

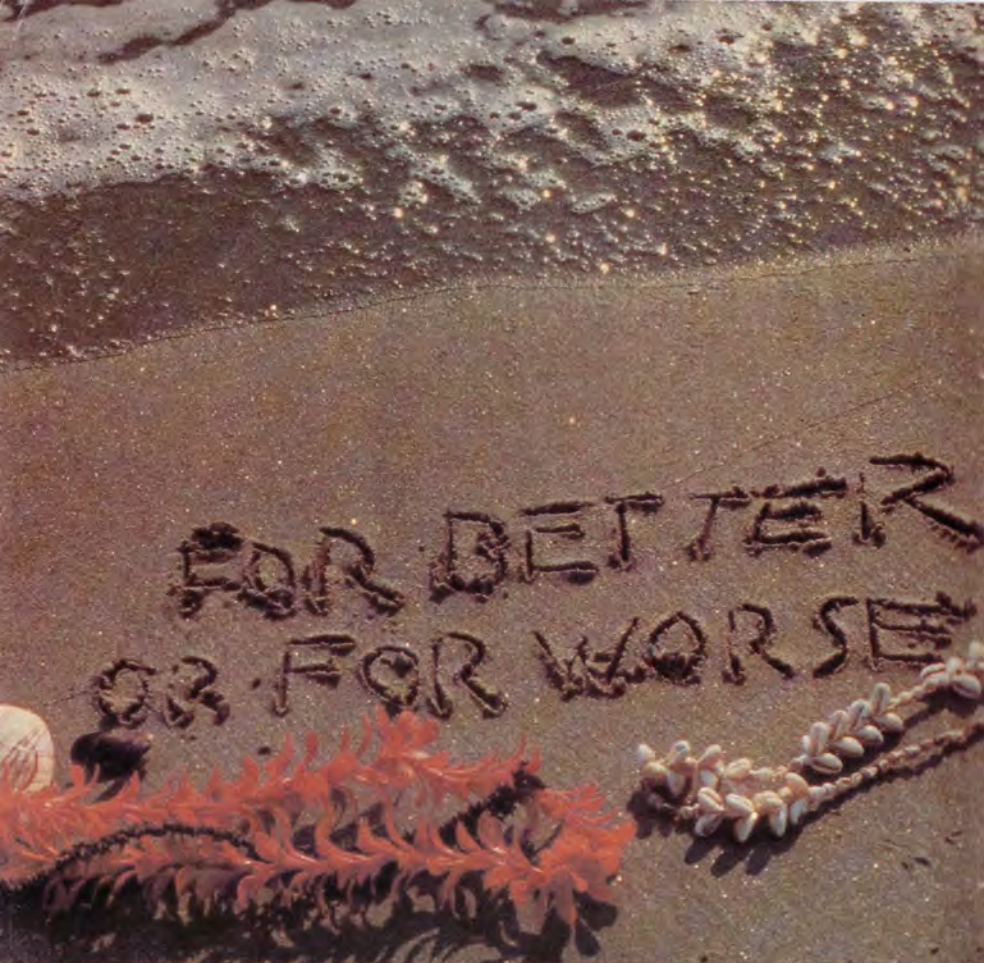
FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

02-81
VOICE

**MAN and
MARRIAGE**

**HELL IN TROPICAL
PARADISE**





Still clutching our baby in her arms, Aloha reeled and slammed into the wall. It wasn't the first time she had felt my fist, but it was the knock-out blow to our three-year marriage.

She had been on the phone when I returned home, and my jealous suspicion that she was flirting with a friend ignited the full load of alcohol inside me.

Fighting was a way of life at our house. Instead of pronouncing Aloha-linda and me man and wife at the end of the wedding ceremony, the preacher might better have announced, "In this corner, Miss Maui 1970—and in the opposing corner, the Maui Giants' first baseman. Touch gloves and come out fighting!"

My childhood cannot be blamed for

LARRY PACHEEO



Kahaluie, Hawaii

our problems. I am the oldest of five children—two brothers, two sisters. Mother was a Catholic and Father was brought up in the First Assembly of God church. My parents gave us all we needed, including discipline. Mother saw that we attended church regularly.

My wife's early years were pleasant. She was the first of six children,

and because her grandparents had no children remaining at home Aloha was given to them to raise (a common custom in Hawaiian families at that time). She says that her grandmother raised her as an only child, and she admits to being spoiled.

Right after high school I joined the Navy, serving as gunner's mate on the aircraft carrier *U.S.S. Ticonderoga*,



The Pacheco family: Alohalinda and Larry with their children, Lois, 8; Laree, 8 months; and John-Carlos, 2½.

which was in three campaigns in Viet Nam. Although I had started drinking in high school, the heavy drinking and fighting began in my Navy days. Trying to protect a macho image, I fought not only the enemy but anybody who lit my fuse. Because of this, I was often unreasonable.

For example, in Hong Kong one night someone asked if I was Puerto Rican. I answered "Yes" and the fellow replied in Spanish. Having been born and raised in Hawaii, I didn't understand. Then he didn't believe I was Puerto Rican—and the fight was on. Looking back, I see that

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wasn't much of a reason to fight, but that's all it took. We fought on the dock; I had another fight in the boat returning to the carrier; and when I went below, three guys of another race jumped me. Those were the last three of five scraps in one night.

