

FULL GOSPEL
BUSINESS MEN'S

10-84

WIDICE



When Your Best Is Not Enough

The ED McGLASSON Story



When Your Best Is Not Enough

I cried out to God in the ambulance, "Why, God? Why me? I'm a born-again Christian. I've asked You into my life."

"Because you don't know Me," He answered. "You say Lord, Lord, and yet you do not do what I say."

How the truth stung that day. I, "Big Ed" McGlasson, had for two years been a big phony. I had accepted Jesus but allowed sin to remain in my life, and now

God was dealing with me to help me get it all together.

I had grown up in a strict Navy environment. My dad was a strong man, and a tough leader of men in our country's service. Even at home, from bedmaking to handling toothbrushes, everything had to be done the Navy way—which was the "right way."

I was taught to be a self-made man. When Dad found out that my vision for

the future involved playing professional football, he went right out and bought me Keds tennis shoes and Sears five-pound ankle weights, and started me running two and a half miles per day.

He gave me these instructions: first, write down my goal; second, believe I could do it; and third, climb a rung closer to it every day. Like Jesse Owens, the famed Olympic athlete, I was never to stop trying until I had achieved my goal.

Because we were in the Navy, it seemed we never had enough money. Our budget always appeared to be slightly under the cost of living. Saving my pennies so that I could run to the store to get a pint of regular milk (not thinned down as at home) gave me an early appreciation of "things." Like so many, I thought that if I could just get all the "things" I needed, I would be happy.

"Events," like being able to play football, made up another area of life which I felt was important. These four items—things, events, the right people and the right places—were my idea of what life is all about. I did everything I could to get what I wanted. When something didn't line up the way I wanted it to I was in a bad mood and treated the people I loved with anger and frustration.

But God started to work on me. At college I met a man by the name of Fred Davidson, an engineering major who was a long-haired Jesus freak. He was always smiling, and I hated his guts for it. I couldn't see how anybody could be that happy. I wasn't; I was miserable. I was playing football, doing what I wanted, yet

I wasn't satisfied with life.

Then everything started going wrong. My dog got sick and I thought he was dying. My car went out on me. There were three feet of snow outside. I had two girlfriends, and both of them left me. I was living in hell, fooling myself. When things, events, people and places didn't line up the way I wanted, I used drugs and drank to escape reality.

Late one evening in August of 1977, several of us guys were looking for something to eat in the dorm. Fred just happened to be cooking some chili in his room as I went by. When he said, "Hey, man, come on in and have some food," I was surprised at his hospitality and love towards me. As we ate, he shared how Jesus came to give us life and not death: "I came to give you life and to give it to you more abundantly" (John 10:10).

As Fred spoke I realized for the first time that what I had been involved with was only religion, but what God desired was a personal relationship. When Fred asked if I wanted to receive Jesus into my heart, I told him yes. Then I remember literally running down the hall, throwing my roommate out of our room so that I could have privacy, and asking Jesus to come into my heart and change me.

That spring my mother and father came to one of our football games. I hadn't seen them since my conversion, though I had told my mother on the telephone what had happened. After the game Dad told me, "You know, Ed, I have watched you play all of these years, but I have never seen the intensity that

you showed today. You never played football with that much determination in your whole life."

I started really believing then that God's hand of grace was on my life. But He was calling to me to change, and I was resisting Him, still allowing sin to remain.

The next season, eleven days before our first game against Villanova, my left knee got hit. As I rode in the ambulance, in intense pain, I was really scared. Dr. Vuksta had determined that three major ligaments and a cartilage were torn. My knee was just hanging there and I had been told that I would never play football again.

I was sent home that night to put ice on the knee and see what would happen. Bill Romanoski, a friend from the Coalition for Christian Outreach in Pittsburgh, came to see me. He said, "Ed, you've got to give your life totally to Jesus." He told me, "God can heal you if you want, but you've got to give Him your whole life."

I had been acting as though I were walking with God. I was president of a campus fellowship which I had started as a 6:30 A.M. Bible study and which grew in one year from one to a hundred, and yet I was withholding part of my life from God.

That night Bill, Bob Graniola and Kevin Statzer asked God to heal me. Nothing spectacular happened. I was still in pain. I kept waiting.

The next morning I was taken into the hospital. I was in a wheelchair, waiting to have the orthogram on my knee. They prepped my knees for surgery and I was told not to eat.

Dr. Vuksta came out to talk with me, looking very surprised. "I don't understand it," he said, "There is nothing wrong with your knee."

I got really excited. I knew God had healed me. The doctor dismissed me from the hospital, saying it would be about three months before the soreness was all gone. But I took a five-mile walk and talked to God. I rededicated my life, confessed my sins, and told Him I wanted to serve Him 100 percent. At the end of my walk every bit of pain was gone.

Wow! God had shown me for the first time in my life that His power is real. From that time on, Jesus was no longer just a guy in a book to me, but Someone who is exciting to be involved with.

Now I had a reason to play football. Most are motivated by some emotion like fear or anger, or some goal like success. But these all limit how far you can go. With Jesus I'm freed to total-release performance.

I was drafted by the New York Jets in 1979 and played center for a year. The second year I was cut. I went to Arizona, worked out and felt devastated. I wanted to think I was okay, but God was still dealing with me about sin.

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Why? What's in my life that's not right?



In 1981 I started to play with the L.A. Rams, but an injury to my right knee necessitated major surgery and retirement from the club. After that, the Giants picked me up. When I went in to their training facility in New York to have my leg tested, I was told that my knee was only 20-percent strong, not strong enough to play football. Right then I went to my hotel room and asked God, "Why? What's in my life that's not right?"

God told me to go back and tell them there would be a miracle. I asked Wel-

lington Mayer, the owner, and coach Ray Perkins to let me take the test again, telling them my right knee would be stronger than the left. They agreed, and it happened. God healed me and gave me strength to go out and play.

We had a wonderful season, probably the best I have ever experienced. Before each game we had prayer. We began with five New York Giants holding hands in the locker room, asking God to change us and to empower us for the game. At the end of the year, for the first time in eighteen years in the playoffs, at least forty out of forty-five guys and the coaching staff were there, weeping, calling on God, confessing failure, and accepting Jesus Christ. It was revival, and we saw God's power over and over after that.

In 1982, the day the players' strike ended, God allowed me to set the NFL Bench Press Record. The Holy Spirit fell on me that day, and I felt I could have lifted not just the 605 pounds but a ton, or an elephant.

Then God started calling me to preach the Gospel. Now He wanted me to sell everything I had and follow Him.

At first I tried to ignore Him. Finally, at a Professional Athletes Outreach Conference at Arrowhead, He told me that He would never ask me again. "If you don't heed Me now, you will be on the sidelines for the rest of your life."

This time I responded, and still for a while I tried to help Him out by lobster fishing off Catalina Island. Not until I had been near death twelve different times and had gone totally broke did I realize fully that this had been only my plan and not His.

At a Billy Graham Crusade several

years earlier, I had been prayed for to be filled with the Holy Spirit. I had felt tremendous electricity, fire throughout my body, and a shaking I had never felt before—but I didn't want to speak in tongues because I felt that wasn't of the Lord.

In 1982, while courting my soon-to-be wife Jill, I attended a meeting where someone gave me a word of knowledge. The Lord was telling me that although I was afraid of the manifestation of the Spirit of God, He had these gifts for me. I had no sooner said that I wanted everything that was of Him than I began speaking in these strange words.

Although I now had a gift from God, I wanted more. A year later, at an Athletes for Christ outreach near San Antonio, Texas, the Holy Spirit fell at the 1,300-student high school where I spoke. That day 1,100 young people received Christ. The principal was weeping at my knees. I was tremendously affected, but still I wanted more from God.

At a meeting soon after this, Dana Knapsinger from the Tampa Bay Buccaneers reported a bad back. He couldn't touch his toes. God spoke to me clearly, "Ed, I want you to go over there and lay hands on Dana and pray for him." Several joined me.

All of a sudden as I was praying for Dana a tremendous fiery heat came out of my hand. He started to bend and jump up and down. God had healed him right in front of us.

Since that time I have seen God perform many miracles of grace. Groups of believing men have prayed, and seen the impossible. And this year in January,

when I said, "God, I'm not going to run anymore, but I'll follow You with my whole heart," He started pouring out His blessings upon Jill and me. He has given us what we call a "Heaven on Earth Ministry" in which we hold revival-type church meetings and youth rallies.

It's important to do our best. An athlete must, if he is to excel. But doing your best is not enough even in this life, and certainly it will not get anybody to heaven.

