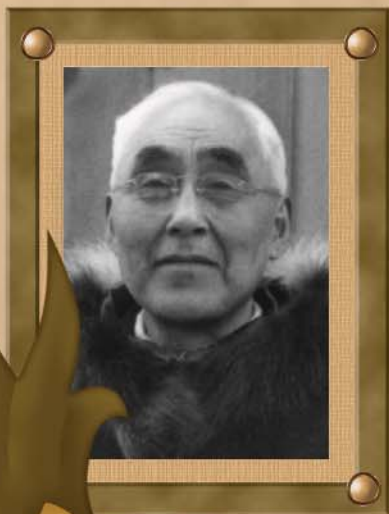


Volume 5



# Gospel Pioneers





# **Gospel Pioneers**

of the

**Apostolic Faith Organization**

Volume 5



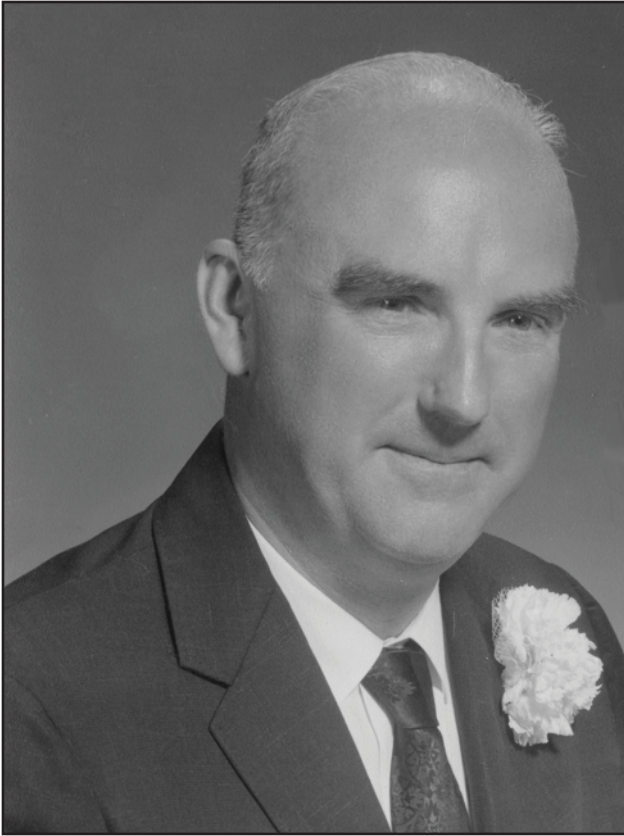


# Contents

Don Danner .....	5
Hilma Palola.....	7
Aase Kristensen .....	8
Jim Williams .....	9
Charlie Hunt.....	11
Rose Bonesteel.....	13
Gertrude Damron .....	15
Lester Hiatt.....	16
Frank Shirk.....	17
Helen Luka.....	19
Paul Patkotak .....	21
Valeta Paulsen .....	23
Marvin Bowen .....	24
Steve Cherwick.....	25
Margaret Thornton .....	26
Steve Williams .....	27
Ruby Novotny.....	29
Grant Hill .....	30
Georgiana Aycock.....	31
(Clarence) Everett Wayne .....	33
Myra Benedict.....	34
Emerson Matthews.....	35
Sven Hagen .....	36
Beatrice Jones .....	37
John Clasper.....	39
James Cook.....	41
Thelma Miles .....	43
Lula Caton.....	44
Melvin “Red” Arnold.....	45
May Richardson.....	47
Jennie Baldwin.....	49
James Damron.....	50
Cal Wolf .....	51
Helen Giselman.....	53
John Emory Day .....	55
Inger Friis.....	56
Harry Nelson .....	57
Don Dibble.....	59
Myrtle Peterson.....	60
Audrey Hinkle.....	61
Harold Barrett .....	63
Lucille Miller .....	65
Ernest Cochran.....	66
Charles Lohrbauer.....	67
Blanche Cox.....	69
Ethan Ewers .....	70

Vern Edmonds .....	71
Elvin Phillips.....	73
Harry Giselman.....	75
Freda Crawford.....	77
Robert Guddat.....	79
Dagfinn Halle .....	80
Sally Barrett .....	81
Melvin Hiatt.....	83
Kendall Damron.....	85
Ester Green.....	87
Gladys Jennings .....	88
Earl Erickson.....	89
David Guy .....	91
Amory Cass.....	93
Ernest Bell.....	95
Anna Butler .....	96
Dorothy Friesen .....	97
Eleanor Slator .....	98
Ed Chastain .....	99
Index .....	101

## Don Danner



I thank God for the old-time religion and victory over sin! My Christian heritage started when my parents and grandparents told me about miracles God had performed in their lives. One of my grandfathers was shot while on his cavalry horse during the Civil War. The shot hit the Bible he had in his pocket and knocked him off his horse. But only his pride was injured.

On the other side of my family, one uncle was a hopeless narcotics addict. He came into an Apostolic Faith service as the congregation was singing, “The Blood of Jesus ransomed me,” and said to his mother, “They’re singing that just for me.” He prayed after the service and was instantly delivered.

The stories I was told registered in my heart. I knew there was a way out of sin, and my boyhood heart was full of sin. In 1927 at an old-fashioned camp meeting, I went down the aisle and poured out my heart to God.

I enjoyed the fruits of this wonderful salvation for a time. However, I let that experience go and became a backslider. For twenty-eight long years I was out in the cold world of sin. It is a sorrowful thing to know the Son of God and then turn Him aside to go your own stubborn way.

I became successful in life; I had a good home, excellent employment, and plenty of friends. I had friends among the millionaires; I mingled with them every day. I enjoyed many of the good things in life. I seemingly had everything needed to make a person happy. But the life of sin does not pay. I was full of sin and sorrow.

God spoke to my heart often. Many times, I stepped out of my place of business and looked down the street to see the neon sign, “Jesus, the Light of the World” on top of the Apostolic Faith Church building, and my mind would go back to the days when I enjoyed the fullness of the Gospel. That sign struck conviction to my heart, but what did I do about it? Nothing!

I lost the best friend I ever had, my Christian mother, and that was a dagger to my heart. I knew she had the old-time religion, and it had paid off. I knew I must serve my mother’s God. I thank God the Gospel was still the same as when I had turned my back on it years before. I believe that is what brought me back.

On Sunday, October 11, 1959, I went to the tabernacle on the Portland campground with the expectation of going to the altar to pray. The bright lights of the world had paled into insignificance, and I was ready to surrender completely to God. It was a beautiful day. The flowers were a brilliant array of colors, birds were singing sweetly, and the sun was shining brightly. It was just the kind of day on which I used to go about the countryside focusing my camera on the spectacular scenes of nature. But God’s focus was on my heart, and I stopped long enough to listen to what He had to say. I felt it was my final call.

At the altar, old friends that I had known from my youth gathered around me and called on God for me. When I became honest with God and let Him know I was through with the old life, He came down and performed a miracle—the Blood of Jesus washed my heart again and resurrected my

backslidden soul. A backslider's testimony is nothing to be proud of, but there is a redeeming feature about mine: God had mercy on a backslider, and a sinner has come home!

I never lost one good thing from my life because of my decision to serve God. Instead, I received peace and joy in my soul. God's salvation is real, and I am thankful for it.

## Hilma Palola



When I was child, ten years old, the Lord performed a miracle in our home in Finland. My father became very ill and it was thought he might have tuberculosis. My mother had to go out and work, and being the oldest child, I was left to care for the younger children and my ailing father.

One day the minister came to see my father, and I was where I could hear what he said. He was supposed to give my father the last rites of our church, but in his conversation I heard him say, "This sickness may not be unto death but to the glory of God." Then I rushed outside, and underneath the porch I prayed as hard as I could for my father to be healed. He was healed! He lived forty years after that. He was later saved and died a Christian. I thank God for that answer to prayer.

In 1900, I moved to this country. I was just a young woman, and some of the farewell words my mother spoke to me were, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." When I went to

a dance those words would come to me and I would feel condemned.

Sometime later when I was living in Seattle, Washington, I prayed in my room and God saved my soul. Then a friend told me about the Apostolic Faith people. I went to their little mission and heard testimonies that I knew came from God. I wanted more from Him. A hunger came into my heart to have the deeper spiritual experiences these people testified about.

My friend invited me to go to Portland, Oregon, with her. I went, and she took me to an Apostolic Faith service at Front and Burnside. In that very first meeting, the Lord wonderfully sanctified me. Then almost a year later, He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

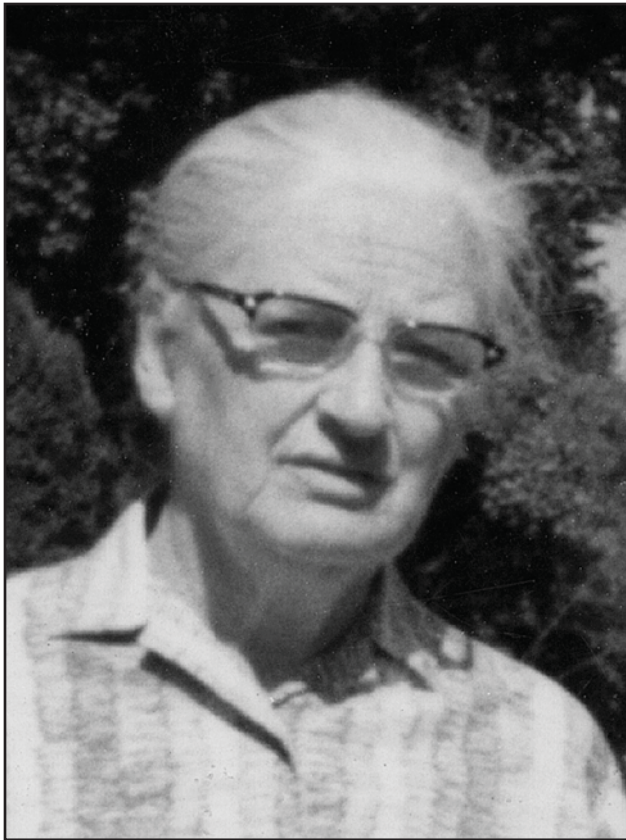
At that time my friend was working in the home of the founder of the Apostolic Faith Church. I was always consecrating and praying that I could work for the Lord. God heard my prayer and opened the way for me to work in that same home as a cook and to do anything else my hands found to do.

In those early days we used to have what we called "All Nations" meetings where each foreign-speaking group would go out on the street and hold meetings. The Lord gave me the privilege of going to the Finnish street meetings on Saturday nights.

I also had the privilege of working in the campground restaurant as the head cook every summer for about forty years. I had been very sick and had undergone an operation, but when I came to Portland the Lord wonderfully healed me and gave me good health and strength. I was able to lift the heavy containers of food weighing seventy-five pounds or more, and do the hardest kind of work.

I praise God for keeping me. There has never been a desire in my heart to seek any other way. This Gospel is still real to me in these latter years of my life, and I praise God with all my heart for what He means to me.





## Aase Kristensen

I must praise the Lord. I am happy to tell how faithful God has been to me. The Gospel is very great for me. When I was a little child, in Copenhagen, Denmark, I looked to Heaven and God talked to me. I was in a good home and my parents gave us children a good education, but they were atheists and they taught me there was no God. God showed me as a little child of six years that He was real. I began to pray every evening. God helped me to pray when I was in trouble, and I also prayed over my food, asking His blessing on my meals.

When I was thirteen years old, condemnation came into my heart—I was not what I should be. I had heard at school that Christ died on the Cross for my sins. I prayed to God, saying that if he would forgive me and give me happiness and peace, I would serve Him. He saved me; I got sweet peace and happiness, and my heart was changed. I had new interests.

I was a nurse and helped people, but I wanted more of God in my life. God showed me in His Word that there was more. I didn't know what to call it, but I prayed for seven years for it. Then one evening I said to God, "I can't live anymore without You giving me what I have been seeking." I consecrated my life and He sanctified me. I knew He had done something for me. People asked, "What has happened. What is the matter with you?" I could only say that God had met me. I was so happy.

I met someone who told me about the Apostolic Faith Church. She gave me some tracts. I read the tract on sanctification and I saw that it was what God had given me. I knew these were my people, and I came to worship with the people at the Apostolic Faith. Oh, I thank God that He has been so good to me; I praise Him.

*For some time, Aase Kristensen was in charge of the small printing plant in Horsens, Denmark.*



## Jim Williams

Something was missing in my life. At the age of twenty, I had a very restless nature and decided to explore the world for myself. In the spring of 1934, I determined to go to Alaska. With no job, there was only one way to travel—by freight train. It was not easy, as the police were guarding the trains with rifles. Sleeping in “jungle camps” and associating with men who followed that life, I saw a side of life that was completely foreign and shocking to me. I had been reared in a good moral home. My brothers and sisters and I were brought up very carefully. When I left home, my mother put a little Bible among my things. I would try to read it, but couldn’t seem to understand the meaning and decided it wasn’t for me.

After working in a fish cannery through the summer, I decided to return home. Upon arriving in Southern Oregon, I found my mother had an affliction that would soon take her life. A neighbor told us of a group of people holding services in a little hall over a secondhand store in Medford,

Oregon. We were told that these people really believed in God and were receiving wonderful answers to their prayers.

The next Sunday my mother asked me to take her to their service. Sitting there that morning I was amazed at the testimonies that I heard. I was convinced that what they had found must be real. And when they said, “Prove God for yourself,” and invited me to an altar of prayer, I went. There I did prove the Lord for myself. He saved me. My mother also prayed and was saved. When I had come that day, I had expected to be in that one meeting and then be on my way again. But more than fifty years have come and gone since that Sunday morning, and it has been wonderful all the way.

That summer, Dad, Mother, and I went to the camp meeting. By this time Mother was very sick and she stayed in a home just a short distance from the campground. She soon passed away, and the thought came to me, now my dad will never get saved. But that very day, a few minutes after my mother died, my dad dropped to his knees on the trail that led from the house to the campground and prayed until he was saved. It was a definite transformation. He had lived sixty-two years of his life in sin. He said that just a short time before, he had looked at the Rogue River and thought of committing suicide. His conversion was a real miracle.

He had lived a life that was all covered up to the world. He was born in Germany and came to this country as a boy of about twelve. For about a year he was a bartender in his brother’s saloon. But soon he left home. Before long he and another man got into trouble and he had to leave town. He also had to change his name. After prospecting for gold for a few years, he made his way to the West Coast where he met my mother and they were married.

In all the years that followed, my mother never knew he was living under an assumed name and that he was actually an illegal alien. He hadn’t contacted his family in more than forty-five years. He had borrowed money from a brother when he left home and after being converted, one of the first things that came to him was to pay that brother if he were still alive. After much searching, he found that all of his family had passed away except the wife of his brother. Upon inquiry he learned that

when his father had died about forty years before, he had left some money in a trust fund in a bank in my dad's name.

We lived on the West Coast and had to make a trip to the East Coast to prove Dad's identity and claim the money. The amount in the trust fund was just enough for him to pay his many restitutions. After this there remained just one big obstacle. Since he had never filed United States citizenship papers and was living under an assumed name, he knew he could be sent back to Germany. He had signed up in the military with a false name saying he was born in the United States. After much prayer and legal work it was all resolved, and for the first time since his boyhood days, he had a clean record and lived a real Christian life for over two more years before he passed away.

I have found that being a Christian hasn't always been easy. But no matter how bad the circumstances have been, the Lord has always given the victory. In March of 1941 I was inducted into the United States Army, supposedly for one year. It turned out to be almost four-and-a-half years. One thing I knew, in order to live a Christian life in the army, one would have to take a definite stand for the Lord. Arriving at Fort Lewis, Washington, I was assigned to the Medical Corps of the Third Division. One evening shortly after arriving, I was reading my Bible when one of the men said, "You might as well forget that. It won't do you any good here." But I knew it was more important than ever before.

My unit went to Casablanca, Africa on November 8, 1942. Shortly after midnight we landed between two enemy forts and then descended from our troopship on rope ladders into landing crafts. Powerful shore lights from both forts were turned on us and soon the night was ablaze with tracer bullets, artillery shells, and bombs. I remember the Lord assuring me that He would see me through and I would return home again.

In the next eighteen months we made amphibious landings in Italy. When you see death all around you, it is a great feeling to know the Lord is with you. I can't tell you the many times my life was spared in those eventful days. In 110 days in Anzio, Italy, we were bombed 288 times and under continual artillery fire. Land mines were everywhere. One evening, while we were going to pick up some wounded men on the battlefield, a large artillery shell burst close to our ambulance. A piece of the shell came through my helmet, entered my neck, and almost severed the main nerve. I was in a hospital for a while and then back to the front.

Later I left the Anzio Beachhead and started on my way home for rotation. I was taken to Naples, Italy where I was put in the replacement depot. While there, we had to wait for ship space to transport us. From time to time they called off a list of names of those who would be going home. During the three weeks I was there, I went up several times to listen for my name. Finally my name was among the ones called to go home. I thought to myself, That is much like it will be when the Lord comes. There will be some people ready, and those who have their names on the list will go up to meet the Lord. Some will fail to have their names on the list, and they will be left behind. I was so thankful that I knew I was ready to meet the Lord.

I will never forget what a beautiful sight it was when our ship came into Newport News, Virginia. It was nighttime and when we came in sight of the blaze of lights on shore, what a shout went up! It was a hospital ship and many were seriously wounded, but we were happy to be home again. I know Heaven will be more beautiful.

In 1947 I married a fine Christian girl named Naomi Frost. Just recently we had our fortieth anniversary. We have had a wonderful life together and the Lord has been so good. We have had the privilege of serving the Lord in many different states: Oregon, California, Washington, Missouri, and Hawaii. The Lord has truly been with us all along the way. Now in Portland, Oregon, with the family of God, we find the Lord is still working out any and all problems that come our way. What a blessed joy it will be to get to Heaven to be with our Lord forever!





## Charlie Hunt

Thank God for the privilege I have to be in the house of God. This morning, the Sunday school lesson was about the power of Jesus, His love, and His mercy to my never-dying soul.

Before I was old enough to go to school, Jesus began to talk to me about things eternal. I did not know the Voice of God when I heard my dad sing a hymn in a wagon going across the sagebrush flats in Eastern Oregon where he had taken up a homestead. He sang "The Old Rugged Cross." I did not know anything about God except to hear the name of God taken in vain. We had never gone to church or Sunday school, but I thank God that He began to talk to my heart right then. Something stirred in the depths of my soul.

In the fall of 1913, we moved to Klamath Falls, Oregon, and my mother began to take us to church and Sunday school. There I heard about God. That song my father sang would well up in my soul every once in awhile. When I hear it sung today it thrills my soul. It is one of my favorite

hymns. I am thankful for God's faithfulness down through my life. He kept talking to me and dealing with me.

We went to different revival meetings taking place in Klamath Falls. I remember very well that at the end of World War I, a man named George Bennard came and held meetings. He was the one who wrote "The Old Rugged Cross." He was the first person that I ever heard say that God had saved his soul. He knew that his sins were forgiven, that God had sanctified him, and that he could live a holy life. That was something new and different from what I had been hearing. Something stirred down in my soul, and I wanted what I heard. He left town and for some years I struggled along trying to live for God, but not knowing how. God would speak to my soul and say, "What about eternity? What about when you leave this life?" There was that constant fear about the judgment of God.

I did not go very far into sin, because I hated it. I wanted to make Heaven my home. I tried to live right, but didn't have victory. I wanted something that would satisfy, but I couldn't seem to find it.

In the early spring of 1923 a few of the Apostolic Faith people came to Klamath Falls to hold some meetings. I did not go into town, but my folks went because my uncle had been to a camp meeting and was interested.

One day, as I was plowing with horses, an accident happened. Somehow, I got my foot caught in the middle disk of the plow, and the plow came out of the ground like it had run over a rock. I feared to pull my foot out because I just knew it had been cut off. However, it was not, it was just crushed. I went with my folks to Klamath Falls where the ministers anointed me with oil as the Scripture says, and God healed my foot. The next day I was back working in the field.

That was my introduction to the Apostolic Faith Church. I went to a meeting and went forward to the altar of prayer. I didn't pray through that night, but I kept on praying until God gave me victory. I thank God that He made a change in my life that has stood the test down through the years.

About sixteen years ago I was sick all winter. I was encouraged to see a doctor because my condition was such that I could pass away at any time. The doctor told me that I must have an operation

at once. He said that I couldn't possibly live without it. I asked him what my chances were if I had the operation, and he said 50-50.

I thank God I could tell him that I had put my case in God's hands for the past thirty-five years and that He had taken good care of me. If He was through with me, I was ready to go.

I got on a plane and went to Medford, Oregon where my family lived. I thought if it was my time to go, it would be good to be where my family was. But God had different plans. In six weeks I was back home in Yakima, Washington, working as a building contractor.

I thank God that He has been my helper and my stay through these years. I've gone through some hard places and experienced the hard knocks of life, but down in my soul my anchor has held. I'm glad He put something in my heart that wants to see the end of this Christian race. I am looking forward to that day when the trumpet will sound. Thank God for victory.



## Rose Bonesteel

I was not reared in the Gospel, and by the time I was sixteen years old, I actually thought, What is there to live for or die for?

I tried the so-called pleasures of the world, because they were the only things I knew, but many times on the dance floor I would think, Is this all there is to life?

The Lord saw my heart and a lady invited me to church. She worked in the school cafeteria where I worked. She told me about Jesus and I went to church with her. As the minister was preaching, it seemed that he pinned me right down. I had thought I was a good person because I had not been as bad as some others. One of the songs that we sung that day included the words "He lives within my heart." After I heard the songs, the testimonies, and the sermon, I realized Jesus did not live in my heart. What was I to do about it, though? I did not know. I tried to pray at the altar, but I was not in the habit of praying. The only prayer I knew was the Lord's Prayer. I didn't feel

that God had heard me, yet I felt that I had done something right.

When I got home, my dad met me at the door. He was an ex-boxer, and he knocked me clear across the room, leaving a hand mark on my face. The next day, he didn't let me go to school because of the mark on my face. His blow didn't knock the love of Jesus out of me. I wanted to know more about Jesus. The church people gave me a Bible and told me that I should read it and pray at home, so I determined to try that.

From that time on, God talked to my heart. I went back to church, and again I went forward to the altar. Once more, when I came home, my dad was at me. He took my Bible from me that night and beat me severely. Still, something in my heart said, "You had better pray." I answered back, "But I can't pray." I was afraid my dad would get me again, so I waited until everything was quiet. Then I got down on my knees beside my bed and buried my face as far as I could in the mattress. I asked the Lord to make me like those people down at the church. I didn't know how else to pray, but the Lord heard that simple prayer. He made a real change in my heart, and for the first time in my life, I felt real joy down inside.

There was a light in my window as I prayed, though the window was just plastic over an opening in the log cabin. Immediately the devil said, "That light in your window was just the moon." I said, "No, it wasn't the moon." I went outside and it was so dark that you couldn't see your hand in front of your face.

The Lord has been wonderfully good to me through the years since then. Once, after being quite ill, I was left with an awful cough, which was taking my strength. The night we had the ordinance of the Lord's Supper in our church, I knelt by a chair and a little boy, about three years old, came and sat down beside me. He said, "I had a cough like that, but Jesus healed me and it is gone." That is all he said to me, and then he left.

I prayed and prayed and the Lord did help me, but the following Sunday night the cough was doubly worse. I purposed in my heart to go to the altar and pray about it. As I was talking to the Lord,

I felt a little tap on my shoulder. I looked up, expecting to see a grown-up, but there was this same little child. He said to me, "I had that kind of cough and the Lord healed me." In my heart, it came to me, "Have faith as a little child." I prayed and the Lord really healed me that night.

The Lord has been so real and precious to me. My greatest desire is to serve Him for the rest of my days. I do owe everything to Jesus. He fully satisfies my every need.



## Gertrude Damron

I am so glad I am a Christian. I couldn't always say that. Our little family was living in the State of Kansas doing the best they could. The Bible was an open book in our home and my parents prayed with us before we went to school each day, but they couldn't tell us how to be saved and keep it. The church we attended had gone into formality, so we had a formal religion, but the Lord is faithful to every honest heart.

We had relatives in the Apostolic Faith Church who were praying for our little family, and the Lord brought us to visit them. The second day that I was here, I was taken down with appendicitis. The ministers from the church prayed for me and I was raised up. Not only that, but God saved my soul and planted peace and joy in my heart.

I was a teenager then, and I didn't want to go back to Kansas with my family. I cast my lot with these people and wanted to stay with them. I thank God He did that for me, and I'm so thankful that He has kept me down through the years, in school, in the business world, and at home.

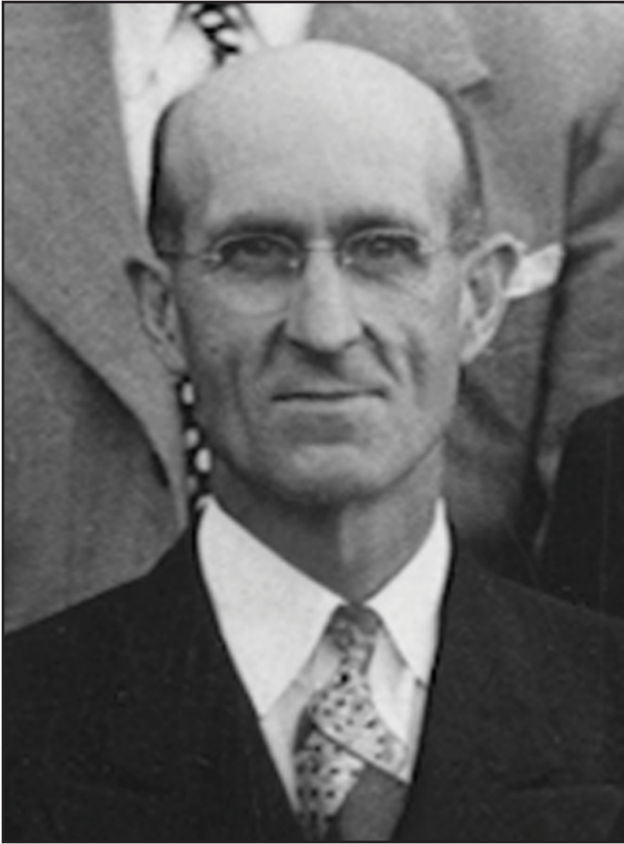
Later I married and we had a happy Christian home. Some years ago, I was stricken with cancer and was told that if I didn't have an operation, it would mean my life. The first thing I did was to have the ministers pray for me. I realized the Lord expected something of me also, so I prayed and consecrated my life to Him.

We had a young daughter who still needed a mother's prayers and guidance. I prayed the Lord would spare me for that purpose. He undertook for me and healed me, and I am still healed after many years. My daughter is grown and married and has a family of her own. The Lord has done much for me, and I am looking forward to His soon return.

