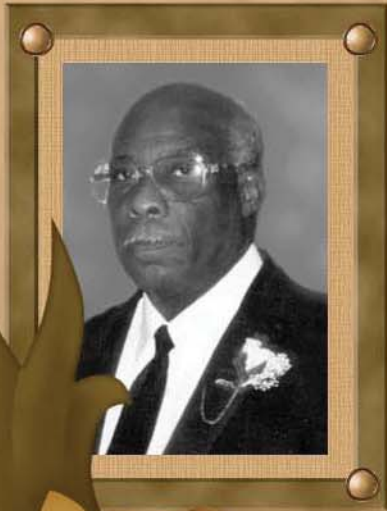
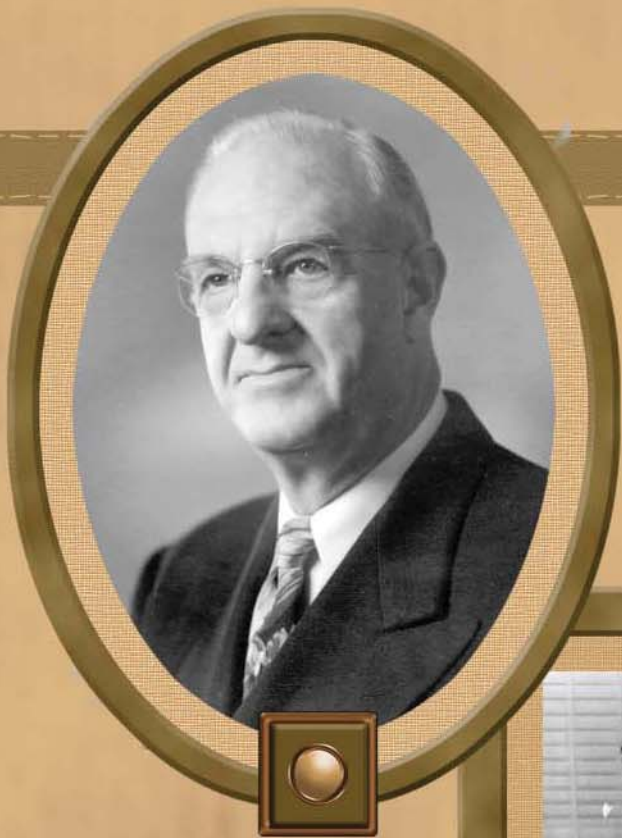


Volume 2



# Gospel Pioneers



# **Gospel Pioneers**

of the

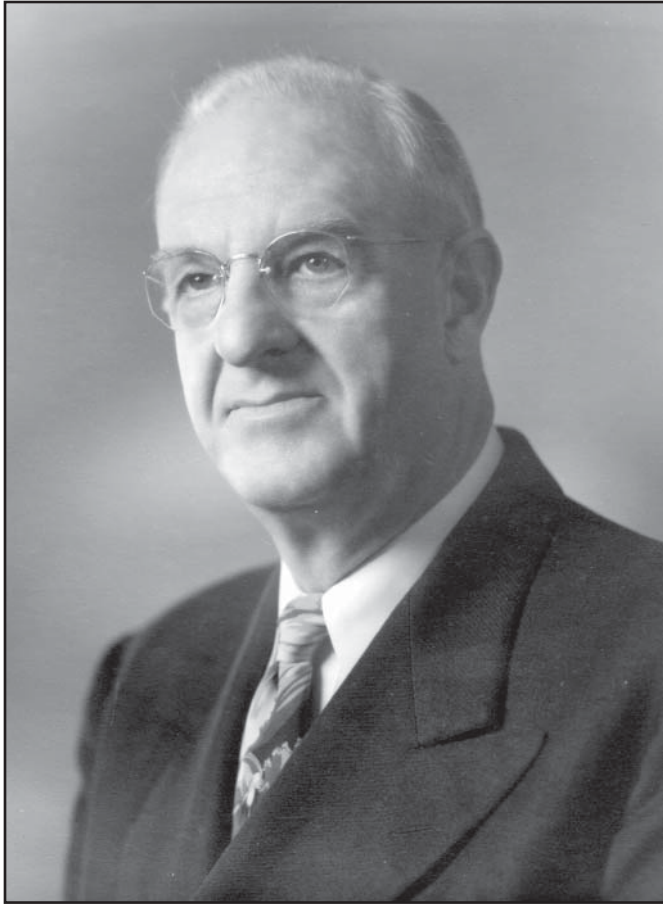
**Apostolic Faith Organization**

**Volume 2**

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## Raymond R. Crawford

**A**s a young man, I left my home in Los Angeles and came to the city of Portland. Here I heard men and women testify to the power of transforming grace in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In one of their meetings God spoke to my heart. I was full of ambition, with every promise of the world before me, but God knew how to deal with me. He cornered me up until I could not see any way out but the way of the Cross.

The invitation to pray was given. I resisted God to the very last. Someone laid a hand on my shoulder and said, “Won’t you come to God tonight?” The whole place seemed to turn black before my eyes. At that moment, it seemed everything and everybody vanished from my presence—the old associates, the job, and the friends. I said, “Yes, Lord, I will settle it, and I will do it tonight.”

I walked up the aisle, knelt at the end of the altar, and cried out to God for mercy. My heart was wrung within me as I saw myself weighed in the balance and found wanting. I

began to see a life behind me that was not very pleasant to look upon.

I was called a respectable young man, held in esteem by my friends and associates, and trusted by my employers, but I saw the deeds I had done. The wages I made didn’t pay the bills that a life of sin brought on, so I had tapped the till for a considerable sum of money.

That night I said to God, “If You will save me, I will go back and straighten up my past life.” Satan whispered, “You will go to jail if you make that confession.” The man I worked for was an atheist and had no regard for God, man, or religion. But I thought I would rather go to Heaven by the way of the penitentiary than go to Hell free.

Down on my knees I settled it. God saved me. The next day I wrote letters to straighten up old accounts, enclosing money that I never had intended to pay back. The recipients wrote that they freely forgave me, and commended me for the stand I had taken.

I was working for one of the largest firms in the city. When I went back among my old associates, my life was so completely changed that they came around and wanted to know what had happened to me. God had taken out the appetite for cigarettes, the desire to gamble, and the love of the theaters and dances.

I have tested this Gospel in many ways. I was an airplane pilot in the early days of airplanes. On many occasions the hand of the Lord protected me from death. Nine pilots with whom I was associated died through crashes, but God in His mercy has spared my life, and I praise Him for it.

On one occasion, I was flying a plane in Tulsa and it went into a tailspin. I fell four hundred feet to the ground. I was taken out of the wreckage and rushed to the hospital, not expected to live until I arrived there. My ankle was broken and my shoulder was dislocated. I had internal injuries along with bruises and abrasions all over my body. Three doctors and nurses worked on my leg to set the bones. The small anklebone was broken, the end of the large bone fractured, and the ligaments torn loose.

They put the leg in a plaster cast and the doctor said that the slightest jar would deform my foot for life. He said that it would be six or eight weeks before the cast could be removed, and then I would have to walk with crutches and hobble around for an indefinite period of time. But he did not know my Physician.

Within ten days I was out of the hospital and the cast was cut from my leg. I prayed, "Lord, if You have permitted this for Your glory, You will heal me." The Lord gave me the passage of Scripture where Jesus said of the blind man, "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest." My soul began to cleave to that verse. I said, "Lord, You are going to heal me as surely as Your Word is true, for You promised that the works of God should be made manifest." That was what I based my faith upon: God was going to manifest His works before that wicked city and those unbelievers with whom I came into contact every day.

God came down in power and healed me instantly in the hotel room where I was sitting. I got up, put those crutches aside and began to walk on the leg that had been broken. That morning when I had put my foot on the floor, I could not bear an ounce of weight upon it. Now tears began to flow down my cheeks, and I said, "God has healed me!" I walked for a solid hour, praising God.

I went down into the lobby the next morning without the use of a cane or crutches. People wanted to know what had happened. I had the chance to witness that the God of Heaven had healed me. I also had the opportunity to let all the doctors and nurses of the hospital know. They knew what a dangerous condition my leg had been in, and I walked before them all, just a week and a half after the accident. They looked on with amazement.

I often think of the testimony of a prominent physician at the time I had the accident in Tulsa. The day following the accident, when the doctor came to see me he said, "There is some satisfaction in working on someone who is clean internally, externally, and eternally." I said, "Thank God for that! God has made me clean."

I thank God for His watchful care over my soul and my life. God saved me when I was young, and I thank Him for it. He spared me from many dangers and pitfalls that might have overtaken me and undermined me mentally, physically, and spiritually.

*The late Raymond R. Crawford was the General Overseer of the Apostolic Faith Churches from 1936 to 1965.*

## Bertha Bohrer



I think I am the most unlikely person to be in this church, but I thank God for bringing me here. I was reared in Switzerland, and one day the Lord laid it on my heart to come to America. I did not know why. My own mother could not understand why I wanted to go so far away from home, but the Lord knew.

I was raised a Roman Catholic; I had never been inside another church and had never owned a Bible. From the time I was six years old I confessed my sins to a Catholic priest. I didn't know the Bible was the Word of God. I trusted in a purgatory. I thought if I didn't get to Heaven I would go to purgatory and be purged there. But I thank God that this is the place where we get purged.

One day, the Lord performed a mighty miracle in my neighborhood, which opened my blinded eyes. I had a neighbor, a young man, who had walked with crutches for fifteen years. His mother had tried doctors and medicines, but all failed. He was given up as

a hopeless case, but thanks be to God, someone handed them an Apostolic Faith paper. It told how God heals the sick and how He could also heal their boy; so the mother requested prayer for him. The Apostolic Faith people came out to their home to pray for him but he had just left the house to go to the doctor. They met him in the woods on his way to the streetcar and they told him they had come to pray for him. He wanted to return home but they said, "We will pray for you right here." They sat him on an old decayed log, anointed him with oil (according to James 5:14) and prayed the prayer of faith. The Lord healed him right there—healed him instantly! He got up and threw aside his crutches and walked around the woods praising God for what He had done for him. They returned to his home but his mother had gone to visit a neighbor. They called her, and when she saw her son walking without his crutches, she nearly fainted. She told me they had a real prayer meeting, praising and thanking God for what He had done for the boy. I knew that young man well. Many times when I had gone to his home, he would be lying like a dead person. The mother told me, "He won't last much longer," but after the boy was healed, he gained weight and became strong and healthy.

It was through this miracle that we were brought into the Apostolic Faith Church. My father-in-law was ailing at the time and the mother of the boy who was healed said, "Why don't you take him to the Apostolic Faith people? They will pray for him." I told her that I didn't think he would go, as he was such an unbeliever, as were all of his boys. We talked to my father-in-law and he said, "I will go if somebody takes me" but none of his sons wanted to take him. I told my husband, "He's your father and you better take him." My husband finally consented to it. One evening they went to church together. My mother-in-law came to my home and we waited for them to return. It was 10:00 o'clock then 11:00 o'clock, and finally midnight and still they were not home. We were just going to call the police as we were terribly worried, but then the streetcar stopped and they stepped off. They were so happy, that their faces were shining. They told us what a wonderful place it was and all about the wonderful testimonies they had heard. I told my husband, "It must be a funny place when two such unbelievers can say it's such a wonderful place!" I said, "I won't believe it until I see it for myself," but being a Roman Catholic, I was afraid to go. I told my husband many times, "I will leave you before I leave the Catholic Church!"

One Friday night I went with him, but I told him not to take me to the front because I might laugh. That night, for the first time in my life, I heard people testify of what God had done for them. Something whispered to my heart, “Can you say that?” I couldn’t. They said that God had saved them. Of course, I didn’t know what they meant. They gave an altar call and asked if there was anybody there who wanted prayer. I raised my hand and went to the altar, but I didn’t know what to do or what to say. They told me to pray with them, but I told them, “I can’t pray with you, I’m a Roman Catholic and I confess my sins to the priest.” I knew I was a sinner but I thought everybody else was too, so I didn’t get saved. I just kept looking around.

As we left that night, my husband asked me what I thought of the people now. I told him, “If I can get what they have, I will leave the Catholic church.” I knew these people had love and peace. I could feel it. I was under conviction for about four days, and then I asked my mother-in-law, a strict Roman Catholic, to come with me to the church. I said, “It is night time, and none of our Catholic friends will see us.”

We took our prayer books and rosary and went. I said, “I’m going to the altar and try God for myself.” I thought we only had to go to the altar once. After I went to the altar, I didn’t know what to do. I looked around again but I couldn’t see anybody with a prayer book or rosary. They prayed for me again but I didn’t know what to say or what to do. I couldn’t understand it. I was hungry for God. I became really earnest and looked up to God, asking him to have mercy on me and give me what these people have. Right then the Spirit of God came in, and I could feel the precious Blood of Jesus flow over my soul and the praises of God just flowed out of my heart. Then the people came and prayed with me again and told me to ask God to sanctify me. I didn’t know what it was but I asked Him and He sanctified me! Then they said to ask Him to baptize me with the Holy Ghost, and He did! I felt so happy and so free. I knew all my sins were gone. I had peace in my soul and all I could do was to praise God. I had never praised God before, in fact I never heard any Roman Catholic praise God.

All the way home on the streetcar that night I praised God. I didn’t care who was looking at me—I was so happy and free. When we reached home, my mother-in-law opened the door and said to my husband, “Here, I bring you an angel!” He knew what she meant—that God had done something for me.

I had been bound with an awful temper but God took it out that night. I confessed it many times to the priest and asked him what I should do. He said to try not to say anything when trouble came up. Well, I tried but it didn’t help, so I gave up trying. I prayed many rosaries and prayers for my sins, sometimes more than what the priest said to do. Many times as I walked home from church with my friends, we said that confession didn’t help us much because we committed the same sins over again, but I thank God, Jesus set me free.

My conversion stirred the whole neighborhood. Many people came to my home and I would tell them what Jesus had done for me. The Catholic priest even came to see me and I told him what Jesus had done for me. Many years have come and gone now, and there have been trials and tests to go through but the Lord has always helped me. He is the best friend I have ever had.

I have much to thank God for. My only prayer to God is that He will keep me faithful to the very end.





## Clem Swensen

**H**ow I praise God for this glorious old-time religion and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I thank God that He ever led me to a place where I heard the story of redeeming grace that could save, keep and deliver from sin, and break habits and appetites.

I was a born slave of the devil. I had nothing in me that could do the thing that was right. It seemed to me too hard; I tried, but the harder I tried the worse I got. But I thank God for the night that I heard the call of Christ through the testimonies and the Word of God that was preached. For the first time in my life, as I sat in the meeting hall I seemed to realize that Jesus cared for me. I had gone so far that I thought no one cared; I had no idea that Jesus cared for such a sinner and blasphemer.

When I would get angry I couldn't control myself, but I thank God He revealed His love

to me. He did not reprimand me for my sins, but He offered me mercy. And as He offered me mercy, tears flowed down my cheeks and my heart was melted. I wondered how He could look in mercy on me, but He led me to repentance and gave me a godly sorrow for my sins. I prayed and called on Him for mercy and He came into my life and transformed my life, saved me and broke the habits and sin that bound my life. He gave me peace, and real joy—something I had never known in all of my life. There was pleasure that I never knew that a human could know and have come into one's heart and life.

One day a little white winged messenger came to my mailbox, an Apostolic Faith paper. As I took it out of the mailbox and read the heading on it—I had never heard anything about it before—there was something about it that gripped my heart. I began to read the testimonies that were in that paper. They told how God saved them and set them free, and they were happy. They told of how God was healing the people, and the signs were following these people. I read those testimonies, and when I got to the house I said, "At last, we have found the people we have been looking for." True, I was saved for years before this time, and I had been living for God and walking in all the light I had, but I was looking for more light. I went from one church to another. I never found what I was looking for. This paper brought the good news to my home just when I needed help.

We had a little boy three years old who had fallen down and broken one of his limbs close to his body. We had the doctor come and set that limb. He shook his head when he examined him and said, "I don't know whether I can make that stick or not. I have so little to tie to." He did his best, all right, but I want to thank God that boy was healed of that broken limb. We never had a bit of trouble with him. He would lay and play with his toys. When the doctor came in six weeks to take the splint off, he asked whether we had trouble or not. We told him, "Not at all." He shook his head and said, "It is all to be done over." I said, "Doctor, that boy has been sound and well. We believe God healed him. We wrote to the people in Los Angeles from where that paper came, and asked them to pray. We feel God has healed him." When he examined the break, he said it was the most perfect healing he had ever seen in all his practice. Thank God for His healing power.

He healed my sick body; He has raised me up many times. One time I had a broken neck. We sent a call to Mother Crawford. She prayed and the saints in the church congregation prayed, and in thirty minutes after they prayed I could move my head and everything was plain to me. Before that time I was passed out most of the time, knew nothing, and could not move my head. But God healed me and raised me up.

I have seen God heal my children and my wife when there was no hope for her. These people prayed and God healed her. She is well today praising God for the old-time religion that is just the same yesterday, today, and forever.

I praise Him tonight for salvation and the power of God to save, to keep from sin and give the victory.

## May Allen



There is such gratitude in my heart to God for His love to my hungry heart. I have seen both sides of life. My mother was religious and had sent us to Sunday school and tried to bring us up right, while my dad was a drunkard. We lived in Iowa, where they had a large farm. In the fall of the year Dad would take the grain to Chicago and come home, and many times he had been drinking and his money was very scarce. My mother couldn't stand it any longer; it broke her heart. So she took her three children and came west.

I had joined the church when just eleven years old on six months' probation but I didn't have a change of heart. Our Sunday school teacher used to let our class attend the revival meetings. My heart longed for a change so I would know I was a real Christian, and would be able to get along with my brothers and sisters.

I'm glad that out of thousands of church members God found me. I sang in the choir, taught a Sunday school class, joined different societies and did many things in the church, but I never had victory in my heart, even though there were not many visible sins in my life. I did not know Christians could live above sin. I had such a temper, and loved the things of the world just as other ungodly people do, and our home was about broken up.

Our home had gone through the divorce court because of drink; and I thought if I ever had a home of my own it would not be like my parents home. But when I had a home of my own and saw my husband take his first drink, it nearly broke my heart.

We had two little boys and I longed to bring them up right, and to see them give their hearts to God. But no one ever told us the way out of that kind of life until one of these Apostolic Faith people came 300 miles to our farm home in Eastern Oregon. She had attended an Apostolic Faith meeting in Portland and the Lord had told her to go home and tell what great things the Lord was doing. She had an assurance of victory, and told us God could take away the very desire for sin, and we would know that a change had taken place. That was news to me.

About two months later we came to Portland, and one of these dear people met our little family at the depot in Portland on October of 1917. One night, as I bowed my knees at the altar of the Front and Burnside Mission, I repented of all my sins and God came into my heart and made a real change, just as big a change as in a drunkard or down-and-outer. I didn't have to guess about it; He spoke peace to my soul. God had saved my husband earlier, took the sinful habits out of his life, and gave us a Christian home. That took place many years ago, and our boys don't even remember their Daddy's drinking, smoking and cursing, as his life was so changed when God saved him.

Before I was saved I thought I would have to give up all the music I loved. But I consecrated my love for music to the Lord, and found that He enhanced my ability to sing in the choir and play an instrument in the orchestra. I was able to give this talent to the Lord for many years.

After we had done all we could to bring up our children right, God in His mercy saved them. When they were riding on their bicycles across a busy street the younger one was struck by a car. As the little one lay with his head in his brother's lap, sitting on the curb after the accident the older one promised God he would give Him his life if he would heal his little brother that he thought was dying.

God heard his prayer and our prayers, and He healed that child and saved both of them through that accident. One day the older boy came home and said, "Mother, you know we have the happiest home in Portland."

He healed our little boy when he was down in the jaws of death. God raised that child up when he was blue with spinal meningitis. His fingernails had turned purple. His mind was left in such a terrible condition, but one day God instantly healed him and restored his mind.

Those two little boys are now grown men and are serving the Lord. The younger one was a missionary in Japan for nine years; the older one is a Pastor, preaching this wonderful Gospel here in the States.

What a happy change God has made in our lives! I wouldn't exchange it for anything in this world. I surely thank God for the old time religion.



## Isaac Davis

God's great salvation changed me completely—made a new creature out of me. I was reared in a Christian home, and I thank God for the day conviction came on my heart. I was running from one place of amusement to another. My heart was restless and I couldn't stay home, so I would stay downtown with the boys. I would go to a pool room to shoot pool, gamble, play cards, dance—do everything a young man could do to enjoy himself. But I was miserable. I didn't know what was happening to me.

There was a little church beside our home, and that year some revival meetings were planned. My mother was the preacher who was to hold the meetings.

One afternoon, on my way home from downtown, God spoke to my heart and said, "You might as well give up." So I went to where they were holding the revival meetings, and I prayed, but I didn't get saved. A minister came from Rocky Mount, North Carolina, for the latter part of the week, and it was then that I finally got saved. I thank God for such wonderful salvation!

I heard them preach about sanctification from John 17, but I did not know what they were talking about. I went home and read about it in my Bible, and then I began seeking for that experience. God sanctified me wholly, taking the root of sin—the carnal nature—out of my heart. I thank God for the joy I felt! I had never felt anything like that before.

After that, they talked about getting the baptism of the Holy Ghost—putting on the whole armor of God. I prayed and prayed, and it seemed I wasn't going to get it. There were special meetings about forty miles away, and I went there for a week and prayed earnestly. Then came Sunday, a hot day, but I could think only of getting my baptism. My mother prayed that night. All I remember that she said was, "To day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts" (Hebrews 3:15). That night I was the first one at the altar and promised God, "If You will baptize me, I will be willing to preach the Gospel the rest of my life." It seemed the Heavens opened and the Holy Ghost filled my soul. That was many years ago, and since that day, I have been on my way rejoicing in the God of my salvation, doing to the best of my ability what the Lord has called me to do.



## Fern Beckner

**M**y heart is full of gratitude to Jesus for what He means to me. I am so glad the Lord ever dealt with a little family back in Minnesota, where He saw a broken-hearted mother and a broken home.

My mother was sick, and the doctors told her there was no hope for her, but said if she would try the weather and the climate on the West Coast, maybe she would get well. So we started for Port Angeles, Washington. On the way we stopped to visit an uncle of mine, and there she found an Apostolic Faith paper. As she read that paper, my uncle, my mother, and our family knelt in prayer, and God saved their souls.

We settled in Port Angeles, and there I was brought up in the Gospel. I knew the right way to go from my earliest childhood, but I didn't want to get saved. I thought I wanted more of a good time, as I thought my school friends were having.

But God was dealing with my heart. I was afraid to go to sleep at night. I would come home from school and would run through the house, and if mother wasn't there I was sure the Lord had come and I was left. Oh, how

frightened I was! The Lord troubled me night and day. But I'm so glad that one Sunday night when I was twelve years old, I knelt in a little church and the Lord saved my soul.

I promised the Lord that night that if He would make a change in my heart so I could live this old-time religion, I would give Him my life. And you know, the Lord didn't disappoint me. Even though I was just a child, I could take you to the very boards I knelt on that night when the Lord saved me, and made a real change in my heart. I could go to school and live for Jesus, and He kept me out in the business world for many years, living the life of a real Christian. I can truly say that Jesus is the dearest friend I have. I am glad that the change He made in my heart that night has lasted all these many years. The Lord has been so good to me.

He has given me so many blessings I never could count them. For several months I had something wrong in my stomach. When I would eat I could hardly swallow, and then afterward I would have such pain in my stomach. I did not know what it was, but I knew the Lord knew and on an ordinance night on the campground the Lord touched my body. I forgot all about it for several days and all of a sudden it dawned upon me: I am healed! Another time I had suffered with my back for several weeks. I did not know just exactly what was wrong with it but I knew it was terribly painful. But then on another ordinance night as I knelt to take the emblems, the Lord touched my body, and I haven't had one trace of that pain since.

Just recently, for several weeks I had a real bad pain in my side. I could hardly stand, and just two weeks ago as we knelt to pray, I looked up and asked God to please take care of me. And you know, I woke up the next morning and that pain was all gone. I just want to give Him special thanks and praise for His love to me and give my life more fully to Him.

## Charles R. Rodman



**M**y name was put on the church roll when I was a very young boy. I considered myself a Christian, but I did not know what it meant to live a Christian life. Nobody ever told me that I needed a change of heart.

In my parents' home, the Bible was an open book, and I was brought up under the atmosphere of the church and Sunday school. The district school I attended was a two-mile trek from my home. During the morning sessions, a chapter from the Bible was read to us. With all this background, God's Word was planted in my heart early.

As a young man, I began to study for the ministry because I believed the Bible was true; I found no reason to doubt it. I spent sixteen years in preparation for the ministry. For eight years I was in theological training under the very best of instructors at Princeton University. I majored in the Greek language, went through the whole routine, then returned home with three diplomas, but my life was still full of discouragement.

