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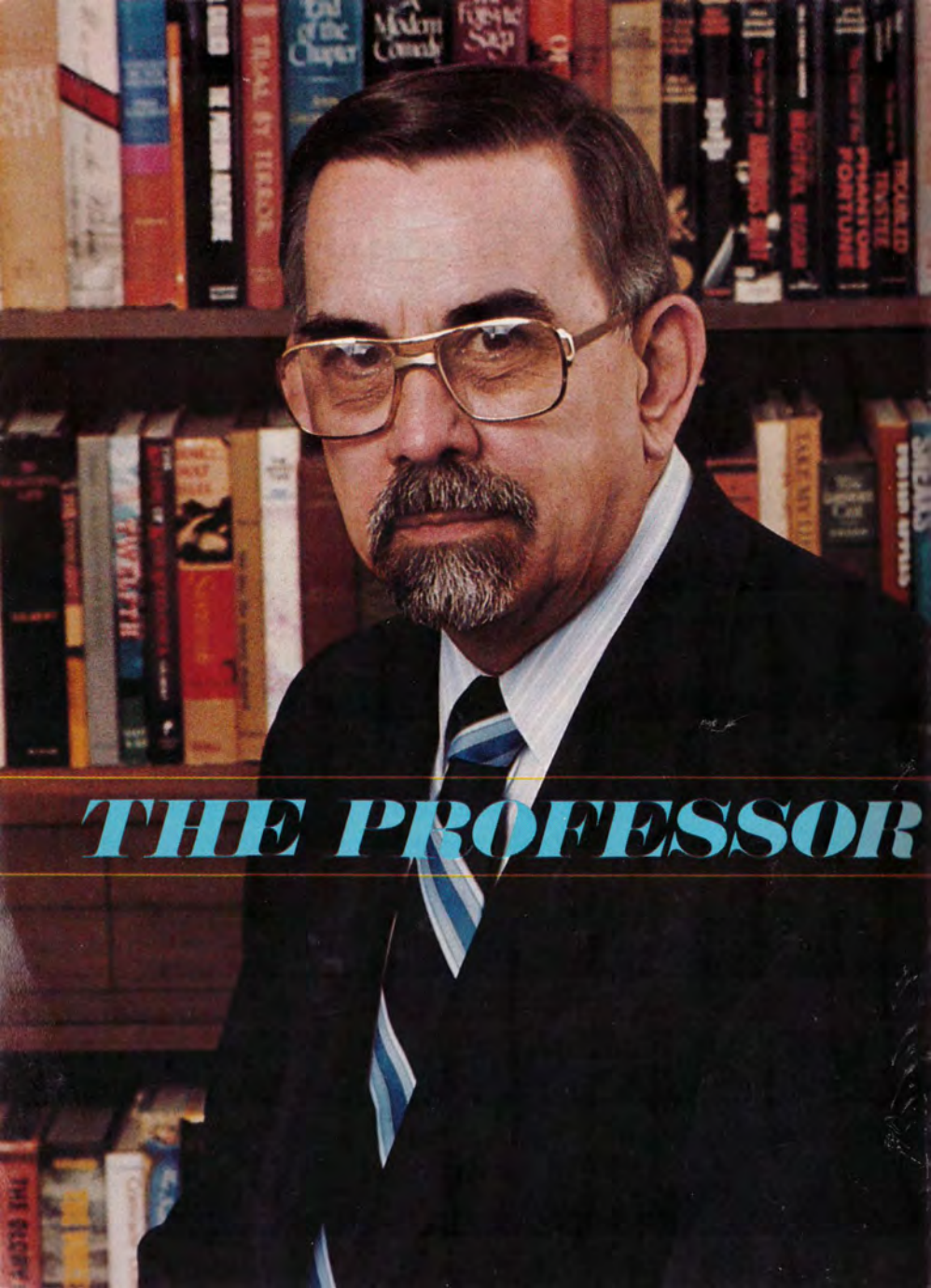
FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

HITLER'S BODYGUARD



story on page sixteen



THE PROFESSOR

During those early years of my career, I had two driving ambitions: to have lots of money, and to make a name for myself.

I achieved both in the New York world of advertising, but found something vital and important was lacking in my life. I had to hit bottom before I could realize what that something was.

I had grown up in central Oklahoma during the Great Depression. My parents owned a small-town grocery store. We had enough to eat and a roof over our heads, but there was still plenty of poverty around. I determined that when I grew up I would never be caught in the position in which my family was then. I wanted never to worry again.

My family had always been Baptists and regular churchgoers. When I was about 10 I knew there was something I ought to do about my personal salvation, but I got rebellious about it.

Going away to college at the University of Oklahoma in Norman, I joined the First Baptist Church. It was a mere formality and I knew it. "No one knows me here," I thought. "Now I can write home and tell Mother I'm a church member, and maybe they'll leave me alone."

After six months of college life I joined the Navy. My church attendance during that time was nearly nonexistent, nor was there any Christian fellowship. After my discharge I went back to OU and became one of the original "real joy boys," spending much of my time in the beer joints.

My first job was in advertising in Oklahoma City, followed by a couple of years in Louisiana, working for Hadacol. When that company went bankrupt I went to work for a St. Louis television station. It closed down within a year and I joined Gardner Advertising Company, the largest ad agency in St. Louis. With its new pres-

... These achievements were like a beautifully wrapped package that, when opened, turned out to be empty.

I knew almost everyone in town wanted me to accept Christ as my Saviour, but I wouldn't do it. While delivering newspapers I deliberately passed up some homes to avoid hearing God's message from the people living there. When the salvation invitation was given at church I would literally hang onto the back of the seat and avoid looking at anyone for fear they might urge me to go forward.

ident, prosperity began and as the Gardner agency prospered, so did I.

I worked in the St. Louis office for seven years, then moved to New York. At Gardner I worked on some of the company's biggest accounts: Purina Dog Chow, Carlton cigarettes, Duncan Hines cake mixes, etc. (Cigars, cigarettes and beer were my specialties.)

I bought stock in the agency and became management supervisor and

a member of the board of directors. I was developing a name for myself in New York advertising and was credited with creating the formula known as "the media coverage area concept." My face appeared on the cover of two trade publications; my family and friends were proud of me. With money and a nice east-side apartment, I could take a trip to Bermuda or anywhere I wanted anytime I wanted.

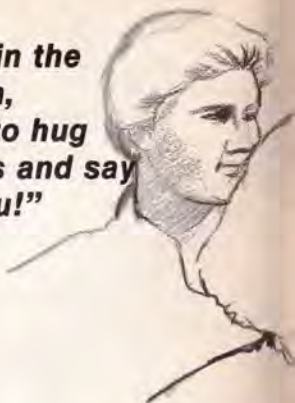
I thought I was really enjoying life. But one day I realized that all of these achievements were like a beautifully wrapped package that, when it was opened, turned out to be empty.

What other things might bring happiness? What would fill my life, give me something to look forward to? Alcohol was a familiar friend; I had experienced drugs. I began to drink more and to take uppers and downers, pot, hash. When you begin to go downhill you do not get the same "buzz" the next time around. The things you lean on for kicks lose their interest, get boring.

The Bible says, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." In my heart, I knew what I needed. But I was still rebellious. I was going to do this on my own!

After 20 years in advertising I decided to retire for a time. I moved to Philadelphia, where I had friends, and

***Standing in the
classroom,
I wanted to hug
those kids and say
"I love you!"***



bought a home. I thought I could get my head together there, but I did not.

