

Volume 4



Gospel Pioneers



Gospel Pioneers

of the

Apostolic Faith Organization

Volume 4

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Charlotte Atseff

How thankful I am for the mercy and long-suffering of God! The Lord took me out of the life of sin that I had gotten myself into.

When I was a child, we had a good home; my parents taught me to pray and read the Word of God. One of my earliest memories is of having severe blood poisoning in my foot and leg from stepping on a rusty nail. My parents took me to church, where the ministers prayed for me, and the Lord healed me.

While still young, I was saved and told my playmates about it. They laughed at me, because they didn't understand, but that did not deter me. Later, the Lord sanctified me and, soon after, baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. At that time I really wanted to do right.

When my teen years came, my heart became filled with rebellion. I would not let anyone tell me what I should or should not do. Also, I would not take any advice about who my friends should be and I was ashamed to pray over my lunch at school.

Soon a love for the things of the world crept in. Although I never did smoke or drink, I loved the movies and dances. Often, I spent all day Sunday in the theatre, watching one movie after another. My heart would be so empty when I went home, but the next week I would do the same thing again. My attitudes and desires took me a long way from the faith of my childhood.

I married and had a good home life; I wasn't in need and my problems were few. The Lord let me go my own way for some time.

Then one evening, I faced up to the question of eternity while sitting by my mother's bed. She was very ill, and we didn't know if she would live. I knew that if she died, there was light at the end of her journey. There was no light for me. I wondered who would pray for me if I needed prayer after she was gone. The Lord spoke to my heart, "You will pray for yourself."

I did start to pray. I also began attending a little church in our neighborhood. There, the Word of God melted my heart like sunshine melting ice, but somehow I could not grasp the faith to believe that I could be forgiven. I did not think there was any hope for me.

One Sunday I heard Mark 16:7 read, "But go your way, tell his disciples and Peter..." Instead of hearing Peter's name, I heard my very own name in that verse, and hope sprang up in my heart. The next morning I knelt and prayed in my own home, confessing all my sins. I felt such sorrow for sinning against Jesus and His Gospel by going my own way. The devil cried into my ear, "You've gone too far!" But at that very instant, the Lord showed me the Cross and the awful price He paid. On that Cross were all my sins. He showed me that He still loved me and would take me back. Then I knew my sins had been forgiven. What joy filled my life!

I got up from my knees a changed woman. Jesus had taken out the love for the pleasures of this world. He satisfied the desires that I had tried to satisfy with other things. In my heart was the determination to be true to the Lord forever.

It was some time before I realized that I needed to be sanctified. Even though I had received that experience as a child, the enemy had robbed me of everything that I had ever known or understood. I had to learn all over again. One day I asked the Lord for the experience of sanctification, and I asked

Him to make it very real to me. Such a thrill went through me! There was no doubt in my heart that God had done the work. That same week, He filled me with the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

My husband was not a believer and could not understand why I did not want to go to the movies anymore—or why I did not want to sell beer, wine, and cigarettes in our store. The Lord kept me true through those difficult times, and through many critical decisions. A number of years later, my husband was also born again and had a sweet peace through to his last day.

I thank God for the opportunity to serve Him, and to see the Gospel go out across the world. It is my privilege to work in the foreign correspondence office of the Apostolic Faith Church and to read some of the letters that come to our headquarters office from foreign countries. In those letters, I learn of the heartaches and sorrows of the people who write. The Lord puts a real burden on my heart to help pray for them. Oh, the joy when we receive letters that tell us God has undertaken and answered prayer!

Truly the Word of God has been my anchor, my encourager, my helper, and guide through these forty-three years, and for that I thank God with all my heart. I have never wanted to turn back or give up the good fight of faith, because it's been a fight of victory from the very first. I know the Lord will see me through to the end.



Daniel Trzil

Joseph Trzil and his wife, Anna, were Christians who lived in Czechoslovakia. Joseph was a farmer, and as he stood in his field one day, God showed him an image of the hammer and sickle of Communism in the sky. He immediately began preparations to bring his family to America. It was the early 1900's when the Trzil family settled in Pennsylvania. The family increased to six children on March 27, 1913 when Dan Trzil and his twin sister, Margaret, were born. One more child would follow within two years bringing the total to seven. The names of the seven children are: Mary Trzil (Scow), Eveleen Trzil, Louise Trzil (Hurita), Joseph Trzil, Daniel Trzil, Margaret Trzil (Schestak), and Lydia Trzil (Baxter).

Several years after the twins were born, the family received an Apostolic Faith paper in the mail. It was printed in the Czech language. What they read in that publication appealed to their hungry hearts. At that time there were three Trzil-related families living in the same area.

God laid it on their hearts to sell their farms and move to Portland, Oregon, where the full Gospel was preached. So, during a blizzard in January 1920, the families—twenty one persons in all: six adults and fifteen young children—were taken to the train depot in a sleigh. The journey to Portland was long and arduous. The men in the families began to be discouraged as they traveled through the Rocky Mountains. They were farmers and the rugged terrain did not look like good farmland. The wives, however, convinced their husbands that they were not going to Portland for earthly gain, but rather for spiritual riches.

In Portland, Daniel attended Glenhaven Elementary School through the eighth grade and then attended Benson High School, graduating in 1932. He took a course in sheet metal at Benson, and that became his life's work. He tried to enlist in the military but was refused for medical reasons (he had asthma from childhood). He then went to work at Columbia Aircraft Industries.

Dan did not become a Christian for several years though he chose his friends carefully and didn't smoke cigarettes or drink liquor, because he knew he would have to answer to God for his actions eventually. Finally his parents' prayers were answered. At the age of twenty-four, in 1937, on a Tuesday evening at 10 o'clock, he "counted the cost." And as he would say later, "When God saved me, He did a good job!" Dan went on to receive his sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. His greatest joy after that was to be busy in the Lord's work.

Dan married Doris Wallace on February 14, 1942 and they served God together for twenty-six years. In 1945 a daughter was born into the family and in 1948 Dan felt called to move his family to Eureka, California. He went to help in the church there in whatever capacity he was needed: teaching Sunday school, canvassing neighborhoods, inviting people to church, singing in various musical groups, preaching God's Word, living his testimony at work, and as a prayer warrior.

In 1954, he felt called to move to Roseburg, Oregon, where he again gave his all in church work. Sheet metal work was scarce at that time in Roseburg, so Dan moved his family back to Portland in the summer of 1956. No matter where Dan was, he lived his life for Christ. At times in sheet

metal shops where he worked he would be ridiculed, but when hard times came to those who did the ridiculing, they knew who to ask to pray for them.

Dan suffered from severe asthma attacks and many allergies, but you could always find him on his knees interceding for help from God for himself and for others. He believed in the purity of the Gospel—the Bible says what it means and means what it says. He was in church whenever there was a service (come early—leave late!) and also went on Gospel teams to street meetings, jails, prisons, and rest homes. Whenever his health would permit, he would help with any sheet metal projects that needed to be done in Portland or in branch churches.

During the last several years of his life, he suffered from stomach cancer. Those years were not easy, but he always believed that God was able to heal him. He received that healing when, on March 12, 1968, he went to meet the God that he had served so faithfully.

Of the original twenty-one Trzil family members who came to Portland, at least eighteen died in the faith. What a great heritage!

Sally Damron



I want to thank the Lord for His goodness and mercy to my soul. It seems as if the Lord has been especially good to me. Many blessings have accrued in my life since infancy.

Some people testify that they came to Portland, Oregon to investigate the Gospel. My parents had never heard of the Apostolic Faith. They knew nothing about a church such as this, but they pulled up stakes in Kansas and came West in search of reality.

My father walked the streets of Portland, investigating the churches in the city. He heard about a little church and said, "I want to see what it is all about." When he and my mother went, though, he didn't like it. When the congregation got down to pray he asked my uncle, "How long does this last?" My uncle answered, "It depends on the kind of start they get." My father said, "I'm going to leave, and I'm not coming back here." But my parents did come back. I am thankful that the Lord knew how to deal with them.

It was a rugged road they traveled, and they had to feel their way along as they searched for the Lord. But they had some faithful neighbors who helped my mother pray through to salvation. My father held back and did not surrender to the Lord for a while. Then, one night, he was under such conviction that the bed shook. He got out of bed, and on his knees, he prayed through to salvation. Until his dying day, the Apostolic Faith was his church.

I am thankful for the Gospel of Jesus and that I can say I know that Jesus saves. In the days of my childhood, my mother told me the story of Jesus. On Saturday nights she would bring out a picture scroll and show us children pictures of Jesus. One was Christ's Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem. She also showed us the picture of Jesus on the Cross and told us that this took place just a few days later. How my heart was broken to think that they would do that to Jesus. We then saw the picture of the empty tomb. I am so very thankful that the Lord arose, and that He became a reality in my heart.

I thank God for His Word that touched my heart and helped me to see my need of a Savior. I was just a stubborn teenager when He came into my life and saved me—what a change! It was true that I hadn't gone very deep in sin, but there was a change in my life. Best of all it has lasted. As I have kept my hand in His, He has been by my side. I thank God for the Gospel and for what it means. Later, He sanctified me and baptized me at the altar in the Portland tabernacle. I can still point to the place where I knelt and surrendered my life to Jesus.

Since I gave my life to the Lord, blessings have been numberless. I cannot forget the miracle of healing the Lord performed for me when he healed me of a large tumor on my body.

Also, there was the time in Grants Pass when my husband was so terribly sick. He was lying on the floor, writhing in agony. At first it seemed that my prayer did not go through. I told the Lord that night, "If I can't get this prayer through, how can I ever expect to get another answer to prayer?" You know, that prayer went through and the Lord undertook in just a moment of time. I could tell of many, many miracles that the Lord has wrought in our lives. The very fact that I am here is a miracle.

About eight years ago, when it seemed the sun was setting in my life, God commanded the sun to stand still that I might live a little longer to fight the “fight of faith.”

It is five years since the Lord extended my husband’s life by healing him when he was so very ill with malaria and complications in Africa. The precious saints in Africa and all over the world were praying for his healing. The Lord saw fit to raise him up, and add to our lives these five glorious years together, telling the Story of Jesus.

The Lord has given my husband and me many privileges in the Gospel, but it seems that we have done so little for Him and He has done so much for us. I have purposed in my heart to spend more time on my knees, and do what my hands find to do.

When I read of the devastating earthquake in Guatemala, I was so glad the Lord had permitted us to go there and distribute literature. There are two fine brothers there who are doing what they can to spread the Gospel. Both lost their homes, but their lives were spared.

I can say that it is grand to be a Christian. I love God with all of my heart. I appreciate the Word of God that is going forth in this place. It searches my heart. I want to be an example and let my light shine, as others have been good examples for me.



Eleanor Wilcox

It is good to be a Christian. I thank God for this wonderful way of salvation. I knew about the Gospel from the time I was just a girl, and I believed that the Bible was the Holy Word of God. As a child, my mother read the Bible stories to me and my siblings as she gathered us around her, some of us only reaching to her knees.

For thirty years I turned the Gospel aside for the things of the world and went my own stubborn way. For many years, I was out in sin, condemned every day for my life because I knew the right way to go.

I had to suffer before I had any thought of turning to God. I had to lose my little girl who was only eight years old. Tragedy came when she was taken to the hospital with a ruptured appendix; in three days she was gone.

While my little girl was dying, I wanted to pray, but I didn't know how. I had forgotten

the God that my mother had worshiped, and I didn't know what to do. When my baby passed away, I wanted to go too. It was the end of everything to me. I didn't want to live any longer. For days after the funeral, I wept and mourned as I sat alone making plans to take my own life. I wanted to get out of this world that had brought me so much grief.

Then God's still small Voice spoke so gently to me out of Heaven saying, "Mother would look in the Bible." It came again, "Mother would look in the Bible." I thought perhaps I had better do that before I did the "other." My oldest brother had given me a Bible. I had never read it, but had kept it tucked away in a cabinet, hidden between a lot of other books.

I got the Bible out and let it fall open in my lap. When I looked down, I saw childish scrawls around one of the verses. I could almost see my daughter sitting on the floor marking in my Bible a few weeks before she was taken ill. I had completely forgotten all about it. She had been outside laughing and playing with her friends in our back yard while I was working in the kitchen when I heard our patio door open and close very softly. After several minutes, she hadn't said anything or asked for anything and she was so quiet that I wondered what she was doing while the children were still laughing and playing outside. I walked into the room and saw her sitting on the floor with my Bible in front of her and a pencil in her hand. She was marking on the pages. I wondered how and why she happened to pick out this particular book because it had no pictures in it. She didn't care for books without pictures. She was a poor reader and was being held back in school because she struggled with words. Also, she hadn't known anything about that Bible. She had never seen me read the Bible or put any markings in it. I had such an odd feeling as if someone were watching me. When her pencil tore the fine paper, I said, "Don't tear Mama's Bible." However, as I went back into the kitchen, I thought, "I never read it anyway, so what does it matter?" When I returned to the room to see if she was still there, I saw that just as quietly as she had come in, she had put the pencil and the Bible away and gone outside again.

Looking at the circled verse, I read, "In Ramah was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted, because they are not" (Matthew 2:18). Oh, my little girl had to die to make me look in the Bible! Like thunder out

of Heaven I knew it was God talking to me. My sinful life suddenly rose before me; all those wasted years and my neglect to teach my little girl about Jesus and God's Word. I knew what I must do.

I wanted to find a church where they had a mourners' bench like they had in the little mission hall where my mother and brother had attended. I felt I needed more than just a handshake at the door; I wanted my sins forgiven. I forgot about the plans I had been making for my destruction; I only wanted to get right with God.

I couldn't think of a church nearby where a sinner could pray at an altar of prayer, so I traveled 400 miles to San Francisco, California, where I knew my brother attended a branch of the Apostolic Faith.

At that altar, I knelt and prayed. When I stood up, I felt that I had been forgiven, but I was distressed because I didn't have that joyous feeling. I went back home and thought, "I don't have to have all those experiences that they talk about. I can be just as good a Christian without them."

I had that wonderful light and I turned against it. I joined a modern church. For five years I worked hard in that church. I taught Sunday school and I tried in my own strength to be a good Christian, but something seemed to be lacking. God was so faithful to me, though. Every time I knelt and prayed by my bedside, that still, small Voice would speak to me again, saying, "Go to Portland." Night after night it came. I thought, "I can't even pray. All I can do is think about Portland." Finally I said, "If this is You talking to me, Lord, I will go to Portland if You will open the way." I did not tell anyone about this, not even my brother.

I came home from work one evening in 1947 and my daughter-in-law said, "Your brother called today. He is going to Portland in July for camp meeting and will have room for you if you want to go." A current went through me from my head to the floor as if I had connected with a live wire. This was my answer and I knew it!

That first week at camp meeting, I battled. I thought I could go my own way. I was going to leave, but was told that a music program was coming up. I stayed, waiting to hear the music and God spoke to me. He said, "This is the way. Walk ye in it." I went to the altar. I went there fast. I prayed and wept my way through to an experience of salvation, to a calmness in my soul that I can't explain with words.

I was so afraid I was going to have to leave without all my experiences. I wanted the whole armor. At ten the next morning during the prayer meeting, the Lord sanctified my soul. I received a second, definite work of grace. Then on July 19, the anniversary of my daughter's death, I went to the altar and on that Sunday morning I got my baptism. Heaven came down and Glory filled my soul! It became the most glorious day of my life. God gave me the oil of joy for mourning.

Oh, how I love the Lord. He loved me when I needed Him most. I am thankful for this mighty Gospel.



Stanley Frank

It was in 1916 that my father first heard a street meeting held by the Apostolic Faith people. As a result, he and my mother were both saved. The day the Lord saved my father, He also healed him of the eczema that was all over his body. When he retired that night, his skin was as free of scabs as that of a newborn baby. I thank God for the heritage I had of growing up in a Christian home.

I was a boy who was hard to handle. I would not do anything to please my father. He used the razor strap on me and took the keys to my car, but only prayer ever brought me to my knees. I spent my money in the pool halls, dance halls, and at card games.

I lived with my parents and sister in Portland, Oregon, and could hardly speak a decent word; I cursed, swore, and blasphemed the name of God right in front of them.

But I thank God for the Apostolic Faith people who were praying for me. One day, when I was twenty-five years old, I walked into a Gospel service at Sixth and Burnside. I was ripe for God's salvation. I was ashamed of the things that had attached themselves to my life, and I was ready to forsake my sins and call on God for mercy.

When I knelt to pray, everything came up before me—every deed I had done, every sin I had committed, every article I had stolen, and every man I had robbed. I told God I would go back and straighten up my life and make restitution. In a moment of time God's power came down and saved my soul. He also healed me of a rupture that a doctor told me required surgery.

I asked the ministers to pray for me and for the letters of restitution that I would be writing. The next day I began making restitution, facing the men I had wronged, taking back the things I had stolen. Before my father was saved, he used to say he thought the desire to steal had been born in him. I had felt the same about it; I stole things I never did use. I knew when I was doing it that I would someday have to make it right.

I had taken automobiles out of a garage in one of the largest firms in Portland, so I could take the oil and gas and other things. I even had to make restitution to the Portland Police Department, because I had lied to them to get a job that paid more than \$50 a week. I thank God that He helped me straighten up that crooked life. I thank God that the Lord helped me to start back over my life. I made restitution and confession going back to my high school days when I stole things out of the chemical laboratory.

I worked for the railroad and after I received salvation, I went right back to work in the shops. Several men realized there was a change in my life and spoke to me about it. I was no longer cursing and swearing. Before, I talked like the railroad men. I tried to be like the rest of them; I tried to be hard-boiled. I thought it was smart. Afterwards, I could live a clean life.

For seventeen years, I enjoyed privileges in the Gospel. I went to street meetings, jail meetings, and hospitals. I played the organ in these meetings and told what God had done for me. Then, after I was married and had five children, my wife and I began to look other places for our pleasure. We neglected to read the Bible and to pray, and we stopped going to church. Sin came into our lives, and my heart became full of rebellion.

I joined fraternal organizations and was proud of my progress. I worked long and hard. They had confidence in me and put me through the chairs—I became a master of the lodge at the Masonic Temple. I also got into the Shriners. My children followed in my footsteps.

But all was not well. There was misery in our home. It was without love—just a place to live. Once when my wife threatened to pack up and leave, I told her I would help her pack.

There were people praying for us, and God began to talk to our hearts. One day, while playing golf with my younger son, I had a heart attack on the golf course. In His mercy, God was calling.

We began going to church, coming in just before the service and leaving right afterward so no one could talk to us. My heart would be heavy on the way home. Sometimes I was afraid that the Lord would strike me into eternity, and I knew I would go to a devil's Hell.

On the evening of March 21, 1976, my wife and I were in the service again. God was talking to our hearts. Tears ran down my cheeks, but I was so proud! I sat there with my diamonds and my past-master pin from the Masons. Before we could get out that night two men, who I had known for most of my life, came down from the platform to ask us to pray. I responded by putting on my overcoat and stepping out into the aisle to leave. My wife was ready to yield to the Lord, though. She asked me, "Won't you pray?" We knelt there in the chairs, side by side, repenting of our sins.

The Lord forgave our sins and put His love back into our hearts. He also restored our love for one another. I put my arm around my wife and kissed her. That was really something for me. I had neglected her for a long time.

At this time, I had diabetic neuritis, and was expecting to be in a wheelchair by Christmas. I had such pain that my wife had to wrap my limbs to keep my clothes from touching them. I was wrapped from my armpits down. I lost sixty pounds. Twenty-five percent of my body was numb, and the numbness was spreading. Even my mouth and tongue would go numb when I tried to eat. I had asked the doctor what would happen when it reached my heart. He said, "You can only hope and pray."

I asked the ministers to anoint and pray for me. I could not walk up onto the platform, so they came to me. They also came to my home to pray for me. One Sunday morning, while listening to the broadcast from the church, I felt a definite touch from the Lord. He healed me! How I do appreciate these years of good health that I have enjoyed! It is glorious to have health in my body and salvation in my soul.

When I returned to the Lord, I was still working for the Union Pacific Railroad. I had been there for forty years and they trusted me. For twenty years, I had been taking things home that I wanted—even furniture. After receiving salvation, I made trip after trip back there to return items. One time someone said, "Not again! You are not bringing back more!" I told them, "Yes, I am returning everything that says U.P.R.R. on it."

There was one thing that I had taken that I could not find. I was bothered about it for over three years. I looked high and low, in the garage, in all the cupboards, in the attic, and in the basement, but just could not locate it. Then one day, my son-in-law asked if I had a big cardboard box that he could have. I went out to the garage and, high overhead, I found one that I had thought was empty, but when I took it down, there was the item. Thank God, I took it back!

I thank God for this glorious Gospel. I would not exchange it for anything in this world.

Nellie Smith



I praise God for this marvelous Gospel. I heard about Jesus when I was very young. My grandmother told me that Jesus had saved her and others in the family. I thought that Jesus must be wonderful and could do anything.

One Sunday night alone at home, when I was about twelve years old, I knelt and prayed, “Jesus, forgive all my sins,” and He did save me and put a standard into my heart. I changed my friends, picked out the nicest girls in school, and people wondered what made me different from the rest of the girls.

Many years later we attended churches in different cities, and finally joined a large church in Portland, Oregon, but we were not satisfied. Two afflictions came upon my body: a cancer on one side and a small tumor on the other side. The doctor wanted to operate, but I would not listen to him, for I felt there must be a better way. I thought of Jesus. If He was the same today as when He was upon earth, why couldn’t He do something for me now?

As I was wondering and pondering this in my mind, God showed me so plainly that Jesus was

the same and had never changed. I started to pray and read my Bible. Then a man who was almost a stranger to us told my mother about the Apostolic Faith. He said, “I do not belong there, but I go there often and it is wonderful how many people God heals through their prayers!”

My mother went to their camp meeting one day. She said, “It is all true what they say, it is marvelous, and one thing I know: they have the old-time religion that my people had who were old-time Methodists.” She urged me and my husband to go to a meeting.

We went on a Sunday night, and as we stepped into that large tent, it seemed that we were stepping out of great darkness into great light. Everyone looked so very happy and alive. It was wonderful! We knelt at their altar too, but could not pray much—it was all too great for us.

Later I went to the camp meeting alone and asked if they would pray for me. Two ministers did. Then one of them said to me, “Now you can stand on any word in that Bible.”

As I walked off the platform, I said in my heart, “Now, Jesus, they have done what You said they should do, so now You have to heal me!” And He did! I had the witness. The next moment, a big load pressed down upon me, and I said, “Jesus, if You can heal me, You can take this heavy load off my heart too.” And He did! He changed the whole course of my life that day. He took the love for the things of the world out of my heart.



Wilbur Hunt

When I was just a boy, starting out in life, I did not know anything of the sins of the world, because my parents had been very faithful to me. They had taken me to Sunday school and church, and had told me what sin would do to me. They tried to tell me the right way to go, but I said, "I will go and see what the world has to offer."

Although I had good parents, I was the most unsatisfied, unhappy young man who ever lived. I was bound by such a bad disposition that I could not get along with my brothers and sisters or even the stock on the farm. My brothers and sisters said they wanted to be Christians, but I did not want to be a Christian. I did not want to have any part in Christianity. The men that I associated with were blinded by the bright lights of the city.

One day, when still in my teens, I had the privilege of being in a little church service. Five

people drove almost 100 miles to tell the story of Jesus and His love. At that time, there was no highway to travel on—only a lot of mud or snow. They did not let that bother them; they came out anyway and told the Gospel story.

This was a cottage meeting. They had rented a house in which to have a prayer meeting. They set up a street organ and began to sing some songs. It was not the first time that I had helped to sing the songs, but it was the first time that they had meant anything to me. I said to myself, "That is just what I want. I want reality, peace, and victory." I am thankful that I did not wait until I was older. I felt the Spirit of God, and heard the call of Christ that night. I prayed and Jesus came into my life and planted a desire to know more of God. A few days later God sanctified me. On our farm on a hillside was a pine tree, and under that pine tree I prayed until God baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

I am thankful that I have had the prayers of God's people answered for me a number of times. I met with a serious accident, and it looked as if I would be a cripple the rest of my life, but God undertook and I was able to go back to work.

A few years later, from the effects of that accident, I was down on a bed of sickness. I lay in my home for several hours just like a dead man. Two of the ministers came and prayed for me. They did not know whether I would make it or not. One of the brothers said, "Yes, he will," and they prayed again. God raised me up.

A short time later, I was fighting ulcers and had no strength. I went into chills and fever, and then had an attack of appendicitis. Again, God's people prayed for me and God touched me and healed me. Why should I not thank Him for all that He has done for me? I have had almost forty years of happiness and victory. I am glad that I have the testimony that it is good to serve the Lord.



Charles Barringer

For years, I was a magician—one of those ‘smart boys’ who knew the ‘Black Sack’ mystery. I was someone who could get out of handcuffs when the sheriff had the key. I was someone who had people fishing where there were no fish and had people fighting bees where there were no bees. Some would suffer as though they had actually been stung by the bees.

