

05-85

**FULL GOSPEL
BUSINESS MEN'S**

VOICE

KING OF THE ROAD



Steve Wise



KING OF THE ROAD

Steven Wise, Carrollton, Texas



I was destined to be a professional motorcycle racer of one sort or another. Soon after learning to ride a bicycle, I was ready to compete. At nine, I organized local bicycle races in McAllen, Texas, my hometown—and I usually won.

My father used to take me to watch motorcycle races around the state and at twelve I owned my first motorcycle.

Something else happened that year: I

received Jesus Christ as my Saviour, was baptized in water and became a member of the Baptist church.

My grandparents were very supportive of this, but my dad and my friends were very skeptical. They had seen me go through a lot of ups and downs and thought it was a passing interest. My desire for the Lord was genuine and continuing, but soon racing motorcycles became the #1 pursuit of my life.

At fourteen I raced every Sunday in south Texas, unaware that I was on my way to a career that would fill half my life. As a rookie professional I won the Texas State Championship. By age seventeen I was competing on the professional motocross circuit, traveling across the United States as a top privateer (privately supported racer).

Then in 1978 at age twenty my big break came, the dream of every privateer. American Honda Motor Company offered me a "factory sponsorship." *This is wonderful*, I thought. *All my years of effort are finally paying off.* Honda would pay me a salary, all my travel expenses, supply a personal mechanic to fine-tune the special prototype motorcycles and give me a bonus for winning.

All I had to do was show up, race and be King of the Road.

Over the next four years there were impressive victories for Honda. But despite the prestige, glory and monetary gain, real happiness and satisfaction eluded me. As most do when this happens, I turned even more to the material things offered by the world. I bought cars, boats, a plane, a house—and a studio-sound system to go in the house.

I blew all kinds of money on trivial junk and when it came time to account for it at the end of the year, I had nothing to show. John 10:10 says, "The thief does not come except to steal, and to kill, and to destroy." The enemy of my soul was certainly stealing from me.

Although I had a steady girlfriend, Sandra, whom I truly loved, I treated her so terribly that it is a miracle she stayed with me.



FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S **VOICE**

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In the midst of it all, God was at work in my life. Suddenly I noticed that everywhere I went I ran into Christians.

At practice, someone would tell me about being born again. I would board an airliner to go to a race, carrying the latest issue of a girlie magazine—and for almost two years my seat assignment would be next to someone reading a Bible. I would just slide my magazine into the seat pouch and never look at it, as they would share the love of Jesus with me.

My grandmother Pearl, a godly woman, was always witnessing to me. Sandra kept reading the Bible, convinced there was more to life than she had found. God was calling me to be His child with such a sweet message from heaven. But I was so busy trying to please and indulge myself that I never had time to get serious about God.

Then one night in the middle of August, 1981 a friend, Ronnie LeVeir, came over to my house.

"I want you to hear this backward masking," he announced.

Since I had all the equipment for it, I said, "Fine, let's do it." The song was "Stairway to Heaven" by Led Zeppelin.

At first we couldn't understand what was being said as we played the song backward. Then I began to hear it clearly: "I live with Satan" and other horrible statements.

I invited another friend, Pat Adamson,

for the weekend and played the music for him. Immediately the peaceful atmosphere of my house changed. A strange presence of fear pervaded the place.

That night we couldn't sleep. Pat cried out to me from his room and I jumped up and ran to him. His eyes were like saucers.

"Voices were talking to me!" he said.

Pat didn't stay the whole weekend, but left the next morning because of fear.

I couldn't sleep for nights. I couldn't call Sandra; we had broken up. It seemed that everyone else was busy doing their own thing. I found myself all alone.

I dreaded sundown because it meant another sleepless night ahead. Something awful was happening but I didn't know how to fight it. I did not understand spiritual things, yet I knew something was in my house. I lay in my bed with a Bible over my chest, hoping God would help me.

God knows how to deliver us! August 30 at 10:00 P.M. I received a miracle telephone call from Sam Galvan, a friend who used to tell me often about Jesus.

"I want to come over, Steve," he said. "I have a new Christian tape I want you to hear."

Sam had a family and had never been to my house that late before, but I told him, "Sure, come on over."

When he arrived I tried to act as though things were all right. But it didn't

take long before I was pouring my heart out to him, telling him of my fear and my sin. I wanted God to help me.

Sam told me God would turn my whole life around if I'd just let Him. "Ask Jesus Christ to come into your life and forgive you, Steve, and you can be saved and delivered from this torment. God is more powerful than all these happenings. Everything has to bow to the name of Jesus."

I didn't understand the whys or hows, but in my heart I knew that what he was telling me was true. I asked Jesus into my life as Saviour then and there, and such a love for God swept over me that it left me feeling totally free.

The desires of my life changed totally from that moment. The day before, I had been at my father's motorcycle shop, cursing and yelling nasty jokes. But on Monday I walked in, telling everyone there how Jesus had changed my life. "You need Him, too," I said. They thought I had lost my mind.

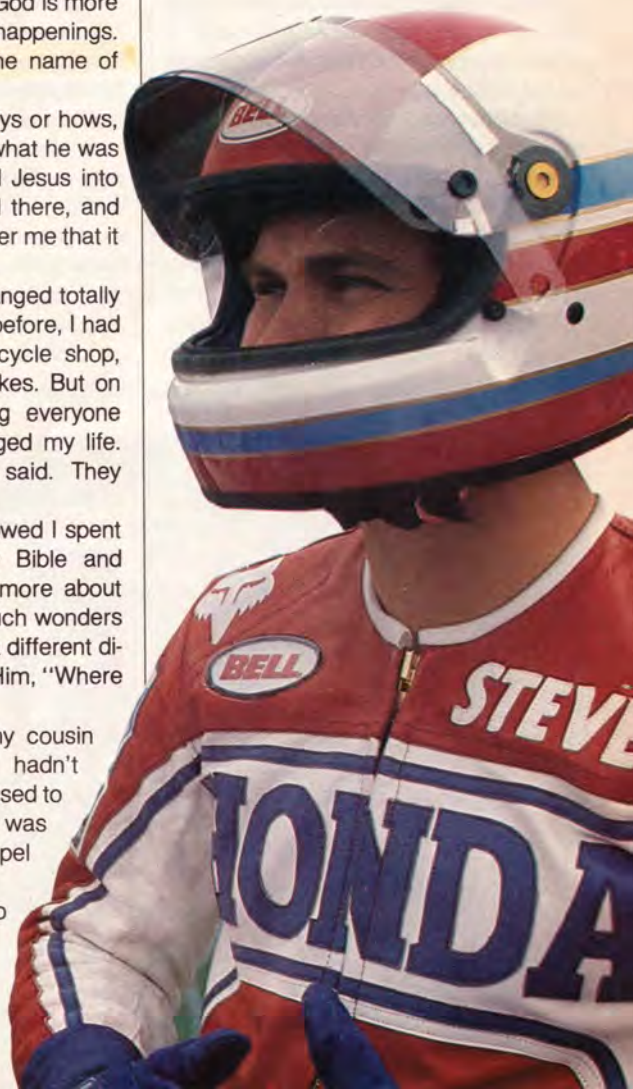
During the week that followed I spent a lot of time reading my Bible and praying. I wanted to know more about this God who had worked such wonders in me. I knew the Lord had a different direction for me now. I asked Him, "Where do I go from here?"

Right after that I saw my cousin David Gray hitchhiking. I hadn't seen him in years. In fact, I used to try to avoid him—I knew he was one of those "Full Gospel Christians."

I couldn't wait for David to

get into my car so that I could share with him what had taken place in my life. He began praising God.

We started fellowshiping regularly. Next David told me about the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I had a feeling this was



what I'd been searching for all along.

In September, one month after my salvation, I received the Baptism at Church of the Good Shepherd. At the end of the service I went forward and asked the pastor and elders to pray for me to receive according to Acts 19. As they all laid hands on me, suddenly by faith I allowed the Holy Spirit to speak out of me a new language.

My father couldn't understand what had happened to me. Many of my old friends quit hanging around. A lot of people said, "Well, Steve has found religion." They were wrong! I had found Jesus Christ and abundant life. My dad later admitted to me that he thought my

racing had gotten better since my commitment to God.

I began to grow closer to the Lord, and to be able to stand when the circumstances looked very bad. I walked stronger and more "on fire" in a whole new dimension with God.

I began to pray for Sandra. I hoped that God would bring us back together. In September she received Jesus and was baptized in the Holy Ghost.

