

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

SEPTEMBER, 1970



25c

the judge's decision

THE KERMIT BRADFORD STORY, PAGE 4

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL: September 17-20, 1970
Riviera Country Club, Palm Springs, California; Paul Toberty, Chairman
Rooms: Single, \$10; Double, \$14; Twin, \$16; Studio, \$25.

Speakers: Demos Shakarian, Earl Prickett, Harald Bredesen, Wendell Wallace.
For information, write: Paul Toberty, P.O. Box 588, Los Angeles, Calif. 90053

CHARLOTTE REGIONAL: September 24-26, 1970

White House Inn, 237 W. Trade St., Charlotte, N.C.; Paul Wichelhaus, Chairman
Rooms: Single, \$10; Double, \$12; Twin, \$16—Meals: Breakfasts, \$2.50; Convention Luncheon, \$3.50

Speakers: Derek Prince, James Buckingham, Edwin Barg, Ben Swett, Kathryn Kuhlman. **For information, write:** Paul Wichelhaus, P.O. Box 701, Charlotte, N.C. 28201

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL: September 24-27, 1970

Richardson Springs, California; Harold Davy, Abner Anderson, Co-Chairmen

Rooms: Single, \$9; Double (2 persons, 1 bed), \$11; Twin, \$13

Meals: Breakfast, \$1.75; Lunch, \$2.50; Banquet, \$3.50

Speakers: Demos Shakarian, Bob Mumford, Clyde Henson, George Gillies

For information, write to: Harold Davy, P.O. Box 462, Chico, Calif. 95926

KANSAS CITY REGIONAL: October 1-3, 1970

Holiday Inn (Downtown Towers), 424 Minnesota, Kansas City, Kansas; Bill Norwood, Chairman. Rooms: Single, \$13 (1 person); \$16.50 (2 persons, 1 bed); Double (2 persons, 2 beds), \$18.50. **Speakers:** Charles Simpson, Charles Duncombe.

For information, write: Bill Norwood, P.O. Box 5072, Kansas City, Mo.

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

VOLUME 18, NUMBER 7

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CHARISMA MOVEMENT SPREADS IN CHURCH

by GEORGE W. CORNELL, AP Religion Writer

That early-Christian Greek term, "charisma," has become part of everyday language today, and it's also the keynote of a growing phenomenon in American religious life—the charismatic renewal movement.

It is spreading both among Roman Catholics and mainline Protestants, especially Episcopalians, Lutherans and Presbyterians. It is a hallmark of Pentecostalism, the relatively young but fastest growing wing of Protestantism. It also is catching on among many young people, with their taste for mysticism.

Basically, the word "charisma" means a spiritual gift from God, a spark of divine energy and inspiration flowing through individuals.

This weekend (May 17, 1970), Christians of all kinds celebrate the beginnings of that infusion of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, the "50th day" after Christ's resurrection, which also was the Jewish Feast of the Weeks, commemorating the disclosure of the Ten Commandments to Moses on Mount Sinai.

Acts 2, describing that occasion which first jolted believers in Jesus out of their inertia and sent them forth to proclaim the Gospel, says:

"... they were all together in one place. And suddenly a sound came from heaven like the rush of a mighty wind, and it filled all the

house . . . And there appeared to them tongues as of fire, distributed and resting on each one of them. And they were all filled with the Holy Spirit . . ."

As an event symbolizing the fusing together of believers into common cause, the day will be observed in several cities with major ecumenical affairs, including a gathering of an estimated 10,000 Catholics and Protestants for Sunday worship in the University of Iowa Field House in Iowa City, Iowa.

In Columbus, Ohio, next day, colorful ceremonies will mark the joining of Roman Catholics with Protestants in the Ohio Council of Churches. With church banners flying and bands playing, processions of the two historic streams of Christianity will merge into a single parade through downtown Columbus.

Although Pentecost itself is only an annual feast in the church calendar, the happening which it points up—both drawing together of Christians and the activity of the Spirit—are powerful tendencies in current church life.

"God is pouring out His Spirit in a greater measure than at any time since the days of the apostles," says the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, a global, interdenominational group.
(Continued on page 35)



THE JUDGE'S DECISION

by **KERMIT C. BRADFORD**

International Director, FGBMFI

(As given at the Portland, Oregon Regional, May 9, 1970)

THEY CALL ME "JUDGE" BRADFORD, as indeed I am, by appointment of the Governor of Georgia; but for this moment I step down from the bench and take the witness chair to testify from evidence admissible in any court of the land—from practical application of the theory of the religion our ministers preach on Sundays—that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and today, and forever. I believe that I can convince any open-minded jury in the land, by the preponderance of evidence, that Jesus Christ is the answer to all the problems of men.

The story of my personal life was written two thousand years before I was born. You can read it in the fif-

teenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel. It is the story of the Prodigal Son.

Jesus began the parable by saying that a certain man had two sons, the younger of which went into a far country. My natural father had two sons, and I was the younger. When I was twelve years old he called me to him and said, "Son, due to my sickness you must quit school and go to work to help support your mother."

Sometimes we do not appreciate what we have until we lose it. Even going to school, which most boys don't like too well, becomes a priceless privilege when you lose it. I didn't want to quit school. Even as a poverty-stricken boy I knew edu-



cation was a must if one is to survive in this world. I decided to continue my schooling *and* get a job, going to school all day and working at night until graduation. Later I would go to school at night and work all day. Thus it was that, still in knickers

JUDGE KERMIT C. BRADFORD is the civil court judge of Fulton County in Georgia. He has practiced law for the past 22 years and is a partner in the law firm of Bradford, Maddox, and Baird. He holds bachelor and master of law degrees from Woodrow Wilson College of Law and has argued cases in all states and federal courts, including the U.S. Supreme Court. An outstanding Christian layman, he has flown more than a million miles in the past 12 years to speak and lecture on behalf of Christ and this nation.

and black corded stockings, trembling and fearful, I went into the world—out into the “far country.” There was the first job of a paper route, followed by employment in a grocery store, in a drug store, as a stock boy, as a clerk with Western Union, and as an accountant. Each job was a little further up the ladder.

I, along with so many others in those days, was so busy surviving that I didn't have time to walk the streets with a placard, breaking windows or burning buildings. Perhaps some of today's youth should try this on for size; they might learn to appreciate the luxury of objecting, and perhaps do less of it.

Determined to get an education. I

struggled through high school, business college, and finally the university and a degree in law. Along the way I read the biographies of great successful Americans and tried to emulate them. I took inventory of my personal assets and tried to utilize them.

In the early 1920's, when our great air transportation network was just a wishful dream in someone's brain, I decided to become a pilot. I learned to fly in an old World War I Jenny, and became one of the breed of barnstormers people called daredevil stunt pilots. Although I enjoyed this immensely, I still wasn't making money. I tried the sales field, then went into investigative work.

When World War II came along I joined the United States Army, my assignment being in the Counter-Intelligence Corps. After being trained by the FBI, I was in the first group that went from America to England. I worked in the pre-invasion camps, and with Scotland Yard, then went across with the invasion of Europe and worked with the underground in the liberation of Paris. Following that, I went into Germany with General Eisenhower as head of the security group whose duty it was to protect him.

