

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

# VOICE

FEBRUARY 1975

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## "GOD'S BALLROOM SAINTS"

the  
SHERWIN McCURDY  
story  
see page two

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*FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE—Published monthly (with the exception of August, which is combined with the July issue) by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a world-wide evangelistic association, 836 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles, California 90017 U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953, as a non-profit religious corporation. Second Class Postage paid at Los Angeles, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. (Litho in U.S.A.)*

As a youthful dance band vocalist, I had no idea I would one day be numbered among . . .

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**"GOD'S  
BALLROOM  
SAINTS"**  
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I WAS BORN in Seattle, Washington and reared with a Roman Catholic background, including years of service as an altar boy and training in a Catholic Military Academy and University. My education was furthered at the University of Washington, and by means of an extension course in business management and marketing at Wayne University in Detroit, Michigan and a course at Field Sales Management Institute, a graduate school of sales management and marketing in St. Louis, Missouri.

My parents were in show business. Besides managing the Parker Theatre Chain in Portland, Oregon my father was impressario and booking agent on the west coast for the San Carlos Opera, Chicago Grand Opera, various road shows, etc. He owned the franchise for the legitimate stage attractions and musicals booked out of the New York office.

Dad died suddenly in 1942 and



by **SHERWIN B. McCURDY**

**International Director  
and Convention Coordinator,  
Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship**

**"It's always nice to be back with God's ballroom saints!"** Oral Roberts, at the FGBMFI World Convention in St. Louis, Missouri, July 5, 1974.)

for two years Mother retained the franchise. In 1944 one of my two brothers, Captain William McCurdy, Jr., was killed along with eleven other top ranking officers of the United States Air Force, when their sabotaged plane disintegrated in the air over California. My other brother, Jack, was also in the Air Force, and at that time we persuaded Mother we did not wish to carry on in show business, and she assigned the franchise to other interested parties.

Singing was my first love, and I had been soloist with several of the name dance bands of the day, including the Archie Loveland Or-

chestra, and had done some dancing. My social life had been strongly oriented to the theatrical world; however, since my father had urged that I not make that my life work but turn to business, I reluctantly yielded to his wishes.

Now, with Dad gone and my brother Bill's life so tragically ended, I suddenly felt a keen sense of loneliness. I had lost all contact with the Church, and in fact did not attend any church for a good many exceedingly frustrated years. I needed the comfort that only the Holy Spirit can give to a lonely, searching heart, but the chances for finding God's purpose

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**SHERWIN BLAINE McCURDY**, former Dallas businessman, assumed the office of Convention Coordinator for the Fellowship at its Los Angeles based headquarters in October 1974. The fascinating account of how God led him to this position of responsibility in full-time Christian service from a life oriented to the theatrical and business world, is graphically presented here as a witness to the grace of God which brings salvation, instructs in righteousness, and offers hope for a better tomorrow (Titus 2:11-14).



## **“Singing was my first love. I still enjoy it . . .**

for my life seemed very remote indeed, for I was deeply entrenched in the ways of a society that lived only for self-gratification and worldly gain.

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### **I Was in a Terrible Situation**

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Life seeming to have no fruitful meaning, my social drinking gradually increased as I sought escape, and finally got out of hand. I wasn't a total unbeliever, although sometimes I did question the existence of God. My early training caused me to make an occasional attempt toward spiritual inventory, but that was so discouraging I always gave it up.

All of these alcoholic escapades had driven my wife, Leah May, who knew the Lord as her personal Sa-

viour, to almost total distraction. One day while she was rocking one of our young sons to sleep—and crying bitterly in her heart and spirit—she glanced toward a wall plaque which her mother had given her. The scripture verse was Psalm 37:4,5: “Delight thyself in the Lord: and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.” God witnessed that this was the way He planned—that she should turn her husband over to Him for correction and salvation. For two years Leah May and her prayer group held my name before the throne of God.

One day, because of my heavy drinking, I found myself in a terrible



**only the songs and the audiences have changed.”**

situation and as a result had to call my wife and my employer to help me. Full of remorse over being caught again, I agreed to go to church with her. Of all that the minister said that night, one phrase got through to my befuddled brain: *“If you’ve tried everything else and it has failed, try Jesus.”* It was the great turning point in my life, for that night, February 23, 1947, I was brought into the knowledge and acceptance of Jesus Christ. Shortly thereafter I was baptized in water and soon received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Immediately I began to sing the Gospel in church choirs and as soloist wherever an opening was presented. As I sang the songs, my own heart

was singing a glad and joyous refrain of love for Christ, for He had answered all the longings of my hungry heart.

I had joined the Ralston Purina sales force in 1944, and for 24 years until my resignation in 1968 had worked in 38 states in positions ranging from salesman to regional sales manager for 12 years, 10 of which I led the nation in sales.

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#### **A Tremendous Assignment**

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I was never satisfied to be static. I wanted every minute of every hour filled to the brim with life and activity. In business, I knew how to drive forward and occupy every moment gainfully. When I came to Jesus Christ I found that He, too,

is in a hurry and wants no time wasted. In fact, His command to go into all the world and tell the Good News to every creature is an assignment so tremendous that there is no time to lose (Matthew 28:18-20).

When I made Jesus the Lord of my life, I committed myself to serve Him in any and every capacity He would indicate. It did not occur to me that He could use me in full time service, however. In my mind that commitment meant to witness for Him on the job, in the office, among the people I met in pursuing my job of selling and of training salesmen. It meant finding an opportunity to speak of Jesus to those who served me when traveling or dining. It was several years before it dawned upon me that it is possible to love and serve the Lord and witness for Him wherever we go, and still not be doing just what He wants done—still not *really* putting Him first.

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#### **I Couldn't Cut Loose**

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I do not mean to indicate that everyone should be a full-time worker for the Lord to the exclusion of the business of earning a living. God calls some men to the ministry of making money in order that others may be sent to the ends of the world with the Gospel. That is a separate and an important ministry, and for years I thought it was *my* ministry—until God began to nudge me about it. Like the eagle that “stirs up her nest” and pulls out some of the soft

lining so the outer frame of sticks begin to prod the young eaglets until they become uncomfortable and begin to take to the air on wings, so God began to deal with me.

On more than one occasion I had been invited to come to the headquarters office of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in Los Angeles and join in full-time service in a capacity for which my education and experience had fitted me. But somehow I couldn't see cutting loose from business, which had been good to me in the way of constantly increasing position, responsibility, and income.

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#### **“Up Through the Ranks”**

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All the time I was moving up in the Ralston Purina Company, without quite recognizing the fact I was also “coming up through the ranks” of FGBMFI. It was my privilege to attend the first organizational banquet in Denver in 1953, and in 1963 I was honored by being elected to the International Board after serving faithfully as a chapter member, ministering in song, helping to found new chapters, and officering one of the larger chapters. I had also participated in some of the wonderful airlifts and ministered in other countries and on other continents. In 1956-57, in answer to prayer, God had miraculously healed my body. Apparently the day had come when He felt I should get out and make full use of my training.



Sherwin McCurdy, at that time in his role as an international director based in Dallas, and FGBMFI President Demos Shakarian, right, present charter to Arlington, Texas chapter president Ben Martin, in May 1972.

