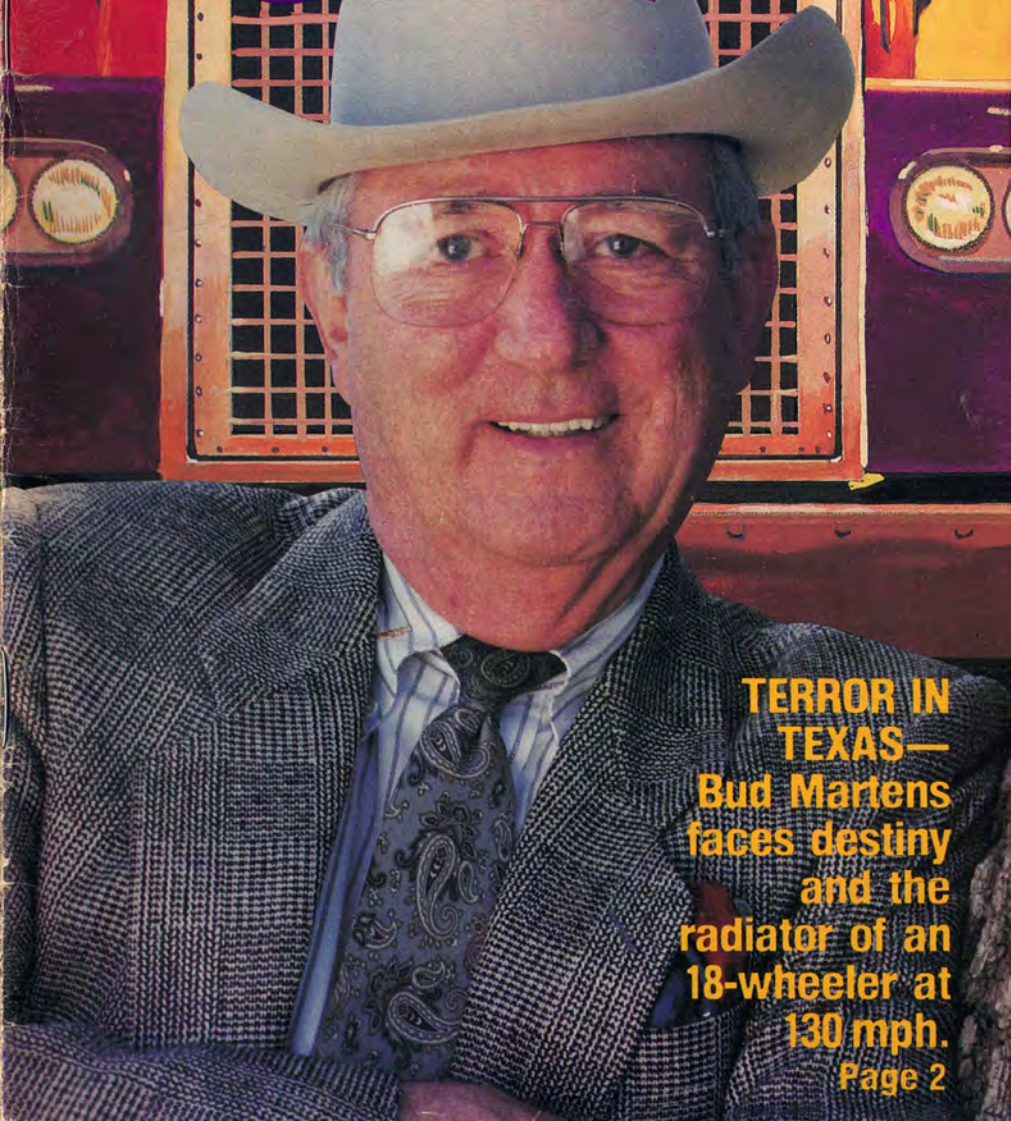


Full Gospel Business Men's

FREIGHTLINER

6-93

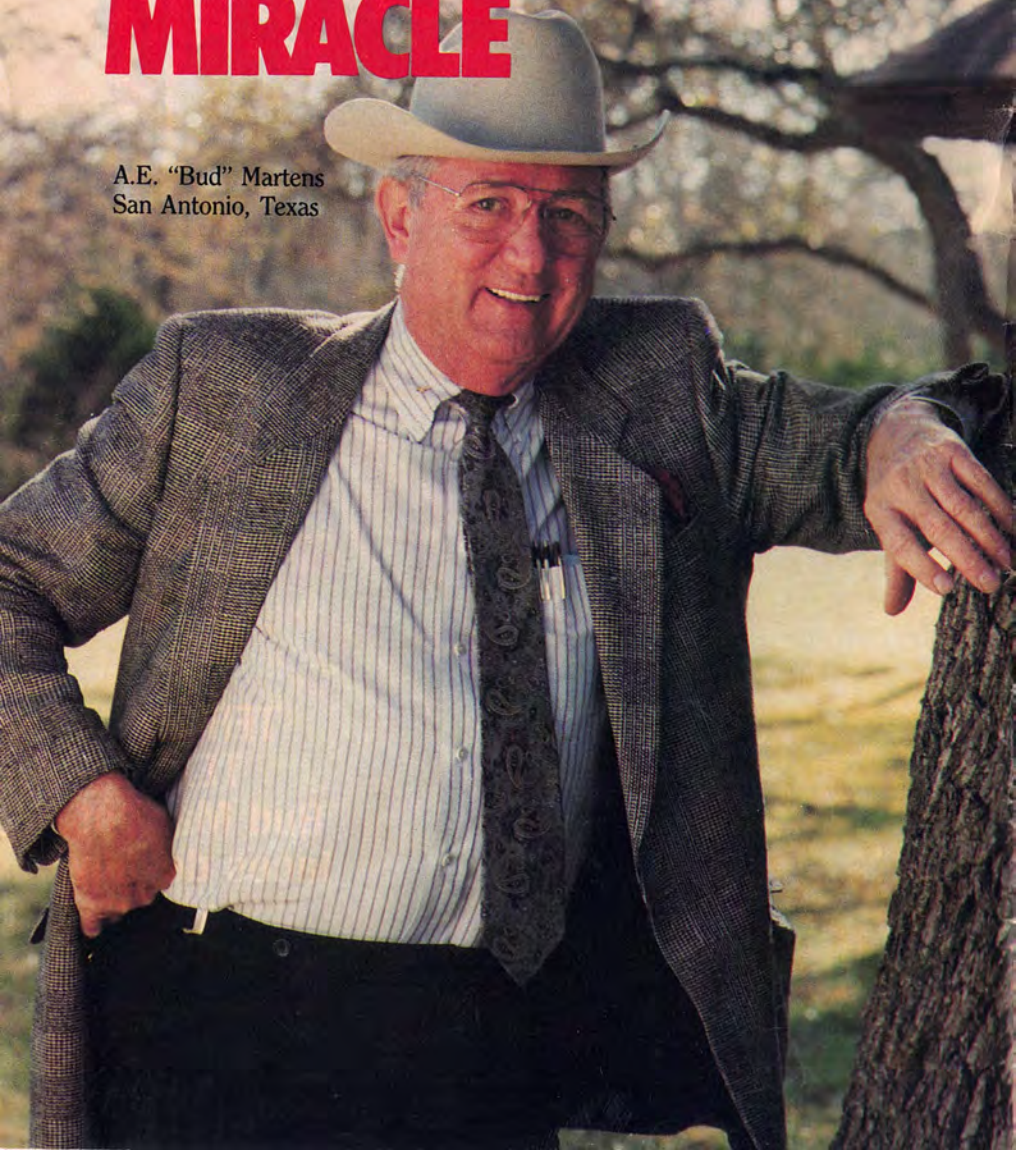
# VOICE



**TERROR IN  
TEXAS—  
Bud Martens  
faces destiny  
and the  
radiator of an  
18-wheeler at  
130 mph.  
Page 2**

# THE GREAT MIRACLE

A.E. "Bud" Martens  
San Antonio, Texas



The advancing radiator of the 18-wheeler was bigger than life and coming straight for me at a velocity of something like 130 mph. My new Cadillac was doing 75 and the oversized tractor-trailer was making at least 55. Like so many independent petroleum operators I was driving dead tired, having been traveling most of the day checking on the drilling my company had in progress. I was overworked and not in a good mood. Earlier in the day I had gone through the most disappointing experience of the business—closing down a drilling rig because it had turned out to be a dry hole—always a devastating duty for an oil man.

After my last stop I unwisely decided to push on home to Dallas for the night. This should have been an easy 165 mile run, but I dozed off at the wheel just outside Cameron. Asleep, I drifted into the oncoming lane where the 18-wheeler was barreling down on me...when, by the grace of God I awoke. Terrified, I saw that giant radiator leaping toward me.

I hit the brakes and instinctively swung the wheel to the right, but not enough. The left side of my new Cadillac was literally sliced off, leaving me exposed, but still in control of the car which came to a stop. The truck driver was screaming over his CB for help. He was sure I had been ground to hamburger.

I undid my seat belt and got out, not having to open my door—because there was no door left—and walked toward the truck. There was blood on me because a piece of flying glass had

pierced my left ear lobe, my only injury. The truck driver was astounded, calling my survival a miracle. I was later to learn a different and deeper meaning of a miracle of God.

I saw God's miraculous power use men and prayer to save the left foot of my older sister. During my graduation party my sister decided to take a ride in our family airplane. She and the pilot were doing circles in the sky when the plane stalled out and crashed. My sister's left foot was severed off except for a small amount of tissue that kept it hanging to her leg.

On the way to the hospital, I prayed out loud for the restoration of my sister's foot: "Please, God, don't let my sister have to go through life with just one foot." I had learned about God in the Baptist church when I was small.

The doctors assisting Dr. Philip Joseph, my sister's surgeon, had little faith in the success of the operation. They said the attempt to save my sister's foot was futile.

My mother had taught me the power of prayer, so I kept praying. And Dr. Joseph kept operating—resectioning blood vessels, ligaments, muscles, nerves, bones and skin for 11 hours. Then he put Sis in a cast from the waist down. She remained immobilized for the next two-and-a-half years. But when they finally removed the cast my sister had the use of her foot. That operation by a small-town doctor, supported by faithful prayer, had made her whole. I know of no other severed limb being surgically replaced successfully until years later.

I call this a miraculous answer to prayer. But what I call 'the great miracle' in my life came later.

**B**ecause of many remarkable deliverances, I believed that God had His hand upon me. But in spite of my blessings, I was sinful by neglecting God and not keeping Him first in my life.

I graduated from the University of Texas, and started my career in the oil business. I married and had one son before my wife died. In trying to get my life reorganized after this great loss I returned to the University of Texas as a law student. Ten years later I remarried and God blessed us with two more sons and a daughter, all of whom are remarkable in their own unique way. The marriage gave me a full family but ended in divorce after 20 years, mainly due to my workaholic habits. It is easy for an oil man to be married to his work—especially as he expands his holdings and operations over several states and overseas.

The oil down-turn in the '80s began to wipe me out. I had become an Episcopalian after my first marriage and thought I was a pretty good Christian. I made my communions, was regular in attendance and even served as a chalice bearer. I was also on the Vestry

and Steward of Finance. Even so, I didn't really know the Lord. I had gone through catechism in both the Lutheran and Episcopal churches, but there was still something missing.

I was a "convenient" Christian, putting God and the church first in my life when convenient. But there was a profound emptiness within me I was trying to fill. The "peace of God" was not within me and I didn't know how to find it.

I asked myself "What is it?" and began to refer to this emptiness as the "WHAT?" Over the next few years my search for the "what" was continually a preoccupation with me—no matter what I did or how far I strayed from the straight and narrow.

**M**y path led downward and further away from God. With the divorce I lost my family, and financial problems began to arise. Without a wife and estranged from my family, an attractive blonde came into my life. Not only did I enjoy her company but was captured by her sheer beauty and charm. I could hardly believe it when she told me she was a witch. I asked myself, "How could someone so spectacular as this lovely woman be a witch?" I rationalized, maybe in the vernacular but not in reality.

---

**VOICE** (ISSN0042-8264) is published monthly for \$7.95 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa, California 92626, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Second-class postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. June, 1993, Vol. 41, No. 6.

**POSTMASTER:** Send address changes to Voice, 3150 Bear St., Costa Mesa, CA 92626, U.S.A. In Canada send return copies to P.O. Box 1704, Windsor, Ontario N9A 6Y1. Yearly subscription: U.S.—\$7.95. Canada and overseas—\$7.95. Bulk rate cards sent on request. Also available in French, German, Norwegian, Swedish and English (U.K.)—\$5.00; Spanish—\$3.00.



