

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

09-87

Fresh from his NBA World
Championship victory
MYCHAL THOMPSON:
The Power of Priorities



Growing up in the Bahamas, I was big on sports, especially football. My favorite team was the Kansas City Chiefs and I wanted to be the first black Joe Namath, but you don't see any 6'9" quarterbacks in the National Football League!

The POWER of PRIORITIES

Mychal Thompson
Nassau, Bahamas

On June 14, 1987, the Los Angeles Lakers defeated the Boston Celtics in the NBA Playoffs. Playing a key role for the Lakers was Mychal Thompson.

Although he was a newcomer, he has been called the "glue" that helped push his team over the top.

The only problem was that the NFL games were on Sunday morning and that conflicted with church. I had Christian parents who dragged us to Sunday school even though we missed watching the Chiefs. As I got older I realized how important church and godly parents are. Next to Jesus dying on the cross, they're the greatest gift of all.

When I was eleven, I attended an evening youth service at a Brethren church. It was there that I invited Jesus Christ into my life. I was baptized three years later, but with all the distractions in my teens, God had slipped to #4 on my priority list. First came girls, then my motorcycle, then sports. However, God



is a jealous God and wants to be #1. I found that out the hard way as basketball took over my life.

Things went pretty well through high school in Miami and college at the University of Minnesota. When I graduated in 1978 I was a two-time All-American, Big Ten Conference leader two years in a row in both scoring and rebounding, and had set numerous team records.

I was the #1 pick in the draft that summer and went to the Portland Trail Blazers. They won the National Basketball Association (NBA) title in 1977 and were cruising along with the best record in the league the following season before starters Bill Walton, Maurice Lucas and Bob Gross were injured. That led to an early play off exit in 1978 and rebuilding through trades and the draft the next year.

Walton was already gone my rookie season and Lucas got hurt again. I came off the bench to start 42 games, averaging 15 points and eight rebounds a game to make the All-NBA rookie team.

After that the Lord spanked me pretty good with financial and physical difficulties as well as with some problems in relationships. I broke my left leg during a game in the Bahamas and missed the entire 1979-80 season. But what could

have been disastrous became beneficial instead as I was able to spend more time in the weight room. I had never lifted weights before and really got hooked on them. For a while I was doing it six days a week and have stayed with it ever since.

The main thing I learned was not to lose heart. I knew my problems had happened because my priorities were messed up. I knew I had to put God back into the driver's seat.

After my recovery I went on to start my final six years with the Trail Blazers and averaged 17 points and almost nine rebounds per contest. I ended up the team career leader in rebounding and usually was given the toughest defensive assignment—even though I'm far from the tallest guy out there!

In 1980 I heard about football and baseball chapels and thought it was a great idea. Back then only two or three teams had them, but now almost every team has one. I invited a man named Al Egg to start a chapel. Al has lived in the Northwest for many years and has excellent rapport with young people.

Most people don't know the Lakers have a Chapel going strong. We've had up to 17 basketball personnel in one service and have found them very encouraging. I feel it's very important to

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have chapels before games to give God credit for giving us the talent and opportunity to play professional basketball. It puts everything in perspective as to Who you are playing for. A.C. Green is an example of a committed Christian, who has done a lot of work with the chapels. He sets a good example for kids by speaking to youth groups and displaying a good attitude on and off the court.

While I was in Portland, I was able to share my faith with other Trail Blazers and was active in speaking to youth groups, telling them that my faith in Christ makes me play harder. I want to please Him and have found out that the better you play the better the opening to share about the Lord!

On June 19, 1986 I was informed that I had been traded to the San Antonio Spurs with rookie Larry Krystowiak for Steve Johnson. My scoring and rebounding totals had slipped to the same numbers I had my first year in the league and they let me go.

I had been in Portland eight years and wanted to end my career there, so I felt pretty hurt and rejected. I knew the Blazers had fired their coach and thought I might get a year with the new team. My desire was to stay, but like Romans 8:28 says, the Lord had better plans. The lesson I learned through this was not to dwell on the past, but look to the future.

There wasn't much time to get settled in San Antonio when I was traded to the Los Angeles Lakers eight months later. I realized right away where I was going and got goose pimples just thinking

about it! A Team of that stature wanting me was a real compliment.

The Lakers have had a lot of media attention to deal with, and that can be a problem. But the glitter and glamor of pro basketball doesn't matter that much because it's short lived. However, my attitude is still to enjoy it while it's here, and to take full advantage of the opportunities.

Sometimes the reporters criticize you, but they can't pat you on the back all the time. I try to understand that and make



their job easier. I'd like to play four more years of basketball, and then get into TV broadcasting...maybe be a color commentator.

Some people wonder if I plan to get into coaching after my playing career is over. I tell them, "Are you kidding? No way! You have to deal with too many crazy guys, too many nuts." Seriously, I don't have the patience or willpower to

put up with the things coaches face. You have to admire them.

