



full gospel business men's

VOICE

april 1973

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"Lazarus, Come Forth!"

The RAY JARMAN Story

See Page 2

I PREACHED FOR fifty-two years before I experienced the Lord Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. During those years I never knew of a single person who experienced the miracle of the new birth under my ministry. Although I looked upon Jesus as the ablest teacher and greatest religious figure who ever lived, I did not believe in the Virgin Birth.

I was the youngest in a family of eight boys. When mother knew that the seventh was coming, she asked God to give her a minister. When the seventh arrived, the eighth came right along with him. I am an hour and a half older than my twin brother, Roy. When I was a child, my parents always pointed me out as their "preacher boy," and I did not like that.

When I was about sixteen years of age, there was a big snowstorm in Kansas City one Sunday morning. Roy and I made our way to church before the sidewalks and streets were cleared by the snowplows. Upon ar-

"Lazarus, Come Forth!"



by **DR. RAY CHARLES JARMAN**

Full Gospel Business Men's

Volume 21 Number 4

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living, there was not a soul in church except the minister, and he was down in the basement. Even now I can still see his Prince Albert coat hanging on the whitewashed wall as he was attempting to fire up the furnace to get some heat in the church. He was the most frustrated and defeated man my eyes had ever beheld. I don't know what made me say to him what I said, for I certainly had not planned it, and the statement did not come out of long prayer and careful decision. I said, "Brother Quesenberry, I want to be a minister."

His attitude changed in a moment and he cried out, "Why, I had planned to call for someone to volunteer for the ministry this morning, but when I saw the big snowstorm that had fallen during the night, I decided it was useless to preach that sermon this morning, so I went to my file and picked out an old sermon! Now, you come and volunteer before I even preach! God does work in strange ways!"

Finally the day came when I entered college. There I found that most of the professors were Ph.D.'s from the University of Chicago. I had never heard of "higher criticism" and did not know that anyone questioned *any* part of the Bible, let alone did not believe that the Scriptures were inspired by God. So I was shocked when the professor began his class on the Life of Christ by telling us that the story of the Virgin Birth of Jesus was untenable—dreamed up by enthusiastic followers of His who wanted to make people believe that He was God Himself. He insisted Jesus was born in Nazareth and not in Bethlehem, and that His father was Joseph. At that point I interrupted his teaching to ask, "If you do not believe in one part of the Bible, how can you believe in any part of it?" Before the year was over, however, he had successfully brainwashed my young mind. I no longer believed in a personal Jesus who could save my soul, nor in a personal God with whom I

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"I was wrapped in graveclothes of spiritual death!"

could commune and to whom I could pray. I came to believe that God was merely a Directing Intelligence in back of the Universe.

When I had finished college, I went to the University of Chicago where I spent three years doing graduate work in the Divinity School. Those were the days of behaviourism, naturalism, and humanism. The doctrine that man had innate powers, most of which had not yet been discovered or used by men, intrigued me, and I became a humanist. This provided me with much hope for the future, especially the idea of inevi-

table progress and growth. But there was no Jesus.

The philosophy that harmony in the individual is peaceful and long-lasting, whereas discord is corrupt and is productive of anger, tensions, and breakdown, even death and murder; that kindness is better than cruelty, love better than hate, forgiveness better than revenge; and that all good supports of other good, while all evil is destructive and makes an effort to kill everything around it, became the core of my teaching and hundreds of people were attracted by my messages. But I was never hap-



py. I knew that there must be something more—something real that I was missing and that the people needed. I became a searcher. I was interested in all religions and in every cult and system that man taught in order to find where truth was and to be able to give my people reality and solidness in their faith.

When I came to California thirty-one years ago, I was popular but unhappy. Then I heard about the enormous successes of the mental science groups and thought, "This is the answer I have been seeking." I soon became a teacher of metaphysics and

found a whole world of different people listening to me. I was on the radio daily and became known as a teacher of mental science. I studied Christian Unity, Christian Science, and various writers of religious science.

It was not long, however, before I saw that they were promising what they could not, do not, and cannot deliver. But I held on believing in their fundamental principles. I saw that there was much truth and help in the teaching "... as you think, so are you" and in the importance of thinking positively, but not nearly

so much as they contended.

When I saw the great shortcomings of religious science, I tried Yoga. I went to Paramahansa Yogananda's groups, studying their lessons for more than three years. I soon saw that they were just stating Hinduism in a way that Western minds might accept it. I saw that there was a lack of strength and power in their followers. And again I saw that they were talking about things that no one demonstrated or could demonstrate.

Then I went to Rosicrucianism, and to Theosophy, but I was still empty and unhappy. All of the cults have some interesting and exciting materials, and at first seem to promise what the searcher is looking for, but they do not and cannot measure up. I soon saw I was going in circles and getting no place.

In 1961 someone told me that if I took L.S.D. I would see God. So I went up to San Francisco to one of the most advanced and finely administered clinics in the nation, where a doctor, a nurse and a psychiatrist stayed with me all day while I took that stuff. Believe me, no one will ever find God or Jesus Christ with a drug of any kind.

For many years in my church there was a very fine family. When I first met them, I knew I was talking to exceptional people and was happy to have them as church members for fourteen years. But one day it dawned upon Shannon Vandruff's wife Veta

that she was not hearing anything about the deity of Jesus. She called me and asked questions, which I honestly answered. The whole family then left my church, thank God, for this was to eventually change my life.

After leaving my church they tried numerous other orthodox churches but found them very much the same in message as they were receiving from me. So Shannon and Veta felt deserted. They were hungry for God and did not know where to go to be fed. The fundamentalists were too argumentative and the modernists had no Jesus. What could they do?

Finally Shannon went to a Full Gospel Business Men's convention which was being held in Phoenix, Arizona. For the first time he saw a large group of real Christians in action. Before the meeting was over he was born again and had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit! His life was completely changed, and he was made into a new man. Now he knew what to look for in a church and found it in the Christian Center Church of Anaheim (now Melodyland Christian Center) whose inspired leader is Ralph Wilkerson. I heard about Shannon's experience and remembered saying, "How could a man sit under my teaching for so long and learn so little?"

Shannon really loved me and had a burden on his heart for my salvation, so he came to see me. He was new in his role as a "born again

Christian" and not yet able to make a good defense of it. I asked a few questions, listened to him, admitted that he was certainly changed, that it could be plainly seen that something had happened to him and I admired whatever it was that had changed him. But I felt I didn't need it or want it, and I told him so. I was polite to him, but firm in my rejection. I thought I was through with him, but Shannon did not give up so easily. He went back to Rev. Wilkerson, got a group of people praying for me and continued to witness to me.

Then one day he called and in-

the help of the men, she hobbled over to a chair and sat heavily down. In a few moments Shannon said to her, "Florence Shakarian Lalaian, do you think you could sing for us?" She thought she could. The men laboriously helped her to a place behind the mike. I saw her put her hand on her forehead, and I saw God actually straighten that body up! Then she sang. It was her last solo in public, and I will never forget it as long as I live.

I have heard some of the greatest singers of all time, but I never heard anyone sing like Florence sang "How Great Thou Art" that night.

"How could a man sit under my teaching for so long and learn so little?"

vited me and some others to his home in Yorba Linda. From the moment I went into that home I felt an empty feeling in my heart. I saw these happy people there and just knew that they all believed something about Jesus that I did not accept.

During the evening there was a sound at the door, and when it was opened, a woman entered who was almost being carried in by two men at her sides. She was in the last stages of cancer. Her clothing hung on her like a rag. Her eyes had deep black lines under them. Her face bore the marks of excruciating pain. With

Her voice literally wrung my heart. Something seemed to be crying within me. She then asked all of us to sing the chorus, and as we sang, her voice soared up above us like a meadow lark. I felt as if I were standing at heaven's gate listening to the voices of angels worshipping the Lord. I could not hold back my tears.