One day, God spoke to me and said, “You are lying to people and causing them to suffer, and all liars go to Hell.” I answered, “I am through.” That was the last time I practiced hypnotism, but I still had the evil spirit within.

I suffered and wanted to get free from that spirit. Thank God for an Apostolic Faith paper that I received back in the Lone Star State. I read the wonderful testimonies and I came 2200 miles to Portland to hear more. I listened; I heeded every one of them, for I knew they had me beat.

I asked God’s people to pray for me. I went forward to an altar of prayer, and they gathered

around me and prayed. They didn’t quit me because I had been a magician and hypnotist. They were not afraid of a man like that. When I got honest and told God I was through with that life, He delivered me in a moment of time and set me free from the power of the devil. He changed my nature; He took out the sin that had me bound; He gave me power to go and sin no more; and He gave me peace.

I thank God for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have not hypnotized another man since God set me free. For twenty-six years I have been thanking God for keeping me from sin.



Mary Kelly

I first heard of the Apostolic Faith people through a church paper. My back had been broken and the doctor had said I would never walk again. When I picked up that paper, I thought, 'This is pertaining to salvation,' and I went on my crippled way. But when I read the paper, I said, "If God could heal these people, He could heal me." I wrote to Portland, Oregon, and received an anointed handkerchief. I placed it on my body and the Lord healed me. My back has not pained me for forty-five years. I loved that tract on healing. It said not to put my faith in the handkerchief, but instead, in the living God. I know it was the Lord who healed me.

God saved me from sin—committed sin. Then He sanctified me, through the truth, taking out the inbred sin. He also baptized me with the Holy Ghost. Now I can live holy for the Lord in

that wicked city of Washington, D.C. and I have holy boldness to tell the world about Jesus.

A few years ago, in Anniston, Alabama, I was stricken with a heart attack. I did not know what was happening, but I prayed and the Lord healed me. I went back home by train, and I am still able to make my own living.

I love the Word and I love the people of God. The world is entirely behind me, and I have Christ before me.

For more than four years, I carried around a very painful growth, but I never thought of seeking for help other than prayer. I had made God a promise, "Though You slay me, yet will I trust You." Many times, when praying for others, the pain was so great that I could hardly stand on my feet. I don't recall eating one meal during that time without misery, nor could I drink even water or juice without pain. I prayed for patience and was determined not to complain. I would just wait on the Lord. My faith increased as the growth expanded.

Then I felt led to give a Bible teaching on divine healing. By then I was a very sick woman, living on baby food and special breads. I refused any medication. My desire to receive divine healing increased while I was teaching on the subject.

In February, I became bedridden. The pain and sickness seemed to be bringing me to my end. I continued to hold on in faith while the people of my congregation earnestly prayed for me. Last September, I wrote to Portland requesting an anointed handkerchief. Then I prayed, "Lord, not my will but Thine be done." I rejoiced with tears when the anointed prayer cloth arrived from Portland.

In October, 1980, I ate my dinner, and to my surprise, I felt no pain. I do not know when the healing took place, but I know I have never felt any after-meal distress since that time. I appreciate all the prayers that were prayed for me, and thank God for His healing blessings. God has given me new strength to go on with my labors for Him.



Harry Morgan

I thank God that He was faithful to my soul when I was a sinner on my way to Hell. I praise God that I walked up old Burnside Street one Sunday morning. I wasn't looking for salvation when I came to Portland, Oregon. I was a proud, stubborn, haughty, independent man. The power of God was able to break down my proud heart and show me it was an abomination in the sight of God.

For years, I had a good position as a railroad conductor on a train that ran between Chicago, Illinois, and Milwaukie, Oregon. I stole money from the railroad company and put it in the bank and then invested it in land. I had a good salary, a good home of my own, and everything in this world to make one happy, but the world never satisfied the aching void in my heart. I loved my work, loved the rattle of the wheels on the old rails, but it never satisfied me.

I went into the Masonic order and went to their banquets, but they didn't have the thing that

could take sin out of my life; I was still bound and continued to do the things I didn't want to do. I was connected with a certain religious organization for years, but it turned out to be an awful institution. I turned the whole thing down and said, "God, if You ever lead me among the people that really live the life, I will give You my heart." I thank God that after several years of misery, I came to Portland, Oregon.

I was walking along Burnside Street that Sunday morning, just in from Chicago, and I looked up and saw the Apostolic Faith sign. God said, "Go up and listen to those people." I went in and sat down in the back of the church. I had on a beautiful mask of hypocrisy, but the testimonies that I heard that day got under the sham and make-believe and showed me my sinful heart, which was an abomination to God.

I listened with real interest when I heard those people tell how God had saved them and healed their sick bodies. The drunkard, the dope fiend, the fallen woman, and the people high in society all told the same wonderful story of the marvelous things God had done for them. It went down into my heart like a sharp two-edged sword. I said, "This is what I want!" I wasn't looking for a profession of religion; I had had that for long enough and had cast it aside saying I would never have a thing to do with the church again. That Sunday morning I said, "God, if You will give me what these people have, I will give You my life."

When the sermon was over and they asked if there were any who wanted to be prayed for, I held up my hand and said, "Pray for me!" I went forward and got down on my knees at a pine bench alongside the drunkard, the dope fiend, and others. I didn't know how to pray, but people prayed with me, rebuking the powers of Hell from my life, and I began to cry. I hadn't cried for years. I thank God He broke my stubborn heart. I wept before the Lord and asked Him to be merciful to me a sinner. I repented of all my sin and God heard my cry and rolled the burden of sin off my soul. I felt as if the burden of the whole world had rolled off my shoulders. I got up from the altar with real victory in my soul, praising God, laughing, crying, and shouting the victory for the wonderful thing God had done.

After God saved my soul, He gave me the grace to write to the railroad company and straighten out my crooked life. I had covered my theft so that not even my wife or the men on the run with me knew about it, but when I heard the testimonies of the Apostolic Faith people, I knew I would have to face it—in eternity if not here. It took God to make me confess my sins.

The general manager of the railroad company was a brother Mason of mine. I told him I had stolen from the company for years and had put the money in the bank. Then I had invested it in land in six different states. I placed eighty acres of land at the railroad's disposal to straighten up that crooked life. It may be possible to hide from our fellowman, but we cannot hide from God.

I straightened up the rest of my crooked life, confessing to the people I had wronged. I had many confessions that were hard to make, but the people freely forgave me. I praise God for the power in the Blood of Jesus that takes sin out and gives one power to live without sin.

I thank God for His healing power also. I was in a serious condition, stricken with diphtheria, and almost died. For six days I couldn't even swallow water, but I thank God for the prayers of His people. God heard their prayers and delivered me. Shortly after that I was taken with high blood pressure and heart trouble. The people of God prayed again and He heard and answered prayer. Another time, I was taken with paralysis. I couldn't walk a step, but God's people prayed and continued to pray. He delivered me, and today I am strong and well.

I praise God for the Blood of Jesus that takes sin out and gives one power to live without sin. The Blood of Jesus takes the thief, the liar, and the double-dealer and makes them straighten up their crooked life. God gives victory over sin and He keeps me every day with peace and joy and happiness in my heart. I praise God that He has kept me by His mighty power for over forty-five years.



Jack Magel

My parents were good parents. They were good to me. They had religion, but they mixed religion with the things of the world. I didn't care for that kind of religion. I didn't think it did anything for my parents, and I didn't want any of it.

I had seen a lot of religion. My friends had a lot of religion, but they too mixed their religion with the things of the world. I did not care for that kind of life. I wanted to go out into sin and I did until after I was twenty-five years old. Then I was tired of it and I tried with all that was in me to be a better person, but the more I tried the worse I got.

I was almost thirty-two years old before I even heard that a person could be saved. It was my privilege to come to Oregon where I heard the Gospel for the first time in my life. I didn't know I was committing sin. I want to thank God

today for a Gospel that can get down in the heart and take out sin. It takes the Spirit of God to make room to come into a heart and life. That is what I found out when I came to this church. I thank God for His mercy and being long-suffering to me. He was so merciful to me. I listened to the testimonies and heard that Jesus could come into my heart and sin would go out, giving me joy, peace, and victory in my heart. That sounded good to me. While the testimonies were given I thought if I could have what they were talking about, I would be satisfied right down here in this present world.

When the preacher got up to speak, he said, "You must be born again." I did not know what he was talking about because I did not know anything about the Bible. He said, "You have to be saved. You have to repent of your sins and turn your back on them." He also said that when a person is born-again, they are born into the family of God. That appealed to me. When he got through preaching, he asked for those who wanted to be saved to raise their hand. I did not raise my hand, because something inside held me back. But when they sang the song, "Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling," something in that song just broke me up inside. I broke down and cried like a baby. That was the first time I could remember crying since I was a child. Thank God I could cry. He made me sorry for my sins. I went down to the altar and prayed. I don't think I was there five minutes before I knew I had the old-time religion. Peace and joy flooded my soul. I thank God with all my heart.

The Lord took the bad habits out of my life. He took the desire for sin out and gave me joy, peace, and victory. That was over forty-two years ago and I have the victory today.

The next morning I looked up in the sky and it seemed like the world had changed. It wasn't the world, but it was the change in my life. It was wonderful. I don't believe I had ever seen a morning like that before. We had a group of oak trees out in the yard and they looked beautiful to me, and have looked beautiful to me ever since. I no longer got angry and kicked my cattle and horses around. Sometimes when I was working around machinery I would skin my knuckles and I would take a wrench and throw it as far as I could throw it. Then I would have to go and look for it in the old stubble field; it would take ten minutes to find it. That was the kind of temper I had. The Lord has taken that temper out and I thank Him for it. My tongue doesn't slip any more. Salvation is wonderful and I thank God for it!



Mary Covington

My parents were not Christians, but as far back as I can remember I always wanted to be a Christian. I went to church on my own, and at the age of sixteen I joined a church. I didn't know anything about being saved, and belonging to a church didn't make a change in my life. Before the week was over I was doing the same things I had done before. I began to wonder where it was all going to end. I knew there was a Heaven and a Hell. I had read that in the Bible. I also read that sin could not enter Heaven, but my mother said no person could live above sin. I began to doubt there was a God.

One day, I looked toward Heaven and said, "God, if you are real, do something for me." Later, He answered that prayer. My husband and I moved to Medford, Oregon and next door to us were some Christians. I began to watch their lives. I would ask them where they were going and what they were going to do. They started taking my children to Sunday school. I looked in

their trash cans to see if any beer cans were there. They asked me to go to church time and time again. I had thought I would never step foot inside another church, but I decided to go and see what this church was like.

The thing that stood out for me was the altar bench. I had never seen one in my life, but I knew it was a place of prayer. After the meeting was over, I rushed to the altar where I earnestly prayed, and God saved my soul. While at the altar, the devil said, "Your husband won't take the way with you." But God said, "In the last great day you will stand before Me and give an account of your life, and your husband will not be able to help."

I am glad I gave my heart and life to God that day. Three years later my husband prayed through to salvation, and from that time on we have had peace and happiness in serving God together.



Bob Green

I am so thankful for what the Lord has done for me. I was brought up carefully in an old-fashioned Christian home where the family altar was established and I heard the Word of God read every day by my parents. But today I am a Christian because I had a real experience of my own.

The Lord dealt with me as an individual, striving with my heart for many days before I yielded. Some people tell how the Lord delivered them from drinking, smoking, dope, and other sins. I had never tasted that side of life; however, I did not have peace in my heart. I always felt condemnation for the way I was living. God convicted me of the little sins that were in my life, and I didn't want to miss Heaven because of them. I am so glad the Lord showed me my need of salvation. One night, I prayed and gave God all my future and my plans. He came into my heart and made a wonderful change. The most outstanding thing about that night was the peace I felt. I was a new creature in Christ Jesus and had new hopes, new ambitions, and new desires.

The Lord helped me continue to serve Him throughout my school years, working, and then in military service during World War II. God gave me a wonderful wife, and we had more than forty years of serving the Lord together until the Lord called her Home.

There have been some hard places in life. Some years ago, I had an accident and broke my back. From the very first day I said, "There must be a reason for this." It might have been an accident on my part, but there are no accidents with the Lord. I prayed, "Lord, You can heal me, but I want Your will to be done above all. Work out what You want in my life, even if it takes a hard road to do it." The following nights were long. I didn't have a good night's sleep for four weeks. I would watch the dawn break when I couldn't sleep and think about what the Word says: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it." I did my best to keep a spirit of rejoicing in my heart. I didn't want to waste my time so I would spend hours in prayer there in the hospital. God blessed me and I shed many tears of joy. Sometimes I would listen to a tape of hymns, and the words would just ring a bell with me. They were such a help through many long hours.

Another time I fell off a six-foot ladder and broke my wrists. I was alone in the church at the time, and my first words were, "Oh, no!" Then I began to pray and ask the Lord to help me. I walked over by the altar, and I said, "I am going to get down and pray." My wrists were too sore to let myself down and my legs were sore too, but I put my elbows on the altar and got down on my knees, and I said, "Lord, I want to change that 'Oh, no!' to an 'Oh, yes.' I don't want to leave this building until I can say, 'Oh, yes,' with all my heart." I wanted to have something in my heart that was willing to go through the valley—to go through anything that God sent my way.

The Lord has given me the privilege of working full time in His service for many years, and that has been a real joy. Day by day, I try to put my hand in His and commit my way unto Him. Sometimes I get too many jobs, so I write them down in a little notebook and put it in my pocket. Then I ask the Lord to help me to do the right ones on the right day. I believe He answers those prayers.

I cannot tell you of great things I have done or of much of this world's goods I have accumulated, but I believe I have the best. I have the Lord's salvation, and it is real in my life. I praise God for all He has done for me, and I want to give Him the rest of my days.



Ida Waggoner

As told by her daughter, Bonnie Davis:

Ida Belle Waggoner grew up in a good home. Her family went to church, but the church they attended did not teach a born-again experience. Nevertheless, in her heart she always wanted to be a real Christian, and God talked to her about holy living. She did not want to do anything that would displease God. In 1919 she met my dad, and he asked her if she wanted to go to church with him. She said, "Oh, yes!"

When she sat in her first Apostolic Faith meeting at Front and Burnside, she felt the Spirit of God. She said this was what she had been looking for all of her life. My mom and dad were married that same year (1919), and he took her to his parents' home in Monroe, Washington. My grandparents, Curtis and Anna Waggoner, had received an Apostolic Faith paper in 1914. One Sunday, the Apostolic Faith people from Seattle came out to Monroe to my grandparents' home and held a cottage meeting, and my dad got won-

derfully saved in that meeting. My mom saw such a change in him that she said, "Oh, I want what you have!" He said, "Well, you can have it. All you have to do is ask Jesus into your heart." She did that, and God wonderfully saved her that Sunday. That was in 1919. She said that was the happiest year of her life.

Sadly, my dad then backslid, and we all suffered because of his backsliding. But my mom stayed true to the Lord, and I watched God answer so many of her prayers. I was very young when Dad left, and we didn't have much. Mom just prayed about everything and the Lord provided for all of our needs. She prayed for our shoes, our clothes, and our food. Whenever we were really sick she would always call the ministry and have them pray for us, and the Lord always healed us. We never took medicine. She just trusted God for everything. Many, many times, there were very serious situations and then healings in our home.

When I was six years old, my parents gathered our family around and told us that my mom was dying. She was very, very ill. There was no hope that she would live. My mom prayed that God would let her live long enough to raise her four children. Then the ministers came and prayed for her, and the Lord marvelously healed her.

My mom always quoted Bible Scriptures when we needed them, and when we asked her anything, she would say, "Well, let's see what the Bible has to say about it." For forty years my mother could not swallow whole foods; she had to eat pureed food because she had nervous spasms of the esophagus. She would always quote Job 23:10, "But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." And Job 23:12, "Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips; I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food." She held those Scriptures dear, and lived by them for forty years, and she was true to her God until Jesus took her home in 1970.



Hartvig Anderson

Many years ago, I came across the ocean from Sweden to find happiness, make money, and then go back home. Instead, I found something better than money, and I never went back to the Old Country.

While I was still in Sweden, I became very ill. As I lay in the hospital nearing eternity, I prayed that God would give me another chance. I am glad that God sees the heart, because I got out of that hospital and the way was opened for me to travel to the United States.

I never knew anything about salvation—that you could get victory over sin and know Christ for yourself. In Sweden, we participated in all the worldly pleasures and then went to church on Sunday. We mixed it all up together and thought we could still make Heaven somehow.

Shortly after I arrived in the United States, I came into contact with the Apostolic Faith Church in the Midwest. I was trying to live a

better life at the time, but I had no victory over sin. I listened to the testimonies given during a street meeting and God spoke to my heart. He said, “They are telling the truth.” One night I came clean before God and asked Him to be merciful to me, a sinner. He saved me and gave me real victory.

I read in an Apostolic Faith paper that people were being sanctified. What joy came into my heart when I read about sanctification! I moved to Portland, Oregon, and God sanctified me one Sunday afternoon. That day, the minister preached, “If you will seek Him with all your heart, you will find Him.” I sought Him, and He sanctified me. About five hours later, He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

God helped me to go back over my past life and straighten it out; pay old bills that I had left unpaid, and make restitution for things I had stolen during my childhood.

I have peace, happiness, and victory over sin every day. It is wonderful! I thank God I have a real hunger for that precious Word of God. I love it. I ‘eat’ it. It is everything to me. It gives me faith and victory and a love for God and His people.



Chester Brown

I thank the Lord for this old-time Gospel and what it means to me. It's true that I wasn't down in the depths of sin like some. I lived a moral life that caused people to say I was all right, but the Lord was faithful to me and told me I was all wrong.

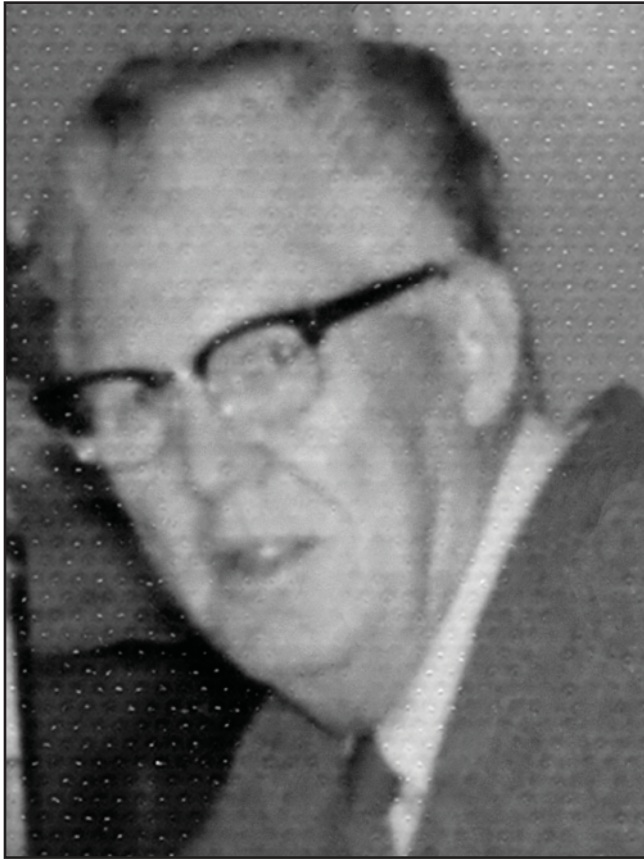
As far back as I can remember, my parents taught me to reverence God. They told me of the grosser sins of life, and that you couldn't do those things and make Heaven your home. They told me about being born again. I knew that I didn't have that experience and the Lord showed me that it was what I needed.

Some Gospel workers came over the mountain in the wintertime, when snow blanketed everything, to hold meetings in the little community where we lived back in the hills. The more of the Word I heard, the more conviction settled down

on my soul. I would go about my work and something would say over and over again, "Except you make your peace with God, you are lost—eternally lost!" I began to pray.

One morning, I went out to the barn to feed the stock. I needed deliverance. I went down on my knees in the horse stable and called on God from the depths of my soul. I said, "Oh, Lord, have mercy on me a sinner."

That morning, I felt I was the worst sinner that ever lived. I told God that if He would save me, I would serve Him the rest of my life. I don't remember what all I prayed, but right then the glory of God came down through that old shake roof, right into the very depths of my soul. Every bit of condemnation, every worry, every care was gone, and I felt as happy and as free as a bird in the air. Wave after wave of joy flooded my soul. I had that sweet assurance that I was a child of the King. That was a long time ago, but I'm glad I have that assurance in my heart today.



Lester Nees

I am thankful that God ever brought me into contact with the Gospel. Years ago, He found me on one of the street corners of this city, a discouraged and disheartened soul. I was not financially down and out, but I was spiritually down and out. I had been in sixteen different states looking for reality in life, and I didn't know where to turn next.

I was brought up in a wonderful Christian home in one of the southeastern states of the United States, but my heart began to be rebellious and I wondered if the world didn't have something better to offer.

I realized before too long that I would surely get into trouble if I didn't give my heart to the Lord. There were many different religions then, and maybe ninety-nine percent of the people were religious. I was full of doubts and fears, though. I was afraid of anything that went under the name of religion. I wanted a definite change in my heart and I wanted to know that salvation was real.

I had traveled around the world looking for something to excite me, but I failed to find the thing that God intended for a man to find. I thank God that when I first heard this Gospel story on the street corner of Third and Burnside, God talked to my heart and opened my eyes. Although, I was never drunk in my life, I was a dissatisfied young man. As I listened that night to the testimonies of those old warriors, telling how the Lord had saved them and redeemed them from the old life, I wondered if God would ever do that for me. I stood in amazement and thought that if God would make this change in my heart as He had for them, it would be the greatest thing in all the world. All my prestige and everything else faded from my view that night. I followed that group of people to the church and listened to the service.

One night when the altar call was given, I knelt at the pine bench and prayed. God answered and saved my soul. I can say the half has never yet been told. I thank God for what I feel in my soul every day as I tell of the wonders of this great salvation.

After twenty years, I am glad I have a praise in my heart for the old-time religion. I have never wanted to get away from it. It makes me feel good every day. The Lord comes down and blesses amid the traffic of the ordinary things that men go through these days. I can say the Gospel is a match for every situation. God gives me peace and joy and happiness. There is something in the Gospel that keeps one looking forward. There are heights and depths to reach, and I am going to get what God has for me.



Phil Burnette

I praise God for a Gospel that will really make a change in one's heart. I think about it every day—sometimes all day. I wonder how God ever got hold of this heart of mine.

My father and mother received an Apostolic Faith Church paper back in the State of Georgia. Through the influence of that paper, they prayed and God changed their hearts and made them Christians. We then moved to St. Louis and attended the Apostolic Faith Church there.

My parents taught us to pray and to say grace before every meal. They brought us children to Sunday school and church. They read the Word of God to us—not once a week, but every day. That Book spoke for itself. My folks didn't have to explain it very much, but they would read it and let it do its work.

I praise God because I had someone to read to me out of God's Lawbook and let me know what I had to do to get to Heaven. They believed in Heaven and they believed in Hell, too. They didn't say, "We don't want to scare you, so we will kind of soft pedal it and not get you all excited." We had a cook stove that burned wood. My folks would gather us around and Mother would say, "You see that? It is red-hot, isn't it? That is how hot it is going to be in Hell, and you will never get out, if you ever get there."

Another thing my mother told me was that if I would pray and ask God to be merciful to me, a sinner, Jesus would come into my heart and save me and I would go to Heaven. It was so plain and clear, so clear that I didn't have to wonder where I was going. That was straight talk, but I thank God for it. Today, there are people who say, "God is too loving to cast you into Hell."

I am very thankful to God for that early Christian training, as that is what caused me to get serious and pray right. One day God turned the screws down on me and let me know I was headed for a lost eternity. That is what caused me to repent—that lake of fire. Yes, I believed it was there.

I almost went to Hell. I tremble today when I think about it. My back was up against the wall, and things were dark for me. I had come to the end of myself. I wasn't very old, only twenty, but the devil had kicked me around and ruined me in just a few short years. My health was gone. Every good thing was gone. I thought I was going to die before I found God.

I thank God that He left enough breath in me, and got me on my knees long enough to pray right. I thank Him that I wasn't cut off forever. Just one step and I would have been gone, lost—but Jesus came down and took out the sin. When I prayed right, Jesus heard and answered. I was through with sin. I wanted to get out of my trouble.

God knew I meant business. Why? Because I told Him I was going to take back everything that I had taken that belonged to someone else. When I prayed like that, something happened in my heart. Jesus took out the sins and set me free, and my life was different. He came in and took out the hatred, sin, and everything that goes with it. He gave me the old-time religion.

It is not only what God did for me then, but it is that He keeps me every day. When I returned to work, the fellows knew that Jesus had made a change because I was praising Him for the old-time religion. I used to think it would be a hard life serving God, but when sin went out, peace came in. It was just as easy for me to do good after Jesus came in as it was for me to do wrong before.