*Bud Martens (2nd from left, front) with family members and his Beechcraft King corporate plane.*

Whatever the cause, my fortune, my lifestyle and communication with my natural family all came apart. I lost everything including a net worth in the millions.

For several years I floundered. I lost all the income I had left, and the blonde lost all interest in me. I lost my private airplane and plunged deeper and deeper into debt. I developed heart problems, high blood pressure and an ulcerated hernia.

Finally, like the Prodigal Son, I took a hard look at myself. Around my neck hung an "aunch" which the devastating blonde witch had hung there under her deception of love. The "aunch" is the symbol of witchcraft. It looks like a cross at first glance, but above the

cross-bar there is a loop. It's a demonic substitute for the sacrificial but triumphant symbol of the Cross of Calvary that Christians wear. Under the spell of this satanic yet provocative person, I had let Satan do his wicked work. I was totally downed, with the noose of the Evil One chained about my neck in gold.

**I**n September, 1987 I picked up the phone and called the only Christian single woman I knew in my age bracket. I needed help. God had kept me alive, but I had never responded to Him with 100 percent of my life. This move to seek out a Christian friend was the beginning of the great miracle of my life.

Mona had been a childhood sweetheart but never took me seriously in school. Later, we both went our own ways. Now a single banker, she was still uniquely beautiful on the outside as well as the inside. Her life still exuded beauty and enthusiasm tempered by a charming quality of mature adulthood. I was overjoyed when she asked me to visit her in Missouri.

Right off, she sensed my frustration—my search for the WHAT. She knew I was aimlessly looking for the Lord. She also recognized the sad state of my business life. She knew I needed direction. She didn't hesitate, witnessing to me in a way that she sensed I would accept. She insisted I call the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship chapter when I returned to San Antonio. I did, and began attending their breakfast meetings. Two committed members—Tony Valek and Tony Buentello, began sharing with me the promises and teachings of the Word of God.

**I**n January, 1989 Mona phoned and invited me to a Christian Camp Meeting in Missouri. She was leading me toward a confrontation with Jesus Christ in purposefully planned increments.

This became the real turning point in my quest for the "WHAT?" Mona told me how she had grown in her relationship with God. "I have been baptized in the Holy Spirit," she said. "And Bud, I want to be absolutely above board with you. I am a 'tongue-talking, Spirit-filled' Christian. I want you to know this because I don't want



*(Top, far left) Bud and daughter, Marianne.*

*(Top, left) Bud and youngest son, Charles.*

*(Below, left) Bud and Mona, the Christian lady friend who led him to Christ and the baptism in the Holy Spirit.*

to get serious with anyone who does not accept this.”

She was talking about something I didn't understand, but I knew what she had was so special that I didn't want to risk living without it. My chance was not far away.

On March 9, 1989, her pastor and his wife, joined us for dinner at Mona's house in Sikeston. Following the pleasant meal, at about 9 p.m., Rev. Craig, his wife and Mona laid hands on me, praying in the Spirit, and I openly received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Tongues and all.

**T**his was the real miracle of my life. Like the song says, “But when He saved my soul, filled and made me whole—it took a *miracle* of love and grace.” The gold that was in the “aunch” was recast into a likeness of the Cross of Calvary—victory over the devil and all his works.

The long search for the WHAT was over! There was no longer an emptiness, because I was filled. All during those years I knew God was there and brought me through life-threatening wrecks, critical illness and all the dangers that an independent oil entrepreneur faces year in and year out, but I did not really know Him and had not been infilled with the Holy Spirit which was promised by His Son Jesus Christ.

I dearly wish I had made that step early in life.

Receiving the Holy Spirit is indescribable! A soul must experience it to know, because there is no way to put this glorious experience into words. It has meant turning my whole life over to the Lord. Jesus is the Chairman of the Board of my companies. And I am beginning to make progress under His guidance. All problems have not disappeared. I have even had to get into other businesses to survive.

**B**ut God has kept me there and things are happening that I could not see up ahead. I now have leases with 80 proven locations, and the future in petroleum looks much better for me. I also have other businesses that are promising. But now I handle them as a different person, a new creature in Christ and living triumphantly in the Holy Spirit—even on bad days. Success or not, God has given me His peace and joy...more precious than gold.

I have taken on a ministry for my Lord, at His prompting. I am ministering to men who are leaders in industry. They are hard to reach and as much in need of Jesus Christ and the Holy Spirit as anyone. But peer pressure makes it hard for them to change. Some are now coming to Full Gospel breakfast meetings with me, and we now have a Christian Discipleship Ministry planned for one morning a week in my corporate offices.

Now I know what God was saving me for, and how He has blessed me by

sending Mona, Dan and Sarah Craig, and the Full Gospel Business Men to answer all the "whats" and blot out the emptiness and fill me with the Holy Spirit—equipping me to serve Him.

It took a *miracle* and God did it! ■

## BUD MARTEN'S UPDATE

Returning from a business meeting in Houston Wednesday afternoon, February 10, 1993, was the beginning of the biggest miracle of my life!

We stopped to take a break from driving and have a cup of coffee. It was difficult to get out of the driver's seat. My right leg was asleep. I finally got the leg mobilized and walked into the restaurant. My partner, Ken Gunnarson, asked what was wrong. I replied, "Oh, my leg's asleep. I guess it's from sitting too long."

Thursday I got up at 5:30 a.m.—my normal rising time—and commenced to section my grapefruit. To my amazement, I could not control the knife. I took a step and my right leg collapsed. I managed to phone Ken. I told him I was going to drive myself to the hospital. I was experiencing a stroke. He, of course, told me not to drive, that he would pick me up in 10 minutes. Ken drove me to the emergency room at Medical Center Hospital.

The entry process took place rapidly as it was obvious what was occurring. The full C.V.A. (cardiovas-

---

"Bud" Martens is Vice-President of Worldwide Marketing for Universal Learning Systems, Inc., and is Secretary and Treasurer of Global Environmental Industries, Inc. He is a member of the Northside FGBMFI chapter, and Cornerstone Church in San Antonio. He has four children.

cular arrest) was in full process. I lay on the gurney and Ken prayed a healing prayer. I had lost the use of my arm and leg on the right side by this time. As the stroke progressed I was praying in tongues and claiming my healing. I couldn't move my arm, hand, wrist, fingers, leg, lock the knee, rotate the ankle, or wiggle the toes. Absolutely nothing!

This continued through Friday and Saturday. Then on Sunday afternoon I limped to the bathroom with no assistance and returned.

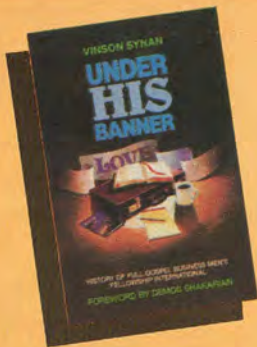
The word got out to Ed Johnson and my fellow Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship members, and the Northside chapter began praying in earnest, and everyone who heard about it began praying.

What I didn't know was that Pastor Hagee conducted prayer at 10:30 a.m. on Sunday morning with members of the Home Ministry, their wives and assistant pastors of the church. Believe in modern miracles? I am a living testimony to the healing available to us providing we claim the promise God made to us.

It is now two weeks and six days since the stroke. I've written this addition to the rest of my testimony. I'm walking out of the Medical Center Hospital today 100 percent healed after a devastating stroke!



# HISTORY IN YOUR HAND!



For 40 years the Lord has led the Fellowship—through heights and depths and renewal. In celebration of this incredible history, we offer these fine publications:

**UNDER HIS BANNER**—The authoritative account of how God used Demos Shakarian to start this global fellowship. It picks up where *The Happiest People On Earth* ends.

**VISION: THE DAWNING OF A NEW DAY**—Especially published for our fortieth anniversary, this publication highlights each decade in word and picture. It also features highlights of the 1992 San Francisco World Convention.

**COME LET US EXALT HIM**—Taken from Demos' keynote message at the FGBMFI 1992 World Convention, it praises, challenges and promises!

- .....
- Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies) of *Under His Banner* at \$6.95 each. B2318
- Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies) of *Vision* at \$5.50 each.
- Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ copy(ies) of *Come Let Us Exalt Him* at \$3.95 each. B2317



10% Postage/Handling . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

CA res. add 7 3/4 % sales tax . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total amount enclosed . . . . . \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Send order to:  
FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

# One More Step

A painting in a dark, moody style. A man in a dark jacket and pants is crouching on a sidewalk, his back to the viewer. He is looking down at a small, bright red heart-shaped object on the ground. The background is a dark, textured wall with some horizontal lines and a window with a striped awning. The overall color palette is dominated by dark blues, greys, and blacks, with the red heart providing a stark contrast.

Robert I. Brandt, M.D.  
Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania

The rising sun began another incredibly busy day for the Brandt household. My wife, Ruth Ann, was up and moving about in high gear, getting our five children fed and dressed for school. My drowsy head was stuffed with details about my surgery cases scheduled for the day. I mulled over each patient's problem and the surgical techniques that I would use. I was sleepily tugging on my trousers when my oldest son, eight-year-old Robbie, paused at the door and tossed in, "Hi, Dad!"

I barely mustered up, "Good morning, Robb," before he zipped down the stairs. He raided his trick-or-treat bag and stuffed a red apple into his pocket.

I gulped my cereal and orange juice, hugged Ruth Ann and the children and hurried off to the hospital. In the surgeons' locker room I had tugged my bow tie loose and had my shirt unbuttoned when a nurse shouted through the door, "Dr. Brandt, there is a phone call for you from your home."

Aunt Peg was on the phone, her voice quaking with a terse message. "Robbie was hit by a car and is in an ambulance on the way to the hospital. Ruth Ann is with him."

My stomach wrenched into a tight knot. I told a nurse that I would be delaying surgery, and I raced down the back stairs to meet the ambulance. I paced the floor, taking stabbing glances through the windows of the emergency entrance doors where I have received the ill and injured so often. This time the jolting experience, the bad news, the questions and uncer-

tainties were mine. This tragedy was mine!

When the ambulance screeched to a stop, I pushed through the entry to meet Ruth Ann. She was frantically climbing out the back, pointing to our bloody, motionless son. Sobbing, she collapsed in my arms. I peered over her shoulder at Robbie as the attendants were sliding him out. He was ghostly pale, a large bandage around his head. His eyes were closed; he was perfectly still. My heart sank.

He was quickly placed on a wheeled stretcher and rushed up the ramp past us. I wanted to reach out and treat him, try to make him well. But the swinging doors into the emergency room were split by the slam of the nurse leading the way; then they slowly closed, obscuring our view.

After a long wait we saw the E.R. doors swing open again, pushed very deliberately by my colleague. As he approached us, his sober face said it all—his expression vacant of hope. Ruth Ann and I embraced, and our tears flowed in a moment of utter helplessness.

"Do you want to see him?" a nurse asked. Ruth Ann and I nodded. We entered the curtained cubicle where Robbie lay, so still and so silent. His wounds were covered with fresh white bandages, his face clean and shiny. He appeared surprisingly peaceful.

As we stood at his side, the earth seemed to stop turning so that I could get off and spend some timeless moments with my son. I felt as if I were empty, all the life drawn out of me. I

remembered his first wobbly steps, his bright wit, his loud laugh and broad smile, his big Bible under his arm, his dragging me to church when I arrived home late and tired. I wished for an alarm clock to go off so that I could awaken with everything normal and Robbie alive. I couldn't imagine life without Robbie.

The next few days were filled with torment and questions. After the funeral I walked down to the road in front of our house where Robbie had been hit. I paced back and forth across the road, looking at the long skid marks and the blood stains.

When Robbie, full of life, his eyes flashing with enthusiasm, had paused at my bedroom door and said simply, "Hi, Dad," he had spoken those last two words to the slave of a crowded schedule. That day I was loaded down with the concerns of my patients and their families. There had been very little of me left for him.

I examined again the location of the tire marks on the edge of the road. I stretched out my hands, as if to measure the short distance to safety. He had been so close to the side of the road, just one step from safety. Couldn't God have granted him just one more step?

With utter frustration I kicked some loose gravel on the berm of the road and spun toward the house. As I turned, something on the edge of the road caught my eye. I went over and slowly bent down to pick it up.

It was a red apple with two small bites missing: the apple that Robbie

had stuffed into his pocket that morning. As I gripped it firmly and stared at it, tears blurred my vision and the apple looked hazy and out of focus.

"Robbie! My Robbie!"

The apple was like something sacred in the middle of a trash heap. As I slowly rolled it around to see all sides, I wondered how God would make "all these things work together for good" (Romans 8:28).