After six months in the army of occupation I came home and set up my law office. My life to that point read like a true American Horatio Alger story—from a little poverty-

stricken boy to a successful lawyer. The truth was, *I was a successful failure!* There was an emptiness inside that nothing satisfied, and there seemed no meaning whatsoever in life. I felt as restless, miserable, and defeated as that little boy in knickers out on his first paper route.

About that time the Lord reached down and took the most precious person in my life. When He called my mother home, He took my prayer warrior, my comforter, and the only human being in my world who possessed genuine agape love. Shortly after, one of the ladies of the church asked if I had ever had occasion to look at my mother's knees. It seemed a rather odd question, and I said, "No, why?" She said, "Your mother had corns and callouses on her knees from kneeling at a Methodist altar for over forty long years praying for you. Almost any day we could look out our kitchen window and see your mother trekking up to that little white Methodist church on the hill. She often spent all day fasting and praying for you."

* * *

My mind went back to the days of my flight training. After soloing, the student begins building up flying hours so he can take the examination and obtain his license. I used to fly two or three hours every Saturday afternoon, during which time I'd fly over Mamma's house where she and I lived. Hearing the roar of the plane

***I knew that
nothing short of
a miracle could
save me from
certain death!***

flying low, she would know it was her boy up there and would come out on the lawn and wave up to me. I would circle the house, hang out of the cockpit and wave, then put on a little stunt show for her. We didn't have so many rules and regulations in those days about flying too low.

There came a special Saturday in my life when I went through the same routine. Mamma came out and waved, and I waved back. After a while she went into the house. Then I pulled the stick back and began to climb for altitude. Suddenly, however, my plane began to lose flying speed. A check of my instruments showed the oil pressure dropping, until finally the needle hit bottom. The plane began to vibrate, the wings trembled, and the prop began to wobble. Immediately I dropped the nose and put the plane into a glide, looking frantically to see where I would crash. I was very close to the ground. Directly ahead were the white tombstones of Westview Ceme-

tery; over to the right were some giant oak trees. Not wanting to dig my own grave, I turned and headed for the trees, knowing as they came rushing toward me that nothing short of a miracle could save me from certain death.

The realization suddenly flooded my consciousness that I was without God! From infancy my mother had taught me to believe in Jesus Christ. I accepted Him intellectually and historically, went to church every Sunday, was promoted through all the grades of the Sunday school, held many positions as an adult, and finally was placed on the Board of Stewards. *But one little ingredient had been left out: I had not been born again!* (See the third chapter of St. John's Gospel.) I was accepted and called a Christian, but let me tell you, when the chips are down and you face death, you know the truth and nobody can fool you. I knew I still had the same nature with which I was born—a nature that lusted after the things of the flesh. It was the sinful nature of a man who believed *religiously* in God, which has nothing to do with salvation.

But I knew that Mamma had a God who answered when she prayed, and with whom she had a personal relationship and with whom she talked as though standing face to face. But I had been like the youth of today, who seem to think that
(Continued on page 28)



INSTRUCTOR, U.S. Air Force, Bomb Navigation . . . In looking back it was incredible that I should have this assignment. Incredible when one considers that in the armed forces we have such capable men and I was so limited due to polio. Not so incredible though when one considers that from infancy, when I had polio, I was taught "there's no such thing as a handicap if you don't acknowledge it. You can do anything you want to if you don't look at the limitations." This positive outlook was the result of my training and environment in the Crippled Children's

School, the Nazarene Church on the South side of Chicago, my wonderful family, and for the last thirty years, the Episcopal Church. There was total atrophy of the muscles in my left leg and partial atrophy in my right leg, but in my own thinking, these conditions didn't even exist.

After the Air Force, I went into business and reached, by my standards, a measure of prosperity that was symbolized by owning several pieces of property and finally by building our dream home just off Mulholland Drive, in the mountains overlooking the San Fernando Val-

The Walk in The Spirit

by **GENE BENSON**

(Given May 7, 1970, at the Portland, Oregon Regional)

ley. My wife, Marjorie and I and our three teen-age children, James, Judith, and Daniel, were replete.

One day as I left the house to go to work I fell and broke my polio leg. I had never allowed that leg to limit me, yet now I was laid up because of it. Consequently, the conflict between myself and reality began to emerge. My outward reaction was to make light of it and to entertain our guests with a carefree spirit. If anyone pressed the issue of my physical plight I would assure them it would be over with in no time. In fact, it went on and on because that leg

healed so slowly. I was getting around on crutches, but with difficulty.

One day, my son turned down the hill to our home to discover that the brakes had gone out on the car and there was no alternative to gaining speed and hitting our house. The car crashed right through the house and over the cliff—a sheer drop of 350 feet. One of his passengers, a boy of 19, was killed. After the dreadful events of this tragedy subsided somewhat, I was in the yard to see if I could salvage parts of our stereo from the debris of the accident and I fell and broke my good leg.

With my left leg paralyzed and my

right leg broken, I felt so "set aside." I pretended to others that I'd be back on my feet in no time so well that I had to live accordingly, so we never lowered our standard of living or gave indication of our crumbling world. In due time, however, we had liquidated all of our holdings, they foreclosed on our lovely home, repossessed our car, turned off the gas, and there were no groceries. Still living in a luxury home but completely destitute, a reprieve came when I found I could borrow money from friends. This was rather easy because I was well-known.

Before long, however, the truth broke through, "Gene, when you borrow money and tell people you'll be back on your feet in no time, *you're lying!*" This was a shock. I began to review my life and was aghast when I saw what a fine line there was between positive thinking and pretending; between pretending and lying. I had been a LIAR in varying degrees all my life. This put me into a state of depression that was so great that I withdrew from all socializing—now when guests came I'd get out of the room. I had a growing fear that I might cry and it seemed if I ever did that I'd cry the rest of my life. I was afraid, even when I was with those who loved me, and I was so lonesome; lonesome in the midst of the care and love of my family. One Sunday morning, the children were at church. I felt I couldn't go through the

routine of Sunday dinner. It would be expected that I conduct family prayers and I felt incapable.

I had heard that an Episcopal priest, Father Dennis Bennett, was speaking at the Charismatic Clinic in Anaheim—fifty miles away. I told my wife that I wanted to hear him but what I really wanted was to "make my confession." I wanted to tell someone what kind of person I really was and also I wanted to run away from everyone who knew me.

All we had was one dollar to our name when I set out in our old jalopy of a car to attend meeting that Sunday afternoon. The service was warm, so warm and good. They sang, "There's Power in the Blood," "He's the Lily of the Valley" and other songs that were so much a part of my childhood. When the service was over I was afraid to leave. If I used my one dollar to buy gas and drive home I felt I would just disintegrate. It seemed pointless to go home so I slept in my car there at the church that night. In the morning, lying in the car, I realized that there was a three dollar tuition fee to attend the day classes at this Charismatic Clinic and I had only one. I drove about ten blocks and found a pawn shop. When it opened, I pawned my watch for ten dollars, went back to the church and attended the morning class. (This embarrasses the pastor because if he had known. . . well, everyone's welcome whether one can



Gene Benson, as a United States Air Force instructor, and now as a lay evangelist.

afford the tuition or not.)

