

Full Gospel Business Men's

02-90

VOICE

A man with dark hair and sunglasses is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a blue t-shirt. He is pulling open the jacket and the t-shirt with both hands, revealing a red and yellow question mark logo on his chest. A red snake is coiled around his neck. The background is a solid purple color.

Behind
the
Macho
facade

For years, Robert "Junior" Totten led a life of inner desperation which he kept well hidden behind a typical "macho facade." He was a "man's man" . . . one of the boys: the kind of man who wouldn't dare let himself cry.

Feeling trapped with no way out of his "phony self," he was also one second away from suicide the night he picked up his .38 revolver and pressed its cold barrel against his temple, ready to end it all.

Behind the Macho Facade

Robert Totten
Hurricane, West Virginia

Born the youngest of six children when his father was 52, Junior was devastated when his parents were divorced. He admits that, "Feeling very insecure, I tried to cover it up by being motivated by power and violence. Finally I came to the end of my rope. I was tired of trying to be something I wasn't."

He continues, "I was never a success in anything. My brothers and I used to run pool rooms and nightclubs

all over the coal-mining area in West Virginia. My only claim to "success" was that I became a successful drunk. I could drink two fifths of vodka and not stagger.

"My mother used to say, 'Any dog can fight.' My brothers and I always fought. If you looked at me the wrong way when I was walking down the street I'd sneer, 'Are you looking for trouble?' Bump into me, and I'd hit you.

"Finally, I got tired of acting tough, of being cool. It got so I couldn't stand to get up one more day and put the mask on. I was sick of my life being nothing. I had to work up a synthetic high through alcohol, pills, lust, pride or an ego trip just to cope.

"This hiding behind a mask started as a boy. I will never forget the times after football practice when the other boys would go home. Sometimes I'd stop by their homes where I'd smell a cake baking or hot soup cooking, and they would ask me to stay and eat.

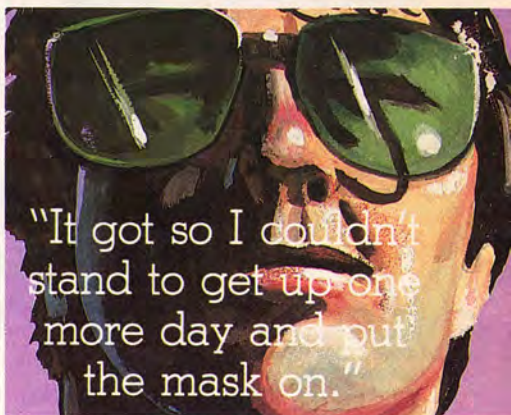
"But I was too proud. I'd tell them that I couldn't stay because I had to eat when I got home. They didn't know there was no one at home.

"These things affected me and I began to build up a shell . . . a hardness against anything tender or soft. I thought if you cried, it was a weakness.

"Now I know that there's nothing wrong with crying. There's nothing wrong with saying you're not too smart or saying, 'Hey, I can't make it in this world.'

"I was 30 years old when I came to Jesus Christ. I had come to the end of my phony self.

"On August 7, 1970 at 3 a.m. I cried out to Jesus. He came into my life and transformed me. God promised me, 'Junior, if you'll be honest and sincere and seek Me, you'll never again have to be a phony. You'll never have to justify why you are the way you are. You will never have to go around explaining why you did this or didn't do that. If you will be honest and follow Me, I will guide you and I will lead you. And furthermore, I will never leave you.'



"I had lived in a dog-eat-dog jungle, but God accepted me in my weakness, lonely, full of self-pity and about to blow my brains out. I was set free.

"Today I have sweet communion with Jesus and with the Holy Spirit. I can say hello to somebody and really mean it. Now I can really care about someone.

"Reading this, how many of you are saying, 'How can I live another day? Is this the only way to live? God I'm tired!

I'm at the end of myself. Let me know that Jesus is real!"

"You know, there's no better time to take a personal inventory of your life and examine your heart, and ask God to help you see yourself as you really are.

"Now is the time to give your heart to Jesus."

For ten tears after he came to the Lord, Robert "Junior" Totten worked in the mobile home business, and was active in local churches and FGBMFI. Then, in the early '80s, God told him to go to the streets and byways and preach the "reality of Jesus to the lost and to help encourage and develop the Body of Christ."

The result was The Answer Ministries, Inc., which includes a vital evangelistic outreach to those in jails and prisons, street witnessing, and feeding about 3,000 people per month at The Answer Coffee House.

Junior lives in Hurricane, West Virginia with his wife, Sally and two children. He gives his complete testimony at churches and FGBMFI meetings throughout the state. He can be reached through: The Answer Ministries, 2601 Hayslette Ave., Hurricane, WV 25526, phone (304) 562-2582.



Robert "Junior" Totten

In This Issue . . .

The following testimonies in this issue all reflect different ways in which the self-images the men have had of themselves cracked and crumbled under pressures none of them could have foreseen.

- * Gene Ellerbee trained for years to make the Olympic boxing team. Within ten seconds his dream was gone;
- * Ruben Fuentes was a tough cop who held together well until he killed a man in self-defense;
- * Clive Jung's father equated manhood with using his fists to keep his family in line, thereby forfeiting any hope of a relationship with his son;
- * John Cavanagh was an ambitious man who was happily locked into the "success syndrome" until his material world collapsed.

Yet through Jesus Christ, each of these men ultimately found that there was a life of great purpose and depth waiting for him behind the macho facade.

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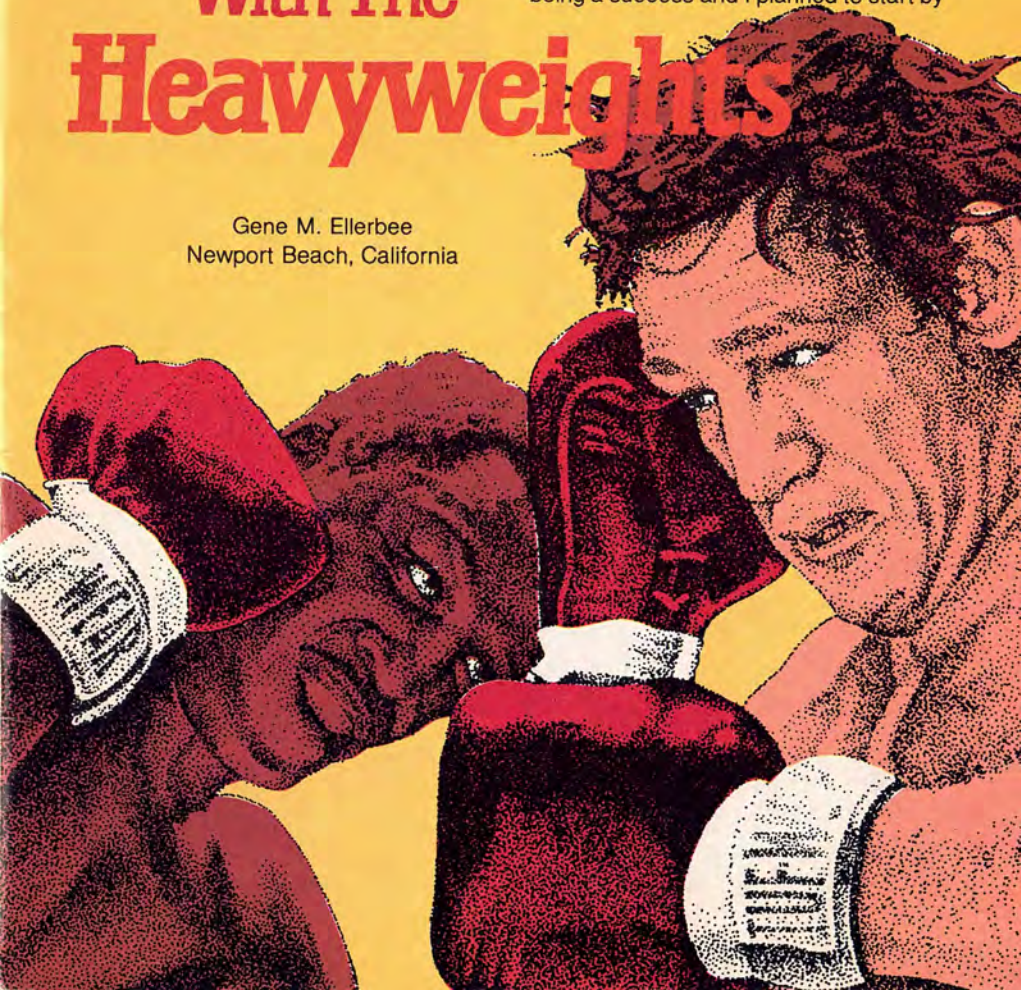
Slugging It Out With The Heavyweights