Even though I loved Aloha and she loved me, we fought fiercely and often. The yelling and screaming were terrible. But our battles were more than verbal. Time and again we would stand toe to toe and slug it out. During one argument as we were driving along the highway, she was so angry that she jumped out of the moving car.

Perhaps a psychiatrist can explain why a man and woman who love each other attack each other. I can't, except that I believe we were pawns in the hands of the devil.

We had known each other since childhood and started going together when she was in the seventh grade and I was a freshman.

Aloha swore she would never marry me, yet she quit college and flew to Long Beach where I was based. We hadn't lived together long before she became pregnant and when our daughter was a month old we married to give the baby a name. Our hope that the baby would change us was empty. We tried to work out our problems, but talks always ended in fights. It was during one of those times that I hit Aloha and she decided three years were enough.

We couldn't stand being married and we couldn't bear being apart. Six

months after our divorce we started living together on a trial basis. I was the one on trial—every single day. The arrangement was an impossible foundation on which to heal a broken relationship. Nothing had changed. We were the same people—a hot-headed, jealous Puerto Rican with a macho image to defend and a spoiled Hawaiian, both smoking grass and drinking beer.

Another pregnancy—this time a boy. Every man wants a son, and while this birth didn't make the needed difference in our marriage, another birth did.

The wife of one of the men I had played semi-professional ball with for several years visited when our son was born and came back five months later. This time Toni, whom I considered a religious nut, told my wife about Jesus. The very next day they went to a ladies' Bible study and there Aloha was born again. I mean, when she turned her life over to Jesus Christ the change was unbelievable!

As she picked me up that night when I got off work, one look at her convinced me she was stoned. She had this grin on her face from ear to ear. I said, "You're smoking grass." She answered, "I'm not, I'm not. You can't guess what happened. I accepted Jesus. I'm not smoking grass; I'm high on Jesus. I don't need that stuff anymore." I said to myself, "Oh, no. Don't tell me she's like that crazy Toni."

The mother of my daughter and son was a new woman, but this change



“In this corner, Miss Maui 1970—and in the opposing corner, the Maui Giants’ first baseman. Touch gloves and come out fighting!”

only further angered me. She didn't drink and smoke joints with me anymore. She went to Bible studies every Tuesday and Wednesday, to Sunday school at one church, to worship at another—and to my church, if I would go with her.

Her witness was not welcome. “Don't tell me about Jesus,” I would say. “I was *raised* in the church. I know all about the Father, Son and Holy Ghost!”

Some time later, when Aloha went to Honolulu for a visit, I had a ball drinking wine, smoking grass, everything. I ended up smashing my car. The next day I felt like a real bad turkey. I was really down. For months I'd been under conviction. Now I finally made up my mind that I had to change my life—but how?

Aloha took me to two Catholic charismatic meetings to hear Father Bertolucci. Filled with guilt and fear, I crouched behind the man seated in front of me, dreading that the speaker would point his finger at me.

Next we went to Door of Faith Church on a Sunday night and when the invitation was given, even though I didn't want to go forward, something inside of me made me respond. Altar calls were new to me, strange and frightening. Not knowing how to pray, I could only say the “Our Father” prayer. That was all I knew. A lady placed her hand on me and I felt warmth go through my body. She said, “Ask the Lord to forgive you.” I did, and although I didn't fully understand what was happening, I felt

relieved—as if something was lifted off my shoulders. Later I received my prayer language at a chapter meeting of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship.

Jesus is now the head of our home. He has accomplished what we tried again and again, but failed, to do. We had been first married for three years, divorced and separated for six months, tried living together two and a half years, then met Jesus and were married again November 15, 1978, the same day of the year as our first marriage.

Accepting Jesus is the first step—not the last. Walking together has not always been easy. Some steps have been painful.

One night we read what Jesus said about adultery and realized that if we were to be freed from jealousy and suspicion we had to wipe the slate clean. Confession to each other was like cleaning a deeply infected wound so that it could be healed. We would not have been able to bear the pain of that process had we done it before we turned our lives over to the Great Physician. The past is clean, forgiven—the past is past.

I'm not saying that this is the only way God can deal with unfaithfulness. Many men of God believe that confession needs to go only as far as the offense. They point out that to confess a sin against one's marriage that is unknown to one's mate can be an attempt to unload the burden of guilt on the innocent party. Certainly this would be wrong. Jesus is the only

One who can bear our sins. But for us, confession to each other was necessary.

When Aloha and I both realized how much Jesus had forgiven us, it made it easy for us to forgive one another. More than once when we've had a misunderstanding I have called from work to say "I'm sorry." This macho man would never have done that before he met Jesus! We practice the Scripture that says, "Let not the sun go down on your wrath." We never go to bed without making things right.

The Word is so important as a guide in our new walk. It reveals our roles in the family. Not only do we learn how God intends for us to live happily together; the Bible also tells us how the Holy Spirit can help us to be the kind of family we really want to be.

God has also empowered me by His Holy Spirit to witness for Him—even at home plate. Four of my teammates and their wives are now born again.