One part of my training was to personally witness miracles wrought by the hands of God through my own ministry. The first such miracle was when I prayed for a man apparently dead of a heart attack and saw him raised up by the power of God in answer to my prayer—a prayer uttered with great humility and trembling and with faith not too strong, as officers and ambulance attendants and a taxi driver looked on. But God told me to do it and He honored my obedience with signs following.

I prayed for that man and left him with his family—and went on with my material business. Oh, yes, I praised God for the miracle, but there was a business appointment waiting for me down the road and I had to dash off and get to it. In other words, I served God almost incidentally, keeping my strong right hand for my work.

There was another reason for dragging my feet when the Lord called me into full-time service. I had spent 24 years as regional manager for the

company, had a big salary and a big expense account, and traveled first class everywhere I went. Out of that income I had not stinted to give tithes, gifts and offerings. But when the call for *complete* service came, I delayed answering. In fact, I went through three years of literal hell because I wouldn't trust God. You see, until you *know* you can trust God, He can't do much with you. I had to learn that if God can depend on us, we can depend on Him.

After a while God became a bit more urgent in His call. Often in dealing with us, He speaks softly at first, then He urges—and then He might even do a little shoving if we do not respond. It took a bit of being pushed around before I gave up. The company I worked for began to go through a period of acquisition of other companies, during which policy, procedure and executive changes were made. During all this time I continued to witness for my Lord and did my best to live for Christ, but

*(Continued on page 28)*

# *Delivered from Demons*



by EZEKIEL M.D. JITTU



**M**Y FATHER was a Hindu priest —born and raised in Hinduism.

I was proud of his position among my people for he was one of the best known priests in the Fiji Islands and people from near and far came to consult with him. So it was natural that I should plan to follow in his footsteps.

Do not think that attaining such priesthood is easy. Satan is capable of accomplishing terrible oppressions. My father received his training in northern India where my parents resided until they moved to the Fiji Islands. One of the things he had to do to pass the examination in Hinduism was to go out alone about the midnight hour and go through the required ceremonies.

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#### **"This is a Dangerous Area"**

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The Hindu priest warned him: "Mr. Jittu, many people have become paralyzed, many have dropped dead, many have tried to go through the ceremonies but have not been able to accomplish it. This is a most dangerous area you are treading, for it is the time when you appear before the evil spirit of your god. This is

the time that hell itself will turn loose and you will hear voices from the other side. People will be calling you and will be approaching you. The spirit world will be saying things to you, but you must keep your mind under subjection at that time. If you complete the ceremonies, you will become a Hindu priest." My father passed the examination and became a priest.

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#### **I Was in the Spirit World**

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When the missionaries first came to the Fiji Islands to talk to us about Jesus, I was still a youth and was reluctant to listen or believe because I had a religion of my own and had set a goal for myself to become a priest in that religion. I was in the spirit world where the people were involved with spells and charms and doing such things as walking through fire under the influence of an evil spirit. But in all honesty I had to admit that we found no peace or joy. We were constantly living under fear and bondage, and my heart was hungry for something I had not found. Those who are involved with witchcraft are constantly searching. They

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**EZEKIEL JITTU** was born and raised the son of a Hindu priest in the Fiji Islands where he practiced spiritism as part of the Hindu religion. He became a Christian, came to America, graduated from Zion Bible Institute and Southern California College, and holds a Doctor of Divinity degree. Dr. Jittu is married, the father of five children, and makes his home in San Dimas, California where he teaches in a public high school. Together with his family he spends his summers in evangelistic ministry. He is chaplain of the Covina, California chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

are not happy. They have no peace.

It may be that you have gotten involved in the occult in some way, or at least are depressed because of the current talk concerning it, but if you are a child of God, you have authority in the name of Jesus Christ to rebuke the powers of darkness. I have dealt with the spirit world. I was brought up in it and I know how those evil ones work. I know also that they are not harmless playthings for one to amuse oneself with. They can be strong and destructive; but my Jesus is more powerful. If you are under any bondage and don't know the way out, take the Word of God as your sword, call upon the name of Jesus Christ, for He is on your side, give Him your heart and He will deliver you. *I know, because He delivered me!*

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#### **"Who Is This Jesus?"**

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When first I heard about Jesus and saw miracles of healing and deliverance performed in His name, I asked: "Who is this Jesus that can bring deliverance—that can bring peace and joy into the lives of individuals?" No one had ever told me about Him before.

Today I am continually astonished that in this land of America where the Gospel of Christ is so freely taught, some people are turning to witchcraft and spirits, spells and charms, and going off into many kinds of the occult. It troubles me

greatly to see young people seeking peace and soul-satisfaction in areas where, to my own knowledge, there is no peace and no true happiness—nothing but darkness. People seem not to realize it, but it's a horrible thing to be worshipping witchcraft. Once you fool around with an evil spirit, it doesn't leave you alone. It may mean your life will be in great danger and many horrible things can happen. Jesus is the only answer, for His power is above all other powers and He alone can deliver you once you have gotten entangled in the evil net.

There was a time when I was involved in those things, but with me it was different. That is the kind of life in which I was brought up. I had never heard about Jesus. But now, because of the power in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, deliverance has come to me and I thank God for it. I thank Him for the miracle that brought me eventually to America to hear the great truths of the Gospel and to accept them. The God-consciousness within us is reaching out, and if we have no knowledge of the Gospel we will reach for something else. In my case I was reaching toward the many gods of Hinduism, but found no peace or joy until I found Jesus.

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#### **I Thank the Churches**

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It was a number of years ago, back in the Fiji Islands, that the Lord

Jesus came into my heart—brought light into the deep spiritual darkness that had been there—and began to perform miracles in my life. Immediately I felt wonderful on the inside. The searching and the reaching out was over and it seemed I had become a new person. Right here I wish to thank the churches of America for sending missionaries to our island to preach the Gospel. Under the ministry of one of them, I accepted Jesus as my Saviour. Instantly a wonderful peace came into my heart and it has remained with me ever since.

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#### Heaven Itself Opened

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About two years later, while passing out tracts and telling people what Jesus had done for me, I was very cautious that I should use wisdom and say the right things. I had no boldness for Christ. Then one day I asked the missionary if I could borrow the key to the church so I could go in and pray. While I was there on my knees, suddenly it seemed as if heaven itself opened and the Holy Spirit descended upon me. As I raised my hands in worship, I began to speak in another language as the Spirit spoke through me. It was a wonderful experience and from that moment I was filled with a new strength and boldness to tell the story of salvation, and to witness of God's love and goodness.

The Lord began to reveal a pur-

pose He had for my life, and I felt a strong call to go to America. However, leaving home and coming to a strange land was not as simple as it might seem. It was something akin to the problem facing Abraham of old when the Lord said to him, "Get thee out of thy country and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee . . . So Abraham departed, as the Lord had spoken unto him . . ."

That passage of Scripture meant a great deal to me as I studied about that great man of faith. I discovered that among his forefathers were those who were involved in idol worship. But one day God spoke to Abraham and said, "Come out from among them and go to an area which I will show you."