It did not take me very long to straighten up my past life, for my father had taught us, “Thou shalt not steal.” My brothers and I used to fight, and we still had bitterness in our hearts towards each other. I had to call them around and ask them to forgive me.

I am glad that the Blood of Jesus Christ can save the “whosoever will.” The same God who saved the Indian, saves the white man and the black man. He brings us all together, so we can get along. I never used to be able to get along with my fellow man, although my father and mother told me that I had to. They used to read that Word of God and say, “If you ever get to Heaven, you will love everybody.” I used to wonder how that could be accomplished.

Salvation is no small thing. It gets right down into a man’s heart. It doesn’t break up homes—it keeps them together. I praise God for this great Gospel that can take a man out of sin and keep him day by day with a testimony in his heart. He gives me victory every day—not half-a-day, but all day. He keeps me during the night and He sends me on my way rejoicing.



Virginia Schmick

The business world is a very challenging place for a young Christian woman to work. I found that out! But if you have a purpose to stand true to the Lord, He will help you meet every challenge.

During my business career, unusual predicaments confronted me from time to time. But God was always there to solve my problems. Sometimes, He would completely reverse a situation or remove the difficulty.

I worked as a secretary for attorneys, accountants, and other professional people in both private and government offices. As personnel assistant to the Labor Relations Officer, in a large federal office, I had many challenging experiences.

The manager's duties often took him out of the city. Then it was my responsibility to make important decisions concerning labor union disputes, or employees' problems on the job. When the telephone rang I never knew what problem or

hard-to-answer question would be presented to me from the other end of the line.

Alone, I would have felt inadequate. But I was not alone! The Lord was there—only a prayer away. With the receiver to my ear, I would lift my heart in silent prayer and ask God to help me. It seemed He would put the words into my mouth, and then the answer I gave would prove to be the right one. At the close of the day, I could leave for home with a song of praise and gratitude in my heart.

This inner peace has been mine since I prayed and received God's forgiveness for my sins. My mother was a devoted Christian and lived an exemplary life before my sister and me. She taught us early in life to read the Bible and pray, and she emphasized the importance of giving my heart and life to the Lord.

When the Lord first began talking to me about my soul's welfare, I was a carefree schoolgirl. But fear gripped my heart sometimes when I pillowed my head at night, knowing I was not ready to meet the Lord. I was shielded from many sins and evils of the world, had no serious trouble to worry about, but I knew I must make a decision that would affect my whole life. Would I repent, give my life to God, and serve Him? Or would I just go my own way?

One night I knelt at my bedside, confessed my sins to Jesus, and asked Him to come into my heart. He heard that prayer and wonderfully saved me. I felt the joy of His forgiveness. Peace filled my heart—the peace that only Jesus can give. From then on I served Him to the best of my ability.

When in the fourth grade of school, I became very ill with a blood infection which caused abscesses. I was out of school for six months. The doctor told my mother that I would never be well again. He said there was no cure for me, but Mother trusted God. She asked the ministers to pray for me. The next day, when she took the bandages off to change them, the abscesses were all healed. New skin replaced the infected places and not even a scar was left!

Mother and I wept and praised the Lord together. It was truly a miracle. In a week, I was back in school and never troubled with that disease again.

Years later, painful arthritis in my hands and knees became a severe trial. I was off work for awhile, and finally went to a doctor in order to get more sick leave. He said my condition was serious and he wanted me to go to a hospital for observation and tests. He could promise no relief, though, for there was no cure for arthritis.

The Lord had healed me so many times before that I was determined to trust Him again. I did not go to the hospital. The ministers of the church prayed for me according to the Bible instructions in James 5:14 and 15. I prayed and renewed my consecrations to the Lord. The assurance was in my heart that I would be healed, even if not immediately.

One Sunday afternoon my faith was rewarded. While praying in a young people's service, the Lord touched me. Instantly all pain was gone. On reaching home, I ran up the steps and exclaimed to my mother, "I'm healed!" She answered, "You must be. You haven't run up the stairs like that for months." There is gratitude in my heart to the Lord that I can kneel in prayer and walk without pain.

Another time, a heavy piece of iron fell on my foot, badly bruising it and breaking a bone. I suffered excruciating pain—it was almost unbearable. My mother helped me into the house and she and my sister prayed earnestly for me. Again the Lord was only a prayer away. Soon the pain let up. Though my foot was in a cast for awhile, I never lost a night's sleep because of it.

One day at my work, I heard others talking about the pain they had suffered with broken bones—there seemed to be a rash of accidents about that time. Some had had to take pain killers and sleeping pills for a long time. I had a praise well up in my heart to God for the way He took care of me and removed the pain so quickly.

Today, after having retired from government work, I am free to do what the Lord calls me to do. Through the years I have played in the church orchestra, sung in the choir, taught Sunday school, and now I have the added privileges of helping in the church office and home missionary visitations. I can tell the young and the elderly that Jesus is the One on whom we can fully depend as a Guide, Counselor, Healer, and Friend.

Yes, the Christian life is a challenge—never monotonous. Jesus truly is the joy of living!

Elsa Anderson



I am thankful to God for His great love to me. My earliest years were spent in Finland. The future was not very promising for us, so my father decided to seek employment in another land. At first we intended to go to Argentina but that did not work out. Later, we planned to take up a homestead in Canada, but that failed to materialize also. It seemed that God had other plans for us.

In 1907, the way was opened for us to travel to the United States. Our family of thirteen came across land and sea for thousands of miles—to within one hundred miles of Portland.

A short time later, a band of workers from the Apostolic Faith Church came to hold street meetings in the little town in which we lived. My father heard them and came home and told us that he had found the people of God. These people later opened a place of worship in our town and, although we could understand only a few words of English, we could feel the

Spirit of God and the fellowship of real Christian people.

One Sunday afternoon, in a cottage meeting, God talked to my young heart. I was told very simply what I should do to be saved and, at the close of the meeting, I knelt beside a chair and gave my heart and life to God. He saved me and took out the love of the world and the desire for its pleasures; He put peace and joy in my heart.

I went back to school and lived a Christian life. Later, after coming to Portland, Oregon, I worked in business offices and God gave me victory every day.

For many years I have had the privilege to play in the Apostolic Faith orchestra and sing in the choir. I enjoy the fellowship of God's people and love to give my life in service to the Lord. I can say, "His yoke is easy and His burden is light."

Sometime ago, the Lord opened the way for me to visit my homeland. I had longed to meet the many Christians with whom our church had corresponded in Finland. It was thrilling to meet those people face to face, and it seemed we had known one another forever.

Today, the Gospel is more wonderful to me than ever before, and I love the Lord better than when He first saved my soul. It is my purpose to go through with God at any cost.

Sister Elsa worked in the Apostolic Faith headquarters church and office in Portland, Oregon, for more than a half century. She managed all of the Finnish correspondence and aided in translating literature into the Finnish language. She also took an active part in other phases of Gospel work. She sang in the choir, played the trombone in the orchestra for more than forty years, and was a pianist for various departmental groups. From the time she was a young woman, Sister Elsa went with other Gospel workers to tell the Story in the outdoor street meetings and in services held in retirement homes and penal institutions. She also led the youth group activities in the church for a number of years.



William T. Ashwell

I believe in prayer, because if God had not answered prayer, I would be a long way from Portland; I would be in Hell. When I was ready to throw up my hands and give up, God was merciful to me and permitted me to get hold of a little Apostolic Faith paper back in Virginia. I read those testimonies and I didn't laugh at them or throw them aside; I said there was something to it. Thank God for that little paper!

In reading those testimonies, I learned that people were sending requests to the Apostolic Faith Church headquarters for prayer and that the Lord was healing their sick and afflicted bodies and saving their souls. I was one who needed healing. I had been suffering for seventeen long

years, with a cancer in my side that had been caused by a fall. I never expected to see another well day, but I sent a request to God's people for prayer. They prayed for me and God heard and answered those prayers and instantly healed me.

My wife was ill with consumption and lost weight until she was only skin and bones. She had contracted it from her sister, who died while my wife was taking care of her. There was nothing that the physicians could do. I didn't think she would live another two weeks, but Jesus healed her, too.

That put a hunger in my heart to be with God's people, so I came to Portland, Oregon. When I arrived, I was filthy—I used chewing tobacco and had for years. One night something said to me, "Throw it out," and I threw it out; the tobacco habit left me. I had come from Old Virginia, where they raised and chewed tobacco, but God delivered me completely.

I went to the altar in the Apostolic Faith Church and called on God for mercy and He saved me. Then something else came up—the crooked life that I had lived. I had restitutions to make, and many of them. I had defrauded two railroad companies and also the United States Post Office when I stole stamps and sold them. But the moment God saved me, He gave me the grace to go back and confess that crooked life and pay back the stolen money.

During the war, I worked down on the river among twenty-five other men. Thank God, there isn't one of them who can walk up and point his finger at me and say I haven't lived a Christian life.

At age seventy-six, I had not taken a drop of medicine or a one-a-day vitamin in thirty-five years. What did that little paper mean to me that came to my house? There is no gold or silver on earth that could ever pay the price for what that paper meant to me. Thank God, it was through that paper that God saved my soul, saved my family, and has carried us through all the diseases we've had. Thank God for the old-time religion and the peace and joy that is in my heart.

The story of this Virginia family did not stop here. Two daughters became active in Sunday school work, a son worked in the Apostolic Faith printing plant, and another son and daughter regularly attended the Apostolic Faith services.



Edna Crawford

I am grateful for the love of God that won my heart when I was just a small child. It is true that I was sent to Sunday school and church very faithfully, and I loved the Name of Jesus and His house of worship, but my young heart was sad and sorrowful because of conditions in our home. No Christian life was exemplified there. Instead, quarreling and disunity prevailed in that home until it finally went through the divorce court.

The blessed hand of God led me to a camp meeting one hot July day. I shall never forget it. The Word of God was going forth, and God spoke to my heart, though I was just a child. I did not know how to pray from my heart, but someone said, "Ask God to be merciful to you, a sinner." I prayed that very prayer; I uttered those words from the depths of a broken and contrite heart, and that prayer reached Heaven. The awful unrest and heaviness left my heart, and God gave

me a joy and a peace and a victory that I never knew I could experience in this world.

God kept me in my home where I was severely persecuted. I was beaten many a time without cause, in anger and blasphemy. There was no kindness shown me, but from morning till night there was abuse—all because I loved the Gospel of Jesus. For some time I was not allowed to go to the meetings where God's people were. My only comfort was to select promises from God's Word and to pray. I had a little booklet made out of scraps of paper. In those pages, I had a promise written for each letter of the alphabet except X and Z. I cherished that little book. One day my mother took it away and held it over the open fire as though she were going to burn it. This just about broke my heart, but the Lord did not let her burn it. I was even taken before the juvenile court with no other charge than that I wanted to serve God. I found that God's grace was my daily strength, and that Jesus can solve every problem. I had found a Friend who stood by me in joy and sorrow, and that Friend was Jesus.

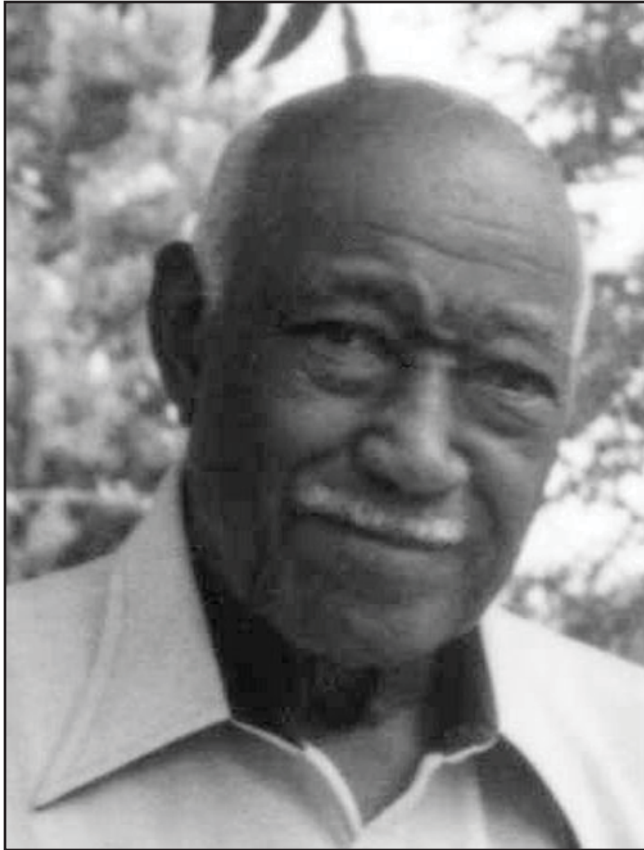
After a business course at the Behnke-Walker Business College, my first job was at Honeyman's Hardware. I kept books and wrote letters. The desire of my heart was to give my life in service to God. I praise Him for how He opened the way so I could give my life in His service. For many years I have worked in the Apostolic Faith Church headquarters office and helped with the correspondence. When I was about twenty years old, Sister Florence Crawford asked me to come and work there. My employer wasn't too happy about my quitting after teaching me all about the business. He asked if I was getting married and I said, "No." He asked if I wanted more money and I said, "No." I was getting what was considered a wonderful wage at the time.

I started to work at a house on Wheeler Street, near Broadway. Sister Clara Lum lived downstairs and the office was upstairs. Sisters Alice Perry and Nellie Smith also worked there. There was no furnace in the house, but we had a small potbellied stove and we would have to make a fire in cold weather. The stove burned coal and wood, and we would be cold on one side and hot on the other.

I studied music and for years played the trombone in the church orchestra. Later I became the pianist. After my marriage to Ray Crawford in 1942, I often traveled on trans-continental evangelistic trips and on voyages into Alaskan waters on the missionary vessel the *Lower Light*. I served as the piano accompanist for the Lower Light Male Quartet and did secretarial work for Brother Ray.

I thank God for His healing power. Through an auto accident, I was internally injured and I suffered for eight years. But I could look to God and know that He had permitted it in order to work out something in my life. I had no thought but to trust His hand, the hand that was wounded for me. One day after walking about four miles, something I had not been able to do, I realized I was healed. I looked up to God saying, "I am healed. I praise You for the healing virtue of the Son of God, for the Friend who never fails." How I praise Him that we can trust Him to the last mile of the way!

It has paid a thousand fold in this world to live for Jesus, and then I have that blessed hope of seeing His face someday soon—what a glorious moment that will be!



Orvan Johnson

I thank God He can bring to repentance that person who is in sin, out there in the world. He reminded me so many times that there was a Hell, and that I was going there unless I turned to Him.

My mother had taken me to church where I heard about Heaven and Hell, and those things stayed with me.

I was about thirteen years old when I went away from those teachings. I started running around in the things of the world and it wasn't long until I was steeped in sin. I took my first drink of whisky at age thirteen. Then I became an alcoholic and started stealing. My cousin and I would go up one side of the street and down the other, going into the stores stealing. God was faithful to me, letting me know those things were wrong, but I did them anyway.

God strove with me as I grew up in that kind of life and as I got deeper in sin. I was sorry for the life I was living, because it was bringing reproach upon my family and my church. I really

loved the church and I did not want anyone to talk unfavorably about it or the people that attended, but I did not want to go there myself.

God was faithful to me. Many times when I couldn't get to sleep, I would think about the things I had done and of the faithfulness of God. It would bring to me the thought of Hell. God continued to strive with my heart.

The Apostolic Faith people from Florida held a big tent meeting at 16th and Manning Street. The neighbors were outside on the porches looking on with curiosity. I was there for business. I was sorry for the sins I had committed, so I got down on my knees, in the straw, at the altar. I was burdened and I wanted to get out of my sins.

All that day I had thought about the price. I knew I had a terrible price to pay; I had to confess my past life. I also knew Heaven was cheap at any price. I asked God to forgive my sins, and I really meant it. God didn't save me that night, though, and I was very much disappointed.

I left, and as I started to get into the car, a man came up to me and asked why I didn't get saved. I thought maybe I had crossed the line. He said, "God will save you if you will promise to make those things right." I thought of the things I had to make right, and finally I said, "Lord, I'll do it!"

I don't remember much about the meeting the next night, but I do remember that when the altar call was given, I went and I gave my heart to God. It was so wonderful! My sins rolled away—not just one sin, but *all* sins—and I knew it. He satisfied my heart. I didn't want to do the things I had done before, because the experience God gave me was so real. He gave me courage to straighten up my past life. I had to go to a woman and tell her I stole from her. It was hard for me, but I thought, "I will get to go to Heaven if I make it right." The Lord went before me and I was forgiven. Oh, I praise Him with all my heart! It has been eighteen years since the Lord saved my soul, and I find it even more wonderful now. I enjoy this salvation.



Cecil Banta

There is such gratitude in my heart that God ever led me into this wonderful Gospel! I was just a pleasure-loving young man when the Lord found me in my teens, still in school. My whole ambition was to get a good education and have a good time. I would spend my time and money with the crowd of people seeking pleasures of the world, trying to enjoy the cheap things this world holds out to a young person.

I knew the right way; I had godly parents who did their best to start me out right. They planted the Word of God in my heart and told me that Jesus is the sinner's Friend. I turned those things aside and went my own way.

I thank God for the night I came into one of the Apostolic Faith Church meetings! I sat in the back and heard the wonderful testimonies. That night I heard the call of God. All the things of the world lost their charm for me. I forgot my friends. I knew they would only laugh at me if I served God, but I yielded to the Spirit of God. At an altar of prayer I sought Him with all my heart.

And oh, I found Him! How I thank God for that wonderful night that Jesus came into my life! He took all my sins away; He lifted my burdens and gave me victory and reality in my life.

The Lord has healed my body through these many years. I had a violent affliction on my body, but I trusted Him and He healed me and renewed my strength. Also, for twenty years I had to wear a hearing aid; without it I could hear very little. As a member of the church orchestra it was very difficult to tune my own instrument. I could only hear the instrument nearest to me, so I had to have help. A prayer of faith was prayed for me and God wonderfully answered. He restored my hearing. Now I can hear all instruments in the orchestra as well as the singing. I can even hear the birds singing so beautifully. I feel I have touched the hem of His garment, and I praise Him for His goodness to me.

I was seventeen when God found me and I am now almost seventy, and I have never been sorry for the choice I made. I have never been ashamed of the Name of Jesus that means so much to me. Jesus is wonderful; He does the things which seem impossible. He is still performing miracles today in the old-fashioned way.



Bob Wilson

How wonderful it is to know that I am saved once more! There is not a doubt in my mind about it. I am a different kind of man than I used to be, and I thank God for it.

As a young man, I was defeated and miserable and full of the devil. I knew the sins that were in my heart. It took God to take them out! Nobody else could have taken the sins out of my life. I lied, stole, cursed—I was just a reprobate, no good for myself and no good for anybody else.

I lived in southwestern Oklahoma and Texas, among the Indians and the wild cowboys, and I became as wild as the wildest. I would not give up to anybody. When I was just a little barefooted boy, my parents could not do anything with me. My schoolmasters could not do anything with me, either. When I grew older, I became a horse thief and a rogue. When I first started out to steal horses, I put a big .45 Colt six-shooter on my side and said they might take me dead, but they would never take me alive. I never gave up to an officer

in my life. There was something in me that could not give up, could not yield.

One year I stole eleven head of horses and broke into about a hundred houses. I rode for miles and miles with a six-shooter in my hand. I rode on one side of my horse to keep from getting shot off on the other side. Nobody but God could tame me. The man that I stole horses with was shot down like a dog in the streets. That could have been me, and I would have gone to a devil's Hell.

One day, God got a hold of my life. He showed me my sins—and when I saw them, they scared me. I trembled. I got down before God and repented. And God saved me! I did not do the things I used to do. I did not steal anymore. I did not want to do those things. That is what God did for me!

I went back over that old life of sin and paid for the horses I had stolen and the things I had taken from the houses I had robbed. God made me go back over that life and straighten it up. Nobody in this world could have made me do that, but God did.

I regret to say that, after serving God for a time, I went away from Him. For many years, I went my own way. Though I had brushed God aside, He was faithful to me. He sent Verne Edmonds my way. Verne invited me to church—and I knew in my heart that God had sent him. Thank God, I yielded and went to a service with him with one purpose in mind: to make my peace with God. I went down to the altar of prayer, and God held me to the line until I said, “Yes.” I have nothing else in my heart today but a “yes” to the whole will of God.

After I was saved, I got up in church and asked everybody to pray for my wife—God saved her! God is working in our home. I have a happy home! I have had a home for forty-five years, but it was never happy until God came into our hearts. God united our home. God put love in our home. No power on earth could have done that, but God did it.

Today, I live like a man ought to live. How I thank God for what He has done for me. He has saved, sanctified, and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. I love this Gospel and the Apostolic Faith people with all my heart.

Bob Wilson never tired of telling what God had done for him. He faithfully attended the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon, for the remainder of his life, often giving his testimony in the church services.

In the following account, Letha Edmonds tells how God directed her husband Verne to head out to a produce stand near the Columbia River and make contact with Bob Wilson:

Verne had been to a Gospel meeting held at the Multnomah County Farm, and during the course of the visit, someone mentioned Bob Wilson—an old ex-horse thief who had been in the Gospel many years earlier, but had since left it.

As was Verne's custom when he came home, he knelt by his big footstool and started to pray. The Lord spoke to him and said, "Go and call Bob Wilson home." Verne protested, "But I don't know Bob Wilson." The Lord asked him, "Does that make any difference?" "No," Verne responded, and then asked, "When shall I go?" The Lord told him, "Now!"

Verne immediately got the phonebook and started looking for Bob's name, which he found. I asked him what he was going to do and he said he was going to see Bob Wilson. Then he went.

When Verne got to Bob's place of business—a produce stand out near the Columbia River—he asked for him. A gruff, stern-looking fellow said, "I am Bob Wilson." Verne told him, "I need to talk to you." Bob said, "Well, sit down over there until I get through with this customer." When he was finished he came over and said, "Now, young feller, what can I do for you?" Verne did not waste any time getting to the point. He said, "I have come to call you home to God. Many of the old-timers are gone and you are needed to help fill the gap and make up the hedge."

Bob brushed Verne's words aside and said, "Oh, I haven't thought of that for thirty years!" Verne said, "Well maybe you haven't, but it is going to be a different story from now on. It would be one thing if I had come on my own, but the Lord sent me here to call you home! So if you decide you want to come to church, get in touch with me." Bob kept saying, "No, no." Then the Lord said to Verne, "Now, get out of here," which he did.

Two or three weeks went by. Then a couple from the church went out to Bob Wilson's market and he said to them, "There was a feller here a while back who wanted me to come back to church." By his description, the couple realized it must have been Verne Edmonds. Sometime later, another lady from the church went there for some vegetables and Bob told her that he wanted her to get word to Verne that he was ready to go to church. She told Verne and he went after her to bring her to the service.

When they came into the church, Verne asked Bob where he wanted to sit. "Well, not too far down toward the front," he said. So Verne said, "Will this do?" indicating a row near the back. Bob responded, "Well, not too far back either." So they seated themselves somewhere in the middle. The service went forth, and when the altar call was given, Verne asked Bob if he would like to go and pray. He said, "That is what I came for," and down to the altar he went. Verne got Brothers Ray Crawford and Clarence Frost, two ministers, and told them who Bob was. They prayed with him.

As he was praying, Bob kept saying, "Hold me to it God, hold me to it!" He did not want anything but the real thing. He later told us that the day Verne came out to see him, Verne had hardly driven away when a great big tear broke loose in his heart. He said that he would have given fifty million worlds if he could have called Verne back right then.

Praise God, we had many years of fellowship with Brother and Sister Wilson (yes, she was saved too, some months later), and had the privilege of bringing them back and forth to church from their home next to the fruit stand.



Daisy Damron

I am thankful that I heard the Gospel story when I was just a small child. My parents were converted when I was very young, and I was taken to Sunday school and church as far back as I can remember.

One day I knelt and asked God to be merciful to me a sinner, to help me live the life I knew I should live. From that day to this I have not been out in the world seeking for pleasure, because I found it at the foot of the Cross. I found in Jesus what it takes for a young person to be happy. I found real salvation. He made a complete change in my life.

When I was just a child, my father had a large cancer on his face. He went to the doctor and had it burned out. Oh, the intense suffering he had to go through! After we came to the Apostolic Faith Church, another cancer began to form on his face. We went to the Portland camp

meeting and the ministers prayed for him. The cancer went away and it hasn't come back to this day. That was more than fifty years ago.

A few years back, I was crippled with arthritis. I wondered if I would ever be able to play my violin again. But the Lord healed me and helped me to dedicate my life more fully in service to Him.

The Lord has been with me in school, in my home, and throughout my life. I am so thankful for the privilege that I have had of serving Jesus throughout the years.

Daisy was married to Charles Damron, who was the middle son of James and Edna Damron.



Melvin Trotter

I should have been a Christian all my life. I attended Sunday school and church with my mother all my young life. I can't remember the first time she took me to church. She also taught me the Word of God. As I grew older, I thought the old-time religion was all right for that old mother. I wouldn't put a straw in her way, but I wanted to go the ways of the world.

