

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

*Focus on
Healing*

*New Challenge from
Demos Shakarian*



Focus on Healing

Demos Shakarian
Founder/President, FGBMFI

Today we stand at the threshold of another great move of the Holy Spirit.

More than thirty years ago Dr. Charles S. Price, a pioneer of the charismatic movement, told me that I would see a time, on the heels of the great deliverance ministries, when laymen would move to the forefront and become God's instruments for the last great revival before the return of Jesus Christ.

Dr. Price explained that he would not live to see this day, but he said, "Demos, you will live to see this come to pass."

In 1984 God began dealing with me about this prophetic statement. He said, "Go to the ballrooms—go and I will pour out My Spirit. There will be tremendous healings—you and the laymen will be used in healings."

This is not a new vision. It is a continuation of the marching orders which God has given us since the beginning. Dr. Price had described laymen one day going into hospitals and praying for impossible cases—and God healing them on the spot. I know that this is that hour—God wants to use laymen in a great miracle ministry, and I believe that newspapers and television will pick up these stories.

We must get back to the old-fashioned way. The old-fashioned way of praying; the old-fashioned way of ballroom meetings; back to the vision which birthed this Fellowship—to reach the world with the message of the baptism in the Holy Spirit, the message of healing, and a demonstration of the supernatural power of God in action.

I am witnessing this power in a greater way each day. In a fall from a two-story building, one young man in Phoenix, Arizona, Steve Schlagel, caught his heel on a ladder and broke

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HE TOOK TIME

William Warner
Hanover, Pennsylvania

The dedicated Christian upbringing of my youth had resulted in my receiving Jesus as personal Saviour as a young man in 1942. But things of the world had

THE

taken priority over my walk with the Lord: as a paratrooper in the 82nd Airborne; as a husband and then father of three children; and as I finished my education and became a draftsman.

Then God sent two Full Gospel Business Men from Harrisburg, Pennsylvania into my life—one, a pilot for a corporation; the other, a doctor of chiropractic. They invited me to a prayer meeting, and there I rededicated my life to Jesus.

A promotion to company plant manager in 1974 served to remind me that I needed something more than job success. When an inventory problem took place in May of 1976 and I knew that I could be held responsible, my overwhelming fears told me that I needed immediate help. I went to the Harrisburg FGBMFI meeting that night—and received the baptism in

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A BIG SHOT!

Si Rickman
Fort Worth, Texas

Pull!" I shouted as I raised my shotgun. The twenty-fifth and last clay target zipped suddenly into the air at sixty miles an hour, as if it were a live bird daring me to shoot it down. *This is the last shot. I don't dare miss.* Bang! The target exploded into fragments that showered to the ground.

Twenty-five—another perfect score! I had just earned a third gold medal at the World Skeet Championships that year, 1965, and with a world title.

Immediately, to the sports-minded public, I was a celebrity. But in my own mind I was already a big shot (excuse the pun). I was an Air Force man. What's more, I was a general's aide. Entering the service in 1954, for the next fourteen years I traveled over much of the world. The generals I'd met liked big parties with lots of booze, and I had learned to drink with the best of them.

I hadn't been raised that way. I grew up on a cotton farm in southwestern Tennessee, a member of a poor but respectable churchgoing family of six children. My skill with guns came naturally. I loved the outdoors; I loved hunting, fishing, shooting.

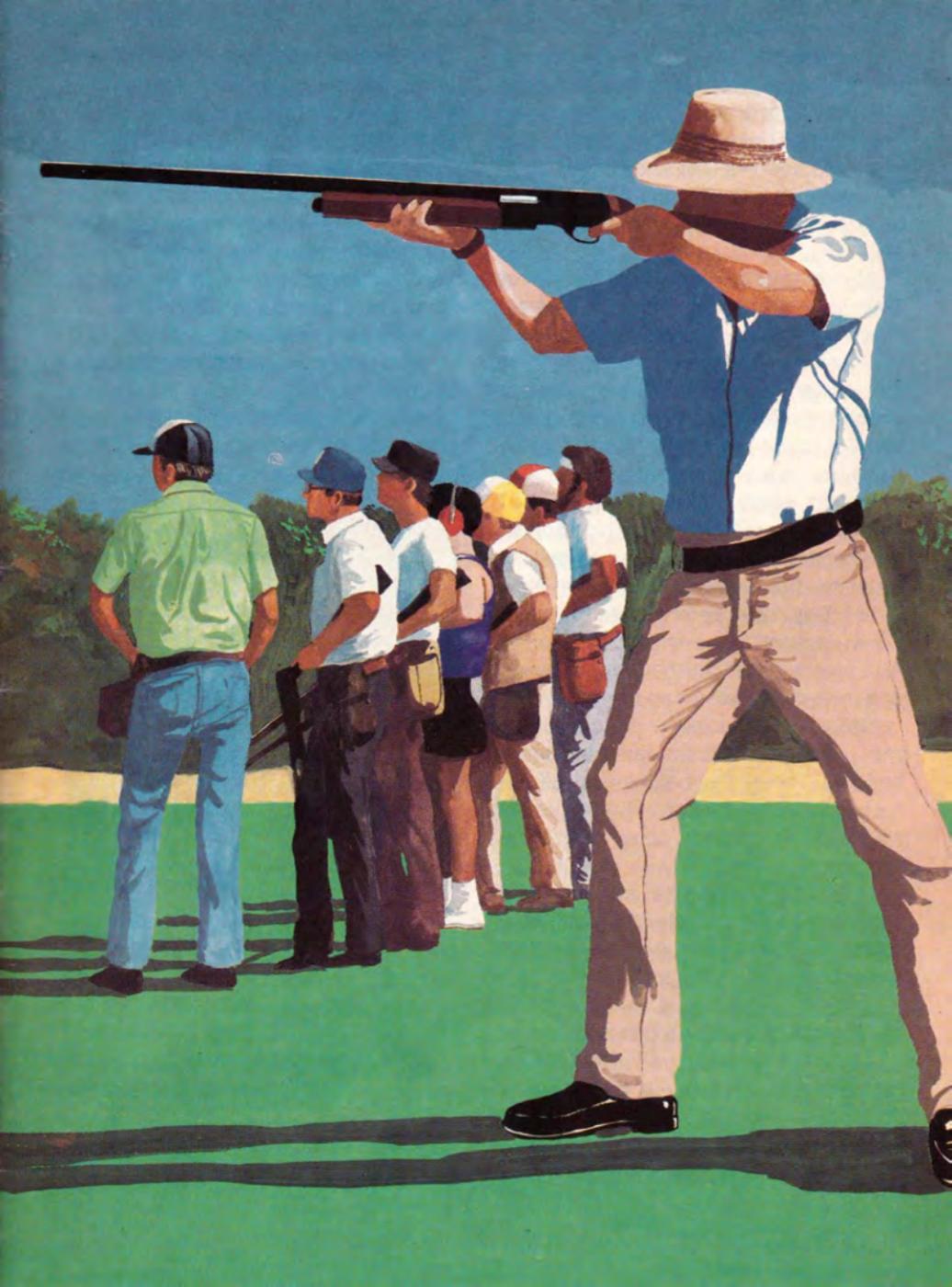
Mom and Dad taught me to be a winner. "Whatever you do, do it right," they said. "And don't you dare quit till it's finished." Not only did they set an example but they rigidly enforced their advice. I learned to attack every problem as a challenge.

Dad also taught me honesty, integrity and loyalty to my friends. He was a hard worker. His word and a handshake were as binding as any contract.

But life on a small cotton farm was hard. Have you ever ridden a mule to church as a kid? I have. That's how poor we were. Couldn't afford a car. The rest

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of the family rode to church in a wagon. Yet we were close-knit, we were happy, and we were hospitable; the preacher often sat as a guest at our dinner table.

Incidentally, something happened to that mule. Mother said Dad shot it because it ate too much and wouldn't work. He had no patience with animals or people who were lazy.

At the urging of my Sunday-school teacher when I was fourteen, I asked God to forgive my sins and invited Jesus to come into my heart. Yet something was lacking in my Christian life. I seldom opened my Bible because I didn't understand it, and I practically stopped going to church in my late teens.

I guess I was in a hurry to grow up. I should have graduated from high school in the spring of 1954. But the previous fall I met my future wife, Nell, and on New Year's Day, 1954, before I was eighteen, we were married. I enlisted July 1 in the Air Force, where I finished my schooling and took college courses for ten years.

Nell and I have been married thirty-two years now, and the last four and a half have been the happiest of all because we've learned the true secret of success. I'll tell you later how that happened.

I wish I had known that secret when I first entered the military. It would have saved my loved ones and me a lot of heartache.

The Air Force was no cotton farm. But the principles Dad had taught me on the farm—to be industrious and do everything right—worked in the military too. I'd wash cars, do anything to make extra money. Before long I was promoted to a

general's aide.

The trouble was that, while this was going on, I was learning the world's definition of success, which is the wrong one. It's based, not on loving and helping people, but on using them. According to the world's point of view, a successful man in the Air Force is at least a colonel; in civilian life he's a high-ranking official in some company, living off an expense account and driving a luxury car furnished by the company. I resolved that Si Rickman was going to become that kind of man.

Inevitably I got involved in parties and social drinking. Nell and our growing family—two girls and a boy—went regularly



Have you ever ridden a mule to church as a kid? I have. That's how poor we were.

to church, wherever I was stationed. I went at first, and even taught Sunday school. But it was the start of more than twenty miserable years spent straddling the fence. I didn't want the people I partied with on Saturday night to know I was going to go to church on Sunday, and I didn't want the people in church to know where I'd been on Saturday night.

