Full Gospel Business Men's

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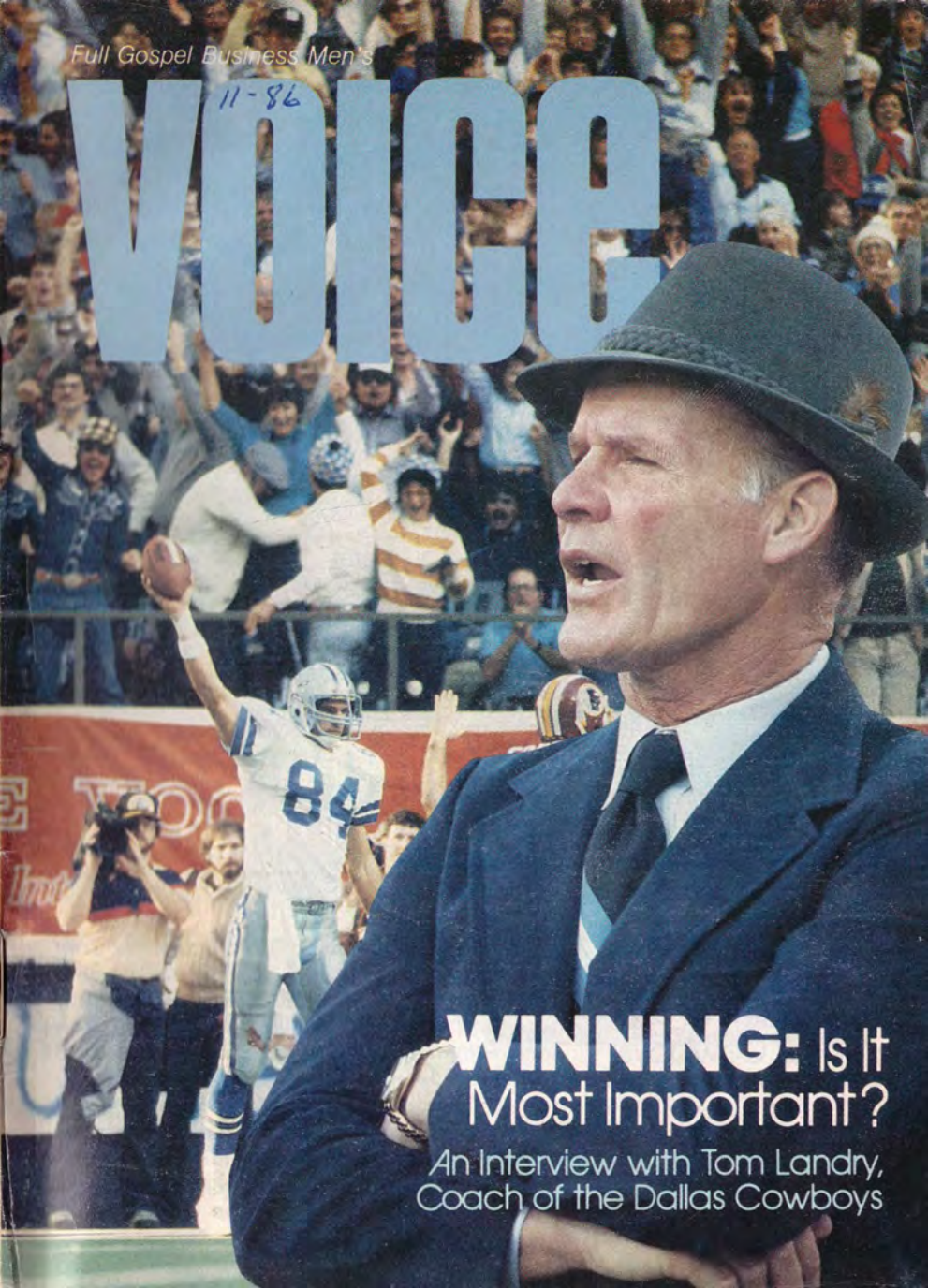
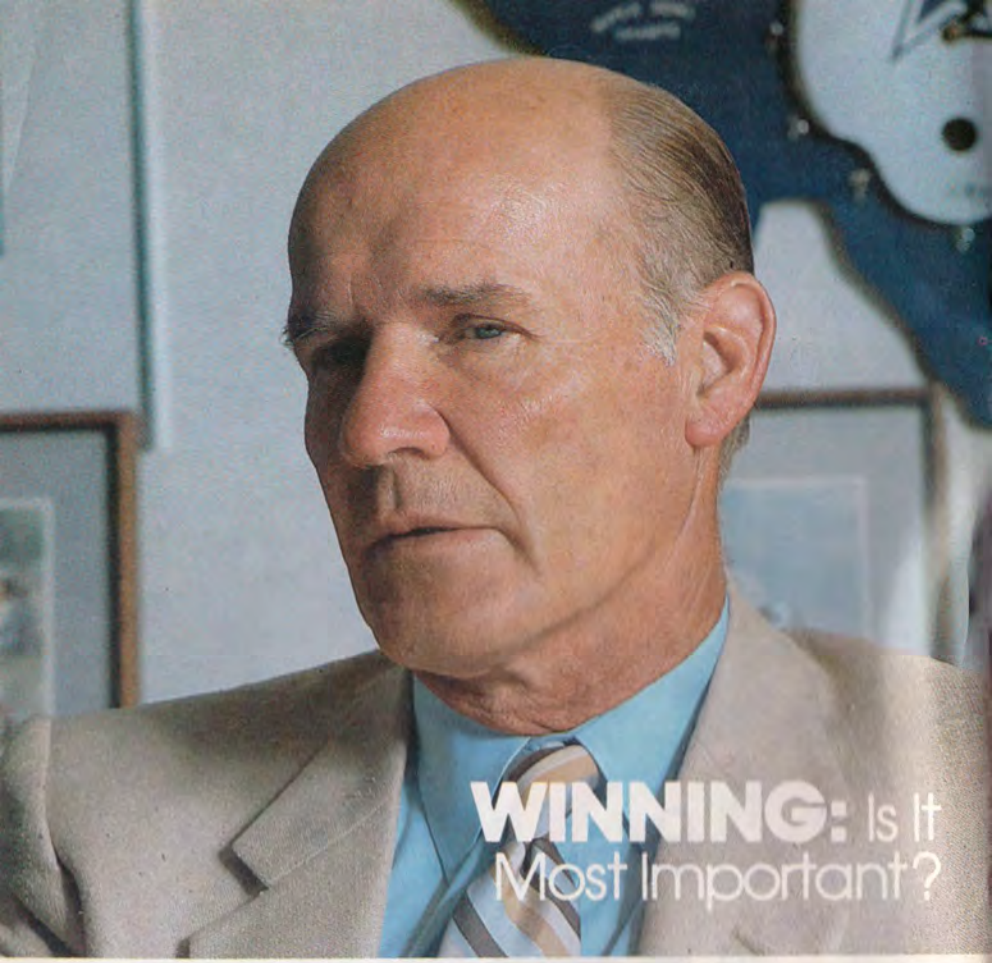
VOICE



WINNING: Is It Most Important?

An Interview with Tom Landry, Coach of the Dallas Cowboys



WINNING: Is It Most Important?

An Interview with Tom Landry, Coach of the Dallas Cowboys

Winning was the name of the game for Tom Landry. Through high school, college, and into the professional ranks, all he thought of was football. There was no greater thrill than crossing the goal line for a touchdown until the day he met Jesus Christ and made Him Lord and Saviour of his life. He is still determined to win, he still looks forward to victory, but now he can say with the Apostle Paul, "I press toward the goal of the prize of the upward call of God in Christ Jesus!"

Q *Coach, how did you get interested in football?*

A I was raised in Mission, Texas, which is a small town in the Rio Grande Valley. I think we had about 6,000 people in Mission at that time, and about 250 people in the high school where I started my football career. My dad was a mechanic and had his own garage. I had a wonderful family life. I was raised about a half a block from the Methodist church and went to church every Sunday. I didn't have a choice in the matter, so my mind really wasn't on church—it was on where we would have our afternoon football game—which sandlot....

I've always loved football. Even as a youngster, I thought that one succeeded in life by being the best that he could be in whatever profession he was engaged in. I started playing football in high school. Football was everything to me—there was no question about it! I was very self-disciplined in other ways, e.g. making good grades in school, but that wasn't nearly as important to me as football was.

Q *How did you develop the self-discipline that resulted in the good grades and football achievements?*

A It tended to come from my family and my first coach. My father and mother were both churchgoers, and they taught me good principles. My first football coach, Bob Martin, had a great impact on my life. He taught me that you don't abuse your body physically—that keeps you from being a good football player. As a result, I became very disciplined in my thinking in high school.

Coach Martin taught me a lot of great principles. In my senior year, we were undefeated and not scored on. I was all-regional halfback and really excited about that. I just couldn't wait to move on up the ladder.

Q *Which college team did you play for?*

A The University of Texas was one of the few schools that had recruiters come down to recruit me for a scholarship since I went to such a small school. I went on to the University of Texas and thought, *If I can make it there, I'll have what life is all about.* I'd been out of Texas one time in my life, and I'd only been in Austin or Houston about once, so it was a big step to go to the University of Texas. We beat Alabama in the Sugar Bowl, we beat Georgia in the Orange Bowl, and I was co-captain of the team

(Left to right) Jerry Jensen, Editor of Voice *magazine; Tom Landry, Coach of the Dallas Cowboys; and Steve Shakarian, Chief Operating Officer of FGBMFI.*

my senior year. I thought I had it made. I just *knew* that this was what life was all about. The thing I discovered, though, was that as I achieved these goals, there was an emptiness and restlessness that just devoured the great excitement coming with the successes—winning those big games. I couldn't understand that, because I thought that once you reached that point, you ought to be able to maintain the happiness—but I never could. I went to the University of Texas my freshman year and then joined the Air Force. I flew the B-17 over England during World War II, had thirty missions, and then came back to the University of Texas in 1945. As I finished my football career in college, I still didn't find the fulfillment in it that I was after.

