

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

JUNE, 1967

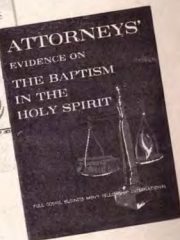
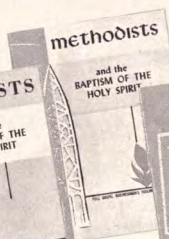
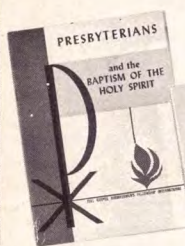
VOICE

A full-page photograph of a rocket launch. A large, white and grey rocket is ascending vertically, leaving a massive, bright orange and white plume of fire and smoke behind it. To the right of the rocket, a tall, dark metal service tower with various mechanical arms and ladders extends upwards. The background is a clear blue sky with some wispy clouds near the horizon.

SEARCH
IN
SPACE



FGBMFI BOOKS ON THE HOLY SPIRIT



The Denominational series include the testimonies of Presbyterians, Baptist, Methodist, Episcopalian, and Lutheran — laymen and Clergy, who have received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Each story is a remarkable insight into the many ways God answers the questions and meets the needs of different lives. The Attorney's book gives the experiences of several men from the law profession who have found this experience to be an answer to the needs of their lives. The Shakarian Story and

God's Plowman contain the story of Demos Shakarian, International President of FGBMFI, and Henry Krause, Chairman of the Board. The vivid account of God's leading in their lives will be a blessing to everyone who reads. In addition to these books, we have prepared a large 68 page pictorial book telling the story of the FGBMFI Airlift to London. (This book sells for \$1.00 a copy). In order that you may order our booklets for distribution among your friends, we have prepared special quantity prices. The prices are: 50c each • 3 for \$1.00 • 6 for \$1.50 • 7-24 23c each • 25-49 20c each • 50-99 15c each • 100 or more 10c each. Mail your order today to: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, Box 17904, Los Angeles, California 90017.

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VOICE

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COVER

Each launch is a mighty tug of war between two giants—clutching hands of Gravity grasp the sleek rocket, hold it close, against the mighty giant Thrust that would force it upward toward the stars. The countdown ends. Gravity is defeated. With a bellying roar victorious Thrust lifts the capsule majestically into orbit—beyond the pull of Gravity—to soar free in weightless space.

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SEARCH IN SPACE



"Space is the boundless, continuous expanse extending in all directions, within which all material things are contained." (Webster's New World Dictionary)

Space — uncharted, incomprehensible outer space!

No man has measured its depth, height, breadth, or seen all the "material things" it contains—yet he can imagine—

Nameless islands and continents, their shores washed by soundless seas—vast valleys, filled to the brim with silence—canyon walls that never have echoed the sound of human footstep—mountain ridges, twisted and ruptured by forces beyond finite knowledge or belief. Out there, far beyond the stars it lies—daring, beckoning, inviting—

From earth's surface man is straining against his finite limitations. Already the words of the prophets are fulfilled that man "shall fly as the eagle" (Hab. 1:8) and "... as the doves to their windows" (Isa. 60:8). Knowledge has been increased. Science is literally on a rampage, pro-

ducing that which is more powerful, more unimaginable.

Our little homemade, toy space vehicles penetrate only the edge of the vastness. Today they seem wonderful, yet our best effort is as that of a babe reaching with eager, uncertain hands toward a brightly colored object.

Do we really believe we have broken the invisible, impregnable wall that has kept men from the stars—that we are on our way to being equal with God—that soon nothing can be withheld from us?

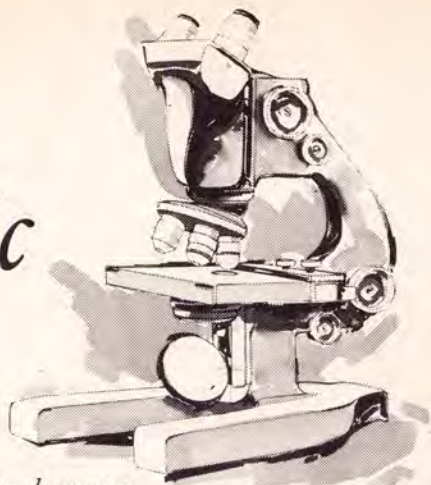
Or, having glimpsed the vast void of space, will man recognize and stand in silent awe before the greatness of God, the Creator of "whatsoever is under heaven?"

A theory has been presented that if we construct an instrument immense enough to detect and study objects in the void beyond the stars some twenty billion light years distant, we could possibly penetrate to about the point of creation. Light travels approximately six trillion miles a year. If we multiply six trillion by twenty billion it

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The Scientific Spirit

by Aron Abrahamsen



MY PARENTS MOVED FROM LITHUANIA to Norway some thirty years prior to the date of my birth. Their family consisted of eleven children. Being of the Orthodox Jewish Faith, I was taught Jewish doctrine from the time of entering grammar school, and required to worship God in the synagogue every Friday night and Saturday morning. Each of us said our prayers three times a day during the week; at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset. These prayers were said in Hebrew.

To escape the German occupation my mother sent me to the United States when I was eighteen. Being a stranger in a new country was difficult for a boy who had never before been away from the bosom of his family. A few months after my arrival in America, Norway was occupied by the Germans, and my money from the

Norwegian banks was no longer available. Having not yet learned to converse well in English, supporting myself became a problem. While taking classes at the New York University, I managed to live by dishwashing jobs and similar work.

During World War II I joined the U.S. Navy, and for the first time in my life came into close contact with Gentiles. After my discharge I had many Gentile classmates. One spoke to me of Jesus Christ. I immediately avoided him, because in my home we had been taught that Jesus was an imposter, and to mention the name of Jesus was worse than using a curse word. Besides, hadn't the "Christians" in Russia killed Jews in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit?