Coach (Pat) Riley is a real taskmaster. Most people don't understand how hard it is to put together individuals with so much talent and big egos and make it work. He works at the fundamentals and is an excellent strategist.

The Lakers didn't even make the finals last year, but we won the NBA Championship this year, beating the Boston Celtics in the sixth game. It was my first title, and very satisfying.

Many people ask me what it's like to play in the NBA with all the travel and other stresses. I think the traveling is great! It's a lot of fun because it's not like going to the office every day. They put us up in first-class hotels and you get to see your friends on other teams. However, you have to remember that it won't last forever.

The main reason I'm able to handle all the travel is the time I spend in the Word. On trips you have at least two or three hours in the air—that's a great time to read the Bible. It's the handbook on how to be a Christian, the greatest Book ever written and everything you need to know is in there.

I see other players partying and getting burned out all the time. Many of them are making a lot of money, then wasting it. Today guys are more conscientious about saving because they are getting better training in college and know what to do with their money.

That leads to my favorite verse, Mark 8:26. It says, "For what does it profit a man to gain the whole world and forfeit

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his own soul?" I can relate to that because of the NBA's big-time lifestyle. Fame means nothing unless you live for the Lord first.

Jesus is my main hero because of the way He lived and the sacrifice He made for us. He was treated badly, but never returned it. They say He was Jewish, but I think He was Bahamian! After that I really admire Dr. J. (Julius Erving). He's a professed Christian who is very talented and knows where his talent comes from.

Who are the toughest forwards to guard? First would be Charles Barkley of the Philadelphia 76ers because he's so strong. After that I would say Ralph Sampson from the Houston Rockets because he's 7'4". As far as centers go, Sampson's teammate Akeem Olajuwon is really strong with a good touch for a big man. And Kareem Abdul-Jabbar...well, he's Kareem. I'm just glad I'm on his team now!

If I have a choice, I'd rather play forward than center because I like to play facing the hoop and not with my back to it. Other than that, both positions are basically the same. You just get used to it.

I'm just thankful the Lord has enabled me to play pro basketball. If I could leave one thing with you, it would be this: If you want God to bless you, you have to keep Him first. He will see you through if you keep your focus on Him. He won't let you down.

No matter how famous you get, never take your eyes off the Lord. Give Him the praise and glory for everything, and good things will come your way! □

Psychology Became My God

Andrew Hansen
Tulsa, Oklahoma

There was a bone-chilling rain that Saturday morning in New Haven, Connecticut, and any attempt to venture out seemed pure folly. However, the Lord had other plans for my life. Praise God!

When I look back on my life it seems I have always had a burning desire to understand people, to help them change, and to help them overcome problems in their lives. To this end I read, studied and absorbed everything I could in psycholo-



gy. I majored in psychoanalysis as it related to behavior modification. Psychology became my god. I believed the answer to every problem was in the mind. Later, I found the answer is when you have the "mind of Christ".

I became a professional consultant, which afforded me the opportunity to work out problems with many people. I soon discovered that while psychology very often helped people cope with or circumvent their problems, they really did not change. Still seeking the answer to help people, I became proficient in hypnotherapy as what I saw as an important adjunct to psychoanalysis. Hypnotherapy is based on the premise that most of the problems that we have as adults stem from our formative years—ages one to seven or eight. It is believed that if a person is led back to that period of his life, he may understand himself better. However, even with new insights into themselves, people did not change.

Disappointed, I became involved in transcendental meditation as a means of bringing that change into people's lives. Although it did help people somewhat to cope with stress in their lives, still they did not change. However, quite often they would revert back to their original problem a year or more later when a traumatic situation would arise. The only difference was that now, when they came to my office they could give the psychological explanation for why they did it. Over the years, I discovered that psychology can't change a person; neither can hypnosis, transcendental meditation, Buddha or Mr. Moon.

After spending thirty years trying to help people overcome their problems, I realized that I was hopelessly lost and unable to cope with the problems in my own life. In January of 1976 my second marriage of eighteen years was falling apart. For ten years our marriage had



Andrew Hansen

been a battleground. My wife was deeply involved in politics and women's rights and going her own way. Because of our differences we decided to separate.

Also, early in that January of 1976 I began having black-outs. When I would stand, the room would sway. This was all accompanied by a pounding headache that medication could not stop. I had been suffering from high blood pressure for over twenty years. At this point my

doctor informed me that the medication was not working and I could die at any moment. I remember lying awake at night with my head pounding wondering if this was to be my last night.