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#### I Obeyed the Call

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Now, it's easy when arrangements are made for you to travel to a certain destination and you know someone will be waiting for you at the other end to meet you at the airport, the train station, or the bus terminal. But when God called Abraham, he didn't know which way to turn or just where to go; he simply heard the voice of God and obeyed it. Then God began to move in his life and to lead him and to open the way into the good land He wanted to give to him and his descendants. It was much the same with me when first I heard God's call.

I realized that God's promise was not only for the day of Abraham when I read of another man—a great man of India—who as a teenager was a Hindu god worshipper, but his heart was not satisfied. Yet he did not know where to turn. He had gone through the ceremonies of Hinduism in the northern part of India, but had not found that for which his heart was hungry. One day he cried out: "If there is a God somewhere, please reveal yourself to me! If not, about five o'clock in the morning a train will be going by and I shall lay my head on the track and commit suicide!" But a few minutes before that train came by, Jesus spoke to him and said, "There is no need for you to die. I have already died for you. Go and preach the Gospel for me." He began to minister all over India, and wherever he went God moved by His Spirit and brought deliverance to those in bondage.

This man was never trained to be a minister. Abraham was never trained to be a minister. But they dared to believe and obey God.

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#### **God Performed a Miracle**

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It is not easy for a Hindu to become a Christian. My entire family believed in Hinduism. My eldest brother, who was undefeated heavy-weight champion wrestler, would not even shake hands with me when he learned I was leaving to go to Bible school. Then my brother Steven was

converted to Christianity, and gradually other members of the family accepted Christ also. But it was not easy for me to stand against the beliefs of my family when first I accepted Jesus Christ as Saviour.

After I had truly found Jesus, He began to move in my life. One night He called me in a dream: "Ezekiel! Ezekiel!" I have a Hindu name, but He called me by my Christian name and told me that He was going to bring me to an American Bible school. I didn't know anyone in America. I didn't know how to go about finding a way to America. But God performed a miracle and within months He provided the necessary finances.

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#### **"I'll Give You the Money"**

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Strangely enough, God used my father, the leading Hindu priest, as the instrument through whom to provide the miracle. My father knew I was going to Bible school. He said, "I do not like the idea—but I'm going to give you the money to go to Bible school anyway!" You see, when God is in command things get done, and sometimes His promises are fulfilled in the most unlikely manner.

As Abraham had no church denomination or organization to back him when he started out alone in obedience to God's call, but stood only on God's Word and began to walk by His Spirit, just so was His Word the solid rock upon which I rested

my faith when I left my native land and my family to study the Bible in America.

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### **The Step of Faith**

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After I had been in the United States for some time, preaching and working for the Lord, I had a deep desire to labor among the West Indian people. It seemed that I had tried everything but wasn't accomplishing as much as I desired. Then one day in 1972 I said, "Lord, I'm just going to take the step of faith, simply trust you and go ahead and carry the Gospel overseas to my people." With money borrowed from the Teachers' Credit Union in Los Angeles, where I am employed as a school teacher, and with an invitation from a missionary in Jamaica, I went there to hold meetings. There was no church among that particular group of people in the Kingston area, but God began to move and now there is a small work in operation and a pastor to oversee it.

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### **He Spoke Peace to My Heart**

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When I returned to America, it became my privilege to be involved in the West Covina, California chapter of which Phil Moseid is president. Last summer God opened the door for me to visit India and hold some meetings. That was something my whole heart and soul had longed to do.

When I first came to the United States I began to pray for all my

loved ones. I do not know the exact sequence, but I later found out that my brother who is the wrestler accepted Jesus Christ. I kept on praying for my father and I am told that one month before he passed away he called for a minister to come to his home and read the Bible to him and pray for him. I was traveling in West Virginia at the time and did not learn of his passing until later. When the word came to me my grief was multiplied by concern for his spiritual welfare, but the Holy Spirit spoke to my heart and said, "Peace, be still; all is well." Then I knew something wonderful had happened. Two months later one of my brothers told me that when my father passed away he just went to sleep in the arms of Jesus. For this comforting knowledge, I thank my Lord.

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### **His Promises Are True**

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It has been my privilege to be on the Full Gospel Business Men's television program GOOD NEWS and to tell of all the wonderful things God has done in my life. That TV program has such a wide listening audience that when I went back to the school where I teach, both faculty and students began to ask me questions about the testimony I had given on TV.

I do thank God for His goodness since I turned my life over to Him, and since I heard His call and obeyed Him. I can say from personal experience, that not one of His promises has ever failed! ■

**On the**



**“I studied philosophy, etymology, world religions, and the occult. But in none of these did I find the elusive ‘truth.’ ”**

# Trail of Truth

by ARCHIE C. FRIES, JR.  
Mayor, Medford, Oregon



OVER TWENTY YEARS ago my first wife died of cancer after a two-year illness. Watching her waste away from 130 pounds to 85 pounds was a traumatic experience, and her subsequent death a bitter shock. We had been married 27 years and our three fine children were a testimony to the happy family relationship we shared. Although we had been active church members for 16 years, prior to her illness, I could not comprehend how the life of this cherished wife and mother could be taken and that of thieves, murderers, drug-pushers, and rapists be spared.

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## Philosophy Was Full of Promises

Like many others who profess to be Christians, I could quote a few passages from Scripture, but I had never actually read or studied the Word of God. It is small wonder, then, that it didn't occur to me to seek the answer there. However, the need to know the answer, if any, was a consuming one that had to be met.

The public library, with its rich store of knowledge, seemed to be the

logical place to begin the search for what I called "truth" for lack of a better definition. As I browsed through many volumes, it seemed as though philosophy offered the best solution. My initial choice was Emmanuel Kant's *Critique of Reason*, a profound treatise quite beyond my comprehension as a neophyte. It provided some glimmers of light, leading me, over the next seven years, to explore much more fully the writings of many great philosophers and to the acquisition of many books on the subject.

Meanwhile, I had the extreme good fortune to meet and marry my present wife, Josephine.

After pursuing many leads, I finally realized that philosophy was full of promises which lead nowhere and that the answers I sought must be elsewhere.

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## The Truth Remained Elusive


Two more years were spent studying the etymology of languages. I thought that if I could get back to the origins of speech and writing, I might find something of value, but

this field also proved to be fruitless. The next four years were spent in the study of the religions of the world and more and more books came into my library. Many similarities were found among the great religions, but nowhere did I find the "truth" which remained so elusive.


For a year or so I did nothing, having no inspiration for further research. Then a friend of mine introduced me to the occult. More books found a place on my shelves and I began to pay dues monthly to an organization in Los Angeles. Lessons and materials, including Tarot cards, were sent to me regularly. It wasn't long before it dawned on me that this material was having a sinister influence on my thoughts and actions. Fits of depression came more often and periods occurred when I was filled with hate for life and people. In retrospect, I do believe the Lord was with me because I dropped further activity in this work of Satan, coming to the conclusion that man was only an incidental form of life which had accidentally developed on a hostile planet in an environment which was nothing but an endless, intolerable struggle against overwhelming and unconquerable odds and that, quite literally, there was nothing to live for. In the fall of 1971 I voiced this conviction to members of the family, whereupon my sister-in-law accused me of being a hypocrite because I still belonged to the

church. I had to admit that she was right, and decided to sever my connection with every organization of which I was a member.

