

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

MARCH, 1967

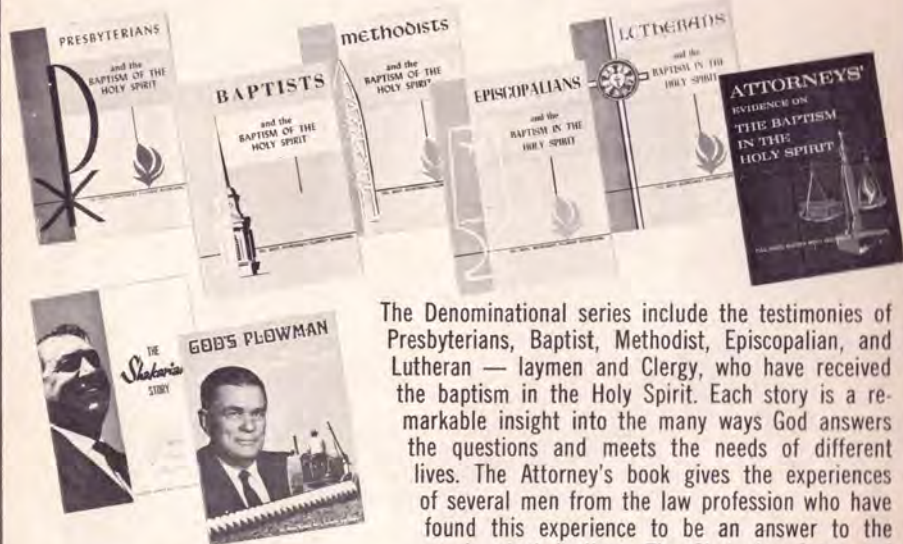
VOICE

The background of the entire cover is a photograph. It shows several palm fronds in the foreground, their long, thin leaves reaching across the frame. The sky is a pale blue, filled with soft, white clouds. A bright sun is visible, partially obscured by a palm frond on the left side, creating a lens flare effect.

**A Breath
of Fresh Air**



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VOICE

Volume 15

Number 2

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COVER

The "rushing mighty wind" of the Holy Spirit that blows across the Church today, bears upon its wings scudding clouds that remind us of that day when time shall be no more. This "breath of God" is arousing the Church to "Watch therefore: for ye know not the day nor the hour . . ."

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A Breath of Fresh Air

TWILIGHT IN A MID-WESTERN VILLAGE. The heat of the day has been oppressive — the air hangs still and heavy. Out upon every porch, veranda or balcony the population emerges, seeking relief, longing for a breath of fresh air. Suddenly, the curly lock on a baby's perspiring forehead is moved by a slight breeze that comes — and is gone again. But it returns once more, a little stronger, and every face turns toward it. Bodies drooping in weariness are revived, eyes light up, arms are extended in welcome to the fresh evening breeze. Even the erstwhile languorous ones are aroused to action.

This is a picture of the Church at the eventide of Time.

The day has been long since Jesus, the Christ, died upon Calvary, arose triumphantly, ascended into heaven,

and fifty days later fulfilled His promise to His disciples of a baptism with the Holy Ghost and power. It has been a long and arduous journey for His Church.

Sometimes the road has been across dry, barren deserts of apostasy, where the "dust devils" of derision danced, thorns of higher criticism tore at garments and now and then a sought-for oasis has proved a mirage. Some have fallen by the wayside. Others, becoming over-weary, have dropped a portion of their Gospel "pack" — the part that promises: "This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest; and this is the refreshing . . ." Even as the prophet foretold, "they would not hear."

At other times the way has been through deep, sunless valleys of persecution where the light of His Word flickered but faintly, and seemed in danger of being completely snuffed out. Again, the road has led over rugged mountains — obstacles interposed between the Church and its goal. But the march has been onward, bearing the message that "this same Jesus," Whom the disciples beheld ascending into heaven, shall one day soon return.

It has been a long climb up the steep path toward the mountain top; but those who have been faithful have caught again the sound of the "going in the tops of the mulberry trees," and breathed once more the freshness of an almost forgotten promise. Since Pentecost, that same breath from God has visited the Church more than once

— in Russia and Armenia more than a century ago — sweeping through Wales until it ended against the stone wall of man's refusal or indifference — visting the little Azusa Street Mission in Los Angeles, California, where heart-hungry people tarried.

Some churches have been built with no windows that open, and the doors are locked all week. Worse than that, many have closed and locked their hearts. God's Holy Spirit cannot come into a closed church — or into a locked heart. He longs to enter, but will not do violence to our own free will. Thus it is that, behind closed doors, the shadows in some of our vaulted cathedrals have deepened, and the dark corners have become dust laden.

This is the eventide, when multitudes from all walks of life and from all denominations are beginning to long for invigorating, empowering renewal. Their faces are turned toward the refreshing message of the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

The day **has** been long since Jesus went away. **But the day is almost over!** In this twilight of Time, God is fulfilling His promise to "pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh." The Church is beginning to open the doors and windows, emerge upon the balcony of renewed faith, stretch forth eager hands and turn receptive faces to catch the sweetness of the Holy Spirit message. It is the "refreshing" that will bring new vigor and power to the Church body, enabling it to press onward until the day ends, and Jesus returns.

A Spiritual Refreshing

by Victor G. Dawe

A BREATH OF CLEANSING, refreshing, invigorating air is blowing across the Christian Church today. Every denomination, at some point, is feeling the effects of this breeze. In America, I believe it will surpass the Great Awakening of the eighteenth century. In its effect on the life of the Church, it may equal or even surpass the Protestant Reformation of the sixteenth century.

This Charismatic Revival or Renewal, as it has become known, is of God. It was started by God — is being furthered by God — is empowered by the Holy Spirit to the glory of God. The Holy Spirit is again manifesting Himself with the same power and the same gifts as characterized the Apostolic Age.

My introduction to this movement took place in 1964. By a series of steps which space will not permit me to relate here, I began, in this historic church of which I have served as Pastor since 1959, services of prayer for healing. Some years earlier I had accepted the reality of Spiritual Healing, as the result of research for a doctoral dissertation on "Sickness and Healing In The Early Church." Now, after much prodding by the Holy Spirit, I was willing to lay my professional reputation on the line by announcing that Spiritual Healing would

be a part of my ministry.

This step of faith marked the beginning of a complete spiritual transformation of my life and concept of the Christian ministry. As I honored the Lord on a point that is clearly taught in His Word, He honored my confidence and faith in Him. As I laid my hands prayerfully upon His children who came seeking His help, the Holy Spirit began to meet their needs. Not only that, in using me as a channel to meet **their** needs, the Holy Spirit began to do something to **me**.

Shortly after I began this ministry, a young man who attended one of our prayer groups gave me a little booklet entitled "Presbyterians and the Baptism of the Holy Spirit." It was published by the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, an organization of which I knew nothing. I mention this especially, because I was trained to be careful of reading anything by an unknown publisher. But the material contained in the little booklet really fascinated me. My next step was to check, with our General Assembly Accreditation, the ministers whose names appeared in the booklet. They were in good and regular standing in our denomination.

