

A man in a dark suit and white shirt stands on a concrete ledge, looking upwards and to the right while holding a large sheet of white paper, likely blueprints. In the background is a modern, multi-story building with a grid-like facade and balconies. The scene is set outdoors with a pool or water feature visible in the lower left. The overall tone is professional and aspirational.

Planning for the Top

DeCarol Williamson, Ocean Isle Beach N.C.

(Turn to next page)

De Carol Williamson Testimony

Closing the door softly, I stumbled into our three-story home. Crushed in body and in spirit, I dropped to my knees and began crawling up the stairs.

How the mighty had fallen! DeCarol Williamson, wealthy businessman and son of a former state legislator. I was about to watch everything go down the tubes. As I was creeping I was confronted by the realization that my wife would have to find a new husband.

"Honey, you'll have to go find a new husband. Kids, I can't be your father. But some day I can be a grandfather to your children."

The state of North Carolina had arrested me on drug charges. I faced a mandatory sentence of 70 years in prison and \$500,000 in fines.

I once had purchased cocaine during a backslidden state years before. But I was not guilty of selling narcotics.

Crawling on those stairs, I had reached my

bitter end. God wanted me to FULLY surrender in total obedience to Him.

This wasn't my first brush with drugs and the law. That started with alcohol in childhood. At 13 I could chug a half-pint of liquor. By 19 I was a full-fledged alcoholic.

Despite my personal problems, from a young age I believed I had a special calling on my life.

However, I almost didn't live to see my destiny fulfilled. At 15 I lost control of a car going 130 miles an hour and flipped it into the woods. It was the first of seven teenage automobile



DeCarol on his boat

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crashes I miraculously survived.

After drinking my way through high school and out of college (despite the efforts of a praying mother), I enlisted in the military.

I served in Vietnam in 1970-71 and earned a Purple Heart and various service medals and citations. But I came back more confused than ever.

BACK HOME

After six months with my father's business and several months of college, I decided to get my real estate broker's license.

The God who preserved my life in those teenage car crashes still had His hand on me.

I have also survived several contracts on my life. Many times I had been to the brink of death itself. But my God is faithful.

I wound up in a Methodist minister's parsonage. The minister went to

the post office to mail a letter. A traveling evangelist saw him and then God spoke to him: "Follow that man home."

When he knocked on the parsonage door and said he was there to pray for someone, I jumped to my feet.

"It's me," I said. I had already invited Christ into my heart the night before, but was still in the midst of tremendous all-out raging war for my very soul. I was still in drastic need of deliverance from alcoholism, drug addiction, cigarettes and the terrible hurt and bitterness with which Satan gripped my life.

The evangelist raised his hands. All I remember him saying is, "Jesus!"

That word knocked me across the room and flat on my back. I felt like I had been plugged into an electrical outlet. As the electricity rose, I opened my mouth and another language came out.

I didn't know a thing about speak-

DeCarol with one of his horses



ing in tongues or the Holy Spirit's power. But lying there in 1974, with the surge of power from the Holy Spirit going through me, I had a life-changing vision of masses of people. I was standing there with my hands outstretched. God called me to the nations of the world.

At that instant, I was miraculously healed, delivered and set free from every bad thing within me.

I felt led to go to Christ for the Nations Institute in Dallas, Texas. My

which built scores of condominiums.

To celebrate my first time to make one million dollars in one year, I celebrated by buying a pound of cocaine for my Christmas present to myself.

I went from bad to worse.

I didn't have time for my family. Yet God gave me a son I wanted so badly. One early morning, sitting in a birthing room, not having slept for days because of my cocaine addiction, through a set of circumstances, I delivered by own son.

Realizing the gift of God that He had entrusted with me, I asked myself the question, "What kind of father would I be and what kind of son was I to a Father that was so great." I found a phone booth, crawled in and lay at the foot, crying for help. This time it was not to come instantly or miraculously, but healing coming through months of agony.

For two months, I drank alcohol continuously,

trying to stay off cocaine. About 4:00 a.m. on April, 1984, I lay awake in my bed in a condominium I owned in Jupiter, Florida. My heart was about to explode in my chest. I looked around the room and there on the night stand was a fifth of liquor, a pack of cigarettes, and an 8-ball of cocaine (1/8th of an ounce of cocaine), sitting with a



Speaking at World Convention

father couldn't believe I would turn my back on making money in the business. But I had to do what God told me to do. In the midst of all this, God gave me the desires of my heart.

First, I met Jan, the lovely woman I married after my divorce. He also helped to establish a successful construction company, Carolina Builders,

.38 pistol. We flushed all the contra-band down the toilets.

God didn't want me to forget this time. I quit ALL cold turkey. I needed a miracle just to survive. Again, at the edge of death, God miraculously provided.

