

Full Gospel Business Men's

01-88

VOICE

Demos Shakarian



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It's 1988!

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Will God

Demos Shakarian
Downey, California



Provide?

The birth of a brand new year is, for many people, a time to look back at the way things have been in the past—then to look forward with a resolution for the future. This January, I'm looking back and looking forward too—but with a twist. As I look back on my life and the life of this ministry, I see years of effort invested in the work of the Holy Spirit. As I look forward, I see the great blessings that God is preparing to rain down on His people!

I know this is the way God works. I know because this is the way He's worked in my life time and time again.

One outstanding example was when Norman Frost called me on the phone and asked me to come and pray for his grandson, Sam. Norman had always been a good friend. Even though we had

been competitors in the dairy business and had once fought each other on the milk routes, our hearts were as brothers. I told Norman, "Of course I'll come pray."

Rose and I left right away and drove the twenty-some miles to the Children's Hospital of Orange County. Sam was 13 years old and was afflicted with Reye's Syndrome—which causes the brain to swell dangerously inside the skull. Doctors didn't expect him to live through the night.

As soon as we walked into the hospital room my heart went out to this boy. He was screaming and rolling on his bed in excruciating pain. While we were standing there, the nurses had to strap him down by his hands and feet so he wouldn't hurt himself.

I reached out to touch his face, but his head jerked so violently that I couldn't

"As I look back . . . I see years of effort invested in the work of the Holy Spirit. As I look forward, I see the great blessings that God is preparing to rain down on His people!"

keep my hand there. I finally tapped his forehead lightly as he tossed and screamed—and he suddenly relaxed. He quit struggling. With tears in my eyes, I put my hand on his head and began to pray.

"Dear Jesus, please Lord, touch this Reye's Syndrome. Reduce the pressure. Heal this affliction, and let Sam be normal. In Jesus' name." With that, young Sam drifted off to sleep. The next morning, he awoke free from pain and was completely healed. Any possibilities of permanent damage from the stress on his brain were ruled out when, a few years later, Sam went on to be a straight A university student and a computer wiz.

I don't know who received the greatest blessing from that miracle—Sam, Norm Frost or myself. But I do know that 25 years earlier God asked me to do something of a different nature, something that didn't reap such immediate rewards.

When God asked me to start this Fellowship He even gave us the name—Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International. There was a touch of irony in calling an organization "in-

ternational" when you could count the members on one hand and still have four fingers left over. People laughed at me—even some of my Christian friends didn't understand. "What do you want to go and do that for?" they quizzed when I told them of my burden. No one could see what I was feeling in my spirit—but I had to go on in the face of their disbelief. It was like a fire in the marrow of my bones. When God burns there, you've got to move.

So I moved. Despite scorn. In the face of persecution. Tears, heartaches and struggles marked the birth of the Fellowship.

What's more, I was very young then, and not really established in business. Financially, there were a lot of tough times. And there were no real guarantees that my efforts would ever make a difference in anyone's life. But I didn't tell God, "I'll serve You after I get established. Wait 'till I make my first million, then I'll do what You want me to do." When God said, "Turn left," I turned left. When He said, "Now," I said, "Yes, Lord!"

Today there are four thousand FGBMFI chapters in 93 countries, but thirty-five years ago I began in a desert.

There have been many deserts in my life.

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As a young man I often spent more time trying to build the Fellowship than building my dairy business. As a result, sometimes my company seemed to suffer. But even during the dry years I tried to do whatever I felt God was asking me to do. As a result, God has always seemed to bless me.

Like the time He led me to buy land in Fontana.

I'd just returned home from a weekend of Fellowship-related meetings in New York. That Sunday night I announced to Rose: "Tomorrow's Monday, and I'm not going to work at the Fellowship, nor at the dairy. God's put something on my heart that He wants me to do."

The next morning I drove the eighty-or-so miles to Fontana to look at land. I didn't have the money to buy any land, but when I got there I found farmers who were experiencing hard times and who were willing to sell their land for almost anything I could promise.

So, with only a small, borrowed down payment and years to pay back my debt, I walked away owning 270 acres. It seemed like a risky move at the time—but I knew that I'd just done something God wanted me to do. I didn't know what He had in mind for that land. But then, my job wasn't to know, but simply to do.

That simple act of obedience made it possible for God, years later, to meet a critical need I faced.

A few years ago, I found myself recovering from my stroke and—to put it



*The Reliance Dairy's "Chief Driver"—
Demos Shakarian.*

bluntly—running low on money. The land I bought in Fontana had recently proved to be in the middle of one of the fastest growing regions in the U.S.—praise God! So when a church offered to pay me a larger sum for a chunk of the property, I thought my worries were over. But that land wasn't zoned for churches, and every indication was that the city leaders weren't too interested in rezoning that property to make my sale possible.

I found myself sitting in a city council meeting—along with 300 or so members of the church that wanted to buy my land—listening to neighbors complain why they didn't want my land going to a church. And the councilmen were listening! Rose put her hand gently on my

knee and whispered, "Honey, I hope you don't feel too bad if we don't get the rezoning." But I was already feeling bad—I knew I needed a miracle.

"Let's pray!" Rose whispered and she and I bowed our heads together in the middle of the meeting. "God, change this business!" I pleaded. "Do something to change their hearts! I need help!"

Just then a commotion stirred the chambers. People were whispering. The mayor cleared his throat to make some announcement from the podium. Everyone had to evacuate the building. There was a bomb scare.

We were quickly ushered out of the chambers. Rose and I were among the last to leave—or so I thought until one of the five councilmen deciding on our case caught up with me in the hallway. "Oh,



Demos and Rose Shakarian become one in service to God's calling on their lives.

A Tribute to Rose Shakarian

As we approach 1988, Rose Shakarian marvels at the adventures, joys, trials and faithfulness of God which she has experienced during the past 35 years.

Not only has she shared Demos' burden for the Fellowship and ministered beside him throughout the world, she also has a speaking and teaching ministry to women, encouraging them in their commitments to God and to their husbands. Rose has even helped compile a teaching manual available to wives of



Rose Shakarian

Brother Shakarian!" he cried. "You don't know me, but I'm a member of the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship!" He held out his card for me to take.

I looked at the card, then addressed him by name. "Has the Fellowship blessed you?" I asked.

"Oh yes!"

"Well, you can bless me tonight!"

Just then a second councilman joined us on his way out of the building. "Mr. Shakarian," he said, "I remember when you spoke in Rialto 30 years ago. I was there."