My church assigned me to pastor a congregation in the State of Washington. I used to face my parishioners on Sunday mornings knowing my life was not what it ought to be, knowing I had fallen short of the commandments and precepts of God's Word. I was preaching a standard for the Christian, but I myself failed to measure up to it.

I used to read in God's Word about the victory that a follower of Jesus has. In Romans 8:37, I read where Paul said, "We are more than conquerors through him that loved us," yet I was a defeated man. In John 14:27, I read where Jesus said, "My peace I give unto you," but I had no peace; there was nothing but discontent and unrest within my soul. Many times I wondered why, if I were a Christian, I did not have what the Word promised. Why could I not live up to the standard of the Bible? My peers confessed the same defeat, but said that we could not expect anything different this side of the grave. They said no man could live twenty-four hours without sin, so instead of my getting better and becoming more like Jesus, I began to stray further away from Him. I loved the things of the world, and there was no desire in my heart to praise God or to be thankful to Him. I had just about reached the point where I believed there was nothing to religion after all. Then I came to Portland, Oregon.

During the summer of 1913, a nondenominational convention was being held in Portland for individuals from all parts of the world. About 12,000 people attended this gathering, which was called the *Good Citizenship Conference*—the only one of its kind ever held. The governor of the State of Oregon talked on prison reform; a religious leader from Ireland was one of the chief speakers; another speaker, the editor of the *Toronto Globe*, had been a member of The Hague conference for preserving peace; and another was a prominent minister and social worker from Seattle, Washington. Great issues of the day, such as legislation, reforms, and social conditions were discussed at length. With all the talk that went on among these learned minds about the disease of sin, one would expect to go away with some answers, but I never once heard them offer an adequate remedy.

At the close of one of the sessions, I happened to go down in another part of the city just in time to hear some born-again Christians tell the story of victory. They were at a street corner in what was called

a “Gospel auto,” and several of them were telling how God had wonderfully come into their hearts and changed the entire course of their lives. They were men who had been out in the world and received their education amid the “hard knocks” of life. When their resolutions and will power had failed, when their homes were broken up, and when every hope was crushed because sin had the mastery of them, they called upon God and He heard and answered. In evidence of that fact, they became sober men, went to work and earned an honest day’s wage, and provided for their families.

Those men knew God in a way I had never known Him. To me it seemed a wonderful thing for an unseen, mighty power to sweep into a man’s life, change the whole scene, and give victory over sin. As I heard those men tell that through one simple prayer to God their whole lives were changed, I knew I had found the answer to the questions the learned men up at the convention were trying to solve.

It wasn’t a question of great learning, legislation, or prison reform; it was getting right with God through repenting of sin. It wasn’t a matter of having to struggle against sinful desires, but it was the supernatural power of God coming down into a human heart and life. These people had found something between the lids of the Bible that all my education and church influence had never given me. My eyes were opened to what it really meant to be a Christian. I knew I needed to be born again.

Then and there, I determined to become a real Christian. I went up to my room at the Y.M.C.A. and sent a wire to my church in Washington, telling them that I would not be there to preach on Sunday. I also wired a minister and asked him to fill my place.

While meditating on some restitutions I needed to make, I decided to go and check out the campground those “street-meeting” men had told about. It was in the Fulton district of the city. I did not plan to attend a service, but when it started, I found myself sitting in the rear of the canvas tabernacle, trembling under the mighty convicting power of God. Someone invited me to pray at the altar, and I knelt there trembling like a leaf. I prayed until there were only a few people left in the tabernacle, but I did not get saved, so I took the streetcar and returned to town. While I was aboard the streetcar, everything cleared up for me—God came into my heart and life that night and became real to me. No one can ever tell me that a man can become a Christian and not know it! That night God opened the heavens to me, brought the joy and peace of another world, and best of all, He gave me power and victory to live as a Christian ought to live.

When I got up the next morning, the peace was still in my heart. I went out to the campground again, and there I met the man who had been in charge of the street meeting I had listened to. I told him that God had saved me the night before—my first testimony.

On the following Sunday, God sanctified me. Then on the next Tuesday, I was baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire, and spoke in another tongue as the Spirit gave utterance. A German minister, praying at the altar, understood what I was saying, and interpreted it.

I purposed to follow the Lord all the way. I resigned my position in the church in Washington. The head of the presbytery at that time was one who had been a chief speaker at the convention. He sent a man down to the Apostolic Faith Church to talk to me. I told him all about my experiences, and explained to him that I had never been saved before, had never known what a Christian really was, though I had been preaching the Gospel to others. He said, “If at any time you want to come back, it is open to you.” But I never went back there.

This Gospel is the greatest thing in the world. How thankful I am that I found Jesus—the answer to all man’s problems.

*On July 8, 1913, Charles R. Rodman affiliated himself with the Apostolic Faith Church. From that time until his death on September 14, 1949, he dedicated his life to the Lord’s work. He was a minister and a worker at the headquarters office, where his duties included answering the foreign mail. He was Sunday School Superintendent for a number of years, and also wrote much of the Sunday school literature. Notable among his teachings was a special course of study given on the Book of Hebrews.*



## Zella McPherson



Zella McPherson would tell you, “I’m looking for His soon coming!” Her eyes sparkled as she said, “I give glory to God for His keeping power and for His hand that has been over me for so many years.”

That was no small statement for Zella McPherson to make, who became 100 years old on May 2, 1983. And what a wonderful testimony she had! Her cheerful spirit, her faithful prayers that encircled the globe—every aspect of her life—were living proof of the promise given in Proverbs 3:1,2: “Let thine heart keep my commandments: For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.”

Over 100 years ago, Isaiah Hoople brought his family of seven children from Canada to Wisconsin and settled on a farm. It was there that Zella was born. In another community, not far from the Hooples, the William McPhersons from Scotland also set up farming. As a young girl, Zella would go over to a Ladies Boarding House in this community to help watch the children of

the woman in charge of the boarding house. One day she met Alan McPherson, the young son of the McPherson family. They were just children at the time, but a few years later Zella’s older sister married Alan’s brother. Close ties were established between the two families.

Shortly after this, however, the McPherson family sold their farmland and moved to Canada. While in Canada, Alan went with his brother and Zella’s sister to hear a circuit-riding Methodist preacher who was traveling through their community. After attending one of his meetings, Alan was wonderfully saved. Of his conversion, he said, “The preacher had been saved only a little while but he had reality. His face shone as he told it. I had been going to church since a small child, but I had never heard a story like that. My heart was longing for just such victory. I saw my two sisters and aunt get this salvation, and they told me about their victory. All I had to offer God was a broken heart and life, but praise God, I made the surrender.

“I cried to God day and night for about a week. 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 stood up and said ‘You do not need to pray for me anymore, for the work is done.’ Jesus had broken the fetters and set me free.” Not long after this experience, when he was just 18 years old, he began preaching the Gospel.

During the time the McPherson family was in Canada, Isaiah Hoople in Wisconsin was becoming very much dissatisfied with the church he was attending, and began to search for a people who preached the whole Word of God. About the same time, Alan McPherson, along with Zella’s sister and her husband, decided to form a small evangelistic group. They felt the Lord calling them to return to Wisconsin to hold cottage meetings, telling of the wonderful things God had been doing for them since they had been saved in Canada.

One night, Zella, then 20, attended one of the little cottage meetings. After the service, she knelt and prayed, and was truly born again. The experience was real, and right from the first, Zella had no hesitation in telling what God had done for her. “When I told one of my school mates I had received a wonderful experience from the Lord, she laughed in my face,” Zella recounted later. “She told me it was impossible to live without sin. But I told her that the Lord had done this for me; that I had a real experience in my heart, and there was no doubt about it.”

Zella began traveling with her sister and husband and Alan McPherson, holding cottage meetings in different homes throughout the state of Nebraska. About a year later, Alan asked Zella to become his wife. She accepted, and they were married on a Saturday morning at 11 o'clock.

A simple luncheon followed the wedding ceremony, and then the new couple started out for Hastings, Nebraska, to hold a street meeting. On the way, a terrible storm came up. "That storm was so bad," Zella relates with a chuckle, "that we had to drive our double buggy and our two horses into a farmer's barn to wait out the storm." When the storm ended, they continued on their way to Hastings and held their street meeting that night.

Alan and Zella McPherson traveled extensively after their marriage, never staying long in one place. He played his mandolin and sang and preached—she sang duets with him and testified and played the street organ.

In 1907, Alan felt the need to attend a Christian Bible school. There was one in the community in Oklahoma where they were living, and Alan got acquainted with the man in charge of the college, a Mr. Alexander. He had attended the 1906 Azusa Street outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and told the McPhersons about Florence Crawford and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. When the altar call was given at the end of the next service, Alan prayed and received his baptism. What a thrill that was to Zella! Several years before, she had received a like experience, but until that night she hadn't known what she had received.

In 1909, Zella's parents, the Hooples, moved to a small farm in Woodburn, Oregon. While they were there, some people came from the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, where Mrs. Crawford had established a congregation, and pitched a tent in which to hold some Gospel meetings. Inspired by the testimonies and dedication of those people, the Hooples wrote to Zella and told her about it.

When they received this news, Alan and Zella sold their home and belongings to go to Portland, Oregon. They got as far as Trinidad, Colorado, when their finances ran out. Alan found work: he painted a house, and that gave them enough for train fare to Portland. They arrived in 1910, and the first Apostolic Faith service they attended was at a camp meeting.

During the next few years, Alan McPherson traveled to outside meetings with people from the Apostolic Faith Church—short evangelistic trips to different towns, and began to preach. While he was taking evangelistic trips and preaching, Zella—now the mother of three children—became the piano player for the Sunday school and also a teacher.

Through the years, the McPhersons pastored a number of churches on the West Coast. When he died in 1964, she sold their home and moved to the Bay area of San Francisco where she is still (in 1983) a much-loved member of the congregation.

"The Lord has been so good to me and has taken care of me through these many years," she says with a smile. "In the matter of health, I have had some wonderful healings. One time the Lord healed me when I was suffering with a painful attack of shingles. At another time, when I was in my 80's, I took sick in the night and didn't know what was wrong with me. I told our minister, 'I don't believe I will be out to church today as I am not feeling very well.' It turned out to be a stroke, and later I was clear out—didn't know a thing. I was taken to a hospital, and they had a hard time bringing me to. But God undertook. I have had no bad effects from that stroke."

"Another time I fell in my apartment in San Francisco and broke my hip. The Lord undertook again and healed me. The doctors said it was a miracle for anyone 98 years of age to have her bones heal to where she could walk again. But I walk to church even now."

And above all, she has the blessed hope of seeing Jesus: "I'm assured He will keep me until the end of my journey here on earth. I am looking for His soon coming, and want to be ready in that moment when the Trumpet sounds!"

What a testimony to the power of God to lead and direct in a life fully consecrated to Him! What an inspiration to others!



## Alba Green

I was just a young man on the downward road. I spent my time in pool halls and seeking the pleasures of the world; all it gave in return was sorrow and remorse. In a little meeting, I went to the altar and poured out my heart to God. He wonderfully saved my soul; the peace God put in my soul that night I never knew a man could have!

God took out the blasphemy, the temper, and put in victory. Habits and old appetites for sin were gone. I wanted to go and pay all the debts I said I never would pay, and take back things I had stolen. The power to “go, and sin no more” was mine.

As I went down into the coalmines the next morning, at the bottom of the shaft, I heard one of the boys use a common swear word. Something spoke in my soul and said, “You are changed.” For years I had been an awful blasphemer; but that day I turned around in utter surprise as if I had never heard a swear word before. The glory of God was in my soul because of the change in my heart.

A few years ago I was shipwrecked on Puget Sound, about four miles from shore. We struck a sunken log or something in the middle of the Sound and the boat filled with water and went down in two or three minutes. On board with me was an infidel. The waves went over me, but I looked up to God and said, “Glory to God, I have Jesus Christ!”

The infidel had made fun of me that morning, but he turned around and said, “I’m glad somebody on board has faith.” I was glad I had Jesus Christ. I began to pray and said to the infidel, “Well, there is a God, isn’t there?” He prayed and said, “Lord, I am not ready to go.” But I could look up and say, “Lord, I am ready to go.” My sins were all sent before to judgment.

I saw the infidel washed from the piece of deck we were riding on, and I lost sight of him in the darkness. After four or five hours in the water, I got ashore and reached a fish camp. The next morning we found the body of the infidel. The sheriff said to me, “We have picked up lots of men on this beach, but they were dead when we got them. You are a lucky man.” I said, “Yes, but it was God,” and I witnessed to the power of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. When the first wave went over me that day, the promise came—“The waters shall not overflow you.” I praise God for this wonderful Gospel!

Several years ago, I met with an accident, and fell about fifteen feet off a ladder, and broke my arm in two places: one just below the shoulder and one above the elbow. Two or three different doctors who examined me said it was an awful break, and that I would not use it again. I looked away to the Lord and said, “Lord, You know what it is all about. I don’t know.” I didn’t have a fear in my heart. Down through the years I had trusted Him; now I was lying on a hospital bed and I could trust Him again.

They put me in traction for about two weeks, and then they put my elbow in a cast. They told me to come back in a week and they would take that cast off and put another one on my shoulder. When they took the cast off they sent me to the X-ray room. After they looked at the picture, the doctor came back. He said, “Green, you can go home.” I asked, “What about this shoulder?” He said, “It is

all well.” It took just two weeks, and I was a man almost seventy-two years of age. I have the use of my hand. People say, “It is a wonderful miracle.” They cannot understand it. A child would have been in a cast longer than that.” But my bones are together and all right today.

It has been over fifty-seven years ago, that God saved my soul, and I can say I have found Him a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. God has taken care of me, my wife, and my children. We have trusted Him in sickness, even to death’s door; but He has not failed us. I thank God today for this wonderful Gospel.

*Alba Green was born August 17, 1882, and was saved at twenty-two years of age, in 1904. He brought his family to Portland in May, 1921, to attend the Apostolic Faith Church. His first meeting was on Friday night, and his brother took him up to meet Sister Crawford. She asked him what he felt about the meeting. His remark was: “There is enough power in this place to convert the world.” The next day he was at the campground helping to build the tabernacle.*



## Lucille Glenn

In the year 1933, I was visiting a neighbor of mine, who was ill with pellagra. While there, a traveling saleslady from Akron, Ohio, came to bring the sick woman a blessed handkerchief and a paper from the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon. The saleslady began to tell about how these people had prayed for her and had sent the handkerchief to her and that through their prayers, the Lord had healed her of a tumor.

I asked to see the paper, and while sitting there I began to read about this wonderful Gospel. I became so interested that I asked if I could borrow the paper and finish reading it at home. I had never before in my whole life read or heard of people like these. As I con-

tinued to read in the paper about the wonderful Gospel, tears began to flow down my face. I stopped reading for a moment and raised my eyes to God. I began to pray, "Please God, if you will open the way, I want to go to Portland, Oregon. I would like to meet these people and have them pray for me, that I, too, may get more of God's grace."

I knew I was saved, sanctified, and baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire. (I had received all my experiences in 1930, after having attended tent meetings that had been conducted by a group of holiness people from Birmingham, Alabama.) However, after I read the testimonies and sermons in the Apostolic Faith paper, the Lord brought me into the knowledge that I was living in adultery (my own husband was dead, but the man I was then married to had been divorced from his first wife who was still living). I had never been told that to marry a divorced person was adultery, but oh, after reading about how others had paid the price of this wonderful Gospel, there came into my heart such a deep desire to pay the price also. I wanted to get down at the altar and have these people pray for me. I wanted to know more of God's grace and the wonderful things I had read about.

When the minister of the church I was affiliated with came to Columbus with his wife, I immediately began to question them and asked them if they had ever heard of the Apostolic Faith people in Portland, Oregon. I was very surprised when they answered, "Yes," and that one of the sisters in the group, who lived in Birmingham also, had gone to live in Portland and was still out there. As I began to question them more and more, they finally gave me her address. This sister was none other than "Sister Kindness Houston," who is now deceased. I wrote to Sister Kindness concerning my coming out to camp meeting in 1934. She answered my letter and referred me to Mother Crawford.

I then wrote to Mother Crawford and told her of my desire to attend camp meeting. She answered my letter and also sent me the book on rules and regulations concerning those planning to live on the campground. Mother Crawford and I corresponded regularly after that. Finally, the Lord answered my prayers by opening the way for me to go to Portland. My young teen-age daughter and I arrived at camp in July of 1934, to attend the last weeks of camp meeting. As soon as we were registered and settled, I attended my first meeting. I made my way straight to the altar and prayed all the way through in this mighty Gospel while the workers prayed earnestly with me. At the time, even though I was suffering with tuberculosis very badly, I did not get my healing right then; I had a price to pay to get God's Gospel. God let me go back home.

My daughter also attended the children's meeting and was saved and sanctified in her very first meeting. The next day she received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. My minister and his wife, after

learning of my desire to go to Portland, had decided to go also. They, along with Brother and Sister Barney from Anniston, Alabama, had arrived ahead of me, so we were all there together and received our water baptism. We all became affiliated with and received the fellowship of the Apostolic Faith, at Sixth and Burnside, Portland, Oregon.

I heard the testimonies of those out here who had been living in adultery and how God had brought them out. I read a little tract on divorce and remarriage. How that found me! I told God, "If You just bless me to go back to Columbus, I'll pay the price." I wanted to pay the price and come back here to Portland, but I told Him if He wanted me to be a witness in Columbus, Georgia, I would pay the price and stay there.

We returned home determined to take a stand for this Gospel. He did not heal me until I promised I would stay there if it were His will to be a testimony for Him. Then He healed me of tuberculosis when I was almost nothing but skin and bones. In the year of 1935, the Lord gave me grace to pay the full price of this Gospel and brought me out of adultery. I can truthfully say that I have never regretted taking this step, for God has truly rewarded me many times over for my obedience to His Word.

Our first meeting place in Columbus was a tiny little storeroom (rented from a widow for \$2.00 a month). We held our meetings there for several years until the woman sold her place. We didn't have a regular minister, but a minister and his wife along with the Barneys would visit us occasionally. We were blessed with an elderly sister who had received the call to preach, and so we struggled on. After our first meeting place was sold, we held our meetings in this sister's home until she lost her health and went to live with her daughter in Chicago, Illinois. By this time, God had blessed our little group to grow by adding a few more faithful ones, and then we moved our meetings to another sister's home, next door to where our present church now stands, which the Lord blessed us to build in 1943—the Apostolic Faith, 648 11<sup>th</sup> Avenue, Columbus, Georgia.

We are very grateful to God for His goodness and how He has so wonderfully blessed the work here. For many years we were few in number, just a small group of faithful sisters, willing to carry this wonderful Gospel on. We encountered many obstacles and privations, but from these courageous few, the work has increased immensely. We have been blessed with some brethren, and give God glory for His goodness, His mercy, and the many wonderful blessings He has bestowed upon the work here.

I personally want to thank God for letting me learn of the Apostolic Faith people and this mighty Gospel when I was visiting a sick room way back in 1933 and for His faithfulness to me. I am also grateful to Him for ever deeming me worthy to carry His blessed Word. At first I felt I was too unworthy and that I could not accept the call, but He made His will so real to me until I knew that I could not get around it. So I humbly submitted myself to His divine will, and I can truly say that He has proven Himself over and over through these many years. I can also truly say, "Great is Thy Faithfulness to me, O God."

## Eva Ballard



I am thankful for the guiding Hand of the Lord in leading me to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. One day, at the home of one of our relatives, I saw a Bible for the first time and heard Scripture read. My cousin had said for me to come and have worship with them. I said, “Worship—what is that?” I went with her and listened as the Bible was read and saw them kneel to pray. It seemed from that time on I had an interest in the Bible. I’m sure that all the moving that we had done from place to place was God ordained, as our next move was from Canada to Puyallup, Washington.

My Aunt Nellie, to whose place I had gone to “worship,” realized that I was interested and gave me one of her Bibles and also prayed for me. I started reading and found out that God’s Word is spiritually discerned, so not being saved, the Word was a closed Book to me.

My family’s first year in Puyallup was not an easy one for us. The fifty dollars we had when we arrived was soon gone. Dad had to find a job, and jobs were scarce at that time. He did much seasonal work during the berry harvest, but lacked much work during the rest of the year. He finally got a job in a box factory. Wages were small, but we survived. Then my dad was sick and had to have an appendectomy. This, too, we survived.

Somewhere along his life, the Lord must have been dealing with him. He had found it too much an effort or lack of time for church attendance, but he had made the remark that if we ever lived close enough we should start going to church. After coming to Puyallup, we had no excuse because there were many churches, though our church going was just off and on.

But—there was a change! Some Christian people moved into a home next door to us and were faithful to invite us to their services; which at that time were cottage meetings. My mother promised to go, but kept putting it off. Still she felt the need to keep her word, she said, “I promised to go sometime, so to keep my promise, I will go once.” Once was all it took to bring conviction and knowledge of her need to be saved. But my poor Dad wanted the world with some church, too, which robbed him of the reality of the Gospel. My mother went back again and this time I went with her. Though a humble place, the Spirit of God was there. At the end of the service, they encouraged those who felt the need, to kneel and pray. I knelt at the altar made with a few kitchen chairs and a bench or two, and they prayed with me. A few moments later such peace flooded my soul—a thirteen-year-old girl had been saved. Saved by the Blood of the crucified One. How that old song rang out that night—“There’s a New Name Written Down in Glory, and It’s Mine.”

That was my first contact with the Apostolic Faith people. Brother Modrell was the minister at that time. As time went by, I was privileged to go with a group from the church to nursing homes and began teaching Sunday school when I was about twenty years old.

During my teen years I worked at a box factory and also at canneries. My parents had separated when I was twenty-one, so I worked to support both my mother and myself.

My husband-to-be (before we met) had no time for the Gospel for awhile but eventually felt the power of conviction. He was led to talk to Brother Modrell, and while driving back home in his car,

God saved him. He was so excited that he just had to tell somebody the good news. He woke some friends up at midnight to share his experience with them.

It was in 1937 that Hugh and I decided to get better acquainted. This opportunity presented itself when we were asked to help hang curtains in an apartment above the church that was being prepared for visiting workers from other branch churches. It took us a little while to get them hung.

I was married to Hugh Adrian Ballard on May 3, 1937. He was twenty-six and I twenty-four; our mothers went with us to Tacoma to be our witnesses, where a lady judge officiated the wedding rites. There were no pre-nuptial showers given in those days, but we were given one pair of pillowcases, a luncheon set, and a cake taker for wedding gifts.

Hugh was an outgoing man, loving to entertain and have company in, especially during the war years (WWII) when many service men were brought to our meetings. Our home was next door to the church. At this time Hugh was doing deferred service, working in the shipyards. He loved the Gospel and its standard.

We were living in Portland at the time of my husband's death. He had been asked to move to Portland to assist in the maintenance work. This service to the Lord came to an abrupt end when he passed away on October 20, 1960. With the Lord, there are no mistakes, so we bow with "Not my will, but Thine be done." We had been married twenty-three years. God had blessed us with two children; a son Ellis, and a daughter Nata.

I preached my first sermon on February 9, 1944. I chose for my text, "Let mine eyes look right on..." I was ordained at the campgrounds on July 18, 1945.

One of the bright spots of my life was attending our camp meeting held annually in Portland, Oregon. The first two times I went, the meetings were held for seven weeks, later down to five, then three, and now two. I covet the privilege that I had to sit under the teachings of our church founder, Florence Crawford and the others who were faithful to God's call to preach the Word.

I'm very grateful and honored to have had a place in God's service from my early life, until the years have slipped away and old age has crept in. My fondest hope is to live any years that I have left pleasing the Lord, as He wills. May God bless all the dear saints, loved ones, and family with His greatest blessings and a conscious knowledge of God's love and mercy until He calls.





## Floyd Halcombe

I was brought up in a good home, but I soon found that something was missing in my life. One day in the State of Virginia, someone handed me a New Testament. On the way home I read the thirteenth chapter of Revelation, where it tells about the mark of the beast and the Antichrist. I was only twelve years old at the time, but it made an impression on me that was to follow me from then on.

It seems strange, being brought up as I was, that I should be ensnared in a life of crime. But it all started with my keeping the wrong company and going to the wrong places.

Later, I was married to a Catholic girl. At that time the priest came to me with the idea of bringing me into his church. I said, "I am not a Christian, never have been a Christian, but I have read the Bible, and under no circumstances would I ever go into the Catholic church."

In Florida I became interested in horse racing. Then I was introduced to the Purple Mob

in Detroit, Michigan and I soon became one of them. This was one of the worst decisions of my life. The Purple Mob was accused of perpetrating the St. Valentine's Day Massacre in Chicago. I associated with some of the most noted gangsters in this country for a long time, covering territory between Michigan and Florida. With each passing day I became more deeply involved in the life of crime.

Later, I went to work for a car agency in one of the Midwestern states. They were dealing in stolen cars, and I soon found myself involved with them. Before long I became a fugitive from justice. I was beginning to reap a little of what I had sown. There wasn't a place I could go that the law wasn't after me.