In spite of my stupidity by not caring for myself, my body or my businesses, God created an astonishing economic recovery. It was the supernatural, not my business expertise in the natural. He did it! Even today, He continues to do it!



I can count several times that we needed \$200,000 by that same afternoon at 4:00 p.m. I had absolutely no idea where the money was coming from...however, God miraculously provided through unexpected sources.

One time we owed the bank \$140,000. If we didn't pay by closing time we faced bankruptcy. We had no more credit, no huge receivables and no way of paying.

That afternoon the mail carrier dropped off a battered, wrinkled-up envelope that had been lost for six weeks. Inside was an Internal Revenue Service refund...enough to pay the note, with \$2,000 to spare!

Another deal saw us in a tight pinch where I needed \$200,000 by the end of the day. After selling only one home in a particular development for the entire previous year, we had five beach homes to close by the deadline. God is always in control!

This made the enemy furious!

*DeCarol on the big
bulldozer*

Satan had nearly destroyed me and God's vision for my life. So he wasn't going down without a good fight.

THE INDICTMENT

God continued to bless in a mighty way. Several golf courses were under construction and I had completed 13 floors of an 18-story condominium. I had a lot to celebrate on my birthday that year, October 12, 1987. But dur-

ing the celebration, a phone call came from a drug enforcement agent: "We are about to indict you on two counts of drug trafficking by possession. We suggest you get an attorney and come see us."

A former employee had gone on to bigger things in the drug world. When he got arrested he used me for a bargaining chip. Ironically, I had been clean for three years. Agents apparently swallowed a line that I was involved in a drug ring operating out of Florida. After six weeks of trying to cooperate they tossed me out of their office, saying, "You are considered not cooperating with us. We'll see you in court."

That was the night I literally crawled up the stairs, knowing I was in for the fight of my life! Reality set in. I was going to lose my wife and kids. I was going to go to prison for 70 years, 28 of them without parole.

Two-thirds the way up the stairs, God spoke to me, "Son, I called you not to fail, but to succeed. I have delivered you from the lion and the bear, and I will deliver you from this Philistine also. Previously and precisely foretold by a prophet, like Joseph, I

would be bound, cast into a pit, then be raised up and made a leader of the land.

Most defendants from the so-called "conspiracy" were getting probation. Realizing that I had cleaned up my life since the original act four years prior, the judge felt I didn't need to go to prison. Yet, as a deterrent to crime, he sentenced me to two years.

When your father is well-known in political circles and you have served on various government boards, word travels quickly. I'm convinced the guards were just waiting for me.

At first they took me to a quiet cell where the prisoners were polite. I thought, "This isn't too bad." But two hours later they returned, chuckling. "We're sorry, Mr. Williamson. You're supposed to go to this

other cell block."

Walking down the hall I could hear commotion and thought, "Uh, oh."

Fast Freedom

My new cell looked like a den of Hell's Angels. Mean-looking long-haired dudes with no teeth and tattooed from head to toe. I swallowed hard, sat down and opened my Bible.

**"My new cell
looked like a den
of Hell's Angels.
Mean-looking
long-haired dudes
with no teeth
and tattooed
from head to
toe."**

A big old ugly guy named Tex sauntered over. A two-time convicted felon, he was doing time for armed robbery.

"How do you get saved?" he asked.

Wow! I was so shook up I had a hard time finding John 3:16. Somehow I stumbled through the plan



DeCarol with Demos Shakarian

of salvation. We went out to the yard afterwards and I saw Tex holding two guys by the shirt, compelling them to come into God's kingdom.

In two weeks 34 men got saved. The Holy Spirit just followed me in work release, and three months later I was paroled. The following spring my full rights of citizenship were restored. Only God could do that !

At the peak of our business activity, I owned interests in seven golf courses, real estate developments, marina,

horse farm and an automobile dealership. We employed more than 200 people.

Of course, those blessings are but passing fancies compared to the joy of my wife and our children. And they fade in comparison to the vision God showed me as I lay on the floor 20 years ago.

In recent months I sold several of my businesses and turned over more duties to my managers. In addition, I hired someone to take over my work. This has freed me up to do more speaking and studying as I prepare for His call to service, however and where ever He sees fit.

The Lord has opened doors for an extended ministry inside India. Together with Mike Shreve and others, we are going to India in January 1997 to launch FGBMFI chapters and minister in many areas. If God should speak to you about joining with us, contact me at the address below.

DeCarol Williamson still owns interests in real estate and several other businesses. A member of the Brunswick County FGBMFI Chapter, he is International Director for Virginia and the Carolinas. 6000 Pro Shop Drive S.W., Ocean Isle Beach, NC 28459, or calling 910-579-7770 (office) or 910-763-9274 (home).