I met Father Dennis Bennett at noon and he gave me an appointment for four o'clock. I can't recall the time from noon until our appointment. My despair was so great that I've shut out those hours. At the appointed time we met, alone, and I proceeded to confess my sins. I had clear recall, even of such things as cheating on an exam back in school and, of course, the more current offenses. I knew when my confession was done. There were no wasted words. I sat quietly without emotions or feeling of any kind. Then, with firmness, Father Bennett said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I command all five demons to leave this man! The demon that has robbed him of self-respect, I bind

you and cast you from him!" A coldness gathered in my feet, a coldness that seemed to have substance, and rose up through my body. This happened five times and when he was through, I was drained of all energy. I was so weak I don't think I could have blinked my eyes. Then he said, again with firmness and with gentleness, "*Father, now that this man is empty and clean, fill him with thy Holy Spirit.*" Something flowed into me that was so good, so peaceful and warm. I can't describe it but every cell of my being responded to it—I was so free. A spirit of praise rose within me so great that I seemed to be consumed in praise and I found myself praising Him with words beyond my understanding. I was praising Him with a vocabulary that was not of my intellect.

Rejoicing in the Lord, a free spirit, and giving thanks always characterized my new life. I witnessed under the leading of the Holy Spirit in places and by means that human effort could never arrange. The following weeks were joyful and eventful as I learned more about "the walk in the Spirit." (Gal. 5:25)

Finally, I could go anywhere without the crutches and one day I was in downtown Los Angeles—a business man again with a briefcase and an umbrella. My daughter was a student at Biola College and worked three afternoons a week in Los Angeles so we arranged to get together for coffee.

What a wonderful visit we had. Then she had to leave to get her bus and I had another cup of coffee. When it was time for me to leave it was raining very hard, a real downpour, so I put up my umbrella and proceeded to walk, very slowly and carefully, to where my car was parked. I hadn't gone but ten or twenty feet when I fell. When I was able to react I attempted to reach for my glasses about a foot away but I couldn't, the pain was too great. I looked down at my polio leg and it was so broken that the foot was facing the wrong direction. I was nauseous, fainting, and getting thoroughly drenched. Two policemen came and attempted to help but the pain was so great they couldn't move me. When I fainted again they carried me into the lobby of a bank building. At that moment, Judy came running to me; she had looked out the window of the bus just in time to see them picking me up. When they found that Judy had a valid driver's license, the police gave in to my plea and agreed to try and help me into the car instead of calling an ambulance. The pain seemed to increase as we drove down Wilshire Boulevard and I felt that I was about to pass out again. Suddenly, however, a great awareness came to me:

"Gene, you've been baptized in the Holy Spirit and you can live above the torment of the flesh." I turned to Judy and said, "Judy, do you care if I pray in tongues?" She answered,

"Of course not, Dad." Oh, the release as I began to praise Him. That glorious experience of being consumed in praise! When I was through, Judy said, "Dad, I've never seen you more peaceful! Do you know you were grinning from ear to ear?" There was no pain, none at all. The next day I went to the doctor and X-rays showed two complete breaks. This meant a long period in cast but this time there was no pretending. I could face facts but also I could walk with Jesus and talk with Him. My friends began to talk with me about a miracle healing and immediately I was gung-ho for the whole package.

One Saturday I went into our garage, sat on the floor, and with a saw-blade began to cut the cast on both sides, from toe to hip. Then, I cut the stocking material that is under the cast. I lifted the top off and taped the rough edges with adhesive tape. I replaced the top and managed to do the same with the bottom half. Then, I put the whole thing together with white shoe laces, six of them tied in bows. The reason for all this: Kathryn Kuhlman was coming to the Shrine Auditorium the next day and when the Lord Jesus healed me, I wanted to be able to untie the laces and go leaping about. I sat there in the wheelchair section of that meeting and witnessed many miracles, but when the service was over there was no change in me. I wept. I wept, not with sadness, but because I was

so aware of the presence of the Lord. I continued in the days to come praying to be healed.

"Praying to be healed is a bigger burden than the affliction I want healed, but I'm hooked on the prayer and can't get off." This is what I told Pastor Ralph Wilkerson and he said, "Gene, you've been asking to be baptized by immersion. Why don't we set that as the time and place when you'll lay this prayer down, give it to the Lord, and go back to simply praising Him." This sounded great so we set the date for the near future, after the cast would be removed.

The cast came off and a friend assisted Marge and me to go on a trip to Israel, planned by the Anaheim Christian Center in cooperation with the FGBMFI Rome-Israel Airlift of 1969. The doctor told me to be sure and walk with the crutches, or I'd be back in the wheelchair permanently because that polio leg was too frail and brittle to be used again.

A high point of the trip was the walk through the Old City in Jerusalem. It is a very difficult walk and some stayed at the hotel because they couldn't keep up. We walked for over three hours, up narrow stairs, into cellars and over cobblestone streets. At a particular point on the Via Dolorosa, the street where Jesus carried the cross, I came to the end of my energy. My arms couldn't carry the weight of my body another step. I

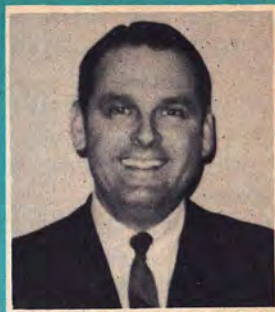
prayed, "Jesus, I'm pooped. Let me walk in the Spirit for a while so my body can rest." With this, I passed up the group and was able to ask our guide the questions I'd been storing up. As I then went on ahead of him, thoroughly enjoying this historic and sacred street, Jesus came and walked with me. He was so real, so easy to talk to and such a man!

At the River Jordan many from our group were baptized, but I declined because I had an appointment for that back at Christian Center. The rest of the trip was great: Athens, Rome, London, and finally home.

When I was baptized, they were very careful with me as the floor was wet. A man held me in back and Pastor Wilkerson lifted me down into the water. The experience of baptism is tremendous. Once again, I felt that flood of praise. In the dressing room I was praising Him in the Spirit and with the understanding and when I was dressed I walked out of the room and forgot my crutches. They're still there; and the strangest thing happened: That polio leg began to change from that day. Now there are new muscles developing. In my lifetime I've never walked as well as I do now. If there's a key, it's praise. The Father knows what things we have need of and when we're praising Him, the Holy Spirit is free to accomplish in us and through us what He will. Praise the Lord! Praise His Holy Name! 

As a detective, I am interested only in searching for

THE FACTS IN THE CASE



by RHEA C. MORGAN

AT A VERY EARLY age I joined a denominational church in my home town after completing a course of training, but I must truthfully say that no salvation experience took place in my heart at that time. Through Sunday school training I had been told of Jesus but did not know Him as my personal Saviour. However, I am indeed thankful for the early Christian teaching.

Many years went by and my life was lived without any recognition of God. My ambitions were worldly. After completing high school and a year of college I entered the military service in 1951. While in the Army I served with the Military Police, and after my discharge decided on a career as a peace officer. On July 6,

1954 I became a Trooper with the Kentucky State Police.

In 1955 I met a young lady with whom I fell in love, and we were married two years later. Her Christian influence helped change the direction of my life. We moved to Louisville so that my wife could complete her nurse's training, and I was reassigned by the Department.

Church was a place where I usually went on Easter Sunday morning—and that somewhat reluctantly. My wife was a Christian when we married, and I thank God for the grace He bestowed upon her that enabled her to tolerate me until my spiritually blind eyes were opened and I saw myself for what I was in the sight of God. Many a Sunday morning she went to church alone. My excuse for

RHEA C. MORGAN is a Kentucky State peace officer, with the rank of Detective-Sergeant, and derived much of his basic training while serving with the Military Police in the United States Army during the Korean War. He is Second Vice-President of the Louisville Chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship.

not accompanying her was that I was tired and deserved my one day of rest.