Gene M. Ellerbee
Newport Beach, California

If you had told me a dozen years ago that one day I would hold a position with a Christian businessmen's organization and would be sharing my story with thousands of men, I would have thought you were from outer space.

I never opened a Bible until I was 37 years old, even though I had been in a seminary studying to be a priest!

To me, the most important thing was being a success and I planned to start by



making it as an athlete. As a football player and a heavyweight boxer, I thought I was really great. It was wonderful to have all that power and respect. So I went to college on a football scholarship and also won several boxing titles.

But what do you do with them? How many people can tell you who won the 1962 Orange Bowl? How many can even remember who played in it? Who won the 1964 Olympic heavyweight boxing championship?

Well, guess who didn't?

That year I thought I had a very good shot at being the U.S. representative in that category. The Olympic trials started with a series of regional elimination events around the country. When the time came for the first round of eliminations, I was ready! There were four other heavyweights besides me. I had fought three of them before and knocked two of them out. Since there were five of us in this competition, we drew lots to determine whom we would face.

Sizing up the fellow I drew, I figured I could finish him off fast. He was a tall guy from Utah who couldn't have weighed more than 215 pounds.

As we received our instructions in the middle of the ring, I could literally see his heart beating through his skin and I thought, "This kid is really scared."

The next thing I consciously remember was the sound of a lot of people in the midst of confusion. Someone said, "You've got to get his mouthpiece out. He's going to swallow it." Their voices sounded like I was in a barrel.

My first thought was, "I must have really hurt that kid." Then I noticed a haze of bright lights and faces that

seemed all contorted. It didn't register what was happening until I realized they were looking down at me!

There I was, flat on my back in the middle of the ring. This scared kid had knocked me out in 17 seconds in the first round.



“. . . I could literally
through his skin and
is really

It takes ten to count you out. So it was really only seven seconds from the time the bell rang until he totally punched my lights out. With that realization came utter panic. Grasping for one shred of hope I asked the referee, "Did he knock me out?!"

"Yeah, Gene, he knocked you out."

"Did you count to ten?"

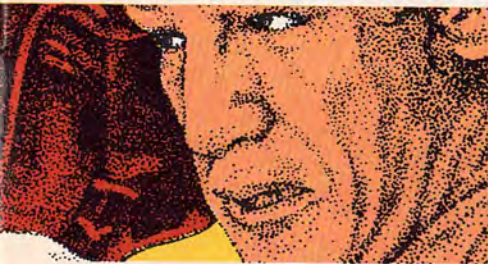
He answered, "I could have counted to fifty."

That ended any hope for the Olympics.

In a heartbeat, it was gone. The only thing I got was a blurb on the sports page that read, "Gene Ellerbee gets it in the first 17 seconds."

Defeat. Humiliation. The things of this world are destined to perish with the using. The impact of this truth really shook me and for the first time I realized that I was vulnerable.

Later I realized that there are many fighters out there who were once great,



see his heart beating
I thought, "This kid
scared."

but who got beaten badly and never came back. They tried, but were never able to get it back together.

I knew guys like that in the streets. Yet people who put their trust in the things of this world are headed for the big fall.

Due to my upbringing, I always had the fear of God, but I didn't know the love of God. Better stated, I knew the fear of hell. That's not where I wanted to go, but somehow I knew that was where I was headed.

I was under tremendous legalism. You know, all the "do's and don'ts." I felt that if I even ate baloney on Friday, I was going to hell. Finally I figured out that the only guys who were going to avoid hell

were the priests.

So I went into the seminary. I liked it and the presence of God was there, but I never absorbed the Word, and I never opened a Bible.

Soon I left the seminary because I knew I could never keep the vows I would have to take. I wanted to have a family . . . a wife and kids, so I resigned myself to the idea that if I wasn't going to heaven, I may as well get all I could from this earth.

Work hard. Play hard. Party hard. Go places. Possess. Obtain. It became a vicious circle.

Then one day twelve and one-half years ago, I came home from work and Jo Beverly, my wife, met me at the door. She was a brand new creation. At that time we had been married fifteen years, but I saw something in her that I had never seen before. Something I couldn't understand. She just kind of smiled.

It was a good time of year. We had the windows open in our home and the light was shining in. There was a full moon that night. About three in the morning I woke up and saw she was looking at me. I tried to determine her motivation, then went back to sleep.

The next night about the same time, I woke up to find she had her hand on my shoulder, murmuring something. So I played like I was asleep thinking, "This is getting a little wacky. Maybe with six kids, she's going through the change early."

When I came home from work the next day, there were several women in my house that looked like her. And they were acting like her. They were smiling and nice, and their eyes looked like hers.

When they left I finally decided I needed to confront her. I said, "Jo, I want to know what's going on with you." She said, "Thank God you asked."

She had been led of the Holy Spirit to stay quiet. Looking me right in the eye she said, "Gene, I have met Jesus Christ personally and I'm a born again Christian."

She had joined a neighborhood Bible study to study the Bible from a historical perspective. Instead she got saved. But with salvation came the stark realization that since I was unsaved, I was going to go to hell.

As she began to share with me about the Lord, all I could think was, "Don't overreact. Just let this thing run its course." That's what they teach boxers: when you get tagged, don't overreact.

But this "thing" didn't go away. Instead it got stronger until the day Jo went to a Christian bookstore. The owner asked her, "Have you received the Holy Ghost?"

She said, "No." He asked her if she wanted to, and she said yes. Right there in the bookstore she was baptized in the Holy Ghost and began speaking in tongues. She came home with that newfound power that the Word of God says we will have after the Holy Spirit comes upon us.

With that I resisted even more. I told her, "Look, we've got a good marriage. Don't mess it up. Get off my case. If that's what you want, fine, but get off my back."

So she changed her tactics. She'd call from the kitchen, "Gene, come here." I thought she wanted me to taste something new, but she'd point to the Bible and

say, "Honey, just let me tell you what it says here."

One day I made the mistake of telling her I liked some of this stuff. The problem was I didn't know any real men who were Christians and I didn't want to be the only one.

