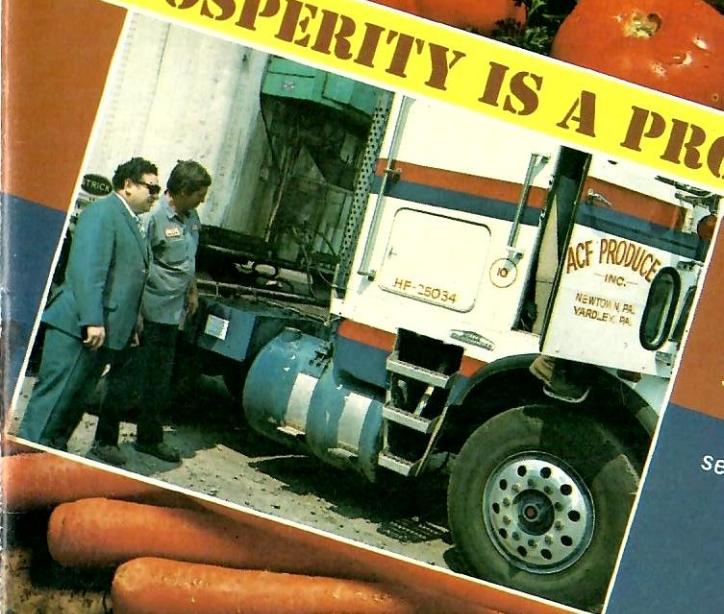


FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S
VOICE

MARCH 1974

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PROSPERITY IS A PRODUCT



The
**ANGELO
FERRI**
Story

see page two

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

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OUT IN THE COUNTRY where I lived as a boy in Bristol, Pennsylvania, we didn't go to school when it rained; they gave us the day off. I was six years old when on this particular rainy day I was at home helping Mother remove the dirty water from the washing machine. This was before the invention of the automatic pump.

I had gotten two milk bottles to fill with water and carry out to the sewer. Mother said, "No," but I stubbornly refused to obey. When she went upstairs, I put on a pair of out-sized overshoes, filled the bottles and walked up the concrete stairs.

Just as I reached the top step, which was wet, I slipped and fell. The milk bottles shattered beneath me, cutting my face and one arm down to the bone. The neck of the bottle in my left hand punctured my stomach. I was rushed to the hospital, where I lay for nine months, undergoing operations and plastic surgery.

"His delight is in the law of the Lord . . . ; and
whatsoever he doeth shall prosper." Psalm 1:23

PROSPERITY IS A PRODUCT

by ANGELO C. FERRI

Owner and Operator, ACF PRODUCE CO., INC., Newtown, Pennsylvania
International Director, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship

By age seventeen I had undergone over twenty-three major operations at the hands of some of the finest doctors in the land, such as Dr. Raddin from the University of Pennsylvania who came to fame as physician to President Eisenhower. In spite of my personal problems, however, powerful answers to prayer were not infrequent in my family. My parents were born-again, filled-with-the-Spirit Christians from an old Italian Pentecostal church.

After much illness, as well as being an only child for sixteen years, I had developed a "complex"—a word we use as an excuse for wanting to have our own way. Never having been a Christian, I prided myself in traveling with a group of men far better off in money and the good things of this world than I. Mother and Father were praying, wanting to extend themselves to me, but I would not let them.

One night a friend and I were com-

ing home from New York City. I was then nineteen. We caught the train to Trenton, but missed the last bus to Bristol. It was past midnight, so for the first time in my life I hopped a ride with two men in a passing car. When we came into Bristol the traffic light was red at the corner where we wanted to get off. I asked, "Would you let us out here? We appreciate the ride."

The driver told us, "No, you're not getting out of the car."

I nudged my friend Vince. We had been together enough to know what the other was thinking. I had learned to play with a knife at school and could open a switchblade as fast as anybody. (We threw them at trees, not at each other.) I signaled Vince and took my little pen knife out. It was sharp as a razor. At the next traffic light the man slowed down but still wouldn't let us out. One more traffic light and again he refused. I put



1. Angelo Ferri's company handles all fresh and frozen produce, and all meats. Food is brought directly into the yard by train, then trucked to restaurants and other commercial customers. 2. ACF PRODUCE CO's annual 7-figure business is done mostly by telephone, where a man's word is backed by his character and reputation. 3. Leaving the business in the care of his capable wife, Mary, "Ang" is ready to leave for Rome in the company of another Italian, Frank Foglio, San Diego real estate developer, and Dr. Raymond Becker, Editor of VOICE. There plans

my arm around his neck, the knife to his stomach: "If you move it will go in!" They hesitated, wondering what to do. By that time we had opened the doors and taken off running.

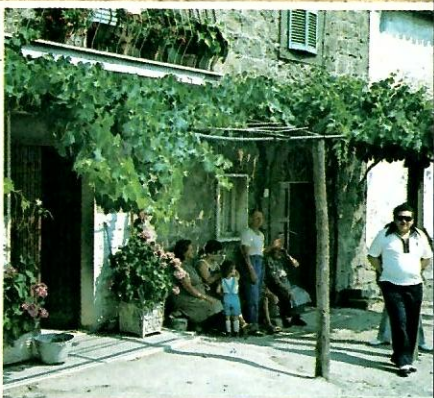
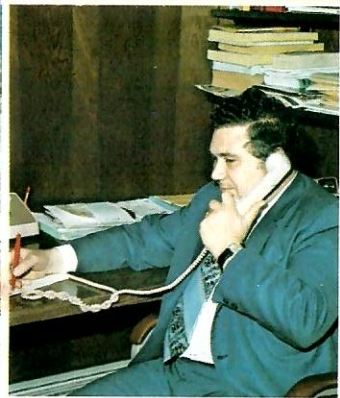
Vince went to his home and I went to mine. It was 5:00 in the morning. Surprised when my father met me at the door, I asked, "Dad, what are you doing up this early?"

"We are waiting for you. Come into the kitchen; your mother is crying and rather upset." In the kitchen I asked Mother what was wrong but she didn't say a word. Instead Dad took the controls: "Son, this will be the last time you'll have to make this decision. From this day forward you will either straighten up your messed-

up life and get right with God or you will have to leave this home."

My folks had invited me to church casually but never really put their foot down before. They had always pampered me out of fear that I would get excited or upset and have to go into the hospital again. I made the mistake of answering the wrong way: "I'll start paying you board as of this week." In an old-line Italian home that is one thing a son *never* says.

Father's reply was stiff: "The hotel is on the corner of Mill and Radcliffe. That's where you'll go pay your board. But as long as you live here you're my son and I will feed and clothe you. If you feel any responsibility toward this home, fine. If not,



would be formulated for a Full Gospel Business Men's European-Rome Conference in September of this year. 4. Eighty miles from Rome, American-born Angelo Ferri inquires concerning his uncle whom he has never seen, and who lives on the same property where Angelo's father and grandfather were born. When Angelo saw him, he was amazed at the man's resemblance to his departed father.

well, we're taking care of you now and we'll continue to do so. But I want your answer today."

"I want to think about it." I went up to my room, stretched across the bed and lay there all day Monday and all that night, never even changing clothes.

Tuesday morning Mother called: "Are you going into the shop today?"

"Call them up and tell them I'm sick." Instead of having a formal education I had served an apprenticeship as a pattern cutter for ladies' fur coats. I learned the skills quickly and had even worked on the first all-white Russian mink coats made in this country.

Mother stood firm: "No, I cannot

lie for you. *You* call them up and tell them." I didn't call and neither did she. Again all that day I lay in my room.

About 6:15 that evening the telephone rang and a cousin asked to speak to me. "Tell her I don't want to talk to her," I said. Fifteen minutes later her brother phoned but I wouldn't speak to him either. An hour later she called again and told Mother she *must* talk to me. God was just about at the end of putting up with my nonsense. "All right, I'll talk to her" I replied, picking up the extension in my bedroom.

"Ang, I want you to come to church with me tonight," she said.

During the thirty-six hours I had

been lying in my room God had been dealing heavily with me. Everything I had ever done or thought, every word I had ever said, all came back to torment my memory. "What time will you pick me up?"

I can still recall distinctly everything I wore to church that night—a pair of chocolate colored slacks with small checks, a grey shirt with a maroon stripe in it, a maroon tie and a brown and white jacket. Only one thing the preacher said stuck in my mind. It was that many people are like the farmer who borrowed the log chain from his neighbor and forgot to thank him for the use of it. My mother and father had done so much for me. And Christ had kept me with a sound mind and body in spite of my being attacked by much sickness. But I had never gone back to thank God, my parents, or anyone else.

The pastor concluded and gave an altar call. I didn't move. "Why don't you go forward and give your heart to the Lord?" my cousin asked.

"No," I told her. She asked me again but the answer was the same. She asked me a third time. I finally yielded. We went to the altar of this old church and knelt on the dusty pine board floor. The lint rolling out of the hot air heater was blowing all over my beautiful sport outfit but it didn't bother me. My pride was already beginning to break. I intended to follow my cousin Rose in a prayer of faith when—boom!—I fell over flat on the

dirty floor. They loosened my collar and belt. I could hear people praying but was unable to answer; *the Lord was performing spiritual surgery* on me. All of a sudden I jumped up and began praying in tongues, glorifying God as the Holy Spirit gave the utterance. *Jesus had both saved my hardened soul and baptized me with His Holy Spirit!*

More rejoicing followed than anyone would have guessed. I went through the congregation picking up men and ladies, hugging them and saying, "Forgive me."

Looking at the dirt and lint on my clothes brought back the memory of a day when Mother had pressed that same shirt but left an overlap in the collar. I had rumbled it up and thrown it at her rudely: "If you can't iron any better than this I'll take it down to the Chinese laundry." Mother was the last one in the building I went up to. She is a tiny 4'11". With a big squeeze I thanked her, then picking her up and hugging her, went home.

