FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S

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VOICE

FROM FROGTOWN TO FREEDOM

The JAMES WILLIAMS Story

Full Gospel Business Men's

VOICE

Volume 25 Number 3

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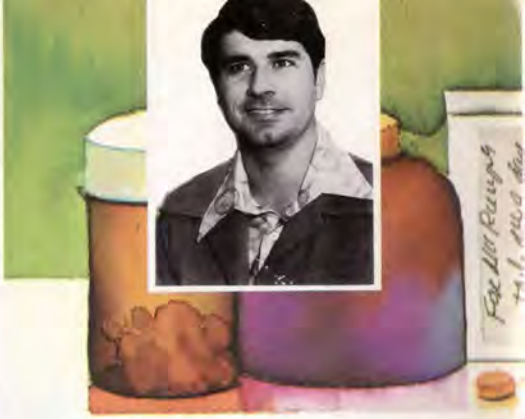

I HAVE always believed in prayer and since my conversion have experienced many answers to my prayers. Little did I realize, however, what a new meaning God's love would have for me in 1974.

One day in June of that year, I began to experience a pain in my lower back and consulted a doctor for treatment. After several tests and X-rays, I was informed that I had a kidney stone too large to pass and that it was close to causing severe kidney blockage. I was advised to have surgery. It was necessary that a rib be removed for easy access to the kidney, and I was warned to expect pain in my side for several weeks similar to being kicked in the ribs by a horse, and that I would be hospitalized for two weeks.

The day of the surgery arrived and all went well. However, early the next morning I felt a pain in my chest and breathing became difficult. I called for the nurse who immediately gave me a shot of morphine (the only shot that I

by JIM RUMPH

Partner in Pace, O'Kain and Rumph Insurance Agency, Clinton, Tennessee

asked for during my hospital stay). Five days later I was released from the hospital. The doctor informed me that most patients having similar surgery asked for pain shots every few hours, were slower to recover, and remained in the hospital longer than I.

Ten days later I returned to my job with the feeling of good health. But within two weeks I again experienced a severe pain in my chest. The surgeon informed me that it was not kidney or surgery related and referred me to a medical doctor for treatment.

The new physician gave me medication for an ulcer but my condition grew worse. Although still able to work, I had no energy afterward, began to run a high fever at night, and had no appetite. My doctor admitted me to the hospital, and two days later I was informed I had tuberculosis.

Within a few days, however, the possibility of TB was ruled out. Since at this stage the doctors did not seem to know my exact problem or how to treat it, they were not giving me any medication. During this time I prayed seriously and often, and was concerned over past sins. That week the doctors approached me and wanted to run a bone marrow test, which led me to believe that perhaps I had cancer or leukemia.

After many days of prayer, I had an experience with Jesus. I did not hear a choir of angels or see any burning bushes, but I did feel His presence. During this encounter, which was short and to the point, Jesus revealed three things to me.

First, I was not to worry over this life, for it really didn't matter. Secondly, I was not to worry over my past sins, for they had all been forgiven. Thirdly, and most important, everything would be all right. By the latter, He could have meant one of three things: I could be free of any serious disease; I did have a disease but He would help me live with it; I did have cancer and would die, but He would watch over my wife and our six-

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FROM FROGTOWN TO FREEDOM

by JAMES WILLIAMS

As Told to Patricia L. Hulsey

THE LINE was long, and it was hot. I shifted my weight to keep the heat of the pavement from blistering my feet through the bottom of my thin-soled shoes as I stood waiting for admission to the theater.

Suddenly, there was a painful crack across the back of my skinny, black legs. I wheeled around in anger, fists doubled and eyes narrowed with hate, ready to take on my aggressor. Above me towered the massive, six-foot frame of a blue-uniformed policeman.

"Move on boy . . . you can't block this sidewalk." Crack, came another painful blow from the heavy night stick which swung from his side.

My quick temper flared, and I lunged at the big man and with a well-aimed blow sent him reeling back towards the curb. He regained his balance and rebounded, charging towards me swinging the night stick.

Another well-aimed blow in the groin, and I sent the six-foot frame sprawling into the gutter, clutching his side and cursing in pain. I ran to him and stomped and cursed him, then I turned and split for the back way of return to my own turf in Frogtown.

As I scaled back fences and raced through the fields, I reveled in the glory of my victory. I felt the taste of blood surging through my veins. It felt good. At age nine I had just beat up my first cop.

I was born in January 1934, in Clyo, Georgia. My mother's life was snuffed out as the result of an improperly attended childbirth and I was given to an elderly black woman, Miss Addie Morgan.

Shortly after the death of my mother, Miss Morgan gathered up her belongings and took me and moved to Frogtown, a black, across-the-tracks section

of Savannah, Georgia. There she lived with her daughter, Anna Capers, who became "Mama" to me. I was raised up as James Capers.

Frogtown was a place where even the police were afraid to come. There were only three paved streets, and the rest were dirt roads lined by crowded flats with sagging porches, peeling paint and broken windows. Trash and garbage surrounded the houses, and there was no indoor plumbing. My childhood home was one of five gray flats attached together with an outhouse and one water faucet to serve all the families.

Frogtown was surrounded by other black areas, each of which had its street gangs. There was a "spirit" about Frogtown that started the wrong kind of wheels turning in my head. Living there led to the early recognition of the law of the streets. If someone hit you, you had to hit back harder, otherwise you weren't respected and recognized as a man.

For a long time I didn't fight because Mama didn't want me to do so. "James," she would say, "the Lord will take care of you."

I soon got tired of hearing that the Lord was going to take care of me, because He wasn't taking those licks! One day as I was leaving Maple Street school, I was challenged to a fight by an older fellow named Louis. Louis knew that he could lick me, for he had beat on my head for several months. What he didn't know was that I wasn't going to get beat that day.

I jumped twelve steps between us, sending Louis sprawling to the ground. My right hand closed on a loose brick lying in the play yard, and I took it and commenced to rearrange Louis' face.

That particular fight gave me a reputation that was to last for the next thirty

years. From that day on, I never lost a fight.

At the age of nine, I became the leader of a group of eight guys. Though they were all older than I, they followed me because I was the toughest member of the gang.

On one occasion, my position was challenged by a guy named Duke. I had the choice of weapons and picked a straight razor. Then I was handcuffed to my opponent, stripped of clothing to the waist, and blindfolded.

You could feel the tension in the damp basement room as the blindfolds were placed over our eyes. We stood immobile until we heard the signal, "Go!"

Duke immediately lashed out with his razor, but misjudged my height. I reciprocated, cutting him in the temple but at the same time slashing off his blindfold. He could have cut me to ribbons save for the blood that streamed into his eyes and blinded him. I cut off my own blindfold, severed the rope that held us both together, pocketed my razor, told my gang to "throw that guy in the trash"—and walked out. I never saw Duke again. After that incident, I had no further problems with challengers for my leadership position.

In the slum areas of Georgia, including Frogtown, hatred of the police ran deep in the veins of many of us blacks, and we engaged in numerous street battles with them as they tried to stop fights between rival gangs.

My reputation traveled with me as I moved up into junior high and high school. I was suspended during junior high school for beating up a teacher. I also became a father for the first time while yet in junior high school.

Managing somehow to graduate from high school, I tried to enroll in the air force but due to my record with the police department as James Capers, I was turned down. However, I reapplied

for the marine corps under my real name, James Williams, and was accepted.