Knowing this, she got together with her study group for intercessory prayer. Their prayer was that God would put real Christian men in front of Gene Ellerbee.

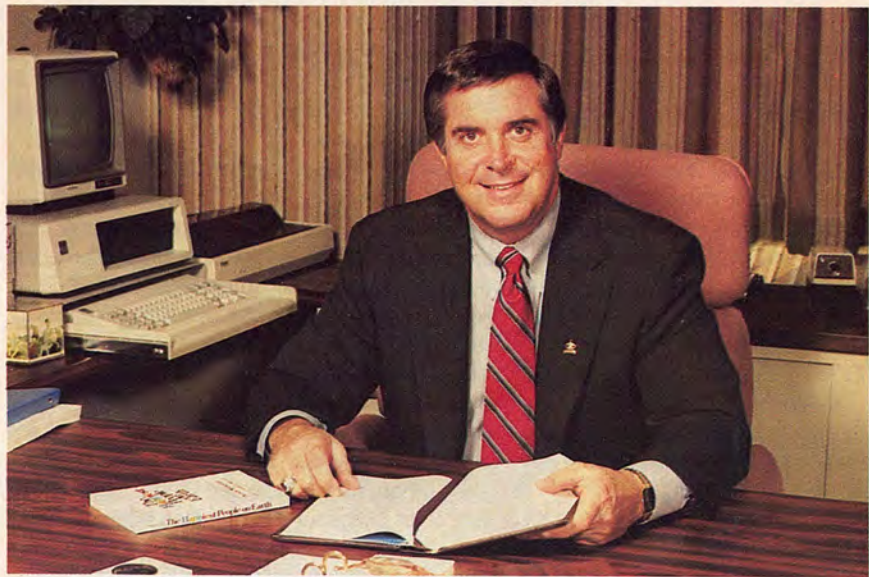
Even today I ask myself, "Where were these strong Christian men when I needed them?" Many men knew my life was not what it could be. But where were the men with enough spiritual steel in their spines that they would say to a 240 pound guy, "You need Christ. You're off base."

There wasn't one who said, "Can we have lunch together? I've got something we need to talk about." Or, "Will you come to a breakfast with me on Saturday morning? There's a good speaker you'll enjoy. He's a businessman."

After I got saved, they came out of the woodwork. I got a call from one guy at Procter & Gamble who said, "Gene, I heard you got saved. Glory to God! How about coming to church with me and my family?"

My reaction was, "Where were you when I needed you? Where were you when I was on my way to hell?"

But God was still working. One weekend we went to Breckenridge, Colorado, where friends from around the country came to ski with us. One friend who flew his own plane down from San Francisco was a real man's man. He'd played football at the Air Force Academy, become a fighter pilot and then started



Gene Ellerbee today is both an executive with Procter & Gamble and Executive Vice-President of FGBMFI.

his own very successful real estate investment firm.

When we went out to split logs for a fire, even in the coolness of the Rocky Mountains we were sweating. As we stopped to catch our breath, I looked into his eyes for the first time. What I saw made my heart jump.

He said, "Gene, something has happened to me since I saw you last. I've come to a redemptive understanding of Jesus Christ."

I said, "What the h--- does that mean?" He answered, "It means I'm a born again Christian."

After three days of this man and his wife sharing the gospel, I was glad when they left.

Then another buddy came up from

Denver. I was relieved that finally we'd be with some normal folks. This guy owned his own law firm of 21 lawyers. Although he was only 38 years old, he'd also been a linebacker for Michigan State and was a real wild man. His second home alone was 5,200 square feet.

As I waited on the porch, he came up in his four-wheel-drive and jumped out without even closing the door. I said, "Hey, Bob, what's going on?" He answered, "Jesus Christ is going on!"

He continued, "Don't you know you have to repent? You need Jesus! You've got to get all that junk out of your life."

I said, "What about all those things in your life?" He replied, "Jesus took it all."

Then he really got on my case. Every

30 minutes he'd say, "Come on, man, let me have your hand. Let's pray. If you're man enough, accept Jesus Christ."

At that time, I wasn't man enough to accept Christ. So I came back from Colorado unsaved. Yet God had answered Jo's prayers: committed Christian men had brought me the gospel.

The day after we got home I had to leave on a business trip. Jo asked me to take a book, *Power in Praise* by Merlin Carothers. As I read it something started to move in my belly.

On the way home, I was reading it on the plane, when a distinguished looking man asked if he could sit with me. I said, "If you really must."

Next he commented, "That's a fine book you're reading. Where do you worship?" When I told him I went to the Catholic church, he said he'd just gotten back from the Vatican. He'd been there with the Evangelical Consortium of Christian leaders from around the world. He'd known the two previous popes personally.

Then he began to talk about some other books I ought to read. Writing them down I asked, "Have you read all these?"

"Yes," he replied, "I wrote most of them. My name is Dale Moody."

He then presented the gospel to me in such a mature and understandable way that right there at 39,000 feet I said, "My God, it's real!" Immediately my face flushed around my throat and I thought I was going to cry.

Mr. Moody continued, "Either you accept Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour and have everlasting life with Him, or you reject Him and you will have

eternal damnation in hell."

When I got home I told Jo, "I've got to be alone." By 3 a.m. I knew I had to talk to God personally but I didn't know how to go about it.

So I went into my bathroom and said, "God, I know You're there and I know You sent Jesus to take away my sins. Please forgive me. Lord Jesus, come into my life. I want to be born again." From deep down inside I heard the words, "Welcome home, son." Then came a beautiful, calm assurance that I was going to heaven.

The next morning when I told Jo, she was beside herself. By the time I got home from work she had a big sack full of things for me including a Bible with my name on it.

Eight days later, in a hotel room in Jacksonville, Florida I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I had gotten down on my knees and said, "Lord, I will do anything You want me to do if You will baptize me in Your Spirit."

The Word of God promises that in His Spirit we will receive power; a "charge" of His love to share with other people. In His strength we can come against the enemy, cast out demons and take authority over the influences of this world that are killing our children.

My decision has been made. I am a disciple of His. I refuse to look back, or to slow down in my efforts for Him.

Today I move by faith, walk by faith, love others through Him and labor in His power. My face is set. I know where I'm going: I'm heaven-bound! □

Gene Ellerbee is currently an executive with Procter & Gamble as well as Executive Vice-President of FGBMFI.

IT'S TIME



for FELLOWSHIP!

Time magazine says, "These are the days of Time Famine."

The world today is a pressure cooker. Fast paced events and ever-increasing information put demands on our lives, our families, and most of all — our time.

Time is God's most precious gift to us and we can use it wisely or we can waste it. What we do with our moments determines what we do with a lifetime.

Right now we are praying for members who want to be used of God. We are praying that God will give us men just like you — who will give their time, and talent to bring the lost to Jesus.

While there is still time — before the storm clouds of eternity close the doors of opportunity — you can join an army of God's men, marching and taking the world for Jesus.

IT'S TIME FOR FELLOWSHIP

In the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship you will find:

- Fellowship with Other Businessmen
- Practical Ministry Experience
- Changed Lives and Families Brought Together
- Men Changing the Faces of Nations Through Airlifts

FGBMFI chapter members touch more than 1,000,000 people each month around the world through meetings, rallies, conventions, *Voice* and *Vision* magazines and television. You, as a local chapter member, are a part of this global outreach ministry.

Your time is valuable.