I had only been a Christian a few months when Mary and I met; two years later she became my wife. It was during this time that I accepted a job at Roman Hass Chemical Company, later learning that my former associates in the fur industry had been taken to prison for their communist affiliations. Advancing quickly, I soon became supervisor. But it was the realization that without a college sheepskin hanging on the wall

this would be the end of my promotions with big industry which prompted me into an independent business with a partner. In only a few years the company prospered until some two hundred employees were on the payroll.

FLASH! The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International will hold a momentous **European-Rome Conference, September 14-29, 1974**, with Angelo Ferri as Chairman. "Teams of witnesses will fly to Rome via Alitalia Airlines," he reports, "then minister throughout Italy for 8 days, returning to join Spirit-filled laymen from other countries in an unprecedented 3-day Conference in Rome." For further information, write to: Angelo C. Ferri, P.O. Box 182, Newtown, PA 18940.

My wife and I were very happy in those years. Although we were never blessed with children of our own we were instrumental in almost completely caring for thirteen boys. As active churchgoers we were able to contribute several thousand dollars each year to church, missionaries, and the Bristol and Philadelphia area FGBMFI chapters. All was going smoothly when Mary and I left town on our first vacation in five years. Upon our return, the picture was not so encouraging.

During the period of financial reversal that followed, we were disappointed that all too many Christians pointed their fingers, saying, "You're

not right with God. There's sin in your life." But God's Word says that because of Jesus' blood our sins are washed away and our names written in His book of life. He ever lives to make intercession for us, and to set the captives free. Before I was saved I was a prisoner of the devil, doomed to eternal hell. But when I invited Jesus to become my Lord and fill me with His Holy Spirit I became a child in the family of God and a joint-heir with Christ. We owed hundreds of thousands of dollars to people, but the Bible says that a good name is worth much riches. As Mary and I went through the valley of the shadow of death, at times sharing only a candy bar for our "supper," we learned there was no need to fear evil for Christ was right there beside us.

Whenever I would rationalize and ask, "Lord, *why?*" Mary would admonish me, feeling we should not allow the failures of the past to condemn us. But I would persist, "Lord, I have to know why. Tell me where to go. What do we do?" The answer God spoke to my heart so upset me that I ended up in St. Luke's Children's Hospital with a complete nervous collapse.

The doctor began a series of treatments but all to no avail. Though they tried to sedate me I continually screamed out with pain. On Friday, after being beside me six days and nights, Mary went home. There, quiet-

(Continued on page 16)

"THE BIG TIME"



by RAY MOSSHOLDER

THE BEAUTIFUL Sacre Coeur Church in Paris, France sits high on a hill overlooking Montmartre, the artist's quarter. Every evening searchlights are turned on to reflect dramatically from its white marble while in front stand two silent bronze statues of men on horseback with sabres drawn.

But inside it's the "Church of the Frigidaire," cold and unaware of Jesus. As evidence of this the international nomads and hippies gather on the 200 steps which lead straight down from its entrance to take drugs, "do their thing," mill around and beat bongos all during the night.

One Sunday evening in the winter of 1971 I was observing this scene when a German philosophy professor heard me thinking out loud. I'd said, "If only they knew Jesus this wouldn't be happening." He turned around and said, "You know, there is no truth."

"Is that the truth?" I asked.

"What I am saying is there are no facts."

"Is that a fact?"

He persisted: "But there is no right or wrong."

"Well, you're either right or wrong about that!" I countered.

This brought him around to the same nutshell of existentialism I hear on every college campus. He intended to finish me off: "There are no absolutes!"

I couldn't resist. "Are you absolutely sure?" I asked. Then I directed

him into a conversation about the Eternal Absolute, Jesus Christ.

I hadn't always believed in Christ so strongly. In 1966 while working as a rock and roll disc jockey for a 5000-watt station in Pittsburg, California I encouraged listeners to "dig it in with Barry Flynn, baby." Then five minutes before each hour I would introduce myself and come on with another voice: "This is Ray Moss-holder with the news." Playing a double role came easily because I had learned to be a chameleon in any situation, reflecting the rest of the crowd.

In church I appeared tremendously pious but in reality Christ had no control over my life. Not only did I host a "battle of the bands" in Vallejo—a sort of musical civil war—but at home my wife and I had our own hot battle raging, a not-so-civil war.

My first acquaintance with Jesus had been during elementary school when a woman from Christian Released Time Education taught us the Bible stories using a flannelgraph. For memorizing and reciting John 3:16 in her class I won a huge pencil. Up until the age of 30 that seemed to be all of Jesus I needed or wanted. But that teacher had laid a time-release foundation in my life, for from my very first prayer Jesus' hand was upon my heart. Many years I struggled to be rid of that foundation

but it would not be moved.

Rebellion was a way of life on through my teen years. A very close friend at age sixteen was Anita. She often invited to me to go to church with her and I repeatedly turned her down. One Sunday while she and her brother Jerry were on their way to worship services a tragedy happened at a railroad crossing so that an approaching train caught their front bumper. She grabbed for Jerry but instead was thrown out of the car directly into the train's engine.

It was a moment of great shock to me when I realized someone could die at age sixteen. The imminent threat of death brought me to the First Baptist Church in San Jose that evening with Jerry. All the turmoil of the day was going on inside me. I wasn't really listening to the message but at its close fairly ran down from the balcony to the altar. I prayed a prayer after the pastor and when I stood up my friends grabbed me and said, "Congratulations, you're a Christian now."

Well—was I or wasn't I? At any rate I began to "church" regularly even though I wasn't conscious of Jesus as the Lord of lords. My vision of Christ was so dim.

My twenties were restless years. Even though I may have been a Christian I was so caught up in sin that I couldn't see a way to get free. Jesus tried to minister to my heart but I continually blocked what He wanted

to do. During this time I graduated from Pepperdine College in Los Angeles, met and married my wife Arlyne and taught high school three years in Hawthorne, California. The following year I enrolled in seminary for what turned out to be one of the worst periods of my life—it was completely unnerving to think theologians were attempting to dissect Jesus, and trying to learn the Greek language was dissecting me. Finally one night I threw my books on the floor and stormed around the city of Pasadena for seven hours shaking my fist at God. My wife had supported me financially through that whole year. I really thought God had made a fool of me. Four years later I was very grateful for God's incomprehensible mercy toward me.

The next three years I was back teaching high school, this time in northern California, when suddenly the opportunity came to enter the rock music industry. I seized the chance and was soon fully caught up in playing the role of a glib rock and roll disc jockey.

Before long word came that the Family Radio Network in San Francisco needed a news-director. I became the thirteenth person to audition for them. After finishing the voice tape I was told by the station manager, "That's the voice. We want that voice. But just one thing—we also wanted a man with at least one year of seminary." Although I had com-



"I taught high school for six years, then I tried my hand at being a glib rock and roll disc jockey under a pseudonym ('Dig it in with Barry Flynn, baby'). The goal I had set for myself, however, was to become a network news director—to really make it in the big time."—Ray Mossholder, founder of NOW (No Other Way) Ministries; evangelist for Church on the Way, Van Nuys, California.

plained endlessly about my year in seminary now I can see this was part of God's doing.

Inwardly I was unenthused about leaving the rock music field for the Christian station. But the attraction of being in the San Francisco radio market swayed me.

In addition to newscasting they gave me a program called *Spotlight on Teens*. For thirty minutes a day, five days a week, my job was to tell teenagers how badly they needed Jesus. Family Radio had no idea I was not a Christian. I knew all the words; I'd been to seminary. The fact that my wife and I fought constantly and I wanted a divorce, was hidden from them. I wasn't trying to be a hypocrite; I didn't understand my own need.

After thirteen months at Family Radio CBS called me one day with a freelance assignment. In Port Chicago, not far from Berkeley, 200 college kids were rioting, lying down in front of napalm trucks and blocking them from coming into port. "We want you to go there and do the exclusive coverage for CBS," I was told.

"I'll be there with bells on," I said. The incident was carried by newscasters all day. When dusk came I received another telephone call from CBS: "We have a job opening. We think maybe you're our man."

"This is finally the big time," I thought, ready to play a trump card in the continuing argument with my wife. The salary they offered was in fantastic figures. I felt I had the job

all sewed up. I walked in the door and said, "We've made it. We've made the big time. We're going to move out of this dump and have everything we ever wanted. You'll have a very famous husband. Aren't you glad you married me?"

"Hello, Judas," was her comment.

"That's a lousy thing to say. What do you mean?"

"For thirteen months you've been saying 'Come to Jesus, come to Jesus.' Now that they offer you the bag of silver you're ready to sell out." To this day my wife does not remember saying that.

It was the sword of the Spirit, the Word of God. Inside I knew I was hollow. Everything in my life had been for myself. I was in no way under Jesus' lordship. Later I was to hear a hippie say, "If God will fit into my bag I'll follow Him." That had been my attitude for all my church years.

That night was a turning point. From then on revolutionary changes began to take place. That weekend I went up into the mountains with Lambert Dolphin, Jr., a research scientist from Stanford University. While he and Dick Hillis, who is president of Overseas Crusades, shared Jesus with several men I sat in stony silence. I listened and realized it wasn't men I needed now, it was Jesus. I didn't have a relationship with Him.

Before they left I said to the man

who owned the cabin, "Would you mind if I borrowed the key? I'd like to stay one more day and pray." He agreed. That night I got down on my knees and said a prayer God wrote indelibly on my heart. Rather than the hypocritical "Dear Jesus, I love you," which I had mumbled for fourteen years, I prayed, "Dear Jesus, I don't even know if you exist. But if you do, 1968 is your year; Lord, you can do anything in it that you want to do. There is only one thing that I ask in return, I want to know without a shadow of a doubt that you're real."

