

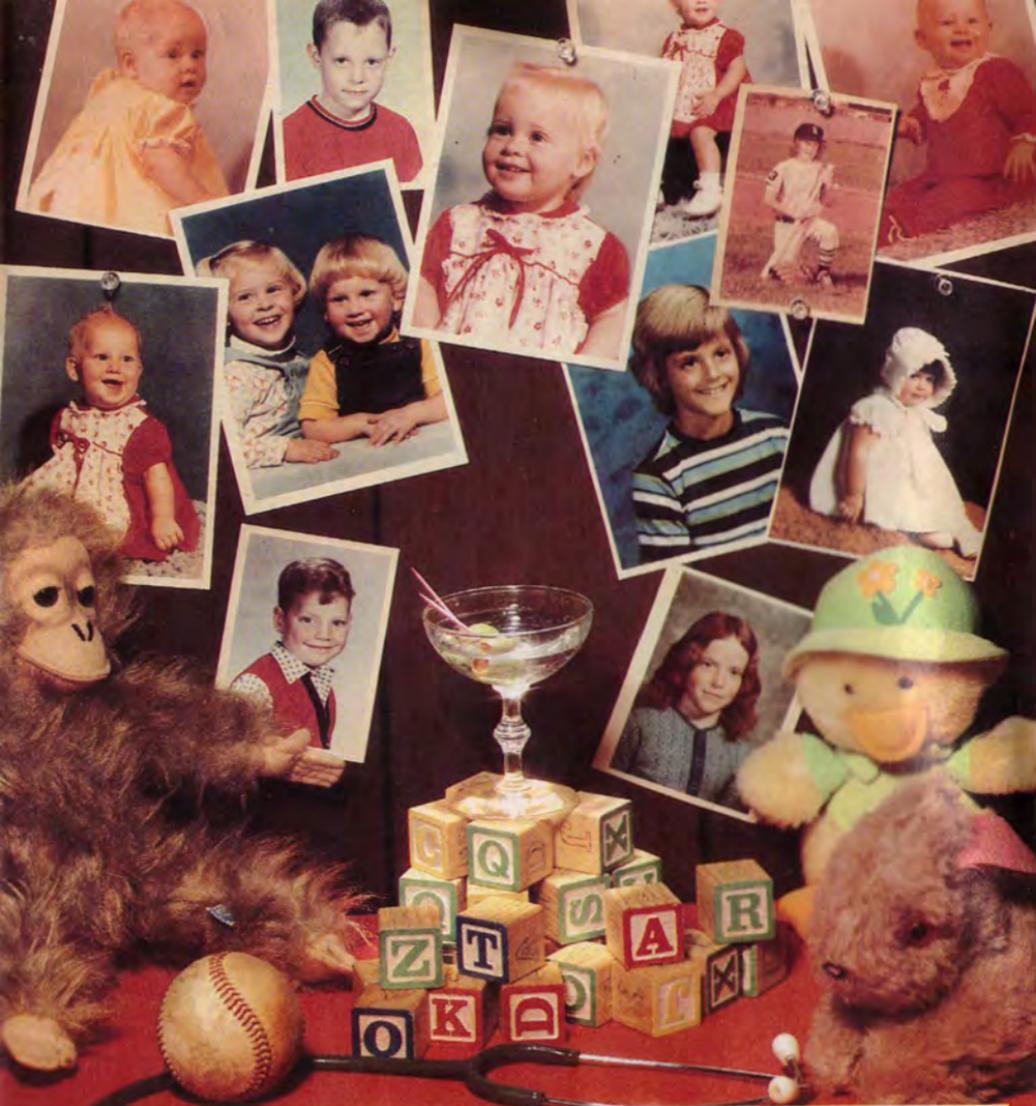
FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

11-81

VOICE

MIRACLES
MEDICINE &





Dr. Stephen P. Gyland, pediatrician and father of six children, shares his personal prescription for a happy, healthy family life.

Prescription for Life

Dr. Gyland, I want to talk to you ... about you."

I felt a cold knot in my stomach. "She's found out about my alcohol problem," I thought. People don't mind if their mechanic or their plumber is an alcoholic, but if they find out their pediatrician—the man who's supposed to keep their children healthy—is a drunk, watch out!

How had this lady gotten in, anyway? Normally I'd have been up to my stethoscope in patients and my receptionist would have stopped her at the desk.

"I want to tell you about something that can really help you," she said. Then, without waiting for an invitation the intruder sat down, leaned forward in her chair and began to tell me that Jesus is still performing miracles just as He did 2,000 years ago. She went on to share with me about His love for mankind and what He had done in her own life. All the while I was thinking, "Wait a minute. I'm the doctor here. I'll do the counseling!"

Before leaving she gave me some books, including one by an Episcopal priest named Dennis Bennett, *Nine O'Clock in the Morning*. Much later I discovered that this patient had been walking past my office when the Holy Spirit spoke to her heart and said, "Go tell Dr. Gyland about Jesus." She protested that I was almost impossible to see, even with an appointment. But God had already set things up in His appointment book, so it didn't make

any difference what mine said.

I wondered how in the world that woman had seen past my air of professionalism and success. After all, I had a thriving pediatrics practice in the city, was chairman of the Mayor's Health Advisory Board of Jacksonville, and secretary of the Florida Pediatrics Society. We had a large home on the river, a 41-foot trimaran tied up at our own dock—all the things people equate with happiness.

To others our life must have appeared to be the fulfillment of the American dream. But the reality was a nightmare. Three of our six kids were doing drugs, one of them a hopeless heroin addict who peddled dope, stole, and forged prescriptions to support his habit. I had become a full-fledged alcoholic. My wife of 25 years, Rose, a brilliant teacher, was ready to divorce me. The house of Gyland, built on success, prestige, and material possessions, was tumbling down.

Our family attended church as a matter of form. I believed in Jesus, His death, His resurrection, even His virgin birth. When my wife and I had been dating in college, we even said a little prayer after each evening out. But although we had a *head* belief, our life was based on the idea that Jesus lived 2,000 years ago, and maybe in another 2,000 He would be back, but in the meantime it was every man for himself.

