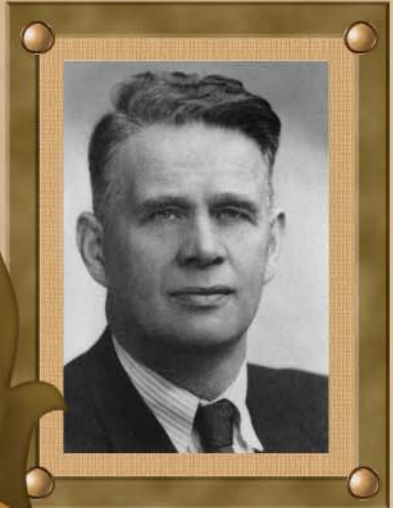


Volume 6



Gospel Pioneers



Gospel Pioneers

of the

Apostolic Faith Organization

Volume 6

Table of Contents

LeRoy Wallace	7
Tom Simpson	9
Anne Hacker	10
Ernest and Lowana Phillips	11
Charles Mosee.....	13
Nancy Youngman.....	14
Ruth Pallett.....	15
James Baker	16
Henry Cole	17
Horace Dibble	19
Maud Chandler.....	20
Olaf Tønning	21
Ralph Faber	22
Naomi Williams	23
Mildred Condra.....	24
Etta Kirk.....	25
Ray Hoople	27
Margaret Barber	28
Bill Wager	29
Marie Guffey.....	31
W.P. Hall	32
Virginia Mosee.....	33
F.B. Barney	34
William Beaton	35
Rose Haggerty.....	36
Pete Hiebert.....	37
Hattie Schleigh.....	38
Gilbert Olson.....	39
Caroline Wright.....	41
George Kaady.....	42
Arvilla Jernberg.....	43
F.E. Bishop.....	44
Harold Guddat.....	45
Edith Zook	47
Olaf Kostol.....	48
J.V. Colt.....	49
Bessie Myers	51
Lester Frank	52
Joseph Ho.....	53
Pearl O'Brien	54
Lillian Wright.....	55
Ivar Carlson.....	56
Elgin Eliason.....	57
Mary Charf.....	58
J. Zook.....	59
Eldron Minks	61

Belva Erickson	62
Bessie and Carwell Perry	63
Carl Wasara	64
Phyllis Olson.....	65
Arthur Corbin.....	66
Margaret Fremerey.....	67
Melvin Frost.....	69
Charles Isaacs.....	70
Miriam Allen.....	71
Minnie Pink.....	72
Fred Lippert	73
Eugene Marshall	74
Frances "Vickie" Klein	75
Mina Christiansen	76
Jesse Martin	77
Glenn Haddock	79
Gertrude Wilson	80
W.E. Gotcher.....	81
David Miller.....	83
George Joli	85
Ellen Anderson.....	88
Index	89

LeRoy Wallace

I was thirty-two years of age before I was saved. I should have been saved a long time before that. My parents had the old-time religion, and I always went to church. I didn't take the way, though. I went to the meetings more for a place to go than anything else.

When I was about twelve years old, my father backslid and went the way of the world. He started drinking and using tobacco. My mother hated the things he was doing, and I believe that's what kept me and my two brothers from doing them despite the environment that we lived in. My dad was a logger, and in the logging camps nearly everybody used tobacco and drank.

My folks drifted around for a good many years and finally settled down in Yakima Valley, Oregon. I married and settled in Idaho. One day, my wife and I got a letter from my dad. He said he was saved and had quit using tobacco. I didn't think too much about his getting saved, but I thought a whole lot about his quitting tobacco. I had seen him run out of it; he was like a wild man. We made a trip to see for ourselves what had happened. Dad sure had quit tobacco, and was as jolly and good-natured as he could be. I saw my uncle while I was there, and God had cleaned him up too. In the past, he had at times taken the last dime from his family to buy liquor. The Gospel didn't appeal to me, though. I thought, I don't use tobacco and I don't drink, so I don't need the Gospel.

We went back to Idaho and some people came through holding Gospel meetings. We didn't go to church meetings held in town, because it was too far, but when they were held out near our place, we went every chance we could. During the first of these meetings, I felt the call of Christ. I could have been saved that night just as well as not. I cried like a baby all through the service. As the tears flowed down my cheeks, I knew it was God dealing with me. God didn't show me my sins. Instead, He did as that old song says, "Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling." That's the way He called me that night. At the close of the service a young man came and asked me if I would pray. I said, "Not tonight." I believe there will be many a soul in Hell because they said, "Not tonight." I might have been one of them, but God gave me another chance.

My wife got saved that night. I knew Christians didn't dance or play cards, and I had respect for the Christian people, so I thought I better give up these things for the sake of my wife. I was so bound by them, though, that I just didn't believe I could give them up. To my surprise, the very desire for them left, but that was all that left.

God left me alone and I went on for two years. My wife and I had always read the Bible and she continued with this, but I paid little heed to it. She asked several times if I would pray, but I had no more thought of praying than anything. I would always put her off in one way or another. We had two boys who were six and four when my wife got saved. They would get down to pray, and sometimes I would kneel with them. God left me alone, though. That is a dangerous place to be.

We went to see my folks in Oregon. They said Gospel meetings were being held in Sunnyside, Washington. Of course, my folks were going to those meetings, and so we went too. My wife had asked me dozens of times if I would pray, but I had always put her off in some good-natured way. I wasn't bothered that she was a Christian. That night in Sunnyside, she asked me again. I said, "Just to please you, I'll go and pray." It was the first time I had ever made a promise like that. I began to look for some excuse. We had three boys by this time, and I was holding the youngest, about six months old, who was sound asleep. I thought I had it solved. I didn't think she would want to wake up the baby just so I could go pray. But when that altar call was given, she grabbed that boy out of my hands and gave me a shove toward the altar. It happened pretty quickly. Now I thank God for that start. I might have been in a devil's Hell if I hadn't gotten that start.

On the way down to the altar I thought to myself, I'll never pray so anyone can hear me. I'll just pray a little prayer to myself and that will be it. I was just as sure of that as anything, but as I was kneeling there, that same Jesus who had called softly and tenderly a few years before was right there

again. I prayed a little prayer to myself, and the next thing I knew, God showed me my terrible condition. I felt myself slipping into Hell. I didn't have to ask the minister what to do or anybody else. I knew exactly what to do. I tell you I prayed so everybody could hear me. God put the prayer in my mouth, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" That's all I said. I repeated it over and over. I'll tell you, I wanted God to save me more than anything else. I lost sight of everything around me. All I could see was my soul slipping into an endless pit. That was mighty real.

I don't know how long I prayed. I prayed until I couldn't pray any longer. Then, while I was still kneeling there, the old devil jumped all over me. He said, "You have made a fool of yourself; there is nothing to this old-time religion." But just at that moment someone began to sing that old song, "He took my sins away and keeps me singing every day." It seemed like a great wave of joy and peace came over me and filled my life. I can tell you there was a wonderful change. One moment the horrors of Hell were sweeping over my soul and the next the joy bells of Heaven were ringing in my soul. I jumped to my feet and said, "My sins are all gone!"

I have had fifty-five years to try this out, and I'll tell you that's long enough. It hasn't been all flowery beds of ease. I have gone through some of the hardest places anybody could, but the hard times never robbed me of that peace. I thank God for the old-time religion.



Tom Simpson

My folks received an Apostolic Faith paper from Portland, Oregon, while we were living on a farm in Arkansas. When they read the testimonies in that paper, they felt compelled to move east where there was a small Apostolic Faith Church. As a result, they were converted and I was brought into the Gospel as a little fellow of about nine.

Later, in 1926, we rolled onto the Apostolic Faith campground in a Model-T Ford and decided to make Portland our home. I was taken to Sunday school and children's meetings, and was taught the right way to go.

I was brought up carefully and had no excuse, but I did not give my heart to the Lord right away. I wanted to go out into the world and have a good time. I thought religion would keep me tied down and there would be no fun in this life. I tried the world and was in and out of church for a number of years, much to my own sorrow.

I did not go very far into sin, but the Lord condemned and convicted me. I was a young man

when He called me back and I got up the courage to go to the altar. When I meant business with the Lord and asked Him to have mercy on me, He came into my heart and rolled away that burden of sin. He gave me such joy, peace, and happiness that I did not miss anything of the world. I was happy to participate in the young people's services, and I was thankful for the friends I had in the Gospel.

Shortly after my conversion, I was placed in the orchestra. It was quite a thrill. I had been taking violin lessons since the age of eight. Being in the orchestra inspired me to place a more concentrated effort on the study of the violin. I love music, and serving God and giving my talent to Him has been my desire and privilege.

When God saved me, He made a definite change in my heart. He kept me in the business world. One night when I was getting ready to leave work, the chief inspector asked me if I wanted to go to a dance at the Congress Hotel. It was a dance for all of the Navy inspectors. I told him I had no desire to go. He said, "You don't have to dance, you can still come and you can drink out of my bottle." I told him I did not want to have anything to do with it.

I have proved this old-time religion for many years and under many circumstances. One time my daughter had a fever. We called the ministers to pray, but before they could even pray, the Lord healed her.

I love the Lord, and I love His people. I would not exchange the old-time religion for the whole round world. It keeps me every day with victory.

Anne Hacker

I surely owe my life to the Lord. I was raised in a Catholic home. I didn't know a word of the Bible, and I didn't know Jesus was coming again.

One day the Lord sent the Apostolic Faith people my way. They came to my home when I was deep in trouble. There was such turmoil, fear, and anguish in my soul. The devil had complete control of my life so that I didn't know which way to turn. I thank God that He sent them to show me the way of righteousness. They invited me to meetings and told me I should pray my way through.

I didn't know how to pray, and I didn't know that prayer could change things, so it took a long time before I could yield my all to God. Finally, I went to the altar to get relief from my troubles. As I knelt down, I was asked, "Do you know that you are a sinner?" I didn't know this, but I thought about it and realized my condition before the Lord. I was a sinner.

I prayed with all my heart that night. It was June 11. I am so thankful I prayed. The Lord came in and took out all the sin and the desires of the world. In their place, He gave me peace—something I never knew anything about. Later, He sanctified me and baptized me with the Holy Ghost. I never knew anything about sanctification or the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The Lord taught me about those things.

Today my soul is rejoicing. I am so happy. I am blessed with a double portion. My cup is running over. The Lord has proven Himself to me so many times. He has been a wonderful healer in our home. My son was sick with a fever one night. He was out of his head and I thought we were going to lose him. I called the ministry and they came and prayed for him. I prayed as well—all night. The Lord healed him, and the next day he was outside playing.

This is a wonderful Gospel. I praise God that I am included as one of His children. I want to be faithful to Him. He has proven Himself real to me so many times.



Ernest and Lowana Phillips

As told by their son, Earl Phillips:

My dad was born in Indiana. When he was seven, his mother died, and he was sent to live with an aunt. That did not work out, so he was on his own at age ten. He worked from farm to farm, and when he was about eighteen, he went to Kansas where he met my mom.

When my mom and dad were first married, they lived out on the prairies of Kansas in a sod house. Times were hard; they had no modern-day conveniences, there were no neighbors close by, the only way to get around was by horse, and my dad would be gone days at a time looking for work on farms.

Out there all alone, Mom started to talk to God. She didn't know about being born again, but she knew that when she prayed she felt good, and her life was changed. Even though she knew nothing about restitutions, she started making right the lies she had told. Looking back years later, she

realized she had gotten saved.

Around 1910, my aunt moved to Portland, Oregon, and was saved at the Apostolic Faith Church on Front and Burnside. She started sending the church literature back to her mother in Kansas. My grandmother loved the church papers and would pass them along to her children. I didn't know until a few years ago that even though she lived in Kansas, she called herself "Apostolic."

My mother read those papers and realized that what had happened to her on the prairies of Kansas was salvation. She longed to move to Portland and see for herself that what she read in the papers was true. In the meantime, my parents had three children: Velma, Viola, and Neva.

When my folks moved their family to Portland, they arrived during the annual camp meeting. They had very little money, and even though Florence Crawford, the founder of the work, didn't know them, she let them stay on the campground. Several years later, Sister Crawford and my mom were walking around the grounds together. With her arm around my mother's shoulder, Sister Crawford stopped and said, "I think this would be a good place for you and your family to place a tent"—and it was. After camp meeting, my dad heard there was work in Dallas, Oregon, shaking prune trees when the fruit was ripe. He moved the family there, and it was in Dallas that my mother was sanctified and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. These experiences held her steady until the day she died.

In 1927, my folks moved back to Portland where my brother Elvin and I were born. My mom stayed true to the Lord even though my dad wasn't saved. My dad was a good man; he never hindered my mom in the Gospel. In fact, he did everything he could to help her. On Sundays, he would have dinner ready for us when we got home from church. At the start of camp meeting, he would load a trailer with everything we would need. He would give our tent frame a new coat of paint, and put up one tent for us and one for my aunt. Then he would live by himself until camp meeting was over.

I remember when camp meeting was five weeks long. In those days, we sat on park-like benches and there was sawdust on the floor and straw around the altars. I have a lot of wonderful memories of staying on the grounds. When I was about three, I was sitting with my mom near the front of the

tabernacle. Sister Crawford stood up to preach, and seeing that I was very sleepy, asked the Sister next to my mom to move over and let me lay down. From that time on she was very special to this little boy.

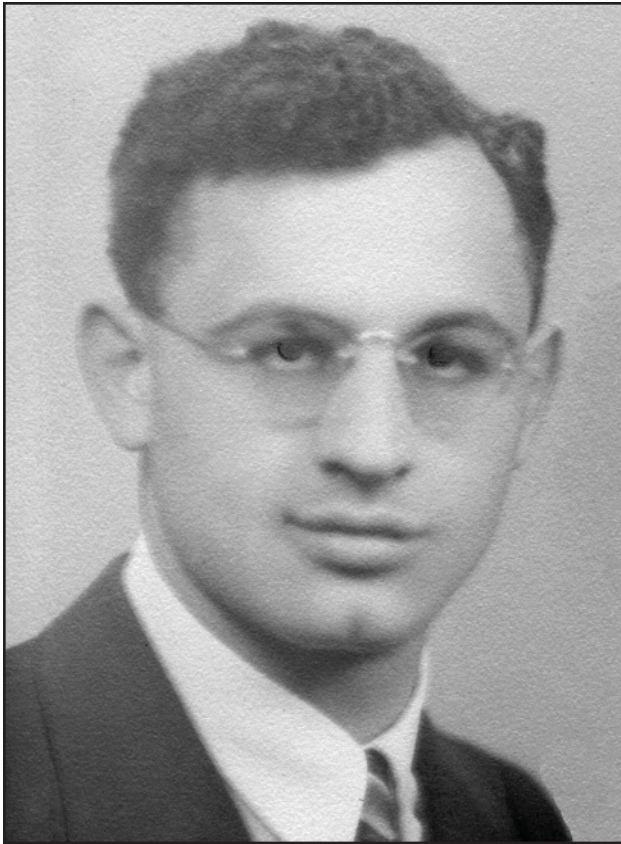
Mom prayed for my dad and for her children year after year. One of my sisters, Viola, got saved, but the rest of us went the way of the world. Then in 1948, a group of mothers decided to band together and pray for their unsaved children. In six months, around fifty young people were saved. They ranged in age from fifteen to twenty-eight. My mom had told the Lord, "Even if You take my children's lives, if they make Heaven, it will be okay." It almost came to that with me, but my mom saw my brother and I saved, and about three years after, my older sister and her husband were saved. She kept praying for my dad, and in 1952, when I was in the army, I received a phone call from my dad saying, "Guess what, son, I got saved!" My mom's prayers had been answered.

My dad was dying of throat cancer. A minister had visited him at home and asked if he wanted to pray. He did and got saved. He had smoked from the time he was ten, but the Lord completely took that desire away. I received an emergency furlough to help take care of him. Even though he was dying, what a wonderful time it was praying together and talking about the Lord! The joy of the Lord was in his heart even though he was suffering so. He said he wished he could stand in church just one time and tell what the Lord had done for him or go out in a street meeting and tell how he got saved.

We read the Bible together. He could not swallow or drink anything, and he loved for me to read about Heaven and how there was a river there. On the day he died, I went to see him in the morning. He said the Lord told him during the night that he could have a cup of coffee. I looked at my mom and she said to just go make one and set it on the table by his chair. He took it and drank all of it. The Lord abated his thirst just a few hours before he died. This is the testimony my dad was never able to give.

My mom was a very quiet person, I only remember her testifying once, but she walked close to her God. I had the privilege of her praying with me at the altar when I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. She lived to see me become a pastor, and in 1972, the Lord took her home to her reward.

Charles Mosee



I want to be a salesman for Jesus. I am in the electric appliance business, and can tell my customers that the refrigerator we have is the best to be had for the money. That is only a small comparison with being a salesman for Jesus. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is real. It is good. It is the greatest thing in the world. I began to live when Jesus came into my heart.

I was out seeking the things of this world, seeing what the world had to offer in thrills, looking for whatever I could find to satisfy. If the world had satisfaction to give, I would have found it.

I had things to live for. I started out as a gym leader and athletic instructor in high school. I performed on the stage; I fought night after night in the square ring. I used to steal the show time after time. As a lad, I knew how it felt to hear the crowd hooting and howling after a performance of ten or fifteen rounds, while I stood with my right hand raised in victory.

