

Volume I



# Gospel Pioneers



# **Gospel Pioneers**

of the

**Apostolic Faith Organization**

**Volume 1**

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## Norman Allen



In the fall of 1917 our little family of four arrived at the Union Depot in Portland, Oregon. My parents had been converted in Eastern Oregon. Later they heard about the Apostolic Faith Church and what was preached there, and decided to move so they could attend. In the years that followed, both my parents were active in church activities and regular in service attendance. My brother and I were brought up in that wonderful Christian home.

I saw miracles as God answered prayer. My brother had spinal meningitis when he was seven years of age. My mother was told that he could not live, and if he did, he would never be in his right mind. But the ministers and the other people of God prayed for him, and God healed him completely.

With such answers to prayer happening before my eyes, I could never doubt the power of the Gospel. I believed it and would have fought for it, but did

nothing to get it into my own heart. Habits and appetites of the world began to attach themselves to my life. I sat in church and shook under conviction when the Lord dealt with me, but I would not yield. I was a very serious sinner, for I was sinning against light, and I knew better.

My mother found out that I was smoking, and it hurt her deeply. In her prayers she really zeroed in on my need for salvation. God answered, and conviction made my life miserable.

I'm glad that God knows how to get your attention. One night my brother and I crossed a major thoroughfare on our bicycles. On arriving at the other side, I turned in time to see him sail through the air, knocked from his bicycle by a car. I carried him to the curb and held him in my lap as someone called an ambulance. He was unconscious and had a big concussion on the side of his head, and I knew full well that I was to blame for the whole thing because God had been dealing with my heart for about three months. God had my number and was pressing on me to surrender. Right there, I told God that if He would spare my brother's life, I would serve Him. I promised that I would go to the altar and give Him my life the next time I could get to church.

My brother lived, and the next time I was in church I repented of my sins and told God I would serve Him. In a few minutes, I was on my feet and the first thought that crossed my mind was, "If I die tonight, I can meet God in peace." The fear of death that had haunted me for years disappeared. I had peace in my soul, and the quick temper that had gotten me into all kinds of trouble was gone.

At that time I was a senior in high school, and the change God had made proved out. One day the shop instructor at school asked me, "What has happened to you? You're not throwing things around anymore." I could tell him about the change the Lord had made in my life.

I paid for what I had stolen and confessed things that I had done. One restitution was to a grocery store where I had taken candy. When I told the manager what I had done and offered to pay for the goods, he offered me a delivering job for the store. He wanted someone honest!

I would like to tell you about the keeping power of God. He not only saves, but he can keep. I worked in all kinds of different jobs before I became a minister. I worked in manufacturing plants and corporation offices. I hauled heavy machinery with an 18-wheeler. God spared my life many, many times.

Some people seem to think that being a Christian is a boring way of life, but I have found the challenge of the Gospel is a thrill. Many opportunities for service opened up to me. I sang in a male quartet for a number of years. There were services in the jails, visitations to the ships in the harbor, and many other privileges. To see a soul saved is a real thrill!

When the time came to establish my own home, the Lord directed in that area too. Ruth and I both prayed for God's will, and we were married fifty-five years ago. We have had a happy Christian home all these years. The Lord helped us bring up two daughters. He has been our healer and helper in every area of life, and He has never failed us. In the still watches of the night we have called on God, and He was right there to answer prayer.

The Gospel is good in your youth. It is wonderful for young married folks raising a family. It continues to grow more precious through the years, when the children are grown and present you with grandchildren. And it is still good when you reach retirement age. I am grateful for God's love and protection all through my life.

I am glad that we have such a wonderful God and such a wonderful Savior—One that has been very real. The joy of my life these days is to tell the good news of salvation, to point other men and women to the Lamb of God that takes away the sins of the world. There is nothing good that I have done, but God gave me everything good that is in my life today. The joy of the Lord is still my strength!

*Norman Allen pastored many Apostolic Faith Churches before retiring in Portland, Oregon.*



## Roy Allen

There is praise in my heart for this wonderful Gospel. I thank God for His love and mercy that seeks the lost. I had no idea that God could be real in a person's heart. I never saw a Bible in my home that I can remember. I didn't have the privilege of hearing victorious testimonies like we do here, but I was surely sick and tired of sin, which I tried from the time I was a little boy.

As a young man I chose the rough side of life; I followed men that were much older than I was. I was carrying a heavy burden of sin, and before I was 30 years old, I was so sick of the life of sin I had been living. I had sought in almost every channel for satisfaction.

I am so thankful that I went into a little church up in the eastern part of the state of Oregon, and there that night God cornered me up and made me realize I was a lost soul headed for a lost eternity. I am so thankful that I went to the altar that night in 1917, got on my two knees and prayed to God with all my

heart. I didn't have to pray long because I heard the minister by the pulpit holding out one of God's promises to me. It was: "Let the wicked forsake His way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. (Isaiah 55:7)

The Lord dropped those words into my heart. I was ready for that pardon, and I surrendered. Thank God I felt the burden of sin roll off, and you talk about getting a surprise! I didn't have any idea that God could be so real to a person down on this earth, but He filled my heart with joy and peace and He transformed my life.

He broke the habits and appetites in my life and made me just as free as though I had never had them. I cursed, got mad and threw things around, and frequented the dance halls on a Saturday night. I was bound with chewing the tobacco, the cigarettes, the booze, and all that, and He took it out slick and clean. I used to throw the tobacco away and tried to quit, but I would see someone using it and my mouth watered I wanted it so badly. But I have never wanted it from that day unto this.

I remember when I was a young fellow the saloon used to be about the first place I would hit when I got into town. Now, as I walk down Burnside going to the street meetings, I don't even want to look into those dumps and dives along the way.

One of the things I promised Jesus that night, and that was one of the conditions He saved me on, was that I would forsake my sins and straighten out that crooked life. I went back and confessed out to stealing and violating the Oregon Game Laws. I sent money back to a storekeeper whom I had cheated out of money and never intended to pay him.

Later God brought me among this people where they could tell me the way more perfectly.

When God saved me He took out the sinful desires. Down through the years I can say they have never come back. It's a joyful salvation. Thank God for the privilege of serving Him. I don't know what I would do without Jesus. I have a title clear to mansions in the sky.



*Roy Allen was born in Ada, Minnesota, and as a young boy, 12 or 13 years old, came with his folks to Oregon in a covered wagon, with all their household belongings. His mother and sister came on the train.*

*They settled in the small farming community of Cove in eastern Oregon. In due time he met and married Veda May. He was a strong-minded young man with a taste for liquor and a terrible temper, taking it out on the farm animals.*

*His sister had moved to Portland where she found the panacea for her hungry heart at the Apostolic Faith church camp meeting. She sent the literature the church printed, telling of victory over all kinds of sin, and how to live a victorious life.*

*In Cove, the Methodist church was having special services. Brother Allen attended one of those services where God dealt with his heart. He said such a terrible darkness came over him. He knew he was lost. He went to the altar and repented of his sin and promised God he would straighten out his life. The minister prayed beside him, quoting the scripture in Isaiah 55:7. Brother Allen took a hold on that promise and was wonderfully saved. He said such joy and peace flooded his soul. That was in 1916.*

*He came to Portland in 1917 with his wife and two small boys, to work in the shipyards. He received his sanctification while on the job in 1917, and in 1918 he received his baptism of the Holy Ghost.*

*When it was time for them to go back to the farm, they had doubts about it. The Scripture came to Sister Allen "To whom shall we go?" They decided to make their home in Portland.*

*He played a horn in the first orchestra, and sang in the quartet for many years, and was faithful in the street work and jail services. He even learned to sing one song and give his testimony in Chinese.*

*He was a master carpenter. In those early years there was the tabernacle to be built, benches and altars for the tabernacle, and tent frames for the congregation who came to live for at least 7 weeks, and visitors for short stays. One of his most cherished accomplishments was the pulpit he designed and built. It was engineered so that it could be raised or lowered as the speaker needed.*

*Brother and Sister Allen had their times of testing, too. Their younger son, Arthur contracted spinal meningitis when he was about four years old. He wasn't expected to live and if he did the doctors said he wouldn't be mentally competent. They held their faith in God and God healed him. He became a minister and missionary to Japan. Their older son, Norman, also became a minister and pastor.*

*Brother Allen was an example and inspiration for those with whom he worked and associated.*

## Lester Andrews



Early in the 1920's, I worked as a railroad fireman. I weighed around 235 pounds, and it was my job to feed the coal into the thundering furnace that powered the engine. I was firing on the Shasta Railroad between Portland and Roseburg, Oregon. On the last trip I worked between those two cities, I remember the engineer looking at me and saying, "There is something awful the matter with you." I had been sick for a while, and by that time, I had lost about 100 pounds. All the way to Roseburg that day, pain was just tearing away in my body.

When I got off at Roseburg, I went up to my room, but I couldn't sleep. Conviction was on my soul as I lay there thinking of how I had trampled underfoot my mother's prayers, while I spent my life in riotous living. On the way home, every time that old engine would hit a curve, the sound seemed to say, "Here I go to Hell." When I would reach up and ring the bell, it sounded like the old iron gates on the doors of Hell shutting behind me.

When I got back to Portland that day, I passed out on the engine in the railroad yard, and when I came to, somebody helped me get home. A few days later, the doctor told me I was dying with cancer of the stomach. He said, "There's nothing more I can do for you. Go home and pick out your funeral songs. You aren't going to make it." It was a pretty blue day for me. I had a wife and four children, and I didn't know what to do.

As I sat at home with my family that afternoon, some of God's people came to visit me. They said, "Just look at you. You are sick and about to die without being saved. If you will seek the Lord with all your heart, He will heal your body and save your soul." That was the sweetest story I had ever heard. I wondered if God would really do that for me after I had gone against Him as hard as I could for all those years. But God was merciful.

My old knees hit the floor, and I began to call on my mother's God. That afternoon I prayed, "O God, have mercy and save my soul." I repented of the sins I had committed as far back as I could remember. God answered my prayer and saved my soul. He put joy and peace into my heart. While I sat in the chair, someone read from James 5 in the Bible about how God heals the sick. They prayed for me, and God healed me right on the spot! A week later, I went back to work, because I wanted to tell the men in the roundhouse what God had done for me. I rode the engine down to Roseburg, and all the sounds I heard seemed to be praising God. When I would ring the bell, it was music to me; when the engineer would blow the whistle, it sounded like chimes. Before I could get off the engine, the engineer slipped off the other side and exclaimed to the other men, "He's not dead! He has been singing like a songbird all the way down from Portland!"

Not long after God saved me, we moved to a farm between Portland and Dallas, Oregon. There, our baby boy became sick to the point of death, and the doctor told us he could not live. I had heard something about the Apostolic Faith Church in Dallas, Oregon, and God told me, "If you will ask those people to pray for your baby, I will heal him."



That night I called up the Apostolic Faith people. They traveled through the dark and the rain over muddy roads and were at our home in about an hour and a half. They walked right in and said, “God will heal your baby.” They prayed, and God’s power came down into that room. They began to thank God for healing the baby, even before they got off their knees; and when they got up, the baby raised up and smiled.

That was real to my soul. I see reality in this wonderful Gospel. I see people’s prayers answered. They come to the altar of prayer and get saved, sanctified, and baptized with the Holy Ghost. I have peace, joy, and victory. Praise God for this salvation!

*After God healed him, Lester Andrews gave the remainder of his life—almost thirty years—to working for the Lord. On September 15, 1952, he went Home to be with his Savior.*



## Ruth Ashwell

**M**y parents came to Portland in 1921 so that they could bring up their children in “the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” My father had told my mother, “There is nothing as important as rearing our children in a church that believes the whole Bible.” He had been disappointed in the failure of the church he had attended, and decided the time had come that there would be a famine for the Word of God, as the Bible prophesies.

It was because of an Apostolic Faith paper that my grandparents had received, that my father came to Portland to see what was happening here. After his first meeting, he said, “There is enough power in this church to convert the world.” I believe there is, if we would only exercise it.

The next day, my father found a job and he sent for us. He said this was where we would be living. The tabernacle was being built at that time, and evenings he helped on the construction job. He taught us from infancy that the work of the Lord comes first, and anyone who knew him can attest to the fact that he proved it by his life. The happiest time of his life was when he retired from the railroad and could give full time to the Gospel

work. I was only a little girl then, but I am glad that the love for God was planted in my heart when I was young. I am thankful for such a heritage.

I didn't seek the Lord as a young girl as I should have. I remember the camp meeting just before I was saved. I went home to my little tent that night and told the Lord, “Is there no hope for me? Can't I ever get saved and find real satisfaction?” I loved the meetings but I put off getting saved, and neglected God. But the Lord was longsuffering and merciful to me, and one Sunday morning the following September, He talked to my heart and made me willing to get down to real business for Him. I told the Lord I would give Him my life if He would give me what these people have. That morning I called on Him for mercy and He came down and put that real peace and joy in my heart and life, and gave me something to live for. He gave me a blessing I could never explain. Even though there weren't a lot of outward sins on my life, the Lord made a mighty change down inside me. I lost sight of the things of the world.

One thing I remember from the days of my childhood was the testimony of a man who said he had been saved 50 years! Then came the time when my father had been saved for 50 years, then my mother. And now I have passed the milestone. I thank God from the depths of my heart for His presence with me for over half a century.

I am observing another anniversary—44 years in the church office. I would not exchange those years for anything in this entire world. The Lord has given me blessings above what I have ever been able to express. Just before I was 21 years of age, the Lord began to talk to me about my plans for my life. I knew what I wanted to do, and thought I could carry out my own plans. But the Lord began to tell me I must let Him choose the way I should go. It wasn't easy. Through that year I would get down to pray with a hunger in my heart and would promise, “I will give You my life.” But when I would get

up, I would say, "I didn't really mean it, Lord." I was afraid if I made such a consecration, the Lord would call me to something I did not want to do. I thank God that in His mercy and love He looked down and helped me make some choices that have given me the privilege to labor in His vineyard. I love the work I am doing. I think it is the most wonderful work in the whole world.

I remember well the Sunday morning when I knew I had to settle the question for time and eternity. That day I could say, "Lord, You choose my path." And I meant it. I had heard a minister say, "Sign your name to the bottom of a sheet of paper, and let the Lord fill in the conditions." That day I could do it. I knew I would have to keep whatever I promised. To the best of my ability, I have done so. There has never been a moment when I was sorry I made that commitment to the Lord. He has led me in wonderful paths. When I was just 40 years old, the Lord called me to take charge of the African correspondence that comes into our office. I thought it was asking me to do something far more than I could ever, ever do, but finally the Lord got me to the place where I said, "Thy will, not mine," and I meant it. I'll tell you, the steps that the Lord has brought my feet through are more marvelous than I could ever tell you about.

Many are the times when I sit over in the church office at my desk, look out that window, and I think, "Lord, it will take all eternity to thank You for what You have done for me." And it will. The Lord has been so good to me

We had always been a poor family, but I remember one time sitting in the King David Hotel in Jerusalem with my brother, looking down over the city at night, and he said, "Ruth, did you ever imagine that the Lord would give us this privilege?"

We had chosen the things of God, and we are "rich" because we gave our lives to the Lord. My father didn't leave us a heritage of money, but he gave us a heritage I wouldn't exchange for anything in the world.

I thank God for the memories I have of Sixth & Burnside. The Lord saved me there; He sanctified me there. In 1941 He healed me of a very serious disease. I was broken out on my entire body, from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. I went to an ordinance service, the first Friday of November that year, and the Lord healed me instantly. I went in there all broken out, and I walked out with a skin like a baby. God healed me instantly.

I remember many things and as we were packing up and getting ready to leave Sixth and Burnside, the memories have crowded around. You think of the many blessings; the many battles that have been fought. I thank God for the privilege the Lord has given me. I am not looking back just to that. I love those memories, but we are looking forward to greater things, and we thank God for the way the Gospel is going forward with the hope of the soon coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

It will take all eternity to even begin to express the gratitude in my heart that the Lord ever called me, that He ever saved me, and I pray that I can be faithful to the very end.

## J.J. Barney

**I**t is good to be a born-again Christian and know where you stand. I once didn't have this knowledge of sins forgiven, and I had a hard time trying to find someone who could tell me how to find victory and peace.

I was brought up in a Christian home. My mother taught us three boys to fear God and live for Him. She told us many times that if we lived a sinful life we would go straight to Hell and be burning and never die. I believed what she said. I was sent to an Indian school 500 miles from home. There I mingled with rough boys, and it seems I forgot all about my mother's teaching and became the devil's boy. I was locked up in jail three times for stealing and was punished many times at the school. But God in His mercy kept striving with me, and it seemed I could hear my mother's voice about the wrong I was doing. I would get down on my knees and tell God I was sorry for what I was doing and ask Him to lead me.

After several years in school, I returned home and joined a church. I didn't know anything about being born again or praying through to victory. In my heart I cried for a witness from God that I was a child of His. I thought perhaps that if I did my best in church work and did not miss any meetings, it would gradually get brighter in my heart. After five years of doing my best, I became so unhappy and disappointed as a class leader and a steward of the church.

I said to myself, "If I can't find joy in religion, it is no use to keep going. These five years are long enough to find out if there is reality in the Gospel." Then I began to attend different churches. Every time I heard of a revival, I was sure to go. Sometimes the meetings I went to were absolutely lifeless and no one seemed to have any interest even to talk to me. My life was like a land where no rainwater dropped for twenty years, or a tree without leaves, no birds to sing, and no sound of life. I think I was the unhappiest Indian in the United States.

One thing I know, there is a God, for He always talked to me, and I could hear my mother's voice say, "pray." I'm glad I obeyed and kept praying to my God in Heaven for help, for He did send help to me many months later.

One day I stopped plowing and walked to the mailbox and found a paper. It was an Apostolic Faith paper, which was sent to me by an Indian lady employed at the Indian hospital. She knew I was hungry for God's truth. I started reading that paper and I didn't know when to stop. I said, "Those people are God's people." The teaching on sanctification appealed to me. It was something I never had heard about before. I learned something about seeking God from reading that paper and I began to pray.

Sometime later, I attended a revival downtown where they had an altar, and when the altar call was given, I went down and prayed. God met me with open arms, and I rejoiced for I was wonderfully saved. A great change took place in a moment of time. The heavy load I carried night and day was gone, and my heart was filled with joy. Every tree seemed to clap its' hands with joy. I can say after nineteen years, I still have that victory in my heart and it grows better all the time. I can recommend to anyone that there is reality in the Gospel of Christ.

## R. L. Barney



The Bible was an open book in our home. My mother would gather us children around her knees and tell us about Heaven, and she would tell us about that place called Hell. She painted Heaven as a beautiful place, but she did not paint Hell as a good place. I made up my mind at a young age that I did not want to go to Hell. I am so thankful to the Lord for that upbringing.

I was a child who always wanted to do right. I didn't drink. I didn't smoke. People used to pat me on the back and say, "He's a good boy," but I thank God that He saw my need and sent conviction into my heart. Many times I would hide myself and weep, just wanting to do right. I did not know anything about holiness at that time. I did not even know there was such a thing as holiness, but still I wanted to do right.

Throughout my growing-up years I worked at several jobs. At the age of nine years, I was hired to plow fields with a blind horse. Later I worked at the railroad and then at the gravel pit. I thought

that if I made plenty of money, perhaps that would satisfy me. I began prizefighting, and I was really into it. At that time, I was living in the State of Kentucky. I remember so well that when I left there to go to the State of Michigan, I had just one purpose in mind, and that was to be a professional boxer.

I am so thankful to God that between amateur and professional boxing stood Jesus. At the age of twenty-one, I returned to my home state of Florida to be married. While I was there, a lady gave me an Apostolic Faith paper, and she said, "God wants you to live free from sin." Well, I was the kind of person who, if you said a good boy did not do this or that, I would never do it. And if I had done it before, I would never do it again. I told the lady that if others could live without sin, I wanted to live that way too, so I gave my life to the Lord. At that time, I became a professional "prizefighter" for the Lord—a minister. I am so thankful for what God did for me.

The Lord allowed me to attend my first camp meeting in Portland, Oregon, in 1934. I remember that I did not have a job at the time, but I said, "I'm going." It was not an easy trip. Brother and Sister Frazier and my wife and I made the 3000-mile trip together in a model T Ford, and we had to push it to get it started. Many times I had to sit on the front fender to hold the brushes in the generator to get it started.

We left Florida with \$100, two jars of jelly, and a fried chicken lunch. Day after day, we knew what we were going to eat—bread with a little jelly—that was it. The trip was difficult, with several flat tires along the way, but when we finally arrived in Portland, I fell on my knees and cried out to God, because something within me said, "You are home at last." I was blessed to meet the founder of this work, Sister Florence Crawford, and many others who helped to establish this organization.

A little over eleven years ago, I was hit by a car that was traveling at about 45 miles an hour. I was alone at the time, and drifted in and out of consciousness, but God was with me. The doctors said it was just a matter of time before I died. My people gathered around me, also thinking I was going to die, but the Lord said, "Live on!" I was so broken up that the doctors waited sixteen days before



operating on me—they were that sure that I was going to die. After they operated, they said I would never walk again, but I am walking!

This Gospel means everything to me. I am Apostolic from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. Surely, I thank God for His great blessings to me.

*Brother Barney began ministering in Florida, later moved to Birmingham, Alabama, where he started a small Apostolic Faith work for the Lord. In 1935, he was made pastor of the work in Anniston, Alabama. He was a humble man and one of the patriarchs of the eastern region of the Apostolic Faith ministries. On February 15, 2000, after years of faithful service and leadership, Brother Barney went to be with Jesus. He fought a good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith, and he has now gone on to receive his crown of righteousness.*



## Hollis (Chic) Beasley

**T**hank God for His great love and mercy. I was just a railer and a blasphemer when I came to God. Year after year, just from a child, I had no peace, no rest. Mom and Dad broke up when I was about eleven years old, and I had nobody to tell me where to go or how to go, so helpless and hopeless, out into the world I went. I started over those old hills in Eastern Oregon in my teens, and went to the lumber camps, the shingle mills, and the box factories with men much older than myself.

I drifted into the depths of sin and it seemed that trouble followed me everywhere I went. From the time I started out as only a lad, God talked to me. I didn't know it was the Voice of God, but I can look back now and see that it was.

One day, in 1917, my wife said, "Let's go to Portland." We came to Portland, and I later went to work on the east side of the city in a manufacturing plant. I was a sawyer, and they were working on a bonus system. The faster you put that stuff through, the more you made. I was pretty hard to get along with. I tried to make all I could; I was covetous anyway. I used to curse, rant, and rave, and I used to throw things around.

It was there I came in contact with the old-time religion. A young man, sixteen years of age, from the Apostolic Faith Church, came to work across the machine from me, and the life he lived convicted me of my sins. As I watched him day after day, his life preached a silent sermon to me. One day I went around the machine and asked him, "What church do you belong to?" He said, "I don't belong to any church. I am just a Christian."

I don't know what you would have thought about that kind of sermon, but it did a lot of good for me. From that time on I began to treat him differently. I quit throwing things around. I quit cursing that boy. I asked him many questions. He told me how God could come into my life, and how God could save me. I'll tell you, I listened to that lad. I would say to myself, "If God would do that for me, save me, and give me power to live it, and I could be a Christian without struggling and striving, that is the thing I am looking for; I would know beyond a shadow of doubt that there is a God!"

He told me about the Apostolic Faith people, and how God had saved him and his brothers and sisters from sin. I came among these people for just one purpose, to see what God would do for me. I sat in that meeting, my first camp meeting, in 1926; and these people told me that God could come into my life and set me free from all my sins. I was just waiting for the altar call that I was told about. I went there and began to pray. I didn't know much about praying, but these people began to pray for me, and I prayed the best I knew how. God heard and answered my prayer and set me free from all my sins, and I knew I was free; I didn't have to guess about it. God took out the blasphemy and my tongue has never slipped from that day to this. The desire for cigarettes and the booze was all gone. God cleaned me up. It was a miracle that God could come into my life in the twinkling of an eye and make such a change.

I went back on the job the next day and my life was changed. It is marvelous how God can keep you living the life of a Christian. I started back over the old crooked path to make it right. I made

restitution for the things I had robbed from a drug store three different times, and to a man I had injured in a fight.