Several months prior to this time, On February 1, 1971, I had retired



## **Fits of depression came more often, and I was filled with hate . . .**



after a banking career spanning 46 years. In February, 1972, I filed for nomination to the office of county commissioner. Just before the May primary election I wrote letters of resignation to all the organizations to which I belonged, including the church. I lost the party nomination by 28 votes.

We were spending an uneventful summer when, about the first of August, my younger son, Clinton, who lives in Oakland, California, came home unannounced. Of course we were glad to see him as it had been some time since he had been home. At that time he was 32 years old and unmarried. Naturally I was curious as to the reason for the visit. As we talked, he began to question me about my thoughts and beliefs and it wasn't



long before we were engaged in a full-fledged debate about the existence of a deity and the whole spectrum and purpose of life. It became apparent to me that Clint, despite eight years in the Navy and his single

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**. . . On several occasions I had even threatened to take my own life.**

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status, had undergone some tremendous experience which gave his words the force of conviction and truth. I felt a twinge of envy. On several occasions I had threatened suicide because I thought I had no reason for living. God bless my beloved wife for her loyalty and patience during this time.

Clint told me all about Jesus Christ and the salvation He had bought for us with the blood He shed on the cross. He said, "Dad, old Satan has you poised on the brink of eternal hell and is trying to push you over. Don't let it happen or he will have you in his power forever." For three days we argued back and forth and, when he left, I said, "Son, I don't buy what you are selling, but I promise to keep an open mind on the subject."

One week later my wife had an opportunity to attend a family reunion in Iowa. Since there wasn't room in the small plane for me also, I decided to visit my daughter and her family in San Diego. The week there was most enjoyable. When I was to leave, the plane was an hour late. Consequently, when it arrived in San Francisco we had less than five minutes to transfer to the plane for Medford. The airline provided a van to carry me and a lady with three small children across the ramp.

When I boarded the plane, there was only one seat left, on the aisle in the front row. After we were airborne, a feminine voice at my left asked, "Aren't you Archie Fries?" When she told me her name, I realized that I had known her husband many years before but had never met her. Within a very few minutes I was pouring out this whole story to her, a stranger, confessing things I wouldn't have told my own mother!

She heard me out and then said, "I will speak to you in a language you will not understand. Don't be concerned, just listen. Ordinarily I would not be able to interpret the message, but I am privileged to tell you the meaning of what I shall say to you." I gave close attention for about two minutes as she spoke in a tongue completely foreign to me. Then she said, "I won't give you a verbatim translation, however the gist of it is that God says this is a case

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## I waged no campaign, but still won the

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of the son leading the father to salvation, that it is good and will be a blessing to both of you.”

Following so closely the talks I had had with Clint, the impact of her words almost stunned me. We talked during the remainder of the flight and she suggested some books to read, emphasized the need to read the Bible daily, and told me of a church where I might find something different in spiritual nourishment.

For the next two weeks I did nothing but read the Bible and the books she had recommended, and go to church. The Word of God opened a whole new existence for me as I truly read and studied it for the first time in my life. I began to get a glimpse of what Clint had been telling me and the more I read, the more I wanted. When two weeks had passed I was about as ready as I would ever be, got down on my knees, confessed my sins, acknowledged Jesus Christ to be the divine Son of God and that He had shed His blood on the cross for the remission of my sins, and asked Him to come into my heart as my Saviour. Always, in years past, I had said “I believe” along with others in the church, but I had no idea what I truly believed, if anything. Now, when I got up off my knees, I no longer had to say, merely,

“I believe.” There was a deep settled inner peace within—a serenity I had never known before—because I *knew!*

Just prior to Clint’s visit, I had filed for the office of mayor of Ashland. Now that my life was dedicated to Jesus Christ, I asked Him to take over and, if He didn’t want me to serve Him in the capacity of mayor, to not allow me to win the election. I waged no campaign, but won by a substantial margin.

At this point in life I now knew what it meant to be born again. Yet, I also realized that God had something more for me, for I had read *The Holy Spirit and You* by Dennis and Rita Bennett. Since I was now a Christian, could it truly be possible for me to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit as others had received since the Day of Pentecost?

It was about two weeks after Jesus had come into my heart that I finally mustered the courage to get down on my knees, pray to Him for guidance, and then say to myself, “Well, this is it, I’m going to open my mouth and let the Holy Spirit speak through me.” I did so—and suddenly I was speaking fluently and effortlessly in a language I cannot identify but is always there when I talk to God. Prior to this I had never been articulate in prayer. Now, however, I am

## mayoralty race by a substantial margin

able to express myself easily in my prayer language and find that, for me, the true blessing in prayer is to be able to just let the Holy Spirit give utterance to everything within me through this strange but precious tongue and to know, with joy, that it is acceptable to Him.

Yes—all things had now *truly* “become new.” My dear wife witnessed a miracle. The love we now share is a gift of God. When we married, nineteen years ago, each of us had three children. I had always striven to treat them alike, however there was always a shadow in the background, the division of “your children and my children.” Now, thank God, there are only “our children” and six wonderful grandchildren. I have witnessed to all of them and they know how much I love and treasure each one of them.

The books and materials on the occult were consigned to the refuse to be burned. No longer did I look at the horoscope in the morning paper. Books on philosophy and religion were given to Southern Oregon College. I immediately cancelled my subscription to *Playboy*. Not once in the more than two years I have been a Christian have I ever been even tempted to take the Lord's name in vain. My pipe smoking ceased on the

day the Lord accepted me. My reputation as a raconteur of off-color stories has, praise the Lord, been forgotten. Although I had always had from one to five guns in my possession, I sold them because my trust is now entirely in the Lord.

In September 1973, when I learned that I had cancer of the bladder, I had no fear whatever. The operation, as I knew it would be, was a complete success. I suffered no pain, either before, during, or after, and subsequent examination disclosed no evidence of a lesion, not even scar tissue!

I *was* saved. I am *being* saved. I *will be* saved. Now, through Jesus Christ and the blessed Word of God, I have everlasting life and a love for my fellow man I did not know was possible. I am growing in the grace of God, am being perfected in His image. Every day, as I pray and read my Bible, I can understand and know the changes He is making in me. When I fall short of His goal for me, I pray for forgiveness and begin again. He is always with me and I welcome every opportunity to serve Him. My life has been surrendered to Jesus Christ. Today I know a joy and happiness I would never have dreamed possible some two years ago. Praise God! ■

## The Eight Memorable Days



by **DEMOS SHAKARIAN**

**International President  
Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship**

**E**ARLY LAST YEAR, Don Locke, our international director in Oklahoma City called me on the telephone and said, "Demos, could you cancel all your appointments? I believe you have something important to tell us about the vision God has given to you and I would like to fly down and listen to what you have to say—even if it requires a week, two weeks, or longer if necessary."

Who could turn down such a request, especially from a man of his

calibre. Don Locke is one of our international directors, a member of the Editorial Board, and a highly successful business executive whose story appeared in the February 1972 issue of VOICE magazine.

