

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

06-82 **VOICE**

**THE MAN WHO
WOULDN'T DIE**



THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE



Curtis! Turn it off! It's got me!" Moments earlier, another sawmill worker and I had been clearing out a jam in the gigantic chipper, a monstrous six-foot wheel made up of 32 razor-sharp blades. Suddenly a strap on one of my safety boots caught in a part of the machinery. Desperately I tried to break the strap, but it was too strong. I tried to pull off my boot—even my foot. It was too late for small sacrifices. I was going in.

Horrified, Curtis looked down and saw me being eaten alive by the relentless, grinding machinery. He raced to the switch panel and shut the machine down, then ran back to the chipper, yelling for help as he went. What he saw when he reached me was a man's body hopelessly enmeshed in a crushing steel deathtrap.

But what he didn't see was that same man engulfed in the Spirit of God. For even as I was being dragged into that gruesome pit, the Lord brought to mind a personal prophecy given to me in church a few weeks earlier: "Look not to the right or the left, but keep your eye on Me, for I have a work for you to do."

My bootstrap had been caught by a small pin protruding from one of two drill-shaped augurs at the end of the chipper. These augurs turn toward one another and move the pulverized chips into a pipe where they are blown onto big trucks. Going into that machinery is like being pulled into a meat grinder. As I saw my leg

disappearing into it, I cried out, "Father! I need help—now!" Amazingly, in my spirit I heard Him say, "Trust Me."

The machinery slowed to a full stop. The chipper wheel, so heavy that normally it continues to turn for nearly an hour after power cutoff, was completely still after only a few minutes. I felt someone by my side, and heard him say, "Cecil, what can I do for you?" I saw that it was a young man named Jess. I didn't know him well, but people at the plant talked badly of him.

Now all the guys were standing around to see how Cecil Jeffries the Christian and Jess the man they hated were going to handle things.

"Jess," I said, "I've surrendered it to Jesus, but I hurt bad. Pray for me."

Jess prayed that God would take my burden, take the load, deliver me from the pain. Later I learned that this man whom everyone hated had been in deliverance ministry for 15 years. God had sent him to be at my side like a soldier standing guard over a wounded brother, in my most desperate moment.

They told me an ambulance and a doctor were on their way. By divine coincidence, one of the most renowned surgeons in the country, a doctor named George Fisher, was at the hospital when word came in of my accident. (He had been flown to Texas to attend wounded President Jack Kennedy.)

It took an hour and a half to get me out of the machine. The ambulance attendant had to get under the chipper and cut off what was left of my leg with a pocket knife. My side was split open, exposing the intestines. My arm was in one part of the machine, my body in another. The doctor said if the mechanism had gone another half



Bettye and Cecil Jeffries

turn, it would have split my body in two.

But God said, "This far, and no further."

They took me to Emergency and laid me out to see if I was worth saving. I remained conscious the whole time. I hurt, all right, but I didn't scream or holler, even when they started picking the redwood bark out

of me. Redwood is like poison. If you get a splinter of it in your hand it festers immediately. Here I was covered with it inside and out. But God took the burden.

How can I explain the peace God gave me? *It wasn't just natural shock.* God had told me it would be all right, and I *knew* it would be.

The doctors took my blood pressure. It was 60/40. With no blood to speak of, I was staying alive on impulse! As Dr. Fisher put an IV directly into my heart, Dr. Werra went out to where my pastor and some deacons were gathered, praying.

"I know what you're doing," he said. "Can I join you?" They prayed a few minutes, then Dr. Werra went back in for another reading. My blood pressure was up to 120/80.

"That's impossible," one doctor growled. He threw the instrument aside and tried another one with the same results. Three times he tried to disprove what the Lord had done. Instruments may lie, but God never does. My blood pressure was 120/80.

Dr. Fisher worked from 9:30 P.M. to 7:00 A.M., stitching me back together. Twice on the operating table my heart stopped beating, but just as they were about to count me out I coughed back to life. The second time he went out to where my wife and pastor were waiting and said, "There's just something in him that won't die."

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"It's Jesus," my pastor replied. "Cecil will live until he's finished what God has for him to do."

They put me in the recovery room, and the nurses and doctors were amazed at how I came around. So many miracles surrounded my survival and recovery that I had countless opportunities to share Jesus.

Two months later when I left the hospital I was getting a shot of morphine every hour to kill the pain. They sent me home with every kind of painkiller. I was literally hooked on hospital dope. But one night I got up in a church service and said, "In the name of Jesus, I will not take any more dope." I stopped right then and there and haven't had any more to this day. Jesus took the burden; by His stripes I am healed.

After several months the physical pain was tamed. One day out of the blue my wife said to me, "I wish you had died." I thought she was just having a bad day, but she repeated her wish again a few days later.

"I wish you were dead and out of my way," she cried. "I want a whole man."

"How can you say that, after all God has brought us through and done for us?" I asked.

"God?" she said. "Look what your God has done to you! He's trying to tell you something."

Dumbfounded and deeply hurt by her rejection, I couldn't argue further. About a week later I came home to find she'd gone. I felt the way Job must have felt: Why didn't I just curse God and die, as she said? Had I survived

just to be a miserable half-man without a wife and family to love me? What kind of testimony was that? I could almost hear Satan laughing.

At a church service not long after that I prayed, "God, why didn't You let me stay dead so I wouldn't have to put my wife and family through all this?"

God's reply was so loud I thought the man next to me was talking to me. "Don't you know that I am bigger? I am bigger than any mountain, any circumstance, any tragedy that comes into your life." God's words of exhortation breathed new life into me.

After that, miracles fairly poured into my life. When people heard what had happened they surrounded me with love and compassion. The presence of the Lord flowed through my life as never before.

In time God sent me a wonderful Spirit-filled lady who is today my wife. Bettye and I travel all over the country together, telling people that Jesus is bigger than any problem they could possibly have. We are fulfilling the work God prophesied, and countless people have been saved and ministered to.

Satan tried to destroy me, both physically and emotionally, but today I can say with the Bible in Genesis 50:20, "Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive."

No matter what kind of tragedy you face, God wants to turn it into a triumph. Let Jesus take *your* burden today and make it a blessing. □

Abused

"I went through a series of foster homes, but I hated most of them . . ."

