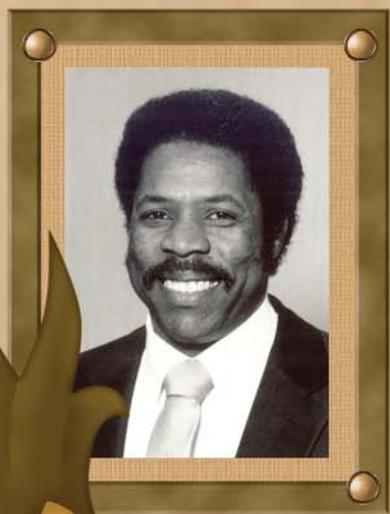


Volume 3



Gospel Pioneers



Gospel Pioneers

of the

Apostolic Faith Organization

Volume 3

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Cliff Baltzell

From the days of my childhood, God has protected me and faithfully guided my footsteps. As a young boy, I thought that I could find reality in the pleasures of this world. Before reaching my teens I was playing with a band in Northern Iowa where we lived. I traveled with the band to out-of-town places, playing for celebrations, a dance, and participated in other worldly affairs. But while taking part in all these things, I often felt heavyhearted and wondered why I could not be happy. However, I had good reason to be grateful that I was still alive.

When only eight months old, I was stricken with a serious affliction that brought great concern to my parents. I began having convulsions, and as I grew older the seizures were more frequent and more serious. However, I lived a normal life, participated in school activities, played my horn, and attended church and Sunday school. At thirteen years of age, I was taken by my father to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, for a physical examination. On returning home, I began taking thirty doses of medicine a week. Life then became more of a burden to me.

The following year, I was sent to visit my grandparents who lived in a little log cabin near the Black Hills of Wyoming. After each meal the Bible was read, and everyone present knelt to pray. This deeply impressed me. I wanted God in my heart and life. I needed Him! A cousin, who was also visiting there, said he had read in one of the first Apostolic Faith papers ever published about the great outpouring of the Spirit of God in 1906. At that time many people were being saved, sanctified, and baptized with the Holy Ghost, and others were being healed. He said that he had received these experiences himself. I was interested in all I heard. God was talking to my heart and drawing me nearer to Him.

One night I was asked to read the Bible before we prayed. I opened to the 24th Psalm and read it aloud. Right then and there, God convicted me through His Word. I knew I was a sinner and would go to Hell unless I got right with the Lord. I asked for special prayer as we dropped to our knees. I cried to God for mercy, asking Him to forgive me of my sins. He forgave me, and He saved me. The joy of Heaven sprang up in my soul and I exclaimed, "The whole world will believe when they see what God has done for me." I felt I wanted to tell the story of God's saving grace the rest of my life. And I have done so to this day.

The Lord not only saved me, He also sanctified me, and then baptized me with the Holy Ghost all that same night. I walked the floor praising Him in a language I did not know. What I had received from the Lord gave me a good spiritual foundation, and from that time on I began living a new life. I became a happy teenage boy and enjoyed pleasures I had never known before.

My health began to improve, too, as soon as I was saved, and I took no more medicine. I knew that as I waited and trusted God, He would heal me. And He did! He completely delivered me from those seizures.

I longed to be where I could worship with God's people, and the Lord saw that longing in my heart. One day a copy of an Apostolic Faith paper, published at the headquarters in Portland, Oregon, was given us. How happy we were to locate the people who believed the Gospel in its fullness as we did!

Step by step God led us into the way He had planned for us. After a severe winter in Wyoming, when the temperature dropped to 45 degrees below zero, our family decided to move to Portland, Oregon. Before we began the journey West, my consecration was: "I am going to Portland to serve the Lord with all my heart." I had a purpose in my heart to secure a job and be in every Gospel meeting.

Little did I know that the job awaiting me would be in the Apostolic Faith printing plant. But that is where I was given the opportunity to work, and I am still there almost sixty years later. It is the joy of my heart to help print and send out the same Good News that we received so many years ago.

God has given me one joy after another in His service. I have played my horn in the church orchestra for more than 55 years and also sing God's praises in the choir.

The Lord gave me good health all through the years; but not long ago, I had a problem with my heart. It was quivering and palpitating at a rapid rate. After this condition had continued for some time, I thought: "I cannot live like this." But there was not a tremor in my soul. I was happy to think that I might soon be with the Lord in whom I had put my trust. However, after the ministers anointed me with oil, and prayed for me according to God's Word, He healed me. Now I can serve Him with a well, strong heart.

I can truly say that when I found the Gospel, I found reality, happiness and many side benefits.



Annie Giselman

I surely praise God for this wonderful Gospel. I was one who grew up without God and without hope, but I thank Him for the day He transformed my life from darkness into the light of this glorious Gospel!

My father was a Catholic, and I was taught the catechism and loved to hear the stories of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and Daniel. My mother didn't believe in God. When she was eleven years old her mother died, and in bitterness and disappointment she became an infidel—a hard woman—and therefore she taught me to be an infidel. When I would come to her wanting to know about Jesus, she would push me away, saying, “Religion is only a fable, a superstition. There is no God and no hereafter.”

How my heart would sink many times, and I would be so sad but would think, “Mother knows!” She always told me that a good name was all that counted, and her teachings took root in my heart, and I grew up without God and without hope. But how I thank God that He had mercy on one like me!

When we came to this country, we settled on the prairies of Western Canada. My father disappeared and my mother lost everything she had, adding to her bitterness. With all her earthly possessions in a suitcase, she started for Portland, Oregon. She was a nurse, and came here to help in the flu epidemic of 1918. She knew she was a defeated woman and went hither and yon looking for reality.

When caring for a Bohemian woman here in Portland, she met someone who invited her to the Apostolic Faith Church. The first sermon she heard was from the text, “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest” (Matthew 11:28). She grasped at that as a drowning man grasps a straw. She went to the altar of prayer and was wonderfully saved.

I was married at that time and still lived in Western Canada. One day I received a letter from my mother, who told me she was saved and that God had changed her heart.

She said she had found God to be real and begged me to forgive her for the way she had brought me up. She wanted me to seek the Lord, but I answered, “Mother, I'm glad you are happy at last, but I cannot believe it.” Then mother prayed for me, and the founder of the Apostolic Faith church told her, “We will pray that the Lord will bring your daughter here.” That is just what He did!

One day, in His own mysterious way, God brought me from Alberta, Canada to Portland, Oregon, among His people. Somehow the Spirit of God moved upon my soul. I hungered to know God, but my heart was so filled with doubt, I couldn't believe. I went to the church and sat in the back and listened to the testimonies of some of those who had been delivered from deep sin. I was insulted that my mother wanted to class me with them. She answered, “You know, we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God. You must be born again.”

It was the mercy of God that His Spirit moved upon my heart and awakened a desire within me to know God. I couldn't help myself; I was compelled to seek God. But unbelief and doubt were so rooted in my heart that it was like battling against a stone wall. I wondered if there was a God in Heaven after all. For months I struggled with that unbelief. Finally in desperation I cried out to God, “Make a Christian of me. Make Yourself so real to me that I will know there is a God in Heaven, and I will give You my life and serve You. God, I believe; help my unbelief!”

On my way home one night from the church service, at about 11:00 o'clock, the Heavens opened. God saved my soul, and I was born again! For days I went around saying, "It's all true! It's all real!" Before that, how I hungered and thirsted for five solid months trying to battle against the powers of unbelief that had me bound and shackled. But that night God came to my rescue and set my captive soul at liberty. He saved my soul and numbered me among the redeemed of the Lord. He put such peace and joy in my heart. Oh, the glory of God that flooded my soul! I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. He blotted out my sins and made me a believer in a moment of time. I could never doubt again.

The next day I thanked Jesus for the meal I ate. I had kept a Bible in my trunk for years. Sometimes I would take it out and try to read it, but it was all closed to my mind; I couldn't see anything in it and got nothing out of it. But after God saved my soul, I took that Bible out of the trunk and started reading it to my three little children. From the day that God saved my soul it became an open Book, and I believed it from cover to cover. Today my children are grown and serving the Lord with me in this Gospel.

There have been trials and persecutions through the years, but the Lord has always been my help and stay. It has been worth it all. I have been in this glorious Gospel for forty-eight years, and am pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus, looking to Him as the Author and Finisher of my faith.

The Lord sanctified me wholly – a second, definite work of grace. Then He baptized me with the mighty Holy Ghost and fire. I praise Him for that peace and joy in my heart, and I am determined to see the end of this Christian race.



Lloyd C. Ashwell

Many years ago my parents received a Gospel paper back in the state of Virginia, and through reading that paper they came into contact with the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon.

We continued receiving these papers, and I shall never forget how the Spirit of the Lord came down and blessed us as we read them. The Lord revealed to us that He had a group of people in Portland, Oregon who were preaching the whole Word of God and were living it.

I well remember the day my mother was saved there on the farm in Virginia. She had been praying, and came into the house with her face shining like an angel. She told me the Lord had saved her. Although I was only a child, I was mightily impressed.

At that time my father was suffering with cancer and doctors had not been able to help him. An Apostolic Faith paper arrived at the same time, and it said they prayed for the sick.

My mother said, "Let's send out there and have those people pray for you." He said, "I've heard that stuff all my life. I don't believe it." He continued to grow worse and thought his life was coming to an end. Finally he said, "Go ahead and write. If it doesn't do any good it won't do any harm."

My mother wrote the letter and about six days later—in those days it took about six days for a letter to get to Portland from Virginia—when they prayed in Portland, the Lord instantly healed my father. He said, "We've got to go out there to see those people." He sold the farm and we came to Portland.

Although I knew that God was real and the most important thing in life was being right with Him, I still had a love for the things of the world in my heart and couldn't seem to surrender my life to God. I ran away from that good home, thinking surely the things of this world would satisfy. For a number of years I spent my time in the frivolous pleasures of the world. In time, I was deep in sin and felt I didn't have a good thing left in my life. I often wished I had never been born. I wanted to get rid of my sin but wondered if God would still save me.

One wonderful night, at the downtown church at Sixth and Burnside Street, I surrendered my life unconditionally to God and He marvelously saved me. I shall never forget the glorious peace and happiness that flooded my soul! It was the greatest night of my life. For days and days, I seemed to be in a different world. The birds, the flowers, the clouds all seemed to rejoice with me, and in my heart was the love of God. All desire for sin was gone, and I had victory. About a year after I was saved, as I was praying one morning, God laid it upon my heart to volunteer for work in the church printing plant. I worked there until I was called into the army during World War II. I was in the service for almost five years—from buck private to master sergeant. There in the barracks, with gambling, drinking, and sin of every kind around me, God kept me with victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil. The officers and men I served with knew I lived a Christian life.

I am one serviceman who thanks God for that True Comrade. I find Him real and true in my life;

something I feel every day. If it wasn't for that Comrade, I don't know where I would be these days. I know one thing; I would be down in the depths of sin. As it is, today I have a life of victory. I can say that the song, "This World is Not My Home," is my testimony. I do not feel at home in this world anymore. I thank God that I have a hope of Heaven down in my heart that I didn't have for years.

For the years I spent in the service of my country, I have proved the keeping power of God. I have been stationed up and down the Coast. Part of my time was served at the Presidio in San Francisco, where sin was on every hand in that large city. If there had been any desire in my heart for sin, I would certainly have gone after it. Everything that the old world has to offer is right there in that city. I am thankful to God that you would never find me in those places of sin. Instead, down on Market Street there was an Apostolic Faith Church where I would go to worship with the saints of God. There is where I loved to be.

I have never appreciated this Gospel more in my life since I have been in the Army. I know the power of God just keeps me there, and when things don't go exactly right, I feel the hand and power of God holding me steady.

It does my heart good to hear requests for prayer coming into the church from the men in the service of our country. I thank God a few of them are getting stirred up. I know what it is to live in the barracks among the young men in the Army; and I know God can keep you living a Christian life anywhere. Surely I appreciate what God has done for me.

After returning home from the service I was given the privilege again to work as a linotype operator in the Apostolic Faith publishing house. These days the joy of my heart is to see the true Gospel going forth in literature that will bless the people of all nations.

After God saved my soul, the greatest thrill I ever had was when I realized I had that treasure in my soul—the thing I had wanted all my life. Thank God I still have it. I've got those wonderful memories that I will keep until Jesus takes me Home. I praise Him with all my heart.



Marie Norberg

There were five of us children, and my mother died when I was just nine years old. My dad was disabled and couldn't care for us, so we were raised by other people. I missed my mother's teaching; she would gather us around her knees to read and pray with us.

When I was fourteen, the opportunity came to go to a Bible school. After confirmation, we went to communion. That was the first time I talked to the Lord in prayer, and He spoke to me so plainly, "You are not ready to take communion." I said, "Lord, I know I am not ready, but what am I going to do? I have to go with the class." A Voice came back to me, "Pray to your mother's God." I did pray to my mother's God, and earnestly. I told the Lord that I was just an orphan, and nobody cared what happened to me. He spoke right back, "Don't worry, I will be with you all the days of your life."

For some time I lived a Christian life by myself. But eventually I quit praying, because there was no time. I didn't realize that I had backslidden. My fiancé moved to America and I joined him. I became lonesome for Sweden and cried myself to sleep many times. A friend told me to come to Portland, Oregon because it was just like Northern Sweden. I found it was true. My fiancé and I married in 1907. We joined clubs and went to dances and shows, never thinking about the Lord.

Then one day my husband had a heart attack, and the Lord spoke to me—He talked, and I knew it! He said, "Yes, your husband may die, but where will his soul go? He is not saved." That was the first time in years that I had thought about eternity. I just cried and cried and finally said to the Lord, "Please, don't let him die. Let him come back home." He had his own sawmill so he was at camp. I thought if he could just make it home, I could get him to go to the Apostolic Faith church with me.

I told my friend, Hartvig, that when I said goodbye to my husband that week he said, "You may not see me again." Hartvig said to me, "Why don't you try the Great Physician? He never fails." I didn't know what he meant, because I had never heard of divine healing. I said, "There have been so many doctors, but they have all failed." He said, "The Great Physician, Jesus, never fails!"

That week I went to the Apostolic Faith Church. I was going to find out for myself. I tried to listen to the sermon but all I heard was, "You are a sinner. You have no business here. This is for God's people. Get out of here." I thought, It's the Lord talking to me. He knows me all right and I have no business here. I could see their faces, how happy they were and how wonderful they looked; inside me was a tiger! I thought, what am I going to do? Get up and run out? It looks awful to run out from a sermon. When the meeting was over and they rose to sing, I beat it for the stairway.

I went home and said to myself, "I will never go back there again." I was under conviction and the enemy was fighting. That night I must have said ten times, "I'll never go back!" That went on for a couple of days until finally I said, "Well, maybe I had better go back once more." I was so upset and that Voice haunted me so, I just had to go back once more. I got peace after I said I would go back, and I went that very night. I sat down and a voice started telling me I had no business there. I was under such terrible conviction, but I didn't know what was ailing me, I was in such an uproar.

Just as I was going to go down the steps, Sister Shelly reached out her hand to me and grasped it. I don't think I have ever seen such a sweet face. I thought, oh, she looks like an angel! She said, "How did you like the sermon?" I said, "I didn't like it." She said, "You didn't? What was the trouble?" I told her what I had heard all through the meeting. She stood there smiling at me, and then she said, "But you have not listened to the Voice of the Lord; you have listened to the voice of the enemy." I said, "Does he talk like that? He was accusing me for coming here, saying I had no business coming. 'This is for God's people and I am a sinner.'" She said, "Yes, that's the way he talks. He has a Bible under his arm sometimes. The Lord says, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' and, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow.'" Then she asked, "Will you go up to the altar?" I said, "You don't know what a terrible sinner I am. The Lord won't have any use for me, so there's no use for me to go to the altar." She said, "Oh, but the Lord brought you here, and wants to save you. You didn't come by yourself." I hesitated, so she said, "Have you ever read the Bible?" I said, "Yes, when I was 14 I was confirmed, but since then, I haven't read the Bible." She assured me that the Bible was God's Word. Then she said, "Now may we go to the altar?" I told her I would defile that altar because I ran away from the Lord after I once knew Him. She said, "But He calls you again, and now He wants to save you."

I told her I felt so unworthy. She said, "Well, let's kneel right here. The Lord will meet an honest heart anywhere, and you have an honest heart. You can see yourself a sinner! God can do something for you where He can't do anything for anybody that comes so self-righteously that they don't feel they need the Lord." She started to pray for me such prayers I had never heard. She poured out her heart and soul for me—a stranger! I couldn't understand how anyone could show such wonderful love for just a stranger. She kept praying for me until I said, "Don't pray for me like that. God can't have mercy on me." Then she quoted some Scriptures and asked me if I believed it was God's Word. I said, "Yes, of course, I believe," and the minute I said, "Yes, I believe" and really meant it, it seemed Heaven opened and I was flooded with such joy, that it thrills me all over to think about it!

That night when I went home I was so happy, and it seemed like I didn't walk on the street—I was in the air. I was up and down several times that night. I was so afraid that I would lose it and it wouldn't be natural when I woke up in the morning. But it was natural! When my husband came home, I was reading the Bible. He looked at me and said, "Well, I don't think you are reading the right thing. Many have lost their mind over that." I got up, walked over to him and said, "John, I wish I had been as sane all my life as I am tonight." After he was saved, he said, "You didn't have to tell me you were saved that night. I saw it. That look on your face had never been there before." But the enemy was fighting: I couldn't convince him to be saved. I said to him, "If you would go down to the Apostolic Faith and have the ministers pray for you, God would deliver you," but he wouldn't go.

I had put in a prayer request for him to be saved and healed. The next Sunday we listened to the radio broadcast. When they started to pray he was lying down, and he raised up and said, "Did you request prayer for me?" I answered, "What makes you think so?" He said, "I don't know, but a different feeling went through my heart. My side has ached all morning, and it doesn't ache any more. It is a warm feeling going through me." I just praised the Lord! I knew right away that God had healed him. He said, "I will go to church tonight."

He went back to the logging camp, and the following Sunday he went to the Apostolic Faith church with me again. On Sunday night, he raised his hand for prayer. I couldn't believe my eyes. Somebody came and got him and he went just like a lamb to the altar. I went too and prayed next to Sister Shelly and told her that my husband was praying. When he got saved, he got up from the altar and looked for me. Sister Shelly and I both got up and walked over to him. He was so happy and so joyful that you would think he had been an Apostolic all of his life. It was all joy! It surely was wonderful!

Later, the Lord sanctified me when I reconciled with my brother and filled me with the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Lord is good!

Arthur G. Allen



It was in 1917 that my aunt left the Portland camp meeting to go to eastern Oregon to tell our family of the wonderful things that God was doing. At that time, my father was already a Christian, but my mother was not.

As to my father's conversion, he would often tell how in the darkest hour of his life he happened to walk past a little country church just as they were singing the invitation song. The people were going forward to pray and when he walked into the church he went forward too. As he prayed, the minister held out to him this promise out of the Bible, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon" (Isaiah 55:7). His past life came before him and he realized what a lost sinner he was. He promised he would straighten out the crooked places in his life if God would but lift the load of sin that weighed

him down. My father said, "As quick as you could snap your finger, I knew my sins were gone." He had no more desire for cigarettes and liquor; even his language changed.

My mother had an experience with the Lord, but she had drifted away from Him. She was again hungering for reality when that news came from Portland. My parents decided to go and see for themselves.

I was just a little boy when our family came into Union Station by train on October 29, 1917 and was met by a group of people from the church. Those people showed us love that I feel to this day. After attending a few services, my mother again felt the joys of salvation. My parents were so overjoyed to find the people of God that they never went back to live on that farm. My mother felt like Peter when he told Jesus: "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life" (John 6:68).

So it was my privilege to be brought up in the church right here in Portland. Year after year I heard testimonies in the services of people from all walks of life who had been transformed by the Blood of Jesus. My parents lived the Gospel of Jesus Christ before me every day. I was taught to read the Bible and to pray. Talk about a wonderful heritage! I had the best.

I knew what the Word of God said but I rebelled against it in my teen years. His mercy has been great in my behalf, because I spurned the love of God. For many years I attended church and heard the blessed Word of God go forth. It used to strike conviction to my soul. I would only pitch it over my shoulder and say, "Someday I want to be a Christian. Some day before I pass out of this world I am going to give my life to God." One night as I was traveling down a busy street on a bicycle when I should have been in church, catastrophe came my way and I nearly lost my opportunity to seek God. I was hit by an automobile and laid there unconscious. My brother picked me up and with my head in his lap as he sat on the curb, he prayed, "Lord, if you save my brother's life, I'll serve You to my dying day." He had, so far, rejected the Lord also.

My brother stood by his word and went to church and knelt at the altar in true repentance. God saved him and he lived a Christian life before me. That struck real conviction to my heart because I knew how he had lived before. On a Sunday morning in January, 1931 I got honest with the Lord.

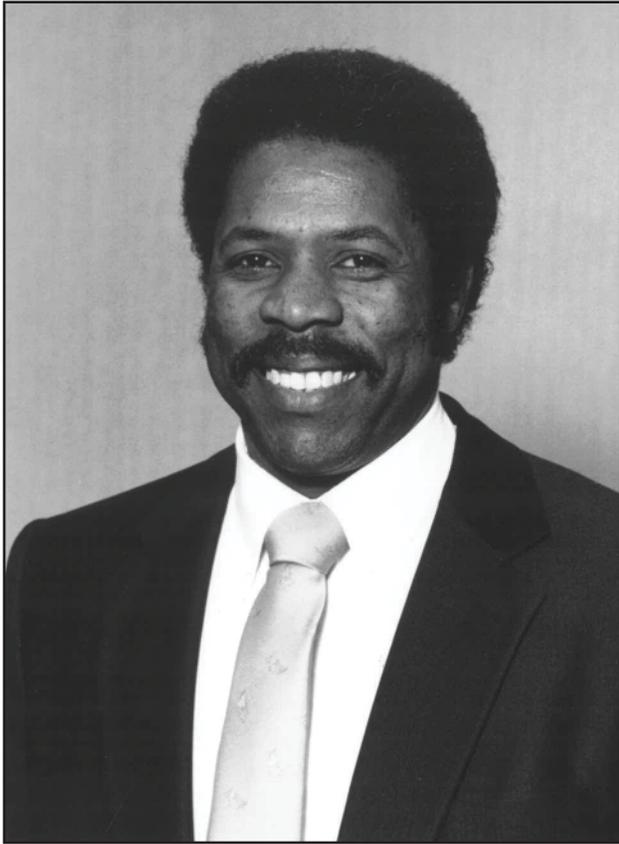
After a few minutes of earnest prayer the change came into my life also. The lying and stealing that I knew were wrong, but that I was obsessed with, were gone. The turmoil and misery that came with Holy Ghost conviction went out of my life. God gave me a deep settled peace. I have had many years of victory in my life, not victory over myself but victory over sin through the mercy and grace of God.

The Lord has often answered prayer for us and undertaken in serious cases. God has healed my body many times. As a child I contracted spinal meningitis. My body was all twisted out of shape with repeated convulsions. Little hope was held out for me or that I would be in my right mind if I did live. The ministers were called to my bedside and I was anointed with oil according to the fifth chapter of James. God healed me completely. He has protected my life through four heart attacks and even spared me from death when the Lord made me stop just before a tree fell in front of me.

Some prayers have been answered in an instant of time. Once our son, as an infant, was suddenly unable to breathe. There was no time to go for help, but I fervently called upon the Lord. He was there! He answered right away and our baby started breathing again.

I thank God for the privilege I have had to go out and work for the Lord. It has been on my heart many months to work for the Lord. I didn't dream it would ever be possible, but God has made it possible. I desire your prayers. We are leaving Friday (February, 1953) to board ship and go to Japan. We don't know where our destination will be, but we know many souls will hear the Gospel and that many souls will be saved from sin.

I am thankful for the part I have in the service of the Lord and the privileges He has given me to see souls saved. Most of all, I thank God for the hope of eternal life in Heaven. How wonderful it is going to be to get out of this sin-cursed world and to worship the Lord in Glory! My purpose is to make Heaven my home.



Nick Segres

God's power can rescue a preacher's son who goes bad. I know, because that is what happened to me! My parents reared me in a Christian home, and carefully taught me the right way to go. The Bible was an open book in our home, and attendance at Sunday school and church was required. However, somehow I turned away from God's call to my heart.

Growing into my teen-age years, I began acquiring bad habits. Drinking, smoking, stealing, and gambling all became a part of my life. Though I hardened my heart, I still had no doubt that God was real. He proved that to me one night in an unmistakable way. I had my mind made up to attend a dance that evening, but to get there I had to walk past the church where special revival services were being held. As I came near the church building, I could hear people inside singing. God laid it on my heart that I should go in, but I went on down the road. I looked up at the sky and told God, "If You want me to go to church tonight, let that star

fall." I raised my hand and pointed to a bright star. As I brought down my hand, that star fell! At that moment I knew God was real, and that He had heard my prayer. Fear struck my heart, and I turned around and started back toward the church. The devil wasn't going to let me go that easily, though, and some friends drove by on their way to the dance. When they stopped and invited me to go with them, I didn't have the courage to tell them no. I went to the dance.

God still dealt with me. I spent some time in the military. Then, after receiving my discharge, I rented an apartment in a neighboring city. Living by myself, I was my own boss at last. I could do my own thing and live like I wanted to. I made new friends. Evenings and weekends we spent having a good time—at least, that is what we called it. I would stay up all night, getting back early in the morning with just enough time to change clothes and go to work. Soon I became involved in stealing. At the plant where I was a shipping clerk, I could get things out the door without anyone's noticing. Oh, how far I had drifted from my Christian training!

Thank God for His faithfulness. He brought me up short one day, and made me realize that I was taking a chance with eternity. One Friday afternoon, a friend and I decided to work on his car. A lightening storm was coming up, but we pushed the car under a tree to keep the rain off us, and raised the hood against a clothesline connected to the tree. I was squatting against the tree trying to stay dry when the mechanic with us said he needed a flashlight. The nearest store was a mile down the road, but I decided to go.

