

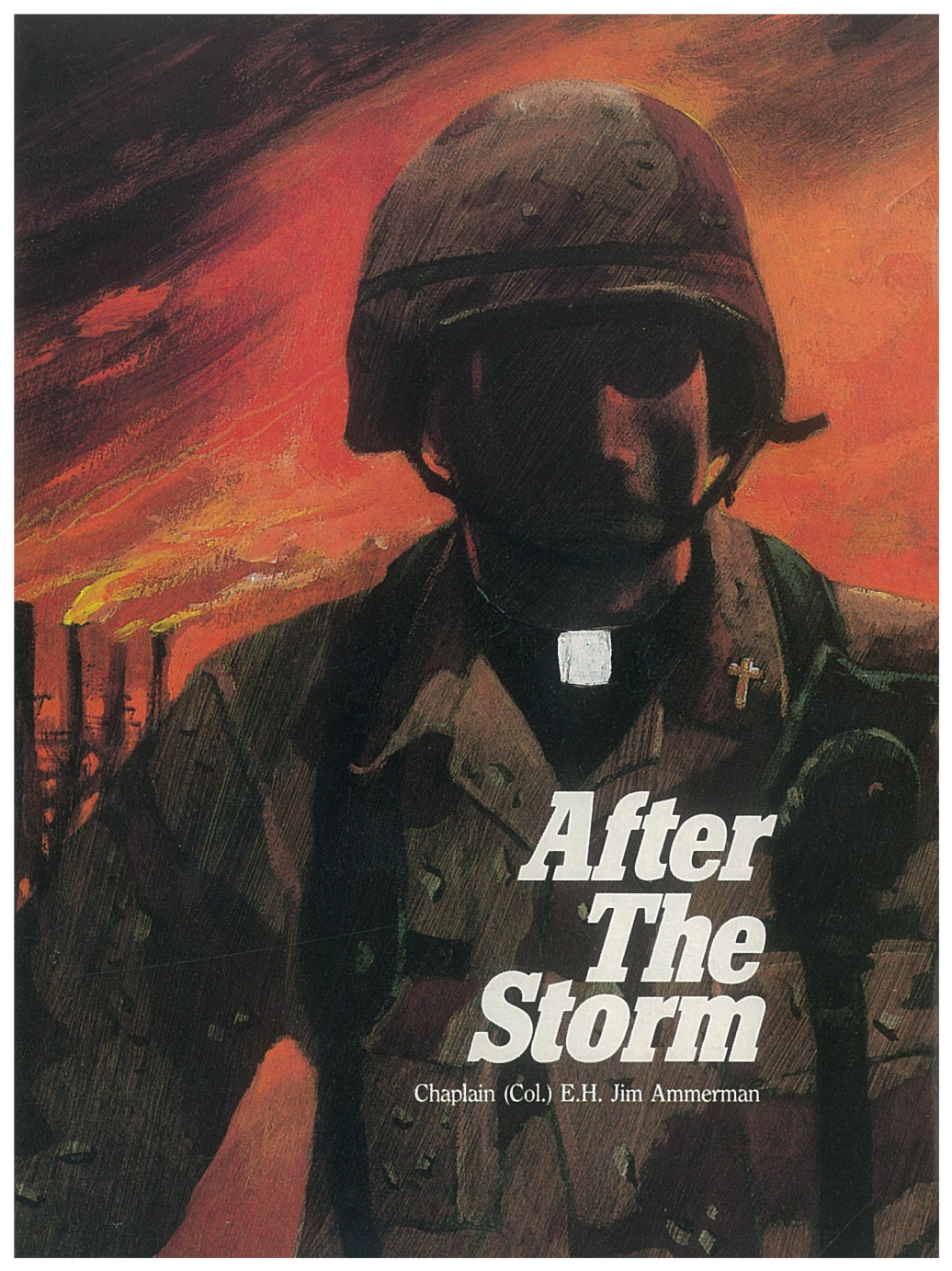
Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

After The Storm



**The Story of
Chaplain Jim
Ammerman—
Page 2**



***After
The
Storm***

Chaplain (Col.) E.H. Jim Ammerman

WAR IS BAD. I HATE WAR. IT IS A DEADLY AND DESTRUCTIVE EVIL. THERE NEVER HAS BEEN A "GOOD" WAR BECAUSE BY DEFINITION, WAR MEANS BATTLES FOUGHT AND MEN KILLED AS PEOPLE ARE NOT ABLE TO RESOLVE THEIR DIFFERENCES THROUGH PEACEFUL SOLUTIONS. AS IMPROBABLE AS IT SOUNDS, GOOD THINGS OFTEN COME FROM WAR...

I served in World War II, Korea and Vietnam. I saw the death and destruction that took place in the killing fields. Could I hate anything more than I hate war?

Yes! As a matter of record. *Tyranny* is worse than war. Would any of us want to live under a tyrant like Saddam Hussein?

Anarchy is also worse than war. Who would want to live in a society where everyone decides what he wants to do and can do—giving no consideration for other people? Who would want to live in a country without law or reason?

Enslavement is worse than war. It is far better to die fighting for freedom than to spend life in the chains of slavery and repression.

Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait with

his sinister, twisted mind set on world domination, through economic sanctions. Saddam envisioned himself as the modern Nebuchadnezzar of the 1990's.

Nebuchadnezzar had ruled the entire world as he knew it in his day.

Saddam emulated him. He spent millions in an attempt to restore the glory of ancient Babylon. He wanted OPEC to help him hold the free world hostage through an oil price hike.

When his devious scheme failed, he decided on a more aggressive plan of action. He took Kuwait. Next in line was Saudi Arabia.

Once in control, he would be the major dealer in world energy and the Keeper of the World's purse strings.

Our freedom and way of life would have been at the mercy of decisions about oil prices and quota.

Desert Storm was not fought over oil.

Desert Storm was fought over freedom!

Yours and mine.

CALLED—FOR SUCH A TIME

The word *preparedness* has been associated with the military; however, it is a term that should be appropriately applied to personal Christian faith.

- ▶ Are we prepared to face death?
- ▶ Are we equipped to meet it?
- ▶ Are we prepared to witness to the lost?

Colonel Jim Ammerman is the one who opened the closed doors to Saudi Arabia and made it possible to send over 100,000 copies of Voice magazine to the troops in the Persian Gulf. Our special thanks to him.

- ▶ Are we prepared to live a life that testifies to our faith and exemplifies Christ's love?
- ▶ What is the state of Christian preparedness?

THE CHAPLAIN'S MISSION

Chaplains have been involved in helping people answer questions like these for as long as we have been sending soldiers into war.

In naval aviation during World War II, I attempted to prepare men to face their Master. I witnessed to them. I read scriptures to them and prayed side by side with hundreds of young men who were later lost in missions against the enemy.

I know from firsthand experience the ache of loss as well as the agony of questioning whether a sailor had accepted the Lord before he answered his last call.

I served the U.S. Army in Korea and in Vietnam during these "strange" conflicts. These wars were fought, not with the idea of winning, but with the idea of holding the enemy in check. Again, I talked with men who were facing death, inviting them to turn their lives over to Jesus.

CONCERN FOR CHAPLAINCY

After Vietnam, I was stationed in

Frankfurt, Germany with the V Corps. There I supervised eighty-three chaplains from fourteen different denominations who ministered to fifty thousand troops and their dependents. It was far different from my experience on the battlefield, but it was a job that opened my eyes to the way many chaplains performed their duties.

I was distressed in observing that some chaplains lacked zeal and diligent fervor in serving the Lord. They were not interested in knowing whether their flocks were in a state of *preparedness*—much less helping them get there. They performed their duties in a methodical, ritualistic way. The more I witnessed this kind of chaplain, the more concerned I became about the future of our service personnel and the *overall Chaplaincy program*.

A SPIRITUAL VISITATION

Early one morning in February, 1974, I was skiing alone on a mountain in Berchtesgarden, Germany. It was a beautiful day embellished with rich, blue skies, soft white snow, and sunshine bright with inspiration to enlighten any man's mind.

