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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

THE PLASTIC SURGEON

John K. Graham, M.D.



"I am calling you to be a **plastic surgeon**.
You will see lesions and blemishes on people
and be trained to take care of these"



John K. Graham, M.D., Shreveport, Louisiana

Could it be true? Had God really spoken? Was He really calling me to be a plastic surgeon?

I sat in the conference room at Willis-Knighton Hospital in Shreveport. I was a practicing ENT (ear, nose and throat physician), and had a thriving practice in this rapidly expanding institution. Several other staff physicians and I met each Monday morning to begin our week together in prayer. This morning I was alone.

The sun had just begun to bathe the room in warmth when a message came into my heart.

"I am calling you to be a plastic surgeon. You will see lesions and blemishes on people and you will be trained to take care of these."

I was awestruck as the message continued: "And by My Spirit I will show you lesions and blemishes on the body of Christ, and by My Spirit you will be

trained to take care of these as well."

It was mind boggling. Unable to remain seated, I rolled my Bible in my right hand, shut the conference-room door behind me, darted out the back door and raced home in my car to share the vision with my wife Pat.

Enroute I recalled God's dramatic entry into our lives eighteen months earlier.

It was not that kind of drama in which God graciously reaches down to rescue a man from the depths of degradation. I was raised in a Christian home. My father had a successful prison ministry and to assist him I gave my all to a group of men at a local prison. Pat, our five children and I regularly attended church services and Sunday school.

No, God's invasion in my life was radically different. Professional success, a lucrative practice, a fine home and a wonderful family, plus church and charitable involvement, all failed to fill an indefinable emptiness. Yet God supplied it one morning at 1:00 A.M.

My brother Ed and his wife Jackie dropped by and gave me Pat Boone's book, *A New Song*. Jackie's recent religious conversations and her newly developed sickening smile made me uncomfortable. Hiding my indifference, I accepted the gift with no intention of reading it.

However, finding nothing else interesting to read there in the bedroom that night, I picked up the book and discovered that Boone had experienced what I was missing. With my wife asleep beside me I softly cried, "O Lord, forgive me for keeping You at arm's length.

Please fill me with Your Holy Spirit as You did this man."

That night I prayed, "Lord, I give You my medical practice, my home and my family. You lead me and I will obey."

Was this call to be a plastic surgeon now God's leading? Did He really want me to sell everything and return to training? Or was my mind playing tricks on me? I had always desired to know more about plastic surgery, as it was a small part of my ENT practice, but certainly I had never considered the ordeal of returning for more training.

When I arrived Pat was standing at the kitchen sink, washing breakfast eggs from the morning dishes. The children had already left for school. I was glad we were alone. Mustering courage, I began to share what God had spoken to me.

Pat returned the still-soiled dish in her hand to the sink, dropping the rag with a determined splash. Her face was set as she brushed aside her hair and fixed her blue eyes on me.

I feared her reaction. Just a year before, I had felt God was calling me to leave everything and follow Him. Pat had recoiled. She did not want to give up our beautiful home—not unless she was *certain* it was God. I had elected to wait for God to reveal Himself more clearly.

Was this morning's word from Him a further clarification of God's call on our lives? I knew I had heard from the Lord. I wanted so badly for Pat to perceive the reality of that call on my life. She untied her apron, tossed it on the counter and drew up a chair beside me at the breakfast table.

She studied my face for a moment,

then spoke. "As far as I'm concerned, that is the Lord, Buddy."

God had spoken clearly His will for our lives, and now my wife too was in agreement.

Within a few weeks the Lord brought another doctor to take over my medical practice and we put our home up for sale. Our greatest challenge came in getting into a training program.

Obedient to what I felt was God's leading, we moved to Miami, Florida to begin a residency under Dr. Ralph Miller, considered by many to be the world's greatest living plastic surgeon. A series of doors slammed in our faces and stubbornly refused to yield to human muscle. Yet in each instance, God performed the needed eleventh-hour miracle.

After six months I was transferred to Norfolk, Virginia, another excellent center, to complete my residency. One of my sorrows upon leaving ENT had been that I would no longer be using the operating microscope to perform ear surgery. But I found that another Norfolk resident, Jay Hayhurst of Oklahoma City, was using it to do spectacular work in the replantation of amputated limbs.

I was elated. For the first time I realized that microsurgery could be a large part of the plastic surgeon's work. God had known it all the time! I felt certain He had moved me to Norfolk so that

I might receive this special training.

Upon completion of my training I returned to my hometown, Shreveport, Louisiana, and set up private practice. Within just a year I would be challenged to perform an operation no man ever seeks: the microsurgical replacement of a completely amputated limb.

In a town a hundred miles from Shreveport, a four-year-old boy had reached up at the back of a tractor and pulled a switch which caused the power takeoff to start turning. This would not have hurt the child, except that a canvas tarpaulin draped over the seat began to wrap itself about the drive shaft. Then, unsuspectingly, the little boy had put his hand onto that swirling mass.

"Don't forget my arm, Daddy!"

Moments later the air was pierced with screams and the boy's father ran to see his little boy's arm totally severed from his body. Horrified, he turned off the switch, grabbed the child in his arms and ran full speed toward his pickup, where he dropped the boy in the seat beside him. Little Robert looked up at his father, Gerald Hyatt, and said, "Don't forget my arm, Daddy!"

Hyatt rushed back to the tractor, unwrapped the canvas and picked up the

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little arm. The tiny fingers were clutched in a tight fist. Moments later, with the arm lying on the floorboard of the truck and a cloud of dust swirling behind them, Gerald raced the vehicle through the winding roads to the nearby town of Many.

In Many, Robert was seen by a Spirit-filled family physician, Dr. Philip Mitchell, who elected to send the boy to Shreveport. Moments later the Hyatt family was packed into a sheriff's car for the long ride. On the way, Robert again looked up at his grief-stricken dad and asked, "When are they going to put my arm back on, Dad?"

Gerald and his wife Linda held back their tears and silently cried out to their Father in heaven.

While the sheriff's car raced toward Shreveport, I was notified of the impending arrival. Taking my microsurgery instruments to the Shumpert Medical Center operating room, I told the surgery crew that we would need the operating microscope. As they made hurried preparations, I went across the street to my office to be alone.

First I reviewed the textbooks to reinforce my knowledge of the unique anatomy of the region on which we would be working. I had not seen a total limb amputation with my own eyes, but I knew that the principles would be the same as replantation of an amputated thumb or finger.

Once I had the steps of the procedure clearly in mind, I prayed for God to give all of us in surgery the wisdom we would need for this operation. I also asked God to comfort the family and the little boy.

Then my eyes fell on the row of

plaques on my office wall. They told of all the places God had led me to be trained. In that empty office I recalled that in every decision, every move of my family to another location, I had learned to find out what God wanted and then to obey it.

"Lord," I exclaimed, "it is You who have given me the training and experience for this operation. Now I submit myself to Your perfect will."

At that point sirens screamed into the hospital emergency entrance. I entered the E.R. door just as one sheriff carried in a little boy wrapped in a blanket and another followed with a bucket of ice. I



knew the bucket would contain the boy's arm. Television and radio crewmen crammed the hall.

As I scrubbed for surgery, again I lifted the nurses, anesthesiologist, orthopedic surgeon and myself before the Lord. I asked for His wisdom, knowledge and understanding to be imparted at every step of the procedure.

Now it was time to go to work.

