

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

# VOICE

BATTLE FOR AMERICA

11-83

James G. Watt



# BATTLE FOR AMERICA





Honorable James G. Watt  
Secretary of the Interior  
Washington, DC

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Editor's note: This address was delivered at the 30th World Convention of FGBMFI in Detroit July 5-9, 1983 and has been condensed and edited to share with our millions of *Voice* readers.

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**W**e are in a battle for the future of America, and that future really depends on those people who will pray for God's direction and control of this nation. The President has frequently spoken to the people of America and said, "We need your prayers." And we do.

I have responsibilities for one-third of the land mass of this beautiful and rich country: 80 million acres of national parks and 84 million acres of wildlife ranges; 320 million acres of vital land (multiple-use lands)—an area twice the size of Texas; 190 million acres of national forest lands.

We are not in a battle just for these resources. If that were our interest, everybody would be with us, for the lands are managed better today than they were three years ago. The battle is for the future of this country.

What type of government will we live under? Will it be a government that dignifies the individual? Or will it be one which lifts up a centralized, controlled institution to dictate the economic and social life of society? That's what is at stake and that's why

the fighting is so intense.

It's a political battle, but it's also a spiritual battle. It is a confrontation with the enemies of truth who seek to destroy political liberty and spiritual freedom. That's why I covet your prayers for America.

If you will look at history you will see in its pages a recurring and vital thread. You will see that from the heart of man there is a struggle which manifests itself like a stream—a flowing stream yearning for political liberty.

Those same pages of history tell another story—a story of excessive government which, like an oppressive hand, would push down that yearning for political liberty. Whether it is the hand of warlord, dictator, king, czar or the Gestapo, it's always a heavy hand that would oppress political liberty.

On the other hand, history tells us of another stream that flows—a cry for spiritual freedom. Freedom to worship. Freedom to assemble with those of like precious faith. Freedom to develop your doctrines and to express your love for God.

Again, it's that heavy hand of government that would oppress and destroy spiritual freedom. Yet, in the destiny that God has provided, there is one moment in time where these two political streams—political liberty and spiritual freedom—have been allowed to come together and form

the mighty river called America—our America.

The enemies of truth will seek to destroy political liberty and spiritual freedom. And I have fought congressmen in testimony; I have fought the press. I have fought the TV. No one is willing to look at the truth when it comes to the form of government we have. Our enemies of truth will destroy this country, this movement and everything they can because they are not concerned about the dignity of the individual. And that's why Christians and Jews must pray for America without ceasing.

The attack upon me was fierce. One morning I opened the *Washington Post* and saw one of the ugliest cartoons ever witnessed—a vulgar assault on my religious conviction that Jesus Christ is returning. I was sickened in the pit of my stomach.

My wife went to the cabinet wives' prayer meeting that day and one of the women said that in her private prayer time the Lord had given her a Scripture for me. That night Leilani came home and shared it with me. I raced to the Living Bible and opened it to Psalm 62. The first line says, "I stand silently before the Lord waiting for Him to rescue me."

I was thrilled that the Lord would rescue me from that Washington

scene. And yet I heard and felt in my soul that the Lord said, "No, I won't rescue you but I will defend you."

A friend of ours gave us a little plaque that I keep on my dresser: "Sometimes the Lord calms the storm. Sometimes He allows the storm to rage and calms His child." When does the calm come?

When does that peace come that will allow us to fight the battle for America? When can we reach that calmness that will allow us to face the enemies of truth and battle for the dignity of the individual?

I can't answer that question for everyone but I can answer it for me. I can only tell of what I have seen and heard. And it's been a fascinating story—one which I have reported to the FGBMFI Board of Directors year after year.

On the Fellowship's thirtieth anniversary I am glad to report again, for this ministry has played such an important role in my life.

My sense of stewardship for this vast acreage, which represents 60 percent of the area of our western states, and my commitment to the cause of truth, may be understood by looking at my background.

I was raised in Wyoming in a good family which was prominent in the life of United Church of Christ. I was

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**"I have responsibilities for one-third of the land mass of this beautiful and rich country"**

president of the state youth group and of about everything else in that church. When I went to the University of Wyoming I was a Presbyterian, and during my years at law school I joined the Methodist church, where I was chairman of the social concerns committee.

Upon graduation from law school I went to Washington, D.C., where I attended the Southern Baptist church.

You see, it didn't make much difference where I went to church because my beliefs didn't matter that much. I just got involved in *religious activities*.

Nineteen years ago I was an aide to the United States senator from Wyoming. My wife Leilani learned about a meeting of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship to be held in Washington. We'd never heard of the group before, but since I'd served on the Methodist social concerns committee I thought maybe I could make a contribution!

But I was confused as I entered the hotel ballroom filled with approximately 2,000 people. Men were hugging men. They certainly didn't do that in my church. They called each other brother—and they didn't look like

brothers. And there were a lot of women at this businessmen's meeting.

There in the back of the room it was hard to hear over the noise of bringing in extra chairs to accommodate the overflow crowd, so I found a seat up front, third row, center section.

The men talked about success; I was interested. They talked about their lives being transformed by a man named Jesus. As the meeting continued, a Baptist minister from Toronto testified to receiving something called the baptism in the Holy Spirit. When he concluded, the audience started to stand, but the president, Demos Shakarian, walked over to the mike and said, "Hold it. The Lord has told me there's someone here who wants to meet Jesus."

"Do I know Jesus?" The question stabbed me from within.

As Demos proceeded in his calm way, a war raged in my mind. *Do I know Jesus?... I was born in a denominational church.*

"But do you know Jesus?" *Well, I've been a Presbyterian.*

"But do you know Jesus?" *I go to a Southern Baptist church. I am a member of the Methodist church. I'm on the social concerns committee...*

"But do you know Jesus?"

This dialogue was interrupted when Demos said, "I want all of you Christians to pray, and any of you that would like to know Jesus, just slip up your hand." The question persisted. ... "Do you know Jesus?" My defenses mounted. *I have degrees with honor. I belong to all these churches. I was born into the right family.*

"Just slip up your hand," Demos urged. My hand went up. "Now, all of you folk that raised your hand please just stand." I thought, *I'm in the third row, people will see me.* Then I remembered that he said for all Christians to bow their heads and close their eyes. I decided no one would see me.

I stood; then came the invitation for us to come forward. I want to tell you that that was one of the toughest actions I've ever taken in my life. I had to move all by myself; I mean, Jesus Christ wasn't there yet. I was alone. It was Jim Watt vs. the world.

I took one step toward the front of that room—and Jesus Christ met me.

It takes determination to serve Christ. We need men and women of commitment who will dedicate their lives to the cause of Christ. It isn't a job for those who *prefer* to be Christians. It's a job for those who are *committed* to be Christians and who will proclaim it wherever they go.

I'm a lawyer and I need evidence. A lawyer is trained to look at books, so the next day I got out our Bible, which we hadn't been using. Starting in Genesis, I read the story of Noah and saw the plan of salvation. God told Noah that He was grieved that He had created man. If God is grieved something has to be wrong with man. I saw that God gave His Son Jesus Christ in order to change the heart of mankind.