On my nineteenth birthday, I had my right hand raised over my head as the Northwest Champion. Anyone would think that as a boy I was well on my way to fame. The very next morning, though, as I pillowed my head, I wondered what it was all about. The trouble was my heart was not right with God. I was on the wrong path. I was not seeking in the right channels.

God knows how to deal with each and every individual. He got me in a small sawmill town where He could talk to me. Then, in an Apostolic Faith service, He definitely called me. There was no question about the Voice of God. A great fear crept over me, for I knew that God was just as well as merciful. I went back to work, but things were not the same after that.

I prayed a few times, but did not get saved right away. Finally, fearing that God would not take me in, in desperation I poured out my heart to Him. A great transformation took place. When God came in, all the trouble went out, and He gave me joy and victory.

Nancy Youngman

When just a child, my father took us children to Sunday school and church. The Word of God was planted in my heart. I was told there was a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun. My blood relations turned the Gospel aside, but I wanted to go to Heaven, for I heard that Hell was an awful place. I prayed the sinner's prayer, "God be merciful to me," and the Lord rolled the burden of sin off my heart. The joy of Heaven came down in my soul. I am thankful the Lord put the old-time religion in my heart. I shall never forget that day.

I have been in this Gospel way for many, many years. God has held me steady. He helps me every day. I have proven Him down in the valley and up on the mountain top. The power of God has come down and helped in trials and tests. He has healed my body so many times. Twenty-seven years ago, He healed me of a tumor and cancer. The God of Heaven heard and answered my prayer. He has healed my children many times also. I have two grown children, and I never gave them a drop of medicine in their lives.

This Gospel is real. Surely I am glad that God ever sent it my way.



Ruth Pallett

I thank God that Jesus' death on the Cross was for me. I used to visit the Stations of the Cross all during Holy Week. They made a deep impression on me, but Jesus always seemed far away.

I was brought up to confess my sins to man, and I did so every week, but I always went away with a feeling of condemnation. Man was not able to forgive those sins or keep me from committing them again, and the list of my sins grew longer all the time.

Many times after a night of sin—dances, card games, and all-night parties—I cried myself to sleep. But what was I supposed to do? When I asked my folks, they said to try to do better, but they never told me how.

One Sunday evening I was brought to the Apostolic Faith Church at Sixth and Burnside just to hear the music, or so I thought. That night I heard the story of salvation and of victory. I learned that people could live without sinning while still here on earth. I had never heard that

before. I was brought twice more “to hear the music,” but it was God's way of getting me to hear Him.

On the third Sunday, my husband told me he had been saved the night before. He asked if I would go to the altar. The only reason I went was to please him. I knelt and tried to say the prayers I had learned out of a prayer book, but they didn't go any higher than my head. Finally, in my heart, for the first time in my life, I talked to Jesus directly and confessed my sins. Some I had been ashamed to confess to man, but I told Jesus all. I did not say one word out loud, but God knew the dissatisfaction and the misery in my heart.

I'm so glad I confessed to Jesus that night, because when I arose to my feet I felt clean inside; every sin stain was washed away. Jesus did what man had not been able to do. He even forgave those little sinful deeds that I had been taught were not important. Best of all, He gave me the power to “go, and sin no more” (John 8:11).

When God saved me, He took out the love of the world. My parents had managed dances, and from childhood I was taken to those dances. I was trained to dance on the stage and sing on the radio. I would rather have missed a meal than miss a dance. But God took out my desire for those things. That was proof enough for me that salvation was real. The career I had planned on the stage vanished that night. Those things associated with it suddenly seemed so frivolous. They had never satisfied. Jesus can satisfy when the world cannot.

I am so thankful for the hope I have of Heaven. I used to be so afraid of death. I always feared I would not get to confession in time. Today all that fear is gone. In fact, I am homesick for Heaven. I thank God that He has given me a peace deep in my soul and a satisfaction that the world never gave. Confidence is in my heart. When I am in trouble and the waves are rolling high, I can reach out for God's hand, and He is right there to help me. I thank Him for it.

James Baker

Many years ago, I bent my stubborn knees before God and asked Him to blot out my transgressions. I praise God for the depth of joy that He put into my soul over that decision.

My father was an agent for a brewery company in Minneapolis, Minnesota, so we used to have beer by the case in our home. I learned to drink beer at a very tender age—and also to smoke tobacco. I can remember standing up to the bar, at the age of about nine, with as mannish an attitude as I knew how.

Though my environment from my early youth was a sinful one, somehow God's hand was upon my life; He spared me to see the day when He could persuade me to yield my life to Him.

After I grew up into manhood, I finished my education in the East in what was known at that time as the Carlisle Indian School. At the time, this school was known as the largest institution of its kind in this country. I was permitted to attend it, because I am of Indian descent and some of my ancestors were in this country a great many years before most others.

I was naturally athletically inclined, so I spent my time with the athletes and in the social activities of that institution. I could be found in the ballrooms—and in far more disgraceful places than that. I know what it is to play professional baseball. For awhile, I played first base for the team, the Carlisle Indians. My mind and heart ran after those things.

In the city of Fargo, North Dakota, God brought me to the end of my rope and to the realization that it was the last time He would call me. A disease had fastened itself to my lungs and I was so far gone that the doctors refused to send me to an institution for tuberculosis. God had plans for me, though. As far gone as I was, He undertook for me. One day a little paper printed by the Apostolic Faith Church fell into my hands. I read that Jesus was coming again, and that gave me hope. I began to pray to God, and He heard my prayers. He gave me the strength to get up off that deathbed. Then He led me to the people who could teach me how to pray. I got down on my knees among them and the tears flowed down my cheeks in genuine old-fashioned repentance. God saved my soul, and later, sanctified me and baptized me with the Holy Ghost. He also put me in the ministry. I praise Him for the fellowship of the Apostolic Faith people.

Henry Cole



Henry Cole is in the back row on the right.

When I came to Jesus I was a poor, miserable wretch on the road to Hell. There was not one good thing left in my life. I had nothing but blasted hopes and a terrible life of sin behind me.

I was raised on the frontier in logging camps and mines. As a boy, I was thrown among vile companions. I followed ox teamsters and learned to curse and to blaspheme the name of God. I was ashamed of the life I lived. After I would come out of the woods where those old toughs were, I would lean up against a fence while I pulled myself together and tried to get up enough nerve to look my own mother in the eye.

I remember the first lie I told my mother and the first time I stole. These things followed me until I confessed them to God and He forgave me.

When I was about sixteen years old, and as hateful, mean, vicious, and tough as a young man could be, I walked down the aisle of a little schoolhouse and gave the preacher my hand. I had determined that I would serve God. A few days later, the preacher took me down to a frozen stream

to be baptized. He cut out a piece of thick ice and immersed me in the water. I walked home, about a quarter mile, in the wet clothes. I did not care about the cold because I had the hope of a better life.

I thought I had gotten rid of my sins, but to my sorrow and surprise, the same old desires were in my heart. For about seven more years, I battled with sin and darkness.

When I look back and see the awful life I lived, I wonder how I ever got out of it. All I had heard about religion was that one could join a church and do his best. I believed I had to be a good man in my own strength. I did not know that Jesus could do something for someone like me. I prayed many prayers and wept many times saying, "I will be a good man." I tried with all that was in me to straighten up, but I utterly failed.

Eventually, I became discouraged and said, "I am a defeated man." All hope left me and I wanted to get out of this world. It was the only thing I could think of. I started down to the old San Francisco Bay to end it all. I stood on the very brink of a suicide's grave, just about to plunge into eternity, when God spoke to my soul. He said, "If you do this, your child will end up just like you." I stood still like a stone. Then, as I looked into the water, all the sins of my life came up before me. No tongue could ever tell the misspent life I saw. I never felt so terrible. I could just see my child taking the path I took, and I cried out to God, "Help me, so I can teach my child better, and tell him not to come this way!"

I wanted to be rid of my burden, and God was faithful. He led me to a street meeting on the Barbary Coast. There I heard Jesus could save my soul. After hearing a few testimonies, I followed the workers into a little mission, and when the meeting was over, I went to the altar and prayed. I called on God for mercy, but it was dark in my soul. I said to the man who was praying with me, "It is no use. I have tried hundreds of times to do better, but I have only gotten worse." He looked at me and said, "My Brother, Jesus can save you." When I heard the name Jesus, everything seemed to change. I saw what He could do for me. I knew that as far as the world was concerned, I was without help. But hope came in as I realized for the first time there was Someone who could help me.

The Lord saved me in a moment of time. That burden of sin lifted, the old blasphemy was gone, the hatred was gone, and a rest and peace came into my heart. I walked out of that place a saved man, an overcomer. As I walked the streets, it seemed as if I was walking on air.

I have had many years to prove the keeping power of God. I have been able to work alongside other men, telling them how God saved me from sin, and then living the life right before them. I have never been able to tell the awful sins that God saved me from, but I can say that it means everything to me to be living right, living clean, and thinking right.



Horace Dibble

When I was a young man I sought the pleasures of the world. I loved sports, and I loved to play pool. My pool room was one of the best in South Bend, Indiana. I was a bartender for ten years in hotels, gambling halls, and club houses. Though not a drinker myself, that life condemned me. I saw what sin had done to other people, and I knew what it would do to me if I continued in the kind of life I was living. I tried to get away from it. I moved out West and took charge of a big ranch.

My wife was a church member, but I knew she was not a Christian, because she sinned. I had seen real Christianity in an aunt who lived with my family for years. She never sinned, so I knew that was how Christians were supposed to live.

The Apostolic Faith people came into contact with my wife and she prayed right in our home and got saved. She began to live the life of a Christian before me. She prayed every morning and evening, and at mealtime no matter who was there. She also

stopped playing cards and going to the dances.

I wanted to investigate these people for myself, so I went to the camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. It only took a few minutes for me to realize I had come into contact with real Christian people. The testimonies appealed to me. I believed them and decided to prove them for myself. I went to the altar and prayed, but God did not save me. He did not save me the second time I prayed either. I said to my wife, "I don't believe God is going to save me, so I will leave camp meeting in the morning." God had a different plan, though.

During the night, I had a dream of someone carrying a banner. On it were the words, "Be ye reconciled to God." I ran from the banner all night until I finally fell down exhausted. When I woke up, I realized my condition; I was not reconciled to God. My sins rose up before me as high as a mountain, and I cried from the bottom of my heart for God to save me. He saved me right there on my bed. God made a wonderful change in my heart and life. He took the sin out of my life completely and made a real Christian out of me.

This Gospel means everything to me; I know if I am faithful, I will make Heaven my home.

Maud Chandler

I am so glad I ever heard the story of Jesus. As a young girl, I wanted to be a Christian. I joined the church and tried to live a Christian life, but the change I expected to take place in my life never came.

Having been raised in a small town, I thought if I could travel and see the world, surely I would find happiness. The time came when I went to Europe and traveled in foreign countries and all over the United States, but that didn't put happiness and peace in my heart.

I went to a large city to live, and I began to get into the pleasures of the world; I started to drift into the deeper sins of life. I longed to go out like the rest of the young people and enjoy the pleasures of the world, but there was always something talking to my heart that took the fun out of it. Finally, at my own wish, that Voice became silent. I could go any place on the Sabbath day, and God wouldn't talk to me.

I went deeper and deeper into sin—finally into the very depths of sin. I thought my pride would surely help me out, but I found it failed. At times, I would leave that city and go back to my home where my parents were, thinking I would not let those sins have dominion over me anymore. But just as sure as the opportunity afforded, I would go right back into that life. I realized my willpower was gone.

It wasn't in a church, but in the kitchen of a wealthy home in Cincinnati, Ohio, that a little handmaid told me about this wonderful Gospel. It struck a chord in my heart, and I longed for the happiness she told me about. She said Jesus would save me and give me joy, peace, and power to live every day above sin. Oh, how I longed down in my heart for power to live above sin! I wondered if it could be possible that my heart would ever know real happiness.

One day, alone in my room, I said, "God, if You will give me real salvation, I will give You the rest of my life!" I turned my back on every sin and began to pray for God to have mercy on me. I didn't get saved the first time I prayed, but I kept praying until, one day, in that little kitchen where I first heard the story of Jesus, God became real to me. I will never forget the joy that filled my heart! I said, "I am free, I am free! I have a new chance in life. I am just as pure as the day I was born!" I felt that wonderful purity, and from that day I have lived upright and have loved holiness.

I learned that God would sanctify me. I sought Him and He gave me that marvelous experience.

Then God opened the way for me and a friend to attend the camp meeting being held in Portland, Oregon. I thought, Now, surely, God will baptize me with the Holy Ghost and fire. I had been sick and emaciated with tuberculosis hanging over my life for years, but I thought little about my healing. I had to have tuberculin injected into my arm twice a week. The diet and fresh-air treatment had failed. But as I came on that campground, I set my face to seek God. I just pushed my sickness aside and I sought God with all my heart. Ten days after I was on that campground, God baptized me with the Holy Ghost. Later, He wonderfully healed me and gave me perfect health!

It is my hope, my one aim, to be ready when Jesus returns, and I want to see others brought into this wonderful Gospel. I have everything to praise God for. There is such gratitude in my heart to know that I am a child of His. It is just the mercy of God that I ever heard the truth. He has put a purpose in my heart to see the end of this Christian race.



Olaf Tønning

I was born in Norway, and had a feeling since childhood that there was something in the Gospel for me, but my family was in complete darkness.

Before I turned seventeen, I moved to the United States and roamed around from one place to another. I was sad, under conviction, and seeking for salvation, but never met any people who were sure of their ground who could tell me the way.

I thought perhaps going back home would make me happy, so I returned to Norway. I found, though, when God begins to call one away from sin, there is no happiness until salvation is received. After a few days of visiting with my friends, the joy of being home was gone and I felt burdened again.

While at home, I sought God for three months, when alone in my room. I kept a Bible under my pillow, and turned on the light many times during the night to read it. Then, on Easter of 1921, I sat on the side of my bed and asked, "What is the

use of praying anymore?" Right then, God showed me plainly what the problem was. I realized that I had not repented in all that time, and I had not taken a real stand for God and for His truth. I told God I was sorry for my sins and said, "If You will save me, I will give You my life and serve You for as long as I live." Then the power came down.

Thinking it was my duty to take care of my parents, I built a new home for us, but the Lord was not pleased with my plans. I began to feel miserable. Then someone gave me an Apostolic Faith paper from Portland, Oregon. I rejoiced knowing there were people on earth who believed the Bible. I made contact with the Apostolic Faith people in Stavanger, Norway, and asked them to send ministers to baptize me in the river near our home. In 1925, Olaf Kostol and Carl Lohrbauer came to Stryn, Norway, for special meetings and four of us were baptized in water at that time. All the townspeople lined the riverbank on both sides to see how it would turn out. I knew it was God's will, so I was not afraid to obey His Word and go down into the water. That same year, I spent Christmas with the saints in Stavanger and received sanctification.

I no longer felt satisfied with my life as it was, so in 1926 my sister and her husband moved in with my parents to take care of them while I left for Portland. Two years later, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. In 1937, after I had been preaching for about two years, I was ordained as a minister in the Apostolic Faith organization.

From 1938 to 1952, I had the privilege of serving the Lord in Los Angeles, California. Then for one year, I returned to my homeland to participate in revival meetings held in Austria, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Norway, and Sweden. After my return, I served in Dallas, Oregon, for six years.

I praise God for the privileges I have had to tell the Gospel story and pray for others. I love this Gospel and would like to see the whole world receive it.

Olaf Tønning was appointed District Overseer of our Scandinavian work in 1962 and held that position until his health failed in 1973.

Ralph Faber

Surely God saves all kinds of people. If this were not so, I would not be a Christian. I was taken to Sunday school and church as a little boy, but didn't grasp that a person could pray through until they knew they were right with God. I prayed many times, but I didn't pray through to the knowledge that my sins were gone.

When I came out of high school, I went the way of the world. I rode the freight trains and tried that side of life. I lived in the hobo jungles, following the railroads, and going from house to house, working in restaurants to get my meals. That type of life didn't satisfy because God had put something in my heart that demanded reality.

Then I turned to the other side of life. I got a college education and became an electrical engineer. I got a good job in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I had men working for me, and I had everything going my way. I should have been happy in that kind of life, but I didn't have peace, joy, or rest on the inside. God was just faithful enough to my soul to talk to me and convince me that I was a sinner. I planned to pray and seek Him someday, but I kept putting it off for another time, a more convenient season.

Oh, I thank God for His mercy to my soul! He cornered me up one day. I came to the very crossroads of my life. As I look back now, I believe it was my last chance. God required a decision: Would I serve Him or not? He had been talking to me for months about the way I was living. He had been dealing with my heart over my sins. That day, I chose Christ; I turned my back on my sins, my worldly friends, and that good job. I went seeking God.

I had heard about the Apostolic Faith people. My mother was given one of their papers when I was just a boy and then received it regularly for a number of years. She used to tell me, "One thing we know: those people are right; they have the old-time religion." So when I began to seek God, I knew where to go. I traveled 3,000 miles across the country to Portland, Oregon, because I wanted the old-time religion.

When I prayed, God made a wonderful change in my life! He gave me peace and rest. He also gave me a love for His Word. I am glad the Gospel is real and I was able to prove it for myself.



Naomi Williams

I was brought up in a Christian home, a minister's home. I was protected, cared for, and sheltered. The Lord talked to me and brought me to the knowledge of salvation when I was just a little girl of six. However, when I was fourteen, I let the love of God slip out of my heart and I began to resent being born into that home. I saw people in the world seemingly having a good time, and I thought my parents were pretty strict. I wondered why I had to be held back by a Christian home. I thought, When I am eighteen, I will do as I please.