My sister had invited my wife and me to a Full Gospel Business Men's breakfast, but because of our strained relationship, and the fact that Myrtice had had the flu for over a month, neither of us felt like going. However, the Lord had another plan. My niece, Marybeth, had two tickets to the meeting for herself and her husband, Carl. That morning Carl had to work, so Marybeth called Myrtice and prevailed upon her to attend. When we arrived, we were not prepared for the sight that greeted us. As we entered the dining-room we saw over two hundred people with their hands raised, praising the Lord. We used to call people like that "Holy Rollers". I knew I was in the wrong place and started to leave, but my sister persuaded me to at least stay for the breakfast.

Before we finished breakfast, the speaker of the day started his testimony. He was Earl Prickett, a Vice-President of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. Earl is a dynamic speaker and I was held spellbound. He recounted events in his life as an alcoholic. He told how, when he accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour, he was healed of alcoholism and set FREE. I was deeply impressed by this man. He asked if anyone had a problem because he wanted to pray for them. I sure had a problem and so I went forward.

As Earl prayed for me I surrendered

my life to Jesus Christ! Earl laid his hands on me and I was instantly HEALED. The room stopped swaying; the pounding headache left. Within six months I lost over seventy pounds. When I returned to my doctor, my blood pressure was normal. Praise God!

My wife, Myrtice, also went forward to be prayed for, and she, too accepted Jesus Christ and was also instantly healed. God is merciful. Neither of us asked that our marriage be healed, but in His loving kindness, God healed that too.

Two weeks before my wife and I were born again, our daughter, Gail, had gone to baby-sit with my niece Marybeth's children on a Saturday night and went to church with them on Sunday morning. That morning Gail accepted Jesus Christ into her heart as her personal Saviour. Glory be to God! That evening when Gail came home, she was all aglow with the salvation of the Lord.

She excitedly exclaimed, "Mother, I have accepted Jesus as my Lord and Saviour and I feel wonderful!" Myrtice replied, "That's a good girl, now get up to bed. It's very late." The truth of the matter was that it was very late for Myrtice and me. For we were at that point of no return, where life and death hung in the balance. But in the moment of our greatest need, God in His infinite mercy reached out in love through Gail. For Gail was not rebuffed or deterred by her mother's admonition. Seeking the aid of Marybeth and others from the church, they walked around the house seven times and claimed our family for the Lord.



(Top) Andrew and Myrtice Hansen; (left) Neal and Janet Hansen with children Matthew and Shannon; (above) Gail Hansen

Two weeks later, my wife and I were born again, and one month later our son was born again.

Our family also included our son, Neal, who was sixteen at the time. I had been having discipline problems with Neal for years. Although he was the hippie type, I was unaware that he was involved in drugs. Neal refused to go to church, but he had a learner's permit to drive, so I coaxed him into going by letting him drive. This happened four weeks in a row. Each week he would refuse to go, but I would persuade him by letting him drive. On the fourth Sunday, he accepted Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour of his life.

One month later was Easter Sunday, and we were all baptized in water as a family, receiving the infilling of the Holy Spirit.

One of the miracles that God performed that day was that I knew there was an evil presence in the world... Satan. This was something I could not accept intellectually, and yet from the moment of my healing I knew of His presence. I realized that the genesis of people's problems was not psychological, but spiritual. Therefore, I stopped counseling. The next three years I devoted my life to studying the Word of God with the same intensity with which I had once studied psychology.

In May of 1979, the Lord spoke to me and said that He never intended for me to stop counseling, but that He had given me a talent and an ability to understand and help people. I could never change people, but He could, and if I would put His WORD in their hearts and minds, He would change them. He said..."My WORD will heal them...my WORD will prosper them...and my WORD will set them FREE."

Realizing that I needed a deeper understanding of His WORD, I attended the Rhema Bible Training Center, in Broken Arrow, Oklahoma, and graduated in the class of 1980. In the same year, in Tulsa, Oklahoma I opened my office for marriage and family counseling. The Lord has been blessing His work. There is not a month that goes by that people are not saved or filled with the Holy Spirit. Marriages are restored, minds are healed and lives are made whole; for every problem is solved when we make Jesus Christ our Lord! □

Andrew Hansen is founder and director of the Personal Development Center, a counseling service offering instruction in sales psychology. He attended Rhema Bible Training Center from 1979 to 1980. He then incorporated as Andrew Hansen Ministries in Oklahoma, where he maintains an office for Marriage and Family Counseling. He is a lifetime member of FGBMFI. He and his wife, Myrtice, currently reside in Tulsa.

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DEVELOP YOUR SPIRITUAL POTENTIAL

Join us Friday evening, October 16 and all day Saturday, October 17 for the next in our exciting series of **Spiritual Effectiveness Seminars** at FGBMFI Headquarters in Costa Mesa, California.

Hear **Chuck Flynn**, a world-renowned teacher and counselor, minister on **HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR SPIRITUAL POTENTIAL**.

Chuck moves powerfully in the Word of knowledge, bringing healing and edification to the Body of Christ. He recently



Chuck Flynn

returned from Nairobi, Kenya, where he ministered and taught multitudes. He is one of the truly effective ministers of these last days! Send your reservation now!