Their testimonies were water to my thirsty soul and food to my hungry heart. For years I had been seeking

a deeper enrichment of my spiritual life — reading the classical writings of all the devotional masters of the Christian church — but I had never succeeded in attaining the power or spiritual insight that appeared to be part of their experience. Here was a group of men who had experienced the fulness of God's Holy Spirit, and who indicated it was our rightful heritage today. I promised myself that at the first opportunity I would go to hear and meet one of those Presbyterians, especially the Rev. James Brown, whose testimony most particularly interested me. Under the providence of God the opportunity was not long in coming.

Rev. Charles Crist of Cannonsburg, Pa., whom the Lord used more than any other in giving me courage to begin Spiritual Healing services, wrote me that the Ministerial Association of Cannonsburg was having "Jim" Brown and Dr. Clair King (a medical doctor from Canton, Ohio) for a two-day Spiritual Healing Mission. I said, "Thank you Lord! I'll be there."

At three o'clock worship service on Monday afternoon, Rev. James Brown gave his testimony. It was a sweltering day of 95° heat, but Jim was in the Spirit, having just come

from the International meeting of the Full Gospel Business Men in Philadelphia. Every word he spoke touched a responsive chord in my heart. When his testimony was completed, he gave a three-fold invitation, the last of which was for those who were seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit. This was the very thing I had been seeking for years! God had now brought me to this hour and I could not refuse the invitation.

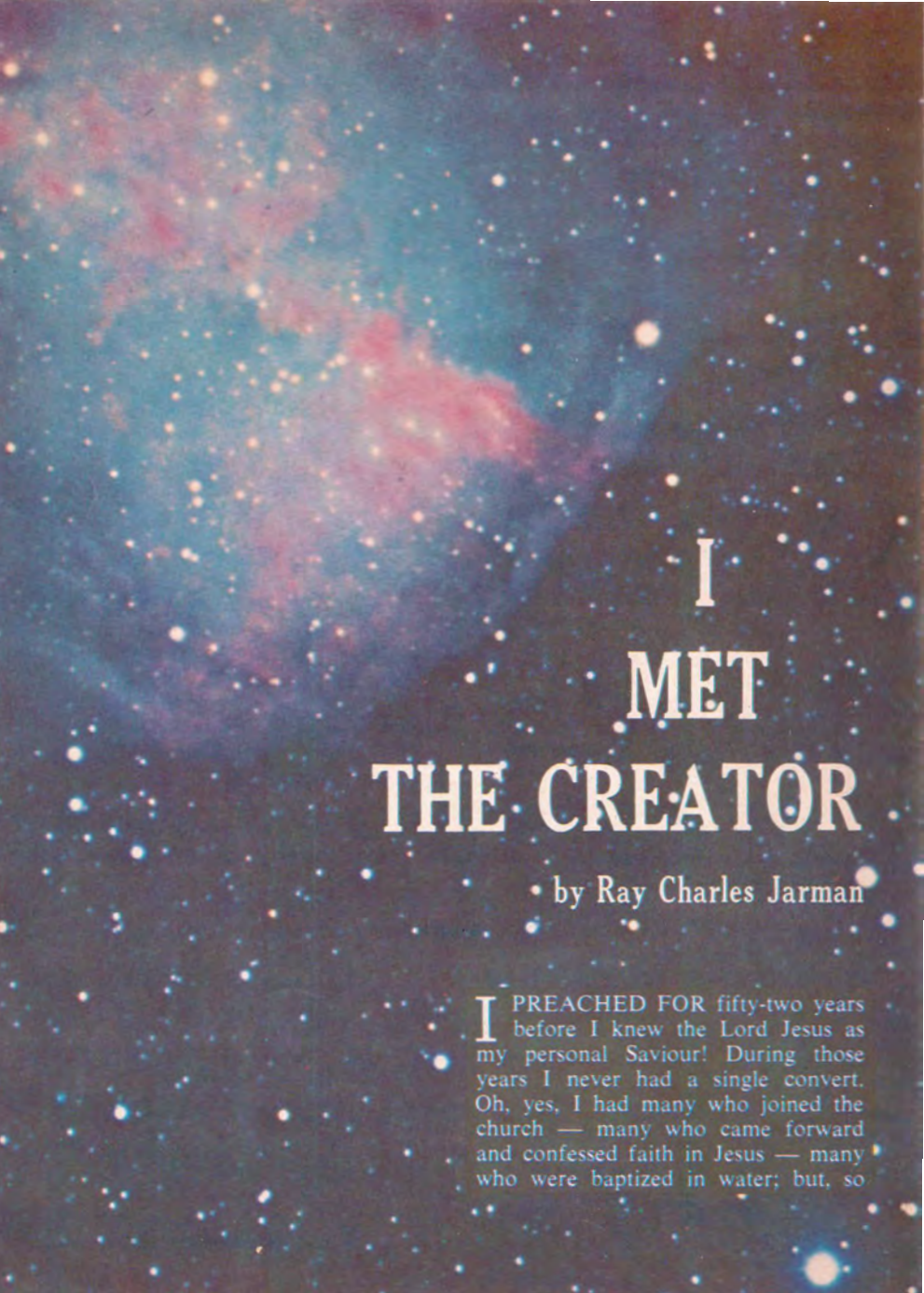
As I went forward I felt the barriers of pride in myself and my personal achievement fall by the wayside. Dropping to my knees I discovered I was doing something never before experienced and over which I had no control — I broke into tears — a profuse weeping accompanied by deep sighing that affected my whole being. It was a searing, searching, cleansing experience in which every remaining thing that was a barrier to the Holy Spirit was washed away.

Jim Brown and Dr. King laid hands on me and prayed. As they did, the sobbing ceased and I experienced another equally involuntary reaction — my entire being began to tremble, or vibrate. Unlike the crying, this was a pleasant experience — a combina-

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Victor G. Dawe, S.T.M., Th. D. is a graduate of McGill University, Montreal, Canada, and Berkeley Baptist Divinity School, Berkeley, Calif. His master's degree is from Harvard, and his doctorate from Boston University. He has pastored Neshannock Presbyterian Church in New Wilmington, Pa. for 8 years.





I MET THE CREATOR

by Ray Charles Jarman

I PREACHED FOR fifty-two years before I knew the Lord Jesus as my personal Saviour! During those years I never had a single convert. Oh, yes, I had many who joined the church — many who came forward and confessed faith in Jesus — many who were baptized in water; but, so

far as I know, not a single person experienced the miracle of the new birth.

For fifty-two years I preached, not believing in the Bible account of the birth of Jesus! I knew He was the greatest teacher. No one ever born could equal Him. He excelled in mind, spiritual understanding, and in knowledge of God. His words, therefore, were strong support to my belief in God as Father and in the immortality of the soul; but I did not accept the Virgin Birth.

If you only knew the number of ministers in America who secretly, or openly, hold this view of Jesus, you would be astounded. Without belief in the Virgin Birth, the entire New Testament becomes invalid; the miracles come under a cloud; the blood of Jesus shed on the cross has no meaning; the resurrection and ascension are legends of the early church; the Second Coming of Jesus is completely rejected.

Let me tell you my story.

I was born and reared in a Christian home. My mother had a family of eight boys. When she knew the seventh was coming, she asked God to give her a minister. When the seventh arrived, the eighth came right along with him, I being an hour and a half older than my twin brother, Roy. My parents always pointed me out as their "preacher boy," and I did not like that.

