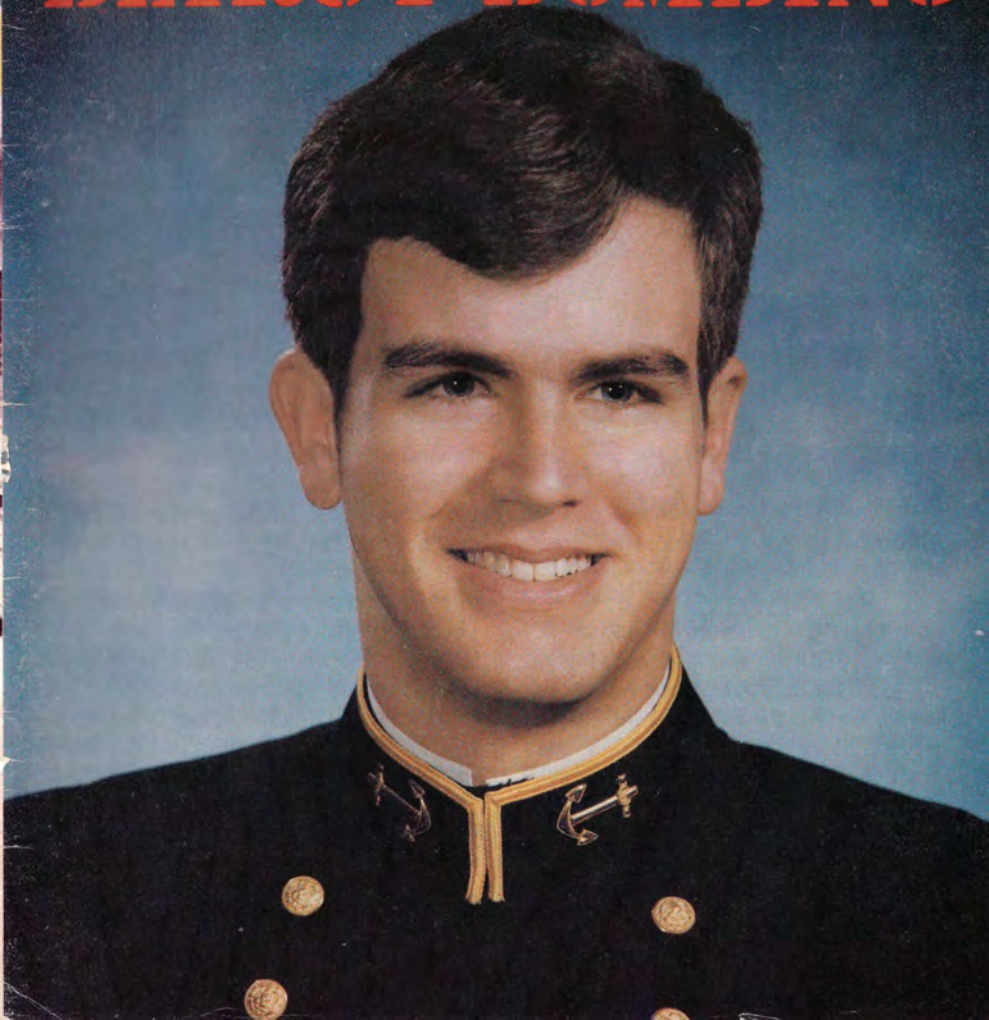


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**FULL GOSPEL  
BUSINESS MEN'S**

**VOICE**

# BEIRUT BOMBING





# BEIRUT BOMBING

*The story behind a United States Marine hero as told by his mother*

**O**n the morning of October 23, 1983 our youngest son, Marine 1st Lt. David Johns Nairn, was asleep on the third floor of the Marine Headquarters building when it was bombed in Beirut, Lebanon.

On that same Sunday morning I felt compelled, about eight o'clock, to turn on the television—something I rarely do before attending church. The first scene

flashed on the screen was a bombed building. Inside, I knew it was David's barracks . . . but God's peace flooded my heart as I prayed, "God, fill my mouth with praises."

He answered that prayer. Immediately I began to reflect over the events in David's life. So many of them in recent years seemed to have placed David's feet on the very path that would position him in Beirut at that time . . . on that day.

I thought of his birth in Winters, California, one of the many places where we had been stationed during the twenty-seven years in which my husband Bud

had served in the Army.

At age two and a half David had developed severe allergies, including asthma. One military doctor had laughed and told us, "You'll never have to worry about David being in the military. His feet are so flat they'd never take him!"

As he grew, David's foot and allergy problems continued, so much so that he wore orthopedic shoes and for a time needed six allergy shots a week.

God had blessed David with two older brothers, Joe and Bill, and all our family knew Jesus as personal Lord and Saviour, David having been saved at age six. In April of 1972 he was eleven years old when Jesus baptized him in His Holy Spirit, along with Bud and me.

Bud and I had both been saved as children, but in the late '60s in Colorado I cried out to God, "If there isn't any more than this to Christianity, I don't know if I want it!" The Lord began to bring people into our lives who were baptized in the Holy Spirit when we moved in 1970 to Virginia.

David and I had both asked for the Baptism seven months earlier. He received in a youth group, I in the middle of the night. Bud was filled with the Holy Spirit and healed of asthma when he saw a vision of Jesus at the foot of his bed. He lost all desire for alcohol and cigarettes as well.

We began praying about the allergy shots David was taking and, since he seemed to be worsening, decided to stop them. Gradually the allergies cleared up.

Next, a friend prayed for David's feet and they too were healed. The orthopedic doctor had just made casts of his feet

in order to make arches for his shoes. When David went to get the arches the day after the prayer, he couldn't wear them. Jesus had healed his feet.

I thought of my husband's last Army assignment in Orlando, Florida. There we had tried to enroll David in the ninth grade. We found he'd taken all the courses, so the junior-high principal decided to promote him to the tenth grade. I remember commenting to Bud, "I wonder why the Lord wants David out of school a year early."

Despite a severe case of mono and having missed five of the last nine weeks of school that first year, David came through with A's and B's. He went on to

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**'If there isn't any more  
than this to Christianity I  
don't know if I want it!'**

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graduate in the top of his class of more than 700 students at Oak Ridge High School and was offered a National Honor Society scholarship to Georgia Tech. After much prayer he turned it down in order to accept an appointment to the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Let me quote from the application our sixteen-year-old had written to the Academy:

"Another thing that attracts me to the military is that it will give me a chance to directly serve my country. As a Christian I feel that God wants everyone to serve his country in one way or another. I trust that He will direct me in the way that I should go."

The appointment seemed a miracle. Although the Academy is concerned with an applicant's grades, it also considers sports and community involvement. Except for swim team in his senior year, David had practically no sports participation, because he had chosen to pursue his music interests. His community involvement was limited to his work in the Chapel Youth Group.

Also standing in his way was his poor showing on the physical aptitude test; he was unable to do the required number of pull-ups. And since he wore glasses, he would have to get a medical waiver. We were told that he would have to be retested.

In spite of all this, before we could schedule another test David received a letter from Annapolis congratulating him and welcoming him to the class of '81.

Just nineteen days after David celebrated his seventeenth birthday, he was sworn into the U.S. Naval Academy. He went on to get his jump wings at Fort Benning, Georgia in the summer of 1978. He graduated from the Academy May 27, 1981 and was commissioned 2nd Lt. U.S.M.C. about three weeks before he became twenty-one.

As I recalled his senior year at Annapolis, I remembered that in January David had unexpectedly been able to attend the Military Prayer Breakfast at a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International convention in Washington, D.C.

Marine Col. Myrl Allinder, a longtime friend of ours, hosted that breakfast. When he saw David in the meeting he called him up for a short testimony.