Just as I was almost back to the car, lightning hit. The current raced down the tree to the clothesline and across to the car. My friend was leaning on the car—where I had been just a short time earlier—and he fell to the ground, unconscious. In panic, we picked him up and rushed him to the other car. Heading for the hospital, I crouched in the back seat and gave him artificial respiration, trying to keep him alive.

The nightmare wasn't over yet. We were driving fast through the pouring rain, and water was accumulating on the highway. Suddenly, the car went into a spin. As we slid around, the back door flew

open and the man lying on the seat started to slide out. I reached to grab him, and then I was falling too. Somehow, I caught the handle of the door and managed to hold us both in as the car spun crazily in circles. When we were finally righted on the road, we went on to the hospital. But we were too late; my friend died.

As I went home that night, God talked to me. He asked, "If it had been you, where would your soul spend eternity?" I knew the answer. Something had to be done about my soul. The church people were away at a convention in Century, Florida, but as soon as they came back, I was in church. When the meeting was over, I prayed. I repented of all the sins I had committed, and I asked forgiveness for turning my back on God for so long. He didn't reject me the way I had Him. He saved me! What peace and joy came into my heart.

The Lord gave me the wonderful second experience of sanctification, and later He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. Since then, I have been living on the victory side. Sometimes it is on the mountain and sometimes in the valley, but it is triumph wherever! How thankful I am to be a child of the King.



Alta L. Bolte

(Written by Elma P Nelson, daughter)

My mother, Alta, was born October 9, 1903 in Santa Monica, California. Her father loved to travel and they lived in California, Iowa, and Montana, during her growing-up-years.

During her younger years, my mother's family homesteaded in Montana with her parents and other members of her family. During WWI, her three brothers enlisted in the Army. Because the family farmed in northern Montana in the Havre area tending the homestead there, it left the work of farming to the five girls in the family.

While living in Montana, my mother was influenced by a neighbor lady who gave her and her sisters some Christian cards with Scripture on them and talked about the Lord Jesus. My mother began reading those Scriptures and the Bible and believing in Jesus.

One night she had an awful earache, so she knelt on her knees by her bed and prayed, and Jesus took the pain away and she felt something good had happened in her heart.

She met her future husband in Montana while he was visiting his sister there. My mother and dad were married in Missoula, Montana, in July of 1922. A lady that the family met encouraged them to go to Washington to make their home out West. My dad left the farm in Richardton, North Dakota, and they traveled to Spokane, Washington. Soon after that, they found a place in the town of Puyallup and made it their home. My mother's parents and three of her sisters also came to Puyallup to live.

The first child, Leona, was born March 3, 1924, and later, their family was blessed with six other children. However, before the first child came, my mother sought a place to worship the Lord. She went to several places of worship and compared the doctrines to the Word of God and decided each was not the true Gospel.

Someone invited them to a cottage meeting in the home of Brother and Sister Modrall and their two unmarried daughters Dorothy and Thelma. My mother, her mother, and her three sisters, Fern, Delphia, and Margaret began going to the meetings there in the home. The third time my mother attended she prayed and was saved on September 9, 1923. She has told me that the feeling she had as a girl (with an earache) was the same feeling that day she was saved at the Modrall's home.

Down through the years, Dad would take her to church with the children, but he did not yield from his smoking or attend church himself. In due time all seven of the children prayed and were saved. Prayer for my dad was not in vain, for he came forward at the Apostolic Faith Church at 13th and J Street in Tacoma in the 1950's, and the Lord saved him also.

The Lord healed my mother of a heart condition at the time she was saved, and she was a firm believer in divine healing, raising all seven of her children without medicine.

In 1973 her only son, Frederick V. Bolte, passed away, and my mother was grief-stricken and never got over the sorrow of losing him. In May of 1976, she passed away and was still a staunch believer and follower of the Christ she loved.



Rose (Marvin) Haggren

My heart is so full of joy and praise when I think of how God brought our family into this Gospel. We were living in Mist, Oregon, when somebody came and told us about the Apostolic Faith people here in Portland, Oregon. They told how the Lord was pouring out His Spirit and was doing such wonderful things. My dad said to my grandmother, "We will have to go up to Portland and investigate for ourselves." They did, and they were so overjoyed to think that the Lord let them hear the Gospel.

One day my father had just finished praying, and as he was getting up from kneeling, when one of the brothers came and tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Brother Marvin, can you take some bad news?" My father was so full of praise and thanksgiving to God after praying, he said, "I believe I can take anything." He told my father, "Brother Marvin, your house has burned down, but your family is all saved." My father's answer was, "Blessed be the name of

the Lord. He giveth and he taketh away. Bless His holy name."

We had a large farm, and the next year, 1909, we sold out and moved to Portland. We were so overjoyed that the Lord brought us into the Gospel. God saved my soul when I was just a small child, and kept me through my school days and in the business world.

I am so thankful that the Lord saved my parents, my grandparents, and many of my relatives who have made the Goal through hearing this Gospel preached in its fullness. I love the standard because it is according to the Word of God.

He has been our Physician. When we were small—there were five children—we would run to mother and say, "Mother, I'm sick." She would get the little bottle of anointing oil that had been prayed over by the ministry, would get down on her knees after anointing us with the oil, and would pray and God would heal us. Mother was a real prayer warrior and loved the Lord unto the day He called her Home to her reward.

I thank God for the privileges I have had in the Gospel. I played a clarinet in the orchestra in Portland for about fifty-six years. For about twenty-three years, I have had the privilege of working in the mailing department of the Apostolic Faith headquarters office—helping to send out the Good News to others throughout the world that they, too, may hear and find the joy and peace I have experienced these many years.



Andrew Haggren

I was four years old when our family came from Finland and settled in the small seaport town of Astoria, Oregon. A short time later, my father came home and said he had heard an Apostolic Faith street meeting, and he believed they were people of God.

When I was nineteen years of age, I gave my heart to the Lord and lived a Christian life for a time. But through discouragement, I lost that victory. Instead of believing the promises of God, I believed the devil when he came around and planted doubts in my mind.

For six years I went the ways of the world. We had moved to Portland, and I spent my time trying to find some enjoyment around pool halls, theaters, dance halls, and bootleg joints. I can't say I was happy. How could I be when I knew that Hell was awaiting me at the end of that kind of life?

One Saturday night I planned to go to a dance. Earlier in the evening I had gone to a bootleg joint for a few drinks, and I had also been drinking earlier in the day. So before going to the dance, I stopped at a one-man cafe for a cup of coffee.

I remember leaving the cafe and stepping into a taxicab. Then I knew nothing more until I found myself struggling to climb a slippery, moss-covered piling in the Willamette River. The shock of the cold water had revived me momentarily. I realized I could not climb the piling, and it came to me that on the other side of the river I could climb up the rocky bank. Without hesitation, I let go of the piling, intending to swim across the river. But I blacked out again. I don't know how long I was in the water. The next thing I knew, I heard a voice calling out of the dark, "Grab the rope!" I couldn't see anyone, but I felt the rope fall into my hands. I must have been floating on my back.

A tugboat had been heading up the river, playing its light from side to side, and the crew had seen me! After they had pulled me aboard, someone said: "You are one lucky guy!" I knew it was more than luck. God had spared my life, and I thanked Him for it. I knew without Him I would not have had a chance in a million. I was put ashore, and someone paid my taxi fare home. My money, identification, and even my house key had been taken from me. My landlady was shocked to see my condition when she opened the door for me.

How close to Hell I had been! That thought really frightened me. Yet I did not give my heart to the Lord. But early one morning, on my way home from a night of revelry, I just looked up into the starry heavens and sent up an SOS to God. It was not much of a prayer—only, "God help me!"—but God heard it. I believe He had been waiting for my cry for help.

One Sunday afternoon I had no plans, but I believe God planned my day. I went to visit my sisters who were just leaving for an afternoon church service when I arrived. They invited me in and told me to make myself at home. I sat down and began to read an Apostolic Faith paper I found on the coffee table. I shall never forget how the Spirit of God began talking to my heart again! I felt the call of God as I had never felt it through the years I had been away from Him. With tender cords of love He drew me to make another start for Heaven. By that chair I prayed, purposing that I was through with the old life. I meant to serve God, and He saved me!

The next morning the devil was there to tempt me again, saying, “You aren’t saved. A backslider cannot get saved that easy.” I listened, and decided he was right. I had not yet learned to use the shield of faith. I thought it could not be possible that I had really prayed through to victory in such a little while. I yielded to the tempter, and went back to the poolroom, but I couldn’t get interested in the game. Soon I hung up the cue and walked out of that place for the last time. God knew my heart. He knew I wanted to be a Christian. I did not want any more of the old life.

As I walked block after block, the Lord reasoned with me. He made Heaven and Hell very real. I had come to the crossroads of life, and my choice would mean eternal Heaven or eternal Hell. There was no more room for doubt. I knew that from then on I would live for Jesus and believe His promises. I turned and retraced my steps, giving the poolroom a wide berth. I threw away the package of cigarettes I had just bought. I was through with the old life forever. God forgave my momentary doubting and faltering. I had learned my lesson. Never through the fifty-four years since that day have I turned back. Never did I want another cigarette or another drink of liquor. Never again did I go into the dance halls, the poolrooms, or the theaters. It did not come about by my willpower. God gave me the grace. He changed my heart and gave me new desires.

There have been trials along the way, and battles to fight, but the victories have been sweet. God was always there when I needed Him, answering prayer for me countless times. Words can never express the infinite love and mercy the Lord held out to this repentant sinner who had lost his way. My heart is filled with gratitude.

Andrew Haggren played in the church orchestra in Portland, Oregon and after retiring from his work as a mason, volunteered in the Headquarters mailing department until he went to be with the Lord.



Uno Lepisto

I thank God that I can be a child of the King. I was reared in a Christian home. My father was a minister, and I received a wonderful Christian upbringing. However, I was an alcoholic for twenty-five years and lived that way all that time. I played soccer ball and that was all I cared for. My brother from Helsinki, Finland sent me a Bible when I was in Vaasa, Finland. I read in the Bible that God helps those who are sorrowful. That Friday night I talked to the Lord and said that I was in need of Him—I am sorrowful. I was a dying victim of cancer. I had a young family, and that added to my sorrow. I awoke in the morning and wondered why the whole city of Vaasa looked so different. I found it was because God had saved my soul and changed me.

I received my first paper from a brother who had come to Finland. I read in that paper that the power of God is the same yesterday, today and forever—God was explaining to me what that meant.

Later on I felt the sanctifying power of God, the warmth in my soul and in my heart. I too received great joy in Stavanger, Norway,

when the Lord gave me the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

My wife and I discussed the 13th chapter of 1 Corinthians, about the love of God – charity. My wife had read the Bible during her school days. She would read the love chapter in Corinthians over and over and tried to live by it. After I was saved it was easy for me because my wife was willing to go with me to church. She wasn't saved when I was and she said "How can I go to the meeting and testify because I don't have the experience that you have?" I told her, "You have prayed for me when I was sick, and perhaps you might thank the Lord for that." She said, "Yes I will."

One evening she did testify with tears flowing, and God saved her soul that very night. I am so thankful for all the experiences God has given me, and that they are also for my family. The Word of God has tried our foundation, and we have found that it has stood. God is the same yesterday, today, and forever.

The musicians and singers at this camp meeting have refreshed me. Here we have seen the Finnish, the Norwegian, the Danish, and you dear Americans. I was so blessed even if I did not understand much of the language. I learned a new word every day. The choir sings like the birds that fly—beautiful music. This has been like a sweet dream to us to be in the camp meeting, and the reality is more wonderful than a story. I am so thankful that God has made it possible for us to come here.

I never dreamed that I would be standing here in Portland, Oregon, with so much joy in my soul; and I thank God from the depths of my heart for everything I have seen and heard. I praise Him with all my heart and soul for what He has done for me.



Marguerite Bishop

I praise God for this wonderful Gospel and for all He has done for me. I am so glad that I am walking with the King day by day. I praise the Lord I heard this wonderful story when I was a young woman.

Many years ago, in 1920, God saved me, and I found something that has stood the test of time. That day, I walked into a little schoolhouse in Selma, Oregon and heard testimonies of people who had real salvation. Brother Clarence Frost and a group of saints from Medford, Oregon, came there to hold Gospel meetings and invited our family to the meetings. We had no car at the time, so Brother Frost picked us up. These people rented a vacant building next to the schoolhouse and stayed there during the week. They visited with people and held prayer meetings during the day, and services every night.

I never had gone to one of those places. Before I was married, I had gone to all the big churches and the Christian Endeavor and such things. I had an impression that those little places were full of

fanaticism. But when I sat in those meetings and heard testimonies of people who had real salvation, I trembled like a leaf. I was so convicted that I didn't know what to do. God showed me I was a sinner and needed to be saved. I had called myself a Christian because I belonged to a church and was active with the Sunday school and young people, but I was very far from being a Christian. I didn't know there was such a thing as living without sin in your life. I would ask God to forgive me, but the next day I would do the very same thing again. I didn't know that the Scripture said, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." God called me that day. I had two small children at the time, so I handed my baby to somebody and ran to the altar. I praise God that He really saved my soul and transformed my life. When I heard the truth I wanted it at any cost, even if I had to walk alone. I was truly born again. I had such joy and peace in my heart that I didn't have before.

A few days later I was sanctified. From then on, I could get down by my bed and ask God to keep me that day and He would do it. I received the baptism of the Holy Spirit at the next camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. At the close of camp meeting, I was baptized in water in the Willamette River.

I was married on July 4, 1916 to James William Bishop, and we had nine children. The Lord saved my husband and helped us to raise our family in the Gospel. We never gave the children a drop of medicine, and He healed them every time they were sick. God showed me there was healing through the Blood of the Lamb.

I had a little boy who couldn't walk. The doctors said he would never be able to walk and that he would always be in a wheelchair. I knew God could heal him. I brought him to the camp meeting in 1920, and the Lord healed him so he could walk. The Lord has been my healer these many years.

I wasn't near a church for years, but the Lord was with me and gave me the privilege of teaching my children the Word of God. I praise Him that they are all saved today and for this wonderful Gospel!

Elsie Ott



As a young couple, my husband and I and our three small children had come to Portland, Oregon, from Aston, Iowa. We were both saved and I was sanctified, but we were seeking more from God. Every time we heard of a camp meeting or a revival being held by holiness people, we would visit, seeking spiritual food for our souls.

We had read in a holiness paper about the power of the Holy Ghost falling at Azusa Street in Los Angeles in the early part of 1906. The editor of that paper lived in Salem, Oregon, and wrote of having gone to Los Angeles and of receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost. When we saw a notice about some revival meetings this group was holding in Salem, my husband decided to go. When he returned home, he told me all about the wonderful meetings, and that he had seen and heard Sister Florence Crawford, who had also been at Azusa Street. That day, we rejoiced most of all in God's goodness, because

my husband had received his sanctification while attending those meetings.

I will never forget the day we picked up a Portland newspaper and read a headline that told about a "peculiar" people at a little mission on Second and Main Streets. John and Hettie Glasgow ran the mission, and they had invited Sister Crawford to hold meetings there. The accounts of those meetings interested us. We were not sure if the Sister Crawford they wrote of was the same person my husband had seen in Salem. He told me, "I'll go to the mission, and if everything is all right, I will take you."

When he came home, he said he had seen Sister Crawford, and it was, indeed, all right. When I was able to attend, I found that the mission was not a beautiful place; it was a humble little hall that had once been a blacksmith shop, but they had cleaned it up and were holding meetings. We cast our lot with these people and have never wanted to leave.

At the second meeting I was in, such a hunger took hold of me that I felt I would die if I didn't get what these people had. Just as the altar call was given, my baby began to cry, so I went upstairs to put her to sleep. One of the young girls there told me she would watch the baby while I went back down to pray.

The mission hall was so crowded I could hardly get back inside. One of the sisters gave me a seat on her lap, and I sat down with my head in my hands and began to pray. The power of God fell on my soul, and when somebody moved away from the altar, I lunged for that spot. It was there that God baptized me with the Holy Ghost and I began to speak in another language. I felt a power surge through my whole being, and I knew the work was done. That glorious day was January 6, 1907.

The crowds that attended those meetings often made fun and ridiculed the worshipers, and at times they resorted to violent means to hinder the work of God. During one meeting, an egg was thrown into the meeting hall, and it struck the organ and broke. It made little disturbance, however, as we seemed to expect such things in those days.

My first ordinance meeting at the mission was like worshiping with one big family. For the foot washing, Sister Crawford gathered the women in a circle around her in a part of the hall set apart for

them. She took the basin and the towel and girded herself, while explaining the Scriptures to us. Then she started to wash our feet, and we took it up and began to wash the feet of others. It was a wonderful meeting. Oh, how God met with us there as we observed His Word! It wasn't as though we were humiliating ourselves to do it. It was an honor to wash the feet of some precious saint of God. It was a privilege to obey God's Word and follow Him in this ordinance. How He did bless us for following His instructions in the Word of God, even when it was a new experience to us!

I have had many chances to prove God through the years. When my child was deformed with infantile paralysis, and it looked as though he would never walk again, God healed him. When I was at the very jaws of death, these people prayed for me, and God answered. I am praising God.

Joel Wright



Skid row was not a part of my plan for life. I was very ambitious and had a desire to make something of myself and to provide well for my wife and four children. I became one of the highest paid men in the General Electric plant in Boston, Massachusetts, was a councilman of the union, and seemingly, had a bright and prosperous future ahead of me.

My good intentions failed me, however, and a few “social drinks” led to the misery and breakdown of my once happy family. On paydays my wife would try to meet me at the gate of the plant, but I would sneak out the side gate to get to a barroom. It wasn’t long before she began going to the welfare commission for money to buy groceries, even while I was working.

A succession of events quickly brought things to a head. I lost many of my friends, and finally, I was given two-weeks’ notice from my company. Eleven years of service went down the drain; it was a terrible shock to me. I stopped drinking for two weeks, got another position,

and was made foreman, but they didn’t know I was an alcoholic.

Then one day in 1944 when I couldn’t stand my craving any longer, I drew my money and quit my job. Sixty dollars went for drink at the bar. I loved my family, but the craving for alcohol became so great that I would do anything to assure its supply. I tried to bolster my courage to go back home and face my wife, but I could not face her. I telegraphed her forty dollars. I remember the words, “More when possible—God bless you all.” But there was no more.

The next morning I woke up in an empty tenement on Dover Street, the skid row of Boston. I had ridden over it on the elevated rails for years and had never known what a skid row was, but from then on, it was my home. I spent my time in cheap barrooms and one flophouse after another, once staying nine months on the Bowery in New York City.

I was in and out of jails for drunkenness, vagrancy, and disorderly conduct. Many times I worked in gandy camps (railroad camps for vagrants) where there was time out for drunken sprees. Though I claimed five dependents when I did work on the railroads, I never sent any money to my family; whatever love my wife had for me had changed to hate because of the disgrace I had put my family through.

After about a year of this life, I gave myself up in New York; I said I wanted to go home. The authorities kept me in jail for three nights and three days while they checked my record. Finally they said, “There is a warrant out for your arrest for nonsupport. Your wife had to swear out a warrant so she could get aid from the State of Massachusetts for herself and your four children. But we talked with her and she doesn’t want you back. They are better off without you. You are even wanted in jail to pay for it.” I felt I had no more hope in this world. The detective gave me a quarter, and I went out and got a jug of wine.

Two years later, after having been on wine for nine months and having spent time in jail in Seattle, Washington because of drunk and disorderly conduct, I came to Portland, Oregon, helpless and seemingly hopeless. While lying on my bed in a cheap hotel room in this city, I heard some music from a Gospel street meeting, so I went to listen just to pass the time.

I had a pipe in my mouth and a sneer on my face as I stood there leaning against a drugstore window listening to that group of Christians. Suddenly, God spoke to me and told me that the Gospel story I heard that day was as real as the sin I was in and that those people were living what they were talking about. After that street meeting ended, I was invited to go with them to their downtown church, just three blocks away. When I arrived, I walked right out of Hell and into Heaven.

At the close of their church service, I went forward to the altar and started to pray. I told the workers praying with me, “You don’t know who I am. You don’t know what I have done. I have a wife and four children back on the East Coast, and they don’t know where I am. I walked right off and left them because I had to drink. I sold my blood and my best clothes to get booze.”

One of the workers told me, “Don’t tell us. Tell it to Jesus. He knows your heart!” I thought to myself, “If God knows my heart I had better get honest or get out.” I thank God that I started to get honest. I started to pray. I didn’t get saved right then, but I went back to my room at the hotel and there I prayed all night. The church people had given me an Apostolic Faith paper, and I read the testimonies. Then I got out of my bed and down on my knees, and I prayed, “God, give me what You gave them.” I knew I would have to have something real. My heart was black with sin. Finally, the Lord showed me that I had done more than hurt my wife, my children, and society. He showed me that I had hurt Him. When I had godly sorrow for what I had done, the Lord came down and saved me from my sins, and I knew it!

Thank God, He completely delivered me in a moment from all those sinful habits. I haven’t had a drink or a smoke since that day. The desire for those things left me. My heart was changed to the extent that I even thought differently.

I soon got a good job, and I wrote to my wife telling her what God had done for me. I sent her my picture so she could see the great change in me, but I received no answer. I began to send money home and clothes for the children. Finally, the overseer of the church wrote to my wife assuring her that what I had written was true—God had cleaned me up inside and out.

The day finally came when my wife began answering my letters, and eventually she took courage and came to Portland. At that time, all I owned was a little table and a chair, but I found an apartment that would house my family. I’ll never forget that day. First, eleven women from the church came in and cleaned that place from the ceiling down, and three men worked on electrical problems. Then came furniture, bedding, dishes, stocks of food, rugs for the floors, starched curtains, and even vases of flowers for every room. On the day my family was to arrive a good meal was being prepared for them while I went to meet them.

About a hundred people waited with me at the train station that morning. I caught sight of my wife first and I cried out, “There is Lil!” My children then came and with eyes sparkling, almost threw themselves into my arms. In that moment, I knew all was well.

Some years later, my mother-in-law came out here too. She had hated the sight of me for the years of hell I had put the family through. But, strange as it may seem, she had been the first one to encourage my wife to come to be with me in Portland. She told her that if God hadn’t done something real for me, she would wire her the money to return, but she never needed to! Instead, she came herself, and God saved her too, and made her ready to meet her Maker.

How I thank God for the change He made in my life and in my home when He saved me! He gave me a different outlook on life and put a new look on my face. I made restitution for past wrongs, and for many years now I have worked and earned an honest living. I am thankful that I am serving a God who specializes in impossibilities.



Charlotte (Lottie) Bean

When I was just a child, I had a dear grandmother who took all of us children to church and Sunday school when we went to visit her. She passed away when I was nine and how we missed her! She was a real Christian and everyone in town loved her. She brought my mother up the right way, but my mother didn't tell me how to be saved, although she was saved when she was very young. She did bring us up carefully, teaching us right from wrong.

As I went on, I realized I needed the Lord and I needed to be saved. I wanted to make Heaven my home, but I didn't know how to pray through and get the witness that my name was written in Heaven and that the Lord had forgiven my sins. So I just took on a form of religion. I thought that if I had my name on the church book that was all I needed. I did that very thing at fourteen years of age. I had strong will power and I thought that I could just do the things that were

right. It wasn't long until I knew that I was a failure; I could never live it in my own strength. Sometimes I thought, "What is the use of trying?" I decided to throw it all overboard and go out into the world to find things that would satisfy. I went to almost everything that was sinful, but I never found happiness. I went on in that condition until after I was married and had a family. I tried to bring my children up right, but I didn't bring them up in the way of the Lord. Just like my mother, I knew right from wrong, but I didn't know anything about real salvation.

The Lord in His mercy sent a woman from Portland, Oregon, who preached the old-time religion. I went one night to see what it was all about. As I went in, I could feel the presence of God. I was only a sinner, but I knew that the Lord was in that place. I wept as they began to testify. Some were men and women that I had known almost all of my life. They told how the Lord had changed their lives and took sin out of their heart and now they were living for the Lord. I knew that they had something and He could do the same for me. I raised my hand for prayer, but I didn't go to the altar. At home, I knew they were praying for me and I could hardly eat or sleep. The Lord was talking to me, but as I began to count the cost, there were so many things the enemy put before me.

Cottage prayer meetings were held in different parts of the town. My sister's husband was saved so they were to hold a meeting in their house. I was going and didn't know why. As I entered that house, they were singing "Sinner Be in Time." I thought, "Oh, I do want to be in time." After the meeting they prayed. My daughter, only five years of age, had an infection in a gland in her neck. The doctor had operated on her, and it was coming back much worse than before. They asked me about her, and I told them of her condition. They said, "Do you want us to pray for her?" I said, "Yes, I do want you to pray." As we knelt to pray, I began to pray for myself. I knew I needed God worse than she needed healing for her body. They were in need of a Christian mother. I didn't pray very long, but I prayed earnestly and I meant every word I said. I asked the Lord to save my soul and to forgive me of every sin that I had ever committed. I promised Him, "I'll tell it. I'll witness for you as long as there is breath in my body." It wasn't but a few minutes until the Lord came down and saved my soul,

and I knew it. I had always wanted to know all of my life that I was right with God.

The Lord can change our hearts in a moment. As I was sitting in the meeting, before I prayed, I noticed a particular woman, and thought, "I just don't like her." I wanted to break the bones in her body. After the Lord saved me, I went to her first. It was the grace of the Lord that now I loved her so. I had had no reason to dislike her; it was just the sin that was in my heart.

I thought salvation was all I needed, but after awhile, I began to want something more. I became desperate. I said to the pastor, "I have such a hunger in my heart, and I'm just not satisfied. What's wrong?" She answered, "Sister, the Lord wants to sanctify you." So I began to pray and one night the Lord sanctified me. It was more precious than words could ever tell. It wasn't long before I had such a hunger in my soul for more of God. Again I told the pastor about it. I asked, "What's wrong with me anyway?" She said, "Sister, the Lord wants to baptize you with the Holy Ghost and Fire." I began praying at home and went to church that very night and received my baptism.

