

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

SEPTEMBER, 1967

# VOICE

A vibrant color photograph of a tropical beach. Two tall palm trees with green fronds lean diagonally across the frame from the left towards the right. The ocean is a deep blue with white-capped waves breaking in the distance. The sky is a clear, bright blue. In the bottom left corner, there are some dark green bushes and a small portion of a person's head and shoulder.

**Impressions  
of Miami**



As I read Raphael Gasson's spiritual autobiography as a Spiritual medium, I was forcefully reminded of the Apostle Paul's warning in his first epistle to Timothy, chapter four and verse one: "But the Spirit saith expressly, that in later times some shall fall away from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons." Its publication in an American edition is timely and valuable.

Two simultaneous developments on the contemporary religious scene make this book "must reading" for every perceptive and informed Christian. I refer first to the sudden increase in interest, both popular and scholarly, in psychic phenomena. The attempt in some quarters to equate this historic Christianity represent a subtle exploitation of human anxiety and guilt in the guise of pseudo — Christianity. The second development is the widespread revival of the genuine gifts of the Holy Spirit throughout all of Christendom. Many of the errors and heresies of the former are sometimes mistakenly attributed to the later. Raphael Gasson's book will help immeasurably the unbiased reader to distinguish the true gifts of the Holy Spirit from the counterfeit manifestations of demonic spirits.

Having both read and profited from it myself, I heartily commend it to the earnest consideration of every Christian who would "prove all things, (and) hold fast that which is good." I Thess. 5:21.

Howard M. Ervin, Th.D.

Pastor Emmanuel Baptist Church, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

## THE CHALLENGING COUNTERFEIT

By Raphael Gasson who, born into a Jewish family, became a spiritual medium then a Christian. In his book he writes of his personal experiences in both areas, comparing today's Charismatic Renewal with the psychic phenomenon in spiritualism. Price \$1.50.

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# VOICE

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## COVER

The "sound of a going" in the mulberry trees signalled to David God's moment to go forth, and His promise: "... then shall the Lord go out before thee..." The strong winds of God's Spirit that swept Miami Convention found echoes in the tall palms whose green arms reached shoreward, in the surf's whisper of distant shores awaiting the Gospel, and spoke to our hearts God's same command — same promise.

# Books You Should Read

## THEY SPEAK WITH OTHER TONGUES



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sistance in formal churches, and bringing new life, and power to the entire Church Body. John Sherill, the author, is Senior Editor of GUIDEPOSTS, and a man who has watched the steadily rising tide of the Charismatic Renewal. Price 60¢, paper back.

## THE SPIRIT HIMSELF



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# The Eye of the Storm

**F**OR CENTURIES the map of the world has continuously changed, national boundaries shifted either through discovery, war and aggression, or force of economic pressure. Nations have risen, become mighty, then fallen. Some have been utterly destroyed and forgotten.

Prophets marvelously foretold these events; but our early forefathers did not fully understand — *could not* understand because the fulfillment seemed so far-fetched and utterly impossible of realization, as indeed it was in their day.

How could man fathom the meaning of the second chapter of Joel — until he had become acquainted with the armored tank? How could he understand the “mountains melting with fervent heat” — until the atomic bomb had become a reality? At the beginning of this century knowledgeable and educated men felt anyone should be sent to the “crazy house” who was foolish enough to believe that one day “clouds” of lighter-than-air vehicles would fly through the skies. How, then, could they comprehend the prophecy of Ezekiel?


How could they identify as Israel the land referred to in Ezekiel 38:8 — “In the latter years thou shalt

come into the land that is brought back from the sword . . .” until today when Israel has *literally* been brought back from the sword?

Today the Arabs and the Jews are locked in conflict — a conflict bred of a depths of antagonism such as exists in no other place in the earth. Of course the communists hate the capitalists and vice versa, but their antipathy has not the generations of inbred, unadulterated, unameliorated depths of personal and national hatred that exists between Jew and Arab. In fact, hatred is the only cement Nasser could find with which to try to weld together the United Arab Republic. Hatred erodes and destroys, and the “united” group is already falling apart.

This hurricane of hatred and war began away back on the outer circumference of the written record of man. The billows of history and prophecy have been narrowing, century by century, into a tighter and yet tighter circle. Especially in the last century, and most notably within the immediately past five decades, prophecy has begun to emerge from the swirling mists and take on shape and form readily recognizable. Today, the shifting, uncertain mists have as-





sumed the shape of an immense cyclone, and in the center of that threatening holocaust — in the very eye of the storm — lies the ancient land of Israel. Around it the battle rages — and will rage with very little respite, until Christ returns.

Bible students have delved into, and by faith accepted, the biblical prophecy for many, many years past; but their insight was limited. They did not stand upon the mountain peaks of prophecy as did Ezekiel, Isaiah, Joel, from whence they could look down upon this world — down many centuries of dusty years to the day of fulfillment. It is a continuing marvel today to see prophecy unfold — to see one fulfilled and another marching forward with rapid strides toward the mark of completion. But ever and always there is Israel — not only in the center of the world, where God placed it, but right in the center of the storm. There it sits, and though its “eye” position is far from being entirely calm, it is far less disturbed than the areas around it, because she still believes in the God of Israel and in His promises.

The communist leaders, the Arabs, Moslems, and Mohammedans gnash their teeth in fury; but seem unable

to penetrate the invisible wall that surrounds this little nation. The atheist nations are especially frustrated that all their planning, arms shipments, and training of the Arab nations could not crush Israel, because as long as Israel exists it is like a lighted signboard to the world that **GOD LIVES!** Like a huge canvas sign stretched from horizon to horizon, Israel's survival spells out the eternal truth that there is an Eternal God in the heavens, and that **HE FULFILLS HIS PROMISES!** That is like a stinging lash across the back to an atheist. The losing nations are squirming, and wriggling, and seeking someone to blame for their defeat. They cannot assess the reason themselves because the answer is simply: “**GOD,**” and they do not know Him. It is questionable whether the world in general realizes the tremendous miracle it has just witnessed. It is good advice to keep one's “miracle eye” open from now on.