How could I not feel close to the Lord, with all of His handiwork so richly displayed? As I propelled myself down the slopes, I began to pray.

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It was not a prayer of concern, but a prayer where you allow God to speak, expecting a renewed sense of purpose.

As I raced down the mountain, somewhere on the middle slope, I heard a voice saying, "I will make you the head of the Chaplaincy." The voice was clear. When I looked around, I saw no one. Stunned, I realized that the Lord had directly touched me in a way I had never before experienced. The statement raised a lot of questions in my mind.

First, another man had already been assigned Chief of Army Chaplains for that period of time, so how could I be made the head?

There were no plausible answers to my questions. I retired to a place by myself and spent the day in prayer. *The answers did not come immediately.*

From Europe, I was transferred to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas where I served as post chaplain and pastor to the Command and General Staff College. There I worked with over one thousand of the most promising mid-career officer students in the service, men in training to become our country's next colonels and generals.

I kept thinking back to the words that I had heard on that snow-covered German mountain. Was this really where I was supposed to be? Was this what God had in mind for me?

RETIREMENT TO CIVILIAN LIFE

In 1977 I retired from the Army, after twenty-three years of serving my country as chaplain, finishing my career as a colonel.

I had worked side by side with such

respected career brass as the brilliant General William Westmoreland; and gotten to know green draftees who had little or no knowledge of matters of war.

I thought I had seen it all, that my duty was finished as far as the military was concerned. I wondered if I had exhausted my usefulness for the Lord, yet back in my mind the haunting statement, "I will make you the head of the Chaplaincy."



Upon ending my service to Uncle Sam, I was eager and ready to pastor men, women and children among the civilian ranks.

I was a product of the best training a minister could claim. I had earned a Doctor of Theology; received a Doctor of Divinity; become an ordained minister in 1946 and been Spirit-filled since 1938.

With two decades of active service to draw from, I knew I could do the job that was asked of me, and yet, back in the recesses of my mind I wondered if I

was leaving something *unfinished behind in the military.*

In 1981, I became pastor of the Beverly Hills Baptist Church in Dallas, Texas. I was involved in my career as a preacher in varied aspects of the church ministry; including weekly radio and TV broadcasts.

I was respected by my peers and congregation, still there was a gnawing awareness in my heart that I was supposed to be involved in something greater.

I resigned my pulpit and spent fourteen months in prayer, seeking the mind of God.

ON CHANGING THE SYSTEM

In June of 1983 I made a startling discovery. It suddenly became clear to my mind that an enormous segment of the United States population was *not* represented in the chaplaincy rank of the military.

Numerically and spiritually Full Gospel churches were growing and thriving vigorously throughout the country, while I noted, the influence of major denominations was waning.

"Why," I asked myself, "should the most vitally alive group of Christians in America not be allowed to exert its life-giving influence in our armed forces?" I then set about using my lifetime experience and wealth of military connections to *change the system* for the goal of God and country.

PENTAGON ENDORSEMENT

It took thirteen months for the Chaplaincy of Full Gospel churches to meet the requirements in receiving a

Pentagon endorsement.

In 1985, three years after I had left my previous church, we gained full recognition and began placing men and women in the service of Chaplaincy.

By then I had begun to realize the full impact of what the Lord had in mind for me and the future ministry of Full Gospel Chaplaincy.

IN THE RESERVES AND READY

We grew from having no chaplains in 1984 to having more than one hundred when the Gulf Crisis began. Almost half of these servicemen and servicewomen were in the reserves. These chaplains felt they had been called to witness and



Jim and Charlene Ammerman—a united team in marriage and ministry.

serve their country. They thought their careers would be spent in peacetime service. They were prepared; armed and trained in college and seminary, duly ordained and active in Spirit-filled schools and churches.

As the Full Gospel Chaplaincy program advanced, I was proud of the way our men and women conducted themselves and their message. They were Christian soldiers with a *mission.*

A PROMISE FULFILLED

As I traveled across the nation, appearing on national talk shows and in hundreds of churches, I spoke proudly of what the Lord had done in fulfilling His promise to me. I was able to share the amazing changes our chaplains were witnessing throughout the military ranks.

Men and women who had never known the Holy Spirit-filled experience were being led to a new depth of understanding of God and His message.

And this, I promised, was just the beginning. I sensed that the greatest impact of our work would come in the future.

THEN WAR...

I received the word, as well as every citizen of the United States and free world. The response was spontaneous. "We are going to the Gulf and we are going to drive Saddam out of Kuwait!"

I wondered what the effects of the Persian Gulf would have on the men and women serving there.

A MORAL LEADERSHIP INITIATED

My peers felt that economic sanctions and eventual war would only harden the resolve of Saddam and his battle-trained soldiers.

I had heard over and over again that the Arabs were fanatics with callous disregard for life—that they looked forward to a confrontation with us. I was also informed that we didn't understand an enemy like this one and that we would soon find ourselves in another Vietnam.

This war, it was predicted, would

again divide America and Americans.

Deep down inside I wasn't sure about this—something was different.

I had been in constant contact with my men and women in the field who had been working assiduously with all levels of the military. They had a confidence that I hadn't seen since World War II.

The United States seemed to be interested—not only in confronting the enemy—but in providing *moral leadership*. The latter had been lacking for some time.

We hadn't been providing examples. We now seemed ready to back up our words with action.

"Yes! We are ready!"

In the early days of the conflict, I was hearing interesting reports from our chaplains. They felt that there was much work to be done—many people needed to be saved. They felt strong, ready and able to meet the challenge. They firmly believed that they were serving in the best military in the world. They felt prepared to do their jobs well.

THE PAST—IN REMINISCENCE

I was confident about our men and women and their abilities to perform, yet I was also concerned that the confrontation with Saddam would be a bloody one.

I had seen, firsthand, men's reaction to death in combat, and I knew that most of our men and women hadn't. No matter how prepared they were as soldiers, this sight would cut at their insides, changing them forever.

As more and more of our troops shipped out and more reservists were

called up, I couldn't help but think back over my years of active service. Once again I saw the faces of boys who had died before they had had a chance to taste the real sweetness of life.

I remembered holding the hands of injured G.I.'s, knowing that I would be the last person to share their thoughts.

I thought of the horrors of war, more traumatic than a nightmare. My imagination could never conceive such pain.

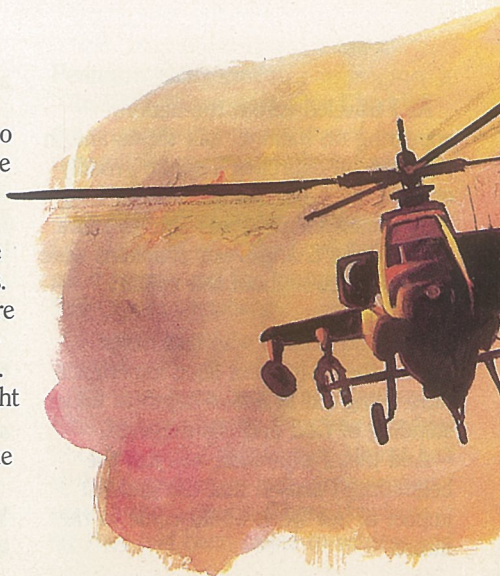
I remembered scenes I hadn't thought of in years. The final prayers of dying men; their very words came back to me again and again.

IN RETROSPECT

Thoughts of the day in Germany

- Experts had projected that the “One-Hundred-Hour-War” would be a horrific land operation in which at least seventy thousand servicemen and women would die.
- The Pentagon had ordered seventy thousand caskets—just in case.
- Cemeteries in Saudi Arabia, complete with pre-dug graves numbering in the tens of thousands, were prepared for those who would lay down their lives as a result of toxic gas.
- The physical remains of the dead would have to stay in the Arabian desert sands forever—due to chemical warfare.
- What our brave men and women found in terms of the brutal realities of war defies verbal expression.
- These issues became heavy, oppressive burdens which needed to be dealt with—and they were through an army of “ready” soldiers—Chaplains of the U.S. Military.
- In the aftermath of the stormy conflict in the Persian Gulf more than half a million American servicemen and servicewomen have returned home!
- While the inescapable memories of war will always remain, their new-found faith in Jesus Christ will be forever memorialized in their hearts.
- The Eye of God was upon The Storm.