I was beginning to go downhill fast. I had lost my self-respect and even wondered how I got into some things. It was easier not to look at myself in the mirror in the mornings.

Then some strange things began to happen. One night I turned the radio to a rock station and heard, of all things, "The Old Rugged Cross." I did not know that a group of Philadelphia Christian businessmen sponsored a Saturday-night music hour on this station. Also, there was a 24-hour religious station in the area and it seemed as if I ran across it every time I turned the radio on. It was beginning to get to me.

One afternoon while I was at home

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the doorbell rang. Three young people from the Philadelphia College of the Bible wanted to share the Bible with me. "Get lost!" I yelled, and slammed the door.

The Lord would not let me forget the way I had treated those young people. It nagged and ate at me. The longer I ran from Him, the worse I felt.

Then on April 1, 1971, again at home, I don't know what happened but all of a sudden I found myself on the floor, weeping, wrestling it out with the Lord. I would not give in. Finally I could not take it any longer.

"Lord, You win," I said. "I give myself to You. I will go where You want, be what You want. Just take me out of what I am—make me into something worthwhile!"

At that moment I felt the whole weight of the world fall from my shoulders. I felt a joy and peace as never before.

A month later, having obtained my

name from a former student, the director of the University of Oklahoma's school of journalism and mass communication called me. Would I be interested in coming back to OU to teach a course in advertising for a year?

I did not want to go back to Oklahoma. The job would pay about a third of what I had last made, and I had never thought of teaching. But I remembered I had told the Lord I would go any place He wanted me to. So I packed and went back. After six months I knew I was there to stay, so I moved into a new home in Norman. I began attending a Baptist church there, and the Christian fellowship was very important to me.

During that first year at OU a graduate assistant, Paul Hart, asked me, "Have you received the baptism in the Holy Spirit?"

My reply was to the point. "No, I don't want anything to do with the

holy rollers!"

"Okay, Frank," he said, "but do me a favor—read this book." It was John Sherrill's *They Speak With Other Tongues*.

I read it and found it interesting, but not for me. Unbelieving, the author had begun to research the subject of speaking in tongues and found there was something to it. But if I accepted the Baptism I would be run out of town.

The Lord does strange things. All year I could not get away from the whole idea. Bill Galbraith, an advertising student whom I knew to be a Christian, had shared with me on several occasions about the Baptism. Finally I knew I had to have it, and at my request Bill came and prayed with me and I received it. I had never experienced such joy!

There are some who say the baptism in the Holy Spirit was given only to the first church, but I have experienced it and cannot deny it. Those who say it does not exist have only to ask and seek in order to discover the truth.

I began to see several new things happen in my life. I started to devour the Bible. Standing in the classroom, I wanted to hug those kids and say, "I love you!" Something had happened to me. The students noticed and still do.

I began a Bible study for college students in my home, and from four persons in the summer of 1973 we grew to 80 or 90 by the spring of 1975. Eventually, through several miracles, the Lord provided a little building out

at the edge of town where for five years we operated a Christian coffee house Friday and Saturday nights, with street ministry. The Bible study had outgrown my home, so we moved it there on Wednesday nights and Sunday afternoons. We saw a lot of people saved and healed, and a number of miracles.

Today I have peace and joy and happiness. Ever since April 1, 1971 I have had no more problems with drugs or alcohol. I've turned my back on all of the things of the old life. I would not want to go back to those days when, well-to-do and well-known, I had reached the pinnacle in the New York advertising world, yet was unfulfilled.

I feel that working with students as I have been privileged to do is the reason the Lord brought me to Norman. He has used my experiences with drugs and alcohol to make me sensitive to their problems and has turned the dark times of my life into something useful.

There is nothing wrong with success. The rich young ruler was not turned away from heaven because he was rich, but because wealth was his god. Like the Israelites, I had worshiped too many golden calves. I had to quit running from God and get my priorities straight. ☐

This fall Frank Heaston begins his thirteenth year with the School of Journalism and Mass Communication at the University of Oklahoma at Norman, where he is a full professor of advertising. He is a member of the Bethel Baptist Church, and of FGBMFI's Norman Chapter.

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UPDATE!



ARIZONA TO IRELAND: MARKED BY MIRACLES

International Director Bill Pyatt and his wife Aloha, Phoenix, Arizona, led a Fellowship airlift of 27 people to Ireland, Scotland and England, where they ministered from April 7-20.

In a chapel service at the World Laymen's Headquarters May 13, Pyatt reported a mighty move of God as a result of the effort.

The first meeting took place at Dundalk, Ireland, a beleaguered border town between Ireland and North Ireland which has suffered the anguish of repeated attacks and retaliation. The manifest presence of God came in answer to desperate need.

For the place of their first meeting in that community, Full Gospel Business Men hosed down a cattle sales yard where, only a short time before, violence and a killing had erupted. A nurse, healed of asthma one night, brought her father-in-law the next. When he came forward for prayer God healed his right eye, blind for 16 years. Immediately, people flocked to the front to receive Jesus as Saviour.

At the first meeting in Dundalk there were 20 visible miracles. One of them involved a child about two years old who had no use of his legs and was brought to the front by his father. The child's feet, which had been turned in, straightened and his useless legs began to kick even as he slept in his father's arms. As a result of these meetings a chapter was established to continue the ministry in this community.

At Enniscorthy, where there had never been a chapter meeting, 126 people turned out the first night. Again there were 20 to 30 miracles, and scores of people committed themselves to Jesus in a unique manner. Throughout the meeting person after person would stand and declare, "My name is — and I am making Jesus Lord of my life." Some meetings were happily interrupted as many as 50 times by these declarations of new allegiance.

A deaf and dumb girl, about 14, was healed in a home meeting held in a mansion. Spontaneously, about 100 people formed a healing line which never seemed to shorten until the meeting ended at 3:00 A.M. Some of those present went next door and brought disabled boys and girls from a children's hospital. Others left and returned with nuns from a nearby convent.

Aloha Pyatt, speaking the same night in downtown Dublin at an Aglow meeting for both men and women, experienced a similar situation. People left the hotel, returning with family and friends. Ministry continued until the wee hours of the morning.

One family experienced multiple miracles. They had never attended a full-gospel meeting of any kind but came to the one-day FGBMFI convention, were saved, baptized in the Holy Spirit and learned a great lesson in faith. They were impressed of God to place all they had (nine pounds, valued at about \$15) in the offering, trusting Him for 2,000 pounds. The next day they received gifts totaling 1,960 pounds. Then a phone call was received: "We have discovered a computer mistake. We have shorted your husband 40 pounds for the time that he taught at the university." Within 24 hours God had honored their faithfulness with His.

The next day the lady brought a foster child, a gypsy baby, to a luncheon meeting in a nun's home. The baby's bones were so brittle that on one occasion when she was toweling it the baby's arm inadvertently had been broken. Whenever the child was handled it screamed with pain. No change was observed when the child was prayed for, but later as the mother changed its diapers, instead of crying the baby cooed and laughed. The baby could now be pulled across the bed and lifted by its legs without pain. A doctor subsequently confirmed the healing.

When this lady, now three days old in the Lord, testified of all that God had done, the power of God was so great that people all over the room fell under the anointing.

As the airlift teams moved to Scotland, signs and wonders followed. Due to an accident, a lady's leg was three and one-half inches shorter than the other. They became equal in length, her hip was healed and she left the meeting with her built-up shoe in hand. Three days later she brought a tableful of people to the meeting at Stirling, each

Airlift members in foreground at Marine Hotel, Dublin; left to right: Gary Lamonica, Metro chapter president; John Hamerick, Phoenix chapter president; Charles Lamb, North Dakota; Peggy Hamerick.