Shortly before graduating from college I met a Christian girl. We were

later married. Through her life I began to realize for the first time that not all Gentiles are Christians. Up to that time "Gentile" had automatically meant "Christian" to me.

Going to church with this girl one Sunday, I heard the minister say that no man could come to God the Father except through Jesus Christ. I knew the minister was all wrong! Why should I, a Jew, have to go through someone else to come to God? Besides, I felt that God would never forgive me if I became a Christian. However, a question had been implanted in my mind, and my heart began a search to know more about my God.

Doris and I settled in the Los Angeles area after my graduation, where I worked as an engineer. From time to time we would go to church together, but most of the time I refused to go. Finally one day I came home from the office miserably sick and tired of big city living with its bumper-to-bumper traffic. We talked it over and decided to move to a less populated area. We put our house up for sale, jumped into our car and started up the coast looking for work in every small town along the way; but there was nothing in my line at that time.

Returning to Los Angeles, we agreed to pray about it. We explained to God what we hoped to find—a home in a small town, near a large town, and only ten minutes away from my work. We asked Him to help us find it.

I felt strongly urged to try San Diego. We drove down, investigated the various engineering firms, and found only one that had an opening

in my particular field. Before accepting the position, we checked the newspapers for apartments. We found one in a little one-street town called Ocean Beach. From this apartment to the office was exactly ten minutes! As far as we were concerned, San Diego was the large town near-by for which we had prayed. I accepted the position, had our furniture moved to the apartment, and our house was sold within a week. I had a tremendous sense of the workings of God in my life.

While with this firm, I met a Christian engineer who began speaking to me of the things of God. He introduced me to the director of the San Diego Hebrew Mission, Jim Mader. Jim came to our home and opened the scriptures to Isaiah 7:14, 9:6, 53:6, and Micah 5:2. Without question, I recognized that these passages spoke of Jesus Christ, and thought he was reading from the New Testament; but he handed me the Old Testament and let me read for myself. I was speechless. Never had I seen this before. Why, I wondered, had not the Rabbi taught us this if it were true. But he had not, and I was really afraid to accept it. When Jim left us that evening he made me promise to pray about what I had learned. He also invited us to the Friday night Bible class in his home.

The following week my wife and I prayed every night that God would open my understanding in some special way so I would no longer doubt whether or not Jesus was my Messiah. Eight days later, January 4, 1955, I had a dream in which it seemed I was in a large room with other people who

appeared to be celebrating something. Then the scene changed, as dreams often do, and Doris and I were walking down a street. It was very dark, and the street was empty. Suddenly I remembered the end of the world would come that night at midnight! I looked at my watch, and it was three minutes to twelve. My first thought was that I had to be baptized. So Doris and I rushed back to the room where we had been. As we entered, there was a man across the room whom I knew to be a minister. As we walked toward him, Doris disappeared! I knew in my heart she had gone to heaven. Right then and there I exclaimed: "I take Jesus Christ as my Saviour!" A wonderfully warm feeling came over me, beginning in my heart and extending to every portion of my body.

Upon sharing the dream with Jim Mader the following Friday night he explained from the New Testament, in John 3, what it meant to be born again. At last I understood and was deeply thrilled that it had happened.

From then on Doris and I practically lived from one Friday night to the next. Our thirst for the Word of God became insatiable. Together we

began to grow in the things of the Lord, for my wife had never been taught the Bible in this way before. She began to realize that though she had given her heart to Christ as a young girl, there was much to the Christian life she had not known.

In our studies of the Word we saw the power of Christ, and then how He passed it on to the disciples and apostles. We saw a wide difference between the early church and the church of today. We knew of no one who exercised the gifts of the Spirit. Once in a while we questioned our church leaders concerning these things. Each time the stock answers were given us, yet those answers did not seem to agree with what we read in the scriptures.

Finally we began to understand Acts 2:38, I Cor. 12:13, Acts 1:5, Matt. 3:11, and John 1:33. In 1961 my wife and I took our vacation in a little mountain cabin at Big Bear Lake, with the purpose of seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit. We were going to fast and pray until we had an answer from the Lord. We didn't receive at that time, but the answer

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Aron Abrahamsen was part of a team studying the feasibility of a manned lunar landing during the early part of the Apollo program. He is at present engaged in the management area of the Minuteman Weapon System, as a member of the Technical Staff with TRW Systems. Like most of our scientists deeply involved in matters connected with space exploration, he is a firm believer in God as the Creator of the heavens and the earth and all that in them is.

A photograph of a rocket launch. The rocket is white with red accents and is ascending vertically, leaving a large, bright white and yellow plume of fire and smoke. In the foreground, a tall, red and white lattice service tower is visible, with a crane arm extending towards the rocket. The background is a clear blue sky.

Launched Into Orbit

by Edward Thompson

THEY CALLED IT CAPE CANAVERAL when I went there as an electrical engineer. Now we call it Cape Kennedy—the site from which the mightiest of our space vehicles have been flung into orbit by the most titanic rockets. It is a tremendous thrill to watch one go, set for orbit around the earth, or with its nose pointed toward the stars and outer space. One feels a sense of pride at having had even a small part in a successful launch.

My personal workshop at the Cape is now labeled “Father Thompson’s Tabernacle,” but the orbit I traveled to that title had many a wobbly apogee and dangerously low perigee. My trouble was that, as a Christian, I was slow getting off the launching pad.

While living on the farm with my parents, we attended church regularly. Each Sunday morning my father hitched the horses to the spring wagon and we drove off to church. At the age of twelve I gave my heart to Jesus. We moved to Cooksville, Tennessee, where I attended the small Methodist Church, became active in the Youth Fellowship, and finally felt God had called me to the ministry. My parents and our pastor arranged for me to enter Baxter Seminary.

The student body at the Seminary was made up of young people from some of the larger cities and various parts of the country. Being a farm boy, I didn’t understand a good many things—like a little “social drinking.” The other students assured me it was all right, and I began to “socialize” just a wee bit.

