

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

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The RAY BULLARD Story

"THE TONGUE OF THE LEARNED"

Also: Reborn; "Cease Fire"; Cable of His Love

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

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MANY PEOPLE SPEND New Year's Eve celebrating the arrival of the new year, then suffer for it the next day. I celebrated the rebirth of a forty-seven year old man one New Year's Eve recently and haven't felt better since!

I have always known "about" Jesus Christ, being raised a Roman Catholic. However, my first impressions of God were that He was a very stern taskmaster, just waiting to pounce on me for any wrong-doing.

I joined the Navy at seventeen and rose steadily through the ratings to officer grade. I enjoyed my career in the Navy and never had any real problems, yet my life was empty and I never experienced any lasting happiness.

Two marriages had ended in divorce. When I met Helen, I thought I had found the happiness I was seeking. We attended church regularly, but it wasn't long before the same pattern of discontent that had plagued my previous mar-



On New Year's Eve—
in a building that was surrendering
ungracefully to old age—
I was . . .

Reborn!

by JOE PINTO

School Teacher, Syracuse Junior High, Santee, California

riages began to set in. I starting finding fault with my wife and she with me. We found ourselves arguing to and from church. I grew more disappointed than ever and was on the verge of still another marital disaster when a friend invited Helen to hear an evangelist who was holding meetings in a town nearby.

Helen attended two meetings and then persuaded me to go. Although I was very disappointed with life at this point, I had not given up searching.

The meeting was held in one of the poorest communities in the county and in the seediest part of that particular town. The building had been a Masonic hall and was surrendering ungracefully to old age. There were bare light bulbs and the stairs complained as we climbed to the second floor. The dank smell of stale beer and smoke as a result

of the former tenancy still permeated the place. In the dim recesses of my mind was the memory of a store building somewhere in which many years before I had heard people praising the name of Jesus in a rather emotional way.

During the service people started raising their hands and stretching their arms toward heaven, and many were making unintelligible noises. Instead of being turned off by all of this, however, I found myself surreptitiously raising my hands (just to chest level) and quietly joining in the praise.

It was a very pleasant experience, and I enjoyed the peace that settled over me and the unusual amount of love I felt for everyone around me. The meeting ended with a great deal of hand-shak-

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"The Tongue of the Learned"



The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season . . ." (Isaiah 50:4).

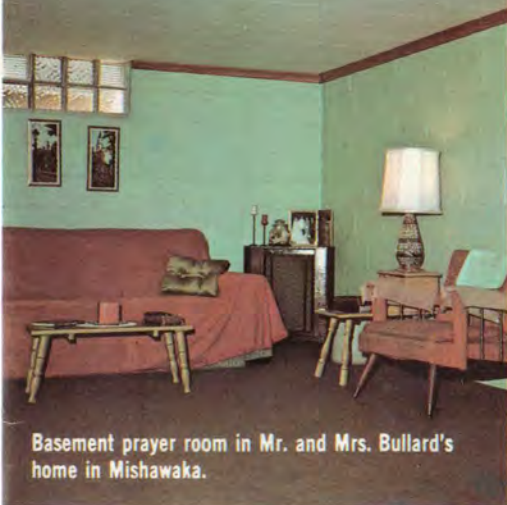
ALTHOUGH RAISED in a Christian home, at the age of eleven I was convicted of my sins during a tent revival meeting in Des Moines, Iowa, and there committed my life to the Lord and was born again. About two weeks later I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit with the evidence of speaking in tongues.

The Lord has blessed throughout my life. In 1934 I was married at the age of twenty. My wife and I prayed and asked God to bless our home from the start. We were married on Sunday right after the morning service and went to church that night instead of taking a honeymoon. We both wanted to serve the Lord with all of our hearts.

Over the years I was a deacon in our church and a Sunday school teacher. But then about twenty-three years ago the Lord began to deal with me. Even

though we were what you might call a typical Christian family I felt something was missing in my life. I even came to the point of deciding to quit all my church activities and just go to enjoy the services as a spectator. At this low spiritual point the Lord directed me to study Matthew 25:25, "And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth: lo, there thou hast that is thine."

I knew that verse was for me. I was *hiding my talent*. While under the conviction of this portion of Scripture I rededicated my life to God. Shortly after this I was introduced to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship when Demos Shakarian and Clifford Ford came to South Bend, Indiana. I was so excited about what I heard that later that year I drove with my family to an FGBMFI convention in Denver, Colorado. It was a thrilling experience and I



Basement prayer room in Mr. and Mrs. Bullard's home in Mishawaka.



by **RAY BULLARD**

Maintenance Supervisor, Mishawaka High School, Mishawaka, Indiana; International Director, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

determined in my heart to do whatever I could to get a chapter started in South Bend. We were finally able to do so, and a few years later I was elected its president. Later we started a chapter in Mishawaka, and I now have the pleasure of serving the Lord as president there.

We had some wonderful meetings, of which one remains vividly in my memory. We invited Rev. James Brown from a Presbyterian church in Parksburg, Pennsylvania to be our speaker at an all day rally. He came and spoke for us and we invited him to stay over the weekend so we could have a luncheon for ministers.

He agreed to stay, and 114 ministers attended the luncheon. As Rev. Brown began to speak about the baptism in the Holy Spirit you could feel the melting of hearts. Following his message, he an-

swered questions for forty-five minutes.

After this successful luncheon we planned a meeting where 150 ministers united to conduct a service in the civic auditorium. We asked Dave Wilkerson to bring Nicky Cruze and he gave his testimony before about 2,800. There were many young people there and there was a wonderful response when the altar call was given. This meeting started a revival among the churches in South Bend.

About nine years ago I received a telephone call from a professor at Notre Dame University. He said, "I'm a Roman Catholic. There are nine of us on the Notre Dame campus who have been praying now for two weeks for a deeper experience. Will you help us?" I said, "I don't know if I'll be able to be of any help, but let's have a prayer meeting and share some experiences." For

The Conference was packed out!



about two years we had been conducting prayer meetings each Monday in our home.

At our next meeting some thirty Pentecostal men and the nine Roman Catholics from Notre Dame University were in attendance. It was exciting, but at the same time a little frightening because I began to worry that I wouldn't have the right words for these intellectual professors, some of whom weren't shy about letting us know that they had an intellectual hang up.

But I silently turned the meeting over to Christ and immediately a wonderful change took place. The Spirit of the Lord came upon our prayer meeting and within minutes it seemed that they all received the gift of tongues. I never saw such joy and happiness. They were hugging each other and the joy of the Lord was upon that place. It turned out to be one of the sweetest and most beautiful prayer meetings I've ever been involved in.

I found out later that the nine men from Notre Dame had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit by faith with the laying on of hands the week before at a prayer meeting on campus.

