

07-93

Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE

*In Boston—*  
***Celebrating***  
*the Past—*  
***Launching***  
*the Future*



# Celebrating the Past—

It was by divine appointment that the Lord sent us to Boston, Massachusetts for our fortieth anniversary convention. Massachusetts represents the birthplace of our nation. It was here that pilgrims, seeking a place to worship God after the dictates of their own conscience, landed and began a spiritual sojourn. Here patriots struggled against overwhelming odds to establish this nation in freedom.

Every July fourth the famous Boston Pops Orchestra presents a concert to help celebrate the past; and to remind us of the dedication of men like Paul Revere, whose heroics launched us into our future as the greatest nation on earth.

Forty years ago, Full Gospel Business Men from various parts of the nation gathered in Los Angeles, California for the First Annual Convention of FGBMFI. The convention highlighted the ministry of Oral Roberts, Jack Coe and Tommy Hicks, plus the testimonies of businessmen like Henry Krause, Clifford Ford, Henry Carlson, Howard Toy and many others.

The spiritual results were outstanding. Many were saved, healed and filled with the Holy Spirit. Those attending were so inspired and blessed that they cele-

brated with abundant offerings and launched a number of new chapters.

Demos Shakarian gave this report at the close of the convention: "This was the most glorious demonstration of God's power that I have seen anywhere in my life. I have traveled overseas and throughout our nation and I have never seen anything like it."

Reports came back to Headquarters from friends of those who attended the convention saying, "These people are not the same; they are different; something wonderful has happened to them!"



*Full Gospel conventions  
have gone from filling banquet  
halls to major convention centers  
across the nation and around the  
world.*



It was indeed an auspicious beginning to the 40 year ministry of FGBMFI. At this convention, though we are celebrating the past, even more importantly, we are launching the future. Speaking of the future, our founder/president Demos Shakarian has this to say: "Everything we have experienced in the past has been preparing us for a tremendous move of God and a great last day harvest of souls. One thing we must remember is that the harvest is a much shorter period of time than the preparation. Crops grow all summer but the harvest can take place in a week.

"Time is short and we must devote our every effort to winning the lost. We can win our loved ones, our neighbors and our business associates. We can win those in hospitals and prisons.

At our World Convention this year we are going to conduct special seminars every day to equip our men for their part in this harvest through chapter soulwinning.

"The Lord has a treasure house of gifts that He will give to our men as we pray and fervently seek Him. Yes, the Lord has shown me a great harvest. Men, God has called us to this great task. As you release the Spirit, He will lift Jesus high and He will draw all men. Jesus said, 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men to Myself' (John 12:32).

"This convention will launch us into action, we are going home to work for our Lord. The power of God will fall on hundreds of thousands of men and these Full Gospel Business Men will win tens of millions of people throughout the world. This is a ministry for every man in the Fellowship. We must be prepared and equipped, ready to go forth into all the world—there is no limit.

"My prayer for you is that the Lord will encourage you, bless you, use you and anoint you with a special anointing for the great harvest." ■



# Launching the Future

From September, 1984

# Fifth Man in the Flight

Maj. Robert Snyder, USMC (Ret.)  
Yuma, Arizona

I was quite comfortable in the cockpit of my single-seat jet fighter when God intervened in my life in 1976.

Financially and socially comfortable, a major in the United States Marine Corps, I was content with my lifestyle and career as a naval aviator. My denominational upbringing had taught me that there was a God and I knew about the historical Jesus, but I had long since ignored this training. My matter-of-fact dealings with life left no room for spiritual involvement.

God was soon to change all of that.

For 13 years I had been a jet pilot, flying missions throughout many countries in different types of tactical aircraft and in all kinds of weather conditions. During a total of 21 months of accumulated Vietnam service, I flew 500 missions during the late '60s and experienced much combat action.

In 1970 I was one of 16 pilots selected by the Marine Corps to fly a uniquely new jet, the vertical takeoff-and-land AV8A Harrier. One of the highlights of my tour in the Harrier was to demonstrate its versatility in national military and civilian airshows, along with well-known aerial acts: the Blue Angels, Thunderbirds, Confederate Air Force and other aviation personalities.

However, none of my experiences had

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such life-changing impact as when God flew “wing” on my aircraft 1,300 miles out over the Pacific Ocean on November 29, 1976.

My squadron, VMA 513 was stationed at Iwakuni, Japan, preparing to TRANS-PAC seven Harriers from Japan to the United States. They would fly in two divisions one hour apart. This TRANS-PAC (trans-Pacific flight) was a very extensive mission involving support personnel and approximately 13 large aerial refueling and maintenance tankers to service the Harriers.

With high spirits I anticipated the upcoming flight to the States and reunion with my wife and two children. Though our marriage had been shaky in the past, I was confident that we would work out our difficulties, even though in the meantime my wife had gotten “religion” and had been speaking in a “foreign language.”

So it was with great expectations that I took off that day with the three other aircraft comprising the first division heading for Hawaii. Our moods matched the sunny, clear weather as we soared smoothly over the ocean.

Aerial refueling is a precise, sensitive maneuver requiring perfect weather conditions. Our aerial refueling between Japan and Hawaii went uneventfully. Now we pressed on, enroute to San Francisco, unaware of what lay ahead: impending thunderstorms, in-cloud refueling and, for me, a fateful rendezvous with my Creator.

At a point approximately 1,000 miles east of Hawaii we encountered the unexpected thunderstorms. Our tankers

had diverted from our planned refueling track to find an area less difficult for refueling. By mutual effort we located each other and “plugged” into the refueling basket just as we entered the storm. The next 100 miles turned out to be one of the wildest rides I had ever experienced.

After what seemed an eternity, we broke out of the storm into a thick layer of grayish clouds, our visibility limited to two or at most two-and-a-half miles.

With refueling completed, we proceeded to re-establish our formation. While rejoining my flight, however, I lost my formation airspeed by deflecting my nozzles a fraction of a second too long and began to fall behind the other three aircraft.


They couldn't pull their power back, since they needed all of it to climb to our cruising altitude of 33,000 feet. I didn't have the extra power to overtake them.

I was rapidly becoming a flight of one, 1,300 miles from Alameda Naval Air Station in California.

The three aircraft ahead became small dots as I continued to fall further behind. *If I can just keep them in sight until they reach 33,000 feet*, I thought, *they'll level off, pull their power back to cruise, and I can catch them.*

I glanced at my altimeter—only 3,000 feet to go.

Leaning forward in my harness, I strained to maintain a visual contact in the clouds with those three dots, my point of reference. Under the circumstances there was no question that my



survival depended upon keeping them in sight.

Suddenly I sensed a presence to my left. I looked over and to my astonishment saw another Harrier flying next to me. But one of us was upside down.

I was looking down on the pilot, canopy to canopy. His face, turned toward me, couldn't be seen because of his helmet visor and oxygen mask. Nevertheless, I saw that his gaze was calmly fixed upon me. He was flying a rock-steady, perfect wing position only a few feet away.

There could not possibly be another aircraft of any type in my vicinity.

*Did I overfly my flight? Am I now flying through their formation? Are we going to have a mid-air collision and explode into flames?*

As these questions flashed simultaneously through my mind I fixed my eyes on the altimeter. To my utter disbelief, it showed that I had lost more than a mile of altitude and was passing rapidly through 24,000 feet. The other instruments revealed that in my intensity to maintain visual contact I had neglected my instruments, experienced vertigo and unknowingly rolled to a near-inverted position.

I thought I was climbing. In reality I

was diving full speed toward the ocean.

I righted the plane, re-established my climb, then looked for the other Harrier.

It was nowhere in sight.

*I must be ahead of it, I thought. But how can that be, if I'm 24,000 feet and they're 33,000? There's just no way I could've passed through my flight... But I know I saw another Harrier!*

I contacted our navigation aircraft flying ten miles in trail, notified him that I had become separated and asked if he was "painting" me and my flight on his weather radar. Much to my relief, he was.

"Where are they?" I asked, desperately needing to hear that the other three planes were behind me.


"They are five miles at your one o'clock, level at 33,000 feet." One o'clock meant *ahead of me*.

"How many?" I persisted.

