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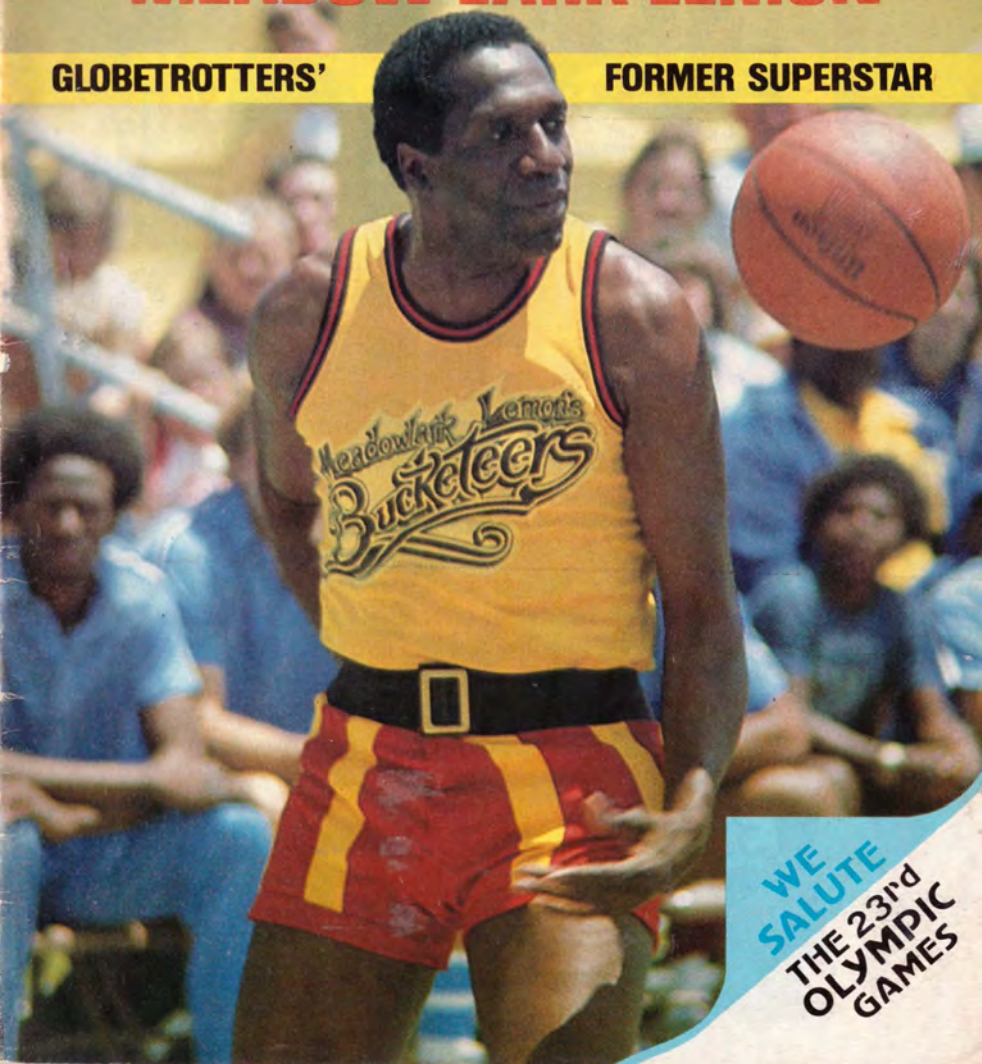
FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

VOICE

MEADOW LARK LEMON

GLOBETROTTERS' FORMER SUPERSTAR



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In a race, everyone runs but only one person gets first prize. So run your race to win. To win the contest you must deny yourselves many things that would keep you from doing your best. An athlete goes to all this trouble just to win a blue ribbon or a silver cup, but we do it for a heavenly reward that never disappears. So I run straight to the goal with purpose in every step. I fight to win" (I Corinthians 9:24-26, LB).

These words written 2,000 years ago by the Apostle Paul may well have been inspired by the Greek games of his time. The athletes competing in the XXIII Olympiad exercise complete dedication and discipline as they strive to win gold, silver and bronze medals.

THE PRIZE

As significant as these coveted medals are, they do not begin to compare with the prize of eternal life available to all of us through Jesus Christ. At the close of his life Paul wrote, "In heaven a crown is waiting for me which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me on that great day of his return. And not just to me, but to all those whose lives show that they are eagerly looking forward to his coming back again" (II Timothy 4:8, LB).

In these pages you will read the testimonies of Meadowlark Lemon and James Frazer, both outstanding athletes. They, along with the successful businessmen who share their testimonies in this issue of **Voice**, have found peace and joy in this life and the assurance of eternal life in heaven. If you have not received Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, the Six Scriptural Steps to Salvation on page 38 will guide you in making that important step.

Clean-living Meadowlark Lemon is known internationally as the "Clown Prince of Basketball." As such, he's one of the most recognizable celebrities in the world. Nevertheless, he needed Jesus. . . .

THE CLOWN

Meadowlark Lemon, Bel Air, California

Heated religious arguments do not produce converts. This is especially true regardng Christianity. It's impossible to argue another person into a personal relationship with Jesus Christ.

However, I came to know Jesus in a personal way after an argument with a good friend, Heidi. After exchanging hostile words with her over the phone I felt compelled to go and apologize.

On the way to Heidi's studio I reviewed my life. My father and mother had been divorced when I was very young and I had spent most of my young life with my father and his sister. I was unaware that it is only by the grace of God that we have life, but I realize now that even when I was a kid God had His hand on me.

Once I fell down while crossing a street. A car was coming very fast. My father saw that he couldn't pick me up and get out of the way fast enough, so he threw himself across me to save my life. The car came to a squeaking stop and narrowly missed us.

We used to go swimming in places where there were snakes and alligators, but God protected me.

I was eleven when I first realized what I wanted to do with my life. I saw the Globetrotters and they made a heavy impression upon me. That's the only reason I got into basketball in the beginning: to play basketball with the Globetrotters.

I believe that God put the desire there. I wanted to live a good life, to stay in the best of health—no drinking, no smoking, no drugs—and to live to be at least 100 years old.

From that time on, through grade school and high school in Wilmington, North Carolina, the Globetrotters were

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PRINCE

my one and only goal.

I knew I had talent, but there was lots of competition in school. I knew that talent alone wouldn't get me where I wanted to go. I had to put in my time. Lots of time.

I started playing in the community boys' club. Then in high school I spent my time "in the trenches," as they say. I worked very hard for many, many hours; I'd play basketball eight and sometimes twelve hours a day.

While I was still in high school the Globetrotters contacted me. It was a difficult choice: to go with them or to go on to college. Actually, Uncle Sam made the decision for me when I was inducted into the Armed Forces for a couple of years. But I corresponded with the Globetrotters and when I got out of the service I joined the team.

That's when things started happening professionally.

The Globetrotters were dedicated players, each and every one of them. There was nothing else they wanted to do with their lives than to play their style of basketball. They were good at it; in fact, they took second to no one. They were the best athletically, and they were the best in comedy.

You're doing two things at once as a Globetrotter: something physical, and something comical. There are so many things going on out there on the floor that if you're not on top of it you really can't do it.

And not to brag about it, but I've never seen anyone with the kind of timing I have. Many others have tried to imitate

From left: Rosey Grier, Demond Wilson and Meadowlark Lemon pray with President Ronald Reagan during effort to allow prayer back in America's public schools.

my kind of thing, but it doesn't come off. They have to give it up and try something else.

I was with the Globetrotters for twenty-two years. Then I left them and did a movie, "The Fish that Saved Pittsburgh." A television series followed—a sitcom called "Hello Larry."

But all the while there was this feeling that I should form a team of my own. I finally did, and called it The Bucketeers.

All of this and more was going through my mind on the way to Heidi's studio. I didn't realize that something would happen when I got there that would change my life.