My life became a series of arrests and imprisonments because of my crimes. On one occasion when I was in prison, I was locked in solitary confinement.

At that time, the Catholic priest came to me again. He told me: "If you will come into the Catholic church we will have you out of this place in thirty days." He said, "I will be back in thirty days to get your answer." I said, "I have the answer right now. Under no condition will I come into the Catholic Church."

I wanted out of prison so badly that I would have done almost anything, but not that. While still in solitary confinement, a man came to me and said, "If you will pray to Satan he will get you out of here." This was a terrible thing but I did it.

In thirty days I was out, but there was a catch to it. After I came out of that place I could not call my soul my own. I was bound under the influence of Satan. Before long I was back in prison with more time to do. I found that when you get under the power of Satan he will do everything he can to keep you there. I did things I never dreamed I would do.

It was after being in crime, and in and out of jails and prisons for years, that I fled to Mexico. When I returned across the border into the United States, the FBI picked me up. I was tried and sentenced to a term longer than I could possibly ever live.

With no hope of seeing the free world again, I became bitter. I was doomed to spend the rest of my life in prison, without any hope of pardon or parole.

It was during this time that a ray of hope came my way. Two ministers from the Apostolic Faith Church visited me. I also started to receive the Apostolic Faith paper from Portland, Oregon. A man who was in the prison for murder was converted and he encouraged me to seek the Lord. I began to think, was there hope for one who had wasted his life as I had? He saved the thief on the cross and others who had spent their lives in sin, but could He save me?

Before I could find out, I got mixed up in a prison riot, and some terrible things happened. I almost lost my life in the riot, and once again I found myself in solitary confinement—the “hole,” an eight-by-ten-foot cell with a huge iron door. My bed was the concrete floor and I was fed one meal every third day. Severe punishment was meted out for any infraction of the rules. At times, I was hung by my wrists. Men became more like animals than human beings.

It was in this condition, like the Prodigal Son, I came to myself. Kneeling in the dark on the hard concrete floor of that prison dungeon, I called out to God.

A light from Heaven came right through that steel cell and pierced my soul. Words fail me to tell of the radical and wonderful change the Lord made in my life. Surrounded by criminals and murderers, I proved it is possible, by God’s grace, to live a Christian life in the penitentiary.

A few days later an unusual thing happened. The two ministers from the Apostolic Faith Church came to see me again. I was given a pass to visit with them. (Usually a person can’t get a pass when in solitary confinement.) I am thankful from the depth of my heart to God for bringing me into contact with the Gospel. I went back to my cell and thought about what they had told me. I prayed, “Lord, if this is the way You want me to go, show it to me.” Miraculously, before long I was released.

After leaving prison I went to a small city about fifty miles from St Louis, Missouri, to be with some friends and to be near my mother; but soon I felt the need to be among Christians. I moved to St Louis, and there at the Apostolic Faith Church, I found a real home among God’s people.

The Lord restored me to an honorable way of life, and He gave me the grace to straighten up my crooked past. I now have hundreds of Christian friends. It has been my privilege to travel the length and breadth of the United States, witnessing for the Lord in jails, penitentiaries and churches. I am happy to be associated with a people who believe and preach the Gospel in all its fullness.

I have had the opportunity, since coming into the Gospel, to witness to many of my relatives and have seen God come into their lives. An uncle of mine, who had led a very wicked life, was at the point of death. He had been responsible for the deaths of several people. The Lord impressed it upon me to visit him. After driving six hundred miles, I stood by his bedside and prayed with him. Just a short time later he passed out into eternity, but his last words were that he was going Home.

If God hadn’t taken sin out, my life would not be worth a plugged nickel to me. A relative told me: “If you had gone to psychiatrist or a priest, he could have done this for you.” I said: “There is no man who could have done this for me. It was only through the power of Jesus Christ.”

Words fail to adequately express my gratitude to Jesus Christ for redeeming my never-dying soul. If He could change this ruined life, take out the hatred and bitterness, and give peace and happiness to me, surely He can do the same for anyone who will call upon Him.

There is a wonderful hope in my heart that I’ll anchor my ship in the Beautiful Harbor, where I shall dwell with Christ forevermore.



## Della Edmonds

*Many years ago, in the state of Kansas, Fred and Della Edmonds were comfortably situated on a wheat ranch. Things were coming their way. Della's father, a prosperous man in the community, had given them the ranch and a new home as a wedding present. For seven years they had enjoyed their surroundings where love prevailed. Then tragedy struck! Della tells what happened:*

I was fast going to the grave with tuberculosis and cancer. I had been under the care of specialists but continued to grow worse. I had tried different climates—Southern California, New Mexico and other places—at their suggestion. They had nothing else to offer. When this failed, I returned to Kansas, wanting to die at home.

My sisters and brothers told me to go to the hospital in Rochester, Minnesota, to be operated on, but something in my heart said, "If you go there they will ship you back a corpse, and your three little girls will be left without a mother." For a time I was undecided

as to what to do and thought maybe I should go. I had lost 14 of my people, including my mother and father, with one of these diseases, and I dreaded them. And another fear I had was that I knew I was not ready to meet God.

Gradually I grew weaker and weaker and sometimes I would be in a coma. As my husband viewed my helpless condition, he would often go into the next room where our three babies were sleeping, and would tear his hair in grief and cry out, "Without a mother, they will never have a chance."

My husband told a little woman of his sorrow, and this woman yearned to offer him some comfort. She told him that her sister had been writing to a church in Portland, Oregon, where there were devout people. She said, "They are a peculiar people; they pray for the sick, and the sick get well." And she added, "Would you mind if I wrote to my sister and asked her to have those people pray for your wife?" Of course, he did not mind.

A few days later, my husband was preparing to go out to the field, when something miraculous happened to me. I walked into the kitchen and told him, "Someone has prayed for me and I am healed!" At first he thought that my suffering had caused me to lose my mind, but I persuaded him that I was feeling well.

Later that day, as he returned from the field, he saw a big washing on the line and thought some kind neighbor had come in to help me. But to his surprise he found that I had done the washing and was preparing our dinner.

A few days later I meditated on the love of God: to think that He would visit our home and heal me even though we were not serving Him! I shook the dishwater from my hands and dropped on my knees in the kitchen and offered my life to Him if He would come into my heart and make me a true Christian. I prayed, "God, You have healed my body; You have given me health that nothing in the world could have given me; and now, You save my soul!" He did just that, came into my heart and

gave me rest in my soul. How the joy bells rang in my heart! From that time on everything has been worthwhile. How wonderful it is to have peace with God!

When I met my husband at the door that evening, I told him what God had done for me. Bewildered with such strange news, he answered, "Well, that's fine! I'll never lay a straw in your way—just don't bother me with it!"

Bother him with it? No, I did not. But each day I would kneel with my three little girls and we would pray for him. More than that, I wrote to the church in Portland, asking united prayer for him. When Holy Ghost conviction seized him, he tried to fight against the feeling that he, too, should give God his life. He even got up in the middle of the night, and took his tractor out to work in the field. When daylight came, he drove himself, working beyond his strength, wondering how it would all end.

Then one day, he gave up. On his knees in his wheat field, he cried to the Lord for mercy. And oh, the mercy and love of God that showered upon his penitent soul! He was born again, and what rejoicing was ours!

But my story does not end in Kansas. We longed to come to Portland. Another request for prayer was sent across the mountains: "Pray that God will send us a buyer so that we can go to Oregon." And one day a buyer came right to our door. Prayer was answered! The house and farm were sold, our belongings were auctioned, and soon we boarded a train for Portland.

I had once said, "If we could only go to Portland, I would not care if we had to live in a tent." We arrived and with no place to live, were offered a tent on the campground of the Apostolic Faith Church. We lived there through sunshine, rain and snow for a year. But God has more than repaid us for every sacrifice we have made to be among His people.

It is a privilege to trust the Lord for the body as well as for the soul. I praise Him from the depths of my heart that He has kept me all these years and I love Him better every day. My desire is to be ready for the mighty Rapture of the Church that we are looking forward to.



## Forrest Damron

I am so thankful today that I had a father who had faith in God. That faith was planted in my heart when I was only a small boy. It was something that I couldn't get away from. I knew there was a reality in the old-time religion in spite of what I heard at school. Some would say that there was nothing to it, that it was all a myth. But I knew there was reality in the religion my father told me about, for it was lived every day in front of me. I am glad that reality became mine one day.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." That was from my first reader, the Bible. My mother taught me to read from that Book, and it did something for me. It planted faith in my heart.

Later, in school, we had a big book called geography. It had theories of how the world came into existence. I was just a small boy, but I told my teacher, "I don't believe that. I believe 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.'" I still believe it!

One day when I was out with a group of boys just having a good time, I met with an accident, narrowly escaping death. I fell from a tree and was seriously injured. Somber thoughts of eternity came before me. Hell would have been my doom but for the mercy of God. I knew I needed to get right with God. I had never smoked or drank or done anything outwardly that was so terribly bad, but there was sin in my heart. I went down on my knees and repented just as men do who have been in deep sin. Tears flowed freely down my cheeks as I asked the Lord to forgive me. He forgave me, saved me, and completely changed my life.

And He did more than that for me! He delivered me from being a cripple, as the doctor had declared I would be following that accident. The doctor had said he could do nothing for me, and he didn't. But God did!

My arm was broken severely and the end of the bone shoved up through the shoulder socket. It was never set or put into a cast, but God healed it miraculously. Contrary to the doctor's prediction, I have had perfect use of my arm for many, many years.

About two years after I was saved I took very ill with double pneumonia and pleurisy. At times I was delirious and thought I was going to die. One night when in extreme pain—each breath feeling like knives jabbing me—I asked my father to call for the ministers to come and pray for me.

The next morning he called, and they came. When they anointed me with oil and laid their hands on me to pray according to James 5:14 and 15, the pain ceased and I was instantly healed. I have had no trace of pneumonia since that time.

I have proved God's healing and keeping power for over fifty years, and under some very trying circumstances. I worked on construction jobs for a time, and later was a postal clerk on the railroad. When any of the boys would say, "Let's have a drink," I was always able to say, "No."

While in the United States Navy during WWII, God gave me power to live the same Christian life that I lived before going in. His hand of protection was over me as I looked to Him for victory in every situation.

On our way to the Aleutian Islands, where we were to be stationed, word came that a ship ahead of us on the same course was sunk. Only a few were rescued. We were on a freighter without escort. My bunk and others were down in the bottom of the hold, way below the waterline.

After hearing of the sinking of the other ship, my buddies were afraid to go to their bunks for several nights, but my faith was in God. I could go down there in the bottom of that ship and get a good night's rest, knowing the Lord was watching over me. I had the assurance that if the ship went down, my soul would go up to Heaven. (That ship did go down later, after we were off of it.)

The Aleutians, where we were stationed, is said to have the worst weather in the world. But the continual rain, the snow, dense fog and monotony of life there, along with strong winds and the squalls of the Willawaws that reach gale proportions, failed to disturb the rest and peace God had planted in my heart. How good it is to have peace in time of war and when danger is all around!

In the year 1971, I was privileged to go as a missionary to West Africa. On arriving at our destination, I was told I must have an inoculation for cholera. I did, and the next day I became very sick. When I continued to grow worse, my wife, who was there with me, told the U.S. Embassy nurse about the apparent reaction to the inoculation. But when the doctor came to see me he determined I had malaria. He offered medication, but I told him that I had always trusted God and wanted to trust Him now.

The malaria affected my heart, and my lungs were filling with fluid. I lost thirty pounds in just a few days. The doctor and nurse were much concerned as to whether I would live.

About the same hour that a cablegram, requesting prayer, reached our headquarters church in Portland, a little group from the church in Africa gathered in our missionary home and prayed. Mothers came with babies strapped to their backs, along with others, and they all knelt there. The prayers of God's people availed in my behalf. The Lord answered! He healed me! Within a short time I was standing in that African church teaching the people a lesson on divine healing. They had already seen this miracle and they believed.

I was told that malaria works in a cycle—that it would return periodically. But when the Lord healed me He broke that cycle. It has never returned.

God has permitted me to make twelve missionary trips through the West Indies and South America. It is a great privilege to carry the news of salvation, to tell of the power of God to save and to heal.

What the Lord has done in my life I have seen Him duplicate in the lives of people in other countries. What a wonderful Savior!

How thankful I am for my "First Reader," the Bible. I believed it then and I believe it now!

## Jennie Gailey



My husband and I were touring through the State of Oregon when we came into contact with the Apostolic Faith people. We had lived in California for many years; we weren't going to settle in any particular place, as we were out for a good time. My husband said, "We are going north and on into the eastern states and just take the whole year and see what we can see." But through the love and mercy of the Lord, about two weeks after we left our home, our plans were changed.

When we came to Salem, Oregon, we were walking along the street, and I looked over on the opposite side and saw a Gospel car with a group of Christian workers from the Apostolic Faith, ready to hold a meeting. I asked, "I wonder what kind of people they are?" We went over and spoke with them, and they asked if we would like one of their papers. I said, "Yes, if it is the Word of God we will be glad to have it."

I had been brought up carefully in an old-fashioned home. Father and Mother took time to read the Word of God and to have prayer. They brought up nine children in that way. That always stayed with me. So I never went out into sin; I had no love for that kind of life.

I had been a church member, had a class in Sunday school, and played the organ, and was busy

in church activities, but none of that satisfied. I always wanted to be a real Christian or not at all, but I never had one day of victory. I wished many times that I did not belong to the church because I was ashamed of my profession.

My husband and I traveled on to Portland and were only in the city a few hours when we started out to find these people we had met in Salem. We attended one of their services. I never questioned their teachings from the first time I heard them. It was settled in my mind; I never wanted to go any other way. As I listened to the testimonies, they convinced me that, with all my profession, I was just a sinner, and I needed salvation. I heard them teach from the Bible that Christians live above sin, and I was sure that I was not doing that.

Something in my heart wanted what these people had. They gave me an invitation to the altar of prayer, and I went. I didn't get saved the first night. I prayed many nights and finally the Lord saved me when I met His conditions. I can take you to the very place where God spoke peace to my heart.

Later, He sanctified me, and in my own home, He baptized me with the Holy Ghost. After I had prayed through I never wanted to leave this church. My husband and I gave up our trip and stayed in Portland. These people were my people and their God was my God.

My husband had inflammatory rheumatism; he couldn't even step his foot on the floor. One night I brought a request to these people. He prayed at home while we prayed at the meeting, and God instantly healed him. In just about a week he was back to work.

My father was dying with neuritis. I received a telegram telling me that if I wanted to see my

father, I would have to come at once. So I asked these people to pray that God would spare his life because I wanted to see my father, and I wanted to know he was really ready to meet the Lord. When I got there, one look at him told me he was past medical aid. My brother had his vault made ready to bury him. I wrote back to the Apostolic Faith Church to send us an anointed handkerchief that had been prayed over by the ministry. About the time they prayed over it, my father was instantly healed. He couldn't say a word, but he raised his hand for me to come to the bed, and when I got there, he said, "Something has happened." I said, "God has healed you. We wrote for prayer and the Lord has answered." God added 15 years to his life.

I thank the Lord for years of joy, peace, and victory. I never could tell you what precious truths I have heard, and what my eyes have seen, and my heart has felt. This Gospel is my very life. I worship God for what He means to me.

*For forty-six years, Jennie Gailey (Mrs. Mort Gailey), spread the Good News in hospitals, nursing homes, and wherever she could find someone to listen. She was never happier than when she could take an armful of Light of Hope papers and go out to find someone who was interested in the way to Heaven.*

*Hospital visitations to Eastern Oregon, down the Willamette Valley, and into the state of Washington were a regular part of her life. She was in charge of six teams, which made regular visitations to about 100 institutions.*

*It seemed the strength and vitality of Mrs. Gailey would never wane. But on January 17, 1972 the Lord took her from this life to that of service above at the age of 91 years. She had gone with a team of Gospel workers to hold a service at Edgefield Manor in Troutdale, a convalescent home near Portland, only the Thursday before.*





## Lewis Bourcey

I am thankful I am not in a drunkard's grave. After years and years of ridiculing the people of God, He in His mercy found me a brokenhearted drunkard.

One night, after being on a drunk for about two weeks, I heard an old ex-drunkard on the street corner telling the story of his life. It sounded just like mine and I said, "That fellow knows what he is talking about." I wanted to get out of that life, and had tried in my own strength, but everything failed. I said, "If God will save me I will give Him a trial." But I didn't think He would do it for me.

My old past came up before me. I had put in time behind the prison bars—I had robbed a store. God let me go on for two weeks. I got to the place where I was on the verge of delirium tremens, but He still strove with my soul. One day I fell at my bedside and said, "O God, if You will save my soul, and take these habits off my life, I will do anything in the world." It is so wonderful, so marvelous. He put joy and peace in my heart. He made a clean man and a new man of me. I went out of that room with a firm step, not looking for a brace. I had the brace in my soul that has lasted for these many years.

I love to tell the old story of Jesus' love and power to save the whosoever will. I have been telling it in old San Francisco, California where God delivered my soul. The tears would drop down my face as I would walk those streets, and say, "O God, it was here that You found me when my life was wrecked." I love Jesus because He is the sinner's Friend. This Gospel is real.

### Memories of Brother Bourcey, written by Edna Crawford

There was a humble brother in Portland, Oregon, in the very beginning of this Gospel whose name was Brother Bourcey. I was only 12 years of age when he was preaching as I entered the tabernacle with my father, mother, and three brothers at the time.

He was a cobbler and worked in the mission there in an old blacksmith shop. Many hungry souls in Portland were looking for Sister Florence L. Crawford to come and preach this Gospel. She stopped on her way to Salem, Oregon, where meetings were held in Ryan's Gospel Tabernacle. Brother Bourcey came over from Portland and met her there. She said when she saw him that she felt he was "an Israelite indeed" in whom there was no guile.

It was near Christmas, a cold night. He sought earnestly at the altar and fell under the power. The cold wind blew through wide cracks in the floor, and the enemy tempted him that he was keeping the workers up too late. It was after midnight, but he held on to God. And suddenly there appeared a circular cloud of light which grew larger, and the faces of the prophets of old appeared—Isaiah,

Jeremiah, and all including John the Baptist. Their faces encircled the light and each was pointing toward the center. He seemed to know each one of them, but He could not find the face of Jesus and he was weeping, when suddenly like a flash, the face of Jesus appeared in the center, and the fingers of the prophets pointing to the center seemed to make a halo of light about Him. Then the power fell on Brother Bourcey and he received the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and was also anointed to preach the Gospel. The workers went on to Portland, and a great revival and outpouring of the Spirit began, and has been going on for over thirty years.

Brother Bourcey was preaching at the Mount Tabor Camp Meeting, and some came to him who were married in adultery, and he counseled them and exhorted them to line up to the Word of God and separate. After they had left, he knelt in the straw in his tent and prayed that God would give them grace to take the way.

While he was praying, God spoke to him saying, "Had you not better find out whether your wife's first husband is living?" He was startled and answered, "Yes, Lord, but I believe he is dead." He went to work and sold his furniture and home. Giving the money to his wife, he said for her to go and find out whether her first husband was living. He put her on the train and went to a rooming house that looked so bare and cheerless, got on his knees and told God he would never cease praying till the love for that woman was taken out of his heart. He said, "I have no right to love her if that man is living."

God did take the love out of his heart, and he said afterward, "I could have told my wife right then, as she was on the train, that the man was still alive." Many lined up on the adultery question and God has greatly blessed and used it in the salvation of souls. Brother Bourcey was wonderfully used of God in preaching the Gospel till God took him Home to Glory, and his deathbed was the most wonderful we ever saw.

He said, "Unworthy, unworthy to enter the Holiest of all." He sang with those about his bed, "Close to Thee, close to Thee," and when his voice failed, his lips still moved, as he tried to say the words, "Then the gates of Life Eternal may I enter, Lord with Thee." It seemed to those about him that they went with him down to the riverside and he was gone.



## Lloyd Brickley

Though I never attended church, I did live a moral life. I came from Montana to Oregon, and the first place I was taken was to the Apostolic Faith Church—the first church I had ever been in. I soon realized that they were people of God and had real salvation, but I failed to give my heart to the Lord, and went out into the world to try to have a good time.

I went to work in a logging camp in the Coast Range Mountains near Dallas, Oregon, in the wintertime. Working conditions were terrible back in 1913. The old bunkhouse was full of holes, and some of the men drank whiskey all the time, either to keep alive or because they just wanted to do it.

We would come in from working in the snow and slush, looking like moles in the mud more than like human beings. We

would turn the hose on one another to wash away the mud, and the next morning we found our clothes frozen stiff—and we would wear them that way.

But what bothered me most was the drunks. I didn't touch liquor and I hated the carousing around that the others did until the wee, small hours of the morning. It was more than I could take, and I cried out to the Lord: "If You will get me out of here and help me to get a respectable job, I'll serve You. I'll give You my life." I was surprised at how quickly the Lord answered. Before another week was out, I received a letter from the government offering me a good job; and in another week I was in Portland, working at the U.S. Post Office.

Then the Lord spoke to me again, "What excuse do you have now?" I went back to the Apostolic Faith service and went forward to the altar of prayer and called on God for mercy. I had never touched tobacco or liquor, nor do I remember ever swearing, but my heart was black with sin. I had no merits chalked up in my favor before God, but He had mercy on me and saved my soul. My whole life was changed, and I thank Him for the peace He gave me.

*Lloyd Brickley was saved in 1913. He lived and ministered in the Roseburg, Oregon area.*



## Bill Clark

**H**ow I thank God for this wonderful salvation. At the age of seventeen I was bound by sin. In 1912, I came to Portland, Oregon from Grants Pass, and worked in a big sawmill.

One day after I had been in Portland for about three years, I heard a group of people from the Apostolic Faith Church telling the wonderful Gospel story. I made up my mind I was going to have what they had, if I could get it.

That morning the load of sin was heavy on my heart; it had been for a long time. I was afflicted in my body. I had a sore spot on my lung that was left there from pneumonia. The doctor told my mother that I should go to Arizona or New Mexico, but I came to Portland instead.

One Sunday morning I went to the church at Front and Burnside and sat in the hall. God was talking to my heart. I was all melted up. The minister asked if anyone wanted anything from God. I raised my hand, and had hardly gotten out in the aisle, when I cried out, "Oh God!" The Lord heard that prayer; and you know, He rolled that burden away right there and gave me praises in my heart.

It wasn't long until I left Portland and went my way, and it was fifteen years before I came back. I didn't run away from God. I went through World War I. My sister gave me a New Testament and I carried it in my pocket. It was a comfort to me. I believe God saw that there was still some faith in my heart. When I got back I went to Grants Pass and to the little church there. I said, "God, if you will give back the peace, joy and victory that you gave me in Portland, I will serve You the rest of my life." He heard that prayer, and came down and saved my soul. I love the Gospel these days. I have it down in my heart. I am looking forward to seeing Jesus. That is what I am living for.

## Pauline Martin



I love the Lord with all my soul and all that's within me. He's been so good to me. He's healed me so many times. I wish I could tell it like I believe it and know it. I was born in 1910, and it was a couple of years later that my mom received an Apostolic Faith paper.

One of my earliest memories is of having mastoid problems. My mother carried me in her arms, riding horseback to an old country doctor. Not too long after that, when I was about three years old, I contracted rheumatic fever, and I was healed instantly. I had been in bed, and it seemed like forever: I was just a child. Mom had a big family and a lot of work, and she was just praying as she walked around. I called to my mother to pray for me, and she would say, "Mother is praying." All of a sudden one day, I sat up and said, "Take these old night clothes off me and dress me." I got up and she dressed me, and I ran, even though I hadn't walked for

weeks. I ran to her. It was the first wonderful healing in our family. Then, when I was about four or five years old I was instantly healed of malaria.

Our family was traveling in Oklahoma, and our car broke down. My Daddy always looked up a church when we traveled, which he did this time. I was saved in that little church, at eleven years old. I was so happy, I was singing the next day, "There's a new name written down in glory, and it's mine." Oh, God has been so good to me down through the years!

Ever since my mother received that first Apostolic Faith paper, she had always wanted to come to Portland. We had been getting the papers, and we moved from Arkansas to Colorado in 1919, where we homesteaded. We had a store, and Mother always put the literature in the grocery boxes she packed. There are many people in Heaven today who received those papers in Colorado. It was in Colorado that I met my husband when he worked for my father.

The truck that we had for the grocery business was how we made the move to Portland. We put hail screen and canvas on the side, and our first trailer house was a Model T Ford truck. We had wall-to-wall beds in the back to sleep about ten of us, and my husband drove the truck. There was very little pavement between Denver, Colorado, and Portland (only through the towns) so some days we would travel only about 12 or 14 miles, and if it was raining or snowing it was almost impossible. But we camped in this truck and cooked our meals by the side of the road, and after a month we got to Portland.

At this time, I was expecting my baby. This trip was harsh, but every mile of it was worth it to get to Portland. We had looked forward to being in Portland so many years that it was almost like getting to Heaven.