When my twin and I were about sixteen, there was a big snow storm in Kansas City, and on Sunday morning Roy and I made our way to church before the sidewalks and streets had been cleared by the snow plows. Upon our arrival, there was not a soul in

church except the minister, and he was down in the basement, his Prince Albert coat hung from a nail in the white-washed wall as he attempted to fire up the cranky old furnace. At that moment he appeared the most frustrated and defeated man I had ever seen. I don't know what made me say to him what I did, for I certainly had not planned it so; but I said simply: "Brother Quesenberry, I want to be a minister."

His attitude changed instantly and he exclaimed excitedly, "Why, I had planned to call for someone to volunteer for the ministry this morning, but when I saw the big snow storm I decided it was useless to preach that sermon to empty pews. Now, you come and volunteer before I even preach! God does indeed work in strange ways!"

That morning during the service the pastor told of my statement. He did not announce my name, saying some of the boys might poke fun if he did. When we got home and sat down to dinner, my parents began to talk about what the preacher had said. They even tried to guess who the boy was who wanted to be a minister, naming several they considered most likely. Finally I said, "Mother, what if it were I?" I had not anticipated my mother's rapturous delight. We didn't eat any more that day, and I was hungry!

Immediately the question arose, How can Ray be sent to school? There was no money. My father earned \$47.50 a month. The potential of each boy was important to help keep food on the table. My oldest brother immediately declared it im-

possible. "We don't have the money," he said. "Ray is one of the best money-makers in the bunch, and he is needed here." But Mother insisted God would provide a way.

Four dollars a week was good pay for a boy in those days, but I got a job paying eight dollars weekly! Saving every penny that could be spared out of my wages, by August I had all but fifty dollars of the total required for my railroad fare and tuition for the first half year. We figured every possible way, but could not see where that fifty dollars was coming from.

Those were the days before any kind of auto regulations — no traffic police, stop-and-go signals, or driver's licenses. A man who was a new driver came spinning across the street one day, his car partially out of control, struck the back wheel of my bicycle, and knocked me off. My head hit the curb, cutting a gash in my scalp which didn't amount to very much, but bled profusely. It frightened the driver so much that he gave me fifty dollars!

Arriving at college, eager to get into the study of the Bible I enrolled in a class on "The Life of Christ." I don't know why God let me go to that college, but there must have been a reason. Most of the professors were PhD's from the University of Chicago. I had never heard of "higher criticism" and did not know that anyone questioned any part of the Bible or had the temerity to doubt the scriptures were inspired by God. So I was shocked when the professor opened his class by stating that the story of the Virgin Birth was unten-

able — dreamed up by enthusiastic followers of Jesus who wanted to make people believe He was God. At that point I interrupted to ask, "If you do not believe one part of the Bible, how can you believe any part of it?"

The professor, knowing I was the youngest person in the college, said "Mr. Jarman, you are too young to be in this class, and I order you out of it!" However, he was cross-eyed, and I couldn't tell for sure when he was looking at me, so I sat still, and he said no more. I remained in the class the remainder of the year and made a rather high grade; but before the year was over that "doubting professor" had successfully brainwashed me. I no longer believed in a personal Jesus who could save my soul, nor in a personal God with whom I could commune. Instead, God had become to me the "Directing Intelligence" of the Universe. One cannot pray to a law, or feel the over-guarding presence of a law. All one can do is try to obey, for whatever benefits obedience will bring.

After finishing college, I spent three years in the University of Chicago doing graduate work in the Divinity School. Those were the days of "behaviorism," "naturalism," and "humanism." The doctrine that man had innate powers, most of which had not yet been discovered or used by men, intrigued me, and I became a "humanist." This provided me much hope for the future, especially because of the idea of inevitable progress and growth. But there was no Jesus.

In my first charge after university training, the people responded readily, abundantly evidencing that they were

pleased with the erudition of their new minister. It was not long before I was called to visit a lady, past ninety years of age, who was dying. I shall never forget that withered face or the sound of the wispy voice as she looked up longingly and said, "Oh, Reverend, tell me something about heaven!" I didn't know anything about heaven, nor did I believe in it. God help me, I went out and left that aged heart empty and un comforted!

Outside, realization flooded over me. I had failed at a most crucial point! To myself I said, "Ray, you are a farce! You have no business being a minister! Go seek some other profession."

Before making a move, I called on an internationally known minister whom I had always admired, having heard him many times in my childhood and youth. He was the first prominent minister in the United States who publicly admitted to his congregation that he did not believe in the Virgin Birth of Christ. The story of his unbelief was published in newspapers throughout the nation.

"I must give up the ministry," I stated bluntly, "because I no longer believe the Bible is the Word of God, do not believe in a personal God, and

do not accept Jesus as my Saviour."

"Oh, no, my son," he quickly replied. "Times are changing. In a few decades no one will accept the Bible as the Inspired Word of God. You are just the man they will need! You will be able to do a great service to humanity in a day when the entire structure of faith will be changing. Go out and find something, be it ever so small, which you **can** believe without violating your intellectual integrity. Begin teaching it and other things will be added to it. Very soon you will have a faith of your own that has grown out of your own searching and convictions."

I went out, and did seek and find something. I found that this universe operates according to perfect order — that the earth makes one complete rotation on its axis each twenty-four hours and an annual journey of 600 million miles around the sun — that the orbits of the stars are set with such precision that an astronomer can tell just where various clusters and planets will be, even ten thousand years hence. I also found that every single drop of blood placed under the microscope will show the same rhythm, the same planets, the same milky way that is in the sky — all moving in

Ray Charles Jarman, D.D. established and pastored a very prosperous church. He holds practically every university degree available to a theology student; — but he neither believed nor preached Jesus Christ the Son of God. Many people came and joined his church, but in 52 years of preaching to the best of his knowledge, he had not one "born-again" convert.



the same perfect timing. The signature of the One who created the heavens is in every drop of our blood! This was so inspiring to me I could preach it with enthusiasm.

I further found the universe responds favorably to the good and is unfriendly to the bad. A discord on the piano causes unfriendly vibrations to leap into the air and beat one another until each is destroyed; but when a true chord is struck, the harmony lingers long. Scientists cannot tell how long those friendly vibrations remain. So harmony in the individual is peaceful and long-lasting, whereas discord is corrupt and productive of anger, tensions, breakdown, even death and murder. Kindness is better than cruelty, love better than hate, forgiveness better than revenge. Good supports all other good, while evil is destructive.

What a vast field for philosophy, psychology, and social justice these things provide! This became the core of my teaching and hundreds of people were attracted by my messages. But I was never happy. I knew there must be something more — something real that I was missing. I became a searcher — interested in all religions, every cult and system taught by man — delving to find Truth that would enable me to give my people reality and solidness in their faith.

Arriving in California twenty-five years ago, I was popular but still unhappy. The mental and religious science groups were enjoying an enormous popularity. I went to see a man who had founded one of the groups. He talked to me long and earnestly, suggested books to read on mental

science. I attended lectures and read books by the leaders in the field as well as hundreds of lesser writers. I studied them all.