One day (quite recently) one of the secretaries at Hawaiian Airlines saw me reading my Bible at work and asked how I became different. I told her the difference in me is Jesus. The same day, another fellow employee with marriage problems asked me for the answer, and I was able to share my experience. I pray that God will use my written testimony to turn still others with unhappy homes to Jesus. **Jesus is in the life-changing business. He's changed my life.** ■




THOU SHALT

For as long as I can remember I'd wanted to be a policeman in my hometown, Manchester, New Hampshire. I figured that's how I could satisfy my hunger to make a name for myself, to look good and be known by people all over town. About 15 years ago I got my big break and I've been with the Police Department ever since.

Right away I started building my reputation. My beat was the "combat zone" where construction workers would blow their earnings in beer joints. It didn't matter that I was a skinny 142 pounds; I showed plenty of authority when I went into those places to break up fights.

One Friday night I was called into a joint where two brothers were fighting



GERALD R. ST. JEAN



Manchester, New Hampshire

NOT STEAL

each other. I tried to break them apart, but both of them jumped me. I kicked one of the men and split his head wide open, and from that incident I got the name Splitter.

I guess it was my urge to be liked and to feel needed that got me into trouble. One summer the department put me in charge of stolen bicycles. That can be a mess because that time

of the year a lot of bikes are stolen and found around Manchester—sometimes as many as 200 at one time.

One day a man came up and asked if he could have a bicycle for his daughter. I said, "Yeah, help yourself. What do I care?" A little later a garage man came to me and said, "Hey, Gerry, I have two little kids; can I have two

bikes?"

"Sure, help yourself," I replied. Then I began to think how I couldn't afford to buy a bike for my daughters, so I took one home.

Unknown to me, someone told the sergeant what had happened and the department launched an investigation into the missing bikes. At the time, giving those bikes away didn't seem like such a big deal, but later I realized what a dumb thing I had done. Here I was, facing the loss of my job just for a couple of bikes, and all the time I had one of them sitting in my basement. I wouldn't admit it then, but I was really scared.

About that time a policeman was murdered. His widow was a good friend of my wife and me, so when she asked us to attend a prayer meeting with her we said, "Sure, why not?"

My buddies could tell you that I wasn't especially religious. I'd go to church on Sunday just to keep my wife and kids happy, but as soon as I got away from the building I was just one of the boys. Drinking, swearing, lusting—I always had to be the tough guy who impressed other people with his own importance.

When we walked into the prayer meeting we found about 75 men and women in the room, praising the Lord, thanking Jesus and lifting their hands. Suddenly the man sitting next to me started rattling off in some weird language. My wife and I exchanged glances and as soon as the service ended I whispered to her, "Let's get out of here!"

...all the time I had one of them sitting in my basement.



On the way out the door we met a Catholic priest we knew from church. "How did you like it?" he asked. "I think this was the dumbest thing I've ever seen," I replied. "This whole thing is stupid."

"Gerry," the priest said softly, "go home and think about what you've seen here. Don't come to judge people—because that's what you're doing to everybody. Put your pride aside, then come back again with an

open heart.”

I went home and thought about my life—getting drunk so often, and the bike in my basement. Guilt was eating me up. It felt as if I had a 50,000-pound weight on my shoulders.

Thursday night rolled around and our friend asked us to attend another prayer meeting with her. We went. The same people were still lifting their hands and saying things in another language that didn't make sense to me.

But my guilt feelings hadn't changed, either. So when the leader of the meeting announced prayer time and my wife said, "Why don't you ask for prayer?" I wrote down my name, and a few minutes later stepped into a room with two men and a woman.

"What would you like the Lord to do for you?" asked one of the men.

"Well . . ." The words came slowly. "I did something at work that I shouldn't have done and I think I'm going to get fired. I'd like the Lord to help me."

The man put his hand on my shoulder and the woman put her hand on my head. I felt terribly uncomfortable. All of a sudden the man started speaking in another language. I raised my head to see what was happening. "Don't look at me," he said. "This is how I pray to Jesus. You pray your way and I'll pray mine."

I bowed my head and started praying the only prayers I knew—"Our Father" and "Hail Mary."

"Speak the name of Jesus," my prayer partner counseled. As I did, the


Lord took that 50,000 pounds of guilt from my shoulders. With all this came a tremendous sensation of love which seemed to spread throughout my being. I could not speak aloud the words of commitment that were in my heart, but I knew Christ had forgiven and accepted me.

When we had finished praying, the man said, "Jesus Christ has come into your life to be not only your Saviour, but your great Burden Bearer as well. Give Him all that's troubling you, brother, and let Him work miracles in your life."

My wife was waiting for me outside the prayer-room door. "Susie, I'm not working any more lounges. That bike is going down to the station first thing tomorrow morning. I'm going to tell the whole story to the chief—even if it costs me my job!"

The next morning, true to my word, I took in the bicycle. "You're still under investigation, St. Jean," one of the detectives informed me. All I could say was "Praise the Lord" in reply. I had begun to trust Christ with my future.

Our contacts at the prayer meeting led to a Tuesday night Bible study. Then a friend invited me to attend a Saturday morning Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship breakfast with him. As we sang from the song-sheets some of the men raised their hands in worship. I could literally feel the peacefulness that permeated the room. Then someone led the group in the sinner's prayer and I formally accepted Christ as my Saviour.



**“Now, pig,
lock me up.”**

Shortly after that meeting, I attended a Full Gospel Business Men's advance. The speaker told us about the power of the Holy Spirit, asking those of us who wanted to experience the Baptism to lift our hands. I put my hand up and prayed to receive the Spirit in all His power. God answered and I felt the power of the Holy Spirit come right into my life.