It is only when Jesus takes over totally in our lives and leads us into His good purposes for us that we experience real joy, peace and satisfaction. There's nothing greater than serving Him, bringing hurt people to Him and seeing Him make them whole. Praise God! He is terrific! □



Ed McGlasson was an All-American four times while a chemistry and biology major at Youngstown State University, Ohio. He played pro football with the New York Jets, Los Angeles Rams, New York Giants and Philadelphia Eagles. He and his wife Jill now minister fulltime. The McGlassons have one son, Edward Elijah, one year old, and worship at Vineyard Christian Fellowship in Newport Beach.

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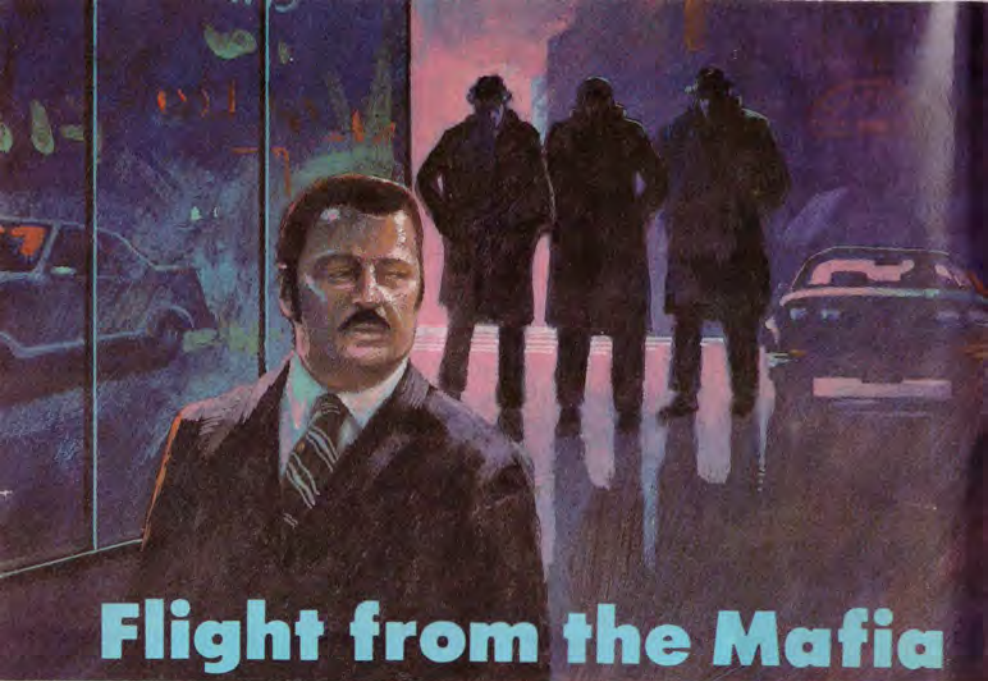
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Flight from the Mafia

Dennis Marshall, Meridian, Idaho

No, you can't put me out of my salon business. I'm too big for that." Stupidly, that's what I told the Mafia leaders who determined to take over the business I had built.

The organization gave me two alternatives. I could sell out to them for \$100,000 and the executive vice-presidency of the chain of salons, or they would take my business away from me.

I decided that I had a good court case. The second largest law firm in the country agreed with me, offering to take my \$3 million lawsuit on a contingency basis. I knew I would win the case.

Only one drawback raised its ugly head. Could I stay alive to collect?

Let me take you back to the decisions I made earlier which led to this crisis.

When I was a young man, I worked with my father in his real-estate business. His Christian walk commanded respect and honor, as did my mother's. During these early years I attended a denominational church with my parents and went forward as a little boy, at an altar call.

The two "positive" things I believed concerning Christianity were, first, that being positively poor earned high marks with God (Jesus didn't like rich folks); and, second, that being positively sick was godly (suffering for Jesus earned merit).

I was a real hypochondriac, sickly

much of the time. At twenty-one I suffered so severely from ulcers that I had to eat baby food and mashed potatoes.

In addition to selling real estate, I also participated in local Republican politics. I had the distinction of being the youngest person to be elected to the office of county clerk in Illinois.

Christians came to me, asking me to do crooked favors for them. In one instance, one of the deacons from my church wanted to press charges against the poker game at the carnival grounds. He had played the game, lost \$300, got sore and wanted revenge.

I asked myself: why was this church deacon playing poker with the carnival crowd?

A few weeks earlier the deacons had kicked a husband and wife out of the choir (which I directed) because they smoked cigarettes. Very young in the Lord, the two were offended and quit attending church. Did God consider smoking cigarettes worse than playing poker?

This type of inconsistency among the church members weighed on me. Because I looked at the people in the congregation instead of at Jesus, my concept of Christianity became distorted and twisted.

At twenty-six, deeply involved in politics, I suffered a heart attack.

When I recovered, I made the decision that I would forget all about Jesus and no longer struggle to live the Christian life. And I determined I would do everything I could to make God and those Christians at my church mad at me.

I put my plan into action. I knew that many of our board members and choir went to a local cafe for pie and coffee after Sunday-night services. So on those nights I went to the bar at the back of the cafe and got drunk. (In Illinois such places are open on Sundays.)

After they settled into their fellowship, I would stagger out of the barroom where they could see me and smell me in my drunkenness. I longed to get even with them for the misery which I believed they had caused me. But I was the one who agonized.

For about five years, about the time of the Kennedy administration, I was involved in Watergate-type inter-party political activities. Right in front of people, I stole information and made clandestine tapes and photos. I enjoyed the political game. But as I observed older politicians who failed to win re-election, I decided that it was almost a disease with me and that I had better seek other ways to make a living.

Then while on vacation in Florida I heard of a lucrative business: weight-reducing salons offering a European method in which clients are wrapped up and "shrunk." I soon learned that hoodlums and mobsters controlled the business.

That didn't bother my seared conscience. I affiliated myself with some of the Florida hoodlums and opened a salon in Chicago.

In a matter of only a few months, the business proved very successful. Then the Florida mobsters tried to move me out. I didn't move out easily.

The only way I could fight against

them was to align myself with the Chicago syndicate. "How about it?" I asked them. "Will you help me drive the Florida boys off your turf?"

They agreed.

Together we drove my former business partners—now my enemies—out of the state.

One problem existed. When they ran, they took the secret formula for the solution which was necessary to keep the salons operating.

After much scheming I told myself, *I'll sneak into Florida and steal the formula. I'll use the same techniques I used during my undercover work for the politicians.*

My trip succeeded. I stole the formula.

My salons flourished. My marriage failed.

I left my wife and sons, moving in with one woman and bedding down so many others I lost count. My social activities appeared in the gossip columns along with those of Elvis Presley and Suzanne Pleshette.

The Florida men learned of my prospering salons. They knew it meant one thing: I had stolen their formula. Back they came to Chicago, hunting me down.

I hired bodyguards and carried a .38.

If anything proved sinful and rotten and made God mad, I pursued that course of action.

The Mafia came to my doorstep. They wanted to merge with my company and all my salons—including those in California and all over the East.

I refused to play their game.

Their leaders told me, "Sell out or we'll drive you out."

Seven days later I was out of business. They moved their people into my salons and moved my people out. They took over completely.

That's when I filed the \$3 million lawsuit against them. There was no way I could lose the case—as long as I stayed alive. But that was becoming a problem.

For two months I lived with FBI bodyguards. Then the Mafia got the message to me: "We can't get to you, but we can reach your sons."

I couldn't handle that. I dropped the lawsuit.

I returned to my wife and sons. We moved to Montana, where we lived for more than a year. There I went into a bar business for a while, then worked as a branch manager for a jewelry company. When I got a promotion to regional manager, we moved to Boise, Idaho.

As I began to backpack, hike, fish and hunt, I observed the mountains, trees, rivers, and cattle grazing the range. I thought, *This is all too perfect. A creative hand must have formed all these valleys, sun and stars. . . . Could there be a God after all?*

About this same time, while on a trip to Seattle for my job with some other employees, I went with them to visit a fortuneteller. I didn't believe in it, but I did it for a lark. I'd been in hypnosis, mind over matter, and that sort of thing, and I felt I knew how they worked, observing your body language and facial expressions to "read" your mind.

When my turn came to be alone with her, the fortuneteller told me minute details of my life back East. I had never

Now I quit
chasing my
dishwasher
down the
alley in
anger



disclosed any information whatsoever of my old life to anybody in the West. Aware of the tricks of her trade, I watched her reading her tarot cards and listened cynically. She told me many details of my life. It blew me away.

She asked me to make two wishes. Silently I wished for healing of flu symptoms and for a promotion at my job. It appeared impossible, since I had been with the company only two years and this kind of promotion required an established record of perhaps ten years. The fortuneteller read my thoughts, apparently. She told me that I would be healed and receive the job promotion.

