

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

DECEMBER 1964

# VOICE



*"If ye... know how  
to give good gifts"*

# Season's greetings

**D**URING THIS SEASON of "peace and good will" we are dominated by the spirit of giving — but in some instances there will be gifts without love and, for others, love without gifts.

But when **God gave**, it was both love and gift... His ultimate in each!

Jesus Christ, Bethlehem's Babe, became "walking love" and we rejoice as the angels did long ago, that He walked into our lives one day, making our world radiant with His presence.

It has been a joy to share with loved ones, friends, and business acquaintances the world over, the same good news of salvation announced by the angels to trembling shepherds on the Judean hillside: "Unto you is born... a Savior..." — and the good news Peter proclaimed on the Day of Pentecost: "... Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

We could wish you no greater blessing at this joyous season than that which comes by letting the Savior and Baptizer in the Holy Spirit become yours.

This is our prayer for you.

*Demus and Rose Shatenian*







# THE PRICE OF THE GIFT

by  
Don  
Huckeba

**M**Y STORM-TOSSED ship was sailing on life's unbounding sea, the waves were high, the wind was strong, and the end I feared to see. I could not guide her any more, no matter how hard I tried, but we together shall reach life's shore, my precious Lord and I. Here in weakness bring me low, I change from night to dawn, one day I feel my courage grow, but the next day it is gone. But never like me does He change, though angry waves toss high. I fail, but still we sail the seas, my precious Lord and I.

In the book of Romans, chapter one, verse 20, the Bible says, "For the invisible things of Him . . . are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead; so that they are without excuse. . . ."

This simply means that if we want to know or understand spiritual things, we must make a comparison with natural things. The invisible things are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made. To understand the family of God, we need to study the natural family. Understanding the tree of life comes from an understanding of a natural tree, and to understand something of the river of grace, it is necessary to have some knowledge of a natural river.

Through my five senses — as I see, hear, feel, taste and smell — I become acquainted with the natural world. This was illustrated to me while in a revival meeting in Natchitoches, Louisiana, five years ago. The city turned on their Christmas lights and had a great fireworks display. As I watched the presentation a blind man, standing with his wife and seeing-eye dog, caught my attention. Each time a rocket would burst in the sky and break into the various patterns and colors, his wife would describe it to him. I noticed that his lips seemed to form the same thing each time she would give a description. I moved nearer to hear what he was saying — these were his words: "My, isn't it beautiful?" Yet he had no eyesight. The only way he could see this was by painting a mental picture according to the description given by his wife.

Later I learned that he had lost his vision in World War II. I said to myself, "There is a part of this world that this man is not becoming acquainted with because he is not able to see." The same is true of a person who cannot hear, taste, or smell.

As we learn to know this world through the natural senses, so we become acquainted with God through the senses of the soul. Too many people today are stopping in the gate of the five senses, in the natural. The Bible speaks to us of the peace of God that passes understanding; it goes beyond knowledge, beyond reason, and moves into the heart and soul of the individual.

### **GOD DEALT WITH ME**

I remember when God first spoke to my heart at the age of eleven. We were living in Arkansas, seven miles from the nearest church. Being very poor we had no automobile, just a wagon, and a team of mules. During the summer a preacher would come to our community, build a brush arbor and preach morning and night for about two weeks. We traveled in our wagon to every service. It was there under this old brush arbor I first became aware there was a God, a Savior, a hereafter, and an eternity.

God began dealing with my heart about my need of a Savior. It was after the evening meal one Sunday, the day before I turned 12, that a very dear aunt, who was visiting in our home, began to witness to us of the saving grace of Jesus. She spoke of the coming of the Lord, the tribulation, and the millennial kingdom. While she was



speaking, the power of conviction gripped me, but I didn't know what it was; it scared me. I walked around the table to my mother's side, placed my arms around her neck, kissed her cheek, and said, "Mother, I feel like I'm dying." She looked up and saw there was something wrong.

"Sweetheart," she said, "what is wrong?"

"I don't know," I answered, "I've never felt this way in all of my life. I feel terrible, like I am about to die." She jumped up, my aunt and father were immediately on their feet. Mother ran to the medicine cabinet for some remedy which might help me; but while she was looking I got down on my knees.

When she returned I said, "Mother, I need to pray."

"Go ahead and pray, Son," she replied.

There I poured out my heart to God and confessed to Him, in my childish way, that I was a sinner and needed Jesus Christ as my Savior. While I was praying the terrible feeling began to leave; there was the witness of God's Spirit in my heart that I was born anew, and that my name was being written in the Lamb's Book of Life. I was so happy I stood up and said, "Everything's all right now."

"Well, Son," mother questioned, "aren't you sick any more?"

"I don't guess I was sick to begin with. I just needed Christ to come into my heart."

This experience of salvation is real to a child—I know! Jesus Christ came into my heart, I was gloriously



*Don Huckleba*

changed, and lived a victorious life as a teenager.

### **CALLED TO THE MINISTRY**

Later, God called me into the ministry—I was very young but the Lord filled my heart with a desire to preach. Finally, after waiting impatiently until I was "old enough," the time came for me to go into His work.

In 1947 I was licensed to preach, and was ordained in 1953 in the Northwest Texas Annual Conference of the Congregational Methodist Church. I pastored two churches prior to being ordained and since, held pastorates in Texas, Mississippi and Louisiana. I spent much time in evangelistic work and camp meetings; served on the General Conference Board of Evangelism four years and was secretary of the General Conference Board of Education for three years.

For at least two years prior to receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit, I was very much aware of the need of this power in my life but I hardly knew what to do about it. The baptism in the Holy Spirit was taught

by my church as a second work of grace for every Christian. No preacher is ordained in this denomination unless he believes and testifies that he has been baptized in the Holy Spirit, a second work of grace, after he is saved. We preach you can have all of it you want as long as you don't speak in tongues. So naturally when one speaks in tongues, it brings a little controversy.

