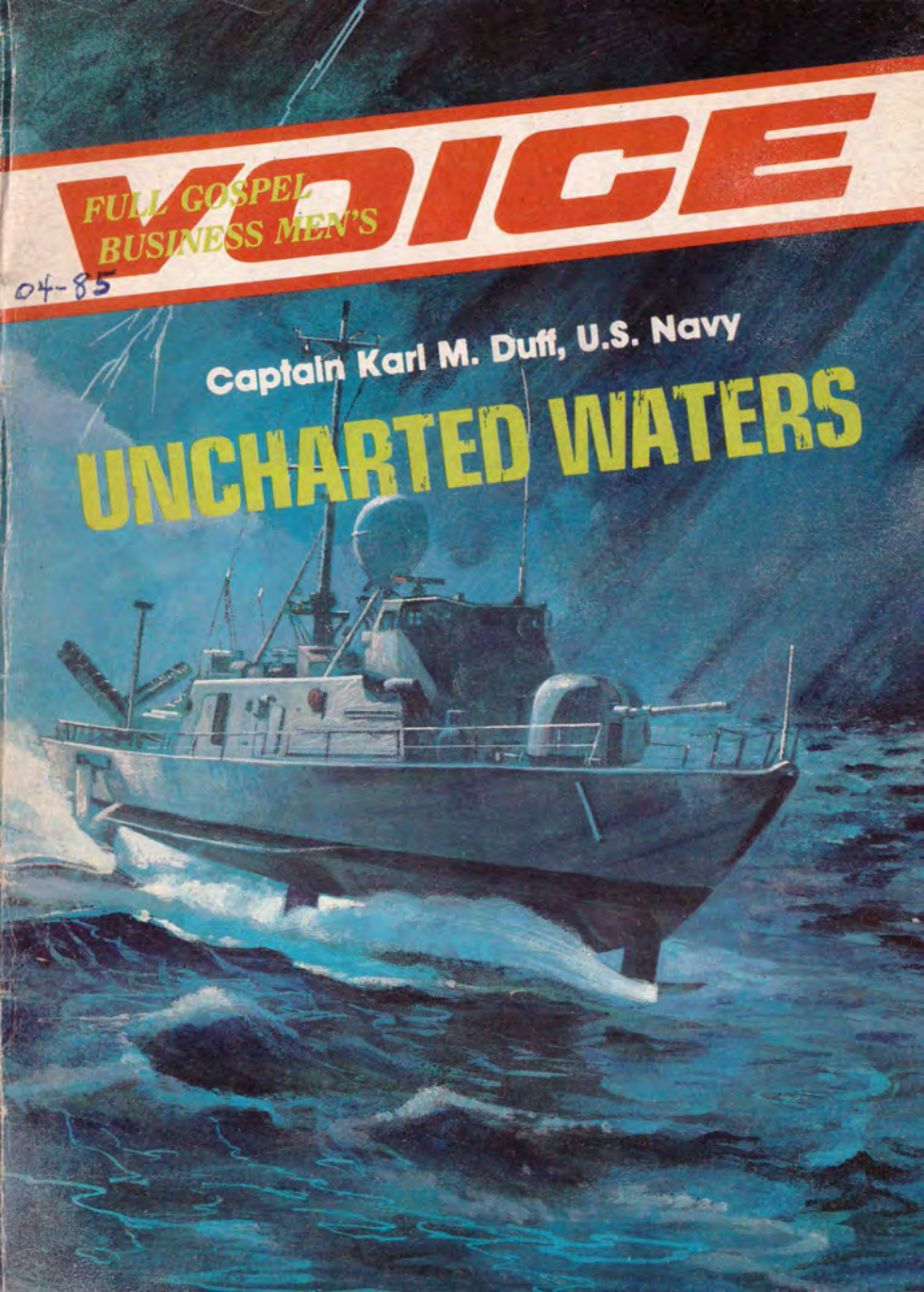
FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE

04-85

Captain Karl M. Duff, U.S. Navy

UNCHARTED WATERS



UNCHARTED WATERS

Captain Karl M. Duff, U.S. Navy, Alexandria, Virginia

"If we don't make this program succeed, we've nobody to blame but ourselves," I had remarked to my boss several years earlier. Now those words of pride and self-sufficiency were coming down upon my head.

The testing and delivery of the NATO patrol hydrofoil missile (PHM) ship *USS Pegasus* was my fourth tour of duty in building, testing, modifying and repairing Navy hydrofoils. Now we were experiencing a series of engineering mishaps, each one totally unexpected, each one worse than the last, and they were bringing the program to ruin. Each time, we suffered more schedule slippage, financial setbacks and damage to crew morale.

With each mishap I found myself agonizing over what I might have done to anticipate or avoid it. I would pore over

engineering problems such as bolt-strength calculation errors, casting embrittlement or gear failures, and wonder how many more unknown problems lay in wait for us. What could I do to avoid them?

Each time I saw more clearly that I was helpless. Subject to circumstances beyond my control, I could do nothing more.

The remarkable similarity of circumstances prior to each disaster gave me the impression that there was an unseen force behind it all. However, it never occurred to me to seek God as the answer to these perplexing problems.

I came from a very weak Christian background. To my best recollection, Christ was never presented or explained in my home. The only regular church attendance I had was with teenage friends during high school and for the first years after I married my wife Gretchen in 1961. I believed that there was a God of some sort, but only briefly intellectualized about Him whenever the idea came up.

Over the years there were three specific personal instances where I'd been impressed with the possibility that God was real and might be known personally. But the Good News of Jesus' personal atonement for my sins had never been explained to me.

One of these instances occurred when I was a freshman at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. I was suffering from a deteriorating jaw condition which the doctors said was untreatable. One evening alone, I burst into tears and cried out, "O God, You've just got to do something about this jaw!" When I awoke the next morning my jaw was healed.

Although I was 99 percent convinced that God had personally answered my prayer, still I did not feel I needed to turn to Him. Nor would I have known how.

I received a good college education, earned a Navy commission through Officer's Candidate School at Newport, Rhode Island in 1958, and went to sea for several years. Eventually I returned to MIT, where I earned a doctor's degree in mechanical engineering in 1966. By 1970 I had become the Navy's military expert on hydrofoils.

Each time, I saw more clearly that I was helpless

Frustrated by all the problems experienced while testing a new Navy hydrofoil ship in Southern California during the fall and winter of 1975-76, I was easily led by one of our bachelor engineers to a singles bar. There I met a girl whom I decided to date. But, unknown to me, Mary was led to the Lord by a Navy helicopter pilot, Lieutenant T. A. Green, the night before our first date for tennis.

Almost immediately, "coincidences" began to happen which increased my feeling of guilt, since I was still married and had a family in Seattle. When Mary asked me to go to church with her the following Sunday I went, mainly to prove that I was a godly man. In the Sunday-school class, the teacher asked for volunteers to report, the next week, on what certain of the Scriptures meant personally to us.

I volunteered and was given the following verses: "No man putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment, for that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse. Neither do men put new wine into old bottles: else the bottles break, and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved" (Matthew 9:16,17).

Instantly, the conviction that I was a sinner went clear through me. How did that teacher know that I was impersonating? Could this still be only another coincidence? In the worship service, I heard tongues and prophecy for the first time. The idea began to grow that these were not coincidences.

Even after I met the Lord, my professional life continued down the road toward disaster

Over the next few days, God convinced me that He was very much alive and that He was personally intervening in my life. He was moving the entire world around me to gain my attention. And He gave me the knowledge in my heart that it was because He loved me.

The next Sunday I went to the Navy chapel with Lt. Green and heard a Holy-Spirit-filled Navy Chaplain, LCdr. Curt Brannon, present the gospel of Jesus Christ from the eighth chapter of Romans. It went straight to my heart and I was born again.

Over the next few weeks I underwent many rapid changes. I sought out a full-gospel, Bible-believing church in Seattle for my family. I began avidly to read the Scriptures.

A few weeks later I asked for and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Bad relationships throughout my life began to be reconciled. I drew close to my wife and children. Miracles started happening on an almost daily basis.