Something changed inside my life that night—a change so obvious that my wife could see it. It wasn't a change in my lifestyle, for I was an all-American-kid type anyway, but it was





*Nearly 15,000 people fill Cobo Hall to hear James Watt.*

an inner change.

That was the beginning. After a time, Leilani convinced me that we ought to check out a full-gospel church. Believe me, it was different. They spoke openly of their needs: a sick son . . . a husband experiencing business difficulties . . . a troubled marriage. Then they prayed—loud and expectantly. And God answered.

Sunday night after Sunday night I went with my eyes wide open, my hands in my pockets while others' hands were raised in praise. I was afraid to go for fear that something would happen to me and afraid not to for fear it wouldn't.

Reading a *Voice* magazine gave me new understanding, and now I went to church with great expectations. While the congregation prayed with fervor and power, I decided to take my hands out of my pockets. (How many

of you have wondered why you have lapels on your coat? They're to hang onto.) Do you know that when I grabbed that lapel nothing happened? And when I slipped one hand on up, to my great relief nobody even noticed.

So I snuck the other hand up. You would think that any cowboy from Wyoming who's heard the phrase "Stick 'em up, brother" should know that hands raised in the air mean surrender. I had an experience that night that changed my life and put me on fire with a determination and a commitment and a resolve never to flinch—never.

Earlier this year my wife and I went to the Simon Weisenthal Memorial Holocaust Center at Los Angeles. There we studied photographs portraying the history of hatred that

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# CROSSROADS OF DECISION



The "Outlaw" stood with a double-barreled sawed-off shotgun in my gut.

"I'm gonna shoot you, man," he said.

"Shoot me, coward," I screamed. "You don't have the guts!"

About that time one of my own gang members approached the rival biker from the rear. My partner was holding a .45 caliber Thompson machine gun.

"Shoot, man," he told the Outlaw. "It'll be the last person you ever see."



The biker lowered the barrel of the shotgun. Because of our impressive fire power the incident ended with everyone involved living to tell about it, at least through the night.

One would think that, with my crazy past, I would have avoided such incidents. The fact was that I didn't care. I didn't even know why I was alive at this point anyway.

I had faced the Communists in Viet Nam fewer than three years prior to the biker incident; within six and a half months in our infantry unit in the Central Highlands I had escaped certain death seven different times. These included having the heel of my boot blown off by a captured .50 caliber machine gun, setting my pack down on a booby trap, and hearing bullets as I ran from a graveyard where our platoon had encountered an enemy ambush.

But on September 9, 1969 I was actually blown into eternity. Our company had been reassigned to an area of operation where we had earlier lost an entire platoon. We were digging in for the night when the Viet Cong assaulted our position with rocket fire.

I had just removed my steel pot and flak-jacket when suddenly everything went red. I seemed to be in total darkness, my body completely numb. No sight, no feeling! My first thought was, "So this is what it feels like to be dead."

I knew it was all over for this young Southern boy who had once tried to

avoid the service due to an extensive police record. In hope of getting me out of town, the local chief of police had denied my testimonial of corruption to the draft board. I had been arrested eight times by my 19th birthday—once by McNairy County's legendary Buford Pusser for fighting at a McNairy County night spot. The other arrests were for things like larceny, theft, shoplifting and kidnapping. I guess the chief of police felt that a stretch of army life might help me.

Lying that September evening in southeast Asia in the rubble of an ancient Buddhist temple previously destroyed by artillery fire, I witnessed the crossroads of decision. My spirit had left my body. I was enroute to . . . where, I didn't know. I wondered: would it be heaven or hell? I didn't know Jesus Christ. I knew He was the Son of God, I knew of the Ten Commandments, and I knew God had created everything, but I didn't know that an individual could personally know the eternal Creator.

Suddenly I was traveling down the center of a huge, black cylinder. At the end was a light like the entrance into a new world. But what world? Somehow I sensed that when I reached the light my journey would be over, my destiny finalized. I realized with fright that my life was no longer in my control. Someone else was in charge now.

Journeying very rapidly, almost supersonically, through the center of the cylinder, I witnessed my past as if

from a film projection. Everywhere I looked along the wall of that cylinder, I saw the different things I had done in the past, all the way into my late teen years.

As I approached the far end of the cylinder, nearer and nearer the illuminated hole, a calm, assuring voice interrupted my journey. I know now that it was the Spirit of God: "Ask God to let you live." With this command I understood that my not asking would result in eternal alienation from almighty God. The Bible says, "Neither is there salvation in any other [than Jesus Christ]; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12).

At this point, though I was not acquainted with Jesus Christ, God definitely assured me of the eternal hereafter. Eternity awaits every soul.

Silently I cried, "God, please let me live! I don't want to die!" Three times I asked Him for my life. Then a huge, phantomlike hand seemed to hurl itself into the outer darkness of the cylinder where I could see my departing soul rushing away from my body. I witnessed the hand grab my departing spirit and pull it back toward my body. At the moment the hand appeared to vanish inside my body, I raised my head and found I was alive.

I had been critically wounded. Doctors at the MASH unit told me it was a miracle I was alive. Every part of me, except my right arm, had been ripped open by the Communist rocket.

For seven and one half months I lay

in an army hospital. After losing an eye, an eardrum and part of a leg, I was released to face the future. The pain of this transition resulted in my skipping a complete year of my life through drug abuse as part of a motorcycle gang.

During the next four years as a biker I was arrested twice for drugs. There were fights and shootouts with rival gangs in the area, on almost a weekly basis. I spent most of my time on "road trips" from Memphis with my friends.

My mother tells me I used to come to her and tell her how miserable I was and that I didn't know where my place in life was. I didn't know how to escape the drugs, fighting and corruption in which I was so entangled. Often other bikers and I would sit talking, wondering why we had to fight. Why couldn't we just be left alone?

In 1974 the tension over a territory dispute grew unbearable between two nationally known motorcycle gangs. My club, the Syndicate, was right in the middle. The dispute was over the Memphis area, and Memphis was our turf. But both of these other clubs wanted to establish a chapter there, and wanted our support. To side with one meant becoming an enemy of the other. We tried hard to stay neutral but were finally sucked into the conflict. Everyone carried guns and knives; explosives were always available.

One of my best club friends had recently surrendered his life to Christ. When I first heard about it I had scratched him from my list, figuring





**I frightened  
the church people  
on my first visit**

never to see him again. But one day about two months later, I got a phone call. It was Unk, my former biker friend.

"Paul, I'd like to come by and talk to you."

"Okay, Unk," I said, out of respect for our friendship. "But I'm not going to church with you."

Several days later he came by and began to tell me what God had done inside him, and of the prayers God had already begun to answer. I believed in God strongly and to some degree feared Him. I knew He was there, but I didn't know where, or that He cared about me.