Q *What did you think about the lack of fulfillment?*

A Achieving my goals wasn't giving me lasting satisfaction, and that troubled me a little bit. I felt there should be some goal in life that once achieved would result in a lasting sense of well-being, but I never found one. I was really excited about football, so I rationalized that I just hadn't reached the top. *You have to reach the top before you have that sustained glow that you're supposed to have when you're successful,* I thought. I was drafted by both the New York Yankees

Tom Landry is the dean of NFL coaches with a twenty-six-year record of 253-148-6 from 1960-85.

The first and only head coach in Cowboys' history, Landry has guided his team to a league record of twenty consecutive winning seasons (1966-85) and five Super Bowls.

In November, 1945, he was discharged as a First Lieutenant from the Air Corps, after flying thirty B-17 missions, and returned to the University of Texas where he earned All-Southwest Conference football honors as a junior and co-captained the Longhorns as a senior. Landry earned a bachelor's degree in business at Texas and one in industrial engineering from the University of Houston.

Landry played for the New York Yankees of the All-America Conference in 1949 before joining the NFL's New York Giants the next year. He was a top punter and defensive halfback for the Giants through 1955.

Retiring as a player following the 1955 season, Tom was the Giants' defensive coach through 1959.

Coach Landry and wife, Alicia, have three children: Tom, Jr., Kitty, and Lisa, and two grandchildren.

Tom devotes much of his spare time to the Fellowship of Christian Athletes (FCA), and serves on the board of the National FCA.

In 1981 Landry received an award for distinguished services from the NFL Alumni Association, the Football News Man-of-the-Year Award and the Washington Touchdown Club's Board of Governor's Award for his outstanding contributions to football. In 1978 he was inducted into the Texas Sports Hall of Fame.

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S VOICE (ISSN #00428264) is published monthly for $4.95 per year by FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL, a worldwide evangelistic fellowship of Christian businessmen, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92628, U.S.A. Incorporated January 2, 1953 as a nonprofit religious corporation. Second-class postage paid at Costa Mesa, California and at additional mailing offices. All rights reserved. November, 1986, Vol. 34, No. 11

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Voice* at above address. In Canada send return copies to 628 Monmouth Rd., Windsor, Ontario N5Y 3L1. Yearly subscription: U.S.—$4.95. Canada and overseas—$5.25. Bulk rate cards sent on request. Also available in French, German, Norwegian, Swedish and English (U.K.)—$4.50; Spanish—$2.00.

and the New York Giants. In those days, we had two leagues. I made the New York Yankee football team; then the two leagues merged, and I went on to play for the New York Giants in 1950. I spent ten years with them as a player, player/coach, and then as an asistant coach. I still found the same thing. Even though I was all-pro one year as a defensive quarterback and I had played in the Pro Bowl, I still didn't feel that I had found the ultimate in life. Finally, we reached the top in 1956 by winning the World Championship, beating the Chicago Bears in Yankee Stadium. *Now* I was at the top. That was the most exciting thing that had happened to me up to that point. But again, that same feeling was with me. I was restless; I was a little bit empty; I still didn't feel like I'd found what life had to offer. At that time I became assistant coach for the Giants and coached several more years. In 1958, we played in what was considered the greatest game ever played in professional football—the Baltimore Colts against the New York Giants for the World Championship. After that, I told my wife, "We're going to go into business in Dallas, because I really don't want to coach anymore."

Q *So how did you become the coach of the Dallas Cowboys?*

A In those days we only coached about four months out of the year and then returned to our home in Dallas. So my wife and I were planning after that 1958-59 season to quit football, get out of New York, go back to Dallas, and go into business. I already had a degree in Business Administration from the University of Texas. I wanted to be in industrial management, so I went to the University of Houston and got an Industrial Engineering degree in preparation for management. In 1960 the American Football League came into existence. Dallas was going to get a franchise in the National Football League to compete against the AFL, so they asked me to be their head coach. I told them I would talk it over with my wife. "Well, we *are* living in Dallas; maybe we ought to try it," I told her. I didn't really want to; I really wanted to go into business. But since I was in Dallas, and the franchise was there, I said to myself, *We'll go ahead and try because I'll be fired in three years anyway; in this business nobody survives an expansion team.*

Q *How did you come to know Jesus Christ as your Saviour and Lord?*

A After that great game between the Baltimore Colts and New York Giants in 1958, I had returned to Dallas. While there, I was having lunch with a Christian friend one day, and he invited me to a Bible study held on Wednesday mornings at the Melrose Hotel. He told me that they gathered for breakfast and studied the Bible.

Q *What was your reaction to that?*

A My first reaction? I thought the guy was crazy. I knew the Christmas and Easter stories, and I went to church every Sunday. That's one discipline I always had—consistently going to church. But my friend was persistent and got me to attend that particular study. They were in Matthew 6 at the time,

studying the Sermon on the Mount. I started reading the words of Jesus: "Take no thought of your life, what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body more than raiment?.... But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." This was the first time that I had any inkling of what the gospel of Jesus Christ was all about. I had heard many excellent ministers talk about the gospel, but I never had any idea what it was really all about. I got excited about what I was reading!

Q *Since you already were quite successful, what about those scriptures excited you?*

A They showed me that there was more to life than football. I was looking to football as the path to success and happiness. Jesus talked so differently about everything. I had never thought about not worrying about things, not being anxious about things, because we're always anxious in today's world. Whatever field we're in, we always have pressure. I could feel Jesus saying something else to me—that there was something more important than what I was doing with my life. I think the verses that really got me turned on concerned the parable of the builders. Jesus said that anyone who heard these words of His and did them was like a wise man who builds his house upon a rock. When the rains falls, the floods come, and the wind beats upon the house, it stands because it's built on a rock. I got excited about that, because as a football coach, I know what makes

one successful in a football career—the foundation and discipline. I started thinking about myself. Did I have a good foundation under me to stand on? Fortunately, Jesus didn't just leave us there...He said that anyone who heard these words of His and didn't do them is like a foolish man who builds his house upon sand. When the rains fall, the floods come, and the winds beat, how great is his fall! I understood that right away, realizing that our lives *must* be built on a sound foundation. What we see today in America is that kids don't have a strong foundation. So when the peer pressure and disappointments come into their lives, they turn to drugs and alcohol.

Q *Did these Bible verses prompt you to turn your life over to Jesus Christ?*

A Yes. I went on to find out what the gospel of Jesus Christ was about. I was so factual—a football coach has to be factual. The Bible says that we are saved through faith—I didn't get that at first. So I started to look for the facts. What I found out was that God loved me, that

I'm a sinner, that Christ died for me, and the only way to heaven was through the cross. Once I saw all that, I accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour. That was in 1959, a year before I took over the Dallas Cowboys as head coach. I was thirty-three years old at the time. I had spent a lot of time attending church without ever hearing that message. The thing that I discovered right away was that life is a matter of priorities. Up until that time, football was everything to me. Of course my family had been important to me. But God got lost somewhere in the shuffle. I knew there must be a God, because I attended church all the time. Once I accepted Christ I realized that God has to be number one in your life. Once I made Him number one, then the love that He showed me enabled me to love my family even more. My family life took on a different dimension than ever before, and football was third. I think St. Augustine said it so well: "Our hearts are restless, O God, until they find their rest in Thee." I had had a lifetime of restlessness, looking for that peace beyond our understanding that Jesus promises to give us. St. Augustine's saying is true. Once God becomes first in your life, your heart isn't restless anymore—you have found your peace.

Q *How did becoming a Christian affect you in your position as coach?*

A After I gave my life to the Lord, I began asking myself certain questions. The crucial one was, "Is the theme in my life obvious?" In other words, when people watch me coaching football, either at a game or on TV, is the theme in my live obvious? Is Christ coming through clearly as I express myself? I remember coaching the pro bowl game after Pittsburgh won a game against the Rams in the Rose Bowl in the 1978-79 season. I was coaching the National Conference against the American Conference, and we all were staying in the same hotel. We always had chapel services before the games. We were going to have a chapel service for all the guys that wanted to come from both teams. I always make a joke out of the fact that I wouldn't have the Redskins with me for a chapel service, but since we were all in the all-star game, we did meet together. Instead of having a speaker that day, we just had Christian players get up and tell what Christ meant in their lives. It was excellent. We had Roger Staubach there and Bob Breunig from our team. Pittsburgh had a lot of Christian players on their team too. The man that impressed me so much at that service was John Stallworth, an end from Pittsburgh. As he got up to speak, his face glowing and his eyes bright, he said quietly, "The greatest thing in my life is

Jesus Christ." His testimony had a great deal of impact, because just the week before he had been named the most valuable player in the Super Bowl game. So the theme in my life has been the thing that I've wrestled with. Reporters sometimes say, "Give us an example of being a Christian." My answer is, "When you're a Christian, it shows in everything you do."

Q *What role does the Holy Spirit play in all this?*

A We all tend to cop out when it comes to helping God. We want to back off until we're better prepared to do something, and that's because we don't recognize the power of the Holy Spirit. That power makes us what we are. I am very active in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes (FCA). The FCA has a number of summer conferences. At the end of the week, when you ask these high school kids if they have something to say about the Lord, the last thing they want to do is stand up in front of their peers and tell what role the Lord has in their lives. And yet you'll have quite a line of kids who end up going forward to say what God has meant to them that week. That's the Holy Spirit motivating them.

Q *What are the trying situations that you face in your walk with Christ? How do you deal with them?*

A I think in professional football we have many, many low moments when we're losing games.