“The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy” (Psalm 33:18).



came before me. God had wanted to give me the chance to prepare for a time of revival. Over fifteen years before, God had set in motion a concept which would begin to be realized in the Persian Gulf.

It took this period of time for His words to be understood and for the humble human beings He was leading to implement His plan.

God had been working all along so that when the time was right, this ministry of His would be in place. Ready.

A SPIRITUAL INVITATION

As August became September and more Americans were called to serve, I watched and listened. Our chaplains were requesting more Bibles and literature. Our military men and women wanted more services than ever before. In-depth Bible studies were available to those who hungered for a greater understanding of God's word. Tens of thousands were saved, with thousands rededicating their lives to the Lord.

UNITY AMONG ALL FAITHS

On the home front, members of Full Gospel churches joined with people of all faiths in praying for our troops

overseas. Congregations set aside special services, initiating prayer circles. Evangelism was being reborn in congregations that had not been spiritually active in years. Our school children were writing and praying for our servicemen and women, telling them how proud they were of them.

The American flag, along with the Christian cross, were common sights in windows, on clothes, and in cars.

It had taken a long time, but Vietnam's old wounds were being healed. In this nation's search for a new identity, we had rediscovered an old one—we are a country that trusts in God and believes that we are movers and shakers in His army.

As improbable as it seems, good things often come from war.

"...but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive" (Genesis 50:20). ■



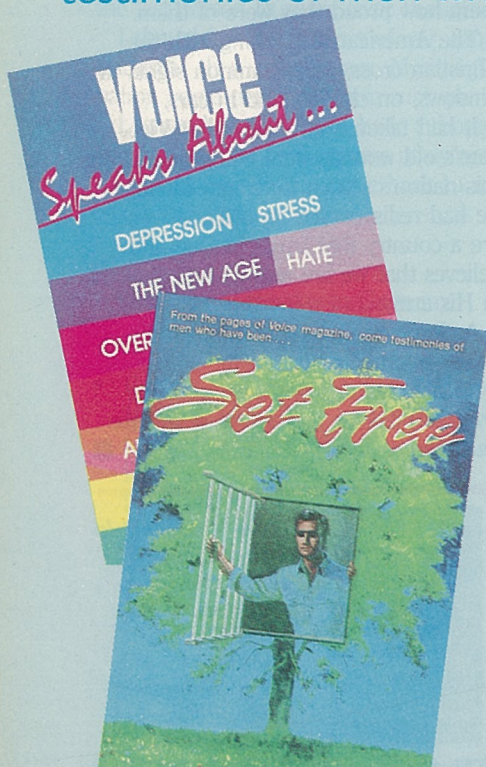
Parts of this article were taken from Col. Jim Ammerman's new book After The Storm, published by Star Song Communications of Nashville, Tennessee.

This book, capturing the story of the thousands of military personnel who accepted Christ in the Persian Gulf, is available through FGBMFI. Call (714) 754-1400.

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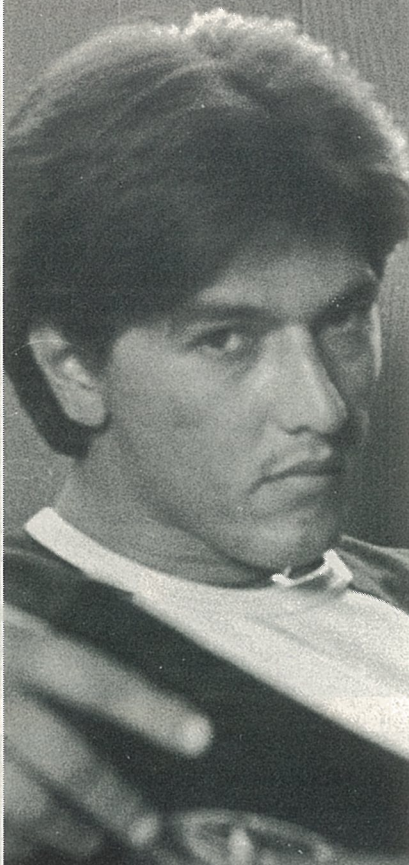
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Richard Gonzales

THE ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE

I lay dying on the couch in the luxury hillside home I had purchased in the Red Hill area of Rancho Cucamonga. I felt my heart beat slower and slower as the effect of the Methaqualude took its toll on my body. I had taken the pills all day in a determined effort to block out the pain of facing who I saw in the mirror every morning: myself.

This overdose was different. I felt my life slipping away. In my hazy thinking, I even regretted lying to the doctor who had given me such a deadly prescription. I had told him my wife had left me with six kids and I was a nervous wreck. He was leery of my story and only gave me a prescription for 15 pills. As soon as I walked out the door I pulled out my pen and with a stroke of ink doctored his prescription from 15 to 45. I would do anything to get high. It was all that mattered in life. Without being high I was numb to my feelings.

Now my greed and my lies were catching up to me. As I lay there dying, I felt like a failure. How did I get to this point of hopelessness? What had happened in my life to drive me to such abuse?

Time seemed to stand still and I examined the events of my life.

Being born in East Los Angeles had set the tone for my life. Even moving to the suburbs could not protect me from the grasp of a sin-sick, drug-oriented Southern California lifestyle. Drugs were everywhere. You were helpless to escape their influence. The quarterback to my high school team was selling marijuana when he wasn't throwing touchdowns. It was cool! It was the thing to do. I fell for the lie of the Flower Child Genera-

tion of the 60's. "Make love not war," "light up, tune in, drop out," "never trust anyone over 30"—these were the national anthems of my generation.

I joined a car club looking for acceptance. All we ever did was get high and fight other car clubs. I even joined the Marine Corps to try to change my life, but in the hysteria and confusion of the Vietnam era, I just learned about new and more powerful drugs.

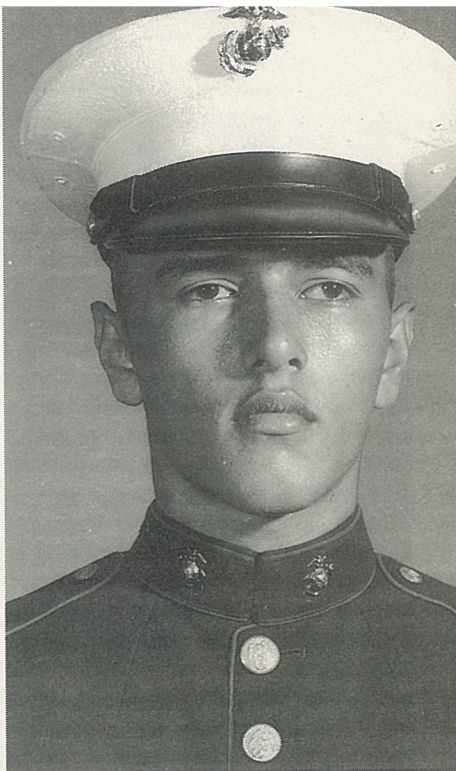
It was an endless, dizzying, spiral of day after day, high after high, party after party. The problem was the only place the spiral was taking me was down.

It was hard for me to believe I could be different. All I had heard was how bad I was and how I did everything wrong. I was the black sheep. Whatever I did was never good enough.

How could I fight and stand against the onslaught of the drug culture I lived in; when nobody had planted in me the belief that I was someone special, that I had worth, that I was accepted for who I was, not what I did?

One day when I was high, in desperation I ran into the church I was raised in. I lit a candle and cried out to a statue on the wall. It didn't do me any good. I still felt the same: miserable. I felt confused, I had to light a candle to keep God warm, it just didn't make sense. To me even God was helpless to deliver me from my pain.

The glamour of the Hippie movement was a facade. Underneath the concerts and love-ins and getting high, we were all hurting people. I wasn't satisfied. I needed stronger drugs now to cover the



shame I was feeling. My life had been immersed in shame. As children we were told "Shame on you!" when we really only made a normal mistake. The difference between guilt and shame is that guilt says "I made a mistake"—we can correct that. Shame says "I am a mistake"—I can't correct that, it's part of me.