For a time I made it a practice to speak each Sunday at one of the small churches in and around Cooksville; but soon my ministry was forgotten, the call of God grown dim, my church affiliation neglected. I left Baxter, moved to Nashville, obtained work, and married a lovely young lady. Two children were born to us. Somehow we didn’t get around to taking them to Sunday School. More and more I was partaking of what we called “the social life.” After eight years of this, neither my wife nor I cared particularly that our family was breaking up. Unwilling to face up to the root of my problems, I ran away—went to Florida and obtained work at the Cape.

Something had to be done. Thinking back over the past ten years of my life, it was apparent that when I was converted I got onto the launching pad all right; but no one had told me about the baptism in the Holy Spirit that provides the power for a victorious life. My call to the ministry was a thing of the past—my original mission had been “scrubbed.”

Finally admitting I had made a mess of my life in Nashville, I sent for my family, promised to start over again in Florida, still with full confidence that I could do it alone. Accepted into the Masonic Lodge, I soon took my Third Degree, became an Instructor, then a Thirty-second Degree Mason. I was elected shop steward of the Electricians’ Union, which had 2200 members at the Cape. When a new contract was to be negotiated with Pan American World Airways, they elected me a member of the negotiating committee.

For years I had aspired to be a Union leader—to be *somebody*—to be in a position of prestige and power. It now appeared that desire had been granted. We made trips to New York, negotiated on that contract for two weeks, returned to the Cape, went back to New York, back to Florida, and finally to Washington, D.C., because negotiations had reached a stalemate. There were eleven of us from all over the world who represented the Electricians Union in the negotiations. That eleven people had the power to close down the airline—and I was one of the eleven. Here I was, sitting in Washington, the Assistant Secretary of Labor was there, and President Johnson was trying to put off the strike we were planning to call. But all this recognition, the feeling of power and importance, and of being “somebody,” was not enough. I was sick, miserable, and empty inside.

On the plane returning from Washington something seemed to say: “Okay, you have made something of yourself. You have also turned your back on your calling. What if the plane should suddenly crash? Where would you go?”

I knew very well where I would go. Deeply disturbed at the thought, I went to the men’s washroom and prayed: “God, if you will only land this plane safely at the Air Force Base, I’ll serve you from now on.”

We landed safely. God fulfilled His part. A Union representative met the plane. He wanted to go have a drink. Another social drink! How could I refuse? I didn’t. We had a drink. Later when we returned to Washing-

ton, fearful of flying, I took a train!

The negotiations were successfully concluded. By now I was really physically ill. Doctors said it was a lung disease. The specialists promised nothing except that a part of the lung could be removed, but said it would be necessary to use medication all my life. Next morning the Pastor of the local church came to our home. The Lord must have sent him. He asked if I was a Christian, and talked to me about my soul. I repented of my sins, began to read the scriptures, and discovered where it says, in I Peter 2:24, “. . . by whose stripes we are healed.” No one had ever told me about that before.

Immediately after I entered the hospital for the lung operation, several men from the FGBMFI visited me and brought a copy of VOICE magazine. I had never attended one of their meetings; but those men came at a moment when so desperately needed. They showed me many scriptures that dealt with the promise of God for our physical healing. Deciding I didn’t want that operation, I got up, went home, and told everyone God was going to heal me. God did heal my body and I went back to work.

It was at that time I became very interested in FGBMFI, and began going to the Cocoa Chapter. I liked the way those men talked and the way they lived. They were just business men like myself. They weren’t preachers. But they surely loved God and knew the scriptures.

Then God sent Charles Trombley to our church to speak one night. He was a Pentecostal. All I knew about

Pentecostals was that they were often called "Holy Rollers." The men had laughed uproariously when I went back to work and said I had been healed. They kidded me unmercifully about rolling on the floor. So I watched Charles Trombley very closely. After listening for a time I decided here was a man who was sincere. He wasn't putting on a front. After the meeting we went to the home of the Pastor, and there studied the scriptures together. Never had I seen a man so wrapped up in the Word of God and in Jesus Christ. We used to go to church Sunday morning, worship, and go home; but I now learned there was more than that to living a Christian life.

Both my wife and I became hungry to know more of the Bible. We at-

tended a Bible Seminar in Orlando, conducted by Gerald Derstine. We were both working at the Cape where everyone was extremely busy preparing for the first Gemini Flight, but we still made every evening meeting in Orlando during that seminar week. On Thursday night they invited anyone who wanted to receive the Holy Spirit to come forward. My wife and I answered the invitation. I wanted what Charles Trombley had, and what the men at the FGBMFI Chapter had.

My wife received her Baptism that night. I was still on the launching pad, but the count down was accelerating. I was becoming so eager and so hungry that I just couldn't tolerate the thought of any possibility of this seeking mission being "scrubbed" or even delayed. *Con't. on Next Page*



Edward Thompson standing before door to his office which his co-workers labeled "Father Thompson's Tabernacle," after he proved to them the sincerity of his conversion.

Friday was the last night of the seminar. While they were singing, toward the end of the service, I felt, rather than heard, an inner voice tell me to raise my hands. Many times in our church in Ocala, since my healing, I had been conscious of that same inner urging. Not me! I wasn't going to raise my hands in a public church service!

But that night the voice was urgent: "Raise your hands!"

I raised one hand. Something said, "No, raise both hands."

When I raised both hands—when the gantry of stubbornness finally fell away—it was as though my spirit for the first time in my life was free—free! The Lord baptized me in His Holy Spirit, and for the next few minutes I don't know exactly what happened. I only know it was wonderful! I felt as an eagle must feel when first released after long imprisonment, freed to spread its wings and soar into the far heavens!

This, I learned, was why my Christian life had not been more fruitful before—why it had been so weak. If we try ministering to others, and try living a Christian life without the Holy Spirit, it is like going to battle without a gun.