At one time, we became the team that couldn't win the big one—so said the press. We kept getting pounded down, and the next couple of years we went to the playoffs and got beaten badly by Cleveland both times. We were at the lowest point in our careers. Then the next season we had four games left, and we played a Monday night game in the Cotton Bowl. The St. Louis Cardinals beat us 38-0. They were leading our division by three games with four to go after that game. I remember that team room the next day; no one loved us but us. We

were at the lowest point that you could possibly hit as a football team. Of course, we came out of it and didn't lose again until the last play of the Super Bowl when Baltimore beat us with a field goal. That was also a rather low point. As a football coach, you cannot feel any lower than that in terms of disappointment. Whenever I feel like that, I get on my knees and pray, and within a day or so I'm back on my feet ready to go again. The Lord just picks me up, puts me back on my feet, and says, "Let's go!" That's the power I have in my life as a result of being a Christian.

One of my favorite verses is II Timothy 1:7: "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." This verse comforts me whenever I get anxious. As soon as I start to worry about things, I know it's not coming from God, it's coming from me. It's wonderful to understand that, because then I can turn to God for help in eliminating that fear and worry. This helps me so much in dealing with the constant pressure I'm under. If you have been reading the newspaper lately, you know that we're under pressure right now with the players.

Q *Do you pray to win a football game?*

A No. We never pray for victory, we pray to thank God for what He has given us — the opportunity to play. We pray to be the best that we can and for protection from injury.

Q *What made you continue coaching the Cowboys instead of going into business as you had originally planned?*

A In 1964 we hadn't won but four games, and that was the best season that we'd had until then. But Clint Murchison gave me a ten-year contract at the end of that time, when everyone else was saying, "Let's get another coach." That was a sign that God wanted me in that position, so my basic thought patterns changed about it. Instead of going into business, I felt as though God were calling me to continue coaching. I committed to be the best that I could be.

Q *How do you hear God's voice concerning which direction to move?*

A I don't hear an actual voice, it's sort of a sense I get over which way to move. As I pray I don't always get the answers immediately. I just keep praying, and finally there seems to be a direction to go. When that happens, I go that direction.

Q *What have you learned in terms of dealing with the players and the pressures that you've talked about?*

A I think basically communication is the most important instrument we have today. Most players suffer primarily from not knowing what is going on. They are anxious and worried over what I, as head coach, am thinking about them or what is happening around them. So an important asset is the ability to communicate with people and be able to explain to them exactly what is taking place and what their alternatives are. I think that tool is really the answer to success in any business.

When you're in management, your whole job is solving problems. You set

the plan, you put in the work, you get everyone to do his job, and you communicate and handle problems. If you can do all that, then you can keep your organization running fairly smoothly.

Q *How many do you have on your coaching staff who work directly with you?*

A We have ten coaches who are working with me right now, plus our trainers, equipment personnel, and office staff.

Q *What is the size of your organization including the team?*

A We operate with forty-five players and the management team based on about four key people. Everyone is a specialist in our business—you have a public relations man, a general manager, a business manager, etc.

The heart of a football team is the players; you can never get away from that fact. The players are the ones who do the job, and that's our concern. Everything we do is to try to make those players better. The difficulty in a football organization is to bring the talent in, because we have a scouting system that says if you win the Super Bowl, you get the last pick of the draft.

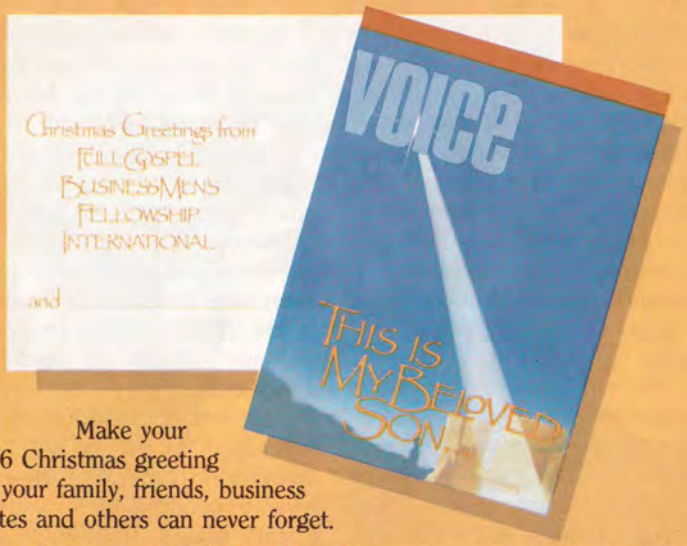
Q *Do you get penalized when you recruit members?*

A Yes, so it's not exactly a free enterprise system. But the most difficult thing I have to do with regard to the players is to build them up into quality players, and then begin to replace them with younger men as they get to be a certain age.

Q *What would you share as your keys to success in running the organization?*

A As I mentioned before, good communication is vital. The other thing is that you must have discipline in an organization to run it effectively. In some way, I have to communicate to the players that they must work within a framework of discipline. If that is accomplished within an organization, there is the probability of high morale. Also, you can't treat employees differently—you can't treat one person one way and another person another way, or pay two people doing the same job different wages. There's a certain degree of physical discipline that has to be there too. But, again, I believe that freedom goes with responsibility, and it isn't a license to do whatever you want. To have people work in a free environment, there must be some kind of boundaries so that they realize if they step out of bounds they're in trouble. As long as they work within the bounds, then they're going to be free to express themselves and do the things that they want. To me that kind of atmosphere must exist in any type of organization. Without it, you're going to have low morale. I think the man at the top has to be a little bit distant. I'm somewhat distant with my players; they never really get too close to me, but I'm not unfriendly. The reason for that is that football is a game in which I must make them do the things they don't want to do to achieve the things they want to achieve. You must pay a tremendous price to be successful. I'm talking about training, discipline, and doing your best. □

This Christmas Send a Special Christmas Message



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I played first string football under the leadership of famed coach Bear Bryant. I'm proud of that. I played another game that I'm not so proud of. In retrospect, I can see how life experiences became building blocks in a wall of pride that stood impregnable for years.

My dad and mother took us to a Methodist church every Sunday, and I wore a chain of perfect attendance pins several inches long with pride. I lived on a farm in Kentucky for years as a youngster, and during that time I was known as a good little boy. Pride that plagued me in later years had an early start.

Receiving a football scholarship to the University of Kentucky, I played with the great teams from 1950 to 1952 who went to the Orange, Sugar and Cotton Bowls. My ego became powerfully inflated.

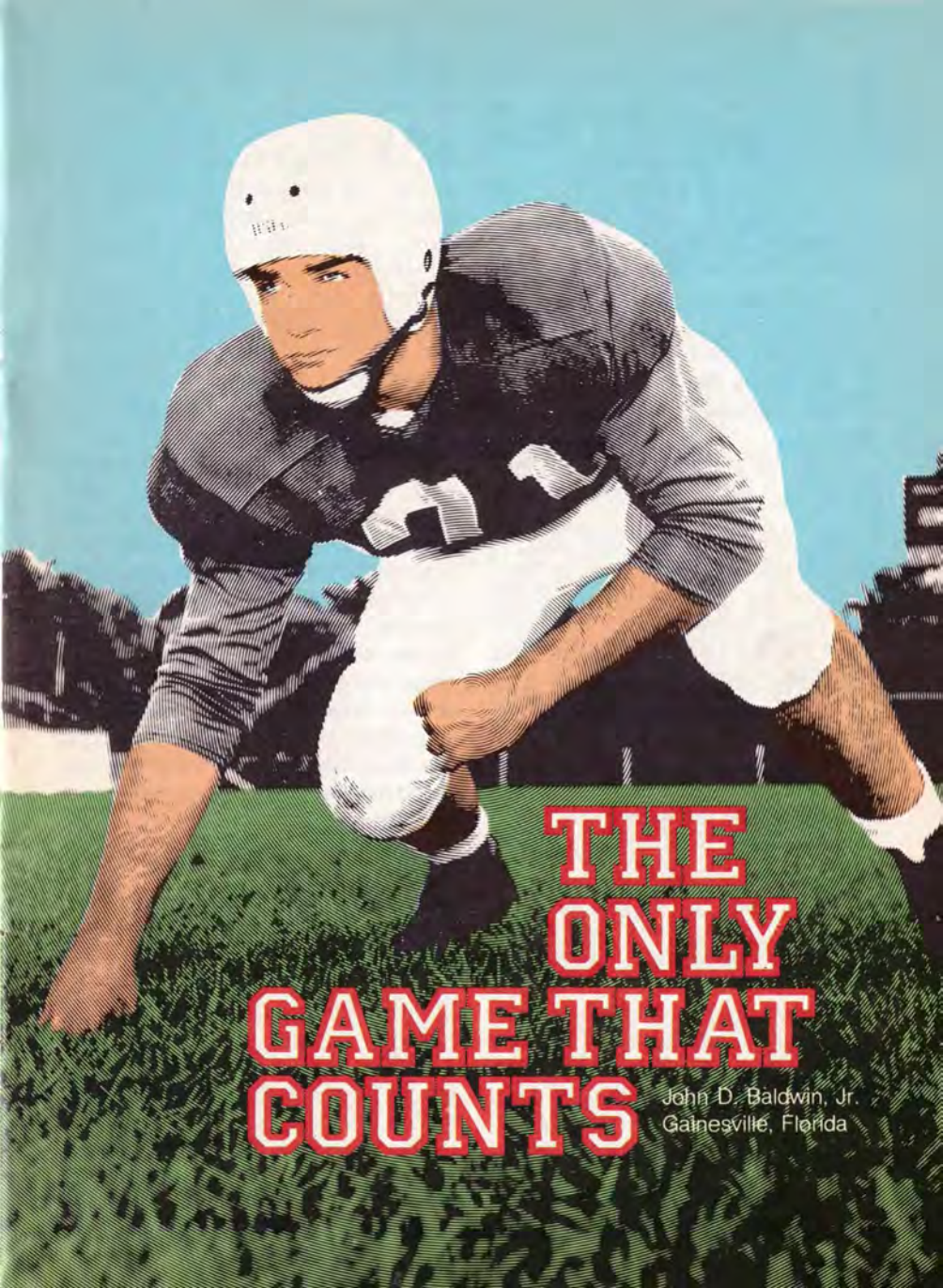
Following graduation, I married Barbara, my high school sweetheart from Madisonville, Kentucky, and the Air Force immediately sent me to Germany. The religious training of my youth had failed to make a spiritual impact. My first serious thought about a relationship with God came when I was with a fighter squadron in North Africa. Barbara radioed a message and told me that someone had wrecked our car in Germany. Instead of boarding as scheduled on the courier plane that flew daily to our base in Bitburg, Germany, I caught an earlier flight to Frankfurt, but failed to tell anyone. My scheduled flight crashed in the Alps that night with no survivors. Everyone thought I'd been killed and were quite shocked when I returned to the base. The accident forced the questions, "Why was I spared? Does God have a plan for my life?"