Gene Begus
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

That Gene is sure a fine Christian fella," people would say when they met me.

But that's because they didn't live with me.

My public image was that of community and church leader, a man with genuine concern for others. I was Scout leader, Sunday school teacher, a member of the Lion's Club. I drove a church bus, helped with maintenance on the church property, and even visited men in prison.

I had a genuine burden to serve God and help people. I was an angel to strangers . . . but an ogre to my wife and children.

Not that God hadn't really changed me when I became a Christian. People who knew my background realized the Lord had performed a tremendous

miracle. In fact, I was often asked to give my testimony at Full Gospel Business Men's meetings, and was up for the presidency of my local chapter.

But years of bitter hurt and self-condemnation still seethed under the surface, kept properly bottled up till I got home each day.

I grew up in an orphanage and various foster homes in Canada during World War II. The orphanage matron and her husband received food-ration coupons for the 30 orphans in their care, but sold the coupons on the black market, pocketing the money while we children scrounged through garbage cans and stole food from stores.

As punishment we would sometimes be put out in the cold rain, wearing only thin jackets. I was beaten regularly for such things as breaking into the potato bin so the other children could eat. Once I was whipped for passing the measles to another child. For many years I carried marks on my back from the knotted leather straps of the cat-o'-nine-tails.

I went through a series of foster homes, but I hated most of them because I was not treated the same as my foster parents' real children. I had to work hard from early morning till late at night, and for any real or supposed wrongdoing I was punished

*As punishment
we were put out
in the cold rain...*



harshly. One time the teacher sent me home from school with a 104-degree temperature, and my foster parents beat me and sent me out to do my chores in the sub-freezing cold. They later found me, passed out, in the barn with a milk-cow standing guard and licking my face.

Cruelty to foster children was common, and one friend of mine was found dead with 32 pitchfork holes in him. Another was tied up in a barn like an animal and beaten black and blue. After a few incidents like these the authorities began to keep a closer watch on things, but like most foster

children I would have been afraid to say anything, anyway. I was quickly learning to hate and distrust everyone.

One day a man came to take me out of the orphanage to live on his farm. I remembered him from a Christmas several years before when he'd come to the orphanage, talked to me for a while, and left again after giving me a coloring book and a dollar. When I asked him if he was my father he refused to answer me. (Dad continued to hold his silence until just a couple of years ago when Christ saved him and he admitted his fatherhood to me.)

He and I didn't get along well in those days, and I developed into a real problem child, lying, stealing and running away from home. I ran away from home for good when I was 14, working first on a farm, then in a sawmill, and finally joining the merchant marine for a few months. I worked alongside rough, tough men who ridiculed and physically abused me because I didn't drink or party with them.

But the turning point really came one night after I'd been in the Royal Canadian Army for about two years. I was sleeping soundly when a drunken soldier came into the barracks and for no apparent reason struck me in the face with his fist. A volcano of rage erupted in me and within eight months I fought and drank my way through the ranks until I was one of the 10 toughest, meanest, most feared men in our battalion of 960. I trusted no one. Refusing to back down to anyone or anything, I nearly

murdered my own best friend in a fight.

Then I met a beautiful girl. I really seemed to soften up around her, and when Rose said she'd marry me if I'd leave the Army I complied. For a while I treated her like a queen. Then my real nature began to surface. I would yell at her when I found dust on top of the doorjamb, swear at her at the least provocation and accuse her of lying to me. I was totally unreasonable. Yet in spite of it all Rose stuck by me.

I went through several jobs, including one where I broke the store owner's wrist and jaw in a brawl. Somehow I eventually did get a good job at a chemical plant in Alberta. It happened that we rented a home from a pastor, and he and his congregation were very kind to us. My wife began attending church, something she'd wanted to do for a long time. She got no encouragement from me; instead, I'd swear at her and lock her out of the house.

But one day I was finally forced to take a good look at myself. I remembered how close God once had been to me, and knowing that my life needed a change, I dedicated myself to Christ.

Healing didn't come overnight. For a time I continued to hang onto the drinking and parties. Gradually and lovingly, God began the task of casting out the bitterness and hatred that had been fermenting within me for years.