Round and round the cyclonic storm whirls, sweeping into its arms the nations of the world.

If only all nations would call upon the name of Jesus, He would speak the one word of command that can quiet the tempest: “Peace — be still.”

by Charles Simpson . . .

A NEW DIMENSION of excitement and thrill has entered my life and ministry during my pastorate at Bay View Heights Baptist Church in Mobile, Alabama.

From the very beginning I have been stamped Baptist. My grandfather was a Baptist deacon. My father was, and is, a Baptist minister who for the past twenty-five years has pastored a Baptist Church in a small country town near Mobile. I was born in 1937 in a Baptist hospital, and grew to young manhood in the small Baptist Church where my father pastored. I attended two Baptist Colleges and a Baptist Seminary.

At the age of twelve I joined the church. Intellectually, all that was taught concerning Jesus Christ and the Bible I received into my life. It was some time before the realization dawned that Jesus was not a personal reality to me. One night in an evangelistic service the Holy Spirit of God brought me face to face with myself and sin. The Evangelist went with me into a small room adjoining the auditorium, and continued to pray and open the story of Salvation to me until I faced what Jesus had done for me on the cross — until I grasped and believed that what He did at Calvary would atone for what I had done. When my faith was released, new life came into my heart and being.

It would be wonderful if it were possible to say that Jesus and I walked hand in hand ever after; but

# What Happened At Bayview?

that was not the case. For a while I witnessed and even won several of my friends to Christ, but without sufficient spiritual power, I fell victim to the habits of life and thoughts which were unbecoming to one who had met Jesus. However, God is indeed a God of mercy! With infinite patience He drew me back to Himself, and in 1935, after months of struggling, I answered a Divine call to the ministry.

Realizing that there was a tremendous distance between where I was spiritually and where I should be to become an effective minister, I entered college believing that I would learn what it was I needed. Preparation in college was begun, and almost immediately my former feeling of inadequacy became an increasing, gnawing hunger. Conscious that I wanted and needed a closer walk with God, I delved the more deeply and





intently into college work, thinking that somewhere along that course lay the place where I would find that for which my soul longed.

In 1957, my Sophomore year completed at College, a Baptist Church called. There were thirty to thirty-five people attending and they needed a minister. (In my denomination one may preach, and even be ordained, if a church asks, and the candidate is approved by a Presbytery of Ministers). All the necessary requirements were fulfilled, and in November of that year I became a Pastor. Youthful inexperience was not my worst handicap. Worldly pride, ignorance, and prejudice outranked even inexperience. However, I did have some very real assets. In addition to a merciful Heavenly Father, my parents were deeply spiritual. Often the three of us sought the will of God on our knees. This along with unending work soon moved the church

away from the border of former financial failure.

In 1960 I married Carolyn Dix, daughter of a local physician who was also a Baptist Deacon. By 1963 we had completed our work at the New Orleans Seminary, to which we had commuted from our pastorate in Mobile, enthused and ready to begin building a large evangelistic church. By this time the membership had grown to approximately five hundred, and we began an \$85,000.00 building program.

It was in those days the Lord revealed to us that we were filling the building, but with empty people. That was not what our hearts longed for but we didn't know what to do or where to turn. Soul-hunger became more acute.

I had all of the theology I needed — so I thought. At twenty-six I enjoyed more ecclesiastical success than

*Continued on Page 21*



# Impressions of Miami



The Cameron Family from

**I**t was during a short interval between meetings and conferences. I sat on the veranda of beautiful Deauville Hotel, headquarters of FGBMFI 1967 International Convention, and watched the regal palm trees as they leaned before the stiff breeze that swept over them, and wondered upon what distant shore that wind might whisper a tale of lovely Miami.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth," the scripture came to mind, "and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

My thoughts flew back over past conventions.

How many individuals had the Wind of the Holy Spirit swept over as the Fellowship conventioned in Miami!

It was in the 1961 Miami Convention that Roy E. Mouser, Pastor of the Simpson Methodist Church in Lake Charles, Louisiana, received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and car-





Scotland, with the Youth Choir

International Director Earl Prickett; and Pastor Charles Simpson

ried the message home. In 1962 he wrote:

There is more power in our church-life and a growing ability to witness on the part of our members. I am deeply indebted to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, who have been sent by God in our time as a bridge between the Pentecostal people with their fire and the historic denominations with their solid foundations.

At the 1967 Miami Convention Dr. Mouser was one of the principal speakers.

How many lives, both of laymen and ministers, his life has touched! How many young people have been inspired by Dr. Mouser's inspired teaching messages!

Oh, that was a fruitful convention, that Miami Convention of 1961!

It was there that Dr. Howard Ervin, Pastor of Emmanuel Baptist Church in Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, also found the fulness of the Holy Spirit's Baptism. In 1963 he wrote: "Our church life has been revolutionized. We have seen the sick healed, and many receive the baptism

L to R: Demos and Rose Shakarian, Dan Malachuk, and Darrell Hon presenting Gold Record of the new long play recording of "The Shakarian Story."

More than 1,000 ladies flock to Kathryn Kuhlman luncheon.





L to R: Attorney Paul Henry, Director Bill Miles, Speaker Robert Fierro, and Business Administrator Anthony Calvanico at final banquet.



L to R: Speaker Robert Hall, and Director Carl Williams at head table.

in the Holy Spirit . . . Our members have discovered a new dimension in Bible study, prayer, and witnessing. We are enjoying the miraculous operation of the Holy Spirit . . .”