The kind of Christianity my patient

had been talking about was foreign to me. Not long after our encounter I succumbed to an invitation to attend a Christmas party at her house, I grumbled to my wife that there probably wouldn't be any booze at this party, and wasn't that a dull way to celebrate Christmas. I stocked up with five or six stiff ones before we left, though, to ward off the shock.

When we arrived I thought everyone must have already been drinking because they were all so happy. But there wasn't a bottle in sight. I discovered a lot of people at the party called themselves "charismatic Episcopalians," whatever that was. It didn't make much sense to me, but it evidently made an impression on my wife, because when things finally came to a head between us you can guess where she turned.

The crisis came the night Rose wrecked the car. She wasn't hurt, but was pretty shook up—especially when our son laughed at her mishap. She wanted me to punish him for laughing, but I had just enough liquor in me that I thought it was funny, too.

"That does it!" she cried. "Tomorrow I see an attorney." I tried to calm her down, even asked her to pray with me. She said she couldn't pray with me anymore and stormed off to bed after taking a handful of tranquilizers.

**They were all so
happy I thought
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In the morning she was scheduled to have her picture taken for a PTA publication. Instead, she headed for the Episcopal church. She didn't know they were having a Wednesday morning service, didn't even know why she was going there. But when she walked into that meeting she felt a love, a joy, and a peace she'd never known before. People were standing up to testify to what God had done in their lives. Rose thought, "Huh! I've been busy working for the church and

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helping the youth program, and God hasn't done anything for *me!*"

But as the meeting went on she was supernaturally drawn to Jesus. When they stood to sing "Just As I Am" she thought, "Just as I am—one heck of a mess!" And she went weeping to the altar to begin a new life in Jesus.

Spirit-filled people prayed with her. One lady held out her hands and said, "Here, put all your burdens right here." My wife put her alcoholic husband and her six kids and all her problems right there, and left the church with a peace she couldn't describe.

I didn't know it then, but at that same instant my alcoholism left me. When Rose got home she found the

flowers I'd sent her. She called me and asked what I thought we should do. I suggested we take the weekend off, go somewhere, and get to know one another again. She suggested, "There's a man named David du Plessis speaking this weekend on family life. Will you go with me to that?" I said I would, and that was what ruined our divorce.

By the third day of "Mr. Pentecost's" teaching about biblical family relationships, and how the baptism in the Holy Spirit is what empowers and energizes Christian living, Rose and I were together on our knees repenting and praying together. Some folks from the local Full Gospel Business Men's chapter laid hands on us and we were both wondrously filled with the Holy Ghost and began speaking in a heavenly language.

From that moment we were given a supernatural faith to trust God to work in our children's lives. With the simple prayer, "Jesus, You have just inherited a problem—six kids," we relinquished our parental "duty" to worry ourselves sick.

Within a few months the three oldest had been born again and baptized in the Holy Spirit. A fourth, our daughter who was slowly going astray, sat down with us for a Billy Graham TV special one night and by the end of the program she'd made Jesus Lord of her life. Shortly afterward, our other two kids accepted Jesus and were filled with the Holy Spirit.

I can't begin to chronicle all the

miracles God has performed in our lives. I began praying with patients immediately after our baptism in the Holy Ghost. The first day, I admitted the two-year-old daughter of a prominent surgeon into the hospital with severe spinal meningitis. Rose and I prayed for that baby and a few days later she went home, miraculously healed by the power of God.

One lady who had been told she'd be dead in two weeks came to one of our home meetings. She and her husband were both born again that night. That woman, still living today, is a glorious testimony to Christ's healing power.

I have seen people freed of demons

of homosexuality, alcoholism, false religion, and much more. I have seen a man, who had one leg which was considerably shorter than the other, come forward for prayer. And as I watched, God lengthened that right leg before my eyes. Today that former atheist is shouting about Jesus wherever he goes.

Once I thought I was a big shot because I had wealth and position. Today I'm just a delivery boy. God prepares the salvation message, healing, deliverance, and the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I just deliver it wherever He says.

It's the best job anyone could ask for. □

Correspondence Quotes

"While in the Santa Rita jail, I met Jesus. I know that I'll never be lonely again. Now I pray often and read my Bible, along with *Voice* magazine. It has touched me. I pray that others will be touched throughout the world."
—P.S., Fremont, CA

"As always, *Voice* remains a really first-rate Christian publication. It's meant so much to those of us witnessing at the Johnson Space Center."

—J.W., Seabrook, TX

"I was a very weak Christian, but the Lord blessed me through *Voice* magazine and changed my life completely. *Voice* is a spiritual magazine. I gave copies to others and they said their life is changed completely."

Pastor J.K.N., Kenya, East Africa

"I gave many *Voice* copies to people in town . . . teachers and students alike. I just love reading those testimonies of conversion and am thankful that it is written in easy-to-understand English, unlike many publications that are heavy in theological language. Didn't our Lord Himself speak in simple terms so that even children heard Him gladly?"

—Brother Paul, Sumatra, Indonesia

"I shared a message from *Voice* magazine with young men and four of them received Christ as Lord. In church I shared the vision of FGBMFI to reach the world with the Gospel. Many were blessed. After prayer, the Lord healed two sick people."

—J.W., Kenya, South Africa



SHOW ME!

Dr. Gil Maulsby
Tulsa, OK

Although I have worked in some of the finest hospital facilities in the world, I had to go to a tiny hospital in Indonesia to see one of the most fantastic and effective medical methods ever devised: the blending of prayer with surgical skill.

Of course, I had often seen ministers pray with patients before surgery. But what a glorious thing it was to watch surgeons, nurses, and the anesthesiologist gather around a bedside and pray with the patient, asking for the guidance of the Holy Spirit all

during the operation, binding hindering spirits in the name of Jesus.

As I witnessed this act of faith and love for the first time, I couldn't help but recall that not long ago I had lost all interest in seeing sick people recover. I was a radiologist serving in the U.S. Air Force, a lieutenant colonel with 10 years of active duty. Our family had all the worldly goods we could ever want. But "everything" was not enough.

I had completely lost interest in my work. I hated my patients, hated

taking care of them, hated listening to their problems, hated their sicknesses.

My wife and I were on the verge of divorce after 13 years of marriage, and our children were in total rebellion against us. I had to admit I had no real love for my children. I loved only myself and wanted to do everything to feed my own ego and selfish desires.