These people talked much of being happy, but the majority of them are the most unhappy individuals in the community. The reason for unhappiness is that their teaching is a total denial of Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour; yet many well-meaning and sincere people have been misled by them. **Sadder yet — these organizations and cults would never have existed if the denominational churches had been teaching the true Gospel of Jesus!** So many churches, being dead, are not meeting the needs of hungry people who want to know God. In despair many have sought out some of these groups and joined them in searching, reading, and seeking.

Disappointed with the great shortcomings of religious science, I tried Yoga for more than three years — but upon close scrutiny, found they were just stating Hinduism in a manner acceptable to western minds. Again I found people talking about things no member demonstrated or could demonstrate. After delving deeply into one after another and running the entire gamut of the man-made "religions" I was still empty and unhappy. Each of these cults has some interesting and exciting thoughts which at first seem to promise the answer; but they do not and cannot measure up.

For many years there was in my church a very fine family. They were exceptional people, and I was happy to have them as members for fourteen years. One day it dawned upon

Shannon Vandruff's wife, Veta, that she was not hearing anything about the deity of Jesus. She called me and asked questions, which I answered honestly. The entire family left my church. I thank God for their adherence to faith, for this was to eventually change my entire life.

Shannon and Veta felt desolate. They were hungry for God, but did not know where to go to be fed from His Word. Finally Shannon attended a Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in Phoenix, Arizona. For the first time he saw a large group of born-again Christians in action. Before the meeting was over he had a real born-again experience, and had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. His life was completely changed — he was a new man. I heard about Shannon's experience, and remember having asked in surprise, "How could a man sit under my teaching for so long and learn so little?"

Shannon really had a burden on his heart for my salvation. When he first came to see me, he was new in the role of a "born again Christian" and not yet able to make a good defense of it. I asked a few questions, listened to him, admitted he was certainly changed. I said I was glad for whatever he had that had changed him; but felt I didn't need it or want it. I was gracious, but firm in my rejection. I was really very fond of the man. But Shannon did not give up easily. He went back to Ralph Wilkerson, now his pastor, got a group of people praying for me, and continued to witness to me at every opportunity.

One day he invited me to his lovely home in Yorba Linda, which, inci-

dentally, he has dedicated to God. He invites many people there to sing, testify, and enjoy Christian fellowship. Carmen and Jack Benson and Leora Heim went with me. From the moment of entering that home I experienced an empty feeling in my heart. I saw these happy people, and knew they believed something about Jesus that I did not accept. It is a strange fact, but true, that "Christians in name only" are most unhappy around those who have been born again. He who has not had this definite experience with Jesus feels left out, regardless of how much he is included in their activities.

How I wanted to get away! I looked longingly at the door and thought, "My car is right out there. I could slip out the door and nobody would miss me." But what about the people I had brought with me? They would have no way to get home and, besides, they seemed to be happy there. So I must stick it out.

During the evening there came a sound at the door. When it was opened, a woman entered, almost carried by two men, one on each side. "She is in the last stages of cancer," someone whispered in my ear. Her clothing hung on her emaciated frame. Beneath her eyes were deep, dark lines. Her face bore unmistakable marks of excruciating pain. With the help of the two men, she reached a chair and sat down, breathing heavily.

In a few moments Shannon asked her, "Florence Shakarian Lalaian, do you think you could sing for us?"

She thought she could. The men helped her to a position behind the mike. As she lifted her hand to her

forehead, God actually straightened that broken body and she stood upright. It had to be God! She couldn't have accomplished it herself!

She began to sing. It was her last solo in public, though we did not know it then; but I shall never forget it as long as my life lasts. I have heard some of the greatest singers, but never did anyone sing as Florence sang that night, "How Great Thou Art!" Her voice literally wrung my heart. Something inside me seemed to be crying. Perhaps it was my empty heart. She then asked all of us to join her in the chorus. As we sang, her voice soared up above us like a lark. It almost seemed we were standing at heaven's gate, listening to the voices of angels worshipping the Lord and singing, "How Great Thou Art!" Tears came unbidden to my eyes. I was ashamed, but it was all I could do to keep from sobbing. I didn't want anyone to see me crying like that. I was a "spiritual foreigner" in their midst, feeling, for the first time, the tender presence of Jesus. God was dealing with me that night. I didn't realize it, but I was being pulled into the Kingdom by the many prayers and events taking place around me.

That night I went home and wrote a story about the incident, which was published in my weekly paper, "Chapel Bells." Many extra copies were ordered by interested people.

Although softened up, I still resisted, in fact decided that "they" were not going to get me, nor would I be influenced by "them." I would listen, but reject. This I did for a total of four years, though Shannon and Veta still prayed for me.

In the meantime my secretary, Carmen Benson, had a marvelous, even miraculous spiritual rebirth. Occasionally she would talk to me about the scriptures until it seemed I could scream. Sometimes there was a feeling of great resentment. One day while she was trying to show me the importance of the Virgin Birth of Jesus, I slapped my hand down on the table and exclaimed, "I don't believe in the Virgin Birth!" My voice sounded strange to me and I wondered, "Do I really reject the Virgin Birth? Why am I so violent on this subject?"

Instead of becoming angry in return, as I thought she would, she calmly replied, "I know you don't; but it is true, nonetheless; and your disbelief means you might as well discard the balance of the Bible. The plan of Salvation has no validity if Jesus was not God in the flesh. The prophecies mean nothing if Jesus was just a man, no matter how great a man."

Never had anyone thrown so much at me at one time, and practically in one breath! I had to admit that what she said was true, although I had not considered it in that light before. I walked out badly shaken, asking myself if I was even really a Christian. True, I was a minister, and **thought** I was a Christian, but that did not make me one. How **could** I be a Christian if I did not believe many things that were in the Bible?

Then one night Shannon called me and said he wanted to come to my apartment. He didn't want to go out to dinner — just wanted to talk to me alone. Even as I told him to come on, I sensed this was to be a fateful night for me. It was March 28, 1966.

It may sound strange, but I waited for him as one waits for a momentous event to occur. I still remember the sound of Shannon's footsteps as he walked past my window. Then came his rap, and he entered carrying his Bible.

He approached me from a different angle than before. He immediately said, "Ray, you have been sincerely seeking Jesus for a long time, but you have gone about it the wrong way. You have tried through wisdom, reason, logic, theology, and rationalization to find Him, and you have failed. You'll **never** find Him that way. The Bible plainly states you won't. Jesus said, 'Unless you become as a little child, you shall in no wise enter the Kingdom.' When a child comes to his mother he doesn't demand, 'Prove you love me. Convince me you can take care of me. Make me believe you will answer my cry night or day.' The child simply accepts the loving arms and tender ministrations of his mother. And so it is with Jesus. Don't ask Him anything. Don't question Him — just accept Him."

Then I said something I had never planned on saying — though it proved to be the most important sentence that ever passed my lips. I said simply, "Shannon, I want Him."

Suddenly I was on my knees. In all my years of preaching I had never prayed on by knees — always thought people who did that were foolish. But there I was on my knees. Sobs shook my entire body. I seemed to be writhing around at the bottom of a black tar pit. A whole avalanche of doubts, fears, sins, and past preaching broke loose from a mountain range that sur-

rounded me, and came pounding down upon me. The load of my sins was too great! God would never forgive me! Great drops of perspiration covered my brow as I turned to Shannon and exclaimed, "I give up! I can't do it, Shannon! I'm too far away! God doesn't want me!"