These men went back to the campus the next day and began to tell different ones about what had happened in our prayer meeting. One they told was Fr. Edward O'Conner. The very next Monday he was at our home seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and I believe God really touched him at that time. He's been a real inspiration and help to our Full Gospel Business Men's chapter as well as the Pentecostal group of believers at Notre Dame.

About three weeks after this the men at Notre Dame held their first annual Pentecostal conference. The conference lasted from Friday through Sunday afternoon. They called me Saturday to come over and help them but I was busy with a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting in Battle Creek,



Michigan. As soon as I got home, however, I went over to the campus and found a tremendous group of young Catholic students seeking God. As we began to pray for them they began to receive the Holy Spirit, and I think that weekend between thirty and forty were filled.

Again I had felt inadequate to talk to them on their intellectual level. But then a wonderful thing happened. When I opened my mouth I began to speak in tongues and as I did so they began to receive the Holy Spirit. I didn't have to worry about speaking on a high intellectual level! One of the men, a student of philosophy, said later, "I didn't understand what you were saying, but it was such a beautiful language." What was so important was that the Holy Spirit in that moment gave a comparatively unlearned man what the prophet Isaiah so beautifully calls "the tongue of the learned," to reveal the extent of His power and the richness of this treasure

that we carry "in earthen vessels."

By 10:00 p.m. that Saturday there were about 150 Notre Dame students there for the meeting and many of them stayed until 3:00 a.m. Students were seeking God and many were being filled with the Holy Spirit. That was the first annual conference. Each year more and more people are in attendance. The fifth conference was packed out with 3,000 seated and 500 standing. The meeting lasted over four hours. It was one of the greatest Pentecostal meetings I was ever in—and it was Roman Catholic!

When the service was begun that night the leader simply announced, "The King is here." As he did so, the audience reaction was tremendous. They stood and for ten minutes gave a public ovation, clapping their hands, pointing their fingers to heaven, and praising God in a way I had never heard. King Jesus was in their meeting that

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"... amid death and thundering cannon,
I found life and perfect peace."

In the midst of war, I agreed to God's terms of . . .

"CEASE FIRE"

by J. RAY GSCHWEND



PEACE IN THE MIDST OF WAR. Is it possible? Yes, for it was during the first World War, while cannons thundered night and day, that I found perfect peace — I have enjoyed for over sixty years.

I grew up as the youngest son of a large family, and although our home was deeply devoted to the Roman Catholic Church, I continually yearned for reality, even from my youth. I earnestly believed that nowhere else but in my church would I ever find satisfaction for my thirsty soul. With very few exceptions I would be at church twice every day, attending Mass early in the morning, praying the Rosary at night. In January, the coldest winter month in Switzerland, we would be found in church at 5 o'clock every morning for the obtaining of special merits and for shortening the time in purgatory.

In the midst of all this religious activity, I yearned for God. Having heard one day that He could be found more easily in the high mountains, I climbed some of the highest in our vicinity and spent hours and even entire nights on some lonely spot, trying to get nearer to God. While benefiting from the fresh

air, the beautiful view and the lovely sunrise, I experienced no salvation until I found it later on Mount Calvary, at the foot of the cross.

The more I tried to get away from sin by form, creed and ceremony, the more sin increased in my life. I failed to do good, but the evil which I hated, I did more often. This led to weariness and disillusionment, as I began to realize that empty religion could not deliver me from sin nor give me the power to overcome temptation.

Obligated to serve in the Swiss Artillery at the outbreak of the first World War, in August 1914, I became involved with an ungodly group of soldiers who used profane and filthy language from morning till night. Drunkenness and immorality seemed to have robbed the young men of every decency. Most of us were adherents to the Roman Catholic faith, and the few Protestants that were there also drifted into the same stream of sin.

Finally I found myself joining with those who ridiculed everything religious. In spite of this, I kept seeking for God, but without guidance.

After two years in the army, I was
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Chapter Established in the Holy Land!

JERUSALEM, ISRAEL—A Fellowship chapter in the Holy Land! That's just one result of the first-ever Jerusalem Regional Convention, Oct. 16-18 at the Diplomat Hotel.

A chartered El Al 747 flew in 360 American Full Gospel Business Men and supporters for the gathering. (The airline made a rare exception to a rule against Sabbath flying.) The airlift was led by Fellowship Secretary Lynwood Maddox, an attorney from Atlanta, Georgia. The group joined the many Israelis in attendance for a time of worship, teaching and Christian fellowship, and extended their stay beyond the convention to tour the Holy Land.

One member of the airlift group was Sherwin McCurdy, Conventions Coordinator at the International Headquarters in Southern California. "The intense thrill of this convention will remain in the minds of all who attended," McCurdy said. "You felt the presence of Jesus Christ and His angels in every meeting."

Convention speakers included Charles and Frances Hunter, Fellowship Vice-President Tom Ashcraft and Norvel Hayes, president of Nor-Vel Recordings.

The mayor of Jerusalem invited all of the Fellowship leaders to meet with him. And another government official promised there would soon be Fellowship chapters in all the major cities of Israel.

Another special thrill of the convention was when Full Gospel Business Men planted over 1000 trees in a special forest beside trees planted by nations that have befriended Israel.

Next year: the *Second* Jerusalem Regional Convention, October 15-25.

Sherwin McCurdy

plants a tree in Israel
on behalf of the Fellowship.



World Report



World Outreach Highlights

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM—VOICE magazine will be published in seven European languages in 1977, forecasts Dr. Fred Ladenius, Director of European Publications. And Steven Lightle, European Chapter Coordinator, says: "I believe today is God's time for Europe. How great it is to see men responding to the Holy Spirit and becoming instruments in His hands."

DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA—"We are now active in Zambia, Rhodesia, Lesotho, Botswana, Southwest Africa and Mauritius, and our strength in South Africa is growing almost daily," according to Bob Trench, international director in Durban. He reports a real revival among Hindus living in the country. Also, hundreds of Bantu tribesmen converts were expected at a Christmas party sponsored by South African chapters.

PARIS, FRANCE—A 3-day rally in October featured Fellowship Founder/President Demos Shakarian; Dr. Fred Ladenius and Steven Lightle of the Brussels European Headquarters; Don Ostrom, international director from Fall City, Washington; and Arthur Seals, vice-president and general manager of United California Bank in Brussels.

MEXICO CITY, MEXICO—"Our bridge to South America," is what Fellowship International Director Earl Moore calls Mexico. His statement points out the importance of the Fellowship's First Mexico City Regional Convention, Nov. 4-6 at the Fiesta Plaza Hotel.

Moore and International Directors Albert D'Arpa, Walter Moore and Gerald Walter led a group of 65 Full Gospel Business Men and supporters who flew in from the United States to participate.