Then one day a young man named Chris came into my office and began telling me about Jesus.

"I'm already a Christian," I replied testily. "I go to church two or three times a month whether I feel like it or not, and if that isn't being a Christian I don't know what is."



Dr. Gil Maulsby, radiologist

The truth was that I had thrown God out of my life when I was just a youngster. I remember the exact day. I was sitting in church listening to the preacher tell us all the things we were supposed and not supposed to do and thought to myself, "Why, none of these people are living like that—and neither can I. I can't carry that kind of burden all my life. I'll just do without it." I walked out of church and didn't return.

In college I joined a fraternity and started drinking heavily. To me an active, exciting social life was of singular importance. In medical school I embraced the teaching I received on evolution—that it, and not God, created man. This rationale enabled me to exclude Him from my life without a qualm.

Ten years, one marriage and four children later, my rejection of God was bearing its bitter fruit. At 36 years of age I was nothing I had dreamed as a young boy of being and detested everything I had become.

Now here was this boy Chris, telling me how happy Jesus had made him.

"That's fine for you, Chris; however, I've got work to do," I finally said bluntly. But he was persistent. He kept coming back again and again. I fended him off every way I knew how. Eventually I threatened to throw him bodily out of my office. But before he left he gave me a handful of tracts and said, "I'll be praying for you and your family."

About this time one of my daughters got in serious trouble. This crisis brought me face to face with the fact that I had no kind of moral code or spiritual strength to impart to my children. How could I tell them a thing was right or wrong when I had nothing on which to base "rightness" or "wrongness"? Sin was not part of my vocabulary.

Those gospel tracts Chris gave me sat on my desk for many days and

several times I nearly threw them out. But I had promised to read them, and what was left of my conscience insisted that I stick to my word. One day I finally opened those little leaflets and began to read. They made some astounding claims about Jesus, and what a personal relationship with Him could do in a person's life. I didn't know if He could really do all that, but I knew something supernatural had to happen to pull me out of my self-made pit. Kneeling beside my bed, I prayed a simple prayer found in one of the tracts.

Things began to change, gradually at first, then more rapidly. A new peace entered my soul and in the following months our marriage and social life changed completely. My wife accepted Jesus about this same time and God began to do phenomenal things in our lives.

One day, can of beer in hand, a wave of conviction swept over me. I told my wife, "Every time I take a beer I feel so bad I want to cry. Something must be wrong." She said, "Good, let's quit." I surprised myself by saying, "Okay." Before, I couldn't imagine going very long without alcohol. But God completely pushed the need right out of my life, and replaced it with Himself. He did the same in the area of smoking and other habits.

I also found that now I had a basis for guiding our kids. As they saw the change in our lives, and as I drew upon God's Word to offer them the moral and spiritual code they needed,

they too began to change. Now they all know Jesus as their own personal Saviour.

God also moved on my heart to make financial restitution for wrongs I had done as a young man. I wrote to many people asking forgiveness and offering to repay what I had cheated them of.

My wife and I both received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at a FGBMFI meeting in Miami and God's work in our life seemed to accelerate after that. The Lord moved me out of the Air Force and into a new area of medicine at Mt. Sinai Medical Center, Miami Beach. Soon afterward He called me to join the faculty of University of South Alabama Medical School. It was also during this time that I visited that remarkable hospital in Indonesia. All of it was preparing me for my present ministry.

In the fall of 1980 I received a call from Oral Roberts University to join the staff of the new City of Faith hospital as first radiologist. There the power of prayer and medicine will merge just as I witnessed it in Indonesia. I believe this great center will be an instrument God uses to bring faith and healing to our generation, just as Jesus brought healing to my life, marriage, family, and career.

At one time I thought I had everything. But without God it amounted to less than nothing. Today I can truthfully say that Jesus is my everything, and life has meaning for me once again—because of Him. □

Change of Heart



I was on the treadmill fewer than four minutes when the doctor jerked me off. "Hey," he exclaimed, "I don't want you to have a heart attack right here!" He put me back on his examination table and told me I needed open-heart surgery.

He was the second doctor to tell me that. Still, I could not accept his opinion. I was stubbornly determined to find a better way to health than by radical surgery.

The first indication of heart problems was July 4, 1980. I was humming away, working on a stud pen for a stallion of mine, when I suddenly doubled over in pain. I kept on working, trying to ignore the pain as it let up, then intensified.

Finally hospitalized July 13, I was told I had heart trouble. "You're crazy," I told the doctors—and left the place. But a week later I was re-admitted, hurting desperately and scarcely able



My parents were poor German farmers in the San Antonio, Texas area where I was born in 1934. In the Lutheran church I attended every Sunday we spoke of *Der Liebe Herrgott* ("The Sweet Lord God"), and even though I did not know Him personally I believed in His working in our lives. I gave Him the credit for my success as a businessman, as I had never even graduated from high school.

to work. Tests indicated three plugged arteries and open-heart surgery was recommended.

During the hospital stay my aunt Vera Hilbert came to anoint and pray for me. I was so touched as she prayed that I began weeping. As I read a book she'd left me, *The Happiest People on Earth* by Demos Shakarian, faith began to build within me to

(Please turn to page 30)

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The Three-fold Purpose of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

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

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

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

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

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Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to:

Chapter Department
FGBMFI
P.O. Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

...from Death's Shadows

Glenn O. Randall, Raleigh, NC



Sitting in my living room trying to read the evening paper, I found difficulty concentrating. My nose was sore; the doctor had removed a polyp from the septum earlier that week.

Suddenly I heard a knock at the front door. My wife answered. There stood our family physician, a worried look on his brow. She invited him in.

"I have some bad news, Glenn," he announced. He asked my wife to sit down. "The biopsy shows you have a malignancy in your nose. I've made an appointment for you with an ear, nose and throat specialist at the university hospital tomorrow morning."

I suppose I should have felt agitated but a perfect calm came over me. This Scripture came to mind: "Let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall guard your hearts and your thoughts in Christ Jesus" (Philippians 4:6,7).

As my doctor spoke we heard another knock at the door. This time it was my minister and a church elder whom our doctor (a fellow Christian) had summoned. Responding in faith to the tears she saw in their eyes as they prayed for me, my wife spoke up. "This is *not* a hopeless case, gentlemen. The Lord can heal Glenn."

