

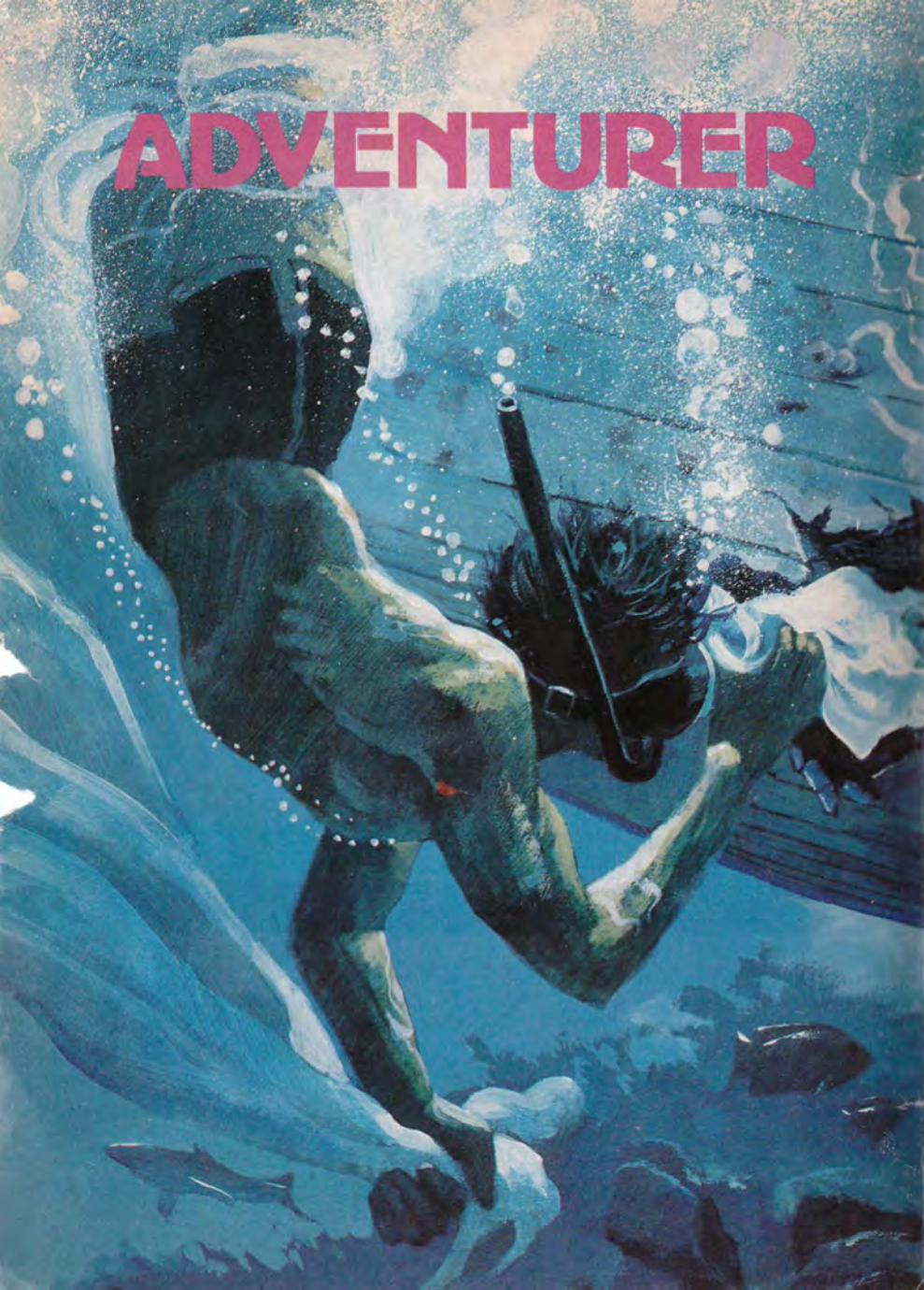
FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

05-82
VOICE

ADVENTURER



ADVENTURER



We had already lost one engine when we struck the coral head.

Two holes gaped in the side of the old wooden trading ship and in no time the engine room flooded, leaving the engine-powered pumps useless. As the crew pumped furiously by hand, I grabbed my snorkel and face mask and dived over the side, frantically stuffing bedding into the underwater holes.

Forty native passengers ran to the stern in panic. And when 15 of the women jumped into our small lifeboat, it sank. We were 175 miles from Truck Lagoon in the Caroline Islands.

Within a few hours a Catholic missionary vessel spotted us and towed us to a sandy beach where we made repairs. We had survived another narrow disaster in Micronesia.

Escape . . . I guess that has always been my way of life. First I had escaped my introverted personality by enrolling at Stanford. But my new outgoing social life caused my studies to suffer, so I had averted temptation by switching to Annapolis. After graduation I became engineering officer over 12 B-29s at March Air Force Base in California.

In 1953 Joanne and I were married. We lived happily together until four days after the birth of my son Rob, when my wife contracted spinal meningitis; 50 days later she died.

I couldn't handle it. Every evening after work I escaped to Palm Springs nightclubs. Finally, at the advice of my wing commander, I left active duty

and moved with my son to our family orange ranch in Tustin, California.

The years that followed were full. I married again, had two more sons (Steve and Rick), sold real estate, designed and sold swimming pools, founded Enderle Equipment Company and formed an electronic surveillance corporation.



I had a beautiful family, a yacht, a house and dock on the waterfront, a home on Arrowhead Lake, and a fine estate in Palm Springs. Whether it was a new airplane, a downtown office building or an Avanti with a

10-channel mobile phone, I thought just one more toy might make me happy. But it was like climbing a ladder only to discover the ladder was on the wrong wall. After nine years of marriage, I walked out on my wife and never returned.

Eventually I found that I was as impoverished financially as I was emotionally. My so-called best friend and manager had robbed the business. To avoid bankruptcy I sold everything I had for a fraction of its worth.

After clearing up my financial mess, I decided to become an adventurer, to get away and see if I could live off the land and get in touch with nature. But inside I knew I was just running away.

The adventures came—lots of them: shipwrecks, native luaus in the

South Sea Islands, Japanese sampan voyages, lost jungle temples, one adventure after another. But none of these experiences filled the void inside me.

Then I met a lady, different from all the others. In her I found a depth of character I had never seen before. She fascinated me.

After several months we married. Geri seemed to have a personal relationship with God and I was drawn by her example to take another look at Christianity. My own Sunday religion was tennis; I thought church was full of bigoted hypocrites who met only to socialize. But Geri wasn't like that. She didn't try to talk me into anything, or drag me to church. She just loved me.

Friends of Geri invited us to a

Al Enderle explores temple ruins on Nanmodol, Ponape, Caroline Islands.



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE (ISSN #00428264) is published monthly (with the exception of August, which is combined with the July issue) for \$3.50 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92626, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Second-class postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to VOICE at above address. May 1982 issue.

Christmas musical at Melodyland Christian Center in Anaheim. As it ended, someone asked all those to step forward who wanted to accept the Lord. Even though I had previously considered altar calls to be nothing more than old-west medicine shows, I found myself getting out of the chair and walking to the front.

As I knelt on the platform steps, I turned my life over to Jesus Christ, asking Him to forgive all my sins and help me to grow in faith. Covered by a warm blanket of God's love and acceptance, I knew something had happened inside me.

The very next day I noticed that I wasn't swearing as before. I had no desire to drink or gamble. I gave up smoking.

Of course that was only the beginning. My new Christian friends told me that God would answer prayers. So at 8:00 P.M. on a Thursday, I prayed that God would send a book to help me study the teachings of Christ.

The next morning a book entitled *The Bible Has the Answers* lay on my desk with a note from my Buddhist business partner. "Thought you might like this," he wrote. Yet my partner didn't know I had become a Christian; I'd been too embarrassed to tell him that macho Al had become a Jesus freak.

When I asked him about it he said the book had been given to him years before. He had tossed it into a drawer and had forgotten it, until that Thursday evening when he remembered it



Al and his wife Geri at Adventurer's Club, Los Angeles, California.

again and wondered if I'd enjoy reading it. When I asked him what time this thought had come to him, he replied, "Oh, around eight." Chance? Not on your life!