I paced along the edge of the road and anguished, "If God really keeps count of my hair (Matthew 10:30), how could someone as precious as Robbie fall through the cracks by accident?"

Robbie loved God, prayed, read his Bible and memorized Scripture. In fact, on his last Sunday at our church he had recited John 3:16 to his Sunday school teacher. I could see him, in my mind, standing straight, shoulders back, reciting: "For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life."

Now I heard something new in that verse, something I had never fully understood before. Can it be true that God loves me so much that he chose to allow his one and only Son to die for my sins? Of our four sons and one daughter, I could not choose any of them to die, no matter how great the cause.

That realization focused a floodlight on God's love for me, hidden in the darkness of my grief. I realized that I was filled with grief and self-pity. I needed to "trade in" feelings of hurt for feelings of love and trust—trust that

God does know what is best, for all eternity.

I began to feel loved by God who had permitted Robbie to die. He knew exactly how I felt because of His own



*Dr. Robert Brandt*

**“I needed to ‘trade in’ feelings of hurt for feelings of love and trust—trust that God does know what is best, for all eternity.”**

experience at the cross. It seemed impossible that God would allow Robbie's death without a clear plan for “all these things to work together for good.”

I looked up at the overcast sky and envisioned Robbie in heaven, snuggled up next to God. That reminded me of something which had until now been too theoretical in my life: my ultimate

parental goal is to see all my children in heaven. In that sense Robbie's life is complete and successful. It had just ended earlier than I had expected. I resolved then to be a real father to my other children rather than just a busy surgeon who happens to have four kids.

As I gripped the red apple, I sensed God giving me a better grasp on handling my loss. I rolled the apple around again, looking at it from every perspective—as God looks at us and our world from every perspective. Somehow I felt more willing now to trust God's perspective.

I wondered what to do with the apple, so incredibly precious. I knew I had to give it up, too. I slowly, almost ceremoniously, aimed it at the nearby woods.

Healing has come gradually. The scars are still visible and tender when touched. I wish I could say I haven't mentally walked into the woods and scooped up that apple, but I have—many times. But remembering how God gave His only Son for me makes it a little easier to throw the apple back into the woods—and to give Robbie back to God. ■

*Reprinted from Decision magazine, April 1990.*

---

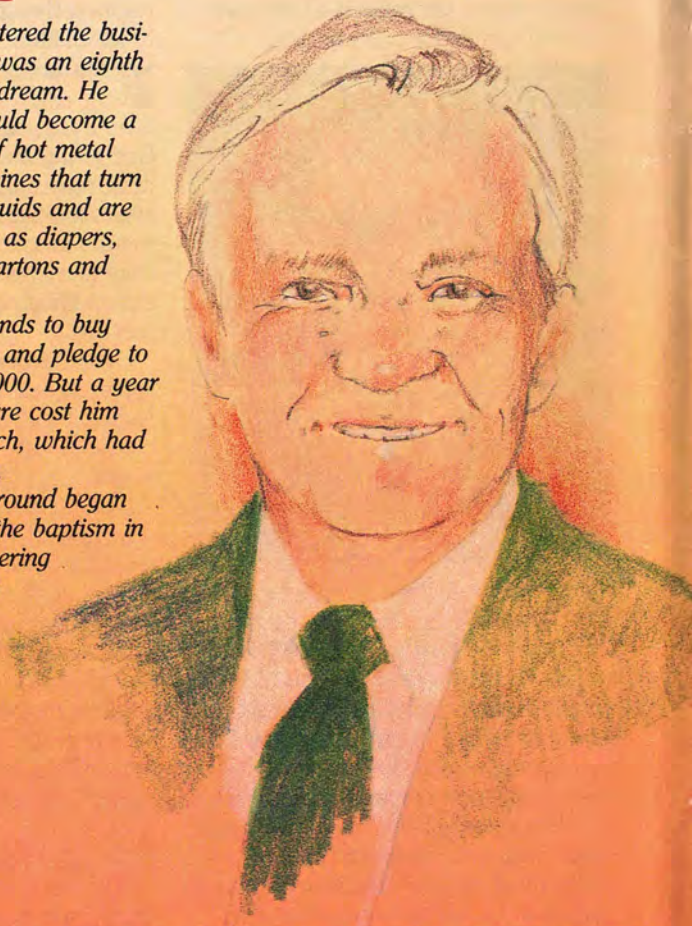
**Robert I. Brandt, M.D., is self-employed as a medical quality consultant. He and his wife, Ruth Ann, have five children (one deceased). They make their home in Beaver Falls, Pennsylvania, and attend Chippewa Evangelical Free Church (The Evangelical Free Church of America).**

From May, 1989

When Don Mercer entered the business world, all he had was an eighth grade education and a dream. He hoped his company would become a leading manufacturer of hot metal easy applicators—machines that turn thermal plastics into liquids and are used to seal such items as diapers, post-it pads, shipping cartons and paper bags.

He found enough friends to buy \$10,000 worth of stock and pledge to buy an additional \$10,000. But a year later, the intense pressure cost him two-thirds of his stomach, which had been battered by ulcers.

His company's turnaround began after Don experienced the baptism in the Holy Spirit, empowering him to run his business according to biblical principles. Mercer Corporation is now a \$10 million company employing more than 120 people. And Don knows all about...



# STRESS-FREE

“Mercer, what in the world’s going on out there? Where’s all this money coming from?”

While the payments that were rapidly reducing our corporation’s long-term debt astonished our banker, soon the increased taxes flowing from the Mercer Corporation to Uncle Sam distressed our financial advisors.

“Why on earth are you giving all this money to the government?” they asked, astounded at our plan. Meanwhile, our controller groaned, “This means we’ll pay a million dollars in taxes!”

“Praise God,” I replied.

“What we could do with that million dollars!”

“But it’s not ours, right?” I answered. “Render unto Caesar what is Caesar’s and to God what is God’s.”

Committing my company to a virtually debt-free status was not guaranteed to please everyone. But after our management approved this goal in 1985, Mercer Corporation:

- Retired \$750,000 of debt in 10 months, instead of the three-year time frame we originally established.

- Distributed \$250,000 in profit-sharing funds to our employees during this 10-month pay back period.
- Saved \$100,000 annually in interest.
- Increased assets by \$500,000, and during the next three years, boosted sales by 60 percent.

However, I didn’t always operate in such a prosperous manner. A year after we established Mercer Corporation in 1967, the stress of meeting payroll and other expenses, coupled with the fear of failure, had resulted in an ulcer operation that cost me two-thirds of my stomach.

In those days, if you had asked me if I was a Christian, I would have said, “Sure.” I had accepted Jesus at the age of 12 in a little Baptist church near my rural home in Missouri. Our family was blessed; I never remember being hungry as a boy, even though I was born in 1928, a year before the onset of the Depression.

After I married Edith, we moved to Tennessee and decided to give business a whirl, although my eighth grade education made me a pretty poor can-

Don Mercer  
Hendersonville, Tennessee

# BLESSINGS

didate for "most likely to succeed."

Not knowing much, we started out by mimicking the business practices of other people. Edith and I had met a man at our church who seemed so happy that we demanded to know his "secret formula." He introduced us to tithing, which was hard on us in those days. However, at the same time we were also trying to land accounts by plying potential customers with liquor and food, using an off-color vocabulary and swapping the latest dirty jokes...all while we claimed to be a "Christian" company.

By the time an employee invited me to a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting in 1971, I needed help. My ulcer operation hadn't calmed what remained of my stomach, and our employee relationships definitely needed improvement. We were "Stress Incorporated."

At the first Full Gospel dinner I attended, I heard a Catholic priest's testimony. Love poured out of him, but what floored me was that on his rounds of healing people he was accompanied by an Assembly of God pastor!

Impressed, I took 20 of our church's members to the next Full Gospel meeting to hear an Air Force general speak. As an ex-Navy man, I couldn't believe a general would be doing that. But he talked about Jesus and at the end of the meeting told us that the power of Christ could set us free from all our problems.

I didn't get the baptism in the Holy Spirit that night, but a few months later at home, some of our church members prayed over me and I felt like I had

been hooked up to a 220-volt generator. It wasn't long before one of the most noticeable benefits of my spiritual anointing surfaced at the supper table.

After my ulcer operation, the doctor had handed me pills and a long list of foods I would never be able to eat again. These included salads, cucumbers, chocolate and baloney. I particularly love baloney—I'd rather have it than steak. To my delight, I discovered I could now digest it, as well as the other prohibited foods. All the symptoms were gone!

The Lord also cleaned up my vocabulary and gave me the desire to give up filthy jokes. For example, we had a plant manager whose wild weekends were legendary and his jokes among the nastiest.

One Monday morning when he approached me with a new tale I told him, "I've gone through a change in my life over the weekend. I had an encounter with the Lord and I don't want to hear any more dirty jokes. And please forgive me for every one that I ever uttered to you." Well, he took about three steps back, his mouth hanging open as he stared at me.

But God's power had not only cleaned up my mouth, it kept me out of the bars. I quickly learned you could land plenty of business without the crutch of liquor. The joy of the Lord is so much greater! It flowed through me and I displayed it in every way possible. I even redesigned our corporate logo, adding a cross to our theme, "Jesus Christ is Lord."

During this time I received a proph-





The Mercer Family, left, all share corporate responsibilities at Mercer Corp. Their slogan "Jesus Christ Is Lord" is prominent in the company logo as well as at the company headquarters.



ecy that we would be evangelists around the world. Naturally, I thought of "evangelists" as being people like Billy Graham, and began looking forward to a call to the mission field. But the Holy Spirit told us that we were to continue doing what we knew best. Our mission was to use our business as His witnessing tool.

If you think taking a stand as a Christian company is easy, try it. Even in the United States you earn a lot of opposition, but one of my sons who is in charge of exports caught the most heat from our division overseas.

In 1982, I learned about a group called the Fellowship of Companies for Christ International (FCCI), dedicated to teaching executive officers how to operate on Christ's principles.

I was amazed at how little I knew about running a company by biblical principles. But the more I learned and applied what I was taught, the more the

Lord blessed us and the more miracles we witnessed. Did you know He is the best counsel you could ever want on finances, employee relations, sales manufacturing and engineering?

Over the next few years, we slowly implemented God's teachings, but the real turning point came when our management attended an FCCI seminar on corporate finances. One of the books they used was *Management, A Biblical Approach* by Myron Rush, who later wrote *Lord of the Marketplace*.

When we returned to Hendersonville, we voted to achieve debt-free status by 1988, and to also be known as doers of the Word. We bought a copy of Rush's first book and gave it to every employee, then issued a bold statement in the plant.

"If we have been unfair to any employee, in any way, let us know."

They did.

A couple people felt they had been cheated out of vacation pay, so we paid

them. One had failed to take enough insurance coverage when he changed companies and it wound up costing him about \$200 when his wife went in the hospital. We reimbursed him.

Settling everything cost us a few thousand dollars, but as God's Word penetrated our business, production increased 30 percent. Any expert will tell you that is impossible unless you add employees. We did it with the same number. Why? Because they were happier people and happier people produce more.

So where does a 30 percent increase on the assembly line wind up? It first went to meet our obligations to support the Lord's work, and then to reduce debt.

Then there was another incident that occurred during this time that also represents how the Lord blesses obedience. It involved a former manufacturer's rep

who felt we had shorted him \$8,000 on his commission for a sale to a large company. Since he happened to be a fellow elder in my church, I promised to quickly look into it.

When I checked my files, I discovered that there were good business reasons for cutting his commission. We had done all the follow-up, installations and other work he was supposed to have handled.

"We were right," I said. "But we are going to run this company by Christ's principles. Pay the man."

In addition, the account he had brought us had quit doing business after one large order. We didn't understand why, so we prayed about it. A few weeks later this customer suddenly started buying from us again. One afternoon, as I prepared to leave for the bank, I stopped at the Accounting

---

# VOICE

Vol. 41 / No. 6 / June, 1993  
P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628  
(714) 754-1400

**EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:** **Founder/President,** Demos Shakarian; **International Executive Vice-President,** John Carrette; **U.S.A. Executive Vice-President,** Richard Shakarian; **Vice-Presidents:** Kwabena Darko, Douglas Fowler, Bernard Gray, Ralph Marinacci, James McEwan, Carlin W. Nash, Bill Phipps, Custodio R. Pires, Si Rickman, James M. Rogers, Khoo Oon Theam, James Winter. **Secretary,** Col. Hank Lackey. **Treasurer,** Ronny D. Svenhard.