One of the most beautiful areas in which God worked in my life was in events surrounding the PHM hydrofoil program. Even after I met the Lord, my professional life continued down the road toward disaster. Two days after I had received Jesus into my life, the ship experienced its fifth major casualty. A failed main propulsion gearbox would require another three months to repair.

Early during this dockside period, and a week or two after my salvation, I began to recognize that only God could save this program. I made plans to have Chaplain Brannon participate in a dockside dedication ceremony before we began retesting the ship.

The ceremony was still more than two months away. In the meantime, it seemed as though everything that could go wrong with the program did go wrong.

We lost our budget support. Congress

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NATO patrol hydrofoil missile ship USS Pegasus

cancelled the follow-on production ships, and our two strongest supporters, in the Department of Defense and the Secretary of Navy's office, resigned. Then when I was sure nothing worse could happen, we lost two of our best crew members in a fatal automobile accident.

This was the crushing blow. The grief caused by the accident destroyed any remaining self-sufficiency I had. A day or two after the accident, I sat in my office in Seattle trying to figure out what God wanted me to do: leave the Navy after eighteen years, or continue in the seemingly impossible task before me.

I knew for sure that if I *was* to go on with the program, only His intervention could make it succeed. As I began to pray, God's Spirit spoke to my heart.

God's glory began to wash over me like waves. I began to weep, and it seemed that the whole room was being filled with light and with the presence of God. God gave me personal assurance that He had heard my prayer. He also told me to write it down. It was this prayer that became the chaplain's prayer of dedication for the ship two weeks later.

Three nights later, a man who knew nothing of my circumstances stood up in church and began to recite my prayer back to me. God was giving me absolute certainty that He had heard my prayer. Now my question was, "Which way will He answer it?"

The next day I flew to Southern California to continue final preparations for taking the ship to sea again. The main gearbox had been returned a few days earlier, and the officer in charge eagerly gave me a report of the unusual events associated with its return.

He said that during my absence of ten days the Santana winds had blown continuously, making nearly all work, such as transferring heavy machinery on and off the ship, impossible. But, he said, on Friday morning when the gearbox arrived the wind had suddenly stopped blowing entirely.

Also the crane riggers, who normally

required days of advance notice, showed up on only five minutes' notice. Then, the officer said, "It took us two hours to lower the gearbox into the ship and secure everything on its foundations. We no sooner finished the last bolt than the wind started blowing again, and it's been blowing ever since!"

From this miracle onward, God began to bless the Navy PHM program with the most amazing reversal of fortune and series of miracles imaginable. Within three months of that day, the ship successfully completed all the trials required to support a Navy decision to buy five more ships, including an entire month's testing by a Navy independent testing agency, and had returned with all its personnel to Seattle.

Program support was restored and Congress restored the production ships to the Navy-shipbuilding appropriations bill. That squadron of ships has now been built and is on duty in the Caribbean.

God has proved to me in countless personal ways that He is a mighty, loving and merciful God. He is able to do anything which His children will entrust to Him. I love God and want to serve Him with all of my heart more and more each day.

You wonder what happened to the girl I dated and whom God used to start me on the path toward Him? Within the year, at the Lord's leading, she decided in faith to remarry her divorced and unsaved husband.

A week after her decision, God brought a man to her husband's door who led him to receive Christ as his Lord and Saviour. My family and I attended the wedding. We remain close friends.

Only a God of love and power can so regenerate lives and relationships and create true beauty in previously empty lives. To God be the glory forever. □

Karl Duff has been in the service of our country for more than twenty-six years. He received B.S. and Sc.D. degrees in mechanical engineering from MIT, served as project officer for construction of two hydrofoil-type ships, as first officer-in-charge of the NSRDC Hydrofoil Special Trials Unit, and as deputy project manager and field deputy project manager for the PHM program. He has also served on the staff of Chief of Naval Materiel responsible for Acquisition Programs System Engineering Division, as head of the Ocean Warfare Division of the Tactical Technology Office, DARPA, and as Assistant Chief of Naval Research and Naval Development. He is currently deputy director for research and development, Ship Systems Directorate, Naval Sea Systems Command. He and his wife Gretchen have two children: Suzanne, nineteen, and Kenneth, fourteen. They are members of Christian Center Church in Alexandria. Captain Duff is secretary of the Alexandria Chapter, FGBMFI.

Vince Converti, Phoenix, Arizona

Son of Italy

Another nervous breakdown! My wife Marjorie, in the throes of a third deep depression? I knelt in the quiet of our bedroom, responsibility churning in my mind. My engineering work . . . our four children . . . Marjorie in the hospital.

During this disaster in the summer of 1976, Marjorie had peaked in her tennis career, excelling in major tournaments in the valley. "Why, God?" I cried. God didn't answer, or at least I could not hear Him.

Just as I had done after the other breakdowns, I would have to mobilize all my resources, mental, physical and spiritual, to help Marjorie in a concentrated program of recovery. I had enormous confidence in my own ability to recover from any disaster. But to help another person do so is another matter.

For the first time in my life I realized that I needed supernatural help in order to cope with the situation.

The Lord intervened through my sons.

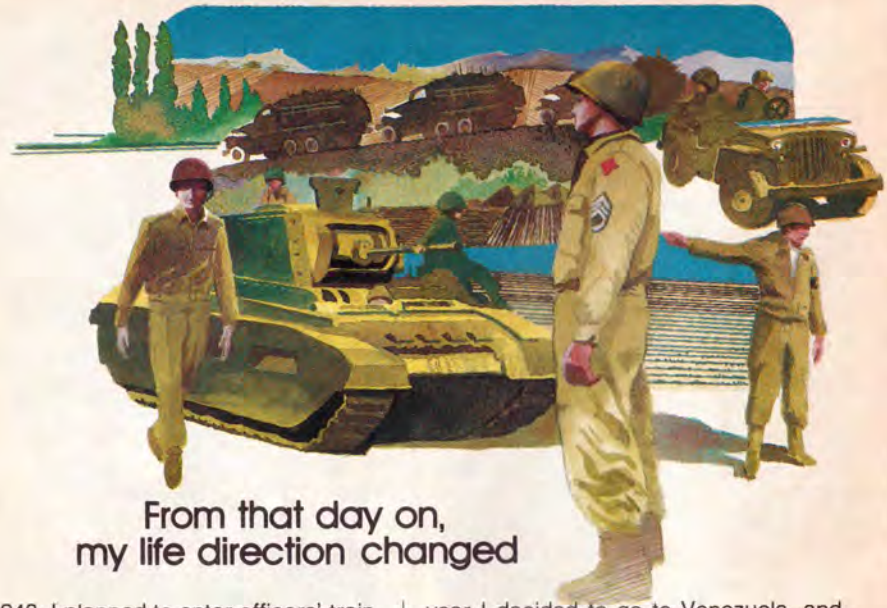
But before I tell you how, let me take you back to my beginnings.

I was born in Italy, the first of eight children. My grandfather lived in New York in the early 1900s, and had told me wonderful tales of that land. As a boy I wanted to be a ship captain in the Italian merchant marine and to visit far-off lands, especially America.

At sixteen I completed Catholic training and intellectually accepted and practiced Christian principles. Though I believed in God and in prayer, I depended totally upon my own efforts to work out the plan of my life.

Despite my headstrong self-management, the Lord made a succession of divine "mid-course adjustments" in my life. In time He helped me onto the course He had destined for me, and gave me the desires of my heart. But it was a long time before I knew He was involved at all.

When I was graduated from high school



From that day on, my life direction changed

in 1943, I planned to enter officers' training in the Italian army. I looked forward to it with great excitement, even though I understood that Italy was losing the war badly and invasion of my country was imminent. But I did not pass the physical. A severe eye infection would prevent my being considered for at least another year.

One morning in early 1944 I looked out of my bedroom window and saw a vast array of American GIs, green tents, military vehicles and equipment stretched out over acres of farming land which had been ready to be planted with wheat and corn. World War II had brought America to me.

From that day on, my life direction completely changed. I was drafted as a civilian into the United States' 15th Air Force. This association with the Americans continued in Rome from 1944 to 1947. That year I decided to go to Venezuela, and from there to the United States.

This time, I passed the rigorous physical exam to get my visa. I left Italy in September with a commitment to my parents that I would return to them after I was successfully established in the United States.