Unk reviewed the many things that were wrong with our lifestyle. He pointed to the nude books and pictures in my room and finally to my filthy, stinking bike jacket hanging on a nail by the door. Amazingly, our club name was turned in such a way that the only part of "Sindicate" that was exposed to my eye was the first three letters.

"Look," he said, "the first part of the name of our club is SIN!"

It was as if a whole battery of flashbulbs had exploded in my head. For the first time in my life I sensed that the life I had been living was wrong.

The Spirit was drawing me. I finally consented to go to church with Unk. My long hair, pierced ear and tattoos up and down both arms frightened the church people on my first visit, but I sat and listened.

"Unk, they're all crazy!" I said—and went back a week later.

After the service that day I knelt at the altar, asked Jesus to forgive me of all my wrongdoings and confessed that I did want Him to help me change. As I arose I actually felt as if I were floating. The corrupt past and immoral lifestyle I'd embraced so eagerly were erased. Christ had forgiven a wayward child. I actually felt clean.

"Does it always feel like this?" I asked Unk.

"Yes," he said, "it sure does."

My first day independent of sin and the bondage of Satan was July 4, 1974—truly a day of independence for this ex-biker! Two days later I was filled with the Holy Spirit and spoke with other tongues.

This happened in the midst of my old biker territory. My apartment was next door to a house owned by one of the club members. My biker friends heckled me and ripped up some

Sunday-school literature, but I actually had peace about eternity. I knew for the first time in my life where I was headed. Within two weeks of my conversion I became a regular church attendee, moved to a new apartment and began to pray and study the word of God.

I had never worked before but after being in the armed services I had acquired some training through a special program. I was able to sell my chopper and through Chris, a biker friend, I got a good job as machinist at a piano factory. My prayers were being answered. Within two weeks I had led Chris to Jesus.

My roommate gave his life to Christ too and left the bike gang the same day I did. We attended revival services every time we heard of one. An understanding was growing within my heart that I must do something to help the

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**Through a  
series of  
miracles I  
acquired a job  
where my  
heart had a  
home**

*Louise and Paul Hughes*



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## WHALE OF A MIRACLE

Case Schrage, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada

I recently turned 40, the age when many men pause to consider where life is headed and to ponder lessons worth passing along to others. One truth I want to share is the frequency with which God moves in unexpected ways when He wants to catch a person's attention.

In my own life, God's messages came through a song in an unusual setting, an unexpected knock on the door and—would you believe?—a killer whale named Miracle.

The song came first. Early one morning I was on my way to my job at

Sealand in Victoria, British Columbia, where I train killer whales. I heard music coming from the restaurant behind the oceanarium, and stopped there on the ramp to listen.

"Who could be singing at this hour?" I muttered to myself. The song was about God, but it didn't sound like music I'd heard years before in church. The music was soft and lilting, the singer's tone sincere, as though he knew the Almighty as a personal Friend.

As far as I could tell, God was a force or an influence a zillion miles



away. I'd grown up in Amsterdam, The Netherlands, in the confusing days following World War II. My father owned a smoke shop, and Mom took me to church until I outgrew attending mass. I had a lot of questions about Jesus that nobody answered for me, but I just stacked all religious thoughts and inclinations on the shelf when I left for college.

Animal care and biology was my major study at the University at Leiden. By 1962 I was working with big cats in Rotterdam. Two of my "pets" were sisters of Elsa, the lioness who made such a hit in the movie "Born Free."

In the mid-1970s I was married to a beautiful girl named Anne, who I'd met in Belgium, where I was training dolphins at the dolfinarium at Brugge. She and I and our two daughters came to Canada in 1974 to work with the whales.

That brings us back to the song I heard coming from the restaurant. Puzzled, I left the animals hungry and waiting, and walked through the empty restaurant to meet the voice that was stirring those long-forgotten questions about Jesus and God.

The singer's name was Billy Bennett, and he was all alone, practicing a routine he performed for dinner groups. As soon as he finished, he talked to me simply about his relationship with Jesus. He made Him sound very, very personal, a contemporary individual who could help you in real-life tangles. Just hearing Billy sing and talk about God gave me a

hunger for inner peace.

I went home and told Anne about that experience. The more we discussed it, the more convinced we became that we were missing something important, so we agreed to visit some churches.

Strange, but the God who seemed so alive in the oceanarium restaurant that morning was nowhere to be found in the big buildings where I always thought you would find Him. Now I was really confused.

Then came the knock I mentioned earlier. Our house had been on the market for several weeks, and one evening a caller knocked and asked about buying it. He was a furniture mover named Ike DeYoung. Without my mentioning religion, Ike talked about God and how a person could have a personal relationship with Him. Once again I felt the warmth of a God who was real and wanted to communicate His love to mankind.

Ike invited Anne and me to a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting in nearby Sidney, B.C. We accepted his invitation, but the moment I stepped into the meeting I got a squeamish feeling in my stomach.

"Anne," I whispered, "this doesn't look like the churches I'm used to. Maybe we've wandered into a cult!" (Jonestown was still fresh in everybody's mind.) I wanted to slip out before the program, but Anne's curiosity had to be satisfied.

"We've come all this way, I want to wait for a while and see what happens," she replied. We stayed, but I

made sure we occupied chairs next to an exit.

If you've ever attended an FGBMFI meeting you can probably picture what I heard and saw. The testimonies spoke of the personal fellowship with Jesus that Ike and Billy said could happen to me, and there was something else that impressed me. The sincerity and joy those fellows had together couldn't be programmed. It was spontaneous, like a natural fountain of water bubbling out of the ground. My total being shouted that these people had found reality, and I wanted to share whatever they experienced.

At the close of the meeting the leader invited those who wanted to give themselves to Christ as Saviour and Lord to come forward and pray. I grabbed Anne and we nearly ran to the front, both of us sobbing, and asked Him to forgive our sins and take control of our lives.

Right away some things that looked big began to shrink in importance. I had been a social drinker, but one night as I listened to a gospel record while holding a glass of brandy in my hand, the face of the evangelist Jimmy Swaggart on the album cover convicted me. His eyes seemed to pierce my innermost thoughts. The glass of brandy, still full, was poured back into the bottle. Three days later Anne and I emptied our liquor cabinet and poured the stuff down the sink. We wondered, "What do we serve when we have friends over?" But then

I said, "Now we'll know who our friends really are."

After that I requested baptism in water. Both Anne and I followed the Lord's command, and when I came up from the water I was praising the Lord in another language. Later I realized that I was baptized in the Holy Spirit.

With my new life came an overwhelming desire to share my experience with unbelievers everywhere. On a trip to Europe I spoke to my mother about the things God was doing in my life.

At first Mom quizzed me about FGBMFI.

"Son, you aren't mixed up in a cult, are you?" she inquired.

She was relieved to hear that our group followed the Bible, but she confessed ignorance of the Book. She reminded me that years ago people like her were forbidden to read the Scriptures on their own. She looked on eagerly as I showed her verses that spoke of trusting Jesus for salvation, and of the futility of trusting in works to earn us a place in heaven.