Since that time many of my prayers have been answered. Not that everything always turns out right in a worldly sense, but then, my values have changed. I don't worship money anymore. My business—everything I have—belongs to Him. I am now His steward.

What the Lord gives me in return is a deep and lasting peace, the kind most men would give their very lives to possess. As I trust God and follow His leading, each new day brings high adventure. □

How can God possibly exist in so many strange and fearsome forms?"

That was the question I often asked myself when as a youngster I accompanied my mother and father to the Buddhist temples. Each time I entered I became more frightened, troubled and confused.

Even as a child my heart cried out for the one true and living God, the creator of heaven and earth. I had no idea He had written a Book in which He promised, "If thou seek him, he will be found of thee" (I Chron. 28:9).

My first contact with Christianity came when I married a girl who was a nominal believer. However, by that time I had stopped searching for God and was instead scrambling after success.

Though I poured everything into my career and business, it seemed that no matter how hard I worked my progress was slow and strenuous. Business troubles kept me awake night after night.

In the meantime, my whole family was plagued with health problems. It seemed one or all of us were constantly sick. To make matters worse, my wife and I were having difficulty with some close family members. Gradually I came to a place where I had not a single moment's peace of mind, and although I did not know who God was I cried out to Him in desperation, asking Him to help me and my troubled family.

About that time, a close friend be-

The seekers

The Stories of Two
Successful Men's
Search for God

gan witnessing to me about Jesus. My friend explained that as long as Jesus was missing from my life I could never have peace. One day I finally dropped to my knees in repentance, asking Jesus Christ into my life as Lord and Saviour. In the months that followed, I was baptized in the Holy Spirit and began to enjoy a new dimension of God's love and power.

At last I had found the God I yearned for as a child. I found that He was not fearsome and cold like the idols in the temple, but loving and merciful—and alive in me.

Miraculous things began happening in my life. My wife rededicated her life to the Lord, and our whole family began to enjoy divine health instead of sickness. To the amazement of all

(Please turn to page 8.)



Khoo Oon Theam
Singapore, Republic of Singapore

At the height of my Christian service, while I was working 16 hours a day helping others, my relationship with God was so dismal that I had discarded my Bible and begun exploring the occult in search of direction.

Meantime, in spite of tremendous financial, professional and social success as group therapist, university lecturer and business consultant, my personal life was deteriorating. Even though my wife Maisie and I were both involved in counseling other couples, our own marriage was in trouble.

How could this happen to one who had been immersed in God's work for

25 years? I am a third-generation Christian. My grandmother was a Presbyterian missionary from China; my father, a Methodist minister. I was miraculously healed of a near-fatal illness at age four, and at that time my parents dedicated me to the Lord's service. Since my father was a pastor, doing God's work was our family lifestyle. I was saved at the age of 12 and committed myself to serving the Lord.

Unfortunately, my emphasis was always on *working* for the Lord rather than on being led by the Holy Spirit to do His will. Like Martha, I was sweating in the kitchen when Jesus wanted me to sit at His feet and listen (Luke 10:38-42). Being a man of high energy, I was able to accomplish much in the Lord's name, but under my own power.

Finally at age 40 I came to a point where I saw that I must surrender my will to His or be crushed under the burden. God showed me that, as with the five loaves and two fishes Jesus used to feed the multitudes (Matt. 14:15-21), not until I was broken before the Lord could He use me.

As I cried out to Him in surrender, He baptized me in the Holy Spirit. The desire to do His will replaced mine, and I experienced a wonderful new relationship with the Lord. It was the pivotal point in my life.

For the next six months I devoured the word of God, spending six hours a day reading the Bible. The Holy Spirit revealed truth to me in a powerful way, truth that my intellect alone could never have comprehended.

PENG (continued from page 6)

my friends, I was delivered of a 20-year smoking habit. My wife was instantly healed of sinus pain which she had suffered for 15 years. Strained family relationships were mended as we allowed the love of Jesus to minister to our relatives.

With God directing my business as well as my personal life, I began experiencing growing success. The Lord started blessing the companies with which I work, and today Malayan United Industries Berhad, of which I am chief executive, is one of the largest business conglomerates in Malaysia. This is not because of me at all, but because of the Lord, who promises, "In all thy ways acknowledge him and he shall direct thy paths" (Proverbs 3:6).

Best of all, as we have shared the love of Jesus with our families, many of them, including my mother, sisters, and in-laws, have made Him Lord of their lives, too. Praise the Lord, now we are one big, *happy* Christian family.

I could not find God in the dead, cold idols in the temple. He is a loving, living Saviour whose temple is hearts of men and women. And He is not a God of fear, but a God of peace.

Will you let Him bring that peace to your heart today?

*The testimonies of Khoo Oon Theam, international director, and Khoo Kay Peng, Malaysian businessman, are reprinted in a special Asian edition of **Voice** to be distributed at the Asian Convention June 2-6, 1982.*

THEAM (continued from page 7)

Because I'd always been in such a hurry to do what I thought was His work, the Lord slowed my pace considerably. By His Spirit, He clearly spoke this word to me:

"Son, you have gone your own way all these years, and I could not bless your work. Now my Spirit will lead and instruct you in the way that I have chosen for you. I shall begin today a new thing in your life and in your family."

Soon God led Maisie and me to open our home for prayer fellowship. His presence in these meetings was confirmed with signs and wonders. Many people experienced salvation, deliverance, healing, and the baptism in the Holy Spirit. In fact, God actually did more of His work through me in one week than I had been able to perform in 20 years.

At this same time, the Holy Spirit was renewing many mainline churches of Singapore. God spoke to a group of renewed Christians to reactivate the FGBMFI chapter in the city. As a small group of us fasted and prayed, the Lord began to show us the vision He had for that chapter. Today we have a chapter of more than 270 members from more than 70 churches.

Recently the Lord has redirected my life again, indicating that I am to leave my present job and separate myself totally for His work—this time, under His inspiration rather than by my own perspiration.

Truly, the work of the Lord is accomplished "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts" (Zech. 4:6).



the bridge

Wayne Gillie
Oshawa, Ontario
Canada

I'll never forget the sick feeling in my stomach as I watched the auctioneer sell off all our possessions at a fraction of their original cost. Sheila and I were going through with it; we really were getting a divorce.

We split the take 50-50 and Sheila

moved to London, Ontario while I took a small boarding-house room in Oshawa. I thought I would never see her again.

Almost every day on my way home from work I'd stop for a cold sandwich and liquid dessert (a draft beer) and

dwelt on the bitter hand life had dealt.

My father died when I was 15 and shortly after that I quit school and went to work on the waterfront. Those are rough, tough people and I hardened myself in order to survive. I became like two different people; one, ready to flatten a man if he looked at me in the wrong way; the other, a man who cried at the sight of a small, hurt child or animal.

Once when I was 16 my mother put

came over me, and another voice seemed to cut through all the rest.

"Wayne," the voice said, "give Me another chance. Tomorrow will be a new day." It was so vivid that I actually abandoned my suicide plans.

But "tomorrow" was a long time coming. I began running with a very rough crowd and had several scrapes with the law. I carried a knife and chain and used them in many murderous brawls. For two years I couldn't



Field Representative Wayne Gillie is employed as inspector with General Motors of Canada, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario.

me out of the house. We have a good relationship today but as I walked away from my home that morning I was bitter and confused. As I walked onto a bridge with every intention of committing suicide, it was as though a legion of demons inside my head were goading me with a thousand voices to jump off the bridge and end my life.

Suddenly a strange sensation

smile unless I was drinking. Only then could I breach the defensive walls I had built around myself.

One night I was invited to a tent crusade to hear Jimmy Snow, son of the famous country-western singer Hank Snow. I wasn't interested in the preaching but I thought the music might be good. While I was growing up I had attended a Roman Catholic church and school, but generally

religion baffled me. I still remember watching a church parade with my father in my hometown of Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"Why are there so many different churches, Dad?" I had asked.

"Well, Wayne, it's because they can't seem to agree on things."

I found that hard to understand, and even as a young child I began to question religion.

But Jimmy Snow fascinated me with his story. He told how he'd been a hard-drinking, pill-popping renegade until one night in front of his father's

My sister invited me to move from Halifax to Oshawa to get my life straightened out. I accepted, and there I got a steady job and met a beautiful blue-eyed brunette named Sheila. Soon we were married, and for about three years I calmed down and we were truly happy.