"You still remember that night?" I asked. "Were you blessed?"

"I sure was."

"Then bless me tonight!"

Within half an hour the bomb scare ended and the hearings resumed. "Who

is for this zone change?" someone called from the podium. I stood up.

"Council members, Your Honor, mayor," I cleared my throat. "I want to tell you why this land needs to be rezoned for this church. I've had a stroke. I'm running low on money. I've been praying to God, saying, 'Oh God, help me!' And now He's trying to help me. Don't you stop Him!"

By this time, the 300 church members behind me sounded like the cheering section at a football rally. They clapped and rooted as I explained my situation to that roomful of people—and to the entire Fontana community watching the hearings on their televisions via cable. I told them that God had never failed to provide for me in times of need . . . and I knew He wanted to meet this need through them today.

FGBMFI members through women's seminars at selected conventions.

This manual includes sections on believing in your husband's ministry; unity between husband and wife; and leading another person to salvation or to the baptism in the Holy Spirit.

Standing on the threshold of a new year, Rose believes that 1988 can be a landmark for spiritual growth in today's families. She says, "Men and women are realizing that the world's way does not satisfy. An increasing number of families are no longer content to just attend church once or twice a week. They want to learn to live for God 24 hours a day."

This past year, 600 Christian leaders across the nation named Rose as 1987 Christian Woman of the Year. Carolyn Evans, who co-founded the award in 1980 with her husband, evangelist Mike Evans said, "We wanted to recognize Rose Shakarian for her godly character and leadership, as well as for her years of service beside her husband and in behalf of FGBMFI."

Approaching the New Year Rose says, "My New Year's prayer for each one of our Full Gospel families is that 1988 will be your year to grow in God's love and to find yourself totally immersed in His fullest desires for your lives."

I could have ended with an altar call—I felt the anointing of the Holy Spirit so richly on that meeting. A few minutes later, the five councilmen voted. A panel of lights stood ready to glow with the result—each green light meant a councilman had voted “Yes! Go!” A red light meant tough luck! A moment later that panel lit up with five green lights.

Praise God! The waters of blessing flowed again just when I needed them. And I know it was because I'd never hesitated to put God's business before my business, or to follow His leading even when—to the world—it didn't seem to make much sense.

One day I met a man who said, “That's fine if ‘religion’ works for you, but I'm not even sure there is a God.” I know many other men who have felt the same way.

One of my favorite stories from the Bible is found in 2 Kings chapter 3. And it says something to Christians as well as to men who don't know God or who are still debating whether or not to step out in faith—men who would like to believe that there is a good God who has a plan for their life—but can't see any signs of Him in their lives at the moment!

Second Kings tells the story of the Israeli army as they're marching across the wilderness. Men and horses are entering enemy territory. . . facing war. . . and they run out of water. They need water more than anything else. Otherwise they're going to die.

The prophet Elisha gets a word from



World traveler and guest of dignitaries, Demos still loves the outdoors.

God. He tells these fighting men to start digging trenches. Everywhere. Deep trenches. He says there will be no wind or rain, but that God will fill these holes with water.

I can imagine more than one soldier cringing at humbling himself to dig a ditch! Besides, it's hot. Dusty. They're thirsty. And there's not a cloud in the sky or any other sign of water. Would their efforts pay off? Or were they wasting valuable energy?

Around dawn there is a noise. Could it be. . . yes! The sound of rushing water! An entire army of thirsty men stare as water cascades across the trench-filled land, flowing from the direction of the enemy camp. And a little later that morn-

ing, the enemy soldiers look out across the wilderness and think they see pools of blood. "The Israelites have fought and killed each other!" they laugh, then walk unsuspecting into the Israeli camp where God's army is not only very much alive, but refreshed from drinking their fill of the water God sent them. You can guess who won that battle!

When we labor to give birth to a new

*Presidents greet one another—
Demos Shakarian, FGBMFI President and
Ronald Reagan, President of
the United States.*



*To Demos Shakarian
With appreciation and best wishes,*

Ronald Reagan

ministry...when we follow God's leading in our business...when we spend time in God's word...or when we take our first bold step in faith...we are digging ditches. And God will fill those ditches. It

may not look that way when we're clutching the shovel with blistered hands and the sharp ache in our backs feels terminal. But God never forgets what we do in His name.

I sense in my spirit that the coming 12 months will bring rushing waters of blessings in my personal life, in the life of this ministry, and in the lives of all the members of Full Gospel who have worked so diligently alongside me in the name of Jesus. Sometimes we've labored under an empty sky, and we've labored when the winds seemed dead. But God is getting ready to honor that labor with an outpouring of His Holy Spirit like we've never seen before. Like a flood on a thirsty land!

My prayer for you is that God will fill your ditches. And if you haven't been digging any...if you haven't been living your life for Jesus Christ, well...you can start today by asking Him to be the Lord of your life. Make the start of this new year the start of a new life!

Praise God for 1988! As we simply do what God calls us to do...as we walk respectfully before Him...as we try to honor Him in whatever we do...the blessings will be there when we need them. God always provides. God never forgets the things we do for Him because we love Him. He never forgets the tears or the struggles when we fight to do something He's asked us to do.

And He never forgets the desert times, because all along He's looking forward to the time when He'll flood us with blessings for our obedience. ☐

For years, Burt Webber labored to strike it rich on the bottom of the ocean. However, his most ambitious endeavor was to discover "The Concepcion," the richest treasure ship ever to set sail out of Spain.

One night in 1641, "The Concepcion" sank somewhere in the coral wilderness off the coast of the Dominican Republic. In her grave, buried beneath three centuries of accumulated coral, were tons of silver, gold and jewels worth at least \$200 million.

Where many of the world's most renowned explorers had failed, Burt won. He was the one who finally discovered "The Concepcion," becoming an international celebrity "overnight." It was a dream come true...but was it, really?

I began life with some real handicaps. Allergies, asthma, you name it, I had it. Those gave me real challenges to overcome. I was always sort of a "hyper" individual. Because of these handicaps I was always trying to outdo the other kids.

I began to swim at the age of 5. There was a stream across from our home. I always had dreams of diving below the surface and exploring the bottom of the creek bed even at that early age. I had visions of someday setting out and exploring beneath the ocean for sunken ships.