*Gertrude was married to Kendall Damron, who was the oldest of James and Edna Damron's three sons.*



## Lester Hiatt



When I was a lad on a farm in northwestern Oregon the world looked so bright, I thought surely I would find something there that would satisfy my heart, but it utterly failed. At night, after a day of pleasure, I would be left with that aching void, that sorrow and remorse, that guilty conscience.

Then God let the light of the Gospel shine across my path. I heard these testimonies and realized this was just what I needed. That day, I found that Jesus Christ was real. It happened when I got down on my knees and prayed with all my heart the way a lost sinner should pray. I told God I was sorry I had sinned against Him. Then, He made a wonderful change in my heart. When I knelt at the foot of the Cross and gave my heart to the Lord, I found the peace, joy, and happiness I had looked for in the world, but could not seem to find.

It was more than fifty years ago when I prayed, "God, be merciful to me a sinner." Such a wonderful change came into my heart! I can say

that the same peace and joy which flooded my soul that day, has lasted through the years. It has lasted through many trials and in the hard places. I have had a God I could call on any time that I was in need of help, and He has always helped me.

When I was in an unconscious condition thirty-five years ago and not expected to live, the Apostolic Faith people prayed for me and the power of God Almighty came down and raised me up. He has kept me well and strong ever since, and I praise Him for the victory in my soul.



## Frank Shirk

I thank God that while He was calling sinners, He remembered me. He was faithful to my heart and opened my blinded eyes to see the better things of life. For years I couldn't see them, but stumbled along in darkness and sin—right over the things that were real. All my life I spurned God's love and His convicting hand. I always knew I was a transgressor in His sight.

In North Dakota, in an awful storm of wind, rain, terrible thunder and lightning, and great hailstones, I was warned to take shelter in the house. I refused twice saying, "Don't worry about me; I am all right." I hardly got the words out of my mouth the second time when a blinding flash of lightning seemed to burst right in front of me, striking me in one arm and going out the other. I could smell the "smoke and brimstone." I told the one who warned me that it didn't pay to open your mouth before God. Surely the Son of God made intercession for me that day and gave me another chance.

For years that great commandment in the Word of God would come before me: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind" (Matthew 22:37). I used to say in my heart, "How could it ever be?" The things of the world were my choice, and I traveled with a fast crowd and had an adventurous disposition. I was a typical worldly young man; wild, reckless, and always looking for something. You would find me around the pool halls, the bowling alleys, racetracks, and skating rinks—everywhere that a young man seeks pleasure.

When World War I broke out I could hardly wait until I could go. For two-and-a-half years during the war I served in the U.S. Navy on board battleships and worked as an aircraft mechanic. God was faithful to strive with my heart whether on the sea, on land, or in the air.

One day the commanding officer of the plane I was on turned the machine over to me. As I gazed over the fuselage, thousands of feet below, God spoke out of Heaven to me and said, "What if?" I was face to face with the real issue and said, "My soul would land in Hell." God was talking to my poor soul; He spared my life and brought me home safe and sound.

Thank God that He seeks after the lost until He finds them. One day, after deciding to go West instead of joining my brother at the University of Michigan as previously planned, I started over the mountains toward Portland, Oregon, in an old racing car. God spared my life twice on that trip. Sitting one Sunday afternoon in a theatre in Wenatchee, Washington, the Lord seemed to shut off that picture and turn on another. I saw Jesus hanging on the Cross for me. It was so real I said, "I wish everybody could see that."

I arrived in Portland, Oregon and while walking along Burnside Street one night, I heard a group of Apostolic Faith people on the street corner telling the marvelous story that Jesus saves. They told of the wonder-working power of God to save those who were whipped, down, and couldn't make the grade. I said, "There is no use!" I took the Apostolic Faith paper they gave me up to the hotel where my mother and two sisters were staying. My mother began reading that paper to my sisters. Afterwards, they were all in tears, and God was talking to my heart also. Mother asked me if I would go

to service with her and I said, “Yes, I will go.” As I rushed up the steps and set my feet on the floor of the mission hall I felt confronted with the Spirit of God, and something seemed to whisper, “Home at last!” It seemed as if I had made a good run and had crossed the finish line, coming out of darkness into light. I had completed a long journey and at last I had gotten home. I listened intently and God had a chance to talk to my heart.

When the altar call was given I almost ran to the place of prayer. Upon my knees I gave God what was left of an ill-spent life. I unburdened my heart to Him and He heard my cry for mercy. He wrought a miracle in my life that night. In one moment of time Jesus blotted out all my sins, and in one great stroke they were gone. I was born again with a new heart and new desires. There was a real praise in my heart for the Savior and what He had done for me. A young man reached his hand over the altar and said, “It is good to serve the Lord.” I found it a fact.

I never dreamed God could take the love for the things of this world so completely out of my heart, for I loved them so well. But He made a mighty change in my life, taking out the blasphemy and the awful temper that caused me to fight even my best friends. God made me a happy winner. He planted peace and happiness in my heart and gave me power to go and sin no more. He rolled away the burden of sin that I had carried for years and I arose from that altar feeling so clean and so free.

My mother had prayed that God would lead her little flock to His own people and that is just what He did. Thank God my tongue has never slipped in all these many years. That is mighty real too. For many years I have worked as an automobile mechanic but God has kept me. Sometimes the boys would ask me why I didn’t swear or smoke. I thank God that I could tell them that I wasn’t ashamed of the old-time religion.

I straightened out many a wrong deed. I confessed to the Commanding Officer of the First Naval District where I served as an aircraft mechanic during the war. While under his command, I had stolen tools and materials. I paid the money back. They freely forgave me. I paid for railroad fare where I had beaten my way over the railroad—not because I was broke, but just to get a little “kick” out of this life. I made other things right that were wrong, and I am happy. I am satisfied and I love to recommend so great a salvation, because I know it stands the test.



## Helen Luka



I was just nine years old when my mother was saved, and from that time forward we had a Christian home. We were taught the Bible and taught to pray in the morning before we went to school and in the evening before we went to bed. We had to pray out loud, from the youngest to the oldest. Sometimes when I had done something wrong it was hard to pray.

When I got to be a teenager, the Lord began to deal with me in a mighty way. I tried the things of the world, tried to find joy in worldly pleasures. I wanted to fit in among the other girls in junior high and high school, but I was a miserable misfit. At home, we would gather around the piano to sing hymns and testify, and I was a misfit there, too, among Christian family and friends. I had a tender conscience and the Lord dealt with me so many times. It seemed that Mother found out about every trouble I got into. I felt that everything I said or did was wrong and it bothered me. I was such an unhappy girl.

One day, when I was sixteen, there was a headline in the paper that someone was predicting the end of the world. It scared me, and I asked my mother if she thought that it was going to happen. She said, "Well, it says in the Bible that nobody knows, not even Jesus knows when the end will come, but it could be at any time." I couldn't sleep that night. There was fear in my heart that the Lord would come before morning and I wasn't ready. I got down beside my bed and sought to be saved. I prayed a little while and then went into the kitchen and asked my mother if she would pray with me. Right there in our home, we knelt together at the kitchen chairs. She prayed for me, and the Lord came into my heart. He took out that misery and the desire for the things of the world, and He put a deep-settled peace in my heart. That was September 29, 1945.

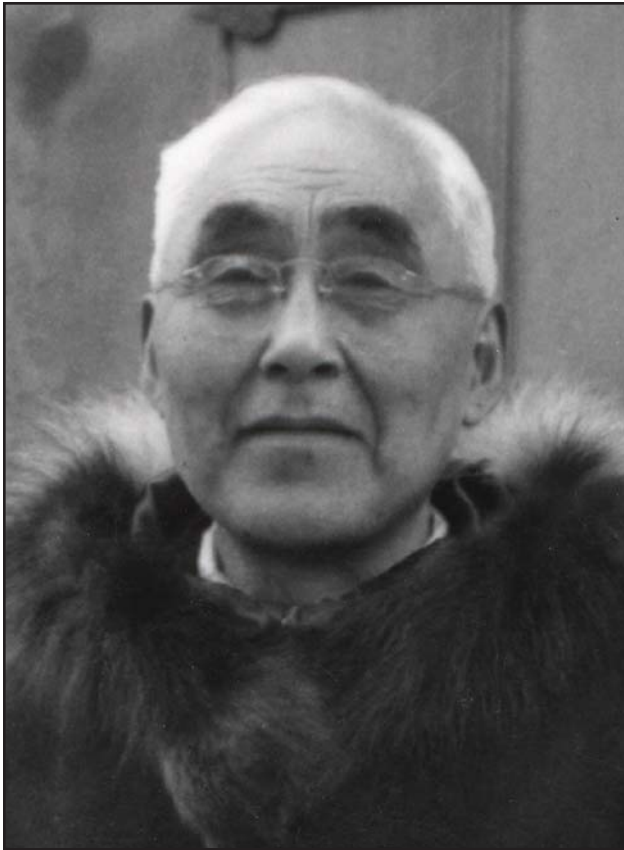
Later, after I was married and had my own family, we attended a church regularly, but there began to be strife and turmoil there. It seemed so many were losing the love of God in their hearts. My husband and I had a deep hunger in our hearts for more of the Lord. We prayed by our bedside that He would lead us to another church where the whole Gospel was preached. Then one day my husband came home from work and said, "We are going to sell our house and everything we have." The Lord had showed him to move to Los Angeles, California, away from our family and friends.

When we arrived, we knew only one family. We went to see them on Sunday morning and they directed us to the Apostolic Faith Church. As we walked in, we saw the shine of Heaven on the faces of the people. The message was on sanctification and we realized that was what we needed and what the Lord wanted us to have. We had never heard of it before, but that is what our hearts had been hungering for. A few months later at the 1953 Portland camp meeting, the Lord sanctified us both. And a few months after that, he baptized us with the Holy Ghost back in Los Angeles.

I am glad God has given us the privilege to bring up our family in this Gospel. When the children were sick, He was always there to undertake. One time when our youngest son was about three years old, he had a very serious hernia. He would double up in pain, and stiffen and scream. We prayed. I wrote postcards to some of the branch churches and asked them to pray. God healed him completely.

When he was a teenager, he had a physical so he could try out for gymnastics. After the exam he said, “Mom, there is no sign of it.” I am so thankful for those memories that God has put in our life.

I love the Lord. I am so thankful for what He means to me. He gave me peace and joy, and He satisfies my heart. The Lord grows sweeter every day, and I am looking forward to meeting Him in Heaven.



## Paul Patkotak

I was born on November 24, 1891, in a snow house in the foothills of Alaska at the back of Wainwright on the Uttokkak River.

During those days, there was a shortage of food in the village and the people were starving. I was the youngest of six children, so when I was born, my dad said to my mama, “We have no food to feed him, best to put him in the snow rather than for him to be hungry.” My mother didn’t say a word. She loved me so much that she would rather have died herself than let me die.

When I grew to be a teenager, missionaries came to where we lived. They loved the Lord and had been truly converted. A missionary lady taught us in school. I read my Bible, but couldn’t understand the big words. When I finished the seventh grade, I had a desire to go to school elsewhere to get a better education, so I could understand the big words in the Bible.

I left Alaska in 1911 and went to Seattle, Washington, where I attended seminary for two

years. Then, one day, I stood on the street looking at the many churches. I looked at one and turned around and there was another, and another, and another. I had not moved a foot. As I looked at those different churches, I thought, Which one of these churches is the closest to the Lord? I had read in Revelation that the Lord does not want “lukewarm” people; He wants them to be “hot.” While I was standing there, an old man came up to me and asked, “Where are you from?” I said, “I am from Alaska and I came here to get an education. I thought I would go to school here so I would be able to understand the big words in the Bible.”

He asked me, “Are you hungry for the Lord?” I said, “Yes.” He said to me, “I will show you where to go. The name of the church is the Apostolic Faith.” When I stepped inside, I felt something. It was as though someone said to me, “These are the people you are looking for.”

The preacher came to the pulpit and the service started, then came time for testimonies. A black sister thanked God for saving her soul. She said that God does not look on the color of the skin; He looks right down into people’s hearts. The sin I had committed against the Word of God began to move in my heart and condemn me. I was surely under conviction! I wanted the preacher to stop preaching so I could pray and call on God to have mercy and take the sin out of my heart.

At the altar call, I went forward with such a cry in my heart, asking the Lord to forgive me of my sins. I prayed about five minutes before He heard that prayer and I knew my sins were gone. I felt so light—no weight on me! My sins were all gone, washed away by the Blood of Jesus! I faced the people in the congregation, whom I had never seen before, and told them I had found Jesus.

After six years of schooling in Seattle, I wanted to go back to Alaska to see my old dad and mother before they died. When I arrived home, I asked my dad, “Do you remember when I was born, that you wanted Mom to put me in the snow, because of lack of food in the village?” Then I told him that I wanted him to go to Heaven. I said, “I have something that has made me happy ever since I found Him, and that is JESUS, the Son of the living God!” I told my dad to call on God and ask Him to have mercy and take the sin out of his heart as He had done for me.

My dad prayed and called on God to take the sin out of his heart. All of a sudden, the Lord saved his soul as He had mine. It made me so happy. He said, "I am ready to go like you, Sonny; I have found Jesus too. You put such a hunger in my heart to find God, even though I am eighty years old."

God saved my mom also before He took her. How I thank God I had the privilege to tell both my father and mother about salvation.

When I am in trouble and need the Lord to help me, He always answers my prayers. In Barrow, Alaska, we have snow and ice for many months of the year. In earlier days, when springtime came and the ice melted, we looked for driftwood and blubber to use as fuel in the fall.

One time, after a storm, I went down to the beach, about two miles away from where we lived, and I saw a lot of coal. Other people were going down on the beach, bagging up one bag of coal at a time, and carrying it to the top of the bluff. I did not want to tire my body, so I stacked my coal on the sand. While I was doing this, the wind started to blow. I took a few sacks to the top of the bank. As I went, it got stormier and stormier. I said to myself, I will be too tired to take the coal to the top of the bluff. I prayed on my knees and asked God to protect my coal and not let the waves bother it. When I got through praying, I went home instead of going to my pile of coal.

The wind blew hard after I got home and I worried a little and thought perhaps the coal would be gone. But I said, "I have prayed already; God has never failed me." As soon as the wind had died down, some of the men went to the beach. When they saw the pile of coal, they said to each other, "That is too much of a miracle!" They wondered why the waves of the sea went around that pile of coal and then said, "This coal must belong to Paul Patkotak, a praying man!" It made me praise the Lord, that even the waves obey Jesus.

Another time, we were getting ready to go trapping. I had some seal meat for our seven dogs and some grub for ourselves. My wife and our daughter, who was not quite a year old, were with me. When we got to the place, about seventy-five miles east of Barrow, where we were going to trap white fox, we made up our mind to stay in an old sod igloo that someone had made many years before.

In the morning we had our devotions. After worship I heard a still, small Voice above my head say, "Paul, you had better leave your rifle with your wife!" We had only one rifle. I said, "No." My dad always told me not to leave my rifle home. I heard again, "Something will come today!" I looked at my wife and she didn't seem to hear anything. After a while I said to her, "The Spirit of God told me I better leave the rifle home." My wife helped me hitch up the dogs, and when I was ready, I said, "Mush!" The dogs started to run. After I had gone about ten minutes or longer again a Voice said, "Paul, turn back quick! QUICK!" I put my foot on the brake of my sled to stop the dogs. I said, "Come, Haw!" Dogs always run faster when they are going home.

When I got home, I saw cartridges scattered on the snow and there was no cover on the rifle. My wife was slow coming out of the igloo. She usually comes out quick when she hears the sound of the dogs. I thought sure a polar bear had harmed or eaten her.

Finally, she came out and said, "Arrah Nutnoot," meaning something happened. She continued, "Two polar bears are out there dead!" She helped me unharness the dogs and tie them up by the chain before I looked. When I saw the polar bears, I thanked God. I could not keep still. I said, "Praise God, we have a lot of meat for our dogs and ourselves, and the skins are worth something, too."

The Lord has done so much for me. When I needed Him most, He never failed me. I could tell one miracle after another, but time will not allow it. The Lord rescued me in accidents, and in affliction. I feel like traveling on, no stopping along the way—like a big ship out at sea, going along, never stopping for a storm, but just going right on.



## Valeta Paulsen



I am so thankful that I am a Christian. I have so much to thank the Lord for. He gave me a Christian mother. In 1918, my mother was not saved yet and was in the hospital with the flu. Then one morning she woke up with terrible pain. Her leg was black to the knee from gangrene, and she was pregnant. She prayed, "Lord, if I knew how to pray, I would pray." The Lord heard that prayer and healed her. Shortly after that she gave birth to me. I was the oldest of four siblings.

I am so glad that I had a mother who taught her children about Jesus and His love. We lived out in the country, and could only come to church on Sunday mornings, but Mom read the Bible and prayed with us, and she taught me Gospel songs.

My heart was tender and I loved Jesus. I got saved at age six, but there was a short time when I backslid. I was so afraid that Jesus would come and I wouldn't be ready. I would even pray at night that He would not come. During that time, there was such unrest and unhappiness in my heart. But when

the Lord came into my heart again, He gave me such peace. He saved me and took out all that fear. I have had real joy ever since.

I am so glad God gave me all my experiences. I received salvation, sanctification, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost many years ago, but God renews my spirit so often. I love the Lord with all my heart.

God healed my body when I was sick. One Saturday night, I didn't know if I was going to live or die. All of a sudden, there were two angels standing in my room, and I was healed.

Another time, I had terrible pain. I couldn't do my work. I would have to just go to bed. In the daytime and nighttime, I couldn't sleep, I just moaned and groaned. I told my sister and she prayed for me and I got better for a time. Then I went and got prayed for and the Lord did touch me, but the pain came back. So I just said, "Lord, I know that I have been healed. I have been prayed for and I know I am healed." I haven't had a pain since. I have had wonderful health.

It is such a comfort to have the Lord with me. Every day, at work, wherever I am, He is such a friend. I am so thankful for all He has done for me.

## Marvin Bowen

I thank God I had the privilege of being reared by Christian parents, but like many other young people, I didn't appreciate the privilege I had. As soon as I could, I got away from home and started down the road of sin.

At sixteen years of age, I left my home and went to Alaska. There, I got into all kinds of sin, going deeper every year. Every night of the week I could be found on the dance floor or in the theater, trying to have a good time. The Spirit of God would strive, but I wouldn't give in. I thought that when I grew older, I would accept God.

God let me go on that way for years. I came back from Alaska and wandered up and down the Pacific Coast. The lights looked so bright, but I was never satisfied. I never stayed in one job: I was always on the go. Sometimes, I would go to bed at night and then wake up with condemnation and terror. Mighty conviction was on my heart. I knew where I'd land if anything happened to me, especially with the light I had.

One night I went to bed in a little boarding house in Hood River, Oregon. I woke up suddenly and something said to me, "This is your last chance!" I tried to shrug that off, but after that, the pleasures of the world no longer looked bright: everything was ashes. That week was the most miserable week of my life.

The next Sunday morning I came to Portland, to the Apostolic Faith Church on Front and Burnside, and at an altar bench, I cried out to God for mercy. He took away the load of sin and the sinful habits I had on my life. The little cigarette had been my master, but God took cigarettes out of my life. I thank God for this mighty Gospel and that the Lord ever saved my soul. He has helped me live a Christian life these many years. By the grace and help of God, I want to go all the way with Him.



## Steve Cherwick

I thank God for that happy day thirty-seven years ago when I was brought through the doors of the Apostolic Faith tabernacle from off the ship, “The Seaboard Star.”

I was a young man who had been reveling in sin, in the big seaport cities of this world, for four years. I wasn’t down and out; I had a job. I played music in the night clubs, the drinking spots, and over the radio stations. But on the inside I was empty and void; I had no purpose in life! I didn’t know what life was about. When the ship would sail away from a port, I would think, Surely there must be something more to life than this. And there was.

I thank God for people who visit the deep-sea ships, and I thank God that I was on board “The Seaboard Star” when Brother Art Allen came to visit that ship. Sometime later, he told me that the time allotted for visiting the ships that day was over, but it seemed like a magnet was drawing him to that ship. That was the Lord! Brother Art didn’t

know who was on that ship, but Jesus did, and He saw that I had a hungry heart.

I came to the tabernacle and was told that if I would get honest with myself, pray, and repent, God would save me. I said, “I will put God to the test,” and I prayed, “Please help me. Help me, Lord!” That’s all I could pray, but He saved my soul.

When I got up from prayer, I had that peace in my soul; real joy and happiness down on the inside. I went back to the old ship and it seemed as if somebody had given it a complete paint job. It wasn’t the ship though; it was the condition of my heart. I was a new creature in Christ Jesus.

When it was time for my ship to leave for England I was told, “You don’t need to leave God here in Portland; He will be with you wherever you go, and the Gospel gets better further along.” I had the opportunity to live a Christian life on the ship among the boys I had associated with. They marveled at the change God had made. I did not use tobacco any more, after having used it for twenty years. I was rid of the demon alcohol that ruins so many young lives.

I thank God for His great love and mercy, especially to the seafaring men. I can say that the Gospel is the greatest thing in all the world. God saved me, and He has kept me; over in Japan, in England, in Belgium, and He is keeping me today.

I have had the opportunity to return to the Orient to share the Gospel. I had been longing to go back to Manila where, twenty years before, I had been a merchant seaman in the depths of sin. I had a testimony to give in that very city. When I told the people what Jesus had done for me, they marveled and said they had never heard it like that before. They seemed hungry for more of God and it thrilled my soul. There is a great harvest field to be reaped for the Lord over there.

I love this Gospel. I’ve had a few years now to try it out and I can attest that it is getting better. And the greatest part is still ahead—eternal life! My father, who loved the Portland camp meeting, went on to the great camp meeting over yonder in Heaven and I expect to meet him over there. I have my eyes on the goal and I thank God for the old-time religion.

## Margaret Thornton



The mercy and love of God have been extended to me for the past sixty-one years. It was in the spring of 1907 that I had the wonderful privilege of attending some services at a little meeting place at Second and Main Street in Portland, Oregon, where the Latter Rain Gospel was being preached. Although I was just a young school girl, the Lord revealed the plan of salvation to me and I received Him into my heart. It was the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to me, and today I cherish the memories of those days as something very special.

God saved not only me, but also several members of my family, and we had the privilege of serving God together. The thought of the soon coming of Jesus was held before us constantly. It was the main topic of our conversation when the family was together; how He would come, at what time, and what we might be doing. We expected Jesus any time and tried to keep ourselves ready for His appearance.

The years have gone by and during this “waiting period” I have seen the Lord do marvelous things for His people. I can point to miracles I have seen in the healing of the sick. I have felt that mighty healing touch many times myself. In fact, the only reason I can praise Him now is because of a miraculous healing of my body in 1967.

I had what appeared to be a severe heart attack and pneumonia. I was unable to care for myself or even to pray for myself. How thankful I am for faithful prayers that went up for me! The pain in my chest was almost unbearable. Nerve spasms shook my body every four or five minutes. I was unable to lie down, and part of the time I had to have my face almost touching my knees in order to breathe.

One night, when it seemed I would not live very long, all at once I was wide awake and alert. I was alone, but I sensed something had happened. Suddenly I realized that awful pain was gone from my chest—what a relief! I was afraid to move for fear it might come back. I sat real still for a short time, then moved my shoulders just a little and waited. The pain didn’t come back. Three times I did this, raising my shoulders a little more each time. Then I took courage and sat up straight, laying my head on the pillows that lined the overstuffed chair where I was sitting. I found I could breathe normally! It was then I realized the Lord had been there with His healing touch. I took no medicine, no home remedies, and no doctor examined me. The prayers that had gone up for me reached the Throne and God answered. After a period of recuperation, I returned to my work in the church office helping to get the Gospel out to others.

Today the signs of the Lord’s coming are greater than ever before. It is my desire to be ready, watching, and waiting for His appearance.



## Steve Williams



Looking back, it seems to me that God had His hand over our little family all the days of my life. We were the poorest of the poor. My dad was a hard worker, but times were tough for those who worked the land and had little, if any, education. Then, when my dad was just twenty-seven years of age, he took sick with spinal meningitis, and in a week he was gone. Mom was left with two small boys to raise. I was six years old and my brother, Jack, was four. We had no money to pay the funeral expenses and no place to go. Mom was courageous, though, and never gave up hope.

My dad's oldest brother took pity on us, and though his home was already over-crowded, he took us in. We lived in a tent in the front yard during the day and slept in the attic at night.

Mom did her best to be both father and mother to us boys. She taught us the value of working hard and she taught us not to feel sorry for ourselves. She had no education, so she worked in the field and did housework.

She was not a Christian at this time and didn't know much about the Bible, but she drilled into us that the Bible was true and that someday we would stand before God and give an account of the life we had lived.

We knew nothing about divine healing, but when Mom got the light on it, regardless of the condition we were in, we trusted the Lord for healing. During the winter of 1918, Mom came down with tuberculosis. She was dying and we all knew it. Her chest was sunken in and she could not walk across the room without help. I dropped out of school just to be with her. There were some black people in the north part of town, in whom we had a lot of confidence. These ladies came and prayed for my mother. One Sunday afternoon Mom was pretty low. It seemed that she had almost spat out her lungs, piece by piece. Then suddenly, she was healed! She stood up and said, "The Lord has given me a new pair of lungs." She was sick unto death one moment and able to walk the next! She was never troubled with that disease again.

Shortly after that a man told us about the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon. His mother had received one of their church papers and he brought the paper to us. We read it. That paper was different from any we had ever received. We practically wore that paper out reading it over and over again, and Mom lost no time in writing and asking that more papers be sent to us.

We received that first paper in the spring of 1920, and from then on, we were determined to go to Portland to see these people. Four years passed while we worked and tried to save enough money for the trip. Year after year we worked in the cotton fields, but year after year it was the same old story; we worked hard, but didn't save enough to get us through the winter, much less to go to Portland.

In 1924, Mom decided that we were not going to wait any longer. We had just \$25.00. We knew this was not enough money to make the trip, but we knew the Lord would provide. We disposed of our few belongings and loaded what was left into an old 1917 model T Ford. We kept a small coop of chicks for pets. We said good-bye to our relatives which was very difficult, because we did not know if we would ever see them again. Mom was willing to give up everything for the Gospel. My Aunt

Fannie gave us a cake that she had baked. She also gave my mom a dollar bill. It was probably all the money that she had. She wanted to give us a good send-off.

It took us three months to get to Portland, because we had to stop and work our way through Texas, Colorado, Wyoming, and Idaho.

It was a Sunday afternoon when we finally arrived at the front of the campground on Duke Street. I thought it was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen. It was so big and so wonderful; it took my breath away. People gathered around us to welcome us. With our chicken coop, we may have presented one of the most unusual sights the people had ever seen. The people treated us very kindly and invited us to attend church.