David told us later that he did not want to speak to that large crowd of several thousand people, but he knew the Lord wanted him to. Friends called us from Washington after the meeting and told us they had felt such an anointing when David testified. It seemed the message was that "God is always faithful even when I'm not, and God can always make a way when there is no way."

My thoughts went on to that beautiful wedding on June 6, 1981 when David married Tammy Minor, a precious Spirit-filled girl from Ocoee, Florida. They had met in a church before he left for the Naval Academy, and for those four years they had waited for each other. The Lord had told Tammy that David was to be her husband.

After their honeymoon, it was on to Quantico, Virginia for six months of Marine officer training, then to Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. For the next two years David was recognized at the Marine Corps Ball as the youngest commissioned officer in the Marine 2nd Division.

From Camp Lejeune in May, 1983 David left for Beirut with about twenty men under his command. David and Tammy spent a weekend in the mountains with Bud and me before he left. There he

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1. David J. Nairn receiving jump wings, Fort Benning, Georgia, 1978.



2. Awarded his diploma, U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, 1981.

3. Promoted to 1st Lt., Beirut, June 1983.

4. David and Tammy at 1981 annual Marine Corps Ball.



shared with us that he was asking the Lord for the salvation and safety of his men.

We were never concerned for his safety. Several times he wrote us that he knew he was right where God wanted

him. We knew that, too. How can there be fear or worry when you know you are in God's will?

On the morning of the bombing we went to church, then back home to watch the news. From the moment I had



*Principal Cecil Spoon speaks to family, friends, students at memorial service, Oak Ridge High School, Orlando, FL, December 1982; evergreen tree is planted in memory of David Naim, a 1977 graduate.*

seen the bombed-out building before we left for church, I knew that it was all right with David. The Lord gave me this Scripture verse: "All the paths of the Lord are mercy and truth unto such as keep his covenant and his testimonies" (Psalms 24:10).

Later that evening while in church I quietly prayed in my heart, "Lord, where is David?"

A still small voice answered, "David is with Me."

From then on I knew that the peace Jesus bought for us on Calvary was real. That peace remained as we faced what was ahead.

We talked with Tammy in North Carolina and learned for the first time that it was indeed David's building that had been hit. On Wednesday we were told that he was listed as missing in action, but not until the following Sunday, a full week after the bombing, did we receive

official notice that he had been identified as one of the dead.

All that week the Lord gave me psalms and Bible passages each morning which comforted me. Sixteen days after the bombing, David's funeral was held at Arlington National Cemetery.

First we attended memorial services at Camp Lejeune and met President and Mrs. Reagan, as well as General Kelly, the Marine Commander. It was obvious that they were truly grieving with the families who had lost loved ones.

There was also a glorious memorial service at David's and Tammy's church in Jacksonville, North Carolina, with many military personnel attending who had served with David. Among them was a Navy chaplain who had been rescued after being buried five hours. He shared with us the witness and strengthening influence which David's life had been.

A corporal told me of reading the little

notes from Tammy on the envelopes of her letters to David, saying, "God loves you." What a blessing!

The funeral at Arlington was in the afternoon November 7. David was buried with military honors. We were overwhelmed by the number of people that came. The chaplain in charge of the service wondered why the many Marine and Army officers attended. Bud told him they were his brothers in Christ and brothers in FGBMFI. (Bud had felt God's call to work in FGBMFI since his years at the Pentagon, and has served as field representative since shortly after retiring in Florida.)

At the funeral I pondered these things in my heart: how David had said he felt the Lord had told him to be the best-trained combat man he could be; how hard David had worked for the last six years; and how it ended before he could use much of his training.

Then I thought of Revelation 19:11-16. It tells of Jesus coming back on a white horse, with His armies on white horses. I believe David will be in that army.

Right away after we returned from the funeral we began to be asked to give a testimony, and every time I share about it, Life bubbles up within me. I asked the Lord why this is. He reminded me of the verse, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony" (Revelation 12:11).

At some time in our lives we wonder who we are, what we are doing here and where we are going. David knew who he was, what his call in life was and where he was going. The reason he knew the answers is because he knew God the

Father and Jesus Christ His Son.

God's hand was upon David's life from the beginning, keeping him moment by moment, building him toward that morning in Beirut. But our God reigns over Beirut and He reigns over death!

God knows the beginning from the end. Looking back, we choose to find no fault with the way that God directed. Jesus says, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" (John 11:25). For us, death is swallowed up in victory. □



*Campbell (Bud) Naim, Jr. (U.S. Army Ret.), David's father, is an automotive instructor at Mid-Florida Tech in Orlando, a member of FGBMFI's Orlando Chapter, and an FGBMFI field representative for Florida. He and his wife, Billie Ann, worship at Calvary Assembly of God Church in Winter Park.*

# Living Memorials

The untimely death of Lieutenant David Nairn, whose story appears on the preceding pages, gave birth to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International memorial program. The desire expressed by those who loved him to perpetuate his memory created an awareness of a need for the Fellowship to provide such an opportunity for others.

Those who believe the full Gospel and who are convinced of the importance of the ministry of the Fellowship will welcome this opportunity to perpetuate the memory of loved ones.

A book of remembrance has been created at the Laymen's World Headquarters in Costa Mesa, California in which to record names of those loved ones who have gone to be with the Lord, and names of those who donate in their memory to Christ's work through the Fellowship.

A beautiful card expressing Christian sympathy and assurance of the Christian's blessed hope is being made available through FGBMFI chapters for use by their members and friends. These cards express loving concern for the family and inform them that a memorial gift is being given to Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

Anyone desiring memorial cards may obtain them either through their local chapter or by writing to the International Office. Those interested in memorializing a loved one through designation of a room at the International Office, furnishings or equipment, or a specific outreach project may write to President Demos Shakarian, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92628.

A memorial gift to FGBMFI will not only extend the influence on earth of those who are now with the Lord; it will bear fruit worldwide.



# CORRESPONDENCE QUOTES

I want to enclose a short note to let you know that your magazine, *Voice*, was what finally led my best friend to Jesus Christ. When I renewed my annual *Voice* membership I also ordered eight gift subscriptions. One of these went to my friend in Dickinson, North Dakota. One morning he experienced such a depression he didn't even want to go to work. While taking a bath he saw by the tub the first copy of this little magazine, which had arrived the day before. He read the first testimony and while still in the tub he accepted Jesus Christ. Praise the Lord!

—Bismarck, ND; name withheld by editor

I am fourteen and I want to thank you for your story about a person who started smuggling drugs—the part where he confessed and asked God for His help. I was in a doughnut shop and saw your magazine at the counter and picked it up to read. I followed your Six Steps to Salvation and I feel great. I know that with discipline and God's help I can improve.

—C.L., Hershey, PA

I am an elderly woman involved in house-to-house visitation. Many English- and Spanish-speaking people study the Bible with me in their homes, and I think *Voice* is just perfect for everyone I visit. The testimonies are just what these people need to read.

—M.R., Unionville, CT

I have been reading *Voice* for two weeks. My doctor has been lending them to me. They have done me worlds of good. I read them in bed before I go to sleep and in the morning when I get up. They really give me a lift and make me want to live again.

—C.B., San Rafael, CA

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## WHERE CAN I FIND FREEDOM ?

John Howard, Vlaardingen, Holland

**I** 964 saw the birth of the hippie movement in West Germany. Many young people who felt neglected at home started traveling throughout the country, sleeping wherever they could find a place and taking casual work here and there when available.

At sixteen, intending to go out into the world and find some "real" freedom, I ran away from the Catholic boarding school in which I had felt imprisoned. I found work as a nightclub singer and became involved with the hippie sub-culture.

This lifestyle, with its drugs, dancing and

strange people, was a radical change and rather dangerous and adventurous. Often I slept on the nightclub premises, along with all kinds of peculiar people who live in such areas. I was often present at parties where heavy drink and drug abuse prevailed. Since we worked most nights, we slept very little and used pep pills to keep us on our feet.