I was thrilled at the prospect of laying before him and the others who attended the subsequent staff meeting, the world-wide vision that God has progressively unfolded to me during the Fellowship's 21-year history.

As I met with these dedicated men, and before I had even begun to speak to them, Don said, "Demos, don't think of the cost; don't think of all the elements which would be involved in doing the job—just tell us what God has laid on your heart and what you want us to do about it." Such a challenge!

What I told them, and the animated discussion that followed consumed eight days of meetings, some of which lasted until one and two o'clock in the morning. We reviewed the accomplishments of the past twelve months, then went back even further to determine what had been accomplished during the 20 years prior to that. Finally, we projected our thinking into the future. What could we do for God in the next 18 months?

We were amazed to discover that in 1973, in our chapter meetings, and regional and world conventions at home and abroad, nearly four million

people had met together to worship Jesus. As we added figures from our literature, television and radio outreach, we suddenly realized that the total impact of the Fellowship was far greater than even we had surmised.

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### **"We Want To Do Something"**

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Excitement mounted as I then began to unfold the six-point continental plan God had revealed to me—a plan which would include a continental headquarters with a full-time director; a national headquarters in each country with an appointed international director; literature translations; an international regional convention; the establishment of new chapters, with speakers traveling from America to help inspire the local business men; and a weekly radio outreach, broadcasting in 25 languages, designed to open the doors to the Full Gospel in every continent of the globe.

At the end of the eight-day discussion, it was evident that the next step was to call a special meeting of our international directors and present the plan for their approval. Subsequently a three-day session was held in Chicago last May, with approximately 80% of the directors in attendance. They received the presentation with great enthusiasm and voted to move ahead with the plan immediately. All seemed to sense that revival is coming, and that we are

privileged to be a part of it. In fact, even before I had revealed the plan to any of the men, some had come to me expressing a desire to "do something" for the Fellowship. Thus did God confirm that this was indeed *His* program.

Since that time, the wheels have been in motion and we are moving ahead in a very gratifying manner, adding to our headquarters staff a chapter coordinator and a convention coordinator, establishing a teaching and prayer ministry, and conducting a two-week ministry throughout Italy culminating in a Rome Conference from which the fires of revival were ignited and are now spreading in every direction. I was also able at that time to make an on-the-spot appraisal of the most advantageous area in Europe in which to establish our continental headquarters office.

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### **"What God Hath Wrought"**

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Our GOOD NEWS program is now being televised in the rooms of 16 of Tokyo's largest hotels, and is heard on radio throughout Asia, the Far East, and South America via the Far East Broadcasting Co.

Directors have been holding special meetings with other directors in their immediate area and with chapter officers under their jurisdiction, for the purpose of helping to raise the necessary finances to get the job done.

*In 21 years I have never been so excited as I am now!* ■

As a Spirit-filled pastor, I had to  
decide whether to be

## NEUTRAL OR NATURAL



**B**ORN ON A CATTLE RANCH out on the prairies of South Dakota, I was baptized and confirmed a Lutheran at the traditional age of twelve. Today I appreciate that heritage and background. The scriptures

that go along with the formality of confirmation encompass everything that Full Gospel people believe in. The whole thing is there—but we have become so familiar with the ritualistic part of it that nothing seems to really

by DR. ROY HOWES

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Boise, Idaho

happen. It was years before the full meaning of that experience became real to me.

My father went broke in the cattle business. We moved to Spokane, Washington and there I attended a Presbyterian church—because they had a gymnasium and because I liked to play basketball. I had to work because of my father's financial struggle at that time, but I began playing basketball in the church league. Eventually I came to idolize some of the young men who were entering the ministry. The pastor used to preach the Bible for an hour and ten minutes every Sunday morning, and through his steady preaching of the Word, not only was I converted but twenty-eight of us from that church went into the ministry.

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**Ours Became a Man's Church**

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I entered theological seminary and became very enamored with the scholastic side of the Gospel. When I graduated, having a burning desire to do something for the Lord, I became involved in organizing a new church in Seattle—the Magnolia Presbyterian. After five years there I went to the Millwood Presbyterian Church in Spokane Valley and pastored there for ten years.

In the Millwood Church many great things happened. It became a man's church. With a thousand children in Sunday school, we had more men teachers than women. Then invitations began to come from other churches requesting my ministry, and after a while those flattering invitations began to inflate the ego.

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**Professionalism Began to Take Over**

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I didn't know what was happening then, but today I realize it was a combination of two things—*ambition* and *inadequacy*. I told the Lord I would accept any invitation to another church provided it was one of at least three thousand members. Within six weeks I became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Albuquerque, New Mexico—a church with about thirty-eight hundred members. They gave me everything a pastor could want, including a large and able staff, and there is where professionalism began to take over. It was there also that I began to learn the meaning of being broken.

There were forty-five elders, five other ministers on the staff, a business manager and an assistant, each having his private secretary, and a four million dollar church plant. And there I was, riding on that thing. The

whole effort was to not rock the boat and to keep everything very tranquil. It was my job to hold things together.

One day, however, the church staff became split, and I was unable to pull it together. My wife was having emotional and physical problems and I was unable to minister to her. My sense of inadequacy grew and grew, and at the same time my ambition was being whittled down.

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### **I Thought, "Oh, No! Not That!"**

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One day in 1962 I went to a conference in Colorado of the Camps Farthest Out to hear Agnes Sanford. The day I arrived at Estes Park I was stricken with abdominal pain and was taken to the hospital in Boulder where I remained all week long, missing the services and feeling miserable.

One day during that week, when my secretary and her husband came to visit, I noticed something about them that puzzled me. There was a lilt—a joy—a deep kind of almost laughter, although they weren't laughing. As they started to go Ginny came back and asked, "Have you ever heard about tongues?" In dismay I exclaimed, "WHAT?" Without another word she walked out, but somehow my mind associated "tongues" with CFO and I thought, "Oh, *no!* Not *that!* Why did I ever come here?" Nevertheless a spiritual hunger had been aroused.

On Sunday morning the hospital released me and I returned to Estes

Park in time to get in on the last two hours of the conference. Those two hours were spent in prayer with Agnes Sanford and another individual. At the end of that time there came a release—just a brief experience in the heavenly language. I returned home simply walking on air, eager to get into the pulpit and preach on the text, "Have you received the Holy Ghost since you believed?"

There were 2,500 people in the sanctuary that Sunday morning, and probably most of them had not heard that kind of a sermon on that text. I preached another one the following Sunday. There was no adverse reaction from the congregation as far as I could observe, nor did I expect any.

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### **I Felt His Hot Breath**

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In those days I didn't know how to fight Satan—didn't yet know the "throne rights" that were mine. Nobody was there to instruct me so Satan moved in. I felt his hot breath down my neck as things began to happen with which I could not cope. Some of the staff began to complain of this new "weirdism," this "insanity" the pastor was involved in. I gave way temporarily, but recuperated rather rapidly and am ashamed to admit I quenched the Holy Spirit—withdrawn from this experience—backed off, and wrote a paper neutralizing the whole thing.