The young people seemed to be having a wonderful time out in the world of pleasure, and I thought I was missing something. For years I tried with all my heart to find satisfaction out in the things of the world. I found I had not missed anything. Now I had heartache, trouble, and disappointment in my life.

I am thankful my mother's prayers followed me. Many times God would talk to me until the wee hours of the morning about my never-dying soul. One Sunday morning I came to myself, like the Prodigal Son did in the hog pen of the world. There was no one around to pray for me, but out in an old ebony grove in southern Texas, a

thousand miles from home, I offered God my life. I got on my knees that morning and told God if He would just give me peace, and power to live this old-time religion, I would serve Him the rest of my life. I knew it would take more than willpower because I had tried that.

The peace of Heaven dropped down into my heart. I arose from my knees and was singing that old song, "Lord, I'll go where You want me to go, I'll do what You want me to do." That has stood the test for over thirty years.

I am not here to tell of the great things I have done for the Lord, but I could stand here all day and tell you of the great things He has done for me. I thank God for the Gospel. It is real, tangible, and something you can prove every day.



Marie Elmgren

Twenty-six years ago, when I sat among these people for the first time, I was a discouraged, miserable woman. My husband was in the county jail waiting to be sent away to McNeill Island for a long time, because he had committed a serious crime. I was left to face the future alone, with three small children, and I didn't know which way to turn.

I didn't have any friends. They all turned their backs on me the day that I stood disgraced before the world. Those days were sad. Many a time, I was awake all night long, and I would look into the faces of those three little children, wondering how it would all end. I knew that it would not be long until they would be scattered to the four winds; I wondered what would become of them.

I had a Christian mom who sent me to Sunday school when I was a child—I can't remember the time that I didn't go to church. And the first time I ever saw the inside of a jail was when I went to see my husband. In that sad hour God let

the light of this mighty Gospel shine upon my pathway.

My husband received salvation. Some Apostolic Faith people had gone up to the jail and were holding meetings. That caused him to get on his knees and call on God for mercy. I could see the change in his face when I went up to visit him the next day. He asked me to go to a meeting, so I went. I sat in the back of the church, sad and discouraged. I listened to the testimonies. I heard people tell how God had helped them. Some had been in worse predicaments than I was in. Somehow, as the meeting progressed, I lost sight of the misery in my heart. I felt a glimmer of hope—the first in many months. When the meeting was over they invited me to their altar and prayed with me and for me. God came into my life and He saved my soul and planted peace and joy and victory over sin in my heart.

Just a little while after that, my husband stood before the authorities to receive his sentence. These people were praying and holding onto God for him—and he was set free. God, in His mercy, undertook and delivered him from that awful charge against him. I went up there and they opened the prison doors and once more I saw the Bible, the Word of God, literally fulfilled: the prison doors were opened just because of prayer.

For twenty-six years, that old past has never come up again. It has not always been smooth sailing since that day, but I have always felt the Everlasting Arms under me. God has been good to us. When I first came to the Lord I didn't seem to have a thing in the world—my health was gone, my home was gone, everything was gone, but today I have everything to praise God for. We have a happy home here in the city, a well-paying business, and a host of friends. Best of all, we have the fellowship of God's people and His salvation in our hearts. What more could one ask for?



Les Matula

Some Apostolic Faith people gassed up an old Chevrolet and traveled from Minneapolis back up into the hills of Wisconsin to tell the Gospel story that Jesus saves and satisfies. I am so thankful that there were people who were interested in our souls. I am so glad they told the Story from the earnestness of their hearts.

The Gospel appealed to me, but what was I going to do about it? I had a lot of friends and a lot of high ideals and ambitions. I didn't want to give them up. Although I didn't take the way at that time, this Gospel was planted in my heart. I saw that dear old mother of mine take the way. God came into her heart and made a wonderful change and she turned out to be a prayer warrior for her boys. I saw them come one by one. I was the last one.

I ran from the people of God; I ran from my Christian mother. I headed for Los Angeles, California, to get away from things. That is where

God caught up with me. I am so glad Jesus talked with me one day in the suburbs of Los Angeles. I know what conviction is. Mighty conviction seized my soul. For three solid days I could not eat or sleep, I could not say a pleasant word to my family.

God made me come to Portland, Oregon, for the 1951 camp meeting. I did not come on a pleasure trip; I came for business. I was as low as a grease spot on the floor, but the people of God encouraged me. They said, "Brother, if you intend to get salvation, you will go home with it." I prayed for five solid days, repenting of my sins. On the last day of the camp meeting, Jesus did the work at the altar of prayer. Tears streamed down my face—tears of rejoicing that Jesus had washed away my sins. I was a child of God. I am a child of God today. Jesus redeemed me from the life of sin and has given me six years of victory.

I love the Gospel. Best of all, I love my Jesus. I love to go out on the street corners, into the highways and byways, and tell people of this glorious Gospel.



Burd Ostendorf

The beer glasses and the whisky glasses kept piling up in front of me. I held a drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other. I had gone into that nightclub thinking I would have a wonderful time. The place was full of smoke. It was noisy from the dancing and the loud clatter of glasses, but through it all, I heard the still, small voice of God. He spoke to me and dropped something into my heart that caused me to get up and leave that place. I shoved my chair back across the floor and walked over to the bartender who was my landlord. That night I told him, “You have seen me in this place for the last time.”

For a good many years, I had lived in Los Angeles, California. Through the depression years, when a dollar was hard to get, I drove a taxicab to make a living for my family. I would buy liquor for seventy-five cents a pint and carry it in my cab. Then, at night, I would hang around the best hotels and wait for someone to pass by

who would pay me \$5.00 for it—I did not care how I got money.

I had lost all respect for those around me, including my wife and family. My little daughter used to run to me and throw her arms around my neck and say, “Daddy, I love you!” Even that did not make me change my ways. It was not long before my wife said there were going to be some changes made around our home. Those changes came about when she took my daughter and left me. Divorce soon followed, and it seems I went from bad to worse after that.

After I fled Los Angeles, I rode the old freight trains, slept in boxcars, and hung around the skid roads—all the while trying to hold my head up and call myself a man. Finally, the Lord led me into the logging woods of Oregon. Though I wanted to get away from it all, I found that Satan keeps his slaves on the run.

I made good money in the woods but, for about ten years, I spent it all in the nightclubs, theaters, and dance halls, trying to find peace and happiness. All the time I would wonder, “Is this all there is in life? Isn’t there something better than this?”

Then came the night that I heard God’s voice speak to me in that nightclub. I went home and lay on the bed, trying to understand what had happened. I knew that something was happening to me, and I wanted to get away from that type of crowd.

The next day was Sunday, but I started drinking again, trying to somehow drown that feeling. That night, I traveled eighteen miles to a little Apostolic Faith Church in Grants Pass, Oregon. I staggered in and went part way down the aisle. Then I stopped and just stood there. I stared at the quartet that was singing and listened to the words of their song, “Where He leads me, I will follow.” After a bit, the usher tapped me on the shoulder and asked, “Don’t you want to sit down?” I said, “Leave me alone,” and continued to stand there. The words they were singing went deep into my heart. Finally I sat down.

At the end of the service, the minister came off the platform and asked me, “Do you want to come and pray?” I replied, “That’s what I came for.” Though I did not get saved that night, I continued to attend those meetings.

I had been to other churches and prayed at their altars; I had “accepted the Lord Jesus,” because I wanted to know my sins were forgiven. I had shook the preacher’s hand, signed my name to a church roll, been patted on the back and told, “Brother, God bless you. You will make it.” But it never made a change in my life. I would walk away, strike a match on the side of the church building, and light a cigarette.

This church was different. I did not know why, but the moment I walked into it, I knew it was different.

Then one night, I heard, “Ye must be born again,” and, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.” After that sermon, I stepped out into the aisle and, with a purpose in my heart, I went to the altar to pray. The minister looked this old drunken logger in the face and said, “If you are willing to turn your back on sin and give God a chance at your life, He will do something for you.” I wanted out of the life I had been living for so many years, so I said, “Lord, if You will give me what these people have been talking about, I will serve You for time and eternity.” I meant business! I did not know too much about the Bible, but the Lord gave me a Scripture: “Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you” (2 Corinthians 6:17). Then the most marvelous thing happened! I found the Friend who could give me the thing I spent years trying to find—oh, the joy and peace! When I finished praying, I looked up, and it seemed like Heaven was there. Those kneeling around me looked like angels.

When I went home, I said to myself, “It is so wonderful now, but I wonder how long it will last.” Before I got saved, I used to go out and get “tanked up,” and I would feel “wonderful,” for a time, but the next morning I would always wake up with a terrible hangover. What a wonderful surprise God had in store for me!

I slept a full night of rest and contentment; not once did I wake up and reach for a cigarette as I had done for so many years. I did not need the old morphine or a drink from the bottle to lull the old body back to sleep. God had really done something when I prayed at that altar. He gave me what I had asked for and a lot more than I ever thought was possible.

The change in my heart was real. The thieving, lying, cursing, and swearing were gone. I have never wanted another drink of liquor or another cigarette. The chip on my shoulder fell off at the altar of prayer the night the Lord saved me. God kept me living a Christian life as I went back into the logging woods and worked with the same crew of men for the next five years. I lived a new life before them. Some would point at me and call me “Preacher,” but they knew God had made a change in me.

Two weeks after God saved me, He sanctified me, and later He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. After that, someone told me, “You are just getting started.” Oh, I am so glad I got started! For all these many years I have been trying to tell others of the wonders God has done in my life, but I really have not scratched the surface.

Now, after years of victory, my desire is to stay in the race and finish the last mile of the way.



Velma Garrison

My mother received papers from the Apostolic Faith Church when we lived in Kansas. When I was eleven years old, we moved to Portland, Oregon, so she could be with the Apostolic Faith people. During my early years, I loved the Lord with all my heart, but when I reached the mid-teens, the things of the world looked so glittery and bright that I had to go out and see for myself what was there.

I married a young man who had been brought up in this church, and we had two fine sons. We left God out of our lives, though. Oh, how sorry we are for that!

Through the years, day and night, I would hear God's words ringing in my ears, "You are selling your soul so cheap! You are selling your soul so cheap!" Then Satan would say, "If you become a Christian, your husband will be ashamed of you. You will have a divided home."

I was nearly forty years old when, one Sunday morning, I could bear the burden no longer. A childhood friend invited me to church and asked

me to pray. It took many tears to pray through the mountain of sin that I had accumulated, but God heard my prayer and rolled away the burden of sin. He put such peace and happiness into my heart!

My husband did not look too happy that morning about my getting saved, but that evening he knelt beside me at the altar and the Lord saved him, too. Before we went to bed that night, we knelt beside our bed and prayed together for the first time in the twenty years that we had been married.

How good God was to us! The next day we made some changes in our home. Into the garbage went the liquor, playing cards, poker chips, and cigarettes. We brought out our Bibles and discovered that we had a Bible to replace each deck of cards.

Three nights later, as my husband and I knelt again at the altar, the Lord sanctified me—and about ten minutes later, my husband was sanctified. Six weeks after that, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I never will forget those wonderful experiences.

My husband was happy on the job, singing and praying, but was so hungry for the baptism. One day he phoned from his work to tell me how earnestly he was praying. That night on his way home, he drove onto a side road and stopped the car. The Lord wonderfully baptized him right there in the car. He was an hour late coming home from work, and when he came in the house, I took one look at him and said, "You did not." He said, "Yes, I did!" I had wanted to be there when he received it, but I was happy for him.

Shortly after, our teenage son was saved. What a blessing he has been to us through the years! Now he has a Christian home of his own, with a Christian wife and four lovely children who love the Lord also.

Three times in ten years, I was told I had cancer. God saw me through it and not for one day did I feel sorry for myself. "Three-time winner," the doctors called me. "Very unusual," another said to me. I told them that the Great Physician was on my side and that many Christian people were praying for me.

Just recently, a sorrow that we did not know could exist came our way—our elder son passed away suddenly. Our hearts were broken. How we appreciated the prayers that were prayed for us during that time! We felt we were resting on a blanket of prayer. The prayers could literally be felt. We surely appreciated the love shown to us in our time of bereavement.

The love of God and of His people is the greatest thing in all the world. We want to be faithful to the end of the Christian race.

Roy Craig



Roy Delmont Craig was born March 8, 1883, in Selma, Oregon, to Charles Wesley and Sarah L. (Miller) Craig. He attended school in Selma. One of his friends was Clarence Frost in their growing-up years. At age twelve, he began working in the lumber mill to help support the large family of eleven children. One of his sister's friends was Eva Mae Ragan, who became his wife on October 4, 1904.

After living in that area for several years, they moved to Dorris, California, where he managed the lumberyard of the sawmill. He was a good provider and loving father to the children that blessed their lives. A real sorrow came when their first boy died at four months of age from a heart condition.

Roy and Eva did not know they could have real salvation, but in 1924 Reverend Clarence Frost and a group arrived from Medford, Oregon, put up a large tent, and held revival meetings. By

then the Craigs had eight living children. After a few meetings, they were wonderfully saved. A happy home became even happier. Some of the visitors stayed in their home. They loved caring for the needs of their visitors and it was wonderful for their children. Three of the eldest girls prayed through to salvation. Early in 1925, they moved to Klamath Falls, Oregon, to be in the church meetings there.

It was soon camp meeting time in Portland, Oregon, and they all left for camp meeting. It was a two-day trip to Portland. They camped beside the road the first night. The three-year-old daughter began coughing and choking with croup during the night. The family cried out to God, and she was instantly healed. The camp meeting was so wonderful. Roy, Eva, and two of the older girls were baptized in the Columbia River. Later they received their sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Roy was asked to be the usher in the Klamath Falls church, a privilege he held for many years.

Roy began working at Shaw-Bertram Lumber Company after camp meeting. The lumber was moved around the yard by horse and wagon. A horse kicked him, breaking his jaw and cutting off the top of his ear. He was taken to the hospital where it was decided to operate the next day. Earnest prayer was made and he was completely healed during the night. The missing part of his ear was a reminder of that miracle.

One Sunday night in April, 1928, during a church service, the family was called home to a fire. Roy returned with the news that the two bedrooms of the house belonging to the girls had been completely destroyed. Nothing was saved but the clothes they were wearing. Several church families took the children home for the night. The parents stayed in the smoke-damaged home in case the fire re-ignited. The owners of the house had insurance, and repairs started the next day. All available folks from the church helped with the cleanup. Boxes of clothing, bedding, and all that was needed seemed to come from all sides. The Lord provided so wonderfully. Rooms were cleaned of smoke damage and made livable for the family to be together while the repairs were being made.

Services for the Klamath Falls congregation were held in several rented buildings until 1937. At that time, a home was purchased. It was raised, and an addition was built beneath for the sanctuary. The church was located on Eighth Street and was dedicated in 1940.

When World War II started, the first young man from the church to be drafted was Roy and Evas's son, Alfred. One by one the young men left. Another of the sons served in the Navy and was sent to the South Pacific. It was such a happy time when they came home safely.

In 1946, it was announced before the camp meeting that the church in Klamath Falls would be closed. Members of the congregation were scattered; a number of them and several other members of their families moved to Eureka, California, where a new area had opened up for the Gospel. The Craigs moved there in August. The men helped to remodel the church on F Street, and the women cooked the meals for the laborers. Some of the women pulled nails from boards to be reused. Roy Craig was again the usher and he also helped take care of the flower gardens.

Roy, along with two of his sons and one son-in-law, found work at a mill manufacturing redwood products. Being allergic to redwood, he developed redwood poisoning and cancer developed in his lungs. He was given sixty days to live, but God healed him completely. He was back to work in thirty days! He worked another ten years, retiring at age seventy-five.

Roy's wife went to her reward on Valentine's Day, 1970. He remained alone for a few years before moving to Medford, Oregon, where his daughter Hazel cared for him. He went to be with the Lord on April 19, 1976, after seeing a number of visions into Heaven. He was a small, quiet man, but big in his dedication to God.



Beatrice Hansen

It has been forty-four years since the Lord brought me among His people. My mind goes back to the marvelous things that I have seen along the way. In the beginning there were only a handful of us. I came to the first camp meeting held in Portland, Oregon. The same God that was present in that camp meeting is here today. The same power of God still redeems from sin.

There was such hunger in my heart to be a Christian that my only desire was, "God give it to me." I thank Him that He did when I offered Him my heart. I remember that I made a covenant with Him; I told Him I would serve Him all the days of my life if He would give me what these people had. He gave it to me and I am thankful for that confidence and faith that He has put into my heart.

I can never forget how, in the beginning of the work, we searched the Scriptures to see when Jesus would return. We looked for Him every day. We read in the Scriptures that the Gospel of

the Kingdom would be preached in all the world before the end would come. I looked at the handful of us and wondered many times how we could help spread the Gospel to this great world. The Lord, in His own way, through the publishing of the literature, is sending it into the entire world.

I praise God that Christ ever broke the Bread of Life to me. I have crowned Him Lord of lords and King of kings in my life and He has filled my cup to overflowing. I thank Him for the peace that I have; for the hope of eternal life. It is something that I appreciate above everything else in this world.



Frank Vannausdle

When I was a young man, I had prosperity. I was saved at nineteen years of age, but I let the love of God slip out of my heart. I know what sin is. I know the bitterness of sin. God permitted me to lose the things of the world. All I had left was a hunger for God. Then I prayed, "God, lead me to a people who know You."

I will never forget the first time I went to pray at an Apostolic Faith altar. I had made all the restitutions that I felt God wanted me to, so that I might be on praying ground. I told God, "If You will just put peace in my heart, I will give You my life." I had been backslidden for eleven years, but that day God put peace in my soul. It makes one marvel at God's concern for mortal man. I just marvel that He paid any attention to me. He strove with me through those many years.

He is a marvelous Savior, and Healer too. I have seen miraculous healings in my family. God has healed me and has healed others in my home. My son had infantile paralysis and could not stand up, but God healed him. Another son

broke his arm in two places below the socket. A doctor wanted to amputate; he said he was up against something he did not understand, but would send for a specialist. The specialist said, "If some physicians saw that, they would cut the arm off." We sent to Portland for an anointed handkerchief and God completely healed him.

God has wrought marvelous things and I want to thank Him for all the He has done.



Charles Damron

I am thankful for what the Lord has done for me. Sometimes I think I have more to thank God for than a great many people. I was brought up in a Christian home; my father was a minister; and I heard accounts from the Bible for as far back as I can remember. In fact, I was taught how to read, before I entered my school years, by reading out of the Bible. You would have a right to think I should have been a Christian, but my desires went the other way. I wanted to do the things I knew I should not do. Getting somebody else into trouble was a great delight in my life. Now that's a miserable way to live, and I was ashamed of it at times. I used to go to the theater sometimes, but I did not want anybody to see me go in. I would look around to be sure nobody that knew me saw me enter the theater. I could not enjoy the first half of the show, because I kept wondering if somebody had seen me enter; I could not enjoy the last half,

because I kept wondering if I could get out without being seen.

One evening, at church, I realized I was not getting the enjoyment out of life that I should be. I knew I wasn't serving God and living like I should. When the service ended, I went forward and knelt at an altar of prayer, where I prayed earnestly. I had prayed many times before then, asking God to get me out of trouble, but I had never asked Him to take the sin out. I had wanted to get out of trouble without getting rid of the sin. That night I wanted a change of heart, and that's what God did for me. He took out the swearing, the lying, and all the sin that made me do wrong. He put His peace down in my heart. It was the joy of my life then to do the things I knew I should do.

I am thankful for the years God has given me in the Gospel. I have proved it in many different places. I have proved it in the United States Navy. That is a place where the old-time religion is proved under all circumstances. Sometimes you hear boys praying in foxholes or while ships are going down. I have been in a few situations where it was only the Lord that took us through, and I found that it is better to have your prayers said ahead of time.

Some of the boys said that if they stuck with me, they would stay out of trouble. But some said, "After he has been with us a while, he will be just like the rest of us." Another boy came to me and said, "Are you writing to your wife?" I said, "Yes." He said, "You can certainly tell her we didn't change you." I'm so glad the Lord can keep a person every day—living right, living happy, and enjoying the old-time religion. Salvation is real.

I have proved that God can take care of your body too. One time, when I was in the service about six thousand miles away from home, I had an obstruction in my throat. I could not swallow my own saliva. I was desperate and so I went in to the transmitter room, through the radio shack. I locked the door and got down on my knees, on the steel deck, and prayed. I was right between two radio transmitters. They made quite a little noise, and the audible sound of my voice never penetrated that steel overhead, but God heard me. I prayed! I told God I needed help, and in a few minutes God came down and removed the obstruction.

God can take care of you when you turn to Him with all your heart. He can do something for you. He has kept me for many years, including through two wars. I am thankful I still have the victory.

Today I cannot always do the physical every-day tasks and the work I have enjoyed so much, but God has been with me. He keeps me every day with that joy in my heart, and these days I am thankful for what He has done for me.

As I hear requests read for people who are in need of healing, I think of the time I was injured while at work in the post office here in Portland, Oregon. I was taken to the hospital in critical condition with internal injuries, as well as a broken shoulder and ribs. When I regained consciousness, the nurse asked if I wanted to call my minister. I told her who to call, and soon two ministers came to pray for me. They said they had also asked our congregation to pray for me during the morning church service. It was Easter Sunday, 1958.

Even though I was in intense pain, it seemed I didn't have a worry in the world. I knew God's people were going to pray for me. All at once the pain left. It was 10:45 a.m. Later, I found out that they had prayed precisely at that time. It increased my faith tremendously to know God had heard and answered prayer. In these days, it is the best thing in the world to have the Lord on your side.

Sophia Magel



I thank God that I was born into a family that believed in prayer. I was born in Texas in the year 1900, and while I was still a baby, our part of the country faced a disastrous hurricane. In preparation, my mother dressed all of her children and then they all knelt in prayer together. The storm lifted our house and buried it part way into the earth. My folks were able to cut their way out of the house and the whole family was spared. Six thousand lives were lost in the Gulf of Mexico during that storm, but God answered the prayers that were prayed.

After the storm, our family moved to Canada and I lived there until I was married and had two children. Then we moved to Oregon, not too far from Dallas, where two of my brothers lived.

When our fourth child was born, he became very sick and was not gaining weight. One of my brothers told me about a people that would pray for the sick and the Lord would heal them.

He asked me if I wanted them to come and pray for my baby. I said they could if they wanted to, but deep in my heart I really wanted them to come and pray. They came to our home and anointed the baby with oil, as the Bible said they should, and they prayed for him. The very next day he smiled for the first time and started gaining weight. He grew up to be a strong man and later gave his heart to the Lord.

My brother continued inviting me to attend the Apostolic Faith Church in Dallas. I finally agreed to go. They were having special meetings and Reverend Raymond Crawford was the guest minister. As he was preaching, I felt like he was telling my life story. I thought my brother had told him all about me.

I was sitting behind my brother, so I tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Tattletale." Of course, he had not said anything; the Lord was using the message to talk to my heart.

By this time we had five children and I was holding the baby. After the service someone offered to hold the baby so I could pray. I said, "No, thank you," as I claimed to be a Christian already. As I went to the back of the church the Lord started talking to me. He said, "If you are a Christian, surely you could go pray." I gave my baby to someone to hold and went to the altar and knelt to pray. The Lord began revealing my life to me and I realized I had never asked the Lord to forgive me for the sin in my life. I had never been saved; I just had a profession. That morning I gave my life to the Lord and became a new person in Christ Jesus. I was changed to live a new life for the Lord.

When we were ready to leave for home after church, someone invited our whole family to have dinner with them. As we sat around the table, bowing our heads and giving thanks for the food in prayer, I believed God's Word and was sanctified and made holy in the Lord.

In our years of serving the Lord we had eleven children, and we experienced the healing power of God in our family many times. God has always been faithful to us in the good times and during the difficult times. He is the Rock of my life. I am so grateful for the family of God and their many prayers. I love the Lord with all of my heart.



Naomi Dearmore

How I thank God that I found victory at Calvary! I heard the Word of God preached when I was a young married woman, with a little daughter. I knew I wasn't living the life I should be living before that child. God convicted my heart one night, in a little Brush Arbor meeting, in Missouri. As the minister spoke, it seemed I could see Jesus hanging on the Cross, dying for my sins. It just broke my heart. I wanted to give Him my life. It put such love into my heart that I wanted to serve Him.

As I knelt at that little altar of prayer, Jesus took out fear and condemnation. He put something there I never knew I could have—such joy and peace! I was afraid to go to sleep; I was afraid it would leave by morning. When I awoke, though, it was still there, and I knew it was real. I found that the old-time religion is good day and night; it is the same day in and day out, year in and year out. I just thank God.

The Lord has been faithful to me. He led me to the Apostolic Faith Church where I could see my need for the deeper things of the Lord. It is a marvel to me how He led me here to the West Coast, to within a few blocks of where I could learn more than I had ever known of the teachings of the Word of God.