Because I had misunderstood the

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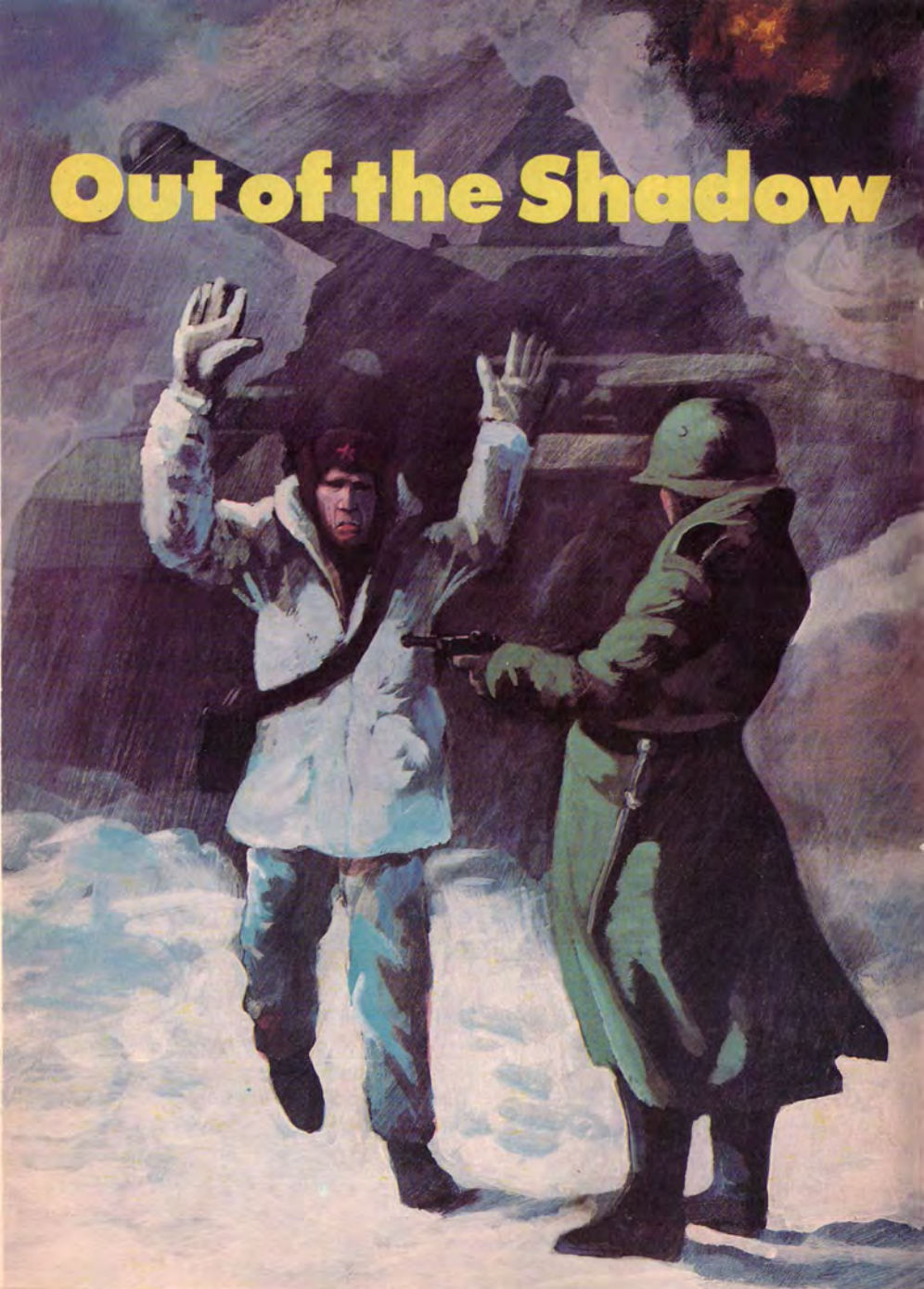
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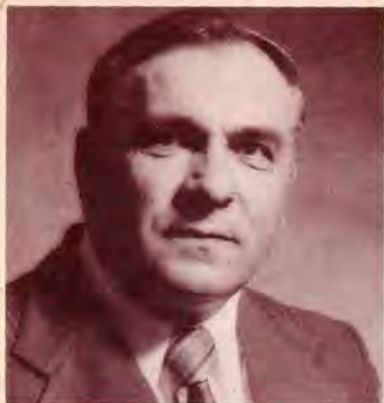
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Out of the Shadow





Max Krikorian
International Director
Glasgow, MT

Jesus, help me!" I screamed, as the dirt and rocks caved in on top of me. There was a great crushing pressure on my chest; I couldn't breathe. I knew my lungs were collapsing and I would die if I didn't have air quickly. Then, miraculously, I felt air slowly filling my lungs.

Only my head was visible; the rest of my body was buried. Frantically I cried for help, and in moments hands all around me were trying desperately to dig me out.

I had been doing a routine job for the Great Northern Railroad, digging a ditch for a depot water line. I was at the bottom of the nine-foot-deep ditch when a freight train roared by, rattling loose the dirt walls.

My rescuers quickly took me to the nearest hospital. Looking at the x-rays, the doctors gave their frightening diagnosis: *no chance of recovery*. They placed me in intensive care and did

what they could to relieve the pain, which wasn't much. Then they assigned a special nurse to my case.

As soon as I could I called her to my side.

"I'm a Christian," I said. "I believe in divine healing and I would like you to call my pastor and family to come and pray for me."

Skeptical, the nurse did as I asked. When she returned I remarked, "You know, God has been by my side through so many situations. He has never let me down. I know He'll heal me."

She wondered how I could be so sure of God. I told her my story.

I grew up in Yerevan, Armenia, just 25 miles from the shadow of Noah's Mount Ararat but directly under the ominous shadow of Communist Russia's hammer and sickle.

I was only 10 when Red conquerors began drilling me with their God-hating propaganda in 1929. Armenia had lost her independence nine years earlier when the Russians declared my homeland a Soviet republic. One of their first moves was to burn all the Bibles and Christian literature they could find. They closed the churches and sent all the Christian leaders, including two of my uncles, to Siberia.

Communists took everything away from my parents because they were staunch Christians. My Communist teachers at school tried to replace the message of the cross with the dogma of the hammer and sickle, but they could not. Even though the Gospel could not be proclaimed openly, the

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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.*

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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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.

SHADOW (from page 11)

Holy Spirit continually assured me, "My son, fear not; stay with Me, and I will bring you out from the hand of your enemies." I knew God was real.

Christians were not allowed to attend school beyond the seventh grade, but miraculously God sent a man from America who somehow persuaded the authorities to let me finish high school. Immediately after I graduated in 1940 the Russian army drafted me and a year later war broke out between Germany and Russia. I was wounded and captured in Estonia, and for the next four and one-half years I was shuffled from one Nazi prison camp to another. Many of my companions died from starvation,

"I was shuffled from one Nazi prison camp to another.

exposure and maltreatment.

One night in a Czechoslovakian prison next to the Austrian border I dreamed I saw an American flag flying majestically atop a high mountain. Behind the flag was a flat land and a city with a river flowing through it, dividing it in two.

In the morning I shared the dream with my friends, but none of us knew what it could mean. Two hours later we received word that the war had ended. We were told to return to our homes, but three friends and I decided we did not want to live under Communist rule. We set out for Austria.

On the way one of the boys began to cry from homesickness. We decided to go home after all, then changed our minds again and turned back toward Austria. This scene was repeat-

ed several times until finally, just as we were in our greatest state of confusion and fear, two strangers joined us.

"Where are you going?" one of them asked.

"We're confused," I confessed. "We don't know what to do."

"Stay on this highway going west," instructed one of the men. "Go several miles beyond the Austrian border and you will be given a sign. You will know what to do next."

We did as the strangers instructed, and a few miles beyond the border a voice inside me said, "Max, look right." I did, and there was the mountain, the flag and the city I had dreamed about. It was Lintz, Austria, with the Danau

River running through and dividing the city just as I had seen in my dream.

The U.S. Army helped us with food and shelter and I took a job working for them until 1949, when I came to America and settled in Montana. I learned the language by reading an English-language Bible, and read it through seven times.