(continued, page 38)



I found myself lying in bed crying, that night in December, 1976, completely broken in heart and spirit. The week before, I had had a bitter fight with a lady friend. She had said many things which condemned me in a powerful way. I thought she'd be sorry in a few days and come running back.

But she hadn't. Now I lay sobbing in a spiritual and mental shambles, wondering where I could turn.

A 47-year-old California optometrist, I had been reared on a small Georgia farm where my father also operated a country store. My family was active in the Southern Baptist denomination. Thanks to my continual exposure to the Gospel, I was saved at 13.

It happened one night during a revival in a terrific thunderstorm. We lost the electric power early during the service. The evangelist said perhaps we should cancel the meeting, but he felt a strong leading to continue.

In the midst of his sermon I became convicted and whispered my feelings to my cousin.

"You need to go forward," he said.

I didn't wait until the message was over. I rose and felt my way along the aisle, aided by the continual flashes of lightning.

I found the preacher's arm. He stopped talking. Leaning down, he listened as I tearfully explained how desperately I wanted to be saved.

The preacher spoke to the congregation again, telling them what had

happened.

My father thought I might have made my decision out of fear of the awful storm—which may have been partially true. But I know that God was in that storm, and that the storm hushed the moment I went to the altar.

The next day—a clear one—I went forward again, dedicating my life to the Lord.

I never doubted my salvation or the reality of Jesus Christ after that. However, over the years I slowly drifted from serving God.

Following high school, I attended the University of California at Berkeley. After being graduated in 1961 I opened my optometric office in Davis. Business was good. I married, and my wife Cindy and I had two children. But I became unhappy in my personal affairs, and in 1970 Cindy agreed to a divorce.

For the next six years I tried to start a new life. I sank in sin as I pursued every worldly way I could think of to achieve my earthly utopia. Nothing had really worked.

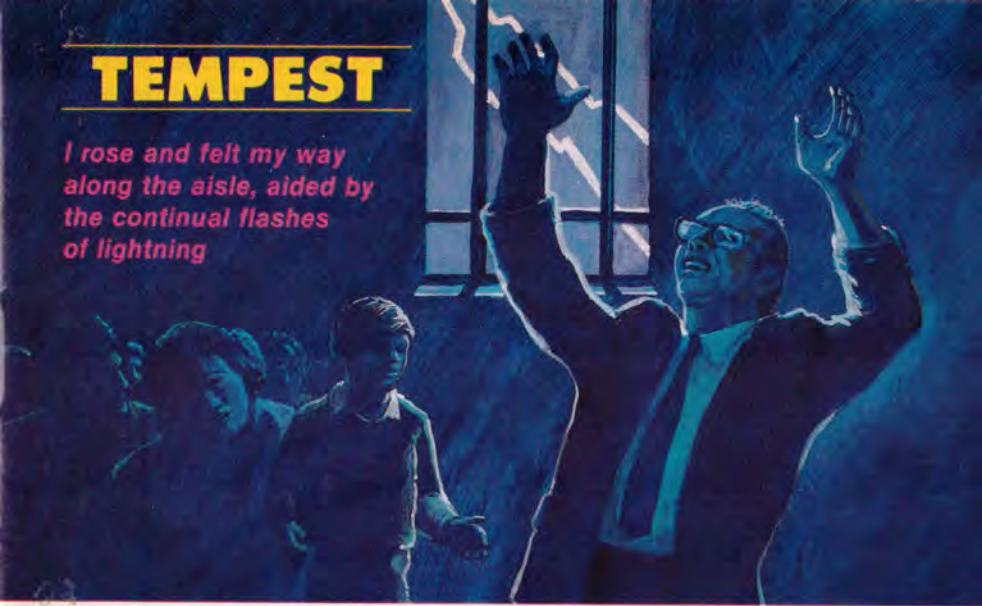
Now my girlfriend and I had had a terrible row and she had left me in emotional torment.

Finally that night, weakened and drained, I phoned and asked her to come over and discuss things. She came.

"I think the problems we've been having stem from my guilt for having left my wife and two children," I said. "Now that I know the difficulty, I'm sure I can handle it."

TEMPEST

*I rose and felt my way
along the aisle, aided by
the continual flashes
of lightning*



Reluctantly, she agreed to try again.

After we talked I did something I hadn't done in years. I prayed. It wasn't a long, eloquent prayer. I just sincerely acknowledged God and asked for His help.

Suddenly, overpowering observations began to race through my head.

"Boy," I mused to myself, "these are good thoughts. I'll have to remember them."

A stronger impression came to me. *Get up and write them down, silly.*

I jumped out of bed and wrote nearly a page at an unbelievable speed. Then I dropped into bed and fell into one of the most peaceful sleeps I have ever known.

As soon as I awoke next morning, I reached for the paper to read what I had scribbled. Written in third person,

it was a directive, detailing some things I should do. It was signed, "Praise the Lord, bless His holy name."

That was unusual language for a person who hadn't used the Lord's name in years, except in profanity. The essence of the message was that I was to leave this new woman in my life alone.

Later I went to her and explained what had happened.

"We must separate," I said.

She was awed by my experience but relieved by my decision.

During the next few weeks I became a loner. Within me was a peace that surpassed my understanding. I developed an insatiable thirst for the Holy Scriptures and spent hours each day reading and absorbing the Word. I shared Christ with others in my practice

and everywhere else I went. I must have been quite annoying to some; I wanted to talk of nothing else.

Finding my way into a Southern Baptist church soon after my experience, I united with the fellowship and spent many hours in seminars and study groups, trying to catch up with my newfound brothers and sisters.

I felt impressed to write to my ex-wife. I wanted to exert some influence on our children, particularly in getting them back into church. Cindy and I began spending time together.

understood what I had been trying to tell her. To obtain this inner peace all she had to do was simply place herself on God's altar of grace, confess her need of Him, and believe He was willing to extend forgiveness and peace to her, too. She had done so and it had happened.

Hallelujah!

After this, our desire to be together grew. We shared many tender moments as we sought one another's forgiveness. God performed a miracle by giving us back our love for each other. We remarried in June, 1977.



Lance Johnson, O.D.

Ernie was holding 76 people hostage in the Bank of America, demanding \$45 million and a plane to escape

As we talked about what had happened in my life, she came under conviction of her own sins. Although she was doing all the so-called "right things," she did not have the inner peace she saw in me.

One day she burst into my office—the first time she had set foot there in seven years. Her face beamed with joy.

"What in the world has happened?" I asked.

"Everything!" was her answer.

She explained that she had finally

Since then our children have been born again. Through the testimony of our lives, God's healing continues to be extended to others.

On March 5, 1982 I was shocked to learn that a man—I'll call him Ernie to protect his identity—was holding 76 people hostage in the Bank of America, a short block from my office.

I had first met Ernie about three and a half years before, slumped over a church pew one Sunday morning after worship services, weeping and broken. His story included drug abuse

and deep personal struggles.

I saw him often after that. He would come to my office, where we talked about his problems, prayed and read the Scriptures.

Now, with a shotgun, Ernie was demanding \$45 million and a plane to escape. The downtown area was saturated with S.W.A.T. men, FBI agents, police, radio and TV crews and hundreds of curious onlookers.