### SEEKING THE BAPTISM

Finally I ventured out and attended services in a Pentecostal church. I sat in the back and trembled like a leaf because I had been told so many things. The verse in Ezekiel came to mind: "...and one built up a wall, and, lo, others daubed it with untempered mortar."

God has certainly torn down some walls for me which I had built up and others had daubed with untempered mortar—it was hard to hurdle this barrier.

During my search some ministers came to me and said, "Don, you are on your way up and have a wonderful opportunity; there's a great demand for aggressive young men; God can use you, but be careful, son... don't go off the deep end."

That seemed good advice so I determined to settle down and get into the rut. But do you know what a rut is? It's a grave with both ends knocked out. I continued working very earnestly. The Lord in His goodness gave me a wonderful ministry for which I am grateful; yet something was lacking in my life and ministry. Somehow I could not admit it to God or myself.

I listened regularly to a full gospel broadcast and from time to time read magazines with messages on the Holy Spirit that thrilled my heart.

Two years ago our denomination came out with a plan for personal evangelism and promoted it throughout the General Conference. The leaders of this move published an article in the church paper stating that all efforts in personal evangelism would be worthless unless we tarried before God and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and power. I took them at their word and began to tarry. I prayed, "Lord, if I don't have the baptism in the Holy Spirit I pray that You will give it to me."

In one of our General Conference meetings, we discussed the fact that many people were receiving the baptism in the Holy Spirit with the evidence of speaking in other tongues. I told them of listening to John Osteen, a Baptist, and Henry Alloway, a Methodist, who had received this experience.

"Henry Alloway was pastor of my wife's home church," I continued, "and I know what God did in that church and community. You can say what you want to about this, but I know it cannot be of the devil when men receive an experience that sets them on fire for God. God has given them such a dynamic ministry that they have taken churches which have lain in dust and ruin for many years. Suddenly the church doubles in membership and salvation experiences in less than a year—I know God must be in this."

Again a group called me off and



said, "Now, Don, we see that you are still meddling with these people — just be careful, son, be careful."

"I'm being as careful as I can to know God in His fullness," I answered. "I want God in my life."

One Sunday afternoon my wife and I were listening to the radio; a Baptist minister was preaching on the baptism in the Holy Spirit. While listening, God spoke to my heart and tears began to roll down my cheek. I said to my wife, "Sweetheart, I may as well be honest before God, you, the church, and everyone else — I just don't have the Baptism."

### MY SEARCH ENDED

The next morning I went into my study, fell on my knees, and began to pray, "Lord, *if* I don't have the Baptism, I pray You will give it to me." Day after day, week after week, this was my prayer, "*If* I don't have the Baptism, I pray You will give it to me." All this time the hunger was growing and my prayer life was deepening. To be effective as a soul winner, pastor, evangelist, or in any service for God, there had to be more of Him in my heart and life.

I continued praying, "God, *if* I don't have the Baptism I pray You will give it to me." There are three ways of praying: one is asking — that is the way most of us pray; next is praising — I'm afraid we do so little praising God for what He has done; and third is to pray listening.

God said to me, "I want you to listen for a minute." I rose from my knees and sat down at my desk. God continued, "Now, Son, in the twelve years you have been preaching, you

have said when a lost person comes to the altar, and prays, '*If* I am lost, save me,' he will never get anywhere. But when he becomes specific and says, '*Yes*, Lord, I *am* lost, save me now,' he will be saved."

"Yes, Lord," I said, "I believe that."

Then He said, "Son, as long as a man prays, '*If* I don't have the Baptism' he will never get it. Just be specific."

With that I fell on my knees and said, "O God, I don't have this and I refuse to go to my pulpit again, to knock on another door, or talk to another person about his relationship with You until I have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and the power to make me an effective witness for Jesus Christ. I will tarry right here in this study until nightfall, and if I haven't received, will tarry here until morning. I've come for this experience today, admitting I do not have it and can't go on without it; I must have the Baptism before I leave."

I continued to seek, but nothing happened and it seemed nothing was going to. "Well, anyway," I thought, "I'm glad to be saved and I'm going to praise God for that." I raised my hands and started praising God, rejoicing in what He had already done for me, and joy began to roll in my heart. In a moment I was lost in His presence. It seemed that the power came in great waves of glory; suddenly, I was aware that I was praising God in another language. All the fear of what to do, and how I would be able to stand was removed. After a while, when the glory began to subside, I went to the tele-

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**T**HERE SEEMS TO BE a strange link between a seemingly foolish step — which God specifies — and receiving spiritual power. Moses stretched his rod over the water at Jehovah's command and the Red Sea divided. The penniless widow was instructed, through Elisha, to collect many vessels and to start pouring oil into them from her small jar: when the widow had finished obeying she had collected enough oil to pay all her debts. Elijah had to strike the water with his mantle before it would part.

I once had occasion to talk about this phenomenon with Billy Graham. He had noticed it for years, and was of the opinion that the secret lay in overcoming self-consciousness and self-will sufficiently to perform the task. It was extremely difficult, he had found, for most people to get out of their seats and walk forward to the altar rail at one of his meetings. But he had also observed that the seemingly foolish gesture brought power with it.

For many people speaking in tongues falls into the same category. It seems to them pointless and embarrassing. In these people no doubt, the final yielding of their tongues produces a deep religious experience. But this was not the point at which my own resistance came. I could see by now some of the logic behind tongues: I could imagine myself praising God in a language I could not understand; I could imagine myself praying for someone in tongues if I could not imagine how to pray for them with my understanding. By now, in fact, I was becoming increasingly eager to receive the Baptism in the Holy Spirit and it seemed fairly likely to me that tongues would be a part of it.



by  
**John  
Sherrill**



No, the point of resistance for me lay in a different quarter. There was one act which many of the Pentecostals performed which I was not going to do. They would stand up, raise both hands toward heaven, and shout "Praise the Lord!"

I knew that the practice was a very old one in the Judeo-Christian tradition:

Because thy loving kindness is better than life,

My lips shall praise thee.