Three years after my skeet triumph, a man from the Winchester company, makers of the famous guns, offered me a job traveling among their fifty gun clubs to teach people to shoot trap and skeet instead of wild game. Shortly afterward I was released from the service, accepted the position, and we moved to Dallas in June of 1968.

I traveled for Winchester for three years, and was away from home most of the time, making the rounds of the gun clubs, lecturing and boozing. For me every night was Saturday night, every morning was hangover time. Meanwhile my wife raised our children. Our big house with two expensive automobiles in the driveway was a home where Father seldom stayed.

Time moved on. Our oldest daughter was finishing her senior year in high school. One day she came to me, her eyes troubled. "Dad, you've never been to one of my school functions that I can remember. Now I'm about to graduate. Won't you please stay home long enough to come to my graduation?"

That shook me. "Yes, honey, I will." I quit my job and went to her graduation. Then I entered the real-estate business. I promised myself, "I'll be home more now. I'll spend more time with my family."

Going to work for a Dallas firm, within six months I was vice-president of marketing. I won all the awards, went to all the positive-mental-attitude courses, made \$100,000-plus a year and had \$300,000 worth of stock. I was back on the fast track again, drinking heavily, staying out late, cheating on my wife, telling her I was working late. Moving to bigger homes. Driving bigger cars. As I once had a burning ambition to become a skeet champion, now I had an unquenchable thirst to become a millionaire. Everything that stood in my way was a clay target that must be blown to bits.

One morning, having returned from a sales trip, I walked into the office to find everyone cleaning out his desk. "What's going on?" I asked in bewilderment.

"Where've you been? The company has just declared bankruptcy. You'd better get your stuff out of your desk."

I was stunned. "Man," I exclaimed, "what a case of ignorance I've got. I've been so busy out on the road selling, I had no idea what was going on here at headquarters."

Overnight I had lost my job and my \$300,000 worth of stock was worthless. But my first concern was for my friends. I prided myself on my hundreds of friends. Now those who had trusted me and invested in the company faced disaster, and I was largely to blame. They had so much faith in me that I could phone them and discuss an investment or an idea, and they'd go for it. My word, like Dad's, was my bond.

All in the same day I faced the loss of my job, my money, and my friends. I breathed my first prayer in many years: "God, help me to help my friends."

I got in touch with every one of them and said, "Listen, if you'll stay in and make payments on your investment, I'll try to help you. I'll work to try to save your investment."

By the end of the year I had turned that company around and owned it. During the next seven years we sold in excess of \$12 million worth of real estate, and every friend who stuck with me regained his money.

I took the credit instead of thanking God.

We formed another corporation; the profits kept getting bigger. So did the booze parties. You could judge my "success" by my monthly liquor bill for parties: \$2,000 to \$3,000.

In 1980 I began to have high blood pressure and heart problems and could not sleep. I was so miserable and disgusted that nothing could make me happy. I didn't know it then, but Nell told me later that she had made up her mind to leave me as soon as our son finished school that year.

One day as I sat in my office, sick and hurting, our daughter Debbie (who worked for me then) walked in. She had been going for two years to a church that

We formed another corporation; the profits kept getting bigger. So did the booze parties.



Si, president and chairman of board of Pine Tree Development Corporation, prepares to board company plane

met in a warehouse in Dallas. In fact, we were getting concerned about her—she had become kind of weird, talking so much about that church and its pastor. “He’s a real positive man—just like you, Dad,” she would tell me. But I’d gotten out of the habit of going to church except for weddings and funerals.

“Dad,” she said this particular day, “do me a favor.”

“Sure, honey, what do you want—some money, maybe?”

“No, I just want you to *do* something for me. Go to church with me tonight. I’ve asked Mom and she’ll go if you will.”

I tried to think of some excuse, but there wasn’t any. Finally I said, “Okay, we’ll go.”

The minute I said it, I started to feel better inside. All afternoon I actually looked forward to going.

That night, March 14, 1981, Nell and Debbie and I walked into that big white Word of Faith building. I’ve never seen so many attractive people, smiling, happy. They came up to me, shook my hand and said, “Welcome, brother, good to see you, God bless you.” I stood by a big water fountain near the entrance and I said, “God, thank You that You kept me alive to get here tonight—I’m back home.”

That night God showed me that I did not have everything I needed. We rededicated our lives, and I became a *real* success for the first time—God’s kind.

The next night we went back. Pastor Robert Tilton stopped in the middle of his altar call to say, “There’s a man and wife here who recently rededicated their lives. Tonight they need to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit and to dedicate their business to the Lord.”

He didn’t know us, but I was sure he meant us. We went forward, and that day both Nell and I were baptized in the Holy Spirit.

I received the power to say no to the devil and temptation. I went home and poured out all my liquor. To this day I’ve never had another drink, nor do I want one. I hate liquor and its destruction of lives and families.

Several weeks later we received our prayer languages from the Lord and were enabled to praise God in new tongues (Mark 16:17).

I’d fought for success all my life. But now the Holy Spirit illuminated God’s definition of true success in Matthew 6:33: “But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.”

Now that I understood, I wanted to share this exciting truth. My favorite brother was more than a brother to me. He was my best friend, except for my wife and children, and we were old drinking buddies. He had been a heavy drinker for many years. I prayed, “Lord, give me the words. I want to write my family and tell them what’s happened in my life.”

I wrote my brother a letter and sent copies to the rest of my family. It said, in part:

“Dear Junior: I’m writing this letter with great news. Nell and I have rededicated our lives to Jesus Christ. I have never enjoyed such peace and joy, and I now understand what being born again means. I never understood the Bible until now.

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the Holy Spirit. That was the beginning of the power of God in my life and victory over fear.

After a visit to my dentist on January 5, 1985 I completely lost the sight in my right eye. I noticed it as my wife and I left the dentist's office and got into our car to drive the seven miles home. When we got there, I went straight to my eye doctor and, though it was Saturday and he



The Warners: (left to right) Sue Ann, June, Leonard, Bill and Elizabeth

was not scheduled for business, I found him in his office.

He rushed about the room in obvious haste when he saw my condition. After examining me, he took my hand. "Bill," he said, "you're hemorrhaging in back of the eye, toward the brain...."

He took the time to pray with me, just as Matthew 18:19 says: "...if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Next he contacted another specialist and

my family doctor.

Then I overheard him telling my wife that I would probably never see again or, if I did, it would not be within the next year.

But I had learned to place my faith in God. Fear was a thing of the past. I prayed for a miracle. My wife asked the FGBMFI chapter and our church to pray.

Hospitalized right away, all I could think of was the healing power of Jesus. I kept my mind on Him, not my problem, and prayed throughout the night.

God heard our prayers. At eleven o'clock the next morning—January 6—my sight was completely restored. I

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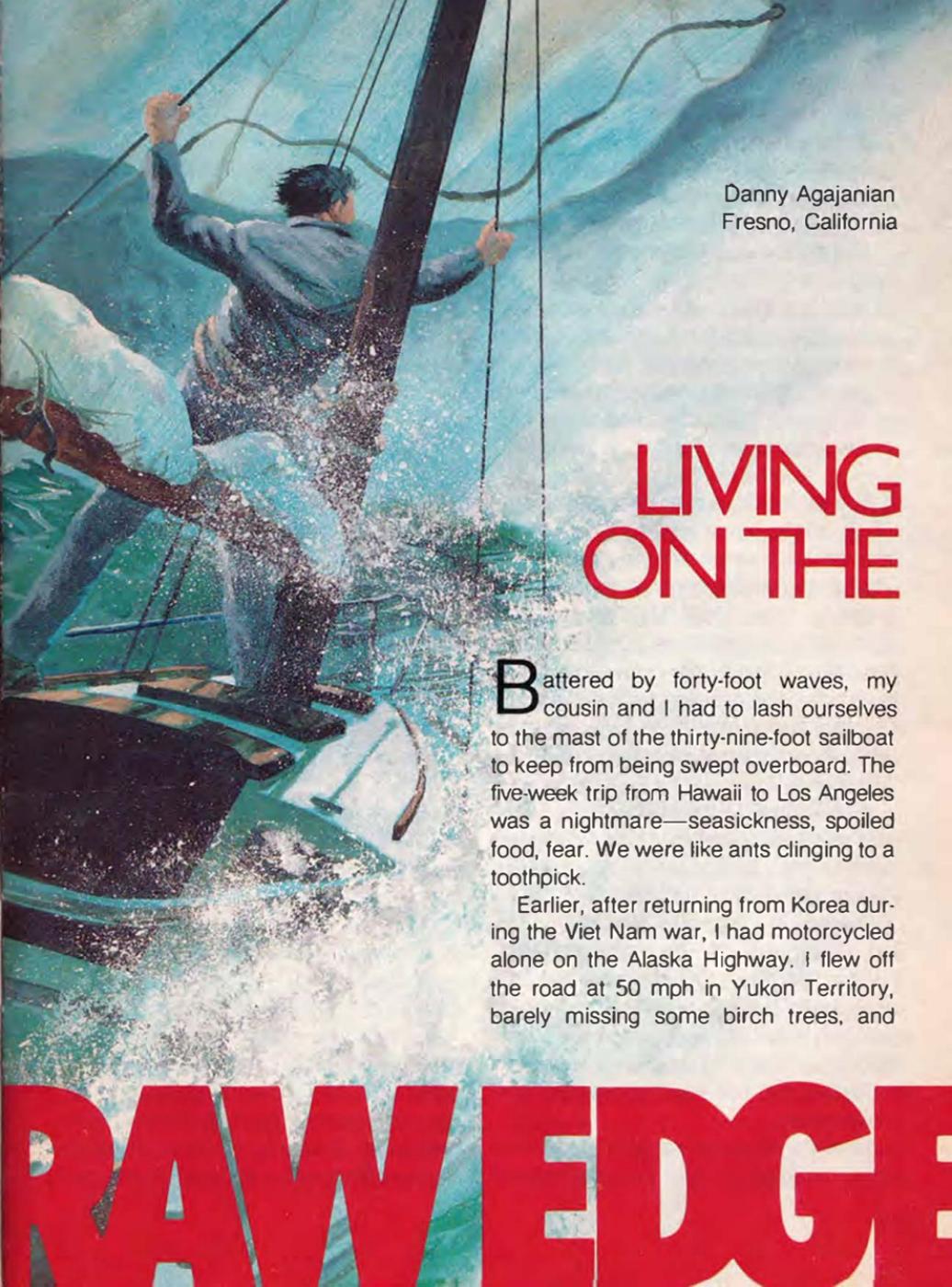
could feel the Lord's presence in my room.