Although I was softened up, I still resisted. In fact, I decided that "they" were not going to get me, nor would I be influenced by "them." I would listen, but reject. This I did with both Shannon and Veta. For a total
(Continued on page 24)

"LAUGH,



"I'd been clowning
to make people laugh—
but my own heart
wasn't laughing."



C. MORTON

CLOWN, LAUGH"



by JIM "RUSTY NAILS" ALLEN

THE HOUR WAS long past midnight. The big top was empty—the sounds of the circus were quieted at last—the hilarious crowds had scattered to their homes—the voices of the barkers were stilled.

Even the last little light had blinked out in the quarters of the circus personnel, and silence settled like a healing balm to soothe away the wounds of the day's pandemonium.

Only a baggy-pantsed clown moved soundlessly through the darkness. He entered the big tent, walked out to the center of the ring—picking his way expertly around cables and obstacles by the pale glow of dim night lights. He was very much at home in that area.

All evening he had been out there clowning to make people laugh—but his own heart wasn't laughing. It was like a lump of lead in his breast, for the full realization had come to him that he was very far from the God he had learned of in his youth. Alone in that silent dimness he knelt in the sawdust and poured out to God all that was within his lonely, seeking heart.

A man doesn't need a formal altar to find the Savior. I know—for I was that clown. "Rusty Nails" is my trade name; clowning is my business. For years I had been running away from God, but that night I quit running, got down on my knees and really leveled with my Maker. That night I found the joy of having all the bitterness of the past washed away. In spite of the years during which I had deliberately turned my back upon Him, He poured out upon me the fullness of His Holy Spirit's blessing as I knelt there in the sawdust of that dim and silent circus tent. I learned right then that truly God is everywhere, and a man is foolish to think he can run away from that ever loving Presence.

When I was a child, some forty years ago, my parents took us—my three brothers, one sister and me—to church regularly. The seven of us sat in the church pew Sunday after Sunday. I learned many Bible verses in Sunday school and my mother also taught us the Scriptures. Those verses didn't mean much to me then, but since receiving the Baptism they

have been turned on like neon lights, having tremendous meaning in my every-day life. I don't have to wait for Sunday.

When in my teens I left the church, because what I saw was pretty much what our youth of today sees—so many who are just playing church and not really living the Christian life. I called them hypocrites—but looking back I see myself as *one of the greatest hypocrites* of the group. I looked at the people of the church and decided that if this was their only answer to life, I didn't want any of it. So I went out into the world in quest of the answers.

There was one question in particular to which I wanted an answer: "Where could one go and who could one ask to find the most successful, healthy, happy way of life?" I didn't know then that to know Jesus is to find the answer to that all-inclusive and important question.

Today I can recall so many times when it seemed Christ Jesus went far out of His way to reach me, but I denounced the church and was rebellious to the point where I didn't even want to talk to God—didn't want to pray—didn't want to read His Word. Over thirty years ago the Lord gave me a vision and showed me that no matter how far or fast I ran, there would come a time of reckoning when I must make a decision, but I kept saying, "Mañana."

While in my twenties I began to

realize how far I was from God and a terrible wave of loneliness washed over my heart. It wasn't until I finally "hit rock bottom" and there seemed nothing left to comfort my soul, that I reached out to try to get hold of God—but I couldn't seem to reach Him. It was then I began to pray in very earnest—something I hadn't done for years. I yearned to know the Lord better—to have Him be real in my life—to know the experience of walking with Him day by day.

After all, isn't that what Christian faith is all about—a personal relationship with Christ Jesus? Sometimes we wish that we might have lived when Jesus walked this earth and could have reached out and touched Him, talked with Him, listened to the Gospel from His own lips. I began to almost envy the woman who reached through the crowd and touched the hem of His garment. I wanted with all my heart to *know* He was real, and *is* real today.

After I began to pray, the Bible seemed more clear to me. I began to ask God to touch me with His presence, His power, His healing power and His love, and to make me a new creature for His glory.

That was when I went out into the darkened circus tent after all the crowd had gone. There I poured out my heart to Jesus, asked Him to come and fill me with His Holy Spirit and make me a new creature. He

heard—He came and blessed me there and gave me a new language with which to praise Him. He also gave me a wonderful wife, Georgia, and four fine children, three girls and a boy (whom we've nicknamed Penny (Nails), Two-Penny, Shingle, and Finishing)—and a field of ministry in which to serve Him.

I had never thought that the Lord could use a clown, but somehow along the way someone began to call me "God's Clown." I don't mind. I belong to Him and if it brings glory to Him, then I'm glad to be a clown for His glory. The Lord gave me a field of ministry to share a personal testimony of what has happened in my life. He opened up doors to many kinds of places where I could go and talk about Jesus.

First of all I began to talk about Jesus right in my own circle, among my friends—show people—wherever they were to be found. Then He opened up other fields—such as our TV program for children in Portland, Oregon—and broadened the horizons. More recently, He is using me as an instrument of His, along with many other dedicated Christians, to bring the Scriptures onto the stage of the auditoriums throughout the country where we present the teachings of our Lord, based on the four Gospels and the book of Acts.

Very carefully, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, with our prayer team of young men we move forward

in this ministry. We are on our knees before the Lord seeking His guidance to present a pageant the way He wants it done, to bring glory to Him—to turn all attention away from men and toward Jesus Christ so all may see and come unto Him. We have been given faith to rent the big civic auditorium in Portland, Oregon for three nights in April just before Easter, where we want to enact the beautiful pageantry of Christ Jesus. The musical score is lovely. The costuming is beautiful. The printed Word has been very carefully lifted from the Bible to be brought to life in this manner—and the presentation is to be followed with an altar call.

We pray God will give us grace and wisdom to so depict the Gospel story that the altars may be filled with men and women seeking their way to this Jesus whom we love.

I'm looking forward to two wonderful days—one immensely more wonderful than the other. I'm looking toward the day when I can hang up those baggy pants and clown shoes; and oh, I'm looking forward to the day when our Lord shall return! Until then I'll continue to seek souls for Him wherever He may lead me to labor.

(Those interested in further information concerning the new Rusty Nails Ministry of Gospel pageantry may contact him by writing to "The Lord's Lamplighters," Box One, Portland, Oregon 97207.) ■

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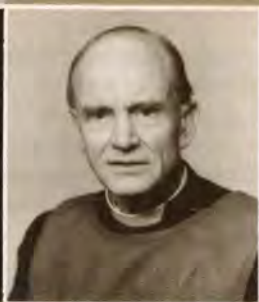
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"Supernaturally Natural"



by **THE REV. FR. HUMPHREY WHISTLER, C.R.**

House of the Resurrection, Mirfield, Yorks, Great Britain

I FIRST MET Pentecostalism in action in New Zealand. For three years during World War II, I had been a prisoner in Italy and Germany. Soon after my release I made my way to the Anglican Community of the Resurrection, where I was "professed" (made a full member) in 1951. After six years in the West Indies in pastoral and educational work, I was sent to New Zealand in 1966 on a year's mission.

David duPlessis addressed a meeting in Wellington, and for the first time I heard his theme, "Do not be conformed to Pentecostalism, but be ye transformed by the Spirit in your own church." I was deeply impressed and especially liked the way he discouraged sheer emotionalism and told us to be "supernaturally natural." As Archbishop Fisher might have put it, the historic churches were beginning to take Pentecostalism into their

system, and at the same time enter into another dimension of spiritual power or into the fullness of what they already possessed as Christians.

I heard duPlessis again at Palmerston North. Through Ray Muller, an Anglican curate, and David McGregor and others, this movement had penetrated deeply into Massey University.

After completing a mission to Wanganui Collegiate School, I called in again at Feilding where an old Ceylon pupil, Ray de Zylva, was teaching. As we prayed in a local vicar's study I heard David pray in tongues. Their prayer meeting impressed me with its note of joyful thanksgiving. I asked for the laying on of hands and prayer for spiritual power for the intensive work that lay ahead of me. Nothing "externally" happened at that time. It was not until nearly two years later that I

prayed in tongues while kneeling quietly alone in a side chapel in our Mother House at Mirfield. However, I am as certain as I can be that it was largely their intercessions and the power their prayers channeled into me that saw me through a very tough assignment, which, incidentally, was not without spiritual fruit.

