FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

In this issue:

THE WORLD CHANGERS
SOUTH AFRICA
SOUTH AMERICA
SWEDEN
FGBMFI
BUILDING
DEDICATION
IT'S HOME FOR THOUSANDS OF VERY UNUSUAL BUSINESSMEN

THEY DEFY STEREOTYPE. The combined worth of the Board members alone is in the hundreds of millions, and the holdings of its members would skyrocket that figure. The president and founder of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International recently breakfasted at the White House and was a member of the team representing President Carter at the transfer of
Mt. Sinai. Egypt’s Anwar Sadat flew a personal representative to Costa Mesa to bring greetings from that country at the dedication of the new five-million-dollar headquarters of this worldwide laymen’s movement. Also, the President of the United States was represented.

The membership of this 26-year-old organization includes an astronaut, attorneys, architects, bankers, developers, investors, physicians, public officials and men from all walks of life. These men are bound together, not by their socio-economic commonality, but by their commitment to Jesus Christ.

Many of them can identify a definite correlation between their financial success and their spiritual growth. Others testify that although they were considered winners by the

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Quickly, go with me to the train station. As the commuter pulls away from the platform, songs of praise trail off into the distance. As they move down the track, Full Gospel Business Men will testify to the difference Jesus Christ makes in their lives. When the train crosses the bridge, they will be seven or eight minutes out of Durban, the end of the line. The bridge is the cue to invite passengers to receive Jesus Christ into their hearts. Each weekday, 180 trained men are engaged in this ministry that reaches 50,000 persons a day and averages 2,000 decisions a week.
Next, we drive into the bush country to one of the four tents, which hold up to 500 people each. It is night, and the insects are merciless. A single lantern is hung to the side to decoy the mosquitoes away from the wall-to-wall carpet of people, who sit in semi-darkness to listen to laymen bringing the Christian message of love and hope.

The next morning we gather at the Elangelani Hotel in downtown Durban, where businessmen have brought their associates and friends to hear testimonies of how Jesus has changed lives.

The initiator of these ministries and others that have reached out to 14 African nations is Bob Trench. Although he has never been to Bible school, he founded the Christian Charismatic College, the first laymen’s Bible school in South Africa. Bob, who is one of the first
members of the FGBMFI on the Continent, also gives leadership to Africa Harvest and Rand-London Business College, both providing additional avenues for Full Gospel Business Men to witness.

What motivates a man who owns one of the largest family businesses of its kind in that area to give himself so completely to a cause? Why would a man with a plumbing fixture factory, a solar heating business, an import-export company and who is involved in property development, spend more time in ministry than in the expansion of these enterprises?

Possibly the keenest insights can be obtained by letting Bob Trench share significant experiences that have shaped his life.

AN UNUSUAL BEGINNING

Two baptisms and confirmations to satisfy a Presbyterian father and an Anglican mother gave no visible evidence of inward change; however, the disability I suffered from polio—a right hand that could not hold a pencil and a foot that dragged—together with the cruel taunts of school children, kindled a raging anger within me.

This rage expressed itself through a fierce determination to succeed and a consuming spirit of competition. At the age of 19 I had won my battle against polio and was a member of the first-division soccer and cricket teams. In spite of my small stature, I was a boxing contender for the state championships.

As I came off the field from the soccer final between the two leading teams in the country, a friend of my mother, whom I considered a religious freak, questioned, “Are you coming to church with me?” My stern “No” was met with an accusation that I was afraid to go. That did it. Instead of celebrating with the team, I ended up in a church meeting.

Seldom had I been to church and never to a church like this one. It was packed, and we were on the front pew. The preacher was one of those “hell-come-to-breakfast” types. He marched back and forth, roared at the top of his voice, pounded the pulpit and pointed his finger accusingly at me. Contrary to my intentions, at the close of the two-hour service I found myself responding to the invitation. In the vestry, a counselor took me through the “steps of salvation.” I had no problem in admitting I was a sinner, but when he asked me to pray, I didn’t know how. All I could say was a broken “Jesus, I’ve come.”