From that time on I stopped trying to prove how tough a cop can be. The headquarters investigation finally came to an end. The chief told me I would not be fired, but I would be suspended for one month without pay as a disciplinary action. The other guys on the force began to see a change in “Splitter” St. Jean. But those changes went far deeper than anyone else could see, because my entire perspective on life had undergone a dra-

matic transformation.

One evening about six a drunken woman stumbled into the station. Steadying herself against my desk and thrusting her face as close to mine as that barrier would allow, she cursed me repeatedly. “Now, pig,” she demanded, “lock me up.” I made my answer to her as slow and deliberate as possible. “Ma’am, I’ve been sworn at by experts. I’m not about to lock you in a cell for that. Go on home now and be a good girl, huh?”

“You *gotta* lock me up. If you don’t I’m gonna kill myself! I don’t wanna live no more.” She pounded the top of the desk with both fists for emphasis.

Almost before I could think, the words seemed to tumble from my mouth. “Lady, Jesus loves you—and I love you too.” Her eyes widened and she looked at me as if I were a crazy

man. "Then I'll hit you. I'll slap your face hard. You'll lock me up then."

From somewhere behind me another officer urged, "Go to it, Gerry, she's earned a night in jail. At least maybe it'll shut her up."

The old Gerry would have been happy to oblige. I had treated people pretty much the way they treated me. "Get rough with me, I'll get even rougher with you" had been my philosophy. But now as I looked deeply into those swollen, watery eyes and at the shoulders sagging under the weight of her hopelessness, I felt compassion well up within me. Not pity. Not sympathy. I was actually feeling her pain. Suddenly I realized I was seeing her through the eyes of God Himself.

I prayed silently, "Please, God, help me to show Your kind of love to this woman, because You are the only One who will ever be able to give meaning to her life."

I spoke quietly. "Ma'am, you can slap my face if you want to, but it won't make any difference. I still will love you and want to help you."

Speechless at last, she stared at me for a few moments, then turned and moved to a bench along the wall and sat down to stare blankly at the cracks in the wooden floor.

All through the evening, whenever I got the chance I would go over to her, bring her a cup of coffee or light her cigarette and tell her of the love of Jesus for a lost, sick world. Just a little before midnight as I was filling out an accident report, she got up

from her bench and called out, "I'm gonna go home now." I watched her open the door to leave, then turn and grin at me. "May God be with you, officer," she said—and was gone. What a miracle of love had taken place in my heart! Acting in love instead of reacting in kind had left me with the greatest sense of freedom that I had ever experienced.

God has continued to work miracles in my life. Some have been physical, such as curing my chronic bronchitis, bringing me safely through a dangerous spinal operation, healing my eyes after 19 years of having to wear glasses, and delivering me from vision-related migraine headaches. But there are other miracles even more exciting that can't be measured by X-ray machines or medical examination.

At the Youth Development Center in New Hampshire, my partner (an ex-con) and I lead six Bible studies. Scores of teenage boys—robbers, thieves, addicts—are finding a new, better life in Jesus Christ. There is no greater thrill than seeing the miracle of a fifteen-year-old, who had beaten a man to death with a two-by-four, come to Jesus Christ and be born anew by His Spirit.

What the priest told me after my first prayer meeting is true. Once I was able to put aside my pride and my doubts, Jesus Christ established a personal relationship with me. His love has changed my life beyond belief, and **He offers that same love to anyone who will ask Him for it.** ■



DEMOS SHAKARIAN, Founder/International President, FGBMFI

The highlight for Rose and me of the trip we took to China last June was the honor of dining in the home of Madame Soong Ching Ming, widow of the first president of the Republic of China. On one occasion when I was telling friends that Madame Soong

had invited us to return to celebrate our fiftieth anniversary with her in 1983, I paused to reflect on the almost half-century Rose and I have walked hand in hand. I thank God for His goodness to us and the happiness we have enjoyed. I began to feel that I

might have something to say that would be helpful to young people just embarking on the sea of matrimony, as well as some word to help those who are looking for marriage enrichment.

This issue of *Voice* contains two deeply moving testimonies of how God dealt with husbands whose homes were shattered by divorce. I know that God will use both of these to help people who are hurting. I feel the need to share with men some additional insights based upon my experience in a wonderful marriage.

One of the strong cords that has bound Rose and me together has been our high sense of calling. Those who have read my autobiography *The Happiest People on Earth* are fascinated by the description of our courtship and marriage. True to Armenian custom, rather than my proposing to Rose, I announced my desire to my parents. They then chose a go-between to approach the Sirakian Gabrielian family, and he returned with the date for the two families to meet (the twentieth of the following month). Neither then nor at any other time did I participate in the deliberations. However, on the fourth of five nights of celebration of the answer yes, I broke tradition. I could no longer contain myself. I asked Mrs. Gabrielian if I might speak to Rose.

Two straight chairs were placed side by side in the center of the room and we were left alone for the first

time. Suddenly all of the fine speeches I had rehearsed left me. I intended to tell Rose that she was the most beautiful girl in the world and that I would spend the rest of my life making her happy. But I sat there tongue-tied, unable to remember a word. At last—to my horror—the words I blurted out were “Rose, I know that God wants us together.” To my astonishment she whispered, “Demos, all my life I prayed that the man I married would say those words to me first of all.”