Now, back at the Cape, I *really* needed the Holy Spirit's help. There were 2200 Union members whom I represented for contract negotiations. The news had spread like wildfire through the Cape: "Our Union representative has lost his mind!" They really believed it. They came to me in groups of 25 to 30 to try to persuade me. They swore: "We'll make you

backslide—we'll get you back to normal!" I told them that all of them together couldn't get me to change my mind, because Jesus Christ was living within. They insisted: "But there is more than just us—there is the whole world. You're like one white marble in a barrel of black ones." They even accused me of "pulling a stunt" for publicity purposes so I could get to be Union president.

When they couldn't move me, they finally said they were putting me on probation—that when the probation period was ended they would put a label on the door of my little shop where I cared for my Union activities. Asked how long the probation would be, they replied: "We don't know; but when it ends, we'll label your door."

The door has long since been labeled "Father Thompson's Tabernacle." There is a literature box outside the door, so when the fellows go out on a missile shot they can pick up Christian literature to read during the sometimes long waits. The folks who were going to make me backslide are about to give up—very seldom are any metal bearings thrown at my shop door any more.

God has placed me where it is possible to reach a large number of people—so many of whom are rank unbelievers. It is incomprehensible to me that anyone, working where the marvels of God's law are continually being discovered and applied, and where our best efforts are continually shown to be so puny by comparison, could doubt the existence of our Creator.



Canaveral Captain

by Capt. M. D. Brinn

A MAN WHO HAS WORKED around boats and barges in most every capacity from seaman to pilot, is usually considered to be quite a rugged individual — as indeed I am. However, as a boy I was stricken with typhoid, malaria fever, and double pneumonia and the doctors told my father all they could do was ease the pain for the short time I could survive. Thanks to a praying mother, a faithful old negro “auntie,” and a prayer-answering God, I recovered and four years later was a seaman on the Buoy Tender “Orchid” working light ships on the Carolina Coast. My life has been one series of incidents through which only the hand of a loving God could have brought me. The wonder to me is the vast, shoreless sea of God’s patience!

One morning, around 0100 hours, we were supplying Diamond Shoal Lightship. I was bowman, and the crew was loading anchor chain into the boat. The chain straps broke, turning the boat over. I found myself in the water, in a strong running current; but there, right within the reach of my hand, was a life-ring waiting for me! As I grasped it, I did take time to breathe the prayer of thanks, although I am ashamed to say that I rather felt the Lord *should* take care of me, and felt no personal responsibility to Him for it aside from saying thanks. Strange, how we become accustomed to being sheltered by the “umbrella” of a mother’s prayers until suddenly she is gone, and we find ourselves in a cold world of reality with no prayers

but our own to shield us. It is then we really learn to pray.

A few years passed. We were in the Straits of Florida, east of Miami, when our boat caught fire. My friend and I jumped overboard. The gas tank exploded, scattering fire and debris all around. It flung the transom of the boat against me, lacerating my nose and face, and injuring my right arm. We drifted on the wreckage for approximately eight hours before we were rescued. At the little harbor of Bimini the sea was so rough no one would come out to pick us up after the plane had spotted us. Captain Wickuser, an old seaman with only one leg, with an old fifty foot Motor Sailor and the help of the Lord, asked for volunteers to help him pick us up. Thank God for men like Captain Wickuser, and thank the good Lord for sending him to our rescue. It had been a harrowing eight hours floating on that wreckage, and I am sure I made promises to the Lord then that I did not keep later. How great is His love and mercy! He was trying to show me my need of Him; but I was a very hard headed man. Later, I was on a small tug moving a large barge up the Wamaca River, with the current running strong. The tug was caught in the tide and turned over. Again the Lord reached down and picked me up. Again, on a tug running from Wilmington, North Carolina, to Morgan City, Louisiana, about 300 miles west of Dry Tortugas, we ran into a small but dangerous tropical storm. If the Lord had not had His hand on us, "Davey Jones Locker" would

have added to its collection.

During World War II we were alongside Pier #1 at North Carolina Shipbuilding Yard at Wilmington, N.C., when suddenly a bad electrical storm broke. I was sitting with the crew around the galley table. Lightning hit the pilothouse and set it afire. I rushed to my room, just aft of the pilothouse, to fight the fire there. Someone turned a carbon-tetrachloride extinguisher on me, causing burns to both my lungs. Double pneumonia followed and I was hospitalized for three weeks. As wrong, and as careless of His loving kindness as I had been, He brought me back to health after the doctors had said there was little hope for my recovery.

Many years later, after suffering a major heart attack, I was confined in the Veterans' Hospital in Coral Gables, Florida. The doctors had done all they could, gave me no hope of ever leaving the hospital alive, and each morning came to my room to see why I had not died. They did not know that during the previous night I had really gotten down to business with God and prayed for His forgiveness and healing. The real "Healer" had visited me that night.

I did go to church for a time, and was really blessed by the services; but did not follow through and read the Word of God as I should have. That was where I failed, and the place I feel many others fail. Babies in Christ must have the "sincere milk of the Word." God was trying to show me something I was too blind to see. My little wife was attending

FIRST STOP: 7,000 ISLANDS



An expanded FAR EAST AIRLIFT will take off from San Francisco, California, on August 16, 1967. The Philippines, where many of our hearts yearn to return, will be the first stop on the westward journey, and Honolulu the last stop on the return trip. Three days each will be spent also in Hong Kong and fanning out through Japan, but an additional three days each will be added for Korea and Formosa. So many of last year's group want to repeat this wonderful mission, and so many others, enthused by the reports of the 1966 airlift, want to join us, that we urge everyone to make reservations early. For further information mail coupon below.



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I am interested in the Far East Airlift. Please send me further details.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES



An aerial photograph of a city skyline, likely Miami, showing several tall buildings, including one with a distinctive checkered facade. A highway with multiple lanes runs along the left side of the image. The text "I'm going back to Miami!" is written in a large, white, cursive font across the top right of the image.

