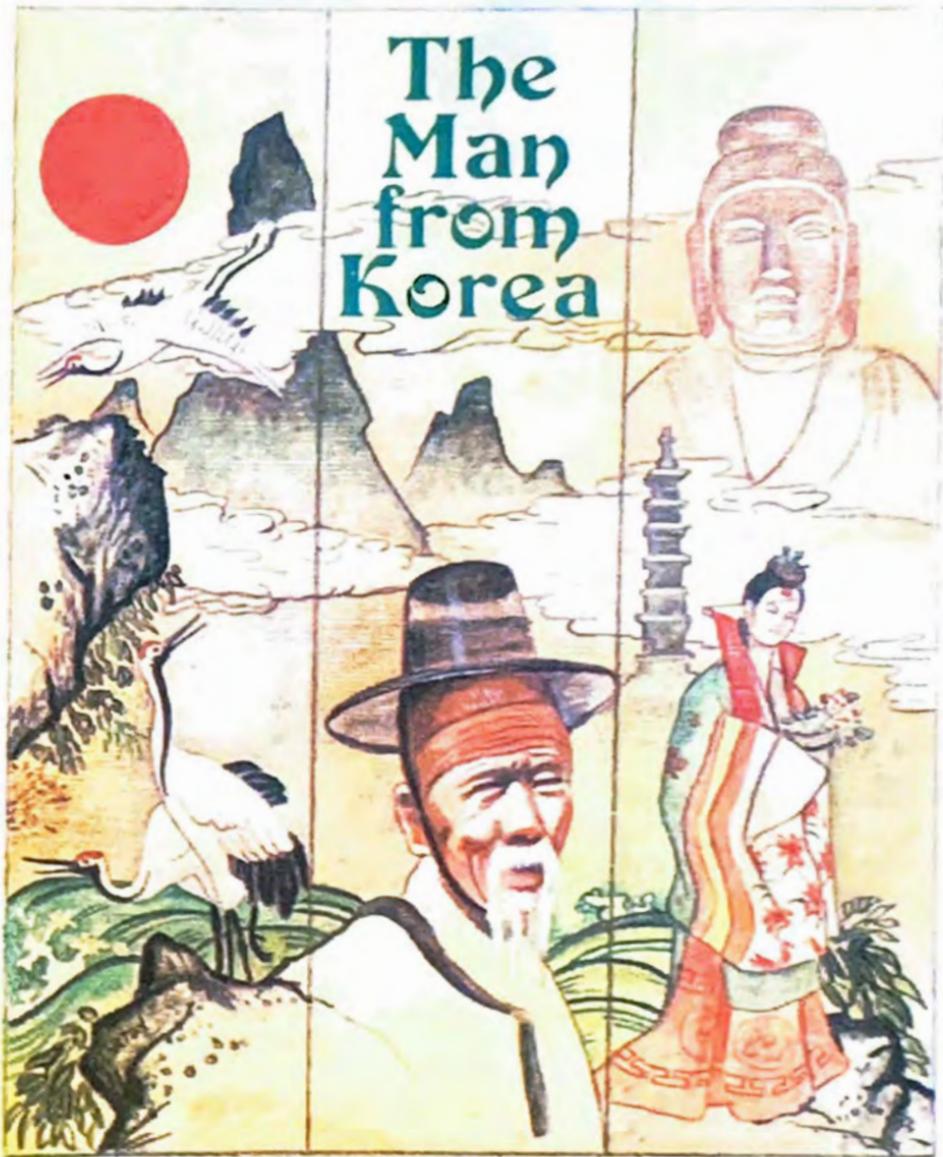


# VOICE

## The Man from Korea



See page twenty-two for this exciting story



**C**link. Clink. Clink. The sound of metal on metal broke the stillness of the dark street in Mishawaka, Indiana. A hubcap clattered on the pavement and our footsteps echoed through the night as we raced out of the deserted parking lot.

I was just 13 when I started stealing hubcaps. At 15 I was stealing entire cars. By the age of 21 I was an enforcer for organized crime, and as a bank robber and heroin addict at 29 I was next in line for the FBI's Most Wanted list.

My mother had taken me in her arms when I was two years old and prayed, "Lord, I dedicate this child to Your service." She insisted God had assured her that one day I would be

His servant.

Dad came home from the war in

1945 and his reunion with my mother initiated an argument that seemed to last for three long years, and eventually ended in divorce. Mother worked long hours and as a result my older brother became both a father and best friend to me.

As I grew older my hero became the James Cagney type of gangster. But as long as I was still at home, with a mother who constantly prayed for me, I just couldn't commence a career in crime. I decided to take off for Florida with some peers and the dream of becoming a rich and famous criminal. But while trying to rob a corner grocery store I was arrested by the police and returned to my mother. There followed a series of crimes none of which got me into really serious trouble.

Again leaving home, I joined the Air



Jack Burbridge  
Fox, AR

# THE ENFORCER

Force at 18. "Burbridge, you've got the right temperament," a rough-looking sergeant barked at me. He meant that I was as mean as a snake. I started proving it almost the minute I arrived and didn't stop fighting for three years. Big and hot-tempered, I would take on anybody anytime and anywhere. Having a 210-pound frame and a height of 6'3" helped. Nobody could beat me up.

Then a motorcycle accident triggered "honorable" discharge papers and ended my tenure in the service. It also left me with headaches as a lingering aftereffect.

I headed for Indiana to carve my new fortune. Becoming acquainted with a man named Tony in a bar, I rapidly got sucked into organized crime. I was promised \$500 a week for beating

up bartenders who refused to pay the syndicate a share of profits reaped from illegal practices relating to prostitution, drugs and gambling. Now I was getting paid for what I enjoyed doing free.

Whenever my career in enforcement got me entangled with the law, which was often, the syndicate was there with the money to help me out as much as possible.

Then one day I met Carolyn, the attractive lady who was to become my future wife. Carolyn was different; she drank only 7-Up when I took her to a bar. But that wasn't the only thing about her lifestyle that was different. Every once in a while I found her crying and praying.

It didn't seem as if either my mother's prayers or Carolyn's were

paying off. I even took the "blood-mingling" Indian-style ritual which was a syndicate practice.

Hooked on barbiturates and driving one night without the headlights on, I was picked up by the police. It just happened to be right after a bank robbery I'd committed, but I had all kinds of proof I hadn't done it. After questioning me, the FBI let me go. I wasn't so lucky on the next bank robbery—a girlfriend dropped a dime in a pay phone and called the police.

I ended up in the Vandenburg County Jail in lieu of \$150,000 in bonds, and was declared "a danger and menace to society."

Sitting there in jail, I got a letter from Carolyn full of hurt and anger she hadn't expressed before. A terrible loneliness swept over me, a feeling that no one in the world *loved* me.

Now the authorities decided to move me to the Bernallio County Jail in New Mexico. I was to be driven there by two law-enforcement officers. The trip wasn't easy on me or them. I subjected them to a steady stream of verbal garbage, calling them every foul name I knew or could create just for them. One of them tried to outswear me, but the other, Howard Lytton, remained silent.

It wasn't long before his silence started getting to me. When we finally did strike up a conversation, he said, "Jack, there's only one way." Then he

started telling me about a friend of his, Jesus Christ.

He told me about His life and His love for me. He made it clear that Jesus wanted to come into my life, cleanse me from all my sins and make me a brand-new person.

While Mr. Lytton talked my heart felt like it was on fire. But when he invited me to accept Christ I responded with a counteroffer.

"If God is real and really loves me," I said, "then He'll give me some evidence that I can have my family back." I wanted desperately to believe, but I had to *know* Mr. Lytton was telling me the truth. He fell into silence again. I think he was praying all the rest of the way to Albuquerque. As we pulled up in front of the jail all my hope was gone and angry despair washed over me.

But as I arrived to be checked into the prison the sheriff yelled out, "Mr. Burbridge, your wife and mother called to say that they're praying you'll do the right thing in the courtroom."

At that moment I broke inside. With 27 other prisoners watching, I knelt down weeping, thanked God for His love, and accepted Jesus Christ into my life.

