distance of two and a half or three miles.

Finally in 1958 I became seriously ill and was told I had a brain tumor. The pains were terrible and I swallowed pills without end. There was no apparent

hope for me. Back in 1944, after a car accident, I had been adjudged dead but by God's grace had revived. Now it seemed I was about to depart this life permanently. But then God worked a miracle and I was healed. Jesus became tremendously real to me during this time, and I was at last ready to really follow Him.

While I was being baptized in water, I heard God's call in my heart to be a minister. I immediately set out to obey that calling, studying at the Baptist seminary in Ljubljana for four years.

In 1960 I was married. Soon we lost our first baby and my wife contracted nine different diseases, the worst of which was lupus. I had never been taught about divine healing, anointing with oil or that I could anoint other sick people. But now my wife's condition forced me to search for something more than I was experiencing from God at that time.

Fasting often and praying, I searched for God's answer to our dilemma. I didn't find the power I needed. I knew there had to be something more.

Then one day I heard from a fellow Baptist preacher that there *is* something more. He told of "gifts" of the Holy Spirit, which shocked me. But he too was a Baptist. . . .

Two young girls from Holland came to visit us. During the night I heard unusual talking and laughing in their room. I couldn't understand the language they used. When I inquired about this in the morning, they explained that they had been praying in tongues.

Then, to my great astonishment, they told me of miracles which they had seen

personally. In 1966 I received an invitation to Holland from them, all expenses paid, to see for myself what God was doing. My wife, one of my deacons, and I took the trip.

At a meeting we attended there, I insisted that my wife come to the front with me when the invitation for the baptism in the Holy Spirit was issued. Although she didn't believe in these things, by this time I did.

We noticed no change at the time, but the next morning my wife looked radiant. When I asked her why, she shared that at midnight she had prayed, "Father, forgive me, but I cannot believe that there are Spirit-filled people or that there is a baptism in the Spirit."

Suddenly, as I slept, she began praying and continued for five hours in what we later determined to be classic Greek.

I was bewildered and hurt to the point of tears. I felt that God had blessed my wife but rejected me. The deacon who had come with us received his spiritual language during the night also, but when he saw my feelings he waited till later to tell me.

One day back in Yugoslavia while listening to a radio program I heard God's voice. He said seven times, "Be humble." At the last command I fell to the floor. Then God revealed to me that I had been practicing nine sins, chief of which was pride.

I had not even been aware of them. My attitude had been that when I was crucified with Christ, pride had died. But it wasn't true.

So I wrote down all nine sins, confessing them to the Lord with many tears.

NAJSRETNIJI LJUDI NA SVIJETU



Martin arranged for translation of Demos Shakarian's book **The Happiest People on Earth** into the Yugoslavian language. The project was funded by the Santa Ana Chapter of FGBMFI.

Finally He spoke: "Let's put the paper into the stove."

As the list disappeared before my eyes, God spoke again: "Just as this paper is burning, so are your sins disappearing before My eyes."

Two or three days later, in bed when I wasn't even thinking about it, suddenly my tongue was loosed. I felt power surge through my whole body as I received God's wonderful Baptism. I told Him, "Lord, please don't stop, don't stop, don't stop!" I had never known this great reality of His person and His love.

It has caused many changes in my life. Of course God became more real to me. I became much more sensitive, not only to Him but to others. If I was inconsiderate of my wife, immediately I would be convicted and would tell her, "Darling, forgive me, excuse me."

When my wife got very sick again, God gave me the power to overcome fleshly temptations. I found that when I prayed in the Spirit a new strength filled my body, giving me resistance to the devil's powers.

My ministry was tremendously enriched. I found that I had authority to command evil spirits to leave houses and lives of people. My sermons began to set people free. I shared much more effectively with unbelievers.

In one case, six professors talked with me. I gave them my testimony about Jesus Christ. They agreed that there is a God but said they could not believe in Jesus. "Could you, if you saw Him work miracles?" I asked them. They said they could.

I invited them to see a real miracle. Because I didn't want to offend the Baptist Union, I had been refusing to pray for an elderly lady whose daughter was married to one of these professors. But now I told these men, "You'll see what God is able to do."

I laid my hands on her and started to pray. Suddenly this seventy-year-old lady began to pray in an Arabic language. The professors heard it, began praising God, and all six of them accepted Christ.

God has been so merciful to me. My wife lived an additional fifteen years when I prayed and asked God to do for her what He had done for Hezekiah. Then she died of lupus. God in His mercy came very close to me during that time. As she was dying I fasted and prayed. On my knees I told Him, "Lord, I don't have any strength in my body." Suddenly someone approached me and laid a

hand on my shoulder. I was sure I was in the presence of Jesus.

I missed my wife greatly, but now after going through much grief and sorrow I have been blessed with a helpmeet, Drenka, and a beautiful little daughter.

Four years ago I met Steve Lightle and some other men from Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. They told me that some people in the United States had a desire to help get *The Happiest People on Earth* translated into Yugoslavian. I found a translator and a publishing house and worked very hard to make all the necessary contacts. Now I see a great reward as the book is being placed in the hands of my people.

Recently God has been making real to me that when Jesus Christ was made flesh the people saw the glory of God. The glory of Jesus Christ must be reflected by His body, the Church. It isn't necessary to talk about what we want to do for the Lord. Our speech must go with our lives. What counts is action.

As I review my story, it seems to be filled with sadness and pain—the imprisonment of my father by the Nazis, the struggle for survival, a car accident, and the extended illness and death of my wife. But there is another thread woven through my testimony: the goodness of God.

How patient He was during my wayward years, how comforting in my hours of sorrow! How gracious in giving me His Holy Spirit, a family, opportunities to touch thousands of lives, and the gift of eternal life! My testimony is that it is good to know God both in the good days and the dark hours. □



100 LIFE MEMBERSHIPS

Colonel Lloyd Powell, twenty-five-year veteran Air Force pilot stationed at Wright Patterson Air Force Base, was the hundredth man to become a life member in FGBMFI's Dayton (Ohio) chapter, after attending only once before, announced Carlton Milbrandt, chapter president and an FGBMFI international director.

Powell is one of six colonels who are life members. Dayton is the only chapter to have 100 life memberships, and is one of the top ten chapters in the nation for total membership, reported Milbrandt. □

PHILIPPINE PRISON VISITED

The FGBMFI Asian Airlift team walked freely through the compound of New Bilibid Prison, largest national penal institution in the Philippines, and delivered the Gospel to a population which sometimes reaches 12,000. According to Jose Pascua, FGBMFI global director and team participant, the one-day visit by a dozen Americans and local people penetrated all three security levels, including death row.

Split into four teams, they returned with news of "raised hands" and "one-on-one" acceptance of Jesus Christ as Saviour. □

SWEDISH MEDIA REPORTS JIM TUCKER'S TESTIMONY

Big Jim Tucker, FGBMFI prison ministry field representative, captured headlines in Swedish newspapers during a twenty-eight-day early-summer tour this year, visiting prisons and schools. Reporters followed him as he recounted his former life of heinous crime and prison. Prisoners and guards were born again; scores of students and teachers gave their lives to Christ.

He visited many of the twenty FGBMFI chapters. "They responded joyfully," said Tucker. "It was like a renewal for them, especially when they saw FGBMFI making headlines in state-run periodicals." He has been invited for a sixty-day tour throughout the Scandinavian countries next year. □

WHEN THOUGHTS TURN TO CHRISTMAS...