Many years have passed. I've had trials and tests, and many things I never thought would come my way, but the Lord was always there to help me. When our daughter, Helen, was just three years old, she had typhoid fever. It was a terrible thing. She lay there for two months, just wasting away. The doctors didn't seem to know from one day to the next what would happen. I would get up at one o'clock in the morning and stay up with her. My husband would try to help and then he would go to work. I would pray the best I knew how and say, "Lord, if you don't want to let her live and be normal, take her; just take her." I meant it with all my heart, but you know the Lord raised her up. The doctor said he had never seen a case like it before in all his life.

Another time when Marie was so sick with scarlet fever that they had given her up. We sent a telegram to Portland, Oregon, to pray and we prayed too. The doctor said she would never be normal, but she is a normal girl.

Once when our son, Ray, was driving in snow about a half-inch deep, we started up a steep hill and the car began spinning around and around. My husband was telling my son what to do and he said, "Dad, I've done all I can do." Then the car turned around backwards and started going down an embankment very fast. I could hardly move – I just put my hands up and said, "Oh, God, help us." Miraculously, the car stopped, just like somebody grabbed it. It just shows how the Lord can help.

Another time there was a tornado. Our children were gone and my husband was working. He usually never came home on Wednesdays. The clouds were looking bad and I wanted him to come home and he did. I often wonder if the Lord sent him. I don't know how far our house blew, but we were in it. I prayed. Many of our family were in that town, and only one or two of them were scratched. Our seven-year old son was at school when he saw the storm coming. He ran into the cloakroom and all the children piled in on top of him. It's a wonder it didn't kill him. I've heard him testify so many times that he was only seven years old, but he knew how to pray. He knew God could do something for us.

I thank Him tonight for all He has done for me and is doing for me. I think of my age and how the Lord gives me strength each day. He's done so many, many things. I thank Him tonight because He is my Savior, He is my All in All. There's no one like Jesus. I've proven Him over and over all these years, and there's something in my soul that wants to press on. I want to see souls brought in before the door of mercy is closed.

Before I was saved I wondered what my husband would say and what he would do, but I knew I wanted to make Heaven my home. He never threw a straw in my way. At times the enemy would come around and I would think of giving up. Every time I would get to the end of my rope, the Lord would show me that if I held on, he would be saved. He was saved one Sunday morning in our home. I'll never forget how the Lord came down in our kitchen, just the two of us alone!

I want to tell you it pays to serve the Lord. I wouldn't exchange anything in the world for the peace I have in my heart tonight.



Owen and Oca Wilson

Owen Wilson from McFall, Missouri and Oca Matthews from Pattonsburg, Missouri went on a date to hear Reverend James O. Damron preach. Reverend James Damron was the father of our late Brother Forrest Damron. He had come to McFall to hold a week of meetings. It was there that God revealed to Oca that there was more to the Gospel than just being saved. She knew they held a higher standard than the nominal churches did. Both Owen and Oca were already saved at that time.

Soon they were married and moved to a homestead in South Dakota along with other young couples they knew from the same area. In time, a little girl, Arvilla, was born. The Lord answered many prayers for them while they lived on the homestead. Arvilla fell ill as an infant and they feared for her life, but they prayed and the Lord stepped in and she recovered. At one point, Owen was losing his eyesight, but they prayed and the Lord healed him.

Another time there had been a very dry season on the homestead and many of the farmers' wells were going dry. It was difficult to get enough water for the livestock, as well as for the people. As Owen was praying in the house about the lack of water, the Lord revealed to him where to dig for water. The place the Lord showed him was a very unlikely spot to find water. The need was so great that he was willing to dig anyplace the Lord showed him. He went out to the barn and got his posthole digger and went to the spot and started digging. Before he got to the full length of the digger, the hole started filling with water. He went back to the barn and got a shovel and dug a larger diameter hole, and he found out he had uncovered an artesian spring. He told the other homesteaders that they could come over to his place and bring their wagons and barrels and tubs and get all the water they wanted. Some of his neighbors said to him, "Why don't you sell the water. It is on your land and it belongs to you?" He replied, "No, it's the Lord's. He showed me where the water was, and you can have all you want free of charge." The spring was still producing water when they eventually moved from the homestead.

Arvilla was getting older, and they wanted her to be in Sunday school. They realized they not only had a responsibility to clothe and feed and educate her, but she needed to learn about God and the salvation He provided. There was no Sunday school around the homestead, so they prayed that the Lord would lead them somewhere to His own people—they didn't care where. They had been receiving all kinds of religious literature, but the Lord definitely showed them they were to come to Portland, Oregon. On August 2, 1923 they held an auction to sell their livestock, farm equipment, and household belongings. Handbills were printed and distributed.

The neighbors told them it was unwise to have the auction right at harvest time because only a few would come, and they wouldn't get what their goods were worth. People asked why they were moving to Portland. Do you know anyone out there? Do you have a job? The answer was; they were moving to be with the Apostolic Faith people.

A heavy rain came the night before the auction and nobody could get into the fields. Therefore, the auction was a huge success, and to Oca's embarrassment she ran out of the refreshments provided for those coming to the auction because of the big crowd.

They arrived in Portland in August of 1923 at the close of camp meeting. Eventually, they bought a small house just a block from the campground. They lived there for many years, helping in the Gospel work. Oca taught Sunday school, and along with a crew of helpers, she cooked many dinners

for workers going to places like the State penitentiary. She was also in charge of cooking hundreds of meals for workers on building projects, including the East Chapel and West Chapel on the campground, and also when they built the cabins that replaced the tents. In later years she worked as a “filler” in the correspondence office. Many letters come into our office asking for prayer, advice or Gospel tracts. Usually a minister or someone who answers the letters would feel a certain tract should be sent to the individual, and it was her job to see that the tract was placed in the return envelope.

Owen cleaned the church office on Saturdays. He was also a doorkeeper or watchman at the church door on Burnside Street, because it led to the Music Room and there were racks for the musical instruments. He also helped on many of the church building projects, as well as painting projects.

Many street meetings were held, especially before the evening service was to be held in the church at Sixth and Burnside. The street workers would form a semicircle in the street where the cars park. Sometimes it would be impossible to find an empty parking spot for the meeting. Owen would go early and maybe drive around and around the block until a spot would open up where the meeting could be held. He would park in the spot and then pull out when the street workers arrived.

Owen and Oca were parents of Arvilla Jernberg and Rev. Ivon Wilson

Lois Allen



I thank God for the wonderful reality I have found in this mighty Gospel. My mother taught me the right way, but at an early age I turned it all down. I said, “Oh, that life is too tame for me.” I gave my all—my health and strength—my all, to sin.

Many years ago, the Apostolic Faith people came over to the Applegate area in Oregon, where I was reared and where my folks were living. They cleaned out an old dance hall and began to hold some meetings in it. My folks attended those meetings, and my mother told the minister about the “black sheep” that was over in the city wasting her life in riotous living. She said, “I wish you would pray for that girl, that God would save her at any cost.” It was quite a cost, but I never cease to thank God for it. When they started praying, God began to deal with me.

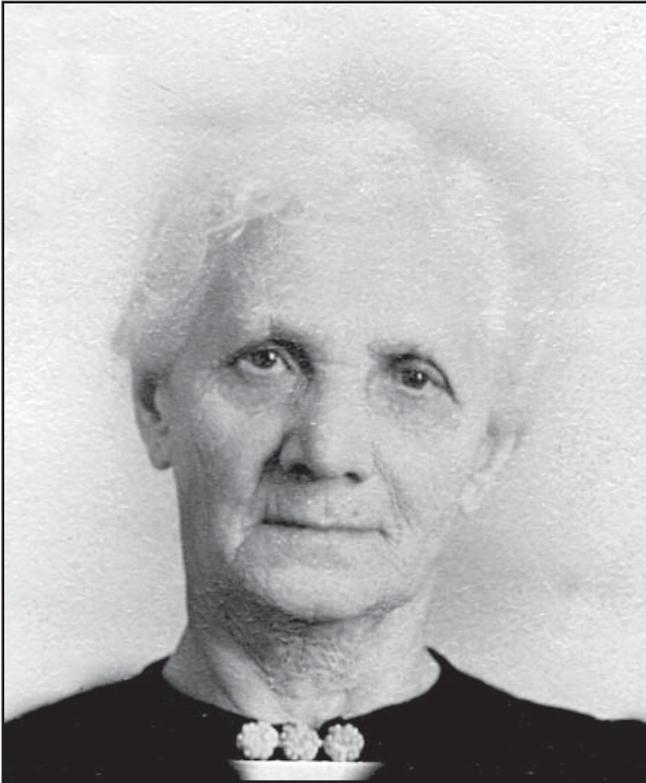
God permitted a terrible affliction to come upon my body. I went from a well, strong, ro-

bust woman to a very shadow of my old self. I was sick from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. My mind was gone for hours at a time; I couldn’t even tell you my own name. I was married and had two little children. One day the census taker came to my house and asked me the names of my children. I just looked at her; I couldn’t remember the names of my own children.

I shall never forget one night, April 26, in an old farmhouse, when I got out of bed and knelt on my knees. God in His infinite mercy and love let real Holy Ghost conviction come down into that room and I saw myself slipping into Hell. I cried out that night from the depth of my heart. For the first time in my life I became honest. Oh, how I thank God that He came down and transformed my heart and life! Jesus came into this poor life of mine that sin had ruined. I thank God for His wonderful salvation. I know a God that hears and answers prayer. I have seen Him work many mighty miracles. I have seen His mighty power made manifest when it was an absolute impossibility as far as man was concerned, but our God can do anything.

I began to read the Word of God, and He showed me in His Word that He was able to take care of my body as well as my soul. At that time, I was in bed awaiting a serious operation. My affliction was a toxic thyroid. It affected my mind, my heart, my stomach and my nervous system. I was a total wreck and only twenty-six years of age.

God showed me that He was able to heal me, and I believed it. I got out of bed and announced to my family that I was going to trust God to heal me. They thought that I had lost my mind and sent for my husband and the doctor. They all assembled there to take me to the mental hospital. God had a hand in that, and I could stand up and look at them and say, “I am going to trust God and God will heal me because He said He would.” God healed me of every trace of that affliction.



Katharine Swartz

A number of years ago I came from Canada to Portland, Oregon, to do some nursing. I was a sorrowful, brokenhearted woman. I started to walk from church to church. I couldn't find any peace. One day a lady where I was nursing gave me an Apostolic Faith paper. I was an infidel, but I took the paper home with me and began to read it. I said, "I never heard of anything like that in the Bible." I went to my landlady and asked her for her Bible and she gave it to me. I found that everything in that paper was correct; so I read more of the Bible and there was such light! Before that, I was afraid to read it because my conscience condemned me. The next Sunday I came to an Apostolic Faith service, and when I gave my heart to Jesus, He saved my unworthy soul.

After I was saved I had to make some restitutions. I had brought up my only child in infidelity. I remember one time she asked me about

God and why I didn't want to hear about church. I said, "This is just a story for little children, it is just a myth, and there is nothing to it." The Lord showed me plainly the mistake I had made. I started to tell her the story of Jesus but she did not accept it. She said, "Mother, I am glad you are happy after all, but that is not what I want. Why should I go such a humble way when I have done nothing wrong?"

I went to Canada and was there for three months, but I returned disappointed because my daughter would not accept the Gospel. I told a minister about it and he said, "We can do nothing, but we will pray and see what God can do." God answered prayer, and my daughter came back to the United States. Five months later God saved her soul and also saved her three children.

Some years after God had saved my soul I was nursing a lady and I got blood poisoning in my arm. It swelled and turned black and blue and I fainted away. The lady telephoned the doctor and when he came he said, "I will have to rush you to the hospital right away; that arm will have to be lanced."

I told him, "I trust in God." And he replied, "The time of miracles is over." I called for the ministers to come and pray for me. It was marvelous to see how God answered! I said, "Just take me home." He did, and my daughter telephoned, and I told her the Lord touched my body. The pain stopped instantly and the poison didn't go any further. Later I met the same doctor on another case and he said, "Let me see that arm." I pulled up my sleeve and I said, "See, my arm was not lanced. The Lord healed me! He said, "That is wonderful what the Lord did for you!"

Two years later, I fell and broke my arm. When the ministers came and anointed my arm and prayed for me, God touched it and healed me completely. How I thank Him for this glorious Gospel!



Arthur Benedict

I was one of the great drifting, floating population going down the road every year, without a change of clothes to my name. I was a miserable young man, defeated at every turn of the road.

When I came to Portland, Oregon, I wasn't looking for God. I knew nothing of God's people; I wasn't going to church or standing and listening to street meetings. I wouldn't turn my little finger over in an effort to find God, but in His goodness, God sought after me when I was lost.

I was in this city only four nights when I was arrested. As I sat behind an old saloon stove, with my head in my hands, I pondered over a misspent life and wondered how it was all going to end. Then, handcuffed together with a lot of other boys, I was taken to the old Linnton rock pile. There is where I spent Christmas of 1910.

Brought up among the coal miners and steel workers in Pennsylvania, I began to run with the rough home crowd. I boasted that I could drink, smoke, play poker all night, and when I got tired I would settle down and be a man. But, I realized that the things I said I could handle were handling me. At twenty-one years of age, I was a defeated soul, bound with sinful habits and appetites. Resolutions failed so I thought, "I'll go out west and grow up with the country, and start all over again." From the old 'rock pile' I came to Portland a second time, classed as a vagabond, without a penny in my pocket.

My mother had heard that I was somewhere around Portland, so she sent word to some people that we had known back East, and they began to pray that God would bring me to a meeting and save my soul. One day when I knocked on the door of a little home in the south end of the city, a woman said, "We have been looking for you." I didn't know there was anyone within 3,000 miles who cared for me.

That night they held a cottage prayer meeting and I knelt in respect to these people. As I knelt there I realized I had come into contact with a people who knew their God. I tried to pray, but my lips were sealed. I believed there was a God but it took more than that. A little man praying beside me sensed the condition of my heart, and he began to pray, "O God, wake him up!" And God did awaken my soul out of its awful slumber that very night. The tears began to flow, and as I cried, "O God, be merciful to me, a sinner," I offered Him the only thing I had, a broken and contrite heart. He accepted it, rolled the old burden of sin away, and wrought a tremendous transformation in my heart and life.

The next day I could write back home and tell my folks what great things the Lord had done for me. What jail bars, resolutions, and new environments had failed to do for me, Jesus did. He gave me power to live a real Christian life. I praise God for His goodness and mercies.

Today, I feel as one who is on probation, one to whom God has extended another prescribed time in which to make good. After having tasted the goodness of God and His love and the fellowship of His saints, I turned again to the weak and beggarly elements of this world. For over nine years I hard-

ened my heart and stiffened my neck and avoided meeting any of God's people. For God to contend with that kind of a rebel for the salvation of his immortal soul—is God's wondrous grace!

On Armistice Day, 1932, when I least expected it, God's arresting hand dealt a terrible blow, yet a merciful one. I never could tell of the awful fear and terror that a few moments, face to face with eternity without God, can bring. An explosion of gasoline occurred in a basement with only one steep exit, and I was on fire from head to foot. How I got out of that flame-choked stairway is a miracle! The prayer, "God help me!" was heard, my screams brought help, and that awful feeling that I was going to die like a rat in a trap was dispelled. Help came and willing hands beat my flaming clothes. I was rushed to the hospital, and there for four or five days I was as one kept in an anteroom, waiting for—I little knew what. I still remained in that awful spiritual coma of not realizing my opportunity and responsibility to God. Another man, who occupied the same room and who was able to walk around a while at night, would put a cigarette in my parched swollen lips, and I would take a drag or two and thank him. But my wife, also a backslider, suffered terribly over the sight of my smoking after a return from the very brink of Hell. She pointed out that perhaps God had permitted this to bring me to my senses; and should I turn a deaf ear, I might never get out of that bed alive.

One day a minister of the Apostolic Faith church came to my bedside. His very presence lent hope, and I began to pray in my heart. I knew that God had spared me for the purpose of again being saved, yet there was something that was too awful to face. It was restitution! One evening my wife pleaded with me to give up to God. I said, "There are too many things to make right! I can never face all those years of backsliding and things I have done." She promised that anything she could forgive, she would forgive and she would do anything that would make it possible for me to be saved. Right there, God gave me grace to make confessions that would have wrecked a hundred homes.

The next time the minister visited, I could whisper through those parched lips, "I believe God has spoken peace to my soul." From then on, every day brought a deeper joy. One night the whole picture of the mercy of God burst vividly before me—the Hell I had escaped, the peace and the fellowship with God's saints I had gained, and the forgiveness my wife had offered; I just lay there with tears streaming down my cheeks, and I praised God. God had wrought a spiritual and physical miracle in that hospital that night, and for many years since then I have been happy serving Him.

Brother Benedict was blind for many years and his face bore the scars of that awful gasoline fire. He lived in Los Angeles, and many times when he got up to testify, he would sing and would quote Romans 8:35-39.



Myrtle Benedict

I am so very thankful that, many years ago, I was permitted to hear the wonderful story of Jesus. I lived with my parents in Alberta, Canada, on a large farm. My mother was very ill and was in and out of the hospital. We didn't know what to do.

God, in His mercy, led a man who was not a Christian to write to my folks, and he sent an Apostolic Faith paper to them. He said to my mother, "If you come down here, these people will pray for you and you will get well."

Soon my mother came to Portland, Oregon, and went to the Apostolic Faith Church, and the ministers of God anointed her with oil in the name of Jesus and prayed the prayer of faith, and God healed her. She lived for several years after that to tell the wonderful story of Jesus.

It was only a short time until my father and I came down to Portland, and for years I had the privilege to be raised in a Christian home. Then I turned to the things of the world to see if I could find any enjoyment.

Later, I married a man who was also a backslider, and over time, sin almost wrecked our home. I would say to my husband, "You will have to give up your drinking, or I will leave you." He was so bound he couldn't do it. The faithful prayers of my parents followed us for years.

I look back to years when God found me, a miserable backslider. I once had the love of God in my heart, but I turned my back on God and went into sin. I got to the place where I did not think He would ever save me again. It seemed there was not a ray of hope left for me, but God has ways to work.

One day, God permitted an accident to come. My husband went to work and he said that he would only be gone a couple of hours. While he was in the boiler room, there was an explosion and the room was on fire. There was no escape except through the manhole and the flames were shooting up there. He uttered these words "God help me." God helped him to get out of there. Some men beat out the fire and pulled him out. He was rushed to the hospital in that terribly-burned condition.

As he lay there with his face and arms all bandaged up, with just slits in the bandages for his eyes and mouth, I said to him, "God has permitted this for a reason; you had better pray." He said, "I can't—I can't make my restitution." I said, "If it is anything I can forgive, I will," never knowing what it would mean. As he talked, he began to confess to me, and I was facing the very thing I always said I would die before I would forgive. Then the devil said to me, "You can't forgive him." To my surprise, as the night wore on, God put real forgiveness in my heart, and I was not even saved.

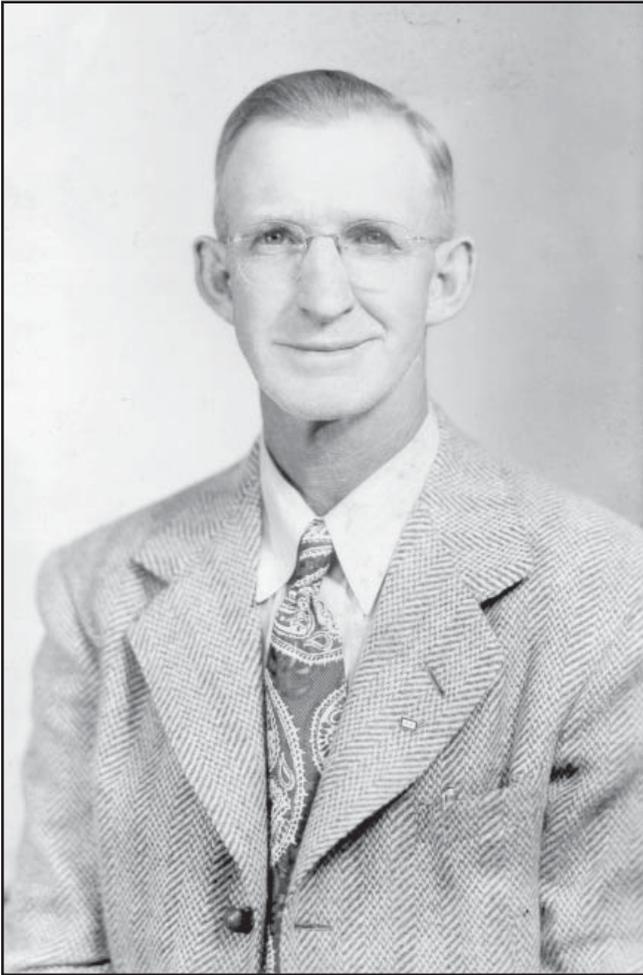
God began to deal with my heart and my husband's heart, and God saved him right there in the hospital. God also healed him. He was out of the hospital in four weeks' time. The doctor had told me that if he lived at all, it would be at least three months before he would ever leave the hospital.

God began to talk to me. Four weeks later I came into the Apostolic Faith Mission and went to the altar with a broken heart. I am so glad I cried out to God. He had mercy on me and saved my soul. I was so thankful for the faithful workers who continued to pray for me, and at last the burden of sin was lifted. Peace filled my soul, and it seemed as if a ton of weight had been lifted off my shoulders.

God has been so good to me. About two years ago a drunken driver crashed into my car and totaled it out. I was rushed to the hospital and into emergency surgery for a knee injury. I said to the Lord, "If You see fit to spare me, I will give You every ounce of strength You give me." When the doctor checked the knee a few weeks later, He said, "I thought you would never bend that knee again!"

I have had many years to serve my Savior. He has been so very good to me. It is real to be a Christian.

Newt Leshner



I thank God He saved me, a drunken bricklayer. I wasn't a churchgoing man, I was a man of the world frequenting billiard halls and saloons. Not that I didn't believe or want to find God, because I did! I was a hungry soul. My mother was a Christian and she planted faith in my heart.

Mother died when I was young. I stood by her deathbed and promised to meet her in Heaven. I went to many churches, knelt at many altars, and traveled for miles to try to find the real Gospel of Jesus Christ, the standard that had been set up in my heart.

My father was an atheist. He bought my first glass of liquor and taught me to play pool. My father and I ran a billiard hall of our own. I went out into sin, but with an aching heart, and with a hope in my breast that some day I would find the people who could help me pray through to salvation.

God knows every hungry heart. He led me almost two thousand miles to San Francisco in 1907, right after the earthquake and fire. I thought I was going there as a mechanic for a better job. I was chasing the little green spot

over the hill. My wife remembers the day I started out. I was a drunkard and a booze fighter. I learned the trade of bricklayer in 1900 – had the trade mastered and could go out and do a man's work, but I spent my money in pool halls and saloons. She kept the midnight oil burning many a night. She had met me in the dead hours of the night, wheeling her baby through three feet of snow, to find her drunken husband.

My wife trusted me one time with the last dime in the house. I started downtown to get bread with it, but before I could buy the bread I came to a pool hall. I heard the click of the balls and went in. I lost the game, I lost my dime, and went home without any bread. My wife looked at me and said, "Where is my bread?" I said, "I didn't buy any bread." I felt mean. The convicting hand of the Lord was upon me. I said, "I lost the dime downtown in a pool hall." She didn't say anything to me, but down her cheeks rolled two big tears. That drove a dagger into my heart.

I am glad for the hour I heard this Gospel. It penetrated my heart like nuggets of gold. I was headed for the union hall, my brain almost paralyzed from liquor – a young man about twenty-two years of age. I was blue, discouraged, and brokenhearted. A group of these Apostolic Faith people were on the street corner singing that beautiful old hymn, "I've anchored my soul in the Haven of Rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more." That song arrested me. My feet were riveted to the sidewalk; I couldn't get away. I didn't want to get away. God was dealing with me. I thank God for the joyful sound.

They didn't know me – I was a stranger. But it didn't take long to get acquainted. Down at the altar of prayer they saw I was in earnest. They gathered around and prayed with me. It was about midnight when I prayed through to salvation. God saved my soul!

Later on the Lord sanctified my soul down there at Azusa Street in Los Angeles, California. About three months after I was saved, I went back home to Colorado. I opened the door of that little house and I was singing that song, “Down at the Cross where my Savior died, down where for cleansing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the Blood applied: Glory to His name!” We started a prayer meeting. My wife knelt by my side and said, “Pray the Lord will give me the kind of religion you have.”

In that town of Fort Collins, where I was born and raised and went to school, they all knew that I now had the old-time religion. I went around making restitution and paying old bills and confessing my sins.

This is the greatest thing in all the world. I have loved it these many years. It means something to tell the people that you can live what you preach.

The Lord has done something wonderful for me these last six months. He raised me up; almost from the grave. My blood pressure went out of control because of diabetes. The doctors didn't hold out any hope, but that didn't scare me. There were several thousand people praying for me. I wasn't afraid to die, but I wanted to live to be able to witness for God.

I am thanking God to be here in Portland and feel the warmth of the fellowship of the people of God – hearts that beat together in unity and oneness. I have fought shoulder- to-shoulder with these people for many years and I am still trusting God to lead me on until He calls me Home to be with Him.”



Glovenia C. Montgomery

When I look back over my life I didn't have the privilege of being reared in a Christian home. I had a good mother who was an old fashioned Quaker and knew the love of God as a child; but when she married my father she let the love of God leak out of her heart. There were two of us born into that home and it was an unhappy home that was broken up when I was just a small child.

Such bitterness and hatred filled my life, and for years I tried to drown it out in the things of the world. I loved the dance halls and the theatre; and as far as the world goes, I had a good time. But there was always something in my heart that was never satisfied. I had never been told about Jesus. Many a night after a dance or after a party I would go home and cry myself to sleep, and wonder why I didn't have the good time the other young people seemed to be having around me.