Using the electric zoom microscope, we worked with nylon filament suture so small that it would float in air without the needle attached. The needle itself was so tiny that it could traverse the shaft of a human hair.

I took a vein from the little boy's groin, using it to bridge the gap in the arteries and veins. Next, a host of microscopic sutures were inserted. More than two hours had passed. Finally the arterial clamps were removed. Every gaze was fixed on that white, cold limb as we searched for signs that the blood flow would be re-established.

Then it began. Just a touch of pink in

the arm above the elbow at first. Then slowly, from top on down, the entire limb flushed red. Unparalleled joy surged through us all, and a glorious shout filled the room.

Although a bounding pulse told us the arterial repair was a success, our work was not yet complete. For four more hours we worked to repair damaged bone, nerves, muscles and skin. At 4:30 in the early morning of Good Friday, April 8, 1977, Robert was rolled into the intensive care unit with a beautiful pink arm propped up on a pillow beside him.

Three weeks later, preparing to discharge him, I picked up the dictaphone to dictate my usual medical summary of



In response to Dr. Graham's obedience, God made available Fairfield Hospital, previously a stately Tudor estate with sunken gardens, gazebo and swimming pool. Renamed The King's House January, 1978, this center for plastic surgery is one of finest in the world. The pool has been site of many baptisms.



Robert's hospital stay. But I stopped before I had finished. There was still something I felt should be done.

So many people in the community and on the hospital staff had prayed for Robert's healing. I went to the hospital administrator and asked Sister Mary Agnesita if we might have a service of celebration and praise before Robert went home. Immediately she agreed. The next day some 200 nurses, nuns, hospital personnel and friends assembled in the hospital auditorium. With local television cameras humming, I made a presentation:

"I feel like David must have felt when he returned with his victorious Israeli soldiers. They had swung the swords that defeated the Philistines, but when they returned they didn't say, 'Look what we have done.'

"Instead they said, 'Look what the Lord has done.' They danced before the Lord and gave Him the glory for the victory. That's what we've come here today to do: to give God the glory for the restoration of Robert Hyatt's arm."

Since then God has opened many doors for me to share His story. We have appeared on national television, spoken at many Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meetings, and recently our testimony, *Mold Me and Shape Me*, has been published by Chosen Books.

Yes, God did call me to be a plastic surgeon. And He did it in a unique way to bring glory to Himself. Does your life bring glory to God?

If not, I challenge you to make Jesus Lord of your life, and to ask Him to fill you with His Holy Spirit. Then, as you obey

the leadings of His Spirit you too may know the joy of being in partnership with the Creator of the universe. □



*Dr. Graham is a graduate of Tulane University School of Medicine, New Orleans. He completed a residency in ear, nose and throat at Confederate Memorial Medical Center, Shreveport, and in plastic and reconstructive surgery in Miami, Florida and Norfolk, Virginia. Founder of a plastic surgery center, he has been engaged in the private practice of plastic surgery since 1976. He and his wife Pat are active in Zion Christian Fellowship, and have five children: Kirk, 22; Cathey, 20; Ginger, 18; Margaret, 16; and Patrick, 13. Dr. Graham has co-authored twenty-one medical-journal articles as well as his autobiography, *Mold Me and Shape Me*. He is a member of FGBMFT's Shreveport Chapter and has ministered Christian teaching over regional radio and television.*

The Competitor



Robert Horton, Takapuna, Auckland, New Zealand

In New Zealand the name Bob Horton meant something. I was a success in everything I set my hand to. I became a good boxer who could handle himself well. I learned to play every type of sport imaginable and always succeeded. At rugby I scored the points. In swimming I was first to finish. I was a good tennis player, a good cricket player. I went into wrestling and gymnastics. In grade school I won first place in all of New Zealand for my writing. I despised weakness of any kind. I was a fighter and believed in winning.

Determined to make my mark in the world, I had already begun to do so early in life. Then I got married, and it seemed to me that that's when my troubles began.

My very first recollection of life was standing in front of my father, who was on his knees. I had on a pair of boxing gloves. "Hit me!" he would say. But I didn't want to hit him. He was my father.

"Sonny boy," he said, "you're going to learn to fight so you can make a mark in this world!"

So I learned to fight. But in all my life I

never got closer to my father than arm's length. With a boxing glove on my hand.

My father had never been loved, and he didn't know how to express love to my mother or to us children. As a result, I never learned how to love anybody. All I knew was that I was to win at any cost.

So I became a winner. I was determined to climb to the top rung of the ladder. And it didn't matter who I had to walk over to get there.

I was born into an Anglican family, and since I was a New Zealander I was automatically considered to be a Christian. But we never went to church except for socializing.

My father was an intelligent man, skilled at many things, and a good provider for his family. Even though there were times of unhappiness in our home we also knew times of happiness. My father had a terrible temper, and particularly in the morning. He and I often argued. We would stand toe-to-toe, eyeball-to-eyeball.

"I'm going to knock your block off!" he would say.

Sometimes I said, "Look, you're my dad, but you really make me angry. I think I could take you now!" My father's a strong man. But I'm strong too. I thank God, though, that I never did physically fight with him.

In 1955 I left school to go into the construction business with him. We didn't last long together because we couldn't get along. So I went into agricultural engineering and became very successful as a golf-course architect and engineer—successful enough that I could retire at age forty.

At my best friend's twenty-first birthday party I saw an Australian girl named Irene whom I liked. A week later I had a date with her, and within two years we were married. Irene was a Christian, and though I called myself Christian I didn't really know what that meant. I considered Christianity as being something for women, the weaker sex, and for weak-kneed, jelly-bellied men.

As a "strong, superior" man, I had developed the philosophy that there was no God, that He didn't exist.

Irene was different than any Christian I had ever known. For one thing, *she read her Bible*. I didn't mind that so much, but I didn't like her praying for me and trying to get me to read it too. We'd be sitting up in bed, I reading the paper, and she reading her Bible. Now and then she'd shove the Bible over to me and say, "Bob, look at this. Just read this!"

I'd push the Bible away. "No," I would say, thinking, *You're a weak lady, and I'm a strong man. You need that stuff. But I don't*. So I would never read it.

For ten years I put Irene through hell. I'd take her out to social events and insist she drink. She knew that if she didn't go with me I wouldn't come home. One by one, Irene bore me three children. And as they came our married life was wearing more and more threadbare.

I didn't know how to relate to our children or how to love them. To fill the void I began putting more and more time into my business, often working as many as eighty hours a week. I'd conduct my business in bars and hotel rooms. Many times I'd be gone from Irene and the kids for three weeks at a time.

I didn't know how to accept the responsibilities that should have been mine. I would throw Irene a handful of money and tell her to buy the groceries, pay the bills and take care of the children, but leave me alone.

Meantime I was working my way up to becoming the #1 person in our nation in my particular field of expertise. I became more and more successful in business. I would buy another new car, another new home. . . .

As a “strong and superior” man, I had developed the philosophy that God didn't exist

But I was angry much of the time. If the children did something wrong I'd be angry, but unable to talk to them. I'd pick up things and throw them in my anger. Though I drank a lot I seldom got drunk.

During all of this time, Irene was praying for me. She was a regular prayer intercessor at a Baptist church. Then a man by the name of Bob Harris, from Texas, was slated to come to her church. She asked me to go. She just didn't ask me to go, she put flyers advertising the meeting in the windows at home and other places where I'd see them.