God moves in mysterious ways. It is plain to me now that He used our first child and only daughter to slow me down long enough to speak to my heart. Never shall I forget my heartbreak when the doctor told me of the serious birth defect of our baby—one which would require many operations and long hours of patient care. It was during this period that I began to fully realize the warm compassion and love possessed by my wife, as I watched her care for our little child. Many nights she scarcely got any sleep, but she never complained.

It was about this time that my search began for some answers to questions that were beginning to trouble me more and more. One evening in the fall of 1962 we were sitting at the table having coffee. By that time I was attending church with my wife almost regularly. On this particular night I was prompted to ask her a question to which, down deep in my heart, I already knew the answer: "Do you really think I'm as I should be with God?" Very quietly and sincerely she said, "I'm worried about you." She didn't criticize me. She didn't preach to me or scold me. But her words continued to ring in my ears for weeks afterward.

Having been promoted to the rank

of Detective-Sergeant and assigned to the Bureau of Investigation, my job on occasions took me away from home on various types of assignments. Many times during investigations, detectives assume such roles as will enable them to blend in with a particular crowd in order to obtain necessary facts. I drank and gambled many times, even though by now I considered myself a member in good standing of a denominational church which, until recently, took a very strong stand against alcoholic beverages. I also witnessed vice and corruption on a scale I had not been fully aware existed. But God was dealing with my heart, and I knew there must be a full and complete commitment to Jesus Christ of my personal life.

One night in 1963, after completing an assignment my partner and I returned to the hotel where we were staying. Before turning in for the night we decided to have a drink in the bar. *As I finished my drink, I looked into the bottom of that empty glass and suddenly realized how empty my life was.* I knew in that moment that I would find no complete and lasting happiness or peace until I gave myself fully and completely to God. Turning to my friend, I told him that this was my last drink. He thought I meant for the night, but I said, "No, this is my last one—period!"

Although at that point I didn't fully understand all the implications

involved, it was right there that I surrendered to Jesus Christ. I well remember the tremendous relief when the burden of guilt was lifted from me that night. Life suddenly took on new meaning. For the next three years I became more actively engaged in the church and grew more and more desirous of a closer walk with God.

One day in the fall of 1966 a friend invited me to attend a meeting of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, an organization I had heard of but knew nothing about. My friend had recently become a member of what he called a "Full Gospel" church—something with which I was not familiar. He explained to me that this church believed in healing, speaking in tongues, and modern-day miracles. He said FGBMFI was made up of business men who believed likewise, many of whom had experienced what he called "the baptism in the Holy Spirit" with evidence of speaking in tongues.

I consented to go with him, perhaps a little out of curiosity and also because he was a good friend. I had always been told that these experiences had ended with the passing of the early church and were not meant for us today. Like so many well-meaning Christians, I had been guilty of letting others do my thinking for me. Now, I determined to go to this FGBMFI meeting with an open mind and an open heart, for I had come to that place in my life where I earnestly desired more from God.

After hearing the testimonies and the message, I could not doubt the reality of this experience. During the following month God dealt with both my wife and me in a very marvelous way. On October 15, 1966 I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and two days later my wife received this most wonderful experience in our home. On June 30, 1969 our daughter Michele received the Baptism in the living room of our home.

This is an experience that the natural man cannot understand with his human intellect, but I can most assuredly testify to the reality of it. Instead of looking upon the Bible as a history book as we had been prone to do, it now became the living Word of God. The awareness of the reality of Jesus Christ suddenly gripped our hearts and revolutionized our lives. God has now blessed us with two wonderful little sons, and for them and for our daughter we give Him thanks.

One of the basic duties of a police officer is the search for facts without bias. A good officer has to be open-minded in his determination to find the truth in the case in which he is involved. I would urge that everyone adopt this same attitude toward God. If the doubter or skeptic will simply give God a chance, he will discover that Jesus Christ is indeed "the same yesterday, today, and forever," and that He is "a rewarder of them that diligently (and without bias) seek Him." 



My Confirmation Was Confirmed

by **SAMUEL HOEFlich**
Spirit-filled Lutheran Pastor

HOW MARVELOUSLY the Lord has walked with me! I was born into a family of Christian people. They were very benevolent in their giving to the Lord. The organ that I heard every Sunday in my congregation was a gift of my grandfather to the congregation. The pulpit, which stood high above us in symbolism of His Word, my grandmother had made possible. Other items to enhance the worship, grace that church today as gifts from the family.

I cannot remember a time when we did not regularly worship our Lord and study His Word. We Lutherans were blessed in that congregation as we studied the Word and placed it as authority in our lives.

I am told that when I was just a little fellow my grandfather went to the pastor and asked that they pray together that the Lord would use

young Samuel in his work. This I did not know until sometime after I had grown and was ordained into the ministry of the Lutheran Church. Christ became real to me early in life, and I accepted Him into my heart as my Savior and my Lord. I was educated in the catechism of Luther. In it I learned much of the preciousness of the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, Baptism, Communion, and the essentials of the faith.

Finally came the day of confirmation for me, when I would confirm the faith my parents had so faithfully taught me and provided for my further education in the church. The Confirmation Service in the Lutheran Church is a service of Pentecostal blessing. The pastor lays his hands upon the confirmed and says, "The Father in heaven for Jesus' sake renew and increase in you the gift of

the Holy Spirit, to your strengthening in faith, to your growth in grace, to your patience in Christian suffering, and to the blessed assurance of eternal life." To this the kneeling confirmation replies, "Amen."

Such a Pentecostal blessing was bestowed upon me with the laying on of hands. Neither I, nor my pastor, nor my parents realized the full effect that this would have upon that one who had earlier been dedicated to the Lord for the Christian ministry. I was to have a renewal and strengthening in the Spirit beyond my farthest dreams.

It was my practice as a young teenager to take my New Testament and go down along the little river that ran behind our house. There I would read and pray. There it was that the Lord laid upon my heart the call into the Gospel ministry in answer to my grandfather's prayer. Then one day as I was reading, studying and praying, the fullness of the Spirit came upon me. It was deeply involved in prayer with the unction of the Holy Spirit mightily upon me. I reached that impasse in prayer where I wanted to pray more, but I did not have the words with which to pray. As I waited momentarily for words with which to express myself, a language which I could not understand began to flow from my lips. As I spoke, not knowing what was happening to me, I could feel the upbuilding of the Lord within me. My confirmation blessing had reached

*When he began
to pray in tongues,
twenty-five years
of ignorance
vanished from
my heart.*

its climax! As I quietly contemplated my experience, edification spiritually gave way to a mental fear. I wondered, "What has happened to me?" I had never heard anything of this sort of thing happening to anyone. "Should I share this with my pastor? But, no, he would not understand, and might think I was poking fun at God. Should I tell my parents? No, if this were something they had known and understood, they would have shared this with me before this." I was confused and unsure. So I told no one. I simply kept it in my heart as something between God and myself.

I did not try to speak in the Spirit any more. I must have known I could but did not put any real emphasis upon it in my life. After all, I had had no teaching in this. I did not hear it spoken of in church. But it would not completely leave me. From time to time through the years, when I

would reach that place in prayer where I wanted to continue to pray but had no more words to say, the Spirit of God would give me utterance as I yielded my voice to Him. Sometimes months would pass. Sometimes even years would pass, and I would not speak in this way.