Soon after she accepted my apology, a young minister friend of hers walked in. He said, "I never come here . . . but I felt impressed that I had to be here today."

I didn't know until weeks later the significance of his being there.

It was then that Heidi told me, "I know what you need, Meadowlark."

"What is it?" I asked.

"You need Jesus in your life."

I told her, "I've *got* Jesus in my life! I know who He is."

"No, Meadowlark, you don't understand. You *need* Jesus in your life. Would you mind if we prayed for you—and with you?"

"Okay, if you want to."

We went into a little back room. Heidi and her minister friend prayed with me and I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour.

We prayed together for a few more minutes and they said, "Well, that's it. You're saved. You're a born-again

Christian this very day."

"I am?"

"That's right."

At that point I had no idea what was involved in living a Christian life. I had a Bible but never read it, but I felt a strong need for guidance and direction. I had very much enjoyed the television teaching of Dr. Fred Price, pastor of Crenshaw Christian Center, and made an appointment with him.

I was not aware then that it was the Holy Spirit leading me to a place where I could be taught the Word of God and receive the guidance every new Christian so desperately needs.

I've never been into drugs, alcohol or cigarettes. But I loved to gamble. And I loved the ladies.

One of the first things I learned was that these old habits were the fulfillment of fleshly desires and now I could use the Word of God to bring my flesh under control. As Gloria Copeland, wife of TV evangelist Kenneth Copeland, put it, "You only give up the things that are killing you."

Satan started attacking me in every area possible right after I gave my life to Jesus and began sharing my testimony and the Word with others and leading other people to Jesus. He started with my basketball team, The Bucketeers. My tour was a disaster; my personal finances came under attack; he tried to take my house; and things went wrong at my ranch.

It seemed as though my whole world were falling apart. But, praise God, I had learned from studying the Word that I have authority over all these things. I was trying to fight them and to change the circumstances in the natural, but that didn't work. You see, what was happening was spiritual warfare.

Ephesians 6:12-17 became my daily confession. In modern language, this Bible passage urges, "For we are not fighting against people made of flesh and blood, but against persons without bodies—the evil rulers of the unseen world, those mighty satanic beings and great evil princes of darkness who rule this world; and against huge numbers of wicked spirits in the spirit world.

"So use every piece of God's armor to

Satan started attacking me in every area possible right after I gave my life to Jesus.

resist the enemy whenever he attacks, and when it is all over, you will still be standing up.

"But to do this, you will need the strong belt of truth and the breastplate of God's approval. Wear shoes that are able to speed you on as you preach the Good News of peace with God. In every battle you will need faith as your shield to stop the fiery arrows aimed at you by Satan. And you will need the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit —which is the Word of God" (Living Bible).

Fully armed, I stood on the Bible verse that says, "Casting all your care upon him; for he careth for you (I Peter 5:7), and I can testify that God has solved all of my problems.

It is God who has given me the talent to entertain and make people laugh, and I thank God for that gift. But since I dedicated my life to Him He has given me the privilege of sharing my testimony and leading others to Jesus, and however and whenever I can save a soul, I will.

It's so important for Christians to be in a church where they can learn the Word of God and fellowship with other Christians. I have been blessed to renew old acquaintances with two athletes who are members of my church: Rosey Grier and Elgin Baylor. The Lord has also given me new friends, Christian friends with whom I've enjoyed hours of fellowship.

Four of my five children were saved before I was, and since then my oldest son George has received Jesus. The Lord has also blessed me with my first grandchild, Chet David Lemon.

I know there are lots of kids watching my life, so I'm going to live clean. I tell them, "You don't have to take drugs, or drink or smoke, to be somebody." I tell them that the solution to every problem is God, and that the things they will have to give up "are the things that are killing them."

I tell them Jesus will straighten out their lives if they allow Him to. He certainly straightened out mine.

He is giving me many opportunities to share my testimony with young people. For instance, this year on March 30, in the little town of Atlantic, Iowa, 2,000 people out of a community of 8,000 packed the auditorium to hear me. For the first time, when I came to the close of my testimony I gave a public invitation, and 125 young people came forward to receive Jesus as Saviour.

Throughout my long career I have been given many honors, performed before crowds of thousands and played before kings and queens; but when those young people came forward to receive Jesus it was the greatest moment of my life. □

Meadowlark Lemon became an American institution during his twenty-two years of professional comedy basketball with the Harlem Globetrotters. Head of his own team, The Bucketeers, since 1979, he has performed from inner-city playground to the sports capitals of the world. Meadowlark, who topped the 1982 "Q" Poll as most popular athlete, has just completed a seven-month national tour and is currently on his third international tour, including the Orient, London and Italy. He is a member of Crenshaw Christian Center in Inglewood, California.

within inches

James Frazer, Long Beach, California

When the 1984 summer Olympics open, I will not be in that vast throng jamming the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum and twenty-two other sites north and south of the city.

I will be one of the ten thousand athletes, representing scores of nations, who compete down on the field. My heart beats a bit faster every time I think of this God-given privilege. There'll be 8,200 accredited members of the media—the largest force that has ever covered *any* event in all history—flashing to the waiting world just what is taking place. No wonder I'm excited.

But where I am now is a long, long way from where I was a few short years ago. Allow me to share my story of how the God I now serve made it possible for me to be an Olympics participant.

When I was nine years old—living in Buffalo, New York with my parents, my two older brothers and my sister—my dad and mom separated. Mom was left with four little "stair steps," for her children had come along at the rate of one every year. She gathered up her little flock and moved to California, where we had relatives.

James Frazer took first place with this seven-foot, two-and-one-quarter-inch jump at Donezk, Russia.

We were brought up in the famous Watts area, not exactly known for its religious influence. The only time I remember going to church was one Easter when my mom had bought us new corduroy suits. Yet all three of us boys have now entered the ministry, though my answer to God's leading came only after a sin-filled early life.

All of us kids had athletic ability. My brother Anthony competed as triple jumper at the national level, my brother Harry ran track, and my sister competed in track as a sprinter. I received an athletic scholarship from the University of Arizona. At the time it seemed accidental, but now I know it was God who led me into my particular field of competition: track.

During my early high-school days my sport was basketball, but one afternoon after practice I ambled over to the field to watch a group of guys training for the high jump.

One in the group was a fellow I knew fairly well. He turned to me as though possessed of a sudden idea.

In 1981 NCAA competition at Austin, Texas, Frazer was runnerup.

"Hey, James!" He beckoned me closer. "You're built just right for track. Why don't you come out for the high-jump team?"

Well, why not? I was lithe, six feet, two inches tall, and attempting to clear that bar offered a real challenge. I quickly discovered it was not as easy as it looked. I knocked that bar down until I was one big

bruise, but I stuck with it. By the time I was a high-school senior I was clearing over seven feet. And *that* earned for me the university scholarship.

While at the university I became the #1 high jumper in the nation, and during the 1980-81 season I cleared the bar at seven feet, six and one quarter inches. The world record, set by a young Chinese last summer, stands at seven feet, nine and one-quarter inches. I'm within three inches of the world record, but at that height every inch seems like a foot.

Being an athlete commands a lot of respect on a college campus but—unhappily—it opens many doors to worldly pleasures. I walked through many of those enticing doors in search of excitement, but I soon discovered that everything I tried left me as flat as a leftover cola. I steered clear of drugs, the downfall of so many athletes today, and I never dabbled in the occult, but I was a playboy during my early days in college.

One night at a fraternity dance I spotted the loveliest young woman I had ever seen. She was tall (five feet, ten) with a graceful figure and a charming smile. I learned that her name was Dawna and asked her for the next dance. She accepted, and that was the beginning of a romance. It was a couple of years before we started dating, but eventually she moved in with me, and for the next six months we lived together in sin.