When we arrived in Portland it was Memorial Day, and we started to go to Sixth and Burnside. When we got to Sixth and Burnside on the east side of the Willamette River we didn't see the church, so we inquired at the Peter Lee Restaurant. Old Brother Bob Irvin met us and welcomed us to Portland, and he said the church was on the west side of the river. So we got our greeting from Brother Peter Lee and Brother Bob Irvin. Our first meeting was at the downtown church, at N.W. Sixth and

Burnside, and I testified that first night. I can't explain the joy that we received in getting to the church. It was home at last!

A few weeks later, camp meeting began. I didn't stay on the grounds because I was expecting a baby—I stayed at Sister Maynard's home on Tolman Street. My parents had a cabin in section 500 on the campground, and they cooked their meals in the kitchenette. I would go over there quite often to be with my parents.

I was not baptized in water that year, but the following year. The first year I was in Portland, my husband was saved, and was baptized in water, and was healed of appendicitis. We rode the streetcar from fifty-second and Woodstock out to the Columbia River, and we were both baptized in the Columbia River—he in 1925 and I in 1926.

Sister Florence Crawford was very precious to us. That first year we were here, my daughter was born on August 28, 1925, and she was seemingly all right when she was born. When she was about three weeks old she had a tumor between her stomach and the lower bowels, and she wasn't expected to live. Dr. Brown said that he didn't expect her to live because she was too small for an operation. He said, "Your God or an operation, but I have no faith in either one." Sister Crawford prayed all night long, and she sent Sister Samuels the next day. Sister Samuels came in and she said, "This is supposed to be the crisis." My husband said he never did think my daughter was going to die, and Sister Samuels said, "Amen. Faith is the Victory." My daughter was healed of that tumor. The tumor passed out through her bowels. She had weighed nine pounds at birth, and at three months she weighed only seven pounds. God instantly healed that baby, and she is a strong healthy seventy-two-year-old woman today.

It was about 1932 that I prayed through to my baptism. Until then, whenever I prayed, my thoughts would be about my children, and I couldn't get through. That year a good friend of mine at camp meeting told me not to think about the children: she would look after them. That was when I prayed through and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

A few years ago I was so sick that I couldn't do anything. God has restored my health, and now, in my old age I am healthier than I was when I was younger. I never could tell all the beautiful things He has done for me. I have been healed of so many incurable diseases. I had cancer, rheumatic fever, malaria, and one heart attack after another, and God has healed me of all of them. He has never been known to fail.

Through the years I have had the privilege of helping with Sunday school children, and I spent twenty-five happy years taking care of the cabins on the campground. I took care of assigning campground cabins, and I supervised the laundry area. I sold kerosene, gave out trailer tags, and distributed keys. I've always loved to help people. My mother said, "Pauline, you'll never get anything in this world," because I loved to give, but I never went without. God has always supplied my every need, and most of my wants. I have always trusted God for everything.



## Francis and Carol Jensen

(As related by their son, Sam Jensen)

**M**y parents, the Reverends Francis and Carol Jensen were both born in the state of Minnesota in 1905. Dad went to church as a boy and had an experience of salvation when he was 13. Even then he had a desire to be a witness for Christ and told classmates about Jesus. Unfortunately he had been told, once you're saved you're always saved. When he finished high school he began attending a Bible college but he had lost his "first love."

It was at this college Mother and Dad met. My mother was raised in a warm nurturing home but didn't understand what it meant to be saved. In fact she brought her dancing shoes along to Bible college. A fellow student at the college told them about speaking in tongues. Although they knew little about sanctification or the baptism of the Holy Ghost they prayed and spoke in some kind of tongue. The Bible college expelled them after this took

place. My dad said later he had been in a strong delusion. The year was 1929.

After deciding to be married my parents asked a nearby pastor to marry them. When the pastor didn't arrive at the appointed time my dad took matters into his own hands and declared he and my mother to be married "before God." It was in this condition they started their ministry. Even though their hearts were not right they wanted to spread the Gospel. God saw their desire and began to work in their lives. They went to Minneapolis as a married couple, and attended my grandmother Jensen's church. That church was the Apostolic Faith Church where my grandmother had been sanctified and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The pastor there agreed to have Dad preach after Dad told him he had been baptized with the Holy Ghost. That night while in the guest room of the parsonage my parents had a "knock down drag-out fight." The pastor was outraged and told them, "not only do you not have the baptism, you're not saved." My folks humbled themselves and were saved, sanctified, and received a true infilling of the Holy Ghost. They also were legitimately married.

In 1939 my parents started a church in Tehachapi, California. It was in this church my two older sisters and I were raised and saved. After almost nine years we could afford a trip to Portland for camp meeting. While at camp meeting my parents met with Brother Ray Crawford to discuss a merger with the Apostolic Faith Church. Bro. Ray and several other ministers said they felt a "unity of spirit" with my folks, and since they believed the whole Bible, saw no reason they should not be in fellowship. Both my dad and my mother were ordained as Apostolic Faith ministers, and their "Full Gospel Church" became an "Apostolic Faith Church."

In 1952 an earthquake destroyed the church building in Tehachapi, but a new church was built by the saints from Los Angeles, Tehachapi, Portland, and other branch churches under the direction of Brother Loyce Carver, who was pastor of the church in Los Angeles at this time. On April 24, 1954 the new church was dedicated. For the next thirty-five years my parents continued to lay down their lives for the Gospel. They answered phone calls for prayer twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. They would often lay the phone on the little phone table and pray over the line until God answered.

Everywhere they went they gave out tracts and Apostolic Faith papers to anyone who would take one. They were not ashamed of the Gospel and boldly proclaimed the name of Jesus.

For fifteen years they took missionary trips to Mexico, all the while pastoring the church in Tehachapi. Prayer and fasting were followed by answers to prayer. All the glory was given to God. They longed to see Jesus, “obtained a good report through faith,” and went on to their reward.





## Richard L. Barney

**T**he 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. 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.*



## Agnes Ostendorf

I thank God for the assurance in my heart that I am a child of God. During a revival meeting we were having in Dallas, Oregon, years ago, I shall never forget the young people around my age who were saved.

Those were depression days and hard times, but you know the Lord was always there in time to help us. We had a large family of ten children, and mother and dad. Jesus never failed. I could tell you many things that proves that He is real, and I thank Him with all my heart.

We children would gather around outside the woodshed and pray, and many times one of them would preach. We were just playing, but it was impressive. We knew there was something real to the Gospel, and as I grew older my father wanted that victory. He was in church; he had a profession but no possession. He wondered if he could have this victory. The saints of God gathered around him at the altar and prayed, and the Lord gave him this old-time religion. Through that we came into this wonderful Gospel.

My mother was a little bit skeptical, and wondered if what my father received would

really last. My father went back over his past life and started making restitution, and through this my mother also gave her heart and life to the Lord, and we children were brought to these meetings where we heard the story of Jesus and His power to save and keep.

My mother tried to be a Christian before she found the Lord. At the age of eleven, she went forward in a little church as she wanted to be a missionary. She didn't know the depths of salvation, but yet she wanted to as she was hungry for the truth. I'm glad that the Lord put it in her heart to teach us children the Word of God. She said, "I didn't know I would have a family of ten to teach the Word of God." She also said, "Those children had to be missionaries for her because she couldn't be." I'm glad that most of us are in the Gospel today. I'm also glad that Mother prayed for us children, and those prayers were answered and were not in vain, and she prayed many times.

I had her in my home the last months of her life, and oh, how she used to pray! I used to say, "That's a wonderful thing to have a burden of prayer." And I missed her praying so when she didn't pray anymore; she had gone to Glory. I'm glad her prayers are following those for whom she prayed, and those prayers were bottled in Heaven, and I know the Lord answered prayer in my behalf.

The first miracle I saw was one time when I had my finger mashed while playing in the yard. The first thing my father did was to put the Bible on it, and he prayed and the Lord took the pain away instantly. I was about four years old at the time, but I never forgot it as it seemed so wonderful. I had no more pain in that finger, and I went out to play after they wrapped it up.

It planted faith in my heart at an early age. I knew there was a God and I knew He saw me and there was something to answer for.

I was just a child when I came into this wonderful Gospel. I was only thirteen years of age when I surrendered my life and heart to the Lord from that time on.

That night in those revival meetings the Lord showed me I should yield my all to Him. I wanted that peace they told about; how glad I am that I went to the altar of prayer. I was one of those who prayed my way through to victory at an early age. I pleaded guilty, and told Jesus if He would give me the same peace the people of God told me about, and keep me true to Him wherever I went, I would serve Him.

He heard my prayer and saved my soul. I shall never forget when He came into my heart. I love Him because He has done more than I could ever tell. That burden of sin rolled away. Although I never went deep into sin, when I prayed I meant business, and the Lord made a wonderful change in my heart and life.

He put a hunger in my heart for sanctification, a second, definite work of grace. And in the little children's tabernacle on a Friday morning, He sanctified my soul. Then that Friday night I came down close to the front of the tabernacle as I heard the founder of this Gospel saying that you have to be hungry like a little bird for its food. And, oh, I was so hungry for the baptism of the Holy Spirit. I came right down to the front, and I shall never forget how I prayed at the altar, and how the Lord baptized my soul.

It was so wonderful! I have that blessed experience in my heart still, and it is more glorious as I go on with the Lord. I can see Him move in every avenue of my life. I thank Him for all the blessings He bestows upon me. I couldn't tell all He has done for me. Only the Lord knows the many things He has done in my life, and I give Him all the glory.

Just a short time after I was saved, there was an awful accident that happened in our home. My brother was accidentally shot. Oh, it was so terrible. I am thankful that we could pray because He spared my brother's life and he is a witness for God today.

I have seen the Lord do marvelous things, and perform wonderful healings through prayer in our home. I could never doubt the wonderful workings of Jesus because His precious blood availed.

Some years ago it seemed my voice was completely gone after praying one night. The minister had preached a sermon and I knew it was for me. I knew that God could heal; and that very moment it seemed my voice opened up in the prayer meeting. I thank God for answered prayer. I have learned to trust Him. It seems a Christian just automatically asks God when in time of need, and He undertakes and how we praise Him.

I thought of my brother who is a minister in this Gospel today, how the Lord so miraculously healed him. I remember when I used to lead him around, teaching him to walk. He walked on his ankle. He was a cripple, but the prayer of faith was prayed, many years ago, when he was in my mother's arms; and the Founder, of this Gospel, Sister Crawford, said, "Jesus, heal him and make him a servant for Your honor and glory." I'm glad those prayers were answered, and the Lord healed that foot and he could walk on it as straight as anyone. He has been healed these many years.

When I saw my husband so low I knew it was only God that would lift him up this time, and through the prayers of God's people we have proved the devil is a liar again. Jesus' Blood flowed through his body and made him well and healed him again. Many people these days think the days of miracles are past, but I can say that miracles are not past. Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever. We are serving a living Christ, and He has power in Heaven and earth. It is real.

It is a privilege when we have opportunities of singing to the shut-ins in the different institutions, and those who are not able to be in these services. Oh, the blessing that comes when you see their gratitude and how they love to hear the Gospel songs. They know the winner, and we thank God we represent this wonderful story of Jesus—not only that He came as a Babe in the manger, but that He came into our hearts. And we are praying, watching and looking for His soon coming. I thank God for the many years I have proven this salvation over and over, and today I can say I am a little nearer the goal than I ever was.



## Melvin Gander

**I**t was through an Apostolic Faith paper in Wisconsin that God spoke to me and led me into this Latter Rain Gospel at the age of 27. My father was a class leader in the church. My grandfather was a circuit preacher who proclaimed salvation through repentance and believed in a mourner's bench. As a little boy I would sit in those meetings and feel conviction.

As I grew up sin crept into my young heart and I became addicted to chewing tobacco. I attended church but I knew that a good church member would not use tobacco. I tried to quit the habit but to no avail—the craving was there, but I kept praying about it.

On my way home from a church one night an audible voice from Heaven said, "Melvin, will you give up your tobacco?" I said, "Yes," and the Lord delivered me from that habit instantly. At that very moment I felt my sins were forgiven also. I was born again!

My craving for tobacco had been so strong that one time as I was working

in the field, I ran out of tobacco, so I took my pocketknife and cut out the pocket that I carried my tobacco in and chewed it. But now the desire was gone and now I even refused to work in the tobacco harvest though there was good money in doing so.

When I received an Apostolic Faith paper I didn't know how it got into my mailbox. I had been saved prior to this time but I felt there were greater depths to be reached through the Word of God than what the nominal churches in my area were teaching. I found light on sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost in this paper. I sought the baptism and received this wonderful gift of power from on high to preach the Gospel. Soon after that I felt a call to preach and told the Lord that I would preach the Bible from cover to cover, and I did.

I then began to correspond with the headquarters in Portland, Oregon. In 1919 I came to Portland for a short time. When I returned to Wisconsin I held meetings in various places. I was always chomping at the bit to go somewhere to spread the "good news," and meetings were held in schoolhouses, town halls, houses, or anyplace. More and more people were getting saved right along. At a little country church in Concord, the Fred Bible family were all saved. They were a very musical family and later were active in the music activities in the Minneapolis, Minnesota church.

I lived near the little town of Viola, on the Kickapoo River. In the winter we had to hitch the horses to the sled to go to hold services at the Star Valley schoolhouse. There were no babysitters in those days. The whole family went, nestled on the hay in the sled.

I had a colorful ministry. On one occasion, as a meeting was in progress in the Buzzard church, three hooded Ku Klux Klansmen marched down the aisle of the church, deposited some money on the pulpit and walked out.

Later I had the privilege to pastor the Apostolic Faith Church in Minnesota Lake, Minnesota, and then in Dallas, Oregon. The Lord gave me an interest in people and a compassion for their souls. The Lord gave me a wonderful wife to help in the ministry and we have seen many souls saved. It all began with one Apostolic Faith paper that found its way into a hungry heart that wanted to proclaim the Bible from cover to cover.

*Melvin Gander was baptized in water on August 8, 1919. He lived and ministered in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Oregon.*



## Thelma Nelson

I thank God for the Gospel and for the blessings and benefits that accrue to those who serve Him. The Lord saved me when I was young, and I believe this saved me from many heartaches and troubles.

I realized it is not necessary to be in jail to need the Lord. I had never seen the inside of a jail and had never formed the habit of drinking or cigarette smoking or any of those things, but yet I was not a Christian.

I was living in southern Alberta, Canada, and going to church and Sunday school faithfully from the time I was a small child. I believe it kept the fear of God in my heart and kept me from going deep into sin. I believed the Bible from cover to cover, but I needed someone to guide me into the way of righteousness.

I thank God for a Christian home where I was taught the Word of God. If there was a meeting I was there; but if there was a dance or a show

I would be sure to be there, too. But God was faithful to me and looked down into my heart and saw how much I needed Him.

I believe it was the hand of God that led my sister from the state of Michigan to the West Coast that she might hear the Truth. She heard the Gospel workers were coming from Portland, Oregon and Port Angeles, Washington to hold meetings in an Indian village in Jamestown, Washington.

God dealt with her heart there, and she realized that although she was a church member, she didn't have victory in her life. She prayed among these people and the next time she wrote us she told of the marvelous change God had made in her life—that He had changed her and she was a born-again Christian.

She became concerned about the spiritual condition of our family, also. She prayed for us, and I was living in southern Alberta, Canada, and received an Apostolic Faith paper. I had the idea I was a Christian. I had been confirmed, but the Lord knew my heart and that I needed something better. This paper told about the old lighthouse by the bridge being too small to accommodate the crowds; and of the new soul-saving station that had been erected at Sixth and Burnside Streets, with the sign on top, JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. It told about the arrows pointing to the entrance; it spoke of the testimonies and sermons being taken down in shorthand by shorthand reporters who were giving their talent in the service of the Lord. Then they were transcribed, put into print, and sent out all over the world; and were also translated into different foreign languages.

I had just finished a commercial course and planned to go east and accept a Government position offered me in Washington, D.C. I remember my mother saying that she was willing for me to go to Washington, D.C. to work, but she insisted I first come down to the State of Washington to visit my sister who was a Christian. But at first we didn't think that would be possible.

I was just a sinner at that time and had other plans. However, I did go and visit my sister, intending to stay only a short time. But the Lord had other plans. I came to an Apostolic Faith service with my brother and a friend. I thought my brother needed salvation because he had been selling whiskey

and he had modern ideas about Hell. I thought he was the one who needed the Lord. Someone spoke to him and he went forward to the altar and that broke me up.

I then realized that I needed salvation, too. God led me to go to that same altar, where I cried out for mercy. He saved my soul and took the terrible temper I had out of my heart, and He made such a change in my life. After that I didn't have to struggle and strive against those former temptations. I had no more desire for the worldly pleasures, but the desire of my heart was to serve the Lord. I then realized the Lord had more for me.

I prayed for two weeks for sanctification, the second definite work of grace, and the Lord wonderfully sanctified me. Then I prayed for about three months and He gave me the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost before I went to the camp meeting. I am glad I attended the camp meeting, and I enjoyed the blessings of the Lord there.

At the close of the camp meeting one of the ministers asked me if I would like to work in the Apostolic Faith headquarters office. How happy that made me! I thank the Lord for the privilege I have had for over fifty-three years to help spread the Gospel throughout the world, in my own little corner, and having a part in the Gospel missionary work. I love Him with all my heart.





## Willie Struhar

I am thankful that I ever had the privilege of hearing the marvelous story of Jesus and His power to save all kinds of people.

I wasn't brought up in a Christian home. I wasn't anywhere near a place where I could go to church. We children were never sent to Sunday school. Sin had done much in our home to make it miserable and unhappy from my earliest memory. I didn't know what peace and joy were.

My father spent his time and a great deal of his money in gambling halls and saloons. At that time he was a constable in the little mining town in Arizona where we lived – one of those mining towns which grew up overnight. There was a rough class of people living there. He mingled with them, and soon he started staying out night after night, leaving my mother alone with us children. And then he began leaving town for days at a time, not telling her where he was. Those were the times she suffered. It kept going from bad to worse until she said she just couldn't stand it any longer. Dad and Mother were

going to get a divorce, and plans were being made to put us children into different places so that we could be cared for.

I was the oldest of four children, and though I was only nine years old, I tried to help mother bear her burdens. Our home was so unhappy it spoiled my early childhood. Mother didn't know the Lord, didn't know how to cast her burdens on Him, and so, of course, she couldn't tell me about God. I think there were times that she did pray, but she didn't know how to get her prayers through to Heaven.

One day we received an Apostolic Faith paper that someone had sent hundreds of miles to us. I read that paper, and then I sat there thinking about it. I read one testimony that told about a man who had lived a life of sin—and I remember thinking: Why, that is just like Dad. Then I read another testimony of a woman who said she was brokenhearted and afraid to trust God with her children—and I thought: Well that is just like Mama. Those people told how they had found the Lord, and they said they were happy serving God.

I kept thinking about it, and as I went to bed I knelt and prayed. I didn't say anything out loud, because I didn't know what to say. But I just lifted my heart to God and told Him I wanted what I had read about—I wanted the Lord to make our home happy. There was no excitement and no one to help me pray, but I heard the Lord calling to me. I gave Him my heart, and He made such a glorious change! Peace and joy flooded my soul.

When I went to sleep I had a wonderful dream. What made it so wonderful was that I had never read the Scripture that tells of God's judgment. But in my dream I saw it. Later in life I read about it, and my dream was so much like the description in the Bible.

I saw the Lord standing in the midst of a throng of people. There were people of all sizes, kinds, and nationalities. As far as I could see there was a great sea of humanity. The Lord stood there, His hair was as white as snow, and it was long. His robes were white and flowing, and His countenance was so sweet—to those who could look upon Him. Some were hiding their faces because the brightness was so great that they couldn't look upon Him.

There was a great crack in the earth, like a gulf, and on the other side was the devil. Smoke was ascending from the great hole in the ground. The devil seemed to be waiting for those whom the Lord would reject. There seemed to be a transparent stairway leading up into Heaven, and on this stairway angels were hovering—and it must have been that their bodies were celestial, because they didn't look like anything that one could describe.

As the people came up before the Lord, each one was judged individually, and they were either accepted or rejected. It just seemed to be a nod of the Lord's head or a smile that told their destiny.

When my turn came, the Lord smiled and beckoned me to go with the angels. But I didn't go. I hid in the folds of His garment, by His side, and I waited until it was my father's turn. Then my father came, but he was rejected. I began to pull on the garments of the Lord and beg Him to please for my sake save my father! Up to that time the Lord had not seemed to notice me, but He turned and smiled at me and said, "Tell your father to go get ready." That was the end of my dream.

The next morning Dad came home after spending sixteen hours at one gambling table. Though he was apparently under the influence of liquor, yet he could listen to me, and he did. He would not have listened to anyone else; he would not have listened to my mother, for he was too stubborn and rebellious, and he didn't believe in God. He did listen to me, and I am sure my face was shining as I stood there and told him of the dream and told him that the Lord had saved me. I didn't know just what to call salvation, but I knew I had received what I read about, and that was what I told him.

My father realized that it was God speaking to him through me, and he said, "O God, if that is You speaking to me through this child, I will give You my life!" He just fell across the bed and began to pray his heart out to God, and the Lord did save him that morning. That was the last time he ever came home in a drunken condition.

Three years later we came to Portland, Oregon, but through those three years I prayed. I had no encouragement with the exception of the church papers that were sent to us continually. I would read them and go off alone to pray. Always that dream stayed with me, and that wonderful experience that the Lord gave me while praying on my knees. Our whole family had confidence in the experience that had come into my life. Mother had been trying to make herself believe there was no hell. I just looked at her in amazement and said, "Why of course there is. I saw it!"

Before we moved to Portland, I wanted to join a church, so we began to go to a little church near us. I wanted to be baptized, but it was against the rules of that church to baptize children before they were twelve years old. The minister came to our home and talked to my mother about it. She said, "I can't tell you; you will have to talk to her." I was called in from play, and I told the minister what I had seen and how the Lord had talked to me through my dream. I told him that I was saved. I guess that minister had never heard anything like that from a child, but he realized that I knew what I wanted so he baptized me in the church.

When we moved to Portland, it was for no other purpose than to serve God among these people. My father had tuberculosis of the spine for seven years, had three operations, and was told that he would never get well. But when we came to Portland he was prayed for, and the Lord instantly healed him. The disease never returned, and he had good health for twenty-five years.

I want to say that the Lord did marvelous things in our home. My parents were both genuinely saved. My mother lived a sweet Christian life before me for many years and then the Lord saw fit to call her Home. I also saw the Lord make a real victor out of my father who had been so weak. God made him strong. And the time came when he also went triumphantly Home.

I am thankful that I have had the privilege of giving the best days of my life to the Lord and in return, I want to tell about the peace and joy I have experienced, the happiness and contentment through the trials of life. I worked out in the business world and faced the same temptations of life that other people had, but I can truly say that I have found there is power in the Gospel to keep a person happy and satisfied throughout a long lifetime.



## Jim Seely

I came to the camp meeting this year with a purpose to leave with more of the love of God in my heart than when I came. I don't know how many camp meetings I have attended, but the first one was when my mother took me to one in Vancouver, B.C., in 1910 when I was four years old. That is where we first heard about the Apostolic Faith Church. My father joined us there, then came down to Portland later that summer for the camp meeting at S.E. 11<sup>th</sup> and Division Street and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

From then on, I was brought up in the Gospel, taught the standard of the Word of God, and I appreciated it. But later in life, I turned my back upon my Christian training and tried to find a good time in the things of the world. My parents continued to pray for me, and I'm glad I again turned my steps homeward.

One night in a hall some people in Medford had rented for church services, I sat in the back under deep conviction. I was told later that some of the young people had banded together to pray that God would save me. I think that is a good idea. It worked for me. One young man had been warned against me and was told to stay away from me because I was a backslider. That was the truth, but he didn't shun me. At the close of that meeting I knelt and gave my heart to the Lord. I point back to March 4, 1923, as the day the Lord made that change in my life.

I am glad God sanctified me, too. It was a definite experience in my life, a second, definite work of grace. I knew God had sanctified me.

God then gave me a hunger for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I sought for a long time—longer than I should have. God would bless me so abundantly, thrill me with His power, but I would get up and leave with an “empty vessel.” I did that time after time, but God was faithful to me.

I was working as a truck driver for the U.S. Forest Service, and one day I stopped for my lunch break at the summit of Hayes Mountain out of Grants Pass, Oregon, and climbed up among the scrub oak. With a rotting log for an altar, I began to pour out my heart to God. Something happened inside, and I had the assurance I would get my baptism that night at the church service. And that night, as others knelt about and helped me pray, I told the Lord, “If You will come down and bless me again as You have in the past, I am going to believe that You have rewarded my faith.” As I continued to pray, that sweet Spirit of God came once more into my heart. I just reached up by faith and took hold of God's promise. I can't tell you how I did it, but I did. That night the Lord filled my “vessel” to overflowing and gave me the wonderful experience of the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

And God is working in our family. During this camp meeting, my seventy-one year old brother came with a broken and contrite heart, repenting of a lifetime of sin, and gave his life to the Lord, and was born again. This week he was baptized in water. His wife, too, has been saved. How I appreciate the mercy of God!