My life in adolescence and right into young adulthood was an adventure. I loved the quest of adventure — hiking, swimming. I started diving at the age of 16. I overcame the handicaps that I had with the allergies and the asthma and

Where does your Treasure lie?

Burt Webber, Jr.
Rehlersburg, Pennsylvania

*Inset: Chinese porcelains and
Spanish mejolica recovered from
"The Concepcion."*



started to grow out of those things. My childhood dream of becoming a professional diver involved entering the United States Navy, possibly qualifying for U.T.D. or submarine service. But because of the allergy background I knew I wouldn't get the specialized hazardous duty programs that I was interested in. Therefore, I chose to attend a divers' training academy in Miami, Florida.

From that time on for the next 24 years, I had a single purpose. I had an objective and I was obsessed with that objective. I was determined to achieve what no other man had done. Unfortunately, at the time I didn't realize that I was really driving through walls. Whether I had to go over them, through them, or around them, I was going to do what I had to do to achieve my goal . . . my way.

I spent years studying about the Spanish Colonial Empire in the Americas and the treasure fleets that sailed to and from the New World.

After graduating from the divers' training academy in Miami, Florida I participated in my first historic shipwreck expedition, venturing to a reef 70 miles southwest of Jamaica. We worked a Spanish merchant ship that sank in or about the 1740's or 50's, and I was hooked, I just loved it. I was spending 8-12 hours a day on the bottom, working in 28 feet of water. At this point my objectives were really not money. I loved the adventure, the excitement, and the challenge that nature itself presented to me.

I also experienced some extraordinary things. For example, in 1960, during our training in Miami, things were hot and

heavy with Castro. Four of us decided to go to the Florida Keys to do some weekend diving. We saw a beautiful Key and said, "That looks nice." We got into our equipment and swam out to the Key under water. When we came up on the other side we realized that we were in real trouble because we had bad air. We were suffering from carbon monoxide



Burt Webber, left, and an assistant study a reef mosaic.

poisoning and couldn't go back the way we came. So we surfaced in black rubber suits with knives strapped on. We looked like commandos.

We came ashore to a hotel that had been abandoned because of a recent hurricane. We saw some cabanas along the beach front and thought we would investigate and let our headaches wear off from this bad air. However, we were apprehended by a submachine-gun-towing soldier in khaki's and told to raise our hands! We were then taken to a guard-

house and presented to a bilingual captain. He asked us what we were doing in these frog men suits out on this Key. He said, "You are very lucky because this man is going to be disciplined. The guards had orders to shoot first and ask questions later." We had accidentally stumbled into a CIA training camp! It could have been the end of us but I looked at that as a stroke of "luck".

Through the years I had many "close calls," but I never looked at these things in a divine way. I would just say, "Burt Webber is carrying a lucky charm." You know, a soldier can go into combat and meets what he has to meet. He's trained for whatever ordeal that he has to face. Some die and some live, and those that come back are very grateful that they never have to see that kind of experience again. But after one ordeal, I'd go into another, looking forward to the second, third, and fourth time, counting on my self-assured invincibility.

I've always known from the way I was brought up that there was a God. I believed in Jesus Christ, but I didn't have any relationship with Christ or His people. I was too busy pursuing my ambitions, my goals, running a hundred miles an hour trying to achieve the special ambition that I had in my mind.

I participated in many historical shipwreck expeditions. When I realized that research had to be done in the archives of Europe, I organized a specialized research team in Seville, Spain. By this time I was married and had four children, but it was the kind of a life of a military man who is never at home. I was always supportive of my family and my paychecks were always

sent home. But many times, between expeditions, there was no money. I worked and my wife worked and we always found a way for handling the trials and ordeals of life. But always there was another venture, always another quest...always another goodbye.

After researching in Spain, I came up against three ships that were great challenges to me. The first one took about seven years of my life, but someone else beat me to the treasure. Then the same thing happened to the second ship!

Then Jack Haskins, my researcher, came to me and said, "Burt, we ought to try for the Phips Galleon (formerly known as The N.S. Concepcion). I've been researching 'The Concepcion'. It lies off the north coast of the Dominican Republic." I said, "Yes, but why do you want to do that?" Everyone knew about that ship. It was found by an American named William Phips in 1687 and all the treasure was gone. He said, "According to my research, there has to be a lot of treasure there yet."

Looking at the documentation and research that was accumulated over a four year period, we decided it was well worth a try. It was the Mt. Everest of Spanish Colonial shipwrecks. I wondered, could I do this?

It was at that time in 1977 that I began to go to church again. I began to see the wisdom of God and the importance of having communication with God, but I was looking at it in a self-gain attitude of what it could do for me. I was also looking partially at what blessings my ambitions and my endeavors would reap.

So the money was raised by an invest-

ment banking firm. I acquired my lease from the Dominican Republic and we set out on our first attempt. We spent five grueling months on that reef and found 13 shipwrecks, but didn't find "The Concepcion," (which had been nicknamed in many books "The Decepcion" for good reasons).

I prepared the finest expedition to this reef that had ever been, but we didn't find the ship. Why? I was so depressed. We were also suffering from a rare disease called ciguatera, which was poisoning all our men. In addition, we were mentally and physically exhausted. No better effort could have ever been made and not a more disciplined effort could have been given. Everyone gave all. But we had failed.

There was one time in the Dominican Republic when, having felt I had failed, I even had suicidal tendencies (partially due to the influence of alcohol). But somehow, somewhere there was this inner strength and drive that said, "You're going to do it again."

So money was raised again and more research was done in Spain and England. Then an English historian named Dr. Peter Earle, found a rare document—the long lost log of the ship called "The Henry". That log had been sought after by every historian and treasure hunter throughout the world. Each would have given his right arm for that document but it was lost in time . . . until now!

Within 48 hours my researcher and I were on a jet to London. We met Dr. Earle and with great anxiety went to the Maidstone archives and examined the log. After spending five months on that

reef and having done extensive aerial mapping and actual exploration, I knew it just like my hand. But the log spelled out so clearly just where the wreck was and why everyone missed it.

We raised the money again and put together another expedition. Our contract with the Dominican Republic was intact and we went back at it again. Using the log of "The Henry," and a new state-of-the-art diver-operated cesuim magnetometer, I found that ship in five days!

Back home I became a celebrity overnight. CBS produced a documentary, a one hour special. I was on the Today Show twice, not to mention the numerous TV appearances. There was all the fame and fanfare and everybody thought that Burt Webber was worth 100 million dollars. That in itself was a great misconception. But the wealth aspect was not really the achievement. I had planted a flag on top of that mountain that I had been trying to climb for years...a mountain that many others had tried to climb and failed, as well as many notables.