**PUBLICATIONS:** **Editor/Communications Manager,** Jerry Jensen, Ph.D., Litt.D.; **Communications Coordinator,** Arlee Bowles; **Copy Editor,** Rose Hamill; **Contributing Writers,** Bob Armstrong, Ed Barton, Capitola Gwillum, Ken Walker; **Special Projects Voice Representative,** Chuck Sutton—(816) 667-5519; **Art Director,** Pete Berg; **Illustrations,** Cornell Morton; **Foreign Editors:** Blair Scott, Belgium; Altomir Regis de Cunha, Brazil; Kleber Saavedra, Florida; Mark Raffills, New Zealand; C.K. Lee, Singapore.

**WHO WE ARE** Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community. That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 115 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write: Chapter Department / FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



Department and asked if we had a deposit.

"Oh, yes, we have a real good one," the girl smiled.

That deposit included an \$800,000 check for a down payment on an order from that company! You can't convince me that we would have landed it if I had not settled matters with that salesman and paid him the \$8,000 he was convinced we owed him. God's Word says He will give us 100-fold returns. Here was living proof!

As part of our commitment to be doers of the Word, we also asked God to show us if any sins existed in the corporation that were preventing His blessings from coming through. I'll warn you, if you voice that prayer, be prepared for an answer. Some of the things that surfaced I knew about but had justified as "good business practices." After all, everyone takes advantage of the "gray areas" in income tax. But we stopped doing it. Then we had been advised to register cars in Tennessee before sending them to other states to save on taxes. We quit doing that, too.

When we allowed God to take full control as business manager of Mercer Corporation, we discovered He was the best One for the job. Since everything belongs to God, we're merely stewards. His Word tells us if we're good stewards over one talent, He'll give us ten. But if we don't do a good job with one, He certainly can't let us have another one.

If you own a business and are struggling to survive, try giving it to God. Believe me, He can run circles around you when it comes to management. ■

## Sharing the Good News through VOICE

**Voice** magazine is one of the most powerful witnessing tools available! Thousands of men and women receive a quantity of 50, 100 or more copies each month to help tell others that Jesus is the only answer.

**Voice** saves souls. It also saves lives, marriages and businesses. If you meet two unsaved persons a day, 50 magazines will be gone before the end of the month. Think of it—you will have shared more than 400 powerful and inspiring testimonies.

To experience the joy of sharing the Good News through **Voice** magazine, complete the order form below and mail it today.

**MY VOICE ORDER** .....  
Please send \_\_\_\_\_ copies of **Voice** each month, at \$20 per bundle of 50, to:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

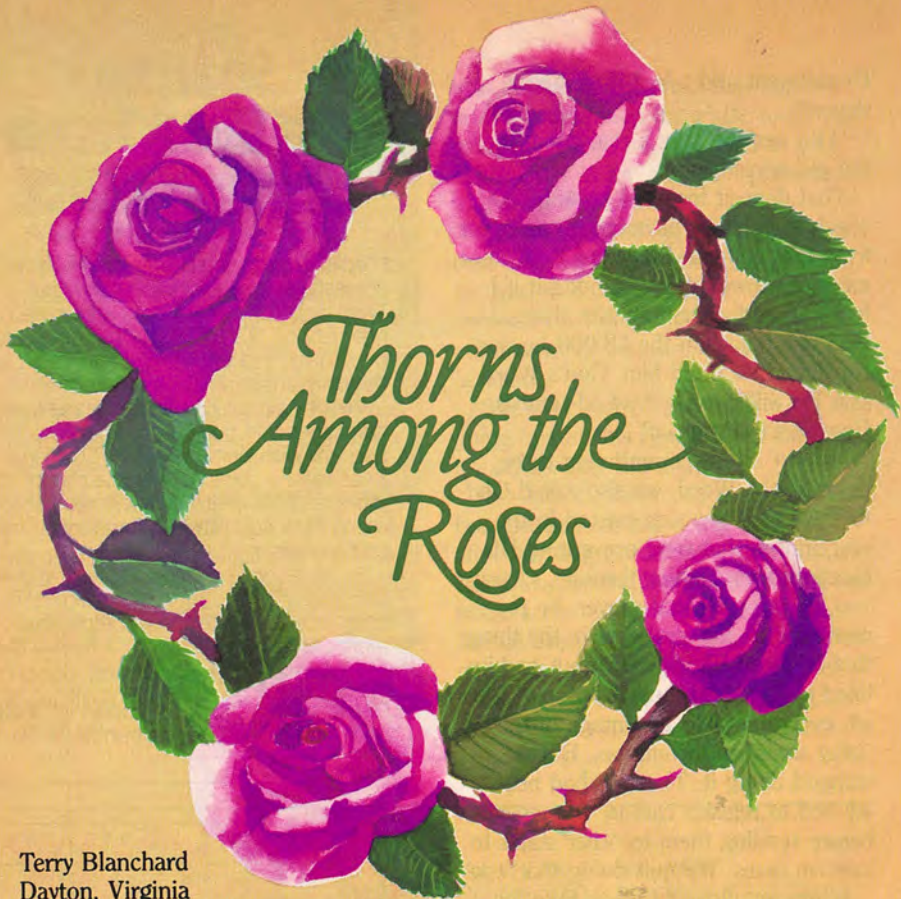
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(Order only in multiples of 50; handling & postage are included. Offer limited to continental U.S.) Mail coupon and check payable to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628. 2801-18-9999





Terry Blanchard  
Dayton, Virginia

**D**ecember 19, 1989, began like any other. Before leaving home for my construction job, I prayed that the Lord would bless the day's activities. Ultimately, He did. But I would struggle with great adversity before claiming the victory.

A frosty Christmas season hung in the air that day. The thermometer read 10 degrees below zero. The weather foretold of the chilling pains

that would soon throttle my arms, spine and neck.

"Terry!" the foreman called just before our 10 a.m. break. "Would you push this forklift out of the snow?"

Setting two-by-fours under the forklift, a co-worker and I rocked it back and forth. Just as it broke free, my board snapped in two.

The forklift jolted and I stumbled forward. A pinching sensation stung

my right shoulder. Instinctively, I grabbed it.

As the day continued it got harder to raise my right arm or grip my hammer. At the end of the shift, I mentioned it to the foreman. He told me to see a doctor.

Believing I had pulled a muscle, the physician prescribed medication and told me I would be off a couple of weeks. Instead, the anguish intensified. Two weeks turned into *three years*.

I never dreamed of such obstacles the morning I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Saviour. It happened the previous year.

I had heard of Jesus many times, but lacked a personal relationship with Him. I knew I needed something. My life had turned into one big mess.

The product of a broken home, I had already been divorced twice. Conflicts with former girlfriends plagued my life. Though my father's alcoholism steered me away from liquor, I began smoking pot in high school. Add a general lack of direction and you can see why I was confused and upset.

In spite of the problems swirling around me, I had strived to get closer to the Lord. But it seemed the harder I tried, the more chaos erupted in my life.

My searching began through some men at my first construction job. The company specialized in tearing down old churches and renovating and building new ones.

My co-workers kept inviting me to home fellowship meetings until I accepted. Those grew so large the

group rented a hall for its prayer and Bible study meetings.

Even though I shied away from making a commitment to Jesus then, the experience got me interested in reading the Bible and going to church. Though I wasn't faithful, I was on my way to salvation.

Jesus came into my life after I took a janitorial job at Baltimore County's oldest elementary school. Two people there dramatically affected me. A woman who worked alongside me was always friendly and pleasant. She reminded me of the people I had met in that Christian fellowship.

When she transferred out, Bob arrived. He also radiated sincerity and showed concern for me. We often discussed the Lord during breaks and after the night shift.

Another messenger of mercy entered my life during this time.

One weekend a man walked up at a flea market. I used to earn extra money by selling appliances and other items I had repaired. He started talking about the Lord, and the truth of his words overwhelmed me.

I thought constantly about what he said for several days. That was still on my mind the morning Bob and I finished work a few minutes before clocking out. We read some Bible verses and then he began praying. It was strange. I couldn't understand a word he was saying.

When I asked him about it, he couldn't remember anything unusual.

"I must have been speaking in tongues," he said.

A few days earlier, I had read a scripture that tongues were a sign to edify others. So I asked him how I could receive Jesus as my Saviour.

"All we have to do is say this prayer," he replied.

After he prayed, I prayed, "Jesus,



*Terry on the job.*

forgive me of my sin. Would You come in and take over my life? It's a mess and it doesn't make much sense."

Then this ruggedly-built, longtime weightlifter broke down in tears like a little child. I was free!

That began a continual seeking of God's presence in my life. Bob and I talked about the Lord every day. I started keeping a spiritual diary of His messages and action in my life.

Soon after that my wife, Debby, and I moved to her native area in northeast Virginia. There I saw dramatic evidence of how God performs the unexpected for His children.

While I found a job with a plumbing company three days after we arrived, the wages were quite low. So I ran a classified ad in the local paper for odd jobs. The phone rang off the hook.

That began an off-hours routine. I repaired plumbing, remodeled homes, and renovated a restaurant. Then a real estate company hired me to handle home repairs.

Business grew to the point I had to quit my plumbing job to keep up. I even hired three of my brothers-in-law part time to help.

However, when cold weather set in work slowed down. I decided to take a construction job and return to remodeling on the weekends. It looked like an excellent plan—until the accident.

The first doctor I saw said I would be off for two weeks. But I spent most of 1990 shuttling to doctors' offices.

When the pain wouldn't go away, I visited an orthopedic specialist. He X-rayed my shoulder and said I might have torn the rotator cuff. He ordered physical therapy, but canceled it because the exercises caused such agony.

The eleven medications prescribed during that year filled me with frustration and anxiety. Mentally, I was a basket case. My thinking clouded over; I had to ask for help to spell two or three-letter words. Migraine headaches that lasted 14 hours or more added to my despair.

One of the worst things about this crisis was how few people stood by us. Many refused to believe I had an injury. Since I looked normal, they assumed I was "dogging it."

And, declining income drained both my emotions and our pocketbook. While I was drawing workmen's compensation, the payments didn't provide near the income of my job and business. One by one, I watched things disappear.

First, I had to let go of the truck I used for remodeling jobs. Next, my tools. Then we sold numerous household items in our struggle to keep food on the table.

Finally, nearly a year after the accident, the insurance company referred me to a chiropractic center. Within days, the chiropractor did something the first seven doctors didn't. He X-rayed my neck.

The film showed that the injury to my shoulder also shifted some vertebrae in my neck. I went to see a nerve specialist. He confirmed that I had a condition known as "neurogenic thoracic outlet syndrome."

This tongue-twister is a degenerative disease that affects the nerves, skeleton and muscles. It damages the motor skills, causing clumsiness and weakness.

To counteract these problems, I visited a specialist at Johns Hopkins Medical Center in Baltimore. There are so few familiar with this illness that it took a year just to get an appointment.

In April of 1992, he removed the first rib on the right side of my body under my arm. That allowed more room to move the pinched nerves that sometimes were cutting off the blood flow to my brain. Because of the latter, I would walk into a room and forget why I was there. I couldn't remember

the names of close relatives.

I relate all of this to let you know some of the grief we endured. I must balance the picture, though. For the Lord has shown me what it is to be thankful for the thorns as well as the roses.



*Debby and Terry Blanchard and son, David.*

When we had to sell things just to stay afloat, I thought that was terrible. I didn't realize it would prove to be a blessing.

You see, God told me I should appreciate everything we had. I meditated on this and realized that, while finances weren't right, we never faced homelessness. We had food to eat and my family had medical care when they needed it. And the Lord helped me resolve my anger over my injuries and forced inactivity.

In addition, this accident revolutionized my outlook on life. Should this condition remain for awhile, I will still

cherish everything we have.

I've also discovered that He works in ways we don't always understand.

Initially, I agonized as I watched my two stepchildren doing without new school clothes, much food and sometimes heat.

However, as the months passed, something became obvious. Our little family had come together. United because of the bad times, we shared a much deeper love than before my injury.

I now delight in life's little daily pleasures. It's so easy to overlook them. Things like combing our hair, brushing our teeth or shaving. During the temporary loss of the use of my right arm, I had to re-learn those tasks with my left. I quit taking them for granted.

I used to groan over my plight and ask the Lord why He did this to me. But I quit. During my trips to doctors and chiropractors, I see people younger than myself, suffering from worse injuries. I am grateful that I can still walk.

Then there's my new gratitude for my family. How easy it once was to take them for granted and fail to enjoy our time together. Not any more. God's love is all around us, if we will just open our eyes and look for it.

There's another blessing that came out of my accident: finding copies of *Voice* magazine at two of my doctors' offices.