For five hours I was included—because I knew Ernie—in a group which became a sort of “think tank” at the Davis Police Department, brainstorm-



ing what could be done.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I had not prayed. Right there, with people all around, I dropped my head and quietly approached God's throne of grace.

I asked Him to bind Satan to prevent any further hindering in the matter. I asked Him to build a “hedge of thorns” around Ernie so that he might not harm himself or anyone else.

Less than an hour later an FBI man informed us that Ernie was in a trance, his shotgun pointed at the

bank ceiling.

Praise God, I thought. I believe He had answered prayer.

Ernie sat that way for several hours. He told the customers to leave. One by one the bank employees escaped too. At 6:00 P.M. Ernie placed the shotgun in the hands of one of the remaining five hostages and quietly surrendered to an FBI agent.

Later when I visited him in county jail and shared some Scriptures with him, he decided to admit his guilt. Subsequently he was sentenced to five years and four months in state prison. In godly sorrow, yet with joy over what God is doing in his life, I have continued to visit this torn young man, and I continue to pray for him. I know that, deep down, he truly wants to serve the Lord.

In my own life things aren't perfect, either, but the healing within me and my family continues. I know that the Lord baptized me in His Spirit that night in December, 1976, 30 years after my water baptism.

Today I try to be a faithful witness to the love of God. No one knows better than I my total unworthiness to be a servant of Christ, but I can personally attest to the truthfulness of the Scriptures: “But where sin abounds, grace doth much more abound” (Romans 5:20). □

Dr. Johnson has had his own optometric practice at Davis, California for 22 years. He and his wife Cindy are members of the First Baptist Church of Davis, where Lance is director of counseling. They have two children: son Martin, 22, and daughter Jennifer, 19.

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

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

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

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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.



HITLER'S

My involvement with Hitler began at age 8 when I joined the Hitler Youth Organization. Born in 1926 into a very poor Catholic family in northern Germany, I was glad when Hitler came to power. Inflation was rampant and we were destitute, so I admired Hitler and firmly believed he was unconquerable.

Whenever I saw him I got goosebumps. I saluted and almost thought I had seen God himself. As a member of the elite corps serving as Hitler's bodyguard, I got to meet him on several occasions. Close up, he had a slight limp, and because he was cross-eyed he never looked straight at you. His harsh voice gave him a sort of negative dynamism.

By age 15 I had broken family ties and was giving my time and allegiance

to Hitler's S.S. (Weapons Division). In that whole division I was the smallest —6'1"—as our Fuehrer made up for his own lack of stature by surrounding himself with our best athletes. At the S.S. training camp we had 18 suicides and about 10 executions; we were expertly trained to kill. It was perverted, but I didn't know it then. (Now I would say that Hitler was demon-possessed.)

At a point during the Second World War, Germany subdued more than half the world. Then we saw the tide turn. Still believing in Hitler, I couldn't understand why he didn't win the war.

We were captured by the Russians January 4, 1945 and marched 300 miles across the Polish border, then crammed into railroad boxcars for six weeks on our way to Siberia. We were



BODYGUARD

stripped of our shoes and most of our clothes. It was the hottest summer in 100 years. There were many dead in the boxcars, but even in that heat we did not report them; we needed their food rations.

Those of us who lived through the trip were put to work in the mines, an indescribably horrible experience. We survived only by robbing the weaker workers of their meager portion of bread. I went from 220 to 104 pounds. Many times during this ordeal I cried out, "O, my God"—but I had deserted Him. I had given my heart to Hitler, and now that Hitler had let me down I had no god.

Then one day in 1948 without warning we were shipped in a cattle car to East Germany. Discovering that we were about to be used as traitors

**I gave my heart
to Hitler; when
Hitler let me down
I had no god**

Hans DeWitz, Franklin, TN



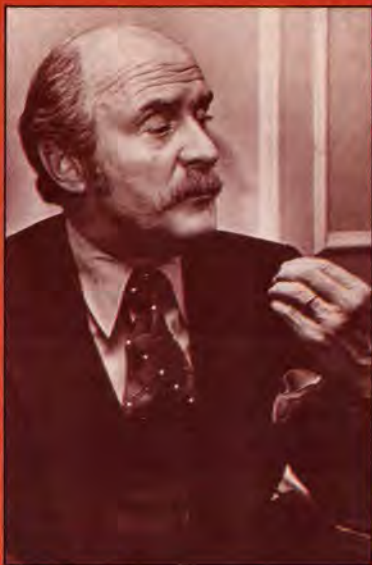
against our own people, a friend and I decided to attempt an escape into West Germany. To our amazement, our plan worked and we were greeted on the other side of the border by American GIs and the hospitality of the Salvation Army.

Finally I got to go home. Even though I had been declared dead in 1945, my mother always believed I was alive and would some day return. The very morning of the day I arrived, she had said to my father, "Hans will be back home today." Looking back, I'm sure she had divine guidance. She had prayed for me every day while I was gone.

In 1956 I sailed to the United States, where I became a gourmet cook in New Orleans, Louisiana. Soon I had transformed a small restaurant into a showplace for success, even dabbling in successful real-estate investments and making huge profits. Bolder money-making steps included converting the restaurant into a nightclub and getting involved in the construction business.

Driven by an obsession for money, I adjusted my body to a maximum of five or six hours of sleep nightly for about 10 or 15 years. The nightclub was a sensational success and I was making money faster than I could spend it.

It was clear, however, that money did not satisfy the inner longings of my heart. I drank a quart of whiskey a day, smoked five packs of cigarettes, and was completely hooked on drugs. Working compulsively while indulging



Hans DeWitz

In search of true meaning I've traveled from Hitler to money, to pursuit of worldly lusts, and eventually to Jesus Christ

in these habits, I became a crazy sick man and terribly overweight.

Meanwhile, my marriage was on the rocks and ended in divorce. It didn't take long to find out it was tough being a single parent to my son Curt, and I continued to hide from reality in my booze.

One summer he returned from spending two months with his mother and I noticed something amazingly different about him. For one thing, when he prayed he spoke in a language that sounded like baby talk. When I mentioned it he said, "Daddy,

this is not baby talk, this is a heavenly language." One day he began to share the fact that there was more to life than drink and cigarettes. His concern touched me deeply and we wept together over my plight.

In the summer of 1977 I arrived to pick up Curt from his mother's place in Tennessee and was invited to go to church with the family. As I was to realize later, it was the biggest and most beautiful "mistake" I ever made.

We went to The Lord's Chapel, a lively, growing church in a Nashville suburb. As I sat there, jaded, comparing my way of life, the genuine vitality of these people washed over me like a refreshing, cool shower on a hot day. In a simple, direct way I received the Lord publicly at that service, and the inner transformation of my life began.

On the way home in a 1966 Chevrolet, I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and a heavenly language flowed freely from my lips as I prayed to my Lord.

Since Christ found me and I found satisfaction in Him, I have no need for

smoking, drinking or drugs.

The nightmare memories of the Russian concentration camp which had haunted me for years are now gone. The Lord has shown me that I can surrender all my problems to Him and He will guide me through them in peace and love.

Where I once looked upon women merely as sex objects, and developed a sense of total distrust in them after my own failure at marriage, I have at last learned what it means to find fulfillment in Christian marriage.

In search of true meaning I've traveled from Hitler to money to pursuit of worldly lusts, and eventually to Jesus Christ. Now God is in complete control—and I'm thrilled with my new lifestyle in Jesus Christ. □

For the last seven and a half years Hans DeWitz has been self-employed as a remodeling contractor. He has given his testimony throughout various states for FGBMFI, churches, high schools and universities. He and his wife Mary have a small food-distribution ministry. Their son Curt is 11 years old.