More sophisticated drugs meant more sophisticated friends. I was really in over my head and making lots of money doing it, but every penny was going to keep me high. Free-base cocaine could take me higher than I had ever been, but within 10 minutes of the high I was crashlanding like a 747 jumbo jet. Coming down was like temporary insanity, every inch of your skin crawled and itched, you felt little bugs all over you, and you were positive there were people outside your door trying to get you.

I learned to hate myself and the life I lived, but I couldn't tell anybody. I thought I was the only one who felt that way until my girlfriend left me. She told me, "This life is destroying us. Sure we have every luxury money could buy, but we are still miserable. I'm leaving."

That was the beginning of the end. In my search to find worth, I was told I was worthless by the person I loved most. It felt like life itself had been torn from my heart. I wasn't just hooked on drugs, I was hooked on my girlfriend. I was hooked on feelings. I felt so inadequate, so insecure, so inferior that I had to have anything that made me feel good, even if it destroyed me.

I had to cover this new hole in my heart. I was hurting so I took more drugs until I ended up overdosed at



(Opposite page, top) In 1967 Richard Gonzales sought to change his life by enlisting in the Marine Corps. (Opposite page, bottom) Richard and his girlfriend Elva—before Christ. (Above) Getting on the right track, Richard and Elva become man and wife.

"The difference between guilt and shame is that guilt says 'I made a mistake'....Shame says 'I am a mistake'..."

home on my couch. I survived by the grace of a caring Heavenly Father. As lost as I was, He still loved me.

I started to search for a way out of the life I was living. My cousin, Barbara, had recently become a born-again Christian. I thought she was a little weird walking around singing Christian hymns, but I was desperate. I would try anything, even God, to get out of the mess I had made of my life.

We went to church and it was pleasant, but I didn't experience anything different. On my way out, I bought a book they were selling called *Once A Junkie* by Sonny Arguinzoni. I took the book home that night and read it, and read it, and read it until I finished it at 4:00 a.m.

In that book, for the first time, I was able to see that Jesus was not a lifeless statue, or a God who demanded perfection. Instead, I saw He would accept me as I was. He had a special place in His heart for those who were hurting, like me. I discovered He was intimately concerned about my life. His love won me over that night—and I came and joined Him in a Father-son relationship.

I got down on my knees at 4:00 a.m. in the morning and cried out to Jesus, the one Person who cares more about me than anyone in this world. I had experienced many of the world's finest highs from drugs; but I had never before experienced the peace and joy I felt that night in knowing my sins were forgiven and that Someone truly loved me. His name is Jesus.

The presence of Jesus in my life is the ultimate experience life has to offer. It was the beginning of a transforming

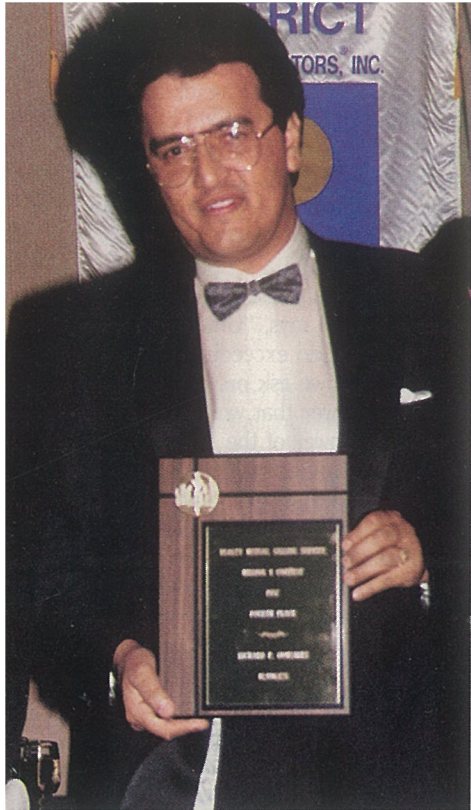
process that would help me grow more and more like Him, as healing and wholeness took place in my life.

I had been obsessed with getting back my girlfriend, to the point of being a pest. I called her and begged her to give me another chance. But all I did was drive her away and confirm why she left.

With my newfound faith and trust in Jesus, I discovered Matthew 6:33, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." This scripture was a promise to me from Jesus that if I kept my eyes on Him, if it was His will, He would bring back my girlfriend. Only this time we would be together the right way—His way—as Christians in holy matrimony. I told this to my cousin Barbara, who was my girlfriend Elva's best friend. She told me to stop torturing myself. She didn't want me anymore. I hurt her too much.

I left Elva alone. I stopped calling. I stopped bothering her and I trusted Jesus to do what only Jesus can do: heal a broken heart.

One day, about a month after I had been converted and started going to church, I received a call from Elva. She was curious about what was going on with me and my newfound Christianity. I invited her to church and we arranged to meet there. She still didn't trust me and thought I would try to manipulate her if I went to pick her up at home. She told me outside the church, "*You need this, I'm okay.*" We walked into church and were seated. The choir began to sing about how God gives believers a song that angels cannot sing, be-



*(Above) Richard displays his Centurion Award at a 1989 presentation.
(Below) Richard at the 1987 Centurion Awards.*



cause we have been washed in His blood. Elva was mesmerized by the choir. I was about to witness the power of God in action. She turned to me and in awe told me, "Don't you see them? Don't you see the angels on stage singing to us?" She began to weep and accepted Jesus as the loving Father she never had.

Six months later we were married, and today we serve God together. We have two beautiful children, Erica and Rachel, ages 9 and 7.



The Gonzales Family: Erica, Richard, Elva and Rachel.

You see God's word (Matthew 6:33) was an anchor for me, and it did not return void. He brought to pass my heart's desire.

God wasn't through blessing me yet. One day I sat in my real estate office feeling depressed. I had just spoken on the phone to a client who had decided she no longer wanted to purchase the home I had sold her. I needed the commission from that sale, but God knew that. My friend Alex, who was a believer came to my desk to ask me why I was down. I explained to him about the

previous phone call and he immediately said, "Let's pray that God will touch that lady and change her mind." We prayed out loud right there in front of all the other agents. As we finished praying the phone rang. It was my client. "I don't know why I'm doing this," she said, "but I've changed my mind. Let's go ahead with the sale." Alex and I leaped for joy and praised God for answering our prayers.

An agent in the office walked up to us and told us, "I have a deal I'm having problems with, could you pray for a solution to my problem?" I truly witnessed the power of the Holy Spirit operating in my life that day.

As a Christian real estate agent, my career was average. One year at a Century 21 convention in San Francisco, I was sitting in the convention hall with 10,000 screaming agents. The top level of achievement in the Century 21 system is to become a Centurion Award winner. To accomplish this you must close \$150,000 in commissions in one year. Only the top one percent achieve this award. My wife and I sat on that convention floor in 1986 and listened to Centurion Award winners come to the microphone and give thanks to their wives, their brokers, the interest rates, etc., etc. They gave thanks for their success to everything and everyone but the one who really deserved it: JESUS CHRIST.

My wife and I joined hands on that convention floor and prayed in holy indignation. "Father, You get me up on that stage as a Centurion next year and I will give You all the praise and glory that You deserve."

I had discovered a scripture a few weeks before that had really excited me. Ephesians 3:20 says, "Unto him (Jesus), that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

Well the power of the Holy Spirit did more than I could imagine. He made me Centurion that year, but I didn't close the commission I needed to make it until December 31, the last possible day. Isn't that just like Jesus? Sometimes He just wants to show you, plain as day, that it is His power working in your life. I have received the Centurion Award three times in the last five years and my career is no longer average, it is super-charged by the One who does more than we ask or imagine.