Many years went by, during which I suffered a long dry spell in my



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ministry. I still preached Jesus Christ but sometimes asked myself if I really believed what I was preaching. It was during that long dry spell that my wife passed away and many things happened that brought much grief and misery. However, the pastorate was relatively successful.

I left Albuquerque and went to the First Presbyterian Church of Fort Collins for six years. It was what one might call a successful pastorate in

Ted Phillip—and it was then we adopted little David. Judy made a valiant attempt to be a mother to another woman's children and to maintain an honest relationship, but finally began to feel *her* inadequacy also. As time went on she began to want and need something in her life that she didn't have. God began to use things like that to impress us with our great need for more of Him.

Judy became pretty desperate and

## **From approximately 1,000 volumes, I pulled**

the normal sense of the word, but deep in my heart I knew otherwise. Then Judy and I were married. She was my Director of Christian Education. We went to Pittsburgh on a short interim and then to Boise, arriving there with a new desire to find *something*. Judy was quite anti-Pentecostal. I was neutral—not being against it but simply neutralizing my experience.

Somebody, somewhere, must have been praying because God began to move in and point up my need in obvious ways, such as in the area of commitment—a *new kind* of commitment. One of the ways was through my own family.

I have a son and two daughters by my first marriage, and then Ted Phillip, now five, was born to Judy and I. We lost a child—the one after

asked for spiritual help. I was desperate too, and went into my office and prayed: "Lord, baptize her in the Holy Spirit!" Then I reached at random for a book on the shelf—just any book that might be helpful to her. To this day I don't know how it got there, but from among approximately a thousand volumes in that library I pulled out a copy of a book I'd never seen before—*Nine O'Clock in the Morning* by Dennis Bennett. I glanced at it briefly, noting the subject matter, and took it to Judy, saying casually, as I often did when I got a new book, "Why don't you glance through this and tell me what's in it?" Then I scooted out quickly—but peeked' in from time to time.

Although Judy had always been anti-Pentecostal, she began to read that book. Then she would cry and

put it down, pick it up again and read and cry some more. This continued for some time. Although Judy isn't a crying lady, she is a very strong type of person, the Lord had deeply touched her.

About that time I again began to suffer abdominal pain and went off to the hospital. They couldn't seem to find the cause of the pain, and Judy decided to have a friend, Barbara Anderson, come with her to the

gave me, removed my guilt complex and cleaned me up, then began to use me. That experience began to spread through the church, especially among the young couples. It seemed as if God wanted me to make up for all the years since 1962. Everything I found to read on the Baptism, I literally fell upon and devoured. And as my wife and I read and studied and prayed, we both began to grow in a closer walk in the Spirit.

## out a copy of a book I'd never seen before!

hospital and pray for me. Enroute they stopped at a chapel to pray and Judy asked to be baptized in the Holy Spirit.

I didn't know all of this was going on, but when Judy walked into the hospital, looking as though she had had a real shock, she told me what she had prayed for, and then exclaimed, "I thought the whole world came down on top of me—the *whole world!*" You Spirit-filled Christians know what had happened. Sometimes there is a lot of cleansing and many things have to come out before the Holy Spirit moves in. Anyway, they prayed for me and went home. A couple of days later, while in the shower, Judy began to sing in the Spirit!

As for me, I came back into the experience—all the way! The Lord for-

Then people in our congregation commenced to receive the Baptism. Praise and prayer services were started with 10 people in attendance, then we moved to the chapel to accommodate about 80, and finally into Lindsey Hall that will hold over 250. God has told us through prophecy that a great outpouring is coming, but not until we have a base of laymen prepared for the ministry He has for them.

Yes, we lost a few people, gained a lot of people, had a few problems—nothing insurmountable—but oh, what joy and power! Today I want to tell you that *everything that was written into that confirmation ceremony when I was twelve years old, has now been confirmed in my heart and life through the baptism in the Holy Spirit.* ■

## GOD'S BALLROOM SAINTS

*(Continued from page 7)*

circumstances became increasingly unbearable until they reached the point where I cried out, "Lord, why are you allowing this when I'm doing so much for you?" Then I blushed with shame when I began to compare

tion. Apparently God had reached the place where He was becoming impatient too, because it was taking me so long to make up my mind, so He reached down and helped me to do it. The Scriptures are full of how God uses difficulties of life to steer us in the direction He wants us to go.

I resigned, but I must admit that



**Leah May said,  
"It's time to  
praise the Lord!"**

what Jesus had done for me.

Anyway, I assured the Lord that I knew He could change the circumstances under which I labored—that He could move out of the way those who were causing problems—that He could change the policies and procedures. Then I realized I wasn't telling God anything He didn't already know, and that my prayer was not only presumptuous but pretty redundant.

---

### **"If You Want to See a Miracle . . ."**

The Lord spoke to my heart and said, "If you want to see a miracle, resign what you are doing and trust me. You have been telling almost everyone you meet how good I am and how I honor faith. Now why don't you just resign and put yourself in my hands?" So I did just that, and after three years I became disgusted enough to quit my posi-

I was not happy about my decision and ten minutes later almost regretted that I had done so. One reason was that some rather somber thoughts can go through the mind of a man my age when he finds himself cut loose from his moorings. I had second thoughts: "They don't look kindly upon men your age who seek an opportunity for a new start in life. The business world is pretty insistent about such things; where can a man your age look for a business opening?" I began to feel sorry for myself; and there was no lack of Job's comforters who came around to tell me what a fool I was.

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### **I Had Nothing But Time!**

About two weeks later the phone rang one night about midnight. Two FGBMFI international directors from the west coast—Fred Doerflein and Art Evanson—were on the line. They

said they had been seeking God's will for a speaker for the annual three-day Men's Spiritual Advance to be held over the Labor Day weekend at Lake Wenatchee in Washington. "For the past two weeks your face has been coming before us as we pray, and although we know you are very busy," they explained hopefully, "we wondered if you could find time to come. We will pay for your plane ticket."

I didn't tell them I had nothing *but* time—I just said I'd come!

Then they asked if I could possibly manage a little extra time to speak at some of their Washington chapters while there. I agreed to do that, also. When I hung up, my wife suggested that if they were going to pay the plane fare, why not drive and then we could both go. I was delighted with her idea, for she is a great prayer warrior and knows that I sometimes get discouraged and need her prayers, companionship and understanding to overcome this feeling.

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#### At First I Was Annoyed

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It was a good thing she was with me, because as we were driving across the prairies of Wyoming and the mountains of Colorado on the way to that meeting, I kept telling myself that I really should be back home hunting for a job. The FGBMFI might pay for the gasoline but who was going to pay for all the motel costs we were charging on my credit

cards? My face must have revealed these thoughts, for Leah May looked at me and said, "*It's time to praise the Lord!*"

At the moment I couldn't think of anything to praise the Lord for. But my wife didn't go into a long dissertation on *why* we should praise the Lord, she just started singing and praising Him. At first I was annoyed, then suddenly her praises broke something loose inside of me and God began to teach me how to praise Him in adversity. It's easy to praise Him when your pockets are full of money, you have a great job, and everything is going fine. But when everything goes wrong—just try praising the Lord then. That's when it really counts.

