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passing
the flame

XIII OLYMPIC
WINTER GAMES
LAKE PLACID
1980
THE SPECTACULAR SIGHT of the torchbearer running to light the Olympic flame never ceases to move me. One can never be unmindful that the final runner in the relay has not reached this destination alone, but has received the flame from others.

Similarly, the global ministry of the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship International, now having an impact for Christ in 71 nations, is the result of thousands of Spirit-filled laymen who, with burning hearts, are being obedient to the Great Commission of our Lord. After He had proclaimed, “All authority has been given to me in heaven and in earth,” He then commanded, “Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold, I am with

Please turn to page 29
FIRST PLACE. Number One skier in Canada! That was my goal! Surely God wouldn't expect less of me than that. Otherwise, what kind of witness would I have? I couldn't expect the guys to pay attention to a loser, could I?

Actually it seemed that I had always approached everything in life with enthusiasm anyway. At eight years of age I decided that I wanted to be a missionary. When our speaker at church that night told me I was too young, I hid in his car, determined that I would be a missionary now.

My competitive spirit was strong in scholastic endeavors early in life also, and I was generally at the top of my class in grades. At ten years of
age, however, I had an accident which cracked my skull. I lay in a coma for three days, with my family and my church praying for me, but with the doctor holding out no encouragement whatsoever. When I came around, my memory was gone. I couldn’t remember my name, but I knew that I was a Christian and that I wanted to be a missionary someday.

My memory gradually returned, but the concussion permanently affected my ability to remember. As I could no longer compete academically, my spirit of competition turned to sports. Hockey was very popular in our area, and dad provided my brothers and me with lots of equipment and encouragement in that direction.

Saskatchewan, where I was born, was flat, farming country. My first taste of flying down a hill on skis came when dad took us to Montana for a vacation. By the time we moved to Calgary when I was 11, skiing was already in my blood.

That winter in Calgary, in my first
year of junior high school, I was invited to join the Calgary Skimeisters, a volunteer organization which promoted ski racing. A weekend of training in the slalom and giant slalom was my introduction to the group, and I took first place in the midget division competition at the end of camp. Even though I was not trained in slalom, I discovered a real advantage in my lack of fear at skiing full speed down the hill.

By the end of the first year with the Skimeisters, it was apparent that courage and a reckless love of speed were no longer enough to keep me competitive. Dad sent me to a ten-day training camp on Mount Hood in Oregon. There I learned the importance of rigorous training and good eating habits. Before the next skiing season I had lost some fat, gained some muscles, and fallen in love with Nancy Greene, a Canadian skier whom I had seen in a movie. She became a real inspiration to me, and gradually, at age 12, I began to make the decision to drop my hockey activities and concentrate wholly on skiing.

The decision was not made hastily. Dad discussed the pros and cons with me but let the decision be mine. Playing a part in making that decision was a renewal of my commitment to the Lord. A sermon preached at our Center Street Evangelical Brethren Church touched me, and I realized that skiing held too high a place in my heart. Knowing that God had to have first place, I went forward to rededicate myself, ready to give up skiing if that’s what God wanted.

In a family discussion around the kitchen table that night, dad pointed out that serving God did not mean giving up skiing. Instead, skiing could be my means of serving God. Afterwards dad and I knelt there to commission me as a missionary—on skis. I remembered the commitment I
had made at age eight to become a missionary. It appeared that my mission field would be among skiers. My skiing seemed to take on a holy calling, and I was certain I was destined to win. Skiing for God, I felt I needed to win so that He would be honored and I would be respected when I shared my beliefs.

Of course God wanted control of my skiing—and my life—to mature me as a person, regardless of whether I won. But my almost 13-year-old mind couldn't see that at the time. It seemed obvious that God would now begin to take over and bring success. Turning my skiing into my mission turned losing into more than just a disappointment—it now seemed a disgrace to God.