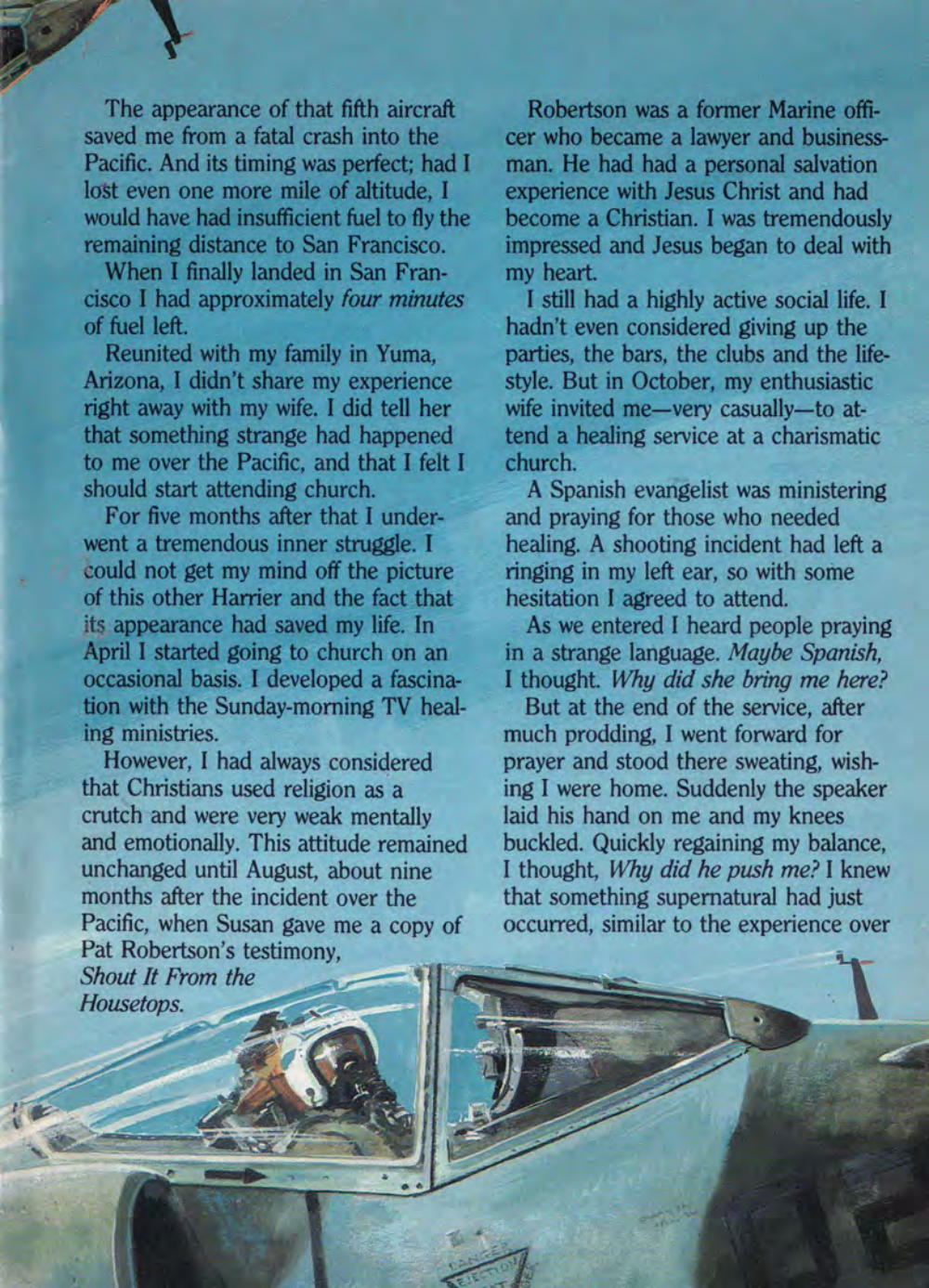
"Three."

My heart was pounding. I couldn't deny what I had just seen: another Harrier that wasn't supposed to be there.

After joining my flight and accounting for four aircraft, it slowly came to me that something supernatural had just occurred in my life.







The appearance of that fifth aircraft saved me from a fatal crash into the Pacific. And its timing was perfect; had I lost even one more mile of altitude, I would have had insufficient fuel to fly the remaining distance to San Francisco.

When I finally landed in San Francisco I had approximately *four minutes* of fuel left.

Reunited with my family in Yuma, Arizona, I didn't share my experience right away with my wife. I did tell her that something strange had happened to me over the Pacific, and that I felt I should start attending church.

For five months after that I underwent a tremendous inner struggle. I could not get my mind off the picture of this other Harrier and the fact that its appearance had saved my life. In April I started going to church on an occasional basis. I developed a fascination with the Sunday-morning TV healing ministries.

However, I had always considered that Christians used religion as a crutch and were very weak mentally and emotionally. This attitude remained unchanged until August, about nine months after the incident over the Pacific, when Susan gave me a copy of Pat Robertson's testimony, *Shout It From the Housetops*.

Robertson was a former Marine officer who became a lawyer and businessman. He had had a personal salvation experience with Jesus Christ and had become a Christian. I was tremendously impressed and Jesus began to deal with my heart.

I still had a highly active social life. I hadn't even considered giving up the parties, the bars, the clubs and the lifestyle. But in October, my enthusiastic wife invited me—very casually—to attend a healing service at a charismatic church.

A Spanish evangelist was ministering and praying for those who needed healing. A shooting incident had left a ringing in my left ear, so with some hesitation I agreed to attend.

As we entered I heard people praying in a strange language. *Maybe Spanish*, I thought. *Why did she bring me here?*

But at the end of the service, after much prodding, I went forward for prayer and stood there sweating, wishing I were home. Suddenly the speaker laid his hand on me and my knees buckled. Quickly regaining my balance, I thought, *Why did he push me?* I knew that something supernatural had just occurred, similar to the experience over

the Pacific, but all I wanted to do was get out of there.

I had never read the Bible, but my wife kept suggesting I begin. After much stubborn resistance I decided one evening to read the last chapter to see how it turned out.

I started reading at Revelation 20. I was shocked. "Susan," I exclaimed, "you mean I could be swimming in the lake of fire if I died right now?" She agreed that I could be.

Now, with a hunch that my name was not written in the Lamb's Book of Life, my desire to attend church was more than just out of curiosity. I started attending on a fairly regular basis. I had never heard preaching like that in my life.

As the Sundays passed, every altar call became hotter and hotter. I sweated and wondered why everybody's eyes were riveted on me. (God will use the imagination to His advantage.)

Finally in May of 1978 I set up a meeting with the pastor to talk about salvation. We talked about things important to me—like my social life and drinking. I asked him if he drank. When he said no I thought, *Well, that's not too bad. To each his own!*

I asked if I could drink and still get saved. His response was, "Yes, God will take care of that." I thought that was pretty good, too.

I really had no intention of getting saved. I just wanted to talk about it. But during the course of our conversation the pastor asked if I would pray with him. I found myself praying a prayer of salvation; I mean, *giving my*

*heart to God!* Jesus became my Saviour that day.

Jesus Christ was now fully revealed to me as the One who had saved me out over the Pacific. I remembered a recent Sunday message about three Hebrew children, thrown into a fiery furnace for not bowing to an idol. In Daniel 3:25, the king who had them thrown in said, "I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God."

I realized that the fourth man in the furnace had been the fifth man in my flight.

My life began to change. My language cleared up. I was aware of an increased tenderness toward others. But, taking the pastor's word literally, I did not stop drinking.

In July I returned home from an airshow and sat down to read the Bible. I began at Proverbs 23, the page and chapter to which I had arbitrarily turned. I was astonished.

It was talking about gluttony, *drinking, strife, babbling, redness of eye, lust, vain talk.*

Nearly two weeks later, following another airshow in Omaha, Nebraska, I strolled into the motel bar to talk with other show participants and to drink a coke. My merry group invited me to join them in a beer. *One won't hurt, I thought...*

Numerous toasts later, I drug myself off to bed and awoke the next morning feeling somewhat guilty. I decided to make up for things by watching an evangelist on TV while packing. I was



terrified to see the evangelist on the screen, expounding on the evils of drinking.

"God, I've heard You," I cried. "That's it—I'll not drink again!"

I flew home, walked into our house, told my wife I was through drinking, packed up three cases of booze, pushed the bar up against the wall, and I never touched another drop.

God took care of it, just like the pastor said.

In September I went forward at an altar call to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit. A few nights later, as I prayed with Susan in our living room, God gave me a prayer language.

By November, two years after the Harrier incident over the Pacific, I can say truthfully that my life was freed of the vices that had kept me enslaved. Only the salvation power of Jesus Christ was able to accomplish that. Salvation truly is a miracle.

Through 1979 I studied the Bible diligently. In 1980 I started teaching Sun-

day school. Through 1981 I preached at a mission church in Ajo, Arizona. The Lord used it as a stepping-stone to launch me into His fulltime service after 20 years with the USMC.

Not only did God preserve my life but my marriage. We have seen other marriages saved and healed as a result of our witness.

My wife had believed and prayed for my salvation for nearly five years. The Lord showed her 1 Corinthians 7:14: "The unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband: else were your children unclean, but now they are holy."

After three years, my Harrier experience was the sign the Lord gave her that her prayers were answered. Prayer was the power that moved heaven on my behalf.

I testify to you today that the fourth man in the furnace, who was the fifth man in my flight, can turn any upside-down situation right side up. ■

# VOICE

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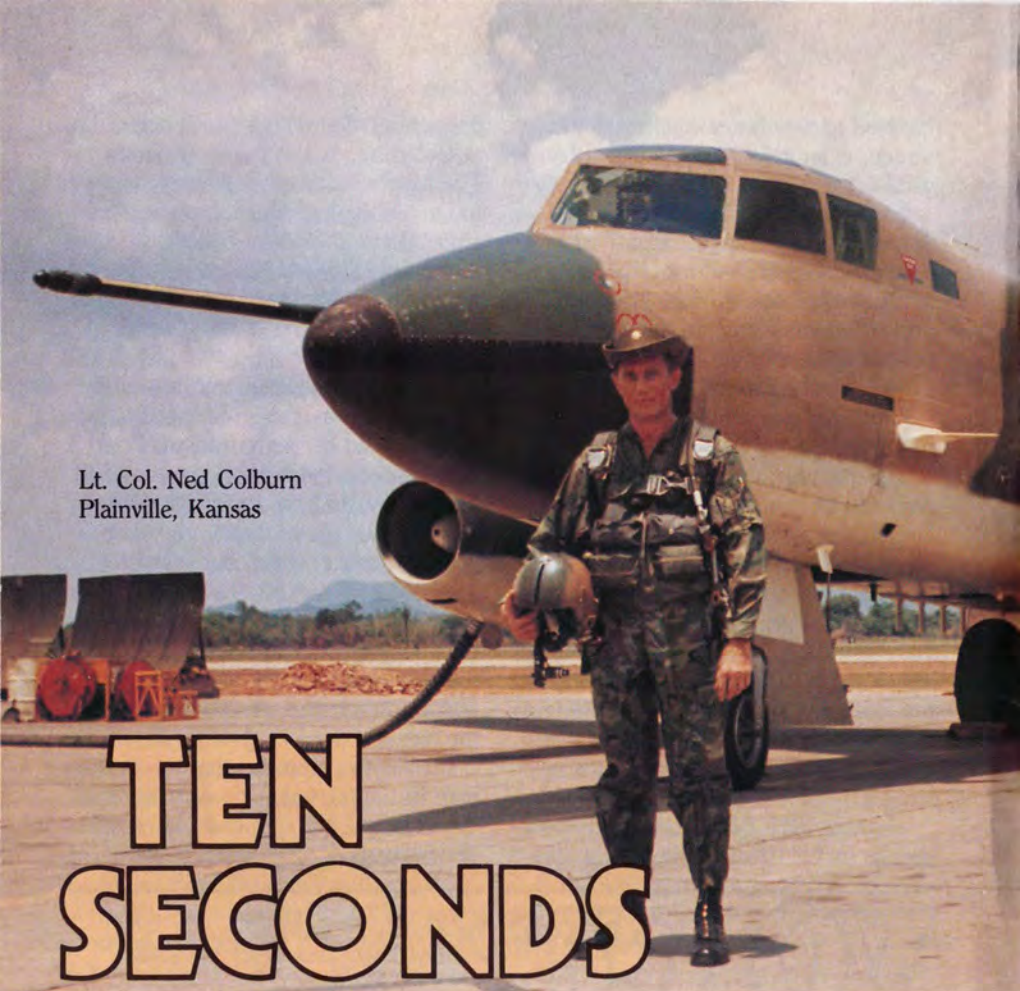
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**WHO WE ARE** Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community. That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 115 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 / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



A photograph of Lt. Col. Ned Colburn in military uniform standing in front of a MIG-21 fighter jet on a tarmac. The jet is olive green and tan, with a long nose-mounted gun. The pilot's canopy is visible. The background shows a clear sky and some ground equipment.