In November of 1981, for the second year in a row, I won the ABC-TV "Wide World of Sports" Superbikers Competition. The race consists of three types of motorcycle racing in one: motocross, flat truck and road racing. I competed with

Steve Wise enjoys Victory Circle after winning first road race



the best motorcycle racers in the world, and was able to give the glory to the Lord in motorcycle magazines, at races, in churches, and to my friends.

Sandra and I were married December 18. However, I had been injured many times in 1981. In spite of the Superbikers victory, American Honda no longer wanted me on the motocross team.

Things were serious. Before being saved, I had entered into a bad business deal and now owed large payments. All Sandra and I knew to do was to pray.

While visiting in Dallas, we went with some friends to their church. The pastor, Bob Tilton, was teaching on giving and receiving.

His message out of Luke 6:38 really touched our hearts: "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

We decided to give half of everything we owned. As I was writing out the check, I knew in my heart that God would meet our need because of His word.

And shortly our miracle came. Because of my winning the Superbikers, Honda thought I would be a good candidate for their road racing team. They were taking quite a chance, though, since I had no experience racing at speeds over 180 mph on paved road courses. The thought of it was actually awesome to me.

Again we prayed and felt that this was God's will for us. God was faithful to His word. Honda offered me far more money than they ever had in my previous four

years on the team.

At my very first Formula 1 road race, the Daytona 200, I placed seventh. Everyone was amazed, including me. The year was very successful. I missed winning the championship by only three points, after leading for most of the season.

At the end of the season the American Motorcycle Association named me rookie road racer of the year, also awarding me the coveted "Professional Athlete of the Year" which goes to the rider with the most dynamic attitude and performance.

I signed a new contract with Honda in 1983. But early in the year in Elkhart, Wisconsin, I flew off the motorcycle at over 80 mph. Knocked out, I suffered very serious injuries.

While I was in intensive care Sandra got the word out to some friends and also to the McAllen Chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. The chapter was holding their monthly dinner meeting at that very moment. Pete Morales, the president, interrupted the meeting for prayer, truly an act of brotherly love and concern.

I know it is because of their prayers and those of my friends, relatives and several churches in the area that I am healed 100 percent now.

Later in the year I returned to race the Superbikers Competition again. This time I was very cautious, riding to my own satisfaction even though I did not place well. After that I decided to retire.

The Lord has opened many doors for me to share the testimony He has given me. I speak at FGBMFI meetings, Fellowship of Christian Athletes chapter

(continued to page 36)

WAIT A WEEK



Jim Rosencutter, Guthrie, Oklahoma

Sitting on the side of my bed that morning in August, 1973, I was more tired than I had ever been. I felt as if my world had come to an end. My marriage of twenty-four years was over; the ten-acre farm which had been my lifelong dream had turned into a

nightmare; I was sick mentally, physically and spiritually.

Our crops had failed. Our cows got sick. A horse threw and stomped me. Arthritis racked my body. My fingers were bent, with big knobs on the joints, so that I cried when I tried to milk my cow. I

could scarcely lift my arms above my head, which hindered my fulltime job in the town near our farm as a sheetmetal worker.

I had developed a deep resentment of everyone and everything, most of all of myself. At forty-nine, I had decided that I was a total failure, unable to give a reason for living another day. I believed the world would be a better place without me.

Taking a 410 shotgun, I went to the woods and sat on a log. My heart was crying out. Would God understand my loneliness and exhaustion and forgive me for what I planned to do?

I had always believed in God, but I had never given my life to Him, though I had tried a number of denominational churches at different times.

As I sat there musing, it seemed as if a large bowl had been set over me, shutting out every sound except that of a gentle breeze. With it came a feeling of peace that I had never known before.

Then I heard a voice: "Wait a week."

Wait a week? The words rang in my ears. Had God really spoken to me? My mind couldn't comprehend this.

Then as the sounds of the world returned, I thought, *If that message was from God, maybe I had better wait another week and see what is going to happen.* Another week wouldn't make that much difference, anyway. My life couldn't get any worse.

There was plenty of time, during the week that followed, to think about my life. I had grown up in Manhattan, Kansas during the Depression, in a poor family,

the youngest of fourteen children. Our childhood was a happy one and our parents loving, though they never went to church.

When I was seven a man by the name of Elmo Davis used to pick up a bunch of us "ragamuffin" kids, take us to his home and tell us stories about Jesus while his wife fed us cookies. Elmo got most of us started in Sunday school at the Free Methodist Church, but I soon dropped out.

By the time I was twelve I had ridden freight trains all over Kansas for excitement. At eighteen I joined the Navy and

At forty-nine, I had decided that I was a total failure

served three years in World War II.

After the war I married and had two children. But the marriage was doomed from the start, and a continual pattern of quarreling developed. Each time things got bad I would move to a new location; the duties of getting resettled seemed to take the pressure off our relationship for a while.

We went from Colorado to Florida, to Kansas, to Missouri, then back to Florida and finally to Oklahoma. As a union worker, my job could last from two weeks to three years.

In Colorado I took a Bible study and worshiped at a church that was not tolerant of divorced persons. This created still more marital problems: my wife,

a divorcee, couldn't join and wanted me to stop going.

In the late '50s and early '60s I continued my search in various churches. I went down to the altar, but I didn't understand the meaning of repentance.

Finally we settled on a ten-acre farm near McAlester, Oklahoma, where I could still work at my sheetmetal trade. We raised vegetables, chickens, pigs and cows. The farm was the dream of my life, but our marriage worsened.

Finally the day came in 1973 when God intervened in my suicide and told me to wait a week.

A week to the day after God had spoken to my heart, Jesus came riding with a Christian in a pickup truck into the backyard at my farm. I knew that God had sent this man, before he even spoke. Within five minutes he had presented the gospel of Jesus to me, and I was bowing my head to make Jesus my Lord and Saviour. For the first time, I knew the meaning of the words in that song: "My Burdens Rolled Away."

The man who brought Jesus into my life that day—August 13, 1973—was Cliff Bryan of McAlester. At that time he was president of the local chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, of which I knew nothing.

After I accepted Jesus as my Lord, Cliff prayed for me in a language which I couldn't understand, but God could. It was as if I had been plugged into 220 volts of electricity. The knobs melted off my fingers and the pain that had constantly wracked my body left at once—and is still gone.

Within a few days of my being born

again, God began giving me messages which I wrote down.

The first of these was that Jesus is searching through the world today as never before, for men from all walks of life who will serve Him, picking them up from the dregs of life, putting the words of God and the love of Jesus in their hearts, and sending them out to preach the Gospel.



One day a cat ran across the road in front of my pickup. Upon safely reaching the other side, the cat suddenly turned and ran back beneath the wheels. Saddened by the animal's death, I prayed.

God spoke: "Son, many men die each day for the same reason the cat died. It crossed the road to safety, had one moment of indecision, turned back and lost its life."

I could see the many chances God had given me during my life to cross the road to safety, but, like many others, I had waited until I hung over the very edge of the bottomless pit.

During the next few weeks Cliff Bryan invited me to some cottage prayer meetings. By now I knew the Holy Spirit was at work in my life, but I didn't know about the gifts of the Spirit.

During these prayer meetings, these zealous brothers and sisters would place a chair in the middle of the room, lay their hands on anyone in need or who wanted to be filled with the Holy Spirit, and pray.

One night a few weeks after I was saved they asked if I wouldn't like to receive the gift of speaking in tongues. Reluctantly I sat in the chair. As they prayed, the devil started whispering, "The sounds that want to come out of your mouth are just in your imagination. Man can't evoke speaking in tongues! If God wanted a man to do this, he'd speak in tongues whether he wanted to or not."

This really upset me. As I drove home from the prayer meeting, I remembered that I had been invited to attend an FGBMFI breakfast the next morning and to give a testimony about my healing. I knew that the men who had attended the

prayer meeting would be at the breakfast. I forgot about my healing; all I could think about was this tongues business. I determined to tell the men at the breakfast a thing or two about speaking in tongues.

The next morning I had to drive about twenty miles. The further I went the more upset I got. I was running late and the old pickup used a lot of oil. About halfway to McAlester the oil warning lit up. I stopped and put in a couple of quarts of oil that I carried in case of emergency.

When I got back into the pickup and turned the key, nothing happened, not even a click. How could this be? I had bought a new battery just two weeks before.

Then it occurred—the most awesome thing of my life: a booming voice that engulfed my whole being. It was as if I were hearing this voice through the very pores of my skin: "*Do not speak against the tongues!*"

I trembled so that I could scarcely answer. "Okay, Lord, I won't speak against the tongues."

In a few days I asked God for the gift of tongues and received it. With this experience came a new and different relationship with Him and a new understanding of spiritual things.