Later that evening five men from Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship came to anoint me with oil and pray for my healing. And as they prayed I felt the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ in a mighty way.

During the 30-mile drive to the hospital my wife and I praised the Lord joyously, certain of my healing. When we met the specialist I explained, "I'm one of those peculiar people who believe in divine healing. I'd like another examination to see if the malignancy is gone."

He graciously consented. But when the results of the tests indicated we should proceed with a biopsy I accepted this as God's will. All the while



I enjoyed the same perfect peace I had experienced at the beginning of my ordeal.

After evaluating the biopsy my surgeon warned, "It is rare for an adenocarcinoma to occur in this location. Much of your septum must be removed; your face will be somewhat disfigured."

An incision would be made the full

length of my nose so it could be laid to one side, exposing the inner surfaces and cancerous tissue. Bone tissue would be crushed in the process.

Yet, when the bandages were finally removed there was practically no evidence of the incision. Jokingly I complained to the surgeon, "My one criticism of your work is that you did not reduce the *size* of my nose." It

was precisely the same shape as before the surgery. My God-given peace of mind during this hospital stay was a witness to all involved with the surgery and I rejoiced in the Lord.

For the next four and a half years I busied myself in the work of FGBMFI, returning for periodic routine check-ups. Each time the reports were wonderfully negative—until another tumor was discovered in the same area. I was stunned.

During subsequent surgery a third malignant tumor was discovered on the ethmoid sinus near the corner of my left eye. This one was inoperable. My surgeon ordered 28 cobalt treatments, five each for several weeks. Even with these measures he felt my chances for complete recovery were remote. He confided to my wife, "If healing does not take place, he'll have a year or less to live."

I felt nauseated and weak and my resistance to infection was lowered from the radiation which followed. Shortly, I developed both a streptococcus and a staphylococcus infection in the sinus area. My face became fiery red and swelled grotesquely; I was in excruciating pain.

There were several strains of the infecting organisms and the correct antibiotic had to be selected for each specific strain. Identification of the strain required sensitive laboratory tests taking two or three days, time we didn't have because of the gravity of my condition.

My wife prayed, "Lord Jesus, I ask

You to direct the doctor without delay to the antibiotics that need to be used."

There are times when one is especially glad to have a physician who knows how to pray, and this was one of those times. Later we exulted when he told us, "After prayer the Lord led me to the specific ones for the strains of strep and staph you had!" He too felt that the chances against this happening by mere coincidence were far too great. After 18 hours in the valley of the shadow of death I was restored.

That was seven years ago. According to the latest medical report based on careful examinations by radiologist, surgeon, and ear, nose and throat specialist, I am completely well, healed of all malignancy and other infection.

For a time I had monthly examinations. After the last one my surgeon said, "I'm dismissing your case. Yours is little less than a miraculous healing."

My healing was not instantaneous. It came as I stood on the Word of God and my knowledge of His faithfulness. In His perfect timing He completed the work He had promised the very first evening I learned of my malignancy. My faith in Him is stronger, deeper than ever before: "Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever! For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth" (Job 19:23-25). □

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Time was running out

Raymond L. Millsaps, Milner, GA

Mr. Millsaps, you have adenocarcinoma of the stomach, and this kind is almost always fatal." The doctor hesitated before continuing. "With treatment you can expect to live five, maybe seven years." He looked at me sympathetically. "The disease will progress until you'll gradually become unable to eat. The tumor will continue to ooze blood until eventual-

ly you'll either starve or hemorrhage to death, whichever comes first."

My heart froze at his words. For a minute I was unable to speak. I cleared my throat. "I appreciate your honesty, doctor, but it's hard for me to fathom all you've told me."

That day in March, 1976 I thought my world had come to an end. I had done my share of running from God,

but He has His way of getting our attention, anyway.

I started running 20 years before when I left home in 1956 to join the Air Force. At that time I decided to leave church out of my life, and in all the years after that I had not prayed.

In 1975 I had begun to lose my appetite and was always tired, but I thought it was due to overwork.

The following March came and even though I could barely get around I was still driving myself with my flying jobs and the building of our new home. I was still taking iron pills and shots the doctor had prescribed on my last visit to him, but they didn't seem to be doing any good. I would complete my scheduled flight, come home and sleep for 20 hours, then hammer and nail for the other four.

Finally my wife Linda, who is a wonderful Christian, could stand it no longer and insisted I find out what caused the anemia that made it almost impossible for me to function. A blood check showed my hemoglobin level to be near seven. On the recommendation of my doctor I entered Emory University in Atlanta, where I underwent extensive testing to determine the problem.

Although I'd told the doctor to be totally honest with me, what he was telling me now wasn't what I had expected to hear. I returned to my room in a numbed state of terror. *Cancer happens to other people—not to me.* My thoughts wouldn't quit tumbling. *Why me?*

Later when Linda came we held

each other and cried for a few minutes before she stepped back and looked at me closely.

"You know, the only hope we have now is the Lord. Why don't we pray?"

In a tired voice I answered, "I don't think I know how to pray anymore. I haven't done it in 20 years."

Linda continued to urge me. "The Bible says that whenever two or more pray and ask God for something it *will* be done." She held my hand tighter. "If you really feel you can't pray, will you agree with me on anything I ask?"

Like a drowning man I held onto her hand and agreed.

She prayed a very simple prayer. "Heavenly Father, I ask You right now, in Jesus' name, to come into Raymond's heart and save him. I also ask that You will heal him completely of this cancer."

All of a sudden my frozen heart melted and I was able to pray. "Jesus," I wept, "come into my heart and make me a new person, inside and out."

After that, even with all that was going on in my body, I experienced a feeling of peace and joy beyond all human explanation.

Intending to perform surgery for removal of the tumor, the doctors found I had not only a tumor inside my stomach but also behind it a larger one that encased my spleen, pancreas, arteries and veins. It hooked onto my backbone, coming through into my stomach to form the tumor originally diagnosed.

Deciding that the cancer was

inoperable, they closed me up; their prognosis: only six months to live.