After two summers of training in British Columbia with some of the top coaches at Kokanee Glacier Camp sponsored by the Canadian National ski team, I predicted that in one year—at age 16—I would be on that team. At age 15 I was selected to be in the les espoir (young hopefuls), one step below the national team and a preliminary to international competition.

The next spring, at age 16, I was invited to join the team in Europe to prepare for World Cup competition! My goal had been reached, and that year I skied in international competition with the team.

Because of a major upheaval the following year which shook our team, resulting in most of our veteran skiers leaving, the pressure suddenly fell squarely on my shoulders to be a winner. It was quite a responsibility to have the hopes of my country resting on me to compete and win against the great skiers of Europe. Furthermore it was 1971, the year before the Olympics at Sapporo, Japan, and again I felt great pressure on me. My reaction, as usual, was to train more vigorously. Before the season had ended I had earned two World Cup points—my first ever—at Heavenly Valley, California, as well as winning the giant slalom a few weeks later in the Can-Am Championships at Whistler Mountain, British Columbia.

During that year before Sapporo, many articles appeared in the newspapers with headlines such as "Jim Hunter Skis for God." I was letting the world know of my commitment—and feeling more pressure to be a winner with each headline. My confidence was high, though, that Sapporo would be a victory for both Jim Hunter and God. As it turned out, I received a bronze medal in the combined slalom, giant slalom and downhill racing.

Still struggling with the concept of winning for the Lord, I was devastated the following year when a fall in Switzerland injured my ankle. During my recuperation period, however, I had some spiritual encouragement from Gail Jesperson, the girl I later married.

Returning to the circuit that winter, once again I was injured. It was January, 1974, and I was in the

Please turn to page 14
Tom leaves the water after finishing the Seal Beach 10-mile Rough Water Swim
Illustrated from an actual photo

by TOM CLARDY
Counselor, Goodwill Industries, Fullerton, California

AF TER BEING IN A SEMI-COMA
for over four months, I finally regained consciousness. Immediately I was sorry I had, and I wanted very much to end my life. When that car had hit me, it really messed me up. My right leg had to be amputated above the knee, and my left leg was broken in 24 places.

Facing life as an amputee, with a permanent brace on my other leg, was more than I felt I could face. Further, the doctors said I had permanent brain damage. The only way out, I was sure, was to end my life. When my attempts failed, I was strapped to my bed. Soon I was removed to
another section of the hospital so that my cries and screams wouldn’t disturb the other patients.

Glimpses of my life would come to my mind. At one time I would recall my childhood, remembering my family and the farm life we had. The times when our pastor visited us, bringing little gifts, were always precious to me.

Another time I would recall my college days when I was studying for my degree in criminal justice. Training as a navy frogman, parachute jumping, combat training, Viet Nam—round and round the thoughts chased each other. Going nowhere.

Thoughts of my days as an officer on the police force would remind me of an earlier period in my life—times when I had a wife and three small children. Days when I was respected and had a good home. That is until the day of my first accident—a day when I was hit by a car while writing a ticket. Internal injuries and permanent damage to my back resulted in retirement from the police force—and the beginning of sorrows. Painful things to remember.

Attempting to change the direction of my life, I went into business. Gradually my business failed, I lost the respect of my family and my
financial problems seemed hopeless. I ran.

Skiing was one of my joys, and I went to Mammoth Lakes, California. I met a man there who taught me about Jesus Christ. Through his ministry I was saved, filled with the Holy Spirit, and began trying to live the Christian life. For awhile things went well, but the time came when I ran again. And this time I left the Lord behind. To Colorado, Montana and then to Utah I traveled. Then, on March 23, 1974, I was hit by the car.

Of course these thought patterns gained me nothing. The cycle went on, but no peace came. Just deep depression, and the desire to die. After my physical injuries had healed sufficiently and I was out of traction, the hospital released me to my parents. Because of the brain damage, I carried the doctors' label with me: Mentally Incompetent.

Back in California with my parents, I was taken daily to the Long Beach Veteran's Hospital where I received treatments. They also fitted me with an artificial leg.

