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VOICE

Signs and Wonders

the DICK MINASIAN story

Also featured:

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Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

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Since the day I saw the halo over the Hilton, my life has been one of . . .

Signs and Wonders

by RICHARD C. MINASIAN

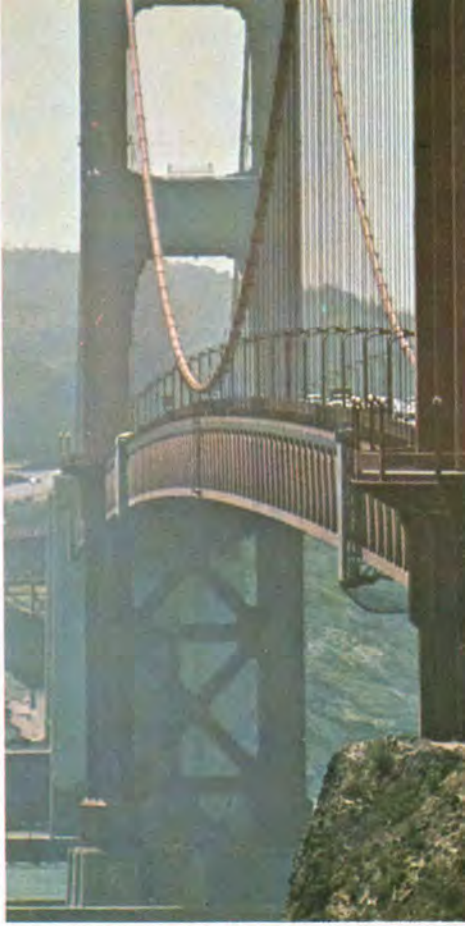
WHAT A GLORIOUS MIRACLE—the priceless gift of salvation! And it happened to me at the Full Gospel Business Men's World Convention in San Francisco, California. There I met Jesus—a true friend who is so close that I can reach out and touch Him, talk to Him and ask His advice. He came into my heart and filled it with indescribable joy. He constantly surrounds me with His protective, warm love. He is real!"

These were the words I wrote to a friend just ten days after God manifested His supernatural presence at the Fellowship's convention in San Francisco. As I look back on that red

letter day, July 7, 1972, my heart is awed with God's magnificence and His total concern for all of us.

Until then, since I had little religious training as a youngster and since at the age of ten Mother had told me, "You're an Armenian and the Armenians were the first Christians," I had concluded that I was a Christian. After all, I had been baptized as a baby; I believed in the existence of a Supreme Being, a supernatural power that kept the universe in order; I met the material needs of my family, served my country as a naval officer in two wars, and held citizenship in a country whose motto was "In God We Trust;" and, didn't being born in the United States, a Christian country, automatically make me a Christian?

After receiving a B.S. in Civil Engineering from the University of Southern California in 1939, my successful thirty-year career with the Navy as an active and reserve officer, and in teaching of officers and civilians began. Two years later in 1941 I was married and Luana and I had two children, Dean and David. I climbed the scales and in 1955 became Director and Professor of Engineering Logistics at the Naval School, Civil Engineer Corps Officers in Port Hueneme, California. Finally I had reached a senior position in the Department of Defense and had also attained in the Navy the rank of captain. But then came the day when I



"Since the president was Armenian, I figured it had to be all right!"

"God cleansed my heart in San Francisco . . .

. . . and healed my eye in Ventura."

DICK MINASIAN has since 1955 been Director and Professor of Engineering Logistics, Naval School, Civil Engineer Corps Officers of Port Hueneme, California. He holds the B.S. degree in CE from the University of Southern California.

Since 1939 Dick has held positions as Assistant Soils Engineer for the U.S. Army; Seabee Personnel Officer; Director of Training, Naval Schools Construction; and Civil Engineer Corps Officer at various bases in the Pacific Ocean area.

Now a retired captain, Civil Engineer Corps, USNR, Dick Minasian is serving the FGBMFI as president of the Ventura, California chapter and as an unsalaried planning consultant for the Fellowship's temporary office facilities in Irvine and its new world headquarters to be erected in Costa Mesa, California.

asked myself, "Dick, what are you going to do now? Is this all there is to life?" At this point in my career I should have been content; instead, I was uneasy. Questions about life and death kept coming into my mind with increasing frequency. But why?

All this time my wife was praying for me. I often wondered why she wasted her time reading religious books and the Bible. Then, one day Luana said to me, "We ought to go to church together." My response was, "Oh, why don't you continue taking the boys to Sunday school and I'll go golfing." The matter was settled—or so I thought. Shortly thereafter, however, Luana suggested we attend a Full Gospel Business Men's convention in San Francisco. She mentioned that an Armenian named Demos Shakarian was president of the organization. I thought, "If the president is Armenian, it has to be all right." To her surprise I readily agreed to go.

Thousands of people, men and women from all walks of life, convened in San Francisco from July 2-8. A sense of joy, peace and happy expectation permeated the halls and rooms of the great Hilton Hotel throughout the week and was reflected in the faces of those about us. I was aware of this but didn't quite know why.

On Friday, July 7, people began talking about a "halo" which had appeared above the hotel about twelve noon and was now well into its second hour. I went outside and looked. Sure enough—there was a complete rainbow-hued circle over the hotel in the semi-cloudy sky. It was not raining, and no rain clouds were visible. Attracted to this phenomenon by a seemingly powerful force, I stared at it for some time in disbelief. Standing behind me was a tall man with a compassionate look on his face. As I turned to look at him and others who were watching the sight, he softly said to me, "Can anyone disbelieve after this?"

Suddenly a giant dam broke within

me. One moment I was a disbelieving skeptic and the next, by the sovereign work of God, I was a surrendered sinner. The gentle stranger caught me as I collapsed to the ground, weeping and sobbing uncontrollably. Here I was, on a busy corner in San Francisco, surrounded by dozens of people, crying like a baby and surrendering

"my son's leg was healed!"

wholly to the Lord Jesus. The strange thing was that I couldn't seem to stop —nor did I want to. Then, a peace and feeling of exquisite well-being which I had never before experienced came over me. Instantly, by simply giving my heart to the Lord, all doubts about His reality, His love for us, and His relevance to us today were completely erased. Even now I marvel at my experience. I guess God had to do something dramatic to get my attention. But this is positive proof that the Lord can touch anybody at any time and in any situation.

Now for the first time in my life I desired to know more about God and my new friend Jesus. I began to read the Bible, God's Word, and to attend church regularly. A warmth, a love and a different kind of interest and concern for people had entered my life.

For the next few months I experienced the fresh joy and excitement that new Christians have. But it soon became apparent that there were changes that needed to be made in my daily life. However, no matter how hard I tried, I knew I couldn't do it alone. I needed the power only God could give, and oh, how I wanted all He had for me.