REGISTRATION FORM

YES! I WANT TO ATTEND THE SPIRITUAL EFFECTIVENESS SEMINAR: **"HOW TO DEVELOP YOUR SPIRITUAL POTENTIAL"** Friday, October 16 at 7:00 P.M. through the close of the evening banquet on October 17. The meeting will be held at FGBMFI Headquarters, 3150 Bear Street, Costa Mesa, California.

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There is no registration fee. The cost for the Saturday night banquet is \$12 per person.

Total enclosed for _____ banquet reservations \$ _____

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Make your check payable to FGBMFI and mail with this registration form to: FGBMFI, Spiritual Effectiveness Seminar, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. Meal refunds will only be given if notification is received two weeks in advance of the seminar.

A new Wave of Revival!

**SWEEPS
ANAHEIM '87**



Founder/President Demos Shakarian challenged all conventioners to follow him into the Promised Land of spiritual victory in the days ahead.

The vision God gave Demos Shakarian for the Fellowship to reach lost souls is not over. Instead it is becoming intensified as evidenced in the 34th World Convention of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in Anaheim, California, June 30-July 4, 1987. It was a time, also, of reorganization of spiritual priorities.

Throughout the convention speakers eloquently spoke about the future, admonishing everyone to holiness, getting our eyes off the past and prayerfully seeking God on what He wants to do now and in the future.

The result was a spiritual explosion among the 8,000 registrants who came from many countries including Kenya, Guatemala, Brazil, Philippines, Mexico, Europe, Canada, Indonesia, Hong Kong, Japan, Australia and chapters across the United States.

They came expecting a renewed, fresh approach to world evangelism. God fulfilled their expectations. He



Convention Photos by Lloyd Hamill

The atmosphere was vibrant with praise and rejoicing as participants worshipped the Lord, celebrated the Fourth of July and honored a color guard at our Military Breakfast.





1,2: Jose Pascua (1r) hosted men from many countries during International Leadership Briefings. **3:** The wives of our African delegates enjoyed a colorful reception. **4,5,6:** Gen. Dick Shaffer, Gen. Ralph Haines, Jr., and Col. Myrl Allinder highlighted our Military Breakfast.

promised them mighty works, signs and wonders in an exciting, powerful explosive wave of renewal throughout the Fellowship around the world.

Demos Shakarian said, "It has just begun. God is going to have a people... a powerful people who are willing to participate in this final hour of spiritual history."

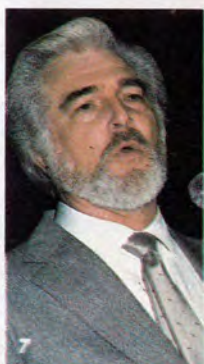
Eminent speakers such as Pat Robertson admonished people to trust God faithfully. John DeLorean, automobile executive, gave a startling testimony of how God's grace can permeate our lives.

In every session it was clear that God is calling for a new wave of holiness and re-affirmation of spiritual roots. Our International Directors unanimously re-elected Demos Shakarian as President of the FGBMFI.

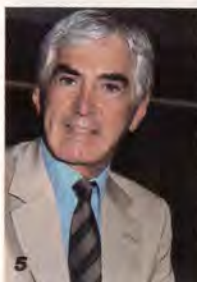
"It was as if the Holy Spirit was moving in waves among the men," said Peter Congelli, "compelling them to melt together, to humble themselves and to seek a unity." Congelli, an International Director and this year's Chairman of the World Convention Steering Committee, added, "Our best days are still ahead."

The boundless waves of spiritual fire lit the hearts of men challenging them to return home to encourage others to join God's future spiritual explosion.

Custodio Rangel Pires, International Director from Brazil, said, "This convention...has set off a desire to pray more for our nation. I believe it will bring a greater revival in Brazil." He continued to say that the Brazilians expect to have at least one chapter in every state (of Brazil) by September,



1: John Carrette stressed the importance of an intensified vision! **2:** Charles and Frances Hunter ministered God's healing power. **3:** Many received ministry through prayer. **4:** Jack "Murf the Surf" Murphy (l) addressed the Prison Ministry Workshop. **5:** Sandy Brown was a great inspiration at the Ladies' Luncheon. **6:** Jeff Fenholt electrified thousands with his anointed ministry through song. **7:** David Manley blessed many with his music.



1: Kenneth Hagin gave us spiritual "marching orders." **2:** Gene Ellerbee's testimony inspired many. **3:** Pat Robertson provided keen insights on the Church in world history. **4:** Record-breaking crowds flocked to hear Father Ralph DiOrio. **5:** John DeLorean gave a powerful testimony at the Men's Luncheon.

1987 as a result of the enthusiasm spread throughout the convention.