Then God Himself spoke to me. A dark cloud of conviction came over me. I realized that the love of the world was in my life where the love of God should be. I dropped to my knees and prayed, asking God to forgive me. Jesus came in and made a real change in my heart. He took the unhappiness out of my life. The darkness was gone and it seemed that the light of Heaven shone in my soul.

I married in 1947, and my husband and I had the privilege of serving God together for forty-four

years. I am thankful for the many years we were able to labor for the Lord in the Midwest, as well as the privilege to serve Him in California, Hawaii, Oregon, and Washington. We were also able to tell the Gospel story during a trip to the East. The most beautiful thing we saw during that trip was souls kneeling at the altar seeking God. I would rather be working for God than doing anything else.

The Lord gave us strength to do His work. I found out there is nothing our Savior cannot do. In 1955, we saw death stand so close, but the saints prayed. My husband was struggling for every breath. Not a bit of air, it seemed, could pass through to his lungs. At times I saw him turn gray and his lips turn blue. Just when I thought the end was surely there, the Lord undertook. I also received a touch from the Lord that year. I was like a different person. I could not believe the strength and health I had been given. It was all through the prayers of God's people.

I appreciate the Gospel with all my heart. I am so thankful for the joy in my soul and the blessings God has poured out on me. I want to do my best for Jesus.



Mildred Condra

I was born in Brownsville, Oregon, in 1893. As a youth, I was active in our family church. My mother had taught me to play the pump organ at an early age. I also played the piano and sang soprano in the choir. However, I did not know what it was to have a personal relationship with the Lord.

I married Dwight Smith in 1914. When I was thirty years old, in poor health, and pregnant with my fifth child, I happened on an Apostolic Faith street meeting. Evangelist, Clarence Frost, was preaching and said a person must be born again. Like the sun bursting across a dark sky, I felt God's love. I realized Jesus Christ was more than a folk-tale. I knew He was real! I attended the meetings, prayed, and was saved. The heavy burden of sin rolled away. Joy and great peace flooded my soul.

When I told my family about my conversion, they had never heard of anything like it. They worried there was something wrong with my mind.

One day, I answered a knock at the door and there was my uncle who had come to check on me. He

was an elder and a preacher in his church. My family had sent him to find out if I had lost my mind. I told him all of the great things the Lord had done for me, and we rejoiced together. Then he wrote a letter to my family saying, "Don't worry about Millie. She's just got a dose of the old-time religion."

Later, my husband prayed and was saved also. We instituted a family altar, praying with our children and reading the Scriptures to them each morning and evening. Afterward, we would gather them around the piano. I would play and my husband would lead the singing. We sang such songs as, "The Old Rugged Cross," "Above the Bright Blue," and "Tell Mother I'll be There."

In 1943, after my husband passed away, I became active in the Apostolic Faith street meetings and jail meetings. I learned to play the Hawaiian guitar and the accordion so I could accompany the singers.

In 1948, I married Grover Davidson, but he died suddenly of a heart attack ten months later. In 1958, I married Lester Condra, and four years later we moved to Dallas, Oregon. I learned to play several more instruments—the marimba, the xylophone, and the vibraphone—and joined the church orchestra. I also had the privilege of serving as a Sunday school teacher and pianist in the afternoon Sunday school. And I enjoyed being part of the nursing home visitation team and working in the church mailing department.

In 1971, I was widowed again. I have learned that life is not all roses and cream. There are hard things to endure, but in Heaven there will be no more pain. I look forward to it, and am glad I am ready to go. I thank God for this old-time religion.

Etta Kirk

Surely I have much to thank God for, but always foremost in my heart is the fact that God did not take me out of this world in my sins. In my childhood, we had moral training based on how God would punish us for our disobedience. There was no religious background, so I grew up knowing only a fear of God, but nothing about His love and forgiveness.

When I was twenty-three, I was stricken with spinal meningitis. It was the deadly kind that twists your head back between your shoulders and your feet up into your back. The first physician who came in to look at me did not even remove his hat. He just walked out while telling my family, "If she is living in the morning, call me and I will come back."

Something happened that night. I do not remember praying, because I did not know how. Sometime, during the night, I seemed to pass out of this world. I can never forget it to this day—it is as real as when it happened years ago—that utter darkness, the hopelessness of Hell, as I seemed to fall down and down.

The next morning when the family called the doctor, he said, "I am sorry that she is going to live; I was hoping that she would not, for she will never walk or talk or know her own name."

I asked God to either take me or heal me. I promised Him I would give Him my life. For days afterward, it seemed my brain was wrecked. The only thing I was conscious of was that vow. God gave back my health; my twisted body was straightened and my mind slowly returned.

I went to church a few times and asked about the vow I had made to God. They told me, "Do this," or "Don't do that," but that did not satisfy me about my promise to God.

Finally, I went out into the world to ease the hurt in my heart, because of my broken vow. I started to surround myself with the material things of this world. Then the blow came and I lost everything—my home, my health, my worldly goods, and also my loved ones—and I was left alone.

I boarded a bus in a California city and rode all night and most of Christmas Day, not knowing or caring particularly where that bus stopped or where I would get off.

Upon leaving California, I thought I had made a mistake in buying my ticket, so I tried to have the ticket changed. God had taken over, though, and was directing my steps. There was no reason for me to go to Portland, Oregon, for I had no friends there at that time. The bus brought me to the Portland bus terminal, which was right across the street from the Apostolic Faith Church.

God had timed my steps to the very moment. As I stood on the street corner at Sixth and Burnside that evening, I heard singing from across the street. My first thought was, Angels are singing. That must be the angels' chorus. I started to go on down the street in the opposite direction, and found it was impossible to walk. It seemed that someone was holding me. I thought, Oh well, I will go over and see what it is. When I started across the street toward the church, that feeling of being held was gone. As I went up the steps, a Voice seemed to whisper, "You should remove your shoes, you are on holy ground." I knew that when I crossed the street, I crossed from utter darkness into the light of the Gospel. At the Apostolic Faith, I learned for the first time that one could be saved from sin. I knew I was a sinner, and had been for more than fifty years, but no one had ever told me there was a way out of sin.

God talked to me day and night until I could not eat or sleep. I had the Light, and it was up to me to walk in it. I knew what I should do, but I feared to trust God. I feared hunger, poverty, everything. When I could not stand that urging in my heart any longer, I just looked away to God and made a complete surrender. Oh, how I thank and praise God for the Monday morning following the first day of the Portland camp meeting in 1930! I knew nothing about the Bible and had known nothing of salvation. That morning, I did not even kneel. I just raised my hands to God and said, "Anything, dear Lord, in exchange for peace!" In just a moment, the power of God came down and I felt the burden of sin roll away. The fear was gone. There was no longer that loneliness in my heart. I felt as free as

if I had never sinned. I felt as clean as a little child. The glory of God flooded my soul, and the peace I had asked for came into my heart. That Joy and peace has remained. I still have salvation, and it has grown better through the years.

Several years ago, God permitted me to be stricken down suddenly, but there was nothing between my soul and the Savior. It means so much, when things like that come into our lives, to know that the prayer channels are open. It seemed I had crossed the river and had just one more step to go. The lights of Heaven were right within one step. But something was holding me back and I could not take that one step. Later I found that God had something for me to do.

Again recently, it seemed I would take that last step, but prayer intervened. Within minutes after my neighbor put in the call for prayer, color came back into my face and she was able to find a pulse. She said that nobody, upon seeing a thing like that, could help but believe in the power of prayer. Oh, how I thank God. He put strength back into my body.

There is just one purpose in my life and that is to keep the prayer channels open and make the Goal. One morning I heard a minister on the radio ask, "If you knew you had just five minutes to live, what would you do? Would you be ready to answer that call?" I set my breakfast tray down on the drain board and pondered the question. Then I thought, I would not wash the dishes; I would just stand there and wait and watch. What a thrill it is to know that Jesus is coming again. I am looking for Him!



Ray Hoople

I heard the Gospel story all my life, but instead of having my eyes on God, I had them on others. At an early age, I looked at people who said they were Christians, but whose lives did not show it, and decided, "If that is religion, I don't want it." I turned it all down, leaving God and all forms of religion out of my life entirely.

It took drastic means for God to get me to the place where I would stop long enough for Him to reach me. When I was twenty-three, and when I should have been right in the prime of my life, a terrible affliction came upon me and stopped me in my wild, reckless career. The doctors saw me and said two hours would tell all. While I was in that condition, some Christian friends began to pray for this black sheep of the family. Some sinners seem to think that if disaster were to strike, they would pray before they died. Well, maybe they would and maybe they wouldn't. I was not able to pray. It was all I could do to draw a little breath into these lungs of mine to hold body and soul together. And there

was no desire within me to pray, either. All I wanted was to get out of my trouble and go back to my life of sin. Prayer changes things, though. When those Christian friends prayed, God had mercy. He spared my life and miraculously raised me up.

Afterward, just to satisfy my old gray-haired mother, I went with her to an Apostolic Faith tent meeting in Portland, Oregon. God had a different purpose for me being there that night. He began to talk to my heart, causing me to stop and consider my latter end. As He dealt with my wayward, sinful soul, all those reasons I had for not following Him faded into the background. This was the first time I had really come into contact with God in a personal way, and instead of looking at other people that night, I was looking at myself.

The greatest sin that stared me in the face was that I had rejected God's love and mercy for all those years. As the preacher began to preach, it hit me right down where I lived, and I said, "God, help me!" The preacher went on a little further and I said, "God, help me!" That was all I could say. At the altar, I forgot all about the other people around me. I just wanted to be right with God. I prayed a simple prayer, making confession; I admitted I was bound by sinful habits and appetites. Then I gave the Lord my whole life. He heard my prayer and became more than real to me. He rolled my sins away, put peace in my heart, and made me a new creature in Christ Jesus.

While I was praying, I thought I was alone with God, but when I opened my eyes, I saw a whole band of Christian workers. They were singing, "Peace, peace, wonderful peace." I could sing it with them, because God had changed the course of my wild life and made me a Bible Christian.

The next night, the young people who I had been running around with wanted to know what had happened. I told them I prayed and God saved me. They asked what I was going to do next and I said, "The only thing I know for sure is I am going back among the people who helped me pray my way out of sin." I had thought I would have a terrible struggle in letting go of my sinful habits, but I found that God had delivered me from them. He had taken out every bad habit and set me free.

I praise God for what He has done for me.

Margaret Barber

It took sorrow in my life to wake me up to my lost condition. I got up one morning to find that the Lord had taken my little baby. No one knows the suffering I went through.

I was living deep in sin, having drunken parties in my home, and raising my children in that environment. When God took my baby I knew I should live better, but I was not able to.

One day I attended a church in Montana, and the Lord talked to my heart and showed me what a sinner I was. I asked Him for mercy and He saved my soul. It was so wonderful! He completely changed my life. I had no more time for the things of this world; every desire for sinful things had gone out.

God led me to the Apostolic Faith Church where I heard more of what the Lord had for me. I was married in adultery and God showed me that I was living wrong. He helped me to pay the price and line up to His Word. I had five children to provide for, but the Lord was so good to me! He gave me a home and a job and helped me to bring up my children in the right way, providing for them, and educating them.

When my son was overseas during the war, the Lord protected him and brought him home safe. I praise God for what He means to me. I want to be true to the end and meet Him in peace when He comes for His chosen people.

Bill Wager



I was just a youth when my mother became very sick. The doctors said there was no hope for her and they sent her home from the hospital to die. She made preparations to send my sister and myself to relatives. But when she got home, she got on her knees and prayed. The Lord saved her and He raised her up. The next day, she went outside and hung a big load of wash on the line. All the neighbors came to see what had happened because they knew she had been sick.

Things changed in our house after that. My parents were going to a church that had grown cold, but one day the Lord spoke to my mother saying, “Come out from among them, and be ye separate” (2 Corinthians 6:17). From then on, my parents started looking for the true Gospel and a place to serve God among people who were Spirit-filled. They went from church to church. In each one of those churches it seemed that the power of God wasn’t there.

Then the Lord led them to where a group of Apostolic Faith people were holding a street meeting in Everett, Washington. When my mother heard them she said, “That is the same thing the Lord did for me. That is what I have in my heart.” It was exactly what they had been looking for.

My parents embraced what they heard and wrote to the founder of the Apostolic Faith. They were encouraged to hold meetings in our home. Some of my earliest memories are of kneeling down at a chair in our home, praying. When just a little fellow, my folks told me how the Lord could hear and answer prayer. I was brought up in a Christian home and I saw real miracles performed.

It wasn’t long until we moved to Dallas, Oregon, to attend the Apostolic Faith Church. I was brought to church and heard the truth go forth in power and glory. I was reared under the sound of a real Christian Gospel. I knew the Apostolic Faith people had the right thing, and I knew what I should do. At school, though, they preached the opposite of what I heard at church. I saw the other kids doing wrong things and I knew I shouldn’t follow, but I did not have the power to do right. I began doing things against my Christian training. One time I grabbed a cigarette that someone had been smoking, and that condemned me to the soles of my feet. I realized that if I didn’t do something, I would be going the way of the other kids.

Many times I thought about my parents living a real Christian life before us children. I never heard them speak a cross word between them—all I can remember is just happiness. Sometimes we didn’t have very much to eat. Sometimes we didn’t have a lot of clothes to wear. We were quite poor, but the Lord took care of all our needs. I never went hungry.

One Sunday morning, the Lord put such heavy conviction on my soul that I decided I had to settle it. I got down at the altar and meant business. I hadn’t committed any great sin, but I sure had a load of conviction. I told God I would do anything if He would save my soul, and He did it. I felt so free and so happy; I hadn’t realized what a burden I had been carrying. It seemed as though a ton had rolled off my heart. I knew I was a Christian. The sun was shining that morning through the stained glass window. What I saw was what I felt in my heart: peace and joy.

I was just a youth, but my whole life changed. The next day, when I went out the first thing I noticed was I had the power to do right. I wasn't defeated anymore. I went back to school and straightened out all the things that I had done wrong. I could live a Christian life among my classmates. Even the teachers started letting me have responsibilities because they knew I would do the right thing.

God has taken me through all kinds of troubles, trials, and afflictions, but He has always been there. He helped me raise a family. I have great-grandchildren in the Gospel now. Today that same peace and joy is in my heart.



Marie Guffey

I was a backslider when I came to an Apostolic Faith meeting in Portland, Oregon, in 1941 and heard this wonderful story of a life of victory over sin. My husband was quite a drinker and I wanted the Lord to save him first. When he didn't get saved, I thought there was no hope for me. The next morning, though, God spoke to my heart, telling me to put my house in order. This made me realize there was hope for me.

I went to the next camp meeting, and on a Sunday night, went to the altar with a hungry heart. I called on God for mercy, and He wonderfully saved my soul!

He sanctified me, too, when I consecrated my life and all to Him. And I will never forget the night He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. He spoke through these lips of mine in the Yugoslav language. There was a Yugoslavian woman present who understood every word I said.

God also healed me of the arthritis I had been suffering with. When I realized I was healed, I was

so thrilled that I began to laugh and cry. It was such a relief to know that awful affliction was gone.

A few years later, I had a stroke. As a result, I lost twenty-three pounds in ten days. The Lord undertook and healed me of that, too. Not very long ago, I had streptococcus of the blood stream. I trusted God for my healing, but when my family found out how bad I was—that I couldn't get out of bed—they insisted on getting a doctor. I told them, "If you are going to call the doctor, call the ministers too!" The doctor wanted me to go to the hospital, but I said, "God healed me of arthritis, so I trust that He will heal me of this affliction through the prayers of His people." The Lord did undertake and heal me. I have been able to work again and I have been able to take care of myself since my husband died.

The Lord has held me steadfast. I want to go all the way with Jesus.

W. P. Hall

I came to Portland on a Saturday evening, checked into the Y.M.C.A. for the night, and then went for a walk down the street. I heard singing and joined a crowd on the corner to listen. I had never heard such Spirit-filled singing or such lively testimonies. I was so full of sin that it made me angry to hear them and I started to leave. A young man in the group saw me and handed me a tract as I was leaving. I walked away and then threw it down, but later, I went back and picked it up.

When I returned to my room, I took the tract from my pocket and read it. The Lord spoke to my heart, convicting me. When I awoke Sunday morning, I thought I had been a fool to even think the Lord could do anything for me. I dressed and went to meet a friend who would have led me deeper into sin. The Lord directed my steps, though. I had written my friend's address on the tract. I did not know it, but the young man who had given me the tract had written the address of the tabernacle on it—I took the streetcar and followed the wrong address. When I got to the end of the line, the conductor said I would find the building about two blocks over.

I found myself at the tabernacle among the firs. The morning meeting was in session, so I went in and sat in the back. The young man who had given me the tract saw me and came and sat next to me during the service. At the close of the meeting, he pled with me to go to the altar, but I sat there frozen to my seat. Soon another lad joined him, and after forty-five minutes, I gave in and went down to the altar only because they had spent their lunchtime talking with me.

As they prayed for me, the devil suggested I knock their heads together. Just then they both opened their eyes and saw the look on my face. Without any hesitation or exchanging glances, they both quickly put their hands on my head and said, "In the Name of the Lord Jesus, come out of this man and let him go free!" I wilted as if hit on the head and then I cried for an hour—until the afternoon meeting started. Finally, I was delivered. Praise God!