We prayed, and my mother, 72 years of age, received Jesus as her personal Saviour.

While I was sharing the message with individuals, I also had a great burden to tell multitudes what the Lord was doing in my life. That's where the killer whales enter the picture.

Killer whales may be the most feared members of the whale family. They are beautiful animals, dark with





*Miracle with Sinbad the sealion,  
in movie scenes*



white patterns, an oval white face patch, and a tall fin on the back that reminds some people of a shark's fin. They also have sharp teeth and powerful jaws. They travel in packs, hunting seals, walruses, penguins and occasionally other whales, but they aren't the villains people sometimes suppose them to be. Many scientists say that killer whales are just large dolphins.

A baby killer whale we named Miracle was found in Menzie's Bay, Vancouver Island, in the summer of 1977. A half year later I started to train her. Then I became a Christian and started looking for ways to witness about the Lord and what He can do in people's lives.

The Spirit of God urged me to take movies of Miracle's training, and for six months I took pictures. I finished, and three days later Miracle died. Today audiences watch a film starring Miracle, with a background of gospel music and narration that explains biblical principles.

I never cease to marvel at the lengths to which God will go to save a

song and a knock on the door. Now He employs a killer whale to let others know of His love and power. He is not willing that any should perish! ☐

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*Case Schrage is head trainer at Sealand in Victoria, B.C., where he has been employed for more than nine years. He is a member of FGBMF's Victoria Chapter. He and his wife Anne are members of Church on the Way, and have two daughters, Suzy and Micheline.*

# D-DAY PLUS-1

Floyd Bennett, Salem, OR



Lying injured on the sand, I regained consciousness and opened my eyes. It was D-Day-plus-1, June 7, 1944, I was 25, and this was Omaha Beach, one of the landing sites chosen for the initial phase of the invasion of France, now occupied by the German military forces.

As if watching a movie, I saw the aerial battle overhead, troops coming ashore, battleships lobbing shells into the Nazi coast batteries. The mighty Allied Forces were now underway.

Somehow I felt relieved; I was still alive and aware that I was about to be placed on a landing craft headed for England. I recalled the feeling of uncertainty upon leaving England not too many hours before and wondering if I would ever return from this mission. Even then, although I didn't know Him, God knew me and had His hand on my life. "Before I formed you



Young Bennett beside his C47, England, 1943





in the womb I knew you" (Jeremiah 1:5, NAS).

As a pilot in the U.S. Army Air Corps, I had been assigned to the 438th Troop Carrier Squadron based at Greenham Commons in England. Our D-Day mission was to resupply by air the 101st and 82nd Airborne troops who were dropped the night before. At the controls in the right seat, I was second in command of an unarmed C-47 Skytrain. We were towing a large British Horsa glider at minimum altitudes and airspeeds in diamond formation with more than 800 other aircraft who were also towing gliders. Denied any possibility of employing evasive action, we were to fly in the face of vigorous enemy opposition.

Twenty miles inland, near St. Mere Eglise, we had cut loose our glider loaded with heavy equipment for our men below. We were on our way back when heavy groundfire hit our en-

gines, bringing us down miles behind enemy lines. The last thing I remembered was crashing into the trees, with the plane's wings and motors tearing off. The impact hurled me through the instrument panel, windows and front end of the plane.

American paratroopers in their camouflage suits and blackened faces pulled me from the plane and took me to a nearby command post. "A miracle," they reported, "that anyone could have survived that crash!" In the morning they transported me in a captured German vehicle to the beach (where I regained consciousness) and onto a landing craft. Suffering from bone fractures and other serious injuries, I spent two and a half months in a fracture bed in England before returning to the States.

After three months in the States I returned to flying until separation from the service in 1945. My pilot-duty

assignments covered a number of bases, and my off-duty hours were spent pursuing casual relationships in bars and cocktail lounges from coast to coast. The result of this selfish and self-centered life, lived only to satisfy my carnal nature, was guilt, frustration and anxiety for tomorrow—even to the point of suicide.

A hollowness developed deep within, a hollowness that hurt, that did not go away after the parties, that always came back after the liquor wore off. "Following after the Holy Spirit leads to life and peace, but following after the old nature leads to death" (Romans 8:6, LNT). I had known about God since childhood but I had never asked Him to come into my life in a personal way to give that peace and fill that void. It was to come much later.

After returning to civilian life in 1945, I entered Lewis and Clark College in Portland and obtained a degree in business and education. Another two years followed as pilot flying with an Air Force Reserve unit in Portland which was recalled to active duty during the Korean conflict.

Again retired from the service, this time at age 35, I started my own hearing-aid business in 1953 and married my wife Venita that same year. By our fourth anniversary we had three small children.

In late 1964 we felt our children were missing Bible teaching, and although we didn't know or understand the word of God, we knew it was right



*C47 troop carrier (top) and British Horsa glider being towed over England, 1943*

for our children. At about the same time we met Jim Gallagan, a Full Gospel Business Man who was to have a great influence on our lives. Whenever we went to the home Bible study he led we were hungry to hear about his life experiences as a born-again believer. He took us to the church of his denomination and either the first or second time we attended we went forward to confess our faith in Jesus as the Son of God and our Saviour and were baptized in water. Immediately our values and priorities began to change. My speech was no longer peppered with profanity. We



were learning to trust God.

Four years later a deeper dimension was added. Two weeks after a friend shared with us about the Holy Spirit, both Venita and I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit with tongues, in a small home meeting by the laying on of hands. It was a baptism of love. The Scriptures took on new meaning and Christ became a reality. I was about to discover that He was not only my Saviour and baptizer, but healer as well.

We were introduced to Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship and later attended their world convention in California. While in a teaching session by Kenneth Copeland, pain I'd had ever since the D-Day crash, making it difficult to sit for any length of time, left me—and hasn't returned to this day.

Then about five years ago I was diagnosed as having degenerative osteoarthritis of the cervical spine. The doctor warned me that the condition would get worse, indicating the next step was surgery with a lengthy recovery. I put my business up for sale and began to prepare. But through the prayers of others, God intervened and all symptoms and pain completely disappeared. Rather than giving up my business, I've seen God continue to bless it year after year.

My involvement in FGBMFI in several offices has provided real fulfillment. One of the greatest satisfactions has come from serving as director of prison ministries. Every time I visit in prison I marvel at the meaning

of II Corinthians 5:17: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

On my first prison visit I met Charles DeWitt Henry, a man given six life sentences plus 40 years for murdering six people and trying to kill state police officers while under the influence of drugs and booze. He had become a new creature while in the county jail and later was filled with the Holy Spirit. Henry was chosen to be president of the FGBMFI chapter at the Oregon State Penitentiary.