William Cooke, International Director from Ohio, expressed the significance of the convention when he said, "There's been a real release. I believe people are beginning to feel they have to do something. The apathy that's been around in this country is changing."

He added, "...It's our responsibility to get involved to reach out to the lost—tell them about Jesus—reach out to business men...where we have been sitting back and fellowshiping with our friends. We now feel an urgency to reach out to the community around us. I believe we're going to see a greater growth in our chapters next year."

"As far as I'm concerned," commented Narciso Padilla, International

Director, Philippines, "The convention kicked off a new wave of revival. We will bring this message to the Philippines. We need revival among the different chapters in the Philippines."

The flames of revival seemed to light upon many chapter members, officers, field representatives and International Directors. Donald Anthony, Field Representative, South East Ohio, said, "Prayer and healing are going to get people into the Fellowship!"

Herman Fong, member of the Honolulu Chapter, returned home with a desire to minister in nursing homes and hospitals where he expects healing miracles.

The World Convention also attracted young people eager to hear exciting life-changing testimonies. Forty young people committed their lives to Jesus

and were Spirit filled. Children, too, learned about Christian principles and the power of prayer.

The leadership of the prison ministry focused its sights on setting the spiritual captives free. James Thorsen, the new International Director for our Set Free Prison Ministry, has turned his business over to his son in order to devote full time service to this job.

During the Convention, plans for airlifts and all forms of missionary endeavors began to take on a renewed push! Chapter leaders vowed to go home and encourage their men with increased daily prayer, fasting and making more time for God!

Dr. Rafael Ugarte, M.D. from the Chihuahua, Mexico chapter, reflected, "The harvest is ready. I believe the Fellowship is going to be one of the largest ministries in the world revival to come."

Don Ostrom, a Vice President of FGBMFI, reported that the Fellowship has been a significant catalyst in bringing business and political leaders to Jesus Christ. He cited Nairobi, for example, where open doors were pushed open by a political official to have Fellowship meetings in the country. He also cited that one million *Voice* magazines would be distributed at the Washington for Jesus rally, April, 1988.

It is barely starting to unfold. A new wave of revival is sweeping the earth and Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship is in the forefront of this intense move of God's Spirit. Demos admonished his leaders to "Join me— together we will take this wave of revival to the world!" □



1: Mrs. Pat Robertson (l) and Mrs. Mike Evans (r) present Rose Shakarian the Christian Woman of the Year award. **2:** Sanford ("Sandy") McDonnell spoke to a sell-out luncheon on Saturday. **3:** Many youth were saved and baptized in the Spirit at the youth meetings.



Because David Nhut was a businessman, he was suspect. When Vietnam fell, he was a marked man. He lost his business and almost his life trying to escape, but God was never more real!

freedom flight

David Nhut
New Castle, Delaware

The sun was shining in Saigon, but I felt the dark cloud of sadness hanging over me once again. The events of the past years flickered through my mind as if on a damaged filmstrip. *The war changed everything*, I mused, shifting my weight from my ill-fitting wooden leg to my good one. Day after day I stood as doorman of the Excelsior Hotel, the beautiful 11-story building I had once managed. Instead of catering to international tourists, it was now the headquarters of communist officers.

The day after Saigon fell in April, 1975, notices had appeared in the windows of every business: "This is government property." My French restaurant, Cappalcieo, was gone. I was demoted from manager to doorman at the hotel. My

\$500 a month income was reduced to about \$5.00. And even the money I had managed to hide in my back yard out-house was gone—paid as bribes to officials for escape attempts that failed. Three times in the past several years I had tried to leave the country. Three times I hadn't made it. Twice I had paid off officials, each time fifteen ounces of gold. Twice I was jailed for my attempts, stuffed in a small room with as many as 300 other men.

Everything was gone. Everything except the Christ I had come to trust while agonizing over my war-wounded leg. And it was to Him I turned again. "My dear Lord," I prayed. "I think I'm depending on myself too much. I've been so proud of myself. I thought with \$18,000 I could



David Nhut

leave this country as if I had wings. Maybe I'm not supposed to leave. If You don't want me to, I won't do anything else to try to escape."

After that prayer I had felt peace, realizing my situation was now totally in His hands. But as the weeks dragged into months, and I could see no change in the land, depression weighed on me. I was 40 years old. I had no career, no hope of anything getting better. My father, mother and sister had all died. My half-brother had already fled by boat for Malaysia. I had no idea if he had made it. Only one-third did.

My reverie was interrupted by a familiar voice. "David." It was my friend Lam Hao. Then in hushed tones he said, "You

look sad. Do you still want to leave the country?"

"Of course," I responded quickly, "but there's no way I can. I'm broke. I have no money left."

He hesitated, then asked, "Well, do you think you could show me the way to the fishing village of Soc Trang? A boat is leaving from there in 2 weeks and my family plans to go."