## Stella Cochran



**H**ow I praise the Lord that He ever called me to be a Christian. He called me when I was just a child but I lived under conviction for years because I didn't have anyone to tell me that I could get down and pray my way through to an experience that I would know about—something that would keep me every day. I thank the Lord that He kept that conviction on me and kept me from many things.

One day many years ago an Apostolic Faith paper was brought to my door. It was good news to my hungry heart. I praise God for that hunger He kept in my soul. I read the testimonies of people who really knew they were saved. It put such a hope in my soul, something in my heart that wanted to see the people who published that paper. I thank Him that He opened the way and made it possible for me to be here in Portland. I praise Him for the day I fell to my knees and called upon Him for mercy. He put such joy, such peace, such happiness in my soul—something that I knew about. I didn't have to guess about it, but it was real, and it is still real today.

God healed my body. When I received that paper I wasn't even able to do my housework, but God healed me. He just spoke out of Heaven and said, "If you will leave that medicine alone that you have in your kitchen cabinet that you are taking three times a day, I will heal you." I asked, "What will I tell my husband when he comes home?" That was the first thing he would ask me, if I had taken my medicine all day as I should. I did not know what to tell him. But the Lord was good to me, that night, for the first time, my husband didn't ask me. By the next night I was doing my own work; I thank God for the health and strength and for the privilege that He has given me in the Gospel.

He sanctified my soul—the most wonderful experience I had ever received. And then He gave me the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire—power to live it every day, power to tell it, power to trust Him when you are sick, power to trust Him with your family.

I thank Him for what it means to me to be here and know that I am saved and under the Blood.



## Bruce Brenner

I praise God for this wonderful salvation. I am glad the Lord ever looked on me. He looked over thousands the day He reached me, and brought me here to save my soul. I had blamed this church for breaking up our home, because my mother had left to come to Portland and was saved.

It was during WWI that God commenced calling after my soul. I was living in Arizona, practicing dentistry without a license, when the United States declared war on Germany and I was called into the service of my country. When I was through with basic training and was home on leave, I received orders to go to France. My mother tried to give me a Bible to take with me, but I said, "No, I am going over there to shoot people. I don't need a Bible!"

As we crossed the ocean, they sang that song, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." God took us through the landing in England, across the English Channel, and through France. I was taken into the battlefield where I saw some of the horrors of battle, bloodshed, and men lying in mutilated positions all around me. All of those bloodcurdling sights brought tenderness to my heart that had

always been calloused. I went to the dump, and there I found myself a little Testament to read. God took me through that awful battle of Saint-Mihiel without a scratch. During the night we went through terrible shell fire, and I saw villages just wrecked and torn to the ground by the guns of prophecy of that Bible. I looked in the Bible and saw what was coming to pass, and I saw what I had been doing. My sins that I had committed against God rose before me like a black curtain; but that night when the shells began to light all around me, I got excited and commenced to think of God, and a hunger for the love of Jesus gripped my heart. I got down there on my knees in that mud in the trench where the shells would reach within an arm's length of me, and I began to pray.

On November 1, 1918, just ten days before the war ended in the last battle of the Muse Argonne, God permitted me to be wounded. The shrapnel struck me in the leg. I turned blind for a few seconds and I thought I was sinking into Hell. I called on God for mercy, and He got me out of that thing. I looked at one of the soldiers who came around, and he said to me, "Do you need help, old buddy?" He was the sergeant in our Battalion who helped me to the First Aid Station. That wound took me to the hospital and later back to the United States.

I drifted away from God and went out across the mountains of Arizona, and there I started the old game of practicing dentistry without a license. The Lord always held me to the things I had promised Him out on the battlefield.

God brought me to Portland, Oregon, and to the Apostolic Faith Mission at Front and Burnside, and he continued talking to me. I was so miserable, and after the meeting was over, I went to the altar

and called on God for mercy. He heard that prayer and made a new man out of me. The soul inside of me turned right about face. It was “to the rear march” with me. And I have been going in the opposite direction since then. A new heart came into me. It seemed the floodgates of Heaven poured down in my heart.

When the load of sin rolled off me, it was like a pack rolled off my back when they gave the command, “Unslung Equipment.” It seemed like a lull in one of those battles. It seemed like an infinite calm that flowed over my soul. I arose from that bench at the Apostolic Faith Mission a new creature. I praise the Lord for a new life.

Later on, God sanctified me, and when I continued consecrating my all to Him, He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire upon that clean heart.

God kept me during thirty-five years of service in the Portland Fire Department. I could never tell how many times God spared my life. I do remember one time the Captain ordered us out of a large building that had been on fire. When he got us out of there, it exploded into flames—another minute and it would have killed every one that was in there.

I praise God for His love and mercy to me. He looked over the thousands that day that He reached me and brought me here to save my soul. I had been fighting and resisting the Spirit of God for years. But He forgave me all that back record, and I can say He has kept me all these years. I praise Him for all he has done for me and for His watchful care over me.

*A lingering quote from Bruce A. Brenner “I wasn’t born in the United States.” The obvious question: Where were you born? Answer: “The territory of Arizona.” Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912. Bruce was born on November 21, 1895, in Safford, Arizona. He was water baptized in Portland on August 13, 1920 and faithfully gave his testimony in the Portland church until he passed away on October 5, 1983.*



## Elmer Clark

**T**wenty-eight years ago God remembered us, just a few colored people in the city of Winfield, Kansas. God sent a little sister to this place and she brought papers and she didn't skip anyone. She came to my home and brought me the story of salvation. That day was so dark and my heart was so burdened; I failed in life of every good thing. I wondered that day what would be next. But the next day I had the victory. God had saved me the day before and it seemed like another world. It was such a wonderful day. I was walking up the street and it seemed as though I could hardly stay on the sidewalk. I never could tell you all God has done for me. I am glad for this privilege to witness to His glorious salvation. The old-time religion has kept me.

He saved three of my sisters and has helped us all through the years. He helped me to raise my daughter; it was only through the mercy of God that I was able. I have seen many miracles in the life of that child and I want to thank Him again today for His healing virtue. A week from last Thursday I couldn't raise my hand; I couldn't get wood or anything into the

house. I couldn't get out of bed even to make a fire. But there is a little sister across the hall from me and we help each other. Thank God He came down and healed me.

Today, most of all, I praise Him that I am saved. It is a wonderful salvation. The Word is growing richer and sweeter; the way grows better. I have no other intentions than to go through with Him.

*Elmer Clark was saved in 1929. She was a faithful worker in the Mailing Department at the Headquarters Office for many years.*

## Virginia Cripps



I would like to thank God tonight for all the wonderful blessings He has given me. I wasn't raised in a Christian home, but I had a good moral home. I knew my parents loved me. The reason I didn't do a lot of things was because my mother didn't want me to, and I wanted to please her. However, we did not have a Bible in our home.

I was married and we moved to Portland, Oregon. My husband went to church and got saved. I went too, and found out I had a soul and would have to answer to God someday for my deeds. I learned to pray, and I got saved. Later, I got sanctified and received my baptism. It was really wonderful.

I learned the power of prayer. Prayer really means something to me. A year ago in May the Lord healed me. My heart was so bad the doctor said there was no hope for me. That was it! He said, "You will have to live with it." I said, "Well, that is all right with me." A volume of prayer went up to Heaven for me. Brother Forrest Dameron and Brother Audrey Wallace came over and prayed

for me. The doctor said, "If you're alive in a couple of weeks, come back." I came back in a couple of weeks and they couldn't find a thing wrong. It was nothing but the Lord. I knew it was the Lord. I thank Him for all the wonderful blessings.



## Frank Hein



When I was fifteen years old, the Lord spoke to me while I was driving along the road on a load of hay, saying, “Repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.” I repented of my sins and believed on the Lord, and He saved my soul right there. I went to meeting that night and told the people that I knew I was saved. God had changed my heart, the burden of sin was gone, and I was one of the happiest boys in that county.

Shortly after I was saved, the Lord spoke to me, asking, “What are you saved for?” I answered, “I am saved to serve.” After that, I tried to win some young people to Christ by praying for them in a revival meeting, and some were saved.

The Lord gave me a Sunday school class to teach when I was only sixteen years old. At the age of twenty-two I left my home state of Kansas and went to a holiness Bible school in Cleveland, Ohio, where I was given practical work to do in the evenings during the week and city mission work to

do on Sundays. One summer I was given a part-time job in a printing plant connected with the Bible school. I never dreamed that I would one day be called to work in a church printing plant.

While I was in Bible school, I heard several missionaries make pleas for workers, and I made a consecration that I would go to the hardest mission field in the world if that was God’s will for me. I told God, “Here I am, Lord, send me. Send me to the ends of the earth, send me to the rough and savage pagans of the wilderness, send me from all that is called comfort in the earth, send me even to death itself, if it be but in Thy service, and to promote Thy kingdom.” God took me at my word.

In the spring of 1905, I applied to the Sudan Industrial Mission (as it was then called) in Toronto, Ontario, Canada, and was accepted. I was chosen to go to Nigeria, West Africa, to work among Mohammedans. Only one thing stood in the way—there were no funds on hand at the time, but I was told that if the Lord would supply the means, they would send me.

I went out to the Midwest to hold revival meetings. I asked the Lord to confirm my calling by supplying me with some money toward my going out to Africa without my asking anyone for it. After some time, a man gave me ten cents toward it. I took that as a sure token that the Lord would supply all my needs. After that, money began to come in, still unsolicited. My father had died about a year before that time and left a small inheritance, of which my share was a little over one hundred dollars. I added that to what I received from various people, and by the time I got to Toronto, I had enough to pay my fare and to buy the necessary equipment to take with me to Africa. I was even able to help some of the others in my party who did not have enough, and when I arrived on the field, I still had about fifty dollars left! I had never asked anybody for money or taken any collections—I just prayed about it, and the Lord provided.

My missionary journey began on September 2, 1905. I took for my support the words of Jesus, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you” (Matthew 6:33). At that time, there were only eight missionaries in that area, and living conditions were almost intolerable for a foreigner. I suffered from twelve attacks of malaria fever during my first term, but the Lord spared my life.

My first station was about 300 miles inland from Lagos, Nigeria, among the Hausas. I learned their language well and translated quite a number of hymns into that language, which was the trade language of Nigeria. Another time I worked among the Jaba people, who had no education and little civilization at that time. The Lord made it possible for me to put their language into writing. I also worked among the Yorubas and Igbos, who were better educated. I had the privilege to supervise the building of quite a number of houses on different mission stations, and also helped to survey the site for a mission rest home in Miango.

The time came when I needed the help of a lady missionary to work with the Nigerian women. I began to pray that if it was the Lord's will for me to get married that He would prepare a suitable companion for me. For the next three years I prayed for the Lord to prepare someone to fill that position. When I returned home on furlough to the United States, my friends suggested different young ladies as possible wives for me, but as I prayed about each one, I began to feel like Samuel of old when he went to anoint a king from among the sons of Jesse. Then my aunt told me of a certain young woman named Agnes, who had a missionary spirit, and suggested that perhaps she would be willing to go with me back to Africa. Though I had never met her or even seen her, I sent a note to her by the hand of a little boy, asking her to come to my uncle's place and to go to church with me so we could talk the matter over. I learned that God had been dealing with her for a number of years and caused her to prepare for His work by taking a Bible study course in college. Not long after that, I asked her to marry me. The Lord had answered my prayers. I had not needed to use a postage stamp or to spend months in getting acquainted with this wonderful woman—just one buggy ride with a borrowed horse and buggy.

During my final term in Africa, I became very ill. I had not known much about divine healing, but some of the other missionaries prayed for me, and I was instantly healed. I was so thrilled with this experience that I wrote home and told the story of my healing, and it was published in a church paper. Some Christians who read it sent me an Apostolic Faith paper, believing I would be interested in hearing about the Latter Rain Gospel. That surely was the case!

When my wife and I returned to the United States we moved to Portland, Oregon, and attended the Apostolic Faith Church. There we found what our hearts had been longing for, the deeper experiences in the Christian life. After we had been in Portland for several months and attended a camp meeting, I was asked to work in the printing plant, and for thirty-eight years I have had the privilege of helping to print Gospel literature, which is being sent to almost all parts of the world.

I feel that God has helped me to do an even greater missionary work in the home field, and that God has made it possible for me to reach more souls than I would have if I had returned to Africa. Now, as I hear of the thousands of people in Nigeria who have been marvelously converted and are attending Apostolic Faith churches there, my heart rejoices that God put such a love in my heart for the people of Africa.

*Frank Hein is credited for translating a number of Apostolic Faith Gospel tracts into the Hausa language. This literature was sent to various stations in Africa, and the material was translated into other dialects and returned to Portland, where it was printed and mailed back to Africa for distribution. Many people were saved through these efforts.*

*In 1942, a parcel of tracts came into the hands of Timothy Oshokoya, the son of a tribal chief, who had been converted in 1939. He began to distribute the tracts and to evangelize, and in 1944, an Apostolic Faith church service was first held in Lagos, Nigeria, with just eight people present. There are now about 600 Apostolic Faith congregations in Nigeria.*

*A missionary at heart from the time he was fifteen years of age, Frank Hein was helping to send out the Gospel even after he reached the age of 80 years. On November 15, 1958, Frank Hein went to meet his Savior.*



## Cleora Colt

Until I was twenty years old I knew nothing about Jesus. Brought up in infidelity, I was taught there is no life after death: just live the best you can and then die like the animals of the field.

I was taught that the Bible is a book of myths and fairy tales; and in a college course I was taking I tried to prove to myself that this was true. But God convicted me and made me to know that there is a God in Heaven, and that the Bible is true. Still I did not have the honesty and sincerity to follow the teaching of the Word of God. I turned my back on the Lord. I thought there was no use for me to pray, for I did not believe the Lord would answer my prayer. I knew I deserved Hell.

Worldly pleasure allured me, and I sought with all my heart the things that money would buy. God let me have them, but with it all, I had a broken heart. Trying to get a little peace, I studied false religions: Spiritualism, Occult Science, and Christian Science. I tried to reason

away the effects of sin in my life, but I couldn't. The anguish of Hell was still raging in my heart.

My companions were doctors, lawyers, and other professional men and women of this city, and they considered me a good woman. But many times I would look into the faces of my three little children, weep bitter tears, and say, "O God, I am not worthy to be called their mother!" My load of sin was so heavy that I finally felt I could bear it no longer.

I had picked out the darkest spot on the old Morrison Street Bridge, and said, "One of these days very soon I will go over the banisters. I will hide my sins and troubles in the waters of the Willamette River before I'll ever confess them." This would mean that I would leave my husband, my many friends, my good job, and the beautiful home that had just been built in the suburbs. My three innocent children would be motherless, and I knew also that it would mean Hell for my soul.

But I thank God for the day I was invited to an Apostolic Faith meeting by a young man who worked where I did. He recently had been saved and wanted to share his joy. I told him, "That is wonderful for you, but there is no hope for me."

However, I did attend one of their services, and when I listened to the testimonies of what God had done for others, I believed them. Yet as I walked down the stairs with tears in my eyes, I said, "God will never do that for me."

I am glad those people did not forget me. They prayed and God answered their prayers. He softened my hardened heart. He caused me to open my neglected Bible, and He showed me a Scripture I knew was meant for me—"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool" (Isaiah 1:18).

I closed the Book and said, "God, that means me. I believe it." Later, at my work in the heart of the business district, God spoke to me, "Choose you this moment whom you will serve!" I laid down my arms of rebellion.

Right there I prayed for mercy, and the Lord rolled away my burden of sin. He took away all my grief and sorrow. That very moment I became a happy woman. Peace and rest came into my soul, and the guilt was gone. I lifted my face toward Heaven and began to sing, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there!"

This wonderful salvation has been real through the years. I never again longed for the theater, the grillrooms, the dance halls, and the ballrooms. Worldly friends, diamonds, and the finest of clothes and fashions held no attraction for me. After I was converted, God saved my husband and united our home, which was on the verge of a breakup. He gave us happiness instead of sorrow and trouble in the home.

I also proved Jesus to be the Healer of the body. For seven years before I was saved, the doctors pronounced an affliction on my body as incurable. But after I was saved, the first night I came and knelt at the altar to pray, the Lord both sanctified my soul and healed my body. That was a miracle!

Many years later, I had a stroke, but my faith was in the Lord. The ministers came and prayed for me, and God raised me up. In less than three weeks I was back in church.

I can say there is no case too hard for the Lord. I love to tell others that Jesus is the very best Friend one can have. He rescued me from the black midnight of sin and sorrow, and for more than a half century He has given me wonderful peace and happiness in my soul. There is a purpose in my heart to be true to Him and to see the end of a Christian race.



## John Brittsan

When I was just a little boy, I liked peanuts. When the folks went to town they would bring me some. One day when I went to bring in the cows, I put a few peanuts in my pocket, but they soon ran out. I had heard the story about the multiplying of the loaves and fishes, so I felt I could prove God on that. I asked God to give me another peanut, and sure enough when I put my hand in my pocket, there was a peanut! I asked for another peanut and another, about five or six times. I finally told God if He would give me one more peanut I would not ask for any more.

When I was about sixteen years old I left home and went into the Oklahoma Territory for a time. I tried to be tough and hard, and the devil would try to tell me there was no God, but God would point me back to the old rail fence, the dusty road, and the little boy asking for peanuts. I knew God was real.

When I was just a small child my parents had taken me to an old-fashioned Methodist church in a little mining town in Missouri. There I sat and listened to the old Gospel songs. I heard the people pray and the preacher preach, and I realized there was something to it! There was prayer in our home day after day. I remember my dear old mother would carry a little kerosene lamp around on winter nights and she would be singing those old hymns around the stove as she was frying meat and the like. We would gather in the long evenings and sing those hymns, and it melted my heart.

I did my very best to find the thing I was looking for in this world, but after a night of sin I would come home and pillow my head, and God would talk to me. More than once I found myself, in my imagination, standing at the White Throne Judgment of God, a lost soul, condemned. I knew Jesus died for my soul but I was not willing to forsake my sins. I was bound with everything the enemy of my soul could hang upon my life. I wanted a way out of that old life. Many times I threw the tobacco down—plowed it under or threw it into the brush—but before night I would be crawling on my hands and knees to get the stuff. I was just a weakling.

Sometimes my mother would stand at the door when we would go out for a night of sin and she would tell us boys what that kind of life would do to us. I had a dad who spent much of his time on his knees praying for us boys. I was ashamed of him because the toes of his shoes turned up and the knees of his trousers were shiny from the hours he spent on his knees in prayer. I would fly into a rage at that old man and tell him everything a sinner could think of.

But now there are places within twenty miles of Medford, Oregon, where I would like to erect a monument to that old dad's prayers. One place is a strip of cottonwoods down on the Rogue River. Many a time I would be hauling hay up the river bottom to the barn, and I would hear my dad out there praying to his God. On a rainy day he would be in the dairy barn, down on his knees, crying out to God. I presume it was for us boys, because I know there was something hindering me from having a good time when I was out in the world. It was hard to have a good time in sin when Dad was praying for me.

I could take you to a little building on the back of a lot on the west side of Medford where he prayed day after day. He called it his secret place of prayer, but the neighbors knew all about it. I thank God that old building still stands today, a monument to the prayers of an old dad. God has never allowed the wreckers to tear it down. Men on their way to work would stop and listen and brush the tears from their eyes. Oh, I thank God for that kind of bringing up, even though it didn't make a Christian out of me.

Finally, the time came when that old dad was quite ill, and he told me, "I am all packed up, and ready to go." I thought maybe he was getting a little childish in his old age, but before the end of the week we got a telephone call saying, "Come, because Dad is very sick." As I stood by his bedside that night, I knew Dad had heard the call. I would have given my right arm if I could have asked him to forgive me for the way I treated him, but I was stubborn and rebellious and had served the enemy of my soul too long. My lips were sealed; I couldn't say a word. I could feel the mighty presence of God as he was going "Home." I saw him pass into eternity. I well remember as we stood there and heard the clock pounding away on the wall, it sounded like a trip-hammer in my ears, but when Dad breathed his last, the old clock stopped. I knew there would be no more prayers out in the cottonwoods, in the barn, or in the little house in the back.

Dad never left me a dollar of this world's goods, but I thank God for the hundreds of prayers that he left bottled up in Heaven. It was nine years later that those prayers were answered. One night, the Lord laid His convicting hand heavily upon me. I was trying to make plans for the future but God seemed to tear them up as fast as I could make them.

The Bible was lying on the table. I opened it and found it was the 59<sup>th</sup> chapter of Isaiah, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear. For your hands are defiled with blood, and your fingers with iniquity; your lips have spoken lies, your tongue hath muttered perverseness."

I realized that God was talking to me, but I threw the Bible back on the table. I picked it up again. It opened at exactly the same place. I did that four or five times. Finally, after it opened to the same place every time, I thought, "I will beat that game yet." I turned the Bible over two or three times, end for end, with my eyes shut, and worked my thumb in just about as far from that Scripture as could be, I thought, but sure enough it opened right at the same place again.

I just slipped down there on my knees and said, "God, you have my number," and as He talked to me, I realized that was my last chance. I prayed as only a lost sinner could pray, but I didn't get the victory. A few nights later I went to the Apostolic Faith church. I meant business—I was going to have salvation if God would give it to me.

I looked at those Christians I had lied about, and they looked like angels to me. I am so glad I turned to their God, and I did something I had never done before: I got honest with God. I piled everything on the altar and said, "God, I want that old-time religion, something that will keep me out of sin, something that will take me to Heaven." It just seemed the Lord wrung every bit of bitterness out of my heart; He wrung out the old sins and the desire for sin, and gave me peace down in my soul. I thank God that I found Dad's kind of religion.

I gave my first testimony at 11 o'clock that night as I stood by the altar and told the Christians there of the peace of Heaven that the Lord had dropped into my soul. When I went down the stairs I felt as light as a feather, and the next night I got down on my knees and thanked God for a day of victory. That's something I had always wanted and never could get; but, thank God, that night I had it. I had that deep-settled peace in my soul. I had Dad's kind of religion, and it has kept me with victory in my soul through the years.



## Elsie Dubs

A friend of ours traveled to Portland and when he arrived at the train depot he was given a church paper. When he got back to South Dakota where we lived he told us he didn't care for the paper he received; but he thought that my husband, who was so very ill, would like to read it. My husband played the piano and organ for the Lutheran church. When we read the paper we decided we would go to Portland, Oregon.

We had a sale and sold our cattle and other household items. The man who bought our belongings paid us with a bad check. We needed to buy a car to make the trip to Oregon, so we went to a Ford dealer in town to make a purchase. I told the man, "We need to buy a car, but all we have is this check with no funds in the bank." The car dealer said, "Don't worry, that's my brother-in-law. Go ahead and pick out a car."

We got a Model T and we got the car home somehow. When we got home, I drove the car around the fields until I was able to manage driving it. My husband was too sick to drive. We made a bed in the back seat for my husband to lay down, and with my two little girls, ages two and four, and my sister (Mary Frohreich), we all started for Oregon.

One of my uncles was so concerned and told Mary that we would come in contact with Indians on the trip, so he gave her a pistol. We thought perhaps we wouldn't be able to get my husband there alive. Coming over the mountains we would camp along the roadside; and many times we backed over the mountains because the car would not go uphill forward (no fuel pump).

When we got into downtown Portland we found a little restaurant to have some soup. I told my husband to stay there while I went to see if I could find the church. After enquiring of the church whereabouts I found it; there was no one there but the schedule of services was posted on the door. I went back to where my husband was waiting and told him, "These people have church every night and no collections. They have more than we have!"

We returned in time for the meeting and a tall man named "Slim" met us at the door. We wanted to get saved. I prayed for days and the devil told me, "These people have it, but you can't get it." I talked with Sister Crawford and kept praying for about ten days when the Lord saved me.

I got a job in the laundry, but I had one bad arm that I was unable to lift up. I was prayed for at the church and the Lord healed me.

We lived here for about a year when we went back to South Dakota due to so much pressure from our family. We finally returned to Portland, and when we did Sister Crawford advised us to move to Medford, Oregon. We moved in town in Medford on Marie and May Streets. We named one of our daughters Marie May Dubs. We built two houses here and did farming.

When Camp White was built near Medford, all my husband did was hang doors for months. In later years he built a spec-house; also built our house on Spring Street.

One day my husband and Paul were trying to load a cow into a trailer but the cow was not cooperating. They worked and worked with a rope tied to the cow trying to force it into the stanchion on the trailer with no success. I came out from our garden a little disgusted with them and said, "You fellers, just work yourselves to death!" I went into the house to pray about it. They had tied the cow up to rest. Soon the cow went up in the trailer and put its head right through the stanchion. I told them when I came out of the house, "If you fellers would just learn to pray..." and headed back to the garden.

