

7/3-81

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

**THE
GLOBAL
MAN
AFRICA
TO THE
ARCTIC**





THE GLOBAL MAN



DAVID LEACH, London/Van Nuys, CA, International Manager Oil and Gas Marketing, ARCO

I regained consciousness to find myself in the county hospital jail ward, my leg in traction. The deputy standing at my bedside informed me I was under arrest for drunken driving and responsible for two fatalities.

It was a horrendous mistake. Authorities had confused my accident report with that of another occurring the same evening. It took several days for them to straighten out their error. Even though this frightful experience wasn't from God, He used it and the period of my recovery from a fractured hip to correct an even more serious mistake—my lifelong attitude toward Christianity.

My family was typically middle class. Although my parents had insisted my brother and I attend church near our home in North London, I saw the Bible as historical literature bearing no earthly relevance to the twentieth century or my own life.

Nevertheless, as a young adult I identified myself as "Christian." In retrospect I am amazed that a man with my educational advantages did not know the true meaning of the word. The concept of inviting Jesus Christ into my heart and calling Him Lord was as foreign to me as the term "born again."

In fact, my impressions of Christianity, based on limited information, were quite negative. The century-old church at the top of the street where I lived was dark, damp, musty and cold. It seemed to me that while everybody

else was getting along with the business of living, the people inside that church were entombed in their traditions.

Embracing the success philosophy of people I particularly admired, I completely discarded religion. Status, possessions, and power were the standards by which my success was now to be measured, and I determined to totally commit myself to reaching the top.

Since the oil industry represented success to me, I set my sights on a career with a global corporation. Royal Dutch Shell Group of Companies was hiring ambitious young men and I accepted a position and moved to Holland. Within a year I was married and on my way to Gabon, a developing black nation, where I would be responsible for drilling oil wells.

Soon I was making four times what I would have been paid in England. It was clear that all my material needs would be met for life if I stayed with Shell, but I was restless. Hungry for more immediate power than my future with this company promised, I resigned and returned to England.

After dabbling in a couple of other fields, I became a reservoir engineer with Atlantic Richfield Company. Based in their London office, I dug in and worked. Arco rewarded my efforts with a promotion which included a transfer to New York. The move excited me, for the United States was home base for international oil opera-



tions. Perhaps now I would find what I had pursued relentlessly since my teens.

In 1972 when Arco moved its headquarters to Los Angeles, I became coordinator of foreign natural gas sales

and engineering. With this cross-country move came two events that had a profound impact upon my life.

First, my marriage fell apart. Actually, it had been teetering for years. I had married for entirely selfish rea-

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sons—but when the break finally came I was devastated. So much of my life was based on pride and self-esteem that when my wife walked out of it I was utterly deflated. Self-pity set in and I became a bit of a recluse, leaning on a combination of bad habits and TV to pass the time during evenings and weekends.

It was at this point that I suffered the auto accident in Los Angeles and God entered the picture. While I was recuperating in the hospital God directed a Christian business executive from Global Marine Company to visit me. During our one previous meeting he had rightly perceived me to be a tough businessman likely to ridicule any talk about Jesus. It was several days before he had the courage to speak, but I shall be grateful forever that he did.

Never in all my life had I been able to risk exposing my inner self to anyone. Yet this man exuded such love that the masks I had worn for so many years slipped off and I found myself sharing with him some of the confusion and torment within me.

I was deeply impressed by his assurance, "God loves you, David, and has a definite plan for your life. But it's only through establishing a personal relationship with Jesus that you will find lasting fulfillment."

"But how can someone like me ever hope to establish a relationship with God?" I asked myself. I didn't realize that God Himself had already begun the process.

Once out of the hospital, I began to sort out business and personal matters. One evening my new secretary and I went out to dinner. Would you believe that she, too, talked about a personal relationship with God? And she so enthusiastically described her church that before I knew it I had agreed to attend.

In contrast with the churches I had known before, hers was packed with people from all walks of life, including businessmen like myself. Everyone was smiling; everyone was talking about Jesus.

The pastor's message was about the cross, but Jesus' death meant no more to me than that of Henry VIII or William the Conqueror. I had no idea *what* His death meant; in fact, I considered Him something of a failure, His life a tragedy.

But this night the message sounded different—personal. Jesus Christ died for my sins, for the lying, hating, hurting that is so often part-and-parcel of the climb up the corporate ladder. Before long this educated, sophisticated businessman who had always relied on his own intellect, analysis, and cold logic approached God the way a child comes to a parent. I asked Jesus Christ to forgive my sins and take control of my life.

The change in me was immediate, but not complete. Some of the things I thought I needed from the world stayed with me for awhile but faded as I spent time studying God's Word. One evidence of my new life was love,

expressed by a greater tolerance toward my colleagues.

The contrast was never more evident than on return trips to England. When I left I had been all business, all career, all ambition, all self. I returned with a new sensitivity to others, especially to my family. Though we had drifted apart over the years—I had written them off as not being able to contribute much to my career—I now became concerned about them.

My father, 73, a lonely, crusty, embittered skeptic, was the first of my family to come to Jesus. What a change! We would now embrace, pray together, shed tears of joy, and share the most recent developments in our relationship with Jesus Christ. Next came my brother and his wife, then my mother.

Back in California, God had more for me—much more. I attended a prayer meeting where Christians were ministering the baptism in the Holy Spirit. They showed from the Bible that we receive the Baptism by asking and believing. "If you then, though you are evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him?" (Luke 11:13, NIV).

These Christians laid hands on me and prayed and Jesus baptized me in the Holy Spirit.

And what about my philosophy of success? God has imparted new understanding about that, too: "This book of the law [the Bible] shall not

depart out of thy mouth; and thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous and then shalt thou have good success" (Joshua 1:8).

The Bible not only declares the basis for success in the financial realm but states its real purpose. In his teaching about generous giving the apostle Paul writes, "And God is able to make all grace abound to you, *so that in all things at all times, having all that you need, you will abound in every good work....* Now he who supplies seed to the sower and bread for food will also supply and increase your store of seed and will enlarge the harvest of your righteousness. You will be made rich in every way *so that you can be generous on every occasion, and through us your generosity will result in thanksgiving to God*" (II Cor. 9:8,10,11, NIV).

I know that God wants His children to prosper and I recognize that every material blessing I enjoy comes from Him. And the Bible itself, God's living Word, is the key to that success—financial, spiritual, physical, mental, and emotional.