After Air Force duty, I was employed by Procter and Gamble in 1955 and moved rapidly up the management ladder. Everything was going pretty well except that our twin boys were sick all the time in the cold of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and I suddenly realized that the job I coveted meant being away from my family most of every week.

In 1960 I had the opportunity to go to work for my uncle in the construction business in Gainesville, Florida. A year later, I became the Sinclair Oil distributor in that area when I bought out Bob Woodruff, the former Florida football coach, who returned to the University of Tennessee as Athletic Director.

For the next eight years, I had several flourishing businesses—gasoline distribution, home heating, air conditioning, and lawn irrigation. Outwardly, I was the image of success — fine home, cars, a motor home, and even an airplane. But inwardly, I felt very empty. I had been "playing the game" for thirty-eight years. I wanted people to think I was something I really wasn't. The facade was more than material success—it was social and spiritual. Belonging to the right clubs and civic organizations, having leading roles in little theater musicals, and being soloist in the church and chairman of the official board were all part of the facade. I used every available opportunity to build a wall so high that others wouldn't be able to see the John Baldwin that made me so miserable.

About the time this pretense became intolerable, I began to observe that Barbara was changing dramatically right before my eyes. My office phone rang one day in 1968. "John, I just want to tell



John D. Baldwin, Jr.
Gainesville, Florida

you how much I love you and how much you mean to me," she began. This was not a normal phone call. "What's happened to you?" I questioned.

"Well honey," she replied, "You know that meeting I've been going to on Wednesday mornings? I went this morning. The Methodist evangelist, Dr. Bob Shelly, was there and I was baptized in the Holy Spirit."

"You were what?" I didn't know what she was talking about.

"I was baptized in the Holy Spirit," she repeated.

"Well, that's right nice. I'll talk with you about it later," I finished and hung up.

That night I knew we were going to have to talk about it sooner or later. Stretched out on my king-sized bed, I read nearly every word in the newspaper. On the other side of the bed, smiling, Barbara was reading the Bible and *The Cross and The Switchblade.* Unable to postpone it any longer, I put the newspaper down and said resignedly, "Okay, tell me about it." She then vividly described her experience.

God gave Barbara wisdom. She didn't preach to me; she just loved me. The difference I saw in her life over that summer created a desire in me. I wanted what she had, but was too proud to admit it. I had heard from a friend that a group of ministers in Fort Lauderdale were teaching about the baptism in the Holy Spirit. *If I went down there,* I reasoned, *no one in Gainesville would know about it*—especially my preacher and my wife, because I didn't want anyone to know I needed something more.

After attending an oil meeting in Fort Lauderdale, I met a friend who came to my hotel to visit me.

He looked as happy as anyone I've ever seen. "What's happened to you?" I asked. "The greatest thing possible," he answered, "I was baptized in the Holy Spirit." I asked him to tell me about his experience, which he gladly did.

That afternoon I bought and read the two booklets, *Seven Steps To The Spirit* and *Methodist In The Holy Spirit.* I was astonished at the testimonies of Methodists who had received the infilling of the Holy Spirit. I knew some of them.

I prayed, "God, if there is an experience You want me to have that I don't know anything about, I'm ready. It's my birthday. Please give it to me today."

My friend wanted me to go with him to a meeting, but I had paid $25.00 for a banquet and wanted to hear Sophie Tucker sing. Sophie didn't come on stage until 10:30 p.m., and I was miserable—I knew I was supposed to be somewhere else. She had only sung a few bars when I went to the phone and called my friend. He insisted that I meet him, even though it was late.

"Where are we going at 10:45 at night?" I asked.

"To Jack Musseleman's house. He's president of the Florida Bar Association and lives in Pompano Beach, just a few miles from here," he answered. Because of the blinding rain, we missed our turnoff by six miles.

"We're not supposed to go to anyone's home at 11:00 p.m.!" I remonstrated. We turned around and promptly ran out of gas at a stoplight. All four gas stations at that intersection were closed, but one man was doing his bookkeeping.

"Don't you think God is trying to tell us something? We miss our turn and then run out of gas," I exclaimed.

But my friend was as tenacious as a bulldog. He ran and got a can of gas, insisting, "It's only a few more blocks!"

We pulled into the driveway of the Musseleman home and were hardly out of the car when the front door flew open. A man came out exclaiming, "Praise the Lord! Thank you Jesus!" I recoiled with shock.

Inside, I was greeted by twenty-six people. As he leaned against the fire-

I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW I NEEDED SOMETHING MORE....

place mantle, Mr. Musseleman laughingly said, "John, you look a little startled. We're so glad you're here. Let me tell you what's been going on. There were 125 people here tonight praying for a young businessman from Gainesville named John Baldwin. Many had to leave, but at 11:30 p.m. those of us that you see in this room prayed, 'Lord, this is the night; we'll go to the door believing he will be here. If not, we'll go home.' So we opened the door and there you were. That's why we shouted, "Praise the Lord!"

In a very brief time they instructed me, answered my questions and led me into the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Immediately, I phoned Barbara. "Honey, you'll never guess what's happened to me!" But the Lord had already told her. I felt so good, I could have walked back to Gainesville.

I was born again and filled with the Spirit, but as one bumper sticker reads, "Please be patient. Christian under construction." God was still working on me, and He isn't through yet.

In 1972, I had debts totaling nearly $300,000. So I made a deal with God. "Father," I prayed, "if You will get me out of debt, I'll do whatever You want me to do." Exactly six months to the day, I had the amount needed to satisfy all my obligations. Looking at all that cash, the thought struck me, *Just pay a little on the debts and think of all the good you could do for God.* I could help the Boy's Club (I was president at the time). Our church was building a new sanctuary. I could help some of those faith ministries that were struggling, plus be a real "do-gooder" in the community.

I felt that God was going to enable me to make money hand over fist so that I could help all these good causes. I felt so good for about a year. Then one night I was awakened at 3 a.m. by the still, small voice of the Lord.

John, are you out of debt? He asked.

"You know, Lord," I explained, "I gave the money to help Your work. You know where it went!"

That wasn't the deal, John. I wanted you, *not your money. I can take care of My people. I don't need you to do it for*

Me; I own the cattle on a thousand hills. Yes I even own the hills, He finished.

I had been tricked by the devil into doing good works, taking my mind off Jesus, and not keeping my deal with the Lord. I felt so unworthy. Here I was, baptized in the Holy Spirit, vice-president of a Full Gospel Business Men's chapter, and a leader in the Methodist church, yet I had failed the Lord so miserably.

I moped around bearing that burden of self-condemnation for four or five years until a friend finally asked, "What in the world has happed to you? Where is your joy? Where's the fruit of the Spirit?" When I had finished unburdening myself, he declared, "John, don't you know that God will forgive you for that?" He prayed with me, and God did. I had learned an unforgettable lesson in obedience.

After I became an FGBMFI chapter president, it was an embarrassment to me that neither my twin sons or my brother would attend chapter meetings. There was a reason—they worked with me. I was not the same man in the office that I was at the chapter meetings and at church—I wasn't consistent. But before they could change, I had to change. I had to quit playing the game and compromising.

After I surrendered to the Lord, my brother, who was dying of cancer, finally saw enough change in my life to believe that maybe my God could heal him. He prayed and was totally healed in 1983 by a miracle of God that was well-documented and substantiated by his doctors.

When I began trying to live a consistent Christian life, my sons also became involved in chapter work and even ended up ministering to me.

On one occasion, my sons and I were experiencing severe financial needs in our business. The three of us prayed earnestly for God to meet our needs each morning. One Thursday noon, we went to our FGBMFI luncheon. As president, I was praying for the needs of others but made no mention of my own. Back in the office, the boys knocked on my door, came in and closed it. I knew it was serious. "Dad, we need to talk," one of them said.

"What's the matter, Dad? Are you too proud to let the men know that you're a needy person too?" they rebuked. "You've got so much pride that you don't want your men to know that you've got a problem? You robbed us of our blessing today because of your pride!"

The next Thursday, I repented, reported our needs for prayer, and the men wept for minutes. In the years that

John and Barbara Baldwin

followed, the ministry of our chapter has been fantastic. The pride barrier of all our men crumbled because my sons loved me enough to correct me, and our men could see the pride dissipate in my life. The false face was totally removed, and the "game" was over.

The most humbling experience that I can think of is to realize that in spite of your failures and the many times you disappoint the Lord, He will still use you to reach souls and in the healings of other people.

I had been speaking at chapter meetings and churches for some time when Dr. Charles McGill challenged me, "John, when are you going to begin operating in the gifts of the Spirit?"

"When God leads me, I guess," I responded.

"You don't have to wait; you can do it now," he asserted.

Soon afterward, I spoke to a church men's group and asked, "Has anyone anything they want to pray about?"

A policeman stepped forward and said, "I want to get this boot off my foot."

I glanced down and saw that he was referring to a four-inch, built-up shoe. *Oh God,* I thought, *not a hard one like this for my first one.* Surrounded by twenty-one doubting men, I sat him down, held his feet in my hands and prayed earnestly, "God, heal this man." I was afraid to open my eyes. Then I heard one boot squeak as the leather rubbed against the other. When he took off his boots, his heels were even, and he wears a normal shoe today!