We have been through many deep trials, but whatever comes our way, the Lord is always there to help. There has always been peace in my heart. I don't know what I would do if it were not for the faithfulness of the Lord to me.



Reinhart Dubs

I want to thank God for the day He saved my soul. I should have been a Christian long before I prayed, because I was brought up in a Christian home. I did not understand sin, though, and I did not know anyone in that community that could tell me of a born-again experience. I was in the hospital and I knew enough to call on God. I do not know what I prayed that day, but I surrendered my life to God. I told Him I would give Him the rest of my life.

It did not take long after that day until I was out of the hospital. I had such a burning hunger in my heart that I knew there was a change. When my friends came around they talked about earthly things, but my heart was restless with what I had inside. I sought for a people that really were Christians, and God directed my way to the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon. I was still sickly at that time.

Two of the brothers in the church prayed with me and I received sanctification. I went home and I went to bed, but I could not sleep.

Waves and waves of joy flooded my soul. It was wonderful all through the next several days—I just walked with God.

God laid it on my heart to go to Mexico. I prayed about it for several years. I knew that people there wanted to know God, too. He opened the way for my wife and I to go. There is much counterfeit in that land, but God is there, and many hungry souls are there, too. Many times we saw tears running down their faces. The people were happy that someone was there to bring the Gospel story. It meant much for us to go to the country of Mexico.

I have never lost what God put in my heart. He is still with me today, and I want to give the rest of my life to Him.



Ruby Banta

I thank God for the wonderful things He has done for me. I surely owe God a debt of gratitude. I hear young people speak of being brought up in a Christian home, but I didn't know anything about that. I was brought up in the most wicked, sinful home you could think of, but my heart cried out for God. I was taught the life of sin; taught to drink liquor and was even taken into saloons and thrown into bad company. I drank and played cards, and was bound by a terrible temper. I went after the things of the world trying to find what I thought they should give me, but all I found was sorrow and heartache.

God gave me a chance in life. He led me to the Apostolic Faith Church through someone I met at my work who told me about the old-time religion. My heart was hungry for God, so I asked my coworker questions about his religion. The Lord convicted me of my sins and I began to attend the meetings. It was a most wonderful night when I first stepped in among God's

people. Right then, I made my choice forever. When I really repented and turned to God, the burden rolled off my heart and Jesus came in and gave me what I had been searching for: contentment.

I had been converted previously as a child of thirteen, but did not know how to keep it. When I came to the Apostolic Faith, I learned of the perfect way that keeps me free from sin every day. Thank God for the old-time religion that He planted in my heart.

It has been good to serve the Lord. I remember so well when I made my choice for God; it was so definite and real. It isn't just what He did for me forty years ago, though. This salvation gets better and more wonderful. God is with us every day in our home; we can turn to Him in time of need. It is wonderful to serve God, and I thank Him for the old-time religion.



Marian Trzil

Many years ago the Lord, in His love and mercy, brought our family to America. My uncle and his family had made the trip two years earlier, and were living in a three-family dwelling on a large farm in Pennsylvania. We joined them there. Another uncle and aunt lived nearby.

After living on this farm for several years, my uncle received an Apostolic Faith paper in the Czech language. We know that it came by God's direction; it was His plan to bring us to Portland, Oregon. That was the turning point in our lives. The content of that paper appealed to the older generation. All three families decided to sell their farms and move to Portland.

We left the farm in January of 1920 during a blizzard and were taken to the depot in a sleigh. The men were planning to take up farming again in Oregon, but while we were traveling through the Rocky Mountains they became discouraged and were ready to turn back. They said, "If Or-

egon is anything like this, there will be no farming there."

God had a plan, though. The women convinced the men that we were not going to Oregon for earthly gain, but rather for spiritual riches. Jesus said, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matthew 6:33). We have proven this promise to be true. God has never failed us. Although we did not have much of this world's goods, the Lord gave us what we needed, and He gave us contentment.

We attended the first camp meeting held in the Woodstock District in a large canvas tent. What a thrill it was to be in those meetings! I am thankful that the Lord gave me a desire to seek Him. While still in my early teens, He saved me in a young people's meeting, and later He gave me the deeper experiences of sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Through all these years, the Lord has been a true and faithful Friend. There were hard trials and much sickness to go through, but how thankful I am that we had learned to wholly trust the great Physician who was always near to help us and heal us!

When I was twenty-five years old, I became very ill and was bedfast for six months. It came to the point where I thought each breath would be my last. One night around midnight my sister was kneeling by my bedside while, in the next room, my mother was at the bedside of my brother who was also at the point of death. It was truly a dark night, but God was there.

As I lay there suffering, it seemed as though I could bear no more. I sent up a silent prayer to the Lord, and said, "O God, I can't stand this any longer! You must do something tonight." The moment I prayed that silent prayer, my sister whispered, "Do you feel that?" I knew what she meant, and answered, "Yes." At that moment a Voice from Heaven spoke to me and said, "Underneath are the Everlasting Arms." What comfort it brought in that dark hour as we both felt the support of those Everlasting Arms!

From then on I began to improve, and God also undertook for my brother. A short time later, camp meeting started, and one day my cousin stopped by to pick up my sister for church. Oh, how I wanted to go, too! But I was still too weak. After they left, I determined that I would go the next day.

When morning came, I got up and got dressed, but by the afternoon, when it was time to get ready to go, I began to feel ill. I didn't know what to do.

I sat down on the edge of the bed and pondered the question, Shall I go or shall I not? Finally, I jumped to my feet and said, "I am going, even if I die on the way." When I took that step of faith, God undertook for me, and that was the end of my illness. God has added forty-six more years to my life, and I do thank Him for it. God has raised me up from death's door a number of times, and I feel that I have lived the greater part of my life on borrowed time.

I am thankful that I was able to give back to God, through service, the strength that He gave me. For many years I had the privilege of working in the Apostolic Faith office, translating Czech mail and helping send Gospel literature to others, even as it was sent to us.

I can truly say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," and I know He will take us the rest of the way. To Him be all the praise and glory for all that He has done.



Don Deffenbaugh

I don't know how to praise God enough for all my privileges. God has been so good to me. My mother used to pray for me. She also used to reason with me and teach me the Word of God. She tried to bring me up right, but I turned my head and it wasn't long until I acted like the other boys.

I knew this was the way to go; I had examples all around me. My uncle (a captain in the Army) lived the life, my mother and father lived the life, and my brother got saved and lived the life. These were examples I couldn't deny, but it takes more than just having folks pray for you and teach you right from wrong.

One day when I was in my last year of grammar school, God poured down such conviction on my heart that I couldn't stand it. I went to the altar. I remember so well how a couple of the workers knelt and prayed for me. I was just a child and probably insignificant to many people,

but they took an interest in me. I laid my life before the Lord and asked forgiveness. Though my sins were not great (they seemed great to me), God forgave what sin I did have.

I thank God for what the Gospel means to me. I went on to high school, and to college for a few years, and now I am in the Army. I can still say that the Gospel is good. I have it deep down in my heart.

When a person is right with God, he has something that guides him through the stormy waters. Now that I am in the Army, it is the mighty Arm I am leaning on.

God gives me the privilege to be near the Apostolic Faith Church that I might be fortified, so that some day, when I get my chance, I will be a missionary for Him.



Nellie Carlson

In 1926, my mother and brother traveled to Portland, Oregon, from Lopez Island, seeking for something more real than what the nominal churches could offer. They decided they wanted something deeper spiritually and they knew of two members of their church on Lopez Island, Brother and Sister Alba Green, who had moved to Portland in 1921 to attend the Apostolic Faith Church.

Upon arriving in Portland, my mother and brother found that the Apostolic Faith was just what they had been looking for, so they stayed.

After my husband's mother passed away, I wanted to be near my mother in her last days. My husband was willing, so after he got out of the Navy in 1946, we moved to Portland. God had saved my soul some years before, but my heart was hungry for more of the Lord. I had been receiving literature from the Apostolic Faith and had visited a couple of times. One day, while kneeling by my davenport and reading a tract on sanctification, the Lord came and wonderfully

sanctified my soul. My son has told me, since he grew up, that he knew something had happened to me, because I was so different after the Lord sanctified me.

God saved my husband while he was in the hospital, just before the Lord took him Home. The Lord has been with me down through the years, and I thank Him. I am also grateful that I am able to work for Him, helping to send out literature to hungry souls, and also that I can be a witness for Him.



Fred Bolte

I wasn't ignorant of the way of truth. From the time I was a little boy, I was brought to church. I was taught that if I was to make Heaven my home I would have to pray and give God my life, but I would not accept that way. Instead, as a young man, I went out seeking the pleasure of sin. I sailed on the merchant ships and went half-way around the world reveling in sin.

The Lord, in love and mercy, brought me back to an Apostolic Faith Church. There, I knelt at an altar of prayer and laid my whole life out before God. I didn't care who saw me or heard me. I wanted to be sure to make my peace with Him. God saved me and oh, the sweet peace that came into this heart of mine!

Some people ask, "How do you know the Gospel is real?" I found it real that night. The Lord changed the whole course of my life and gave me an opportunity to do things I couldn't do in my own strength. The change was miraculous. You can't tell me the old-time religion is not real!

I look back many times and see the hole of the pit from whence the Lord dug me. Before God saved me, I had never been able to quit the old gang. The bright lights had been very alluring to me. I had been seeking sin with all my heart. When God saved me, that cigarette habit that I had tried to quit for years was gone. And that tongue, which had spoken evil, spoke no more evil. I used to come home, after a trip at sea, to find that the filthy conversation they used on the ship had rubbed off on me. I would try to bridle my tongue by purposing, "I will not slip this time," but invariably I would. Since the Lord saved me, almost eighteen years ago, my tongue has not slipped from that day to this. That night the Lord took the desire for sin out of my heart, and I don't look back to that kind of life; I have no desire for sin.

Today I have a hope of Heaven. I know the Lord is coming soon and the thoughts of my mind are that I want to be ready when the Trumpet sounds. I want my lamp trimmed and burning brightly. There is joy in serving Jesus, and I am glad I am a Christian.



Eva Mae Craig

Eva Mae Ragan was born on August 18, 1889 to Alfred and Unity Jane (Frost) Ragan in Alpha, Washington, near the Chehalis area. Her family moved soon after to the Vancouver area in Washington Territory. They later lived in Crescent City, California, before settling in Selma, Oregon, where she attended school. She worked very hard in her home and was very lonely, having only one older stepbrother.

She married Roy Craig, October 4, 1904, at age fifteen. Several years later, they moved to Dorris, California, where Roy supervised the lumberyard. They had a cow, chickens, and a large garden every year. The children helped can many jars of food.

When the flu epidemic hit in 1918, Eva made house calls with the doctor. She'd had some nurse's training and owned a huge medical

book. She never contracted the flu, but several members of her family became ill with it.

In 1924, a revival came to Dorris. They never missed a service, taking all eight of their children with them. A number of the Gospel crew stayed at their home, and Eva loved cooking for their guests.

After they were saved, Roy and Eva sought and received their sanctification. Roy soon received his baptism, but Eva had her own idea that she would receive it quietly. When she consecrated for the Lord's will, she received it His way.

They began having family altar. Eva taught the children to sit still on used upturned three-gallon tin cans until they were big enough to sit on regular chairs. These were also used at prayer time.

After they moved to Klamath Falls, Oregon, there were three more boys born over the years, but one died at the age of six weeks from pneumonia. There were a total of twelve children, and ten were raised to maturity.

Eva took in laundry to pay for music lessons for the children. At one time, before World War II, there were six of their children in the church orchestra, as well as a son-in-law and a grandson.

It was difficult to have two sons go off to war. Many times they were awakened in the night feeling something was wrong, and they would pray until the feeling lifted. After the war, they learned that one or the other of the sons had been in grave danger, but God had brought them through.

Eva loved picnics and church dinners. She was a wonderful cook, her specialty was lemon pies. She also was a wonderful Sunday school teacher who was loved by all.

The children honored Roy and Eva with receptions for their fiftieth and sixtieth anniversaries, and they were able to celebrate sixty-five years of married life before Eva was called to her reward on February 14, 1970. Her family considered her an example of the virtuous woman (Proverbs 31).

Lois Frymire



Surely I can say it is good to serve the Lord. I can say the half has never been told. The night the Lord saved me, I didn't think anything more wonderful could happen, but I found out it was just the beginning. I just started to pray and oh, the joy the Lord gave me that night!

I should have been a Christian long before, because I knew the way of the church was right. I used to think church-going was tedious and I would walk away, but I am glad that God kept after me. Just a young girl in high school—I shall never forget that Sunday morning. At the close of the meeting they were singing, "Lord, I'm coming home." I wanted to go and pray that morning more than anything in the world. Someone came back and asked me if I would pray, but the opinion of my friends came before me and I said, "No." I don't know why I said no when I wanted to go so badly.

Only two weeks later I made my peace with God. I never spent such a miserable two weeks in all my life. It seemed conviction was so heavy upon me. The night I prayed, I poured out my heart to God. I told Him, "Lord, do make a change!" I wanted something that could keep me, so that I could live it. I was always so afraid I would not be able to live as a Christian, but I proved the devil a liar. I was just a junior in high school when I prayed that prayer. Oh, such joy and peace came in my soul; I was able to go back to school the next day and live it at school!

There were things I went through at school, tests and trials, but the Lord helped me along. He helped me later in the business world, too. Today, in my own home, I can teach my own family the right way.

Just last week, the Lord came down and proved His healing power in our home. I thank God. I do not know which way I would go if I left the Gospel. There is no other way for me. I cannot see anything out in the world that I would want that I do not have already. I have the best of it.



Harlan Bishop

I praise the Lord that I have joy, hope, and peace in my heart. I thank God for the value of Christian training, and for the dividends it paid in my own family. I had the privilege of being brought up in the Gospel, of being reared in a Christian home in a large family. My mother was saved a number of years before I was born, when Brother Frost went out to Selma, Oregon, and preached the Gospel in a little school house.

Through the teachings in that Christian home, the sound doctrine of the Word of God was planted in my heart as a child. There were nine of us children, and we were taught to pray. We had a family altar in the home; every morning and every evening the Bible was read and we had prayer together. When we couldn't get to church, we would gather around the piano and sing the old hymns. I'm glad God answers prayer. All nine of us children are in the Gospel today.

At a young age I realized that if I expected to make Heaven my home, I needed to have a change of heart; to have my sins forgiven. I needed to repent of my sins and call upon God for mercy. As a young boy in grade school, I asked God to forgive me of my sins. As I prayed, Jesus heard me and made a change in my heart. He took away the sin and condemnation and gave me victory over sin, and peace, joy, and happiness in my heart.

In 1943, we moved to Medford, Oregon, and became a part of the Apostolic Faith Church. How thankful I was that I could get into those early morning prayer meetings on Sundays and Wednesdays! It meant a lot to me.

In high school, the Gospel was still very real to me. I had a part-time job working in a box factory in Medford. I would take my Testament out during the noon hour and climb up in the midst of those lumber piles and read it.

I am thankful that down through the years Jesus has been real in my life, whether it has been in a Christian home, or in the Army, or on the job. I have seen miracle after miracle in our home and God has never failed. In every situation, He has proven true. The Gospel of Jesus has satisfied my soul and been the very center of my life. It is the joy of my life to serve the Lord.



Walt Smith

I praise the most high God who redeemed me from the life of misery and shame that I had lived for years. I was an unbeliever and a fighter against God. I had no use for anything connected with religion. It was all foolishness to me, but I was one of the biggest fools on this earth—a professed atheist!

I was not talked into this Gospel. Many years ago while trimming lumber in a sawmill, about 2:30 in the afternoon, God spoke to my heart, revealing Himself to me. He said, “The only true happiness is in the Lord.” I knew then that there was a living God. No one could talk that out of me. It was an actual experience! Anyone who has ever been around a sawmill, and has heard the screech of those saws and the rattle and the roar, knows one can barely hear a human voice. There was not a man within thirty feet of me, but God spoke to me above the scream of that machinery—and I knew it. In that moment I knew there was a living God, and I have never doubted it from that day until this.

Those men that I worked with knew that I was a drunkard and an atheist and had been for years. The minute Jesus spoke to my heart, I walked over to a fellow worker I had known for years, a hardened criminal who was worse than I was and I said, “There is a God!” He did not laugh. He seemed to realize something had happened to me.

I went to my father’s home, and I said to him, “I have had a visit from the Lord.” I did not know what else to say. He looked at me as though I had lost my mind, but I knew what had happened to me.

I did more than realize there was a living God. I said, “I will arise and seek His face, and find out about this thing.” And I did. The following Sunday morning found me sitting in the back of an Apostolic Faith Church. I did not know anyone there, but one meeting was enough for me. I saw the peace and the happiness that they had and I said, “If I had that, I would have everything.”

I thought I was pretty hard and tough; I’d had my own way for years. But that morning the Spirit of the living God came down and softened up this heart of mine, hardened by years of fighting against God, and tears rolled down my cheeks. That gave me hope and I made a start. I went down to their altar and prayed.

I asked God—the very God I had denied for years—“God, have mercy on me!” And He did. He saved and transformed me in a moment of time. Thank God for the Blood of Jesus! The power of God came into my life and this miserable, cursing, drunken unbeliever—filthy and unclean—was pure, clean, and holy. That took the power of God. It wasn’t any strength of mine.

Sin and unbelief had robbed me of everything—willpower and character. I was nothing but a hopeless drunkard. I had cursed, drank, and smoked from the time I was just a boy and to be instantly transformed into a Bible Christian and have peace, joy, victory, and power to live above sin every day, it is no wonder I praise God.

I went to the people I had robbed and stolen from and made restitution. It took God to make me do that. I went back to that sawmill where hundreds of men had known me for years. They had known

that I was a drunkard and an atheist; I had preached atheism there. Those same men could tell you that I went back and lived the life of a Bible Christian. Not an oath crossed my lips. I was not fighting my fellowman or chewing tobacco, but I lived for God. When I left that mill every man could tell you that God had made a change in my life.

When I returned home that day and told my parents that I'd had a visit from the Lord, my mother thought I was losing my mind and she didn't say anything. But my father said, "Something must have happened to Walt. It is payday and he is sober." He watched me, and when he saw me pay for some things I had stolen, he knew it was real. But I still could not talk to them about their turning to the Lord. I prayed for them for nineteen years, and just a little while before my father died, he could say as I had said, "I have had a visit from the Lord." He had the assurance he was ready to go, and he had a glorious entrance into Heaven.

The kindness that was shown my mother during her time of bereavement melted her heart, and at the age of seventy-six, she repented of her sins and found forgiveness. What a transformation there was in that home! We lived together for many more years, enjoying Christian fellowship, reading the Bible and praying together, and talking about the things of the Lord. After she had a heart attack, I quit my job to take care of her. It was only about another month until the Lord took her Home. She went without a fear. I often wonder what would have happened to my parents if I had refused to give my heart to the Lord.

I spent thirty-one months in the Army and traveled overseas for two years. I thank God that I proved that He could keep a man living above sin right in the barracks, out on the drill field, or on the rifle range. God kept me with a song in my soul. I did not feel like complaining when the day was hot and the practice was long, tedious, and hard. I felt like praising God because I had the satisfaction in my soul that I was right with Him. If anything happened to me, I knew where I was going, so I was not worried. I knew if I died I would go Home to meet the God who had saved my soul from sin.

I have proved, too, that God can heal the body. One time I was so sick with acute appendicitis I could not get out of bed, nor hardly speak. I knocked on the floor with a shoe, and someone came from downstairs to see what was wrong. When he saw my condition, he did not mention a doctor but called for some of the ministers to come pray for me, according to the Word of God. God instantly healed me when they prayed. God also healed me of ulcers before I went into the Army, and though the food was sometimes not so good, I never had any trouble with my stomach.

After returning from the Army I did sheet metal work, and one day when on a ladder, I fell fourteen feet headfirst onto a paved driveway. I was completely helpless. A boy going by saw me and called for help. I was taken to a hospital. Both of my arms were paralyzed, my skull was fractured, and I had a brain concussion. But in that helpless condition I could praise the Lord. The doctor did not know how this was going to come out. I was told not to raise my head off the pillow for ten days, but the Lord healed me and I was out of the hospital in three days. A week later I was on an evangelistic trip. That is the power of my God.

I thank God for the privilege of upholding a Gospel with the power of God in it.



Mildred Frank

I was saved as a teen-age girl and enjoyed the service of the Lord. After I had been married awhile, though, my husband and I began to miss a church service now and then. Gradually, we did this more often until we weren't going at all. We neglected to read the Bible and pray in our home also. Then, little by little, we began doing things that had been wrong, but now seemed to be all right. Before I knew what was happening to me, I was out serving the world. I loved the things of the world. I even made the statement that I would never go back to church.

We had a good home with five children. There was no drinking or smoking. We had many friends. We went everywhere except to church. I thought we should be happy, but sometimes when I would go to bed at night I would think, Why am I not happy? What is missing? This went on for twenty years.

God talked to us many times. I talked to God, too. No one knew I was praying, but a person can't raise five children without talking to God once in a while. When problems came, I would ask God to help me. Oh, the love of God! He was so good to me!

I am glad that God calls backsliders. When trouble came to our home, I didn't know which way to turn, so I wrote a letter to the Apostolic Faith Church requesting prayer. Within a week, that trouble began to clear up. Then my husband had a heart attack, and while he was in the hospital, he promised God, "If You will get me out of this hospital, I will go to church." At the same time, I was at home kneeling by my bed and praying, "If You will bring him home safely, I will go to church." He came home, but on that very day, I had to go the hospital. One thing after another happened to keep us from going to church.

One morning my husband said he was going out to start the car. He was gone so long that I began to wonder what else had gone wrong. When I went out to investigate, he was standing with a little radio to his ear. I knew it was too early for the ball game, so I asked, "What are you listening to?" He answered, "I am listening to the Apostolic Faith Church service." I told him, "Come on into the house and we will both listen."

We began going to church, sitting clear in the back and leaving before anyone could talk to us. Gradually we moved forward. The Lord was showing us our need.

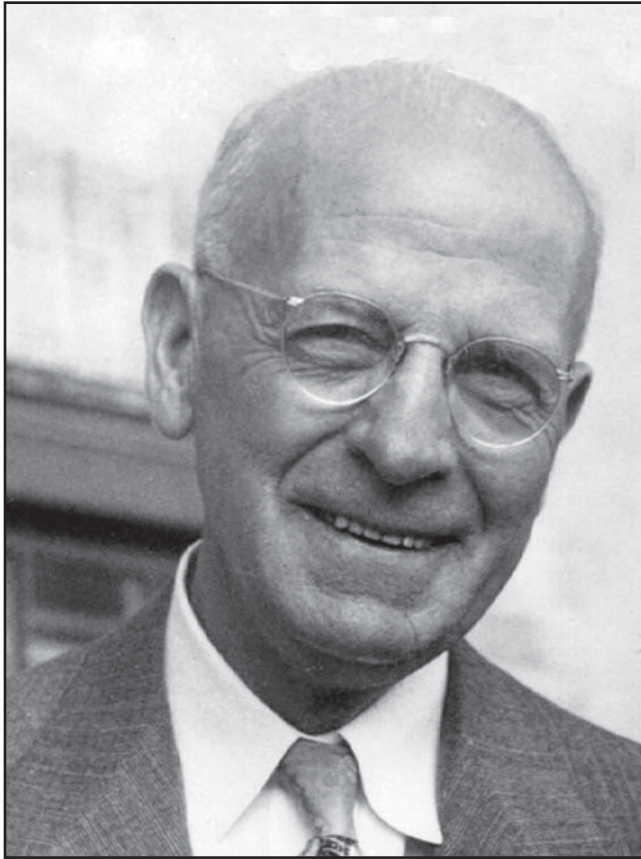
Special meetings started and on Sunday morning, March 21, 1976, we were in church again. I thought that was the best meeting I had ever attended. Then an afternoon young people's meeting was announced and we went. Tears flowed down my cheeks when I heard a young girl give her testimony, saying three times, "It is wonderful, it is wonderful," but I still wouldn't pray.

We went back that night and the Lord changed everything. Tears rolled down my husband's cheeks, and when a friend of former years came to ask him to pray, he said, "I don't have a handkerchief." The friend said, "I happen to have a new one and you can have it." There were no more excuses. We both got down on our knees, right where we had been sitting, and the God of Heaven saved our souls.

God has been with us ever since, blessing abundantly. We love to be in the meetings on Tuesday

and Friday nights, and twice on Sunday. How the Lord blesses us for every little thing we do for Him! I literally thank Him for the breath I take these days. I thank God that I am here, saved, sanctified, baptized with the Holy Ghost, and on my way to Heaven.

Someone was talking to me earlier and asked, “Do you remember the old quartet song that we used to sing, If You Go, Go All The Way?” I said, “Isn’t that strange? That is the very song that has been going through my heart all day long.” It took me a long time to get to that place. I thank God with all my heart that now I do want to go all the way!