While on the ship, I became part of the crew. I broadcast ship announcements in Italian, French, Spanish and English and disk-jockeyed a daily musical program. I also dispatched Morse-code messages for the communication officer, and dined at the captain's table with the officers.

I liked what I was doing so much that I forgot Venezuela and wanted to stay with the merchant marine. After all, that had been my boyhood dream. It would also be the quickest way for me to reach the United States.

Mechanical failure in the ship changed this plan. In the middle of the Atlantic, a week out from Africa and another week before reaching South America, a screw propeller failed. We were dead in the water for a week—a 30,000-ton ship with 2,500 people of all European nationalities aboard, and provisions only for a two-week passage.

Forced to ration food and water, we had a near-revolt. Because I was part of the crew, the passengers considered me to be one of the bad guys, but I escaped the threats and actual beatings.

Finally underway again, we traveled at reduced speed, reaching the coast of Venezuela in another two weeks. The voyage had taken us twice as long as expected, a total of four weeks—approximately the same length of time it took Columbus to sail on his third voyage to Venezuela.

As a result of the long delay, when we arrived in Puerto Cabello the ship was impounded and the shipping company went bankrupt.

The captain counseled me. "We'll be detained in Venezuela until a new owner takes over the ship," he said. "The crew will probably be sent back to Portugal. Vince, I think you'd better forget your merchant-marine dream and stay here in Venezuela."

I was greatly disappointed. But during the all-day bus trip to Caracas over the high coastal mountains, I fell in love with the unbelievable green of the rainforest and the simplicity of the people on the bus. By the time I had arrived in Caracas, I had forgotten about the merchant marine and felt completely at home.

My first job was as a reconditioned-car salesman. This led to a a promising career as administrative assistant to the chief engineer of a new General Motors assembly plant. After a year and a half my plans for the United States had grown somewhat remote.

Then the chief engineer, an alcoholic, was relieved of his post. For a month I was left in charge until his replacement came. I had grown close to this man, and soon I became the rallying point for the workers, who were disgruntled about his dismissal.

When the new man arrived he met a militant group of workers who wanted to organize a plant union and bargain with management. Because of my loyalty to the old chief engineer and my sympathy for the workers, I was forced to resign my job.

Devastated, I just wanted to return to Italy and forget all my plans. But within days I had secured a similar job at Bethlehem Steel Corp. in Venezuela, as administrative assistant to the chief engineer. The company was building a transfer station for iron ore at the mouth of the Orinoco River.

There at the edge of the Eastern Venezuelan jungle near Trinidad, I reassessed my goals. This mighty river and its enormous potential for hydroelectric resources captured my imagination. With the encouragement of my boss, I determined to become an electrical engineer.

In the summer of 1949 I began to study on my own, using the personal technical library of my boss. After two months I discovered that I would need a formal degree.

Venezuela did not have a college of engineering at that time. I would have to go to the United States.

The chief engineer was a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He suggested, "Why don't you apply there? I can give you a list of other colleges on the east coast to write, also."

I did as he advised. Then one night while browsing through some technical journals, I read an article about engineering education by Dr. William Butler, dean of engineering at the University of Arizona at Tucson. Impressed, I wrote a long letter to Dr. Butler, explaining my present work and my desire to develop hydroelectric dams on the Orinoco.

An obscure young man with a high-school diploma from a foreign country, I possessed no entry visa. My passport needed validation. I was overwhelmed at the red tape that must be overcome. To top it off, I was seeking admittance only a couple of weeks from the registration deadline.

In two days' time I was able to secure the papers needed—something which normally could have taken months with no guarantee of success. Before leaving Caracas I felt compelled to enter the first Catholic church I saw, there to fall on my knees for the first time in years.

I prayed, "Thank You, God, for opening all the doors to make my dream come true!" Then, still not understanding the difference between my self-righteous efforts and the righteousness of God, I promised Him, "I will live a disciplined and righteous life. I will live according to the Catholic ways I have been taught."

Two weeks later on September 12, 1949 I landed in Tucson, Arizona, registering at the university the same day, only three days late. It had taken five years almost to the day to reach the United States since my first encounter with the Americans in Italy. But my own viewpoint and goals had changed considerably in the interim.

I did not arrive, as I had imagined, at a spectacular port of entry like New York. Instead I came in the "back door" of this exciting land. I saw an America with its shirt sleeves rolled up, hard at work developing the last frontier.

It was an introduction which seemed completely in harmony with my own aim: to acquire a profession as soon as possible through hard study and a disciplined life. This meant no drinking, no smoking and no going out with girls.

During my freshman year I lived near the campus. Except for sleeping, I spent all my waking hours in class or studying at the library.

I couldn't help noticing a mysteriously attractive girl who studied in the library, fully absorbed in her work. Throughout my freshman year I often observed her there. Though I was intrigued, I was not interested in solving the mystery.

Because it seemed advantageous to conserve my rent for the remaining three years at the university, I answered an ad in the school paper for a room in exchange for doing yard work. After only a few days at my new residence, I was amazed to discover that the mystery girl lived next door.

I still did not want to get interested. But one night she knocked at my door and offered me a night-blooming cereus.

When Marjorie entered my life in 1950 I was not prepared to handle the encounter in a casual way. The meeting forced me to re-examine my priorities, which were, first, my career, and second, my family in Italy. She quickly became third.

I proceeded to make Marjorie part of my disciplined lifestyle by promising to marry her. Six months later she became a Catholic.

Marjorie needed a stabilizing influence in her life. She also needed a sense of self-esteem and of personal worth. I had an overabundance of both. I did all the talking—but she had a spiritual sensitivity which I did not possess. Gradually, my spirit was awakening.

Little by little, I made changes in my objectives. The process began with the advancement of our marriage date from 1952 to September 12, 1951. From that day, the Lord has used Marjorie to change my life, a process which has taken nearly thirty-four years and still continues.

After completing undergraduate and graduate work at the University of Arizona, I reached the top ranks of management in my profession at Arizona Public Service. Nationally and internationally, I earned recognition as an expert in the computer field as applied to the electric-utility industry. In 1969 I was elected as one of twelve power-system engineers representing the United States at a European computer technology conference. In 1981 I was appointed chief delegate engineer for the U.S.A to the conference.

But professional success was meaningless when Marjorie was stricken. Her trials shook me from attachment to work. I would devote all of my attention to her, helping her to go on a program of physical exercise. Then I would turn again to my work as top priority.

However, her third nervous breakdown hit me like a ton of bricks and brought me to my knees. During the next six months, I myself at last experienced the helplessness and sense of despair that had been so foreign to me but so real to my wife.

But she had been advancing spiritually. In fact, she had been saved in 1972 through a small Christian fellowship to which our son David belonged. She was baptized in the Holy Spirit shortly after that. I trailed behind, supportive but not truly committed to seeking the things of God. Though I was convinced intellectually that man's answer was to be found in the spiritual realm, I did not have the Word of God in my heart.

The Lord brought insight through our children. David had accepted Jesus as his Lord in the early '70s during the Jesus People movement. Mark followed

in 1976. Through their prayers I discovered the significance to my situation of these two Bible verses:

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33); and "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths" (Proverbs 3:5,6).

So began my new understanding. I saw that I had aimed for excellence in work, profession and family, relying entirely on my own resources. I had tried to program others toward my personal goals and standards for them.

As Marjorie came out of her last deep depression and the Lord began to restore her body, mind, and spirit, I started going with her to various charismatic meetings. To this I added Christian books and radio.

On July 16, 1978 we went to hear Father Hempsch, a charismatic Catholic priest, at People's Church in Phoenix. I answered the altar call that night and was saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit.

An uncontrollable stream of tears fell from my eyes. I felt the presence of the Lord for the first time, and an overwhelming sense of inner peace. The latest burdens lifted.

The pastor of the church then pointed to me among the congregation and gave this prophecy: "The Lord will use you in a mighty way in your family and in other lands."

Deep in my heart God showed me something new. According to Matthew 6:33, I must reorder my priorities: first, Marjorie; second, our children; then my family in Italy; after that, my work and my profession.

For me to continue in God's will, Marjorie must be first, not just when she was in desperate need, but always. Daily I was to lay down my life for her. I must love her as Christ loves the Church. I must cast all my cares upon Him—my anxieties for my wife, my children, my family in Italy and my work.