A few months later, shortly after having joined the Ventura chapter of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, I went to one of their Men's Advances in the San Bernardino Mountains and received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. Praise God for His grace and sustaining power. Now I felt freer to witness to others and become more active in the Ventura chapter which had just recently relocated, thereby changing its auditorium-type meeting into a dinner meeting at that city's newest and largest hotel. Of course, this enlarged the chapter's number of potential attendees and encouraged its members to bring their friends, businessmen who might not normally accept an invitation to a church service but would feel comfortable in a dinner meeting. Through the Fellowship's meetings I have become more grounded in faith and knowledge in the Word. I believe because the Fellowship is a servant of the Lord, God has blessed its efforts. I recall a pastor of a local church calling me

one day to report that an influential businessman had accepted the Lord at our FGBMFI chapter meeting and has now joined his church. This is a typical example of God's enlarging pattern. It also demonstrates in truth that the Fellowship doesn't compete with existing churches; instead, it complements their efforts by recruiting others for Jesus.

It is so wonderful to have experienced not only our Lord's saving and baptizing power, but His healing power as well.

Some years ago part of the retina of my right eye became detached and had to be surgically repaired. Not long after my conversion and Holy Spirit baptism, during one of my routine examinations the doctor again discovered part of the retina of my eye deteriorating and suggested immediate surgery. When I requested a few days' delay, he reluctantly agreed, with the admonishment, "Don't wait too long. Your eye can only get worse." The very next day when I called upon the men of our Ventura chapter to pray for my healing, I felt a release of the problem. I then returned to the doctor to be re-examined before being admitted to the hospital for surgery. His examination seemed to take an unusually long time. I carefully watched his face which at first reflected disbelief, then relief. Putting away his instruments, he said with delight, "Dick, I now see no evidence of your retina detaching." The Lord had beautifully healed my eye.

God has not only touched my life, but is working in my whole family. Last year while our older son Dean was home from Oral Roberts University for the summer, he seriously fractured his knee. When the time approached for his return, the medical prognosis was that he remain on crutches for another four to six weeks, putting no weight on his leg, and then use a cane for an additional week or two. I, therefore, drove him from California to Tulsa where upon arrival at the campus he hobbled around attempting to register. By the

end of the day his leg had turned an angry red, was swollen and was causing him much discomfort. Not wanting to return home, we decided to seek out a friend, Bill Basansky, a professor at ORU, for prayer. After a short conversation about the matter, Bill laid hands on Dean's leg and prayed for it to be healed in the name of Jesus. Right before our eyes, the swelling subsided and the pain left. My son's leg was healed!

Overjoyed, Dean spent the afternoon walking around the campus and testifying to all we met. Two days later, however, his leg again swelled up, stiffness set in and the pain returned. Satan put fear into our hearts. Had we made a mistake in going against the doctor's orders?

As I prayed in earnest about the matter, the Lord showed me that we had become so excited about showing off Dean's miraculously healed leg, we had ignored the Healer! But He then impressed me to continue to claim my son's healing according to the Word and not allow Satan to rob him of it. He also assured me to stand in faith, believing on His promises as found in Mark 16:17-18 which states, "And these signs shall follow them that believe . . . they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover," and Matthew 6:33 which reads, "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Once Dean and I had done this, we prayed again. This time the pain left, the swelling subsided and the stiffness left, never to return.

The past four years have been wonderful. As a new believer, although discovering that the Christian journey has its ups and downs, I also have learned that in all things Jesus Christ is the answer. He is the door to the kingdom of God. And as we focus our spiritual eyes on Him, not on our problems or on circumstances, the door will open and light from beyond will illuminate our way. The closer we draw to Jesus, the Light of the world, the more light shines in the darkness. ■

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESSMEN'S JERUSALEM REGIONAL CONVENTION and HOLY LAND PILGRIMAGE

OCTOBER 15-25, 1976

Demos Shakarian, FGBMFI directors, and Spirit-filled businessmen will minister in the Name of Jesus throughout His Land. Join them and be blessed.

For further information, write to Lynwood A. Maddox, Convention Chairman, 3490 Emperor Way, Tucker, Georgia 30084

My Greatest Reward

by DEMOS SHAKARIAN
President, Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International

WHEN YOU AND I please God, living is so much easier because He wants to help us. He knows what is best for us. Whether it is in business or in family life, if God is first in your priorities—first in everything you do, number one in your family, head of your business—then the timing is perfect. It is when you put your business first, your family second, and the Lord third or fourth that you have problems.

God has blessed me in my business, but that isn't the best part. He's blessed me with my wife, my children, and my grandchildren, but wonderful as this is, it is not the best part either. What *is* rewarding, however, is to know that in heaven many are going to come to me and say, "Demos, because you were faithful to God, we are here."

And this is true of all of us. You are going to have a big family over there if you are faithful in witnessing. Many will come to you and say, "Because you testified to me about Jesus, I am here."

None of us knows how much time we have left. Jesus could come at any time. Then it will all be over and we will receive our reward. But what *is* the reward? Is it the crown? Is it the mansion?

I cannot speak for you, but in my case I believe my greatest reward will be when some old farmer comes to me and says, "Brother Shakarian, thank you for witnessing to me. Because of your ministry, I am here." And when some sister comes along and says, "My whole family is saved because you witnessed to me."

That will be worth millions to me. *That* is where the success is, not *here*. This is just to get by until that great day. What I am looking forward to is not just for ten, twenty, fifty or even one hundred years—it's for eternity. That is what it is all about.

And Jesus thought enough about it to give His life for us to obtain it! ■

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

Dateline:

'The Wind of God' on Miami Beach

MIAMI BEACH—A tremendous outpouring of the Holy Spirit fell on delegates gathered at the Americana Hotel here for the Fellowship's 23rd annual World Convention, July 5-10.

Over 6,000 people registered for the convention. More than 3,500 filled the Grand Ballroom and overflow rooms each evening.

"The Wind of God is moving this day upon this generation," said Rev. Howard Conatser, pastor of Beverly Hills Baptist Church in Dallas, Texas, at the opening meeting Monday night.

That was an oft-repeated theme throughout the convention as delegates from Asia, Africa, Australia, Europe and South America testified of the things God is doing in their lands.

Also speaking Monday was Adolph Coors IV, 35-year-old member of the Coors beer family who told of his recent personal experience with Jesus. He said he had found an inner peace when—as the result of a friend's witness—he accepted Jesus as his Lord and Saviour.

"I have had every possible material or creature comfort a young man can have in the world," Coors said. "But I want you to know I had a void in my life you could drive a Mack truck through."

Among the others who spoke during the convention were Graham and Treena Kerr, Dean and Lori Jones, T. L. and Daisy Osborn, Dr. James Johnson, Fr. John Bertolucci, and Bishop Ban It Chiu from Singapore.