Lt. Col. Ned Colburn  
Plainville, Kansas

# TEN SECONDS

# FROM DEATH

The very premonition and scenes that I had visualized in a dream the night before were now unfolding in a horrible nightmare come true, as the MIG-21 positioned itself for the kill, with my aircraft 10 seconds from being blown to bits by heat-seeking missiles. If hit, there were but two possibilities—





*Lt. Col. Colburn and his EB-66 aircraft at Takhli Royal Airbase in Thailand, 1968.*

instant death in the air, or six years as a prisoner of war, with the likelihood of severe injuries when the ejection seat fires you out of the aircraft at 80 feet per second, or in the parachute descent into the mountainous jungle with trees 300 feet tall, and foliage so dense that the jungle floor is pitch-black, never

receiving the light of day. The danger was further compounded by enemy ground fire as you hung helplessly in your parachute.

Many of us who flew combat missions over North Vietnam felt that we would rather be killed than become a prisoner of the communists. Some of us vowed to use our own .38 caliber pistols to end our lives, rather than be captured and interned in the various prison camps, such as the infamous Hanoi Hilton. Downed airmen were not given medical attention for their injuries, nor for illnesses that developed in captivity. Malnutrition resulted from an inadequate diet. Tapeworms and boils were commonplace. Prisoners spent long years in solitary confinement without seeing another American. Their families did not know whether they were alive or dead.

At the time, we did not know the full story of conditions in the prison camps, but what was known was sufficient to cause many of us to feel that death was better than imprisonment. I was one of those who foolishly thought of suicide under such circumstances; not realizing that if I were to take my own life, I would instantly find myself in the worst of all prisons; not just for the remaining six years of the war, *but for all eternity—in hell!*

Although I did not realize it at the time, God had repeatedly protected me and spared my life on many occasions; not because I was living a Christian life, but in large part due to my praying mother back home in Kansas, and through God's knowledge that after

spending the first 40 years of my life wandering in the wilderness, I would eventually realize my hopeless situation and, upon hearing God's Plan of Salvation, would turn my life over to Jesus Christ. As the Bible says in Romans 10:9, "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."

I had been raised in a nominal Christian home, attending church every Sunday, believing in God and the Bible, but unaware of the indispensable role that Jesus Christ plays in the forgiveness of our sins. In my childish mind, God was seen as the Great Bookkeeper, and when we had used up our allotted quota of sins that He permitted, we then passed the point-of-no-return, and were committed to eternity in hell with no way out. I saw sin as falling into two categories—little ones and big ones.

As a child, I vowed to never commit any of the sins I heard others talking about, but soon found myself progressing from "little white lies" to "worse" sins. To justify myself, I merely rationalized the situation, modified my standards to soothe my conscience, and proceeded to new forms of wrongdoing. Finally, I realized that my situation was hopeless, and that I was destined for hell, believing that it was too late to do anything about it.

As a career officer in the Air Force, I had made the military my religion—to the total exclusion of my family and everything else in my life. Now, I was about to face a harrowing experience that later became significant in my

Christian life; not so much from having survived the danger involved, but because of God's supernatural intervention in a manner that can't be explained.

The air war over North Vietnam had reached its highest intensity. North Vietnam had become the most heavily defended area in the history of aerial warfare; surpassing even the flak and other anti-aircraft weaponry encountered over the Ruhr Valley and Ploiesti in World War II. Our mission was to provide electronic reconnaissance, radar jamming, and surface-to-air missile threat warning to U.S. Air Force, Navy and Marine aircraft during their strikes against military targets in North Vietnam. Our twin-engine EB-66 aircraft were the first in and the last out, remaining on station until the final wave of fighter-bombers had hit their targets, before we were allowed to depart North Vietnam.

The EB-66 was unarmed, since the tail guns had been removed and replaced with electronic jammers and chaff (tin foil) that is dropped to interfere with enemy radar. We flew unarmed and unescorted, since the Air Force had experienced a heavy loss of F-4 aircraft, and there were no longer enough fighters to accompany and protect the EB-66.

The EB-66 carried electronic receivers and warning devices that picked up enemy radio communications and radar signals which gave us some indication of an impending attack by Russian-built MIG aircraft, which usually came in behind us for the initial pass, taking advantage of the blind spot





Lt. Col. Ned Colburn  
in his EB-66  
over the jungles  
of North Vietnam.

behind our aircraft.

Just the day before, a MIG-21 had shot down one of our aircraft by using a new tactic of maintaining radio silence, while visually spotting the EB-66, and waiting until he was in position behind the EB-66 before turning on his air-borne fire-control radar. Without warning, the EB-66 was hit by heat-seeking missiles. Incredibly, all seven crew members were able to eject, and were now on the ground below us while we flew the same identical mission that they had been on 24 hours earlier. The pilot's legs were broken in the ejection, and he later died in a hospital in the Philippines. He and two others were recovered by rescue helicopter, after spending four days hidden in the mountainous jungle. The other four crew members were captured and held in a cave for several months, where two of them died of injuries and beatings from their captors. The remaining two spent six years in prison camps, and came out of North Vietnam as white haired, broken old men, although still in their 30s and 40s.

I had eaten lunch the day before

with members from that ill-fated crew, just hours before they were shot down. That night my roommate woke me up around midnight to tell me of their misfortune. I went back to sleep, and a dream came upon me that I did not recall until it was to unfold in reality on my next combat mission over North Vietnam.

In my dream, I saw a MIG coming in for the kill, and I attempted to call a warning to the other EB-66s in the flight—but no one heard me! The MIG fired its missiles, but missed us. Relieved, I looked down at my radio-inter-phone connections and saw that they had come apart, which was the reason my warning calls were not heard. End of dream—until about 12 hours later!

We had just arrived at our orbit point west of Hanoi, North Vietnam, thinking of the downed EB-66 crew below us, and getting set to conduct our mission, when my dream became reality. It was pure "luck" and against all odds that we just happened to be tuned to the right radar receiver, and at the exact frequency, when the MIG-21 behind us turned on his radar for the first time. The distinctive audio sound of his fire-control radar illuminating our aircraft identified us as the target.

In less than five seconds after the radar came on, the MIG pilot fired his heat-seeking missiles, which came at us faster than the speed of sound. In another five seconds or less, we would be hit. Just as in my dream, the first warning call was not heard, as the Mission Commander replied, "Say again?", meaning that he had not un-

derstood the call. Again, the call was repeated: "MIG! MIG! BREAK LEFT!" All the time, my mind was telling me it was too late and we were doomed for certain. This time the warning was understood and, just as we broke to the left, the missiles passed harmlessly off to our right side, followed by the MIG itself.

It was all over in a kaleidoscope flash of confusion and fear. The only logical explanation of why the missiles didn't hit us is one of divine intervention, or a technical one in which the MIG pilot may have been overtaking us too fast and, pressed for time, fired the missiles before their infrared sensors had locked-on to the heat of our engines. Once such lock-on is made, there is no way to avoid the missiles, as they turn and follow you throughout any evasive maneuvers.

After returning to the U.S. and hearing my mother's story, I chose divine intervention as the reason we weren't hit. When I got home, my mother asked if I had been in some sort of danger on the previous January 17th, at 1:00 am, Kansas time. I thought for a moment, adjusted the time difference to what it would have been in Vietnam and, incredibly, it was exactly the same time we were under attack by the MIG!

She had knelt by her bed, praying for her family and the world; had tired and gotten into bed, where she continued to pray until she drifted off to sleep and started dreaming. In her dream, she saw me coming out of the ocean in my flight suit, dripping wet and covered with seaweed. We approached each

other, and as I put my arms around her, she sensed in her dream that I was safe. She then heard a strange noise in the room, like someone talking, and woke up to find herself speaking in tongues, in a foreign language that a missionary later told her was spoken by a tribe in South America.

At this point in her Christian life, Mother wasn't fully aware of the gift of tongues, and hadn't been seeking it; but God knew that a situation existed in which mere human prayers weren't sufficient. So the Holy Spirit intervened both in Kansas and over North Vietnam.

I now started to believe in God's power and presence, but it would be three years after that day in Southeast Asia before I came to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, whose blood was poured out in agreement with God the Father for the purchase of lost souls, such as yours and mine.

Even after hearing the plan of salvation, I continued trying to straighten out my life myself. I incorrectly reasoned that something must surely be required of me and, until I had made everything right with those I had wronged, there was no way that God could accept me in right-standing with Him. I soon learned that no one can totally make up for their sins; erasing the hurts they have caused others, or in seeking out everyone to whom restitution is owed in repayment for our wrongdoings.

Good works don't make us righteous, nor are they acceptable in working our way to forgiveness and eternal life in heaven. We all know, and readily admit



that we break man's laws, but are reluctant to confess to breaking God's laws.