Then my old habits started crowding in and the wild side of my nature took over—the drinking, the gambling, the fighting. Cursing and swearing at my wife constantly, I turned every conversation into a rhubarb.

I called a minister friend for help

*I was left alone with my sandwich, my beer,
and my bitterness.*

house he looked up to heaven and said, "Jesus, if You're really there, come into my life." From that day onward, he said, he was a changed man.

As he gave the altar call I felt a strange sensation, just like I had that night on the bridge when I heard the voice. I could feel my heart pounding and my head swirling. But I just couldn't *believe*. Dry-mouthed and shaken, I walked out of the meeting.

Not long after that, I was in a car accident where several people were killed. One of them was a young man who had traded places with me in the front seat just moments before the crash. For some reason God had stepped in again to spare and touch my life.

but he said he was too busy to see us right then. We went to a marriage counselor who told us we were incompatible and should get a divorce. We even consulted a fortune teller. The demon influence that came into our lives after that meeting made things much worse, and we decided to split up. I was left alone with my sandwich, my beer, and my bitterness. If there was a God, I figured He'd given up on me by now.

Then one day there was a knock on my door. Opening it, I saw a beautiful girl with a big smile. It was Sheila.

She told me that Jesus had come into her life and made her a new person. I could see she was different. She'd always been beautiful, but now

(Please turn to page 14.)

INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORS UNITED STATES

ALABAMA: William Abercrombie, 1413 Woodland Ave., Birmingham 35211 • Wilford A. Baugh, Jr., 105 Andrews Ave., Enterprise 36330. **ALASKA:** Guy Whitney, P.O. Box 60489, Fairbanks 99706. **ARIZONA:** William Pyatt, 4415 W. Watson Ln., Phoenix 85306 • Bryan Smith, P.O. Box 1469, Glendale 85311. **ARKANSAS:** Ray Parsons, 1811 South 47th, Ft. Smith 72903 • Larry Tedder, 12 Dunfretton Pl., N. Little Rock 72116. **CALIFORNIA:** Mincer Arganbright, P.O. Box 8586, La Crescenta 91214 • Enoch Christoffersen, P.O. Box 337, Turlock 95380 • Jim Coffaro, 6616 Dublin Blvd., Dublin 94566 • Peter Congelliers, 18392 Old Lampflighter Ct., Villa Park 92667 • Frank Cordeiro, 5305 Rockport Ct., Newark 94560 • Chuck Damato, P.O. Box 58, Agoura 91301 • Frank Foglio, P.O. Box 22370, San Diego 92122 • Cliff Powell, 5250 Huntington Dr., Redding 96002 • Demos Shakarian, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa 92626 • Steve Shakarian, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa 92626 • Ronny Svenhard, 335 Adeline St., Oakland 94607. **COLORADO:** Elmer Lewis, P.O. Box 236, Strausburg 80136 • Adair Rippey, Box 138, New Castle 81647 • Gerald Walker, P.O. Box 355, Denver 80201. **CONNECTICUT:** Lee A. Buck, 126 Huckleberry Hill Rd., New Canaan 06840 • Luke Sanford, 20 Chidsey Rd., Avon 06001. **FLORIDA:** Charles Crisafulli, 310 Jeremy Court, Merritt Island 32952 • Albert D'Arpa, P.O. Box 82381, Tampa 33682 • Dr. W.D. Fowler, 1501 Big Tree Rd., Neptune Beach 32233 • Russ Gray, 1001 N.E. 86th St., Miami 33138 • Russell Linenokh, 330 Country Club Ln., Atlantic Beach 32233 • Alexander Malachuk, 2982 Meadow Wood, Clearwater 33519 • Ralph Marinacci, 7033 S. Lagoon Dr., Panama City 32407 • Sam Rudd, Dublin-Downes, 5420 Pimlico Dr., Tallahassee 32303. **GEORGIA:** Kermit Bradford, 2512 Bryan Ct., East Point 30344 • Lynwood Maddox, P.O. Box 4b0007, Atlanta 30345 • Donald L. Norris, 15 Barnett Dr., Savannah 31406. **HAWAII:** John Witwer, 122-A Maunawili Rd., Kailua 96734. **IDAHO:** James Howell, 1984 Panama St., Boise 83705. **ILLINOIS:** Henry Carlson, 564 W. Fulton, Chicago 60606 • Howard Hite, R.R. #1, Box 6D, Dalton City 61925. **INDIANA:** Dick L. Harshman, P.O. Box 19032, Indianapolis 46219. **IOWA:** Harold B. Brown, P.O. Box 304, Lohrville 51453 • Duane McLean, 1668 13th St. N.W., Cedar Rapids 52405. **KANSAS:** Paul Farmer, 801 E. Mt. Vernon, Wichita 67211. **KENTUCKY:** Robert Shelley, 3000 Mississippi, Paducah 42001 • William Miles, P.O. Box 55, Neon 41840. **LOUISIANA:** Anthony J. Amoroso, 834 Marlbrook, Baton Rouge 70815. **MAINE:** Richard E. Crockett, RFD #3, Gardiner 04345. **MARYLAND:** Charles P. Hoffman, 17 Severn River Rd., Severna Park 21146 • James E. Johnson, 2816 Blue Spruce Ln., Wheaton 20906 • Emil E. McCollum, 417 Heather Ridge Dr., Frederick 21701 • Charles Nash, Sr., 6302 Orchard Rd., Linthicum 21090. **MASSACHUSETTS:** Ernie Tavilla, 9 John Poulter Rd., Lexington 02173. **MICHIGAN:** John Ninowski, 28575 Greenfield, Ste. #108, Southfield 48076. **MINNESOTA:** Lee Nystrom, 6106 Excelsior Blvd., Ste. F&G, Minneapolis 55416 • Donald Sjellin, 3806 Allendale Ave., Duluth