That night when I contemplated the intimate particulars of my life which the fortuneteller had known, I realized that if there was a God, He would not operate that way. Somebody had had to tell her those facts. If God hadn't, then it had to be Satan. If Satan exists, I reasoned, then there has to be a God.

I put this reverse logic together with my observations about God's creation. The truth spoke to my heart and I knew that I knew: God exists.

Shortly after that, while in the hospital with pneumonia, I read a book by Keith Miller and asked Jesus to come into my mixed-up life. It was 1972.

Again I attended church, and tried to live the way I believed a Christian should—without much success. I didn't try to lie to God, though, and I remained confident of my salvation.

Not long after my salvation experience,

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my wife, who was heavily into a deadly combination of alcohol and diet pills, ran off and married another man. I didn't blame God for that.

In August of 1979, tired of traveling and with one son still at home to raise, I left my job and bought a restaurant in Boise.

A turning point came in March, 1981. In an accident the month before, I had severed a nerve in my elbow and lost the use of two fingers and a thumb. But a Spirit-filled Christian attorney had been

When this man prayed for my arm I recovered instant use of my fingers

talking to me, in a very kind and different way, about Jesus and something called the baptism in the Holy Spirit. This man prayed for my arm and I recovered instant use of my fingers. In a day or two the condition, for which my doctor was planning to operate, was all healed.

Then the attorney explained to me, "The same God who healed you with His power is able also to fill you with the Holy Spirit. God will give you His power to clean up your life and to walk in victory."

I decided to take that step. I knew I couldn't overcome my old ways in my own strength.

I prayed, "God, fill me with Your Holy Spirit. I give You permission to make me what You want me to be."

God filled me. That day I made Jesus

Christ the Lord of my life.

From then on I prayed in tongues while riding my motorcycle so that I would not hear myself speak in that strange language that I could not understand with my mind.

These perfect prayers in which the Spirit of God prayed through me brought about good changes in my life. God instantly began to change my attitudes. He gave me power to clean up my dirty mouth. I quit getting drunk every night and abusing Suzanne, the woman I lived with and then married for income-tax advantage.

God's power helped me to get my temper under control. Formerly, whenever a customer complained about the food in my restaurant, I threw the plate and its contents at the chef. Now I quit chasing my dishwasher down the alley in anger. I quit kicking my car fenders when I got a flat tire.

As I was transformed, those who lived and worked with me saw the change. They figured if the power of God could work in my life, that same power could change them. One by one those closest to me received the salvation of Jesus Christ and the baptism in the Holy Spirit: Suzanne, my sons and their wives, and even my chef, who had been in San Quentin.

Suzanne had had a very confusing Buddhist-Catholic-atheist upbringing. But she was miraculously and instantly healed after someone prayed for her on her way to the hospital with a very serious hiatal hernia requiring surgery. She accepted Jesus then and there and was baptized in the Holy Spirit.

In my lifetime I have seen that Christians may be likened to a magnet with its two poles: the positive and the negative. Christians at the negative pole repel people from Jesus.

I want to be a Christian at the positive pole who draws sinners with God's love into the Kingdom, just as my heavenly Father did for me while I was yet a sinner. I know I will succeed in my goal as long as I keep my eyes on Jesus. ☐

Dennis Marshall attended Illinois State University, traveled nine years for Sarah Coventry Jewelry Company, and was its northwest area manager. He now owns Vic's Restaurant in Boise, does research for an Indianapolis firm, and is former vice-president and now president of Boise Valley Chapter, FGBMFI. He has three sons: Greg, 26; Bruce, 24; and Kurt, 21. He and his wife Suzanne are members of Word of Life Christian Center, where Dennis is on the advisory board.



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Ron Hurst, Modesto, California

Was the meeting a failure? From all appearances, yes. Attorney Lynwood Maddox, international secretary for Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, had flown from Atlanta, Georgia to speak at the FGBMFI chapter meeting in Arlington, Texas that February of 1970, and Tom Ashcraft, now executive vice-president, had flown up from Houston. Attendance was a disappointing ten men. The head count consisted of Lynwood and Tom, four chapter officers, two members and their two guests.

But failure? That depends on how you measure success. As someone has said, "It depends on whether you're in the Old Testament book of Numbers or in the New Testament book of the Acts of the Apostles."

I was one of the two guests, and my perspective probably differs from that of others. Before I relate what happened that night in February of 1970, let me acquaint you with where I was coming from.

I was born and raised in Modesto, California. My father, a construction worker, was saved in a Billy Graham crusade in 1947 and established a Christian home. As a child of six or seven, I made a decision for Christ in the Brethren Church, but during my teen years I began to run wild in the streets and tried to be a big shot.

By the time I was eighteen I had a serious drinking problem. After graduating from high school I joined the U.S. Air Force and served at a Strategic Air Command base, then went to Viet Nam.

There my duties were to maintain communications and navigation equipment on the B52's and KC-135 aircraft to which I was assigned.

I met my wife Patricia in Fort Worth, Texas while in the Air Force. We were married in 1965. She was a Nazarene, and was certain that somehow after the wedding she would change this wild character she'd married. For a short time her rather typical Air Force guy seemed to be tamed, but after the newness of marriage wore off I began to party again and had the same old problems.

After leaving the Air Force I worked for Trans World Airlines. Then I went into the real estate business and made a lot of money. Apart from financial prosperity, the quality of my life deteriorated.

My drinking was so severe that something had to be done about it. My first attempt was to join Alcoholics Anonymous. With their help I remained sober for six months.

My need was for something greater than sobriety. It was spiritual.

I could identify with Lynwood Maddox that night at the Houston Chapter meeting. He told how Jesus had delivered him from the bondage of alcoholism. When he gave the invitation I went forward and sat in the chair. A man—I later learned he was Tom Ashcraft—laid his hands on me and prayed.

I didn't realize that anything had happened, but later that day I felt that a tremendous load had lifted from me.

Although I had committed as much of myself as I knew how to Jesus, I knew little about the power of the Holy Spirit. But God brought a man into my life to help me. It was at the AA club that I met Paul Yarbrough. My friendship with Paul ultimately led to a radical life change for me.

Paul and I would get together week-ends and bet heavily on football games. One day at the Harbor Club in September of 1970 Paul turned on the TV a little

My drinking was so severe that something had to be done about it

before game time. As the set warmed up, on the screen came a healing service at the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship Dallas Convention, with Joe Poppell ministering.

Paul was intrigued by the "show" and talked me into driving to Dallas with him to see it in person. That's how I found myself seated in a meeting with Joe Poppell calling out numerous healings.

Then he declared, "There's a man God wants to heal of an injury suffered while in the Marines."

He must have repeated it ten times. Finally it dawned on Paul that he was the man. "That man's talking about me!" he exclaimed. He went forward and God healed him of an old service-related injury.



Above, from left: Lynwood Maddox, int'l secretary; Thomas Ashcraft, executive vice-president; Enoch Christoffersen, int'l director; Paul Yarbrough, field representative; (seated) Ron Hurst, Modesto (CA) chapter president. Below: Int'l Director Enoch Christoffersen presents charter to officers of the Oakdale (CA) FGBMFI chapter, from left: Richard Wright, president; Bob Abernethy, vice-president; Steve Conway, treasurer.



The next day, in a banquet room packed with 5,000 people, as Kathryn Kuhlman walked down the aisle about five people in each row on both sides fell under the power of God. It looked like the wake of a ship gliding through the water. I had never seen the power of God manifested as it was at that convention.

In 1980 God impressed me to sell out in Texas and return to Modesto, even though I had no prospects for a job. The position I now hold with one of the top ten worldwide food companies is a gift from God. I perform electronic instrumentation work at a highly automated plant which grinds corn and makes high-fructose corn syrup, a sugar substitute used at canneries and in soft drinks.

Soon after I returned to my birthplace, the treasurer of the local FGBMFI chapter urged me to attend the officers' meeting that night, telling me that God had something for me. Although I was very tired, I went and sat through a long business meeting. It was late and I wanted to go home. I had not received anything from God.

Then Enoch Christoffersen, international director from Turlock, shared that during his trip to Japan deaf-mutes had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I thought, "Lord, if they can receive, surely I can."

Enoch prayed for me and within four minutes I received the Baptism with the evidence of speaking in tongues. In a vision I saw Jesus as He is described in the first chapter of the last book of the Bible.

Even though I left the meeting that night with a glow all about me, the next

morning Satan planted a doubt in my mind: "Did anything really happen?"

The answer is definitely yes! It was a life-altering experience. I had a new love for the word of God. I could pray in the Spirit and I could witness for Jesus.