I knew that I could never serve a make-believe God—Christianity would have to be real or it would never work in my life. Jesus recognized that my prayer came out of an empty but honest heart. At that moment He became Lord of my life.

When I went home the most amazing miracle of all had taken place. I loved my wife! Such a love could not have come into me any other way than supernaturally. Jesus had made such a transformation I didn't even recognize myself.

Hank and Rita Thielmann, a delightful couple, were friends of ours from the First Baptist Church in San Jose. In those days Rita had not yet begun her ministry as the Gospel recording artist Indian Princess Pale Moon who now appears with Billy Graham and others. Visiting in their home one afternoon my wife and I

saw an undeniably new vibrance in their lives. We had never seen Christians quite like them. We knew their theological feet were on the ground, yet even though they didn't talk about the Holy Spirit they always glowed with His vitality.

Driving from Santa Rosa afterward back to our house in Pleasant Hill, Arlyne and I were puzzled: "What do you think they have that

Jesus." I knew that my life could never have been transformed if it hadn't been for the Holy Spirit's work within me, thus I always interpreted the term "Spirit-filled" as an implication that someone else thought he had the Holy Spirit while I didn't.

As the Thielmanns shared scriptures like Acts 2, 10 and 19, I began to understand that although the Holy Spirit had entered me when I asked

"I hosted a 'Battle of the Bands' on radio—a sort of musical civil war!"

we don't have? We know Jesus and they know Jesus. What do you suppose this vibrance is?"

That night I called Hank and said, "Would it be possible for us to come and talk to you more about Jesus?" They invited us back the following Friday night.

When we arrived this time an Audrey Mier record was playing songs like, "He Touched me." Although I had never understood the song before, suddenly its words began ministering to me. Soon our host opened the Scriptures and began sharing Jesus.

I might as well say that as a Baptist nothing offended me more than the little phrase "baptism in the Holy Spirit." My whole attitude was defensive: "Look buddy, you keep your 'tongues' and I'll keep my

Jesus into my life, I had never let Him overflow on me. We saw in the Bible that speaking in tongues was a Scriptural pattern and not something people were making up.

The Thielmanns asked if we would like to be candidates for God's further blessing. My wife and I said as one, "Yes, we want it." She was first to be prayed for with the laying on of hands. Suddenly she stood up and left the room. It was my turn to be prayed for. Afterward nothing seemed to happen except that I relaxed. For some reason I thought that if God wanted you to speak in tongues, he'd pull some sort of invisible string down your back and manipulate you like a Chatty-Cathy doll! I didn't realize I would have to do the speaking as the Holy Spirit supplied the
(Continued on page 24)

Chain Reaction

by CHRISTOPHER PRYOR

Job Placement, Auckland, New Zealand

I'M IN THE PLACEMENT BUSINESS in Auckland, New Zealand. One day a man came to see me about placing him in an office managerial position. I wasn't able to help him at the time, and so after a brief interview, he left.

Several days later, while walking home from work at the end of the day, I saw the same man. Although I was tired and did not particularly feel like talking to anyone, the Lord must have just pricked me because I caught up with him and said, "Hello." We started chatting as we walked down the street through the business section to where we would take the ferry, since each of us lived across the other side of the harbor. As we talked and walked, he said, rather suddenly, "*Do you know anything about the baptism in the Holy Spirit?*" Recovering from my surprise I said, "Yes I do—what do you want to know about it?" He said, "My teen-age son has gotten mixed up with a crowd of very strange people and claims to have received

this experience, and we're not too sure about what has happened to him!" Curious, I asked, "Why do you mention this to me?" and was told that as he had sat in my waiting room a few days earlier to inquire about a job replacement, he had read a copy of the Full Gospel Business Men's VOICE magazine and saw that it related to his son's experience. We talked all the way across the harbor on the ferry and arranged to meet later on for further discussion on this subject. Shortly thereafter I arranged for him to come to a prayer meeting presided over by an Anglican priest in our area, and there he received the baptism in the Holy Spirit—he and his wife and his whole family.

This was wonderful and I saw a great transformation in this man—but even more happened. His pastor, a very shy and retiring Presbyterian minister, was encouraged to come to a meeting which the Rev. Graham Pulkingham, an Episcopalian priest from Houston, Texas, held in Auckland. (His testimony is in the



While in Los Angeles on business, Christopher Pryor from New Zealand visited the International Office of the Full Gospel Business Men, where he related this amazing story to the Editor of VOICE.

FGBMFI book, "The Acts of the Holy Spirit Among the EPISCOPALIANS Today.") There hands were laid upon him and he, too, received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. This was not all, for now within this Presbyterian minister's congregation things began to happen. A group of us were invited to come and talk about our experiences, resulting in some Holy Spirit baptisms among the board members and the church membership. I know that many lives have been changed and are now on fire for the Lord.

The man who originally asked me about the baptism in the Holy Spirit later decided to put his fine home on the market, and received exactly what he had asked for it. In looking for another home, he found one he liked but worth thousands of dollars more, for which he lacked the funds. The man that wanted to sell it to him,

said, however, "Look, whatever you get for your other house, I will give you this one for the same price." The property consisted of a very nice home for himself and family, and two apartments which he could rent to others. In addition, the house contained an area much larger than the average rumpus room, where they are now holding regular Saturday night charismatic meetings for young people of all denominations. Forty or fifty attend every week.

When he took over this new obligation, there were higher taxes to pay and all sorts of other additional costs, and he was concerned about this because he was working on a very tight budget. However, one day he came to see me. "I shouldn't have worried," he said. "My boss has given me a raise—and the amount is exactly what I need to cover the additional expenses entailed in the purchase of my new home."

Although there are further stories connected directly with this whole affair, I must tell just this one more. In the Presbyterian church group to which I have referred, there was a lady who had suffered from some leg problems for many years due to having been thrown from a horse when she was a child of twelve or thirteen. She is now in her late sixties or early seventies. This lady came to a charismatic prayer group and received the laying on of hands and a wonderful healing. She had walked

with canes for many years, quite badly crippled. My seventy-seven-year-old mother-in-law, who knew her, had been anti-Christian all her life because of some unfortunate experiences in her childhood. This healing, however, opened the door to my mother-in-law's heart, and last year she too was converted. Now, after a lifetime of bitterness and frustration she has been reconciled with her own family through the love of God.

Remember, all this and more has taken place because a stranger dropped into my business office one day and, while waiting to see me, looked through a copy of VOICE magazine which I had made available on my reading table! ■

PROSPERITY IS A PRODUCT

(Continued from page 7)

ly, God's Word was able to speak faith to her. At 11:00 p.m. she telephoned the hospital and told the floor nurse on duty, "I want you to stop giving all medication to my husband."

"I can't do this," the nurse replied. "Do you know more than the doctor?"

"Certainly not. But I will be there in the morning. In the meantime I will take full responsibility for my husband. I want you to stop all medication." Fortunately the nurse complied.

Saturday morning Mary came into the room with a pastor friend to whom God had given words to deliver

to me. At least fifty other ministers and laymen had also visited, read scripture and prayed with me, but this was the servant God had chosen to use. He said, "Angelo, we don't know why the Lord has allowed this, and we're not going to sit in judgement on anyone; we're just going to pray over what has happened. God has told me that you will leave this hospital in perfect health. You will go back into business and will prosper more than ever before. But when God is taking you up this ladder of success be sweet to the many people you pass, *for when you get to the top, if He would choose to bring you back down that ladder you would again meet the same people and want them to be sweet to you.*"

At that point something happened in my body. The healing hand of God fell upon me and I jumped up shouting, "I'm hungry!"

In the bed next to mine was another Italian whose father-in-law owned the famous Silvie's Italian Restaurant in Philadelphia. He had come to like me because throughout my sickness I had talked to him about the power of the Lord Jesus today. He called the restaurant and had a cab bring down a full course Italian dinner—spaghetti, meatballs, salad and antipasto. He and I sat on the side of the bed and ate all this, in spite of the fact that I hadn't eaten solid food all week. The doctor had even said that I never again would. That after-

noon he changed his mind: "Angelo, you're free to go home." From that day in May 1962 until now I have not even known what it is to go to the doctor or lie in bed sick.

After our reversal in business I felt God speaking to me about the wisdom of owing no man anything. My former partner was eager to file bankruptcy so that his credit would be clean, allowing him to borrow money from the bank again. I forgave this man and pray for him every day, but on the issue of bankruptcy I contested him and won both court cases, believing that no man has the right to own anything in this life and owe another man something.

When the Department of Agriculture heard that I would like to return to business they said we could have a license only if the same farmers to whom we owed money would agree to wipe the slate clean or permit us the opportunity to again do business. In a borrowed car my wife and I, hand in hand, approached each farmer personally. All but one gave an affirmative reply. We went back into business with \$54.00 and a '56 Ford truck which I had wired together to make run.

Our first transaction was to buy fifty bushels of turnips and pack them by hand in our old building. It was autumn but we couldn't afford electricity to run the machines sitting there or oil for heat. When those bushels were delivered to the ware-

house we purchased the next fifty-five and went on. We had agreed that when we bought 100 bushels from the farmers we would give them 10¢ on every package toward the old bill. This continued from June 1962 for seven years, growing and developing.

In June 1969 I made the last payment which was owed to anyone in the trade. My creditor said, "Angelo, Mary, you've worked so hard and we've known and watched everything you've done. The bill's paid in full. Take this \$500 and have a vacation." In the few brief years since then our company, built upon faith and obedience to God's Word, has gone on to become the world's largest potato distributor, handling more frozen potatoes than the next eight largest companies combined. And very recently God has also enabled us to take over the whole steak program of the restaurant chain I do business with.