During my ten years in the marine corps I was "busted" from sergeant three times because I couldn't control my violent temper.

While in the service I married and lived with my wife in San Diego, El Toro and Pomona, California for a period of three years. We had two children and a very unhappy marriage.

One day, in San Diego, my wife and I had a terrible fight. In a fit of rage, I hit the streets, commandeered a car, forced the owner out, and raced through the city at high speed.

Almost immediately a black and white unit of the police department was in pursuit. As the chase progressed, the police fired upon the vehicle I was in. I fired back, from close range, missing the white cop who was my target. This was the grace of God, for I had been an expert marksman in the service.

Finally, I abandoned the car and raced through back alleys, over fences, and around buildings with the police still in hot pursuit. Following a lengthy chase, I ended up in a field with dozens of black and white units surrounding it and the police closing in on me from all sides. In desperation, I took the .45 pistol I was carrying and turned it upon myself. I aimed at my heart, and pulled the trigger. The bullet went completely through my body, missing any vital organs, and hit a policeman in the knee.

Even though I was shot and bleeding, the hatred in me was so strong that it took several policemen to overpower me and wrestle the gun from my hand. I had reached the end of the line.

I served three years in San Quentin. After my release and a divorce from my wife, I went from woman to woman and bar fight to bar fight. In one of many incidents I was holding a jagged, broken bottle over a man and was going to

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WALKING TALL

by **JIMMY MAYNOR** Lay Evangelist, Benton, Tennessee

MY STORY is perhaps one of the most unique you will ever read. Within one year's time I grew from a midget to a height of six-foot-one. It was a miracle of God!

At eighteen years of age, I was a four-foot-nine-and-one-half-inch midget who weighed only ninety-three pounds. I made good grades in high school but was miserable because of always being teased by the other students, who called me "Peewee" and "Runt."

Upon graduation, I tried to enlist in the army but was rejected because of my size. When I tried to apply for work, plant after plant turned me down. Finally I had to settle for a bag boy job in a local grocery store, where I earned $2.50 a day. This was in 1952. All my friends were making at least $12.00 a day. Then I got a job for $3.00 a day in a drug store. This lasted four years, after which I became employed in the court house as a registrar-at-large for the election commission. I was paid $37.50 for a forty-hour week.

I had received Christ as my Saviour at the age of sixteen in a Southern Baptist church, during a revival. I repented of my sins and asked Christ to forgive me and come into my heart, joined the church and was baptized in water. Now in my twenties, I was still going to church but was only a nominal or lukewarm Christian.

I wasn't aware of a certain scripture in the Bible at this time but I learned it afterwards. "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent" (Revelation 3:19). I didn't repent.

One night I was in a terrible auto accident. Thrown against the dash, my hip was broken in many places. My blood pressure dropped dangerously low, my temperature shot up, and I lost much blood and was in shock.

During the night I came to long enough to realize that I was dying, but was comforted in believing that Christian people were praying for me. No one had told me this; it was just something I sensed. As I lay there, I asked God to forgive me for being stubborn and also to forgive me of all my sins and take me back into full fellowship with Him. Up to this time, I had never led one person to Christ. I asked Jesus to let me live so I could help others to know Him as their Saviour.

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AUSTRALIANS LAUNCH GOOD NEWS

BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA—And now, GOOD NEWS is on Australian TV! The Fellowship's weekly half-hour program of interviews with Christian businessmen and soul-stirring music was scheduled to premiere Feb. 6 over Television Corporation Network stations (TCN-9) in the four largest "down-under" cities: Sydney, Brisbane, Melbourne and Adelaide.

The broadcasts will blanket the southeast seaboard where nearly all of Australia's 13½ million people live.

Already, "Good News America"—the Fellowship's first TV special with Oral Roberts, Kathryn Kuhlman, Pat Boone and Demos Shakarian—has been shown in cities here. "It's unbelievable what is happening as a result of our TV programming," says Bernie Gray, Fellowship national secretary in Brisbane.

Australian Full Gospel Business Men are sponsoring GOOD NEWS in their nation. The program is also seen on 188 TV stations in the U.S. and Canada. Australians should already be somewhat familiar with the series: the Fellowship's world-wide GOOD NEWS radio broadcasts (the audio portion of the TV program) have been reaching the country since 1975. All told, these radio broadcasts are heard in 50 nations in 21 different languages.

The power of GOOD NEWS lies in its frank presentation of businessmen who describe how God has transformed their lives. If it happened to *him*, the viewer asks himself, can't it happen to me?

Good News scenes: (left to right) Host Demos Shakarian and Atlanta attorney Lynwood Maddox; Canadian TV producer Alan Small; singer Lulu Roman.

World Report

'HAPPIEST PEOPLE' NOW OVERSEAS

EUROPE—Brisk sales have greeted translations of *The Happiest People on Earth* in Germany and Norway. And according to a spokesman for the book's American publisher, Chosen Books, Demos Shakarian's life story will also appear soon in Great Britain, Sweden and Denmark. Negotiations with foreign publishers for the rights to other translations and editions are still taking place.

The Happiest People on Earth was written by the Fellowship's founder and president with best-selling authors John and Elizabeth Sherrill. A history of the Fellowship's birth and growth is included in the exciting story. It was released in the U.S. in 1975.

"GOOD NEWS has done great things for me"

BIJAPUR, INDIA—A GOOD NEWS listener writes: I am a Hindu person, born in an orthodox family. I had heard and read many *purana* (Hindu religious stories) and myths; but never once did I hear about the God who died for the sake of sinners. Your programs have done a great thing for me. Through these programs I have come to know that Jesus Christ is the only God because He gave his life on the cross for the sins of the people, and I believe that He has delivered me from my sins also . . . He is truly the Son of God and the God of my adoration.

Sometimes, it's a small world

LONDON, ENGLAND—About 50 members of the Fellowship's airlift from the U.S. to the Jerusalem Regional Convention were waiting at the airport here for their flight home last October, when who should they see walking by? None other than International President Demos Shakarian and his wife Rose, returning to the U.S. from Fellowship conventions in Paris and Germany. Everyone spent a joyful hour together before their flights departed.

WALKING TALL

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By daylight, I was showing considerable improvement, much to the doctors' surprise. In seven days they operated on me, taking out the splintered bones and putting in four stainless steel pins, then wired my bones together the best they could. My father was told I probably would never walk again.

After being in the hospital a month, during which my bones would not heal, the doctors released me to go home with the warning that I would be bedfast for a long time and would only be able to get up in a wheel chair with the help of someone else. Seven months later my bones had not yet healed and I remained a near-helpless cripple.

During this time I was worried and fearful, wondering if I would ever walk again. Then one day I read II Timothy 1:7, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." What joy I had when I found this in the Bible. Then I read James 4:7, "Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Draw nigh to God and he will draw nigh to you."

That day in my bed at home I submitted myself to God. I told Him I would live for Him and that I would do His work. Then I obeyed the Word and told Satan in the name of Jesus to leave me alone. I commanded fear to leave me and it did. Then I prayed a simple prayer and asked Jesus to heal me so I could do His work. As I did so, I felt the power of God come into my room and knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that He had healed me. I didn't *feel* healed because I still had a lot of pain in my body, but I *believed* I was healed and told everyone, although I was still lying in bed.