I'm aware that my spiritual growth in the last two years parallels that of Paul Yarbrough. Even though he had problems, he didn't wait until he had solved all of them before he tried to help me. In helping me, he grew spiritually himself. Likewise, I have a long way to go, but I thank God that I can measure substantial growth as I attempt to help others.

One of my most rewarding recent experiences has been to open a new chapter in Oakdale, California. When I learned that the international directors had adopted a goal of one million members, 40,000 chapters and a chapter in every nation of the world, God gave me a burden to open a chapter in Oakdale.

Later I discovered that Richard Wright, now president, had been praying for ten years for this to happen, and that at least a dozen other people had been praying for their community.

Oakdale is a rodeo town. I really didn't believe that men there would be interested, but 100 attended the first meeting to hear Dale Woodard, a professional rodeo clown, give his testimony. Three people received the baptism in the Holy Spirit that night; ten signed up to become charter members. Attendance continues at about 100. Several have been saved, including a medical doctor.

More recently, ten men have been enlisted and we now have chartered a new chapter in New Ceres, California.

Back to my question at the beginning of this testimony. Was the meeting in Arlington a failure?

Ask my wife, who no longer has an alcoholic husband.

Ask the chapter in Modesto, where I served as vice-president and then president.

Ask those who have been saved through the new chapter in Oakdale.

If you ask me, it was a success. ☐



Ron Hurst is president of the Modesto Chapter, FGBMFI. He and his wife Patricia are members of the Calvary Temple Assembly of God Church. They have a daughter, Stephanie, age thirteen. Ron spent one year as radio and electrical mechanic for TWA, worked in the oil industry for six years, and is currently employed at CPC International as an instrument technician.

PANCAKES & PRAYER

Tom Gutzler, Beaverton, Oregon



Our restaurant was packed with the usual morning crowd. Outside, a boisterous December storm drove rain against the windows. As I surveyed the dozens of customers standing inside the entrance waiting to be seated, the overhead lights began to flicker.

"Tom, we're in trouble!" My manager came hurrying out of the kitchen. "We're losing electric power. The coffeemakers

are going cold. How can we keep making coffee for all these people?"

I thought quickly. "Let's start boiling water on the stove while I try to figure out what's happening."

That plan didn't work long. The stove stopped functioning. No coffee. Then the grills quit. The food stopped cooking.

I glanced at our waiting customers. These were my friends—many had been coming here for years, showing me snapshots of their children, sharing their problems and triumphs. They were like family to me. Would we be forced to turn them all away?

Sick at heart, I strode to the office where my wife sat. "Carolyn," I urged, "start praying! Something strange is happening."

I turned toward the stairs. "Well, Lord, it's in Your hands," I said as I climbed to the dark attic. The air there was cool and musty, the drumbeat of the rain louder.

Leaning against a rafter, I grasped the ceiling structure. "Lord," I prayed, "Your power is greater than any emergency. In the name of Jesus, I come against whatever is causing trouble and I command it to stop. Amen." Peace flooded into my heart as I climbed down.

Over the next twenty minutes each electric appliance came back on to full strength. The lights stopped flickering and we fed everyone.

Everything continued to work perfectly during the next five days. Then power-company linemen climbed the pole outside to investigate, came into the restaurant and reported, "The storm severed one of your three supply lines, and that's what caused your trouble. Then

the broken wire swung around in the wind and somehow welded itself back together—and that's why your power came back on. But even now you shouldn't be getting enough current."

They repaired the connection and left, shaking their heads.

What they took to be "luck" was, I know, God's answer to believing prayer. It's just one example of how He has blessed and protected the restaurant my wife and I bought in 1966.

Carolyn and I believe that our place of business carries a real Christian witness to the community because of its friendly, relaxed atmosphere. Many people have walked into our pancake house and said, "There's something different about this place." Somehow they experience a warmth and peace.

I often say that I have a "congregation" of 800 customers a day, and probably 750 of them have problems. Many are "regulars" who know the waitresses and me by our first names. If you're available in such a situation and sensitive to the quiet leading of the Holy Spirit, often they will confide in you. Our customers keep me up to date on their families and the illnesses and the deaths because they feel a personal attachment to us. I'm thankful for that, and I give God the credit and praise.

About twice a week Carolyn and I go to the restaurant after closing time to pray. We intercede for our business, for our building. We confront gossip and anything that would injure or harm our employees. We pray as we walk the floors they walk, as we go through the stations where they will be working. We

lay our hands on the front doors, praying for every customer who will be coming through, that they will feel that they're entering a place of peace.

Early in our married life Carolyn and I couldn't have prayed with such authority.

I first saw my future wife when we were junior-high students. She was walking down the hall at school. I began following her, and I've been following her ever since. Both of us were raised in Christian homes and in our youth received Jesus as our personal Saviour. But during many of our first years together we had not yet learned the secret of committing our lives completely to the Lord so that He could use us.

Carolyn and I were active in our church and took our two children to Sunday school, but for twenty years I sat in church and didn't know whether I'd made a full commitment to God. Then one Sunday night we went forward in a church we were visiting and made a public confession of our faith.

After being graduated from the University of Oregon in business, I began working for a large corporation and soon became their youngest branch manager. Learning to manipulate people, I was eager to work my way to the top.

There came a day when I offered to drive my car as my boss and a customer went golfing. The day dragged on into dining and making a late round of the nightclubs. Obligated not to leave them but unable to get them to end the evening, I began to feel trapped.

I came home to a frantic wife. That night for the first time in my life I cried out to God.

"Lord," I said, "I don't want to go on like this, with one foot in the world and one foot in church. Take me out of this situation!"

When you pray like that, watch out.

Just a few days later we went on a week of vacation. I kept thinking about a certain pancake restaurant in Beaverton. I knew the owners; as a sales manager for our company, I had called on them frequently. They had offered two weeks earlier to sell the business to me, but I told them we didn't have the money for a down payment.

All that week I prayed. It was the longest sustained prayer of my life. By the time we came home I knew I wanted that restaurant.

I borrowed \$10,000 for the initial payment, and within thirty days Carolyn and I found ourselves in business. We had no restaurant experience. I just went into the kitchen, got behind the grill and started to learn how to cook.

On the first day we dedicated our place to the Lord. Shortly afterward—on a dark, rainy evening—Carolyn was stirring pancake batter in the kitchen of an almost-empty restaurant. She began to pray, "Lord, bless our business tonight." Some people started coming through the front door.

Then God spoke within her heart: "I bring every person that comes through your doors. Every car that turns into your parking lot, I have turned the wheels to bring that car in. Only remember Me in your tithes and offerings, bring up your children to know the Lord, and I will bless your business."

God has been faithful. People have

told me that, as they were driving up the street, for some reason they decided, "Let's turn in here."

Although the Lord was blessing us, we both knew our spiritual lives lacked something. One day, talking with a woman customer, I made some remark about church. She exclaimed, "Oh, I had no idea you were a Christian!"

I was shocked to realize that my Christianity didn't show at all.

Two years after we took over the restaurant, another couple invited us to the Northwest Regional Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in Portland. There we saw people raising their hands and praising God. I said, "Hey, this is real! I don't know what they're doing, but it's sure better than what we've been doing!"

Dennis Bennett, the main speaker, told so interestingly about the baptism in the Holy Spirit that we were impressed.

We began going to a home Bible study which was teaching on the same subject. One night Carolyn, our son Steve and I went. They received the Baptism that night, but I didn't.

A few days later I came home from the restaurant for an afternoon break. Lying on the bed, I prayed, "God, I know this is of You, and I want to receive everything You have for me. I'm going to open my mouth and start praising You, and I ask You to fill it."

He did, baptizing me in His Holy Spirit. I lay there for forty-five minutes praising Him in a heavenly language. Two weeks later our daughter Becky also received the Baptism alone in her bedroom.

(continued, page 22)



UPDATE!

Fellowship News from
Here, There and Around
the World

1. All-Asian FGBMFI convention leaders who shared faith with President Marcos and prayed for his country. Left to right: I.D. Narciso Padilla; Executive Vice-President Tom Ashcraft; Sir Lionel Luckhoo; Presidential Assistant Minister Victor Nituda; T.L. and Daisy Osborn; Vice-President Khoo Oon Theam; Mr. Thian Oon Kin. 2. Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos welcomes Executive Vice-President Tom Ashcraft and other All-Asian FGBMFI convention leaders.

NEW OUTPOURING WITNESSED IN ASIA

A mighty move of God is already evident in Asia. It promises to be the prelude to an even greater outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

The All-Asia Convention in Manila May 16-19 offered documentation that a great laymen's revival is already in progress. More than 1,000 people attended the opening banquet at the Philippine Plaza Hotel, necessitating the setting up of tables in a hallway outside the ballroom.