In the eyes of the world, I had it made. I was setting records in the competition I had come to love. I traveled about the country and abroad to participate in track meets, and my name was becoming well known. Yet deep down inside I was miserable, for I was unable to deal with the void in my life. I had no idea how to fill it.

Dawna and I would visit churches occasionally, but I didn't find it meaningful. I was searching, though; I would go to Campus Crusade Bible studies in the dorm every now and then. Then one evening I attended a Maranatha Ministries campus meeting and sat spellbound as evangelist Greg Ball explained the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Greg pulled no punches, declaring that Jesus is Lord of Lords and King of Kings. "He is everything or He is nothing," Greg said. And he added, "The only way to be saved is through accept-

Dawna and James Frazer with son Joseph

ing Jesus as one's personal Saviour."

Among the sixty students in attendance that evening I was the only black—and I was the only one who stepped out in faith and accepted Jesus. I felt that Greg was speaking just to me. He thumbed to Acts 2:38 and read these words: "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

Right then I knew that this was what I had been seeking, and I gave myself to Jesus. They laid hands on me and began praying and I was baptized and filled with the Holy Ghost, with the manifestation of speaking in tongues.

Immediately my life underwent an incredible change. I began to minister to others with a compassion that wasn't my own, and there was a boldness about me I had never before known. I saw others in Christ as my brothers and sisters, and I witnessed everywhere I went.

For instance, one afternoon I was in the training room working out with weights. A guy I had seen frequently on campus strolled in and struck up a conversation. Our talk was light, yet I sensed something was about to happen. Sure enough, he suddenly became all business—spiritual business.

"James," he began, "there's something about you that's . . . well, *different*. I've got to know what it is."

"Sure," I replied, unashamedly. "It's my love for the Lord Jesus Christ. He's everything in my life, and I want to live every day so that others will see Him in me."

"Well, if that's what it is, I know I want it. Why can't I have it too?"

"You can, man!" I assured him. And there upon our knees in the training room I led him to Christ.

My travels have taken me overseas, even behind the Iron Curtain to Russia and Czechoslovakia. One afternoon I was sitting in a hotel room in London with two other high jumpers, Leo Williams and Nat Page. Leo recognized something in me that he felt he needed. In a matter of minutes the three of us were upon our knees and Leo accepted Jesus as personal Saviour. We filled the bathtub with water and baptized him then and there.

Of course, when I accepted Christ I had a matter to settle immediately. It was my living outside of marriage with Dawna.

The God I serve has an amazing way of working things out for His children. I stated earlier that it was Greg Ball who led me to Jesus. Greg's wife Helen, at an eight-o'clock prayer meeting the very next morning, witnessed to Dawna, and after a day of ambivalence, she too became a born-again Christian.

On July 17, 1981 Dawna and I were married in Tucson, and the two of us have become a husband-and-wife team for the Lord. We're involved in leading a campus ministry at Long Beach State University. We *must* reach the youth of America—godly youth, godly country!

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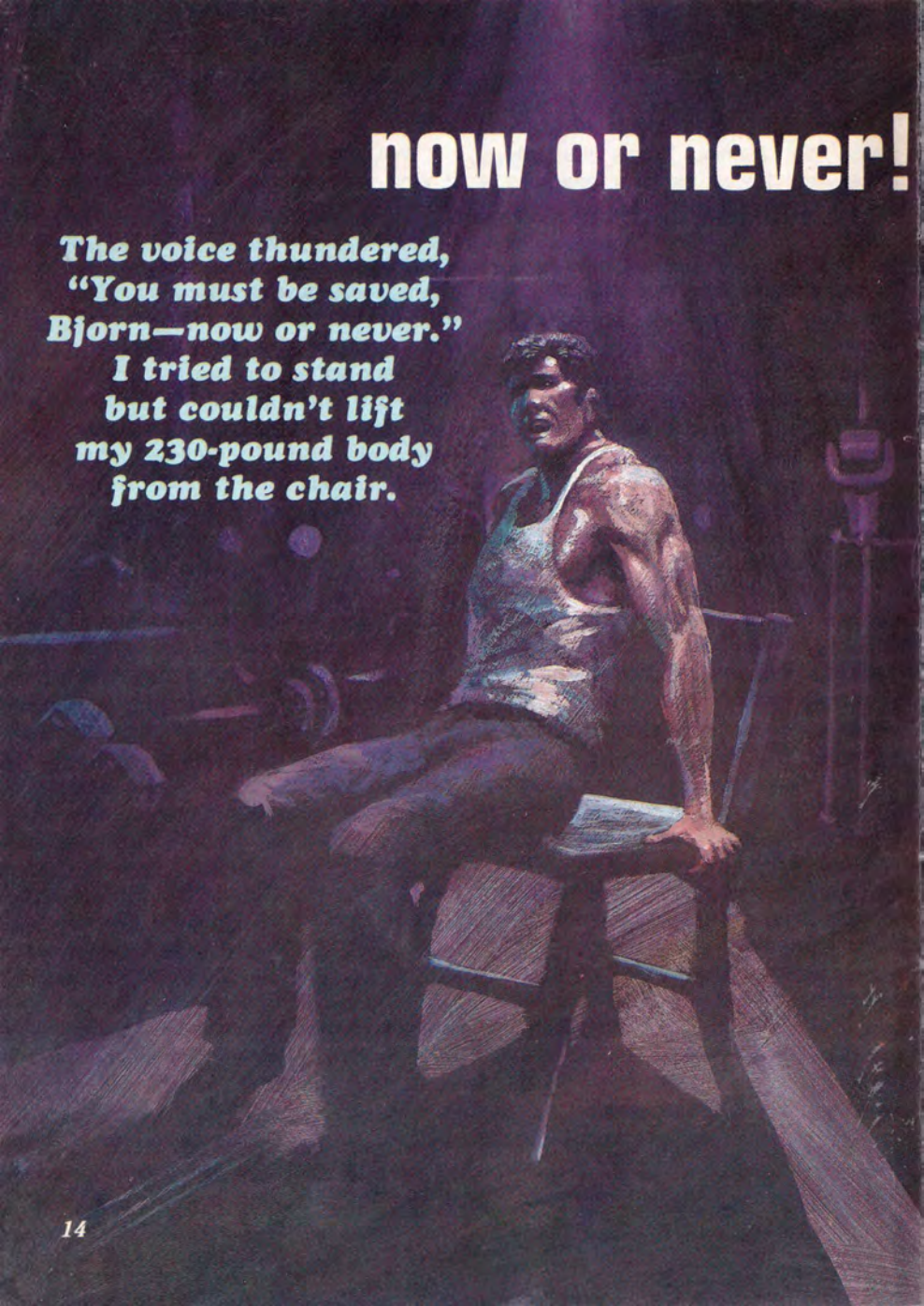
If you have a testimony that will glorify God and bring others to Jesus through *Voice*, you are invited to request guidelines from the Editorial Department, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.


now or never!
The voice thundered, "You must be saved, Bjorn—now or never." I tried to stand but couldn't lift my 230-pound body from the chair.

Bjorn Bergmann, Issaquah, Washington

The clock in the engine room of the Norwegian Navy ship at sea read five minutes to four in the morning. As I sat waiting for my relief, I thought eagerly of the good time my buddies and I would have when we reached port in the Caribbean, a day away. With a smug sense of pride I pictured the fear and respect I always got in the bars and nightclubs. Everybody gave me lots of room. They knew I could whip my weight in wildcats.

Suddenly I heard a voice. It was loud and clear: "You must be saved, Bjorn—now or never."

Some of my drinking buddies talked about seeing pink elephants. Was I beginning to hear voices? I had also heard that sometimes people go "off the deep end" into religion. Could that be happening to me?

A picture came into my mind of the sad men in black suits and black galoshes, carrying black briefcases, marching in Sunday processions to church in Norway in my growing-up years. "Hypocrites," my dad called them, and would have nothing to do with these churchgoers. I followed his example. I wasn't going to have anything to do with religion.