If it were not for the powerful influence of the Word of God, Mary and I would have no testimony of victory at all. A verse of scripture which I frequently use when telling our story publically is Isaiah 40:31: "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint."

God's promise is for all. Material prosperity and health are His products for all who love and serve Him (Ps. 1:2,3; 3rd John 2). ■

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"Up a Tree"

by JOHN NORDMAN,
Tree Surgeon

I'VE BEEN UP A TREE more than once in my life!

My trade is tree surgery, and I loved it right from the beginning. In fact, before I met Christ I probably loved my work more than anything else in the world outside of my immediate family. This is understandable, for up a tree I was taller than anyone else—and I attracted a lot of attention. This was quite an ego-builder for a fellow who never weighed more than 126 pounds!

I've been "up a tree" in many other ways too—which makes for a rather interesting story, to the glory of God.

My childhood days in Cheboygan, Michigan included among other things, regular church attendance. I still have fond memories of my sister and I singing choruses at the top of our lungs!

As a teenager I felt convicted of sin many times and made repeated trips to the altar after church services, seeking salvation. I even carried my Bible to school and read in my spare time. But no one ever explained about the *keeping* power of God. I was trying to live the Christian life alone—rather than let the Holy Spirit live it through me—and this became very discouraging.

At the age of sixteen, finding it difficult to get along with my parents,



I left home. I also left God behind at that time—or so I thought.

After a hitch in the Navy I was still restless, so for the next few years I traveled up and down the east coast. It was while in Florida that I met the man who taught me how to become a tree surgeon. Eventually I hitch-hiked to Rochester, New York and there fell in love with a wonderful woman. Mary Ann and I married and settled down into a very happy routine.

I came home from work one day very angry, with wounded pride because I'd been sent on a "sissy" job! I told my wife I wanted to quit work and start my own tree outfit. When she asked, "Can we make it?" I confidently answered, "Sure!" Thus it was that "Nordman's Tree Surgeons" was born. We had \$185.00, one chain saw, a new pick-up truck—and a lot of nerve!

For a full year and a half we lived together twenty-four hours of every day—and loved it. We never argued. She was my line handler, lowering tree limbs, loading logs, stacking brush and raking yards. People sometimes hired *me* just to watch *her*! There were times when we worked eighteen hours a day but she never complained. Our business grew fast. Everything was beautiful!

Then one day Mary Ann said, "Honey, don't you think it would be nice if we started going to church?"

No, I did *not* think it would be

nice, but what could I say? She had gone along with me on all my plans, with never a complaint. This was the first time she had really asked me for anything I really didn't want to do. I agreed, half-heartedly, that perhaps we ought to think about it.

The church she picked for us to attend was the local Assembly of God. I must admit that the people there were so friendly they kept attracting me, while the pastor's sermons kept pounding me into the ground! Every Sunday we would discuss the message on the way home. Then one Sunday we were both silent, until she said, "Don't you think it's about time we let God be the head of our home?" I replied. "Yeah, I guess so."

We went home and threw out all our cigarettes—then went out and bought a lot of lifesavers!

We talked to our pastor that afternoon, and made a public confession of faith that evening. My wife was happier than ever! I was happy that *she* was happy; and it was nice to be a "Christian"—except that then the problems started!

I couldn't understand it. Others would testify in church about how God solved all their problems. Then I would get up and tell how I had never had any problems until I asked God to take over my life!

The next few years went by, with more and more time given to our business, and less and less to the

Lord. God blessed us with two sons during this time—even though my wife had been told by a doctor that she could never bear children. But the more God prospered us, the less time I had for Him. The only time I really prayed was when I was faced with a real tough problem.

In the summer of 1971, after the hard struggle to launch the business, the future looked better than ever. "I can finally see daylight! Nothing can stop me now," I said.

But Mary Ann knew that material provision was only a small part of God's overall plan for our lives. She began praying for God to again bring us closer to Him—and suddenly there were problems that we had never counted on.

It seemed at first that I had merely caught a "bad chest cold" that wouldn't go away. The symptoms were particularly bad when I worked outdoors. Weakness would set in and jobs were taking me a long time to complete. Unpaid bills were stacking up and a contract we had been counting on was lost to a competitor. Even so, we had enough work to keep us busy but no energy to get it finished.

Finally I gave in and went to see the doctor. He discovered that I was allergic to cats, horses, cows, feathers, wool—and nearly every kind of tree on the east coast! Pollen from weeds, grass and flowers made me wheeze.

My only recourse was bankruptcy, which I found very hard to accept.

It was a very trying time as God persistently dealt with my soul.

One day Mary Ann felt urged to look up for me all the scriptures concerning the baptism in the Holy Spirit. When a friend from church dropped in my wife told her about it, adding, "I feel John's going to be filled tonight." Our friend replied, "Yes. And when you get to where God wants you to be, John is going to be healed." She didn't know that the Lord had been talking to my wife about our moving to Arizona. When I came home that evening Mary Ann handed me the Bible and a copy of the book, "Face Up With A Miracle" by Don Basham. She told me to read the last chapter. Within half an hour I was baptized in the Holy Spirit and speaking in a new language by my kitchen table.

"Wow!" I thought. "God is so beautiful." I decided I had to make it all up to Him. Three weeks later I had a nervous breakdown. I found out there is no way to repay God; nothing we can do can earn our salvation nor retain it.

After six days in the hospital—a very quick recovery—I was released to go home. We were by that time on welfare. The bankruptcy hearing went by without a hitch; the bank picked up all our equipment and we were in the clear.

Soon God had sent enough work our way to enable us to rent a truck and move to Phoenix, Arizona. Our

children were then one-and-a-half and three years old. We slept in pup tents at night, cooked along the road, and had a marvelous time. God gave us rain in the desert and rainbows through the mountains.

Phoenix gave us a beautiful welcome. The first thing we saw against the night sky was a high, lighted cross. The next day God led us to an apartment that was not even advertised yet. It was at a price we could afford, and we moved in.

I put away my medicine and pills. Yet it was still difficult to believe that my healing had been completed—that I could go back to working with trees. Consequently we were very broke for the next month. Soon we met our first Spirit-filled Christian. Learning of our plight, he gave us the use of his truck for as long as we needed it.

Through a neighbor's chance remark I located the Christian radio station and was led through the men there to a small group of Full Gospel believers. Such a spirit of love and oneness in Christ prevailed that we immediately felt at home.

It was then that some "minor" miracles began.

We were broke. One day we found the second month's rent attached to the back door in cash—and with no explanation. Then I landed a job as a tree surgeon—a very good job—and my allergies didn't act up at all. A scorpion sting was turned into a

miraculous testimony when I didn't even get sick and therefore wasn't forced to lose any time at work.

While up a tree a near-fatal accident happened when a steel cable was flipped into a hot wire carrying about 7,500 volts, and struck me unconscious. When I came to I was numb for a while but soon was able to complete the job I had started before climbing down from the tree. My thumb was bare to the bone where the "juice" had entered, but it healed completely in about two weeks. This became an opportunity to witness to the whole crew, and even the boss had to admit that he had seen God work a miracle.

One day a "boxed" tree weighing nearly three tons tipped over on me, pushing me into the rain-softened ground. I wiggled out from under it with only bruises. As I stood there praising God, an elderly lady bent over with arthritis came up to me. I shared what God had done in my life, and explained that He could do the same for her. Her faith was immediately loosened and she believed God for healing of her arthritis. She walked away like a girl.

Feeling that God was leading me to change jobs I applied for work taking care of the golf courses in a retirement community. While being interviewed I told the boss, "Tree work is only my cover. My *real* job is to share Jesus whenever I can."

He hired me anyway! ■

VOICE ECHOES

Some months ago my husband and I subscribed for VOICE to be sent to us at the Rainbow Motel—eleven copies in all, not counting the personal one that we have been getting for some time.

People come to take the healing baths at Hot Springs Government Bathhouse from all over, and from all walks of life. While they are bathing their way to health, we keep good literature in our cottages for them to improve their minds. These people are of all religions, but so many come to us to talk about your little magazine. We are so very happy about this we wanted to share it with you.

In helping God, He is helping us, for

we find that our "No Vacancy" sign is out continually. As soon as a cottage empties, someone is waiting for it. This had never happened before. I am sending you the page from VOICE with the Six Scriptural Steps to Salvation, which we have signed. We could not carry out our work if we had not first taken these steps for Jesus. He is so good.

J. and L.B., Hot Springs, Mont.

I so much enjoy VOICE magazine, anxiously awaiting it's arrival every month. When it comes I just devour it from cover to cover. Thank you for all the work involved in printing such a Christ-exalting magazine.

K.D., Corvallis, Oregon

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"THE BIG TIME"

(Continued from page 13)

words to my mind—that it's a matter of the Christian's will—with no strings attached!

Big things are promised in God's Word when a believer receives the baptism in the Holy Spirit accompanied by tongues. Among them Acts 1:8 says that we shall receive power to be His witnesses. (This was said to those who had already had the Holy Spirit enter them—John 20:19-22.) And, I Corinthians 14:4 says a believer will be edified, spiritually built up, if he will speak in tongues. Obviously Acts 2:38-39 reveals that this will be for all in the church age. Tongues then, I realized, were important. But I didn't speak.

Because the evening was late we stayed overnight. The next morning I awoke singing songs like "Spirit of the Living God" and other choruses about the Holy Spirit I never before cared for. The day passed smoothly. That evening I drove to San Bruno to speak at a prayer group in a Church of Christ home. Arriving fifteen minutes late, I went right into a prepared three-point sermon outline which could have easily taken no more than twenty minutes. Scarcely had I begun when someone with a question raised his hand. Then another and another. After much time I was thinking, "When I get through answering all these questions there

won't be time to finish the sermon so I'll go home." The meeting had started at 8:15 p.m. and we finally went home at 4:00 a.m.! "Praise the Lord," people were saying as they left. During the evening I had answered questions out of Bible books and chapters I didn't even remember existed: "Oh yes, that's answered over in the Book of Obadiah" I would hear myself saying. I had read the Bible twice through in my teen years. The Spirit of the Lord quickened my mind and was leading us into all truth by bringing me to all remembrance of the things the Lord has said. It was a miraculous night.