Since that time Dr. Ervin has been preaching, writing, and teaching the Message, has been a speaker at every FGBMFI Convention possible.

As though to impress it upon our minds that the results of these Conventions are important and lasting, just that morning a delegate from England, Aubrey Birchall, had given testimony before the Convention that there is in England a real and lasting result from the 1965 Airlift to London—that new chapters have been formed and are in operation, and others have been requested through the office of our Overseas Director William Thompson in London.

My remembering turned to our precious brother Carl Williams. He received the Baptism at our Philadelphia, Penna. Convention but it was the Miami Convention in 1961 of which Brother Carl says: “My family

had the most glorious time in Miami we have ever known! Earl, Helen, and John received the Baptism, and Jean received a refilling. I just do not know of anything that could have been more wonderful than the results of the Lord practically forcing me to send my two children (Earl and Jean) and their mates to that Miami Convention.”

Earl is active as vice president of the Phoenix FGBMFI Chapter, and his son-in-law John is vice president of the San Diego Chapter.

When the day came that the Fellowship had circled the globe and required a more solid financial set-up, it was Carl Williams, whom God had raised up from what appeared to be his death-bed in Phoenix, the Lord called to form our International Club. “It is wonderful to report that membership in that Club has passed the original goal,” he reports, “and is still growing. I intend to spend every day of the years God has added to my life, serving Him, my church, and FGBMFI.” How far—oh, how far—





L to R: Blaine Amburgy, Velmer Gardner, Demos Shakarian, and Frank Foglio enjoy food and fellowship.



Featured at Ladies Luncheon were: L to R, Kathryn Kuhlman, Rose Shakarian, and Dorothy Gray.

has the message been sped through God's use of the Williams family!

As an expression of the Fellowship's appreciation, the International Board, by its member Al Malachuk, presented a plaque to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Williams at Miami.

It was a wonderful convention! It is difficult to tell the whole story, but we will give the highlights and let the photographs tell the rest.

The Convention theme was: "My voice is to the sons of man, unto you, O men I call" (Proverbs 8:4). Demos Shakarian, International President, opened the Convention with a ringing call for greater laymen participation and the use of every communication method available to reach our generation around the world, with the message of Jesus Christ and the power for service through the Holy Spirit. He further stated that plans are being laid to expand Fellowship facilities to include the youth of our land in an even greater measure than ever before.

A very interesting suggestion was made by Dick Mann, owner of a TV



Emil Malik, right, Mayors' representative presents key to the city to local convention chairman, Director Russ Gray.



Director Don Locke leads in prayer for 3 wounded soldiers just back from Vietnam.



Nicky Cruz gives his challenging testimony to a special Youth Rally on Friday night.

mobile unit, who presented a plan for future color TV programs called "Witness—A Laymen's Telecast."

Miami News published a special twelve page tabloid as part of their Wednesday daily publication welcoming the Convention. This section went to over two hundred thousand homes.\*

Bert Carver, Bill Swad, Nicky Cruz, Stephen B. Stevens, and Jack Brown cooperated in the special youth meetings. Scores found Jesus Christ as their Saviour and many received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Over 400 young people attended the Youth Banquet.

Dr. Ray Charles Jarman spoke to the ministers and college students at the Seminar Luncheon where over 200 guests were gathered. Sharing in the panel discussion chairmanned by Dan Malachuk, were: Darrell Hon, David duPlessis, Bernard Mumford, Luther Davidson.

Bernard Mumford of Delaware, graduate student of the Reformed Episcopal Seminary, gave excellent and practical spiritual insights during

the afternoon sessions. Following the discussions a minister and his wife from the Disciples of Christ received the Baptism, and two Roman Catholic Priests expressed great interest and desire in prayer. At the Men's Meeting, where Ralph Marinacci of Pitman, New Jersey, served as chairman, many shared their personal testimonies.

The Ladies' Banquet was an outstanding spiritual success, as more than one thousand women gathered to hear Kathryn Kuhlman of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Truly the Holy Spirit was present in power, even before the Evangelist began to speak. As everyone sang: "He Touched Me," a woman sitting near the back of the large banquet hall was healed of a knee affliction. Then the miracles began — at least six deaf ears were opened, a woman who had suffered spinal trouble and had not been able to bend since birth claimed instant healing. One woman who wore a neck brace was healed. Many instant healings were reported and also confirmed.





Jack Brown speaking to a splendid crowd of young people at the Youth banquet.

Some of the waiters, seeing God moving in such a miraculous way, accepted the Lord. Women literally ran forward to accept Jesus Christ as Saviour.

Following one meeting at which Rev. Hall, an Episcopal Pastor, ministered over sixty-five received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

During one breakfast session Robert Fierro of San Jose, California, challenged the delegates with the need of the literature ministry in South America, and several thousand dollars was spontaneously given by individuals in just a few moments. Rev. Fierro also spoke at the closing rally and, although it was late, hundreds came forward for prayer—*without an altar call being given!* Truly, the Holy Spirit was wonderfully present in Miami International Convention, and it was a great time of victory!

*\*Should any VOICE readers wish a copy of this valuable tabloid section, send 25c to the Fellowship offices, 836 So. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017.*



Scandinavian representatives at the convention were, L to R: A. Boesenbaek, Denmark; Arne Rahbek, Denmark; and Robert Pellen, Sweden.



Among the overseas guest was Chapter President Aubrey Birchall of England.



Don Warren of Big Bear, California, who took part in the Vietnam Airlift, tells of his plans to return with his family to Vietnam. He will establish a service center to minister to our boys.

*by Jerry Schindler . . .*

# *The Priest of*

My desire to become a Catholic Priest was born during my early childhood. My boyhood ambition was to be important and useful. Realizing that what the world needed most was God, and having a Catholic background, it was only natural for me to feel I could best serve by becoming a Priest.