I was a new person! My mother could see the change immediately. I was a very untidy person, but I tidied up my room and made my bed—something I had never done. The next morning I sat next to the man with whom I had ridden the bus for almost a year. He asked, “What’s happened to you?” I replied, “Nothing.” “Yeah, I can see it on your face,” was his response. I cried. In fact, I couldn’t stop. If this man could see the change on my face, imagine what had happened inside.
CATAPULTED INTO MINISTRY

My introduction to ministry for Christ was as abrupt as my introduction to Christ. I had a date with the elder's beautiful, blond daughter. Knowing that he was straight-laced, when he asked where we were going, I replied cleverly, "I have nothing special in mind. Wherever Thelma wants to go will be all right with me."

"Perhaps you would like to go with me," he pressed. "If Thelma wants to," I replied. Somehow the answer got turned around. When his daughter came downstairs, the old man stated, "Bob would like to go with me if you would."

If I felt tricked then, the best was yet to come. With a Bible under his arm, Thelma's father set out on foot with us behind him. "Where are we going?" I asked. She replied, "To an open-air." The term was unfamiliar, but when we had walked about three miles we came to a line of people waiting at a theater ticket window. Her father opened his big, black Bible, while Thelma and I stood in the shadows.

When he concluded reading, he said, "I have a friend with me tonight, Mr. Bob Trench. He's going to tell you what Jesus means to him." What could I do? Most of the people had already seen me box, play cricket.
and soccer. I could only mumble a few words and was so embarrassed. That was my introduction to the ministry, but only the beginning.

I was really a rough person. I didn’t know the Bible, and I didn’t know much about Christianity. All I knew was that I didn’t want people to go to hell. So I would witness and preach on the street or any place I could find. When hecklers in the crowd would yell and swear at me, I would swear right back at them. At one street meeting, a man threw a chopper (hatchet) which missed me and stuck in a board fence behind me. I grabbed it, chased him through the crowd and threw it back at him.

I attended several Pentecostal churches for nearly a year seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I sat through “drinking-in” meetings, “tarrying” meetings and “receiving” meetings for hours to no avail. Then one day in my mind I was engaged in the following dialogue with Jesus:

“Who saved you from your sins?”
“You did, Lord.”
“Who healed your mother?”
“You did, Lord.”
“Who loves you?”
“You do, Lord.”
“Who do you think baptizes?”
“You do, Lord.”
“Who, then, should you ask for your baptism in the Holy Spirit?”
“You, Lord.”

Then it dawned on me. I had been asking how from everyone I knew and some I didn’t, but I had not thought to ask the right One. Soon after, in a home meeting, I heard the sound of wind. As the sound receded I heard myself singing in the Spirit. From that moment onward, I have never been the same.

However, because I was so ill prepared, no one would give me a Sunday school class. At the suggestion of an older gentleman, I started one for children of men who were coming back from the war. The barracks were filled with hundreds of families. The arguing, fighting and drinking were terrible. I don’t know what I taught the children, because I knew little about the Bible. I guess they came because they knew I loved them.

One day, a little girl asked if I would pray for her dad, whom I discovered was six-foot-three, weighed 90 pounds and was dying of cancer. As we walked to the bungalow, she shouted to everyone she met, “My daddy is going to be healed. Jesus is going to heal my daddy.” I wasn’t so sure.

After I laid hands on him and prayed, he asked, “What do I do now?” I replied, “I guess you get up out of bed and walk.” That’s what I read Jesus did.

As a result of that miraculous healing, it took four army trucks carrying converts to get the people who were baptized to the river.

Over the past 26 years I have grown in the knowledge of the Word, and God has smoothed out some of my rough edges. Basically, I still proclaim simply a full Gospel that lifts
up Jesus. In simple faith I expect Him to do what He did when He walked the earth.

And He does. Literally thousands of people are being converted in South Africa through the FGBMFI, including Mohammedans, Moslems and ancestor worshippers. A great spiritual revival is taking place right now, unequaled in any place I know. People kneel in the streets and call out in repentance to God. Men and women in the shops talk about Jesus. Workers in one factory, which includes Indians, Zulus, and colooreds (that’s mixed race), have sent two missionaries from among their workers to India. Weekly meetings are being held in hundreds of business houses. Thousands of Zulus—from a population of four million—have been born again through the ministry of the Fellowship in the past four years.