The Saviour who spared my life on D-Day at Omaha Beach and who cleansed DeWitt from his sins is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto Him. □



*Floyd Bennett owns and operates the Bennett Hearing Aid Service in Salem, Oregon. He served in the U.S. Army Air Corps and retired as an Air Force reservist with the rank of major. He is an FGBMFI field representative, a director of prison ministries, and past president of the Salem Chapter. He and his wife Venita attend New Hope Fellowship (Foursquare) and have three grown children: Robert, Craig and Janie Nicole.*



# UPDATE!

Fellowship News from Here, There and Around the World

## BLACKPOOL CONVENTION: Copeland in Participating Ministry

This condensed letter from Kenneth Copeland, president and founder of Kenneth Copeland Ministries, witnesses to the spirit of cooperation and support many ministries are expressing to each other. It is one of many evidences that Jesus' prayer is being answered when He prayed, "That they all may be one as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me" (John 17:21).

### The letter—

Dear Brother Demos: Praise God forever more for the mighty things the Spirit is doing all over the world, especially what He is doing through the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. Gloria and I have just returned from England where we took part in a United Kingdom convention in Blackpool. The following is a report of that convention from our perspective:

We missed the opening service at the convention, but the Wednesday morning breakfast meeting was rich and filled with God's presence. I was surprised to see the openness and freedom of worship of the people. There was, from the beginning, a very warm spirit of love and praise. The people sang and worshiped with their hands raised high. More than a few danced before the Lord in praise. It was wonderful!

I don't know exactly what the attendance at the breakfast meetings was because of the table seating, but I would estimate the attendance at the afternoon service to be about 600-700. Attendance was very good throughout the entire convention.

Thursday the meeting was divided between men and women. The men's meeting was like so many men's meetings I had been to. It reminded me in lots of ways of the Advance you and I attended at Big Bear a few years ago. It was filled with good testimonies, lots of praise and a very stirring message by a Yorkshire farmer on living a holy life before God. It was great! Men's lives were changed. More than a few dealt with the deeper matters in their lives.

After some good testimonies, Gloria spoke at the ladies' meeting. They had the





same moving of God in there. Gloria had planned to give her testimony, but the Lord changed her direction and she brought a message on commitment and living a holy life before the Lord. Wow! The Spirit was in control in both meetings. The subject was the same in each place.

Friday the worship and praise was still growing and the people were really beginning to get delivered and healed. There was also a steady stream of people accepting Jesus as Lord through the entire convention. I really believe one of the main reasons for that was the love and compassion shown by all the believers. I have never met a more loving, caring group of people in my life.

Saturday the place was full of people from all over the United Kingdom. I was especially impressed by the love shown by the people of Ireland. They were great. Several testimonies included things about the conflicts between the Irish and the United Kingdom and also the strife between the Irish themselves. God is doing some great things in these troubled areas, much more than any of us here in the United States realize. I believe a very deep work was done during the convention to unite people in love and faith in these problem spots Satan has caused.

I was impressed with the report of what is happening on the continent of Europe. We are going to see an explosion of revival power there very soon that will rock the whole world. I really believe it. This was one of the best conventions I have ever been to in the 20 years that I have been going to FGBMFI conventions. I believe it was one of the most outstanding in praise and worship I have ever attended.

You are a firm believer in surrounding yourselves with men of high vision and dedication. Well, you certainly are blessed with that kind of men in the leadership of the Fellowship in the United Kingdom.

Enclosed please find a check for \$1,000 for the operation of the European office in Brussels. It is always a joy to serve the Lord with you.

Your humble servant.

*Jesus is Lord over the United Kingdom!*





## *a nameless fear*

Claude Woods, Cleburne, TX

**E**ach month, *Voice* prints the personal experiences of men who insist that Jesus Christ is adequate for human needs of every description. The testimonies come from professionals and blue-collar workers, from blacks and whites, Hispanics and Orientals, model citizens and men behind bars. All of them describe what God is able to do for a person when life tumbles in.

These accounts might give you the notion that only laymen need a touch from God; that members of the clergy

are somehow exempt from difficulties besetting mere mortals. But clergymen struggle with the same temptations and problems faced by workers in offices and factories. The good news is that our God of miracles can touch *both* laity and clergy. I know. As a pastor, let me tell you what He has done for me.

Like many ministers, I began my career with a small congregation and gradually moved up the professional ladder. Within a few years, surrounded by traditional symbols of success,



I was serving an 850-member church. I had been taught that achievement in the ministry was measured primarily by "nickels and noses"; that is, by offerings and attendance figures. Both of these indicators were on the rise in our church, so I should have been happy.

On the contrary, my life wasn't that great. My wife Betty, whom I dearly loved, was being destroyed by a nameless fear. In fact, the problem grew so bad that she wouldn't let me out of her sight. Every morning when I went to the office, Betty drove to the church parking lot and stayed hidden in her car.

Not that we didn't try to cure her condition. Doctor after doctor failed to bring her relief, and even a stay in a psychiatric ward didn't help. For a time she seemed to improve, but the root of her problem remained and she soon reverted to her former condition. She even talked about taking her life.

Betty's miseries weren't my only discomfort. Sometimes I would pause in my quest for the top rung long enough to evaluate my spiritual progress, and I always came away with an uneasy feeling. The question kept rising to the surface: "Isn't there more to the Christian life than I'm experiencing?"

The church troubled me, too. True, we quoted impressive statistics in the reports, but something seemed missing; something that couldn't be outlined on a chart. I began to study the early church in Acts, and couldn't help comparing the dynamic features

there with the lukewarm attitudes in my congregation.

One day a brochure came across my desk, advertising a meeting of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. We had some members who attended FGBMFI meetings regularly, so I supposed they had added my name to the mailing list. I glanced at the notice, tossed it in the wastebasket and headed for home, locking my office door as I always did upon leaving.

The next morning when I unlocked the door that brochure was back on top of my desk, opened to the picture of the man who was to speak. Only God knows how it had changed locations. No one, not even the janitor, had a key to that room. In any event, I now read it very carefully, noting that the meeting was scheduled for a nearby town the following Saturday night. The speaker was a pastor who belonged to my denomination.

Excitement began to build inside me. I knew very little about FGBMFI, except that they emphasized the work of the Holy Spirit. Perhaps they could explain why so many churches lacked the kind of power described in Acts.

Still I threw out the brochure a second time. But my curiosity wouldn't quit. "What really goes on at those meetings?" I wondered.

To make a long story short, I retrieved the brochure and took it home to Betty. "Read this and tell me what you think," I told her. Later as we discussed the subject pro and con I found myself saying, "Let's go on

Saturday night and find out what this is all about."

Betty agreed, but for a different reason. "Maybe if we see a Full Gospel meeting first-hand we can help straighten out a couple of families in our church who are involved in it," adding, "I've always wanted to hear someone speak in tongues."

I telephoned a family which I knew attended regularly and we arranged to

things of God. Some of the people clapped in time to the music, others lifted their hands high in praise to the Lord. The scene looked strange, but it definitely was not mass hysteria. The smiles I saw were real, reflecting a deep inner joy that I seldom encountered in more traditional services. Betty and I exchanged glances that asked, "How can these people enjoy their religion so much?"