There were activities for youth and children too. Teenagers heard speakers and singers like Graham and Treena Kerr, Dean and Lori Jones, Jerry Bernard, Higher Ground, Chico Holiday, Len Mink, and Lillie Knauls, climaxing in a music concert by seven groups Saturday night. After the concert, young people who had accepted Jesus during the week were baptized in the hotel pool.

Children were taught and entertained with puppets, movies, games and Bible stories by the Leibig Family—Jean, Jack, Sherrill, and Andrea.

There was prayer and praise throughout the hotel. Thursday afternoon, a prayer group standing in the middle of the hotel lobby grew to about 100 people. Hotel staff and guests not attending the convention watched as hands were laid on the sick to pray for them.

World Report

About half of Monday night's crowd stood up when emcee Lynwood Maddox asked who was attending their first Fellowship convention. Catholic, Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, Pentecostal and other denominations were all represented in sizable numbers.

Intermittent thundershowers kept delegates indoors most of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, but the rest of the time found many taking advantage of the generally balmy weather to swim, sunbathe or sightsee between meetings.

Watch for "The Convention in Color," in the October issue of VOICE.

(1) Over 3,500 joined in evening meetings held in the hotel's Grand Ballroom. **(2)** Rev. Howard Conatser described the spirit of revival sweeping the nation and the world. **(3)** Adolph Coors IV told how his life had changed since accepting Jesus as Lord and Saviour. **(4)** Youth and children's activities led many to the Lord.

RESTORATION

by CLAUDE A. FRAZIER, M.D.

I WAS RETURNING from my monthly trip to Spartanburg, South Carolina where I tape the Sunday school lesson with the help of my wife and two panelists. On the way back, one of the panelists, director of a mental health program in a nearby county, asked me a question, "What do you think is the meaning of this verse in the Bible: 'Brethren, if a man is overtaken in any trespass, you who are spiritual should restore him in a spirit of gentleness'" (Galatians 6:1).

I pondered this for awhile and then told him the following true story which I thought might be an example of this verse.

A few months ago I was having lunch with my pastor and a remark was made about the son of a prominent man who belonged to our church. The son, seventeen years old, had left home and was living by himself in a trailer camp. He had formerly been a member of our church and a patient of mine, but I had not seen him in church or as a patient for at least five years.

On returning home I called him and the phone conversation went something like this:

"Hello, Marcus. This is Dr. Claude Frazier."

"Dr. Frazier?"

"That's right, Dr. Frazier."

"Are you kidding?"

"No, it is I, Dr. Frazier. I just wanted to find out how your allergies are. Not really. I just happened to hear that you were living by yourself and thought it might be one of the lonely times or that you just might want to talk with somebody. Feel free to drop by the house."

"Gee, thanks, Dr. Frazier. I might just do that."

About an hour later the doorbell rang and there he was—long, dirty hair, blue jeans, sandals, moustache, and smoking a cigarette.

I invited him into the house.

First of all, he told me that he couldn't believe that I had actually called him. He had, therefore, checked with his father to ascertain if he had "put me up" to calling him. When assured that he had not, Marcus then asked if someone could have been playing a joke on him, but his father said, "No, I don't think so; anyway, it sounds like something Dr. Frazier would do."

Marcus then began a long harangue, almost total monologue, of what was wrong with people in general, his parents in particular, the church, the government, and so on.

I just let him ramble on, and when he had finished I told him to come back and visit me again at any time.

The next day I left for a medical meeting and was gone for about a week. On my return I read in the newspaper that Marcus had been arrested and was in jail for selling LSD.

I asked his mother to tell him that I was still his friend and that I wanted him to feel free to visit with me when released on bond.

I telephoned again the following day. This time Marcus answered. He said he appreciated what I had told his mother, and then he began to cry. Coming by the house that evening about 9:00 with his girlfriend, he said that he was out on bond and had just come by to express his appreciation.

After that, he often came to the house to talk and visit with my wife and me. We also played table tennis and chess together, and he soundly

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DR. FRAZIER practices in Asheville, North Carolina, where he is a staff member at St. Joseph's Hospital and Chief-of-Allergy at Memorial Mission Hospital. He has published eight medical textbooks and thirteen non-medical books, and is an active Christian layman. Dr. Frazier is also Religious Book Review Editor for a local newspaper, writes weekly Sunday School Lessons for four newspapers, and conducts a weekly International Sunday School program on television and a weekly Sunday school program on radio.

defeated me in both. (I considered myself quite a good ping pong player.) On these visits he also gave my wife instructions on playing chess.

"'Someday' Means 'Never'"

I asked him to attend church with me. His reply was that they would look down on him. I assured him that this was only a figment of his imagination, so, although reluctantly, he went to the morning worship service. At the close, one of his former Sunday school teachers came up, and, throwing her arms around him, said how sorry she was for him in all that he had done.

As soon as he could get free he walked rapidly toward the church exit. I caught up with him on the grounds outside.

"You see, just as I told you, she looked down on me," he complained.

"I don't think she looked down on you. If you feel that way, why don't you think that *I* look down on you?"

"I can tell by the way that you have treated me."

"Well, Marcus, there are certain things at which I am better than you, such as tennis. However, there are things for which I look up to you, things in which you excell, such as table tennis and chess. And you're right—I do not look down on you. I *would* look down on you, though, if you did not proceed further with your education and go on to college, which I know you are not planning to do."

"Oh, I *might* go to college *someday*."

"Marcus, *someday* means *never* to me. If you're going to go, then you ought to make plans right now. And if you need any help in getting into college I will be glad to help you."

I did not hear from him for several days. Then, one evening about 9:00 I received a long distance telephone call. A familiar voice said,

"Hey, Doc, guess what? I've been accepted in college and am starting my classes tomorrow!"

I learned that he had written the college and had had an interview, during which he had told them about me and my persuasive talks. The next semester was to begin the following day. He remained at the college and his father returned home to send him his clothes and other necessary items.

When Marcus came home for summer vacation he was on the Dean's list.

I forgot to mention that a couple of weeks after Marcus began his visits with me I had a call from the parole officer. His recommendation was that the boy be sent to prison. It seems that he had been on probation for smoking marijuana a few weeks prior to this last violation of the law. The officer called in the middle of a very busy office day to get my opinion about the boy because his

father had told him that he was visiting me and hoped that this would make a difference. Most of the people in the city know of me, since I'm a physician and write the Sunday school lessons for our newspaper.

Anyway, I told the probation officer that I felt a prison sentence would tend to make a criminal out of him, rather than have a beneficial effect. He agreed to wait a little while. I also informed him that, hopefully, Marcus would go to college. Frankly I was doubtful of this—and the probation officer was sure that he wouldn't. The fact that he *was* accepted in college and that he continued, rather than dropping out, has changed matters a great deal. He is not going to be sent to prison, or serve any jail sentence, and if things continue as they are everything will be fine.

One reason I believe Marcus is well on the way to complete restoration is because he is now a dedicated Christian and a member of our church.