The convention laid foundations for new chapters in Mexico City, Acapulco and four other cities. Existing chapters in Guadalajara and Monterey were revitalized.

Many of Mexico's influential professional men and government, religious and military leaders attended. One highlight: international opera star Judith Sierra leading choruses.

Guadalajara businessman Randy Nichols was convention chairman. The convention featured the testimonies of many Mexican businessmen and teaching by Terry Mize, Ken Copeland, Father Bernard Gully, and Stephen and Becky Henten.

"CEASE FIRE!"

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granted three months' leave for the purpose of doing business in Germany, after which I returned to Switzerland. Before reaching my destination, however, I was arrested and accused of being a spy. My conscience was perfectly clear as far as the accusation was concerned, so I expected to be released in a day or two. Instead of that, I was taken from one prison to another, and at last placed in a very old prison in solitary confinement. Having next to nothing to eat and with no indication of whether I would ever be released, I became deeply concerned about my life.

One day while languishing in the cold, unlighted prison cell, I suddenly heard a voice say, loud and clear, "All your hairs are numbered." Looking around, I saw no one. Never having read the Bible, I was not aware that Jesus had uttered practically those same words (Matthew 10:30 and Luke 12:7).

The following day I was taken out of the cell for one hour's exercise in the yard. This was a weekly ritual, during which we prisoners had to walk single file a certain distance from each other to the exercise area. We were closely watched by prison guards.

I knew by the clothes of the prisoner in front of me that he was from Switzerland. His hands were tightly clenched, and I detected a piece of paper in one of them which I perceived he wanted to pass on to me. At an opportune mo-

ment, when the guards were not looking, he slowed down and I advanced and took the paper from him. On returning to the cell I opened it and read: "Be prepared. We are going to be shot!" This was the solution to the words which had been spoken to me the day before: my days (or hours) were numbered. The fear of death took hold of me. Although day after day passed without anything happening, the words continually rang in my ears: "All your hairs are numbered."

For one thing, I had plenty of time to think, and one thought led to another. Is there really a God—a God who speaks to human beings? If this is so, and that voice was His voice speaking to me, then He must be interested in my welfare. If He actually bothers to number my hairs, He must know more about me than I know myself. And in that case He knows that I am innocently imprisoned. Conclusion: perhaps I should assume an attitude of prayer, hoping He might speak to me again and help me out of this difficulty.

Not knowing any other way to pray, for two days, from morning to night, I repeated all the Roman Catholic prayers I could still remember. In the third day just as I started to pray, my cell was suddenly filled with a most glorious light. I knew at once that it was God's holy presence and fell on my face before Him. Immediately all my sins, from my earliest childhood until the time of my imprisonment, were revealed to me. I was horrified, and found myself naked and condemned before God, who



"I was arrested and accused of being a spy."

showed me that none of my good works could atone for my sins. I found that "no good thing dwelleth in me," and should I be shot in this state, I would have to spend eternity in hell.

Stretched out on the bare floor in deepest agony of soul and spirit, I confessed my sins and pleaded for mercy, forgiveness and deliverance. Although the prison was cold, my clothes were almost soaked with perspiration, so fearful was I of death and eternal damnation.

This condition lasted for several hours until I realized that God does not want the death of a sinner, but that the sinner repent and live (Ezekiel 33:11). It was then I became aware of what appeared to be the form of the crucified Christ hanging on the cross in the corner of a high prison cell. The apparition was so real that I could only gaze upon it with awe, watching the blood dripping from His nail-pierced hands and feet, and from His wounded side. The crown

of thorns looked ghastly above His marred and sorrowful face, and I knew in that moment that all my sins had been heaped upon Him, and that I had to but accept this fact and praise Him for it.

Before the vision disappeared altogether, my attention was drawn to the blood flowing from His many wounds. I began to realize that the Son of God had been condemned in *my* place and His blood had been shed for the remission of *my* sins. Suddenly the heavy burden of sin rolled from my heart, and I knew the truth of what I had never before read, or heard, or experienced: "The blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

I then felt so pure, so spotlessly clean, that I knew there was not even the slightest sin left in my heart and that, should I be executed, I would go straight into the presence of God. A deep, settled, holy peace came into my soul which has not left me.

After thanking God for "so great a salvation," I knelt again and submitted myself fully to Him. If it was not His will that I leave this world by speedy execution, and should it please Him to release me from prison, I would serve Him for the rest of my life.

The very next day the prison doors opened and I walked out, a free man! It had been ascertained that I was wrongly accused and therefore free to proceed to Switzerland. I was now doubly free—free from the condemnation of sin and free from a German prison.

Since my three-month leave had ex-

pired, I returned to the army immediately, wondering whether I would lose the wonderful sense of purity which I had experienced. Being a strong young man, I thought my will power would enable me to serve God as I had promised, but it was not long before I discovered that my will power was far too weak to fight against the powers of sin and Satan. So there I was—without spiritual food, without Christian fellowship, and without a church home, for all I knew of Catholicism was ceremonial, and I still regarded the Protestants as heretics.

After three months along the border of Italy, we returned to the barracks, which “happened” to be in my mother’s hometown. There I accepted an invitation to attend a Pentecostal meeting. I had been invited in years past to the same meeting by the same person, but would just laugh and mock because we considered the few Pentecostal people in our town to be the very worst sect of Protestantism. I had to admit, however, that the life of the one who invited me was indeed different from other Protestants I knew.

Attending a Thursday night prayer meeting, I found about fifteen people gathered in a little hall, a tremendous contrast to our gold and silver decorated Cathedral, two blocks away. Sad to say, everything was so strange to me that I could not follow the sermon. As I knelt with others in prayer, however, I was conscious of a holy atmosphere.

One of the members began to speak in a loud voice, in a language I had

never heard before, but the atmosphere was so charged that I knew beyond a shadow of doubt that the same God who had visited me in the German prison cell, was here too. Another person interpreted the strange language into my mother tongue. I knew nothing about the gifts of the Holy Spirit, yet I sensed that God was speaking to me in this strange manner. Falling prostrate, as I had done in the prison cell, I worshipped Him, realizing that He was truly in the midst of these people.

Renewing my surrender to God, I resolved to buy a Bible and begin reading it. I found the Word to be food for my soul and a lamp to my feet.

During the flu epidemic of 1918 all the men in the army were compelled to sleep on straw in the basement rooms of the barracks, as all the beds had been used for thousands of sick and dying soldiers. I became sick unto death, and, released from the army “to die at home,” I joined with other believers at the communion table to observe the Lord’s Supper. I believed in my heart that Jesus had given His body to be broken so that my body might be made whole, and that He gave me His life through His precious blood. Suddenly the power of God came down upon me and flowed like an electric current through my body from head to toe; the fever left me and I was completely healed, with not a trace of sickness left. The next day I rejoined the army, to the amazement of all who knew me and who had been sure I would not live.