In the past I'd been able to get out of

it, but she kept after me until finally I agreed to go.

I'll never forget that day.

When Harris began to preach I was sure he'd been hearing about me. From God's word, he began telling me all about myself. I had considered myself to be "the greatest." But as this man preached I realized I was very small in God's sight: because of my lying, my cheating, my manipulating.

I squirmed in my seat until he was finished. Then the congregation began singing a song. On the first stanza, Harris said, "Come and give your life to Jesus Christ."

I was out of my seat like a bolt. I got to the altar and stood there. Everybody was so surprised that Bob Horton had come forward that they just looked at each other in confusion. They didn't know what to do with me. Seeing the baptistry, I said, "Well, you've got the tank there—when do I go for a swim?"

Something happened to me that day. I repented of my sins; I turned about-face and began traveling in the opposite direction. When I did, the blood of Jesus cleansed me and set me free. I didn't know yet much about who He is, but I said, "I will let Jesus have a go in my life."

I was immediately freed from my terrible cursing. And within two weeks I was totally freed from smoking and drinking. Jesus Christ really set me free!

As I drove home the night of the meeting where I got saved, I had to stop the car. For the first time in my life I felt tears flowing down my face. I looked up and cried, "My God, You are real! You love

me! I feel Your love within my life."

God confirmed to me, "You are just a child. You are in My hand. You are going to stay there. No devil can pluck you out. No man can. You are safe, you are home, you have arrived."

My life hasn't been the same since.

One of the first things I did was to go out and buy myself a Bible. Right away Irene showed me the Scriptures about "Husbands, love your wives" (Ephesians 5:25).

As I read and talked with God, He assured me that He would make my wife and me one. That's exactly what He has done.

I had been a very lonely person before, in those bars and hotels. Now I decided I'd been gone from home too much, and I was going to stay home with my wife and family.

I have learned to be the priest of my home. I have learned to take my rightful 100-percent responsibility for my wife and children. I've learned to love my children, to pray with them, to talk with them and to discipline them. And God has shown me what a beautiful wife I have, what a wonderful home. We have a love relationship such as I had never known.

I became a five-day, forty-hour-a-week man, and that's when I really became a successful businessman. God is prospering me more than when I worked night and day. Now I not only have time for my family but also to minister in the name of Jesus.

I became associated with Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, and for thirteen years now Irene and I have ministered together there. At the present time

New Zealand has 100 FGBMFI chapters, the highest per capita of any nation. God is using FGBMFI chapters to turn thousands of men back to Himself, not only in New Zealand but in the islands of the South Pacific.

We are excited about what God is doing. I thank God for a faithful Christian wife who stood by me in prayer when I was going my selfish way. Now I know what life is all about. Praise His name! □



Bob Horton is an agricultural engineer, especially involved with the growing of finer turf grasses, and frost-fighting techniques to save the famous Rocksboro red apricot trees of Central Oteigo Island. He is also a golf-course architect in a country with the most golf courses and golfers per capita in the world. He and his wife Irene have four children: Christine, Todd, Joann and Andrew. Mr. Horton is an elder at North Shore Faith Center, has served as an FGBMFI International Vice-President and International Director, and is an Auckland Chapter member.



SAVED BY A VOICE

Bill Street, Jr., Claremore, Oklahoma

Get out, you're under arrest!" shouted one of thirteen detectives as they surrounded my car. With guns pulled, they insisted that I step back from my automobile. As I did, they began to search my car for weapons.

After the search I was handcuffed and

placed in the back seat of a squad car. In moments a number of police cars arrived, red lights flashing. Officers continued looking for evidence that would tie me to the crime that had been committed.

Soon I was taken downtown. Standing in the hot lights of the lineup, I began to sweat. Suddenly I heard someone say,

"That's him, that's him!" I knew he was pointing at me.

As I walked off the stage an officer said, "You are being charged with two major felony offenses." Each carried a life sentence.

Shaking with fear as I thought of imprisonment for life, I went toward the booking room, then on to a cell.

The steel cell door slammed shut and the officer said, "Looks like you got yourself in some big trouble, son." I sat down on the cot, head in my hands, and began to cry, thinking of my wife and baby girl back in Missouri.

Later another officer came to my cell. "You can make a phone call now. I suggest you call an attorney; you're going to need one."

My arrest accelerated the downward spiral already in motion. Only a couple of years earlier when I was with a major life insurance company I had sold more than \$14 million in policies in less than two years. The commissions handed me a ticket to "the good life." The drinking and pool hustling begun in my late teen years became full-blown habits that wiped out my success.

Over the next year my case was continued time and time again. The agony began to wear on all of us. My father paid the bond money so that I might not spend all that time in jail waiting.

The stress would have been unbearable without the support of my wife Margaret. She and our daughter JoAnna moved from our beautiful home in Missouri into a one-bedroom apartment in Oklahoma so that they could be with me.

Arraignment day came. My attorney advised me to waive a jury trial. The evidence was conclusive. He suggested that I throw myself on the mercy of the court.

The judge looked at me for a long time before pronouncing the sentence. "Bill Street... I'm going to give you five years. Two of those you'll spend in prison, and three out."

The relief I felt was unspeakable. Still, prison was ahead. I turned to my father and we both began to weep.

After a few nights at the State Prison Reception Center, a guard walked past my cell. "Son, have you got a Bible in there?" he asked.

"No," I scoffed. I heard him trying to shove something under the door, but the Bible was too thick.

"Well," he said, "I've got something else for you. Read it. Everything it says is true. God wants to set you free!" It was a copy of a little magazine called *Voice*.

As I began to read about a Hell's Angel serving three life sentences, tears came. God had set him free and given him peace and forgiveness. His marriage had been brought back together. He had been delivered from drugs and alcohol.

The story told about the baptism in the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues. As a Southern Baptist I had heard of the experience, but personally I had had no teaching on the subject.

God was dealing with me, speaking to my heart: "My son, I make successes out of failures. Give me your life tonight."

I turned to the back of the magazine where I had seen Six Scriptural Steps to

Salvation. "God, I've gone far enough," I cried out. "This is it! Forgive me! Jesus, come in and take over my life right now." Immediately peace swept over me.

At "Big Mac," the state prison, God began to send people across my path and to give me favor. I was invited to attend chapel, where four Full Gospel Business Men were ministering. My faith began to rise as they spoke. At the end of



the service one of them said, "There's a man here tonight whom God is going to use greatly. He needs to come and receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit."

I looked around, wondering who the person was. Nobody moved. We waited what seemed to be about twenty minutes. Suddenly my foot went out into the aisle and I found myself on my way down front.

The man touched me lightly and said,

"Father, in the name of Jesus, baptize this man in the Holy Spirit." I began to speak in a beautiful language I had never spoken before.

Back in my cell, I began devouring my Bible. Verse after verse of the Scriptures began coming alive to me, just jumping out at me from the pages. I read Mark 11:23,24 and was amazed. "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray," I read, "believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

I asked the chaplain, "Is this true?"

He nodded. "Yes, Bill, it's true."

"Wow," I said. "He's set me free on the inside—now I want to be free on the outside." I asked him to pray with me.

Some Full Gospel Business Men who came to the prison every third Thursday of the month brought me all kinds of good material to read. I wasn't going anywhere; I had plenty of time. I read it all. After a while they enrolled me in a Bible correspondence course. Another prisoner and I studied all of it.