Every few weeks I went by ambulance to Chattanooga for X-rays. The story was always the same; my bones had not healed. Then at last the good news came—the X-rays showed me completely healed! The doctors were amazed. I wasn't surprised because I knew I had been healed by God.

I was twenty-six years old when God healed my broken bones. Then another miracle happened to me. In one year's time I grew from my midget size to six-foot-one and went from 93 to 175 pounds in weight. I was no longer an undersized runt!

After this I immediately became involved in church activities, teaching and working with the Southern Baptist's Royal Ambassadors program, which is for boys eight to seventeen. I was a leader locally and in the state for a total of twelve years. During this time I also taught Sunday school from juniors all the way to adults.

Those were good years and I enjoyed my work, but still I felt something was lacking in my life. I was a soul-winner, witnessing when I could, and began to teach soul-winning to others as a state leader. This helped draw me closer to the Lord, but I still was not satisfied.

By this time I had a successful gift shop business and was leading up to

thirty people a year to Christ in my shop. You would think this would have satisfied me, but it didn't. Then a friend told me about a group of men that met in Cleveland, Tennessee called the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. One night I decided to attend and there heard a man speak who set me on fire. I also overheard the woman sitting beside me ask a young man if he had received the Holy Spirit since he believed. He answered yes, and that it had changed his life.

That night I kept thinking about the woman's question. I had never studied or heard much about the baptism in the Holy Spirit and now I began to wonder if that was what was missing in my life.

The next day I looked up Scripture references on this subject, and as I read I clearly saw that this experience was real and that it was for today: "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call" (Acts 2:39).

One day, a few weeks later, I closed the door of my shop and got down on my knees and sought God for this same experience that the early church had received. I told Him that what little ability I might have I would give to Him. In total committal, I asked God to baptize me in His Spirit and to let me speak to Him in a new language just as those in the early church had done.

As I told the Lord how much I loved Him, in a few minutes I felt His power move into the room, and before I knew it, I was speaking to Him in a new language—a language I had never learned. This was my greatest joy.

Then, as I began to stand on other promises in the Bible, God began to work through me. Since that time many people have been healed, saved and filled with the Holy Spirit through my humble ministry. ■

MARCH TAPE MINISTRY

—check desired tapes-

☐ 8P6, Rev. Jack Hayford, "The Grace of God"; ☐ 9WC6, Rev. Kenneth Hagin, "The Power of Confession"; ☐ 2AT6, Dr. Howard Ervin, "Be Filled with the Spirit"; ☐ 4AT6, Rev. John Osteen, "How to Reign in Life as a King"; ☐ 7AT6, Fr. Duane Stenzel, "4 Conditions for Answered Prayer"; ☐ 1NY6b, Fr. John Bertolucci, "Ministering to One Another."

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"What's Happened

by DAN WESLEY SMITH

BEING RAISED in a Christian home, I had many advantages that other children didn't have. My dad was a hard-working farmer and we always had something to eat and clean clothes to wear, although the food was simple and the clothes patched.

We were in church almost every time the doors were open and some of my fondest memories as a child and young teenager are of church socials and get-togethers. As I grew older, however, I began to associate with the wrong kind of people and gradually drifted away from the church. By the time I was out of high school I was busy doing my own thing, hitting the bars and staying out all night Saturday and sleeping all morning Sunday. I was ready to try anything that was supposed to be fun. I thank God that during the years I was growing up I wasn't exposed to drugs because I am sure that I would have become addicted.

This condition existed for several years until I met Marie. We had known each other for only a short time before we were married, but we both felt we were meant for each other. Our marriage must have been made in heaven, for I don't think I could have ever survived the years of trials and troubles that I put myself and my family through without the love and understanding of my wonderful wife.

Marie had been raised in a Pentecostal church, but when we met, she, as well as I, was looking for a good time. We both had gone through previous marriages that didn't work out. She had two children and I had one. Since Marie felt it important that the children be raised in church, I reluctantly agreed and began attending with her out of a sense of duty. Because I had heard stories about what went on in Pentecostal churches, we went to mine, not hers. This went on for about a year, with me

Tammy

Pamela Sue

Sheri Lyn

Michael

to Daddy?"

Installer-Repairman, Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, Rush Springs, Oklahoma

using every excuse I could think of to get out of going to church. When I did go I felt very uneasy and was ready to leave as quickly as possible.

About the same time that God blessed us with a baby girl, my wife's younger brother was killed in an auto accident in California. He had eleven-month-old twin daughters and his young wife decided she was going to put them up for adoption, so I borrowed the money for plane tickets and flew out to California and brought them home with me. Thus it was that within a weeks' time we had acquired three baby girls and our family had doubled. I frequently used this as an excuse to get out of going to church.

A couple of years later, a job with my company opened near my hometown and I eagerly accepted the opportunity to change locations. We moved back home and began attending church where I had gone as a child. This time I became somewhat involved in church activities, not because I really wanted to or felt that God would have me do this but because I wanted to win the approval of my wife and the people in the church in which I had been raised. I became a board member and a youth leader, but was still a long way from knowing Jesus as my personal Lord and Saviour.

The pastor was a good Christian man, but because some of the members didn't like him the church became divided and he felt that he should leave for the benefit of all concerned.

The next pastor had the attitude, "I've been to college and you haven't, therefore I know more about everything than you do." Needless to say, he didn't make too many friends and was soon gone.

Next came a young man who seemed to be very sincere. He was active in church functions, and while he never

really preached a sermon he did present a good talk every Sunday. When we began to learn some of his beliefs, however—no supernatural God, no life after death, the Bible mostly a myth, Jesus only a good man—the members asked him to leave.

We were then sent a young man straight out of seminary who, while very enthusiastic, had a bad temper and made so many promises trying to please everyone that he couldn't remember to whom he had promised what. He didn't stay long either.

By now I was thoroughly disgusted and dropped out of church completely. I didn't even consider an alternate choice, I just quit.

During this time God blessed us with a baby boy, increasing our brood to six. And shortly after, when my ex-wife was killed in an automobile accident and my daughter came to live with us, we had to add on to the house to accommodate our family of nine.

By this time the bills were astronomical—bills for clothes, shoes, food, house payments, appliance payments, car payments, doctor bills, dentist bills—you name it, we had it! And as the money went out faster than it came in I began to blame God for everything. I worried constantly, suffered from deep depressions, and would go for days without speaking to my family except to gripe or complain.

Marie had started attending the local Pentecostal church and also visiting other churches, and I began to accuse her of going just to get away from home.

I resented God, my wife, my children, the church, and everyone who was better off financially than I. Becoming a recluse, I didn't want to go anywhere or see anyone—and I didn't want my family to either.

Then Marie was baptized in the Holy Spirit, and I wondered how anyone could be that full of happiness and joy when there was so much to worry about. Now she couldn't get enough of church and Christian fellowship, and this made me all the more resentful.

"I didn't need help, I wasn't

The gulf between us continued to grow wider and wider until my wife finally told me that if I didn't seek help and try to straighten up, we were through. This really hurt. *I* didn't need help. *I* wasn't wrong, everyone else was. Consequently I didn't seek professional help. I did start going to church with her occasionally, however, but was very reserved and watchful that nothing would happen to me.