I did not get involved with the person I had set out to see, but returned home a saved man. Since then I have served God in California and in Idaho, but those meetings at the tabernacle among the firs were the most wonderful I have ever attended.

Virginia Mosee



My parents were born and brought up in the Holy Land, and my mother told me that when she was just a young girl, she looked up into the skies of Lebanon and prayed that God would lead her onto the right path, so she could have a Christian home. God began to answer her prayer when she married my father and they moved to this country.

My father came here looking for money and prestige, thinking that would make him happy. My parents settled in the small farming community of Winlock, Washington, and my father became a prosperous merchant. He got his desire, gaining some of this world's goods, but oh, the misery that came with it! I remember seeing him come home drunk many times, angry because he had lost money gambling. He would be abusive to my mother and us children. Sometimes he tried to quit drinking, but he was helpless.

My father was very much engrossed in business and had no time for religion. Also, he had seen much hypocrisy, so he would have nothing to

do with church. However, one day out of curiosity, he went to an Apostolic Faith cottage meeting.

There were only a few people present, but they had the power of God on their lives, and the Lord began talking to my father's heart. The Apostolic Faith people told him that the Blood of Jesus could wash away his sins and give him power to live right. He believed what he heard and prayed right then. The Lord answered his prayer, saving him. When he came home that evening, he poured out his liquor and threw away his cigarettes. Later, he made many restitutions, paying back hundreds of dollars.

Our home became a Christian home. Every morning and evening my father would gather us children around him and read the Bible. Then we would pray. When my mother saw what God had done, she too, gave her heart to the Lord. What a change there was in our home! I was only five years old, but I noticed the difference. From that age on, I had the privilege of being raised in the Gospel. I was brought to church and Sunday school, and I began to realize that Jesus loved me and could make me happy.

People have said, "You were raised in a Christian home, so it must have been easy for you to become a Christian." It was not so easy. Many a night I wet my pillow with tears trying to yield to the Lord. It was foolish pride that kept me from giving up to the Lord. I was so afraid of what my friends at school would think, and I did not think I could live a victorious life at school where there were so many temptations.

When I was thirteen, my mother became very ill and was dying. We all prayed earnestly that the Lord would heal her. I promised God that if He would let her live, I would serve Him. After she recovered, time went on and I was haunted by my promise. Finally, when I was sixteen, I yielded my life to God. I told Him, "I can't do it by myself, but if You will keep me, I will serve You the rest of my days." God saved me and gave me a good life. I had been a sickly child, never feeling good, but He made me a strong, well woman.

I have had many years to prove God. He has never failed me, and has been a real friend.

F.B. Barney

I am so grateful that I had someone to teach me the right way to go. Before I was even old enough to read, my dear old grandmother taught me my first verse out of the Bible.

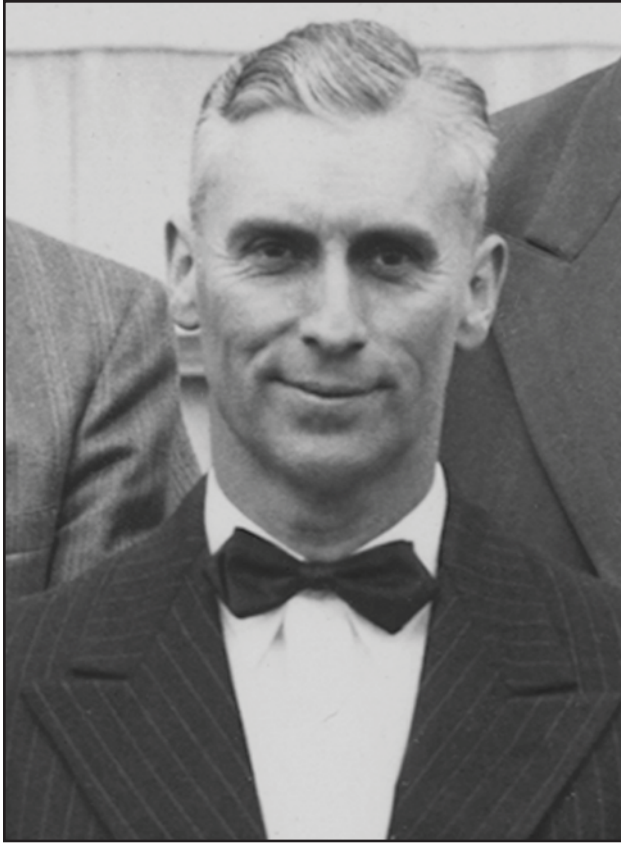
When I grew older, I went into the world to see what it had to offer. I went to the dances, the shows, and the nightclubs, but I didn't find anything there to satisfy my heart. I thank God that He got me on my knees one day. I cried out to Him, and He saved me from a miserable life of sin.

The church that I was attending at the time had already baptized me before I even repented of my sins. Then, after I did get saved, they told me to seek the baptism of the Holy Ghost, but they didn't tell me anything about sanctification.

I didn't know of the Apostolic Faith Church, but the Lord has His way of doing things. He sent me to Anniston, Alabama, on business. When I inquired about a holiness church in Anniston, I was told about the Apostolic Faith Church on a hill. I went there and, though there was nobody in the building, I felt the very presence of the Lord. I went back later to attend the service, and I loved the way they prayed; it resonated with my heart. These were wholly sanctified people—different from any I had known.

Later, I attended revival meetings in Century, Florida. At the altar they told me to pray and seek the Lord to save me. I thought, Why should I ask the Lord to save me when I am already saved? Then I thought about it, and had to admit I had backslid. The next time I was in Anniston, I went to the Apostolic Faith Church, got on my knees, and prayed through.

The Lord saved my soul, sanctified me, and then baptized me with the Holy Ghost. I can say these experiences are in my life today, and it is so wonderful to serve the living Lord!



William Beaton

I am glad that God ever dealt with me with real conviction that brought me to a place where I realized I needed Jesus. In 1939 God brought me about 3,000 miles to the campground in Portland, Oregon, to be with the Apostolic Faith people. It was God's hand that led me to that place, and I am thankful, because I needed salvation. I was one of the worst sinners, but God can get hold of someone like that.

I was sitting in the back of the tabernacle, and the Spirit of God dealt with me. He broke down this stubborn will and heart of mine. Tears rolled down my face from conviction before I ever got to the altar. God forgave my sins and made a wonderful change in my heart. He freed me—took away the habits and appetites of sin that were in my life. Many a time I said I was going to quit the booze and live better, but I couldn't do it. When I got saved, I found out who had been my master. It was the enemy of my soul. He did not want me to live right. But God took the booze and tobacco out of

me. I wouldn't want to go back into that old life of sin that God took me from, not for all this world could offer.

It wasn't long after I got saved that others, lots of others, knew about it because I had loads of restitutions to make. I went back and made every one of them; I made my past right. God went before me. Some forgave me, others I had to pay back every cent I owed. I was willing to do it, because I could pillow my head at night like a child and go to sleep with peace in my heart. Before God found me I had no peace with God or man.

Since then I've had real victory. God has saved me, sanctified me, and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. I have been enjoying the old-time religion, and I want to be ready for Jesus' return.

Rose Haggerty

I have heard so many people say that they were reared in a Christian home. My story is different. My father was a wonderful man, and my mother was a nurse in a hospital where there was prayer three times a day, but we got away from religion.

When I first became a Christian, my father said that he would only believe it if an angel from Heaven came down and said it. Then the day came when he said, “If I could be a Christian, I would choose my daughter’s religion.”

When I came from the East, I was about eighteen years old. I asked God to lead me to His people. My teacher had told me the story of salvation and I wanted to know more about it. God led me to some people from the Apostolic Faith, and they asked me to go to church with them. They told me I could be saved. I didn’t know how God could ever become real to me, but I wanted Him, and when I prayed He did become real to me. It was a glorious thing to know I could be near to God.

When they told me about sanctification, it was a joyous night—to know that I could draw even nearer to God in consecrating my life to Him. When they told me of the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire, I wanted that. I had never heard of anyone getting the baptism. I thank God for it. When I heard my voice praising Him, it was like another voice from Heaven singing the praises of the Lord. It was like an instrument—an instrument of my heart. It wasn’t me. I knew it was from God.

There is a song that says, “How do I know it? I know it because He is in my heart.” I know it is God that is in my heart. I praise Him for making Himself real to me.



Pete Hiebert

I want to praise God with all my heart that I am among the redeemed of the Lord, and that I know my name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life. I am thankful that the Gospel ever came my way; that God led me under the sound of this Latter Rain Gospel.

My mother was faithful to pray for me. She used to pray by my bedside, and I didn't want her to pray so often. When she died, although I was just a young man, I began to carry an awful load of condemnation upon my life. At twenty-three years of age I was far away from God. Many times I thought if I should have to carry that awful load of sin a few more years I would not be able to bear it.

I am glad that the Gospel crossed my path through an Apostolic Faith paper. I don't know what would have become of me if I hadn't received it.

In that paper were testimonies of victory, testimonies of men and women who said that they had been saved and that God had delivered them

from sinful lives. They said that they were Bible Christians and had victory over a life of sin. Though I never had been a Christian, I had read much of the Bible. I had read, "Whosoever is born of God sinneth not" (1 John 5:18), but I did not know it was possible for people to live above sin. When I read how these people told with such assurance what God had done for them, I believed them.

I began to pray and cry out to God. If only I could have what these people had I would no longer be afraid to die! God was faithful to my soul and showed me that if I would forsake my sins and ask Him for mercy He would come into my life and do for me what He had done for others. I wanted that more than anything in the world. If God would deliver me from that life of condemnation, I would serve Him. When I met His conditions, He gave me peace, joy, victory, and power to go forth and sin no more.

The Apostolic Faith paper told of people who had made all kinds of restitutions, and some had worked for years to make things right with their fellowman. I had things to make right myself, I had taken money from my own father. Every time I had committed a sin I knew I would have to make it right. When God came into my life He gave me the grace to do it.

I am so thankful for this great salvation. When I received the light on sanctification I sought it, and the Lord sanctified me wholly. He also baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. I have that fire burning in my soul. I am thankful for all the blessings God has given me in my life.

Hattie Schleigh

My Christian mother went home to Heaven when I was only nine years old. She had taught me from the Bible, but after she was gone, I drifted away from those teachings.

After I was married and had a family, my husband and I thought we were not doing right by the children if we did not take them to a dance every week or two. I loved worldly amusements.

One day, that all changed. Some people came across the mountains to where we were living and told us about Jesus. My husband was saved first. I remember standing in my kitchen and looking out through the back window. He was drawing water out of the well and pouring it into a trough for the cattle. He stood out there for a long time, and everything was quiet. Then, he jumped up and started on a dead run for the house. It was quite a distance, but he came running into the kitchen and said, “I got it!” I knew he had been praying. Then he said, “God’s been here and saved me, and I’m not afraid to trust Him with anything.”

He brought the wheelbarrow up to the back door and loaded up anything that he thought might hinder his faith. Then he took those things and buried them outside. I knew then that he meant business. I also knew that in order to have harmony in the home, I must be saved, too.

After he left the house, I got down on my knees by a chair and told the Lord, “If You will give me what he has and what these people have, and give me grace to go back and straighten out my past life, I will serve You as long as I live.” Suddenly, it was just like a heavy load lifted right off me. I was so happy!

It was a different life from then on. We started going, almost every night, to the meetings that the Apostolic Faith people were holding in Dorris, California. We would get into that old Chevy, go to the meeting, and then come back home and sit around with the kids and talk for hours about what the Lord was doing in our lives. We would cry and talk and pray. The kids were happy as larks.

Of course, troubles came along. The kids got sick often. We had smallpox and diphtheria—it seemed like we were quarantined half the time. But God never failed us. We gave God the glory for every little thing that came along, and God blessed us for it. My husband asked everybody whom we became acquainted with whether he or she were in the Gospel or not. It just became the center of our lives.

We raised seven children, and the Lord helped us through everything. He has brought me this far, and I know He can take me the rest of the way. I’m not afraid to trust Him—that’s what I have done down through all these years. Anything that came along that did not seem just right, I would turn over to the Lord, and He would take care of it. I never changed my mind or looked back to the things of this world.

My husband and some of my children have gone on to be with the Lord. I know they are safe in Heaven, and I am looking forward to meeting them there. I have this glorious hope today because some people went out into the highways and byways to tell the story of Jesus. I am so glad that I heard of His power to save and keep from sin. What a difference it has made in my life!

Hattie Schleigh lived to be 107. She celebrated her 105th birthday rejoicing in the wonderful news that her son, Clifford, who was eighty-four, had recently received salvation.



Gilbert Olson

I was born and raised in a Christian home. I was brought to church and Sunday school every Sunday and taught the right way to go. But I found out when young that it took more than that to make a Christian out of me. I was a moral young man—I could name a whole list of sins that I never committed, but I still had to get down at the altar and pray the same prayer as the deep-dyed sinner. When I was ten years old, I knelt by the altar at the church on Sixth and Burnside and asked the Lord to be merciful to me a sinner. I felt God could make a change in my heart. A Chinese brother, Brother Lee, prayed with me and the Lord came down and made that change. It wasn't such a big outward change, but it was real in my heart.

I found out that no matter how weak you might be in yourself, if you keep your hand in the Lord's hand, He will lead you right every time. You don't have to worry about failing. God can keep a person. He can make a change on the inside and put a backbone in you and give you power to

go out and live the life before the old crowd. I have been able to prove it under many circumstances. God kept me through the rest of my school days. That was a good place to prove the Gospel. I found out that was a real testing place. If God could keep me through that, He could keep me anywhere.

I spent four years in the service—almost two years overseas. I am thankful I could take the old-time religion with me and could live a Christian life under difficult circumstances. I couldn't be in church every night, but when the rest of the fellows were out doing the town, I was in the barracks. God had put something in my heart to keep me from those things. It wasn't that I had someone looking over my shoulder telling me what I could or couldn't do. It wasn't a code of ethics tacked up on a wall; it was a standard of Christianity that God put down in my heart.

If a person wants to be kept, God will keep him. He kept me while raising a family of six children, pastoring a church, and out in the business world. While working in Portland, Oregon, in a large machinery office, I could let my light shine for God. I didn't have to step back and take a backseat. Then I worked in a sales job. I traveled around the state, more or less, and saw people out in the world. Even the ones that had money didn't have what I had. I worked for the same people for twenty-four years and I figured I would retire there. Well, one day I found that I didn't have a job anymore. Then in a period of a little over a year, I had three jobs. So I found out that the things of the world, no matter how wonderful they might seem, are intangible. They come and go. I am glad the old-time religion is something real.

The old-time religion has proved to be a match for every circumstance. One spring, in California, we did a combined Easter program with the Sacramento and San Francisco churches, and I learned pages of script that had to be recited by memory. The day came to drive to San Francisco to do the program, and I became deathly sick. There I was, writhing in agony. I told my wife, "We've got to go back to Sacramento."

I had never taken so much as an aspirin in my life, and I didn't want to trust in the remedies of man. As I was back home in bed, suddenly the verse, James 5:14, came to me: "Call for the elders of

the church . . .” I said to my wife, “Phyllis, call for Brother LeRoy and Brother Peter.” They came and prayed for me, and the Lord instantly—not in ten minutes, not in twenty hours, but instantly—took that pain away. I said, “Who is going to drive me to San Francisco?” We got there with twenty minutes to spare.

The Lord is real today, not only years ago when He saved me, but today He is real in my heart! I am glad for the old-time religion. I know that if I am faithful it will lead me straight to Heaven.



Caroline Wright is in the center.

Caroline Wright

God dug me out of an awful pit of sin. When I was a girl of fifteen, I sold out to the devil and went the downward path. I left home time after time to live deep in sin.

I traveled with a carnival company, lived the life of a fallen woman, smoked cigarettes, and loved to get drunk. I used to spend my Sundays hidden away in awful places of shame. I sunk to the bottom. I was even connected with a crime of highway robbery.

I hated the life I was living. I would try sometimes in my own strength to live better, but would always fall back. Many times I wanted to commit suicide to get rid of such a depraved life. It was only the mercy of God that prevented me. I was so ashamed of how I was living that I tried to hide it from the world; I lived a double life. I knew it was not hidden from God, though. He used to talk to me about that life. I remember once when I lived near a church, I heard that song ring out, “Jesus, Lover of My Soul,” and I said, “Oh, if only I could find Him!”

It seemed that there was no hope for me. I tried many times to reform myself. I even went back to my mother thinking surely I could live right with her help, but Satan drove me back into that awful life of shame.

One day God broke the chains from off my life. My sister told me that God had done something for her. I said, “I wish God would do something for me.” The Lord led me to attend an Apostolic Faith meeting and I found the Gospel of Jesus—the power of God unto salvation. That night, after hearing the Gospel preached by the power of God for the first time, and after hearing the testimonies, God in His great love and mercy, granted me a repentant heart. The next day alone in my room, I went down on my knees and cried out from the depths of my heart for God to save me, and a light broke over my soul.

It was wonderful to feel that awful burden of sin lift and a sweet peace settle down in my soul. And the Blood of Jesus cleaned me up. To my great wonder and joy, God removed all the love of the world and all the vile habits from my life. It took the mighty God to break those chains! It is no cheap thing.

I went to work the next day and they wanted to know what changed me. I told them God had saved my soul, and they respected what God had done for me. I made restitution for stealing. I had many wrongs to make right.