I agreed to see them off. Although saddened that I could not afford the bribe price to try again, it was good to know others could fulfill their dreams.

December 9, 1979 arrived. I was anxious for evening and as soon as darkness fell, I set out for Lam's. They were ready and waiting. Avoiding public transportation, we traveled south several hours by livestock truck, with only a gate between us and the pigs. We spoke little. Everyone was full of his own thoughts and prayers.

We clambered off the truck at Soc Trang and carefully followed a dark mountain path down to the beach. It was past midnight. The village was quiet; most of the houses stood empty. Many of the fishing folk had already taken their chances and fled. Silently out of the mountains the people gathered: families with small children, young men, a grandmother in her 80s. "God," I pleaded, "I long to be part of this exodus."

We milled nervously around the beach in small groups, huddled together. Lam Hao struck up a conversation with the boat captain and began to tell him about me. The man's heart was strangely moved. He called to me. "David," he said, "I hear you want to leave this

country very badly and that you have tried very hard. I'll make a deal with you. I will tell the officials you are part of my family, then you won't have to pay the bribe price. And as for paying me, if you make good in the United States, you can send money to my relatives in Hawaii. If you don't make good, forget you ever saw me."

I was practically speechless with surprise. Why would he do this for someone he's never seen before?

The local officials were there, counting heads and collecting their money. "Go," they told us, "and we hope you make it. And don't you ever come back.

If you do, you'll be shot."

The captain boarded the boat and I, as part of his family, followed close behind. It went without a hitch. The people surged after us. No one carried anything; there was simply no room.

I studied our vessel more closely now. I was staking my life on a 23-foot fishing boat, 4½ feet wide with several decks and a canvas cover. Hardly suitable for a voyage on high seas. And certainly not made to contain the 247 bodies that now covered every available inch.

Quietly the boat eased away. "I'm leaving Vietnam!" It was an incredible thought and I was still amazed at God's

DAVID NHUT'S GUIDING SCRIPTURE



"Rejoice in the Lord always. I will say it again: Rejoice! Let your gentleness be evident to all. The Lord is near. Do not be anxious about anything, but in everything by prayer and petition with thanksgiving, present your requests to God, and the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and your minds in Christ Jesus."

Philippians 4:4-7

remarkable arrangements. *When I was reduced to nothing, I thought, then God could work.*

We were heading out to open sea and the waves grew worse and worse. Those first 30 miles had been deceptive, for our nightmare was only beginning. The boat pitched wildly and the children screamed in terror. It seemed the boat would split wide open. For one moment we perched at the top of a 20-foot wave, then plummeted to the bottom. My stomach twisted violently. I retched but was unable to move anywhere. All around me people were vomiting and clutching each other, wild fear written on their faces. *"Did You bring me this far, only to be lost in this hungry sea? Please, God, keep us safe,"* I begged.

Dawn was a welcome relief from the black night—until someone spotted a shark as long as our little boat nosing along beside us. Mothers gripped their children and those who occupied the stuffy lower decks were now glad they were there. Mile after long mile he followed us.

Mealtime was simply bread. Our drinking water was sprayed out from a hose and we caught it with our mouths open. That was easier than passing it out. But the nausea had taken care of my appetite so this didn't matter quite so much. We moved around little, as no one wanted to risk losing an inch of his precious space. Day and night were similar: the fear, the sickness, the crowding and often the shark or even high waves. I prayed frequently, alternating between praise for the escape and petitions for safety.

Occasionally, we spotted large ships and waved frantically hoping they would assist us. None ever did.

Finally after 4 days, we spotted land, but as we drew closer we saw they were only small uninhabited islands. Sick and afraid, some wanted to stop anyway, but the captain bravely pushed on. Then we spied land again. This time there were people! Our joy was short-lived; they were police patrolling the beach to keep away refugees. "You are not allowed to come here," they informed us. But the captain pleaded for more water and gas (as our supplies were almost gone) and for directions to Pulo Bidong, the refugee camp in Malaysia. This they provided and once more we put out to sea.

Another night, another day. Hope drove us on. Did we dare believe what we saw? There on the beach were swarms of people, eagerly watching our boat, searching to see if someone they knew had made it. We knew we had finally arrived!

I was swept ashore with the excited throng and stepped onto solid ground. "Davie, Davie!" a voice called and I looked into the face of my half-brother. As he embraced me, I knew it was real. I truly had escaped. "My dear Lord," I whispered, "This was only possible because of You. I have nothing left, but I am a free man. I have a future again!"

God had given me wings at last. □

On June 5, 1983, David Nhut, age 44 received his associate degree in business administration only 3 years after arriving in the States, knowing almost no English. He has become the manager of a large hospital canteen.