We went that night and I will never forget the testimonies of victory that I heard. One person after another got to their feet and told of the wonderful things God had done for them. One of the first to testify was an ex-convict, Bruce Archer, whose testimony we had read in a paper we had received. It was almost too much for us. We had given up everything and traveled over 2000 miles to find the “treasure hid in a field” (Matthew 13:44) and we found it. We had never seen any church service so orderly and perfectly conducted. Afterwards I said, “Well, Mom, it is just like you said it would be.”

On Monday morning Jack and I went downtown to look for work and we accomplished nothing. On Tuesday I got up early and went to the bus stop. I struck up a conversation with a man on the bus about furniture factories, because I had worked in one. I let him know that I was looking for work. Just before we got downtown, he said, “Go to the conductor and get a transfer slip to the west side.” I did and then he told me to get off at his stop where there was a metal-furniture factory in which he was the superintendent! He introduced me to the foreman and I was put to work. I had been in Portland only two days. I knew the Lord was guiding me.

Saturday evening Mom and I went back to church again. After the service one of the ladies asked me if I was saved. I thought, What an absurd question; anybody should be able to tell that I wasn't saved. She said, “Don't you think you should give your heart to God?” That was the exact purpose of my coming there. The message preached that night was, “Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool” (Isaiah 1:18). That was what I wanted and when the service ended, I knelt at the altar of prayer.

At the altar, people prayed for me. They prayed and prayed and kept on praying. I could actually feel that devilish spirit leave me. I wasn't saved yet, but I felt different. Then I asked the Lord, in a simple way, to save me. In my heart I said, “I will not leave this place until You save me, Lord.” Before I was through with the statement, the change took place. In an instant of time, Jesus filled my heart with an indescribable peace and joy. It was wonderful! It was as though I had dropped dead and had immediately been resurrected into a new life—the old person had died. On that night I became a member of the Family of God. After that, they didn't have to ask me if I was saved; they knew it.

The next morning, I was still praising the Lord in my heart. I arose and went to Sunday school, and that night the Lord sanctified me. The very next night, the Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost.

Jack chose to go his own way, but Mom was saved the week following my conversion. She was also sanctified and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. When we sought first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, these other precious gifts were added to us.

It is wonderful to have something that is real. It is wonderful to have something that you can lean on that will never fail you no matter what the distress or emergency.

*Steve Williams was a minister of the Gospel for many years. He and his wife pioneered the Apostolic Faith Church in Fort Smith, Arkansas (now in Van Buren). The Lord called him Home on June 1, 1990.*



## Ruby Novotny

I thank God that this marvelous Gospel ever reached my heart, and for what He has done for me over the years. God dealt mightily with my heart after I tried to serve Him in my own strength for three years. He saw the earnestness in my heart and led me into contact with the Gospel. He sent a friend to me with an Apostolic Faith paper. When I read that paper, God began to talk to my heart.

I had been going to a prominent local church, but there was dissension in that church. I knew that there shouldn't be. Something just kept saying to my heart, "Surely Christians should get along." So I hurried away from that church.

Then, I was invited to some cottage meetings being held by the Apostolic Faith people in Tulsa, Oklahoma. I went and heard things that I had never heard before. God spoke to me and said, "These are My people, and this is what you want and where you ought to be."

Evidently, I was not a very good prospect for the Gospel because one young man said, "She will

never take the way." He did not know that God had been talking to my heart for some time already. I knew there would be a price to pay, and there would be many things I would have to give up, but I thank God that He gave me the grace to do it.

I just marvel how the love of God found a way to bring me into the Gospel and among His people. The people of God mean so much to me. I thank God He ever sent a band of these Apostolic Faith people back to Oklahoma. There they lifted up the standard. They were praying that God would bring hungry hearts into those services, and my heart was truly hungry for God.

I went to the meeting and heard the people testify with such power. The glory of God was on their faces. I knew they had real salvation down in their souls. God planted such a desire in my heart to know that I was right with Him. At one time I had thought I was saved, but I didn't have that born-again experience. I tossed away the cloak of religion that evening, for I knew in my heart that I didn't have what these people of God were talking about.

When I sought the Lord as people told me, He gave me the same spiritual experiences He had given them. I humbled myself before Him that night. I prayed an honest prayer, and the Lord heard that prayer. I knew when the Blood of Jesus was applied to my heart, and I can take you to the very place where it happened. Such joy and peace flooded my soul! The Lord made a change on the inside and on the outside. I didn't have to shake a preacher's hand and have him tell me that I was right with God; I had the witness down in my heart that I was right with the Lord.

In a moment of time, God broke the fetters that had me bound. He changed my wardrobe completely when I became a Christian. I didn't have much to wear for a while because I no longer wanted to wear the immodest dresses and jewelry that I had been wearing. I no longer wanted to participate in the worldly amusements that I had loved before. I no longer wanted to go to the dances and picture shows. God delivered me from the lusts of the world. I was seeking for something that would satisfy my heart, and that is what He gave me. I thank God for a people who uphold the standard of the Word of God; I love it with all my heart.



## Grant Hill



Thank God for His love and mercy that followed me through a long life of sin! I spent years of my life straying from the love of God. I had been brought up in a good Christian home and knew of God's love, but I turned it aside and went into a life of sin. I thought I could handle the situation—the things I wanted to do, I would do; the things I didn't want to do, I would not do. So I left that home when I was about fourteen years of age and went out and sowed my wild oats. I seemingly lost all respect for God. I had what the world calls a good time, trying to satisfy my soul with what there was to offer.

In a very short time I saw that I was serving the wrong master. My life was soon bound and shackled by drink, cigarettes, and other sins. Twenty-six years ago, I came into this tabernacle with my back against the wall, sick and afflicted in body. I didn't have hope as far as this world was concerned. God had permitted an affliction to come upon my body, which caused me to realize

that with just one mistake of the surgeon's knife I would wake up in a devil's Hell. I had a bus transfer in my pocket that day; I was supposed to go to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis the next morning, but God had been talking to my heart. I told Him that if He would only give me strength to go to the Apostolic Faith Church, I would give Him my life.

I came with that one purpose. Thank God, as I knelt at the altar and prayed one honest prayer, He had mercy on me. I told God that if He would take the sin, misery, and defeat out of my life and set me free with health in my body, I would serve Him my entire life. Thank God, He forgave my sins and rolled that burden off my heart. The sinful habits and appetites that had dominated my life for so many years were gone, for the Lord had set me free. He gave me peace and satisfaction in my heart.

After God saved my soul, I asked these ministers to pray for my healing, and the Lord healed me instantly. A couple of days later I went back to work, and worked eight hours a day. I have had health and strength from that time to this. Thank God for the old-time religion that has kept me down through these many years. Under all circumstances, through trial, sorrow, and afflictions, God has been my never-failing Friend.



## Georgiana Aycock

**M**y father was a minister, but I did not follow his teachings. Instead, I became a very worldly young woman who loved the dances and theaters.

A famous evangelist named Billy Sunday came through Columbus, Ohio, where I lived. I read about his meetings in the paper, but just laughed about them. I had no thought of going to hear him preach. Then, my employer gave me a Sunday off and the Lord spoke to me. He said, “Why don’t you go hear Billy Sunday?” So I went.

The tent where the meetings were being held was jammed full! When I saw Billy Sunday, the glory of God was on his face and it brought conviction to me right away. I didn’t pray that morning or when I went back that night. The following week, though, he spoke at one of the larger churches in the city. I went to hear him and he preached on sin—every sin in the book. At the altar call that night, I went forward and God saved me!

I began attending my childhood church again. I became active in the church, singing in the choir

and working in the church’s clubs. I had no more interest in the movies and such things, but I still was not satisfied. There was a hunger in my heart for something more.

A lady evangelist came to our church and preached about clean living. She did not call it sanctification—just clean living. I liked what she said. A few weeks went by and another evangelist came. This one preached on sanctification. I went to her home afterwards and asked her, “What is sanctification?” She explained, “It is holiness; getting rid of the carnal nature, the inbred sin.” I decided that was what I wanted.

Next, she preached about the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I had never heard about it before, but I knew I wanted it, too. I went to see her again, and said, “Now you are talking about the baptism of the Holy Ghost. How do I get that?” She told me, “After you get these experiences, you will have to change churches; the church you attend does not believe in them.” She told me about a group of people who did believe in these experiences, so I began attending there and the Lord sanctified me and baptized me with the Holy Ghost.

Some years later, I was staying with a friend while attending a church convention. I opened a dresser drawer by mistake and found a tract from the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon. It was about sanctification. I sat right down and read it all the way through, completely forgetting that I had gotten into the wrong drawer! At the end, it said: “Come to Front and Burnside.” If I had had wings, I believe I would have flown to Portland right then. I was thrilled and excited at what I had read, because it was just the same as what I had already received.

I read more of the church’s literature, and determined that someday, when I had the money, I would move to Portland.

Quite a few years passed, but finally I decided I would never be satisfied until I went. I sold my things, packed up, and headed to Portland to stay. I was so elated with what I found, that I didn’t even go back to Ohio to visit for seven years.

The time came when I had to look for work. It was during the depression and jobs were hard to find. I had promised the Lord while still in Ohio, that I would be willing to work for five dollars a week if I could just get to Portland. Previously I had been making fifteen dollars per week in an Ohio Inn. I applied at the YWCA employment office, and the woman told me that jobs were scarce. She said she had only one housekeeping job, but it only paid five dollars a week. I told her I would have to have more.

I had gone only about a block when the Holy Spirit said, “You said you would work for five dollars.” I turned right around and went back and accepted the job. I never had a better job. I worked there for seven years, eventually making more money. The Lord takes care of His people.

The Lord has been good to me. I am now ninety years old, and I have never been sorry that I started to follow Him early in life and have walked with Him throughout this long lifetime. I have had a long and full life guided by the hand of the Lord, and I expect Him to lead me right on into Heaven.



## (Clarence) Everett Wayne

I used to be one of the orneriest old rascals who ever walked on this earth. Most of my life was spent in the beer joints and around the card tables.

When I came to the Apostolic Faith Church, I was a rank sinner. I had stepped out of a card game—the thing that had cursed my life and broken up my home. As I sat at the card table that night, God talked to me. He said, “Old feller, except you do something, you’re a goner!” The Almighty was speaking to my heart, and I knew it. I pushed the pack of cards across the table for the last time. I got right up from that card game and left that place.

I remembered seeing the sign on the Apostolic Faith Church building which said, “Jesus, the Light of the World.” Thank God, He is the Light of the world! I had walked past that sign many times when I was drunk. I had never been inside the Apostolic Faith Church, but God said, “This is the place for you to go.” I went right to the church, passing up every beer joint along the way.

I could hardly wait until the service was over so I could go to the altar. My clothes were dirty, and I was dressed like a tramp, but I knelt at their altar. Not one of the Apostolic Faith people knew me, but they gathered around me and prayed that God would save me. I prayed also. I meant business with God, and He gave me an honest heart. I said, “God, be merciful to me, a wretched sinner.” God heard my prayer and answered. What a change! In a moment of time, the old habits and appetites were gone. I had committed unspeakable sins, but when Jesus came in, a mighty change was made in my heart. God took sin completely out of my life.

My past life was well covered up. I was a loner, and had pulled stunts by myself so there wouldn’t be anyone to squeal on me. But God sent me back over my past, and I straightened up things that could have put me behind prison bars for the balance of my life. I had committed every kind of sin except murder, and I had that in my heart. I went to a railroad company in Oregon and confessed to robbing their boxcars in Idaho. I confessed to armed robbery in Utah. Back in Wyoming, I was accustomed to drinking hard, and every now and then I would be broke, forge a check, and then get drunk on the money. I would get arrested and sent to prison. I had so mistreated my family that they couldn’t live with me.

I had deserted both the Army and the Navy, and was a man without a country. God helped me to confess to the government that I had stolen guns and clothing from them and that I was a deserter. I made restitution to the Navy after twenty-five years of being an outlaw. I had lost my citizenship, but God restored it.

Today I don’t have to sneak around the corners to see if the law is looking for me. God gave me a clear conscience and a clean life. I have joy, peace, and victory in this heart of mine because God is in it. It takes the power of God’s transforming grace to change a man and give him victory over his life of sin. I was hardly living at all before I came to the Lord, but things are different now. The peace of God fills my heart.





## Myra Benedict

It was in August of 1915 that a group of people from the Apostolic Faith in Portland, Oregon, including the overseer, Mrs. Florence L. Crawford, came to Mt. Vernon, Washington, to hold a series of meetings in a tent.

I had never attended their tent meetings, but had heard one street meeting. My neighbors attended every service and told me about them. I was stubborn and would not go. However, I obtained one of their publications and read it over and over again until it was worn out.

After the meetings were closed, the group rented a hall and established an Apostolic Faith Church in Mt. Vernon. My husband attended and God saved his soul. I saw the change in his life, and in January 1916, began attending the services, but I was too stubborn to go to the altar to pray.

The last Sunday of February 1916, I prayed through to real salvation in my own home. My husband was praying with me. The Lord changed my heart, taking out the love I had for novels. I

would rather have read them than eat a meal, but this dropped from my life along with other sins. Stubbornness left me, and I enjoyed going to church every time I could. We had no automobiles in those days, so we had to walk to church with three children.

Later, due to an affliction that my little girl had, I met with much persecution and opposition from both my parents and my husband's parents. The Lord saw us through this test though, and in time, He healed our child.

In 1918, the church had so few attending that the congregation was asked to disperse to other established Apostolic Faith churches. About fourteen adults, plus several children, moved to Portland, Oregon, and to Chehalis and Port Angeles, Washington.

We moved to Port Angeles in March 1919, and I served in the Lord's work for as long as the Lord gave me strength. I attended many out-of-town meetings with a group, and I played and sang in the services. In 1976, after my husband passed away, I moved to Portland to be with my daughter. Now I am ninety-eight years of age and am no longer able to attend the services. I am so glad that I am still serving the same God after sixty-nine years. I have never wanted or looked for any other way. My heart rejoices in this great salvation and my heart is set on the coming of Jesus, unless He takes me before then.





## Emerson Matthews

Thank God for victory down in my soul! I don't deserve it, for I have never done anything worthy of the mercy and love of God. But I thank Him for reaching me when I was broken-hearted, discouraged, and tired of life. I had nothing to live for. My life was just a tangle of sin, heartache, misery, and despair. Although just a young man, I was bound by every habit and appetite, and I didn't know which way to go. Brought up in the environment of the shingle mills and logging camps, I know what sin is. I used to roll on my bed at night not able to sleep. The old life stared me in the face, and I wondered where it was all going to end.

Then I came in contact with the Apostolic Faith people. A group of them came into our community and held revival services in the old Methodist church. I went one night and listened to what they had to say. What appealed to my heart was the enthusiasm they had in wanting to tell the story of Jesus. I realized there was something to the Gospel they were presenting. Thank God that I sat

and listened to what they had to say. My heart caught the joyful sound that Jesus saves. These people didn't tell me to turn over a new leaf and do the best I could. They told me God could save me, and they told me to pray. That sounded good to me; that sounded like something real. They told me in such a manner that I had to believe it. At the close of their meeting, I lifted my hand for prayer, went to the altar, got upon my knees before God, and asked Him to forgive me for the sins I had committed. I told Him I would give Him my life if He would just give me what these people were telling me about.

I didn't get saved that night. Somehow I couldn't believe that God would save me. I believed their testimonies; I believed they were saved, but I couldn't believe the Lord would ever save me. The next Friday night, I went to another meeting. After the service, I went forward again and prayed to God for mercy. That night, I wanted God more than anything else in all the world and He saved me. I knew it. He broke the habits of sin and set me free. He took out the blue Mondays and the sleepless nights. He gave me peace in my heart and made a wonderful change in my life.

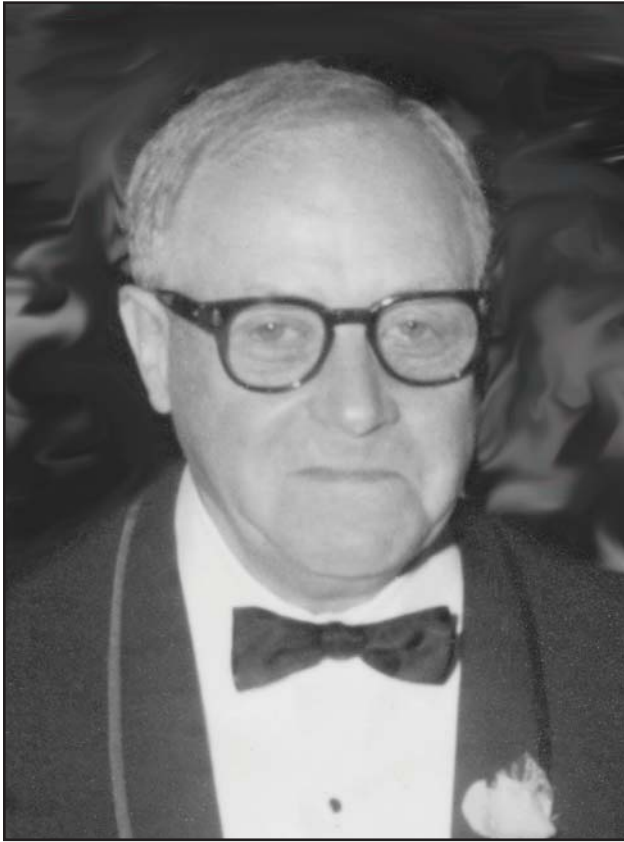
That has been over fifty years ago. Although the building has been remodeled many times, I believe I could take you right to the very spot where God spoke peace to my heart.

The next day I went back to the shingle mill and it looked different. Everything seemed changed—the whole world seemed new. It was not changed, but I had that new world in my heart. I continued working in the shingle mills, but here was one shingle weaver who had the victory. I thank God I have a little bit of the Heavenly sunshine burning down in my soul and the hope of eternal life.

Over the years, I have seen many turn over a new leaf. I have seen them throw away the alcohol bottle, cigarettes, and tobacco, and then say they would never touch them again. Then I have seen them go back to those things. Thank God, the Lord has kept me with peace in my heart, and today I have the victory.

I thank God for the fellowship of His saints and ministry. I thank Him for the old-time religion. The way is not becoming tiresome. I am having the best time of my life. It is growing better every step of the way, and I am thanking God for it.

## Sven Hagen



**I** praise God for His mercy to me. I am thankful I am saved. I was born in Sweden and I left home when I was fifteen years old. I did not have to leave, but I felt the pull. I was raised way out in the country where everything was clean. You could see the snow. I did not know anything about city life, but I went to the city. There, I got into the company of somebody who was wrong for my age. They dragged me down—farther and farther.

I do not think anybody had more determination to do right than I had in myself, but when a person is on the wrong path, the enemy will find him. That goes for the young and the old alike. I started to drink when I was a little over sixteen years old, and it was not very long before I was an alcoholic. I tried to get away from it. I knew I was lost and I knew I was wrong. I was raised in a church, but I never saw anybody that was saved. Nobody told me what it was like.

I walked into the Apostolic Faith Church on Sixth and Burnside, not knowing anybody, but I

felt something there that I had never felt before. I did not know all about it, but I went several times, thinking I would slowly catch it.

One time Brother Jack came and asked me to go to the altar. I was under so much conviction, because I had heard the testimonies. Several people came up to me and said, “Come and we will pray for you.” I prayed and cried from the heart. God didn’t change my mind; He gave me a new heart. I appreciate Him and I praise Him for everything.



## Beatrice Jones

**N**o matter where you are, whether you are in a Christian environment or not, you can answer the call of Christ.

I was born into a Protestant family. We were truly “protestant”—always protesting, seldom yielding to Christ’s will.

I was really seeking for salvation from sin and joined a church, but it didn’t help. Later on, when I was beginning nurse’s training, I went to a church that gave an invitation to an altar of prayer and said that I would be saved if I accepted Christ. That didn’t save me. A short time after I had made the mental acceptance of Christ, I was talking about the origin of churches with a girl who attended a Catholic church. I told her who I thought was the founder of the church that I was going to and she said that Jesus Christ had founded the Catholic Church.

The next day, seeking to be a member of Jesus Christ’s Church, I went to the priest and asked if I could take instruction to be a Catholic. I

followed that church for about eight years. The main thing that kept me in the church was the thought that if Jesus Christ founded it, it must be the right way. The last two years I was in that church I was under great condemnation. I would pick up the Catholic version of the Bible and read it and pray and cry. I was often tormented at night, wishing I could go to sleep, but afraid that if I did, I would die. And I was afraid to die. I wished I could find some way out. I began to discuss the controversial issues with the priests, but they could not give me satisfactory answers.

I joined the United States Army Nurse Corps in order to get away from my surroundings. I argued religion with the Protestants, but they could not show me the way. I did not believe in what the Catholics taught, either, so I had no friends at all for a long time.

At Camp Stoneman, I was very broken in heart and spirit. The very thing I had depended upon to save my soul had broken completely. I sought a spiritual church to attend, for I felt no spiritual warmth in the Army chapels. I went to a church a few miles away, and there in a morning worship service I gave my life to Christ. I have no recollection of what the minister preached. There is not even a memory of altar benches, but I think he did give at least a hint of an invitation, for I left my seat and knelt at the front of the platform, which had evidently been used as an altar. I poured out my soul, heart, and life to God. I asked Him to forgive me, take me, guard and guide me, and never let me go. He did forgive me and take me, and I know He will never let me go as long as I choose to remain with Him. I knew very little about what His Word really said, but I wanted Him and the peace that comes through Him. In that hour or so that I spent there, I died to this world of sin. I did not have to be told to make restitutions, for I somehow knew that the old life had to be cleaned up in order to start right on a straight way.

I was sent to Korea to become part of a U.S. Army Evacuation Hospital. There I met a number of American missionaries and became closely associated with a number of Army persons who had a form of godliness. I helped to start a “G. I. Gospel Hour” in the home of a missionary. Eternal security and other false doctrines were taught. I was not sure of my stand on these issues at the beginning,

so I went along with them for some time. After about four months, I invited a soldier who was of the Apostolic Faith to our meetings. When he came, he started questioning the doctrines—eternal security and many other false teachings—that I was beginning to believe. He pointed to the Word of God, showing me how it condemned these false teachings and my very own acts. I repented and ceased to stand behind the program. From then, I started taking a stand for the truth.

I believed in the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but knew that I was not ready for it. This soldier told me about sanctification and gave me many Scripture references on it. I earnestly sought sanctification and received it.

After being discharged from the service, I decided to investigate the Apostolic Faith Church to see if these people, like the soldier, really did live the life of a Christian. One week spent in Eureka, California, among these people was enough to prove to me that it was what I expected. I received the precious gift of the Holy Ghost and fire, and I thank the Lord with all my heart for it.

Now the Lord gives me guidance. He tells me if something is right or wrong. His Word is my bread, and without it, my soul would starve. Without His life in mine, I would be lost. How I love my Lord and Savior! My mission in the world is to do His will. I pray that if it is His will, I may have the privilege of showing Him to others who are sincerely seeking Him.





## John Clasper

I was brought up in a godly home under the teachings of the old Scotch Covenanters, where I learned much about what God desires from His children. About seven o'clock each night, the Bible was read and we prayed. I later discovered that good training could never make me a Christian.

I entered the church as a young man, and when I grew into manhood they made me a deacon. I was the minister's right-hand man and never missed a church service. But, thank God, this deacon found out that he needed salvation.

Working in one of the largest explosive factories in the world, I saw men and women blown into eternity in a moment of time. Each time, God thundered out of Heaven to me, "What would happen if it were you?" I didn't feel ready to meet God, even though I was a deacon in the church.

I can truly say that God has led me over land and sea to bring me to where I could hear the full Gospel. It was in Portland, Oregon, where I heard the sound of the old-time religion. As I was

crossing the Burnside Bridge one day, I heard a band of Apostolic Faith people on the street corner at Second and Burnside singing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee." I stood two blocks from the street meeting, while tears flowed down my cheeks. I know now that God was talking to me! I went closer and heard the ex-drunkard and the ex-dope addict telling the marvelous things God had done for them. I reasoned that it was all right for the dope addict and the drunkard, but I was a deacon in the church, and I didn't need it.

I will never forget my first service at the Apostolic Faith Church. I heard something that registered in my heart, and I learned that acting religious and being "born again" are two different things. They said God had saved them from their sins and separated them from sinful habits that were attached to their lives, and had given them victory. I never could say that. I could say that I was a church member, a Christian Endeavorer, a Sabbath schoolteacher, but in my heart there was no rest or peace.

God spoke to me that Sunday morning, as I sat there with a profession on my hands but no possession in my soul. The Lord's messenger was preaching that morning about hypocrisy, and that sermon hit home to me. I was sitting there with my Christian Endeavor badge and other badges on the lapel of my coat, but I knew God was speaking directly to me. I fought against it; I rebelled and said I would go my way and serve God as I pleased. But down in my heart there was something telling me, "This is the way, walk ye in it." I looked at my Christian Endeavor tag; I was endeavoring, but I was endeavoring in the wrong direction.

Sunday morning came again. I had just come home from work, and my wife asked, "Are you going to church with me this morning?" I said, "No! Don't ask me to go to that place anymore. I have gone for the last time. Leave me alone. I have had enough of that!" I went out to the backyard, lit my cigar, and paced up and down. God spoke to me and said, "You had better go!" I went into the house and said to my wife, "Wait a moment, I believe I will go with you."

We were late for the meeting, but not late for the sermon. That morning, another preacher got up and began to preach about hypocrisy. I thought that was all they preached about. That preacher came



across the platform that morning, pointed right down to me and said, “You hypocrite!” He talked about people making believe they were Christians while down in their hearts they were far from God. I figured that my wife had told them about me, but she hadn’t said a word to them. I left the meeting with my fists clenched, determined never to go back. I realized later that God was speaking through the preacher.

I was most miserable, but I went from the church to my job, where I had to work for two hours that day. After I got there, tears began to run down my face, and I wondered what was wrong with me. I went to the motor room to make an electrical adjustment on one of the motors, but I found that I was too afraid to touch anything. I knew a wrong touch would mean severe burns or death. As I stood there in tears, every click of those motors seemed to say, “You hypocrite!” At last I said, “If this is the Spirit of God, I will see it through; I will put God to the test right here. And if there is a God, I want to know it.”

There was a terrible internal battle going on as I wondered what my coworkers would say if I prayed. I finally decided that if God would give me what the preacher had talked about, I would give it a try. I got down on my knees before three of my fellow workers. I lifted my hands to Heaven and said, “God be merciful to me a sinner. I want salvation!” God answered, the Heavens opened, and the glory of God flowed into my soul. He saved me through and through. In about two minutes, I rose to my feet saying, “I’ve got it! I’ve got it!”