In 1951 I rededicated my life to the Lord and He blessed me with the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Shortly after, while I was praying at home, the Lord spoke to my heart: "Max, when you were in prison in Czechoslovakia I sent My angels to direct you to freedom... and now I'm going to use you." What a thrill for me to realize that God had helped me make one of the most crucial decisions of my life

because He had a definite plan for me!

As I lay in intensive care and shared all this with the nurse, my pastor and family came into the room to pray for me. I was still in great pain when they left, but I was able to thank God for Jesus, for His blood, and for the stripes of His suffering by which, the Bible says, we are healed.

Late that night I awakened to the awesome presence of the Holy Spirit. A mighty surge of power suddenly went through my body, nearly lifting me out of the bed. Knowing beyond a shadow of a doubt that I had been healed, I got out of bed. When she saw me the nurse was furious. "Mr. Krikorian, get back in your bed!" she ordered.

"Nurse," I answered happily, "I want to do everything you and the doctor tell me to. But I want you to know that after you left my room a specialist came in. His name is Jesus. He handles lots of hopeless cases. He touched me and healed me and I have no more pain. Tomorrow I go back to work!"

The nurse was astonished but said I wasn't going anywhere without the doctor's permission. When he came in the next morning he took three new x-rays—and was amazed to see that I was healed.

"I can't explain it," he marveled, "but it's true, Mr. Krikorian. You can go home."

Since that day the Lord has blessed me in countless ways. He helped me get started in my own construction business and He caused it to prosper

immensely. In 1970 He led me to launch a Full Gospel Business Men's chapter in Glasgow, Montana. At our first meeting there were 350 people, and as many as 500 have attended a single meeting. We have seen many wonderful conversions and countless people baptized in the Holy Spirit. It has been especially grand to see pastors who previously disbelieved the full-gospel message being caught up and baptized in the Holy Ghost. The Lord has moved so wonderfully in our state that 20 new chapters of FGBMFI have been opened since 1970.

I was blessed to be named FGBMFI field representative in 1972 and elected as an international director in 1978.

Other miraculous healings have taken place in our family besides my own. One daughter was delivered of a growth in her body; another, instantly healed of a terrible cough that had afflicted her for a month. The Lord has been so gracious to transform our entire family into one which serves the Lord today.

For many years I lived under the rule of those who deny God's existence. But I know He is real; He has been by my side since childhood, and has blessed me and my loved ones beyond anything that I could ask or think.

Do you think your life is "beyond recovery"? Are you searching desperately for direction, or perhaps hovering on the brink of disaster?

The same Lord who sent angels to direct me to freedom, the same Jesus who delivered me from death, is there to meet your every need . . . today. □

CALL (714) 754-1400

There's still time to register for the 1982 World Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International—a great “coming together” to be held July 6-10 at the Anaheim Convention Center in California.

It's a week packed full of dynamic, unforgettable events for every age—God's message of hope for a troubled time, brought by His men for this hour, a tremendous assemblage of

Christian speakers and leaders...testimonies, encouragement and ministry by leading laymen from around the globe...anointed music...seminars... even sidetrips to southland recreation spots and a major league ballgame.

FAMILIES ARE COMING TOGETHER IN JESUS...

to vacation, worship, praise, learn and grow...then to take God's renewal to our world.

LET HIM COUNT ON YOU.



1982 FGBMFI
WORLD
CONVENTION
JULY 6-10
ANAHEIM, CA

YEARS



UNEMPLOYED

John M. Packer, Southfield, MI

My wife and I had been keeping the exciting news pretty much to ourselves. But when some friends dropped in to visit, the night before the big event, I decided to let them in on it. After all, it was a sure thing and I knew our friends would be happy for us.

"My boss is coming in from Ohio tomorrow morning," I announced. "I'm pretty sure he's going to tell me I'm getting a promotion."

"That's great news, John," our friends exulted. "After 11 years with that company I guess they know how important you are to them!"

We spent a good part of the evening talking about my job and how indispensable I was. By the time I got to work the next morning I almost felt a brass band was in order. I had a fine acceptance speech mapped out when my supervisor came to my office.

"John, the home office has some



"The Lord prospered us in such a way that we were able to enjoy a quality of life we never dreamed of before."
—John Packer

very definite plans for the future, and . . . well, I'm afraid you don't really fit into those plans."

Fired! Fear and embarrassment jostled in my stomach and I fought to keep the combat from reaching my face as my boss explained what would happen during the one-day "transition period." Yet by the time he left my office I was amazed to realize that I felt complete peace. Miraculously, it continued throughout the day as I brought my boss up to date on the status of the office I had supervised for the last eight years.

I knew this mysterious calm had to come from the Lord. My wife and I were both Christians, she since childhood and I since 1966 (eight years earlier). But we were what you might call nominal believers, walking in the Word as we knew it at the time, which wasn't very much. Now suddenly we

were made very aware of our dependence on God. With four growing children, no immediate job prospects, and no bank account to speak of, we were in the market for some miracles.

The days stretched into weeks, then months. Still I had no job. Eventually I sent out 200 resumes and registered with 22 employment agencies.

Meantime, our family needed a new car, for when I lost my job I had also lost my company car. When we felt convinced that God wanted us to enroll all our children in Christian school, we did it. The Lord faithfully provided for both needs, and we were thankful that we had not incurred any large debts prior to my being fired.

Nevertheless, we were aware of a great spiritual vacuum in our lives. We knew we needed a deeper walk with God but our church didn't seem able to show us how to find it. One day a

couple in the Sunday school class I taught came to me with some questions about the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

"I'm not sure that's not for today," I replied. The official teaching of our denomination was that it had passed away with the apostles; however, as I began studying the Scriptures I became less and less satisfied with that answer.

For many years my wife's parents had been sending us a subscription to *Voice* magazine, but each copy went directly from the mailbox to the bookshelf—unread. I wasn't really interested in the magazine because I knew it didn't agree with the teaching of our church.

My wife, on the other hand, didn't want to read the articles because they revealed good things that God was doing in people's lives; since not much was happening to us spiritually, she felt she would just get discouraged.

To tell the truth, I felt the same way. Though my precious job had provided security and a regular paycheck, it never provided us with much beyond the bare necessities. I didn't particularly want to hear other people tell how God was blessing them.