The testimonies minister to me in many ways. In reading these stories I discover my situation is not as bad as

many others. They're inspiring and provide hope by reminding me that things will not always be so bad. We will enjoy peace when the Prince of Peace reigns on earth.

Because my memory is faulty, it's been hard to memorize scriptures. But I found that whenever biblical heroes were going through various obstacles, they trusted in God for their deliverance. I know that my troubles will pass, too, for I am trusting the Lord who is my strength.

Finally, I'm grateful to God for His presence. A few months after my last operation, I resumed physical therapy. When I prayed beforehand, a feeling overwhelmed me. I knew that as I exercised, He would be there.

Just resuming my workouts presented a miracle. After the accident, I would go into the room of our home I had fixed up into a little gymnasium. Lying there on the floor, I cried because I couldn't exercise.

Those tears are gone. Now I can praise Him for every blessing—even the ones that at first seem painful.

The doctors don't believe that I will ever work as I once did. But I keep believing that, by the will of the Lord, one day I will. ■

---

**Terry and Debby Blanchard celebrated their fourth anniversary on June 24, 1993. They did so in their new home, built for them in the fall of '92 by the local Habitat for Humanity, a nationwide organization that constructs low-income housing. The Blanchard family includes Michelle, 14, and David, 11. They attend the Church of the Brethren in their mountain community, about 10 miles outside of Dayton.**



# VOICE ECHOES VICTORY



**The writer of the following letter is active in Women's Aglow, a Christian women's organization whose women "love Voice magazines and distribute them almost as well as Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship chapter members."**

Dear Full Gospel Business Men:

This is a letter of thanks for the *Voice* magazines of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

These magazines are like gold to me. I covet every one I find.

Because I know when I plant them into the hands of a lost or hurting soul, God will water that seed and fruit will come forth, maybe not in our timing, but God knows the outcome of each life.

This material is life to many lost souls here and around the world. It is another tool God uses in lives that He has healed and restored, and they have been put into testimonies for the glory of God.

I would leave these magazines laying around our home and my husband would now and then read them. And one day I noticed the magazines laying in other places with the pages folded over to keep his place. I started seeing changes in my husband's behavior and his love toward us. I saw a desire for God coming alive in him.

I am happy to say he accepted Jesus into his heart and attends church and God is working on both of us to conform us to His image. I believe these magazines were a vital part in bringing my husband to a place where he needed Jesus.

You know, to some people this book might be just another book. But remember this, to lost and hurting people it is life and a seed being planted.

I have planted these books in prisons, drug re-habs, and overseas to my brother, who needs the message in these books. And also to lost and hurting people. And only God knows the fruit they will bring forth.

This ministry is of God, you can be assured. Lives are being touched by the testimonies in these magazines.

My husband was one of them and there are countless others who have been touched. But we will never know until we go home to be with our Father.

Thank you and God bless the Full Gospel Business Men.

In Christ,  
One who was touched—Hollywood, Florida

# A DIVINE APPOINTMENT IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

Chaplain, Capt. Jim F. Linzey, USAFR  
Cypress, California



In January 1991 I attended the National Reserve Officers Association Mid-Winter Conference at the Washington Hilton. I had initially decided not to go to the conference, but one week before it began I received a telephone call from the Air Reserve Personnel Center in Denver, Colorado. The voice on the other end stated that I had been selected by the Military Airlift Command Headquarters to go with orders to the conference. Though I could have declined the offer, the Holy Spirit instantly confirmed to me that this was His divine will. I said to the sergeant on the phone, "Yes, I will attend. Please send me the orders."

On the second morning of the conference, I was on my way to one of the seminars. While going down the escalator, an Air Force major was going up the other escalator. As we passed one another he noticed that I was wearing the Air Force cross. This major ran down his escalator to catch up with me as I got off my escalator. He introduced himself and said I was the only Air Force chaplain he had seen at the conference. There were about 1,300 officers from all the military branches. He then asked if I would give the invocation for the Air Force luncheon that day. He was scheduled to give the invocation since no Air Force chaplain was known to be present. So I said that I would be glad to pray. The major asked me what denomination I was affiliated with. I told him I was with the Pentecostal Church of God. We finished our conversation and later met at the luncheon.

I gave the invocation. During the luncheon, the major told me he was a born-again Christian. We talked about our church and military backgrounds and had a wonderful time becoming better acquainted. As we left the banquet room, the major informed me of a prayer meeting that was to take place that night and asked if I would come. I accepted the invitation.

Later he called to ask if we could have the prayer meeting in my room and said that he was bringing a friend. I said, "That'll be fine. I'm looking forward to it."

After hanging up I heard the Holy Spirit tell me that someone was going to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit that night in my room. I began praying that God would give me guidance to minister effectively to that individual.

Promptly at 7 p.m. I heard a knock. I opened the door and there stood the major and a friend of his, an Air Force First Lieutenant. After we sat down the major explained that his friend, P.K., was a relatively new Christian. "This morning you stated that you were a Pentecostal chaplain. Would you pray with P.K. to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit?" he asked. I said, "I would be glad to." I was prepared! "Let's open the Word of God."

I read the Scriptures about the promise of the Holy Spirit in Joel 2:28-29; John's forecast of Jesus as the baptizer in the Spirit in Matthew 3:11; the coming of the Holy Spirit in Acts 2; the subsequent filling of the Spirit in Acts 8:14-17, 10:44-46 and 19:1-7; and the

difference between the use of tongues in public worship and in personal prayer in 1 Corinthians 14. Afterward I took a few minutes to answer questions P.K. had about the Scriptures. Then I said to P.K., "The major and I will be praying in the Spirit. I will lay my hand



*Chaplain, Capt.  
Jim F. Linzey,  
USAFR*

on you to receive the Baptism just as the apostles laid hands on believers to receive the Baptism. Your lips will begin to tremble. At that moment if you will open your mouth and enter in with us by speaking anything you did not know, you will be speaking in tongues in a matter of moments."

The major and I began praying in tongues. After about a minute I laid my hand on P.K.'s head. I told him to raise his hands. Then his lips began to tremble and he energetically began speaking in tongues with us. Later I gave him further instruction about praying in the Spirit on a daily basis. Joy was all over his face and we continued having a joyful time in the Lord.

The major was bubbling over with excitement and said, "I have never heard it explained so simply before and seen anyone receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit so easily." He had been

praying earnestly for P.K. to be filled with the Spirit. And it finally happened!

We had a joyful time of discussion, prayer and fellowship that night. After the men left my room, I realized that this was the reason God led me to Washington, D.C. It made the whole trip worthwhile!

A little over a year later I spoke with the major by phone and asked how P.K. was doing.

"He's still speaking in tongues and he's telling his Baptist pastor about it. Why don't you call him up?"

The following day I phoned P.K. He said, "I believe our meeting in Washington, D.C., was a divine appointment."

"I believe you're right," I agreed. "Have you been sharing your experience with others?"

"I've been sharing it with my Baptist pastor, and now he wants the baptism in the Holy Spirit, too!"

The major and P.K. have requested that I send them the Scripture references on being baptized in the Holy Spirit that I presented to them in Washington, D.C., so they can effectively teach others about it.

I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at nine years of age under my father's ministry. Since then the Holy Spirit has continually led me in significant ways to be a witness for Him. I thank the Lord for baptizing me in His Spirit. This has made a difference in my life and in the lives of many others God has touched through me. This is what it's all about! ■



## BIBLE BASIS FOR BAPTISM IN THE HOLY SPIRIT

Today's charismatic renewal has created a great hunger for, and many questions about, the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Here are the Bible answers:

### THE PROPHECY

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: And also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my spirit" (Joel 2:28-29).

### THE PREDICTION

"I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire" (Matthew 3:11).

The following information: **Bible Basis For Baptism in the Holy Spirit** will be an ongoing feature of Voice magazine. **The Practical Guide** section was written by Dr. Stanford Linzey, Jr.,  
Chaplain Jim Linzey's father.

### THE PROMISE

"And, behold, I send the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high" (Luke 24:49).

### THE PURPOSE

"Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you: but if I depart I will send him unto you. And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment" (John 16:7-8).

### THE PREPARATION

"And when Paul had laid his hands upon them, the Holy Ghost came on them; and they spake with tongues, and prophesied. And all the men were about twelve" (Acts 19:6-7).

### THE POWER

"But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth" (Acts 1:8).

### THE PRACTICAL GUIDE

1. You have the Holy Spirit, you received Him when you accepted Christ as your Saviour (Acts 2:38-39; Romans 8:9; 1 Corinthians 6:19).
2. Since you have the Holy Spirit, the manifestation blessing—tongues—is coming from within, up and out of you; rather than coming from heaven down into you. "Out of your belly (heart) shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake he of the Spirit..." (John 7:37-39).
3. You are going to pray that God will now baptize you with the Holy Spirit, and when you have prayed, begin to worship God, *not in your native language*, but worship God in tongues.
4. Open your mouth and make a start (i.e., give voice, make a sound, make an utterance). God will lead you right into your own prayer language. You can quickly and easily receive the manifestation of speaking with tongues. Remember, whatever you say is the manifestation of the Spirit. Accept it as such.



# FGBMFI NEWS

## Georgia Men's Advance— "On The Move Again"

The Georgia Men's Advance ministered to thousands. Approximately 3,000 men, hundreds in their 20's and 30's, attended the advance at Rock Eagle 4H Camp. Because of the large crowds, there were two separate camp weekends, with about one third of the men attending for their first time.



On Friday night of each weekend, Mac Gober shared his testimony about the power of God to change lives. He gave an invitation for salvation and deliverance and half of the men came forward. The Lord moved powerfully.

Each of the two Saturday mornings Dr. Mark Rutland stressed the importance of glorifying God in body and spirit from I Corinthians 6:9-20. Conviction filled the auditorium as many men received God's forgiveness.

Saturday afternoon there were three sessions led by Jim Richards, Jim Chambers and Jim Underwood. The focus was baptism in the Holy Spirit, marketplace witnessing and a prison ministry seminar.

Mike Adkins ministered in music throughout the weekend. He gave his testimony on Saturday night. Sunday morning closed with communion.

The effectiveness of the ministry seems to become greater each year. Reports keep coming from chapters and churches as the men go back, fired up, their lives changed.

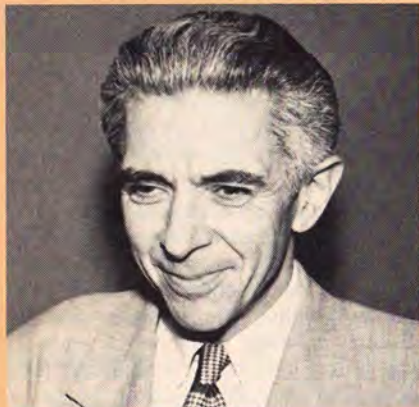
## New Jersey's Youngest Full Gospel Business Man

Michael Adolph, age nine, is New Jersey's youngest Fellowship member. When Michael expressed to his dad, Princeton chapter President Bob Adolph, that he would like to join the chapter, his dad wanted to be sure his interest was genuine, so he asked Michael to read *The Happiest People On Earth* and do a book report on it. Michael was so motivated that he quickly finished the book and book report. At the very next chapter meeting he was inducted into the membership and now faithfully attends all meetings with his dad.



**Fourth-grader Michael Adolph is New Jersey's youngest member of FGBMFI.**

# BRIEFS



## In Memoriam

Thomas Roy Nickel, 92, went to be with the Lord on Tuesday, March 2, 1993. Tommy was the first editor of *Voice* magazine, serving faithfully from 1953 to 1961, when he began his own publication called *Testimony* in Monterey Park, later moving to Hanford, California.

He published his first story when he was 12, and at 17 became the youngest newspaper owner, editor and publisher in the country with the *Dade County Journal*, a weekly newspaper he published in Missouri. Since 1936 Tommy has devoted all his time to Christian writing and publishing of some sort. FGBMFI thanks Tommy for helping bring powerful Christian testimonies to the public through *Voice* in its earliest years. He has kept busy in Christian ministry ever since, and will be missed by his many friends in the Christian community.

## 1993 Men's Advance in Northern New England

National Director Bob Zider reports from Vermont:

Our men are rejoicing in what God accomplished at our two-day advance. The Lord mightily used our anointed keynote speaker, Col. Myrl Allinder, USMC (Ret.). At times, the ministry of the Holy Spirit was so powerful that men were literally driven to their knees. The Lord strongly challenged each man to a deeper, more holy and obedient walk with Him...by way of the cross at Calvary. This was clearly *not* "just another advance!"