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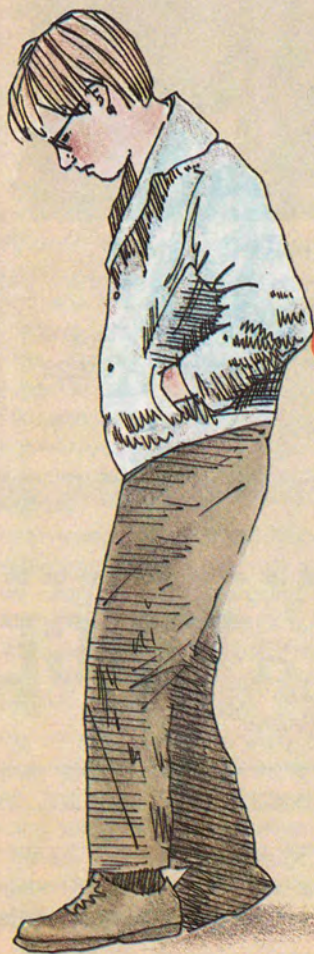
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“There
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Following my birth on October 11, 1954, doctors did not give my parents very good news. I had suffered a birth defect in my central nervous system and predictions of what my life would be like included hyperactivity, mental retardation, and the possibility of being an epileptic.

This wasn't a very optimistic outlook, but God had His plans. As it turned out I wasn't retarded and never had any seizures, but I did suffer from hyperactivity, which created social and emotional problems later in life.

A person who suffers from hyperactivity feels the need for abnormal quantities of motor behavior. Hopefully, he can learn to channel this nervous energy into activities such as play, baseball, basketball, hide-and-go-seek, etc., but it doesn't always work.

My body would often display abnormal forms of motor behavior such as "gyrations." This is when a hyperactive child jumps up and down and waves his hands all over. Bobbing back and forth when he's sitting, or swaying back and forth standing up, are also forms of abnormal motor behavior associated with hyperactivity.

Other kids would look and wonder what was the matter with me. This often brought cruel imitations and laughter at my expense. At night I would bang my head on the pillow before I went to sleep. While other people counted sheep, I'd bang my head.

William Baxter
Westminster, California

Other expressions of hyperactivity include talking to oneself. Hyperactive people feel the need to engage in conversation, so when there's nobody around they talk to themselves.

My early childhood was also plagued by a learning disability. It was very hard for me to stay put in my seat and pay attention in class and do my work. So I didn't quite get through the first grade. I was put in what they call junior second, which is half way between first and second grade.

To complicate things further, junior second was taught by a woman who was too old to be teaching small children. She acted mean towards the class, which proved to be too much for me so my parents pulled me out of school.

For the remainder of the year I had a teacher come to my house. Aside from that, I watched cartoons. That was one of the best ways to keep me out of mischief until I could return to school the next year. When I returned, I was placed in a class with the educationally handicapped (EMR).

My teacher in EMR was Mr. Crumb. I had him for second and third grade (I was already 10 years old in the third grade). Mr. Crumb did a lot for me in the two years I was with him. When I started the fourth grade I was back in regular classes and out of EMR. From there my learning capabilities improved with work. But I tell you it was a long way from EMR to being an honor student in my fresh-

man and sophomore years of college! Praise the Lord!

However, other problems crept in—emotional problems. I felt (and I still do at times), the need to get attention for myself. Back then I felt crying was a good way. But I learned that when I did it, it did not get me the kind of attention I wanted. The need for attention, in combination with having to take a lot of prescribed "downers" to curb my hyperactivity, then produced a lot of emotional problems which reached a peak in the middle of the sixth grade. After losing the respect of classmates who could not understand this problem, I worked hard to curb it.

Prior to starting junior high my emotions were completely under control—at least most of the time. But junior high began the worst phase of my life. Adolescence, as you probably know, begins the so-called age where boys and girls are separated from the "nerds". The emotional phase was now well under control. A lot of my adolescent classmates had no idea that those emotional problems existed, but I still had the problem of my birth defect.

Teenagers can react cruelly to something like this, so I was the target of a lot of verbal abuse by my classmates at Trident Junior High. They would try and egg me on to do things that would make me make a fool of myself or get me in trouble.

Soon my self esteem crumbled and I felt that the only way I could get people to respect me was to give in and make an idiot of myself. One time I did something stupid just so others could have

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Bill Baxter

Portrait by Lloyd Hamill

some amusement. I was in the junior high marching band and a couple of the band members tried to egg me on to do a marching demonstration for the whole campus. Well, I felt helpless, as usual, and began marching. Some spectators laughed, one yelled out, "Hey kid, are you retarded?" My reply was, "no, they are." Then a third guy looked at me with

pity and said, "What in the devil are you doing that for?" To this day I respect him for asking me that question, but I felt so helpless and drained of self esteem, I just couldn't give him an answer.

As the kids continued to verbally abuse me by calling me names like "retard" or "weirdo" and get amusement at my expense, my self

confidence and my social life almost crumbled completely.

