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Full Gospel Business Men's

voice

**FGBMFI'S EXECUTIVE
VICE-PRESIDENT
THOMAS L. ASHCRAFT**



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Called to Share

Gentle breezes set the colorful flags rustling outside my office windows. Leaning back in my comfortable chair, I watched them unfolding against a gleaming Southern California sky. Beyond the busy freeway that roared just beyond the flagpoles, South Coast Plaza's elegant shopping center bustled with activity.

My field of service at Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International centers around that pleasant office. With its unusually attractive setting, it is a location suitable for the interaction of some of the world's most successful businessmen. Outside the door is a sign that reads, "Tommy Ashcraft, Executive Vice-President."

What an honor it is to be here! I told myself that early spring afternoon. *God has blessed me in an exceptional way,*

allowing me to serve Him like this. I'm a country boy. My early years were poverty-filled. How did I ever find myself with such a unique opportunity to serve the Lord?

A scrapbook of memories carried me, page by page, across the decades. I smiled, remembering young Tommy, raw-boned and rebellious, growing up in a picturesque Arkansas valley. The green hills that surrounded the homely little cottage housing our family soared gracefully. Our home needed paint on its exterior. Inside, our walls were carefully covered with the local newspaper, varnished neatly over the cracks beneath. But the love within those walls was neither chipped nor lacking.

Childhood years unfolded before my eyes. My dad, although a perfectionist

and strong-willed man, cared deeply for his wife and children. As for my mother? She was more than a woman in my young eyes. She represented the Holy Bible and the Christian faith with a heart full of love for God and her family.

Never will I forget the dark day a massive cyclone swept across our Arkansas fields. Father was nowhere to be found, hard at work in some distant corner of the farm. We terrified children huddled, trembling, beside our parents' iron bed, tears of terror streaking our cheeks, staring at Mother's beautiful Cherokee Indian face.

Boldly she lifted her arm toward heaven and spoke to her heavenly Father. "God! Stay Your hand!" She said the words confidently, with no trace of fear in her low voice. "Stay Your hand, God!" God answered her prayer.

When the storm quieted at last, our farm was devastated. Trees lay in ruin, uprooted by savage winds. Only piles of splintered timber remained where sheds had once stood. The valley was locked in an awful silence.

Yet our house was intact, not a shingle blown off the roof—it was a miracle. Father returned, shaken but safe. He had weathered the storm in the shelter of a ditch. My relieved mother's arms welcomed him home.

Mother represented the power of prayer to me. For the rest of my years, no matter how disreputable my life-style became, her faith set a matchless example. I did not know the Lord, but I knew she did.

Still, in spite of all the blessings in my young life, I was not happy. Inside me blazed an unexplainable fire. As a boy, I was mischievous. As I reached adolescence I became destructive, terrorizing and sometimes killing farm animals. Frequently I brought the wrath of my father down upon my young head.

At seventeen years of age, I turned this pent-up energy toward self-destruction. I began boxing to prove that I was tough. Then I began to erode my character with habits that would continue for many years to come. One evil I embraced was the use of lovely young women for sexual gratification. Those girls decorated my life like an endless garden of pretty flowers, meant for no other purpose than to be picked for my own personal pleasure.

Another bad habit of mine came in a clear glass jug. It was illegal. The Arkansas folks called it "white lightning." A pint of that, a car, my date, and a dance hall and I was set for the night.

Whatever my moral weaknesses, however, I had a strong business sense that

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Tommy in the early days

enabled me to do well at nearly everything I touched. When I was a boy, my father taught me to plow fields. I was never satisfied unless my furrows matched his perfectly. I was persistent and determined.

A few years later, when I went to work at our local Cox bakery, these attributes distinguished me. It wasn't long before hard work and perfectionism qualified me as a master baker.

"Tommy, you've learned all we can teach you here," the manager told me one Friday evening, just as the night shift was about to arrive. "The next session of the American Institute of Baking starts in

three weeks. We'd like to send you to Chicago to attend!" I graduated with a degree in bakery management.

This was the beginning of a career that quickly led to success and prestige. When I returned to Arkansas, I soon replaced my foreman. From that day on, my efforts carried me on toward top management, and little stood in my way.

When it came to personal behavior, I was far from a "perfectionist." My faithful mother never judged or reprimanded me. When I returned home from carousing, she would simply put her hand on my forehead and kiss me good night, while I desperately tried to hide my alcoholic breath beneath the blankets.

I knew that she knew. I also knew that she prayed for me.

When I first met Elizabeth, I judged her harshly—in my opinion she couldn't hold a candle to my mother as a godly woman. Yet her refusal to become physically intimate with me outside of marriage caused me to radically change my course of action. I couldn't seem to live without her dark-eyed beauty. But I couldn't possess that beauty unless I married her—she made that very clear.

We were married in the 1930's. The honeymoon ended soon after. Within months I was cheating on her and coming home drunk. I continuously degraded her with my hostile attitude and words, wounding her deeply again and again. We could not communicate and I didn't know how to be the priest in my home.

My unfaithfulness to Elizabeth forced me to face my human frailties and failings. But Elizabeth's faithfulness to God brought me to Jesus.



Tommy Ashcraft delivers an impassioned altar call at an early FGBMFI convention

Once she gave her heart to the Lord, she prayed for me continuously. By then my mother's death had removed all other spiritual influence from my existence. I was amazed at Elizabeth's love for me and her unfailing persistence in prayer and Bible reading. She became a new person according to II Corinthians 5:17. She no longer fought with me, only

loved and tried to please me. I couldn't understand what had happened to her.

One night, after fleeing the Lord's authority for a lifetime, I stormed out of a church service when the "altar-call" for salvation was given. God's still, small voice had been instructing me to meet with Him. But once again I rejected His invitation and headed for the door.

I'm a very successful man, I told myself, standing outside as a warm southern wind blew. Four hundred men work for me. Kroger Bakery is a good, profitable operation—as prosperous a business as you can find—all because of me. Why do I need God?

But deep inside, I was desperately trying to squelch the knowledge that no matter how successful I was, sin was my master. I could never seem to gain control over alcohol, sex, or verbal abuse. Without peace and full of hate, I was a miserable man and didn't know what to do about it.

Frustrated, I lit a cigarette and headed for the car. "I'm through with all this religious stuff..." I muttered to myself as I started down the church steps. "I should never have listened to Elizabeth in the first place."

Suddenly, a warning broke into my consciousness. "You take one more step and that's it. This is your last chance!" Where was that voice coming from? I looked around.