Ten days later, on April 17, deciding to try to operate anyway and remove at least part of the tumor, they saw it had grown by one-third. My time on earth had suddenly shrunk to a mere six weeks or fewer. Again they decided none of the tumor could be removed, and closed me up again.



Already 20 pounds heavier, Ray Millsaps (at left) just one month after his miraculous healing. Right: Ray as he is today.

By late July I couldn't swallow food anymore and my appetite was completely gone. Our home was in the country, and Linda gathered dewberries and blackberries, boiling them into juice for me to drink, but sometimes even that wouldn't stay down. My weight fell to about 110 pounds. Soon, vomiting constantly, I was so dehydrated the doctor gave Linda permission to give me intravenous feedings and blood transfusions.

Continuing downhill, by September of that year I weighed under 90 pounds.

I was so weak I had to be helplessly carried by my wife from room to room. It was only the knowledge that Jesus was on my side, with His peace and love in my heart, that sustained me.

In those seemingly endless days the faith that I would be healed would grow stronger and then would wane. When we would read in James where we were promised healing, my faith would increase. But I was nothing but a skeleton covered by a sagging skin and when I'd look in the mirror and see my own emaciated, chalk-white image staring back at me, I'd be bombarded with doubts.

On September 1, 1976 the tumor began massive hemorrhaging and I was re-admitted to the hospital.

By the grace of God, I got through that night. Later the doctor came around and talked to Linda.

"Mrs. Millsaps, your husband's had a rough night and I want you to be aware that it will most likely happen again, and at any time. The next time he might not survive."

Linda told me later that she looked him square in the eye and with a faith that came from God she said, "We believe in the healing power of Jesus, doctor. He's going to heal Raymond. You'll see."

She says that he looked at her strangely and answered, "Well, it'll take Jesus himself to cause that to happen."

"We'll just have to get hold of Him, then," she replied firmly.

At those words he walked away,

shaking his head in disbelief.

On the surface nothing seemed to change. But we had made our decision to trust God no matter how it looked, because we knew I was in His hands.

On the evening of September 6 the hemorrhaging began again, but this time it was worse than any time up to that point. Time after time throughout that night I would vomit bright red blood, faster than it could be given into my arms. My blood pressure dropped to 56 over 37 and I was going into shock. Linda worked over me constantly to keep me from drowning in my own blood. Barely alive, I remember asking her to leave the room so I could die in peace.

My faithful wife! Her answer was always a tender, "No, Raymond. I won't do that."

Instead, she lay on a cot at the foot of my bed and prayed, "Lord, You know when each of us has reached our limit, and You said in Your Word that You wouldn't put more on us than we're able to bear. You know I've reached that point, heavenly Father. I can't go on any longer. If You would get more glory out of taking Raymond home tonight, then do it. But if You would get more glory out of leaving him here, then heal him . . . tonight!"

She prayed that prayer at 4:30 the morning of September 7. Thirty minutes later I quit hemorrhaging and settled into a peaceful sleep. My blood pressure began to climb and by midmorning was normal.

All that day I slept, and the next morning I awoke hungry. In fact, I was starved. I asked the doctor if I could have some bacon and eggs. It took some convincing to get him to agree but he did. I ate every bit of it—the first thing I'd eaten in more than 51 days. Later I sent out to McDonald's for a hamburger and ate it all, and when lunch came around I ate everything on my tray—all of this without any ill effects.

Two weeks later, September 21, 1976, I was able to walk out of the hospital. All because Jesus had quietly and unobtrusively walked into my room one night and healed me.

The doctor of oncology at the hospital wanted to use a new diagnostic tool which the hospital had just acquired, to make precise pictures of my body tissue. It wasn't until after Linda and I compared the "before" and "after" pictures that we realized the full meaning of what had happened, because the new pictures showed the cancer *gone*.

Since then I've steadily gained strength and health. You'd never know, to look at me now, that I'd ever had a sick day in my life. Today I fly as captain on an Eastern Airlines Boeing 727, and since my hospital release Linda has become a registered nurse.

I can truthfully say that if it took a "little bit" of cancer in my life to get me to sit up and take notice of Jesus and ask Him into my heart, then it was worth it all. □

I f you had known me during the first 47 years of my life you would have said that Ralph Johnson was a hopeless case. And you could have found plenty of people to agree with you.

Most of that time was spent in penal institutions, and eventually I found myself in a prison hospital for the criminally insane, where I lay a totally broken man. Holes had been drilled in my skull to keep me from going into convulsions after a cerebral hemorrhage, I was heavily drugged for pain, and my heart was badly damaged by a massive heart attack. Everybody including myself had given up on me. Chain-smoking, I waited for the end.

night—one of which destroyed the transmitter building of radio station WLBK—I was arrested. Down the drain went my bright future.

My family stood by, helpless and heartbroken, as I was convicted and sentenced to serve time in Joliet prison with 8,000 hardened criminals. Angry, defiant and unrepentant, my bitterness was nurtured in the fertile soil of prison life.

Released at last, I determined, “I’m going to get even with them all! They’re going to pay for sending me to jail.” On September 7, 1953 I attempted to burn down the whole town of DeKalb, setting fire to nine homes and the city waterworks.

HOPELESS CASE Ralph A. Johnson Minneapolis, MN

Destructiveness had begun to surface in me while I was still a young teenager. Reared in Illinois farm country, I was active in agricultural programs and was selected a State Future Farmer. Ralph Johnson, high school valedictorian, seemed to be a bright lad with everything going for him. But I was leading a double life; there were dark shadows inside me that no one knew about.

At night when everyone was asleep I’d slip out of the house to set fires. And I just couldn’t seem to keep my hands off things that didn’t belong to me.

For a while I got away with it. Then in 1947, after setting three fires in one

Since I was the most likely culprit the police came looking for me and within two days I was on my way back to jail.

Again I did my time, but it taught me nothing. Time and again I would yield to the criminal urges that surged within me to steal, rob, burn—striking out in every way I found. But the law would always catch up with me and I’d be thrown back into prison.

Intermittently I’d make attempts to improve myself. Reality therapy, transactional analysis, TM, self-help programs—I tried them all. But none helped for long and always at the end there was deep disappointment and a black hopelessness.



Finally, lying in that prison hospital bed, I saw that my life was a complete disaster. Psychiatrists had labeled me psychopath, sociopath—a danger to society. Doctors who had diagnosed me as totally disabled now gave me little time to live. I had long since given up on myself.