Finally, when I entered another period of deep depression, my wife bypassed me and called in a psychiatrist. He immediately put me in the hospital under observation because of fear that I was about to take my own life.

After my release from the hospital I went through a period of thinking that maybe things would work out after all.

But this didn't last long, and soon I didn't care what happened. I wouldn't do anything that just didn't absolutely have to be done, and felt that no one cared for me, not even God.

I continued seeing the psychiatrist on a regular basis but this didn't help. He gave me good advice and I wanted to follow it but couldn't. I didn't have the strength. I wanted to do what was right but didn't know how.

My wife continued to stand by me in all this. She was praying for me, the church was praying for me, and a special group of her friends were praying for me, but nothing seemed to help. I steadily grew worse. One day Marie said that, although she still loved me, for the sake of the children she had decided to leave me.

In desperation I decided to see if the pastor could help me. Our work up until this time had been slow and any other day I could have gotten off at almost any time, but on this day I got one repair call after another all day long. When I left at quitting time to pick up the children, I felt sure the pastor would have gone home by then, but I decided to go by the church anyway, "just in case." That proved to be one of the most momentous decisions of my life.

The pastor was still there, working late. All I intended to do was ask a few questions and maybe get some advice, but in a very few minutes the pastor had me on my knees asking Jesus Christ to come into my heart and to forgive my sins.

One of the greatest miracles of God is the saving of a soul. A great peace and joy settled upon me like nothing I have ever felt before in my life. God did in an instant what the psychiatrist had been trying to do for months, and I left that church walking on air.

Marie had been working evenings and that night I stayed up (for the first time) and waited for her to get home so I could share with her what had happened. Of course she was overjoyed.

wrong—everyone else was!"

Since that time I have had numerous personal prayers answered. I have seen healings in our home, and have myself been healed of ulcers. And my children, instead of running to their rooms to get away from me, now climb happily up in my lap. Their mother reported that they asked, "What's happened to Daddy? Why is he so nice and happy all the time?"

Although still questioning some of the things the Pentecostals believed in, I decided to attend the Pentecostal church since it was there I had found joy and peace and happiness. Like my wife, I now couldn't get enough of church and Christian fellowship.

Shortly after this our church held a revival. One night the evangelist asked everyone to come forward who would like to be baptized in the Holy Spirit. Suddenly all eyes and ears, I sat forward

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THE BAD NEWS FIRST

by PAUL SPITZ
As Told to Aubrey Beauchamp, RN

"WE CAN HELP you only if you are willing to go to the hospital for six weeks." The words kept pounding in my head. To the hospital for six weeks? Impossible! My wife Carol would find out I was hooked on drugs, little Jill, the baby we planned to adopt would never be ours. There was no way I could just leave home and disappear for six weeks and still keep my family together. How did I ever get into this mess?

It all started so innocently. I owned three barbershops and worked long hours. One night I had too much to drink and came to work the next day with a hangover. A fellow barber said: "Here, take this. It'll make you feel better."

I did and just a few minutes later I felt great—better than I had ever felt before. The scene was repeated after my next hangover, and the next, and the next. Then the day came I popped a magic pill without having a hangover. I just wanted to feel good. Pretty soon one was not enough, I needed more. Before long I was taking fifty benzedrines a day. To counteract the effect I needed quite a few drinks at night to unwind. Soon I drank myself into a stupor every night before bedtime.

My wife, Carol, was a diabetic. Our first child was born prematurely and only lived a few hours. Then we did have a little boy, Joey, but after two more miscarriages we decided to adopt

PAUL SPITZ is a barber in Southern California, and attends Believers Chapel in San Clemente, pastored by Rev. Don Brewer. He and his wife Carol frequently share their testimony at churches, conventions and Christian gatherings.

a little girl and consider our family complete. Jill was nine months old when we got her.

Carol and I had drifted pretty far apart by this time. I was gone most of the day and quickly got loaded when I came home. The adoption case worker sensed something was wrong. I panicked at the thought of not being able to adopt Jill. I also began to realize I was hopelessly hooked on drugs and unable to stop. In desperation I called a county social worker who promised help only if I submitted to a six weeks hospital stay. I felt trapped and threatened from all sides.

Carol had recently joined a local Bible study. As a child she had attended a Lutheran church and knew many scriptures. However, nobody had ever explained to her the steps to salvation and a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. At this Bible study two ladies had given glowing testimonies of being "born again" and of having a personal relationship with God. One night as we lay in bed Carol related these testimonies to me. In my usual drunken stupor I only got half of what she said but something did get to me. A personal relationship with God? Was that possible? To my struggling and foggy mind it sounded like a ray of hope. If there was a personal God would He help me?

I waited till Carol was asleep, then silently I prayed the first prayer of my life: "God, if you are really there, I want you to get me out of this mess. You can have my life and do with it as you please."

The following morning I made my daily trip to the garage where I kept my pills. Taking the usual handful I suddenly felt dirty. Sinful and dirty. God had heard my prayer and put me under a heavy conviction!

The next Sunday, two days after my prayer to an unknown God, I felt the need of being alone. I remembered the little church Carol went to had an outside chapel that was never locked. I slipped in unnoticed and earnestly asked God to lay hold of my life and change me according to His will. This time I repented of all the wrongs I remembered doing. As I sat there the glory of God filled that little chapel. I suddenly knew Jesus was real and that He loved me. I also knew that Carol did not have that personal relationship. After what seemed several hours it dawned on me someone might come in and see me. Getting into my car I drove to a quiet spot where I continued to worship the Lord, raising both arms and crying unashamedly. I still did not have scriptural background on salvation and worship. It was all fresh and new—like a little babe born without a midwife. That day I was totally delivered from drugs, alcohol and tobacco!

Back home I found Carol's old Bible. Opening it my eye fell on John 3 and the story of Nicodemus.

"Hey, *that's* what happened to me! I'm born again!" It suddenly started to make sense.

Meanwhile the adoption worker must have noticed a change in me for she approved the final papers and Jill

became part of our family.

I shared my experience with Carol and confessed my former addiction to drugs. She was horrified and did not understand, but her Bible study friends now became *my* friends. I knew exactly what they were talking about. The more I tried to explain it to Carol the madder she got. I wouldn't give up, however, and "preached" to her day and night. I placed Bibles and tracts all over the house, but nothing seemed to interest her. As a matter of fact, we were growing farther apart by the day.

Deciding to obtain a more modern translation of the Bible, I remembered a stationery store in the Garden Grove plaza where one of my barbershops was located. In that store I had seen a rack of religious books. Walking in one day I was paging through a Bible when Ken Seaman, the owner, spotted me.

"Are you a Christian?" he asked. "Praise the Lord, brother. I have prayed for other merchants in this plaza. One of the men at Penney's is almost there, the guy next door is coming close too. Say, I'd love to start a prayer meeting here."

As he talked on I felt more and more uncomfortable. Finally I excused myself and walked out. Driving home I again came under heavy conviction. I had been ashamed of my Lord, embarrassed to admit to Ken I was a Christian. I asked the Lord to forgive me and also to give me the grace to apologize to the man the next day. The Lord granted that request and that day marked the beginning of a close friendship and many hours of prayer and fellowship in the back room of the stationery store.

A few days later a long-haired young man walked into the barbershop requesting a drastic haircut. Snipping away at his locks I asked him why the big change. "Oh," he said, "I have recently become a Christian and my whole lifestyle is changing." Delighted, I shared my own testimony with him.