From that day, my challenges became His. When my day in court came, miraculously a 45-year sentence was reduced to 12 years.

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Top Lt. Cdr. Howard B. Lytton,  
Carolyn and Jack Burbridge

Probably the greater shock to the authorities was the fact that I confessed to my crimes and was willing to pay the penalty. Later I discovered the judge was a "praying judge" who started every day with a desire to do God's will.

Weeks of nightmares followed in the prison's corrupt atmosphere, as God dealt with me and my guilt. Fi-

nally I cried out to Him to assure me again of His forgiveness and His love. He did, through the Scriptures. From then on as His peace and assurance filled my life I became totally free from the nightmares. While in prison I also received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Meanwhile Carolyn and my mother were praying for me and kept in touch with me regularly. I could have been in prison till the year 2012, but through an incredible set of circumstances I was released on parole January 7, 1971.

A praying mother and wife seem incompatible with my life of crime, drugs, prostitution and underworld illegalities. And yet it was the dedication of my life to God by my mother and the prayers of my mother and wife that eventually broke through the negative patterns of my lifestyle and opened my eyes to accepting Jesus Christ's transforming power.

People called me "Happy Jack" because I smiled while I beat up people. Now I'm *truly* happy, as I attempt to rebuild lives of other individuals the way mine has been rebuilt, with the message and power of Christ's love. Since 1971 I've logged nearly 100,000 miles a year telling people both in and out of prison about a "Force" so great that He can transform the meanest of enforcers. □

*Jack Burbridge has been in the business of building custom cars and restoring old autos since 1972, using his income to sponsor prison revivals across the nation. He is founder and director of From Crime to Christ, Inc., and since 1980 he and his wife have been in fulltime prison ministry.*



Joe McCracken, Longview, TX

**M**y main reasons for attending church as a child were to see and be seen, to meet with my friends, and to show off my new clothes. As I grew older, I continued to go to church and had every opportunity to get to know Jesus. But, although I heard all about Him, I never knew Him.

In these early years I formulated a

"game plan." My goal was to get to the top—to be No. 1. When the neighborhood gang chose sides to play football on a vacant lot, I fearfully resorted to any means or any untruth to avoid being picked last. This philosophy carried over into my later school years and early business career.

As a young man I went to work for a large corporation in Dallas, Texas, where I manipulated business as I had on the vacant lot—anything to avoid being last. Even though I pre-

*... it all started*

tended modesty my secret goal was to get to the top any way I could.

During these years my personal life had been scarred by two divorces and I was well on my way to becoming a 46-year-old drunk. Discouragement was my constant companion, deep depression a frequent way of life. In spite of business successes and a facade that portrayed the ability to cope with any situation, in reality I was fighting disillusionment. I had failed to grasp the secret that seemed to bring other men peace.

In January, 1981 I ran into an old friend who had a flea-market barbecue stand over which he flew a large red flag that read "Jesus." This struck me as a little more than peculiar. As we reminisced about the last 25 years or so, I became aware of an obvious



## *at a barbecue stand*

change in my friend. His eyes convicted me every time he looked at me. I grew even more uncomfortable toward the end of the conversation, and when I started to leave he handed me a copy of *Voice* magazine.

That evening I put the magazine aside, but about a week later I picked it up and read it. The stories amazed me. They were written by men like myself with no formal religious training. In this particular issue of *Voice* there was an ad for five books; I ordered all of them.

I finished the one entitled *Prodigal Husband* by Tommy Ashcraft on May 31, 1981. As I sat in front of my window that afternoon looking out over the small lake nearby, I couldn't help but think that if ever there was anyone

*(continued on page 37)*



*The book God used to change  
Joe McCracken's life*

James Thorsen, Alexandria, VA

# FIRST

**I**n 1973 I was a cocky guy on my way to making my second fortune. I thought, "Nothing can touch me this time. I'm going to have it all. This time I'll not only make it, I'll *keep* it."

Then came the news that my precious three-and-a-half-year-old daughter Nancy had developed a stomach tumor the size of her head. Almost

simultaneously, the Arab oil embargo put a stranglehold on my land-development business and within a week I was on the verge of bankruptcy. I had believed a man was master of his own destiny. Now I was learning first-hand that my life was like a vapor, subject to unpredictable forces over which I had no control.



# MILLION BY 30

Success by the world's standards had always come naturally to me. I made my first million by my 30th birthday, parlaying my father-in-law's New Mexico furniture business, Francis-can Maple Shop, into the third largest store of its kind in the U.S. I served in numerous community and civic organizations with honor and recognition flowing my way, to the extent that I ran for congressional office in 1962.

But along with my success came a lifestyle that included big spending, drinking and general carousing. On the outside my life looked perfect, but if anyone had looked at the foundation they would have seen it was crumbling to pieces.

My wife Catherine and I took our five kids to church, but I believed in Jesus about the same way I believed in Santa Claus. About the time I started to run for political office, we met a spiritualist who was quite well known in our city. He would go into a trance and an entity named J.W. would speak through him. This "spirit guide" actually divulged certain things to me about my opponent. I became quite dependent on him for advice and information.

This same medium influenced us to start a newspaper. I told Catherine we'd be bankrupt within a year if we went ahead with the plan. The end result of all this was that in a short

time we had lost all our money, our marriage and our prestige in the community. I've since learned that this is Satan's pattern. He draws you into his snare with counterfeit truth, and once you're dependent on him, he destroys you.

My wife moved to Virginia with our three daughters, and I stayed at our ranch in New Mexico with our two sons, trying to save my falling empire. It was too late, though, and soon even our ranch home was gone and the boys and I moved into an apartment.

Meantime, I kept writing Catherine, trying to win her back. Repeatedly, the answer was a firm no. One day I came home after several days' absence and there were two letters from her in a stack of mail. The first was the standard refusal to reconcile. But the one under it, postmarked one day later, said, "If you'll have me, let's get married again when you come back to bring the boys for school. I love you!"

I couldn't believe it. After 12 months of crushing disappointment, here was the first ray of hope in my life. Within days the boys and I had moved to Virginia, and Catherine and I remarried. When I asked her what changed her mind she said it was the Lord. Even though I'd actually been praying for this to happen, for some reason I didn't fully understand it was an answer to prayer. It was as though

Satan still had a veil over my eyes so that I couldn't see the Lord's hand in my life.

In Virginia I put my business know-how to work and, to make a long story short, in a few years I was heading up a successful 400-acre land-development project in the Shenandoah Valley, called Leisure Point. I was on my way to making another million, feeling right on top of the world again. In 1970 Catherine and I had a sixth child, Nancy, and our marriage seemed on pretty steady ground, although I was still drinking "socially."

But I was still running my own life. I was cocky Jim Thorsen again, on the fast lane to success.

Then in 1973 out of the clear blue sky came Nancy's illness and a gas shortage that knocked the slats out of my rosy economic outlook. No one was buying land in my project because of the uncertainty of our oil-based economy.

We took Nancy to the Medical College of Virginia, where they removed this massive, cancerous tumor, along with one of her kidneys and her spleen and lymph nodes. It was touch-and-go whether she would live. She went on chemotherapy and radiation treatments, which caused her to lose all of her hair. It just made



*Jim and Catherine Thorsen with daughter Nancy who was healed (top); and outside their business office*

us weep to see what she was going through.

As you might guess, I turned again to God. I started reading my Bible and going to a little chapel we had created up by the power plant at Leisure Point. Several years before, I had intellectually accepted the reality of the living Jesus after reading a book entitled *The Archaeological Writings of the Sanhedrin and the Talmud*. Now, as my fortunes were collapsing for the second time in my life, I began turning to Him not just for a miracle but for a new foundation in life.

One day a group of men came to Leisure Point for a church retreat. I attended, and for the first time I heard people singing in the Spirit. I didn't exactly know what it was all about, but I sensed it was something beautiful from God. Then on Saturday night, two days before we were to take Nancy back in for another operation, a brother stood and delivered a word of prophecy.