Caring *does* make a difference. How much do *you* care? ■

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase: So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

Proverbs 3:9-10

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For additional information on these and other advantages of Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International's Trust Program, please return the coupon.

Clip and mail:

Please send information on FGBMFI's Trust Program. ☐ I would also appreciate a copy of "A Guide To Your Christian Will."

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Miss, Mr., Mrs._____

Address_____

City_____ State & Zip_____

Date of Birth_____ Occupation_____

V976

VOICE and GOOD NEWS

Two Tools for an Effective Full Gospel World Outreach

My wife and I were one-day-a-week Christians, but thanks to VOICE, my two sons have been saved. Before I was a Christian I used to drink and fight, and taught my sons to do the same, but since coming to know Christ I have taught my sons the "way, the truth, and the life."

D.M., Rosewell, N.M.

I was unable to go to church Sunday due to illness and turned my television on to get a bit of "good news"—and GOOD NEWS is what I got! What a blessing it was to me and how I enjoyed it. It is almost a shame to have such a good program on when we are ordinarily at church, but for the benefit of the permanent shut-ins and the millions that won't go to church, I think it is wonderful to have a program such as GOOD NEWS on the prime time for them.

C.E.D., Collon Valley, Louisiana

I want to write and tell you how very much I enjoy and appreciate the wonderful stories and testimonies in your magazine. I've had a subscription for over a year. I can be spiritually and physically down and read something in VOICE that really lifts me up. The magazine is very faith inspiring.

Mrs. J.E., Pueblo, Colorado

I am a born-again Christian, read VOICE magazine, and find the articles very uplifting. My dad and I are paper cutter mechanics and God often opens doors so that we can witness to people on the job. Just recently we talked to a shop foreman who was very receptive. The Lord gave us the words to say and the man was touched. On the way home the Lord gave me a thought: Each time His Holy Spirit leads us to witness, and the person shows interest, I will order a year's subscription to VOICE for that person. So, you will be hearing from me from time to time as God leads.

J.R.D., Runnemede, New Jersey

Lately I have been having troubles spiritually. I am seventeen and have been told that this is the time when I am changing, having more decisions, and more problems. At times I feel like giving up. It was during one of these times that I saw your program, GOOD NEWS. It lifted me greatly. Please send me the tape. It will be a great help to me and maybe some of my friends, too.

D.W., Tulsa, Oklahoma

This is a letter of appreciation to you for the wonderful testimonies I hear on the GOOD NEWS program from week to week. In every program, God gives me a list of information about my future through the way He has worked in other's lives.

I'm a college student here in Fairmont, W.Va. I accepted Jesus as my Lord and Saviour two years ago. A year later, after searching for more of Jesus, I received the Holy Spirit. God has blessed me richly with a life free of alcohol, drugs, sex and many other factors of self. Jesus is becoming more real each day I obey His leading.

R.S., Fairmont, West Virginia

WE APOLOGIZE: The June issue of VOICE, p. 24, should have credited **Robert High** of Honolulu, rather than Ike Akamine, for the beautiful Hawaiian leis presented to the wives of FGBMFI directors during the 1976 Regional Convention in Phoenix, Arizona.

BRUSSELS CONVENTION:

"The Blossoming of a Spirit-filled Spring"

by FRED LADENIUS
Director, FGBMFI European Editorial Department, Brussels, Belgium

EUROPE IS NOW READY for a big move of God. A great European revival is in the making, and the Fellowship will be part of it." These words were spoken by Demos Shakarian, president of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, a few months ago. And now we have seen the blossoming of a Spirit-filled spring here in Brussels.

As the daily Belgian newspaper *De Standaard* put it, it is not easy to describe a happening such as the International Charismatic Convention that was held during the first week of the month of May, under the auspices of FGBMFI. "Hundreds of participants" from all over the world testified of their extraordinary conversion to the Lord Jesus Christ and of their worship in the Lord with uplifted arms, *De Standaard* reported, adding, "They declared that they had received the baptism in the Holy Spirit just as the apostles did at Pentecost. And, they called themselves the happiest people on earth!"

We aren't talking about a bunch of hysterical young people or a group living on the border of society, but of a world-wide organization of laymen, businessmen and practitioners deeply rooted into society. They come from different churches and their desire is to see a creation and stimulation of new dynamism in the church's growth by becoming deeper rooted members. All these men have their

personal relationship with Christ in common and a life based on the firm conviction that God leads even today. They know too, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that they have received the anointing of the Holy Spirit, and they are fully aware of their responsibilities as laymen in the outreach of the Gospel.

When our speakers share their happiness, they aren't sharing about their success in the business world, but rather about their "peace with God." When this peace has become a reality in their lives, a new rapport is established in the family and among their fellowmen.

Demos Shakarian, an American of Armenian descent, founded the Fellowship twenty-four years ago. He stated in Brussels that, more than any other, the businessman is the one to be met at his own level but on a spiritual basis.

"Oft times these men make vast amounts of money and they are used to giving all of their talents and energy to their enterprises," said Demos. "And, when they have reached the top, they discover that success has destroyed their happiness. It's up to us to lead them to a personal encounter with Jesus Christ, our Saviour and hope. And only then will tensions, fears and deceptions disappear. Seven hundred thousand members all over the world can testify that it works!

"We are not a political, social or ecclesiastical organization. Each member is a missionary, prophet, and a bearer of peace and happiness, not only in his own church but in the business world."

Coming back to what really happened in Brussels and to what will happen soon in Europe, let us remember that the Apostle John tells us that the "Verbe"—the "Word"—was made flesh and dwelt among us and we have beheld His glory. We are

living during the time of a new discovery of the "Word" that created the world (Genesis 1:3; Psalm 104:7) and by whose sovereignty its existence is maintained.

Word, Verbe, Dābār (Hebrew), *Logos, Réma* (Greek)—the affirmation of the reality of the Incarnation: *Christ* is *God* in *man*. The *Word* is the Christ of the Revelation in His function as judge and Omega of human history. He is also the proclaimer of God's last judgment and in victory because He was the Alpha at the time of the world's creation.