It was at this time that I got very lofty with my life. I think the biggest problem we all face, each one of us, is a word called pride. Pride is one of the most destructive things I have ever found in my personal life. I have cried, "I'm too proud, I can't humble myself, I have to keep an ego image." That is a real pitfall and downfall.

I started to drift away from a lot of the ingrained principles I had had about right or wrong. Now, with the accessibility of money, the pressures, the media trips and traveling all over the United States doing radio and TV shows, etc., I wound



(Top) Burt Webber, left, studies the outline of the reef where "The Concepcion" sank. (Above) Spanish silver "Pieces-of-Eight."

up in the promotional aspect selling "The Concepcion" trade. I'd wake up from champagne parties not knowing what city I was in. It was becoming very hard on me mentally and physically.

What was the great escape for me? I'd get on a plane when things were getting too tough and fly down to the Dominican Republic, taking care of a couple days of business and then partying for a week. That was a lot of fun but my life wasn't going anywhere because I was not dealing with the real issues of life. I was trying to walk the fence.

"Walking the fence" is when you know there is a God; you know Jesus Christ as the Son of God and you accept that, but you look at religion as a social thing, not a personal relationship with the creator, Jesus Christ.

I'd often walk the line at parties or gatherings. When the subject came up, people would say, "What do you believe, Burt?" I would come up with something very pious like, "Well, I accept the Christian philosophy." Christianity is not a

philosophy, it is a way of life. You're either in or you're out. God has some strong things to say in regards to walking the line. In Matthew 12:30 He says, "He who is not with me, is against me, and he who does not gather with me scattereth abroad." It is very simply said just the way it is. You can't just walk the fence, jump in a little bit and then jump out. Because it doesn't work. You can't take



Burt Webber at one of his many speaking engagements.

your relationship with God as a social thing, which is going to church, and then for the rest of the week we can cheat on our wives, or do some underhanded dealings with our brothers. These things just don't work and don't become part of the Christian walk.

So I decided to jump in with both feet. I decided to accept Jesus as my personal Saviour. Now He is in my heart—not just my head.

What has total commitment done for me? Well, when you accept Jesus Christ as your Saviour, all your problems don't

go away, believe me. To be quite honest, you usually inherit more than you have because the other guy is coming after you. But one learns through an inner peace how to be honest with himself and how to deal with problems on a day by day basis. You know when you get into situations of feeling lost or hopeless, be it in business, or whatever, you have somewhere to go that is real. Believe me, I have found out that it is real!

You find out that there is an inner spirit, which is the Holy Spirit, and He is there directing you. He is very, very real.

I've had so many close calls that I've often questioned, "Why do some people die and others are kept alive?" I think the reason I'm here is because I'm sharing a testimony. Being granted my life through so many dangerous situations, I'm here to witness to you.

Of the 540 people aboard "The Conception" in 1641, approximately 150-180 survived. The rest were lost souls. Their wealth, their dreams and their ambitions went to the bottom of the sea. The treasure remains. . .but they're gone.

I'd like you to keep in mind that we, too, have hopes, dreams and ambitions. Yet, they can also go down to the "bottom of the sea" in different ways.

Today, I see sunken treasure in a totally different light. For despite all the wealth on that ship, none of those people who set sail expected to die. This dramatically illustrates the fact that no matter what earthly riches you acquire, "You can't take it with you." So why not go for treasures that last? Seek FIRST the Kingdom of God with His eternal riches that don't rust or rot.

When I worked on "The Concepcion," I viewed God as a first-aid kit: Someone to be called upon when I was in trouble. I never had a real relationship with Him. I never had the humility to say, "I'm a man and You're God. I'm the creature; You're the creator. I'll let You lead..." Yet every bridge (to Him) that was washed away, He has rebuilt.

In regard to my family, the Lord has blessed me with a new relationship with them that I've never had before. For twenty years I put my work first—above everything. I never saw my oldest kids grow up. But nevertheless, I love them, and ask their forgiveness as I try to get to know them in adulthood. I'm not going to make the same mistake twice. I now

want to see my younger children get up in the morning and see them go to bed at night.

Yet it's not just that my priorities have changed: It's the MOTIVES behind those priorities that have had to change for any real transformation to take place. My motives used to be worldly: Me first! Now God is number One, and no matter what I do my motive is to glorify God. Everything I do I want to do out of love. □

Burt's interest in historic shipwrecks and exploration continues in a selective manner. He soon intends to make his home in the Dominican Republic where he is eager to serve the Lord. Burt also gives slide presentations of his testimony to FGBMFI and other organizations, and works with Teen Challenge, both here and abroad.

CONVENTIONS

COEUR D'ALENE MIXED ADVANCE

January 8-10, 1988
The Coeur d'Alene Resort
Contact: Joe Mathis
East 14811 20th
Veradale, WA 99037

GEORGIA MEN'S ADVANCE-I

January 15-17, 1988
Rock Eagle 4-H Camp
Eatonton
Contact: James Rogers
2376 Spring Creek Rd.
Decatur, GA 30033

GEORGIA MEN'S ADVANCE-II

January 22-24, 1988
Rock Eagle 4-H Camp
Contact: James Rogers
2376 Spring Creek Rd.
Decatur, GA 30033

GULF COAST REGIONAL RALLY

January 29-30, 1988
Beaumont Hilton
Beaumont, TX
Contact: Donald Reed
265 Smith St.
Vidor, TX 77662

METRO-CHICAGO MEN'S CAMP

January 29-30, 1988
Camp Manitouqua
Frankfort, IL
Contact: Jerry McMahon
635 Wellman Rd.
Naperville, IL 60540

HAWAII REGIONAL CONVENTION

April 13-16, 1988
Ala Moana Hotel, Honolulu
Contact: John Witwer
1164 Bishop #1007
Honolulu, HI 96813

1st INT'L. SO. PACIFIC REG. CONV.