"Where do you go to church?" I asked.

"Calvary Chapel in Costa Mesa. Like to come along sometime?"

I agreed and a few nights later found myself tightly squeezed between rows and rows of swaying, singing and worshipping young people, holding each other by the shoulder as they sang: "He's the Saviour of My Soul." The song deeply stirred my soul as did the preaching, but this swaying-singing bit was a little too much for me yet. However, I found myself returning many times and gradually got a firm doctrinal foundation.

My newfound faith was quickly tested—the IRS decided to investigate my previous year's income tax return. Knowing I had cheated on it, and on previous ones as well, I took the matter to the Lord. Surely, if they found the truth on last year's return, they would probe further. Yet, the Lord impressed me to tell the truth. As the fateful day arrived the IRS officer—a lady—indeed found a great many inconsistencies. I leveled with her and admitted every single lie. I also told her about my conversion and my new-found life in

The Spitz family: Paul, Carol, Jill and Joey. Paul with daughter, Jenna Joy, the baby that was not supposed to be born.

"Specialists thought her to be sterile from the massive doses of potent medication."

Christ. She looked slightly uncomfortable and dismissed me for the day. Later she called me back. As I went in to hear the verdict and pay my fine—which was far less than I had anticipated—she smiled and said: "Go and sin no more."

More testing was on the way. In addition to Carol's unstable diabetic condition she developed coccydioidomycosis (San Joaquin Valley Fever), a vicious lung disease. She needed surgery to have most of her left lung removed. It was a touch and go situation and I went to the Lord in earnest prayer. As a fleece I promised God I would not eat until she was safely out of the operating room. For

eight days I only drank water. My mother, who took over at the house, was worried sick, but I was not hungry. The Lord answered that prayer and Carol arrived safely back in her room from surgery. Immediately I became very hungry and ate a huge fried chicken dinner. In my ignorance I did not know this was no way to break a fast but the Lord was good and took care of me once more.

Meanwhile I kept bugging Carol with "sermons" and scriptures. She steadfastly refused to listen or budge. In desperation I finally went to her Lutheran pastor and explained the impossible situation.

"Carol needs to be saved but she won't." I concluded my long list of complaints.

"Paul, what is the fruit of the Spirit?" the pastor asked.

I named them off immediately: "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance."

"And," I added, "Carol does not show one of them!"

"But Paul," he asked quietly, "which ones are you showing her?"

Dumbfounded, I realized I had not shown her anything but aggressive condemnation. Again I asked the Lord to forgive me, and promised: "Lord, I'm just going to love her. No matter what happens, even if she never comes to know you, I'll still love her."

And by His grace I did. Carol immediately sensed a change in me. I had something she didn't have, and it was only a few days later when, all alone, she asked Jesus to take over her life and be her Lord and Saviour. The change in her was not as dramatic as it had been in me but her hunger for the Word and fellowship with other Christians became very strong. We grew closer as a family, sought out other Christians, and joined an active local youth group.

One day as several churches had come together for a high school outreach meeting I was impressed by a young man named Homer. Homer just glowed and never seemed to tire of sharing Jesus with these kids. I still found it quite an effort to openly witness to strangers. As we paused for hot chocolate I shared some of my feelings with Homer. With a broad smile he said: "Brother, what you need is to be baptized in the Holy Spirit!"

Surprised, I asked him what he meant. He pulled out his Bible and showed me verse after verse explaining that the power to witness and live the victorious Christian life comes with the baptism of love and fire in the Holy Spirit. Delighted, I went home, anticipating to receive the gift of God as soon as possible.

It was only a few days later when a local youth pastor, Don Brewer, said to me: "Paul, Dick Mills is going to be in town tomorrow night. God is using him in a wonderful way. Why don't you and Carol go?"

Don knew that just a few days earlier Carol's doctor had diagnosed a deterioration in her eyes. He said there was a

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"FROGTOWN TO FREEDOM"

continued from page 7

kill him. All that stopped me was that I saw a fleeting vision of my mama's face and heard her voice saying as she so often had, "James, God has something for you."

One Sunday I was working in a service station in Pomona when a young black woman named Albertha drove in. She was on her way to church, and needed to have a flat tire repaired. Through a series of succeeding chance meetings at the station, we became acquainted.

Albertha began witnessing to me of the change that Jesus Christ could make in my life. On numerous occasions she invited me to church with her, but in vain. Church just wasn't for me.

Finally, Albertha invited me to go with her to a dinner meeting of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship and I accepted, mostly out of a growing desire to be with her.

There was a special feeling about that first meeting that I still remember. There was a joyful gladness in the singing and testimonies and a radiance upon the faces of the men that spoke of a life of freedom that I had never known.

I still wouldn't go to church, but did continue to attend Fellowship meetings with Albertha. Finally, the influence of these meetings was felt, and one evening, in the quietness of my own home, James Williams—gang leader, cop hater and ex-con—became a new creature in Christ.

Shortly thereafter, on June 9, 1974, during a prayer service in the First Assembly of God in Pomona, California, I received the baptism in the Holy Spirit. This experience has served to deepen and strengthen my spiritual life with each passing day.

James Williams resides in Pomona, California with his wife Albertha and their three children, Eric, Vanessa and Cicero. He is employed by Sears as an office machine repairman. A member of the Pomona First Assembly of God, James is also active in the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship and was a featured speaker at the initial meeting of the new Peace Officers' Chapter in Los Angeles last September.

James has a "Freeway Chapel" (his small, yellow car) and distributes FGBMFI literature to everyone he meets. One of his favorite items is "God and the Lawman," a Fellowship publication containing testimonies of peace officers who have come to know Jesus Christ as Saviour, Baptizer and Healer.

Many certificates of achievement now line the walls of James Williams' study in his comfortable Pomona home. He has received diplomas and certificates from the Sears Extension Institute, Vocational Achievement in Machine Technology from the State of California, Berean School of the Bible, and the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The most cherished of all the many certificates, however, is a "New Birth" Certificate marking the date of his conversion to Jesus Christ. It reads, "James Williams—born again by the Spirit of God."

One of the FGBMFI meetings I attended after my conversion featured Robert Boaz of the El Segundo Police Department as guest speaker. The love and reality radiated by this man as he

Please turn to page 26

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REVELATION

continued from page 3

month old son, and that everything would be all right with them.

After every possible test and no firm conclusion, I was discharged from the hospital with the idea that exploratory surgery would be necessary.

At home my condition continued to deteriorate. The doctors insisted on surgery but I wanted to try every possible solution before taking that step. I finally submitted to a radioactive test, was given a shot of radiation, and for two days was "radioactively hot" and could not come in contact with my son. When the test was performed, it was diagnosed that a foreign matter was present in my body.

Again the doctors recommended surgery, but I felt I could not stand another operation. A second radioactive test revealed that I did indeed have a foreign matter in my liver area. This was alarming news. Two years before this my wife's father had died of liver cancer within two months after his case had been diagnosed.

I still had the faith to believe Jesus when He said everything would be all right, but I was in the dark as to the exact interpretation of that promise. I had prayed at my son's birth that God would allow me to at least live long enough to raise him in a Christian home. Now I began to pray that God would at least allow me to live to see my son enjoy his first Christmas, to see him celebrate his first birthday.