He put his arm around my shoulders and replied, "Ray, Jesus said, 'Behold I stand at the door and knock, and if any man hear my voice, I will come in and sup with him and he with Me.'"

Suddenly a great peace surrounded me! It seemed to be a plateau of peace that stretched out before me. I have never felt such peace! All the burden of sin was taken away.

Then it seemed I was in a large room with small square panels on all sides. The door in the back swung noiselessly open, and Jesus walked in. He came so gently close to me, and didn't say a word. His lips closed. He put his hands on my shoulders — His fingers were so strong — and it seemed He saturated me with His love. I **knew** then I was born again in Christ Jesus!

I had no idea what changes this would bring about in my life. Everything was different. I was a new creature socially, religiously, morally, and philosophically. Nothing was the same. My whole system of theology changed from modernist and liberal to conservative Bible believer. I believed the Bible from cover to cover! All of it!

I am presently establishing a new church, the Lord has taken wonderful care of me, and I was never happier in my life!



IN MEMORIAM

Dum Tacet Clamat

“I’LL SEE YOU — IN THE MORNING — ”

Those were the last smilingly confident words William G. Roll spoke to me, shortly before he passed from Time into Eternity.

Although we had been loathe to let him go — hoping the Lord’s will might be to permit him to remain among us for yet a longer time — he had whispered: “My body is weary — I would like to go home.” Then with a flash of his delightful smile he repeated his farewell — “I’ll see you in the morning.”

In those few words there was a world of faith, trust, hope, almost eagerness to be gone to meet his Saviour. There was no uncertainty, no fear — just a deep settled peace and unbounded confidence.

Nor were there any tears or regrets. His life in God’s service, his triumphant passing, savors of the words of Saint Paul: “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith . . .”

For the first time in the history of the Fellowship, Eternity has reached out to enfold a member of our International Board. We feel a great sense of loss. We shall miss his voice in our councils, his steady, unwavering faith in difficult days, his prayers and his holding on to God for the Fellowship and its work. But what an abundant entrance for him!

Our Brother Roll has contributed more than any other one man to building the truly international stature of FGBMFI. For years a diplomatic representative of the United States in foreign courts, he has opened numerous doors in many nations through which we have been able to carry the Gospel into areas that otherwise might not have been available to us.

Though his earthly voice is now silent, he yet speaks to us through our memory of his faith and service.

Demos Shakarian

Continued on next page

The Final Journey

TURNING BACK the pages of VOICE, re-reading the articles and reports by William G. Roll, our Liaison Director to Europe, his great contribution to FGBMFI's international growth and activity is abundantly evident. Principally, this is shown through his reports to FGBMFI Headquarters. In the event you are a new reader of VOICE, we quote a few paragraphs here and there from his reports:

1956 — "My thoughts have often taken wings to my FGBMFI friends in California, and to the Los Angeles Fellowship breakfasts. How wonderful they were; God **always** in our midst! I have visited many peoples and nations since leaving . . . God willing, I shall go to Copenhagen, thence to London; then to Rome, Istanbul, Athens, Tel Aviv, Cairo, Singapore, Bangkok, Saigon, Philippines, Japan and home to California."

1957 — "While visting Hamburg, Germany, enroute from Los Angeles to Copenhagen, I had a few hours to kill after lunch, and wandering aimlessly about the city, finally found myself at the Main Railroad Station . . . where I heard a group of people singing, in English, many of the choruses we know so well . . . I learned it was a group from the 'Soul Clinic' and they had prayed that morning that God would send them an interpreter . . ." This humble person, coming straight from California, was led of God to make his way to the

station in answer to their prayer."

1959 — "God is keeping His promises to Israel," wrote Mr. Roll, and followed with a complete report of activities, conditions and feelings in Israel, thus keeping us abreast of what God is doing in that land of His 'Chosen People.'

1960 — Another trip to Israel and another report of the moving of God there **after** the Arab attempted invasion had been miraculously turned back.

1963 — (**March**) "On my way from the Balkan countries to Copenhagen, I made a six day stop in Zurich . . . There we discussed the rapid growth of the FGBMFI work in Europe . . . Calls are coming in from all parts of Europe in an increasing number, applying for chapters . . . In South Africa our work is making tremendous progress. Besides the chapters already started, three more have since been formed, and will soon be ready to operate . . ."

1963 — (**Sept.**) In this month, Miner Arganbright, building contractor, and U.S. Diplomat William G. Roll, have just returned from an extensive tour, visiting FGBMFI chapters in the United States, Europe, and South Africa . . . "In Johannesburg, South Africa," reports Roll, "the welcome was second to none . . . The Mayor of Pretoria and his wife were among the 500 who attended the chapter meeting in that city . . . In Lichtenburg the City Magistrate,

City Engineer, and Deputy Mayor came to the meeting and brought words of welcome . . . We also visited chapters in Welkom and Klerksdorp, where a manifestation of the love of God was experienced."

Far and wide over the world he moved, ever bearing with him his love for, and testimony of, Christ. Wherever he traveled, he saw individuals, cities and nations that needed the Gospel message. Always he seemed to be foreseeing the day when FGBMFI chapters would be established across every continent; and wherever he went he endeavored to prepare an open pathway for the bearers of the Gospel.

A SPIRITUAL REFRESHING

Continued from page 7

tion of joy, peace and infinite love. As is continued, it seemed I was being lifted upward to the very gates of Heaven (or Paul's "third heaven")! I heard Jim Brown say to Dr. King, "This man's life will never be the same again." I thought to myself that was an unusual statement to make, inasmuch as he really didn't know me at all. But he was right! I have never been quite the same since.

I returned home with new joy in my heart and new light in my life. The following Sunday, as I preached, it was with power and authority that was certainly not my own. Indeed, it appeared as though someone was standing in my stead and doing the preaching! My baptism in the Holy Spirit was confirmed, while attending

a School of Pastoral Care conducted by Agnes Sanford in Cherryfield, Maine. There, as I was singing praises to God for all His blessings, I found myself praising Him in a language too rich for mortal tongue!

Since that time I have experienced more of the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and the reality of the Holy Spirit than I had during the previous twenty-five years of my Christian life. Although there never had been any doubt in my mind that I knew Christ as my Saviour and that He had called me to the ministry.

Shortly after my Baptism I attended the first meeting of a Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter, in Youngstown, Ohio. That was the beginning of a very rich fellowship with the chapter president, Cosmo De Bartolo, through whom I have met many dedicated Christians in this Spirit-directed organization. Indeed, one of my elders, Russell Sewall, has since become secretary of the Youngstown Chapter.

A Saturday night charismatic prayer group that meets in our church brings together members of fifteen to twenty different churches, seeking the full blessing of the Holy Spirit that they may better serve Christ in their own respective churches. Through this group we have witnessed all the "gifts of the Spirit" in operation, and we praise Him for confirming His Word.

Oh, the complete joy of being baptized in the Spirit! It enables us to love God utterly and serve Christ victoriously. It is **all** of God! But we cannot have this experience until He has **all** of us.