The voice thundered again and brought chills to my insides. "You must be saved, Bjorn—now or never." I bolted upright in my chair.

This is really crazy. I won't listen. I'll just find something to do until my relief man comes. I'll wipe around the engine, I'll check gauges.

I tried to stand, and couldn't. My legs appeared normal as I looked at them. I tried again.

I was paralyzed from the waist down.

My mind froze in disbelief. How could this be? Hadn't I diligently kept my body in top condition with wrestling, boxing, judo and weightlifting? Why, with my fist I could crush this chair which held me prisoner!

Again I tried to lift my 230-pound body from the chair. It held me fast.

Sweat ran down my face. I pressed my hands against the seat, but still I could not move myself off the chair. As I continued to struggle, the horror of my situation became more and more real.

How could I ever be chief engineer if I couldn't walk? It was the great motivation of my life. This ambition stemmed from my early years in Norway, watching fishing boats, tankers and naval ships from my own yard as they sailed the North Sea on their way to foreign ports and adventure.

The voice boomed for the third time. "You must be saved, Bjorn—now or never."

continued, next page

Now my back froze in mid-struggle. Beads of sweat running down my clammy skin, my muscles aching from tension, I asked myself an awesome question.

"Could this be God?"

The voice had said that I must be saved. But how do I "get saved"? Sing some Christmas carols? (I knew two.) Say the Lord's Prayer? (Along with the rest of my school chums, I had learned that.) Sing the national anthem? (That was always a good thing to do.)

Somehow I found courage to speak. "God, is that You? I'm here, I'm Bjorn. . . ."

God didn't answer.

Rubbing my legs in panic, I yelled, "God, here I am! Take me! Do whatever You want with me!"

Now thoughts of the way I lived filled my mind. God wanted to kill me, that's what it was.

My next thought was, *Maybe He will have mercy on me.*

"God, take me!" I shouted again.

My mind spun like a propeller, and somewhere out of that turbulence I yelled, "Jesus!" Immediately I was loosed from the chair.

My arms flew up. "Thank You, Jesus! Thank You, Jesus," I cried. The unfamiliar words seemed to flow up from my insides. Tears ran down my cheeks. I touched my face in astonishment. I couldn't remember crying since I was a child. I had been brought up not to cry, but now it was as if at last the dam had broken that had held back the pain of five years of bombing and suffering during World War II, the pain of childhood, the pain of all the things normal life brings.

Now I paced back and forth. "Thank You, Jesus! . . . Thank You, Jesus." I knew what I was saying; I could hear the words. They were perfect for this time and this place.

The other men in the engine room came over to my station.

I heard somebody say, "What's going on?"

I continued to say, "Thank You, Jesus."

"It must be the heat," one of them said. "Bjorn's overcome by the heat."

"Hey, I just fell in love with Jesus," I cried, still pacing back and forth. I didn't want to stop praising Him for fear that this wonderful new warmth and love would go away.

From that day on, my life was turned around.

I was now a Christian, but the only one aboard ship. I bought a Bible, read the Scriptures, and day after day I deposited them in my heart until I had memorized nearly the entire New Testament. I went ashore no longer with my buddies to drink and fight in the bars.

I decided to write home and tell my parents what had happened in the engine room. I knew they would be shocked. But, try as I could, I was unable to get one word down on paper. Thoughts of Andrew, a Christian man from my home community, kept coming to my mind. Andrew had always treated me kindly while I was growing up. I decided to write to him. . . .

Later I would understand why I needed to write to Andrew first. I learned that he had been praying for me since I was a small child.

"When you were a little boy playing out in front of your place in the sand," he

told me later, "I came by your house on my bicycle. I was an elder in our church and the Lord spoke to me. I was to pray for you every day, for you were chosen to preach the Gospel all around the world when you grew up. He told me to pray for you until you were saved. So—every day I prayed for you."

Andrew and I then compared notes. We discovered that at the approximate time I was saved in the engine room Andrew had awakened, feeling something "jump" inside of him. He knew something wonderful had happened. Then my letter arrived with the explanation.

"It must be the heat," one of them said. "Bjorn's overcome with the heat."

The Lord soon led me into ministry as assistant chaplain for the merchant navy personnel. While serving there, I was almost killed in a car accident. Brain damage nearly destroyed my coordination and vision. I was in constant pain twenty-four hours a day. Even the noise in the hospital aggravated my problem severely, so I remained for a month in a friend's quiet country home, then eight more months at home, all the while struggling through the darkest times in my life.

The doctors had given me very little hope of ever being normal again. I was very angry with God and I withdrew entirely from people.

Then one day a still, small voice came to me. "Why don't you pray?" Until then I had mostly been complaining to God. So one Monday I began praying earnestly, but nothing happened. The heavens were brass.

The same thing happened for seven days in a row. Finally on the seventh day I said, "Lord, I'm not going to go on like a fool anymore. You're not interested in me. I'm forsaken. And, God, either You heal me and get me out of this, or I choose not to go on like this anymore."

I hadn't figured out how I would end my life, but I didn't want to live any longer. This was it.

It was the first really honest prayer I had prayed.

The next thing I knew, the whole room was like a baptismal tank of God's liquid love and He was bathing me in it, inside and outside.

Then I saw a vision of Jesus on the cross, looking at me. I saw myself crawling miserably on the floor, like a worm, utterly worthless. Suddenly I saw myself look up to Jesus, then lifted up and completely submerged into Jesus.

Immediately Galatians 2:20 came to my mind: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me."

I exploded with the Word alive. I shouted "Hallelujah!" for the first time in my life. I burst into tongues.

Then I asked myself, "What am I doing?" At that moment I noticed that I was standing there easily with no pain. I began to check my body. I found that my coordination was perfect. I was totally healed.

Joy welling up inside, I ran to the kitchen, grabbed my wife and said, "Oh, I'm so happy, I want to dance!"

My wife is a nice, quiet Lutheran girl. This was absolutely crazy. And she was frightened.

The next day I was scheduled for a checkup, and they could find nothing wrong with me. The doctors said,"We don't know how to explain this, but you can walk out of here, young man, and do anything you want to do. You're well."

The Bible came alive to me. I saw all the healing Scriptures in the Bible as if they had never been there before. I began to lay hands on people and pray for them to be healed.

A friend and I started a charismatic camp, International World Ministries, in southern Norway, sponsoring native workers in other countries. (At present the work trains 1,200 a year in 110 countries, and the average attendance for our annual convention in Norway has been as much as 70,000.)

Next I was asked to assist Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in one of their first airlifts to my country in the '60s. I felt the Lord telling me to go on with them to their convention in Braunschweig, Germany. When we arrived, one of the speakers was unable to be present and in the emergency I took his place and spoke on healing. After that I was invited to speak at many FGBMFI rallies and conventions throughout Europe.

When FGBMFI opened its European headquarters at Brussels in the '70s I was a speaker. I brought greetings from my country at the New York World Convention in 1973. I have had the privilege of leading people in high places to the baptism in the Holy Spirit—at the Vatican, in the American military, all across Europe.

What the Lord told Andrew years before came true. For the last twenty-five years I have told the good news of Jesus Christ to thousands of people in nearly fifty countries of the world. I know that Jesus can save anyone.

Didn't He save me in the engine room of a Norwegian ship? □

Bjorn Bergmann is pastor and founder of Faith, Hope & Love Christian Center, Issaquah, Washington. He speaks frequently at FGBMFI meetings around the world. He and his wife Anne-Marie have four children: Reidun, Bjorn Tore, Aril and Ingunn-Annette. Bjorn is a member of the Seattle Chapter of FGBMFI.

The Harvest is Ready!

You can share in the Vision...