Driving home in my little Volkswagen I was giving God all the praise, when unexpectedly rivers of living water flowed forth in words that I did not understand. They came to my mind and I spoke them. But just as suddenly as this praise language had come, my Baptist background also returned in a flash. My first thought was "demons," and I nearly bit my tongue off. Then I thought, "Wait a minute! What demon would bring you this close to Jesus?" I felt like He was touching me; Christ's presence was right there. Nevertheless, I prayed, "God, if this isn't of you then I don't want to do it. Decrease my desire to pray in this unknown language." But the desire only increased and so did the blessing. The Holy Spirit was already fulfilling God's Word through the events of the past

day. Today—as then—I thank my God I speak in tongues. Truly I've been edified.

It was three days before Arlyne told me that when she left the room that Friday night at the Thielmann's it was because she was going to speak in tongues. She'd felt shy and didn't want to "let herself go" until she

"When I glanced at my watch it was 5:50—only ten minutes before my next broadcast. Talk about panic!"

was alone. Now, no longer shy, my wife is sharing Jesus with other women in a teaching ministry too!

God now wanted me to step out into full-time ministry. But I was still caught up with world news. I had a big head about being a news director. Giving out my opinion made me an "expert." God was going to have to break me. His Word is true; the world's word most often isn't. God's got a great sense of humor. He broke me softly. When the noon news broadcast was through there was usually nearly all afternoon to prepare for the evening newscast. But one afternoon God got me busy on other things. When I glanced at my watch it was 5:50—only ten minutes before

the next half hour broadcast. Talk about panic! Frantically I pulled stories off the news machine without even looking at them, trying to quickly sort them into major stories, world events, local happenings, sports, weather and a final joke to close. I saw the word Vietnam and decided that would be the top story. People would want to hear about Vietnam. The red light went on. We were on the air. I introduced myself and began reading, "Pham Lang Dang said today," but got no further. I roared with laughter right on the mike, wondering, "Pham Lang Dang? Who is he? Where did this come from?"

I turned off the mike and continued to roar with laughter. Then God stopped me and said, "Ray, you don't know what you're talking about. Why don't you go out and tell people what you *do* know?" Newscasting was never the same after that. I resigned, keeping the teen program. In the following two years He used me as a director for Youth For Christ, as a chaplain at a home for unwed mothers, as co-pastor of a church and as a part of Teen Life, which in two years had touched over a thousand teenagers.

But my thoughts of dispensationalism were still encumbering God's plan for me. In March of 1970 I deliberately seated myself on the platform of a Kathryn Kuhlman meeting with only one avowed purpose in mind and that was to protect God by ex-

posing this healing phenomenon as an absolute phony and hoax. I was adamant that miracles could not occur outside of the first century. That day I was to see miracle upon miracle. People were raised out of wheelchairs, others were healed of most every known affliction. Kathryn said that day, "Some people believe that salvation is where it begins and ends. Others believe the baptism in the Holy Spirit is where it begins and ends. But there is more, there's more: there's much, much more." How I praise God for her ministry.

Soon I had entered my own time of severe testing. Cancer came into my body. My faith battled with cancer three different times. And three times God removed all of its symptoms without ever having surgery.

Then in November, 1970, on the day after Thanksgiving, I was instructing a Youth With a Mission seminar on campus witnessing strategy in southern California when a lady telephoned for help. "Ray, there is a man dying of cancer in Studio City. Would you go and pray for him?" she asked. Reluctantly I agreed. But after walking into his house and being introduced to a lady that supposedly was his wife, I couldn't believe the pitiful sight. Cancer is a brutal killer. Weighing less than a hundred pounds and whiter than the sheets he was on, this man had been throwing up blood all day. The odor was hideous. I looked for

an exit. My faith wasn't very strong then and it seemed as if last rites would be more in order.

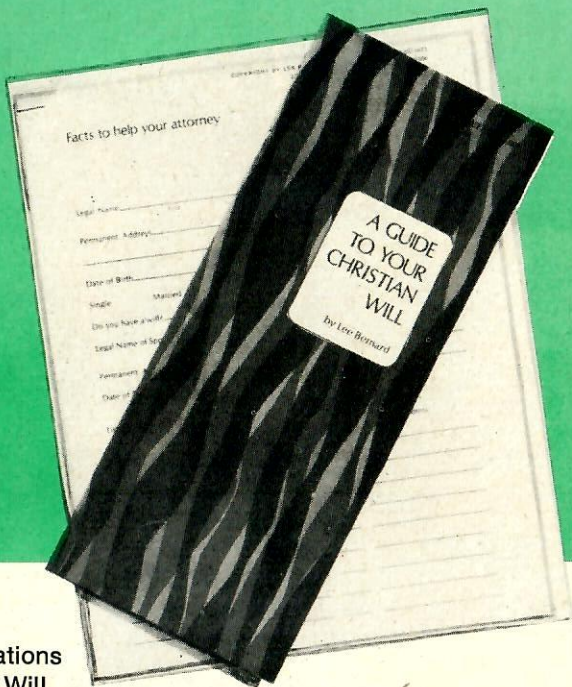
But that day I learned a lesson which has been with me ever since. Jesus Christ is Lord. I can't heal anybody; only Jesus can in the power of the Holy Spirit. I stepped forward, laid hands on that man, and took authority over Satan and all his demons in the name of Jesus Christ. Then I prayed, "Dear Jesus, I lay hands on this man according to your Word. I ask you to heal him. Please take all the pain from his body." It was as simple as that. The two ladies and I stood back and watched flesh and color begin to return to his face. He dug his fingers into the flanks of his legs but the pain was all gone. He put his feet on the floor, stood up and walked, not really believing that this could be happening.

I said, "Sir, the same Lord that healed you wants to be Lord of your life. Will you let Him?"

"Yes." Tears flowed as he invited Christ into his life. "I've got to get married," he said. For 26 years these two had lived together as common law partners. It was with great joy that I helped unite them as lawful man and wife, thus completing the healing and restoration that God was performing in their lives.

Since that day literally thousands have been healed as I've prayed with them. Jesus really knows how to make a point. He is Lord! ■

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"Jesus Gets Top



This was the title of a front page report which appeared November 20, 1973 in the *Wisconsin State Journal*. Written by William R. Wineke, the article, printed here verbatim, read as follows:

"The brightly-colored, almost garish, banner in the Dane County Coliseum read: 'Youth Crusades of America Presents Jesus.'

"Within two hours of the time the Youth Crusades 'Madison Jesus Festival' opened Monday night hundreds of area teenagers were weeping in front of the crusade stage, praying that Jesus would enter their lives.

"The Madison Jesus Festival at-

tracted about 5,000 persons, mostly young, from Madison and surrounding communities within a 100-mile radius.

"In addition to the banner, which introduced Jesus in much the same way as a vaudeville actor, the crusade president, Richard Shakarian, asked the crowd to give a standing ovation to 'honored guest' Jesus Christ.

"Milwaukee Brewers pitcher Skip Lockwood explained how he was converted to Christianity on the pitcher's mound. In one game, after he walked two players, a teammate came to

Billing at Crusade"



the mound and whispered, 'You've got to get your life in order . . . you've got to put Christ first.'

"I did, and my life has never been the same,' Lockwood said.

"Perhaps most unusual for a crusade, no collection was taken.

"Evangelist Nicky Cruz, a former New York gang leader, spoke quietly of his conversion to Christ.

"Cruz, whose conversion is the theme of the best-selling book, *The Cross and the Switchblade*, made no mention of the dangers of hellfire and damnation.

"Instead, he spoke of being abandoned at age 8, participating in

bloody fights, and, finally, being converted through the efforts of evangelist David Wilkerson, whom he had previously beaten up.

"Shakarian said the crusade, which is traveling around the nation, is financed by private donations."

Richard Shakarian reports that "our attendance was really about 7,500, and some 1,200 responded to the altar invitation." He also states that "the NBC affiliate in Milwaukee sent their crew to Madison, a distance of over 100 miles, to film our rally. This was shown on television in the Milwaukee area the following day." ■

ALABAMA:

Birmingham, WBMG, Ch. 42, Sun. 6:30 a.m.;
Gadsden (Anniston), WHMA, Ch. 40, Sat.
10:30 p.m.

ALASKA:

Anchorage, KIMO, Ch. 13, Mon. 6:30 p.m.;
Ketchikan, KATV, Ch. 2, Tue. 7:35 p.m.

ARIZONA:

Phoenix, KPAZ, Ch. 21, Sun. 2:00 p.m.

ARKANSAS:

Jonesboro, KAIT, Ch. 8, Sun. 9:00 a.m.;
Little Rock, KATV, Ch. 7, Sun. 8:00 a.m.

CALIFORNIA:

Chico, KHSI, Ch. 12, Tue. 6:30 a.m.;
Los Angeles, KHOF, Ch. 30, Thurs. 8:00 p.m.;
Modesto, KLOC, Ch. 19, Sun. 9:00 a.m.;
San Francisco, KBHK, Ch. 44, Sun. 8:00 a.m.

COLORADO:

Denver, KOA, Ch. 4, Sun. 8:00 a.m.;
Pueblo, KOAA, Ch. 5, Sun. 7:30 a.m.

CONNECTICUT:

Hartford, WHCT, Ch. 18, Sun. 8:00 p.m.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA:

Wash., D.C., WDCA, Ch. 20, Sat. 8:30 a.m.