Three months after having accepted

the Bible as God's inspired Word, I had leave for a weekend to spend at my mother's home. Through reading the Acts of the Apostles, I realized that they must have had an experience and a power which was wanting in my life. Therefore, before going to bed I prayed, "I must have this power."

Sometime after midnight I awoke to

to do likewise.

Obtaining leave for a weekend from the army, I arrived at Mother's home on Saturday, where I found her in considerable anguish. She had been hoping and praying that her youngest son would become a Catholic priest, and after I had attended my first Pentecostal meeting and broke the news that I had

"We found Mother in the kitchen, altogether changed!"

find the room filled with God's glory and myself speaking in strange languages. And I knew what I was saying—it was the most wonderful adoration and thanksgiving to God, praising and magnifying the name of Jesus.

Since that time I have felt the unction of the Holy Spirit upon me in a most powerful way, giving me great liberty and eloquence in witnessing and preaching, and power in prayer. The gifts of tongues, prophecy and interpretation remain with me up to this day.

One day I received a letter to the effect that my sisters, who had by now also accepted Christ, were to be baptized by immersion. They wondered whether I would wish to be baptized at the same time. Going to the Scriptures, I became aware that though I had been sprinkled with water as a little child (without having had any say or choice in the matter), it had been without the necessary preliminaries of repentance and faith in Jesus Christ. Upon reading Matthew 3:13-17, where it is recorded that Jesus was baptized "to fulfill all righteousness," I realized that I needed

accepted Jesus in a Protestant church, she and my sisters had burst out into bitter crying. Now that all three of us had decided to be baptized in water, her hopes of us returning to "the one true church" were dashed to the ground.

Leaving home that Sunday morning before four o'clock, my sisters and I walked a great distance to a river where we were baptized at sunrise. After a blessed worship service at the church, we reached home in time for lunch but did not expect a meal to be prepared, for Mother would probably be sick in bed with the disappointment our baptism had caused her. But who can fathom the wondrous ways of our Lord?

Entering the house we found Mother in the kitchen, happy and bright and altogether changed. "What has happened?" we asked in amazement. "It is quite all right," she answered, "I know now that you are on the right road. I awoke during the night and noticed a beautiful light appearing at the bottom of the wall. All sleep left me as I watched its increasing splendor. I had

no fear, for I felt the sweet presence of God, and the light was soft and beautiful and looked like a lovely sunrise. When the entire wall was lighted, two angels appeared holding a big black-board upon which was written in letters of gold: 'This day is salvation come to this house.' Immediately all doubts vanished away and I knew that my children had found God's true salvation. The light and the angels disappeared but the light of salvation has driven all darkness from my heart."

Three years later Mother was overjoyed to see her youngest son sail the ocean to carry the glorious Gospel to the ends of the earth, and nine years

after that she had a most marvelous home-going. Although sick unto death she used to whisper to my dear sisters who attended her: "Can't you hear them singing; the angels are singing; can't you hear them?" With a face beaming with heavenly joy she entered eternity with the true knowledge of sins forgiven, through Jesus' blood.

Not only has it been my privilege to enjoy spiritual peace and joy for over sixty years in an ever-increasing and more glorious measure, it has also been my privilege to convey this blessed peace through the preaching of the Gospel to thousands of others as needy as I. ■

J.R. Gschwend, through his "All Nations Gospel Publishers," a Pretoria, South Africa-based organization, translates simple Gospel literature into 200 languages and distributes it into 123 countries.

"GOD PREPARED ME FOR IT"



"I've read several copies of VOICE and truly enjoyed them. I am a newborn Christian of one year, and have been filled with the Holy Spirit. Believe me, I've never been happier in my fifty-six years of life, and feel as though I had never lived before. I'm truly a new person. I can say I worry no more, and

have no more fears. And I love everyone for the first time in my life. I lost a twenty-three-year-old son in October 1975. God saw this coming and prepared me for it. Before I accepted Jesus Christ into my life, it would have been impossible for me to have taken this the way I have."

Mrs. H.L., Columbus, Ohio

GOD IS NEVER STATIC

by DEMOS SHAKARIAN

Founder-President, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International

AS WE PREPARE to enter 1977, I am aware more than ever before that we have reached the place where "time is of the essence," and when we hear the voice of the Lord and recognize His leading, we must obey promptly, lest the wave of glory of which we might have been a part pass over and leave us behind. The plan of God moves inevitably forward, and waits for no man. God is never static.

When Rose and I were in Germany in 1951 a man came to the meeting in Hamburg where I gave my testimony. After the meeting he came to speak to me. With hot tears running down his face he told his story.

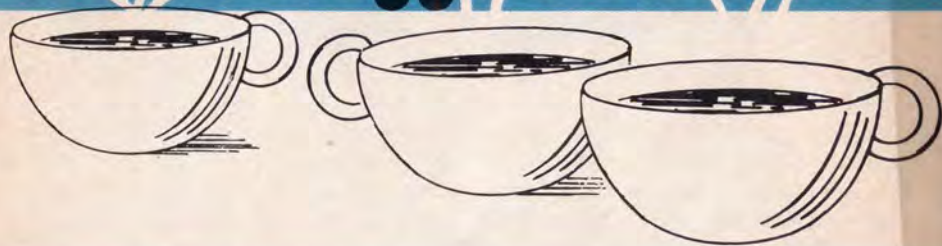
He had been a very wealthy man, and a Christian. He said that Jesus had for some time been speaking to his heart and impressing upon him that serious events were going to happen very quickly, and he felt called of God to do certain things. But he was making a great deal of money and did not want to stop right then. He said, "I wanted to make more millions and have so much more to give to the Lord's work when I retired from business and could spend the rest of my lifetime building churches, sending out missionaries,

feeding and clothing the poor. Then suddenly the war clouds broke, the American planes came, and the bombs fell and destroyed my factories. All of my material wealth was lost overnight. Now I am old, my health is broken, my money is gone, and I have nothing—nothing to give to God's work. When I had money and health and strength the Lord spoke to me, but I put Him off. Now I have nothing to offer Him!"

I know God had appointed that I should meet that man and hear his story, and never forget it. I say to you from the very depths of my heart, I believe that the Spirit of God is telling us that time is short and the burden is upon the Christians living today to tell the world that Jesus is coming again even as He promised, and to urge everyone to prepare his heart and life for that day! We must do it now, while the doors are open. Let us live this year of 1977 as though it were our last.

Rose joins me in wishing you the busiest, happiest, and most successful year you have ever experienced. May you claim the intent of God spoken in His Word, (3 John 2), that you may prosper and be in health, even as your soul prospers. ■

God's Coffee Cabinet



by WILLARD R. FOX, JR.