Nonetheless, we decided to send a *Voice* subscription to the couple in my class. We figured the magazine might help *them* find their spiritual way, even if we weren't in the mood for that brand of Christianity.

Well, those two started devouring the articles. They got so excited they contacted Joe Ninowski, president of the Detroit chapter of FGBMFI, and

his brother Dan, who was vice-president. They became deeply involved with FGBMFI, and my wife and I could see that God was a living fact in their lives.

So it was that, late in 1974 after I had been out of work for several months, we turned to these friends for spiritual guidance. They introduced us to "the Ninowski boys," and as we sat under the teaching of these two wonderful brothers we discovered things about the Lord and His Word that we had never heard before. We began attending the church where Joe and Dan taught and one day I decided to meet with Dan to find out how I could get that "something different" that so plainly shone through his life.

"The missing ingredient in your life, John, is the baptism in the Holy Spirit," Dan shared. "When you receive that, you can experience the joy and power of God's presence in your life."

"Well," I replied, "I don't understand it, but I can see it makes all the difference in a person's walk with the Lord so I want it!" Right there in Dan's office I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and things began almost immediately to change.

I began to study God's Word voraciously. As the Holy Spirit illuminated the Scriptures, I was astounded to find that at Calvary God provided for our total well-being—spiritual, emotional, and physical—and that He wants us to prosper in every area of our lives (Ill John 2). As Dan would put it, we had been living on "Barely Get-Along Street, right next to Grumble

Alley." But Jesus had come so that we might have life, and have it more abundantly (John 10:10).

I was still unemployed, but not unoccupied. As I diligently studied the Word I learned to "cast all my cares" upon the Lord and to believe that He would supply all my family's needs according to His riches in glory (Philippians 4:19). We were living one day at a time, but the Lord never failed to supply superabundantly. Our family never missed a meal, we were always well clothed, and every bill was paid on time. We even went out to eat on occasion—something we could never afford to do when I was working.

With all my resumes out making the rounds, I couldn't understand why no job offers materialized. Then one day as I was reading an article in *Voice* entitled "My Senior Partner" (by now *Voice* was a regular habit), the Lord revealed to me that I was to start my own business, doing the same type of work I'd done for my former employers. Through the Scriptures, God assured me that as I looked to Him for guidance and wisdom He would give me success. I shared this impression with two of the Ninowski boys, Joe and Chuck, and asked for their counsel.

"John, when God wants an oak tree, He starts with an acorn," Joe advised, "and that's what you should do. Start small, work hard, seek God, and watch Him work."

That's just what we did, and it seemed God's hand was visible in everything. We confessed the Word each day, bound the wiles of Satan in

our lives, and commissioned angels to go ahead of us to prepare the way. Although I had never been involved with the sales end of business, I shunned the spirit of fear and accepted the spirit of power, love, and a sound mind (II Timothy 1:7).

At the end of a year our company was representing more businesses in the state of Michigan than my previous employer, a company that had been in business for 43 years. The Lord prospered us in such a way that we were able to enjoy a quality of life we never dreamed of before. Other Christians heard of our success and were able also to believe God for the impossible, and to receive it.

Meantime, the Lord has brought a wonderful richness to our family life. My wife and I have a new love for one another which is centered around Christ. We learned to build up our children instead of tearing them down, and they have new direction to live their lives for the glory of God.

We are especially grateful for the influence of Joe and Dan Ninowski, who helped us learn of the tremendous inheritance available to us as joint heirs with Jesus.

With their guidance, and the power of the Word, our family discovered first-hand that, although no one is irreplaceable in the world's system, in God's eyes we are indispensable. □

Although Joseph and Daniel Ninowski, Sr., went to be with our Lord February 23, 1981, their lives continue to have a profound effect among the body of Christ.

**SINGAPORE
AIRLIFT—ASIAN
CONVENTION
May 31—June 5, 1982**

Singapore
Write: Mr. Khoo Oon Theam
Suite 06-09, Orchard Plaza
Orchard Rd., Singapore 0922

**ATLANTIC REGIONAL
June 3—5, 1982**

Halifax, Nova Scotia
Write: FGBMFI Canadian Office
6700 Finch Ave. W. 900
Rexdale, Ontario
Canada M9W 5P5

**BILLINGS, MONTANA
REGIONAL
June 3—5, 1982**

Holiday Inn West
Write: Mr. Frank Braun
2633 N. Ridger Dr.
Billings, MT 59102

**MEN'S SPIRITUAL
ADVANCE
June 4—6, 1982**

Petersborough, Ontario
Write: Mr. Ernest J. Voth
Box 97, Thorold
Ontario, Canada L2V 3Y7

**CENTRAL CALIFORNIA
REGIONAL ADVANCE
June 11—13, 1982**

Baptist Sugar Pine Conf.
Ground, Oakhurst
Write: Mr. L. Dean Whitlow
1326 Van Ness
Fresno, CA 93721

**ABILENE-ANGELO
REGIONAL
June 17—19, 1982**

Starlite Inn Motor Hotel, Abilene
Write: Mr. Jack Yates
318 Bank of Commerce Bldg.
Abilene, TX 79605

**CONVENTIONS
WESTERN
REGION**

**IOWA STATE
June 17—19, 1982**

Des Moines Hilton Inn
Write: FGBMFI
P.O. Box 65082
West Des Moines, IA 50265

**2ND NORTH BAVARIAN
REGIONAL CONFERENCE
June 18—19, 1982**

Nurnberg, West Germany
Write: FGBMFI, Brussels
Belgium
Ave. Franklin Roosevelt 214
1050 Brussels, Belgium

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
MEN'S ADVANCE
June 18—20, 1982**

University of Redlands
Write: Mr. Clark Wheeler
3321 Yale St.
Santa Ana, CA 92704

**30TH ANNIVERSARY
WORLD CONVENTION
July 6—10, 1982**

Anaheim, CA Conv. Center
Write: Mr. David Byram
World Convention Coordinator
P.O. Box 5050
Costa Mesa CA 92626

**CORPUS CHRISTI
REGIONAL
July 22—24, 1982**
Holiday Inn Emerald Beach
Write: Mr. Don Bounds
6801 Crosstimbers
Corpus Christi, TX 78413