I am convinced that every man and woman who believes that God wants them together will find a spiritual purpose greater than themselves—more important than the differences—and will be willing to make whatever sacrifices are necessary. *His wants, her wants* are placed in proper perspective by the overarching words “God wants us together.”

Another insight that has helped me to be a better husband comes from an understanding of what the New Testament teaches about submission. In recent years a lot of emphasis has been placed on Paul's words in Ephesians 5:22: “Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands, as unto the Lord.” Much of the teaching has overlooked the preceding verse: “Submit yourselves *to one another* in the fear of the Lord.” Rose has keen spiritual discernment. God has spoken to me through her, and on many occasions she has confirmed a message that

God has given to me.

For instance, in 1940 while I was praying one night a terrific scene popped into my head. The setting was Lincoln Park on a Sunday afternoon with about 4,000 people gathered. I was on the platform telling them about Jesus. (A preposterous thought! I was a farmer, not a public speaker.)

The next morning, the ridiculous idea still refused to go away. I said to Rose, "Honey, I just keep imagining this wild scene where I am standing on a platform speaking to a crowd of people..."

"...in Lincoln Park!" she finished for me. Then she added, "I've been thinking the same thing. I haven't been able to get it out of my mind. It seems so crazy I didn't want to tell you."

Just as He did in the beginning of that summer park ministry, at every important junction of my life God has spoken to Rose. What a blessing to have a companion whom God can use as a channel to guide me! Rose and I flow together in the Spirit.

While God has made us one in the best sense of all that "one" means, He has also made us different, with gifts and abilities that complement each other. Because Rose is a quiet person, often working behind the scenes, frequently people are unaware of the extent to which she is being used by God.

She is an accomplished musician and for 20 years was the organist at many of the FGBMFI conventions. As

Rose would touch the keys of the organ, God would touch her in a special way. Her hands moved across the keyboard and the Holy Spirit would move over the auditorium, with hundreds responding to the gospel invitation.

On several occasions God has administered healing through my wife. One night when we were at home in Downey, Rose was restless and unable to sleep. "I'm going to call Vivian Fuller," she said. "Vivian Fuller! Rose, in New Jersey it's three o'clock in the morning!" Still unable to sleep, finally with my encouragement she placed the call and learned that our friend, wife of the president of the Philadelphia chapter, had been diagnosed as having advanced glaucoma and was facing blindness.

That particular night the depression had been unbearable. Vivian had lain awake feeling abandoned by God, abandoned by everyone. "Please, God," she had prayed at last, "if You love me, show me by having someone telephone me right now, in the middle of the night!"

Not only had Rose heard from God; she had a word from Him. "Vivian," said Rose, "God has not only told me to call you. He told me something else. He told me you are going to be healed. Completely." Afterwards the three of us prayed for Vivian's total healing, beginning at that moment.

Months later, Vivian stood on the platform of the Statler Hilton at a regional convention in New York City, told her story, and announced that the

deterioration had stopped, that her eyes were now responding to the identical treatment the doctor had been using all along. Even as Vivian was praising God for her eyesight, 26 glaucoma sufferers left their seats and came to the stage. In an atmosphere charged with faith the entire ballroom prayed for them. Six months later, seven of these attended the FGBMFI convention in Washington, D.C., and every one of them had been completely healed.

I believe that husbands and wives will have no problem submitting to one another if first they completely submit themselves to Jesus Christ. Rose and I had always loved God, even when we were children. We had always tried to be faithful servants. But one morning, not long after the loss of our infant daughter Carolyn, Rose and I remained at the dinette table for our morning prayer time after the children had left for school. Without saying a word, both of us knew that we wanted to get down on our knees when we spoke to God. We walked into the living room and knelt on the oriental rug which had been a tenth anniversary present from Rose's family. From then on this dark red carpet with its field of blue flowers was our meeting place with God.

It was there that I took a step I had resisted so long. "Lord," I said, "I don't know how it is with Rose, but I know I've never really put You first in my life. Oh, some tent meetings. Some of my time. Some of my money. But You know and I know that my

family has been first in my heart. Lord, I want *You* to be first."

I felt Rose's hand in mine. It was all the confirmation I needed.

In that fifth chapter of Ephesians there is another statement that I have tried to let guide my life. Paul wrote, "Husbands, love your wives even as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it" (verse 25). I am embarrassed when I hear a man make remarks or crack jokes at the expense of his wife. I can't understand how any Christian who loves his wife will ever do that.

My love for Rose is not hidden. Women especially have noted that I acknowledge Rose's presence in every meeting, have her stand to be recognized and pay her a sincere compliment. These gestures are not for public display. I try to show the same kind of consideration when we are in private. When I'm traveling and Rose is home alone I phone her every night. **I believe that a good marriage is built on the solid foundation of total commitment to God and to each other, and that little expressions of love and thoughtfulness give it beauty.** ■

*Editorial note: If this heart-to-heart message from the International President of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship has been a blessing, you will enjoy reading **The Happiest People on Earth**, the personal story of Demos Shakarian as told to John and Elizabeth Sherrill. Hardback: \$6.95; paperback: \$4.95. Forward your order to Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.*

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the little
red books

REGINALD B. ELLIOTT, Ph.D., Field Representative, Washington, D.C.