FLORIDA:

Melbourne, CABLE, Ch. 4, Tue. 8:30 p.m.;
Ocala, CABLE, Ch. 7, Sun. 9:00 a.m.;
Sarasota, WXL, Ch. 40, Sun. 9:30 a.m.

GEORGIA:

Atlanta, WHAE, Ch. 46, Mon. 8:30 p.m.;
Savannah, WJCL, Ch. 22, Sun. 1:00 p.m.

HAWAII:

Honolulu, KHON, Ch. 2, Sun. 1:30 p.m.

ILLINOIS:

Champaign, WICD, Ch. 15, Sun. 8:00 a.m.;
Chicago, WCIU, Ch. 26, Sun. 10:00 p.m.;
Decatur, CABLE, Ch. 4, Tue. 5:30 p.m.;
Peoria, WRAU, Ch. 19, Sun. 10:30 a.m.;
Quincy, WGEM, Ch. 10, Sat. 12:30 p.m.

INDIANA:

Ft. Wayne, WKJG, Ch. 33, Sun. 9:30 a.m.;
Indianapolis, WHMB, Ch. 40, Mon. 8:30 p.m.;
South Bend, WNDU, Ch. 16, Sun. 10:00 a.m.

IOWA:

Davenport, WQAD, Ch. 8, Sun. 8:30 a.m.;
Ft. Dodge, KVF, Ch. 21, Thurs. 5:00 p.m.

KENTUCKY:

Louisville, WDRB, Ch. 41, Sun. 10:30 a.m.

LOUISIANA:

Lafayette, KLFY, Ch. 10, Sun. 7:00 a.m.;
Lafayette, KLNI, Ch. 15, Sat. 6:00 p.m.;
Shreveport, KTAL, Ch. 6, Sun. 10:00 a.m.

MICHIGAN:

Detroit, WXON, Ch. 20, Fri. 9:00 p.m.;
Saginaw, WEYI, Ch. 25, Sun. 8:30 a.m.

MINNESOTA:

Mankato, KEYC, Ch. 12, Sun. 2:00 p.m.

MISSISSIPPI:

Jackson, WJTV, Ch. 12, Sun. (Consult TV
Guide)

MISSOURI:

Cape Girardeau, KFVS, Ch. 12, Sat. 1:00 p.m.;
Jefferson City, KRCG, Ch. 13, Sun. 11:00 a.m.;
Kansas City, KMBC, Ch. 9, Sun. 7:00 a.m.;
Sedalia, KMOS, Ch. 6, Sun. 11:00 a.m.;
St. Louis, KDNL, Ch. 30, Sun. 3:00 p.m.;
Springfield, KOLR, Ch. 10, Sun. 10:00 a.m.

NEW JERSEY:

Oakland, CABLE, Ch. 3, Every day, 11:15 p.m.

NEW MEXICO:

Albuquerque, KGGM, Ch. 13, Sun. 10:00 a.m.

NEW YORK:

New York City, WPIX, Ch. 11, Fri. 12:50 a.m.;
Rochester, WOKR, Ch. 13, Sun. 8:30 a.m.;
Syracuse, WSYR, Ch. 3, Sun. 7:30 a.m.
(2nd Sun. each month)

NORTH CAROLINA:

Charlotte, WRET, Ch. 36, Sat. 8:00 p.m.;
Greensboro, WFMJ, Ch. 2, Sun. 8:30 a.m.;
Raleigh, WRAL, Ch. 5, Sun. 9:30 a.m.;
Washington, WITN, Ch. 7, Sun. 11:00 p.m.;
Wilmington, WECT, Ch. 6, Sun. 10:00 a.m.

OHIO:

Akron, WAKR, Ch. 23, Sat. 7:30 p.m.;
Cleveland, WUAB, Ch. 43, Sun. 10:00 a.m.;
Columbus, WTVN, Ch. 6, Sun. 11:30 p.m.;
Steubenville, WSTV, Ch. 9, Sun. 12:30 p.m.;
Youngstown, WFMJ, Ch. 21, Sun. 11:30 a.m.

OKLAHOMA:

Oklahoma City, KOCO, Ch. 5, Sun. 9:30 a.m.

OREGON:

Portland, WPTV, Ch. 12, Sun. 11:30 a.m.

PENNSYLVANIA:

Altoona, WTAJ, Ch. 10, Sun. 10:30 a.m.;
Lebanon, WLYH, Ch. 15, Sun. 12:00 p.m.;
York, WSBA, Ch. 43, Sun. 12:00 p.m.;
Erie, WJET, Ch. 24, Sun. 9:30 a.m.

SOUTH CAROLINA:

Greenville, WGGS, Ch. 16, Fri. 7:30 p.m.

TENNESSEE:

Chattanooga, WDEF, Ch. 12, Sun. 8:30 a.m.;
Nashville, WLAC, Ch. 5, Sun. 9:00 a.m.

NEWS" SCHEDULE

TEXAS:

Abilene, KBLE, Ch. 7, Tue. 6:30 p.m.;
Dallas, KXTX, Ch. 39, Sun. 9:00 a.m.;
El Paso, CABLE, Ch. 3, Sat. 1:30 p.m.
and Tue. 2:00 p.m.;
Houston, KHTV, Ch. 39, Sun. 10:30 p.m.;
Lubbock, CABLE, Ch. 10, Wed. 9:30 p.m.;
Sherman, KXII, Ch. 12, Sun. 8:00 a.m.;
Wichita Falls, KAUZ, Ch. 6, Sun. 9:00 a.m.;
Amarillo, KFDA, Ch. 10, Sun. 10:00 a.m.

VIRGINIA:

Bristol, WCYB, Ch. 5, Sun. 12 noon;
Charlottesville, WVIR, Ch. 29, Sun. 12:00 p.m.;
Harrisonburg, WSVA, Ch. 3, Sun. 10:30 p.m.;

Norfolk, WYAH, Ch. 27, Sun. 2:30 p.m.
and Thurs. 10:30 p.m.;
Roanoke, WRFT, Ch. 27, Sun. 9:30 a.m.

WASHINGTON:

Seattle, KTVW, Ch. 13, Sun. 10:00 p.m.;
Spokane, KHQ, Ch. 6, Sun. 11:00 a.m.;
Wenatchee, CABLE, Ch. 13, Sun. 11:00 a.m.
and Thurs. 8:00 p.m.;
Yakima, KIMA, Ch. 29, Sat. (between sports events)

WEST VIRGINIA:

Clarksburg, WBOY, Ch. 12, Sat. 1:00 p.m.;
Huntington, WHTN, Ch. 13, Sun. 9:30 a.m.
and Mon. 6:30 a.m.;
Parkersburg, WNOW, Ch. 9, Sun. 11:00 a.m.

CANADA:

Victoria, B. C.

CHEK, Ch. 6

Sun. 1:30 p.m.

B. C. INTERIOR TELEVISION:

Okanagan-Kamloops combination of 47 rebroadcasting stations, CHBC-TV/CFJC-TV, televised simultaneously at 12:00 noon Sunday.

Penticton, Ch. 13; Kelowna, Ch. 2; Vernon, Ch. 7; Kamloops, Ch. 4; Quesnel, Ch. 7; Williams Lake, Ch. 8; 100 Mile House, Ch. 5; Clinton, Ch. 9; Noranda Mines, Ch. 7; Lillooet, Ch. 2; Bralorne, Ch. 3; Ashcroft, Ch. 10; Spences Bridge, Ch. 3; Boston Bar, Ch. 5; Savona, Ch. 8; Merritt, Ch. 10; Clearwater, Ch. 2; Blue River, Ch. 3; Valemount, Ch. 8; Chase, Ch. 11; Mica Creek, Ch. 5; Downie, Ch. 9; Celista, Ch. 3; Salmon Arm, Ch. 9; Canoe, Ch. 6; Malakwa, Ch. 4; Grindrod, Ch. 72; Westworld, Ch. 12; Falkland, Ch. 10; Mabel Lake, Ch. 8; Enderby, Ch. 4; Lumby, Ch. 4; Cherryville, Ch. 10; Nakusp, Ch. 2; Midway, Ch. 7; Peachland, Ch. 4; Skaha Lake, Ch. 7; Princeton, Ch. 5; Keremeos, Ch. 4; Oliver-Osoyoos, Ch. 8; Potlatch Creek, Ch. 12; Shalalth, Ch. 3; Lytton, Ch. 11; Nicola Valley, Ch. 5; Logan Lake, Ch. 11.

MARCH TAPE MINISTRY

Southern California Regional, San Diego 1973

- ☐ #1, Bob Mumford, "End-Time Responsibilities"; ☐ #2, James Beall, "Divine Intervention"; ☐ #3, Bob Mumford, "Return for Your Husband" (Ladies Luncheon); ☐ #4, Chuck Flynn, Teaching Seminar; ☐ #5, Lynwood Maddox, Personal Testimony; ☐ #6, Bob Mumford, "Deception and Accusation"; ☐ #7, Juan Carlos Ortiz, "The Lordship of Christ"; ☐ #8, James Beall, Personal Testimony.

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"... he was ... in constant touch with God (and) he disappeared, for God took him!"

Genesis 5:24, The Living Bible.

"In Touch With God"

A Memorial Tribute to PAUL KROHNERT: 1904-1973

PAUL KROHNERT, founder-president of Krohnert Manufacturing Ltd., West Hill, Ontario, Canada, was called home to be with the Lord on Wednesday, November 14, 1973. The memorial service was held in the Stone Church by his pastor, Rev. Albert Vaters, Saturday, November 17. Demos Shakarian, president of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, was also present to pay tribute to his long-time friend and colleague.