Now my success comes because I meditate in the Word of God daily. I keep the Word in my mouth and constantly speak Scriptures. Day by day God is revealing more of Himself to me. My work is stimulating, but my fulfillment lies totally in Jesus Christ, my Lord. □

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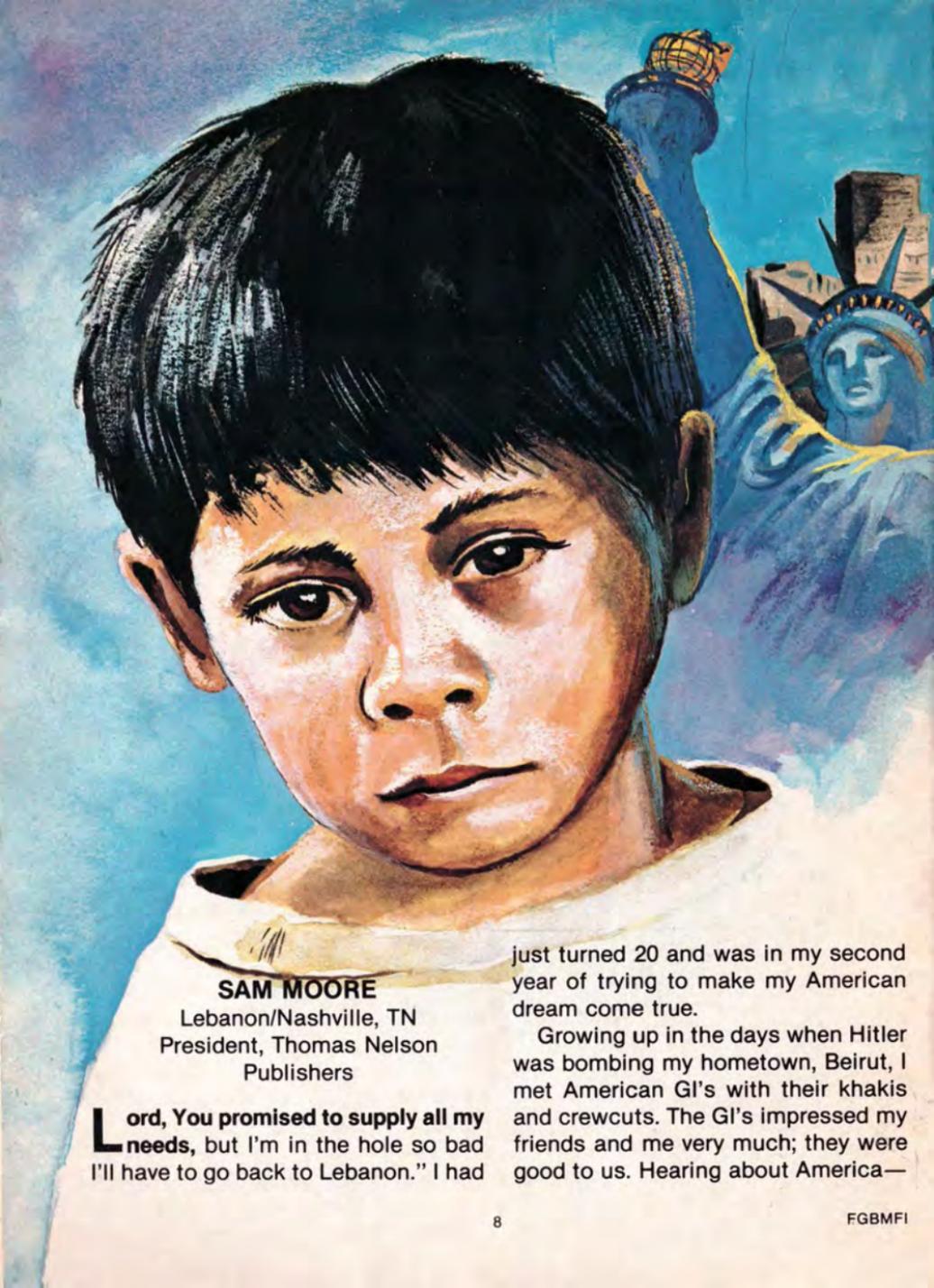


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Lord, You promised to supply all my needs, but I'm in the hole so bad I'll have to go back to Lebanon." I had

just turned 20 and was in my second year of trying to make my American dream come true.

Growing up in the days when Hitler was bombing my hometown, Beirut, I met American GI's with their khakis and crewcuts. The GI's impressed my friends and me very much; they were good to us. Hearing about America—



the American Dream

the skyscrapers of New York, the fast cars, machinery, and the freedom the people enjoyed—we thought nearly everyone in America was rich.

I began poring over old used copies of *Time* and *Life* magazines, studying every picture, savoring every story, dreaming of the day when I would grow up and go to America.

I was the oldest son and in my country it was customary for the eldest to take over running the family business. In my case that would mean a soap factory, a couple of grocery stores and a few apartments.

But my dream of going to America just wouldn't go away. And that desire deepened as, later, attending Evangelical High School in Beirut, I met

and learned to love and respect American missionaries. Part of my life as a student in a Christian school was to memorize many Bible verses, read the Bible and learn about God. I had only an intellectual, not a personal, knowledge of God and Jesus. In my heart I thought, "I'll become a Christian when I am older."

But the tragic death of my closest boyhood friend drastically changed my attitude. When I saw his head covered with blood, the life gone from his young, strong body, I was shaken to the core. "That could have been me," I realized. Reluctance gave way to reason as I committed my life and future to Jesus Christ. When I said, "Here I am, Lord. Do with me what You want," it was the turning point of my life.

Two other men profoundly influenced my life. Enroute to Bethlehem where he would build a hospital, Dr. Tom Lambie visited our school. Even before meeting him I had leaned toward studying medicine, and I was deeply impressed by this medical missionary and outstanding tuberculosis specialist. I saw him as one who

had given up the opportunity to become wealthy in the United States in order to work among the poor in the Middle East. Observing this godly man's life, his dedication and the way he lived, I saw that there was much more to life than making money.

Then I read George Muller's book, *Life of Trust*. Muller told how, relying totally on God to supply the need, he had furnished food for thousands of orphans in England. Although he never asked a soul for a penny, each time he needed it God sent the money. His testimony to God's faithfulness stayed tucked away in my heart for a time when I would need it most.

In 1950 I arrived in New York City with only \$600 in my pocket and a vocabulary of 500 English words. The first thing I saw was the Statue of Liberty that I had heard so much about. I was impressed, overwhelmed, alone, and a bit scared.

Dr. Robertson McQuilkin, president of Columbia Bible College in South Carolina where I became a student, was my sponsor-guardian to come to the United States. My first job was at Colonial Food Stores, but I soon found that the 75 cents an hour I made cleaning floors just wouldn't be enough to pay all my medical school expenses.

That's when I remembered what I had learned from George Muller's life and began to talk to the Lord about my need. Almost immediately He answered, but I didn't recognize it then.

On the campus I was introduced to



the idea of selling Bibles—a job that later became my life's career. Giving up my supermarket job, I began selling door to door. That was plenty tough. Getting a handle on the English language was next to impossible. I almost quit my very first day out.