Life had certainly changed from the protected environment of school. I thought it was freedom, but the years were to prove otherwise.

I was born in Cairo, Egypt in 1948. My

father, a salesman, used to take me along on trips to many countries. I never knew my mother. My sister and I were brought up in Catholic boarding schools.

At nine I took my first communion and was really attracted to the Lord. However, because the service was in Latin I didn't understand a thing in the ceremony. I got my first suit with long trousers for the occasion, and the whole thing felt like Christmas.

Over the years my sister and I were sent to schools throughout the Mediterranean area—Lebanon, Libya, Italy. In 1960 we had gone to our last boarding school in West Germany.

In 1968, disillusioned and weary of the nightclub life in cities like Cologne, Essen and Hamburg, and wanting to do some real work, I enrolled in a private school for graphic design and commerce. I had talent in that area, but because I frequently skipped classes, I did not achieve well. At the end of 1968 I stopped going to school, and during the next two years I continued to run around from nightclub to nightclub, with no real life goals.

At the end of 1969, while visiting musician friends in the Netherlands, I began to despair of finding peace and freedom. Though I had known many girls, I had never had any kind of deep, meaningful relationship. If only I could find that perfect "dream," get married, have a family and settle down, I felt then I would be happy.

Perhaps I was trying to compensate for my lack of family life. I wanted to show that I was capable of creating a cozy family unit. In 1970 I met a girl who seemed to fill the bill. We fell in love and were married in Rotterdam. Our first son

was born in 1971. In 1972 we had a daughter.

I was unable to show the necessary kind of love for my wife or our children, and unable to cope with close family relationships. I had not learned the price of responsibility.

After seven years of hard times, our marriage broke up in 1977, a disaster. I had ruined everything. My wife had determined never to see me again. I was left destroyed and completely alone.

At that time I lived in a four-room apartment with no furniture except a table and a mattress. When concerned friends dropped in, they found more of an

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## I was more an animal than a human being

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animal than a human being. My flat was filthy, with empty whiskey and bourbon bottles thrown in the corners. I was drowning in a sea of self-pity, longing for my wife, my children, a little bit of love, anything.

Whenever I was sober, I worked as a Mr. Minute shoemaker. Later in 1978 I got a job as a graphic designer in a publishing company in Dordrecht. In the spring of 1978 a friend of my family, Winny Laats, came to visit. She told me about Jesus. In no mood to listen, I retorted that it was nice talk; however, I didn't see things the same way.

Even though God had dropped a seed of hope into my life, it continued very much as before. I was not ready to climb out of my despair and begin living once again. I started to fill up my loneliness

and bitter feelings with all kinds of surface relationships and sexual excesses during my nightly trips.

Although I had given up, God had not. While playing in a rock-and-roll band at an open-air concert, I met a wonderful girl, Jacqueline, and asked her to come and live with me. This was her chance to leave her parents, where she led a life of tradition and boredom, so she agreed.



*John Howard  
performs  
at rock concert*

Though Jacqueline did not know God in the personal way she does now, she believed in the Bible as His word, and during Christmas time, 1978, she tried to tell me about Jesus.

At first all she got from me were philosophical arguments. Then one night in January of 1979, while visiting her father's home, I saw a book lying on a shelf. It was *The Late Great Planet Earth* by Hal Lindsey. I thought it was science fiction. It sounded interesting. Jacqueline suggested I take it and read a few pages.

Actually, I never took the time to read anything, so just to please her I started to read the book. It took me two weeks to finish it. Through its pages the Spirit of God convinced me of my wretchedness. Who Jesus Christ really is became clear

to me for the first time. A new world was unfolded before my eyes.

By the time I had finished the book I had invited Him into my life and my whole perception had changed. I began going to bookshops, buying as much Christian literature as I could find. I had a seemingly insatiable hunger for things of God.

Not only was Jacqueline a little shocked at first, but she even felt I was becoming a fanatic. The tables had turned. At first she had tried to convince me, and now I was trying to convince her.

She tried to distance herself from me when I wanted to talk about the real meaning of Christianity which I had discovered from the Bible. Conviction was so intense that she even stopped going to church, claiming the whole thing was crazy.

In March of 1979, convicted by the Lord that our common-law marriage was wrong, I married Jacqueline in a church.

In August Winny Laats came to visit us. She was delighted with the change that had taken place in my life.

"How are things going?" she asked.

"Well, I visit the church every Sunday, and I listen to the man dressed in black," I told her. "He says lots of nice things, and sometimes I just want to jump up and shout, 'Amen, brother!'—but I don't get the opportunity."

This restlessness was caused by the fact that the Lord was busy in my heart. My faith longed for action. I had always privately scorned people who went to church wearing nice suits even though their religion seemed to go no further

than that. I was convinced that the Jesus I knew was not the same high, pious, liturgical author of legalism that I had known as a child. I would go to church unshaved and wearing my grubbiest clothes.

A lot of people found my experience of Christianity strange. I did not realize that groups of people existed who believed much as I did until Winny came to visit. She gave me the names of some churches where I might feel more challenged. The following Sunday Jacqueline and I went to one of them.

As we arrived we could hear tambourines and hand-clapping. "They must be celebrating something," I said. We discovered they were celebrating their love for Jesus Christ. The praise was so beautiful that I entered right into it, feeling at home at last.

A week or two later, Jacqueline invited Jesus into her life. Soon we were both baptized in water and in the Holy Spirit.

We started our new life with Jesus in late 1979. We knew that God had brought us together, and that everything in the past had been just of our own making. Now we have found true purpose in life. I have the love, joy, peace and freedom which I had longed for.

When I reflect upon the happy and useful life my family and I enjoy in contrast to the mess I made of my life a dozen or more years ago, I am reminded of a message of mercy which God gave the prophet Jeremiah for the wayward nation of Israel:

"Go down to the shop where the clay pots and jars are made and I will talk to you there." I did as he told me, and found

the potter working at his wheel. But the jar that he was forming did not turn as he wished, so he kneaded it into a lump and started again.

"Then the Lord said: 'O Israel, can't I do to you as this potter has done to his clay? As the clay is in the potter's hand, so are you in my hand'" (Jeremiah 18:2-6, LB).

When I placed my life in God's hands, much like the potter, He took my severely damaged life and made it beautiful. What He has done for me He will do for anyone. □



*For the last six years John Howard has been owner of John Howard Design, a graphic design company in Vlaardingen. He is also involved with design of the European edition of Voice. He and his wife Jacqueline have a daughter, Eva Maria, age two, and a baby boy, Zerah John, age seven months. They worship at Maasbach World Mission Church in The Hague. John is a member of FGBMFT's Rotterdam Chapter.*

Out of the darkness,  
angel-like beings were  
leading people to safety

Helmut Thiessen  
Leamington  
Ontario, Canada



**I** was born in Berlin, Germany, February 18, 1940. My father, an interpreter in the German army, was a prisoner of war in Italy from 1945 to 1947. In 1947 Mother and I escaped from Germany with 1,200 other Mennonite refugees in cattle cars disguised as an American supply train. Our destination was Paraguay, the only country in the world that would take us. My father joined us there when he was released and we stayed until 1951, when we moved to Canada.

I graduated from high school in Leamington, Ontario in 1958, worked in banking for three years, then joined the H.J. Heinz Company where I have been a computer operator for the last twenty-two years. My wife Irene and I were married in 1962.

My parents were Christians, and as a child I regularly attended Sunday school and catechism classes. I sang in the choir, was baptized and joined the church. It was a pattern almost everyone

followed; upon completion you were considered to be a Christian.

I had confidence in that, but no real confidence in God, the Bible or Jesus. However, I knew I was not a bad person, so I saw no reason to be worried. I was sincere. I had done my best. I had done what was expected of me. Therefore I believed that I was as good a Christian as anyone else.