But there was Someone who hadn't given up.

One night I began to dream (or maybe it was a vision, I'm not sure). I saw my aged mother sitting in her old rocking chair, praying for me. I heard her crying out to God, pleading for Him to save me, and I knew I was hearing every prayer she had ever prayed for me.

I was aware of something breaking loose inside me—some power penetrating deep inside my being. Slowly the feeling grew that I was in the very presence of God. It was as if I could hear Him commanding me, "Give your life to Me now, Ralph."

Staggering out of bed I fell to the floor to lie on my face before God. Hot tears dripped through my fingers as I prayed to Jesus Christ, for I knew it was the Saviour who had come to me.

"Oh, Jesus," I sobbed, "if there is any hope at all for me, come in and take whatever is left of my life. Forgive me! Save me!"

There on the floor of that hospital for the criminally insane, Ralph

Johnson began a new life. I was in prison and Jesus had come to me. But He sent other help as well, for I would have a long climb back.

One of the prison guards was a FGBMFI member. Sgt. Frank Holms recognized that my deepest problems were spiritual rather than physical. "Ralph, the Lord has impressed me to come and pray for you." I was vaguely surprised to see him, because the last time he had entered my cell it had taken several inmates and a strong dose of Chlorozene to restrain me from escaping through the door.

I didn't respond to him—just sat there staring into space. But when Sgt. Holms and a Christian inmate he'd brought with him laid hands on me to pray, I was struck by the power of God with such force that I was thrown back onto my bed. For a few minutes a battle seemed to rage within me—then, as though invisible chains had burst, I was free, free, *free at last*. I became aware for the first time that I was dirty and naked. (I had refused to wear clothing). "Sgt. Holms, I want to take a shower."

Gradually I recovered from both the heart attack and cerebral hemorrhage. In time I was transferred from the hospital to a cell, where I devoured the Bible, reading it day and night, learning of God's great love for all men.

Out in the prison yard I jogged to regain my strength and prayed for a chance to get into a work release program—an unlikely prospect due to my previous record. But they did take a



Counterclockwise from lower left: Joel, 7; Joshua, 1; Jeremiah, 7; Chris, 13; Corrine, 14; Kevin, 12; Mark, 10.

chance on me and because of my success on work release I was soon put on probation. Finally in 1973 I was released completely. The doctor said that my physical recovery was "nothing short of a miracle," and prison officials could hardly believe the change in me.

I was blessed by getting a good job, and, in gratitude for what God had done for me, soon began to work with other prisoners in halfway houses and with members of FGBMFI. I wanted other hopeless men to know that God never gives up and will deliver them as He did me. Even so, I didn't dream that God had ever greater gifts ahead for me, or that He would use a small boy as the channel of His blessings.

In 1978 I volunteered to counsel and usher at an evangelistic crusade in Minneapolis. The first night I noticed a young boy among the hundreds coming forward for salvation. There was something about this little fellow as I counseled him that stirred

a nameless emotion in me. That night before going to bed I put a little fish-shaped pin into my wallet on the chance I would see Chris again.

Sure enough, he was at the rally the very next evening. But when I gave him the pin, to my astonishment he began to cry. I was dumbfounded. What had I done?

Fortunately, his mother was close by and explained, "Chris hasn't a father. You've touched his heart." I was greatly moved by this little boy's response and wanted to do more for him. I certainly understood loneliness, so I invited him to a picnic my company was having that weekend. Because of transportation problems I invited his mother as well.

Now, I had been a bachelor for 52 years and expected to remain one the rest of my life, and this lovely young woman had five other children, including twins. But a sweetness I had never known blossomed between this Spirit-filled Christian woman and me, and as time went on I found myself falling in love—not only with Kathy, but with her whole family. There was a sweet daugh-

ter Corrine, and sons Chris, Kevin, Mark and twins Joel and Jeremiah.

When we finally acknowledged what had happened to us, Kathy and I sought pastoral counseling and on December 16, 1978 we were married—all seven of us. Who but a great, marvelous God could have put together such a wonderful event?

The next year Kathy and I added our seventh child to the family—Joshua James. I formally adopted all the children and now we have purchased a new home for our big family. The most wonderful thing of all is that my mother, whose prayers had been responsible for the new Ralph Johnson, recently celebrated her eighty-seventh birthday. God has blessed her by letting her see her prayers for her son come to pass in ways beyond her fondest hopes and dreams.

As I go back now into prisons, a living proof of God's power, His endless patience and mercy, I can joyously proclaim, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new" (II Corinthians 5:17). □

The bridegroom and his friends, whose former activities ranged from burglary, armed robbery and passing bad checks to murder: (from left) Ron Zimbrick, Sunday school teacher; Mike Vass, Bible school student; Dick "Rags" Raygor, minister of music; Bill Barker, witness for Jesus; author Ralph Johnson; Ted Jefferson, in prison ministry.



One in a Million



Chocolate chip cookies and a *Voice* magazine played an important role in bringing Braniff airline pilot Charles Carney to Christ. He explains:

"While I was in the reserves in the summer of '79 at Memphis, Tennessee, Vickie and Greg Smith persistently but unsuccessfully tried to get me to church or to a meeting at their house. One day as I passed their house Vickie called out, 'I've got some chocolate chip cookies for you.' I took the plate of cookies (my favorites) to the squadron and started eating them. On the paper plate I noticed some color and pulled out from under the cookies a *Voice* magazine. I determined, 'I'm not going to read this!' But I was alone with nothing else to do.

"I was thunderstruck as I read. I had never met men like those I was reading about in these testimonies. I concluded that either this was the biggest public relations job in the world—and phony—or it was for real. And if it was for real I couldn't afford to take a chance. I wanted what these men had.

"The emptiness within persisted for months, but that magazine tweaked my string again and again to tell me that Jesus could fill that emptiness."

Charles Carney did have a personal experience with Jesus Christ, subsequently receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit. For the last year and a half this 747 pilot has been going full-throttle for Jesus, giving his testimony at more than a dozen FGBMFI meetings with attendance reaching up to 1,000. In addition he witnesses in his home, on the job, and wherever



there is opportunity. At one FGBMFI meeting 30 airline personnel were present at his invitation to hear the Gospel. All this because of a caring Christian, chocolate chip cookies, and one *Voice* magazine!