Because of this, the Fellowship will present you with a gift of an attractive desk clock when you join or renew your membership in FGBMFI.

We appreciate you and we value your time.



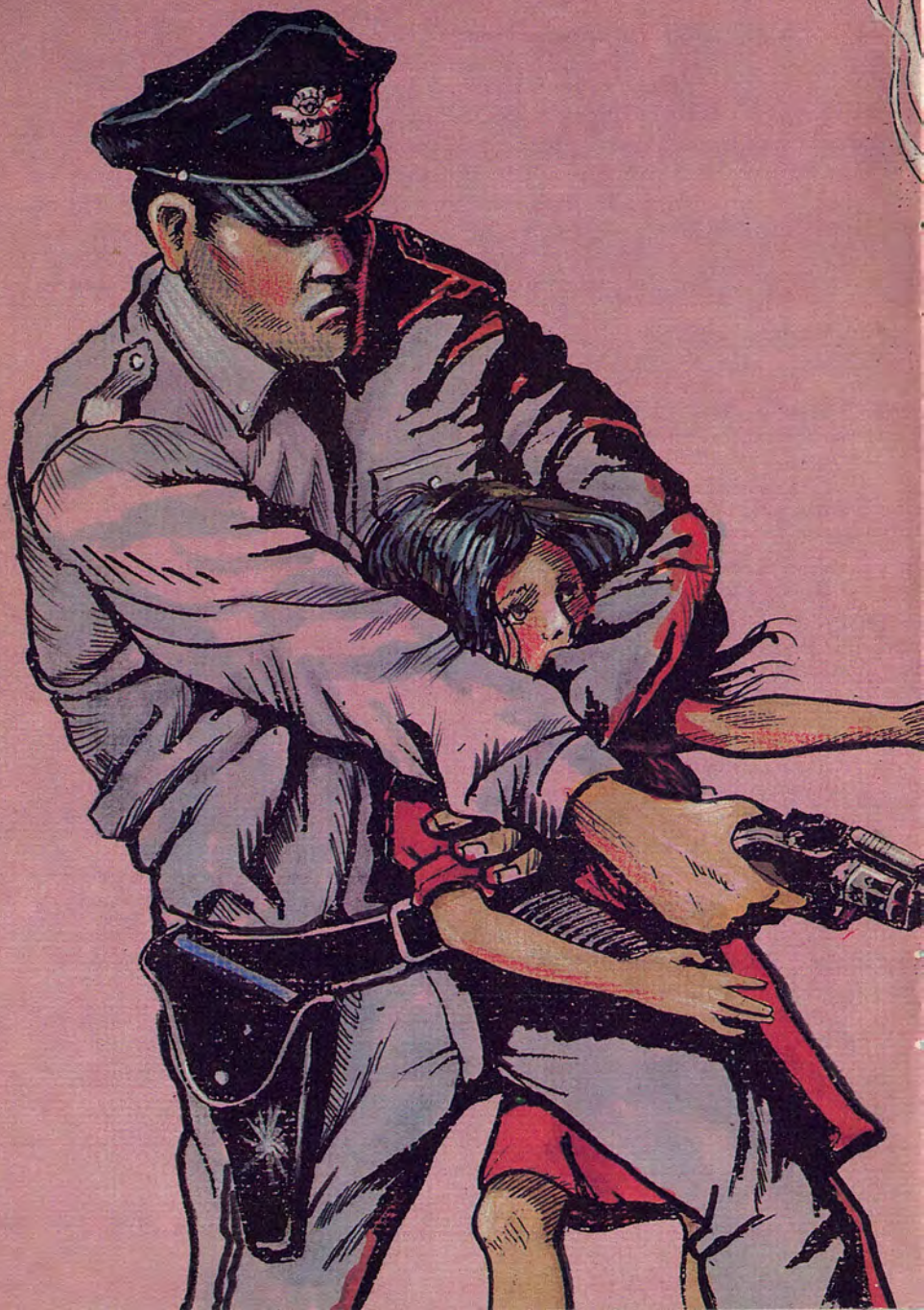
- YES, I want to join/renew membership in FGBMFI! I am enclosing my \$30. Send my membership card and pin to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____





The Price of Taking a Life

Ruben Fuentes
Austin, Texas

The hardest act of my whole life was keeping a six-year-old girl from going to the side of her dying father who was only a few feet away. He was lying in a widening pool of his own blood from a bullet wound in his neck. I had shot him, but I couldn't even allow his own child to get to the wounded man because he had a loaded pistol and still might be able to raise his arm and fire. In his dazed condition, he could have blown her away.

Not until he turned over slightly, exposing the handle of the .357 Magnum which I instantly wrested from him, did I allow his little daughter to run hysterically weeping to him, putting her tiny loving arms around her father just as the last drops of his life-blood hemorrhaged out onto the ground where he lay.

A fellow officer had answered a domestic disturbance call in the Hispanic community of East Austin. Upon arrival he immediately radioed for backup. I pulled up to the house about a minute later to find the first officer trying to subdue a huge male. The struggle was going on in a fenced-in back yard. With the arrival of the police a large crowd had gathered, scores of neighbors lining

the fence watching the attempted arrest.

I saw that a woman was trying to prevent the arrest by wrestling the policeman down from behind. Immediately, I called in for more backup support, then ran to the aid of the officer and began to try to get the wiry woman off his back.

She was a spirited fighter, throwing me to the ground and landing on top of me. As the lady and I struggled on the ground with me now trying to get handcuffs on her, I heard the other officer yell, "He's got my gun."

The situation had gone from just plain bad to terrifying. One of the worst hazards a policeman can face is to have a fighting-mad suspect get his weapon, leaving him unarmed with the assailant ready to kill.

The next thing I knew I could feel someone trying to grab my pistol. I was still on the ground totally engaged in trying to subdue the fighting woman. I thought it was the suspect trying to disarm me.

I turned over, covering my pistol with my body, making it harder for him to get it out of my holster. I didn't know that it was the other policeman grabbing for my weapon to defend himself against the now armed suspect.

Failing to unsheath my pistol, the officer took off for his patrol car to avoid being shot by the man he had been trying to arrest. He wanted to call for more help. As he went, the woman left fighting me and took off after him.

This left me alone in the back yard with the big man, now with the other officer's .357 Magnum in his right hand. As he moved purposefully toward me he readied the weapon for firing by moving

his left hand across and pushing the hammer back.

I was still mostly down, with my legs spread apart beginning to get up off the ground. He planted one of his large feet between my legs, put the muzzle of the pistol to my temple and said with considerable forcefulness, "Se yego tu tiempo!" Being Mexican-American, I knew that he had told me, "Your time has come!"

I was partially on my side, the weight of my right hip on top of my handgun and concealing it from sight. There was no way I could get it out before he could squeeze the trigger and blow my brains out. There seemed little doubt that this was "IT."

In an instant a lot of my life did pass before my mental vision. But before he fired, my reflexes also went into action.

My left hand came up and hit his pistol hand with all the force I could muster from my half-down position. The impact of the blow knocked his wrist and forearm to his right side. But it did not dislodge the Magnum from his hand. It did give me the instant I needed to bring my gun up beside my face — he was that close — and shoot upwards.

Later I recalled firing only two shots, but four rounds had been expended and four wounds were in the big man. One hit him in the right hip, another entered his left hip, another penetrated his shoulder and the fourth went through his neck. It was this bullet that eventually killed him.