Many things happened in my life. The call to the ministry would fade, then rise again, but never would it leave me. I went into the armed services and served in World War II. I returned home and went into business with my father. Soon after I returned home Daddy died. I spent two years in business with my uncle and my mother. Finally, she said to me, "Sam, if you're going to do what God wants you to do, you had better get started." At the age of twenty-five years I began to study for the Gospel ministry in the Lutheran Church. Through seven years of college and seminary I never heard anything of praying in the Spirit or speaking in tongues. But periodically this continued.

The Lord placed me into my first pastorate. I was there just long enough to assure that the church would be able to support a full time pastor after I was called elsewhere. They had been supplied by professors from the college and seminary up to the time they called me. Since then they have been able to call and support a full time pastor. But I was not to stay there long. A group of people

from Greenville came to ask if I would consider pastoring them. I said I could not consider this unless I had a call from the congregation. The congregation voted to extend me a call. I prayed that if I were to go, I would be called by a unanimous vote on the first ballot that the congregation would take. This did not seem possible since the congregation had over a thousand members. Not all of them were present for the vote, but the vote was unanimous among those who attended the meeting. So, my wife and son and I accepted the call as being of the Lord and went.

The Lord had laid it upon my heart to believe in and to preach divine healing. It was not long before He honored the preaching by miraculously healing an aged lady whom the doctors had given up and who had stopped all medication. A young child was run over by her mother with a twenty-four hundred pound tractor. She was rushed to the hospital. We prayed for her and assured the parents that God had touched her. A specialist was called to examine her. The heavy lug marks lay across the small of her back. He examined her, shook his head and said, "I don't understand this. Keep her twenty-four hours and send her home." She was in church the next Sunday.

We had several Bible study and prayer groups active in the congregation. God worked mightily through

these people, tuned to Him. At the close of one of our meetings the wife of the president of the congregation came to me and asked me what speaking in tongues was. I had never heard much about it, if anything. I had received a few copies of a little magazine entitled "VOICE," published by a group who called themselves the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, but I hadn't read any of the issues but filed them in the waste basket. I told the lady not to concern herself with speaking in tongues. It could not be very important, or I would have heard something about it in my theological training. It never entered my mind that I had experienced this blessing. It had been several years since my last experience of praying in the strange languages which I did not understand.

However, God was at work, and He was now ready to open the secret to me of what was and had been happening in my life. The lady would not take my putting her off as an answer. She persisted in seeking. About this time, I visited my sister, who lived in our home town about fifteen miles from where I was pastoring. A man with whom I had grown up had become quite a religious fanatic and the talk of the town. Whenever I would visit my sister she would tell me about him. On this particular visit she said to me, "Why, he's even speaking in tongues." This was 1963, and

people were talking about the subject a little more. Here was my opportunity to learn something of this phenomenon from someone whom I had known since childhood. I called him by telephone and made arrangements for my congregational president, who was the lady's husband, and myself to talk with this tongues-speaker.

We spent almost three hours together. Finally he said, "Sammy, would you like to speak in tongues?" I said, "Yes, I want anything the Lord has for me." I still had not associated my experience of years before this with tongues. We stood together in the center of his front room. Each of the three of us laid hands on the other. My childhood friend began to pray in English and ask God for the blessing upon my president and myself. Then he began to pray in tongues. When he began, I began. When I began, the president of my congregation began. *Twenty-five years of ignorance vanished from my heart.* I said, "I've done that before, twenty-five years ago." My friend said, "I know it. The Lord told me this morning before you came to my house."

We now pastor a fine congregation, in a building that will hold over three hundred and fifty in worship and house our Sunday School. At this writing, thirty-five people have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and others are open to the experience, praise the Lord. 🔥



By decision of the Executive Board at
the 1970 World Convention in Chicago...

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In that terrifying moment,
I prayed for

Five More Pounds of Oil Pressure



by **LEO NEHRT**

as told to Earl Weirich



THE AIRPLANE slipped through the cloudless blue August sky with little effort on my part after takeoff at Harrisburg, Pa., and the steady hum of the twin engines was reassuring as I flicked on the automatic pilot. Somewhere in the Bible had to be the answer, I was certain, as I searched through the pages. John . . . Acts . . . Romans . . . I glanced at the instrument panel: Oil pressure steady, cruising speed 200 mph, heading southwest, fuel okay—everything running smoothly. My wife had been confident in our discussion the night before that the anointing was renewed, over and over, but I was just as sure it was received only once. It was all so new

to us. I kept hunting. Corinthians . . . Galatians . . . No use, I couldn't find it, and time was running out.

I switched back to manual control and watched the crazy-quilt brown and green of the North Carolina countryside give way to the familiar landmarks of the Raleigh-Durham Airport. Nothing more to do until the passengers arrived for the trip to Harrisburg. The late-morning sun had transformed the interior of the fuselage into a stifling cocoon. I opened the windows, plopped down in one of the passenger seats and opened my Bible on the pull-out desk in front of me. "Now, if I really believed what the Bible said," I thought, "God would show me this scripture." A sud-

den breeze broke the stillness and the pages of the Bible fluttered, turning over, one after another. A shiver ran the length of my spine. It was . . . well . . . unnatural. As quickly as it had sprung up the breeze was gone. I glanced down at the open pages and my gaze caught on Acts 4, the 31st verse:

"And when they had prayed, the place in which they were gathered together was shaken; and they were all filled with the Holy Spirit and spoke the word of God with boldness."

This was what I had been searching for: The Apostles were filled with the Holy Spirit a second time, just as they had received the Spirit earlier in Acts 2. I had my answer. I got up to leave the plane. The heat inside was unbearable: there wasn't a breath of air stirring.

Before this time I had been a very religious person—I had a collection of perfect attendance pins from Sunday school to prove it. But I didn't know Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. My life really started about five years earlier in a Presbyterian revival in Gilbert, W. Va., where Rev. William Hill told us that as Christians we would be better witnesses if we would replace the cigarettes in our shirt pocket with a New Testament.

That night the Holy Spirit gave me the assurance of salvation for which I had searched so long and delivered me from cigarettes.

After moving to Harrisburg an employee of my company, David Ebaugh, an electronics engineer, began talking to me about the Holy Spirit, and it made a lot of sense. We struck up a friendship, and he and his wife visited us frequently. Now the pieces were falling into place rapidly. But my wife and I were itching to see for ourselves some of the amazing things we were hearing about. It didn't take long. The Ebaughs invited us to accompany them to a service in a Presbyterian church at Parkesburg, Pa. They said it would be "different" from anything we had seen before. The Saturday night arrived when we were to go, but my wife wasn't well. She suffered from a severe case of hay fever but she consented to go anyway.

As soon as we walked into the church we realized something was different there. It could have been the feeling of peace, of wholesomeness, or it could have just been the look of happiness on the faces of those there. At the conclusion of services we went to the altar. I was flabbergasted to see my wife's hands go up in the air. Afterwards she said in astonishment, "It was as if someone had lifted them up for me."

Later that night, in a restaurant on the way home, we met Rev. Luke Weaver, the Ebaughs' pastor. As we were leaving he asked if he could pray for my wife. Right there in the parking lot I saw my first miracle!