The Provider of the ultimate experience is available to you today. He is waiting for men and women to turn to Him with faith the size of a mustard seed. He wants to be the Father you never had. He wants to give you the love you never experienced. Stop running. Turn to Him and He will run to you and embrace you in His arms and reward you with the ultimate experience life has to offer. His peace. ■

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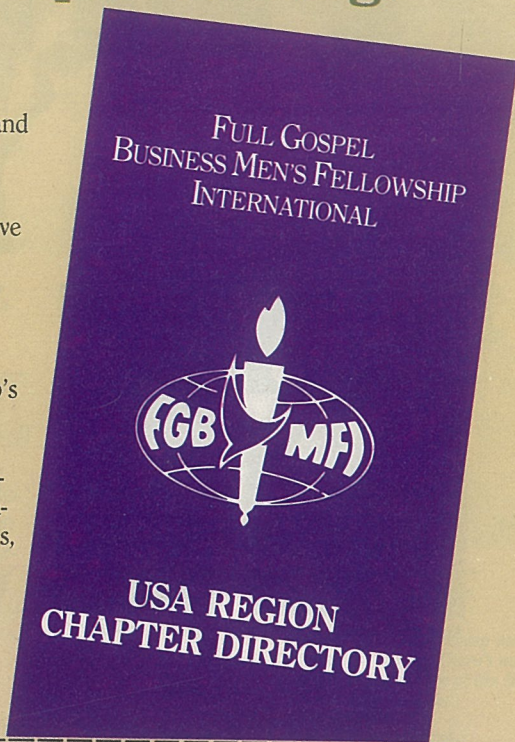
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Rose and Demos Shakarian



Gene M. Ellerbee

**38th Annual Convention
ORLANDO '91**

**MOVING IN
UNITY TO
VICTORY!**

Jacky Beavers



Big John Hall



**FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S
FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL**



African delegates



Demos greets Oral Roberts.

Over 3,500 Spirit-filled men and women from around the world filled the Peabody International Plaza Convention Center in Orlando, Florida, July 2-6, 1991.

The explosive event was the 38th Annual Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. Everyone came expecting a touch from the Holy Spirit. No one came away disappointed. The presence of the Holy Ghost moved across the crowd as the Fellowship prepared itself for battle with Satan.

Another battle and victory was celebrated as the Fellowship honored the Desert Storm returnees, not only during the military breakfast, but during the general session, as the Desert Storm flag was displayed, along with the flags of the fifty states and the nations of the world.

What started in a California cafeteria nearly four decades ago, as just a vision to Demos Shakarian, is now a victorious reality with chapters in more than 112 nations around the world.

From the blowing of the *shophar* to kick off the convention to the closing chorus of "Standing on Holy Ground," families were touched by the music program. They were blessed by the melodic deep voice of Big John Hall as



(Above) Desert Storm flag received an enthusiastic roar of approval. (Inset) A veteran from the Persian Gulf War.

"FGBMFI is still touching many around the world. There's nothing like the presence of the Holy Spirit."—Benny Hinn



ORLANDO '91



"Without question, God moved on behalf of the coalition forces in the Persian Gulf. We need to praise God for His victory!"

"I know for a documented fact, that over 1,000 people accepted Christ in the Persian Gulf Conflict!"—Rear Adm. Grady Jackson

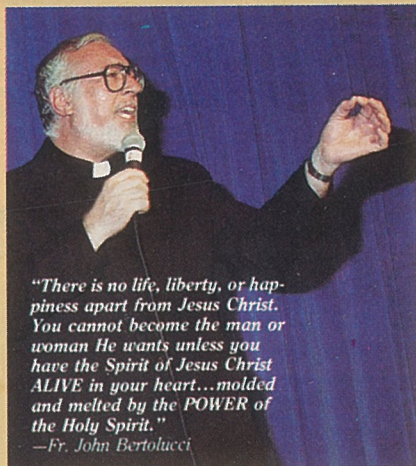
Rear Adm. Grady Jackson



Flying colors



Marilyn Hickey



"There is no life, liberty, or happiness apart from Jesus Christ. You cannot become the man or woman He wants unless you have the Spirit of Jesus Christ ALIVE in your heart...molded and melted by the POWER of the Holy Spirit."

—Fr. John Bertolucci

he sang "A Mighty Fortress" and many other songs. Jacky Beavers' "Devil Stomp," and the stunning performances of choirs and bands from both Orlando Christian Center and Calvary Assembly, Orlando were highlights of the event.

Lively charismatic statesman Oral Roberts...vibrant teacher Marilyn Hickey... "no-holds-barred" Fr. John Bertolucci...anointed Benny Hinn...call-to-holiness Pastor Mark Rutland...founder Demos Shakarian...striking Rear Admiral Grady Jackson...stimulating Dick Mills...compelling Mario Murillo—they were all here to lead this year's sessions.



Richard Shakarian prays for this lady as she gets up from her wheelchair!

Fr. John Bertolucci



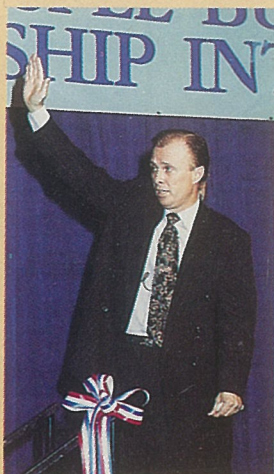
Demos greets Freda Lindsey.

FGBMFI Executive Vice-President Gene M. Ellerbee best summed up the transforming week. He declared, "We are to step out in boldness, purity, wholeness, and UNITY. There is a battle to be fought. We must recognize the enemy. Then we must move out, shoulder-to-shoulder, to VICTORY!"

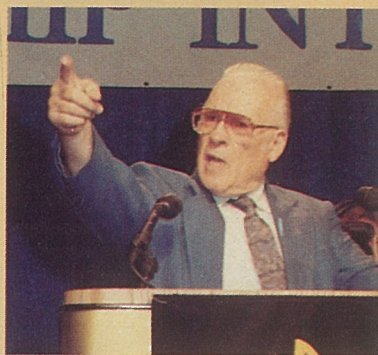
That "victory" was already in the air. Not just the Desert Storm "Welcome Home," but a genuine spirit of unity prevailed. Individually, many experienced a Master's touch of victory—the lady who rose out of her wheelchair to walk...the Muslim who experienced a sensational transformation...the man with AIDS who already felt better.

It was a breathtaking time of VICTORY for all.
FGBMFI...MOVING ON TO VICTORY! ■

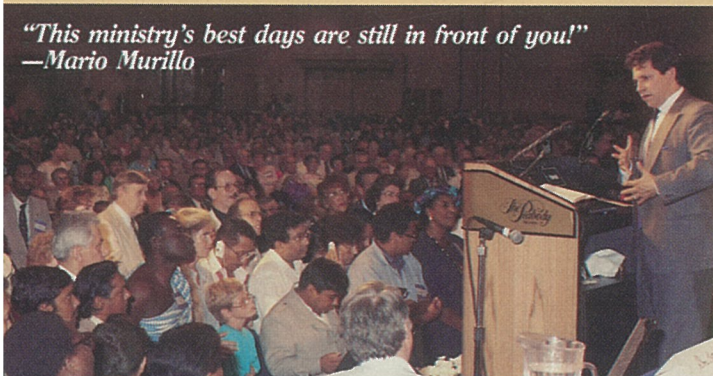
Photos and story by Bob Armstrong



*(Top) Dr. Mark Rutland
 (Above) Dick Mills*



*"This ministry's best days are still in front of you!"
 —Mario Murillo*





GOD DELIVERED ME FROM DEATH TO SERVE HIM

Lt. Rusty Grafton, USAF
Lackland Air Force Base, Texas

From my earliest childhood I wanted to fly. The urge is deeply ingrained in my family background. My father, two grandfathers and three uncles were all pilots. So the first major step on the way to that dream came true when I qualified for an appointment as a member of the Air Force Academy Class of 1988 and reported to Colorado Springs to be sworn in as a “plebe” in the summer of 1984.

I took to the regimen, discipline and traditions of the Academy with zestful enthusiasm, making it through the first three years with considerable satisfaction. I had no way of knowing then that my proud career as an Air Force Academy Cadet was to all but end in tragedy during my senior year, and cause me to be put back a year to the Class of 1989.