Charles Carney's story is only one of many. Thousands have testified at chapter meetings and conventions that God has touched their lives significantly through *Voice* magazine and Jesus Christ has met their need.

A man from one of Costa Rica's richest families, educated in the states, became hopelessly addicted to alcohol and a disgrace to his family. Suicide seemed the only door leading out of his despair. He picked up a copy of *Voice* and grasped at a thread. "If God helped those men in that magazine, perhaps . . ." Hope was sparked and God took over. Now others are being helped by the radiant testimony of this successful Spirit-filled man.

Dr. W.E. Fowler, a physician in Jacksonville, Florida, traces to a copy of *Voice* his transformation from a complacent religious person to a man on fire for Jesus.

When a Presbyterian church custodian gave a copy of *Voice* to Mrs. Jerry Lausmann, he could not have imagined what a dynamic impact it would have on her husband. Nor could he possibly have known that, years later, Jerry would express his love for Jesus by contributing all of the plywood needed to construct the new Laymen's World Headquarters at Costa Mesa.

As these stories surface, and others

like them, God impresses on men and women the importance of *Voice* as a witnessing tool.

Chuck Sutton, house-mover of St. Joseph, Missouri, fasted and prayed in the Ozarks for a week to hear from God. In obedience to the Spirit's prompting he arranged a *Voice* rally at St. Joseph on August 1, with astronaut Charles Duke as banquet speaker. God moved mightily. Personal ministry continued for almost two hours, with many accepting Christ and receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit. In addition, *Voice* dispensers were placed in seven locations in that city, a thousand more copies to be distributed monthly.

As an outgrowth of that rally others will be held in St. Louis and Kansas City

Ralph Marinacci, an international director, has caught the vision and is leading FGBMFI members in Panama City, Florida in placing *Voice* in hotels and gaming rooms on the beach to touch the lives of tourists.

The vision was caught at the World Convention as individuals responded to the challenge by ordering a total of 10,000 new copies of *Voice* toward the goal of a million copies giving testimonies of Jesus each month.

Thousands of letters through the years offer indisputable evidence that God honors testimonies in *Voice*, and witnessing opportunities the magazine presents are almost limitless. Any Christian who goes outside the home meets at least 50 persons each month who are headed for a Christless eternity—relatives, neighbors, supermarket



Left to right: Pete Magness; Bill Simora; Field Representative Brown Spiva; Palmetto Motel owner Howard Cox; International Director Ralph Marinacci; Field Representatives Dorman Barron and Buford Nowell.

employees, filling-station attendants, professional and business people. Those who travel can give *Voice* to taxi drivers, to flight attendants, leave them in the pockets of airplane seats, in airports, restaurants, and rest-rooms, and tuck them in the entertainment section of the yellow pages in motel rooms.

Business and professional persons can join the growing list of lawyers, doctors, architects, auto dealers, restaurateurs and others who maintain a *Voice* receptacle in a prominent place.

How many thousands of Charles Carneys and Jerry Lausmanns are there out there whose eternal destiny will be changed by Christ from hell to heaven because someone cared enough to put a *Voice* magazine in their hands?

The need is enormous. The hour is critical. Let your heart beat with the heartbeat of Jesus:

And what pity He felt for the crowds that came, because their problems were so great and they didn't know what to do or where to go for help. They were like sheep without a shepherd.

"The harvest is so great, and the workers are so few," He told His disciples.

So pray to the one in charge of the harvesting, and ask Him to recruit more workers for His harvest fields (Matthew 9:36-38, LNT).

Seven thousand believers with a burden for lost souls can be the answer to that prayer. By each person placing a standing order for 50 copies each month, one million *Voice* will be seeds planted in the world's great harvest field. Complete the order form below and be a recruit for Jesus.

Yes, I want to be part of the last great harvest by ordering the quantity of *Voice* indicated.

- 50 copies of *Voice* monthly, \$7.50
- 100 copies of *Voice* monthly, \$15.00
- 200 copies of *Voice* monthly, \$30.00

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*Prices stated are for *Voice* published in United States and mailed to an American address.*

FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626

WESTERN REGION CONVENTIONS

4TH WEST AFRICAN

November 4—7, 1981

Metropolitan Hotel (A.M. sessions); African Club (P.M.)
Write: West African Office
P.M.B. 1405, Benin City
Nigeria, W. Africa

LAKE OF THE OZARKS REGIONAL

November 18—21, 1981

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

ALASKA THANKSGIVING RALLY

November 27—28, 1981

Captain Cook, Anchorage
Write: Dr. Richard Day
3606 Rhone Circle
Anchorage, AK 99504

4TH FRENCH NATIONAL

November 5—7, 1981

Paris
Write: Mr. Marcel Banoun
2 Rue du Bel-Air
92190 Meudon, France

CHAMPAIGN-URBANA MINI-RALLY

November 6—7, 1981

Ramada Inn, Champaign
Write: Mr. Eugene Ziegler
1724 Henry Street #1
Champaign, IL 61820

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA COUPLES ADVANCE

November 19—21, 1981

Holiday Inn
Write: Mr. Merle Current
R.R. #4, Box 264-E
Great Falls, MT 59404

ALASKA REGIONAL

December 3—5, 1981

Captain Cook, Anchorage
Write: Mr. Guy Whitney
P.O. Box 60489
Fairbanks, AK 99706

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS MIDWEST

November 12—14, 1981

Americana Congress Hotel
Write: FGBMFI, 564 West Fulton
Chicago, IL 60606

INLAND EMPIRE

SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

November 13—15, 1981

Pinelov Camp, Deer Lake
Write: Mr. L.L. Fletcher
P.O. Box 13468
Spokane, WA 99213

CANADA NATIONAL

November 25—28, 1981

Calgary Convention Centre
Write: FGBMFI-Canada
6700 Finch Ave. W., Suite 900
Rexdale, Ont., Canada M9W 5P5

GERMAN REGIONAL

December 5, 1981

Braunschweig
Write: Mr. Eberhard Muhlan
Leipzigerstr. 233
3300 Braunschweig/Stockheim
Germany