Lord, please give me a chance to witness about You to President Ford.”

This was a prayer I repeated many times during the year in which our nation celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. Jesus had done so much for me that I couldn't keep quiet. I wanted the whole world to know—wanted the *president* to know—about my testimony, about the power to be found inside a “little red book.”

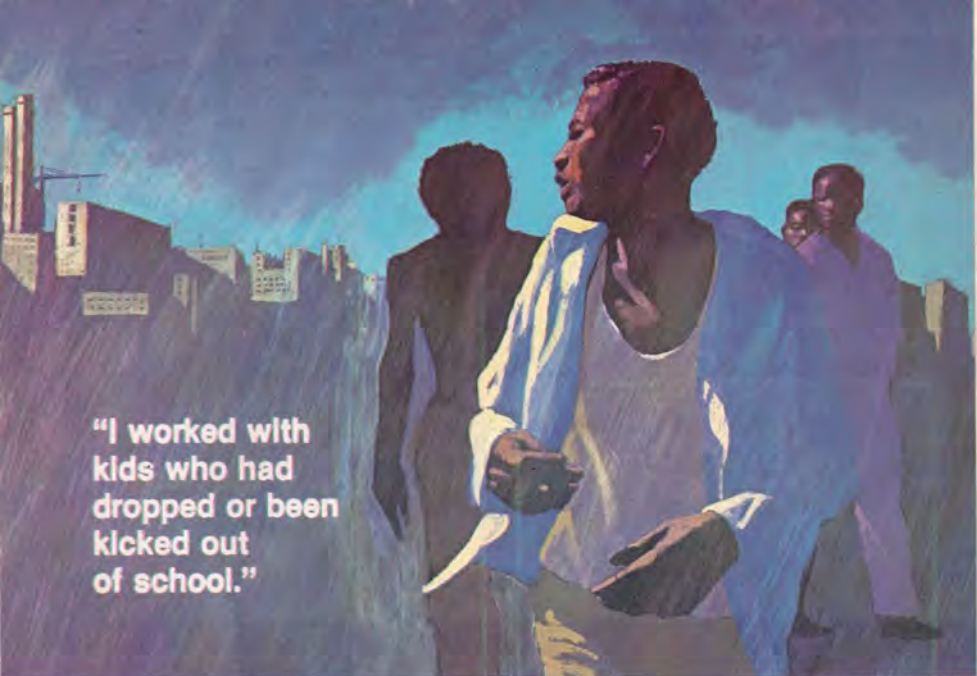
That little red book came into my life in March, 1974 while I was floundering around in law school at Georgetown University, Washington, D.C. Studying was far down on my list of priorities, but I lived for the parties night after night. Some of these

affairs got pretty wild.

One night around midnight, Dad called and asked if I could pick him up and take him to a motel. He had left home when I was four, and Mother had remarried. Nevertheless, we had kept in touch. When Dad took an important job with Boeing in Seattle, his work schedule took him in and out of D.C. on a regular basis, and he often had dinner with me on these visits.

As we drove to the motel, Dad said, “Reggie, I think you need to realize that there's more than one dimension to life.”

I froze. Those parties—how did Dad know about them? Would he bawl me out for not being serious about my education?



**"I worked with
klds who had
dropped or been
klicked out
of school."**

We went inside the motel and Dad began to talk about spiritual warfare; about an angel named Lucifer who became jealous of God and decided to rebel against His authority. Lucifer and his followers were cast out of heaven because of their rebellion, and now they tried to influence human beings to copy their mistake.

"Reggie, do you want to be saved? Do you want a personal relationship with Jesus?"

I'd been brought up in Sunday school and joined a Baptist church when I was 10, so part of me bristled at Dad's questions. I knew all about Jesus and salvation. At the same time a voice inside me was saying, "You don't read My Word, you don't do My will, you don't really know Me."

I realized that what the voice was saying was true. I didn't know Christ personally; in fact, I didn't even know that such a relationship was possible.

Enter the little red book!

Dad pulled out one of those small booklets that describe the plan of salvation and contain a prayer for those who want to commit their lives to Jesus. I wanted to do whatever was necessary to become a Christian, so my father led me through the steps and the prayer. At 3:00 A.M. I wrote my name on the last page of that little red book.

Right away I felt like a little baby being held in his father's loving arms. In this case, the Father was God. I suddenly knew that all the problems in my life could be surrendered to His

power and authority. Even more important, every wrong I had ever done was forgiven. What freedom. What release. What joy! I hugged Dad and clutched my little red book.

My friends couldn't understand what had happened in my life. I tried to talk about my new relationship with Jesus, but they wouldn't listen and eventually drifted away. I quit the party circuit and began to attend prayer meetings, where I met new friends. My mother couldn't miss seeing the change, but she didn't understand what had happened.

One day she blurted out, "Son, what's wrong with you? Why do you carry a Bible all the time and go to so many prayer meetings?"

I told her about my experience and she began to cry. She knew that we hadn't been living the kind of life the Bible says we should, and she was ready for the message that had meant so much to me. She trusted Christ as her Saviour and soon became active in Women's Aglow, eventually becoming the Washington, D.C. area board president.

Leaving law school, I became a science teacher at the D.C. Street Academy, an alternative educational institution where kids who have dropped out or been kicked out of school can learn. God laid this work on my heart, and I spent hours working outside of class with the young people. When people asked me why I spent so much time beyond what was required, I told them about the Lord. Eventually I was appointed Director of Education for the Academy.