At the hospital I began to meet other handicapped individuals. The exposure to those who were even more handicapped than I caused me to begin to look outward instead of inward in self pity. One of the men I met, paralyzed from the neck down, had a great impact on me. Through his financial and emotional encouragement, I decided to go back to college. Psychologists at the hospital told me that I was expecting too much of myself and would fail, but I enrolled anyway.

The difficult times came, of course. I had to study very, very hard. I tried to live in the dormitory for awhile but found this to be an insurmountable difficulty because of the age difference and my handicap. Moving into an apartment, however, soon worked to undermine my faith, and the world of drugs and alcohol invaded my life.

The Lord is faithful, however, and drew me back. One night after classes, I was walking down a hall to leave the building when I heard the sound of beautiful music coming from one of the classrooms. At first
came from Marian Crudo, who is now my wife. The Lord brought us together in a Bible class at Melodyland School of Theology. Marian helped me to recognize my need to fully release my problems to the Lord.

She was also a real encouragement to me in sports. I had begun swimming once again, and I began to try to ski also. It was very difficult for me, and I fell often. From practicing on dry-land ramps to actually getting on the snow was another milestone for me. Before long I was able once again to enjoy skiing.

It was with a feeling of real satisfaction that I mused over what the Lord had helped me accomplish. My degree had been completed, and I had maintained a high grade-point average.

The day was far past when I had lain in that hospital bed thinking life wasn't worth living. Further, the doctors had underestimated what the human spirit, with the help of the power of God, could accomplish when they labeled me "mentally incompetent" and advised me not to attempt college.

Although receiving the degree had been important to me, I was already recognizing that God had a different direction for my life. It was apparent that, had I listened to the doctors, my life would still have meant nothing. The labels which I carried with me seemed designed to be defeating. Wouldn't other handicapped people feel the same way? Would they ac-
cept the label and give up?

Realizing that my encouragement had initially come from a person even more handicapped than I, I had to wonder if others would always have that someone for encouragement. Without it, they would surely succumb to the label, lie down and decide that life was finished. Where I had failed, they might succeed in taking their lives. Could I do anything about the situation?

The degree no longer seemed important as the Lord dealt with me. I knew from personal experience that a physically whole person can never minister to the handicapped person as effectively as another handicapped person. Only one who has suffered similarly can have any impact.

During this time of wondering what I should do, something happened that helped make my decision for me. I was involved with an organization called National Inconvenienced Sportsmen's Association (NISA). A skiing trip was arranged for several blind children. When the day came to head for the snow, I was the only person available to go with them. Although I worked with them all day, I selfishly was longing to head for the bigger slopes to enjoy myself.

When the day ended, one of the little girls shyly called to me. She had a gift for me. With tears streaming from her blind eyes, she presented me with cookies she had baked, thanking me for the rare opportunity she had to get outdoors and try something normally reserved for sighted children.

Right then I knew that counseling the handicapped was what the Lord had for me.

Since that day I have become involved with Goodwill Industries as a counselor, and I have continued my involvement with sports. The two seem to go hand in hand, as I find that handicapped people will often respond to recreation when nothing else touches them.

In my efforts to get more and more handicapped people involved in recreation, I organize trips and encourage them to compete in the Handicapped Nationals which are now gaining in popularity. Recently I was invited to organize a program for former policemen who have become handicapped, and I praise the Lord for this opportunity to be helpful in my former field of work.

My skiing continues to be a real enjoyment to me, and I look forward to being at the Winter Olympics at Lake Placid, New York in February, witnessing for the Lord and possibly skiing some. In March I plan to compete in the Winter Handicapped Nationals at Winter Park, Colorado. Recently the Lord has opened doors for me to share my testimony at Full Gospel chapter meetings.