FGBMFI members from Australia, Singapore, Malaysia, Thailand, Hong Kong, Canada, Guyana and the United States enthusiastically proclaimed the marvelous works of God in their lands.

As hundreds turned to Jesus, the convention itself gave testimony to Him as Saviour, Baptizer in the Holy Spirit, and Healer.

A thrilling highlight of the four-day event came when about thirty-five handsomely dressed, red-coated waiters responded to the invitation extended by Executive Vice-President Tom Ashcraft. After they had prayed the sinner's prayer together individually, each took the mike and confessed Jesus as Lord.

The outreach extended beyond the hotel confines. Teams of laymen went to other islands and welcomed opportunities to witness, also sharing their testimony at a number of churches.

At the New Bilibid Prison, housing more than 10,000 inmates, a team was greeted by this sign: "WELCOME! WE WILL SOON HAVE A CHAPTER OF FGBMFI." An FGBMFI member had previously built a Bible school within the prison walls.

Concerned for reaching the 50 million people in the Philippines, International Director Narciso Padilla explored every possible avenue to make a spiritual impact upon his nation during the convention. This included arranging a meeting of convention leaders with President Ferdinand Marcos.

Sir Lionel Luckhoo of Guyana and Khoo Oon Theam of Singapore shared their testimonies with the president. In presenting him with a copy of Demos Shakarian's book *The Happiest People on Earth*, Tom Ashcraft conveyed to President Marcos what FGBMFI is attempting to do to reach the world for Jesus. T.L. Osborn prayed for the president and his nation.

Since that experience my spiritual life has grown substantially. I could hardly face a day now without the power of the Holy Spirit. He gives me insight, opens my eyes and ears to people's needs and enables me to witness more boldly to others about my faith.

Another benefit of the baptism in the Holy Spirit is that I can pray more effectively, with faith and power. I'm more sensitive to the reality of spiritual warfare. "For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places" (Ephesians 6:12, NKJ).

Several years ago we began to have an unusually large number of on-the-job injuries. Employees were falling, cutting themselves; it was phenomenal. We had more accidents in a three-week period than normally in three years.

I realized that Satan was making a direct attack on our business. One night after closing time I told Carolyn, "I'm going down there and pray over our place."

I took a small bottle of olive oil, drove to the restaurant and parked in the lot. The Lord spoke to me: "March around your building seven times and anoint it with oil."

I got out of my car and began marching around the building, through the shadows and the light cast by street lamps. I praised the Lord and anointed the doors, windows and corners. In the name of Jesus I took authority over that restaurant.

This incident had a rather amusing side-effect. After the third circuit I noticed two girls of high-school age standing at the far corner of the parking lot, watching me. By the fifth time around I could tell they were wondering if I was sane. But the Lord had told me "seven times." I gritted my teeth, kept praising Him and finished my Jericho march.

Then I went inside and spoke Scriptures over each area; I proclaimed that greater was He who was in our business than he who was in the world (paraphrasing I John 4:4).

From that moment on, the injuries abruptly stopped. Our safety record now is one of the best in the Portland area.

Finally, the baptism in the Holy Spirit gives my wife and me the ability to wait on the Lord: not to rush into things, but to seek His will. We are learning to prioritize our lives and to let God lead us.

For example, in my business you have many opportunities to acquire more restaurants. People are always contacting me about businesses for sale or offering to buy me out. Perhaps some day we will own a chain of pancake houses, but we have left that up to the Lord. We have prayed often, "Father, if You want us to expand, open the door to the opportunity. But if it isn't right, please close the door."

At one point we were ready to buy another restaurant and met with attorneys to finalize the deal. But neither party could agree on a minor tax item and we felt this was God's way of closing the door. We did not sign the papers. I said, "Well, praise God, we still have a chain of one!"

Soon afterward I was impressed to close regularly at three o'clock in the afternoon instead of at eight o'clock at night, as we had done for twelve years. After analyzing our sales, we decided to take this unusual step. Within four months the Lord entirely restored the volume of business to what it had been.

We know it was the right move. Now we're freed in the evenings to go to FGBMFI meetings, to church and anywhere else God leads us. We are committed to our local church and thankful for our pastor and his strong teaching. He supports and encourages us as we travel and minister for the Fellowship.

Carolyn and I have had the thrill of going to Guatemala on several airlifts, and to great conventions in such places as Singapore and London, where we've seen miraculous healings and thousands of souls won to the Lord. At the same

time, we know that ministry—loving and helping people—begins at home, and is possible to anyone anywhere whose eyes, ears and affections are tuned to God's wavelength.

As each day follows the last, my heart is open to the Lord, to Carolyn and my family, and to the faithful employees and customers who make our restaurant such a special place to me. □

After serving in the Army during the Korean War, Tom Gutzler worked in sales management for seven years. For the last seventeen years he has owned and operated Tom's Pancake House in Beaverton, Oregon. An international director, former field representative and former president of the Beaverton-Tigard (OR) chapter, Tom has held many civic leadership positions. He and his wife Carolyn are members of the Beaverton Foursquare Church and have two children: daughter Becky and son Steve.



見王太子行在寺



John Lee, Singapore
Republic of Singapore

In February, 1980 I faced the reality of death.

As my father grew weaker and weaker I held him, not wanting to let him go. Gripping his hands, I called upon all the gods I knew. They did not answer. My father's hands grew cold and still. He died as I sat there with him.

In my terrible distress I realized that I didn't know where I would go if I should die.

My family was so deeply entrenched in the Buddhist faith that my grandmother had died sitting in the lotus position. Although I had attended a Roman Catholic school, I had never given Christianity a thought.

Instead, just as my family had always done, I worshiped at the temples and followed all the complicated rites and ceremonies, thinking that in this way I could, by my own merits, save my own soul.

More than anything else in life, I desired a good job that would produce plenty of money. To attain these goals I

studied and worked very hard. My ambitions paid off and I did well. Within seven years I had risen to head of the international division of a foreign bank. I began doing extensive traveling and entertaining.

But deep inside, I never experienced real joy.

I courted Jenny eight years before we married. We loved each other very much and agreed on everything—except religion. Jenny had been educated in a Christian school and believed in Jesus.

Through the years we would occasionally argue about religion but we agreed not to disagree and most of the time the subject didn't come up.

Despite Jenny's religious convictions, I forced her to clean the huge family altar in our home and to attend the weekly temple worship with me.

As the years went by, I noticed a gradual change in my wife. She started to read her Bible, to praise God openly, and to discuss Christian matters by telephone

with her friends. This made me very angry.

Whenever I saw her Bible, I would grab it and throw it aside. Whenever she used the telephone to fellowship with other believers, I would demand to use it. Whenever she prayed before meals, I scolded her.

In short, I persecuted my wife because of her faith.

After my father's death, my resentment of Jenny's religious faith intensified. Deep in my heart I wanted God, but I didn't know how or where to find Him. My stubborn pride wouldn't allow me to share this hunger and need with Jenny and our three sons.

The more she talked about the Lord, the angrier I became.

It all came to a head one night. Before going to bed, we had had a terrible quarrel over Jenny's faith. I woke up during the night and heard her sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Why are you crying?" I asked, angry at having my sleep disturbed.

"I am crying for my Lord," she said.

At that answer, I completely lost control, called her crazy and upbraided her mercilessly. Jenny continued to weep.

Finally I became so furious that I challenged her to divorce me so that she could follow her Jesus and I would be free.

In return she challenged me about my gods. "They are deaf!" she charged. "Even worse, they are satanic!"

Then she dared me to attend church with her just once, and to "find out for yourself who the true and living God is. If

your god is a true god you should have no fear!"

I accepted the challenge.

I went with her to a prayer-and-praise service one Sunday evening in December of 1980. Dr. Peter Tong was the speaker. As he stood to share, he read from John 14:1-4:

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

The word of God pierced my heart.

"And if I go and prepare a place for you," he read on, "I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know."

A dam seemed to burst inside of me. Tears began streaming down my face, tears that I could not stop. Pretending that I had a cold, I used my handkerchief to hide my face. The tears wouldn't stop.

At the end of the service Jenny and the boys got up to go home. I said, "No. I want to go to the front and pray." Unsteadily I made my way to the front of the church and cried out to God for His forgiveness.

That act and my decision to follow Jesus turned my life around. Everything changed: my personal life, my family, my work.

I surrendered them all to Him.

As I began following my Lord, He began working a remarkable series of events in my life. He showed me in unmistakable ways that He is real, alive and powerful.

For instance, the first serious obstacle to my faith was the huge family altar. A photograph of my father, who had died less than a year before, was enshrined there, along with countless statues of the deities I had worshiped for so long.