May 23-28, 1988
Landsborough Shire Civic
Cultural Centre
Caloundra, Queensland, Australia
Contact: FGBMFI Australia Nat'l. Office
Box 67, Stones Corner, Queensland
Australia 4120

1988 WORLD CONVENTION

July 5-9, 1988
Sheraton Centre Hotel
Toronto, Canada
Contact: FGBMFI
190 Attwell Dr. #304
Rexdale, ONT M9W 6H8

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Victory

Coach Tim Burroughs
San Bernardino, California



Several years ago, Tim Burroughs took a job nobody wanted as the football coach at San Bernardino High School. Three seasons later he molded the young men into a championship team. During this period, Coach Burroughs was president of the FGBMFI Redlands chapter. He also teaches U.S. History, sponsors the Alive Club on campus and is on the council of the Christian Educators Association. This is his testimony of how God has directed his life as an athlete, coach, and teacher. Perhaps you are not called to coach, but like him, you can learn to let your light shine on your job.

I was fortunate in that even as a very young man, the Lord blessed me with above average athletic talent and the ability to excel in high school sports. I was also fortunate in that my parents let me follow my own dreams and ambitions, which led me to the athletic fields and to the world of sports. My interests were centered around making

touchdowns, scoring baskets and hitting a baseball. One can easily be saturated with year-round sports in America!

The love I had for sports drove me to acquire many awards and to be successful. After high school, I received a full scholarship to college. Newspaper clippings, sports trophies, popularity and the applause of the crowd motivated me to press forward and get into coaching.

I became very aggressive in attaining my goal as a football coach. I learned well how to look out for Number One. Everything was "me" and "mine."

Finally I reached my goal and was named Head Football Coach at 4A San Geronio High School. From then on, striving to win dominated my life. After a few years we won the league championship. On and off the field, I developed a very competitive nature and hated to lose at anything. I thought the reward for winning would be personal satisfaction, but there seemed to be a vacuum and an emptiness in my life.

In this condition I had no time for God. In fact, the little Christian fellowship I experienced made me nervous. I was very

Beyond the Scoreboard

self-centered, conceited, proud, and seemed to be flying along on an ego trip. I thought a winning team would bring respect, but little did I realize that most people forget the sports page as fast as putting out yesterday's newspaper! The coaching road soon lead to a dead end and there was little satisfaction in winning a game.

One day the principal called me into his office and said that I was dismissed as a football coach. The reason for being fired was my aggressive behavior which was affecting my teaching job. That was the shock of my life! Sports had become my life and the reason to exist. Pride comes before a fall.

In my frustration and disappointment, my prayer was simply, "Lord forgive me of being a two-faced Christian." My "double-standard Christianity" had become an occasional Sunday visit to church and a "let your-hair-down" on Saturday night existence. However, as I cried out to God I soon learned that He hears us when we are honest, serious, hurting, humble, and willing to change our lifestyle.

Confessing my sins was the beginning of a totally new life in Christ. Old habits, desires and attitudes started to disappear from my personality. Now I desired to fellowship with Christians and read the Bible. As Jesus opened my spiritual eyes, I started gradually to understand what being "born again" was all about. There really is a peace, joy, and confidence that the world of sports can never give nor understand!

At school, the faculty and students could not believe the change in my behavior. There were some intellectual re-

marks like "a leopard can't change spots," and something about a "fox-hole religion," but the Lord gave me the grace to endure the insults. At first I thought God wanted me to quit teaching and coaching, so I enrolled in a school of theology to enter the ministry. But I soon learned that the Lord had better plans. He wanted me to continue in the public school system and let my new light shine for him.

A Christian coaching friend invited me to a Redlands FGBMFI chapter meeting, an experience that further changed my new Christian life. I developed a genuine boldness and courage to witness at school. Soon I experienced a new prayer language.

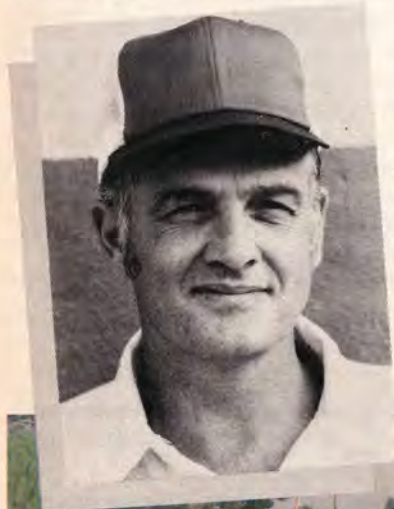
At school two students who heard that coach "got saved" asked if I would give them permission to use my room during lunch for a Bible study. Little did I realize that the Lord was starting a Christian club on campus and I had the privilege to be their sponsor.

Today the Alive Club is one of the largest clubs at school. We meet in the auditorium each week at lunch time and we share Christian experiences from all walks of life. Students, parents, teachers, and youth leaders share what the Lord means in their life to about one hundred students.

In teaching U.S. History, I have a new attitude in my approach to teaching. Now significant days like Easter, Christmas, Veterans Day, Labor Day, and the National Day of Prayer are wonderful opportunities to give a Christian witness for the Lord without embarrassing anyone. It's illegal to preach in the classroom, but I sure can give a Christian slant on the

"We have dedicated each season to the Lord and chant this slogan as we march onto the field, 'We do our best and God does the rest.' "

Coach Burroughs and his San Bernardino High School championship football team.



current events like abortion, drugs, pornography, and violence. Yes, the Lord kept me in the public school.

At this time, I believed coaching was behind me. However, one day the school board president called me and asked if I was interested in the head football coaching job at San Bernardino High School. This team had a 41 game losing streak over a four year period. This record had even made the CBS national news!

Nobody wanted this job. Several coaches had quit before the season started and some coaches had quit during the previous season. I prayed, "Lord, do I really need this responsibility?" But since the Lord had prepared me over the years in coaching football, I accepted the challenge.

I know for certain now that the Lord goes ahead of us. After a couple of years, our team won the league championship. One player, Will Smith, who was the smallest player (5'4") in the league,



even set a rushing record in California. Soon coaching football became a ministry that influenced many people in our community. We have dedicated each season to the Lord and chant this slogan as we march onto the field, "We do our best and God does the rest."

The Redlands FGBMFI (of which I am a member), had encouraged me to let my light shine at school. They even come to some of the games to pray with the players. After the season, the chapter invited Meadowlark Lemon to our football banquet. The team learned that we can reach our potential in athletics if we put the Lord first in everything we attempt in life.

The Lord has also taught me that the results on the scoreboard do not denote the real winners in life. Laying up treasures in heaven that will last forever is the motto for true winners.

The seeds we plant at school, the witness of our character and our effort to let our light shine will benefit our school

more than any athletic championship. What Jesus did in my life, He will do for anyone. Today my religious expression in coaching is much more than a pre-game prayer.