Nobody knows what it means to my heart to be right with God. I look back now and just wonder at how I could have been such an awful sinner. Oh, my soul is filled with praises—I was once a fallen woman, but my life was changed when God came in. I appreciate this Gospel!

George Kaady

I was born in the Bible Land, and raised on Mt. Lebanon. I was taken to church where I confessed my sins to the priest. I was told that Jesus died for us, and that was all there was to it. I always believed in Jesus in my head, but I couldn't believe in my heart that Jesus was the Savior. After confessing my sins to the priest, I would go out of the church and do the same sins again.

One day, the Lord opened the way for me to move to the United States of America. I was brought to Portland, Oregon. I thought I would make a few dollars and then go back to the old country and make something of myself. Instead, I went deep into sin; I went into sinful places where the people of God never go—the pool halls, dance halls, and theaters. I was a gambler, also.

One day, while on the job, I met some real Christians. I was working in a boiler shop when I noticed some Apostolic Faith people sitting out on the dock. They bowed their heads and prayed over their food before they ate their lunch. When they began to pray, the Lord talked to my heart. Then one of the brothers took the Bible and began to read it. I had never seen anything like that. Something down in my heart said, You ought to be one of those people; they are real Christians.

One of the men asked me to go with him to his place of worship. He said God would deliver me from sin. I could hardly believe that, but I went with him. I heard testimonies of people having been saved and delivered from sin, people of all nationalities: Scandinavians, Syrians, and Chinese. Conviction came upon me. I knew I was a sinner, and I was hungry for the truth. God showed me there is reality in the Gospel and that I, too, could be free from sin. I went to the altar of prayer and asked those people to pray for me. They prayed for me and their prayers reached the Throne of God. I repented of my sins and I got honest. I said, "O God, if You will give me what these people have, I will give You my life." I meant it from the depths of my heart. God saved me and delivered me from sin.

I went back home and told my wife and all my neighbors that God had saved me. They asked, "How can you know you are saved?" I said, "Heaven came into my heart." I did not want to commit sin anymore.

God gave me power to live a life of victory over sin. I enjoy this wonderful salvation.



Arvilla Jernberg

My parents were Christians ever since I can remember. They came in contact with the Apostolic Faith Church before they were even married. Missionaries, Forrest and Sally Damron, were holding revival meetings in Missouri, and I think that is when my dad got saved. After that, my parents married, moved to another state, and lived on a homestead.

They were not content, because there was no church in the area, and they wanted to bring me up to be a Christian. They prayed and the Lord opened the way for them to move to Portland, Oregon. Our family arrived just after camp meeting one year. I was so young that I remember very little of the trip, but I do remember our first night on the campground. It was spent in a tent under a tree that used to stand where the parking lot is now.

I was raised in a Christian home, but that did not make a Christian out of me. I had to get down on my knees and pray, asking the Lord to forgive

my sins and change my desires. He heard my prayer and put such happiness and peace in my heart.

I have had the privilege of singing in the choir and playing in the orchestra. I am thankful I can give my life in service to God. He has given me something that stands fast when things go wrong.

F. E. Bishop

When I was a young girl, Sunday school was held in my home. The teacher told us children that when we reached nine years of age we would be held accountable for our sins. The day I turned nine, I looked up in the sky and said, "I am nine years old today and I am held accountable for my sins."

I prayed many times, but as I grew older, the world had an attraction for me. I used to go to the dances and other places of worldly amusement. A Christian man used to talk to me about getting ready to meet the Lord. I told him, "When I get married, I will get saved." I married at the age of seventeen. At twenty, I had my first child, a boy. I began to wonder how I could bring him up for God.

Old-time conviction took hold of my heart so that I could not sleep at night. My husband drank, which caused me much sorrow. I cried and prayed and was sorry for my sins, but I did not know how to get saved. One day, I went up to my room and got on my knees. I said I had to know that morning that my sins were forgiven, and this verse of Scripture came to me, ". . . seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matthew 7:7). I said, "Lord, I am seeking and I am knocking." I waited for God to answer and the Lord said, "Don't try to do it yourself; I have done it all, I paid it all, just follow Me." I said, "I will, Lord."

I got up from my knees saved. I had the answer that I was born of God. I was so happy. The Lord kept me for sixteen years. I used to pray to know the Lord better. I always had a desire to go deeper with the Lord, but did not know how.

My husband and I were financially successful; we had a nice home and we had everything to make us comfortable in this life. Then the time came when my husband's business failed. In one year, we had everything taken away; nothing was left. We decided to leave Ontario, Canada, and move to Winnipeg to start anew. I attended the Baptist church there and was still hungry to know more of God when a friend of mine invited me to go to some religious meetings in a mission. I went and was glad that I did, for it was in that meeting that I heard about sanctification for the first time. I thought, This is just what I need. God's hand was on me to fulfill my heart's desire.

The young preacher's name was Raymond Crawford. He had come all the way from Portland, Oregon, to hold those meetings. I sought the experience of sanctification and God fully satisfied that hunger I had in my soul. Then, I heard them tell about the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and I also obtained that wonderful experience.

The morning after I received my baptism, I was going to take my medicine and went to get the bottle from the shelf when the Lord spoke to me and said, "I am your Healer as well as your Savior." I never took any more medicine. God has healed me many times.

About five years ago, I was stricken with arthritis in my feet and could not walk without someone's helping arm. My feet and my hands were numb. I had no power to control my feet and they would turn around. My son would hold out his hands to help me to walk as a toddler walks. When I visited my other son in Vancouver, B.C., Canada, I had to have help getting on and off the plane. I could not ride a bus or a streetcar. I spent two months in this condition in Winnipeg and three months in Vancouver. I went to see the doctor and received a thorough examination. I asked him, "Do you think that you can heal my feet?" He just shook his head, for there was no hope.

Some people from the Apostolic Faith Church began picking me up for church on Sundays. Four of the ladies were going to Portland to attend the annual camp meeting. I went along with them. While there, I was prayed for and God wonderfully healed me; I have never had to use my cane since.

Harold Guddat



I am thankful for Christian parents. Almost all the days of my life I have been serving my Savior, and I have been serving Him out of a joyful heart. This Gospel satisfies. Not just at home, but wherever I am.

One time, when I was in the United States Army, there was a Major sitting in front of me who leaned over to his secretary and said, “I am just bored to death in this place!” He was making \$600.00 a month. I looked at the three stripes on my sleeve that brought me a few dollars in my pocket each month, and thought of the happiness in my heart. It was something that money could not buy. It came from having salvation and being able to tell others about it. When I was in Tokyo, Japan, I had the opportunity to go into the villages and speak to the people about Jesus Christ. That brought real happiness.

When I was first ordered to Japan, I did not want to go. I sort of rebelled against the order because I did not know what was in store for me.

I did not know that there would be any religious work there for me. We know that the Lord leads and guides and His will is best. Within three days of arriving, I was signed up to teach a military choral class. I had the privilege of directing this choir for General and Mrs. Ridgway at Christmas. I remember particularly that we sang “Joy to the World” and afterward had the opportunity to speak to the General about the true Lord who reigns supreme.

I was also asked to be the chapel organist. Through this position, I met and began conducting a Japanese choir. Those choir members have recently been referred to as the pioneers of our church organization in Japan. They are precious people—more precious to me today as I think of their faithfulness to Jesus.

At that time, they had never heard of a Gospel which holds the standard of living a life above sin. How thankful I am for that standard! I have seen darkness and wickedness in our troops. I have seen the lives of boys ruined in war, and I have heard them say, “There is nothing I can do.” How happy I was to tell them that there was something they could do. They could turn to Jesus who forgives sin and gives a new start in life when one prays in repentance.

The Lord led and the choir began asking for a Bible class. I did not feel that I was qualified to teach them, but the Lord laid it upon my heart to do so. We sent for Sunday school literature from the Apostolic Faith headquarters, and we began our Bible class in May of 1952.

The only members who could speak English were two young men who were Buddhists. I was hesitant to use them for interpreters, but the Lord had a plan. Through interpreting the message of salvation, and asking often to have statements repeated, the message sank into their hearts. We began holding prayer meetings in addition to the Bible studies, and at one of these meetings one of the young men prayed through. Then he looked at his buddy to see what he would do. He walked over to the davenport, knelt down, and began praying in Japanese. In the quietness of that hour, the Spirit came down. Before long his heart was melted. I looked at the one who had already prayed through and saw tears flowing down his face. He said, “I know there is a living God. He is in my heart and in my friend’s heart.”

That summer we heard that three representatives from the Apostolic Faith headquarters in Portland, Oregon, were coming to visit. How happy we were to see them when they arrived! The Lord wonderfully blessed our ten months together. The first Sunday we had the privilege of dining together, and then we held a meeting. Two of them testified and the other gave a short sermon. We all prayed afterward and the Spirit came down and blessed the choir, the missionaries, and all of us. Two received sanctification.

Our first street meeting was held in December. We had a little pump organ and a Japanese hymnal. Members of the choir were present, as well as two of the missionaries and me. Several hundred heard the Gospel in that first street meeting.

At this time, we were holding our services in a hotel room, but wondered where we would go when our rent expired. We trusted the Lord to provide, and He answered our prayers. In January, the choir sang for an evangelistic meeting in the Tokyo Seamen's Union Hall. The man in charge of the hall was a friend of one of our visiting missionaries, and said we could use it. In February, we held our first service there. I remember that the Japanese young people said, "At last we feel we are in the house of the Lord and the Gospel can go out free and unhindered."

The Gospel did go forth unhindered. It seemed that every Thursday night someone would be saved. We held services three days a week, but Thursday nights were especially blessed. We were allowed to go into the hospitals and hold services, singing, handing out Gospel literature, and preaching. The jails, too, were open to our visits. At one large prison, we were told to come back anytime. We visited the ships in the Tokyo harbor as well. One time, the choir was invited onboard one of the ships to sing, and afterward we went room to room handing out literature. As we did, we came across several men who had attended our services in Portland.

The Lord answered prayer for us many times, and in miraculous ways. When we heard that missionaries were coming to stay permanently, we prayed that the Lord would lead in finding a place for them to live. Homes were expensive and hard to get. One day there was a knock at my barracks door, and there stood a stern-looking Sergeant and a civilian. The Sergeant asked if I was doing missionary work. I thought I was in trouble, but it turned out that the civilian was leaving Japan and was looking for someone to stay in his home. He was leaving on March 14 and we were expecting the missionaries on the 15th. I went and looked at the house and thought he might charge \$100.00 a month for it, but he only asked \$20.00 and then decided he didn't even need that. He got the opportunity to see the Lord work before he left. He came to me worried, because his ship had been delayed and he wouldn't be able to vacate the house until the 18th. Instead of being concerned, I prayed, and a few hours later, I received a telegram that our missionaries would not be arriving until the 19th. God had worked it out.

Since my return home, I have had the opportunity to work in our ministry of visiting the ships in the Portland harbor. In doing this, I came into contact with one young man who had attended our meetings in Tokyo. He said his shipmates made fun of him at first, but now they respect him. They even offered to do his work, so he could leave the ship and attend the Portland services.

Beautiful letters come in from the seamen and their families in Japan requesting prayer and longing to know the way of Christianity. What an opportunity I have had to help lead them in the way of eternal life!



Edith Zook

I am thankful that the Lord ever called our family. We were not religiously inclined; we scarcely went to church. No one in our family ever prayed or was a Christian for as far back as I can remember. We were honorable and upright, but we neglected God. My father had known about the old-time religion when he lived in the East, and when he came into contact with the Apostolic Faith people he said, “That is the old-time religion that I knew of when I was a boy.” This led to my whole family being converted in October 1923.

I was just a worldly young girl starting out in life when I was invited to an Apostolic Faith meeting and learned what salvation was. I had tried to satisfy my soul with things of the world—the shows, the dances, and other cheap things. All I thought about was a good time. I didn’t know what it meant to give my life to God. I thought I would have to give up the world and lose every pleasure I ever had, but God reasoned with me and said,

“What if you gained the whole world and lost your soul?”

I thank God that I repented of all my sins. I gave Him my life, and He made a marvelous change in me. I have had joy for all these years since.

Later, I learned what prayer meant. Oh, how many times I have relied on prayer to take me through! God kept me through my school days and every day out in the business world. I have enjoyed being a Christian and I have no regrets. I love this wonderful Savior, and I love to serve Him.



Olaf Kostol

I am very happy I came into contact with God. Shortly after arriving in Portland, Oregon, I walked by a street meeting and heard the Apostolic Faith people testifying.

I was very young at that time, but I was discouraged with life and downhearted. For as far back as I could remember I had an empty feeling in my heart and had never felt satisfied. The Spirit of God talked to me through that street meeting. It was something marvelous.

I went to the camp meeting being held and was saved. I was so happy that night that I almost leapt for joy. It was a new beginning for me. I was almost afraid it would not last, but the next morning when I woke up, it was still there.

Two years after I was saved, sanctified, and baptized with the Holy Ghost, God called me to tell about this wonderful Gospel. In 1913, I went to Stavanger, Norway. Edvard and Ida Lind had gone the year before and were holding evangelistic services. I went with David Grov and some other

Norwegian ministers. We experienced much opposition to the preaching of the fullness of the Gospel. However, nothing could quench the revival fires and many were saved, sanctified, and baptized with the Holy Ghost.

I have gone through many hard places, but the power and grace of God have kept me. This Gospel is real and powerful. It is not something that only starts, but it keeps on. And there is a finish to it more beautiful than the start. That is what I am looking for.

Olaf Kostal was the first District Overseer of our Scandinavian churches and held that position until he passed away in 1956.

J.V. Colt

In my childhood, going as far back as I can remember, there was not a time when I did not want to serve God. I went to church and did the best I could, but I got discouraged and said, "I'll quit." And I did quit. I left the church, left God, and even denied Jesus.

At the age of twenty-one, I was a brokenhearted man of the world, loving the dances, the stage, and the gaiety of life. Yet many times when at college, amid all its worldly pleasures that charm young people—even in the midst of great banquets and balls with hosts of friends and classmates—I would become so intensely sad and lonely that it seemed my heart would break. I would steal away in seclusion and weep. My condition became so unbearable that I found myself in the clutches of drugs.

Later, I entered business for myself. Money was coming in and my friends were calling me an exemplary man, a business success, but I had sorrow and grief in my heart. Such condemnation would sweep over my soul night after night that I would get up and walk the floor.

I ran from church to church, lodge to lodge, thinking perhaps there was someplace that could satisfy my heart's longing. There was something inside me calling for a reality that was never satisfied with the nice things I had in this world.

One night, a professional man came to my place of business and said, "Let's go see a spiritualist." I went and I was hooked; that very night the devil fastened the fangs of that thing on my life. My wife and I started going to have fun—to get a release from suffering. We would sit at the séance table and the medium would tell us we were nearing the fifth heaven. We got nearer to Hell, though. Instead of bringing peace, spiritualism left a sting. Sorrow and remorse followed us everywhere. For years we tried to find satisfaction in that delusion.

Sin had wrought havoc in my marriage and in our home. It had blasted our hopes and ambitions, and in 1915, my home was in distress. My wife and I were in sorrow as well as sin. She was contemplating suicide, and we had three children who needed a mother. We had friends, we had a good business, we had prestige, but these had all failed us. We sat on the banks of the Umpqua River as she cried, and I told her we would get back to God and start over. She said, "No, it can't be done."

Just at that time in our lives, when we needed Jesus the most, we came into contact with the old-time religion. I went to the Apostolic Faith Mission and heard people testify. I felt the power of God, and it did not take long to know I wanted what those people had. God said, "This is the last chance for you." My wife told me it was not for her, but I said, "Lord, I am going to take the way. You take care of my home and family." Up at a little altar bench, I knelt and turned my heart toward Heaven. I said, "God be merciful to me a sinner." It was only a few minutes of prayer, but, oh, the change God made in me! The sin passed out of my life and victory came in. Christ rolled away the burden, and happiness and rejoicing filled my heart. I had been filled with spiritualism, but God Almighty broke those chains. He took me out of that horrible delusion. He eradicated it from my life.

God also saved my wife and gave us a happy home. Sin had nearly wrecked our home, and there was no earthly hand that could have helped us, but today there is rejoicing in that home through the power of Jesus Christ.

I never knew it was possible to feel the presence of God way down in the depths of your heart from day to day, and to know that you are saved and can live without sin. I am glad I found the people who were living this. I am glad they told me how to get it. Now I am happy and content, because I am free and right with God.

I worked for a good many years in the large department stores handling hundreds of employees. I had a good chance to test God. He kept me when I came up against the many problems I had to contend with. People would come to me and say, "I have never seen you mad. How do you do it?" I would tell them, "It is not me. It is God in me who does it." I am glad I was able to be a Christian right on the job. I am not ashamed to proclaim this Gospel.

God has been my Friend and my Healer. When I was almost at death's door, unable to utter a word, I just breathed a prayer out of the depths of my heart and God healed me and raised me up. This old-time religion is far better than all the glitter this world ever afforded me. I certainly recommend it.

Bessie Myers



I praise God for this wonderful salvation. I am glad that, while God was saving others, He did not pass me by. I was not ignorant of the way of salvation. My Christian mother taught me that the Word of God is true. She not only taught it, but she lived it before us children every day.

I was taken to church and Sunday school ever since I can remember, and when just a child of nine or ten years old, I went forward to a Methodist altar and God saved me. I knew He made a change in my heart. As I grew into womanhood, though, I let the love of the world creep into my life. Soon I found that the love of God was gone. I do not believe there is a more miserable person in this world than the one who has once known the love of God and has lost it.