When my wife and little JoAnna came to visit me, I had so much to share with Margaret. I'd stuff about ten paperbacks under my shirt on one side and ten on the other and walk in looking like a bricklayer with bricks inside his shirt.

I'd tell her, "You've got to read these!" She was allowed to bring in a diaper bag for our baby, so she'd carry the books home in the diaper bag. But she worked nine hours a day and had the baby to take care of, and the first month I'd already given her more than 100 booklets. So of course she only got a few of them read.

I was so zealous that I would teach



I would teach and preach to anyone who would listen

and preach to anybody in the prison who would listen. I wrote my wife twenty-page letters sharing all the things I was learning in the Bible course, and about the work of the Holy Spirit in my life.

One day when Margaret was visiting me I convinced her that this experience was for her, too. I laid hands on her and instructed her how to pray. She uttered a couple of words in a prayer language. "As you drive home," I told her, "start praising God and you'll receive a full release of the Spirit."

Later she told me, "Somewhere between McAlester and Henrietta, as I was driving, the Holy Spirit fell on me." Not only did God fill her with Himself, but He healed her of a back problem of long standing.

When I was released I immediately faced financial problems—eleven months behind in house payments back in Missouri, and other creditors hounding us. And with the birth of our second

daughter, Lori, our one-bedroom apartment became too small. We went to God in prayer concerning another house. God helped us sell our Missouri home in a miraculous way and led us to another which was exactly what Margaret had described on a piece of paper four months earlier. And it's on Carefree Drive!

I was working with my father in his TV and appliance business of almost thirty years, when God began to deal with me about going full-time into the ministry. After another year and a half of struggling with that decision, I finally surrendered. It was not an easy thing to do, but God has continued to be faithful.

While I was in prison the Lord had shown me a ministry I was to provide. It is called "Action Ministries." Action stands for "Active Christians Tuning In On Needs." One of the needs I knew I was to meet was that of transporting women and children to prisons to visit

their husbands and fathers.

Two weeks after I made the decision to give my full time to the Lord, a man came to our home one night as we were having our weekly Bible study. "Bill," he said, "the Lord has impressed me to give you a vehicle for your ministry." A month earlier God had shown Margaret and me a brand-new van to use for His glory. We had told no one. The man wrote out a check for it and a week later we began to use the van in the ministry.

The following week the pastor of our church came to me and asked me to become a part of the staff as associate pastor and minister of visitation. We prayed that night and rejoiced that God had opened another door.

Just recently a man from out of town called and said he felt led to give our ministry a Cessna 172 Skyhawk, which would enable us to reach the places which God would open up for us.

My friend, you may be sitting behind bars right now, or behind a bottle of booze. Your life may seem at a dead-end. But I have good news. God takes great delight in making successes out of failures. Just as He has moved in my life, He stands ready to move in yours, for He is no respecter of persons.

I'm a man who made a serious mistake and whose only hope was Jesus. As much as I would like to, I could not erase my past or relive it, but my Saviour has forgiven me and cleansed me.

The Bible promises, "Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool" (Isaiah 1:18). Not only am I forgiven but my life now has new meaning and direction. Before, I was like an airplane—designed to fly, but just sitting in a hangar. Now that I've turned the controls over to Jesus my life is on an upward course. □



Bill Street, Jr. spent four and a half years in insurance sales and sales management, and has worked in a family business, Street's TV & Appliance, Tulsa, Oklahoma, for a total of eleven years. He mails a monthly newsletter to prisoners across the nation, has a tape outreach and provides transportation of prisoners' families to visit them. He and his wife Margaret have two daughters, JoAnna and Lori, and are members of Claremore Christian Fellowship. Bill is a member of Claremore Chapter, FGBMFI.

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EDITED BY DENNIS ROBERTS

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UPDATE!

ON THE MOVE

Hiawatha, Kansas chapter members are both unusual and typical of Full Gospel Business Men. Their most recent outreach program is unique, yet it expresses the love for Jesus and for the lost which characterizes Fellowship members everywhere.

Not satisfied to limit their witness to men who attend chapter meetings in the small community, the thirty-five members constructed a *Voice* booth. They tow it to fairs, flea markets and shopping centers, where they give a cup of cold water, a *Voice* magazine and their personal testimonies.

Their first witnessing mission was at White Cloud Flea Market, third largest in the United

States. Says Chapter President Gene Killorren: "Our *Voice* booth ministry gives us the potential of reaching 70,000 people in north-eastern Kansas and Nebraska."

A similar ministry on wheels is sponsored in England by Great Yarmouth and Waveney chapters. Robert Perry, membership secretary, explains, "It enables us to proclaim the word of God amidst the noise and clamor of worldly pursuits."

Bob Nail, a carpenter in charge of the Fayetteville, North Carolina *Voice* ministry for his chapter, built an attractive *Voice* display which stands in Grannis Airport only twelve miles from Fort Bragg-Pope Air Force Base. More than 500 copies of *Voice* are picked up each month by passengers who travel in this country and to distant parts of the world.



Chapter President Edward F. Targosz, northeast Phoenix, Arizona, has been licensed to serve as assistant chaplain at Turf Paradise Racetrack. Chapter men witness at Thursday-night meetings, counsel and give *Voice* magazines.

The FGBMFI county-fair tent sponsored last summer by the Lockport, New York chapter featured Christian musicians, testimonies of laymen and an evangelistic message. A line formed quickly in response to the invitation, and prayer and counseling continued for an hour.

These are only a few of the thousands of local outreach ministries operating effectively as innovative laymen with a burden to reach the lost move out in ministry.

Their commitment is also a confirmation by "men in the trenches" of their confidence that goals advanced by Fellowship leaders are of God.

Last July, FGBMFI international directors went on record as believing that in the next five years God wants the Fellowship to have (1) a chapter in every nation on earth; (2)

40,000 chapters worldwide; and (3) one million members.

The last great revival will be a laymen's harvest. Training seminars are being held for field representatives so that in turn they may train each layman to be a more effective harvester for Jesus Christ. Evangelistic tools have been prepared by the International Office. Chapter members desiring additional information are encouraged to contact their field representative or international director. Other Christians who are challenged to become a part of this exciting move of God may contact a local chapter. □

1. *Hiawatha, Kansas chapter members construct Voice booth to increase their witness at fairs and flea markets.* **2.** *Displaying Fayetteville Chapter's airport Voice dispenser, left to right: Noble Stanley, president; Bob Nail, chapter Voice ministry director; Ernest Wood, director.* **3.** *Praising God at close of day of ministry, right to left: Great Yarmouth Chapter president Colin King; wife and children of Robert Perry, membership secretary; Mark Pratt; Paul Monsey; Robin Knight.*



The Harvest is Ready!

1984 FGBMFI
World Convention
Anaheim, California
July 3-7, 1984



Demos Shakarian



James Robison



Oral Roberts



Sir Lionel Luckhoo



Paul Crouch



James Watt

Chairman:
Demos Shakarian
Co-chairman:
Peter Congelliere

Ladies' Luncheon
Speaker:
Evelyn Roberts

Special Music:
Rich Cook
David Papp



R.W. Schambach



It's the 31st Annual World Convention of FGBMFI, and we're celebrating it in beautiful southern California July 3-7, 1984.

This promises to be a week you will long remember. Bringing us God's message of the hour will be notable speakers such as James Robison, Oral Roberts, Sir Lionel Luckhoo, Paul Crouch, James Watt (depending on availability of schedule), R.W. Schambach, Demos Shakarian, plus leading businessmen and laymen from around the world!