Take as Directed

by John F. Gillett, M.D.

A PHYSICIAN and a preacher have many things in common. Sick folks come to the doctor, he makes an examination and laboratory tests perhaps. He listens sympathetically to the patient describe his illness or pain. Then he comes to a conclusion as to the proper diagnosis and treatment, writes a prescription, hands it to the patient, tells him to get it filled at the drug store and take it **as prescribed**. When the physician says that, he means **as prescribed** — not hit or miss.

The preacher more often has soul-sick patients, but sometimes they are physically ill as well. (And, incidentally, don't think that all the soul-sick go to the preacher. The doctor has them, too, only the patient doesn't realize it is his soul instead of his body that is ill.) The preacher talks to those who come to him for assistance, listens to their troubles, points out wherein they have "come short of the glory of God" and how they can find their way back to spiritual health and happiness in the Lord. He opens the Bible and reads from God's "pharmacopecia" the "medicine" he believes

will help. This Gospel is the power of God! Medically speaking, it is God's prescription, and the preacher prescribes from it for each seeker. It will cure a sick heart, a sick mind, a sick soul, or a sick world if taken **as directed** — and the complete directions are contained in it!

When Jesus Christ saved me I was in a sad and serious condition — a wild, headstrong teenager — already a confirmed young criminal — a young gangster in Albany, New York. I quit school. A man hired me and several other boys, to steal things. We went from ragged clothes and cut-out cardboard in our shoes so the snow wouldn't get in, to fine clothes and plenty of this world's goods. At the age of about thirteen the devil had given me just about everything. I was earning money, thought I was all powerful, and tougher than anyone. There was hatred in my heart against anyone who represented law and order or any type of restraint. We used to get together and mutter darkly of what we would do to "them" one day. (I thank God today that He kept me from doing any violence!)

After the devil really got hold of me, I was different — began coming home with money and good things — either skillfully fending off or angrily yelling down any questions about “my business” as I called it. I lived with my mother, who was an invalid confined to the house and usually to her bed. We had known nothing but poverty; and when I began bringing in all these good things, she began to ask me where I got them. I wouldn’t answer. She made me nervous continually asking, and I shouted: “You should be glad for them and quit asking questions!”

I praise God now (but I felt hatred then), that she did the only thing she could do under the circumstances. When I came home one day there were several policemen waiting. They had the same questions for me: “Where did you get this stuff?” I hated them and told them it was none of their business; but they made it their business. They took me into custody and began a search to find where those things did come from.

God was still taking care of me. The Bible says He died for us, and that He loved us while we were yet sinners. His love is immeasurable and magnificent! Somehow a way was worked out so I didn’t have to go to a reformatory. I was too young to go to a regular prison. It was decided I could go free if I got out of town! I was thirteen years old at that time.

My mother’s sister lived in Washington, D.C. Both she and her husband had gotten saved, and they invited me to live in their home. Now, if you have never had a wild teenager

in your home, you don’t know what they put up with! The devil and I worked overtime on them. We scratched at the love that God had put in their hearts. We scratched, streaked, and ridiculed it, and I thought we could break it — but it didn’t break! Christian love is very elastic when it comes to stretching without breaking.

They laid down certain rules for me — I must go to church on Sunday and on Wednesday evening. We also had daily devotions. I rebelled, but I went. One day when they had their little Bible reading in the evening, I said: “If I have to waste time and sit through this stuff, can’t I at least read a funny book or something?” That almost broke their hearts. They were telling me about the love of Jesus, and I was talking about funny books! However, inside me I knew all the time that what they were saying was real. I was fighting against it, but I knew it was real because, in spite of my rebellion, it had begun to get through to me.

At long last I yielded my will to Jesus and accepted Him as my Saviour. My uncle had me buy a New Testament with very large print. We visited my mother in Albany and I had the pleasure of giving her that Testament in large print that she could read, and of witnessing to her about Jesus Christ having saved my soul. Tears came to her eyes. I guess she had been waiting for that moment, for she accepted Jesus as her Saviour right there. She didn’t live very long after that; but she had found her Saviour and trusted in Him completely.

After I was saved I joined the Bap-

tist Church, and finally became what I thought was a real "big shot" Baptist — President of the Brotherhood, President of the Association of Brotherhoods, Superintendent of the young people's department and Sunday School, the Pastor's "right hand man," in church every time the doors were opened, praying, witnessing, and tithing. So I thought I had everything.

We moved up into New Mexico where Sam Phillips was pastoring the First Baptist Church. His wife, Gloria, was so ill for some time — hadn't been able to attend church for two two years because of debilitating illness — confined to her home and, most of the time, to her bed. I visited her as the family physician. Well, she finally turned to God and sought His healing, which she had heard about through the witness of several people in Dallas, Texas. She already knew the Lord as her Saviour. She now sought Him as her Healer and Baptizer — and she found Him. She was healed and baptized in the Holy Spirit all at the same time. She was well in an instant — up and ministering — back in church the following Sunday.

The blessing of God that shone forth in her life, together with her testimony, opened a new dimension in Christian experience. Sam, her husband, received the Baptism. I sought it, but had not yet received. I didn't know how to claim what I sought. Others were seeking, too, but we needed instruction, and there was no one there who knew much more about it than we did. I knew it was real, and I wanted it; but I began to rebel a little. Sometimes I would hear Gloria's

testimony, and see the love of Jesus radiate from her face when she talked about Him, and I began to get a little envious.

My wife and some others went over to the Full Gospel Business Men's Convention in Texas. I was invited, but wouldn't go. A doctor can always say he is too busy. The devil was trying to grab me that day, and I braced my feet and refused to go to the Convention. All day long I was miserable — wishing I was there — too stubborn to admit it — becoming more and more frustrated and angry as the day wore on. When they came home that evening, the devil and I were at the door to greet my wife.

"Well! Did you?" I demanded truculently. She knew what I meant. She had a peaceful expression on her face as she answered simply, "Yes."

"Did you speak in tongues?" I demanded, knowing from her face what the answer would be, and resenting deeply that she had received something I had sought and had wanted so much, but had not received.

"Oh, yes," she said, and the peace of God was on her face — but the devil must have been in my heart as I demanded:

"Well, do it now!"

She explained gently that it is not for display, although it was glorious and wonderful. She tried to tell me about it, but she couldn't find words to make me understand. The devil prodded me, and I said (somewhat bitterly, I am afraid):

"I suppose now that you received the Baptism, you think you are better than others." I was thinking of all

those wonderful, sincere Baptist preachers I knew who had not received, yet so eloquently preached salvation.

"Oh, no," she insisted. "As a matter of fact, convicted by the Holy Spirit I realize more deeply my unworthiness and inability. He pointed out to me the things in my life that displease Him, and the things I lack."

Finally, at the Convention of FGBMFI in El Paso, Texas, I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit! I believe that I received because I had come to the end of myself. I wanted desperately to receive that gift from God. I knew Sam Phillips was going to speak at that Convention, and told him I would fly down and that I was going to receive the Baptism.

I was the first to answer the invitation when they gave it for those who wanted to receive the Baptism. Larry Hammond was late getting there, but he had just arrived and he came right to me and he and Sam laid their hands upon me and prayed — and I received! Now, I praise Him every day in another tongue, and I receive a tremendous blessing.