55803. **MISSISSIPPI:** Dr. William Keller, P.O. Box 625, Laurel 39440. **MISSOURI:** Robert Engle, P.O. Box 54, Shelbyville 63469 • Walter Moore, 3833 Baumner Drive, Arnold 63010 • Claude McCulley, 6510 Leschen, St. Louis 63121 • Bill Norwood, 11601 Oak St., Kansas City 64114. **MONTANA:** Maxim Krikorian, R. #1, Box 231, Glasgow 59230 • Mel Tombre, Box 288 R.R., Savage 59262. **NEBRASKA:** Adrian Sivinski, 4515 S. 134th St., Omaha 68137. **NEW HAMPSHIRE:** Richard J. Moran, 264 Dover Point Rd., Dover 03820. **NEW JERSEY:** Earl Prickett, 735 N. Hurffville, Deptford 08096. **NEW MEXICO:** Clem Dixon, 4807 Constitution N.E., Albuquerque 87110. **NEW YORK:** Louis Abate, 1520 Ardsley Pl., Schenectady 12308 • Curtis Dorell, 3 E. Grove St., Massapequa 11758 • Fred Lawrence, 16 Burgett Dr., Homer 13077 • James A. McDonald, 79 Norcrest Dr., Rochester 14617. **NORTH CAROLINA:** Don Evans, P.O. Box 1117, Rocky Mount 27801 • Reidy Lawing, 6520 Grove Park Blvd., Charlotte 28215 • Ogburn Yates, P.O. Box 100, Asheboro 27203. **OHIO:** Cosmo de Bartolo, 8125 Glenwood Ave., Youngstown 44512 • James McKeegan, 2119 N. Ridge Rd., Findlay 45840 • Carlton Milbrandt, 7111 Bigger Rd., Centerville 45459. **OKLAHOMA:** Joe B. Cannon, 418 Bel Aire, Blackwell 74631 • Bob Harrison, 2850 E. 72nd St., Tulsa 74136 • Dr. Lloyd Huneryager, Box 7, Collinsville 74021. **OREGON:** Jerry Lausmann, P.O. Box 1608, Medford 97501 • Edwin Sheets, 190 Main, Hermiston 97838. **PENNSYLVANIA:** Henry W. Baxter, 135 E. Greenwood Ave., Lansdowne 19050 • Nick Cardone, 11500 Norcom Rd., Philadelphia 19154 • Angelo Ferri, Box 229, Yardley 19067 • Dr. Jack Herd, 2704 Market, Camp Hill 17011 • Foley Selvaggi, 1250 W. Wylie Ave., Washington 15301. **RHODE ISLAND:** Carlin Nash, 15 Lakeside Dr., Narragansett 02882. **SOUTH CAROLINA:** Al Duren, 248 Mike Dr., N.E., Orangeburg 29115 • W.E. Shaw, 1000 Botany Rd., Greenville 29607. **SOUTH DAKOTA:** Clifford L. Linn, 1855 Ballpark Rd., Sturgis 57785. **TENNESSEE:** Hoyt Elliott, 704 Clearview, Nashville 37205 • David Spatafore, 901 Eastview Circle, N.W., Cleveland 37311. **TEXAS:** Tom Ashcraft, 11719 Bolero Court, Stafford 77477 • Floyd Hurst, P.O. Drawer 1209, Seguin 78155 • Sherwin McCurdy, P.O. Box 3369, Irving 75061 • Virgil Mott, 131 Lombardy Dr., Sugarland 77478 • Glen Norwood, 807 Sugar Creek Blvd., Sugarland 77478 • Norman Norwood, 8 Charleston S., Sugarland 77478 • Garland Solomon, 303 Sunset Dr., Hereford 79045 • Donald Spear, 7224 Canongate Dr., Dallas 75248. **UTAH:** Victor J. Martinez, 6833 Village Green Rd., Salt Lake City 84121. **VERMONT:** David P. Wells, Box 43, Saxtons River 05154. **VIRGINIA:** William Beamer, 124 Beechwood Hills, Newport News 23602 • Ed Goings, 9329 Battle St., Manassas 22110 • Robert Harvey, 3104 Biscayne Dr., Chesapeake 23321 • Freeman Meadows, 90 Ashby Ave., Elkton 22827 • Col. Speed Wilson, Drawer 1, Hot Springs 24445. **WASHINGTON:** Fred Doerflein, 902 N.E. 65th St., Seattle 98115 • Arthur Evanson, P.O. Box 244, Vancouver 98666 • Don Ostrom, 36256 S.E. Fish Hatchery Rd., Fall City 98024 • Leonard Sampson, E. 12510 30th Ave., Spokane 99216 • Don Skidmore, P.O. Box 13, Yakima 98907. **WEST VIRGINIA:** William Warnock, Box 7547, Huntington 25777 • Bill R. Weaver, Box 3302, Charleston 25333. **WISCONSIN:** Richard Bonson, Box 610, Eagle River 54521 • Merlyn R. Peters, 3741 S. 71st St., Milwaukee 53220. **WYOMING:** Donald Humphreys, 6413 Merritt Rd., Cheyenne 82001.

DIRECTORS EMERITUS: Dr. John Barton, 12 Finger Ln., W. Hartford, CT 06107 • S. Lee Braxton (V.P. Emeritus), 8555 S. Lewis Ave., Tulsa, OK 74136 • Ray Bullard, 1905 Homewood, Mishawaka, IN 74136 • Claud McCulley, 6510 Leschen, St. Louis, MO 63121 • William Miles, P.O. Box 55, Neon, KY 41840 • Charles Nash, 6302 Orchard Rd., Linthicum, MD 21090 • Francis Nelson, 469 Elm Ave., Rahway, N.J. 07065 • Norman E. Roberts, 19 Riverside Blvd., Thornhill, Ontario, Canada L4J 1H4 • Larry Snelgrove, 44 Long Bourne Dr. #404, Weston, Ontario, Canada M9R 2M6.

GLOBAL

CANADA: Paul Beesley, P.O. Box 6037, Sta. A. St. John, New Brunswick E2L 4R5 • J. Keith Davis, 454 Barkley Rd., Kelowna, B.C. V1W 1E3 • Jim Jarvis, Box 483, Westlock, Alberta T0G 2L0 • James McEwan, 104 Burbank Dr., Willowdale, Ontario V1Y 6P3 • Ernie Voht, Box 97, Thorold, Ontario L2V 3Y7 • Dennis Wilson, 14616 55th St., Edmonton, Alberta T5A 2N4.
COSTA RICA: Marco Antonio Perez, P.O. Box 10274, San Jose.
CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA: Juan Jose Font, 5A Calle 10-53, Zona 1, Guatemala City, Guatemala • Sir Lionel Luckhoo, P.O. Box 163, Georgetown, Guyana • Oscar Pinto Rossell, P.O. Box 1700, Tegucigalpa, Honduras.
CHINA: Herbert E. Ellingwood, Chmn., Merit Systems & Protection Bd., 1120 Vermont Ave. N.W., Ste. 826, Washington, D.C. 20419.
ENGLAND: Robert R. Spilman, "Elsterne," Toft Rd., Knutsford, Cheshire WA16 9EB • John L. Wright, Kirby House Kerby Bedon, Norwich, Norfolk NR1 4AA.
FRANCE: Marcel Banoun, 2 Rue du Bel-Air, 92190 Meudon.
GERMANY: Adolf Zinsner, 7067 Pluderhausen, Postfach 147, W. Germany.
INDIA: T.V. Thomas, Thekathundiylil, Kuzhikala P.O., PIN 689644, Kerala State • Kevin Luis Fernandes, 70 A Hill Rd., Bandra Bombay 50, Maharashtra 400 050.
ISRAEL: Dr. Larry Samuels, R.R. 1, New Windsor, IL 61465.
KENYA: Gerishon N. Kibarabara, P.O. Box 49578, Nairobi.
MIDDLE EAST: Steven Lightle, 214 Ave. Franklin Roosevelt, 1050 Brussels, Belgium.
NETHERLANDS ANTILLES: Sir Charles Vlaun, P.O. Box 33, Philipsburg, San Maarten.
NIGERIA: Daniel E. Uwadiae, P.M.B. 1405, Benin City.
NORWAY: Kare H. Nordlie, 190 Bleikerassen 190, 1370 Asker • Sophus Schanche, P.O. Box 175, 5040 Paradis.
PHILIPPINES: Narciso Padilla, P.O. Box 109 Greenhills, Metro Manila 3113.
PUERTO RICO: Dr. Saul Monge, P.O. Box 20697, Rio Piedras 00928.
REPUBLIC OF SINGAPORE: Khoo Oon Theam, Ste. 06-09 Orchard Plaza, Orchard Rd., Singapore 0922.
SCOTLAND: James Robinson Winter, 37 Westbourne Gardens, Glasgow G129PF.
SOUTH AFRICA: Bob Trench, 189 Stamford Hill Rd., Durban.
SOUTH PACIFIC REGION: AUSTRALIA: Bernard Gray, AN.Z. Bank Chambers, 16 Old Cleveland Rd., Stones Corner, 4120 Brisbane • Harold Lawrence, Town House 3, 10 Anderson St., Templestowe 3106, Victoria • Ronald Oastler, P.O. Box 57, Beecroft 2119, New South Wales.
NEW ZEALAND: Robert Horton, P.O. Box 33,424, Takapuna, Auckland 9.
SWEDEN: J. Gunnar Olson, Varbovagen 25, S 70230, Orebro.
SWITZERLAND: Gunnar Muhlig, 23 Bockhornstr., CH. 8047 Zurich.
WEST INDIES: Charles A. Maynard, P.O. Box 147, Roseau, Dominica • Kyffin Simpson, P.O. Box 98, Bridgetown.

HEADQUARTERS' MAILING ADDRESSES

WORLD HEADQUARTERS: P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626. **AFRICA:** EAST AFRICA: P.O. Box 52850, Nairobi, Kenya. **SOUTH AFRICA:** 817 Game Centre, West Street, Durban 4001. **WEST AFRICA:** P.M.B. 1405, Benin City, Nigeria. **CANADIAN OFFICE:** Humber Tower, 6700 Finch Ave. W., #510 Rexdale, Ontario, Canada M9W 5P5. **EUROPEAN OFFICE:** 214 Ave. Franklin Roosevelt, 1050 Brussels, Belgium. **NORWAY:** Hultfeldtsgt. 12, Oslo 2. **SOUTH PACIFIC REGION:** AUSTRALIAN OFFICE: AN.Z. Bank Chambers, 16 Old Cleveland Rd., Stones Corner 4120, Brisbane. **NEW ZEALAND:** P.O. Box 33,424, Takapuna, Auckland 9.