So will I bless thee while I live:

I will lift up my hands in thy name.

My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness;

And my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips.

I knew that "Praise the Lord" was a favorite phrase of the psalmists, and was even part of the liturgy of my own well-mannered Episcopal service.

Nevertheless, the practice as the Pentecostals did it was objectionable to me. No doubt each person draws the line somewhere. . .

December 2, 1960. It was the date of the opening of the Full Gospel Business Men's convention in Atlantic City to which my wife, Tib, and I had agreed to go, back in the spring, so many months ago. The meetings were being held at The President, one of the large on-the-water hotels. Friday night we registered, went for a walk on the cold, moonlit beach and turned in early.

I don't know why I was so unprepared for the emotions of the breakfast meeting next morning. I'd been to many Pentecostal gatherings by now, but never to such a large one: early in the morning several hundred men and women crowded into The President's grand ballroom. They ate rapidly, then pushed their

chairs back in obvious anticipation of something to follow.

On the platform at the end of the room sat two dozen business and professional men. Some, I was told, had flown across the country to attend the meetings; one had come in his own private plane.

While we were finishing our coffee, one of these men stood up and called out the name of a song. Everyone joined in, loud, lusty and wonderful as I'd heard it before among Pentecostals. By the middle of the second song a woman at the next table was weeping. There was nothing especially emotional about the song itself, it was one of the standard old Gospel hymns, "When I Survey That Wonderous Cross." But crying seems to be as infectious as laughter. Soon some of the men on the platform were unabashedly bringing out their handkerchiefs. What was it that swept a room this way? I felt it too; so did Tib sitting next to me. Both of us were studiously avoiding looking the other one in the eye.

As the music continued, several people at the tables began to sing "in the Spirit." Soon the whole room was singing a complicated harmony-without-score, created spontaneously. It was eerie but extraordinarily beautiful. The song leader was no longer trying to direct the music, but let the melodies create themselves; without prompting one quarter of the room would suddenly start to sing very loudly while others subsided. Harmonies and counterharmonies wove in and out of each other.

By now tears were flowing without restraint all around the room. A weathered, stonefaced man near us raised calloused hands and sang out, "Praise the Lord!" An elderly woman

two tables away stood up and began to dance a little jig. She looked like a great grandmother, dressed in black with her white hair in a bun. No one paid her the slightest attention. Except me, that is; I couldn't take my eyes off her. And as I watched, a phenomenon occurred which I have still not been able to explain. It was very hot in the ballroom, perhaps 85 degrees. Yet while grandmother danced I distinctly saw, against the dark velvet curtains of the room, soft billows of visible "breath" coming from her mouth as if she were standing outside in the cold.

The effect on me of watching these manifestations is hard to describe. Instead of being embarrassed or feeling that I was watching something unseemly, I had the overall feeling that this was wholesome and good, and I remembered Dr. Van Dusen's remark that Pentecostal exuberance was "ultimately healthy."

And then suddenly it was all over. The singing stopped; the mood of the meeting shifted. People brought out handkerchiefs and dried their eyes. A California dairyman named Demos Shakarian, who is the Fellowship's president, stepped to the center of the platform and conducted the business end of the meeting. It was over in five minutes, and as the weary veteran of many treasurer's reports I was filled with gratitude.

A prayer followed. The "breakfast" meeting lasted for four hours. There was preaching and more singing. There was a period during which people from the floor could tell about some experience with the Holy Spirit. I noticed that several in the audience, when introducing themselves, confirmed what Charles Maurice had told us: there were others in the ballroom

who were not Pentecostals by denomination, they were Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans. When at last the meeting adjourned for lunch, Dr. William Reed, a surgeon and an Episcopal lay reader whom we'd known for some years, came over to Tib and me and asked us to join a group who were having sandwiches sent to one of the rooms upstairs. The room they had chosen was to become strangely important to me: Room 405.

The door to Room 405 was slightly ajar when we arrived fifteen minutes later, so I knocked and walked in, wondering who would be there. Sitting with his back to the window which framed the rolling, pounding Atlantic Ocean was Jim Brown, a Presbyterian minister from Pennsylvania. Bill Reed was on the sofa, talking to a Methodist woman minister from Philadelphia, Olivia Henry. And out in the kitchen making coffee were an Episcopalian social worker named Dorothy Randall and Jim's wife, Marianne. There was not, I noted, a Pentecostal among us.

Tib sat down beside Jim with her back to the Atlantic. The conversation centered on the morning's meeting, the different people who had spoken, the points of view expressed. It was several minutes before I noticed that Tib was not joining in.

Sandwiches arrived from the coffee shop downstairs, and the talk turned to more personal subjects: the needs and hopes that each of us there in the room had brought to the convention. From time to time I looked across at Tib. She sat withdrawn and silent, the sandwich on her plate untouched. She'd said nothing about feeling bad that morning, but there was a weariness about her posture



now — as though she held a tremendous weight on her shoulders, all alone.

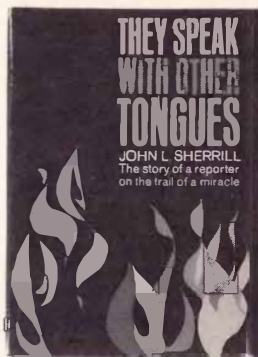
All at once she stood up. She murmured something about having to make a phone call and before I could stop her, she was gone.

Something very strange was going with all of this. Tib and I, alike in so many respects, were especially alike in one area. We were proud of our objectivity. We were then, and still are, of the opinion that objectivity and honesty are closely related. If you looked at a scene with many eyes, we believed, you were more likely to see it whole.

But objectivity also served another function for us: it acted as a shield. We were not by nature joiners or true-believers. We did not like to be identified with a group. And at the same time by profession and by instinct we really were interested in other people's enthusiasms. By keeping about us a spirit of objectivity, remaining always interested observers, but never committed participants, we were defended from the pressures of joining every group we wrote about.