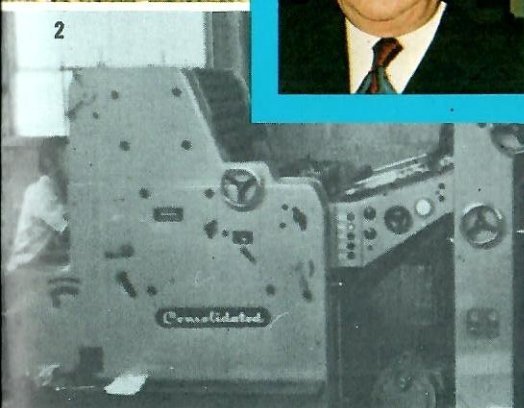
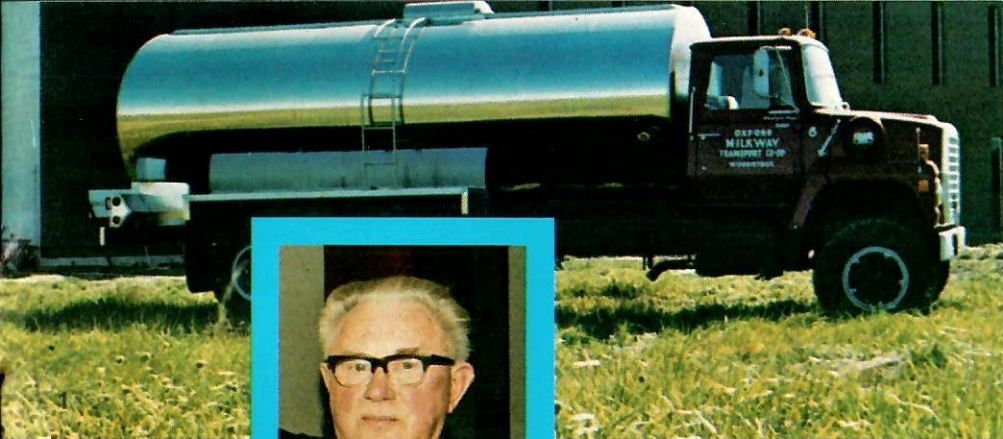
Born in Germany in August 1904, Mr. Krohnert was brought up in the fine Christian home of a lay minister. He came to Canada in 1927, settling in Kitchener, Ontario, where he was employed at a General Motors dealership. It was in Montreal that he later accepted Jesus Christ as Saviour and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. He eventually moved to West Hill, Ontario and there built refrigerated milk delivery vans, and, in 1953, his first stainless steel tanker.

Mr. Krohnert was a Canadian director of the FGBMFI for more than twelve years and also a member of

the Editorial Board of VOICE. In addition, he served as director of the Pentecostal Benevolent Association of Canada, was on the board of Teen Challenge and the board of the Stone Church in Toronto.

An indefatigable worker, both in his business and in his service to the Lord, Mr. Krohnert's alert mind was ever planning new designs for improved equipment with which to better serve his profession, and for new ways to spread the Full Gospel message more quickly and effectively around the world. One of these was the invention of a machine that would insert his own printed foreign language translations of the English text into copies of VOICE so that it was possible to read the magazine in English and German (or any other language) on facing pages.

While VOICE's translation project may now, by reason of his passing, move in another direction as time progresses, to Paul Krohnert must be given sole credit for initiating and motivating a completely new and unique method of literature translation and distribution that, given the



1. Milk transport truck designed and produced by Paul Krohnert's Ontario, Canada company.
2. Krohnert-owned press on which VOICE translations were printed.
3. Paul Krohnert in Hamburg, with VOICE German Translator Martin Fahrholz (l) and VOICE Editor, Raymond Becker.

necessary time, dedicated laborers and financial backing, would have done much to "give the winds a mighty VOICE" for God on every continent of the globe.

As his son John Krohnert of Scarborough, Ontario confirmed, "During the past few years Dad had a growing burden for Europe. This

burden stemmed from a deep desire to see the Full Gospel of Jesus Christ spread. During his trips to Europe my father discovered that as far back as 1732 his forefathers were driven from Salzburg, Austria as a result of their religious beliefs, which differed from the Catholic church

(Continued on page 38)

COMMUNIQUE: CHAPTERS and CONVENTIONS

SAVANNAH HOLDS "LOW KEY BUT SPIRITUAL REGIONAL"

Jack Williams, Jr., editor-publisher of Waycross, Georgia's daily *Journal-Herald* and stalwart Christian layman, termed the Savannah FGBMFI convention this past November 16-18 "a low key but spiritual regional." Contributing to the quiet success of the meetings were a slate of outstanding teachers and the *Journal-Herald's* extended three-day coverage.

Fr. Charles Antekier, Catholic priest from Grand Rapids whose parish includes the students of University of Michigan, told of having found life full of surprises since being baptized in the Holy Spirit six years ago. He stressed the ability of the Word of God to heal the soul: "God uses the weakest instruments and pours out His Spirit. If you have a hunger and thirst for His holiness you will receive. Christ is the way and no other way. Otherwise, you are limping on crutches in your spiritual life . . . Relax in God and live. Walk in His freedom and not by the hand of the world. Walk in the hand of God . . . We are in a 'burning building' and it is not safe. He is calling for you to jump. Give up whatever you love, keep your hands open and . . . jump into His safety."

Ralph Wilkerson, pastor of Anaheim, California's Melodyland Chris-

tian Center, said God is looking for "people-lovers . . . God takes off denominational glasses. It is wonderful to get the glasses off and see Jesus . . . A church is not a building but the people with Jesus."

Al Duren, retired movie industry official, concluded with a note of encouragement to Christian believers: "You are given the power of attorney unlimited. The reason there are so many hang-ups is that people don't know the Bible. You must keep coming to the Word to gain complete deliverance . . . You have nothing unless you have Jesus."

ST. PAUL-MINNEAPOLIS COMBINE FOR SPECIAL MEETINGS

The St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota chapters combined recently to sponsor three meetings with Charles and Frances Hunter. The first was a Friday Ladies' Luncheon, December 7, attended by 1,023 persons. The night meeting was held in Si-Melbi Hall at Augsburg College. According to Lee Nystrom, president of the Minneapolis chapter, "The auditorium held 3,400 people. There were less than 200 seats empty." On Saturday morning about 800 attended the breakfast meeting.

"There is no way we could count

the people who were saved, filled with the Holy Spirit and healed," reports Nystrom. "One of our regular attendants brought his 15-year-old son who was a heroin addict. As we prayed, he was saved, filled with the Spirit, and delivered from his addiction, all at the same time."



- 1 **Bryson City, N.C.** (Great Smoky Mt. Chapter) was chartered recently. Int'l Director Ogburn Yates, guest speaker (r), presented the charter. From left, Harold Orr, treasurer; Stewart Cleveland, secretary; Robert Baliles, vice president; James C. Grevengood, president; and Yates.
- 2 **Aiken, S.C.** chapter was chartered September 22, 1973. President F. W. Ponder (r) accepts the charter and congratulations from Int'l Director W. E. Shaw. Denominational affiliations of the Aiken personnel are Baptist, Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian and Roman Catholic.
- 3 **Northwestern Ohio** chapter chartering. Officers are, from left, Don Stratton, Harley Houseman, Edward Youmans, Keith Corwin, Eric Lambert (Int'l Director), Merle Leichty (sec'y-treas.); Jerome Rhinehart; Harold Wyse (pres.); Keith Hardy. Paul Ridgeway, v.p. was absent.
- 4 **Aiken, S.C.** chapter personnel includes, from left, J. S. Schrenk, secretary; D. L. Kneece and P. R. Davis, directors; J. W. McKinney, treasurer; W. E. Shaw (Int'l Dir.); F. W. Ponder, president; C. F. Shonkwiler, director; F. P. Huston, vice president; E. T. Bowen and A. K. Carter, guidance counselors.

CONVENTION PHOTO STORY: NORTH Southern California Regional, San Diego, October 1973

1. **Paul Toberty**, chairman, welcomed conventioners to San Diego's new Town and Country Hotel.

2. **James Beall**, pastor of Bethesda Missionary Temple, Detroit, who has a tremendous radio ministry, was main banquet speaker.

3. **Bob Mumford** addressed some 850 at Ladies' Luncheon, a record attendance for a regional. His teaching ministry includes writing, and video and audio tapes.

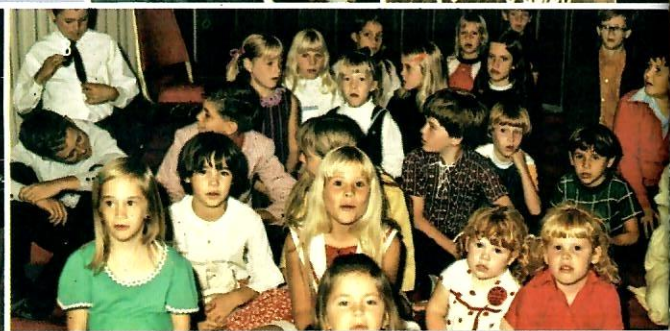
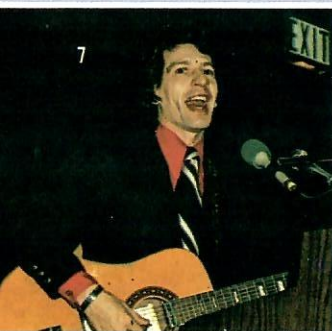
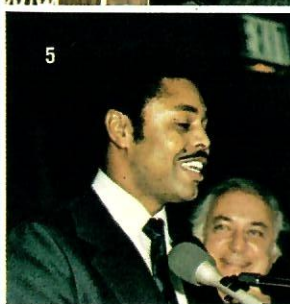
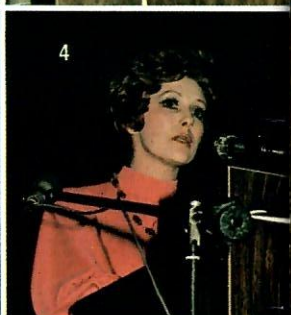
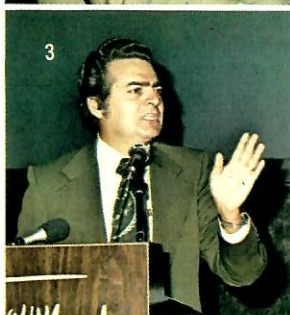
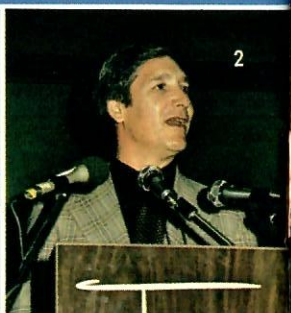
4. **Elaine Edwards**, former Hollywood starlet, shared her testimony of salvation from a life of drugs (9 years) and occult involvement.