I'm going back to Miami!

by J. Gene Adkins

THE STORY began long before 1961. I was reared in a Pentecostal Church, received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at 17 years of age, was called to preach, attended a wonderful Pentecostal Bible school, and sat under the ministry of some of the finest Full Gospel Bible teachers in the world. I knew, to an extent, the ministry of the Holy Spirit in my life, and knew a great deal *about* the Holy Spirit as I studied the Bible, saw Him in the lives of my teachers, and saw Him move in glorious times of revival. I was no stranger to the Spirit, nor was I a "neo-Pentecostal."

I say nothing to disparage my background, my teaching, and certainly not my denomination. What happened to me could, and often does, happen to men in all denominations,

although in my case there was far less excuse for it.

My first pastorate was a fine one—an old, established church in a small town with a lovely parsonage. After three years of ministering there, feeling the urge to get into a more dynamic ministry, I accepted an invitation to start a new work in a growing area of Pensacola, Florida. This was indeed a challenge. It was necessary to take secular employment to support myself. We plunged into a building program. I worked most earnestly, visited throughout the community, put out a weekly church paper, joined the ministerial association, and prepared my sermons and lessons with great care. After four years I was able to resign my secular employment and devote full time to the ministry and

to community work, in which I became more active.

It was then we discovered I had contracted an internal infection that began to tear down my body. The church reached a "plateau" and progress seemed to cease. Soon the devil began to tell me I was a colossal flop, physically, mentally, and spiritually. Finally one Sunday at the conclusion of the morning message, I went home, crawled into bed, actually wept with utter weariness, and begged my wife to get someone to preach the evening message for me. I tried to run from my responsibilities, but the care and worry still pursued, piling mountain high. Outwardly it was possible, for a time, to keep up a pretty good front; but the strain of putting up that front began to tell.

In May, 1961, one of our gracious members treated us to a brief vacation, away from all responsibility, with no meetings to attend, and no schedule to meet. We returned refreshed, and immediately plunged back into the hustle and bustle, although I was still under medical care for the stubborn infection that had hospitalized me twice. The doctors found me allergic to almost every form of medication, and, to top it all, my physician persisted in urging me to enter the hospital for psychiatric care because of my deep depression.

One night in June my telephone awakened me. It was my brother, Jim, calling from Nashville, Tennessee, inviting my wife, Janett, and I to go with him and his wife, Mattie, to a convention in Miami in July. They were going to pay all our expenses,

and I was to really relax in the Miami sun—and he said I didn't have to attend any of the meetings I didn't wish to attend. That sounded mighty good. We agreed to go.

All day Monday and Tuesday it seemed the spiritual pressure was building up inside me. I saw some wonderful things happen, was greatly blessed by the testimonies, and even wept once or twice. Then, on Tuesday night after Velmer Gardner had spoken, everyone was very quiet, as though waiting. There were a few testimonies and the usual announcements.

During this quiet period a tall Episcopal priest from Montana strode to the platform, spoke briefly to Demos Shakarian, FGBMFI President, and then calmly, coolly, uttered the most stirring prophetic message I have ever heard. I do not remember the words, and couldn't have repeated them thirty minutes afterward. He did not speak to my mind, but he spoke directly to my soul—or at least, the Holy Spirit did.

I got up, laid my camera in my wife's lap and said: "This is for me! I'm going up there." My wife laid the camera in my sister-in-law's lap and said: "I'm going too." I didn't know where to go exactly, nor what to say, because no invitation had as yet been given. I only knew this was God's time for my healing—a healing of the whole man.

Back of the platform I found and spoke to Father Edwin Stube, told him briefly who I was and what my need was. I said, "Father Stube, I don't know what to ask you to pray

for, but God has spoken to me to come, and here I am. The rest is up to you and God." And right there that "neo-Pentecostal" Episcopalian priest laid his hands on a plain old Pentecostal preacher. What happened then is beyond the realm of human language, but I will try to share it with you.

His hands were like fire on my head. I really didn't see Edwin Stube any longer, for he had become simply a channel for the Lord Jesus Christ. His words were as my Lord's voice speaking peace. This is probably the first time Edwin Stube has even known of this, because I felt that any praise was due only to my Lord; but as he spoke, my whole being was flooded with liquid love—a love that healed my soul, flooded my darkened mind, and healed every facet of my person and being. It reached deep inside my body and healed where no human medication had been able to heal. It literally melted me and, on the floor, it seemed to me I was but a very tiny puddle. But I was made whole! I arose—how much later I do not know—a new, whole person.

When we returned home after that convention everyone who knew me immediately noticed the transforma-

tion. My ministry came alive again. I was more sensitive to the Holy Spirit, was used to meet the needs of others, and my testimony and influence were felt in other denominations as never before in my ministry. I do not boast of myself, but only praise the Lord for using one so unworthy.

Two years later I took a neighboring pastor, Robert G. Balnicky, a Presbyterian, to the Houston Convention. He and his wife, Betty, both received the Baptism. Together he and I ministered to a Southern Baptist, Ken Sumrall, and he received, and many in his and Robert Balnicky's church also received. As they have traveled, giving their testimony, many, many more, both ministers and laymen, have received.

And it all started in Miami! That's why I want to go back. I realize that, in the strictest sense, we cannot "go back." Circumstances change and we never face again exactly the same situation, so cannot expect to receive exactly the same experience. But I thought of Jacob, who went back to Bethel where he had been so greatly blessed. There he anointed the stone again, and renewed his covenant with the Lord. Like Jacob, I want to go back.



J. Gene Adkins is a graduate of Central Bible College, BA Degree; Member of The Academy of Religion and Mental Health, of the National Council on Family Relations, and of Advisory Board, United Christian Action. Rev. Adkins also pastors the Grace Church of the Assemblies of God in Pensacola, Florida, and is Chaplain (Captain) of Civil Air Patrol.