I suddenly remembered Genesis 6:3. "And the Lord said, My Spirit will not always strive with man...." I wasn't ready for God to stop striving with me. I wanted to know Jesus as my Saviour but I didn't know how to receive Him.

There was no one around. No one at all. The voice had to be God's. I realized instantly that I'd better listen! Always I'd been able to tune God out, but not this time.

Trembling with fear, I meekly went back into the sanctuary. A warm embrace of love surrounded me there. I could immediately feel it. Until that night I had been telling myself that my mother's Christian faith was enough to save me. I somehow thought that my water baptism as a young man had guaranteed me entrance into heaven.

But now I knew better. Only by inviting the Lord into my own heart could I gain eternal life. Only His forgiveness could remove the stains that years of sin had left upon me. Only a personal relationship between Tommy Ashcraft and God Himself could provide me with an ability to love—something I'd never had in my life before.

That night I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Lord.

By His grace, He immediately forgave me and delivered me from those overpowering sins of the flesh that had held me prisoner all my adult life. No more booze, women, cigarettes, or filthy talk. I was set free! Since that day I have not had one moment of wanting to return to the old life. I love God, I love people, and I've had a continual desire to witness and see other men's lives changed.

Barely three weeks after I was born again, I led my first convert to Jesus.

That dreary Monday morning I was having coffee at work and noticed a small, disheveled man in black staring at me. When I left, he followed me into the

parking lot and approached me shyly. "Will you pray for me?" he quietly asked. I was a little puzzled, but responded, "Yes. Where's your car?"

The man settled himself stiffly in the driver's seat, and I sat beside him. He started to spill out a torrent of troubles, but I stopped him. "None of that matters. Just ask Jesus into your heart. He'll take care of the rest. I know—I just did and my life was completely changed!"

Somehow, inexperienced as I was, I managed to lead him in a sort of on-the-

spot "sinner's prayer." Then, after praying that God would solve his problems, I left him and went back to work.

About a year later, he appeared in my office. "Can you spare fifteen minutes?" he asked politely, holding his hat nervously in his hands.

"Of course I can! Please sit down."

"Do you remember the day you prayed for me? I had wandered into that coffee shop with a bottle of poison in my hand, about to pour it into a water glass and drink it. I was going to kill myself!"

Tommy Ashcraft and Demos Shakarian, friends and co-servants, in Headquarter's Prayer Rotunda



Speechless, I shook my head, shocked by his words.

He continued. "I was just about to open the bottle when I heard a kind of inner voice. 'Ask that man to pray for you!' That's why I followed you out into the parking lot."

"Why were you going to kill yourself?"

"Well...." He looked at the floor for a moment, then back into my eyes. "I'd been involved with a woman for several years. I'd been wanting to break off the affair, but she said she'd kill me if I did."

"That morning my wife had announced that she was leaving me. My son and daughter had also confronted me. They were moving out too. They'd all completely lost their respect for me and I knew why."

"Then I went to work. I hadn't been there five minutes when my boss fired me!"

I was aghast. "You must have felt like life wasn't worth living!"

"That's exactly how I felt. When you prayed that God would solve my problems, I wondered how He possibly could!"

"So what happened?" By now I was on the edge of my seat, breathlessly awaiting his answer.

"My first stop after praying to receive Jesus was at my girlfriend's place. I was going to tell her good-bye and take my chances with her threat to murder me."

"When I got there she didn't even open the door. 'Go back to your wife and kids' she yelled at me through the screen door. 'I'm through with you.'"

"So I went home, ready to beg my wife to forgive me and give me another chance. When I got there, she threw her

arms around me. 'I don't want to leave you...' she cried. My kids were there too, willing to stay and work things out."

"The very next day I got a job that paid \$25 a week more than the one I lost. I also had heart trouble, and God healed me."

"But best of all, I knew I was on my way to heaven no matter what happened to me!"

After the man left my office, I sat transfixed, thinking for a long time. The man's life had been so similar to mine! Evil habits had trapped him, and he had been completely unable to escape on his own. How many other men were helplessly seeking answers, just as he and I had?

The encounter challenged me. It wasn't good enough to simply be spiritually satisfied myself. God wanted me to reach out to others, and He had wasted no time in giving me a golden opportunity!

Several weeks later, after being baptized in the Holy Spirit, I found myself unable to resist telling everyone I met about God's love. My greatest sense of joy came when I was able to share what He had done in my life with my colleagues—fellow businessmen like myself. But I wasn't the only person with such a passion.

In 1953, Demos Shakarian started a small organization called Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. I was delighted with the concept and wholeheartedly embraced it. In 1955, I had the privilege of founding its eleventh chapter in Atlanta, Georgia. Soon I was international director for the southern

United States. Within another year, I was appointed one of the vice-presidents for the entire Fellowship.

For me, no greater opportunity could ever have been offered for service to God. I was typical of many men—a country boy who had gained success and financial comfort in the business world. My life more or less epitomized the “American dream.”

And yet my soul had been lost in sin.

FGBMFI provided me with an environment where my personal history was a parable to thousands of men just like me. Those men were exceptionally outstanding in the world system. But in their private lives, they were disgusted with their personal emptiness. The story repeated itself again and again.

And the conclusion was always the same: if Jesus Christ could change Tommy Ashcraft, He could change anybody!

In 1982, I was attending a Fellowship convention. While visiting with some friends, I felt a slap on the back. I turned to look Demos Shakarian directly in the eye.

“Tommy, I’m appointing you executive vice-president of the Fellowship.”

He walked on.

“Wait a minute, Demos!” I reached toward him. “We’d better pray about this!”

Demos kept moving. “No, Tommy. God told me to do it. I have the power to do it. And I’m doing it!”

From that moment on, my life was busier than ever. It became my responsibility to oversee the home office. I found myself training leaders for the Fellow-

ship, both here at home and around the world.

The rapid development of FGBMFI on every continent has kept me flying to distant lands again and again. Today we have chapters in 87 different countries of the world, and our world convention convenes in various nations as well as the major cities of the U.S.

Demos’ illness intensified my responsibilities in the Fellowship. He has asked me to represent him in many of the official functions of FGBMFI from board level to chapter activity. How I thank the Lord for the many years of close fellowship I have enjoyed with this dear saint of God. His guidance, love, and understanding have provided an example for me to follow. The continuing assurance Demos gives makes the ministry a constant joy.

So it is that today I sit in my lovely office, overlooking one of Orange County’s busiest freeways. The flags that flutter outside my window never fail to remind me that there are millions of businessmen worldwide who haven’t yet met the Lord Jesus. They are just as lost as I once was!

“Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations” (Jeremiah 1:5). That’s what God said to the prophet Jeremiah. The same goes for me—I’ve been called by the Lord to share the gospel with the nations. He saved me, equipped me and placed me in the right spot for service.

How about you? Do you know Jesus?



If you don't, you need to! Luke 19:10 says, "For the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Ask God to forgive you of your sins and accept Jesus as your Saviour. In Romans 10:9 and 10, He promises that if you confess Jesus with your mouth and believe in your heart, you will be saved. If you do love Him, why not ask Him to do for you what He's done for me? Just pray a simple prayer—"Here am I, Lord. Send me." □

Tommy Ashcraft joins Rose and Demos Shakarian for a prayer of dedication for new Laymen's Headquarters in Costa Mesa, California

Tommy Ashcraft is executive vice-president of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. Prior to that he was an FGBMFI vice-president for twenty-seven years. During that time he managed baking companies for eighteen years and was self-employed for twelve years. He and his wife, Elizabeth, have three grown children and four grandchildren. They attend Evangelistic Temple, where Mr. Ashcraft has been a trustee, elder, Bible teacher, and chairman of the men's fellowship.

After teaching a Sunday school class the last weekend in April, 1975, I began suffering severe, even unbearable abdominal pain. My wife and I immediately went to the Lord in prayer and called for others to join us. My body began to relax, the pain subsided, and I was able to rest in reasonable comfort.

I called a Spirit-filled doctor and good friend in Pasadena, Texas and told him my symptoms. Dr. Hamm suggested that if the pain or condition continued, I should come to his office for an examination. After resting on Monday, I arose Tuesday morning to go to the University of Houston where I was a faculty member. I noticed that I looked very jaundiced. My son, Kevin, even called me "Golden Boy" because of the golden hue of my skin and yellowed eyes. Although I was no longer in pain, I knew that with this condition I could not continue my teaching assignment. So I called Dr. Hamm and made an appointment.

When he saw me, he suggested that I had infectious hepatitis. I told him I did not think so, but rather that, as in past at-

GOLDEN BOY

Frank Romanelli
Tulsa, Oklahoma

tacks, the symptoms probably indicated gallbladder problems. On every occasion before, I had been healed. After an examination and the taking of a blood sample, Dr. Hamm recommended that I go home and rest until he could make a definite diagnosis.

After careful consultation with several other physicians and reviewing my blood

condition (which had a very high bilirubin count indicating that bile was going directly into my bloodstream), he urged that I visit an eminent surgeon at Baylor College of Medicine in Houston to determine a course of action. When I got there, Dr. Howell reviewed the findings, examined me, and determined that gallstones had been dislodged from my gall-





Frank and Peggy Romanelli

bladder and were now blocking my common duct. He said that if I did not have the stones removed, my digestive juices would flow in the wrong direction and begin to digest my own body.

He recommended immediate surgery and said that this was close to an emergency. Although I had no pain but was still very jaundiced, we again went to the Lord in prayer to find out what He wanted us to do. We had great peace about the decision of allowing the doctors to proceed with surgery. However, we were believing the Lord for His miracle-working power during the entire time.

According to the doctor's report, surgery went well for the removal of the gallbladder and the stones that were lodged in my common duct. I began to recover in a normal fashion after the extensive surgery. However, ten days later I realized that I was becoming progressively more weak instead of stronger. The doctors determined that my liver had been severely damaged and was producing

too many enzymes. My bilirubin count, more than 14.5 percent, was much too high, even though they were collecting all of my bile in a t-tube still in my abdomen. They said there was nothing more they could do for me except check my blood every other day and let me get all the rest I could.

On the twenty-eighth day I recognized that even though I was trusting God for His healing touch, I was no better. In fact, I was losing one pound per day even though I ate everything placed in front of me.

In response to my rapidly deteriorating condition, hundreds of people from my church and FGBMFI chapter were fasting and praying for my recovery.

I decided that there was one scriptural injunction on healing that I had not obeyed since the surgery. This was contained in James 5:14,15: "Is any sick among you? let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the

Lord: And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up..." I decided to call two men from Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship to come and pray for me.

Ralph Littlejohn and Harry Drennan, my close associates, were called and asked to come that evening, as I could feel myself sinking fast. They suggested that possibly they could come the next day, but I felt such an urgency about it that I repeated, "No, I'd like to have you both come tonight; I need your prayers."

When they came into my room, took my hands, anointed my head with oil and prayed the prayer of faith, I knew I had done everything that the Lord wanted me to do. Now I could rest totally in Him, trusting for His word to work in my behalf.

The next morning, after I had been in the hospital twenty-nine days, my wife knew something was different. When she arrived, I was sitting up in bed and praising the Lord in a new way. I told her that I was healed.

When the doctor came in, I told *him* that I was healed. He said, "Well, I'll have to see the blood-sample report before I can make any determination."

Adamantly, I repeated that I had been healed. "I would like you to take the

tubes out of my body and let me go home," I added. That evening when he came in, the doctor said there was a slight downturn in the enzyme production of my liver and that he'd be glad to take the tubes out of my body. He did so, and the next day, my thirtieth in the hospital, they released me.

I had lost one pound each day in the hospital and was very weak, but God had honored His word and the faith of His people. I was totally healed of the severe liver malfunction.

I praise the Lord for His faithfulness and can truly echo Psalm 92:1-2: "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most high: To shew forth thy lovingkindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night." It's been ten years since that time, and I'm still healthy.

I had a one-year leave of absence from the University of Houston to begin doctoral studies at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville. The enemy tried to block that plan by causing this sickness. However, God intervened. Even though we were not able to go to Tennessee until August, we were still able to accomplish all He wanted us to do in that year. Truly we experienced a miracle! ☐



Frank with graduate students from Singapore at ORU

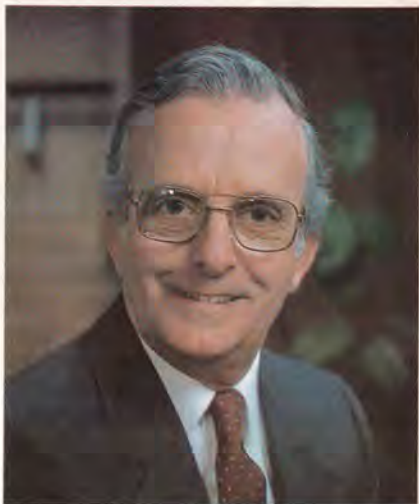
Dr. Frank Romanelli has been associate dean of the Graduate School of Business, Oral Roberts University, since 1981. Prior to that, he was employed by the University of Texas System Cancer Center as executive manager of the Anderson Mayfair Properties. He has his B.A., M.B.A., and Ph.D. degrees from Michigan State University, West Texas State University, and University of Houston, respectively. He and his wife Peggy have two grown sons, Dean and Kevin. They worship at Victory Christian Center in Tulsa. Dr. Romanelli is a life member of FGBMFI. He is a former president of Corpus Christi and Amarillo (Texas) Chapters.