I had made one major exception to this rule when I became a Christian. And with that experience I discovered a flaw in the principle of objectivity. Before I made my own commitment I thought of myself as viewing Christianity from as many vantage points as possible, thus getting an accurate view. What I did not realize was that this very objectivity was itself a block to seeing the whole picture. Because it effectively cut off one essential viewpoint: the view from the inside.

For many months now I had been looking at the Baptism in the Holy Spirit from as many angles as possible: all from the outside. I had decided with my intellect that this was



*This article appears in the book "They Speak With Tongues" written by John Sherrill who is a senior editor of Guidepost Magazine, published by McGraw-Hill.*

a valid Christian experience. Now I wanted to explore it from the inside. Tib had followed most of the research and interviews. She was interested; but still only as an observer. I think now that when she left Room 405 she knew what she was doing. She was deliberately taking with her our burden of objectivity. She was making it possible for me to step inside an experience, taking defenses out the door with her.

Of course at the time I realized all of this only on the most subliminal of levels. I doubted that she had a telephone call to make; I knew that something was weighing on her; I sensed that she did not want me to follow her. In some mystic way she was to play a tremendous role in the event that followed, because she took with her our cherished outsider's look, while I was left free to participate in the shock and jolt of experience.

And yet leaving the room, she did not leave me, for we were myster-

iously linked together during the next hours. When Tib left 405 she'd gone outside to walk on the boardwalk. After a while she stepped down onto the sand where she could walk right at the water's edge. She walked for a long, long time. The sun sank lower in the sky. Facing south as she was, her eyes began to be bothered by it. Tib has always been extremely light-sensitive, choosing chairs that looked away from windows and so forth. She started to turn around and head north with her back to the sun when a sentence popped into her mind with the force of a command.

"Look neither to the right nor to the left, but only straight ahead."

But straight ahead was the dazzling sun. She walked on a little further, squinting her eyes. It was getting late. She was a long way from the hotel by now. The meeting in Room 405 must be over, she thought: I would be looking for her. But each time she started to turn around and retrace her steps, the extraordinary words reappeared in her mind.

"Neither right nor left. Only straight ahead."

The sun was lower still. Glittering on the waves, glaring straight into her eyes. And still Tib walked on, into the blinding light. . . .

In 405 there was a certain air of expectancy. There were six of us now, seated in a casual circle about the room. Several people had related instances of the power of Spirit-filled prayer, and someone now suggested that we pray this way for the problems on our minds.

Partly in an effort to overcome self-consciousness, I shut my eyes. Soon I'd lost track of who was talking in the room. Someone began to pray in the Spirit. It was a woman's voice, but I did not know whose. In fact,

from that moment on I lost contact with individuals. It was as if the separate personalities had disappeared and a single individual, talking in various timbres and accents had taken their place. Minds seemed to work together: a sentence would be started by one person and finished by another.

Now someone else began to pray in tongues. Another started to sing very softly in the Spirit. I felt my throat tighten, as it had downstairs at the height of the singing. I suppose I was crying, deeply, silently. Slowly I began to lose my own identity too, until finally self-awareness disappeared.

This is quite an experience, losing consciousness of self. And I was helped by gaining, at the same time, the awareness that another Presence was in the room. And suddenly He was there again, in light as I had seen Him in the hospital following my cancer operation. But this time the light blazed through my closed lids, blinding, dizzying, fearful. I was afraid of this approaching contact. I tried to pull up my mind away from it, to concentrate on the solid room around me and the human beings in it.

"Look neither to the right nor to the left, but only straight ahead."

The voice came from behind me. I thought it was Olivia Henry's but I have never been sure. Just at the moment when I was about to take refuge in self-consciousness, it pulled me back to the center. Several times more, in the next hour, the command was repeated, always just in time to prevent my attention from being side-tracked. I never knew whether the words were meant for me or not, but they performed an immeasurable service. They kept me from being dis-



tracted by what was going on to either side, from being conscious of how I looked and what other people thought of me; they brought me back always to the blinding light directly ahead.

There was a lull in the praying and singing. The voices around me receded into a quiet murmur.

A man's voice: "I believe John wants the Baptism in the Spirit."

I felt, more than saw, the five people rise and form a circle around me.

What happened next is due in large part to the role Tib was playing as she walked alone up the beach toward the sun. I believe that, although I am unable to explain it. Without this help from her I would hardly have run the strange new danger of a totally new experience.

At the time, there in Room 405, nothing of this was going through my mind. Just the opposite: the very nature of that hour was pure experience, with a maximum of allowing to happen what was going to happen, and a minimum of analysis.

The group moved closer around me. It was almost as if they were forming with their bodies a funnel through which was concentrated the flow of the Spirit that was pulsing through that room. It flowed into me as I sat there, listening to the Spirit-song around me. Now the tongues swelled to a crescendo, musical and lovely. I opened my mouth, wondering if I too could join in, but nothing happened.

I felt a numbness in my lips and a constriction in my throat.

And suddenly I had the impression that in order to speak in tongues I had only to look up. But this was a joyful gesture. All my training and

inclination was to approach God with head bowed.

Strange that such a simple gesture as lifting the head should become a battleground. And soon — perhaps because I did not obey quick enough — another directive came clear: not only was I to lift my head but I was to lift my hands too, and I was to cry out with all the feeling in me a great shout of praise to God. A hot, angry flush rose and flooded me. It was the thing above all things that I didn't want to do.

Perhaps because it was so very repugnant to me the issue was clearly drawn as one of sheer obedience.

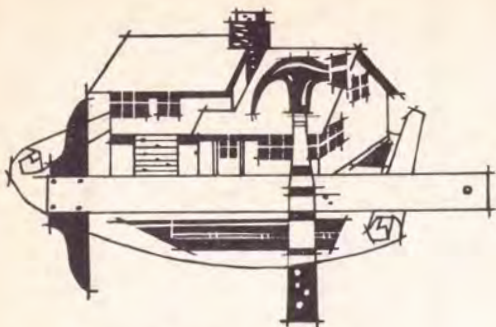
What other possible significance could there be in my raising my hands high and mouthing some words of praise? But that was what I had to do, and I knew it. Foolish as it seemed. Or maybe because it seemed foolish. I heard E. Stanley Jones saying, "I had to become God's fool."