Although our marriage was already at an end, I still had hopes of making it work, until March of 1974 when the last bonds were severed and I found myself alone in the world, having lost everything

If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through *Voice*, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

near and dear to me. But I still had the most precious thing in the world and no man could take it from me: God's gift of salvation and Jesus as my Lord.

God had a restoration plan for me. In 1976 I married again. Gloria loves God and shares my desire to serve Him. We are active in our church, ministering to others, and I give my testimony wherever I am invited.

Today at sixty, because of Jesus, I am in better health than I was at forty. God has taken me out of the sheetmetal trade and put me into the antique and jewelry business. He has richly blessed all of our endeavors.

When God opened the prison doors at Philippi with an earthquake, the Philipian jailer, hearing that the prisoners had escaped, saw suicide as his only option. Paul and Silas stopped him, showing him that all were present and accounted for.

He asked the apostles, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Their answer was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house" (Acts 16:31).

God is faithful to His promise. Nearly all of our children, their spouses and our grandchildren are saved. And God isn't through yet.

But my burden for souls is much wider than my own family. That is the reason that I have become active in Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. The primary purpose of this ministry is to reach people for Jesus.

Every day God reminds me that one soul is worth more than the world and all its riches. This was hard for me to understand until one day I almost lost my own. □



Jim and Gloria Rosencutter have owned and operated an antique business in Guthrie, Oklahoma for six years. Jim served as radioman third class in the U.S. Navy during World War II and worked at the sheetmetal trade for approximately thirty years. The Rosencutters are members of Trinity Height Fellowship in Edmond and have two sons, Joseph and Bob, and two daughters, Kayla and Kristy. Jim is a member of FGBMFT's Edmond Chapter.



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Men, you can honor Founder/President Demos Shakarian on his 72nd birthday by becoming a FGBMFI member for life. Send the coupon below with your check for \$300 to receive your life membership card and gold pin. (This special membership offer will not be extended beyond July, 1985.)

Enclosed is my \$300 donation for life membership in Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. (Mail checks to: FGBMFI/P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.)

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Name _____

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☐ I am a member of Chapter # _____ ☐ I am not currently a chapter member.

NATIONAL DAY OF PRAYER

Ronald Reagan, president of the United States, has proclaimed May 2 as a National Day of Prayer.

All members of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship are requested to observe this day with prayer for their nation and the needs of the world.

FGBMFI chapters are encouraged to arrange a special event such as a prayer breakfast or prayer luncheon to which they would invite community leaders.



Deidre Davidson Photo

TAKE ONE

Doug Shanklin
Burbank, California

He lives
for more
than
acting



In April, 1978 my girlfriend Marilyn and I were using a phone booth on Santa Monica Boulevard in Hollywood. A man pulled his car over to the curb, got out and started talking to us. At first I thought this guy was really nervy. But I didn't tell him to push off because there was something different about him which attracted me.

Finally he said, "Why don't you come out to my place in Hermosa Beach on Saturday?"

To my surprise on Saturday morning this Jerry Sinclair—who turned out to be a songwriter—calls me and says, "Are you guys coming out?"

We went over to his place. And it wasn't two weeks later that both my girlfriend and I accepted Jesus Christ.

God answered my mother's prayers. He sent Jerry Sinclair along to help. Just two weeks before, my mom had become so frustrated praying for my salvation for three years that she told God, "You take him. The way he lives is tearing me apart."

I don't know if she knew this part, but I had taken the inside out of my refrigerator so I could fill it with a large keg of beer. Then I put a tap through the door and drank my breakfast, lunch and dinner.

My brother Gary and I grew up back in South Bend, Indiana. My father was a sales representative and Mom was a beautician. Two, three or four times a week Mom would be at all of our ballgames and track events to cheer us



Doug Shanklin, in lead role, rests between takes on set of movie "Dark Force"

on, and my dad too, when he could.

My folks used to take us to the Presbyterian church. When I was about eight I got behind my brother in a line of people waiting to speak to counselors about salvation, after we'd seen a movie of a Billy Graham crusade. The counselors took us to a back room and told us about Jesus. Their words really ministered to my spirit that Jesus was real.

We loved to go water skiing in South Bend, and sometimes if it was raining I would say a simple prayer: "God, would You make it clear today?" When the weather cleared I knew it was God. During tests in school I asked Him to help me get a decent score and He did.

By the time I was in high school our family had quit going to church. Football,

basketball and track were my sports. At 6'4½" I had the build. My athletic drive helped me to stay away from smoking and drinking. I attributed that to God, too.

After high-school graduation I went to a Baptist college on a four-year basketball scholarship. Halfway through my freshman year I started to drink because all the people around me did. Then I was introduced to drugs and sexual activity. My lifestyle and attitude were "take all you can get."

By the time I was a senior I was known as the school prankster. People tolerated me, though, because I was one of the star basketball players.

After college I was commissioned into the Marine Corps as a second lieutenant and played basketball. It was easy duty.



I yelled, 'Mom, don't tell me what the Bible says. You've never read it!'

All we did was practice, travel and play ball. In 1975 I went home on leave, just before a thirteen-month tour of duty in Iwakuni, Japan. By this time I was a first lieutenant. I partied and stayed out all night with the ladies.

To Mom this was the worst. One morning when I came home she sat down with me and said, "Doug, I can't stand what you're doing."

She started telling me what the Bible said.

I yelled, "Mom, don't tell me what the Bible says. You've never read it!"

She jumped up from the table and wagged her finger in my face. "You pack your bag and get out of this house right now, and don't come back!"

I stomped to the bedroom, grabbed my duffel bag and left.

Dad and I met in parking lots and coffeshops after that until I left for Iwakuni. His attitude was, "Doug's a nice guy, out sowing his wild oats." But this was a pretty drastic situation for a family as close as ours had always been.

At Iwakuni there was a lot of spare time on our hands, and alcohol was dirt cheap. That's where I really started drinking heavily. It led to some disciplinary action. Because of it I became BOQ officer and wasn't allowed to play basketball anymore.

In the meantime, the same hurt and confusion churning inside of me because of our falling-out had been bothering Mom, too. For the next six weeks after I left for Japan, she read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation.

Then she dragged Dad to a Kathryn Kuhlman meeting. "Do it for Doug," she told him. Reluctantly he went. At that meeting Dad lost all desire for cigarettes and was healed of his longstanding chest congestion and smoker's hack.

Dad and Mom rededicated their lives to the Lord and were filled with the Holy Spirit. Though Mom must've been praying for me a long time before this, now her prayers had boldness and power.

I didn't know about any of it until much later. But Dad and Mom started ending every letter to me with "God bless you." Since I hadn't ever seen any real power of God in their lives, that just didn't register. In fact, it made me angry.

When I was discharged at Camp Pendleton in June of 1976 I decided to start my acting career in California. I had

already been accepted to begin a master's program in theater at University of California in Irvine the following January. In the meantime, I took all the acting, theater, fencing and dance classes I could get at Orange Coast College in Costa Mesa.

Then I wrote my mom that I was taking a yoga class in college. She sent back a high-pitched five-page letter about how bad yoga was. I couldn't see what she was so upset about. Shortly after that in a phone call with her I said something very derogatory about Jesus. After that Mom and I didn't talk anymore.

I wound up staying on at Orange Coast for a year. There I met Marilyn, also an acting student. The following year we both moved to Hollywood. And that's when we had our encounter with Jerry Sinclair.

Jerry took us to a small church on the beach about a week later. When the pastor started speaking, tears ran down my cheeks. I didn't understand what was happening to me.

That week Jerry's pastors, an older couple, ministered to me in their home. As they prayed with me for at least three hours, some really nasty spirits manifested themselves. They cast them out. Marilyn, who was backslidden, recommitted her life to Christ at this time and we both walked out of there speaking in tongues.

The next Sunday we went to Church on the Way in Van Nuys. I put my hand up to accept Jesus publicly.

One night when Marilyn returned from visiting her parents, I had decided to ask her to marry me. We weren't together five minutes when we were in a big fight.

I told her, "I came here to ask you to marry me. Now I'll never do it!" I stormed out.

We went together to a counselor at Church on the Way. As soon as we stood in his office our hearts got in line. We wound up getting married.

Meanwhile, Mom and Dad had been growing stronger in the Lord. They were overjoyed to hear of my salvation. Gradually the Lord was restoring all of my relationships.

For the next four years or so we attended Church on the Way and grew in

We weren't together five minutes when we were in a big fight

knowledge of the Lord. God did many miraculous things in our lives. One happened when our son was born.