Evelyn Roberts will speak at the ladies' luncheon.

Inspirational messages, teaching, children's activities, youth services—something for the whole family. Plus the invitation to visit Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, and many other southern California tourist attractions.

Mark your calendar now! Plan to attend the FGBMFI World Convention as we prepare for the final great harvest.



**The
Harvest is Ready!**

To receive your free World Convention Brochure with complete preregistration information (hotel and meal rates), fill in the coupon and mail to: FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628 / Attn: World Convention Dept. 1501

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Hyman A. Harris
Matthews, North Carolina

For millions of Americans, Friday seems to be the only day of the week worth thinking about. I felt that way myself for many years. My one philosophy in life was wine, women and song—epicurean style, and all week I would dream about leaving the rat race and plunging into a pleasure-packed weekend with beautiful women and lots of booze. As usual, that was my game plan for the first Friday in April, 1977 (appropriately, April Fool's Day). When I walked into my office in Charlotte, North Carolina, I had no idea that on this day my life would be changed forever.

I kicked off the weekend by visiting one of my playmates at her apartment; later we went out for drinks. I was starting to feel the effects of the whiskey when I remembered that I'd promised to attend a meeting with my wife, Judy. If I

renege, the frosty atmosphere around our marriage would likely cool even further, so I offered my companion an excuse and rushed home.

Actually, I didn't want to miss the occasion; an old friend was scheduled to speak. Buddy Makepeace claimed to have had a religious experience and was going to tell a group of businessmen what had happened. I was openly skeptical.

Although I hadn't seen my friend for four years, I knew he deserved his reputation as a wheeler-dealer and compulsive gambler. His skill at the tables had gotten him banned from several of Las Vegas' biggest casinos.

I could picture Buddy cloaking his pitch in religious jargon, then doing a fast shuffle and skipping town with big bucks before the audience realized what was happening.

Could somebody like Buddy get religion overnight? It seemed doubtful. I recalled how, the last time we were together, we had wiped out a stock of whiskey, then passed out on the living-room floor at 4:00 A.M.



When Judy and I walked into the meeting room I felt some strange vibes. I'd been around church people before, but had never sensed the spirit of love and spiritual excitement that seemed to run wall to wall. I thought, "These people really care about each other."

Buddy began by quoting the parable of the prodigal son from Luke 15:11-32. As he read, one verse caused me to look inside myself and to examine my lifestyle: "While he [the prodigal] was still a long way off, his father saw him and was filled with compassion for him; he ran to his son, threw his arms around him and kissed him" (Luke 15:20, NIV).



A long way off. My condition exactly! I was drinking a fifth of whiskey or more daily, and had slept with so many women I wasn't keeping count any more. My children saw me as a stranger and our marriage was teetering on the brink.

Yet despite this sorry record, a loving Father in heaven was running to meet His wayward son. The Bible story even talked about God throwing a party to mark the prodigal's return. The whole scene blew my mind.

As Buddy talked, I recalled my first sexual conquest at age twelve, when my flesh was set on fire and burned for lustful satisfaction. In my teens I'd excelled in sports, being elected captain of the high-school football and basketball teams. My sports achievements raised my rating with the girls, which in turn fanned the flames of lust burning within. I began to live for Friday nights—the roar of the crowd, followed by post-game dates.

I thought it would last forever, but one October afternoon my world fell apart.

I'd enrolled at the University of Georgia on a football scholarship, but a back injury put me out of action. I was devastated when doctors agreed that my athletic career was over; I would never play football or basketball again.

I got on the phone, hoping for some consolation from my current girlfriend. Her mother broke into the conversation and shouted, "Don't come around; don't call; don't even write!" Apparently she had found out what her daughter and I were doing on our dates.

I stared at the receiver. Nobody had ever said no to me, and suddenly the two things I lived for—girls and football—were gone. My depression became so overpowering that on three occasions I attempted suicide. Psychiatric counseling followed.

Back in Charlotte, I picked up a newspaper and saw a picture of my ex-girlfriend, who was modeling for a local department store. My rage exploded. I determined to end my misery. This time I wouldn't botch the job, but first I wanted to make sure the mother knew that she



was totally responsible for my ruined dreams.

On the way to their home I made two stops, one for a bottle of whiskey, the second to borrow a gun. Then I forced my way into their home, where I held the girl hostage for six hours. The police set up barricades, crowds gathered to watch, and the impasse continued until someone sent in a bottle of booze laced with knockout drops.

When I came to I had no recollection of the previous day. It was dark and all I could see were padded walls; a gleam of light shone through the barred opening at eye level. For a moment I actually thought I was in hell. Through the bars I saw a fellow mopping the floor, so I asked, "Where am I?"

"In jail," he replied, "but man, you sure did it in style."

I guess I did. My senseless rampage took place about the time the Soviets were enforcing the Berlin Wall, but my antics nearly pushed the Russians off the front page of our city newspaper. *The*

Charlotte Observer ran an eight-column headline: "Former Charlotte Star Athlete Holds Girl Hostage." The details were splashed across four columns.

Since my family was prominent they were able to secure my release in a few days, but from that point I saw myself as the black sheep or, as Jesus put it, a prodigal. Eventually I moved into a responsible job, married a wonderful girl and fathered two children—but my free-wheeling sex and drinking sprees never missed a beat.

That's how things stood for fifteen years of marriage. Then Judy turned to God for help and began getting serious about religion. She even attended some services during the week, as well as regular meetings of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. One night she took our six-year-old daughter with her. At 10:00 P.M. the door flew open and my little girl burst in, exclaiming, "Daddy, Daddy! Mommy got slain in the Spirit and spoke in tongues!"

My mouth fell open and I stepped back, expecting Judy to be carried in on a stretcher. When I found out that those



terms referred to a spiritual experience I was sure I had finally succeeded in driving the poor woman out of her mind.

It was at one of these meetings that Judy heard about Buddy Makepeace coming to give his testimony. Here was a glimmer of hope that God might change my life; that a sick marriage might be healed.

I sat near the front, watching closely for signs that Buddy was conning his listeners, but at some point I realized he



Buddy Makepeace

was truly sincere. I've always had good radar for spotting phonies, but it was obvious that Buddy meant every word. For the first time in my life I was face to face with a human being whose habits and desires had shifted 180 degrees because of the power of Jesus Christ.

Later Buddy and I embraced in the center of the room. I exclaimed haltingly, "Buddy, I need what you've got."

Looking me straight in the eye, he quoted Romans 10:9 (NIV): "If you confess with your mouth, 'Jesus is Lord,' and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved."

"Hyman, do you believe that Jesus is

the Son of God?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then pray these words after me and mean them."

I followed Buddy's lead, confessing my sinfulness and telling Jesus that I wanted Him to become my Saviour and Lord. At the "amen," we both broke down. Those tears had at last broken through the masks I'd been wearing in front of others.

As I walked to the car, Satan tried to stir up doubts about my decision. "So you think you've been saved," he whispered. "Come on, Hyman, this is nothing more than a passing emotion. You just aren't good enough to be a real Christian. Remember what you did this afternoon, and then you went out and got loaded! How can a person live like that and still expect Jesus to forgive him? You have to clean up your act first, then ask God to forgive you."

I didn't have a carefully thought-out answer for Satan that night, but there was no mistaking the deep peace I felt inside, a feeling I'd never experienced before. Later I would learn that God's salvation is a gift for those who know themselves to be sinners; He welcomes those who turn to Him just as they are.