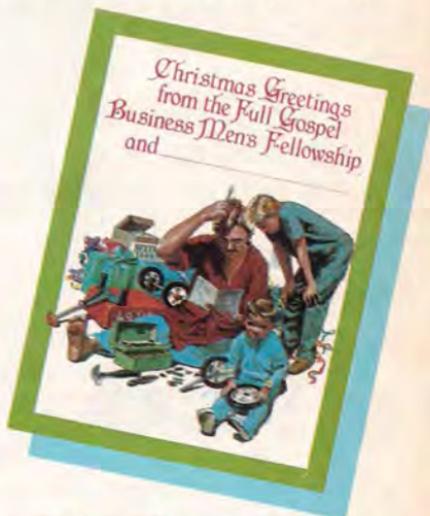
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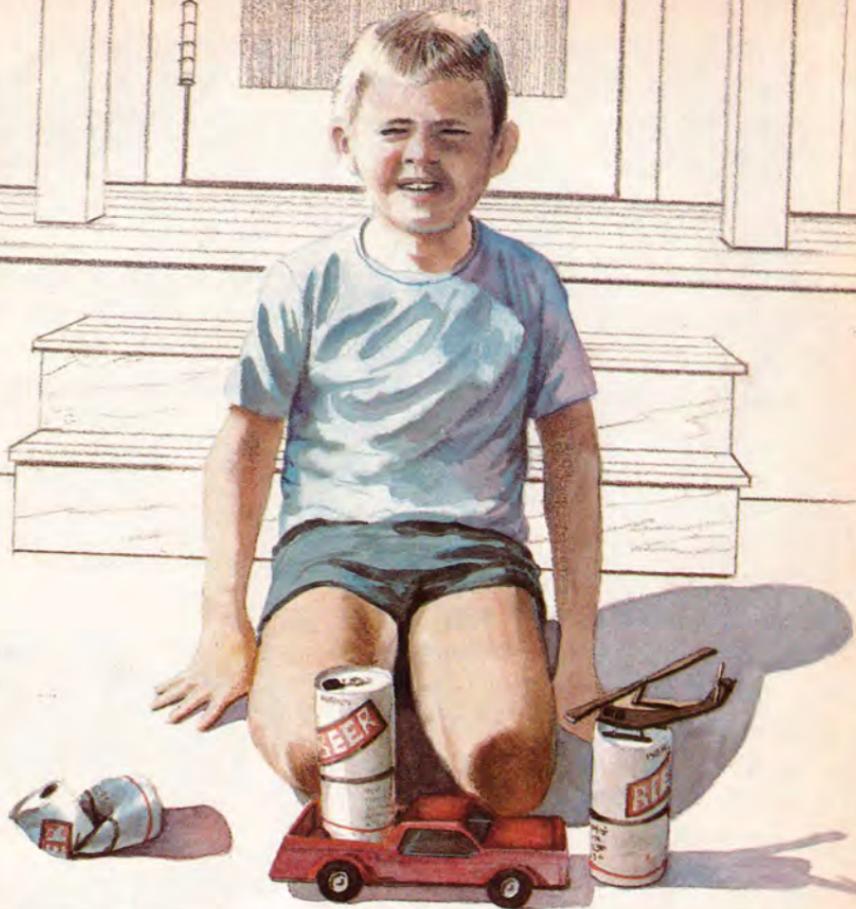
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I want to grow up like my dad

Paul Gatewood, Owensboro, Tennessee

Going to church wasn't even a remote thought that afternoon in 1977 as I eased out of my car and staggered up the steps of my house. Church: wasn't that just for Christmas and Easter? Besides, my real problem was the angry wife waiting on the other

side of the door. That woman weighed less than 100 pounds, but her accuracy with a sixteen-ounce Coke bottle gave her an unfair advantage in combat.

Wanda was always getting on my case about booze. I could take her nagging just so long, then my emotions

would imitate Mount St. Helens. If my tantrums and tirades didn't shut her up I'd use my fists to finish the job. Of course, later I'd hate myself and try to drown the bad memories with more liquor. And it would all begin with other memories which made me miserable: memories of my dad.

But that evening on the porch something happened to make me think about church attendance. Brad, our seven-year-old, was playing nearby with a neighbor. He worshiped my every step, and as I reached the door he told his playmate, "When I grow up I want to be just like my dad."

I froze in my tracks, shaken to the core. I knew I hadn't been setting Brad a good example. If only my little boy had known me years before. . . .

You should know that I grew up in a godly home. Mom was a devoted Christian, and Dad served as deacon in the local Baptist church. At the age of twelve I went forward at a service, was baptized in water and joined the church. It meant something at the time, but I drifted away from spiritual moorings as I entered my teens. I was quite tall at twelve, so I could go along with my older cousins, smoking and drinking. By then I was ready to drop out of church. But Dad kept reminding me that the whip was right behind the door.

Naturally, Dad and I got into some pretty heated shouting matches. One day we got into it and I called him names that would have made a drill sergeant blush. I was fifteen. Imagine the remorse I felt when Dad had a heart attack a few

days later and was rushed to the hospital.

We stayed at the Cardiac Care Unit around the clock until the doctors finally assured us that Dad was on the road to recovery. They were certain now that he'd be as good as new. I was the last to leave his bedside, and I wanted to ask his forgiveness for what I had said. I was aching to say, "Dad, I love you. I'm sorry." But pride was stronger than my deep emotions. I thought, *No, somebody might see me.* The words never came out.

I had to keep up my tough image, so I told the old buzzard to stuff it

An hour later we got the call. Dad was dead.

My rebellion really went into high gear after that experience. I drank heavily and got into fight after fight at school. One week before graduation the principal called me into his office.

"Gatewood, you have an option. Leave school voluntarily or be expelled."

I had to keep up my tough-guy image, so I told the old buzzard to stuff it and stomped out to what I thought was freedom. That was June 7. A week later I reached age eighteen. A week after that I got married.

Our first year, my wife and I were separated more than we were together. I'd come home bombed out of my mind, she'd nag at me, then the whole scene

would turn into a preview of World War III. After a cooling-off period we'd get together again until the next blowup.

Our first child, Buck, was born in 1969. A few years later Brad came along. Despite my dependence on booze, I held a steady job at an aluminum company, but our marriage was hanging together by a thread.

"I want to be just like my dad. . . ." It haunted me.

This happened on a Wednesday. I said, "Lord, I can't handle this." I had been playing religion by going to church from time to time. They had been holding a revival at church since Sunday. I peered in our front door and asked my wife, "You going to the service tonight?"

"Yeah," she replied, her voice colder than an empty cathedral.

"Well, I'm going with you."

She stared at me in disbelief. "Paul, don't kid me," she scoffed.