Jesus has been so very good to me. I walked through the valley, facing death, but He did not give up on me. He restored me and gave me the desires of my heart. All praise to the wonderful name of Jesus!
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Zechariah 4:6

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middle of a downhill run when both my skis came off. After skidding and sliding down the hill and crashing through the bales set up to buffer such falls, I ended up against a tree, unable to walk because of an injury to my right knee. In addition to Gail, this time the Lord ministered to me through a new pastor at our church, Bob Cleveland. As I recuperated, Bob and I ran together and memorized Scriptures. He was a real inspiration to me during that time. I look on that recuperation period as a learning process that changed my thinking from “God, take away this adversity,” to “God, teach me something out of this so I can be a better person.” I began to realize that God could use me to witness for Him whether or not I was constantly a winner. He wanted me to be yielded, regardless whether I came in first or last or even if I didn’t finish the race at all.

God healed my “miracle knee” as my doctor called it, and in 1976 I had my best season as an amateur. I finished tenth in the world in downhill racing, as well as winning the Canadian National Championship for the fourth time. Since that year I have been skiing professionally. At the end of the season this year, I will also be working with Canadian TV to help broadcast the Winter Olympics at Lake Placid, New York.

There are victories and defeats in skiing as in any other sport—or any area of life. The desire to win is a necessary ingredient in competition, but I have found that in Jesus I can lose a race and still be victorious. Jesus has shown me that He doesn’t necessarily use winners. He uses people who are willing to say, “I’m here, Lord. I’m available.” The real victories are evident within: the knowledge that I have done my best—win or lose—and the yielding of myself to Jesus for His perfect will to be worked in my life.
FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN’S CHAPTER OUTREACH

As this issue was being prepared for publication, the following chapters were submitted as having been recently chartered. The president’s name and telephone number are included in this list for your information. Write for information regarding the date and location of a chapter meeting in your area.


GLOBAL

ENGLAND: Carlisle, Cumbria, John G. Chapman, 0228-27992; Hereford, George H. Johnson, 0981-250247; Ipswich, Suffolk, David P. Wright, 311008; Merseyside, Liverpool, A. Geoffrey Swain, 0744-29781; Stockport, Cheshire, Ronald W. West, 061-427-3487; West Midlands, Leamington Spa, Dillion Harris, 0926—25034.


HOLIDAY TESTIMONIES

If you have a story to tell about how God has worked in your life to bring salvation, the baptism in the Holy Spirit, or some other miraculous blessing, VOICE would be pleased to receive such testimonies.

We are particularly interested in testimonies that have taken place at Christmas, Easter, Thanksgiving or on some other holiday.
Superstar

Kyle, Mary Lynne and two-year-old Will

By Kyle Rote, Jr.

Houston Hurricane
Houston, Texas

Superstar of the Year for 1974! I had just won the title after competing with such sports greats as O.J. Simpson, Pete Rose, Franco Harris, John Havlicek, Reggie Jackson, Karl Schranz and Arad Schenk. It was a tremendous feeling, and it had begun—and ended—with the prayer I had learned to pray: "Lord, help me to do my best whether I finish first or last."
Arriving at the point in my life where I could pray such a prayer was not easy. I guess it really began at a Young Life camp in Colorado when I was 16. Prior to that time I had become a Christian, but when I went to camp I wasn't very close to the Lord. That weekend allowed me to do some self-examination, and I was not very pleased with what I found.

Sports had always been big in my life. My father had been a football star at Southern Methodist University when I was born, and he went on to become All-Pro receiver for the New York Giants. One of my earliest memories is of selling his autographs for a nickel to buy a Hershey bar—secretly, of course. It was only natural that I would want to follow in his footsteps and become involved in sports.

I had ability, and I knew it. There at camp I recognized for the first time that it was God-given ability. I began to see that I could not make it alone. Up to that point I had been playing a game with God, not really committing anything to Him but challenging Him to do something in my life anyway. With the talents He had given me, He must also have created
a plan for my life. Turning it all over to Him, I began to feel a real trust in God. I discovered that He wants us to have a day-to-day relationship with Him.

With that recommitment I began to look at sports much differently. However, there was much growing to do. There was no immediate jumping from one way of life to another. It proved to be a continuous struggle before I realized that the final score of a game was not the most important thing.