The moment I said, “God, I will give You all,” He did the work in my soul. A few days later, at the altar of prayer, God sanctified me wholly. The love that came into my soul at that time could never be told. The next night I sought for the mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost. I cried out to God and said, “O God, baptize me and give me power to tell the story.” He heard and answered and baptized me with the mighty Holy Ghost and fire.

I wrote back to the minister that I had served under in the city of Glasgow and told him what God had done for me. He wrote back and said, “Don’t go too far!” Well, I am going all the way. I am going to Heaven.

These past forty-eight years have been a happy time for me. I have had a few battles, but God has brought me through. I thank Him for the peace and victory in my heart.

*Known to many as “Brother Scotty,” this minister was especially appreciated by those who were sick or in trial, for he knew well how to give a word of encouragement to people who needed uplifting. He died in 1955 and when he was about to pass into eternity, the nurse asked if she could do anything for him. He said, “Just roll back the roof, and let me go!”*



## James Cook

I want to thank God for this marvelous Gospel that came to a little Indian village in Neah Bay, Washington. I thought I was a Christian already. I was ordained to be an elder in the old Indian Shaker religion, but I found out it took more than eldership papers to reach the Kingdom of God. I thank God I found victory.

My greatest downfall, even after I was ordained, was my temper. I tried to get rid of it, but as soon as something came my way that didn't suit me, I would lose my temper again. One time I was cranking my car, so I could go to work. The car wouldn't start, so my temper getting the best of me, I kicked the radiator with my cork logging boots. The next week I had to fix the radiator. That is the way things went.

I had started out as a young man in a little village in Jamestown, Washington, going the wrong way. I got into the whiskey habit at an early age—about sixteen—and from then on this Indian went from bad to worse. From the time I was a young

man I thought I had the answer to everything. I was a “wise guy” looking for trouble. If I didn't find it, I went looking for it. One day while walking down the beach with a friend, I saw a man up ahead of us and jokingly said, “I am going to shoot him behind the ear.” I pointed my gun at him and shot thinking the gun was empty. There was a shell in it, and the bullet went right past his ear. At the time I thought that man was lucky, but after I got saved, I realized that I was the lucky one.

I thought if I could just get out in the world and make my way I would be satisfied. When I moved to Neah Bay, there was one thing on my mind, and that was to paint the village red with sin. I spent my money on a life of sin; I got drunk every payday, I went to shows, and I played baseball on Sundays. I was the noisiest man on the team.

In 1939, several Shakers came into contact with the Apostolic Faith Church in Port Angeles, Washington. They were saved and began attending services. I well remember that time in Port Angeles when I attended a service. I heard the testimonies of the redeemed of the Lord. I heard the call of God. I didn't only hear it, I did something about it. I raised my hand for prayer, and then I made my way down the aisle just a broken man, not only in soul, but in body also. I was on crutches, but I did not go down there because my body needed patching up. I went because on the inside, I was broken up and needed patching. God had the remedy that night.

Surely I was one man who needed prayer. I knelt at the altar for the first time in my life, and I prayed an honest prayer. God heard it. He didn't tell me like I had told Him for years, “Wait for a more convenient season.” Instead, as I knelt there with tears streaming down my face, God pardoned every sin I had committed, not only against Him but against mankind. He flooded my soul with the peace of Heaven. When I stood up, I was a free man. What a change from the life I had lived!

I thank God that He had mercy on me. He helped me to take my stand for Jesus when I went back to my job in the woods. I worked in a logging camp with a bunch of tough men, but at the end of the day that love of God was still burning deep in my soul. Everyone knew of the change God made in my life. He also sanctified me and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

I have so much to be thankful for. I thank God that my wife got saved at the same time I did, and for years we served the Lord together until He took her home. I thank God my household was one hundred percent Apostolic Faith. It was wonderful to come home and find peace and joy where there was once trouble, turmoil, and heartache because of the sins I committed.

There have been trials and afflictions, but down through the years, God has been with me. One time my grandson lay in a hospital bed in Seattle, Washington. He had a tumor, and was given tests and x-rays for a week. Then one day, the doctor pulled my daughter aside and asked, "Do you have any praying people in the family?" When she answered, "Yes," he said, "That has to be the answer." My grandson was healed.

I would not exchange this salvation for anything the world has to offer.



## Thelma Miles

I had very little opportunity to learn about God as a child. We lived for some time in a small village on the Columbia River where there was no church or Sunday school. In the midst of this worldly environment, though, God let a beam of light shine forth. The teacher of our one-room school would read a few words from the Bible and offer a short prayer each morning before taking up the lessons. Later, that teacher came to live in our home. She bowed her head and prayed before she ate. She kept a Bible on the stand right by her bed. I had never seen such things before. My heart began to hunger for God.

The Lord saw my need and led us to Medford, Oregon. I walked the sidewalks, praying for God to lead me to a place that had the best and surest way to Heaven.

In a revival service, I heard of Christ's suffering on the Cross to save my soul. My heart was melted and I went forward to surrender my life to God, but there was no place or opportunity to pray.

All I was asked to do was to sign a card.

One day, in faithfulness to my heart, God let me see a notice of some Apostolic Faith tent meetings which were being held in the city. Something said, "Maybe that is it." I attended the meetings and found what I had been looking for—a sure and certain way to Heaven. These people told me that one must be born again and then sanctified. They also taught that one should seek for and receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost and then continue to keep one's life dedicated to God's service.

I hesitated for a few days and the special meetings closed. The Apostolic Faith people left the city. I did not know where they had come from or where they had gone. Sorrow filled my soul and I cried myself to sleep night after night, because of the golden opportunity that I had let slip. I was in a large Sunday school class of high school girls called The Faithful Band, but that faithful band did not know how to help me pray through to victory over sin. I traveled on, in the same old way, and became more deeply involved in the modern trend of thinking.

Again God was merciful to me. I heard that some Apostolic Faith workers had returned to Medford and opened a little Gospel hall. I watched the lives of two of those young people in high school and wanted to live like they lived.

I took some of the Apostolic Faith literature home and compared the doctrines with the Word of God. How happy I was to find that their teachings agreed perfectly with the Bible.

One Sunday morning, after weeping all through the service, I knelt at the place of prayer and poured out my heart to God in full surrender. He gave me the assurance that my sins were blotted out and that I was really saved. I sought for deeper experiences and the Lord sanctified me and later gave me the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I thank God that the time came when both my parents became Christians and my father exclaimed, "This is Heaven and Home" before passing on. The Gospel truly pays great dividends and God has done wonderful things for me and my loved ones.



## Lula Caton

I am glad to be able to report victory, and that I am a real Christian. I thank God that almost forty-nine years ago the Gospel came my way.

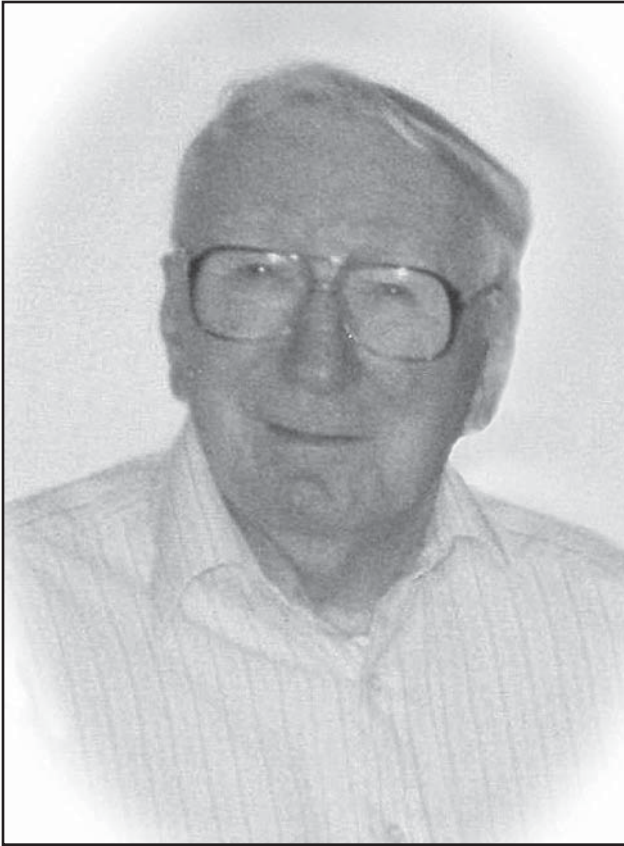
I was just a young girl living in Merrill, Oregon, when my mother was invited to an Apostolic Faith meeting in Klamath Falls. I am glad she went. That night I was very unhappy. I didn't have a Christian home and knew nothing about being saved or being a Christian.

The Lord talked to my heart that night, and I gave my heart to Him. I told Him if He would make me happy, I would serve Him.

The Lord has been good to me these many years. The Lord has also been real to me. I could never count the many blessings He has poured out upon me; He has done so much for me.



## Melvin “Red” Arnold



The events leading up to my new life began when my next-to-youngest daughter, Cathy, started attending Sunday school at the Apostolic Faith Church. She was invited there by a school friend, Bonnie McCarville. The McCarvilles had recently moved to the area and were living a block away at the time.

I was a middle-aged man, seemingly successful in life, with a good family and a good job, but something was missing. I drank on the weekends and partied with friends. My home was nearly broken up over my drinking. You see, when I drank I became mean, abusive, and threatening to my family, sometimes forcing them to leave the house in fear for their safety. I carried a sawed-off shotgun under the front seat of my car. Twice I tried to kill someone. Once, a man just rounded the corner as I shot at him. God in His infinite mercy let me miss. Another time, I woke up lying on the ground in the Van Buren, Arkansas, river bottoms, robbed and helpless. God had spared my life again. He was

working; He had a plan. Cathy would come home from Sunday school, excited and singing, telling us what she had heard. Several times, Bonnie and Cathy invited me to church to hear them sing. I always wanted to go, but just could not bring myself to do it.

My wife, Marcella, was completely miserable as a result of my behavior, and chose to wrap up her life in our eight children. To clear her mind, she would sometimes take evening walks around the neighborhood. On these walks, she passed by the Apostolic Faith Church on Johnson Street. Three doors down, she also passed by Sister Puckett’s house. She was one of the ladies in the church. Sister Puckett would see Marcella walking past and, sensing that she was burdened, pray for her. Eventually they became friends, and my wife decided to visit her church.

On August 8, 1971, Marcella went to church and gave her heart and life to God. Immediately, I saw a real change in her. Her focus became centered on God. I saw her live differently in our home. She was a true Christian. Sad to say, I became even worse. I was insanely jealous of her. I would get drunk and accuse her of horrible things, calling her terrible names, and threatening her and the family.

One day, when I had been drinking, I held a gun on her, squeezing the trigger until my knuckles were white. Then, suddenly, our son fell out of a tree! Although drunk, I sensed he was badly hurt and I threw the gun down. As I ran to check on him Marcella grabbed the gun and hid it. Our son recovered soon after, but I did not. Things of that nature went on for years, until finally she could not take anymore. She went to the pastor of the church and told him she was going to leave me.

She did not leave right then, but a little while later on a Sunday, I was thrown into jail drunk. Marcella bailed me out so I could try to sober up to get to work that evening, but I would not leave the booze alone. For three days, I drank until I passed out, woke, and drank again. Marcella already had plans to stay in an apartment behind her mother’s house, across from the church, so I knew she would leave me this time. I was so miserable I didn’t want to live anymore.

Marcella told the McCarvilles what her plans were and asked them to pray. On April 9, 1972, a Wednesday afternoon, they came by to see me. Thank God for caring Christian people! My son Bobby

answered the door and, even though I told him not to let them in, somehow they made it over to where I was. I had been listening over and over to the Gospel song “On the Wings of a Snow White Dove.” Somehow the song was touching my heart. When I told them how miserable I was, they knew it was God’s conviction and laughed with the realization that God was working. Not understanding what was happening to me, their laughter made me angry. Before they left, they invited me to church and asked if they could pray with me. After we prayed, my wife came home and told them they were just wasting their prayers. She had given up on me. Thank God, He hadn’t!

That night I kept my promise and went to the service. Though still drunk when I walked in the door of the church, I felt something I had never felt before. Dear old Brother Charles Bransecum grabbed my hand, welcoming me with a smile from ear to ear. It seemed like he grinned all over as he shook my hand. Sitting in the meeting, big tears started flowing down my face; I tried to hide them with a song book. The Christians looked like angels to me! I was so tired of the life I was living. At the close of the service, I went forward to the altar bench at the front of the church to pray. I don’t remember all that I said, but I truly repented of my life of sin. I told God, “If You will change my heart and life, I will serve You the rest of my days.” Suddenly a miracle happened. The old burden of sin lifted! I felt so light that I believe I would have floated out of there if I hadn’t held on to the altar. I felt so free! Somebody ran across the street and told my mother-in-law. We hadn’t gotten along in years, but she came over and hugged me. What a change! I was a new creature in Christ Jesus. Thank God for true salvation!

From that moment on, I haven’t touched another drop of liquor, smoked another cigarette, or wanted to go back to that old life of sin. Shortly thereafter, I received my sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost. My marriage was restored, and I have been happy and content since giving my heart and life to God.

After a time, Brother Melvin Trotter asked me about being part of the Fort Smith jail ministry. I said, “No, I’ve spent enough time there already in the drunk tank.” He didn’t pressure me, but after praying about it for awhile, I decided to try it one Sunday. From then on, I have never missed going. I love to tell the fellows about what God did for me and that He can do the same for them. Someone told our neighbor, Mr. Oliver, about the changes in my life. He said, “Oh no, not the Red Arnold I know. You must be talking about someone else.” He could not believe it.

It is not always easy being a Christian. Difficult times come to God’s children and sinners alike. About three years after I was saved, my daughter Cathy was killed by a hit-and-run drunk driver. We buried her on her fifteenth birthday. Looking back, if God had not changed my heart, I would have killed that driver. Instead, God helped me to forgive her. A few months later, a large portion of our home was burned. Our personal tragedies continued when we lost our oldest son through a heart attack, and one daughter, who was seven months pregnant, lost her husband.

Not long afterward, I cut off two of my fingers on a table saw at work—they were almost completely severed. The doctor said they would never recover, but he didn’t know my Jesus. I told him to sew them back on and now they are as good as new. Prayer works! I’ve often wondered, “Why, God, did all this happen after I gave my life to You?” But God knew these things would have happened anyway. He prepared me for them and His ways are best.

Since my conversion, my life has never been the same. Loving the Lord and my family, and telling others what God can do for them, has made my life complete. My heart now sings His praise. I especially love that old Gospel hymn, “Amazing grace, how sweet the sound, that saved a wretch like me. I once was lost but now am found, was blind, but now I see.”

*Red Arnold was a member of the Apostolic Faith Church in Fort Smith, Arkansas, where he served God faithfully until his death in 2000.*

## May Richardson



From my earliest remembrance I wanted to serve God. When I was about eleven, I was saved, but gradually I lost that first love because I didn't know how to keep it. I would ask my mother, "Do you think Jesus will take me to Heaven someday?" She told me to be as good as I could, and God would know my heart. That scared me; my heart wasn't always good. Later, as a teenager, I would go forward during special meetings, but I didn't pray through to salvation.

After graduating from high school, I got a job on the stage. I prided myself that of the sixteen girls I worked with, I was the only Christian. I was a self-righteous hypocrite, but underneath I hungered for something real. Every night I said, "Tomorrow I'll do better," but nothing changed.

I met Art, my husband-to-be, just before I graduated from high school. His family had gone to the Apostolic Faith Church since 1923. I had been told that those people were fanatics, so I determined not to get involved with them. However, I didn't know the power of prayer!

After Art and I were married and had three little boys, my mother-in-law wanted to take our oldest boy to Sunday school. The church was some distance away, so I said, "No, he isn't going that far without me." Shortly after that, the Sunday meetings were moved to our area. Once again she asked if our son could go with her. By this time I had started taking him to my church. I told her he was satisfied where he was. She wasn't so sure, so I said, "Go ahead and ask him!" He jumped at the chance to go. Was I ever upset! But I had to let him go.

About that time, some mothers in the church started to pray for the wayward children of the saints. Conviction began to settle down on me. One night during the camp meeting that year, Art and I went to church to please his mother. When we got there, I knew that I would have to pray before I went home. God put such conviction on me from the moment I entered the church that I felt it was my last chance to pray. I fought all through that service with, "Could I or not?" I tried to sing, but couldn't. I tried to listen, but couldn't. When the preacher asked for those who wanted prayer to raise their hands, I almost had to sit on mine to keep it down. As soon as the benediction was given, I asked Art to pray with me. He said no, but told me to go and pray, while he waited for me. He did not want to hold me back.

I made my way through the crowd toward the altar, and knelt at a seat in the front row. I cried and prayed, and before I left, God gave me His wonderful salvation! When I went to find my husband, I told him that I felt at peace.

I started to seek my sanctification. One night just a few weeks after I was saved God gave me that wonderful experience. I went on and sought for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, praying about two months seeking that experience. One Sunday night I was feeling discouraged because I just couldn't seem to get what I was so hungry for. As I paused in prayer, I heard one brother encourage another saying, "Just believe that the Comforter has come." Oh, the joy that welled up as I took hold of those words! They repeated over and over in my heart. I had renewed faith, and I prayed on until such a

blessing poured out on my soul. Waves of joy flooded over me, but I could not be satisfied until I had the Biblical sign of speaking in tongues.

The blessings continued to roll over my soul all that week until one day I fell on my knees by my bed, and cried out, “Oh Lord, my son is going to be home for lunch in about five minutes, but first I must have my baptism. I want it so badly!” Hardly had that prayer been said when God poured out upon me the blessing that I had sought, and my tongue spoke in a language that I had never known.

Many years have gone by since that day, and the Lord has been with me. If I had known how long it would be before my husband would turn to the Lord, I wonder if I could have taken that first step. I believe I would have, but how thankful I am that we see just one day at a time.

I prayed long and earnestly for Art. One year he didn’t go to church with me even once, though he always encouraged me to take the children to Sunday school and church. Occasionally he came, and he would be under such conviction and yet would leave without praying. Often I wondered, What am I doing wrong? But how close God was to me through those years!

One day I felt overwhelmed with the burden. I cried out to God, “You take over completely. Let me be clear out of the way.” I continued to pray for Art, but I let go of all the preconceived ideas about how God would work. God began to put heavy conviction on him. About two weeks later, he gave up to the Lord and prayed through to salvation at an altar of prayer—twenty-one years after I had been saved.

I thank God that He took me out of the life of sin and put me on the Highway of Holiness. He has healed my family of sickness many times. I had a severe affliction on my body for two years, but the Lord healed me so that I could again come and sit through the meetings. I am grateful to the Lord for the many definite answers to prayer.



## Jennie Baldwin



I was reared in a Christian home. My mother taught me the love of God and the fear of God, but somehow I never got the truth or the love of God in my heart. I joined the church as a child, but had no change in my life or in my heart, so of course I couldn't do the right thing.

Like many other young people, I thought all there was to life was to have a good time, to have plenty of money to spend, and to go and come when I chose. I spent night after night and all day Sunday reveling in sin. I could be found around the card tables and in the theaters and dance halls—a fallen woman in the deepest dives of sin.

I am so glad that after sin had crept into my heart and my feet had gone the downward way, God in His great mercy let me read just five words in an Apostolic Faith Church paper, "The Great White Throne Judgment." Though I didn't know the meaning of the words, such fear came into my heart. I was young and I wasn't thinking anything about the hereafter, but the Lord got my attention

and put a stop to that mad career of mine by letting me read those words. God dealt faithfully with my soul as I sat and pondered over them. I thought, I wish I knew more about the judgment. I got a Bible and turned to the twentieth chapter of Revelation. I read that the dead, small and great, are going to stand before God and that the Books will be opened; all will be judged according to the way they lived on earth. I said right out loud, "Then, Jesus, there is no hiding place from You." I thought about my life of sin. I looked up and said, "Oh Lord, will I have to answer for all the sins I have committed?" My heart was broken as my sins rolled up before me. I said, "Lord, if You will get me out of my trouble and out of my sin, I will serve You all the days of my life."

I wanted out of sin right then. There was no one around to help me pray and I never dreamed that God would answer my prayer. I needed to find someone who could pray. My friend made an appointment for me with one of the women living in my city and I went that night. I have never forgotten the prayer she prayed. I was speechless as I listened to her. She said, "Jesus, You came to seek and to save that which was lost." Then I just said, "Jesus, will you save me?" and I was saved. Every bit of the love of worldly things went out of my heart. God made me a real Bible Christian and put a love for purity and a clean life in my soul.

I have had many years now to prove this old-time religion. God has given me so many blessings. One of those blessings was health. I had been sick every day of my life, and specialists had done their best for me. I was under the care of one doctor for a year before Jesus saved my soul, and during that time he said, "I never had a case like yours; your system will not yield to treatments or medicine." Then the Apostolic Faith Church overseer came back East and, as she was on her way to the train station with several others to return to Portland, I told her about just one of my afflictions. She replied, "You shouldn't have that; we will pray." I sat down and they anointed me with oil and she prayed, "Jesus, You make this child of Yours well from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet for Your glory." God healed me right then of all my afflictions.

I praise God for His wonderful love to me! Truly I love Him and this Gospel.





## James Damron

I thank God that I know I am on my way to the Holy City. I praise God for salvation and that He ever came into my life. I was unworthy as could be, lost, and far away from God. I thank God I wasn't so far down that He could not reach me. I heard His voice and He talked to my soul. He brought me into the fold and saved my lost soul.

I wanted to serve God from my childhood days, and I started out to make Heaven my home. I had been in the ministry for ten years of my life and I was trying to serve God. I was not deep in sin, but I was in a backslidden condition. I didn't realize it until I met the people of the Apostolic Faith Church.

I thank God, it woke me up when I heard the truth. For years, I had gone from one church to another. I attended a holiness mission at the time that I met these people, but there was something in my heart that was hungry for God; I wanted to humble myself and go to the altar of prayer. I thank God I found just what I was looking for; I found peace for my troubled soul.

God saved my soul. Peace and joy came into my heart, and the power of God transformed my life. I knew I was born again. I thank God that, for more than eighteen years, I have known the truth and have sought nothing else. God gave me victory and took sin out of my life.

The false doctrine all left in a moment of time. I thank God I found the people that preached and stood for the whole Word of God. From that time to this, I haven't looked for another way. I am happy on the way.

## Cal Wolf



The kindness God has shown to me overwhelms me. I thank Him for His mercy that has followed me every day of my life.

As a boy, I lived on a sheep ranch in Wyoming. Many times, sitting out there in the hills, I felt an emptiness in my heart. It seemed that I could not find reality in anything. One morning I asked my mother, “Why was I born, anyway? Why am I in the world?” Tears ran down her cheeks, but she could not tell me. Eventually, I took up drinking, smoking, and going to dances—staying out till the sun came up. I rode the freight trains and bummed around all over the country, but it was not long before I was sick of living that way. I had tried desperately to find something that would satisfy, but had failed.

One day, I went to a recruiting station and joined the Navy. In November of 1941, I was put on board a ship for transportation to the Pearl Harbor Naval Base. We were three days out of that harbor when it was bombed. Soon after that, I was assigned to the USS Enterprise, an aircraft carrier

which was headed for the South Pacific.

God extended mercy to me during those war years. One time a portion of an airplane wing hit the flight deck of our ship. Some of the fuel tanks broke open and saturated the entire bow with gasoline. I was in one of the gun groups nearby, and my clothes were soaked. Yet there was never a spark of any kind. God protected my life.

God also began to enlighten me. Sitting at my battle station day after day, I watched a young man read his Bible. He had been a card shark, winning money from the other fellows, but he changed. He appeared to be a new person. His language was cleaned up, and he had the look of peace on his face. He had a New Testament, and as he read, he underlined verses of Scripture.

One day he took off his earphones, hung them up, and closed his eyes. I was sitting a little higher than him, and was able to look over his shoulder and read the Scripture he had underlined. It said, “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life” (John 3:16).

I had always known there was a God because of the beauties of nature, and because nature was so well regulated, with everything running smoothly. I never dreamed, though, that God had a Son. I had always wondered what Christmas and Easter were all about. That day, God began to show me that all my problems were caused by a sinful heart and that I should give my heart to Him.

A crisis came into my life three months later, on October 26, 1942. When I went to my battle station at 8:30 that morning, my heart felt like a chunk of stone. I was terrified. We had received word that a Japanese task force was coming at us. I knew any moment could be my last, and I was not ready to meet God.

As I looked out at another carrier that was with us, I saw that smoke was coming out of the stack. A bomb had been dropped. Soon a string of dive bombers were coming at us, one after another. I ran into the optical shop, threw myself on the deck, and began to cry to God. I pulled out all the stops. I

had to have help, and I knew God could give it to me. I asked Jesus to help me as He helped those disciples who followed Him.

In a few minutes, it seemed as though the gunfire had faded into the distance. I felt the power of God come into that optical shop, and I knew the Lord was standing right there. I pled with Him and told Him I was sorry for every sin I had ever committed. I did not want to use Him just for a fire escape; I wanted to live right. I wanted to live like I ought to live when our ship got back to port. I was sick of sin. It had ruined me—ruined my stomach, ruined my life. As quickly as you could snap your fingers, peace came into my heart. It felt as though a load rolled off my back. I was a brand new man, a new creature in Christ Jesus.

When I finished praying, the battle was still going on, and I ran to the porthole and looked out. A torpedo plane was about a thousand or twelve hundred yards away, but there was no longer any fear in my heart. Soon the ship began to quiver and shake, and was turned a hard right to starboard. The bow lifted right out of the water, the ship spun around, and the torpedo missed us. I saw many such miracles after that as the Lord continued to protect us.

The contact I made with God that day has lasted. He pulled me out of a deep, dark hole and gave me such sweet peace in my soul. The tongue I could not control was changed. I threw away my cigarettes and quit drinking. God helped me go over my old life, set things straight, and pay bills I never intended to pay. He gave me the satisfaction I had longed for.

We had prayer meetings and Bible classes on board ship. I learned to read and love Scripture. God used that time to strengthen my love for Him. While I was still in the service, I met a lovely young lady who became my wife. When I was discharged, God guided our lives. We raised a family and had small businesses. When problems came, we got on our knees and laid them out before the Almighty God, and He solved them all. The Lord has the answers.

For a while after I was discharged we lived in Roseburg, Oregon. There was a gravel pit not far away, and I used to go there during the day and pray when no one would hear or be bothered by my prayers. I don't know how many problems were settled in that gravel pit.

Later, we moved to Medford, Oregon. When we were first there, I had no work. We had three children at the time, and our funds ran extremely low. We had no money to make our car payment, and eventually we received a notice that our car was going to be taken away from us if we did not have the money in a few days. I had been praying and searching my heart. When that notice came, I was desperate. I prayed, "Lord, You can do anything. You have done so many things for me in the past. This is not too hard for You because You made everything." I left the problem in His hands. On the day the money was due, I received an envelope in the mail from out of town. It contained enough money to bring our car payments up to date.