Many a night, going down Broadway Street here in Portland, Oregon, I would read a sign on the top of the church headquarters building, "JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD." I didn't know what "Jesus the Light of the World" meant. But God showed such faithfulness to my soul! My husband came home from his place of employment one evening with an invitation to go to church. When he promised someone, his word was good. I didn't want to go, but he made me go and I was angry. In that condition the Lord talked to my heart. I was a grown woman, had a home of my own, but it seemed as if I could never keep that home together.

I shall never forget that night as we sat in the service at Sixth and Burnside. I knew from the very first service I sat in, that it was what my heart needed, what I needed, and what I had never found in the so-called pleasures of the world. It was the darkest hour of my life. One Sunday night after God's spirit had striven with my heart for months, I met God's conditions. I'm glad I knelt at the altar of prayer and asked Jesus to give me what these people told me about—that peace, joy and happiness. I wasn't disappointed that night for the Lord came into my heart and rolled away that burden of sin away and He saved my soul. He took out the bitterness and hatred that had me bound. I was told about sanctification, the second, definite work of grace. That was just what I needed. I prayed and consecrated deeper, and He gave it to me. On Christmas Eve, I knelt at another spot at this altar, and there the Lord filled me with the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. These experiences are so real to me. For years I didn't even know what Christmas meant, but now I know.

I sought to find my father. I knew he wasn't happy, and that if he could find what I had found what I had found, then he would be happy too. Eventually the Lord helped me to locate him. I wondered if I would ever feel that he was a father to me. I have a Father in Heaven, because these people of God told me the story of Jesus and His love. In turn, I could tell my father the story and pray for him.

My mother prayed on her deathbed too. Mother is in Heaven tonight because I was told the story of Jesus, and I'm happy I have the opportunity of telling the story of Jesus to others.

The Lord has done a wonderful healing in my body. I didn't go to the physician to find out what was wrong, but I knew it was something serious. I wasn't able to go to choir practice, and one of the choir members asked the ministers to pray for me. The very moment they were praying for me God came down and touched my body and I have much to thank Him for.

When I came into this Gospel I wasn't even able to do my housework—I was in bed most of the time. One day the founder of this Gospel asked if I would like to work in the correspondence office. I'm so thankful I started in the office after not being able to sit up for days, weeks, and months. But the very first day I went to the office I was up all day long and began gaining strength. There are days I have wonderful strength and health. I thank God for His goodness to me.

It hasn't been just a few months or a few weeks ago, but it has been 34 years ago this month since the Lord came into our home and gave us a happy Christian home—gave us something to live for.

It hasn't always been flowery beds of roses or ease. There have been some hard places, but I'm so thankful for every one of them, and for what the Lord put in my heart through them. The Lord has helped me through every trial and test, and He will help you also. There is a determination in my heart as never before to see the end of this Christian race. I, too, have a desire to see precious souls saved through the Blood of Jesus.

Paul Akazue



I was still a young child when I started seeking God. I attended a mission school, and when I heard the Word of God, I wanted to be good. As much as I tried, however, I found myself failing. Down in my heart I hungered for something more.

After my schooling, I started teaching in a Baptist mission. We were preaching that we did not have power over sin. Nevertheless, I did not stop reading the Word of God, and I did not stop praying. The hunger was there, but I did not know what I was searching for.

After some time, I moved to Lagos to get a job, and there I looked for a church where the truth was preached. I saw the Apostolic Faith signboard by the roadside when I passed through the area, but each time I continued on without stopping. One day, however, a lady invited me to go with her to a service. It would be her first time to attend the Apostolic Faith Church too.

During that service, I felt the presence of God. For the first time, I heard that “whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin” (1 John

3:9). I knew that my searching for the truth had come to an end.

Although I could have been saved that day, somehow I was hesitant. I had many friends in the world, and I did not know what would happen to those friendships if I became a Christian. However, one night, in my sleep, God put the song, “Never Alone,” in my mouth. When I opened my eyes, I was still singing the song. I knew God was telling me that He would not leave me alone if I followed His holy way. The next Sunday, I went to my knees and prayed until Jesus saved my soul. The lady who had invited me to attend church with her also prayed and was saved. Incidentally, she later became my wife.

God later sanctified me and filled me with the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He also taught me about divine healing. During one camp meeting, I became very sick. A church service was in progress and I needed to leave, but I did not want to go out because I had brought a visitor. Over the platform was written, “Jesus saves, heals, and keeps.” I asked myself, “Paul, why are you not trusting Jesus?” There, in my seat, I whispered, “Jesus, please help me,” and the sickness left.

In 1981, my company sent me to Ghana to help establish a shoe factory, and I made contact with the Apostolic Faith Church in Accra. When I saw the problems they were passing through, God put a burden on my heart to pray for that church and the Gospel work in Ghana. I did not know that one day I would return there as a missionary.

After concluding my assignment with the shoe factory, I returned to Lagos. I became a Sunday school teacher and before long, I was asked to preach my first sermon. It was unique in that, during the camp meeting of that year, God had told me clearly to prepare for a sermon. I did not understand why I was to do that, but He gave me a message. God helped me to see the need to draw closer to Him and to get my messages from Him. Many times it was as though I was being preached to first before I ever preached it to others.

In 1992, while working as manager of a shoe manufacturing company in the city of Ife, I was asked to pastor the church there. Pastoring is challenging, and I soon discovered that I could not be a pastor and a manager at the same time. The secular job was taking more and more of my time. Eventually, I was asked to give my whole time to Gospel work.

When a new leader was needed for the work in Ghana, the mantle fell on me. When I arrived in Ghana, the church had no money; there was no church building; the people were worshiping in a mission house. However, the climate for evangelism was very good. A challenge lay before us. We wrote down our list of requests, and then I encouraged the members to pray morning, evening, and night. Soon God started answering. After two years and ten months, God gave us a campground. The tabernacle there was already halfway finished; the basement was completely ready. We held our 1999 camp meeting on that property.

During that camp meeting, we received the news of the passing of the leader of the work in Nigeria, Reverend Josiah Soyinka. After the funeral, much to my surprise, I was appointed to assume his responsibilities. God has helped me in a marvelous way. Come what may, my purpose is to serve Jesus to the end, because He has done so much for me.

Paul Akazue, District Superintendent of West and Central Africa passed away on May 7, 2010. Appointed leader on October 3, 1999, Brother Paul faithfully served from the Lagos, Nigeria, Anthony Village church headquarters until his passing. During his ten plus years of leadership, the work grew significantly. The Lagos funeral service for Brother Paul was held on Friday, May 21, at 10:00 a.m.

In his preaching, Brother Paul often challenged the audience to make sure they were “rapture-able.” Though he passed away before the Rapture, we may be alive when the trumpet sounds. Either way, we want our hearts to be tuned to that coming sound so we can meet the Lord, and Brother Paul, in the air when it occurs.

Nita Moss



I want to praise God for His infinite love and mercy, His purging, grace and victory. In looking back over my life, I think I was born to serve. When I was nine years old, my mother read to my brother and me about the little maid that was in Naaman's house. She was a captive Israeli girl, and Naaman had severe leprosy. The girl told her mistress that the prophet in Israel, Elisha, could pray for him and he would be healed. Such a deep hunger came into my heart to be like that little girl that I went to bed weeping.

After that, my folks moved three times because of my health. The last

place we lived was in the oil fields. A man who worked for my father told him where his wife went to church, and she came and asked my mother several times to go to church. Finally, my mother did go, and in a few weeks she gave her heart and life to the Lord. My mother and I were very close, so a little later I gave my heart to Jesus, too. I was saved from the time I was a teenager until I married.

My parents were very moral – no swearing or quarreling or insincere remarks. So when I married a worldly boy, the things I heard and saw were a real shock to me. I would bow my head in shame. One day I said, "Now that I'm married, I'll have to put up with it." Then I drifted with the crowd and began to go to the shows and dances.

My husband had an opportunity to make a great deal of money in the oil fields. He made so much that he quit work and we bought two businesses. It was his undoing, and for me, my heart became heavier and heavier with such weight, I longed very much for peace, love and purity.

One day my husband told me to go to Hell. Instead of making me mad, God showed me in a few seconds that from the time I had left the little church I had truly been going to Hell. I was sick and I knew I didn't have long to live, perhaps four months. I turned to my husband and said, "I'm going there about as fast as I can go." I went to the kitchen where I had been getting dinner, and I just looked up to Heaven and said, "Jesus knows I am going to Hell, but He wouldn't deliberately tell me to go."

I had done everything possible to please my husband and make him happy, hoping he would change. But only God can change a human heart.

About three months later, I went back to the little church where I had gone as a girl, with a very heavy heart. After the sermon, someone came and asked if I wanted to pray. I hesitated, and in that moment God said, "Would you be willing to forsake the old crowd?" I answered, "Yes," and stepped

out to go to the altar. As I stepped out, the awful burden I had carried so long lifted, and God's peace came in. That was August 31, 1925.

The following Christmas I had a major operation. I feared some, but I prayed, "Lord, You know the future. If I can have any more than I have now, let me live. If not, let me die." It was serious, but God miraculously brought me through.

The devil had tried to take my life two or three times through accidents. One time a man drove head-on into us and we landed with all four wheels in the air. The steel top of the car saved us. Another time, going over the grade to Bakersfield, California, a car coming toward us lost the rim off one of the tires. It started to bounce, bouncing harder and harder until it got to us, and it bounced completely over our seven-passenger car. If it had come through the windshield, it would have killed both my baby and me.

One day I was reading in Thessalonians about the Rapture when the dead saints will be raised and we who are ready will be translated and go with them into the Marriage Supper of the Lamb. A real hunger came into my heart. After talking to the Lord and praying, I said, "Lord, I don't care what I have to go through between now and then, but I want to be ready when You come."

In just a few weeks, I received my first paper from the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland. There I read how they observed all the doctrines of the Word. My heart leaped! In May, God spoke to me again and said, "Go to Portland, Oregon." When I told my folks, my father told my mother she should go with me. The year of 1926 was our first camp meeting, and I have missed only three in the past sixty years.

My eyes were opened to many things that first camp meeting. I had studied the Word for many hours during the months before, so I judged all I heard and saw by the Word. There were no foolish gestures from the pulpit, but only the pure Word of God. I heard men testify who had been deep in sin, and when they surrendered to God, He made a definite change. He made them new creatures and they made restitutions for their wrongs. I thought to myself, "It takes God to do that." I observed, too, that they preached all the doctrines of the Word and strove to observe them. That also appealed to me because we hadn't been taught the doctrines of divine healing, restitution, tithing, the Lord's Supper, foot washing, and a pure, sanctified life. And they dressed "as becometh saints."

I have been with the Apostolic Faith since 1926 and have seen my father, mother, and brother make Heaven, as well as two uncles. My husband and five of his family were saved because of the Lord's keeping power. I have a deep purpose in my heart to be ready when Jesus comes for His Bride.



Jim Porter

My heart overflows with gratitude as I think of what the Lord has done for me. Before God saved me I never knew that a man could live a day or even an hour without sin. I thought that everyone sinned more or less all the time. I really thought that I was a Christian. I had forsaken the old life, the old habits, and had joined the church. I thought that was what it meant to be a Christian, and nobody told me any different.

I'm glad that God sees men's hearts. He saw me way back in the state of Michigan. We had a prosperous little business there and had things going our way. They had elected me as city clerk in the little town where I lived, but we became dissatisfied and came out West and settled in Portland Oregon. I know now that it was the hand of the Lord that drew us there.

I went to work selling furniture for a man from this place, and he invited me to one of the Apostolic Faith meetings. I told him I was a Christian and described the big stone church I was attending. I was accustomed to going to

church. I sang in the choir, had been treasurer of the church, and was president of the Christian Endeavor Society. In fact, I joined that society because I was endeavoring to live a better life. I was an earnest worker in the church. I would read and pray every day as the Christian Endeavor pledges told us to do. I would go down upon my knees before God night after night and confess my sins.

I finally went to an Apostolic Faith meeting so I could tell him I had been there. It wasn't like so many places where they had a card for everyone to sign or something to join. The Spirit of the living God was there calling hungry hearts. I sat close to the head of the stairs so I could slip out as soon as the service was over, but as I started to walk out of the church, a young man grasped my hand and put a real question to me, "Young man, are you saved? Do you really know that you are right with God?" I am glad he used those very words because those words found me out. It took me completely off guard. That was just what I needed. There I stood and cast my eyes to the floor. This young man never spoke a word about my church membership or my missionary spirit; he asked me if I was saved. I made some excuse; I couldn't answer honestly for I had never known what it was to be really saved, so I evaded the question and beat it down the stairs, but the great God of Heaven talks to men's hearts.

For days and days, everywhere I went, that voice was ringing in my heart, "But are you really saved? Do you really know that you are right with God?" It broke me all up. I couldn't face it at all. I would have given anything to have said "Yes" when the man asked me that question. I got my Bible and compared what they had preached with the Word of God.

I had heard of the old-time religion. I found it took the power of the Blood of Jesus to take sin out. When God began to uncover the sins of my life, I saw I was no better than the drunkard or the dope fiend. There was no use for me to go back to the big stone church anymore, so I came where they preached real straight.

There is something about this old-time Gospel that pulls a hungry heart toward God. I came

back, and it seemed that every word that was preached was meant for me. I didn't sit in the back of the church this time. I sat close to the front. These people don't give you the right hand of fellowship and let the sin remain in your heart; they want you to pray and get your name written in Heaven. So that is just what I did. When the altar call was given, I wasn't the first one down the stairs, but I fairly ran down the aisle and was one of the first ones at the altar. I fell in a heap, with the tears streaming down my face and began to pray, "Oh, God, have mercy on me, a sinner." It brought the answer. I saw that I had sins that nothing but the Blood of Jesus could wash away. They rolled up before me as I prayed.

I had habits that no one knew anything about. God showed me the love of cigarettes that no membership had ever taken out. I used to pray about those things many times, but I never could get rid of them. I saw, too, that I had to go back and make restitution to people I had wronged, and that broke up my hard heart. I saw how I lived when driven into a corner. I saw I was a stumbling block in the way of others. I was a real hypocrite. That is enough to wake up any man. The people who gathered around me encouraged me to pray.

Jesus came into my life and saved my soul and broke every habit. He blotted out the old record, gave me a clean slate, and recorded my name in Heaven. It was real to me; I felt I was walking on air. I know a little bit about what Heaven is going to be like because He has given me a taste of it down on this earth. I know I am a child of the King.

The next day I went home and told my mother and my folks about the old-time religion. Mother said, "You don't mean to tell me I am not a Christian, do you?" Mother was doing the best she knew; she was living up to all the light she had. I said, "Mother, I don't know, but you come and see." She went to the Apostolic Faith Church and saw for herself. She went to the same altar and received the same kind of salvation as I had. She is in Glory today, and I have the hope of meeting her there.

Before God saved my soul, I used to wonder if I was in the right denomination, but when I rose to my feet after God saved my soul, I knew that I was in the right one. When I go to work in the morning, the joy of the Lord is down in my heart. These days, I don't have to go struggling along as I used to. Thank God I have found the power in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It can come right down into a young man's life, take the sin out, put the victory in his soul, and give him an inheritance with Jesus.

Some years ago I met with an accident and fell while working on the job. They took me to the hospital and had me on the x-ray table. They said my back was broken, but in answer to prayer by this body of believers the Lord raised me up, and I am fine today. I have praises in my heart that the Lord hears and answers prayer and I can say that it is good to serve Him.

There is nothing shaky about the old-time religion. It stands! It is real! I know if He can give it to me, He can give it to you.

The Lord has kept me for over forty-five years with victory in my life. I have worked among the mechanics and have been able to live a Christian life and sing of my Redeemer. The way is getting better every day, and I can say it is good to serve the Lord.



Ada Laine

I was born in Finland and did not know anything about this Gospel when I was a child. I believed God in a way—it was sinning and repenting, always trying to do the very best we could, and after death we might know the outcome. That did not satisfy me. The Lord continued to call after my young heart. My grandmother used to read the Bible stories to me and tell how beautiful Heaven was, and I wanted to go there. She used to sing a song to me, “Children who love the Lord can go to Heaven.”

We were taught in the Catechism that we must fear and love God and keep His commandments. But I still didn’t have the power to love God or to do His will. For many years I didn’t know that we could be saved in this

world. Then when I was about ten years old, we received an Apostolic Faith paper published in Portland, Oregon. After that I didn’t have any excuse, because then I knew what it would take for the Lord to save me. I put it off and said I was too far away from Portland so I couldn’t do it.

Somewhere in my young life God showed me something and gave me a vision of what a real Christian should be and what the fellowship of Christian people should be like. I longed to come to America—to Portland, Oregon. I thought, if I could meet the people of God maybe I would get saved and serve the Lord. God was so faithful and brought me here to Portland. I had promised God when in Finland, that if I ever found the people of God I would walk the way God wanted me to walk.

When I came to this country I wanted to understand English. My church was very precious to me and I revered my church, but I knew I had never been a real Christian. He brought me among the Apostolic Faith people, but I had hardened my heart and put off seeking God. I wanted to see the world, but God never ceased to talk to my heart. I was so ashamed of myself for not yielding my heart to Him, when I realized people from all over the world wanted to come to Portland to give their heart to God.

At the Apostolic Faith camp meeting in 1922 I made up my mind I wanted to be forgiven, I wanted to know God and be His child. I wanted to know that I was saved. When I left my seat to go to the altar, I said in my heart that I didn’t care if the whole world knew that I was going to pray and find God. When I prayed to Him for forgiveness of my sins, He saved my soul. It was so wonderful. I wanted to serve God and I went to church faithfully. It seemed my life didn’t amount to anything, but I was praying for others. I thought I couldn’t do anything for the Lord, so I would just go to church. When the booklet “Cogitations of a Tin Soldier” was published, it stirred me in my soul. I prayed and I felt there was something somewhere that God had for me to do; so I started consecrating my life to Him.

The Bible became a new Book to me. It was so plain that one must be born-again, something I had never realized before. I saw just what it took to serve God. Later I was asked if I wanted to give my time in the service of the Lord. I thought, how did I ever get to the place they would ask me this? I said, “Yes, if I am worthy of it, I will.” I had made the consecration and was so happy that I got to the place where I could do something for God. It seemed life began for me right then, and I never was so happy in all my life.

God has been so good to me all the years of my life. He has given me the privilege to work in the home of the founder of this Gospel; I loved them and honored them. I thank God that He has kept me. He has helped me, and I still want to follow His way and do His will. I thank the Lord with all my heart for all His goodness to me.



George Cambridge

Praise God for the old-time religion! I came to Portland to get a friend of mine out of trouble. The first night I was in this city, I wandered out on Second and Burnside Streets, and heard a band of the Apostolic Faith people telling what God had done for them—how He could take a man back over the old life and straighten it out. The story I heard appealed to my old crooked heart; but I knew I wouldn't go back over my past life, to straighten it out for anything in the world. My life was all covered over. I had from ten to fifteen years behind prison walls facing me. I was dodging around one crime after another—lying out in the sticks to keep away from the sheriff. Sin had done an awful work in my life.

Surely, I was in need of God. I had gone into sin when just a little boy. I wanted to see a good time in this old world, and have lots of fun, as the world calls it. But before I was seventeen years of age I turned to crime that

would have put me behind prison walls for years. I got away from the old gang after I saw three of them land in prison, and I tried to settle down. I determined I would join the church and get out of that kind of life. Then I robbed my old dad out of several hundreds of dollars. I got by with the law, I got by with my old dad, kept my life covered up and made people believe I was moral and honest, but I couldn't look my fellow man in the face. My eyes would slink down and I would dodge around the corner. I was ashamed of my life and I had a right to be ashamed. I tried many times to break away from sin, but I failed and instead went deeper into sin.

The first time I stepped foot among the people of God in Portland, He began to show me my sins. He brought them up before me and showed me my crooked life. I knew these people preached restitution, and many times I would pick up the Word of God and throw it down because it condemned me. I knew the things that were done in secret would be revealed. I cursed this people and cursed God. My heart had grown bitter and hard, but I knew these people had the real thing.

My wife was an invalid, and I took her to a camp meeting these people were holding. They prayed for her, and God wonderfully healed her after physicians and operations had failed to bring health. She went home and said to me, "George, I believe God has healed me." I said in my heart, I will see. I couldn't help but see. She went home, threw her medicine out and began to do her own work where I had been doing it for weeks and months, and years. Those things stuck in my heart. He also healed my boy of scarlet fever. I am so glad for the wonderful love of God.

Heavy conviction came upon me. About a year-and-a-half after I heard the story of Jesus and His power to save, I made my way into the Apostolic Faith mission hall. There I knelt and for the first time in my life, I prayed an honest prayer. My heart was stubborn and full of sin, but I thank God He had mercy on my soul. When I told God I was willing to go back and face the people I had wronged, He heard and answered prayer and rolled the burden of sin away and set me free. I walked out of that hall a happy man with real joy in my soul. It seemed like another world the next day. I couldn't begin to tell you the love that came into my life.

I went back to the same bunch of men I worked with, and they knew that God had done a real work in my heart. I knew I could go out and conquer after that. I knew I could live the life of a Christian on the job. I praise God for His mercy.

The day after I was saved, I started back over that old hypocritical life. I thought I would have to go behind penitentiary bars if I confessed out my life and the sin and crime I had committed. But God gave me grace to do it. I went to my old Dad and told him what I had done—deeded him back a good home to straighten up the wrongs I had done him. I went back to the Sunday school where I had been treasurer for years and paid back the money I had robbed out of the treasury. I faced the widows and orphans that I had robbed, faced the old walls, faced every man in this world that I could find that I had wronged, to straighten up my life. It took me six years to clean up my old life, but I praise God I don't owe a one-cent piece today.

For years I had dodged around the crowds, afraid I would see somebody coming that I might know; but, thank God, I don't have to dodge anyone today. I have a clean record and I enjoy life. I praise God for what this Gospel means to me. It keeps me on the job, in my home, and everywhere. With a hammer and a square, a man who was converted at the "Lighthouse by the bridge" fifty years ago, has made an honest living and has helped in the construction of many of our buildings of worship in Portland and in our branch churches. Thank God for real Bible salvation.

Hazeldell Barnum



I want to thank the Lord that the Apostolic Faith people came to Medford, Oregon, and established a work. It was in Medford that I was saved.

I had never seen a soul saved and had never heard anyone tell me that if I would pray, God would save me. I had been seeking peace in the world. The things of this world seemed to come my way. I had a good home and pleasures that wealth could bring, but the more I gained, the more miserable I became. Oh the heartache and fear that gripped my heart, because I didn't know that Heaven could be my home!

I remember one day as I was leaving the church where I held five offices, I said to a young woman, "I don't believe God will ever turn me out of Heaven," but before I got down those steps that morning, God said to me, "Your righteousness is like filthy rags in my sight." My heart sank.

After I was married I became worldly. I wanted to have a good time and the devil led me step by step until I was doing many things that I knew were wrong. I was going to theaters but I did not want anyone in the church to know it.

My heart was full of condemnation and I was miserable. Later I became sick in my body and needed help physically and spiritually. I said, "God, some way if you will only let me know that I will go to Heaven, I will give you my life."

One day a lady came to my home and handed me an Apostolic Faith paper. I had seen my sister at the point of death. I knew these people had prayed for her and God healed her and saved her. True to her mission this little woman told me, "You can know you are saved." But she didn't leave me there. She told me how to pray. She said, "If you will confess your sins to God, He will forgive you and you will know it." I began to name my sins to God. Every time I prayed tears would flow down my cheeks. Finally it seemed God showed me my life and the deeds I had forgotten about. I felt He was holding my sins against me, and as He showed them to me I confessed them and said, "God forgive me!" I found that He keeps a record of all we do.

I prayed for three days and nights trying to surrender all to God. I gave Him everything I knew to give. One day I dropped on my knees alone in my bedroom. I shed tears of repentance and again told God I would do anything He required of me, if He would just give me the witness in my heart that I was saved. I wanted something more than just making up my own mind. I wanted to know I was saved.

Later I attended an Apostolic Faith service where I knelt at an old-fashioned altar. They gathered around and prayed with me, but I did not seem to get a witness of salvation. Finally, one of the ministers came and knelt by me and asked, "Are you really in earnest?" I said, "I have been praying and weeping in my home for three days and nights, and I want to know I am saved, I don't want to guess about it." He began to quote Scripture to me, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6:37).

I knew I had come to God and had confessed my sins, and that very moment my faith took hold of God's promises, and I knew I was saved! I said, "Oh God has saved me!" I jumped to my feet praising God. I had a most wonderful witness in my heart. I knew my name was written in Heaven. Later He sanctified me and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

I thank Him that He has kept me for over fifty years. As I grow older I realize it won't be long until my work on earth is done. I have a peace that flows like a river. I walk and talk with the Lord wherever I am. I praise God for His love and His care for me.

Hazeldell Barnum was a minister in the Apostolic Faith church for many years.



Warren Trotter

Our marriage came to a halt one Christmas Eve when Lucille told me she didn't care if she ever saw me again. I did not realize how much my wife and three-year-old son meant to me until I lost them that night. We had been married for five years. My wife had tried to make our marriage work, but I had a hard heart and hurt her many times. I had also acquired a love for gambling—the thing that would eventually wreck our home. I had a good job, but my gambling kept us struggling to make ends meet and kept me out night after night. Lucille had threatened to leave me before, but this time I couldn't talk her out of it. As I looked into her eyes, I saw a bitter young woman. Love had

turned to hate, and she only wanted me out of her sight.

With a heavy heart, I moved out. Life turned into an empty shell, and even the gambling and night life no longer appealed to me. One Sunday afternoon, about a month after we broke up, my little boy Ken visited me. He couldn't understand why Daddy did not live at home anymore, and that broke my heart. That very afternoon my brother came by and invited me to church. After saying I might go, I took Ken back to his mother. As we drove across Los Angeles, we started singing Sunday school songs. I hadn't sung them for years.

I was ready to see if God would do something for me. I had gone to church as a youngster, and we had had family prayer in the home. But I was a long way from those childhood prayers. Now I was at the crossroads: Should I continue down the road of sin, with the same old emptiness and defeat? Or should I give God a chance?