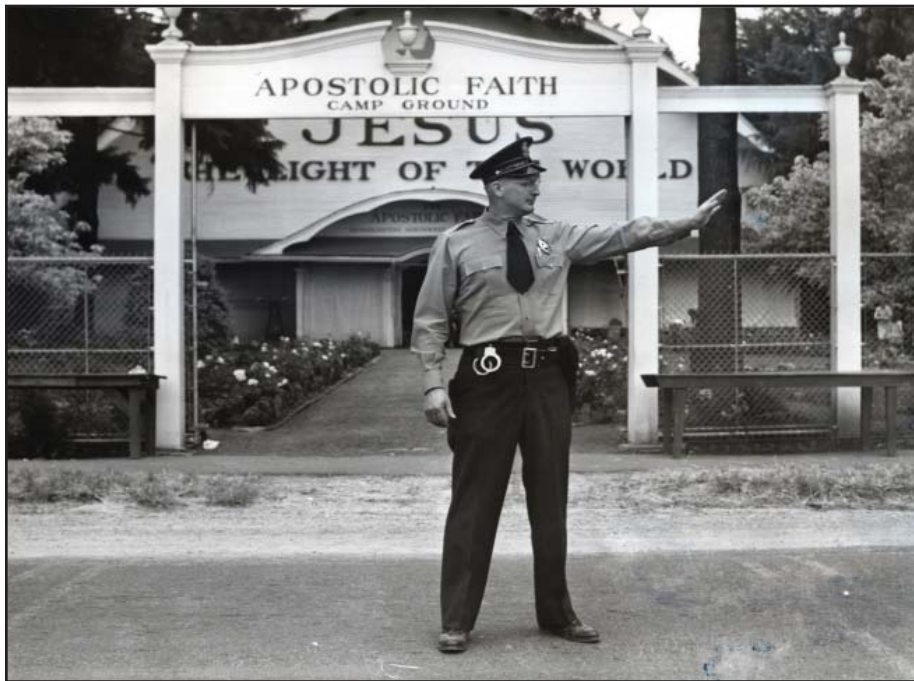
Often when heading to church there was a lost shoe, so I would get on my knees in the kitchen and after a time of prayer, would tell them where to get their shoe. God allowed me to help a sick woman who lived up on a mountain east of Medford. I lived five miles south of Medford, but I walked up the mountain in bad weather to take care of the lady. I cared for her for a week or so and was able to walk back home. God was good to us.

He gave me health and strength. It is true I have a little rheumatism but I go right on. I thought I couldn't go on a trip and I pretty near gave up, but Brother Ray Crawford said, "I think Sister Dubs should go too," and that gave me courage and faith. During that trip we were on a ranch. A little girl had gotten hold of one of our church papers. She told her cousin to write to Portland, and headquarters sent papers and the newsletter. When we got there, we went to look them up and the girl asked questions and we told her, "We want to tell you about Jesus." We had three prayer meetings with them. I want you to pray that God will help them and that they will stay true.

The storekeeper there wouldn't let religious people in his place, but after the meetings he said, "They have got something the others haven't got." A bartender sat through the meetings with such hunger. I believe he is going to be a mighty warrior for God. I want you saints all to pray for him.

I thank God that He ever brought me into this wonderful Gospel. He has done a thousand times more that I expected when I gave Him my life!





## Ernest Caton

I was born into a home that was not a Christian home. It was a saloon keeper's home. I didn't know anything about God—I never went to church or Sunday school.

Just before Thanksgiving Day in 1921, my mother was suffering from cancer, as she had been for several years. She asked my father if he would take us across the mountain from Klamath Falls, Oregon, to the Rogue River Valley to be with her sister who was

a Christian. I remember one of the things they did in my aunt's home. When they sat down to a meal they bowed their heads and thanked God for the food on the table and I wasn't used to that.

I didn't know what conviction was; I didn't know for sure if there was a God or Jesus, but the conviction was so heavy upon me that I left for a few days. When Thanksgiving came around, I went back to my aunt's house to have what I supposed was the last Thanksgiving dinner with my mother. God had intervened while I was gone.

My mother had gone with my aunt to the Apostolic Faith Mission Hall. It was a very simple place in Medford, Oregon, but Jesus was there. The ministers anointed my mother with oil according to the Word of God and prayed over her. Jesus came into her life and healed her body of that cancer and saved her soul. It was wonderful!

When we sat down to the Thanksgiving dinner, I looked at my mother in amazement as she ate a hearty meal. She had not been able to eat solid food for months and if she did, I would have to go for the doctor to get him to come and give her some morphine for the pain. As I watched her eat, I pled with her not to do it because of the pain I knew she would be in. She said to me, "Son, while you were gone Jesus came into my life and has saved my soul and healed my body. I can eat anything I want. Our home is going to be a different one from now on. Wouldn't you like to go to church tonight at the little mission hall?"

I'm glad that night I prayed the first prayer that I ever prayed in my life. Jesus came into my life and made a change. He took out the desire for sin and the desire for liquor. Since my dad owned a saloon when I was born, it seemed like the desire for it was born in me. I used cigarettes and liked to fight. I had such a bad temper that I couldn't get along with anybody. That night a miracle was wrought in my life and Jesus changed me. It is wonderful to be a Christian today.

After my mother was healed of cancer, she had two more children and raised them to adulthood. God called her to Glory forty-five years later.

It is a miracle that I am standing here today, after fifty years of victory. I thank God today for this privilege. The Gospel is real. At night I can pillow my head and thank God for another day of victory and peace.



## Dan Ekelund

**M**any years ago I wandered along Sixth Avenue in Portland, Oregon, and saw that beautiful sign on top of the Apostolic Faith headquarters building, "Jesus the Light of the World." I stopped across the street where I could see the sign, and God spoke a message to my young heart right there.

I went to a meeting held at the campground, and God convicted me of my sins in that first meeting. When the service was over I knelt at the altar of prayer, yielded my heart to the Lord, and asked Him for mercy. I told Him that if He would only make a change in my life and give me what these people were talking about in their testimonies, I would serve Him the rest of my life.

I wasn't ignorant of the Bible or religion. I was reared in Norway where we had compulsory study of Bible history at school, and I went to Sunday school all my life. I knew what it was to have Mother and Dad read the Word of God to us children, but it takes more than that to make one a Bible Christian and take sin out of the heart. I

found that out the night the Lord came into my heart, when these people of God prayed for me.

The Lord made a real change in my heart and gave me something with which I could go out and face the world, and live the life of a real Christian. It was just through the grace of God, nothing in myself. The old habits were all taken out of my life. I found it took real, honest repentance towards God, yielding all my heart. When I did that, God came in and rolled away the burden of sin. He made it so real I could never doubt it. I thank God for the privilege to be in this Gospel and give Him my life. Thank God for this salvation.

I used to spend every night of the week in the dance hall or around the pool table trying to make myself believe I was having a good time. But my good times just started when the Lord saved my soul.

I thank God for healing me so many times. I was nearly blind in one eye, but one night I had these people of God pray for me and the Lord restored my eyesight. I passed the army test when the war came. They could not see anything wrong with my eye. I praise God for the many times He has healed my body even when the doctors gave me no hope. He raised me up through prayer.

Some years ago I could scarcely hear an ordinary conversation. But while sitting in a service it seemed the Lord moved a wall inside my ear. I could hear the music, and thought the musicians were doing better, or something, but I found the Lord was working for me. I thank God I can hear! I used to sit in the back of the church and could hardly hear the testimonies of the people on the platform, but I thank God it is different today. I always enjoy the meetings, but I can enjoy them more than I ever did. I have the greatest thing in the world, the old-time religion, and I love to tell about it.

## Eugenia Gruenke



I praise God for His faithfulness to my soul that He brought me under the sound of the Gospel. I was brought up in a little French village, and was sent to the only church there, a Catholic church. I didn't know there was such a thing as a Bible. My home was a broken-up home—I never knew my mother very well. My grandmother tried to bring me up to be honest and good.

When I was 16 years old my grandmother died, and my father sent me to this country (USA) to be with his people. It was not long until I began to go into the pleasures of the world in sin. I loved those things, but they brought nothing but sorrow and remorse into my life. God would show me my sins, and I would shrink away. Such fear would take possession of me!

My husband was a drunkard, and my heart was broken when at last someone told me the Gospel story that Jesus would save my soul and take my

sins away. I began seeking God with all my heart, and one morning, alone in my home, God revealed Jesus to me on the Cross of Calvary. With the tears streaming down my face, I looked up toward Heaven to the Cross of Jesus, and that moment God saved me. Oh, such peace and joy came into my heart! He took the love for the things of the world out, and removed that awful remorse and condemnation. I was so wonderfully changed! I could live a Christian life before my drunken husband day after day.

Two nights later God wonderfully sanctified me. Thirty-two years ago I met the Apostolic Faith people, and God brought me among them and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

If it were not for the Latter Rain Gospel my daughter would not be healed today. She had a large goiter on her neck when I came among these people. Her neck measured 18 inches around. I didn't know anything about divine healing. I heard of it in a fashion, but not as it is taught here, a fundamental doctrine. God wonderfully healed my daughter through the prayers of these ministers, and He has healed me many times. I praise Him for what He has done for me.



## Rosaline (Kaady) Hansen

I was raised in a Christian home where the Bible was read to us children every morning and evening. Even as a small child, I knew about salvation. My grandparents and mother lived Christian lives before me.

I am glad that God can talk to children in a way they can comprehend. God talks to people in different ways. When I came to Him, I was only five years old. That summer, through serious illnesses—scarlet fever and polio—I was left with one side of my body paralyzed, my mouth drawn out of shape, and my eyes crossed.

One Sunday afternoon following a meeting, the Lord put it into my heart to have two of the ministers pray for me for my healing. They anointed me with oil and prayed for me according to the Word of God,

but I was not healed at once. Then I knelt at an altar of prayer and in my simple, childlike way I asked Jesus to come into my heart. He made a wonderful change! Not only did He take away the sin but I was healed physically! Instantly, I was completely well.

For years I wanted to do something for the Lord, and He saw the hunger and desire in my young heart to serve Him. I can say that as I grew older, one by one the Lord gave me privileges to serve Him, and it just thrills my heart. I have a great desire to give Him what talents I have. As a young child I heard the orchestra play, and I would memorize the names of the composers. I longed to serve God in any capacity I could.

The Lord has given us a happy Christian home. As a mother, I can appreciate what it means to bring up a child in such a home. The Lord is with me every day. I could not live without Him. Every day He gives me courage and strength in hard places. There have been so many blessings through my life; I don't believe I could ever count them.

*Rosaline Hansen (1919-1983) was an accomplished pianist, violinist, and soloist. Those of us who knew her enjoyed her musical talents as she served the Lord in that capacity. After her death, her husband Gerald set up a music scholarship fund in her name to benefit the young music students of the church.*

## Lee Nix



I am glad I have a wonderful hope in my heart. For years it was different. My life was full of trouble—just a young man, right in the prime of life with a lot of good, red blood in my veins; but I had sin and trouble in my heart I could not overcome. I realized I had the future before me, and that I should make something out of myself, but sin took me down. My life was filled with darkness, and the main thought that concerned me was: What would the end be like?

I remembered the days when I was a child and gathered around the family altar. My father would read the Word of God, and we had prayer together. The fear of the Lord was planted in my heart. However, I left that good home when I was only 13 years of age. For a time I went back home and tried to be content but it didn't do any good. I drifted deeper in the life of sin. All through my boyhood days and teens, until I was about 19 or 20, I lived a sinful life. Sin ruled in my heart, took me down until every hope was gone.

My mother told me about the Judgment Day that was coming. She said, "Son, there is a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun. If you ever get in trouble, turn to Jesus." That faced me all through my life; I knew that some day I would stand before God and give an account for the life I was living. It spoiled many a good time for me, and I am glad it finally brought me to the place where I would call on God.

I remembered that when I was a child, Mother had taken me to some old-fashioned meetings in the South where people had the Spirit and power of God on their lives. That memory stayed with me. I thought: Surely there is somebody in this world who has the old-time religion. Such a longing came into my heart to do better!

I married, and my wife and I started out in life together. But it wasn't very long before things were in pretty bad shape for us. My wife's body became badly afflicted, but we heard that there were people in the city of Los Angeles who prayed for the sick and the Lord would heal them. In a short time I had her on the train, and there in Los Angeles she found the Apostolic Faith people. They prayed for her and God healed her. And more than that, He made a change in her life. He saved her, and she became a real Christian.

She wrote back to Arizona and told me what the Lord had done for her. At first I shifted it off and said it was just another resolution. But when I went to Los Angeles, I saw for myself that God had saved and healed her.

I am thankful that I attended a Gospel meeting where these people held out hope that God would do something in my life. They threw out a challenge to me: If I would give God my life and pray, He would answer my prayer, too. I realized I was at a place of decision, and I wouldn't have gone out of that place for anything without praying. I made my choice for God that night. I went forward to the altar of prayer, knelt before the Lord, and shed tears of repentance. I told God about my sins and trouble; I acknowledged my sins and asked for mercy and forgiveness. God came into my heart and sin went out. My life was transformed that day. The bad habits were gone, and the peace of God came down into my heart.

Our little home had been about broken up, but God united that home and made it a Christian home. He solved my problems and became my Comforter and Guide. I have raised a family in this Gospel, and today we have grown children who have the old-time religion. While bringing up our family, we never had to turn to physicians in time of need. God was always there to heal.

He healed my body some years ago when I had a stroke. The people of God prayed for me and the Lord healed me instantly.

Over the years, it has been my privilege to go on the street corners, behind prison bars—wherever I have an opportunity—and tell men and women what God has done for me. I thank God for the glorious hope of the Gospel that is down in my heart. I want to see the end of the Christian race.

## Dessie Ione Nix



As I look back over my life, I marvel at the way God led our family into this Gospel. My mother was a Christian, and she told me about God and how we must be born again before we could enter Heaven. For years I tried to live a Christian life in my own strength but failed. One time, I joined a church and soon went into active church work, but I became disillusioned and said, "I am through; I will never join another church as long as I live." In spite of that, God knew my heart. In a most wonderful way He led me to where I could hear about Him.

In 1911, my husband and I were living in a little desert town in Arizona. Our marriage was failing and our plans were not going as we had intended. My health was bad, and the doctor said I could not get well without an operation.

My mother had been receiving papers from a group in Los Angeles, California, that told of how God was healing the sick through prayer. In a miraculous way, God led us to that city. I wrote to a Christian woman who had once been a neighbor of ours, and I told her why I wanted to go to Los Angeles, asking if I could stay at her home in Long Beach. She said I could. I thank God for that trip, because when I got off at the train station, I looked upon the face of that woman and could tell that something wonderful had happened to her. Her whole countenance was different. When we arrived at her home, she told me about sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. My friend took me to a little mission in Los Angeles that was affiliated with the Apostolic Faith work in Portland, Oregon. I heard people give wonderful testimonies of victory over sin and of healing for the body and soul. I had never heard anything like that before. I told them, "Pray for me that God will give me just what you are telling about!" With my home all but broken up and my health nearly gone, I thought I had nothing more to live for, but that day I prayed. The people there prayed for me and God healed me, but the greatest of all miracles was that God saved me! I became a new person. That was the beginning of my Christian life. Not only did the way I live change, but also my outlook on life became positive. Later, the Lord sanctified me and filled me with the Holy Ghost. A short time later, my husband was wonderfully saved, and there were no more thoughts of separation or divorce.

God led us to hold cottage meetings in our home until we were able to move to Portland, Oregon, in August of 1913. We lived in Portland until 1919 when we went to San Francisco, California. The work of the Lord in that city holds a special place in my heart. The church owned a Lippert Gospel car at that time. It had a platform that could be pulled out in the back to stand on while speaking or singing. There were many street meetings held in those days, and such large crowds stood to listen! We regularly visited hospitals, care centers, and prisons to share the Gospel and to hand out our church literature.

My husband bought our first car in 1921, and we started out for camp meeting in Portland. You should have seen the roads! At one turn we got stranded, but a kind fellow came along and towed us

to Cottonwood, California. We spent three days there in the city park while our car was being fixed. We slept in a pup tent and prepared meals on a gasoline stove out on the ground, but the camp meeting was worth every effort.

In 1938, the San Francisco church was moved to 749 Market Street. There was a steady flow of foot traffic, streetcars, and automobiles along Market Street, and the meetings were well attended by strangers.

My children remember well the twenty-nine steps they had to climb to reach the meeting hall each time we went to church! That location is where we began to have Sunday school. It was a busy time for us, but even as we gave our time to God's work, He richly blessed our family down through the years. How I thank Him today for this wonderful Gospel!



## George Tune



Thank God, I never shall forget when the Lord touched me. I will never forget that time as long as I live. For many years of my life I claimed to be a Christian, but today my heart is filled with gratitude and thanks to God for the privilege of being among His people who know how to pray. All my life I prayed, but I never got in touch with Heaven. When I came among these people they said, "These people pray and God answers their prayers." I said, "It is a strange thing to me; I have prayed all my life and never got in touch with Heaven." A brother told me, "Maybe you never prayed right before." I am glad I learned how to pray right. I said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." In one moment of time He spoke peace to my soul. I wasn't at the altar; I had come out into the aisle. The message had gone forth, "Ye must be born again." I raised my hand for prayer. Behind that hand was a heavy heart. I had claimed to be a Christian, but I never had a change of

heart in my life, but that night when I stepped out in that aisle, God spoke peace to my soul.

I had left my baseball team a hundred miles away. I was manager of the baseball team and left just for a week or two, but I got to the camp meeting and stayed the whole camp meeting through. I can take you to the very spot where I stepped out in the aisle. God saved my soul in one moment of time. As I went down to the altar one of the brothers said, "Do you think God can do the work?" I said, "The work is already done." I felt a glow come over my soul. The Blood of Jesus Christ cleansed me from sin.

The next day I walked the streets of Portland, I will never forget, right down there by the old Burnside Theater. I used to love to go into that place. When the music started up, instead of wanting to go in there, I said, "Let's get on the street car and go back to the campground." We went back, and I got down on my knees and the tears rolled down my face. For the first time in my life I could say that I had the old-time religion.

Twenty years have rolled by and I have never had to apologize for being a Christian. I love this Gospel with all my heart. God has been good to me. He has kept me under the Blood, and I can live without sin every day. I am not shut up in a bandbox. On Monday morning I expect to go back to the old mill again, not with a Monday morning grouch, but with the old-time religion.

*George Tune was the pastor of the Apostolic Faith Church in Chehalis, Washington from 1931 to 1946. He died on September 2, 1948 at the age of 76.*



## Ethel Henderson

**H**ow I thank God for the wonderful things He has done for me. I am so thankful He included me in His great salvation and saved my unworthy soul many years ago, and gave me such peace and joy in my heart, and such hope.

When God saved me, He took out the love for the things of the world. I used to love the shows, the card parties, and the dances. I was brought up that way. But in a moment of time, the Lord took the very desire for those things out of my heart. I'm thankful I am not a proud liar any more. All the love of the world went out. I was so surprised because I didn't know the way, but when I got honest in my heart, He did that wonderful thing for me. It has lasted down through the years.

My friends said, "You get it all when you get saved." However, in the church where I went, people said, "You must be sanctified." I thought, I know the Bible will tell me what should be done. So I went to that "Master Plan" and found there that one has to be sanctified. I got upon my knees in my kitchen and

asked God to sanctify my soul—and I received that wonderful experience.

Another denomination said there was a deeper experience to be had after one is sanctified. I began to pray, and I went to the Word of God. It did look as if there was a deeper experience for me. So I went to my bedroom and sought the Lord for it. He answered my prayer and baptized my soul with the Holy Ghost and fire. I thank Him for that.

I love camp meeting. One time I couldn't get to camp meeting; it was several years ago. I would cry every time I thought about it, for three weeks. And the Lord spoke to me: If you feel like this about camp meeting, how would you feel if you should miss Heaven? When one sees the world going as it is and sees the storm clouds and tribulation spreading over this old world, it is a wonderful thing that we have a Rock that we can stand upon.

If we have a love for the truth in our heart, God will do the rest. He has led me a good many years, and through some storms too; but I thank Him because I know He is able to take us on through to Glory.



## Agnes Scholz

**M**y first recollection of being in a church was when I was about seven years old. I sat in a pew and waited for my mother to come from the confessional.

My mother lived a high standard in conduct and conversation—I owe this tribute to her memory. She was a woman of few words, but one day she said, “Fear God and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.” Another time she said, “God will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.” I was very young, but I thought that taking God’s name in vain must be the unpardonable sin. This was the extent of my knowledge of God.

One day in January, 1909, I noticed a billboard sign which announced the revival meetings of a famous evangelist. I felt an urge to go. I was given a seat far back in the gallery, and did not catch his message; but when his voice rang out with the grand old hymn, “I can hear my Savior calling” that was enough—my dormant soul was awakened. Words fail me to express the longing that filled my entire being to know this Savior.

I had not realized there was anything lacking in my life. My husband was temperate and industrious; I had a lovely little son and daughter, and life seemed full and pleasant. Now the Holy Spirit had begun His work, and I would never again be without the sense of responsibility to God.

I secured a booklet at the meeting that night which told of Zacchaeus’ “four-fold” restitution. The Holy Spirit brought to my mind a geranium I had plucked up from my neighbor’s yard. The geranium died, but God kept the record. I purchased two, and confessed and restored.

I obtained a Bible but could understand little I read except some Psalms and Proverbs which I copied and tacked on the wall in the pantry.

I began to pray and plead that the Lord would bring me to the “right people.” If I could know just one person living the life of a Christian, I would be assured it could be done. I came into contact with many different religious people, but their teachings did not agree with the standard which God had placed in my heart.

After searching for six years, one day—a dark day I’ll regret as long as life lasts—I put my Bible away and said, “I will never take it out again.” The Holy Spirit interposed, and I added, “until God shows me the way.”

God lifted His restraining hand from my life and I became so wicked it gives me pain to recollect. I truly believed I was born to be lost.

One Sunday my husband and I were led by the Holy Spirit into a little mission on Market Street, in St. Louis. When the minister ended the message, he asked anyone who wished to escape the wrath of God to raise his hand. My hand went up and I knelt at the altar weeping. I caught the sweetest

words I ever heard: “Thou wilt cast all her sins into the sea, never to be remembered against her forever.” The minister’s wife was talking to God for me.

The next morning as soon as my husband left for work, about 6:45, I climbed the attic steps with the wonderful words I heard the night before at the altar ringing in my heart. I paused at the top and said, “I’ll not go down until something is done,” meaning a new birth, of course. Oh, that holy spot where floods of repentant tears flowed so freely as wave after wave of godly sorrow passed through my entire being! Peace came into my heart, for Jesus now lifted the load of sin from my heart. I felt as if I had been translated into another world, a world of peace and love.

The next meeting night I knelt at the altar and the workers told me about sanctification. The sanctifying fire fell upon my poor offering.

Six months later God baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. I thank Him for the knowledge of the truth in Christ Jesus, whose shed Blood applied to the heart is the only passport to Glory.



## Elton Hamilton

Over fifty years ago I came into contact with the Lord Jesus Christ. Since then I have been a recipient of the bountiful blessings and goodness of God.

My blessings started when I was a boy, even though I wasn't raised in a Christian home. Dad was a logger, and often we lived in camps without a church, a Sunday school, or anything to induce a person to come to Jesus. When I was about eleven years old, an elderly man came to the camp and gave us a little Bible. I read from the Book of Revelation of the awful things that were going to happen to those who didn't know God, and it frightened me.

About that same time, my aunt also visited us. She taught my twin brother and me a little prayer and told us to say it each night. It was that well-known children's prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep; If I should die before I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take." As I said that every night, something began happening in my heart. I began to realize that I had a soul. Did I need

something in my heart to make me ready to meet God?

One night I went to bed alone. I got on my knees as usual, and began to say that little prayer. It was dark in the room, but as I prayed, the room lit up. I opened my eyes and looked toward a little window. There I saw the face of Jesus. Now I didn't know Jesus, but He revealed Himself to me. I thought that He was coming to catch away His people, and in my heart I cried out, "Lord, I'm not ready to meet You. Don't come now!" I never got away from what I saw.

Eventually two young men came to preach in our camp. At the end of their meeting, my dad, twin brother, and I stepped forward indicating that we wanted to be saved. The young preacher opened the Bible and read a few Scriptures, especially emphasizing, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He read that Scripture three or four times before he wrung a confession out of us, and we finally said we were saved. I felt no change, and neither did my brother nor my dad.

That day I believed in my head, but I didn't believe in my heart. The preacher said nothing about turning my back on my sin, and really getting a born-again experience. However, I did receive a little button that said "Jesus Saves," and I wore it on my coat lapel. One time a friend of my dad's said, "Oh, a Christian, eh?" All I could do was bow my head in shame. I had no experience to talk about.

After some time we went to Seattle, Washington. There I met my wife-to-be, and later we married. She wanted to serve God also, so we started attending church and Sunday school.