I spent twenty years in Catholic Schools, and twelve years in a Catholic Seminary. I became a Priest. I am grateful for all of those years; but all of this time I was open to Protestant discussions, wanting to learn of their beliefs first hand. Through acquaintance with several Protestant Ministers, in 1965 I was invited to hear David duPlessis speak in Portland, Oregon. He spoke for almost two hours. At the time I didn't fully comprehend the meaning as he talked of the baptism in the Holy Spirit; but he radiated such a great love for God and all mankind, that I went to him after the service, wanting to meet this man whom I felt was a real brother in Christ.

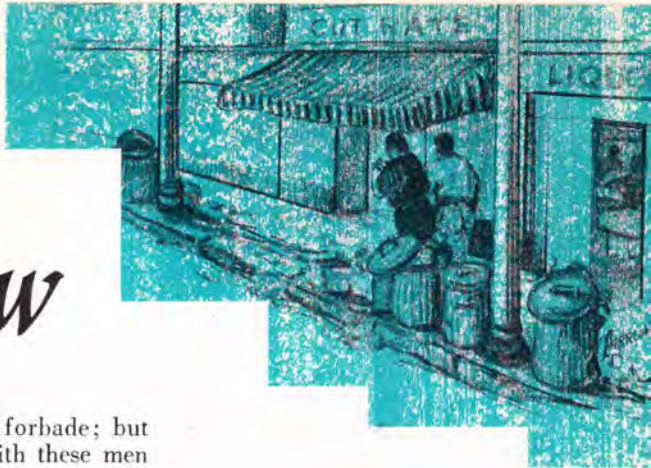
That night I drove home with much thought and seeking in my heart. The next morning I called the Pastor of the Baptist Church where duPlessis

was speaking, and requested an audience with him. We met the following day and over a period of six hours he opened up the scriptures on the baptism in the Holy Spirit in a manner I had never before heard them expounded—even during four years of scripture in the seminary. What I learned in those hours touched a chord deep within my heart that heretofore had never been reached.

Wanting to learn more about this empowering experience, I was led of the Lord to a weekly prayer group of Spirit-filled Ministers. They were from a wide assortment of denominations: Baptists, Lutherans, Quakers, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and many others. As the meeting came to an end I knew that these men definitely had something I did not have. I needed their help, but had been taught that these people, being Protestants, were heretics. Consequently it appeared inadvisable to become fully involved with them. However, God was dealing with my heart, and finally gave me the courage to humble myself. When I expressed my desire for prayer, they were happy to pray with me. Afterward Communion was served. They assured me I need not



# Skidrow



participate if my creed forbade; but I felt such a oneness with these men I did participate to show externally the feeling that was within my heart.

Driving back to my church I felt the Lord's presence in a veiled but wonderful way.

When first entering Seminary, I had told God I was not going to ask Him for a lot of things, but would ask for His one greatest gift—love. That night in the car I experienced the answer to my prayer.


This was tremendous experience, since I had several problems in my personal life and couldn't get away from a terrible feeling of condemnation. That night, for the first time, I felt the burden being completely lifted as God, through His infinite love, forgave and filled me with His Holy Spirit.

From that day my whole theology began to change. It became one of love and service to my brethren. It became deeper, for now I could share with others what God had accomplished in my personal life. God has placed within me a compassion for those who are unable to help themselves. He has given me a ministry on Skidrow, and in the ghettos of the

Portland area reaching the unreachable through the power of a merciful God. He has made me conscious that if the Church is to be successful it must go where the people are, meeting and ministering to them personally on their own level.

Since receiving this incomparable gift, my prayer life has lengthened to several hours daily out of sheer joy, thanksgiving, and praise for the Master. I have learned that to pray in tongues gives one a closer, more intimate relationship with God. My faith has steadily increased, and my prayers are more and more effective. I have, however, become a rather controversial Priest in the Diocese—not because of my experience, but because I speak out boldly and try to be as honest as possible with myself and those with whom I come in contact.

Although I have presently taken a leave of absence from my pastorate, I love the Catholic Church and will never leave it. My desire is to have a small part in introducing my people to the thrill of the Christ-centered, Spirit-filled life.



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# I am Beginning to Live!

by William D. Shepherd

THE DAWN OF THE REALIZATION that there is a God began in 1935, just before my seventh birthday. Our family walked three miles to town from our little 25-acre farm and saw the inspired movie "King of Kings" in the Baptist Church in Henryetta, Okla. On the way home that night, my left leg suddenly caused me to collapse. Subsequent diagnosis: *Tuberculous meningitis*, or "TB of the bone." Prognosis: uniformly fatal prior to the advent of streptomycin (in 1943). Treatment: Complete immobility in an attempt to prevent spreading from the knee and hip to the spine. I lay for six months in a TB Sanitarium with a cast from my waist to my ankles and then walked on crutches for six months and was completely healed. The doctors said that a delay of a few days in the detection would have been fatal, and that complete recovery was a miracle.



My mother and two of my sisters attended a small Holiness church and as a child I witnessed the Spiritual gifts of tongues, interpretations of tongues, and prophecy. They were dismissed from my thoughts as issuing forth from old gray-haired ladies who lived alone and prayed until they had mesmerized themselves.

I grew into manhood, then, believing that religion was either something you had to sacrifice everything you liked to do in order to have, or it was a hypocritical means to a selfish end. Consequently, I began to follow a life patterned after Ecclesiastes 8:15, "Because a man hath no better thing under the sun, than to eat, to drink, and to be merry." The class motto I proposed as president of the senior class in high school was, "While we live, let us live."

While in the Navy after the close of WW II, I had considerable time to read and became interested in astronomy, mathematics, and geology. I was married in 1949, and after another two years in the Navy during Korea, was graduated *cum laude* from the University of Oklahoma with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Geological Engineering. I have been employed by the same major oil company since graduation.