"Thus saith the Lord: 'Your child is healed. I've used her as a demonstration. She's perfect.'"

I can't explain it, but right then I knew Nancy was healed. Jesus became so real to me in that moment, I just gave my life totally over to Him. What peace and joy I felt to take all the burden off Jim Thorsen and put it on the Lord!

The next Monday, hospital x-rays showed that Nancy's cancer was totally gone. Though baffled, the doctors seemed to accept it as extraordinary healing beyond their understanding.

They immediately stopped the chemotherapy and radiation treatments and sent Nancy home. She's a wonderfully healthy girl.

By this time, my business had totally collapsed. It got so bad that we literally ran out of food and had no car. But God showed our family that true security means resting in Him. Our necessities were beautifully provided by brothers and sisters in Christ. One man even gave me a car, not knowing that mine had just been repossessed.

Catherine and our six children have since accepted the Lord. She and I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at an FGBMFI meeting about 30 days after Nancy's healing. It gave us boldness to tell others of the dynamic life Jesus has given us. God also delivered me from the desire to drink and smoke. He's since started me in a new contracting and real estate business with my youngest son Bob. But this time I'm not leaving the success up to Jim Thorsen, no matter how good a businessman he thinks he is.

I don't have a million dollars, but I have a beautiful family, an exciting and fulfilling life and a joy the world never gave.

Brother, that's *real* success

---

*Jim Thorsen is president of Thorsen Real Estate and Construction and treasurer of the Alexandria (VA) Chapter of FGBMFI. He works with a prison ministry, and gives out 100 Voice magazines at a time in restaurants and a senior citizens center. The Thorsens attend Mt. Vernon Church of God, their children are James, Lyndi, Robert, Catherine, Virginia and Nancy.*

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## THREEFOLD PURPOSE OF FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP

1. *To witness to God's presence and power in the world today through the message of the total Gospel for the total man, and by this to reach men for Jesus Christ, especially those having the same social, cultural or business interests as the person doing the witnessing.*

2. *To provide a basis of Christian fellowship among all men everywhere through an organism not directly associated with any specific church but cooperating with all those of like mind, and to inspire its members to be active in their respective churches.*

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International does not start churches. Rather, we desire solely to be a service arm to existing ones.

3. *To bring about a greater measure of unity and spirit of harmony in the body of Christ, where members are united in a common effort for the good of the whole body.*

## HOW TO START A FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to: Chapter Department, FGBMF, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

**N**ow look here, Ian. I found that videotape you showed today to be very interesting. But in this company there's one thing you must not do, and that's tell anybody about religion. If you value your career, you want to shut up about Jesus Christ."

My boss' words left me absolutely shattered. Rejection by my colleagues was bad enough. To a man, except for my immediate friends, they refused to come to my lunchtime showing of a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship videotape entitled "Ye Shall Be My Witnesses."

heart to the Lord, making my commitment public three weeks later at a Billy Graham crusade in Manchester.

During my college years I worked with tearaway (delinquent) teenagers on the streets of Durham City. But I felt so inadequate. I could *tell* them, but there was no power. About this time I read *The Cross and the Switchblade*, which paralleled in many ways the work I was doing . . . except that I was just doing my best, without significant results. How I yearned to *reach* people!

Shortly before my university finals I

## FROM ENGLAND

"We don't want anything to do with religion or what you wanted to show us," was the consensus.

It seemed my career itself was jeopardized. My boss had come to the showing just to support me. But afterward came his ominous warning that religion and a healthy career wouldn't mix in our organization. But Christ is the most precious thing in the world to me, particularly since my baptism in the Holy Spirit. How could I not share Him with others?

Actually, I'd been telling others about the Lord ever since my teen years as a member of the Crusaders Bible class in Marple, Cheshire. It was here that I had become convinced of the truth of the Gospel and given my

went for an interview for a teaching job in my hometown, which turned out to be something different than I'd been led to believe. I was very despondent over it and went to see my old Crusader leader. When his wife opened the door to let me in she shrieked with joy.

"We've just been saying, 'Wouldn't it be good if Ian could come and hear this tape we've just got?'"

Within a half hour two other old friends showed up, just out of the blue. Clearly the Lord had brought us together to hear this tape. It was by a humble Anglican clergyman, explaining the biblical truths about a New Testament experience called the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and how it had

revolutionized his life. After listening to it all the way through, we just sat there with that quiet sense of awe, discovery and anticipation.

"This is from God," someone said. "I must have it." That night we all prayed that the Lord would lead us into this Baptism.

The day after my return to college, I happened to be at a missionary luncheon and a lady walked across the room to me and said, "The Lord has told me that you want the baptism in the Holy Spirit."

So we went to my flat, joined by my

## WITH LOVE

landlady, who also wanted to receive. This lady laid hands on us and I felt a marvelous inflowing of the Holy Spirit from my head to my toes. I was absolutely over-the-moon in love with people and with the Lord! It was amazing to me that this Person of the Holy Spirit, about whom I'd read and heard, was actually filling me up with the love of God. My landlady received the gift of tongues right away but it was six months later that I did, as I was praying quietly in my flat one evening.

Over the next few years I experienced new power in my ministry I'd never known before. I took a job teaching geography in a Roman Catholic convent high school run by a



*Ian and Carol Smith*

born-again, Spirit-filled nun. During my lunch hours I taught Bible classes and we saw wonderful results and spiritual growth in the young people. Later I joined a struggling little church in Macclesfield, Cheshire with a congregation of six people. But it had a Spirit-baptized vicar, and in a relative-

professionally. Carol and I attended a church that was a bit drier than we were used to, and the recession had blocked me from advancement in my company.

In 1979 I was invited to attend the inaugural meeting of an FGBMFI chapter in Cheltenham. I enjoyed the



*Interested in railroad preservation, Ian Smith is photographed in historic setting with 1830 replicas of "Rocket" and "Sans Pareil."*

ly short time it grew to be one of the liveliest churches in the town.

In 1977 I married Carol and meanwhile had shifted my career from teaching to insurance. We now lived in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire. Things went along fine for a few years, but then I came to a place where it seemed I was stifled, spiritually and

freedom in worship and fellowship, but frankly it galled me when people would get up and talk about how the Lord had blessed them materially after they put their trust totally in Him.

"That's fine for some," I thought, "but what about those who've tried it and nothing happened? We're not hearing from *them*."

Still, I liked the FGBMFI approach overall, and that's when I obtained that videotape to show to my company colleagues. Now I was at a crossroads. Would I do the "safe" thing and keep quiet about Jesus during work hours? Or was there some other solution?

After the disappointment of rejection, Carol and I laid the whole thing before the Lord, and I decided my current job was a closed door; that I must trust the Lord to place me somewhere I could witness freely.

I began looking for another job. Meantime, day by day I was feeling more desperate and confined. Then one day in the autumn of 1981 I spotted an advert for a personnel manager in a company not far away. I was feeling almost too discouraged to apply, but Carol encouraged me after praying about it. Just a few days after sending in my application I received a phone call to come in for an interview.

The interview went quite smoothly at a professional level, and then I discovered that the man interviewing me had lived in my hometown, was a reader (a licensed preacher) in his church, and that one of his best friends was my former Crusader leader. He was a member of the Executive, and soon to be my new boss.

I found out later that he prayed when I left, "Lord, I feel You want this man for the job. If he is the man, then let the staff come in and tell me." A

moment later his secretary came in and said, "I think he's the one."

Today I'm working in a company where I can freely share the Lord. From the very first, I've been able to help people with personal problems by sharing Jesus with them. People are open and often even hungry to hear a spiritual solution to their problems. It has been a joy to be able to pray with my boss.

I don't believe a person should leave a situation just because it's difficult. I feel that in my life one mission field was closed but when I stepped out in faith for Him in my work, the Lord opened another opportunity. He has broken loose that spiritual stagnation and given me the vital fellowship and freedom of expression I needed, opened up a new career for me, and—yes—even blessed me financially, removing my earlier skepticism.