With a sudden burst of will I thrust my hands into the air, turned my face full upward, and at the top of my voice I shouted:

"Praise the Lord!"

It was the floodgate opened. From deep inside me, deeper than I knew voice could go, came a torrent of joyful sound. It was not beautiful, like the tongues around me. I had the impression that it was ugly: explosive and grunting. I didn't care. It was healing, it was forgiveness, it was love too deep for words and it burst from me in wordless sound. After that one shattering effort of will, my will was released, freed to soar into union with Him. No further conscious effort was required of me at all, not even choosing the syllables with which to express my joy. The syllables were all

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# MY BUSINESS

## A MIRACLE IN

A \$30,000 LAWSUIT faced me as I left my home in Fort Worth, Texas to attend the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International Convention in Houston—I was being sued for \$15,000 and my corporation for the same amount.

In any kind of business you are subject to lawsuits when dealing with many people. God had opened the way for me to go into the contracting business, building homes in an exclusive area of Fort Worth. I built a house for one couple and shortly after there was a severe storm that blew the roof off their home. After the repair work was done the roof leaked; so I went out to fix it. But the lady said, "There's no need to fix it, because we are turning this over to our attorneys."

"Well, fine, that's all I can do," I answered.

When the lawsuit came up I was very upset—but it brought me to my knees. At the Houston Convention I made this a matter of prayer. God had directed me into this business and I knew He was interested in it. I had to borrow every dime possible to get started—I mortgaged everything, my furniture, car, etc., but

was confident that this was the leading of the Lord.

My first house was in the twenty-five to thirty thousand dollar bracket in one of the elite sections of Fort Worth. This was considered quite an accomplishment for a young man. It was really taking a big step but God was in it. With my ability and knowledge of the construction business and interior decorating, I felt it could be done.

All went along fine until I finished it; things looked so good at that time that I bought another \$6,000 lot and paid almost a third down on it. Just when I thought success was mine, God let that house sit there without a buyer. Becoming desperate, I asked, "Lord, what have You done? You put me in this business but are You going to bring me out? I don't understand!"

Many times I knelt on the carpeted floor of that house and asked God to please show me the reason I was going through this, and what His plan was for me. I know now He had to do something to get me into line and let me know that He was the One who put me in this business, and He was the One who would bring me through.



# IS GOD'S BUSINESS

## THE LIFE OF ED MATTHEWS

I sat for six solid months in that house, and not a customer would come by. It looked as though I would lose my furniture, home, car and everything. But two days before the note was due on the house and the lot — when I realized it took more than my ability — God sold it for me.

Since that time my prayer has been, "God, I'll depend on You and not on my ability. If You'll sell them for me I'll build them. You can use my life and all I have, it's strictly for You." From that time on I've sold every house without any trouble which includes over 60% of the homes in this exclusive area.

Now, as I faced this new crisis — a lawsuit — I knew God was not going to let someone inspired by Satan take my business away from me. While praying God impressed me to go downtown to the Continental National Bank Building where the attorney for this couple was located. I walked around the bank seven times and claimed victory over him. As I walked I could feel the Spirit of God all around me. In fact, I was so pre-occupied by the Spirit that when a friend of mine came around the corner and said, "Hi Ed," I didn't even notice

him or speak, just kept going.

The next day in church he said, "What was the matter with you?"

"I'll tell you some day," was my reply.

None of my friends knew about the trial — I just prayed about it. The case went on for nearly a year, talking back and forth. One day, my attorney said, "Ed, we won the corporation lawsuit and I believe I'd give them \$5,000 on the personal suit, forget it and walk away."

"No," I said, "I don't feel like God would have me do that, I still believe He's going to deliver me."

We kept dickering back and forth — it was brought down to \$4000, then \$3000, finally \$2500, and stayed there. I believed God was still going to deliver me. Less than three weeks after they made this proposal their attorney was fired from his firm, and had to leave town. When he left he sent the complete file to the people who were suing me. Now the lawsuit isn't worth anything. I know that God did intervene, and halt that attorney.

How I thank Him for this miracle and the many others He has performed over and over again, because my business is God's business.

# NEW YORK CONVE

ONE ONLY NEEDS to stand in the heart of New York City and look at the great skyscrapers reaching up from dark and dingy streets until they pierce the bright blue sky, to understand the effect the Northeastern Regional Convention had on those who attended.

Men and women from across America and many parts of the world gathered in the Statler Hilton Hotel and witnessed first-hand the way of victory — through the dark, dingy chaos of this world into the bright beauty of a vital experience in Christ — through the Holy Spirit.

## U.N. BREAKFAST

One outstanding feature of the convention was the United Nations Breakfast, where representatives from many nations heard for the first time the claims of Christ upon their lives personally — as well as His love for all the nations of this world.

Dr. Bob Finley, President of International Students, Inc. told those assembled how he found, in his experiences with people of all races and creeds, that Christ alone can meet every need. Greg Tingson, Philippine evangelist, added his testimony how the grace of God met his every need.

The ministry of this convention was varied denominationally — speakers included Frank Downing, Baptist; Harold Bredesen, Reformed; Howard Ervin, Baptist; Ervin Prang, Lutheran; George Billings, Baptist; and many others. However, the spirit was one — with “His banner over us — love,” we witnessed a real unity of the Spirit.

Special meetings were conducted for the ministers, ladies, youth, and university students.

## SEMINAR PROGRAM

The Seminar Committee conducted two seminars at the Convention. In one,

## SPECIAL MEETINGS



Main Banquet



College Seminar



Women's Seminar



# ENTION

## SPECIAL SPEAKERS

700 gathered to consider the topic presented by Dr. Howard Ervin: "Is the Present-Day Glossolalia a Parallel to Pentecost?" Interest and attendance is increasing in the seminar meetings.