Of course, Satan was there every day battling — accusing me and telling me I was too wicked to have such a blessing, insisting it was all foolishness. However, I **knew** that though I was not worthy, God had graciously saved me and filled me with His Holy Spirit. But I learned, also, that when we receive the Baptism we are really just introduced to how to lay hold of the equipment for battle — and also how to use it.

Back there when Sam Phillips and

I were both Christians but hadn't received the Baptism, we used to keep score of the souls we had won — and it would be maybe two or three a year. Since we have received the Baptism, we have gone out knocking on doors and looking for souls that need salvation.

To me, one of the most blessed things, and the thing that has given me the greatest anointing since receiving the Baptism, is being able to read the Bible and understand it. This is God's prescription — His direction — His Word. This is His message to our hearts. It used to be difficult to understand.

Did you ever try, as a layman, to read a physician's prescription? Probably you couldn't make out a single word; but when you handed it to a druggist he didn't have any trouble understanding it. Neither can we fully understand God's prescription except the Holy Spirit guides us. God inspired this Book, and we need Him to interpret it. When we read it, if we are unsaved or unanointed, we just read words. "The preaching of the Gospel is foolishness to them that perish." But when the Holy Spirit comes in, He illuminates God's Word like a great searchlight. He clarifies the message and makes it real!

"For all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us." There are **seven thousand** of those precious promises in His Word — 7,000 life-giving prescriptions — and **as Christians we have access to them all!** "They are life unto those that find them, and health to all their flesh." (Prov. 4:22)



THE VOICE OF THE FELLOWSHIP

You may subscribe to our official publication **VOICE** for only \$1.00 per year (ten shillings in the British Isles). Each issue is filled with inspiring testimonies of men who have had a vital experience with the Lord. You can supply your family, friends, or ministers in your city with this magazine by ordering a bundle of 100 at \$4.00 a month (Canadian bundle, \$6.00;

Overseas, \$7.00). Or at our special subscription rate of . . . **6 for \$5.00**

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OTHER FGBMFI PUBLICATIONS



VISION, our special youth magazine, is published quarterly and available for only \$1.00 per year.

VIEW, a quarterly journal on the Charismatic Renewal, is also published quarterly and is available at \$2.00 per year (Subscription price for students and ministers is \$1.00).

You may subscribe to all three FGBMFI magazines at the same time for only \$3.00 per year.

Send your order to

Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship Int'l, 836 S. Figueroa, Los Angeles, Calif. 90017

Steps to the Upper Room



Q: Are “tongues” estatic utterance, or gibberish from emotional exaltation?

A: The adjective “estic” has no grammatical justification. It is a consequence of the attempts of scholars to identify the “tongues” in I Cor. 12-14 with the trance-like and unintelligible muttering found in some ancient Hellenistic religions. Certainly the scriptures do not support this purported translation. Acts 2:5 clearly defines the other “tongues” of verse 4 as identifiable languages: “. . . every man heard them speaking in his own language.” Then follows verse 6-11, a catalogue of languages spoken at Pentecost. There is another consideration frequently overlooked — Paul’s unconditional statement that Biblical “tongues” is a manifestation of the Holy Spirit (I Cor. 12-7-11).

Q: Did not the “sign gifts” vanish at the end of the apostolic age?

A: Of all the “sign gifts” referred to in Mark 16:77, ff discussion usually centers around “tongues” and “healing”. I Cor. 13:8 is frequently quoted as “proof” that the “sign gifts” vanished at the end of the apostolic age. This scripture mentions tongues, prophecy, and knowledge. It is often assumed . . . that when the New Testament was finished these “gifts” were withdrawn as no longer necessary . . . It needs but a moments reflection to see that such an assumption receives no support from the context. It imports into the context a hypothesis foreign to its true meaning. Peter’s words at Pentecost are very specific (Acts 2:39) as to who the baptism in the Holy Spirit is for, as stated in God’s Word.

The conclusion of the chapter Questions and Answers by Dr. Howard Ervin as well as other exciting chapters by such outstanding men as Rev. Raymond Schoch, Dr. H. C. Hathcoat, Rev. Joe Jordon, and Rev. Howard Anderson will all appear in the book, “Steps To The Upper Room” which will be available soon through the Full Gospel Business Men’s Fellowship.



A Revitalized Episcopalian

by Benjamin Hendrickson

IN 1958 I had chosen the Episcopal denomination in which to exercise my faith, and soon was confirmed into the Anglican Catholic Church. In 1959, after completing a course of study, I was presented to the Bishop

for the "laying on of hands" and receipt of my license to perform the duties of Lay Reader.

I was content in my religious life until, in 1963, a little magazine called VOICE began arriving each month. I didn't know where it came from or why, but the testimonies appearing in it were like an invigorating breath of pure air direct from the mountain tops of God. They were proof to me that Jesus Christ had much more in store for me — that my religious experience had not yet encompassed the glorious fulness of His gifts to His children. I began to earnestly seek the gifts of the Spirit.

There was a revival at a local Full Gospel Church, and I attended. Never having encountered this type of worship service, the first evening was quite a shock. I had discredited everything, in my own mind, when the person sitting in front of me uttered prophecy in tongues, and from another area of the congregation the interpretation was given — **directed to me personally!** I was really shaken.

Shortly thereafter, having read in VOICE the announcement of the Regional Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International to be held in Los Angeles, I made plans to attend. That convention was the turning point in my life. I knew that I **had to have** this tremendous blessing of love and joy in my life.

In the living room of a Christian friend — a Priest in the Episcopal Church — I received the infilling of the Spirit as we knelt around the cof-

fee table. What a blessing! I felt as though my heart was a cup being filled to the brim and overflowing. The blessing continued to flow and flow as I continued to praise God in a heavenly language. At the same time I had a vision of Satan diminishing, as a piece of butter melts in a hot pan. I knew then what the "armor of God" is, and knew beyond any doubt that Satan could not overcome me again!

The Lord gave me a burden for establishing a local Chapter of FGBMFI. With His help and the power of His Holy Spirit, this has

been done. The Antelope Valley Chapter was presented its formal charter by Miner Arganbright, International Director, on October 6, 1966.

Since that joyous evening in 1965 when God filled me with his Holy Spirit, my life has been full of daily miracles. My learning process is growing enormously as I walk with my Lord day by day. Great is my joy of service with FGBMFI Antelope Valley Chapter, which meets the first Thursday of each month at 7:30 p.m. at the Casa Roma in Lancaster, California. Benjamin Hendrickson, Chapter President. Phone: WH 2-6362.

Coming Conventions

CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

March 2 - 4, 1967

San Francisco Hilton Hotel, Mason and O'Farrell, San Francisco, Calif. (Contact Hotel for reservations.) Single \$15.00, Double \$20.00.

Registration Mar. 2 all day. Preconvention rally at 7:30 p.m., Continental Ballroom 7:00 a.m. daily prayer; 8:00 a.m. daily breakfast meeting.

Ladies' Luncheon 1:00 p.m. Saturday — Speaker: Kathryn Kuhlman.

Speakers: Dr. Howard Ervin, Wendell Wallace, Rev. William Pickthorn, Paul Wortzman, Kathryn Kuhlman.