When I scrambled onto my feet I was critically concerned that he might still be able to fire the gun he had put to my head, although he appeared to be out. I could not see the weapon, so I was terri-

“He was lying in a widening pool of his own blood from a bullet wound in his neck. I had shot him . . .”

fied of his little girl getting near him.

There was still the possibility that he could muster the strength to fire off a round. In his dazed state the bullet could go anywhere and the child could be killed. When I finally got the gun, I let her go hug her daddy as he died.

The scene has never left me. I had many nightmares, seeing this little six-year-old girl hysterically crying for her daddy and being kept away from him by the policeman who had won in a self-defense fight to the death.

* * * * *

My life was never the same after that. Even being an armed law officer, having to kill another person as *the only* way in a self-defense crisis, is a terrible experience. In time, I began to see this ordeal as unavoidable and as a way God used to make me of better use to His Kingdom.

I was born in McAllen, Texas, in the rich, fruit-producing Rio Grande Valley near the Mexican border. Like most Mexican-Americans my family was very strict Roman Catholic. I am now very grateful for this religious upbringing for it implanted in me a sensitivity to God and His love, and made me aware of the commandments by which Christians should live.

By the time I grew into my teens we had moved to Austin, the capitol of Texas. It was there that I found the Lord. I had noticed one student who always carried his Bible and we became friends. He witnessed to me and I was impressed with what he told me about Jesus.

Later in the eleventh grade, I accepted Christ as my personal Saviour. It is from that commitment that I date my salvation, but I had a long way to go to mature as a Christian disciple and receive God's abiding blessing of the Holy Spirit in my life.

* * * * *

The Travis County Grand Jury returned a no-bill in the shooting death, ruling self-defense as the reason for the fatal shooting. This meant that society had forgiven me for taking a life, but it did not clear my religious conscience.

My Catholic training had been very rigid in interpreting the Sixth Commandment — Thou Shalt Not Kill. Neither did it free me from the nightmares in which I would see that dear little girl trying to reach out and love her daddy as he died.

It was a time of acute tension between the East Side Hispanic Community and the Austin Police. Although I was Hispan-

ic and the primary officer who was being assaulted by the man and his wife who were also Hispanic, I was still put through much anguish. I was sued for \$480,000, charging excessive force. The case wore on for four years until it was finally resolved out of court.

By this time I was worn out and my marriage had failed. I don't know how much the aftermath of the shooting and being dragged through the courts had to do with it, but it was over. I continued on the police force and eventually became good friends with Connie, another police officer.

Connie gave me much support during this trying period. She agreed with me that I was burnt out on police work, no doubt because of the ordeal I had been through. We became engaged and were married at about the same time that I was offered a job with the State Board of Medical Examiners in San Antonio. Connie and I agreed to get away from Austin for a fresh start.

I believe that the acceptance of Christ as my personal Saviour during high school caused me to be open to the spiritual growth and discipleship that came to me while I was in San Antonio. We were

living in Cedar Hill Apartments when I saw a notice on the bulletin board announcing a Bible study right in our building.

I told Connie about it. Being in our first year of marriage, we were undergoing some of the second-thoughts that newlyweds often have to face. We both agreed by then that we may well have gotten married for many of the wrong reasons. The Bible study would give us a chance to work on our problems in the light of Scripture. So we joined.

It was in this class that I learned the meaning of God's grace and His mercy. Before this I thought that my faith in God involved just going to church and trying to live right. I didn't even know that there was such a thing as fellowship with other Christians.

I absorbed the teachings and grew in biblical maturity. It became the foundation that I could stand on. He taught me the difference between killing in the line of duty and murder. The anguish that I had carried from breaking the sixth commandment was absolved through the love and forgiveness that I learned right there in our apartment complex.

It was then I began to realize that God had used this horrible experience to get my attention, to turn me around toward Him and bind me into the love of other Christians. I also came to a new understanding of police work.

There are terrible crimes and injustices taking place in society every day. Some responsible person has to deal with every injustice and felony, no matter how nasty it happens to be. This is what the cop does for the community in which he works. I now know that the only way I

"He taught me the difference between killing in the line of duty and murder."



Ruben Fuentes and his wife, Connie, with their children: (l. to r.) Joey, Rebekah and Timothy.

could have avoided shooting the man I killed would have been to call in sick that morning.

The second thoughts that Connie had experienced about our recent marriage were also resolved. Studying the Bible together taught us the deeper meanings of holy wedlock, and bonded us together as husband and wife within the boundless love of our Heavenly Father.

Looking back, I have serious doubts that our marriage would have survived had we not studied the Bible together. However, we now have a beautiful marriage with three wonderful children.

With these new realizations, I felt God calling me back into law enforcement.

Several years had passed since I left the Austin Police Department, but I had grown through good teaching and the supportive fellowship of fellow Christians. Also, I had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

I was accepted back into the Austin Police Force. I soon felt God calling me to witness within the department in a way that would not be offensive to other policemen. With fellow officer Gene O. Parker, we started a regular weekly prayer fellowship, meeting every Wednesday morning at Police Headquarters for prayer at 6:00 a.m.

Word got around. In time, this morning prayer group organized itself into the Capitol Area Law Officers for Christ, now reaching many police personnel.

In meeting and praying together we reaffirmed that there is power in prayer! Some of the officers and other department employees who became members have been able to voice hurts and frustrations that have been healed through prayer.

My work went well and in due course I was promoted to Sergeant. Knowing that God had called me back into police work has given me a sense of high purpose. There is no doubt in my mind that God placed me in Cedar Hills Apartments at a time when His servant, Otha Aishman, was ministering there to a small group.

Now I know that God had a great deal more for me in close fellowship through Bible study, teaching and prayer. I learned that discipleship and Christian maturity comes through study and prayer in small groups.

I am now missions director of my church and have journeyed to Southeast

Asia, including Hong Kong, Thailand and Seoul, Korea. My wife and I have also traveled into Communist China.

For some time I have been assigned to the Organized Crime Unit of the Austin Police Force. My field of responsibility is dealing with occult crimes. I have come to see that what St. Paul preached is critically true today: "For we do not wrestle against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against spiritual wickedness in the heavenly places" (Ephesians 6:12 NKJ).

In my everyday work of investigating and convicting those who commit satanic crimes against individuals, I can see the powers of darkness at work in our country, just as I saw Satan's influence in the destruction of human lives in

Southeast Asia. More than ever I know firsthand that Jesus Christ is the only answer against the forces of the evils of the occult and other sin.

I thank and praise God that He has called me to my profession of police work, and also to another vocation — that of being a lay missionary for Him here in Austin and wherever my church sends me. □

Ruben Fuentes is a Sergeant on the Austin, Texas Police Force assigned to the Organized Crime Unit. He and his wife, Connie, are the parents of nine-year-old Rebekah, and seven-year-old twin sons, Joey and Timothy. He is also the father of sixteen-year-old Katrina, by a previous marriage.

Ruben and his family are members of Church of the Hills in Austin, where he is Director of Missions. He is a member of the Austin Chapter of FGBMFI. He can be scheduled for speaking engagements through Church of the Hills, 100700 Anderson Mill Road, No. 150, Austin, Texas 78750.

CONVENTIONS

WASHINGTON INTERNAT'L REG. CONV.