We all can agree with Demos Shakarian that Europe is now ready for a big move of God. That is how the Full Gospel Business Men's Brussel's convention can be possibly defined as an historic gathering in the light of the newly discovered *Word*. The night is almost gone and the day is dawning. Let us now be the mouthpiece of the *Word*. Then the whole of Europe will listen. ■

1. Blaine Amburgy, FGBMFI World Ambassador, arranged many of the details in transporting U.S. conventioners to and from Brussels. **2. T. L. Osborn,** founder of the Osborn Foundation, Tulsa, Oklahoma which sponsors evangelists around the world, was a main speaker. **3. A group of Frenchmen,** interested in starting FGBMFI chapters in their country, requested a convention be held in Paris similar to the one in Brussels. **4. Dr. Howard Conatser,** pastor of Beverly Hills Baptist Church, Dallas, Texas, was the banquet speaker. **5. Judge Kermit Bradford,** of Atlanta, Georgia (VOICE, Sept. '70), testified to God's saving grace; and **Dr. Albert Boiter,** Director of Research, Radio Liberty, Munich, urged conventioners to pray and work for greater freedom to minister for Christ throughout the world. **6. Demos Shakarian,** conferring with **Dr. Boiter** (back to camera), **Lee Buck,** Senior Vice President of Group Marketing for New York Life Insurance Co., and **Dr. Larry Hammond** (see page 22). **7.** A few of the several hundred persons at the dedication of FGBMFI's new three-story European office located near Brussels' Common Market building and foreign embassies. **8. John Andor,** Managing Director of the Fellowship's European office, worked with Demos Shakarian and Blaine Amburgy in coordinating the successful convention.

THE FELLOWSHIP IN EUROPE:

1. ELIAS MALKI (Lebanon) and FRED LADENIUS (interpreter); **2.** E. N. EGERAN (Turkey); **3.** RICHARD WILLEMS (Belgium); **4.** DR. TERRY PETERS (U.S.)

The Language of Love—With a Smile

In Brussels, Christian love and joy surmounted language barriers.

"His banner over us is love" (FGBMFI motto; Song of Solomon 2:4).

by DR. JAMES E. JOHNSON
Chairman of the Board of Maiden Steel, Inc., and member of the Advisory Committee to the President of the United States.

"There are two languages for which there are no barriers between countries. One of these is a smile. We all smile in the same language. A smile means the same thing, no matter where you go. And then there is the language of love. We all love in the same language. The love of God that is here in this convention just generates as I walk through the hotel. And it was beautiful and exciting to see you all respond so quickly when I asked representatives from the many nations assembled here to stand, raise your hands and praise God. I even saw a few Americans jump up! Only the love of God shed abroad in our lives through Jesus Christ our Lord can make people who normally might be antagonistic toward each other, do what we are doing in these meetings!"

Businessmen from 26 countries meet in Brussels

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5, 6, For those desiring them, earphones were provided and language translations were made from booths on the floor in French, Dutch, German and Greek. Translations in the Scandinavian languages were occasionally given from the platform. **7.** Armenian Demos Shakarian and Turk E. N. Egeran embrace in "the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace" as a result of the latter's acceptance of Christ during the convention. **8.** Lt. Col. Eugene Bird (l), United States Army (Ret.) is president of the Berlin, Germany chapter of FGBMFI. **9.** "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity" (Psalm 133:1).

Her story made the front page. The headline read . . .

by LAURENCE HAMMOND, Ph.D.

IT WAS DECEMBER 22, 1971, a windy, snowy, 15° below zero day in Iowa. I had just walked around the nose of a turboprop when suddenly the plane swung around. I quickly turned, only to see the propeller come my way. It was too late. One moment I was well, and the next moment I was lying on the runway bleeding profusely. From the rapid loss of blood I figured I couldn't be alive more than a minute or two longer. At last I would see Jesus face to face.

How could such a terrible accident as this have taken place? As in most accidents, it was a case of carelessness, a simple letting down of one's guard. In this instance, the pilot had leaned over on his left side to reach through a little hatch and shake hands with a person on the runway. Because he had his engine in action, as he relaxed the pressure on his right foot brake, the plane swung around to where I was walking, hitting me from the rear. I was hurled with great force onto the runway and was left torn and broken. My foot was lying about six inches from my cheek. My hip joint had been crushed so that the ball had been ground into powder. Five pieces of the bone up to an inch in length were completely destroyed. My elbow joint had also been demolished. Bones were sticking out of it like quills on a porcupine.

I Thessalonians 5:18 reads, "In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." I had often wondered if I really could praise the Lord if something serious happened to me; and now, finding myself in such a terrible condition, God showed me that at such a time it was possible to praise Him. Believing this to be my end, great joy rose up within me and I began to praise the Lord in

"Credits God With Healing"

tongues and to sing in the Spirit.

After I had lain there for nearly forty-five minutes in sub-zero weather, a hearse-ambulance drove up. When the attendant was asked what had taken him so long, he said he had heard the news of the accident on the radio and knowing that no one ever lives through this type of accident, he was in no hurry to pick up a corpse. With a rubber disposal bag in one hand and a whisk broom in the other, he asked, "Where's the remains?"

Getting his attention, I told him, "I'm the remains." He stood there staring at me with a blank look on his face, wondering what to do with me as I certainly wouldn't fit into his bag and he hadn't brought a stretcher. I needed help—fast; God, "our very present help in trouble" (Psalms 46:1), showed me by His Spirit that there was a stretcher behind some brown blankets in the ambulance. I told this to the attendant and said, "Go get the stretcher." "Oh, there's no stretcher there," he said. But I declared emphatically, "Yes, there is. Go get it!" Finally he went to look and there it was. He laid the stretcher beside me and expressed his concern over how he was going to get me on it without losing my arm and leg, which were just dangling on by shreds of skin.

Even before my accident had occurred, however, God had begun to work in my behalf. A Spirit-filled, Catholic chiropractor who was sitting in his office, looking out the window and feeling somewhat down, had decided to go flying in his little Piper Cub, the only other plane at this emergency airport. His big black car drove up just as the ambulance attendant laid the stretcher beside me.

(Please turn to page 32)

I found that God had not left me as I had supposed.

From TRAUMA to TRIUMPH

by JACK L. BRIGGS

Biochemist in Research and Development for Lipton Pet Foods, a subsidiary of Thomas J. Lipton Co.

THE CROSS OF JESUS was once repugnant to me. But at the foot of that cross, I met the living Son of God and a new life began.

As a young boy growing up in a small town in western Colorado, there was very little "church" in my home.

By the time I reached my early teens, I was keeping company with a tough crowd of older boys. Even though I had little religious training, I did have a conscience and a sense of guilt over much of what I was doing. During this period of my life, I had an experience that frightened and bewildered me. I saw a bright blue light in the form of a cross float up out of my chest. This happened twice. Not knowing God, I concluded that I must be so corrupt that God had left me.

Sickness intervened in my plans when I was fourteen. I spent eight weeks in the hospital with Bright's

disease (acute nephritis) and was not expected to live. It seemed like a bitter blow in my young life.

By the time I was sixteen, Mother had a deep desire to return to the church of her childhood, the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, and so she began attending with her four children. It was through the love of these people that I came to a point in my own life where I "wanted" God. I vividly remember the experience: I was sitting in the back of the church scarcely hearing the sermon. An overwhelming desire to know God swept over me, and I began to weep. Although I was afraid someone might see me, the desire exceeded the embarrassment.