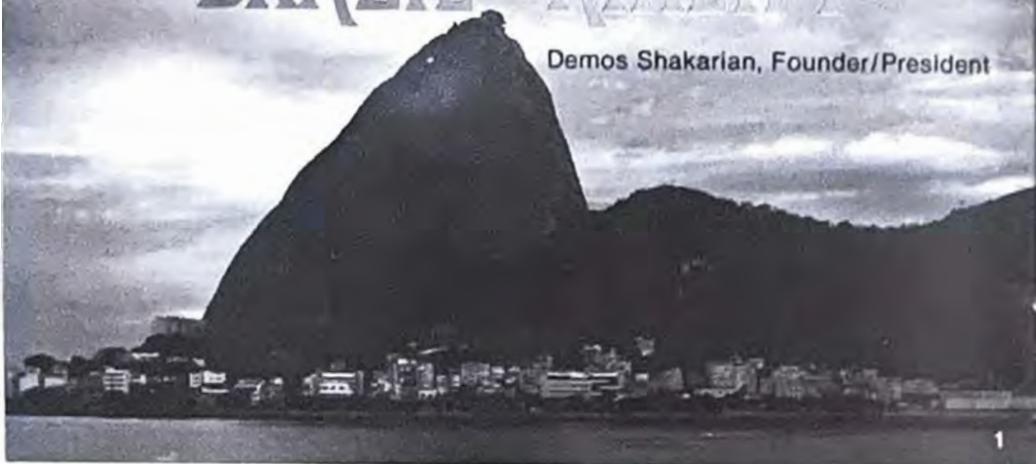
Above all, He's proved that when we're willing to put everything on the line for Him, He'll never let us down. In God's economy, career and Christ *always* mix as long as the Lord is really top boss in your life. Or, as Psalm 37:5 says, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." □

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*Ian Smith is assistant manager (personnel) at the headquarters of National Employers Mutual, an insurance company in Swindon, Wilts, England. He is vice president of the Cheltenham Chapter of FGBMFI and a reader in the Anglican church. He and Carol have a son, two-year-old Luke.*

# BRAZIL AIRLIFT

Demos Shakarian, Founder/President



1 Sugar Loaf Mountain 2 Statue of Cristo Redentor 3 General Richard Schaeffer, retrieving Demos' hat 4 Armando finds the living Jesus at foot of statue.

**S**trong winds swept across Corcovado, the 2,300-foot mountain from which our group was enjoying the breathtaking view of Rio de Janeiro. Suddenly, before I could grab it, a gust of wind stole my western hat and hurled it over the railing and out of sight. "There goes my hat!" I exclaimed. General Richard Schaeffer darted over the guard rail to retrieve it. I protested, "It's too dangerous." But in a moment he went down the side of

the mountain, recovering my hat from 30 feet below.

Only moments later, after posing for photographs, we observed a sad-faced old man and on inquiry learned that the wind had whipped away his hat, too. Again without hesitation the three-star general—who had served as chief of staff of the United States Air Force in Europe and as deputy chairman of the NATO military committee—bounded over the rail and

went down the steep incline to retrieve the straw hat.

Back on the observation deck, General Schaeffer gave the man more than his hat—he gave him hope. When the hat was secured by a rag rope under the man's chin General Schaeffer, through an interpreter, learned his name (Armando) and told him about Jesus.

Tears trickling down his gaunt, unshaven face, Armando said, "No one has ever talked to me like this before. No one has ever done anything like this for me." Seated on the rail and surrounded by the men on the airlift, Armando prayed a sinner's prayer and received Jesus as his Saviour and Lord.

Armando is only 67, much younger than he had appeared. His wife had died and left him lonely. We don't know how often he had climbed this mountain or why. But this day would make all his remaining days different. Here at the base of the 126-foot stone statue of Cristo Redentor (*Christ the Redeemer*), he met the risen Lord of life. If this had been the only fruit of the Brazilian airlift it would have been worth every effort. I heard this man repeat again and again, "Obrigato Jesu" (*Thank You, Jesus*).

That thrilling experience in a unique setting captures the essential purpose of the airlift: lifting up Jesus and bringing men to Him.

In August, Norman Norwood, with seven other men from Texas, made an advance trip to prepare for the airlift. Then on October 11, 24 people from the United States, Canada, Mexico and San Maarten flew to Rio de Janeiro. Their backgrounds were diverse

but they had a common mission: to lift up Jesus. This was accomplished in banquets ranging in attendance from 300 to 600 and in smaller meetings to strengthen the few existing chapters and to encourage formation of new chapters.

Basically, the airlift was designed to be a time of planting in this nation which is larger than the continental United States and has a population of 120 million souls.

Nearly 300 were present at the banquet in Brasilia, the capital city. These included government officials, high-ranking military men and top business executives. Individual ministry continued past midnight to those who responded to the invitation, and a new chapter was formed.

In Rio, airlift members went in teams to participate in church services. Like disciples of old, they came back rejoicing.

Six hundred people filled the banquet hall in Rio, at Belo Horizonte the president of the medical association raised his hand to receive Jesus; the secretary of state asked me to pray for him. Other banquets were held in Sao Paulo, Porto Alegre and Curitiba. In fact, three banquets were held on consecutive nights in Sao Paulo, with Dr. France Word and his wife Bette remaining for the last one. At least 50 people of the 300 came forward, and ministry continued to 2:00 A.M.

Seeds planted during those two weeks will produce a continuing harvest. God will use the 10,000 distributed copies of *Voice* magazine in Portuguese and the 5,000 copies of *The Happiest People on Earth*, printed

(continued, page 31)

Eye hath not  
seen, nor  
ear heard,...

# DETROIT

**JULY 5-9**



**the things which  
God hath pre-  
pared for them  
that love Him...**

**...When a  
"renaissance" city  
and God's  
regenerated people  
get together.**

You'll want to be there when the 30th annual World Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International convenes in Detroit, historic first city of the American midwest, born of the French fur trading days ... a city that gave America the automobile, the first jazz club, the ice cream soda ... a city that is now a model for urban rebirth.

Our meetings and ministry will take place in a spectacular new riverfront convention environment unlike anything else on earth, and the new 73-story Detroit Plaza Hotel will be official Convention Headquarters.

More than 1,000 rooms have been reserved for FGBMFI, as we gather from all corners of the globe—men, women and children—to combine our needs and our ministry with the needs and ministry of a new Detroit, bringing lasting changes to lives. Wherever we have met in the past, the city and region have been changed permanently, as hearts receive the wondrous rebirth and renewal God has prepared for those who love Him.

Come be a bridge-builder, a soul-winner, a captive-freer in Detroit this summer! The possibilities are as unlimited as our God. Decide now to minister with us.

.....

**I want to minister in Michigan.  
Please rush me the 1983  
FGBMFI World Convention  
Brochure.**

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18-999

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# The Man from Korea



I was born and grow up in a Buddhist home in Pusan, southernmost Korea. From my childhood, my father and grandfather schooled me in giving spiritual allegiance to Buddha. Burning incense, bowing before an idol of Buddha and learning the difficult lessons of the Buddhist faith were all part of the daily routine. In spite of such religiosity I still lacked true peace, joy or salvation. Money and food were very scarce and I worked very hard to continue my education and eke out an existence.

One day while tutoring I began to vomit blood. Within seconds the blood was flowing also from my nose and, struggling like a choked animal, I fell over unconscious. Several hours later I awoke in a state of awful dizziness to discover my clothing soaked with blood and my hands drained white as paper.

It was wartime and people were dying everywhere. Nobody paid serious attention to my condition. On my own, with grueling effort, I reached my home, a little shack furnished only with a straw mat and smelly blankets.

There followed a night of high fever, choking, coughing and bleeding. By morning I was near death. My parents came and prayed to Buddha for my healing, but we had seen them and my grandparents pray for years without receiving definite answers. So I

looked upon prayer merely as a form of spiritual consolation.

Within hours I found myself in a hospital, and following many x-rays the doctor gave me his verdict: "Young man, I must be honest. I am very sorry to say this, but we can do nothing for you. You have less than one month to live."