For further information write: Frank Cordeiro, Local Chairman, 19356 Meekland Ave., Hayward, California.

SOUTHWEST TEXAS REGIONAL

March 23 - 26, 1967

Clay Kinard Hotel, Beaumont, Texas. (Call or write for reservations: G. S. "Casey" Jones, 2750 Irving, Beaumont, Texas.)

Accommodations: Single \$8 - 18, Doubles \$10 - 20; Extra person \$2.00.

Breakfast \$1.50, Luncheon \$2.50, Banquet \$3.00.

Speakers: To be announced.

For further information write: Bevil Hart, Local Chairman, 212 McFaddin Building, Beaumont, Texas.

WELCOME... NEW BUSINESS ADMINISTRATOR

YOUR HEADQUARTERS Office has a new Business Administrator.

We welcome Anthony T. Calvanico, who assumed his duties at the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International Headquarters in Los Angeles in December, 1966. His responsibilities will be to act as liaison between Headquarters and the Executive Board, to coordinate all departments of FGBMFI with the common objectives of the entire Fellowship, and interpret office capabilities in terms of national and international goals established by the Fellowship.

The experience and enthusiasm of our new Executive Administrator will be of great help to the Fellowship, for FGBMFI is growing, and broadening, and rising to new heights month by month, drawing larger and larger numbers of people — and the end is not yet! Having been very active in FGBMFI work in the Philadelphia area, Mr. Calvanico is no stranger to the hopes, plans, and interdenominational principles of the Fellowship.

Mr. Calvanico lives in Glendale, California, with his wife, Mary, and daughter, Ruth. He has two sons, David who is a Junior in College, and Paul who serves in the U.S. Army.

FAR EAST AIRLIFT



The second Far East Airlift will leave San Francisco on August 16, 1967. All members of the FGBMFI 300 Club are eligible to participate. This year's trip will include Hong Kong, Formosa, The Philippines, Japan, and Hawaii. For the experience of a life-time plan to be a part of this Airlift.

For further information contact Mr. Enoch Christoffersen, P.O. Box 337, Turlock, Calif.



Your Key To Success

THIS KEY is yours for the asking!

It is a MASTER KEY that will open doors to wonders you have never dreamed possible. It is the Key that will unlock for you a personal World-wide ministry through the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. For further information write 300 Club, FGBMFI, 836 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.



THE MEN BEHIND FGBMFI

*A series to introduce you to the FGBMFI
Chapter Presidents across the nation.*

Having been saved, healed, and filled with the Holy Spirit, God has opened many doors of service through the FGBMFI. My life is inspired by the men with whom I am associated in this Fellowship. Our Alhambra Chapter meets monthly, first Saturday, 8:00 p.m. at Holland House, Alhambra, Calif. **Paul B. Maglione, Chapter President, phone: 359-7173 or 358-8376.**



Although I had known Jesus for many years as my Saviour, it was through Christian friends God opened my eyes to the present day truths of Acts 2:4. He baptized me in His Holy Spirit, and my life has taken on a new emphasis since that moment. Our Piedmont Chapter of FGBMFI meets monthly, 2nd Saturday, 6:30 p.m. at Mayfair Cafeteria, Greensboro, No. Carolina. **S. Tucker Yates, Chapter President, Phone: 629-9161.**

I attended my first Fellowship Convention in Modesto. Those men had something I lacked, and I wanted it! Two weeks later Brother LaDoux invited a group of us to come and receive, I responded, and did indeed receive! It is a joy to serve in our Stockton Chapter that meets monthly, 1st Saturday, 7:00 p.m. in the Metropolitan Airport Building Astro Room. **J. Ellis Berg, Chapter President — Phone: (209) 931-2049.**



Serving in the Daytona Beach FGBMFI Chapter is a thrilling experience, with our wonderful group of Spirit-filled board members. We have undertaken a "mail ministry" of sending VOICE subscriptions, and our list grows daily. Chapter meets monthly, 1st Saturday, 7:00 p.m., Ridgewood Hotel Plantation Room, 210 So. Ridgewood, Daytona Beach, Fla. **Kleyn B. Russell, Chapter President, Phone: 252-8640.**

My Pastor's wife gave me a copy of VOICE. I read the testimonies and began praying for a Chapter in Kokomo. Though a Master Sergeant at Bunker Hill AFB, God moved me into active work in and for our Chapter, which was chartered in April, 1966. Chapter meets monthly, Saturday, 7:00 p.m. at Montes Cafe, Kokomo, Ind. **Wesley A. Smith, Chapter President, Phone: 689-8874.**



My testimony is not of startling deliverance, but rather of God's power to preserve one's life from many pitfalls. FGBMFI challenged me to service in sharing the Salvation message with those we contact daily. It is an honor to serve in the Chico Chapter which meets monthly, 3rd Saturday, 7:00 p.m., Oaks Hotel, Chico, Calif. **Harold C. Davy, Chapter President, Phone: 342-9491.**

The Lord miraculously spared my life while in Navy Service during WW II. In 1957 I learned, for the first time, of the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Joyfully I received the promise, and now serve God actively in Lancaster County Chapter of FGBMFI, which meets monthly, 2nd Friday, 6:45 p.m., at Plain & Fancy Farm, Rt. 340, East of Lancaster, Pa. **Elwood E. Mull, Chapter President, Phone: (717) 392-3202.**



After much searching, I learned the truth that Acts 2:4 is for us today! In a FGBMFI Convention in Dallas, Texas I came to realize that the sense-knowledge I had sought could not satisfy. Since then I have found the joy of serving God in the Corpus Christi Chapter which meets monthly, 2nd Saturday, 7:15 p.m. at Portairs Cafeteria, Corpus Christi, Texas. **Frank Romanelli, Chapter President, Phone: (212) UL 3-0162.**

Our Chapter, chartered last November, has seen souls saved and seekers filled with the Holy Spirit at every meeting. Members, and also Pastors, of churches all over Worcester have attended our meetings and many praise God for the new impetus to soul winning. Our Worcester Chapter meets monthly, on the last Saturday, 7:00 p.m., at Coach & Six, Worcester, Mass. **Richard L. Hollyer, Chapter President, Phone: PL 4-5214.**



FGBMFI *Our Banner is Love*

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CONVENTION SCHEDULE

NORTHERN AND CENTRAL CALIFORNIA

March 2 - 4, 1967, San Francisco Hilton
Frank Cordeiro, Local Chairman
19356 Meekland Av., Hayward, California

GULF COAST REGIONAL

March 23 - 26, 1967, Clay Kinard Hotel, Beaumont, Tex.
Bevil Hart, Local Chairman
212 McFaddin Bldg., Beaumont, Texas

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL

April 6 - 8, 1967, Statler-Hilton, Los Angeles, Calif.
Paul Toberty, Local Chairman
2624 No. Baker, Santa Ana, Calif.

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA REGIONAL

April 13 - 15, 1967
Arthur Graybill, Local Chairman
Route 1, Womelsdorf, Pennsylvania 19567

INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION — MIAMI, FLORIDA

Deauville Hotel
July 2 - 8, 1967
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51 N.W. 36th, Miami 37, Fla.

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