Jesus said: "The harvest is plentiful, but the workers are few. Ask the Lord of the harvest, therefore, to send out workers into his harvest field."—Luke 10:2, NIV

Our Vision

Our vision for the Fellowship is based upon a series of prophetic messages given over a period of time and confirmed by a literal vision from God.

In the vision, untold masses of men from every continent and nation, of all races and diverse culture and costume, once spiritually dead, are now alive. Delivered and set free, they are filled with the power of God's Holy Spirit, faces radiant with glory, hands raised and voices lifting their praises to heaven.

We see a vast global movement of laymen comprised of millions of men being used by God to bring this last great harvest through the outpouring of God's Holy Spirit before the return of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Our Mission Statement

1. *To reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ*
2. *To call men back to God*
3. *To help believers to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and to grow spiritually*
4. *To train and equip men to fulfill the Great Commission*
5. *To provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship*
6. *To bring a greater unity among all people in the body of Christ*

Our Five-Year Goals, 1984-1989

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Chapters in every nation

II. International Membership—
A membership of one million

III. Chapters—
40,000 chapters

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FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL.
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or write FGBMFI / P.O. Box 5050 / Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

FRONT LINES AND HEADLINES

The airlift team to Jamaica March 1-4 knew that they were in the front-line trenches of a spiritual warfare even before they left the United States. The plane in which they were to leave Miami developed mechanical problems. The second plane taxied down the runway and returned because one engine was malfunctioning. Just before liftoff in the third plane, a seagull flew into one of the engines, necessitating a return to the hangar. Had the gull been sucked into the jet twenty seconds later when the plane was airborne, the results could have been disastrous.

Arriving in Kingston three hours late, Sir Charles Vlaun of San Maarten and Judge James Patterson of Grenada joined the team hosting a banquet in honor of Jamaica's Prime Minister Edward Seaga.

The Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International banquet, attended by 200, made front-page headlines in Kingston's *Sunday Gleaner*. The headline read, "Miracles in My Life —Judge Patterson."

The article quoted the judge as saying, "Five of my friends were saved at an FGBMFI banquet in Guyana. Later one of them led me to Christ." The article also included miracles the fifty-one-year-old judge had since experienced.

Sir Charles Vlaun, former governor of San Maarten (*Voice*, January, 1982), titling his testimony "From Gutter to Governor," told of his deliverance by Christ from drunkenness.

In his opening remarks Prime Minister Seaga said, "I am very touched . . . deeply moved by the testimonies of Mr. Justice Patterson and Sir Charles."

FGBMFI International Vice-President Norman Norwood, airlift leader, welcomed guests and presented the prime minister with a gift from the Fellowship.

At an open meeting March 3 at which oldest members shared testimonies, fourteen received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Seven committed themselves to support David Keane in forming a new chapter June 1 to continue the work done by the airlift team.

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UPDATE!

THE POWER OF PRAYER

Demos Shakarian, founder of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, and his family are grateful to the thousands of friends who prayed for him in a crisis hour.

When emergency surgery was determined necessary to spare Demos' life, a band of prayer warriors immediately circled the globe, interceding for his recovery.

As they received phone calls requesting prayer, international directors went into action, notifying their chapters of the need. Many ministries were contacted; Christian television stations interrupted programs, asking millions of viewers to pray for a man deeply loved and highly respected as a Christian statesman.

Praise God for answered prayer! The surgery, to remove an obstruction from Demos' right carotid artery, was successful. Demos had been admitted to the hospital March 26 with symptoms of a progressive stroke affecting the left side of his body. His intellect and speech control centers are unaffected.

Demos was released from the hospital April 21 to a Southern California rehabilitation center, where an intensive regimen of physical therapy is producing positive results. At this writing (May 10) he is beginning to walk without the aid of a cane. Doctors are very happy with his progress.

The Christian community's worldwide demonstration of concern for the president of FGBMFI has been heartwarming to Demos and his family.

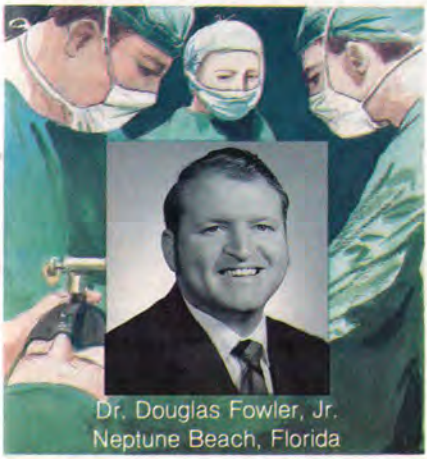
Demos is grateful for the dedication of his longtime friend and associate, Executive Vice-President Thomas Ashcraft, who is fulfilling the responsibilities of the president's office until Demos can reassume them. He is also thankful for the faithfulness of all the FGBMFI men who are pressing on to reach businessmen of the world for Jesus. □

WHAT DO THESE MEN HAVE IN COMMON?

Demos Shakarian, Founder/President, FGBMFI

On the following pages you will read the condensed testimonies of six men all of whom I have known for at least a decade—some much longer. Their differences are obvious. Family backgrounds vary. They live miles apart. Their professions and business pursuits hold little common interest: a medical doctor in Florida, a homebuilder in Texas, an attorney in Atlanta, a manufacturer in West Virginia, the owner of an industrial tank cleaning business in New Jersey and the owner of nursing homes in western states.

In all probability these six men, close friends, would never have met if it were not for two things they have in common. As you receive their witness, see if you can discover the threads that run through each of their testimonies.



Dr. Douglas Fowler, Jr.
Neptune Beach, Florida

SURGEON

It was time. I knew it, and I wondered how on earth I could fulfill those lofty goals I had set for myself.

Medical school was over. My practice was well underway. Yet I knew that I was falling far short of being able to offer any real help to my fellow men.

Although I was sewing up wounds and administering healing touches to physical needs, people were leaving my office with their deeper needs unmet. Realizing that so many were hungry for more than physical wholeness, I searched my own resources for answers.

As a teenager I had given my heart to the Lord. My background had been solid in a churchgoing family in Louisiana. My

faith in God was strong concerning my own salvation.

But in communicating my faith I was almost helpless.

Before long my wife and I were swept up into the cocktail circuit with other doctors and professional people. The pressures of that kind of life filled our home, which began to degenerate and collapse around us. My wife was not a Christian, and I had no power to help her.

About this time my little mother-in-law in South Arkansas began attending some bootleg Holy Ghost meetings and sending us a little magazine called *Voice*. We read them, but we were too sophisticated to actually believe what we read.

Finally Sue became quite ill with pneumonia and was ready, physically and mentally, to give up. I called her mother.

She walked into our home and said, "Sue, you need Jesus. When you get desperate enough He's going to be there to meet you."

She was right, too. She stayed several days, then went home. After she left, Sue finally got desperate enough.

She knelt beside her bed, repented and asked Jesus to come into her life. The Lord appeared to her as a bright light and told her, "Your sins are forgiven. You are free."

Many of the turmoil situations in our home began to settle down. Then Sue decided to visit her mother.

While she was there, my wife went with her mother to one of those Holy Ghost meetings. Later someone prayed with Sue and she received the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

A short time later I too was filled with the Spirit. God showed me that my tongue was like a dam in front of a river. The water running over a natural dam through generators produces electrical power. I would receive spiritual power from letting the "rivers of living water" pour from me.

We learned that Jesus is in the healing business today, just as He was when He walked the earth. Our little daughter Susie had an incurable lung condition. She had had every type of medication and treatment available, but she still coughed and wheezed continually. When she was about five years old she came up to Sue and said, "Mother, you haven't asked Jesus to heal me."

We knew it was God's time. We prayed, she coughed once, and she has been a normal, healthy child ever since.