When I later read Ephesians 6:25-28 and I Peter 5:7, they confirmed what God had spoken to my heart. Jesus said in Mark 12:31, "And the second [commandment] is like [the first], namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." My wife is my closest neighbor.

As I reordered my priorities, I would help Marjorie to remain free of mental depression. At last I would begin to minister to everyone in my life.

After almost a year of constant encouragement from Marjorie and the persistent and faithful calls of Si Daman, I joined Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in 1980. The love of Jesus expressed in those men has given me the boldness of a Pentecostal. Now I am eager to share with people and my reluctance to praise and worship in public is all gone.

In 1981 and again in 1982, Marjorie and I went on a private airlift to Italy. I felt the anointing upon us throughout Italy and Switzerland. Six months after our return my brother-in-law, to whom we had ministered, telephoned us at three o'clock in the morning. From 7,000 miles away he told us, "I've received the Lord as personal Saviour."

A private airlift to Venezuela in 1983 was followed by a return in March, 1984 with an FGBMFI airlift. What a joy to see my Venezuelan friend Saul Cohen receive the Lord as his Saviour after my testimony at the Caracas Chapter of FGBMFI!

Marjorie and I recently returned from another private airlift to Finland and Italy. How glad we were to find that my brother Umberto and his family, to whom we had ministered in 1982, had joined a Catholic charismatic group and were deep into the Scriptures.

Goal-setting, planning, ambition and hard work all have value; but they cannot produce the spiritual results I have known since I have aligned my priorities with God's will and opened my life to the flow of His Holy Spirit. □

Vincent Converti has been employed for thirty-two years at Arizona Public Service, where he is manager of computer services. In 1981 he was elected a Fellow of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers, the highest honor in the engineering profession. He and his wife Marjorie (left above) have four children (clockwise, right above): Paul, David, Mark and Cathy, and attend Foundation Fellowship in Phoenix. Vince is treasurer of FGBMFI's Phoenix Chapter.

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athens airlift

"What is an airlift?" a man questioned a few days ago when one was mentioned in describing the many-faceted ministries of FGBMFI. The word conjured in his mind the memory of airlifts over the Berlin Wall a generation ago and emergency food drops in desperate situations.

An FGBMFI airlift is born out of a burden a man has for reaching the businessmen of another nation for Christ. Necessary preparations are completed in cooperation with the global coordinator at FGBMFI International Headquarters. Then a group, ranging from a few persons to thirty or forty, may airlift to that country and hold pre-arranged meetings in hotels and restaurants, where they share their love for Jesus and what He has done for them.

They distribute copies of *Voice* magazine and *The Happiest People on Earth* to interested persons, witness one-on-one and enjoy a bit of sightseeing whenever possible. It's a marvelous time of fellowship and a thrilling opportunity to serve Jesus.

As a result of the airlift, men of that country with leadership ability are reached and trained. In turn, they begin an indigenous work by organizing chapters in their country which will continue to reach businessmen throughout the land.

Perhaps an FGBMFI airlift can best be described by a person who recently participated in one. The following account of the airlift to Greece, October 5-10, 1984, is based upon information provided by George P. Tryfiates, Ph.D., Professor of

Medical Biochemistry at West Virginia University School of Medicine.

Origin of the Athens airlift may be traced to an FGBMFI Leadership Training Seminar in West Virginia, November, 1981. Independently and only twenty minutes apart, International Vice-President Tommy Ashcraft and International Treasurer Bill Warnock posed this question to Professor Tryfiates: "Why don't you start an FGBMFI airlift to Athens?"

During a visit to Athens in 1983, the professor contacted churches and individuals to find those whom God had chosen to begin work in their country. In May of the following year, FGBMFI members from the United States, England and Germany met in Athens to finalize plans and appoint a local organizing committee.

Airlift participants came from Canada, Germany, England and the United States. Professor Tryfiates reports that on the first night the hall was filled with people and the presence of the Lord was overwhelming. He writes, "When the invitation was given, I suppose 40 people came forward to accept Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. Others of the 300 present received deliverance and healing.

"At the banquet Saturday night, not only the hall but the stairs and the adjacent room were filled. More than half came forward for salvation, baptism in the Holy Spirit, physical healing or rededication."

Included among those who received the baptism in the Holy Spirit were a couple from Crete, brought to Athens by relatives from New Jersey, members of the airlift who were burdened for their salvation. A couple from Germany came to know Jesus personally on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

On Sunday many of the airlift team enjoyed a tour of ancient Corinth. At the site where the apostle Paul preached in the

Conferring during Athens convention are, from left, international directors Robert Spilman, England; Thomas Gutzler, Oregon; and William Warnock, West Virginia; with Dr. U. v. Schnurbein, president of Deggendorf Chapter, Germany.

marketplace, the tour group read the Scriptures, prayed, and the Holy Spirit of God came upon them with power.

Visits to the Acropolis, the Parthenon and other historical sites provided witnessing opportunities. Professor Tryfiates sites this instance: "Roger Sharp of England was witnessing at Mars Hill, where the apostle Paul had preached about the unknown god. Several other groups of tourists were there at the same time. Someone asked Roger a question about Jesus. The tour group became interested in his answer and soon Roger was sharing Jesus with the entire group. Many came to the Lord."

On another occasion Allan Jones and his wife, who are from England, were walking only a block from the Hotel Oscar. They passed a couple who were arguing loudly and Allan struck up a conversation. They learned that the couple were a professional actor and actress; they had just come from a lawyer's office with finalized divorce papers. They accepted Jesus and tore up the papers. Praise God!

That's what an airlift is all about—taking the Good News to another country, planting seeds that will multiply again and again, and reaching people for Jesus.

Upon returning from his first airlift, almost every participant warns, "If you ever go on an airlift you'll never be the same again." Airlifts add a new dimension of life for everyone, and especially for those who have reached retirement age. Meaning and purpose beyond anything you have ever dreamed results from involvement in a global ministry for Jesus. If you might like to participate in an outreach to another nation, write for information about future airlifts: Jose Pascua, Global Coordinator, Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92628. □

Among those ministering during Athens airlift (front row, from left): Allan Jones, England; Dr. George Tryfiates, West Virginia; Tom Gutzler, Oregon; Freeman Meadows, Virginia; Dave Garber, Virginia; Robert Spilman, England; (back row, from left): Adolf Zinsser, Germany; William Warnock, West Virginia; unidentified; John Greene, West Virginia; Jim Thorsen, Virginia.

The Phoenix International Regional, January 16-20, was the twenty-fourth convention held in that Arizona city.

In no way could the 1984 convention be considered a rerun of previous years. An innovative feature was a military breakfast planned to minister to servicemen from Arizona's Luke and Williams Air Force Bases, Phoenix, Davis Monthan Air Force Base, Tucson, and the Marine Base, Yuma.

Major General James L. Gardner, Jr., recently retired as Chief of Staff of Military Air Force Command, Scott Air Force Base, Illinois, and Air Force Colonel Hank Lackey (*Voice*, December 1982), ministered at the breakfast.

Videotapes of the event will be supplied to every military base in Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. The gift is expected to extend the witness of Jesus as Saviour to thousands of men on those bases.

Colonel Lackey pointed out an additional significance of bringing servicemen to Jesus, saying, "Men in the armed services are often transferred every six to eighteen months and assigned to places around the world. Every Spirit-filled military man is an expense-paid missionary for Jesus."

Attendance at the convention peaked at about 1,100 and included 17 International Directors and visitors from Ireland and England.

Convention Chairman and International Director William Pyatt said of the ministry of President and Founder Demos Shakarian, "I've known Demos for twenty-seven years. He's always had an anointing and had a passion, but since his illness Demos has a new anointing. He was on his feet for two and one-half hours and ministered to hundreds of people. Hardly anyone he prayed for could remain standing under the power of the Holy Spirit. I don't know of one person who came for prayer who didn't have his needs met." □

TELEVISION SPECIAL PRODUCED

The new one-hour television special, "Turning Point," is the third of its kind to be produced by FGBMFI. Featuring dynamic testimonies by members of the Fellowship, it carries endorsements of this laymen's ministry by internationally known evangelists Oral Roberts and Kenneth Copeland, and concludes with a tremendously moving invitation by Southern Baptist evangelist James Robison.