I found it hard to submit to another operation. My mother and my wife could not accept the doctors' findings, and Mother pleaded with me to visit her brother, a surgeon in another state. I did not have the energy to travel but realized that it was either see him or consent to surgery.

My uncle did not examine me, but, after reviewing all my charts and X-rays, diagnosed my condition as a severe lung infection. He gave me a prescription and told me I should be much improved within two weeks. I left Alabama feeling like a condemned man who had just been pardoned.

I told the other five doctors his thoughts and they quickly rejected them as sheer nonsense. Finally the one doctor I trusted the most suggested that I might as well wait the two weeks, for if my condition was as bad as they thought, two weeks would not matter that much one way or the other.

Two weeks later I was free from my high fever, my appetite was impossible to satisfy, and my strength was returning. Three months later I consulted the original doctor who had refused to accept my uncle's findings. He was forced to admit that whatever I had went away as mysteriously as it had come!

I do not know if I had cancer. I only know that today I'm in perfect health. I *do* know that many prayers were uttered across this land for me. I *do* know that my experience with Jesus was real, and as the Psalmist wrote, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and saved him from all his troubles." ■

"WHAT HAPPENED?"

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in my seat, anxious to see what was going on. Many people came forward and several were baptized in the Spirit, including my eldest daughter.

I went home that night full of many questions. The next day, as I read the Bible it was as if God Himself directed me to certain passages. Almost every scripture I read was about the Holy Spirit and all my many questions were answered. I then began seeking the Baptism, and received it last March at the Full Gospel Business Men's chapter meeting in Duncan, Oklahoma.

God has given me many opportunities to serve Him, not only in my church and on the job but also as a member of the Chickasha, Oklahoma chapter of the Fellowship, for which I thank Him unceasingly. ■

"FROGTOWN TO FREEDOM"

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gave his testimony drew me to him immediately. I told Albertha, "I've got to meet that guy!"

"James," she said hesitantly, "he is a cop."

I turned and looked at Albertha, then I looked back at Bob Boaz. Suddenly, I really comprehended what a miraculous "new birth" I had experienced in Jesus Christ. No longer was there hatred, bitterness and distrust in my heart. I could look at that cop and really *love* him.

I recently had occasion to return to Frogtown, back where it all had started so many years ago. I returned to bury my mama, Anna Capers, who had lived to be 100 years old.

How different Frogtown looked through my "new eyes." There was a spirit about Frogtown, all right, but not the spirit of the streets, the gang unity and toughness that I remembered and took pride in as a youngster. It was a spirit of lust, greed and the hopelessness of sin that I saw now.

There was no way my old friends in Frogtown could understand the new, Bible-carrying James Williams. I'm not the same man that prided himself in beating up cops on the streets of Savannah. I'm not the guy that went from woman to woman as fast as I went from bar to bar. The old James Williams has died.

The sun was sinking and shadows closing in as I left Frogtown for the last time. My eyes wandered over its rutted roads and dingy buildings. By the grace of God I had come from this place—from the depths of human misery and sin to the heights of peace, joy and love in Jesus Christ.

By the grace of God I had come from Frogtown to Freedom! ■

EDITOR'S NOTE: James Williams' complete testimony will be published in a forthcoming book by Vision Publications, San Diego.

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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: "Dear God, I am convinced by Your 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 be His help, confess Him before men."

When you have made this greatest of all decisions, please let us know so that we may send you a booklet, NOW THAT YOU'VE RECEIVED CHRIST.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____

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

Dateline: Fellowship Highlights

CHAPTERS' JOINT EFFORT AIRS 'GOOD NEWS AMERICA'

DAYTON, OHIO—Five Ohio chapters saw wonderful results when they joined together to bring *Good News America* to their communities, reports Dayton GOOD NEWS committee chairman Loren Minnick and field representative Carl Milbrandt.

Seven phones had been set up in the TV studio to answer viewers' calls during the Dec. 16 broadcast over WKEF, Dayton. All lines lit up whenever the phone number appeared on the screen and, in all, 123 callers talked to the volunteer counselors. Of these callers, a dozen accepted Jesus as Lord and Saviour. Many people asked where they could attend a Fellowship meeting.

This *Good News America* is a half-hour version of the Fellowship's original one-hour special which was telecast across the U.S. in fall 1975. Oral Roberts, Kathryn Kuhlman and Demos Shakarian are featured.

The cooperating chapters were Dayton, Preble County, Middletown, Springfield and Sidney.

God moving in Oklahoma government

OKLAHOMA CITY—God is moving mightily within the Oklahoma state government, reports Bill R. Weaver, president of the Fellowship chapter here. A state senator and judge have been recently baptized in the Holy Spirit. A prayer and praise breakfast was attended by the governor, the attorney general, judges, senators and representatives. Other doors are opening for ministry by Fellowship members. "So many seeds were planted and have since been watered that a bountiful harvest is inevitable," Weaver writes. "Of course, only God knows the true size of the harvest, but by all appearances, it will be a whopper."

Powerful start for New York chapter

CHAMPLAIN VALLEY, NY—When the new Fellowship chapter met here in November to receive their charter, "there was an unusually powerful manifestation of the presence of the Lord," writes Fred Lawrence, international director from Homer, New York. Forty people accepted Jesus as their Saviour that night, and a local district attorney's wife, suffering from advanced multiple sclerosis, received an amazing healing.

God Answers Prayer!

WE WANT TO PRAY WITH YOU

Dear Friend,

I want to share part of a letter which thrilled my heart when I received it:

"I have been an alcoholic for nearly 20 years and have tried everything to quit drinking. I've had several serious auto accidents from drunken driving and I attempted suicide. Three weeks before last year's FGBMFI advance in our area, I had my last drink and prayed desperately that God would help me. . . .

"At the advance, the evening you prayed over so many of us, I had gone back to my room to be alone and talk to Jesus. Then, from separate areas of the building, two of my friends entered my room at the same moment to pray for me. Finally, you prayed with me, and since that time I have had no compulsion or obsession for alcohol."

I don't have a special gift of healing, but when believers join together in prayer, God answers! He'll answer your prayer, just as he answered the man who wrote the letter above.

I invite you to share your needs with me so that we at the International Headquarters can pray for you. Address your letter to me at FGBMFI, P.O. Box 5050, Costa Mesa, CA 92626. I am looking forward to hearing from you.

"If two of you agree on earth about anything they ask, it will be done for them by my Father in heaven."
—Matthew 18-19

In His service,

Demos Shakarian,
International
President

THE BAD NEWS FIRST

continued from page 22

good chance Carol would be blind within a year, and if this deterioration would spread to other organs in her body she might have only two years to live. Our new-found faith in God really shielded us from this disastrous news. We immediately decided to go to this meeting and ask for prayer.

It so happened Fr. Michael Gaydos, whom the Lord had healed of a serious eye problem, was also at this meeting. Fascinated we listened as scriptures on salvation, the baptism in the Holy Spirit and healing were expounded by these two outstanding men of God. At the close Dick Mills gave us some powerful and meaningful Bible verses, then we approached Fr. Gaydos for prayer for Carol's eyes. Looking at me he said: "Have you been baptized in the Holy Spirit?"