George Seeley

I am glad I have the old-time religion. For years I had only a profession of religion. My mother did everything she could to make a Christian out of me. As a child I said my prayers at her knee. The Bible was an open book in our home and I was brought up in the church. At the age of eleven, in an old Methodist prayer meeting, I gave my heart to God, and He was real to me for a few years. When I was going to school, at the noon hour or recess, I would run out in the woods and get down and weep and pray and try to live the best I could. But I never heard testimonies like you hear in this Gospel about men and women living above sin in this world; consequently I drifted into sin.

That was the way I grew up. I became the preacher's right-hand man; I was the Sunday school superintendent and president of the Epworth League. I struggled on, saying my prayers and making a mourner's bench out of my bedside every night, asking God to forgive me for the sins I had committed that day. That was the way

Christians lived, I thought, but I got tired of that life and I am sure God was tired of it too. I worked faithfully in the church and thought it was the best I could do, but my heart was aching, dissatisfied, and longing for something real. When I asked my minister what was wrong with me he said, "You are all right; you don't need to be converted. You were born and raised a Christian in a Christian home. Therefore, you will make it through all right." I braced up, struggled on, and worked a little harder in the church. I was faithful at Thursday night prayer meetings, the other meetings, the socials, and all the rest of it, but it left only an aching void in my heart.

To get out of sin was what I wanted. Many a time I would wet my pillow with tears because of the sin that was down in my heart. I worked in the revivals and prayed and testified, but there was sin in my life. I searched for the old-time religion, going for miles to find a preacher or an evangelist that could tell me about the old-time religion.

There came a time when I didn't know which way to turn. I was twenty-one. In that hour God was faithful to my heart and brought me into contact with Christian people from the Apostolic Faith. They told me the way out of sin. I saw their shining faces and heard their testimonies. They had me beat a million miles. My mind went back to the old home fireside, and the times my Mother told me about the old-time religion. My father would read the books of devoted Christian workers and weep and wonder where the old-time religion had gone. I wondered, too.

Thank God, I came under the sound of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. People told what great things God had done in their lives and how He had taken out the habits of a lifetime. I said, "If God can do that for them, He can do it for me."

I heard a sermon on sanctification, and believing I was saved, I thought if I could get sanctified, I could live without sin. When I got down to the altar, though, and prayed for God to sanctify me, my outlook didn't get lighter, it got darker and darker. My past life came before me like a panorama. God showed me I was a miserable wretched sinner—worse than a drunkard or a gambler that was in the

ditch. I saw where I had lied and where I had stolen. Every sin I had committed since my childhood came up before my eyes. God took off that mask of hypocrisy and let me see myself as He saw me, and I knew I was bound for a devil's Hell. The preacher knelt in front of me, and I put my arm around his neck weighing him down and said, "Pray for me before I drop into Hell!" That is the kind of conviction that settled down on my soul.

I prayed day and night while working in an old sawmill, but I got to the place where I said, "God, I will forsake my sins for time and for eternity and give You my life if only You will save me." The moment I became honest with God, He came into my heart and saved my soul and gave me the old-time religion—the same kind of salvation my dear old mother had. I was only too glad to give up the lodge and my profession and every worldly thing.

The Lord did a good job when He saved me. I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. All those old habits and sins that had me bound for years were gone from my life. He sanctified me and He showed me that the Apostolic Faith people were His people. I began to seek for the mighty Baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire. Thank God, He baptized even me—and it is still burning in my soul.

All during my life, I had chronic stomach trouble and was headed to the grave. I heard that Jesus could heal, and looking in my Bible, I saw that He was the same yesterday, today, and forever. One morning as I went to work at an old sawmill I said, "God, if You will heal me, I will give You my life as I never have. I will tell the story." Right there in that sawmill, God healed my body. I came back a well man and have been well for many years.

For over fifty-six years I have known what it is to be kept by the power of God.



Elmer Luka

I am glad that I am a Bible Christian, washed in the Blood of Jesus, and can be counted among the redeemed of the Lord. I am thankful for this wonderful Gospel that lifted me out of sin when I was a defeated young man on a downward way.

I grew up in Decatur, Illinois, in a family of eight children. My father was a minister and my mother died when I was only seven years old. It seemed that the bottom fell out of my life at a young age.

When I reached the age of seventeen, I thought I should have been having a good time in the world, but I could not enjoy the things of the world, because God was dealing with my heart. He put such a burden on my heart. I was lost and I knew it.

I wanted to be a carpenter, so I learned the building trade. One of the jobs I did was to screen in a porch for a family with the last name of Phillips. I told them that I was joining the Army and

Mrs. Phillips said that she would send letters to me.

We corresponded and Mrs. Phillips encouraged me to seek the Lord with all my heart. Then one February evening, while in the service of my country at Fort Lawton, Washington, I found myself willing to pay any price if I could only have the assurance in my heart that I was born again; that I was ready for Heaven. I got down on my knees in that tar-paper barracks and prayed a simple prayer next to my Army bunk and a pot-bellied stove. I said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." I did not care what my buddies thought. I knew I was bound for a devil's Hell, and I wanted a way out.

There was a lot wrapped up in my prayer that night. Before that, I had made up fancy prayers and thought they might avail something, but that night, I prayed from my heart. Oh the change that took place! In a moment of time, Jesus came in and gave me such wonderful peace and joy. He rolled the burden away and gave me a know-so salvation.

God was with me in the months that followed. I went overseas and found that God did not leave me; He went one step ahead of me all the time. I wrote of my salvation to Mrs. Phillips and she read my letter to her daughter, Helen. Over the next several months, I continued to write of my progress with the Lord and she continued reading the letters to her daughter. Helen became convicted by my enthusiasm and prayed through to salvation in September of that same year. I was in the service for two more years and I was able to live a Christian life.

When I got out of the service, I returned to Decatur and began dating Helen. We married on December 31, 1947 and God blessed us. The church that we attended taught salvation only and my wife and I began to feel the need for something more. We did not know what to call it, so we prayed that the Lord would lead us into the fullness of the Gospel. One day, the Lord laid it on our hearts to find a people who preached the whole Word of God. My wife and I sold our home and furniture and piled everything else in a paneled truck and a trailer that we pulled along behind. We strung two little hammocks in the back of the truck for our boys to sleep in. A friend had sent us literature from an Apostolic Faith Church in Los Angeles, California, so we headed west across the country looking for the people of God.

Along the way, we encountered some ice on the road in the night. We came over the brow of a hill and my headlights suddenly reflected a glare. Instinctively, my foot hit the brakes and seconds later, the weight of the trailer we were pulling spun our small panel truck sideways. Miraculously, none of us were hurt. We were all able to climb out through the window. We had the truck towed and then stayed in a motel that night. As I looked up into the night sky, I wondered why God had let this happen. We had felt the Lord's leading so clearly to leave our home, and we had trusted Him to bring us across the country. The next day, as we traveled over that same stretch of the road in the daylight, we saw the answer. Just beyond the place where we had slid off the road onto the shoulder were deep canyons on either side. Who knows where we would have ended up if God hadn't stopped us before those cliffs! His protective hand had been over us. That incident strengthened my faith and my desire to draw closer to God.

I will never forget the Sunday morning we opened the doors of the Apostolic Faith Church in Los Angeles, California. It was as though a Voice spoke from Heaven saying, "This is it! This is what you have been looking for!" God gave us that witness. Brother Loyce Carver was preaching that morning on the subject of sanctification—the very thing we were looking for. Some of the people said the sermon was so strong that they thought we would never come back. Well, we came back!

During the sermon, Brother Carver also said that a person must be saved to sing in the choir or play in the orchestra. He was very firm about it. He came to speak to us after the service and I told him that I wanted to get started working for the Lord right away. I said, "Sign me up." He replied, "Well, you just stick around here for a little while. We will see what you have and then we will talk about it."

Before long, the Lord gave us the opportunity to help in His work. My first job was participating in the street meetings. I was in the work!

When they began to send people to help build a church in Tehachapi, California, I said I could go and help, too. For one year, we got up at five o'clock every Saturday morning and made that trip of 100 miles in the morning, worked all day, and drove back at night. The conversation while going and coming did not center on secular things, such as how much money we were making or what was in the daily news. Instead, we talked about the power of God, the blessings of God, and who was receiving their deeper experiences. A revival broke out during this time and this became a period of spiritual growth for me. I enjoyed every minute traveling to and from that church. I was thrilled to do it.

Some months after our arrival in Los Angeles, we began to hear about camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. Something in our hearts just purposed that we would go. I told my boss that I liked my job, but I had something more important to do. He laid me off, so we started for Portland. We arrived the Wednesday before camp. The folks there extended a hand of fellowship to us, and we felt their love right from the beginning. Both my wife and I received the experience of sanctification while there.

We also heard about the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but were wary of it. When we returned to Los Angeles, the revival was still going strong. One young lady received her baptism and spoke in German, which was a language unknown to her, but not to us. My wife and I were able to understand what she was saying. We realized then that the baptism was real and was of God. We also knew that the Lord had caused us to see this. He was letting us know that we were in the right place, with the right people. We both prayed and received the baptism.

There have been so many incidents down through the years that have increased my faith that I cannot name them all. My wife and I raised four children in the Gospel, with the Lord as our Friend and Healer. We have had the privilege to pastor three churches: Los Angeles, Eureka, California, and St. Louis, Missouri. Since our retirement, we have also lived in Dallas, Oregon, and Portland.

I thank God for victory. I thank Him for the joy and the peace that He put in my heart. The Gospel is alive! It is real! As I grow older and can see the end coming, I want to be my best for Jesus. He has done so much for me! My life is all His.



Lillian Johnson

As a young woman, I was perplexed. Something deep in my heart cried out to be a real Christian, but I had no idea how this could be brought about.

My Sunday school teacher could not understand my tears, because she thought I was a good girl. My mother could not help me. She had been born again when she was sixteen, but did not know what to call it. She wanted her children to become Christians, so she read her Bible to us and held family devotions.

Before we were married, my husband-to-be and I decided we wanted to move from Litchfield, Minnesota, to a new area. Atlas in hand, we selected Oregon as our state, and the small town of Springfield seemed to stand out like a neon sign. That is where we went after our wedding.

At the same time that we were deciding where to live, a woman living in Eugene, Oregon, who attended the Apostolic Faith Church was praying. She was asking God to show her if she should go to work on a ranch where her unsaved

husband was working. The Lord revealed to her that if she would work at that ranch, He would give her three souls for the Lord.

We arrived, in Springfield, tired and somewhat apprehensive. We stayed in a hotel while my husband inquired about work. The owner of a ranch said he needed a teamster. As this was my husband's only occupation, he applied. The owner hired him.

He had not worked there very long before the owner told him to be wary of the lady cook. He said that she had talked to a woman who then went to the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon and got saved and sanctified, which resulted in her being reunited with her husband. He thought she had gone crazy.

I went to work in the kitchen, at the ranch, and the cook began to talk to me about the Gospel. She gave me an Apostolic Faith paper. To me, she was the most wonderful person I had ever met; always happy.

One day she asked me if I had been born again before being baptized in water. I answered, "I guess so." She said, "If you were born again, you would *know* so." That was all she said, but it really put me under conviction. I said to my husband, "Just think! Right now, we belong to a church and we commit sin. But we can live without sin and *know* we are real Christians." About that time the thought came to me, 'You may be going too deep here,' but something else said to me, 'You can *know*.' I decided that if this was possible, I was going to try.

I read the Word of God as never before and found the Scripture which says, "Ye must be born again" in John 3:7. Conviction hit me harder than ever. I could hardly eat or sleep. It seemed that I had no faith, though. One evening the cook said, "The only thing left for you to do is to pray that God will give you the faith to believe."

I overslept the next morning. I was tired and worn out. I could hear the cook getting breakfast for the men and I hurried to help her. She asked me if I was saved yet. I told her, "No, I believe my sins

are forgiven, but I do not believe that I am saved.” She told me to go get my Bible. Then she started to read Psalm 19, even though the men were coming for their breakfast.

After we finished our work, we went for a walk and I poured my heart out to her. She assured me that God would forgive anything. Back at the house, she sat down in a rocking chair and I went to my room to read my Bible. I could not understand what I read. I took my Bible to her and again she began to read Psalm 19. When she came to verse 7, “The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul,” God gave me the witness. I exclaimed, “I’ve got it! I’ve got it!” I was so happy! I now believed. I was saved! How we rejoiced!

The cook then began to work on my husband. She would ask, “When are you going to be my brother in the Lord?” He would reply, “When I get to camp meeting.”

Up to this time we had never attended an Apostolic Faith service, but we began to make plans to move to Portland to attend the camp meeting. We had always lived on a farm, and so to move to the city was a big step. We were concerned as to whether my husband could get work. The cook reassured us with what David said in Psalm 37:25, “I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.” We knew we could depend on what the Word of God said.

A week before the camp meeting opened, we moved to Portland. One day, while on the streetcar, we met a Christian man. The cook asked him if he knew of any available jobs. He said that a man was quitting where he worked, and my husband should go to work with him in the morning to apply for the job. Early the next day my husband joined him and was hired.

We attended the first Sunday of camp meeting, and I thought it was wonderful. We had never heard anything like it. I prayed, but my husband did not. I asked him why he didn’t go forward to pray and get saved. By then I really had faith for salvation. He wanted to know, “How do you get saved?” I told him to pray and believe. In the afternoon he lost no time getting to the altar and he was wonderfully saved. We both received our sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire at our first camp meeting.

Fifty years later, Jesus is much nearer to us than He was then. We have reared a big family while trusting God, and we have witnessed His hand at work for us in many phases of life. Jesus has never failed us.



Peter Erickson

I praise God that He saved me and set me free. I wasn't free when I came to Him. I was bound with all the sin there was. I had no hope in this world, and eternal Hell awaited me in the world to come.

I was a sailor, traveling the world, in open sin for years. I sailed many seas including the Baltic Sea, the North Sea, the Mediterranean Sea, the Black Sea, and through the Red Sea. I also sailed on the Atlantic Ocean and down around the East Indies in the Pacific Ocean. I went from one country to another, always looking for something to satisfy my heart. I went deeper in sin as the years went on—always expecting to find what my heart was longing for.

I came to the point where I realized this world couldn't satisfy me and I didn't want to live any longer. The devil told me, "The best thing you can do is to jump overboard, some dark night, and end it all." That is what sin and the devil did for me.

God was faithful and merciful to me. One day, in an Apostolic Faith meeting, some people handed me the Gospel of John. They told me, "You take it home and read it and pray. You do your part and the Lord will do His." I took it home and commenced to read it early Sunday morning. I read all day until about half past four.

When I came to the 8th chapter and the 31st verse, "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed," God spoke to my heart. I said, "God, I have started in Thy Word and I am going to continue. I give You my whole life." That very moment God saved me. I jumped to my feet and said, "Really, I am saved! Salvation is real after all! What they have been talking about is true."

God took sin out of my heart and gave me peace, joy, and happiness. He gave me this wonderful salvation that saves from sin! I did not have to quit the tobacco. I had been a tobacco fiend for years; I had the old pipe in my mouth night and day, but I am glad when God saved me He took it out. I used to drink and curse and commit many other sins, but God took them out instantly and I am free today. Praise God, I am a child of the King.



Wanda Day

I am rejoicing in the wonderful life God has given me. I do want to bring an offering of praise and gratitude to the house of God—a basket of first fruits, as it were—the best of my life and all to my God who has done so much for me.

One time I was ready to perish. I was sorely afflicted in my body. That wasn't the worst, though; my soul was in darkness. I had the foundation of a moral standard of living and good training. I tried to build a good life from the broken foundation of good works. For years I brought these to God, expecting Him to show me favor, but there was no favor.

When my health was taken and I was in great darkness, I continued to look into God's Word, scrutinizing my thoughts and my words to see how they measured to the Christian standard. I also prayed, and God helped me. I was home alone, on New Year's Eve, and I prayed, "O God I know there is something wrong with my life.

Will You please show me what it is? I am will-

ing for You to show me in whatever way, through whatever means You choose, by whomsoever You send."

It wasn't long until the Lord showed me through His Word. I was reading in I Peter 5, where the Lord admonishes us to humble ourselves and be clothed with humility, subject one to another. I thought, "O God, I'm not willing to submit myself to others." Then, through the cross reference in the margin of my Bible, I turned to the third chapter of James. I read there what it means to have the wisdom that is from above, that is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, full of mercy, good fruits, easily entreated. I thought, "O God, I am not easily entreated." When I thought a thing was right, and I had an idea, I was very set in my way; no one could persuade me.

I thank God that He helped me to repent. I bowed my head in shame when I heard the things He had to say to me about the sin and wrong in my life. I said, "Yes, God, I am guilty." He gave me tears of repentance. I wept before the Lord. I asked Him to forgive me, and He did. God dropped faith in my heart to grasp His promise, and I knew I was saved. My life was changed. Those who have not experienced the new birth will not understand, because it isn't a change of mind, it isn't just trying to do right. I had done all that. Now, my heart was changed. I had a new life.

What has helped me most upon this way is the Word of God. God has guided and directed me. He has given me His Voice from His Word—that Voice behind me saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." I do praise Him for this wonderful and good life.

Right by the pulpit, one Sunday afternoon, the Lord sanctified me. Some time later, the minister preached about the mission fields. He said, "The laborers are so few." I felt I must offer myself to go, but I knew I couldn't go without the baptism. I knelt at a chair and poured out my heart to the Lord, and He baptized me with the Holy Ghost. I realized I was speaking in a language I didn't know. I was so happy!

Although I have not gone very far from home, the spirit of the mission fields is in my heart, and I appreciate what I have been able to do. I do thank the Lord for victory.



Paul Struhar

I thank God for this wonderful Gospel. About forty-two years ago, when I was a young man twenty-two years of age, I arrived in this city as a tourist. Sin had robbed me of everything; my health and everything good in my life was gone.

I grew up in the slums of one of the eastern cities. My father was a drunkard. I was brought up in that environment and I am sorry to say that I followed in his footsteps. I learned to drink and gamble and carouse to my own sorrow. My father passed away when he was young. He paid an awful penalty for the life of sin he had lived.

I saw the error of my ways and wanted to turn over a new leaf, so I joined a church. I signed the pledge not to drink anymore and I became the preacher's right-hand man—even with all my sin. That did not take the tiger out of my heart or the sin out of my life. I would go to the church and then to the shows; to prayer meeting, and then to the pool hall. I was the social secretary of the church and ran the social functions, but there

was still that desire in my heart to have my own way—and I had it. For years I struggled on and only became worse instead of better.

My mother was a Christian woman, but she was sick and diseased. She had tuberculosis, and the doctors could not help her. They ordered her to go to a sanitarium, but she did not want to go. Some of the Apostolic Faith people in Portland, Oregon, sent us a church paper. It brought joy to our hearts and my mother desired to go to Portland. One day she asked if I would take her. No one expected her to live long enough to reach Portland.

She hardly expected me to say that I would take her, but she had been praying and God was working on my heart. I said, "Yes," as I was weary and ready to come. I thought I would have a good time, take a few months' leave from my work in the East, and then go on down through California and back to my work in Pennsylvania. The doctor said it would be a good thing for me to do to build up my body.

When Mother asked me to put a "For Sale" sign on the house, I did it, and the next day it was sold and she had the money. When we reached Chicago, Illinois, she almost died, and I had to get off the train with her and let her rest for a day. I sent a telegram to my uncle in Portland to have the Apostolic Faith people pray for her. They did pray and we got on the train and Mother went to her berth. There she prayed and consecrated her children and everything she had to God. She woke up in Omaha, Nebraska, the next morning, healed. She never had any lung trouble or hemorrhages after that.

We were four days and five nights on the train. We arrived in Portland, on Sunday morning, and on Sunday afternoon I brought Mother and my two little sisters to the church to meet with the people of God. After the service the ministers prayed for her on the platform and she walked many blocks home. The Lord wonderfully blessed my mother and permitted her to live for over thirty years more and to be a blessing to many people, in this country and in Europe, through her letters. I had the privilege to rear my two little sisters under the sound of this marvelous Gospel and to see them give their hearts to God. I had intended to pass them to my relatives upon my mother's death.

That Sunday afternoon in the Apostolic Faith church, the Gospel appealed to my heart. They told me that God would give me a new start in life, and I truly needed a new start in life. I had the courage of my convictions and raised my hand for prayer. They prayed, and I cancelled the rest of the tour and quit my job in the East. But still I didn't go to the altar and get saved.

It was my privilege to have an uncle in this city who was a real Christian. I went to church that Sunday afternoon out of courtesy to him. I went with the thought of arguing with the old gentleman, but what I heard in that service took all the argument out of me. I heard a few testimonies of the redeemed. A man testified who had been a drunken sailor and that got me, as my father had been of the same type. He said he was kicked out of his country, put in jail, had his teeth knocked out, and that he had done everything he knew to get rid of the liquor habit, but he couldn't do it. I saw myself following in the same path. God had saved this drunken sailor and he was living a clean respectable life.

For many months I went to the meetings. Then I bought a home far from church so that I wouldn't have to attend service every night. I was working with some people from the Apostolic Faith at the car shops and I began to get under such awful conviction that I couldn't sleep. One night I settled it in my heart that I was going to get saved and it seemed that the load lifted somewhat and I was able to sleep. The next morning I told one of the boys I worked with, "I want to get to the meeting tonight and make sure." He said, "We can't come after you tonight, but I will tell the workers about this and we will put a request in for you, and we will pray for you." I was there that night to hear the request read!

I went to the altar, but I couldn't pray through to victory; I was so full of doubts. One day, out in the car shops where I was working, I was painting the top of a boxcar and praying. I was thinking of the testimonies I had heard and I was wishing I had a testimony like that in my heart. That morning God began to deal with my heart. He began to show me what it would cost me. It wasn't the few hundred dollars I had in the bank, but it was to completely surrender my heart and life to Him.

The thought of restitution came up before me—something I wouldn't have confessed out for anything. Would I be willing to go back over that past life and straighten it up? I want to tell you, God keeps books, and although I had my life all hidden from my fellowman, God brought it all before me. I said, "Yes, Lord," and God heard my prayer. I jumped off the boxcar onto a little platform, and my heart was full of joy. It was settled in my mind that I was going to make that restitution. Right there the witness came into my heart that I was saved.

The restitution that I needed to make was to a storekeeper I had worked for. I had taken his merchandise and money. God gave me the grace to ask his forgiveness and pay back what I owed. I am glad God sent me back over the old life to straighten it all out, and I had a wonderful time going back and paying the men I had defrauded. The Lord cleaned me up on the inside and on the outside right on the spot when He saved me. No more cigarettes, no more drinking, no more carousing, and no more blaspheming! The old life went out. I couldn't tell how it went out, but it went.

I have been able to say, "No" to the sins that once had me bound and I have stayed with it. My tongue hasn't slipped for over forty-two years. I have been in the same environment, among mechanics all these years, but God has kept me. He restored my health and I have been working hard for years. I am a businessman in this city today, with many men working for me, and God keeps me living an honest and upright life. I count it a privilege to live for Jesus.



Harold Erlandsen

I praise God that I have a testimony. Hearing the testimony of our brother from Norway brings back the old days for me. I used to hear him when I lived over in Norway. My pal and I would go to church to hear him sing and to hear “Old Charley” testify. Then we would sit around and talk over what we heard. We agreed that it was marvelous.

We thought, though, that we would have more fun out in the world. I don’t know if the other fellow is saved today or not, but I know that when I turned my back on God in those days, I turned my back on the greatest thing in life. I came across the Atlantic and landed in New York with great hopes. I tried about everything I could, but the peace just departed. There was one thing I had not tried, and that was God.

I came to the place on New Year’s Day, 1935, where I decided I was going to try God. That was the best thing I ever did. I found something that I had been missing, and when I got this salvation, I decided I was going to hang on to it. I

can thank God for thirteen years of real Christian living. It gets better every day.

I have been in Los Angeles, California, for the past few years, so I appreciate being in a camp meeting. In Los Angeles, all that most people think about is money and jobs. When one looks up in the sky, all that can be seen are advertisements—whether at night or during the day. Airplanes fly about advertising during the day, and at night, one can’t see God’s sky without seeing blimps flying around advertising different products. I appreciate the opportunity to be on the campground looking for the deeper experiences of the soul.



Etta Brown

Surely I feel that I have much to thank God for. In my life, I have had many wonderful privileges. I had a mother who taught me about the Lord as far back as I can remember. She taught me how to pray and told me that if I ever intended to make Heaven my home, I would have to serve the Lord.

As I grew older, that teaching stayed planted in my heart. I wanted to make Heaven. Every time I was in a church building, God would talk to me and I would begin to cry because I wanted God. Yet, no one could tell me how to get what I was longing for in my soul. I had no assurance of a real change of heart. I went on trying.

God was faithful in the dark hours when our home was almost broken up. There was sickness in our home and we desperately needed God. Some people came over from Klamath County and brought an Apostolic Faith Church paper that told of the wonderful things God could do. God

was so real to them. We had a prayer meeting and the Lord completely healed my sick body. I didn't know any of those people, but I began to read that paper over and over. My heart was hungry. I didn't think I would ever have the privilege to be among people like them, but it wasn't long until I came into my first meeting.