**It was almost as if  
we were sneaking into  
a liquor store or an  
X-rated movie**



drive over together. They sounded calm, but I later discovered that they nearly went into orbit after hanging up the telephone.

They picked us up on Saturday night and we drove 30 miles to the small town where the meeting was to take place. As soon as we pulled into the parking lot of the civic club I felt pangs of guilt. What if anybody we knew saw us? It was almost as if we were sneaking into a liquor store or an X-rated movie. When we thought the coast was clear Betty and I slipped inside the building.

The song service came first. I couldn't believe the atmosphere, with men and women charged with love and tremendous enthusiasm for the

After the singing a speaker named Bob Lewis shared his testimony. I learned that his life had been much like mine; he had wrestled with some of the questions and dissatisfactions that troubled me.

While friends greeted one another, Betty and I went over to meet the speaker. He was very friendly and seemed concerned about us as persons. He asked, "Wouldn't you like to have all that God has for you?" We nodded affirmatively. Then Bob and his wife prayed for us and both Betty and I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at the same moment. We felt a surge of unspeakable joy, and both of us burst into prayer in another language. Betty's face wore a glow that



I'd never seen before.

We started to leave the platform area, but the speaker's wife said, "Wait!" Turning to her husband, she added, "Bob, I believe we should pray for this lady. She needs healing."

They laid hands on both of us and prayed, and we both fell under the power of God. While Betty lay there she heard the Lord speak these tender words to her: "You don't need to rely on those pills any longer. I have healed you."

Eight years have passed, and Betty hasn't swallowed a single pill since that night. Her tormenting fear was gone for good. No more hospitals, no more drug bills, no more doctors. The Great Physician had touched her and healed her of so many things that night that it was two weeks before she realized that she no longer needed to wear glasses.

At last I've found the fulfillment I

missed for so many years. God is using us to plant new churches where believers grow in a Spirit-filled atmosphere.

I think about FGBMFI meetings in small towns where people may sometimes wonder if they are accomplishing much. Take heart. There are men and women who need your message and your love. Be patient, and God will bring them into contact with you.

I think, too, of discouraged pastors who may be silently looking for something that has eluded them all the way through seminary and "successful" churches. The Lord may want to use FGBMFI to bring fullness into your life, as He did into mine. □

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*Claude Woods has been a pastor for 20 years, currently at Cleburne Christian Center in Cleburne, Texas. He and his wife Betty have three children: Wendell, Karen and David. Claude is a member of the Cleburne Chapter of FGBMFI.*

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## FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

**CANADA: SASKATCHEWAN:** Russell Chapter, Lloyd G. Schappert (306) 743-2710. **ENGLAND:** Mid-Devon (Crediton) Chapter, Andrew K. John 3-632-2275; Richmond/Twickenham Chapter, John Graham 1-940-6543. **MALAYSIA:** Penang Chapter, Dr. Ronnie Tech 360901. **UNITED STATES: ARIZONA:** Old Pueblo Chapter, Steven Hite (602) 299-0554. **ARKANSAS:** Clarksville Chapter, Robert Teeter (501) 754-8200. **GEORGIA:** Walker Correctional Institute Chapter, Kenneth Matthews (no phone). **HAWAII:** Diamond Head Chapter, Robert Gertz (no phone); Kailua-Kona Chapter, Scotty Berg (808) 329-4319. **IDAHO:** Boise Valley Prison Chapter, Allen Riley Walunga (no phone). **INDIANA:** Columbia City Chapter, Pat Jehn (219) 248-2685; Jasper Chapter, Matthew Jones (812) 683-3184. **LOUISIANA:** Eunice Chapter, Wilson J. Tatman (318) 546-6001. **MICHIGAN:** Livingston County Chapter, Vernon Porter (517) 546-9727; Mason County Chapter, Robert Edwards (616) 757-3227. **NORTH CAROLINA:** Hendersonville Chapter, W.T. Crowder (704) 693-0523. **PENNSYLVANIA:** Northern Tier Chapter, Melvin Good (717) 673-8153. **TEXAS:** Mexia Bi-Stone Chapter, Liston R. Posey (817) 562-7284. **VIRGINIA:** Franklin County Chapter, Franklin Guerrant (703) 483-0464. **WEST INDIES:** CAYMAN ISLANDS: Grand Cayman Chapter, Peter J. Leggatt (809) 949-2591.

**BATTLE FOR AMERICA** (from page 7)  
 raged throughout Europe in the 1930s. We saw bitterness and discrimination that can destroy political liberty and spiritual freedom now as it did then.

The pictures graphically depicted the ugliness that led to the destruction of 11 million souls, including 6 million Jews, because hatred and discrimination were preached and practiced by oppressive and excessive government. One picture showed a survivor of one of the German death camps pointing with shame at leaders of the world for that time.

The words under those pictures are seared in my mind: "Those who had eyes but would not see; those who had ears but would not hear; those who had a mouth but would not speak." Leilani and I bowed our heads and renewed our commitment to the battle for political liberty and spiritual freedom.

Some months ago in our evening church service we sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Have you ever noticed that our national anthem ends with a question mark? No other country in the world presents its people with such a question: "Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave/O'er the land of the free/And the home of the brave?"

How appropriate that we who have committed our lives to Christ also rededicate ourselves to America—to liberty and to freedom, so that this nation will endure for generations to come. □



*The Honorable James G. Watt has been Secretary of the Interior of the United States since 1981. He is a graduate of the University of Wyoming with a B.S. degree in commerce and industry and a J.D. degree in law. From part-time instructor at his alma mater, his career took a political turn as personal assistant, then legislative assistant, to a U.S. senator. After serving as counsel to the Secretary, Natural Resources Committee and Environmental Pollution Advisory Panel, U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Watt assumed duties in 1969 with the Department of the Interior, first as special assistant to the Secretary and Under Secretary, then as Deputy Assistant Secretary. In 1972 he became Director of the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation and in 1975, by presidential appointment, Commissioner and then Vice Chairman of the Federal Power Commission. Secretary Watt and his wife Leilani are members of Christ's Church in Washington, D.C., and have two children: Erin Gaia and Eric Gaius. Mr. Watt is a member of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.*



## CROSSROADS (from page 12)

many blinded and lost souls who had not yet come to know this great, eternal Saviour, Jesus Christ.

About a year after my conversion, hungry for the Word, I felt strongly led of the Spirit to attend Bible college. My G.I. Bill was still available.

A born-again biker actually pursuing a college degree at Lee College in Cleveland? I couldn't believe it myself. But the Scriptures say, "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (II Corinthians 5:17)—and I was.

At college I shared my story with many adults and youth in churches and school and many times with those behind bars in state prisons and jails all over the South. I knew what they were going through; I had been there often enough. During my senior year I was elected president of the student government association.

Then through a series of miracles I acquired a job in a place where my heart had a home. A position was

available in the local juvenile court for a counselor in alcohol and drug abuse. Although there were several applicants with more experience and even master's degrees in social work, I was selected. Even today I am in awe at the way God guided and directed me.