At the beginning of my testimony, I stated that I was proud to have played for Coach Bear Bryant. In 1982, our family went to Louisville for a football reunion. I prayed, "Lord, let me have five minutes alone with the coach to tell him how Jesus has changed my life." The next morning we ran into him by the hotel newsstand, and he invited us to have breakfast. We witnessed to him for an hour and a half, and I gave him a copy of Demos Shakarian's book, *The Happiest People On Earth.* He wrote me a letter later telling me he was reading the book. He died the next January, but I heard a television ministry report that a month before Bear Bryant died, he asked Jesus to be his Saviour and Lord.

Last July, two days before the National Convention of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in Dallas, I met a teammate whom I had not seen for years. Discovering that he lived in Dallas, I invited him to come to the convention with me. There, he received Jesus.

I'm proud to have played on a winning football team and I'm still an enthusiastic sports fan, but nothing can compare with the thrill of knowing Jesus and sharing Him with others. Nothing really happened in my life until I dropped the mask and stopped playing the game. Now I'm playing the only game in town that counts. □

John Baldwin and his three sons are all real estate brokers, mortgage brokers, and licensed to sell term life insurance and securities. He is also a recent past director and moderator of the Florida Real Estate Exchangers. John is a past president of the Gainesville Real Estate Exchangers and a twenty-five-year member of the Kiwanis Club. He and his wife, Barbara, have four children and four grandchildren. They are members of the Wesley Methodist Church, where he is a certified lay minister, Sunday school teacher, and choir member. John is president of the Gainesville chapter of FGBMFI and an international director for the Fellowship.

Peter Gorelkin
Vancouver, British Columbia

MISSION: FR

The residential streets were quiet as twilight stretched deep shadows across Moscow. I rushed alertly along the sidewalk. Was the KGB watching?

I was on my way to speak to Andrei Sakarov, the world-famous dissident, about the plight of my family. An expert on human rights, he had been advising us about our efforts to emigrate from the Soviet Union.

At that time, my father, Vasily Gorelkin, was overseer of more than fifty unregistered Pentecostal churches in our Russian motherland. He was despised by the state for his powerful Christian testimony. As one of his ten children, I was unpopular in my own right, since I served as an underground courier for the invisible dissident movement.

That evening, as I rounded the corner toward Sakarov's home, I noticed an ambulance parked at the corner, within sight of his doorway. The vehicle's parking lights were on, and the driver was reading a newspaper.

Must be waiting for someone...I reasoned. He has a perfect view of Sakarov's house and is obviously keeping an eye out for "visitors."

Sensing danger, I decided to go straight into Sakarov's place without stopping—I'd just have to worry about getting out when the meeting was over.

Hours later, as I left the apartment, I was immediately tailed as I made my way toward the subway. The faster I walked, the faster I was followed. Breathless, I jumped onto a subway car. Two men jumped on behind me.

"Stand back—the doors are closing" crackled the voice over the loudspeaker. I leapt off, leaving my companions behind as the train pulled out. But two more men immediately appeared!

I played the "train-jumping game" five or six times before I collapsed, unnoticed, into a bus. "Thanks, Lord—lost them again!"

Until my seventeenth year, I had been a part of the Christian community and must have appeared to be an active believer myself. But when I began to attend college, it became more and more clear to me that I didn't have a personal relationship of my own with the Lord Jesus. Even though I was witnessing to others about the Christian faith, I had not been born again myself!

One night the worshippers at a

EEDOM

meeting I attended began to pray deeply, intensely seeking to reach God with their petitions. Suddenly my heart was profoundly touched. Weeping and broken, I asked the Lord to forgive me and gave myself to Him that night. My life was never to be the same.

My father's teaching had led me to believe in the work of the Holy Spirit. Two months after my conversion, I prayed for my own spiritual baptism. The Spirit fell upon me, and His power was much needed. For already my brother Simon and I were leading nightly meetings at our college.

Our family was continuously seeking permission to emigrate all during this time.

Finally in 1980, we were called into the office of a major in the KGB. "You've got a few weeks to get out of the country, officially speaking. But if I were you, I'd be out of Estonia in twenty-four hours. And take everybody with you! We don't want to see you, think about you or hear your name mentioned again!" he snarled.

Our large family soon began a new life in Canada. But it wasn't possible to settle into a carefree, contented lifestyle. My father's closest brother, Ivan Gorelkin, his wife, and children were still in the Soviet Union!

Ivan and his family had drawn close to the Lord when our family left. Now we had become aware that they were suffering greatly at the hands of the authorities. Uncle Ivan's requests for emigration were being persistently rejected.

We struggled with personal frustration. No one seemed to care! At last we found a Christian human rights organization, *Friends in the West*, whose president, Ray Barnett, was willing to work with us for Ivan's emigration. Before long, hundreds of people had begun to pray with us, write letters, and sign petitions.

The Soviet Union unrelentingly refused to allow Ivan's family to leave.

Then, in June of 1984, we unexpectedly received word that Ivan and his family had escaped—they had actually walked out of the Soviet Union! How could this be?

Our own departure from Russia had been dramatic enough. But once we were joyfully reunited, the story my uncle told us was to change our lives forever.

During the time that Ivan was seeking to leave through legal channels, a strange and unusual prophecy was given to him by members of the underground church where he worshipped.

When you hear the thunder and see the lightning, your day of deliverance will have come.

Along with this extraordinary message, Ivan himself had recurring visions and dreams of towering, forbidding mountain landscapes—of ice, snow, and howling winds.

Ivan's family began to write down all the many visions and prophecies God was revealing. A pattern emerged, and by May of 1984, he knew that he was to leave the Soviet Union in a remarkable way. He understood that God wanted him to lead his family across the Caucasus mountains—on foot!

At the same time, word came that all doors to emigration were closed, once and for all. A hard-eyed official growled,

"Your song is sung, Ivan Gorelkin!"

That night Ivan awoke in a cold sweat from a chilling dream. There was a hole in a chain-link fence, closing ever so quickly before his eyes. A powerful voice said, *Go now! Go quickly! If you miss the appointed time, you will all perish!*

Because he had been listening to the voice of God all along, Ivan and his family were prepared to depart when the final orders came. They silently said good-bye to their Lithuanian home, and headed south by train for the Turkish border.

Equipped with little but backpacks and faith, Uncle Ivan, sixty years old, Aunt Nina, sixty-two, and four of their children wrestled for two weeks with the wildest of storms, the most unforgiving terrain, and the continuous threat of being discovered. But God went with them. In separate incidents, He stopped freezing rain, hid them from guard dogs, blanketed them in banks of fog, and caused sleep to fall upon their pursuers.

Finally one night, they rushed across the treacherous Kura River, disappeared into dense woods and fell into an exhausted, dreamless sleep. Suddenly a crack of thunder jarred them wide awake. And the memory of a prophecy stirred them into action!

When you hear the sound of thunder and see the lightning, your day of deliverance will have come!

In the distance they saw a strange glow. Ivan and one of his sons climbed a small hill and gasped at the sight below. They were looking directly into the lights of the Turkish border!

They made their way into the shadows of a guard tower. They prayed desperately for protection, and suddenly such a dense fog rolled in that they could hardly find their hands in front of their faces.

They could only grope their way in one direction. Within minutes, they nearly bumped into the border fence. They laid down beside it, trembling, barely breathing. A strange smell filled the air.

Why was it so dark? The whole area was plunged into pitch black darkness! The smell was that of melted wire. Lightning had knocked out the electrical transformer. The prophecy was being fulfilled!

Clearly they couldn't make it over the fence—coils of barbed wire festooned their way high above their heads. "Dig!" Ivan hoarsely whispered, and the boys began to dig frantically with the half-logs they had picked up just steps from the border.

As if in slow-motion, one by one they made their way under the fence. Ivan's shirt caught on the wire. One son pushed from behind, the other pulled. With a rip, he was free. The six ran madly, leaving the U.S.S.R. behind them!

Ivan's mind raced with his feet. From his vantage point, he'd seen barbed wire coiled waist-high just beyond the fence. How had they crossed it? He also had no recollection of moving across a field that was most certainly booby-trapped with explosives.

No matter—there was no time for such thoughts. Gunfire exploded nearby. Hidden by rocks, they scrambled on. Soon the sound of helicopters roared above them. They cried out to God in terror. Fog blanketed them once again, instantly and totally.

Two weeks they had been running, climbing, crawling toward freedom. At

last, bedraggled and spent seemingly beyond human endurance, they found their way into a tiny Turkish mountain village. The authorities were summoned, and the six were whisked away to Istanbul.

There, in Turkey's capitol city, they were questioned by puzzled Turkish officials.

"These photographs of the border show the hole you dug under the fence. And they show your footprints in the snow on the other side of the 500-meter-wide 'no-man's-land.' *But how did you cross the barbed wire and the mines?*"

Ivan thought back, remembering his own questions about this very matter. Shaking his head, he smiled. "We did not go alone...the Lord our God went with us!"

Soon Ray Barnett of *Friends in the West* arrived in Istanbul and arranged for their entry into Canada. In Vancouver, British Columbia we were all reunited, and Uncle Ivan was finally able to personally recount his astonishing tale to us.

Later as I drove home through the rainy Vancouver streets, my wife Maureen and I talked about the miracle of the Gorelkin families. Part of a familiar psalm came to mind.

"Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore, will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him " (Psalm 91:14-15).

Since our families have been reunited, the Lord has led me to serve Him as a spokesman for the persecuted Church behind the Iron Curtain. During the winter of 1985, Maureen and I traveled to Europe, sharing our unique experiences with thousands of eager listeners. Today I continue to speak out, seeking greater awareness and prayer support on behalf of those Christian believers who still suffer at the hands of the Soviet system.

Will you remember to pray for them?