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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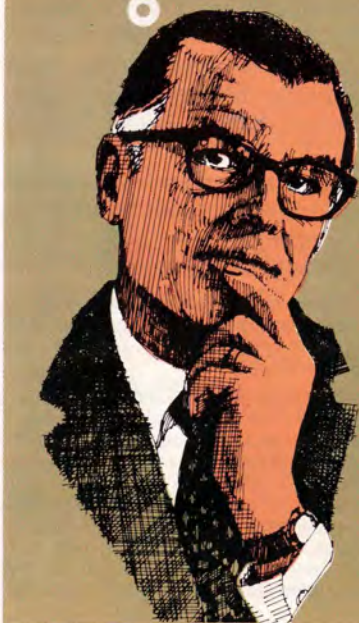
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only
been
there...”**

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DETROIT

Paul H. Paulson, West Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada



Miraculous

I carry a very unique conversation piece around with me. It's a slightly twisted second finger on my right hand. When people first get to know me they usually ask, "By the way . . . how did you hurt your finger?"

I injured myself working late one night on April 1, 1977. Leaving my regular job at Woodward's Stores, where I was security manager, I arrived at Glad Tidings Temple at my customary time—just as the evening service was drawing to a close about 9:00 P.M. It was my responsibility to print the church bulletin and any other scheduled printing jobs. Allan Eccles and I usually worked together, but Allan couldn't be there this particular night. I would have to hurry.

I started up the commercial Rota-print press and prepared the plates and reams of paper. The sounds of

the evening congregation could be heard next door.

Running a trial batch off the press, I noticed an uneven ink distribution. Without bothering to turn off the press first, I checked the rollers for ink consistency.

That was not a very smart thing to do.

With cautious fingers I started to touch along the rollers. Instantly they had gripped my right hand and pulled it inside the press. It felt as if my hand had been ripped from my arm. I don't remember screaming, yet I heard my own cries of pain and anguish.

Dazed, yet fully aware of what had happened, I reached around to the other side of the machine with my left hand and hit the stop-switch to turn off the press. Alone and trapped, my hand under approximately 2,000

For 52 years of his life, Paul H. Paulson has attended the same church, being carried there in his mother's arms when it was little more than a skid-row mission. Saved at a summer Bible camp at 16, he received the baptism in the Holy Spirit six years later. Both he and his wife come from large families, and all their brothers and sisters, brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, nieces and nephews and their spouses, are born-again Christians, most of them being Spirit-filled. Says Paul, "We are indeed rich in our heritage in the Lord. Talk about prosperity—this is it!"

pounds of pressure per square inch, I told myself not to panic.

With every ounce of strength I could muster, I climbed on top of the machine to get enough leverage to pull free my wounded hand—now crushed to the thickness of corrugated cardboard. As I stared down at it and saw it turn red, blue and black, I cried out to God, "I've got too much to do. I can't afford to have a mangled hand!"

I tried splashing cold water on the injury but that only made it worse. Then I remembered the church service next door. Maybe they were still there. . . .

I dashed breathlessly into the church and found the congregation just being dismissed. From the radio room someone announced emergency prayer. The room began to spin

wildly. The deacons, pastor and Dr. Gaglardi, a clinical psychologist with first-aid training, gathered around me. Dr. Gaglardi checked my pulse and they began to pray. When they had finished he said, "Your pulse was racing. But just now, as we were through praying, it went right back to normal."

"Dad! How are you?" It was my son.

"Fine," was my confident reply. "The Lord has healed me!" As they prayed, every bit of pain had left my hand.

We all agreed that I should have it looked at, however, so my son drove me to the hospital emergency ward. On the way he kept saying, "How can it not hurt? Look at it! God really must have healed you!"

When we arrived at Vancouver General Hospital there were about a dozen cases ahead of me, even though it was 11:00 P.M. Certain I would go into shock at any moment, the receptionist wanted me to lie down right away.

"No, I'm okay. I just want a doctor to look at it," I reassured her, and took a seat.

Within minutes a doctor was examining me. The results of sensitivity tests on my fingers and knuckles were all excellent—no damage. Baffled and surprised, he ordered X rays and these, too, showed nothing—no broken bones, although the flesh was literally mangled. He wanted to prescribe pain medication, but I explained that I had no pain.



Paul Paulson demonstrates how he accidentally caught his hand in the press.

Finally the doctor exclaimed, "Well, there is nothing more I can do. You may as well go home."

The next day at work while I was writing a report, Jack Kelly, a manager, walked into my office to discuss something. I was in the middle of a thought.

"Sit down," I said. "I'll be with you in a second."

I finished writing and looked up into eyes as big as saucers. Jack's mouth was hanging wide open.

"How can you write with a hand like that? And what about the pain?" he blurted out.

What a pleasure it was to explain to Jack the healing powers of my God. And not only to him. There were many others, for what had happened became quite a sensation in the store.

It was weeks before my hand returned to its normal size and color. All during this time—from the moment

the deacons, doctor and pastor prayed for me, to the moment the injury dwindled to just a slightly twisted finger—I never once felt pain or discomfort. Praise the Lord!

The only visible reminder of my smashed hand is my crooked finger. God uses this finger in mighty ways. When people ask, "How did you hurt your finger?" I tell them.

I tell them about God. His ear is open to our cry, and His arm ready to save. □

Paul H. Paulson was employed by Woodwards Stores Ltd., a large department-store chain in British Columbia and Alberta, for 32 years, 17 of them as manager of the security division. He is now president of a security consulting firm and teaches security courses at Vancouver Community College. A member of FGBMFI's Vancouver Chapter, he has served for 12 years as deacon at Glad Tidings Temple, where he and his wife Leona are members. The Paulsons have two children, Monica and Paul Julius.

Season's Greetings
from the Full Gospel
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and



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Jimmy Pestana, Waxhaw, NC

Being a millionaire does not assure you of happiness. Always I had a burning desire to make money, reasoning that the more I earned the happier I'd be. By my eighteenth birthday I had a very successful real-estate business of my own. After marriage three years later, I felt I must work even harder to make money, not only to make myself happy but also my wife Nora and the children we would have.

As the years passed, in spite of the fact that Nora and I loved each other

and had four beautiful, healthy children, I continued to believe that by acquiring more wealth, happiness would be just around the corner.

When I did possess the jewels, automobiles and homes that went with the lifestyle of a millionaire, still something was always missing. Despite all my busyness there was a great void in my life and my ambition to make more money was damaging my family. I was even influencing my children to judge people by the money and possessions they had, no matter

how they may have come by it.

Then one day Nora brought home a pamphlet describing a sort of prayer group that met each week. Thinking it was probably one of those groups on mind control, I wasn't at all interested. I had been born into a nominally Catholic family and, though I spent 10 years in a parochial school, after being graduated the only religious functions I attended were weddings and funerals. But Nora talked me into attending this prayer meeting with her.

The people seemed different from any I had ever known. There was such joy and happiness on every face. And when they sang "Holy, Holy, Holy" something began to happen inside

down and saw my shirt, wet with tears.

After the meeting they explained to us that the Church needed renewal, that we needed to be born again, and many other things that I was hearing for the first time in my life. I was 34, and that night for the first time I held a Bible in my hands.

We continued to attend the meetings. As we began to read the Word together we found it had great meaning in our lives. We also read many books on the Christian life, and about people who had been transformed by the power of God.