I made a commitment that night and asked the pastor for water baptism. Even though I was overwhelmingly aware of the love of the "Saints," I did not really understand the act of baptism. I loved the Lord and wanted Him, but during the ceremony I felt I was being baptized into a church. Consequently, instead of just receiving Jesus Christ, I received an organization. Immediately, I was submerged into what the organization required of me.

Not long after my baptism I was married, and Marti and I became very involved in church activities: family nights, youth leaders, Sunday school teachers, and so on. Now all of these things were good, but I saw them as the means of stair-stepping my way to salvation—pulling myself up by my own boot straps—believing that the more I could do, the closer to God I would be and the more He would have to look down and save me.

A year after marriage, I entered college. It was a struggle, trying to support a family and study, but I was determined. In college I began to examine life and its meaning, and finally concluded, "You are born, go to school, get married, have children, and die." It seemed to be an endless cycle and I could see no meaning to it. One thing I knew for sure—that was not what I wanted for my life. Turning to philosophy, I became interested in existentialism and had a constant longing in my soul to experience freedom. I saw the whole world in bondage, myself included.

After I received my B.S. degree, I thought, "Jack, you did so great there, why not go on to graduate school?" This created a real hardship at home. My wife had helped me struggle through four years of school, and we already had one child. Now she was ready to settle down, have a home, and raise a family. But no, Jack wanted to continue his schooling.

I moved the family to Colorado State University, Ft. Collins, and entered a master's program in biochemistry. This subject was difficult

for me, and I was soon totally submerged in it. I also continued my search into Eastern religions, bringing it home with me, and Marti and I began doing yoga—searching for freedom, a release from within.

We began to drift apart, each living in a world of our own, and it appeared as though our marriage would come to a cataclysmic end. I began making plans for a Ph.D. program. Marti could stand no more. By this time we had a second child, and we were only coexisting in our home. God's intervention was necessary if anything would be salvaged.

Deep within, I wanted to maintain my family. When Marti challenged me with a choice between the family and school, I gave up the idea of a Ph.D. and went to work for Carnation Company in Los Angeles. We remained in limbo even while attempting to get involved in the church. We were not receiving the ministry we needed, nor were we in a condition to minister to others.

Marti became homesick and completely confused as to her role in life. She attended college, but that failed to satisfy the need in her life. I slipped into a very untrusting attitude as a result of the emotional traumas of the last months of graduate school and our failing marriage. It seemed that all my idealistic dreams were shattered. Life was a drudgery to be endured. Withdrawing into a shell, not trusting Marti or anyone else, I decided to never in the future get close enough to another person to allow myself to be hurt again.

After fifteen months in Los Angeles, I changed jobs to join the research and development group at Lipton Pet Foods in Boston. The change in schools was a difficult adjustment for our daughter, Sundie, but a little classmate took Sundie under her "wing," and another part of God's ultimate plan began to unfold.

In the meantime, we contacted the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints and again attemped to get involved in church life. However, our family needs were just not met, and our situation worsened.

Marti went to work primarily to occupy her time and to get acquainted. New England seemed quite reserved compared to southern California. Marti became increasingly despondent and homesick. I thrust myself completely into my work and day-dreamed.

This was the situation in which the Tavilla family found us. The Tavillas are the parents of Sundie's new classmate. Ernie Tavilla is one of three international directors for the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship in New England. He and his family began to love us and include us in their family activities. This was the only thing that kept us going from day to day.

Ernie invited my wife and I to Full Gospel meetings, and we heard many

different testimonies. Marti was quite rebellious at this point and had decided God did not exist. I was so certain that *my* church had "all the truth" that I dismissed much of what I heard.

After nearly a year and a half of this, mingled with the Tavillas' love, I returned home from a business trip to find Marti desperate—emotionally, spiritually, and physically. She just could not take any more and wanted to go home. I, too, could take no more of our way of living and was glad to send her back to Colorado. She had little intention of returning; I wondered if she would ever come back to me.

"I experienced a complete change of attitude toward my fellow man."

While Marti was in Colorado, she had the opportunity to think deeply about her life. One morning she walked up the hill behind her mother's house as she had often done in childhood. While looking at the beautiful valley below, she remembered Ernie's parting words, "Marti, you have tried everything else; now why don't you try Jesus?" She simply said aloud, "God, if there is a God, please take over my life. I've made such a mess of it, but now I give it all to you. And Ernie said you could give me love for Jack. Please do that now." And He answered that prayer.

I received a beautiful letter from her in which she said she loved me; she was coming home. I rejoiced, but having seen too many of her moods did not trust her. When Marti returned, however, it was obvious that a change had occurred. She did seem to have a new love for me and our girls. Belligerent and distrustful, I challenged Marti's new faith, and God had to deal with me. About six months later, I, too, completely surrendered my life to God.

We began to grow together in the Lord with a new and deep love for one another. I experienced a complete change of attitude toward my fellow man; distrust changed to love. With this experience came the freedom I had sought so long. "Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" (2 Cor. 3:17).

God had to continually teach me that all of this is His free gift. I could not earn it through college degrees, church programs and activities, or any other means. It comes only by faith in Jesus Christ.

Since that time, both Marti and I have received the beautiful experience of the baptism in the Holy Spirit. What a tremendous joy and awareness of Jesus' presence it brought! From this experience, I have entered into an intimate relationship with Jesus I never dreamed possible, and the Bible has become a meaningful daily revelation in my life.

I now work closely with Ernie in

the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship and have had the opportunity to share my faith with many other men and women.

By letter, I shared our experience with my aunt in California who had been instrumental in leading my mother's family into the Reorganized Church of the Latter Day Saints. She had been in that church for thirty-five years, but had recently become discouraged and exhausted with programs, programs, programs. She had a seriously ill daughter and was emotionally ill herself. Through sharing some books, much prayer, and letter writing, Aunt Marcie received the baptism in the Holy Spirit and is, for the first time in her life, experiencing the joy of knowing Jesus intimately. Her daughter was miraculously healed, baptized in the Spirit, and they share together their love for the Lord.

My own mother, who eventually gave up her activities in the church, has been healed of sugar diabetes. She and my father (the antagonistic family member) have both accepted Jesus and been baptized in His precious Holy Spirit. Rejoicing in the Lord and waiting expectantly to see which family member will be next, we give Jesus all the praise and glory for what has happened in our lives and the lives of many of our loved ones. With God, nothing is impossible. ■

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Dateline: Fellowship Highlights

On The Way To Heaven

In retracing the moves of the FGBMFI headquarters through the years, people recalled "a group of busy men who were hardly ever there."

". . . for they agreed that this earth was not their real home but that they were just strangers visiting down here . . . they were looking forward to their real home in heaven." (HEB 11:13-14—LB)

(1) In downtown Los Angeles, 1059 South Hope Street, from 1953-1955. Now a parking lot, the first office was in a "large church with a tall steeple."

(2) In Monterey Park, 152 East Garvey Avenue, from 1955-1957. Now an upstairs photo studio, the second office was above a food market.