Ivan, Nina and their children were led out of bondage one way. My father's family had been led out another. But God's promises apply to everyone. Whether in body or mind, in soul or in spirit, our Lord wants to set His people free! If you desire this freedom, please turn to page 38 and take the Six Steps to Salvation. □

Peter Gorelkin and his wife, Maureen, currently own and operate an appliance shop in Vancouver, British Columbia. Prior to this, he studied zoology in Siberia and electromechanics in Estonia, all the while acting as an underground courier. He and Maureen attend Glad Tidings Church in Vancouver. Peter has not, however, forgotten his Christian brothers and sisters in Russia. He takes every opportunity in various countries to tell of the persecution they suffer. Although apparently little of his mail gets through the Iron Curtain, Peter encourages others to write to those imprisoned for their faith, and, especially, to pray for their brothers and sisters in Christ.

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conventions

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA REGIONAL CONVENTION
Oct. 2-4, 1986
Holiday Inn, Redding
Write: Mr. Cliff Powell
5250 Huntington Drive
Redding, CA 96002

NEW YORK REGIONAL CONVENTION
Oct. 30-Nov. 1, 1986
Penta Hotel
Write: Mr. Daniel Staatz
1246 Castle Hill Ave.
Bronx, NY 10462

NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND REGIONAL CONVENTION
Oct. 30-Nov. 1, 1986
The Center of New Hampshire,
Manchester, New Hampshire
Write: North N.E. FGBMFI Convention
169 Back River Road
Bedford, NH 03101

NASHVILLE CENTRAL SOUTH REGIONAL CONVENTION
Nov. 6-8, 1986
Hilton Airport Inn
Write: Mr. Hoyt Elliott
Box 24096
Nashville, TN 37202

WISCONSIN STATE REGIONAL CONVENTION
Nov. 6-8, 1986
Travelers Inn, Fond du lac
Write: FGBMFI
Box 20741
Milwaukee, WI 53220

RIO GRANDE VALLEY RALLY
Nov. 6-8, 1986
Hilton Resort Hotel
So. Padre Island
Write: Mr. Bob Veale
1902 Runnels Street
Harlingen, TX 78550

MIDLAND/ODESSA RALLY
Nov. 7-8, 1986
Midland Hilton
Write: Mr. Leroy Linney
506 Carrol
Stanton, TX 79782

WESTERN NEW YORK MENS' ADVANCE
Nov. 7-9, 1986
Holiday Inn, Grand Island
Write: Mr. Jim McDonald
79 Norcrest Drive
Rochester, NY 14617

10TH ANNUAL CANADIAN NATIONAL CONVENTION
Nov. 12-15, 1986
Constellation Hotel, Toronto
Write: FGBMFI
190 Attwell Drive #304
Rexdale, Ontario M9W 6H8

NORTH PLATTE AREA RALLY
Nov. 14-15, 1986
Stockman Inn
Write: Mr. Russ Castle
2015 East D
North Platte, NE 69101

LAKE OF THE OZARKS REGIONAL CONVENTION
Nov. 19-22, 1986
Lodge of the Four Seasons'
Write: Mr. James Callis
Box 1111
Sedalia, MO 65301

SOUTHERN MANITOBA MENS' ADVANCE
Nov. 21-23, 1986
Westward Village Inn
Write: Mr. John Davies
1090 Strathcona Street
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3G 3G6

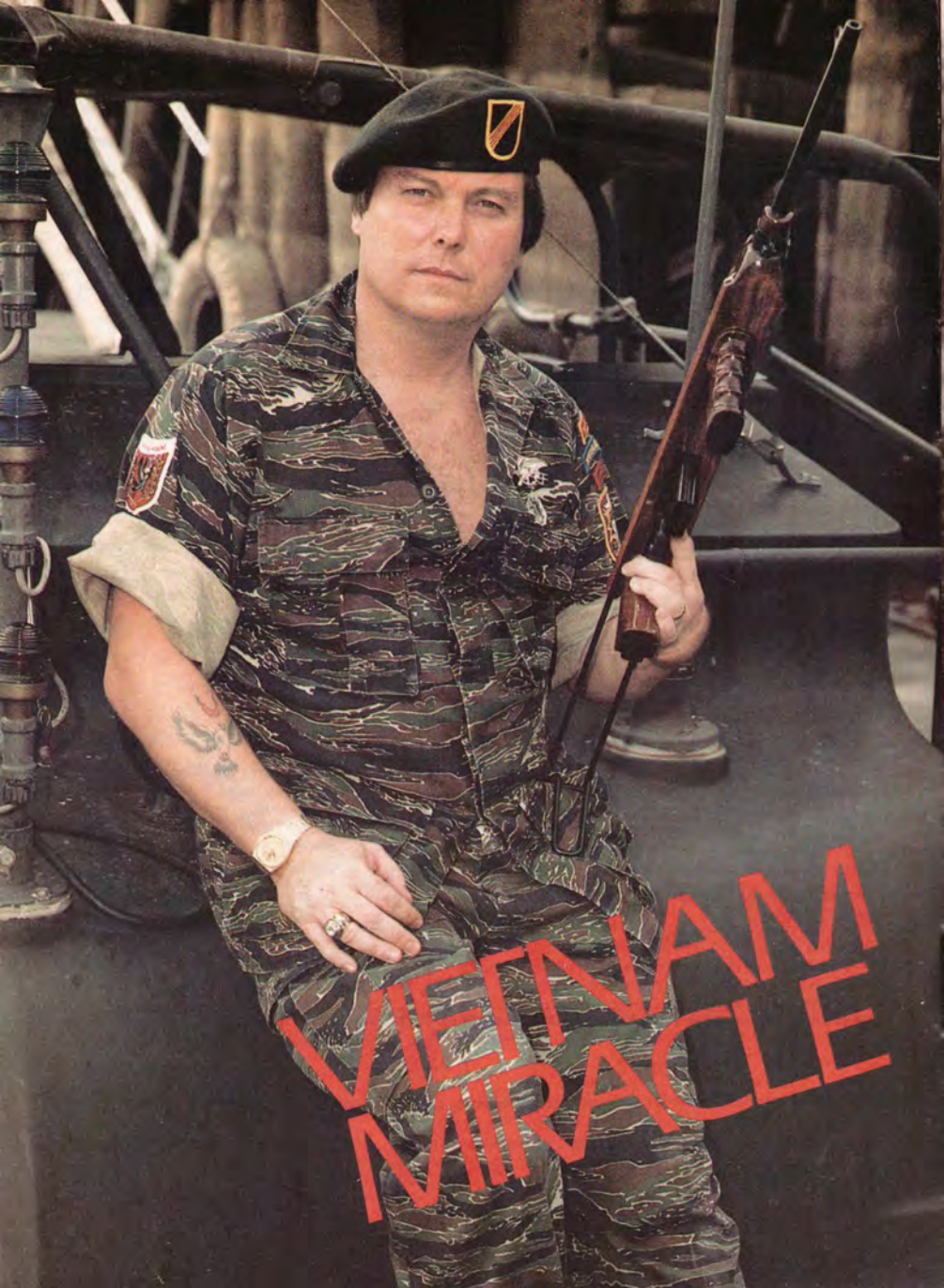
OKI REGIONAL CONVENTION
Nov. 26-29, 1986
Holiday Inn, Miamisburg
Write: FGBMFI
Box 2252
Dayton, OH 45429

ALASKA STATE CONVENTION
Nov. 27-29, 1986
Anchorage Westward Hilton
Write: FGBMFI
1625 Bannister Drive
Anchorage, AK 99508

PACIFIC NORTHWEST CONVENTION
Nov. 27-29, 1986
Sea-Tac Red Lion
Write: FGBMFI
Box 812
Redmond, WA 98073

SAN DIEGO REGIONAL CONVENTION
Nov. 27-29, 1986
La Jolla Marriott
Write: Dr. Lee Mindt
2111 Redbird Drive
San Diego, CA 92123

CONVENTIONS PUBLISHED IN THIS ISSUE WERE APPROVED ON OR BEFORE AUGUST 26, 1986.


VIETNAM
MIRACLE

Mickey Block
Fort Worth, Texas

Buddy Wilson and I were the last of the original "River Rats"—a core of forty Navy commandos trained by the CIA to run clandestine operations during the Vietnam war. Everyone we had trained with had been killed or sent home. And the dying continued.

To deal with the agonies and horrors we saw daily, we had resorted to drinking, killing, and frequenting houses of prostitution. These were the early days when severing ears and decapitating heads were acceptable modes of behavior, and we became known for our antisocial tendencies—even the officers gave us a wide berth.

These pastimes also helped me deal with a personal war against pain and bitterness. As a child, I'd been physically abused by my parents. Memories of that nightmare—along with the realities of my current one—made it easy for me to justify killing my enemies. In fact, I enjoyed it.

So when Dave Roever, a Christian, transferred into the "River Rats" and got assigned the bunk beneath mine, Buddy and I shook our heads. Only animals survived in this war. We couldn't understand how this guy could function as a River Rat and at the same time sound like a youth director from a church back home. We knew this guitar-playing, Bible-reading Preacher Man wouldn't last six months.

By this time, Buddy and I were determined not to form any new relationships because anyone we cared about got blown away. And what did we get in return? Some nut who kept telling us that he loved us and that his Lord and Saviour loved us even more.

The pain from that kind of talk could only be relieved by drinking four or five more beers.

One night Buddy and I were away from the barge, on a search-and-destroy mission in a free-fire zone. That meant we could shoot anything that moved or made a noise; we were in complete enemy territory.

It was about 3:00 a.m. Buddy and I were sitting in the middle of the boat on the engine covers, sipping beer, when a shot rang out. The point man at the front of the boat took the bullet in his chest and crumpled to the deck.

Heart in my throat, I grabbed my M-60 machine gun. "As soon as I start shooting, back this crate off the riverbank and get us out of here," I barked at Buddy.

The idea of being captured alive by the enemy scared me more than dying in some faraway jungle. What neither Buddy nor I realized was that an inexperienced, frightened American crew from our own barge had cut across the free-fire zone while trying to sneak off patrol early. Surprising us from the rear, they thought we were the enemy.

I opened up with my machine gun. The American crew unloaded eight of theirs right back. Literally thousands of armor-piercing bullets riddled our boat. I was knocked backward as a burning sensation tore through my body—I'd been hit. Pulse pounding in my skull, I crawled cross the deck back up to the M-60 and returned fire blindly into the jungle.