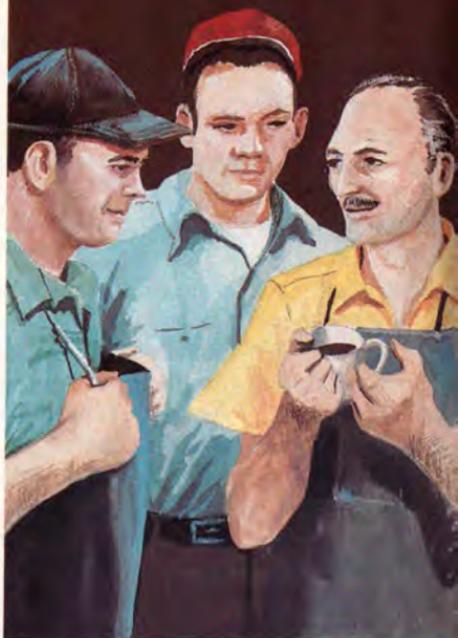
"I'm serious." And I went.

Somebody must have told the preacher I was there. In fact, whoever it was must have recited my life story, because everything he said fit me perfectly. He was only halfway through the sermon and already my conscience had an ache in the megaton range.

As soon as the preacher said, "Come to Jesus and ask Him to save you," I was on my way to the altar. I cried, I prayed, I laughed with joy—all at once. And I sobbed out that I loved my Dad and wanted forgiveness for not having told him.

Back home, the rest of the family went to bed while I sat on the couch and thought about the step I'd taken. God

Don't worry. Just put up with him—after a few days he'll be normal again. I've seen guys get religion before.



seemed very close, and a peace I hadn't felt before bathed me from head to foot. Then God seemed to whisper something: "I want you to tell the men at work about your experience." I'm glad I didn't think about that before I went to the altar.

"Come on, God," I reasoned, trying to be polite. "I work with thirty-six men including three foremen and a superintendent. I've worked with these men for seven years. I've cussed with them, tried to outdo them in swapping dirty jokes, bellied up to bars all over town with them. Now, how can I tell them I've suddenly been saved?"

Guess who won that debate.

Next day I singled out as many of the guys as I could and told them about my decision. I added, "Now that Jesus is Lord of my life I'd appreciate it if you didn't use His name as a cussword around me."

Word spread quickly. Later that afternoon I heard a little group of workers talking. "Don't worry. Just put up with him—after a few days he'll be normal again. I've seen guys get religion before."

That was seven years ago and I'm still following Jesus.

But don't get the idea I've always stayed as close to Him as I should. I've discovered that if the devil can't keep you *out* of Christian activities he'll push you *into* so many of them you don't have time for your family or for personal growth. I'm Exhibit "A."

Right after my conversion I had a strong urge to start a gospel quartet. The Lord answered my prayers to stop working swingshift and to work days so that I

could organize and sing in a group. We started out like gangbusters and the first year we saw 150 individuals receive Christ as Saviour.

Then we began to entertain instead of to evangelize, and the next year our decisions dropped to three. We were stripped of God's power. I'd gotten so busy with gospel show-biz that personal prayer and Bible study had gone out the window.

My wife could see that I was drifting out of God's will. Instead of kissing me goodbye when I left for an engagement, she'd call me a hypocrite and send me off with a pall over my spirit. It's hard to talk about the Good News when you aren't even on good speaking terms with your wife.

Out of these frustrations I got on my knees again and said, "Lord, if You want this group to get out of the music business, let us have a little spat and I'll take it as a sign from You that we should quit." I didn't have long to wait. When the "spat" took place it turned out to be a real knock-down-drag-out, and the group disbanded.

Back home, I began to take new interest in my children. I asked God to save them both, and told Him I would take their decisions for Christ as a sign I'd done the right thing.

A few days later Buck and Brad and I attended a play at my niece's church. The drama was a little beyond them, so they amused themselves quietly while we adults watched the action on stage. Then came the same kind of altar call that led me to Christ. In a flash Brad, who I didn't even think had been listening,

was crying his eyes out. Next thing I knew, he was up in front and before I could get there he was already telling the preacher he wanted to know Jesus. I guess you know I was crying too by that time.

As we drove home, Buck, who doesn't know how to stay quiet, never spoke a word. He stayed that way until we knelt beside the boys' bed for their prayers. Then he started to weep. When he was able to talk he said, "I want to love Him too."

What an answer to prayer! Both boys saved, and the assurance that I was in the center of God's will—all on the same evening: May 7, 1980.

So we began living happily ever after—right? Wrong. God wasn't through dealing with either my wife or me.

A fellow I work with, Malcolm Hall, went to a religious weekend retreat and came back a new person. Whenever I said anything to him he'd respond with a hearty "Praise the Lord." When I asked him what happened he would only say, "I've been baptized in the Holy Spirit." He couldn't give many details and didn't seem sure of what he had, but whatever it was, Malcolm was in the middle of it.

I talked with my wife about it that night.

"That's weird," she exclaimed. She wasn't sure what it was all about either, but God filled us in on the details in His own way.

We were planning some house remodeling and a company sent a salesman to give us an estimate. He walked through the door, threw down his clipboard, and spent half an hour witnessing

to us about the baptism in the Spirit. He'd gone through the same experience as Malcolm.

Along with his estimate, he gave us an invitation to attend a dinner sponsored by Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

"What's Full Gospel?" I asked.

"It's a group of people from all denominations who get together and praise Jesus," he said. We must have looked

So we began living happily ever after . . . right? Wrong.

skeptical, because the salesman added, "Would you come if I bought your dinner?" Nobody has ever had to ask me that question twice.

When we walked into the dining room I rubbed my eyes. Everybody was smiling and hugging one another. The greatest surprise of all was the speaker, a Catholic priest.

My contacts with Catholics had been limited, but I'd heard that their religious leaders were boring. This man didn't fit the mold. I rated his preaching as more dynamic than any Baptist evangelist I'd ever heard as a kid. At the end of his beautiful talk he played the piano and sang. I felt the presence of God as I'd never known it before.

The leaders gave an invitation for folks who wanted to be healed to come forward for prayer; then they asked if anyone wanted the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I actually tried to slip out an exit, but

something invisible was blocking my way. I couldn't see anyone standing in front of the door, but my feet wouldn't move.

I turned back to the meeting and told a man that I needed to know more about this Baptism business. Some men gathered around and laid hands on me and suddenly I began to speak in a "prayer language." I glanced over at my wife and she was all smiles.

That was in 1982. Wanda received the Baptism about a year later. We've been on a "honeymoon" ever since. We see regular outpourings of God's love and power at FGBMFI meetings, where the men believe that the miracles we read about in the Book of Acts are repeated in our time. We hear testimonies from people who have seen God at work in tremendous ways.

I can point to a least one miracle in my own family. My sister received a grim diagnosis of a tumor in her body. Though nobody used the word "cancer" all the tests pointed in that direction. On the day she went to talk with her doctors, I got alone with God and prayed for her healing. "Lord, we are more than conquerors through Christ," I declared. "I take authority over Satan and rebuke him in the name of Jesus. May Your healing power flow through my sister and make her well."

The reports were negative: no treatments, no surgery, no cancer. I am convinced that the Lord had healed her.