These statistics are impressive but impersonal. Every person is someone for whom Jesus shed His blood, and through whom He wants to live.

For instance, a witch doctor, one of the wealthiest in Zululand, walked into one of our meetings, was converted and baptized in the Holy Spirit. Every prediction he had made for the past 12 years had come true. Now a Christian, he wrapped the bones he had used to divine the future in a mat and brought them to us. Today he is working in a factory and has become a deacon in a local church.

Outside Washelli, the old capital of Zululand, our field representative, Isram Mataba, obtained permission from the local chief to hold meetings in an area virtually untouched by the Gospel. A seven-year-old boy who had never walked before was healed instantly. Later when we were collecting an offering to show our love by giving to the work of the FGBMFI in America, in gratitude this mother and her son walked barefoot 38 miles to give 25 cents, a tremendous amount of money for her.

Tribal people understand the meaning of the family. It’s very meaningful to them, and it is to me. That mother walked that far to give all that she had because of what God had done for her. Also, because she is now part of the family of God. That same awareness best explains what motivates Bob Trench.

Jesus loved me even when I was filled with hatred and bitterness. He has blessed me with a lovely wife and four children. He has prospered me in my business, and He has called me to minister His love to others in every way I can.

Years ago, while holding an open-air meeting on the beach, I led a hobo to the Lord. Stinking, he hadn’t had a bath and was full of lice. “Put your arms around him and love him,” the Lord said. He was too dirty. But that day I had to decide whether I was going to do that in Jesus’ name or not. Reluctantly, I put my arms around him, and from that day I have understood that I was called to love.
Looking through the magazine, I noticed a story about a well-known entertainer. His picture was there, with his family surrounding him. People throughout Europe knew and recognized them—the smiling husband and wife, surrounded by their four bright-eyed boys.

It was the picture of real happiness, one would think. Such a family was to be envied. As a comedian, he was widely known. Wealth, fame and respect were theirs.

"If only they knew the truth," I thought. You see, I was that man. My wife and children were in
that picture. The appearance of happiness was all we had. Our home life was hell on earth.

Things should never have gotten that bad, for I'd been reared in a Christian home. My father and mother were both Pentecostal evangelists. They had met while holding meetings on the Continent, and I was their only son. They taught me about Jesus from babyhood, and during my growing-up years I was sure that He was deeply anchored in my heart.

Unfortunately, I left Him behind when I went away to seek my fortune in the world. I was blessed with a bodily frame of two meters above sea level (six feet, six inches) and weight that's hard to beat, so I decided to try my hand in show business. Success came quickly, and for 25 years I was booked heavily all over the world. More than 50 different countries are stamped in my passport. In addition, I count many world-famous stars as close friends and colleagues.

Along the way I've sampled almost everything life could offer. I'm ashamed to admit that I've gone through the whole register of sin at one time or another. Loyalty to God and family, and the principles of pure living I'd learned at my mother's knee, were thrown aside as I moved from city to city in pursuit of happiness.

I met and married a beautiful girl, Mai-Gun, who presented me with four boys—Bosse, Michael, Dan and Thorbjorn. Family, friendships, fame, fortune—all these things should have made our home heaven on earth. Instead, it was just the opposite.

I was gone for long periods on tour, but when I came home you could count on fighting and cursing in all directions. The environment was so hostile that the boys became nervous wrecks and couldn't manage regular school attendance. By the time he was 12, Bosse was a gang leader, and psychiatrists weren't much help.
By 1975 the pressure was driving my wife to the breaking point. All she talked about was wanting to die, and for two years she pondered suicide. Then God stepped into the situation and began to work some miracles.

Bosse was first. In the spring of 1977, he began to attend youth meetings at a nearby mission church. Soon we saw a change in his attitude. He was staying home nights instead of going out causing trouble with the gang. He sang and whistled hymns around the house, and even offered to help with the household chores.

Mai-Gun couldn’t imagine what was happening, so one day she came right to the point. “Bosse, what has happened to you?” she asked.

My son looked straight into his mother’s eyes and replied, “Mom, I’ve received Jesus into my heart.”