Once I was badly injured in an auto accident and could not walk. I was carried into the church one Sunday, and a group of young people gathered around me and began to pray for my healing. I saw the faith in their faces, but I also felt the pain in my legs. I looked at my crutches and thought, If I pick up one of those crutches, will it shake their faith? I couldn't do that, so I put my weight on one foot, and no pain! Something said, "Walk," so I stood up and walked the length of the church. God had healed me!

When I was in the Navy, my ship came back into the United States through the Straits of Juan de Fuca after having been in many battles. As we came through the straits, the sailors lined the deck, and a shout went up at the first sight of land. We were coming home! Sometimes I wonder if it will be like that when we get to the Promised Land. What a shout will go up from the saints! I am looking forward to that day.



## Helen Giselman



**M**y heart is filled with praise and thanksgiving to the Lord as I look back over my life and think of the countless times I have witnessed definite answers to prayer. When I read articles saying that God is dead or that the days of miracles are past, my heart cries out, “Oh, if you could only know Him as I know Him!”

I am thankful for a Godly heritage. My parents received an Apostolic Faith Church paper many years ago while living in Wyoming. What they read lined up with the Bible and they yearned to move to Portland, Oregon. They wanted to cast their lot with God’s people, where they could learn more about the Lord and what a true Christian life should be. A short time later, they sold everything and moved to Portland.

I was born into that Christian home and attended Sunday school and church faithfully. My Christian mother was very diligent in giving me spiritual guidance and I loved the Lord and believed His Word with all my heart, but it took more

than that to make me a Christian. I had a heart that was naturally sinful and I, too, had to kneel and ask God’s forgiveness—ask Him to be merciful to me, a sinner.

I was only seven years old when I prayed at an altar of prayer and God wonderfully saved me. What joy came into my young heart as I felt the wonderful change He made in my life! My very desires and ambitions were changed. I was able to live a victorious life before my young friends and classmates.

Later, I was sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost. God made Himself so real to my heart! As a small child, though, I didn’t read the Bible and pray as I should have. When I was in my early teens, the Lord talked to my heart again and showed me that I didn’t have salvation anymore, and I needed to draw near to Him.

One Sunday afternoon, as I sat in a church service with my young friends, God dealt mightily with me. I felt like my soul was lost. I made my way to the altar and gave Him my heart and life. I asked Him to give me something that would be real and lasting, something that would take me through life. I forgot about my friends and the love for the things of this world. I just wanted to serve Jesus with all my heart. In answer to this prayer, He saved me! I began to study violin and voice so that I could be useful in God’s service.

Shortly after I received salvation, my brother was healed of epilepsy in answer to prayer. Many other healings took place in our family. Witnessing these miracles planted the seed of faith in my heart. That is why I am alive today.

As a young girl, I sometimes experienced poor health. When I married, I was told that I would probably never be able to have children. I felt saddened, but I remembered the story in the Bible about Hannah, and how God had answered prayer for her.

My husband was seeking for the baptism of the Holy Ghost at that time, and night after night we stayed after the evening service and tarried at the altar until the early hours of the morning. Many other prayer warriors stayed and prayed with us. It was like Heaven.

One night about midnight I, like Hannah, whispered my request to the Lord. Oh, what a blessing came upon me as I felt the power of God surge through and through my soul! I began to sing in another language. It was a beautiful experience.

A few nights later, my husband received his baptism. Less than a year after that, I held our own darling son in my arms. Often, as I look at him these days, with his wife and two precious little boys, I think, There is our miracle child.

For many years after that I had wonderful health. Then a little more than eight years ago, I noticed that I was losing my appetite and feeling very weak. I began suffering intense pain. I had a malignant tumor. One crucial weekend, we prayed so hard and we asked the people at church to pray also. Then the tumor just vanished. My strength returned and I was able to care for my aged mother during the last six weeks of her life.

Two years after that, I suffered a heart attack while practicing with our orchestra for the summer concert. Then, I had three more attacks. The last one nearly took my life. Some of my veins ballooned and I hemorrhaged under the skin. Four doctors told me that I would need surgery in order to live. I chose to trust in God instead. As I went through the “valley of the shadow of death,” it was so sweet to feel the presence of Jesus! I remembered one by one all the precious answers to prayer that I had experienced. What God had done for me before, He could surely do again! I prayed, “Lord, if it is Your will that I live, then You heal me again for Your glory. If not, I will go to Heaven trusting You; I will not have surgery.”

Weeks passed and my faith was severely tried. But I wouldn’t exchange those wonderful days for anything. I felt the presence of the Lord so close to me at times that He seemed to be standing right by my side. My husband experienced it too. He said, “When I come home from work and walk into the house, it seems that this very place glows with the presence of the Lord.”

Finally the day came when I realized that my appetite for food was returning. Then came a little more strength, then less pain and I said, “Lord, as You give me strength, I want to give it back to You.” I began by praying for others. Gradually, I was stronger and could do my own housework. Now I am completely well. For months, I have been living normally, doing all of my own housework, even doing the heavier duties like gardening and washing windows—things that I thought I would never be able to do again.

My neighbors are amazed. They know we trusted God for my healing. From time to time my husband’s business acquaintances call to check and see how I am getting along. They, too, know that we trusted in God.

Recently when I visited my son and his family in Denver, Colorado, known as the Mile-High City, I was able to run and play with my two little grandsons without experiencing any pain or even shortness of breath.

I feel very unworthy of God’s love and the goodness extended to me. Is it any wonder that I feel like praising Him and thanking Him from the depths of my soul? My God lives! The days of miracles are not past! I know, because I have proved Him for myself. And what He has done for me, He can do for anyone.

*For many years, Helen played her violin in the church orchestra. She sat in the first chair of the second violin section. She also sang in the church choir and taught Sunday school. She loved working with children and taught in both the morning and afternoon classes. She worked at the church office for some time and then went to work for the United States Corps of Engineers, where she stayed for about twenty years.*





## John Emory Day

It is marvelous what the Lord has done for me. I was brought up in the Gospel. I still remember the old church at Front and Burnside. I was very small then, but my mother used to take me to church, even though I didn't particularly care to go. She read the Bible to me as well.

As I grew older, I thought I could get along all right without the Gospel. But there came a time when I found out I couldn't. I knew where to come when my soul was distressed and my heart was heavy. I came down to the hall at Sixth and Burnside one Sunday night and I determined in my heart to get saved. I went to the altar that night and workers gathered around and prayed for me. God was there to answer my prayer. The Lord came down into my heart and saved me. A few months after that, He sanctified me.

I thank God that I have the memories of many meetings that I can carry with me. I think it is wonderful that God has been so merciful to me and so good. I thank Him for all that He has done for me.

I have needed the Gospel in these past three years, living in different parts of the country, in barracks and officers' quarters. They drink and smoke everywhere. Some of them seem to think they can only have a good time if they are drunk.

I thank God I have something better in my soul. I can get down at night and pray and offer my heart to God and think of the Apostolic Faith Church, the people who are praying for us. I know there is a light still shining here. It means a lot to us boys who are far away. I can say the Gospel still holds. It is something that will hold a man steady and help him on his way.

### *A Letter written from Burma:*

"Since you wrote last I have moved into Burma. I thought I couldn't get any farther from home when I was in India; but I was wrong, because here I am. Perhaps I am getting closer on the other side.

"Civilization seems a long way off down here. Our airstrip is built on a once-famous battlefield, and as the bulldozers punch and level the ground, ammunition, grenades, mortar shells, and high explosive shells of many varieties and nationalities come to light. It was a grim and deadly struggle through this area. The Lord still has His hand over us.

"The jungle-covered mountains rising abruptly from the flat valley floor surely are a beautiful sight. We live in pyramidal tents, and sometimes I am reminded of the beautiful campground at home. Our chapel here is only the slope of a hill, but the Spirit of the Lord is near us even as we sit on the ground, straining to catch the words of the Chaplain above the roar of battle-bound planes. It is a far cry from the peace and beauty we know at the church on Sixth and Burnside, but we can make a "joyful noise unto the Lord"—even in far-off Burma.

"As I am the "Officer of the Day," I must make another inspection of the guard, so will close with a prayer for the safety of the saints and progress of the Gospel."



## Inger Friis

**T**here is a very great praise in my heart for what my Lord has done for me. I have not words enough to express what I feel and what I want to say to honor my Savior.

As a young child, I always prayed, but that was not salvation. I was also privileged to have a good home and wonderful parents. It all seemed so good, but in my heart I desired the world and I knew I was a sinner. When I was twenty-six years old, I felt a great need in my heart. I was very unhappy as a sinner. The people of the world couldn't help me, and I didn't know anyone who lived a Christian life. Then I cried to Heaven, and said, "If You live, Jesus, You must answer me and give me peace!"

Jesus answered me. Oh, He took away my heavy burden of sin and He gave me peace and joy and happiness! I knew that Jesus' Blood had taken all my sins away. I knew I was a new creature and that I had a mansion in Heaven, but I wanted more from God. When I attended a big church in Den-

mark, the priest said, "You cannot have more." But I knew I must have more, so I cried to God and said, "You must lead me to a people that are held near to Thee."

Later, God led me to our little Copenhagen Apostolic Faith congregation. Meetings were held in a little house with only four in attendance at that time. My whole life was turned around in those meetings. I heard about sanctification. I remember I said that I wanted a clean heart and I wanted that experience. Months later, I got the experience of sanctification, and it was as great an experience as salvation. A few months after that, I received the experience of the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I am also thankful that the Lord has made it possible for us to continue to hold our services and to live where we have been for the past twenty-five years. A year-and-a-half ago, our leader died. An inheritance tax would have taken one third of our assets. Our advocate said we would have to sell. We said, "No." We felt we could not lose what the Lord had given us and what had been dedicated to Him twenty-five years earlier.

For a year-and-a-half we heard nothing from our advisor. Something had to be done, so we decided we would have to sell. We thought perhaps the Lord had something else for us. We were praying all the time that the will of God might be done. Three times we advertised in the daily paper, but nobody came to buy. Then we tried to rent out the second floor, but nobody would come to rent. Then we understood that the Lord wanted us to stay in His house.

At the same time, a brother from Horsens, Denmark, phoned to say that the Lord had spoken to him that we must not sell. He was a carpenter and knew all about houses. Then, another brother promised to help us with the finances. Now all is settled; we can continue on as we were before. It is quite a miracle and we are thankful and give praise to the Lord!

It has been thirty-four years and I am happier now than the first day I came into the Gospel.



## Harry Nelson

I am thankful for the love and mercy of God. As a young boy it was my privilege to grow up on a farm in North Dakota in a home where my dad had found the Lord. We did not have many things, but one priceless heritage we did have was a father who knew God, feared Him, and tried to serve Him the best he could. My dad was not ashamed to tell what God had done for him, and he strove to bring up his children in the fear of the Lord. He spoke often of the coming of the Lord, and I knew I was not ready for that event. I admired and respected him, but there was something in my heart that would not allow me to pray.

I was considered a good boy. I did not have some of the habits other young people had; I didn't drink or smoke or go to dances, and my language was ordinarily very clean. But I didn't have any trouble with self-righteousness. I knew I was a sinner. I had a preacher tell me one time, "You are not doing what the world is doing, you must be a Christian." I knew better. In those days God would

many times strive with me. I went to church sometimes and often I would be under conviction when I went, but my heart was rebellious against God, and I wasn't ready or willing to pray. It was so hard for me to give in.

My dad called the Apostolic Faith his church. He had become affiliated with it through his brother who lived in Portland, Oregon. When my eldest brother was a baby, he got a rupture. Dad wrote to Portland for an anointed handkerchief and the prayers of the saints. When the handkerchief came and was first put on the boy, nothing happened, but Dad held on to God. It was a little trial of faith. After a short time, God answered prayer; my brother was completely healed without an operation.

There was another time when my dad was very sick with appendicitis. For twenty-one days he didn't eat, and he lost sixty-five pounds. Again God delivered; he recovered without the aid of man.

When I was twenty-nine years old, I went to Portland on vacation, and during that time, I began attending the Apostolic Faith services. After attending for about two weeks, I finally got up enough courage to go to the altar. It was the first time in my life I ever went to an altar of prayer. I did not get saved the first time I prayed, but when I repented with all my heart, God made Himself real to me. Before the week was out, God gave me the assurance my sins were forgiven. It was February 15, 1951. The song in my soul the next day was, "Faith is the victory that overcomes the world." Victory was mine, and I could write to my family in North Dakota that God had saved my soul.

I went back to the farm for a year and did well financially, but God dealt with me and made me willing to leave the farm. I rented out my land and moved to Portland to worship with the Apostolic Faith people. On February 28, 1952, the opportunity was given me to work in the Apostolic Faith printing plant. A short time after, I was given the opportunity of visiting the merchant ships in the Portland harbor and inviting the seamen to church. I have enjoyed the privileges God has given me. I want to do what I can to help spread the Gospel to others.

I don't have to date back to only that first day when God did something for me, for His blessings have been mine since then. I have a strong hope and a wonderful God-given peace in the depths of

my soul. I am glad the Lord led me from my North Dakota farm to Portland and brought me to repentance. I am glad to give my life and my time to His service. I can surely say the Lord has rewarded my efforts as I try to please Him in all that I do.

*Harry Nelson worked in the Apostolic Faith printing plant for over thirty years. In all that time, he never took a salary. Instead, he lived off of the income from his farm.*





## Don Dibble

I am grateful for the old-time religion. I am glad, too, that it is not something abstract. I am not a Christian only because Mother and Father were, but I found I needed a real experience of my own.

Bible salvation came to me many years ago when I got honest with God. I knew I needed it. For years I had failed to take advantage of the golden opportunities laid at my feet in a Christian home. I had good intentions and thought that someday I would become a Christian. I knew I needed a change in my way of living—that the best days of my life were slipping away and being wasted in sin.

One Sunday morning I decided to end my trouble, and I went to an altar of prayer. God came in and took away that burden of condemnation that had weighed me down. That was a good day. The great God of Heaven made a real change in my life and gave me victory and power to live for Him.

On the campground, many years ago, after I had been saved and sanctified, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I had sought it many years—that is, I would go to the altar. When I finally got down to real business with God, I got results. When I rose from the altar and went to tell my mother about it, I was still talking in a language she could not understand. She knew what had happened. Things like that make the Gospel real.

Down through the years, I have appreciated the things that the Lord has done for me. I am glad I serve a God who still hears and answers prayer. I can get a prayer through when I have a need in my life and I get serious. The old-time religion is genuine. It is the kind that produces results. I have found that it pays well to serve God.



## Myrtle Peterson

I was brought up in a good home; my mother was very strict with us children and her prayers would touch my heart. I remember her standing by my dresser telling me not to go into sin. What she said brought trouble and condemnation to my heart. I knew there must be reality in the Gospel, but I wanted the things of the world. I would go to Thursday night prayer meeting and then to the dance halls, card parties, and theater all in the same week. I would just mix them up together. I continued to go my own way bringing sorrow and remorse into my life. I longed many times to get out of that kind of life, but did not know how.

I lived in the Midwest and then came to the rice fields in California when my husband's father bought land, sight unseen. We lived in a little one-room house that was not yet finished. The porch was only about three feet square, and the house was surrounded by water which was the rice field.

It was there that I became discouraged and brokenhearted. God was faithful to me, though. He talked to me and showed me that it was not all of life to live or all of death to die, but after death came the judgment. I began to pray for a way out. I prayed to find a people who really knew their God. I told the Lord, "Surely there are people somewhere on earth that really know You and serve You." The one day, just a portion of an Apostolic Faith paper came into my hands. I began to read the wonderful words of life that paper contained. I said to my sister, "That sounds just like what I want" and I sent to Portland, Oregon, for more literature.

As I searched that paper and read the Bible, I found that Jesus was coming soon and when he came He would come as quickly as the lightening that shineth from the east to the west. I thought to myself, I will have no time to repent or make restitution. I also read that Jesus was just the same yesterday, today, and forever, and that He was no respecter of persons or places.

I saw what I had to do to be ready for the Rapture—I had to be saved, sanctified, baptized with the Holy Ghost and fire, and a full overcomer. The words that seemed to stand out greater than all were "A full overcomer." I prayed, "God, I don't know what that means, but if that is what it takes, that is what I want."

I settled it in my heart that I did not want to miss Heaven. I stood by my bedside one night and prayed, "Oh God, I don't care what You do with me, just so You make me ready to meet You." I was far away from the Apostolic Faith people but I wanted to have in my heart just what I read about in their paper. Thank God, He did not disappoint me; He saved my soul and took out the desire for sin and the things of the world. He planted the assurance in my heart that I was right with Him.

It has stood the test—at work, at home, and everywhere. I surely thank Him for this wonderful Gospel.



## Audrey Hinkle

**B**efore I reached my teens, my mother made it clear to me for the first time that if I would live right and obey the Bible, I would go to Heaven. If not, I would go to Hell for all eternity. I remember so well how I purposed in my heart, right there, that if there was a choice, I would go to Heaven. It was many years before anyone told me the way to make Heaven my home.

At sixteen, I moved to Medford, Oregon, and rented a room in a lady's home. I went to work in a café. During that time, such a hunger came into my heart to know more of God. With my first paycheck, I bought a Bible and each night read it faithfully and prayed with the little understanding God gave me. Somewhere I had heard that Jesus would return to earth, and I felt that it would surely be soon. One night, as I prayed, a wonderful feeling came into my heart. The next day, I had such a love for my fellowman and faith that if I died I would go to Heaven. However, there was no one to teach me. With no guidance, and no knowl-

edge of how to keep this wonderful feeling, it wasn't long before I lost it.

I continued to read my Bible, and I called myself a Christian. I still wanted to please God. When I was eighteen, I read in the Bible a woman should have long hair. I began to watch those around me, looking for someone with long hair who lived for God. When I didn't find anyone, I gave up on obeying the Bible, because it seemed impossible to do everything I read in God's Word.

Many years passed, and the day came when discouragement took control. I was married with four young children, and my husband had begun to drink heavily. Things seemed so hopeless that I could see no reason for living. I thought about suicide, but my mother always said it was a coward's way out. One day, reading my Bible, I saw so clearly how I was failing God. I cried out from the depths of my heart, "Help me to get to know Jesus like I should." God answered that prayer.

Only a short time later, a lady came to invite me to some Gospel meetings that the Apostolic Faith was going to hold in an old store building in front of the house we lived in. I did not see how I could go, but she suggested I ask my husband to keep the children. He did not usually do this. However, that night he agreed, and I went to the service. Oh, the wonderful things I heard! The music was beautiful; I enjoyed the singing of the old hymns. I went to a couple more meetings and the testimonies began to catch my attention. Through them I began to understand that God worked in the lives of individuals, answering prayer directly. After hearing Cleora Seely tell of her mother being healed of cancer, I put God to the test. For many years, I had suffered with severe headaches. They had started when I was thrown from a car and dragged quite a ways with my head in the gravel at the age of fourteen. No amount of aspirin would deaden them. The next time I felt one coming on, I prayed. Then I put it out of my mind, for I knew if I continued to think about it, I would lose faith. Sometime later, I realized the headache had not gotten bad, and to this day, they have never returned.

As the meetings progressed, I learned that if I repented of the sin and wrongdoing in my life, Jesus would come in and forgive those things and put within me the power to do what the Bible said. This was what my heart had longed for since I was just a child.

I did not yield to God's call right away. I was afraid of what my husband and others might say. One night I decided I would not go to church because I felt the neighbors were watching and they knew I was going every night. Then one of them stopped by on her way and told me I had no excuse to stay home because I lived so close. I was glad, because I wanted to go so badly.

By the time of the final service held in that building, I knew that I needed an experience of salvation before I would be a Christian. The preacher asked for hands of those who wanted prayer. A friend of mine had come with me. I knew that if I raised my hand, she would tell our husbands as well as other friends, and they would laugh and make fun of me, and I would be alone. I did not have the courage to raise my hand. Suddenly, I could not breathe. As the minister stood asking for hands and talking about it, I could hear nothing. I felt that if I did not raise my hand, I would need to run outside for air. I raised my hand, but when they asked me to stay and pray, I said, "No!" When we returned home, my friend did tell everyone about it, and they did make their remarks, but I just wished I had followed through and prayed.

I began attending the Apostolic Faith Church in Medford, Oregon, and I came under such conviction. God showed me my faults and my sins. Before long, I was praying a great deal of the time. God blessed me many times in private prayer as I went about my work, but somehow I could not believe that He would forgive me. As a result, I prayed for over a year before my faith reached out and claimed the promise.

On May 3, 1953, Brother Frost preached about the Crucifixion. I felt I was guilty. I knew God had blessed me many times, so my faith took hold, and I received His witness of real salvation. Such joy came into my heart! I could hardly sleep that night for the glorious gift He had given to me. There was always something missing until that night when Jesus became my Savior and I became His disciple. Later God sanctified and baptized me.

God gave me thirteen children, and in the raising of them, He gave me strength. Sometimes we needed miracles in our lives to keep on going. One time while I was cutting wood, I sent my oldest son into the house to move a pan on the wood stove. I forgot there was another pan at the front of the stovetop filled with hot grease to fry bread in. He moved the wrong pan and splashed hot grease all over the front of himself. He wasn't wearing a shirt, and came out of the house screaming. I got on my knees and started praying. In a few seconds he stopped screaming. On Sunday, he didn't want to go to church because he had spots all over his face, neck, and chest. We prayed and God removed the spots that showed above his shirt collar.

Another time, five of the children came down with whooping cough. While my eight-month-old baby was coughing, she stopped breathing completely. For some time, I worked to revive her, but couldn't. I sent one of the children outside for my husband and he tried to revive her also. She turned blue, and it seemed she was gone. I started praying desperately, and she just started breathing again naturally. I feel God gave her back to us that day.

One summer, a forest fire started above our house. It came closer and closer until we had to evacuate. The children prayed that God would spare our home. The fire came down the hill and stopped across the narrow road from our house. Later, the firemen told us that live embers had fallen on the house. Though it was summer, and the house was old, none of the embers caught.

When I needed shoes for two of the children and didn't have the money, I put what I had in the tithe box, and the next time I went to church, there was a bag with my name on it. Inside were two pairs of shoes, just the right size.

One Thanksgiving, we had nothing special for our meal, and a couple showed up with a complete Thanksgiving dinner. Many more prayers have been answered, it would be impossible to list them all.

My heart is full when I think of how God has blessed me. He has provided for every need, and there have been joys without number.



## Harold Barrett

In 1915, three women from the Apostolic Faith Church came into the hills near Eugene, Oregon, to tell the story of Jesus to my parents. My father had tried his best to be a Christian, but was disillusioned by the defeat in his life. He was ready to give up when these women told him that he could have victory over sin. He prayed, and as a result, I was born into a Christian home.

At fourteen years of age, I gave my life to the Lord. However, I failed to keep the faith and for twenty years I rejected God and lived in misery. For the most part, I thought very little about God or eternity. I wanted nothing to do with the faith of my childhood.

I married my high-school sweetheart, Sally, and we began our life together. She was a good, moral girl, but she did not have the kind of background I had. Over the next few years, four children were born into our home—three sons and one daughter. Sally and I joined a church, but they did not teach true salvation. The preacher told me that

because I had confessed my sins, I was saved, but I knew in my heart that I was not doing right. Still, we became active in the church. At one time, I was even the Sunday school superintendent!

When I was thirty-four years old, the mother I loved so dearly passed away. Shortly after she died, out of respect for my father, I went to church with him. That evening, I felt the Lord calling me. The minister who preached had the love of God burning in his heart, and as he spoke, tears rolled down his cheeks. At the close, he asked for those who would like to be saved to raise their hands. Mine felt as heavy as lead, but I put it up to indicate, “Pray for me.” One of the ministers came to me and said, “Harold, won’t you come and pray? God will help you.” That gave me courage, and I stepped out into the aisle.

The altars were full, but a place was found for me to kneel and there I cried out to God to forgive the sins that had accumulated in my life. The enemy of my soul reminded me of restitutions I would have to make if I gave my heart to God. They looked like a mountain, but I promised, “Lord, I will go back and straighten out my life.” Then Satan said, “Remember, your wife said she would leave you if you ever came to this church.” I knew my soul was hanging in the balance, so I told God, “If You will forgive me, I will take the way even if I walk alone.” There was nothing more I could pray, and in a moment of time, peace flooded my heart. God broke the fetters of sin and made me a new creature in Christ Jesus.

I went home to Sally, knelt beside her at the couch, and told her, “I am saved.” She began to weep, and said, “I will go my way, and you can go yours,” but God did not permit that. He began to speak to her heart about her own need for salvation.

The day after I was saved, I began to make restitutions. I had always considered myself an honest businessman, but I had some sins covered up. I had a new home, and had papered one of the rooms with wallpaper I had taken from a job. The next day, I went to that man’s place of business and told him what I had done. He wasn’t a religious man, but he said, “If everyone were like you, we wouldn’t need any policemen in the world.”



The very next night after I was saved, God sanctified me. Oh, what a wonderful experience that was! It seemed like the heavens opened and filled me. I couldn't say an unkind word to anyone. The change in me touched my wife's heart. By the end of that week, she was in church. The following Sunday night, she made her way forward to an altar of prayer, where she gave her life to God. When we went home that night, we were truly one in Christ Jesus. Before that time, our children had never seen us pray upon our knees, but from then on, there by our bedside, we prayed together, tears rolling down our faces.

When I gave my heart to the Lord, I made consecrations to Him. I was determined to put my whole heart into the Gospel and to pay any price that God might require, and the Lord filled my heart with His Holy Spirit.

I prayed for the ability to intercede for souls. Then I was invited to visit the merchant ships and ask the crewmen to come to church. I was inspired by this opportunity, and we began inviting the men to our home and taking them to see scenic places around our city. Many times the Korean seamen would ask me if we had a church in their country. They would say, "Why don't you come to Korea?" With four children to raise I thought that was impossible, but God was planting the seed.

In 1960, our only daughter, Pam, was taken from us in a drowning accident. Our hearts were broken, even though we knew that we would meet her again in Heaven. How thankful we were for the work of the Lord during that difficult time; we focused our attention on working for Him!

In 1965, Sally and I received an invitation from the Korea Shipping Company to visit their country, and in 1966, we made our first trip there. We spent seven months visiting seamen acquaintances all over the country. Again and again, these men and their families would ask why we did not have a church in Korea, and it would grieve me.

One night after we returned home, our pastor, Reverend Loyce Carver, asked, "Harold, would you and Sally like to go to Korea as missionaries?" There was no hesitation in my heart, and I knew Sally's heart too, so I said, "Yes." God opened doors and provided in a wonderful way. We rented out our home, gave my business to our sons, and were ready for the greatest adventure of our lives.