One of my first difficult lessons came during a football game that fall. I was starting quarterback for our high school against a team we were expected to beat by at least three touchdowns. Going into the game with great confidence, I was sure that the press would be comparing the performance of Kyle Rote, Jr. to that of Kyle Rote, Sr. a few years before.

My expectations dimmed a little when I threw a pass and it was intercepted. It was embarrassing having all those people watching and knowing I had made a mistake. But that was only the beginning! Another pass resulted in an interception. Shortly after that I fumbled the ball and the other team recovered it. My humiliation knew no bounds. By the time the game ended, I had thrown for four interceptions and had fumbled twice!

Losing the game was bad enough in itself, but to know that I had done it almost singlehandedly was hard to bear. Hurrying home, I tried to avoid everyone, preferring to suffer alone. As I sat there in my room, all I could think of was my mistakes. Why couldn’t I have played better?

Finally mom came in and put everything in perspective for me. She reminded me that there would be other games, and that this one was
not the end of the world. Then she said, “You didn’t have to prove yourself. God is still going to love you whether you’re a successful athlete or not.”

“God is still going to love you....” Those words would echo through my mind over the years as I faced many challenges in sports. From my high school team which made Texas All-State, I went on to play football for Oklahoma State. Once again football seemed to become too important in my life, and I lacked the self-discipline to study and play football both. Transferring to the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee, I pushed myself harder academically. Without the pressure to excel in football, but with a desire to still be involved in sports, I began to play soccer.

Sewanee was not known for its sports program, and I was surprised when, just before graduation, I was advised that the Dallas Tornado wanted me to play soccer for them. The spring of 1972, then, became a very important time in my life. One day I graduated from college, the next day I married a beautiful girl I had met at Sewanee—Mary Lynne Lykins—and shortly thereafter I signed my contract to play with the Dallas Tornado.

There were new challenges ahead playing pro soccer, and the Lord continued teaching me. I believed in using the talents He gave me to the fullest, as well as keeping myself in top shape physically. Joining the Tor-

Since the 1979 season began, Kyle has been playing with the Houston Hurricane.

nado, though the first thing I learned was that I had a lot to learn! Swallowing my pride, I admitted to the guys that I was a novice, but that I was willing to learn from them. Soon I was spending an extra 15 minutes after practice with one player or another, learning the techniques they were willing to teach.
Kyle is thoughtful as he shares what the Lord has meant to him

me. At the end of the season, I was named Rookie-of-the-Year and league scoring champion. The Tornado also made it to the NASL playoffs which was quite a thrill for me.

During competition my prayers are basically two-fold: I pray that no one will be hurt, and I pray that each person will do the best he can. I never pray to win. It seems to me that praying to win is testing God.

Vince Lombardi once said to me, "To be a winner is to do the most that you can with the abilities that you have." Many coaches don't have this attitude and prefer to stress winning at all costs. Sometimes this is done to stimulate the players into reaching their potential, but often the coach has been put under so much pressure to win that he is serious with this admonition. Lost are the joys of competition itself, and the challenge of doing your best for the sake of the satisfaction that brings.

With the winning-is-everything attitude, one who is a great athlete may make it for awhile. But then he has no place to turn when he begins to lose to someone younger, or stronger, or more talented than he. Paul tells us in 1 Cor. 9:24-25, "Do you not know that in a race all the runners run, but only one gets the prize? Run in such a way as to get the prize. Everyone who competes in the game goes into strict training. They do it to get a crown that will not last; but we do it to get a crown that will last forever" (NIV).

Feeling that to be the most important race of all, I began to realize the unique position I held for witnessing for the Lord. My pulpit is not in a church building in some town, but rather it is anywhere I can speak out for the Lord. My goal is not to tell people that they will excel in sports if they are Christians but that they will have a happier, fuller life when they find the place that God has for them.