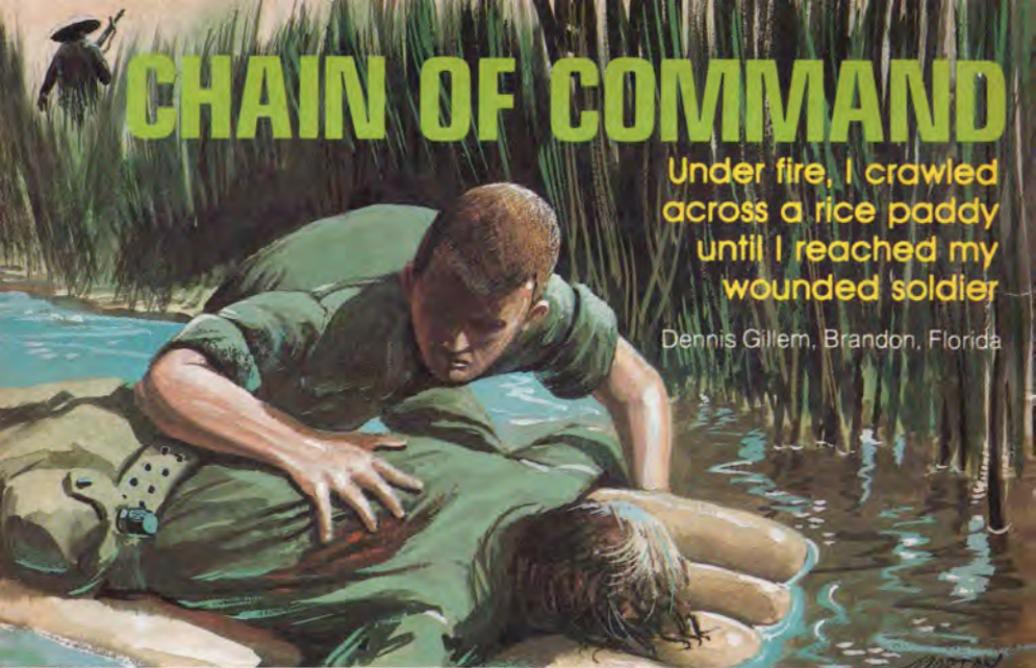
I've never been happier than I am today. God's love is real, and our family has harmony that's wonderful to see. It's tremendous to see God at work through prayers and the opportunities to witness that He gives.

I'm no longer ashamed when Brad says, "When I grow up I want to be just like my dad." □



Paul Gatewood was a factory worker for more than thirteen years at National Southwire Aluminum Company in Kentucky, and is presently employed as a salesman at Mudd's Furniture in Owensboro. He is a former vice-president of FGBMFI's Owensboro Chapter. He and his wife Wanda have three sons: Paul Edward II (Buck), Brad, and Derek, and are members of Good Shepherd Church.

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



CHAIN OF COMMAND

Under fire, I crawled
across a rice paddy
until I reached my
wounded soldier

Dennis Gillem, Brandon, Florida

I'm a highly decorated soldier. I can't believe he would do this! There's no reason for it. He's pulled me out from the top of the heap. I might never be promoted again!"

I scanned the efficiency report again in disbelief.

"I'll get that lieutenant colonel," I vowed. My heart pounded. The veins in my neck swelled with the pressure.

Thoughts of murder marched across my mind. Methods stepped shoulder-to-shoulder with vengeful motive.

The lieutenant colonel and I operated the ROTC program at Stanford University. The uneasy days of the early '70s made the job tough. I was something less than the most popular person on campus because I represented the establishment. But I was one of the Army's up-and-comers and worked hard.

The program had gone well.

My natural response of hate and revenge toward my senior officer lasted only briefly. But my Christian response motivated me to pray God's blessings in his life every day. As I did so, my bitterness quickly disappeared.

Nobody was more surprised than I. The gung-ho, airborne, ranger-combat infantryman with a great record and even greater ego did not have love for the enemy as standard equipment. But I was a soldier with a new dimension.

Through this major crisis in my life the love and peace of Jesus were proved real to me.

Although my wife Marilyn and I had attended church all our lives, it was not until 1971 that we committed our lives to Christ, after attending a year of Bible studies and experiencing loving Christian

fellowship and prayer. God was changing me, and permitting me to witness my own change.

In 1964 I graduated from West Point. Sixteen months later I was an infantry platoon leader in the First Infantry Division (the Big Red One) in Viet Nam. My platoon was one of the first to go into War Zone C. We successfully captured weapons and equipment in a quantity and variety that amazed our troops and officers. We also captured large numbers of newly recruited Viet Cong soldiers.

After I had served six months of duty there, a dynamic general officer selected me to be his aide-de-camp. When I came back to the United States, I received a promotion to captain and assumed command of an airborne rifle company in the 101st Airborne Division. One year later, for my second combat tour, I deployed this company to Viet Nam, where we participated in the heavy fighting around Hue City during the Tet Offensive in 1968. We fought on the plains, on the rivers and in the mountains, proving ourselves to be a first-class fighting outfit.

On one occasion, one of my men was severely wounded while attacking an enemy machine gun that had pinned down his squad. I saw the situation and was in a position to help. Under fire, I crawled across a rice paddy, slipped into a river and swam upstream until I reached my wounded soldier. I floated him away to the medics on my inflated air mattress.

In March I moved from my company

to Division Staff. I had been highly decorated in combat: eight decorations for valor, including the Silver Star. My thirty-six awards included the Combat Infantryman's Badge, Parachutist Wings and the Ranger Tab. Soon, after just about four years in the army, I was selected for an accelerated promotion to rank of major. Promotion day came while I studied at graduate school, earning the first of two master's degrees.

I reported to the ROTC assignment at Stanford University. Then, after two very successful years into the job, and without any warning, I received the unfair report that reduced my career potential to near-zero.

Since the report was not based on real facts, I was confident I could appeal and have it thrown out. I worked for the next two years to get it erased from my record. In spite of my efforts and prayers, the report remained.

My wife and I spent the next three years in Germany. I served as second-in-command of an 800-man mechanized infantry battalion, First Infantry Division.

During this time Marilyn and I discovered the power of the Lord moving in our lives. We saw our chaplain change from a run-of-the-mill pastor to an on-fire man of God. He had attended a Billy Graham meeting in Europe where the Lord led him to a corner of the building and sovereignly ministered to him. The result? He was filled with the Holy Spirit. Not until other chaplains explained to him the meaning of the baptism in the Holy Spirit did he understand what had taken place.

(continued, page 22)

HELP LIFT JESUS UP IN THE LAND DOWN UNDER

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Plan now to be part of the 32nd World Convention, March 26-30, 1985 in Melbourne, Australia. Join the thousands of believers from around the world who will come together for this historic gathering—the first world convention held outside the United States. Enjoy worship, fellowship, teaching and ministry in the Land Down Under.