When I came to the West Coast, I drifted farther away from the Lord than I ever intended to go. My mother was back in the Midwest and I knew she would not know what I was doing. I thought I could have a good time and enjoy the world. For a

few short years I tried the pleasures of the world, but I can say from the depths of my heart that they utterly failed to satisfy me. I became sick and tired of what the world had to offer.

God knows just how to reach every individual soul. He permitted a terrible affliction to come upon my body that caused me to suffer constantly. I was a young mother in my early twenties, with two small boys, and scarcely able to care for them. That was a dark hour in my life. I was facing a very serious operation, but the thing that troubled me most was that I was not ready to meet God; should anything happen to me, my soul would be lost.

I will never forget one cold, winter night when I stood on a street corner in downtown Portland, Oregon, and heard some Apostolic Faith people testify in a street meeting. A hope came into my heart that God could do something for me. Once more, I had a desire to pray until I knew that I was right with God.

I went to the old-fashioned camp meeting being held by these people. At the close of the meeting, God talked to my heart and helped me to get on my knees and pray. Christian people gathered around and prayed with me. I confessed my sins and told God I would give Him the rest of my life. I purposed in my heart that if no one else took the way, I was determined to serve Him. God saved me that very moment. He gave me the witness from Heaven that my sins were forgiven. I jumped to my feet and began to tell those around me that Jesus had saved me. The burden of sin was gone, and joy and peace flooded my soul.

The Lord healed me from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet when He saved me. I never underwent that operation. He has added years to my life and given me wonderful health and strength. Best of all, He has given me a hope of Heaven, and I thank Him for it.

Bessie Myers was saved in 1910. Her husband, DeWitt Myers, served for a time as pastor of the Apostolic Faith Church in Grants Pass, Oregon.

Lester Frank

I was a church-going hypocrite, although I did not want to live a hypocritical life. I professed to be a Christian, but I could not stop chewing tobacco, lying, and stealing. I tried many times to quit those habits, but they had me bound. I attended church, and had even walked to the front one time. I was looking for something real, but the preacher just shook my hand and wrote my name in a book. I was baptized in water, and I joined the Endeavor, but these things did not change me. I needed salvation.

I was discouraged and brokenhearted when I heard the Apostolic Faith people telling the way out of sin at a street meeting in Oregon City, Oregon. I listened to the people testify, and they pointed me to Jesus. They said God was real and He would hear and answer my prayers. They gave me one of their church papers. I took it to the mill where I worked and pondered over what it said.

Later, I went to an Apostolic Faith meeting in Portland, Oregon. At the close of the service I raised my hand for prayer and went to the altar. As I bowed my knees, God melted my heart. It was the first time in my life that my heart had melted. I cried out to God for mercy and said, “God, give me what these people have.” My whole life was wrapped up in those few words. It was the first real prayer I had ever prayed. God did a real work in me. He took out the sin and changed the very desires and nature of my heart. He set me free, breaking every habit and appetite that had a hold on my life; He took out the lying, stealing, and craving for tobacco.

The temper that I had been bound with was gone. Before, I would get mad at the least little thing and abuse my best friends. I quarreled and fought with the men at the mill all the time. It seemed I hated everybody, and I was not able to overcome that temper. Many times I went home and threw things around. My wife would sit holding the baby and crying. I seemed possessed. Though I was young in age, I was old in that kind of life. These days I love my fellowman, and I love my family.

When I received salvation, God healed my sick and afflicted body right at the altar. I had a terrible disease; my body was covered with eczema. I had been poisoned in a sulfite mill years before. Doctors and medicine had failed to bring relief. The doctors said I had the worst case of eczema they had ever seen. They exhausted their skills trying to cure me, even holding a torch to my body in the hope it would kill the germs. At work, I would tear off my clothes and rub medicine all over myself whenever I could. My chest was raw and bloody, so I had to stay wrapped in bandages. I was in torment all the time. When I prayed an honest prayer, though, the power of God came down and saved me and lifted that disease right off my body.

After God saved me I began to clean up the crooked trail I had left behind. I paid debts I had never intended to pay. God gave me the grace to make difficult restitutions and confess my wrongdoings. He helped me go to the paper company in British Columbia, Canada, and confess what I had stolen. I even apologized to an officer for a fishing violation. I told him my testimony and he grabbed my hand and said, “Stick to it. I know it is right!”

I praise God for the reality in my heart, and for joy, peace, and happiness—things I never had before. There is victory in this glorious Gospel.



Joseph Ho

I was not raised in a Christian home, but God sent missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands that this heathen might be saved. I was invited to a revival service. Slides were shown, and pictures of the old rugged Cross flashed up on the screen. I did not get saved that night, but I was impressed by the images of the Cross and the people kneeling in prayer afterward. I went to another meeting and heard a stirring message. The minister said, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish" (Luke 13:3). I realized if I did not get rid of my sins, I would go to Hell. After the service, I went to the altar and I meant business with God. I knelt and prayed a simple prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." God came into my heart and my burdens all rolled away. I was a child of the King, a joint heir with Jesus Christ.

God changed my heart and life, but I had gotten saved in a denomination that did not teach the full Gospel. My wife and I felt that something was lacking. We went from church to church look-

ing for what would satisfy. I praise God for leading us to this Gospel. In 1935, a Chief Petty Officer in the U.S. Navy who was stationed in Honolulu handed me an Apostolic Faith paper. I took it home and my wife and I read it. She said it had the Spirit of God on it. I searched the paper for sanctification, because our minister did not preach that doctrine and I did not know much about it. As I read the paper, a glow came into my heart. The Spirit seemed to say to me, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and I knew it was the truth.

My wife and I began to correspond with Raymond Crawford, who was the overseer of the Apostolic Faith work. Then in 1946, we traveled to the camp meeting in Portland, Oregon, for the first time. We loved that the Gospel standard was held high. On our return home, we began holding Apostolic Faith meetings. For a while we met in a run-down building owned by the Japanese and taken over by the government. Then in 1957, Chester and Ruth Owen moved to Honolulu and we procured a two-room school cafeteria. There were many marvelous answers to prayer during that time, including when our church in Medford, Oregon, sent us sixty hymnals. On Sundays, we held jail meetings, Sunday school, hospital meetings, and an evangelistic service. In 1962, the Owens helped us buy a church building and John Friesen came from the main land to be the pastor.

I am sorry to say I backslid for three years in the 1960s. Then an evangelist, Cliff Friesen, came to Hawaii to hold revival meetings. The Lord spoke to me and said, "All your friends and family are in the Gospel, but where are you?" Then my wife told me, "If you don't come back now, you will never come back." I made up my mind and went to one of the meetings. During the sermon I could hardly wait to get to the altar. When I did, I said, "Jesus, Your wandering boy is coming home." Kneeling there at the altar, I gave the Lord my life, and He gave me a wonderful joy and peace in my heart. I renewed my consecrations and God sanctified me and baptized me with the Holy Ghost.

My determination is to seek more of God and make Heaven my home. I am looking for that glorious hope.

Pearl O'Brien

I am glad I found this old-time religion, for it has meant so much to me. I was brought up in Sunday school and joined a church when a girl of about thirteen, but there was no change in my heart. Later on I married and moved out West.

When God found me, four years later, I was seriously ill. I had been crippled through an affliction, and the doctor gave me no hope of ever walking again. I knew I wouldn't make it through this illness, and I was afraid to die, so I looked toward Heaven and prayed.

God was faithful to me and sent two people from the Apostolic Faith Church to my bedside to tell me of Jesus. No one had ever told me that one had to be born again. But those people told me that story, and they made it sound very simple. They told me, too, that God could heal my body. They prayed for me, and God did heal me. It is true that I had to learn to walk again, but God completely healed this body of mine.

One Sunday, when I was alone in my home, I knelt by my bedside and asked God to come into my heart and give me what these people had. He didn't disappoint; He saved my soul and made salvation real to me.

Since then, God has been faithful all down through the years. I have gone through many hard places, but I have always found Him there to comfort and to bless. He has given me strength to carry the Gospel to many who are sick and suffering as I was, and to those who are in hospitals and homes for the aged. He has also given me the opportunity to tell this wonderful story of victory to women in the jails.



Lillian Wright

I am so thankful for a God who answers prayer, that I can be among God's people, and for a Gospel that teaches the true way to the living God.

When I was a young girl I was hungry for the Gospel and I tried to find God. I joined the little church near where I was living, but didn't get any satisfaction from that. I was disappointed that I didn't feel any different. There was something missing; I didn't feel any love, peace, or joy.

Years went by and I married and forgot all about God. I discovered after getting married, that my husband drank almost continually. It wasn't long before we were drinking together in our home and having card parties. The devil was in that home. We thought we were having a good time, but I experienced all the trials and troubles that come with drinking. I never knew what was going to happen when my husband came home.

After we had children, my husband began staying out nights. We quarreled in a terrible way, and he caused so much trouble in our town that the

police finally told him, "You are not fit for the family. You better leave them." He went away, and I was glad he was gone. I had learned to hate my husband.

I thought I would have a good time after my husband left, but it didn't turn out that way. I became bitter, and the hatred in my heart increased.

After almost three years, my husband wound up on skid road in Portland, Oregon, where he heard an Apostolic Faith street meeting. He wrote to me and said he had found God. He said God had saved his soul and cured him of the drink habit, taking away the very desire for alcohol. He had tried so many times before to quit that I didn't believe there was any power that could stop that man from drinking. I just ridiculed his letters.

The Apostolic Faith people prayed for us, and God does answer prayer. It took about a year for me to consent to move. When I did, I saw that my husband was completely changed; he was a different man. Then I met God's people, and I wanted what they had. I went to the altar and prayed, and they prayed for me, and the Lord saved my soul.

The Lord gave us a home where there was love. My husband and I were united with our children. It did not seem possible for my heart to have any love in it again, but God penetrated my heart and put His love in. He later sanctified me and baptized me with the Holy Ghost.

I was a hard, bitter woman with hatred in my heart, but God took that out. Our home had been broken by drinking, gambling, and other sins of this world, but the Lord brought us back together again. God put love in my heart, and a peace that only He can give. I am so thankful for all He did for us.

Ivar Carlson

I praise God for what He has done for me! I thank him that He had mercy on a man like me and gave me the peace that He said He would give to the one whose mind is stayed on Him.

I was a lost soul! My early years were spent in San Francisco, California, around the Barbary Coast before the earthquake and fire. I knew all the dumps and dives around there.

After I moved to Portland, Oregon, I lived in the old Grand Union Hotel on East Burnside Street. One Saturday I came home from work awfully tired—I wasn't tired from work, but from carrying the burden of sin. I had shaken this feeling off before, so I thought if I took it easy on Sunday and stayed in to rest, I would be all right Monday morning. This time was different, though.

On Monday, I walked the floor of my room, and instead of going to work, I looked out the window. Then I turned around with my face in my hands and said, "I am lost!" I stood in the middle of the floor and all of a sudden I felt that my time was up, that the Lord had cut me off. It was just as though the clock on the wall had stopped. I thought I had sinned against the Holy Ghost and there was no hope.

I was so tired of my sinful life, but I didn't think God would save me. I had spent my time at the shows, pool rooms, and dances. I used to sit in a club up town and play card games. Sometimes I heard the Apostolic Faith street meetings, and their testimonies condemned me. It was awful to live that life. I had been trying a long time to resist the conviction that was on me, but that morning I made up my mind to find out where I stood, and I got on my knees. I said, "Lord, if I haven't sinned against the Holy Ghost, You can forgive me."

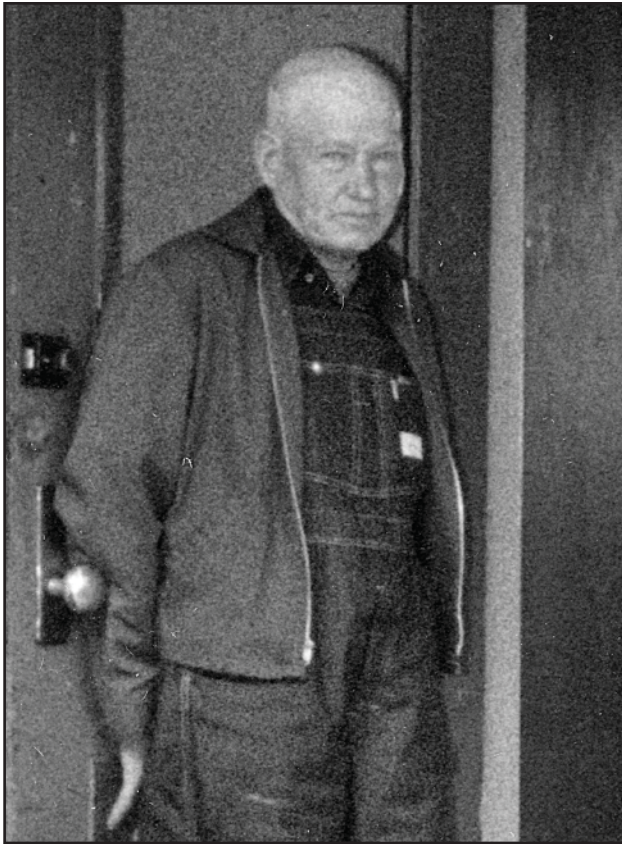
When I was a child back in Norway my father used to read to us from the Bible. One Scripture he read was, "And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me" (Psalm 50:15). I remembered that Scripture and I prayed, "O God, show me the day of trouble!" He showed me I was lost.

I went to the Apostolic Faith people and they prayed for me for a whole week. I had no rest in the daytime or the night. When night came, I wished for morning, but when morning came, I wished for night.

Early Saturday morning, I awoke from a sleepless night, and the Lord spoke to me. He said, "It cost Me something to buy you." It was just as plain as any man could speak. Such hope came into my soul! I answered right back, "I know it, Lord."

I had always heard back in the old country that Jesus came to seek and to save that which was lost, but I did not know it for myself. Now I knew what it meant to be lost. All that day, I walked back and forth across the Burnside Bridge, waiting for the church to open. I wanted to get to that altar, for I couldn't do anything until I knew I was right with God. Those people prayed for me, but it wasn't until about ten o'clock, as I was about to step into my car to go home, that God saved me. My misery was gone. I was so happy that night that I couldn't sleep for joy.

I could tell so many things that the Lord has done for me since then. He healed me when I was at the point of death. One time, when I was driving in California, my car overturned in the middle of the road right up against a bridge. I thought it was the end of everything when that car flipped around in the air with me inside, but I didn't get a scratch. The Lord was with me. I thank God for the hope I have in my soul of making Heaven my home.



Elgin Eliason

I wasn't brought up in a Christian home; it was a sinful home. I was only nine or ten years old when it broke up, and for years I went deep into sin.

I had a hard time because I was restless. I bummed around the country stealing rides on freight trains. I rode thousands of miles while sleeping in boxcars. I didn't have any joy or peace in that kind of life.

One day, while in California, I heard the Gospel. I went into a little church and heard that Jesus could save from sin. I got on my knees at the altar of prayer, and I repented of all my sins. The Lord heard that prayer and saved me. He took my sins away. He gave me peace and rest in my soul and took out that awful fear that I had.

I praise God for this wonderful salvation. Jesus gives me victory and power to live above sin. I used to have a terrible temper, but God took that all out. He also gave me the power to go back and confess my old life and make restitution for the wrong things I had done. I paid back the money for

the stolen rides on the freight trains.

I praise Jesus for this great salvation and for what He has done for me.

Mary Charf



Mary Charf is the woman in the center.

I thank God for a precious mother, a godly woman who knew how to approach the Throne of God. She had nine children, and was determined in her heart that each one of us would make Heaven our home. Seven are with her in Heaven now, and my sister and I look forward to joining them someday soon.

The love of God in our home was wonderful, and we often witnessed His power in our lives. My father was not a Christian, but Mother knew how to prevail before God when trouble, such as sickness, came our way.

There was no mistaking God's call to salvation when Holy Ghost conviction settled on me. The Portland camp meeting was coming up, and for two weeks, I was paralyzed with fear that I would not have the ability to trust God for salvation or to serve Him faithfully once I was saved. Finally, God spoke to me and said, "Today is the day that you are going to go to camp meeting and get saved." I called all my relatives and friends and told them I was coming home to camp meeting.

Then I made restitution before going to Portland. At the altar of prayer, I met Jesus. I bowed before Him, and His precious Blood washed away every sin. He wrote my name in Heaven.

While I was still praying, I said, "Lord, I will never be closer to You than this; sanctify me," and He did. Then I said, "Lord I will never be closer to You than this; baptize me with the mighty Holy Spirit," and He did.

God has been with me through the years. He has helped me, led me, and healed me. When I was seventy-nine, I became very ill and there did not seem to be any hope for me. My daughter told me, "There comes a time when we must just go." I told her I was willing and then we discussed funeral arrangements. After she left the room, the Great Physician came down and healed me. I am thankful for the power that is in the Blood of Jesus. Nothing is impossible with Him.

God has been a true friend to me, and I thank Him for it.

J. Zook

I was a “hard-boiled” sinner, who had roamed all around this country working here and there as a railroad man. I worked in one place for a while and then quit and went somewhere else. I was a man who cared for nothing and nobody. I would swear at anything and anyone—it didn’t matter who. If the superintendent came around, I would just as soon swear at him as anybody else. I was a hard sinner, a “rough-neck” switchman—and you don’t find saints among those people.