Until we realize the truth and see that we are all sinners, and get over the stumbling blocks that our intellect throws in our path, we will never see that forgiveness of sins and salvation are not by works, but by faith—and faith alone!

Man says to God: "Prove Yourself, and then I will believe in You." God says to man: "Believe Me, and then I'll prove Myself to you." It isn't necessary to know everything about a power or force such as electricity, magnetism or gravity to experience its effects and know that it is real. The same is true of God Almighty, whom we can only experience and personally know by believing and accepting His Son, Jesus Christ, as the only way to God the Father.

Stop trying to figure things out by your own reasoning. Just believe two things: that you are a sinner, and that there is no way to be saved but through the crucifixion and shed blood of Jesus Christ as the only sin-offering that is acceptable to God the Father as atonement for breaking His laws. Take the first step in faith, believing that Jesus loves you so very much that He would still have died on the cross for your sins, even if you had been the only person to ever come into this world. You'll then "know that you know that you know" it's all true, and you'll find that Jesus Christ will take every remaining step of your life right along with you—and will even pick you up and

carry you over the rough spots when your resolve and strength fail.

In the Bible, Peter, a follower of Jesus Christ, wrote: "For Christ died for our sins once and for all, the righteous for the unrighteous, to bring you to God. He was put to death in the body, but made alive by the Spirit" (1 Peter 3:18).

My conversion took place one Sunday in church when I found my left foot jumping uncontrollably into the aisle. After pulling it back several times in self-conscious embarrassment, I finally gave in and found myself taking the first step in faith as I walked down the aisle to publicly confess Jesus Christ as my Saviour, Lord and Master. Appropriately, it just happened to be Mother's Day!

God has a perfect flight plan prepared for our lives, and He guarantees that there will be no errors or deviation from the course He has planned if we relinquish the controls and let Him be the Aircraft Commander. Give every facet of your life to Jesus Christ, in unconditional surrender. Follow Him daily, and He will lead you safely back to home base. ■

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Lt. Col. Ned Colburn is retired from the Air Force, and lives in Plainville, Kansas. He flew 105 combat missions in the EB-66 over North Vietnam, and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for the mission you've just read about. He and his wife, Michelle, attend Plainville Nazarene Church. Michelle has conducted a women's Bible study in their home for the past nine years. Their eldest son, Mike, and his wife, Sandie, served with Wycliffe Bible Translators for 13 years in Papua, New Guinea.

Gerald W. Pearson  
Berea, Kentucky

# Love for a Tough Marine



The morning I shuffled into the VA hospital chapel, depression, fatigue and despair clung to me. It was Christmas and I was looking for the gift of peace.

I had already tried to kill myself several times. Once, flashbacks from World War II spurred me to drink nine bottles of iodine. I threw the red fluid back up. Often unable to sleep, I later swallowed an entire bottle of sleeping pills. I woke up to medics pumping my stomach. Breaking loose, I raced outside and drove my car over a cliff. I survived without a scratch.

Not only was I suicidal, I struggled with a hard heart, bad temper and hatred. The Marines had taught me to hate. You couldn't be nice and want to kill the enemy in war.

In 1943 Uncle Sam was drafting kids out of high school, so at the age of 17 I enlisted. After training I headed off to the South Pacific.

Though I never went to church as a youngster, I prayed throughout my time on the islands. That grandmother of mine who always talked about Jesus didn't seem so crazy then.

Most of the soldiers prayed. We had good reason to seek comfort. When the Japanese overran us on Okinawa I thought I would die. Bullets bounced off my helmet and shrapnel pierced my legs. I kept going. Other than a few scratches, I came through it safe and sound.

After returning to Kentucky, I spent several months boozing it up on the weekends. I also got into a pair of bar brawls that nearly cost me my life.



Luckily, I managed to settle down. I joined my dad on the farm; when he died a few months later, I bought out my brothers' and sisters' interests in his 97- and 34-acre tracts.

Right before he died I married a woman whom I met through my sister. But something else happened soon after our wedding that made me put the alcohol away for good.

Norman, an older man who had worked for my father, invited me to church. The sermon seemed aimed at me. Drinking, killing, cussing, hating: everything the preacher named I had done. I felt like the worst sinner who ever lived.

That night I decided to join the church. I felt like I needed something to improve my troubled personality.

However, I learned that you can't try "to live for God" in your own strength. Though I became a church member and faithfully tithed, I didn't accept Jesus as my Saviour. I hadn't even heard His name mentioned that night. Without the power of the Name that is above every name, my efforts were doomed.

At first I didn't realize it because everything went so well. One reason is because tithing is a principle that works. As I gave obediently, God blessed me.

Take the hay I raised, besides growing tobacco and corn. In three years we wore out three balers because of our bumper crops. I also traded cattle, hogs, mules and farm implements, and it seemed like everything I touched turned to gold. I helped my neighbors and

gave food and money to needy folks.

It all came to a screeching halt because of one thing. Greed. After seeing the blessings pile up over a dozen years I wanted more.

I quit tithing, reasoning I could take that money and invest it in other business ventures. Then my church attendance started dropping off until I quit going. It didn't take long for everything to fall apart.

Bothered by the irregular income, I rented out my farms and moved into town. There I drove an ice cream truck for a steady salary.

I also drove into trouble. My wife, who had never joined the church, started listening to people who told her she was too pretty to be married to a dumb farmer. Closer in town to the nightclubs, she started running around. Less than a year after I quit tithing, our marriage collapsed.

I lost my farms in the divorce and most everything else I had. I wound up \$30,000 in debt.

Even though I remarried not long after my divorce, depression and instability plagued me for years. I wound up in Chicago after the new interstate diverted most of the traffic from the truck stop I owned along a state highway. Then I bounced through a series of jobs for several more years before my personal problems caved in on me.

When I checked into the West Side Veterans Hospital I asked them to place me in the psychiatric ward. There I sat and smoked three packs of cigarettes a day, trying to calm the nervous tension that kept me on the edge of suicide.

I never expected love to surround me the day I visited the chapel. But the preacher was talking about Jesus and how He demonstrated God's love and charity. I could feel the love in that room.

Millions of people, saved or not, know John 3:16, "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."

It's so familiar we often treat that scripture casually. But John 3:16 was the day's sermon text, and how powerful it was! As the pastor explained God's Word, its truth touched my heart. I knew I didn't have anything like that love inside of me.

"Jesus' love must be pretty special," I thought. "If He died for me, He must be a pretty good friend, too."

As I prayed and asked the Saviour to come and live in my heart, He said, "Here I am. I love you. Not only that, others love you, too."

It dawned on me that Jesus had been there all the time. I just hadn't opened my eyes to Him. When I learned the promise from His Word (John 10:29), "No man will ever pluck you out of My Father's hand," I felt safe and secure.

Before that Christmas, I had hardly ever cried, not even at my father's funeral. Now I cried like a baby. My hardened heart turned tender. Gradually my self-hatred vanished. So did my cigarettes. It didn't happen overnight, but I was on my way to recovery.

As my personal life turned around, my work did too. It took a few years,

but I landed a job at a Montgomery Ward's warehouse. I worked there for 16 years until I retired.

I worked my way up in the company, too, through God's direction. Before I always tried to do things on my own. Now I stopped and asked Him what to do. He showed me.



*Gerald and Viola Pearson celebrate a wedding anniversary.*

That's an important principle for anyone in business. Regardless of occupation, one of the toughest things is managing people. When you show them God's love and respect, they will return that kindness. So many business owners scratch and claw to improve the bottom line when the Lord is just waiting to help them reach that goal.

Also in Chicago, a fellow church member invited me to a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting. It struck me a little funny at first. These men looked strange, acting so happy and hugging each other. Pretty soon I did the same.

Besides the monthly meetings, we attended the regional conference every year at Green Lake, Wisconsin. FGMBFI is one of the best organizations I've ever seen. Not only did the men encourage me, they helped keep



me steady in my Christian walk.

I needed that, because no life is ever trouble-free. Even though I have never served as an officer, Full Gospel has played an important role in my spiritual life over the past two decades.

I'll always be grateful for God's intervention in my life and His continuing guidance. Looking back on the old Gerald Pearson, I'm glad I bear no resemblance to that snarling, hateful man who died more than 25 years ago. In his place was born a new Gerald, with a new attitude and love for people.

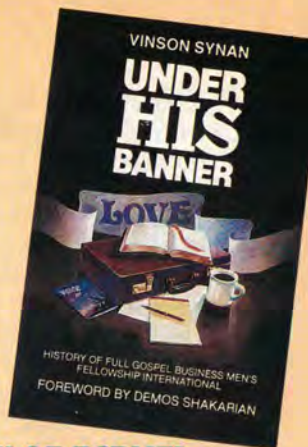
I can love others because I know God loves me. He keeps me going and active. I'm "retired" but still visiting sick people, volunteering every Friday at a nursing home, working in our church men's group...and "horse trading" regularly.

I'm fairly healthy, too. I haven't seen a hospital as a patient for more than 15 years. Best of all, my wife is saved and all five of my children.

If you haven't met Jesus in your life, I urge you to consider placing all your trust in Him. He will always provide a way for you, because His love is the greatest gift anyone can hope to receive. If He could care for this tough Marine, He's waiting for you, too. ■

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Gerald Pearson and his wife, Viola, have been married for nearly 35 years. They share in the joy of spending time with his five children: Richard, Paul, Gerry, Vickie and Charlotte; 12 grandchildren and 1 great grandchild. The Pearsons attend Silver Creek Baptist Church, where Gerald leads the Baptist Men's group. Since FGBMFI is not active in his area, Gerald maintains his membership through Chicago chapter #582.



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**C**hristian Science was my whole life. I was a fourth-generation member of a Christian Science branch church and the Mother church in Boston, Massachusetts. I started in Christian Science as a child in the Sunday school nursery and attended church regularly through my high school years. I fully practiced Christian Science by not taking medicine or going to doctors, and by studying the Bible and Christian Science textbooks daily.

I was taught that God is Mind and all is mental. I believed that Jesus was the human man who demonstrated the Christ Truth just as anyone could when they became as spiritually advanced as He was. To me at that time, Jesus was not the Christ. He was the Way-Shower.