Primary purpose of "Turning Point" is to lift up Jesus as Saviour and Lord and to invite men to Him.

In addition, the television audience gets an overview of FGBMFI's ministry through chapters, conventions, global and prison ministries. A strong emphasis is placed upon the importance of the local chapter. Listeners are encouraged to visit a chapter in their area, and men are challenged to become involved in its ministry.

Arrangements to have "Turning Point" aired by a television station in your area may be made through a cooperative effort of the local chapter with the audiovisual department of FGBMFI. □

Pat Boone, host of "Turning Point"

Khong Kim Kong, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia

I was faced with a challenge. Either my God ran the refinery which I managed, or the idols did. When it boiled down to that, I had no choice.

The idols had to go.

I knew that God's covenant blessings for Abraham (recorded in the Book of Genesis) and for the children of Israel (recorded in Deuteronomy 28), both confirmed by Jesus in Matthew 6:33, were for all of His children. But I didn't realize that these covenant blesssings could be so clearly manifested in my own life. Not until I put them to the test in actual practice.

The challenge and opportunity came when I was asked to manage Malaysia's second largest sugar refinery. I found to my dismay that plant operations had been anything but smooth. For one thing, the machinery used to process the raw sugar kept breaking down, one piece of equipment after another.

My biggest problem, however, was with the thirty-tons-per-hour steam boiler used to generate steam for boiling sugar in the vacuum pans. This huge boiler, the newest item of equipment in the plant, performed so poorly that the sugar produced was not up to standard. I prayed that God would show me the problem.

I was startled by His clear and specific answer: the factory was being defiled by the many shrines and idols which factory workers had erected all around the plant. That was when I knew that these abominations had to go.

How to accomplish this was a question. I decided to call upon local Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International chapter members, along with a visiting Spirit-filled evangelist.

When the day of reckoning arrived, a mini-busload of FGBMFI men turned up at the refinery, ready to go to work. Armed with sledgehammers and a tractor, we began to demolish one after another of the shrines and idols, pouring gasoline on them and burning them.

The last shrine, built of concrete, was so huge that we had to use the tractor. When we asked the factory tractor driver to help us he jumped from the tractor and

fled. One of the FGBMFI men took over the controls of the tractor and bulldozed the shrine.

Throughout these proceedings the entire factory staff stood afar off in awe, speculating as to the consequences of our actions. They had never seen anything like it before.

The destruction of the idols was only the beginning. To the utter amazement of the staff, we proceeded to lay hands upon the faulty boiler, rebuking its malfunctionings in the name of Jesus.

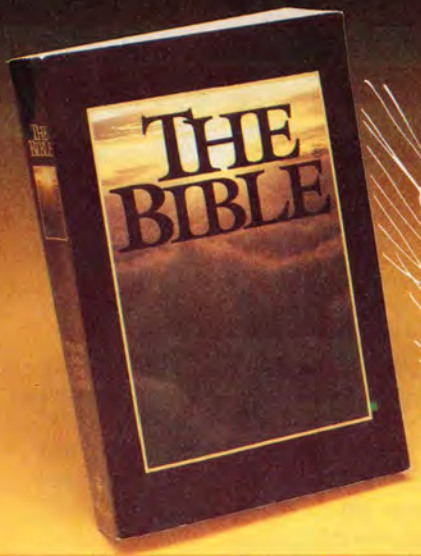
God blessed our cleansing of the refinery. Since that time the boiler has not only performed well, but it has actually consumed many thousands of dollars *less fuel.* As a result we are now in a record year of production of domestic and export sales. What is more important to the shareholders, the year has also been one of record profits.

Since I placed the Lord in control of the business, the refinery has performed beyond my expectations. All the blessings of Deuteronomy 28 have come true before my very eyes. We have not incurred a large bank overdraft to finance the business as had previously been the case. Instead, our cash flow is such that not only do we have sufficient funds to repay our term loans but we have spare cash to invest.

I am truly humbled by the great things the Lord has done. I am reminded continually of my Lord Jesus Christ's words: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33).

There is not the slightest doubt in my mind about His ability and His faithfulness to do exactly what He has said. □

Khong Kim Kong is executive director of one of the largest sugar refineries in Malaysia and president of the Kuala Lumpur and Selangor chapters of FGBMFI. He and his wife Shirley, seen below with their daughter Sandra and son Victor, attend Full Gospel Assembly in Kuala Lumpur, where Brother Kong is a board member.



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18-9999

HOW NEWSMAN SEES FGBMFI

NOT A CHURCH- BUT THEY'VE FOUND GOD

Excerpted from article by John Cowart, staff writer, The Florida Times-Union/Jacksonville Journal, *August 18, 1984. Reprinted by permission.*

Stockbroker Michael Darby discovered God on the deck of his oceanfront home in the wee hours of the morning.

Insurance agent Angelo M. D'Amico met Christ after a woman read a bumper sticker on his car.

Business executive Stephen J. DeSorbo ordered his wife not to utter the name of Jesus in his house—until he heard a monk preach.

Truck driver Charles M. Moody learned to cry when the Holy Spirit came.

Surgeon Douglas Fowler, Jr. found that even a physician can't cure all ills — that God must help.

All of these men—and hundreds of other local businessmen—belong to one of the seven Jacksonville chapters of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International.

"We are not a church and don't intend to be one. We are an arm of the church," said DeSorbo, a Roman Catholic who is the Fellowship's Northeast Florida field representative.

At chapter meetings each week, members and visitors share their stories of how they feel God is active in their daily lives.

They discuss openly struggles with alcoholism, financial problems, drugs, divorces, temptations, business successes and failures. In each of these areas, they relate how God has helped them in the past or is helping them now.

No one is compelled to speak at a meeting. But at a recent noon luncheon in the Independent Life Building, the moderator tried to limit each speaker to

Keith M. Deal

Michael Darby

three minutes because so many men were eager to testify.

"Each week as I hear how different men found God, my own faith is built up more than by anything else," said John C. Cavanagh, president of Christian Packaging Inc. and a member of Mandarin Presbyterian Church.

Cavanagh said that as secretary of a chapter, he has heard hundreds of testimonies but that no two are alike.

Keith M. Deal

"My son was murdered, and because of that my first wife became incompetent. I felt the church had abandoned me. I didn't go to church for a long, long time."

Deal, fifty-nine, an attorney and former president of the Arlington Council of the Chamber of Commerce, was divorced and remarried. His practice was successful.

"I was respected but my life was dead. I was president of this and that but I was missing everything really important.

"My wife called me a robot with no feelings, no heart, only programmed to act properly. I had no intimate friends, no close relationships," he said.

Deal's secretary, a Christian, invited his wife, who was deeply involved in the occult, to a seminar called "Life in the Spirit" at Assumption Catholic Church. His wife became a Christian.

A stranger on the elevator at the Barnett Regency Tower where Deal has law offices gave his secretary three tickets to a Fellowship banquet for attorneys where former Jacksonville Mayor Hans Tanzler, a born-again Christian, spoke.

Deal, his wife and secretary attended.

"Tanzler told us that we have a duty to investigate what's been said, to examine whether or not Jesus Christ is who He says He is. I felt very uncomfortable," Deal said.

"I'll never speak in tongues," Deal said.

Later, as he was taking a bath, "I sat in the tub reflecting that I was going down the drain unless things changed.

"Something came over me and gave me what felt like a bear hug. I suddenly felt accepted. I cried and shouted. I knew there was a big change.

"Later, at a service at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, I did start speaking in tongues and I didn't want to stop. I went home and woke up my wife, who said, 'Quit being blasphemous.' She thought I was making fun of her religion, but the change in my life is real."

Michael Darby

"Two years ago, one night on the deck

Angelo D'Amico

Stephen J. DeSorbo

of my oceanfront home, I dropped to my knees and asked God to take control."

Before this, Darby, first vice-president, Southern Region, of Dean Witter Reynolds Inc., said he felt empty inside.

"I knew about Jesus, but only as someone who lived 2,000 years ago.

"I'd heard about Christ being real in people's lives and I kept being tugged by what I'd heard but I was staying on the perimeter of it," he said.