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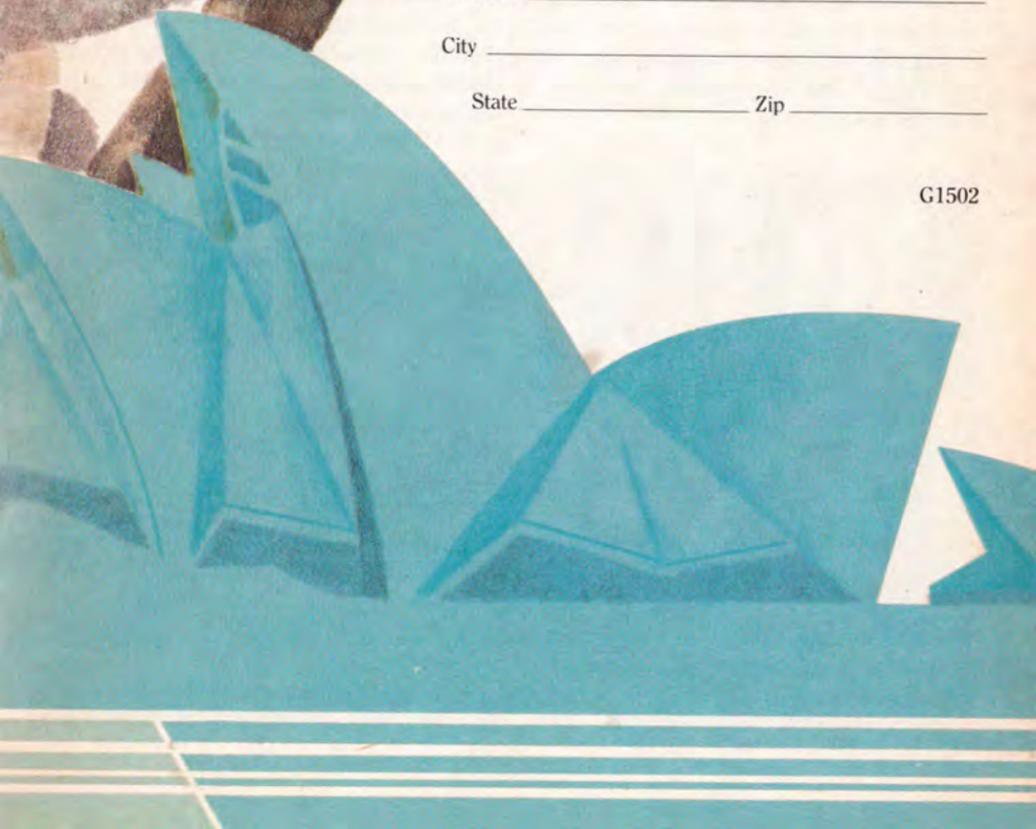
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CHAIN OF COMMAND (from page 19)

When we saw the dramatic change in our chaplain we wanted what he had. At an altar call, he laid hands on us and we too were baptized in the Holy Spirit.

Our Sunday-night services consisted of about twenty people. We dug into the word of God, believed what the Word said and experienced miracles and healings in abundance.

Eight of the young men of this group of twenty are now in ministry for Jesus.

I received a healing at the time, of a blurring of my eyes. I learned how to resist Satan's deception when he tried to steal this healing from me.

We saw God work in our daily lives. When we moved to another post and needed to sell expensive items like our automobile and refrigerator, the Lord brought buyers with cash.

After we returned to the United States, I went to the Army Personnel Center near Washington, D.C. The officials told me, "There's a good chance that that bad ROTC report will prevent your staying in the army long enough to retire."

The news came as a blow. The army was my career. My wife and I continued to pray for reversal of their negative forecast.

I was assigned as a war planner at the U.S. Readiness Command, MacDill Air Force Base in Tampa, Florida.

Soon I started a noon Bible study on base. When it evolved into the Tampa-Military Chapter of FGBMFI I served as its first president.

God had more surprises up His sleeve for me. While at MacDill I was considered for the first time for promotion to the rank of lieutenant colonel. Then the



Dennis Gillem being awarded the bronze star at Camp Eagle River

impossible happened: I received my promotion.

When I thanked the Lord for the gift, He showed me in Psalm 75 that promotion comes from Him. Neither the evaluation of my senior officer nor the prophecies of the personnel officer could stop the Lord's unmerited favor in my life.

One year later I was offered the command of a battalion, the highest honor a lieutenant colonel can receive. Before I left Readiness Command I had received three medals for meritorious service.

After three wonderful years as professor of military science at the University of Tampa, this last summer I was assigned as the Army Advisor to the 43rd Infantry Brigade, Michigan National Guard, in a suburb of Grand Rapids, Michigan.

I believe God has a plan for each individual life. What a sense of confidence to know that He is in control and that my future, my family and my career are in the hands of the One who advances the stars in their orbit. □

Lt. Col. Gillem is an advisor to the Army National Guard in Michigan. A graduate of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point with master's degrees in education from Stanford University and political science from University of Texas, he served in combat two years in Viet Nam, and in Germany and at MacDill Air Force Base, Tampa, Florida, and has received eight awards for valor and eight for meritorious achievement and service. He helped to organize the first Military Prayer Breakfast of the Florida State Convention in 1982, and is former president of the Tampa-Military Chapter of FGPMFI and a member of the National Council of Officers Christian Fellowship. While in Florida, he and his wife Marilyn and son David have attended Christ Center Fellowship in Brandon, where Dennis served as an elder. Below, Lt. Col. Gillem proudly identifies both as a soldier of the Cross and as a defender of his country.





Fred N. Smith, Lincolnton, Georgia

Everything seemed to be going right for a change that day, August 1, 1983.

After being out of a steady job for a year and living by faith, I had finally gotten a job as a telephone contractor in Lincolnton, Georgia. My wife Renee had stayed behind in North Carolina to have our second child, Sarah, by Caesarean. Following the birth, Renee had lost a lot of blood and gone into shock. I rushed back to the hospital and prayed for her. Within a day she was out of intensive care.

Now my whole family—Renee, Sarah and our five-year-old, Jessica—had joined me in Lincolnton to set up house-keeping again. I felt my cup was running over. Renee had driven with the two children to the nearby town of Thomson to get school clothes for Jessica. I was working on a telephone sale.

There were no signs of abnormal weather when they left, but it was beginning to drizzle as they pulled into the K-Mart parking lot. They decided to make a quick dash into the store before it started raining any harder. As they were get-

ting out of the car, Renee carrying Sarah in her rubber carrier and Jessica on the passenger side, the heavens split with a terrific burst of lightning, striking my whole family. They crumpled.

Afterwards I learned that a black man had run to Jessica's aid. Her heart had stopped and she wasn't breathing on her own, but he gave her mouth-to-mouth resuscitation and she revived within minutes.

A woman went to help Sarah. The Lord had protected the baby, her rubber carrier insulating her from a bad jolt when Renee dropped her on the pavement.

A crowd formed quickly. The lightning had struck Renee in the left temple, knocking out her contact lenses. She was unconscious, and an LPN gave her CPR until the ambulance came. The attendants said she had no heartbeat and was not breathing.

All three were taken to McDuffie General Hospital, then transferred immediately to University Hospital in Augusta. I was notified on my job, and my pastor and I rushed to the hospital. On the way we prayed that the Lord would heal my family, no matter what their condition might be.

Upon our arrival at the hospital I learned that both our daughters were all right, but that Renee had been without vital signs for a dangerous period of time. Only a few moments before I arrived, her heart had started to function on its own. I knew the Lord was working.

Later Dr. Kenneth Greson of McDuffie County Hospital informed me that the records showed it was seventeen minutes after the ambulance came before

Renee's heart resumed beating, and that some of her neurological movements evidenced irreversible brain damage. He and some other doctors told me that she could have nerve problems, heart problems, possible paralysis, go into a comatose state, or at the very least suffer memory loss. I refused to accept these possibilities.

When an *Augusta Chronicle* reporter came to me later in the day and asked for a statement, I told her in faith, "God is going to heal my family."

My father had taught me and my three brothers, growing up in Florida, to be independent. I thought I had to do everything for myself. I became somewhat of

Her heart had stopped. She wasn't breathing on her own.

a loner and married at nineteen. Nine months later I found myself divorced. I began to realize that I could not always settle every problem by my own power.