Meanwhile, my aunt had been saved in the Apostolic Faith Church in Port Angeles, Washington, and she sent a church paper to my uncle who lived not far from us. He wanted nothing to do with the paper and so handed it over to me. Well, I read it from cover to cover. I read the testimonies of what God had done for people who had really prayed and been saved, and what joy they had in their hearts.

I knew I didn't have that joy. So I said, "I'm going to Port Angeles." There I attended my first Apostolic Faith service. At the end of the meeting I went forward to an altar of prayer and knelt to

pray. I poured out my heart to God, pleading guilty for my sins. The Spirit of God came down, and I received something that was heartfelt. It was more than head knowledge. Jesus became an integral part of my life.

I went home and told my wife about it. She said, "Well, I'm not going to bother you, or put any hindrance in your way, but I'm going to watch for a while."

We moved to Port Angeles and attended the church there. Then we were invited to attend the camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. By that time I had received my sanctification, so I purposed in my heart to seek for the power of God on my life. I expected to receive the baptism in my first service at the camp meeting. But when it was time to pray, I couldn't seem to pray. I felt as dry as an old stick.

A brother received his baptism, and he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "The Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire." Another man said, "See, God did it for him. He can do it for you." Someway God helped me to take hold of those words. It wasn't five minutes until I felt something happening in my soul. The Spirit of God began coming in, and the more I received, the more I wanted. The Glory of God filled me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. What a change the experience of the baptism made in my life. It changed me from a timid young man to one who could stand up for what I believed.

In that same camp meeting, the Lord saved my wife. And before we went home to Port Angeles, she received her sanctification and baptism. What a wonderful life we've had all of these years since then!

I love this Gospel with all my heart. I wouldn't change it for anything in the world. Why? Because it has brought us through the hard places and the difficulties. I have a bright hope in my heart that Jesus is coming. Now I'm ready to meet Him and am looking for His soon return.

## Sara Hamilton



As a child I was sent to Sunday school and church, but I was never told of a “born again” experience. I did have faith in God and a belief in the Bible. I don’t remember of ever hearing my parents pray. When I went away to school I thought if I joined a big church I would be a Christian. I found it takes more than good intentions and more than joining a church. I drifted with the crowd and did things that I had no intentions of doing. But God showed me that I was headed in the wrong direction. I worked in the church and I paid tithes, but I had no peace.

I tried many different churches. I went to school in one of the largest cities in Washington. There were many denominations in that place, and I went from one to the other, but I was not satisfied with them. I was going to college, and I tried the same things that other college people tried. But I was not satisfied.

I am glad that God dealt with me. He talked to my soul. I was condemned for the life I lived. Later on I became a schoolteacher. I had the means to travel and study, had the clothes I

wanted, and did the things I wanted to do, but still I was not satisfied. My life condemned me.

I thank God that He ever brought me to the light of this Gospel. It was my husband who first came in contact with these people. He came home and told me about the Gospel. I was not very enthusiastic about it, but I told him I would come because I did not want to keep him back. As I sat and listened to one of these meetings, to the testimonies and the preaching, I realized these people had more than I had—they had something I did not have at all.

The first time I came to an Apostolic Faith camp meeting I thought I was a Christian. I had dropped off many sinful pleasures when I accepted Christ and was baptized in water. But one night I was praying with a friend who I thought needed to be saved, and the Lord showed me I had never been born again.

The next Tuesday morning, at a prayer meeting in this tabernacle, I made my peace with God. I don’t remember what I said, but I admitted I was a sinner. I asked the Lord to come into my heart, and He made a change. Peace filled my soul. I knew that I was saved. I knew my name was written in Heaven. I didn’t need anyone to shake my hand nor tell me I was saved, but peace filled my soul and every sin was gone. Not only that, He took out the desire for the sinful pleasures and gave me power to live for Him.

I had experienced what the world calls a good time; shows, dances, card parties and ball games had occupied my time, but I found the satisfying portion when I gave my life to the Lord. I didn’t have to drop off the sinful pleasures. The Lord took the desire for them out of my heart. I couldn’t live the Gospel in my own strength, but the Lord helps me every day. I didn’t catch the old-time religion, it didn’t rub off on me, but I asked the Lord to give it to me and He did. God made a definite change. I always had a fear of the future, but that fear is taken out. I know my peace is made with God.

One morning in the prayer meeting praying in the back benches the Lord came down and sanctified me wholly, a second definite work of grace. I thank God for that, and later He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. I can say that I found the satisfying portion.

I am grateful for the many blessings of the Lord. I want to magnify His name for His protecting hand over me. I fell backward down nine concrete steps. Someone standing nearby said, “Oh, she’s dead!” But some of these Christian people gathered around me and prayed, and the Lord undertook for me. I came out of that without a broken bone. And that’s not the only time God spared my life.

One time in a storm a tree fell across our mobile home, demolishing one end. I grabbed a Bible and crawled under the dining room table. I didn’t know if I was going to be crushed, or burned, or blown away. But I told the Lord that whatever happened, it was all right with me. Such peace filled my soul. And I was unhurt. It is good to know you are right with the Lord when you don’t know what the next minute holds.

These many years I have proved and tested Him, and He has never failed. Different circumstances that come up, He is always there to help—the way He provides. I could stand here a long time and tell the wonderful blessings, the way the Lord has provided and how He has worked miracles—worked things out and provided for us.

I thank God for the privilege He has given us during the past 30 years to work in His harvest field in the Midwest. We have enjoyed many blessings.





## Donald H. Wolfe Sr.

How thankful I am that I had a mother who faithfully read the Bible stories to me in my childhood, instilling in my young heart a confidence in the Word of God. In our church there was still the altar bench, and I heard sermons about Heaven and Hell, and that one must be born again. I went forward and gave my heart to the Lord in a revival service when just a boy. I knew I was saved. Wonderful peace and joy came into my heart.

That one could have a life of victory over sin every day was never preached in our church, and it was not long until I was trying to live a Christian life in my own strength. I was told that the only difference between a Christian and a sinner was that the Christian confessed his sins and the sinner did not. I surely was faithful in confessing my sins every night, but I was bound to do them again the next day.

I used to hang onto the promise, “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled” (Matthew 5:6). I believed the time would come when God

would fill my heart with satisfaction. Though I believed the Bible was God’s inspired Word, I went on with a mere profession of Christianity.

After marrying, my wife and I moved to Denver, Colorado, transferring our church membership. There we were in a young married couples’ Sunday school class that had a monthly party, playing cards and sometimes going as a group to a dance pavilion. We loved the theater and other worldly amusements.

Many times I wondered why the Lord seemed so far away. I didn’t feel the contact with Him I had once experienced. I neglected to read the Bible, so how could I know how a Christian should live?

Being interested in art, I finally went to Washington, D. C., to attend an art school. My wife was to follow soon afterward. The first evening I was there, coming down from my room in the Y.M.C.A., I met a blind man by the door talking to a group of young men. Out of curiosity, I joined the group. He was quoting Scripture, and I stood there amazed, hearing texts I didn’t know were in the Bible. He told about victory over sin, holiness without which no man should see God, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I realized then that I didn’t have what the Bible says a Christian should have. But how I wanted it! I went forward to an altar to seek for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It wasn’t long until God showed me that it was not the baptism I needed, but I needed to again repent of my sins. He gave me true repentance, and I was willing to pay any price. It was when I fully surrendered my all to the Lord that I once again experienced that wonderful peace and joy of Heaven. The love for worldly pleasures went out, and I had victory. I threw my pipe and tobacco into the furnace and literally cleaned house. Everything displeasing to the Lord went out.

I believed the text in 1 John 3:9, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin" and I knew I was free from sin, but I couldn't find anyone else who believed it. I asked the Lord to let me know definitely, and I could take you to the very spot on my mail route on Wyoming Avenue in Washington, D. C., where God whispered to me, "An honest man stealeth not." I knew it was the Lord's answer to my prayer. It helped me to take a stand on that Scripture, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." Two months later the Lord sanctified me wholly, and later baptized me with the Holy Ghost.

I prayed that the Lord would lead me to a people who preached the whole Word of God, and I was given an Apostolic Faith paper that was published in Portland, Oregon.

As I read it, I knew those were the people I wanted to be with. In 1931, my wife and I came to the camp meeting, and met people here who prayed that we would be able to move to Portland. In 1935, God performed a miracle in that I was able to transfer 3000 miles to the Portland post office, when jobs were very scarce.

All these years I have had the privilege to worship God with the Apostolic Faith people, and bring up my son in this blessed faith. I found people I could have confidence in, and I never lost that confidence. I played clarinet in the church orchestra for many years, and since retiring early from the post office, I have been privileged to give my time in service for the Lord. As my son grew to manhood, he, too, dedicated his life to the Lord, and today conducts the Portland Apostolic Faith orchestra and choir. He also has a Christian home and a family who love the Lord. How much we have to thank the Lord for! These days my thoughts are on the coming of the Lord.



## Minnie Phillips

**M**y heart is filled with praise and thanksgiving tonight for my wonderful Savior! I am so thankful that the Lord included me in His great salvation. Oh, how good the Lord is! All through the years, He has kept me through many sicknesses and many hardships until this day, but I always called on the Lord, and He has never failed me. I thank God for my good family. I thank God for my church, our ministers, and for all the joys He has given me.

You know, the Lord had to wake me up early this morning to remind me that I hadn't testified for a while to tell the wonderful things He has done for me. So I took courage tonight. I want to tell what the Lord has done for me all through my life.

I had a wonderful Christian mother and dad. In fact, my father was a preacher in a German church for many years. I always had a desire to be saved and go to Heaven some day and I knew what the Bible said.

When I was just nine years old, my mother was very sick and not expected to live. I was the oldest of five children and the responsibility of taking care of the entire family rested on my shoulders. It was a heavy burden for me to carry, and I felt so inadequate. I remember praying earnestly to the Lord to please heal my mother, and I knew in my heart that the Lord heard my prayer and would heal her. After that, I went to the hospital to visit my mother, and she had a big smile and told me she had seen a vision and the Lord came into her room and touched her and healed her. From that time on, she began to improve and soon came home. I knew the Lord answered my prayer.

Later, I married and we tried to raise our children right, but soon there was much sorrow, unhappiness, and trouble because I didn't know the Lord, and because of my husband's sinful habits. I carried a heavy burden for many years.

How well I remember fifty-four years ago today, on a Pentecost Sunday in a little church in Scranton, Pennsylvania, when I knelt at the foot of the Cross. The Lord lifted that heavy load and took away my heartaches and sin! I didn't go deeply into sin, but I had many, many burdens and problems in my life. But when I called on the Lord that Sunday morning, a broken-hearted sinner, He delivered me and put joy, peace and contentment into my heart that I had never known before. He put me on my way rejoicing! Things were different after that, and I had a Friend to bring my burdens and trials to. He helped me to raise my five children in the fear of the Lord.

Several years later the Lord led us to the Apostolic Faith Church in Los Angeles, CA, where my husband also prayed and found the Lord. Our family had heard about sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost and we were hungry for more of God. Later, the Lord sanctified me and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. How well I remember when the fire fell! It was at a camp meeting in 1960. Brother Bob Hanlin and his brother were singing a duet, "I Want to See My Savior First of All," when God's Spirit came over me and I began to cry out loud. The fire fell and God's presence was evident as many people began to fill the altars while others dropped on their knees in the seats. The

Lord poured out His Spirit in a wonderful way, and Brother Crabtree never gave the Bible teaching that morning. I had been seeking my baptism ever since I had arrived in Los Angeles, but that day the Lord filled me to overflowing. I will never forget that day when the fire fell!

In 1961, we met with a terrible accident in Amarillo, Texas. We drove to Decatur, Illinois to pick up my mother, who was very sick at the time, so I could bring her back to live with us in Los Angeles and care for her. We had planned to stop for lunch in Amarillo, but instead we ended up in the hospital. It was a rainy day and as we were going through a four-way stop, someone hit us head on. I landed out on the pavement with all of my ribs broken and my left kidney crushed and bleeding. Of course, I was unconscious and don't remember anything until I woke up in the hospital in the intensive care unit. I was in so much pain with my broken ribs, and they came in my room every morning with a machine to dry out the blood from my kidney for fear of infection. I remember crying out to the Lord to take me Home. I told him I couldn't stand the pain any longer. Then the Lord spoke to me from Heaven and said, "I'll not let you suffer any more than you can bear," and He showed me how much He suffered for me. I was comforted through that.

A few days later I remember my son-in-law being at the foot of my bed and reading the 23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm to me, just before they were ready to take me in the operating room to remove my left kidney. The doctor told me it was necessary because it was too badly damaged. I knew that prayer was made up and down the Coast and my children were praying for me too. At that time I received a telegram from Brother Bob Hanlin telling me that the Los Angeles church had been praying around the clock, and that gave me encouragement. The Lord had also given me a witness that morning that everything would be fine and the Lord was going to heal me. I even told the doctor that I had a touch from Heaven and they wouldn't need to take me to surgery. But you know, the doctor didn't believe me, and they took me to the operating room and gave me another examination and another X-ray. Soon after that they brought me back to my room and the doctor sat on the edge of my bed and said, "Mrs. Phillips, I didn't have to operate on you—a greater, Higher Power operated on you and you have a brand new kidney." Then I was greatly encouraged because I already knew that the Lord was going to take care of me. And you know, it has been thirty-two years since that time, and I haven't had a trace of a problem with my kidney.

Now I am getting old and feeble, but the Lord is still with me. I can rejoice in Him, and I am thankful that I am ready for Heaven. I know the Lord could come at any time, and I want to be ready. I thank the Lord for this privilege to testify for Him.



## Ed Pallett

In the winter of 1913, a homeless derelict stumbled down the streets of skid row in Portland, Oregon. He had left his home and family in the Midwest and had nothing left but a few old clothes, and a ten-cent bed. Then one night he wandered up to an Apostolic Faith street meeting held on NW Third and Burnside, and what he heard there caused him to call on the Lord for help. God forgave his sins and changed his life completely. Sometime later his home was reunited. That man was my stepfather, and because he met God that day, I was brought up in a real Christian environment. I remember the day that my mother was converted. What a change it made in her heart, and what a change in our home!

I can remember how the Lord worked in our home. My brother was very ill, suffering, hemorrhaging and dying right before us. In those days my folks didn't have a telephone or an automobile to go to the doctor or anything like that, and they wouldn't have done it anyway. But they just took the Bible and walked into that room where my

brother was lying on the bed and began to read out of the Book of Daniel. In about fifteen or twenty minutes, I can remember my brother was out by the kitchen stove getting warm. I couldn't forget those things. God talked to me and showed me I was on the wrong track. It wasn't my folks that were wrong, but I was.

Although I saw the hand of God work in my parents' lives, as I grew up I chose another way. I thought a young man could certainly find a good time out in the world, and I was always in search of it. You would find me in the dance halls, theaters, or taverns, always seeking but never finding the happiness I craved. The evenings would start out so good but end up so bad.

When I reached twenty-one years of age, I began to realize that my parents were happy, and I was miserable. One evening I went to church for one purpose—to prove God for myself. If He would do for me what I knew He had done for others, I would willingly give Him my heart.

I took just enough cigarettes to last until I went into church and the meeting started. Tobacco had been a curse to me, and if I was going to meet God on His terms—and there is no other way—I didn't want a pack of cigarettes in my pocket.

At the close of the service, the minister said if anyone wanted prayer to raise his hand. I did that, but I didn't seem to be able to make my way to the altar of prayer until one of the Christian brothers came to help me. The altars were already full, but someone handed me a chair from the platform, and there on my knees I wept my way through to victory. Jesus came into my heart and made a marvelous change!

To my amazement, I discovered that I had no more love for the worldly amusements. The sinful habits were gone. I found the true happiness that only Jesus can give. That night my pipe, my cigarettes, and my tobacco all went into the furnace. I never wanted them again. The desire for liquor was completely taken from me. I felt like I had been given a new start in life, and that is exactly what had happened. I thank God with all my heart for saving my soul and giving me power to live a pure, clean life above sin.

During World War II, it was my privilege to serve my God and my country in the United States Army. I was a front-line infantryman with the 88<sup>th</sup> Division in Italy. God took care of me there. I had shrapnel come so close to me that it burned the side of my head parallel to the stem of my eyeglasses, but it never even drew blood. I crawled through muddy drainage ditches until my knees were raw, with machine gun slugs whizzing over my head, but God brought me through it all.

After the war, I walked the streets of Milan, Trento, Florence, and other cities of Italy with the joy of God's salvation in my heart. There was no desire in my heart to have any part in the sinful activities so many soldiers indulged in. God had taken those things out of my heart, and He kept them out, even when I was far away from home and church. I came home with the same old-time religion that I had in my heart when I entered the Army.

One time the doctors said I was in danger of losing my eyesight. I remember I began to look around at the saints and I wanted to remember what they looked like. I also began to memorize the songs. I knew God was on His Throne, so one day I went up on the platform and they anointed me with oil in the Name of Jesus and prayed for me. The next time the surgeon examined my eyes, he said, "You have no glaucoma." A month before two doctors told me I had glaucoma, so I feel I owe God thanks for giving me victory over that thing, and keeping me above sin. I have the greatest thing in all this world.

I thank God for His wonderful power that has kept me with the victory through all the years since. It is good to serve the Lord.



## Margaret Lundy

Someone who had received an Apostolic Faith paper wrote to Portland, Oregon for a minister. The founder of this Gospel wrote to Brother Damron who was in Kansas City, Missouri, telling him about us. He then came to Kellerton, Iowa, and held a few Gospel services.

Shortly before that I had such a burden, not knowing what I really wanted. I felt I needed the Lord; so I began to pray upstairs in the place where I was working. I felt I was saved. I was supposed to have my baptism, but I had never heard about sanctification; and at that time I didn't feel I was really saved.

When I came to town and heard these Apostolic Faith folks, I felt drawn to them. Then they held some special meetings in Kansas City, Missouri, and I wanted to go. My father was afraid his children might get into trouble, so I knew he wouldn't let me go.

The time came when a group of folks were going to Kansas City and I wanted to go, too. I put a few things in my suitcase and put the suitcase under my bed. These folks were going to leave at 7:30 the next morning, and I thought: I am just eighteen years old, but I don't want to go against my parent's wishes. So I went to the next town to the sheriff and asked him about leaving home. He said he wouldn't advise anyone leaving their home, but I had the right to. In those days an eighteen-year-old person was considered just a young child. I knew it wasn't right to leave without my folks knowing where I was going.

I went to bed with my few belongings under the bed and went to sleep.

About 2:30 in the morning I awoke wondering what I would do, how I would get on that train without my folks knowing about it. I thought I would go on that 5:30 a.m. train and go to the next town and buy my ticket and get on the train there for Kansas City.

I wondered about it, and said, "That would be deceitful; I don't believe I should do that." Then the Scripture came to me that "they took Jesus away by night." So that settled it. I got up early and put on everything except my shoes. I left the house and caught the early train, bought my ticket and got on the train. I felt bad about it all for I loved my father. Of course my mother didn't object. While I felt bad, yet I knew the Lord was leading me.

When I was on the platform of the train depot my father found out I was there. He came pretty soon and wanted me to get off. I wouldn't so he sat down and talked with me. He took my suitcase and put it off the train, and a friend of mine picked it up and brought it back on the platform—which made my father angry.

When the conductor came around he told my father he had better get off at the next station. I felt so bad that this had to happen, but I wanted to follow the Lord who was calling me to follow Him. I am glad I did just that.

I prayed He would lead me into a place where I could hear the whole truth of God's Word

preached; and He answered my prayer, opening the way so I could hear the truth of the Word of God. My heart was hungry for the things of God, and as I prayed He wonderfully saved my soul. Later on He sanctified me holy; and as I continued in the Gospel, seeking more of the Lord, He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

I am also thanking the Lord that my mother was also saved and lived a Christian life for many years. She wrote me that my father prayed a few days before his death and he felt the Lord really saved his soul.

I am so glad I have had the privilege for over fifty years to serve Jesus. My heart is fixed on the Lord's soon coming. I want to do His will and be ready every minute.

I have had the privilege of helping in the publishing department of the Apostolic Faith for many years; helping send out the Gospel literature around the world to needy hearts who are searching for the truth of God's Word.



## Art Covington



I have a testimony of victory. My story is that God changed a vile, gambling, drunken logger, and gave him a life above sin.

I had listened to only one testimony—that of my wife—and I refused to hear it again. God made a wonderful change in her life, and she said she was going to start going to church and training the children for the Lord. I told her it was all right with me if that is what she wanted, but to leave me alone. I didn't want it.

She soon learned to leave me alone, but she went on her knees for me. Our home was divided, but she wouldn't leave, and I couldn't find it in my heart to walk out. God kept that home together. It was a miserable life for me. I don't think anyone is more miserable than the man who is refusing to serve God.

After more than three years, I found myself in church listening to a Sunday school program. I planned to leave when it was over, but they announced a worship service to follow, so I stayed. The message was about the birth of Christ, but I didn't hear much of it. My mind was on the testimonies I had heard, and I was thinking about my sins. They ran before me like pictures on a screen.

When the minister asked if anyone wanted to pray, my hand went up. He said, "Now will you follow that up and let us pray with you?" I pushed my way out into the aisle and went to the altar to pray. I dropped on my knees but couldn't pray. All I could see were my sins—even things I had forgotten. I started to get up and leave.

I knew the minister well and had learned to love and respect him. He came and put his hand on mine, looked me straight in the eye. He asked, "Why don't you pray until you are satisfied?" I dropped to my knees again, and in less than five minutes I had peace and joy. Why? Because I gave up to Jesus.

I went back to the logging camp. I had made up my mind that I didn't care what the men thought of me. I was going through with Jesus. He kept me true. On Sunday I would drive 23 miles to take my family to church. God gave me love for the people in the church. It has lasted. God has never disappointed me. I have joy in the Lord that endures.



## Martin Girard

**I**t is good to serve the Lord! I am glad I heard a few people telling the Gospel story a number of years ago.

I was just starting out in life, trying to find a good time, as many young folks are doing these days too. I thought I would find pleasure in the things of the world, though my dad warned me from experience what it would do for me. He was a hard-drinking logger, and our home was anything but a Christian home.

We lived on a ranch in the northern part of the State of California, near a little town called Dorris. One night, at a Ku Klux Klan meeting, my dad heard about some special revival services that were to be held and someone suggested it wouldn't hurt any of them to go.

The Apostolic Faith people are a busy people. Through the rain and the mud, Brother Frost, an old-time minister in the Gospel, came across the mountains from Medford, Oregon, with a group of church workers and they set up a big tent in that town, and began to hold services.

I shall never forget those meetings as long as I live. We got in a little car and drove from the ranch to the town where they were being held. I had never heard anything like the story those people told! More than sixty were saved in those meetings, among them my dad. So many members of the Ku Klux Klan were saved that they didn't hold Klan meetings after that!

I saw what the Gospel did in my dad's life after he was saved. Mother was saved a short time after Dad, and they lived a Christian life before me. I knew the old time religion was real. The bad habits that had bound my dad for so many years were gone; he no longer had any desire for those things. He didn't want the liquor any more. He lived a different kind of life: the fighting, drinking, cursing and swearing were all gone. I watched my dad's life and could see that he had something that was real. The men who worked for him knew there was a change in his life. They offered him tobacco and the drinks, but he could say no to those things.

It wasn't long before I realized that I needed what he had. When I prayed and asked God to make a real Christian out of me and help me to live a victorious life, the Lord did.

It was a marvelous change! Those things I couldn't get along without—I thought I couldn't leave them alone—God took the very desire for them out of my heart. I can live a Christian life; God has been able to keep me. I have found the greatest thing in all the world. Down through the years I have enjoyed the old-time religion. I have never seen the time I wanted to go back to the old life of sin. It doesn't attract me at all. I thank God the Gospel means everything to me. The more I put into it the more I get out of it. I can recommend the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

*Brother Marty was saved in 1926. He and his wife, Olive, lived and ministered in Port Angeles, Washington; Eureka, California; Honolulu, Hawaii; and Dallas, Portland, and Roseburg, Oregon.*



## Myrtle Morgan

**M**y childhood was very unhappy. My folks didn't go to church or talk about religion. I didn't know there was a God until I was about ten years old, and I didn't know everyone would die some day until I was almost twelve years old. One day, after I had displeased my mother, she turned from her work and told me there is a God who keeps books, and that I was nearing the age of accountability and would have to meet Him at the judgment bar after death and give an account of the life I lived here on earth. I asked her many questions she couldn't answer. Then I begged and persuaded my folks to let me attend church and Sunday school.

God set up a standard of Christian living in my heart, and I tried for four years to live up to it, but I could not. I was born with a sinful nature I couldn't control.

Oh, the faithfulness of God! He permitted a born-again Christian minister to come to our schoolhouse and preach a sermon that thrilled my soul. I heard that I could repent and God would forgive my sins and give me power to live

a Christian life. I prayed for about three weeks. I prayed at church and I prayed at home. I believed if religion were real I would know when the change of heart took place, and I did: one afternoon, standing by the old water pump, my heart was changed instantly; joy unspeakable filled my soul. Oh, the thrill of knowing God is so real!