I ate many bologna sandwiches, cheese and cokes that summer, and in the fall I returned to school with \$2,500 in savings and a new car.

The following summer I completed another selling season and began to think seriously of changing my career plans. Medical school tuition was expensive. I changed my major to economics with a minor in accounting. But I was not happy in my first job. I felt I needed more direction for my life. I prayed earnestly, then made my decision. It would be Nashville.

In 1957 I recruited some Nashville college students to sell books door to door. The second year proved even more successful than the first. I celebrated by marrying a Tennessee girl, Peggy Jean Poe.

My brother had by this time come to America, and in 1961 we incorporated as Royal Publishing. Now I was publishing as well as selling Bibles.

However, much of our business was done on credit and when consumer bad debts increased from 8 to 34 percent in fewer than 10 years, we faced some real financial headaches. I would have quit had it not been for Dr. Ferguson Wood, pastor of my church. "Stay with it, Sam," he urged. "I know God has something special for you."

It seemed to me at the time that mixing business with spiritual matters was a mistake. My logic didn't register with the pastor, however.

"You don't know how great my business needs are," I protested. "God does," Pastor Wood said. "Let's pray about it." Then he placed his hands on my head and prayed that God would fill me with His Spirit and give me the capital I needed to help my business grow. Although I didn't know what to do about my problem just then, I did know one thing. I would not be leaving the Bible business.

God did bless, and our company grew. In 1969 we purchased the American division of Thomas Nelson & Sons, a British publishing firm. Although the firm, founded in 1798, was known worldwide, it was not on a solid financial footing and its return on assets was very poor.

We merged Thomas Nelson, U.S. with Royal Publishers, changing the corporate name to Thomas Nelson Publishers. Today we are the world's largest publisher of Bibles, also ministering to millions of people in Amer-

ica through the Christian books we publish.

Since that day in 1950 when I reminded God of His promise to supply all of my needs, I have learned many lessons and I welcome the opportunity to share them with other businessmen.

Regardless of how good the profit-and-loss statement reads a man is not truly successful unless his priorities are right: God first, then family before business. Peggy Jean and I have dedicated our home to God. All three of our children have accepted Jesus as their Saviour. I enjoy my involvement in their lives and in return they are a great channel of blessing to me.

For instance, one night shortly after our 12-year-old son Joey was baptized he said, "Dad, with all the Bibles you make, can't you make one that I can understand?"

That question kept going over and over in my mind, and by 2:00 A.M. I was certain God was speaking to me through my son. I got down on my knees beside my bed and prayed, "Lord, if You help me I will find something so that little boys like Joe will be able to understand Your Word." That was the beginning of the *New King James Bible*.

Publishing Bibles is more than a business to me; it is the place that God started preparing me to fill when I turned my life over to Him as a boy in Lebanon. God has supplied my needs and made my American dream come true. □

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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.

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Nanaimo, British Columbia
Canada V9S 3V8

KOOTENAY LAKE FAMILY ADVANCE July 30-Aug. 2, 1981

Kootenay Lk. Pentecostal Camp
Write: Roy Lawrence
Box 685, Fruitvale
B. C., Canada V0G 1L0

KENYA NATIONAL CONVENTION July 31-Aug. 1, 1981

Stanley Hotel
Write: Gerry Kibarabara
P.O. Box 49578, Nairobi
Kenya, East Africa

NORTHERN ALBERTA REGIONAL August 5-8, 1981

Terrace Inn, Edmonton
Write: Ken McAmmond
79 Sunset, St. Albert
Alberta, Canada T8N 0P2

BOISE VALLEY CONVENTION August 6-8, 1981

Red Lion Motel
Write: Larry Knapp, Ste. 1501
101 South Capitol Building
Boise, ID 83702

MISSISSIPPI REGIONAL August 6-8, 1981

Holiday Inn, Jackson
Write: Dr. William Keller
P.O. Box 625
Laurel, MS 39440

GUELPH COUPLES' ADVANCE August 7-8, 1981

Guelph University
Write: Ernie Voth
Box 97, Thorold
Ontario, Canada L2V 3Y7

ST. LOUIS AREAWIDE REGIONAL August 12-15, 1981

Marriott Hotel
Write: Walter Thorn
861 Manitou
Rock Hill, MO 63119

GERMAN REGIONAL August 15, 1981

Kaiserslautern
Write: FGBMFI European Office
Avenue Franklin Roosevelt 214
1050 Brussels, Belgium

DETROIT REGIONAL August 19-22, 1981

Troy Hilton
Write: John Ninowski
28575 Greenfield, Suite 108
Southfield, MI 48076

SOUTHERN OREGON REGIONAL August 20-22, 1981

Holiday Inn, Medford
Write: Jerry S. Lausmann
P.O. Box 1608
Medford, OR 97501

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MEN'S ADVANCE August 21-23, 1981

Redlands University
Write: Clark Wheeler
3321 Yale Street
Santa Ana, CA 92704

HEART OF ILLINOIS REGIONAL August 26-29, 1981

Holiday Inn, Peoria
Write: Bruce Funston
304 Indian Court
East Peoria, IL 61611

KENTUCKY 2ND REGIONAL August 26-29, 1981

Executive Inn Rivermont
Write: Owensboro FGBMFI
P.O. Box 1105
Owensboro, KY 42302

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA REGIONAL August 27-29, 1981

Holiday Inn, Visalia
Write: FGBMFI Visalia/Tulare
P.O. Box 1524
Visalia, CA 93279

28TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION June 30-July 4, 1981

Philadelphia Civic Center
Write: David Byram
World Conv. Coordinator
P.O. Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

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

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: If you are experiencing difficulty in receiving *Voice*, please contact us immediately. If you are receiving more than one copy each month at the same address, or if there is variance in the way your name appears, please return undesired label. IF YOU ARE PLANNING TO MOVE, send label with your new address to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.



LEE NYSTROM
Minneapolis, MN
International
Director



I got more than I bargained for when I arrived to fix a furnace for a man I'll call Mr. Clark.

Fresh out of college, I was curious, naive, and open to any help that would move me toward my ambition—becoming a multimillionaire.

As we visited, Mr. Clark announced,

"I'm a clairvoyant."

I laughed. "I don't believe in all that stuff."

Challenged, he said, "Sit down! I usually charge for a reading but I'll do yours free." Reluctantly, I agreed.

"You have just moved to West Lafayette," he began. "You have purchased a grey couch and green rug and dishes with little blue flowers on them." My eyes grew big as walnuts. How could he know these things about me?

He continued. "Your father-in-law will have a heart attack in six months." He told me we would have two children and predicted other events all of which came to pass.

That free "reading" set me on a

course in life which continued for nearly 20 years until I found truth.

Reasoning that "If I can tap into the supernatural I can use these powers to accumulate wealth," I innocently began developing what I thought were God-given abilities to use extra-sensory perception, mental telepathy, hypnotism, and other forms of "white magic."