I lived in Anaheim for 15 years when my dad got a promotion and we relocated to Sacramento. During my last day at Trident a fellow saxophonist in the band said, "We're going to miss you

This carried over into my freshman year in high school. Things more or less remained the same until I met one person who accepted me just the way I was, handicap or no handicap, problems or no problems. That was Jesus Christ. After I accepted Him things began to change.

I was the target of a lot of verbal abuse by my classmates ...until I met one person who accepted me just the way I was

Billy," in a mocking tone, which really meant, "Your leaving is the best thing that could happen to us."

I had set a record for the 50 yard dash in the 8th grade, 6.3 seconds. I was one of the fastest runners in the 8th grade. That did get me some respect from the kids. If it wasn't for that I would have really been in the soup socially, even more than I already was.

When the family moved to Fair Oaks, which is a suburb of Sacramento, I finished up junior high at Will Rogers Intermediate School. Before long things were right back where I finished off at at Trident, only worse. I was maliciously lead on by members of the opposite sex. But in addition to that came physical abuse as well, particularly from some bullies.

I was in a high school group at Fair Oaks Presbyterian Church. Jesus accepts people no matter what they look like, no matter their handicap. He accepts everybody the same. When I accepted Him I was a new person and a new being. *And because the personality of Christ exists in all those who accept Him as Lord and Saviour, I was loved and accepted by people in that high school group. Christ was changing my life.*

I hadn't, however, accepted the fact that I was being changed totally. I felt the change was only restricted to the confines of that Fellowship group. In later years the Lord sought to make me aware that He was able to change my life no matter what the circumstances. It took high school popularity to make me

realize that my life was totally changed no matter what the circumstances!

During the summer of 1971 my dad got another job offer to work for the "feds" in Washington, D.C. My junior year brought me to Thomas S. Wootton High School. I worked hard and took pride in being manager of the wrestling team. Mr. Loudenberg, the football coach, took a liking to me and asked me to be track manager and later manager for football. At the spring sports banquet at school it was announced by coach Loudenberg that I was going to be the first three letter manager in the history of the school, after football season.

The coaching staff gained a huge amount of respect for me. When the so called "jock click" saw that they grew to like me very much. Then the cheerleaders and pom pom girls followed suit. In November of 1973 I was the first three year letter manager. Prior to that I acquired high school popularity. I was a senior by then, and my family had to move back to Southern California in the middle of my senior year.

When I moved to Southern California to finish my senior year at Marina High School in Huntington Beach I received a multitude of letters from athletes, cheer leaders, pom pom girls letting me know how much I was missed at Thomas S. Wootton. It was arranged then that I could return to Thomas S. Wootton and go through the graduation ceremony there. That became my alma mater. I was announced, along with the valedictorian and the top ten in the class, as the most improved student in the class of 1974.

All this time the Lord was working in me to acknowledge that He was changing my life. I was a backslider and was turning my back on Him. But even though we sometimes turn our backs on Him, God never gives up on us. Hebrews 13:5 says, "I will never leave you or forsake you." The Lord stuck with me.

My parents and I had been told by advisors in High School that I could never make it in college. But Philippians 4:13 says, "I can do all things through Christ Who strengthens me." I not only went to college, I received good marks, graduating in August of 1979.

In the fall of 1974 I rededicated my life to Christ and have been growing in His Word and His Spirit ever since. I have become increasingly more well-liked wherever I go. Jesus has made a strong difference in my life, and He can do the same for anyone who is suffering from ill treatment because their only crime is being slightly different or there is a handicap. There are many teens out there who are hurting and suffering the same way I did because of something they have no control over.

But the Lord can change their lives the same way He changed mine. We need to lift these people up in prayer continually and let them know what Jesus can do! □

Bill Baxter is attending the First Presbyterian Church of Westminster, California, where he has been very active in Bible study, choir, and solo work. He has been employed with Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International for 1 1/2 years. He has also completed 3 years of performing with the Master Chorale of Orange County and has recently been asked to audition for the chorus of Opera Pacific in Orange County, California.

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Contact: Bill Phipps

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SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

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New Windsor Service Center

New Windsor

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Contact: Bud Queener

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Clovis, NM 88101

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YMCA Christian Conference Center

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Contact: Fred Lawrence

Box 206

Homer, NY 13077

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Aldersgate Camp, Turner, OR

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Salem, OR 97308

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Contact: Victor Martinez

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6 STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision now:

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

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.

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That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching ninety-three 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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From a life of growing up in the Bahamas to a pivotal role in the Los Angeles Lakers' 1987 NBA championship, Mychal Thompson has struggled to find the right priorities in the world—professionally, personally, and spiritually.

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A new Wave of Revival!

A past blessed by God is no place for an organization to stop in reaching the lost for Christ.

Anaheim '87 got our eyes off the past and prayerfully on to what God is doing now and will do in the future.

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