God blessed our marriage with four wonderful daughters, but we somehow could never bring ourselves to praise and thank God for them, nor attend church except on Easter. We sent our children to Sunday School at a nearby Baptist church. During the summer of 1964 my number two daughter (then nine) indicated a

desire to be baptized. We did not let her because we felt that she might be too young or under the age of accountability. Some of the searching questions which she asked, however, started us to thinking, especially when she told us that even though they didn't get down on their knees at church and pray, she had done so in her bedroom and felt like she had received salvation. Through the prayers of this child and some of the other occurrences of the year, the Holy Spirit quickened our hearts as to the need of rearing our children in a church-attending home. We started attending Evangel Assembly in Oklahoma in the latter part of July.

It was in October, 1964, that my wife and oldest daughter (then 14) accepted Christ as their personal Saviour. I was neither agnostic nor rebellious. I was happy for them when I saw the change come over their lives, I cried when they were baptized in water and became members of the church, but I just didn't think that this was for me. I wasn't ready to give up drinking, smoking, bowling with the boys, dancing with the girls, and all the things I believed it necessary to turn loose to *look* like a Christian. But then, in answer to the "effectual fervent prayer" of the whole body of Christ, I became convicted of my sins, one by one, two by two, by the Spirit; not in one vast swoop of remorse or any inborn resolutions. I was playing golf one day and sliced a fairway wood into the trees and ripped out a big curse word, and the Lord knocked me al-



most to my knees. I had been extremely foul-mouthed all my life, beginning when someone thought it was cute at the age of 18 months. I have uttered only two curse words since that day, and then it nearly broke my heart. I was driving home from church one day and one of the men whose hand I had just clasped in supposed Christian fellowship drove around me while I had a cigarette in my hand on the steering wheel. I had smoked two packs a day for 18 years and could not quit, but the next Sunday, Matthew 13:41, Romans 14:21, and James 2:10 caused me to give our pastor my cigarettes and lighter. I haven't wanted a cigarette since! My social drinking had progressed to the point of drinking two or three fifths alone each week. I had tried to stop or taper off because of the expense and the obvious end result of alcoholism, but my will power was already deadened. One morning I woke up at 2:00 a.m. with the words spoken once in my mind, "I have need of thee." I pondered over this first occurrence of the "still small voice" for about an hour, and Ephesians 6:11 came to me, "Put on the whole armour of God." For

some reason this meant to stop drinking, and I praised the Lord for the first time in my life that night. I have not had the slightest desire even for a beer since that night.

I happened to be the chairman of the Company Christmas Dance, and after making all the arrangements and not going, and turning away from the dirty jokes, and refusing many drinks, and grimacing when the many foul curse words rolled, they started calling me Billy Graham at the office. At this time there was a woman at our office whose two year old son had an ear infection caused by infected tonsils. The infection had persisted until the doctors were afraid to remove his tonsils until it was cleared up. They gave him every recognized wonder drug to no avail. They told her on Tuesday, January 19, 1965, to bring him to the hospital the next day to prepare him for surgery.

I became so burdened for that little boy that I went to a revival meeting at church that night to bring his name before the congregation for prayer. I had always stood in the congregation and trembled under the convicting power of the Holy Spirit when

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*William D. Shepherd graduated from the University of Oklahoma with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Geological Engineering and has for the past thirteen years been employed by the Shell Oil Company of Bakersfield, California as Staff Exploitation Engineer. Among his many other activities he is, at the present time, holding the position as Sunday School Superintendent of the Glad Tidings Assembly of God located also in Bakersfield.*



the altar call was made but that night the Evangelist called everyone to stand around the front and then asked everyone *en masse* to kneel where they were. I wasn't going to stand up there in front all by myself, and I wasn't going to run! It seemed like the whole church flocked around me when I knelt down, but I still had not prayed to God. I had done everything in my power to save myself, to no avail. That night after church, alone and in sheer desperation in my bedroom, I called upon the name of the Lord for help. It was then I knew I was saved from a life of sin!

The next morning, I saw the woman with the little boy, and for some unreasonable reason, I told her she didn't have to worry about her little boy anymore, that his ears would get well, and that he would be all right. The next day she called and told me she had thanked God for the first time in years. The doctors had started to prepare her child for surgery and found his ears completely well.

On January 31, 1965, my two oldest daughters were seeking the baptism in the Holy Spirit, and I was sitting back in the pews rather unconcernedly since I wasn't too sure I believed in this "tongues" business. I conceded that God could speak through select, holy prophets today, but for the Shepherd family — impossible! However, my nine year old was so desperately seeking that I began to feel how disappointed she would be when God didn't fill her. I went to her, stood over her and held her hands, and stood on the written

promises. She started talking in the most beautiful language that I have ever heard. I knelt with my arms around her for 15 minutes while she praised God in words that man has never spoken nor can repeat, much less my nine year old daughter. About that time my 14 year old was baptised in the Spirit and began to speak in other tongues.

I began seeking for the baptism in the Holy Spirit, mostly at home since I wanted to keep from making a spectacle of myself. One night the Lord spoke to me and said, "Thou canst not do this thyself; thou must love the Lord thy God in thy heart, but thou must also love thy brother." I realized that there were a few people I was associated with that I didn't particularly like. I began to go out of my way to be nice to them, and it was amazing how much nicer they became! One night I was crying and begging the Lord to fill me, He said, "Thou canst not beg that which I would freely give." The Lord continued to burn up the chaff in my life, and I became so hungry that I lost all care of what people might think. I prayed, "Lord, fill me on main street and let them carry me off to jail, but just fill me!" Finally, He had the house swept and garnished, and on April 16, 1965, during a revival meeting, the Lord took me by the right hand and led me straight into His bosom.