We were offered free passage on a ship to Korea, as guests of the Korea Shipping Company. On our arrival in Korea, we were welcomed by many of the seamen who had visited us in Portland. They helped us find a house to rent in Pusan. Though newly constructed, it had no running water and no indoor plumbing. Shortly after our arrival, the niece of a Korean seaman came to live with us, and she became our first convert. The lady who delivered water to our home every day was another whose life was touched in those early days. This woman worked for many so-called Christians in the neighborhood, but they did not show any care for her soul. When she came to our door, though, we offered her tea and showed her kindness, and it was not long before she believed upon the Son of God.

God gave Sally and me the privilege of laboring in Korea for almost twenty years. For sixteen years after our move back to Portland we returned for a few weeks of every year to Korea. Many times we also had the opportunity to visit groups of God's children in Japan, Hong Kong, Taiwan, and the Philippines. We grew to love those dear people as our own children.

In 1992, Sally was called Home to Heaven. A few years later, God blessed me with another helpmate, Opal, who was a missionary in her own right. Since then, she has walked with me on this highway of holiness, and we have had the privilege of making a number of trips to Korea, Japan, and the Philippines together.

I have grown old in the service of God. My stride has slowed and my eyes have grown dim, but love for the souls of men is still burning in my heart. As the Rapture nears, it is the thrill of my soul to know that many from across the sea will meet me in that day.

*Harold Barrett, lovingly known as "Papa Barrett" by many saints in several countries, passed away May 23, 2005, at the age of eighty-eight. Today we have six congregations in South Korea.*





## Lucille Miller

I am very happy to have the privilege of telling just a little bit of what the Lord has done for me. I am so glad that God ever had mercy upon me. He found me way down in Wisconsin, a good many miles from here. The power of God was there to draw me to the Lord.

I was just a young girl, fourteen years old, out in sin. I loved every pleasure that the world had to offer, but I am so glad that God saw me. I Praise God that He saw me and He knew that if I could only hear the Gospel there would be a response in my soul. Once I heard it, I was never the same again. I can truly say that I never enjoyed sinful pleasure after that, and it was not long until I was on my knees before the Lord, crying out to God for mercy. He had mercy on me and He forgave me.

I did not get saved the first time I prayed, nor even the second time. God wanted to make me know that I really wanted it down in my heart before He let me have it. I praise God that I sought Him with tears for about four days. I thought I was

the most miserable person who ever walked on God's earth. One night that will never be forgotten, peace came into my heart. God saved me. He saved me from the old world of sin. I have never wanted that life from that day to this. I have been satisfied. When the Lord saved me, I was happy to know that my burden was gone. There is peace in my soul, and I praise God He has given me victory right along.

I am glad that God can keep us wherever we are if we will do our part, and I have purposed in my heart that by the grace of God, I will do my part.

## Ernest Cochran

**W**e first attended an Apostolic Faith Church camp meeting in Portland, Oregon in 1928. That summer, we drove to Portland from Montana in a Model T Ford. I was just an old drunken cow-puncher and my parents hoped that I would let the Lord do something for me.

The church papers from the Apostolic Faith had been coming to our home for years. My mother would read them and cry—and I would run. The Lord was talking to my heart, but I thought in order to be a good cowpuncher I had to curse like a sailor, drink moonshine whiskey, and smoke cigarettes. Down inside I was so miserable.

My eyesight became so poor that I couldn't tell a good steer from a bad one, and I couldn't read the brands anymore. It was then that we made the move to Portland.

One Sunday morning, in the tabernacle, I heard the wonderful story of how Jesus could save, heal, keep, sanctify, and baptize with the Holy Ghost. I got through the first meeting all right, but in the second meeting, when I heard people telling of how God had cleaned them up and they had gone back to make restitution, I couldn't take any more. I left my seat and started down the aisle. I decided I was going to change masters and start for Heaven.

I threw my cigarettes under a seat and fell in a heap at the altar. There, I called on the Lord for mercy. One of the faithful brothers put his hand on my shoulder and prayed, "Oh God, melt his stony heart." Then, to me, he said, "Get honest with the Lord." I didn't know if the Lord would believe what I was promising, because I had lied to Him so often. But my burden of sin rolled away; the darkness of midnight went out. I had something real. I was like a young boy again! The condemnation was gone, and I began to sing, "There is a fountain filled with Blood." I don't know how I remembered that song, but my mother had sung it when I was a child. It sounded good to me. It still sounds good.

It was a marvelous day when I looked the world in the face. I didn't know how I was going to trust God for healing, but they said that God would put it in my heart—and He did.

We have been sick many times even unto death. When we couldn't get prayers through ourselves, we phoned the church and God's people prayed and God answered. A year ago my ear was stopped up; the whole side of my head was numb. I prayed a while and finally God said, "Go on the platform." I went up there and the ministers prayed for me, and it just went. God healed it! This winter the same thing came back again. I went on the platform, but I didn't get healed right away. The devil said, "Oh yes, you better go to the doctor, you better do this, you better do that." Some of Job's comforters were around to tell me what to do. One of the workers said, "He is just the same God today." Shortly after that I got the flu. Right in the middle of that, God healed my ear. I praise Him for it today.

God has helped me for these many years. I am blind, but God takes good care of me. God has taken me around this country to all fifty states. I have been in Mexico and Canada, too. I have troubles too, but I thank God there is power in the Gospel. The way is not grievous; it is growing brighter and happier every day. I praise God for something that satisfies my heart. The precious Word is down in my soul.



## Charles Lohrbauer

I was born into a highly respected family in Norway and given every opportunity for a successful life. Yet, by the age of sixteen I was a drunkard, and at twenty-one I was a criminal. I forged checks and bank notes, and defaulted on debts amounting to thousands of dollars in today's money. When my wrongdoings were discovered, I would have taken the suicide route had my father not snatched the gun from my hands.

I married and, in time, had two sons. Many times I promised my wife that I would leave my sinful life, but I was bound and fettered by the chains of sin. The devil made a football out of me. The day came when I could no longer look into the eyes of my innocent children. I fled from Norway to America, leaving my parents, my wife, and young sons to suffer the humiliation I had brought.

For a time I was a sailor on board one of the old lumber schooners. There, my criminal nature soon asserted itself. When I had a few drinks in me, there was a tiger inside that wanted to fight and

make trouble. When I became incorrigible on the ship, they put me in chains down in the hold for a month. Down there I said, "There is no God." I challenged Him, if He existed, to strike me dead, but in His mercy, He did not. He did not allow the devil to take my life either. Several times I was shipwrecked, and was close to death in sickness, but God preserved my life. He wanted to save my soul.

I joined the army during the Spanish-American War. While in the military, I was imprisoned for threatening an officer and was sent to Alcatraz. The prisons, chain gangs, rock piles, and even solitary confinement failed to make me a decent man. However, in solitary confinement, I would think of my family and of the sorrow I had brought upon them, and overwhelming remorse would eat at my soul.

After I served my three-year sentence, I was given five dollars and set at liberty. For three long years, I had not touched a drop of liquor, and I thought that when I came out of prison I would be free from that habit. Had prison bars reformed me? No! As soon as I saw the saloons, an uncontrollable appetite seized me.

I was soon associating with men and women debased in sin—in the Bowery district of New York, and off the Barbary Coast of San Francisco. Officers from Canada to Mexico knew me as "Drunken Charlie." My name became a byword on the streets. I believe I was one of the most demon-possessed men who ever walked the streets. At nearly fifty years old, I was in the gutter much of the time and got my food out of garbage cans. I was lower than the beasts, with my bloodshot eyes and bloated face.

In Portland, Oregon, I would walk across one of the bridges and look down into the Willamette River and say, "When I can stand it no longer, I will end it all." But between me and a suicide's grave came God's people.

One night, in a saloon, my shirt and shoes were taken for whiskey and cocaine. Then a 250-pound saloonkeeper kicked me through the door and I landed on the muddy sidewalk as the gang laughed and jeered. As I got up on my old bare feet, I heard people singing, "Jesus saves! Jesus saves!" I pressed my way through the crowd to see who was singing and I thought to myself, Is it possible? Will Jesus save a sinner like me—a worthless criminal?

The people who were singing told me that Jesus still wanted men—no questions asked—and that there was still room for my name in God’s Book of Life. They told me that I could find Jesus. I found my way to their mission hall. Because my brain was paralyzed from drink, and I was starving and so weak, I stumbled and fell through the door. That is the way old “Drunken Charlie” came among God’s people for the first time.

That night, I heard the way out of sin. I heard the testimonies of men and women who told of God’s power to break every fetter of Satan and keep them living for God. I heard that it took the power of God to transform a life, that it could not be done by reforms and good resolutions but that Jesus Christ had the power to save us from our sins. I sat in the back, and God Almighty strove with my soul. For the first time in my life, I saw there was hope for me.

After the service, some Christians came back to me with tears in their eyes and said, “Will you let us pray for you?” They did not have to drag me to the altar that night; I rushed there. I had not shed a tear in many years, but that night I cried, and I prayed from the bottom of my heart, “Mercy—have mercy! Jesus, have mercy on me!” God, for Christ’s sake, heard my prayer, and rolled the burden of sin off my heart. I was set free! I had been kicked out of a saloon right into the arms of Jesus.

I had been bound by the drink habit for thirty-three long years, but in a moment of time, that habit went out of my life. The next morning found me on the streets with no money, no job, and nowhere to go, but I was not in the saloon. The saloon door swung open, but I kept walking. When I got to the dock, I went down on my knees praising God because I had walked the streets from one end to the other without a single desire for liquor.

I went up the street and met a policeman. Many times I had had to give an account of myself to those officers about where I had been and what I had been doing. This morning, when he asked, “Where were you last night?” I answered, “I was in an Apostolic Faith meeting.”

“And now where have you been?” he asked. I said, “I’ve been down on the dock praising God. I haven’t had a drink this morning.” There were tears in his eyes as he said, “Go your way, Charlie.”

Never again did an officer have trouble with me. I was a puzzle to the police. One day the old sergeant who used to bring me in was asked, “Where is that old drunk? Has the booze at last killed him, or has he left town?”

“No,” replied the sergeant, “he has good clothes on his back and he is on the street corner preaching about Jesus. I saw him one morning and he walked straight past the saloons.”

These officers had told me I would one day land on the gallows. Now they said, “He’ll be back.” But years went by and I never returned to that old life. I had tasted the pure waters of salvation, and I cared no more for the cup that “biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder” (Proverbs 23:32). I had come into contact with the Christ of Calvary.

My family hadn’t heard from me for years and thought I was dead. After ten years of correspondence, my wife came to America to meet me and to see if what I had told her was really true. She was a woman of refinement and high standing, but when she saw the marvelous change in my life, she soon felt her need for the same salvation. The same God who had saved her drunken husband ten years before, also saved her.

Since then, I have had the privilege of going with Gospel workers up and down the same places where I had been so notorious. I have told my story in the prisons and on the very street corners where the policemen used to snap handcuffs on my wrists. How I thank God that I am free and have His saving grace in my heart!

*Toward the end of his life, Charlie and his wife returned to their native land. There in Norway, he did missionary work until the Lord took him to Heaven at the age of eighty. He wanted all to know that he had been redeemed and every vile habit had been broken. He never had to be known again as “Drunken Charlie.”*





## Blanche Cox

I thank God I can say I am a Christian. In 1954, in an Apostolic Faith camp meeting, about the fifth meeting I attended, the people sang, “What a Friend We Have in Jesus.” I was convicted, and at home, those words wouldn’t leave me. I walked the floor and thought, I don’t know what is wrong. Then I realized I was under conviction, and I thought, I don’t believe God will save me. I don’t know if I can keep my promises. I didn’t see how I could possibly give up my circle of friends, the theaters, the night clubs, and the cocktail parties. I prayed, though. God didn’t save me in a few minutes as He does some people. It was one o’clock in the morning before I got saved. It was a good hour, for if it had been four o’clock in the afternoon I would have been out on the street telling everybody. I was so happy that God had included me.

It seemed I had had everything in the world to make me happy. I had traveled all over the world, but I couldn’t find any lasting joy or happiness. I had a good time, yes, but there was always that

aching. Today I have joy in my heart. I was amazed when God saved me that the desire for all the things I thought I could not live without was washed away. That was so wonderful.

I thought, He saved me and I know He will sanctify me. I kept on seeking, and I received that second marvelous blessing. It was a most powerful thing. I love that passage of Scripture, “Be silent, O all flesh, before the LORD” (Zechariah 2:13). Let Him bless you.

I was privileged in 1955 to attend the Portland camp meeting again. I spent every day on the grounds for the first time in my life. I went with one purpose—to seek the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I was very diligent. I thought at times that God surely had forgotten me. Then I would think, “No, that prevailing prayer God will surely answer.” One morning right there in my little humble tent I was alone, and God gave me the baptism of the Holy Ghost. It was so wonderful, so precious! Oh, so sacred are these experiences! I think them over many times and I never fail to get a wonderful blessing. It is wonderful, the power in prayer!

My sister had not been able to understand why I had accepted the Gospel. I told her I was happy and not ashamed to tell it. She was quite impressed. In August she had an urgent call that her only daughter was dying. My sister had three hours to make the train for Chicago, but she took time to call and say she wanted prayer for her daughter. I put in a request, and at the same time I asked for an anointed handkerchief, and mailed it to Chicago. Her daughter’s case had been diagnosed as thyroid tumor. She wasn’t supposed to live long enough for her mother to get there. They put the handkerchief on her when it arrived, and when they took her to the hospital they could not find the tumor. It had completely disappeared, and surgery was not necessary. They finally dismissed her and sent her home to her two little children. My sister said she knows without a shadow of a doubt that it was prayer that saved her daughter. There is praise and thanksgiving in my heart for all God has done.



## Ethan Ewers

I thank God for an anchor that is steadfast and sure, and I am thankful that my feet are fastened to that anchor. I have a hope of Heaven in my heart and I have thankfulness in my heart for the love of God and the faithfulness of His people to tell others about the way of salvation.

It was in 1931 that our family heard about being saved and living above sin. I was only five years old at the time, but I remember very well the change that came into our home after Mother and Dad were converted. We began to have family prayer every day and we children were taken to church. Though young, I was able to see which way was the best way.

From that time, I really meant to do right, but it took more than good intentions and being brought up in a good home to make me live as I should. It took a change in my heart, and I am glad the Lord made that change when I was still young. He took out the things that were wrong, the sins in my life, and gave me victory.

Later, I married a Christian girl and we have taught our children the way of truth. Much help came from the Lord in times of sickness and need.

My occupation is residential building. One time, about twenty years ago, a Christian brother and I were clearing a lot for a new home. We were using a bulldozer with heavy cables and a pulley block to remove some fir trees. Suddenly, a cable broke. I looked up just in time to see the pulley block coming my way. I had no time to move, but it seemed that a giant hand shoved me out of the way. I fell into a pile of soft dirt just as the heavy block went to the place where I had been standing. I knew the Lord had protected me.

I have found through the years it has been good to live a Christian life. I have no regret for having given my heart to God when I was young. I have peace, joy, and happiness in my heart, and I have enjoyed being right with God. Best of all, I expect to see Him some day and thank Him for His goodness to me.



## Vern Edmonds

I do want to praise God for the Gospel. I was born and raised in the state of Kansas, in a sod house, but that home was like a palace, because in that home was a princess, and that princess was my mother. She was a child of the King, which made her a princess. It was a humble home, but God was there. Many times when trouble would come in the neighborhood, my mother would get on her knees and pray, and the trouble would disappear.

I was carried to my mother one day, after an automobile accident, with internal injuries and my ribs broken. The doctor said I was going to die. My father was not a Christian and he fell in a heap on the floor. My mother knelt by my bedside and told God how wicked I was. She could not say one good thing about me, but went to God in prayer and asked Him to have mercy on me until I could get saved. In a week's time, I was back in school, healed by power divine. There is praise in my heart for that miracle. I knew I was going straight to

Hell. I cannot describe the terror that was in my heart. The Lord has done a lot for me.

I love the family of God. They are my friends. I'll tell you a good reason why they are my friends. When my daughter had diphtheria and the health officers quarantined us and said that she would not live, these people prayed. Today, my daughter is strong and well. God loves His people, and He loves to answer prayer.

My son-in-law had peritonitis. His stomach was turned to mush, and the doctors said he would not live. I called my friends again to pray. They prayed for my son-in-law, and he was healed by power divine. I testified to this one Sunday evening. The next evening, eleven people went down to Sears and Roebuck, where my son-in-law was working, and checked up on my story. The Lord just does everything. My son-in-law made a \$6.40 commission on things they bought!

That mother of mine was a real Christian. She never was ashamed of her God. We used to go to a little town for dinner. We would sit around a big table and get the "All you can eat" for a quarter (fifteen cents for children) and it seemed like there was always somebody there who would make light of mother's religion. But it wasn't that way when their family was sick. They would call on the telephone, very humbly, letting her know they were in trouble, and that they wanted her to pray; however, they didn't like the humble way of the Cross. At the table she bowed her head as if they were not there. She knew some day she would want help from Jesus, and He helped her, too.

One day the insurance man came and he wanted to insure us against hail. Hail was very common. I have seen the corn stalks that were tall beat right into the ground and a wheat field beaten right off. One can hear these storms about five miles away, and Father was afraid of them. The insurance man got along pretty well with my father. He said, "All right, I will talk to my wife." My father began to get a little faint-hearted at the point of the conversation where he told my mother that he could insure against the acts of God. My mother looked at him in horror, to think he would insure against the acts of God! Why? We needed God! She said, "You just let it go this year. I will pray. We will see what God does." He agreed.

By and by there came a hailstorm. It is no small thing. But that mother of mine—who wasn't ashamed to pray before the neighbors in the city, in the church, in the schoolhouse, or in the home—went to her knees and prayed. The hailstorm just kept coming; it didn't seem to intend to stop. When the tears began to roll down the cheeks of that old mother of mine, something happened. It touched the heart of God every time. He just stopped that hailstorm right along our fence. That is what He did. He loves His people.

I can say with all my heart, God loves me. I know I have the peace of God. I know I am at peace with God. I know I love God. I love God's people. Ashamed of them? Why should I be? A clean, pure, virtuous life—be ashamed of that? I cannot point to one sin and say, I am proud of that sin. I am ashamed of it.

When I got saved, I had several confessions and a restitution to make. I owed fifteen cents, and I sent one dollar. But when it came to making those confessions, I backed off. Then my daughter became sick. The neighbors came in and told us what to do if the child died, saying the law would take care of us. The enemy said, "If you make that confession, it will ruin things for you." The Lord said, "You better make that confession before she dies." I made the confession. Before that, I could not pray a prayer that went any higher than my head. When making the confession, I got on my knees and sent up just a little prayer up, but what a big answer came back; she was healed by power divine!

I was teaching school at that time and some of the folks knew all about what was going on—how we didn't call the doctor. They were giving some good sound advice to get some medicine. I said, "I am counting on God." They didn't know what a battle I was having. When my daughter got well, they asked, "What did you do?" I said, "I made a confession I should have made a long time ago." A lot of religious people were around there too. Right away they had a lot of business right over yonder!

Thank God for the old-time religion that will work in your home, at midnight, in the morning, and any time you need help. Be sure you have channels free before you start praying. Be sure to make things right. I know a lot of people can't get prayers answered. I'll tell you why. They are not cleared up. Just go ahead and clear up inside and out. You will get your prayers through in a hurry.

There are nineteen of us—children, grandchildren, daughters, and sons-in-laws. We have not given one drop of medicine to them in thirty-two years. This is a wonderful Gospel. It makes you clean inside. It gives you happiness down on the inside. You don't have to be ashamed of it. I love the old-time religion.





## Elvin Phillips

As I was growing up, God granted me the privilege of having a Christian mother, but I did not always appreciate that. I turned away from Mother's God and went deep into sin. I should have known better than to live as I was living, but I wanted to go out and enjoy life. I began going around to the roadhouses, dance halls, theaters, and those kinds of places. My actions didn't bring joy, they only brought remorse. In four or five years, I found a whole lot of misery. Many a night I wet my pillow with tears wondering how I could get out of the mess I was in.

By the time I was twenty-one, I was married and we were starting a family. One day my wife couldn't take life as it was any longer. She said, "I don't care what Elvin does; I don't care if he persecutes me; I'm going to start a Christian home." That day in our bedroom she prayed, and God made a wonderful change in her life.

From then on she prayed Holy Ghost conviction upon me. I had thought life was miserable living with a mother and a sister who served God. It was even more miserable living with a praying wife. One Tuesday the load on my heart was so heavy that when I came home from work, I said, "Let's go to church tonight."

We went to an Apostolic Faith Church where I had the opportunity to pray. I dropped down on my knees at the close of that meeting, and prayed a simple prayer of repentance. The windows of Heaven opened and God transformed my life. He lifted the load of sin, took the remorse and the bitterness out of my heart, and gave me the old-time religion. The desire for booze left instantly. The filthy language was a thing of the past. I threw my pipe and cigarettes into the furnace that night, and I have not had one of them since. God took the love of those things out, and I could go out the next day and live above sin.

I went into the service of my country and was stationed over in Italy with the 88<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division. As a Christian I never saw the time that I wanted to hang my head. The officers I served under and the boys I served with never saw me with a bottle of beer in my hand or a cigarette in my mouth, because the Lord was with me. After the war was over, I walked the streets of Venice and Milan and other large cities in Italy as a Christian while others were going into sin at every step. There wasn't anyone there to watch me, to tap me on the shoulder to remind me not to do something wrong, but God was with me and kept me living above sin. I didn't find it necessary to go into a place of sin to look for satisfaction. My thoughts and my desires were to find more of God.

Working out there as a lineman on forward lines, under direct observation of the enemy, I found it mighty good to trust God. One time we were out on the lines, and my buddy was hit. I was left alone to service that particular line. The mortar shells were dropping all around. We were nervous, and the tension was pretty high. Right then the Lord just spoke to me and said that His hand would cover my head in the day of battle. From then on, I knew that everything was going to be all right.

God has continued to have His hand over my life. In 1965, I was hit head-on in a car accident. God spared my life, but my backbone was twisted out of shape. For the next twenty-five years I lived

in pain twenty-four hours a day, 365 days a year. I slept very little at night, and many times walked the floor in pain. Then at a men's prayer meeting, I told some of the others, "I can't ask you to pray for my healing. I feel God may have left this pain in my body so I will always remember He saved my life. But do pray that God will help me sleep." One of the men said, "Maybe you can't pray for your healing, but we can."

A few months later, I was praying before a church service. In my mind, I saw some of my loved ones who needed a physical touch from God. As I was praying for them, the mighty hand of God came down and touched my body.

The next morning I woke up at about 3:30 and started to thank God for His love. As I prayed, I knew something was unusual but couldn't think what. Then I began to rehearse in my mind and thank God for the night before. Suddenly I realized that I was totally free of pain. God had healed me completely. Man had tried and was unable, but God did it.

I am enthused about this Gospel. I owe God my very life. I praise Him from the depths of my soul for the victory, the happiness, and the real joy I find in serving Him.



## Harry Giselman

It happened during World War II. After a year in radio school and another year at the Monterey Naval Station, I joined my ship in Hawaii and headed into a hot battle zone. Our first night out was very dark; there was no moon and no lights anywhere. We were at war. All I could see was the white wake of the ship as we plowed through the Pacific. Was I depressed? There is no word for it! Homesick? You had better believe it! I stood there on the fantail of the ship, looking into the darkness, and thought, "I will never make it. I just cannot stand it!" I cried until every tear seemed to be drained out of me—just like water running out of a tube. When the tears were gone, it was over. I was a new man. I said to myself, "I am a sailor now and I am going to stay here and do my job, if I stay here one year or five years." I would have been ever so glad to see my wife, but the farthest thought from my mind was to go home.

At that time I was a sinner and living like one. However, I still feared the Lord. Once I told my

buddy, "Doc, we should go to church today: it is Easter." "What difference does that make?" was his comeback. I said, "Well, after all, we should go." We went, but we had a very poor chaplain. When we left the service, Doc said, "Is that all there is to religion?" I told him, "Doc, I could tell you things about religion that are beautiful. That chaplain hasn't the slightest idea of what Christ's dying on the Cross really means. I could tell it to you, but not while I'm living like I am."

Time went on. We made invasion after invasion in the South Pacific. Between each invasion, we picked up supplies. Then we would go out again, sometimes in armadas of 300 ships, like soldiers marching to war in formation. During those months the Lord spared my life many times, all because hundreds of prayers were going up on my behalf.

Once we were standing on the deck when two allied fighter planes flew toward us very low. They were in formation and were so beautiful. We admired their gull wings. We had no fear, because they were Australians, or so we thought. Suddenly, I noticed their guns winking! I thought, "What are they firing at?" We were the only ship around. We had just come from Borneo after the enemy had bombarded our fleet from shore bunkers. Ships had gone down like ducks in a shooting gallery, but we had escaped.

It was our ship they were firing at. I could feel the concussion as the bullets struck the ship below us. The enemy had captured these Australian planes and was putting them to use against us. Then, just as they neared our ship they ceased firing. They pulled up in a banking formation to about thirty feet above me and the enemy pilot looked down at me and grinned. You figure that one out! I feel God spared my life.

At another time, a suicide bomber set his course for us. He was really traveling! As he reached our ship, the bomber tilted so that it flew on its side between the bridge and the forward mast, right into the sea on the other side of the ship. It was like a hand had swatted a fly. Why the bomber did this I could never tell, but I know that God had a hand in it or I would have died in my sins right there. I was not too far from the bridge.

Then, on a June day, we were going for more supplies. About five of us were in the transmitter shack, some working, others just standing around. The mail was delivered to us and I got a letter from my mother-in-law in Portland, Oregon. She wrote, "I prayed and I know you are going to be here for the camp meeting." She had underlined the word "know." I put the letter back into its envelope and slapped it on the desk, saying, "That mother-in-law of mine is really cracking up." The boys standing around said, "What's the matter?" I answered, "She thinks I am going to be back in Portland in the middle of July." Did we laugh! We ridiculed her letter. To me it was crazy. I had only been at sea for eleven months; it was the other guys who should be going home.

The very next day, we were standing out on the fantail looking over the ocean when over the speaker system we heard, "These six men prepare to leave the ship." I thought the last name called was mine, though I could hardly believe it. I went to the yeoman and inquired and he asked, "What's your name?" I told him and he said, "Yes, I called it." I wanted to know where I was going and he answered, "Home, I guess." When I asked my time of departure he said, "After chow, tonight."

While living on a ship, one picks up souvenirs from here and there. I had even bought an outrigger canoe from a man in the Philippines. I just packed a minimum sea bag, though, because I was going home! I left everything but the bare necessities.