I was still not totally without misgivings. However, almost everywhere I went in the north or south island there were groups, mainly young people, who had been "filled with the Spirit" and often were the life and soul of the parish. We had a discussion on it at the end of a priests' retreat in a Roman Catholic retreat house. I played them a tape, given me by Ray Muller, of Whittaker's visit to Dennis Bennett's parish in Seattle, Washington, USA. They were all deeply impressed. They were even more impressed when one of them, a canon, went to answer the telephone and returned to report: "My wife says that one of our sons at the university has just told her that he came into this experience last night." (This same canon has recently received this gift himself.)

Later on Dennis Bennett came to New Zealand. He electrified the students at St. Paul's, Auckland. He deeply impressed a gathering of some seventy clergy, including the bishop.

I had prayed, sometimes late into the night, for the gifts of the Holy Spirit—perhaps more than for the

Spirit Himself. Once in another Roman Catholic monastery during a retreat, I showed to my host, the superior, the book by David duPlessis, *The Spirit Bade Me Go*. He read it for some time, then remarked, "Why, there's not a thing in here that isn't Catholic!"

On returning to England I kept in touch with Dennis Bennett. Busy man though he is, he helped me greatly by letters, and especially with his remark, "You cannot do it without the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit cannot do it without you." It was soon after that, while praying alone that I began praying gently in tongues, though I admit to some misgivings as to whether it was the real thing. However, others assured me it was. They also told me that it is rather common for those who speak in tongues for the first time to fear that they may have made it up themselves. Dennis later paid a visit to Mirfield and roused great interest and respect, though the intellectual barriers were difficult to penetrate. Michael Harper also paid us a visit or two, and his little books have helped us much.

The fullness of conviction and happiness came to me when another brother hitch-hiked with me to the Fountain Trust Conference at High Leigh. We had been prisoners of war together in "The Wooden Horse" camp, and came together again ten years later when he joined the com-

munity from South Africa. I recall saying to him on the last night at High Leigh, "Before I came here I was scared to come. Now I'm scared to go back."

The greatest gift evidenced there was the fellowship, the *koinonia* and

of prayer and intercession, deeply concerned with the ministry of healing—some of them led through the healings of their own children.

Before I left, I was happy to see the charismatic movement beginning to spread in the school and outside.

"You cannot do it without the Holy Spirit, and the Holy Spirit cannot do it without you."

mutual understanding. There was a bit of humor also when someone, during the expressions of thanksgiving, said: "Thank you, Lord, for melting a Plymouth Rock!" It seemed to me that Pope John's prayer had been answered, and we had recaptured the Spirit of the church as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, as "she came fresh from the hands of her Master."

Forty years ago I went to Trinity College at Kandy in Ceylon for three years between university and theological college. Last year it was my privilege to return for a brief period of ministry as chaplain. I noted many changes, but the same Trinity spirit still manifested itself in the friendly relations between the 1300 boys and the staff of 81. I was the only European on the staff, except for a V.S.O. Four or five of the masters were deeply interested in Pentecostalism, and some of them had come into the fullness of the Spirit. All were men

Some dozen boys had come into the fullness of the Spirit's gifts, including the gift of tongues, and were going out once a month to the villages and tea estates, sharing their faith and experiences with me in direct evangelism among the Hindus, "the Lord confirming the Word with signs following." On one occasion we were privileged to see a paralyzed man walk and talk again, after our corporate laying-on-of-hands. The father of three of the boys has written, "I hope and pray that the revival which was started at Trinity will spread throughout the Island. But do tell the boys to beware of self-righteousness." This is a very necessary warning, and we have been careful to give it, as well as a warning against sectarianism. Evangelical fervour needs sacramental strengthening. We need each other.

I am now back in my Mother House in Mirfield, where all sorts of new opportunities are opening up. ■



We **can** do something about . . .

POLLUTION

by **RUSSELL J. FORNWALT**

Vocational Counselor, Big Brothers Inc., New York City

WE HEAR A great deal about pollution these days. People are becoming increasingly concerned about our foul air and filthy streams, both of which are a menace to our health.

States and cities are spending millions to check the smoke, smog, and dust in the air their people breathe. They are also taking steps to stop the dumping of waste into rivers that provide water for drinking. Pollution of streams is also poisoning or destroying the fish we eat.

But pollution of air and water is a small matter compared with the pollution of men's minds that is widespread today. Our moral atmosphere and waters are being corrupted by lewd and lurid literature. The great menace now is the pornographic garbage being dumped into America's moral streams.

It is said that more than fifteen million copies of "girlie" magazines

are bought every month in the United States. In one year's time, nearly four billion copies of all kinds of pornographic publications—enough to fill to overflowing five Empire State Buildings—are purchased by adults and teen-agers.

It is also reported that the sale of salacious magazines is twenty times that of religious publications—Catholic, Jewish, and Protestant—combined. In fact, many religious periodicals have had to suspend publication in recent years because of both rising costs and decline in reader interest.

The National Citizens for Decent Literature says that 75 to 90 per cent of all pornographic literature ends up in the hands and therefore in the minds of children.

The worst pollution, then, in America is not the gasoline fumes in the air or the waste in the waters. It is the dirty books, the filthy movie

films, and the immoral magazines. Directly or indirectly, according to crime authorities, the reading and viewing of pornography leads to an increase of illegitimate childbirth, venereal disease especially among teenagers, and major crimes such as murder and rape.

An anti-pollution program does not begin in the White House, in some governor's office, or in a large city's Department of Ecology. Nor does a moral crusade begin with a special day or a series of lectures. It begins in the hearts and minds of parents. It begins with wholesome and positive attitudes toward sex in the home. It begins with the frank recognition that sex is something divine and sublime, something normal, natural, and necessary. Sex is the God-given power for the perpetuation of mankind and for the expression of love within marriage.

Legislation can also help. But all too often laws only drive pornography under the counter, into the backroom of a bookstore, or to the black market. Enforcement of laws in this area is particularly difficult. Courts, however reluctantly, often side with publishers and peddlers of pornography because of such issues as freedom of the press and speech and because of fear of censorship.

Legislative and judicial experts actually are at a loss when it comes to stamping out pornography. Legally, or technically, there are such fine

lines of distinction between the slime and the sublime, between the obscene and the clean, between the venomous and the virtuous.

There are several things, however, that we as individuals can do to help purify the moral atmosphere and clear the muddied waters. We can boycott newsstands and bookstores that sell pornography. We can ask newsdealers and store owners whom we know personally to stop selling questionable magazines and books. We can write letters of protest to theaters showing filthy films.

But we must do more than boycott and protest. Our anti-pollution program of moral crusade must have *positive* aspects. Among other things, we can subscribe to church and other religious periodicals, lodge and fraternal magazines, and such spiritually uplifting publications as the Full Gospel Business Men's VOICE. We can encourage Sunday school and church attendance, along with more Bible study. We can also foster decent and constructive recreation in the line of social activities, sports and outdoor life.

If we want to badly enough, we can do something about pornography and moral pollution. But it will take alert and unremitting effort to stem the ever-rising tide of indecency. It also takes the candid realization that the job is ours—*yours and mine*—and not the task of some abstract society or government alone. ■

DON THOMPSON: The story of . . .

A Pardoned Parolee



(In a continuous one-year correspondence with the Editor of VOICE, Don Thompson unfolded the following story. His letters have been compiled and edited into one letter for easier reading.)

Dear Dr. Becker:

This letter comes from a cell in the New Hampshire State Prison. I wanted to write and tell you how much I enjoy VOICE. We are given copies by one of the ministers who comes in to teach our Bible class. Even though they are long past the issue date we read them and pass them around.

There are quite a few inmates who have come to know the Lord here, or while waiting trial. Some have even experienced baptism in the Holy Spirit. Praise the Lord!