Christian was premature by three months, but he never had any complications. He did have to stay in the hospital for three weeks, though.

I didn't have any acting jobs at the time and we were broke. When Marilyn went to the hospital to have Christian I slept on the beach at night because I had no place to go. After she came home from the hospital we lived for three weeks with Jerry Sinclair. Screen Actors Guild insurance covered the medical expenses. Marilyn's folks helped us with money and other things they collected from relatives. My brother lent me money to get into a house.



Another miracle happened in 1979 when we drove the forty-five miles from where we lived on Lookout Mountain to Anaheim to hear evangelist Kenneth Copeland in one of his teaching crusades. I used my last three dollars to buy gas for our '64 Chevy. I believed God would bless us and someone would come by and give us money for gas.

We sat through the meeting, but no one walked up and gave us a thing.

We got back to our car late at night. I thought, "Dear God, I can't believe You'd let this happen to us."

We started driving. The gauge said empty. I told Marilyn, "Just start praising the Lord!"

We did, and that car got us all the way back into Hollywood. But as we started up Lookout Mountain on our last mile home the engine died.

By this time, though, we had seen God's power and we were really into praising Him. I said firmly, "No! I'm going *all* the way in the name of Jesus!" That car took off and drove us the last

mile, right up to the house. We parked and praised the Lord some more.

God has really worked miracles in my career, too. Shortly after I got saved, I believed God for a lead in a television series. I got the lead. Then the series bombed. I was so crushed, I didn't know if I wanted to act anymore.

But after a couple of months, again I had that burning desire to act. I heard about a Melodyland drama group that needed a good actress and singer. It would be a good opportunity for Marilyn, so I took her there for an audition.

They were doing a play called "The Devil and Davey Webster." When I walked in the whole place went quiet. They'd been praying for a tall, blond evangelist to play Davey Webster, and they decided I was their answer.

Marilyn and I ministered with that group without pay for two and a half years, performing in the evenings around southern California and several times across the country.

To meet our financial needs I developed my own home-remodeling company in the Los Angeles area. While I was in college in the East I had worked summers at a variety of construction jobs, and had the experience needed.

We believed that the Lord wanted us back in Hollywood. In 1983 He gave us a Christian agent and opened the doors. I co-starred and guested on several TV shows: "Matt Houston," "Fantasy Island" "Three's Company," "CHIPS," and had a recurring role in "Dynasty." In films, I had a featured role in "Star Trek III" and the lead in "Breakthrough."

Next I did a television series, "Other

World," for Universal, followed by the starring role in the feature film, "Dark Force." The exciting thing about this movie is that it was created for secular audiences but it sheds scriptural light on demonic possession.

But I don't live and die for acting anymore. I live for the Lord. I act because that's where God has put me. He gave me the abilities and He put the desire in my heart to do it.

In between TV and film projects, my work is cut out for me. For the last two years I've been able to spread the Good News in churches, at FGBMFI meetings and over Christian television across the country.

God is faithful to His word, His word is power, and His gifts still operate. When I got up to speak recently at an FGBMFI meeting in California, the Lord set my testimony aside as He pointed out the needs of the people and moved powerfully to meet those needs.

My story is truly a prodigal-son narrative, and offers encouragement to parents to be faithful in prayer for their wayward children. But here's another point that shouldn't be overlooked: how God used my parents' concern for me to draw them into a vital relationship with Him.

The Lord is faithful to answer prayers for their children when parents surrender themselves and their children completely to Him. When we get to the point where we love them the way Jesus loves us, we open the door for God to move into their lives. He is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance" (II Peter 3:9). □



Doug Shanklin has a B.A. degree in speech and dramatic arts from Charleston, South Carolina, studied at Orange Coast College in Southern California, and received further professional training at the Lee Strasberg Theatre Institute in Los Angeles. He served three years with the U.S. Marine Corps. In addition to his movie, television and stage experience, he is a licensed pilot, aerobatics stuntman and gun expert. He has appeared over six TBN talkshows. He and his wife Marilyn have one son, Christian, age five, and are members of South Bay Christian Center in Compton, where Doug is president of the men's fellowship. He is a member of the Long Beach Chapter, FGBMFI.

SUCCESSFUL



FAILURE

Bob Zanesky, Westport, Connecticut

I grew up on the tough east side of Bridgeport, Connecticut, hungry for recognition from others. As far back as I can remember I looked for ways to excel and to win applause.

I was blessed with natural athletic ability, so in high school I used sports as my ladder to success. As a freshman I led the basketball team in scoring and was named captain, but I didn't even try out for the squad in my junior and senior

years. After all, I'd proven myself successful so why try to duplicate earlier feats?

The same thing happened in baseball. After I pitched my first no-hitter I turned in my uniform. I'd gone as far as I could in sports; now it was time to excel in other areas.

Academics looked challenging, so during college years at West Virginia Wesleyan I studied hard. Bingo! I rose

above my fellow students and graduated among the top 10 percent with a 3.8 grade-point average. Along the way, I achieved notoriety as the national chug-a-lug champion of the Kappa Alpha Order. None of my fraternity brothers could quaff a pitcher of beer as quickly as I.

Besides college, I had spent two years in the Army, married in 1955, and worked at a variety of jobs: selling jewelry, rebuilding machinery, and many parttime jobs during college as truckdriver, construction worker, and in cost and payroll accounting.

Following law school at Boston University, I opened a general practice in my home state in 1960, became involved in politics, and in 1964 was named Assistant Attorney General of Connecticut. Judges called me the top young trial lawyer in the state, and I had the privilege of handling a number of cases of first impression, resulting in new laws.

After two years in Hartford I joined a private law firm where my income nearly quadrupled in my first year.

As the big bucks flooded in, I grabbed for symbols of my soaring status in the legal profession. We moved into a 5,000-square-foot house, complete with in-ground swimming pool. And what neighbors we had around us. Our town, Westport, is an affluent Long Island Sound community which claims more writers, media stars and professional people per capita than any place in the U.S.A.

I joined the country club, where I played golf four or five times a week. I also made sure that my wife Barbara drove the automobile of distinction in

Westport: a nine-passenger station wagon with optional French poodle to go along on shopping trips.

Strangely, neither these material treasures nor the fact that I'd accomplished more in fifteen years than many lawyers achieve in a lifetime brought the satisfaction I'd expected. Instead there was an aching void inside, a spiritual dimension that was unfulfilled.

Meanwhile, the drinking that had given me awards in college was taking over my life inch by inch. I couldn't tee off at the club without strapping a case of beer to

As the big bucks flooded in, I grabbed for symbols of success

the back of the golf cart. Most of the cans were empty by the time we finished eighteen holes. Then I'd retire to the clubhouse, kick off my spikes and sit around the card table until two or three in the morning.

Of course I spent the evening drinking transfusions as the action unfolded. Sometimes I'd arrive home just as the sun was rising, shower and shave, then dash to the office to begin another day. It sounds impossible, but even with this lifestyle I wasn't losing in the courtroom.

Naturally, there were days when I had to go to the office or courtroom in the afternoons as well as mornings, but I'd steel myself for the ordeal by downing five or more martinis for lunch. Sometimes I'd return to court unable to identify

the jurors I'd selected in the morning session.

Despite my dependence on alcohol, I couldn't see what it was doing to my marriage or that it would soon put my legal career in jeopardy.

On April 18, 1980 something happened to change the direction of my life. My youngsters attend a church-sponsored academy in Norwalk, and one night they told me about a revival meeting taking place at the church, with Johnny Cash's

wasn't hungover or golfing. I had gone to several Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meetings. The fact remained that I'd never attended a Bible study group or prayer meeting; I was forty-eight years old and had never held a Bible in my hand.

The kids badgered me into going to the service, although I was less than enthusiastic. The whole thing sounded too religious, and after I saw what was taking place I got scared and tried to leave. My



Left, Bob and Barbara on their wedding day, February 5, 1955. Right, the Zanesky family: Robert, Bob and Betty, Barbara and Karen.

sister, Joanne Cash Yates.

I had no idea what a revival meeting was supposed to be. I had been raised as a Catholic, married in the Episcopal Church, and eventually we had become members of the Lutheran Church. Barbara had taught Sunday school since a teenager and attended many church activities. I accompanied her whenever I

wife pulled me back into my seat and after a few minutes I found the sermon rather interesting.

The guest speaker, Dr. Harry Yates, was talking about what happens when people disobey the Word of God. He used a story from the Old Testament to illustrate his point. The Israelites wandered for forty years in the wilderness because

they couldn't trust God or obey His command to enter the Promised Land.