I have been asked what I would say to fathers who want the best for their sons. I'd say, please support your child's activities! Maybe you didn't go out for sports. Maybe you don't know a first down from a field goal, but it's your son out there!

When he's out on the field and sees his father in the stands, it builds a bridge of fellowship and communication that can never be replaced. Realize that you'll only have him for a few more years...opportunities to support him in things like this will never come again. Go to his Little League games or swim meets. These chances to build your relationship and show your interest in him will soon be gone.

If you're a Christian dad, don't look on sports or your son's other activities as too "worldly". Don't condemn him.

How can you tell

if your relationship with your son has deteriorated to the point where he may be turning to substitutes such as drugs? Here's a brief checklist. Ask yourself:

1. Does he want to be alone more than he ever has before? Has he become somewhat anti-social?
2. Is he losing interest in his friends, in participating in athletics or studying?
3. Has he also lost interest in setting

or working toward constructive goals?

4. Has his interest in family things declined? Have notes from the teacher indicated that his grades are slipping?
5. Has his taste in music changed to harsher, "harder" rock?
6. Is he having difficulty holding a job?
7. Has he become bored with other Christians or activities that involve his church?



The Burroughs Family at Easter: (L to R) Daniel, Laura, Barbara, Tim, Tim Jr.

Learn to let go and become his friend!

No investment could be more important than learning to be his friend. It helps him to build confidence in you. Then there will be a credibility in your relationship—a true respect. Then, when it's necessary to talk to him about spiritual things...when you really need him to listen to you...he will. Why? Because there will be a bond that nothing can break—even even drugs.

People often ask me what I feel has been my biggest challenge as a coach. I think it's been to practice what I preach. I'm both a teacher and a coach. It is my responsibility to radiate the same love in the classroom when I've had a bad day that I do when things are going well on the field. Believe me, it's a challenge to live His life in front of teenagers every day.

However, there is a tremendous need for teachers who are Christians to let their lights shine. There are so many op-

portunities to express Christ's love each day. For instance, parents have poked their heads into my classroom and I've ended up praying with them in the halls.

Through all my experiences I've learned that no matter how tragic the circumstances, the Lord can make a difference in any situation. So again, my greatest challenge is to use every opportunity I have to minister to these students... then God does His part.

It's amazing when I think of how our team used to be the underdog but went on to be the city champions. However, we're not stopping at that. Our real goal is to give all the glory to God! ☐

Tim Burroughs is a graduate of the University of Redlands in Redlands, California. He also holds a Masters degree from Azusa-Pacific University in Azusa, California. This is his 24th year in teaching and coaching. He is a member of FGBMFI's Redlands chapter in Redlands, California, a member of the Christian Educators of America, and the San Bernardino County Sheriff Volunteer Program. He is married to Barbara Ann Burroughs and has three children: Tim, Jr., Dan and Laura.

Dealing With My Would-Be



ASSASSIN



John T. Riggs
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

At approximately 9:45 a.m., I was on my way to work at the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company. I was driving westbound on the Northwest Highway and the Broadway Extension in Oklahoma City when I had a blowout. I pulled over to the side of the road, but when I started to get out of my car someone pulled up beside me in a van and shot me in the head three times with a .45 or .38 caliber gun.

When the first bullet hit me, everything just went black. Then I heard a "pow" and felt blood running down my face. At that time, I knew what was happening to me. The thought that ran through my mind was I was glad I had given my life to Christ when I did. I thought to myself, "Now I'll find out what it's all about because here I come! Into Your hand I release my spirit." I thought I was a dead man.

Immediately after I said that, I came back to the light. There was a ringing sound in my head. I was lying face down when I heard "pow" again as another bullet entered the back of my head. Everything went black just for a moment. Then, I came back to the light once again. I still had the ringing sound in my head. I tried to get up but I couldn't. I didn't know it at the time, but I was paralyzed from the waist down.

A construction worker came over to help me. He cut my car off and told me that they were blocking off the traffic. He also called the ambulance and police. He said that he had the tag number and the description of the men who shot me.

The police were the first to arrive. They pulled me from under the car and asked me if I could hear them. I told them "yes." They asked me if I knew what had happened, and if so, who had done it. I hadn't seen anybody.

About that time, the ambulance arrived. As they were taking me to the hospital, I heard the driver radio Baptist Hospital and tell them that this one would be D.O.A. (dead on arrival). That's when I began to pray.

When I reached the hospital, the doctors and nurses all gathered around me. I asked the doctor if they had a chaplain. He said they did. I asked him to send for him and to then call my pastor and contact my fiancée.

Next, I asked him to call my mother and my job, even though I had three bullets in my head! At least one had exploded, but I was still able to give all names and phone numbers correctly.

When the chaplain arrived, I said, "Brother do you know what to do for me?" He said, "Yes, I'll pray for you." Even though I had never read or heard this particular scripture, I quoted James 5:14-15 word for word. I now believe the Holy Spirit gave me this scripture by direct revelation.

I then talked with my family as they began to arrive. By the grace and power of almighty God through His Son, Jesus Christ, I was still coherent and alert when they got me ready to go to surgery.



As they were wheeling me down the hall my pastor arrived. He anointed my head with oil and prayed the prayer of faith in the name of Jesus and plead His blood over me.

When they got me into surgery, the anesthesiologist told me that he had a paper for me to sign giving them permission to administer anesthesia.

At that time, he informed me that any time you went in for major surgery like this, there was a 50-50 chance that you would not come back just from the anesthesia. He told me that in my case that it was probably a million-to-one chance that I would never recover.

There were three bullets in my brain.

All were in different areas and at least one had shattered throughout the rear portion. The doctors did not know what they were going to do. The only thing I really had going for me was that I was still conscious . . . none of them could understand why.

I asked him if they were going to put a mask on my face. He said "yes". I told him to let me know just before they did so I could close my eyes and start to pray. I did not want to see him put that mask on. I knew that I would wake up either in his recovery room or in heaven. He told me he would be praying for me all through the surgery.

I was in surgery from 5:30 p.m. until after midnight. I awoke in the recovery room intensive care unit about 8:00 p.m. The next morning they moved me to a general floor (praise the Lord), but I was paralyzed from the waist down.