I decided to go to church, and by the end of the service that night, there was no resistance. I didn't know how to pray, but it wasn't long until I was weeping and asking God for mercy. It was an honest prayer and a prayer of submission. What a change took place! The gambling, the drinking, the cursing, and the selfishness were all gone in a moment of time.

I thought my wife would be delighted to know that I was a different person. But when I told her, she looked at me and laughed. The fact that there had been a change in me didn't interest her at all, nor was she interested in my religion. What a blow it was when she went ahead and filed for a divorce! But I made no attempt to contest it. Even though I was terribly discouraged at times, I just kept praying and trusting the Lord.

I decided to move to Portland, Oregon. Of course I hoped that Lucille would come, and some months later she did. God answered prayer and our home was reunited, but she let me know immediately that she had no intention of going to church.

Then God worked another miracle! She started going to church with me, and one night she went to the altar and was gloriously saved. What a change it made in our home! There are not words to express the appreciation in my heart for the great things God has done for me and the happy home we have had for many years.

Although the breakup of our home was traumatic, it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. As the Prodigal Son, I came to myself and turned back to Father's house. I am convinced that if God can save a rebel like me, He can and will save anyone who turns to Him.



Edith Chance

How I thank God that He ever counted me worthy to bring me among the Apostolic Faith people! I was a brokenhearted woman when Jesus found me. I was an awful sinner and had sin in my life that would have put me behind prison bars, yet I was proud and haughty and had an awful temper.

Brought up in a Christian home, I cannot remember the time my mother did not pray for me. I could not get away from my mother's prayers. Liquor or cards were never allowed in our home; all of my people were church members, but it took more than that to make a Christian out of me.

I came to this western city, thinking, "I will have a good time in this world. I am not going to church but will try everything else; I can do just as I please." I tried the picture shows, lodge rooms, and theaters, but I would come home and cry myself to sleep and wonder what was the matter with me. I ran a rooming house and rented rooms to the wrong kind of people and charged them double

price. The time came when I got so tired of the whole thing that I wondered what I would do.

One night, I heard the Apostolic Faith people telling this story of Jesus on the street corner, and God convicted my soul. I don't know where I would be had it not been for that street meeting. I was just a proud worldly woman. I tell you, I needed a Savior when I came among these people—my heart all covered up with sin. Nobody dreamed what an awful sinner I was.

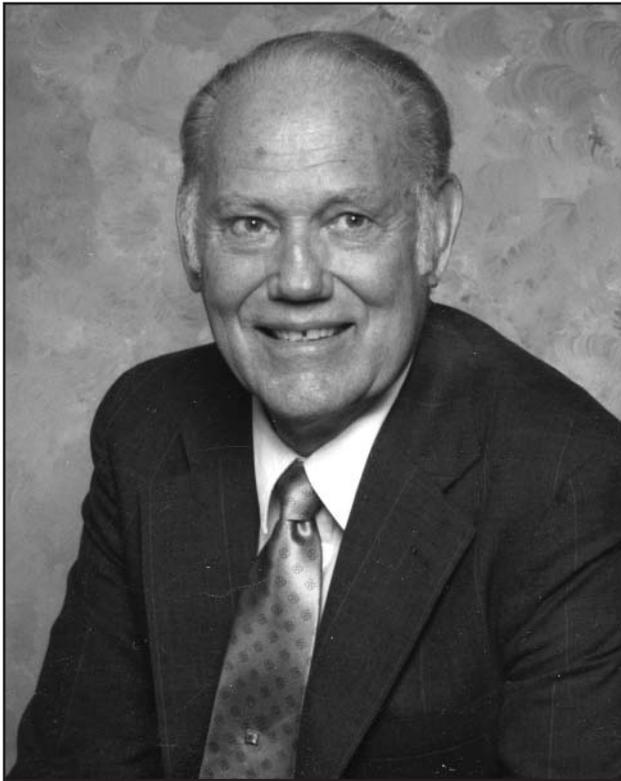
The reason I am here is because I heeded the call of God. I went home and told my brother I would rather have what these people have than anything else in the world. Ten days after that I came to this hall and went to the altar, a sinner. I got down on my knees and cried out to God for mercy. I didn't care who heard me pray. God saved my soul that night and took the burden of sin away, took out the temper that had me bound, and gave me power to live right. He took out the heartaches and gave me joy and peace and happiness.

I had loved the theaters and thought I could never give them up. I will never forget the next day when I went downtown and I happened to pass a theater; I looked up to God and thanked Him that I didn't have a single desire to go in. He also took out the love for the things of the world out of my heart. He took the love of money.

He helped me to go back over my crooked past and straighten it up. No one knew the sins that were in my life. I had fourteen different restitutions to make. I had to go to three different stores and confess what I had stolen. I had set fire to the rooming house to get the insurance. I kept that crime covered up for eight years. I never told my troubles to anybody. Not even my dearest friend knew anything about the sins that were covered up in my life. But God revealed to me that I must straighten it out. I thought I could not do it for awhile, but God gave me the grace. Today I have a clean life.

I used to hate "fallen women," but when God saved me, He put it in my heart to go on the streets, behind the prison bars and elsewhere to tell them about this wonderful salvation.

God has done much for my people. Many of them have come into this Gospel since I heard that Apostolic Faith street meeting many years ago. I praise God for the joy, peace, and happiness, and for something to live for.



Don Maxwell

I thank God I can be here today and offer a testimony for the Lord. I am glad He ever made a change in my life and made the old-time religion real. Some of the people that are sitting right here tonight came up into the eastern part of Washington to a little ranch where we were living. Down alongside a little stream I heard people get up and say God changed their lives. I was reared in a real Christian home. I believed in Heaven and I believed in Hell. I thought I was on the road to Heaven even though I didn't have victory over sin. I tried to cover up things so my parents wouldn't know about it. I measured my life by those around me and I thought I was doing all right.

I could see that these people had something different in their lives. I watched them for a number of days, as some of them lived right in our home. They had what they were talking about. I was going to have to confess that I was a sinner. I am so thankful they invited me to a meeting. I

went to their altar to pray and God became real to me. It proved real on the job.

Since I have been at camp meeting I found that God is real and He doesn't fail. The first Monday I was here I ran a nail into my hand. My hand began to get sore. When I was in the Army I was in the Army Medical Corps, so I knew there were a lot of good things I could do for that hand. But I did something that would perhaps make the doctor think I was losing my mind. I bound a little church paper around my hand. It was so sore I could hardly wiggle my fingers. The next morning there was no pain. It was gone. I can say the Gospel is real. I have not had many chances to prove God like that. God has given me good health. On my job I have nearly a thousand hours of sick leave accumulated. I have not been sick very much because God answers prayer.

My little granddaughter was playing on the bed and I saw she was going to fall off so I grasped her to brake the fall. She hurt her arm. We heard it snap and she began to cry. We hoped it would clear up in a little while but it didn't. She held her arm against her side and if we tried to move it she cried. We sat around a table and prayed for this little girl, and when she left the table her arm did not hurt one bit. She played all day with her cousins and never had a trace of pain. She was perfectly well! This was just one of the fringe benefits of the Gospel. I am glad I have a Lord like that to serve.

I want to tell you about a restitution I had to make. I had been a Sunday school boy, and I shouldn't have had any restitutions to make, but I tell this because I want you to know how well the Lord keeps books. I went down to the park one day, and while wandering through the park I saw a box of crackerjacks under the bridge, so I put it in my pocket and went on my way. I don't think I ever thought about that again until many years later. After I came in the Gospel that thing came up before me and I saw that box of crackerjacks. Well, I just put it out of my mind. I said, "Lord, You know I don't know who owns that concession in the park; I can't make that restitution. How can I do anything with that?" Every time I would get down at the altar to pray, the box of crackerjacks would come before me. I just put it off until I finally made up my mind to do something about it. I wrote a letter to the Metropolitan Park Board in Tacoma, Washington, telling them what I had done. I sent them fifty cents to cover the cost of the crackerjacks.

They wrote back and sent me forty cents back saying they cost only a dime and said it was commendable to make it right. I am not sure why the Lord wanted me to do this, but it was such a good feeling to have my record clear before the Lord and my fellowman.

I am glad it is my privilege to give Him a little of my time, and I thank Him for the old-time religion. There is a purpose in my heart to go through with this Gospel and see the end of a Christian race.

Sarah Schmick



My brother wrote to me when I was living on a homestead in Montana, and told me about the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon. He also sent me one of their church papers. At that time I was a brokenhearted young woman, condemned every day. I had married a man who had a living companion. That is wrong according to the Word of God and I knew it.

I thought I would lose my mind in my misery, but I thank God, as I read that paper and compared the doctrines with the Bible, I knew their teachings were according to the Word of God. Such a hope sprang up in my soul! I wanted the same peace I read about in that paper.

In my kitchen I knelt and asked God to open the way for me to get out of that life of adultery. I wanted to get saved and live a clean life. I wrote to the Apostolic Faith people and asked them to pray for me. I told them my prob-

lem. They answered my letter and said they would pray for me. I had talked to different ministers before this, and they would say that so long as I was the innocent party, it was all right for me to continue in my marital state, but in reading God's Word, I found this was condemned.

About two years after receiving the paper, I left my home with my two little girls who were five and three years of age. I came to Portland to be in the meetings and to seek God. My neighbors in Montana told me I was foolish to leave my home, but I had to find God. The Lord showed me my responsibility to line up to His Word, and I have never been sorry that I took my stand for the Truth.

After arriving in Portland, I attended a church service. At the end of the sermon I went forward and knelt at the altar of prayer, and confessed my sins to God. I asked His forgiveness and He saved my soul, delivered me from all my sins, and put the joy and peace of Heaven into my soul! He gave me beauty for ashes.

I then sought the Lord for sanctification and He gave it to me—purity filled my soul. I prayed for the baptism of the Holy Ghost and He also gave me that blessing. I never knew a person could be so happy!

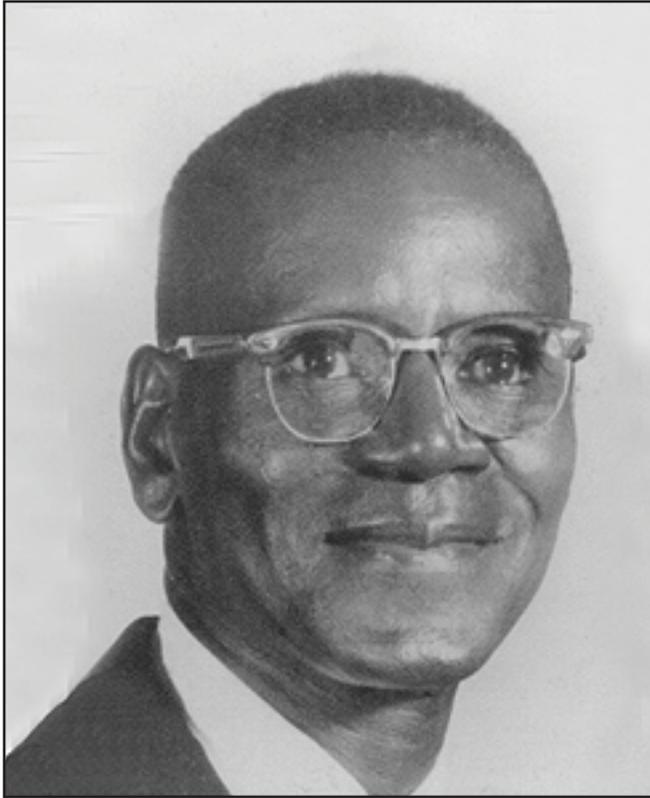
I found that Jesus never fails. He gave me a happy Christian home and strength to work and support my two daughters, providing for every need.

As a child, my oldest daughter was very much afflicted in body and was not allowed to go to school for six months. The doctor told me that I might as well make up my mind that my girl would never be well, as there was no cure for her. She had an infection in her blood, which caused terrible abscesses to break out on her ears and neck. Every day when I would come home from work, I would have to change the bandages. But one day, after asking the people of God to pray for her, I removed the bandage to put on a fresh one and to my great surprise, God had undertaken and healed her completely. She even had new skin covering the place where the abscess had been.

When I told my little one that the Lord had healed her, she wept at such a miracle. The Lord healed me, also. I had suffered with a severe cough for six months. But one Sunday morning as I sat in a church service where God's Spirit was mightily outpoured, the Lord healed me perfectly. I have had no more trouble; the cough has never returned.

My two daughters, grown women today, are living for God and participating in the Lord's service. The girls' father also prayed and was saved before he died.

God has surely done much for me. I had the privilege to work in the church office for many years. It was the joy of my life. To this day, I have never regretted my decision to step out of that adulterous life. And now in my sunset years, I am looking forward to the Lord's call.



Pearl Lockett Sr.

Back in the State of Alabama, many years ago, I was just a churchgoing sinner. I was very religiously inclined, and I thought I was as good as anyone in the community where I was raised. My parents had taught me a good way to go, but that did not suffice, for I had sin in my life. The people I went to church with had sin in their lives, too. I could see them smoke, chew, drink wine; they would go to the shows; still, we all professed to be Christians.

I thank God that one day God permitted some Apostolic Faith people to come my way and tell me the story of Jesus right in my home. Back in that log cabin, God spoke to my heart.

My uncle told me, “You are a good boy. You are the best we have in the community. It doesn’t seem you would give your religion up for what these people tell you about.” But these ministers told me, “You have to live free from sin.” My preacher said, “I sin, you sin, and ev-

erybody else sins.” But when I heard that we could live free from sin, it registered in my heart. I knew if I sinned I was a sinner and it would never bring anything but Hell.

One thing was hard for me to do: that was to confess to God that I was a sinner. God still strove with my heart. He humbled me—He wouldn’t let me go. It seemed a hunger got hold of me and I couldn’t get away from it. Finally I decided, regardless of what anyone else says, I am going to make it myself. He let me get on these stiff knees of mine and confess and ask Him to be merciful to me, a sinner. When I did, He came in and saved my soul. Oh, the joy that flooded my heart that night! It seemed the whole heavens opened and the joy of God came into my heart.

Then these Christians told me there was something more for me. They said, “Brother, hold on.” I didn’t know what they were talking about; I didn’t see how there could be anything more. But I held on a little more, and God sanctified my heart. He took the root of sin—the desire for sin, the want-to—out of my heart. God fixed me so I could love everybody. He put perfect love into my heart. I knew when I loved Jesus, I could love my neighbor.

When I went on my knees and fully surrendered to God’s will, yielding my life to Him, He baptized me with the Holy Ghost.

Not only do I praise God for what He has done for me down through these many years, but I thank Him for what He is doing for me now. It seems the Spirit of God has encouraged my soul to do more for Him than I ever have before. I want Him to have the remainder of my days.



Myrtle Hockett

As a child, I was never taught much about God. My parents would take me with them to the dance halls and places of amusement and as I grew older, those things became a part of my very life. I tried hard to find satisfaction until my life was just a tangle and my character was blighted by sin. I would go to my home after a night of revelry in sin and cry myself to sleep. I knew I wasn't right with God. One night, when just a young person of nineteen, the load of sin on my life got so heavy I couldn't bear it any longer.

God led me to a little church in Salem, Oregon, where the Apostolic Faith people were holding meetings. As I sat in that meeting, the Lord convicted me of my sins. When the altar call was given, I went forward and poured out my heart to God. Tears of repentance streamed down my cheeks, and I knew my sins were forgiven. The love for the so-called pleasures of the world was gone, and the peace of Heaven filled my soul.

I am thankful for the privilege I had of kneeling at an altar and praying a prayer that God could answer. That was over fifty years ago, but the results of that prayer have kept me all through my life. I am so glad I can be here with victory in my heart and something in my life that wants to serve the Lord better. I am glad for the things I have heard at this camp meeting. It just thrills my soul. God sanctified me wholly, and He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

He has been my Healer for many years. I took a fall headfirst down some stairs, which resulted in a brain concussion and internal injuries. People at my place of business thought I would not be well again, but I put my trust in God. The people of God prayed and held on to the Lord for me, and today I am well and back at work. They look at me in amazement when I tell them the Lord healed me. I have found through the years that it more than pays to serve God.

There is a real praise and gratitude in my heart for what the Lord means to me! Through the good times and the bad times, I have had One who has kept my feet out of the ways of the world, and has given me a hope of Heaven. I would not exchange that for anything in this world. I thank Him with all my heart.



Ida Maddox

I am a living miracle to the power there is in this Gospel. It just seems as if I am back from another world. It is almost too marvelous to be true that God has spared my life. If it were not for the prayers of these ministers, I would not be here today.

This past year, even through all the suffering and agony, has been the most wonderful year in all my life. God has spared me and healed me from all my diseases. There was everything wrong with me that could ever be wrong—cancers, tumors, ulcers, abscesses, and the flu on top of it all! The doctor said, “That woman will never live until I get to the front door.” But God has healed my body, and I feel better than I have in years.

Words can never describe just what it means to trust God down to the very shadow of death. For my part, I was willing to go—happy to go. When I was a girl I was afraid to die, and afraid to be buried in the grave. But now I never think of the grave, for my heart is in Heaven. I know Jesus will meet me at the Pearly Gates, because He gave me such assurance in my heart, such faith, such peace! Oh, that I could tell every saint and every sinner what God can do and the faith He can put in your heart! It makes no difference what the test or trial may be, God is still on His throne.

Through all the suffering, when I couldn’t pray or even get on my knees, the Lord was near. I remembered a message our overseer, Brother Ray Crawford preached, that we could make our afflictions an asset. I praise God that I made mine an asset. Now I am looking forward to going to jail meetings, the hospital work, and the street work, and to give God my life as never before.

I was fifteen years old when the light of the Gospel first came into our home. We lived in a little community on the outskirts of Oregon City, Oregon, named Canemah. My father heard about a woman evangelist who was preaching in the lower part of town in Portland, Oregon. He was told of an outpouring of the Holy Ghost and people were getting saved and healed. My father wanted to learn more about this breaking news so he and I took the Oregon City street car and attended our first meeting. My father was impressed because they didn’t ask for money.

In a few years I married, and my husband and I attended a neighborhood church for several Sundays. One Sunday when we got home, my husband threw his hat on the table and said, “All that preacher does during the entire service is beg for money, and if that’s all there is to religion I’m never going to church again.” It was at that very moment I told him about the little mission in Portland that preached from an open Bible and never took a collection. His reply was, “You’ll have to show me before I’ll believe it.” We attended our first service at Front and Burnside, and we both prayed through to a born-again experience. After that, we trusted the Lord for healing and he never failed us.

I’m reminded of another miraculous healing in my life. During the 1918 flu epidemic, my husband and I, along with our two sons, were quarantined and had no outside access. My fever soared so high I lost all my hair. My head was as bald as a billiard ball. I tried to wear a wig so that we could come to church, but going home on the streetcar I would get a migraine headache. One day, Mother Crawford called and asked if my hair had started to grow back. In tears I told her, “No, it hasn’t.” She said, “Well dear, you pray and I’ll pray and we’ll see what God will do.” In a week it started to come in, just like chicken fuzz. As you can see I am blessed with a full head of hair today.

Early in 1922 we moved to Portland to be near the new church on Sixth and Burnside. The Lord has helped us raise our four children in the Gospel and has provided for our every need.

Ida Maddox was the mother of Melissa Zetter. Her husband owned Maddox Transfer and Storage who helped many times with the moves the church needed to make (ask Melissa how many).



Carl Deffenbaugh

I thank God for the Gospel. I am glad there was a lady in this Gospel, Sister Florence Louise Crawford, who had a faithful heart that loved souls and sent Apostolic Faith papers all over this world. It was through that means my mother received one of these papers in the Midwest, in what is known today as the nation's dust bowl. My mother was one of the pioneer women who moved west of the Mississippi when I was only a year old. We were a family of three boys, growing up and knowing nothing about God. But, thank God, we heard about the Gospel.

When we received a paper from Portland, we sent our mother out here and she came back with a wonderful report. There was something in our hearts that wanted to move right away and see about this marvelous Gospel. We were all tied up in the affairs of this world, but we decided to sell out and come to be among these people. As soon as

business deals and property deals were transferred, we came and have been here ever since.

I was employed at that time in the United States Department of Agriculture in the soil conservation work, and I thought, "How would it affect my position in life to come among these people and live with them?" But I thank God I have proved that one can live the life of a Christian on the job every day. Today, after twenty-five years, I am still employed in the same department with the same position of engineering. I am a staff man and travel throughout the Pacific Northwest—Oregon, Washington, and Northern California.

I meet up with problems every day, but I have found that the God I serve can do anything. Even though a person might have technical training and specialize in a particular line of duty, I find that the Lord is able to lead and meet every situation that may arise, including the major decisions.

A number of years ago when I did construction work here in the city, I had from twenty to thirty of the Apostolic Faith men working for me at a time. At one jobsite we were building a large store building, and a man living across from where we were working was so impressed with the way our men worked and lived that he came over and asked my foreman about our boys, and who we were. He said it surely beat anything he had ever seen—the quietness with which the work proceeded – nobody cursed, nobody smoked, and there seemed to be unity and harmony among them to complete the work without any loud commotion.

God has proved Himself to be a healer in our home. I married the daughter of a prominent physician, an M.D. in a small eastern college town. Our oldest child was afflicted and paralyzed. The grandfather and grandmother of the child offered much information regarding medicines and care, but we stood very firm in our belief that the Lord would heal this child. The anxiety of the thing grew so great that the grandmother and two of the grown children came out to Portland to see the child for themselves. Several days after their arrival, the Lord healed the child perfectly and also healed the grandmother who was on crutches at the time.

I have two boys. Those two children are saved. They are both in high school. God gives them wisdom and understanding to deal with all the many little problems they meet at school. God takes care of our family.

I appreciate the Gospel. It means everything to me. Right in the midst of life, when I was trying to get a good position and a good education, I found out the necessary requisite to a joyful life was not in what you could gain in this world, but in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.



Lydia (Trzil) Baxter

I feel I have been so slow in praising God for what He has done for me. I am so glad that way back in 1920, my folks received an Apostolic Faith paper in Pennsylvania. I was just a small child at the time, and my folks were looking for the way that was the right way. God brought a paper into their mailbox, and when they read it, they said, "This is what we are looking for."

I thank God I was brought up in a Christian home. I am thankful that I have been taught the Word of God, and am grateful for a Christian heritage and for parents that brought us up to honor God.

I remember as a child that no gossip was allowed in our home. Our parents told us to turn our eyes inward for we had plenty to take care of there. It stayed with me and taught me to be careful of what I said.

They sold everything they had in the dead of winter, and came out here to Portland, Oregon. They had eight children, and we were all small, but God took care of us. As I look back on it, I am glad my

folks obeyed God's call. I wanted to give Him my life as never before.

From a little child I wanted to serve the Lord with all my heart. He did not forsake me. He saw my heart, and after a few years of drifting as young people often do, the Lord brought me back into the fold. I thank Him for everything, even the days of trials. I had first told Him: "I don't want them", but finally I came to the place where I said, "Lord, I will trust you," and the Lord helped me and strengthened me. I thank Him that my anchor holds.

A few years ago I had bursitis. I could hardly sleep. I was awake night and day and suffered such pain. One day my little girl came in and said, "Mother, don't give up, God is going to heal you." And God did heal me instantly.

Many times when I was sick, the Lord healed me instantly. When I was younger and my children were small, I couldn't care for them like I wanted to, as my back would go out of place. So I started to go to a chiropractor, thinking perhaps it would help. But one day I said, "It feels good about one hour, and then it is right back where it started." My little girl said, "Mother, why don't you pray?" That rebuked me and I did pray, and the Lord instantly healed me. How I praise Him!

I thank God for those milestones in my life. In the trials and the sorrows, God has been there. And I have been thinking lately, "How do we know, but that we might have to be martyred?" It brought to my mind the countless numbers who were martyred for their faith. I ask the Lord to give me the grace if it should come to that, that I will stand true.

God has done so many things for us. Just last winter when our child was dying, God gave me the faith to hold on for her healing. I thank the Lord that we were not trusting the doctors or surgery, but we looked to Him, and He gave us a promise and we hung onto it. I said, "God, You can open the door; I can't open it, but I know You can." They called me the next morning from the hospital and said, "Your child doesn't have to have surgery, your child is well! You can come and get her." Oh, I'm thankful we held onto God, and didn't have to lean on the arm of flesh. Thank God for all He has done for me!



Virgil Hodson

I thank God for His mercy that followed me all the days of my life. The first time I ever prayed was when I was overseas in World War I. At 17 years of age I enlisted and went overseas with the regular army. Some of those men had seen twenty years of service, and I did everything they did, trying to find something to satisfy my heart. But I never found it.

While overseas I prayed to God, promising if He would just bring me back to the States I would live a different kind of life and not do the things I was doing. When the war was over, I returned to Portland and went to work as a street-car conductor. I went deeper and deeper into sin, forgetting all about my promise to the Lord. But He didn't forget. Finally in 1921, I stood on a street corner and heard an open-air meeting with testimonies from people who said they had

prayed an honest prayer and God had delivered them from their sins and set them free.

I went to their meeting place and prayed a prayer that God answered. I had been smoking two and three packs of cigarettes a day, and at night would try to sleep between coughing spells. That night I slept like a baby. When I awoke, the desire for cigarettes was gone. That was a miracle to me.

After serving God for a while, I made the greatest mistake of my life. I failed God and went back into sin. I operated a taxi business, again going deeper and deeper into sin. One day, when I returned to my taxi stand, some people from the Apostolic Faith Church were there to talk to me about the Lord. I often wished they had asked me to pray right there. I was so sick and tired of that life of sin! But they did promise to pray for me.

A few nights later, I awoke with a terrible fear gripping me. I was afraid to go to sleep; afraid I would awaken in Hell. And that wasn't the only time it happened. I went back to working for the Government in San Francisco, thinking I could get away from that terrible conviction. The fear left me for a while, but then it came back even in the daytime. Finally, I gave up. I promised the Lord if He would again give me the peace and victory I had known, I would be faithful. God answered that prayer and took me back.