The past year and a half has been the most blessed of any period of my life. I can hardly remember the unimportant part of my life before I found Christ.



## WHAT HAPPENED AT BAYVIEW?

*Continued from Page 7*

I ever thought possible in the church, with denominational committees, etc. I was enjoying financial prosperity beyond that of many ministers my age. The Lions Club, and the Country Club were open to me for friendship and recreation. But all these things, as attractive as they may have been, could not satisfy that strange outcry of my soul for more spiritual nourishment.

Our building contractor one day handed me a copy of Charles Finney's autobiography. The power therein revealed awed me. His prayer life shamed me, and his testimony challenged me. He stated in the book that as he was worshipping God the Holy Spirit came over him like waves of liquid love and he said he fairly belled the unutterable gushings of his soul. This I did not understand.

Shortly after reading this book, I learned that Ken Sumrall, a friend with whom I had attended Seminary, was asked to leave his pastorate because he had "gone Holy Roller." Not Ken, I thought to myself! Why, that guy has two Masters Degrees.

A few weeks later I received the news that Ken was holding a revival in another Southern Baptist Church in Mobile. We had been such good friends, I decided to go and see if there was any truth in what was said to have happened to him. When I arrived at the church Ken, who was standing in front, threw his arms

around me and gave me a vigorous hug. This was something we Southern Baptists had never done, so I thought whatever it was, he must have gotten it. But, you know, during that revival there were more people converted than ever in the history of the church.

Sensing that the change in Ken's life might also be what I was seeking, I expressed my desire to learn more about it. He suggested that I attend a prayer group meeting in Pensacola - sixty miles away. His reports of these meetings sounded much like that of which Mr. Finney had written, so I hastened to attend one. The first meeting seemed strange — hands being lifted, informality and spontaneity of expression. However, the confirming scriptures and the Holy Spirit's presence could not be denied. The second visit to that prayer group meeting found me alone in a corner of the room being filled and overflowed with a blessing that seemed greater than I could possibly have room to receive. Praises gushed from my lips like a pent up flood suddenly released. Onto heaven's beaches an ocean of joy flooded from my soul. A new language began to stammer awkwardly from within, then it flowed from my soul's depths in gentle praise.

Things began to take place in our church. Week by week all past records were broken. Attendance increased. The budget was exceeded by \$7,000.00 for that year. More people were born into God's kingdom than ever before. Soon a regular Saturday evening prayer group was begun in earnest. Now it has become our

Charismatic service often attended by 100 to 150, where the gifts of the Holy Spirit are not only sought, but are manifest in power. Other Bible study and prayer groups have been formed. People are daily present in the prayer room for meetings varying in purpose and approach. Bible study and prayer, guided by the Holy Spirit, provides the format. Well over 150, from all denominations and backgrounds, including a number of pastors, have received the precious infilling of the Spirit. Nearby towns and states are frequently represented among those in prayer. New groups for all ages are being formed.

God has blessed, filled, and prospered our church. Not only that, he has kept us in the Association. A few months after this move of the Holy Spirit began, I was attending a Conference at the Louisville Seminary. While there God impressed me to witness to a certain Professor. As I told him of my experiences in the Holy Spirit tears ran down his face. He said, "You couldn't have known this, but I was with my brother thirty-five years ago when he received this experience — I know it is real." Six months later our church came up before the Association for the second time awaiting a decision as to whether or not we would be allowed to stay in the Southern Baptist Convention. However, before it was to be voted upon, one of the leading pastors decided to call someone for advice regarding this Charismatic Renewal which was taking place at the Bayview Baptist Church. Out of six seminaries, and ten million Baptists

he called the one professor God had impressed me to witness to asking his opinion. This professor stated that he knew, without doubt, the Holy Spirit was of God, and suggested the Association do nothing towards the dismissal of our church from the organization. In the next meeting this man stood and delivered to the board what he had learned. When it came to a vote we were accepted two to one.

The work is continuing to blossom and bear precious fruit. Another full time Pastor, John Duke, Jr., has been added to our staff, a T.V. program has been established, and other ministers serve with us for seasons of training and assistance. The youth of our church has been wonderfully affected. These young people have found the power to transform their lives into transmitters of Divine life.

1967 finds us laboring with the sister churches of our denomination, and with other denominations, to bring Christ to the world. The past ten years represent a decade of development. New and extraordinary discoveries in the realm of God's Holy Spirit have enlarged our ministry. We have discovered that laymen-believers can minister the Divine life of Christ to heal, deliver, or fill, as the need may be. The result is exciting and tremendous. Scarcely a day goes by without at least one being healed of disease in answer to believing prayer, saved from iniquity, or filled with God's Holy Spirit.

God only knows how many people have been touched through the lives of these who have known the power of the Holy Spirit.





**VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA REGIONAL—Sept. 29-Oct. 1, 1967**

Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C., Canada

Accommodations: \$10 singles; \$14 twins; \$2.50 for each extra person. No charge for children under 14. Speakers: Rev. Jack Pitt, Earl Prickett, Dennis Bennett, Phil Gaglardi, Don Osborne, and Bernice Gerhard, Rev. John Costas.

For further information contact: Mr. Bill Scott, 355 Gorge Rd. W., Victoria, B.C.

**NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. REGIONAL—October 5-7, 1967**

Statler Hilton Hotel, 7th and 33rd Streets, New York City

Accommodations: \$11 singles; \$15 doubles; \$19 twins. Speakers: Testimonies of prominent businessmen, church leaders, and professional men. For further information contact Mr. Simon Vikse, 84 Gansevoort Avenue, Staten Island, N.Y. 10314

**KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI REGIONAL—October 5-7, 1967**

Plaza Inn Motel, Main at 45th Street, Kansas City

Accommodations: \$14 singles; \$18 doubles; \$3 for each extra person. Children under 12 years will be given free accommodations when accompanied by adult in same room. Speakers will include Demos Shakarian, Samuel Doctorian, Royce Beckett, and many other outstanding laymen and ministers.