Perhaps I had better tell you a little about myself. I was born a Baptist minister's son, was a high school dropout, went into the service but didn't last long so came back home and got married. But I was not a Christian. During the six years we've been married I must have had 30 jobs.

I joined the Norsemen Motorcycle Club and was voted president due to my meanness—I would fight anyone. I drank a lot, took drugs, and was a mess, spiritually and morally.

Last year I was involved in a senseless shooting in New Hampshire. The person recovered so we were only charged with aggravated assault. When I was out on bail I beat up a man who would not let me buy him a beer. I also had been involved in a barroom fight in Vermont. Some were hurt so I had aggravated assault charges there also. All told, I figured I had about 75 years of prison time coming to me.

I received a two- to five-year sentence on the shooting and my wife said she was leaving me. I had reached the point where it was just too much to go on living and was going to kill myself. But before I did for some reason I prayed; childhood teaching I guess.

It was the start of a change. From that prayer on my life took on a whole new dimension; I didn't feel like hanging it up. I accepted Christ as my Saviour, knowing this was the way but always rebelling against it.

I had started to pray regularly and to read the Bible the chaplain gave me, when I felt the call to think about full time ministry. This indeed took me by surprise. I argued with God that I was not a preacher, but I finally accepted the fact that He indeed wanted me to enter the ministry. It still amazes me but my parents are overjoyed.

Then I started a campaign here in the prison by first giving out copies of the Living Bible to those who convinced me they would read it. A Bible class was started once a week, but the demand grew to twice a week. In about five months the number of men attending has gone from three to fifteen, which is great for a small prison like this. Four different ministers come in to conduct these classes on a rotating basis. Now from 30 to 50 men from here, from the drug rehabilitation houses in the area and from the county jail in Manchester have enrolled in a Bible correspondence course from the Prison Mission Association of Riverside, California.

The Holy Spirit has truly been at work in our lives. I prayed for a suspended sentence on the other charges New Hampshire had on me. When we got to court the judge gave me four to ten years, then said, "Suspended." The Vermont charge is still outstanding but I've prayed about that too.

Because two of the ministers who come in have experienced the baptism in the Holy Spirit, I became interested and read the Bible accounts and some books on the subject. One night during our prayer meeting, after the Bible study, Rev. Dave Crook started to pray in a language we didn't understand, then interpreted. It was a word of reassurance from God that He was with us and heard us. We all left very shaken and could not control the tears.

I felt so unworthy, so rotten, and prayed for forgiveness. It was as if I heard a voice saying, "You belong to me now. Don't worry about the past, just trust and love me. I have a plan for you."

I thought some time on all this. As a Baptist all of it did not fit with what I had learned as a child. I read some more and prayed for the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Nothing happened. Well, I kept praying about it, and after reading Pat Boone's book **A New Song** and some other full gospel literature, it all fell into place. I had asked Jesus to baptize me—and He does to all who ask—but I was looking for a big emotional change. I had read that we were to trust in God's promise, take a step in faith and say those sounds that you think you are just making up yourself. I was in my cell, so I thought I might as well. In a whisper I began speaking these sounds; they came faster and faster, to my amazement. I still felt the same, no flashes of light or anything, but then the truth of what Jesus had done hit me. I had believed before that Christ was alive, but now I knew beyond a doubt—not only believed but knew!

Well, that is my story in a short form. I am receiving my "Holy Spirit diploma" here, and also taking the Scofield Bible course from Moody Institute. I know first hand that God does perform miracles today, for it was a miracle that changed my life.

Peace and love in Christ,
Donald Webster Thompson

(On Dec. 26, 1972, Don was paroled from prison on a "study release" to The Salvation Army in Concord, N.H. as an officer trainee through the Vocational Rehabilitation Unit. Thus, with his spiritual pardon through the Atonement assured, Don is now literally a pardoned parolee—Editor.)

"Closing Time, Gentlemen"

A Memorial Tribute to the Man Who Stirred Argentina for Christ

WHILE EVANGELIST BILLY GRAHAM was attracting multitudes to his great London Crusade of 1954, another U.S. evangelist, Texas-born Tommy Hicks, had record-breaking attendances in football stadiums in Buenos Aires, Argentina, filling them with crowds of 100,000 nearly every night that he conducted a revival service at which he prayed for the sick, according to American newspaper correspondent Douglas Clark. Clark maintained that, if anything, Hicks' achievement was even more sensational than Graham's because of the language barrier which compelled the former to rely on interpreters, and because he was a Protestant preacher endeavoring to evangelize in a country which was predominantly Roman Catholic.

Correspondent Clark reported that even President Juan Peron was taking an active interest in the revival and had seen Tommy Hicks on several occasions. This was in the will of God, since under Argentine law presidential action could have closed the meetings at any time. Other evangelists had tried to obtain press space and radio time, as well as permission to hold mass meetings, and had been refused on all counts. But when Tommy Hicks approached Peron he was granted all that he asked, and more—free radio time, press coverage, and the use of the largest stadiums in Argentina!

Before the Hicks campaign ended, some 200,000 people had packed one stadium seating 180,000 that had never before been filled, and an estimated 200,000 more were outside listening to the service through loudspeakers. Within a week of the opening meeting, every Bible and portion thereof was sold out in Buenos Aires, and the American Bible Society was scouring the country for more. An initial 300,000 decision cards were used up almost immediately and a fresh supply could hardly be printed fast enough to meet the demand.

In one meeting, to be sure that everyone clearly understood the full meaning of his altar invitation to be "born again," Rev. Hicks would not rely upon a show of hands but asked the people to kneel, which thousands did—in pouring rain!

One of four books authored by Hicks is titled, "Closing Time, Gentlemen!" It contains a message for the closing days of this dispensation. Before the "closing time" of his own life and ministry on January 6, Hicks did his utmost to point the world to Jesus Christ. One of his many tracts bears the title, "My Vision of the Endtime Ministry."

Of Tommy Hicks, his long-time friend Demos Shakarian, another spiritual leader with a vision of the endtime ministry, says:

"He was in our home the very night

God gave me the vision of a latter-day worldwide revival. For a year prior to that the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship was experiencing growing pains. I had run into every obstacle imaginable to its progress, until it seemed the whole structure was crumbling. Even my wife thought I had made a mistake.

"My heart became so heavy that one Friday around midnight I told Rose, 'I'm going in the front room and stay there until I hear from heaven.' Literally staggering into the room, I fell prostrate on the floor, where I wept and poured my heart out to God until 3:00 a.m. At that time Rose walked in and began to play the organ softly. Suddenly the Spirit of God came upon her and she began to speak in tongues and prophesy, 'My son, I am with you. Because you have been faithful in little things I am going to use you in a greater way. I am leading you by the hand; be not afraid. You are in the center of my will. Do not look to the right or to the left, but continue therein.'

"It was then God gave me a vision of millions of men with arms folded and heads bowed low as though they were dead. My wife, who had no idea what I was seeing, continued her inter-

pretation, '*And then the very thing that you see before you now, will soon come to pass.*'

"Suddenly the whole vision was electrified! The millions of 'dead' men threw up their hands and started magnifying God—just as the businessmen do in our meetings all over the country. That was the breakthrough, and from that night on everything changed for the better.

"As I said, Tommy Hicks was staying in our home at that time. I supposed he had retired for the night, but at 3:30 a.m. when Rose and I walked by his door (his room was next to the front room, with only a wall between), we saw a light, and knocked. A voice said, 'Come in,' and we entered to find Brother Hicks lying on the floor, fully clothed! 'Demos,' he said, 'never in all my life have I experienced what I felt tonight! Through that wall came wave after wave of God's power like floodwaters from a broken reservoir, and I was literally slain in the Spirit. Although I tried many times to arise and prepare for bed, I was unable to do so. *Tell me—what was going on in that other room?*'

"It was shortly after that experience that Tommy Hicks went to Argentina!"

LEFT: Evangelist Tommy Hicks with Demos Shakarian. CENTER: Tommy Hicks preaching through an interpreter. RIGHT: Rev. Hicks with Juan Peron, president of Argentina at the time of the great revival, the directive for which he received in the Shakarian home the night of Demos' vision.