You must retire now or you'll die!" my concerned doctor exclaimed. This was in 1974. I was fifty-five years old and had been selling life insurance for twenty-four years. He made this prediction based on his diagnosis of my condition (a series of grave diseases—cardiovascular dysfunction, emphysema, high blood pressure, angina, bradycardia, and kidney dysfunction). I had lost the use of my right eye and ear, suffered memory loss, had a lump in my neck, and could not move my head from left to right.

By March, 1982 I felt despair over my physical condition. After being on disability for eight years, I had only continued to deteriorate. I had shrunk to 105 pounds and had trouble walking. Although surgery was indicated, I was not physically able to withstand it.

While in the insurance business, I was so busy that I was content to have a very superficial relationship with the Lord. I depended on myself for everything and prayed rather casually, never aware of the Lord's true power and love. I had never really asked Him for assistance.

At this time, my son, Richard, urged my wife, Georgette, and I to attend a Full



Benoit Dube
Hull, Quebec, Canada

Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International convention in Ottawa. We had become spiritually hungry and on that basis agreed to attend. Having lived quite isolated lives for some time due to my illness, we looked forward to the fellowship. But what actually happened at the convention far surpassed any expectations we had.

We first noticed the atmosphere of love and warmth that pervaded the convention. Although many denominations were represented, there was a real spirit of unity present in the corporate worship.

The first day, a speaker taught on the subject of divine healing through the

power of the name of Jesus. The teaching impressed us, but we were primarily there for spiritual, not physical reasons.

That day Georgette and I responded to the invitation to receive Jesus as our Saviour and Lord and to commit our lives

to Him. We felt so free knowing our sins were completely forgiven. After that, our prayer counselor asked us, "Would you like to be baptized in the Holy Spirit?" We agreed eagerly—we wanted everything the Lord promises in His word.

Eternal Life Insurance



"You don't need those [pills] anymore; you're healed!"

Our counselor then laid hands on us and prayed that the Lord would pour out His Spirit on us. We began praying and instantly were speaking in "other tongues." I felt as though I were enveloped in a cloud of the Lord's presence. The peace and joy that the Lord promises believers became a reality to me. I felt so whole in my soul and spirit that it never occurred to me to seek a physical healing.

During the convention, an FGBMFI member offered us a healing tape and told us that he knew I was going to be healed that evening. We smiled appreciatively, but didn't really believe him. Georgette and I felt that the Lord had already done everything for us—what more could He have in store?

During the meeting that night, a speaker suddenly called out by the word of knowledge, "There is someone in the convention suffering from memory loss; would you please come forward?"

I went forward. He laid his hands on me, anointed me with oil in the name of Jesus, and offered a prayer of faith. I felt a warm sensation throughout my entire body and was completely healed of all my diseases at that moment. I was en-

gulfed by joy, and the entire auditorium burst forth in praise to our mighty, miracle-working Lord.

Once at home as I prepared to retire, I got ready to take my usual dose of prescribed medication. I suddenly felt the Lord telling me, "You don't need those anymore; you're healed!" I never took the pills again. Today, I am in excellent health.

Our friends continually ask, "What's happened to you? Your face, especially your eyes, glow!" I always tell them how the Lord saved and healed me.

Ever since our salvation and healing, my wife and I begin each day by praising the Lord and praying, "We are at Your disposal, Lord. Bring the people to us that You would have us speak to." And the phone begins ringing shortly thereafter...

We have a hospital ministry in which we help patients pray for salvation, the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and healing.

I am involved with "The Happiest People on Earth" television program and, as a telephone counselor, am able to minister to people in prayer.

I can honestly say I am now offering the best life insurance policy possible... eternal life insurance in Jesus Christ! □

Benoit Dube is a retired insurance salesman. He and his wife Georgette have four grown children: Guy, Richard, Audrey, and Francine. Mr. Dube is a field representative for the Hull-Ottawa Chapter of FGBMFI.

Reliable reports show that one in every ten physicians at some time in his professional career will have a problem of chemical dependency. In the medical field, a hopeless drug addict would never be accepted back into the mainstream. Yet in Exodus 3:21 and Joel 2:25 God has promised to give His people favor with man, and to restore what the cankerworm has destroyed.

DR. DERELICT'S RESURRECTION

Howard Thomas, M.D.
Savannah, Tennessee

From my window on the third story I could see Ann and our three sons standing in the parking lot below, searching each window for a glimpse of me. It was April 20, 1965—my birthday. But I would not be permitted to take young Joey in my arms, ruffle Bobby's hair, or give Jimmy a bear hug. I had been



judged by the court to be a danger to them, myself, and society. My parents had committed me to a federal institution for the insane.

We looked at each other for a few fleeting minutes, then they were in their car and headed down the highway. As the car disappeared from my view, the last vestige of my manhood died within me. With fingers still tightly locked over the heavy wire mesh covering the window, I sagged to my knees. If it had been within my power to do so, I would have willed my heart to stop beating.

Repeatedly during the bleak months that followed, I mentally dissected my life; how could it have gone so wrong?

As a boy, living in the hostile environment of a home full of heartache ruled by a drunken father, I had dreamed of the day I would be a man. I wanted to be a credit to my community, a father who would be a buddy and a friend to his children. Because of my father, I learned to despise alcohol.

When I got out of the Navy at the end of World War II, I packed up my young wife and our infant son and headed for college in the "big city," Memphis, Tennessee.

Without benefit of calculus, trigonometry or microbiology—courses not offered in small country schools—I threw myself into my studies.

Our growing circle of new friends were much more sophisticated than we. Because we longed to fit in, socially as well as intellectually, we worked hard to bridge the gap. In a short time we were smoking, drinking, and partying as though we had done it all our lives. We thought of ourselves now as being very

urbane, very "uptown."

I was accepted into the University of Tennessee College of Medicine and graduated in 1954, fifth in my class. My academic achievement earned my election to the highest honorary medical fraternity.