I used to go to churches back East once in a while, just to be going somewhere. They didn’t have amusements in the state where I came from. I didn’t go for any good, I had too much of the devil in me.

In 1923, I became crippled. If it takes the loss of a leg to get one into the Gospel, I say, “Amen,” and “Thank God for it.” While in the hospital, not knowing whether I was going to pull through or not, I prayed, “Let me live to take care of my family.” In a few days I began to improve.

I was in that hospital for eighteen weeks after losing a limb and being burnt nearly to death with a third-degree burn. Eleven thousand volts of electricity had gone through me. The doctors said I would be in that hospital for a year and a half, but God took me out sooner.

After that, God led me into an Apostolic Faith meeting. I had been in many places of worship but never in one like that. When I stepped inside the door I could feel the peace of Heaven. A little saint of God, down on her knees praying before the meeting started, brought conviction on me, and everything else that happened after just loaded on that much more. The testimonies were like daggers to my heart. I had never heard such things in my life—how God could pick up people who had been down and out and put them on a level with those who had been in the upper walks of life. What put the climax on it all was when a minister said he had had to get on his knees and seek God for salvation in order to make Heaven his destination. I thought, I am lost.

I didn’t take the way that night after hearing those wonderful testimonies, but a song stuck with me. The people of God had sung, “Jesus will help, if you try.” I had heard it before but there never was the Spirit back of it like there was that night. The next morning while I worked, I was singing that song while the testimonies from the night before rang in my heart. About two in the afternoon, the thought came to me, What is the matter with you? You are not swearing. I was a man who couldn’t talk to anyone without cursing and swearing, but God had taken it out of me. And that was just while under conviction!

While I was driving home from work that evening, a distance of about fifteen miles, I just kept thinking about the song and that God could help me. Then, He spoke right out of Heaven to me and said, “This is the way, walk ye in it.” I answered, “I will walk in it!” There was no hesitation about it, either.

When I got home, I sat down at the supper table and got to talking about the Gospel. I said, “At other churches you can’t get ‘em up to testify, but down at the Apostolic Faith, you can’t keep ‘em quiet.” I had been in lots of churches back East, but never heard anybody testify like at the Apostolic Faith.

Soon, the pressure of conviction came down on me in that little shack of mine and I said, “I can’t stand it any longer; let’s pray.” My family never heard me pray—nor anybody else. Down on the old kitchen floor on my knees, it was pretty dark, but Jesus put a light in me that is still burning today. I asked God to be merciful to me a sinner. He put the real thing in my heart, and I knew it. No one had to tell me. Not only that, but He saved my whole family. They are all under the blood.

I was a man who had married into adultery; I was married to a woman whose husband was still living. God gave me the grace to step out of that life. Many people have criticized me for it, because I don’t live with my family. I love my family, but according to the Word of God, it was wrong to live the way I was living.

Before I made the decision, the enemy of my soul asked, “What are you going to do with those two children?” That stopped me praying for a moment, but a still small Voice said to me, “God will take care of them.” And He is taking care of them. He gives me the strength and health to make a

living. I get up in the morning and my old knees hit the floor, and I lift my heart to God. The Bible says that if any provide not for his own house, he is worse than an infidel (1 Timothy 5:8). I don't want to be an infidel, much less worse than one.

God sanctified me wholly after He saved me. I will never forget how the fire fell when the Lord sanctified me. He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire, too. I wasn't able to go to the meeting one evening as I was taking care of a neighbor's sick cow. At eight o'clock, I got down to pray, and oh, how I prayed! I received the baptism the next morning. I got it in a little old cow barn. I went over to the neighbors to check on the cow; I milked it and fed it. Then I threw the milk bucket in the hay pile and got down in the hay pile myself. God baptized me right there.

I thank God for the power in the blood that can come into a man's life and change him from a "hard-boiled" sinner and make him clean. I have the glory of God in my soul, and I thank Him for the old-time religion.



Eldron Minks

I praise God for the Blood of Jesus that washed my sins away. I am so thankful God convicted my heart of sin when I was going the downward way. I had lived a pretty good moral life, but that would not take me to Heaven. I am so glad the Light came to shine across my pathway.

My family received an Apostolic Faith paper in a scrap bundle of newspapers. As we read it, the truth registered in our hearts. It was a light to us.

In 1925, there was an evangelistic service being held back in Minnesota Lake, Minnesota. That night after the message went forth conviction gripped my heart. I went down to the altar and cried out to God for mercy, and He saved my unworthy soul. He forgave me and took me out of sin—He rolled that burden right off my heart. I knew the work was done; no one could talk me out of it.

Then the ministers prayed for me because I was afflicted with gangrene. The doctors had given me only two days to live. They anointed me with oil in the Name of the Lord, and He raised me up.

Immediately afterward, I walked twenty blocks without my crutches.

Later God sanctified my soul and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. I praise God with all my heart for His mercy that was extended to me.



Belva Erickson

Although my parents were not Christians, I was born into a happy home in the Midwest. I had a praying grandmother, and her prayers followed me. Many times, they caused me to call upon the Lord. When I was thirteen, I prayed in a little cottage revival meeting and was saved. However, I did not know how to keep that wonderful victory.

As a young person, I was attracted by the bright lights of the big cities. My parents were very worldly, and I grew to love the evening gowns, make-up, and beautiful jewelry. I was strong-willed and bent on having my own way, so at the age of sixteen, I ran off to a large city and got married. I thought this would bring me happiness, but it did not. To my sorrow and regret, the pleasures of sin soon had me bound.

My husband and I were living on a little farm in Minnesota when we received an Apostolic Faith paper. We learned through the testimonies that those people had something we did not have. I was never the same after reading that paper.

I became ill with an attack of appendicitis. The doctor would not operate because I was recovering from the flu. I prayed, asking the Lord to forgive me, and He made a marvelous change in my heart. Then my husband got down on his knees and prayed, and the Lord saved him. That same night, I was healed and have never had a reoccurrence of appendicitis.

In the church paper, we read about deeper spiritual things, and we longed to go to Portland, Oregon, to worship with the people living those things. This was during the Depression, but the Lord worked things out in a wonderful way so that we could move to Portland. There, I received my sanctification and the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

Eventually, the Lord saved my whole family—two of my sisters prayed through just before they passed away. I have many loved ones in Heaven now, including my husband, and I look forward to seeing them again.

I am thankful for the Lord's saving and keeping power. Jesus has held me steady through many hard trials. He has taken marvelous care of me, and gives me peace, joy, and happiness.



Bessie and Carwell Perry

Bessie was converted in 1916. Later, she began receiving papers from the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon.

She was a prayer warrior who believed and taught the Gospel. She also taught about divine healing. She wrote to Portland for an anointed handkerchief so she would have it handy when family members became ill. When the need would surface, she would place the anointed handkerchief on the sick and begin to pray—and the Lord would heal them.

On Saturday evenings she would walk to town, with her young son, Carwell, accompanying her, and preach the Gospel to all who would listen. Her favorite chapter in the Bible was Isaiah 55. Many of her sermons were based on that chapter.

Her son grew older and moved to Atlanta, Georgia, where he searched for the same teachings that he remembered as a child.

How I thank the Lord for a mother who would gather us children around her knee at night and read the Word of God to us! Back in 1923, my parents got the address of the Apostolic Faith Church and subscribed to the papers published in Portland, Oregon. My mother would read the testimonies to us children, testimonies of people God had saved—people from all walks of life. When more light came through those papers, she was sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost.

My grandfather, who lived with us, became ill with a disease. Both his legs were full of sores from his knees to his ankles. We read in the church papers about the anointed handkerchiefs and how God had healed many people. Mother sent for one, and when it arrived, placed it on one of my grandfather's legs. God healed him! All of the scales were gone. Thank God for something real!

At the age of seventeen, I left home and began to drift into sin. But my mother's prayers truly followed me. I remembered those testimonies she had read to us, and wondered what would become of me. I thank God for the night that Holy Ghost conviction came upon me. It was June 6, 1954. I went to the Apostolic Faith Church in Atlanta, Georgia. As I looked at the star over the logo, "Jesus, the Light of the World," I heard the audible Voice of God say, "This is it!" I knew this was where the doctrines I had learned as a child were being preached.

I poured out my soul to God and He rolled the burden of sin away. He saved me, and later sanctified me and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

After the Lord saved me, everything bad dropped off my life: lying, gambling, and stealing. I had restitutions to make, though. One year right before Easter, I had bought a suit for a dollar down and a dollar a week. Then I said in my heart, "I will change that to a dollar down and a dollar when they catch me." Well, God caught up with me. I went back to that store, told them what God had done for me, and paid the bill.

I used to be ashamed of my sin, because I was doing things that were wrong, but I am not ashamed of the Gospel. I thank God for salvation!

Carwell Perry pastored the Apostolic Faith Church in Atlanta, Georgia, for twenty-seven years.

Carl Wasara

I was born in Finland, and my father died when I was about eight years old. My mother and her aunt were very devout Christians. No doubt it was their prayers that followed me and gave me an inclination toward the Lord.

My whole family could sing, and we always sang in the home, especially my aunt. When I was just a boy, I went to work in a minister's home as a coachman. The daughter wanted me to train for a career in music, but the Lord had a better plan for my life.

In 1905 there was an insurrection in Finland against Russian rule. The Russian military rode through the streets on horses trampling anyone in their path. I barely escaped by jumping into a coal bin in someone's basement. I was so upset by this incident that I left Finland and moved to Sweden.

While in Sweden, I had a dream that left a lasting impression. I was sinking in a river about to drown when I saw a woman standing on the bridge overhead. She reached down her hand and pulled me out of the water.

In 1908, when I was thirty-two, I came to America with my brother and several other men. We originally went to the East Coast and worked in a sawmill, but when we heard that better wages were paid on the West Coast, we traveled to Portland, Oregon. We found a section of town that had primarily Finnish immigrants and were helped with finding a place to lodge and getting work in a sawmill.

I became injured on the job and spent quite a while in the hospital. When I got out, I met a Finnish minister on the street while taking a walk. I told him I had a hunger in my heart to know God. He said to go to the Apostolic Faith on Front and Burnside and they would tell me what to do. I followed his advice and went to the church. There, I saw the woman who had been in my dream. It was such a blessing. I thought she was God's rescuing angel.

As I sat in the service that night, tears streamed down my face. Though I didn't understand the words being spoken, I understood the Spirit of God. The founder of the church, Florence Crawford, saw me sitting in the meeting, and after the service, came and led me to the altar. God's people gathered around me and began to pray with me, and God wonderfully saved my soul.

Two weeks later while Mother Crawford was preaching, the Lord wonderfully sanctified me. He gave me that second, definite work of grace. I sought for more of the Lord, and He baptized me with the mighty Holy Ghost and fire.

I rejoice that the Lord has kept me faithful in the way of salvation all these years. I want my very countenance to glow with the light of Heaven. I love to spread sunshine wherever I am that other precious souls may find the light of the Gospel and be made followers of the Christ of Calvary. I have that burning desire to see Jesus when He comes to catch away His waiting Bride, should he let me live to see that glorious event.

Carl Wasara died at the age of ninety-seven after serving the Lord for sixty-five years. He had a beautiful voice in his younger years, and many times when he stood to testify, he would first sing the chorus and verse from a hymn.



Phyllis Olson

I was brought to the Apostolic Faith Church from the time I was a tiny baby, and my parents taught me right from wrong. I had five siblings, and my mother always told us that we had to have a “know-so” salvation down deep in our hearts if we wanted to be ready to go to Heaven.

My older brothers and sisters did not take the way, and it was when I saw the way they were living that the Lord was able to talk to me. He showed me that if I had any part in a life of sin, I would be as miserable as they were.

One day the Lord showed me I had to give Him everything—even my very life! That night I prayed and asked Him to come into my heart and make me truly happy. That is what He did. He forgave my sins and took away all condemnation.

The Lord also sanctified me. It is a wonderful experience that helps me live peaceably every day. I have six children, and for fifteen years my mother-in-law lived with us. We loved one another and lived harmoniously together.

My mother-in-law was active until just before she died. Then as her time drew near she would pray, “Lord, I want to go Home.” She had nothing she needed to make right with any of us, and none of us needed to ask her forgiveness. Through sanctification, the Lord kept us in one accord.

The Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost. It was after a young people’s service during camp meeting. I was so hungry for that experience and my mother offered to babysit while I prayed. I didn’t have time to pray for very long, but it didn’t take long. Oh, what joy filled my heart! I walked up and down the aisles saying, “I’ve got it! I’ve got my baptism!” It has been good through the years.

When we moved to San Francisco, California, my sister-in-law who had lived there before told me, “Phyllis, you are making a big mistake. Your children will never be able to be Christians if they go to school there.” She didn’t know the God I serve, though. All of my children went through school there as Christians and continue to serve the Lord.

For about five years my health was poor. Every time I came to camp meeting, I was asked to help in the camp office, so I would pray for strength. Summer after summer, God’s promise to me was Nehemiah 8:10, “The joy of the LORD is your strength.” Then one summer, I didn’t have to ask for strength. While praying with a brother from Newfoundland, Canada, who was seeking his baptism, the Lord healed me without me even asking. I was a different person after that. My strength continued to increase in the months following, and I became able to travel with my husband on some of his business trips.

The Lord has always provided for us. My husband worked for a company for twenty-four years, and expected to stay there until retirement. Suddenly he was without a job. He could have transferred to another city, but we felt our family’s responsibilities were in the San Francisco church. We committed the problem to the Lord, and within one year he received three job offers.

I am thankful for the old-time religion, because it works. I have found it very good to walk with the Lord.



Arthur Corbin

I was not brought up in a Christian home. My mother died when I was young, and my dad left. An elderly white gentleman took me in and raised me. Then I went out into the world to make my own way.

I married and started bootlegging. The law tried to stop me for seven years, but they could not. Then God cornered me. He struck me down with sickness. I was terribly afflicted in my body with diabetes, stomach ulcers, high blood pressure, and other illnesses. There was no cure for me. The doctor said to, "Call on Jesus; no doctor under the sun can do you any good." I knew I was face to face with death. The doctor told my wife to take me to the country. He said I could probably add a few months to my life, but not much more in the condition I was in.

We moved to a small rural community called Bynum, Alabama. There, I received an Apostolic Faith paper and read about what God was doing for others. The convicting hand of God came to

rest on me as the Lord began speaking to my heart. One morning, I was sitting in my room when God spoke out of Heaven saying, "He that is born of God does not commit sin." I walked out of my room past my wife and outside. I walked into the fields in the swamp and fell on my knees before God. I asked Him to have mercy on this sinful man. In five minutes, God did what the law could not do in seven years.

God did not stop there. He healed my body completely that day, and I have not had a dose of medicine since. He changed me. I have not had a cigarette since that day. And, that same night, God sanctified me.

I wrote to Florence Crawford, the founder of the Apostolic Faith work, and told her of my experience. She wrote me a wonderful letter in reply saying, "Brother, you are saved. Your spirit bears witness with mine." That was 1932. Six months later, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

In 1937, the Lord blessed me with being able to go to Portland, Oregon, and be among God's people for a few years. What sweet fellowship that was. In 1947, the Lord called me to return to the South and carry the Good News of salvation to the people of Alabama.

Truly the Lord has been faithful to me and my house. In 1964, He healed me of an eye injury when I attended the Portland camp meeting. Several years earlier, I had been working in a government plant when a piece of iron struck me in the side of my right eye. The doctor told me he would have to dig it out. I would not allow it, and was told that I would not see out of that eye again. The doctor did not know the God that I know. I prayed and the Lord healed me. Now, I can close my left eye and see out of my right!

I give God the glory for all He has done, and I praise Him for this Gospel.

Arthur Corbin was pastor of our Birmingham, Alabama, church from 1955 to 1969.

Margaret Fremerey

My family came out West as pioneers. My grandfather, who was a minister, brought his large family from Missouri to the West Coast by ox-team train over the Oregon Trail. The first thing he did when he got here was to learn the language of the Indians so he could talk to them about the Lord. He made sure the rest of the family learned the Indian language too, so I spent one winter on the reservation among the Indians.

I loved the Word of God from the time I was a child when I would listen to the Bible being read for as long as anyone would read aloud to me. But when my marriage failed and my health began to decline, I looked for something else to satisfy my heart. I dabbled in different kinds of religion. I even tried spiritualism and was told I should become a medium. I had a young son, so I got a job to support the two of us. I soon learned that my business associates were Christian Scientists. They said they were in it merely for the healing benefits to the body. This appealed to me and I became involved also.

God's Spirit began to strive with me and I came under terrible conviction. I wanted to get away from my friends and relatives, so I left my little boy with my two sisters who had no children, and I joined a traveling group of entertainers on a fair circuit headed for Mexico.

I went from one fair to another trying to get away from the convicting hand of the Lord. Little did I know that I wasn't getting away from the Lord at all; He was traveling right along with me trying to get me to surrender to Him.

After the completion of my fourth fair, I stepped off the train at midnight in Yakima, Washington, and heard a Voice say, "Margaret, you have gone far enough!" I could not continue any further. The very thought of going on with the entertainers was revolting to me. What I had seen and heard was repulsive. I had already tried to break away from this group without success, but when God spoke to me that night, it was settled. I told my employer I could not go on; I had heard from the Lord! Many offers were made to hold me, but the Lord had a different plan for me.