Things are certainly not always smooth in my life. Some areas of growth are more rapid than others. In some areas it seems that God has to keep showing me the same lessons over and over. But my faith has increased to where my daily life is a kind of prayerful activity. It has become my goal to please God in everything I do, and I try to accomplish that by giving my very best wherever He leads me.
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FGBMFI
P.O. Box 5050
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and the International Board of Directors
of the Full Gospel Business Men’s
Fellowship International,
invite you to the dedication of

THE INTERNATIONAL
HEADQUARTERS BUILDING

Please join us for a time of inspiration
and challenge as together we dedicate
the new Headquarters Building to God
and to the service of this
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2:30 PM • SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1980
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FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION CALL (714) 754-1400
Program
Dedication and Open House
of the new
International Headquarters Building
3150 Bear Street
Costa Mesa, California 92626

Open House—12:00 to 2:00 P.M.
Dedication—2:30 to 4:00 P.M.
Sunday, January 27, 1980

Oral Roberts, President and Founder of Oral Roberts University, will be the main speaker. Other well-known Christian personalities will also participate in the dedication ceremonies.

The music for this important occasion will be provided by the Melodyland Choir and Orchestra with Rich Cook directing.
THE STATUE OF JESUS atop the peak overlooking Rio de Janeiro seems to epitomize the words of Jesus: “Come unto me....” (Matt. 11:28). The move of the Holy Spirit drawing souls to Him throughout the world is unprecedented. Jesus told His disciples in John 4:35 (NIV), “...I tell you, open your eyes and look at the fields! They are ripe for harvest.” “The field is the world...” Jesus further told them in Matt. 13:38. By the sovereign power of God, souls are coming to the Lord...
in growing numbers from every continent. Beautiful stories are pouring in of salvation, baptism in the Holy Spirit, and miraculous events.

Of particular interest is the fact that the Lord seems to be doing His wondrous works among those who are influential in world affairs. Previously we reported that both the Prime Minister of Australia, Malcolm Fraser, and the President of Costa Rica, Rodrigo Carazo, are committed Christians. The Lord has given favor to members of FGBMFI, and recently high-ranking officials in many countries have heard the Good News of Jesus Christ.

KENYA. At a recent convention at which the Nairobi chapter celebrated its sixth year, prayer was offered for the God-fearing leader of that nation, President Daniel Moi. The vision that Nairobi will be a "city on a hill" from which the country and the whole continent of Africa will learn of Jesus Christ is shared by many.

HONDURAS. About 18 months ago, FGBMFI's Tegucigalpa chapter held the first rally for that area. Of the 300 people in attendance, over half were saved, and many were also filled with the Holy Spirit. Since that time chapter members have reached out to other cities. In Comayagua, only ten people remained in their seats when the invitation to receive Jesus was given. In Choluteca recently a banquet was held. Of the 40 souls in attendance, three were Christians. When the invitation was given, 33 responded and accepted Jesus as Lord of their lives.

PHILIPPINES. At a prayer breakfast arranged by a new FGBMF chapter in the Philippines, over 100 men from an audience of about 250 responded to commit their lives to Jesus, even though Typhoon Pepang was raging outside. Since that breakfast, the President declared the first National Bible Week, calling his people to study God's Word.

Jose Pascua of the headquarters staff of FGBMFI presents a copy of "The Happiest People on Earth" to Hon. Querubin Makalintal, Speaker of Parliament and retired Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

January, 1980
HOLLAND. In Rotterdam a new chapter is just getting underway, and people are seeing a move of the Spirit at each meeting. Hearts are melting and people are responding as the simple truths of the Gospel are presented. One couple who went forward for prayer reported, “We were thinking of changing our church fellowship, but now we are going to stay on. We’ve found this Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship the right avenue of service through which to win our business friends and to enrich our church fellowship as well.”

Salzburg, Austria

AUSTRIA. Keith Kelley, Field Representative from Australia, has been ministering with members of his family in Austria. Beginning in Salzburg with small groups, the Lord began to draw one or two to Himself. Soon people from other cities began to take the Word back home, and opportunities to minister around the country have begun to pour in. The news of the power of God to save, heal, deliver and baptize in the Holy Spirit has spread from Salzburg to Amstetten, Gmund, Alland, Vocklebruck, Grobming and Graz. Regular Bible studies are in process, and the local newspapers are proclaiming that the Charismatic movement has arrived in Austria.