That very evening, after chow, a little patrol boat came out of nowhere. I had never seen a patrol boat out there in the middle of the ocean. It pulled alongside our ship and the officer of the boat said to me, "There is your boat." I tied my sea bag onto the line and dropped it over the side and went down the rope ladder. I was the only man who went down to this little boat. It was 6:00 o'clock in the evening.

About dark, I thought I would go up and talk to the boat coxswain. He had a shaded compass, but there was a light shining on the degrees so he could see where he was going. I inquired, "Do you know where you are going?" He replied, "No, but we are supposed to meet a big ship out here someplace, a seaplane tender."

Soon the moon came up out of the horizon and crossed the sky. The stars came out too, but it was pitch dark in wartime blackout. The only illumination was that small light on the compass.

Along about one o'clock, the shadow of a seaplane tender loomed up against the stars. All we could see was that big shadow. We could hear the tender's engines slowing down. Then we bumped along side. I had my hand out, feeling the side of the ship for the line and ladder. Finally I felt them, tied my sea bag on and stepped onto the swinging ladder. I waved as the patrol craft pulled out into the darkness and I climbed to the rail where two men helped me over the side. We were on our way home!

From time to time people have asked me, "Was there a reason for you to come home?" Really, there was no reason for me to have left the ship. It was only through the prayers of my mother-in-law that I reached Portland the second week of July!

At that very camp meeting the Lord saved me. When He did that, He did a great thing in my life. He spoke peace to my heart and broke every evil habit that had me bound. He set me free!



## Freda Crawford



I praise God for this wonderful Gospel, and that I ever found it real in my life. I didn't always have God in my soul, but I praise Him that He was faithful to me when I was out in the world seeking what it had to offer. My heart was so weary and so full of darkness and remorse; I longed for peace and happiness.

My mother and father died when I was just a little child, and that brought such sorrow into my life! I had three sisters, and we all had to go into different homes. I was just three-and-a-half years old. I used to think if my mother had lived I would have been better off. I would have had more peace and joy, and I would have enjoyed the things other people enjoyed.

My new family was a so-called Christian family. I heard religion on every hand, but there was strife, contempt, envy, and hatred there. I used to say, "If that's what you call religion, I don't want it."

I had a hunger in my heart for something, but I didn't know what. My friends used to say, "You are all right; you don't need anything else. All you need to do is to go to church!" I loved the world with all my heart, and I tried to find something in it that would satisfy, but oh, my heart was yearning for something I couldn't find in the things of the world. There was a place in my heart that was never satisfied until I heard the Gospel.

God was faithful to my young heart, and the first time I ever heard the Gospel was at a camp meeting on Mount Tabor in 1908. That was my first visit to Portland, Oregon. I came for one purpose, and that purpose was to attend the camp meeting. The campers were experiencing persecution then. People were cutting the ropes of the large tent and throwing stones and rocks onto the tent. Still, the power of God would settle down in their meetings and the saints would pray through to sanctification and the baptism, and the sinners would pray through to salvation. I will never forget it! It was holy ground to me.

I heard them singing a beautiful song, "We have heard the joyful sound, Jesus saves! Jesus saves!" Oh, such conviction settled down in my heart! I thought, "There must be something in religion, after all." I had found a people who really lived what they professed. Such joy and hunger came into my soul! I had the privilege of hearing the wonderful story that Jesus could save from all sin. The story appealed to me. I didn't turn it aside and say there was nothing to it, but I gave God a chance at my life. I needed God more than anything in this entire world. I didn't tell God how good I was, or how many good things I had done. Instead, I came to Him with all my heart. I didn't have one thing to merit this wonderful salvation, but the Word of God said, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." That included me.

I prayed a prayer that reached Heaven. I said, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner." He saved my soul; victory came into my heart, and joy and peace from another world flooded my soul. The Gospel satisfies morning, noon, and night. This is not a religious profession that we lay off during the week and put on each Sunday morning. It is a joyful salvation that brings joy every hour of the day, even through the difficult times.

I had the privilege of going back into that little home, where I was raised, and living a Christian life before my family. Oh, such a wonderful change! They knew that something had happened in my life and later on they, too, came into this mighty Gospel and were saved.

I praise God for the old-time salvation. It satisfies the young as well as the old. God has healed me so many times. Just a few years ago I was at the point of death, but these people prayed the prayer of faith for me, and God raised me up. I praise God I ever learned to trust Him. I love Jesus with all my soul.

*Freda was married to Reverend Raymond Crawford from 1920 until her death in 1941.*



## Robert Guddat

I thank God that I have a part in this wonderful Gospel and I am a part of the family of God. I am so thankful for the wonderful things God has done in my life. I am so thankful I had a good Christian home.

My father worked among the seamen. He visited the harbor vessels inviting the seafaring men to church. I saw the joy that the service of the Lord brought into my father's life. I thought about the friends I was running around with—all they thought about was a good time, new cars, or good clothes. As far as the world was concerned, they had everything to look forward to, but I knew better. I did not have a born-again experience with God, and therefore, I had only heartache and a void in my heart. I had been raised under the sound of the Gospel for years, but God showed me I could never do anything for Him unless I had a born-again experience in my heart.

On July 12, 1939, God wonderfully called me in a special way. It seemed the sermon that day

was just for me. The preacher preached about the vessel of clay saying that, if it had just one blemish in it, God would have to grind it to powder and remake it. As I went to the altar, I asked the Lord in a yielding way to grind my heart to powder and remake me. I left the altar without that experience, but I continued to hunger after salvation. I went to my tent on the campground and continued to pray. While standing next to my tent, God gave me a wonderful promise: If a person only has a mustard-seed of faith, that is all that is needed. The love of Jesus just filled my heart until I could not help but believe. Faith took hold and God saved my soul!

About four years after I was saved I went into military service for my country. For the first time in my life I was far away from home without many Christians around, and I was very lonely. When others went on pass into the town, I went out in the big fields in Texas and looked up to God under that beautiful sky where stars shone from horizon to horizon. I thought in my heart how mighty God is! He is omnipotent—His power is unlimited. God wonderfully blessed my soul and gave me peace and happiness. As I went back to the barracks, there were hymns of praise in my heart.

Two years later God permitted me to undergo an affliction. I became seriously ill. I had completed infantry combat training, but there was one small item missing in the record, and I had to undergo basic training again. I wound up in the hospital with pneumonia and wondered why.

Later I received a letter from a Christian friend who had gone overseas. The unit I was to be with was torpedoed in the Battle of the Bulge and one third of the men were casualties. God had spared me from all of those things. I can say it is wonderful to trust in God.



## Dagfinn Halle

**I**t is the joy of my heart to tell what God has done for me. I was born and reared in Norway where the Word of God was taught to me.

One day my mother came home to tell me she had been to a Christian meeting and had been born again—saved. She was true to God. She told me I had to be born again, too, but I went my own sinful way for many years.

Finally, one night in San Francisco, California, I walked up Market Street and saw a large sign that read, “Jesus, the Light of the World.” Everything came back to me that my mother told me. I had to seek God.

I thank God for the night I came and I sat down among those Christian people! They looked so happy! Most of all, they had that wonderful spirit like my faithful mother had back in Norway. I had never heard such preaching in my life. My load of sin was heavy. I knew I should be saved. After the meeting, someone took me by the arm and asked, “Don’t you want to pray, brother?”

I ran up to the altar and God saved my soul! I had been bound by drinking, dancing, and all those things—even cigarettes had me, but when God saved me He took it all out.

I want to tell others about the Gospel! There are others who have troubled hearts like I did. I am glad to tell them it is wonderful to serve God.





## Sally Barrett

**M**y husband's mother was a wonderful Christian, a real saint of God. One day she and a group of other mothers gathered to pray for their wayward children to be saved at any cost. Those prayers were answered in a dramatic way. The Lord permitted a near tragedy in our home. It was summertime, just before the camp meeting. I had invited many relatives to our home for a family get-together. While we were picnicking and visiting, I suddenly heard the grinding and screeching of train brakes coming from the railroad tracks at the back of our yard. As the train came to a halt, we realized our one-year-old baby, Richie, was missing.

What anguish gripped us! When we rushed to the tracks, the shaken conductor told us he had seen the baby on the rails, and there was no way he could have stopped the train in time to avoid hitting him. But there was Richie sitting unharmed beside the tracks! The conductor couldn't believe that he was safe.

Oh, how God talked to me through that incident! I questioned the Lord, "Why?" I even asked, "Do You want me to attend that old-fashioned church?" I meant the church where my husband's parents went. I had despised it all my married life because of its high standard. I wondered if that was what God was asking of me, but then I reasoned that God doesn't talk to people like that. I decided these thoughts were just a result of my emotional upset over the incident.

A few short weeks later, sorrow came to our home. My mother-in-law who had told me about her God, and had prayed for me, went to be with the Lord. We had nothing to console us, no strong arm to lean on. Through the pain of that loss, my husband was saved.

His father invited him to church one night, and out of respect he went. When he came home, his face was shining. Kneeling by my side where I sat on the davenport, he told me with tears running down his cheeks, "I am saved." I knew in my heart it was true, although I had never experienced anything like it for myself. I had joined the neighborhood church and accepted Christ. I even taught Sunday school and tried to do my best to live a good life. But that night as I looked at him, I realized I had never had the peace that shone on his face. In my stubborn way, however, I told him, "You go your way and I'll go mine."

God did not leave me in that condition. He began to show me what was in my heart—bitterness, pride, self-righteousness, and the criticism against the Apostolic Faith Church and its people. A few nights later, while my husband was again at church, I was out in the rose garden pruning off the old dead roses. As I cut away the drooping blossoms and the dead leaves and branches, I felt I was snipping things out of my life. I told the Lord, "I don't want this in my life anymore. Lord, take that out. If You will make me a Christian like my husband, I won't do this anymore." Out there in that rose garden, I wasn't really pruning; I was praying.

A week later, I went to church with my husband, ready to turn my life over to God. When the Lord let me see myself as I really was, that all my self-righteousness was as filthy rags in His sight, I felt like filthy rags. I saw that all the criticism and hatred was sin, and I wondered how God could

love me. But He did! As I prayed with repentance that night, God put such wonderful peace and joy in my heart! In a moment of time He took away the condemnation and the love for the things I thought I couldn't get along without. My heart and life were filled with something far deeper and sweeter than anything I had known before.

Through the years since that time, God has shown me that He can use all the happenings of our life for our good if we will let Him. We can look back and see God's way and His plan for us even in tragedy. God permitted us to have a beautiful home, a happy family, a good business, and we were satisfied. Then through a tragedy God showed us that all our plans and ambitions could be wiped out in a moment of time. The value of the things we had held so dear faded away, and the only thing that mattered was to be in His will.

It happened on a beautiful August day, the last part of our vacation. My husband and I were relaxing on the sand, enjoying the sunshine. Rob, our oldest, was playing in the water with Pammy, who was one month shy of her sixteenth birthday, and ten-year-old Richie. We glanced up from time to time as they splashed and ran about in the water close to the shoreline, jumping the waves that rolled over the sand.

A sudden shout startled us from our relaxation. Richie came running to us sobbing, "Rob and Pammy are in the water. They can't get out!" I'll never forget the dagger of fear that struck my heart as I thought, "This cannot be happening!"

It was only God who sustained me through the next hours. The lifeguards went out into the current that had pulled our children under, and after a time, they brought our daughter to the shore. As they worked over her on the sand, my heart cried out, "Lord, You know the desire of my heart." I wanted my Pammy back alive and well, and yet even in that moment, I felt that she was His child.

Our oldest son was taken from the water, limp. He needed help, too. He had swallowed much sand and water in his attempt to save his sister. An ambulance had been called and Rob and Pammy were rushed to the nearest hospital. As I rode in the ambulance with them, I remember touching Pammy and realizing that she was not here on this earth with us any longer.

The ride back to our home in Portland without Pammy was the hardest thing I have ever had to face in my life. Memories came back to me, one after another. She had experienced most of the problems that teenagers do when they have not yet given their heart to the Lord, but things had been so different the past few weeks! She had prayed through during the camp meeting that had just concluded, and I had been looking forward to the good times we would have together now that she was saved.

Our second son, Del, came from Portland as soon as he heard the news, and rode back with us. He said something I will never forget, "Mom, the Comforter has been given to us." It was true. God did help us. In all our grief, the Lord put a wondrous peace down in our hearts. Not once did a thought of questioning God come to us—only thankfulness that she had been ready to go.

Through the months following Pammy's death, we were thankful for the missionary outlet we had in bringing the foreign crewmen from the Portland harbor into our home and to church. It gave us many opportunities to tell others of our hope in Christ.

Six years after our daughter's death, we made our first missionary trip to Korea. Through the contacts we had made with the Korean crewmen, we found many open doors there. Upon returning from that trip, we sold our home, transferred our business to our son, and moved to Korea where we served the Lord for twenty years.

Many times when I was apart from my family, far from friends and home, the words of a song that came to me when Pammy was taken, have rung in my soul. As I knelt by my bed that night, the words flowed through my heart, "My Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine." Whether through grief or joy, the thought that Jesus is mine, has sustained me.

## Melvin Hiatt



Surely there is appreciation in my heart that God gave me the privilege of being brought up in this Gospel. When I was a child, I was taught the right way to go. My parents were Christian people. They taught me the Word, taught me how to pray, and took me to Sunday school. I was brought to church at Front and Burnside as an infant. I don't remember that, but I remember being in the nursery section at Sixth and Burnside, and hearing beautiful testimonies—true stories of people whose lives had been changed. Those stories got close to me. God used them to talk to my heart and convict me when I was very young. I can still remember things I did at that age for which God condemned me.

I was sick one day, and I knew I wanted to go to Heaven if I died. I didn't want to go to Hell. That day conviction gripped my heart. I realized that it was not only my mother's prayers or my father's prayers, or the fact that I went to Sunday school that was going to get me into Heaven; I was

going to have to make a decision to fully surrender to God myself. I said, "Mother, I want to pray." I knelt at her knee and the Lord saved me.

I was five years old that day when I got down on my two knees and prayed my way through to victory. God came into my life and made just as great a change as if I had been a drunkard or a dope fiend. When God takes sin out of a life, you can't help but know it, and everybody else knows it, too. It means something to be a real Christian, to have the Lord fill your heart. When that happens, you don't have a problem with the world anymore, because the things you wanted before, you don't want anymore. You have new desires and new hopes. That is what God planted in my heart. I'm so glad He talked to me and drew me to Him when I was young.

God led me along as I got older. He sanctified me and baptized me with His Holy Spirit. I thank God for the altar of prayer. One thing has stood out to me over the years: there is an altar; there is a place to pray. The altar was a blessing to me during my teen years. I spent time there, and I found out that it was a great place to be. The Lord blessed me and He blessed others around, and I learned that the altar is where the Lord really comes down and visits His people.

At thirteen years of age I was at the altar praying and I said, "Lord, You've been so good to me. What can I do for You?" That very morning, right at the prayer bench, I was tapped on the shoulder by a brother in the church who said, "Would you like to be a book boy?" Praise God; He answered my prayer, and I was able to serve God in my teen years by picking up hymn books after the services.

During World War II, I spent three-and-a-half years in the Navy—out where there was sin, wickedness, and vileness on every hand. God can keep a person; He was there with me. Though I was thousands of miles away from home, I could feel the prayers of God's people. One Sunday night during camp meeting time, I was on guard duty. Out there on the deck alone in the dark, I heard the notes of a hymn, "Leaning on the Everlasting Arms," float out over the air. It must have come from the drill hall. I thought about all the saints at camp meeting praying for the boys in the war. I knew they had me in their prayers, too. How those words went home to my heart! The tears rolled down my cheeks.

I have proved that God can keep a person in the business world, too. I worked among the engineers in Seattle, and on the job I didn't have to back down for my religion. When the cigarettes and the parties came around I didn't have to say, "Yes, I am coming," but I had something that said, "No," and stayed with it.

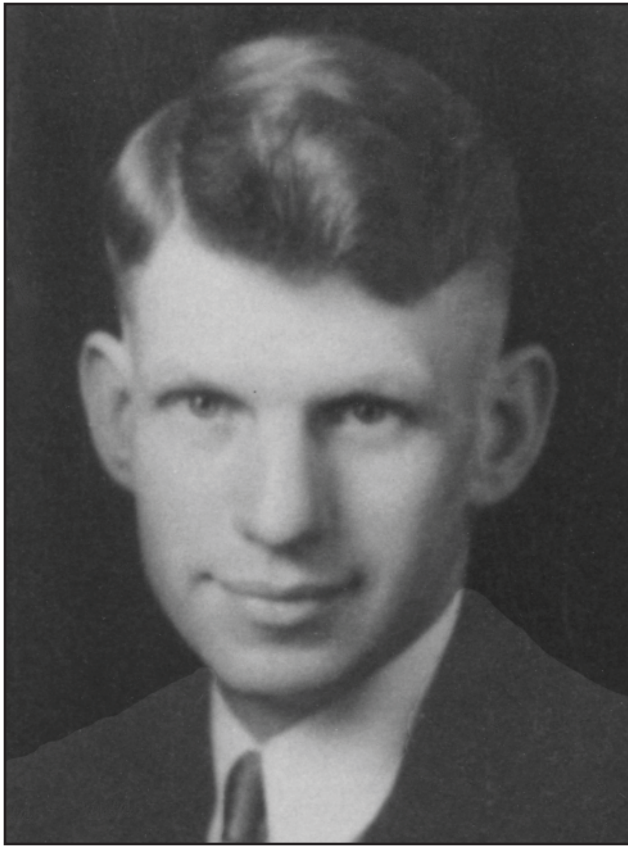
The Lord has been good to me. He actually preserved my life. When I was about thirty-eight years old, I lay in bed with a heart problem that was very severe. It had been going on for a previous twenty years. The doctor told me I better not put myself in any stressful situations. The people of God prayed, and God healed me. Thank God I haven't had one serious incident since.

God has also given me back my wife three different times when she was so low she could have passed. Now we've had sixty-three years together. God is good.

God gave us back our oldest son when he was about six or seven years old. He had a fever of 107 degrees. We had him anointed and prayed for, and it seemed that he got worse. That evening, the doctor was there. As we stood in his room, we saw that his eyes were blank; he was dying. I took my wife's arm as she cried out, and we went into the bedroom and knelt and prayed. We had committed our son to the Lord, so we said, "Lord, You gave him to us and You can have him if You want him, but the neighbors around here know that we believe You can heal him." Twenty minutes later, his fever broke. God healed that young man, and that was a measured record temperature. God gave him back to us, and not only that, he was back to school in one week with no ill effects.

I have never seen one day that I wanted to go back into sin, not one day that I wanted to turn away from the Lord. It is the desire of my heart to keep marching on. There is a fire burning in my soul today, and I don't think there is anything that can put it out. With God's help it will be there until Jesus comes.





## Kendall Damron

I thank God that I, too, am enjoying the old-time religion. It has been real to me for many years. We came to the Apostolic Faith Church back in 1910. I heard the same standard and the same Bible doctrines preached then as today. There is no need for any change. The Gospel is perfect.

I was brought up in a minister's home, and when just a lad, I learned the Christian way. I knew how I should live, and I wanted to live that way, but sin crept into my life. I knew what to do about it. I got on my knees one night and asked God to make a change in my heart like He made in the lives of others. The joy of Heaven came down and filled me and I knew I was saved—the change had come.

At a camp meeting, during children's church, God sanctified me wholly. A few years later, I was seeking the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Sister Crawford was preaching about the Bride of Christ, and the power of God was falling. Such a hunger seized my soul; I said, "I have to have it." I went

to the altar and sought that experience, and all I could say was, "Lord, I will!" The power of God came down and baptized me with the Holy Ghost. I thank Him for the many years now that I have enjoyed this blessed experience. Trials? Yes. Afflictions? Yes. But underneath it all is a deep-settled peace.

God gave me power to live a Christian life through school. A teacher tried to teach us about evolution. She said the world was like a ball of fire and as it cooled it wrinkled like a baked potato. She said that was how the mountains were formed. It sounded silly to me, and when someone in the class tried to put her straight, she immediately changed the subject.

I thank God for the Gospel and the standard that was put into my life. It has kept me down through the years. I am a senior citizen now, and I am still enjoying the old-time religion.

The Lord is also our physician. I was suffering with a kidney infection, and one night I started hemorrhaging. By morning I had a severe pain in the back of my heart and went into convulsions. My wife called for the saints of God to pray, and God answered. He broke that infection and healed me. Today I feel better than I have in a long time.

A few years ago, I met with a serious accident when a Greyhound bus, loaded with school children, plowed into the rear of my car and went thirty-six inches into the trunk. I blacked out. At a time like that, it is good to be prayed up and right with God. One doesn't pray when one is unconscious.

The doctor ordered me to the hospital. The ligaments were torn in my leg, pain was going up into the back of my neck and head, and I had a high fever. I didn't worry; I knew if I died I would go to Heaven. I was put in traction, and the nurses took my temperature every two hours. The doctors were worried about my condition and said I would get no relief from the terrific pain without an operation on my spine. I said, "There will be no operation!" The people of God prayed for me and the Lord undertook.

The second night, after the lights were out, God touched my body. Immediately the fever left. I managed to get the straps off and was sitting on the edge of my bed when the nurse came in to take my temperature again. When she saw me, she threw up her hands and exclaimed, "What has happened

to you?" I told her, "I've had a touch from Heaven." She did not understand and said, "I'll have to give you a shot; you are in a serious condition." I told her, "No, don't give me a shot. I will lie down again." The doctor was surprised when he came in the next morning, and he said, "You are much better; you can go home tomorrow!" That's the way the Lord works. That is the God we are serving.

I thank God for victory. I want to thank God especially for His healing power in my wife's life. A wonderful thing has happened in my home. My wife has had Alzheimer's disease for nine years now. They say a chemical that feeds the brain has been depleted and the brain gradually dies. Well, I saw this going on in my home for nine years, but I trusted God. The devil used to fight me and say, "Now what are you going to do?" But I thank God that, just recently, He has come down in our home. My wife didn't recognize me for many years and her mind just didn't work. It was pitiful to see, but we trusted God. She prayed, we prayed, and the ministers prayed. A few days ago I came into the house and she recognized me and said, "Here comes my Kendall." The mind that was not supposed to work, was working! She then began to answer questions with, "yes" or "no," and, as we talked, she began to complete sentences. It was right in line with our conversation, and I knew that she was thinking.

The doctors had said nothing could be done, and that there is no hope for those with Alzheimer's. They said the condition would gradually grow worse and worse. She hadn't recognized me for years until that day. It takes God to do that. Thank God my name is recorded up in Heaven and I am going to be there for that Heavenly roll call.

## Ester Green



I am so glad that many years ago a neighbor gave an Apostolic Faith paper to my grandmother. Through that paper our family and many others came into the Gospel.

I was brought up in a good Christian home and taught to read the Bible and to pray. When I was four years old, my parents moved our family to Portland, Oregon, to become a part of the Apostolic Faith work. One of my earliest memories is of the love that was showered on us by the church people just a few months after our arrival when my older brother, David, passed away from diphtheria.

For a time in my life I didn't want to follow my parents' example. I made plans to leave that Christian home, but I am thankful the Lord put a stop to my plans. My mother asked the people of God to pray for me, and the Lord began dealing with my heart. I began to realize what the end would be if I continued the way I was going.

About that time, camp meeting had begun at the Apostolic Faith tabernacle. On the first Thursday night, I went to the altar with a purpose in my heart to become a Christian. I told the Lord if He would give me something real that I could live, I would serve Him from then on. He changed my life that very night; He turned me right about-face. I was sixteen years old. The next day my mother said she felt she was working with an angel—the change was so real in my life. During that same camp meeting, I received my sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I worked out in the world for many years, and the Lord kept me. Then in 1961, when I was forty-four, the Lord laid it on my heart to give myself full time to His work. I began working at the Apostolic Faith headquarters. I started by typing addresses in the front office, but was soon moved to the mailing department. What a joy it has been to pray over the literature and then see it go out to all parts of the world! I know that through it others have had the opportunity to hear the same wonderful story that my family heard.

The Lord has been good to me over the years. One morning in 1995, I experienced severe chest pains. I wondered if I would soon be in Heaven and I said, "Lord, I am ready." I am so thankful that I could call for prayer. My family and the ministers came and prayed for me. There was no fear, but I prayed, "Lord, I still have a job to do. I am willing to stay." The pain and discomfort continued throughout the day. In the evening, I asked my brother what time it was. He said, "Seven fifteen." I lay still for several minutes, and then said, "I have no pain or discomfort." I waited another five minutes and still felt the same, so at 7:30, I said, "Lord, You have healed me!"

I am so thankful I have made my calling and election sure. My aim is to make Heaven my home, and to tell others of the joy and peace that comes through yielding one's life to the Lord.

*Ester Green became the Mailing Department supervisor in 1964, and continued working at the Apostolic Faith headquarters until she was more than ninety years old. She went Home to receive her reward on October 4, 2011 at the age of ninety-four.*



## Gladys Jennings

**I** praise God for His goodness to me! I wasn't brought up in a Christian home. I never heard my father or mother pray, but my mother took me to Sunday school. I thank God for that. The Lord dealt with me as far back as I can remember. I always believed Jesus would come back to this earth again. No matter how people would argue against it, I knew He was coming back. Later on, that knowledge put a fear in my heart of not being ready for His return.

My parents were in show business and I loved those shows. Yet, even before the Lord saved me, He dealt with me and took out the love for the shows.

When my own home was broken up, back in South Dakota, I didn't know which way to turn. I was working for some people who were planning to come to the camp meeting that the Apostolic Faith people were holding in Portland, Oregon. I did not really care where I went as long as I got away, so I came along.

I am so thankful I came here and the Lord saved my soul! My mother said I would be back home in six months, but I have been here for thirty-two years, serving God. He also sanctified me and later He baptized me with the Holy Ghost. The way is getting better every day.





## Earl Erickson

I thank God for His saving grace and the change He made in my life the night He made Himself real to me.

When I look back some twenty-one years and see the state I was in that night, and see the crimes that got me into trouble, and then see how God's hand has made such a change in my life, it makes my heart rejoice.

I know what home is. I had a good home at one time in Finland, but in my young days, I left that home and came to this country. I wasn't here very long before a jail became my home. I was an organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World (I.W.W.) Union. I organized the loggers into the I.W.W. Union, and I got into all kinds of trouble in this country among the logging camps. I served time in city and country jails throughout this land, but jail bars never changed me. My heart became just as hard as the steel bars. When I came out, I was the same old sinner. I was one of the worst criminals in these western states. Praise God that I

have the victory over that kind of a life. Praise God for the old-time religion that gets in a man's heart and takes that kind of living out.