As I exercised these psychic powers my business efforts appeared to improve. But I was frustrated by the fact that I could never count on them. It seemed that whenever I got to the point of confidence they would fail me, and I would be left with a gnawing anxiety. Strange voices and loud music ringing in my head began to plague me.

Then in 1967 an unsolicited magazine called *Voice* began arriving in the mail. The cover stories, dealing with successful business men, attracted me. But I rarely read the entire magazine.

One afternoon, home alone, I was bored and restless. My eyes fell upon a small stack of unread *Voice* magazines. Picking one up, I read it through—then a second, third and fourth.

I leaned back in my lounge chair and reflected on what I'd read. Each writer had described religious experiences and although each story differed slightly they all had a common theme: peace—received by asking Jesus Christ to become Saviour and Lord of your life.

Suddenly anger welled up within me. I hurled the magazines into a

corner. "They're lying!" I yelled. "No one can have that kind of peace!"

But the seed was sown. I realized this peace was missing in my life. I kept thinking, "Is what they're saying really true?"

Soon announcements of forthcoming Full Gospel Business Men's meetings came in my mail. One was for a coffee and donuts meeting in Minneapolis February 16, 1968. "I'll go," I decided, "and see for myself if what these testimonies are saying is true."

Not wanting to waste time listening to a speaker with nothing to say, I ran a check on the man listed as speaker for the evening. I learned he was worth several million dollars. Satisfied, I thought, "Surely he will have exactly the message I want to hear."

Little did I realize how true that was, although the message was far from what I expected. I was sure he would tell how he had persevered and driven himself to become wealthy. But the only mention he made concerning his finances was "Jesus has really blessed me!"

What the speaker did talk about was how he had lacked joy and peace and felt harassed until he accepted Christ. "I found peace through trusting Jesus to meet all of my needs. . . . Does anyone here want to receive Jesus?"

He had hit a responsive chord. I went forward, mistakenly thinking I was making a decision based upon logic alone. To my amazement I found my heart throbbing, my mouth dry, tears escaping the corners of my

(please turn to page 30)

CALL THE NEXT WITNESS

A recent newscast reported the willingness of a courageous man, in spite of death threats, to testify against extortionists who were intimidating small businesses. Without his witness these criminals could not be convicted. He was needed. He took a stand.

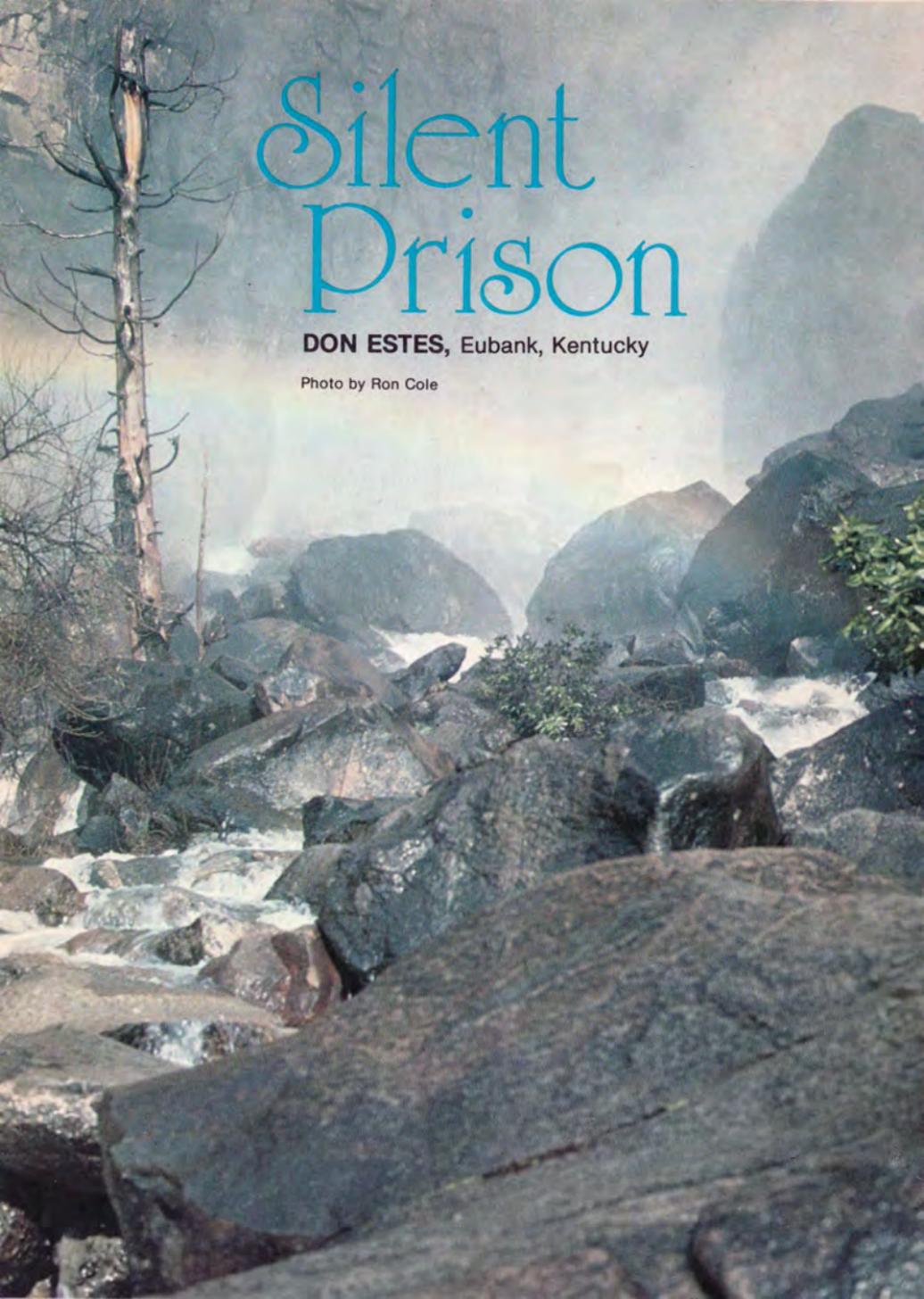
Jesus said, "Ye are witnesses." He does not ask us to testify against someone, but to take a stand for Him. *Voice* provides the unusual opportunity for men to share their witness with more than a million readers. If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through *Voice*, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S 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.