5. **Willie Bell**, Golden Gloves area champion whose story appeared in VOICE, June 1972, told why he gave up the boxing profession.

6. **Lynwood Maddox**, Atlanta, Ga. attorney and FGBMFI director, challenged conventioners with his personal testimony of witnessing in his profession.

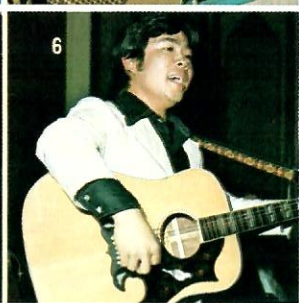
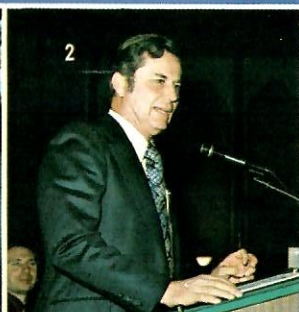
7. **Chico Holiday**, former Las Vegas entertainer, shared convention singing honors with Archie Moore, a long-time Southern California favorite.

8. Successful children's meetings were conducted by **Gladys Hodges**, with many youngsters dedicating their lives to Christ as a result.



AND SOUTH ON THE WEST COAST

Northwest Regional,
Seattle, Washington, November 1973



1. **Demos and Rose Shakarian** before "snow"-covered tree in Seattle's Olympic Hotel lobby during 1973 Northwest Regional Thanksgiving Convention. Both were featured speakers, he for the Banquet and she for the Ladies' Luncheon.

2. **Herb Ezell**, pastor of thriving Harbor Christian Center, an interfaith charismatic congregation in Wilmington, Calif., advised his audience to "look into the mirror of God's Word and see yourself as He sees you."

3. **Jim Guhlke**, secretary-treasurer of the Seattle chapter, introduced **Jim Gledue**, Creek Indian from Canada. Gledue, a former inmate of Munroe Prison, is now saved, baptized in the Holy Spirit, and called to preach.

4. **Jack Hayford** has been pastor of the Church on the Way, Van Nuys, Calif. since 1969, during which time the congregation has grown from 18 to over 1,000. His Friday night message was enjoyed by a capacity audience.

5. **Dr. Doug Roberts** (VOICE, March 1972) effectively ministered to the Saturday morning audience following inspiring testimonies by several businessmen. Dr. Roberts is president of the Victoria, B.C. chapter.

6. **Joe Alvarez**, Filipino evangelist, delighted conventioners with his singing, especially his version of "Pentecostal Fire Is Falling!"

7. Moving moment occurred at Saturday breakfast when prayer was offered for **Bill Lane**, inmate of Walla Walla Prison who had accepted Christ at 3:00 o'clock that morning under the ministry of prison evangelist **Harley Goodwin**, left foreground. At right, back to camera, is **Don Ostrom**, president of the Seattle chapter and convention co-chairman. Facing camera is **Peter Congelli**, president of the Palos Verdes, Calif. chapter, and behind him is **Fred Doerflein**, int'l director and convention chairman. Rev. Goodwin's story appeared in **VOICE**, Dec. 1970.

"IN TOUCH WITH GOD"

(Continued from page 33)

(Protestant expulsion from Salzburg, 1732). In his work to spread the Gospel in Europe Dad spearheaded an effort to see VOICE magazine translated into the languages of these countries."

N. E. Roberts, longtime Toronto

business associate, adds that, "When God called Paul Krohnert home on November 14, 1973, he took a man who was a true witness for Jesus. Paul's life and witness left a challenge to all his Christian friends."

Mr. Krohnert is survived by his wife Mabel, two daughters, two sons and seven grandchildren. ■

SIX SCRIPTURAL STEPS TO SALVATION

Men still cry, "What must I do to be saved?" The Bible provides a clear answer. Here are the six Scriptural steps which all must take to pass from death unto life:

1. **ACKNOWLEDGE:** "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God" (Romans 3:23). "God be merciful to me a sinner" (Luke 18:13). You must acknowledge in the light of God's Word that you are a sinner.

2. **REPENT:** "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). "Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out" (Acts 3:19). You must see the awfulness of sin and then repent of it.

3. **CONFESS:** "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "With the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans 10:10). Confess not to men but to God.

4. **FORSAKE:** "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord . . . for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7). Sorrow for sin is not enough in itself. We must want to be done with it once and for all.

5. **BELIEVE:** "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and

shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16). Believe in the finished work of Christ on the cross.

6. **RECEIVE:** "He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John 1:11,12). Christ must be received personally into the heart by faith, if the experience of the New Birth is to be yours.

Why not make your eternal decision right now: "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men."

When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know about it so that we may rejoice together.

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With a Message of Peace: April 1-17, 1974

Sixteen glorious, inspirational days in LEBANON, EGYPT, ISRAEL

The itinerary will be as follows:

April 1-5

Beirut, Lebanon:

TV companies will televise and leading newspapers will cover our ministry.

Each morning there will be a breakfast meeting in the hotel, the luxurious Holiday Inn, with leading local businessmen, government officials, Moslem leaders, lawyers, bank directors and doctors. **Each evening**, teams will minister in 12 or more churches of all denominations.

Closing meeting will feature a large banquet in the hotel.

April 6-8

Cairo, Egypt:

Each morning there will be a breakfast meeting in the hotel.

Each evening, teams will minister in 20 or more churches in the area.

April 9-10

Alexandria and Luxor, Egypt:

Teams will split up and minister in both cities. Breakfast meetings will be held each morning in the hotels and meetings in the churches each evening.

April 11

Cairo, Egypt:

A large banquet will be held in the hotel, with some 400 leading Egyptian businessmen expected to attend.

April 12-16

Israel:

Each morning breakfast meetings will be held in the hotels. **Each evening** we will minister in churches in the Jerusalem area. **Easter** will be celebrated with an observance of the Lord's Supper at the Garden Tomb.

During the tour, there will be a baptismal service at the **Jordan River**.

Seventeen-day price includes airfare by jet in four countries, three meals a day, first class accommodations (such as the new Holiday Inn in Beirut, the Niles Hilton in Cairo, and the National and Panorama hotels in Jerusalem), transfers from airports to hotel and back, tours during the day.

Total cost (except airport tax in Lebanon and Israel): roundtrip **from New York, \$1,188; from Chicago, \$1,138.**

For further information write to: Henry Carlson, Airlift Director, 564 W. Fulton, Chicago, Illinois 60606.



Conventions and Rallies

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

March 14-16, 1974

San Francisco Hilton
Ronny Svenhard/Frank Cordeiro, Co-Chmn.
19356 Meekland Ave., Hayward, CA 94541

VICTORIA, B.C., CANADA

March 14-16, 1974

Empress Hotel
Wm. Scott/Dr. Doug Roberts, Co-Chmn.
Mailing Address: Jack McNeill,
1769 Emerson St., Victoria, B.C.

HAMILTON, ONTARIO, CANADA

March 20-23, 1974

Royal Connaught Hotel
Stewart Berlett/Alf Brown, Co-Chmn.
P.O. Box 4106, Postal Station D, Hamilton, Ont.

MUSKOGEE, OKLAHOMA

March 22-23, 1974

Muskogee Civic Center
Henry Freese/Dr. Lloyd Huneryager, Co-Chmn.
3620 W. Broadway, Muskogee, OK 74401

EL PASO, TEXAS

April 3-6, 1974

Airport Hilton Inn
Roger Rapp, Earl Moore, Co-Chmn.
8321 Verdeland, El Paso, TX 79907

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

April 3-6, 1974

Downtowner Motor Inn
David Trenum/Wesley Smith/Dick Crittenden,
Co-Chmn.
R5, Box 235, Peru, Ind. 46970

HOUSTON, TEXAS

April 10-13, 1974

Astroworld Hotel
Ralph Littlejohn/Tom Ashcraft, Co-Chmn.
P.O. Box 53402, Houston, TX 77052

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

April 11-13, 1974

Bellevue Stratford Hotel
Earl Prickett/Ralph Marinacci, Co-Chmn.
735 N. Hurffville Rd., Deptford, N.J. 08096

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS

April 18-20, 1974

Ramada Inn, Mt. Vernon, Ill.
Dr. Ray Dalton/Bob Engle, Co-Chmn.
126 N. Locust, Centralia, IL 62801

ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

April 19, 20, 1974

Holiday Inn, Capistrano
Gene B. Scothorn, Chairman
125 S. Claudina
Anaheim, CA 92805

FGBMFI 1974 WORLD CONVENTION, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, JUNE 29-JULY 6

Chase Park Plaza Hotel

Bob Engle/Claud McCulley, Co-Chairman, 6510 Leschen, St. Louis, MO 63121

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