As I gave this new position to the Lord, He helped me to restructure the school's educational process. In a wonderful way, the Lord began to save both students and teachers. Co-operating with God's plan, they began to work together and education really began to take place.

About this time I became acquainted with the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. Attending meetings in northern Virginia, I noticed that racial distinctions were wiped out when we met, a far cry from my daily environment. Soon both my mother and I received a tremendous infilling of the Holy Spirit and began to speak in tongues.

The fruit of the Spirit began to appear in our lives. Sometimes it showed up in unexpected ways. One evening I was giving in to resentment for not having been taught more explicitly that I could personally know Jesus. Looking around for someone to blame, I actually decided to go talk to my pastor.

"Reggie . . . Reggie." There was disappointment in the voice. I knew Who it was, but what had I done wrong?

The Lord reminded me of the sins I had committed and how He had forgiven me for every one of them. Then He gently scolded me for harboring feelings of condemnation toward a brother.

"Show your brothers and sisters love," said the Voice. "*Then they will know that you have been with Me.*"

So that's what I've tried to do in my church. I've tried to share how marvel-

ous Jesus is and what He can do in a person's life. Within a few months I had discovered a special reason the Lord wanted me to do this.

As I've said, I began to pray that the Lord would let me witness about Jesus to President Ford. I didn't have the faintest idea how it would happen, but I was sure this burden came straight from heaven.

One day my mother told me exciting news. Our church choir had been invited to sing at the White House as part of a Christmas celebration, and we would all have a chance to shake hands with the president.

I didn't know if I'd have a few seconds or a few minutes with Mr. Ford, and I didn't know exactly when we would talk with him. Just to be safe, I stuffed some of those little red booklets into the pockets of my suit jacket, my pants and my overcoat.

The press and choir expected the president to enter the room on the east side, so they were all lined up over there. All except me. When Mr. Ford came in through the door on the west side I was ready for him. I shared my personal testimony with him—and gave him a little red book.

The president grabbed me and hugged me. We both seemed to know that it was a divine appointment. After he thanked me, I went to Vice-President and Mrs. Rockefeller and gave them each a little red book.

"Thank you, we needed these prayers," said Mrs. Rockefeller.

A personal witness to the executive branch of our nation's government!

Had I tried to arrange such a meeting on my own it could never have been successful, but all in one evening the Lord arranged it. How I praise Him for such an opportunity!

There is exciting, positive evidence in my life that the biblical principle expressed in Luke 16:10 is true: if you are faithful in that which is little, God will trust you with more.

My first teaching assignment was in a filthy basement room. Scrubbing floors and cleaning the place was a humbling experience for a young black college instructor, but I knew that God wanted to use me to give a second chance to street kids who had given up on education. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren," Jesus said, "ye have done it unto me" (Matthew 25:40). Scrubbing and mopping was a way for me to present "a living sacrifice" to God.

Faithful to His promise, He has entrusted me with increased responsibilities and opportunities—Director of Education for the Academy, deacon in the 19th Street Baptist Church, FGBMFI field representative, and countless opportunities to lift up Jesus, even at the White House.

As an educator who loves youth, I would like to encourage all young people, but especially minority youth, to make Jesus Christ the Lord of your life and to seize every opportunity to prepare yourself spiritually, educationally, physically, so that **Jesus Christ can do for you and through you all the good He has planned.** ■

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The Three-fold Purpose of the 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.*

The 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.*

HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER

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Born-again

ROBERT S. HARVEY, International Director, Chesapeake, Virginia

I'm home! I shouted, opening the door to our living room—and was greeted by silence.

"Where's Elva... where are the boys?" I wondered. Panic seized me.

When I noticed all of their belongings missing I prayed, "Oh, God, why is this happening to me?"

My marriage had deteriorated steadily since my wife decided I'd turned crazy. It wasn't that way at first, though.

We'd known one another since grade school and had married after high school. We had life by the tail, and had a good time drinking and partying. Not that I was raised by those standards. In fact, my mother spent hours talking to Jesus as if He were in the room with her. In turn, she taught me how to pray and took me to Sunday school and church.

When I came of age I wondered, "What have I missed in life?" The bars



Marriage

on the corner seemed appealing and I frequented them. There God would sometimes speak to me: "Why are you in this kind of place?" That bothered me. I wanted God to leave me alone, to let me live the way I wanted to.

Two sons were born to us. My parents saw I was not fulfilling my obligation as a father by taking the children to Sunday school and church, so they assumed that responsibility.

It was after our second son was born that our marriage began falling apart. Perhaps that's what prompted me to tell my parents one Sunday, "I think I'll take the boys to church today."

That morning as I listened to the preacher my mind was so far away I couldn't absorb anything he said. However, the Spirit of God drew me back to the evening service.

The pastor preached with great

anointing, like a man from another world. After he finished, he asked people to come forward to accept Christ.

I sat glued to my pew. The pastor came back to where I was sitting. "I noticed you were here this morning with those two fine boys. Wouldn't you like to give your heart to God and live the way you should—be the kind of father God means you to be?"

"How does he know I haven't given my heart to God?" I thought. "He's never met me before." I realized God had prompted him to come speak to me.