The doctors were amazed. My family doctor recognized that God had done it.

Shortly after this I was transferred to a better job with my company. God always blesses more abundantly than we can ask or think.

Psalms 35:27 says it all: "Let them shout for joy, and be glad, that favour my righteous cause: yea, let them say continually, Let the Lord be magnified, which hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servant." □

William Warner is a sales service representative for Sheridan Press and is president of the Hanover Chapter of FGBMFI. The Warners worship at Jesus Is Lord Ministries in Cashtown.

A painting of a man in a blue jacket and dark pants standing on the deck of a sailboat. He is leaning forward, holding onto the rigging and mast. The sea is turbulent with white-capped waves crashing against the boat. The sky is a pale, hazy blue. The overall style is expressive and somewhat somber.

Danny Agajanian
Fresno, California

LIVING ON THE

Battered by forty-foot waves, my cousin and I had to lash ourselves to the mast of the thirty-nine-foot sailboat to keep from being swept overboard. The five-week trip from Hawaii to Los Angeles was a nightmare—seasickness, spoiled food, fear. We were like ants clinging to a toothpick.

Earlier, after returning from Korea during the Viet Nam war, I had motorcycled alone on the Alaska Highway. I flew off the road at 50 mph in Yukon Territory, barely missing some birch trees, and

RAW EDGE

landed in a muskeg hollow, my mandolin stuck in the spokes of the Harley-Davidson. A year later, I rode about as far as I could in the other direction.

A trip to Panama was fraught with danger. I could have been killed in a head-on collision with a logging truck or struck a moose in the middle of the road.

Driving through Guatemala, my companion, Bob Palmer, hit a big German police dog. Natives rushed out with knives. (Our fears were unfounded. They had come to skin the dog for supper.)

On a 2,000-mile trip to the headwaters of the Amazon, I contracted river fever and was paralyzed for two days.

Why would a man repeatedly take such life-threatening chances and risk such death-defying adventures? Did I crave excitement? Was I reacting to the fact that I had been teased as a schoolboy because I was the son of an Armenian trash man who went about town collecting garbage for the pig farm? Or was it the challenge—the need to scale the proverbial mountain because it was there?

Who knows? Perhaps all of these were motivating factors. One thing I do know: each harrowing experience made a spiritual impact in later life.

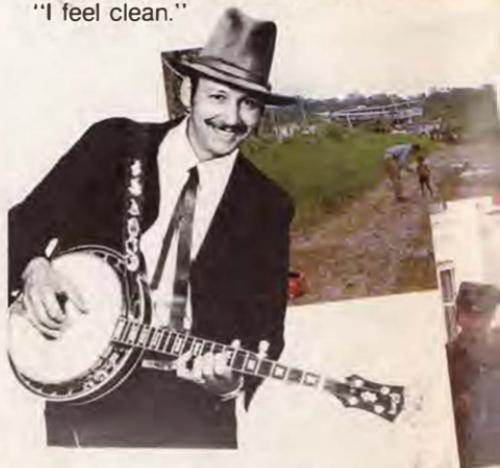
The son of Elisha and Maxine Agajanian, I was born in San Fernando, California in 1947. Our family moved to Newhall when I was seven, and every Sunday my parents took my brothers Roger and Dennis and me to a little Baptist church in Castaic that had been converted from a roadhouse.

Perhaps it was because a little friend of mine had been hit by a car that I asked

Dick Stratta, my Sunday-school teacher, "How do you get to go to heaven?" He explained that the only way was to invite Jesus into your heart. "Can I do it today?" I asked.

Dick arranged for Pastor Caster to give an invitation at the close of the morning service. I responded. Although I was only nine years old, I can still recall vividly feeling the power of the Holy Spirit as the man of God laid his hand upon me.

"How do you feel, Danny?" he asked. "I feel clean."



Unfortunately, that childlike innocence faded. The absence of solid Bible teaching, the presence of cliques in the church, and the tug of the world during my high school and later in the Army nudged my life in a downward direction.

My musical talent is a gift from God that I have enjoyed since I was in grade school. My father bought a mandolin and began learning to play by notes. I picked it up and almost immediately could play by ear, so he bought me one. Next came the tenor banjo, and

after that the five-string banjo.

Dennis has the same gift. We played quasi-professionally through high school, and the year following we appeared in *The Battle of the Bands* in the Hollywood Bowl in 1966.

The following year I was drafted, sent to Korea and led the lower lifestyle so common to soldiers. Upon my discharge, Dennis and I began playing duo again and performed together at Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, The Four Queens and the Golden Nugget in Las Vegas.

Danny Agajanian
at Amazon River
(left) and
China-Russia
border (below)



The Agajanian
family

One place Dennis performed particularly impressed me when I came back from the service. The audience at The Salt Company was so refreshingly different from noisy nightclub crowds, where drunks might throw beer cans. These people listened and applauded. I had a growing desire to be around Christians.

Being twins, Dennis and I have been especially close. Both of us thirst to live life to the fullest and pushed to the limit. We both raced motorcycles, not for money but for the sheer thrill of it.

One time Dennis accepted the challenge to play his guitar while speeding down the Indian Dunes Raceway. Parnelli Jones, the famous racer, handed him the instrument while riding beside him at 50 miles an hour. The film crew of "That's Incredible" filmed Dennis as he played the *William Tell* Overture, and he barely finished playing it before running out of track.

A friendly competition between us has always been wholesome. We were extremely fast bluegrass pickers and the audience loved it when we would push each other to our limits. When Dennis married, our needs were different and eventually our paths widened in divergent directions. His music became more contemporary while mine stayed country and bluegrass.

I needed a supplemental income for the lean times all rising artists experience. Since I'd been an M.P. in the army, Roger, our lawyer brother, encouraged me to become a licensed private investigator and to do detective work for him.

The benefits were more than I could have imagined. Bronwen, an attractive blonde legal secretary in his law firm, became my wife. She had just been saved as the result of reading Hal Lindsey's book *The Late Great Planet Earth*.

I came back to the Lord in 1973 at a Billy Graham press meeting in San Francisco. Never could I have dreamed, the day that I rededicated my life to Christ, that someday I would be on the platform ministering with Mr. Graham at crusades in Lubbock, Texas, in Alaska and in England.

I have always wanted to jump right into the world, not just read about it or

hear some commentator's opinions. I needed to experience it. That's why I rode the Siberian railroad through Russia, walked amid the starving souls in the streets of Calcutta and made my way up the river to the Cambodian-Thailand border. I wanted to live on the raw edge—be where the action is.

I still do. Only now I've discovered where the real excitement is. My life with Christ is anything but dull.

Following the Billy Graham crusade in London, I went to Brussels. Some Dutch-speaking missionaries from South Africa, along with some young people, were witnessing at a train station. I picked up my banjo and joined them. All of a sudden two soldiers grabbed me and started choking me. These brawlers were bent on doing me in.

I grabbed the hands around my throat and pled the blood of Jesus. Before the confrontation was over, I was chasing those guys out of the station, telling them about Jesus.

One time as Dennis and I were driving through Los Angeles, we saw some Nazi party members outside their headquarters—armbands, swastikas, German police dogs, the whole bit. We stopped and witnessed to them about Jesus.

Another time we were going from the airport into the city of Alexandria, Louisiana, when we saw Ku Klux Klansmen in their white robes. "Who else will tell them about Jesus?" we asked ourselves. We stopped and witnessed to them.

Most of the songs I have written have been born out of personal experiences or those of friends. For instance, returning to California following the fracas with the

Belgium soldiers, I wrote "Beat Up in Bakersfield," a song about a truckdriver who was beaten because he took a stand for Jesus.

My music provides a vehicle for witnessing to the bluegrass fans and to the crusty nut who is hard to crack—the guy who's heard it all and doesn't want to hear it again, the person who thinks he doesn't need Jesus. "The Check Is in the Mail" is a song that contrasts the empty promises of the world with the fact that Jesus actually delivers the goods.

Many of my country songs are about drinking, gambling and women. Without pointing a finger, just revealing problems, others are intended to rattle some cages.