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

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

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

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

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

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 92626.

BRIDGE

(continued from page 11)

she was absolutely radiant, with bright life in her eyes.

"Let's get back together, Wayne, and let Jesus minister in our marriage," she said. That sounded wonderful to me, and we moved in together again. As we had in the beginning, we comforted one another and found we were able to really talk to each other after all.

I didn't attend church with her, but Sheila bought me a Bible for 35 cents. It was a *Good News for Modern Man* edition, the first Bible I could ever understand. I decided I would make up my own religion based on what I read.

Meantime, though, I started watching Rex Humbard and other television ministers. As they would give the altar call I'd have that same sensation of God reaching out to me. Again and again it overwhelmed me and for months I choked back the tears every time the preacher gave the invitation. If only I could *believe!*

Finally I consented to attend church, but I wanted to go to all of them so I could make up my mind which one was right. The third time out, we attended a Pentecostal church where the people greeted us with a handshake and a backslap that would dust your socks off, followed up with a bear-size hug. During the service everyone seemed so happy and lively that I felt completely alone, as though everyone else had something special. I wanted to give my

heart to God but I still just couldn't believe. I guess God never had such a tough nut to crack.

The breakthrough came one day as I was reading John 20, where Jesus told the doubting Thomas, "How happy are those who *believe* without seeing me." Faith began to well up within me. Suddenly I was hungry for the Bible and I couldn't wait to get to church. That Sunday the minister preached on John 20.

I thought it must be some kind of set-up at first, but when he gave the altar call I could feel the Spirit of God coming over me in waves. It was that same sensation again, but this time I ran down the aisle and knelt weeping at the altar.

From that night on my life began to change. The loving people of that church nursed me along and helped answer my many questions. About a year later I was baptized in the Holy Spirit.

That was more than 10 years ago, and today Sheila and I are still together, more in love than ever. We minister in the jails, telling men and women that God didn't give up on us, and that His grace is sufficient also for them.

"How happy are those who believe without seeing Me," Jesus said. I'm so thankful that even when I couldn't believe in Him, Jesus still believed in me. He believes in you, too, and if you'll turn your life over to Him you *will* be able to see Him. He'll be living in you, helping you every single day of your life. □

Trash or Treasure



Ronald Skolozynsky, Steamwood, Illinois, gave his sister a *Voice* gift subscription with the prayer that the testimonies in the magazine would be used of God to lead her to accept Jesus as her Saviour. Month after month each issue was thrown in the trash barrel. Then one day as she was carrying still another copy of *Voice* out to the backyard her curiosity was tweaked by something on the cover. Subsequently she read the testimonies and found Jesus Christ to be the greatest treasure in her life.

In contrast to this "time-release" influence, "instant response" best describes a recent experience of Joe Hilton, Honolulu. As a repairman named Paul was leaving Joe's house after servicing a washing machine, Joe gave him two copies of *Voice*.

The following day the phone awakened Joe a little before midnight. The testimonies had created a spiritual hunger for the emptiness of Paul's life to be filled with whatever had made the difference in the men he had read about in *Voice*. Joe had the privilege of leading him to the Lord that night.

For almost 30 years *Voice* magazine has been recognized as a powerful witnessing tool, but recently both chapters and individuals have greatly enlarged their vision for using it to reach the lost.

The chapter in Litchfield, Minnesota, a city of 2,394 households, sent a

(Please turn to page 30.)

From left to right: Ronald Skolozynsky, Steamwood, Illinois; John Scissons, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada; Joe Hilton, Honolulu, Hawaii.



News headlines may continue to scream divorce, violence, broken relationships. But when people from all over the world come together at the Anaheim Convention Center in southern California July 6-10, 1982 you'll see a startlingly different picture of the family, marriage, and harmony among men.

You'll see God's picture. It's showing at the 30th Anniversary Celebration of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, in a week for your whole family to remember.

It's packed full of dynamic, unforgettable events for every age—God's message of hope for a troubled time, brought by His men for this hour, a tremendous assemblage of Christian speakers and leaders... testimonies, encouragement and ministry by

leading laymen from around the globe... anointed music... seminars...even sidetrips to southland recreation spots and a major-league ballgame.

Families are coming together in Jesus... to vacation, worship, praise, learn and grow... then to take God's renewal to our world. Let Him count on you.



C
T



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 92626, attention World Convention Dept.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____
 Zip _____ Country _____



Among our speakers (clockwise from top left)... Kenneth Copeland, Dr. Paul Yonggi Cho, Mario Murillo, Jack Hayford



COMING TOGETHER

1982 World Convention
 of FGBMFI
 Anaheim, California
 July 6-10, 1982



one in a million

Joel Prosser, Sacramento, CA

We all expected you'd be making license plates in prison, instead of doughnuts in your own bakery, Joel. You've really done well for yourself."

After spending most of my childhood and teen years in constant trouble with the law, culminating in a two-year prison stretch, to hear people say that meant almost more than the fact

that I now had money, a good home, and a loving family. It meant I was a respected businessman. I'd broken the pattern. I was one in a million.

All my life I'd assumed that if I just had enough money I'd be happy. Now I could afford what I wanted, but as I collapsed into my easy chair one evening after a hard day's work I summed

everything up with a one-sentence confession to myself:

"Your life is nothing but a pile of dirt!"

Why was I so miserable? By rights, I should be happy that I wasn't in prison—or dead. Crime had become a way of life for me when I was only seven years old. I started out burglarizing homes in our neighborhood, began stealing from stores, so young that no one suspected me. One time when I was about 10 I walked into a busy hardware store in broad daylight and left with a pistol that had been bolted to the wall!

Eventually, of course, I began getting caught. I don't have any idea how many times I went to juvenile hall. I was a full-fledged hoodlum and a violent troublemaker before I reached my teen years. When I was only 11 I stabbed a boy for bothering my little brother.

Life at home was never happy, and I blamed my father for all my troubles. I thought he didn't love me or my seven brothers and sisters, but now I see that he was a hard-working man who just didn't know how to show love. I often recalled bitterly how, when I was three or four years old, I ran up to my father to greet him and he pushed me away so hard that I fell down. I cried for a long time, and I never forgave him for that.

I dropped out of school in the tenth grade and graduated to fulltime crime, majoring in car theft, burglary, and robbery. When I was about 16, two friends and I began holding up

taverns and stores. We carried plenty of firepower and had several close calls, including a shootout in front of a tavern. One time an off-duty officer caught us trying to steal a car. I got the drop on him and was going to shoot him in the head but at the last split-second something made me crack him with the gun barrel instead. I thank God I didn't kill him.

Our crime spree lasted a couple of years, and somehow we always got away. When we finally were caught it was because of a fluke accident. One of my partners was AWOL from the Navy, and the shore patrol tracked him down to our apartment. When they came in to arrest him they spotted a sawed-off shotgun and other parts of our arsenal and called the police. They took us all in and one of my partners spilled everything.

I had just turned 18, so I went to an adult prison for the first time. It was the worst experience of my life. I couldn't believe the fear and violence in that place. A man was stabbed to death right in front of me. I thought, "That could have been me!" and decided that if I ever got out alive I'd never go back. I'd get a job and go straight.

At home, meantime, our family was disintegrating. My parents got a divorce, due in large part to the turmoil I had caused. My mother began drinking, and my brothers and sisters were parceled out to various agencies. My family was fed up with me, so I didn't get any visitors . . . except one.

A man who worked with my father

at the meat plant started coming to see me. I knew he was a churchgoer and that the other men at the plant kidded him a lot. He visited me regularly, witnessing about Jesus. I played him along because I didn't want to lose my only visitor.

When I was released at the end of two years I planned to go straight, but a former prison buddy called me to do a payroll job. I believed that if I could just have plenty of money I would be happy. This job promised to produce enough cash to make me *very* happy.

About that time my faithful prison visitor invited me to church. I consented to go, out of obligation, and resigned myself to a terrible time. But

dad's hard-working traits, so within a few years I was making more money than I'd ever dreamed possible. People were amazed to hear how well I was doing. I really enjoyed having the respect of respectable people for a change.