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to work in an area of a factory that was so bad people would walk out of their way to avoid it? The welding area, where I work at Xerox, was just like that. Foul language, pornography, liquor, adultery and drugs made up just part of the problem. But the Holy Spirit moved into our area to prove that no matter how hard the problem looks, nothing is too difficult for God. Our area was to be an example for our factory, and your area could be too, if it has a similar problem.

In August 1975 the Holy Spirit moved me back into the welding area from another location in the plant. I had just come back when I saw a copy of VOICE magazine for the first time, and read it. At that time the Spirit also brought back two Christians, Jerry Thomson and Russ Powers, one of whom, Jerry, had had a bad reputation in the factory before his conversion. This was also my position at that time. The combination of their testimony and the testimonies in VOICE

enabled the Holy Spirit to touch my heart, and I yielded to Jesus completely. I had known of Him before but did not know Him *personally*. Liquor had become my hiding place and was responsible for my very bad behavior. I am now a Spirit-filled Catholic.

The Holy Spirit then moved Fran Lockwood, a welder, who was into all the vices, to accept Jesus as his Lord and Saviour as he was witnessed to by some of us at work and by a Christian Jew at home.

Fran and I then attended a charismatic church service, where we were cured at the same time of nervousness, the liquor habit, foul language, and many mental and physical ailments. We simply left our problems and medicine at the foot of His cross.

The Holy Spirit then used the four of us—Jerry, Russ, Fran and me—to witness to Jim Jones, who was another bad case in our area. He had been a partner with others in the distribution of porno-



Welder, Xerox Corporation, Rochester, New York

graphic material. Just when we had about given up on him, Jim came to work one morning and told everyone he had given his life to Jesus.

Now with five workers for Him in our area, the Lord moved upon us to open a free Coffee Cabinet. From the Christian fellowship it offered came the beginning of our Xerox Christian Fellowship Fund. All this had come about in three short weeks. As a result of our testimonies and changed lives, the Holy Spirit moved effectively through our welding area. First the swearing stopped, next the dirty books and pictures disappeared, and then other workers started coming to have coffee and talk about Jesus. They no longer came in fear of hearing or seeing something that would offend them.

An engineer, Bill Schutt, came into our area to work and brought to us a lunch time Bible study. He also introduced me to the Full Gospel Business Men's breakfasts. Christians who had

been backslidden for years were re-dedicating themselves to Jesus and others were reaching out toward the Saviour. From the Coffee Cabinet we started handing out Bibles and tracts and by October 1975 our fellowship had grown to twelve people.

As money began to be donated, the Lord's free Coffee Cabinet developed a reputation. We adopted two foster children from overseas, helped supply Bibles, supported the Christian Broadcasting Network, and aided a fellow worker on leave of absence to help a small church get back on its feet.

At a recent FGBMFI breakfast where Ralph Marinacci spoke, I received a call from the Lord. Ralph stopped in the middle of his testimony and called me up to bind the meeting over to Jesus. He said the Holy Spirit led him to call me because I had found favor with the Lord and He had a special use for my life.

At first only one man from the welding area attended the FGBMFI break-

fast. Six months later sixty were coming. In the beginning the Lord's Cabinet was giving out seventy-five cups of coffee and six months later we were giving out 500. It was begun with only a small allowance and an old pot. Six months later we had a new pot and were receiving about \$100.00 a month with which to do the Lord's work. Shortly after we started the Lord's Cabinet we had five Christians in our area but six months later there were twenty-five. At first we had only two Spirit-filled Christians in our area; six months later we had ten.

The impact of our venture has now spread to many other areas. People come from all walks of life to share Jesus with us and to see the work of His Coffee Cabinet. Our identifying sign is a carpenter's cross made out of cut nails and welded in our area. Each member of the fellowship wears one as do most members of the FGBMFI chapter in

Rochester, New York. When people see these crosses they know of the Lord's work in our factory.

The most important manifestation is with our families. Our new found faith and the work being done by the Cabinet was at first met with looks of doubt and laughter. Now the people dearest to us are accepting Jesus. Wives, children, relatives and friends are now seeing and believing. At a Fellowship breakfast my brother David accepted Jesus and my wife Mary Ann dedicated her life to Jesus.

The conversion of our area in the factory became possible because through the love of God and the power of the Holy Spirit we became willing vessels, open to any bidding of the Lord. I can only thank Jesus for my new life, for His Coffee Cabinet ministry, and for the changes He has wrought within our families. ■

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CHRISTIAN? CHRISTIAN? CHRISTIAN?

by REX F. MASTERS

Systems Engineer, The Gap, Queensland, Australia

CHRISTIAN? Of course! Have been all my life. What a silly question."

That would have been my answer for almost all my life had anyone asked. Despite a desire for more than a social Sunday religion, I had been unable to find it in Sunday school training, membership of church boards and councils, nor in the lives of any of my friends and church brethren. I would still be there today but for an unusual set of circumstances.

The story really begins when my sister returned with a newly acquired husband from a working holiday in England. After having made the usual allowance for the husband's not having been born in Australia, we conceded that he was all right—to a degree. Perhaps he was a little intense and took a while to settle in, but we were prepared for anything but what happened—he *got religion*. What's more, it proved contagious; my sister went down with the same complaint.

I am nothing if not generous and granted that they deserved each other.

Soon the whole story began to unfold. They began leaving their adorable child with my parents while they attended breakfasts in the city at incredible hours. They began giving all they had beyond frugal needs to some unknown (to me) organization and fraternizing with drunks and addicts till all hours.

There is a straw that breaks every camel's back and their straw was a vision to return to England and enroll as students at the Birmingham Bible Institute. That really broke the back of our tolerance and we agreed that perhaps this move overseas would be a relief.

They sold their home and finalized plans for the trip, but they were not yet done with us as they had to move out of the house two weeks before the ship was due to leave. After all, she was my sister and they really did need a bed, so upon our invitation, one Friday night they arrived at our home. During tea, Terry, my sister's husband, asked me to join him at a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship breakfast next morning. Exuding goodwill, I agreed and a quick

telephone call sealed the agreement.

We just made it that morning and after a hearty welcome were seated. The speaker was an executive from Sydney from my own company, so I felt reasonably secure.

The singing really got to me that morning and I knew that God was in the room in answer to the rather loud prayers of the group. The lump in my throat was soon followed by tears (just a few) which I brushed from my coat and hoped no one had seen.

The address did not make too much of an impression on me for my thoughts were on those present, both seen and unseen.

When we stood and began singing, God laid His hand on me and I broke down, racked by sobs and with eyes

streaming as deep, deep emotion—of which I had believed myself incapable—washed over me.