After that it was just as natural to live a Christian life as it had been to live sinfully, and under condemnation every day. Under provocation I still struggled with the carnal nature. Then I was told that sanctification would destroy the adamic nature everyone is born with. I began to seek for that. I read everything I could find on that subject. I talked with people who said they were sanctified.

Months went by and one day as I was working at my sewing machine I was softly singing, "Rock of Ages." As I sang, "Be of sin the double cure," God revealed the second application of the Blood of Jesus, which sanctifies the human heart. As I believed, He washed my heart. Oh the joy! I bowed my head on my arms and praised the great God of Heaven who had again revealed Himself to me.

Later I came to Portland seeking for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Again I didn't want anyone to influence me. If it was real, God, and God alone would be responsible for my receiving it, and as I prayed alone in my home God began to bless my soul. Tears were flowing freely and my heart was overflowing with the love of God, when all at once I realized I was praying in a language I didn't know, and had never spoken before. It is real; don't ever doubt that.

Being the oldest of eight children, in 1919 I decided it was time for me to step out of that four-room house and live my own life. I didn't have an education and the only work I could get was taking care of a baby and helping with the housework. It wasn't long until I decided I wanted my own home with a Christian companion.

My aunt was sick in a hospital about 100 miles away, and I asked for a week off and went to see her. The night before I left I read the story of Abraham sending Eliezer to select a bride for Isaac, and

how he asked for a sign so he would know the woman God had chosen. I said, “Lord, You are the same God today, and if it is Your will for me to marry, you let me meet the man on this trip.”

I met three young men, but none of them appealed to me. I was sure they were not Christians. I started home a day early, a little disappointed. I decided when I changed trains I would spend the night in a hotel and rest another day.

The next day I boarded the train and saw several young men from my hometown. They were returning from World War I, and they were a happy crowd. I remembered my prayer and looked them over. I knew most of them, and there wasn’t anyone interested in a Christian life that I knew.

Again I prayed in my heart and said, “Lord, I haven’t met anyone You would approve of. If You want me to live alone there is only one thing I want, and that is to go to Portland where I can be with the people who publish the Apostolic Faith paper, for they are the only ones I know of that teach Christianity as I believe it.

I heard the conductor call out, “All aboard,” then “Hold it,” and I saw another soldier boy coming. A minute later the train began to move. I looked towards the door and saw a soldier come in. He was a man I had met before he went into the army. The Lord said, “He is the man.” I stood; I felt I was in the presence of the Lord.

He came in and greeted many people he knew; he spoke to me and then went back up front and took a seat. I knew he was a church member and attended every church around the country—a hungry soul. I never doubted God, although it was six weeks before I saw him again. He asked me for a date.

Boys were being entertained all over the country with parties and dances. We didn’t care to attend them so we went to church and Sunday school together and spent Sunday afternoons visiting and driving along the country roads. Winter passed and I left in April to visit the church in Portland, intending to be away for two or three weeks but became so interested in the Gospel there that I stayed until the last of August.

My friend was faithful to write, and although he hadn’t proposed to me, I was sure he would. He met me at the depot and took me to my folks’ home. On the way he said he wanted me to set a date for our wedding. He said he had prayed about it and wasn’t going to take no for an answer. On October 10, 1920, we were married. In July of 1922 we went to Portland to the camp meeting. After a few meetings he was convinced that all I had told him was real. He went to the altar and was saved. A few weeks later, alone at home, he sought the Lord and was sanctified. One night on the job, working alone, he took time to pray and God baptized him with the Holy Ghost.

We moved to Portland in 1927. We raised three children and had the same trials and problems all parents have, but always praying and receiving from God. We have never had a problem or a difference of opinion that we have had to take to a counselor; we have prayed until God revealed His will, and then submitted to Him.

On October 10, 1970, we celebrated our Golden wedding anniversary. We look back over fifty years of happiness, and wish we could tell all young people they have the same God of all yesterdays to lead and guide them, and we pray they too will be willing to let Him lead them.

Like the psalmist David, we can say, “Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever” (Psalms 23:6).

## Herbert Barrett



**K**nown as a moral man, I was considered a good example for others to follow. I never swore and never used tobacco. The only thing I ever stole was a watermelon, and even then my pride led me to try and thank the man for it rather than say I had done wrong! Those people who thought so highly of me had no idea of the sin in my heart. I was a miserable, brokenhearted man who wanted to do right.

Heaven and Hell were very real places to me. I hoped that someday I would make it to Heaven, but that hope was so far off it didn't bring much happiness or peace to my heart. I hated sin, but though I belonged to four churches over a period of fourteen years, no one was able to tell me how to stop sinning. The only hope those preachers offered to me was to do my best, so I gritted my teeth, clenched my fists, and said I would live to please God—but I never could do it.

Once, when I was under a terrible load of conviction, I drove thirteen miles with a fast team of horses because I needed to talk to my family. I pulled up to the front porch, leaped over the horse's back, lit on the porch, and ran into the house. I told my dad and the others who were there that I was running from God. I didn't know what else to say or how else to say it. My family members were old-time Methodists, but they had not lived the doctrines of the church for years. I suppose that if they had told me the Gospel truth, it would have put them on the spot. I told my dad, "I am sure I am on the right track," but he just stood there like a statue. He had no answers for me. I didn't know where else to turn. Finally, I became so discouraged, I threw up my hands and said, "I give up. I'm not going to any more churches. There is no reality there."

Oh, how thankful I am that God knew my heart and that He did not give up on me. When I stopped trying to please God in my own strength, He sent the answer I so longed for. Three precious women visited my wife and me in our home in Eugene, Oregon. The smile of Heaven was on their faces. They told of things God had done for them. It sounded marvelous. I had never heard anything like the wonderful story they told. It agreed with God's Word, but I worried about getting into fanaticism. I asked them, "How can I get such an experience?" They said, "Just be honest. God will help you." That was quite a challenge to me, and I told them I would go to one of their meetings.

I praise God for that day because it put hope in my heart. A fellow I used to go to school with saw me there and said, "Barrett, you can get it if you dig." His words made me realize that if I wanted this experience from God, I needed to do something. Again, I was told, "Just be honest with God."

There was very little faith in my heart, but when I knelt at the altar and began to pray, something happened; I heard from Heaven! Jesus met me there, and in the twinkling of an eye, He saved my soul. He changed my heart and gave me a love and a hope that is steadfast and sure. When I stood up from the altar, I was different. God's glory flooded my soul.

I made a beeline for home. I took a shortcut down the railroad tracks, and I was so happy, my feet would hardly stay on the ties. In all the excitement, I wondered if this happiness would last. Would I awake in the morning and find that this wonderful change was gone? In the morning, though, the glory of God was still real in my soul. My wife went with me to the next church meeting, and she prayed too. The Lord saved her that evening, and she began singing "Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine." This was reality. I praise God that this salvation has lasted. I no longer struggle to serve God. He gave me faith in my heart to trust Him. He gave me a lively hope, and I praise my Lord for victory.

## Chester Owen



I thank God first of all that I am a Christian, and I thank God for the wonderful way the Lord worked things out so that I became a Christian.

I was just a boy in the hills of Okanogan, Washington. We had a little 28-acre ranch there with cows and horses to look after, and we worked all summer and all winter. Thank God that one winter Dad said, “I can’t afford to stay home. I’ve got to go to the coast to see if I can get some work.” So he went to Port Angeles, and there he found work for the winter. He stayed with some of our saints: Brother and Sister Brown.

Dad attended the Gospel meetings there but he didn’t get saved. When he came home in the spring, he said, “We are going to move to where there is a church.” Well, that was a good start. So we began to sell the property we had—the cows and horses, the hay that was left over from the winter, and whatever else, and began to pay our bills. We came out just

about even—no money left and no property left, but Dad had a couple of horses and one wagon and I had my saddle horse. He said, “We are not stopped yet—we will go.”

Dad hitched up the team and I got on my saddle horse and we started out. At night we would stay along a creek somewhere. We would sleep in the grass and the next day we would go on. It took us sixteen days to go from the hills of Okanogan over to Port Angeles.

But I thank God that is not the best part of the story. The best part is that when I got there they said, “If you will pray and repent of your sins, God will save you and you will know it.” It sounded too good to be true. I thank God I heeded their advice. I was just a little runt but I knew I had sins in my heart. But I got a job in the sawmill with a couple of these brothers. I worked there two months and I saw these people had reality. I watched their lives.

We traveled to Portland, Oregon, for camp meeting, and there in the tabernacle, at those altars I finally heeded their advice, and God saved my soul—and it has been wonderful! I have heard of the “good old days,” but I have never wanted them. I had the good old days before I was fourteen years old, and I don’t want any more of them. I thank God for the Gospel and the way the Lord has taken care of me, and the blessings He has bestowed upon me down through these many years. I cannot tell it all, but I thank God for this old-time religion.

## Mattie House



The first years of my life were spent in the backwoods of Arkansas. My mother and father never went to church, though there was one about a mile down the road. I never heard my parents pray, and when I was eleven years old, sin broke up our home and I was sent to work for my board and keep in different homes. I was always put with elderly people who should have told me about the Lord, but they never seemed concerned. But I'm glad God reaches down to hungry hearts.

I was still only eleven years old when a minister came out from town and cleaned up an old church to hold some revival meetings. He preached the old-time religion. I remember an old gentleman who walked up and down the aisle clapping his hands and praising God for salvation. I never got away from

that. Before that I had heard people talk about joining a church, but this was the first time I heard about salvation. The minister preached that there was a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun.

After the sermon, someone came back and told me that my father had gone to the altar to pray. It seemed to break my heart. I had never seen an altar—I didn't know anything about praying. But I rushed forward and knelt. I don't remember saying anything, but I just gave my heart to the Lord. He did a wonderful work for me! I was truly born again that night.

After that, it wasn't hard for me to be good, to do what I was told. I could live a Christian life at school. My father struggled several years trying to get saved. He had some big restitutions to make. But I saw the time when he was an old, gray-haired man, and he stood up in church and said he was saved.

I joined the church and was a worker for years. In 1914, my husband and I left the farm and moved into Murphysboro, Illinois—and we let the love of God slip out of our lives as the love of the world slipped in.

A little woman came from Portland, Oregon, bringing some Apostolic Faith papers. She would hold meetings, and there I heard about salvation all over again. I went down before the Lord and repented again, and the Lord forgave me. He later sanctified me, and baptized me with the Holy Ghost. I'm so glad I'm in the family of God!

I've never wanted any other way. I had the privilege last winter to visit old friends in the Midwest, and I could tell them of God's continual goodness to me. My husband went to be with the Lord long ago. None of the rest of my people are saved, but I'm determined to see the end of this Christian race. At ninety-two years of age, I can say that my anchor really holds.

## Mabel Dibble



I am glad that the Lord has a people who are faithful in carrying the Gospel into the highways and byways. I thank Him with all my heart that He sent the Gospel my way.

We lived near Sequim, Washington, about twenty miles from Port Angeles, and we heard that the Apostolic Faith people from Portland and Port Angeles were going to hold revival services in the little Indian village of Jamestown, not far from where we lived. My friend and I decided to go.

There I heard men and women tell of victory over sin: how the Lord had taken sin out of their lives and had given them power to live above sin. That was the very thing I needed. I was so ignorant of salvation that I didn't know what it meant. I didn't even know that one could be saved. I had a profession of religion, but I didn't know what it was to live above sin. I was told that no one lived

above sin, but that we sinned in thought, word, and deed constantly. I didn't know how to pray, but I wanted to be right with God.

As I listened to some of the testimonies, God talked to my heart. One afternoon in my own home I repented with godly sorrow, and the Lord saved my soul, and a great change came into my life. He took the very desire for the worldly pleasures out and put peace and joy in my heart. He put something in my heart that has lasted for many years.

My people were living in Alberta, Canada, and I began writing about the marvelous change that had come into my life. One day, as I was writing, I dropped to my knees and told the Lord I was willing to give up everything if He would use me for His glory. That morning the Lord sanctified me—a second definite work of grace.

I had sought the pleasures of the world, the shows, and dances, but they didn't satisfy. I never really enjoyed those things because the Lord would talk to my heart, and I wanted to be right with Him.

My husband saw the change in my life: I had quit card playing and attending Sunday ball games, and I prayed over my food. About two months after I was saved, I persuaded him to attend a camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. We had both been reared in infidelity but the Lord also saved him one night in our tent on the campground. He was awakened from sleep and saw a banner with the words, "Be ye reconciled to God," and realized his lost condition, and cried out to the Lord to save him. We had only three days to attend the camp meeting, but on the last Sunday, the last day of camp meeting, the Lord baptized me with His Holy Spirit.

It was in 1922 that we were saved, and many years ago my husband passed away with real victory. I have weathered many storms, but I have never seen the time I wanted to turn back to the old life.

The Lord gave me the privilege to help in the church office mailing department in my younger days. I am now ninety-two years of age, and have much for which to praise the Lord.





## L. Audrey Wallace

I want to thank God for this wonderful salvation. The first time I ever heard this Gospel was not in a beautiful place or on the street, but I was in a dance hall where I had reveled many a night in sin.

These people had come 180 miles into our community down in southern Oregon just to hold meetings. They secured this hall, cleaned it up, and began to proclaim the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It was good news to that community. They put benches in there and they had a meeting. I attended that meeting with my folks and they enjoyed it and they accepted it, but I went the other way.

After my folks came into the Gospel, they moved a distance of 180 miles where they could be with this people. We boys told the folks to go ahead, but we would never move. God has ways that we cannot see. I'll never cease to thank God that He does answer prayer.

My folks prayed for me and they told me what sin would do for me. I used to shake my head; I thought the world owed me a good time and I thought I would find it. I was a

wayward young man in my younger days. I used to work around construction and in the sawmills and followed that life, far before I was of age. We would go into town and get drunk and do sinful things. My heart demanded reality and I thought sin was the only place to find it. I tell you in that life of sin I suffered, and many nights lying on those old bunks out in the camps I would say, "Surely the Lord has come and I am left to go through the tribulation."

I wasn't brought up that way. I had a godly mother that used to stand at the door when I had started out into a night of sin, and she would plead with me. But I would say, "Mother, the Gospel is all right for you and Dad, but not for me. I will have to seek my pleasures and happiness in the things of the world."

My brother and I came out of the woods to visit the folks after they had moved to Medford. One night we were sitting in the car below the church waiting for my folks to come down and then we would go home. It seemed God let the things of the world fade from me that night and I stood, as it were, right in the presence of God. I said, "God, why can't I have what they have been telling me about?" You know, God spoke to me seemingly in an audible voice; it couldn't be more definite if it had been, and He said, "It all depends on you." Me. I was the one that would have to give in. I had rebelled and gone a long way. A few nights later my brother and I walked up those stairs and sat in that meeting. We were about to go back to the woods, but there we were sitting with our togs—our pants chopped off halfway to our knees and our boots on—we were ready to go. God began to deal with me as I sat in that meeting. I sat way in the back, and I talked to God, and I said to myself and to God, "God, I am going to make the start tonight." I was willing to do anything that night if only He would make Himself real to me. I had a lot hanging over my head, but I wanted God's salvation more than

anything in all the world. As I sat there the testimonies went forth and the minister preached, and all the time I told God, "I am going to make the start tonight."

My brother was sitting by my side, and when they asked for hands for prayer, like they did in those days if you wanted to be prayed for, my hand went up. I wanted prayer, and just the moment I started to raise my hand up, you know that hand felt like it weighed a ton, but I got it up, but my brother went down the steps and out into the night. I said to God, "God, he can't answer for me. I am going to have to answer for myself." When they started the altar call song, I stepped out in the aisle and started for the altar of prayer, and that old song broke loose down in my heart, "Lord, I am coming home. I am coming home." As I prayed at that altar of prayer I told God I would give Him my life if He would just save me and give me the victory. The tobacco habit that I couldn't master and the drink both left and I have never had a desire for them from that day to this.

That's been a long time ago, about fifty-four years, but it is just as real tonight as it was that night I prayed and told God I would give Him my life if He would come and set me free. I can say I have the old-time religion. I had to go back over a lot of things and straighten them up. I had to leave that area over there one time for some stunt I had pulled, but you know I went back and I straightened it up. When God deals with you and you begin to make restitution, oh how good it feels, way down deep!

I haven't had to go on a spree or to a dance hall or a card game from that day to this. I thank God I have been able to stand up and tell the world that Jesus saves. He didn't make a fanatic or a sissy out of me. I used to think: How could I face the young folks I caroused with and tell them that God had saved me? But when God saved me that was the first thing I wanted to do. I have had the privilege of going back into that community where I was brought up, right into the schoolhouse where I received most of my education. There I could tell the boys whom I went to school with, and the older folks, what God had done for me. I thank God for such a mighty Gospel!"

*Leroy Audrey Wallace was born in Moscow, Idaho, on April 15, 1907. The Wallace family later bought land near Lakeview, Oregon, where Audrey attended school until he left home to go to work. He was saved at the Apostolic Faith Church in Medford, Oregon, on January 17, 1929, and received his deeper spiritual experiences that same year. Early in his Christian walk, he felt a call to the ministry, and three years after being saved he preached his first sermon. He was ordained at the 1937 camp meeting. In 1941, he married Lena Ediger and they moved to Portland, Oregon where Audrey went to work full time for the church. Through the years, his responsibilities in the work of the Lord were many and varied. He was in charge of maintenance of the campground, led the first Young People's meetings in Portland, was Sunday school superintendent for sixteen years, and also had charge of all jail, street, and home meetings. In 1965 he went to pastor the church in San Francisco. In later years he also pastored in Los Angeles, Port Angeles, and Honolulu, moving back to Portland in 1982. From 1948 until 1989, he served as a member of the Board of Trustees. He finished his earthly journey at 4:00 p.m. on June 8, 1989.*



## Lena Ediger Wallace

I am so thankful that the Lord saved me when I was just a little girl, but my blessings began long before that. My dad was a prosperous wheat farmer in Kansas, and my parents were very active in Granddad's church. It seemed like everything was going all right, but they knew they were not saved. My mother often said how she longed to move to Oregon. They didn't know much about it, but it was the hand of God. They put the property up for sale, and Dad used to tell us how he was amazed—the prices he got were double to what they should have been. But it was all because God was leading them.

God led our little family from the State of Kansas, which was a miracle. Often we would rehearse that, and it was through a series of miracles that we were brought under the sound of the true Gospel. We moved to the small town of Dallas, Oregon, and a little old saint of God, who lived just a block away from where we settled,

noticed we were a new little family in the neighborhood and she began to pray for us. She invited us to a cottage meeting. There my mother was saved, and such miracles happened. Dad was quite a fighter against the Gospel, but God performed miracles for him and convinced him it was the truth.

I can remember my mother saying how that after she had been saved she was still so hungry for the Lord, and she would tell how she was so marvelously sanctified. That is the kind of heritage I had.

My parents had been led by the Lord and found the truth of the Gospel, so it was instilled in our young hearts. We had an old-fashioned, happy, peaceful, Christian home with lots of love. There were five girls and one little boy and my mother and father. In the morning we worshipped God together, and in the evening, too. A half or three quarters of an hour before bedtime we would be called into the house, and Father or Mother would read something from the Bible and then we would all kneel down and pray together.

God dealt with my heart very early in life, and I felt strongly the need of asking God to forgive me so that I would have peace in my heart. One day I went to our playroom alone, and prayed, and God saved me and made a real change in my heart. I'm so thankful that in my young years I gave my heart to God. It was so wonderful that as a child I felt the call of God, and He gave me those wonderful deeper experiences in my youth, and it has kept me through the years. I thank God for the many times I have proved Him in my own life from that time on.

There was a piano in the parlor, and we all played a little as we grew up, but I especially loved music very much. I started out by playing the music I heard, which was mostly hymns. I begged for lessons, so my parents let me take from a neighbor girl. For years when I was at home, after the dishes were done in the evening, I would go to the parlor and close the door, and sit at the piano in the dark or with my eyes closed and play hymns, meditate on the words, and the tears would roll from my eyes. I would go to the window and look up to the stars, and I couldn't have been nearer to Heaven.

Each day when I would come home from school I would go to our playroom and read from the Bible and pray. When I would be out playing with the children in the neighborhood, and that longing

and hunger for the Lord would come to my heart, I would slip away to pray. In this way I kept close to God, and when I did grieve Him in any way, I immediately made it right.

A few days ago I drove by our old home place, where God saved me when just a child in our little playroom. I can take you to the very spot, also to many places where God would come down and reveal Himself to me. As a child I would have many fears, and would wake my mother at night. Together we would pray and God would lift the burden and I would know I was in touch with Heaven. I'm thankful the Lord inclined my heart to seek Him. I am grateful for Godly parents who prayed that their children might be saved, and how it paid off! There is nothing so important to me as to know I'm ready to meet God.

For many years I have had the privilege of giving my talent to God in the service of music. I ask the Lord continually to bless my effort—every note I play, that it might be a blessing to souls for eternity. I have never regretted one moment that I have been a Christian. I love the service of the Lord. He has done such wonderful things for me. He has kept me living a Christian life from childhood, through my school days and on throughout the years. I have proved Him in hard places, and I know He can keep a young person living true to Him.

The Lord's service has been my joy and delight, and nothing can take the place of it. As we see the storm clouds gathering throughout the world, I can say that I know my anchor holds. I want to be faithful in the service of my Lord to the end of this Christian race.

# Fred Dickey

I have not forgotten the rainy winter's night in this dear old city of Portland, when I heard the Master's voice.

I wish I had words to tell what God has done for me. For years I gave the very best of my days to sin and the world. I wondered for nearly forty years, from coast to coast, from city to city, working with the mechanics and in the steel mills.

I loved my home and I loved my family. I would rather sit by my own fireside than go to the lodge or any place else. But sin had taken my home. I didn't have a friend left. I had no hope, no aim in life.

I left Fort Morgan, Colorado, where I had been working with the pipe and steam fitters, and landed here in the nighttime, brokenhearted and homeless. I had an old suitcase with about half a bottle of whiskey in it and a few old clothes. I got a room in a cheap lodging house, and stayed around the north end of town for four or five days.

Long before I had given up any hope of ever reaching Heaven. But God had something for me here. I walked down the street that rainy winter's night and lit my old crooked-stemmed pipe, and then I heard something! Above the noise of the streetcars and the saloon crowds, I caught just a few words from an Apostolic Faith street meeting about half a block away.

It was dark. I was in darkness—it was dark for me even in the daytime! I stopped there to listen just for a moment. Something else happened! The Lord was beside me. God reached my heart, softened it up. Tears were streaming down my face; and from Heaven I heard another voice speaking—the voice of the Shepherd who had been trying to call this wretched man all those years.

I had an old Bible I had bought when I was about sixteen years old, and had carried for twenty-five years. I knew it was true. But there was one thing in it that I didn't understand. I read in there that a light brighter than the noonday sun had shone around Paul when he was on his way to Damascus, and I wondered how a light could be brighter than the noonday sun. The Lord answered that question when I stopped and listened that night. He shut off the city of Portland, and a light shone around me brighter than the noonday sun. The first thing I remember saying was, "Oh, now I know what happened to the Apostle Paul!" I don't know what the people thought who were on the sidewalk near me that night.

I don't know how I got into the Apostolic Faith church. I was a stranger—didn't know the city. I had never read their literature; I did not know anything about them. But the Lord saw that I got into their meeting, and at the close of that service I found myself going to the altar.

They had a wooden bench where sinners could kneel down and straighten things up with God. They didn't know who I was. I looked just like an old tramp—didn't even take my overcoat off. These faithful people gathered around and they prayed for me. They cast the demons out. I can tell you the Heavens opened, and I cried for mercy; and God gave me mercy.

He changed my countenance. They didn't have to ask me whether I was saved or not. Why, all you have to do is to take a look at a man to know if he is saved! I was throwing the old pipe away, and the tobacco sack half full of tobacco. Somebody said, "Praise God, Brother, you are saved!" They could feel something; it was the Spirit of God.

I didn't know what they were talking about. It was a big question to me; it meant eternal Hell or eternal Heaven. I didn't want to say anything. I thought it was Heaven I had gotten into, and I didn't want it to vanish. I didn't want to go back into that howling wilderness of sin that I had come out of. I said, "I want to be sure," and took my hat and went out into the night.

Over in that little dingy room where I had a ten-cent bed and a few old clothes, I found out something. God had changed my heart! I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. The city of Portland looked like a new city, as though someone had painted it.

Was that yesterday? Was it a few days ago? No! That was more than thirty-six years ago. I am a witness that God can save a man and keep him. It would take me a long time to tell all God has done for me; but I can say that He brought my family back, and He put the luster back into my eyes. I have never had to strive against sin anymore, and those appetites have never come back. I haven't tasted tobacco, haven't taken a drink of whiskey, in all those years. I went back to work and proved the old-time religion on the job.

It is good to serve the Lord!

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