1967 FGBMFI Int. Convention

From all the farflung areas of the world where FGBMFI chapters have been established, and from hundreds of points around the globe where dedicated men long to have chapters formed, the members and friends of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International will converge upon Miami, Florida, U.S.A. for the great 1967 International Convention.

Headquarters will be in the beautiful Deauville Hotel on the Ocean at 66th Street and Collins, ideally located in the very heart of Miami Beach, where no effort has been spared to provide complete comfort and ample convention space for its guests. Those who have attended past conventions in Miami will be eagerly anticipating a return visit. Those who have not yet had that pleasure, will be delighted by the warmth of welcome, the wealth of activities for everyone, and by the tremendous panel of speakers.

There will be Special Group Seminars daily where individuals in the same line of endeavor or profession will meet in their own conference rooms; Ladies' Luncheon, at which Kathryn Kuhlman will be guest speaker; Youth Banquet, Nicky Cruz speaking; President's Luncheon on Friday afternoon, July 7th where Demos Shakarian, International President, will be speaking to members of the 300 Club and International Club; children's meetings, prayer breakfasts, meetings of International Directors as well as Regional Directors—providing a busy and a blessed six days.

For room reservations write directly to: The Deauville Hotel, 66th and Collins—on the Ocean, Miami Beach, Fla. 33141. (State you are reserving a room for FGBMFI Convention).

It is our hope that Oral Roberts, just now completing a Southeast Asia



Oral Roberts



Charles Simpson



Bernard Mumford



Roy Mouser



Robert Fierro

July 3-8, Miami, Florida



Tour, will be able to complete his field commitments and be with us at this, our *14th Annual International Convention*.

Plan to arrive early and attend Pre-convention Rally Monday at 7:30 p.m.

DON'T MISS A SINGLE MOMENT of this Convention, for it promises to be one of the most tremendous in FGBMFI history.

For further Convention information write: Russ Gray, Local Chairman, 51 N.W. 36th, Miami, Florida.



Kathryn Kuhlman



Paul Henry



Henry Krause



Demos Shakarian



Russ Gray



FGBMFI CHAPTER REPORTS

LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND

The four days from January 6th through the 9th marked a special event in England with the presentation of the Charter to the Lancashire Chapter of the Full Gospel Businessmen's Fellowship International—the first charter presentation in England. International Director Bill Thompson made the presentation and the platform was graced by guest speaker and Anglican minister the Rev. Michael Harper. The nucleus of the present growing fellowship was gath-

ered as a result of the memorable visit of the 14 person delegation to Lancashire, under the leadership of Enoch Christoffersen following the London Convention last year. During that time many souls found Christ and others testified to receiving a personal pentecost.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"1966 was one of the most challenging years this chapter has ever faced," reports Arthur Bradshaw, corresponding secretary. It appears



International Director Bill Thompson presenting charter to President Aubry Burchall, as Chapter Officers and guest speaker the Rev. Michael Harper look on.

from the report that the Baltimore Chapter went all out and even went to the Fair to reach and win souls. The Timonium Fair draws crowds from all over the United States during its ten days, and, thanks to the vision and team work of its officers, FGBMFI was there! Not satisfied with those who could be reached from the booth the Chapter maintained, it sent out the message over a P.A. system, handed it out in tract form and flyers, and distributed over 20,000 copies of the VOICE.



Youth at work in FGBMFI Booth, with Bill Miles, President of the Baltimore, Md. Chapter.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

God richly blessed the Cincinnati Chapter, and 1967 promises yet greater things. Some of our recent guest speakers were: Dr. Ward B. Chandler, and International Directors Henry Carlson and Lee Braxton. They were blessed meetings where people were saved, healed, and filled.



L to R: Al Duren, President; Ralph Young, Vice President; George Wohrley, Treasurer, and Don Sponsel, Secretary.



Pictured during charter presentation to Ontario-Upland Chapter, L to R: Robert McKee, Vice President; John Brubaker, Treasurer; Clarence Collette, President; Frank Foglio, International Director presenting charter, and Clyde Stanfield, Secretary.

CAN WE—SHOULD WE—will we put a man on the moon?

Science and religion have sometimes differed about the “should we” portion of that question. Reconciliation of differences and comparison of similarities between science and religion, a popular activity of both scientists and theologians a decade or two ago, was not difficult to achieve at that time, since total effort in neither discipline could be said to be exercised, as compared with the present year.

The rapid strides being made in both science and the dissemination of the Gospel in this age of space, are eclipsing the most optimistic predictions of former years. But while the accomplishments of science are dutifully recorded, faithfully documented and apparently quite widely disseminated, the same cannot be said of the tremendous accomplishments in the religious world. To the majority of thinking individuals it would thus appear that the divergence between science and religion is increasing. The literally “astronomical” achievements of science in the past few years have not only caught the imagination of scientists and laymen alike, but also have tended to obscure the miraculous progress in the powerful articulation of the message of a Living God, and the impinging of that message upon the consciousness of even a world whose god has become the power of the human mind.

One heard, years ago at the beginning of manned space ventures, a modicum of verbalization by the clergy, mostly regarding man's

Man on the Moon

by Dr. Rodney Johnson

“right” to space ventures, or lack thereof. Almost inevitably reference was made to God's interference with man's ambitious plans at the Tower of Babel. Both the philosopher and sociologist have been strangely silent on this point. The lack of expression may represent a reluctance to express an opinion or an inability to articulate our own dissatisfactions. This is not merely an academic question, but one which is fundamental to all fields of human endeavor, including the philosopher, theologian, or scientist.

Herein lies the great difficulty. One must first be willing to accept a divine creation of both earth and man before one can accept a spiritual



motive to man's space exploration programs.

Colonization of the Moon, or Mars for that matter, must *not* be just another escape valve for an exploding population. It must *not* be another glorification of man and his technical achievements. Nor must it be permitted to become a substitute for spiritual expression in our day. Rather, it *must*, it seems to me, be an extension of the revelation of God to man and a tribute to God's creative genius. It *must* cause man to ask again the question which has echoed and re-echoed down through the long corridors of time—What is man that thou art mindful of Him?