When I heard those words it seemed that the sky fell in on me. I had worked so hard to succeed in life and now it was coming to an abrupt and tragic end. The doctor told me my right lung was completely gone and that in addition to the tuberculosis, gangrene and pleurisy had set in. My heart was abnormally enlarged, malnutrition had obviously complicated my condition and even if I had had money to enter a sanatorium, twentieth-century medical science still could not have helped me. Death stared me in the face.

Returning home in a dazed condition, I lay there day after day in pain and loneliness, waiting to die and realizing I was not ready. One day in desperation I cried out, "Is there any God? If there is anyone called God in the universe, please come to me! I don't ask You to save my physical life—that is too much to expect—but I want You to come and make me ready to die."

On my father's visits he would

remind me that there was no life after death, only "nirvana" or nothingness. I hated him for that futile philosophy which could not give me help or peace.

One day God answered my heart's prayer in an unusual and unexpected way. An 18-year-old girl came to my door, carrying a Bible in her hand. In bitterness of spirit I ordered her to leave.

But she was very firm: "I have a tremendous burden for this house. I could not help but come—and now I see that you are dying. I want to tell you about Christ Jesus, my Saviour."

"You Christian dog," I shouted, "get out of my house!"

With a peaceful smile on her face she said sternly, "You are a dying

man. You have no strength at all. I am stronger than you. Even if you push me, I will not leave your house."

Then until sundown she read the Scriptures to me, praying and singing gospel songs. When she finally left, I was relieved. But for the next five days as the sun rose each morning, she came again and shared the Bible, prayer and her songs with me.

On the fifth day something began to happen in my heart. I wanted that something that she had, that made her happy and joyful, that made her persist in spite of my cursing and intimidation.

I said to her, "Why do you come to me, a dying man? Why do you pray for me?"

Her answer was, "Humanly, I could

*Demos Shakarian was guest speaker in December, 1981, when the world's largest*



never do it. But Someone is in me, constraining me to come here and pray for you."

"Who is He?" I asked.

"My Jesus," she replied, with tears rolling down her cheeks.

My stubbornness was shattered. I too began to weep, as I said, "I want to know your Jesus."

Joyfully she gave me her Bible—which I still have—and told me, "This Book contains the answers you need." I took it and opened it at the beginning, but she turned the pages quickly for me, saying, "Oh, brother, you have not time to start at Genesis. Before you reached Revelation you would be a dead man. You must read the Gospels first." Turning to Matthew, she handed me the Bible again.

I began to read the first chapter—about Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and so on. "But sister," I exclaimed, "how can I read this? It is like a telephone directory!"

She told me to read on and I would find a tremendous story. After she left I did so, expecting to find some forms of prayer, some rituals, and some difficult philosophy. I found instead that the Bible was centered on one Man called Jesus Christ, the Son of God. He was not philosophy, He was not ritual, He was not doctrine—He was man like us. It was so easy to understand. I forgot my suffering and began to eat and drink from my Bible. Soon I was fascinated by the beauty of Jesus. I read that wherever He went He entered the homes and helped the

*church celebrated having reached a membership of 200,000.*





*Demos and Rose Shakarian with Pastor and Mrs. Cho and Dr. and Mrs. France Word.*

sick and dying. If He was found sitting anywhere, people gathered about Him and He helped them.

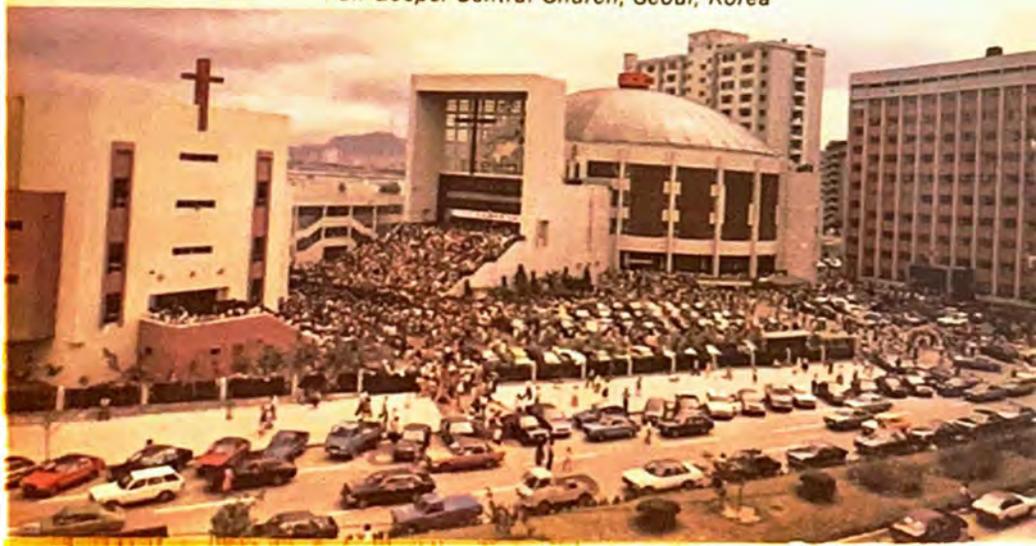
If only I could come to this Jesus and be saved and healed! But my reason argued that I could not come to Him. I had hated Christianity, I had cursed Him. Now that I was dying, how could I expect Him to help me? I knew I would not have come to Him if I had not had tuberculosis. What should I do?

In desperation I turned again to the

Bible to find a passage showing that Christ hated sinners. Search as I would, I could not find even one instance where Jesus hated sinners. He risked His life on the stormy sea of Galilee that He might deliver one demon-possessed man. He even forgave an adulteress and set her free. Always He received the sick with tenderness and healed them.

I saw that He was at enmity with sin and sickness, but He loved the sinner and the sick. I knew then that

*Full Gospel Central Church, Seoul, Korea*



He would accept me. I knew that although I was poor, and a great sinner, although I was dying with tuberculosis, Christ had come into the world and died for people like me.

But I didn't know how to reach Him. He had lived 2,000 years ago in Judea. Then I read in Mark 16 that He told His disciples to go into the uttermost parts of the earth, and that they had. I saw that He meant for His disciples to come to Korea, for it was the end of the earth.

After the fifth day, the girl who gave me her Bible never returned again. I was never able to locate her; I did not even know her name. To this day I wonder if she was an angel.

I needed someone to tell me how to be saved. Although I was so weak I could walk only a short distance at a time, I set out to find an American "priest." I went to a Sunday service conducted at a mission by Louis Richards, who had come from California. His words, even though spoken through an interpreter, penetrated my heart. When he finished his message I repeated a sinner's prayer and an indescribable transformation took place in my heart. I was so filled with joy that I thought I must be hypnotized. But missionary Richards assured me that it was Christ, the Fountain of Life, whom I was experiencing. I realized I was no longer afraid of dying.

When I tried to share my newfound faith in Jesus Christ with my family they ostracized me, and even my favorite uncle called me an "unholy

Christian dog" and turned me away from his house.

I determined to go up into the mountain and stay there until I died. On the way I visited the American missionary to say a grateful goodbye. Brother Richards looked at me and said, "Don't you know that the Scriptures say if our parents give us up, *He* will never give us up? Come, I will make you my son." He hugged me and took me into his home; Sister Richards prepared good food for me to eat.

I cried, "Brother Richards, I did not know that you loved me. You are American, you don't know Koreans—you are not a relative. How can you love me like this? You are risking your life, for if I stay in your house you will die of tuberculosis."

He only replied, "From a young man until now God has protected me and led me. If the time comes for me to leave by tuberculosis, I am ready to go."

Nevertheless, I managed after a week to rent a small room nearby, where I waited for death to come. Soon Brother Richards came to me and told me, "It is not the will of God for you to die; you are a young man. If you will only believe the word of God, it has tremendous creative power. Christ made heaven and earth by His own word. If you will believe, the word of God will heal you."

He told me many Scriptures promising healing, I memorized them, and one day I was ready to test them. Isolating myself in my room, I struggled

In prayer for hours till I was completely exhausted. I cried to Him, "I will wait here until You come to me or until I die!"