Although I was a different person, the problem of lust still existed. I struggled against it, knowing that I would fail unless I received more power than I myself possessed. Then I heard about the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Writers and speakers insisted that this Spirit could take over one's life and help one to overcome consuming temptations. I wanted that kind of help. One day

while visiting my old friend Buddy Makepeace at a Christian camp retreat, I received the Baptism in all its fullness.

There were immediate changes. Right away the Holy Spirit led me on a twenty-one-day fast, and God cleaned up my thought life.

The Bible opened to me in a new way, and I found myself speaking boldly for Christ in settings where previously I'd held back. I even began to include details of my pre-Christian lifestyle in testimonies to groups. Of course I'm still just as ashamed of those sinful actions as I was before receiving the Baptism, but I've learned that sharing what God has delivered me from often brings hope to those facing similar temptations.

Tears had at last broken through the masks I'd been wearing

Best of all, the Holy Spirit quenched the burning lust that had nearly consumed my life. Now when I see a beautiful young woman, the Spirit enables me to control my thoughts and to keep my emotions in check. Instead of viewing her as an object for sexual conquest I can simply give thanks to God for another evidence of His beautiful creation.

Since attending my first Full Gospel Business Men's meeting April 1, 1977, many positive changes have taken place in my life. Directly or indirectly, every step of my growth in Jesus has come from contact with this organization, and I thank God for all who have ministered so patiently to me over the years.

Now I look forward, not just to Fridays, but to every day of the week. As Ken Medema sings, "Every day is a victory when you put it in the hands of the Lord." □



Hyman Harris is employed as loan officer for a subsidiary of International Harvester. He and his wife Judy attend Word of Faith World Outreach Center in Charlotte and have two children: Bradon, 20, and Kelly, 14. Mr. Harris is president of Charlotte Chapter, FGBMFI, and has a local prison and jail outreach, as well as working with the State Parole Board and local officials to help offenders.

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.

A Miracle in Trafalgar Square



John Linden-Cook, London, England

Although I was brought up in the true Anglican tradition, attending church each Sunday, it did not hold much meaning for me. At home, we did not read the Bible very frequently, and praying was reserved for those few moments before climbing into bed. I was involved in most of our church activities and even became an organist and choir-master, but somehow the deeper purpose of the Church evaded me.

We heard about Jesus, but no one ever told me that I could meet Him personally. I saw no further than the desirability of living a good life and being a kind neighbor.

After war service in the Royal Navy, which took me to Freetown, West Africa, I began to lose interest in the Church and soon stopped going altogether. God's part in my life was more or less closed, I

thought. But He was not finished with me.

Not long afterward I met Elsa from Germany, who became my wife a couple of years later. Although not in the least religious, occasionally we would sit and read the Bible. The life of Jesus was marked, time and time again, by miracles. If He was still alive today, as the Bible teaches, then where were those miracles?

We wanted to believe the Bible and accept it as the word of God, but when we asked questions at the different churches we periodically attended, we were told that miracles were not for today. We could come to no decision on the matter.

Then one day when I had finished conducting some business with a lady client, she asked me a question: "Are you saved? Do you know Jesus as your personal Saviour?"

After some thought I had to admit I did not. She explained in more detail and we discussed "being saved" at some length.

I told her, "It seems to me that the Bible is not all true, because it says Jesus healed all who were sick. It also states that He is always the same; yet where are the healings today? What am I to think? It is very difficult to believe in a God who says one thing and then changes His mind!"

Instead of being put off by my questions, she told me of some meetings being held in a small church off Trafalgar Square the following week.

"If you go there," she said, "you will see people healed."

My interest was aroused. On Monday night Elsa and I went to the little church. I did not hear the sermon, for I had gone not to listen but to see. When the speaker asked those who needed healing to come forward, I paid close attention.

The first person to be prayed for was blind in one eye. After prayer she came down the aisle, speaking to everyone sitting at the end of the pews. She bent towards me and said with excitement, "I can see!" Other miracles followed.

At home that night, we had a lot to think about. We decided to go back the next evening. That night the message was taken from Matthew 9:20-22, which tells of a woman who had been very sick for twelve years. When she touched just the hem of Jesus' clothes, she was healed.

At the end of the meeting the speaker said, "We are going to call the sick forward in a moment. But before we do, there are those who have a greater need. They need to know Jesus as their Saviour and

Lord. They need to be forgiven of their sins."

He asked everyone to close his eyes and not to look around, then told those who wanted to know Jesus personally to raise their right hands. My first thought was, "That is not for me," but the Holy Spirit of God was speaking to my heart. For the first time in my life I began to see that I was a sinner who was going to hell. I decided I had to respond, but found it very hard.

Edging away from my wife, who was sitting next to me, I cautiously lifted my hand.

"I see you, brother." The evangelist's voice echoed through the church. My hand shot down. I felt awful.

"You'll see people healed"

After a few minutes he asked those who had put their hands up to come forward. "Oh, no!" I thought.

Then, to my surprise, Elsa stood up.

Together we went to the front. As I asked God to forgive my sinful past, it seemed as if a hundredweight of burden fell from my back. Inside I felt clean.

Instead of going on to the next person, the evangelist asked if there was anything else I would like from the Lord. "Yes," I said. "I have an internal complaint and I need healing."

Again he prayed and it seemed as though 600 volts of electricity shot through my body. The physical problem was gone and has never come back.

Some months after this experience I found myself back at the same little church, this time wanting to receive the

fullness of the Spirit. I had been prayed for at many meetings; still nothing had happened. In desperation I cried out to God, "Why can't I receive, Lord? What is stopping me?"

"You are," came His reply. It was my pride, arrogance and self-importance that were standing in the way.

I asked God to wash me clean, and slowly over the following three months He did just that. It was very painful but wonderful.

When I felt ready again to make my request, I returned to the little church. Following the meeting, when the speaker asked those who wanted to receive the fullness of the Holy Spirit to come forward, I hurried to the front. To my dismay, when he saw me he said, "I have prayed with you so many times that I am not coming down to pray with you tonight."

Then a small, quiet voice said, "Well?"

"Yes, Lord, take me," I said. . . . As I closed my eyes I felt as though I was lifted up into His very presence and I began worshiping Him in a heavenly tongue. That was twenty years ago.

Almost five years ago I heard about the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. My wife and I attended one of their dinner meetings in London. Within six months we had started a chapter in Croydon near our home. It is always exciting to see and hear how God works in the lives of businessmen.

After fourteen years of working as sales director of a small business, I myself was forced from my position when the owner's young son joined the staff. But the very next day I had an interview for another job. No word came for three

or four weeks; it was a difficult time, but I had learned to trust the Lord. Then I was asked back for a second interview, and this time I was offered the position. The Lord had provided me with a job I enjoy very much.

I have seen many people healed, of cancer, muscular dystrophy, asthma, deafness and other illnesses, all after prayer. And I have been healed myself, not only of the disease I mentioned earlier, but also of malignant malaria, which had given me much trouble at yearly intervals and nearly killed me in West Africa while I was serving in the Royal Navy.

God is interested in you personally—He knows all about you, and He loves you. But He wants more than an occasional thought or a trip to a church. You must ask Him into your heart and make Him Lord of your life. Why not turn to Him today? □



John Linden-Cook is sales manager of the Publications Division of S. Straker and Sons Ltd., printers and stationers, in London. He is vice-president of FGBMFI's City of London Chapter and past president of the Croydon Chapter. He and his wife Elsa are members of the Norwood Fellowship.