"Finally, I was in the depths because of a divorce after eighteen years of marriage. I was not able to find the key to turn around my personal life or my business."

After that night, he asked God to take control. Darby said. "For several months, I felt wonderful, but nothing—at least financially—got better.

"But I knew Christ's help was in my life. In business, basically, I kept doing the same things I'd been doing for the past nineteen years, but they worked better than ever.

"I gave a testimony about what Christ was doing in my life before a group at the River Club, and from that day my business took off like a rocket.

"Everything does not always work out rosy, but I lead a happy life—squared away—by taking it a day at a time in obedience to Christ," he said.

Angelo D'Amico

"When I turned to Christ I was successful in business but empty inside."

D'Amico is a top salesman for the New York Life Insurance Co. He said this emptiness led him to become psychologically dependent on marijuana.

"Pot was my way to escape, but I was unhappy with what I had become."

D'Amico planned a party one weekend. He wanted to line up a date for his visiting brother.

The woman he asked agreed to come to his party because he sported a religious bumper sticker on his car that said, "I've Found It." She thought he was a Christian.

"I had only called the radio station to get the sticker because a lot of people had 'em, and it seemed like an in thing to do," D'Amico said.

When the woman realized from his conversation that he had no idea what the sticker meant, she insisted that he attend church with her as a tradeoff for the date.

He said that he asked Jesus to save him in that church and "I turned from a bankrupt, empty person into a successful Christian businessman."

Stephen J. DeSorbo

"I had a son on drugs and wanted to get him into a different environment,"

DeSorbo, district manager of John Hancock Insurance Co., explained. He moved his family to Florida from New Orleans.

Another family seeking help for their own son invited the DeSorbos to church. "When my daughter, Darlene, came home, she sat on my lap and said, 'You know what happened to me tonight? I got snow-white inside.'"

Barbara DeSorbo, his wife, also said that she was born again that night.

"I'd never heard about being born again, but deep inside I knew what they meant," her husband said. "Their lives changed before my eyes as the weeks went by—and we fought tooth and nail.

"My wife listened to religious music, read the Bible and went to church. She got so bad that she'd just talk about Jesus all the time. I didn't want to hear anything more about it," DeSorbo said.

He demanded a showdown.

"We met for lunch in the Pizza Hut on University Boulevard. 'I don't want to hear mention of Jesus in my house again,' I told her.

"I left her sobbing in the restaurant. I'd hurt her deeply."

"I was not a very nice person. I was so cold, self-centered and harsh. But she was very obedient. When I got home, she was smiling and she didn't push me any more," DeSorbo said.

"Later, I went to a Catholic charismatic conference to hear a special speaker. Being in the insurance business, motivational speakers interest me. It was a monk from Philadelphia. He was neither motivational nor inspiring, but when he asked for men to receive Christ, I was the first to respond.

"My life changed. Three months later, on Palm Sunday at the Mission de Nombre de Dios in St. Augustine, I was baptized in the Holy Spirit and began praising the Lord in an unknown language," DeSorbo said.

That was eight years ago. Since then, DeSorbo said his parents, his son, his oldest daughter, his sister and her husband and their three children, his mother-in-law, and a nephew have all had the same kind of experience.

"It's been a fantastic change. Now my life is lived before the Lord," he said.

Charlie M. Moody

"Houses and land were my god," said Moody, a tractor-trailer driver for Ryder-PIE Truck Lines.

"I wanted things like my place at the lake. All I thought about was to buy another old house and fix it up to sell. I didn't have time for God."

He went to a service at Southside Assembly of God Church to hear a special speaker and went forward to receive Christ afterward. The next week, he attended a Fellowship meeting.

"I was real impressed with men on fire for the Lord," he said. "I saw love in Christian men that flowed through them to me. These men were different.

"That night my wife, Janet, and I knelt

in our bedroom, and I cried a river. I hadn't cried since I was a little kid—and then only when I was disciplined, but that night I cried. After the tears came joy —the Lord poured a river of joy into me.

"I really haven't been the same since and I haven't wanted to be," Moody said.

Douglas Fowler, Jr.

Douglas Fowler, Jr.

"My four-year-old daughter was dying from an incurable lung condition, and I could do nothing to help her," said Dr. Fowler, an Atlantic Beach surgeon.

Fowler said he was raised in a devout Methodist home. But after completing medical school at Louisiana State University, he and his wife, Sue, "were swept up into the cocktail circuit with other doctors and professional people."

"We couldn't cope with the pressures and daily stress. We began to drink too much, smoke too much and take too many pills."

His mother-in-law mailed them copies of *Voice*.

"Mostly they lay around on the coffee table," he said. "We did read them, but we were too sophisticated to actually believe what we read."

In the midst of illness and through her mother's guidance, Sue Fowler "turned to Jesus and became a totally new person," he said.

But as he drove home alone, "I realized that God was trying to change my life and I was resisting that change.

"My tongue was like a dam in front of a river.

"When I stopped fighting God and spoke in tongues, peace and joy welled up inside me. And God moved into our home to demonstrate miracle power," he said.

"As a doctor, scientific knowledge was my foundation, but my daughter was on a respirator, and the best doctors I knew and the best medicines and treatments could do nothing."

One day his daughter said, "You haven't asked Jesus to heal me."

Fowler said that he and his wife laid their hands on the girl's chest and prayed.

"She coughed once and that was it—no more respirator, medicines or anything. She's twenty-two now and perfectly normal," Fowler said.

Fowler founded the first Fellowship chapter in Jacksonville in 1972. He is now one of the six international directors.

In his medical practice he and his staff keep Bibles and *Voice* magazines available and pray for patients. "We don't push people, but we let them know we care."

The most important thing, he said, is "to keep my own faith alive and keep the door cracked open for God to help." □

Ed. note: Mr. Fowler's full testimony appeared in Voice, *July-August 1980.*

CONVENTIONS

B.C. NORTHERN REGIONAL
April 4-6, 1985
Holiday Inn, Prince George
Write: Mr. Wayne Scott
Box 61
Prince George, B.C.
Canada V2L 4R9

INDIANA REGIONAL
April 10-13, 1985
Hilton Hotel, Indianapolis
Write: The Indiana Regional
Box 19032
Indianapolis, IN 46219

PRAIRIE REGIONAL
April 11-13, 1985
Saskatoon Centennial Auditorium
Write: FGBMFI In Canada
Box 7047
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan
Canada S7K 4J1

NORTH CAROLINA STATE
April 11-13, 1985
Benton Convention Center
Winston-Salem
Write: Mr. Ogburn Yates, Jr.
Box 100
Asheboro, NC 27203

WEST MICHIGAN REGIONAL
April 11-13, 1985
President Motor Inn, Grand Rapids
Write: Mr. Dean Ziegler
3411 Ancliff
Rockford, MI 49341

HOUSTON REGIONAL
April 18-20, 1985
Adam's Mark Hotel
Write: Mr. Ralph L. Littlejohn
13401 SW Freeway, Ste. 207
Sugar Land, TX 77478

SOUTH DAKOTA STATE REGIONAL
April 19-20, 1985
Howard Johnson Motor Lodge
Sioux Falls
Write: Mr. Arno Ewert
Box 198
Sioux Falls, SD 57101

ANGELO/ABILENE REGIONAL
May 2-4, 1985
San Angelo Convention Center
Write: Col. C.M. Anderson
1501 Bryant Blvd. S., #104-105
San Angelo, TX 76903

CENTRAL VALLEY CALIFORNIA REGIONAL
May 2-4, 1985
American Assyrian Hall, Turlock
Write: Mr. Enoch Christoffersen
Box 337
Turlock, CA 95381

WESTERN NEW YORK COUPLES' ADVANCE
May 3-5, 1985
Niagara Hotel, Niagara Falls
Write: Mr. Jim McDonald
79 Norcrest Dr.
Rochester, NY 14617

BLUE GRASS REGIONAL
May 9-11, 1985
Capital Plaza Hotel
Frankfort
Write: Mr. Charles Cotton
513 Shelby St.
Frankfort, KY 40601

WILLIAMSPORT REGIONAL
May 16-18, 1985
Lycoming College, Williamsport
Write: Henry Fenner, M.D.
601 S. Main St.
Muncy, PA 17756