Mai-Gun watched his life closely, but the glow didn’t fade. That’s when she started taking stock of her own life. It wasn’t long until a friend invited her to attend special meetings at the same church where Bosse had received Christ. Mai-Gun hadn’t been brought up in a church-going family, but she was curious about the dramatic change in her son. I was away on a trip, so she went to church by herself and slipped into the last row of benches.

What happened that evening can only be described as the working of God. The preacher stopped right in the middle of his sermon and declared that he had a direct message for a certain person in the congregation. The speaker said that this person was a woman who wanted to end her life because of some difficult problems. The congregation closed their eyes as the preacher invited that person to raise her hand.

She told me later, “I felt a power lifting my hand. And Sigvard, you must believe me that when my hand went up I was saved!” It was true. Mai-Gun’s whole life seemed changed from that night forward.

It wasn’t long until God took a fresh grip on my own life.

Many events transpired so that the Lord simply broke down my resistance to Him and brought me salvation and victory. When I finally made my decision for Christ and was born again, I looked at my huge frame in the mirror and murmured to Mai-Gun, “I feel like the world’s biggest baby.”
Additional miracles began happening to our family members. One midnight, the hospital emergency room called to report that Dan had taken an overdose of drugs and was lying in a coma. I rushed to his side to find tubes and needles protruding from his body in all directions. He was pale and showed no visible signs of life. For two days and nights he lay there, and for two days and nights I wept my prayer before God. Only a father who has gone through a similar experience knows how I felt during those long hours.

The Lord heard our prayers and awakened Dan! He did even more. He saved my son from the power of sin, and today Dan is actively serving the Lord, giving glorious testimonies about God’s grace.

Another son, Michael, had run away from home at a time when tensions were running high. We knew that he was at sea, but we had not heard from him for two months. We prayed hard for Michael, for he had suffered polio as a boy and was not strong enough to endure the life of a seafarer.

One morning at five o’clock the telephone rang. Mai-Gun answered, then thrust the receiver toward me. “It’s Michael!” she exclaimed.

He was crying uncontrollably, sobbing so hard that I couldn’t understand what had happened. All I could think about was Dan’s near-fatal episode a few weeks earlier, and I wondered if tragedy was about to strike us again. At last Michael calmed down. He told me that he was in Hamburg, Germany, and that something exciting had just taken place. “Dad, I’ve been saved!” he stammered through the tears.

Right after Michael’s ship had docked, a young man had come on board and introduced himself as the assistant pastor of a Swedish-speaking church in Hamburg. The church was sponsoring a sight-seeing tour of the city for members of the crew, so Michael went along. When they arrived back at the vessel, Michael told the minister, “You must come to my cabin. I need to talk with someone.” At three o’clock in the morning they knelt beside a bunk, and Michael placed his life under Jesus’ control. Today he is faithfully serving the Lord in Sweden.

As I travel around Scandinavia giving my testimony at FGBMFI meetings, I often mention the importance of prayer for men and women who don’t know Jesus. I recall how my own mother prayed daily that God would make her boy a victorious Christian. It took 35 years for that prayer to be answered, but the Lord heard and responded—in His time.

Should you ever come to Malmo in southern Sweden, feel free to visit us at Taltaresgatan 13. You will see firsthand what God can do with a home that was once hell on earth. Now it is the Lord’s, and it stands open to all who are seeking the peace we have found. **We know that what God has done for us, He is able to do for you.**
the
Dedication
in "God's
tears"

“These drops falling on us are God’s tears of joy,” someone suggested at the dedication on January 27, 1980 of the FGBMFI World Laymen’s Headquarters.

Keynote speaker Oral Roberts reminisces about the 26-year history of FGBMFI and rejoices at its world outreach.

Emcee Pat Boone moved the audience with his song, “Hostage Prayer.”

“The Comforter Has Come” sings Lillie Knauls.
Top: International Directors Stewart Berlett, Art Evanson and Norman Norwood enjoy some protection from the showers.

Center: International Director Newman Peyton shares how God is blessing through the FGBMF throughout the world.

Bottom: His Excellency Kamal Badir extends greetings and congratulations from Egypt's President Anwar Sadat.