This year's attendance reached a new high with approximately 275 men and at least 22 pastors in attendance. We also praise God that all of our financial needs were more than met. Furthermore, there is a clear sense of great expectancy now building across all of New England as we continue to pray in unity and look forward to our historic 40th World Convention in Boston this coming July.

## Fill the Churches and Feed the Sheep

International Vice-President Bill F. Phipps sent this communicate to *Voice* editor Jerry Jensen:

I am enclosing some letters from various pastors and a picture that was taken displaying literature and books from Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. I was asked to set up a booth at the open house of one of Kansas City, Missouri's largest churches. The pastor asked me to speak with the men in his church about the Fellowship and how they could join. He had about 2,000 men there that night. I distributed many membership applications and answered questions regarding our organization. I

spoke about how these men can go out and witness and bring in new men to FGBMFI meetings and get them saved and then take them to church and have their pastor feed the new sheep! The pastor wrote me a wonderful letter regarding the Fellowship and how it fills churches. He strongly recommends the Fellowship to his members.



**Bill Phipps and his pastor, George Westlake.**

I feel this is something that other chapter presidents and pastors should hear about. It is how we can all work together to bring in the Harvest. As we are the Father's business, together we can and will do it!

#### To Whom It May Concern:

I am writing to commend and recommend Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

I first became aware of their great ministry over 40 years ago in Michigan, and have since that time had many men in my congregations who were actively involved in this organization.

Full Gospel has been instrumental in strengthening men and has always added greatly to the ministry of the local church. I have met pastors over the years who seemed to be afraid of Full Gospel, and who discouraged their men from being involved. I have never found this organization to be anything threatening to the local church, but, rather a builder of the local church.

This present congregation has grown from about 200 to over 2,000 on Sunday mornings. I am happy to say I have always been an avid encourager of our

men to attend and be involved in Full Gospel, and have observed the benefits of this organization in the lives of men and in the strength of our congregation.  
—George W. Westlake, Jr., Sr. Pastor

Dear Friend,

I am writing this letter to recommend Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International as an organization that can bless your life. I first became acquainted with this ministry about 20 years ago, even though I did not really get involved until approximately 15 years ago. Since that time, I have had many men in my ministry actively involved in various aspects of this organization.

I can truthfully say that FGBMFI has been very instrumental in strengthening men in the church I now pastor and the church I pastored a number of years ago. I have met many pastors over the years who have said the exact same thing. I have always found this organization to be extremely helpful in the local church.

Our congregation has grown to 200 in a little over two years. Approximately 12 men at our church are members of a local chapter the Fellowship.

I would like to encourage you to support Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International and you will discover, as I did, that this organization can be of tremendous benefit to you.  
—Dr. Daniel E. Bohler, Pastor

### **Street Ministry Blessed**

Street people are being touched through FGBMFI chapter meetings. This has been happening on Long Island, in New Haven, Connecticut and at the Central Vermont chapter meeting in Montpelier where two street people accepted Christ. God is blessing this outreach ministry.



# THE VOICE OF OUR READERS

---

## **An Enjoyable Weapon**

Please send me the guidelines for telling others how gracious Jesus is—through *Voice*.

What an enjoyable weapon the Lord has given us to overcome the enemy—the word of our testimony! God bless your faithful obedience in supplying a means to multiply the effectiveness of this weapon.

T.L., Birmingham, AL

## **Messenger of Joy**

Just had to take a moment and write you and your staff to thank you for always doing such a wonderful job with *Voice*. Every issue is power packed, easy to read and most of all it always has something for everyone. I do believe that every issue is inspired by the Holy Spirit Himself.

Reading the February issue caused me to remember what a joy it was to read *Voice* while incarcerated at the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary. It brought me joy to read how God can restore His people.

I even was able to read *Voice* at the Halfway House in Atlanta. It was always interesting to see others reading and going to a quiet place to pray. I always knew that it was God moving through people such as you and your dedicated staff. Just wanted you to know that your work touches many lives and has especially touched mine.

J.W., Good Hope, GA

## **He Out-Loved My Corruptible Nature!**

Today I pastor a church and five homes for the homeless, approximately 40-50 men and women.

In 1971 my first employment was given

me by Ron Svenhard's Swedish Bakery in Oakland. Ron, a Full Gospel businessman, hired me right out of Teen Challenge after 14 years in San Quentin. God is merciful and full of grace!

I used to read *Voice* magazine in prison...God of the second chance was still God and He out-loved my corruptible nature. Praise Jesus! I felt like a praise report is up to snuff. Great ministry to us who are stubborn and want their own way. Keep guys and gals like us in prayer. Thank you.

J.McK., Carson, CA

## **Six Steps The Bible Way**

I thank you for putting the "Six Steps To Salvation" on the last page. I work mostly in hospitals and it's so easy to turn to that page for people to receive Jesus the Bible way. I thank God for you, Brother Demos, and keep up the good work!

I prayed, "I'd like to go back to giving out my tracts." The Spirit spoke at once, "You'll never know till Judgment day how many souls have come to the Lord through your *Voice* magazine." That was a year ago. Pray I can get more money to buy at least 25 more magazines. I give out my 50 in about two weeks now. Hallelujah!

S.R., El Paso, TX

## **Military Outreach**

*Voice* is a great magazine! Many service members are touched by the powerful testimonies.

B.L., San Diego, CA

## **For Once in My Life...**

...I realize now, years later, that God does have a purpose for my life. I don't know what it is but I'm sure in time He will reveal it to me.

For once in my life I feel at peace with myself. Who knows, tomorrow I might write to my mother whom I haven't seen or talked to in years, and all thanks to the "Six Steps To Salvation" that I read in a book I found called *Voice*. Thank you for changing my life!

F.N., Vancouver, WA

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S  
FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL  
40TH WORLD CONVENTION

JUNE 29-JULY 3, 1993  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

*"If the Son makes you free,  
you shall be free indeed." John 8:36*

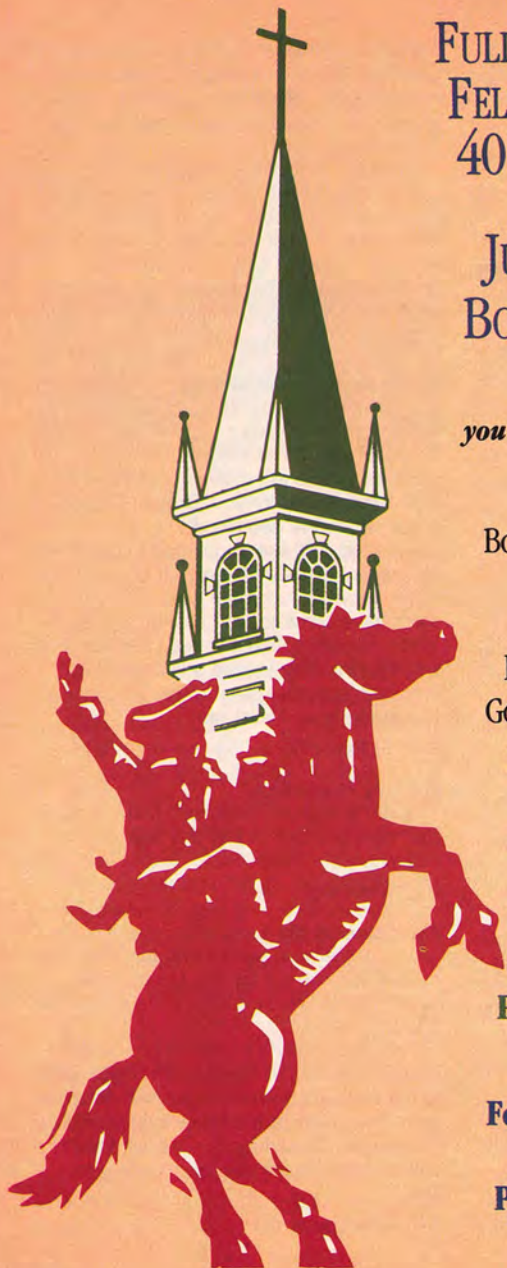
JOIN US at the  
Boston Marriott-Copley Place as  
we celebrate the  
40th anniversary of our  
Fellowship. In view of what  
God has done over the past 40  
years, He promises that the  
future will be beyond our  
highest hopes and dreams!

**For FGBMFI Convention  
Registration**

**Phone (714) 754-1400 or  
FAX (714) 557-9916.**

**For Boston Marriott-Copley  
Place Reservations**

**Phone (800) 228-9290 or  
FAX (617) 236-5885.**



## 1993 WORLD CONVENTION REGISTRATION FORM—Return by June 12, 1993

Using your credit card, fax this form to (714) 557-9916, or phone (714) 754-1400.  
Complete form and mail to FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

PLEASE PRINT

LAST NAME \_\_\_\_\_ FIRST NAME \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Extra names included in my **Family Registration:** SPOUSE \_\_\_\_\_

CHILD \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) CHILD \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) CHILD \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) CHILD \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_)

If you require language assistance, what language? \_\_\_\_\_

**SPECIAL MEAL FUNCTIONS**—Fine food will be served at our 1993 World Convention breakfasts and banquets. You will enjoy inspiring testimonies, singing and fellowship in a friendly banquet-style setting. Complete and return this order form by **JUNE 12, 1993** to assure excellent seats. Price includes tax and gratuity. Refunds available up to 48 hours before meal time.

Event	No. of Tickets	Cost	Total	Event	No. of Tickets	Cost	Total	
Wed. June 30 Breakfast—Z3091		\$13		Fri. July 2 Men's Luncheon—Z3131		\$17		
Thur. July 1 Breakfast—Z3101		\$13		Sat. July 3 Breakfast—Z3121		\$13		
Thur. July 1 Ladies' Luncheon—Z3141		\$17		TOTAL MEAL COST (if any) 05-9301				
Sat. July 3 Breakfast—Z3121		\$13		ADVANCE REGISTRATION FEE (nonrefundable) 05-9302			<b>\$10.00</b>	
<b>IMPORTANT—Registrations received after June 12, 1993 will NOT be processed. Monies and forms will be returned. You will have to register at the Hotel.</b>							<b>TOTAL AMOUNT DUE</b>	

I have enclosed a check       Please charge my  VISA     Mastercard

Number \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

## BOSTON MARRIOTT COPLEY PLACE HOTEL RESERVATION FORM—Return by June 1, 1993

Using your credit card, fax this form to (617) 236-5885, or phone (617) 236-5800, or 800-228-9290. Complete form and mail to Boston Marriott Copley Place Reservations, 110 Huntington Avenue, Boston, MA 02116.

### FGBMFI—1993 WORLD CONVENTION—JUNE 29-JULY 3, 1993

PLEASE PRINT

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_ COUNTRY \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

The Boston Marriott Copley Place convention rate is **\$81** per room for single or double. Only a money order deposit or credit card charge of **\$81** will guarantee your reservation.

Please reserve \_\_\_\_\_ single and/or \_\_\_\_\_ double occupancy room(s) for my family listed below. Children 18 and under in same room—no extra charge. Those over 18 will be charged \$15 per night.