NEW MEXICO MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE
May 16-19, 1985
Sacramento Methodist Assembly
Write: Mr. H.C. Godman
1808 Hubbard
Alamogordo, NM 88310

NEW JERSEY REGIONAL RALLY
May 17-18, 1985
Holiday Inn, Jamesburg
Write: Mr. Doug List
11 Andrew Jackson Ct.
Cranbury, NJ 08512

INLAND EMPIRE MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE
May 17-19, 1985
Riverview Bible Camp, Cusick
Write: Mr. Leonard Sampson
East 4004 Longfellow
Spokane, WA 99207

5TH S.W. WASHINGTON MEN'S CAMP
May 17-19, 1985
Black Lake Bible Conf. Grounds
Olympia
Write: Mr. Jim Dermanoski
3218 Hoffman Rd.
Olympia, WA 98501

BANFF COUPLES' RETREAT
May 17-20, 1985
Alberta, Canada
Write: Mr. Harley Torgerson
1437 Varsity Est. Dr. N.W.
Calgary, Alberta
Canada T3B 3E3

27TH MID-WEST REGIONAL
May 23-25, 1985
American Baptist Assembly
Greenlake
Write: Mr. Henry F. Carlson
564 W. Fulton St.
Chicago, IL 60606

NORTHWEST REGIONAL
May 23-25, 1985
Red Lion Jantzen Beach, Portland
Write: Mr. Art Evanson
Box 244
Vancouver, WA 98666

MARYLAND STATE MEN'S SPIRITUAL ADVANCE
May 31-June 2, 1985
New Windsor Service Center
New Windsor
Write: Mr. James E. Click
1645 Hughes Shop Rd.
Westminster, MD 21157

CENTRAL CALIFORNIA MEN'S ADVANCE
May 31-June 2, 1985
Camp Sugar Pine, Oakhurst
Write: L. Dean Whitlow, D.D.S.
2115 Merced St.
Fresno, CA 93721

UNITED STATES NATIONAL
July 2-6, 1985
Dallas, Texas
Write: FGBMFI National Convention
Box 5050
Costa Mesa, CA 92628

Conventions published in this issue were approved on or before December 14.

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But we are not looking back. We believe that what God is going to do in Dallas will eclipse the glory of the former days. Come expectantly!

Speakers include mighty men of God such as Demos Shakarian, FGBMFI founder/president; Reinhard Bonnke, world evangelist who ministers in tents seating 35,000; Bill Subritzky, New Zealand attorney and

homebuilder; Brigadier General Jerry R. Curry, U.S. Army; ladies' luncheon speaker Charlene Curry, authoress of The General's Lady; and music by Big John Hall.

You and your family will receive inspired teaching and ministry, enjoy rich fellowship and have opportunity to minister in Jesus' name. Register now to be assured of choice hotel space and to avoid registration upon arrival.

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It was always there, even when I couldn't hear it. It was . . .

A Small Voice Calling

Don Vieweg, Warwick, Rhode Island

The doctor's face revealed his thoughts: "Your daughter's dying!"

Dorothy and I stared at the form on the bed. Twenty-five-year-old Shirley, a newly graduated teacher, exuberant, delighted with the joys of living, lay close to death. The heart monitor shrieked, "Dying . . . dying . . . dying . . ."

Earlier, a policeman had told us how the Corvette in which Shirley had been riding had disintegrated as it slammed at high speed into a steel telephone pole. The young man driving it had only a broken arm, while Shirley was catapulted through the windshield into the pole. She was totally paralyzed, with a broken back, two broken arms, two broken legs, a wired jaw, missing teeth, internal injuries.

"Her kidneys are failing." The young doctor at Miriam Hospital in Providence seemed about to cry. "I'm sorry. . . ."

"Oh, please, God!" I cried inwardly as my wife slumped against me.

I was crying out to a God I didn't know. I knew about Jesus from church when I was an altar boy, but I never knew Him.

I was the middle child of five. As Cranston Print Works mill-village kids in Rhode Island, we grew up in the depression years, but to us they were times of excitement, imagination and creativity. My mother was a devout Catholic; my policeman dad, a Lutheran. At age eight I became an altar boy and said the mass in Latin for many years. My mother hoped I'd become a priest, but I had other ambitions.

World War II erupted when I was seventeen, a high-school senior. Upon graduation I joined the Navy, did bootcamp at Newport, Rhode Island, and went to radioman school in Boston's Hotel Summerset. At last I was traveling and "doing things."

Away from home and family, I met

temptation. But every time I was about to give in, an inner whisper seemed to caution me. I heeded it, without realizing it was God.

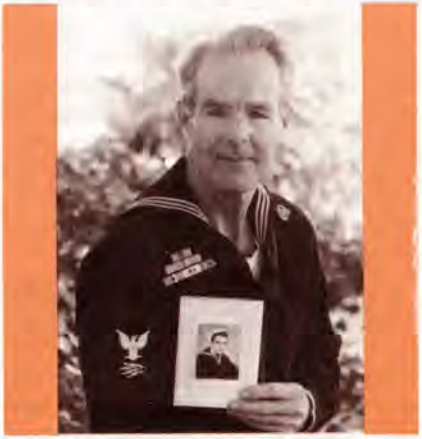
After being graduated a Radioman 3/C, I was assigned to my first ship, the *USS Davis*, an old WW I destroyer which I boarded in Recife, Brazil. Suddenly I had been thrust into an exciting and dangerous life.

The *Davis* was on South Atlantic anti-submarine patrol between Cuba and Argentina. Our job was to seek out, capture and if necessary sink high-speed German blockade runners and U-boats fleeing Germany with valuable cargo. Many times we engaged the enemy, and they us. Torpedoes often missed us by as few as two or three feet. We were frequently shelled by challenged blockade runners. But I assumed that either God, or luck, was with us. . . .

Morally, life in South America was even more dangerous: the senoritas of Natal, Recife and Rio were lovely, young and available. But a God I didn't know protected me here, too, in an odd way: I didn't like the taste of liquor, and the boot-camp training films on venereal disease haunted me.

After two exciting years I was reassigned to a new ship, the *USS Collett*, to be commissioned in Boston. More wondrous adventure! Following our shakedown in Bermuda and escorting the *Queen Mary* through the Panama Canal to San Francisco, we guarded a convoy of tankers to Hawaii. Another bout with temptation—and again that faint voice.

In the Pacific we joined Bull Halsey's Fifth and Third Fleets. During the next two years we were in every major naval engagement in the Pacific campaign: Okinawa, Iwo Jima, Ryukyu Islands, and Japan's main island of Kyushu. We sank several ships and submarines, downed five aircraft, and didn't set foot on dry land for more than nine consecutive months; when we did, it was at Ulithi Atoll, eventual atom-bomb test site.



Uniform worn at age eighteen still fits, forty-seven years later

On four different occasions we were lashed by the fury of South Pacific typhoons, nearly capsizing in one of them, with nine of our men washed overboard during emergency refueling.

In all this violent action I still didn't know God personally. But through the terror of midnight *kamikaze* attacks, rescuing stranded fliers, being strafed and bombed by Japanese "Bettys" and "Bogies," the endless picket duty miles ahead of the fleet (choice targets)—throughout the horrors of war and death and fear, I survived.

It had to be God. And He must have

had a reason for sparing me.

When Japan capitulated my ship was a short distance from the battleship Missouri during the formal signing of surrender. I had wanted adventure, and had become a part of history.

Back home in Warwick, Rhode Island, a civilian, I put away uniform and ribbons and became too busy to think about the God who had protected me. I married Dorothy Smith, a high-school classmate who had written to me while I was in the Navy. I commuted to Brown University in Providence to study, on the G.I. Bill, writing and psychology, and worked nights on a newspaper. We were blessed with our daughters Shirley and Judy and our son Donald, Jr.

In 1950 I graduated, still with a burning desire to write—but also with a family to support. I became for seven years an advertising and technical writer, producing instruction manuals for Federal Products Corp., a Providence manufacturer of precision measuring instruments and systems. Moving quickly up the corporate ladder toward "success," I became a part of management. Successful people *had* to be happy, I was convinced.