Thus man's space ventures must *not* result in glorification of man, but glorification of God, *not* in praise of man, but in praise of God who made man, *not* in honor to man or men involved in this venture, but in honor to God who created man a little lower than the angels, made man in His own image, and set him upon the earth to have dominion over it.

It is concluded that man will find new spiritual expression and understanding in the space age. New sensitivity to both cultural and spiritual influences may demonstrate that the greatest achievements in the space age will not be scientific, but spiritual.

Historically, the roles of scientist and theologian were complementary, not competitive. The compatibility between science and religion, so earnestly sought by both groups, should be *less* difficult to define in the age of space. It should be anticipated that increased understanding of scientific phenomena would result in a parallel, improved, and stabilized theological posture.

To retain two conflicting ideas or ideals at the same time, yet be dominated by neither, is very difficult — even with simple proportions. With such complex topics as science and theology, it becomes even more difficult — impossible, many believe. Perhaps this is the reason many scientists reject religion — and so many theologians reject science.

We ask, then, if science is adequate to explain religious experience and discovery, and can religion be compatible with scientific truth derived from space exploration discoveries? Contemporary man is driven by a desire to not only understand the imponderable, but also to define abstract ideas and philosophies in finite and analytical terms.

Yet rejection need not be the ultimate attitude of either scientist or theologian. Arthur H. Compton, in his "Nine Scientists Look at Religion" in Readers Digest, January, 1966, has expressed the inter-relationship of science and religion in a very positive statement:

"There can be no conflict between science and religion. Science is a reliable method of finding truth. Religion is the search for a satisfying

way of life. Science is growing; yet a world that has science needs, as never before, the inspiration that religion offers."

To discover truth is not to invent it; nor is discovery of matter the creation of it. There is increasing evidence to support the conclusion that scientific discovery resulting from space oriented programs may, in the final analysis, be of lesser significance than the spiritual revelation accompanying these activities. The theologian, like the scientist, reflects an inquiring mind. Searching for truth, he asks the question of who God is, how He manifests Himself, and how man can respond to Him. Thus his "truth" becomes knowledge as God reveals Himself to the theologian. This knowledge must be received before it can be imparted to others, it must be experienced before it can be described. For this reason the theologian must be capable of discerning spiritual truth, of receiving spiritual knowledge, and of interpreting it to others. The theologian provides answers to questions which often cannot be expressed, to uncertainties requiring certainty, to experiences requiring validation. The scientist reflects a similar inquiring attitude in his sphere of activity, and for this reason the relationship between scientist and theologian has its roots in close associations and communion based on common attitudes toward his work.

Just as space is three-dimensional — that is, three different positional elements must be used to describe a point in space or the position of a

body in space — I believe in a three-dimensional Christian experience. Further, I believe that this full and complete experience is in accordance with God's plan and is therefore theologically sound and is intended for every Christian today.

We often hear these days of how a new dimension is being added to the Christian experience. This dimension is supplied by the Holy Spirit and the added power it provides in the life of the believer. Salvation's miraculous work gives the new Christian the ability to experience God in what can be described as a new plane or level of spiritual relationship. However, that area is restricted by the two dimensional world of the flat plane. This dimensional boundary is sufficient for some whose vision is limited and whose imagination does not reach beyond the boundaries of this plane. Some have argued, including many renowned theologians, that this is God's complete plan. To them I invoke one promise of God as contained in Ephesians 1, where we read in verses 4 and 5, that we are predestinated and chosen before the foundation of the world. We read in this chapter, as Paul expounds

God's plan farther, that a part of our predestinated inheritance is the Holy Spirit. Thus a new dimension—a vertical dimension has been added which raises us above the low, restricted plane and into the spiritual space environment. The new dimension of the Holy Spirit baptism is the final provision of God's plan in the Christian life. Not only this, but also the beginning of a new experience, of a new depth in relationship with God.

Now, to return to the scientist, who is often asked the question: "Can man one day stand upon the Moon?"

From the technical standpoint, it appears very probable that man can put his footprints on the Moon. Yet, in spite of the confidence which seems to cloak the complex activities associated with the current and proposed manned space programs, there lurks in the mind of scientist and Christian alike, a nagging uncertainty as to whether the barrier of nihility will ever be hurdled. The question is twofold: Can man — and will he — conquer space? Or will the same God who called a halt at the Tower of Babel, step in and say, It is enough

Dr. Rodney W. Johnson has held responsible positions in several areas of space research, development and design of space systems for manned exploration of the moon and planets. He is presently with the National Aeronautics and Space Administration in its Washington, D.C. headquarters, coordinating and directing post-Apollo lunar programs planning.



—here is the barrier—you shall go no farther?

We are witnessing a phenomenon in this age of space which was foretold by the prophet Joel: "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 of my Spirit."

Here are words over which theologians have in times past argued and held long discussions, sometimes to the point of disagreement and separation. Yet across the face of America — yes, across the world — in churches of every denomination we are observing the fulfillment of this scripture. This prophecy of Joel is coming to pass in an era when man is reaching for the stars! No informed person today can question that God is permitting this promise to be realized in the lives of Christians everywhere in a greater way than ever before in the history of mankind.

Because we are so enthused in witnessing this move of God, we tend to omit the pertinence of the verses following those just cited: "And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood, and fire, and pillars of smoke. The sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and the terrible day of the Lord come."

Lest I be called a prophet of doom for relating these two events, let me hasten to say that I would indeed be

guilty of argumentative as well as theological error, were I to base my reasoning on the fallacy of casual relationship—because one event precedes a second event, the first could be the cause of the second. Yet I would be guilty of even greater error should I fail to stress that, in my opinion, these events do bear one upon the other. Because the prophecy of Joel, relating to the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit, is occurring in our time, so must the subsequent prophecy concerning the changes in the universe be fulfilled; but at an unknown time.