At the end of the service Dr. Yates urged the congregation to fast, to go without food all the next day. I accepted his challenge. I'd show the world that I could hold out against food and booze for twenty-four hours.

The next day, Friday, I skipped breakfast and lunch. I even went through eighteen holes at the country club without my trademark, the case of beer. But when my partner and I pulled up at "the nineteenth hole," I broke my fast. I ate ten olives, and those olives came out of ten extra-dry martinis.

It was getting dark when I glanced at the clock on the wall and remembered the revival. I rushed home only to find that Barbara was not in a churchgoing mood—not after she caught a whiff of my breath.

I was determined to attend the meeting. Barbara was just as determined not to let me out of the house.

"I'm not going to church with a drunk," she cried in alarm. She knew that when I was loaded I was the center of attention and an embarrassment to my own reputation.

Poor Barbara. Her mother had warned her that, when the bad times outnumbered the good times, divorce was a valid option. My wife had been keeping score and it was getting too close for comfort.

She and I were in the middle of a knock-down drag-out when the doorbell rang. My former law partner, a real Christian, had stopped to borrow my camper for the weekend, but when he

saw what was happening he stayed to help.

Edmond prayed for both of us, then convinced Barbara to let me attend the revival again that night. We brought along our son Robert, home for a few days from the Navy, and his buddy, Steve.

We arrived at church and piled into a back row where we wouldn't be too noticeable, but when I started to sing, people noticed. Remember, I hadn't showered or changed clothes since being out on the fairway. Besides, I'd come through the doors smelling like an aging bar towel.

I had come through the doors smelling like an aging bar towel

By the time we'd sung three hymns, five rows around me had emptied.

Dr. Yates' sermon hit me hard. I'd tried to prove how strong I could be, yet I hadn't been able to make it through even one day without getting drunk. I thought about my professional achievements, yet they left me unfulfilled and my marriage in ruins. Something was missing in my life, and Dr. Yates said that "something" was Jesus Christ.

Should I wait to clean up my life before giving myself to Christ? Dr. Yates said that Jesus would take a person just the way he was.

That's all I needed to hear. When Dr. Yates invited those who wanted Christ to come forward, I was the first to step into the aisle.

People stared as I weaved forward in my bright golf shirt and pants. They smiled at the golf glove stuffed in my back pocket, its empty fingers waving at the congregation as I neared the altar. People sniffed the aroma as I passed by, and couldn't miss hearing the crunch,

pray the sinner's prayer and dedicate myself to Him.

Those who saw what happened next will always believe in miracles. In a moment my eyes lost that bloodshot look and became perfectly clear. The smell of booze disappeared from my breath, and



Butterfly symbol of new birth, given to the Zaneskys by an altar worker, contains photographs of some of the family members who got saved when Bob did; Bible is open at Dr. Yates' text

crunch as my spiked shoes bit into the wooden floor.

I wasn't aware of the scene I'd caused until much later. I only knew that I needed Jesus in my life, and I wanted to

people nearby sensed that God was sending a freshness into the room which seemed to purify the whole atmosphere.

People slipped over to pray with me, embraced me as a new brother in Christ

and offered words of encouragement.

Gradually I realized that I hadn't come to the altar alone. I'd led a rag-tag parade, including my wife, who was still wearing her house slippers, my son who had been messed up with pot, and his Navy buddy who hadn't heard of Jesus until that service. My daughter and son-in-law-to-be, our two younger children who had invited me to the revival, and two grandchildren all came forward and were saved right behind this old drunk.

What a family reunion we had that night! It was different than any we had known previously, because this time Jesus was in our midst.

That night I made a great discovery. I found that one second in fellowship with Jesus Christ brings more joy than all the years wasted trying to be a success and partying.

My new relationship with Christ brought changes, both in my personal habits and in my professional life. Instead of gambling and drinking nights away, I spent hours in studying the Bible on my own, then joined a Bible-study group. I wasn't just trying to master facts and doctrines; I honestly wanted to discover what God had to say for my life so that I could obey Him fully.

I also became active in the Norwalk, Connecticut chapter of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. This organization has given me a chance to share my testimony in many places, for which I praise God.

In court, I no longer try to get clients, especially young people, free on technicalities. Instead, I work with officials in

getting offenders into rehabilitation programs like Teen Challenge, where their lives may be straightened out. Some of these have graduated from these programs and themselves become leaders in rehabilitation ministries.

Before I met Christ I may have been successful in the eyes of the world, but inside I knew that I was a failure in things that really count. Jesus changed all that. He's given me a peace beyond description and the assurance that with Him in my life I won't fail. □



Bob Zanesky has a B.A. degree from West Virginia Wesleyan and an LL.B. degree from Boston University School of Law. He served with the U.S. Army as a training instructor. Except for three years as Assistant Attorney General of Connecticut, he has been in the private practice of law since 1960, including being Corporation Counsel for the City of Norwalk from 1975-77. He and his wife Barbara have four children: Karen, Alyson, Robert and Paul. Bob is a member of FGBMFT's Norwalk (CT) Chapter. The Zaneskys are members of Parkway Assembly of God Church in Norwalk, where Bob is a deacon.

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The international directors listed on these pages give direction to the multifaceted ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in eighty-four countries of the world. They also provide leadership in achieving the goals of the Fellowship:

1. To enlist one million members to serve in the last great harvest of souls;
2. To establish 40,000 chapters throughout the world;
3. To have chapters in every nation on earth.

These international directors serve without remuneration, pay their own expenses, and contribute generously in support of this worldwide ministry.

Their names and addresses are provided as a convenient point of contact for you to learn when and where chapters meet in your area, or to receive needed spiritual ministry.

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Bill Hewat, Elmira, Ontario, Canada

When a doctor strikes an easy-going pose by sitting on the edge of your bed, beware! He's sure to tell you bad news. If he also lights a cigarette the news will be very bad.

My doctor was working on his seventh smoke when he finally got to the point. "Bill, this may scare the daylights out of you, but you have a rare blood disease. It's incurable. I don't know if you have one month or a year."

They'd done all they could. I had been sent home while they finished the tests at Kitchener-Waterloo Hospital. My stomach churned and I mentally screamed, "There's got to be some mistake."

Of course. . . . The doctor was exaggerating so that I'd adopt a more relaxed lifestyle. After all, I was Macho Bill. Every day I would look in the mirror and exclaim, just as I had learned and taught in Dale Carnegie courses, "This is your day! You're a winner and you're going to beat the competition today. Nothing can stop you, Bill."

For more than thirty years, nothing had. I climbed and climbed the corporate ladder, and at last the top rungs were in sight. There was no way I could die without realizing my career goals.

I had begun as a hard rock miner during the Depression. After graduating from Central Technical School in Toronto, I started my business career as a

Will I See Tomorrow?



chemist with the Federal Government. Then I joined the chemical division of Uniroyal, Inc., in Elmira, Ontario, as a development plant foreman.

At first I felt pride in being a good employee and providing for my family (by this time my wife Frances and I had three children). But at some point pride shifted into something selfish. Ambition ran away with my priorities. Believing that I could achieve whatever I set my heart upon and was willing to work for, I harnessed my energies to reach for the top and vowed not to quit until I'd become "Mr. Uniroyal."

The formula was simple: pick friends carefully and work long hours. I chose as friends people with contacts in high places who could make the right connections when I needed their help. When they were no longer useful to me I shoved them out of the way and substituted others. Twelve- to fourteen-hour workdays became commonplace. My superiors noticed, applauded my commitment and regularly awarded promotions.

With the advancements came larger paychecks, which opened doors to the good life. Memberships in clubs, the best cars and many luxuries for my family brought our way of living to a new plateau.

Then I was named plant manager and helped Uniroyal put up a million-dollar building in Alberta. The operation succeeded, largely because of my friendships with key officials. I knew how to "pull strings" in high places in order to secure whatever was needed at the moment, and these contacts paid off hand-

somely. I became sales manager for the Province of Ontario.

Like so many ambitious management types, I'd slipped into the habit of loving things and using people. Even members of my family became pawns in the corporate games I played in the quest for success.

In the process of working on the road for weeks at a time I found that I needed something to get through those long nights. For me, that something became alcohol. I also used it to buy business. Some nights I would stay out drinking until three or four o'clock. Even though I drank a quart of whiskey a day, I pulled myself out of bed and into the office day after day.

Unfortunately, the human body can stand only so much "fast-lane living." There are no exceptions to the laws of the universe. Gradually I began to suffer severe mood swings, flying into a rage at the slightest pressures. I even vented my wrath on Fran and the kids. Sometimes I was too depressed to get out of bed for a whole weekend.