After only four months as counselor, I was promoted to assistant director of the same juvenile court and later chosen to be executive director of a new teenage helps organization.

God has not only wiped the slate of my yesterdays clean; He has taken the worst of all that has happened to me and is using it to turn others to Him. ☐

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*Paul Hughes is a lecturer and counselor with Obion County Juvenile Court in Union City, Tennessee. This year he helped launch Operation CPC (Care Produces Character), a project to place troubled teenagers in homes of volunteer families while legal disputes are being settled. He is married to Louise, and is a new member of Union City Chapter, FGBMFI.*



## Hear James Watt's Message

Now you may hear on cassette the entire stirring message of Secretary of Interior James G. Watt as given at the 31st World Convention of FGBMFI. Just mail this coupon below with your check for \$4.50 plus 50 cents handling fee to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

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## KENTUCKY REGIONAL CONVENTION

1. Beautiful dining room of Executive Inn, Rivermont, is typical of facilities enjoyed by attendees at fourth Kentucky Regional Convention, Owensboro, August 10-13. 2. Crowds increase to about 1,300 on closing night. 3. Kentucky Governor (1974-79) Julian Carroll, Field Representative Chuck Cotton and Dave Clark enjoy fellowship. 4. Many accept Jesus and are baptized in Holy Spirit as Jim Spillman ministers, and throughout Convention. 5. The morning after, Lawrence Mudd (standing) brings to breakfast table two men whom he has just led to Jesus. Others are, left to right: Mrs. Nelson Melvin; International Director Fred Garst with wife; Field Representative Bob Evans; soloist Janet Mogren; speaker Keith Davis and wife.





# CONVENTIONS

## **WEST AFRICAN CONVENTION 83** **November 2-5, 1983**

Ambassador Hotel, Accra  
Write: Mr. J. Kwaw, Box 10849  
Accra-North, Ghana, West Africa

## **6TH NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND**

**November 3-5, 1983**  
Holiday Inn, Portland  
Write: FGBMFI Convention  
Box 1362  
Portland, ME 04104

## **NORTH CAROLINA STATE** **November 3-5, 1983**

Civic Center, Raleigh  
Write: Mr. Dick Morgan  
Box 18343  
Raleigh, NC 27619

## **7TH ANNUAL CANADIAN** **NATIONAL**

**November 9-12, 1983**  
Calgary Convention Centre, Alberta  
Write: Mr. Harley Torgerson  
1619A-46th St., N.W.  
Calgary, Alberta  
Canada T3B 1A8

## **INDIANA MEN'S ADVANCE** **November 10-12, 1983**

Epworth Forest Church Camp  
North Webster  
Write: Mr. Jim Clark  
11722 Johnson Rd.  
Fort Wayne, IN 46818

## **SOUTH CAROLINA STATE** **November 10-12, 1983**

Francis Marion Hotel, Charleston  
Write: Mr. George Duggan  
46 Queen St.  
Charleston, SC 29401

## **NORTHEASTERN NORTH** **CAROLINA RALLY**

**November 11-12, 1983**  
Holiday Inn, Kill Devil Hills  
Write: Mr. W.A. Tolson  
Rte. 1, Box 671-D  
Kill Devil Hills, NC 27948

## **NORTHERN MICHIGAN RALLY** **November 11-12, 1983**

Park Place Hotel, Traverse City  
Write: Mr. Robert Hamilton  
1109 E. Division  
Cadillac, MI 49601

## **COUPLES' SPIRITUAL ADVANCE** **November 11-13, 1983**

Central Washington University  
Ellensburg  
Write: Mr. Don Woods  
Box 219  
Grandview, WA 98930

## **WESTERN NEW YORK MEN'S** **ADVANCE**

**November 11-13, 1983**  
Johns' Niagara Hotel, Niagara Falls  
Write: Mr. Jim McDonald  
79 Norcrest Dr.  
Rochester, NY 14617

## **LAKE OF THE OZARK REGIONAL** **November 16-19, 1983**

Lodge of the Four Seasons  
Lake Ozark  
Write: Mr. Bob Engle  
Box 54  
Shelbyville, MO 63469

## **NORTH PLATTE RALLY**

**November 18-19, 1983**  
Ramada Inn, North Platte  
Write: Mr. Russ Castle  
2015 East D  
North Platte, NE 69101

## **OKI REGIONAL**

**November 23-26, 1983**  
Holiday Inn, Miamisburg  
Write: FGBMFI  
Box 2252  
Dayton, OH 45429

## **PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGIONAL**

**November 24-26, 1983**  
Sea-Tac Red Lion Motel, Seattle  
Write: FGBMFI  
Box 812  
Redmond, WA 98052

## **PUERTO RICO/CARIBBEAN** **REGIONAL**

**November 24-26, 1983**  
Dupont Plaza San Juan, San Juan  
Write: FGBMFI  
GPO Box 2592  
San Juan, Puerto Rico 00936

## **MANITOBA MEN'S ADVANCE**

**November 25-27, 1983**  
Westward Village Inn, Manitoba  
Write: FGBMFI  
1336 Markham Rd., Ste. 8  
Winnipeg, Manitoba  
Canada R3T 4E5

## **SALT LAKE CONVENTION**

**November 26-27, 1983**  
Marriott, Salt Lake City  
Write: Mr. Victor Martinez  
6833 Village Green Rd.  
Salt Lake City, UT 84121

## **MEN'S WINTER ADVANCE**

**December 2-4, 1983**  
Pictured Rocks Camp, Monticello  
Write: Mr. Richard Mangler  
RR 3, Sunset Beach  
Manchester, IA 52057

## **ODESSA/MIDLAND REGIONAL** **December 8-10, 1983**

Odesa Convention Center  
Write: Mr. Ralph Conley  
Box 3226  
Odessa, TX 79760

## **31ST ANNUAL WORLD** **CONVENTION**

**July 3-7, 1984**  
Anaheim, California Conv. Center  
Write: FGBMFI World Convention  
Box 5050  
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

**Conventions listed in  
this issue were approved  
on or before July 29.**

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## THREEFOLD PURPOSE OF FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP

1. *To witness to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man, and by this to reach men for Jesus Christ, especially those having the same social, cultural or business interests as the person doing the witnessing.*

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

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

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

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Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to: Chapter Department, FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.



# BLUEPRINT FOR LIFE

Woody McGraw, Crestwood, KY

**S**elf-assured, well-educated and wrapped up in my engineering career, I was confident of my life and future. A graduate of the University of Kentucky, with BS and MS degrees in civil engineering plus some post-graduate studies, I was full of the world's knowledge and snatched every opportunity for leadership in my profession.

Had someone asked me, "Woody, what about God? What do you think about spiritual matters?" I would have

answered in all sincerity, "I believe in God, I'm a Christian." I had been raised in a Christian home, we celebrated Christmas and Easter, and even sang songs about Jesus. My wife and I were youth leaders in our church. Surely that was enough to meet God's requirements.