I have seen many miracles. Some years ago, I had arthritis of the nerves. Anybody who has ever had that disease knows how one can suffer. God healed me of that and I haven't had a trace of it since. I fell twenty-three feet out of a cherry tree and broke a vertebra in my spine. God also healed me of that.

During the world war, I went out on the high seas as a merchant seaman and I spent many years there, and God kept me and spared my life many times. One time He spoke right out of Heaven and told me to take cover. I went under a life boat. The moment I went down, a 20 mm shell came out of the sky and exploded right where I had stood. It would have blown my head right off. I have been over the Pacific, the China Seas to New Guinea, and the coast of Australia. I have seen many ports and much sin, but God has kept me from sin. Something was planted in my heart when I first came into the Gospel that never went out. Through His mercy and power, God has kept me, and I thank Him for it.

## Edna Beckner

**I** praise God for His great love to me. I didn't have a Christian home. Our home was filled with sorrow. I never heard my mother and father pray. But there was one thing my mother did tell me, and that was that I would have to stand before God and give an account for every sin in my life.

One day I went to my brother's home in Montana to spend the winter with him. I was a brokenhearted person. My life was full of sin, and I was disappointed in this world. I went there thinking I would soon be forgotten. I didn't expect to live very long.

I had only been in my brother's home a few days when he gave me a church paper that had been published in Portland, Oregon. I began to compare it with the Bible and found out that it contained just what I was wanting and what my heart was longing for. I thank God I gave my life to Jesus, and He has been with me down through these many, many years. Jesus is no respecter of persons, and I thank Him that He included me. He has given me strength to press on.

He has been my Healer and Physician. I have never had to turn to the arm of flesh. Jesus came and healed me many years ago when I was sick in this city, and He raised me up. The doctor had to be called, but he would have nothing to do with my case. They had to call another doctor, but I am so glad Jesus came and healed me and raised me up without the physician's help.

Thank God for the privilege I have had to be in Portland, Oregon. My daughter and I have been in the Gospel fifty-seven years now, and for about nineteen years we both have worked in the headquarters mailing department, helping to send out these Light of Hope papers to needy and hungry hearts and point them to Jesus who saved us.

This is my home now. When the Lord saved me it wasn't in a beautiful place like this, but it was a small place downtown in Port Angeles, Washington. They didn't have any orchestra or special singing. There were just two organs, but I am glad Jesus was there. I am happy to be here, and the desire of my heart is to press on until Jesus returns.

## John Breazeale



I want to thank God for the privilege to tell just a little about what He has done for me. Truly I am thankful for the old-time religion.

In my early life, I spent many years in the world of sin, seeking a good time, going to everything that came along. I was defeated at every turn of the road. Oh, I thank God for His mercy that He ever sent these people my way, to a little country schoolhouse, to tell me how to get out of a life of sin, and how I could find reality, real peace, and happiness in my life! In one of the church meetings I was in, the minister said to me, “Why don’t you take a week off and pray?” That stirred me up. I said, “If I ever go back to that altar again, I will get saved.”

I turned the Gospel aside, thinking it was too straight for me. I went my own way for years and each year I drifted deeper into sin. I became an old pool hall fiend. I tried to quit that life in my own strength, but there was nothing in me that could say no to sin and stay with that decision. But God was merciful to me and brought these people my way again.

As I stepped into that Apostolic Faith meeting, the minister said, “It will help my brother Bob if you will go up there and get saved.” I said, “I don’t want to stand in anyone’s way.” He said, “Are you going?” I knew the Lord had my number and I said, “Yes, I am going to seek salvation.” I stepped out in the aisle and went to the altar of prayer. I lost sight of the old pals that night. I was willing to do anything if God would come into my life and give me the victory these people told about. When I prayed an honest prayer, the Lord came into my life. Jesus came to my rescue and took out those sins that had me bound. I had cigarettes in my pocket, but when I went home I put them in the stove. God gave me victory over all sin and evil habits. Thank God, I have had victory now for many years.

I have proved the old-time religion on the job too. For many years, I worked in the logging woods and I never saw a time I felt like backing down on serving the Lord.

God helped me to go back over my past life and straighten it up and make confession to those I had wronged and to those I had robbed. I had stolen and lied. I even lied to my own brother. I went to him and told him how I had lied to him. He took me by the hand and said, “You are a better man than I thought you were.” It was nothing in myself, but what God had done for me.

My oldest son was raised and saved in the Gospel, but he turned it aside and went out into the things of the world. He was in New York singing in the big operas. Then he got a disease, and the doctors said there was no hope for him. He came to Medford, Oregon, and I took a week off to pray for him. After a week of praying for him, Brother Carver went to pray with him and the Lord wonderfully saved him. We began to pray for his healing. One day the Lord told my wife to put a plate on the table for Bobbie. It wasn’t many days until he was sitting at the table. The Lord added six months to his life, and then took him home to Glory.

I have a hope in my heart today, to be there on the Golden Shores. I praise God for this wonderful Gospel.





## Philip W. Brown

I was born January 10, 1898 at St. Albans, Vermont, the youngest of five boys, into a home where the Bible was an open Book, and was read to us every day.

My father was a lay preacher in the Methodist Church and both parents were teachers of the adult classes. Though my father held in question some parts of the Bible, I thank God I believed it all as the inspired Word of God. Some good books in our home were an inspiration to

me to take the way of the Cross, as "Pilgrim's Progress." However, my younger years were sinful, but little known by others, and many nights I wet my pillow with tears for my sins. But, one night at my bedside I felt my load of sin was too heavy and I realized I had to forsake all my sins and repent, and when I did, Jesus saved me and put victory in my heart, and I could then live right.

A year or two after this, while I was attending a university in a nearby city I began going to a Holiness Church where I learned about sanctification, and soon the Lord sanctified me in my own room. How I shouted and praised God! Then from another source, I heard that I could be baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire as in Acts 2:4. I thought: That is for me, I'm going to have it!

There was some wonderment, as I heard much against it, but I began to pray that God would lead me among people who had it, if it was His will. He soon answered, because in a very few months God had an instructor from the State Agricultural College in Kansas to come to Vermont to collect two carloads of grade Ayreshire cows and ship them to a Correctional Institute farm at Hutchinson, Kansas. He made St. Albans his headquarters and he soon inquired for a young man to assist him in the trip to Kansas. I, with several others, volunteered and as God would have it, he selected me. I was just under 21, so needed my parents' consent, which I received. I thought right then, "Maybe now I'll find God's people."

After an interesting trip of some two weeks in the cattle cars, during which the World War I Armistice was signed, this college professor asked if I would like to do some milk testing for the Holstein-Friesen Association for a few months. I took the opportunity and again asked and received permission of my parents.

On my last job of testing I came down with scarlet fever and after six weeks in a hospital, I started out with my two heavy suitcases to look for God's people in Kansas City, Missouri. After only one inquiry at a Holiness Church, I was told that if I wanted to believe in the baptism of the Holy Ghost with speaking in tongues, "go to the Apostolic Faith." He said it rather bluntly. I went, and though it was daytime, one of the members was there to answer my questions.

That night there was a meeting and that one meeting settled all questions for me. At once I quit my good-paying employment and any thoughts of returning home, and I started to seek the Lord in earnest. Before this I confided to Brother James Damron, Sr., the pastor, that I wanted to get my baptism, and then continue my work as a milk tester and give out church literature. But he very kindly

said, "I believe the Lord wants you to stay here." And stay I did and got a job helping a "steepie-jack" paint chimneys and flag poles, then helped as a truck painter later.

During these few weeks, Brother Ray and Sister Freda and others, came to help us on a Sunday morning, and at their first service with us, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. There was an afternoon meeting, but I was at the altar still speaking in another language when the meeting began. I missed my dinner, but what did I care! I had found what I so long had craved!

There I heard much about the yearly camp meetings in Portland, Oregon, so I determined to go at any cost. As soon as I arrived, I so wanted to see "Mother" Crawford (as we called her), the Founder and Leader, and went directly to her home. As soon as I saw her and heard her speak I was "captured." I knew she was one I could safely follow. I felt that she was indeed as an oracle of God to me. I have felt the same way of her successors, as I know this is the work of God and not the work of man.

The Rose City camp meeting was my first camp meeting, which was in 1919. After the 1920 camp meeting I returned to Kansas City and was there for three years before returning to Portland to stay. I wanted to be my best in the music part of the services and hoped that I could be of service in the Portland meetings.

As the Lord would have it, when I was at the 1923 camp meeting Brother Ray Crawford asked me to stay in Portland to play the piano in their services. So it has been my God-given privilege to play in Apostolic Faith services all these 50-odd years. The Lord also gave me a talent, which I did not have, of writing many songs and anthems, which are used in our services. I did not make them for any remuneration, but gave all the songs to the church, feeling that God would most certainly bless, and He has, and I thank Him.

A few years ago our son, Larry, urged me to write my early history in the Gospel, and lately Brother Clifford Friesen made the same request. I had already written most of it, but His request made me feel I had better do something more about it.

If I had as keen memory as I wish I had, I could write a book and a good sized one, I'm sure. But I do remember the determination that sustained me through these many years: If others have made the Goal, I can, too, in spite of all the devil can do.

Now in my senior years I find I have no regrets whatever that I took the way of the Cross, though at times it has been stony. My hope is bright that I will soon see my Savior and hear His "Well done."

*Philip W. Brown was born of school teacher parents. When he was very young, a serious illness caused him to be hearing impaired. However, that did not hinder his musical prowess. He was an accomplished pianist when he moved to Portland in 1923, and accompanied the church orchestra for 25 years. He wrote his first hymn in 1934, and after that time he wrote more than 250 hymns and anthems. He served as a music missionary to the Hawaiian Islands in 1947; in 1948 moved to Chehalis to assist the music department of Apostolic Faith Church. He married Margaret Young in 1950, and they had one son.*

## Cato Bush



I thank God for the privilege of being on these holy grounds (camp meeting 1958). I praise Him as I think back and see what He lifted me from.

As a young boy I was raised out in the country in a good, strict home, shut away from the sin other boys were in. When I was sixteen years of age we moved to a large city, and I got involved in many things I had never been in before. I fell into the hands of “city slickers.” They taught me to drink and how to gamble, and I followed that life for many years. I loved to gamble, play cards, smoke, shoot pool, steal, curse, and get drunk.

Sometimes I would see the law coming, and I couldn’t stand in my tracks for I thought: They are coming hunting me. Many times my heart grew heavy because I knew what I did was wrong, and I wanted a way out, but I had no one to tell me the way out.

Finally, I left the South and went to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania where I found the same gang that I

had run with before, and I would go out at night and spend my money around the gambling dens, get drunk, and then go home to my family. God led me in a roundabout way. One night I decided I would get away from the whole thing. I thought that if I would change my environment things would be better for me. I joined the church and listened to the minister preach, shook his hand, gave the secretary my name, and was baptized, hoping that would make a change in my life. But no change came; I was still bound by the things of the world. It wasn’t long till I had cursed the express man and I had condemnation in my heart. I went from church to church seeking satisfaction and finding none.

Later God led me back to the southern part of Alabama where I met a little band of Apostolic Faith people who told me how God could save me and keep me saved. I had never heard a story like that before. I didn’t like it at first, but there it was in the Scripture, and it convinced me. I didn’t get it right away because my wife opposed it. I went away, and while I was gone God showed my wife it was right, and He saved her. When I came home she was saved, sanctified, and baptized with the Holy Ghost, and she began to tell me what God had done for her. When I got a chance I ran away to the woods, and prayed to God to save me.

I never shall forget that Sunday morning in Sunday school when it seemed my heart would burst. They sang a song and the very power of God raining down lifted me out of my seat. It broke up that Sunday school. They gathered around me down at the altar and prayed me through to victory, and Heaven flooded my soul. When I arose I knew that I was saved because I had a new heart; the old burden was rolled away. When God saved me, all lying, stealing, gambling, card playing, pool, and cursing was ended. Those sins didn’t drop off one by one; He took them all out in a moment of time.

The people told me there was still more for me. I sought sanctification and God really sanctified my soul, and later on He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. They taught me about restitution; I didn’t know what restitution meant. They told me it meant to go back over my life, straighten things out and pay back debts. I had many restitutions to make. Some of the people wouldn’t receive money but forgave me and told me to use the money in the Gospel work. There were many who didn’t think I would have stolen, but when God saved me, I went back over my life and straightened it up.

Three years after God saved me and gave me my experiences, He called me to the ministry, and I started out to preach the Gospel. One time we were having a great revival on the East Coast, and I became very ill and had a high fever. I was too weak to stand up. My wife asked me what I was going to do and I said, "I don't know. I may have to have Brother Barney preach for me." Then God whispered in my heart, "Resist the devil." I resisted the devil and got up immediately. I dressed and went out that day as though I had never been sick, and delivered the message. Another time He allowed a disease to seize this body of mine. I pined away to where I wanted to die, and I prayed that God would take me Home. But a voice spoke to me, "Why would you want to do that when I could be glorified in your life?" I knelt on my knees, raised my face to God and said, "God, if you heal me I will give you my life over again." God healed me overnight. This body is not patched up. I thank God He is real to me.

I thank God for salvation, for something that gets into your heart and blasts sin out! For over 50 years I have proved the Gospel. I thank God for the old-time religion and can say it is good for the whosoever will.

## Ed Benedict

I am so thankful that God in His love and mercy helped me to realize what it would mean to be lost. As far back as I can remember I was sent to church and Sunday school. I was raised in a good Christian home and was taught the right way to go. The Bible was an open book in our home.

I was taught to pray, but I thought religion was too tame for a young person. I thought while I was young I was going to have a good time and have my own way. As I grew older I drifted away from the church and broke away from home ties. I thought the world had something to hold out to a young person. I loved sporting events. I went to the ball games and places of amusement, but at night when I would return home after reveling in sin, God would deal with me. I would toss and turn and wonder how it was all going to end. I was constantly condemned for the things I was doing.

One morning, I went to the Apostolic Faith Church in Port Angeles, Washington, and I sat there with a heavy load of conviction. I told the Lord if He would only put that peace back in my heart that I had known as a child, I would give Him the balance of my life. I am glad that God in His love and mercy was faithful to my unworthy soul and dealt with me until I was willing to bow my knees at an altar of prayer and call on God for mercy. I told Him that I was through with the frivolous things of the world and that I would turn my back on them if He would only plant that peace and happiness in my heart and give me power to live above sin. I can say that God came into my life and did that very thing. He put in peace and rest and happiness and took out that old tiger that was always raging in my breast—that something that was always seeking the green spot over the hill.

That hasn't been just a day or two ago, but that has been many years ago, and I feel it is time enough to prove whether or not it is real. If this wasn't real to me you wouldn't find me in this place—I would be out with the old gang trying to find something to satisfy. I can say I have found the satisfying portion in the Gospel.

There is one purpose in my heart and that is to give my life more fully to God than I ever have before, that I might meet Him one of these days face to face and praise Him for His redeeming grace.



## Charles Butler



I thank God for an opportunity to try to tell you what the Lord has done for me. If it weren't for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ I would not be here. It took a real miracle to place me in the glorious light. Ever since the Lord saved me I have been walking in that narrow way. I don't feel like I am confined. I have perfect liberty, because He lives in my heart. There is so much light on this road, it is a pleasure to walk, and far in the distance are the glowing lights of liberty.

I thank God that He called me when I was in sin. I was in an awful shape, possessed with a vile temper and blasphemous mouth, full of hatred, envy, and covetousness. I didn't love anybody because of the hatred that I had. Today it is a different story: I love everyone. I had smoked cigarettes since I was a small boy, but God took that habit from me. I thank God with all my heart; He has been faithful to me.

I thank God that this old time religion is good for the American Indian. I have been a logger all my life, and you know the type of men I work among,

but with Jesus by my side it is a pleasure; it doesn't hurt me any. I am in this world, but bless God I am not of this world. I am thankful that God took me from this world and planted my feet in the path that is narrow and straight.

I have been a logger and a barber, I have met so many people in the past years, infidels and all sorts of men, but God was able to keep me among all of them.

I have learned that I can be thrilled just at some mention of the Name of my Lord Jesus Christ who has done so much for me! I love to feel the tears roll down my cheeks. It isn't that I am sorrowing over His death, but I love His presence, and I feel the balm of His glorious Spirit. This is the best I can do. This uncertain voice of mine, I have dedicated to the Lord Jesus Christ Who has done so much for me. I am dedicating the balance of my life to Him who died for me and lives today.

I am glad His plan of redemption has included the American Indian at Neah Bay. The people there are full of sin and evil spirits. One visitor to the village said, "You can't go any farther to the end of the world than Neah Bay."

It is good for the Makah Indians as well as the white man. It is good for anybody. I thank God I have the victory in my heart and a testimony, and in Heaven I know that there will be a few Indians mixed in that throng.

*Brother Charlie sang solos before most of his testimonies. Some of those he sang were:*

*It Took A Miracle*

*I Have No Regrets*

*A Little Nearer Home*

*God's Gift To the World*

*Just Tell Them When You Saw Me, I Was On My Way*

*O The Bleeding Lamb*



## Herbert Carter

**M**y parents were good people who took us to church wherever we lived. I was born in Green Bay, Wisconsin, on June 17, 1917. Shortly after that, my mother became extremely homesick. She persuaded Dad to give up his good job of teaching and move the family down to the home farm in Richland Center. I always thought that God didn't want this little red-haired boy to grow up in a big city. We endured several years of poverty, some worse than others, and we moved often.

Although I didn't truly understand salvation, I was taught to live a good life. Nevertheless, boys will be boys. One time my friend and I had a chance to go to town. In the dime store there, I picked up a little vise. It looked good to me, so it came home with me. However I was so condemned, that a week later I told my friend, "I'm going to take that vise back to the store. My conscience can't stand this." I made my first mistake by stealing and my second one by telling my friend. He said, "Oh, don't do anything like that. They will put you in jail and

you'll be there the rest of your life." Sadly, I decided not to take it back. After that experience, other things started creeping into my life, like picking up candy bars in the store and stealing watermelons. These things didn't help my guilty conscience.

Once in a while a minister named Melvin Gander would come to our town to preach. He was associated with the Apostolic Faith work in Portland, Oregon. My sister received salvation, but I couldn't get my conscience cleared up enough to pray so I could believe that I could be saved.

Years went by. One day Reverend Gander came to see us. There was something different about him, and I knew it was his relationship with God. I was convinced that what he preached was the way to go, although I was not sure I could do it. I was twenty-one years old, newly jilted by my girlfriend, and just out of a job. Reverend Gander invited me to go with him to Minnesota Lake and get a job there. That sounded good to me, so off we went.

For some time I strove to get real salvation in my heart, something that I could be sure of, but it seemed to be in vain. One Saturday night a young man invited me to go out and see the bright lights with him. I felt discouraged about finding the Lord, so I decided to see what was in the world. That night the country seemed to be full of liquor and dancing. We picked up two young ladies and another young man, all crowding into a small car. As we stood watching the crowd gather in one of the places we stopped, the thought came into my head, I could marry one of these young ladies, inherit a farm and be set. About that time, The Lord spoke to my soul so clearly that He was almost shouting at me. He said, "Are you going to spend the rest of your days with these?" I looked around the room. The jukeboxes were blaring and not a single face had a smile on it. I told the Lord, "If You will save me so I know it, I will live for you." That next morning was Sunday and I don't remember what Reverend Gander preached about, but when he asked us to come and pray, I was one of the first to go. Because God had talked to me in the dance hall the night before, I believed that He would save me, and He surely did.

I knew that I needed to make right the wrongs in my past. I found out the name of the manager

of the dime store about the time I had stole the vise, and wrote a letter, enclosing some money. The letter came back with a note that the man could not be found. Two more times I tried, with different addresses, only to get the same results. So I gave the money to the Lord. The candy bars and watermelons were still on my conscience, and I drove to Wisconsin to make amends for them.

It was in May of 1939 that God had saved me. The next winter I lived in Minnesota Lake and went to church there. I received my sanctification at that church. What a wonderful experience! It has given me stability all of my life.

By this time I heard about the Apostolic Faith camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. I wanted to go, but it was a busy time in the blacksmith shop where I worked, so I decided not to mention it. But the Lord knew my heart. One day I was trimming the feet of a horse that had just been shod, kneeling down with the horse's hoof on my knee to rasp the hoof. The horse decided to put his full weight on my knee, which gave way, letting the hoof down onto the calf of my leg. I finally got him off my leg, but I couldn't walk too well for a while. I decided that maybe this was my opportunity to go to camp meeting.

My cousin wanted to go to Vancouver, Washington to see his mother, so we set off together. Our old car had poor tires, and plenty of play in the steering. Between us we had forty dollars. We had only three dollars left when we started through Washington. Yet somehow the Lord helped our gas to stretch and our patched tires to last until we got to the Portland campgrounds. The man who met me at the gate treated me as if I was his long-lost brother. I felt like I had come home.

It wasn't too long until my world changed again. On December 7, 1941, Japan dropped the bombs on Pearl Harbor, and I knew that soon I would be in uniform. I had seen many soldiers come back from war without salvation, so I talked with an old gentleman at the church and said, "I don't know if I can keep my salvation if I go to the army." He said, "You read your Bible every day and pray, and you will stand." That sounded good.

On May 8, 1942, I was drafted. The first night at bedtime the barracks were noisy with the excitement of everything, and I wondered what to do about my devotions. My bunk was on top, but I decided to just go ahead as if I were at home. So I got down to pray on the floor by our set of bunks. All of a sudden you could have heard a pin drop in that place. Even though I got some remarks, from that day on it was accepted that I would read and pray each day.

I never had to take a back seat because of the Lord. One time something broke and there was a lot of cursing and swearing going on around me. When it was reported to the officer, he asked, "What did Herb say?" The others replied, "He just smiled." I was grateful to have the Lord with me in all of my comings and goings in the army. Once while in North Africa, I had to take a load of hand grenades to another town. The distance was too far for the amount of gasoline I could put into the truck, so I had to carry extra gas cans along. The road was so pocked with bomb holes that the bottoms were hammered out of the gas cans, allowing gas to leak down through the grenades onto the muffler. I drove on prayerfully, hoping the truck wouldn't ignite, and the Lord got me there safely.

In situation after situation, the Lord kept me and I was thankful for the day I could come home. I have never had any desire to go overseas again, but I know God will take care of a person wherever he may be, because God took care of me. After coming home, I met a young lady and was married. Since then, God has been with us all the way. We have eight children, and through the years there has been some hard places, but God has always helped. When the Apostolic Faith camp meetings were started in Murphysboro, Illinois, the Lord gave me the baptism of the Holy Ghost there. About three years ago I lost my eyesight but I still feel the joy of the Lord in my soul. It really is wonderful that I have the same peace I received in that little church in Minnesota so many years ago.

I've lived by this motto: Regardless of what the obstacles are, if we will put the matter in the hands of God, He will make a way through even when we think there is no way.





## Loyce Carver

As a child, I lived on a farm in Tennessee. My parents were good, church-going people who loved their five boys. Dad ruled the household with a strict but loving hand. Although our family was poor, he taught us the finer things of life—diligence, honesty, and high morals.

About a mile from our home stood the one-room schoolhouse where I received my early education. Our teachers often began the day with Bible reading or a prayer.

Across the road from the school stood our little country church. Once a month, a circuit-riding preacher came for the weekend. We heard no smooth, polished sermons. He said that we must repent and turn from all our sins, or we would be lost and go to Hell. I recognized the truth of those words and felt the convicting hand of God. I got the message about salvation, but it seemed I could not grasp how to receive the experience.

When I was thirteen, I attended a revival service. At the close of the meeting, the preacher pled with us to come forward and something compelled me to respond. Those in charge

counseled with me and offered a prayer. After asking me some questions, they told me I was saved. I hoped I was.

I remember trying to walk straighter after that and to believe that God had met me. But during the following days, I realized there had been no change, no real assurance that God's mercy had reached out to me. I wanted to believe it, but my heart still condemned me.

What was I going to do? Eventually I gave up all pretense. I told my friends, "I don't have it. There's no difference between you and me."