When my father, a building contractor, moved to North Carolina, I followed. My brother Pete and I worked with him. I began to smoke and deal heavily in marijuana and other drugs. One night while drinking in a bar, I met Renee. We were married a few months later in April, 1977.

Within a year Jessica was born. We were fairly happy for a while. But after a couple of years came the partying, fighting and constant yelling. Though we didn't actually separate, Renee decided she wanted a divorce. I couldn't handle

another divorce, mainly because I loved my wife and child very much. I developed a nervous stomach and ulcers.

I worked with Pete every day. He was into drugs and drinking, too. But he quit suddenly when his wife Mary led him to the Lord. Each day after that Pete would bring his Bible to work and witness to me. I scoffed at him.

My brother brought his Bible to work to witness to me



I noticed that Pete always seemed to have an answer that I didn't have. One day in 1980 I realized I could no longer do anything about my marriage situation. I went to Pete and asked him to help me.

He invited me over that afternoon. He opened the Bible and showed me in Matthew 18:19 how, if two could agree on earth as touching anything we asked, our heavenly Father would give it to us. He read passages about healing from

the Bible and asked if he could lay hands on me and pray for me. I said yes.

As Pete and I prayed together he spoke in tongues, and I felt the Lord's power flow through me. Instantly I was healed of the ulcers and of flu. Then Pete asked if I wanted to accept the Lord as my Saviour and I did, that same day.

Two weeks later, Renee went with me to a full-gospel church and rededicated her life to the Lord.

One night not long after, we went to Pete and Mary's house and they prayed and laid hands on us. Renee and I each received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

We began singing and leading praise and worship services at prayer groups. The Lord placed us in an LBJ Job Corps where we could witness.

Everything seemed to be going gloriously. Then the bottom dropped out of things. My father's contracting business went bankrupt, leaving me with no means of financial support.

For a year or so Renee and I lived on total faith for our needs. During that time we learned to pray for everything, and somehow the money or food always seemed to turn up, or I found an odd job which would tide me over from one month to the next.

Then one day the vice-president of the Full Gospel Business Men's chapter in Franklin, North Carolina, offered to train me as a telephone contractor. I learned very quickly and in February, 1983 I had obtained a job with him. Full of hope, after a number of months I had finally gotten my family back together. Now this. Lightning had struck them all.

But I was certain God would take care of my family.

I was right. Soon the doctors were able to remove Renee's life-support system. She began to regain her senses. The doctors could hardly believe this. Though one of them was not a Christian, both readily attributed her recovery to God.

The radio and television stations were clamoring for an interview. Renee's doctor at University Hospital gave his permission. They wheeled the television cameras into Renee's hospital room. Renee talked to the reporters about what happened and gave God all the glory.

Our story was filmed and presented

on "The 700 Club" over the Christian Broadcasting Network. Dr. Greson appeared with us, confirming that Renee's recovery was indeed a miracle.

Nine days after the accident, Renee came home, totally in her right mind.

Today, along with my telephone company job, we travel doing evangelistic work. We welcome opportunities to share all that Jesus has done for us as our Saviour, healer and provider.

It sounds trite to say Jesus is the answer to all our problems, but it's true. If you have doubts, there is only one way to be certain. Give Him a chance. □



Fred Smith is a telephone contractor at Wilkes Telephone & Electric, and previously worked as a builder in the building contracting industry for ten years. He is a member of Augusta (Central Savannah River Area) Chapter of FGBMFI. He and his wife Renee worship at First Assembly of God Church in Lincolnton.



A workaholic attorney discovers

RELIEF THROUGH NEW GOALS

John Edward Jones, Longwood, Florida

I had to succeed. There was no other option. I couldn't be anything but the best. I was already student-body president of Florida State University, but that wasn't enough. I wanted still more popularity and personal glory.

As I was about to discover, my drive for success would also be my downfall, although my background gave me no clues that this would be the case.

I had grown up in a small southern Georgia town. My father held every important position possible in the community. He had been a Sunday-school director and teacher; county school superintendent; principal of the high school; a Mason, Lion, Moose and Elk. We were big fish in a little pond.

Just before I turned nine in March, 1952, as I lay curled up in my new double bed, listening to my mother read the comic strips, I was baptized into life's realities.

The phone rang, and Mother went to answer it. Seconds later she rushed back into my room. "Your daddy's been in a serious car accident! I'm taking you to your grandmother's house, and I'm going to the hospital."

At Grandmother's house I sensed the near panic in the adults. I prayed, "God, save my father; let him live. Amen."

Several hours later my mother returned and took me in her arms. "Daddy's dead," she said. He had died on the operating table. I found out later that a drunken driver had smashed into the car in which my father was riding with the mayor, and several prominent businessmen.

From that traumatic experience I formulated two hypotheses which became guiding forces in my life: first, God doesn't answer prayer; and second, I should be as successful as my father had been.

Those around me never suggested, as I grew older, that I was wrong. Although my family attended the Baptist church regularly and I had dedicated my life to God many times, I lived only with a head knowledge of God instead of a life-transforming reality of His love and power. I was also asked constantly if I thought I would ever be able to fill my daddy's shoes. I assured everyone that I would.

So I launched out under my own power. I was going to be a success just as my father had been. And I didn't really

need God's help to accomplish my goals. "God helps those who help themselves," I said, not realizing I was quoting Ben Franklin instead of the Bible.

I headed every organization I could at the university. My life was becoming overextended.

So were my ethics. Running for student-body president consumed much time and effort. I was to submit an important paper for my creative-writing class and, not having enough time to do the work, I plagiarized from another source. This resulted in suspension from the university summer session. I was humiliated.

I really didn't need God's help to accomplish my goals

My girlfriend Carolyn urged me to pray. For a time I even began reading the Bible, but the urge left after the crisis passed.

I married Carolyn and set more goals for success. I became the president of Phi Delta Phi legal fraternity and a Charles A. Dana Scholar on my way to receiving a law degree from Stetson University.

After graduation from law school in 1968 I was a military judge during the Viet Nam years. Then, released from active duty in 1972, I established my own general law practice in Orlando.

Despite obstacles, I kept doing things my way, becoming a workaholic with not much quality time for Carolyn. She

worked at improving our marriage; I worked at making me successful.

I wouldn't admit, even to myself, that I was driven by insecurity.

One evening Carolyn and I went to another couple's home for dinner. I saw something in that couple's relationship which I knew was missing in my life and marriage. They were vulnerable to each other, honest, open—all qualities that I deeply desired but didn't know how to receive.

They were Christians.

We met with them and several other couples like them in the weeks ahead. I wanted what they had. I realized that my religious past did not compare with their genuine spirituality.

Then Carolyn and I attended a weekend couples retreat at Laity Lodge near San Antonio, Texas. One evening in our room there we both prayed and accepted Jesus as our Lord. I went beyond simply giving Him mental assent and opened my heart to Him.

Things changed in my life and marriage. I felt more peace than ever before.

But I still wanted to do things my own way.

About two years later a friend told me of a new "power" I could have as a Christian. It was called the baptism in the Holy Spirit. As an attorney, I was skeptical. I studied the Bible for weeks. I read Christ's promise in John 14:16-17: "And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; Even the Spirit of truth; . . ."

I also examined the book of Acts. Acts 2:38, 39 tells us, "Then Peter said unto

them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

Could this Baptism be for today? I wondered.