AUSTRALIA: Central Highlands Chapter, Allan Ross-Capella 29s. **BELGIUM:** Brussels Chapter, Marc Den Haerynck 014-215027. **CANADA:** Cambridge Chapter, Don Nickell (519) 623-0781; Simcoe Chapter, W.C. Ballyns (519) 426-4949. **ENGLAND:** Altrincham Chapter, Leslie Hales 061-998-5687; Alsager Chapter, Robert E. Broach 093.63-2174; Gloucester Chapter, J.R. Jones 0453-2672; Plymouth Chapter, E.T. Waters 05793-3352; Portsmouth Chapter, Val Wainright 0705-73.35.88; Swindon Chapter, Edward Nicholls 0793-25983; Wincanton Chapter, Frank Coffins 0963-32604. **NEW ZEALAND:** Napier Chapter, Ven Plummer 436302. **UNITED STATES:** **ARIZONA:** Bisbee Chapter, Marion Stults (602) 432-2745; Casa Grande Chapter, James R. Neish (602) 836-2932; White Mountain Chapter, John Armstrong (602) 336-0482. **CALIFORNIA:** West Contra Costa Chapter, Floyd E. Svensson (415) 254-1233. **COLORADO:** Akron Chapter, David Palser (303) 246-3365. **FLORIDA:** Jupiter/Tequesta/North Palm Beach Chapter, Tom Wilde (305) 747-0032. **GEORGIA:** Athens Chapter, Robert Bruce (404) 789-2159. **ILLINOIS:** Chicago/Brighton Park Chapter, Ronald Adint (312) 581-3965; Kaskaskia Chapter, Allen Miers (618) 859-2921; La Salle-Peru Chapter, Dennis Schwanke (815) 223-1336. **INDIANA:** Indianapolis Northside Chapter, Larry Jackson (317) 849-4018. **IOWA:** Atlantic Chapter, George Howard (712) 243-4668; Osceola Chapter, Donald Stuva (515) 342-4897. **MAINE:** St. John Valley Chapter, Leland Labbe (207) 728-6059. **MINNESOTA:** Grand Rapids Chapter, Delano Gibbs (218) 246-8324. **MISSISSIPPI:** Forest Chapter, Harold Schmidt (601) 469-2884. **NEBRASKA:** McCook Chapter, Robert Bever (308) 345-1723. **NEW YORK:** Manhasset Chapter, Don Jackson (516) 922-3589. **OHIO:** Bryan Chapter, Russell Reynolds (419) 636-2914; King's Island Chapter, John Roach III (513) 932-4074. **TEXAS:** Irving/Las Colinas Chapter, Neil W. Nelles (817) 481-5630; Rockwall Chapter, Rick Romo (214) 722-8798. **VIRGIN ISLANDS:** St. Croix Chapter, Diego Conde (809) 778-1373. **WALES:** Cardiff Chapter, Brian Mountford 0446-760191.

A photograph of a rocky river with a rainbow in the background. The river flows through large, dark, wet rocks, creating white rapids. In the background, a rainbow is visible against a hazy, mountainous landscape. A tall, thin, leafless tree stands on the left side of the frame. The overall scene is misty and atmospheric.

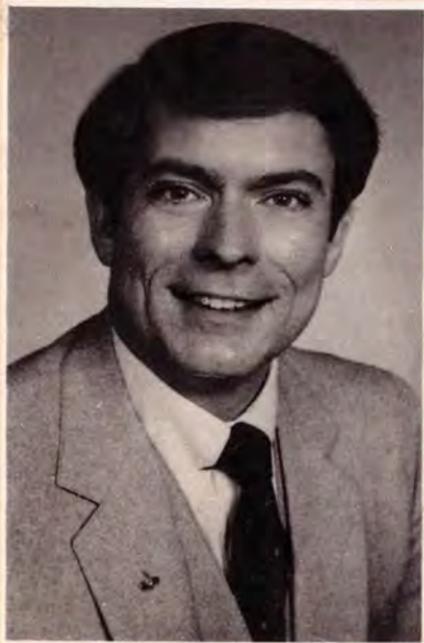
Silent Prison

DON ESTES, Eubank, Kentucky

Photo by Ron Cole

As I sensed myself floating upward from my hospital bed, I gradually became aware that the two sides of my nature—the physical and the spiritual—had somehow separated one from the other.

From somewhere high above, I was able both to hear and observe every activity in the room: the doctors and nurses working frantically to stem the hemorrhaging of my body; my wife's tearful, whispered prayers.



My journey took me beyond great ragged mountains to a shadowy valley where I descended into a deep chasm. I moved effortlessly along a narrow pathway, passing through a brilliant light into what I knew to be the presence of God.

Back in my hospital room all the machines were turned off and pushed back—valves closed, tubes removed. My heart had stopped beating, the breath of life had ceased.

I felt myself being caught up in a great white whirlwind and suddenly I was one with myself again, lying on the bed, fully conscious. Sitting straight up, I asked, "I'm not dead, am I?" A great war whoop went up from the nurse at my side, summoning the others back into the room. Then I fell back into a deep sleep.

Up until this out-of-body experience I'd been in a deep coma for several months. During that time—because my mind still functioned deep within my prison of silence—I had mentally surveyed my life.

My first 29 years had been completely devoted to competing for political and material supremacy. My philosophy, "Never cry, never depend on anyone else. Life is what you beat out for yourself," was pounded into me as a child.

I was self-sufficient and those

self-efforts had gained me much as owner of a men's clothing store and co-owner of Burger Queen, a Kentucky-based fast-food chain. But instead of the joyful satisfaction and sense of fulfillment I had expected, I found the top of the ladder to be a cold and friendless place.

I had married Sue, a dedicated Christian, in 1963. Because I didn't have a personal relationship with Christ I found going to church with her a drag. But a series of dramatic events was soon to revolutionize my entire attitude toward life.

At a time when both my wife and three-year-old daughter Emily were seriously ill, I was involved in a head-on automobile collision. Fearing I might die at any moment, I asked Jesus to forgive my sins and save my soul—sort of "fire insurance."

Doctors, however, feeling my injuries were slight, had advised me, "Go home and rest for a few weeks." During the month that followed I was in constant pain, vomiting repeatedly. Yet when I returned to the hospital for a checkup they could find no reason for my distress.

Deciding my symptoms were psychosomatic, I stopped by the clothing store to speak with my manager. "I'm heading for Florida, Gene," I told him. "I need more rest and time to be alone."

I knew Gene was a Pentecostal preacher when I first hired him, and that we'd have to come to an understanding right off. "You're a good guy,

***Unless you
allow the Lord
to heal you soon,
you will die***



Gene, but I believe that the stuff you preach is the devil's message for the last days. I warn you now, don't ever preach it to me!"

Even though the things I said to him were harsh, Gene just smiled at me in return. "Don, I understand perfectly the condition of your soul. I promise not to preach to you—but I will pray." I quickly turned from him so that he wouldn't see the tears that seemed to come from nowhere.

Gene had kept his word until this moment. But when I told him I was heading for Florida, to my chagrin he put his arms around me. Then he said, "Don, as I saw you pull up and park your car the Lord revealed to me that unless you allow Him to heal you soon, you will die."