Age(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_ Age(\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

**ARRIVAL DATE** \_\_\_\_\_ **DEPARTURE DATE** \_\_\_\_\_

**MONEY ORDER** deposit made payable to the Boston Marriott Copley Place for \$ \_\_\_\_\_ is attached.

Please charge my  VISA     Mastercard     American Express     Discover for \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Number \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_

# FELLOWSHIP EVENTS

## 40TH ANNUAL FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION JUNE 29-JULY 3, 1993

Boston Marriott-Copley Place, Boston, Massachusetts  
Contact: FGBMFI World Headquarters  
P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628  
714-754-1400, 714-557-9916 Fax

### 4TH MALAYSIAN NAT'L. CONV.

June 3-5, 1993

Shangri-La Hotel, Penang, Malaysia  
Contact: Soh Yew Siang  
Tel: 04-376194, Fax: 04-377443  
Or Contact: Moses Tay, 04-885099  
192 Jalan Burmah  
10350 Penang, Malaysia

### SIERRA MEN'S CAMP

June 4-6, 1993

Sky Mountain Christian Camp  
Emigrant Gap, CA  
Contact: Virgil Langston  
4390 Patterson Dr., #268  
Diamond Springs, CA 95619  
916-622-6516

### INLAND EMPIRES MEN'S ADVANCE

June 4-6, 1993

Waits Lake Open Bible Camp  
Valley, WA  
Contact: Line Estergreen  
N.W. 228 Timothy, Pullman, WA 99163  
509-334-9653 or  
Bob Rehwaldt, 509-332-7732

### NEW ZEALAND NAT'L. CONV.

June 4-7, 1993

Ascot Park Motor Inn, Invercargill  
Contact: New Zealand Nat'l. Office  
c/o Len Brijis, P.O. Box 33.424  
Takapuna, Auckland 9, NZ  
(64) 9-444-9478, Fax (64) 9-443-1063

### KEYSTONE STATE MEN'S ADVANCE

June 4-6, 1993

Messiah College, Grantham, PA  
Contact: Thomas E. Rose  
120 Mine Road  
Hershey, PA 17033  
717-534-2607

### OREGON STATE CONV.

July 8-10, 1993

Red Lion Inn, Eugene/Springfield, OR  
Contact: Bill Pyatt  
P.O. Box 636  
Canyonville, OR 97417  
503-839-6111

### GEORGIA COUPLES' ADVANCE

July 23-25, 1993

Epworth By The Sea  
St. Simon's Island, Waycross, GA  
Contact: Stephen J. Lee  
313 Wellington Rd.  
Savannah, GA 31410, 912-234-4325

### BRAZILIAN NAT'L. CONV.

July 28-31, 1993

Contact: Brazil Nat'l. Office  
c/o Custodio Pires  
Caixa Postal 125811-CEP 24731  
Santa Isabel, Sao Goncalo, Brazil  
Fax (55) 21-701-6473

### ROCKY MT. REG. CONV.

Aug. 5-7, 1993

Holiday Inn Conf. Center, Estes Park, CO  
Contact: Elmer Lewis  
P.O. Box 37072  
Denver, CO 80237  
303-431-9828

### S.E. QUEENSLAND MEN'S EVENT

Aug. 13-15, 1993

Alexandra Headlands, Queensland  
Contact: Australia Nat'l. Office  
P.O. Box 67, 34 Old Cleveland Rd.  
Stones Corner, Brisbane  
Queensland 4120, Australia  
(61) 7-397-3557, Fax (61) 7-394-1049

### FIJI NAT'L. CONV.

Aug. 17-21, 1993

Contact: Fiji Nat'l. Office  
c/o Apaitia Seru  
P.O. Box 15211, Suva, Fiji  
(679) 30-1301, Fax (679) 30-0674

### MEXICO NAT'L. CONV.

Aug. 19-20, 1993

Hermosillo, Tampico, Mexico  
Contact: Constancio Iturbide  
Ave. Cuilhahuac 2936  
Col. Claverias CP 16 Azcapozcalco  
Mexico D.F., Mexico  
(52) 5-341-0779

## AIRLIFT TO RUSSIA September 5-19, 1993

(Please note the corrected date as shown above)

Contact: Dario Rabak  
25 Marvin Court, El Sobrante, CA 94803  
510-222-1680, 510-222-5075 Fax

FELLOWSHIP EVENTS PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE WERE APPROVED ON OR BEFORE MARCH 31, 1993.

# DIRECTORS

## INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORS:

Bunmi Adediji; Akwasi Amoakahene; Pedro Paulo Barreira; Van B. Bruner; Bill Cooke; Altomir Regis DaCunha; Kwabena Darko; Claudio Campi DeLima; Jack DeLong; Mario Gomes DeSilva; C.M. "Clem" Dixon; Gene M. Ellerbee; Sunday Essien; Arthur Evanson; Akin Famodimu; Juan Jose "Pepe" Font; Douglas Fowler, Jr.; Charles Fuller; Bernard L. Gray; Constanco Iturbide; Ian James; Roger Johnson; Michael Kayembe Wa-Dikonda; Mukumadi Clement Kazamba; Khoo Oon Theam; Joseph K. Kwaw, Col. Hank Lackey; Bob Langley; C. Fred Lawrence; Al. F. Malachuk; Ralph Marinacci; Sam A. Mbata; Chike Mbamalu; James McEwan; Davita Pascal Mfwamosi; Wayne T. Mitchell; Musa Moda; Carlin W. Nash; Malenso Nododia; Wendell F. Nordby; Pat Odiyi; Terry H. Peters; Bill Phipps; Custodio Rangel Pires; Si Rickman; Emmanuel Rodriguez; James M. Rogers; Demos Shakarian; Richard Shakarian; Talas Sianturi; Ronny Svenhard; C.F. "Buzz" Swyers; Mel Tombray; Peter K.T. Tong; Gerardo Townsend R.; James R. Winter.

## NATIONAL DIRECTORS:

**Africa:** Bunmi Adediji, c/o 24 Ikerwe Rd., Box 674, Port Harcourt, Rivers State, Nigeria / Akwasi Amoakahene, P.O. Box 01074, Accra, Ghana / Trevor A. Biggs, P.O. Box 6134, Grahamstown, South Africa / Kwabena Darko, Darko Farms & Co., Ltd., P.O. Box 513, Kumasi, Ghana / Azike Diribe, 12 Ibi-am St., Uwani, Enugu, Nigeria / Mickey Douglass, 57 Admiralty Way, Summerstrand, Port Elizabeth 6001, South Africa / Sunday Essien, P.O. Box 992, 42 Iman St., Calabar, Nigeria / Akin Famodimu, 91 Adeniyi Jones-Ave. Ikeja, Lagos, Nigeria / Michael Kayembe Wa-Dikonda, B.P. 5363-Kinshasa 10, Kinshasa, Zaire / Mukumadi Clement Kazamba, P.O. Box 16.145, Kinshasa 1, Kinshasa, Zaire / Gerishon Kibarabara, P.O. Box 49578, Nairobi, Kenya / Joseph K. Kwaw, P.O. Box 10849, Accra-North, Ghana / Sam A. Mbata, c/o 24 Ikerwe Rd., P.O. Box 674, Port Harcourt, Nigeria / Chike Mbamalu, 10 Pralse Dr., P.O. Box 598, Warri, Bendel, Nigeria / Davita Pascal Mfwamosi, P.O. Box 15167, Kinshasa 1, Kinshasa, Zaire / Musa Moda, PMB 0244, Bauchi, Nigeria / Dogbo Simon Nandjui, 08 B.P. 862, Abidjan 08, Cote D'Ivoire / Malenso Nododia, P.O. Box 14327-Kinshasa 1, Kinshasa, Zaire / John A. Njau, P.O. Box 2541, Arusha, Tanzania / Pat Odiyi, St. Louis College, Joseph Cornwalk Rd., Box 655, Jos, Plateau State, Nigeria / Allan F. Sutton, P.O. Box 200, Lonehill 2062 / Bob Trench, 189 Stamford Hill Rd., Durban, South Africa 4001 / Joseph Mukendi Wa-Mulumba, P.O. Box 12008, Kinshasa 1, Kinshasa, Zaire. **Asia:** Lukas Halim, 14 Jalan Tegalana, Jakarta Barat, 11120 Indonesia / Talas Sianturi, Jl. Gajah Mada 219-C, Jakarta Barat. 11120, Indonesia / Khoo Oon Theam, 2 Finlayson Green, # 19-00, Asia Insurance Bldg., Singapore 0104 / Peter K.T. Tong, Letter Box 44, 4th Floor MUI Plaza, Jalan P. Ramlee, Kuala Lumpur 50250 Malaysia. **Canada:** Jack DeLong, 10516-26th Ave. N.W., Edmonton, Alberta T6J 4B9 / Art A. Dick, 3519 McKinley Cr., Abotsford, British Columbia V3G 1B4 / Gordon F. Hicks, 36 Bruce St., Welland, Ontario L3B 3R1 / Robert Lindsay, P.O. Box 13, Site 12, RR 10, Fredericton, New Brunswick E3B 6H6 / Herb McCormack, R.R. #1, Site 32 Comp. 26, Merritt, British Columbia V0K 2B0 / Owen McCormick, Box 236, 205

McCosh Drive, Melfort, Saskatchewan S0E 1A0 / James McEwan, 36 White Cliffe Dr., Courtice, Ontario L1E 1T4 / Merwin Mediwa, 3802 20th Ave. S., Lethbridge, Alberta T1K 4J1 / Jacques Philibert, 416 Des Pommiers, Mont St. Hilaire, Quebec J3H 3V4 / Ronald J. Smith, 1348 Thorman Drive, Cambridge, Ontario N3H 1A2 / Roger Stagg, Box 81, Grp. 10, R.R. 1C, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 2E4. **Europe:** **Armenia:** Rafik Grigorian, Marx Str. C-6 Kvatzal, 8129 Kirovakan-214. **France:** Bruno Berthon, 5, Villa Des Peupliers, Neuilly-Sur-Seine 92200 / Bernard Hillereau, Route de Couard, Marcoussis 9146 / Daniel Mesierz, Les Routes, 38340 Pommiers La Placette. **Germany:** Ulrich Von Schnurbeck, Schlossau 1, 8370 Regen / Wolfgang Wagner, W. Leuschner-Strasse 6, D-6845 Gross-Rohrheim. **Sweden:** Daniel Wahlstrom, Ostra Vagen 8A, S-430 92 Hono. **Switzerland:** Urs Kaesermann, Residence "Les Vignes," 1122 Romanel Sur Morges. **United Kingdom:** England: John E. "Buzz" Dullea, Anatole, Wellington Parade, Walmer, Kent CT14 8AB / Dillon Harris, Amazing Grace, Chilhorne Damer, Yeovil, Somerset BA22 8RE / J. Allan Jones, 18 Vicarage Road, Orrell, Wigan, Lancs. 4N5 7AX / Donald G. Latham, Turleigh Barn Turleigh, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts BA3 6JU / Bert Sture, Beck House, 7 Beatswell Lawn, North Stanley, NR. Ripon, North Yorkshire HG4 3HE / John L. Wright, "Kirby House" Kirby Yorkdon, Norwich NR14 7DZ. **North Ireland:** Dennis O'Brien, Kilnonan Cross, Ballysion, Limerick. **Scotland:** James R. Winter, "High Tower" Lochwinnoch Rd., Kilmacolin Renfrewshire PA13 4DU. **Latin America/Caribbean:** Barbados: Kyffin Simpson, P.O. Box 98, Bridgetown. **Dominica:** Charles A. Maynard, P.O. Box 147, Belfa St., Roseau. **Guatemala:** John Carrette, Hotel Pan American, Nueva Calle, Zona 1, Guatemala City / Juan Jose "Pepe" Font, Km. #2, Box 181, Atlantico Z.18, Guatemala City / Gerardo Townson R., 7 Ave. 1-86 Zona 4, Banco G & T 20 Nivel, Guatemala City. **Honduras:** Emmanuel Rodriguez, 1 Calle Barrio San Rafael # 1522, Tegucigalpa. **Mexico:** Constanco Iturbide, Ave. Cuittahauc # 2936, Col. Claveria 02800, Mexico City D.F. **Puerto Rico:** Antonio Pacheco, Jr., G.P.O. Box 4263, San Juan 00936. **South America:** **Brazil:** Pedro Paulo Barrella, Rua. Prof. Vital Palmas e Silva, 5713-012 Europa, Sao Paulo 01455-020 / Altomir Regis DaCunha, Rua Tabajaras, 462-Niteroi, Rio de Janeiro 24360-220 / Claudio Campi DeLima, Rua Joao Cunha, 95/101, Belo Horizonte, Miras Gerais 30480-020 / Mario Gomes De Silva, Rua 83B, No. 27, Lj03, Goiania, Goias 74083-040 / Custodio Rangel Pires, Praia De Icaral 275, Apt. No. 401, Niteroi, Rio de Janeiro 24230. **South Pacific Region:** **Australia:** Ian T. Corrie, 20 Renoun, Benteleigh, Victoria 3204 / David Grantham, P.O. Box 236, St. Leonards, New So. Wales 2065 / Bernard L. Gray, 34 Old Cleveland Rd., P.O. Box 67, Stones Corner, Brisbane, Queensland 4120 / James Tatters, 165 Raeburn, Manly, Queensland 4179 / Leslie Wood, 125 Princes Hwy., Sylvania, New South Wales 2220. **New Zealand:** Len Brijs, P.O. Box 33.424, Takapuna, Auckland 9 or 106 Hepburn Rd., Glendene, Auckland 8 / Keith Gouldstone, 3 Marina Heights, Bucklands Beach / Wally Harrington, Kauana RD-2, Winton / Ian James, Nannestad Line, R.D. 5, Fielding Palmerston North / Jack Jensen, P.O. Box 58618, Howick, Auckland. **United States:** **Alabama:** Louie James Schrimsher, 613 Fairmont Ave., Albertville 35950. **Alaska:** Donald May, 6105 Eastwood Ct., Anchorage 99504. **Arizona:** Frank Evans, P.O. Box 14064, Tucson 85732 / William M. Gordon, 1839 East Concorde Drive, Tempe 85282 / Norman J. LeBlanc, Sr., 9053 N. 52 Ave., Glendale 85302. **Arkansas:** John M. Davies, P.O. Box 2756, Batesville 72503. **California:** Wesley B. Andahl, P.O. Box 848, San Andreas 95249 / Bruno Caamano, 10163