Just two weeks later my wife met the Lord in that same room at another breakfast. The Lord had gloriously met both of us before my sister and brother left for England. For the first time we could love them as more than brother and sister, and we had too few hours before they left to express one tiny fraction of the joy we now felt in each other and in the Lord.

They had prayed for us for nearly four years and God had accomplished it all without any pressure and in His own time. We will never be again as we were before, for now Jesus lives in us. He is sufficient for all our needs and we enjoy our daily walk with Him. ■

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TONGUE OF THE LEARNED

continued from page 7

night—and He was lifted up throughout the entire conference.

Last summer over 30,000 assembled in the football stadium at Notre Dame. It was raining but this didn't turn the people away; they were hungry for the power of the Holy Spirit. Yes, the charismatic movement at Notre Dame University, which grew from a very humble beginning, has been a thrilling thing to watch, and I am pleased to have had a small part in it.

In the midst of all these blessings the devil tried to attack me. I had a bad ulcer on my ankle and gangrene began to set in. My doctor said he knew of no cure for my condition and suggested I see another doctor. I told several men in our Full Gospel Business Men's chapter of my need and when these men prayed for me I was healed of this condition.

Then about eight months ago another attack came. Before the ambulance could arrive I was unconscious. My boy rode to the hospital with me and he said I started praying in tongues. The medics asked him what I was doing and he said, "He's praying." I was unconscious and in intensive care for three days. I believe that the Holy Spirit interceded for me during those hours. If He hadn't I probably would have died, since I was already blue from lack of oxygen when I arrived at the hospital. The doctors told my family that even if I should live I would be nothing more than a vegeta-

ble. Many people were praying for me and God spared my life. Even the hospital staff called my healing a miracle. Within a week and a half I was back on the job, running up and down three flights of stairs. It was just as if nothing had ever been wrong with me!

I have a wonderful family—a beautiful wife, a daughter, two sons and eleven grandchildren. I'm especially grateful to my wife for being such a help to me. It's been a joy together to open our home each Monday evening for a prayer meeting. Hundreds have been filled with the Spirit in our home. We have seen families reunited and many other miracles happen. We thank the Lord and give Him all the credit.

We have taken two overseas trips, one to Peru and the other to Sweden. In Peru we saw people healed by the hundreds. One woman that hadn't walked for nine years was healed and got up and began to walk—and even to run and dance—in the name of Jesus.

In Sweden we saw many people born again, healed, and filled with the Spirit. We just cherish all these glorious events. Here at home I'm an elder in Calvary Temple Church where we average over 1,100 in our Sunday school. God is blessing.

My job is that of high school supervisor of custodians. We have been able to lead many of the teachers to the Lord and also see some filled with the Spirit when they came to our home basement prayer meeting. It's been exciting to see God working and we're thankful for His wonderful love. ■

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. We are a para-church fellowship, meaning we "walk alongside" established local congregations. Like the apostle Paul, we will never attempt to build upon another man's foundation. Jesus is our foundation and we build upon Him alone.

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.

REBORN

continued from page 3

ing, and many embraced each other in Christian love.

When we experience something good we want others to share in it, so I encouraged my wife to invite some church-going friends to the meetings. Each succeeding meeting became a more joyous experience.

It was nearing the end of the year, and as on all previous New Year's Eves I had a standing reservation for a ringside table at the officer's club. This New Year's Eve, however, the evangelist had invited everyone to bring a dish to the Watch Night Service at the church for a pot luck supper. Surprisingly I felt no remorse at giving up my traditional year's end celebration, nor was I concerned about what my worldly friends would think.

That night, during the service, the full

realization of how empty and self-serving my life had been overwhelmed me. With tears streaming unashamedly down my face, I joyfully accepted Jesus Christ into my heart as my Saviour. Two months later, at a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting in San Diego, I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and started praising God loudly and publicly in another tongue as the Spirit gave utterance.

Since that day the Holy Spirit has given me the power to mold and bless my life in my home where I now enjoy a relationship with my wife and daughter that I never knew before. Also a chronic ulcer condition disappeared at one of the meetings. Not long ago, I dedicated my voice to God and shortly after that I was asked to give my testimony and to lead singing on a number of occasions.

I cannot praise God too much. I rejoice for every day that He gives me, and particularly *that* New Year's Eve. ■



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SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

3. **CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9).

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: "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will be His help, confess Him before men."

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Dateline: Fellowship Highlights

Here, There,
and
Everywhere



Kathryn Kuhlman, Oral Roberts as seen on Good News America.

'GOOD NEWS AMERICA' RETURNS—Local chapters are sponsoring a compact version of the Fellowship's prime-time TV special during Christmastime in many U.S. communities. This *Good News America* presents 30 extraordinary minutes selected from the original one-hour program which aired in Fall 1975. Featured: an electrifying challenge by Oral Roberts and the late Kathryn Kuhlman speaking on the Holy Spirit. Fellowship Founder/President Demos Shakarian hosts.

"UP-AND-OUTERS' ACCEPTING CHRIST—"A large number of men in executive positions in major companies and corporations around the world are accepting Jesus and putting Him first in their lives," reports Fellowship World Ambassador Blaine Amburgy, a home developer in Lebanon, Ohio. "This is the thing that is probably most staggering as we think of Christian involvement in the world today: that people on such high levels are willing and anxious to get involved in Christianity and see the change that comes in their lives and the lives of people they are associated with."

TOP TEACHING AT INSTITUTES—"Teaching and interpretation for people being filled with the Holy Spirit." That's the Fellowship's Institutes for Christian Living as described by Rev. Louis P. Sheldon, Director of Prayer and Teaching Ministries. The Institutes bring outstanding Bible teachers to cities across America.

'GOOD NEWS' TAPES AT NEWPORT—The Fellowship's TV production crew went "on-location" at the ocean marina in Newport Beach, California in October to tape six new *Good News* programs. Guests include ARCO executive David Leach; former NBA basketball star Darrall Imhoff, cancer surgeon Dr. Peter Saroff; Larry Tomczak, Catholic evangelist and author of *Clap Your Hands*; TV writer Walter Bloch; and Rose Shakarian, wife of the Fellowship's Founder/President. The programs are now being aired on 188 stations across the U.S. and Canada.

Dateline: Prayer & Teaching



"My Heart Soared Sky-High!"