One of my songs addresses the world's value system. It's about an ambitious business executive who is climbing the corporate ladder instead of Jacob's ladder. Then something happens to his success in the plush office on the fourteenth floor. The big shot has become a holy roller. Instead of a Mercedes, he now drives a station wagon full of Bibles. How does the world accept such a change? How do we Christians value a person—salary, titles, possessions? I want to make people wrestle with their sense of values.

Another humorous song, "I'm a Holy Roller," challenges Christians who have been baptized in the Holy Spirit to identify themselves as Spirit-filled believers. One of the strongest attractions that you'll find at Full Gospel Business Men meetings is their unashamedly bold stand for Jesus. You'll find them on the front lines. They have enough daring faith to get out of the boat and walk on the water.

I did not receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit until last year. While I had been born again and was bold for Jesus, I felt the need for more power. Acts 1:8 declares, "But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth."

While at the FGBMFI convention in Turlock last May, Enoch Christoffersen invited me to pray in his car, claiming that promise—and Jesus did baptize me in the Holy Spirit.

My father and Demos Shakarian, founder and president of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, are cousins. However, I had not met Demos until my partner Ted Jordan and I provided entertainment for the FGBMFI Christmas banquet in Anaheim, California in 1984.

I praise God for using Demos to mobilize the men of the Church to rescue lost men and women from the evil one. Since having first met Demos, I've had the joy of using my God-given talent to help fulfill the vision of reaching men in business communities of the world for Jesus.

In the beginning of this testimony, I stated that each harrowing experience had made a spiritual impact on my life. When my body was attacked by amoebic parasites in 1972, making me deathly ill, I was alone except for a few native Indians and some screaming parrots and monkeys. Believe me, in that frightening moment I cried out to God.

During the interminable five weeks in the Pacific in 1974 when the world

seemed a million miles away, that cold, watery grave seemed always to be waiting for me. I'm not ashamed to confess that I made promises and that I called out to God to save me.

I believe that when each man is face to face with eternity, he wants to go to heaven. No one in his right mind chooses hell. Yet every person makes a choice, either by decision or by neglect. How often I've sat on the platform during a great crusade and heard Billy Graham plead:

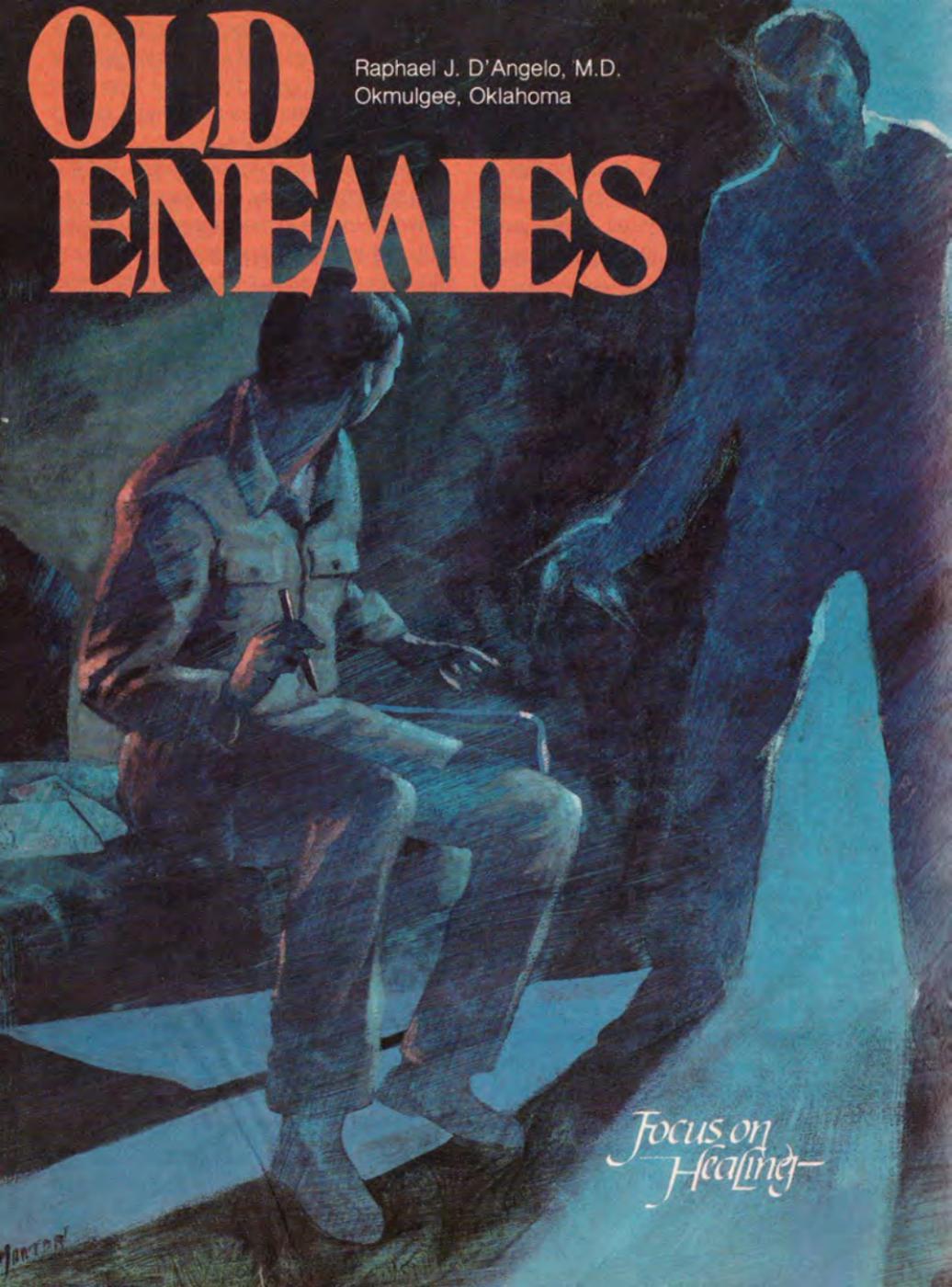
"This is your hour of decision. There are only two choices. Either you'll receive Christ as the Lord of your life or you will reject Him. If you say 'Not now' the decision to postpone is the decision to reject the Son of God. Accept Jesus now."

What a joyous sight it has been to see hundreds, sometimes thousands, streaming down the aisles to come to Christ—to find forgiveness and receive peace. I urge you right now to join the countless number who, like myself, have found Jesus Christ to be the only way to heaven, and the best way to an exciting and satisfying life on earth.

The Bible says, "...behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation" (II Corinthians 6:2). The Six Steps to Salvation on page 38 will be helpful as you give yourself to God. □

Danny Agajanian is a professional entertainer, songwriter and music instructor whose music ministry is designed to reach the secular world. He has a B.A. degree in geography from Cal State Northridge. He and his wife Bronwen have two children: Garrett, six, and Audra Leigh, three. They attend North Fresno Christian Church, and Danny is a member of the Fresno Chapter of FGBMFI.

OLD ENEMIES



Raphael J. D'Angelo, M.D.
Okmulgee, Oklahoma

*Focus on
Healing*

Too weak to hold the telephone, I lay my head on my pillow, wedging the receiver against my ear. "This is Dr. D'Angelo." I whispered, gasping for breath. "Get me the resident on duty ... emergency."

"Dr. D'Angelo, this is Dr. Graham. How can I help you?"

"I can't breathe," I said. Then the coughing began again, exhausting the little strength I had left.

No military ambulance was available, so I had to drive myself to the hospital. The resident's voice was strong, calm, reassuring. "We'll be ready for you here."

The severe asthma I had had from age two had cleared up when I was fourteen. In September of 1979 it surfaced again, growing increasingly severe and complicated by flu. Finally, after five months of battling a recurring fever and cough spasms, I was too worn out to work more than a couple of hours a day. Now in the hospital my lungs began to hemorrhage.

The emergency-room staff worked over me with great care and skill. But I was now the *patient*, and as such I found their guarded answers to my questions most irritating. From all indications I was dying ... and I was afraid.

A doctor is by training the sworn enemy of death. I had reason to be especially militant.

Death had prematurely robbed me of my father. I had come face to face with it again in Viet Nam, not only on the battlefield, but in a personal confrontation which could have forever separated me from Almighty God.

I had never planned a military career; medicine had always been my dream. After my father's death, my mother decided to remove this headstrong fourteen-year-old from the streets of New York City, so I was sent to Villanova Prep School in California.

With fewer distractions, my grades rose to straight A's and I began to plan premed at the University of California at Los Angeles. However, in my senior year I became friends with a family whose influence was to change the course of my life.

Although religion had played an important role in my childhood, doubts nagged me. Then, too, I wanted control over the circumstances of my life. I wanted to be prosperous, healthy in body and mind, and happy. I couldn't seem to make religion work for me in any practical way.

My new friends, though, could pull straight from the Bible the answer to any question I might have. I didn't even have to look for myself. They served it to me all wrapped up and spoonfed—with a little something extra added out of transcendental meditation, reincarnation, extra-sensory perception and astroprojection. I

Suddenly the hairs on the back of my neck stood erect... something evil had entered the tent.

was earnestly seeking truth, and I sincerely believed that I had found it.

As I moved on to college I added more facets to my newfound religion. I stopped eating meat, began meditating and refrained from the use of alcohol. In fact, I became so totally engrossed in my spiritual life that my grades began to sink. Before I could actually flunk my classes, I withdrew from school altogether in the fall of 1965 and went to work for McDonald's. I did get my pilot's license during that time. Then I received my "greetings" from Uncle Sam and wound up in Viet Nam as an Air Force medic.