I said I wasn't but wanted to. He gently placed his hands on my head and asked the Father to fill me with His Spirit. The glory of the Lord just enveloped me. Both my hands went up in the air. I started to cry and worship the Lord—soon changing into a heavenly language. I could have stayed there forever, but time went on and after earnest prayer for Carol's health we finally went home.

Although there was no noticeable improvement in Carol's eyesight, she adjusted beautifully and took classes for the blind. As the years went by her general health remained stable, which was a miracle. Joey and Jill grew up and became more self-sufficient. At times I sensed an unrest in my wife, a feeling of not being needed as much as before. She confided that she had asked the Lord for a special ministry—just for her.

Several weeks later, during a routine examination, it was found that Carol was pregnant again. Since after her lung surgery all specialists had thought her to be sterile from the massive doses of potent medication, the news of her pregnancy came as a complete surprise. It was a super miracle of the Lord in answer to her prayer for a special ministry. She was strongly advised to have a therapeutic abortion as her diabetes and valley fever could flare up any time and prove to be fatal. In any event the successful birth of a full term, healthy infant was extremely remote.

After earnest prayer, however, we decided to ignore this advice and trust the Lord for a successful outcome of the situation. Prayer chains were started all over the area. Frequent hospitalizations were necessary, but in spite of all predictions, everything progressed naturally. Seven and a half months later Carol delivered a beautiful, healthy little girl, Jenna Joy—our miracle baby!

Our God is still in charge of every detail of our lives. He is faithful and will do exceedingly, abundantly beyond all we ask. Our family of five is now closer than ever before—partly because of Carol's blindness. We're still growing in grace and in our love for a great and loving and compassionate Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ! ■

GOD'S GREATEST NEED

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

IN OUR GENERATION we have seen more breakthroughs than at any other time in world history. By means of telephone, television and telstar we can now send messages to any part of the world in a matter of seconds. We've walked on the moon, landed machines on Mars, and sent pictures back through space from millions of miles away.

Man's ingenuity is fulfilling the scripture in Daniel 12:4, that "in the time of the end . . . knowledge shall be increased."

Running parallel to these tremendous scientific advances are spiritual breakthroughs such as the world has never known. We are seeing the beginnings of a deluge of God's power—a spiritual flood that is destined to revitalize His people. The church started with great power and it is going to be translated in even greater power. Many today are realizing that man's greatest need is God.

On the other hand, there are those who are beginning to realize that God's greatest need is man. God made this world and everything in it. He created the animals, fish and fowls. But the highest order of His creation, man, He made in His own image, in His likeness, for fellowship and communion.

God made us because He needed us.

When God placed Adam and Eve on this earth, they sinned and brought the curse of death upon themselves and upon us, their progeny. We were not made to die. We were made to walk and talk with the Father. But through Adam and Eve's transgression, "all have

sinned and come short of the glory of God."

Then Jesus came, and by His sacrificial death reconciled us to the Father. I wonder if we appreciate the tremendous privilege accorded us. To think that God in the person of Jesus came to reveal Himself to man, and then in the power of the Holy Spirit came to dwell within us.

The Holy Spirit is a person. When we are born again, He begins in us His saving power. Then, if we allow Him to, He comes upon us and goes with us in full power and understanding. Our finite minds cannot possibly grasp this, but in reality we are growing as the Teacher teaches within us. Thus we continue to mature. I believe that knowledge has always been there, because the Spirit has all-knowledge, but the extent of our maturity is dependent upon how fast we allow that knowledge to grow within us.

The main thing is for us to keep in the center of God's will. And God's will for every Christian is that he be a soul-winner.

Man needs God; we cannot get along without Him. But God also needs man; He needs you. Walk softly before Him in these perilous days. We are indeed "the happiest people on earth," but never forget that the Christian walk is serious business—very serious business—and that true happiness comes only from an inner peace and joy the world cannot know outside of Jesus Christ.

That is the message we are commissioned to tell. Man needs God. But God needs man, too. He needs him as an instrument through which He may receive honor, and glory, and praise, both now and forevermore. Are you that kind of instrument? ■

FULL GOSPEL BUSINESS MEN'S CHAPTER OUTREACH

As this issue was prepared for publication, the following chapters were submitted as having been recently chartered. Hopefully, one is in YOUR area! The president's name and telephone number has been included in this list for your information.

ALABAMA: Bay Minette, Jim May (205) 937-8041; **ARKANSAS: Bella Vista** (Benton County Chapter), Larry Collins (501) 855-3089; **CALIFORNIA: Los Angeles** (Peace Officers' Chapter), Robert Boaz (213) 322-1921; **FLORIDA: Apalachicola** (Franklin County Chapter), Olen Leatherwood (904) 653-8153; **Live Oak** (Suwannee River Chapter), C.S. Phillips, Jr. (904) 362-6526; **GEORGIA: Bainbridge,** H.B. Jackson (912) 246-2733; **Forest Park** (Tara Chapter), Herman Mason (404) 363-0002; **IOWA: Clinton,** James Murphy, Jr. (319) 242-3576; **KANSAS: Manhattan,** Stanley Hoerman (913) 537-1940; **LOUISIANA: West Bank** (Gretna Chapter), Frank A. Van (504) 394-2437; **MINNESOTA: Faribault,** Wallace Greene (507) 332-7678; **Moorhead** (see North Dakota, Fargo); **Princeton,** G. Edward Schramm (612) 983-6989; **Little Falls,** Maynard Estes (612) 749-2042; **MISSISSIPPI: Pascagoula,** Gerard Van Duijvendijk (601) 475-7913; **MISSOURI: Mountain Grove,** James Omer Wade (417) 926-4345; **NEW JERSEY: Elizabeth,** Douglas Johnson (201) 337-8419; **NEW YORK: Gates-Chili,** Edward S. Huber (716) 247-5529; **Watkins Glen,** Peter Campo (607) 582-6258; **NORTH DAKOTA: Fargo-Moorehead Chapter,** Henry Grosskreutz (701) 237-4448; **SOUTH CAROLINA: Mullins** (Tri-City Chapter), Malcolm H. McMillan (803) 464-9728; **TEXAS: Bay City,** Otha Caldwell (713) 245-8106.

AUSTRALIA: Gympie, Queensland. Cyril Hooper (07) 266-4916 (National Office phone).

A FAITH THAT WORKS

The First in a New Series: "Victorious Living"

by DR. MICHAEL ESSES

Dr. Esses, who refers to himself as a "Completed Jew," currently serves as Dean of Melodyland School of the Bible, and Professor of Biblical Hebrew at Melodyland School of Theology. This article is a condensation of a teaching message given at a Full Gospel Business Men's Institute for Christian Living in Anaheim, California.

HEBREWS 11:6 says, "Without faith it is impossible to please (God)." And it is in the very act of *having* faith in God that He is not only pleased, but we receive His marvelous blessings as well.

What is faith?

Faith is taking the future and bringing it into the now. It is tasting that which we cannot see, and yet seeing it with the eyes of our minds. Faith in the truest sense of the word is a reliance as simple as possible upon the Word. And who is the Word? The Apostle John tells us that the Word is Jesus (John 1:1-18).

So we see that faith is a simple reliance upon the Living Word, Jesus Christ, upon His power and love, and upon His written Word, the Holy Scriptures.

What exactly does faith do in our lives? Faith adjusts us to the living, merciful presence and action of God, who is in every way trustworthy. Faith makes an adjustment in our lives so that we can trust God in all things.