ALASKA:

Ketchikan, KATV, Ch. 2, Tue. 7:35 p.m.

ARKANSAS:

Little Rock, KATV, Ch. 7, Sun. 7:30 a.m.

CALIFORNIA:

Chico-Redding, KHSL, Ch. 12, Tue. 6:30 a.m.;

Los Angeles, KHOF, Ch. 30, Thurs. 8:00 p.m.;

Modesto, KLOC, Ch. 19, Sun. 2:00 p.m.;

San Francisco, KBHK, Ch. 44, Sun. 1:00 a.m.

COLORADO:

Denver, KOA, Ch. 4, Sun. 7:30 a.m.;

Pueblo, KOAA, Ch. 5, Sun. 7:30 a.m.

CONNECTICUT:

Hartford, WHCT, Ch. 18, Sun. 5:30 p.m.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA:

Washington, D.C., WDCA, Ch. 20, Sat. 8:30 a.m.

GEORGIA:

Savannah, WJCL, Ch. 22, Sun. 12:30 p.m.

HAWAII:

Honolulu, KHVH, Ch. 4, Sun. 10:00 a.m.

ILLINOIS:

Champaign, WICD, Ch. 15, Sun. 8:00 a.m.;

Chicago, WCIU, Ch. 26, Sun. 10:00 p.m.;

Decatur, WAND, Ch. 17, Sun. 10:30 a.m.;

Peoria, WRAU, Ch. 19, Sun. 10:30 a.m.

INDIANA:

South Bend, WNDU, Ch. 16, Sun. 9:00 p.m.

IOWA:

Davenport, WQAD, Ch. 8, Sun. 10:00 a.m.;

Ft. Dodge, KVFD, Ch. 21, Thurs. 5:00 p.m.;

Mason City, KGLO, Ch. 3, Sat. 5:00 p.m.

KANSAS:

Wichita, KAKE, Ch. 10, Sun. 12:00 p.m.

KENTUCKY:

Louisville, WDRB, Ch. 41, Sun. 9:30 a.m.

MINNESOTA:

Mankato, KEYC, Ch. 12, Sun. 2:00 p.m.

MISSISSIPPI:

Jackson, WJTV, Ch. 12, Sat. 4:00 p.m.

MISSOURI:

Cape Girardeau, KFVS, Ch. 12, Sat. 1:00 p.m.;

Columbia, KCBJ, Ch. 17, Sat. 5:30 p.m.;

Kansas City, KMBC, Ch. 9, Sun. 7:00 a.m.;

St. Louis, KDNL, Ch. 30, Sun. 3:00 p.m.

MONTANA:

Missoula, KGVO, Ch. 13, Sat. 2:30 p.m.

NEW MEXICO:

Albuquerque, KGGM, Ch. 13, Sun. 6:30 a.m.

NORTH CAROLINA:

Greensboro, WFMY, Ch. 2, Sun. 8:30 a.m.;

Washington, WITN, Ch. 7, Sun. 11:00 a.m.;

Wilmington, WECT, Ch. 6, Sun. 8:00 a.m.

NEW YORK:

Binghamton, WBNG, Ch. 12, Sun. 12:30 p.m.;

New York City, WPIX, Ch. 11, Fri. 12:50 a.m.;

Rochester, WOKR, Ch. 13, Sun. 8:30 a.m.;

Syracuse, WSyr, Ch. 3, Sun. 7:30 a.m.

(2nd Sun.)

OHIO:

Akron, WAKR, Ch. 23, Sat. 7:30 p.m.;

Columbus, WTVN, Ch. 6, Sun. 11:30 p.m.;

Steubenville, WSTV, Ch. 9, Sun. 12:30 p.m.;

Toledo, WDHO, Ch. 24, Sun. 9:30 a.m.;

Youngstown, WFMJ, Ch. 21, Sun. 11:30 a.m.

OREGON:

Portland, KPTV, Ch. 12, Sun. 11:30 a.m.

PENNSYLVANIA:

Lebanon, WLYH, Ch. 15, Sun. 12:00 p.m.;

Philadelphia, WKBS, Ch. 48, Sat. 8:30 a.m.;

York, WSBA, Ch. 43, Sun. 12:00 p.m.

SOUTH CAROLINA:

Greenville, WGGS, Ch. 16, Fri. 7:30 p.m.

TENNESSEE:

Chattanooga, WDEF, Ch. 12, Sun. 8:30 a.m.;

Nashville, WLAC, Ch. 5, Sun. 9:00 a.m.

TEXAS:

Beaumont, KJAC, Ch. 4, Sun. 10:00 a.m.;

Dallas, KTVT, Ch. 11, Sun. 11:00 p.m.;

Monahans, KMOM, Ch. 9, Sun. 9:30 a.m.;

Odessa, KOSA, Ch. 7, Sat. 2:30 p.m.;

San Antonio, KSAT, Ch. 12, Sun. 12:30 a.m.;

Sherman, KXII, Ch. 12, Sun. 8:00 a.m.;

Wichita Falls, KAUZ, Ch. 6, Sun. 9:00 a.m.

VIRGINIA:

Norfolk, WYAH, Ch. 27, Tue. 8:00 p.m.

WASHINGTON:

Seattle, KTVW, Ch. 13, Sun. 9:00 a.m.;

Spokane, KHQ, Ch. 6, Sun. 7:00 a.m.;

Yakima, KIMA, Ch. 29, Sat. (between sports events)

WEST VIRGINIA:

Clarksburg, WBOY, Ch. 12, Sat. (after sports event)

Huntington, WHTN, Ch. 13, Sun. 9:30 a.m.

and Mon. 6:30 a.m.

NEWS" SCHEDULE

CANADA:

Victoria, B. C.

CHEK, Ch. 6

Sun. 1:00 p.m.

B. C. INTERIOR TELEVISION:

Okanagan-Kamloops combination of 47 rebroadcasting stations, CHBC-TV/CFJC-TV.

Penticton	Channel 13	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Kelowna	Channel 2	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Vernon	Channel 7	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Kamloops	Channel 4	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Quesnel	Channel 7	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Williams Lake	Channel 8	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
100 Mile House	Channel 5	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Clinton	Channel 9	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Noranda Mines	Channel 7	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Lillooet	Channel 2	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Bralorne	Channel 3	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Ashcroft	Channel 10	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Spences Bridge	Channel 3	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Boston Bar	Channel 5	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Savona	Channel 8	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Merritt	Channel 10	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Clearwater	Channel 2	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Blue River	Channel 3	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Valemount	Channel 8	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Chase	Channel 11	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Mica Creek	Channel 5	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Downie	Channel 9	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Celista	Channel 3	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Salmon Arm	Channel 9	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Canoe	Channel 6	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Malakwa	Channel 4	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Grindrod	Channel 72	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Westworld	Channel 12	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Falkland	Channel 10	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Mabel Lake	Channel 8	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Enderby	Channel 4	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Lumby	Channel 4	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Cherryville	Channel 10	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Nakusp	Channel 2	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Midway	Channel 7	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Peachland	Channel 4	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Skaha Lake	Channel 7	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Princeton	Channel 5	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Keremeos	Channel 4	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Oliver-Osoyoos	Channel 8	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Potlatch Creek	Channel 12	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Shalalth	Channel 3	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Lytton	Channel 11	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Nicola Valley	Channel 5	Sun. 12:00 p.m.
Logan Lake	Channel 11	Sun. 12:00 p.m.

CORRECTION: Chesne Ryman, referred to in the Oct. 1972 VOICE (pp. 43, 45), has sung for the Salzburg Festival and in opera companies in England, Germany, Australia, etc., but not with Vienna Statsopera as reported.

"LAZARUS, COME FORTH!"

(Continued from page 7)

period of four years Shannon had prayed for me. Sometimes he grew weary and began to think it was useless and that I would never receive the Lord.