As I struggled to pull myself free from Gene's grasp he only hugged me tighter. "Don't make me fire you now," I growled. "I need you in the store more than ever, but I just can't afford to listen to this stuff now!"

He loosened his hold on me. "Don, the only reason I'm saying any of this to you now is because the Holy Spirit is impressing it so strongly on me." That scared me.

But I was still unwilling to listen to his loving counsel. I went home and within an hour I had collapsed. The next thing I knew I was on my way to the hospital. As the ambulance sped past the store I remembered Gene's words.

In exploratory surgery they found I had suffered both a ruptured intestine

and burst liver in the accident 30 days before. Gangrene filled my body. They closed me up and sent me back to my room—to die.

For a day or two I remained conscious, then lapsed into a deep coma lasting for several months. During this time my mind worked perfectly and I could hear and comprehend everything going on around me.

Many times people would come in and pray with my wife, "Lord, help this young mother through her time of trial." I knew they didn't realize I could hear, but inside myself I was crying out, "What about me?"

Sue maintained a steady bedside vigil. Because both she and my daughter Emily had experienced healing through prayer, she realized there was more to Christianity than she had been taught. She began to search the Scriptures. Hour after hour, week after week, I would hear her turning the pages of her Bible.

When she came upon Isaiah 53:4-6 and Matthew 8:17, which teach that healing has been provided through the crucifixion of Jesus, she prayed, "Jesus, we need a huge miracle for Don, and I need a sign that You have heard our prayers."

The answer began to come in the form of a May, 1972 *Voice* magazine which had been left behind by a Spirit-filled woman she had met in the waiting room. As Sue read the testimonies, faith was born in her heart. Even though I had lost 92 percent of my liver and my entire abdominal cavity

was infected, Sue began to believe God would fully restore me to health.

One night as my life seemed to be ebbing away, Sue again asked the Lord for encouragement. As she walked down the hospital corridor she met one of our state senators, Gene Huff, a Christian filled with the Holy Spirit. The senator, excited that the reports he had received of my death were false, agreed to come to my room to pray for me. As they stood by my bed, he shared with her beautiful scriptures from the Word of God, on healing, such as, "But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed" (Isaiah 53:5). Although I was still deep in a coma, I received these words into my heart.

Then Sue and the senator laid hands on me and prayed. As they did, Sue saw a blinding light—purer and more brilliant than the sun—at the head of my bed. Though I saw no light I was deeply conscious of the presence of God in the room. From that point on my wife believed me to be healed.

Next my store manager came to visit. He stood beside my silent, shrunken form and spoke. "Don, I wanted to come before, but it was not the Lord's timing." Then he laid his hands on me and prayed, "Father, give this man a new liver. Remove all the effects of the fever and infection and restore him to normal health. I

ask this in the name of Jesus."

At that moment I *knew* I would leave that hospital a whole man.

Lying there unable to speak, move, or even open my eyes, my whole set of values had changed. Now I wanted another chance at life. I longed to seek out those I had hurt and ask their forgiveness. Above all, I wanted to tell people that life on earth is just a fleeting moment of preparation for eternity.

I had now made Satan's "Most Wanted" list. Not surprisingly, my physical condition began an abrupt decline, ending in my apparent death.

But I had returned from the valley of the shadow of death. And the very next morning a liver scan revealed the organ to be completely healed and all intestinal tissue normal. One week later I drove myself home from the hospital.

Sue and I were soon baptized in the Holy Spirit and received our prayer language. The Lord brought us into fellowship with other Spirit-filled believers who eventually formed the nucleus of the Somerset chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship.

Freed from the prison of self, I have found all I ever longed for in the rich fellowship of Jesus Christ. Just as He recreated and restored my body, so He has recreated and restored my soul.

"And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write: for these words are true and faithful" (Rev. 21:5, KJV). □

AIRPORT ODYSSEY

One of the most exciting calls ever to come in to the Minnesota headquarters of Full Gospel Business Men was from a man who had picked up a free copy of Voice at the Minneapolis-St. Paul International Airport and had read it while on a trans-Atlantic flight to Switzerland. When he arrived in Zurich he called the state office to accept Jesus as his Saviour.

His salvation was the result of a joint outreach project of the Minneapolis-St. Paul FGBMFI chapters. The two groups rented space on the Gold Concourse at the airport, an area where most charter and overseas flights originate.

They hired a Christian artist-designer to create a display for the free distribution of Voice. On the back of every magazine they stamped two telephone numbers: those of the state office and of "Love Lines," a 24-hour counseling service. Approximately 20 persons a week call these numbers as a result of reading Voice magazine pocketed through the Airport Voice Outreach program.

According to International Director Lee Nystrom, the project has proved to be one of the most gratifying the Minnesota group has ever undertaken.



Cheerfully inviting travelers to "Pocket a free copy of Voice," this display has extended one chapter's ministry across the Atlantic Ocean.

A Spiritual Cape Canaveral

FGBMFI World Laymen's Headquarters Costa Mesa, California

It stands as a silent but powerful witness next to a great California freeway where thousands pass daily, its architectural lines unique, its east and west wings stretched like arms of love to a lost world. Encircling its rotunda, snapping in seacoast breezes, flags of the nations symbolize the scope of the ministry linked within its walls.

The World Laymen's Headquarters is far more than a building. It is the solid base of support for a profound spiritual thrust launching men into ministry to 77 nations through Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

It is a communications network for the partnership of committed Christians serving as headquarters staff and godly men working through chapters.

Here are housed people and equipment for coordinating data, matching needs, researching answers, and developing resources to strengthen and assist chapters around the globe ... the technical skills necessary to transmit powerful Christian testimonies of FGBMFI members through production of "Good News!" radio, television, tapes, Voice magazine, books, satellite translator stations





... and coordination backup for the more than 200 global and U.S. conventions, rallies, advances and overseas airlifts held each year. Here hundreds of men on the front lines of chapter work come from near and far to receive advanced leadership training and ministry for their tasks from Demos Shakarian and other leaders, and to encourage and inspire each other.

Here staff members pray faithfully for God's answers to needs expressed in the daily flood of mail prayer requests.

Here, through (714) TRY-LOVE prayer ministry, volunteer counselors become the contact between hurting people and the compassionate Christ, taking calls from every state and places as far away as Central America and Ireland.