Furthermore, faith is our side of union with Jesus Christ, and it is our means of possessing all of His *benefits*. It is our means of possessing all of His *pardon*. It is our means of possessing all of His *justification*. It is our means of possessing all of His *purification*. It is our means of possessing all of His *peace* and all of His *glory*. It is our means of possessing all of His *promises*.

Let us look at the words of Jesus in Mark 11:22-25. The apostles were astounded at the withering of the fig tree, but Jesus' explanation of the occurrence was simple. "Have faith in God. For verily I say unto you, That whosoever shall say unto this mountain, Be thou

removed, and be thou cast into the sea; and shall not doubt in his heart, but shall believe that those things which he saith shall come to pass; he shall have whatsoever he saith. Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses."

There is much we can learn from these four verses, and first of all we need to ask the question, "How are we to have faith in God?" Every now and then, or only when the Spirit of God moves us?" Neither one! Yet isn't that the way we sometimes rewrite the Bible? We have faith *some days* but not others. We have faith for *some things* but not others. But when Jesus says to have faith in God He means to have faith in God *constantly.*

Secondly, Jesus says that if anyone tells a mountain to be removed and does not doubt in his heart, but believes that which he says will take place, *it will be done for him.* If the people of Israel had stopped at the Red Sea (Exodus 14), where would they be today? *At the Red Sea.* All four and one-half million of them. But they took God at His word and *by faith in Him,* crossed on dry land as God miraculously held back a wall of water on either side.

Let's note again what Jesus is saying to us. He says that our mountains are going to move IF we believe that they will. Unfortunately, IF can sometimes be an incredibly big word. Jesus says "if" we believe, and we answer Him with a "but." And we become shut out of His promises.

But Jesus says that whatsoever you ask in prayer, believe God for it, and be confident that it has already been given to you. Suppose someone gave you a check for $1000. If you kept it in your pocket would you have the money? Of course not. Until you go to the bank and cash it it is just a piece of paper. But when you act on your belief that the check is good you have received the thousand dollars.

So it is with faith. Jesus says to go and cash your check of faith right now. All the promises in the Bible are just words written on paper until we act on them.

Jesus warns us, however, that there can be an obstacle to receiving His promises. He says that when you are praying, if you have anything against anyone, *forgive him.* Some Christians love to hold grudges and resentments. But Jesus says that unless we forgive others God cannot forgive us. And an unforgiving spirit is often the dam which holds back a flow of blessings from the hand of God.

Let's start believing God. And let's start forgiving others. God really does want to pour His blessings out upon us. When we forgive, and when we believe every word that Jesus has told us, that is when we open ourselves up to receiving all that He so lovingly wants to give us. ■

The Full Gospel Business Men's

WORLD CONVENTION
July 3-9, 1977
Conrad Hilton Hotel
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Henry Carlson

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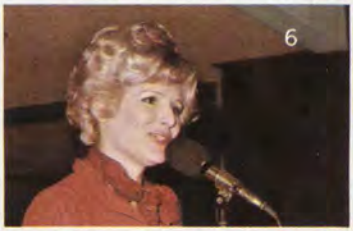
HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA
October 28-30, 1976

THE SETTING

1. Wm. Abercrombie, FGBMFI director in Birmingham, was convention chairman. **2. Forrest Arnould,** co-chairman and Huntsville chapter president, welcomed conventioners to his city. **3. Joe Davis,** mayor, extended best wishes on behalf of his political colleagues. **4. Howard Conatser,** pastor of Beverly Hills Baptist Church, Dallas, was a main speaker in both conventions, Huntsville and Nashville. **5. Archie Dennis,** Jr. (r) and pianist **Henry Davis** contributed much to the inspiration of the meetings. **6. Gene Evans,** Gadsden CPA and FGBMFI director, reported God's blessings upon the Gadsden chapter, of which he is president. **7. Don Tucker,** Jasper banker and president of that city's chapter, spoke of "the riches of God in Christ Jesus." **8. Fran Harrison** (l) minister of education of Evangel Temple, Montgomery, was Ladies' Luncheon speaker. Introducing her is **June Evans. 9. Don Arnold,** former Southern Baptist pastor, now pastors an independent charismatic church in Gadsden. **10. Audience response** to altar invitations was gratifying. **11. Bill Basansky,** former ORU professor, is now engaged in full time lay evangelism. He also was a main speaker in the Nashville convention.

WAS SOUTHERN NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE November 10-13, 1976



1. Hoyt Elliott, FGBMFI director in Nashville, was convention chairman. **2. Bill Sharp,** pastor-founder of Las Vegas Christian Center, was a main speaker. **3. Fred Price,** pastor of Crenshaw Christian Center, Inglewood, California, conducted daily faith seminars. **4. Joan Gieson,** who with her husband has held miracle services throughout the United States, was Ladies' Luncheon speaker. **5. Earl Prickett,** FGBMFI vice president, was banquet speaker. He is owner of Pittco, an industrial tank cleaning corporation, and is a specialist in pollution control. **6. Nancy Sharp** stirred audiences with her inspired singing. **7. Woodrow ("Woody") Smith,** FGBMFI director from Pensacola, Florida sang his own composition, "Rocks and Sand," to the delight of conventioners. **8. Houston Turner,** executive vice president of Hartmann Luggage, Lebanon, Tennessee, was born again while watching the Fellowship's GOOD NEWS TV program. **9. Higher Ground** trio blended beautiful harmonies to help make the convention a musical as well as a spiritual treat. **10. Peter Park,** Korean national evangelist, reported on current move of the Holy Spirit in his country.

Conventions

HOUSTON, TEXAS
April 6-9, 1977
Shamrock Hilton Hotel
Ralph Littlejohn/Virgil Mott/Glen Norwood, Chmn.
P.O. Box 53402, Houston, TX 77052

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA
April 7-9, 1977
Holiday Inn, City Line Ave.
Earl Prickett/Ralph Marinacci, Chmn.
735 N. Hurffville Rd., Deptford, N.J. 08096

PIEDMONT, NORTH CAROLINA
April 21-23, 1977
Convention Center, Winston-Salem
Ogburn Yates, Chairman
P.O. Box 100, Asheboro, N.C. 27203

WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA
April 21-23, 1977
Genetti Lycoming Hotel
John S. Coran II/Dr. Jack Herd, Chmn.
Box 142, Williamsport, PA 17701

CHICAGO WORLD CONVENTION
July 3-9, 1977
Conrad Hilton Hotel
Demos Shakarian/Henry Carlson, Chmn.
564 W. Fulton, Chicago, IL 60606

HONOLULU, HAWAII
July 10-17, 1977
Sheraton-Waikiki Hotel
Blaine Amburgy/Robert Kitchen, Chmn.
P.O. Box 17791, Irvine CA 92714

INSTITUTES FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING (ICL) schedule for April and May:

INSTITUTE FOR CHRISTIAN LIVING schedule for April/May 1977. APRIL: New York City, N.Y., March 31–April 2; Anaheim California, 7–9; Schenectady, New York, 15–16; New Orleans, Louisiana, 15–16; Nashville, Tennessee, 22–23; Madison, Wisconsin, 22–23. **MAY:** Kansas City, Missouri, 5–7; San Antonio, Texas, 13–14; San Diego, California, 20–21.

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