One night as I was praying for God to heal me, the Spirit of the Lord moved upon me and told me to forgive the people (or person) who shot me. I tried to fool God. I said that I didn't want to do

anything to them, I just wanted the police to catch them so they wouldn't hurt anyone else. But the convicting power of the Holy Spirit came over me in a new way that I knew He meant business.

The Holy Spirit said to my spirit, "I said *forgive them*." So I started to cry and said, "Lord help, because I can't." As I lay there in that hospital bed praying and crying, I found myself saying, "Father, whoever they are, wherever they are, send someone to witness to them so that they will be saved. Then there was a release of calmness and peace that I couldn't explain. Somehow I knew God was going to heal me and allow me to walk again.

I asked God why He had done this to me in the first place. He told me He didn't do it, but had allowed it to happen to show me and others how great and almighty His power if we would see, hear, and believe. I promised the Lord that night that I would carry His Word wherever I went and wherever He would send me. I promised that I would tell

**SET FREE
PRISON
MINISTRY**
update

TWO NEW PRISON CHAPTERS ANNOUNCED

Two new Set Free Prison Chapters have recently received their official charters. The first is the Buford Chapter in Georgia; the second is the Tucson Cimmaron Unit in the Arizona State Prison.

Jack Prince is the Prison Representative for the chapter in Buford, and Sam Klisch the Representative for the chapter in Arizona.

We praise the Lord for all He is doing in the lives of all those involved in these exciting new chapters! May He help us to establish many, many more. ☐

others how great and mighty is His power for the forgiveness of sins.

The next day a minister friend of mine came to the hospital and I took my first staggered steps. Within six weeks I was able to leave the hospital...walking! Within six months, I was back on my job at Southwestern Bell Telephone Company as a frame attendant.

Four years after the bungled attempt on my life, I received a phone call from the police who had a suspect in custody. Would I come down and testify in court?

Incredibly, the emotional battle that rose up within me was not with anger, unforgiveness, bitterness or hate. It was with fear...and what a battle it was!

"What if he gets out on bail and comes after me again?" I thought to myself. Satan used that nagging thought to torment me many times. But the battle drove me straight to my knees and to my Lord.

Finally, the Lord and I triumphed! When I started praying for the man, every trace of fear was overcome! Every aspect of dealing with my would-be assassin was dealt with in the Spirit and in the power of Christ. The love and compassion of God drove out all fear. At last I had total peace.

Well, we had our day in court and the man, so it appears, was not the one who shot me according to statements given by him to the Oklahoma City police. He said he didn't do it. However, he knew who did but was scared to tell.

His attorney would not allow me to talk to him, therefore, I wasn't able to witness to him on a one-on-one basis. However, by the grace of God, I was allowed to share my testimony on the local "Praise

the Lord" program in Oklahoma City.

I contacted his attorney, asking him to please have his client watch the program. The program was aired live. While sharing my testimony, I told the man accused of shooting me that I loved him and had forgiven him for whatever part he may have had in the incident. I also told him, more importantly, that God loved him and was willing to forgive him not only for shooting me, but for any and all sins that he had committed.

Furthermore, I told him that Jesus was ready, willing and able to come into his life and be his personal Lord and Saviour. I told him that he needed to know Jesus as Lord and Saviour; all he had to do was believe and call on Him.

Jesus said that He will never leave us or forsake us; that He will always be with us no matter what. I have found this to be true. He was right there with me as each bullet entered my head. He was right there with me through the many hours of surgery. He didn't leave me in the recovery room. He didn't forsake me on the road to recovery when I was paralyzed from the waist down. He lead and guided me into having a forgiving and loving heart where no bitterness, hate or fear could set in.

He's a good God, this loving and caring Father, my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. □

John is a Vietnam veteran who served in the U.S. Army from 1966 to 1968. He received three bronze stars while in Vietnam. Today he is a member of the Pleasant Ridge Baptist Church where he is a lay minister. He is also a volunteer chaplain at Children's Hospital in Oklahoma City, a TBN prayer partner, and a member of FGBMFI in Oklahoma City.



If you are interested...

...in hearing personal testimonies like those you have read in this magazine, other men are sharing their testimonies at FGBMFI Chapter breakfasts, luncheons, and dinner meetings across the nation.

**You can contact the
International Director**

nearest you by mail (his name and address appear on pages 36 and 37 of this issue): telephone International Headquarters at (714) 754-1400 for the location of the Chapter nearest you, or complete the coupon below.

☐ Please send me information on a Chapter meeting near me.

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IS
PARAPSYCHOLOGY
WORTH
STUDYING?

Dr. Marcelo Augusto Cardoso
Paqueta Island, Brazil

Is parapsychology worth studying? I believe that after twenty years of deep study of the subject, I can contribute much with my experience and accumulated knowledge.

I have been a gynecologist for twenty years, working in the area of cancer prevention. I considered myself intelligent, doing much research in my area of specialty. But then I fell in love with parapsychology and sought God through my investigations.

I thought that I had many supernatural powers such as extrasensory perception, levitation and materialization. I even frequented various spiritist centers and donated ectoplasm for the materialization of spirits, considering all this as "scientific experiences." I analyzed this process as part of my career.

At that time, I worked strenuously, doing more than 40 surgeries a month. The money was flowing better than ever. For me, life was going well. Then, one Sunday in 1977, I woke up early to shave. I was planning to have lunch with my wife and children in a beach town near Rio de Janeiro. Suddenly, I noticed a lump on my throat. With twenty years experience in the area of cancer, I immediately diagnosed it.

Needless to say, that was the worst lunch of my life. I returned and looked up a colleague of mine, a specialist in cancer of the head and throat. He completed all the tests and I was operated on.

At the end of the surgery my colleague said to me, "Marcelo, you really are a lucky man. There was nothing. All that is left to do is to remove the stitches in a week."

Two days later, the biopsy was done and the cancer was confirmed. My world fell apart. Suddenly, all my "powers" could do nothing. My parapsychology studies were impotent facing this reality. I called a lawyer to my home, made out a will, and prepared myself for death.

I was born and raised on Paqueta Island where I became well-known. I possessed several peculiarities. For example, I didn't charge the local residents of the island for my services. That way I won their friendship. I was a very popular doctor and a well-known citizen on that island.

But because of my operation, I took a leave. Visitors became quite frequent to our home. One day a colleague, Dr. Oneide Goulart, visited me. She had worked for a long time with me at Government Medical Center. She had always placed tracts on my desk sharing about Jesus. Every day I would read the tract, crumple it up, and throw it away. I thought it was ridiculous. Those tracts only stopped appearing on my desk after she retired.