The special college student, faculty member and ministers' luncheon seminar was held in a private room where 150 gathered to hear the Rev. Harald Bredesen deliver a paper on the subject: "Relating the Present-Day Glossolalia to the Original Pentecost." Calvin Marsh, soloist with the Metropolitan Opera Company, and his wife honored the assemblage by singing, accompanied on the piano by Stuart Sachs who is a pianist-composer and program director for CBS-TV. Demos Shakarian, President of FGBMFI, addressed the group, as did Dave Wilkerson of Teen Challenge.

## YOUTH BANQUET

There was a quiet yet powerful moving of the Holy Spirit in the youth banquet.  
*Continued on next page*



*Robert Finley*



*Dave Wilkerson*



*Frank Downing*



*George Billings*



*Meeting*



*Youth Meeting*



*Chapter Officers*

## NEW YORK CONVENTION

*Continued from page 17*

quet. Even before the main speaker stepped to the microphone, there was a deep personal dedication being made in the hearts of many of the 275 young people assembled.

Dave Wilkerson, founder of Teen Challenge and author of the best-seller *THE CROSS AND THE SWITCH-BLADE*, delivered a dynamic message. Many stood at sober attention in the doorways of the banquet room, listening to the up-to-the-minute account of how dope and sex have enveloped today's teens. At the close, quiet waves of conviction moved over the audience. One by one, young people stood and moved forward to a place of prayer; those remaining knelt by their chairs. More than 20 teenagers received the baptism in the Holy Spirit during this meeting and the evening youth service which followed. This harvest resulted from the intensive effort on the part of those directing the youth program, Dave Brumback and Bobby Green. The FGBMFI sponsored free banquet tickets for unchurched youth. These were given out in rallies held nightly for two weeks before the convention. This brought 75 non-Christian teenagers to the banquet as guests of FGBMFI, where God transformed many of their lives!

## THE PRICE OF THE GIFT

*Continued from page 7*

phone and called my wife: "Sweetheart, guess what happened?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"I just got the baptism in the Holy Spirit!"

"The kind with speaking in tongues?"

she questioned.

"Yes, I mean that kind."

"Well, praise the Lord!" she exclaimed.

## THE PRICE OF THE GIFT

It wasn't too long after coming into this glorious experience that I found there is a price to pay for the gift. I remember one time while praying, God spoke to me and said, "Son, are you really willing to pay the price?"

"Yes, Lord," I said, "if I know my heart, I am willing to pay the price." God brought to mind a man who had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit but found so much opposition from his wife, parents, and friends, that he finally gave up and went back into the old rut. Today he is very cold and indifferent to the things of God. I said, "Lord, I want to be willing and have everything that is from You."

It has been my privilege to prove it is not what I can do, but it is God who enables me to stand.

I was forced out of my church — not voted out — they just stopped my salary and started charging rent on the parsonage so I quit! The accusations brought against me were for "heresy and witchcraft" — speaking in other tongues. "But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets" Acts 24:14.

A letter arrived one day from an official of our General Conference stating he had something to discuss with me at the headquarters in Dallas. I went to the office and after our business was settled I started to leave.



"Don," he said, "there is something else I want to talk to you about. I understand you have been testifying, in many places, that you have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, with the evidence of speaking in tongues."

"I plead guilty to that," was my reply.

"Don, don't you think it's possible the devil could have taken advantage of your sincerity?"

"No sir, I do not think it's possible," I answered.

"You don't believe that there's the slightest possibility that in your eagerness, while seeking after God, that the devil could have deceived you and given you this experience?" he questioned.

"Now listen, my friend," I stated, "Jesus said, 'If a son shall ask bread of

any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a serpent? Or if he ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?'"

"Now," I said, "if you can convince me that the devil can bypass God and reach a man, covered with the blood of Jesus Christ, whose heart hungers for God; can come in and deceive him while he is in deep prayer and devotion seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit — I would be afraid ever again to pray and seek God with all my heart. No," I con-

*Continued on next page*

## IN MEMORIAM

*A great warrior of the Cross has departed! On Friday night November 6, 1964, God chose to take from our midst Mr. Isaac Shakarian, beloved father of our International President Mr. Demos Shakarian.*

*This spiritual giant walked with God and "was not because God took him." The impact of his life has been felt throughout Christendom and even in death the impetus will increase, "for his works do follow him."*

*Today there is a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship largely because of his sacrificial spirit. He gave of his means, time, and greater yet — gave his son, even when the business needed him desperately, that he might effectively serve as founder and president of this worldwide organization. As a small tribute we plan to make the next issue of VOICE magazine a memorial issue to the life and ministry of Isaac Shakarian.*

tinued, "I do not believe the devil had one thing to do with it. The Word of God is true; the experience I received is backed up by the Word of God and the Bible says the Spirit and the Word agree; I believe that."

### AN INCREASED MINISTRY

Later another group came to me and said, "We know you're not going to repent, or renounce this, but listen, if you'll just give us your word that you'll keep quiet about it. . . ."

I thought of Peter and John who said, "How can we help but speak that which we have both seen and heard;" and Jeremiah who, when discouraged, said he would just go away into the wilderness and speak no more in His name, but the word became a flaming fire locked up in his bones and he was weary with forebearing.

I have met some who have testified of this experience personally, on a very quiet basis, but won't tell it publicly. When I prayed through to this experience I could not keep quiet about it!

"Don," they continued, "if you'll just give us your word that you won't testify to this any more — if this is your experience, go ahead and enjoy it but keep quiet about it — if you do this we'll see that an article comes out in the church paper to the entire General Conference which will help to redeem your ministry."

"Brethren," I said, "I haven't lost a ministry. I'm entering the ministry."