Yet I was not really sure that God existed. I had concluded that your religion depended entirely upon where you were born and who your parents were; in other words, it was a cultural matter.

It was not until I turned thirty that I realized that being sincere was not enough. I had only an empty religious form to follow and became increasingly frustrated. Instead of the joy and peace Jesus promised, I had only lust and selfishness.

At that time I didn't know that I needed to be born again—to turn to God and receive Jesus into my life. I needed to know Jesus, not just as a historical fig-

ure, but as a Friend with whom I could have close daily fellowship.

One night in the fall of 1969 I had a dream in which darkness began to cover the entire earth. It was a terrible darkness that could be seen as well as felt. Then beings that looked like angels dressed in spotless white began to lead people to safety. I begged and pleaded for someone to help me, but no one would.

I woke up in a cold sweat, terrified and trembling. For the first time in my life I realized that there was a hell, and that I was not on my way to heaven as I thought I was.

I tried to fill the emptiness inside with more religious activity, but more activity brought more discontent. I felt I was only a spectator of my own life, with no power to change the outcome.

I came very close to committing adultery one Saturday in early spring of 1970, but because the prayers of some believers were stronger than the power of sin, I did not follow through with my intentions.

That Sunday I realized that Christianity without knowing Jesus is meaningless; my best was simply not good enough. From behind the steering wheel of my car, I cried out to God, "Help me! Please help me! I've tried to find You and failed! I've tried to believe the Bible and failed. If You can't help me now, then no one can. Without You I'm lost!"

Like a mighty wind driving away storm-filled clouds of gloom and despair, God renewed my life with His perfect, penetrating peace. Suddenly I knew my life would never be the same. No one

had to tell me that God was alive, or that Jesus loved me, or that the Bible was the true Word of God. In one afternoon, God convinced me of these realities through His divine revelation.

For the next few years the Bible became as meaningful as a roadmap is to someone who needs direction.

One day in December of 1973, Irene came home quite upset from a midweek service at a local Pentecostal church. She flatly stated that she wanted nothing to do with "tongues." But as she began to read *Prison to Praise* by Merlin Carothers, the Lord told her to get down on her knees and pray.

Suddenly she called to me from the living room. "Something is happening! I feel so clean, and I know all my sins are forgiven!" Then she began to stammer and speak in a strange-sounding language. I recognized it as the "tongues" that she had just told me she wanted nothing to do with.

This manifestation of the Holy Spirit was interesting to me, but not at all significant. I told myself that I would not get sidetracked by such trivia. I wanted only the power of God so that I could be a spiritual "Superman."

That winter, as I watched a Christian television program with my wife, the healing flow of God surged through one of my legs. As the leg lengthened before our eyes, I was healed of a persistent back problem. I hadn't even known until that day that my leg was shorter. I have not had any further back problems since then.

Several months later, in July of 1974, my family and I went to an Assemblies of

God youth camp in Jackson, Michigan at a place called "Faholo Park" (for "faith, hope and love"). The first night, our son Randy was born again and slain in the Spirit. The second night, I began to sing and pray in a heavenly language.

I had to admit that "tongues" was a most restful and refreshing way to pray. But because I felt nothing—not even goosebumps—I felt that I had not received the spiritual power I yearned for.

The following weekend, feeling frustrated, I asked God, "Where is this power of a personal Pentecost You've promised in Your word?" Suddenly everything in the room became blurred, except for one book on our bookshelf: *Power in Praise*, by Merlin Carothers.

Jesus spoke to my heart: "You seek power. Is there not power in prayer and praise?"

Suddenly I understood that the power I had been seeking did not lie in a thrilling

experience, but in continuous prayer and praise—both with the understanding and without (I Corinthians 14:15). All I wanted to do then was to spend the night praying in the Spirit. Just before sunrise, I opened the Bible and read in the Gospel of John, "In a little while you will see Me."

As I turned off the lamp, a picture began to form before me. At first there was only the dim outline of a cross. Slowly it became very bright. Then Jesus appeared. He just stood there, looking at me. As He lifted His hands, He began to rise from the ground.

The vision ended. God had given me a heavenly vision, just as He promises in Joel 2:28. In contrast, for the first time I saw television's distortion of life as Satan's counterfeit.

Our son Randy has been a continuous blessing to us. In the autumn of 1977 he developed a severe twitching of his head. A year later the spasms had not

*Helmut and Irene Thiessen in their Christian bookstore*





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**Fire on Azusa Street** (B2003) \_\_\_\_\_ at \$4.95 \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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stopped, but the doctor could find nothing physically wrong, so he prescribed sedatives. That night Irene and I decided to take authority over Satan and his works. In no uncertain terms we told him to "git."

As Randy lay sound asleep I raised my hands to God. Somehow I knew that no matter what the symptoms appeared to be, or how long they persisted, the devil was defeated. The next day Randy was free of the spasms for the first time in twelve months.

But a few months later, the same disorder was back, and it grew worse despite our prayers. Finally we called our close friend, Ken Boudreau, to help us. After praying for Randy, Ken asked if he could go into the living room to pray alone.

A short time later he told us that the only thing the Lord had shown him was a pair of eyes. When he asked to see Randy's room, I knew why God had given Ken that vision. Just a few days before, Randy had hung a picture of a movie star on his wall. When I saw it I had commented, "There is something evil about those eyes." It was those eyes Ken had seen in the Spirit.

It was past midnight, but we burned the picture immediately. The next day Randy's spasms were gone, and they have not returned. We realized then that the very day Randy had brought the picture home was the day his symptoms returned.

I explained to him that Satan is also called Beelzebub, which means "Lord of the Flies." If you store garbage in the house, it will attract flies. The spiritual

application is clear: remove the garbage.

In August of 1980 we decided to sell our own home and buy that of our parents. (They had moved into an apartment and their home was newer than ours and closer to work.) First we tried to sell our house ourselves, but when that failed we called Dave, a local real-estate agent.

Real estate was in a serious slump at that time; in the common sense of the world it was a foolish time to try to sell. When Dave arrived, my wife and I realized that we should pray.

We joined hands and thanked Jesus for a miracle. We had no sooner finished than there was a knock at our back door. In less than a minute we had found a buyer and agreed on a price.

Two years later that buyer received Jesus as Lord at a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship banquet.

During an FGBMFI workshop in Chatham, Ontario in the spring of 1982, I felt strongly that God wanted me to fast and pray for three days a month, but I was not sure when or for what purpose.

"Lord, why me?" I asked.

The Lord replied simply, "Why *not* you?"

Several weeks later I heard a tape about the Jews in Russia. Then I knew the purpose of my fast.

About a week after that, I read an article in *Endtime Handmaidens* magazine about an "Esther fast" during the first three days in April for the upcoming exodus of the Jews from the Soviet Union. I knew then that my fast would be for the first three days of each month.

As I thought about Bible prophecies  
*(continued, page 38)*

Fellowship News from Here,  
**UPDATE!**  
There and Around the World



International Director Pete Congelli presented Demos and Rose Shakarian with gifts expressing the love of FGBMFI members in the area at the annual Southern California Christmas banquet, Downey, California, December 14.

In responding, the founder/president of FGBMFI, who suffered a stroke March 3, noted the inspiration he had received in recent weeks from reading the story of David Livingstone.

Livingstone, the great missionary to Africa, was mauled by a lion, rendering one of his arms useless. Demos told the 400 attending the banquet, "If David Livingstone, with only one good arm, could tramp across the dark continent winning souls to Jesus, I can move out with the Gospel even though I don't have full use of my left arm."

He then challenged, "A great horizon is opening and men are responding. God is looking for men and women who, like Livingstone, will give up everything for Jesus. I want to be one of them."