In the meantime my secretary, Carmen Benson, had had a marvelous, even miraculous rebirth. She talked to me almost every day and kept discussing Scripture, showing me passages in the Bible that very plainly showed the way of salvation, and it was definitely *not* in accord with any of the "interpretations" of the various metaphysical cults. We talked daily, and as she taught me, read to me, and prayed with me, I saw my position weakening.

Then one night Shannon called me and said, "Ray, I want to come to your apartment. I don't want to go out to dinner. I just want to talk to you alone."

I answered, "All right, Shannon, come on." Somehow I sensed that this was going to be a fateful night for me. It was March 28, 1966.

When Shannon arrived, he got right to the point. "Ray, you have been trying to find Jesus the wrong way. You have been trying through wisdom, reason, logic, theology, and rationalization to find Him, and you'll *never* find Him that way. The Bible plainly tells you that you won't. Jesus

said, 'Unless you turn and become as a little child, you shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of God!' Ray, when a child comes to his mother he doesn't say, 'Prove that you love me. Convince me that you can take care of me. Make me believe that you will answer my every cry night and day.' No, he simply accepts the loving arms of his mother. So it is with Jesus. Don't ask Him anything; don't question Him; just accept Him."

Then I said something I had not planned on saying. But what I said, proved to be the most important words that ever passed through my lips. I said, "*Shannon, I want Him.*"

Suddenly I found myself on my knees, sobbing. I seemed to be at the bottom of a black pit of tar, writhing around down there. A whole avalanche of doubts, fears, sins, and past preaching broke loose from a mountain range that enveloped me and came pounding down upon me. The load of my sins was too great. God would never forgive me. Great drops of perspiration covered my brow as I turned my tear-soaked face up to Shannon and said, "I give up. I can't do it, Shannon. I am too far away. God doesn't want me."

Shannon put his arm around my shoulders and said, "Ray, Jesus said, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock, and if any man hear my voice, I will come in and sup with him and he with me.'"

(Continued on page 26)



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Package deals (including airfare) will be available from all main points.
For further information concerning the World Convention, write: FGBMFI Headquarters Office, 836 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017.

VOICE ECHOES

Today I discovered VOICE. It was in one of the wards at a hospital in Tacoma. I received multiple blessings as I read through the pages. How much I've been missing! God bless you and your staff and the person who left his VOICE behind for me to find.

Mrs. D.G., Federal Way, Wash.

I am reading your magazine, VOICE, and I enjoy reading it very much. I am a born again Christian.

Would you so kindly send me the ad-

dress of John Foreman who is president of the Longview, Washington Chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship? I just read his story, "A Life Loved Back," and believe me, it's terrific. It's almost unbelievable, but I know that nothing is impossible for God. Please continue your wonderful work, Dr. Becker, and God bless you always.

L.C.S., Highland, Indiana

Praise the Lord. He loves even me. There is only one thing that would improve VOICE—publishing it weekly. Thanks.

Mrs. R.V.B., West Hartford, Conn.

"LAZARUS, COME FORTH!"

(Continued from page 24)

And suddenly, and I mean *suddenly*, the greatest peace surrounded me! I didn't know that such a state of rich peace existed. I was so relaxed, and all of the burden of sin was taken away.

Then I seemed to be in a large room with small square panels on all sides. The door in the back of it swung noiselessly open, and JESUS walked in. He came so smoothly right up to me and didn't say a word. Then He put His hands on my shoulders—and I was saturated with His love. I knew then I was born again in Him.

I got up from my knees and said, "Shannon, I want to read the Bible."

He said, "Ray, just let it fall open wherever it will. Put your finger on one line and then read what is under your finger."

It fell open to the ninth chapter of Matthew, the second verse, and the last line which reads, "Be of good cheer, my son, your sins are forgiven." God had spoken, and I believed.

I have often considered how closely my story parallels that of Lazarus in the Bible.

We are told that when Jesus was informed of the death of His good friend, He said to Mary and Martha, Lazarus' sisters, "Show me where he's buried." Then He said, "Roll away the stone." When the disciples had done so, Jesus cried, "Lazarus, come forth!"

Wrapped in those grave clothes from head to toe, Lazarus stumbled out. His eyes, ears, nose and mouth were all covered, and he could hardly move. "Loose him and let him go," said the Lord.

(Continued on page 31)

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COMMUNIQUE: CHAPTERS and CONVENTIONS

GREATER NEW YORK REGIONAL CONVENTION

Simon Vikse, international director in New York and chairman for the 1972 N.Y. Regional Convention November 22-25 reports:

"Today God, by His Holy Spirit, is moving mightily! Among many impressions during our convention was the wonderful moving of the Spirit, not only through the speakers but also upon the whole body of believers. A unity of fellowship, essential to a dynamic convention, continued throughout the three days.

"Messages brought by inspired speakers flowed together in harmony, and the Word and power of the Holy Spirit touched the total lives of many people. As examples, witness can be given of two women from out of the city, whose lives were miraculously changed. One was a young lady who was brought to the meeting by her grandmother. She came as a belligerent unbeliever. On the second day the Holy Spirit broke her proud spirit; she accepted our Lord's work on the cross and left the convention a reborn joyous young Christian. Another woman, recently brought out of a strong cult by the Lord, was sealed by the Holy Spirit and is able now to overcome persecution by members of the cult.

"Numerous bodily healings con-

firmed healing to be a real part of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They were the normal, expected manifestations rather than the unusual, unexpected events. The ministry of healing was strongly accented here, as it is in all FGBMFI meetings.

"Attendance sharply increased over last year's convention. It is apparent that God is ingathering, and that He is using the Fellowship in His plan and purpose. This was also declared in prophecy and message. Many in the New York Chapter place this convention at the head of the list of successful ones in our city.

"We thank the Lord, also, for His presence at the youth meetings, as all different types gathered together in unity to worship the Lord. We were honored by having several students from Scandinavia attend.

"Convention services began on Thanksgiving evening—an appropriate day to worship the Lord. Friday night was exceptionally well attended and the young people enthusiastically sang far into the evening. A group of young people from Long Island inspired many by their singing to join in worship and praise to God. Some adults joined the meeting after theirs had ended.

"On Saturday morning the young

people went out into the streets to invite others to attend the afternoon youth banquet. Services concluded

Saturday night with Rev. Joe Pop-pell praying for the sick. Many young people were healed."

CHARTER PRESENTATIONS REVEAL FGBMFI PROGRESS

Tuscaloosa, Alabama—Dr. Darryl Webb, chapter president, a professor in the University of Alabama, was given the charter October 31, 1972 by William Abercrombie, international director of FGBMFI. Ben Franklin of San Diego, California, whose testimony appears in the book, "The Acts of the Holy Spirit in the Church of Christ Today," was guest speaker. The chapter was begun in July, 1972.

Spearman, Texas — International Director Sherwin McCurdy presented the charter to this chapter on December 11, 1972. Despite inclement weather, some 80 people were present to witness the event. President of the chapter, which was organized last February, is George Collard; vice president is Floyd Fike.

Alamogordo, New Mexico—The

charter was presented the latter part of 1972 to chapter president Henry C. Godman by Earl K. Moore, Jr., international director from Odessa, Texas. Other officers are, John A. Murr, vice president; Andy F. Willis, vice president; Eugene Martin, secretary; George Otto, treasurer.

Kermit, Texas—International Director Earl K. Moore presented the charter last fall to chapter president Chuck Williams. Other officers are, Ray Holder, vice president; Fred Skaggs, secretary; Dub McDonald, literature; Ed Halfact, music; John Moore, chaplain; Billy Jack Dunn, greeter.

Martinsville, Virginia—This 27-member chapter received its charter last September at the hand of F. Ogburn Yates, Jr., international director



Rome, Ga. Al Duren, Int'l Dir. presenting charter to chapter president Joe Fricks, while Paul Davis, treasurer, and Paul Carter, vice president, look on. Sec'y John Barton not shown.



Martinsville, Va. F. Ogburn Yates, Jr., International Director of FGBMFI, presenting charter to chapter president Chester Lane.

from Asheboro, N. C. Attendance at the monthly meeting ranges between 90 and 130.