I didn't know that my religion was known as a cult, that it was not considered Christian nor a science.

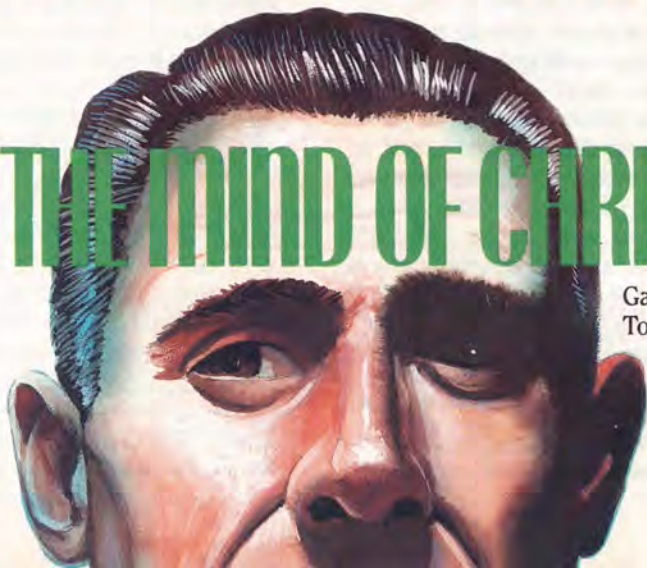
After graduating from high school in 1962, I decided to be a full time Christian Science practitioner. So I set out to diligently study my Bible and Christian Science textbooks and spend a lot of time in prayer and meditation. But during this time something happened. I just couldn't go ahead with my plans. Something didn't feel right to me. What I was studying of Christian Science and what my heart was telling me were not the same. I became confused and extremely frustrated and stopped all of my studying. I also stopped attending church.

I then planned to start my college

# FROM A RELIGION OF THE MIND...

# TO THE MIND OF CHRIST!

Gary L. Hudson  
Topeka, Kansas





education; but, during a summer vacation with my parents in Colorado, I had an accident while mountain climbing. A large rock had fallen on my right hand resulting in the amputation of the little finger. I was very angry at God for allowing this to happen to me and began to separate myself from Him even more than I had previously done. I questioned if this accident hadn't happened because I stopped attending Christian Science church services and doing my daily studying.

I then began attending college and working on a part-time basis. Due to my attitude at the time, college didn't work out for me, so I started working full-time. In 1965 a young lady by the name of JoAnn entered my life. The moment I saw her I knew she was the person I wanted to marry. We were married three months later. Both my parents and her parents opposed our wedding because JoAnn was raised a Catholic, and according to them a marriage of these two religions wouldn't work.

After JoAnn and I were married, I began a career in the computer data processing profession. And in an effort to run further from God than I already had, I started hiding myself from Him in the business world. I made my work my God and devoted every bit of energy I had to making my mark in the world.

But it seemed the more success I achieved and the more recognition the world gave me, the lonelier and more empty I felt. I was so involved in my job and the things of the world that I forgot who I was and started wondering

why I even existed. In 1968 JoAnn gave birth to our son, Todd. This did nothing but add more pressure to me because I was torn between continuing with my hectic work schedule and spending time with my family. For a period of time I chose my work over spending time with JoAnn and Todd.

Then more events started to happen in my life that I wasn't prepared for. My father died in 1974 and I wasn't ready for that to happen. As a Christian Scientist I was taught that death was just an illusion. But my father's death hit me right between the eyes with reality. There were so many things that I had wanted to tell him, but now it was too late. In 1977, my older sister, Norma, died of cancer; I was totally unprepared for this. Norma was also a Christian Scientist. She was believing for a Christian Science healing and refused to get medical help during the many months of suffering with her illness.

In 1980 JoAnn suffered from cancer, and things began to change. As a result of all the turmoil caused by her illness I started reading the Bible again. I started studying it intensely. Most of it was too difficult for me to understand, but I stayed with it.

Just prior to JoAnn's illness she had started attending Bible studies and prayer meetings at various churches and ladies' groups. She also told me that she had a personal relationship with Jesus and had accepted Him as Lord and Saviour of her life. I knew in my heart that something was going on because I surely saw a change in her.

All of her fears and doubts and heaviness were gone, and she had such a sense of joy and peace about her. Her face even looked different. She was always happy and smiling as though she didn't have a care in the world. This peace of mind JoAnn had was evident even in the midst of battling cancer. She kept telling me she would be healed because God had promised it to us through His Son, Jesus. She kept confessing that "by His stripes she was healed."

This motivated me to study the Bible even more. I started seeing verses in the Bible which I had read before but was never really aware of. My concept of God and His plan for mankind began to change. I started to realize that Mary Baker Eddy, founder and leader of Christian Science, had assumed the place of Jesus for those in her religion.

In the Christian Science church manual she states that she is the only one to be called "leader". But I read in the Bible in Matthew 23:10 that Jesus said He is the only one to be called leader (master). Therefore, I was faced with two people telling me they were to be my only leader.

In Christian Science I was taught that as a religion, it was the Revelation or the truth about God, and that Mrs. Eddy was the Revelator, and that no one can know the Revelation without the Revelator. In other words, it taught that people had to go through Mrs. Eddy to know God, that she was the only way to Him. Yet, in John 14:6 Jesus says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the

Father, but by Me." So, again, both Mrs. Eddy and Jesus claimed to be the only way to God.

In Romans 3:23 I read that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God." This was telling me that I was a sinner. But I didn't believe that, then. As a Christian Scientist I had declared a thousand times that "there is no sin, sickness, disease, nor death."

In Matthew 16:13 I read where Jesus asked His disciples, "Who do men say that I am?" Their answer was, "Some say thou art John the Baptist, some Elijah and others Jeremiah." Jesus then asked them, "Who do you say that I am?" These words kept going through my mind constantly, day and night. It was as if Jesus was personally asking me, "Who do you say that I am?"

Christian Science taught me that mankind is perfect and sinless. When a person dies only their belief of matter dies. Man is spiritual and therefore goes on doing whatever he was doing, only at a higher level or spiritual plane, since death is an illusion. Since all is Mind, hell and heaven are considered to be only states of mind.

The Bible showed me that all men are sinners. They cannot come to God without an atonement. In the Old Testament this was satisfied by the blood sacrifice of animals. As I read in the New Testament I began to see that Jesus, who is called the Lamb of God, became the final and perfect blood sacrifice for the atonement of man's sins.

In Hebrews 9:27 I read that "it is appointed unto man once to die, but after this the judgment." This was tell-





*(Left) JoAnn and Gary Hudson at home in Topeka, Kansas. (Above) Gary ministers—and plays—as part of an airlift to Haiti.*

ing me that death was not just an illusion or state of mind, but that it is real, and sinful man must go before God at the judgment seat. I read that man will be judged for his sins and cast into eternal damnation unless he accepts Jesus as the atonement for his sins.

As I continued to read the Bible and accept it as the Truth, I began to see the errors in Christian Science teachings. In the Christian Science church manual, the first tenet says “as adherents of Truth we take the inspired word of the Bible as our sufficient guide to eternal life.” Yet, I began to see where the Bible refutes Christian Science. So, if the Bible is right then Christian Science has to be wrong.

Mrs. Eddy’s teachings say she based her religion on demonstration and revelation. To me, she didn’t give a very good demonstration because I never saw any evidence of her overcoming death. When she died, her body stayed in the grave. Therefore, she couldn’t really demonstrate what goes on after death because she had not been there.

I saw in the Bible where Jesus had been beyond the grave and back. So He knew what was there to report. Mrs. Eddy’s revelation is Christian Science which I began to see is neither Christian nor scientific.

In Matthew 24 I read that in the end times, false prophets would deny that Jesus is the Christ and would claim that they are the Christ. I began to see that Mrs. Eddy had denied that Jesus is Christ and that she had put herself in His place as being the only leader and the only way to God. So, Mrs. Eddy was a false prophet. The Bible clearly showed me that people who cling to a false prophet will end up in hell, where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth. All those who believe on Jesus and obey Him and make Him Lord and Saviour of their life will spend eternity in heaven, where there is peace, joy, beauty and no more tears.

After several months of reading the Bible and praying for God’s intervention in my life, I accepted JoAnn’s offer to attend Evangel Temple Full Gospel

Church in Topeka, Kansas. She had been asking me every week for almost a year to attend church with her. But I always had an excuse.

Finally I was out of excuses. I accepted Jesus into my life as my Lord and Saviour at a morning worship service, then I returned for the evening worship and was baptized with His precious Holy Spirit with the evidence of speaking in tongues.

It was as if Jesus had literally reached His hand into my chest and removed a heart of stone that weighed a ton and replaced it with a heart of flesh that was light as a feather. Kneeling at the altar, and opening my eyes, I thought someone had spilled water on the vinyl-covered surface because it was soaked with small pools of liquid. But I soon learned that those were tears that had poured out of me as I was praying in my new heavenly language.

Since that time I have been walking as a newly-created person, letting the light of Jesus shine through me as witness to the people I encounter on a daily basis. I still suffer trials and afflictions, but I now know that I have the power and authority to overcome anything that comes my way, for "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me" (Phil. 4:13). ■

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Gary, JoAnn and Todd have dedicated their lives to serving Jesus and helping others to accept Him as personal Saviour and to receive healings of body, soul and spirit that are rightfully theirs according to God's Word. They assist in ministry at Evangel Temple Church in Topeka. Gary is a longtime member of the Topeka, Kansas FGBMFI chapter.



## BIBLE BASIS FOR BAPTISM IN THE HOLY SPIRIT

Today's charismatic renewal has created a great hunger for, and many questions about, the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Here are the Bible answers:

### THE PROPHECY

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit" (Joel 2:28-29).

### THE PREDICTION

"I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire" (Matthew 3:11).



### THE PROMISE

“And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high” (Luke 24:49).

### THE PURPOSE

“Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you: but if I depart I will send him unto you. And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment” (John 16:7-8).