For further information contact Mr. Bill Norwood, P.O. Box 5072, Kansas City, Mo.



*When God sought a man to lead His people out of bondage, He did not call a king, or silver-tongued orator. From the backside of the desert He called a shepherd—yet he and no one else, like the host that blazed encircled before him, and said, "Go, and I will be with thee." At unity as God gave Moses divine direction. He empowered Demos Shakarian, a California daredevil, with spiritual insight to lead Christian businessmen in the twentieth century.*

# You've been waiting for...

**The Shakarian Story** on LP Microgroove HI-FI record or tape. Hear Demos tell in his own inimitable style the story of the Russian Revival when 1,000,000 were filled with the Spirit, the preservation of the lives of thousands of Armenians from massacre through divine utterance (articulated and written), his personal healing of deafness and the infilling of the Holy Spirit, his sponsorship of revival meetings attended by 1,500,000 people, his personal encounter with Dr. Charles Price who shared with Demos what God revealed to him concerning the laymen's revival and the deliverance ministry of the last days, the cumulative effect of a desperate spirit, a hungry heart, a needy world, and a yielded life resulting in the open heavens and the vision of FGBMFI. Demos closes his chat with a resume of the past (beginning and growth), the present (development and spread), but most of all the future with its challenge of **HORIZONS UNLIMITED.**

This album is available free for a donation of \$10 given toward helping send VOICE to Vietnam for our servicemen. Over 350,000 copies have been sent to more than 300 chaplains along with 1000 New Testaments and 1000 whole Bibles plus 1000 copies of "The Cross and the Switchblade."

All proceeds and donations go in their entirety to the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship and its world-wide, life-line outreach.

Send your gifts to FGBMFI, 836 South Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California 90017.





# The "Long"

## Road by Jack Long

**T**HESE WORDS I write for the glory of the Lord—proud, yet ashamed —Proud, if this testimony can help guide someone to Salvation and the infilling of the Holy Spirit — Ashamed, as anyone who has been entangled with the law — Ashamed, as any father should be, to say his son has been in a correctional school be-

cause he followed in his father's footsteps.

At an early age my life turned to crime. At 15 I was making my living by bringing in liquor from a state where alcoholic beverages were legally sold, and disposing of it in a "dry" state. By the time I was 16, it was narcotics. At the age of 18 I wanted

my own aircraft, so I could fly narcotics and alcohol from areas where they were most available. So I had an airplane — several of them.

I did not turn to this kind of life because I was poor or came from a poor home and needed money. I didn't even have that excuse, because I came from a family that was substantially well-to-do — not in the millionaire bracket, but comfortably fixed financially. I did these things because I was unable to find what something inside me longed for — because I felt driven to grasp for power so I could feel security — to grasp for money and more money because it meant power — to search for excitement and noise and constant movement because it made me forget that my heart was empty and longing for something I could not find — and it took so many years to find it!

Many times I have been arrested, and with each such experience there has been a hardening of my heart that caused me to come out of jail even more dedicated to unlawfulness. I was not personally involved with what we think of as the "hard crimes," but knew of many, and did associate with some of the known criminals. I did know, or could have known, the particulars of most any crime in the area. I will not attempt to tell any crime stories, though there are blood-curdling stories that could be told of today's crimes and criminals; but I have no intention of advertising the devil's business. All those poor, deluded people need is the help that God alone can give.

Thank God for the saints who reached over the line to tell me, a sinner, about Jesus, and to grab my hand and pull me across to the Lord's side!

My seventeen-year-old son, who lived with his mother in Houston, was convicted and sentenced to Federal Correction School in Colorado. Even that did not stop me until my last "arrest" — the time God's Holy Spirit stopped me dead in my crooked tracks and invited: "Son, come home to the Father."

Every transformation has to begin somewhere. I am sure God has His watchful eye on us long before we are aware of it. Mine consciously began on March 14, 1964, at a FGBMFI meeting to which my wife and I had been invited by a doctor friend and his wife. It was not until we arrived, that I stopped to consider just how vague the description of that meeting had been. I understood there would be some food and some outstanding speaker would be there. That was all we really knew, except that most of the men were business and professional men. It was not until I looked down those long white tables that I knew I had been "roped in" because there was *not one ash tray in sight!* (And I was a three-pack-a-day smoker, even waking at night to smoke practically every hour!)

The food was good, the company friendly. Kermit Bradford was the speaker. He is an attorney. My stomach turned over! My recent past had given me all the experience I ever wanted with attorneys! But he





Jack Long confirms from personal experience: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

gave a tremendously powerful testimony — so powerful in fact, that at the meeting's close my wife accepted Jesus as her Saviour.

I never experienced anything like it! I wouldn't have gone to a church — wild horses couldn't have dragged me to church! But here was a bunch of *business men* talking earnestly about the Lord — and I was deeply impressed. In fact, I was shaken — but not quite won over. However, after that meeting I began to feel I should give up smoking because it now seemed unclean. My first day without a cigarette was a day to remember! I walked, prayed, tried sleeping, called my wife on the phone several times and talked at length, trying to gain strength from her. How often I reached for a smoke and Satan said, "Just one won't hurt

you." I knew this was only another of Satan's lies. By the help of God I made it through that first day. The second day was different. Talk of joy, peace, and contentment! I had it! I awakened with all desire for tobacco erased as though it had never existed, and I felt clean inside. Only God can do this!