Great horizons are opening up and men are responding. Brian Leisegang, international director from Durban, South Africa, reports that people in Swaziland, Zimbabwe and Malawi are very open to the Gospel. Three chapters were established in these areas last year. Leisegang encourages visitors from the United States and elsewhere to come and to help satisfy the spiritual hunger of African businessmen. He says, "The potential is unlimited."

Four men from the United States participated in a leadership training session and the national convention in Ghana October 31-November 3. They are Don Ostrom, one of the international vice-presidents; Jim Dermanoski; Merle Thompson; and Jose Pascua, global coordinator.

Upon their return the Americans concluded that this is God's time for the continent of Africa. There are sixteen nations with 209 million souls who need Jesus. Said Don Ostrom, "God is already moving across the face of Africa. Even now, there are eighty-three FGBMFI chapters in eleven African nations." □

*More than 400 attend national convention in Ghana.*



# FIRST USA NATIONAL CONVENTION

DALLAS, TEXAS ★ JULY 2-6, 1985

You can be part of this great historic event. As once again the Convention assembles in the hotel ballroom, we are expecting the same tremendous move of the Holy Spirit as in all of our conventions.

But we are not looking back. We believe that what God is going to do in Dallas will eclipse the glory of the former days. Come expectantly!

Speakers include mighty men of God such as Demos Shakarian, FGBMFI founder/president; Reinhard Bonnke, world evangelist who ministers in tents seating 35,000; Bill Subritzky, New Zealand attorney and



Featured speakers at the 1985 National Convention will be (top row) Demos Shakarian, Reinhard Bonnke; (middle row) Bill Subritzky, Jerry Curry; (bottom row) Charlene Curry, and Big John Hall.



homebuilder; Brigadier General Jerry R. Curry, U.S. Army; ladies' luncheon speaker Charlene Curry, authoress of The General's Lady; and music by Big John Hall.



You and your family will receive inspired teaching and ministry, enjoy rich fellowship and have opportunity to minister in Jesus' name. Register now to be assured of choice hotel space and to avoid registration upon arrival.



**Please send me complete information on the FGBMFI USA National Convention in Dallas, Texas, July 2-6, 1985.**

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## End of Search

Leonides Tan, Davao City, Philippines

**I** was a young, successful attorney, engaged in a growing law practice in Davao City, Mindanao, the Philippines. But my life was a mess and I was unhappy.

My marriage was stormy. My wife and I fought a great deal. Our home was chaotic. I couldn't blame anybody but myself for that, because I was not living and acting as a father should.

One day Cora, my wife, came home and told me about a Bible study to which she had been invited. Some woman had told her about the Lord. Cora was interested. Did I mind if she went?

"Go ahead if you want to," I shrugged. With macho arrogance I reiterated my position on religion: "It's only for weaklings and women—not men."

But she wanted me to go, too. Since

our marriage and home life were still quite rocky, I agreed to "take a look at it."

That was the beginning.

As a boy I grew up in a farming community near Davao, where my father owned a grocery store. I went into the town for school, and completed both elementary and secondary schooling there at Davao Chinese High School. My father was a Buddhist, but for some reason I learned very little about his religion and didn't follow it. Though my mother went to a Catholic church on special occasions, she was not a practicing Catholic. The result was that I grew up with little or no religious or Bible training.

My childhood was not especially happy. My parents were very strict with me, and it seemed that I rarely got to do what I wanted to do. Believing that they didn't love me, I developed a rebellious attitude.

After high school I planned to study law, but in keeping with my father's wishes I enrolled instead in a business commerce course and majored in accounting. After graduation, however, I did go into law, completing my studies and passing the bar examination the same year.

I had met my wife-to-be during my first year of college in Davao. After a seven-year engagement, we were married in 1970, the year I passed my bar examination.

Though my law business prospered, life was unfulfilling and disappointing because of the continual discord between Cora and me. Something should be done, but I didn't know what. It was during this time that we went to check

out the Bible study.

That first taste started us toward the direction and peace in our lives that we so desperately needed. However, for some time after that we "hopped around" in our spiritual search, not finding what we needed because of the places we looked.

Friends influenced us to try Jehovah's Witnesses. There was no satisfaction. Numerous Mormon missionaries knocked on our door to present their message. That too was not the answer. We were vulnerable to a number of cults. We

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## **We 'hopped around' in our spiritual search, not finding what we needed**

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became increasingly desperate in our search for truth and peace.

Our search led us eventually to a tiny, old, dilapidated wooden building where about forty people, led by an American missionary, were worshipping. It was a Pentecostal church, though at that time we didn't know what that meant. These people were different than any we had encountered. They sang praises to God as though they meant it. With enthusiasm and evident joy, they raised their hands when they sang and when they praised.

We heard that this was the kind of worship found in the Book of Acts. When we got home I opened my Bible, read the entire Book of Acts and discovered it to be true.

So we went back. I was intrigued by the members' happiness and victorious

lifestyle. Here I was, a successful lawyer, materially blessed far beyond the others in that church, but unhappy. Paradoxically, though they possessed little of this world's goods, everything about them testified to a rich, deep inner satisfaction which was foreign to me.

What I didn't know at that time was that I didn't need more things or more success. What I really needed was a Person in my life: the Lord Jesus Christ.

My family and I kept going back to that little church (which now has prospered and grown). As we did, God's word was planted in our hungry hearts. Then He tenderly watered that living, dynamic Word until it took root and grew.

Before long my wife and I professed Christ as our Saviour, and were baptized in water.

The pastor and people spoke of baptism in the Holy Spirit, saying that it was a gift from God and would give me greater freedom and victory. I began to seek this gift. During one service the Holy Spirit came upon me, flooded over and through me, and I suddenly realized I was singing and praising God in a language I had never learned. The Comforter had come.

I encouraged Cora to seek this precious gift, too. At first she was fearful. I showed her from the Bible that this was the gift Jesus was talking about in John 16:7: "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you." Three weeks after my Spirit baptism, Cora received hers.

## Our home was filled with blessed peace



Our lives immediately took a turn for the better. Our home became a true home, filled with blessed peace. Most of our friends thought that we were crazy. We didn't mind. Now we possessed what we had been missing for so very long.

I discovered a deep, earnest desire to share my newfound faith with my professional friends. I enrolled in the Halls of Life Bible College and spent three years studying the Bible.

A friend of mine suffered from a very painful back condition. I remembered that Jesus said we could lay hands on the sick and they would recover. I laid my hands on him, prayed a simple prayer and the man was immediately healed.

A woman came to my office for legal advice. I discovered that she was living a profligate life. In addition to providing the counsel, I urged her to seek the Lord. As a result she received Him. A few months



later she telephoned, asking me to be a sponsor at her wedding and thus help her celebrate the new, fulfilling life she had begun.

I became involved with Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International when I was requested to notarize incorporation papers for a new local chapter. After that they invited me to attend their meetings. Excited about the work they were doing, I became a member. I have become very involved, serving later as chapter president and now as field representative for southern Mindanao.

I praise God for the way in which the Fellowship is literally "exploding" in our country and many businessmen and professionals are getting involved. New chapters are being started on a regular basis in the different major commercial and industrial cities. We now have more than twenty chapters throughout the Philippines.

All in all, the Fellowship has been mightily used of God to minister to men in our predominantly Catholic country. For example, ever since 1979 a man from California named Ed Hutka has come here faithfully each year without exception, to spend a month in ministry.

Not only has the Lord changed my home but He has helped me to be a much better attorney. Now I tap His infinite wisdom and insight and bring them to bear on the legal matters I handle. Frequently the Holy Spirit gives me a word of wisdom or knowledge which precisely speaks to the situation at hand.

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 92628.

Without God in my life it would all be vanity, as Solomon so clearly stated in the Book of Ecclesiastes. But with God in my life I am fulfilled in every possible way. Life without Christ is a hopeless end, but life with Christ is an endless hope. Praise His name!