**NIAGARA FALLS
REGIONAL
July 22—24, 1982**

Niagara Falls, Ontario
Write: Mr. Dick Penner
635 Vine St., St. Catherine's
Ontario, Canada L2M 3V6

**GREATER DALLAS-FORT
WORTH 18TH ANNUAL
REGIONAL
July 29—31, 1982**

Lowes Anatole Hotel, Dallas
Write: Mr. Bill McGill
3619 Casa Verde #118
Dallas, TX 75234

**PIKES PEAK
July 29—31, 1982**

4 Seasons Motor Inn
Colorado Springs
Write: Mr. Bruce Messinger
Quarters 7007
Fort Carson, CO 80913

**KOOTENAY FAMILY CAMP
July 29—Aug. 1, 1982**

Nelson, British Columbia
Write: FGBMFI Canadian Office
6700 Finch Ave. W. 900
Rexdale, Ontario
Canada M9W 5P5

**VANCOUVER ISLAND
FAMILY CAMP
July 29—Aug. 2, 1982**

Nanoose Bay, British Columbia
Write: FGBMFI Canadian Office
6700 Finch Ave. W. 900
Rexdale, Ontario
Canada M9W 5P5

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Yep, 1970 was going to be Bill Ashpaugh's year.

I'd just won the Mr. Indianapolis competition and barely missed the Mr. Indiana title. I had more weight-lifting and bodybuilding trophies than I cared to count, and knowledgeable people in the sport were predicting Bill Ashpaugh would have it all in 1970.

Fame was on my doorstep. The same Hollywood agent who handled bodybuilder/actor Peter Lupus of "Mission: Impossible" had assured me that my dream of movie stardom was well within my grasp. Sure, I would have to make some compromises, play the game, meet the right people. My Christian parents wouldn't understand at first, but once I was a success I could always come back to my own principles.

No doubt about it, 1970 was going to be my year. Nothing could stop me.

Then came the pain in my pelvic area. I attributed it to a training accident earlier in the week, when I'd been hit in the stomach with a medicine ball. But the pain persisted and a hard knot appeared in my groin. My energy level dropped so markedly that I placed only 15th in the Junior Mr. America contest. Finally I made an appointment with a doctor friend of mine who, after a brief examination, grimly ordered me to see a specialist.

"What are your plans tonight, Bill?" the specialist asked, after a lengthy exam. I told him I'd be at a high-school

weight-lifting exhibition until about 8:30 P.M., and immediately he booked a room for me at Methodist Hospital for 9:00 that evening.

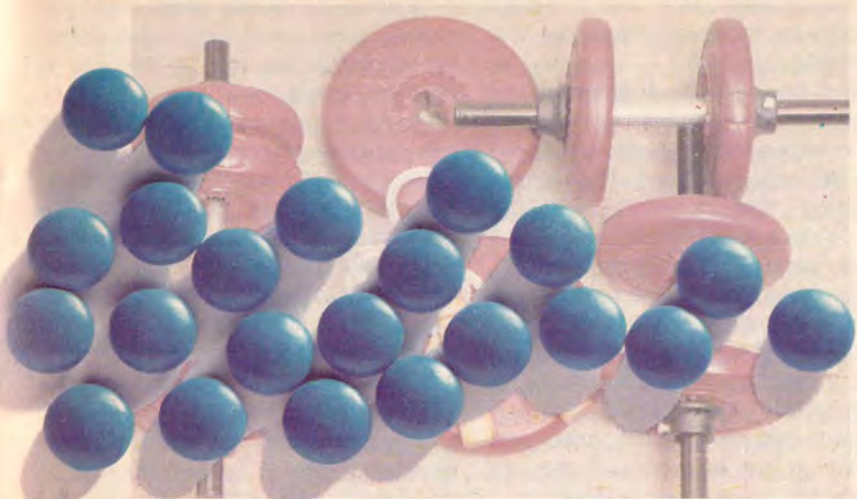
I didn't know what was wrong, but for the first time I sensed that I had lost control of my own destiny. All my plans, so carefully mapped out, suddenly evaporated. Still, Bill Ashpaugh was a fighter. Whatever this thing was, I was going to beat it.

But what if it was cancer? I remembered Charlie, my best friend and bodybuilding partner. From all outward appearances he had been healthy, strong as an ox. Yet just a short time ago I'd been a pallbearer at his funeral, carrying his cancer-ravaged body to an early grave.

But that was Charlie; I was always the lucky one. Those things just didn't happen to me. How could I have cancer?

In my heart I knew the answer to that one: steroids.

Although steroids are officially forbidden, virtually every bodybuilder I knew was using them. "The pill" had become known as "the winner's edge" because it increased strength as well as muscle and skin tone. Serious competitors realized that, all other things being equal, the bodybuilder on steroids was going to take the cup. None of us really knew what the side effects might be, and even though there was growing evidence of a link between cancer and the use of steroids, we ignored it. Winning was



THE WINNER'S EDGE



everything, and to win you had to have the edge.

I was taking seven blue pills a day when the lump formed in my stomach. The "miracle pills" had helped me achieve a little fame and a living room full of dusty trophies. From the beginning I had failed to ask what those little blue wonders were going to charge me for the success they helped me achieve. Now I was going to find out.

The hospital scheduled me for exploratory surgery, and I carefully hid my fear from my family and friends.

"You can't keep this guy down," I laughed. "I'm going to be Mr. Indiana, then I'm going for Mr. America. Before I'm done I'll be in Hollywood. My agent says I'm star material." I told

the doctor to keep the incision under the trunks because I was going to compete for the Mr. Indiana title in a few weeks.

When I awoke after the operation I discovered the lump was gone.

"I've won again!" I exulted. But why such a large incision? The doctor answered that question when he came in to see me.

"The tumor was malignant, Bill."

"You going to take me back in and cut on me again?" I asked.

"I think we're going to have to."

I'd traded my entire future for a batch of tarnished trophies. Winning had been everything to me, and now I was losing the one contest that really counts, the contest of life itself.

When my family came to see me I had to bury my face in my pillow so they wouldn't see me cry. But after they were gone I let the dam break, soaking the pillow with tears.

Suddenly I felt someone tugging at my pajama sleeve. It was my sister Lois. She hadn't left with the others. Lois put my hand on her wet cheek. She was crying, too, but there was joy in her face.