Bridlevale Dr., Los Angeles 90064 / Gene M. Ellerbee, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa 92628 / Joe Fry, 5730 Haskell Ave., Carmichael 95608 / Bob Langley, P.O. Box 576726, Modesto 95357 / Robert R. Miller, 2512 "K" St., Bakersfield 93301 / Wendell F. Nordby, 3009-A Coffy Lane, Santa Rosa 95403 / Dario Rabak, 25 Marvin Court, El Sobrante 94803 / Harold E. Rounds, 946 Holmes St., Calimesa 92320 / Winston Severn, 26011 Farm Field Rd., Calabasas 91302 / Demos Shakarian, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa 92628 / Richard Shakarian, 2321 Pavillion, Santa Ana 92705 / Ronny Svenharden, 335 Adeline St., Oakland 94607. **Colorado:** Elmer Lewis, P.O. Box 236, Strasburg 80136 / Vernon Murrow, 2033 Ridgewood, Pueblo 81005 / Adair Rippy, 0023 Rippy Lane, P.O. Box 200, New Castle 81647. **Connecticut:** Jerry DeFlorio, 332 Westport Rd., Wilton 06897. **Delaware:** Jack Fitzgerald, RD #2, Box 181, Lincoln 19960. **District of Columbia:** Reginald B. Elliott, 3724 17th Place N.E., 20018. **Florida:** John D. Baldwin, Jr., 1409 N.W. 60th St., Gainesville 32605 / Henry Carlson, 3535 Pine Lake Court, Palm Harbor 34684 / Monroe D. Coblentz, 6511 McKown Rd., Sarasota 34240 / Charles Chrisafulli, 4495 N. Tropical Trl., Merritt Island 32953 / Albert D'Arpa, P.O. Box 82381, Tampa 33682 / Norman Haugen, P.O. Box 558145, Miami 33255 / Al F. Malachuk, 2982 Meadow Wood Dr., Clearwater 34621 / Ralph Marinacci, 7033 S. Lagoon Dr., Panama City 32408-5438 / C.J. Nairn, Jr., 1591 Frances, Kissimmee 32743 / Larry A. Tipton, 14049 Yacht Club Road, Seminole 34636. **Georgia:** Joe Chalk, 2169 Hips Trail, Waycross 31501 / Douglas Fowler, Jr., 205 W. Main St., Colquhoun 31737 / James M. Rogers, 3001 Linstock Way, Suwanee 30174. **Illinois:** Enrico Cannataro, 1987 Lexington Dr., Palatine 60074 / Howard Hite, RR#1, Dalton City 61925 / Max E. Hollenbeck, 612 So. Fifth St., Springfield 61703. **Indiana:** James L. Clark, 11722 Johnson Rd., Ft. Wayne 46818. **Iowa:** Gary Bortz, 1119 N. Green, Box 326, Ottumwa 52501 / Harry Krohn, 5219 Wellington Ct., Sloux City 5106-2425. **Kansas:** Stanley E. Hoerman, 1000 No. Manhattan Ave., Manhattan 66502 / Larry W. Mohr, 3802 W. 14th St. Ct., Lawrence 66049. **Kentucky:** Gene Davis, P.O. Box 204, Robinson Creek 41560. **Louisiana:** Tony Amorosa, 834 Marlbrook Dr., Baton Rouge 70815. **Maine:** Richard E. Crockett, Route #3, Box 4320, Farmingdale 04344. **Maryland:** Roy F. Garrison, 419 Christopher Ave. #34, Gaithersburg 20879 / James A. Priddy, 1810 Coster Rd., Lusby 20657. **Massachusetts:** Alex Canavan, 34 Winthrop Rd., Hingham 02043. **Michigan:** Stanley D. Cool, 6690 Amy Dr., Clarkston 48348 / Lynn H. Savage, 13510 Coral Rd., Coral 49322 / Russell Sperling, 6116 Silverbrooke West, West Bloomfield 48322. **Minnesota:** Roger L. Digre, Route 1, Box 166, Dalton 56324 / Roger L. Tobolt, 7733 Regent Ave. N., Brooklyn Park 55443. **Mississippi:** Gary Grayban, 2745 Briarwood Dr., Moss Point 39563 / William R. Keller, P.O. Box 625, Laurel 39441. **Missouri:** Charles Fuller, 1853 Greenwood, Springfield 65804 / Bill Phipps, 1201 W. Gregory, Kansas City 64114 or 1808 Harvard, Independence 64052 / Leonard Riebold, 4106 Hwy. 21, Imperial 63052. **Montana:** Frank Braun, 2633 N. Bridger Dr., Billings 59102 / Mel Tomber, R.R. 2, Box 288, Savage 59262. **Nebraska:** Jacque Miller, R.R. 2, Box 405, South Sioux City 68776 / Robert J. Thompson, 1508 N. Harrison St., Lexington 68850. **New Hampshire:** Richard J. Morin, 264 Dover Point Rd., Dover 03820. **New Mexico:** C.M. "Clem" Dixon, 6001 Concordia N.E., Albuquerque 87111 / Col. Henry Godman, 1808 Hubbard Dr., Alamogordo 88310. **New Jersey:** Van B. Bruner, 506 W. Park Blvd., Haddonfield 08033. **New York:** James Armstrong, 2 Taylor Ave., Peekskill 10566 / John Barone, 1114 Boyd St., Watertown 13601 / C. Fred Lawrence, P.O.

Box 206, Homer 13077 / C.F. "Buzz" Swyers, 170 Independence Dr., Orchard Park 14127 / Nicholas Tricarico, 226 Rustic Rd., Ronkonkoma 11779. **North Carolina:** James D. Smith, 103 Grayson Court, Knightdale 27545. **North Dakota:** Don Bennett, 1616 14th Ave. So., Fargo 58103 / Darrel V. Hovde, P.O. Box 1806, Minot 58702. **Ohio:** Vince Bellanca, 7662 Elmland Ave., Poland 44514 / Lee Brandenburg, 635 N. Water Street, Uhrichsville 44683 / Bill Cooke, 8950 Charleston Ct., Pickerington 43147 / C. Hank Lackey, 2905 Rhett Dr., Beavercreek 45434-6238 / Roger Johnson, 800 Deer Run Trail, Lebanon 45036. **Oklahoma:** Joe B. Cannon, Sr., 418 Bel Aire, Blackwell 74631 / John E. Schmoock, 2025 Quailwood Dr., Enid 73703. **Oregon:** Roy Comrie, Route 2, Box 3, Pendleton 97801 / Bill Pyatt, P.O. Box 636, Canyonville 97417 / Edwin E. Sheets, 925 East Highland Ave., Hermiston 97838 / Howard Toy, 16688 Hwy. 99, East #72, Woodburn 97071. **Pennsylvania:** Angelo Ferri, P.O. Box 229, Yardley 19067 / Robert Smith, 1188 Twin Lakes Dr., Harrisburg 17111. **Rhode Island:** Carlin W. Nash, 15 Lakeside Dr., Narragansett 02882. **South Carolina:** George M. Duggan, 46 Queen St., Charleston 29401. **Tennessee:** Hoyt Elliott, P.O. Box 24096, Nashville 37202 / Eugene H. Matkins, 519 Cook Rd., Tullahoma 37388. **Texas:** Leroy Linney, 506 Carroll St., P.O. Box 1172, Stanton 79782 / Sir Lionel Luckhoo, 6100 Oakland Hills Dr., #901, Ft. Worth 76112 / Wayne T. Mitchell, 5602 Randon Rd., Houston 77091 / Terry H. Peters, 12253 West Ave., Ste. B, San Antonio 78216 / Si Rickman, 455 Love Henry Ct., Southlake 76092 or 1921 Central Dr., Ste. A, Bedford 76021 / Bob Veale, 1902 Runnels, Harlingen 78550 / Jerry Woodfill, 4202 Crownwood, Seabrook 77586. **Vermont:** Robert W. Zider, RR#4, Box 9215, Barre 05641. **Virginia:** Luke H. Blevins, 5416 N. 36th Rd., Arlington 22207 / Wesley Ropp, 14807 Walthall Dr., Colonial Heights 23834 / William J. Shuck, 4106 Sunburst Ct., Alexandria 22303. **Washington:** Robert W. Bigwood, 607 SW Grandway, #210, Renton 98055-2977 / Arthur Evanson, P.O. Box 244, Vancouver 98666. **West Virginia:** Clifford Haddad, 4825 MacCorkle Ave., South Charleston 25309. **Wisconsin:** Gordon D. Emery, P.O. Box 147, Reedsburg 53959-0147.

**INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORS-AT-LARGE:** **Canada:** Ernest C. Hollands, Box 1485, London, Ontario N6A 5M2. **South Africa:** Bob Trench, 189 Stamford Hill Rd., Durban 4001. **United States:** Ed Hutka, 4171 First St., Livermore, CA 94550 / C. Hank Lackey, 2905 Rhett Dr., Beavercreek, OH 45434-6238 / Charles W. Sutton, Route 2, Box 83, Stewartsville, MO 64490.

**U.S.A. DIRECTORS-AT-LARGE:** Donald Barnes, 203 Kiowa Dr., Shelbyville, TN 37160 / Richard Bonson, Breakers East, Unit 1106, 1010 Hwy. 98 East, Destin, FL 32541 / Ed Hutka, 4171 First St., Livermore, CA 94550 / Charles W. Sutton, Route 2, Box 83, Stewartsville, MO 64490 / David Wells, P.O. Box 275, Saxtons, River, VT 05154.

**HONORARY DIRECTORS:** Louis Abate, 1520 Ardley Place, Schenectady, NY 12308 / William Abercrombie, 3160 Dolly Ridge Dr., Birmingham, AL 35243 / Al H. Duren, 248 Mike Dr. N.E., Orangeburg, SC 29115 / Rod W. Lindsay, 2224 Departure Bay Rd., Nanaimo, British Columbia, Canada V9S 3V8 / William Miles, Sr., 204 Holiday Rd., Winchester, KY 40391 / Leonard Sampson, P.O. Box 36, Fairfield, WA 99012 / Sophus Schanche, P.O. Box 10, 5050 Paradis Norway / W.E. Shaw, 1000 Botany Rd., Greenville, SC 29607.

**HEADQUARTERS' MAILING ADDRESS:**  
**World Headquarters:** P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

# SIX STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Why not make your eternal decision now:**  
*"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."*

**Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address:**  
**FGBMFI/Box 5050/Costa Mesa, CA 92628.**

**YES! I have made my eternal decision. I have read the Six Steps to Salvation and have asked Jesus to be my personal Saviour.**

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Please send me the booklet *Now That You've Received Christ*.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City, State, Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Clip and mail to: FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628

# CONTENTS

---

## THE GREAT MIRACLE

*Miracles seemed part of life for "Bud" Martens. An accident with an 18-wheeler sheered off the driver's side of his car leaving Bud with only a cut on his ear lobe. An airplane accident threatened the amputation of his sister's foot—but his prayers intervened. However, when Bud lost a vast fortune and a secure home life, he was about to discover the greatest miracle yet!*

**2**

## STRESS- FREE BLESSINGS

*When Don Mercer entered the business world, all he had was an eighth-grade education and a dream. By applying biblical principles to the running of his business, his dream became a \$10 million company employing more than 120 people.*

**14**

---

<i>The Great Miracle</i> . . . . .	<b>2</b>	<i>Bible Basis For Baptism In The Holy Spirit</i> . . .	<b>29</b>
<i>One More Step</i> . . . . .	<b>10</b>	<i>FGBMFI News Briefs</i> . . . . .	<b>30</b>
<i>Stress-Free Blessings</i> . . . . .	<b>14</b>	<i>The Voice Of Our Readers</i> . . . . .	<b>33</b>
<i>Thorns Among The Roses</i> . . . . .	<b>20</b>	<i>Fellowship Events</i> . . . . .	<b>36</b>
<i>Voice Echoes Victory</i> . . . . .	<b>25</b>	<i>Directors</i> . . . . .	<b>37</b>
<i>A Divine Appointment In Washington, D.C.</i> . . .	<b>26</b>	<i>Six Steps To Salvation</i> . . . . .	<b>39</b>

---

From: **FGBMFI**  
P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628-9949