February 1-3, 1990

Shoreham Omni
Washington, D.C.
Contact: Bill Shock
4106 Sunburst Ct.
Alexandria, VA 22303

OKI COUPLE'S ADVANCE

February 23-24, 1990

King's Island Inn
King's Island, OH
Contact: Gene Burress
6170 Taylor Rd.
Cincinnati, OH 45248

SUDBURY RALLY '90

February 23-24, 1990

Holiday Inn
Sudbury, ON Canada
Contact: Wes Bridge
8 Sellwood Ave.
Caperol, ON P0M 1H0 Canada

EASTERN OHIO COUPLE'S ADVANCE

March 2-3, 1990

Salt Fork Lodge
Cambridge, OH
Contact: William J. Cooke
121 Outerbelt St.
Columbis, OH 43213

SOUTHERN NEW ENGLAND REG. CONV.

March 29-31, 1990

Hartford Treadway Hotel
Cromwell, CT
Contact: Gerald De Florio
332 Westport Rd.
Wilton, CT 06897

TENNESSEE MEN'S CAMP

March 30-April 1, 1990

Univ. of TN—4-H Campground
Columbia, TN
Contact: Wally McCoy
2955 Hillhurst Dr.
Nashville, TN 37207

OHIO MEN'S CAMP

March 30-April 1, 1990

King's Island Inn Convention Center
King's Island, OH
Contact: Gene Burress
6170 Taylor Rd.
Cincinnati, OH 45248

1990 NIAGARA FALLS REG. CONV.

April 19-21, 1990

Park Motel
Niagara Falls, ON Canada
Contact: Dick Penner
Box 554
Niagara Fall, ON L2E 6V2 Canada

OLYMPIC PENINSULA MEN'S ADVANCE

April 27-29, 1990

Fort Flagler State Park
Northland, WA
Contact: Michael Krier
2980 Calaveras
Port Orchard, WA 98366

CONVENTIONS PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE WERE APPROVED ON OR BEFORE NOVEMBER 16, 1989.

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ANAHEIM 1990

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nor by power, but by My Spirit,
says the Lord of Hosts." —Zechariah 4:6*



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Complete this form and mail to FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628. Completed form and **\$10 registration fee per household** must be included with each registration form. No registration fee is required for youth under 18 years of age.

3204-05-9036

Hope



WHEN THERE WAS NO HOPE!

Clive Jung
Jamaica, West Indies

When I was four years old, my parents divorced. I can remember them fighting and arguing, and I can still hear the crash of the china as my father threw tea cups at my mother and the tea stains landed on the ceiling. After the divorce, I lived with my mother until the age of 11 when, for reasons unknown, I had to go live with my father. This was the beginning of an unbearable childhood.

My father was a successful businessman, a "self-made man," according to him. As a senior partner in a firm of quantity surveyors, he was successful, but as a father, he was anything but.

Materially, I did not want for anything that I needed, but lacked a lot of things I wanted. For instance, I yearned to be accepted, but never felt it. Instead I felt as though I were a burden and that my father only grudgingly met my needs.

Most of all, I wanted love and my father was incapable of it. It was a sin to cry in our home. Emotions weren't considered manly and tears were beaten out of me. My father had one philosophy concerning me: he would beat things into me and beat things out of me. I was constantly reminded, along with the beatings, that I was good for nothing and would amount to nothing.

This did not instill much confidence in me. In fact, quite the reverse. At the age of 14, I started sampling my father's alcohol stock while he was out. I liked the fact that for a short time, the sensation of confidence would come back in my veins. Little did I know that this was the start of an alcohol-addicted life.

Towards the end of my senior school period in Southampton, England, my

father decided to get married again to a young lady just a few years older than I was. She was supposed to be my substitute mother, but her age made her more like my sister. I could not accept this, especially since my real mother was still alive, so hatred added to my troubles as I let it build up inside.

At this time (1955-56) I was also due to take my final exams at school. My father felt I needed private lessons to get through them, so I had double the homework each night.

At midnight, when most school kids would have been in bed, I was still struggling along. Once again, my father's beating philosophy came into play. Every time I had a problem with the studies, he would show me and ask me if I understood it. When I said no, he would beat me about the head and say, "Now do you understand?"

Based upon this theory and the number of beatings I had, I should be the cleverest person in the world! But instead of beating education into me, he beat every desire to learn out of me.

Subsequently, when exam time came, all I did was write my name on the paper and then sit out the exam with my arms folded. My father's "prophecy" was coming true. I was starting to amount to nothing. That was fine with me. My only goal in life was to leave home.

As soon as I left school I got a job as an apprentice boat builder far enough away to warrant moving. But life was hard and as "luck" would have it, I met a group of teenagers who showed me how to supplement my wages by stealing from parked cars.

We did this as much for kicks as for

the money. I didn't care if I got caught because the publicity would discredit my father and his business. In fact, in a way I looked forward to it, so it happened: we got caught — all 11 of us.

My father was not as concerned about what I had done as he was for his reputation and business. He went to great lengths to minimize the publicity in the local paper. Finally, the courts gave me four years probation and allowed me to go live with my mother.

When I was 19, I met a Jamaican girl from London. At the time I was living in Birmingham, England. After two years of courtship we married in 1966. By the time I married I had nearly completed my alcoholic's apprenticeship.

My wife, Peggy, had a desire to be a pop-singer so she teamed up with various groups which was not conducive to married life. As she persevered with singing, I pushed on with alcohol.

Even the birth of our son, Dean, did not bring about a settled home life. During the first two years, we separated several times. On the last separation, my wife informed me that her parents were leaving London and going home to Jamaica. Did I want to go? Immediately, I thought, yes! A new country and a new life would equal a new marriage.

So in 1968 we went to Jamaica by ship. But upon arriving, the immigration would not land me because I didn't have a work permit. Eventually, they let me stay for two months only. I immediately got into "fellowship" with Jamaican alcohol, and by the time the two months was up my in-laws' patience was, too. Being Christians, they didn't like a drunkard in the house.

My son and I had to leave Jamaica but my wife decided to stay, so I returned to England with the sole purpose of getting a work permit and returning to my wife. Little did I know that I would have to fight a battle with the relevant authorities which would last three years before I got my permit and could return.

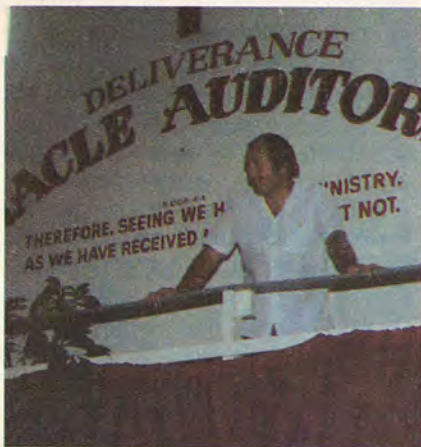
I was working in a mental hospital as a telephonist, grabbing all the overtime I could and looking after my son at the same time. The result was a nervous breakdown. I was put into a hospital just as my permit finally came through.

The doctors experimented on me with various combinations of medication until they found one that would keep me stable. They then informed me that I would have to live on medication for the

rest of my life. The constant worry about the permit, the separation from my wife, the responsibility of my son and overworking had reduced me to a wreck. The only answer was constant medication.

So in 1971, my son and I went back out to Jamaica armed with a work permit and a couple months' supply of Tranxine and Librium. On reaching the family home that I had left three years previously, I had a great shock: My wife had gotten saved. Still this did not bother me. She had her God; I had mine! It was not long before I became a fully qualified "rum-head." In '73 I left my wife and Jamaica with my son, vowing never to return.