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#### I Was Scared Half to Death!

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Soon I felt something like a little wheel begin turning around inside my heart. It kept getting bigger and bigger, and when it rose up and came out—it was praise! I immediately ceased worrying about who was going to pay the bills on those credit cards and for the first time realized that *I was totally God's responsibility*—that He had said He would take care of my needs "according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."

My next lesson was that of totally trusting God. Fred and Art had asked me to teach during those three days, but I had never done much teaching. I read and read the Bible and tried

to memorize as much as possible. I tried to make notes and prepare an inspirational presentation. But when I got up to speak and saw those top businessmen from all over Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Alaska—bankers, college professors, builders, hotel owners, lawyers, doctors—I was scared half to death.

couldn't turn off for three days. The teaching messages just poured out and entire families came to Christ. Later we received letters from many people telling of conversions, of healings, and of Holy Spirit infillings as a result of that three-day retreat.

Then there was humility to learn, too. Asked to go to a meeting and

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Satan specializes in panic. When you panic your mind is blocked and everything comes to a screeching halt. That's what happened to me. The Lord was teaching me that I had to totally depend on *Him*. To do this, He sent a hornet. That little creature lit on my head and, while those men watched in fascination, crawled around my head and down my neck. When it got where the pressure of my collar squeezed it, it stung me. The men told me afterward that when they saw that I kept my composure through it all, they focused their attention on listening. When I realized what had happened, and remembered that I had always been exceedingly allergic to the poison of such a sting, I raised my hands in the air and began to praise God and ask His help—not for the hornet sting, but for the message I had to give and didn't have. In that moment the Lord gave me a flow of words that I

speak, I was so full of pride I wouldn't say that I needed money for gas to get there. Yet God never really let me ask. He always sent someone to shake my hand, place a substantial amount in it, and say, "Brother McCurdy, the Lord told me you needed some money." I also found what it means to be hungry and not know where we were going to eat, and while counting my last few pennies somebody would call the cheap hotel where we were staying and say, "Brother McCurdy, the Lord led us to call you. Have you and your wife had dinner?"

Some might not exactly relish that kind of existence, but I tell you that's the most blessed way to live—*totally, absolutely dependent upon God*—just like the children of Israel in their journey from Egypt to the Promised Land. God led and fed them and supplied all their needs as long as they praised Him and were obedient. He

can do the same today.

We were privileged to see some tremendous miracles during that trip to Washington. For example (and this may shock some, but we actually experienced it), we were going from Seattle to Yakima to speak and were pressed for time. As we approached Enumclaw, just about to the crest of the mountain, a tire on the car blew out. We had only barely enough time to reach our destination. We didn't have a spare tire, and had no money, only a credit card. Besides, we were far away from any service station. I said, "Lord, what are you doing? You know I've got to be at that meeting." But Leah May said, "It's time to pray." I objected. Prayer would not be enough—what we

needed was a creative miracle! But she began to pray so I joined her. Then we both thanked the Lord, climbed into the car without so much as a glance at the flat tire, started the motor and began to slowly drive away. There was no thumping. We went a little faster and still no thumping. We drove all the way to Yakima, pulled into a service station—and that tire went flat!

When I told the station attendant it had gone flat near Enumclaw he laughed and said, "Don't give me that stuff." I said, "Well, it did—but the Lord Jesus Christ put air in that tire so that we could drive this far." He looked at me rather strangely, and insisted nobody would believe that. Like so many others, he had

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seen a miracle but still didn't believe.

In Seattle we spoke in Rev. Dennis Bennett's church, St. Luke's Episcopal. While there we prayed for a lady, Eleanor Stevens, who was to go into the hospital the next day for her third open heart surgery. Doctors had given her about a thirty percent chance of survival. She was weeping, and who can blame her with such a prognosis as that. After prayer, both Dennis and I felt a peace within our hearts that God would intercede. Three weeks later Leah May and I were in Vancouver to hear Rev. Tom Bigelow, at that time Associate Rector of St. Luke's. He told us the rest of the Eleanor Stevens story. Upon going to the hospital the next day for pre-operative care, it was found that her pulse and cardiogram were normal. The doctors decided to catheterize the heart, and when they did, one of them said, "Eleanor, there is something we can't understand; it looks as if you have a new heart." She told them she believed the Lord Jesus had healed her, but the doctor said, "No, it isn't *healed—it's new*. We had put some plastic tubes and valves in there and now they are not there. *You have a totally new heart!*"

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#### "My Cup Runneth Over"

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I thought of the young Christian in Ceylon who wrote an article for VOICE some time ago. He said the man for whom Dr. Bernard had done a heart implant said, "Doctor, you have golden hands." But the author

of the article said, "The Person who took my old heart and implanted a new one, had *nail-pierced* hands."

And that is the One I serve today—joyfully, humbly, prayerfully, and in faith believing—the Man with the nail-pierced hands. He picked me up when I was deep in sin. He healed my body of its infirmities and afflictions. He delivered me from alcohol and a four-pack-a-day cigarette habit. He has filled me with His blessed Holy Spirit—filled my life with service for Him—put words of praise in my mouth and, in fact, "my cup runneth over" with love and praise for Him.

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#### There Is No Time to Waste

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Now I have the pleasure of serving at the Fellowship's headquarters, helping to organize conventions both national and international, and working out the thousand and one details that go into a well-organized convention—hotel reservations, dining and banquet arrangements, speakers and their transportation and entertainment, and many other details.

It was 28 years ago that I first accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour and Lord of my life. They have been wonderful, joyous years. But the years ahead give promise of being even more wonderful and productive of souls for the Master. I must be about the Father's business, for in this great harvest field of the world where the FGBMFI labors, there is no time to waste! ■



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6. Fantasy Motel	\$21.60	\$21.60	
7. Candy Cane Motel	\$21	\$21/\$23	
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# COMMUNIQUE: CHAPTERS and CONVENTIONS

## SEN. HUGHES FEATURED IN WEST VIRGINIA RALLY

U.S. Senator Harold E. Hughes of Iowa is a loser turned winner and, according to the Senator, he owes the change to faith in the Lord.

Hughes described the changes in his life since he accepted Jesus Christ at a breakfast meeting of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International North Central West Virginia rally in Clarksburg.

Hughes served for three terms as Governor of Iowa and during the past six years has served the country as a senator. He announced earlier that he will not seek re-election, but will begin to work full-time for God.

"I've been a recovered alcoholic for 20 years," he admitted. "I reached the point where I wanted to die . . . I hated myself more than anyone else hated me."

The senator said he reached the point where he surrendered to the "habit" and decided to end his life. "But I got down on my knees and prayed, 'God help me, I can't help myself.'"

"I was a truck driver, a college drop-out, I've been in jail in six different states and I'm a recovered alcoholic," Hughes told more than 100 persons gathered for the breakfast.

The senator was introduced by West Virginia's senior senator Jennings Randolph. Randolph shared with those at the breakfast an inscription his mother put in a Bible she gave him for graduation from Salem College. It read, "Each for the other and both for God."

Paul Hornor, Jr., president of the Clarksburg chapter of FGBMFI served as the leader for the breakfast meeting.