On that day she came to visit me along with two men I didn't know. The two men didn't ask me for any favors. Instead they demonstrated a lot of love, telling me about God's love. They shared with me in their simple way, not worrying about proper grammar. But there was such a cultural difference that it began to irritate me.

I was researching Einstein's theory of relativity, trying to understand the mechanics of the universe, when Dr. Oneide arrived with her two companions who were as boring as she was.

At a certain moment, one of the men

said to me: "Dr. Marcelo, I believe that the Bible is the Word of God. Do you believe this?" He continued, "I believe also that here in this Book exists a verse, a word, for each one of us. I already found mine, and I feel in my heart that I found one for you. May I tell you what it is?"

At that moment, I just wanted them to leave, so I immediately said, "yes" so we could get this over with. So he opened the Bible and read, "You did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit and that fruit should remain. That whatever you ask of the Father in My Name, He may give it to you" (John 15:16).

Those words didn't enter my head... they went straight into my heart! Tears washed my face. I cried like a little lost child who finally met his father. It was a beautiful moment in my life. Peace flooded my soul. I felt the Holy Spirit filling my very being. What indescribable peace! The presence of God in our inner man is really beautiful!

I had tried for years to find God in my head. I had looked for Him through research in books, through rationalization, parapsychology, and supernatural powers. But that day He entered my heart and invaded my very being. Right there I knelt down and gave my life over to Him.

In that moment, I perceived that five horrible spirit beings left me. A great weight left me. The peace of God came gently into my heart and tears of joy flooded my being, filling the emptiness in my inner man. I understood then that those powers such as levitation, materialization, extra-sensory perception, and

precognition are not things you exercise alone, but that they are exercised with the help of spirit beings that dominate us. I could clearly see that parapsychological phenomena are manipulated by Satan, the enemy of God and man.

What a happy day! What a sensational discovery! It was a beautiful encounter. I was enjoying unspeakable joy. Through prayer Jesus even healed me of that cancer in my throat!

The people left, but Jesus stayed with me. On that momentous occasion, I composed my first song to Jesus. Already retired, I began to study the Bible like one who was looking for hidden treasure. I found a verse that said, "All things work together for good to those that love God." I resolved to stay at the feet of

I perceived
that five
horrible
spirit beings
left me

Jesus because I loved Him.

I could now understand why I had cancer—so that I could testify about Jesus and talk about His power to everyone on the island. Therefore, the following Friday I invited my friends and neighbors to the first meeting in our home. There the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ was announced without denominational barriers to many with needs. There were many opportunities to relate facts that had happened in my life before I knew Jesus.

Despite the fact that I could manipulate the powers of parapsychology, I had not known peace. My home had been a real hell, plagued with many strange phenomenon.

I remembered the time I had a basket of fruit on top of the refrigerator when

suddenly it began to float through the kitchen, the living room, and finally splattered against the wall. Then there was another abnormal situation: For several nights when I went to bed, dirt would fall on top of our bed. With a proper ceiling, this is impossible. Inside our home in Paqueta, objects even walked out of the house. There were nights with so much upset that I couldn't sleep.

I testified to my friends (many of them having been fooled by false sciences) that the first result of my decision for Christ was the peace that invaded my life and my home.

I had retired because of the cancer and this allowed me to dedicate my time fully to the work of the Lord. One day, the



Lord spoke to my heart, "Marcelo, you are dishonest."

"Me, Lord?" I asked in amazement. "I live for You 24 hours a day. Why am I dishonest?"



Dr. Marcelo Augusto Cardoso

"I healed you," He said, "and you are still receiving your disability pension."

"Lord," I replied. "I never thought of that. I realize that as a real Christian I cannot do this."

So I asked a medical group from the government to examine me and stop my pension. My case is the only one I know of in which someone became "unretired" because of proof of health!

Many of my colleagues made fun of my new life in Jesus. A certain friend, Arnaldo, suddenly discovered he had a tumor in the brain. He lost his vision and became paralyzed. He was under the care of a very famous doctor when he decided to call on his "crazy" friend.

I was called to visit him on Thursday. I

took my Bible and read a verse from James 5:16: "Confess your sins to one another and pray for one another, so that you may be healed." I told Arnaldo that just the fact that he had called me already was proof that he was confessing that he believed in Jesus. So I placed my hands over his head and rebuked that sickness in the name of Jesus. By Saturday, he was already seeing and even went to church.

However, Arnaldo was still concerned because his doctor wanted to operate. So I said to him, "Arnaldo, let's pray. You confessed your sins and did what the Word said to do. If the doctor wants to operate, you should have the surgery because everything happens according to His will. Perhaps Jesus has something special to do there." So he marked the day.

But before the surgery, the doctor decided to do another X-ray of the brain. The result? There was no more tumor! Arnaldo was completely healed.

Only Jesus can do these miracles. He is all-powerful. He operates signs and wonders that for us are miracles, but for Him they are routine. Truly, "The things impossible with men are possible with God" (Luke 18:27).

Parapsychology can put you in touch with supernatural powers, but it never can give you the genuine peace that you are searching for, because it does not come from God. □

Dr. Marcelo Augusto Limociro Cardoso, a Brazilian gynecologist, is married to Lucia Regina and has two children. He works with the Government Medical Center, and has his own practice. He is a member of the FGBMFI in Rio and has shared his testimony in many chapter meetings.

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List full name of all your immediate household members included in your registration as they are to appear on name badges. Please add children's ages to 18 years.

(Further information mailed to early registrants by January 30, 1988.)

3204-05-8309

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6 STEPS TO SALVATION

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

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

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

3. Confess "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved" (Romans 10:9).

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

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

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

Why not make your eternal decision now:

"Lord Jesus, I believe You died for my sins and I ask Your forgiveness. I receive You now as my personal Saviour and invite You to manage my life from this day forward. Amen."

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

CHAPTER OUTREACH

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

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WHO WE ARE Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship International was founded in 1952 by Demos Shakarian to reach men for Jesus. One year later, God gave him a vision of the people of every continent, revealing that the ministry of the Fellowship would result in people everywhere being brought to Jesus and linked in loving community.

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

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Where does your Treasure lie?

For years, Burt Webber labored at the bottom of the ocean in search of "The Concepcion"—the richest treasure ship ever to set sail out of Spain. Then, with its discovery, Burt became an international celebrity. It was a dream come true—or was it?

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