Reports such as these go on and on. In Barbados at one meeting 48 doctors, nurses and hospital personnel received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. In Tokyo, plans are underway for their 1980 rally. Meetings were held recently in Egypt, India, Jordan and Ireland which will be reported in a future issue of VOICE. The Lord is truly impressing us to “... open our eyes and look at the fields...” which He has prepared for the harvest.
PASSING THE FLAME
Continued from page 3

you always, even to the end of the age” (Matthew 28:18-20, NASB).

Refreshingly, these laymen respond to the call of God in varied ways, using their resources, talents and spiritual gifts to the glory of God. They all joyfully testify to the remarkable change Jesus has made in them. Many distribute copies of VOICE magazine, pray and provide financial support for the Good News telecast. Thousands participate in the monthly chapter meetings and work in conventions. Others, through airlifts, have sown the seed in fields afar.

Taking the command of Christ literally, Full Gospel Business Men have taken the Gospel into all the world. They have witnessed for Christ on all of the continents. Further, they have understood that we live in different worlds—the industrialist, lawyer, college professor, doctor and businessman live much of their lives in different circles, each presenting a unique world of opportunity for Christ. While the world of athletics is also distinct, more than most it transcends boundaries and touches men in all walks of life. Aware of this broad sports-mindedness, the editorial staff has prayerfully prepared this special issue of VOICE with the desire that the testimonies of Christian athletes will have a spiritual impact on thousands, and especially on youth.

Amazingly, new doors continue to open. Possibly 50,000 persons a day from scores of countries are expected to attend the Winter Olympics in Lake Placid next month. Members of the local FGBMFI chapter, with the help of concerned persons whom they have enlisted, will be distributing thousands of copies of VOICE printed in several languages. The possibilities of the seeds sown in this snow-blanketed village being scattered across the earth are breathtaking. Christians are requested to pray that this witness will bear fruit, not only in Lake Placid, but wherever these stories of transformation are read—The Editor.
Jesus said "... follow me and I will make you fishers of men" (Mark 1:7). The challenge to Peter, James, John and you remains unchanged.

Membership in the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship can involve you in an exciting venture with Christ. This ministry is having a significant spiritual impact at the highest levels of government and is reaching men in 71 nations.

For more information on how to join a chapter, mail the coupon below to:
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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" (I 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" (Romans 10:9).

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision right now: "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men."

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

Mail to: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626
CONVENTIONS

1980

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January 23-25, 1980
Del Webb Towne House
Phoenix, Arizona
Write: Carl E. Williams
5919 Edgemont, Scottsdale, AZ 85257

CENTRAL ILLINOIS CONVENTION
February 6-8, 1980
Holiday Inn
Decatur, Illinois
Write: Howard Hite
R.R. #1, Lake City, IL 61935

SOUTH PUGET SOUND RALLY
February 22-23, 1980
Westwater Inn
Olympia, Washington
Write: Carl Sagerser
7802 Husky Way S.E., Olympia, WA 98506

KANSAS REGIONAL CONVENTION
February 27-March 1, 1980
Broadview Hotel
Wichita, Kansas
Write: Paul H. Farmer
801 East Mt. Vernon, Wichita, KS 67211

WASHINGTON INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL
March 12-15, 1980
Shoreham Americana
Washington, D.C.
Write: A.F. Malachuk
P.O. Box 4270, Washington D.C. 20012

2ND ANNUAL GREATER EAST TEXAS AREA
CONVENTION
February 14-16, 1980
Sheraton Inn
Tyler, Texas
Write: Brad Inman
P.O. Box 7584, Tyler, TX 75711

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

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PRAIRIE REGIONAL CONVENTION
April 10-12, 1980
Centennial Auditorium, Saskatoon,
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