I strongly encourage businessmen, get involved with God if you want to become successful. Though you may have experienced a degree of success already, having Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit in control of your life will give you a plus factor far beyond anything you could ask or even anticipate. □



*Leonides Tan, seen here with Ed Hutka, is owner of Tan Law and Realty Firm, and is a former president of Davao City Chapter of FGBMFI, and the Fellowship's field representative for southern Mindanao, Philippines. He and his wife Cora have three boys: Dennis, thirteen; Andrew, ten; and Joshua, seven. They worship at N.T. Church of God in Davao City.*

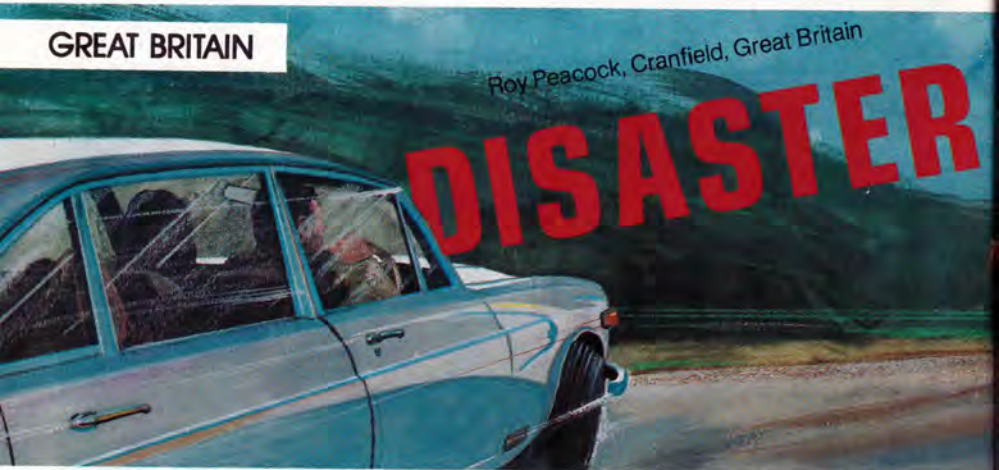
**A**n eerie silence on the Hitchin-Hexton Road followed the unbelievable sounds when my Jaguar hit a ten-ton truck head-on at a closing speed of just over fifty miles an hour. I looked around and saw my wife Elizabeth rolled up under the dashboard. Our son Matthew's legs protruded from beneath the car, where he had been thrown through the burst-open door; apparently our car had run over him as it spun.

Then I noticed the fuel from a full tank leaking out onto the road. I knew the probable consequences, but there was nothing I could do except wait to die.

As unexpected as the crash was, something else quite extraordinary happened in that moment of crisis July 23, 1970. Without searching, praying or even trying, I knew that the presence of God had filled our wrecked vehicle and that it didn't matter what would happen. The

## GREAT BRITAIN

Roy Peacock, Cranfield, Great Britain



Our young daughter Rachel was still conscious, cushioned by a large toy bear she had picked up immediately before the impact. As she saw my face, cut and bleeding heavily, she broke into tears.

As for me, my legs were caught and apparently broken beneath the engine, which had been forced back as the car was telescoped by the impact. The driver's door was jammed from having been hit by a car behind us, leaving me trapped in my seat.

Lord, to whom I had given my life a few years before, was in control.

And indeed He took care of us miraculously. The doctor in charge of Lister Hospital emergency admissions was one of India's leading plastic surgeons, spending a few days in England enroute from the United States to India. In one day the deep cuts in my face were almost healed, the stitchwork the best my own doctor had ever seen.

My wife's fractured leg healed without

a cast. Matthew had only a concussion and a scratched hip. Though Rachel's hair turned 30-percent white because of the shock, as we prayed for her it grew in black again.

I shall always be truly grateful for the moment I first yielded my life to God. Yet, judging by my childhood, it seems surprising that it should have been necessary.

I was the product of an English Cathedral School and, as a professional choir-

night school and the other evenings in study.

These were successful years during which two important decisions were made. The first was to marry Elizabeth, whom I had known for some years; the second, to return to academic training.

After earning a master's degree, I had the opportunity to go to the University of Cambridge as a research student. This meant leaving Bristol to live in Hunting-



boy, spent much of my life in church services. Over the years I had done much Bible reading because it seemed the proper thing to do. After completing my time as a choirboy, I was engaged for a long period as an altar server.

Leaving school, I trained as an engineer. From shopboy, and keeping machinists in the engineering workshop supplied with clean hand cloths, I went to a five-year apprenticeship. Along with it, three or four evenings a week were spent at

donschire, a few miles from the university engineering laboratory.

The move gave me the chance to break all of my church connections, which had largely been centered about social contacts. My religious life had become boring, and I recognized that pretending to be a Christian was only hypocrisy on my part.

Over the next few years my wife was occupied with bringing up our first two children, while I was absorbed in my

research. Then, just about three weeks before I was due to leave Cambridge to take an appointment with the Rolls Royce Royce aero-engine division, we learned of a Christian mission coming to the village.

At the time, I would have described my position as agnostic, although in reality my philosophy was that of an atheist more than anything else. Because of the invitation of a retired clergyman, a tenuous contact had been established with the local church, but it had no real attraction for me. Even if there was something valid in Christianity, these people had it all wrong. There were no bells or smells.

All things taken into consideration, the mission held little interest in my mind. Still, one of its workers by the name of David came to visit us a few days before it began.

He was very pointed in his conversation. Feeling somewhat offended, I said, "Listen here, if you want to talk to an atheist, go next door. We're Christians in this house!"

In spite of our feelings, Elizabeth and I went to the first service, but we didn't like it very much. We had just decided not to go again when a note came from some new friends, Ian and Denny. They invited us to have supper with them after the meeting the following evening.

We wanted to pursue the social contact and decided to put up with a bit more religion to do so.

The program that evening consisted of a film entitled "Souls in Conflict." To my eyes, it was comprised completely of a procession of people looking thoroughly miserable until they suddenly started

walking around with silly grins on their faces.

One of these characters was an engineer; I particularly despised him when he succumbed.

After the film my wife privately asked my opinion. I responded, "It was lousy!" She cautioned me not to cause offense by saying that to our hosts.

I replied that, if asked, it would be my answer.

In the pleasant evening that should have followed, our hostess chose me, of all her guests, to ask my opinion of the film.

I gave it in the three promised words—and shortly afterwards we left.

Strangely enough, I returned to the meeting the next evening. Observing how the leader answered an attack, I noticed that he was calm, joyful and at peace. At that moment an uncontrollable desire was born in me to have what he had.

At the conclusion of the meeting David approached me. Soon we were at my house, talking earnestly until about 3:00 A.M. He amazed me. Clearly, he believed the Bible and he spoke of Jesus as if he actually knew Him.

Finally I said, "David, if I could take a piece of blank paper and place on the top line a reasonable assumption, then proceed down the page in a rational development until I could write at the bottom, 'Therefore, God exists,' then I would accept Jesus—but not on any other condition."

"You'll never do it," David rejoined. At that, we parted.

Still I was determined to try. For the re-

remainder of the week I sat in my room at the university, attempting with my mind to prove or disprove the existence of God.

One night I couldn't sleep, but in the darkness I saw a vision of a harvest field. A crop of wheat had just been taken in, leaving stubble over the entire field except at one spot close to the hedge, where there was a single strand of wheat still standing with a full, ripe head.

"What a pity," I thought. "No farmer will get a combine-harvester out to take in one head of wheat. It's as good as dead already."

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## **You are not like them. You're an intellectual!**

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Then it dawned on me: I was that head of wheat.

In that moment I heard a voice say audibly, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved" (Jeremiah 8:20).

I could hardly believe my ears when I heard it again and again, each time louder and louder.