The following day, under the ministry of Brother Kenneth Hagin, I found my way to the altar. That same night my wife and I were filled with the Holy Spirit, with Bible evidence. My heart was softened. Even though it has taken time to pay my debt to society (for in 1964 I was still on probation, which has now been completed), I marveled at how quickly Jesus forgives and how rapidly He rehabilitates the hardened heart. The Jesus who lives within people im-

mediately came into my life. And in a matter of three months, my pastor had me in a Sunday School class teaching little children about Jesus. I had not loved little children before. I hadn't really loved people at all. They were nothing but stepping stones to get from one place to the next, until God touched my heart and the Holy Spirit softened it.

On March 19, 1964, at a week-long meeting of Spirit-filled people from various denominations, a member of the FGBMFI from Denver acted as Master of Ceremonies. After the meeting, I asked him if he would go see my son if the opportunity should arise, since he was located near Denver. He assured me my son would be contacted, either by him or by some other Spirit-filled FGBMFI member. It was only a few days later I received a wonderful letter from a real estate broker who was a Gideon worker, and had volunteered to make the call. He stated he had more than a two-hour visit with my son, and that even in his confinement, the boy had accepted Salvation. A Bible was left with him, and in the back there was a statement that "this day I did accept Christ as my Saviour," dated March 26, 1964, and signed by my son.

In less than thirty days, the Lord changed my home from restlessness and rebellion into a home of peace. God reached half way across the nation to touch the heart of my son with the same peace and joy. At this writing, we have both paid our full debt for our days of rebellion.

Oh, yes, there were some things the Holy Spirit told me I must straighten

up. There was that airplane. I had purchased it with money that was not exactly honest. So, between the Lord and me, we sold that plane and gave the money to the Lord's work. However, it was only a short time until the Lord came along with a plane twice the speed of the one I had, and we are using it to go around and tell the story of Jesus!

Sometimes I run into those with whom I associated in the past. Their question is always the same: "Don't you miss the thrills and the pleasure of the old life?" There is no use telling you I never had any fun in the world, because I did; but there was also a lot of sadness. There was a sickness in my heart. There was never any really true satisfaction. I was always looking back over my shoulder. I didn't know about Galatians the fifth chapter then. No one had told me about the things we ought to desire — love, peace, and joy. No one told me that the first part of that chapter said that these were the fruits of the Spirit. And all the time I was searching every avenue from Market Street in San Francisco to Fifth Avenue in New York City, looking for those very things! And I finally found them in Christ.

My son has had the same happy experience. He is home now, and he is also filled with the Holy Spirit. The reason we do not miss the old things is that we have traded hell for Heaven, sadness for joy! I can't tell you the thrill that goes through my whole body and soul when I compare what I have now with what I had yesterday!





## FGBMFI CHAPTER REPORTS

### *Bakersfield, California*

"It is with much enthusiasm and gratitude that we report an ever increasing interest for our Fellowship among Historic Church Members. A City Official, who is Chairman of Deacons for one of Bakersfield, California's largest American Baptist Churches, has just received the glorious baptism in the Holy Spirit." So writes Noah E. Albin, Chapter Secretary.

### *Hartford, Connecticut*

Dr. John F. Barton, President; Howard Coolbeth, Vice President; Ben Mazurek, Secretary; and Charles Gipson, Treasurer of the Hartford, Connecticut Chapter report they have, this past season, had an average attendance of 100. "Several have been healed and several have been blessed with the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Our meetings have been wonderful - manifesting the power of God."



**Members of the Bakersfield, California FGBMFI Chapter receiving Charter from International President, Demos Shakarian.**



From left to right; Charles Gipson, Treasurer; Howard Coolbeth, Vice President; Ben Mazurek, Secretary; and Dr. John Barton, President of the Hartford, Connecticut Chapter of FGBMFI.

### *Nappanee - Goshen, Indiana*

In May of this year, International Director Henry Carlson presented the official Charter to our Chapter. Our newly elected officers are: Bill Stutzman, President; Dave Miller, and Deron Fingerle, Vice Presidents; Eli Schmucker, Secretary; and Carlyle

Chupp, Treasurer. Our first meeting was held in March 1964, with 120 present. Since that time God alone has record of those who have received salvation and those who have been touched by the power of the Holy Spirit.

### *Covina, California*

Not having time to secure another speaker after receiving word our planned one would not be able to make our last meeting, we prayed that God would send someone to minister to us. He did just that. Jewel Rose, International Director, drove from Shafter, California especially for our meeting which was held in the Covina Bowl. As he spoke to the 350-400 people attending the Spirit of God was very present. The conclusion of the meeting found many receiving Christ as Saviour, and the fullness of the Holy Spirit as well as several who received physical healing. "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad."

## *Keep in touch!*



Your new 1967 FGBMFI Chapter Directory is just off the press. It lists all chapters, state and city, name and address of each chapter president, with time and place of meeting. This Directory will serve so many good purposes, we know every chapter, as well as individual members, will want a copy. Order from FGBMFI International Hdqs., 836 So. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90005. Price: \$1.00 each.



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# CONVENTION SCHEDULE

## **VICTORIA, B. C. REGIONAL**

Sept. 29 - Oct. 1, Empress Hotel

Bill Scott, Local Chairman

355 Gorge Rd., W. Victoria, B.C.

## **KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI REGIONAL**

Oct. 5-7, 1967

Bill Norwood, Local Chairman

P.O. Box 5072, Kansas City, Missouri

## **NEW YORK CITY, N. Y. REGIONAL**

Oct. 5-7, 1967, Statler Hilton Hotel

Simon Vikse, Local Chairman

Box 355 G.P.O. N. Y., N. Y. 10001

## **NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE REGIONAL**

Oct. 26-28, 1967, Dinkler-Andrew Jackson Hotel

Hoyt Elliott, Local Chairman

P.O. Box 96, Nashville, Tennessee

## **SOUTH AMERICAN AIRLIFT**

November 1-18, 1967

Contact Albert D'Arpa for details

2321 W. Columbus Drive

Tampa, Florida 33607

# PLAN TO ATTEND