And graduation itself was a miracle that defied the established annals of traumatic neurological medicine. There was no record or precedent for such rapid and complete recovery from the massive brain damage I sustained in an automobile crash during my senior year. Only the healing hand of our Lord could have brought me through in a perfectly healthy state. Not as a vegetable—as was my medical prognosis—if I lived at all.

There was another experience in my boyhood that I now know had a great bearing upon my survival and recovery. It was at a Baptist Youth Assembly in Abilene, Texas as a fourth grader. When the invitation was given to follow Christ, God spoke to me and I could not get to the altar fast enough to give my life to Jesus. It was not just a

response to an invitation. I felt the Holy Spirit speaking to me, and I literally leaped my way forward in answer to God's call. But a few days later when I got back into my regular living habits I found that my life hadn't changed very much. Even so there was no doubt that I had made an honest mental commitment to follow Jesus Christ.

I believe this obedience to God's call at the Youth Assembly made the difference when I was all but killed in an automobile accident some twelve years later. No one else survived.

It was three o'clock in the morning, January 2, 1988. My brother and I had spent part of our Christmas vacation leave with our grandparents in Orlando, Florida. We were on our way to San Antonio, Texas to spend some time with our other grandparents who lived there. The car which my brother was driving was hit head-on by a drunken woman speeding in the wrong direction in our lane on Interstate 10, near Houston.

My brother and the drunken woman in the other car were killed instantly. After being extracted from the wreckage, I was flown by EMS Helicopter in ultra-critical condition to Herman Hospital in Houston. My prognosis was not good: The attending medical team gave me only a fifty percent chance of survival with an eighty percent probability of life as only a comatose vegetable, if I lived. These odds were not encouraging, but I was totally unconscious and knew nothing of my treatment at Herman Hospital. After five days I was airlifted to Wilford Hall, the major Air Force medical center in San Antonio.

There the miracles began to happen. In thirteen days I regained consciousness. In early February my brain began recording again. A couple of weeks later, with the accident some six weeks behind me and my reasoning powers considerably improved, I made a decision. Indeed, it was a life commitment:

Since I had survived the wreck, had regained normal consciousness and would not exist as a mere vegetable, and was delighting my doctors with my recovery, I recognized that God was indeed the Great Physician who had brought me through. I would therefore turn my life over to Him. The life that I now had left to live belonged to God. All decisions on my future were up to Him.

If He wanted me to fully recover and fly for the Air Force—that would be fine with me. If God had other plans for me, even to giving out candy bars in Ethiopia ...that too was fine with me. The rest of my recovery was in His hands and so was the rest of my life.

That is the commitment that I made, about four weeks after regaining consciousness. A few day after that, I remember being on my hospital bed in Audie Murphy Veterans Hospital where I had been moved...and thinking, "Will this commitment to God be the same as the one in the fourth grade? Will I just forget about it and slide back into my old worldly ways of living and thinking?" The answer came quickly.

Two days later my commitment was just as strong as when I made it. I found myself glorifying God and experi-

encing great joy in my soul. I realized that this pathway was vastly superior to the one I had been on before. There was no way I would ever return to my old ways. A joy filled me that I had never known before. At this writing, it has been over three years since I returned to consciousness and completely turned my life over to God. The joy of His presence has not abated, but has become stronger.

But my full recovery was still ahead. One of my doctors, a neuropsychologist, later explained my condition in this way: "A traumatic closed-head injury such as the one you suffered is like having the brain wires jerked out of their sockets. Only time can tell if they will re-connect."

The most favorable recovery record from a head injury as severe as mine that my doctor knew of was a similar victim who was able to return to college after seven years of rehabilitation. No one so injured was reaching the equivalent of high school level in a matter of weeks or even months. With the intelligence I had regained, I praised God for just being alive and daily rejoiced that I would be able to serve Him in some way.

But recovery was miraculously rapid. I began to progress weekly—through the grammar school mental maturity level and made it on to junior high. I was a medical "exhibit A", and was tested repeatedly. At first the neuropsychologists who monitored me were truly delighted. Then they were amazed. They told me that there was no precedent for the rapid progress I had made from such a traumatic closed-head injury.

By July, seven months after the wreck that was fatal to everyone else, I had sufficiently recovered and was told by the neuropsychologists that I had regained the cognitive ability to return to the Air Force Academy. The Air Force determined to give me the privilege of attempting to complete my Bachelor of Science degree. Their position was in my favor. However, unbeknown to me, they never intended to commission me as an Air Force officer. But they were prepared to re-admit me to the Academy as a member of the next rising senior class, the Class of 1989.

So I returned to the Academy in August of 1988 and made the second start on my senior year. The going was extremely demanding. It was all I could do to just hold on. But by applying myself intensely I qualified for graduation, expecting to receive my degree with my class and be commissioned a Second Lieutenant. Then I was told that the Air Force did not plan to commission me.

The medical specialists continued to evaluate me and study my very unusual case. Forty-eight hours before the actual graduation ceremony the doctors decided in favor of giving me a commission. Only later did I find out that it was a "probationary" type of commission. They intended to re-evaluate my case every twelve months and possibly give me a medical separation from the Air Force.

It had been only a year and a half since my near-fatal accident and the loss of my mental and neurological functions. The doctors spoke in awe of my recovery, saying it was unprecedented in

the history of medicine. I knew it was a miracle from my Lord. The joy that I had known upon recommitment to Him shortly after regaining my consciousness had not diminished but had grown.

During that year back at the Academy I found my way to Fellowship Bible Church in Colorado Springs. There was a nearness to God in that church which ministered to me. I needed to raise my hands in praise to God for all He had done for me. It gave me joy to praise Him. I continued to grow in my personal relationship with Jesus Christ and have experienced the indwelling of the

Holy Spirit.

Although the Air Force Academy had graduated me and commissioned me an officer, they still didn't know what to do with me. It was evident that they did not want to make a mistake for me or the Air Force by giving me a totally clean bill of health. It was decided that I would remain at the Academy on "casual" duty in the Registrar's Office, until the appropriate medical board would determine whether I would be retained on active duty or given a medical discharge.

After a year of duty at the Academy I was assigned to Lackland Air Force



Sharing the Good News through VOICE

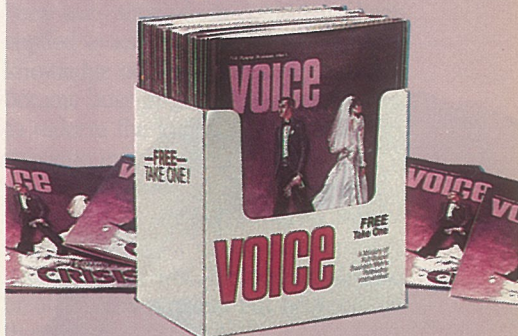
Base in San Antonio so that I could be available to medical examiners at Wilford Hall. After further extensive neurological and psychological examinations and evaluations the Medical Board to which my case was assigned determined that they could find no reason why I should not be given a full and complete bill of health, with no disclaimers on my abilities as an officer whatsoever. I now enjoy all the privileges and future possibilities as the other lieutenants in the Academy Class of 1989 who graduated with me.

The doctors are still amazed. But I am not, because I know that "with God, all things are possible." I also know that the miracle of my re-born life in the Holy Spirit is as great a miracle as the rebirth of my brain and body. And the wonderful fact is that anyone who will turn his or her life over completely to God can know this joy and assurance and life in the power of the Holy Spirit.

I have spoken at many churches, Full Gospel and Christian Business Men's Committee meetings testifying to what God had done for me. When someone is moved to ask how they can have the joy and peace I know, I tell them:

"The way to enjoy life is to put our Lord number one in your life. Then you don't have concerns about your life now or anytime. It's in His hands." ■

Lt. Rusty Grafton is stationed at Lackland Air Force Base, Texas. He attends Revival Temple Church in San Antonio and is a member of the Medical Center Chapter of FGBMFI. An outstanding speaker, he is in much demand for appearances at Christian men's groups and churches. (This testimony was prepared with writer Edwin Barton).