A little rain couldn’t stop the Melodyland Concert Choir from leading everyone in praise to God.
The sun made an occasional appearance, allowing umbrellas to be folded.
(1) Melodyland’s Pastor Ralph Wilkerson, Steve Shakarian and International Director James Ford enjoy Pat Boone’s “milkman” joke. (2) Complete television coverage of the Dedication was handled by Trinity Broadcasting. (3) Rex Humbard is introduced as one of the guest speakers. (4) Bob Maddox, representing President Jimmy Carter, presents Demos Shakarian with a picture of Demos and the President taken earlier in the month at the White House. (5) Kenneth Hagin added his blessings to the occasion. (6) Prayers were offered for Rose and Demos Shakarian, as Tom Ashcraft and others laid hands on them.
CONVENTIONS
WESTERN REGION

TURLOCK REGIONAL
May 1-3, 1980
War Memorial Bldg.
Turlock, California
Write: Doug Dallman
1106 Monte Cristo Avenue
Modesto, CA 95350

INLAND EMPIRE MEN’S ADVANCE
May 2-4, 1980
Riverview Bible Camp
Spokane, Washington
Write: Leonard Sampson
East 17611 Appleway
Greenacres, WA 99016

NORTH—CENTRAL WASHINGTON RALLY
May 10, 1980
Okanogan, Washington
Cedars Inn
Write: Robert Clem
P.O. Box 1205, Brewster, WA 98812

NEW MEXICO MEN’S ADVANCE
May 15-18, 1980
Sacramento, New Mexico
Sacramento Methodist Assembly
Write: Col. Henry C. Godman
1808 Hubbard Drive
 Alamogordo, NM 88310

CRYSTAL SPRINGS ADVANCE
May 16-17, 1980
Dowagiac, Michigan
Crystal Spring Camp Grounds
Write: Ray Bullard
1905 Homewood Avenue
Mishawaka, Indiana 46544

3RD ANNUAL
EAST TENNESSEE MEN’S ADVANCE
May 16-18, 1980
Johnson City, Tennessee
Buffalo Mountain Camp
Write: Lynn D. Shankle
802 Barton Street
Johnson City, TN 37601

NORTHWEST REGIONAL CONVENTION
May 21-24, 1980
Red Lion Motor Hotel
Portland, Oregon
Write: Art Evanson
800 Harney, Vancouver, WA 98660

20TH ANNUAL REGIONAL CONVENTION
May 21-24, 1980
American Baptist Assembly Grounds
Green Lake, Wisconsin
Write: FGBMFI, 564 W. Fulton
Chicago, IL 60606

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA MEN’S CAMP
June 6-8, 1980
Redlands, California
University of Redlands
Write: Southern California Regional
3321 Yale, Santa Ana, CA 92704

BIG SKY REGIONAL CONVENTION
June 19-21, 1980
Helena, Montana
Colonial Inn
Write: Ted L. Whiting
736 Hahn Road
Helena, MT 59601

27TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION
June 30-July 5, 1980
Anaheim, California
Write: David Byram
World Convention Coordinator
P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626

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

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GLOBAL REGION  CONVENTIONS

MANITOBA PROVINCIAL RALLY
May 2-3, 1980
North Star Inn
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada
Write: Al Wersch
51 Nicollet Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R2M 4X6

THIRD ATLANTIC REGIONAL CONVENTION
May 7-10, 1980
Hotel Beausejour
Moncton, New Brunswick
Write: Paul E. Beasley
P.O. Box 6037, Station "A"
Saint John, N.B., Canada E2L 4R5

NORWEGIAN NATIONAL CONVENTION
May 8-10, 1980
Sandefjord, Norway
Park Hotel
Write: Sophus Schanche
P.O. Box 175
5040 Paradis, Norway

HAMILTON REGIONAL CONVENTION
May 14-17, 1980
Royal Connaught Hotel
Write: David Brown
32 Maynard, Hamilton
Ontario, Canada L9B 1R8

NORTHERN ONTARIO REGIONAL CONVENTION
May 15-17, 1980
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario
Write: J.C. Elliott
R.R. No. 1, 4687 2nd Line West
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, Canada P6A 5K6

JOHANNESBURG REGIONAL CONVENTION
May 15-20, 1980
Eldorado, South Africa
Write: Wm. M.G. Roeland
P.O. Box 196, Honeydew
Transvaal, South Africa

GUYANA ANNUAL CONVENTION
May 22-25, 1980
Write: FGMBFI, P.O. Box 163
Georgetown, Guyana, S.A.