Then on September 7, 1977, that unforgettable day, Nora and I got down on our knees and gave ourselves to



PESTANA OF PERU

me. I felt so convicted of my sin, but at the same time I felt I could be made clean. I found myself weeping.

Now, in Latin culture it is shameful for a man to cry; that is only for old women and babies. I was so embarrassed that I left, determined never to return. But the Lord had other plans. Although I did everything to avoid going, I did return the following week. However, this time I wore sunglasses, just in case I "slipped" again.

Somehow I knew I was where I should be. When they sang the same hymn again I began to cry. The sunglasses covered my eyes, but imagine my embarrassment when I looked

the Lord, asking God to pardon all our sins and to come into our lives, to take complete control and do with us whatever He wanted.

I began to realize that while the Lord never forces us to do anything, He takes very seriously what we ask Him to do in our lives by teaching and instructing us, and correcting us because He loves us. Our lives changed in ways we would never have dreamed of. There was a peace and a closeness within our family that we had never before experienced. Jesus was our Guide each step of the way. Each of our children received Him into their hearts and lives.

I wish I could say I followed Jesus as Nora did, but He had some lessons to teach me. As horrible as it was to live through, I will ever praise Him for it.

On one occasion especially, February 18, 1978, which happened to be my birthday, I made a tremendous profit in my business. That was the first day I heard about tithing and that as a Christian I should pay my taxes to the government. This was a shock to me, for making money still was of great importance. Paying taxes had always seemed ridiculous to me. I thought only fools did that. As to tithing, I had given great sums to the church since accepting Christ, but to give a tenth of everything was another matter.

To reinforce this shaky position, I began to look for ways to criticize our Christian friends and the renewal movement. I even tried to convince Nora that all we had heard and experienced and read just wasn't for this day and age. As a result we stopped going to the meetings and stopped reading Christian books and even the Bible. We went back to being the people we were before—but with one vast difference. Now everything was more difficult, for we knew we were sinning. The load became almost unbearable.

I became very successful in a new business, that of exchanging Peruvian money for U.S. dollars (buying and selling money, actually). An enterprise recently authorized by the government, it was very lucrative.



Then came the day (August 18, 1978) that my business partner disappeared with a tremendous amount of money belonging to a woman client. My property, cars and other assets would easily have covered the transaction, but the client would not accept them at face value, so I was ordered to jail.

As I was being taken away I heard Nora tell the guards that God loved them. Then she told me I should give thanks to God, that everything was under His control and it was all for the best.

Surely, I thought, she must be mentally unbalanced from the shock and suffering this had caused her. When

***Life in one hand
and death
in the other***



she had a Bible sent in to me a few days later, I hurriedly hid it in the bottom of my little box of possessions in the cell.

My cell was made to hold nine prisoners, but there were actually 45 of us jammed into it. It was so filthy and conditions so deplorable that I stopped eating and talking, except to complain. Within 40 days I lost 20 pounds. Not able to do anything for my family and knowing how seldom anyone is released, I became so depressed that I considered suicide.

I found a way to buy a container of Valium. Just as I was about to take it I noticed that someone had dug the Bible out of my box of possessions

and left it on top. I picked it up, still holding the Valium. There I was, with Life in one hand and death in the other.

The Lord started to talk to me through the Bible. I felt that it was a letter of love written only for me. I read it until the lights went off, then slept like a baby—the first real sleep in 40 nights.

That same night I saw a beautiful vision. A special light appeared in the cell, and I saw the face of the Lord Jesus, His hand stretched toward me. "Jimmy, I want to be first in your life," He said. My life completely changed in that moment as I wordlessly recommitted it to Him.

In the morning the men looked at me and said, "Something has happened to you!" I was only too glad to tell them about it. I started speaking verses of the Bible I had never read. I told them that Jesus loved them and would forgive them. I found that I really loved these men whom I had despised the day before.

When my father came to visit me, trying to find ways to have me released, I told him about the Lord and said, "If the Lord wants me here, this is where I want to stay."

That was on a Saturday. My father convinced the authorities I needed medical attention, and on Tuesday I was taken under guard from jail to a prison hospital. There I could see Nora every day for two hours. We spent our time in prayer, asking the Lord for guidance.

One morning Nora came in, saying,



Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Pestana with their four children

"Jimmy, perhaps you will think me foolish, but I believe this is from the Lord. Let's call the woman that had you put in jail and tell her we love her."

I had had the same feeling the night before. So, although we felt the woman would think we were crazy, we did it. Her answer amazed us. She would accept all our property, cars, etc., so that I could be released from the prison hospital to go home with my family! And our precious children took all their savings to pay the expenses of filing the legal papers involved.

That was December 24, 1978. I was able to spend Christmas day with my family. The first thing I did was to gather a prayer group, talk to my friends, and resume attendance at the meetings Nora and I used to go to. We studied the Bible daily. We began a

prayer group in our home for couples and also one for youth. We were placed in charge of all of Lima's youth prayer groups, and began a small Bible school for them in our garage. My 100 days in jail were bearing fruit.

I had to start all over again, but God gave me a new business of selling and installing fire alarms. It was enough to provide for our basic needs. And while I was still in jail, Nora's father simply handed her the keys to a house.

In February, 1980, through the book *The Happiest People on Earth*, I learned about Full Gospel Business Men's meetings and became acquainted with some members visiting from the United States. Not long after this I was invited to attend a presidential prayer breakfast in Washington, D.C. FGBMFI president Demos Sha-

karian's response to our interest in starting a chapter in Lima was that he was certain we would fill Peru with chapters, to the glory of God.

We returned home and formed the first FGBMFI chapter in our country. At our first breakfast (July, 1980) six of the 24 men attending gave their lives to the Lord. Since then, hundreds have done so at our weekly meetings.

In 1981 one believer had a word from the Lord that God would use me mightily in South America. This prophecy was given me twice more from other men who did not even know each other. Soon after these prophecies the Lord impressed upon me to go to the United States to prepare for a television ministry. But how would I make a trip like that without any money?

By now I should have known that the Lord truly does provide—even \$6,000 for tickets for our family. People suddenly began to appear and repay money they had owed me for years or money I had given them when they needed it. One man came to me, saying, "I have two tickets for the United States but won't be using them. Would you like them?" The only part of the \$6,000 which we ourselves had to pay was \$300.

But where would we live? Al Shannon of Wycliffe Bible Translators said, "Why don't you go to JAARS (Jungle Aviation and Radio Service) Center near Waxhaw, North Carolina?" Shortly after this we were able to rent the house we had been given in Peru, which provided money to live on in

America.

For a short time I worked in the international relations department at JAARS. Now I am learning about television production at PTL headquarters in Charlotte, North Carolina. I produce video cassettes and teach six Spanish programs a month. These are sent to Peru, where there are members of FGBMFI chapters prepared to answer any questions that might arise when others hear the tapes. They also do the followup work that comes as a result of the many who accept Christ.

In addition, the chapters have held more than 20 monthly dinners with up to 500 attending. Our chapter now has a Bible study for discipling these many new believers. About 50 of them meet for two and a half hours of teaching every Monday night.

We are now reaching out to form another chapter in Pucallpa, a frontier town in the Amazon jungle, and are in the foothills of the Andes at Tingo Maria. We are convinced that the answer for Peru, and for the whole world, is the gospel of Jesus Christ.