Her nasal passages opened up and she breathed normally, for the first time in a week.

The Parkesburg church held a marvelous fascination for us, and we kept going back. I wanted that Baptism so badly! Then God showed me that He wouldn't give us a stone if we asked for bread. One night while

tween Morgantown, W. Va., and Harrisburg, Pa. Just a little later I noticed the oil pressure on the other engine going down rapidly and hovering at the edge of the red warning line.

I felt a deep sense of assurance and the very real presence of Jesus. I remembered the vision, and I knew

LEO NEHRT was raised on a farm in southern Indiana. He is an executive pilot, a vice president in the FGBMFI, Harrisburg, Pa., Chapter, a Presbyterian deacon and Sunday school teacher.

I was at the altar, Rev. James Brown laid hands on me and prayed.

And Jesus baptised me with the Holy Spirit!

I suddenly was aware that I was speaking in another tongue. I had expected to be bowled over backwards amidst a burst of fire, but it was done quietly, with dignity.

Then I had a vision. I saw myself in four different places, each time with Jesus at my right side. First, I saw myself walking into the airplane hangar with Jesus. Then I was witnessing to the mechanics, and Jesus remained with me. Next I was getting into the plane, and He got in too. Finally, I could see myself speaking, and again, Jesus was there.

Not long after that I found out that Jesus really is always with me. On a return flight from Louisville, Ky., my plane developed engine trouble and I had to shut down the left engine over the mountains be-

He was still beside me. It was too dark outside to see the mountains below, but I knew if I were forced down here there would be little chance of anyone surviving.

"Maybe this is what Jesus wants," I thought. "Maybe this experience is intended to bring the passengers to a personal encounter with Christ." Then with all the peace that comes with knowing Jesus, I prayed: "Lord, I'm ready to go if it's your will for us to plow into those mountains."

Then, just as quickly, I added: "*But if that is not your will, I would like to have about five more pounds of oil pressure on that right engine!*"

As I watched, the needle began to rise into the green. Now that beats religion!

Another time as I was returning from Greensboro, N.C., we ran into a batch of thunderstorms. Lightning was crackling all around us, and the sky was black with clouds on every

VOICE ECHOES: Letters to the Editor

This number (May 1970) is really making an impact!

—A. S., Franklin, West Virginia

Only God knows how many souls have been lead to the throne of Mercy through your VOICE and other publications, and through the witness of the many thousands touched by your ministry.

—Mrs. S. W., Jackson, Mississippi

"Perhaps you would be interested in knowing how we are using this wonderful magazine, VOICE, for witnessing.

"My husband and I attended the Phoenix Regional last January. On the way home, the Lord gave my husband the idea to use these magazines for distribution in our little town of Clearwater (1100 population) which has six churches but none full gospel. We have nine foster boys in our home and two daughters of our own. We held our family counsel meeting when we arrived home to tell them of the marvelous "happenings" at Phoenix and then my husband told the children that our ministry in our community would be with the VOICE. They were thrilled beyond words, as all have been saved and most of them filled with the Spirit since coming to our home.

"We had a stamp made with our name and address. The boys stamped the magazines, taking turns, then, given permission by the city officials, went from door to door, handing them out. We plan to do this with every issue. The results will be marvelous as already our family is being used to witness in the homes along with the VOICE. Praise the Lord!"

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Cox, Clearwater, California

side, but somehow the sky directly in front of the airplane always remained clear. It was just as if some giant hand were pushing the storms to the side. One of the passengers commented on this odd situation. I told him that I had talked to the Man who controls the weather that very morning.

As I said this I felt someone's hand on my right shoulder. Smiling, I

The article on Noah's Ark is thrilling!

—Dr. W. P. A., Sauk Center, Montana

I would like to compliment the staff of VOICE for the May issue. The article on the search for Noah's Ark is a topic of much discussion of late. The whole issue was very beautifully done. We especially appreciate the return of the "Six Scriptural Steps to Salvation"!

—J. E. B., Springfield, Missouri

turned to see what the passenger's next remark was going to be.

No one was there! Then again I felt the Spirit of God. It was His hand on my shoulder.

Since then souls have been saved in the airplane, and many changed as the Holy Spirit touches them. These are the greatest miracles of all.



SOUTH PACIFIC AIRLIFT

September 16-October 5, 1970

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." You will have opportunity to do just that by joining the South Pacific Airlift. We will minister in **New Zealand, Australia, Hong Kong and Korea**. Meetings will be held in schools, colleges, universities, jails, orphanages, churches—anywhere the door is opened to the Gospel.

"Strike while the iron is hot," says the blacksmith. "Spread the Gospel while there is still time," should be our cry. Will you join us? The complete tour price from Los Angeles or San Francisco is \$1030.00. For further information, write:

Enoch S. Christoffersen, P.O. Box 337, Turlock, Calif. 95380



Enoch Christoffersen

SCANDINAVIAN AND HOLY LAND AIRLIFT

October 1-22, 1970

Several years ago God put a burden on our hearts for this part of the world. Now the men in Scandinavia feel a sense of urgency as never before to "work while it is yet day." If God lays it upon your heart to go at this time, it is your responsibility to obey; next year may be too late!

Coupled with the Airlift to Scandinavia this year, and branching out from Stockholm, will be a separate airlift to the Holy Land, led by Dr. Donald Leidmann. Dr. Leidmann's group will minister **solely in Israel**, until Oct. 28, taking advantage of the holy month of Tishrei, which occurs only once every 19 years.

The tour price to Scandinavia of \$449.00 (from Chicago; less from N.Y., more from Los Angeles) includes 3 nights in a Stockholm hotel and 2 nights in a Copenhagen hotel, after which additional air fare, hotel and meal prices would be based upon areas visited (**Germany, Norway, Finland, Russia**, etc.).

The tour price to Stockholm and then to the Holy Land is approximately \$1,000. For further information, write:

Henry Carlson, 564 W. Fulton, Chicago, Ill. 60606

(Those interested in Dr. Leidmann's tour, write: **Dr. Donald Leidmann, 836 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles, Calif. 90017.**)



Henry Carlson

THE JUDGE'S DECISION

(Continued from page 7)

mothers were *born* old and grey-haired and, because they were never young once, they can't possibly understand them.

Now, as I headed for those immovable trees and certain death, there was only time enough left to cry quickly: "Mamma, if you ever prayed for me, you'd better pray for me now!" Then the plane crashed into those trees. The wings were torn away, the motor jerked loose, the tail broke off and a big limb shot through the cockpit and ripped the seat off my trousers as we settled into the top of a big tree—and *I didn't get a scratch!*

A friend who was flying near me, landed his plane in a cow pasture and took me back to the field. Upon arriving home, the big problem was how to tell my mother about it without shocking her nearly to death. You know how mothers are. I tried to work up to it easily, and finally blurted out the story, standing close to Mamma to catch her when she fainted from shock.

When I had finished, her beautiful face lighted up, her eyes sparkled, a little flush came to her cheeks, and she began to smile as she said very gently and calmly, "Son, I knew all about that last night." Then *I* was ready to pass out from shock! How *could* she have known about it last night—

it had only happened an hour before!

Mamma explained that Jesus had awakened her in the night and told her of my impending crash and death. She had prayed hour after hour and refused to cease until God gave her the assurance that He would give her boy another chance.