### THE PREPARATION

“And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied. And all the men were about twelve” (Acts 19:6-7).

### THE POWER

“But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth” (Acts 1:8).

### THE PRACTICAL GUIDE

1. You have the Holy Spirit, you received Him when you accepted Christ as your Saviour (Acts 2:38-39; Romans 8:9; 1 Corinthians 6:19).
2. Since you have the Holy Spirit, the manifestation blessing—tongues—is coming from within, up and out of you; rather than coming from heaven down into you. “Out of your belly (heart) shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of the Spirit...” (John 7:37-39).
3. You are going to pray that God will now baptize you with the Holy Spirit, and when you have prayed, begin to worship God, *not in your native language*, but worship God in tongues.
4. Open your mouth and make a start (i.e., give voice, make a sound, make an utterance). God will lead you right into your own prayer language. You can quickly and easily receive the manifestation of speaking with tongues. Remember, whatever you say is the manifestation of the Spirit. Accept it as such.



# A LAYMEN'S REVIVAL

Ten years before the start of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Dr. Charles Price, the prince of preachers, gave the following prophecy to Demos Shakarian: There is coming a revival that will shake the world. There will be 10, 20, 50 thousand people coming to meetings. This was something the Christian world was not used to.

He went on to explain that the speakers would not be well-known ministers of the day. They would come from the ranks of the unknown. Who was Oral Roberts? He pastored a small country church and no one had ever heard of him. Who was William Branham? He was a man who worked on power lines. Who was Jack Coe? He was in the military when God called him. These men were not known, but God raised them up.

Then he added that as important as that part of the revival was the most important was yet to come. He explained to Demos that time is short and in the last days there will be a great laymen's revival. Men will go into hospitals and empty them by the power of God. You will read about it in newspapers all over the world. Then he added, "Demos, I will not be here to

see this laymen's revival, my ministry is finished, I'll be going home. But God has His hand on you; just go with God all the way."

So, ten years later, the Fellowship came into being. From a struggling beginning it exploded around the world. Today it operates in 120 countries of the world. Millions are ministered to through the pages of *Voice* magazine. Some 4,000 chapters are the channels of this laymen's revival.

As the Fellowship began to grow, Demos was introduced to Mordecai Ham. It was under the ministry of Mordecai Ham that Billy Graham was saved. This great Baptist preacher explained to Demos that he knew more about Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship than Demos did. Demos asked him if he heard him right; after all, he was the founder/president of the organization. Mordecai explained that God had shown him exactly how the great end-time revival would come—He said, "It could come through laymen like you, Demos." He added, "Laymen are the sleeping giant of evangelism and what you are doing in your organization is exactly what God showed me. Just keep going, you are in the center of God's will."

So this ministry is more important than many of us even realize. It is the open door to all of these prophetic messages. God has been speaking to our Founder Demos. He senses that we are on the verge of a great spiritual breakthrough in the Fellowship.

Demos stated, "I believe we are close to the end of this age. God promises



as we move in this direction He will pour out His Holy Spirit in a powerful way and help us to win souls for Jesus. Sound the trumpet, move now into the revival God has promised. God will do signs, wonders and miracles by the power of the Holy Spirit. The Spirit is ready to launch us into the greatest soul-winning time in all the history of mankind.

"Let's stretch our stakes in the Fellowship and look to Jesus for all the anointing we need to win a world of lost souls. Worldwide, together as one, I encourage you men to lift up the Lord, and see Him unlock within each man in the Fellowship a greater vision and burden to win the lost.

"I am calling on all of our men worldwide to seek the Lord in prayer. Begin hearing His voice and flowing in the Spirit. The glory of the Lord is upon us and with us. The harvest is great and we are the harvesters. We have been called for such a time as this.

"Men have been asking me, 'What is the future of the Fellowship?' In prayer the Lord has spoken to my heart. I believe that we must break the bonds of limitation that are holding us back and under a new powerful anointing, in-

crease our efforts to win souls and to get them filled with the Holy Spirit.

"The Lord says it's time now for the Fellowship to move forward in Him. We need to focus on salvation, baptism, healing, holy living and a fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit. For that reason I have appointed a Ministry Task Force in the Fellowship that includes: Si Rickman, John Carrette, Wendell Mitchell, Leonard Riebold, Bob Langley, Bruno Caamano and Richard Shakarian, Executive Director.

"The Task Force is in the process of conducting a series of conferences called 'The Secrets of the Anointing,' plus 12 success patterns of the Holy Spirit. The first conference was in Columbus, Ohio; followed by Anaheim, California; Houston, Texas and Seattle, Washington. Men and women, pastors and churches came with great expectations as the Task Force ministered and taught on the secrets of the Spirit-filled life. Their expectations were more than fulfilled; this resulted in great liberty, new anointing, many healings and a mighty move of the Spirit."

The Lord honored the meetings with an outpouring of life-changing power. Men were changed. Many were so pow-



(Above) Ministry Task Force leaders pray over attendees at 'The Secrets of the Anointing' seminar. (Left) Task Force members Richard Shakarian, left, and Si Rickman, right, with Demos Shakarian.



erfully moved upon by the Holy Spirit that it seemed impossible to continue to minister. The Lord sovereignly moved. Leadership rejoiced in complete

unity. The liberty and blessing of the Holy Spirit has been proven by the number of calls and letters that keep coming in. ■

## CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

**AUSTRALIA: Northwest Territory:** Tumarumba Chapter, President John W. Morey, 6-948-2435. **South Australia:** Lower Eyre Peninsula Chapter, President Robert J. Sampson, 6-868-4224. **BELIZE:** Mouscron Chapter, President Jacob Kalembe, 5-684-0325. **BRAZIL:** Adamantina Chapter, President Edison Barbosa de Souza, 18-921-2510; Aracruz Chapter, President Marcelo W. Augusto, 256-2393; Araraquara Chapter, President Renato B. De Moraes, 16-236-7025; Bage' Chapter, President Oinei Gomes, 53-242-1388; Barra do Gargas Chapter, President Alacir Vieira Candido, 65-446-4930; Cacoal Chapter, President Jose Cantidio Pinto, 441-2810; Capibaribe Chapter, President Luis A.L. Filho, 421-4711; Corumba Chapter, President Samuel P. Figueiredo, 231-6699; Feira De Santana Chapter, President Eric G. Falcao Lins, 41-7521-0559; Goiania Chapter, President Edson Ribeiro De Carvalho, 62-242-1131; Guacul Chapter, President Aداون Cotrim Heringer, 27-553-2537; Itapetinga Chapter, President Gidelvan Galvao, 261-1269; Ivaipora Chapter, President Jorge Carvalho, 75-1296; Joao Neiva Chapter, President Jesse Vasconcelos; Lagoa Chapter, President Jael Ribeiro Freitas, 21-246-0037; Lins Chapter, President Osvaldo B.C. Nunes, 22-4845; Mossoro Chapter, President Antonio S. Do Nascimento, 84-321-3748; Palmeras de Golas Chapter, President Jose Carlos Silva, 62-541-1454; Nova Serrana Chapter, President Geraldo L. Reis, 37-226-3289; Paraopeba Chapter, President Sergio Ricardo Silva, 935-1047; Parnamirim Chapter, President Jucelino F. De Castro, 84-272-2231; Passo Fundo Chapter, President Jair P. Da Silveira, 54-347-1318; Picos Chapter, President Roberto Gomes Kataoka, 86-422-4063; Rio Negro/Mafra Chapter, President Alaoir J. Boelitz, 47-642-2576; Sobradinho Chapter, President Severino Silva, 591-4858; Triangulo Chapter, President Sidney Jose De Lima, 34-238-3848. **COSTA RICA:** Indoor Club Chapter, President Tony Vincent, 50-673-7241. **EL SALVADOR:** Usulután Chapter, President Pedro de Jesus Guevara, 62-0030. **FRANCE:** Bourgoin Chapter, President Patrick Gaspart, 7-494-6674; Douai Chapter, President Jose Egea, 2-790-4123; Tarbes-Lourdes Chapter, President Daniel Lepercq, 6-251-1252. **GERMANY:** Heidelberg Chapter, President Wolfram Asprin, 622-178-1757; Marburg Chapter, President Werner Wagner, 6-461-2863; Regen Chapter, President Lutz-Volker Zetzmann, 9-921-3008. **GHANA:** Aburi Chapter, President Edward Danso; Begoro Chapter, President Emmanuel Ofori; Sogakofe Chapter, President Samuel Hanson. **GUATEMALA:** Aguilar Baires Chapter, President Victor Enrique Rodriguez, 88-0421; Amancer Chapter, President Alvaro Acetunero Herrera, 34-6534; Centenario Chapter, President Crescencio Reyes, 88-2155; Chiquimula Chapter, President Oscar Leonel Cordon Orellana, 42-2269; Coatepeque Chapter, President Oswaldo F. Millian; Guilapa Chapter, President Isaias Ruano Lanuza, 87-5532; Dorado Chapter, President Jose Antonio Polando David, 31-7212; Esquipulas Chapter, President Rene R. Oliva, 43-1526; Guatemala Chapter, President Rolando R. Barillas Rodriguez, 71-3364; Jalapa Chapter, President Marino E. Reyes Rivandeneira, 42-4749; La Torre Chapter, President Miguel A. Gonzalez Martinez, 94-8508; Quetzaltenango Chapter, President Leonardo R. Manrique Argueta, 62-9335; Reforma Petit Suisse Chapter, President Carlos Gieseke, 69-1168; San Juan Chapter, President Jose Luis Garcia Ortiz, 92-5522; Xelaju Chapter, President Juan B. Caballeros Archilla, 66-1160. **HONDURAS:** Catacamas Chapter, President Jose Barahona, 95-4020; Comayagua Chapter, President Cecilio Cruz Guerrero, 72-0435; Copanil Sula Chapter, President Rudy J. Rivera, 50-452-4812; Country Club Chapter, President Miguel Zablah, 33-6478; Guaimaca Chapter, President Roberto A. Matamoros Zelaya, 33-3720; Hotel Plaza Chapter, President Jacobo Godoy, 33-8160; Hotel Plaza San Martin Chapter, President Carlos Cueva Reyes, 37-4659; Jutilcalpa Chapter, President Jose A. Flores, 95-2076; Kennedy Chapter, President Lucas G. Moncada, 38-2652; Loarque Chapter, President Jorge A. Pinett Zuniga, 32-3191; Los Arcos Chapter, President Edwin L. Bendeck, 57-8750; Mr. Ggeerr Chapter, President Alfredo Faraj Dacaret, 55-1421; Olanchito Chapter, President Amilcar Zelaya Lozano, 44-6405; Sabanagrande Chapter, President Israel de J. Meza, 38-1880; San Marcos de Colon Chapter, President Rafael Mendoza; Santa Rosa de Copan Chapter, President Arturo Rendon Pineda; Siguatepeque Chapter, President David Madrid, 73-2617; Tocoa Chapter, President Carlos H.B. Aleman, 44-3209; Zonal Belen Chapter, President Adan Bonilla Reyes, 37-4898. **NIGERIA:** Amukde Chapter, President Ibol Friday Osaigbovo, 544-1050; Arochukwu Chapter, President Okoronkwo Ngozi; Gariki Chapter, President Sina Sowole, 4-233-7458; Kaduna Metropolitan Chapter, President Ogedegbe Eghosa, 6-221-5468; Malumfashi Chapter, President Ferni S. Onimisi, 648-0024; Odeda Chapter, President Kehinde Oyedele; Ogbete Chapter, President Andy Moneke, 4-233-0648; Ogorode Chapter, President O.K. Ozoemena, 544-2640; Okposi Chapter, President Pius Eze Muoneke; Origo Chapter, President Alfred A. Adewuyi, 3-623-3531; Umunze Chapter, President Udekute. **UNITED KINGDOM: England:** Ruislip Chapter, President Kevin Bristol, 92-383-8982. **UNITED STATES: California:** Happy Camp Chapter, President Howard E. Garthwait, 916-493-2056. **Oregon:** Treasure Valley Chapter, President Brad Schmidkofer, 503-889-2766.