The doctor prescribed pills to help me sleep, then added pills to help me wake up. These drugs, washed down with liberal doses of booze, propelled me into a blockbuster-sized depression. All this time, I had felt I was only a "social drinker," but now with fear I was facing the fact that I had become alcohol-addicted. For the first time, I couldn't function well in the management capacity and my performance ratings took a nosedive.

That's when, in 1968, Uniroyal insisted that I go to the hospital for testing. Enter

my chain-smoking doctor friend.

My disease was called lupus erythematosus, often nicknamed "the great imitator" because it resembles so many other maladies. Antibodies in the victim's body fail to recognize organs such as kidneys, lungs and heart as one's own and begin a process of rejection. Cells, both good and bad, are devoured without discrimination. The illness resembles arthritis, with swelling in the joints, much pain and fluid buildup. Extreme fatigue makes even lifting one's head from the pillow an ordeal.

Medicine brought temporary relief

**'I've seen those
television evangelists,' I
growled. 'They're all
phonies.'**

from the symptoms, but had an adverse effect. One leached calcium from my bones. Fragile vertebrae could crack with the simplest movements; I cracked ribs four times. Another high-dosage drug was carcinogenic; still another, retina-toxic.

For five years I was off work, on a disability pension. For the first half of that time I wore a steel brace over my upper body and spent 75 percent of the time in bed.

I reminded God of my church work; that I had been raised in mainline churches, baptized, confirmed, sang in choirs and worked on church boards. It seemed He did not hear. In spite of all I had done to my family, they grieved and I waited; waited for the relief that only

death could bring.

One day in May of 1971 my married daughter Nancy arrived from Toronto for a visit. Our conversation turned to religion and a Christian television show she had seen recently. The speaker had talked about Jesus being more than a great historical figure, declaring that the Lord could heal men and women today.

Nancy wondered if I'd ever considered asking for divine help.

I was indignant. "I've seen those television evangelists," I growled. "They're all phonies. . . . The whole business is just garbage."

The subject changed, but Nancy couldn't forget the program. Does Jesus really heal people in the twentieth century? Could He do for her father what medical science was failing to accomplish?

Wanting to learn more, my daughter attended some spiritual meetings and, unknown to me, became convinced that my lupus could be conquered by God's power.

One weekend I felt well enough to drive the forty miles to Nancy's home. Saturday morning I slept in while my wife and she went to an all-day charismatic conference at a large church in the center of the city. I was enjoying the quietness when the phone rang. Nancy wanted me to come to a service at noon.

I hung up, but she called back. "Dad," she pleaded, "you know that I've never coaxed you about anything. Please do this for me. Just once."

Something inside seemed to whisper, "You won't be able to do anything for her or anybody else much longer. Why not say yes?" A few minutes later I was on

my way, vowing to turn around if there wasn't a parking spot close by. Would you believe that there was only one space in sight, and it was right in front of that downtown church?

On my rare visits to church I had been a back-seater, but this afternoon my family marched me down to the second row from the front. The speaker turned out to be a female evangelist. I'd always believed that women have their place—but not in a pulpit. Since I couldn't escape, I sat back judgmentally to hear what Roxanne Brant had to say.

Woman or not, Miss Brant spoke with an authority I'd seldom heard. She began to point out people and to pray for their healing. I thought, *These people are planted to say they're healed!* But the scene was repeated too often; there weren't that many good actors in Toronto. *Well, she must be using mental telepathy*, was my next idea.

Suddenly I realized that this was a healing service. I'd been tricked! I was furious. One thing I was sure of: I would never go up in front for prayer, even if the evangelist were to call me by name.

The service ended and Miss Brant disappeared into an adjacent room. Slowly I stood and eased into the aisle. A familiar voice called my name. I turned to discover a friend I'd met recently.

John beckoned and said, "Come with me." The next few moments are a haze, but before I could protest I was face to face with Roxanne Brant.

"What is your problem?" she inquired. In a few words I explained about my disease. Without hesitation she said, "Jesus can heal you."

She placed a hand on my head and prayed, "Lord, take this man's blood and put it through Your precious sieve until it becomes as the blood of Jesus." In those moments I knew I had met Power.

My healing was not instantaneous. I still wore my body brace as I left the church. The pain was still excruciating. But without a doubt I knew that divine power was working in my life, that I had been delivered from death and that I was healed.

As a chemist I had recognized that someone had designed the universe, because of its order and symmetry. When chemists get together the talk often comes around to evolution; I had never believed in that. But I hadn't yet really met the Creator. Now I knew that He had touched me.

Soon I was able to go without the body brace and spend more time up and about. Over the next several years I trusted God to take me off drugs through my doctors. With tests every few weeks, the doctors, often with amazement, gradually reduced the medications. For the last five years I have been off all drugs and free from pain.

Two days after Miss Brant prayed for me, I realized that I needed healing of spirit as well as of body. At home, I asked Jesus to come into my life as Saviour and Lord, a decision Fran had already made the morning of the conference. After so many years together we were really one for the first time; one in Christ.

As I studied the Bible, the Lord showed me that I could be a channel of blessing to others; that I could share the power I'd received from Him. In our

CONVENTIONS

ANGELO/ABILENE REGIONAL **May 2-4, 1985**

San Angelo Convention Center
Write: Col. C. M. Anderson
1501 Bryant Blvd. S., #104-105
San Angelo, TX 76903

CENTRAL VALLEY **CALIFORNIA REGIONAL** **May 2-4, 1985**

American Assyrian Hall, Turlock
Write: Mr. Enoch Christoffersen
Box 337
Turlock, CA 95381

QUEBEC RALLY **May 3-4, 1985**

Ramada Inn, Montreal
Write: Mr. Norman Brazeau
57 Thibault St.
Gatineau, Quebec
Canada J8T 2Z4

WESTERN NEW YORK **COUPLES' ADVANCE** **May 3-5, 1985**

Niagara Hotel, Niagara Falls
Write: Mr. Jim McDonald
79 Norcrest Dr.
Rochester, NY 14617

BLUE GRASS REGIONAL **May 9-11, 1985**

Capital Plaza Hotel
Frankfort
Write: Mr. Charles Cotton
513 Shelby St.
Frankfort, KY 40601

NORTHERN ONTARIO REGIONAL **May 16-18, 1985**

Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario
Write: Mr. Bud Pitt
161 Boehmer Blvd.
Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario
Canada P6B 5C1

WILLIAMSPORT REGIONAL **May 16-18, 1985**

Lycoming College, Williamsport
Write: Henry Fenner, M.D.
601 S. Main St.
Muncy, PA 17756

NEW MEXICO MEN'S **SPIRITUAL ADVANCE** **May 16-19, 1985**

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

NEW JERSEY REGIONAL RALLY **May 17-18, 1985**

Holiday Inn, Jamesburg
Write: Mr. Doug List
11 Andrew Jackson Ct.
Cranbury, NJ 08512

INLAND EMPIRE MEN'S **SPIRITUAL ADVANCE** **May 17-19, 1985**

Riverview Bible Camp, Cusick
Write: Mr. Leonard Sampson
East 4004 Longfellow
Spokane, WA 99207

5TH S.W. WASHINGTON **MEN'S CAMP** **May 17-19, 1985**

Black Lake Bible Conf. Grounds
Olympia
Write: Mr. Jim Dermanoski
3218 Hoffman Rd.
Olympia, WA 98501

BANFF COUPLES' RETREAT **May 17-20, 1985**

Alberta, Canada
Write: Mr. Harley Torgerson
1437 Varsity Est. Dr. N.W.
Calgary, Alberta
Canada T3B 3E3

27TH MID-WEST REGIONAL **May 23-25, 1985**

American Baptist Assembly
Greenlake
Write: Mr. Henry F. Carlson
564 W. Fulton St.
Chicago, IL 60606

NORTHWEST REGIONAL **May 23-25, 1985**

Red Lion Jantzen Beach, Portland
Write: Mr. Art Evanson
Box 244
Vancouver, WA 98666

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA **MEN'S ADVANCE** **May 31-June 2, 1985**

Camp Sugar Pine, Oakhurst
Write: L. Dean Whitlow, D.D.S.
2115 Merced St.
Fresno, CA 93721

MARYLAND STATE MEN'S **SPIRITUAL ADVANCE** **May 31-June 2, 1985**

New Windsor Service Center
New Windsor
Write: Mr. James E. Click
1645 Hughes Shop Rd.
Westminster, MD 21157

ONTARIO/QUEBEC MEN'S **ADVANCE** **May 31-June 2, 1985**

Trent University
Peterborough, Ontario
Write: Mr. Bill Ballyns
R.R. #7
Simcoe, Ontario
Canada N3Y 4K6