Madison, Wisconsin—This chapter was presented its charter last August by International Director Henry F. Carlson of Chicago. Officers are, James L. Ackley, president; George Rowland, Jr., vice president; Frank R. Williamson, vice president; Edward A. LaFrombois, treasurer; Edward J. Wojtal, director. Eighty were present for the occasion.

St. Joseph, Missouri. This chapter received its charter November 10, 1972 at the hand of international di-

rector Bill Norwood. The presentation was made to Eldon Heflin, the chapter's founding president who had been transferred to Jefferson City in August for business reasons but was invited to return for this occasion. The chapter first met on February 18, with 226 present, following an organizational meeting earlier with Mr. Norwood in the Heflin home. Leroy Eaton, Dallas chapter president, was guest speaker. Chapter officers are, Frank D. Freudenthal, president; Herman Kanis, vice president; Kenneth Hogan, treasurer; Bob Houpp, secretary; Mel Clark, Ernie Reed and Bill Robertson, board members.

Madison, Wisc. Int'l Dir. Henry Carlson, 4th from left, presenting charter to President Ackley, as officers Wojtal, Rowland, Williamson, and La Frombois watch.



St. Joseph, Mo. Int'l Dir. Bill Norwood, 2nd from left, presenting charter to founding president Heflin, as other officers look on.



Norfolk, Va. Dr. L. O. "Jack" Moore, a retired pastor with a tremendous testimony of salvation, healing, and Holy Spirit baptism, was guest speaker at the Oct. '72 meeting of this chapter. Following his message, many were healed and filled with the Spirit.



"LAZARUS, COME FORTH!"

(Continued from page 26)

I, a modernist preacher, was spiritually dead and all wrapped up in the grave cloths of humanism, existentialism, and doubt. Then Jesus cried out, through Shannon Vandruff, "Ray Jarman, come forth!" and I stumbled out. "Loose him and let him go!" And Shannon, Martin Hay, Ralph Wilkerson and others began to unwrap me. It took visits to Full Gospel Business Men's meetings, personal discussions, and much prayer before I was finally "unwrapped" and came to accept such truths as the second coming of Christ and the baptism in the Holy Spirit. For instance, "Speaking in tongues is ridiculous," I had said; "I don't want that." Then Rev. Wilkerson came and spent a whole day with me, and about three o'clock in the afternoon I was filled with the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues! Now I no longer thought of it as "ridiculous," and I had power to live

the Christian life victoriously. Oh I tell you these are the most wonderful things that can ever happen to any person—to be born again in Jesus Christ and to be baptized in the Holy Spirit!

I had no idea what changes these events would bring about in my life. Everything has since been different. I am a new creature—socially, religiously, morally, and philosophically. Nothing is the same. My whole system of theology changed from that of a modernist and liberal to that of a conservative Pentecostal Bible believer. I did not believe in the Virgin Birth, but now I *know* that Jesus was the Son of God and was born as the Bible tells us. That is the only way His blood could mean anything to me and the only way He could be my Savior. I believe in the miracles, the resurrection, the ascension, the day of Pentecost—and the second coming of our Lord. *Indeed, I can hardly wait for that glorious day!* ■

YOUTH CRUSADES OF AMERICA IN EL PASO

Some 8,000 persons attended a Youth Festival held last October in the County Coliseum in El Paso, Texas, a city of 300,000 population. The Festival was sponsored by Youth Crusades of America, Richard Shakarian, president. Delegations from 106 different churches and civic groups were present. At the altar call about 1,400 stood at the front, from which some 800 accepted Christ as their Savior. Hundreds wept as Willie Murphy and "Big John" Hall led the crowd in singing, "O come, Let Us Adore Him." Shown with Richard are Dan and Linda, two young people among those at the altar.



An Easter Meditation SUCH WONDROUS LOVE!

by **DEMOS SHAKARIAN**

International President, Full Gospel
Business Men's Fellowship

DOWN FROM THE ivory palaces,
into a world of woe . . .

Only His great redeeming love
made my Savior go . . ."

Often we sing that beautiful hymn,
but I wonder how close we can come
to really comprehending its meaning.

For the most part, we live quite
adequately. Most of us have one, and
many have two cars in the garage.
We have nice homes wherein there is
light, warmth, beauty, and comfort.
Some have a little more, some a lit-
tle less, but practically all of us eat
more than we need.

Then I thought of the Son, who
was with the Father from the begin-
ning. Even in our wildest dreams we
cannot imagine all that was His—
all the beauty and the glory, the heav-
enly choirs singing and angels wait-
ing eagerly to do His bidding. The
universe was His! He held the whole
world in His hand! All the wealth
of all the millionaires of all the gen-
erations of earth put together wouldn't
be a patch to what was His when He
was with the Father. As some would

say today, "He had it made."

But He was willing to come down
here to be born as a helpless babe.
He had to divest Himself of *every-
thing*—had to exchange the adora-
tion of the heavenly hosts for the
hatred and spitefulness of sinful men
—had to place Himself in the posi-
tion where even the Father would
turn His back, because God cannot
look upon sin and at Calvary Jesus
"became sin for us." That was the
bitterest moment as He hung upon
the cross and those words of stark
heartbreak were wrung from His lips:
"My God, why hast thou forsaken
me!" All the pain inflicted by men
could not make Him cry out, but
when the Father turned away it broke
His heart. Yet He knew this moment
was coming, for He had said, "For
this cause came I into the world."

You may think that because He
was very God incarnate He was en-
abled to endure all this. But remem-
ber—the human body in which His
Spirit abode suffered as keenly as
yours or mine. For thirty-three years
—during the prime of life—He bore
the burden of a human body—its
hunger, weariness, thirst, cold, lone-
liness, temptation, heartbreak, insult,
rejection. Often a rock was His pil-
low. Many a night He slept out be-
neath the stars with no covering save
the seamless robe Mary wove for
Him. He walked many weary miles
beneath the burning Palestinian sun
—walked among the sickest of the



sick, those both spiritually and physically in need of healing. He mingled with the lame, halt and blind, the lepers, demoniacs, publicans and sinners. *It is beyond comprehension the great love that led Him to willingly do that.*

What if *we* were called upon to give up our homes, families, material possessions—*everything*—to take the Gospel to a sinful, Christ-rejecting world? That would be a traumatic experience for anyone. I'm afraid our reaction might be like the man who said, "If the world treated me as it did Jesus Christ I'd be tempted to kick it to pieces!" Many people have sacrificed in part to serve God, but few have given away their entire fortunes and gone out empty-handed to

follow Jesus.

I haven't done that. God has been good to me. Sure, all my life I've given of money, time, and effort to His work. I've worked hard and traveled far to tell the Gospel story, but actually I haven't given up anything because God has blessed me in return. Jesus is the only one I know who gave up so much and endured so much. Throughout all eternity the marks inflicted by sinful humanity will be upon His body.

Oh, the debt of love we owe! That is why there has never been any effort, either on my part or on the part of others in the Fellowship that has been too demanding. I know so many of you who have gone around the globe—served at the conventions, on the airlifts, at home in the chapters, and in many places where the burden of the world's spiritual hunger and need has weighed heavily; but we have pressed on because we love the Lord and because we love what He has done for us.

We are but pilgrims in this life—just passing through. There is coming a day when this whole world system is going to be brought into accord with God's plan. But in the meantime let us walk softly before God, "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." ■



"A Wing and

by **RAYMOND A. NEILL**

WE OWN AND OPERATE the Neill Aircraft Company located in Long Beach, California. With our large stretch forming press and complete machining and profile department, we are equipped to manufacture aircraft parts and assemblies for all the major producers of jet planes—the big 747, DC 10 and L 1011, and the fighters and bombers for the air force and navy. We also do direct work for the United States Government.

My life began in 1916 in the Ozark hills of Southern Missouri. I was the second son of a family of seven in which there were two brothers—one older and one younger—and two younger sisters. I have five children—three sons and two daughters—and eleven grandchildren.