The next summer I went to a revival meeting in another community. As the minister preached, I was again under conviction and went forward to pray. Someone said, "I thought you got saved last summer." I answered, "I thought I did too, but I guess I did not for I am not saved now." He looked surprised and said, "Oh yes, you are! You were saved last summer and you will always be saved." I protested, "But I'm just like the boys who are not saved. I'm doing what they do." "That makes no difference," he insisted. "You professed faith and received the Lord as your Savior, so you are saved now just as much as you ever will be." How disappointed I was as I left that church!

This broke the chain of my searching. I lost interest in religion and became cynical. I sinned and made no apologies for it.

When I was seventeen, I joined the Civilian Conservation Corps. Two years later, a transfer to another CCC camp brought me to Merrill, Oregon. There I came into contact with the Apostolic Faith Church. Members of their group in Klamath Falls held meetings at the camp from time to time.

In those services, I found myself up against the old-time religion to be sure. I saw real salvation before me. When the young people testified, they were enthusiastic and vibrant about their Christian experience. They knew the time and the very place they had prayed through. They had a marvelous story of victory.

I realized that I, too, must get honest before God, repent of my sins, turn my back on the world, and plead for mercy. Once more conviction settled heavily on me. How I wanted to pray! But at the camp there was no chance to have a prayer service.

However, they invited me to come to their meetings in Klamath Falls. There I sought God, praying every time I was in a service. The people did not try to talk me into salvation. They said, "You will know when God saves you. He will give you the witness in your heart."

Soon, they invited me to attend the opening Sunday of the annual Apostolic Faith camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. There I prayed after the morning meeting. People were praying with me and hundreds of people were praying around the altars. This was something I had never seen before. Following the afternoon meeting, I prayed, but still to no avail.

Sunday night was my last meeting and I felt it was my last chance. In desperation, I finally grasped the needed faith. God accepted my prayer of repentance and my surrender. He let His Spirit witness to my spirit that at last I was truly born again. What peace flooded my soul! I knew I had become a child of God. That night was July 3, 1938.

The next morning we headed back to the CCC camp. When I walked into the barracks one of the fellows said, "Something has happened to Carver." Right there I gave my first testimony. I said, "Yes, that's right. The Lord saved me. Things are going to be different now. I am not going to be gambling and swearing anymore." Then I added, "In fact, I am going to give back everything I won gambling." I told them I didn't want anything in my locker to remind me that I used to gamble.

To take my stand and let the boys know I meant what I said was one of the best things I ever did. I put myself on record that I would be different from then on and God helped me keep my vow.

The people in the Klamath Falls church helped me pray and become established in the Gospel. The Lord sanctified me, and in the spring of 1939, I received the wonderful experience of the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Yes, I have fond memories of those early days of my Christian experience. It was good then. But now, many years later, the same rejoicing comes to my heart when I rehearse what the Lord has done for me. Every day I can see more clearly that what I do does not amount to much, but what the Lord has done for me is marvelous. What a privilege it is to try to express the thanksgiving in my heart!

*Loyce C. Carver was the General Overseer of the Apostolic Faith Churches from 1965-1993. He has gone on to his reward in Heaven.*



## W. M. Chandler

I thank God that more than fifty years ago I gave my life to God, and He saved my soul. He blotted out my sins and wrote my name in Heaven.

God lifted me from death's door about fifteen years ago when I was dying with two great cancers in my face. One had eaten until you could see the bone in my forehead and all down into my mouth, until the roots of two of my teeth were exposed.

The doctor told me he would have to take out my right eye in order to get at the roots of the cancer that had gone over into the socket of the eye. I told him I could stand no more. I was nothing but a nervous wreck, nothing but skin and bones—ready to go into the grave. But the next day, I am so thankful, God led me into the Mission Hall. It was there I first met the Apostolic Faith people.

They told me they had seen cancer wither and drop out, and had seen all manner of sickness and disease healed in answer to prayer; and that if I would believe, God would heal me. I told them that I believed every word of it. I knelt at the altar, and they anointed me with oil and prayed for me. At that moment the power of God fell on me and surged through my whole being for hours, and renovated me from head to foot. Nothing short of the resurrection power of Jesus Christ could do for me what was done that night.

I knew the cancers were healed, and to my surprise I could leap and jump. I had carried a stiff knee for thirty years; it was made nimble in the twinkling of an eye. Now for fifteen years I have been able to do the hardest kind of labor. There are a number of people in this hall who were there at the time God healed me of the cancers.

I thought that when I went back to my home, over in southern Oregon, that everybody would want to hear about it. When I left home they never expected to see me alive again. When I went back they said that the doctors cured me, but I came home and gave God the glory. God permitted another cancer to come on my face, that they might be convinced. They wanted me to go back to the doctor that had treated me, but I told them I was coming to Portland, Oregon, and the saints of God would pray for me and God would heal me. I came to Portland at that time. I went up on their platform in the church and they anointed me with oil, laid their hands on me and prayed for me, and in a few days the cancer separated from the good flesh and came out from the bone. In two weeks' time it was healed over as it is today. There were several hundred people saw me go up on the platform that day with that great cancer in my face; and they saw it healed before their very eyes.

*Brother Roy Frymire remembers this man, that when God healed the cancer, it left a hole in his face, which Brother Chandler covered with a bandage. If anyone ever questioned why he had the bandage, Brother Chandler was ready with his testimony of how God instantly healed him.*



## Dolly Walker

The most important thing to my mother, in bringing up her eleven children, was that we would know Jesus and serve Him. She had a strong love for the truth, so though times were hard back during the Depression, and we were unable to get to the Apostolic Faith Church about twelve miles away, mother made it a practice to have family worship in our home. She would call us together, and we had to keep quiet unless we were talking to Jesus. Mother would say, “Everybody pray.” Then she would go around to us children on her knees. She would lay her hands on our backs, one at a time, and pray for us.

Those times of prayer made me uncomfortable, because deep in my heart I wanted the ways of the world. When mother would come to me, she would say, “O God, you stop Dolly in her wild career!” I would look around out of the corner of my eye and wish she would quit. But my mother knew there was power in prayer. When she would get to the end of her prayers, she

would say, “God, when I’ve done all I can do and justice is satisfied, I want my children to be with me in Your Kingdom.” Many times she would then break down and start praying all over again, and it would seem as though she prevailed another hour for me.

In spite of those prayers, I went my own way. At the age of fourteen I left home. I was supposed to be going away to work so I could buy myself some school clothing, but I thought of it as getting away from the family altar and from the mother who was praying so earnestly for me. To my surprise, I found that when I got away from home, I missed it. I went to the shows and danced the heels off my shoes in a dance hall. But wherever I went, my mother’s prayers followed me: “God, You stop Dolly.” Conviction settled so heavily on my heart that I went back to our little country home and began seeking the Lord.

I didn’t want Mother to know I was praying, because I thought if I could get rid of the awful conviction that was making me so miserable, then I could go on my way. However, instead of lessening, the conviction became greater. One day I went into the backyard where I thought I could pray in secret, not knowing Mother was watching me. When I came out of my place of prayer, Mother was standing under the hickory nut tree. She knew I was praying—she went into the house and called us all to prayer!

I knew then that Mother knew I was seeking the Lord. Somehow arrangements were made, and a little later she said that I was to go to the Apostolic Faith service that night. I went to that tabernacle, and I cried my heart out to Jesus, but I knew I hadn’t really prayed through. Mother had said that when you got saved you would know it, and I wanted to know that I was saved.

By the next day, word had gotten out that Dolly wanted to be saved. There was no service that night, but our Sunday school superintendent and my mother held a cottage meeting with a group of us young people. That night, as I knelt and prayed with my face buried on my arm, I told Jesus if He would come into my heart and make me happy, I would serve Him.

I will never forget what happened. As I began to raise my head toward the sky, peace dropped into my heart. I knew that God had forgiven my sins and my name was written in Heaven. Oh, the

peace, the joy that I felt! I knew I had victory in my soul and I would be able to live for Him. The next day, I began to realize how complete the change was. I felt entirely different inside and out.

The following Sunday, Mother took us to another Apostolic Faith meeting. I knew there was more and I wanted whatever God had for me. A real revival was breaking out. As I knelt, seeking the Lord for sanctification, the Lord came down and sanctified me and some others who were seeking that experience. Shortly after, the minister saw the glory of God on my face and he said, "Look at the smile!" I didn't realize I was smiling, but I knew that something had taken place in my heart that was different from salvation. Somehow I felt that God had cleansed my heart.

As my Sunday school superintendent knelt before me, he encouraged me to praise the Lord. As I praised Jesus, each praise got better, got sweeter and deeper, until it seemed all I wanted to do was praise the Lord. I could tell something was happening. The Spirit of the Lord took over and baptized my soul with the Holy Spirit.

That was a beginning. The Lord kept me through high school with victory. I knew that God was calling me and that I wanted to dedicate my life in service for Him.

By the time I was nineteen years of age, I made the consecration to do anything Jesus wanted me to do. One day I left home again, but this time to go to Kansas where I ministered for more than twenty years. Then God called me to Oklahoma to work with the Cherokee and Ponka Indians. Later, God called me to move to Newfoundland. It was my privilege to labor in that part of Canada for a number of years. I have witnessed healings and conversions; I have seen people receive sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Someday by God's grace I know that I am going to walk on streets of gold. There I want to see Jesus—the One who died for me, saved my soul, sanctified me, baptized me, and who has given me power all these years to live a life above sin. On that day it will be my privilege to bow before Him and to thank Him for His redeeming grace.



## Norman Compton

**M**y mother and dad came from Texas to bring us into this church. There were eight of us children. I was three-and-a-half years old when we moved to San Francisco, California, and I remember the night I saw my mother and dad go down to the altar and give their hearts to the Lord. We were in church three nights a week and three times on Sunday. I got to the place where I thought: church, church, and church! Is that all there is to life?

Mother was faithful to her eight children. She never drew back on her responsibilities of what she felt God demanded of her, but she taught us all from the time we could understand that one day we would have to meet God and give an answer for the way we lived. She put a fear in our young hearts of being left in this old world when the Lord returned.

I can remember being afraid to go to sleep many nights after she told us that Jesus might come in the night. He would come when we did not expect Him and He was only going to come

for those who were looking for Him and watching. It used to make me shake and tremble and I would be afraid to go to sleep. Sometimes the Lord would send a dream and I would see my mother go on up to meet the Lord and I would reach up clutching at her apron strings, something to hang onto! And she would turn back and say, "No, you can't come that way, you have to pray for yourself." The Lord was faithful to my young heart.

As I got older sin became attached to my life. I began to go out into the world of sin and seek for its pleasures. I could hear my mother's warning in my ear. I never did find anything that would give lasting happiness and it always came back to me that I would not find it until I turned to God.

I was in high school and had an old 1928 Erskine blue automobile with black trim around the door. One time out driving I irritated a driver. I cut in front of him and he chased me and knocked me in the rear and got me over to the side of the curb, cursing and swearing. I rolled my window down and tried to face this man. He stuck his big fists right in and whacked me right in the head two or three times. I hurt and bled and then I remembered my mother's prayers. God in His mercy spared me from getting killed by this husky, half drunk painter. A stevedore came along and pulled him off me. He got his license plate number and said, "Get your dad to look this up because he has no right to do that." I got in my car and cried out, "Oh God, help me!" I didn't realize that it was God's mercy getting ahold of me.

I had been to Kearny Street Courthouse answering for that deed, and all the blame was put on me. The judge was talking about the punks in San Francisco. God talked to me and told me I did not belong there. I thought, No, I don't Lord! I looked back in the audience and saw one of the pastors sitting with my dad. I said, "Oh God if you just get me out of here and get me back to church, I will give my life to you."

I went to church and heard the sermon and knew God was talking to me. A brother asked me, "Are you saved?" He knew I wasn't but I said, "No." "Would you like to be saved?" he asked. I said,

“Yes!” God had me where the resistance was gone and there on old Market Street, twenty-six steps up over a market where our church was, I knelt before God and surrendered my life and did all I knew to do. I got up an hour later, but didn’t have the faith to get saved. I was so despondent as I walked down the steps.

That day I walked out with my mother by my side, and I was broken hearted. She said, “Have you prayed honestly?” I said, “Yes, I have.” “Have you given up your sins?” “Yes, I have.” “Have you told God that you are not going to do them anymore?” I said, “Yes, I have. I don’t know what else to do, Mom.” She said, “Well, if you have done all you know to do, then just believe Him and you will find the witness in your heart.” As she said that I was just getting ready to walk up the concrete landing to wait for the streetcar. Just as my foot landed on there I said, “Lord I do believe,” and the glory of God fell into my heart. I will never forget that day in May 1938.

In the army, God kept me living a Christian life. In the business world, God kept me living a Christian life. I have been in construction work most of my life and have learned to be careful in that type of work. One day I climbed up a defective ladder and unexpectedly fell over eleven feet onto the hard rocky ground, right on my feet, 250 pounds on a size 8 shoe. I should have cut my legs through my feet, but an x-ray showed there was not the slightest indication of any break in my feet. Had it not been for the Almighty hand of God, I would probably have been crippled for life. Two days later I was back on the job. As I walk around I look at my feet and say, “I thank you, God, that you have spared me that I might give my life to you.”



## Allen Crabtree



One day, many years ago in an old log barn, I knelt before God. I was just a child, but I came to God that day with a request. Our home wasn't much—an old log cabin in the hills of Ohio. Only God knows the poverty and privation we went through. But that day I thought our home was going to be broken up; my father and mother were going separate ways.

I believed that out yonder—someplace—there was a God who could hear and answer prayer. I remember I went out to that old barn and got on my knees on a bunch of hay and straw. I told God that if He would prevent that home from being broken up—I brought it out in the best language I knew—that when I grew to be a young man I would dedicate my life to Him and to His service.

God heard that prayer! That home was reunited, and my dear old father and mother lived to a ripe old age together with the fear of God in their hearts. The best years of their lives were their last ones. One day Father walked in from the porch, sat down on the cot, bowed his head, and went to meet God.

I never got away from the vow and covenant I made with God. I used to attend those “protracted meetings” back in the southern part of Ohio. I heard the story of Jesus, and I never got away from it. I had a name in those hills of Ohio that wasn't very good. I was into something all the time; my father took me out of school because of the trouble I caused there. I knew how it felt to have steel handcuffs around my wrists, and to be escorted by the police because of what I had done. But underneath the rough exterior was a hunger and a fear and a longing for something. It was the fear of God that drove me to my knees: that thought of eternity! You can laugh on the outside, but on the inside it is altogether different.

When I was in the Army, far away from home and God, everything that was wrong and sinful was mine. I was a soldier at Fort Ward in Washington. One Sunday I found my way to a little mission hall in Port Townsend, Washington. Some Bibles were lying around on the chairs and I picked one up. As I opened it something spoke to my soul, “Go out by yourself and pray.” So I started for the woods of Port Townsend to see if I could find an altar. I stepped off the old bicycle trail and knelt beside an old stump and started to pray. God was there. I had a ruined character, blasted ambitions and hopes, a stomach that cried for alcohol, and a life that demanded sin but I told God, “I will not leave these woods until I get the witness in my heart that I am saved.”

I prayed and I meant business. I turned my face toward God and my back on sin. In just a few minutes after I had prayed and made some consecrations to God, peace came into my soul. The Lord Jesus Christ met me there. Sweet holy peace came stealing down over my entire being. I stood up and looked all around. Everything seemed to have gone to rest--the fir trees didn't even stir. A holy calmness settled over my soul because I had made my peace with God. My soul had an anchor.

When I sent the news back to the old home telling them I was saved, Dad began to laugh and rejoice and my mother began to cry. He was a Christian but Mother wasn't. Later I came home and after only a few meetings in the little church there, I saw my mother come down the aisle. After all



those years she was headed in the right direction—she was coming Home. She looked at me and cried, “Al, pray for me!” What a night that was! Afterwards, when I prayed at the table, she prayed at the other end. At first she had spoken against this, but God had made a change in her life. Thank God for this great salvation that saves from sin and keeps from sin.

God has been with me through the years. For a time I worked in a factory in front of hot furnaces. Amid the rattle of machinery and the roar of blowers, tears of joy streamed down my face. Thanksgiving rose from my heart for the salvation that saves from sin, sets a man free, and makes him happy.

I thank God for the health and strength He has given me in my last years, and for the joy unspeakable I have in my soul. And best of all, I know I am ready for God’s roll call over Yonder!



## Florence Crawford

I was brought up in a home of unbelief. I never knew what it was to hear my mother pray and I never laid my hand on a Bible until I was a grown woman, but God looked down into my heart and saw that I wanted something real.

One night as I was dancing in a ballroom I heard a voice speak out of Heaven and say “Daughter, give Me thine heart.” I did not know it was the voice of God so I went on dancing. Again the voice spoke. It seemed my feet became heavy and the place was no longer beautiful to me. Again the voice spoke much louder, “ Daughter, give Me thine heart!” The music died away and I left the ballroom; and for three days and nights I prayed and wept, wrestling against the powers of atheism and darkness. The enemy would tell me there was no God, and that the Bible was a myth. I could hardly eat or sleep, and it seemed there was no hope for me, but I thought: Why did God speak out of Heaven if there were no hope?

At last I remembered a woman I knew was a Christian, and I went to her home. When she opened the door and looked at my face she said,

“You want God.” I said, “I want Him more than anything else in the world.” Right there I fell on my knees, and as she prayed for me, God came into my heart.

Oh, the rest, the peace, the quietness that flooded my soul was wonderful! As I wept for joy, I said, “I must go and tell the others.” I went to the home where some friends were waiting for me to join them in a card game. They had cards on the table and were ready to play; but I told them, “No cards for me; I have found Jesus!” They saw the light of another world on my face, and the cards were put away.

What a change God made in my heart! Everything I had loved that was of the world was taken out of my heart; but, oh! how I loved lost souls. Often I wept as I saw those who looked sad, and many times I would stop and tell them the story of Jesus.

When I heard that God could sanctify wholly, I sought that experience. For years I went from place to place where they taught sanctification, willing to kneel at any altar, no matter how humble, if only I could find satisfaction for my hungry soul. When evangelists came to the city, I found a way to get a private interview with them, if possible, and told of my hunger. When they heard how earnestly I had sought and consecrated my life, they would say, “You are sanctified,” but I knew I was not. There was a hunger, a craving, a thirst in my heart. While I was living a consecrated life, the fire had not yet fallen on the sacrifice.

How I thank God that when I heard of the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, He led me to a little mission. It was not a fine hall, but just an old barn-like building with an old board laid on two chairs for an altar. The floor was carpeted with sawdust; the walls and beams blackened by smoke. I looked around to see if anybody saw me go in, but I would not have cared if the whole world saw me go out. I had found a people who had the experience I wanted. The first “Hallelujah” I heard echoed down in my soul. When I went out of there that day, the only thing I wondered was: Can I ever get it?

From Monday till Friday I sought God and read my Bible at every possible moment between my duties. That Friday afternoon at the mission, the preacher stopped and said, "Somebody in this place wants something from God." I pushed the chairs away in front of me and fell at the altar, and there the fire fell and God sanctified me.

Three days later, a great hunger seized me for the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. God showed me that my heart was clean, and that the Holy Ghost could come only on clean vessels. I consecrated again, deeper and deeper, and sought for the power to tell the world what great things God had done for me. I sought till the following Friday.

As I sat in my chair in the mission, the Holy Ghost fell from Heaven and a rushing mighty wind filled the room. My tongue that had never spoken a word but English began to magnify and praise God in Chinese. The power of God shook my being, and rivers of joy and divine love flooded my soul. It was wonderful, but the greatest joy to my heart was that I had received the power to witness to lost souls so they could find Jesus.

I had many afflictions on my body, but I never once thought of praying for the healing of my body until God baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. I had worn glasses for years. Three attacks of spinal meningitis early in my life had left my head and eyes so affected that I could not leave the glasses off. I went to the mission that afternoon and told what wonderful things the Lord had done for me. As I had them pray; the healing power of the Son of God flowed through my eyes, and my eyes were perfect.

I had lung trouble for years and had to live in southern California for my health, but God healed me of that. I was thin, diseased, broken down in every part of my body, but when I had paid the full price and in simple, childlike faith prayed that I might get my health back again and be a witness for Him in this world, the healing streams began to flow.

As I lay on my bed at night I would open my soul to God, and every avenue of my life to the heavenly streams that seemed to flow through every fiber of my being. And when I would awake, I would renew my consecration, and tell God He knew my heart and knew that my life was in His hands; that all I had or ever expected to have was at His disposal. Everything that I had given Him in all the deep consecrations that He required of me when I was seeking my sanctification and baptism, was all on the altar and was His, and what He gave me was not mine but only lent to me; it was His.

When a girl, I had been thrown from a carriage onto a jagged stump, and for some time had been at the point of death as a result of that accident. Later in life I had to wear a brace with straps and a metal plate because of that early injury, and I had not walked for eleven years without that brace. One night the prayer of faith was prayed for me, and God instantly healed me. I walked twenty-three blocks that night and had no pain. From that day to this, I have never had a tinge of pain from that problem.

The healing of my body was complete. An internal trouble the doctors said could not be cured without an operation was perfectly healed. Once diseased from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, I was made sound and well through the Blood of Jesus. The Christ of Calvary touched my body and made me whole. Oh, how I praise Him! How I worship Him for His great love to me!

*Florence Crawford was the founder of the Apostolic Faith work with headquarters in Portland, Oregon. After being saved and then receiving her sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost in the Azusa Street revival at the turn of the century, she became an undaunted leader whose message and ministry reached hearts and lives the world over. She led the Apostolic Faith work from 1907 until her passing on June 20, 1936.*



## Bill Cripps

Yesterday when I went to our mail box there was a little paper in it from the Apostolic Faith Church. It reminded me of what happened some 55 years ago when my mother received a little Apostolic Faith paper from Portland, Oregon. It was full of victorious testimonies of men and women who were saved and had the old-time religion. In that paper it told how you could pray your way out of a life of sin to a life of victory. It wasn't just a halfway deal or a hope-so or maybe so; but they had really prayed and God had saved them—turned them around about-face and started them up the stream of time, against the sins of this world.

My mother saw it was real. She prayed and God saved her soul. She began to read that Bible to us children, and I found out there was a Heaven to gain, that there was a Hell to shun, and that I had a never-dying soul that was going to face eternity. I found out through Mother reading the Bible that there are only two places to spend eternity: one of them is Heaven—where they say the streets are paved with pure gold, a place that the eye has not seen, the ear

has not heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man the things that God has prepared for those who will serve Him.

Then she read a little bit about the other place to me and said it was a lake of fire and brimstone—prepared for the devil and his angels; where there would be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. I was told that eternity was time without end, that I would spend eternity in one place or the other.

I found out something else: that it is up to each individual, and it was up to me where I would spend eternity. I began to count the cost. I thought if I should gain the whole world, live to be 100 years old without an ache or pain or care of any kind, and then spend eternity in that lake of fire and brimstone, I couldn't see where this world held any attraction for me. I couldn't look upon it with any degree of satisfaction at all.

I used to spend my younger days running around with a preacher's son. He made the statement that if he went to Hell, he would have plenty of company. Even if my friends were down there, I couldn't console myself with having company in that lake of fire and brimstone. I didn't think anybody would walk up to me and say, well Bill, we are here! How about it! Everyone would be weeping and wailing.

I looked at the other side of the picture, and I said: If I don't have anything in this life, just barely get by, and when it comes my turn to cross over the Great Divide, I can enter in through the gates into that beautiful city, whose builder and maker is God, where the Bible says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." And for those who serve Him! I thought Heaven was cheap at any price.

I made up my mind that if God would save me and give me this old-time religion that these folks talk about, then I would give Him my life. To show you how bad I wanted it, I left everything in the

State of Illinois and came all this way to Portland, Oregon, for no other reason than to get saved. At the altar of prayer at Sixth and Burnside Streets over thirty years ago I prayed. I didn't get saved then, but I went several times to the altar to pray. I would listen to the testimonies, to the sermons, and then I would go and pray some more.

One night down at the altar of prayer at Sixth and Burnside, I asked God to have mercy on me a sinner. That night I wasn't mincing matters; I wasn't beating around the bush. After praying a while I looked up and said "I feel free!" One of the brothers who was praying for me said, "Whom the Son of God sets free, he is free indeed." I went home that night a-singin' "There's a new name written down in glory, and it's mine!"