South America is presently experiencing one of the greatest outpourings of the Holy Spirit in all history. How I praise God that He would allow a man like me to have a part in harvesting the precious souls in Peru. □

Jimmy Pestana and his wife Nora have four children: Malena, Sandro, Luciano and Jaime. They attend church services twice weekly at PTL headquarters, where Jimmy is in his second year of training, after which he will return to Peru to continue his videotape ministry.

CONVENTIONS

KANSAS CITY REGIONAL

Sept. 28-Oct. 1, 1983
Regency Park, Overland Park
Write: Mr. Bill Phipps
1201 W. Gregory
Kansas City, MO 64114

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

October 6-8, 1983
Holiday Inn, Redding
Write: Mr. Clifton A. Powell
5250 Huntington Dr.
Redding, CA 96002

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS MINI-CONVENTION

October 7-9, 1983
Sheraton Inn, Steamboat Springs
Write: FGBMFI, Box 2924
Steamboat Springs, CO 80473

B.C. INTERIOR REGIONAL-KELOWNA

October 12-15, 1983
Capri Hotel, Kelowna
Write: Mr. Neil Simmonds
232055 Ethel St.
Kelowna, B.C.
Canada V1Y 2Z6

MINNESOTA STATE REGIONAL

October 13-15, 1983
Holiday Inn, Duluth
Write: Mr. Mike Feddick
Box 3201
Duluth, MN 55803

EASTERN MONTANA REGIONAL

October 20-22, 1983
Red Rock Village
Miles City
Write: Mr. Maxim Krikorian
Rte. 1-Box 545
Glasgow, MT 59230

EASTERN OREGON REGIONAL

October 20-22, 1983
Red Lion Motor Inn, Pendleton
Write: Mr. Ed Sheets
Rte. 1, Box 12, Dickenson Dr.
Hermiston, OR 97838

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA REGIONAL

October 20-22, 1983
Holiday Inn, New Kensington
Write: Mr. Charles Bowlin
429 Colonial Dr.
Monroeville, PA 15146

WISCONSIN REGIONAL

October 27-29, 1983
Meurers Restaurant, Milwaukee
Write: FGBMFI, Box 20741
Milwaukee, WI 53220

NASHVILLE CENTRAL-SOUTH REGIONAL

October 27-29, 1983
Hilton Airport Inn, #1 International Plaza
Write: Mr. Hoyt Elliott
Box 24096, Nashville, TN 37202

WEST TEXAS DAVIS MOUNTAIN ADVANCE

October 27-30, 1983
Prude Ranch, Fort Davis
Write: Mr. C.M. Anderson
224 W. Beauregard, Ste. 206
San Angelo, TX 76903

SASKATOON MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

October 28-30, 1983
Echo Valley Center, Ft. San
Write: Mr. Ray Cowman
1412-10th St. E.
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Canada S7H 0J5

HEART LAND VOICE RALLY

October 28-29, 1983
Fairfield Junior High School,
Fairfield
Write: Mr. Gary L. Bortz
Box 326, Ottumwa, IA 52501

NATIONAL RALLY

October 28-29, 1983
River Valley Hotel, Warri
Write: Mr. Walter Odell
c/o FGBMFI, Box 670
Warri, Nigeria

PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL

January 11-14, 1984
Hyatt Regency
Write: Mr. Bill Pyatt
Box 37695
Phoenix, AZ 85069

HAWAII REGIONAL

January 17-21, 1984
Pacific Beach Hotel, Honolulu
Write: Mr. John Witwer
1164 Bishop St., Ste. 1410
Honolulu, HI 96813

WASHINGTON, D.C. INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

February 16-18, 1984
Shoreham Hotel
Write: Washington, D.C. Conv. Ofc.
Box 350
Manassas, VA 22110

31ST ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

July 3-7, 1984
Anaheim, California Conv. Center
Write: Mr. David Byram
World Convention Coordinator
Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

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ONTARIO/QUEBEC ADVANCE

A capacity crowd of 400 men (largest in its four-year history) attended the Ontario-Quebec Men's Advance, June 10-12. The annual event was held at Trent University, Petersborough, Ontario.

International directors Ernie Voth, Bob Barber and Jim McEwan co-chaired. Speakers were International Director Carl Milbrandt, Dayton, Ohio, and Field Representative John E. Schrock, Berlin, Ohio. International Director Paul Beesley, St. John, New Brunswick, also participated.

Milbrandt reports that about 20 men received Jesus as their Saviour and Lord and approximately 50 were baptized in the Holy Spirit. □



1. International Director Carl Milbrandt, Ohio, addresses Ontario/Quebec Men's Advance. 2. Speaker John Schrock, field representative, Ohio, ministers in power of Holy Spirit. 3. Co-chairman Ernie Voth, international director, leads praise songs. 4. At worship, front row, left to right: international directors Carl Milbrandt and co-chairmen Jim McEwan and Bob Barber.



WITHOUT WARNING

Steve O'Donohoe, Houston, TX

The monster struck without warning on a Friday morning two and a half weeks before Christmas, 1972. I'd driven our daughter Kristi to kindergarten and was sitting in my car watching youngsters on the playground.

I began to sweat, then nausea set in. "Probably the result of hard work, tension and little sleep," I thought to myself. Still the discomfort persisted. I took three or four deep breaths and tried to get out of the car, but my legs had turned to rubber. Then the pain began. At first it was a dull ache

stretching across my chest from armpit to armpit, but within minutes I felt that a giant was kneeling on me, pressing the very life from my body.

I had read once that the fingernails of a person having a heart attack turned blue, so I held up my hand. The nails looked like they were reflecting the cloudless sky overhead.

All the signs were there, but I couldn't believe that Steve O'Donohoe, age 33, was having a heart attack. I had so many plans for the future, so many unfulfilled dreams.

Not that I hadn't already lived what many people consider the successful life. As "Steve-O, the Night Rider" I'd spent seven years as the top-rated radio disk jockey in southeast Texas. I had started as a teen in the midst of the ponytails and penny loafers, hula hoops and drive-ins, black leather jackets and ducktails of the 50s. Besides my radio work, I'd emceed some big nightclub shows with stars such as Ray Charles, Fats Domino and James Brown. Kenny Rogers and B.J. Thomas were just two of many "name" entertainers I'd helped get started in their careers.

Along with the songs came wine and women—the best. Sure, the fast lane had taken its toll on my body. Actually introverted and shy, I was riddled with anxiety from maintaining my "swinger" mask, and I was toting 240 pounds on a 5'9" frame. But I wasn't prepared for life to come to a screeching halt. I planned to maintain my lifestyle to age 80 or thereabouts, then I'd turn to the religion of my parents, fold my hands and slip away to heaven.

Those were my plans, but on that December morning I realized that God and I weren't going by the same timetable.

God. I'd kept Him at the edge of my life for years, but in those moments of crisis I wanted desperately to touch Him. Frankly, I've never put much stock in so-called "deathbed conversions," but I knew that I needed God as I never had needed Him before.

"Lord," I whispered, "if You let me

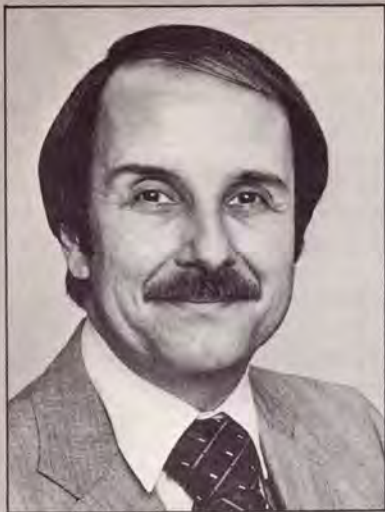
live I'll give You the rest of my life." I wasn't being a hypocrite. I really meant those words.