I was facing a sentence of ten to twenty years with a heavy fine when I committed another crime. I got arrested in Sand Point, Idaho under the Criminal Syndicalism Act, so I enlisted in the United States Army, but I deserted. I spent eighteen months in the Cascade Mountains hiding from the law. I suffered there. I got lost in a snowstorm for sixteen hours once and didn't know where I was. I had no beacon light to guide me, either. Another time, I had a fight with a big black bear.

From there, I went to Albany, Oregon and hid among strange people, but God found me. He led me to the Apostolic Faith people who were holding a tent meeting in Albany. The law had failed. Punishment and everything else had failed, too. God's mercy did not fail, though. He led me to that meeting. There, I proved that His mercy and His faithfulness are greater than any sin.

I went there to hear what these people had to say. There I heard that Jesus could save a sinner like me. The minister started to preach about anarchism and the coming of the antichrist. That brought conviction to my heart. When she finished preaching she said, "If there is anybody in this camp meeting who wants to get saved, but is afraid to make restitution, they don't need to be afraid. There was a murderer who got saved and made his restitution and God delivered him; he didn't have to go behind the penitentiary walls."

I had never shed a tear until I met these people. After the meeting, tears started to roll down my face. I did not know why at that time, but I know now. God started to soften my hardened heart, and I began to see that crooked life of mine. It wasn't a very pleasant picture.

That Sunday evening the sheriff was sitting in the very same meeting, across the aisle from me, opposite my seat. I knew that if he knew me I would not sit in that meeting for very long, because I was a criminal and an outlaw. I was a wanted man. I was afraid to show my face, because they would surely know I was a criminal, and I went out of that place to my room, but I had no rest because God was speaking to my heart.

It took eight days before I was willing to surrender to God. I am glad I ever came to myself. Alone in my room, I could hear these people praying. A Voice spoke to me and said, "Get honest with God." I had an Apostolic Faith paper, so I started to read it. I read how a fallen woman found Jesus and got on her knees and cried out for mercy. I praise God that He gave me an honest heart so I could really pray. I went down on my knees and I promised God, with an honest heart, that I would serve Him as long as I lived. I said, "If I can only get that change and that peace in this heart of mine, I will go back and face the past—even if I have to spend the rest of my days behind the gray walls to do it, because I want that peace!" I was through with that old sinful life. God heard that cry and delivered me. I praised God that night, all night. Towards morning, I thought about the restitutions that I would have to make and I was afraid, because I had committed such big crimes. A Voice said to me, "Don't be afraid; I am the Judge over all."

I am glad the greatest victory I ever had was that night on my knees when I prayed honestly and earnestly. It was a hard old fight, but I won the victory. I have peace and a change in this heart of mine. I went back over my crooked life. It cost me something; I had to face some awful crimes, but I made my vows good.

I went to the Federal Officer in Portland, Oregon and confessed the crimes that I had done. I told him I was a slacker under the first draft, an I.W.W. organizer arrested under the Criminal Syndicalism Act, a deserter of the United States Army, and in the last draft, I answered my questionnaire under the wrong name, the wrong age, and the wrong nationality; I had said I was from Sweden, instead of being born and raised in Finland. One high official shed tears as I confessed my crimes. Those crimes would have put me behind bars for the rest of my life, but God heard and answered. The Apostolic Faith people prayed, and God went before me and delivered me.

I also went to nine railroad companies and made it right with those people. The superintendent said I was the first man who ever came to his doors to confess out and pay back money for stolen rides. He said, "You must be from the Apostolic Faith," and I said, "I am." I had board bills and hotel bills from my past. God showed me I had to pay everything, and He gave me the grace to do it. My life was crooked, but God made the crooked places straight and the rough places smooth.

I have a clean heart and a clear conscience. I used to be a fighter, but God took that out of me and He gave me a pure and clean heart. He took that anarchist spirit out of me, and gave me a holy spirit in my heart. I work hard; today I put in eight hours and it was hard work. I have been carrying bricks for the last twenty years—have carried a good many thousand pounds on my shoulder—but I feel good. It is because I have peace and I have God in my heart. I praise God for the Blood of Jesus Christ that saved me from all my sins and keeps me every day.



## David Guy

I had good Christian parents, but they passed away when I was around the age of seven, leaving me far out in the country, seemingly with no one to care for me. Sin fastened itself upon my young life, and I roamed this old country in boxcars and in the underworld until every good thing was gone. I searched only for sinful pleasure and found no peace for my aching heart. Burning within me, though, was a longing for God, and the hunger grew more and more.

One hot Saturday afternoon in July of 1917, I took my wife and baby in a wagon across the rough mountains of Kentucky into a little town. There, in a humble home, a woman handed me a paper. A strange and wonderful feeling came over me. There in large letters was “The Apostolic Faith.” God spoke to my heart and said, “This is the same faith as the Apostles had in the early days. This is what you have hungered for.” As I read the testimonies in that paper, I was thrilled beyond words. One was

a self-righteous church member who thought he was good enough until God showed him his life. Then he repented and was saved. That was enough for me; I was convicted of my sins. But reading another testimony—that of old “Drunken Charlie” whom God so wonderfully saved from a life of debauchery—made me feel more than ever my need of God.

I took the paper home and my wife and I got out the Bible. We compared every Bible reference in the paper to Scripture. We read that paper all night. The next morning, I told my wife that we were going to Portland, Oregon, to be with these people. We sold our farm in the East and boarded the train for Portland. My soul was burdened by my sins, but when we arrived, I felt a wonderful relief. Although it was three o’clock in the morning, I put my family to bed in a hotel and started out to look for the Apostolic Faith Church. Through the darkness I could see what I was searching for—the old mission that stood at Front and Burnside by the waterfront, with that wonderful sign flashing, “Jesus, the Light of the World.”

The first night in the mission I looked around, and I saw a motto on the wall, “Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin” (1 John 3:9). God began to show me my past life. Awful conviction seized me. My sins came before me mountain high—everything I had done, the awful crimes in my life, the murder I had committed in cold blood when I was just a boy. I didn’t know how I could ever get around that. God showed me that I would have to confess it publicly. I seemed to hear the prison gates closing forever behind me, the chains clanking on the steel floor. The price seemed too great to pay. I said, “I can never do it.”

For days I could think of nothing else. As I became more miserable, I could see that I was the loser. I went to the ministers and told them what I had done. They told me just the same as God—“You will have to confess it to the authorities.” I didn’t have any faith, but went on their word and their prayers. At the close of a meeting, I cried out to God for mercy. I poured out my heart to God, consecrating everything to Him—my wife, my children; I put them all on the altar—and He came into my heart! For the first time in my life, I felt free! My sins were washed away, and I felt clean and pure within. The whole world seemed changed, but the change was in my heart.

I wrote a letter confessing the awful crime I had committed. The ministers wrote too, and prayed. The authorities forgave me, God forgave me; I was a free man.

During the many years I have known the Lord, I have found Him to be a wonderful Physician too, with mighty power to heal the body as well as to save the soul. Not long ago, while painting on a two-story building, the staging suddenly gave way, hurling me backward eight feet where I landed on a porch roof. This fall fractured my left arm and shoulder, and then I slid to the edge of the porch and hit the ground ten feet below, head first, with a terrific impact. My right shoulder caught the brunt of the blow, which crushed my chest and shoulder, puncturing the right lung, breaking two ribs, and causing internal injuries.

As I lay there in that mangled condition, breath seemed gone and death near, but I was conscious of things around me. An ambulance soon came and the attendants managed to lift me onto a stretcher and rush me to a hospital. One thought lingered in my mind—to get word to the Apostolic Faith people. I knew they would pray and God would answer. I gave the nurse the telephone number, and soon the minister came, anointing me with oil according to the Scripture, and praying. God showed me a vision of the saints on their knees praying, and a voice said, “They are praying for you.” At that very moment the power of God came down and healed me instantly. I actually felt those broken bones knit together.

I was bandaged and sent home but did not find it necessary to stay in bed. Further examination two weeks later convinced the doctor that a miracle had been performed. Typed on my hospital record appears the notation, “This man received a wonderful healing of broken bones.” When God heals, He does a thorough work.

My heart is happy and I am rejoicing in this wonderful Gospel.





## Amory Cass

**H**azel Peery cried out to God for help as the tired old 1912 Baby Overland sped into the night. She knew her labor pains were coming closer together, and there were still many miles to go before help would be available.

Hazel and her little family had set out from Myrtle Creek, Oregon on a warm July day in 1935. Believing they had plenty of time to arrive safely in Portland, Oregon, their plan was to have Amory Cass (Hazel's mother) deliver the new baby. Sister Cass was a midwife who had been delivering babies for many years. She and her husband owned a grocery store, located on 56<sup>th</sup> Avenue, next to the Apostolic Faith campground. They were looking forward to the arrival of the new grandbaby.

Hazel's labor pains became more urgent. Her husband, Sam, drove as fast as he safely could, desperately hoping there would be enough time to reach help. Thankfully their three little girls, Phyllis, Stecil, and Lorraine, were soundly asleep on the back seat.

Finally it could be put off no longer. Hazel asked her husband to pull the car over and deliver the baby himself. At the roadside near Albany, Oregon, on a dark July night, Samuel Peery bravely delivered a girl, Zoe, who immediately began wailing in earnest.

Little six-year old Phyllis woke up in the back seat. "Momma, I thought I heard a baby cry!" she said, straining to see in the dim glow of the dashboard light.

Many years earlier, young Amory Lonnigan (Sister Cass) lived near Selma, Oregon. She taught her neighbor Clarence how to dance, so they could attend the local country dances held in Selma. The two were friends, so Clarence kindly escorted Amory to the dances. Clarence left home as a young man and lived a very rough life. Later he operated a bowling alley in Southern Oregon. Through the prayers of faithful people he was saved in 1911. We knew him as Brother Frost, an Apostolic Faith minister and evangelist who was instrumental in bringing many to the Lord.

Brother Frost visited Amory in 1913. She was married to Jack Springer and living in Portland, Oregon. As the three of them sat around the kitchen table, he told them about the Lord. Both Amory and Jack were saved that same day.

Thus began a long life of service to the Lord and Amory's legacy of faith to future generations. The Peery family is very thankful for Brother Frost's faithfulness in witnessing for the Lord.

Jack Springer died several years later, and as a single mother, Amory began working outside the home and raised her young daughter to serve the Lord. Later, Amory married Orson Cass and the two of them operated "Cass Grocery" near the campground.

Hazel Springer was the only surviving child of Amory and Jack Springer. In 1928 Hazel married Samuel Peery, who had been studying to become a Methodist minister. The two of them began the Fir Grove Sunday School in the little schoolhouse on North Myrtle Route, near Myrtle Creek, Oregon.

Later Sam and Hazel moved to Portland and began attending the Apostolic Faith Church. In 1944 the Peery family moved to Grants Pass, Oregon and raised a family of six children: Phyllis Taylor, Stecil Witham (deceased in 1991), Lorraine Ion, Zoe Crowe, Sheryl Proske, and Cliff Peery.

Sam Peery organized and held Sunday school in Golden, Oregon and assisted with Sunday services there. He also organized Bible studies in Wolf Creek, Oregon, which resulted in several converts, including Dorothy Frymire, Christy McKay, Jean Easton, and Sharon Friesen. He spent many weekends delivering church papers to local motels.

Sam and Hazel Peery took people into their home to live, and hosted "Sunday family dinners" for years. After Sunday morning meeting, the Peery family would serve Sunday dinner and hold Bible studies for visitors from out of town.

In the ninety-three years since young Amory was saved, her faithfulness has been handed down from generation to generation. Many of her descendants are serving the Lord in the Apostolic Faith work as well as other Christian outreaches in Oregon (Grants Pass, Portland, and Roseburg), Washington (Seattle), Arizona, and British Columbia.

One of Amory's granddaughters, Phyllis Amory Taylor, made missionary trips to the West Indies for forty years with her husband, Dick Taylor. The granddaughters and great granddaughters of Amory Cass have also participated in missionary or evangelistic journeys to the West Indies, the Philippines, Romania, Africa, Canada, and Mexico. Many of Amory's great-great grandchildren (including a great-great granddaughter also named Amory) are serving the Lord in church-related activities such as rest home meetings, vacation Bible school, Bible club, mission meetings, youth camp, Sunday school, and church orchestra and choir.

As you can see, all it takes is one faithful witness, Clarence Frost, and one faithful hearer, Amory Cass, to lead generations to faith in the Lord!

## Ernest Bell

Though I was brought up in a Christian home, I saw the results that followed those who went the so-called down-and-out way. I made up my mind that I was going to be very different.

As far as life was concerned, I had a good time. I had everything that this world could offer. I had a very fine position in the city of San Francisco as the sales manager of a national organization. I knew what it was to make good money, but nothing satisfied.

It was in the city of San Francisco that I found God. I sat in the Apostolic Faith Church meetings time and time again. I listened to the testimonies as they went forth, and they couldn't help but register in my heart. Finally, after one meeting, I went to the altar of prayer and I surrendered my life to God. I have never ceased to thank God for saving my soul that night.

I thought that giving my heart to God would be the end of all pleasure. I had sought pleasure with all my heart by traveling all over. I once made a ten-thousand-mile trip from one end of this country to the other and down into Mexico, but that did not satisfy. I sought pleasure in the Hindu temple with the ancient mysticisms, but that didn't satisfy either. It was those simple testimonies in the meeting that night that registered in my heart.

One thing that troubled me before I was saved was just how I would be able to live a Christian life in sales work. I had done things that I wouldn't be able to do anymore. I thought it would interfere with my selling. I found out that it didn't bother me at all, because when God changed my heart, I didn't have any trouble living it.

Many times, when engaged in sales work, out on mountain roads and mountain passes, going from one place to another, God spared my life. More than once I know it was the mercy of God that spared me. I have fallen asleep at the wheel going fifty to sixty miles-per-hour on the wrong side of the highway, but God spared my life—even before I was saved. I just have to thank God from the bottom of my heart for saving my life.

I thank God for the old-time religion. I thank God for the reality of the Gospel for it is, as the song says, "More than I ever dreamed could be." I can say this Gospel is the most real thing that I have ever experienced.

## Anna Butler



I thank God for His people who love all races. There was a time when I didn't care to associate with those who were white, because I felt inferior, being an Indian. I thought that the white people didn't care for us. Then I came into contact with God's people, and found those who love all races and colors.

I was an unbeliever. I didn't believe there was a Heaven and I didn't believe there was a God. Thank God, He can deal with even a person like I was. In His love and mercy, God had to deal with me quite strenuously. I lost my health and was upon a sickbed near death. That started me wondering if there was a God. I feared death and didn't want to die, but I was in a hospital with no hope. I purposed in my heart that if I ever returned home alive, I would start going to church and I would find out for myself if there was a real God. He saw that little spark of honesty in my heart and He allowed me to go home.

A short time after I came home, a group of Apostolic Faith Church people came to Neah Bay and told me I needed to be born again. I thought, I have never done anything really bad, and only those who commit great crimes are sinners. But the Lord dealt with me, showing me that anger, bitterness, hatred, envy, and even the love of the world are sin. Then I was willing to go down on my knees and ask the Lord to have mercy on me, a sinner. At the foot of the Cross, I found the peace and joy I was trying to find in the pleasures of the world.

I have had the privilege of bringing up my children in a Christian home. I was brought up in a home of unbelief, so I thank God my children know the right way to go.

Jesus is a wonderful Healer. We had a son dying of leukemia. There was nothing the doctors could do; he was failing day by day. One day my husband and I got down on our knees and consecrated our lives as we had never done before. The Lord came down and touched that boy and made him every whit whole. When we took him to the hospital for a checkup, there wasn't a trace of that disease left in his body. Today he is well and healthy.

I praise God for His love to me.





## Dorothy Friesen

I am thankful for what the Lord has done for me. I am grateful that I heard the Gospel story when I was just a young girl. My mother received an Apostolic Faith paper from a neighbor, and because she had a hungry heart, she went to church and prayed. God saved her. That was in Medford, Oregon, on South Front Street, above the second-hand store. That is also where I heard the Gospel.

I was stubborn and rebellious as a young girl, and I did not pray when I had a chance. My mother lived a life before me that let me know she was a Christian. I desired the things of the world, though. I wanted to go to the shows and dances like my father was doing.

Oh, I am so glad that the Lord talked to my heart in the one meeting I was in! Sister Myers asked me to pray, as the tears ran down my cheeks. I wanted to, but I was bound with the ideas of the world. I wanted to be like others in the world. I made the wrong choice. I left the Lord that night, but He did not leave me. He continued to talk to

me. At every dance and every show I ever went to, the Lord was right there to show me there was a better way to live.

On December 7, 1941, as the bombs were falling over Pearl Harbor, I went to the church to give my heart to the Lord. I can say He did not refuse me; He took me in and made a wonderful change in my heart and life. God took out the things of the world and put in peace, joy, happiness, and a hope of Heaven that keeps me each and every day.

God has given victory, He has given peace, He has given the blessings in this life—through Jesus. I want to praise Him and thank Him for what He has done for me.



## Eleanor Slator

**H**ow I praise God for His mercy to me and how He led me to this glorious way! I was saved and sanctified and sent as an alternate delegate to a Methodist Conference in Portland, Oregon. I lived at that time in a rural community near St. Helens, Oregon. When I came to Portland, I stayed in the Montavilla District near where the Apostolic Faith Church was holding a camp meeting.

When I heard how the Lord was blessing, I went to see what was happening. The Lord spoke to me and said, "This is the old, old way, walk ye in it." How I thank God! He did bless me. He filled me with the Holy Ghost, and also healed me of the dreaded disease of consumption. I had taken care of my brother who died of it in 1904, but the Lord completely healed me.

*When Eleanor returned home from that camp meeting, she told her neighbors what great things the Lord had done for her. As a result, meetings were held in a country church and several fami-*

*lies were brought into the Apostolic Faith Church: the Orwigs, Lovells, Marvins, and Eleanor's own daughter-in-law, to name a few. Several other families went to stay in Eleanor's community to help build up the congregation. Meetings were held there for some time.*

*Eleanor's husband was saved in 1914. After he died, in 1922, she went to help Brother Clarence Frost in Southern Oregon by distributing literature. Later, she moved to Portland, Oregon where she went on to her reward in 1931.*

## Ed Chastain

Mother and Father were Christians. They were saved when they were just young people, so I had the privilege and blessing of being raised in a Christian home. However, I didn't give my heart to God. One time, some people stopped in Oklahoma, at the little town of Kelso, and held meetings for a while. I attended those meetings and saw the change God made in people's lives. I went to the altar, but failed to pray through to salvation. I didn't hear the real Gospel again until I came into contact with the Apostolic Faith people.

The first testimony I ever heard was from a man that I had worked with for years in various sawmills. He was one of the last men I expected to get saved. I was walking along the roadside in Wilderville, Oregon, when he came by in an old buggy. He stopped, gave the reins of the horses to another man, and got down to talk to me. When I saw him, I thought, "Another lumber contract." We had piled lumber under different contracts, but he didn't talk about lumber. He began to tell me of the change God had made in his life; how God had saved him and given him peace and joy. It condemned me to hear him speak about being saved because I knew I was the same old sinner as when we had worked together. As soon as he was gone I said to myself, "Well, he won't stay with it very long."

Eight years later, he came to Selma, Oregon, and began to hold meetings and preach the Gospel. One of the men from the Gospel meetings stopped at the sawmill where I was working and handed out papers and tracts. God spoke to my heart as I read some of those papers and they condemned me. One Sunday morning, as I was working out in the field at my home, some Gospel workers came by on their way to a meeting. I looked up and saw them and knew who they were, but I didn't look again because it so condemned me; they were going to meeting and I was still the same old sinner.

I went into the house thinking about my Bible. I had a Bible that Mother had given me when I got married. I went up in the loft and took it down, wiped the cobwebs and dust off it, and laid it on the stand in the front room. If Brother Frost or Brother Rhoads stopped at my place, I would show them I had a Bible, too. It wasn't very long until Brother Rhoads and his wife stopped at our place and stayed overnight and told us about my mother praying at the meetings. He told us other things about the meetings that interested me, so I decided to go.

I said to my wife, "Let's go to the meetings," but she didn't see it that way. She told me to go, but for her part she would have nothing to do with it. I saddled one of our ponies and rode over to the meeting and listened to the testimonies and to Brother Frost preach the Word of God. I saw what I had been missing and thought I would attend the meetings after that, but that night the meetings closed. I went to Grants Pass, Oregon, at different times and listened to them hold meetings on the street and down at the hall. I would usually stand just around the corner from where they were. I didn't want to be seen by the sawmill boys that I worked with, but I wanted to hear the testimonies. Then I would walk in another direction, go around a few blocks, and wind up down at the hall again.

One Sunday, my brother and his wife were going to a service in Medford, Oregon, and asked me to go along. I sat in the back seat of the hall and listened to the story once more. Tears ran down my face; I knew I needed what they were talking about. At the close of the meeting, Brother Otto Gud-dat stepped over and asked me if I wanted to pray. I told him I did, so I went to the altar and wept and cried like a little child, but I didn't get saved.

We went back to Grants Pass for another meeting. I went to the altar there, but still didn't receive salvation. While traveling home from the meeting in Grants Pass, I promised God I would go home, take down my Bible, read a chapter, and pray before I went to bed. I didn't know just what it would mean for me to read and have prayer, because my wife had told me she would have nothing to do with the Gospel. I began to hope my wife would be in bed, so I wouldn't have to go through with the confrontation that night. When I got near the house, I saw the light shining in the window. I knew if I didn't do what I promised God I would do, He wouldn't do anything for me, but I didn't have the

courage. Instead of going in the house, I went down by a little creek that ran behind it and got down on my knees. I asked God to help me do the thing I had promised. Finally I went into the house. I began to tell my wife about the testimonies I had heard. I was a little surprised that she was so content to listen. Finally I told her how I had promised God I was going to read a chapter and have prayer before I went to bed. I got the Bible, read part of a chapter, and got down to pray the best I knew how.

I hadn't been praying very long when I heard my wife and some of the children crying. They didn't know what to think because they had never seen me pray. I prayed for a while, and then went to my bedroom, knelt by the bed, and prayed again. Finally I got in bed and was still enough to hear the Lord talk to me. The Lord said, "You have come home, read, prayed, and have done all you said you were going to do, but what are you going to do now?" I said, "Lord, I am lost; I have done all I know to do and I am lost except You have mercy and save me." That very minute that old burden of sin rolled off and I knew I was saved. Four days later, the meetings started up the second time at Selma. My wife went with me and God saved her, too.

We had only been saved a few days when we came down with the flu and our little girl became very sick. We sent word to the Apostolic Faith people to pray. We thought they would pray where they were holding meetings, but Sister Frost and Sister Barnum came over and prayed in person for that little child. As soon as they left, she slid off her mother's lap and played as if she had never been sick.

I had a good job at the sawmill and had a lease on the place where I was living, but I made up my mind to move to Medford, Oregon so I could be in the church services. I went to the boss and told him that I was going to quit. He said, "Now, what's the matter? You complained about the sawdust being set afire by the burner, but I will fix that by tomorrow." I told him that wasn't it. He said, "You can have any job in the mill that you think you can handle." I told him I was satisfied with the job I had. Then I told him about how I had prayed and God had saved me. As I was testifying, he got still and seemed as if he wasn't paying any attention to me, so I quit talking. Then he began to weep; tears ran out of his eyes and he said, "Ed, my mother was a praying Methodist," and then I knew it was his mother's prayers working on him more than what I was saying.

He said, "All right, I will get a man in your place, but I want you to stay a few days until he catches on to marking the boards." I thought a lot of my boss, so I said, "I will work a week for you for nothing and you can pay the man who is learning," but he said, "No, you will be paid as long as you stay." I stayed three days and marked boards as the man watched me. During those three days, word got around the sawmill that I was leaving. I had cows, wagon and team, and farm implements to dispose of, but I hardly had a chance to offer any of those things for sale. The boys in the mill and the neighbors came asking, "What would you take for this? And for that?" Soon, they bought everything I had. In three days, I believe, I was sold out.

I came to Medford and went to work for a little less than I was getting at the mill. We made five different moves for different reasons. When most of our money was gone, and I didn't have a steady job, my wife said, "We are right down to our last dollar." We had five children to look after at the time. I said I would have a talk with Brother Frost that night and if he thought I should go back to the mill, I would. I thought it would be a reproach to the Gospel if I went back because I had told the boys I was leaving to be in the Gospel.

While I was waiting to see Brother Frost that night, there was a knock on the door. I opened the door, and Bill Spaulding, another sawmill man that I had worked for, was standing at the door. He said, "Do you want to go to work?" He had a sawmill about a mile and a half from my old mill and I knew I didn't want to go there, so I hesitated a moment. I asked him, "Where?" He said, "Right here in town." I asked, "When do we start?" and he said, "Tomorrow morning."

The Lord had a hand in this and much more in my life. I thank Him for it.



# Index

Arnold, Melvin “Red” .....	45
Aycock, Georgiana .....	31
Baldwin, Jennie .....	49
Barrett, Harold .....	63
Barrett, Sally .....	81
Bell, Ernest .....	95
Benedict, Myra .....	34
Bonesteel, Rose .....	13
Bowen, Marvin .....	24
Butler, Anna .....	96
Cass, Amory .....	93
Caton, Lula .....	44
Chastain, Ed .....	99
Cherwick, Steve .....	25
Clasper, John .....	39
Cochran, Ernest .....	66
Cook, James .....	41
Cox, Blanche .....	69
Crawford, Freda .....	77
Damron, Gertrude .....	15
Damron, James .....	50
Damron, Kendall .....	85
Danner, Don .....	5
Day, John Emory .....	55
Dibble, Don .....	59
Edmonds, Vern .....	71
Erickson, Earl .....	89
Ewers, Ethan .....	70
Friesen, Dorothy .....	97
Friis, Inger .....	56
Giselman, Harry .....	75
Giselman, Helen .....	53
Green, Ester .....	87
Guddat, Robert .....	79
Guy, David .....	91
Hagen, Sven .....	36
Halle, Dagfinn .....	80
Hiatt, Lester .....	16
Hiatt, Melvin .....	83
Hill, Grant .....	30
Hinkle, Audrey .....	61
Hunt, Charlie .....	11
Jennings, Gladys .....	88
Jones, Beatrice .....	37
Kristensen, Aase .....	8
Lohrbauer, Charles .....	67

Luka, Helen.....	19
Matthews, Emerson.....	35
Miles, Thelma .....	43
Miller, Lucille .....	65
Nelson, Harry .....	57
Novotny, Ruby .....	29
Palola, Hilma.....	7
Patkotak, Paul .....	21
Paulsen, Valeta .....	23
Peterson, Myrtle.....	60
Phillips, Elvin.....	73
Richardson, May .....	47
Shirk, Frank.....	17
Slator, Eleanor.....	98
Thornton, Margaret .....	26
Wayne, (Clarence) Everett .....	33
Williams, Jim .....	9
Williams, Steve .....	27
Wolf, Cal.....	51