***Are You A Part of the  
FGBMFI 1993 Membership Campaign?***

**Worldwide, Day & Night, FGBMFI is a Light.**



***BE A LIGHT—JOIN THE FELLOWSHIP!***

MATT. 5:14-16

Sometimes a message is communicated more effectively with a combination of words and a visual image. That is why the FGBMFI "BE A LIGHT—JOIN THE FELLOWSHIP!" membership campaign includes the beautiful illustration above. The message to prospective members is clear: worldwide, day or night, God is directing and using the ministries of FGBMFI to reach out to a hurting world. Why should a believer join the Fellowship? Because the Fellowship is a vehicle to help him obey Jesus' command to us in Matthew 5:14-16—"Let your light shine, that they may see your good works (doing the will of God), and glorify your Father in heaven."

In addition to the banner pictured above, there are membership brochures; membership applications which neatly fit in the brochure; and a member's recruiter vinyl pocket wallet with plastic insert. The wallet is designed to be used by members wishing to share one-on-one with a friend or acquaintance the Fellowship membership opportunity. These tools will assist you in your ongoing ministry.

For more information contact your local chapter or the International Office.

# The Vision

By DEMOS SHAKARIAN

In 1952 God told me to start a Fellowship for men who would meet in small and large groups in cafes, hotels and public places to fellowship and minister spiritually one to another. To attempt to accomplish this, we organized a group and met in Clifton's Cafeteria in Los Angeles every week for a whole year. Interest and attendance was so small that it appeared that we would be forced to give up a ministry I was sure God called me to do. God was good and gave me a vision in my home while I was on my knees the night before I was going to stop the meetings.

God said to me, **"I am the One, Demos, who alone can open doors. I am the One who removes the beam from unseeing eyes."**

"I understand, Lord Jesus. And I thank You."

**"And now I will let you see, indeed."**

With that the Lord allowed me to rise to my knees. Lifted me almost, as though the power which had pressed me to the floor was now bearing me up. And at that moment, Rose, my wife, came into that living room. She stepped around me and walked over to the Hammond organ in the corner. She said not a word, but sat down and began to play.

As the music swelled through the living room, the atmosphere grew brighter. To my amazement the ceiling of the room seemed to have disappeared. The cream-

colored plaster, the ceiling light—they were simply gone, and instead I found myself staring up into the sky, a daytime sky although it must have been pitch



dark. How long she played while I gazed into the infinite distance I don't know. But all at once she stopped, fingers still resting on the keys, and began to pray aloud in tongues.

She paused a moment, then spoke in English:

**"My son, I knew you before you were born. I have guided you every step of the way. Now I am going to show you the purpose of your life."**

It was the Spirit's gifts of tongues and interpretation, given together. And as she spoke a remarkable thing began to happen. Although I was on my knees, I felt as if I were rising. Leaving my body. Moving up, away from the living room. Down below me I could see the rooftops of Downey, California. There were the San Bernardino Mountains, and over there the coast of the Pacific Ocean. Now I was high above the earth, able to see from the west to the east.

Whether the world was turning, or whether I was traveling around it, I do not know. But now beneath me was the continent of South America. Then Africa. Europe. Asia. I could see people on the earth—millions and millions of them standing shoulder to shoulder. Then, just as a camera can zoom in at a football game to show first the stadium, then the players, then the very laces on the foot-



ball, my vision seemed to move in on the millions of men, I could see tiny details of thousands and thousands of faces. Everywhere it was the same. Brown faces, black faces, white faces—every one rigid, wretched, every one locked in his own private death.

“Lord!” I cried. “What is the matter with them? Lord, help them!”

Afterward Rose told me that I said nothing. But in the vision it seemed to me that I wept and pleaded aloud.

Suddenly Rose began to speak. Humanly speaking, of course, she had no way of knowing that I was seeing anything at all. But what she said was:

**“My son, what you see next is going to happen soon.”**

The earth was turning—or I was moving around it—a second time. Below me again were millions upon millions of men. But what a difference! This time heads were raised. Eyes shone with joy. Hands were lifted toward heaven. These men who had been so isolated, each in his prison of self were linked in a community of love and adoration. Asia. Africa. America—everywhere death had

turned to life. And then the vision was over. Today...

**THE VISION IS IN THE PROCESS OF FULFILLMENT.** There are many thousands of chapters meeting in over a hundred countries ministering one to another, but the greatest harvest is yet to come. You can be part of it...

**YES, DEMOS** I want to share in the ministry of winning men for Christ everywhere. Please send me information about:

- How I can become a member.
- How I can organize a chapter in my community.
- Location of current chapters near me.
- Enclosed please find my tax-deductible gift of \$ \_\_\_\_\_.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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P.O. BOX 5050 / COSTA MESA, CA 92628 USA



*Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is a nonprofit organization that has dedicated its resources to win men everywhere to Christ.*



# FGBMFI NEWS

## San Antonio, Texas Military Breakfast

The following report was submitted by Gen. Ralph E. Haines, Jr., U.S. Army, Ret. and chairman of the Military Breakfast Committee.

I want to report on the successful completion of yet another FGBMFI Military Breakfast. Our 14th Annual Greater San Antonio Military Breakfast was held at the Marriott Rivercenter, our largest downtown hotel.

We were blessed this year by the attendance of a very impressive group of civic, business, church, and military leaders, to include a U.S. congressman, a city councilman, four bishops, pastors of some of our largest churches, 35 general/flag officers from all the military services, active and retired, and a comparable number of our most senior non-commissioned officers. On the other end of the spectrum, we had over 400 young service personnel and international military students from around the globe taking English language and other training at local military installations. These we spread around the banquet hall so that they and other attendees had the opportunity to enjoy the event together.

Our principal speaker this year was Maj. Gen. Rudy Ostovich III, U.S. Army, Vice-Director, the Joint Staff, Washington, D.C. His talk was entitled: "A Foundation Built on Godly Principles." Brig. Gen. Dick Abel, U.S.A.F., Ret.—our "clean-up man"—capitalized on Gen.



**(Above) San Antonio Prayer Breakfast color guard. (Top right) Coordinators and participants, l. to r., Gen. Ralph Haines, Brig. Gen. Charles Duke, Dr. Terry Peters, Col. Myrl Allinder, Rev. John Hagee, Wayne Mitchell. (Right) Breakfast chairman Gen. Haines and speaker Maj. Gen. Rudy Ostovich.**

Ostovich's words to recruit people into the Army of God. Col. Myrl Allinder, U.S.M.C., Ret., was again our worship leader, strumming his guitar and charging our batteries with his infectious enthusiasm. Brig. Gen. Charles Duke, the lunar pilot for Apollo 16, shared emcee responsibilities with me. The Fifth U.S. Army Band provided the music for the occasion accompanied by a joint color guard, with representatives from all the services. We had two short testimonies from active duty personnel stationed in the area—one an Air Force colonel and the other an Army sergeant major—that moved the people deeply.



# BRIEFS



Our military breakfast was sponsored by the six local FGBMFI chapters. A Steering Committee consisting mostly of active, retired and former service members was actually responsible for planning and conducting the event. Included in this committee were individuals identified primarily with the Campus Crusade for Christ Military Ministry and other evangelical fellowships. As I reported last year, we continue to believe that our joint efforts are a model of cooperation between full gospel and evangelical ministries. This cooperation had been a factor in making the breakfast a mainstream ecumenical event,

that enjoys broad community support.

We have tear-off response cards attached to our breakfast programs. We received 260 written responses to this year's breakfast—with no unfavorable comments—requesting copies of *Voice* magazine, more information on the Fellowship and military ministry, first-time salvation decision and recommitments to Christ.

A follow-up meeting was held at the Basic Trainee Chapel at Lackland Air Force Base where hundreds stood up and enlisted in God's Army. Follow-up letters were sent to those requesting information along with the tract, "How To Be Sure You Are A Christian." A lieutenant from Latvia was one of the first to respond to the follow-up material. An on-going discipleship program is being developed.