It was a dark night. Suddenly the whole room was filled with brightness. A powerful, roaring smoke seemed to enter the room and I thought the house was on fire. Then above me I saw a beautiful rainbow, followed by two shining feet. As my gaze climbed higher, I beheld a white robe and the face of a Person with the brightness of the sun. I still did not recognize Him until I saw on His head a thick crown of thorns.

"Oh, You are my Jesus!" I cried out, as His love, 10,000 times stronger than any love I had ever felt before, began to cascade into my heart.

His thoughts flowed into my spirit: "Son, the things of this world—prosperity, fame, money and position—will pass away soon, burned to ashes. But I have prepared a place of reality for you and all those who believe in Me and follow Me. Won't you give yourself to Me?"

"Jesus," I cried, "You know I am dying. How can I give this contaminated body to You?"

Jesus smiled. "Just turn over your life to Me and I'll take over."

Then He touched my head. I began to shake as if blown by a powerful wind. My tongue stiffened and with trembling lips I spoke in another language, distinct and articulate. His glory flooded my entire being and it was as if I were slain.

When consciousness returned, there was no rainbow, no smoke and no Jesus—but the glory of His presence still lingered in my heart.

As soon as morning began to break I forgot about my lungs and heart and ran to the mission to tell what had happened. Brother Richards leaped with joy and cried, "Brother Cho, you have met Jesus and been filled with the Holy Spirit!"

Disregarding my ailments, I began to witness from house to house, on the streets, in buses and on streetcars. One day I realized I was no longer suffering physically and decided to have the doctor check me out. After x-rays and examinations, he confirmed that I no longer had tuberculosis, my lungs were normal, and my heart had returned to normal size. I was healed!

The philosophy of "nirvana" or nothingness into which I was born left me spiritually empty, physically ailing and hopeless. But I found true and eternal fulfillment when I received the salvation, healing and Spirit baptism of Jesus Christ—as His love in an 18-year-old girl and an American missionary reached me with His saving and healing power. □

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*Dr. Cho is pastor of Full Gospel Central Church, Seoul, Korea, largest church in the world. His testimony is condensed here from Testimony, Hanford, California, Vol. XX, No. 3, pages 1-8, by special permission of its editor, Thomas R. Nickel. Mr. Nickel was for 10 years founding editor of Voice.*



# IF YOU WANT TO DO MORE FOR JESUS THAN FILL SPACE IN A CHURCH PEW ON SUNDAY

Membership in Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship can be your answer.

Full Gospel Business Men are urged to support their pastors and to commit themselves to the local congregation. FGBMFI training programs and enriching

spiritual growth experiences prepare laymen to serve their pastors and churches more effectively.

Monthly chapter meetings, where vital testimonies are given in hotels and restaurants, provide a community opportunity to introduce friends, clients and business associates to Jesus as Saviour and Lord.

Beyond this, the worldwide ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International transcend cultural, national and denominational barriers, enabling ordinary men to be used of God in extraordinary ways.

Men of the Fellowship have touched 81 nations with the Gospel. More than 800,000 people meet monthly to present Jesus Christ as the only way to peace and fulfillment.

Yet the unfinished task is great. Millions of born-again, Spirit-filled men are needed to help reach the world while there is still time.

Mail the convenient order form below today to Chapter Dept., FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626 for more information without obligation. Discover if membership in Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International is the answer to your desire to accomplish more for Jesus.

.....  
**Please send me more information about Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.** #1000

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Phone(\_\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_

# CONVENTIONS

## PHOENIX INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

January 5-9, 1983  
Hyatt Regency  
Write: Mr. Bill Pyatt  
4415 West Watson Lane  
Phoenix, AZ 85306

## 1983 HAWAII REGIONAL

January 12-15, 1983  
Pacific Beach Hotel, Honolulu  
Write: Mr. John Witwer  
1164 Bishop St., Ste. 1410  
Honolulu, HI 96813

## FORT WAYNE RALLY DAYS

January 14-15, 1983  
Harley Hotel  
Write: Mr. Jim Clark  
11722 Johnson Rd  
Fort Wayne, IN 46818

## OKI COUPLES' ADVANCE

January 14-15, 1983  
Kings Island Inn, Kings Mills, Ohio  
Write: Mr. Jerry Wagner  
445 Lexington Rd  
Eaton, OH 45320

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

January 14-15, 1983  
Miramar Hotel, Santa Barbara  
Write: Mr. Walter Wolf, Box 3601  
Santa Barbara, CA 93105

## WASHINGTON, D.C. INTERNATIONAL REGIONAL

February 3-5, 1983  
Shorham Hotel  
Write: Washington, D.C. Conv. Off.  
Box 350, Manassas, VA 22110

## OSHAWA REGIONAL

February 10-12, 1983  
Oshawa Holiday Inn  
Write: Mr. Wayne Gillie  
168 Claymore Cres., Oshawa  
Ontario, Canada L1G 6G2

## SOUTHEAST GEORGIA RALLY

February 11-12, 1983  
Georgia Southern College  
Statesboro  
Write: Mr. H.S. Blich, Jr.  
111 Chelsea Circle  
Statesboro, GA 30458

## GREATER EAST TEXAS AREA

February 17-19, 1983  
Sheraton Inn, Tyler  
Write:  
Mr. Malcolm McClelland/Conv  
Box 7584, Tyler TX 75711

## LUBBOCK-AMARILLO REGIONAL

February 24-26, 1983  
Holiday Inn Civic Center, Lubbock  
Write: Mr. Virgel Merriott  
8104 Kenosha Ave  
Lubbock, TX 79423

## NEW JERSEY COUPLES' ADVANCE

February 25-28, 1983  
Star Lake Lodge, Bloomingdale  
Write: Mr. Gene Voiz  
1652 East St  
Union, NJ 07083

## 30TH ANNUAL WORLD CONVENTION

July 5-9, 1983  
Detroit, Michigan  
Write: Mr. Dave Byram  
World Convention Coordinator  
P.O. Box 5050  
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

For a complete listing of conventions, rallies, and advances, write to Conventions, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626.

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## FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

**AFRICA:** Estcourt Chapter, A D Carnegie (03631) 2483, Lubumbashi-Zaire Chapter, Kosonga Lukokeshá (no phone). **AUSTRALIA:** NEW SOUTH WALES: Sydney North Shore Chapter, Richard Cormick (no phone), Wauchope-Portmacquarie Chapter, John Hillier 85-7129. **VICTORIA:** Goulburn Valley Chapter, Reginald Ernest Gillie 584285. **CANADA:** ONTARIO: Arthur Chapter, Alex Ross (519) 848-3304; Cobourg Chapter, Gerry Moore (416) 786-2145; Ottawa West Chapter, Jim Sharkey (613) 226-1499. **GERMANY:** Elfel American Chapter, Ronald Syrcle 06561-6. **IRELAND:** Dublin Northside Chapter, Ellis Rowland 476332/322621. **NETHERLANDS:** Delft/Rijswijk Chapter, H.N. Dijkshoorn 01736-6365. **NEW ZEALAND:** Mt. Albert-Auckland Chapter, Francis O Dwyer 444-9044, North Otago Chapter, T.E. Hore 49973. **UNITED STATES:** HAWAII: Schofield Barracks Chapter, Darrel Smith (808) 624-5859. **IDAHO:** Upper Valley Chapter, David Rankin (208) 624-3272. **MISSOURI:** Arnold Chapter, James Poindexter (314) 464-0616, Garden City Chapter, Larry Graham (816) 862-6340. **TENNESSEE:** North Hamilton County Chapter, Gene Sholl (615) 332-4820. **TEXAS:** D-FW Airport Chapter, Ron Bollinger (817) 431-1022, Ennis Chapter, Gilbert Frey (214) 875-6412, Giddings Chapter, Wade Moore, Jr. (713) 542-5637.