CALGARY/SOUTHERN ALBERTA CONVENTION
May 29-31, 1980
Calgary Convention Centre
Write: Gene Begus
339 Penworth Way, SE
Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2A 4G1

NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL CONVENTION
May 29-June 2, 1980
Write: Convention ’80
P.O. Box 33.424
Takapuna, Auckland 9, N.Z.

MEN’S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE
June 13-15, 1980
Peterborough, Ontario, Canada
Trent University
Write: James McEwan
104 Burbank Drive
Willowdale, Ontario, Canada M2K 1N4

GERMAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE
& CHAPTER LEADERS’ TRAINING
CONFERENCE
June 13-15, 1980
Frankfurt/Main, Germany
Write: Adolf Zinsser
7067 Pluderhausen
Postfach 147, Stuttgart, West Germany

GERMANY CHAPTER WORKSHOP
June 17, 1980
Frankfurt/Main, Germany
Write: Adolf Zinsser
7067 Pluderhausen
Postfach 147, Stuttgart, West Germany

RHEINLAND—PFALZ REGIONAL CONVENTION
June 20-21, 1980
Idar-Oberstein, Germany
Write: Adolf Zinsser
7067 Pluderhausen
Postfach 147, Stuttgart, West Germany

BLACKPOOL REGIONAL CONVENTION
June 26-28, 1980
Blackpool, England
Write: Bob Spilman
“Elsterne”, Toft Road, Knutsford,
Cheshire, England

27TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION
June 30-July 5, 1980
Anaheim, California
Write: David Byram
World Convention Coordinator
P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626
THE WORLD CHANGERS
(Continued from page 3)

standards of the world, they were utter failures in areas that mattered most. It is not uncommon for them to confess marriage failures, family problems, alcoholism and the feeling of emptiness before they met Jesus.

These are not just religious businessmen espousing high principles, ethical standards and morality, as important as these are. These men witness to a personal faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and their Saviour. Strong emphasis is placed on the necessity of the baptism in the Holy Spirit to receive power to witness.

“Unusual” is a particularly appropriate adjective to describe the ministries of these businessmen. In addition to being faithful members of their local church congregations, you’ll find them bringing associates and friends to breakfasts, luncheons, and banquets where they will hear testimonies of salvation, deliverance and healing. They distribute VOICE magazines by the thousands, visit prisons, attend conventions and go on airlifts to other countries to spread the Good News that Jesus saves.

The fact that many of the members are prosperous in no way suggests a spiritual elitism for only the super-successful. Jokingly they explain that any man that can make ends meet these days has to be a businessman. One of the most attractive qualities about the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship International is the love that wipes out class distinction. Truck drivers and tycoons, barbers and bankers, maintenance men and managers are one at the foot of the cross.

Again and again, new members testify, “I saw something different about these men, and I wanted what they had.” It’s available. Thousands have found it and offer it to you. This home for thousands of very unusual businessmen can be your home, too.—The Editor.
Businessmen—Fishers of Men—World Changers!

What is the link that binds barbers and bankers, surveyors and solicitors, farmers and florists into an organization reaching out to the needs of this world? Why are these men touching the lives of both the common man and the king?

One businessman introduces another to Jesus—and Jesus makes the difference!

World changers. Will you be one? Men from every nation and occupation are invited to respond. Mail the coupon below for more information.

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Please send me information about how I can become a World Changer.

Name

Address

City

State, Province Zip

Mail to: Chapters Department
3150 Bear Street
Costa Mesa, CA 92626 #18-0050
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The Three-fold Purpose of the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship

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

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

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

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

HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN’S CHAPTER

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to:

Chapter Department
FGBMFI
P.O. Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92626
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.


1980 WINTER OLYMPICS

PRAISE GOD for the early reports received from the Winter Olympics just as this issue was going to press!

International Director Fred Lawrence reports that all copies of the January issue of VOICE magazine prepared especially for the Olympics were gone by the end of the first week. Further, Lake Placid became a spiritual meeting place for Christians from around the world as between four and five hundred converged on the area to share with others what Jesus Christ had done for them.