I have been through all sorts of tests since that time, but I have proven God to be a real friend in the time of trouble, and I wouldn't exchange this hope of mine for the wealth of the whole round world. I could give a long testimony here tonight; but I want to say out of the depths of my heart—I thank God for the old-time religion.





## Edna Damron

Over fifty-three years ago in 1910 I came to my first Apostolic Faith camp meeting. I was discouraged at that time. I had been trying to find a people who held high the standard of God's Word. I had gone to many different churches.

I was reared in an old-fashioned Methodist home where we had family worship before we went to bed at night. I was taught to pray a little, formal prayer. My father was a local preacher in a holiness church. I loved my father and thought he was the greatest man on earth. One Sunday morning, when the pastor was away, my father was in the pulpit. I sat in what they called the Amen Corner, and while he was preaching, I began to pray silently. I was just a young child, but as I lifted my heart toward Heaven, the Lord opened the Heavens and poured a great stream of love through my soul. I buried my head in my hands and sobbed and sobbed; it was so wonderful. But I saw that church drift toward the world, and that wonderful love leaked out of my heart.

Later while my husband was pastor of a little church in northern Washington, I began to realize my spiritual condition. I saw that conducting young peoples' meetings and missionary meetings did not fulfill my obligations to God. I needed reality in my soul. I needed power in my life to work for the Lord. I believe I was just in the same position that hundreds of ministers' wives are in today: "They have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge."

One day alone in that little Methodist parsonage I opened my Bible and the first words my eyes fell upon were: "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple," (Malachi 3:1). Just those few words from the Word of God inspired my faith and I took hold of the promises. I cried for mercy. As a sinner, I confessed my sins and gave God my life.

He heard that prayer and rolled the burden from my heart and set me free. I sprang to my feet and said, "Oh, I know my Redeemer lives; I know my name is written down in the Lamb's Book of Life!"

I heard about sanctification. I knew of it from a doctrinal standpoint, as I had read John Wesley's teachings on it. I began to seek for that experience. About three weeks later I consecrated my life deeper to God than I had ever done before. I said yes to the whole will of God, and one night in the wee hours of the morning as I was praying and consecrating my life to God, He wonderfully sanctified me. That has been a real landmark in my life. I have never doubted that wonderful experience. It has held me steady when I have met false teachers and false doctrine.

I looked for a people who held a high standard of Christianity, a people who believed and taught the whole Word of God. I searched here and there trying to find a people who lived Christian lives. One night the Lord led my husband and me into an Apostolic Faith tent meeting where Mother Crawford was holding a revival campaign in Vancouver, B.C., Canada. When we walked into the tabernacle my husband knelt at a chair to pray. He began to weep, and he looked up at me and said, "God is in this place."

I had been disappointed in trying to find the people of God and in my heart I said, I'll wait and see. I listened to the testimonies; they sounded real. God seemed to whisper in my soul, "You're home at last." For over fifty years they have been my people and their God has been my God.



As I attended my first Apostolic Faith camp meeting in Portland in 1910, one Sunday morning during the service God rained down His power on the meeting and I found myself with many others on my feet praising God in another language I had never learned. God had poured out upon me the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. The Comforter had come into my heart. I recall that when just a little girl, one of the lady workers in our church was very enthusiastic over foreign missionary work. She organized a juvenile missionary society. She would gather us around her and tell us about the heathen children that did not know about Jesus. That planted a desire in my heart to be a foreign missionary. Sometimes she would pray and say, "Lord, raise up someone from this little group to carry the Gospel to the heathen lands." I used to kick my toe against the floor, and in my heart I would say, "She doesn't know it, but I am going." For years I wanted to be a foreign missionary, but the church I was in required a college education in order to be a foreign missionary. Illness in our home did not permit my finishing my education, so I had to give up the plans of going to the foreign fields.

I am grateful to God for a son who carried the glad tidings of salvation to the West Indies. He found many people hungry for the Truth. Something in my heart makes me feel that my son, in some way, is helping to bear the responsibility that I felt as a child to get the Gospel to the foreign fields. I love the missionary work and am thankful the Apostolic Faith church is helping to send the Gospel message to lost souls all over the world. I love telling about the Word and it stirs my soul. There is something in my heart that longs for the whole world to know about Jesus. He has done so much for me. He has been my friend all my life. I love to see the Gospel go out to others.

I still have that longing today. I praise God for the privileges I have had down through the years telling the story of Jesus.

I do thank God for this lighthouse—this place, where the papers are printed and sent all over the world, so those that are hungry for God might know about the Gospel. I thank God for this wonderful Gospel. It is so wonderful to me. I have had many years in this work. My heart just thrills at the Gospel today. I have grown old but the Gospel hasn't grown old—the old time religion. I thank God it is just as new and just as fresh today. It just thrills my soul as much today as it has in the years gone by. I thank God for the privilege I have had serving Jesus. I love Him today; He is my friend. He sticketh closer than a brother. I have had many chances to prove God in this wonderful Gospel—chances in hard places, to know that there is a God that we serve that cares for us. I thank Him that He ever brought me into this wonderful way. I have never regretted letting my light shine with this people. I love this way. I love the saints. It is my delight.



## Fred Edmonds

It is marvelous to be able to tell this wonderful story as somebody told it to me. About 45 years ago I was in the Midwest on a large wheat and stock ranch, and I prospered on every hand for a bit. But along with the prosperity I discovered that my wife's health was failing and then it became worse. She had tuberculosis and cancer, and the doctor told me there was no help for her except for possibly changing climates. I left my business and we traveled to several different states, finally winding up in California. I found out that health resorts were not the answer. My wife begged me to take her back home and let her live the rest of her life at home.

We had three very little girls at that time, so we made our journey back to the ranch again. While there on the ranch, we heard a wonderful story. A neighbor of ours told us about a people in Oregon that had the old-time religion. They prayed for the sick and the sick were healed. She asked me if she could write to these people and ask them to pray for my wife. I gave her my consent, and the letter reached these people at

one of their camp meetings and they prayed for her. In a few days God worked a miracle and instantly healed my wife in our home.

It took me off my guard. I couldn't believe it, but God had visited our home. Just think of the great God of Heaven coming down into your home and performing such a miracle! That morning I watched her life and discovered that it was actually true. God had healed her! I didn't feel worthy of it because my family didn't even go to church. We had just lived for what we could get out of this world for our own personal benefit; and we were as selfish as we could be. We didn't care about our neighbors' happiness; we just wanted the best for ourselves. But God knows how to deal with that kind of people. Oh, the love of God!

One day, a short time after that when I came in from the field, my wife met me at the door. Another miracle had happened in my home. She looked so different! Her face was lit up with the very presence of God, and she said that God had saved her soul. In the kitchen, she prayed to the God who healed her and He spoke peace to her heart, and now she was not going to live like she had in the past. From that day on, I couldn't say I had never met a real Christian. I told her that if she wouldn't bother me with it, I would never lay a straw in her way, but she just continued to live the life and pray for me.

I had tried for twenty-five years to live as she said she was going to live, but my life was a complete failure. I had prospered financially, but I walked the floor at night when I couldn't rest. One day, God definitely spoke to my heart. I heard a Voice that I had never heard before so convincingly saying, "You ought to be a Christian!" I tried to put it off and make excuses, as I had before, but He spoke to me again. After the third time He spoke to me, I realized it was God, and I had to do something about it.

Finally, one day in a large wheat field, I got off the machinery, and down on my knees. I settled the old account and prayed my way through to victory. It only took a few minutes because I meant every word I said. God took me at my word and spoke peace to my soul.

I sprang to my feet and walked around, hardly able to contain myself because of the wonderful change that God made in my heart and the joy I felt in my soul. There was a song coming out of my heart, "There's a Deep Settled Peace in my Soul." That peace came from Heaven.

A short time after that, my little girl became very ill. Before night came, she had had about seven convulsions in less than twenty-four hours. Her body was twisted out of shape and she was the most mangled child I had seen in many a year. One leg had formed a socket in behind the other and she was paralyzed from the hips down. Her hands were all turned out of shape, and her jaws were locked for days. The doctor said her mind would never be right again and I should give her up because she would be a hopeless, helpless cripple.

The same God who saved me was right there to hold me steady. About twenty-seven days later I saw the Lord absolutely untangle that child's twisted knees. I saw God restore her mind that day, unlock her jaws that shoved her front teeth right out, strike off the paralysis from her hips down, and straighten out her hands right before my very eyes. I saw a mighty miracle that day, and God has been performing them ever since.

After I was saved, I came out to Portland from Kansas—sixteen hundred miles—leaving my business and everything behind, to start out in a city that I knew nothing about and worship with the people who prayed for me and showed me the way. I said, "I am going to bring up my children in just this kind of atmosphere." I have never been sorry. My whole family is saved today, and I am a happy man.

For these many years I have had this wonderful salvation in my heart and have had the privilege of telling my fellowman as somebody told me, that there is wonderful, wonderful victory in prayer! I appreciate the old-time religion!

## Leona (Gander) Ewers



As a child I felt close to the Lord. I knew He heard when I talked to Him. After the long Wisconsin winters when the snow melted and the ground became warm, I used to go into a little woods looking for spring wildflowers. When I found some, I thanked the Lord for them.

Before I was old enough to read, I enjoyed looking at the pictures in the large family Bible. The picture that especially impressed me was of the “Great Flood.” It showed people desperately trying to get into the Ark. Once when it rained for several days, I told my mother that I was afraid there might be a flood like in Noah’s time. She told me the Bible said God had promised never to destroy the earth again with a flood. That put an end to my fear because I knew that the Bible was true.

My mother taught me to pray, and I was taken to Sunday school and church. This put a desire in my heart to be a Christian. Periodically, our church held revival services. When I was thirteen years old, I went

to the altar of prayer in one of those services. I was not under conviction for my sins, but I went because I thought it was the thing to do.

From then on, I called myself a Christian. Later I sang in the choir and taught a Sunday school class. At times it occurred to me that a Christian should be living according to the Bible. I tried, but before the day had ended I knew I had failed.

After finishing my education, I went to a different community to teach school. I no longer felt close to the Lord, and started going to dances and playing cards with other young people. Four years later, I met my husband. His upbringing was very different from mine. His parents did not attend church and he had no Christian training.

After a few years of marriage, I became very unhappy with my husband’s way of living. He started playing his violin for dances and began drinking liquor with “the boys.” I wrote to my brother, who was an Apostolic Faith minister and told him my problems. No doubt he prayed for me, for soon I was under heavy conviction. At the time I had no opportunity to attend a church and pray at an altar, so I prayed at home. I told the Lord that if He would help me to know I was really saved I would serve Him. From then on, I knew I was saved because I had victory over sin.

Then I started praying for a Christian family. Three years after that my brother, Melvin Gander, started holding some meetings in an abandoned church near where we lived. He invited us to the meetings and we went. My husband’s health was failing. Inflammatory rheumatism had damaged his heart, and the doctors said he would not live long. In the first service, he rushed to the altar and was saved. He made restitution to those he had wronged. He never took another drink of liquor or smoked another cigarette. His bad language also was changed.

We started having family devotions. We had no place to worship, but we received the publications put out by the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon. On Sundays we gathered our children together and held worship services in our home. We sang hymns, read a sermon or article from the church paper and prayed. The Lord sanctified and gave the baptism of the Holy Ghost to my husband and to me in those family worship services.

We had trials, but we had encountered trials before we were saved, too. Now we had the Lord to help us. When the children were still young, my husband had another attack of rheumatism. He was in great pain and so helpless that he could not even get his hands to his face. One day his pulse became so weak, I thought he was dying. I gathered the children around his bed and we started praying for him. His pulse became stronger and then, each day, he slowly began to improve. Eventually he was able to get out of bed and walk and use his arms and hands.

That same winter the weather was very severe. One blizzard after another came along with temperatures well below zero. One day, we did not have enough wood to last through the night and no money to buy more. However, God was watching over us. About dusk that evening a young man drove into our yard and left a load of wood. We had no idea he would be bringing it. Many times the Lord helped us in situations that seemed hopeless.

I have never wanted to turn back into the life of sin that the Lord saved me from. The Lord has been good to our family. My husband passed away thirty years after the doctor told him he would not live over a year. I thought I could never live alone, but the Lord helped me to adjust to it. I still live alone at ninety-two years of age. Whether I leave this world by death or the Rapture, I expect to be with the Lord and praise Him for His goodness and mercy to me.

*Leona lived alone until she was ninety-six years old, when she went to live with one of her daughters. She lived to be one hundred years of age, and died with the victory in her soul in 1995.*



## Clarence Frost



If anyone has a right to praise God, I have. I was never taught to pray, and didn't know anything about God. I began drinking with my father when just a little fellow. My poor mother pled with me never to drink alcohol, but I would become so drunk I could hardly sit on the wagon seat with my father. Tears would roll down my mother's face as I would stagger into the kitchen where she was waiting.

My temper was so bad that, many times, my mother would have to stand between my older brother and me as I threatened to take his life. While still a young boy, I left that home and landed in the logging camps and mining camps where they put the liquor on the table just as we do the tea and coffee. I became a pathetic drunkard, and I lived that way until I reached the age of twenty-two.

That year, after working all summer in a camp in northern California, I went over into the

Rogue River Valley in Oregon to spend the winter. I was very fond of bowling, so I rented a building in the city of Ashland and started a bowling alley in it. I was unaware of the fact that there was a group of Christians who had wanted to rent that building to use as a Gospel mission. They did not come to me and ask me to give up the building. They had a better way of getting it—they began to pray and ask God to save the bowling-alley man so he would give up the building for them.

Never have I had such a month as that! Terrible conviction seized me until one day I left the bowling alley and went to a store a block away and asked the man if he had a Bible. I had never owned one and did not know a line in the Bible. He said he had no Bibles but he had a red-letter New Testament. I did not know that was a part of the Bible, but I bought it because I saw pictures of Jesus and angels in it. Then I sat in the bowling alley and read that Testament while the boys tallied their own games. I went to the country for a few days and took the Testament with me, but when I returned home, I realized that I had left my Testament behind, so I found a Bible and bought it.

Mind you, people were holding cottage meetings and praying for me all this time—I later learned that they would sometimes pray until 2 o'clock in the morning! On the day that I bought the Bible, God sent two people to the home where I was staying. Not knowing I was the man they were praying for, they invited me to attend their meetings.

A desire compelled me to go to their meeting that very night. It was a cold night, December 12, 1911, when I made my way into a mission meeting for the first time in my life. I sat behind the stove in the back of the hall, broken-hearted and discouraged. I had a broken hand from a fight, and I had been drinking heavily.

During the meeting, I heard a man tell how he had been down in sin, but that he had prayed and God saved him. I had never heard anybody say they were saved. Right then, I lost sight of the world and everything around me. All I could think of was, Would God save me? Another man said that God would save the drunkard. That night, I saw myself as God saw me. When they asked sinners to come to the altar and pray, I heard the Voice of God speak out of Heaven to my soul and say, "You'd better

pray.” I answered the Voice, “I can’t pray; I don’t know a line in the Bible; I don’t know how to pray.” God spoke to my heart a second time, “You’d better go.”

I trembled like a leaf, but stepped into the aisle and said, “I will go.” When I knelt at that altar, an old gray-haired man knelt in front of me and began to pray for me. He asked God to have mercy on me and help me to pray. I prayed like a child, and God rolled the load of sin off my heart. Within five minutes I was on my feet and I knew I was saved!

On my way home, I stopped at the bowling alley and told the boys I had just joined the church—I didn’t know what else to call it. Some of them thought I was crazy, but others took me by the hand and said, “Frosty, stay with it.”

After that night, I never wanted another cigarette; I never took another drink of liquor; I never had another fight; the terrible temper was gone. God had set me free! The next meeting night, I went back to the mission and someone asked me, “Brother, what business are you in?” When I told them I was the bowling-alley man on Fourth Street, they began to weep and to praise God. That is when I learned that they had been praying for me. A few days later, I helped make seats for the new mission hall that had once been my bowling alley. I had the privilege of testifying in that same building. I told how God had saved me from the old life of sin. I told how I had even committed crimes against the government that would have put me behind prisons bars for years, but that I confessed them out after God saved me. God went before me, and I never had to serve time.

The following summer, I went back to the logging camp with the same old gang. They tried to tempt me into drinking, smoking, and carousing again, but God had cleaned up my life. During that same summer, on August 15, 1912, I was blessed to marry Katie Rice, in the city of Ashland.

Someone from the church gave me a copy of *The Apostolic Faith* paper. After reading that paper, I decided to go to their camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. That was in 1913. While there, I heard about the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I prayed and received that mighty experience. After that I answered God’s call to tell others of the wonderful change in my life and how they, too, could have the same experiences.

God gave me many opportunities. I went back to an old country church where I had once written in their Bible and left it there for the Christians to find. I stood in that same pulpit and read from that same Bible, which now had erasure marks on the pages to get rid of what I had written. I preached the wonderful Gospel of Jesus Christ to those people, and told them what God had done in my life. I asked them to forgive me for the way I had lived in that community. God gave us a marvelous revival, and many of my old friends and schoolmates were born again in those meetings.

I went to the dance halls, where I had staggered in and out for years, and helped clean them up so we could hold Gospel meetings in them. As a result of those meetings, we saw souls pray through to salvation.

The day finally arrived when I went back over the mountains to meet with my mother again and ask her to forgive me. I told her what God had done for me, and we pulled the chairs into the middle of the floor and had our first prayer meeting together. Oh, how I thank God for this wonderful Gospel!

While in that community, I saw a man working out in the field. Years before, there had been much bitterness between us and we wouldn’t speak to one another, but that day I climbed over the fence and hiked across the field to meet him. I wanted to shake hands with him and make things right with him. God is so good!

For thirty-four years I prayed for my father. I would request that other people pray for him also, and one day God answered those prayers. I thank Him from the bottom of my heart.

My wife and I reared our children in a Christian home. Many times when they were very young, I would see them bowing their heads at the table before they ate their meals. I would sometimes break down and cry and ask, “God, is it really me that You have made this change in?”

God kept me out of a life of sin and stood by me through all these years. He has healed this body of mine more than once. I thank God for the prayers of His people.



## Walter & Elizabeth Frymire

Walter and Elizabeth Frymire came to the Apostolic Faith at Klamath Falls, Oregon, in September, 1926. They had received literature and letters from friends and relatives whom they had known previously and who had been converted to Christ in this church. The oldest son of the family, Homer, had moved previously to Klamath Falls, as had Elizabeth Frymire's youngest brother, Amos Book.

Amos Book was a logging contractor and gave Dad and the two older siblings, Homer and Ralph a job in the logging camp. This was fine during the summer, but was difficult for the family during the winter when the camp shut down. Dad and the sons were without employment. In 1928, Dad secured a job with Weyerhaeuser Timber Company who was building a new sawmill in the community. After the sawmill was completed and started operation, Dad asked

for and was granted the job of operating the re-sorter machine. Dad worked on this job until 1946, when he and mother moved to Portland.

Our first camp meeting was 1927. Homer brought Mother and several of the older siblings from Klamath Falls to Portland for a portion of that camp meeting. Dad stayed home to retain his job. In 1928 Dad, Mother, and four of the younger siblings were able to attend. In 1929 Mother drove the car to Portland with the six youngest siblings to attend the camp. Dad stayed home to protect his job, and this became the pattern for the summers, with the exception of 1931, when the depression forbade any of the family from going to camp meeting.

Homer had moved to Klamath Falls ahead of the family, and had become a member of the Apostolic Faith. Here he met Emma Chastain. They were married in 1929. Together they served the Lord faithfully the remaining days of their lives.

Ralph and Dorothy did not respond to God's call of grace, but followed a worldly sort of life until their later years. Dad's and Mother's prayers followed them, and both were converted before they died.

The fourth child, Mary, was converted at the camp meeting in 1930. She played a violin in the orchestra, sang in the choir, and worked for the Lord in whatever capacity opened. December 14, 1940 she married Loyce Carver, a Civilian Conservation Corps member from Tennessee who had been saved at the Portland camp meeting in 1938. Brother Carver was very active in the church and became a student minister in 1943. He was appointed pastor of the Dallas, OR church in 1948, was transferred to San Francisco, California, in 1949, and to Los Angeles in 1952. In 1955 he became pastor of the Medford, Oregon, church and in 1965 he was appointed Overseer of the worldwide Apostolic Faith work. He continued in this capacity until 1993, when reasons of health forced his resignation. On March 10, 1996 He went to be with the Lord whom he loved wholeheartedly and served faithfully.

Roy, the fifth child was saved at the camp meeting in 1932, and became active in the church work in Klamath Falls. In 1942 he enlisted in the Army Air Corp and served most of his enlistment in the 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force in England. Upon his discharge from military service in 1945, he stayed in Portland and began his student ministry there. In 1948 he transferred to Medford to help in the church work under Brother Frost.

Another assignment came in 1950 to San Francisco. While in Medford Roy had met Lois Dubs, and they were married February 26, 1951. Their first pastorate was to Eureka, California, in 1952. Next assignment was Port Angeles, Washington, from February 1958 to August 1961 when the call came for Minneapolis, Minnesota, ending in 1969. Tacoma, Washington was next on the list. Roy retired from being pastor in 1981, but kept busy in visitation work and filling in for pastors who were absent from their church for a period of time.

After graduating from high school in 1937, Ella worked several jobs before moving to Portland to work in the Headquarters office. March, 1950 she and Reuel Green, a student minister were married. Chehalis, Washington, became their first pastorate, then Tacoma, Medford, and back to Portland to assist Rev. Carver. Ella was Brother Carver's personal secretary until she passed away in February, 1979.

After military service during World War II, Harry married Levetta Canfield in 1944, They made their home in Klamath Falls. He was converted in 1958 and later moved the family to Port Angeles to be near an A.F. church. Harry was a faithful worker in the church, helping with all the tasks required to help keep a church vigorous. God called him to be a lay minister during his years of service.

Mildred moved to Portland in 1946, volunteering to work in the Headquarters office in 1951. Harry Nelson left his farm in North Dakota in 1950 to dedicate his time in the printing plant. A friendship developed between Harry and Mildred, which turned to love and in September of 1958 they were married. In addition to the printing plant, Brother Harry was keenly interested in the work among the foreign seamen who visited the Portland harbor, inviting the men to the church services.

Hazel came to Portland early in 1946 to take lessons on the pipe organ and worked in the Headquarters office as well. By summer it was determined that she should remain in Portland to give her full time to the office. A young Portland man, Ivon Wilson, asked Hazel for a date, and this developed into love. They were married in September, 1949, and moved to Tacoma in 1950 to live on the Lower Light, the missionary boat that periodically sailed to Alaska. Brother Ivon began his student ministry in Puyallup, Washington in 1952. He served as pastor in four different churches, Yakima, Port Angeles, Grants Pass, and Denver, Colorado before returning to Portland. Brother Ivon still has a full schedule, preaching, visiting the sick, and officiating for funerals. Hazel fills regular days at the office.

Dad really enjoyed his work in the printing plant—he felt he was doing something really worthwhile. The printed word is covering the whole world, and he was contributing to the effort. Dad and Mother were returning home to Portland after a trip to Southern California and Oregon when they met a tragic accident. Both were promoted to Heaven from that scene.





## Reuel Green

I am thankful to be a Christian and a member of the family of God. My parents were both saved and sanctified before I was born, making me too young to remember the first time that I heard about Jesus. It was a privilege and a blessing to have Christian parents who were not only interested in their own spiritual welfare but their children's also.

There was never a reason to wonder what church to go to; at only eleven years old I recognized the truth and the Lord dealt with my soul. It was in my bedroom that conviction was so heavy upon my heart that I prayed and confessed the sins that were in my life, and the Lord saved me. Although I had not gone deep into sin, the Lord came into my heart and made a change. This isn't something that I just learned; it was an experience with God and it has sustained me down through these many, many years.