As a physician I have now learned how to let the river of God flow out of me every day. My practice is no longer the same. Now I have three Spirit-filled nurses and technicians. We play gospel music on the intercom and have plenty of Bibles available while people wait. We don't push people, but we let them know we care and that we are available to minister in areas other than medicine. □

Dr. Fowler is a practicing surgeon in Neptune Beach, Florida, state chairman for FGBMFI ministries, a member of the Jacksonville Chapter, and an international vice-president of the Fellowship. He and his wife Sue are members of Beaches Chapel Church and Christian Day School, where Dr. Fowler is an elder.

Don Ostrom
Fall City, Washington

CONVALESCENT CENTERS

Manila! After three weeks aboard ship, we finally arrived in the Philippines. Neither my wife Marlene nor I could speak the language; we knew no one there and we knew little of their customs.

In spite of these severe limitations, the Lord faithfully honored our obedience and blessed our efforts as we pioneered a church in Mindanao.

Our first service started with two people. Today, there are 250 churches which may be traced back to that first little church where we ministered for three years.

Tragedy interrupted this promising missionary work. My wife's father and sister were killed in a plane crash. Marlene's mother had passed away about six months after we arrived in the Philippines. It was imperative that we return to the States to run the six convalescent centers which her father had owned and operated.

I fully expected to return to the mission field, but the settling of the estate took nearly three years. I was confronted with the painful question, "How can a man who has been a pastor, an evangelist and a missionary be *just* a businessman?"

Confused, I got down on my knees in the basement of our home on Magnolia Street in Seattle and cried out, "God, I don't understand. I want to know—am I a businessman or a preacher?"

As clearly as when He had called me into the ministry, the Lord replied, "Son, it makes no difference to Me if men call you one or the other. As long as you do My will, you will bring glory to My name."

God taught me some valuable lessons during that struggle. He showed me there isn't much difference between being a missionary and a Christian businessman. It's just a matter of location.

I have led more people to Jesus than I did when I was a missionary. The convalescent centers themselves constitute a needy mission field. My staff and I have the thrill of leading many patients to the Lord.

One day one of my managers introduced me to a couple of elderly ladies, saying, "These two women have just given their hearts to the Lord." One of them said, "Mr. Ostrom, just think—after all these years, now I know where I am going."

I also have had the joy of seeing

people healed in our centers. One year, 50 percent of those who came to Belmont Terrace returned to their homes.

Even though Marlene and I were called home from the Philippines, God did not lift our burden for the world. He has led me to participate in a number of evangelistic outreaches, including an FGBMFI airlift in which we shared the Good News in Denmark, Norway, Scotland, Germany and Honduras. In each of those countries we saw people saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. Others were healed.

Some time ago Demos interviewed me on the "Good News!" telecast, where I was able to share my faith with millions in this country and in Canada.

My story is unique. I was raised in a full-gospel church, completed Bible school and served the Lord as pastor, evangelist and then as missionary. While God calls many businessmen into full-time ministry, He called me from the Philippines to serve Him in the marketplace.

I have a ministry, for now as a businessman I can speak from a different perspective than that of a preacher. The man in the marketplace can identify with me. I understand what he is going through, and he can relate to my experiences.

Minister or businessman, my task is the same: to bring such men to Jesus. □

Don Ostrom owns and operates four convalescent centers in Washington, California and Iowa. He and his wife Marlene are members of Christian Faith Center. He is an international vice-president and an international director of FGBMFI.

Earl Prickett
Deptford, New Jersey

INDUSTRIALIST

My great desire in life was to become a successful businessman. I felt that if a man was prosperous, and if he had the finest cars, money in the bank and a lovely ranch home, he had it made.

I started in the restaurant business, later added a taxi service, and both were prospering. But I had made one serious mistake.

The Word of God says, "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33). I failed to include God in my plans.

With my early business success, it

seemed proper to become a bigger businessman. I invested in a gasket manufacturing business. It was about that time that someone handed me the first cigarette and the first drink with the sage advice that "You've got to be sociable in order to get business."

As I drank and smoked to be sociable, the devil began to wrap his web around me and soon I was completely bound.

It wasn't long before my life became so involved with being sociable that my home started breaking up and I landed in the hospital with a deteriorated kidney. The doctor told me I must immediately stop drinking.

I had tried many times before. How could I stop now? Six months later I was back in that same hospital. This time the doctor said the kidney was beyond repair and must be removed. The news hit me with a jolt. I was losing my family and almost losing my mind. Now the temptation to take my life was strong. Yet somewhere within me was the feeling that God could be the answer to my problems.

I didn't know how to find the God who could save and deliver me, and I couldn't turn to my church because I felt it condemned me for my sins. Then I met a man from Camden, New Jersey who truly cared about my soul—Herb Fuller.

Herb bought me a ticket to a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship breakfast. When I learned that representatives from the world's largest carburetor rebuilders would be among the 120 businessmen at the breakfast, the wheels in my head began to turn. I could see thousands of carburetors being torn apart and every one of them needed new gaskets—*and I would have new gaskets to sell.*

I didn't attend that first breakfast to meet God. I went there planning to do business.

I wondered what wealthy businessmen talk about. To my surprise, a dairyman by the name of Demos told how he and his pastor went out to pray that his cows wouldn't contract a disease that was epidemic in the area.

He said they went from stall to stall and prayed, and God miraculously protected his cattle. The astonishing thing to me was that this man was so humble. The thought inched its way into my consciousness that a man—so humble that he would get down on his knees and pray for a cow—perhaps would pray for me.

It is difficult to describe the metamorphosis through which my thoughts, reactions and attitudes passed. I was dressed in a light grey suit, hair combed just so, shoes without a speck of dust. But as that meeting progressed I realized that on the inside I was rotten, filthy and dead in sin.

When they gave the altar call they didn't use any fancy phrases. They said simply, "If anyone here today wants to be delivered, and if you will come forward and accept the Lord Jesus Christ by faith, and if you will only believe, you will receive."

I walked forward, bowed my head and said, "O Lord, whatever You have given these men that gives them this wonderful love, not only for one another but for the

whole world, if You can give that to me I wish You would please do it."

Crude as it was, that prayer was from the depths of my heart.

Suddenly I was awakened to a full realization of the horror and depth of my lost condition. Falling on my face before the Lord, I cried out desperately for God to have mercy and save me.

When I got to my feet there was a joy in my heart such as I never had known before. I was saved!

My life changed dramatically after that. I was reunited with my family, my appetite for alcohol and cigarettes vanished and I was healed of the kidney problem.

My years in FGBMFI have been glorious and victorious. We are often asked just what the ministry of the Fellowship is, and why we are so "sold" on it. The great importance of this ministry is that, as individual businessmen, we can reach *all* classes of people *where they are*. We can gather groups of businessmen into a hotel ballroom or at a business luncheon —men who wouldn't consider going to a church.

FGBMFI is like a great multifaceted gem that sends out rays in every direction and to all people. Daily and hourly, it is fulfilling the Bible prophecy of the great day of the laymen's revival. □

Earl Prickett is president of an industrial tank cleaning company in New Jersey and a specialist in pollution control. He is an international vice-president of FGBMFI and has been responsible for the establishment of many new chapters in various countries of the world.

William E. Warnock
Huntington, West Virginia

MANUFACTURER

I have watched God perform miracles for more than twenty years. I know the power of prayer and am convinced that God is interested in every detail of our lives.

In November of 1960 I purchased a machine shop specializing in rebuilding large equipment used by steel mills, oil refineries and chemical companies. Others joined me in the purchase; we jumped at the opportunity, even though it meant obligating ourselves for a large sum of money.

I was the only owner involved in the

operation of the company, yet I had neither the technical training nor the business know-how to run the company successfully. For several months we lost money; however, my pride prevented me from sharing this with the other owners.

One morning after I opened the mail and spread it on my desk, something prompted me to leave the office and go home, where I dropped to my knees beside my bed.

I prayed, "Lord, from this moment on I give You my wife, my children, my business and everything I own in the world. Just tell me what You want: I will walk with You all the way."