Of course we had long since stopped going to church. Our life was completely wrapped up in material wealth. We worked hard and played frantically with our leisure-time toys. Still, I felt restless and dissatisfied. Finally I reached that point where I realized all my possessions and prestige amounted to nothing. Going straight got me everything I wanted—but it still wasn't enough.

*Going straight got me everything I wanted—
but it still wasn't enough.*

when my friend picked me up there was a pretty young girl with him. As we talked and got acquainted I found that I liked her very much. Later I discovered that she and the whole church had been praying for me and looking forward to meeting me.

Soon afterward I visited my crime partner and asked to be let out of our deal, since I had met a girl and didn't want to lose her. By crime standards, he would have been justified in killing me on the spot, but he let me go and I never heard from him again.

I led Sylvia to believe I was a Christian, and six months later we were married. I was fired from one job for stealing, but hired on at a bakery and learned the trade well enough to open my own business. I had inherited my

Something crucial was missing from my life. "Could it have anything to do with God?" I finally asked myself.

"Sylvia," I announced one afternoon, "this Sunday we're going to church." Sylvia was amazed but willing. That Sunday the minister preached right at me. He talked about how a man's life does not consist of the things he possesses (Luke 12:15), and how only a relationship with Jesus Christ can bring true happiness. I didn't go to the altar that day, but promised myself I would go the following Sunday. Seven days later I was at the altar confessing my sins. I literally felt a weight lift off my shoulders, as though the burden of sin and materialism had been taken from me.

People began to remark how much I'd changed again. Now I was not only respectable; I was happy! Even my parents and brothers and sisters saw a difference.

By this time my mother was a hopeless alcoholic. She left her home and came to live with us. For the first three days Sylvia and I sat up with her hour after hour, reading out of the Bible even though it seemed she was too drunk to understand. At the end of that time the Word of God had made its impression and she accepted Jesus into her heart. Today she is a secretary at our church. Later on I also had the precious experience of leading my father to the Lord, as well as one of my former partners in crime.

The Lord continued to prosper our business. Meantime a friend and I

started going into jails and prisons to share our testimonies. The Lord used us to start Prison Ministries Center in Sacramento, where Christian inmates can come after their parole to adjust to life as a Christian on the outside.

The Lord has brought about miracle after miracle in my life since that day I discovered that going straight is not enough. Certainly I can say that living honestly is a far better life than living as a criminal. But life cannot be total and complete until Jesus is at the center of everything we do.

Jesus instructed, "Enter ye at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction" (Matthew 7:13). Jesus himself is that "strait gate." When we enter into Him the straight life is the greatest life there is.

PRISONERS: JESUS' SPECIAL CONCERN



Set Free magazine is an evangelistic tool to help you reach prisoners for Christ—a *Voice*-sized full-color magazine designed to give hope to readers in jail, and behind prison walls. *Set Free* is powerful testimonies of men who have found freedom in Christ. If you cannot take *Set Free* to prisoners personally, your gift will enable others to reach them.

- Bundles of 100 *Set Free* @ \$25
- 50 @ \$12.50 25 @ \$6.25
- Send to my home.
- I cannot personally go to prisoners, but I want to be a part of the ministry.

To order, mail your check (payable to FGBMF) to *Set Free*, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

#3040

2801-18999

Give SET FREE Magazine

Million-Dollar Opportunity



by Norman
Norwood
International
Director
Sugarland, TX

Poverty—I have known it on a first-name basis. Yet in a moment of desperate need during childhood I discovered that God is our source, and that He uses His loved ones to meet our needs.

It was during the depression. My father and mother were on their knees praying for food to feed us three boys, when a lady knocked at the door. "I don't want to offend you," she began, "but while I was praying this morning God told me you needed food. I have a big bag of groceries."

That was only the beginning. All my life I have found God faithful, and I recognize that any financial blessings that I have enjoyed have come from His hand.

One-third of the builders in Houston went broke in 1974—yet that was our best year. Early that year as I was returning from the Phoenix convention God impressed me that we should tithe the profits from the corporation. We did. And we made more money in January, 1975 than we had paid in tithes during the entire preceding year. I am convinced that you can't outgive God.

God blessed us again in an unusual way in 1980. Although adverse conditions made it unlikely that anyone would be interested,

God sent a buyer for our business.

I am humbly aware that with God's blessings there is responsibility and accountability. My wife and I want to be as sensitive to God's leading concerning needs of others as the wonderful lady who brought those groceries to my parents' home. We try to be good stewards of what God has entrusted to us.

We give substantially to the Fellowship because I have witnessed first-hand in at least 15 countries how powerfully God is using this lay ministry to reach lost souls. And in knowing that the international directors, the field representatives and the chapter officers (almost 7,000 men) serve without salary and pay their own expenses, I have the assurance that our gifts are not eaten up in overhead, but actually going into ministry.

Last year while my brother Glen and I were in prayer God laid on our hearts the need for a sustaining fund provided by men like us who are grateful for God's goodness. The Million Dollar Club was conceived believing that 1,000 men and women would welcome the privilege of contributing \$1,000 to undergird this vital work for God.

Already 180 persons have responded to this opportunity. In appreciation, they have been presented with a framed certificate designating them as members of the Million Dollar Club.

I'm pleased to announce that the international directors have opened Million Dollar Club membership to FG BMFI chapters, and I am confident that more than 1,000 chapters and individuals will join us in this million-dollar opportunity.

Make your check payable to Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626. Please print your chapter name as you wish it to appear on your framed Million Dollar Club certificate.

the gift



Hans Sandstrom, Stockholm, Sweden/Fountain Valley, CA

Mr. Sandstrom, you've had so much tragedy in your life. How have you managed to stand up under it?"

This was the question a well-known film producer asked me one day as I was finishing an interior decorating job in his Hollywood home. He hadn't been the first to ask. As decorator for some of Hollywood's most famous people, I've shared my story with many who were searching for life's answers.

My reply came from the Bible—John 16:33: "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

God has not created us for failure.

My life didn't have a promising beginning. My father, a well-known Stockholm businessman, was also a gambler, drinker and "lady's man."

My biological mother was his mistress, not his wife. I was only three weeks old when my mother handed me through a train window to my anxiously waiting father. It was Christmas eve, 1930. When Papa brought me home to his wife and eleven-year-old son, the entire community was scandalized.

In my sixth week of first grade a strange lady came to school and whisked me away to a big, cold building. I later found out I was in an institution for delinquent children. My parents were separating; Mom didn't want me and Dad was on skid row, reaping the wages of a sinful life.

But it was there, in a Salvation Army mission, that he found Jesus as his Saviour, and he brought me back to live with him in his small apartment.

The war began about that time, and

my father was called into the active reserve. Though I was only 10, I remained behind, living alone in our apartment. I had previously accepted Christ; now I turned to Him even more, becoming so involved in church activities that by the time I was in my teens I was there almost every night.

I was about 15 when our church experienced a mighty visitation of God. People were being filled with the Holy Spirit and power. I too received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. This early contact with the reality and richness of God sustained me through all the difficult times that lay ahead.

For many years I'd heard about America—land of cowboys, Indians, hamburgers and big cars. I decided to move there and with the Lord's help established myself as a painting and decorating contractor.

In 1957, returning to Sweden for a visit, I met a pretty, young Swedish-American girl on the trans-Atlantic voyage. Vivian wore a brace which extended from her neck to below her hips. Hesitantly she told me of the tragic accident which had claimed the life of her fiance and left her emotionally as well as physically paralyzed. The doctors had expressed the feeling that she might never walk again.

We felt that ours was a God-ordained meeting and by the time we returned to the United States we were deeply in love. God fully healed Vivian in heart and body and one year later we were married. The Lord prospered us and within three years we began to plan a family. What an exciting day when our



Vivian and Hans Sandstrom, daughters Debbie (center) and Susan (right).

doctor congratulated me, saying, "Hans, you're going to be a father!"

But even as we rejoiced at the prospect of our baby's birth, I received a desperate phone call from Sweden. My stepbrother, a victim of tuberculosis, was drowning himself in alcohol and in the drugs he used to kill his pain. We put our belongings in storage and flew to Sweden to see what we could do to help him.