I didn't know what to do. To tell my mother and the other family members that I wanted to get rid of the family altar seemed an insurmountable problem. I spent a great deal of time fasting and praying about the situation.

I discovered that God answers prayer. My mother approached me one day and said, "We notice that you don't worship all these gods anymore."

I agreed, not knowing what to expect. She went on, "So it's best that we remove them."

Jenny and I certainly didn't waste any time doing that!

Now I serve a living God who hears and responds to my need. Hallelujah! □



John Lee is manager of a merchant bank in Singapore and a member of the FGBMFI Singapore National Board. He, his wife Jenny and their three sons worship at Wesley Methodist Church.

Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach

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, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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.

AUSTRALIA: St. George/Brighton/Le Sands Chapter, John Law 02-570-7724. **CANADA:** Grand Bend Chapter, Percy Hitchcock (519) 238-8115. **ENGLAND:** Tamworth Chapter, Robert Hudson 0827-66328. **IRELAND:** Kerry Chapter, George McAuliffe, Milltown 66; Wexford County Chapter, Basil Donnelly 054-34202. **NEW ZEALAND:** Balclutha Chapter, Bruce Beckingsale 82-892; Winton Chapter, W.R. Harrington, CEN 544. **NORWAY:** Halden Chapter, Ingvald Viken 031-85078; Ski Chapter, Thor Novang 02-942743. **SCOTLAND:** Inverness Chapter, Hugh Fraser 0463-75306. **WESTERN SAMOA:** Apia Chapter, Allan Mills 22922. **UNITED STATES: CALIFORNIA:** West Valley Chapter, Winston Severn (818) 880-4556. **GEORGIA:** Tri County Chapter, Paul W. Crawford (404) 245-6016. **ILLINOIS:** Taylorville Chapter, Dennis McKirahan (217) 824-5757. **MARYLAND:** Chesapeake Beach Chapter, Melvin Thomas (301) 855-7499. **MICHIGAN:** East Lansing Chapter, Jerry Procknow (517) 882-6475. **OHIO:** Georgetown Chapter, Rodney Spiller (513) 392-4012. **TENNESSEE:** Fayetteville Chapter, Robert Selby (615) 433-4719; Gallatin Chapter, John C. Melton (615) 452-1311. **TEXAS:** Granbury Chapter, Delmer H. Schultz (817) 573-6808; Winter Garden Chapter, Paul Sargent (512) 965-1757. **WEST VIRGINIA:** Gilbert Chapter, Robert Livingood (304) 664-3241.

Harris Tollefson, Bellevue, Illinois

He can't possibly survive this heart attack, Mrs. Tollefson. You had better prepare yourself for the worst."

My wife looked at the hospital counselor and said quietly, "The God I know could lift Tolly up and have him walking down this hall right now."

That was in 1982. I had been "coded" (revived with shocks to my chest) seven times; one of those times my heart had stopped for forty-five minutes—but I am alive today and stronger than I've been in a long time.

My Pakistani cardiologist says I am a walking miracle, not because I am as healthy as I am, but because I am alive at all. I give God all the glory.

Some of my medication has been removed, and I have claimed Matthew 21:22 as God's promise for my healing: "And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." I am confident that in time I will be off medication entirely. God is not finished with me yet, and I'm eager to do whatever He has for me to do.

I didn't always feel that way.

Born to Norwegian parents in a tiny North Dakota farming community, I was brought up in a Lutheran church. My early life was filled with church activities: Sunday school, Bible camp, Christmas programs, Life League and confirmation classes.

I was confirmed when I was fourteen, and shortly after that my mother died. My



parents believed in God, but neither my father nor the church could give me the encouragement I needed to handle the loss of my mother. My father turned to drinking, and in anger and disillusionment I turned away from the church.

That Mother had died was heartache enough, but it was capped by the final bizarre wound of Dad and I having to dig her grave ourselves because the man who usually dug the graves was sick.

Inwardly, a wild, unreasoning anger raged at a community—and a God—that would ever let this happen. I didn't realize until much later in my life how bitter I really had been about that incident.

As I grew older my ego grew too, and I developed a violent temper. However, a good reputation was important to me and I protected mine as best I could: I learned to be a hypocrite.

Graduating from high school in 1948, I knew I did not want to spend the rest of my life on a farm. I had the aptitude for college, but not the money. But when a friend told me point-blank that I could not afford college, my Norwegian stubbornness rose to the challenge. I had some small savings and was able to float loans from friends and relatives—and of course I worked while I was in college.

In December of 1952 I finally received my bachelor's degree in education at North Dakota State University, and soon after that I joined the army, where my drive to be a success was nurtured and intensified.

When my father died I had a disagreement with the church, and with this fresh

wound added to the earlier loss of my mother, I turned my back on the church.

However, when I started teaching mathematics at Colgate, North Dakota in 1956, I returned to the church—not because I wanted to learn more about God but because I had a reputation to protect. Teachers were expected in those days to attend church, and I did it because it was socially necessary.

As a matter of fact, I did *all* the right things: I got married in church, had my four children baptized in church, and took them to church and Sunday school. I became the hypocrite of all hypocrites. I smoked cigarettes and occasionally

The doctor told my wife he had done all he could do

drank, but I was careful not to do it in public; I had to be careful of my reputation!

Several years later I had earned my master's degree and we moved to Illinois, where I taught mathematics. I was promoted to registrar, then to assistant principal. I was in charge of scheduling and grade reporting as well as attendance and discipline of more than 800 senior-class students.

I found I had to work hard to control my ego and temper. I thought I had learned how to act humble and how to keep my arrogance and aggressiveness under wraps, but I was to find out I couldn't do it alone.

While I bowled with the Lutheran

League on Friday nights, my wife Patsie attended a prayer meeting. Later I learned it was for Lutheran charismatics. I began to notice drastic changes in her. She had a happier disposition, was at peace with herself and more attentive to me, and her nose was in the Bible constantly.

Frankly, I was curious. I agreed to go with her to a seminar on the Holy Spirit sponsored by the International Lutheran Renewal in Minneapolis. Convicted at that seminar of my need for a true relationship with God, I prayed a sinner's prayer, and God saved me and filled me with His Holy Spirit.

From that moment on my life started to change. Gradually the Lord helped me tame my ego as He showed me that there were problems I could not handle alone.

I began to see that God was at work in many of the cases I counseled at school: illegitimate pregnancies, incest, problem homes and the like. In my counseling sessions with the students I would discover if the family had a meaningful relationship with the Lord, and I would point out to them the importance of honoring their parents.

In concluding the session, I would ask them if they would like me to pray for them each morning during my private devotions.

But the Lord's way and the school's way were often in direct opposition. Many psychologists and social workers are not practicing Christians or are reluctant to use the Lord's teaching in their counseling. I was often under pres-

sure to conform to the school's policies. My boss felt I was too compassionate.

And there was too much pride in me. I still thought I could solve my own problems. Oh, I asked the Lord for help, all right—but I had difficulty accepting the help He offered. My smoking is a good example.

Once I put my cigarettes in the church offering plate. Another time I deliberately left them on the altar rail after taking communion. Both times I prayed aloud to be delivered from smoking—and both times I took my habit back within minutes.

Altogether, my bad personal habits and the stress on my job, combined, added up to seven of the eight leading causes of heart attacks. But I had too much pride to believe I could ever have a heart attack.

On the morning of May 18, 1982 I realized how wrong I was as the first pains started in my chest and spread to my arms.

I was unconscious for the next three weeks, diagnosed as having 100-percent blockage of the left anterior descending artery. There was no medical reason for me to be alive.

On May 23 the doctor told my wife that he had done all he could do and the rest was up to God.

My wife clung to three Bible verses: "You do not have because you do not ask" (James 4:2, RSV); "Whatever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye will receive" (Matthew 21:22); and "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done

for them of my Father which is in heaven" (Matthew 18:19).

I had been prayed for before, but never to the extent people now prayed for me. Over the next few weeks my pastor, my wife and Women's Aglow led hundreds of people in prayer. Relatives, friends, faculty members and students requested prayer at their churches in my behalf. God heard those prayers and raised me up. Every day I thank Him for life.

A lady from the hospital's ministry told me much later that there was no doubt in

The Lord helped me to shed the bitterness I had harbored about having to dig my mother's grave

her mind that God was present in my hospital room. She also told me that she had never met a person with more faith than my wife.

When I got out of the hospital my cardiologist, Dr. Amanullah Pathan, gave me a list of instructions: lose weight; stay off tobacco, caffeine and alcohol; reduce my sodium intake; exercise according to instructions; learn to handle stress better; avoid a list of food additives; take my medication.