(3) In Santa Ana, 528 West 17th Street, from 1957-1961. Now the upstairs warehouse of a clock factory, the third office was on the second floor of what was then a medical-arts building.

(4) Back in downtown Los Angeles, 836 South Figueroa Street, from 1961-1976. This fourth office was the first owned by the Fellowship.

(5) Now temporarily located in Irvine, at 17791 Sky Park Dr., the Fellowship awaits the construction of new facilities in nearby Costa Mesa.

(6) Future home of FGBMFI in Costa Mesa, opposite famous South Coast Plaza.

(7) Artist's conception of the new World Laymen's Center, which will provide facilities for the new headquarters.

Dateline: Prayer & Teaching

The Christian Life Is Exciting!

"So everywhere we go we talk about Christ to all who will listen, warning and teaching them as well as we know how." (Col 1:28—LB)

A newly developed correspondence course, "The Christian Life Is Exciting" is now available. The author is Warren Angel, FGBMFI Coordinator of the Teaching Aids Division. Mr. Angel has written articles for many periodicals, including the popular devotional, "Daily Blessing." He is presently a candidate for the Master of Arts in biblical studies at Pepperdine University. Mr. Angel says, "This is a course for the serious Bible student. We want to provide instruction for the new believer about his life in Christ, but also to go beyond a beginning. We want the student to be confident and able to study the Bible for a lifetime, growing continually in Christ." The course concentrates in four main areas: 1) The meaning of the Bible in the believer's relationship to God; 2) The biblical teaching of Christian theology about the believer's total relationship to Christ; 3) Understanding biblical principles of everyday Christian living; 4) Directions for the believer to become a lifetime Bible student.

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For your FREE lesson of our new correspondence course "The Christian Life Is Exciting," just clip and mail this coupon to: FGBMFI Correspondence Courses, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626

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CREDIT GOD

(Continued from page 23)

God had brought professional help.

Two months later when this doctor visited me in the hospital, he got down on his knees and with tears flowing said, "I never thought I'd see you alive again." I said, "But doctor, you held my hand and prayed for me all the way to the hospital. Don't you remember?" "Yes," he responded, "I remember, but my prayer was that you would have a gentle passing. There was no way that you could live." Then he asked, "Where did you go to medical school?" When I told him I never went to medical school, he was completely surprised and told me that at the airport I had given him beautiful technical instructions concerning my condition. "Without them, I would have left your arm and leg behind," he said. I had remembered speaking things I didn't fully understand, but never did I think them to be instructions that would save my limbs. Matter of fact, up until the time I was taken into surgery, in direct answer to my prayers I was never faint, never passed out and never went into shock.

I was driven to a little clinic in Le Mars, Iowa about six miles away. Because I have an unusual type of Rh negative blood, there was only one unit, besides plasma, on hand. Not knowing how to remedy the situation, in desperation I phoned my mother-in-law for help. Having a mind like a computer, she immediately remembered a man and his family in Sioux City about fifty miles away that could possibly help me out. When she phoned him and related the desperate situation, this man, a Methodist bank executive, told her, "Put your son-in-law back in that ambulance and send him to St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital in Sioux City. I'll get the best surgeons available there to save his life."

Fifty miles of icy roads later, the doctors met me with their sleeves rolled up and scalpels in hand. "Well, for a starter, we'll take off his leg," they said. Suddenly taken back with such words, I immediately blurted out that since I came into this world with two legs, I was going to go out the same way. They endeavored to reason with me, stating that this was necessary in order to save my life, but I said, "Praise God, I'll just see Jesus all the sooner." Thinking I was out of my mind, they decided to call my wife and get her permission to amputate my leg.

Five hundred miles away in Winnetka, outside of Chicago, my little wife, Merikay picked up the telephone receiver and heard the shocking news of my accident. "We need your immediate permission to amputate your husband's leg in order to save his life," a doctor exclaimed. Dear Merikay said, "No," and hung up. Now was not the time to argue, but to pray. She phoned dedicated Chris-

tians for the next seven hours requesting their prayers for me. Back in the hospital, I could feel the electricity of God's Spirit from the prayers of His people holding me up.

In the meantime, the doctors decided they simply had to amputate my leg—permission or no permission. It was the only thing they knew to do to save my life. Desperately wanting them to do anything but that, I cried unto the Lord. Psalms 81:10 says, "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," and before I realized it, I was telling my friends in front of the doctors, "In front of these witnesses I'm giving you a verbal power of attorney. If the doctors take off my arm or leg and I don't make it out of the operation, I want you to sue both of them for every penny they've got." The next day the doctors said, "If you would have just passed out like a gentleman, we could have taken your arm and leg and nobody would have complained." But now the matter was settled—they would have to do everything they could to save me and my leg and arm.

"I had been told she was a bitter and cynical agnostic."

I was given an anesthetic and the doctors began to operate—one working on my arm and one working on my hip. After several hours of surgery, they wheeled me out into an intensive care unit.

The doctors' prognosis was that I didn't have a chance in a thousand of living, and if I did live I would be in the hospital for years. They also felt that sooner or later my leg would have to be amputated. But God knew differently. You see, Jesus is also a doctor—a specialist—and a creative one at that.

Believing that Christians ought to witness about the healing power of God by faith in His Word, even before results are manifested, I sent for a newspaper reporter to carry to others what Jesus was doing for me. In that little intensive care hospital unit the reporter and her cameraman came to hear my story. I had been told that she was a bitter and cynical agnostic who hated everybody and everything. But believing God to make me a witness to His glory I shared with her the wonderful works of Jesus in my life, beginning with my salvation experience. I told her how one night years earlier God reached into the dark depths of a manganese mine which I was operating outside of El Paso, Texas, and drew me by His Spirit into a revival meeting in a little Nazarene church. The minister gave the dullest sermon I ever heard and then gave an altar call, something to which I was not

(Please turn to page 36)

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NOTE: Updated directors' list will appear in October issue.

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).

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 right now: "I am convinced by God's Word that I am a lost sinner. I believe that Jesus Christ died for sinners and shed His blood to put away my sins. I NOW receive Him as my personal Lord and Saviour and will by His help, confess Him before men."

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

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Mail to: **Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, California 92626**

CREDITS GOD

(Continued from page 33)

accustomed, since I was raised in the Episcopal church.

I was anxiously waiting for the service to end when suddenly a power lifted me up from my seat, put me in the aisle and moved me toward the altar. About halfway there, the Lord flashed before me every sin I had ever committed. They stood like hundreds of little statues, all staring me in the eye at the same time. I heard a voice say, "All your righteousness is as filthy rags." At that very moment I knew without a shadow of doubt that God existed, that I was a sinner and that He was holy. I had been baptized at the age of three months, had been confirmed, had sung in the choir and had served the church in many areas for years, but all that was now nothing. That night the Lord dealt with me at the altar and I got up a new creation in Christ Jesus.