While at first my buddies ridiculed my strange practices, such as chanting and eating rice, before long they grew curious. Eventually I had gathered quite a little following for my cult.

Then one night the men who shared my tent had all gone elsewhere to gamble away their paychecks. Since gambling was not on my "guidelines for spiritual purity," I was alone, writing a letter home.

Suddenly the hairs on the back of my neck stood erect. I was instantly aware that something evil had entered the tent.

My first thought was that the Viet Cong had overrun the camp, and that the moment I turned, someone would blast me. My body tensed instinctively as I prepared to defend myself, then I whirled to face my enemy.

There in the doorway stood something that looked like a man, but it was not. Although a kind of light emanated from it, I had the impression of darkness. Its words were filled with malice: "I am going to kill you, Raphael D'Angelo."

"No. You're not! No, you're not," I

cried in terror. "Get out of here!"

Slowly, deliberately, the apparition moved off and away.

I was thoroughly shaken by what I had seen, for I did not then believe in a personal devil, yet to this day I feel that I saw him with my own eyes.

I tried to explain away my experience and to shrug it off. But the next night I was visited by three similar spirits.

"We have many things to tell you, Raphael. You can have power. Only let us in and you can speak for us."

My bewilderment and fear exploded into rage, and I shouted them away. "So, this is where seeking after God takes you—to hell? Forget it, then. I'll get what I want *without* religion, without philosophy and all this spiritual garbage!"

From then on, as far as I was concerned, God was a dead issue.

I knew that it would be difficult to get into medical school after flunking out of UCLA, but when I finally hit the States in the spring of 1968 it was with a furious determination to succeed. Stationed in Enid, Oklahoma, I met and married Rita in August of 1969. In time I was discharged from the service, became a father, was accepted into Oklahoma State University as a pre-med student, and raced through it so fast that in two years I was ready for med school.

There, in addition to my studies, I worked forty hours a week for a pathologist. I'd get out of school at five in the afternoon, dart home for a hurried supper, and by six I would be in Midwest City, preparing tissue specimens for the next day.

I'd drag home about midnight, study for a while, sleep a little, then at six the



I worked forty hours a week for a pathologist. I'd get out of school at five...dart home for a hurried supper, and by six I would be preparing tissue specimens for the next day.

next morning I'd begin the cycle again. The obstacles I encountered only made me stronger and more determined.

The psychiatry courses I took reinforced my view of religion as a dangerous preoccupation to the extent that I would never knowingly have attended

any sort of religious function. That made God's method of drawing me to Himself all the more amusing.

In April, 1975, in my junior year, I was at a point where Rita and I could indulge in the luxury of a Friday-night movie. Our selections were made mostly by liking the sound of the title. That particular night our choice was a movie called *Time to Run*. (Little did we know that the producer was Billy Graham, and that a local Christian church was sponsoring its showing in a secular movie theatre.)

The story centered around a professional man whose sense of inner emptiness and stormy personal life paralleled my own. *That's me, up there*, I thought.

I was drawn into the story, and as it moved to its climax I realized the simplicity of the gospel message which I was

truly hearing for the very first time. God was to be found, not through the purity of one's life nor through intellectual power, but through a relationship with His Son Jesus Christ. Through Jesus, death had been overwhelmingly conquered.

And He was merely an "ask" away. That night, in a secular movie theater, Rita and I received Jesus Christ as personal Saviour and Lord, and were spiritually reborn as children of God.

I was not prepared, however, for the seriousness with which God approached His duties as my Father.

Upon graduation from medical school, I signed to do my residency with the Air Force. I was stationed in Fort Worth, Texas, where I was to serve a three years' residency and three-and-a-half years as payback time. I thought it was a good plan. I was in for a shock.

Between my fulltime job and the Air Force having picked up my medical-school expenses, Rita and I had always managed to live fairly well. But my first Air Force check was only a quarter of what I'd made as a civilian. An intern is practically a slave to his hospital; I hardly saw the light of day. There was absolutely no way I could take a second job.

Meanwhile, for fellowship Rita and I had joined an interdenominational Christian Bible-study group. I liked the people at first. They were friendly and good company. But when they began discussing tithes and offerings, I pulled the plug on the conversation. Our financial condition was desperate. The more they chirped about the "joy of giving," the more I began to bitterly dislike them.

Ultimately I had the deep humiliation of facing my commanding officer and



...it began to dawn on me: I couldn't fool around with God. He was my Creator. Anything He required of me, He was entitled to receive.

telling him that I was completely broke. He helped me take out a long-term loan and consolidate some bills, so at least we could now buy beans and hamburger. The crowning blow came about six months later.

My internship over, I had taken a

couple of weeks' leave to substitute for a family practitioner in a little Oklahoma town. For fourteen days and nights I worked almost nonstop, but the promise of several thousands of dollars at the end of the road kept me going. When he returned I left for home with the cash that had come in—\$200—and the promise of the remainder of my fees when the insurance company payments were made.

Back in Fort Worth, I was told that for me to accept money for work done in a military capacity would constitute a conflict of interest. I protested all the way to Washington, D.C., but the answer remained the same. I could have none of that money owed me.

My depression was profound. Again I railed at God: "You're supposed to look out for Christians and give them all they need. Well, look at me!"

I felt trapped, with no way out. I even considered the possibility of taking my life so that Rita could have the insurance money to buy shoes for the kids (by now we had two) and to put furniture in the livingroom and decent food on the table.

Then one morning as I made my hospital rounds I was stopped by the doctor who led our Bible study. "Raphael, there has been such a change in you. Would you let me pray with you?"

"You may do whatever you like, Doctor," I responded sullenly, "but I intend to have no further dealings with God."

The moment he put his hand on my shoulder to pray, I began bawling like a baby. For twenty minutes I wept; then it began to dawn on me: I couldn't continue to fool around with God. He was my Creator. Anything He required of me, He was entitled to receive.

For the very first time, the Father spoke to me: "Raphael, I am your God. But you have not put Me first in your life; you have put yourself first. Bring yourself to My throne in love and submission, and I will bless every aspect of your life. Even though I love you, I will not rewrite My word for you. I will bless you, of that you may be certain. But I will do it according to My word."

That night Rita and I pored over our finances. How could we possibly tithe? Somehow we managed to scrape together enough from our food budget, which now became very small, and obediently wrote out our first monthly tithe check for \$77.77.

Over the weeks that followed, certain gifts began to come to us, and our food budget was gradually restored to its original figure.

Then a call came from the Dallas division of Medicare. "We are coming to have a little talk with you, Dr. D'Angelo." When government people say "we are coming," it usually means trouble. This time, however, it was good news.

They had reopened investigation of my claim and determined that since I had been on official leave in Oklahoma I had been technically a civilian and thus entitled to full payment. Suddenly they were handing me one big check after another to be endorsed and paid. I ran home and excitedly Rita and I wrote out our tithe check.

You can pay a lot to get a business degree, but think what I'd just learned from the Scriptures! I decided to begin reading the Word before I got into any more trouble.

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Stan Taft / Huntsville, Texas

The red stall-warning light on the Cessna 150 flashed an ominous signal of danger. The blare of the warning buzzer resounded throughout the tiny cockpit as we began to fall, out of control, toward the boulder-strewn plain high in the Peruvian Andes.

"Well, Lord, I guess this is it," I whispered. I knew I was not yet ready to stand before my Maker. The warning light in my weak Christian life had been on for some time, showing me that

something was terribly wrong with my relationship with the Saviour.

I had gone to this South American country with a missionary zeal to convert the "heathen" to Christianity. But after an initial rejection of my message, I had decided that the work was too unrewarding. Soon I had even quit my prayer life and Bible reading. I had concentrated instead on the official reason for my being in Peru: Peace Corps work as a wildlife biologist in taking a census of the

vicuna, wild cousin of the llama and alpaca, an endangered species.

It seemed ironic to me that, though I was working for the Peace Corps, there was little peace in my life at that time.

I had asked Juan, pilot of our tiny survey aircraft, if we might fly to the refuge site. It was my first flight in a small plane over the rugged and treacherous Andes mountain range. We winged higher and higher in the bright October sun above the foothills of the magnificent mountains on our way to the Pampas Galeras Vicuna Refuge, between Nazca and Puquio. Circling within giant canyons, we climbed even higher over the steep slopes to an altitude of 14,000, a safe thousand feet above the future game reserve from which I could get a close view. My head throbbed with pain as lack of oxygen

Juan guided our plane down for a better look at the road. It was straight and level, but he didn't want to land. He headed back to try to gain altitude and return to Nazca.

Only now did we realize that we were in a valley between two high hills, and our underpowered plane was heading for one of them. Juan gripped the wheel and pushed the throttle nearly through the instrument panel in a last-ditch effort to make our little red-and-white bird climb. We managed to fly over the headquarters, then made a gradual turn only to find a giant obstacle in our path—the hill.

Juan jockeyed the wheel, his sweat-stained face grim, as our ill-fated Cessna began her final descent. I closed my eyes, expecting to know the feeling of death at any moment. The sudden lurch

LANDING

began to have its effect.

Suddenly Juan yelled above the engine noise, "Our controls have gone mushy. We're in trouble!" I glanced over from the copilot's seat to see that the throttle was all the way in and the gas mixture knob was in the "full rich" position.