Most of the items on the list were things I could do simply by using common sense and the information I had been given—but only the Lord could help me handle stress better, and He has given me the grace to cope with stressful

situations. All of my mental, emotional and spiritual attitudes are more in line with those of God than they were before.

The Lord also helped me to shed the bitterness I had harbored about having to dig my mother's grave. Matthew 5:22-26 says that he who is angry with his brother must be reconciled to his brother before he brings his gift to the altar. As I confessed my bitterness to God and asked Him, in the presence of my Bible study group, for forgiveness, I felt the weight lift.

When people tell me I am lucky to be alive I tell them there is no *luck* involved at all: *I serve a God who loved me enough to return me to life.*

I learned a lot from my heart attack and hospital stay. My attitude about prayer changed considerably when I realized how many people had interceded in prayer on my behalf. Being able to **intercede against Satan is one of our most powerful weapons. Prayers of intercession do work; I'm living proof.**

I learned, too, that reading God's Book, talking to Him and being open to His inspiration in my daily life make every day a new experience. I don't need to go to any stress workshops; **He has taught me how to relax and let Him lead me.**

Martin Luther said, "Whatever your heart clings to and relies on is your god." As a school administrator I had a lot of extra functions and games to attend, and I gave those priority over all the rest of my life. (I had to protect my reputation, you remember.)

But I praise God that He has delivered me from this self-image-building.

My job is no longer first in my life; God

is. I don't feel it necessary to attend every evening school activity anymore. Instead, I spend my time preparing for two Bible classes, worship and prayer meetings, or reading or listening to inspirational books or tapes.

I no longer try to build a power base or a monument to myself, or to put my name in some history book. I know I am a person of worth, not because of any status I achieve or any accomplishment of my own, but because God loves me.

While all of us welcome the approval of men, my self-esteem doesn't depend upon it. Knowing that God loved me enough to give His Son for me on Calvary is all the approval I need.

He has accepted me the way I am; now I can accept myself. I can accept and love others just as they are. □



Harris Tollefson has served as an educator for twenty-eight years, and has been assistant principal and junior-class counselor at Belleville Township High School for thirteen years. He is a member of Belleville Chapter, FGBMFI. He and his wife Patsie are members of Calvary Lutheran Church, LCA, and have four children: Dale, Carol Lynn, Patricia and Gina.

CORRESPONDENCE QUOTES

Voice is one of the most effective witnesses today in reaching people for Jesus Christ. The testimonies are powerful and presented in a way virtually everyone can identify with. I take great joy in telling someone, "Here's some *good* news for a change." Then I hand them a *Voice* magazine. People openly receive it.

There are hundreds of ways to share *Voice*. Copies can be placed in phone booths, laundromats, office waiting rooms (doctors, dentists, attorneys, etc.), hospitals, postoffices, banks, restaurants, gas stations, libraries, bus stops, convalescent and retirement homes.

My earnest prayer is that the Holy Spirit will move upon hundreds of thousands of dedicated Christians and that they in turn will each distribute 200 copies of *Voice* monthly.

Praise God and thank you for the privilege and joy of being part of the *Voice* ministry.

—W.B., Rancho Palos Verdes, CA

Praise God, I've been saved sitting alone right here in my office, thanks to your help in sending the small magazine, *Voice*. It helped me come to know God. Now all my sins are gone and I still have to wipe the tears of joy from my eyes. Pray for me and my wife and stepson to be reunited soon in Jesus' name.

—R.L., Rockford, IL

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Our Mission Statement

- To reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ
- To call men back to God
- To help believers to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and to grow spiritually
- To train and equip men to fulfill the Great Commission
- To provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship
- To bring a greater unity among all people in the body of Christ

Our Five-Year Goals, 1984-1989

I. Worldwide Outreach—
Chapters in every nation

II. International Membership—

A membership of one million

III. Chapters—

40,000 chapters

HELP LIFT JESUS UP IN THE LAND DOWN UNDER

Demos Shakarian invites you to accompany him and Rose on the most important airlift in the history of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

Plan now to be part of the 32nd World Convention, March 26-30, 1985 in Melbourne, Australia. Join the thousands of believers from around the world who will come together for this historic gathering—the first world convention held outside the United States. Enjoy worship, fellowship, teaching and ministry in the Land Down Under.

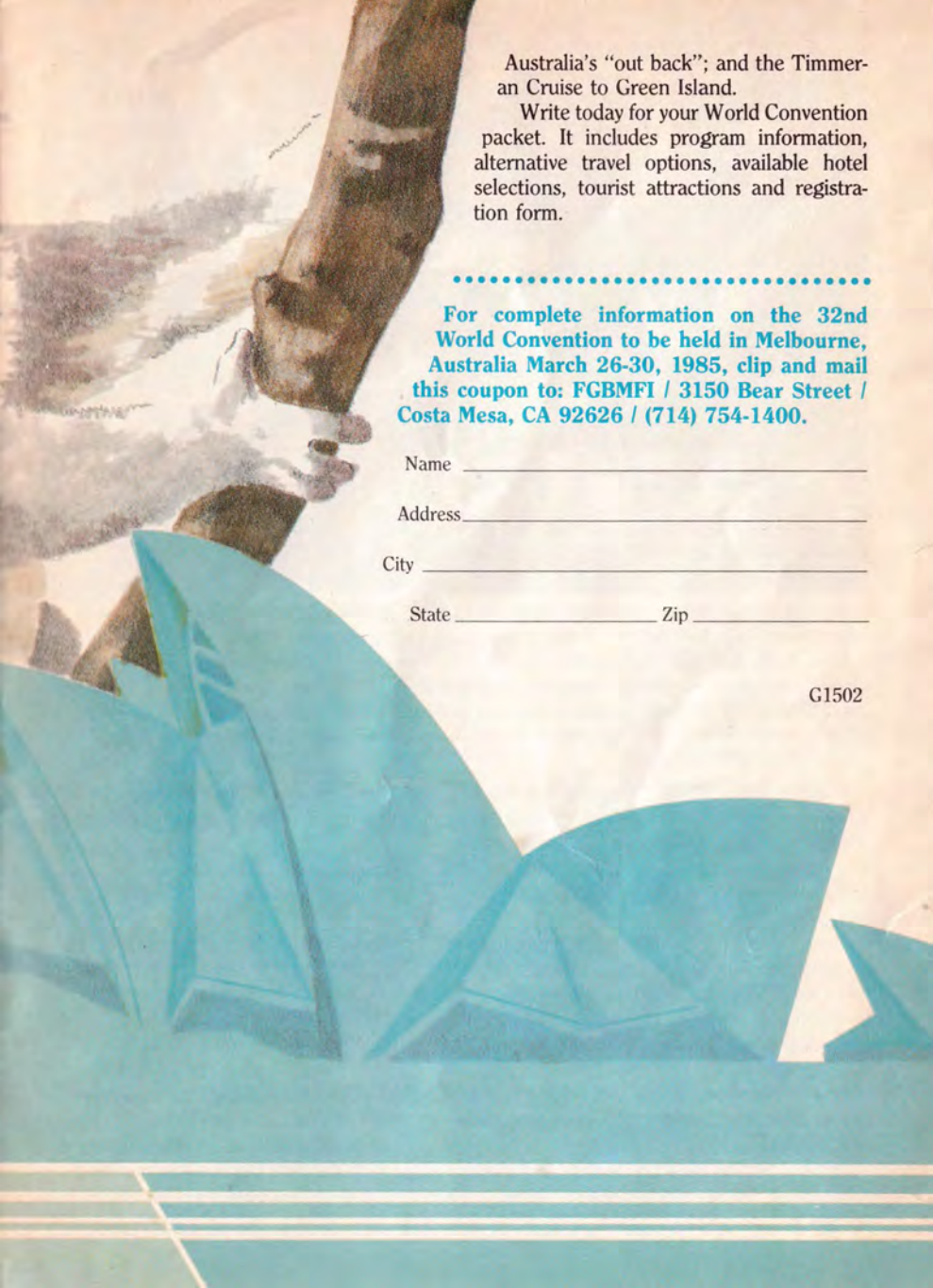
Speakers will include FGBMFI Founder/President Demos Shakarian... Reinhard Bonnke, recognized as one of the world's most challenging evangelists whose ministry is marked by signs, wonders, healings and miracles... Dr. Jack Hayford, pastor of Church On the Way, Van Nuys, California—his congregation has grown in 14 years from 18 persons to 6,000 and he has ministered in 36 countries... Lee Buck, who left his position as Senior Vice-President in charge of New York Life's marketing to enter full-time ministry... Bill Subritzky, senior partner in a New Zealand law firm and director of one of his nation's largest homebuilding companies... Sir Lionel Luckhoo, four times Mayor of Georgetown, Guyana; twice knighted by Queen Elizabeth II; distinguished diplomat and listed in the *Guinness World Book of Records* as "most successful criminal attorney."