It was during my internship at St. Joseph's Infirmary in Atlanta, Georgia that I had begun using amphetamines to stay alert and as a mood elevator.

After completing my residency, Ann and I and our sons moved to Henderson, Tennessee where, together with another doctor, I set up a successful ten-bed clinic. *Finally*, I thought, *I am on my way*.

Now we were able to crawl out from under the weight of doing without and the heavy debt incurred during my school years. We could buy some nice new clothes, a good car, and a home.

Socially, however, being a member of the upper strata of this small college town was not as fulfilling as I had imagined it would be. Although we seemed very much a part of everything that was done in the name of socializing—the drunken parties, the ribald jokes, the strip-poker clubs—inside, Ann and I were ashamed of ourselves and each other and disillusioned.

Ann grew more and more nervous. I had begun a deadly seesaw game with amphetamines and barbiturates to counteract my growing depression. I taught Ann how to give herself injections, and after a while we were mainlining drugs together.

As our need for drugs increased, so did our inability to function as parents. My practice began to falter badly. We decided that another place and a new cir-



...even my most needy patients were afraid to come to me

cle of friends might help us break the downward spiral of our lives. So we moved to Arizona in 1957, where I set up practice in Miami as company doctor for a copper-mining concern. We had, however, dragged our demons westward with us. We ended up criss-crossing the United States from one tiny hamlet to another ever-more-remote mining company, wherever someone needed medical help desperately enough to accept us. We finally returned to Tennessee, so that Ann's parents could help us with our three boys.

Miraculously, along the way Ann managed to break free of her addiction as some Pentecostal ladies 120 miles away prayed for her at her mother's request. My own bondage only grew more pernicious. My entire thought-life now centered around my next injection. I had "graduated" by this time to between fifteen and twenty injections a day of morphine, Demerol, amphetamines—whatever I could lay my hands on. In nine years of drug addiction, I had so destroyed the muscles in my shoulders that my arms hung like those of an ape at awkward angles at my sides. I was truly a man possessed.

By 1962, we had moved to Saltillo, a little river town in Tennessee. The town had had no doctor for many years and agreed to build a rent-free clinic we could use. At every possible opportunity I'd slip off to my X-ray room. There, nerves taut and sweating profusely, I'd begin a frantic search for a vein still healthy enough to accept the needle. First I'd test the backs of my hands, then my arms, between my fingers, down my thighs, legs, ankles, between my toes. I might be discovered there, lying unconscious on the floor, a half-emptied syringe still hanging from a vein.

By 1965, even my most needy patients were afraid to come to me. In a last-ditch effort to save my life, my parents had had me committed. Ann was on her way to her parents' home, where she planned to file for divorce and start a new life, when she stopped to let me see the boys. I know she meant it as a kindness, but watching them go out of my life killed my last wisp of hope.

After several months of treatment, the

doctors decided they had done all they could, and I was released in July of 1965. I headed back to the small room in the back of my now-deserted clinic. It was the only home I knew. The electric company had disconnected the lights in the clinic because I couldn't pay the bills. The equipment was being repossessed, and I had no phone.

It took me a while to realize that the old derelict I saw reflected in the store windows I passed was *me*. The jacket and pants I wore were stained and mismatched. My hair was matted and dirty. I had not shaved in days, and I shuffled as I walked.

Once there, I closed the door to my room behind me and fell into a heap on the old bunk bed jammed in the corner. Except for a hot plate, it was the only furniture in the room. But I desired very little food. Already groggy from alcohol and tranquilizers, I knew it was only a matter of time until I would begin shooting hard drugs.

On a trip to the grocery store next door to the clinic, I met a big, burly truck driver I vaguely remembered seeing before.

"Dr. Thomas? My name is John Crawley. I'm pretty good friends with your middle boy, Bobby. Can I talk to you for a minute?"

"Doc," he continued, "I know that your wife and the boys have left town, and I'm sorry about your troubles. I'd like to offer you my friendship."

"I could use a friend right now," I replied wryly.

"Doc, some friends of mine are going to a church meeting in North Carolina over the weekend. I'd sure like you to go

along as my guest."

Laughing sarcastically, I shot back, "No, thanks! The church people I've known could look as pious as saints on Sunday morning and drink me under the table on Saturday night. I don't want a bunch of hypocrites looking down their noses at me."

John laughed too. "These men aren't like that, I'll guarantee it. Please say you'll come with me. You won't be sorry."

To get rid of him I told him I would go. I planned to tell him at the last minute that an emergency had come up, yet the next morning I shuffled up to the group as they prepared to board the bus.



*the old
derelict...was
me!*

When John saw me he ran to me, threw his big arms around my neck and hugged me until I thought my ribs would crack. "I love you, Doc, and so does God!" Then he turned to introduce me to his friends. "This is my good friend, Dr. Howard Thomas." When he called me his friend, I felt my self-worth twitch to life.

I found a seat in the back of the bus. All that day we rode. When we reached the meeting grounds, the others organized an extended prayer meeting of some kind, while I went to bed. All night I fought for sleep, but my mind kept me awake. *Does God despise me as everyone else has come to, or is God someone like John Crawley?* I wondered.

At 6:45 the next morning, as I trudged apathetically along the pathway to the first meeting, I was startled by someone's hand on my shoulder. "Dr. Thomas, don't you want to be born again?" the man asked simply.

I didn't stop to reason it out. There I stood on that mountainside, my marriage and practice ruined, my body wasted, no future and no hope. Just as a man sinking helplessly in quicksand desperately reaches for a saving hand, I grabbed for his. "Yes.... Yes, I do."

On that mountain path, July 29, 1965, I knelt and confessed my sins to Jesus Christ and asked Him to save me, forgive me, cleanse and deliver me, and make me whole. When I stood up, although I still looked and smelled the same, I knew beyond any doubt that Jesus Christ was alive within me. In thirty seconds' time I had become a new man!

My first thought was, "O God, I need to get home! I need to tell my wife. I love

Ann and the boys, Lord!" The hours until the bus left for home seemed light-years long.

When we finally did get home, I arranged for a car and drove down Highway 22 several miles to Ann's parents' home in Acton. Ann listened quietly as I tried breathlessly to explain what had happened.

"Howard," she said with gentle sadness, "I have a new life here. Our divorce is almost final. I don't want to come back to you."

I drove back to Saltillo, bewildered and afraid. My nerves were already crying out for something to steady them. God, I prayed, *I don't think I can make it without Ann and the boys!*

In the midst of my anxiety He spoke to me, His words indelibly imprinting themselves on my soul: "Son, you don't need anyone or anything to help you but Me. Put Me first in your life, and I will see that everything works out for good."