The next day was Sunday and the last day of the special meetings. My wife went to the morning service and returned with great joy, imploring me to go to the last evening meeting. Reluctantly I did so. As the service proceeded, a discussion was going on inside of me.

The first voice said, "You don't want to have anything to do with this;" to which a second voice responded, "But they've got what you want."

The first countered, "Ah, but look at them! They're all country bumpkins."

"But they've got what you want."

"But you are not like them. You're an intellectual!"

"But they've got what you want . . ."

"What would your friends at Cambridge think if they knew you were mixed up in this?"

"But they've got what you need."

At the end of the meeting I didn't run to the front and fall on my knees. I didn't do anything one would usually associate with coming to God. In fact, all I did was to ask the man at the door as I left for a little booklet he was handing out to those who wanted to find out more about Jesus.

My life was not transformed by a set little phrase from the book, but rather when I abandoned myself before God, opening up from the heart. At that point Jesus came in, forgave my sin and began transforming my life.

A new world opened up for us. The change was indeed dramatic. People began to come to our home to encounter Jesus for themselves.

As a group of us gathered to pray, we began to discover the dynamic of the Holy Spirit's working in our midst. We had no one to teach us; whenever anything happened we would turn back to our Bibles to find out what it was.

One evening a person prayed in a language none of us could understand. After we consulted our Bibles, our leader decided that this was possibly called "praying in tongues." But he also pointed out that the Bible says this should be accompanied by an interpretation.

Another person in the room mentioned that some quite unusual words had come into her head. Was this what the Bible called an interpretation? We resolved if this ever happened again, the person with the English words would speak them and then we might know.

It happened the following week. In this way we discovered the gifts of tongues and interpretation.

After a few weeks in which this joyous experience occurred several times, someone appeared to have an interpretation, but no one had prayed in tongues. We went back to the Bible—and discovered prophecy.

On another occasion we felt moved to pray for a child close to death. We knew nothing about healing, but the child recovered. Then as we prayed for others who were ill, we found that they too recovered. Of course, eventually we found reassurance in the Bible's teaching on this subject.

Shortly after we were all delivered alive from the car wreck, I talked with a local minister who told me, "Young man,

the Lord saved you for a purpose." That purpose is to tell people that Jesus indeed lives today.

A prophecy given me three years ago is coming to pass as the Lord consistently uses me in word of knowledge and prophecy, for salvations, a variety of physical healings, and renewal in churches. For example, one week not long ago I spoke at evening church meetings, morning and afternoon coffee clubs, and spent a day with clergy wives and a day at the Northeast Convention of FGBMFI in Sheffield. Eighty people were saved during these meetings.

My background and experience uniquely qualify me to witness to those who see themselves as intellectuals and whose pride prevents them from receiving what they want most in life. Like me, they have observed in others a peace and contentment they want but are reluctant to reach for. God doesn't ask us to abandon our intellect. He invites us to give it, with our whole being, to Him. You can trust Him. I know. □

*Roy Peacock was lately the NAVAIR Research Professor of Aeronautics at the Naval Postgraduate School in California, and a senior lecturer at the Cranfield Institute of Technology in the United Kingdom. He has acted as a consultant to governments and industry and has authored many scientific papers and a number of Christian books, including his just-released autobiography Foolish to Be Wise. Professor Peacock travels extensively throughout the world to share his faith with others. He and his wife Elizabeth have three children: Matthew, twenty-four; Rachel, twenty-three; and David, twelve.*



# CONVENTIONS

## **SACRAMENTO CONVENTION**

**Feb. 28-Mar. 2, 1985**  
Woodlake Inn, Sacramento  
Write: FGBMFI  
Box 23901  
Oakland, CA 94623

## **NARAMATA MEN'S ADVANCE**

**March 1-3 & 8-10, 1985**  
Naramata, British Columbia  
Write: Mr. Neil Simmonds  
2355 Ethel St.  
Kelowna, British Columbia  
Canada V1Y 2Z6

## **WISCONSIN COUPLES' ADVANCE**

**March 7-9, 1985**  
Best Western, Royale, Stevens Pt.  
Write: Mr. Meryln Peters  
Milwaukee, WI 53220

## **COLUMBIA RIVER REGIONAL**

**March 7-9, 1985**  
Hanford House, Richland  
Write: Mr. Lewis Schweiger  
2122 Hudson Ave.  
Richland, WA 99352

## **GREAT PLAINS REGIONAL**

**March 12-16, 1985**  
Holiday Inn Central, Omaha  
Write: Mr. Adrian Sivinski  
212 S. 89  
Omaha, NE 68114

## **MID AMERICA CONVENTION**

**March 14-16, 1985**  
Holiday Inn & Holidome, Manhattan  
Write: Mr. Max Albert  
2809 Patty Dr.  
Salina, KS 67401

## **SOUTHERN ILLINOIS REGIONAL**

**March 14-16, 1985**  
Southern Illinois University  
Carbondale  
Write: Mr. David Munson  
Box 2, Vergennes, IL 62994

## **MONTANA STATE REGIONAL**

**March 21-23, 1985**  
Village Red Lion Inn, Missoula  
Write: Mr. David Rodli  
704 W. Sussex  
Missoula, MT 59801

## **32ND WORLD CONVENTION**

**March 26-30, 1985**  
Olympic Park Entertainment Ctr.  
Melbourne, Australia  
Write: FGBMFI World Convention  
Box 156 Vermont  
Victoria, Australia 3133

## **SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL**

**March 28-30, 1985**  
Sheraton Inn, Sturbridge  
Write: Mr. Blair Sanford  
20 Chidsey Rd.  
Avon, CT 06001

## **NORTH DAKOTA STATE REGIONAL**

**March 28-30, 1985**  
Ramada Inn, Grand Forks  
Write: Mr. William J. King  
2822 Clover Drive  
Grand Forks, ND 58201

## **WOODWARD CHAPTER ADVANCE**

**March 28-30, 1985**  
Methodist Camp, Hinton, OK  
Write: Mr. Gerald Frimann  
Box 1233  
Woodward, OK 73802

## **HILL COUNTRY SPRING MEN'S ADVANCE**

**March 28-31, 1985**  
Mo Ranch, Hunt  
Write: Mr. Wes Bush  
Box 5767  
Arlington, TX 76011

## **WILLAMETTE VALLEY MINI-CONVENTION**

**March 29-30, 1985**  
Hilton Hotel, Eugene  
Write: Mr. Stan Merrell  
90440 Hill Rd.  
Springfield, OR 97477

## **ANNUAL EAST TENNESSEE MEN'S ADVANCE**

**March 29-31, 1985**  
Wesley Woods Methodist Camp  
Townsend  
Write: Mr. Thomas W. Trout  
506 Sherwood Dr.  
Maryville, TN 37801

## **INDIANA REGIONAL**

**April 10-13, 1985**  
Hilton Hotel, Indianapolis  
Write: The Indiana Regional  
Box 19032  
Indianapolis, IN 46219

## **PRAIRIE REGIONAL**

**April 11-13, 1985**  
Saskatoon Centennial Auditorium  
Write: FGBMFI In Canada  
Box 7047  
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan  
Canada S7K 4J1

## **NORTH CAROLINA STATE**

**April 11-13, 1985**  
Benton Convention Center  
Winston-Salem  
Write: Mr. Ogburn Yates, Jr.  
Box 100  
Asheboro, NC 27203

## **HOUSTON REGIONAL**

**April 18-20, 1985**  
Adam's Mark Hotel  
Write: Mr. Ralph L. Littlejohn  
13401 SW Freeway, Ste. 207  
Sugar Land, TX 77478

## **SOUTH DAKOTA STATE REGIONAL**

**April 19-20, 1985**  
Howard Johnson Motor Lodge  
Sioux Falls  
Write: Mr. Arno Ewert  
Box 198  
Sioux Falls, SD 57101

## **UNITED STATES NATIONAL**

**July 2-6, 1985**  
Dallas, Texas  
Write: FGBMFI National Convention  
Box 5050  
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

**Conventions published in this issue were approved on or before November 13.**

## **Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach**

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to: Chapter Department, FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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

**AFRICA: ZIMBABWE:** Karoi Chapter, Trevor Royston 30024. **AUSTRALIA:** Glenorthy Chapter, Thomas Spellman (002) 72-7229. **NEW ZEALAND:** Maramarua Chapter, W. Taka (08528) 815; Upper Hutt Chapter, D. Peter Dawson (04) 267046. **UNITED STATES: ARIZONA:** Crossroads Chapter, Sam E. Leap (602) 935-3616.