"Bill," she said, "Jesus Christ can heal you."

Lois was the first in our family to attend a Spirit-filled church where they believed that Jesus still heals today. My church didn't teach that. But I was desperate. Could He heal me even now?

We'd all been raised in church. As far as everyone knew, I was squeaky clean. I even taught Sunday school. Sure, I'd slipped some, but it was

"only temporary." I flinched a little as I recalled a recent chat with my mother, when she had told me of her secret desire for me to become a minister. I had told her I had other plans for my life and she asked, "But are you really happy, Bill?"

No, I wasn't. I was driven toward accomplishment, and God had little to do with my life. I kept putting Him aside, telling Him I'd be back after I'd "made it" . . . my way.

"Lois," I whispered, "do you think He can take this cancer out of me?"

"I know He can," she smiled.

Even though I was lying between freshly laundered sheets, I felt unspeakably dirty. I sensed how filthy my heart was before God, even though the world thought I was Mr. Clean.

"God," I prayed, "I've been a phony all my life, but I feel different about things now. If You'll come into my life I'll do anything You say—even quit lifting weights."

In that moment Jesus did come into my life. I could *feel* Him. Lois and I looked at one another and smiled and cried at the same time.

The next morning the doctors gave me the full disaster story. I had what amounted to a super tumor: three types in one. Although the tumor itself was gone, cancer cells could be spreading through my whole body. The doctors' solution was immediate surgery. But God had given me a definite assurance, confirmed in my sister's own heart, that He was going to heal me.

I told the doctors I didn't want an

operation, that God would do the healing. They shook their heads.

"With the operation you have maybe four years," they advised. "Without it, four months at most. Reconsider, Bill. We're talking about your life."

"Doc, I've just figured out what life is all about," I replied. "A week ago my life wasn't worth a nickel, but today I'm a whole new person. And God is going to heal me."

Several days later I left the hospital. My family was tremendously supportive. We read to one another from the Bible, particularly verses that promised God's healing. I clung to His promises despite the fact that my physical condition appeared to be worsening.

One night at a youth crusade the emcee asked me to come up and say a few words. I told the audience that I had cancer and that God was going to heal me, and I asked them all to pray for me right then and there. It was not a Spirit-filled group; the people who came up to pray did so reluctantly. But I knelt at that altar and lifted my hands toward heaven.

"Thank You, Jesus, for taking this cancer from my body," I prayed. As soon as those words passed from my mouth I was overcome with a warm feeling issuing from my abdomen. I knew Jesus had touched me. I got up and walked up and down the aisle, hugging people and crying, "I'm healed!"

The hospital had ordered me to come back in 30 days for more tests, but I knew what the results would be before I went in. The doctors were

amazed. The tests showed no signs of cancer.

Despite my offer to God to give up weightlifting and bodybuilding, I discovered that He wasn't going to require that of me . . . only that I use my talent and strength for Him.

The Mr. Indiana contest was only weeks away, and I was at a huge disadvantage—out of shape, weight way down, muscles out of tone. But I started a crash training program (without steroids), and entered the contest in better shape than I'd ever been in.

And God showed me I could trust Him with my desires as well as my life by letting me win the title.

Today I travel all over America, sharing my testimony with high-school students, prison inmates, church groups, and anyone else who will listen. Although I don't compete in bodybuilding contests anymore, I believe I am in as good shape now as I ever was, with no drugs or artificial aids.

The Lord has given me a beautiful wife and three great kids, and we work out together regularly, both in the gym and in the Word.

Yes, the experts were right: 1970 was Bill Ashpaugh's year, but not because of championships or movie offers. It was because Jesus came into my life and healed me, physically and spiritually.

Power and strength were everything to me, but I never knew what *real* power was till Jesus lifted the weight of sin and sickness out of my life and taught me that "the joy of the Lord is my strength." □



A reenactment—photography by George Adams

Gerry Landry, M.D.
Lindale, TX

THE DAY THE DOCTOR DIED



I could still hear my wife praying by my side when my heart suddenly stopped beating. The peace I'd felt during the last perilous hour since my heart attack now engulfed me, and I became acutely aware that my spirit was separating from my body. In the next moment I found myself in a place of dazzling light and incredible beauty.

Somehow or other I was able to see in all directions at once without turning my head. A multitude of radiantly beautiful people surrounded me; each was dressed in a robe of purest white and carried a leafy crown. Together we stood on a calm and translucent sea of color.

In this place there was neither past nor future, only the eternal Now. I felt totally at ease. I was not an alien here; I belonged.

"This isn't a vision or a dream," I thought. "This is more real than earth itself. I'm in heaven!"

Only an hour before, I'd been caught in the unrelenting, viselike grip of a crushing, nauseating pain in my chest. As a medical doctor I'd seen the symptoms many times before. Heart attack.

Alerting my wife to what was happening, I gasped, "Denise, let's pray!" We asked God to take over the situation, to remove the pain and heal me. Immediately and in spite of the pain, a wave of peace washed over us both, the kind described in Philippians 4:7

that "passeth all understanding."

Only a few years earlier, praying for God's help would have been last on my list of emergency procedures. At best I was a nominal Catholic, and any religious duties were performed in a perfunctory manner.

That was until one day in 1973 while making my hospital rounds, when I happened to bump into a young couple who were patients of mine. They were there to visit another of my patients and asked me to join them in prayer. As they prayed, something broke loose inside me and I began to weep. I could actually feel the reality of God's love and His presence in that room. I listened to those young people pray to God as though He were their closest friend. And I envied them.

When they extended an invitation to Denise and me to go with them to a home prayer meeting I accepted. Never had I seen people enjoy God so much! They sang from the Bible and prayed for each other. The young man (an insurance agent) gave the Bible teaching, and I was amazed that a layman should know so much about the Bible.

Later on they took us to a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting where we heard astonishing stories of healing and met people who seemed genuinely full of love and joy. Denise and I both wanted the same rich relationship with God which

these men and women enjoyed.

Soon afterward we both received the desire of our hearts. At a "Life in the Spirit" seminar we gave our lives fully to Jesus and asked Him to change us. We were baptized in the Holy Spirit and that was the beginning of a joyous new life with God at the helm.