Although I didn't know what putting Him first meant, I vowed I would make Him the most important thing in my life from that day on.

I began the arduous, uphill struggle to resume my medical practice in Saltillo and attacked the mountain of legal and financial problems that hovered over me. Until people gradually began to develop confidence—not in me, but in Jesus within me—I had a lot of time to read the Bible, which was continually open on my desk. What I found there literally sustained me again and again in my battle.

The battle against drugs was fought not a day at a time, but *fifteen minutes* at a time. When temptation threatened to overwhelm me, I would run as I had done



The Thomas family, two years after Howard's salvation:
(left to right) Jim and wife Suzanne, Bob, Joey, Ann and Howard

so often before, to the X-ray room. Only now, I would drop to my knees and pray until the onslaught of the devil's lies had passed and peace settled once again over my body and soul.

Many times a day, I ran to that room and closeted myself there in the dark with God. With each skirmish won, my self-respect grew. I found that I was being set free from the slavery of what others thought of me. My mind began to clear. Jesus had given me two good friends to walk beside me. One was the

If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through Voice, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

Holy Spirit, who brought to my remembrance whatever I needed from the Bible. The other was John Crawley.

The day came when John asked me to come to his church and tell the people about my salvation and deliverance. Shy even as a young man about speaking before groups, I nevertheless promised to go. I went to Ann and asked her to go with me, and out of curiosity she agreed.

That night, all the joy and victory that Christ had brought into my life transforming the pain and defeat flowed out to the congregation. I declared myself to be walking proof of the awesome power of God and His absolute faithfulness to man. At the end of the service, when the pastor gave the altar call, Ann rose from her seat in the rear of the church and rushed to the altar to surrender to Jesus Christ. Then she flung herself into my arms, both of us weeping with joy.

The next day Ann, the boys and I moved into a little two-room log cabin we rented along the Tennessee River and began to live our new lives before our children and the community. One by one, our boys got saved. John Crawley came nearly every weekday to help us study the Bible. It wasn't long before Ann and I had both received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

A long time has passed since then. Today Jimmy is a physician, practicing with me in the Thomas Clinic in Savannah, Tennessee. Bobby is a dentist in the same clinic, and Joey is a physician specializing in internal medicine. God has not only given me back my sons, but daughters-in-law and grandchildren as well. We have new friends, men and women like John Crawley, who will lift us

up, not drag us down—people who love me as I am and who praise God for the man He is making me to be.

To think that I almost traded all of this, just to be important in another man's eyes! With deepest gratitude, I praise my Lord and Saviour, for He has been true to His word and has made all things work together for good in my life. □

Since 1975 Howard Thomas has owned and operated The Thomas Clinic in Savannah. Dr. Thomas has served as president, West Tennessee Consolidated Medical Association, and vice-president for West Tennessee of Tennessee Medical Assembly, where he is vice-chairman of the program to help impaired physicians, now in its sixth year. Dr. Thomas took his medical training at the University of Tennessee and has practiced medicine in Tennessee for a total of thirty years. He and his wife, Ann, have three grown children: James, Robert and Joseph. They worship at Christian Life Center in Savannah, where Dr. Thomas is a deacon. He is a member of FGBMFI's Selmer Chapter.



*Focus on
Healing*



ROARING LION

Clyde Pettus
Mobile, Alabama

Opening the den door, I mumbled absently to my wife, "I'll be in the backyard working on the swimming pool filter." Intent on plans for a day of sewing and mending, Mary nodded and continued with her work.

I was a do-it-yourself repairman. I fixed leaky faucets, the washing machine, dryer, automobile—you name it! But what if one came up against something one couldn't handle? This was a standing joke around the office I worked in. Cry out for help—that's what one did.

Well, I might be crying out for help before this day was done. I was trying to fix

a leak in the intake line of the filter. This was a plumbing job, and I was no plumber. An ambulance sounded its high-decibel screech in the distance. Sam, our dog, yelped helplessly; the shrill, piercing noise hurt his sensitive ears. It was a hurt he couldn't hide from. Sam followed me through the gate of the chain link fence enclosing the pool.

My working pit held standing water, residue from the shower of yesterday. I bailed the water out, exposing the faulty pipe. The job seemed simple enough. But after repairs, my new section leaked under pressure and I was back in the pit,

at it again. For over an hour I sweated, grunted, and strained. Once again, the section leaked. I got up and sat in a deck chair to rest.

But in no time I was back in the pit. Huffing, puffing, and short of breath, I accidentally dropped my wrench in the mud of the pit. Kicking the pipe furiously, I leaped from the pit and paced the deck—like a frustrated and roaring lion. The rage subsided, but still nervous and edgy I sat down in the deck chair again. *If I could ever complete this one project, I thought, I would take it easy for awhile.* I started fighting the pipe again, resulting in another hour of irritability and failure. All thumbs day! That's what this was. In a rage, I flung the pipe across the pool and stalked toward the den.

Mary glanced up from her sewing. "Problems?" she asked. Glaring, I ignored the question and snapped, "I'm going upstairs and take a shower. Then I'm going to shut the door, pull the drapes, and go to bed. I don't want to be disturbed." Without waiting for an answer, I slammed off upstairs.

Once I had showered and was in bed, I felt better. The darkened room that shut the whole world out had a soothing effect. Maybe I would go for a physical. It just wasn't normal to be so irritable. Perhaps I would hire the filter job out and just take it easy for awhile. *Oh well, I thought drowsily, you can't win 'em all.* Right now I would just take a short nap. Then I would get up and ask Mary out to dinner. Difficult as I had been, she certainly deserved it. Completely relaxed and utterly at peace, my body seemed almost fluid. That's when the pain struck.

It seemed to enter the left side of my

chest, over to the right, out, then back again. I stirred uneasily. Indigestion? But then it hit again. Viciously. And then again. I thought of my dad, who had died only a few years ago. The doctor stated, "He never knew what happened. He was dead before he hit the floor—massive heart attack." Was this happening to me? I glanced about helplessly.

The phone! But it was on the opposite side of the bed, and I was afraid to move. *Cry out for help!* But the door was shut and Mary was in another part of the house. Besides, I had told her not to disturb me. I looked at the drawn drapes, which shut the world out. Like Sam, our dog, I had no place to hide from the hurt. I slumped back down.

The pain slammed in my chest again. First in the left side, over to the right, then back again—a heavy, crushing pain. The very weight of it seemed to mash me into the mattress. I broke out in a cold sweat. My arms, heavy as timbers, ached.