My twin brother was saved the same night. We served together in the United States Army during World War II. The Lord never forsook us. He helped us and kept us true to Him all through those many months. I remember the last church service I was in just before going overseas during the war. It was a young people's meeting in our church at Sixth and Burnside in Portland; we had prayed for a number of hours, and before I left that altar the Lord gave me a song and it was, "Keep me true, Lord Jesus, keep me true." From the very depths of my heart, I wanted to be true to what God had done for me. As we went, we knew that we had the Lord with us and that we had the prayers of God's people behind us.

During the war my brother and I were sent to Okinawa. While there we went through a typhoon with winds up to 175 miles per hour. We were in tents, and I became desperately ill. We prayed because we couldn't do anything else. That night, above the howl of the storm, I heard something. It wasn't audible, but I got a promise. The Lord said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Bless God for that promise. The Lord doesn't always move the storm out of the way, but He is there in the storm to see you through. Bless the Lord, I was thankful He was holding my hand.

One day, as I thought about the men in the cemetery in Iwo Jima, I felt if only I could take someone's place in order to give them another chance to find God; the Lord let me understand that I could be an instrument in His hands to help some soul find the Lord. I stood and thought, "Are we going to bring sheaves to lay at His feet?" I told God that if it were His will to see me back home, my life would be His. I would do what I could to see others saved. That consecration is still in my heart. I am glad that my brother and I could come home from the war with victory in our hearts.

I remember the evening that it was our privilege to walk up the gangplank in Yokohama and start for home; I looked up in the sky and was thankful for the privilege of going home a Christian. The Lord had kept me safe with a sound body, a sound mind, but most of all, I was thankful I was still saved and had kept the victory all that time.



It wasn't long after I had come home that the Overseer of our church talked to me about giving my time in the service of God, working in the church printing plant. What a great privilege I felt that would be. I felt my whole life belonged to the Lord. Whatever He said, that was what I wanted to do.

Although I have not attained anything great from a worldly standpoint, I cannot feel that I have wasted my life. I don't feel I have missed anything by turning from the honor and wealth of the world to give all my life in service to God. Life hasn't always been easy, but we were never given the promise of an easy life.

I am thankful for those unsearchable riches that are found in Christ. I thank the Lord for the material blessings and the physical blessings that He has given to me. But I thank Him more for the spiritual blessings. I know my road is clear: my heart is right with God. I am looking forward to the day that I can meet Him. I believe I owe my life, my time, my talents and my strength to the Lord.

# Georgia Hanlin

I didn't have the privilege of being reared in a Christian home. I never was taken to Sunday school in my life. I was taught to believe the only Heaven or Hell there was, was what we made for ourselves on earth.

About 31 years ago, a group of evangelistic workers came to South Prairie where we were living. We went to some of the meetings, and I heard the sweetest story I ever heard in all my life. I heard Christ could come into your heart and make a change. He could take the burden of sin away and give you peace. I prayed and God saved my soul. For as long as I could go to the meetings I kept the Lord in my life, but we moved away and I ended up wandering around in sin again.

One day, heart-broken, I fell on my knees and said, "God, if you have a people who know how to pray, somehow let me come in contact with them." I was married by then and my little son said to me, "Mother, you are not happy. What's the matter?" It broke my heart and I called on God, as I didn't know which way to turn. One day my son told me there were people coming to hold meetings in a little fruit stand. We were living in Klamath Falls, Oregon at that time. Brother Frost came across the mountains in the middle of winter (I know in answer to my prayer) to tell the Gospel story. I heard the Gospel team get up, one after another, and tell the Story, and how whole families were in this Gospel. I felt at rest. I was so hungry for God. I will never forget that night as long as I live. I went home and prayed all night, and all the next day. I was so hungry for God. The next night, God sanctified my soul. I prayed that night, through the next day, and then back at their meetings the next night, and God baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

My husband said that if I accepted this Gospel, I would have to leave home. I said, "I will go." I expected to take the children with me. I packed their clothes. He stayed home from work that day and unpacked the oldest boy's clothes and then bought me a ticket to Washington. I could not give up the Christ who had done so much for me. I got on the car and started. I had to leave my child. I never will forget every curve around the Green Springs Mountain. I got off in Medford. God so wonderfully opened a home for me with one of the saints. I didn't have to go to my folks in Washington.

At night, I would walk the floor and wring my hands. I wanted my boy so bad, but I never opened the Word of God that He didn't give me a promise. I opened the Word yesterday. I came to one of those promises. It said, "And the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood. The churning of milk bringeth forth butter." It meant a lot. There is nothing too hard for Jesus. I have proved that.

A few months after that, God started dealing with my husband. He saved his soul, and reunited our home. He gave my boy back to me. Today that boy is preaching the Gospel. The other boy is singing in the choir and is a Sunday school teacher. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt there is nothing too hard for Jesus.

Polio was going around when my granddaughter was only two. She would have problems when she walked across the floor. She cried and said her arms and legs hurt. We had to take her to the doctor. He said, "She doesn't have polio; she has a severe case of sugar diabetes." We took her to the ministers and we felt as though God healed her. We took her back to the doctor. He took tests every half hour from 9:30 until 12:30. He had to admit God performed a miracle. He healed that child of sugar diabetes! I have a lot to thank God for.

It has been a good many years since God saved my soul, and in those years he has never failed me. There hasn't been one problem he hasn't been able to solve; there hasn't been a burden He hasn't helped to carry. Oh, so often in times of sickness He has come down and touched our bodies!

I remember just a few years ago I went up to visit my folks. God healed me of heart trouble but my dad could not accept the fact, and he made an appointment for a doctor to examine me. I went, because I knew without a shadow of doubt that God had healed my heart; but in the examination they found I had something else. They found I had cancer. The doctor called me in after a thorough

examination—I was there almost ten hours—and he said, “If you have someone you can call, send him to be with your husband and talk to him; you need to have an operation. I will make the arrangements to have it the first thing in the morning because this thing has gone as far as it can without being fatal.” This was in Seattle, and I thought of my son who was in Chehalis. We called him and he said, “Mother, don’t forget the time God healed you of coronary thrombosis when your heart was so bad.” I did look back to that time. My son said, “Cancer is no worse than heart trouble.”

He and his wife knelt and prayed before they came to Seattle. He went in with me and we talked to that specialist. The doctor drew a picture for my son to show where the cancer was, and said I needed to have that operation. My son said, “It depends upon mother; whatever she wants to do, we have trusted God all these years.” And I said, “Yes, and we are trusting Him now!”

I came back to Medford. I didn’t say anything to anybody about it. I read the Bible and prayed, and fasted and prayed. One day I felt as though it was time that God was going to heal me. I asked our pastor at that time if he and another minister would come down to his office after the meeting, and they did. I asked them if they believed God could do anything. I knew they did, but I just wanted to hear them say so. They answered, “Of course, we do!” So they anointed me and prayed for me—and they didn’t let go; we prayed and prayed until the power of God came down, and I felt the healing virtue of Christ go over my body. I went to a doctor there in town and was examined. He wrote a report back to the specialist in Seattle stating that I was every whit whole.

I tell you I have a Christ whom it pays to serve. I am not afraid to trust Him in any circumstance or any trial. He never failed me, and I love Him today for what that means to me.

## Max Hanson



**B**orn in Denmark during the days of “wooden ships and iron men,” I determined that I would be a sailor and iron man. My time to go to sea came sooner than I expected. My parents had died when I was just a young boy. My grandparents died when I was fourteen years of age, leaving me homeless. So I went to sea.

I sailed with the hardest men on the ships in the North Atlantic. It was a hard life. I thought that in order to be a good skipper, a man needed to stay with his ship when it went down and drink lots of whiskey. Oh, how deceived I was! I started as a cabin boy, and I thought it was smart to drink. It didn’t take me long to become a drunken sailor. There were times when I vowed not to drink again, but as soon as our ship reached a town, I would hop over the railing with the rest of the men, and we would find a saloon. I would say, “Just one drink,” then, “Just one more.” It was one round of defeat after another.

I used to think of the days back in Denmark when I would take my grandmother’s hand and go to church with her. I knew Scriptures by heart and could sing the old songs such as, “A Mighty Fortress Is Our God” and “Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.” As I thought of those things, I would promise God that if I ever made port again, I would not drink up my money but I would go home and go to school. But I had no strength in myself to do that.

Oh, how I thank God for the old-time religion, and that I ever had the privilege of meeting a people who have not limited the power of God. In 1913, in the city of Portland, Oregon, I stood on a street corner with my back against the wall—a drunkard, miserable and discouraged, homeless and friendless, just twenty-six years of age. While I stood there with longshoremen, loggers, and sailors of all kinds, some Apostolic Faith people came out to hold a street meeting. They told of what God had done for them. I couldn’t help but believe what they had to say.

One man said, “I have been a bricklayer all my life. I have made a lot of money. I had a nice family, but after I was through with the saloonkeeper there wasn’t enough money left to buy schoolbooks for my children. But I found God! He saved me, and from that time to this, I haven’t had any desire for drink, and I am taking good care of my family.”

At the close of that street meeting, those people looked down into the crowd where I stood. One man said, “If there is any among you who desire the prayers of God’s people, raise your hand.” I couldn’t afford to turn this invitation down. They brought me to their church, and they prayed for me. I prayed, “God, be merciful to me, a sinner!” God came down that night and saved this drunken sailor. He sobered me up right there as I was on my knees, and He transformed my life just as these people said He would. I knew I was saved, and the world knew it too.

After I was saved, I had no more desire for the liquor. Instead, I visited the ships that docked in the Portland harbor and invited those men to come and hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

For forty years I wrote to my sisters, telling them that God had saved me, and I wasn’t a drunken sailor anymore; they thought I had gotten into some strange American religious sect. Finally, my youngest sister decided to come and see for herself. After attending our church services for about two months, she went away saying, as the Queen of Sheba, “The half had not been told me.”

God's blessings on my life have been greater than anything I ever expected. I have enjoyed being a Christian through the years. It is my heart's delight to see other seafaring men find the old-time religion. I know it satisfies and can keep a man in all circumstances. I have proved it.



## J. F. Bohrer

For twenty-five years I confessed my sins to a priest, but it never did me any good. I came out of the church the same old sinner I had been when I entered. I had never seen the inside of a Bible—never knew a word in that Book.

The time came when I turned the whole thing down and said there was nothing to religion, and I would never confess my sins to a priest again. I did not believe that God would put a man in purgatory where he could be prayed out. I got tired of sham and make-believe. I didn't even believe there was a God. But, thank God, I know today that there is a God in Heaven. I have found reality. I found the way out of sin.

One day, the Apostolic Faith people prayed for my neighbor, a young man who had walked on crutches for fifteen years. He had tuberculosis in one of his legs, and he seemed to be nothing but skin and bones. He had never done a day's work in his life. He was a widow's boy. Doctors had failed but these people met him three blocks away from his home, and told him to sit down on an old log. At his mother's request they were on their way to his home to pray for him. They anointed him with oil according to James 5:14 and prayed the prayer of faith, and God healed that boy instantly! He walked home without his crutches. In a few months the boy gained in weight until he weighed 195 pounds, the picture of health, and went to work at the hardest kind of labor. I was a miserable unbeliever, but that case stared me in the face.

Shortly after that, I came to one of these Apostolic Faith meetings with my father. At that time he was seventy-two years old and had an affliction in one of his ears. The mother of the boy who was healed said, "Go down and have those people pray for your father and God will heal him the same as He healed my boy." It was through that case that we came to the Apostolic Faith Church.

At the close of that one meeting, we were both invited to the altar of prayer; and there, for the first time in my life, I was told that if I was willing to forsake my sins and serve the Lord with all my heart, God would save me from all my sins and give me victory over my old life.

They said, "You will know when you are saved." That is what I wanted. I wanted to know, and I thank God I did know before I went out of that door. Right there I cried for mercy and God saved me and I knew it. I knew I had the witness that the Blood of Jesus was over my heart. The power of Jesus was real. I knew right there I was a child of God, born again. I used the pipe for twenty-five years, but I have never had a desire for it from that day to this.

When my father prayed, his life was changed too. That tobacco habit was gone. He had no more desire for it. He had used the pipe for sixty years. Father used to curse the same as I did, but Father and I do not swear any more. When we were saved the old habits rolled off. Every abnormal habit left.

My health had been failing, but I have better health today than I had those days because the Lord stepped in and gave me health. I destroyed the medicine bottles and pills—a whole basket full. I know a mighty God that heals. When we are sick we call on Him, and He heals us.

## Addie Mae Hayes



**M**y father was a sharecropper who had been a slave until slavery was abolished when he was about eleven years old. He always talked to us about the Lord, and would take me to Sunday school every Sunday. My heart hungered for Jesus, and as a young girl, I would often leave my playmates and go out in the woods to pray. I would walk through the meadows, and sit on a log by a lake and listen to the birds singing, the humming of the bees and other insects, and think about the God who had made it all possible.

We attended a little Baptist church while I was growing up. Sometimes special meetings were held that lasted for several weeks at a time. The year I was sixteen, I was under heavy conviction. At church, I went to the mourners' bench again and again, but never felt that my prayers were answered. I had done all I knew to do. One day in a cotton field, I knelt once more and prayed, "Lord, have mercy! Have mercy!" All at once it was as though the Lord spoke to me, "You are saved!" I jumped up shouting, "I've got it! I've got it!" I ran home, and the first person I met was my father. How glad I was to tell him that I was now a child of God.

A few years later I married John Hayes, and we, along with several other families, moved to Arkansas. A year or two later, some people came to our community and put up a big tent and we had revival meetings held by a circuit preacher. They preached the three experiences of justification, sanctification, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. What a revival there was!

In one of the meetings, a woman shared some papers from the Apostolic Faith Church with my mother. It wasn't long before we were on the mailing list too, and no matter where we moved, we always kept our name on that list. How I longed to go to Portland to be among the people who upheld the standard of the Bible! But we were very poor, and by this time we had five children.

After World War I, work became scarce in the South and people began moving North. We sold all of our possessions and moved also. The money only took us as far as Poplar Bluff, Missouri, where we had relatives. My husband couldn't find work there and heard that factory work was available in Chicago, so he went to Chicago. When we arrived, though, he found that the quota had been filled. I was still receiving papers from the Apostolic Faith Church and I longed to go there. Reading the papers kept me going during these difficult times.

An opening became available in an auto factory in Pontiac, Michigan, so my husband went and later sent for me and the five children. While there, we had three more children. I continued to draw strength from the church papers but I longed to go to Portland. My husband had steady work and our life improved, but then tragedy struck. Immunizations were not available and we could not afford good medical help. The children contracted a communicable disease and were put in a communal hospital. Then one by one the five older children died. At that time I was carrying twins. One of the twins died at birth and the other died soon after. I was devastated. I reached my lowest ebb and clung to the church papers.

We had three more children and then my greatest shock came in March of 1933, when my husband died suddenly of pneumonia. My youngest child was eleven months old. I thought that the

Lord must have forsaken me. My heart was broken. There I was with six little children and no way to make a living. I had been suffering with asthma for about a year. What was I to do now?

There was a little insurance money, so I bought clothes for the children and some groceries, and then decided to use the rest of the money on a trip to Portland for a camp meeting that was in session at that time. I had never traveled alone, but my hunger for the Lord was so great that it gave me courage. I told no one of my plans to go any farther than Chicago, where I expected to visit my relatives on my way back. My children stayed with my parents.

What a trip that was! It took from Monday afternoon until midnight the following Sunday to reach Portland. Coming into the depot so late, I thought I would just sit there until morning, and then take a streetcar to the campground. But about one o'clock in the morning, the station agent said the last bus was in and he was closing up. So, I took a taxi to the campground and found everything locked up for the night. The taxi driver kept calling over the fence until someone heard him and let me in. I was given a bed for the night.

My dream had been realized! I was at the camp meeting in Portland! There were no services on Monday, but I met many friendly people who showed me around. On Tuesday, I just watched. Was this really what I had expected? It was! I felt I was home at last. I sent postcards to tell my family where I was.

Wednesday morning at the prayer meeting, I went right to the altar and renewed my covenant with God. At the afternoon Bible teaching, I heard Sister Crawford give the Word, and at the close of the service, I was sanctified. After the evangelistic service that night, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. My hunger was satisfied. I was baptized in water on Thursday along with many others. My preparation had been made and I could just enjoy Friday and Sunday, the last days of the camp meeting.

I returned to Michigan with peace and joy in my heart. Life continued to be difficult though. I was in poor health, living on assistance, and doing some domestic work. Again tragedy struck. My nine-year old son, Bobby, contracted an infection that went to his heart and he died. I had such heartache.

My whole thought was to get back to Portland to live. We were very poor but I saved what little money I earned for another trip to Portland. It took eight years before I could make the move. It was in 1941, and many people had come to Portland to work in the shipyards during World War II, so it was hard to find a place to live. I looked for a house to buy, but there seemed to be nothing available. I prayed, "Lord, you have houses. You have everything. You can find something for me." As I was leaving church that night, a friend stopped me and asked, "Have you talked with Sister Jones? Her mother isn't well, and she has gone back to Texas. She wants you to have her house."

The Lord had answered my prayer! I never suffered spiritually or financially again.

At times when my asthma was very bad, my daughter would sit up with me to help me. She prayed that if the Lord would heal me, she would serve Him. The Lord has healed me completely, and my daughter is serving the Lord with me. It has been wonderful to serve the Lord, in good times and bad.

*When Addie Hayes moved to Portland, her heart's desire was to serve God. By then she had suffered not only the loss of her husband but also seven of their thirteen children. She never remarried, and with God as her strength, she took on the challenge of rearing her remaining children. Three of her daughters still attend our Portland church. Through the years, she was a faithful worker in the headquarters office mailing room and on the cleaning crew. She helped to care for many of the sick and elderly in our church in those early days. In November of 1991, at the age of 95, she went Home to meet her Savior.*

## Arthur Hiatt



I was just starting out in life when I came into one of the Apostolic Faith meetings and heard testimonies of victory over sin.

My parents were not Christians, but they wanted to bring me up right so they sent me to Sunday school. I had great ambitions for the things of the world—wanted to make something of myself—but none of my ambitions were to serve the Lord. I would compare my life with many who went to church and I thought I lived as good as they did.

Later, when my father was converted, we moved to Portland and stayed in the home of some relatives who were Christians. I felt they were like angels, and I was afraid to say anything—afraid my tongue would slip. Before that, I had thought I was so good.

One day I became very ill and my relatives asked me if they could pray for me. I hesitated; I did not want to say no, so I finally said yes. I really gave up to the Lord, and He saved me and healed me as they prayed for me. I exclaimed, “I am saved and I am healed!” The next day I felt as though I were walking on air, as though my feet did not touch the sidewalk.

After I was saved, I went to work in a factory. I was young, and the people teased me and tried to talk my religion out of me. Even the foreman, a professing Christian, tried to trip me up, but none of them could make me stumble. Before I was saved, all they would have had to do was to laugh at me and I would have gone with them; but it was different after my conversion.

I had been saved only a short time when I prayed that the Lord would give me a chance to talk about salvation to a boy with whom I worked. One day he asked me what I was most interested in. He was interested in airplanes. I told him, “I am interested in serving the Lord; I am a Christian!” He wanted to know more about it and came to church with me. God saved him, and his mother and father were saved too.

During World War I, I worked in the shipyards among many hundreds of men, and God kept me every day with the victory in my soul.

For many years it has been my privilege to sing in the Lord’s work and to tell this wonderful Gospel story in different places. It is the joy of my heart to tell of God’s great love to mankind; and I am thankful for the many souls I have seen saved at the altars of prayer.

I can say I have never been sorry one minute for having become a Christian early in life. The Gospel is real to me and I have enjoyed the blessings of God for more than fifty years as I have given my life in service to Him.

*Converted at just fifteen years of age, Brother Arthur Hiatt became an ardent Christian worker. An outstanding tenor soloist, he also made several cellos which were superb in tone and workmanship. He was one of the charter members of the Apostolic Faith orchestra, and played*

*regularly with this musical group from the time they were organized in 1918 until the day of his passing in 1967. He was a versatile musician, playing various instruments, and was also a member of the original Morning Star Male Quartet. Missionary-minded, he especially appreciated opportunities to go with other workers on evangelistic trips. For ten years he traveled with the crew who made missionary voyages on board the Lower Light. On July 12, 1967, not knowing that he was singing his last song here on earth, he sang at a street meeting, "I've Anchored My Soul in the Haven of Rest." Truly, this man sang his way through life and on into Glory!*





## George Hughes

I cannot begin to enumerate the blessings that God has poured out upon my life. One of the greatest is that I was brought up in a good Christian home. My storybooks were those of the Bible, and the Bible itself was read to me daily. We had family prayer morning and evening.

My grandfather, in whose home I was reared, was saved in the smoking car of a railroad train. He had watched the Christian life of my grandmother until deep conviction came upon him, and on his way back to the mine after a weekend at home, he gave God his life. He became a real Christian and used to teach me about the Bible and what is expected of a Christian.

But in spite of my Christian training I was not a real Christian. One cannot be educated into it; it doesn't come because one is born of Christian parents. I knew there was sin in my life, and I fought against it. I tried hard to live above sin; but every day, try as hard as I could, I still committed sin.

I was still a young boy when an Apostolic Faith paper came to our home in a little mining town in

Central Washington. That paper had passed through several hands. I do not know how many had read it before we received it, but I know several that had. Finally the Lord directed it to us, and it changed the course of our lives.

We wrote these people immediately and they began to send the paper to us regularly. I used to go to the post office for the mail, and when the paper would come I knew the regular routine of our home life would be upset for several days. The folks only took care of the things that were necessary until the paper was read through and passed on to others. The paper eventually meant the salvation of several of us and also some that were our friends.

My mother and I came to Portland, Oregon to a camp meeting. It was here that I knelt and was saved. My Christian life began with that prayer, as the Bible says it should. It didn't begin with a public confession of faith, with a shaking of a preacher's hand, with a mere acceptance of Christ; but God became real to me, changed the whole course of my life, and gave me power over sin that has kept me living clean every day.

I found the Gospel real in grammar school, and in high school also. I found it worked in one place of employment for fifteen years, advancing from the lowest position to one of considerable responsibility. God helped me to live as a Christian should live before my business associates.

I thank God for a salvation that can do that for a young man. Never once have I wanted to go to a moving-picture show; never once have I wanted to attend a dance; never once have I wanted to frequent a questionable place of entertainment. Instead, I have enjoyed being in the places where a real Christian will be found—in the house of God or in other places where there is Christian fellowship or work to do for God.

During the war I was called into the service of my country. I thank God that He didn't desert me when I had to leave my church, when I had to go out and stand by myself for three years away from God's people. I found there, also, that Jesus was an ever-present friend. He stayed with me in times of

loneliness, in times of dreariness, in times of extreme danger—when it was “hot” in more ways than one in the tropical islands “down under.” I went into the army a Christian, and I came out a Christian, thanks to God and to the prayers of His people.

One of the officers told me when I first went into the service that the best thing I, or any other Christian, could do was to forget my Christianity while I was in the Army. But I thank God that I have a salvation and a religion that can go with me every day, to every place where I am called upon to go. The best thing a young man can possibly do is to take the Lord with him. The best step I ever made was when I gave my life to God.

There were hard places to go through in the service. But the Lord carried me through them all and brought me home safely. There have been hard places in civilian life, also. But I have found God very near to me here, and all through my life.

A short while after I arrived home, I was caught in a gasoline explosion and my clothing saturated with flaming gasoline. It happened so quickly, I could hardly think what it was all about. My first impulse was to run. But God was there with me at that time also.

We sing a song about the “Blood-washed Pilgrim,” that says God appeared in the flame beside him when he in was in the furnace of affliction. That was my experience there in the flames that wrapped around my face when the Son of God appeared. I heard His voice as distinctly as though some human were standing beside me. He told me what to do, and I did it. At that instant the flames went out. I thank God for His presence with me.

I stood and looked at myself. I held up my charred arms and looked at them and said to myself, “I wonder if I will ever move them again?” Streamers of burn and torn flesh hung from my arms, chest, ears, and face. One bone was exposed. My lips and nose were burned, from the flames, which I had inhaled. I was a terrible sight—third degree burns from my waist to the top of my head, with only a small area down my back and my two eyes remaining untouched.