Time locked into slow motion. The bullets' impact lifted me off the deck. I could feel each .50 caliber slug ripping into my body as I was propelled through the air. I hit the rear deck of the boat and lay sprawled across the engine pump covers piled there.

Even as I lay bleeding, the bullets kept flying. Grenades continued to explode above—and into—my body.

The engines roared and sputtered as Buddy tried to back us off the shore, but it was too late. The boat and engines were so shot up that we started to sink. Suddenly I was choking on water, exhaust fumes, and blood all at the same time.

I don't know how much time passed, but when the shooting finally stopped, Buddy was screaming at the "enemy," crying, and cradling me in his arms. Then I heard the sounds of a chopper in the distance, and more voices crying and telling God and me how sorry they were. I was coughing blood and starting to feel cold all over.

I'd seen enough people die to know I wasn't going to make it.

Suddenly out of the darkness and pain I saw Jesus hanging on the cross. Another man hung dying next to Him. I remembered from my childhood some Sunday school lesson about the thief on the cross who deserved to go to hell. Then I heard Jesus tell the thief that He loved him, and that it wasn't too late.

Because of the way I'd lived my life, especially in Vietnam, I didn't think I had the same right to ask to be with Jesus in heaven. Instead, I simply asked Jesus to hear my confession before I died because I was so very, very sorry. Then everything went black.

Six weeks later, I was still hanging on in a hospital in Japan, half my left hand missing, a pin through my leg and two IV's dangling at my bedside. While looking through my chart, hospital personnel discovered that it was my birthday. They baked me a cake, sang "Happy Birthday," gave me two shots, and cut off my left leg above the knee. I was twenty-two.

In the next ten years, I underwent thirty-seven operations to repair the damage from the nineteen .50 caliber bullets that had ripped apart my body. My psychological and emotional wounds, however, were not that easily corrected.

In spite of my vision as I lay dying in the patrol boat—and the memory of the Preacher Man's love—I didn't turn to God to help me deal with the war of pain and bitterness that raged within. Instead, I became addicted to drugs and alcohol. Even after being blessed with a wonderful wife and two children, adultery and substance abuse continued to lead me toward total destruction.

One afternoon I decided I couldn't handle it any longer. Tired of losing the battle against painful memories, I went to the gun cabinet and pulled down my .357 magnum. Closing the bedroom door be-

Mickey and Shirley Block

hind me, I prepared to blow my brains out.

Suddenly I saw, in graphic detail, what would take place in two hours if I succeeded in ending my life. I saw my two children running down the hall, laughing. As they entered the bedroom to see their daddy, my head lay in pieces and my brains were splattered all over the bedroom wall. I heard their screams. I sensed the permanent psychological damage they would suffer. And I knew I couldn't go through with it.

Broken, I cried out to God. "If You're for real...if You can take away the pain and give me peace...I need You now. Not next week. Not tomorrow. Right now."

There were no skyrockets. No singing angels. Instead, a love and power I'd never experienced flooded my being. Once and for all I yielded my life to the One who did what thirty-two years of violent searching could not.

A year later, Shirley was preparing lunch in the kitchen and listening to a religious radio broadcast called "Born Twice." Shirley had followed me in my decision to know the Lord, and the recent months had been spent growing closer to each other and to God. Now she hollered and asked me if I'd be interested in hearing some disabled Vietnam veteran who was a guest on the radio program.

At this time, Vietnam had been heavy on my mind. Several weeks before, Buddy Wilson made a surprise visit to our home. During the many hours we spent talking about our experiences in Vietnam, Buddy told me how he'd helped throw the burning body of the Preacher Man into a rescue helicopter two weeks after I'd been wounded.

That was the last straw for Buddy, who had sixty-three days left on his tour, had lost me—his best drinking partner—and had lost the Preacher Man, the only guy who had ever told him he loved him. Buddy walked into the commanding officer's quarters and announced that he was through. And if anyone tried to mess with him, he would blow up the barge and they'd have to send him home.

For the next sixty days, Buddy Wilson strapped on his .45 automatic and sat in a French cafe in Tan An drinking beer and watching the war pass him by.

As I walked into the kitchen, I heard a raspy voice coming over the radio. This Vietnam evangelist was talking about riverboats, special operations, and losing

forty percent of his flesh to a white phosphorous grenade in Mekong Delta. My pulse quickened. Too many coincidences; it had to be him. I'd cheated death...was it possible that the Preacher Man had, too?

Palms sweating, heart racing, I waited until the program was over and quickly dialed the phone number of the radio station.

By the time the Vietnam evangelist got on the phone, my throat was dry and my hands shaking. I didn't even introduce myself before getting straight to the question now burning in my soul: "Were you with River Division 573, the West Coast SEAL Team?" I managed to ask.

"As a matter of fact...yes, I was."

"Were you stationed on a barge in Tan An on the Van Co The'?"

"Yes, that too."

"Are you the guy everyone called the Preacher Man?"

There was a long pause. "I am."

"Are you the guy who slept under my bunk and kept telling me about Jesus?"

"I thought you were dead!" Dave exploded into joy.

"And I thought *you* were dead!"

We cried and laughed for fifteen minutes as we shared the heartaches and triumphs we'd experienced since coming home from the jungles of Vietnam. Dave told me how he'd cried and prayed the night I was wounded that God would spare my life. I confessed that it was his prayers, sifting up through my bunk, night after lonely night that impressed on me the reality of a living God.

The ultimate joy of the conversation came when Dave asked if I had come to know the Lord, and I could tell him, "Yes!"

For the next few minutes all I heard from Dave was: "Praise God! Hallelujah! Thank you, Jesus! Praise God!" And I knew that our relationship of the past had somehow died and a new, supernatural one had been born; I just loved the way that ol' River Rat talked!

At a glorious reunion with Dave at a church, I was miraculously baptized in the Holy Spirit, as I made my way up the aisle to meet him. A power, a force, enveloped me completely. It was so overwhelming that I felt emotional and physical healing throughout my entire being. All the heartache, disappointment, and frustration stored up over a lifetime flowed out of me without my even being involved.

Seventeen years ago—tormented by memories of child abuse, the realities of war, and by the destructive methods with which I chose to cope—I rejected the Preacher Man and the love he represented. Now the love he lives has changed my life, and I know the Prince of Peace he serves.

The war is finally over. □

Mickey Block is a psychologist and president of Saved to Serve Ministry, *which reaches out to those who suffer from the nightmares of child abuse, drug and alcohol addiction, and marital problems via seminars held in churches or by FGBMFI chapters. He has an M.S.W. degree in clinical psychiatric social work from Western Michigan University. Prior to that, he served in the U.S. Navy Special Forces, receiving three Purple Hearts, two Presidential Unit Citations, and numerous other awards for valor. He and his wife, Shirley, have three children: Jodi, thirteen; Bryan, ten; and Rocky, one. They are members of Fountain of Life Assembly of God Church in Fort Worth. Mickey is a member of the Los Colinas Chapter of FGBMFI.*

W. Ward Anderson, Jr., M.D.
Newport News, Virginia

An M.D. Meets the Great Physician

For Faye and me life was a bowl of cherries! I was happily married with four fine sons (all in a private college preparatory school, all with braces on their teeth!). I had a flourishing dermatology practice in Newport News, Virginia, which had opened in 1950, the first in the city with business booming from the beginning.

We had a large home with a guest house, tennis court, and boat house on eleven acres near Chesapeake Bay where we often entertained, bearing witness that a heavy social involvement was important to both Faye and me.

I'd always had a zeal for living. Whatever I did—study, work, play, run my business—I did with zeal. I had bought into a land development project of expensive homes, planning to use the profit to pay for the part I owned in the new medical complex where I practiced. *I'm slightly overextended financially, but if things get too bad, Dad will bail me out,* I assured myself. I wasn't worried—or so I thought.

Then in 1965, without warning, our

lives changed drastically. At age forty-four, I had my first heart attack; less than a year later Faye had a nervous breakdown. Her ten weeks in the hospital dragged by. I hardly slept; I smoked and drank more. The second heart attack, striking a few weeks after Faye went into the hospital, should have been no surprise.

* * * *

What a contrast to what life had been up until then! Born and raised in a well-to-do Southern family, I always moved in the "right" social circles; life had seemed to offer all smiles and no frowns. My mother once made this observation about me: "He's always in the right place at the right time." In 1946, while I was in the Army serving at the Valley Forge General Hospital, two events occurred that tended to confirm her observation....

The most coveted residency in dermatology in this country at the time was at the University of Pennsylvania. Under ordinary circumstances, I wouldn't have had a chance of being accepted there. But two of the university's professors were consultants at Valley Forge Hospital. I was offered the position and served for two years as resident in dermatology at the university.

At Valley Forge I met Captain Faye Mitchell, also a native Virginian. When I announced on our first date that I was going to marry her, she came back with the spunky quip, "Like Ike!" My reputation had preceded me. While at the University of Virginia and later at medical school, I had developed the reputation of "playboy of Virginia, known all over the state for his partying habits." She didn't want "*that* kind of a husband, *that* kind of a father" for her children. Later the thought occurred to her, "He could also become known all over Virginia for his dermatology."

* * * *

But here I was in 1966—the successful Newport News dermatologist who had never rubbed shoulders with any sort of adversity before—only forty-five years old, with two heart attacks and a wife on heavy doses of tranquilizers. (And it wasn't long before my doctor prescribed the same for me, as well as a blood thinner.)

Nothing in our background had prepared either Faye or me to cope with such dire circumstances. My parents had loved their three children and provided well for all our needs—all, that is, except our spiritual needs. My father always said the same mealtime blessing that both my grandfather and great-grandfather had said. I carried on that tradition in our home, but it had little meaning apart from being the thing most Southerners did. I followed my parents' example and took our boys to church when they were young, but one day I announced to Faye, "I'm *not* going back to church...."