Joyful reports of answered prayer
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Here are some recent ones:



"My heart soared sky-high"

"Some time ago, I pleaded with the Lord that if I was saved would He please give me the assurance that I was, either by the Word of the Bible or through someone . . . Your letter began: 'Of course you're saved.' When my eyes took in those words, my heart soared sky-high . . . It's so wonderful to go to the FGBMI meetings now and sing my heart out because *I know*."—Australia

"Peace entered my body"

"As I was turning the TV dial, I found *Good News*, prayed along with you, and asked Jesus to come into my heart. Wow, did He ever! I no longer cried about my marriage because of the peace that entered my body."—New York

"Praise God I'm alive"

"I finally gave my heart and my family to the Lord our God. I asked, 'If it be His will for me to be healed, let it be.' In a matter of days, I started seeing results in my prayers . . . Praise God I'm alive."—Texas

Whatever *your* needs, God can meet them, just as He met the needs of the people who wrote the letters above. Write to Fellowship Founder/President Demos Shakarian at the International Headquarters. Your needs will be prayed for, and you will receive a warm letter with Bible-based counsel.

"They cried to the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them from their distress; He sent forth his Word, and healed them, and delivered them from destruction. Let them thank the Lord for his steadfast love, for his wonderful works to the sons of men!"—Psalm 107:19-21

The Cable of His Love

by JAKOB WYSSEN

Wyszen Skyline-Cranes, Reichenbach (Kandervalley) Switzerland

AS A CHILD growing up in Engstligen Valley, in Switzerland, I always felt near to the Lord and desired to someday be a Christian. Nevertheless, I went the way of the world and indulged in the sinful pleasures of this life. Regretfully, it wasn't till 1960 that I accepted Jesus as my Saviour and became the Christian I had once longed to be.

Early in life I began my business by operating a sawmill high up in the mountains of Switzerland. Often I was faced with the problem of transporting logs from steep mountain slopes as efficiently, safely and economically as possible. After some research and development, in 1939 I constructed the Skyline-Crane that opened up the mountain forests which were previously inaccessible for logging. This equipment could harvest logs from a forest strip 330' wide and over a mile long. At first I only used it for my own logging, but in time customers from all around and even from other countries wanted to buy this new machinery. Therefore, to produce Skyline-Cranes and accessories, I established the Skyline-Crane factory in Reichenbach. Since, then, because the equipment has been used so successfully in harvesting forests and has also been adapted to other

engineering projects, it has now been delivered to thirty-four countries.

In 1960, my wife, my three sons, my daughter and I had our periodical physical examination at our factory along with all the other employees. Some days later the doctor informed me that the X-rays had detected a spot on my lung and that I should arrange immediately to have this taken care of. Apparently, after years of going my own way, the tobacco habit which had a strong grip on me had begun to take its toll. Despite the fresh memory of my brother's death due to this habit, all my efforts to stop smoking had failed miserably and I was well on my way to the same kind of death. With this devastating knowledge, I then turned to God.

Throughout my life, when faced with seemingly unsolved problems, I always prayed to God for help and He answered my prayers. But this time, while seeking the Lord every day for a week, I found myself promising to serve Him whether He would heal me or not. On my next visit to the doctor, the second set of X-rays showed no abnormality or spot on my lungs, so the doctor pronounced me well—a miracle from God.

This experience became the turning point of my life. I knew now that I must



"I knew I must serve the Lord as I had promised."

serve the Lord as I had promised to do. Therefore, to please God, I thanked Him for this miraculous healing and attended a service the next Sunday and said "yes" to the Lord. On my way home I continued to thank and praise the Lord, and walking outside around the house I suddenly felt God's Spirit come powerfully upon me and something marvelous came into my heart.

Then God showed me in a vision the name of JESUS written in big, gold letters and I knew that it was Jesus who had entered my heart. Oh, how great in me was the wonder of His presence and power! Afterwards Jesus told me to thank God for what I had just received. I went for a walk and did what Jesus had ordered me to do. Before returning from this walk of thanksgiving and

"God's plan of salvation through faith in His Son Jesus Christ is an unfailing 'Skyline-Crane' that bridges the awful abyss of sin and hell with the cable of His love."

—Jakob Wyssen



prayer I asked God for His protection to keep the devil from taking this holy gift away from me.

Although I had received much from the Lord, within a few weeks I became busy and too occupied with business matters to serve Him as promised. Then one day, busily walking to an office in Berne near the railroad station, a soft voice asked me tenderly whether I wanted to lose this precious gift. I answered that I would never like to lose it. On returning to the railroad station, I saw the words GOD SEEKS YOU painted on the side of the Salvation Army headquarters. Deeply touched with the love that seemed to lie behind these words I gazed up to the heavens with tears flowing from my eyes and a prayer on my lips. There in the sky the Lord showed me a vision of these same words in fiery letters and with them was the assurance that God was faithful to

keep me in His way. For nearly an hour I stood at that place crying and praying to the Lord with a repentant heart, and full of humility.

Because I had not had much religious teaching or influence, I knew little of what was recorded in the Bible and didn't even know what "serving the Lord" really meant. I was so unacquainted with the things of God that the words "saved," "born again" and "baptism in the Holy Spirit" were just names for me without knowledge of their greatness. This is probably why He so mercifully reached out to me in His power.

About four weeks after Jesus came into my heart, I experienced a new dimension of His power. While home in our basement, I received a third vision. About ten feet in front of me Jesus appeared standing in flames. Looking down, I saw myself standing before



Him on a carpet of thorns and was bidden to take up my cross and follow Him. When I consented to do so, it seemed as if all the muck in my life was pulled out of me and in its place was put the overflowing joy and power of the Lord.

No sooner did God assure me of His keeping power then Satan attempted to steal what the Lord had given me. For example, during one of my many business trips to the United States in Seattle, Washington, to prepare an exhibition of machinery, I experienced fears, depressions and oppressions that came upon me seemingly without reason. Even doubts concerning my relationship with God crept into my mind. At first I couldn't understand why I should feel this way, but then it occurred to me that Satan wished to defeat me. Without receiving instruction in what to do, I knelt in prayer by the bed in my hotel

room and commanded Satan to leave me alone. He left me immediately. It was revealed to me that he was defeated on the cross, and we who accept the victor, Jesus Christ, have power over him. I soon realized how important it is for a Christian to cling to the Lord, call on His name, and be ever prepared to face spiritual battles. We must never allow Satan to get a foothold on our lives.

In the United States I attended many services of the Salvation Army, the only religious organization with which I had some contact. Then through the leading of the Lord, I found a Full Gospel church in which to worship, and later I also became acquainted with the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. In their meetings I received good Bible teaching and after hearing about the baptism in the Holy Spirit, I began to speak in tongues with simple mental consent. I

now truly believed that with the proper training I would have spoken in tongues when I received power from on high in my basement. For it was then that I really had an experience with the Holy Spirit. Now, I daily worship in the Spirit and pray that He will continue to lead me to witness to others of His grace.