## INDONESIA



# Then the Children Sang

Budiyanto Sutedia  
Bandung, Indonesia

**I** had felt strangely moved to attend the prayer fellowship retreat. But, sitting through session after session, I was completely bored and wondered why I had come.

It was then that the children came to sing for us.

As the little ones presented their part in the program their words pierced my sin-hardened heart.

My greatest goal as a young man of eighteen had been to become a motorcycle racing champion. Eventually I won several races, but because of injuries I sustained during racing accidents I was hospitalized nearly as many times as I won.

My other hobbies were no better. I was obsessed with gambling and hunting.

Being married and having two sons did not prevent my being involved with other women. I rationalized that I had every right to satisfy all of my selfish desires, even though this brought much hurt to my wife and family. Every time I broke my marriage vows I broke my wife's heart.

All the while I was living my wild and reckless life, my wife kept praying that the Lord would save me.

Years before, I had received Jesus as my Saviour, but I had not surrendered totally to Him. Instead I continued to hang on to my own will and my own ego.

It was at this point that I attended the December, 1980 retreat organized by the Bandung-Jakarta prayer fellowship. It was held in Ciloto, a beautiful resort where I had many times enjoyed myself. Even though they were well known, I got nothing from any of the speakers. Instead, it was the children whom God used to answer my wife's prayers. I was surprised to feel tears of repentance flowing as I heard them sing.

Afterward, I approached one of the ministers and asked him to pray for me. I



confessed my sins and invited Jesus to come into my heart and stay forever. I asked Him to forgive me for making Him wait at my heart's door for twenty-five years before I would respond to His call.

I will never forget that wonderful moment when Jesus my Redeemer and Saviour reconciled me to the Father. Suddenly I knew the truth of the words in II Corinthians 5:17-18: "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ . . ."

Since then I have changed completely. The joy of the Lord fills my heart. I am always eager to tell anybody I meet that our Lord loves us very much.

His grace is abundant in my life. When I prayed, asking Him to provide me with a house, He gave me three, just as He promised in Matthew 6:31-33: "Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you. . . ."

Recently I was elected to the board of the Bandung Chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, where I intend to serve Him more and more. I thank the Lord for His goodness. He truly is a prayer-answering God. □

*Budiyanto Sutedja is a homebuilder and owner of a hollow-bricks factory. He studied three years at the Civil Engineering College of University Parahiayangan, Bandung, Indonesia. He and wife Ingrid Hidayat have two children: Andy, sixteen, and Daniel, fourteen. They worship at Gredja Kristen Indonesia. Mr. Sutedja is an active member and on the board of the Bandung Chapter of FGBMFI.*



# Hollow Victory

Nicolas Papaiconomou, Nantes, France

**Y**ou are nothing more than a scrawny little runt" was the comment that changed my life.

It marked the beginning of a constant aggressive drive to succeed in sports. I was already ashamed enough of my frail physique. When my physical education teacher added that assessment, I was determined to do something about it.

Progressively the obsession took over my life. Rowing, one of the more difficult sports, gradually became my passion,

my purpose to live.

Hour after hour, good weather and bad, I sat in that sliding seat. My club, the C.A.N, became my second home. Soon the coaches noticed my perseverance and combative spirit. I was given a seat on the competitive team.

It did not take long for the intoxication of winning to overwhelm me. So determined to win was I that at one point I actually felt that it was impossible to lose.

In 1966 our eight won the Head of the River title on the Marne in France, then the championship at Vichy. Medals, trophies and press articles began to pile up.

Still something was missing.

To counterbalance the demands of competition, my teammates and I lightened things a bit with parties. At those affairs I always surpassed myself in stupidity, playing the fool in an effort to impress friends. However, I was a sad



clown, increasingly ashamed of the ways in which I made people laugh.

I took up yoga in my search for a sense of well-being. Strong and aggressive on the outside, lonely and afraid on the inside, I led a double life. I read all kinds of metaphysical works, but was disgusted by religion and its apparent hypocrisy.

One day in 1967 my grandfather, a Pentecostal Christian, invited me to an evangelical meeting. The speaker's words made little impression on me, but a joy, a peace, a love seemed to emanate from the people, and this succeeded in touching my heart.

As a result I began reading the Bible. I came to understand that God loves me and that His only son Jesus Christ died in payment for my sins. The realization so overwhelmed me that I asked Jesus into my life.

The emptiness was gone. Jesus had filled it.

I could admit that all my human efforts to attain victory over the inner void had been in vain. Now God had accomplished what I had failed to achieve.

His presence in my life is of greater value than any victory.

As the Bible says in I Corinthians 9:25, "Everyone who competes in the games goes into strict training. They do it to get a crown of laurel that will not last; but we do it to get a crown that will last forever." □



*Nicolas Papaiconomou is a promoter and commercial instructor of a large banking group in Nantes. He and his wife Joelle have three children: Sophie, Alexis and Virginie. He is president of the Nantes Chapter of FGBMFI.*



# INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORS



*The international directors listed on these pages give direction to the multifaceted ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in eighty-four countries of the world. They also provide leadership in achieving the goals of the Fellowship:*

1. To enlist one million members to serve in the last great harvest of souls;
2. To establish 40,000 chapters throughout the world;
3. To have chapters in every nation on earth.

*These international directors serve without remuneration, pay their own expenses, and contribute generously in support of this worldwide ministry.*

*Their names and addresses are provided as a convenient point of contact for you to learn when and where chapters meet in your area, or to receive needed spiritual ministry.*

*They also serve as a point of contact for those interested in serving Christ through this organization, which includes men from almost every church affiliation and employers, employees and professionals who love the Lord and who are committed to bringing the full Gospel to a world in need.*

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## REALITY (from page 18)

concerning Israel, I remembered that I had been in Germany as a child during the holocaust. I could never make amends for my people's persecution of the Jews, but as a Christian I could do something right for them in the name of Jesus.

The experiences I have had since I gave my life to Jesus cannot be written off as coincidence or wishful thinking. Jesus still speaks to us, comforts us and confirms the Word with signs and gifts of His Holy Spirit. Best of all, He loves all of us, and patiently waits for us to call out to Him. □

*Helmut Thiessen has been a computer operator for H.J. Heinz Co. since 1962. He and his wife Irene have one son, Randy, age twenty. Irene operates a Christian bookstore in Leamington, and the Thiessens are members of North Leamington United Mennonite Church. Helmut is president of FGBMFI's Leamington Chapter.*



## 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 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 92628.



## FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S **VOICE**

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Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere in the world being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching eighty-four nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write Chapter Department, FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



*Lobby of World Laymen's Headquarters, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Costa Mesa, California. Below: world globe, rotunda.*





Page 22



Page 14



Page 2

# CONTENTS

Beirut Bombing .....	2
Living Memorials .....	8
Where Can I Find Freedom? .....	10
Reality .....	14
Update! .....	19
End of Search .....	22
Disaster .....	26
Conventions .....	31
Then the Children Sang	32
Hollow Victory .....	34
International Directors	36

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Page 32

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