ADDED ENRICHMENT

In addition to the rich spiritual blessings of the Convention, imagine the enjoyable fellowship with fellow believers enroute to the Convention via Qantas Airlines.

Optional itineraries and favorable rates are almost endless. They include New Zealand, Tahiti and, in Australia, a cruise of Sydney Harbor; a visit to Canberra, the capital city; a flight over



An artistic illustration of a ship's mast and sails. The mast is a thick, dark brown vertical pole. The sails are large, light blue, and appear to be made of a textured material like paper or canvas, with some folds and shadows. The background is a soft, hazy mix of light blue and white, suggesting a sky or sea. The overall style is painterly and somewhat abstract.

Australia's "out back"; and the Timmerman Cruise to Green Island.

Write today for your World Convention packet. It includes program information, alternative travel options, available hotel selections, tourist attractions and registration form.

.....

For complete information on the 32nd World Convention to be held in Melbourne, Australia March 26-30, 1985, clip and mail this coupon to: FGBMFI / 3150 Bear Street / Costa Mesa, CA 92626 / (714) 754-1400.

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G1502



1. Gen. Rios Montt, former president of Guatemala, shares his faith. Others at head table are, from left, soloist David Sapp; Int'l Director Arthur Evanson, convention chairman; Pastor Carlos Romero, interpreter; Gen. Richard Shaefer; Executive Vice-President Tom Ashcraft. 2. Influence of FGBMFI meeting in Oregon, spreading from chapter started by Fred Doerflein (right) in 1962, has extended far beyond that state's borders. Shown with him is John Martin, member of chapter at Brooks, Alberta, Canada, who received the Baptism at a 1978 convention. 3. Art Evanson leads chapter workshop.

The Pacific Northwest Regional Convention traces its beginnings back to June 28, 1962. While on a business trip to Portland, Fred Doerflein, international director, Seattle, Washington, felt a strong desire to start a chapter in that city.

Fred recalls, "I knew only one man in the city, so expectations for that first meeting weren't high. However, 100 persons turned out. By the fourth meeting attendance was ranging between 400 and 500."

Under leadership of international directors Art Evanson and Tom Gutzler and FGBMFI men working with them, that single chapter beginning has spread until today there are forty-five chapters in Oregon and three others in southern Washington. Oregon sponsors four conventions, an annual mayor's prayer breakfast in Portland, and an effective prison ministry. Three low-power television stations have been established with twenty-four-hour Christian telecasts in Eugene, Salem and Portland.

One of the five-year goals of FGBMFI is 40,000 chapters by 1989. Fred Doerflein could not have dreamed all that God would do in response to his obedience to the call to begin a chapter in Portland.

The successful 1984 convention and vital ministry which extends beyond the boundaries of the state of Oregon constitute a challenge to every member. Is God calling you to begin a new chapter?

CONVENTIONS

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

October 4-6, 1984

Holiday Inn, Redding
Write: FGBMFI, Box 3023
Redding, CA 96008

INTERIOR REGIONAL

October 11-13, 1984

Capri Hotel, Kelowna
Write: Mr. Neil Simmonds
#23-2055 Ethel St.
Kelowna, British Columbia
Canada V1Y 2Z6

HASTINGS AREA RALLY

October 12-13, 1984

Holiday Inn, Hastings
Write: FGBMFI, Box 754
Hastings, NE 68901

WICHITA FALLS RALLY

October 14, 1984

Wichita Falls Activity Center
Write: Mr. William Jessup
4904 Andria St.
Wichita Falls, TX 76302

EASTERN OREGON REGIONAL

October 18-20, 1984

Red Lion Motor Inn, Pendleton
Write: Mr. Edwin Sheets
190 Main St.
Hermiston, OR 97838

MID-ATLANTIC REGIONAL

October 18-20, 1984

Radisson Wilmington Hotel
Wilmington
Write: FGBMFI
735 N. Hurlville Rd.
Deptford, NJ 08096

NEW ORLEANS WORLD'S FAIR REGIONAL

October 24-27, 1984

Write: Mr. Frank Van
6311 Brunswick Ct.
New Orleans, LA 70114

NASHVILLE CENTRAL SOUTH REGIONAL

October 25-27, 1984

Maxwell House Hotel, Nashville
Write: Mr. Hoyt Elliott
Box 24096, Nashville, TN 37202

WISCONSIN REGIONAL

October 25-27, 1984

Ramada Airport Hotel, Milwaukee
Write: Mr. Marilyn Peters
3741 S. 71st St.
Milwaukee, WI 53220

ALABAMA STATE MEN'S ADVANCE

October 26-28, 1984

Camp Ambassador, Chilton County
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FGBMFI Alabama State Office
Box 35044
Birmingham, AL 35211

NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL

November 1-3, 1984

Holiday Inn, Portland
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Portland, ME 04104

24TH ANNUAL MEN'S RETREAT

November 8-10, 1984

American Baptist Assembly
Green Lake, WI
Write: FGBMFI, 564 W. Fulton St.
Chicago, IL 60606

NORTHERN INDIANA MEN'S ADVANCE

November 8-10, 1984

Epworth Forest, North Webster
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Fort Wayne, IN 46818

NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA REGIONAL

November 8-10, 1984

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PERMIAN BASIN REGIONAL

November 8-10, 1984

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November 9-10, 1984

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November 9-11, 1984

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November 9-10, 1984

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November 14-17, 1984

Lodge of the Four Seasons
Lake Ozark
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861 Manitou Dr.
Red Hill, MO 63119

SOUTH CAROLINA STATE REGIONAL

November 15-17, 1984

Landmark Best Western Resorts
Myrtle Beach
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Box 2006, Myrtle Beach, SC 29578

PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGIONAL

November 22-24, 1984

Sea Tac Red Lion, Seattle
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Kent, WA 98031

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

November 22-25, 1984

Harbor Island Sheraton
San Diego
Write: Dr. Lee Mindt
2111 Redbird Dr.
San Diego, CA 92123

SOUTH CENTRAL TEXAS REGIONAL

Nov. 29-Dec. 1, 1984

Marriott Hotel, San Antonio
Write: Mr. Lee Tauernher
13 Country Creek Ln.
Fredericksburg, TX 78624

PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

January 16-20, 1985

Phoenix Hilton
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Phoenix, AZ 85069

HAWAII REGIONAL

January 23-26, 1985

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Conventions published in this issue were approved by June 18.

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MULTIFACETED NEEDS—SINGLE SOLUTION

The hurts and needs of life are so multifaceted—can there ever be a single solution or problem-solver?

Can a prescription for an injured football professional be a cure for alcoholism? Will what works for a restaurant owner be effective enough to

rescue a man threatened by the Mafia?

The problems faced by Ed McGlasson, Ron Hurst, Tom Gutzler and Dennis Marshall defy easy answers. Educator Harris Tollefson and banker John Lee, a former Buddhist, acknowledge that religion is not an adequate answer.

Unbelievable as it may seem, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the answer. Each of these men have discovered Him to be "the way, the truth and the life." Jesus wants to be your answer too. Use the Six Steps to Salvation below to assist you as you put your life in His hands. □

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 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 92628.



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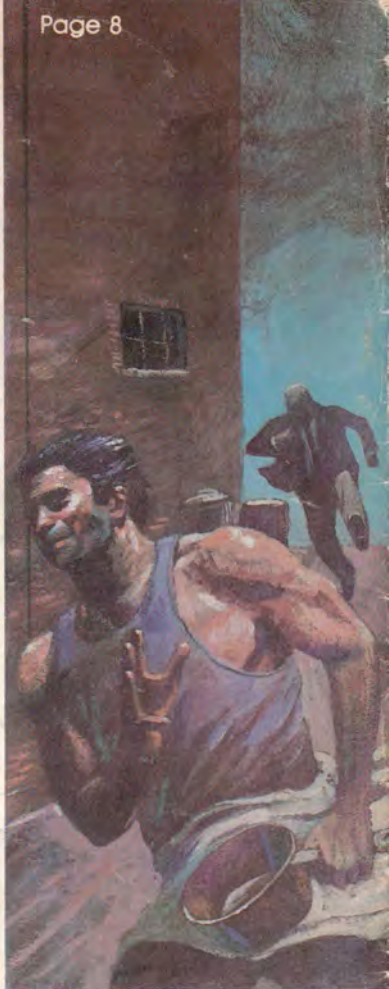
Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere in the world being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching eighty-four nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write Chapter Department, FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



Lobby of World Laymen's Headquarters, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Costa Mesa, California. Below: world globe, rotunda.





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