GREATER OZARKS REGIONAL **June 6-8, 1985**

University Plaza Conv. Ctr.
Springfield, MO
Write: Mr. George Rushing
1201 E. Summerhill
Ozark, MO 65721

CAROLINAS MEN'S ADVANCE **June 7-9, 1985**

Camp Lurecrest, Lake Lure
Write: Mr. Reidy Lawing
c/o FGBMFI Carolinas Office
Box 9027
Charlotte, NC 28299

3RD ANNUAL JACKSON REGIONAL **June 12-15, 1985**

Executive Inn River Front
Paducah, KY
Write: FGBMFI Convention Office
Box 2882
Paducah, KY 42001

IOWA STATE REGIONAL **June 13-15, 1985**

Howard Johnson's, Des Moines
Write: Mr. Gene Walker
Box 3805
Des Moines, IA 50322

GEORGIA STATE **June 20-22, 1985**

Radisson Conf. Ctr.
Atlanta
Write: FGBMFI
Box 450007
Atlanta, GA 30345

UNITED STATES NATIONAL **July 2-6, 1985**

Dallas, Texas
Write: FGBMFI National Convention
Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

**Conventions published in this
issue were approved on or before
January 16.**

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: If experiencing difficulty in receiving *Voice*, please contact us immediately. If receiving more than one copy each month at the same address, or if there is variance in the way your name appears, please return undesired label. IF PLANNING TO MOVE, send label with your new address 60 days in advance to: FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

WILL I SEE TOMORROW? (from page 31)

search for the things Nancy described to us, we heard about a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting in Toronto. I went, and joined a circle of individuals who were seeking the baptism in the Spirit. The leader, David Mains, laid hands on us and prayed. Within a day, in the privacy of my bedroom I spontaneously received the gift of tongues.

FGBMFI has given me an opportunity to share my testimony in Canada and the United States. As we travel, Fran and I have seen hundreds brought to faith in

Christ and into the Baptism; many have been delivered from a variety of illnesses and their marriages healed.

On one occasion I prayed for a girl who had suffered from lupus for eight years. She was healed instantly. Why did God do for her in moments what took longer to complete in my life? I have no idea, but I'm willing to leave matters like that with Jesus. Some day He'll make it all clear.

Meanwhile, I want everybody to know that, thanks to Jesus, my life is filled with satisfaction and lasting joy. □

Bill Hewat worked since 1973 as an account executive with a large Canadian investment firm, and for more than thirty years in the chemical division of Uniroyal, Inc., Canada. He was the first field representative for FGBMFI in Canada and president for three years of the Kitchener (Ontario) Chapter. For five years he and his wife Frances have trained local church groups in counseling. Bill teaches effective communication to pastoral classes at Christian Retreat, Bradenton, Florida and at FGBMFI advances. The Hewats attend Emmanuel Missionary Church in Elmira and have three married children: Robert, Nancy Lou and Donna.



UPDATE!

Fellowship News from Here, There and Around the World



EVER-WIDENING RIPPLES

A Secret Service car led the sleek black limousine right to the entrance of the Laymen's World Headquarters. An entourage followed. His Majesty King Taufa'ahau Tupou IV, ruling monarch of Tonga, had arrived to meet with Demos Shakarian, founder/president of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. He had read Demos' book *The Happiest People on Earth* twice and had seen video coverage of the 30th anniversary FGBMFI convention.

The following evening, at the Airport Hilton of Los Angeles, the Fellowship hosted a head-of-state banquet for this ruler of a 150-island South Pacific kingdom. The event in itself was significant. For half, possibly 70 percent of those attending, it was their first FGBMFI function. They included city and county officials, members of the diplomatic corps and 70 members of the Tongan community in California.

The banquet became an occasion to witness to the saving power of Jesus Christ, to describe the worldwide ministry of the Fellowship, and for Demos Shakarian to present to His Majesty King Tupou an FGBMFI life membership. The king responded by expressing high regard for the Fellowship. He again expressed appreciation for this ministry the next week, while in Los Angeles City

Council chambers, and in Washington, D.C. where he was an invited guest at the annual presidential prayer breakfast.

Equally significant is the background which gave birth to the monarch's desire to visit Demos. This story demonstrates, more effectively than one could ever describe, what the Fellowship is all about.

Enoch Christoffersen, then mayor of Turlock, California and owner of the world's largest turkey-processing plant, went to New Zealand in 1970 to share twin truths that had set him aflame: salvation through the blood of Christ, and the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

In an Anglican church one night a troubled teenager dropped in at one of Enoch's meetings. Maria Subritzky took home from that meeting an FGBMFI booklet. She knelt by her bed, and as the book encouraged, invited Jesus into her heart as Saviour and Lord.

Turning a page, she then read about Jesus as Baptizer in the Holy Spirit and asked for the gift. Maria opened her mouth and began to speak in an unknown tongue.

Soon afterward she told her lawyer father, Bill Subritzky, how she had met a tremendously successful businessman, a "turkey millionaire" from California, who had told her about Jesus and the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Her father's reaction was one of shock that a successful businessman would have anything to do with such "radical" religion; he was alarmed for Maria's mental health. He told his wife to call a doctor if she began to act too strange. But the wonderful transformation in Maria proved a fruitful witness. She was obedient, loving and wanted to go to church.

Later Maria's father received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. In 1979 Bill Subritzky, now an FGBMFI member, made his first witnessing trip to the Polynesian kingdom of Tonga, returning each of the following three years.

Last November His Majesty King Tupou, on a visit to New Zealand, invited Subritzky to his residence. Led of the Lord, this Anglican

vestryman shared with the king the importance of the baptism in the Holy Spirit. The monarch expressed a desire to receive. Su-ritzky laid hands upon him and prayed and His Majesty King Tupou immediately spoke in a heavenly language.

The king had been reared in the Wesleyan Methodist tradition. His basic knowledge of Scripture was already in place, awaiting the warmhearted experience enjoyed by John and Charles Wesley, and the baptism in the Holy Spirit. King Tupou has been witnessing at every possible opportunity and has preached on several occasions. Those close to him have witnessed an increased measure of love.

Probably at some time each of us has tossed a pebble into the pond and watched the ever-widening ripples. Enoch Christoffersen could not have imagined the ripple effect his lay witness would have. He could not have dreamed how God would use his testimony to reach the senior partner of a prestigious law firm and the largest home-builder in New Zealand. Nor could he have guessed that the ever-widening waves would lap the shores of the islands of Tonga and touch the heart of a king for the King of Kings.

And it doesn't stop there. God is using the nation of Tonga, its king and queen, the prime minister and the FGBMFI chapter there to open doors to 16 South Pacific nations. Channels are now open to place Voice

magazines and copies of *The Happiest People on Earth* in the hands of government officials and lay business leaders in all of these countries.

This fascinating story is unique inasmuch as it includes a king's receptiveness to the gifts of God. Otherwise, it is quite typical of the way God is using Full Gospel Business Men to minister in the power of the Holy Spirit.

What satisfaction must be felt by members and friends of FGBMFI who give generously, sometimes sacrificially, in support of this international ministry now reaching 84 nations. The fact that these lay missionaries, like Enoch Christoffersen, serve without pay means that the gifts to God are not eaten up by salaries, but can be used to take the Gospel to the nations of the world.

The exciting multiplication of men at the heart of this story summons men everywhere to get involved in this exciting ministry, which provides unequalled opportunities to serve Christ Jesus both in the local community and in distant places. Those desiring a part in supporting this ministry may send their tax-deductible contributions to Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

Men are encouraged to write the membership department for information on how to become involved in the great harvest of souls. □

Tongan king and queen (center) with Demos and Rose Shakarian



KING OF THE ROAD (from page 7)

meetings and camps, at church youth groups and at Teen Challenge rallies.

But most weekends you can find me at racetracks, talking to fans and riders and sharing Jesus. Because God has blessed me with a name, I can get hold of the mike before most races.

I also conduct motocross schools as a ministry, giving my testimony afterwards to the students. I feel it is very important for aspiring racers to have godly people as role models instead of people who don't care about them.

I tell my fellow athletes, "No matter how many events you win, the next day the glory and cheering are over. That happiness lasts for such a short time—then you have to face yourself. I've won many races and have had the nice things the world has to offer, but the most thrilling event that ever took place in my life was when I asked Jesus Christ to become Lord of my life."