Life was hard in the early years. My father was a farmer, a sharecropper, and we moved around a lot. Consequently, we attended many secular schools, and Methodist, Baptist, Christian Quaker and a few Pentecostal Sunday schools. My father was not a Christian, but I am sure he be-

lieved in God. My mother taught me to pray, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep . . ." This was the only prayer I knew, and as I grew older sometimes I would say it when I was lonely, but I never really understood much about the Bible or about God.

Misfortune struck at the age of nine. While playing with a dynamite cap it exploded, making necessary the amputation of my left hand. This happened in Gelena, Kansas.

The "Great Depression" began in 1929 and by 1932 things really were rough. I quit school to help support the family. We cut wood in the country and hauled it to town in a Ford Model "T" truck, selling good oak wood for \$1.00 a cord. It was even hard to find customers at that low price unless the weather was really cold. I worked in the fields at farm labor for five cents an hour.

At age 17 I attended an independent church revival in Joplin, Missouri and "tried to get converted," but the people made it seem so hard that I gave up and never sought God

a Prayer"



again until 1948.

In 1943 we moved to California and I started working in an aircraft factory located in Torrance. They hired me at the fabulous wage of 95¢ an hour, so that I was now making \$38.00 a week. Besides that, I felt I was helping in the war effort, for by that time the United States was deeply involved in World War II. I liked my work and the people I worked with. Through application of time and energy on the job, and an effort to better myself by study at home, I was accorded several promotions.

After the war was over most of the defense factories shut down, and Longren Aircrafts, where I worked, laid off most of their 400 employees. After a readjustment program, however, they continued to operate on a smaller scale. I was one of the employees retained by the company, and I believe this was in the will of God for the purpose of preparing me for the future.

Easter morning, 1948, in a little Baptist Mission Church, following a very simple salvation message I went

forward and accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour, believing that what the Bible says about Him is true. And although I felt no special physical sensation, I knew I was saved. As I began reading the Bible, all my bad habits seemed so easy to give up—they just didn't seem important to me any longer. I didn't have to give up my "friends," for when they saw that all I wanted to talk about was God and His great plan, most of them gave *me* up! However, since then God has given me a great host of new and true Christian friends all around the world.

In 1949, while attending a revival meeting in Wilmington, California my life was completely changed. The evangelist, preaching on the subject of tithing, quoted from Malachi 3:8-10, which says that if we do not tithe we rob God. My wife and I went home with sorrow in our hearts; the \$56.00 I brought home each week did not go around too well as it was, and we could not think of taking \$5.60 out of that for the church. Besides, since we were expecting our



fifth child there were doctor and hospital bills to consider, and many things to buy in preparation for the newcomer. After dinner that afternoon Geneva and I took our Bibles and re-read the verses in Malachi. In the tenth verse, the words “prove me now” seemed to stand out in letters of fire.

That afternoon we made a promise to God that we would pay our tithes and let Him work things out. This was the biggest step of faith we had ever taken—and it was a *changing point in our lives*.

Let me tell you what happened.

I put \$5.60 into the offering the next Sunday, with no one except Geneva knowing I had done so, or about

our “deal” with God. On Monday morning my superintendent asked me to take over a very important project—a new method of machining and forming aircraft wing attach fittings used on the F 86 fighter jet built for North American for the United States Department of Defense.

I love a challenge, so I busied myself at my new task, never counting the hours but becoming so ingrossed perfecting this new method that I even forgot about the promise we had made to God. When I received my paycheck, therefore, I was shocked. I couldn’t believe my eyes—\$156.00 take-home pay! As I looked at the check through tears of joy, the numbers faded out of sight and all I could



see were the words: "*Prove me now* herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Praise God!

I hurried home to share the good news with my dear wife. We had proved God. We had kept *our* promise and God had kept *His* promise. And He has never failed us yet; He has met every need—perhaps not all our *wants*, but all our *needs*. There was plenty of money to pay the doctor, the hospital, and other pressing obligations, with some money left over.

Later that year (1949) I received the Holy Spirit, and Geneva received

shortly thereafter. In 1956, Neill Aircraft Company was established, with myself as general manager. In 1959 I became sole owner. *God was good to us*. Our total investment was less than \$10,000 and most of this was borrowed money on our home. God has met our need time and time again. Oh yes, we did without many of the good things of life in the beginning. We worked many long, hard hours—12 to 14 hours was a normal day, and one time I worked 33 hours without going home. In those infrequent times when we did not have enough work to keep our men busy, Geneva and I would pray and work would come in, and our needs would be met. We started our shop with 2,000

sq. ft. of floor space; we now have 60,000 sq. ft. and 30,000 sq. ft. for expansion. Neill Aircraft is now considered a medium-size job shop and is recognized by almost all the major producers of airplanes, missiles, and space vehicles as a good supplier for airframe hardware and assemblies.

In all of this, God must be given

the glory. Without Him we are nothing. And I am a firm believer that you can't live on previous experiences. You must seek God continuously for new blessings. He has a plan for every person. Give your heart to God. Let Jesus rule supreme in your life. Take Him as your partner. God can use you if you will only let Him. ■

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer. Here are the six Scriptural steps which all must take to pass from death unto life:

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). You must acknowledge in the light of God's Word that you are a sinner.

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). You must see the awfulness of sin and then repent of it.

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). "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans 10:10). Confess not to men but to God.

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). Sorrow for sin is not enough in itself. We must want to be done with it once and for all.

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). "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). Believe in the finished work of Christ on the cross.

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). Christ must be received personally into the heart by faith, if the experience of the New Birth is to be yours.

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

When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know about it so that we may rejoice together.

NAME

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Fellowship International
P.O. Box 17904
Los Angeles, California 90017

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April 5-7, 1973

Downtown Motor Inn
David Trench/Wesley Smith, Co-Chmn.
3362 Tara Lane, Indianapolis, Ind. 46224

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

April 19-21, 1973

Bellevue-Stratford Hotel
Earl Prickett/Ralph Marinacci, Co-Chmn.
735 N. Hurffville, Deptford, N.J. 08096

BEAUMONT, TEXAS (Gulf Coast)

April 19-22, 1973

Red Carpet Inn
Casey Jones, Chairman
3795 Wheat Drive, Beaumont, Texas 77706

EL PASO, TEXAS

April 25-28, 1973

Hilton Inn
Ron Cheslik/Sherwin McCurdy, Co-Chmn.
P.O. Box 1111, El Paso, Texas 79999

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

April 26-28, 1973

Ramada Inn, Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Dr. Ray Dalton/Bob Engle/Claude McCulley/
Everett Pyron, Co-Chmn.
126 N. Locust, Centralia, Ill. 62801

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

April 26-28, 1973

Austin H. Ziegler, Chairman
2525 Kiawah Ave., Columbia, S.C. 29205

MODESTO-TURLOCK, CALIFORNIA

May 10-12, 1973

War Memorial Auditorium
Frank Rines/Enoch Christoffersen, Co-Chmn.
807 B. West Roseburg Ave., Modesto, California

GREENLAKE, WISCONSIN

May 24-26, 1973

American Baptist Assembly Grounds
Henry Carlson/Eugene Bailey, Co-Chmn.
564 W. Fulton St., Chicago, Illinois 60606

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

May 24-26, 1973

Queen Mary, Long Beach
Wendell Austin/Paul Toberty, Co-Chmn.
11152 Wallingsford Rd., Apt. I-0
Los Alamitos, Calif. 90720

PORTLAND, OREGON

May 24-26, 1973

Sheraton Hotel
Bill Casselman, Chairman
611 S.W. 10th, Portland, Oregon 97205

PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

May 25-26, 1973

Wilmar Cafeteria
Dean Kelley, Chairman
3510 Cadillac Dr., Parkersburg, W. Va. 26101

NEW YORK WORLD CONVENTION

July 2-7, 1973

Americana Hotel, New York, N.Y.
Simon Vikse, Chairman
84 Gansevoort Blvd., Staten Island, N.Y. 10314

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