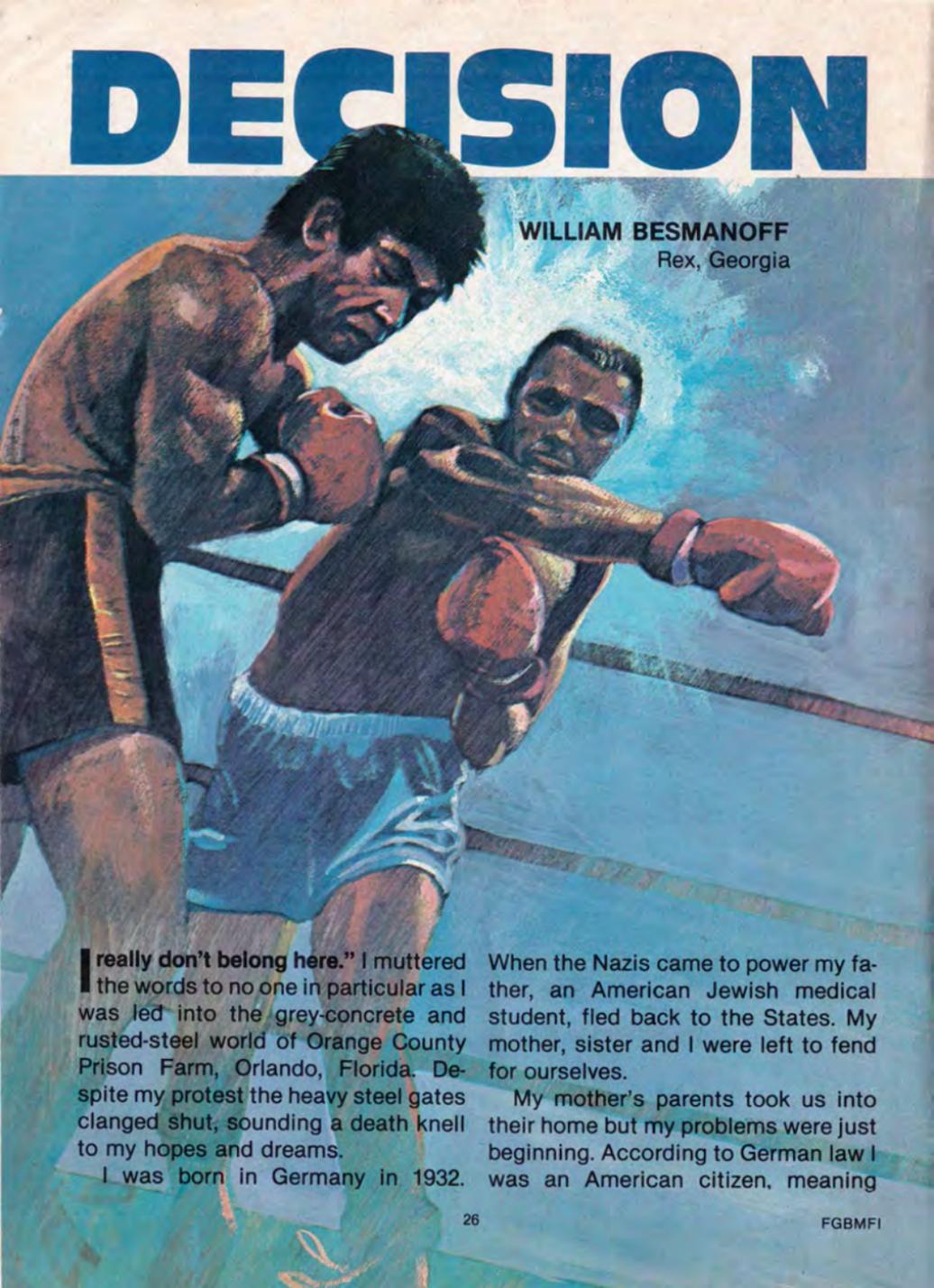
If the building itself, with its vaulted ceiling, glass elevator shafts, and spiraling stairs, did not remind one of the vertical relationship we have with God, His presence—sensed almost unanimously by visitors—does. He reaches down to where we are, no matter what we have done, how often we have failed, or how ashamed of our sin we may be.

That is the message the Fellowship, each of its worldwide ministries, and the World Laymen's Headquarters building—indeed a launching pad—exist to proclaim.

Open to the public, with guided tours offered. You are invited to visit when you are in California.



DECISION



WILLIAM BESMANOFF
Rex, Georgia

I really don't belong here." I muttered the words to no one in particular as I was led into the grey-concrete and rusted-steel world of Orange County Prison Farm, Orlando, Florida. Despite my protest the heavy steel gates clanged shut, sounding a death knell to my hopes and dreams.

I was born in Germany in 1932.

When the Nazis came to power my father, an American Jewish medical student, fled back to the States. My mother, sister and I were left to fend for ourselves.

My mother's parents took us into their home but my problems were just beginning. According to German law I was an American citizen, meaning

that I couldn't attend public school with my friends. Eventually the Nazis snatched me from home and placed me in a concentration camp, but my grandfather's influence secured my release.

While I was in my teens my grandmother urged me to take up the baking trade. I served my apprenticeship under a baker who was also an avid boxing fan, sparking my interest in the sport. Soon I was fighting bouts as an amateur. Progressing quickly, I won a place on the 1952 Olympic team.

Then came the most crushing blow I'd ever received. No sooner had our team arrived in Helsinki than Olympic officials, deciding I was in reality an American citizen, ruled me ineligible to compete for Germany. However, technically my citizenship as an American had already been revoked when I reached 18 without coming to the States.

For the time being, I was a man without a country.

Allowed to return to Germany, I turned professional. In 1953 I won the German light-heavyweight championship. The following year I captured the European title in Dortmund.

The famous boxing promoter Jim Norris had seen the Dortmund bout and invited me to fight in the United States. Before long I was on the main card at Madison Square Garden and appearing on national television with "Friday Night Fights." When I won a decision over Bob Baker I replaced him in the ratings as fourth-ranked

heavyweight in the world.

Although I remained near the top of the heavyweight division, I never realized my ambition to fight for the title. Every time I was nearing this goal something happened to destroy my opportunity. Though disappointed, I still accomplished many things others aren't able to achieve and I'm proud of what I did.

After retiring from the ring I turned to baking. I'd taken my grandmother's advice and become a master baker, a course of study almost as demanding as becoming a doctor or lawyer here in the States.

My first bakery opened in Cocoa Beach, Florida, near Cape Kennedy. Business boomed with the local economy, but with cutbacks in space programs the bakery fell on hard times. I didn't want to lay off my 12 employees and before long I was in debt. That's when I passed my first bad checks.

I got away with it for a while; then people filed charges against me. The judge, a sympathetic person, let me off with a stern lecture. But I kept writing the checks. At last the judge realized that he must teach me a lesson. In the spring of 1971 he sentenced me to a year at the prison farm.

I noticed that other prisoners regularly got letters from home and visitors. Not me—I didn't receive so much as a postcard. I was heartbroken. Why had everyone deserted me?

One afternoon I attended a Bible study led by Jim Bryan, the prison

chaplain. Later Jim stopped by to talk about the Bible and gave me some advice.

"If you read this Book," he said, "you'll calm down and be able to cope with your problems."