In 1975 I divorced Peggy, who was still in Jamaica, and married my whiskey



Today, Clive Jung is active in personal ministry, such as Voice Magazine distribution.



supplier. But two years after this marriage (and the birth of my daughter), my second wife divorced me.

One night I went out drinking and took my daughter with me. On leaving the club, I was arrested by the police and charged with being drunk while in charge of a child. I was locked up in the local police station and my daughter was taken to a social services home. That was the last I saw of her for some time.

On release from the police station, I was shattered. I had no marriage, no wife, no daughter, no job and no hope. There was nothing left to do but kill myself because I could not face that empty house alone.

I bought a bottle of whiskey and emptied it into a large plastic container and then searched the house for all the tablets I could find. I dumped them all into the whiskey, then wrote a farewell note, blaming everybody else for my downfall.

Then I started drinking the stuff, but to my surprise I woke up the next morning and immediately tore up the farewell note.

With nowhere left to turn, I knelt on the floor in utter despair and cried out to a God I did not know.

Two days later, two people from a local Baptist church called at the house and invited me to a crusade starting that very day. It's interesting to note that although I had cried out to God and He had sent help in the form of these two disciples, I wanted help without getting deeply involved with God or His people. I wanted a one way street without any commitment.

However, after a lengthy conversation

on the doorstep, I gave in and went to the revival.

On reaching the crusade tent, I felt like a fish out of water. The preacher said something that conflicted with my thinking. He said, "There is hope." I had tried to kill myself because there was no hope. Yet the whole week of meetings was based on the theme, "There is hope."

The first night the preacher said, "There is hope for a broken marriage." The next night, "There is hope for people with nervous problems. There is hope for alcoholics. Hope for the unemployed. Hope for the lonely. Hope for the depressed." On it went through the week.

I was empty and knew I needed this hope. The strange thing was that no matter what the problem was, the answer was the same — Jesus. So on June 23, 1984, I met Jesus and my life did a U-turn. I was no longer lonely. I got a job, started saving and started living for the first time in my life.

Two months after I got saved I went to the cupboard and to my surprise, I found two months supply of nerve medication untouched!

I couldn't believe it, but the evidence was right there. I had not taken medication for two months after being on it for 14 years! My nervous condition had been cured. I had been healed automatically at the time I was saved, and was delivered from the bondage of alcohol at the same time.

I estimate that during those 14 years, I had taken 30,660 tablets because seven experts couldn't cure me. But in 1984, the Great Physician took over and did the job.

One night I visited a local charismatic church, and who did I see playing the guitar in worship? None other than the policeman who arrested me for being drunk while in charge of my daughter! We became firm friends, but only Jesus could bring together two men like us in such a beautiful way.

Two years after I was saved, I found myself packing two suitcases and flying to Jamaica. During my first two years of salvation, alone in England, I had attended many exciting meetings. But unlike family men, when I got home I had no one to share or discuss the evening with.

I wanted company, but the Scripture says, "If a person is divorced, let him remain single or be reconciled to his wife." I had vowed never to return to Jamaica, so when I found myself on a plane I knew it was God.

In February, 1985, I was reunited with my first wife, Peggy — after 14 years. It was like we had never been apart. We got remarried a week after I returned and two years later we are still on our honeymoon. Now we both fellowship with the right stuff.

My father was right. In the eyes of the world, I haven't amounted to much. But Luke 12:15 says, "One's life does not consist in the abundance of the things he possesses." I now have Jesus and that makes me rich.

Although I don't possess all that my father considered valuable to success, I am a child of the King. I am royalty washed by the blood of Jesus and, praise God, the best is yet to come!

From the time of my salvation until now, I have been blessed by the wonderful fellowship both in England and

Jamaica at the FGBMFI meetings.

Praise the name of Jesus. There is hope!

I have fully recovered from my childhood trauma. My father had beaten me into a recluse with no confidence. I was a loner who hated everybody, was shy and introverted. But all that has been washed away with the blood of Jesus and today I am somebody. I'm His child; He will never let me down.

How amazing that I've been set free from 14 years of bondage to nerve medication. I have also been delivered from alcoholism after 23 years in a drunken stupor, and have been healed of my nervous disposition. All my traumatic childhood memories have been washed away with the blood of Jesus and I have my wife back!

Another hatred I had developed was for my home town of Southampton because of my unhappy childhood there. Yet I marvel at the wisdom of our Lord.

After traveling around England and living in various towns and making two trips to Jamaica, I wound up getting saved in the very town I had hated and had run from. Now, when I look at Southampton through Christian eyes, I see it as a beautiful city, my favorite in England.

Since I've been saved, I haven't been locked up once by the police, but I've fellowshipped with them — praise God! And I did not do a thing, except say YES to Jesus. □

Today Clive and his wife, Peggy, own and operate a small company that makes cake decorating kits for sale in supermarkets. Their business, Kingdom Catering, is based in Kingston, Jamaica. Clive is a member of FGBMFI'S Jamaica chapter and attends the Jamaica Evangelistic Centre.

Sharing the Good News through VOICE

Voice is one of the most powerful witnessing tools available! Thousands of men and women receive a quantity of 50, 100 or more copies each month of Voice to help them tell others that Jesus is the only answer.

Stories that prove the spiritual effectiveness of Voice printed testimonies are almost endless . . .

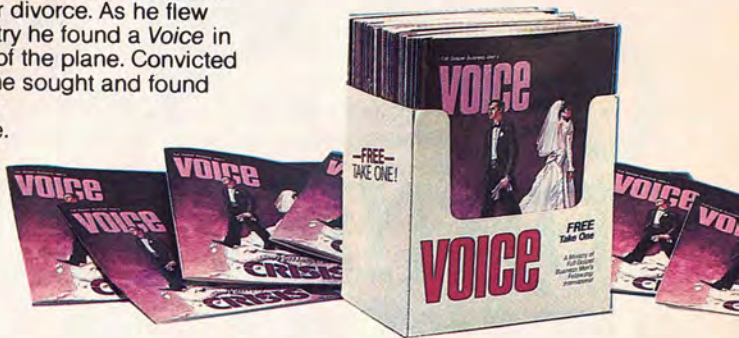
. . . A teenager, despondent because his home was breaking up, planned to kill himself. He picked up a dirty, old copy of Voice while passing through a shopping mall, read it late that night, and was saved, not only from suicide but for eternity.

. . . A man's unfaithfulness caused his wife to file for divorce. As he flew across the country he found a Voice in the seat pocket of the plane. Convicted by a testimony, he sought and found forgiveness from God and his wife.

If you meet two unsaved persons a day, 50 magazines will be gone before the end of the month. Think of it — you will have shared more than 400 powerful testimonies!

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John Cavanagh
Jacksonville, Florida

OFF TO A NEW START!

I always loved sports — any kind of sports. At Lee High School in Jacksonville, Florida, I played on the basketball team and was a diver on the swimming team. During the summers I played on a championship fast pitch softball team, and did a lot of water skiing.

While in the army in Germany, I learned to snow ski and ice-skate, which I continued while going to college at the University of Colorado. After college I took up tennis and played on the A team

for our club in the inner-city conference for several years.