In 1957 I resigned to join Horton, Church & Goff, Inc., a Providence advertising agency, as copywriter and account executive. Here were power and prestige, I thought. Here also was frequent temptation: booze, women and money.

The small voice which had encouraged me all my life seemed very faint now, or maybe I wasn't listening. Next came seven years of freelance writing: industrial advertising, brochures and fiction. Successful in all three endeavors, I still was not happy.

One freelance assignment led me into a four-year relationship with Leesona Corp. of Warwick, a leading textile-machinery manufacturer. I became the technical-writing department head, with teaching and managing responsibilities but very little writing. Finally (again for seven years) I went to work as writer-inspector-photographer for ITT's "Project Turnkey," the nation's first automated postoffice, in Providence.

Success continued, by the world's standards. Inwardly, I was a failure.

In late October, 1973 the telephone awakened us and a guarded voice informed us that our daughter Shirley had been in an auto accident.

The young doctor said, "I'm sorry . . ."

Shirley had suffered incredible damage to her body. Clumsily, Dorothy and I prayed to a God we did not personally know. We felt we could not reach Him.

Helpless, we watched our daughter waste away until she looked like an emaciated child. Then a massive heart attack from an undetected blood clot removed her speech, and the terror of the unknown leaped into her brown eyes.

But God had not forgotten us, and He had heard our prayers. Grasping at straws, we happened to speak to Shirley about Jesus. The terror subsided. In her hospital bed November 4, 1973, our daughter blinked "Yes!" to our chance question, "Do you love Jesus?" At that moment, we believe, God saved her. She was smiling and at peace.

Only a few hours later, she suffered another heart attack from which she never regained consciousness. Still later, in an ambulance transferring her to Miriam Hospital, her heart stopped five more times. Six days later she was dead.

From what was termed a clinical death, we saw that God had restored Shirley to consciousness and used us, even in our ignorance of Him, to bring her to Himself before taking her home. Hurt and pain, then numbness, might have turned to bitterness but for God.

A few weeks later Dorothy and I were able to go to the young man who had been driving the wrecked car. We told him we loved him; we did not blame him for Shirley's death. He cried.

God was in that. But I still did not turn to Him or obey His call. It wasn't stubbornness; I was ignorant and untaught.

The emptiness persisted. To compensate, I plunged into work. It didn't help.

Seven months later, in June of 1975 I did the one simple thing I had never done. I cried out in desperation, "O God, if You *really* care, help me!"

A few days later a friend stopped by to visit. He was a vastly different Fran Cooley from the man I knew. I asked what happened, and was deluged for more than an hour with the story of how Jesus Christ had come into his life.

I was fascinated and eager to hear more, but Fran had to leave. He left a magazine for me which I hungrily devoured. When he returned a few days later—on July 1, 1975, Dorothy's and my twenty-ninth wedding anniversary—I received Jesus as my Saviour.

From that day on the small voice began to grow louder. At home alone

'O God, if You really care, help me!'

fourteen days later—July 15 at 7:30 P.M.—I asked God to baptize me in His Holy Spirit. I had read about this in the February, 1975 *Voice* magazine Fran had left. I told God I wouldn't stop asking until He agreed.

He heard me. I was suddenly flooded with tears of joy and laughter, and a full, new, wonderful language with which to worship and praise Him. The emptiness in my life was suddenly filled. In gratitude, I totally dedicated myself to God. Now Jesus was not only my Saviour but my Lord.

Almost immediately my life changed. I wasn't angry or irritable anymore. I stopped swearing. I reached out to others.

I went three weeks later to Apponaug Pentecostal Church, that "strange

church" Fran had mentioned. I went forward at an altar call and was nervous, anxious, embarrassed and curious. Pastor Gooding laid hands on me and God healed my left knee of pain from which I had suffered for thirty years. Also, without my asking, the Lord took away my long-time habit of chain-smoking cigars. Instantly freed!

Life now had purpose and joy. God was drawing our marriage back together. For the first time in my life, I purchased a Bible and began an intensive study of it. I had to know more. After five or six months Dorothy began attending church with me. She had quietly accepted Jesus in August but watched to see what happened to me before publicly confessing Him or even telling me.

I witnessed about Jesus to friends and strangers. In September I led our son Donny and in November our daughter Judy to Jesus, then into Holy Spirit baptism. Dorothy's seventy-two-year-old mother, little Emma, came to Jesus and gloriously received the Baptism as Dot and I prayed.

We joined a Bible-teaching church and Fran Cooley introduced me to Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. There in February of 1976 Dorothy received the Baptism.

In both places, and at house prayer meetings, on the telephone, in street witnessing, I was privileged to lead dozens, then hundreds, to the born-again experience. Spiritual gifts started operating in my life. My greatest joy was doing God's work.

All this was so marvelous, but it was only the beginning of wonders.

I was on a narrow catwalk seventy feet above ground, inspecting conveyor belts on a postoffice parcel-sorting machine, when God spoke in an audible voice: "Write, O son!" Startled, I made my way back to a main platform. He repeated it several times.

On the back of a sheet of paper on my inspection clipboard, feeling foolish but eager, I wrote His words, the first of many. They were prophetic, specific guidance for me.

On faith, I left my position at ITT shortly after this in 1976, and with seven months' severance pay, freelance advertising and writing jobs, and physical labor, I was able to immerse myself in the study of the Bible for more than two blessed years. I knew God was preparing me for some ministry.

The Lord has continued to speak often to me in prophecy or interpretation. I wrote everything down, as directed. I now have more than a thousand pages of guidelines, teachings, prayers, inspiring thoughts, prophecies, interpretations, dreams and visions, which are gradually becoming published articles.

One vision, given June 6, 1977, lasted more than an hour. In it Christ told me many things and showed me heaven, His flogging and crucifixion, His wounded hands, and much more. Twice in the vision Christ anointed my forehead, once with a mixture of oil and spices (symbolic of the Holy Spirit and kingship), and later, with a glistening tear of laughter from His right eye.

Very early in my Christian walk the Lord instructed me to know His word, to commit it to my heart, to have it on my tongue and at my fingertips, so that I might live, speak and write it.

At home February 6, 1984 I was told, "Use what I have given you to serve others. You shall write and speak for Me."

"But I'm not a speaker, Lord! I sound angry when I speak."

"It is fire, not anger," God corrected. "You had enthusiasm and desire. You needed wisdom and My word. Nothing is impossible to My anointed!"

"Yes, Lord."

It is now nearly ten years since God began to transform my life. I witness daily to lead others to Christ, pray and counsel, visit the sick and teach home Bible classes. The Lord has replaced my timidity with holy boldness in public speaking and writing.

At God's prompting during a Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship meeting May 5, 1984, I jotted the outline for this testimony on the back cover of a *Voice* magazine. He is teaching me to obey His smallest whisper.

The small voice that had guided me all my life is now a shout. The God I never knew I now know and love deeply, and am dedicated to serve.

I am so deeply grateful that God continued to call me and that at last I learned to listen. He is calling *you* also. □

Don Vieweg is a 1950 graduate in English writing of Brown University and also studied creative writing at the University of Oklahoma. He has been a feature writer and reporter for such newspapers as Narragansett Times *and* Providence Herald News, *and an advertising agency copywriter, account executive, technical writer, fiction writer and photographer. He and his wife Dorothy have two living children: Judy and Donald, Jr. (seen here with "little Emma"). He is a member of the Providence (Rhode Island) Chapter of FGBMFI. The Viewegs attend Trinity Assembly of God in Johnston.*

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The international directors listed on these pages give direction to the multifaceted ministries of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International in eighty-four countries of the world. They also provide leadership in achieving the goals of the Fellowship:

1. *To enlist one million members to serve in the last great harvest of souls;*
2. *To establish 40,000 chapters throughout the world;*
3. *To have chapters in every nation on earth.*

These international directors serve without remuneration, pay their own expenses, and contribute generously in support of this worldwide ministry.

Their names and addresses are provided as a convenient point of contact for you to learn when and where chapters meet in your area, or to receive needed spiritual ministry.

They also serve as a point of contact for those interested in serving Christ through this organization, which includes men from almost every church affiliation and employers, employees and professionals who love the Lord and who are committed to bringing the full Gospel to a world in need.

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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.

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.

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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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WHO ARE WE?

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 in 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-four 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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