Apparently few opportunities were missed. Estimates of those experiencing salvation during the two weeks of the Olympics were in the thousands. Imagine how God will multiply the seed sown at this gathering of influential people from countries all over the world. Continue praying for the many souls saved at the Winter Olympics of 1980.
1980 WORLD CONVENTION
ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA
JUNE 30 - JULY 5

Oral Roberts, Jim Bakker, Pat Robertson, John Osteen, General Jerry Curry and many others will bless you spiritually. Special guest Dede Robertson will address the Ladies' Luncheon. Young people's activities will include Ed Dufresne and Gary Greenwald.

Also, take advantage of such attractions as the beaches, Disneyland and Knott's Berry Farm.

To receive your free Pre-registration Packet, fill out the coupon below.

Name

Address

City __________ State __________ Zip __________

Mail to: Convention Department, FGBMFI P.O. Box 5030, Costa Mesa, CA 92626
Sir Lionel Luckhoo. Listed in the Guinness Book of World Records for his phenomenal success in defending murder cases (now 229) with no convictions. Knighted twice by Queen Elizabeth of England. Mayor of Georgetown for four terms. Counsel for a man named Jim Jones and a group called People’s Temple.

Now, author of his first book which will be off the presses in June!

What are his feelings about the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship International? These are his words:

On November 2, 1978, I received an invitation to a dinner to be given by the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship International, to be held at the Pegasus Hotel, Georgetown, on November 7. I had never heard of this group and decided to let the invitation pass. Concluding that this was just a Yankee church, I wondered what they wanted in Guyana. No, I would not accept the invitation. We already had so many churches!

On November 7, about three hours before the dinner, I received a telephone call asking whether I would be attending. I commenced to say “No,” but ended up saying “Yes.” That call was so important. In retrospect let me say that I came within three hours of missing Jesus.

At the dinner that night I met Newman Peyton and Glen Norwood, both of Houston, Texas, United States of America, as well as a number of West Indians, and a small group of Guyanese. The purpose of the meeting was to set up a chapter of this Fellowship in Georgetown, and a number of businessmen and professionals were invited to be present. Newman Peyton explained that this Fellowship was not a church, not a cult, and not seeking subscriptions or handouts. Rather, he explained, they had nearly 1,800 chapters with thousands of members throughout the world—businessmen and professionals who met once a month to “lift up Jesus.”

The principle was that if the leaders of the community acknowledged Jesus and were willing to be counted for Him, this was the best example for others to follow.

Admittedly, I was highly skeptical! One does not spend a lifetime in law and not become somewhat distrustful. I studied this man Peyton. He had an open face. He spoke calmly, and in even tones. The basic purpose seemed to be to have a group of
businessmen and professionals who would not be afraid to declare that they stood for Jesus. They were not recruiting preachers and teachers, but individuals who could and would testify as to what Jesus meant in their lives.

Inquiring of Kyffin Simpson, an auto dealer from Barbados who was seated near me, I learned more about Peyton. It seemed that he owned large areas of land and had been very much involved in the motor industry. A wealthy man. Then I inquired concerning his colleague, Glen Norwood. Simpson said, “Oh, he is a multi-millionaire. He has just sold Norwood Homes for a substantial amount and owns many apartments in Houston.”

Both Peyton and Norwood gave their testimonies of how they had accepted Jesus as their personal Saviour and what had happened to them since. Within me I knew, just knew, that these two were speaking from their hearts. Something had happened to them which had given them a new dimension in life. They appeared at peace with the world. They were doing something they enjoyed—making a stand for Jesus—and had been going to many countries seeking to bring leaders of industry and nations to accept Jesus.

At the conclusion they asked all who were willing to accept Jesus as their personal Saviour to stand. To
me that sounded a rather "soft" thing to do. Yet something within me responded to their message. It was as if Jesus were knocking at the doorway of my heart and bidding me to open, that He might enter. I stood up. That simple, overt act was the beginning of a complete change—a transformation of my entire life.

At the conclusion of the meeting Peyton and Norwood said that the FGBMF1 would like to host a dinner for the Prime Minister, Forbes Burnham, and his cabinet and dignitaries in Guyana. I didn't think the invitation had much chance of acceptance, but I suggested they write a letter. The letter was signed November 17.