Ask yourself, are you being the king of your road, or are you following the road of the King? ☐



For many years Steven Wise was one of the top motocrossers in the nation. In 1982 he took on the challenges of road racing and dirt track. He closed out his incredible 1983 season at age twenty-five as best all-terrain motorcycle racer in America, having risen to national prominence in Baltimore in 1976. Steve and his wife Sandra have one daughter, Whitney Ann, two years old. Steve is a member of FGBMF's McAllen Chapter and the Wises are members of Word of Faith Church in Farmers Branch. Steve is a fulltime student at Word of Faith Bible Institute in Dallas.

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SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

5. BELIEVE: "For God so loved the world,

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision now:

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

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach

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

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

CANADA: Winnipeg River Chapter, Kurt Behrendt (204) 345-2527. **ENGLAND:** Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Chapter, Paul Renton 0632-591045. **NEW ZEALAND:** Redwood/Blenheim Chapter, William Murphy 88050. **UNITED STATES: CALIFORNIA:** Kern Valley Chapter, Richard Alvarez (619) 378-3773; Los Angeles Chapter, Timothy Klingseis (213) 250-3673. **COLORADO:** Westcliffe Chapter, Frank Speers (303) 783-9231. **CONNECTICUT:** Stamford Chapter, Angelo Campanella, Jr. (203) 357-8344. **KANSAS:** Baldwin City Chapter, Galen C. Scott (913) 594-3897; Osage County Chapter, J. Phillip Allemang (913) 828-3460. **MICHIGAN:** Nautical City Chapter, Donald Martenies (517) 734-7234. **NEW YORK:** Port Jefferson Chapter, Wallace J. Zober (516) 744-2986. **NORTH CAROLINA:** Wadesboro-Anson Chapter, Rispen A. Lyon (704) 694-4593. **TEXAS:** Lamesa Chapter, Doug Spurlock (806) 872-6382. **VERMONT:** Middlebury Chapter, George L. Hoard (802) 388-2902. **ZAIRE:** Kinshasa Chapter, Michel Kayembe Wa-Dikonda (no phone).

A spirit of expectancy mounts as the convention draws near. There's an anticipation that the Holy Spirit will be poured out without measure.

Demos Shakarian, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International Founder/President, has heard from God and will be ministering to those with spiritual and physical needs. He will be joined by Reinhard Bonnke and R.W. Schambach, men of God whose great tent ministries have been marked by miracles.

Advance Registration Application.

Fill out and mail this coupon along with check or money order for total amount payable to: **FGBMFI / Dallas Nat'l Convention / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.**

Last Name _____

First Name _____

Middle Initial _____

Address _____

City _____

State/County _____

Zip Code _____

Phone Number
() _____

Please submit full names of all immediate family members included in your registration.

Please list each name as it is to appear on name badge.
\$10 registration fee is required per family or per single.



**FIRST USA NATIONAL
CONVENTION OF FGBMFI**

JULY 2-6, 1985

DALLAS, TEXAS

Special Convention Meal Functions.

Enjoy all our special 1985 Convention meals, each featuring fine food, inspiring testimonies, singing and fellowship in a friendly banquet-style setting. Order now to assure your seats. **Fill out and mail by June 3, 1985 to receive name badges, meal tickets, special discount coupons directly.** (Meal ticket orders postmarked after June 3, 1985 may be picked up from opening date at FGBMFI registration counter, Loews Anatole Hotel.) Prices shown include tax and gratuity. Refunds available up to 48 hours before time of meal.

	No. of Tickets	Meal Cost	Total Amount
WEDNESDAY, JULY 3 Breakfast (Z3101)		× \$ 7.50	
THURSDAY, JULY 4 Breakfast (Z4101)		× \$ 7.50	
FRIDAY, JULY 5 Breakfast (Z5101)		× \$ 7.50	
FRIDAY, JULY 5 Ladies' Lunch (Z5102)		× \$13.00	
FRIDAY, JULY 5 Men's Lunch (Z5103)		× \$12.00	
FRIDAY, JULY 5 Youth Banq. (Z5105)		× \$10.50	
SATURDAY, JULY 6 Breakfast (Z6101)		× \$ 7.50	
SATURDAY, JULY 6 Noon Banq. (Z6104)		× \$15.00	

NOTE: There is no reserved seating at this year's convention. All functions are on a first-come, first-served basis. Every **ticket holder** is assured a seat.

Mail application (include family names with check or money order for entire amount) to: **FGBMFI / Dallas Nat'l Conv. / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.**

ADVANCE REGISTRATION FEE (Nonrefundable) 3204-05-5309	\$10.00
TOTAL MEAL COST (If any) 3201-05-5318	\$
TOTAL ENCLOSED	\$

SIGNATURE _____

DATE _____

NOTE: Application must be dated and postmarked no later than **June 3, 1984** to enable us to mail your name badges, meal tickets and discount coupons. **All applications postmarked after June 3, 1985** will be processed and materials available for pickup at FGBMFI registration counter, Loews Anatole Hotel, from opening date.

Among those who will teach and witness that Jesus Christ is the answer to every need are Bill Subritzky, New Zealand lawyer and homebuilder; Brigadier General Jerry Curry; the Honorable Julian Carroll, Kentucky's 54th governor; and John K. Green, M.D.

And you will have opportunities to enjoy fellowship, share your faith and minister to those with needs.

Complete the registration form below. Make your reservations now. Expect to be blessed in Dallas...and to be a blessing.

Hotel Reservation Request.

Complete and mail reservation request below to the hotel of your choice. **Do not send hotel reservation requests to FGBMFI.** Only reservation requests postmarked prior to June 3, 1985 or received at the hotel by June 10, can be guaranteed. Those received after June 10 will only be accepted as space is available. Changes in arrival time or desired accommodations requested after June 10 will only be honored as rooms are available. Your reservation must be accompanied by your deposit check or approved credit card number.

Loews Anatole Hotel Reservation

Form. CO-HEADQUARTERS HOTEL

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First Name _____

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Reservations are not transferable and are held until 6 P.M. unless guaranteed by advance deposit or approved credit card.

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☐ American Express ☐ Diner's Club

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Signature _____

Arrival Date/Time _____

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Depart Date/Time _____

☐ AM ☐ PM

Please check type and rate of room desired:

☐ Single (one person) ☐ Dbl. (two persons)
\$70 \$70
☐ Parlor/one bdrm ☐ Parlor/two bdrm
\$175 \$275 and up

Rates subject to 9% room tax. If room or suite is not available as requested, nearest available rate will be assigned. Children under age 16 with an adult may stay in same room at no charge. Rollaway beds extra.

If you wish to stay at the Loews Anatole Hotel, mail this form to: **Loews Anatole Hotel / 2201 Stemmons Fwy. / Dallas, TX 75207 / Attn. Reservations Dept.** or to make direct phone reservations, call (214) 744-4260.

Do not mail this form to FGBMFI Headquarters.

Hyatt Regency Dallas Reservation

Form. CO-HEADQUARTERS HOTEL

Last Name _____

First Name _____

Middle Initial _____

Address _____

City _____

State/County _____

Zip Code _____

Phone Number _____

() _____

Sharing with _____

Reservations are not transferable and are held until 6 P.M. unless guaranteed by advance deposit (one night's rate plus 9% room tax) or approved credit card.

I will guarantee by:

☐ Advance Deposit ☐ American Express ☐ Visa
☐ Diner's Club ☐ Carte Blanche

Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Arrival Date/Time _____

☐ AM ☐ PM

Depart Date/Time _____

☐ AM ☐ PM

Please check type and rate of room desired:

☐ Single (one person) ☐ Dbl. (two persons)
\$55 \$55
☐ One bdrm suite ☐ Two bdrm suite
\$130 and up \$194 and up

All rates subject to 9% Room Tax. Bed type requests are honored at check-in based on space availability. Children under age 16 accompanied by an adult may stay in same room at no charge. Rollaway beds extra.

If you wish to stay at the Hyatt Regency Dallas, mail this form to: **Hyatt Regency Dallas / 300 Reunion Blvd. / Dallas, TX 75207 / Attn. Reservations Dept.** or to make direct phone reservations, call (214) 651-1234.

Do not mail this form to FGBMFI Headquarters.

FIRST ★ USA NATIONAL CONVENTION

JULY 2-6 ★ DALLAS, TEXAS

Dallas, this vibrant population center, will be even more dynamic—much more, as God pours out His Holy Spirit upon thousands of believers who come together to praise Him. Plan to join the families who will come to Dallas to enjoy a purposeful vacation. Come to hear from God and receive from His hand.

Demos
Shakarian

Reinhard
Bonnke

R.W.
Schambach

Jerry
Curry

Bill
Subritzky

Julian
Carroll



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