The noise from the laboring engine indicated our perilous situation. "See if you can land on the road in front of the game-reserve headquarters," I shouted.

at impact and the horrendous screech of metal grating against rocks shrieked out an indignant death cry. Eternity was at hand.

There was a final jolt, crash, tinkle and all went quiet. Dust boiled in the cockpit for a long moment, then slowly drifted away. Shaking my head to clear my scrambled thoughts, I grabbed for my belt latch, jerked it loose and fell out onto the bottom of the wing through the side door, wrenched open on impact.

The plane had landed upside down in a large erosion ditch. We had flipped and careened backwards until the tail section crashed into the ditch wall.

I eased my numbed body around to check Juan's condition. Blood fell in large drops from the cockpit. A sickening feeling came over me as I reached up for him. He was upside down, still in the seatbelt, his face covered with blood.

"God, please don't let him die," I prayed as I touched his still body. Slowly, ever so slowly, Juan began to move, fumbling for his seatbelt. I loosed him and lowered him from the wreckage.

"Let's try and make it back to the headquarters," I whispered to him as strength began to return to his body. "Here, take my arm."

For what seemed an eternity, we stumbled down the road to the game-preserve headquarters, where I found some first-aid equipment and bandaged Juan's cut head. I stretched him out on a spare bed, then stumbled into my room to ponder how this had all come about. I had somehow survived the crash but was in a state of semi-shock. Why were

so many things going wrong for me?

I had already been injured in several accidents. In the most recent, I had fallen from what was supposed to be a "docile" pasture bull while demonstrating the technique of bull riding for a group of natives. As I lay in the dust in my cowboy outfit, he had stepped twice on my leg.

While treating me one day following the crash, the Peace Corps doctor told me, "If anything else happens to you, Senor Taft, I'm going to recommend they send you home. You're accident-prone."

I had become a Christian at a Billy Graham crusade when I was just thirteen, was baptized in a Southern Baptist church at seventeen, and had been a choir member and Sunday-school teacher. After four good years in the U.S. Marine Corps, I enrolled in April of 1962 in the College of Agriculture, Department of Wildlife Management, at New Mexico State University.

During my sophomore year I attended a missions conference in Fort Worth, Texas, and dedicated my life to foreign missions. That same semester the



Stan has served from the plains of Peru (above) to the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department (at left)



Mike, Tom, Judy and (seated) Stan Taft

Peace Corps recruiters came on campus; thinking this was my opportunity to serve the Lord on the mission field, I joined.

But as I got involved in this adventure, my desire to serve the Lord waned. Shortly after my arrival in Peru I made a genuine attempt to witness in broken Spanish to an Indian family living in a stone-and-mud hut located across the highway from me. They weren't interested in hearing about Jesus. I rationalized that I would shake the dust from my feet and not worry about them. This and other "failures" on my part dampened my missionary zeal to save souls.

I returned to the United States after twenty traumatic months in Peru, a disillusioned young man, though one good thing did happen. I married Judy, a Christian girl I met while completing my degree. But for many years following, I agonized over my failure in Peru.

As I searched deeper for truth, the Lord showed me that I had gone to Peru

with zeal but without power. I had tried in my own strength to do what it takes the power of God to do in a person's life. Through Christian television I was learning about something called the baptism in the Holy Spirit; that it brought power to witness. I began actively to seek this.

Meanwhile, the Lord began to reveal other problems to me. I had been trying to live a Christian life and at the same time be a part of the world. In fact, I was in a bondage to sin that finally brought me to a point of despair.

While visiting a friend in 1970 I had been exposed to "flesh" magazines. I had flipped through them out of curiosity at first, but now I couldn't go to town without checking the latest issues of *Playboy* and other magazines, and finally hard-core movies. Again and again I would repent—and within a week or two I'd be doing the same thing again.

During March of 1978 the church we attended had scheduled a revival. I began to pray earnestly for revival in my own life.

One day I picked up a copy of *Voice* magazine. There I read an article by Demos Shakarian telling of an unforgiving spirit of which the Lord had convicted him. That article hit me right between the eyes.

God began to deal with me about my own bitterness toward a fellow employee for the last four and a half years. I must go and ask his forgiveness.

For two weeks I was miserable. "Lord," I finally prayed, "if You want me to go, then give me the opportunity." He did, and I was obedient. It was a wonderful, cleansing experience. Words cannot

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I went from being a one-hour-a-week Christian in the fall of 1974 to a cleansed, freed, witnessing, active, enthusiastic Christian, in love with Jesus Christ and growing in faith.

Of course that faith was going to be tested.

In January of 1983 I was taken to our local hospital with heart fibrillation. Two doctors there told me that, according to an EKG, scar tissue on the lower left side of my heart indicated I had undergone a heart attack. As soon as my condition stabilized, further tests at a clinic in Billings, Montana served to confirm their diagnosis.

That May, while on our vacation, my heart began to fibrillate and I wound up in a Gallup, New Mexico hospital. Again, an EKG showed heart damage. After four days I was released and we cut our vacation short and returned home.

On the first Saturday in November the same thing happened. Our family doctor wanted me to enter the hospital. But God had been speaking to me, and I had something else in mind. I told Dr. Rousseau I preferred to go home and rest, if he would give me medication. You see, that night was our monthly FGBMFI meeting and I felt God wanted to work a miracle.

During the meeting the speaker, Elmer

Lewis from Denver, called me over. "The Lord has given me several Bible verses for you," he said. The first was Psalms 57:7: "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise."

The second was Philippians 4:7: "And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Then he laid hands on me and prayed.

Deuteronomy 11:18,21 says, "Therefore shall ye lay up these words in your heart and in your soul.... That your days may be multiplied."

I was about to see this passage in action.

A few weeks later, on Thanksgiving morning, I experienced chest pain, shortness of breath, nausea and dizziness. Rushed to the hospital, I was very upset at first at the thought of missing the Thanksgiving gathering with family and friends. Besides, I was tired of trips to the doctor.

But soon, as many people prayed, a deep peace settled over me. Philippians 4:7 was at work.

Numerous tests yielded nothing other than the same EKG scar tissue seen in January. The next day, though, they sent me by ambulance to a clinic twenty-three miles away, at Lander. I didn't know it then, but the doctor had informed my family that I was having a heart attack. The

*Focus on
Healing*

**'I will give
you a
new heart'**

Spencer Connell
Riverton, Wyoming

ambulance driver wasn't sure he could get through; a snowstorm had closed the road. All the way, remembering Psalms 57:7, I fixed my heart on praising God.

At the clinic...in ICU...hooked up to all kinds of equipment...another EKG. But God was answering. The EKG showed *absolutely nothing*. During the next few days, many tests revealed only that, using the doctor's own words, I was in great shape for my sixty-three years.

Then Dr. Fleming called Bernice and me into the viewing room to see the tape of an echocardiogram he had earlier ordered. "I thought you said you had scar tissue," he said. I showed him on the screen where it had been. "It isn't there now," he announced.

There was one more test they could run: a heart catheterization. It was up to me; there were dangers involved. I prayed about it overnight and felt the Lord wanted me to have it, provided that Dr. Fleming was a Christian and that he believed in prayer.

He was and he did.

Just before they began the process, I asked if I might have a minute to pray with them. Dr. Fleming called the nurses and technicians around the table. I prayed for each, as well as for myself, asking that we would all be in God's perfect will.

During the whole process I felt only the sensation of the needle entering my body and the dye being shot into my heart.

And the outcome? All heart passages and cavities in perfect shape. *No sign* of my ever having had a heart attack. Although I had a slight mitral-valve prolapse, Dr. Fleming assured us that this is common to about 12 percent of the population, and that there was no reason I should ever have a heart attack.

Psalms 107:20 says that God sends His word and heals us. He had done a

marvelous work in my heart in October of 1974 when He removed the spiritual scar tissue of a sinful life lived without Him and baptized me in His Holy Spirit. Now, nine years later, He had done another. My hospitalization and tests in November, 1983 only served to confirm to the world how great my God is.

His Word in those two Bible

passages given me by one of His servants a few weeks earlier, watered by faith and prayer, had blossomed in my heart and made it new. □



(Top row) Bernice and Spencer Connell; (middle row) Mary, Denise, Pat, Kathleen, Jerry; (front row) Brian, Bill, David, Kevin

Spencer Connell teaches classes in auto mechanics at Central Wyoming College. He is president of Wind River Chapter of FGBMFI and a field representative for central and western Wyoming. He and his wife Bernice have raised eleven children. They worship at St. Margaret's Church in Riverton.

"Through faith I accepted Jesus as my Saviour and gave my total life to Him. I now have the beautiful power of the Holy Spirit to lead and direct me. I love



Nell and Si Rickman

you very much and I want you to have the total peace and joy that I now have. Let me hear from you soon. Your brother, Si."

I mailed that letter June 4, 1981. There was no reply, and in July Junior died of a heart attack at age fifty-two. When I went to take care of the funeral arrangements, I couldn't find the letter. No one knew if he'd read it. They only knew that, on the day he had the heart attack, he and some buddies had been fishing and drinking.

Six months went by. One night Kenneth Hagin was our guest preacher at church. He stopped in the middle of his message and said, "Someone in this room lost a loved one a few months ago, and you're troubled whether that person is saved or lost. Would you stand up, whoever you are?"

I stood up. I looked around, and I was the only one in that congregation of some 3,000 who was standing. Brother Hagin smiled at me and said, "Don't worry, he's with Jesus."