"Oh, God" I moaned. "Oh, God." Then something happened. As a Spirit-filled Christian, I knew when the Lord was speaking to me. During the attack, however, I wasn't aware of getting specific instructions from Him about what I should do. But suddenly I heard a voice in the room praising God. "Bless you, Lord. Praise your holy name, Father. I worship you, Lord." The voice in the room was mine.

I felt I would come up out of my body with praise. I tried lifting my arms to exalt Jesus but the heaviness was still there. They dropped back to my sides. But it didn't matter. The pain slammed in again. I answered with praise.

Some say pain becomes so intense



one passes out. Perhaps the same is true of praise. I don't know what happened. All I do know is there came a time in my ordeal when I became aware that of the two adversaries, pain and praise, pain was no longer present.

Praise not only saved me, it restored me to an active life. The doctor's diagnosis: heart attack with complications of borderline diabetes. Forgetting my lesson on mountaintop praise, I immediately plunged to the pit of despair. Ahead I could see only a life lived at half-speed. But Mary would have none of it. She denounced despair and claimed a new body for me in the name of Jesus.

How good to have someone stand for you in faith when your own wanes! Ecclesiastes 4:9 and 10 asserts that "Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow; but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up."

When visiting hours were over and Mary left, I did a very unusual thing for a

sick man. I got up and walked the halls of the hospital praising God. I have no idea how long it was before the nurse got me back to bed.

Today, I lead an active life with a good heart and no diabetes. I still take on do-it-yourself projects, but with one modification. I praise God *while* I work. And I never, no never, shut people out of my life. I'm also told I am fairly pleasant to be around, which means I'm no roaring lion. Never was, really. That was the devil trying to kill me. He looks for every opening. Our adversary the devil walks about as a roaring lion seeking whom he might devour. But we know that "...greater is He who is in you than he who is in the world" (I John 4:4). My healing taught me that God truly inhabits the praises of His people. □

Clyde Pettus retired from South Central Telephone Company and is now an author. He and his wife, Mary, have one grown son, Rick. They are members of Life Church in Mobile, Alabama. Mr. Pettus is a member of the Mobile Chapter of FGBMFI.

I'll be looking for you in Orlando



bleu cotton photography

Last year's convention in Dallas was such a spiritual triumph that everyone is excited about this year's gathering in Orlando. We are having the greatest pre-registration ever—from groups all over the world who will be in Orlando, July 8 to 12.

God has given us outstanding speakers and musicians such as James Robison, Bill Subritzky, "Big" John Hall, Dr. John Klem, Shirley Boone, Mike Murdock, Hon. Julian Carroll, the Rev. Karl D. Strader, Dr. John K. Graham, Gen. Fred K. Mahaffey and Richard Kiel.

Along with these Christian leaders there will be testimonies from around the world to the great and mighty works of the Holy Spirit.

And because this is a time for vacations, Orlando is a perfect choice for its many attractions—Disney World, Sea World, the Kennedy Space Center, Cypress Gardens and many more sights!

God has shown me His power in salvation, healing and the baptism in the Holy Spirit in a very special way this past year. I will be looking for you in Orlando, and as we fellowship and minister together I know God will meet your every need.

Dennis Sabatino



REGISTRATION APPLICATION.

Fill out and mail coupon with check or money order for total amount payable to: **FGBMFI / Orlando World Convention / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.** 3204-05-6336

LAST NAME _____

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Please attach separate sheet listing full names of all immediate household members included in your registration. List each name as you wish it to appear on name badge. \$10 registration fee required per household (or per single).

SPECIAL MEAL FUNCTIONS.

Order now to assure your seats. **Fill out this coupon and mail by June 16, 1986.** Prices shown include tax and gratuity. Refunds available up to 48 hours before time of meal. Mail this coupon direct to FGBMFI with your check or money order for meals and registration. Mail to **FGBMFI World Convention Dept., P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.**

	NO. OF TICKETS	MEAL COST	TOTAL AMOUNT
Wed., July 9			
Breakfast (Z6091)	x	\$ 8.00	
Thur., July 10			
Breakfast (Z6101)	x	\$ 8.00	
Fri., July 11			
Breakfast (Z6111)	x	\$ 8.00	
Fri., July 11			
Ladies' Lunch (Z6112)	x	\$12.00	
Fri., July 11			
Men's Lunch (Z6113)	x	\$12.00	
Fri., July 11			
Youth Fellowship (Z6114)	x	\$ 6.00	
Sat., July 12			
Breakfast (Z6121)	x	\$ 8.00	
Sat., July 12			
Noon Banquet (Z6124)	x	\$13.00	

Forward application (including household names and check or money order for entire amount) to: **FGBMFI, Orlando World Convention, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.**

REGISTRATION FEE

Nonrefundable (3204-05-6336)

\$10.00

TOTAL MEAL COST

\$

If any (3201-05-6318)

TOTAL ENCLOSED

\$

In U.S. dollars

SIGNATURE _____

DATE _____

NOTE: Applications must be postmarked no later than June 16, 1986 to enable mailing of name badges and meal tickets.

All applications postmarked after June 16, 1986 will be processed and available for pickup at FGBMFI Registration Counter, Marriott's Headquarters Hotel from opening date.

HOTEL RESERVATION REQUEST.

Complete this form and mail to hotel address shown below. **Do not send Hotel Reservation Request to FGBMFI.** Only reservation requests received at the hotel by June 9, 1986 can be guaranteed. Those received after June 9, 1986 will only be accepted as space is available. Changes in arrival time or desired accommodations requested after June 9, 1986 will only be honored as rooms are available. Reservations must be accompanied by deposit check or approved credit card number. Reservations may be made by phone, giving approved credit card number. Major credit cards may be used in payment of hotel rooms and incidentals upon arrival; however, only those credit cards listed below may be used to reserve rooms by phone. Full deposit is refundable if cancellation is made more than three (3) days prior to check in date.

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FGBMFI 1986 WORLD CONVENTION, JULY 8-12

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FIRST NAME _____

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ADDRESS _____

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STATE/COUNTY _____

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DO NOT MAIL THIS COUPON PORTION TO FGBMFI.



Serving Together

How can a worldwide Christian organization such as Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International include in its membership men from almost every church background you can name, and still enjoy unity? How can men with differing doctrinal positions experience genuine fellowship?