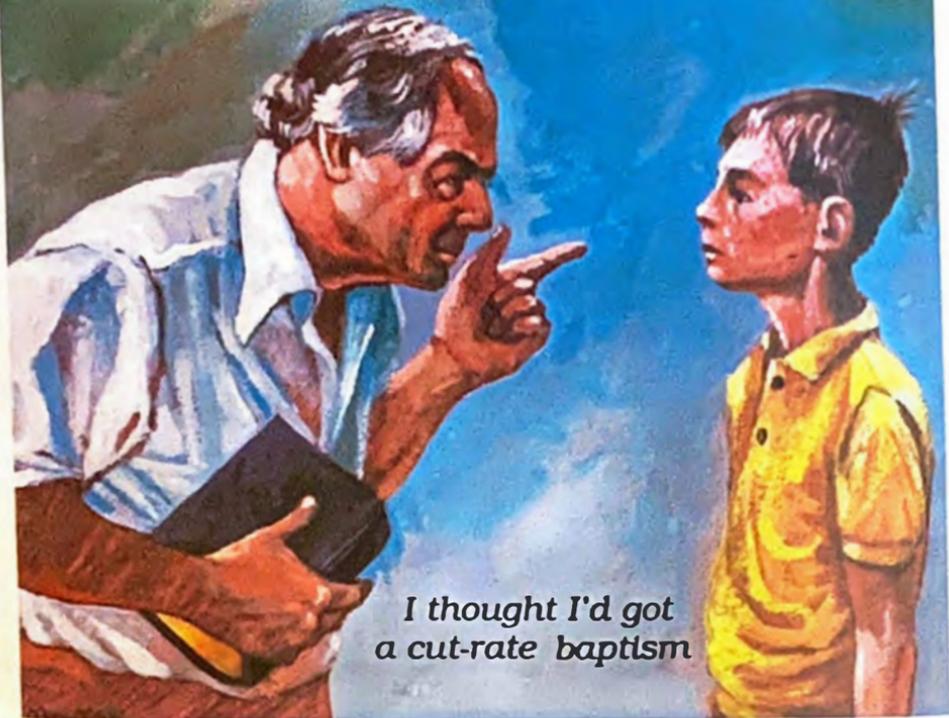
1. Demos Shakarian, Norman Norwood and Norman Frost on Sugar Loaf 2. Sir Charles Viaun and Jose Tapia pray for healing 3. General and Mrs. Richard Schaefer witness during local interview. 4. Attendance at eight banquets ranges as high as 600. 5. Men in ministry 6. Giving wings to the Word

#### **BRAZIL AIRLIFT (from page 19)**

In Brazil, to reach the lost. TV coverage and personal witnessing in hotels, planes and on the streets will not return void. And the six chapters will be multiplied as Custodio Pires, our new international director, shares the vision with men of proven leadership ability.

The work has just begun. Just as

the arms of the statue of Cristo Redentor stretch out as though to encompass the city of Rio, I am confident that Jesus is calling Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International to be His arms of love reaching out to 130 million souls so that they, like Armando, will say with gratitude, "Obrigato Jesu." □



*I thought I'd got  
a cut-rate baptism*

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## *grass roots*

Richard L. Martin  
Newberg, OR

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**I** imagine a man with a wife and five kids who'd pick up and move more than 50 times in less than 30 years. Add to that some 150 jobs—farmer, janitor, mechanic, army private, welder, tree-trimmer, upholsterer, you name it. Guess you'd say that man was looking for something, and you'd be right. I was.

Like the children of Israel, I wandered in a wilderness of disappointment and frustration for the better part of my life, wanting to enter the Promised Land, but never able. Till

one day I discovered that what I really needed all along was . . .

Well, let me back up a bit. I was raised on a Nebraska farm just two miles from the community church. Grandpa had donated the land the church was built on, and you can bet we were there just about every Sunday. We didn't have a regular preacher, just ordinary folks who took turns in the pulpit, plus an occasional minister we'd snag on the road.

When I was 16 I went to a week of revival meetings in a nearby town and

got baptized in water. It didn't seem to do much good, though. The minister who did the dunking told me, "You and your family swear too much. You've got to quit doing that." He didn't tell me how, or who could help me do it, so I just felt condemned and miserable. Then I found out the man wasn't really a minister yet and he later dropped out of his studies, so I thought I'd got a cut-rate baptism that didn't really count. That was one of the first disappointments of my early life.

I had just finished the ninth grade when World War II broke out. My brother got drafted and my father needed me on the farm so I quit school. I also began dating a certain girl, and we planned to get married.

When the war ended, though, and all the men came home, she started running around with a crowd I didn't like. She dropped me and married somebody else, and I was extremely bitter over it. That began a rebellious period of several years when I just went wild, racing cars and tearing them up, using up two or three guardian angels along the way.

I decided to join the Air Force and just before I went in I met a skinny, beautiful high-school girl named Roberta. I was 21 and she was just 16. She wrote to me wherever I was stationed, and one day when I came home on leave we got married.

Before we knew it our first child was on the way. We had one a year for the next five years; we were just plain

ignorant about family planning. Well, you can imagine the kind of pressure that put on me, a guy with a ninth-grade education, trying to support a big family.

Anyway, my first venture out of the military was to open a service station. In about six months' time we learned the meaning of profit and loss: the oil company took the profit and we took the loss. We went bankrupt and I decided a change of scenery was in order, so we moved to Oregon. That began a 30-year odyssey that took us from one state to another and back again. Every time we moved I hoped our luck would change, but it never did. It seemed as if no matter what job I had or what training I got, it was the wrong kind.

For instance, I took an auto mechanics course but then discovered I worked too slow to earn any money at it. I was too meticulous—wanted every part to look nice as well as run right.

Later I went to a transmission repair school in Denver, and I didn't discover until after graduation that the trannies they trained us on were 10 years obsolete. The town was full of mechanics looking for shops that specialized in repairing outdated transmissions.

Then I got a good-paying job in a plant that was producing fuel for a top-secret government rocket project. But after 18 months the government scrapped the program and I was out of work again and more disillusioned

than ever.

It went on like that for years. Sometimes I'd work one day and get frustrated or irritated and quit. Other times I'd get laid off. Our family shuffled from one state to the next, looking for the Promised Land. Couldn't find 'er.

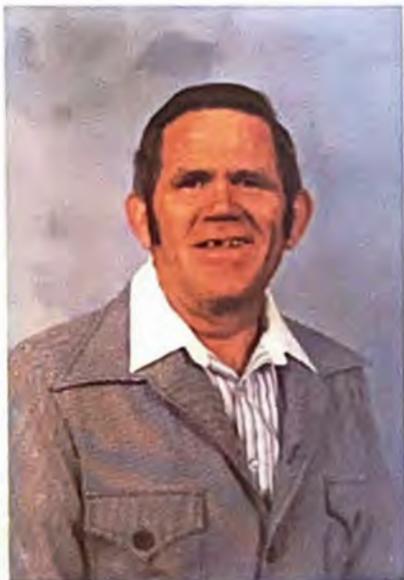
You can imagine how worthless and helpless I felt, carrying such a terrible load on my back. For a long time I didn't realize, either, that a varicose vein problem was making me irritable at jobs where I stood all day. At least once a month I thought of suicide. But my head knowledge of God kept me from going through with it.

Yes, we went to church. In fact, wherever we went we were welcome because our large family really increased the attendance. Also, word got out fast that I had a pretty good voice, so the churches wanted me to sing for special evangelistic services and so forth. And I was happy to do it because I really was longing for the Lord. The problem was that even though the churches we attended preached Jesus and salvation, they never talked about the Holy Spirit. I just never dreamed I could rely on the Lord to carry my burdens.

Consequently, my relations with my wife and family grew worse and worse. I abused them with my tongue and my belt and ran my household on the Fear Method. I had a hunger in my soul I couldn't seem to satisfy, no matter what.

Finally Roberta and I separated.

This was a real crisis point for me, and it caused me to seek the Lord as I never had before. I began spending a lot of time reading my Bible and praying, and even got a desire to attend Bible school. Roberta and I patched things up after a 90-day separation, and we packed up and went to a Bible



*Richard Martin*

school in Oregon. I really soaked in the Word during that time, but still there was no spiritual power in my life. I was still frustrated at not being able to pull things together.