My brother was in a coma when we arrived. When he awoke he could hardly believe that the little brother who'd been rejected so many years before had returned to be with him at a time when even his wife had given him up.

"I need someone to hold my hand," he whispered pitifully.

"Jesus wants to hold your hand," I assured him. But he refused that help and over the next few months his condition rapidly deteriorated. Often he would be found on the street in a drugged, drunken stupor. We sought every type of medical help to no avail.

For a woman expecting her first baby, the stress of this unhappy situation was great, and the difficulty extended itself into 34 hours of painful labor before our son was finally born.

For the first 27 minutes of his life, David did not breathe. We prayed fervently as the doctors fought to save his life. "Mr. and Mrs. Sandstrom," the doctor told us gravely, "your son has extensive brain damage. He will never live a normal life."

Imprisoned in a body plagued by cerebral palsy, microcephalia and severe mental retardation, David's seizures and incessant screaming kept him, and us, awake around the clock for the next two years. Despite the prayers of hundreds of people both in the United States and Sweden, he showed no signs of improvement.

Then Vivian's sister called from California. Her brother and father were both dying of cancer. "If you want to see them again, come now," her sister advised. Reluctantly, we institutionalized David and rushed back to the United States.

Within a period of four years, Vivian and I each lost a father and a brother. Tragedy piled upon tragedy. There were many times when we questioned,

"Where are You, Lord? Why don't You do something?" There were no easy answers. But in time we saw how God had turned the fiery trials—sent by the enemy to destroy us—into treasures, as we wept before the Lord and died to our own selfishness. As we focused our eyes on Christ as the source of our strength our plans and desires vanished, to be replaced by a passion to have only more of God. We learned to sense His direct leading in our lives.

The day we began reaching out to others who were suffering was the day hope entered our own hearts. As we visited a sick neighbor, advised the parent of a retarded child, helped an alcoholic, or gave our simple salvation testimony, we came to realize the destructiveness of self-pity.

Since then, God has taken us around the world, not in a spectacular or flashy kind of ministry but in a service of help and encouragement which communicates the simplicity and power of God's love in tangible ways.

If you are going through great difficulties in life, even if you feel that no one else understands the pain of your suffering, look up and reach out to Jesus. The Saviour who suffered on the cross fully understands and is there to meet your every need. The compassion born of your life experiences can bring healing to a wounded world. Then you too will say with the apostle Paul, "... in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us" (Romans 8:37). □

IN SEARCH OF A GURU



Ramchandran Rajaram, Madras, India

A man cannot reach heaven without a guru."

These words from a Hindu preacher in India cut deeply into my heart. "This guru should have been in heaven first," the preacher said. "How can a person show the way to God if he hasn't been in heaven where God is?" From that time onward I started an intense search for that guru. When I found him, he would become my spiritual leader and take me to God.

My Hindu people believe in heaven, hell, and sin. They say one is born again and again on earth, and his deeds in the previous life affect his future birth till finally he attains salvation.

But I myself could not accept such teaching. If that is true, I reasoned, I should know who I was in a previous birth and what sins I had committed.

Desiring to know the truth, I plunged into Hindu scriptures, learning to recite sanskrit *slokas* (verses

from our ancient classical language) and with a sincere heart performing all the religious rites. I respected the Hindu priests and offered sacrifices to God through them. But none of this brought any personal satisfaction.

Moral ethics enthralled me but I had no power to overcome my own shortcomings. I failed in my efforts to live a truly good life.

Thanks to a good mother I was brought up to fear God. At times I rebelled. "Why go to the temple all the time if God is everywhere?" I said to her. "I will worship God where I am." But I loved my mother, and to please her I went to our Hindu temple.

I grew up wondering about God. Why had He not made provision for sin? Everyone was sinful in one way or another, including me! My sin would keep me out of heaven. Why would God create heaven and then keep everyone out of it? Such thoughts sent my mind into constant

turmoil and I longed to know the truth.

That Hindu preacher created a strong desire in me to find a guru who had been to heaven. I sought out many teachers; none of them seemed to know the way. But deep in my heart I knew someday I would find him and I asked God to show me who he was. I even told God I was born without my consent and I had not created sin. It was up to Him to show me the way.

As a precaution, every night before going to bed I asked God to forgive my sins. Though I worshiped many gods I would direct this particular prayer towards the one and only God, the One who was unknown to me. Hindu gods provide wealth, health or knowledge, but none of them forgive sins. I told God He had to forgive my sins until He showed me my guru.

Both my wife Vimla and I were born into orthodox Brahmin families, the highest caste among the Hindus. After seven years of happy married life I noticed Vimla reading Christian

books all the time. At first it did not bother me. I believed firmly that Hindu scriptures encompassed every good teaching, and that would include the Bible. Yet even as I searched the Hindu scriptures for my guru I made fun of my wife because she read the Bible. Later, I noticed how her life was changing for the good.

She used to read the Bible at a mission school in Delhi but never liked it because they wanted her to memorize so many verses. One thing did impress her: they addressed God as *Father* and would petition Him at any time and place. Other than that, she had no special liking for Christianity.

She had been brought up worshipping many Hindu gods at various temples, performing *poojas* (sacrificial rites), and reciting sanskrit verses before the portraits of Hindu gods every morning.

After our marriage in 1966 she came to live with me in the city of Madras in southern India and joined a



Marvadi firm. Her employer, Mr. P.R. Garg, excelled as an intelligent, hard-working businessman. Goaded by ambition, he achieved success upon success till he became very rich.

But when business worries beset him, he found solace in reading various books, even Christian books. Attracted to Jesus, he came in contact with Brother D.G.S. Dinakaran, a director of the Madras chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. Through the marvelous ministry of this brother, Vimla's employer felt drawn to Christ and eventually his whole attitude and outlook changed. Bible-reading became part of his life and he shared openly with Vimla about the way God was blessing him.

And so it was that my wife, impressed by his way of life, began reading Christian books too. Before long she was bringing them home. As a staunch Hindu I ridiculed her and criticized this new behavior. I found out later that Mr. Garg was praying for Vimla and me. He asked her to invite me to a Christian meeting. It took courage for her to ask me, for I could have prevented her from reading these books and forced her to resign her job, but she did it.

To satisfy my wife—and my own curiosity—I went to that Christian meeting. When I learned of the conversion experience of Brother Dinakaran I was wonderstruck. This man, a former atheist, a failure, unwanted, had been about to commit suicide when he met Jesus Christ. Then God raised him to a high position after he

surrendered his life to Him. Now he was spreading the Gospel!

This man said many things that amazed me. He said that God is ready to forgive any sinner who will surrender to Him. The crucifixion of Jesus Christ and His resurrection from the dead have met the demands of a just and compassionate God. My part was simply to ask His forgiveness for my sins and to believe that Christ paid the penalty for them when He died on the cross.

Suddenly faith was kindled in my heart. Jesus was the very guru I had been searching for all along, the One who had been to heaven and could show me the way! As I asked Him to take my sins I felt a great burden being removed from me—something was happening inside of me. My search was over. Hallelujah!

As I began reading the New Testament my reservations about Jesus Christ began to clear away. I read other Christian books as well, and through them God taught me many things. I have learned to pray day by day in the name of Jesus and to follow His leading in my life.

Before, God's love was just in my head. Now His love *rules* my life. Even with disturbances all around me I know I am safe in the hands of God; as I take hold of the wonderful promises in His Word, I find Him faithful. God will carry me through.