One evening my wife and I went to the home of my Christian friend. After dessert and more discussion about the Baptism, we prayed. I asked God to give me the same thing the Church received on the day of Pentecost.

As an attorney, I was skeptical

Within seconds I was praising God with a new fervor and a new sense of Christ's reality and presence. I received a prayer language that was given by the Holy Spirit.

I finally had the power I had always wanted—only now it was not for my glory. It was for God's glory.

Having power and knowing how to use it are two different things, however. Every problem I ever had did not disappear after I was baptized in the Holy Spirit. I was still John Jones, complete with goals, insecurities and hidden fears.

It was very difficult to let God work through my life when I was so used to making my own way—even though this had never brought satisfaction and peace. In the coming years I battled to

keep to just one goal: God's will. I found myself following old patterns and merely attaching Christian labels to them.

Insecurity remained my main problem. Fearing that future cases might not come, I took more legal cases than I should have. The result was that I was overextended and didn't have time to serve the Lord the way I knew I should.

I rationalized that the more people I met professionally, the more people could come in contact with my Christian influence. The fact was that I took on more cases to make more money. I didn't trust God enough to meet my needs.

I was so busy with my work that I often didn't have time to minister to people close by who needed my help. I sincerely wanted to help, and, with the power of the Holy Spirit in my life, *could* help. But I simply didn't have the time.

I knew other attorneys who were having marriage problems or needed a Christian friend, but I was too busy to get involved. I still wasn't spending enough quality time with my wife and our three children, either.

During this time God spoke to my heart whenever I slowed down enough to listen to Him. He showed me that the power of the Spirit was to be used to heal broken relationships, and to help me become a minister of reconciliation. I was to operate under His power, not my own.

Then God flashed some very distinct warning signs in my path. Several attorneys with excellent law practices suddenly died of heart attacks. Most of them were in their forties. These men worked

hard to achieve their goals only to die before they could enjoy the fruits of their labors.

I knew that my life was actually as out of balance as theirs had been. God was calling me to a deeper commitment. I knew I had to take a step of faith in order for God to act and to bring the Spirit's healing power flow. I knew it was time to be more dependent on His skills than on my own.

I began declining many of the cases that came my way.

With a smaller caseload, I came home at a reasonable hour after the office day. I began practicing reconciliation in my *family* by spending more time with them. I discovered a new joy that God provides when a man loves and honors his wife and children.

I also dared to trust the Holy Spirit to give healing answers to my clients. Instead of representing couples filing for divorce, I began counseling them to reconcile. God restored marriage after marriage. I didn't make money through legal fees when I counseled, but God blessed other areas of my legal practice.

I also started praying for clients who came to me with serious injuries. They needed equitable settlements to cover their lost wages and medical expenses, but they also needed physical healing. Again, God performed medical miracles as we prayed together.

Thirteen years have passed since I was baptized in the Holy Spirit. Although I've written a book on reconciliation last year, and through it in recent months we have seen more than 200 marriages

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Our Mission Statement

- To reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ
- To call men back to God
- To help believers to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and to grow spiritually
- To train and equip men to fulfill the Great Commission
- To provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship
- To bring a greater unity among all people in the body of Christ

Our Five-Year Goals, 1984-1989

I. Worldwide Outreach—

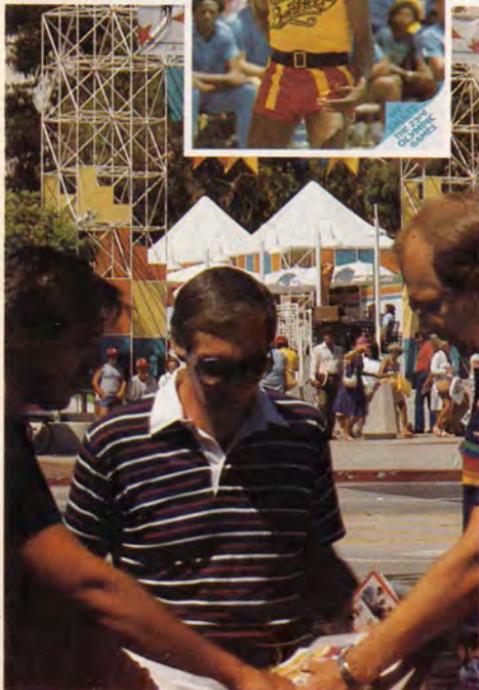
Chapters in every nation

II. International Membership—

A membership of one million

III. Chapters—

40,000 chapters



Look Who's in Your Backyard

The 23rd Olympic Games presented an exciting, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Jesus' last words commissioned us, His witnesses, to take the Gospel into all the world. For fourteen exciting days it seemed as though He had brought the whole world—5.8 million—into *our* backyard in Los Angeles so that we could share with them the way to new life in Him.

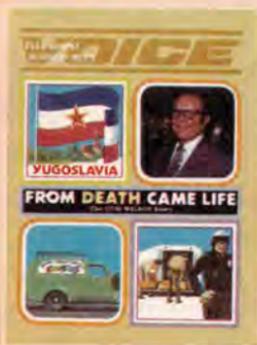
During that two-week period FGBMFI chapters in Southern California gave tens of thousands of *Voice* magazines to athletes and spectators. Typical of the members who engaged in the *Voice* street ministry are Dave Malkin, Warren Carter and Tom Damato, three members of the Thousand Oaks Chapter (shown, left to right, upper right photo).

"Have you received your free copy of Olympic *Voice*?" This question proved to be an effective opener as these men and others moved along the sidewalks toward Olympic Village. Possibly only ten pedestrians out of 400 declined the offer of a *Voice* magazine. A woman gymnast from Switzerland, boxers from Bonine, Swaziland and Nigeria, swimmers from Brazil, track-and-field men from Chile, a discus thrower from Iceland and others from Canada, the Philippines and the United Kingdom were among the hundreds with whom FGBMFI members shared in a single afternoon.

Several said yes to Jesus. A medical doctor from Italy received Jesus as his personal Saviour and a Jewish teenager accepted her Messiah. A fast-food restaurant owner listened intently, then said, "I'm going to accept this Jesus in my heart. It's something I've never done before, but it's something I need." A man from the United Kingdom who had gone to church all his life took Jesus as his personal Saviour. A UCLA football player's face beamed after Dave Malkin led him to the Lord. His first witness to other team members was, "I just invited Jesus into my heart."

These are some of the results from just one afternoon of *Voice* street ministry by only five persons. God alone knows how many came into the Kingdom during the Olympics, or how many will turn to Him after reading the *Voice* testimonies.

Most of the nearly six million who were in our backyard have gone home now—back to London, Johannesburg, Rio de Janeiro, Tokyo. Thousands of *Voice* magazines went with them, the testimonies scattered to the four corners of the earth like seeds.



I want a *Voice*!

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

Name _____

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Please clip and mail this coupon with check payable to: *Voice*, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. 2802-18-0001



Left to right: Betty and France Word with Kaz and Grace Suzuki. Previous to their exploratory trip to Japan for FGBMFI, Dr. and Mrs. Word had ministered on airlifts which took them to Egypt, Jordan, Israel, China, Copenhagen, Ireland and Brazil. Mr. and Mrs. Suzuki were resident in Canada, but moved back to their native land two months prior to the Words' visit (February, 1984) and have become an important point of contact for the Fellowship.