A few months later, I went into the service in World War II. My companions never saw me drink or smoke, and they never heard me curse or swear. It took more than signing a card to give me such victory. It took the love of God to change my sinful heart. When I left my outfit, some of the boys told me they couldn't lay a finger on my life.

I returned to my taxi business on the coast and operated it like a Christian should. A few years later I prayed, "O God, if I can just get inside the gates of the campground, I'll never want to leave." For the past twenty-four years I have had the privilege of living on the church grounds as caretaker and watchman. I have thought many times of the Scripture: "Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates" (Proverbs 8:34). Now, retired and living across the street, I can still see the tabernacle with the name Jesus. I thank Him that He has guided and kept me all through the years. I have the blessed hope of soon seeing Him in Glory.



Lucille Chapman

I was just a sinner on my way to Hell in my younger years. I loved the pleasures of the world and went after them with all my heart. But one night, when deep in sin, I cried out, “Oh God, isn’t there a better way to live?”

From that time on, God led me until the Light of the Gospel was shed across my pathway. Before we were married, my husband was saved. It made me angry and I told him he could go his way and I would go mine. He sent me some literature from the Apostolic Faith Church, but I didn’t want to have anything to do with it. I intended to burn the paper, but something always caused me to postpone it, like the phone’s ringing or someone at the door. Then my mother, who wanted to read it wasn’t a Christian.

One day while cleaning house I saw that paper again. I thought, if I can’t burn it,

I might as well read it. What wonderful testimonies I read! But the devil told me I had gone too far—that this wasn’t for me.

There were sins in my life about which I had never told anyone, but I couldn’t hide from God. When He showed me I would have to confess everything and ask forgiveness, I said, “I’ll never do it!” I was working in a woolen mill at the time, running a loom. As the shuttle went back and forth it seemed to be saying, “Yes, you will; yes, you will.” I would stubbornly answer, “No, I won’t! No, I won’t!”

After three weeks of being under awful conviction, I became so irritable my mother said if I didn’t become more civil, I would have to leave home. I knew I had to do something. The next morning, after the family had gone to work, I wrote those two letters of confession. I ran to the post office to mail them before my courage failed. I hesitated just a moment before dropping them into the box, as the devil told me, “If you mail those letters, it will be the end of everything for you.” But God gave me courage.

I went home, and while washing the dishes, I just bowed my head and prayed, “Lord, I’ve done what You asked me to do. Now, will You forgive me?”

Every time I had said, “No, I won’t,” it had felt as though a chain were tightening around my chest. When I asked God to forgive me, the chain snapped. I shouted, “I’m free, I’m free!”

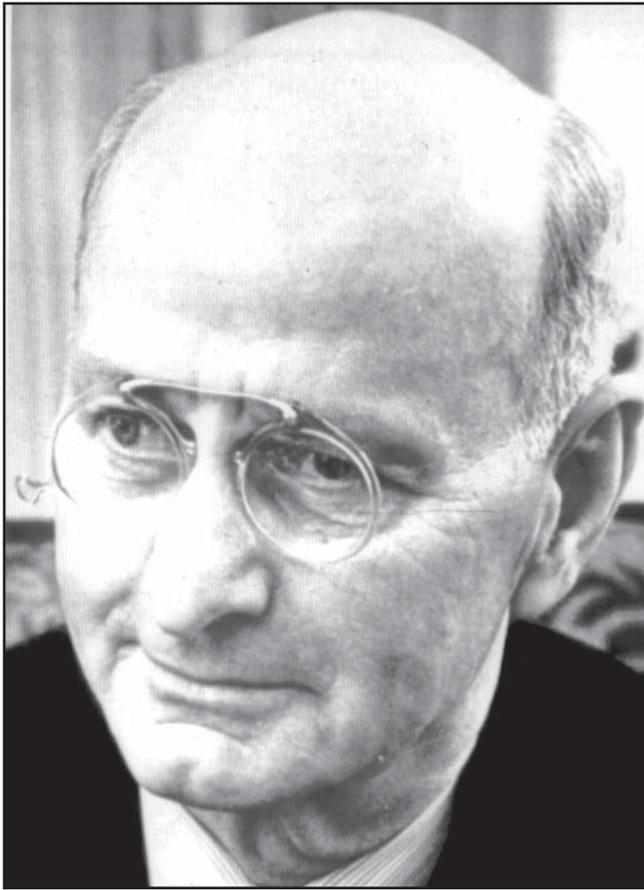
I went to my job about an hour later, and the girls there asked what had happened to me. I looked so different. I didn’t really know what had happened, but I knew I was different. People would ask my mother the same question, and she didn’t know either, but she could tell them I surely was different.

The first thing I did after the Lord saved me was to burn my deck of cards and my make-up. I had a large inward goiter and I decided I would trust the Lord for my healing and take no more medicine. My mother asked what I would do if it flared up again. I answered, “I’ll cross that bridge when I come to it.” That was 45 years ago, and I never had to cross that bridge. The Lord has healed me of many other afflictions, too. I suffered with sinus trouble so bad that I prayed to die, but the Lord told me my work wasn’t done and He healed me.

I came to Portland to live, and a year later my husband and I were married. When I was expecting my first child, I would have nightmares that my child might have the physical deformity I had. After several weeks, I had to have an answer from God. One Sunday morning I determined that I would pray until I knew, and in five minutes the Lord gave me the promise, "Fear not, for I am with thee." All fear was gone. My child was born perfectly normal, as were all six of my children and eight grandchildren. I thank God for these added blessings.

Because of the malformation of my mouth, I had to have four teeth to hold my dentures. When those teeth became so infected that the only solution was to pull them, I went to one of our ministers and asked him what to do. He said, "Ordinarily I would say, 'pull them,' but you are not an ordinary person, nor do we serve an ordinary God. We will pray." He and another minister anointed and prayed for me, and when I went back to the dentist a week later, those teeth were healed. And God has healed them several times since.

God has given me more privileges in His service than I ever expected. For years I have worked in the church office, reading Spanish and other mail. It is a great blessing to pray for those who write, helping to carry their burdens to the Lord. I want to serve Him until He calls me Higher.



Richard P. Clarke

I want to thank God for this old-time religion. I thank God for the truth that makes me free. Quite a few years ago, the National Cash Register Company sent me to the West Coast on business. I went up and down the Willamette Valley as a sales representative for that company. I made good money, and I spent that money trying to find the satisfaction and reality my heart longed for, but I never found it. I bought diamonds and beautiful clothes, stayed in fine hotels, rode the luxury cars on the trains, joined three different lodges, attended the theaters, operas, and dances, and yet there was sorrow in my heart. While on the road, I met men who were older than me, and they taught me many things that did not do me any good. I learned to drink gin fizzes, Manhattans, highballs, whiskey straights—in short, I began to lead a fast and wicked life.

One night, in my hotel room in Portland, Oregon, at the age of thirty-two, I realized that I was a failure,—a ruined man. My reputation was gone, my character was destroyed, and my health

was slipping from me. I had religion, but that didn't save me. From the time I was seven years old, my mother sent me to the priest to confess my sins. I used to get up at five o'clock in the morning, run to the church, and go into the sacristy. There I laid out the priest's garments, waited on the priest, and poured the wine into the chalice. As the years passed, I continued to bend my knee in the confessional box and tell my sins to a priest, because I knew no better than to think that man could forgive them. I would take the penance he gave me, go out in the church and say the prayers, go to the communion table and take the wafer, and then go home broken-hearted, miserable, and discouraged. It never changed my habits or appetites; it never made a new man out of me nor brought me joy.

Remorse settled down on my life, and I wondered where I would spend eternity. I was tempted to take my own life to get rid of the sin and shame that was daily bearing me down. But one day I got upon my knees and asked God what He was going to do with me. Do you know what He did? The very next afternoon, He sent a man to my room. I heard a knock at my door, and when I opened it, I found a Christian there. He said, "I am interested in you. I see you in the hotel. I wonder if you are saved?" I didn't know what he was talking about. Then he asked me in a language that I understood, "Do you know that you are right with God?" He went on to tell me that I would go to Hell unless I was born again. That went deep into my heart and took root.

The man invited me to a church service, and he brought me to the Apostolic Faith camp meeting. There, I heard testimonies of the former drunkard, the ex-convict, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, and the preacher, all of whom God had saved. Their faces were lit by the power of God. They were born of God's Spirit and they knew it. They told me that if I confessed my sins to Jesus Christ, He would wash them away and would make a change in my life.

That night, God broke my stony heart. I went forward to an old pine bench—I was the first one to it. Tears of repentance poured down my face. I confessed my sins to Jesus Christ, the only mediator between God and man. I lifted an honest heart to Him, and bless God, He had mercy. He came

into my life, and broke the shackles of sin that had bound my heart for so many years. That night the sunlight of another world flooded over my soul. It was the most glorious day of my life. I had prayed to the Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, the Apostles, and Michael the archangel and never got an answer, but when I prayed to Jesus Christ, He answered. I have never smoked, gambled, taken a drink of alcohol, or been to a show or dance since. I broke up the old pipe, burned my deck of cards, and began to read the Bible. The blessed Spirit of God gave me liberty, and the joy of the Lord has been in my heart from that day. I thank God for what He has done for me!

R. P. Clarke was converted in 1909, and became a fearless preacher of the Gospel. As a traveling evangelist, he went to various parts of the country declaring the power of God to save and deliver from sin.



Alvina Olson Elmer

She came with her family from Czarist Russia in 1910 under contract to pick cotton in Texas, thus paying off their steamship passage. Depending upon which of the eight children in the family you might have asked, their father either did or did not possess a violent temper. He would strike out at the closest child when something went wrong and could not be blamed on a specific offspring.

One of the older brothers spotted his father coming across the cotton field towards him, his belt removed and flailing the buckle in his hand. Not waiting for the probable results, the young man ran home, grabbed his meager possessions and headed west. The West Coast was where he met the Apostolic Faith people. A letter went back to Texas, "You've got to come out here, I've met *the* people. They get down on their knees and 'yelp like foxes'." So the entire family moved to Oregon in 1917. Alvina was saved at Front and Burnside in Portland, Oregon, shortly

after their arrival and was "Apostolic to the core" until her death.

She lived with various church families while working at the True Blue Cookie Company. In the early 1920's a brother in the church, Otto Olson, 6 feet 1 inch tall, 210 pounds with black wavy hair, proposed marriage. All 5 feet 0 inches of her turned him down. He moved to the Los Angeles area, worked hard in construction, saved his money and paid cash for a brand new 1926 Model T Ford Coupe. Driving up to her while she was waiting for the bus, he proposed again. This time she accepted.

They moved to San Francisco, but the foggy weather apparently didn't agree with her, and her weight dropped below 100 pounds. They moved back to Portland in 1928, where they were familiar figures at Sixth and Burnside Streets for many years. Three boys were born to them. A small inheritance from one of Otto's brothers came their way, and they purchased acreage and built a house at Sixty-second and Flavel Streets. They added a barn for cows and large chicken coops. Money ran out before the house was finished, so they omitted the fixtures from the space for the bathroom (Otto would never borrow a cent) and built an outhouse next to the chicken coop. The boys were kept busy delivering milk and eggs on their bicycles, including swapping eggs for groceries at the Mission Grocery store on Fifty-second and Ogden. Money was hard to come by during those days of the Great Depression.

Her husband, Otto, passed away at the age of 50 while working at the Swan Island Shipyard, so Alvina raised the boys on a small amount of Social Security, plus cared for elderly people and later small children. With only a third grade education she, nevertheless, was not to be underestimated.

In 1953 she married Arndt Elmer, an old timer who came into the Apostolic Faith Church from the Salvation Army in 1916. He passed away in 1968. It was in that period of time that she suffered a heart attack. She lay panting on the sofa while the church was called for a minister. Brother Forrest Damron came, anointed her with oil and prayed. He left saying, "She'll be all right now," as he headed out the

door. “But doesn’t he realize that she’s still panting badly”? I thought as he left. A number of years later, when she died of other causes, we were forced to have an autopsy, since she hadn’t been under a doctor’s care. I don’t remember the listed cause of death, but there was a notation, “This woman has suffered a severe heart rupture at some time in the past. It is completely healed.”

She lived with the family of one of her sons for the last fourteen years of her life, including a move back to the San Francisco branch church in 1969. She passed away in San Rafael, Marin County, California, in June 1982 and was buried by Otto in Rose City Cemetery, Portland, Oregon.



Alice Snyder

It was the year of 1935 and the great depression was felt in all our land. My husband and I had two little girls, who at this time were six and eight years old. For the past five years we had operated a concession stand in a golf course clubhouse. Conditions were not good, in either our business or our once happy home. My husband had dedicated his life to Christ as a young man and had sincerely tried to serve God. I had believed in the Lord since I was a child, however, I did not understand real salvation. I thought if I went to church, did my best to be a good wife and mother, and treated my neighbors right, someday I would go to Heaven. I also determined to help anyone who came to me hungry or in need. I had known real hunger when I was a small child, for my father was an alcoholic and

my mother worked at anything she could find to try to feed her four children.

In the depression years there were many men walking the highways in search of work. They came to our clubhouse offering to work for a little food. We could not turn them away, but our profits dwindled. Also, to my great disappointment, my husband started to drink and to smoke the big cigars we had for sale. Our profits dwindled even more.

Then, my husband narrowly escaped with his life as a speeding train almost struck his car as he was crossing the railroad tracks. The Lord, in His mercy, began talking to each of us. We knew that we should leave that place and try to get back to where God wanted us to be. But we didn't have the money to move, and we wondered if anyone in those days had enough money to buy out our concession in the clubhouse. We put an advertisement in the paper and had an answer soon from a couple who had come to our climate for their health. They had little money but we didn't care. We only wanted enough to move away from that place.

We left in an old Model T Ford, held partly together with hay wire. Our two little girls were in the back seat with our dog and several cats in a cardboard box. We also pulled a trailer with a few boxes of clothes and a crate of chickens. As we left, I looked back and said, "Thank you, Lord," for I felt that we were like the children of Israel leaving Egypt, trouble, and sin.

The only place we could stay temporarily was in my husband's mother's home. It was not far from the Apostolic Faith Tabernacle, and a camp meeting was in progress. The building was open on all sides in those days and we could hear the music—the songs of many happy Christians singing the praises of God.

One evening we went to hear the music, or I should say, the Lord led us there. As soon as I stepped on those holy grounds, I knew that God was there, and somehow a hope sprang up in my soul. What an inspiring evening that was. I marveled at the testimonies and sermon and the praying of many voices in unison that sounded like the surging rush of mighty waterfalls.

I was given a church paper to take home. I took it out of courtesy, not really intending to read it. I had read so many religious papers and I was still all wrapped up in my own miserable thoughts about our unhappy home conditions and the fact that I was fast becoming a cripple with arthritis. But the Lord was leading us to paths of glory. One day as I was ironing, so ill I could hardly work, the Lord spoke to my heart. The words were so real. He said to me, "Read that Apostolic Faith paper."

I began to weep, and with trembling hands I picked up the paper that was rolled up on the table. The tears blinded my eyes and I could not see to read. But suddenly, as if they were written in letters of fire, I could plainly see these words, **“Earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.”** At once my spiritually blinded eyes were opened and I knew that I was a sinner—a self-righteous one trusting in my own goodness and good works to get me into Heaven. I remember holding that paper over my heart and earnestly praying, “Oh, Lord, forgive me and I will serve you the rest of my life.” Such a simple prayer—but what marvelous results. Instantly all my burdens left and such wonderful peace flooded my soul as I felt the cleansing power of the Blood of Jesus wash away all the sin and doubt and unhappiness from my life.

My husband was late coming home and I thought he was looking for work. As he came in the back door, I looked at him with wonder for he looked young again—just as he looked when he first started to serve Jesus, before all the sin and trouble had overtaken him. I said, “What has happened to you?” He replied, “Jesus has saved me, and today as I was praying at the Apostolic Faith camp meeting Jesus sanctified me. I am not going to drink any more and cause you any more trouble.” With joy I answered, “I didn’t know what to call it, but something happened to me too. As I was reading the church paper and as I prayed, Jesus completely changed my life. I forgot to finish my ironing but I have been reading the Bible. I never knew it was such a wonderful book with so many promises.”

In the days ahead, the Lord carefully took us through many hard trials to prove us and also to help us increase our faith in Him. One day He showed me that I must forgive someone for a great wrong. I knew I could say it, but could I really mean it in my heart? I prayed much about it and one day I told the Lord, “Yes, I can really forgive.” At that moment I was instantly healed of the arthritis.

Our youngest daughter had been ill since she was an infant. Physicians had not been able to help her. After we were saved we decided to trust the Lord for her healing. For a long time she grew worse. One night as I prayed by her bed I looked out of the window at the stars and I said, “Oh Lord, what have I done that you do not hear my prayer and heal our child?” A scripture came to my mind, “Cast not away therefore your confidence, which has great recompense of reward.” My husband and I prayed all one night by her bed. Then one night she went to sleep as ill as usual and in the morning she was entirely healed. Jesus had touched her during the night. The illness never returned.

The time had come for our second camp meeting and we wanted to stay on the campgrounds. We had some furnishings, but we needed a stove and money was scarce. Our family prayed together, in our kitchen, that God would help us go to camp meeting. Kneeling over in a corner of the room, the daughter who had been healed was praying very earnestly, “Lord, give us a stove so we can go to camp meeting.” After prayer my husband took a walk and passed an old house that workmen were taking apart. In one of the rooms was a small cast iron wood stove. My husband asked the foreman if he wanted to sell it. He replied, “If you can take it away, you may have it.” That stove served us very well for several camp meetings. I could even bake biscuits on it.

One Saturday night, I looked through the cupboard trying to find something to feed my family. Finally, we sat down and thanked the Lord for a very thin soup. The next day was Sunday and we always took our lunch and stayed all day at church. I looked at my husband and wondered, “What will we do?” He looked thoughtful but said, “We will trust the Lord.” Just then, there was a knock at the front door. A young woman from the Apostolic Faith church brought in a box of groceries and said, “Mother was doing the dishes when the Lord laid it on her heart to send you this food.” There was stuffed breast of veal, bread and butter, milk, fruit, and vegetables. We dropped to our knees in a great prayer of thanksgiving, not only for the food but for people who were close enough to the Lord to know when some of His children were in need. We thanked God also that He had revealed to us that we could trust Him in hard places.

In our first year as new Christians, we found that we should trust, believe and do God’s will. Through many years He has never failed us.



Harrison Irvine

I have so much to thank the Lord for today. First of all I should thank all these ministers and people of God for the earnest way they prayed for me when I got sick on the job, passed out, and woke up in the hospital. I wasn't able to pray for myself, but everybody else prayed. I know prayer brought me through and into this service. I am going back to work tomorrow at the Post Office. Jesus is so kind and wonderful, and I thank Him for my friends and coworkers also.

I thank the Lord for the way He has been with me all these years. We received literature from this church in the prairies of Canada, and my parents accepted the Gospel. When my mother passed away, my father finally brought my little sister and me to Portland, Oregon, to be able to be in these meetings.

World War II came along, and I enlisted in the Seabees. The Lord was very good to me. I was able to let my light shine before those with whom I came in contact. In a wonderful way

the folks at home backed me up in prayer. It was a great experience. I will never forget the privilege I had to serve the Lord while in the service of my country. I praise God for His mercy in allowing me to return safe after being away for thirty-one months in the South Sea Islands, the New Hebrides, a Seabee in Ship Repairs. About two weeks ago I got back from a 6000-mile ocean trip.

I can say the Christian life is the most sensible way of living. I have no regrets for my time spent in the service of my country, for the Lord was good to me and enabled me to live a Christian life in the service. The Lord was with me all the time, and I couldn't help but feel the prayers of the people of God and see the results. I lived among the boys. I had the goodwill of the fellows I worked with and still I kept the Christian standard as far as my own conduct was concerned.

I remember shortly after I signed up in July 1942, one of the boys said, "I'll bet that by the time he has been in the Navy for a year he will lose whatever makes him different from us." It has been three years and six months, and I haven't lost it yet.

I remember the night in October 1942, which was the last meeting I was in for thirty-one months. The Lord was good to me. I will never forget how one of the ministers prayed with me that night. That is the kind of a send-off they give, and they pray for you while you are away.

Now the Lord has taken a hand and led me these twenty-seven years I have been out of the service. He has given me a better job than I had before in the United States Post Office. Everything is better. I surely thank Him for His hand that has been over me all these years. I am so glad the Lord saved me from sin at this altar of prayer some years ago, and I am glad for the old-time religion.

Harrison was born June 7, 1908 in Saskatchewan, Canada and was baptized October 13, 1946 in the Clackamas River, Carver, Oregon.

Effie Caton

Thank God that He ever permitted one of these Apostolic Faith papers to come into our home. I look back upon the awful pit that God took me from; my heart fills with gratitude as I try to count my blessings. Mine was just a saloonkeeper's home, just a hell on earth, when one of these Apostolic Faith papers came into our home.

Just as I was left with a father who spent most of his time in the saloon, I drifted out into the things of the world, and eventually married a man who soon became a saloonkeeper. We had two little boys, and he used to take those little boys and set them on the bar, give them intoxicating liquor, and then bring them home to me with their little breath smelling of liquor.

I thought, "How can I ever stand to see my little boys grow up to be drunkards?" I am so glad that God saw that little spark of honest love in my heart that wanted to bring my children up right. When I read that paper it touched my heart. I said, "O God, if You will just take me where I can live right, and where I can raise these little children right, I will serve You. I will give You the rest of my life." It wasn't anything to offer God, just a fragment that he picked up. I thank God that I am here in this wonderful place, and I want to give my life to Him as never before.

I was groping around our home on a milk diet, and hadn't a ray of hope of ever being well and strong again. The doctors said I had cancer of the stomach. My mother died of that awful disease, and I knew I was soon going to leave my little children. Jesus put faith in my heart to trust Him, and I did trust Him. He healed my body of that awful cancer, and I have trusted him for many years for my healing and for the healing of my family. I have proved Him to be the great Physician.

I fell one day and hurt my back, and it seemed that it took every bit of strength out of my body. I prayed and called on God. I asked the people of God to pray for me and sent in requests for prayer. God showed me that I had to obey that Word—every jot and tittle. I said, "God, I will call the ministers to come to my home and have them pray for me." They came and anointed me with oil and prayed for me, and the power of God touched me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet.

I got up out of bed, and I said, "Give me that Word; I want to see what God wants me to do now." He gave me that Scripture, "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service" (Romans 12:1). I know that is what God wants me to do. He lifted me out of the pit. I thank Him. I feel in my soul I want to be nothing. I want God to be all, that he might use me. I have had the privilege these last few days to go back up into Washington where we had that old saloon, and see the pit from which God took me. It makes me appreciate the Gospel.

I am the mother of seven children, and every one of them are in this Gospel this afternoon. God healed me of that cancer 45 years ago; I am 80 years old now. Oh, through these years of trusting Jesus and loving Him, I can say that He has blessed my soul! He has helped me to trust Him for healing; not once have I given one drop of medicine to one of my little children or turned to the arm of flesh. I thank Him for all He has done for me.



Mary Carver

There is praise in my heart for all the Lord has done for me. I thank the Lord for a Christian father. My father was saved when I was four years old. I remember many times in his testimony he told how he ran away from God in his youth, came out to this western country and ended up in the northern part of California on a dry-land homestead. The Lord caught up with him. It seemed nothing went right on that homestead; his crops didn't grow and he had to work away from home.

While he was clearing off that land he was bitten by a wildcat that was rabid and he was taken to a hospital. They couldn't rush him very fast; it took a long time to get him there. He hovered between life and death and he wasn't saved. He awoke to the fact that although he almost died, he never even had conviction on his heart. After that he began to pray that the Lord would talk to him again and that he would feel the Spirit of God.

On that homestead, in a little schoolhouse not very far from our house, a man came through the area to preach the Gospel and my dad was

saved. As much as he had run away from God before he was saved, he was just that strong for the Lord after he was saved.

I was brought up around the Word of God in our home. We had family prayer before breakfast every morning; I still remember the beautiful little altars we made around our mother's knee, how my parents would pray for us children, and how the Lord would talk to our hearts.

I have sung the Gospel songs since I was a very little child. I am thankful for a Christian mother and dad who taught us the way of salvation and who planted the love of God in our hearts. I thank the Lord for these memories, but, more than that, I thank Him that I ever bowed my stubborn knees at the altar of prayer and asked the Lord to come into my heart.

We children had been shielded from the sins of this world, but as I grew older, I thought I wanted to try out the world, and I would do things that I knew were wrong. The Lord condemned me for every sin I ever committed, until one day I surrendered my stubborn young heart and asked Him to come in and save me. At an altar of prayer He wonderfully saved my soul. I could never tell you the change He made in my heart. Such a peace came into my soul. I was washed in His precious Blood, and I knew my sins were forgiven; it was really wonderful.

The Lord took the stubbornness out of my young heart and gave me a heart that wanted to serve Him. It has been many years ago, but the Lord has been so good to me and has answered my prayers, and led and guided my life. I went on and sought the Lord for my deeper experiences and how the Lord blessed!

While we were bringing up our family, the Lord would come down and answer prayers so many times in our home when our children were ill. I remember when our little girl was five years old and how seriously ill she was. Because she had such a high fever that would come and go, we thought it might be rheumatic fever or perhaps it was polio. As we trusted the Lord and laid her on the altar,

the Lord came down one Saturday night and touched her and healed her completely. The Lord gave her strength, and she was hungry the next day. That summer, we were back East to see my husband's folks, and she was well the whole vacation. The Lord has added health to her body, and I just thank Him that we can trust the Lord in these things.

He has answered prayer so many times and in so many ways in our home. I thank Him for the times He has healed our bodies. I was so sick a few years ago, terribly ill, and I just put my life in the Lord's hands. I didn't know which way it would go, but after about two weeks of this illness the Lord touched me. I was not completely healed, but about a week later I could turn over in my bed and the terrible pain in my side was gone.

There was such rejoicing in my heart. The Lord healed me completely. I never had a bit of trouble with that thing from that day to this, and the Lord has given me very good health ever since. I thank Him today for His many blessings and for all He has done for me. I love Him with all my heart.