On November 18, the tragedy of Jonestown occurred, and suddenly Guyana—formerly an unknown little country on the map—was vaulted into the limelight and identified with the horrors of this satanic individual, Jim Jones. My thoughts took me back to my involvement with the organization.

More than a year earlier, Jones had sent messengers to me asking for representation in a child custody case that had been filed against him. Over a period of time I had spoken with some of his people personally, but I never met Jones. Obsessed by fears, he always refused to leave the compound at Jonestown, and I had never traveled there.

I sorrowfully recalled that I had once spent over an hour by short-wave radio with him, talking him out of committing suicide and the murder of the very child whose custody he was seeking to retain. It occurred to me afterwards that it would have been much better had I not succeeded. Instead of only two people dying, we now had over 900 dead!

Immediately I contacted Newman Peyton. "You don't have a snowman's chance in hell of getting the Prime Minister to accept," I told him. Here was an American group, unknown in these parts, religiously bent, wishing to come to honor our Prime Minister and Guyana just after the holocaust wrought by the American Jim Jones and his "religious" group!

Peyton said, "Send the letter. We will be praying. With God all things are possible."

"It would be a miracle," I added.

And the Lord did perform that miracle. On March 1, 1979 one of the largest banquets in Guyana was held, with television cameras recording the event for the world to see. Six men, speaking from their hearts, publicly proclaimed their deep and abiding love for Jesus and what He meant to them. The Prime Minister was so impressed with their sincerity and purpose that he met with them again the following day at his home.

Evening meetings continued for several days. It was truly an unforgettable experience being with these men who were leaders in business and in the space industry, proclaim-
ing their faith in Jesus. Large numbers received Jesus daily. The Holy Spirit was certainly active in my land—the land of Guyana.

Naturally this had quite an impression on me personally. Basically I was a quietly religious man. Long ago I had used my reason, conducted my study and decided that Jesus, who lived on earth some 2,000 years ago, was God. The evidence was overwhelming, and the proof was beyond reasonable doubt.

I had worked it out as a case factually proven. Yet my experience with the Fellowship showed me that conviction, by the mental process—by rational thinking—was not enough. My acceptance on the intellectual plane must move from head to heart, and I must give myself wholly to Him, utilizing whatever talent or ability I had to His glory.

For the first time in my life I realized that all I had achieved, all the honors I held, the degrees—none of it was of any consequence except to be humbly and gratefully placed at the feet of Jesus, that He might use me to bring others to an appreciation of what it means to accept Jesus wholly, fully and without reservation and compromise.

When Jesus touched my heart on November 7, 1978 I realized that within me there was a void—something unsatisfied—and that the hunger was for the Word of God. To know Him, and to obtain His fellowship, I had to go back to the Holy Bible.

Changes in my life came rapidly. Racehorses, daily betting, club life—I scrubbed the lot. Skeptics sarcastically asked, “Are you having a dose of religion?” My reply was, “If by religion you mean coming closer to Jesus, yes.”

What has happened to me since November, 1978? When I spoke in Barbados on the subject “Christ is the Answer,” 92 persons publicly received Jesus into their hearts, Newman Peyton observed after the meeting, “Lionel, you spent some 40 years and saved 229 persons from the rope. Yet in one hour God has used you to save 92 persons from eternal death.”

Wherever I have been permitted to go, I testify of the new life I have found in Jesus—at FGBMFI conventions, in Houston, Dallas, Florida, New York, and Louisiana in the United States of America. Also in Belize, St. Maartens, Barbados and nine cities in Germany I have given witness to the changes Jesus has made in my life.

We are all one heartbeat away from eternity. God is powerful, great and kind, and Jesus came from His Father that we might have eternal life. I came within three hours of missing Him when I almost turned down the invitation. As you read this, you may be within minutes of missing Him. After 40 years in law trying murder case after murder case, a little hardened and cynical, I proudly proclaim Jesus as my Saviour and Lord. Will you do the same?
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 shall believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved” (Romans 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: “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 by His help, confess Him before men.”

When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know so that we may send you a booklet, NOW THAT YOU’VE RECEIVED CHRIST.

Mail to: Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626
Can you afford five minutes a day?

Pray that the 1980 World Convention will touch many lives for Jesus.

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