The Bible says, "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge" (Hosea 4:6). I had absolutely no knowledge of what the Bible said about how to become a Christian. My



incorrect but, sad to say, commonly held concept of Christianity was that "It's all right to do whatever you want, just so it doesn't hurt anybody. If you can do it and get away with it so nobody will know, then nobody will be hurt."

If people call themselves Christian, there comes a time when God wants them to prove it. It was time for me to stop professing Jesus Christ and to begin confessing that He was Lord of my life. However, these conclusions were not all reached at once; it took several more years of frustration and rebellion to recognize my need for God. Like a painful, raw, open sore, my race to escape God led me further and further from finding peace or satisfaction in life. This "situation ethics" Christianity I lived was a lie. I withdrew into my selfish desires and grew more alienated every day from those about me. If it hadn't been for the fact that my wife really knew the Lord, our marriage would have ended in divorce.

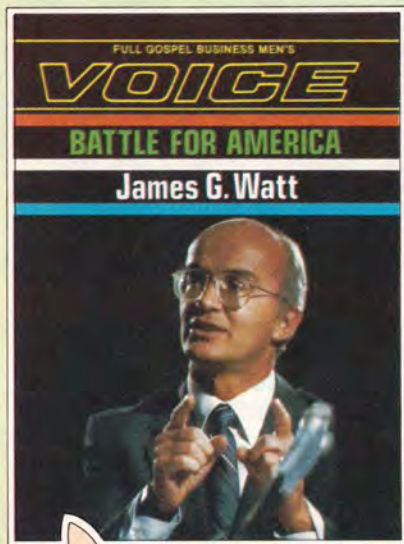
During the mid-50s in Louisville where I grew up, Billy Graham came to visit our hometown. My best friend Richard, a born-again Christian, invited me to go to the crusade. The praise songs tugged at my heart, and when they sang "Just As I Am" the words made me want to lunge forward to the altar to give my life to Jesus. Pride kept me from leaving my seat and Satan was quick to capitalize on my mistake. The moment was soon gone, and with it the desire created by the evangelist's wonderful words of hope.



For the next 16 years my spiritual life went downhill. I believed that what I wanted was best for everybody else. I was too busy to think about God, and even though I worked in the church it was because I thought it made me look good.

Thank God for Buddy, a Christian businessman who was not ashamed to tell about his relationship with Jesus. I had known Buddy several years and worked with him on several

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church events. One Sunday he stood up in front of the congregation and with tears in his eyes told how Jesus had just come into his life.

I thought he already was a Christian. After all, he was a nice guy and went to church—just like me! That's when the Holy Spirit got my attention and could begin working in me. I began to question where I stood in my relationship with God. "If Buddy thought he was a Christian all this time, but really wasn't . . . then maybe I'm not really a Christian either."

In the midst of my self-scrutiny Buddy announced the beginning of a six-week program called "Ten Brave Christians." I immediately volunteered. I saw a change in my friend and I had to find out more.

It was a bit more than I had bargained for. Part of the program was to read the Bible 15 minutes each morning and pray before beginning each new day. I had no idea where to begin or how to pray. Here I was, an unsaved man who claimed to be a Christian, committed to reading a book I didn't even own and praying to a God I doubted existed!

Eloise, my wife, lent me her Bible and I bought a book on how to pray. After two weeks of reading the Gospel of John I came to the discussion between Jesus and the scholarly Jew Nicodemus. Because of my scholastic background, Nicodemus was a man I could identify with. I felt as though I was literally in his place, asking Jesus the very same questions.

Jesus' answer to Nicodemus leaped

off the page at me: "... Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God." He had shown me how to have what Buddy had found. I realized I had never asked Jesus to be Lord of my life.

In the quiet of that morning in 1971 I got on my knees and asked Jesus to be my personal Saviour. I knew I would never be the same again.

As weeks passed, it became evident to my family and friends that God's love was working in me. I was

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### **My analyzing and dissecting of the Bible was like a two-year-old trying to read a stock-analysis report**

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becoming a new man, with new motives, words, actions and thoughts. The emptiness I had tried vainly to fill with worldly things and worldly acclaim was being replaced with joy and peace. The man who for so many years thought he was a Christian became one.

My first two years as a new Christian brought along a whole new set of problems I had never anticipated. I had a peculiar knack for zealously approaching spiritual matters in the same way I would try to solve an engineering problem. My analyzing and dissecting of the Bible was like a two-year-old trying to read a stock-analysis report. The more I relied on my own wisdom in attempts to witness and to understand the Bible, the more I found that something more

was needed.

The Lord used a college student to show me that I was getting in God's way. My young friend shared how his life had taken on a whole new dimension of spiritual growth and effectiveness since he had received the Holy Spirit.

In the Book of Acts the accounts of supernatural experiences in lives of early Christians reinforced what my friend said. I recalled the lifeless Bible lessons I had attempted to teach, my unsuccessful attempts at witnessing, my helpless feeling in visiting the sick. Now after two years of running in place, trying to serve Jesus, I asked Him to baptize me in the Holy Spirit. I prayed and received it by faith, the same way I had received Jesus into my heart.

It was not long until the Holy Spirit's supernatural enabling was a reality in my life. On an inspection trip to review a new apartment development under construction, I began telling the London, Kentucky Housing Authority's executive director and his assistant about my relationship with God. They asked many questions, expressing genuine interest in the supernatural. Boldly and unashamedly I answered their questions about Jesus.

I related three personal experiences of God's miraculous healing power. When our daughter Emily had become very ill with scarlatina, Eloise and I laid hands on her and she recovered. God had healed my eyes of astigmatism at a Kathryn Kuhlman

service. And through prayer one of my legs was lengthened, resulting in correction of a chronic back problem.

The men became very quiet as I related these evidences of the Lord's work. As I prayed silently in tongues, asking God to show me how to minister to them, He spoke to my heart, directing me to ask them if they wanted to become Christians. Their answer was an eager yes. Standing in the middle of that large construction site, these two businessmen humbly bowed their heads and gave their lives to the Lord.

God had shown me step by step that I needed His strength and power in order to do His work. Now for the first time I had relied on Him instead of on my natural skill and intellect. With the Holy Spirit's help I had at last turned the corner into the full, abundant and powerful life God meant us to have. □

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*In addition to his job as deputy chief engineer (HUD) with the United States government, Woody McGraw is president of a Christian publishing firm. Licensed to preach the Gospel, he has served as elder in the Louisville Trinity Church, teaches three Bible studies a week and has written a book on marriage according to God's word. He is president of the St. Matthews Chapter of FGBMFI in Louisville, and last year he and his wife Eloise spent two weeks teaching and holding open meetings in India. The McGraws have three children: Emily, Scott and Melissa.*

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





World Laymen's Headquarters

Full Gospel Business Men's

**VOICE**

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## SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### Why not make your eternal decision right now:

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

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

#### Hon Memorial Prayer Chapel





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