When I finished sharing my experiences with the reporter, the Holy Spirit melted her hard heart and she got down on her knees by my bed and gave her life to Jesus. That was worth it all.

Three days later her story made the front page of the Sioux City *Daily Journal.* The headline read, "Credits God with Healing." I was a stranger to Sioux City, but because of her article people from a hundred miles around came to see me. Six to twelve people came every day with cards, flowers, candy and fruit. Some came needing to know Jesus as their Saviour, others as their Baptizer and others as their Physician.

During my nights of pain, one question was on my heart: How is God going to manifest His healing power to *me*? Then one night He asked me, "How do you want to be healed? Your way or mine?" Realizing what He meant I replied, "Lord, give me the patience to be healed your way." Since then, there have been hundreds, perhaps thousands of lives touched by seeing what God has done in my body. It's been Jesus and nobody else. Even doctors can't claim credit for my recovery.

It was a challenge to leave that hospital and go out into the world again. The doctor had said I would be in the hospital for years before ever being able to get up and about. He also said I had a slim chance of ever being able to sit in a wheel chair and would never stand because of the damage done to my body. But today I stand on crutches, going everywhere for the Lord. And my healing is still taking place. Oh, it's wonderful what God has done, restoring bones, nerves, sinews and muscles. But He hasn't completed my healing yet. I'm looking forward to that happening at any moment. God is good, He is mindful of us and every detail of our lives, and He is faithful to keep His Word. ■

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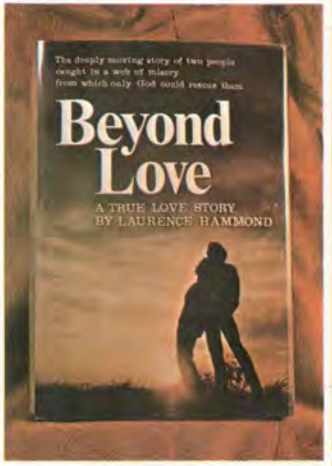
- Live and love behind the scenes in the "glamorous" world of TV
- Fight together a soul-wrenching battle against alcohol
- Launch into a world-wide deliverance ministry



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Larry Hammond has had successful careers in mining, government and the radio-TV industry. A former assistant to Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, Dr. Hammond also held an executive position with Bendix Radio and was listed in "Who's Who in the East." He produced the radio series, "Mr. District Attorney" and "We the People," and more recently was host-producer of the CBN TV series, "Acts 29+" and the radio series, "Dove of Love."

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CONVENTION OF THE MONTH: INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

1. Chairman Dave Trenum with **Cindy Dave,** a Spirit-filled Jewess who joined conventioners in prayer that her countrymen in Indianapolis might see Jesus as their Messiah. **2. Pat Robertson** (l), President of Christian Broadcasting Network, and **Mike Evans,** Jewish believer, evangelist and author were featured speakers. **3. Indiana's Governor Bowen** addressed some 50 conventioners in a pre-convention meeting in the State House Prayer and Meditation Room. **4. Co-chairman Wesley Smith** (r) introduced **Fred Kehoe** (VOICE, Feb. '74), Assistant Athletic Director, Ball State University. **5. Dede (Mrs. Pat) Robertson,** Assistant Professor, School of Nursing, Tidewater Community College, was guest speaker at the Ladies' Luncheon. **6. Dr. James Johnson** (see page 20), former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, in a press conference at the State House spoke of America's present position in world affairs and of Christian influence in government and the military. **7. Dick Harshman,** Vice President of the Indianapolis chapter, was Convention Coordinator and Secretary-Treasurer. **8. Col. H. Speed Wilson,** USMC (Ret.) serves the Fellowship as an International Director out of Hot Springs, VA. **9. Ray Bullard,** FGBMFI director from Mishawaka was instrumental in leading many South Bend area Catholics into the baptism in the Holy Spirit during the early days of the charismatic renewal within the Church.

YOU HAVE a great OPPORTUNITY TO SHARE with Demos Shakarian as part of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International group in EAST AFRICA, NAIROBI, KENYA. The Convention proper will be held in the Kenyatta Convention Center, Nairobi. This will be followed by mass outdoor meetings (approximately 100,000 people) in Kamukunji Park, Nairobi, featuring T. L. and Daisy Osborn, Demos Shakarian and others.

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Conventions / Institutes

Asterisk (*) designates conventions in which Institutes for Christian Living are held.

DELAWARE VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA
September 16-18, 1976
George Washington Motor Lodge
Willow Grove, PA
Angelo Ferri, Chairman
P.O. Box 182, Newtown, PA 18940

LINCOLNLAND
September 23-25, 1976
Holiday Inn East, Springfield, Illinois
Robert Tippett/Walter Moore/
Claud McCulley, Co-Chmn.
P.O. Box 2761, Springfield, IL 62708

REDDING, CALIFORNIA
October 7-9, 1976
Holiday Inn
Clifton A. Powell/Dr. Del Sowerby, Co-Chmn.
5250 Huntington Dr., Redding, CA 96001

AUSTRALIAN-NEW ZEALAND AIRLIFT
October 9-23, 1976
Wentworth Hotel, Sydney, Australia
For complete information contact:
Milwaukie Tour and Travel,
607 Main St., Milwaukie, OR 97222

*SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA
(International Regional)
October 13-16, 1976
Anaheim Convention Center
Paul Toberty/Peter Congelliere, Co-Chmn.
1740 W. Katella, Orange, CA 92667

CIRCUS CITY, PERU, INDIANA
October 13-16, 1976
Junior High School, Wabash, Indiana
David Trenum/Wesley Smith, Co-Chmn.
Rt. 5, Box 235, Peru, IN 46970

OKANAGAN-KELOWNA, B.C.
October 14-16, 1976
Capri Motor Hotel
J. Keith Davis/Bill Scott, Co-Chmn.
454 Barkley Rd., Kelowna, B.C., Can. V1W 1E3

TORONTO, ONTARIO
October 27-30, 1976
Four Seasons Sheraton Hotel
S.C. Berlett/Norm Roberts, Co-Chmn.
Box 144, Station "U," Toronto, Canada L3T 4A2

15 CHAPTERS VIRGINIA
October 27-30, 1976
Roanoke Civic Center
Freeman D. Meadows, Chairman
90 Ashby Ave., Elkton, VA 22827

ALABAMA STATE
October 28-31, 1976
Sheraton Motor Inn, Huntsville
William A. Abercrombie, Chairman
1413 Woodland Ave., Birmingham, AL 35211

FIRST JERUSALEM REGIONAL & HOLY LAND PILGRIMAGE
October 15-25, 1976 (Conference Dates will be October 16-18)
Binyanei Ha'ooma (Jerusalem Convention Center)
Lynwood Maddox, Chairman
3490 Emperor Way, Tucker, GA 30084