Within a short time I awakened one morning with a mental picture of a management chart. I saw our supervisors in different jobs than those they held. After I shifted personnel according to the vision, productivity increased and the company started to make money.

Prayer had turned the business around.

I experienced another lifechanging miracle four years later. I was sitting in the lobby of the Broadmoor Hotel in Colorado Springs when a stranger approached me and said, "I feel the Holy Spirit welling up within you. Why don't you release Him and receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit?"

I agreed to try. We went to my room for prayer, even though I didn't understand what he was talking about.

Within an hour after Dr. Larry Hammond prayed for me, we were praying for another man, each of us speaking in an unknown tongue but both in the *same language*. It was at this point that the Word of God became alive in my spirit.

Dr. Hammond also told me about Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship and asked if I would like to join. I had never heard of it, but I liked what I heard. I gave him ten dollars and we mailed the application to Chicago, which was to my knowledge the closest chapter to West Virginia.

I can never thank God enough for the commitment that I made that day. There isn't any sweeter fellowship on earth than that which I have enjoyed in Christ with Demos and the men of FGBMFI for more than twenty years.

Further, the Fellowship has provided me with a base for ministry which otherwise would have been impossible. God has given me the privilege of starting chapters in my own state, witnessing for Him across this land and telling others about Jesus on airlifts abroad.

I thank my Lord for saving me, filling me with His Holy Spirit and calling me to serve with other men as His disciple. □

Bill Warnock owns and operates a heavy industrial machining and engineering business, is international treasurer of the Fellowship, a member of the Huntington Chapter and an international director, and has founded a number of chapters in West Virginia, southern Ohio and eastern Kentucky. He and his wife Karleen are members of Huntington Christian Assembly, where he is an elder.

Norman Norwood
Sugar Land, Texas

BUILDING CONTRACTOR

I grew up in the Great Depression and, while our family along with most others, was on a first-name acquaintance with poverty, we were rich spiritually.

I can remember one morning in 1930 seeing my mother and father on their knees, praying for food because the cupboard was literally bare. Suddenly there was a knock. Sister Moran, who lived several miles away, stood at the door.

"Sister Norwood," she said, "I don't want to offend you, but I was praying this morning and the Lord told me to bring you these groceries."

In a home that experienced demonstrations like this of the love and power of a supernatural God, quite naturally I gave my heart to Jesus when I was only five. I rededicated my life to Him when I was fifteen and on June 19, 1939, about a month following my high-school graduation, God baptized me in His Holy Spirit.

My wife Maureen and I had been married about eighteen months and had a baby boy when, in 1942, I was inducted into the U.S. Navy. I served in the medical corps three years as a pharmacist's mate. After my discharge I returned to Ada, Oklahoma, where I opened an insurance office. Even though it was a secure job, I thought of moving to Houston to go into the building business. But I felt insecure about entering an industry in which I was inexperienced.

What happened one day as I stood in front of my office underscores the practical value of a personal relationship with Jesus. The Lord said to me, "Go to Houston." That word removed the insecurity.

The move changed my life. God prospered me and over the next twenty-three years helped me to become one of the largest homebuilders in Houston.

More importantly, He blessed me spiritually. He used Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International significantly in my spiritual development.

In 1960 I was invited to an FGBMFI breakfast meeting attended by about 350 people where businessmen were testifying to what Jesus was doing in their lives. My tears flowed and I continued to weep for about three hours. The next month I returned; the experience was repeated. Embarrassed, I asked the Lord, "Why am I weeping so?" He told me He was healing inner wounds.

Jesus also healed me physically in

1973 when Tom Ashcraft, now FGBMFI Executive Vice-President, wanted me to become an international director. I declined because of heart trouble. I was taking five pills a day to stabilize my heartbeat.

Three weeks later, while serving as a doorman in the third balcony at a Kathryn Kuhlman meeting, I saw many miracles but had no idea that God was touching me—until I awakened in the night and found my heartbeat normal. Praise God, I am healed even to this day.

During my years in business there were many miracles in our home and in my office. People were saved, others were healed, and two men threatening suicide were delivered. In fact, so many people came for ministry that I complained because I couldn't get my work done. A few weeks passed; no one came. I repented: "Lord, I get the message. Forgive me for complaining." He did, and the blessings of ministry resumed.

The Lord spoke to my heart in 1974, saying, "This is My time for Central and South America." It seemed impractical that I should be involved and I didn't know a soul there. Yet His word to me was confirmed by several prophecies. One of these described the sending forth of the Gospel like a Roman candle, rocketed from Houston, with showers of stars falling on our neighboring countries to the south.

I have seen that prophecy fulfilled as I have gone with other FGBMFI men to Panama, Peru, Brazil, Guyana, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Honduras, Guatemala, Belize, Puerto Rico, Dominica, Barbados, Jamaica. And the stars are still falling.

The joy of serving Jesus has been so great that about four years ago I sold my company and, while I still have some business interests, went into business fulltime for Jesus.

As a businessman, let me present Christian life the way I would sell a product—by emphasizing the benefits which I personally know to be real:

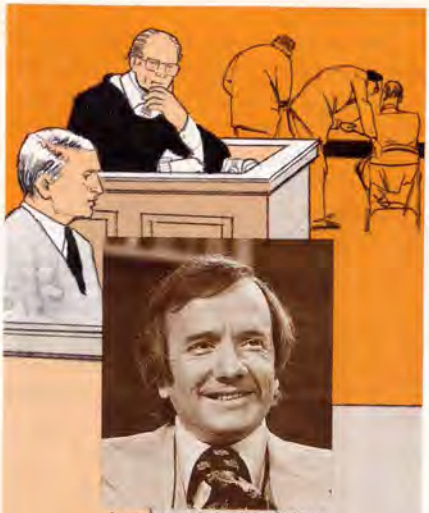
First, Jesus prospers my business. Through the Holy Spirit He guides me in practical decision-making.

Second, He has given me a wonderful family. Maureen, my wife of forty-two years, and our two sons and their wives are all saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit. All of our grandchildren who have reached the age of accountability have given their hearts to Jesus.

Third, while many men face a retirement of meaninglessness and boredom, Maureen and I, in serving Jesus through Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, are finding these years the most exciting and meaningful of all.

If you want prosperity in your business, happiness in your home and personal fulfillment, I know of only one answer: Jesus. Put your life into His hands. □

Norman Norwood is founder of a Houston homebuilding firm and owner of an investment firm. Heavily involved for the last ten years in Caribbean, South American and Central American expansion of the Fellowship, he is a member of the Houston Central Chapter and an international vice-president of FGBMFI. He and his wife Maureen are members of the Braeswood Assembly of God Church, where he serves as elder and finance and building committee member.



Lynwood A. Maddox
Atlanta, Georgia

ATTORNEY

In my mind, God was intangible, like an elusive vapor, and being a Christian was about the same as being an American.

I was twenty-seven years old, in my third year of law practice and, for the short period I had been in it, experiencing a reasonable amount of success.

Sunday was to me no different from any other day. I would play golf, visit or occasionally attend a Baptist church, where I had held membership since I was ten. Not expecting October 27, 1957 to be different from any other Sunday, I decided to attend the Columbia Drive Baptist Church in Atlanta, Georgia.

It was Layman's Day and a businessman was speaking. This was the first time I can recall hearing a person who convinced me that he had a personal experience with Jesus being alive and really Lord of his life. His outlook was such a contrast to mine, for dismal hope was all I had—trusting somehow to make it to heaven, if there really *was* a heaven.

While praying I was strangely motivated by the Holy Spirit to go to my wife, who was waiting in the back of the church. I took her by the hand and she returned with me to the altar, where we committed our lives to Christ.

Returning home, I sensed immediately that my attitude and desires were changed. One of the first things to go was my desire for drinking. I removed all the whiskey, gin, vermouth, bitters, etc. from the bar in our home and closed out my charge account with every public bar where I was permitted to order and sign the check.