Down through the mountains they brought me—a three-hour ride of torture. One of the men, a sinner, looked at me and said, “Why don’t you swear? I’d be cursing with all my might if it was me.” But I did not need to swear and neither did I feel like doing it. God was with me.

The doctor who gave me first aid told those who were with me that I was dying. I lay on the operating table for four hours while they dressed the burns; my condition so bad they dared not give me an anesthetic for fear it would kill me. I was fully conscious all the time and talked with eight doctors and nurses who worked on me for that time. Then for ten days I lay between life and death. But in that whole time God and His people were at my side.

Often I would open my eyes and see, through the tiny slits in the bandages, one of the ministers or saints standing there. These people were praying for me. My name was mentioned many times in their prayers, and God undertook and healed those burns in better than record time. I was told a year later that another man, burned at the same time as I and in about the same degree, was still in the hospital. He was depending entirely upon man for his healing. I depended on God and was back at my desk in less than two months’ time. I have much for which to thank God.

God has given me some wonderful opportunities to work for Him. I gave Him my life and He has let me go more than halfway around the world, into places that I never dreamed I’d ever visit, to tell people about Jesus.

I recently returned from a trip to Africa where it was my privilege to worship with many of those dear people who have come to know our Lord. I found God was there, too, when sickness overtook me, or when I needed help in any other way. God is my dearest Friend, the One who never forsakes me, and Who is always at my side. I love Him with all my heart.

## Bob Irvin



**T**hank God for His mercy to a sinner who cannot help himself. I was a terrible fallen, debauched man. I never knew that Jesus died to save a sinner like me. I was in a pitiable condition, dying with cancer, a man of the underworld. But I thank God that Jesus loves a man of that kind. I chose that way from childhood. My home was too tame for me, so I left that home in Texas when I was twelve years old, and went out in the world trying to find something to satisfy my sinful heart.

I went back to that home after a few years, when my dear old mother lay at the point of death. I knew I was the cause of many gray hairs and tears, that had helped send her to her grave. I said, “Mother, are you going to leave me?” There was a smile on her face, and her last words were, “Son, prepare to meet your mother.” That sent a dagger to my heart. After my mother’s death I went to the high-steepled churches and they turned me down. When I told them how I came out of the underworld and the awful life I lived, how I laid around the gambling

tables all my life and around the opium bunks, they said, “There’s no hope for a man like you.” They turned me aside and when people that professed to know God turned me down, that put prejudice and hatred and murder in my heart. I thought I had a right to hate people.

I went out to old Montana with the wild cowboys—shot up the town. Men and women would stagger the streets until the wee hours of the morning. Sin and disease got the best of me.

I used to live on old Jackson Street in Seattle, Washington, in the dens of sin, peddling the morphine and cocaine up and down the streets. I know what sin is. I lived around those old docks, around the old haunts of sin, the club rooms, and the gambling tables. I was bound by sin, and couldn’t help myself. In the morning I would come home cursing and swearing. I cursed my wife many times. I would leave these places and would clench my fists and say, “Now I will do better, I will get away from the old bunch.” But I started the same old sin game.

I met many people that “pulled their skirts aside” from me, but one day I met a man different from all the rest. He never talked his religion to me, but he lived it before me on the job. That is what proved it to me—he lived it. He was a little white man. I cursed him, railed on him, and wanted to kill him; but he had something good to say to me every time I met him. He asked me if I was saved. I told him, “No, I am a rank sinner.” He said, “Come down to the Mission.” I asked him, “What mission?” He said, “The Apostolic Faith.” That was a new one to me. This went on for about a month before I got up enough courage to come among these people. One Sunday morning I paced up and down in front of my house; and somehow I said, “I am going this morning to see for myself.” I wandered into the mission and sat in the back of the hall. They sang a few songs, and the very Spirit of God was in

the songs. Then they all got down to pray at once. I hadn't seen that for twenty-eight years. I knew the way of salvation; thank God for that. I had seen it down in the South when I was a child.

Then, to cap it all off, a man rose to his feet and said God saved him from all his sins and set him free! That was the thing I wanted. I said, "God, that is what I want!" No one asked me to go to the altar, but I wanted to go there. These people began to pray for me. When they gathered around me, I knew they had God in their lives. I looked up and said, "God, save me, I'm dying!" I didn't know much about praying, but I thank God, the Spirit of God came down and God saved my soul and set me free, and I rejoiced.

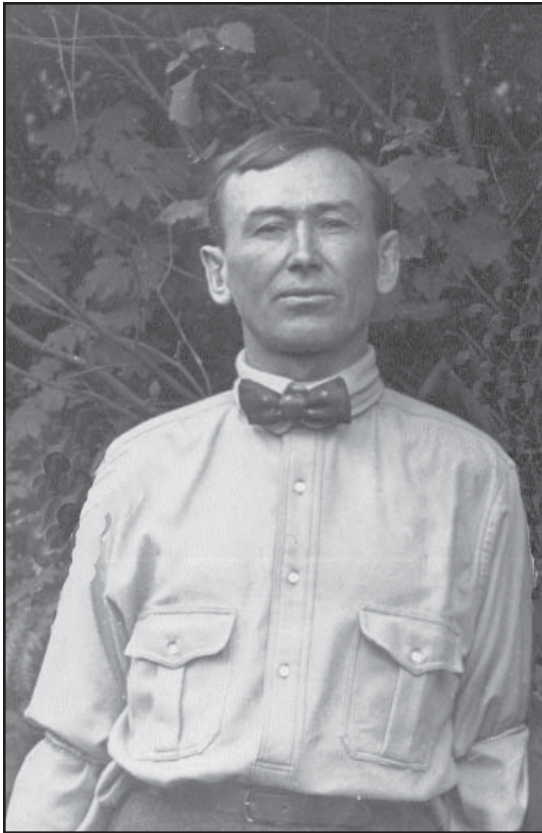
The next day I went back amongst my old gang of friends, and told them God had saved me from all my sins. They turned me down; they mocked and scoffed at me; but that didn't move the thing God put in my soul. When I was at the gambling table, when I cursed my wife, doing all kinds of meanness, they said I was all right; but when I got salvation, that was different. Thank God, I enjoy it.

The Lord healed me from cancer and made me well and strong, after the doctor's knife failed. If God had not gone before me when I went back over my life to make restitution, I would be behind prison bars for life.

*Brother Bob Irvin had a beautiful voice. He sat on the front row of the audience near the pulpit and would begin singing as he stood to his feet. In just a few seconds either Sister Edna Crawford or Sister Lena Wallace would find the key he was singing in and accompany him. Some of the songs he sang most were: Above the Bright Blue and The Man of Galilee. Brother Bob could not read when he was saved but God taught him to read the Word.*



## Walter Janeway



**M**y home was among the dope fiends, saloons, gambling dens and behind the prison walls. Sorrow and sin drove me from my home when only a boy of thirteen. I walked the alleys and slept in old stairways, and wished I were back home. I went deeper and deeper into sin and committed crime after crime; my heart became as hard as stone.

Through it all, back in Middlesboro, Kentucky, up on the side of a hill, in an old log cabin by a peach orchard, my mother was praying for me. Mother would come behind the prison walls and eat her holiday dinner with me, and sit and talk with me. The railroad was never too long, nor the prison walls too high, for that dear, old mother to come and see her boy.

I thank God that one day He answered that mother's prayers. Her criminal boy, in a county jail, wept his way through to victory. I said, "O God, don't let me get up from my knees until You do something for me." That prayer changed my whole life. I arose to my feet, walked out of my cell, and up and down the aisle, singing, "Oh How I Love Jesus!" He changed my heart and gave me

victory in my life. He sent me on my way rejoicing.

I'm glad to be back again to this prison and tell you about the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This is the first thing I ever got into in all my life that I never got tired of and I could hold on to for many years. I've got one of the boys from this place working for me, and when I paid him the other day, he walked over to me, and the tears rolled down his cheeks, and said, "After nine years serving over there—and then to have the privilege of getting a payday again, it feels good." I looked at him, and I could see on his face what he had been through, what those nine years had done for him. But he is out and thanking God for it today.

It's worth something, after a man has suffered in this old world like I have, in one prison and then another, to then get out and be able to help the other fellow. You know that means a lot.

I got a letter the other day from a boy that sits here in front of me. He told me how God had saved him; and as I read down those lines, he didn't have to tell you, but you could witness that there was something in the letter you could say amen to—every word of it. He didn't ask for help or want to get out of here, but he told how he was able to live right in here. It is wonderful what God can do!

I dropped on my knees in one of these places twenty-four years ago and didn't have a friend on earth, because of the life I lived. I hadn't written to my sisters nor my brothers in years. My old father had turned me down and had no use for me. I have a sister in my home today. She just opened a little crack in the door when I went to see her the last time, and she said, "You have brought so much disgrace on the home and your people, we don't want any more to do with you." I remember how I walked down the street, and I said, "There isn't much more left for me. I guess I have played my last card. So here goes for nothing—nothing in the future!" I will never forget that night. I never expected to see that sister again.

Three years rolled on, and I had been back behind bars again, and I had suffered as I went through that life. Up here in the Spokane County Jail one afternoon an Apostolic Faith paper was



handed to me. The Apostolic Faith Church prints that paper to give away, and they send it out over the whole world.

I read that paper, and I rolled off that steel bunk that was held by two chains. There were forty-eight in the tank there—and there's one in here today, doing life, that was in the same jail that day, in the tank below me. I said to the fellow in the cell with me, after I read two testimonies in that paper, "If God can save that kind of a man, I believe there's hope for me, and I am going to pray. You can stay in here or move out, but I am going to see if there is a God."

And I left that old bunk and came down and got on my knees and put that paper in front of me, and I prayed, and I never got up until God did something for me. There was a man saved two years later, who was in that tank that day, and he said he never did forget the words that left my mouth. He said that I said, "God, don't ever let me get up until You do something for me."

As I prayed I would almost get lockjaw. It just seemed like my jaws would lock, and I couldn't talk, couldn't open my mouth, because of the things that rolled up in front of me. I would say, "How can I ever face them?" Then I would take new courage and say, "God, help me." Then something else would roll up in front of me, and I would say, "God, I never could go back to Chester and to Indianapolis. How could I face it?" But I just looked up to God again, and I said, "God, help me."

Something hit that old heart of mine, and God saved me—a change of heart! I rose to my feet. I didn't even know what had happened—didn't know what it meant to be saved. But God did the work.

And let me leave you this word—they can't put you any place where you can't get a prayer through to God. I am a witness that He not only saves you, but He keeps you and provides for you. I have never wanted for anything since the day God saved me.

I have never been broke, never asked a man for help, never even asked these people to help me. All I asked them was to pray for me, and they have done that. And God has carried me through; and I am on my way to meet an old mother that went to her grave with a broken heart. There were many a time I had gone into her bedroom and had seen her weeping and praying for her boy. I appreciate this Gospel.



## Edna Janzen

**J**ust one breath between me and eternity! Of course that is all any of us have at any time, but it was brought forcibly to my attention when I was fifteen years old and very ill. My throat was so badly swollen I could hardly breathe. I was painfully conscious of every breath I drew.

I had been brought up in a good home where my parents loved the Lord and loved each other and their children. They did all they could for us in a physical sense, and were very much concerned about our spiritual welfare. My father had been a Christian from his teens, and his chief aim in life was to draw closer to the Lord. After he was married, my parents moved from their home in Kansas to Colorado. There my dad met some Holiness people, and embracing their teachings, he was sanctified. Then in 1909 a former employer started a flourmill in Sheridan, Oregon, and invited my dad to come and work for him there.

My mother had tuberculosis, and had lost four babies at birth. The doctors held no hope for her recovery. It was indeed a discouraging time in their lives. Then the Apostolic Faith people, who had started a church in Dallas, Oregon, had a series of meetings in the City Park in Sheridan, and my father attended those meetings for three weeks. He asked them, "Do you think there is any hope for my wife?" They answered, "Yes. You bring her here and we will pray for her and the Lord will heal her." And that was what happened. Many times later she told in testimony that they had prayer for her according to the fifth chapter of James, and the power of God had gone through her like an electric shock. She left that place saying, "I'm healed! I'm healed!" And she was.

She was twenty-five years old at the time and she lived to be eight-one, never again having any trouble with her lungs, bringing up a family of four children, of whom I was the oldest.

Some years later my father became disappointed with the church they were attending, and prayed for the Lord's guidance in what he should do. One day he felt the Lord speak to him to go to Portland to a camp meeting that the Apostolic Faith people were holding. He thought it was wonderful, just what he had been looking for, and from then on they worshipped with the Apostolic Faith people. They bought a 1913 Ford and began driving to Dallas, Oregon to attend church. There my father received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and my mother, who was saved at home after the visit to Portland, was sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost.

But having a good upbringing, going to church with my parents, and enjoying Christian associations, did not automatically make me a Christian. For years I rebelled against all that my

parents taught me. I was a good student, at the head of my class in school, and read many books. In fact, I began reading things that put doubts into my mind as to the truth of the Bible and the fundamentals I had learned. Sad to say, I got to where I refused to go to church. But how thankful I am for Holy Ghost conviction! Then came that severe sick spell when I was fifteen years old, and my mother thought I was dying. I knew if I died, I would go to Hell. I can still remember the feeling, but I presumed on the mercy of God, and thought, surely He would not let me die in that condition. Mother asked the people at the church to pray for me, and soon I was well and back in school.

By then we were living in Dallas, Oregon where a new Apostolic Faith church was being built right downtown. As Dallas is a small town, everyone was interested. When the dedication came, I realized the debt I owed to God for sparing my life. My friends would not be able to help me when I stood before God in judgment. It took a lot of courage, but finally I went forward to pray. I didn't expect to enjoy being a Christian, but I did not want to go to Hell. What a surprise it was when the burden of sin rolled away! A whole new life opened up for me: new desires, new friends, and a new disposition. My mother sometimes commented that she hardly recognized me as the same person. I really wasn't the same person. How I have loved the Lord from that time on!

After I graduated from high school I worked for a time in the State Government office in Salem, Oregon, and then I felt the Lord definitely call me to go to work in the church office in Portland, Oregon. It was the church orchestra that finally drew me to Portland in the summer of 1936. I soon found my niche in the orchestra, office, choir, and any other place of service I could fill. Over fifty-two years later I am still working full time. I appreciate the health and strength the Lord has given me, having had very little illness through the years.

It has been a wonderful life. Of course there have been hard times, periods of self-discipline, of yielding to the molding of God, but if I had it to do over, I would do it the same way. I am looking for Jesus to come. Everyday I look. Is this the day that Jesus is coming? It's a wonderful thrill. I'm happy in Jesus. I am glad that I can enjoy a lively hope. I'm not afraid of it. I've given my life to the Lord and I know the Lord is going to take me Home. I'm looking forward to seeing Jesus and I want to hear Him say, "Well done."

## Lari Lepisto



Late in the fall of 1935, an old steam engine was pulling railway cars on the ten-hour trip from Helsinki to Vaasa in Finland. Among the many passengers was a man and his young son. The father of the man had passed away and they were going to his funeral. But this was not the only thing troubling the hearts of the father and son. He had just been released from a hospital, where the doctors had discovered cancer in his lungs. They had told him that he needed an operation, but even surgery would not be a complete cure for him. The hospital had made him sign a document that if he left the hospital without having surgery he would be responsible for the outcome and could not seek help from them anymore.

This scene is very clear in my mind, for I was the young son. The situation made me sad and quiet. I remember thinking that soon I would be attending my father's funeral as well.

The car we were in was not full so we sat next to a window, wanting to be in peace. After a while a man came and sat across from us. He looked like a foreigner, but at the same time he looked familiar. I noted that he had a foreign accent when he spoke Finnish. We talked about the bad weather, and then sat quietly for a long time. Then the man across from us reached for his case, took out a paper, and gave it to my father. He pointed out that it was a religious paper printed in the United States. It was from the Apostolic Faith Church. He proceeded to tell us a wonderful story.

His name was William Jacobson. He was born in Pietarsaari, a small coastal town in Finland. He had immigrated to the United States, as did many Finns after World War I. He had traveled across the country, finally arriving at Portland, Oregon, where he came in contact with the Apostolic Faith Church. There he experienced salvation and was established in the Gospel. While in Portland he was involved in a car accident. Several ribs were broken, one cracked badly in two different places and another one that had gone through his lungs. He was taken to a hospital and they thought he was going to die. After the initial first aid and emergency care, he was taken to his room to wait for morning. The congregation heard what had happened, and several people from the church visited him, promising they would pray for him. The saints gathered and spent the entire night praying. During the night he also prayed and asked God to help him. Then all at once the room was lit up just as though it was daytime, and he felt the divine, healing power of God. Praising God, he called the night nurse and told her what had happened. He asked for his clothes so he could go home. This nurse thought that he had had some kind of an attack and talked him into staying in the hospital until morning. She promised that they would let him go home then if he really was healed. He finally agreed and slept well the rest of the night, waking up in the morning a healthy man. He had been healed by the power of prayer. In the morning he was examined, discharged from the hospital, and he went home.

At the time of the accident his insurance company was notified. After a few weeks he received a check from them. He visited the insurance company and explained that he was not sick anymore, that God had healed him. The insurance company told him that the police had informed them about the accident and the hospital and doctors told them about his injuries. They said it was not their business how he had been healed and that he should keep the money. So he kept the money, but decided to put it to good use. He traveled to Finland to tell people what God had done for him.

As we listened to this story and marveled at what had happened, my father felt hope begin to grow within his heart. After the train reached Vaasa, my mother met us at the railway station. The minute my father met my mother he told her what we had heard. My mother was quiet for a long time.



She knew of the Apostolic Faith Church. They had a mission on one of the main streets of the city. The Apostolic Faith people were known to pray so loudly that if you walked past on the sidewalk you could hear them praying inside. My mother finally told my dad to go anywhere else but that place. Her mother was a well-known actress in that small city, and most people knew her and her family.

Despite all this, my father decided to visit the Apostolic Faith Mission, and he was saved. That was a miracle. Then he wrote to the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon. He told them of his cancer and asked them to pray. They prayed for him and my father was healed of the cancer that would have claimed his life. Not only was he able to go back to work, but he lived another fifty years, a healthy, Christian life. After a time, my mother was also saved.

When I went to the Apostolic Faith Church meetings I also was saved. I had been baptized earlier in the Lutheran State Church but I wanted to be baptized again—this time the way the Bible tells us to be baptized. The baptismal service was to take place in the city of Vaasa. It was summer and we went to the river that flows through the city. My mother knew that an event like that would interest people. She was afraid that the townspeople might ridicule them because her family was so well known. Indeed, when the baptismal service started there were many people watching: not just the congregation. But when we went into the water, all the men watching took their hats off to show respect. There was no sign of mockery. When the service was over and we started toward the riverbank something strange happened. As my father, mother, and I approached the riverbank we found hundreds of coins in the water. I thought then that it was a sign from God that He would take care of us and we would not be in need of anything.

I was only seventeen when the war broke out in Finland. I loved God and my fellowmen, and I did not feel that I should take part in the war and kill anyone. I loved my country and wanted to protect it. I told the Army officials that I did not want to kill and that I would like to work as a medic. At first they accepted this, but after the war had gone on for three years, they told me that I had to bear arms or I would be court-martialed and thrown into jail. And that is what happened. I wound up at a prison camp with hundreds of men. Along with others, I was assigned to dig a ditch ten feet deep and twenty feet wide. Every prisoner had to dig his share, otherwise the entire group of men could not return to the camp. There was hardly any food. All the men lost weight very quickly and soon you could see the ribs and the bones under the skin. I was no exception. I got so weak that I could not dig my share of the ditch. Other men helped me but they were also weakening and suffered because of the lack of food. I remember praying hard and asking God not to allow me to die digging the ditch.

Soon after those prayers, I was transferred to the office of the prison where I became a clerk. It was significantly easier. One time during the winter I was walking along the fence of the prison camp, dragging my feet and kicking the snow. All of a sudden I hit something. I started digging and soon I found a complete loaf of bread. It was frozen and in good condition to eat. This meant much to me since our daily ration was only one slice of bread the size of your palm, per day. Another time when I was walking along the fence a big bird flew into the barbed wire and was killed. It fell at my feet. I cleaned the bird and cooked it in one of the potato pots of the jail kitchen.

Finally, the President of Finland pardoned me. I was returned to my unit and I served as a medic until the war was over. Then one day after the war ended, a police officer came to my door. He said that he had a message for me from the government. They would clean up my criminal record and make sure that nobody knew of my wartime jail sentence. All I had to do was to agree not to sue the government and seek compensation. I told him that I was a Christian and that God had saved me and commanded me to love my fellowmen and enemies. There was no bitterness in my heart to anyone.

In time I married a girl who had been baptized in Vaasa at the same time that I was. We were very happy. Later, God gave us a son. Since then, God has been with us and helped us in many ways. We have served Him for many years and have been able to trust Him in every situation. I have had many wonderful experiences and blessings from God while doing His Gospel work in Finland. Praise and glory to God!





## Jim Lytle

The mercy of God found me on a street corner under the influence of liquor, the clothes practically off my back, down in the very depths of sin. There I heard a group of Apostolic Faith people tell me of His love, that I could pray to God in Heaven who hears and answers prayer. I didn't have a hope left in my life, but they told me that God could become real, even to a man who was in the gutters of sin. Isn't that a marvelous thing to hear, when one has never heard it before?

I was not reared in a Christian home; I never heard my father or mother pray. I wasn't used to going to Sunday school or church, and was a grown man before I even knew that Jesus was the Son of God. I left home when just a boy, and went out into the logging camps in northern Idaho to work among loggers and lumbermen. I began as cook's helper in the woods, and worked hard at various jobs until I was finally made assistant purchasing agent for all the operations of that large lumber company.

There were many who pointed me toward the downward way, but not one time did I meet one who could tell me about Jesus. One day, when working in one of the camps with men far beyond my age, the drinks were passed around. Although I was only fourteen years old at the time, I took my first taste of hard liquor. Sorry to say, I soon developed a taste for it. Oh, if I had never taken that first drink! That is what started the downward slide in my life. I began doing other things the older men did—gambling and playing cards. Sin ruined me; I was just a young man and I should have been enjoying life, but I was not. I made resolution after resolution, all to no avail. I simply could not change my ways nor rid myself of those habits in my own strength.

Finally, when the booze got me down to where I was sick and couldn't handle my work, I started out on a vacation. I thought I was going to beat the old booze habit; but before I was through I was living in a boxcar on the railroad tracks down by the river here in Portland, Oregon, and had sold my coat to buy more whiskey. I felt as if all the sins that could be fastened onto a man's life were attached to mine. The sorrow and remorse that gambling and liquor bring lay heavily upon my heart.

I thank God for a people who go out into the highways and byways, and down on the old skid road to tell the Story of Jesus and His love for mankind. If they had stayed at home or in their church, I wouldn't be here. It was on an old dark street corner at Third and Burnside Streets that I saw the light of the Gospel. Our precious Scotch minister, who has gone to be with the Lord, took an interest in me. He came across the sidewalk, put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Won't you come up to the church and let us pray for you?" Thank God for his love for my soul. I followed them to the church at Sixth and Burnside Streets, and it was the best move I ever made in my life. Here he showed me an altar of prayer and told me how to pray so that God would answer. Down on my knees I prayed a prayer that went through to Heaven, and a real change was made in my life that night.

I went back down by the river to the old boxcar where I had slept the night before, but I was happy, and I had no trouble trying to sleep that night. As I lay looking through the boxcar door at the stars, I knew there was a God who heard and answered prayer. As I walked uptown the next morning, I felt as if I could have conquered the world; I knew I would never have to take another drink.

Thank God, it has lasted. For many years I have proved that God can take a man out of the gutter, clean him up, and put peace and joy and victory in his life, and praise to God in his heart. It was a real transaction that took place in this life of mine. The joys of this wonderful Gospel came down in my life and I had what I had been seeking for years in the saloons, card games, poolrooms and the life that goes with such places. I found the joy of living that night. I found it at the foot of the Cross.

It hasn't grown old, but it has taken me through many years of serving God. I found that the Lord could keep me in the Army during the service of my country.

He keeps me on the job, and today I have a happy Christian home and we can raise our children under the sound of this wonderful Gospel. I praise Jesus for the privilege of being here today to say it is good to serve Him.