Now, five years later at the age of 55, I lay in the same type of emergency room where I had treated hundreds of people. The doctor in charge had shown me the electrocardiogram; I had "knocked" my inferior coronary artery. The cold clamminess of my hands warned me of collapsing veins. Still, the sweet peace of Jesus had stayed with me, and when I died His name was on my lips.

Now I spoke to my heavenly companions—not in words, but communicating by thought. "Who are you and what are you doing here?" I asked.

Their answer was instantaneous and in perfect unity of thought: "We are those who went on before you and we welcome you here." Not only could I understand their thoughts; I could share their feelings—all concentrated on the rapturous adoration of God and the inexpressible joy felt at welcoming yet another entrant into the heavenly realm. It was both awesome and wonderful.

Then suddenly a shaft of light pierced the crowd.

At the center of the light shaft the figure of the crucified Christ appeared. It seemed strange to me that He should show Himself to me on the cross when I knew very well that He is

risen and seated at the right hand of the Father.

At first His gaze was upward as toward the Father. Then He looked down at me.

The depth of His compassion for me and the intensity of His love overwhelmed me. One look into the eyes of my Saviour and I understood the meaning of Jesus' death: that it was perfect love, it was perfect obedience, and it was for me.

Then I heard Him call my name. "Gerry," Jesus said, "peace be with you." Out of the billions He created, He knew me by name!

"Gerry," He said again, "you are healed. You will be home within a week. I want you to go back and tell everyone about My love. I want you to tell your family, your friends, your fellowship, everyone with whom I will put you in contact." He also instructed me to study the first two letters of John, the Gospel of John, and his Book of Revelation. For it was John who understood Christ's love.

Even as I protested that I didn't ever want to leave Him, I sensed my spirit return to my body.

For the next 10 hours I drifted in and out of a coma. At times I was aware of people around me, but I was unable to respond to them. Once, though, when Denise came into the intensive care unit where I had been taken, I awoke and wept as I told her that I had seen Jesus. At 3:00 A.M. Sunday, March 26, 1979, I finally awoke.

I later learned that a brother from our church fellowship was awakened

at the same moment. God spoke to him and said, "He shall live and not die, for I shall raise him up to tell many about My love."

Another Christian brother halfway around the world—an Arab pastor I'd met in Israel—had received a vision of me looking pale and sick. At about the same time as I was being taken to Emergency, he was on his knees in intercessory prayer.

Soon I was moved to a private room. Continuing to gain strength, I shared my experience with everyone. One week later, exactly as Jesus had promised, I was home.

Six weeks later I began working as staff physician at University of Texas Health Center in Tyler, Texas. Here I have daily opportunities to share Jesus' love with critically ill patients

and their families. Just as He promised He would, God has opened many doors for me to share my testimony of heaven.

Having been there and back, I can tell you with certainty that death holds no terror for those who have been saved by the blood of Jesus. At the moment of death we will emerge from this body, much as a butterfly from a cocoon, to soar into the presence of our Creator. Death and hell have no claim on us; as John says in his gospel, we shall never see death (John 8:51).

I thank God that He allowed me the privilege of seeing first-hand the reality of John 11:25 and 26: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." □

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL PLANNED GIVING PROGRAM

A planned gift to the Fellowship now or in the future is a lasting witness to your belief, and a confirmation of your faithful stewardship of His gifts. A variety of plans are currently offered by the Fellowship. They include—

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meaning of the grace that God had extended to me, I felt somehow I had to earn God's love. I threw myself into church and community work. Although able to keep a lid on my resentments in public (everyone noticed the change in me), I continued to vent them on my family.

Then about five years after I'd accepted Christ, in a spiritual revelation that I can't quite explain, God showed me how deeply all mankind, including me, had wounded Him—yet He continued to love us. With that insight, all the passionate emotions of hatred and vengefulness seemed to lift away from my soul. So dramatic was my release that I felt I had received a complete healing and I began giving my testimony in churches and at Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship chapter meetings.

A natural inclination toward overwork, coupled with feelings of being somehow inferior to other Christians, drove me to prove my Christianity through good works rather than to allow the Holy Spirit to work through me as He willed. Frustration and pressures finally sent me to a hospital with an ulcer. God miraculously healed my body, and along with the physical healing came a healing from attitudes which had caused me so unmercifully to drive myself.

There still remained a work to be accomplished in my attitudes toward my wife and children.

Rose had such a zeal for the Lord that I felt threatened. Gradually God

helped me see that what I needed to do was build up my own relationship with Him, not tear hers down. He also revealed to me that another reason I reacted to her as I did was that as a child I got attention only by doing something wrong. I saw how cruelly I had been treating the person who loved me most in all the world.

Day by day God is increasing my capacity to love my wife and children. He has helped me to go back to many of those against whom I held deeply buried feelings of bitterness and hatred and genuinely forgive and love them.

The Lord has brought me a long way—"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," as Paul said in Philippians 2:12. But He has done so much to root out the bitterness of the past and replace it with His eternal love.

My wife and I often minister together today, and I like to share how it's so easy to be nice to strangers and to go through all the motions of church and chapter work and still make your family miserable.

It's taken extra-large doses of love and understanding from the Lord and from my family to help root out years of bitterness. But from personal experience I know there's good news for those of us who still aren't perfect:

God isn't through with us yet. ☐

*If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through **Voice**, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.*

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.

Full Gospel Business Men's

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Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International
World Laymen's Headquarters, Costa Mesa, CA



For Your Prayer Calendar—

God's presence and blessing at the World Convention this July will come only through His Holy Spirit. This means that your role as intercessor is as important as that of each Convention speaker and teacher.

Please join friends and members everywhere in setting aside Wednesday, June 23 as a day of fasting and prayer for this great "Coming Together."



Let all believers join as one, asking for and expecting God's miracles.

Pray for—

- **Salvation of the lost**
Reaching vast new groups
- **Healing of needs**
Physical, financial, emotional
- **Baptism in the Holy Spirit**
For every believer
- **Attendance**
God bringing those He wants, with their special needs
- **Logistics and details**
Everything done decently and in order
- **Speakers and musicians**
God's message of the hour, with a fresh anointing
- **Counselors**
Effective, with lasting impact

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