I feel these military breakfasts represent evangelism in action. The young military personnel who attend are largely transients who will soon be stationed across this country and around the world. The breakfast is a new and moving experience for them. This year, we had 70 international military students, ranging up to brigadier general in rank, from 35-40 different countries. Many were of Moslem, Buddhist, and other non-Christian faiths. Most of them came in buses from the Defense Language Institute. We have encouraged FGBMFI members sitting at tables with internationals to get their names and build an acquaintance with them, inviting them to their homes or churches. We are just scratching the surface with this ministry, and need to build a bridge of trust.

FGBMFI Vice-President Wayne Mitchell attended our event again this year and gave an effect presentation "What is FGBMFI?" He was one of only four civil-

ians who sat at our 17-man head table, whose military members had 28 stars between them.

We held an "after action" meeting of the Steering Committee and have set April 9, 1994 as the date of next year's Military Breakfast.

### **El Paso, Texas—First Quarterly Rally A Big Success!**

Two chapters in El Paso combined efforts and reaped a highly successful and blessed meeting.

It was the first event of this size in many years in this area. The two sponsoring chapters hold only weekly lunch meetings, with an attendance of about 20 each. They decided to join forces and hold a dinner banquet rally. It drew over 200 people.

Main speaker was '50s country-western singer Chester Smith. Smith, listed in the country music hall of fame, owns television stations in California and Nevada.

Because of its initial success, these rallies will continue to be held on a quarterly basis. This may be the answer to many of the chapters' needs as well. Regular dinner meetings with local speakers were not successful. The chapters realized they needed to be able to book a hotel banquet facility and bring in well-known, outside guests.

Chester Smith entertained with country gospel tunes, and gave a wonderful testimony. Then the Spirit began to move with healings and words of knowledge.

Chapters in nearby southern New Mexico lent their support as well. Excitement is running high for the next meeting!

Other chapters are encouraged to step out in faith in holding rallies like this. El Paso is one of the poorest areas

in the U.S. with a high crime rate. But these circumstances mean nothing to the Lord as He is restoring FGBMFI and its outreach across the nation.



*Partners in the El Paso Rally (l. to r.): Gordon McKenzie, Bob Fromelt, Doug Rapper, Chester Smith, Ron Cheslik, Doug Hansen, and, kneeling, Ruben Fiero.*

### **Keeping the Vision Alive**

The New London, Connecticut area celebrated its fourth annual Military Breakfast. Two members from the Thames Valley chapter and two past members from Whaling City, an inactive chapter, sponsored this outreach.

Bill Ross of Virginia sang "God Bless The USA" and Carol Van Erven of New London sang "The Star Spangled Banner." The mayor of New London joined 70 people and four color guards in a "Heads Up and Hats Off" to the speaker along with former POW and now Executive Director of the American Red Cross, Capt. Giles Norrington, U.S.N. retired.

Plans to reach the military and veteran personnel in the southeastern Connecticut area are already in the planning and prayer stage. All of chapter #25 want to be part of next year's event. "Praise the Lord," reported Jim Pothier, organizer of the breakfast.



## Planting Voice in Ireland

The 14th All-Ireland Convention has just been held in Dublin. They have some lovely members there, men who love Jesus—ordinary men, not big names—just lovers of Jesus. Though there have been nine previous conventions, there has never before been an experience anything like the move of God here through Chuck Sutton.

Chuck represented the real vision of the Fellowship, the one you read about in *The Happiest People On Earth*. As he ministered, the Holy Spirit was flowing out of him and many met Jesus in reality.

The Spirit has been showing the Irish chapters to move out into all the area. They now have plans to have a *Voice* Planting Day in each town. First, there will be prayer and fasting for each town. Then, in God's timing, a *Voice* (seeds) will be planted, then back to prayer and fasting. Then an outreach exists. This is the "Strike Force" in the harvest field. And God will give the increase!



**Chuck Sutton**

# Sharing the Good News through VOICE

**Voice** magazine is one of the most powerful witnessing tools available! Thousands of men and women receive a quantity of 50, 100 or more copies each month to help tell others that Jesus is the only answer.

**Voice** saves souls. It also saves lives, marriages and businesses. If you meet two unsaved persons a day, 50 magazines will be gone before the end of the month. Think of it—you will have shared more than 400 powerful and inspiring testimonies.

To experience the joy of sharing the Good News through **Voice** magazine, complete the order form below and mail it today.

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Please send \_\_\_\_\_ copies of **Voice** each month, at \$20 per bundle of 50, to:

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(Order only in multiples of 50; handling & postage are included. Offer limited to continental U.S.) Mail coupon and check payable to: FCBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. 2801-18-9999



# FELLOWSHIP EVENTS

## 40TH ANNUAL FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION

JUNE 29-JULY 3, 1993

Boston Marriott-Copley Place, Boston, Massachusetts

Contact: FGBMFI World Headquarters

P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

714-754-1400, 714-557-9916 Fax

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### OREGON STATE CONV.

July 8-10, 1993

Red Lion Inn, Eugene/Springfield, OR  
Contact: Bill Pyatt  
P.O. Box 636  
Canyonville, OR 97417  
503-839-6111

### EL PASO RALLY

July 10, 1993

Airway Holiday Inn, El Paso, TX  
Contact: Roger Rappe  
8321 Verdeland  
El Paso, TX 79907  
915-591-0216

### GEORGIA COUPLES' ADVANCE

July 23-25, 1993

Epworth By The Sea  
St. Simon's Island, Waycross, GA  
Contact: Stephen J. Lee  
313 Wellington Rd.  
Savannah, GA 31410, 912-234-4325

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### BRAZILIAN NAT'L. CONV.

July 28-31, 1993

Contact: Brazil Nat'l. Office  
c/o Custodio R. Pires  
Caixa Postal 125811-CEP 24731  
Santa Isabel, Sao Goncalo, Brazil  
Fax (55) 21-701-6473

### HARRISBURG FAMILY CONV.

Aug. 1993

Messiah College, Grantham, PA  
Contact: Robert F. Smith  
1188 Twin Lakes Dr.  
Harrisburg, PA 17111  
717-652-2846

### ROCKY MOUNTAIN REG. CONV.

Aug. 5-7, 1993

Holiday Inn Conference Center  
Estes Park, CO  
Contact: Elmer Lewis  
P.O. Box 37072  
Denver, CO 80237  
303-431-9828

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### ST. LOUIS REG. CONV.

Aug. 5-7, 1993

St. Louis Airport Hilton, St. Louis, MO  
Contact: Leonard Riebold  
4106 Hwy. 21  
Imperial, MO 63052  
303-431-9828

### S.E. QUEENSLAND MEN'S EVENT

Aug. 13-15, 1993

Alexandra Headlands, Queensland  
Contact: Australia Nat'l. Office  
P.O. Box 67, 34 Old Cleveland Rd.  
Stones Corner, Brisbane  
Queensland 4120, Australia  
(61) 7-397-3557, Fax (61) 7-394-1049

### FIJI NAT'L. CONV.

Aug. 17-21, 1993

Contact: Fiji Nat'l. Office  
c/o Apaitia Seru  
P.O. Box 15211, Suva, Fiji  
(679) 30-1301, Fax (679) 30-0674

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### MEXICO NAT'L. CONV.

Aug. 19-20, 1993

Hermosillo, Tampico, Mexico  
Contact: Constancio Iturbide  
Ave. Cuiflahuac 2936  
Col. Claverias CP 16 Azcapotzalco  
Mexico D.F., Mexico  
(52) 5-341-0779

### WEST VIRGINIA STATE CONV.

Aug. 19-21, 1993

Charleston House Holiday Inn  
Charleston, WV  
Contact: William L. Baker  
1161 Emerald Rd.  
Charleston, WV 25314, 340-344-9342  
or Clifford Haddad, 340-768-0088

### 12TH ASIAN REG. CONV.

Aug. 26-28, 1993

Hong Kong Conv. & Exhibition Center  
Contact: Hogo Chan  
G/F, 6 Wun Tung Street  
Lo Tak Court, Tsuen Wan  
Hong Kong  
493-1830, Fax 415-8568

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## AIRLIFT TO RUSSIA

September 5-19, 1993

(Please note the corrected date as shown above)

Contact: Dario Rabak

25 Marvin Court, El Sobrante, CA 94803

510-222-1680, 510-222-5075 Fax



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# SIX STEPS TO SALVATION

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*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 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: FGBMFI/Box 5050/Costa Mesa, CA 92628.**

**YES! I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Saviour.**

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Please send me the booklet *Now That You've Received Christ*.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

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# CONTENTS

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## *Celebrating the Past— Launching the Future*

*In this special issue, we look back at God's supernatural deliverance of Maj. Robert Snyder over the Pacific Ocean, page 2.*

*Lt. Col. Ned Colburn recalls an enemy encounter over the jungles of Vietnam in which he was able to elude heat-seeking missiles—just at the same time his mother was praying for him back home in Kansas, page 10.*

*Gerald Pearson survived the Japanese attack at Okinawa, but life back in Kentucky almost proved too much, page 16.*

*Gary Hudson was a fourth-generation Christian Science practitioner. Then, with the discovery of his wife's cancer, he began reading the Bible and confronting a lifetime of teaching, page 20.*

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<i>Celebrating The Past—Launching The Future</i> . . . 2	<i>A Laymen's Revival</i> . . . . . 26
<i>Fifth Man In The Flight</i> . . . . . 4	<i>Chapter Outreach</i> . . . . . 28
<i>Ten Seconds From Death</i> . . . . . 10	<i>FGBMFI News Briefs</i> . . . . . 32
<i>Love For A Tough Marine</i> . . . . . 16	<i>Fellowship Events</i> . . . . . 36
<i>From A Religion Of The Mind</i> . . . . . 20	<i>Directors</i> . . . . . 37
<i>Bible Basis For Baptism In The Holy Spirit</i> . . 24	<i>Six Steps To Salvation</i> . . . . . 39

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