The primary reason is that their fellowship is centered in a *person*—Jesus Christ—not around a position. The tenets listed below do not constitute a basis for judging others, but rather a core of truth which needs to possess those who join together through FGBMFI to reach the businessmen of the world for Jesus.

Unconditional love transcends denominational barriers, and the call to greatness submerges differences that divide. Come, let's serve Him together.

1. We believe in one God, Maker of all things and being in Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Spirit.
2. We believe that the Son of God, Jesus Christ, became incarnate, was begotten by the Holy Spirit, born of the Virgin Mary, and is true God and true man.
3. We believe that the Bible in its entirety is the inspired word of God and infallible rule of faith and conduct.
4. We believe in the resurrection of the dead, the eternal happiness of the saved, and the eternal punishment of the lost.
5. We believe in the personal salvation of believers through the shed blood of Christ.
6. We believe in sanctification by the blood of Christ, in personal holiness of heart and life, and in separation from the world.
7. We believe in divine healing, through faith, and that healing is included in the atonement.
8. We believe in the baptism of the Holy Ghost accompanied by the initial physical sign of speaking with other tongues as the Spirit of God gives utterance (Acts 2:4), as distinct from the new birth, and in the nine gifts of the Spirit, listed in I Corinthians 12, as now available to believers.
9. We believe in the Christian's hope—the imminent, personal return of the Lord Jesus Christ.
10. We believe in intensive world evangelism and missionary work in accordance with the Great Commission, with signs following.

conventions

IOWA STATE REGIONAL**June 5-7, 1986**

Howard Johnson's, Des Moines
Write: Mr. Duane McLean
1668 13th St.
Cedar Rapids, IA 52405

MONTREAL RALLY**June 6-7, 1986**

Auberge Ramada
Write: Mr. Roger Dore
14 Rue Dorius, Repentigny
Quebec, Canada J6A 4Y1

NORTHERN MANITOBA MEN'S ADVANCE**June 6-8, 1986**

Simon House Lake Bible Camp
Write: Mr. Doug Welsh
Box 3186, The Pas, Manitoba
Canada R9A 1R8

TAHOE/RENO RALLY**June 13-14, 1986**

Cal/Nev Lodge, Crystal Bay, NV
Write: Mr. Lanny Langston
Box 1691
Placerville, CA 95667

CAROLINA MEN'S ADVANCE**June 13-15, 1986**

Camp Lure Crest, Lake Lure, NC
Write: Mr. Reidy Lawing
Box 9027
Charlotte, NC 28299

MARYLAND STATE CONVENTION**June 19-21, 1986**

Western Maryland College
Write: Mr. Art Williams
Rt. 2, Box 154
Myersville, MD 21773

ONTARIO/QUEBEC MEN'S ADVANCE**May 30-June 1, 1986**

Write: Mr. James McEwan
RR1, Hampton, Ontario
Canada L0B 1J0

33RD ANNUAL WORLD CONV.**July 8-12, 1986**

Marriott Resort & Conv. Ctr.
Orlando, FL
Write: FGBMF
3150 Bear St.
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

TWIN LAKES CPLS/SGLS RETREAT**July 25-27, 1986**

Twin Lakes Covenant Bible Camp
Manson, IA
Write: Mr. Harold Brown
104 Maple
Lohrville, IA 51453

ST. LOUIS, MO AREA WIDE REG.**July 30-31, 1986**

Henry 8th Inn, Bridgeton
Write: Mr. Walter Thorn
861 Manitou
Rock Hill, MO 63119

GREATER OHIO VALLEY REG.**July 31-Aug. 2, 1986**

Executive Inn, Evansville, IN
Write: Mr. Gerald Bennett
1424 Brookside
Evansville, IN 47714

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WERE APPROVED
ON OR BEFORE
MARCH 21, 1986**

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"I like to remember others with DaySpring cards—they not only convey my friendship... but my faith as well. Is there a greater blessing I can send someone than God's own Word, enveloped in my own love? Won't you join me in letting that blessing flow to others."



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Front: I always thank my God as I remember you in my prayers;
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Front: There is a friend who sticks closer than a brother; Inside: We know who that Friend is don't we? I'm also here if you need me.

Front: God is love. Whoever lives in love lives in God, and God in him; Inside: Have I ever told you... I see God living in you!



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G5408 Get Well

G5409 All Occasion (shown)

Sample verse (Anniversary)

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—Psalm 65:11

G5413
Num. 6:24
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Thank You

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G5402 Get Well (shown)

G5403 All Occasion

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Inside: It's good to know we can call on Him when illness comes our way. Praying that His loving touch will bring you health today. "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you"—1 Peter 5:7



4 1/2" x 6 1/8"

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G5405 Friendship (shown)

G5406 Get Well

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Front: "Thanks be to God who always leads us in triumph in Christ..."

—II Corinthians 2:14

Inside: Thank you for bringing laughter, kindness, understanding, love, a listening ear, a forgiving heart, a lifting hand... Thank you for being a friend!



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G5407 Birthday			G5406 Get Well		
G5408 Get Well			PACKAGED NOTES • \$1.75		
G5409 All Occasion			G5410 Sunset		
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G5413 (Gray/red)			G5412 Ducks		
G5414 (Brown)					
G5415 (Floral)			Sub Total		
WHISPERS • \$3.95			California residents only		
G5401 Birthday			add 6% Sales Tax		
G5402 Get Well			Postage & Handling \$1.50		
G5403 All Occasion			TOTAL		

Name _____

Address _____

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Offer good through December 1986

International Directors

The international directors listed on these pages give direction to the multifaceted ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in eighty-seven countries of the world. They also provide leadership in achieving the goals of the Fellowship.

Their names and addresses are provided as a point of contact for you to learn when and where chapters meet in your area, or to receive needed spiritual ministry.

They are also a point of contact for those interested in serving Christ through this organization, which includes men from almost every church affiliation, and employers, employees and professionals who love the Lord and who are committed to bringing the full Gospel to a needy world.

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6 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" (Romans 10:9).

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision 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:
FGBMFI / Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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 / P.O. 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 for your information. Write for date and location details of a chapter meeting in your area.

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WHO WE ARE 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 being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching eighty-seven 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 / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

CONTENTS

**FGBMFI'S
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THOMAS L.
ASHCRAFT**

Called to Share



Tommy, a good ol' country boy, lived for his "wine, women, and song." But a mother's lifelong prayers, a pretty girl, and a direct warning from God changed his ways.

2



Clyde Pettus, enraged with frustration, roared at his wife and told her to leave him alone. So he was alone when his heart attack struck. Fortunately for Clyde, he wasn't totally alone.

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