PACIFIC NORTHWEST REGIONAL

November 26—28, 1981

Sea-Tac Red Lion
Write: FGBMFI
P.O. Box 5040
Kent, WA 98031

PHOENIX, ARIZONA REGIONAL

Dec. 31—Jan. 3, 1982

Hyatt Regency
Write: Mr. William Pyatt
8611 N. Black Canyon Hwy.
Ste. 118, Phoenix, AZ 85021

For a complete listing of conventions, rallies, and advances,
write to Conventions, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: If you are experiencing difficulty in receiving *Voice*, please contact us immediately. If you are receiving more than one copy each month at the same address, or if there is variance in the way your name appears, please return undesired label. IF YOU ARE PLANNING TO MOVE, send label with your new address to: FGBMFI P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

GREECE: Athens, Greece Chapter, Spyros Ph. Fatitsas 4136831/2/3. **ENGLAND:** Sandiway Northwich Chapter, John Elphinston (no phone). **NEW ZEALAND:** Porirua Chapter, W.T. Medcaif (no phone). **SOUTH AFRICA:** Capetown Chapter; Durban North Chapter; Maidstone Chapter; Switshole Chapter. **UNITED STATES:** California: River City Chapter, Del Stuck (916) 687-6160; Southcoast Chapter, Charles Lookabill (714) 496-3377. **COLORADO:** Denver-Downtown Chapter, Don McAnally (303) 773-6584; Pikes Peak Chapter, Jack Manning (303) 593-8848. **CONNECTICUT:** Enfield Chapter, Eugene Kadela (203) 749-6980. **FLORIDA:** Sun City Chapter, Gene Riley (813) 634-9680; Tampa Military Chapter, Dennis Gillem (813) 685-0772. **IDAHO:** Orofino Chapter, Lloyd Weller (208) 476-5296. **MISSOURI:** Moberly Chapter, Jimmy Haldeman (816) 263-8367. **MONTANA:** Big Horn County Chapter, Leonard Leavell (406) 665-3554. **NEW JERSEY:** Brick Chapter, John Feeney (no phone). **NEW MEXICO:** Westside Chapter, Edwin Mue (505) 898-8117. **NEW YORK:** Cheektowaga Chapter, John Ferguson (716) 876-3058. **NORTH CAROLINA:** Hillsborough Chapter, Everett Kennedy (919) 732-3418. **OHIO:** Napoleon Chapter, Harley Houseman (419) 599-2721. **PENNSYLVANIA:** Allentown West Chapter, Charles Deutsch (215) 797-8991. **SOUTH DAKOTA:** Minnehaha County Chapter, Richard Mesch (605) 528-3998. **VERMONT:** St. Johnsbury Chapter, Terry Kennedy (802) 626-9625. **VIRGINIA:** Chesapeake Chapter, William Mann (804) 543-9680.

CHANGE (continued from page 11)

believe for my physical healing.

After my hospital release a relative took me to several Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meetings. There I met the Lord Jesus as Saviour and also received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

My attitudes began to change almost immediately. Prejudices dissolved. I was able to relinquish—then cheerfully give—money for God's work.

I still had chest pains, got a second medical opinion October 10, and heard the same news: open-heart surgery recommended. I decided to get a third opinion.

Meanwhile, feeling the Lord's leading to do so, I flew to Oregon to visit a cousin. There we visited a church and heard a message on physical healing.

The message cut right to the core, particularly when the preacher said that unforgiveness in our hearts can keep us from physical healing. There were two men in San Antonio whose throats I could have gladly cut, yet I knew I must go to them and seek forgiveness. This I did with God's help.

By now the pain was so intense I could not even walk a quarter of a mile. October 13 I called Dr. Kenneth Cooper, one of the top heart specialists in the country, expecting to wait several weeks for an appointment, then perhaps with one of his assistants. But they said I could see Dr. Cooper himself October 15.

The night before the appointment I was in my hotel room reading the Bible. All of a sudden I felt overcome

by a peculiar feeling, a warmth, then a sense of peace. I knew within my soul that God had come into that room and had healed my heart.

Tests the next day were extensive and lasted five hours. The last one was the treadmill. After 11½ minutes I finally told Dr. Cooper, "You'd better get me off this thing. I'm beat."

This time results reported that "chest pain with exercise and ischemic-appearing EKG strongly suggest some obstructive coronary artery disease." Although he did not recommend surgery, Dr. Cooper did put me on an exercise program, asking me to return in three months.

I knew beyond a doubt that God had healed me the previous evening. But I was equally positive it was His will for me to follow the doctor's instructions to the letter, which I did, doing all the recommended exercises. When I returned in February, 1981 I walked 18 minutes, 37 seconds on the treadmill. The report: "Stress test now completely normal."

My healing came as a result of obedience; first, to the Holy Spirit's promptings to forgive those against whom I held grudges, and then as I carried through each instruction to build myself up spiritually and physically. Today I am healthy and strong. Heart pains and vengefulness are no longer part of my life. □

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

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision right now:
"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

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

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VOICE

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'WARM UP' TO 1982

CHOOSE BALMY DESERT OR TROPICS
FOR FOUR DAYS OF RENEWAL

Watchnight service in Symphony Hall New Year's Eve (with all speakers participating) highlights the **Phoenix FGBMFI Convention** as you welcome 1982 in at the Hyatt Regency in sunny Phoenix (Wednesday through Sunday, December 30-January 3). Speakers, musicians: T.L. Osborn, Honorable Eve Cohen administrative law judge, Los Angeles), Chuck Camplejohn, Jeoff Benward, Gladys Hodges (children's meetings) and Colonel Henry Godman. Information: Bill Pyatt, Int'l. Director, 4415 W. Watson Lane, Phoenix, AZ 85306.

Further westward, beautiful Hawaii and the Pacific Beach Hotel in Honolulu become the idyllic setting for the **Hawaii Convention** (Wednesday through Saturday, January 6-9). Speakers Demos Shakarian, Frank Foglio, Norvel Hayes, Bob Trench, and Charles and Frances Hunter help you begin 1982 with new focus and new priorities. Reservations and information: John Witwer, Int'l. Director, 765 Amana St., Suite 208, Honolulu, HI 96734.



From: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626