Looking back, I see that I wanted to extend my years on earth, but my prayer was also a request for something deeper than that. I wanted to be right with God. I felt tremendous guilt for the wrongs I'd done against people and against the Lord. I wanted not just physical healing but forgiveness and a new relationship with Him.

Somehow I got home to my wife Bennie, and we drove to St. Mary's Hospital in Galveston. The medical personnel sent me to intensive care, where they hooked me up to needles and monitors. The scene reminded me of the afternoon soaps on TV. I felt like Fred Sanford when he holds his hand over his heart and says, "This is the big one! I'm coming, Elizabeth!" Then I remembered. This was real life.

In a short time, hospital officials moved me into a private room and announced that the problem had corrected itself. My heart had escaped permanent damage. I thought about my prayer and wondered silently, "Is it real? Do I have a desire to live for God, now that the crisis is over?" I didn't have to wait long before the answer came.

Some friends gave me a Bible, and right away I started to read it from cover to cover. I started with "In the beginning, God . . ." and headed non-stop for Revelation. I even read those lists of "begats." That hunger for the Word was my first indication that this new experience wasn't a passing



Steve O'Donohoe

***The heart attack wasn't
the end; it was a
new beginning***

mood.

As I read, the Lord seemed to speak from every page. I found myself identifying with the Israelites as they basked under God's blessing, then forgot all He had done for them. Then when times got rough, they cried out to heaven, just like me. I praised God that just as He heard their cries for help, He also listened to me and came to my aid.

Then in the New Testament, Jesus came across the pages as a real person. I thought, "Here I am, 33 years of age. When Your Son was 33 He died so that I could live."

The Bible meant so much to me

that I carried it to work on my first day back on the job. Before the heart attack I'd left radio and gone to work as director of shows for Sea-Arama Marine World. It didn't take long for word to spread. *Steve-O has religion?* "We'll give you six months," said the guys who remembered my drinking and notorious escapades.

What the fellows didn't know was that God had taken away my desire for those things. Christian fellowship was meeting my needs now. Not only did my new way of living prove real, but one of my friends at work came to know the Lord.

I haven't said much about my wife, but Bennie was a tremendous support to me during my recovery. The year of my heart attack, her family had experienced a remarkable turnaround. Nearly all of Bennie's nine brothers and sisters became Christians in 1972, and they prayed, "O God, save Bennie and Steve." Part of that prayer was answered before my attack when Bennie committed her life to Christ in a public meeting at an Assembly of God church. She joined the others in praying that I'd make the same decision, never dreaming that the Lord would use a heart attack to bring me to my senses.

Those first weeks of recovery were joyful, but they weren't always lived as a "spiritual high." I still had fears. If you've experienced a heart attack yourself, you know what I felt. Although I wanted a total healing I was still taking prescribed medicine for my heart, but I couldn't just flush the

pills down the toilet.

One day I prayed, "Lord, when I see the doctor may He tell me that I can quit taking this stuff." Sure enough, at my next appointment he released me from the medication. That was a breakthrough for me and it demonstrated again God's power to answer prayer. Also by that time the Lord had trimmed 55 pounds off my body in just two and a half months.

We've also seen His healing power in Kristi, the little girl I dropped at kindergarten the morning of my heart attack. Some months later, in 1973, while she was hospitalized for an abscessed lung, a collapsed lung and pneumonia (from which she recovered nicely), specialists discovered a rare blood disease that would require all three of us to make weekly trips to the hospital. Her mother and I would donate blood, which would be spun together and given to Kristi. The news sounded like a life sentence to us, but we knew the Lord could heal her.

One of Bennie's brothers laid hands on Kristi and prayed the most fervent prayer I've ever heard. Subsequently, doctors found no evidence of the disease, and now at the age of 15 Kristi sings for God's glory at FGBMFI meetings and churches where I give my testimony. More good news: the doctor actually tore up our bill—it would have been over \$1,000—and didn't charge us a cent.

Bible reading and prayer have been big factors in my new way of life, and so has Christian fellowship. Shortly after my conversion I attended a

meeting of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. I got really turned on by the first meeting and told Bennie, "I want to go every day." Members quickly told me that FGBMFI isn't a church, and eventually I found a group of Spirit-filled believers with whom our family worships regularly. I've become increasingly active in FGBMFI activities, give out copies of *Voice* wherever I go and was recently elected vice-president of my local chapter.

The most recent miracle in our family is the home we now own. We were given almost \$50,000 equity in a two-story, four-bedroom, 2600-square-foot-plus house we'd been praying for. Our girls had exactly described it in their prayer. The moment we moved in we knelt and dedicated it all to God. Now we hold prayer meetings there every Monday night, and many miracles take place.

For many men in their thirties and forties a heart attack marks the end of life, but for me it meant the beginning. Today I enjoy life with a capital L, with Jesus Christ at its center for time and eternity. □

Steve O'Donohoe and his wife Bennie both received the baptism in the Holy Spirit on Independence Day, 1973. Steve is public information officer for the City of Houston; vice-president of the Downtown Houston Chapter, FGBMFI; and songleader at the annual Houston Regional Convention. Recently he participated in an FGBMFI airlift to the Cayman Islands. The O'Donohoes have three daughters: Kristi, 15; Shanna, 13; and Mandy, 7. They are members of Living Stones Church, where Steve is president of the men's fellowship.



1. Patrick McGrath, Dublin chapter vice-president, with family. 2. First meeting at Enniscorthy results in 16 men, including local priest, forming new FGBMFI chapter.
ARIZONA TO IRELAND (from page 9)

needing a physical touch from God. Each received it. One person was scheduled for bypass surgery; God gave her a new heart. The woman whose leg was lengthened received a new lung, replacing one removed surgically 29 years previous.

Four chapters sponsored the meeting, attended by 200 men, in the Charing Cross Hotel. Pyatt described the impressive setting of proper Englishmen dressed in black coats, pinstriped pants, umbrella canes and bowler hats as being like a movie scene.

While enjoying the beautiful buffet, Pyatt noticed a man without a plate and offered to get him some food. "No," he replied, "I had cancer and my stomach was removed. I can eat only pulverized foods or liquids."

Later Pyatt shared his testimony of how, years ago, God had given him a new stomach after a grenade had blasted him. He then asked this gentleman, "Wouldn't you like to have a new stomach now?" He agreed and God performed a creative miracle. That hour, the man ate a meal for the first time in about six or seven years.

Prior to this trip, many of the 27 people on the airlift had never been used of God as channels for His miracle-working power. Each testifies that he or she will never be the same again. They have seen God use ordinary people in extraordinary ways as He promised.

Pyatt explains, "We did not go with enticing words of man but in the power and the demonstration of the Holy Spirit. People respond to that kind of ministry. They are tired of words. They want the reality of the resurrected Christ indwelling believers.

"Jesus called us all to be doers of the Word, not just hearers," adds Pyatt. "All that is required of a doer is to be a believer. Jesus said in Mark 16:17,18, 'And these signs shall follow them that believe; in my name they shall cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' The Word is as true today as when Jesus first spoke it. These signs that I have just reported followed 27 believers to Ireland, Scotland and England. Praise God!" □



World Laymen's Headquarters

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

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SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision right now:

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

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

Hon Memorial Prayer Chapel





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