In my first pastorate in North Texas, there was a lady who testified of having received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Even though she and her family were members of the Congre-

gational Methodist Church, they began to fellowship with a group that I felt had gone off the deep end on the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I talked to them and warned them about going to the extreme, and sure enough they did — they got the Baptism is what I mean. This lady's brother was saved under my ministry, and answered the call to preach.

I told her, "I'm afraid you're going to lead him off into this if you are not careful."

"Well, we're doing our best to," she answered. They were pulling one way and I was pulling the other.

After I received the Baptism I had the privilege of preaching to this family in one of my meetings. I told the congregation how afraid I had been that they were going to lead this brother into the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Now I was afraid they were not going to be able to!

It is wonderful the change God makes in the heart when we come into this blessed experience.

A young preacher, I have known for a long time, came to my house with tears rolling down his cheeks and said, "Don, I heard about your experience in the Baptism some time ago. I have been waiting, and watching how He has given you power to stand — now I know it's real. My heart is so hungry — this Baptism is for me and I won't be satisfied until I have it."

I have received letters and telephone calls from others whose hearts are hungry for the precious experience of the baptism in the Holy Spirit. You can't stop the move of God.





## *Christmas Gift Suggestion*

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# ***FGBMFI TEAM***



*Editor Jerry Jensen speaks at FGBMFI chapter in Stuttgart, Germany. Willie Bolender, a businessman who is charge of FGBMFI activities in Germany, is interpreting.*



*FGBMFI chapter meeting in Zurich, Switzerland. Dr. Ad Guggenbuhl is Director.*





# TRAVELS



*Pictured above is part of the crowd at the Full Gospel Day of Joy conducted by the Holland FGBMFI Chapter. Between five and six thousand people attended this rally day directed by H. J. van den Dries, Holland Director.*

*Pictured at left: Jerry Jensen and Rev. John McTernan pray with those who came to accept Christ as Savior during one of the team's meetings in Rome, Italy.*

*Pictured at right are Mr. Miner Arganbright, top, and Danny Henry, below, who are giving their testimonies during the meetings in Rome. Rev. John McTernan, successful businessman turned missionary, is interpreting.*



minute



messages



God gave me a verse of Scripture the night I was saved sixteen years ago: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. 6:33).

Until last year this was just a verse, but now it is the guiding principle of my life. God is first!

He is beginning to move in the Boston area. A number of college students have been filled with the Holy Spirit, and key leaders in various denominations are being stirred. Telephone calls pour in from those expressing desires to know more of the ministry of the Holy Spirit. God is truly moving — it is too big to be of mere man! — **Ernie Tavella/Boston, Mass.**

At a recent chapter meeting for some reason our crowd was not what we had expected and I sat baffled, questioning myself: "What are you going to do; who will pay for all these empty seats?"

Yes, I was worried — looking at it from a financial standpoint. A little later it struck me that it was not what I was going to do, but what God would do, if I stepped out of the way and allowed Him to move.

That night eight received the baptism in the Holy Spirit right where they were sitting. Others were healed. In forty-five minutes God dispelled my financial anxieties and poured out a tremendous spiritual refreshing upon all those present. **John Toth/Ohio**



I have attended many interesting events at the Waldorf Astoria in New York, including a luncheon honoring Astronaut John Glenn. But one of the greatest meetings I ever attended was when the Full Gospel Business Men came to the Waldorf and Demos Shakarian, anointed of God, poured out his soul to an overflowing crowd, telling laymen they should carry the gospel message across the nation and around the world! Laymen accepted the challenge and fanned the embers until today its sparks are lighting fires the world over, and there is no end in sight! That night was one of the greatest of all. — **Richard Marcus/New York**



No one had ever told me about Jesus Christ until I walked into the office of a full gospel businessman in Denver, Colorado. My motive was to show real estate as a "fill-in" between my job as a photographer and, although I was drunk, this man still told me about Christ. From that time the Spirit of God started to deal with me and it was not long before I attended an FGBMFI breakfast—there I met my Savior! Now I am truly happy, but there are people that we meet in our daily activities who want to know Him, too. Before Jesus comes, I hope to be able to tell many of them about Him. — **Larry "Scotty" Foster/Denver, Colo.**



I followed the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship for nearly two years. In fact, I could not miss one meeting, no matter how I tried to make excuses, there was something vital about these men who were on fire for God. I began to think I certainly needed Him in my life. So, it was through FGBMFI and the ministry of Kenneth Hagin that I was saved and filled with the Holy Spirit! Shortly thereafter, my 7 and 9 year old daughters were also saved and filled with the Holy Spirit! Prior to this, everything in my real estate dealings reversed and fell apart... but now, I know that God meets us in financial as well as other ways, as we trust Him! — **Gerald Pickering/Tulsa, Okla.**

I practice dentistry in Hartford, Connecticut, but my specialty is bringing the knowledge of the Holy Spirit to seeking hungry hearts. Recently, in our local FGBMFI chapter meeting, a 16-year old boy attended who had never had a well day in his life. Born with a brain injury known to medical men as "water on the brain," he moved slowly, unable to bend over without getting dizzy or fainting. In that meeting he accepted Christ as his Savior and was completely healed! The following day I visited a church where this young man happened to stand and give his testimony—it was the first 24-hour period of his life that he knew what it was to be well! — **Dr. John Barton/Hartford, Conn.**



Through a series of events, God revealed to me my position in Christ as a believer. I found that through the laying-on-of-hands believers received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and the sick were healed. During a tour of Central and South America I prayed for a 17-year old deaf girl. She had never uttered a word, but as we prayed she began to speak in tongues! In Washington, D.C. at the 1962 FGBMFI convention, God told me if I would completely give Him my life, He would give me souls for His glory. Since that day He has confirmed His Word every time I have been invited to speak before groups. — **G. Lee Watson/Atlanta, Ga.**



# ***chapter highlights***

SHELDON CLEMENTS/CHAPTER COORDINATOR

## **Ohio Rally Day**

The first Ohio Rally Day held through the combined efforts of eight Ohio FGBMI chapters, could not have had a better sendoff than the 7 a.m. prayer service. The room where it was held was soon crowded out and two prayer groups were formed.