* * *

Now with my mother gone, I, a man past forty years of age, began to search for reality and for truth—truth in the spiritual realm. In forty years in the church, I had seen many an elder commit his sins the same way I did mine. The only difference between us was that I called myself a sinner and he called himself a Christian. In forty years I never had one Christian business man come to me and slip his arm around my shoulders and say, "Jesus loves you, too." No man seemed to care for my soul, just as no man cared for the Prodigal Son, nor gave him substance.

I was sin-sick and wanted the truth, if there was truth to be had. In my desperation I went down into the woods where Mamma used to go to pray for me, because I remembered that as a child she had said, "Son, someday, somewhere, you must find your altar and there allow Jesus to put to death the old sinful man. Don't be afraid, for He will instantly resurrect you and you will be a new creature in Christ. Old things will pass away and all things will be—

come new." See second Corinthians, the fifth chapter, seventeenth verse.

I recalled, also, that Mamma said a man had better mean it when he prays, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Well, I was ready to mean it. I had despaired of the human race, of the world, and of myself; and if I couldn't find God, *I wanted out!*

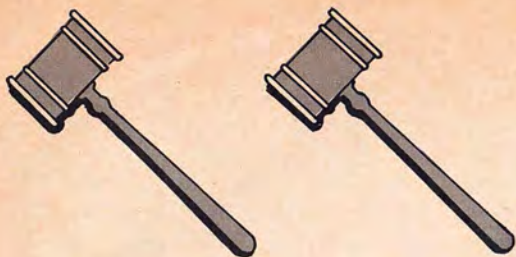
***I decided
to let them prove
their case.***

I went to that place where we used to have an old-fashioned Methodist holiness campground, walked down that old rugged trail, and knelt at that crude altar. In my law practice I have walked the "last mile" with men to the execution chamber, and God impressed upon me that day I was leaving my church, society, old friends as well as enemies, and that I would never come this way again. And I didn't. Kneeling at that altar, the person I had been for forty years died but was immediately resurrected a new creature in Jesus Christ. All things indeed became new. The thirst for alcohol was gone. The desire for other women was gone. I didn't need Alcoholics Anonymous because I had found Instantaneous Christianity. I was a new creature with a tremendous hunger and thirst for the Word of God.

Soon after, God sent Tom Ashcraft into my life and he invited me to a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting. I refused as politely as possible, for normally we Methodists wouldn't attend a meeting like that. Then he invited me to the FGBMFI International Convention in Chicago. I finally told him, "Those Pentecostals are on the wrong side of the railroad tracks; I just wouldn't fit in." But he wouldn't take no for an answer, and I finally consented to go.

We went into a big auditorium where there must have been 2,000 people assembled. The first thing I noticed was that the very air seemed alive with the electricity of love—something warm and wonderful I had not known since Mamma had gone to be with Jesus. I was introduced to a big, tall, Texan, who passed up my extended hand and threw his arm around my shoulders and hugged me. I'd never been hugged by a man before, and didn't know exactly what to do.

The law has taught me to withhold judgment until all the evidence is in. The convention was to last three days and I decided to let them prove their case. It is well my judgment was reserved, for God awakened me from sleep that first night in Chicago and I heard myself speaking in a most beautiful heavenly language. I had been emptied of self at the altar out there in the old Methodist campgrounds; and now God filled me with



The Impossible Dream

by JUDGE KERMIT C. BRADFORD

SUDDENLY I HAD A DREAM.

After some twenty-two years in the challenging practice of law, with the excitement in trial work and the deep sense of satisfaction in serving my fellow man—I wanted to be a judge, to dedicate my talents and experiences to the fullest service of the law. But above all, I wanted to be God's man on the bench.

To bring this dream to reality I needed thousands of dollars to finance a campaign, or the recommendations of leading law firms and the Bar Associations, or an influential contact with the Governor. I had none of these. It seemed an impossible dream.

My mind went back some ten years to the first Billy Graham Crusade in

Madison Square Garden. One night we were discussing the large crowd. Billy said, "These people did not come here tonight because of me. I have a prayer chain around the world praying for me and our crusades. This crowd came in answer to prayer."

I decided to use this prayer principle in pursuit of my impossible dream. Thereafter, in flying from state to state across America and into some foreign countries speaking to the Full Gospel Business Men's chapters and conventions, I began to call aside one or two of my Christian brothers and tell them of my dream and ask for prayer. After traveling for about two years my prayer chain was set up.

His Holy Spirit. He had taken me through that door into His power plant—where all of His heavenly dynamite is stored. It was glorious up there on the mountain top with Jesus; but I found there was a valley of service down below. After that glorious, intoxicating adventure, I had to go down into the valley and

get some basic training.

I had been put through almost two years of basic pre-war training, which included proper use of the M-1 firepower, before going into battle against the Nazis. Likewise, we Spirit-filled Christians need to learn to use the firepower of the Holy Spirit before going against principalities and

by JUDGE
KERMIT C.
BRADFORD



Lester Maddox,
Governor of the
State of Georgia

One night near the midnight hour I was awakened by the ringing of my telephone. The voice on the other end said, "This is the Governor of the State of Georgia." He said, in essence, "Mr. Bradford, I know of your qualifications and outstanding work in the law, but above all, from my knowledge of you I believe you

to be one of God's greatest Christian statesmen of this day and age . . . will you accept a judgeship from me?" I almost fell out of bed!

How could such a miracle as this happen today? It all began about fourteen years ago. Our Christian Business Men's meetings were held at the Pick-Rick Restaurant, whose proprietor was Lester Maddox. He was famous for his fried chicken and friendly manner. This man came up the hard way, going to work as a boy to help provide a bare existence for their large family. Looking to God for strength and working hard lifted him from poverty into a successful business career. Lester Maddox is a Christian gentleman, a man whose word is his bond, and is as

powers. The Baptism is just the door that leads to experience and active service.

Calls began to come to speak here and there. I had never turned the devil down, and I couldn't do less for Jesus. Since that time I've flown over a million miles across Canada, South America, Europe, and criss-

crossing America, almost every week, and speaking for Christ from the high King's Court in London, England, down to the lepers in British Guiana. God has allowed me to speak to the very highest and to the very lowest, as the world considers low. And I have seen God minister His love and power to both equally. ☛

honest and sincere as the day is long. He loves God, people, and his country with a passion.

We invited him to sit in on our luncheon meetings when we had a guest speaker, resulting in a bond of mutual respect between us. Often, when he would go from table to table pouring coffee, he would prophetically address me as "the Judge." Time passed and the meeting place was changed to a hotel for breakfast. I did not see him for a while.

Then I heard that Lester Maddox was running for Mayor of Atlanta. He twice was defeated for this office, then he ran for Lieutenant Governor and was defeated. Undaunted, and not allowing temporary failure and defeat to discourage him, he ran for Governor of the State of Georgia; and without a political machine and guaranteed financial backing, was rewarded with victory.

He gives God the credit for his victory and every morning a devotional service is publicly held in the Governor's office with Bible readings and prayer, led by a minister or Christian layman.

Governor Lester Maddox had been in office about two years when a judgeship came open. It is one of the powers of the Governor to appoint some qualified lawyer to fill such a vacancy. At this time, God brought to the Governor's remembrance those Pick-Rick days when he had fellowship with a Christian

lawyer named Bradford. As a result the midnight telephone call came—and the impossible dream became reality.