I didn't care for that. I told Him how I'd gone to church every Sunday as a boy in Germany. Still, I couldn't see that being religious helped anybody. I felt so strongly about this that whenever a preacher came on the prison television screen I'd switch channels.

Nevertheless, I did begin to read some Scripture and before I knew what was happening Jim had enrolled me in a Bible correspondence course. As I studied, it dawned on me that what the Bible said about sin and its penalty was exactly what people were finding out in daily living. The Bible was closely related to my world, and I read it hungrily to find answers.

One Sunday Jim took me to church. I listened to every word the pastor said and when he gave an invitation to receive Christ, something inside stirred me to action. I got up, walked down the aisle and, standing in front of all those people, prayed to receive Christ as my personal Saviour. When I left the church that morning I was a different person.

For one thing, I found myself actually praying about all the details of my life—and the Lord was giving some very specific answers and for the first time a wonderful inner peace.

Later when I was released on good behavior I discovered how practical one's faith in Christ can be. Hurrying



*William Besmanoff,
still a winner!*

home to see why my loved ones had not contacted me, I learned that my wife had moved in with another man. My business had been sold; my car, clothes, and trophies from the boxing ring were gone. All I had left were the suit I was wearing and \$18 given me at the prison gate that morning. Before, I would have hunted down my

wife and her lover and repaid them with violence.

But I had made Christ my manager. Brokenhearted, but with no thought of revenge, I just walked away. The following year my wife and I divorced.

As I grew in the Lord, I had many opportunities to share my faith. I went to prisons in the Orlando area to give my testimony and spoke in local schools for the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. One day while I was talking to a high school football team a big strapping lineman tried to put down what Christ is able to do.

"That stuff is just for sissies," he blurted out.

For a moment I was stumped. Then the Lord gave me a reply: "Son, do I look like a sissy?" I asked. End of interruption.

I tell athletes they will make better use of their abilities if they are Christians. I believe that had I known the Lord I would have been a better boxer. The Christian athlete will be more serious about training, and will perform closer to his potential.

In 1973 God gave me a wonderful Christian wife—Martha, a widow with four grown daughters. When I tend to be impulsive and make sudden decisions, Martha says, "You've got to think and pray about things before you act." The Lord is using her to slow me down.

Christ is doing other things with and for me. Before I met Him I was domineering. Now I want to stay in the background and let other people talk. I used to do things the Bible says

we shouldn't, like passing those worthless checks. I wouldn't do that anymore—not just because I'd have to serve time in prison, but because it isn't right. The Lord has given me a much keener sense of right and wrong since I accepted Him.

Don't think I'm perfect, however. One of my "besetting sins" is a bad temper, and there are times when I "fly off the handle." The difference is that I used to get angry all the time, and the habit cost me many good workers. I've posted a little sign at work that reads, "Please help me keep my big mouth shut, Lord!" It reminds me to submit to His control and keep cool.

For the last two years I have been employed as unit director with the Salvation Army Fulton Boys and Girls Clubs, located in "Cabbagetown," a very poor area of Atlanta. I am very happy there. I not only get to stay active in sports as I work with these young people; I also have the opportunity to witness for Christ daily to people who are not only literally hungry (we feed about 75 people a day) but spiritually hungry. They are very receptive to witnessing.

When I went to prison I wanted to tell everyone I met, "I don't belong in here with these criminals." The Lord has shown that I really did belong with them, but He also let me see Christ's love and forgiveness. I want to tell everyone what they're missing if they turn their backs on Christ. I only wish that I had accepted Him as my Saviour years earlier. □

MISSING PEACE

(continued from page 16)

eyes. "What's happening to me?" I wondered as I prayed to receive Jesus Christ as Saviour of my soul and Lord of my life.

I still didn't understand that I was a sinner. My conscience was so seared I actually couldn't think of anything I'd ever done wrong. So I simply prayed, "Lord Jesus, if I have ever sinned please forgive me."

Because I had been led astray so many times already, I decided I needed proof that something had happened to change my life. I was a three-pack-a-day smoker and had tried everything to quit—meditation, hypnosis, mind-over-matter routines.

I'd even gone to a psychiatrist. I used white magic on him, he used psychiatry on me, and we both got worse.

Now I prayed, "Lord, if You are all this man says You are, then help me quit smoking." I knew nothing about deliverance but from that moment on all desire to smoke was gone.

My wife had threatened, "One more religion and I'm leaving," so I did not share my salvation experience with her right away. However, observing the radical change in my personality, she soon asked me, "What has happened to you?" At first incredulous, then convinced, she too accepted Jesus as Saviour. Before long our children also were saved.

I had had many bizarre experiences while involved in the occult. But after I became a Christian, Jesus quietly

delivered me from all evil forces. Then one night at a small prayer meeting I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

I was so elated, so filled with joy, that I sped out of the driveway when the meeting was over, praying at the top of my lungs. I didn't see the police car behind me until I heard the stern voice over the loudspeaker command, "Pull that Dodge over!"

"Officer," I blurted out, "you won't believe this, but I've just been baptized with the Holy Spirit and I've been speaking in tongues!"

Grinning at me, he replied, "Praise the Lord," and together we worshiped God. Then he gave me three Scripture verses on being obedient to the law and sent me on my way!

As I grew in the knowledge of God's Word, He made me aware of my former sins, dealing with them one at a time. I began to understand the dangers of the occult. I was appalled to discover that the Bible pronounces a curse of poverty, sickness and eternal death on anyone who dabbles in spiritism or other occult practices.

I had tried to find wealth and peace of mind through the use of supernatural powers. But instead of adding riches to my life, they took from it, every day of 20 years. God explains it this way: "The thief comes only to steal, and kill and destroy; I came that they might have life, and might have it abundantly" (John 10:10 NAS). This abundance and confidence marks the quality of life I now wholeheartedly enjoy. □

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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JUNE 25



a day of fasting

More than 20,000 people will crowd the Philadelphia Civic Center June 30—July 4 for the 28th World Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International—challenged by world-renowned speakers and inspired by the music of some of America's most talented artists.

Prayerful planning and extensive promotion with wide media coverage are part of the human effort to make this convention a success. That's important. God expects it. But as He reminds us, it is "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit" (Zech. 4:6).

This convention's spiritual success will come in answer to prayer:

Even now, declares the Lord, return to Me with all your heart, with fasting and weeping and mourning. Rend your heart and not your garments. Return to the Lord your God, for He is gracious and compassionate, slow to anger and abounding in love, and He relents from sending calamity. Who knows but that He may turn and have pity and leave behind a blessing... (Joel 2:12-14).

I invite you to join me in a day of fasting June 25 and to agree with me in prayer—that as we meet at the birthplace of our nation God will "heal our land" and manifest Himself through miracles and healings, with thousands being saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit.

Demos Shakarian

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