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.

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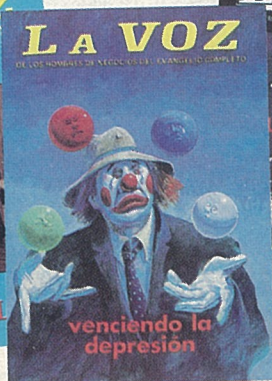
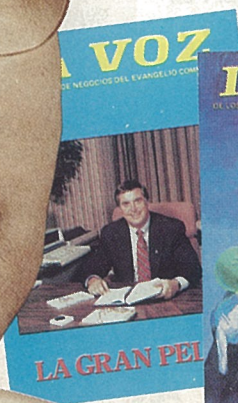
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ALBERT D'ARPA:

Speaking Their Language



I was admitted to the practice of law in the state of Florida in 1929 and elected to the City Council for the city of Tampa, Florida in 1931. I served on the City Council for 14 years.

I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ and was baptized in water at the age of 17 and became very active in the church as a youth leader. Following my election to the City Council, I gradually separated myself from the church, choosing politics and what the world had to offer in the way of prestige and finances. I had worked my way through school and felt that I was entitled to all of this.

But this way of life robbed me of the peace and joy that was mine when I was following God's way. To make things worse, infirmity of body had set in and I could not find relief in the hands of physicians and medicine; no, not even after being examined by physicians of two of the leading medical clinics of this country.

My wife, Marian, who was a dedicated Christian, constantly prayed for my return to God's fold. She also had prayer groups join her in this. Finally, one day in 1952, while visiting friends in another city and attending a morning Full Gospel church bilingual service together with her, the songs of the congregation seemed to charge the entire atmosphere with God's presence. His presence continued to go with me as we traveled back home.

I could not sleep that night. The urgency to make my way back to God kept me awake. I finally decided that now was the time to do this. So I rolled out of bed and prayed to God for forgiveness. My wife, who was sleeping

next to me, awoke and joined me in my plea. That night I was completely forgiven and reunited into the family of God, fully delivered of my infirmity.

The impact of this new experience led me to realize how much time had been lost—time which could have been applied to leading others into a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. So I quickly became busy in getting something done to redeem the lost time. In addition to speaking engagements and personal witnessing, I took a leading role in organizing a Christian Business Men's Committee, and a rescue mission for needy persons who, because of alcohol or other causes, could not help themselves.

Then in 1960 I organized the Tampa, Florida chapter of FGMBFI, which became the largest and most active in the state and responsible for the establishing of many other chapters in Florida. This led to my becoming a member of the Board of Directors of the Fellowship in 1963, which position I still hold.

Through it all, I could not lose sight of the call of God to Spanish-speaking people that I had felt during my youth. This led me to establish a Spanish-speaking church in Tampa which today is one of the larger Spanish language churches of the State. But this did not fully satisfy the call. The call was satisfied when I became involved in the ministry of the Fellowship to Spanish-speaking countries to the south of us.

This first began in San Juan, Puerto Rico shortly after being elected as an International Director, when I was asked to emcee a regional convention

there. From there I soon carried the ministry of salvation, healing and baptism in the Holy Spirit to several cities of South America under the banner of the Fellowship. At that time there was only one Spanish language chapter of the Fellowship, and that was in San Juan. Today there are many chapters there and a large number of chapters in the rest of the Spanish-speaking countries.

Because of my efforts, I was named Liaison Director of the Fellowship to coordinate the activities in all Spanish-speaking countries. I continued to serve in this capacity without compensation for several years, while at the same time engaged in the active practice of law.

The vastness of the effort to reach men in the new endeavor led me to conclude that it would take a magazine to lay the groundwork for an all-out ministry of the Fellowship.

The first issue of *La Voz* was published in 1964. It came after I wrote to several chapter presidents for financial assistance. One chapter president had been setting up a special fund that he felt the Lord Jesus Christ would have him employ in a special effort, and he was therefore able to finance the entire first issue of 15,000 copies.

This issue inspired an airlift of 110 persons to minister in larger cities on both coasts of South America and Mexico, with an entire week of banquet-type night meetings in one of the hotels of Buenos Aires, Argentina. Many experienced salvation, healing and baptism in the Holy Spirit. Some of the teams spread out to surrounding areas of Buenos Aires for ministry while the

night hotel meetings were going on and they returned on the final night of the meetings with glorious reports of the Lord at work in every place visited!

To show the effectiveness of *La Voz* during this trip, I gave one of the elevator operators in the hotel in Buenos Aires a copy of *La Voz* and on the following day asked him how he liked the magazine. He replied that he and his wife stayed up late that night until they had read the entire issue. The next morning their high school daughter became so interested in the magazine that she took it to school to share.



Demos Shakarian presents a plaque to Albert D'Arpa, retiring editor of La Voz, during the 38th Annual FGBMFI Convention in Orlando, Florida.

Since then *La Voz* has gone to many areas of Spanish-speaking countries in large numbers, especially in connection with conventions, conferences, and other meetings with large attendance. *La Voz* sponsored by a husband and wife team, is also going into many of the prisons here in the United States and abroad, including large prisons in Latin America. We have letters from prison chaplains telling us of the fine results through the ministry of *La Voz*.

Now, because of advanced age, I have resigned as Editor of *La Voz*, in favor of Kleber Saavedra, one who is the

product of our Latin American ministry. He came to this country, worked his way through school, and now occupies the position of auditor in a well-known firm. He has had a leading part in putting *La Voz* together and knows every facet of its operation. He will be giving his testimony in an early edition of *La Voz*.

In closing, I want to thank the many persons and chapters of the Fellowship and other groups who have made it possible to make *La Voz* an effective tool to bring many into the family of God. ■

For over 25 years Albert D'Arpa has dedicated himself to publishing Full Gospel Business Men's *Voice* in Spanish. I want to give him special recognition for the tremendous blessing he has been to millions of Spanish-speaking people through *La Voz*. So many Latin American countries have been stirred up because of this publication. He has served and enriched God's Kingdom because of what he has done. He spent 25 years, thousands of hours, and many thousands of dollars of his own money and time to accomplish this. Truly he is devoted and dedicated to the Lord Jesus Christ. He has

blessed the kingdom of God and Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. I personally want to say thanks. Only eternity will reveal what has been accomplished. Only God can reward him for what he's done. He made millions of friends all over the Latin American countries. My wish is this: that he have many years of peace and rest and joy in the Lord. May the peace of the Lord abide in him. May the Holy Spirit cover and guide him.



SAVED FROM



THE FIRING SQUAD

Col. Samuel Bamfo

My turn for execution was at hand ...there was no possible recourse for my survival.

On June 4, 1979, the Armed Forces Revolutionary Council, in a sudden and successful *coup d'etat*, took over the governmental administration of Ghana.

All senior officers were ordered to report to the Council. I obeyed the order and was subsequently arrested.

As Director of Supplies and Transport in my level of command in the Ministry of Defense (Burma Camp), I was considered among the top echelon of my peers.

Many of my colleagues had already been executed by the firing squad: General I.K. Acheampong, General Utuka, General Akufo, Yaw Boakye, General Robert Kotei, Rear Admiral Amedume, General Akwasi Afrifa, and Colonel Joe Felli. There were many others killed in this barbaric way.

We were not allowed any visitors other than a Catholic priest, a protestant minister and a medical officer.

As I faced certain death, I instinctively turned to my religion of fetishism (the worship belief in magical fetishes).

I was one of seven children born to Amma Mano and Kwabena Bamfo—who came from the eastern region of Ghana.

At the age of seven I lost my father. My mother faced impossible financial problems in providing and caring for us. Eventually it became necessary for me to find a part-time job to help in the support of my family. I became an assistant to the local fetish priest. This helped me to earn a living and pay for my school fees.

By the time I joined the Armed Forces, I had learned to trust in Black Magic (witchcraft). This form of devil worship had become ingrained within the fiber of my being.

I had come to accept the belief that in the event of serious circumstances, beyond my control, that the supernatural entity, in the terms of *Ju Ju* (Hansi, evil spirit), would help me.