## Alan V. McPherson

I thank God that He redeemed my soul. I was a brokenhearted young man, full of sin and sorrow, reaping what I had sown. No one had ever told me that there was power in the Gospel of Christ to change one's heart and transform his life; and I had to fight the battle of life in my own strength.

My mother died when I was a small boy, and I thought I could do as I pleased, and that my sins would not find me out. I found that the way of a transgressor was a hard way. I struggled to overcome the habits of sin, but at the age of fourteen I had to leave my grandparents' home because of those sins.

My father was Assistant Adjutant General of the State of Wisconsin, and I fairly lived in the capitol building in Madison, Wisconsin. I went there week after week when only a boy. I attended Sunday school and church all during my young life.

My father later sent me to live in a minister's home where I could go to a good school; but in a few months my sins found me out, as the Word of God said they would. I had wonderful privileges, good environment and training; but I had to leave his home, too, in disgrace. My old father, when he heard of the life I was living, wished I were dead and out of the way, because of my sinful life. Not even that minister told me Jesus could save my soul and change my life.

I struggled for years trying to break off those bad habits. I did not want to end my life or go insane or go behind penitentiary bars. I wanted to be a man, but the thing was not in me to be a man.

Forty-eight years ago, in Western Canada, a young preacher told me that God could save me, and help me to live a clean life every day. He was a converted circuit rider, and had been saved only a little while, but he had reality. His face just shone as he told it.

I had been going to church since a small child, but I never heard a story like that. My heart was longing for such victory. I saw my two sisters and aunt get this salvation, and they told me about their victory. They said that Jesus would set me free. He would give me power to live right. He would put something down in my soul that I would know came from God.

I made up my mind that I would prove their God. I began to pray, and I prayed honestly. I began to put my trust in the supernatural power, for all the natural powers I had come in contact with had failed me. I didn't have much to give up, for sin had robbed me of everything good. All I had to give God was a broken heart and life. I praise God, I made the surrender to Him and promised Him I would serve Him if He would set me free.

I cried to God day and night for about a week, and it looked as though God would never hear me. One night I knelt in my sister's kitchen and God saved my soul. I was on my knees only a few minutes when God answered, and forgave every sin I had committed. I knew those sins were forgiven. Never has one of them condemned me since.

I stood up and said, "You do not need to pray for me any more, for the work is done." Jesus broke the fetters and set me free. I couldn't sleep that night. I was praising God all night. God made

me a new creature and helped me live a new life. I didn't have to ask anyone if I had found reality. God had saved my soul and put the witness into my heart that I was right with Him. I was amazed, and I marveled at the change which came into my life. He took away all the condemnation and guilt. I had been bound with an awful temper, which sometimes made me act like a fool. But in a moment of time those sinful things were all broken from my life. It was truly a happy day when Jesus washed my sins away. I lay on my bed for hours that evening praising God. I could feel the glory of God surging through my whole being. I knew I was right with God.

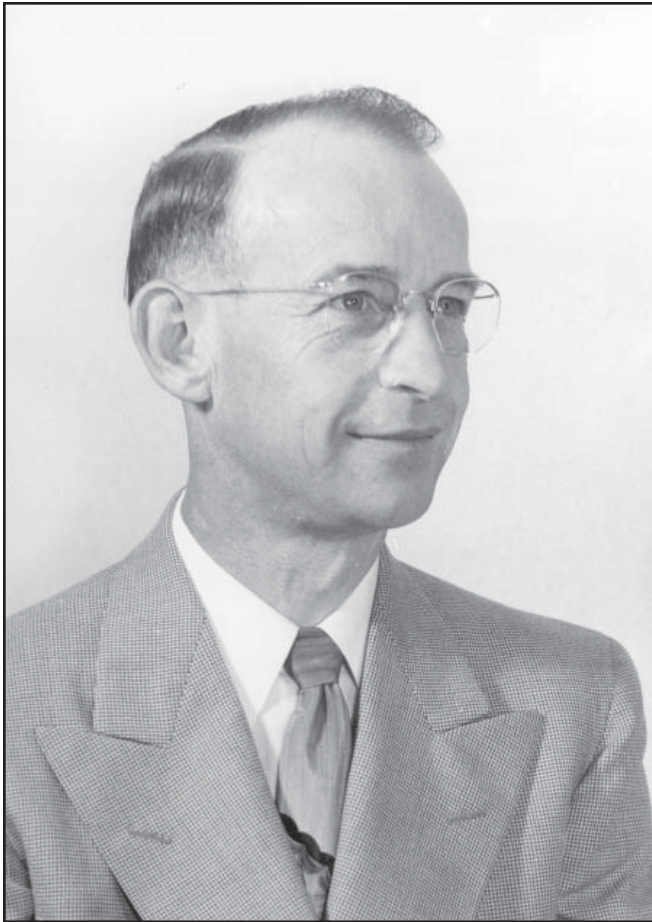
Back in the logging camps, I had the privilege of testifying to my associates. They had laughed at me when I would rave because of my awful temper; but they never did that again. The temper was gone. They could hardly understand it—I could hardly understand it myself.

The love for the things of the world went out of my heart. The men at first said that it was only excitement, that it would wear off in a few days. But it has not worn off all these years. It is getting better and better as the days go by. God has kept me with peace, joy and victory in my soul. From that day on, God led me. Later, when I was praying, God gave me a burden for a clean heart, and He sanctified me wholly. I knew the very minute He took the root of bitterness out. Never from that day to this did I doubt what God wrought in my soul.

About two and a half years later, in the state of Oklahoma, I found some people who had received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I knelt one night and the Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. Oh, the change He made in my life! I want to honor and glorify God for all He has done for me.

*In his closing moments of life, this servant of God who had faithfully preached the Gospel for over fifty years, asked his nurse to help him to a sitting position so he could praise the Lord. She said, "Surely I will." The nurse also wanted to give him some medication to ease his pain, but he spoke up immediately and said, "Listen, I have trusted the Lord for all these years, and I am not about to lean on the arm of flesh now." She raised him up and put his feet on the floor by the side of his bed, and he lifted his hands toward Heaven, and exclaimed: "Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!" Then he closed his eyes to awaken on Heaven's golden shore.*





## Lowell C. Montgomery

There is gratitude in my heart that a young man invited me to an Apostolic Faith meeting. I told him I did not need salvation. I said, “I do not smoke cigarettes, drink, carouse around, or play cards.” (I was too cheap to do any of those things.) I was not a thief, and I did my work faithfully. I thought I was all right.

However, I am thankful I went with him anyway. My mind goes back to that first meeting. My wife and I sat in the back row. When people testified, I thought, “O God, I would give my right arm if I could stand before a group of people like this and say I was saved!” The Lord spoke to my heart, “It is going to take everything you have and everything you ever hope to have to get this old-time religion.”

My eyes were opened. I found out I was not so good. There was sin in my life. I had a covetous heart. Everything I got hold of, I wanted to keep, and I did keep it! I deprived my little wife of things she could easily have had. She would bring her check home from work, and I would take it and put it in the bank. She

would ask me for something she should have, and I would say, “Do you need it?” Right there and then, a quarrel was on. Because of my covetousness, our home was nearly broken up.

That Sunday night I realized a responsibility lay upon my shoulders. What was I going to do with the Gospel call? I went out—condemned!

The next morning, someone asked me how I liked the service. I replied, “I didn’t like it at all. I didn’t like the singing, the testimonies, or the preaching, and I am not going back!” He said to me, “You might like it better next time.”

God’s people prayed for us. Months later, my wife and I did go back and continued to do so. God strove with my heart. One time I went out to my car, put my head on the steering wheel and cried like a baby. My wife said, “If you want to go pray, I will wait here.” But I wouldn’t humble myself to do it.

The night finally came when I bent my knees at the altar of prayer and cried to God to have mercy on me, a sinner. The enemy of my soul said, “You can’t get it.” I said, “I guess I can’t.” I got up to go, but I couldn’t find an empty aisle to get out. So I went back to the altar and dropped on my knees once more. I said, “Lord, sink or swim, live or die, I’ll serve You.”

In a flash God saved my soul. The Lord put peace into my heart and took my sins away. The covetous heart was changed!

I went back to the same job on Monday morning with joy in my soul. The Lord helped me do the things I thought were going to be hard. I took my employer into the back room and told him, “Roy, I cannot work here any longer. I was down at the Apostolic Faith Church, and I prayed and God saved my soul; I can’t sell tobacco anymore.” He said, “You won’t have to do it.” He moved me to the meat department.

Before my conversion, I liked to hear the cash register ring. But when the Lord saved my soul, He took the love for the dollar out of my heart.



A little later, the Lord sanctified me. It was wonderful! I knew I was sanctified. After that I heard about the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I did not know what it was, but I said, "I want it, and with God's help, I'm going to get it." God baptized me with His Holy Spirit and empowered me for His service.

My wife and I would not have stayed together much longer if I had not gotten saved; but the Lord saved both of us, and we have been married almost forty-nine years. That is what God did for us. He took away our sins and set us free. We have a happy home, and we have had a wonderful time together these many years serving the Lord. I am thankful that I cast my anchor in the right direction forty-four years ago, and it still holds.

*Reverend Lowell C. Montgomery was a minister of the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon for many years, and he also served as Secretary of the corporation. Though plagued in later years with many physical difficulties, he modeled a cheerful and loving spirit, and his hearty smile was a lift to everyone with whom he came into contact. He went Home to his reward in 1977.*



## Joseph Mosee

I was born and reared in the Holy Land, but I was far from being holy. I never saw holiness there, only sham and make-believe, and I despised the very name of religion. I came to this country from Lebanon in 1900, and I was one of the vilest men who ever came across the ocean. I was a blasphemer and a liar, and was bound by a desire to make a few dollars. I wanted money and prestige. I thought, If I could only have a business of my own, what a happy man I would be! Well, in time I had my own business—I was the biggest merchant in the farming town where I lived in the state of Washington—but I found it did not bring happiness. Though I never left a stone unturned to try to make a success, I was one of the most miserable creatures under Heaven. I tried to drown my troubles with drink. I chewed and smoked tobacco and almost ruined my health.

God had mercy on me, and sent a few of His people to my town to tell me about Christ and His precious Blood. They testified and praised God for what He had done for them. After the sermon that night, the minister came by and asked me if I was saved. I told him I didn't know. He said, "Don't you want to know?" I said, "Yes, I do!" He knelt beside

me and rebuked the power of the devil. There, God showed me the reality and power in the Blood of Jesus to save the "whosoever will." The tears began flowing down my face as I repented and prayed a prayer that reached the Throne of God. I felt the supernatural power of God come down into my heart and go through me from head to foot. I knew beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was a child of God. He took away every sin and set me free.

I went home that night and began to live the life of a Christian. I started cleaning house right away. I had a closet full of whisky, and I poured it down the sink and threw out my tobacco. From that day on, I didn't curse my wife as I had before, and I didn't mistreat my children. The love of Christ was in my soul.

I made restitution amounting to hundreds of dollars. I was glad to do it after God saved me. There was a man I used to hate like a rattlesnake. If I saw him walking on the sidewalk, I would cross the street to avoid him. When God saved me, he was the first man the Lord asked me to make restitution to. He said, "What are you going to do?" I said, "Lord, I will humble myself." I went to that man and asked him to forgive me, telling him that the Lord had forgiven me and saved me. It took more than a sham religion to make me straighten up my past life.

I praise God for the healing virtue in the Blood of Jesus. Many years ago, I was struck on my head in an accident at work. I was taken to the hospital with a clot of blood on my brain. The three best physicians in this city examined me and told my wife they could do nothing for me. They said that the best thing for her to do was to take me home to die. But I thank God that between me and

the cemetery was the mighty Son of God. I was paralyzed from my head to my feet. I couldn't talk; I couldn't see; I didn't know anything. The ministers prayed for me, and about two or three hours later, Jesus touched me and healed me. When the doctor came in, he said it was a miracle that I was healed.

Thank God for a Gospel that has power to save, power to keep you clean and walking upright before the world, and power to heal you when you are sick. The Lord has given me victory over sin all through the years. I thank God for this old-time religion and for all that He has done for me.

*Joseph Mosee was a veteran worker in the Apostolic Faith Church for more than half a century. After his conversion, he dedicated his time and strength toward winning souls, traveling back to the land of his birth to witness to his family there. He went to be with the Lord on November 24, 1970.*

## Sylvia Nees



The story of Jesus changed the whole course of my life. My mother was brought up in a religious home, but it was more strict than she liked. Thinking the world looked bright, she left her home and married my father, who was a fiddle player and could play all night without repeating a number. With Mother accompanying him on the piano, they played at the hometown amusements.

On Saturday nights we went to the dance halls where we spent most of the night. When I was tired, they put me to sleep behind the piano. In the wee hours of the morning, we went home. Father was usually in a drunken condition, and jealous if Mother had danced with anyone. Finally she said she wouldn't go again, and Dad became so angry that I was afraid of him.

Since Father was a building contractor, his work often took him away from home, sometimes for weeks at a time. He lost work because of his drinking and gambling habits, which often caused our little family to be

without the necessities of life. His absences made him like a stranger to me, and I hated to see him come home. Eventually he and my mother divorced.

Awhile later he came back and wanted to start a new life with Mother. She agreed to try once more. He won my love by promising me a new pair of patent leather slippers. We were so poor that it didn't take much to win me over. My parents married the second time, and because of an economic boom in Port Angeles, Washington, we moved there. Mother asked if she could go to church on Easter Sunday that year, and Dad gave his consent. My sister and I wanted to watch an Easter parade so we stayed outside while Mother went into the Apostolic Faith Church.

After the parade was over, we decided to go on home. We came home and were watching for Mother. Pretty soon she was walking up Lincoln Street. What a change! The sad look was gone and her face beamed. She said Jesus had come into her heart, and I saw the difference it made. From then on she sang hymns and prayed every day. She prayed for me, and God healed me of an affliction I'd had since I was a small child.

My mother's good life convicted me, making me feel mean and miserable. I truly wanted to be happy like my mother. At church I heard young people tell of how thrilled they were with the Gospel. God had saved their souls, and they were jubilant in their Christian lives. Finally, one day at the close of a service I knelt to pray, asking Jesus to come into my heart. Such a calm came over me. My sins were forgiven. From then on, I was a different person. The hateful feeling in my heart was completely gone. I did not tell lies anymore. At school the next day, my friends noticed the difference.

For a few months our family was happy, but soon Dad started objecting to our church attendance. He moved us to Seattle, Washington, where he worked for his brother. Mother kept serving the Lord. In the evenings when my father was gone, we gathered around the piano and sang. My mother loved the songs, "Angels, Get My Mansion Ready" and "The Pearly White City." Oh, we felt God so near!

Then Dad left us again. Mother took us back to Port Angeles, where the church people had treated us so kindly. They let us live in two rooms in the back of the church building.

When I was thirteen, my sister and I started singing duets in the church services. She also played a small saxophone, and I played a banjo-mandolin. When the orchestra grew larger, I wanted a violin. My uncle was the Chief of Police in Seattle. Although I did not know him very well, I wrote asking for a violin. I waited a long time for an answer, and just about gave up. Then on my fourteenth birthday a package came from Sears and Roebuck. It contained a violin, bow, and case. What a thrill!

That same day I got a job in a bakery and could help my sister with the finances. What a birthday present! I was truly happy. Soon I was playing my violin in the church orchestra. It was such a privilege to sing and play for the Lord.

Learning about the experience of sanctification, I consecrated deeper to the Lord, offering Him my life in service. What waves of blessing flowed over my soul when the Lord answered my prayer! I'll never forget how the fire fell when I was sanctified. Then I had a deep hunger for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, power for service. It was wonderful when the Lord gave me that experience too.

Eventually, my sister and I worked together in a department store. We had the joy of seeing one of our employers and his family saved and serving the Lord. They are in Heaven now. After some years, my sister and I were asked to move to Portland, Oregon, to assist in the music at the Apostolic Faith headquarters church. God provided us both with good jobs, which made it possible for me to purchase a better violin, and to take both voice and violin lessons.

My job was as a saleslady in a downtown Portland department store. One day, standing by my supervisor, I looked up and saw a man who looked like my father. When I told my supervisor, she said, "Go ask him." I went over and said, "Pardon me. Is your name Mr. Comstock?" He said, "What do you want to know for?" I said, "Do you know Ona G. Comstock?" He looked at me and said, "Oh no. I have a picture of her." He pulled a picture out of his pocket, and I said, "That's me." He turned white as a sheet, but still could not believe me. So I told him to go up the street to the store where my sister worked. He did go see my sister, and then came back to see me again.

Several times Dad came to church. When we had open-air meetings on the streets to invite people to services, he often showed up. He knew where we were. I never heard what became of him, but I know he heard the story of Jesus, just as I did. I am sure God talked to him.

Many years have come and gone since then. I wouldn't exchange the privileges I've had in helping spread the Gospel for anything in the world. God has never failed. Three times I have been widowed. The Lord has been my friend and companion down through my life. I told the Lord if I had to go through life alone, I would follow Him. It seems that is true these days, because He is dearer to me as I am nearing that Golden Shore. I can say as I work out in this world, He is my companion, my life and my all, and the Gospel thrills me more than ever before.

In sickness, He has helped me. He has been my Physician and Healer these many years. One time I had a large goiter. One side of my chest was larger than the other because of it. I couldn't sing as it hindered my voice. But the prayer of faith was prayed for me. It didn't go away instantly, but it left, and as you know, I have no trace of this goiter now. God gave me back my voice and I have given it back to Him. For many years I have had the privilege of singing for the Lord in the services, at the street meetings, homes for the aged, the jails and penitentiaries, and wherever I have an opportunity to use the talent that God gave me.

He's always there when I need Him. I don't want any other way. He has been my Guide and my Shepherd. He helped me in school days; He helped me in the business world. And I can say that I surely am grateful to God that I had a mother that told me about Jesus. I can say it pays to serve God, and I love Him with all my heart. I have a bright future. Every day I'm looking for Jesus' coming. My greatest desire is to be ready to meet Him.



## Tillie Nelson



My first night in India as a missionary, I was told, ‘Pay no attention to the lizards on the ceiling, but be sure to shake your slippers in the morning before you put them on. Scorpions like to crawl into slippers to keep cool. And be sure to tuck the net in tightly around your bedding so nothing can crawl in beside you.’ There were not only scorpions and lizards crawling around, but also snakes, including cobras! I went to bed that night wondering how I could ever stay there to fulfill my six-year assignment. But I did!

While there, I found what it was like to live in a land where God was not known. I saw the superstition and darkness that enveloped that land, and the suffering and sorrow that accompanied it. All this caused me to realize the responsibility I had to teach the truth of God’s Word.

I considered myself well qualified for this assignment. I had a good educational background. After graduating from the University of Wisconsin, I taught high school for a number of years and then worked as a

Congressional secretary in Washington, D.C.

From the time I was a little girl, I had attended church. My family members were professing Christians, but we knew little about salvation. Still, I had taught Sunday school and been active in youth organizations. I was just as active in worldly amusements, however, and deep in my heart, I felt that a Christian should not do the things I was doing. I didn’t know that if I gave my heart fully to God, He would take the love for those activities out of my heart. One day I decided to do what I knew was right. I gave up those worldly amusements in my own strength. I read the Bible and prayed. Surely now I was a Christian!

It was after this that I accepted the missionary call to teach in India. At the end of my six-year term, I returned to Washington, D.C., on furlough. I was disappointed when the door of my return to India was closed, but accepted a position in my church as Welfare Secretary, and later I was employed by the board of missions to visit the churches of our denomination and arouse interest in missions. I also taught a Bible class and organized a Young Women’s Missionary Society.

My brother was a member of Congress, and I took the position of his private secretary. About this time, two of my brother’s sons, who had been quite incorrigible, were out on the West Coast visiting relatives. While there, they attended an Apostolic Faith Church service and were converted. My brother was so impressed with the sudden change in their lives that he urged me to attend an Apostolic Faith Church convention being held in Portland, Oregon.

That summer I attended the camp meeting. While there, I decided to seek what I thought I needed—the baptism of the Holy Ghost—but I didn’t get far. Afterward, I heard a teaching on sanctification. I decided that maybe sanctification was what I needed. So, I began to pray for the Lord to sanctify me, but again there was no answer. Then I heard that if a person is really born-again, he knows it. That sounded reasonable, but I did not know when I had been born-again.

I searched my heart and compared my Christian experience with the Word of God. The Lord revealed to me that I had merely a profession of Christianity. What was I to do? How could I confess that I was not saved, after having been a missionary and active in the Christian work for years? After the service ended, though, I could not keep back the tears. I knelt at the altar of prayer and I asked God's forgiveness. I asked Him to show me my true self; and what He showed me wasn't very pleasant. But I admitted it all. Then I stood on the promise that if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. He was gracious to me and saved my soul. I knew I was saved!

How good it was to have a salvation that I knew about! After I had that solid foundation on which to build, I soon received my sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

My only regret is that I did not have this spiritual equipment while serving on foreign soil. God had a missionary work for me to do at home, though, and what a rewarding life it has been! I wanted to remain with the people of God who had prayed for me and with me.

I have never been sorry I made that decision. The Lord rewarded me by permitting me to work in the Apostolic Faith headquarters office. For many years I have had the glorious opportunity of helping to send the Gospel into all the world, in many different languages. I do thank the Lord with all my heart. Best of all, I can look forward with assurance to the prize of Eternal Life.

## Timothy Oshokoya



I thank God for the Light that has shone on my life. I was born of parents who were professing Christians, and grandparents who were pagans. My parents were greatly interested in my training, but I was very naughty and mischievous from my youth.

After my schooling was completed, I was sin-bound: a drunkard, smoker, and a counterfeiter. For many years, I lived without peace, destitute of God. One time while under detention in an Abeokuta prison, awaiting trial for being in possession of counterfeit coins, the Lord convicted me of my pride and worldly ambition. I determined if God would set me free after the trial – I fully expected imprisonment – I would give Him my life. God answered prayer. I could hardly believe I was acquitted.

Whilst praying one day, I had a wonderful experience which flooded my heart with joy that knew no bounds. I felt a great change in me and all about me. I knew I had one special blessing from God.

I felt the presence of God with me every time and

everywhere. God changed my heart. He delivered me from all my sins and other ills. I lost the taste for anything flamboyant. I straightened up my life and gave away all I had to the poor as restitution. Later, when I confessed my counterfeiting to the government, I was freely forgiven.

From that time on, my heart hungered for more of God. I came in contact with a church, which was very popular throughout Nigeria. There I became a preacher, preaching holiness without practicing it, and teaching others to receive a fleshly experience without being saved from sin. I carried about this false doctrine for six years – without happiness.

About that time, I received an Apostolic Faith paper. I shall never forget how my heart thrilled when I read the true teachings of our Lord Jesus. I knew I needed something more than I had, so I wrote to the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon, for more tracts and papers. One day the testimony of one who had been saved and sanctified caught my eye. I read tracts on sanctification and realized that that was what I needed. I wanted to travel to Portland because nowhere in Nigeria was there an Apostolic Faith Church and I hungered to worship and be saved, sanctified, and filled with the true Spirit of God.