They began to tell me the story. Everything the Lord did for them was so real. It was the very thing I had longed for. I knelt at the altar and asked God to make it as real to me. I am so glad I prayed and the Lord came into my heart and life. He gave me victory, He gave me peace and happiness, and He took away my sins.

I can say today that the Gospel is more real than ever before. God has done so much for me. I have had a Christian home of my own. We have nine children, and seven of those children are in the Gospel with us today. We have seen God come into our home and work miracle after miracle. Those things are still real to me today. I thank Him with all my heart.

Ruth McCollum



I thank God for this great salvation. I had never seen anyone get saved in the church I attended as a child. We did not have an altar call. People just came and joined the church. Still, the Lord spoke to my heart early in life, when I was about thirteen years of age. I knew that Christians did not go to dances, and I had always gone to the dances. I believed that the Lord would take the desire for sin out of my heart if I would just give Him a chance. But when the Voice of God spoke to my heart, I rebelled and turned away from Him. That was the worst thing I ever did.

For about five or six years, I did not have any conviction for sin. How glad I am that Jesus called me once again!

After I was married, my husband and I went to the dances and ran towards the things of the world. My husband drank, and our home was almost broken up because of this life of sin.

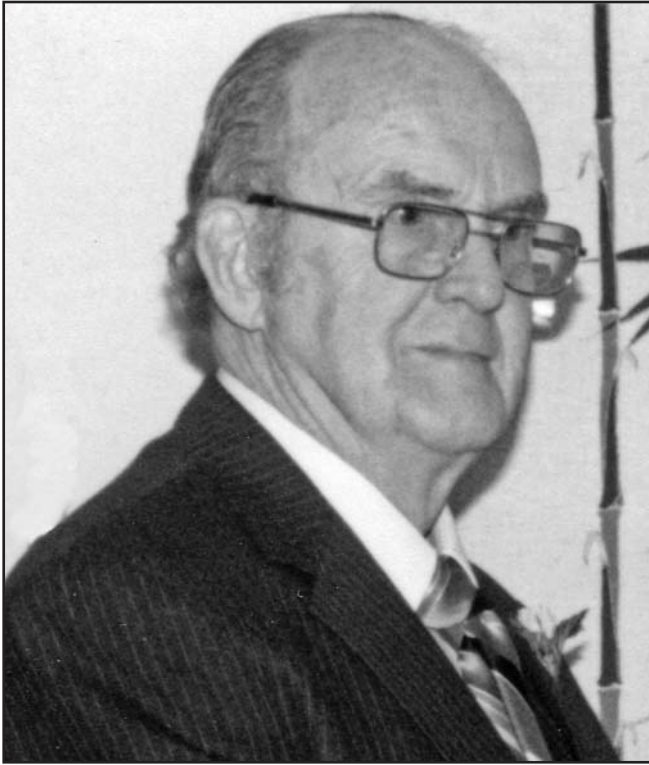
One day out on our old ranch where we lived at that time, I turned my heart to God; I just gave up to Him. I did not know that He was going to make a change in my heart that day, but it was marvelous when the Lord came in. I knew I was saved. I felt the love of God in my heart. I had wanted to get saved for some time, but was afraid to tell my husband for fear he would leave me.

That night when my husband came home, I said, "I prayed today. I am saved, and I am not going to those dances anymore." He said he was glad. He told me that he had wanted to get saved for a whole year, but was afraid to tell me.

That was the turning point in our life and in our home. He went to church with me just a few nights later, went to the altar to pray, and the Lord saved him. He never wanted the cigarettes or the liquor again. We got a Bible and began reading it and praying together.

Our home would have been broken up had we remained in sin and continued going to the dance halls, but today I can say we have had forty years of a happy married life.

The Gospel is the greatest thing in the world. I have felt God's healing touch when I have been sick. I know what it is to have Him raise me from the very jaws of death by His mighty power. I truly love Him today.



Earl Garrison

I am glad today that I can say I am a Christian. It is only through the mercy of God that I am able to praise Him. He has done much for me.

I was brought up in a Christian home. My parents were praying people. They were brought to the Apostolic Faith Church through the miracle of my grandfather being healed of cancer in answer to prayer. My earliest remembrances are of this church, and I am glad that the Lord saved me when I was just a child of ten.

I left the Gospel for about thirty years. I thank the Lord that He again started to deal with me. He dealt with me for a long time. I am glad the time came when I wanted God, and wanted Him most earnestly. God did not deal with me the way I wanted Him to; it was the way He wanted. I did not want to go to the altar where many people were praying, and I did not want anybody to ask me to pray. If someone had asked

me, I am sure I would have turned them down. I was very stubborn. Nobody asked me, though.

I am glad that one Sunday evening I did go forward. There was not the confusion with everyone praying together that I thought there would be. I talked to God that night, and the praying of the other people did not bother me a bit. I did not pray long before I knew I was saved.

During the past eight years, I have had a different life. I enjoy the service of the Lord. I am enthused with the progress of the Gospel.



Annie Morgan

I am so glad for the day that God called me to take the way of the Cross. I have been thinking of the opportunities I had when a young girl. My family was well thought of, and I had an opportunity for a good education. They sent me to a finishing school where I studied music and art. I belonged to the clubs, and associated with a class of people that did not have to work for a living.

I had been a church member from the time I was about thirteen years old, and I tried so hard to serve the Lord. I was always on hand when there was anything to be done. I worked among the poor. I loved the downtrodden and was always so willing to help neglected children. But somehow, in the back of my mind, there was always that thought that I was not right with God. I feared to die, and I knew that Jesus was coming again and I wasn't ready to meet Him. The question was always coming to my mind, "Am I right in God's sight?" No one ever told me—I never even heard it hinted—that a Christian could live

above sin. But I am so glad that I struggled on. I always knew that somewhere on earth God had those who would lead His people. I was willing to be led; and so I searched everywhere.

One day I received a little paper titled "Divine Healing," so I got real light concerning the Word of God. It made such a change in my life; it opened up worlds in that Word of God. That paper was full of life. It said that Jesus still healed the sick, the same as He did when He walked the shores of Galilee. From that very day I trusted God. At the same time I heard about Christians paying tithes, and I thought that was so wonderful, so I did that also. I kept the Sabbath as well, but still, I knew I was not right with God.

One night I was so discouraged and broken hearted that it seemed there wasn't a thing in life for me—nothing to look forward to. I took my little children upstairs and put them to bed, and turned the light down low until they were asleep. Then I knelt down by a window in their room that faced the East. I thought about Daniel and how he prayed to God, and God heard him. I thought if I could talk to God as Daniel did, He would hear my prayer. I said, "God, if You will lead me to Your people, I will follow them to the ends of the earth."

We had a nice little home with everything we needed, and we had a good start in life, but my husband made up his mind we were moving to Portland, Oregon. I thought it was such a foolish thing to give up everything and move west, but we did it. My husband moved first and on his first Sunday here, he heard the Apostolic Faith people.

A few months later I arrived. Just one hour after reaching Portland, I sat in one of the meetings among these people. I was there under protest. When I left from the East I thought I was through with religion. I had tried so many different doctrines and studied so many different things. I had tried Christian Science, Russellism, Mormonism, and Darwinism, but somehow they did not register true in my heart. I held to the Bible all my life. I never could remember a time when I didn't love God's Word, and I tried so hard to live according to it.

The trip from Canada with three little children had been a long one and I was tired and weary

that night. But I heard the Shepherd's voice when I entered their hall and listened to the meeting. A preacher stood up and preached the Word that says, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin." He said it didn't make any difference how many churches a person belonged to or what profession they had, if they sinned they were a sinner. God showed me the Cross, and I saw Jesus on the Cross. He spoke to my heart as though I were the only one in the entire world He had died for. He opened my eyes to the truth and I realized for the first time in my life what the problem was with my Christian experience.

Such a fear came into my heart; I thought I was the worst sinner there. Every crooked thing I had ever done came up before me. But I am glad God gave me an honest heart. I got on my knees, and God gave me real repentance and a godly sorrow for my sins. For the first time in my life I knew I was right with God. He set me free from sin, and oh, what victory and peace came into my heart! God has given me power to live the life of a real Christian. I had no trouble turning the old world down with its folly and pride, for I had found the peace my soul had sought for so many years. I rejoice that God has counted me worthy to be a child of the King.



Roy Frymire

My parents taught me about God from my earliest childhood. When I was just a toddler, my father and two older brothers were clearing some land and burning sagebrush. A bobcat came across the field, ran into one of the bonfires, and came out fighting mad! The boys ran, but the cat was faster. It knocked down one of my brothers, clawing and biting him. My father heard the boys screaming and ran to them. Before he could get out his knife, the cat jumped on him too, sinking its claws into his leg and biting him.

The cat was rabid, and my father became very ill. Although he knew the way of salvation, he was not saved at the time. He was in the hospital for three months, and when he came home, he thought about how near death he had been. It was not long before my father gave his heart to God. My mother was already a Christian, and

together they were careful to teach all of us how to be born again.

When I was fifteen years old, we came from Klamath Falls, Oregon, to Portland for a camp meeting. I met a number of fellows my age. Most of them were Christians. This impelled me to think about my own spiritual condition. God dealt faithfully with my soul. One night the preacher asked, "Who is on the Lord's side?" I wanted to be, so I went forward to the altar of prayer. As I prayed, forsaking my sins and asking forgiveness, I promised to serve the Lord the rest of my life if He would write my name in the Book of Life and give me victory over sin. God answered my prayer and witnessed to my soul that I was saved. What a wonderful joy filled my heart that night!

The next night the Lord sanctified me, removing the inherited sinful nature from my life. On the last Sunday morning of camp meeting that year, God poured out the wonderful gift of the Holy Spirit upon my life. That has meant more to me than I can ever explain. His Presence abides in my life and has given a greater boldness to tell what the Lord has done for me.

In 1935, I graduated from high school, and hoped to get a job and buy a few of the luxuries of life that were unavailable to a child brought up in a large family during those years. However, my dad encouraged me to attend the camp meeting in Portland one more summer. He said by the next year I might be working and not able to get a vacation at that time.

That camp meeting holds a key place in my life. God's Word found new meaning in my heart and had an effect that I had not experienced before. One day, Florence Crawford, the founder of the Apostolic Faith Church, gave a teaching about King David wanting to make an offering to God to stay the plague that had come upon the Children of Israel. David went to buy the threshing floor of Araunah the Jebusite. Araunah wanted to give the land and also his animals to David, but David replied that he would buy them because he would not offer something to God that "cost me nothing." She challenged us, "If you really want God's best, give Him something that costs you something."

That day, I went forward and prayed, "Lord, what can I give You that costs me something?" Almost immediately, the Lord answered. Although it was not an audible voice, I knew it was God who spoke to my heart, "What about giving Me your life in fulltime service?"

At the moment, I could not give Him an answer. I thought about my hopes for a job and the things that I wanted to buy. Those opportunities would not happen, I was sure, if I gave my full time

to the Lord. However, in a few days, I knew there was no alternative: either I would give my life completely and experience the fullness of God's love, or I would withhold my best from Him and live with a hope of a much lesser reward. I promised to serve God in any capacity He so desired. Have I regretted that choice? Never!

After I told the church's ministers of my consecration, they advised me to return home and continue with my life. They said they would let me know if and when I could be used fulltime in the Lord's work. Six years later, Pearl Harbor was attacked and the United States was in a war. Before long, I was in the military service.

God kept His hand over me during my military tour. One particular day, I was stationed in England in the U.S. Army Air Force. I belonged to one of twelve mobile units that repaired B-17 planes. My unit needed a part from a similar plane that was being salvaged on the same base, so I went over to get it. I was standing under the other unit's plane waiting for the crew chief when something said to me, "Get out from underneath this plane!" I had just stepped out from under it when the 34,000 pound airplane crashed to the ground. God spared my life that day.

After returning home, there was an opening for me to give my full time to church work in Portland. Soon afterward, I was started as a student minister—a calling I had felt for some time. After a couple of years, I was sent to help on the ministerial staff of the Medford, Oregon church. There, I met a young lady named Lois Dubs who caught my eye! She also was fully committed to serving God, and we were married on February 26, 1951.

Before many months had gone by, we received a telephone call that my parents had been killed in an automobile accident. This was a real shock, for we had seen them recently. They were completing a tour through Oregon and California, having visited all but one of their children. When grief comes, what a comfort it is to know that your loved ones are with God.

In 1952, I was asked to be a pastor. Through the years, Lois and I and our two sons had the privilege of living in several places. We spent some years in Eureka on the northern California coast. Then we lived at the northern coast of Washington in Port Angeles, with the Olympic Mountains in the background and the Straits of Juan de Fuca in the foreground. We were transferred to Minneapolis, Minnesota, where the summers are sometimes hot and humid, and our first winter had eighty-five inches of snow! Eventually we moved to Tacoma, Washington. In all these places, we knew God was with us and helped as we did our best to live for Him.

After serving in the pastorate at Tacoma for twelve years, we retired, but remained busy in Gospel work. In September of 2001, Lois was diagnosed with cancer. That news came as a real shock, and we made plans to move to Portland. However, before we moved, God chose to transfer Lois to Heaven. Although I miss her in every way, I am extremely grateful that she did not have to suffer for months with the cancer.

Now I have the privilege to work in the headquarters office of the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland. To me, this is one of the greatest opportunities that has ever been granted me. Above all else, I still have the lively hope of hearing the Trumpet call when Jesus returns to earth to rapture His Church. If God calls me to Heaven by the way of the grave, that is alright too. My one great desire is to be with God through all eternity.

Looking back, I know that God has given me many benefits. The Psalmist said, "Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits." It was over seventy years ago that God saved me; that is more than 25,550 days. If there had been only one benefit per day, think how many blessings it would be! However, the Lord said "benefits," plural. Truly I could not begin to tell of all the benefits God has given me through the years. He has been incredibly good to me.

Roy Frymire was on the ministerial staff of the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon. He was truly a statesman of this organization, having served faithfully in many ministerial roles for numbers of years. He received his call to come higher September 15, 2008, at the age of 91.



Ruth Allen

My parents were living in Oklahoma when my mother became very ill. Her weight dropped to only 100 pounds and was given up by the doctors to die. My father thought a change of climate might help her, so they moved to Arizona. She only became worse, though, and wanted to return home.

The hand of God led my parents, and through some Christian friends in Dallas, Oregon, we moved there and came into contact with the Apostolic Faith Church. I am glad we did, because it changed everything in our home. The people from the church prayed for my mother and the Lord healed her and added more than fifty years to her life.

As a result of that healing, I was brought up in a wonderful Christian home, and was taken to church and Sunday school, for which I am thankful. The time came when I too, asked Jesus to come into my life. I repented of my sins and asked Him to take out the desire for the things of the world. He answered my prayer.

I have had many wonderful privileges in the Gospel through the years, as a minister's wife and as a violinist in our church orchestras in the cities where we have lived. Last winter we spent a month in the West Indies, with our missionaries, ministering from place to place. What a thrill it was to give out the message of salvation to hungry hearers, and to pray with them when they, too, sought the Lord!

Being a Christian brings the greatest joy one can find in this life. I love the Lord with all my heart.



Lawrence Snyder

My wife and I started out to live as Christians when we were first married. However, as a salesman and a truck driver for a bakery, I went to company dinners and I began to drink. At first it was just a little wine with dinner, but that started a drinking problem in my life.

I came home one night and my wife detected liquor on my breath. I will never forget the look she gave me. She did not say a word—she just looked at me. She was so hurt and disappointed! That condemned me more than anything else, but I didn't change my ways. God had to deal drastically with me.

One night my car got stuck in the mud right near the railroad tracks. A duck hunter saw my plight and came with a steel cable. He attached it to my little Model A and started to pull me out of the mud and across the tracks. Just as he crossed the tracks I saw the light of an engine coming fast. There was no time to jump; I just froze. I thought I would surely be dragged into those big

wheels. But, oh, God's mercy! The wheels cut the cable and I watched railcar after railcar go by. Finally, the caboose went down the tracks. I was still sitting there—untouched! The car which had been towing me was on the other side of the tracks. The train had passed between.

I knew God was in that! Later, I renewed my vows to the Lord, and in a wonderful way, He brought me to a camp meeting. He gave me another chance. Wasn't that mercy? I had spurned God's love for fifteen years, but He took me back. He planted that peace in my heart again. He gave me that first love and the victory that I have had all these years. I praise Him for His wonderful love.



Betty Danner

I thank God for the privilege to tell the old, old story and that it is real to me. I have proved it for a number of years and have never found anything that looked bright enough to take me away from God's service.

My blessings began early in life. About fifty years ago, my parents heard the Gospel. They were living in a coastal town, when one of the members of the Apostolic Faith Church came out there telling the old story of Jesus. My folks pulled up stakes and we moved to Portland, Oregon. My mother's health was bad, but God healed her when she was very low with heart trouble and asthma. He gave her many years in this place.

I was brought up in the light of the Gospel, and as I went on through life I found that it takes more than being born into a Christian home to make a Christian out of a person. The temptations and trials of life are more than anyone could bear

without Jesus. I am glad I found that out early in life.

One day, on the campground, during a children's meeting, I experienced a heavy load of conviction. I cried out to Jesus from the depths of my heart and said that if He would make a change in me that I could see—something that would prove real—I would give Him the longest day I ever lived.

God has helped me to keep that vow. Through happiness, sadness, and whatever came my way, I have never found that I wanted to turn Jesus aside.

I have had many joys, and there have been times of sorrow too. I had some severe illnesses when young—scarlet fever, diphtheria, several kinds of measles—but we had the Great Physician. He was always there and brought me through.

I found that I could live a Christian life in school, among other young people. I have also found that Jesus is able to keep me living that life out in the business world every day. I work with many other young women and men. I can never cease to thank God that I had the privilege of being brought up in a Christian home, for when I look at other young people around me at work, it seems as if they have not had the chance that I had. Their homes seem to be full of trouble, and consequently, they have gone out into sin. They have practically ruined their lives. God has shielded me from many things, and I thank Him for that.

A relative has, many times, tried to get me to go the way of the world. Others, too, would be glad if I joined them in worldly pleasures, but I have found joy, peace, and happiness in the Gospel. I have friends in the Gospel that I wouldn't exchange for a million friends in the world.

It makes my heart leap with gratitude to the God of Heaven that He has saved me and put this joy and peace in my heart. I have found satisfaction in serving Jesus that the world could never give me. I wish everyone could have it. I can recommend it to any young person.

I thank God for His healing power that I have felt in my body many times. He healed me when the doctor turned from the room and walked out and as much as said that there was no hope. God's people held on for me and God healed me. I believe He raised me up so that I could be of service to Him. I do not want to fall down on the job, but want to consecrate my life to God as I never have

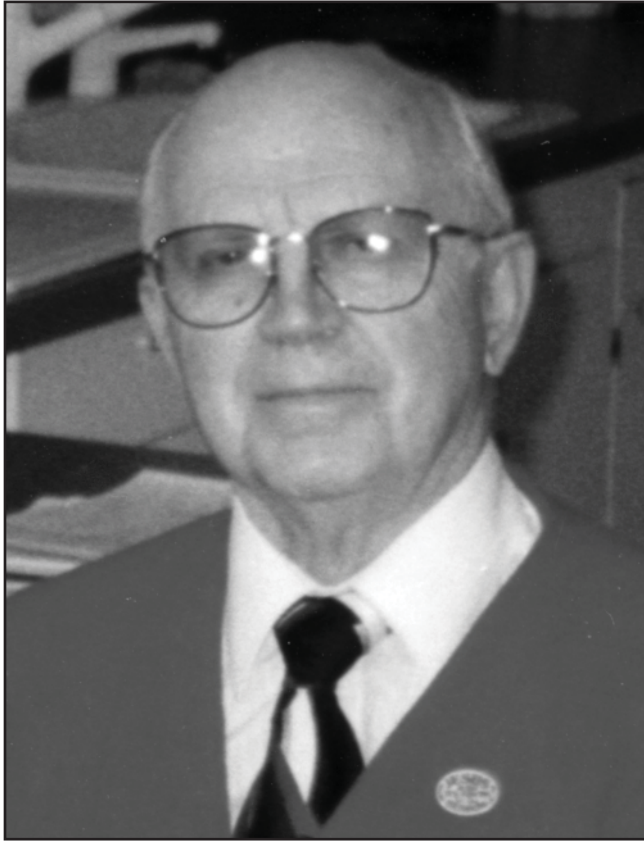
before and be used of Him. He has showered my life with blessings.

About a year ago I had whiplash. Someone hit the back of our car. I didn't realize at the time that anything was wrong, but after a few days, I was getting up at night and walking the floor with terrific headaches. I could barely stand it, but I put off being prayed for.

One Sunday night, I went up on the platform and two ministers prayed the prayer of faith, and that night the Lord gave me rest. The pain was gone; He had healed me. My neck is better than it has been for years. For years it seemed as though I had arthritis in my neck and I could hardly turn my head. But I haven't had any problem since that night that they prayed.

Recently my husband was very ill, writhing in pain. Again we called on Jesus. It took a little while, but our faith held on, we kept praying, and Jesus undertook. I was sick the last week of camp meeting, and then an ugly growth appeared. It was very painful and something I had never had before. I asked the ministers to anoint and pray for me as we are instructed in James 5. I wasn't healed right away and went the second time to be prayed for. Then, at the ordinance service of the Lord's Supper, near the close of camp meeting, God touched me. It took about a month for it to clear up entirely, but now it is all gone but for a little scar.

I have found in Jesus One whom I can trust—someone to lean upon. I want to serve Him as long as I live.



Elvin (Bud) Johnson

I love Jesus and I know that Jesus loves me. I want to thank God for Holy Ghost conviction. I was raised in the Apostolic Faith Church and I knew the way to go.

When I was a small boy, I went to church and I wanted to serve the Lord. I practiced the trombone and longed to play it in the church services someday. I loved to go to church on Sunday night. Brother Ray's trombone would be lying on the top of the piano and he would get up and play it, and direct the congregational singing with it.

I anticipated Brother Rodman's preaching. I loved to hear that highly-educated man stand up at the pulpit. And I loved to hear the testimonies of those giants of God sitting on the front row of the platform. They would get up and tell of the great things the Lord had done for them, making them what they were supposed to be.

But the enemy of my soul came along, and the things of this world began to look bright to me. I laid down the trombone and went out into

sin. Oh, how I rue the day that I thought other things were more important than God's work!

I started with the boys, playing basketball. After we would get through playing, they would have some beer and cigarettes. I would partake of that. I went to work for the Canton Grill out where 82nd Avenue crosses Division Street in Portland, Oregon, when I was about sixteen or seventeen washing dishes. I would start about four o'clock in the afternoon and get off at one or two o'clock in the morning. Then, downtown we would go. It was one sin and then another.

Those first glasses of beer and those first cigarettes did not stop. I joined the United States Coast Guard and went around the world. It was not long until I was serving sin to its fullest extent. I smoked up to two-and-a-half packs of cigarettes a day and I was almost an alcoholic. Sometimes when I would be sitting on a barstool, in a stupor from drinking, I would try to tell myself, "There is no God." I remembered, though, that when I was young, I had blood poisoning—streaks had gone up my leg. I limped up onto the platform to have the ministers pray for me and the Lord healed me instantly; I walked off without a limp.

One night, while sitting in a bar and looking at myself in the mirror, I wondered what life was all about. The bartender said to me, "Why are you so blue tonight?" I told him that I did not know why—but I did. I was sad because I knew that if I were to be cut off in my sin, I would go to Hell.

I am so glad for conviction, because I wasn't really able to enjoy the sin. No matter where I went, or how far away, I would see before me the faces of those I had heard proclaiming the Gospel. I had been brought up in this church, and I could never forget what I had heard as a child. In my mind I could hear the Morning Star Quartet singing. It was the Lord talking to me.

My mother's prayers followed me. She was a dear old mom who prayed and prayed and prayed. She would say to those that she knew were prayer warriors, "Pray for Bud, he is in the depths of sin." I am so glad that one time, after being out on the old Atlantic for about twelve days, fighting a North-easter, mom's prayers got through. I thought that ship was going to sink, so I went into the ship's library and got down on my knees and prayed like mom used to pray. I broke up a Catholic Mass that

morning, but God broke the storm. We went in safe to New York harbor—covered with ice, but we were safe.

At age twenty-eight, I found myself in a terrible condition. One night, a man stepped up to me and put a gun to my stomach and said, “If I ever see you again, I will kill you.” From that time on God followed me day and night with conviction.

I came to church one Sunday afternoon to bring my sister to a young people’s meeting. Everything changed for me that day. I did not go downtown as I had planned, but instead, I parked my car nearby and walked through the front doors of the tabernacle. I sat down in the back of the auditorium.