THE CHALLENGE

If there exists a legacy of commitment, it may be said that one has been left to us by Dr. E. France Word. This Spirit-filled surgeon and rancher, who slipped into eternity April 16, 1984, left behind not only a legacy but a challenge to FGBMFI.

His legacy: Japan for Christ. His challenge: to establish fruitful chapters and leadership in a country which, with its powers of tradition, has politely bowed away from the gospel of Christ.

When the Canadian board of directors of FGBMFI was directed by our Lord to begin a work in Japan, they sent Dr. Word.

He wrote in his final report to the Canadian board that "without the anointing of the Holy Spirit and being able to walk in love before businessmen in Japan, we will never be able to succeed. God loves the Japanese people and He will open a door for us to take the Gospel to the businessmen of Japan."

Thus Dr. Word helped to lay the foundation for reaching Japan for Christ.

He accurately described the Japanese people as being "attracted by the power of the Holy Spirit," and said, "Buddha is dead. He has no power. He cannot protect himself. We must always be aware that the grave of Buddha is occupied by his ashes. But the grave of our Lord Jesus Christ is empty—for He is risen."

"I must remind you," he wrote, "that the Japanese man has become spiritually empty. This is dangerous to any man." Who should know better or be more sensitive to this plight than Dr. Word, whose own testimony (*Voice*, March, 1983) included this statement: "The first fifty years of my Christian life were stormy as I tried to live them with my natural ability." But when he became empowered by the Spirit, he saw the harvest.

"This will be the greatest challenge that the Canadian FGBMFI has undertaken," he emphasized, adding, "It will be worth it. Let us meet the challenges and be dedicated to it." □

CONVENTIONS

NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL

November 1-3, 1984
Holiday Inn, Portland
Write: FGBMFI, Box 1362
Portland, ME 04104

24TH ANNUAL MEN'S RETREAT

November 8-10, 1984
American Baptist Assembly
Green Lake, WI
Write: FGBMFI
564 W. Fulton St.
Chicago, IL 60606

NORTHERN INDIANA MEN'S ADVANCE

November 8-10, 1984
Epworth Forest, North Webster
Write: Mr. Jim Clark
11722 Johnson Rd.
Fort Wayne, IN 46818

NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA REGIONAL

November 8-10, 1984
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PERMIAN BASIN REGIONAL

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November 9-10, 1984
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North Platte, NE 69101

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Alpena, MI 49707

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WISCONSIN MEN'S ADVANCE

November 9-10, 1984
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Milwaukee, WI 53220

MID-WINTER REGIONAL

November 14-17, 1984
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Lake Ozark
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861 Manitou Dr.
Red Hill, MO 63119

CANADIAN NATIONAL

November 14-17, 1984
Canada's Capital Congress Center
Ottawa, Ontario
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190 Attwell Ave., Ste. 304
Rexdale, Ontario
Canada M9W 6H8

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Myrtle Beach, SC 29578

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Kent, WA 98031

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San Diego, CA 92123

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November 23-24, 1984
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6833 Village Green Rd.
Salt Lake City, UT 84121

MANITOBA MEN'S ADVANCE

November 23-25, 1984
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Manitoba, Canada R0G 1N0

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Nov. 29-Dec. 1, 1984
Marriott Hotel, San Antonio
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13 Country Creek Ln.
Fredericksburg, TX 78624

32ND WORLD CONVENTION

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

UNITED STATES NATIONAL

July 2-6, 1985
Dallas, Texas
Write: FGBMFI National Convention
Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

**Conventions published in
this issue were approved
on or before July 25.**

Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach

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

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

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NEW GOALS (from page 31)

reconciled, I'm still discovering how to be a minister of reconciliation. It begins with a choice. As I surrender my goals to Him daily He gives me the privilege of being on the scene when He performs miracles. □

John Edward Jones has a B.A. degree from Florida State University and a J.D. degree from Stetson University College of Law. He began his career as a law clerk to a United States District Judge and has been practising law since 1968 in the Greater Orlando, Florida, area. He and his wife Carolyn are members of Calvary Assembly Church of God of Winter Park and have three children: Randy, 14; Julianne, 11; and Andrew, 5. John Edward is a member of FGBMFT's Orlando Chapter.



SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

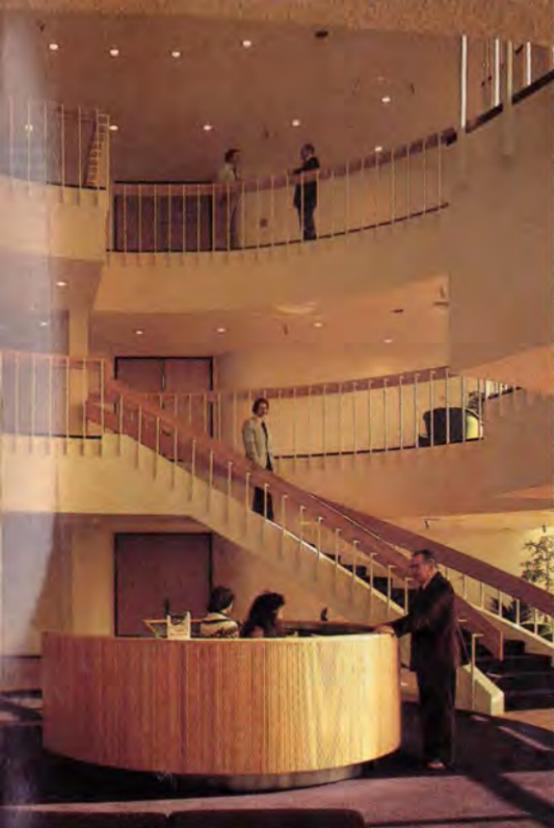
that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16).

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

Why not make your eternal decision now:

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

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



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



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE

Vol. 32, No. 11, November, 1984
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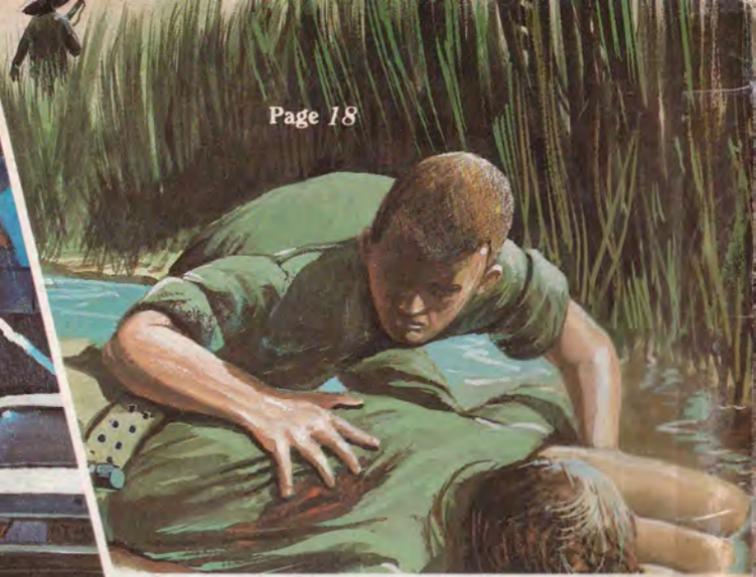
WHO ARE WE?

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

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



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