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Threefold Purpose of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

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

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

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

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

How to Start a Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter

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



A Price to Pay

Reinhard Maekelburger
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

It was 1945, and Hitler was on the run. In my village in West Prussia, we mourned the defeat of the German army. I was only ten years old, but I was old enough to feel the sick horror the adults felt as Communist soldiers marched into our village. We knew our lives would never be the same.

But God was with my family, and by His grace my parents and my brother Gunther and I escaped to Denmark. As we escaped, a torpedo was launched at us by a submarine, but, praise God, the torpedo didn't go off and we landed safely in Copenhagen. However, living in the refugee camp there was almost like living in hell. We were crowded into army barracks behind barbed wire. Food and

milk were scarce. Somehow the older children and adults scraped by, but I saw babies and small children die of starvation!

When we were released in 1948 we went to Hamburg, Germany—but again we were put in barracks. For four more years we endured.

My parents were from a Mennonite farming community, so when we were in Germany I joined the Mennonite church at age fifteen. But it was an empty gesture: I didn't meet Jesus, I only joined a church.

In 1952 we left Germany and settled in the sugar-beet country near Calgary, Alberta, Canada. I worked as a bank clerk, but my real love was soccer—and the partying, drinking and dancing that went with it. You can imagine what goes on when German and Hungarian players meet and drink. Often the parties lasted until four or five in the morning. Perhaps the rough game and the parties and drinking helped me forget, for awhile, the horrors I experienced as a refugee child.



I was twenty when I met Lucie in a movie theater—and fell instantly in love. A year later we were married in the Lutheran church to which she belonged. Two years after that I was the proud father of a boy, Gary.

In spite of my responsibilities as a husband and father, soccer still came first and it broke my wife's heart. I can remember her crying many times when I left to referee a professional game, but I was too stubborn to listen to her. Soccer was my god; it was all I really cared about—and it ruined my marriage.

In spite of all the trials I went through I didn't seek God. I knew Him in an intellectual way, but not in a personal, spiritual way. I was too busy partying and playing soccer. Still, God managed to get through to me.

In 1962 Lucie went to Europe for Christmas. I had planned to go with her, but my employer wouldn't let me go. I was a tax auditor, and it was tax time. I see now that God planned the whole thing, because He began to convict me of my sin.

During the five weeks my wife was away, I had severe bronchitis attacks. In addition to my physical problems I was unable to get along with the people at work. On January 7, 1963 I finally gave in and cried, "Lord, if You're real, reveal Yourself to me and come into my life! I don't want to run away from You any more! And please, save my marriage."

I'll never forget that day. It was 37 degrees below zero and I was helping my father shovel snow. I prayed while we shoveled, and continued to agonize through the night. At last, about one-thirty in the morning I felt the powers of dark-



ness lift from me as I lay in bed praying. Jesus came into my life, and I have been full of joy ever since.

Unfortunately, Lucie didn't share my joy. She had come to love the dancing and parties as much as I had, and she wasn't about to give them up just because I didn't want to go anymore. Every time we discussed my salvation and her parties, she threatened to divorce me. Finally I compromised and went with her, but my heart was no longer in it.

In 1964 the Lord moved us to Phoenix, Arizona, where we lived for three years. There God healed my bronchitis and I got involved in soccer again, as a referee. This time, however, the game was not first in my life—Jesus was.

Our daughter Debra was born in 1965. In 1967 we moved back to Calgary and rejoined the Lutheran church where we had been members since 1956. But I was starving spiritually and the church could not fill my need.

In 1972 I heard a young Baptist from South Dakota preach on the baptism in

the Holy Spirit, and my heart was warmed so strangely, so beautifully, that I wanted more and more. I went to the Baptist church for six months without telling my wife. She had no idea what I was doing.

Finally, on September 19, 1973, the Lord baptized me in His Holy Spirit in a beautiful experience in our bedroom. I had come to the place where I didn't want to live anymore because of our unhappy marriage. Lying there with Lucie asleep beside me, I felt transported into the glories of heaven. I thought I might be dying and I prayed, "Lord, let me live to see my household saved."

My prayers that God would heal my marriage and save my family were now filled with a new assurance and anticipation. I never lost that hope, and in 1979 my wife and son were both saved on the same evening. Over the years the wounds of our marriage have begun to heal, and I praise God for that.

Of course I'm still involved in soccer—but Jesus is still the Lord of my life. I play on a Christian team which I founded with a friend. God is with us even on the soccer field.

I should have retired from soccer ten years ago, but I have so much energy that I need to have an outlet for it. I find I need less sleep now, and life is so exciting that no matter where I travel I'm up at six in the morning.

I have my own tax-consulting firm now, with my son Gary as vice-president. God blessed the company in 1980 and 1981, while many of my competitors lost money. This year looks even better—all by the grace of God.

Since Gary runs the company, I am free to travel for the Lord with the Gideons and to be active in Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. I have been to Honolulu nine times. On one trip I was able to lead thirty-two people to Jesus on the streets of Honolulu.

In 1982 our daughter Debbie was saved just three days after returning from the FGBMFI world convention in California, completing the salvation of my family. God keeps His promises!

Yes, I've paid a price for serving the Lord, but the joy I have received in return is worth it all. If you have a million dollars, what does it profit you if you lose your soul? I have Jesus, I have joy, and I have the promise of eternal life. I have it all! □



Reinhard Maekelburger has for the last twelve years been tax auditor at Resources Tax Consultants Ltd. in Canada, of which he is owner and president. He and his wife Lucie have two children and attend South Calgary Community Church. For twenty-three years Mr. Maekelburger has played and refereed amateur soccer for such teams as Calgary Kickers and Lethbridge Legion. He is a member of FGBMFI's Calgary South Chapter.

The Harvest IS Ready!

You can share
in the Vision...

Jesus said: "The harvest is plentiful, but the workers are few. Ask the Lord of the harvest, therefore, to send out workers into his harvest field."—Luke 10:2, NIV

Our Vision

Our vision for the Fellowship is based upon a series of prophetic messages given over a period of time and confirmed by a literal vision from God.

In the vision, untold masses of men from every continent and nation, of all races and diverse culture and costume, once spiritually dead, are

now alive. Delivered and set free, they are filled with the power of God's Holy Spirit, faces radiant with glory, hands raised and voices lifting their praises to heaven.

We see a vast global movement of laymen comprised of millions of men being used by God to bring this last great harvest through the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit before the return of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Our Mission Statement

1. To reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ
2. To call men back to God
3. To help believers to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and to grow spiritually
4. To train and equip men to fulfill the Great Commission
5. To provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship
6. To bring a greater unity among all people in the body of Christ

Our Five-Year Goals, 1984-1989

- I. Worldwide Outreach—
Chapters in every nation
- II. International Membership—
A membership of one million
- III. Chapters—
40,000 chapters



Become a member of

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL.

For information contact the FGBMFI Chapter nearest you,
or write FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

Christian Businesswomen of Los Angeles and FGBMFI's Executive Chapter sponsored a joint luncheon meeting December 6. Sharing the Los Angeles Athletic Club podium were the two presidents, Richard G. Reinjohn and Sylvia Wilmore.