Since appointment to the judiciary, I had a minister of God pray over my courtroom, dedicating, sanctifying, and setting it aside as a temple of law and justice for God and for the people. Also, sitting as presiding judge from term to term over the incoming jurors on Monday mornings, it is my policy to welcome them and give the oath of office and instructions for the week. In addition, I have a different minister each Monday morning to lead the jurors in a devotional service and prayer, challenging them to seek for the highest and purest sources of the truth in arriving at their verdicts.

To make it clear what I am striving for, let me give you this example: Recently, the wife of a lawyer was called for jury service in my court. When she returned home that afternoon, her husband looked at the beautiful glow on her face and said, "Where in the world have you been? I thought you were serving on jury today. You look as if you have just come from church." The wife of the lawyer responded, "You're right in both respects; I have been in Judge Bradford's court today, and as I sat there I sensed such a spirit of solemnity that I couldn't keep from silently weeping with joy. I felt God's presence in that courtroom!"

Sat., May 30, 1970

★ Los Angeles Times

Tolerance Urged for Pentecostal Phenomena

United Presbyterians Seek Open View of Speaking in Tongues, Holy Spirit Gifts

BY JOHN DART

Times Religion Writer

Speaking in tongues and other so-called "gifts of the Holy Spirit" have received the cautious endorsement of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A.

The practices "should neither be despised nor forbidden," but "should not be emphasized nor made normative for the Christian experience," said a special report made to the Presbyterian General Assembly which ended its meeting this week (May 25-29, 1970) in Chicago.

The denomination was the second church in recent months to urge members to take an open and tolerant view toward those who have become attracted to the practices normally associated with the Pentecostal churches.

Catholic Bishops

The Roman Catholic bishops of the United States accepted the recommendations last November of a study group that said the growth of neo-Pentecostalism in Catholic circles, which began in 1967, "should at this point not be inhibited but allowed to develop."

The Catholic paper noted the movement had a strong biblical base and often led individuals to progress in their spiritual life.

The speaking of tongues, or glos-

solalia, was believed to have been the experience of some early Christians described in the book of Acts who began speaking in different tongues. Modern Pentecostalist churches call the experience the "baptism in the Holy Spirit."

Other "gifts" include abilities in healing, discernment, exorcism of evil spirits and prophesying.

Glossolalia

An Ohio State anthropologist recently suggested that the utterances of glossolalia came from persons who have learned by observing others how to place themselves into a trance. The unintelligible utterances, studied in four different cultural settings and in two different languages, were similar in linguistic features, according to Felicitas D. Goodman.

Another study in the journal, by anthropologist Virginia H. Hine of the University of Minnesota, reported that 71% of tongues-speakers surveyed considered their religious training to have been conservative or fundamentalist and 91% said they attended church regularly before conversion to Pentecostalism.

Often Dramatic

Studied in Miss Hine's work were members of Pentecostal churches and

PRESBYTERIAN LIFE: "Openness to Pentecostalism"

Under the title, "News and Notes for the Session," the official magazine of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., PRESBYTERIAN LIFE, datelined May 1, 1970, published the following item as a result of a recommendation made during their recent General Assembly.

In a long, careful, judicious report, the Special Committee on the Work of the Holy Spirit weighs the Biblical, theological, and psychological aspects of the religious experiences associated with Pentecostalism, especially the phenomena of speaking in tongues and of faith healing. While occasionally warning of the dangers implicit in Pentecostalism, the committee leaves no doubt that it con-

siders such religious experiences valid and potentially of great significance to the conventional churches. It counsels openness to Pentecostalism (or "neo-Pentecostalism," as it is termed when it occurs in conventional denominations) in the United Presbyterian Church and issues six sets of guidelines: for pastors, for sessions, and for individual members who have and who have not experienced the "Spirit baptism" of neo-Pentecostalism. The guidelines emphasize openness and inclusiveness, asking that Pentecostal prayer meetings be open to all and that non-Pentecostals attend such meetings when the meetings are being held by members of their own congregations.

neo-Pentecostalists in other churches. The result for church members who experienced glossolalia, she said, is often dramatic.

"For American Pentecostals, glossolalia can also constitute a bridge-burning act," wrote Miss Hines.

After-Effect

"The enthusiastic 'witnessing' or recruitment activities that seem to be an irresistible after-effect are thought by many outsiders to be unseemly.

"The type of criticism that tongue-speakers in non-Pentecostal churches are subject to, the many instances of removal of ministers who become involved, the economic pressures for 'recanting,' etc., make it quite clear that glossolalia can and does function to set its practitioners apart from the rest of church-going America in a significant way," said the anthropologist.

The congregational divisions and pressures on clergy who have had the glossolalia experience prompted the United Presbyterian Church to form a study committee two years ago headed by the Rev. John H. Stroock.

The Presbyterian committee report cautioned:

Better Christians

"Keep your neo-Pentecostal experience in perspective. No doubt it has caused you to feel that you are a better Christian. Remember that this does not mean that you are better than other Christians, but that you are, perhaps, a better Christian than you were before."

Those who have not had the experience were asked to accept its presence calmly and affectionately and to remember that the "advent of neo-Pentecostalism into our denomination may be one aspect of reformation and renewal." 

CHARISMA MOVEMENT SPREADS

(Continued from page 3)

tional organization of laymen emphasizing the Spirit's direct action in believers.

In the first half of this century, the movement existed primarily among Pentecostals. There are an estimated 15 million of them in the world, about four million in the United States.

They consider glossolalia, or "speaking in tongues" unknown to the speaker, as a sign of the Spirit's work. These groups have been growing 15 times faster than old-line denominations, some of which have slumped lately in membership.

But the "Spirit" movement in the last three years has penetrated the

larger, historic Protestant bodies, and also spread among Roman Catholics, after springing up among students on the Catholic campuses of Notre Dame and Duquesne universities.

It has become a "major world movement" among a wide range of Christians, including those in the upper educational-economic brackets, says Dr. Luther P. Gerlach, a University of Minnesota anthropology professor, after a three-year study of the trend.

Adherents emphasize spontaneity, free prayer, testimonies, a mood of personal warmth and a sense of oneness with God. "Speaking with tongues" is generally regarded as only an incidental aspect of it, a manifestation accorded to some, not to others. 

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**THE
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Editor's
Camera catches
"City of Roses"
Convention
in color.



Art Evanson with Fr. Joe Showalter, who brought five Spirit-filled nuns.



Hawaii's Ike Akamine: "PRAISE THE LORD!"



Fr. Joseph Fulton: "I'm a Catholic-Pentecostal. That's a frightening term!"



Bill Casselman, converted at 50, urged youth to accept Christ early.



Speakers' table: Edward McFalls, Bob Mumford, Raymond Becker, Demos Shakarian, Art Evanson, Bill Casselman.



Saturday night banquet audience offers praise to God for manifold Convention blessings.



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SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer. Here are the six Scriptural steps which all must take to pass from death unto life:

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). You must acknowledge in the light of God's Word that you are a sinner.

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). You must see the awfulness of sin and then repent of it.

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). "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans 10:10). Confess not to men but to God.

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). Sorrow for sin is not enough in itself. We must want to be done with it once and for all.

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). "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). Believe in the finished work of Christ on the cross.

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). Christ must be received personally into the heart by faith, if the experience of the New Birth is to be yours.

Why not make your eternal decision right now: "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men."

When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know about it so that we may rejoice together.

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