Eventually we ended up in our home state again, where I started an upholstery shop. One night my wife's cousin talked us into attending an Assemblies of God annual camp. That

was my first exposure to such exuberant worship. I didn't mind the singing or the speakers but when they started speaking in tongues and raising their hands and praising God *right out loud*, I started looking for an escape route. Fortunately, there wasn't one and I had to sit there and get used to it.

But as I looked around and saw the expressions of joy and peace on people's faces I began to wonder, "Have they found the fulfillment I've been searching for all these years?"

Later Roberta's cousin took us to a Full Gospel Business Men's meeting, and we saw those same expressions. I couldn't get over it. All my indoctrination had opposed this sort of thing. I had the right answers. So how come I was miserable and all these people had tears of joy in their eyes?

We began attending a full-gospel church and learning how to really pray. We also moved back to Oregon again, and during another Assemblies of God camp meeting near Newberg, Roberta and I decided this baptism in the Holy Spirit they talked about was just what we needed. At the invitation, we went forward to receive it. My wife really made me mad because she received right away. I gritted my teeth and worked and sweated; people all around me were laying hands on me, giving me support. I felt like I'd worked six weeks without sleep. Finally I just gave up and said, "Lord, I can't do it."

And that's when I received the most marvelous infilling you can imagine. It

was like the Lord was saying, "That's right, son, you can't do it. Only I can do it."

Hallelujah! That was the revelation that changed my life. I dropped my burdens on the Lord and He hasn't asked me to take them back yet. Not only that, but I accept what He's given me—all He's given me. As I look back, I see that every experience I considered a failure was part of God's training in my life. And when He gave me Roberta, He gave the perfect wife for me. Any other woman might not have survived all the moving we did.

After that I lived in the same town and held the same job for three years, a record for me. Now I'm planning to attend a Spirit-filled Bible school, for I believe the Lord wants to use me in a music and healing ministry.

No, God's not through with me yet. He's not through with you, either. Maybe you get frustrated hearing other people's success stories, feeling you just don't measure up. If you think you're programmed for failure you need to know that God is a loving God who wants *all* of His children to be fulfilled.

Hallelujah, God's not finished with us yet! □

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*Richard Martin has been singing in churches since he was four, does frequent solo work and is a member of Christian Artist Northwest, a group promoting people with musical talent, and a member of the McMinnville Chapter of FGBMFI. The Martins attend Christian Life Center and their children are Louella, Fabian, Fred, Leslie and Nancy.*

*The book that changed  
Joe McCracken's life*

Commandments which Tommy Ashcraft wrote for himself about morals, marriage and alcohol hadn't even the faintest resemblance to those given to Moses on Mount Sinai.

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One evening on the dance floor of Little Rock's Booster Club, he and a pal separated an alluring blonde and a brunette from their husbands and took them out to their car for whiskey and conquest. Suddenly the car doors were yanked open and a roar of masculine rage filled the air. Tommy and his friend humiliated the husbands with their fists.

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## **BARBECUE STAND** (from page 7)

on this earth who could relate to Joe McCracken it would have to be this man. Right then I determined to get in touch with him.

I obtained his number from Houston Information, called and found him home, and made an appointment to meet with him on Tuesday. While I was driving to Houston that morning Satan began to talk to me. "What in the world are you going to tell this man when you arrive?" he asked, quickly reminding me that I was getting ready to make a fool of myself. I began to wonder what I would say, when a voice within me asked, "Why don't you tell him the truth for a change?"

I thought, "Okay, what would I have to gain by going 250 miles to Houston and giving this man one of my usual stories?"

So in Tommy's living room that afternoon I told it all, and then, on my knees, accepted Jesus as my Lord and Saviour. Then Tommy encouraged me to pray in my own words to Jesus. I did, promising my Lord that I would serve Him for the rest of my days on this earth.

All of the things I expected to happen at that point didn't. The ground didn't shake, the roof didn't move and the curtains didn't blow out. Although I didn't realize it at the time, a change had begun to take place in my life. That change can best be described in Ezekiel 36:25-27:

"Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your filthiness, and from all your

idols, will I cleanse you. A new heart also will I give you, . . . And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them."

Within 30 days the desire for alcohol, tobacco and my former lifestyle left me. Praise God! My old game plan was gone—I had a new one given by Jesus Christ.

For the first time the Bible became real to me. The Scripture suddenly had meaning that I had never realized before. After I took a trip to the Holy Land, God's word became even more alive. I just couldn't get enough of it.

After a Full Gospel Business Men's convention in Tyler, Texas, I made a commitment to go with Tommy Ashcraft to some banquets to share my testimony. In April, 1982 we flew into

Jackson, Mississippi, where I shared my testimony along with Tommy. It was exciting to see so many people come forward and to see their needs being met.

The next morning Tommy and I flew to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and again following our testimonies many people came forward and many needs were met. Seeing the power of God at work was one of the most thrilling and humbling experiences I've ever had. On Sunday we shared at two Baton Rouge churches where prayers were answered and many lives affected.

Monday we flew to Savannah, Georgia for a banquet that night. Again the results were the same. The Holy Spirit was at work. As I was falling asleep about 1:00 A.M. I thought about how exciting the last four days had been.

Immediately my next thought was, "Boy, it's over. By contrast, tomorrow's really going to be a downer."

The cab driver came to take us to catch a 6:45 A.M. plane to Houston. Rather than store the bags in the trunk, I told him to just put them in the back seat with me. Tommy sat up front with him. Enroute I could hear Tommy witnessing to him. I thought how much the driver sounded like the apostle Paul. He was saying that the good things he wanted to do he could not do, and the bad things he didn't want to do he did in spite of himself.

About that time I realized that the cab had pulled to the side of the road. Tommy asked me to lay hands on this man and we led him through a sinner's prayer as he accepted Jesus.

Bidding the new Christian goodbye, we ran to catch our plane home. We both took aisle seats. No one was seated next to me, but there was a man in the window seat. He asked me what I had been doing in Savannah. I told him that I had been sharing my

testimony at FGBMFI banquets. This opened the opportunity to tell him about the Saviour. I took his hand and led him through a sinner's prayer, and in our joy we both wept. Later as we parted in Atlanta to catch separate planes home he told me that he would never forget this flight as long as he lived.

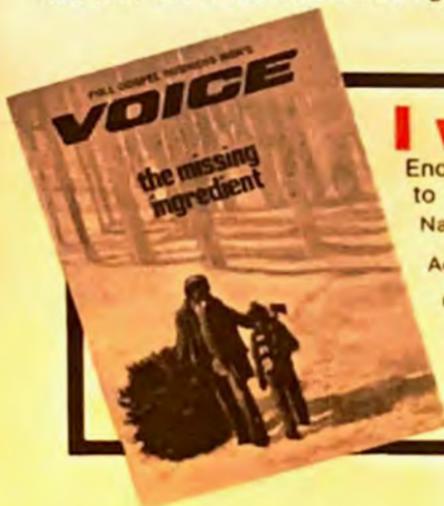
As Tommy and I again ran to catch our plane, I looked over at him, thinking that even before breakfast—on this day that was supposed to have been such a downer—we had "caught" two souls for Christ. Jesus promised, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men" (Matthew 4:19). It's happening. Praise God!

---

*Joe McCracken is president and owner of Eastex Equipment Co., an International truck dealership, Longview, Texas. He is president of the FGBMFI Longview chapter and is a member of Longview Christian Fellowship.*

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Full Gospel Business Men's

# VOICE

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## SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### Why not make your eternal decision right 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."

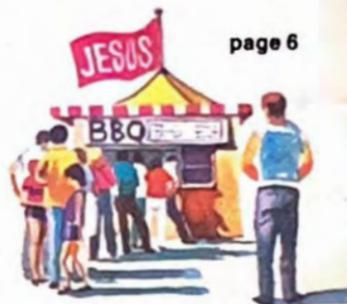
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