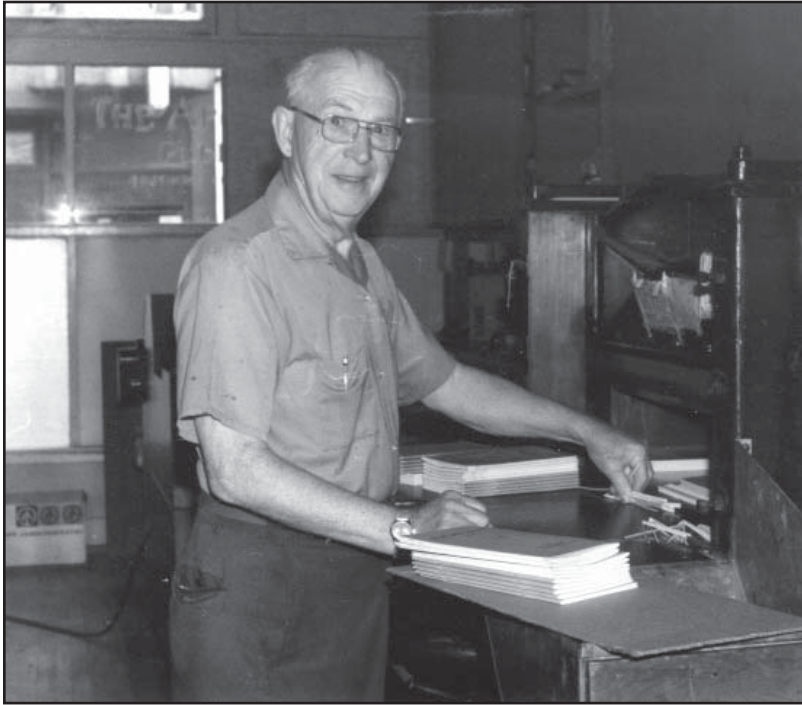
I tried to join the cleaning crew on an American boat in order to go to America, but that was not possible. So I started to pray with a group of four men, and we resigned from the church we were connected with. We began following the teachings I read about in the Apostolic Faith papers. Praise God, He forgave us! He then sanctified and filled us with the Holy Spirit. It is wonderful to look back and see how God led us. Though we had no leader, He taught us, for we were willing to learn and to receive His blessings. This glorious Gospel taught us that we could live a life of victory over sin, and what a change it made in our lives! We were able to live overcoming lives!

After receiving my experiences, I had a burden to preach the true Gospel. God moved upon the hearts of the ministers in Portland and they sent us a missionary. What rejoicing that brought to our souls! He was able to show us more Gospel truths and teach us by example.

In the years since then, God has led and directed in every area of my life. His protecting hand has been over me through the years. He has kept me under His wings as I journeyed through many

African countries. There have been times when I faced ghastly, and near-fatal motor accidents; but miraculously God spared my life. By His stripes I have been healed of many illnesses. And for well over a quarter of a century, I have been able to preach the Gospel. I cannot praise the Lord enough for His goodness!

## Paul Ott



How I thank God that I am a part of the family of God. I feel like I belong. The Bible says, “Let the redeemed of the Lord say so” (Psalms 107:12). Lately I have been thinking of the unerring, guiding hand of God.

Around the turn of the century, my mother and father had just been married and they came west. Dad was looking for a farm, that is about all he knew, but work was scarce and times were hard. He couldn’t find what he wanted, but God was still guiding and directing.

One day in the spring of 1905 a man came right to our door and offered Dad a steady job at a large corporation. God just locked us right down in Portland with that job. Dad went to work for them and worked there for the rest of his working days.

My father and mother were both sanctified people and were hungry for more of God. Mother found sanctification in a holiness church. They were here in Portland when Sister Crawford came with the Latter Rain Gospel in December of 1906, and believe me, they were not long in finding this. They came into the first little Apostolic Faith church on Second and Main Street with their little family. A couple of weeks after Sister Crawford got here, just 85 years ago this very night, January 7, 1907, my mother received her baptism.

You don’t have to use much imagination to know what kind of a home I was brought up in. Oh, I thank God for that home, that heritage! I was a happy young child. I was about three years old when they came and got saved. I knew a lot about the Gospel. I heard in children’s meeting that I could not love the world and love God. The love of the world crept into my heart, and it wasn’t long before it took over and I went after the world. It didn’t take long for the devil to make merchandise of that, I’ll tell you!

Oh, I thank God that He did not forsake me! I believe in prayer. Bless God, people prayed for me. I gave my life over to the world until I was about 19 years of age when I finally surrendered. God definitely called me, and I thank God that I felt like giving my heart to the Lord that day. For years I had run from God and tried to get away from the call of God, but that day I suddenly wanted to get saved. God saw my heart and He led me to a place of prayer. He showed me it was my time to get right with Him. I had turned down many chances to get saved, but that day He gave me another chance. I had said, “I can’t do it. I can’t be a Christian among the crowd that I have to work among.”

I will never forget that Sunday morning, March 11, 1923, when I stepped out into the aisle at Sixth and Burnside and headed for the place of prayer. Two old-timers, Brother Jim Porter and Brother Art Hiatt, knelt with me in prayer, and there I made my covenant with God. I made a total commitment to God that day, for time and eternity. The Devil said, “You can’t keep it; you can’t live it if you do get it,” but I was determined I was going to try. I prayed with all of my heart and Jesus came in. Oh, what a wonderful change! The song sprang up in my heart, “What a wonderful change in my life has been



wrought, since Jesus came into my heart.” For days and days that song just kept ringing in my soul. The love of the world that I couldn’t give up, the Lord took it out “slick and clean.”

Thank God, the day the Lord came into my heart, a brand new life started. I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. The love of the world went out, and bless God, I didn’t have to fight over it. It was gone; I didn’t want those things anymore. In a hurry I left the young crowd that I was running with. I found my joy and my pleasure in the house of God. That has been 68 years ago. That change was so complete, I still marvel after all these years. The love of the world was gone and has been all these years. That first love that that God put down in my soul is still there. Thank God it’s real, the hope to see Jesus some day.

God gave me a wonderful heritage way back there. My parents came into this Gospel in the very beginning and I do thank God I am in it today. I am on my way to Heaven to meet them one day and I thank God for it.

## William W. Paulson



It is through that Name that my life has been transformed. I was a prosperous North Dakota farmer who started out with a large farm when only seventeen years of age. While still a lad, I went to the University of Minnesota in the Twin Cities and took up mechanical engineering, and later graduated from the North Dakota State College as a civil engineer.

After I spent seven years in college and studied Darwinism and the theory of evolution, I was an infidel and a scoffer against God. I did not believe in God or the hereafter, and tried to prove there was no God, yet I'm thankful that underneath it all I feared Him in my heart.

Everything I put my hand to prospered. I had everything I could wish for in this world—a beautiful country home, an eight hundred acre farm, and considerable city property. Those were the idols of my heart. I was entirely wrapped up in the world and in piling up wealth: a slave to the almighty dollar. I was also a slave to my fellow man's opinions, and prided myself in

my business. Yet, there was an aching void in my heart, and I used to say, "What good will all this stuff do me when I am dead?" At thirty-eight I began to think my life was a miserable failure.

One day, while in my garage, God spoke to my soul, and tears commenced to flow from my eyes. From that moment, I didn't care whether I made another dollar. I had bought my first Cadillac—about the first car that came out with an electric starter, and a beautiful motor with copper-jacketed cylinders. I started out over the country, touring. In those days traveling wasn't as easy as it is today. We didn't have road maps, and I got lost; but God had His hand in that. I stopped at a little railway station to inquire about the road. The young depot agent told me which way to go, and he said, "Here, take this paper along, it will do you good. I just came from Portland, Oregon, from a wonderful camp meeting!"

I didn't think much more of it, but when I stopped that night I began to read that Apostolic Faith paper. As I read those testimonies, my heart began to melt, and I longed to see the people who could get such results out of the Bible. I had been looking for a people who had the truth, lived it, and held the standard where it belonged. For years I had tried to overthrow the faith of my fellow man and was one of those infidels who would argue and argue, but you can't tamper with the Bible without getting under conviction if you have any honesty at all.

Finally I said, "I'm going to Portland and find out if these people have what they are talking about!" I drove 1800 miles to investigate this work. As I sat in their meeting hall, I looked on the faces of several hundred of the happiest people I had ever seen, and I coveted what they had. I heard the ex-drunkard get up and shout the victory, and tell what God had done for him. I had never heard such testimonies before. I saw the very shine of Heaven on the faces of those people, and they said there was power in the Blood of Jesus to take sin out of one's life. When I heard there was power in the Blood of Jesus to keep a man living above sin, I could hardly believe it. I knew it would be wonderful if God could make a man live that way.

As I listened to those testimonies I saw my own fallen condition. I saw I had never met God's conditions: I had never really repented with godly sorrow for my sin. The Lord showed me how proud and black my heart was, even with all my sincerity and so-called morality, and that I was still a sinner on my way to Hell. My sins came before me. There were restitutions I had never made. The Lord showed

me my past life like a great panorama. There I was, supposed to be a moral, upright, honorable man! My word was as good as gold. I could go into any one of a half-a-dozen banks in North Dakota, and get the limit of the law on a plain note any time, or without a note. No one ever dreamed that I would turn some of the underhanded deals I did. But God keeps books. He showed me the cunning, underhanded, shrewd business deals I had turned for years. He showed me the men I had in my employ that I had underpaid just because I had the advantage of them and could. God showed me the padded invoices, and all the rest of it. He let me see I was lost and undone and needed His power to take sin out of my life. All my “morality” was as filthy rags in His sight.

I thought it would be hard for me to write back letters of confession to the state where I was well known, but God talked to me and said, “There is a way out—pay the price!” I backed off for a night or two, took down the old Bible to see whether man could really live above sin as they testified, and I found that their message agreed with the Word of God exactly. I saw all through the Word of God that we must live a life above sin. It meant to live a holy life every day.

I would stand out in front of the Apostolic Faith Mission in the evening when they loaded the Gospel cars for street meetings, and I would say, “What a wonderful thing!” These people all looked like hard-working people, yet they were out there with their earnestness and zeal to tell others what God had done. They had something real to bring them out after a hard day’s work.

Finally, I came back to the Mission, and meant business. I opened up to God, saying, “Lord, if you will give me victory over the powers of Hell that have ruled my heart for years and years, make salvation real to me, deliver me from my sins, and give me peace, faith, and power to live right, I will give You my life and straighten it out. I will begin tomorrow to make the confessions and restitutions.”

As I walked down the aisle to the altar, after the service was over, I got on my knees beside the drunkard and other sinners, and I cried to God for mercy. These Christian people gathered about me and prayed for me also, and when I was willing to pay the price of the Gospel God saved me. I felt the powers of darkness leave; I felt the chains snap, and I was set free. Why the price was nothing but to forsake my old sins and make my back life straight! When God saved me, this infidel became a believer. The purity and peace of Heaven came down in my soul. My heart was filled with faith and the joy of the Lord, and I walked up and down those aisles praising the living God. I knew old things had passed away and all things had become new. I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. The power of God was in my soul to live a Bible life that I never thought could be lived.

I didn’t sleep much that night. I was up early, and began to write letters. The Lord was right there to remind me of every deal. They came before me as though I had committed them the day before. I told the people just how it happened, and I didn’t make excuses or have any alibis. One letter was to a college I had attended for five years. It was mighty hard for me to confess that, among other things, I stole items out of the laboratories. I spent nearly the whole day writing letters of restitution and enclosing the checks to cover the wrongs. My restitutions cost me hundreds of dollars, but I was so happy to get that life cleaned up that I couldn’t contain myself. It brought faith to my heart. Thank God I straightened out that old life, and today I have a conscience void of offence toward God and man.

I told the leaders of this organization I wanted to put some money into the work. They said, “The Lord doesn’t need money. He needs lives.” I then re-consecrated my life to Him, and I go about my work with the wonderful change wrought out in my heart and life. What the world could not give me—money, property, etc.—I found at the foot of the Cross. I have been happy since, because God changed my life.

I praise God He ever gave me an honest heart. He brought me to His own people and revealed this mighty Gospel to me. He flooded my soul with joy from Heaven, and today I am a child of the King, saved through the Blood of Jesus Christ. I wouldn’t exchange this wonderful Gospel for the wealth of the whole world!



## Alice Perry

One Sunday afternoon, when I was nineteen years of age, I stood on a street corner in the city of Portland, Oregon, and heard a message that changed my whole life. I was on my way home from a park, but I stopped to listen to these Apostolic Faith people for a few minutes. Their very countenance seemed to shine with the glory of God. I realized they had found the peace I had long been searching for. As they told of God's redeeming grace, my innermost soul cried out to God.

I should have known what it was to be a Christian, because I had attended church from my childhood, had been baptized in water, and had taken an active part in church work. I tried to serve God, but my heart was filled with worldly desires and ambitions. Back in the State of Iowa, I had been a young businesswoman with an enviable position. I studied public speaking and dramatic arts, and I had great ambition along that line. Sometimes a group of us young people would go to different towns, rent the theater, and give amateur performances. I loved to stand

before an audience, loved the applause and the excitement. I was always seeking something new, yet I was never truly satisfied.

Many times I would cry out to God, "Why can't I be a better Christian?" hardly realizing that I was not a Christian at all. I used to wish I could have lived when Jesus was on earth, because I felt sure I would have followed Him. No one had ever told me that I could pray through and have a real assurance of sins forgiven. And then came the day in Portland, Oregon, when I heard people at a street meeting tell that Jesus could live and reign in my heart, right here and now. I marveled at the testimonies I heard of redeemed drunkards and dope fiends, but I wondered: Could I, who had never known the deeper sins of life, have that change wrought out in my life? Could I know Jesus as they did? The answer came the night I prayed an honest prayer. I looked deeper than my church profession, my morality and my high ideals, and I acknowledged that I was only a sinner. When I repented of my sins and asked Jesus to come into my life, He made such a marvelous change in me that I have never been able to tell it all! God lifted the burden, the unrest, the dissatisfaction, and gave me joy and rest. In place of the hateful, unforgiving spirit that had ruled my life, such peace and happiness thrilled my soul!

The frivolous things of this world that I had loved held no more attraction for me. God gave me grace to take my religion with me when I returned to work in a large office building. My coworkers and I used to spend hours talking about the latest plays, the latest movie stars, and the latest novels; but my conversation was changed from then on. God had taken the very desire for the sham and the glitter of this world out of my heart.

A short time later, after fairly living in the seventeenth chapter of the Book of John, I consecrated my life, my all, to the Lord, and He sanctified me. As that "cleansing stream" flowed over my soul, the prayer of Jesus seemed to echo in my heart, "I in them, and thou in me" (verse 23). Oh, that

oneness! Only a sanctified soul can know the peace that flows “in fathomless billows of love.” Later on, the Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost. In that hour, I longed more than anything in the world not only to worship this wonderful Christ, but also to work in His vineyard.

After I was saved, I worked in an attorney’s office for two years, and this Gospel kept me with victory. Not long after that, God gave me one of the most wonderful privileges that could be given to anyone, the privilege of working in the Apostolic Faith office as a secretary to Florence Crawford, the founder of this work. It has been my joy to help send the message of the Gospel into all the world. I love God with all my heart, and I long to draw closer to Him. My greatest ambition is to serve God and to be ready when Jesus returns.

*Alice Perry devoted nearly forty-four years of her life to full time service at the Apostolic Faith Church headquarters office in Portland. For several years, she was the office manager. On March 30, 1959, she went to meet her Savior face to face.*





## Jack G. Robbins

**I** praise God for the old-time religion. This Gospel is like a great net, which takes in every kind of person. It took in the deacon; it took in the traveling man; and it took me in. I was an old cowpuncher. I had only one more ride to take, and that was over the Great Divide. But between that last ride, and me stood Jesus.

I was lying in an old shack on the mud flats of the Willamette River, a good many years ago. I lay there with no friends around me. I hadn't been home to see my mother or sister for years. I was too proud to go home in the condition I was in. I was about ready to "cash in." As I lay there in that shack, all I could see was my life in panoramic view passing before me; and I couldn't see one good thing. I could see a lot of bad things. I saw that I had broken an old mother's heart. I saw many sinful things I had done; and I knew I was not ready to face God with those sins.

We sing a song, sometimes, "Lord, take me back to the faith of my childhood." My

mother had told me about God when I was a boy: and God began to talk to me there in that shack. He stirred me up; and I thought about my childhood days. I thought of that young mother back in a mining town where I grew up, and where I first heard about Jesus. Mother used to gather us around her knees every night and tell us about God and pray with us. It was many years afterwards that I drifted from it all. I went out on the range; I started drinking bad whiskey, riding wild horses, and all the rest of it. I worked out in the sheep camps. I worked in the ditches. I worked hard for years. I would spend my hard-earned money across the bars – to dress up the saloonkeepers and their families.

But God rounded me up one night. He turned my heart toward Him and caused me to get on my knees in that shack and pray. Full of sorrow – hopeless, discouraged, despondent, and in pain – I sent up an S O S call to God. I had gone to the extreme end of everything; I was sinking and needed help. I had made up my mind to pray until God heard me, or until I died on my knees. Thank God, the moment I began to pray I began to feel better! I prayed off and on for about three weeks. I was getting honest and coming clean with God: I was telling Him I would clean up the old life.

Finally there was a rift in the clouds, Heaven opened, and down in my soul came the living power of Christ which transformed my soul and took out the old desires, and put in new desires. He put love and peace in my soul. A whole symphony orchestra was playing in my heart. He put me on my feet; He put my chin up in the air; and He put power in my life to go forth and do right.

I cleaned up the old life – and paid up for old railroad fares all over the country. When I was a bum I was a first-class one, going around stealing rides. I would knock on the back doors; and I would sleep in the 'jungles' in the wintertime – burn up on one side and freeze on the other. I suffered all the pangs of Hell that a man could suffer. Thank God, at last I got down to business and prayed until God answered. When He saved me He broke off the sins that had me bound, and sobered me up. I have

been sober these forty years. I haven't cursed God or man; I haven't smoked; I have not begged nor stolen anything, nor been down and out since God saved me. Today I can sleep the sleep of innocence and I am praising God for it.

One restitution I made was for a saddle. The night I left home I needed a saddle. I had already taken another man's horse. I went around to the sheriff's barn and took his good saddle, put it on the horse, and rode out of the country on it. When God began to deal with me, that saddle got about four or five times larger than it was originally. But I said, 'I will straighten this up.' I wrote back to the sheriff, and when he answered he said, 'I knew you took the saddle, and I was mad when I found it out. But I freely forgive you, just forget it.' It feels good to be cleaned up; right with God and with man.

After the Lord saved me I joined the church. I was hungry for God and was walking in all the light I had – and all the light they had. After three years I went to an Apostolic Faith camp meeting, and there I heard something that changed my whole life. I heard God's standard lifted up. I saw they had something I would give every drop of blood to get. I got the light on sanctification, that wonderful, second, definite work of grace that can be wrought out in a man's life.

I went after it every night until God did the work in my life. It wasn't very many days until I poured out my soul to God in prayer and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Thank God, He gave me power to preach this everlasting Gospel for over forty years now.

I have no regret that I ever said goodbye to the world of sin. And because I did, I have a whole family over in Heaven today. Yes, my mother, my brother, and my sisters are over there. They have gone on since I received this great salvation. I told them about it. I wasn't always nagging them, but by the grace of God I lived it before them; and when they wanted a way out of trouble they came to me. They were glad to take the way of God's salvation. I am praising God that I quit fighting for the devil and transferred my affections to a new Master.

## John Schieferstein



I thank God for the moment my feet crossed the threshold of the Apostolic Faith Church, where I heard the story of victory.

At the age of twenty-three, I had a fine home of my own and a good business. Two years later, I was rated as one of the largest retail advertisers in the State of Iowa. For years I belonged to a church, was confirmed, and thought all was right, but it was just a huge delusion. When the church had a social, they would have a bar, and the elders of the church would hand out the drinks. I would go to church on Sunday morning, and that night I would get drunk. Though I was a hypocrite of the highest order, the preacher in that church said I was all right. Still, when I would go and take communion, my heart would condemn me. I knew I was not right with God. Eventually, I grew disillusioned with this way of living, and I gave up church for a long time. I went into the world and told myself, “You are going to be dead a long time and you might as well have a good time while you are alive.”

Then things fell apart for a time. I went to the wall—went bankrupt—and in the hour of grief, without money, I didn’t know what to do. My associates scoffed at me and called me a fool because of my failure. I had some diamonds, and I put them in hock with a pawnbroker, got three hundred dollars for them, and went to Boston, Massachusetts.

After a time, I connected with one of the largest shoe businesses on the Atlantic Seaboard and became a traveling salesman for the western region. When I started out, the manager said, “If you run short of money, wire us, telephone us, or draw a draft, and we will honor the draft. We want our traveling men to stop at the best hotels.” I left Boston to spend the other fellow’s money. I traveled for years and for hundreds of thousands of miles.

That life appealed to me. When I first came to Portland, Oregon, I rolled into the city on the velvet cushions, riding like a prince. I wore the diamonds and the fine clothes, lived off the fat of the land. The money I made, I made easy. I never worked hard, never had to soil my hands. I loved sin and all it had to offer. Every dollar that I made, everything that I accumulated, I offered upon the altar of pleasure, looking for a good time. The night life of our American cities appealed to me: the grills, the clubs, the lodges, the best of meals, the finest of liquors. But that kind of life has a thorn. It has a sting. I became sick of sin. I found myself haunted by the devil; and though I had everything, I realized I was nothing but a debauched, drunken outcast.

After years of travel, following a three-month drunk, this man without character—without principle, health, virtue, and without home, wife, or child—was brought to bay. I found myself in Portland, Oregon, lying in the finest hotel in the city, but turning and tossing in despair, not knowing what to do. In that sinful condition, a businessman I had known in Chicago took me to the Apostolic Faith Mission hall. I went out of courtesy to him and his wife, but there I heard the shout of victory. A former dope fiend and drunkard testified that God could deliver. I had vowed many times that I would never take another drink. I would grit my teeth and say that I would be a man, but I always failed and sank down once again in the mire of defeat. I would ask, “Why was I ever born this way?” But that night, I found a people who had power to pray the prayer of faith and cast out the devil.

I looked at the glowing faces of those Christian people and said, “Surely, God is in this place.” They told me that prayer could change my life. Never had I received an answer to prayer. Yet, they said God was real; they said He would deliver; they said He would make me a man! God’s Spirit stirred my heart, and I wondered if that could be true. I was a million miles from God—yes, ten million miles from God! Could I be a man again? Could I be clean again?

The minister said, “If you will pay the price and mean business, God will deliver you.” The question was, would I pay the price and meet that challenge? Would I surrender to God? My life was at stake that night. I carried the curse of a disease that no doctor could heal. The grave loomed up before me.

At the close of the meeting, I raised my hand and asked them to pray for me. I went forward to the little pine bench that was their altar of prayer. When I first began to pray, God showed me my crooked past and brought to my mind all the men I had wronged. I told Him, “I will pay back every dollar I have stolen, every dollar I have gotten through fraud.” I prayed, “My God, have mercy!” God had mercy and gave the victory. He broke every fetter. He forgave every sin, and He set me free. In the books in Heaven, my name was written down. The drink demon, the cigarettes, the lying, the uncleanness went out. Jesus came in. He filled me with His grace. Oh, the power of God! He brought victory. Victory! Aye, more than victory! Peace that flows like a river!

The next day, I could walk the streets without that old tiger haunting me and dogging my steps for whiskey and beer. The power of God filled every fiber of my body, down in the deepest crevice of my nature. I could walk with a conqueror’s tread. I didn’t want the whiskey; I didn’t want anything sinful. I had God. Through and through my soul, the holy power streamed as the glory of God vibrated through my life.

God began to talk to me about my restitutions. I quit the road, and He showed me a boiler shop where I could get a job and go to work—and work hard. It meant blistered hands for a man who had only pushed fountain pens and lead pencils; it meant cowhide gloves and overalls for a man who had never worn them. I said, “God, I will take the job.” I began swinging the sledge hammer for eight hours a day. God gave me power and strength as I worked in that old boiler shop. As I ran those irons back into the fire, God would come down in that place. I could feel Him! I knew there was a God down in the boiler shop—He made Heaven real to me.

Eight years of work, eight years of toil, hundreds of letter, and a great deal of money, is what it cost me to make my restitutions. God demanded that I hunt up all the men I had wronged. I solicited the services of Dunn and Bradstreet to find the men that I had wronged many years before, and I paid back that which I owed. One of the biggest trust men in the United States wrote back to me and said, “I envy you. You have found the thing so few of us have ever found.” Oh, I thank God that He gave victory to this traveling man! He has given me the mastery over sin.

Almost forty years tell the story. I am not a drunkard today, for I have been healed, delivered, and saved by His Blood. I am praising God for victory and power.

*John W. Schieferstein was saved in 1910 at the Apostolic Faith Church at Front and Burnside. After his conversion until his death in 1951, he was an active participant in the church, and made several trans-continental evangelistic trips with teams of Gospel workers. He is remembered for his enthusiastic and eloquent testimony, which he loved to give whenever he had an opportunity.*

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