After coming into a close relationship with the Lord, I felt burdened to take Him into my business. At first I hesitated through the fear of man, but the more the Lord dealt with me, the more I felt confident to do His will. Finally sending invitations to all my employees and their families, I held a get-together for a slide presentation of pictures I had taken during my latest trips to Alaska, Canada and the United States. At the end of the program I gave my personal testimony, then invited everyone to attend church services at the factory every week starting at once. That was the beginning. Now we also hold a prayer meeting every Thursday and every other Sunday in the factory, and invite evangelists, Bible teachers, Christian businessmen and others who radiate the love of Christ to speak to us.

But my witnessing didn't stop there. On business trips everywhere I distribute tracts, VOICE magazine and other literature by the thousands. I also make it my main duty to personally witness to my clients and others—professors, engineers and foresters—men of various professions from many countries who come to my office. One year my son and I were in twenty-four countries and we witnessed in them. Al-

though many countries do not permit missionaries to enter their borders, as a businessman I am allowed entrance to testify of the good news of Jesus Christ.

Many of my brochures and pamphlets on the Skyline-Cranes not only contain a full description of the equipment and its operation but also my personal testimony. The Skyline-Crane is a useful machine, but the cable that leads people to heaven through Jesus Christ, to whom I have given all, is greater by far.

Another endeavor of mine has been to place religious articles containing the wonderful message of salvation into local newspapers. The latest one I wrote appeared in over twenty newspapers, distributed to one and a half million people in Switzerland on their annual Prayer Day.

Not only have I tried to witness for the Lord in a practical way by personally visiting the sick, old or handicapped, but also by becoming increasingly involved with the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, which places emphasis on reaching businessmen and their families for the Lord. Working with these wonderful dedicated men, I am now trying to lead others to their chapter meetings in Switzerland. In 1974 I took part in the European-Rome Conference, and in 1975 was privileged to attend the FGBMFI World Convention in Anaheim, California.

God is moving all over the world. I rejoice that He chose to save me, and I also serve Him joyously so that others might find an abundant life in Him. ■

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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

As this issue was prepared for publication, the following new chapters were submitted as having been recently chartered. Hopefully, one is in YOUR area! The president's name and telephone number have been included in this alphabetized (according to states) list for your information.

CALIFORNIA: *Burbank*, Abraham Haddad (213) 845-2021; *Los Angeles Metropolitan*, Thomas Pickens (213) 559-0855; *Tehachapi* (Prison Chapter), John B. Tyra. **GEORGIA:** *Canton*, Joe B. Dover (404) 427-7194. **ILLINOIS:** *Wheaton*, Van Gale (312) 668-3196. **IOWA:** *Dubuque*, Robert D. Miller (319) 583-9131; *Marshall County* (Marshalltown), Ernest C. Schulze (515) 752-1533. **KENTUCKY:** *Lexington*, Bob Myers (606) 262-1427. **NORTH CAROLINA:** *Roanoke Rapids*, Marvin Coleman (919) 534-4321. **OHIO:** *Van Wert*, Douglas W. Dunno (419) 238-6039. **WASHINGTON:** *Ellensburg*, Ed Liggett (509) 925-1010.

CANADA: *Ontario—Ottawa*, George Shaw (unlisted); *Dunnville*, Abe Martens (416) 957-3551; *Haliburton Hyland*, Peter Vanderwal (unlisted); *Woodstock*, Martin C. Verkuyll (unlisted).

NEW ZEALAND: *Auckland, North Shore* (Takapuna), Pip Parkin 478-8335.



TOM ASHCRAFT, FGBMFI Vice President, chartered four new chapters while in **Nigeria** last year. Clockwise, they are: **LAGOS**, **CALOBAR**, **ENEUGU**, and **BENIN CITY**.

HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have had this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, contact the closest International Director whose name appears on pages 28-29, or write to Chapter Department, FGBMFI International Office, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

“FOCUSING IN” ON A FEW CONVENTIONS

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON, September 1976



(1) **Demos Shakarian**, featured speaker at banquet of nearly 700. (2) **Leonard Sampson**, FGBMFI field representative and convention co-chairman. (3) **Bill Basansky**, former ORU professor, taught convention Holy Spirit seminars.

CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS, April 1976



(1) **Walter Schewe**, Carbondale chapter president and convention chairman. (2) **Fr. Duane Stenzel** of Louisville, Ky., one of the main speakers. (3) **Walter C. Moore**, FGBMFI director and convention co-chairman; **Joe Ninowsky**, FGBMFI director and convention speaker. About 2500 persons attended the meetings.

PIEDMONT REGIONAL, WINSTON SALEM, N.C., April 1976



(1) **F. Ogburn Yates, Jr.**, FGBMFI director and convention chairman. (2) **Hampton Morgan**, convention co-chairman. (3) **Tom Ashcraft**, FGBMFI vice president and convention speaker. (4) **Vicki Jamison** of Dallas, Texas, Ladies' Luncheon speaker.



Conventions

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

January 26-29, 1977

Hotel Robert Meyer

Dr. Douglas Fowler/Russell Kinenkohl, Chmn.
320 Third St., Suite B, Neptune Beach, FL 32233

MEN'S SPIRITUAL

ADVANCE-CONVENTION

Wabash Valley Chapters

January 27-30, 1977

Epworth Forest Methodist Campground

North Webster, Indiana

Wesley Smith/David Trenum, Chmn.

Rt. 5, Box 235 Peru, Indiana 46970

CENTRAL ILLINOIS

February 9-12, 1977

Holiday Inn

Walter C. Moore/Bernard Reedy/Howard Hite, Chmn.
R.R. 1, Lake City, ILL 61935

AMARILLO, TEXAS

February 23-26, 1977

Villa Inn

Earl Moore/Garland Solomon/Dr. Terry Peters, Chmn.
4371 Canyon Dr., Amarillo, TX 79110

PHOENIX, ARIZONA INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

January 26-30, 1977 Del Webb's Towne House

Among those ministering will be Demos Shakarian, Kenneth Hagin, Howard Conatser, James E. Johnson, Charles Duncombe, Joe Poppell, Steve Roseberry, Bob Harrison, Don Locke, Glen Norwood, Simon Vikse and Robert Kitchen.

Room rates: Singles, \$24; Twins, \$28; Doubles, \$28 (each additional person in room, \$5).

Chairmen: Carl Williams and Warner Stevens. For further information write: **Warner Stevens**, 1660 West Bell Road, Phoenix, AR 85023, or telephone (602) 944-2716 or 993-1250.

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INSTITUTE FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING SCHEDULE for JANUARY 1977: Inland Empire, CA, 8; Las Vegas, NV, 14-15; Omaha, NE, 14-15; Salina, KS, 21-22; Charlotte, NC, 21-22; Phoenix, AZ, 26-29 (during Convention); Jackson, MS, 28-29.