Thomas Bell

I want to thank God for sixteen years of victory. God led me here to the Apostolic Faith Church and changed my heart. I have had sixteen years without a headache or a heartache.

I want to thank God for the day He opened my ears. For about twenty-five years I spurned the love of God. I am glad God called me back a little over six-and-a-half years ago and led me down here to this church. I had no idea when I left home I would end up here, but God saw to it that I got here. I don't believe I went to church more than six times in twenty years. Just after the meeting started, tears began rolling down my cheeks. That was unusual for me to be crying, but I knew God was dealing with me. All I did was drink liquor and smoke cigarettes. I didn't blaspheme or go to shows. I thought that if I went to a show it would be too long without a glass of beer. That is how I spent my evenings and weekends. I wasn't alone; my wife would go with me. When one tavern would close we would go to another. If that one closed we would hire

a taxi and go to another one. All we wanted was more liquor and beer.

But God called me one day. My stepson and his wife were saved at a camp meeting, and they came to our apartment one night and told us about these meetings. God convicted me right there. They told me about the wonderful testimonies they had heard. They asked me to go to the meetings with them, but I said, "No, I cannot go." It was because my icebox was full of beer and I had to get rid of that. They asked my wife and she went with them the next night. Finally I got rid of all the beer and came to church on Friday night.

On Saturday I went over town. I passed all the saloons and didn't have the least desire to go in or have a drink of beer. I went back home and said to my wife. "There is something wrong. I went over town today and never had a glass of beer." She said, "I felt the same way." God was talking to us.

Sunday morning I came to the meeting again, and made my way to the altar. I cried all during the meeting—I couldn't help it. I asked God to forgive me, and in a few moments at the altar God saved me. These people gathered around and prayed with me and for me. In just about fifteen minutes God came into my heart and took away every evil desire—that load I had carried—and set me free.

I had a package of cigarettes in my pocket. After God saved me I had no use for them. Now, instead of a "nightcap" of whiskey or cigarettes before going to bed, we can read God's Word and get on our knees and thank God for a day above sin. In the morning when we get up, instead of looking for a cigarette we get on our knees and praise God for what He has done for us. Those fifteen minutes of prayer changed the whole course of my life.

Many times when I was under the influence of liquor I would go into a store, and if I thought I was shortchanged, the next time I went back to that store I would swipe some little thing to make it up. After God cleaned me up inside, He showed me I would have to clean up on the outside. God brought all those things to my memory as though I had done them that day. I told God I would go back and straighten up for these things I had stolen. I went back to four different stores and paid them for everything. I wrote letters of restitution. I told them I was right with God and I wanted to be right with my fellowman. The following Sunday God sanctified me and filled me with His glory. God has given me peace and joy and the hope of Heaven in my heart. I have a wonderful salvation, and I am surely glad God has brought me into His Gospel.



Margaret Clasper Hill

When I was a little girl I lived in Scotland. I was vaccinated, and it poisoned the glands of my throat so that a disease set in. For nine years all I knew was doctors and medicine. The doctors told my mother to take me to another climate, but that failed to heal me.

With my very poor health and my parents spent thousands of dollars after trying to find a cure. I was afflicted with tuberculosis in the glands of my body. Physicians in Scotland failed to do anything for me. My mother went to two of the best specialists located in the city of Portland, Oregon, and they spent hundreds of dollars, but to no avail.

Many times I heard my Christian mother say, "If we had lived when Jesus was here, I could have taken you to Him, and He would have healed you." One day she met a sister from the Mission in Portland Oregon, who told her that Jesus was the same yesterday, today, and forever: He healed the sick just as He did when He walked the shores of Galilee. We came to the Mission on Front and Burnside where we heard a wonderful story that there was healing for the soul and also for the body. Sitting in that service, my mother raised her heart to the Lord,

telling Him she was going to trust Him for my healing.

God heard and answered the prayer my mother prayed that night while sitting in meeting, and Jesus healed my body. Since then, I have had good health—never a sick day. There is no trace of that dreadful disease in my body. When Jesus heals, He does a perfect work, and I do thank Him from the depths of my heart.

This miracle changed our whole family. My father, who was a deacon in a church, realized he needed a born-again experience. He had a profession but no possession. The Lord saved him and for years he preached the Gospel.

Growing up I didn't really surrender my life to God. My school friends, I thought, were having a grand time with the pleasures of the world, and I thought that was what I wanted. But the Lord was so faithful to reason with me. Many times He talked to me through His Word and showed me that if I gained the world but lost my soul, what would it profit?

One day at an Apostolic Faith camp meeting I completely surrendered my all to the Lord. He heard my prayer, and praise God, He saved my soul. What a joy and peace came into my life! I was changed completely. He also sanctified me and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. He has given me many years to serve Him, and He has never failed me.

The Gospel means so much to me today. Heaven has been very near to me for the past few years. Both my parents went to be with the Lord, and I am looking for the coming of Jesus, which I believe will be soon.



Agnes Clasper

When I was only thirteen years old I went to work in a dynamite factory back in Scotland where I faced death every day. It was very dangerous work, and I saw many people killed in an instant of time—no warning and no time to call on God for mercy. I was just a little girl in Sunday school when I was taught that we must be born again or we could not see the kingdom of God.

I knew I was a lost sinner. God showed me that if I should meet death like many others did in that factory, Hell would be my portion. Such conviction rested on my heart that I was afraid to work, especially when thunder and lightning came. I would tremble and pray to God and ask Him to spare my life.

He permitted me to work with a girl who had just found Jesus. She told me the wonderful things God had done for her. I went with her one night to a little church where they were holding revival meetings. I just bowed my head and said, “Jesus, I will trust You with my soul. I am guilty, lost and helpless but Thou canst make me whole.” That very moment Jesus rolled away the burden of sin and planted something in my heart that no one

could take out. He took away that awful fear and torment, and I knew then that sudden death would mean sudden glory to my soul.

Later God put a desire in my heart to come to Portland, Oregon. My little girl had tuberculosis in the glands of her body and had been given up by the doctors to die. As a 3-month-old baby, she was vaccinated and her blood was poisoned. We spent a fortune to try to get healing for our little one. Climates failed, medicine failed, nine physicians in Scotland had failed, and two of the best specialists in this city failed to heal her. Many times when I was on my way to the doctor’s office, I would look up into the heavens and say, “Jesus, I know if You were on earth You would heal my child.”

When I spoke of coming to America my people said I would bury my child at sea. I told my husband, “I will live and die a disappointed woman, unless you take me to America.” God brought us over seven thousand miles to this place. My husband came first to prepare a home for the children and me. Later we crossed the waters during a tempestuous storm that threatened the lives of all on board, but God took good care of us and we landed safely. I had a sister in Toronto, Canada, and we stopped to visit her. She pled with me to live beside her. I said, “There is something that tells me to go to Portland, Oregon. If I don’t like it, I will come back.”

We tried the best specialist in Portland after we arrived to try to find healing for our child. He treated her with serum every week to try to kill the germs in her blood, but he failed to heal her. Then God led me to the door of the little saint of God and when I told her about my little one, she said, “If you had only known to have brought her down to the Apostolic Faith mission on Burnside Street, our saints would have prayed and God would have healed your child.” I came down to see these people, and as I sat in the back of the hall, God whispered in my soul, “These are the people you have prayed so long for.” They told me, “There is power in the Blood of Jesus to heal all manner of diseases.” That

was all I needed to hear. I heard the Shepherd's voice. I promised God I would never give our child another drop of medicine, and that I would trust in the healing power of the Blood of Christ. From that moment she began to improve and God completely healed her body. That has been many years ago and she is a strong, well woman today, a mother and grandmother, and has never had a trace of that disease from that day to this.

I had never heard of sanctification before, but when I heard it, something in my heart said, "Lord, surely that is what I have hungered for." He sanctified me one morning in my own home. One night at the Ordinance service He poured out the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon me. It was wonderful to feel the mighty power of God surging through and through my soul.

My husband fought against the truth of this Gospel, but one Sunday morning he came to church to hear and see for himself. He had been a church member for eighteen years – a deacon, a Sunday school teacher, and president of the Christian Endeavor. But one sermon showed him that he was a sinner and needed salvation. Jesus saved him, sanctified him, and baptized him with the Holy Ghost. He is now telling the marvelous story of Jesus and His love to others and how God saved him and delivered him from the tobacco habit and from an awful temper that ruled him and made our home miserable. Jesus brought Heaven into our home. He brought many of my people into His Gospel and saved them. I have everything to praise God for.



Letha Edmonds

It was at a little schoolhouse in the State of Kansas when the Lord spoke to my heart. A real revival came to that place, and I remember how I trembled under the convicting hand of God. I went down to the altar to pray, but somehow I didn't know how to get right with God, or get saved as they called it.

I had a Christian mother, who taught me the right way to go, but I had a heart that wanted the ways of the world, and I really went after them. I am so glad the Lord didn't leave me there. He gave me another chance.

I had a wonderful mother-in-law. She was praying for her lost children, and I was included in that prayer. I am so glad I was, and that the Lord didn't forget me. He brought us to the West Coast where we heard about Jesus and His love, and that God could come into our heart and give us victory. These people had such glorious testimonies. They told how the Lord came in and cleaned up their heart. It appealed to me, and one Sunday morning I went to the camp meeting. When the service was over, I knelt in prayer at the altar. I asked

the Lord to come into my heart and said I would serve Him for time and eternity. It was about 1926 that the Lord saved my soul.

The people of God told how the Lord would come into a heart, really make a change, and that the person would know about it. God didn't disappoint me; He made a real change in my heart and I had peace with God. I have had many years to test this wonderful Gospel.

Many trials and tests have risen, but the Lord has been a real match for each one of them. He has been so real to me. When the enemy tries to defeat us, the Lord is always there to strengthen and sustain us.

I have considered how important it was to make the decision to serve God. I see my children, and grandchildren, and my great grandchildren here, and I wonder where we would have been if it were not for this wonderful Gospel. The Lord is faithful and true.

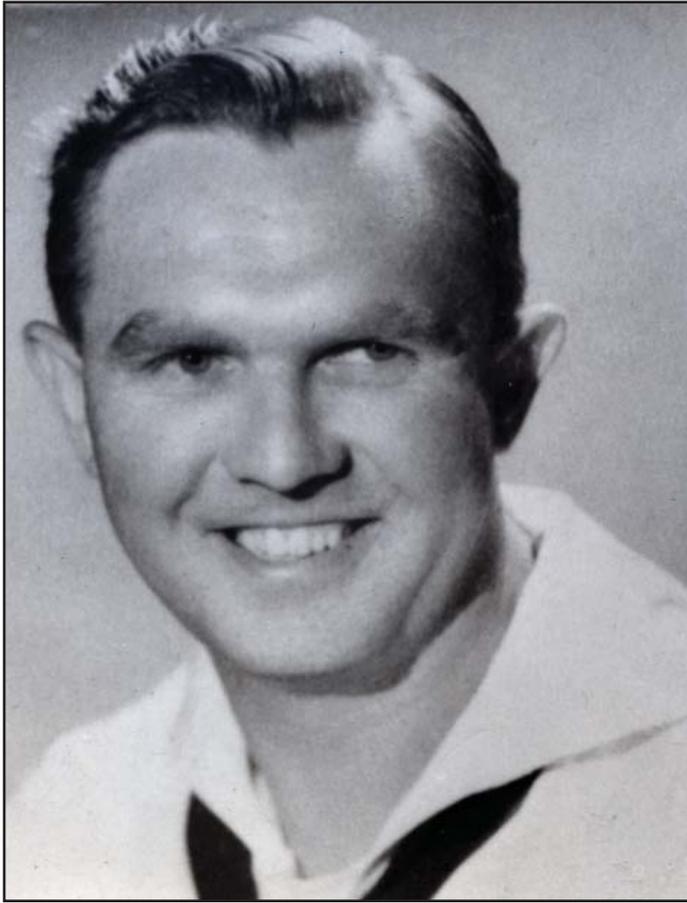
The Apostolic Faith people told us that God would heal the body. I thought I could trust Him for myself, but didn't think I could trust my children with anyone. Then we were severely tried—one of my little girls was born with a deformity. Her foot laid back against her little leg; and her anklebone was back by her heel, and her little knee was misplaced. It was off to one side, and I could see her wearing a brace all the days of her life. But the Lord did not plan it that way, and He healed her.

Then a few years later she had diphtheria. The doctor said that only medical science could do anything for her, so he gave her no hope whatever. The next morning she looked so pale and sickly. An awful mucus had formed in her throat, and the doctor said there was nothing known in medical science that they could offer that would break or soften the mucus that had gathered in her throat. He said that a membrane had formed so hard in her throat that it was like a piece of oak (and then he knocked on our oak table), but the Lord undertook and healed her of that too. We call her our "miracle child." Today she has a family of her own, and also helps in different departments of the Gospel work.

Jesus healed this body of mine, too, when I was sick and afflicted and could scarcely do my work. I could hardly climb the stairs. But he healed me and gave me such wonderful health for sixty-seven years. I owe my life to the Lord, and I mean to be ready when He comes. That is the desire of

my heart, and I surely thank Him for such wonderful health He has given me all these years.

I have much to thank the Lord for. He is a match for every situation, and He has been so good to us. As I said before, we have tests and trials, but the Lord is always there to hear and answer prayer. I wouldn't exchange what the Lord has done for me and my family for anything in this world. There is a determination in my heart to make Heaven my Home.



William (Bill) Jernberg

I am glad I have this old-time religion in my heart. I thank God I was brought up in a good Christian home. For many years of my life I didn't think I needed religion, didn't think I wanted it. I looked at the other side and it looked very bright to me. I thought I could leave the deeper sins alone; I would pick my companions. Perhaps when I got old there would be enough time for religion. I didn't see how a Christian could go out into the world and work with the rest of the young people and be happy. But by not serving God, I found I was on the wrong track. I tried as hard as any young person does to find happiness, but I failed on every hand to satisfy my hunger for something real. I would go home and pillow my head after a night of sin and there was only unhappiness and discontent in my life.

As I went to church with my parents, however, I heard young people I had grown up with tell how they had given their hearts and lives to God. I thank God that one night I

decided to try it for myself. Certainly that was the best move I ever made because God came into my heart and planted real peace and joy there, something that has lasted ever since that day. I have not wanted to go back to the old life of sin for even one day. I have found peace and happiness serving God.

A few years after I was saved I enlisted in the U.S. Navy. I was able to prove God through many situations in the war, serving my country in the Navy overseas. No matter where I was, I can say the Gospel held good and gave real joy and peace—everything a young person needs. Being in the service of my country taught me many things. Many young men were called from their homes and businesses. Their plans and hopes were swept away when their country called them into the service. Many of their ambitions were forgotten forever, but nothing can take away the peace that God puts in your heart.

Still in these days, the hopes and ambitions of people in many countries of the world are swept away overnight. The things that are dear to them—all they have labored for many years to get—are swept away. But when God comes into the heart, He puts a lasting peace and happiness there. Come what may, nothing can touch it. That is the reason I am rejoicing in my religion. It isn't the things in this life; it is what God puts inside the heart and soul that is lasting.

Just a short time ago two friends were talking about me. One said, "What does he find in his religion?" The other said, "At least he has peace of mind. That is more than we have!" It is just through God's mercy that I have that peace. There was nothing in my life that made me merit the least of His favor. I thank God the peace I have in my soul enables me to enjoy my salvation.

I can recommend the Gospel of Jesus Christ to all because I found it satisfying and fulfilling in all situations.



Doris Gander Hess

It is a great heritage to have been raised in a solid Christian home. My father was born again when I was about three years old. Even though we had our share of inconveniences and hard times, they were overshadowed by our parents' great love for us. The Bible was read in that home, and I knew it was the truth.

When I became a little older, I was aware of the power of God. My father would tell us that he used to try to be a Christian in his own strength. It didn't work. He would throw his plug of tobacco into the weeds, but the next day he would be out there hunting for it. Of course, all that changed when he was converted.

I remember a meeting my father conducted in a farmhouse in Wisconsin when I was ten years old. A young woman who was working on that farm fell on her knees after the service and prayed, repenting, with her hands raised toward Heaven. She was wonderfully saved from her sins (and attends our church in Tacoma, Washington). At that service, I could feel the power of God's Spirit.

When I was in my late teens, God manifested Himself to me personally. A heavy weight of conviction came upon me. I was miserable and restless. It took me quite awhile to repent of my sins and give up to the Lord, but when I did, that restlessness was gone and I had a desire to please Him.

I do not know where I would be today if I had not yielded my heart to Him, for I feel I have no strength of my own. I'm so thankful He called me when I was young. Now I am a grandmother and appreciate the Christian family we have had through the years. I give God all the glory. He has always been there to guide our lives, and I want to keep my hand in His.



Dave McCollum

I thank God for this wonderful Gospel. I surely thank God for the day that I heard such wonderful testimonies. I was just a young man. I loved the things of the world with all my heart. I never knew what a Christian life meant. I never heard a father's or a mother's prayer in my younger life. There wasn't even a Bible in the home where I was raised. My father was a drinking man. I remember him coming home under the influence of liquor when I was a small boy. When I grew up in my teens I followed right in his footsteps. I knew nothing else, but I'm thankful to God that an invitation came to our home to attend a revival church service. About thirty-four years ago, my father and mother attended those meetings. They came home one night after they had attended night after night for nearly a week and said how they had prayed after the altar call was given, and God had made a real change in their hearts. My father said, "If I always feel like I do tonight, I never want another drink of whiskey and I never want another smoke of tobacco." I didn't see how he could quit those things because looking back in his life, many times he had sworn off and said he was going

to quit; but in a little while he would be right back in that old rut of sin again. I thought it would be the same way this time, and he would soon be back in that old life.

I was going along the same avenues of sin that my father had for years, but I had the privilege of living in that home for a year-and-a-half after my parents' conversion, and I could see that God had made a real change in their lives. The cursing, swearing, and temper that had my father bound were gone completely from his life.

Everyone that lived around us knew that God had made a real change in my father and in my mother. Also a younger brother and sister were saved at that time and went back to school as Christians. Oh, what a change in their lives and in that home!

It put something into my heart which caused me to want the same thing, but I didn't have the grace of God. I turned it aside, and I went my own way for months. I was married and our home was nearly broken up. The dances, the whiskey and the wild life were wrecking our home; but oh, I praise God for the day that conviction struck my heart. My little wife prayed one day when I was gone. She felt so miserable she couldn't stand it anymore. One night when I came home, Ruth met me at the door and said, "I gave my heart to Jesus today. I prayed and the Lord saved me. He put real peace in my heart and I'm not going out with you anymore to the dances, picture shows, or the parties. God has taken those things out of my life." I was happy about it. I was carrying such a load of conviction that I could hardly bear up under it any longer.

My parents were making every effort to get us to Klamath Falls, Oregon, to an Apostolic Faith meeting, and a few days later we went. Brother Ray Crawford preached about the love of God. He said that Jesus loved me enough to die for me, but that if I would go on in my sins I would lose my soul in Hell. Although I was impressed, I refused to pray, and I went on living as I always had, but I was never the same after that.

One night I went to church with my wife and a minister from Medford, Oregon, came and preached a message that reached my soul. When he finished his sermon, he asked, "Is there anyone here who wants to be saved?" I raised my hand. That was what I had come for. It was a small group with about twenty-five people there that night. I was the only stranger, and I was sure they were all looking at me. I had seen enough of what the Gospel had done in my parents' home and how my father now lived to know that there was something to it, and I wanted it. Yet, when we stood to sing, I was rooted in my tracks; I couldn't move. The minister came to me and asked if I wanted to pray; I said, "Yes, I want to pray." He took me by the elbow and we walked together to the altar where I got on my knees. I didn't know how to pray, but as I knelt there I said, "Lord, if you will save me and give me peace and take this awful defeat from my life, I will give you the balance of my days." I didn't pray very long, but what I said I meant with all my heart. The Lord did not disappoint me, but He gave me grace to go out and sin no more. For over thirty-three years I've been serving the Lord.

My wife had heart trouble for twenty years and also trouble with her back. She lay in bed and was right down to the jaws of death. A doctor told her that a valve was closing in her heart and there was no hope for her to be well again. At this time we prayed to the Lord. The same Jesus who saved our souls was with us to give us power to stand for Him in our time of need. We were able to prove the power of God to heal.

One morning as I was praying by her bed I just called on God for help. God said, "I have healed her if she will just believe it." As we prayed my wife said, "God, I do believe that You heal me now." It wasn't two minutes until she said, "The pressure is all gone out of my head. And God has done that for me, I'm not staying in this bed another minute." She sat up on the edge of the bed and her limbs did not turn blue. She put on her housecoat and walked out into the living room (after not being able to walk for seven months) and ate her lunch. She went back to bed and slept like a baby for two hours. She never ate another meal in bed. When God touched her, He healed her heart and also her back which had caused her so much suffering. From that day until this she has been sound and well with better health today than ever in her life. What a wonderful Savior! Why should we be afraid to trust such a wonderful God? He will give us power over every power of the devil.

I'm happy that I have some loved ones over on the other side—in Heaven—my father, my mother, a younger sister, and a dear old grandmother who, after she was eighty years old, received this wonderful Gospel in her life. The Lord took her out of this world praising God. My soul is rejoicing in this glorious Gospel. I'm looking forward to the day when I can see my blessed Savior who has done so much for me. I praise Him with all my heart.



Anna Elizabeth Green

Memories from her daughter, Ester Green

My mother, Anna Elizabeth (Sutherland) Green, was born in Vermland, Sweden, on May 31, 1880. She came to the United States when she was about seven years old. She told us that her first memories of landing in New York were when she was given an orange (she had never had one before), and of seeing clothes hanging on a line with clothespins.

Her family settled in Montana, and as a young child she worked in homes as a maid. They had a rough life but she finally was able to attend school and later went on to college. She had two sisters, Ruth and Esther, and one brother, David.

Years later, her sister Ruth married, and Ruth's husband wanted to move to Juneau, Alaska. They asked Anna to go with them. They were living in Seattle, Washington, at the time, and she did not want to go. She steadfastly said no until the morning they were to leave, and then she asked the Lord, "What

shall I do?" The Lord spoke to her and said she was to go, so she went.

While living in Juneau, Anna was a nominal Christian with no victory. She played the organ and sang in the church choir. One evening an evangelist came to hold special meetings, and Mom went. The sermon was on sanctification. Mom thought maybe that was what she needed, so she went to the altar to pray. The Lord spoke to her and said, "I can't sanctify you until you are saved." She humbled herself and the Lord saved her at that time. She still hungered for sanctification, and it wasn't long before the Lord sanctified her and gave her the same experience that the preacher had spoken about.

Her sister and brother-in-law moved to San Francisco to help rebuild the city after the 1906 earthquake, but Anna returned to Seattle. It was there that she met Alba Green, who was soon to become her husband. On their first date, they went to hear a visiting minister speak—Florence Crawford. Shortly before that time, Mom had heard about the baptism of the Holy Ghost as it was poured out in Los Angeles, California, in 1906. She searched the Word of God and found that this wonderful experience was promised to all those who believed and were sanctified. She prayed and asked God to fill her with His Holy Spirit, and He gave her the desire of her heart.

On April 7, 1911, Alba and Anna, accompanied by a group of seven friends, went to Friday Harbor on San Juan Island where they were married. They were affiliated with a group of believers in Seattle, and when the group decided to set up a church camp on Lopez Island, they went along. Mom and Dad lived on Lopez Island and fellowshipped with the group of believers there until 1921. All six of their children were born on Lopez Island.

During the summer of 1919, my dad was in a serious boating accident. He was returning to the island from Port Townsend, Washington, when his boat developed engine trouble. It then struck an object which broke a hole in the boat. Soon the boat was in pieces, and he was in the water for six hours before coming to shore on Whidbey Island.

Dad had wanted Mom to go with him that day, but she was six months pregnant with twins, and had four other children to care for. At the last minute, she said, "I don't think I will go." After the boat was far enough out in the water that she couldn't call for them to come back, she wondered why she didn't go when it was such a beautiful day. Later, after Dad's accident, she knew it was the Lord stop-

ping her. I know Dad would have tried to save her and the children, which means that all of us might have perished.

In 1921, the believers they worshipped with began to have problems and the group broke up. Dad told Mom that he wanted to be part of a church where he could bring up his children in the truth of the Gospel. He and Mom had heard about the Apostolic Faith Church and he decided to investigate it. Mom took us children to Cle Elem, Washington, to stay with Dad's parents while he took a trip to Portland, Oregon. It took just one meeting. He liked what he saw and sent word for us to join him.

Not long after we arrived in Portland, one of my brothers contracted diphtheria and passed away. During his illness, the entire family was quarantined, so my Dad could not work. My parents were new to the Portland congregation, but at various times people from the church brought bags of groceries and supplies and left them on the porch. My parents felt genuinely loved and cared for! They had moved to Portland to attend the Apostolic Faith Church because of the teachings of the church and the Spirit in the services, but the kindness of the people wrapped a bond around their hearts.

In our home, both Mom and Dad taught us about God and His Word. They were faithful parents and lived exemplary lives before us. My mom was a caregiver. She helped in the hospital work that the church did, and was always available to help anyone who became sick. One thing that stood out to me was that whenever there was sickness in the church family, Mom would bake bread and take it to them. One day I said to her, "Mom, they are sick and can't eat bread!" Her answer was that the folks caring for them could eat it.

Throughout the fifty-one years of my parents' married life, they were very devoted to one another. They had trials and disappointments, but their faith in God held them steady. Because of their example, our family was grounded in the Gospel, and in the years since then, many of our family members have chosen to serve God.

Mom became ill in 1962, and I was privileged to take care of her during that time. In the early part of June, she had a vision of Jesus—she pointed to the corner of the room and said, "I see Jesus!" I knew that meant she did not have long to live, so I called the family together. We were all standing around her bed, and Dad was kneeling beside her, when suddenly Mom quoted from Isaiah 26:3, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee." She kept pointing to the corner where she said she saw Jesus. I would cover her hand with the blanket but she would take it out and point again. On June 29, I covered her hand one more time, and she left it there. That evening at about midnight, she passed on to her reward. I saw a faithful warrior enter into Heaven.