That's all it took. I raced down the aisle to the altar and shouted, "Jesus, come into my heart and cleanse me from all my sins!" A thousand pounds of weight lifted from my shoulders. I felt pure—and excited.

I was certain my wife would soon share my newfound faith and joy. But I was wrong. At first I kept still. But she noticed I spent every spare moment reading my Bible and that God had taken away my smoking, drinking and swearing.

My zeal for the Lord increased. My wife thought, "Bob has lost his mind."

My former drinking buddies missed me. When they found out what had happened, they jeered, "Give old Harvey two weeks and he'll be back." When I didn't show up at the bar they came to my house. "What's wrong with you?" they asked. I told them, "I've found a new wine. I don't need the old stuff anymore."

Even though they kept coming back to taunt me, God gave me the grace and power to remain victorious. I believe that power came because I saturated myself with God's Word. God says if we hunger and thirst after righteousness we shall be filled. He poured it on.



Robert S. Harvey

I decided living for Jesus Christ was the most exciting life a person can have. Little did I realize that in fewer than three months God would carry me into a glorious new dimension, for I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and a heavenly language.

Now it seemed as if the Scriptures jumped off the page. I eagerly beelined to church every time the doors opened. I began witnessing intensely to my wife and boys, wanting them to experience Jesus. But I didn't have the wisdom to leave the timing to God. They kept backing off. My wife told me over and over, "You're crazy."

One night when I was sound asleep, God came into the bedroom

and spoke audibly to me: "Keep your eyes on Jesus."

I woke up and looked around, but couldn't see anyone. He spoke to me again, then a third time.

I sat up and said, "God, if anyone is trying to keep his eyes on You, it's me. What do You mean?"

I didn't understand, until that day I opened my front door and found the house deserted. Again I cried out to God and again He spoke. "Keep your eyes on Jesus."

My family did not come back and my wife and I ended up in court. Things got so bad I wasn't even allowed to pick up my sons for a visit.

During the time of my own agony, I was asked to minister to others with problems. I began to see God in action. After a deaf woman's hearing was restored following my prayer for her healing, I thought, "If God could heal that woman, He can do anything." This strengthened my faith, and I asked God to take care of our marital problems. But I grabbed them right back.

Soon God put me in contact with Full Gospel Business Men. I heard testimonies of deliverance, restoration of businesses, healing of homes. This encouraged me to keep my eyes on Jesus.

Finally I was able to pray, "Lord, take this problem and keep it. I've tried everything I know and nothing has worked—yet I know it is not Your will for my family to be dissolved."

After this prayer of relinquishment,

God began moving in a miraculous way.

My wife wasn't speaking to me, yet God arranged for our family to be together long enough to hear Dale Evans give her testimony. Everything Dale said ministered to my wife. I watched her, scared to say a word, but I knew something was happening inside her when I saw a glow come over her face.

The Spirit of God moved on my wife and accomplished more in three days than I had in three years! Soon after hearing Dale, my wife allowed me to visit her. The first thing she said when I arrived at her apartment was, "I want to be baptized in God's Holy Spirit."

I could hardly believe my ears. I asked, "Have you received Christ as your Saviour?" When she said yes, I laid hands on her and prayed, "Father, in the name of Jesus, baptize her with Your Holy Ghost and fire."

Immediately she began to speak in a heavenly language. I cried and laughed and rejoiced as she bubbled over in the Spirit.

Soon we remarried. One of our sons gave her away; the other stood as my best man. What a thrill!

After God restored all I had lost, He called me into leadership in the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. For three years I served the Norfolk, Virginia chapter as president, then was elected an international director.

God has truly given me the desires of my heart. **And He will do the same for you.** ■

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know so that we may send you a booklet, NOW THAT YOU'VE RECEIVED CHRIST.

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Full Gospel Business Men's

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CONVENTIONS

Eastern & Western Regions

CENTRAL ILLINOIS REGIONAL

February 11-14, 1981

Holiday Inn

Write: Jess Hite

R.R. 1

Macon, IL 62544

OSHAWA CONVENTION February 12-14, 1981

Holiday Inn

Write: Wayne Gillie

120 Eigin Street West, Apt. #406

Oshawa, Ontario, CAN L1G 1S7

STATESBORO AREA RALLY February 13-14, 1981

Georgia Southern College

Write: H.S. Blitch, Jr.

111 Chelsea Circle

Statesboro, GA 30458

GREATER EAST TEXAS AREA CONVENTION

February 19-21, 1981

Sheraton Inn

Write: Bill Sheetz

P.O. Box 7584

Tyler, TX 75712

AMARILLO-LUBBOCK REGIONAL

February 26-28, 1981

South Park Inn

Write: Virgel Merriott

8104 Kenosha

Lubbock, TX 79407

SOUTH PUGET SOUND RALLY

February 27-28, 1981

Westwater Inn

Write: Larry Norris

12625 Morris Road S.E.

Yelm, WA 78597

ASIA 1981—PHILIPPINE NATIONAL

February 27-March 1, 1981

Philippine International
Convention Center

Write: Narciso Padilla

P.O. Box 109, Greenhills

Metro Manila, Philippines 3113

28TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

June 30-July 4, 1981

Philadelphia, PA

Write: David Byram

World Convention Coordinator

P.O. Box 5050

Costa Mesa, CA 92626

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