By the time others arrived for the 8 a.m. breakfast, a great spiritual tide had already begun to rise. Following

the breakfast, over 20 received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, including one businessman from Connecticut who had gone from convention to convention, seeking the Baptism.

A special luncheon was held for college students and ministers with Dr. Howard Ervin, moderator, and Dan Malachuk, coordinator. Some 400 attended the closing banquet where Dr. Robert Finley, president of International Students, Inc., and Frank



Don Locke, international director and Bill Mash, Oklahoma City chapter president, ordered 50,000 VOICE magazines for distribution at the Oklahoma State Fair. The local FGBMI chapter sponsored one of the largest fair booths during this nine-day exhibit, which was managed by Alfred Mason from the International Office in Los Angeles (pictured second from left).



Foglio of Fontana, California shared the speaker's time.

A good number responded to the invitation for salvation and rededication; approximately ten received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

### **Elmira, New York**

More than 140 persons delegated from Elmira, Buffalo, Syracuse, Rochester and Utica Chapters, to attend a recent prayer breakfast and afternoon rally of the Elmira Chapter. Dan Malachuk, one of their guest speakers, presented the charter to Michael Bedzyk, Elmira Chapter president.

### **Goldsboro, North Carolina**

The Holy Spirit was in complete charge at a recent opening banquet for Goldsboro, North Carolina. Approximately 170 people were in attendance, with more than 90 percent responding to the altar call. It looks as if this will be another successful chapter to serve the South.

### **Charlotte, North Carolina**

Nearly 400 were in attendance each night at the recent two-day fellowship meeting held by the Charlotte Chapter, along with other chapters in North and South Carolina. Special speakers were: Methodist, Tommy Tyson; Jack Shaw, FGBMFI youth leader; and Layton Wilson, student from Duke University. This meeting proved to be a most outstanding one for the Charlotte Chapter.

### **Halifax, Nova Scotia**

The Canadian National Hotel was the scene for the second meeting of the Halifax FGBMFI Chapter. Even

though the weather was bad, nothing hindered the spiritual tide as a large group gathered to hear Charles Trombley, a former Jehovah's Witness. A naval officer who holds one of the highest awards for heroic gallantry, received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. "This is exactly what I have been looking for," was his comment. Harris Webb, a local shipbuilder, is in charge of the new chapter.

### **Kansas City, Missouri**

The Kansas City Chapter had a fine turn out at a recent breakfast given for the denominational pastors in the area. Dr. Howard Ervin was guest speaker and as a result progress was made in the right direction.

## **FLASH!**

Larry Snelgrove and Paul Krohnert announce that the FG-BMFI Executive Board has named Ray Barnett as executive vice-president for Canada.

Ray Barnett, who is president of Calgary, Alberta Chapter, has already been instrumental in forming several new Canadian chapters.

With this step of progress we are expecting a real advance in the Canadian work.

Pictured at right: top to bottom, Larry Snelgrove, Paul Krohnert and Ray Barnett.



## DID YOU KNOW?

In the last three months some 5,000 magazines have been returned to the International office because they could not be delivered. This cost the Fellowship \$500.

With your help this exorbitant waste could be curtailed. If you move, please inform us of your change of address.

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## ROOM 405

*Continued from page 13*

there, ready-formed for my use, more abundant than my earth-bound lips and tongue could give shape to.

It was not that I felt out of control of the situation: I had never felt more truly master of myself, more integrated and at peace with warring factions inside myself. I could stop the tongues at any instant, but who would? I wanted them never to stop. And so I prayed on, laughing and free, while the setting sun shone through the window, and the stars came out.

*The above article is a chapter in John Sherrill's new book, They Speak with Tongues, published by McGraw-Hill*

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## PHOENIX REGIONAL CONVENTION • Jan. 21-25, 1965

Once again, members of the Arizona FGBMFI extend a hearty invitation to attend the 5th annual Phoenix Regional Convention in the Ramada Inn, January 21-25, 1965.

Choice speakers scheduled for the event are: Derek Prince, Kash Amberg, Dr. Howard Ervin and William Branham, plus many businessmen. Helen Easterly will be conducting children's meetings during the convention. Special meetings for young people and a youth banquet are also scheduled.

William Branham will be the speaker at a pre-convention rally at the Ramada Inn at 7:30 p.m. on January 20th, as well as during the convention.

Convention registration begins Thursday, January 21, at 2:30 p.m. followed by a rally at 7:30 in the Ramada Auditorium. Breakfast meetings are planned for Friday, Saturday and Monday at 8:00 a.m.; tickets are \$1.75 each. Derek Prince will conduct teaching sessions at 2:00 p.m. on Friday and Saturday. Evening meetings on Thursday, Friday and Saturday begin at 7:30 p.m. There is to be a special Sunday afternoon service at 2:00. The closing Banquet will be Monday night at 7:30 p.m.

Even though this is the height of the winter tourist season in Phoenix, the Ramada Inn is giving the following rates:

Single .....	\$ 9.25 & 10.25
Double .....	\$11.25 & 12.25
Twin .....	\$12.25 & 13.25
Twin Double .....	\$13.25 & 14.25
(Two persons — \$1.75 each additional person)	
Suites .....	\$25.00 & 30.00

For additional information contact:

C. E. Williams, Local Chairman  
5919 Edgemont, Scottsdale, Arizona



Speakers pictured at right, top to bottom: Howard Ervin, Kash Amberg, and Derek Prince.

# **FGBMFI** Our Banner is Love

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As we enter this season of giving, there are no more significant gifts than those our Heavenly Father gives to His children. He gave His Son that we might receive the gift of eternal life. Jesus, His Son, told us in the gospels that if we, being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children, how much more will our Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him. Our prayer is that every reader shall receive all God has—Eternal life and the baptism in the Holy Spirit are His gifts to you.

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