At the end of the service, as I was about to make my exit, one of the ministers put his hand on my shoulder and asked, “Wouldn’t you like to come with me and pray?” Something within me leaped. I turned back around and down the aisle we went. I dropped on my knees, crying, and prayed as only a brokenhearted sinner can.

As I prayed, those who loved me gathered around me and prayed. Jesus heard in Heaven above, and a transformation took place in my heart—a heart that had been hardened by sin.

God wrought a work in my life that completely changed my desires; I began to live for Jesus. The craving for alcohol left me and it never came back. The desire for cigarettes was gone, as well as the cursing and the wild life. The Lord gave me power over all sin.

I had to make restitution. I got saved, and here came those trains I had ridden on. I am so thankful it was in my heart to make that restitution.

I was single for a few years after I got saved, and then lo-and-behold, if the Lord didn’t bring Shirley into my life. We married and have had many years together. It has been a wonderful life serving the Lord together. He has been so good to us.

We have been in many places serving the Lord: in the Midwest for three years, in Hawaii for two-and-a-half-years, and up and down the coast. I am happy to be able to tell people everywhere I go that Jesus came into my heart, took out the sin and misery, and gave me peace, joy, and happiness.

It is wonderful to be in the family of God. For six weeks, the family of God prayed for me as I lay flat on my back. I could just lift my head enough for my wife to put the plate up there by my mouth, so I would get some food in. Ministers came to Yakima, Washington, to pray for me. At about four or five o’clock in the morning my wife would call them up and say, “Come and pray for Bud. He needs prayer.” They would come and get down on their knees by my bed and pray. Then, the power would come down and the Lord would lift that pain, so I could rest for a while.

I thank God for a faithful assistant. I would call him and say, “Jimmy, come on before you go to school. Come and pray for me.” He would come and he would pray and the pain would leave.

I thank God for a faithful wife. All night long that pain would just be excruciating until finally I would say, “Honey, you have got to pray for me.” Shirley would come around to my side of the bed and take hold of my hand. She would drop down on her knees and pray a couple minutes and the power would come down. The Lord would touch me.

One day I had to go to have an x-ray. The doctor said, “We know just about what we will find.” That was rather morbid, but I did not have any fear. When he got through with those x-rays he said, “It is marvelous. This is wonderful.” He said, “There is surely Somebody smiling down on you.” I said, “Doctor, if the Lord has touched me once, He has touched me fifty times. I knew I was going to be all right.”

I just cannot thank God enough for taking that load of sin off of my heart and off of my life and giving me peace. That is a wonderful thing – to be able to go to bed at night, lay your head on that pillow, and know that you have not sinned against God or man. It is just a wonderful life. I praise Him and thank Him that He has blessed me in so many, many ways. I have had peace for fifty-three years, and have had the opportunity to serve Jesus who loved me so much that He died that I might have life, and have it more abundantly.



Bruce Archer

God spoke to my heart when I was hidden away in the oil fields of Oklahoma under an assumed name. I was a robber, a man of the underworld.

I had been brought up in a good home. My mother was a Christian, and she faithfully read the Bible and prayed with me. My father tried to bring me up to do the right thing, but I would not come under my father's rule.

When I was fifteen years old, my father heard that I had shot at a boy on the street. He said, "Son, there is only one thing to do, and that is to do right. Then you will keep yourself out of trouble, and you will keep me out of trouble. If you go on the way you are now, you will land in the penitentiary. And going there, you will take every dollar that I have, because I know the love that I have in my heart for you." That day, instead of going to the schoolroom, I left home.

I got a job washing dishes in a restaurant. There was a gambling hall upstairs, and I began

to frequent that place. In a very short time, I saw that I was going to need more money than my wages. The boss's long pistol was under the counter. I decided to steal that gun and get more money with it. But what did it bring? More sorrow, more heartache.

From then on, I committed one crime after another. I deserted the United States Navy; I wore a mask and carried two big guns, and had a string of crimes that reached clear across the United States; I stole automobiles and held up gambling houses.

It is just God's mercy that I was not killed. When the officers' bullets whizzed all around me, I looked up and said, "God, have mercy! Don't let them kill me!" I knew where I would go if I died. Mother had taught me the Bible stories, and the memory of them was in my heart. Sometimes the thought of suicide crossed my mind, but then I would think of that place—Hell!

One time I spent fifteen days hiding out in the swamps of Arkansas with a Winchester strapped to my back. The only sleep I got was in some treetop while my partner kept watch.

Another time, a twenty-five-man posse was instructed to take me dead or alive, and some of them came within thirty yards of me. But high up in Heaven, Jesus, the Friend of sinners, was looking down on my broken heart. I believe He saw a little spark of honesty that wanted to do the right thing.

Later, I came out West and one day, as I was driving up Washington Street in Portland, Oregon, I saw a group of people telling what God had done for them. I pulled my car up to the curb and listened to what they had to say. They spoke of having peace and happiness, something I knew nothing about. If they had asked me about misery, heartache, and remorse, I could have told them about it from A to Z.

Their testimonies impressed me. I went to the Apostolic Faith Church and knelt at an altar. I said, "Lord, if You will save me, I'll give You my life. I'll do what You want me to do. I'll go to work and be a man. I'll confess out that old life, and I'll let them do to me what they want. Please save me."

The Lord did save me. He brought peace and happiness into my heart, and the misery moved out. For days, I walked the streets saying, "Oh, it is wonderful!" What was wonderful? The change that had revolutionized my life. I had peace.

I began going back over my old life and making restitution. The stolen money ran into thousands of dollars. One fellow, that I had robbed of a hundred dollars, wrote back saying he didn't want to be repaid. All he wanted was for me to pray for him that he might have this same old-time religion.

I faced the Naval authorities and said, "Here I am, a deserter from the United States Navy. I left the ship in New York City. I was saved in the Apostolic Faith Church and am going over my old life making amends. You can do to me what you want to do." They said they would consider the matter. In a few days, I received a letter from them. It said, "According to the laws of the United States you are a wartime deserter. But because of the new life you are living now, we will not punish you for your desertion."

My hands were stained with the blood of my fellow man. I had accidentally killed a man in one of my holdups in Texas. As he died, he said, "Why did you have to kill me?" His cries haunted me. I wrote to the governor of Texas and confessed this crime. God went before me, and I never had to spend one moment behind prison bars.

God delivered me from all the many sinful habits and appetites that had me bound for years. He set me free. One time on the job, I mentioned to a fellow worker that God had lifted me out of the old life. He asked, "Just how high did God lift you?" I replied, "He lifted me so high that you can't look at me and tell what I used to be." After I told him how I had lived, he said, "I never heard of such a thing as getting out of a life like that."

The only way a criminal and outlaw can be saved is through the Blood of Jesus. Today I have a clean record and a clean heart. Jesus did that for me.



Virginia Weinberg

I am thankful that I am a happy Christian. I am particularly thankful for a street meeting that was held many years ago in St. Louis, Missouri. On that night, my father and brother stepped out of a theater right into that service. They were not looking for God, but God knew we needed Him in our home and in our lives. They stayed long enough to be handed an Apostolic Faith paper.

My mother had been seeking for God, but could not find rest for her soul. She seemed to realize that that paper had in it what she needed. She went to the service in St. Louis, and God showed her what her choice would mean: eternal life or eternal death. How glad she was to grasp the life line!

Alone in her home, she prayed and gave her heart to Jesus. What a change there was in our home which had been on the verge of separation! Sin went out. There were no more cards and other sinful pleasures. We had a praying mother

and an open Bible. We had all the advantages of a Christian home.

As I grew into my teen years, I rebelled against some of the restrictions upon me. How thankful I am that my mother kept praying for me! The Lord put heavy conviction on my soul. It seemed when my sister and I went to worldly amusements, everyone else had a good time, but we did not.

One night, I was going to listen to a program on the radio. God talked to my heart in such a way that instead of turning on the radio, I fell to my knees by my bedside and gave my heart to Jesus. I offered Him my life, trusting Him for the future. He came into my heart and made Himself real to me.

We were living in the country at that time, and there was no place for me to worship. But God put such a love in my heart for Him! I loved to read His Word and would sit at the piano and sing the songs of Zion. Those were wonderful days.

Then the Lord put such a strong desire in my heart to move to Portland, Oregon. It was not easy to leave home, for I loved my parents and siblings, but I felt my soul could be fed more.

After arriving in Portland, I sought earnestly at the altar of prayer for something deeper. The Lord gave me that wonderful experience of sanctification. I will never forget the night I knelt at one of the altars. Praises of God burst out of my heart like an artesian well. Oh, how I rejoiced! Then, such peace, quietness, and holiness came into my heart—something I had never experienced before.

How happy I was! But the Lord put another desire in my heart—for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was during Midwinter Special Meetings. I was so hungry to get to one meeting after another. I was not thinking about my home in the Midwest. All I was concerned with was receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Two days after Christmas, the Lord opened the heavens and poured out His Spirit on me! He satisfied my longing heart. Then such yearning came into my heart to see others saved. I kept a diary at that time, and it seemed that on every page I was pouring out my heart to God, longing to see souls saved.

I made my reservation for Heaven years ago, but I want to know it is still valid. There is communication between my heart and the Savior, and it means more to me than anything else in the world. He makes my days brighter as I go along. I have a lively hope of seeing Jesus face to face.



Sandy Beasley

From 1910 to 1911, I worked in a logging camp in Washington. While there, someone came by and handed me an Apostolic Faith paper. I read a little of it, and such fear and conviction came over me that I gave it back without reading anymore. From then on, God put a hunger in my heart to be a Christian.

I received a Sunday school quarterly and read one lesson in it each night until I had read them all. Then I got a New Testament and read it through to Revelation. Such conviction settled on me! I could not understand what I was reading, so I decided to put it down until after I was saved.

Months went by, and I was again working in the same logging camp. God sent a revival of old-time conviction to the places around it. On a Friday night, some of us walked six miles to town to attend a little church, because our hearts were hungry for God. That night, as I sat in the meeting, I wanted peace with God more than anything else in all the world. I wept all through the meeting. At the close, I told the Lord I would do His will, give up the pride in my heart, and surrender my life to Him. The peace of God filled my hungry soul. I was one of five loggers who gave their hearts to the Lord that night. As I walked back to the camp, I could feel victory in my heart. I had found rest for my soul. After that, when I awoke each morning, I would thank God for another day to live for Him. I never went back to the old life; I did not get angry, curse, or get drunk anymore.

I quit logging and stayed in the little town where I got saved. My brother came from back East to stay with me in a shack. One night as we read the Bible and then got on our knees and prayed, a change took place in his heart. I saw the evidence of it on his face. He had found peace with God, too.

Later, he went to Seattle to find work and came across the overseer of the Apostolic Faith. He brought back an Apostolic Faith paper (number seventeen) and gave it to me. I read it over and over and wept as I read it. I believed every word in it, because it was all in the Bible, and the Word of God was in my heart. A hunger came into my heart to be under the leadership of the Apostolic Faith. Also, my soul hungered for sanctification. I sought for it, and one Sunday, as I prayed in my little side room in a bunkhouse where I was working, God sanctified my soul. It seemed the Spirit of God formed the words of prayer for me. I could hear myself pray for a clean heart – that was the burden of my heart as I prayed. Then I said, “I believe you are doing it now, Lord.” Then the Spirit in me changed to praising God for a clean heart. The Spirit had made intercession for me in prayer. God gave me the witness when the work was done.

I wanted the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but I did not seek for it as I should have. God would have given it to me then if I had contended for it. I went on for years, against my welfare and my usefulness in the Gospel. But the time came when I got so hungry for my baptism that I did not want to live without it. God burdened the hearts of the faithful workers that prayed with me and for me until one of them wanted me to receive it as much as I wanted it myself. God, in His great love, came down and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire in San Francisco, on Market Street, in an upper room. The next morning, at work, the enemy tried to make me doubt it, but I knew I had received it.

I thank God for His faithfulness and for these three experiences.



Leone Kemi

I feel I owe such a debt of gratitude to God for all the things He has done for me. Surely He has been wonderful to me from the day of my birth. I had the privilege of being raised in a wonderful Christian home. The Bible was an open Book all my life, and I thank the Lord that it not only lay open on the table, but that it was read.

I am so glad I had that Christian environment as a start in life. The wonderful love of God was deep in my heart when a child, but as I grew older and listened to my school friends tell about the good times they seemed to be having, animosity grew in my heart. I wondered if maybe they were having some fun and seeing things in life that I was missing out on. I began to feel that this Christian training was too straight, and I wanted to have my own way in life.

I thank God that before I grew very old, the Lord talked to my heart so definitely. I could not think a bad thought or do anything wrong, but I would know it was wrong. I thank God for giv-

ing me a tender conscience and helping me to listen to His voice.

The Lord dealt with my heart individually. I am so glad that one night He really pinned me down and showed me that I needed to do something about giving Him my heart for time and eternity. I had a personality that wanted to have my own way. I remember one evening so well. I had an argument with some member of the family and went to my room. I was going to sit and feel sorry for myself thinking about it. But I am so glad that before I reached my room, walking down the long hall, the Lord really talked to my heart and said, "You should go and pray."

I dropped to my knees at my bedside all alone and asked God to be merciful to me a sinner. That was a hard thing for me to say because I felt that, because of my Christian home, I was a little better than some of my school friends. I was a little different on the outside, but down in my heart I wasn't any different. I am so glad that the Lord forgave me that evening. His love was extended to me so wonderfully, even though I had just pushed Him aside and wanted to go my own way. That night the Lord gave me peace; He gave me happiness and joy. It wasn't something in my head, but it was down in my heart. It is a wonderful treasure to me today!

That has been many years ago, and I have had a lot to learn in those years, but I can say I am happier today than I have ever been. The Lord has been with me through all my school days. Now out in the business world for many years, I have met all kinds of situations, all kinds of people, and all kinds of religions, but I haven't found anything that would hold a candle to this wonderful happiness that the Lord has put in my heart.

I have had quite a struggle with cancer in my life for a good many years. Not long ago I was talking to some of the family who were concerned about what care I might need in the future. When I mentioned this to the doctor he said, "Well if you'd asked me in 1986 when you came to me, I would have given you one year, but you fooled me and now I don't know what to think." He comments every time I have to go in to see him that it's just a remarkable situation. The last time I went to see him

he said, "The Lord has been with you." I'm so glad that I could count on the Lord to bring me through this. He has given me good health. Sometimes it's hard to pray for my healing when I feel so good.

I just thank God that He is with me every day. I love Him with all my heart, and as long as He gives me strength and health I intend to give it back to Him. I am happy today. I am not discontented with the Gospel, but I feel like I want to press forward and give my best to the Lord for He has done so much for me.

Opal Hanlin



Through my growing-up years, prayer was one of the cornerstones of our home. Often when coming in from school, I would hear my mother in her room communing with God. Many times I listened to Dad praying in his study as I drifted off to sleep. The effectiveness of prayer was clearly demonstrated in our lives many times.

The first I can remember telling Jesus how much I loved Him was while playing church in my parents' bedroom. I lined up my dolls and two teddy bears and whispered in their ears, "You must be good and quiet now in church." Then I sat down across from them in my little chair. I straightened up, folded my hands in my lap, and began the song service with the words I could remember from my favorite hymns, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus" and "Oh, How I Love Jesus." Next, I stood up and pretended to testify. When it came time for the prayer service in my little meeting, all of the pretense and play was forgotten; I began to tell Jesus how much I loved

Him and His presence came down into that bedroom. The more I said, 'I love You, Jesus,' the more I really did love Him. Oh, what a joy filled my young heart! Suddenly I knew that Jesus had saved me. Jumping up from my knees, I ran downstairs to find my mother and tell her that Jesus had come into my heart. That was my first real testimony.

That day, God gave me a witness of His sweet Spirit in my heart. I was just five years old, but that memory has never faded away like so many other things of my childhood. That event was a landmark in my life.

About two years later, my brother and his friend joined me for another session of playing church, this time in our living room. As we worshipped the Lord, His Spirit touched my heart. I left the other two and ran to the bedroom where I finished my prayer meeting. It was then that Jesus sanctified me. It was a wonderfully real and definite experience in my life. I felt so clean and pure!

At the age of eleven, at our Sixth and Burnside church in Portland, Oregon, the Lord met me on Sunday night near midnight. The service was long over, and nearly everyone was gone, but six very dear people were praying with me. Knowing that power for service was promised to those who were wholly sanctified, I wanted to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit and was praying and hungering for that experience in childish fervor. Suddenly, Jesus showed Himself to me. His head was bowed and His hands folded. At once I realized He was praying for me! Faith leaped into my heart. If Jesus wanted me to receive the Holy Spirit, I surely could. With even more intense desire and praise, I reached out and His Spirit filled me with joy overflowing. As a witness, words came through my lips in a language I had never learned. The Holy Spirit had come into my heart. Just then Jesus showed Himself again to me. His head was lifted and He was smiling down at me. I will never forget that experience in prayer!

The Lord blessed me with opportunities to have a part in His service. When I was just fourteen, I was asked to sing in the church choir and play my violin in the orchestra. At age seventeen, I began teaching my first Sunday school class. Those were wonderful days in my young life.

At eighteen, the enemy of my soul began to war, in subtle ways, against the work God had done in my life. It started with a little pride. Then I became busy and neglected to read my Bible and pray every day as I had been taught. A love for the things of the world crept into my heart. I began to look at others outside my circle of church friends and thought perhaps I was missing some by my sheltered life. Bits of criticism crept in. I found fault with the guidelines and standards of the church wanting them to be altered to fit my increasingly carnal outlook. I began living my life in bitterness toward those who loved me.

I found no pleasure in sin; the self-will and pride that filled my heart brought many disappointments and remorse, and I was disillusioned at every turn. Alone in my room, God would deal with me, but I rationalized in my own mind that things were not really my fault, so when my spirit was troubled, I would wonder why things were going wrong.

My parents were deeply concerned at the changes they saw taking place in me. Mother would say to me, “Opal, pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall,” but I went on in my own way with each little step away from God bringing more leanness to my soul and weakening my faith. My spiritual armor did not fit anymore, and soon each counsel and reproof brought bitterness.

I knew that as long as I lived under my father’s roof I could not do the things that my heart longed after. Also, I had condemnation in my life, so it wasn’t long before I decided I wanted to leave that Christian home. I packed up my things and moved to a large city about 500 miles away. I reasoned that I would just have a good time on my own, not doing anything so wrong, just leading my life without so many restrictions. I had changed masters, though, and I started to slide downhill fast.

My new friends and the people I worked with knew much more about the ways of sin than I did, so they taught me. Soon, I was doing things I had never dreamed I would do. I found that instead of my life getting better, it was becoming more and more confused.

God had mercy and protected me in one vulnerable situation after another. When trouble really did come my way, I prayed. They weren’t repentant prayers, though. They were just, “God help me!” He did help, but life just seemed to come to a dead end. My health was failing and my heart was troubled. I kept receiving letters from home telling me my parents were praying for me, and conviction never left me. I knew I had turned away from God, and many times I would waken out of a sound sleep trembling with fear, but too stubborn to yield to God.

Then one day in my room, I heard God’s convicting Spirit in my heart say, “Opal, why don’t you do what you know you ought to do?” I answered Him right out loud, “All right, I will go.” God knew what I meant.

I worked the graveyard shift in the blueprint room of a shipyard. This was during World War II so during our shift, we were locked in our offices for security reasons. On some days, we were unable to work due to paper shortages. We still reported and were locked in our offices.

One night on my way to work, I thought that if there was no paper to print with that night, I would write a letter to my dad. God planned it so that when I arrived at work I was told that there was nothing we could do that night. As the other girls covered themselves with their coats and stretched out to sleep on the long folding tables, I started to write my letter.

As I wrote, the tears rolled down my cheeks and before long prayers were intermingled with them. I kept writing, and a wonderful thing happened. As I told Dad that I was sorry about the things I had said, the coil of bitterness that had fastened around my heart just began to unwind. I felt so good! I even forgot where I was for a short time, and then I wondered if the other girls were listening. I turned to look at them, but they were all sleeping soundly. I realized that God had put a deep sleep on all of them just so I could write that letter. How good I felt in my heart as I finished that letter— at five in the morning!

While the Lord had been dealing with me, He had also been moving my dad’s heart. One night, my dad felt an urge to pray. He went to his study and prayed until about midnight. He could not get

relief; he did not feel that he had “prayed through,” so he went out to the garage to pray. Still, he felt such a burden, so he got into his car and drove to the church. He prayed and prayed for his wayward girl. Around five in the morning, he felt released from that awful burden. He began to praise God for answered prayer from that moment on. That was the very night that I wrote the letter.

A few weeks later, I began making plans to go home. Every step I took, God was just ahead of me. I knew that this was more than just nostalgia or going home to make my peace with Mom and Dad; I was going home to God. More than anything else in the world, I wanted the peace I had once known.

The first church service I was in after returning, I cried out to God for that peace. As I bent my knees before Him, I bent my will to Him also. As I prayed, though, I wondered if God would hear me after I had run from Him. I wondered if He would forgive me. But God looked into my heart and saw my honest plea for mercy. I promised to give Him my heart, my soul, and my life if He would give me peace. I was sick of sin. I wanted God in my life again, and He knew it.

I do not know how the Blood of Jesus, shed almost 2000 years ago, could avail for my sin, but I do know that His precious Blood washed my sins away. Peace flooded my soul like a river. Tears of repentance turned to tears of joy. Those praying with me began sing “Peace, Peace, Wonderful Peace.” When I finally stood to my feet I knew a new day had begun in my heart.

I asked the Lord to make the experience of sanctification so real to me that I would never question it, never doubt it. I wanted an answer to give to those who might ask me about it. I didn’t want to be the least bit vague. The Lord answered that prayer. I felt that cleansing wave go through me from my head to my toes. It went right through my soul. The Blood of Jesus had availed for me a second time. It worked. And I knew Jesus was true and faithful to anyone who hungered for Him, and wanted to do His will.

The hunger was even greater for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was so sweet just to trust God and believe Him. He had blessed me many times, but that night when He poured out the Holy Spirit on me, I spoke in another language as a witness to it. I didn’t know what language it was, but someone told me later I had talked fluently in an Indian language. It was wonderful! I praise God that the witness was so sweet and clear to my soul.

That was thirty-nine years ago this past September—more than long enough to prove that it pays to serve the Lord! The Lord gave me a Christian husband and my own Christian home. He has drawn consecrations from me during these years, but He has richly repaid me for every one of them.

When my husband was asked to be pastor of the church in Grants Pass, Oregon, I was taken aback sharply. I had been a pastor’s daughter, so I knew what that meant! My husband had a good job, we had a little girl, we were buying our own home, I was a Sunday school teacher—this was my little world and I was all wrapped up in it. I was crying a helpless, selfish cry when the Lord spoke to my heart, “Opal, didn’t you tell Me that you would do what I wanted you to do?” Suddenly I realized it was not for me to seek my own. I had tried that before. I wanted to live to please the Lord and serve Him in whatever way He would show me.

I have never been sorry for that decision. He has provided a wonderful life for our family. We had the privilege of pastoring four churches while our daughter and son were with us, and since then, we have pastored one more. Many times we had to pray to the Lord for guidance, but we found that He always carries the heavy end of every burden. That early training of prayer and trust in God has brought the joy of many answered prayers and holds me steady even now.

The glory and beauty of the Gospel grow sweeter as time passes. The hope of my life here is magnified in Jesus, for He is the fulfillment of my hope hereafter.



Clyde Baltzell

As a young man in high school, I thought I was having a good time. I was a member of the athletic clubs; I played on all the teams; I went to the big basketball tournaments. I did many things to bring satisfaction to a young man, yet I found out after all, that I was defeated.

I was just about ready to enter college and certainly should have been happy, but down in my heart was dissatisfaction and unrest. I am glad the Spirit of God began to strive with my heart.

In a dance hall one night, louder than the old jazz music, a voice right down in my heart said, "When Jesus comes, will He find you in a dance hall?" I wasn't thinking about Jesus Christ. Right there in that dance hall, I saw the judgment of God upon my soul. I am glad God was faithful to me.

Way back in the state of Iowa, He directed an Apostolic Faith Church paper into my hands. I read the testimonies and saw instantly that these people had something real in their religion. I came clear out to Portland, Oregon, and went to the meetings. To my surprise, I heard young men testify that God had saved them and given them power to live right every day. That was what I wanted.

I had joined the Christian Endeavor organization by then, but it had not made a change in my life. I still loved the dance halls, the pool halls, and the worldly crowd of young people. I am glad that in the Apostolic Faith hall they said, "Get down upon your knees and God will save your soul."

I went to their altar and several young men prayed with me. They said, "If you mean business, God will save your soul." I meant business. I laid aside those ambitions I had striven for, and right there I gave my heart to God. He made a real change in my life.

I have seen God come down in my family and heal many. My uncle was dying with a tumor in his brain; no hope was held out for him at all, but the people of God prayed and he is working today, sound and well.

I have had the privilege of giving God more than two-thirds of my life, and I count it a wonderful privilege these days to sing and play the praises of God.

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