No, spiritual resources were not an option to draw upon. Convinced I'd not live to be fifty years old, I decided to "live it up" until I died, and that we did for the next five years. But in January 1971, during a Caribbean cruise, I told Faye, "If we get home alive, I'm not taking another vacation. We drink too much on vacations. And I'm not going to another 'stinking' cocktail party either!"

By this time our four sons were in

college and grad school, all doing extremely well—but Faye and I sat at our big country home, miserable and fearful. When she moaned, "Ward, I'm so afraid you're going to die and leave me alone!" I felt as though she had dragged from the depths of my being my greatest fear—that *she* would die and leave *me* alone. Outwardly we looked fine; on the inside, we were full of phobias and self-pity.

That fall a friend gave us Charles Allen's commentary on the twenty-third psalm. "Read this psalm and reflect on his commentary five times a day for a week, and it will transform your life," the introduction prescribed. Faye and I took that "prescription" twice a day for several months.

"He restoreth my soul," David claimed in the third verse. I surely was a candidate for restoration. My zeal for living had slowly ebbed. I'd often thought in the last few months, "How nice it would be to have another heart attack that would end this miserable existence...."

When the same friend gave us a Living New Testament, I read it like a man dying of hunger—sometimes out loud to Faye, often on my own until three or four in the morning, on weekends from early morning until late at night.

After reading John 14:27, I told the Lord, "You promised here that You were leaving me with a gift—peace of mind and heart! Lord, I want that peace!"

And I wanted to give Him all my worries as He invites us to do in I Peter 5:7: "Let him have all your worries and cares, for he is always thinking about you and watching everything that concerns you." I started believing He would do what He said.

Still I hesitated to make a total commitment to Jesus. *What if I change my mind? Better leave a door open to go back through just in case.* So it wasn't until February of the following year—1973—that I slammed the door. "Lord, I want to know You," I pleaded. "Nothing else matters, but to know You."

I had been afraid that if I went back to my old ways, I'd spend eternity in hell. Yet, God in His mercy heard my prayer, although my motives *hadn't* been just to know Him.

About that time I read Billy Graham's book *World Aflame* and began saying the sinner's prayer every night. I was reading and working like crazy to clean up my life, trying to make myself worthy. God brought Ephesians 2:8, 9 to my attention: "...by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast." What a relief to know that truth!

In June of that year, a dentist's wife who lived down the creek from us talked to Faye about the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Faye invited her to our house to share this with me.

"*That's* what I want!" I told Faye after she left.

The next month Faye and I drove down to a Christian retreat center in North Carolina. *God's going to meet me here with the baptism in the Holy Spirit,* I thought. For a week I played tennis with church leaders, went to church twice a day, and felt "real holy," but nothing happened.

On the nine-hour trip home—after driving six hours—I missed an exit. "Another fifteen miles before I can turn

around and go back—thirty extra miles!" I complained to Faye.

Lord, I'm angry! I'm angry at You! I railed silently. *I'm angry because it was preoccupation with You that made me miss that turnoff.*

Then almost instantly, I cried out in my heart, "Oh, Lord, forgive me!"

Right then and there in the car God whacked me with a bolt of love, joy and peace that took me up to about thirty thousand feet. I suddenly *knew* my sins were forgiven. I *knew* God was my Father, that I was adopted into His family. All I'd been reading about in the Bible for the past months became real. It was as though He'd taken me in His arms and said, *Come here Son; I'm going to love you.*

From the beginning Faye and I were together in our search. Three weeks later she met the Lord in a beautiful way. Within a year, all four of our sons, seeing the change in our lives, gave their lives to Jesus and, with their wives, are totally committed to Jesus today.

One week later, going to a Bible study with a neighbor, I said to him, "You drive. I'm not going to be able to drive home." I *knew* God was going to give me my heavenly language that night. And He did! I stayed awake all night, saying a few little syllables: *moo-na-na-de-ba.* The next morning Satan came saying, "You made all that up; it's all nonsense." (In a few weeks my prayer language began to flow, full and beautiful. So did Faye's.)

A heavy drinker for years, after the heart attack, I stepped up my drinking and was well on my way toward becoming an alcoholic. When I began reading the Living Bible, I'd come home from work, fix a drink, sit and read and drink. As the weeks passed, I realized I had become so engrossed in the Bible that the drink often would go untouched, forgotten. After months of continual reading, I found I no longer needed or even desired the drink.

Yet every once in awhile, I'd drink a bit again to remind myself of "how good it had tasted!" It was like carrying a dead rat around in my pocket and reaching in to pat it every now and then. One day after a football game, while at the home of my oldest son, Ward, I took a couple of sips of beer from the second can of a six-pack. Suddenly I said to myself, "What are you doing with this horrible mess that almost ruined your life?" I took that rotten, stinking rat out of my pocket that very day and threw it in the garbage can where it belonged.

Faye and I had been on tranquilizers, and I on a blood thinner, for almost eight years. One day in the summer of 1974 Faye and I decided we were going to the beach and that we would throw all those tranquilizers in the ocean. If withdrawal symptoms came, we would endure them there together.

We had a rough day or two there at the beach—but no more tranquilizers! Soon after, with my doctor's permission, I also quit the blood thinner.

During my thirty-six years of smoking, I had stopped twice. Both times were miserable experiences—for me and everyone around me. In the fall of 1975, we were studying repentance at church. For two days, the Lord dealt with me about defiling the temple of the Holy Spirit, my body.

Late one night I prayed alone, "Lord, if

Faye and Ward Anderson

it's *You* telling me to stop smoking—if this isn't just presumption on my part—give me a sign."

At six o'clock the next morning, Faye heard God clearly say, *Pray for your husband to stop smoking.* After praying in the Spirit for half an hour, she knelt by my bed and laid her hands on my back. Though she was praying silently, I awoke knowing, *She's praying for me to stop smoking.*

God answered by taking away my desire for tobacco!

Another, perhaps more ominous addiction that the Lord delivered me from was my fear of man. Because of the public speaking involved, I had refused the presidency of both our local Rotary Club and Medical Society. My love for the Bible and desire to share what Jesus had done for me has pushed this fear completely out of my life. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than talking about God's Word and Jesus, which I have the opportunity to do at Full Gospel Business Men's meetings, at our church, and in my office.

After I was saved and baptized in the Holy Spirit, the Lord didn't send me to the slums of New York or the foreign mission field. He sent me right back to 316 Main Street in Newport News to preach Jesus. When the Lord says speak to a patient, I talk to that person about asking Jesus to come into his or her life or I pray with the person for the baptism in the Holy Spirit. I daily give out two or three copies of Billy Graham's *Steps to Peace with God.*

Most of all, I like to tell people—my patients, people at Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, or whomever—"There's one answer to life's problems, and His Name is Jesus! He wants to take over your life and give you His abundant life—just as He's done for Faye and me!" □

Dr. Anderson has practiced dermatology in Newport News for thirty-six years. He is a member of the American Medical Association, American Board of Dermatology, American Academy of Dermatology, Virginia State Medical Society, and the Newport News Medical Society. He and his wife, Faye have four married sons and thirteen grandchildren. Dr. and Mrs. Anderson attend New Covenant Church in Hampton, Virginia. Dr. Anderson is a member of the Virginia Peninsula chapter of FGBMFI.

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6 steps to salvation

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

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

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

3. Confess "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (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" (Romans 10:9).

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

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

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

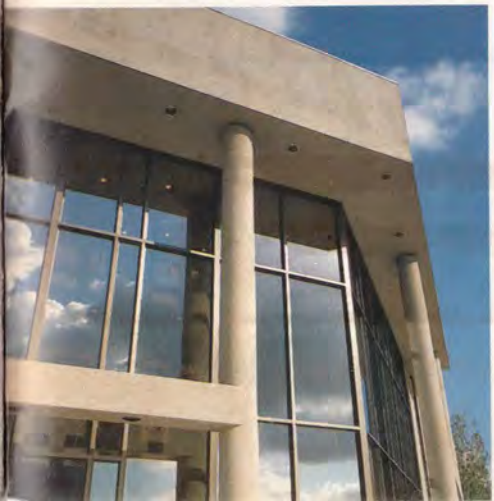
Why not make your eternal decision now: *"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."*

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

chapter outreach

If you have a burden to start a new chapter, write for complete information to: Chapter Dept. / FGBMFI / P.O. 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 for your information. Write for date and location details of a meeting in your area.

Africa: Gabon: Libreville Chapter, Simon Essimengane, 732000. **Liberia:** Monrovia Chapter, Bal Davidson, 232-271-814. **Nigeria:** Eleme Chapter, Gomba Osarollor (no phone); Makurdi Chapter, Orga Teryima (no phone); Ilorin Chapter, Dr. Olusola Ajolore (no phone). **France:** Angers Chapter, Bernard Corman, 417-75059; Avignon Chapter, Etienne Vernaz, 667-92071; Bernay Chapter, Pierre Petit, 324-45621; Brest Chapter, Jean Jacques Bourhis, 988-52702; Calais Chapter, Maurice Kimmel, 219-73871; Dieppe Chapter, Bernard Henry, 358-23124; La Rochelle Chapter, Yvan Bureau, 46-420541; Maurepas Chapters, Dominique Cambillard, 305-19233; Meudon Chapter, Bernard Bouton, 630-4703; Nantes Sud Chapter, Roger Chereau, 403-64031; Paris Republique Chapter, Jean Michel Garby, 487-83772; St. Germain En Laye Chapter, Marcel Fenet, 1-451-1588; Toulouse Chapter, Jean Hubert Mazel, 616-85669. **United States: Kansas:** Miami County Chapter, #2402, Samuel Collins, 913-837-4482. **Texas:** Portland Tri-County Chapter, #2377, Herbert Salch, 514-543-4400; Wise Country Chapter, #2401, Larry Fair, 817-683-5667.



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Vol. 34 / No. 11 / November, 1986
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Cover Photo Courtesy of the Dallas Cowboys
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WHO WE ARE Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

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

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