As more of the mysteries of space are unravelled we will be compelled to form two conclusions—one is the majesty and sovereignty of God, the other the insignificance of man. The problems of space exploration and the wealth of knowledge developing from it are stretching our imagination and technical capabilities. Likewise, our spiritual understanding is expanding to new dimensions as we recognize more and more the supremacy of God. From these truths it is but a short step to the ultimate conclusion that the greatest advances in this age will be made in the spiritual realm as the cosmic nature of God becomes a living reality.

Many Christians have inscribed these words, *ne plus ultra*, over their Christian experience. They believe there is nothing beyond. The mistake of the Spaniards is being repeated in this era. Even as Columbus sailed that vast ocean to discover the new world, so we must make bold ventures in space and in spiritual dis-

covery. We must destroy the monument to our Christian experience with its inscription, "nothing beyond," and sail in new spiritual oceans. Why? Because the prophecies of Joel and Isaiah are being fulfilled in this space age. In Isaiah we read: "For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind."

Today Christians are reaching higher, and delving deeper into the wondrous treasurehouse of the Word of God. Guided by the Holy Spirit and lighted by God's revelation of those things which He has kept hidden until the "fullness of time," which is today, the theologian—the Christian—is bringing forth scintillating gems of enlightenment. They, too, are yearning toward the stars—watching for His appearing.

Yes, it is my opinion that science *can* put men on the Moon; but as I watch the fulfillment of prophecy that is racing forward so rapidly today, I cannot refrain from wondering if we will have time.

SEARCH IN SPACE

Continued from Page 4

is possible we may discover about how far science has failed in probing the act of creation.

How much simpler to accept God's own description: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." It is a statement so simple even a child can understand. God's Word doesn't dwell upon His creation

of this world. Why should it? In the midst of swirling planets earth is but a speck of dust in that "continuous expanse." Much more detail is given regarding the one space trip definitely promised for all of God's people. Whether or not we ever land a man on the moon Thessalonians 4:17 leaves no doubt whatsoever that we shall one day know the thrill of space walking: "*Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.*" There will be no guidance problem, no firing of retro-rockets for a safe re-entry, no anxious waiting for the "splashdown," for we are not returning until we return *with* our Lord, the Creator and Master of Space and Time, when He comes to rule this old planet the way He has always wanted to rule it — by love, kindness, and blessing.

Our astronauts, though barely denting the rim of space, have had difficulty finding words with which to describe the beauty, the silence, the vastness. Small wonder, then, the Apostle Paul, when caught up into the "third heaven" by the Spirit of God, said he "... heard unspeakable words, which it is not possible for man to utter."

Our vocabularies are insufficient to describe it. But just as the Holy Spirit gives us "other tongues" with which to more adequately praise Him here on earth, He will also provide a new vocabulary with which we can express the wonder, and the beauty, the glory, and the majesty, as we stroll among the stars!

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT

Continued from Page 7

came from II Kings 3:17—"Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, that ye may drink." We rejoiced at this, for we knew God would make good His promise.

After our vacation we continued to wait on the Lord for His promise. Then I thought I discovered something not realized before. It appeared that speaking in tongues was very involved. Of a sudden my interest waned. True, I wanted the Baptism, but decided I didn't want to have anything to do with "tongues." I already spoke Norwegian and English fluently, could read and write Hebrew and knew Yiddish and German. What good could come from speaking a language I wouldn't understand? Why not forget the whole thing!

Now, I had considered myself a man with an open and scientific mind. In my engineering education I was taught to consider all facts, and by logic deduce the conclusion. About that time I came across a statement by Dr. Cooper of Biblical Research Society: "What constitutes the scientific spirit? Several things: first of all, an open mind; second, readiness to gather all the facts whatever the cost; third, an impartial examination of all evidence and data with a view of ascertaining the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and finally, courage to discard whatever is found to be untrue, to accept the newly discovered facts, and to act accordingly. To be otherwise minded is

unscientific. To refuse to examine something because it is contrary to one's present views, or allow one's prejudices to overrule one's better judgment, is proof of an unscientific mind."

The realization that I had almost pursued a very unscientific course jarred me and persuaded me that I really didn't have an open mind, but was prejudiced against tongues because of all the teachings I had received. This resulted in a re-examination of the evidences in Acts, Romans 12, I Cor. 12-14. This time it was very clear from the scriptures there was no other course than to receive all God had provided for me in the Holy Spirit.

Once again Luke 11:13 came to mind. I asked the Father, and He faithfully gave. I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and gained a new language. That which I had for a time fought so fiercely, proved to be of most value to me. The inner edification from praying and praising the Lord in my new language has brought me into a most precious relationship with Him which is far beyond anything I had never known. A greater love for everyone arose from within.

Signs and wonders have followed as we have ministered the Word to those who have come to us for help. There is a new sensitivity to the Voice of God, and to sin. Our burden for souls is greater. Our desire to live for God is deeper. This deeper experience with Christ is only the beginning of our walk in this new dimension of the Spirit, but it becomes more precious and more exciting every day.

FGBMFI Our Banner is Love

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CONVENTION SCHEDULE

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION

Deauville Hotel, July 2-8, 1967

Miami Beach, Florida

Russ Gray, Local Chairman

51 N.W. 36th, Miami 34, Fla.

WESTERN CANADA REGIONAL

July 26-29, 1967, Palliser Hotel

Billy Bennett, Local Chairman

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FAR EAST AIRLIFT

Aug. 16-Sept. 5, 1967

Ernst Christoffersen, Chairman

P.O. Box 337, Turlock, California

DENVER, COLORADO REGIONAL

Aug. 30-Sept. 2, 1967, Denver Hilton

Sam Rudd, Local Chairman

10395 W. Colfax, #300, Denver, Colorado

FRESNO, CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

Aug. 31-Sept. 2, 1967, Hacienda Hotel

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921 Echo Avenue, Fresno, California

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