More than four years have gone by since then. As I told you earlier, they've been the best years of our lives. Of course there have been problems, but now Jesus is Lord of all, *including* our problems.

Matthew 6:33 has become my guiding principle. My priorities used to be business, business, business. Now, in order, they're God, wife, family, church, *then* business.

"Seeking first the kingdom of God" includes giving back to Him a portion of your earnings. Instead of the scriptural minimum of the tithe (10 percent), we now give much more than that, as well as of our time to tell others about Jesus.

I'm on the advisory board of Success 'N Life, a ministry in which successful Christian businessmen and others who have learned God's principles of dynamic living share them. I've become involved in area leadership of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship.

How about you? If you're yearning right now to experience true success, you can. In just a few seconds Jesus can change your life. He can give you peace, joy and happiness.

I know. It happened to me.

Si Rickman is president of Pine Tree Development Corp. with headquarters in Fort Worth, and of Kiamichi Wilderness, Inc. He served in the U.S. Air Force from 1954 to 1968 and was a Winchester Company representative until 1971, when he became an executive with a Dallas real-estate firm. He and his wife Nell have three children: Debbie, Janet and Christopher. They worship at Word of Faith Church in North Dallas, where Si is a member of the executive committee. He is president of the Dallas-Fort Worth Chapter of FGBMFI and works for the Fellowship in the North Texas region as a field representative and director of membership for forty-four chapters.

the fall. Still, his back was severely torn up and he wound up in a wheelchair. I laid hands on him and prayed. Suddenly he stood to his feet and began to dance in the Spirit, totally healed. He left the meeting pushing his wheelchair.

On a recent trip I met a man in Virginia Beach, Virginia who was forced by paralysis to wear braces. He was extremely bitter. I told him how God was healing me. The Spirit of the Lord spoke to this man and told him that the difference between him and me was that I had the peace of God living in my heart. Later I had the chance to pray with him and he accepted Christ as his Saviour. The next day he took the braces off, threw away his cane and was totally healed.

The miracle ministry of healing is becoming more evident among us than ever before. This is God's encouragement to laymen to be bold in this ministry.

God used one miracle in my life to illustrate this truth: Attending the World Pentecostal Conference in Jerusalem, Rose and I entered the auditorium and heard a woman call out my name. A short, heavysset woman stood there, accompanied by the most badly crippled man I had ever seen, actually bent into the shape of the numeral "7" and clutching a cane in both hands, his torso parallel to the floor.

She explained that she had found him living in a lean-to outside the city. He had asked her to help him get to the auditorium, because he had heard

that Jesus was healing people there. When they learned that every seat was taken, someone suggested they talk to me.

My heart went out to the ragged little man. Both of them, the woman told us, were Jewish. I had a special love for His covenant people. But what could I do here? I had no special pull at the conference.

Suppose I were to give this man my own badge for the afternoon? "Here," I said, unpinning my badge, "you wear this. It will get you in."

I knelt on the floor of the vestibule and bent back, trying to reach the little man's coat lapel. At last I got the badge pinned, and was about to stand up when I heard an unmistakable voice: "No, Demos, do not leave this man. You are to pray for his healing. Right here."

Here? Now? With the vestibule full of high-powered Pentecostal leaders from all over the world?

Still on my knees, I spoke in the man's ear. "Sir, would you let me pray for you right now?"

He rested his head on the top of his cane and closed his eyes. "Do you believe that Jesus can heal you?" I asked.

"That's why I came," he said.

I answered, "I want to talk to Jesus. You listen...."

"Dear Jesus, we thank You that You made the lame leap for joy. Here on these very Judean hills You healed all who came to You. Today, Lord, another lame man is coming to You—one of Your chosen ones. If You were here today You would heal this man right

now. You would not turn him away. Lord, I am willing to be a channel for You to use."

Tears trickled over the gnarled knuckles and dropped onto the floor. A group was beginning to form around us. I hugged him in compassion. "Lord, loosen every joint in this body and set him free," I prayed. "My brother, in the name of Jesus Christ, stand straight."

I heard something snap.

At first I was afraid the fragile little man had broken something. But the groan that came from him as he raised his head and his back a few inches was of release and not of pain. With such an effort that his throat muscles bulged, he straightened another inch. There was the crack again.

Again he struggled, as if wrestling with invisible chains. Taller still....

The woman's shrieks turned every head toward us. "A miracle," she kept crying. "It's a miracle!"

The little man straightened the final inch and gazed triumphantly into my face. From all around us came a chorus of praise and thanksgiving in a dozen languages.

I, too, stood up. I reached out and took the man's walking stick. "In His strength only!" I said. And sure enough, shuffling a little at first, then bolder and firmer, he began to walk back and forth, spine straight, shoulders erect.

We have our marching orders. God is ready to do miracles in and through those who are wholly committed to Jesus Christ. We must make sure our hearts are right with God and then expect the miracles to follow. □

Y

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express the elation that swept over me at that moment of spiritual triumph.

I was free. From that moment I have never again had a desire to look at questionable material. I went through my personal things and destroyed every item of trash.

Within two weeks my brother Ken, an officer in the Odessa Chapter of FGBMFI in Texas, invited me to visit in his home. He and his wife Ellen had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and were excited. They pointed out that miracles were still for us today and did not stop at the end of the apostolic age—something my upbringing had led me to believe. They explained that, as Hebrews 13:8 tells us, Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever.

"Stan, Jesus is still the Saviour, Healer, Deliverer and Baptizer in the Holy Spirit," Ken told me.

Two weeks later, on an April night in 1978, I arrived at the Red Carpet Inn for the Beaumont, Texas regional convention of FGBMFI. I told the man at the door, "I have come tonight to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit."

He smiled gently and replied, "Well, brother, you've come to the right place."

I was the first man to go to the front and to receive. Soon I was praying in a heavenly language that only God could understand.

Now I have a genuine love for the unlovely; there is a boldness within me as never before to witness to the love of Jesus. I have an insatiable desire to read the Bible and have a real understanding of what I read.

For several years it had been my desire to return to Peru to make up for my previous experience there. Imagine my delight when I discovered that the Texas regional office of FGBMFI was sponsoring a trip to Peru. In May of 1983 I had the privilege of returning with them, this time in the power of the Holy Spirit.

Scores of Peruvians were saved and healed during this wonderful airlift, while many others received the same power that has transformed my own life. I was even able to hand out Gideon New Testaments and Spanish-language copies of *Voice* magazine to customs officials and other government workers at the airport as they inspected my luggage.

If I ever had an apprehension about my return to Peru, all concern was removed as our airliner began its descent into Lima on Sunday, the night of May 16. I looked out of the airplane window into the starlit Peruvian sky and the first thing on which my eyes focused was the Southern Cross constellation, so prominent in the Southern Hemisphere.

It was a striking reminder that I had come south to share with these people the Christ of the Cross who was even now waiting to be to them "the way, the truth and the life." □

Stan Taft is superintendent in charge and a peace officer of Huntsville State Park for the Texas Parks and Wildlife Department. He has a B.S. degree from New Mexico State University and is a former United States marine. Stan and his wife Judy are members of Second Baptist Church and have two sons, Mike, seventeen, and Tom, thirteen. Stan is organizer and president of FGBMFI's Huntsville Chapter and involved in weekly prison ministry at the Ellis Unit of Texas Department of Corrections. He is vice-chairman of the Good Shepherd Mission, a Gideon, and a past president of Huntsville Lions Club.

Although our lives had improved considerably, Rita and I were still having some problems. In October of 1979 we enrolled in a family life conference led by Tim LaHaye. When LaHaye made the comment that "the only way two people could stay happily married was to allow the Holy Spirit to make them one," I totally agreed. Rita, it seemed to me, needed a lot of work.

So as LaHaye led us, I bowed my head and placed my wife, family and job "on the altar." Then we prayed to be filled with the Holy Spirit, accepted His infilling by faith, and I walked away thinking that was that.

The following week my practice took a surprising turn. I found myself witnessing to my patients and praying for their problems. When I led my first patient to the Lord I was so filled with joy that I began praising God at every occasion.

When I ran out of things for which to praise Him, I began praising Him in what I *thought* was a little made-up language of my own. The more I praised, either with my mind or with my little language, the more love I felt for Him and the more peaceful and joyful I became.

It took months for me to realize that my little language was not "made up" after all. I just hadn't expected the gift of tongues to be such a natural outflowing of love and joy in God.

Now my old enemy, asthma, stood once again on the threshold, as I lay coughing and bleeding in a hospital bed. Fortunately, I had grown to the point where I would not rage at God when things didn't go as I liked. Instead, I prayed,

"Father, if I live, I will give You the glory for healing me. But if I am to die, then it will be with Your praise on my lips."

I began to turn each cough into a loud "Praise God." Over and over I coughed out my praises. After awhile I could breathe a little deeper before each cough.

As I continued my praises, the hemorrhaging slowed, then stopped altogether. I became drenched in sweat. My fever broke. I took my first deep breath in five months. Within the period of one hour I was completely well. Weak, but well.

"God," I whispered in awe, "You have healed me!"

"No, My son," came His reply. "You have reached out in faith and love and praise and touched Me. That is what made you well." The doctors released me that very day.

Today I have much more than my own physical healing to be grateful for. God brought me to Himself after I got lost trying to find Him on my own. He has been a true Father to me, never retaliating in anger, even when I deserved it. I thank Him for my faithful wife and for our children.