Emil Gruber

For years of my life I didn't know anything about the Gospel. I never went to Sunday school in my younger days and only attended church a few times. I was born and raised in eastern France, growing up there during World War I. My mother prayed for me and I knew it, but I was stubborn and rebellious, and I thought I would miss something in the world of sin if I served God. I thank God for that godly mother who tried to bring me up in the right way; but it seemed too straight and too narrow for me, and I went my own way.

I went with a mad rush into sin. I spent my younger years around Paris, had a good job and all that a young man could want in this world,

but I didn't find any satisfaction. Many nights I reveled around in that city—and the next morning I had a headache! I wondered what life was all about and I wanted a way out.

For years I walked around in darkness, and wondered why I was ever born. I had such fear in my heart. I knew there was a Judgment Day coming and that I wasn't ready to meet the Lord. Many times after I moved to America, I would sit on an old stump on a hill in a logging camp and would look to the skies and wonder where God was. I wondered if God would do something for me. But I never had anybody tell me what to do until the day I met these people on the street corner at Third and Burnside in Portland, Oregon. They told me the story of Jesus. I never heard anything like that in all my life—that a lost soul could pray through and that God could save him. I could not understand how the great God of Heaven would look on a creature such as me and reach down and save a soul like mine. But that night I took courage and faith and realized these people told the truth.

Thank God, I asked them to pray for me. They did pray and God saved my soul one night when I was alone in my room. I did not pray a single word out loud, but thank God, He read the language of my soul. I promised Him my life for time and eternity—my all—if He would only forgive me for my sins against Him. He saved me and planted something in my heart that has kept me for many years.

I went over my old life. It wasn't the minister who told me I had to make restitution, but God in His own way showed me I had to go back and straighten up my life. I paid back about nine hundred miles of railroad fare. After that, for about three weeks, I was so happy it seemed my feet did not touch the ground. This Gospel is real.

Oh, the love and mercy of God and His guiding hand! I lived in one apartment for fourteen years and thought I would stay there the rest of my life, but something kept telling me to move. I moved on a Wednesday and on Saturday that house burned down. God spared my life. I thank God for His goodness to me.



Ella (Frymire) Green

I am glad that I have a lively hope in my heart of Jesus' coming again. It wasn't always that way.

One of the dearest thoughts of my heart is that Jesus loves even me and that He looks after me. I am so thankful for the night He called me to serve Him. I had been brought up carefully; my parents were Christians as far back as I can remember. I knew there was a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun, and I loved Jesus and the stories of the Bible, but I am thankful for the night He talked to me and made me know I needed to pray.

That night I knew I wasn't a Christian. I had tried hard to live right in my own strength, but I was condemned; and as I knelt at that little chair in the back of the church and asked God to make a change in my heart, He answered that prayer. Within my heart He gave me an assurance, and a deep settled peace. His Spirit bore witness with my spirit that I was His child. I am so grateful for that. Salvation became real to me. It was more than just Christian training; it was my very own possession. I am glad it is my possession these days. I still know the Lord loves me and I know He answers prayer.

Later I was sanctified, but I didn't have my baptism for quite a few years. The Lord's coming wasn't a bright prospect in those days because I felt I needed that power to be ready to go. But I am so glad that changed, too, on one Sunday afternoon when the Lord dropped faith into my heart. He helped me realize that what I had asked of Him was what He was giving me. I had come to Portland to work in our church publishing office and I didn't have my baptism, so I told the Lord, "Lord, I am coming to Portland to be a worker; I don't want to be a seeker." I asked the Lord to teach me how. You know, He did that! He opened the Scriptures and gave me two or three promises out of His Word, and then that Sunday afternoon He helped me realize that what I had asked was what He was doing for me. And He did it! It is just that simple, when you finally believe. I am so glad that experience changed my hopes. I knew then that when the Lord came, I would be ready. The enemy told me "You won't be ready for the Lord's coming anyway. You'll let it slip, or you'll grow cold." But the Lord gave me that Scripture, "Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." I knew if I would just keep that hope bright in my heart, I would see the Lord; and I am glad that hope is bright now. I want to see Him. I want to hear that trumpet sound. There isn't another thing in this whole world that matters, except that I want to be ready when Jesus comes. There have been a few clouds and a few storms, but I have an anchor in Jesus. There has never been a burden too heavy or a battle too hard when the Lord takes the heavy end.

I am glad that I can face the future with confidence in my Savior. I don't know what it will bring. I don't know where it might lead—it doesn't matter so long as the Lord leads. I feel that my hand is in His.



Sarah 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 but I don’t remember ever hearing my parents pray. When I went away to school, I thought if I joined a big church I would be a Christian, but I found it takes more than good intentions and joining a church. Our college was in one of the largest cities in Washington. There were many different churches and denominations there, and I went from one to the other, but I was not satisfied. I worked in some of the churches and paid tithes, but I had no peace. Also, I drifted with the crowd and tried the same things that other students did, including things that I had no intention of doing. Later on I became a schoolteacher. Then I had the clothes I wanted and the means to travel or study, but still I was not satisfied. My life condemned me. God dealt with me and talked to my

soul. He showed me that I was headed in the wrong direction.

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 go 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. I thought I was a Christian because 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. I knew that I was saved. I knew my name was written in Heaven. I didn’t need anyone to shake my hand or 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 had 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. The Lord took the desire for sinful living 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. I always had a fear of the future, but that fear was taken out. I know my peace is made with God.

One morning in the prayer meeting, praying at 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. One time 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. That was 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 God, and He has never failed. In the different circumstances that arise, He is always there to help. I could spend a long time telling of wonderful blessings, the way the Lord has provided, and how He has worked miracles.

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



Mabel Hoople

I thank God for the old-time religion. For years I didn't realize that I needed the Lord in my heart. I had gone to church and Sunday school all my life and I thought that was all there was to religion. I was taught there was a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun, and that some way I would make Heaven my home if I did the best I could. But the best I could do was to go a little deeper into sin.

My parents tried hard to bring me up carefully. They told me many things that I shouldn't do, and the places I shouldn't go. When just a young girl of thirteen years, I wanted to see what the world had to offer. I went to the dance halls and the card parties against the will of my parents. I was looking for something that would satisfy that aching void in my heart, but I didn't find it. I would stay up until the wee hours of the morning dancing and playing cards while my mother stayed up many nights watching and waiting for me to come home. I went on that way for a number of years.

Later on I was married. My husband had met some of the Apostolic Faith people, and he knew them well, but I had never met any of them and knew nothing about them. When we came from Canada here to Portland, my husband invited me to a service, and I said, "Yes, I will go!" I wasn't afraid, so we went up to the front, and there I sat, a proud young woman.

I listened to wonderful testimonies go forth from redeemed men and women. I heard how Jesus could come into our hearts and lives and take sin out and we could live in this present world without sin. But I held my head high and said it was all right for them, maybe they needed it, but I just didn't need it. But the Lord knew I needed His saving grace. That very first night after the service was over, I met one of these precious saints, and she said to me, "What if your soul should be required of you tonight and you went into eternity?"

I couldn't answer that question, and God talked to me and showed me my helpless and undone condition. He let me know that I was lost and on my way to Hell and would never make Heaven in that condition. He stopped me right there in my tracks and I turned to my husband and said, "Do you think God would save me if I prayed?" He said, "Yes, if you mean business!"

He helped me to the altar of prayer where I got upon my knees before everyone, and I began to call on the Lord to be merciful to me a sinner. That was the first time I ever admitted to being a sinner. You couldn't have hired me before that to pray in front of anyone. I prayed by my bedside, but no one saw me. That night I didn't care who saw me; I wanted to make Heaven my home.

When I repented with all my heart and earnestly prayed, He heard that simple prayer and answered it. He came into my heart and life and washed away all my sins. He gave me peace, joy, victory, and a satisfaction I had never known before.

I had prayed many a prayer, but they never went higher than my head; but that night I prayed from my heart. I didn't know the love for the things of the world was gone, but Jesus took it all out of my heart, and I have never wanted anything of the world from that day until this. There was nothing there that would satisfy the longing in my heart, but Jesus satisfies. The love for the card parties, dance halls, and all other so-called worldly pleasures that had meant so much to me, was completely gone. I had thought I would have to struggle and fight against these worldly things that I loved so much, but that was not the case. I can say this Gospel has been real to me down through these many years.

I had enjoyed good health, but one afternoon I was in an accident and my foot was broken. For two weeks I couldn't step on that foot. My husband wanted me to go to meeting with him and be prayed for. He got me a pair of crutches, but I just didn't want to go and be seen on those crutches. I am so glad the Lord helped me. He gave me strength, and I walked into that service on those crutches with my husband's help.

After the meeting was over I had the ministers pray for me. God came down in the most wonderful way and healed my foot that night. I got up and began walking on it. My husband brought my crutches and said, "Here are your crutches, don't you think we had better go home now?" I said, "Yes, I think we should go home, but I don't think I need those crutches." How I thank God, I could walk on my foot! I stepped very carefully at first to be sure it was all right; then I stepped right down with my full weight. The Lord had healed it! From that day to this I have always been able to walk on that foot. I can say Jesus is real to me. He has healed our bodies so many times. I couldn't begin to tell the many times He has been in our home and undertaken in times of sickness and trouble.

Over fifty years have come and gone since the Lord saved my soul, but I can say the Gospel is more real to me now than when I first started out to serve Jesus. No matter what comes across my pathway, I have Him to go to and He always hears, answers prayer, and carries the heavy end. It is wonderful to serve such a living, risen Savior. I want to be true to the end of this Christian race and be what Jesus would have me to be.



Hazel Hawes

I was born and brought up on a farm in western Minnesota. I never heard my mother pray. There may have been a Bible in our home, but I don't remember that there was. We did have a book of Bible stories, however, and I believed them. Mother was a good woman and warned me against the dance floor and card playing, but I was disobedient and was a child seemingly without natural affection. My friends were mostly church members, but they mixed religion and sin together. Though I knew right from wrong, I had no conviction for sin.

When I was twenty-three years old I married, and my husband and I both loved the pleasures and amusements of the world. But he had a praying mother, a real Christian, and in his trunk was a new Bible that his parents had given him on his twenty-first birthday. I read and reread the Bible from cover to cover, and

was never the same again. I still loved the pleasures of the world, but was just a misfit.

In 1918 my father died, my husband's mother died, and my brother was killed in France during World War I. Those were serious days. I began to pray and wanted to go to church, though my husband and I hadn't been inside a church for years.

A year later we bought a car and started to travel. I forsook the things of the world, yet there was no conviction or repentance for past sins. Finally we both joined a church and were immersed in water baptism but, in spite of it all, I weighed everything by the Word of God, and would question anything contrary to it. Some way, God had put the love of the truth in my heart. I had a certain standard that couldn't be shaken, and as I walked in the light, the Lord gave me more light.

Yet, it seemed I was just a wanderer and a misfit for about ten years. As I walked in the light that God shed on my pathway, He never failed me. One night in 1934, I don't remember what I prayed, but the cry of my heart was that God would show me the way. A short time after that we received an Apostolic Faith paper, and the Lord showed me I had at last found the truth. It was through reading the testimonies in that paper that the Lord showed me I had never been born again.

I prayed many prayers before the light of Heaven broke through to my soul, and when it did I felt as though I had come out of a howling wilderness. I thank the Lord for hearing the prayer I prayed—it was a prayer of repentance.

I had passed as a Christian for years, and nobody could have told me I wasn't a Christian. I would have been very much offended if they had told me that was the case. But how I thank God, that after all those years of profession, He gave me real conviction and led me to true repentance. In a moment of time, I was a different woman and I have been a different woman ever since. I hardly recognized myself.

The Lord answered my prayers as I sought Him for the deeper experiences. He sanctified me wholly, and baptized me with the Holy Ghost. When I came to God, I was just a weak, sickly woman, not able to do my own housework, but as I walked in the Light of the Gospel and received the Truth in my heart, my health and strength came back.

I wrote to the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon, and told them our needs, which were many. The answer came back, "We will pray." The depression was on at that time, and we listed our farm for sale with no results. In January of 1935, we were snowed in and a man and his son walked in over the snowdrifts and said they understood we wanted to sell our farm. From that time on, all we had to do was to stand still and see God work.

The man wanted possession by March 1. We couldn't drive though until just before camp meeting, but the Lord knew all about that too. There was a house across the field that was rented and they were moving on March 1. Every move was timed. We didn't even go to look things over; but when we arrived, we found it was clean, and had a fire in the range and hot water in the reservoir. There was a nice big chicken house; we took over 150 laying hens and feed, and so forth, and a man came thirty miles to buy them when we left. My husband built a two-wheeled trailer outfit, and we started for Portland on June 11, 1935.

As we left that day, my mother stood on one side of the car and our grown and married daughter on the other side, weeping. It was hard, and I shed many tears, but they are both in Heaven today. Yes, it paid! It seemed as though a curtain dropped behind me, and I have never looked back. When we arrived at the Portland camp meeting it seemed every teaching given on the Word of God was for me. The founder of this Gospel said, "If you who don't know of another consecration to make, just let the Word of God wash your heart," and again, "Just eat the whole Lamb of God; He can't help but give you your experiences." It wasn't hard for me to believe, for I was so hungry for God, and He gave me my deeper experiences. I didn't have to wait long, either.

My husband and I didn't know where we were going to live or how he could make a living in a city; but God led us step by step. I stood on the promise, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." My husband had no trade, as all he had been used to doing was working a farm for himself. So the last Friday of camp meeting, I said to the Lord in our tent, "Lord, show me today what we should do!" It seemed He took my hand and led me down the path where the campers washed clothes, and there was a bulletin board. I looked right at one of the cards that had been placed on the board, and as I read the card it seemed the Lord showed me this was the place we should go.

We went and inquired at that address, and just the night before this man and his wife had said, "We will sell our house for so much if we can get the cash." So we bought their home; and he asked my husband to work for him. He worked for a year and a half, got some experience, and finally went into business for himself for twenty-three years until he retired. We can say that Jesus never has failed us once, and we have never wanted for any good thing, according to His Word of promise.



Ruth Slater

How thankful I am for an old-fashioned mother who feared God and knew how to pray. My people were pioneers, and I was born in Atwood, Kansas, in a sod house. When I was nine years old we moved to a farm near St. Helens, Oregon. During my early years, we would ride in the lumber wagon to old-time revival meetings. Mother would take my sister, Nellie, and me down to the front row in those meetings. As I heard her sing the old hymns, I realized that she had God in her heart, and I knew He was real. Yet, I was a stubborn girl, and as I rode home in the wagon, my feet not yet able to touch the floorboard, I determined that I was not going to serve the Lord. I thought the world held so much for me, and I did not want to take the way of the Cross. However, God had other plans for me.

Mother was saved and sanctified, so during the summer of 1909, the Wesleyan Methodist church sent her as a delegate to their convention in Portland, Oregon. While there, a friend said to her, "Let's go out to the Apostolic Faith camp meeting that is taking place nearby." As they walked onto the campground, the Lord said to her, "This is the old way. Walk ye in it." Mother said, "I will, Lord!" She eagerly sought and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Two years later, I attended my first Apostolic Faith camp meeting. I remember sitting on wooden benches and listening to the music being played on a little old street organ. It was wonderful to me, because in the spring of that year I had knelt at a kitchen chair in our farmhouse in St. Helens and had given my heart to the Lord. I was just nineteen years of age at the time, and I told God that if He would come into my heart and make a change, I would give Him my life. Oh, what a change He did make! He took the pride and stubbornness out of me and filled my heart with such peace and happiness. Later God sanctified me and filled me with the Holy Ghost.

Before God saved me, I could not get along with my father. I guess we were too much alike. After I was saved, my father said, "It must have been Ruth's fault, because since she got saved we don't have any more trouble." I praise God that the day came when my dear old father also prayed and gave his heart to the Lord.

After I was saved, I longed to do something for God. Whenever the church papers, *The Apostolic Faith*, were printed, Sister Florence Crawford would let me help fold them. We would sit on old-fashioned high stools in a little six-by-five cubbyhole in the Front and Burnside church building to work. The papers we folded were handed out and also mailed around the world. I never thought a time would come when I would be one who handed out those papers, but I was blessed to give them away by the hundreds and thousands to people with hungry hearts throughout the world.

One day I was in an accident and a car ran over my feet. The doctor said I would always be crippled, but I prayed and asked God to heal me. Though He did not heal me right away, I continued to trust Him. The foreman where I worked in San Francisco, California, began calling me "Cripp," because I limped. Then one day, Jesus came down and instantly healed me while I was working! I stopped my work, because I felt I must tell someone. The first person I met was the foreman. I said,

“Jesus has healed me!” He said, “Well, we shall see.” Later, I heard him tell another man, “I can’t call Ruth ‘Cripp’ anymore, because Jesus has healed her.”

Through these many years, the Lord has been my Savior and my Healer. He is always near when I need Him most. He hears my faintest cry, and He has never failed.

When Ruth Slater was saved in the spring of 1911, she gave her life fully to serving her Savior. A vivacious and energetic woman, she was zealous in spreading God’s Word to people wherever she lived or traveled. When she lived in Hawaii, she walked all over the islands handing out thousands of pieces of Gospel literature on a one-to-one basis. She was a very giving person who did much for others, asking no payment but that they do the same good for someone else. She passed away in the early summer of 1980.



Anne (Maxwell) Green

By her daughter, Roberta Parker

Anne's story started in Okanogan, Washington, on a little farm during the Great Depression. She was born to parents who were searching for God and desired to raise their children in a godly fashion. They went to church, but were taught that Christians sinned in thought, word, and deed daily.

Anne told of a time at the age of eight when she first recognized God's call. She was awakened early one morning with a hymn going through her mind, and the words of the second verse came clearly to her:

*Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.*

As she sang it softly that morning, she thought, "That's strange. I didn't know I knew all the words to that song." Over the years, the

memory of that came back to her—how God had looked down and given a song early in the morning to a little girl in an upstairs attic room, before the light of the Gospel ever came to her family.

But the light did come—God saw to that. A team of Gospel workers traveled over three hundred miles into the eastern part of the State of Washington, stopped right on their property, and held the "first-ever Apostolic Faith Gospel meeting for the Maxwell family" right under their own tree. The family recognized the call of God and opened their hearts to Him. God saved the parents, and not long afterwards, Anne was saved too. She testified, "I was just a schoolgirl, but the Lord put a wonderful hope into my heart, a living reality. He gave me courage to live a Christian life at school, in the business office, and at home." She received her sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost shortly thereafter.

She was married to Bob Green on one of his furloughs during World War II. In 1944, Bob was able to get the last week of camp meeting; they were married on the following Tuesday in Port Angeles, Washington, with a four-day honeymoon to follow. For the next eighteen months they were separated by the Pacific Ocean and the uncertainties that war brought to relationships and families, but God saw them both through. Anne moved to Portland to begin working in the church office, and she lived with Bob's family until the war was over and Bob returned to Portland.

After the war, she was blessed with three children. She would tell how thankful she was for a Christian home and for the privilege of bringing up her children to understand that they too could know God for themselves and have a real experience in their hearts. She was blessed to see them all follow the Lord and to begin raising their children in the Gospel. After they were all married, the Lord led Bob and Anne to adopt two boys from Vietnam. The two youngsters had fled Saigon on the very day the city fell to the communists; but God's protecting hand was over them, and brought them to Portland where they had a chance to hear of God's wonderful power.

The Pacific Ocean played a part over many years in their lives, from those early years of separa-

tion, to adopting two sons from Asia. Anne would often accompany her husband to the ships in the harbor where an invitation was given to men from across the seas to come to the evening meeting. She kept meticulous records of names of men, names of ships, dates visited, and photos to match (to nudge her memory of who they had met or were to meet). They were blessed to see some of these men become Christians, and over the ensuing years some even become workers in the Gospel in their home countries.

A year before she passed away, Anne was able to travel a second time across the Pacific Ocean to visit some of the churches in Korea and in the Philippines and to also visit with many of the seafaring men in their own homes. She testified that she was so thankful for what she felt and experienced. She saw people, some in grave hardships or suffering great trials, but looking to God to answer all their needs. She saw people who were feeling as Paul of old. They were not looking to the things that were behind but were pressing forward. Anne said, “You could feel the Spirit of God in the meetings. I can’t begin to say how much I appreciate the privilege we had of worshiping with these groups of people and to see God’s mighty power transforming lives. He is doing the same thing in lives there that we have experienced here.”

Anne stood often in the congregation in Portland with a vibrant testimony of the wonderful blessings God had showered on her life. She proved His promises many times, and gave back her life in service to Him with much gratitude. Among all her duties in life, she also worked in the church office from her early twenties (right after she got married) until the day before she died.

The last photo taken of her was on a Sunday night with a group of seafaring men. The next day, Monday, she worked a full day at the office. On Tuesday morning she suffered a stroke while kneeling by her bedside early in the morning. She died later that day—a radiant witness to God’s power to keep a soul from sin and bless a life abundantly.

Margaret Parker Janes



In my mind, I can see a picture of my mother and father singing the song, “The Beautiful Gates Ajar.” My mother played the reed organ and my father his guitar. Then Mother told me about Heaven, and the vision I received of it never left me.

My mother died soon after, and people told me that God had taken her to sing with the angels. I said, “We need her down here.” Being still a child, I was thinking more of my own need. But God did bless my two sisters and me with a dear grandmother who loved the Lord, and I was taken to Sunday school. Then when I was nine, my aunt told me the story of the Cross, how Jesus asked His Father to forgive those who were hurting Him. It broke my heart, and I asked Him to save me. My life was changed, and I had joy in place of sadness.

If only I had found someone to guide me in the truth, I believe I would have kept salvation in my soul. Sometimes I prayed, and the Lord did help me, but I drifted farther and farther from God.

I married a schoolteacher, and we moved from place to place because of his work. I attended churches in the towns where we lived, and prayed at times, but I had no victory in my life. My prayers were not going through to God. Many of the people in the churches were worldly, and I became more and more worldly myself. Sin began to completely take over my life.

Once I talked to the minister’s wife about this problem. She said to keep praying, and I did. God began to work in my life. He sent me conviction, and Holy Ghost conviction is a powerful thing.

The Lord started a series of events in my life. I loved to play cards, but one day I saw my partner, whom I admired, cheating before my eyes. I said, “No more cards.” I loved theaters, but we lived up in the mountains and didn’t attend often. One day I drove into Medford to see a movie. It was a children’s matinee but it must have been vile, because I said, “If that is what they show to children, I am through with shows.” One evening, coming from church with a friend and her husband, she told him that the leaders of the church wanted him to be an elder. He said, “Oh, no, if I am ever a Christian I will be a real one. You won’t see me going to shows and card parties and dances.” Soon after that, at a dance, I saw two men fighting over the wife of one. That night the marriage was broken. The woman divorced her husband and married the other man. I was through with dances. Conviction was really hitting home.

I had never used profanity, but I found myself taking the Lord’s name in vain. I also developed a dreadful temper. My neighbors were making their own whiskey and when given a glass, I found I loved it. Both the temper and the liking for whiskey really scared me. But when I heard my oldest son, only six years old, take the Lord’s name in vain after hearing me do it, conviction was complete. In desperation and despair I walked into the bedroom, wringing my hands and crying out to the Lord, “God, help me!”

And God did! He reminded me of a Christian woman I had known, one who believed and lived the Bible. I wrote asking her if she thought I could be saved, or if I had gone too far. She wrote back that she believed God finally had me to the place where He could do something for me. Her letter was accompanied by literature from the Apostolic Faith Church.

We had a settee before the fireplace, and I was sitting on it when I started reading that Apostolic Faith paper. I don't know when I got down on my knees, but I finished reading that paper on my knees. The paper was tear-soaked, but I had victory! As I read, Jesus was there with me, helping me say yes to everything I read. Yes, I would make restitution. Yes, I would ask forgiveness. He assured me that He would be with me all the way, a promise He has kept for more than fifty-five years.

After I was saved, we moved to Medford to be with the people of the Apostolic Faith Church. At a camp meeting in Portland, Oregon, my husband, who professed Christianity, became reconciled to God. Our home was changed as church and Sunday school took the place of worldly amusements. There was no more profanity, and our three sons were taught the Word of God.

Walking in the Christian way, I learned the absolute necessity of looking only to Jesus, and not trusting in my own strength. I faced death at least three times with various diseases.

At one point in my life, I had a terrible cancer on my body. The school nurse had visited our home that week because two of our little boys were ill with measles. She was shocked at my condition. That Thursday, our minister visited, and I told him, "If it is God's will that I suffer and die with this thing, that is what I want to do." God had made me love His will above all things, even though my natural desire was to live and raise our three boys. Our minister said, "I don't believe you will die with it," but in my pain, his words were not real to me.

The following Sunday morning, after a night entirely without sleep, I dressed for church. A dear old lady in the church loaned me her jacket because I could not bear the weight of a full-length coat on my body, even though I had bandages protecting the cancer. I remember walking into church that morning and thinking it was the last time I would be there. I had peace in my heart, though, and I was trusting God for whatever was ahead.

In the middle of that service, a trio sang the song, "Jesus, Name I Love." Each time they sang the name "Jesus," He became more real to me. As the song ended, God spoke two words to me: "You're healed!" Instantly the pain was gone. For the rest of that service, I did not hear anything that was going on. I just wept through it with gratitude and praise to my wonderful Jesus. I could raise our boys!

After church, I met the woman who had loaned me her jacket, and I said, "I am healed!" When I took away the bandages after the service, I found that the swelling, the lump, and all other evidences of the cancer had disappeared. There were simply no words to describe my love and gratitude to Him. I owe God all my life. I have found Him a merciful, compassionate, faithful God whose love has never failed. There is nothing too hard for Him, and life is joy and peace with such a Friend.

Since I am in my eighties, I know my life must be coming to a close. I want the Spirit of God to flow through me and help others. There is nothing greater that I can do than to pass the Good News on. And then, I want to praise God throughout all eternity for what He has done for me.

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