In introducing FGBMFI International President Demos Shakarian as guest speaker, Reinjohn noted that Demos had founded the Fellowship 32 years earlier at Clifton's Cafeteria, only a couple of blocks away. "In the last three decades," he observed, "this ministry has spread around the world and now reaches 83 nations."

Hearts rejoiced when, at the close of the event, more than 20 responded to the invitation, including five who accepted Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

1. *Dr. David Bruening chats with Demos Shakarian at Athletic Club entrance.* **2.** *Chapter president Richard G. Reinjohn, Sylvia Wilmore, president and founder, Christian Businesswomen of Los Angeles, and Demos Shakarian, founder/president, FGBMFI.* **3.** *Capacity crowd listens intently as Demos lifts up Jesus as answer to today's needs.* **4.** *Among those who come forward for prayer are five who accept Jesus for the first time.*



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CONVENTIONS

COLUMBIA RIVER REGIONAL

March 1-3, 1984

Hanford House, Richland
Write: Mr. Lewis Schweiger
2122 Hudson Ave.
Richland, WA 99352

GREATER BAY AREA REGIONAL

March 1-3, 1984

Bay Bridge Holiday Inn
Emeryville
Write: FGBMFI
335 Adeline St.
Oakland, CA 94607

OGDEN RALLY

March 9-10, 1984

The Hilton, Ogden
Write: Mr. Victor Martinez
6833 Village Green Rd.
Salt Lake City, UT 84121

SECOND SOUTHERN INDIANA COUPLES' ADVANCE

March 9-10, 1984

Clifty Inn, Madison
Write: Mr. Ted Stone
2131 Wilson Ave.
Madison, IN 47250

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS REGIONAL

March 14-17, 1984

Southern Ill. University
Carbondale
Write: Mr. Howard Hite
Route 1, Box 6D
Dalton City, IL 61925

NORTH DAKOTA STATE REGIONAL

March 15-17, 1984

Fargo, North Dakota
Write: Mr. Mel Tombre
Box 288
Savage, MT 59262

KINGSTON ONTARIO RALLY

March 16-17, 1984

Queens University Theater Aud.
Write: Mr. Jack Bradbury
R.R. 1, Kingston
Ontario, Canada K7L 4V1

SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL

March 22-24, 1984

Sheraton Inn, Sturbridge
Write: Mr. Blair Sanford
20 Chidsey Rd.
Avon, CT 06001

VIRGINIA STATE REGIONAL

March 22-25, 1984

Pavillion Tower Hotel
Virginia Beach
Write: Mr. Robert Harvey
3104 Biscayne Dr.
Chesapeake, VA 23321

GREAT PLAINS REGIONAL

March 27-30, 1984

Red Lion Inn, Omaha
Write: Mr. Dennis Tripp
1404 Maenner Dr.
Omaha, NE 68114

MONTANA STATE REGIONAL

March 29-31, 1984

Village Red Lion Inn, Missoula
Write: Mr. David Rodli
704 W. Sussex
Missoula, MT 59801

WILLAMETTE VALLEY MINI-CONVENTION

March 30-31, 1984

Hilton Hotel, Eugene
Write: Mr. Stan Merrell
90440 Hill Rd.
Springfield, OR 97477

NASHVILLE AREA SPRING ADVANCE

March 30-April 1, 1984

Henry Horton's State Resort Park
Chapel Hill, TN
Write: Mr. Hoyt Elliot
Box 20496
Nashville, TN 37202

OHIO MEN'S ADVANCE

March 30-April 1, 1984

Kings Island Inn
Kings Island
Write: Mr. Jerry Wagner
445 Lexington Rd.
Eaton, OH 45320

SOUTHERN ALBERTA REGIONAL RALLY

March 23-24, 1984

Lethbridge Lodge Hotel
Write: Mr. Bud Matson
2007-6th Ave.
Lethbridge, Alberta
Canada T1H 0T9

SEVENTH EAST TENNESSEE MEN'S ADVANCE

March 30-April 1, 1984

Wesley Woods Outdoor Ministries
Townsend, TN
Write: Mr. Thomas W. Trout
506 Sherwood Dr.
Maryville, TN 37801

FIFTEENTH INDIANA REGIONAL

April 4-7, 1984

Hilton Hotel, Indianapolis
Write: Fifteenth Indiana Regional
Box 19032
Indianapolis, IN 19032

HOUSTON REGIONAL

April 19-21, 1984

Adams Mark Hotel, Houston
Write: FGBMFI
13401 S.W. Freeway
Sugarland, TX 77478

PRAIRIE REGIONAL

April 26-28, 1984

Write: Mr. Martin Zip
Twelve MacLean Crescent
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Canada S7J 2R7

THIRD ARIZONA REGIONAL

April 26-28, 1984

Marriott Hotel, Tucson
Write: Mr. John Krischak
17800 Placito Junio
Green Valley, AZ 85614

31ST ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

July 3-7, 1984

Anaheim, California Conv. Ctr.
Write: FGBMFI World Convention
Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach

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

FINLAND: Karley Chapter, Harry Borg 968-22318. **UNITED STATES:**

CALIFORNIA: Atascadero State Hospital Chapter, Gary Puryear; Newport Beach Chapter, Robert J. Corsaut (714) 662-2155. **COLORADO:** Monte Vista Chapter, Jim J. Lewis (303) 852-3070.

DELAWARE: Brandywine Hundred Chapter, Charles Allen (301) 398-1316. **MISSISSIPPI:** Bay-Waveland Chapter, Cal Smith (601) 467-9390. **MISSOURI:** Macon Chapter, Ray Leath (816) 385-6188.

OKLAHOMA: First Capital Chapter, James E. Dixon (405) 282-6524.

OREGON: Silverton Chapter, Ronald L. Crumley (503) 873-2021.

TEXAS: Junction Chapter, Frank Davis (915) 446-2205.

THE COMMON THREAD

The testimonies you have read in *Voice* this month are shared by men whose background and life experiences are radically different.

Reinhard Maekelburger's sufferings in refugee camp, his health problems and an obsession to play soccer at the expense of his home are in stark contrast to John Linden-

Cook's situation. John, a London sales manager, was comfortable in his traditional religion and assumed he was Christian until he had an encounter with Jesus as Saviour and Healer.

The sins of Hyman Harris which drove him to an armed standoff with the police paint a foreboding picture that could hardly be more unlike the setting of Dr. John Graham's story.

Yes, each of these lives is very different. Yet in each there is a common thread. Each man's need could be satisfied only when he turned to Jesus and found Him to be the answer.

The same Jesus who broke through the tough exterior of macho Bob Horton, successful agricultural engineer, came into a prison cell to greet Bill Street, Jr. The tremendous message of hope central to each of these stories is that God comes to us right where we are to meet our deepest need. All we have to do is to confess our need to Him, and allow Him to make the changes necessary to become the person we want to be and that God intended us to be.

If you have not received Jesus as your personal Saviour, let the Six Steps to Salvation below help you make that commitment now. □

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 Fellowship International
World Laymen's Headquarters, Costa Mesa, CA



**FULL GOSPEL
BUSINESS
MEN'S**

VOICE

Volume 32, Number 3, March, 1984 P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628 (714) 754-1400

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WHO ARE WE?

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian, an Armenian dairy farmer, to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision in which he saw 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 83 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.



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The
Harvest is Ready!

FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION
July 3-7, 1984, Anaheim, CA

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The Small Magazine with the World's Greatest Message

From: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628