One Saturday later I attended my first Full Gospel Business Men's breakfast in Atlanta. There I met a group of men who possessed the same spiritual depth I had noticed in our speaker the previous Sunday. Six months and two days after my conversion I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit while praying with three of these businessmen.

This experience transported me into a new realm of life with God. We made Jesus Lord of our lives and senior partner in the law practice. Since that day I have seen miracles of healing in my law office and God has changed my conversation and given me liberty to speak. Where once my testimony had been hesitant and awkward, it has become bold,

effective and fruitful.

The world may not generally connect the two words "Christian" and "lawyer," but I know of no other profession in which a Spirit-filled life can be more fruitful or where it is more urgently needed. You would be surprised how many budding lawsuits, divorces and trials can be settled by prayer.

To me Jesus is not only wonderful—He is my life. □

Lynwood Maddox practices civil law in Atlanta, Georgia. He is international secretary of FGBMFI, an international director, and a member of the Atlanta Chapter. He and his wife Bonnie are members of Mount Paran Church of God, where he is a deacon and member of the church council.

The six men whom you have just met through their testimonies are international directors of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International and serve on a fifteen-man executive committee. In all probability, their paths would never have crossed except for two things they hold in common, two things which make them uncommon men.

First, each has enjoyed a lifechanging experience through an encounter with Jesus Christ as Saviour and being baptized in the Holy Spirit.

Second, each has discovered Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International to be the most effective vehicle for him to reach businessmen for Jesus and to become involved in the worldwide harvest of souls.

They are typical of the more than 9,000 international directors, field representatives and chapter officers of FGBMFI who serve without salary and pay their own expenses to take the Gospel to the world's marketplaces.

These men enjoy a satisfying friendship that transcends national, denominational and racial barriers. They feel a sense of security in a stable organization that spans three decades of service. They are challenged by a multiphase lay ministry touching eighty-three nations and committed to reaching businessmen in every nation on earth within the next five years.

To determine whether God would have you be one of the million men to help gather the ripened harvest of souls in the last great laymen 's revival, contact the FGBMFI chapter nearest you, or write FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628, for information. □

Full Gospel Business Men's Chapter Outreach

Requests come in daily to start new chapters. If you have this burden laid on your heart and see the vision for your community, write for complete information to: Chapter Department, FGBMFI, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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 in this list for your information. Write for information regarding the date and location of a chapter meeting in your area.

UNITED STATES: ALABAMA: Quad Cities Chapter, Michael Byers (205) 381-7906. **COLORADO:** Golden Chapter, Ken Walker (303) 278-4132. **GEORGIA:** Thomasville Chapter, Lawrence Nunnally (912) 228-0130. **INDIANA:** Fountain/Warren Chapter, Forrest A. Booth (317) 764-4626. **MINNESOTA:** Worthington Chapter, Douglas Bullerman (507) 483-2351. **OHIO:** Oxford Chapter, Jerry Wagner (513) 456-4922. **TEXAS:** Tri County Chapter, Keith Bain (214) 866-2683; Inner City Chapter, Charles Fisher (713) 482-2784. **WASHINGTON:** Anacortes Chapter, James R. Talbott (206) 293-4477.

INTERNATIONAL

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Our Mission Statement

- *To reach men in all nations for Jesus Christ*
- *To call men back to God*
- *To help believers to be baptized in the Holy Spirit and to grow spiritually*
- *To train and equip men to fulfill the Great Commission*
- *To provide an opportunity for Christian fellowship*
- *To bring a greater unity among all people in the body of Christ*

Our Five-Year Goals, 1984-1989

I. Worldwide Outreach—
Chapters in every nation

II. International Membership—
A membership of one million

III. Chapters—
40,000 chapters

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You'll hear James Robison, Oral Roberts, Paul Crouch, James Watt, R.W. Schambach and many others. We'll also have music by Rich Cook and David Sapp. This promises to be a week of inspiration we'll long remember.

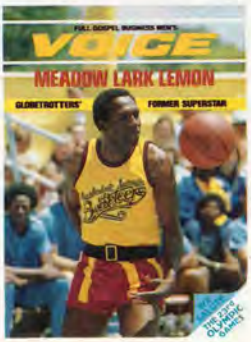
Plan to attend. Call (714) 754-1687 to reserve your convention registration and meal function tickets. This number may be called day or night for your convenience. Mark your calendar. We'll be looking forward to seeing you at the Anaheim Convention Center.

1984 FGBMFI WORLD CONVENTION • JULY 3-7

Anaheim Convention Center

Jesus said: "The harvest is plentiful, but the workers are few. Ask the Lord of the harvest therefore to send out workers into his harvest field" (Luke 10:2, NIV).

84 The Harvest is Ready!



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THE CLOWN PRINCE, *from page 13*

Now Dawna is helping me prepare for the big event: the summer Olympics. Lots more is involved than simply getting out on the field and practicing day after day. There is also mental training, and for me there is much spiritual preparation. Practicing the high jump and meditating on God's word are like a cow chewing her cud: you do it over and over again.

In my Bible it says that with God's help one can leap over walls (Psalm 18:29). I'm claiming that verse as I "leap over a bar"—competing against some of the finest athletes in the world.

I'm going to give it my best and I'll certainly be trying to win, but I know now that there is far more to life than setting a record or winning a medal. Of course those are my goals, but a far more important goal is using my God-given athletic ability to glorify Him and to lead others to know Him as I do.

And my message to all young people today is this: if I can do it in my field, you can do it in yours. Whatever God calls you to do, give it your best. Maybe you won't be in the Olympics but you can be a "medal winner" in whatever work God has for you to do.

My being a winner doesn't depend on getting a gold medal. I'm already a winner. □

James Frazer is a student at Long Beach State University and a member of FGBMFI's Seal Beach Chapter. He and his wife Dawna have one son, Joseph, a year old, and are members of Maranatha Campus Church.

SIX SCRIPTURAL 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" (I 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" (Rom. 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).

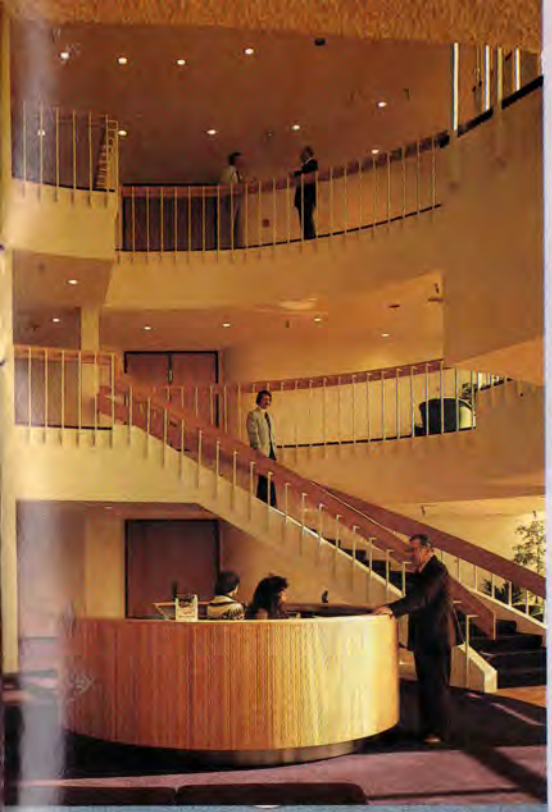
5. BELIEVE: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark 16:16).

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: Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.



Lobby of World Laymen's Headquarters, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, Costa Mesa, California. Below: world globe, rotunda.

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE

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Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian, an Armenian dairy farmer, to reach men for Jesus. One year later, in a vision of people of every continent, God revealed to him that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people throughout the world being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

That vision is becoming a reality through the Fellowship's ministries, now touching eighty-three 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, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

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