On that particular day I remember chanting the secret syllables, using certain words. I believed the bullets would not harm me—moreover, I expected to dematerialize, as *Ju Ju* had promised.

When put to the crucial test, I did not vanish. My religion failed me. My hope was gone.

As my turn approached to face the firing squad, I turned to the true God for intervention. I prepared my last will and testament. I gave it to the minister with the few possessions I had with me—my clothing, wristwatch and about 70

cedis (dollars in currency)—to give to my wife.

All hope for survival shattered. I knew that the next sunrise would be my last.

Even though I did not become a Christian believer until after my deliverance, I somehow perceived that prayer was my only alternative, my only hope.

I called for the priest who told me about Jesus Christ. He said if I would believe in Him, that He would save me.

The priest ministered to every condemned man; offering the sacrament and taking personal messages that would later be delivered to each man's family. He spoke directly to me saying, "Do you believe that Jesus Christ can save you?" "Yes," I emphatically answered. He then opened the Bible to Psalm 91:7 and read: "A thousand shall fall at your side, and ten thousand at your right hand; but it shall not come nigh you."

That evening my fellow prisoners and I agreed together in prayer. During the solemn course of events, a word of prophecy was given declaring that the executions were finished.

Three days later the Chairman of the Armed Forces Revolutionary Council announced to the world that we would not be sent to the firing squad. It was a miracle! I knew that Jesus Christ had saved my life. Therefore, I committed my life to Him.

Following the chairman's announcement, I was tried and convicted of using my position to obtain a bank loan for a mortgage to build a house. I was sentenced to fifteen years imprisonment. In addition, all of my assets were confiscated by the state.

Financially, it was very difficult for my family. I had always been the breadwinner. With me in prison, my wife was left to support herself and our five children. But God was so merciful. Our needs were met.

We never stopped praying. We never gave up.

In September 1983 my sentence was reduced from 15 years to 10 years. We still would not give up—we believed God would perform a miracle and that I would be released.

The end result: the administration and chairman of the PNDC granted amnesty. I had spent four and a half years in prison.

While in prison, Kwabena Darko, a Christian businessman, helped my wife, Mary, establish a small poultry breeding farm. Upon my release in 1983, the farm had grown to the point that we decided to make it a LTD. Company.

My years in prison were difficult for my family. My children were left to the mercy of Almighty God. A church denomination took care of their education.

However, there were other problems. Over the years I had been unfaithful to my wife, practicing all the gross immoralities of our society. But my wife has always been a devout Christian, even when I was a fetishist. On Sundays, she would take the children to church, while I stayed home drinking beer and whiskey. Through it all, Mary continued to pray for me. She has forgiven much.

My life changed following my release from prison. Kwabena Darko invited me to an FGBMFI meeting. He was the featured speaker. At the end of the meet-



Sam Bamfo (right) with Norm Westly, Hawaii International Director, at a recent convention in the islands.

ing, the men prayed for me and I began speaking in a language that I had never learned.

I committed my life totally to serving God at that meeting. I vowed to put Jesus Christ at the center of all that I did—socially, in business and at home.

In time I became a member of the FGBMFI chapter in Kumasi, Ghana. It was a tremendous experience to see so many businessmen, like myself, serving God with all of their hearts. The Lord has allowed me to share my testimony in chapters in Ghana, Ivory Coast, Burkina Faso and other places in Africa.

My wife and I are involved in the local church. She is president of women's ministries and I am director of the

men's ministries. Today we have about 16,000 laying chickens, which is a good business. Daily we pray that God will guide us and direct our lives. He does.

In prison, I lost my esteem—my friends—everything. But the Lord Jesus Christ was faithful. He did not forsake me. “He lifted me out of the slimy pit, out of the mud and mire; He set my feet on a rock and gave me a firm place to stand” (Psalm 40:2).

All that I lost as a prisoner God has given back to me. I wish to encourage you to put your trust in Jesus Christ. No matter what you may have lost in life, remember, that no treasury on earth can compare with “the riches of His grace.” ■

CONVENTIONS

EMPIRE STATE COUPLES' ADVANCE

Sept. 6-8 & 13-15, 1991
YMCA Conference Center
Silver Bay, NY
Contact: Fred Lawrence
Box 206
Homer, NY 13077

ASILOMAR MARRIED COUPLES' CONF.

Sept. 13-15, 1991
Asilomar Conference Center
Pacific Grove, CA
Contact: Ed Faulkner
335 Adeline St.
Oakland, CA 94607

1991 MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE

Sept. 13-15, 1991
Aldersgate
Turner, OR
Contact: Art Evanson
P.O. Box 244
Vancouver, WA 98666

ARIZONA MEN'S ADVANCE

Sept. 20-22, 1991
Camp Pinerock
Prescott, AZ
Contact: Norman LeBlanc
9053 N. 52nd Ave.
Glendale, AZ 85302

SO. CALIFORNIA MEN'S ADVANCE

Oct. 4-5, 1991
Paradise Valley Ranch
Hemet, CA
Contact: Otis Butler
9553 Lombardy Ave.
Fontana, CA 92335

COLUMBIA GORGE CONVENTION

Oct. 11-12, 1991
Shilo Inn
The Dalles, OR
Contact: John Fagan
Box 471
Dufur, OR 97021

N.E. ILLINOIS CHICAGOLAND '91

Oct. 16-19, 1991
Holiday Inn
Hillside, IL
Contact: Dave McBurnie
933 Cherry Hills Lane
Naperville, IL 60540

B.C. REGIONAL CONVENTION

Oct. 17-20, 1991
Harrison Hotel
Harrison, British Columbia, Canada
Contact: Art Dick
3519 McKinley Crt.
Abbotsford, BC, Canada V3G 1B4

GREATER METRO BIRMINGHAM RALLY

Oct. 18-19, 1991
Howard Johnson Motor Lodge
Birmingham, AL
Contact: William Abercrombie
3160 Dolly Ridge Drive
Birmingham, AL 35243

SO. SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY CONVENTION

Oct. 24-26, 1991
Ramada Inn
Bakersfield, CA
Contact: Robert Miller
2512 "K" Street
Bakersfield, CA 93301

WEST OKLAHOMA MEN'S ADVANCE

Oct. 25-27, 1991
Methodist Red Rock Canyon
Hinton, OK
Contact: John E. Schmook
2101 Indian Dr.
Enid, OK 73703

1991 NATIONAL CONVENTION

Nov. 7-9, 1991
Skyline Triumph Hotel
Toronto Ontario, Canada
Contact: FGBMFI in Canada
6700 Finch Ave. W#605
Rexdale, Ont., Canada M9W 5P5

17TH ANNUAL OKI CONVENTION

Nov. 27-29, 1991
Holiday Inn
Dayton, OH
Contact: Duane Kinnison
566 Cherry Hill Place
Fairborn, OH 45234

1992 SASKATCHEWAN MEN'S ADVANCE

Feb. 7-9, 1992
Echo Valley Conference Center
Fort San, Saskatchewan, Canada
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SIX STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision 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.

VOICE

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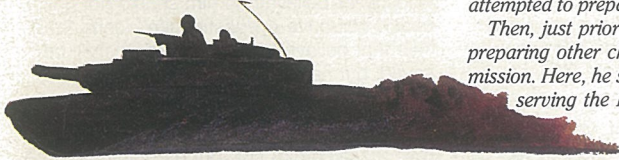
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WHO WE ARE Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would 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 106 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.

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After The Storm



*Through World War II, the Korean Conflict, and the Vietnam War, Chaplain Jim Ammerman attempted to prepare soldiers to face their Master. Then, just prior to the Gulf Crisis, he began preparing other chaplains to carry on that same mission. Here, he shares experiences and facts on serving the Lord in the midst of war. **2***



MOVING IN UNITY TO VICTORY!

From near and far, people came to the 38th Annual Convention of FGBMFI expecting to receive from the Holy Spirit. No one left disappointed. Relive some of the highlights from our time in Orlando, Florida.

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From: **FGBMFI**
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