And, in its proper place in my priorities now, I am most grateful for His allowing me to practice medicine in the power of His Holy Spirit. □

Dr. D'Angelo is a family physician and allergist, in private practice since 1982. He has an M.D. degree from the University of Oklahoma and served as an Air Force physician for six and one-half years. He and his wife Rita have two children: Tani, fifteen, and Chris, eleven. They are members of 1st United Methodist Church in Morris, Oklahoma. Dr. D'Angelo is a member of the Christian Medical Foundation of Tampa and of the Okmulgee Chapter, FGBMFI.

THE 120 CLUB?

The 120 Club consists of men and women of all races, all denominations, who may or may not be members of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. The 120 Club provides an easy means for those who want to serve the Lord and to further the outreach of FGBMFI.

You may make one payment of \$120 or you may pledge \$10 per month for one year, and your donation is tax deductible.

This year, we need 10,000 members. Will you march with us? As a member you will receive a membership card, pin, a beautiful new *Strong's Concordance*, and an Avis preferred-status discount card.

Your pledge will help support the following FGBMFI outreaches:

1. The reaching of many Communist and third-world nations with Christian testimonies via radio.
2. Airlifts to every continent and establishment of new chapters in every corner of the globe.

3. Prison ministries.
4. Dynamic revivals that help thousands find the Lord.
5. Local, regional, national and world conventions held around the world which train, teach and inspire.
6. Super-ALTS seminars, providing leadership training for Full Gospel officers and lay leaders.
7. *Voice*—printed in 11 languages, helping to spread the work of FGBMFI into every corner of the world.
8. Many, many others....

Many will hear the *full Gospel* for the first time because of *your* support. We need 10,000 members this year. Will you be one of them?



.....
YES, I believe in the outreach ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International and I want to help those ministries.

You can count on me to invest \$10 a month in support of FGBMFI's effort to reach the unsaved around the world. (I may elect to make a one-time gift of \$120 if I desire.)

- Enclosed is my donation of \$_____ (a one-time gift).
 Enclosed is my donation of \$10 as the first payment of my pledge of \$120.
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The number is _____ My card expires _____

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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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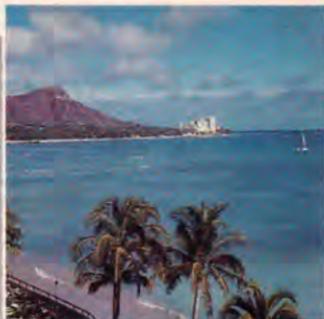
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1986 HAWAII REGIONAL CONVENTION

JANUARY 22-25, 1986
ALA MOANA HOTEL / WAIKIKI

Guest Speakers: Charles Capps, Dr. Douglas Fowler, Jr., Bob Trench.

For convention information contact: John Witwer, FGBMFI Hawaii State Office, 1164 Bishop St., Ste. 1007, Honolulu, HI 96813, or phone (808) 521-6313. Traveling from the mainland, contact: Joe Forrester, Advance World Travel Agency, 1161 Murfreesboro Rd., Nashville, TN 37217, or phone 1-800-251-5600, in Tennessee call (615) 366-7550.



1986 PHOENIX REGIONAL CONVENTION

JANUARY 29-FEBRUARY 2, 1986
PHOENIX HILTON & CIVIC CENTER
BALLROOM

Guest Speakers: Richard Crowe, James Riley, Jerry Barnard. Music: Big John Hall.
For convention information call: Bill Pyatt, (602) 978-2244.



WASHINGTON D.C. REGIONAL CONVENTION

FEBRUARY 6-8, 1986
SHERATON WASHINGTON HOTEL
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Guest Speakers: Demos Shakarian, Pat Robertson, Oral Roberts, Bert Clendennon, Congressman Mark Siljander, Lt. Gen. (Ret.) Dick Shaefer.

For further convention information contact:
Dr. Reginald Elliott, 3724-17th Place, N.E.,
Washington, D.C. 20018.



CONVENTIONS

GEORGIA MEN'S ADVANCE

January 17-19, 1986
Rock Eagle 4-H Camp
Eatonton
Write: Mr. James M. Rogers
2376 Spring Creek Rd.
Decatur, GA 30033

ILLINOIS STATE REGIONAL

February 5-8, 1986
Holiday Inn, Decatur
Write: Mr. Howard Hite
Route 1, Box 6D
Dalton City, IL 61925

INLAND EMPIRE MIXED

SPIRITUAL ADVANCE
February 7-9, 1986
University Inn
Moscow, Idaho
Write: Mr. Pete Suter
W. 2400 Seltice Way
Post Falls, ID 83854

EASTERN OHIO COUPLES' ADVANCE

February 14-15, 1986
Saltfork State Park Lodge
Cambridge
Write: Mr. William J. Cooke
29 E. Fifth Ave.
Columbus, OH 43201

LUBBOCK-AMARILLO REGIONAL

February 20-22, 1986
Lubbock Plaza
Write: Mr. Virgel W. Merriott
Box 64037
Lubbock, TX 79464

HAWAII REGIONAL

January 22-25, 1986
Alo Moana Americana Hotel
Honolulu
Write: Mr. John L. Witmer
1164 Bishop St., Ste. 1007
Honolulu, HI 96813

WASHINGTON, D.C.

INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL
February 6-8, 1986
Washington Sheraton
Write: FGBMFI, Box 350
Manassas, VA 22110

SASKATCHEWAN COUPLES' ADVANCE

February 7-9, 1986
Hotel Saskatchewan, Regina
Write: Mr. Bill Dedman
Box 3896
Regina, Saskatchewan
Canada S4N 1P9

MIXED SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

February 14-16, 1986
Ramada Inn, Billings, MT
Write: Mr. Mel Tombre
Box 288 R.R.
Savage, MT 59262

33RD ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

July 8-12, 1986
Marriott Resort and Conv. Ctr.
Orlando, FL
Write: FGBMFI World Convention
Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

PHOENIX SILVER ANNIVERSARY

REGIONAL
Jan. 29 - Feb. 1, 1986
Phoenix Hilton and
Civic Center Ballroom
Write: FGBMFI, Box 37695
Phoenix, AZ 85069

NEW JERSEY STATE

COUPLES' ADVANCE
February 7-8, 1986
Star Lake Lodge, Bloomingdale
Write: Mr. Douglass List
11 Andrew Jackson Ct.
Cranbury, NJ 08512

GREATER EAST TEXAS

AREA CONVENTION
February 13-15, 1986
Sheraton Inn, Tyler
Write: Mr. Steve Riemann
3506 Camron
Tyler, TX 75701

I LOVE JESUS FESTIVAL

February 15, 1986
Convention Center, Empire Plaza
Albany, NY
Write: Mr. Howard VerGow
56-109th St.
Troy, NY 12182

Conventions published in this
issue were approved on or
before September 10, 1985.

CORRECTION: *Our August 1985 issue, page 28, credits Joyce Kilmer with the John McCrae poem "In Flanders Field," whereas Kilmer actually wrote the well-known "Trees." Our thanks to a perceptive reader who called this error to our attention.—The Editors*

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: If experiencing difficulty in receiving *Voice*, please contact us immediately. If receiving more than one copy each month at the same address, or if there is variance in the way your name appears, please return undesired label. If planning to move, send label with your new address sixty days in advance to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

IF YOU FEEL YOUR TESTIMONY

would glorify God and bring others to Jesus through *Voice*, you are invited to request guidelines from:

Editorial Department
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Costa Mesa, CA 92628

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 16:6).

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.

Australia: Narrabri/Wee Waa Chapter, Richard Wales 067-932156. **England:** Hastings and Bexhill Chapter, Alan Maynard 0424-216842; Worthing Chapter, Barry Bluck 0903-691532. **New Zealand:** Kaikohe Chapter, Paki Edmonds KHO-181X. **United States:** **California:** Garden Grove Chapter, Dennis Bowman (714) 634-1463; Simi Valley/Moorpark Chapter, John Redmond (805) 527-8298. **Connecticut:** Greater Ridgefield Chapter, Stephen W. Silver (203) 438-9468. **Iowa:** West Union Chapter, Mark E. Stewart (319) 774-2785. **Kansas:** Russell County Chapter, Jack Cochran (913) 483-5798. **Kentucky:** Bardstown Chapter, Samuel J. Beam (502) 252-5691. **New Jersey:** Greater Trenton Chapter, Robert Adolph (609) 921-1426. **Pennsylvania:** Gateway Chapter, Clair N. Michaels (717) 443-9862. **Wales:** Newtown Powys Chapter, Roger Saunders 0686-88-679.

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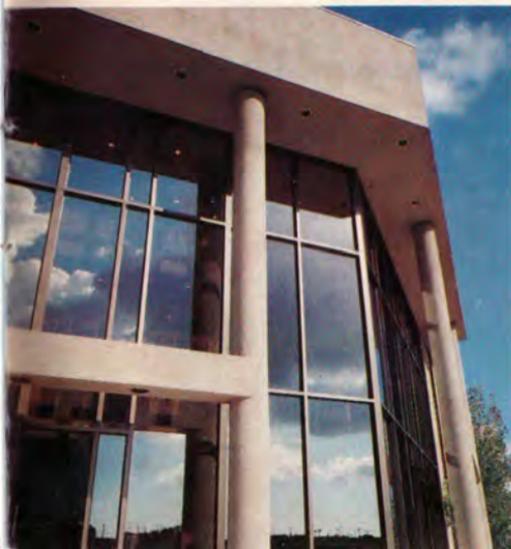
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WHO WE ARE Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would 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.



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