Let me point out that I was never great in any of these sports, but good enough to enjoy them. But while in college I made the mistake of going to sleep while driving, and woke up with the front of my car wrapped around a telephone pole. This incident left me with recurring bursitis in both shoulders that stopped my tennis playing for several years when I was in my 30s.

The running craze had just started in 1975, when they had the first 15K River Run in Jacksonville. I had turned 40, was looking for a good way to stay in shape, and jogging seemed like an easy way to do it.

The following year I ran in the River Run, which has a bridge near the end that is three-quarters of a mile up hill over the beautiful St. John's River, and I nearly passed out at the finish. In the following years my times improved and I felt a lot better at each finish as I learned about pace.

By 1981 I was running four to eight miles, five times a week, was back to playing tennis, and felt great. In March of that year, I noticed a slight pain in the tops of both knees. By July the pain was intense. It felt like someone was sticking hot daggers in my knees every time I ran, and I had to cut my distance to two miles.

I tried special exercises and ice packs, but nothing seemed to help. My knees also hurt when I played tennis on soft courts. It looked like I would either be in for a long layoff of running or an operation, and I wasn't ready for that.

Suddenly my mind flashed back seven years. After graduating from college, I worked for the King Edward Cigar Company for 13 years. Then in 1974, I was able to buy the company that made our cigar boxes. Since I had been successful in many things during those 13 years, I was certain that I would be a great success in owning my own business and would become filthy rich.

Things didn't work out like I had planned, however. By 1980 we also owned a box company in Atlanta,

Georgia, another one in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, near Nashville, a glass decorating company in Jacksonville, and all of them were losing money!

Every day was a nightmare with suppliers calling to collect money and customers screaming because they wanted boxes that were late because we couldn't get supplies. I was doing everything I could to raise or borrow money. My "great financial empire" was about to collapse.

I attended church almost every Sunday and believed in a supreme God, but really didn't think He would answer my prayers, so I never prayed for help. I thought there were too many people down here for Him to be concerned about my problems.

Then, in October 1980, I read *God Owns My Business* by Stanley Tam, which tells how he built a highly successful business from nothing. I wanted to read the book because I thought I would find out his secret to building and running a lucrative business.

Mr. Tam told how he built the business by trusting God for everything. He also told several stories of men who were led to him with various problems, and how he told them that if they would invite Jesus Christ to live in their hearts, He would change them from the inside and give them new life. They would be "born again" in the Spirit.

For instance, one man named Joe Leatherman was very successful in business, but was full of pride and argued all the time. His wife was going to divorce him.

Stanley gave him the advice, "Invite Jesus Christ into your heart. He will

make you a new person and show you how to get along with your wife.”

So Joe prayed and asked Jesus to come live in his heart, to forgive him of his sins and to make him a new person.

Joe didn't tell his wife what he had done, but within two weeks she saw a big difference in him. She told him that he was like a new person. He was no longer argumentative but was sweet, loving and considerate. She wanted to know what was going on!

Joe then told her of his meeting with Stanley Tam, of his prayer, and how Jesus had truly changed him. His wife was so impressed with the change that she, too, invited Jesus into her life and their marriage was healed.

After reading that story, I recognized that I was full of the same pride that had gripped Joe Leatherman. I always thought I had all the answers. This frequently led to some very harsh arguments with my wife, Gae. But the truth was I didn't really know how to love her or my three wonderful daughters. I drank, I was full of lust, my business was failing, and I was pretty much a mess.

I thought that if Jesus Christ changed Joe Leatherman's life, that He would do the same for me. So on Sunday afternoon, October 5, 1980, I knelt at the foot of my bed and prayed to Jesus to come into my heart and change me, to be the Lord of my life, and to forgive me of my sins.

As I prayed I felt the power of God come over me and I started to cry. I cried for 10 to 15 minutes. When I finally stopped and got up, I felt as light as a cloud. I knew that God had washed away all of my sins. I was a new person in the

image of Jesus — I was “born again.”

That was the beginning of a new life. I got a tremendous thirst to read the Bible and find out how God wanted me to live. I started going to church two or three times a week at different churches, plus prayer meetings.



So back to 1981 and my knee problems. At a prayer meeting one night, a Jacksonville pediatrician laid hands on me and prayed for my knees to be healed in the name of Jesus. This was something new to me and I really didn't expect anything to happen. The next

“. . . I was going to do something special for Him, and that would be to run in the New York Marathon.”

morning I ran my usual two miles and kept waiting for the pain, but it never came. I was totally healed in one night.

I had always said that anyone who ran a 26 mile marathon was crazy and I would never do such a stupid thing. Now things were different. If God was good enough to heal my knees in one night, then I was going to do something special for Him, and that would be to run the New York Marathon.

I had 12 months in which to go from running two miles a day, to run 26. The following October, 1982, I completed the New York Marathon in three hours, 42 minutes for an 8½ minutes per mile average. That was certainly no great time for a 47-year-old man, but it wasn't bad considering where I had come from.

But God not only healed my knees, He healed my marriage by showing me how to love my wife and children, by taking away the pride, the lust, and the drinking.

Today I do everything I want to do, but God has given me a new heart that wants to do different things. He even healed our business, which has grown in sales by over 50 percent in the last two years.

What He did for me, He will do for you. If you have never invited Jesus Christ to come live in your heart and be your Lord and Saviour, you need to do that right now. He will give you a new heart, with joy and a peace that passes all understanding. You can have all of your sins forgiven, and know for certain that you will spend eternity with our heavenly Father.

Jesus said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me" (John 14:6). Jesus said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me" (Revelation 3:20).

If you want to start life anew right now, to be "born again" and have God directing your life, then pray this prayer with me now:

"Dear heavenly Father, I thank you for sending Your Son, Jesus, to die on the cross, that I might have eternal life. I ask You, Jesus, to come into my heart and be the Lord of my life. Direct my path from this time forward. Forgive me of all of my sins, and show me the way You want me to live. In Jesus' name I pray. Amen." □

If you have prayed this prayer for the first time, write to John and he will send you a free booklet on how to live the life of a new Christian. He can be contacted through Christian Packaging, Inc., P. O. Box 3126, Jacksonville, FL 32206.

6 STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision now: "Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

Write us to tell of your decision. We'll send you a booklet, "Now That You've Received Christ." Our mailing address: FGBMFI/Box 5050/Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

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WHO WE ARE Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching 103 nations and transcending denominational, racial and cultural barriers. Men interested in participating in this exciting end-time ministry are invited to write: Chapter Department / FGBMFI / P. O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

CONTENTS

Behind the Macho Facade

What makes a real man? Is it physical strength? Gene Ellerbee thought it was while training for the Olympic boxing team—but then he was knocked out in

seven seconds in his first tryout. Is "manhood" the ability to exert brute force? Ruben Fuentes, a Texas cop, found out differently when he had to choose between killing or being killed.

Maybe a real man is one who is financially successful—but success in the business world can be short-lived—as Jim Cavanagh discovered.

All these men, and others, realized that the world lied to them when it left them with these false concepts of "Manliness."

So if strength and success don't make "real men" what does?

<i>Behind the Macho Facade.....</i>	2	<i>Hope When There Was No Hope!.....</i>	20
<i>Slugging It Out With The Heavyweights.....</i>	5	<i>Off To A New Start!.....</i>	26
<i>The Price of Taking a Life.....</i>	12	<i>Six Steps to Salvation.....</i>	30
<i>Conventions.....</i>	18	<i>Chapter Outreach.....</i>	30

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