Other speakers for the three-day rally included: William Basansky, a former member of the Soviet Union and a faculty member at Oral Roberts University in Oklahoma; Col. Speed Wilson (Ret.), a resident of Washington, D.C. and a participant in three wars; and Dr. Jack Herd, a Pennsylvania chiropractor. ■

## "I WANT TO BE AROUND TO SEE IT!"

This was the exclamation of an enthused attendant at the Ventura County, California Regional Rally held last fall by the Full Gospel Busi-

ness Men's Fellowship. What gave rise to the comment was a prophecy uttered by Rev. Jim Spillman to the effect that God would be doing even

more spectacular things than those witnessed in the current meetings, to which the writer, Elizabeth (Liz) New responded: "My imagination is running and getting nowhere, because if God intends to do even more miraculous things than what I saw there, I really want to be around to see it."

Under the heading KALEIDOSCOPE, and published in the Kern River, California *Valley Review*, October 31, the article by Liz went on to say, in part:

"I had heard and read much on these FGBMFI rallies and conventions, but nothing written, however inspirational, can come close to the real thing. To hear and feel and see and participate is quite a separate, rewarding experience. I stayed in my original lethargic state about as long as it took me to walk in.

"I saw (among other miracles) an extraordinarily attractive woman, formerly in the British Navy in W.W.

II, now a U.S. citizen, whose right ear had been totally deaf since her ship had an encounter with an enemy torpedo, and instantly there in my presence God opened her ear. Leaning over to me, she said out loud, 'My, this whole auditorium surely is noisy.' WOW!"

Other personalities participating in the rally were Fr. Coady, founder-director of St. Justin's Theological Seminary in Davis, America's first and only seminary majoring in charismatic study, and pastor of Trinity Cathedral Church in Davis where the congregation is 90% University young people; Chico Holiday, former nightclub vocalist who is now Executive Program Director at Trinity Broadcasting Network Channel 40, in Orange County; Sally his wife, also a former nightclub performer; and song leader Sam Eubanks of Thousand Oaks. Chuck Damato and Dick Minasian co-chaired the rally. ■

**North Central West Va. rally participants.** From left: Dean Kelley, president of the Parkersburg chapter of FGBMFI; Bill Pritchett, president of the Fairmont chapter; Paul Easkridge, president of the Petersburg chapter; U. S. Sen. Jennings Randolph of West Virginia; U. S. Sen. Harold E. Hughes of Iowa; Bill Basansky, a faculty member at Oral Roberts University in Oklahoma; Col. Speed Wilson, a resident of Washington, D. C. and a veteran of three wars; Ken Giavettino, vice president of the Clarksburg chapter; and Paul Hornor Jr., president of the Clarksburg chapter.





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### TORONTO, ONTARIO INTERNATIONAL

1. Stewart Berlett, chairman, welcomed conventioners to the first FGBMF International Regional in Canada. 2. Larry Snelgrove, our other international director in Ontario has been active in the Fellowship since its inception. 3. Rex Humbard, of Akron, Ohio, banquet speaker, because of his TV program needed no introduction to Canadians. 4. Several hundred at Men's Luncheon heard Bill Swad, Columbus, Ohio automobile dealer and FGBMF vice president tell how to run a chapter. 5. The Paul Krohnert family of Toronto heard tribute paid to the late international director for his long and faithful service to Christ and the Fellowship. 6. Demos Shakarian and Vep Ellis engaged in good natured banter before Vep sang one of his well known compositions. He was also a main speaker. 7. Four members of the International Headquarters Staff who ministered were: Robert Ashcroft, Director of Teaching and Prayer Ministry; Art Nersasian, Administrator; Raymond Becker, Director of Publications; Bert Fedor, Chapter Coordinator.



## REGIONAL CONVENTION, NOVEMBER 6-9, 1974

8. Ladies' Luncheon featured Rose Shakarian as main speaker. She was introduced by Jessie Berlett, left. 9. Bill Robinson thrilled audiences as convention's main soloist. 10. Norman Roberts, Ottawa businessman, is a member of Canada's capital city chapter. 11. Harold Moddle, pastor of the United Church of Canada, Toronto, spoke of the Holy Spirit's move within that denomination. 12. Cecil Thompson, also a United Church minister, had conducted convention preparatory counselor training sessions in May, and was head usher and counselor during the convention. 13. John Hutchinson, a main lay speaker, referred to himself as "a Scotsman who lives in England but spends much time in Canada." 14. John Klem, a "Charismatic Catholic" and Associate Professor of Education and Psychology at Ball State University, Muncie, gave his testimony Saturday morning. 15. John Maffey delighted audiences with his artistry as a saxophone soloist and accompanist. 16. The Holy Spirit was present in all meetings to minister to those in need of salvation, healing, and power for Christian service.

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Attn. Canadian readers: For proper tax deduction, contributions should be sent to **FGBMFI in Canada, Box 144, Station "U", Toronto, M82-5M4.**

## SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

1. **ACKNOWLEDGE:** "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23). "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13). You must acknowledge in the light of God's Word that you are a sinner.

2. **REPENT:** "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 3:19). You must see the awfulness of sin and then repent of it.

3. **CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans 10:10). The Lord awaits your admission of guilt.

4. **FORSAKE:** "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord . . . for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7). Sorrow for sin is not enough in itself. We must want to be done with it once and for all.

5. **BELIEVE:** "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and

shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16). Believe in the finished work of Christ on the cross.

6. **RECEIVE:** "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:11,12). Christ must be received personally into the heart by faith, if the experience of the New Birth is to be yours.

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

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

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# Conventions and Rallies

**GOLDEN SPREAD (Amarillo, Texas)**  
**February 12-15, 1975**

Villa Inn Motel  
K. R. Collins/Earl K. Moore, Co-Chmn.  
5115 Shield Dr., Amarillo, TX 79110

**TULSA, OKLAHOMA**  
**February 13-15, 1975**

Sheraton Skyline East  
Jack Long/Dr. Lloyd Huneryager/  
Lee Braxton, Co-Chmn.  
P.O. Box 15459, Tulsa, OK 74115

**WASHINGTON, D.C. (Int'l Regional)**  
**February 26-March 1, 1975**

Washington Hilton Hotel  
Al Malachuk, Chairman  
P.O. Drawer F, Vienna, VA 22180

**NASSAU, BAHAMAS SEALIFT**  
**March 3-7, 1975**

S.S. Bahama Star  
David E. Rushton, Chairman  
515 N. Harbor City Blvd., Melbourne, FL 32935

**SAN FRANCISCO (Int'l Regional)**  
**March 26-29, 1975**

San Francisco Hilton  
Frank Cordeiro/Ron Svenhard, Co-Chmn.  
19356 Meekland Ave., Hayward, CA 94541

**HOUSTON, TEXAS**  
**March 26-29, 1975**

Shamrock Hilton Hotel  
Ralph Littlejohn/Norman Norwood, Co-Chmn.  
P.O. Box 53402, Houston, TX 77052

**1975 WORLD CONVENTION, ANAHEIM, CALIFORNIA**  
**Anaheim Convention Center, June 30-July 5 (see page 33)**

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