Glory to God! I have found the One and only One who can show me the way to God. His name is Jesus Christ. □

**CENTRAL VALLEY
CALIFORNIA REGIONAL**

May 6—8, 1982

Assyrian American Civic Hall
Turlock

Write: Mr. Enoch Christoffersen
P.O. Box 337, Turlock, CA 95381

**SOUTHWEST
WASHINGTON MEN'S
ADVANCE**

May 7—9, 1982

Black Lake Bible Conf.
Campgrounds, Tumwater
Write: Mr. Jim Dermanoski
3218 Hoffman Road
Olympia, WA 98501

**NEW MEXICO MEN'S
SPIRITUAL ADVANCE**

May 13—16, 1982

Sacramento Meth. Assembly
Write: Mr. H.C. Godman
1808 Hubbard
Alamogordo, NM 88310

**NORTHERN CALIFORNIA
MEN'S ADVANCE**

May 14—16, 1982

Woodleaf, Challenge
Write: Yuba City Chapter
P.O. Box 1448
Marysville, CA 95901

**NORTHERN ONTARIO
REGIONAL**

May 20—22, 1982

Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario
Write: Ernest Voth
Box 97, Thorold
Ontario, Canada L2V 3Y7

**BANFF COUPLES'
ADVANCE**

May 21—22, 1982

Lake Louise, Alberta
Write: Mr. James Jarvis
6700 Finch Ave. W., Ste. 900
Rexdale, Ontario M9W 5P5
Canada

**CONVENTIONS
WESTERN REGION**

LAKE TAHOE RALLY

May 21—22, 1982

Cal/Neva Lodge, Tahoe City
Write: Mr. Lanny Langston
P.O. Box 1691
Placerville, CA 95667

**INLAND EMPIRE MEN'S
ADVANCE**

May 21—23, 1982

Riverview Bible Camp, Cusick
Write: Mr. L.L. Fletcher
P.O. Box 13468
Spokane, WA 99213

**22ND ANNUAL MIDWEST
REGIONAL**

May 27—29, 1982

Am. Baptist Conv. Grounds
Green Lake, WI
Write: Henry Carlson
564 West Fulton
Chicago, IL 60606

**PORTLAND NORTHWEST
REGIONAL**

May 27—29, 1982

Red Lion Motor Inn
Write: Mr. Art Evanson
P.O. Box 244
Vancouver, WA 98666

**SINGAPORE AIRLIFT—
ASIAN CONVENTION**

May 31—June 5, 1982

Write: Mr. Khoo Oon Theam
Suite 06-09, Orchard Plaza
Orchard Road, Singapore 0922
Republic of Singapore

ATLANTIC REGIONAL

June 3—5, 1982

Halifax, Nova Scotia
Write: Mr. Paul E. Beesley
Box 6037, Sta. A, St. John
N. Brunswick V1Y 6P3, Canada

**BILLINGS, MONTANA
REGIONAL**

June 3—5, 1982

Holiday Inn West
Write: Mr. Frank Braun
2633 N. Ridger Dr.
Billings, MT 59102

**MEN'S SPIRITUAL
ADVANCE**

June 4—6, 1982

Petersborough, Ontario
Write: Mr. Ernest J. Voth
Box 97, Thorold
Ontario L2V 3Y7 Canada

**ABILENE-ANGELO
REGIONAL**

June 17—19, 1982

Starlite Inn Motor Hotel, Abilene
Write: Mr. Jack Yates
318 Bank of Commerce Bldg.
Abilene, TX 79605

IOWA STATE

June 17—19, 1982

Des Moines Hilton Inn
Write: FGBMFI
P.O. Box 65082
West Des Moines, IA 50265

**30TH ANNIVERSARY
WORLD CONVENTION**

July 6—10, 1982

Anaheim, CA Conv. Center
Write: Mr. David Byram
World Convention Coordinator
P.O. Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

CANADA: ALBERTA: South Edmonton Chapter, Ken Slobon (403) 437-2525. **BRITISH COLUMBIA:** Gibsons Chapter, Jim Dorst (604) 884-5223. **MANITOBA:** Gladstone Chapter, William Harder (204) 385-2648. **QUEBEC:** Granby Chapter, Jean-Camille Poulin (515) 372-6034. **ROUYN QUEBEC:** Rouyn-Noranda Chapter, Morin Leonard (819) 762-3373. **UNITED STATES: ILLINOIS:** Virden Chapter, Robert Ostermeier (217) 483-2600. **KANSAS:** Chapman Chapter, Robert Carr (no phone); **Mid-Kansas Chapter,** Thomas H. Shalin (316) 283-7715. **KENTUCKY:** Frankfort Chapter, Joe R. Brown (502) 564-7140. **MASSACHUSETTS:** Pilgrim Chapter, Grant Wilber (617) 934-5430; **Westfield Chapter,** Alfred Hague (413) 848-2867. **MISSISSIPPI:** Northwest Mississippi Chapter, W.C. Springfield (601) 895-6084. **MONTANA:** Bear Paw Chapter, Vern Murr (406) 265-6248. **NEW YORK:** Port Jefferson-Three Village Chapter, Robert M. Zito (516) 928-4560. **PENNSYLVANIA:** Warren Area Chapter, Arthur Thompson (814) 563-7902. **WASHINGTON:** Lake Chelan Chapter, Robert M. Booth (509) 682-2701.

TREASURE

(continued from page 15)

copy of *Voice* to every home in the community. Inserted in each copy was an announcement of the next three monthly meetings.

Danny Puckett writes, "We will definitely do it again. My desire is to have everyone in the city receive three consecutive issues of *Voice*. The following month we will have a well-known speaker scheduled for our meeting."

Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada has a population of 45,000. John Scissons reports that the men of his chapter are making arrangements to take one mail-run at a time until a *Voice* has been mailed to every address in the city.

From such timid beginnings the *Voice* ministry by chapters has exploded. For example, the new Pilgrim

chapter in Plymouth, Massachusetts has held only six meetings, yet the men are distributing 1,200 *Voice* a month.

What a challenge to other chapters! And these men are just beginning. Thousands of tourists come to their city annually to see Plymouth Rock, the Mayflower, and other historical sights. The potential for distributing *Voice* is phenomenal.

Each chapter is being encouraged to increase its present *Voice* evangelistic ministry by 200 copies a month. Many individuals have standing orders of 50, 100 or 200 a month. *Voice* offers a unique ministry opportunity to all who really want to tell people that Jesus is the answer. A free brochure is offered on the back cover of this issue, detailing how you may be part of this rewarding ministry. □

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

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

PLANNED GIVING PROGRAM

A planned gift to the Fellowship now or in the future is a lasting witness to your belief, and a confirmation of your faithful stewardship of His gifts. A variety of plans are currently offered by the Fellowship. They include—

ANNUITY TRUSTS

UNITRUSTS

POOLED INCOME FUND

REVOCABLE TRUSTS

BEQUESTS THROUGH WILLS

ANNUAL CASH GIFT

Write for the introductory brochure "**Plant Today's Seeds for Tomorrow's Harvest**"—sent immediately upon receipt of this coupon.

Mr. _____

Mrs. _____

Miss _____

Birthdate _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Occupation _____

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision right now:

"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

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

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

Volume 30 Number 5
May 1982

P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626
(714) 754-1400

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Founder/President: Demos Shakarian

Executive Vice President:

Thomas Ashcraft

Vice Presidents:

Arthur Evanson, Robert Horton, James

Salem Jarvis, Norman Norwood, Don

Ostrom, Earl Prickett, Bob Trench, Ogburn

Yates, Adolf Zinsser

Secretary: Lynwood Maddox

Treasurer: William E. Warnock

EDITORIAL BOARD

Chairman: Ogburn Yates; Henry Carlson,

Enoch Christoffersen, Reidy Lawing

PUBLICATIONS

Senior Editor: Nelson B. Melvin, D.D.

Managing Editor: Joan M. Squires

Copyedit/Copysset: Maurine Kish

Editorial Assistant: Rose Hamill

Art Director: Ray Thompson/Pacific Press

Illustrations: Cornell Morton/Pacific Press

European Ed.: Fred Ladenius, Belgium

Spanish Ed.: Albert D'Arpa, Florida

So. Pac. Ed.: Robert Horton, New Zealand

Yearly subscription: U.S.—\$3.50. Canada and overseas—\$4.25. Bulk rate cards sent on request. Also available in French, German, Norwegian, Swedish and English (U.K.)—\$6.00; Spanish—\$3.00.

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International
World Laymen's Headquarters, Costa Mesa, CA



Chocolate Chip Cookies and A Voice Magazine



Learn how God used a VOICE magazine to:

- Save a teenager from suicide
- Turn a snowbound truck driver back to Christ
- Invade a homosexual community

Discover 23 ways you can use VOICE to reach souls for Jesus Christ.

To receive a free brochure, VOICE subscribers may clip the portion below containing their name and address and mail it to
FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

Others are requested to print their name
and address in the space provided.