At Christmas time I moved to Portland, Oregon, and got a job. While looking for a place to live, God led me to a woman who attended the Apostolic Faith Church. I rented an apartment from her for myself and my son. This Christian woman never talked religion to me, but met me with kindness at every turn. I was so broken down in health that I could hardly do a day's work. When I would come home at the end of the day, tired out, this woman would meet me with a smile on her face and often, a bowl of stew or soup in her hand. She would say, "Here, dear, take this and go into your apartment and sit down to rest." Every time she did this, the Scripture, Matthew 7:16, would come to me, "Ye shall know them by their fruits." Her kindness won my heart.

One day she asked me to go to church with her, but I made the excuse, "You people believe in Hell. I cannot worship with you, because I do not believe in Hell." She said, "We don't care what you believe. Come along and we will ask the people of God to pray for you; you are ill and miserable."

I had no excuse left, so I went and that one visit convinced me. I went to the altar of prayer and tried to seek the Lord while others prayed with me, but I could not believe. I was mixed up, having grabbed at so many false religions in my search for God. At last I prayed through and the Lord not only saved me and lifted that terrible load from my heart, but He healed me, too.

Later, as I consecrated my life, He sanctified me, and baptized me with the Holy Ghost. He gave me a good place to work and I had no trouble supporting myself and my child.

Through the years the Lord has healed my body many times. One time I had a cancer on my leg. There was an open sore where it had eaten down to the bone. The people of God prayed for me, anointing me with oil, and I received a clear witness that I was healed. Eventually, new flesh replaced where the hole was and it never even left a scar.

Another time, I fell headfirst down a flight of stairs and broke my arm, crushing the nerves from my elbow to my shoulder. Someone sent for the ministry and while we waited, I told them, "This was

no accident. God has called me to a deeper consecration.” I was prayed for and then taken to a clinic. The doctor said I would never be able to put my hand to my head if they did not operate, break the bone, and reset it. I told him, “I have been prayed for and I am not afraid; I will trust the Lord.” This was a severe testing time for me as I was not healed right away. I did not get discouraged, though, because I knew this was a testing time of my faith, and I never doubted that God would heal me. After five weeks of suffering, God instantly healed that broken arm and those crushed nerves. I put my hand straight up over my head and took something from the shelf before I realized what I was doing. I had carried that arm against my side before that. When I saw that the Lord had healed me, I praised Him with all my heart. That arm became my stronger arm, and I have used it since for heavy loads.

I thank God for giving me peace and keeping me under His precious Blood. The Lord has never failed me through my sixty years of Christian experience, and He still takes care of me in the ‘sunset’ of my life.



Melvin Frost

I appreciate the heritage God gave me of Christian parents, a Christian home, and Christian training. I could never get away from these things. I was brought up under the sound of this Gospel. Nearly the first place I was taken was into the Portland tabernacle the year it was dedicated. Dad was a minister and he practiced what he preached. I did not hear things in my home that shook my faith in God. I heard things that gave me confidence. I heard prayer in my home many times. I heard it for me, too. I was taken to church and Sunday school continually whether I liked it or not. Today, I am thankful for the old-time religion, but I did not always enjoy it. I just endured it before God saved me. I could not draw away from it, though, and eventually it brought me to God.

I knew the Gospel was the only way. I saw Christian lives lived before me every day. For a time I tried in my own strength to do what only God can do. I lived quite carefully, following the teachings of my parents to a certain extent. I did

not touch tobacco or liquor, and was never inside a dance hall or theatre. I did not use swear words, and to consider using God's name in vain was the farthest thing from my mind. The devil would tell me, "You are living all right." That moral life did not bring me happiness, though.

I had unrest in my life. I knew Jesus was coming again and this fairly haunted me. There were nights when I could not sleep. I would think that I could awaken in the morning and be alone. I would go to my parents' room to see if they were still there.

I knew I was not right with my Maker; I had sin in my life and was procrastinating every day. There was condemnation in my heart, and one day that condemnation became too heavy. I fell on my two knees and prayed, "God, help me to enjoy the old-time religion and I will give You my life." I did not know what peace meant until then. I am thankful I no longer fear Jesus' coming; I am looking forward to it.

After I became a Christian, I began to help my dad in different Gospel ventures. I remember in the 1930s we held a meeting in the mess hall of a little CCC camp about twenty-one miles southeast of Klamath Falls, Oregon. The next Friday, my dad said, "Son, tomorrow the boys out at the camp are going to be off duty for the weekend and you might be able to do some good. How about going out there and just mixing among the boys? Sing with them, talk to them, and invite them to the Sunday morning meeting. Tell them we will send up to sixteen cars to pick them up. And tell them we will give them a good home-cooked meal, and they can stay over for the night meeting." I said I would do it and was headed out the next day when he added, "I want you to look up one boy in particular. A fellow named Carver. Somehow I have a feeling that he could be the key to something." My dad was a praying man. I did look up Carver, and eventually he became the third overseer of the Apostolic Faith organization.

Present-day blessings are just as real, just as thrilling, as when I first became a Christian. I have joy, peace, and contentment in my heart. I am more determined than ever, since God saved me, sanctified me, and gave me the baptism of the Holy Ghost, to press forward in the battle of the Cross.

Charles Isaacs

I was born and raised in Syria. I was brought up in the Greek Orthodox Church. I went to the priest to confess my sins, but I didn't really know what sin was.

God knew my heart was hungry and honest. One day a man read Matthew 23:9 and 10, "And call no man your father upon the earth: for one is your Father, which is in heaven. Neither be ye called masters: for one is your Master, even Christ," and I told the man that I would never again call the priest, "Father."

The priest told my dad that I was a lost sheep, so I started attending the Presbyterian Church. When my dad found out, he put me out of the house. For four days and nights, I slept in a field with nothing to eat. I had no one to help me, for my mother was dead. I prayed, "God, take me away to find a people with whom I may serve You the rest of my days." God later answered that prayer.

My dad let me come back home and I told him that God was going to take me away. My dad replied that I would never fly from his hands. A few months later, a man offered me a ticket to the United States without demanding written security. I accepted.

While living in the United States, God gave me good health, so that I was able to work hard and repay the man double the price of the ticket. I had come to find the people of God. I attended and joined many churches, but I never found any satisfaction for the hunger that was in my heart. One day, my wife was very sick, and when I took her to the doctor, I was told she needed an operation. This nearly broke my heart, because I had six children, and as a working man, I had no way of taking care of them.

I thought I was a Christian, even though I was bound by the tobacco habit. One day, I walked ten blocks to purchase tobacco. Then I heard a Voice from Heaven say, "What is that poison good for?" I knew it was the Voice of God. I took the package of tobacco and threw it across the street and told God not to let me see that stuff again. I became heavily convicted for my sins and I didn't know what to do.

One Sunday morning, as I was sleeping alone in my room, God spoke to me three times. I didn't know until the third time that it was God talking to me. He told me to go to the Apostolic Faith Church, and they would tell me what to do. I answered, "Yes, I will go." I could not sleep after that. When my wife woke up, she found me dressed and ready to go to church. She wanted to know what happened to me. I told her God wanted me to go to the Apostolic Faith Church. She didn't believe that God had talked to me, so she sent two of the children with me to see where I was going.

I took the children with me, and after the church service, I sat in my seat. I was under conviction and brokenhearted. I could not move from the seat, nor could I talk or look at anybody. A man came up to me and said, "Brother, what is wrong with you, sitting here alone?" I replied, "God talked to me and I do not know what to do." He assured me, "Brother, God loves you. Ask Him and He will save you." That was the first time I ever saw myself as a sinner before God. I said, "God, I believe, but I cannot live a Christian life. If You will only give me a foundation to live a Christian life, I will give You my life, my all." That very moment God saved me. I knew I was saved. I was the happiest that I had ever been in all my life. My children wanted me to go home, but I told them "No," because I had found the people of God. I sent them home, but I stayed in church all day.

The next Sunday, my wife went with me. God saved her and healed her, so that she did not need the operation. For the next thirty-five years, she raised our six children without a single drop of medicine. God has since called her home to Glory.

After I was saved, God showed me to make restitution, and when I cleaned up my life, He sanctified me. When I consecrated my life deeper to Him, He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

I still have the love of God in my heart today.



Miriam Allen

My heart is filled with gratitude for the many wonderful things God has done for me. My testimony begins in Astoria, Oregon, where my grandparents immigrated to. They came over land and sea from Finland with eleven children to live among their relatives.

One day my granddad went to town and heard some Apostolic Faith people holding a street meeting. He stopped to listen. It was held, no doubt, in the Finnish language. He came home and told my grandmother, who was already a born-again Christian, what he had heard. My grandmother was so interested that she began to go to their cottage meetings. One time, she took me to one of those meetings, and when I returned home, I told my mother, "Don't worry about Papa, I cried about him." My father wasn't a saved man. That was the beginning of my prayer life.

The Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon, became our church, but we lived about one hundred miles away. The only time we went to

Portland was during camp meeting, or maybe once during Christmas.

As the years rolled by, some of my uncles and aunts became Christians. One of them lived right next door to where I was raised. My sister, Elsa, and I became very interested in the Gospel. We wanted to do all we could to hold up the standard.

My mother was a God-fearing woman who taught all of us children to fear the Lord as well. She planted the love of God in my young heart.

As a young girl, I had accepted with all my heart that Christ died for me, I had committed my life to Him, and I had even started to live by the standards of the church. However, in those tender years I did not fully grasp the meaning of salvation.

I thought I was a Christian, because I lived a good life. I didn't think I had done anything that would keep me out of Heaven. But when I was twelve years old, God was faithful to my heart and showed me it took more than that. It took a real work of salvation wrought out by Him alone.

I had heard there was sanctification to be had, so when camp meeting came, I prayed at the altar for that experience. God intervened. He asked me a question that showed me I had never really been saved; I had never had an experience with Him. He asked, "When were you saved?" I couldn't point to the place where I had received that experience. In that moment, I understood what His plan of salvation was really all about. I threw away that old profession and began to seek God for true salvation. He did not disappoint me. He saved me that camp meeting, and put a real know-so salvation in my heart. I am glad God gives us something real.

Later, the Lord sanctified me and gave me His precious Holy Spirit. When I was through high school in 1934, I moved to Portland to be where I could attend the services. After a time, my mother followed.

The Apostolic Faith Church has meant everything to me. It has been a place of refuge. The altars mean a lot to me. Many times through the trials of life, I have thought, "I will just get down at the altar and pray it through." I surely thank God that He brought me into this heavenly place.

Minnie Pink

I was a defeated woman when God came into my life. I was brought up in a good home, but we never knew Jesus. Mother never allowed me to go into the world, but I used to crave the things of the world. The grills of the automobiles looked very glittery to me.

When I left that home, I was not used to work, so I drifted into the deeper sins. I traveled in Europe for almost five months, running around day and night. I saw the Colosseum in Rome, and the catacombs; I went down the Appian Way; I saw where St. Paul was beheaded; and I visited St. Peter's Cathedral. After I had all the pleasure my heart desired, there was still an aching void in my life.

I paid dearly for pleasure. The drink habit fastened on me, and I cared for only it. I suffered terribly from nightmares and deliriums. When I took that first glass of wine as a moral girl, I never thought the time would come when I could not get away from it.

Many a night when the patrol wagon would drive up to my door and land me behind the bars with the delirium tremors, I would wonder how it was all going to end. I did a two-year term behind bars. While there, I yearned for whiskey and cigarettes, and managed to obtain both. For smoking a cigarette, I was put on bread and water for seventeen days at a time, and left to lay on old dirty blankets in the dungeon, but it was a habit I could not break in my own strength.

Jail bars, reform, and even the dungeons never did the work. I came out more hardened than ever. For seven years, I lived that awful life. I was reaping what I had sowed.

After getting out of jail, I went home to my gray-haired mother. When I saw the tears trickling down her cheeks, I thought, For Mother's sake, I will try to do better. But I could not do it. Those haunts of shame would come up before me, and I would go away for two or three days at a time and drink and drink. My mother was bent over with age, and would look so sad.

One night I said, "Oh God, if there is a God, take me out of this misery!" I believe God heard that prayer. He brought me out West where I heard this mighty Gospel. One night I wandered into an Apostolic Faith meeting, tired of a life of sin. I had been drinking for four days and my nerves were twitching with whiskey. I sat in my seat and lifted my heart to God, and He came down in my soul that night and made me a clean, pure woman. The next day there was no more desire in me for a drink.

I was a miserable woman of the underworld when I came to Jesus. I was hardened by a life of shame, and I wondered if there was any way out of that life of sin. Then Jesus came into my heart—the lovely Christ that died on Calvary saved me from all my sins. He transformed me. He caused me to go back over that life of sin and pay back the money to the ones I had robbed, and confess to the officers that I had sold whiskey without a license. Oh, the Gospel is real. It is so real!

For many years now I have been doing what I know is God's will, and He has kept His hand over my life. I praise God for all of His goodness.



Fred Lippert

God was merciful to me and showed me the light of the Gospel after I had been stubborn for about seventeen years. I was raised in this Gospel, but I was always hanging around the edges. I heard the Word go forth on the campground; I remember Florence Crawford, the founder of this work, walking to her place on the platform with a Bible under her arm; and I saw that there was peace and victory in this Gospel, but I had my own standard. I did not want the Bible way, because I felt it was too strict. I did not think I could live up to it; I did not think I could live without sin. There was always a question in my heart about whether God could do that for me. I stumbled over this.

I knew God's condemnation rested on sin, so I strove with all that was in me to live right. I was a pure moralist, and I could not enjoy the old-time religion in that state. I always had the fear in my heart as to whether I would make Heaven or be left behind. God was faithful, though, to show me time and again where I stood in His sight.

Finally, God showed me how it was possible to live for Him; I just had to get honest and surrender. When I did this, it was so easy. I wondered why I hadn't done it long before.

It was on a Sunday morning that I got on my knees at the altar. When I cried out to God for mercy, He showed mercy. The self-righteousness dropped off and the peace of God came into my heart. God changed my life, turning me about-face. He made me able to live the way He wanted me to. He made it real. I had it, and I knew it.

God kept me in the army. I never had to go overseas, but in the barracks, I saw everything. God's hand kept me every day, every moment. I did not back up one step from what I knew God had put in my heart. One time while standing in the mess hall waiting for the call to sit down, the mess sergeant asked for a volunteer to say grace. That was too good an opportunity to miss, so I hurriedly raised my hand. I had the privilege to say grace for the whole company who had gathered for Christmas dinner. It seems that no matter how rough the crowd, God has a way for His Light to shine through.

God has kept me, and He gives me victory, peace, joy, and happiness. I praise Him for the old-time religion.

Eugene Marshall

God saved me in Virginia. I was a wicked, sinful man—a drunkard and gambler with no hope on earth. When God reached me, He reached one of the worst characters in my neighborhood.

On the farm, I raised tobacco and drank whiskey. At one time I had 28,000 sticks of tobacco in the barn. I used to say I would drink up all my profits and go to Hell, and my wife could go back to her parents. When I heard the Gospel story I had been fixing to go on another drunk—I had been on many before. I had often left my wife and little baby with hardly enough to eat and scarcely any clothes to wear while I got drunk. I would come into that home in a drunken condition and shoot at the cats or anything else. But God lifted me out of such a sinful life. I went to an altar and prayed. I left all my sins and burdens there, and the Lord took them all out of my life and gave me a happy home.

I had thought I couldn't possibly give up raising tobacco; I thought it was the only living I could make. I needed to make a living: I had a mortgage against my home for \$1969, and was getting further behind every day. But God gave me a good job, and soon the mortgage was paid.

After God saved me, I swept out the old tobacco barn where I used to chew and blaspheme. I started praying in that old barn where I had once gone to end my life. It was one night when my wife had gone to pray by her bedside for her drunken husband, I wrote a note and put it under my plate. The note said, "You will find my body in the old tobacco barn, and my soul in Hell." After I had tied the rope around my neck, I heard a voice. It was the voice of my wife down by the bedside praying. God prevented me from doing that awful deed.

When I had been saved for some years, a preacher came to Virginia preaching restitution. After the sermon he asked me about my lack of spiritual progress. He said, "When you get down to pray, what are you looking at?" I said, "A five-dollar gold piece—and it gets bigger all the time." He wanted to know what I was going to do about it, and I said I would make it right sometime. I told him the story behind the gold piece: I was driving the woman I worked for to church. As she stepped out of her carriage she dropped a five-dollar gold piece from her purse and it hit the sand. She didn't see it, so I just put my "number ten" on it and hid it. After hearing this, the minister told me I would have to make restitution for it.

Later that evening, I climbed into my buggy with my wife and child and started for home. As the old mule's hooves hit the Macadam road, they seemed to say, "Make res-ti-tu-tion! Make res-ti-tu-tion!" For five miles that mule preached restitution to me. When I got home I was glad to put the mule in the stable and go to bed. But my conscience kept bothering me. I tossed and turned, and the bedsprings seemed to say, "Res-ti-tu-tion! Res-ti-tu-tion!" Finally I told the Lord if He would let me live until morning, I would make it. Then I turned over and went to sleep.

The next morning I said, "Wife, don't cook any breakfast for me. I'm going." I got behind the mule and traveled five miles. I rapped at the woman's door, and said, "Here is a five-dollar bill. I want to make restitution." Then I told her all about it, and I received her blessing.

I thought that was the end of it, but God resurrected my memory. It cost me two hundred dollars before I had all my restitutions made. I paid up, and God gave me the victory.

I am rejoicing today that God delivered such a wicked man as I was.



Frances “Vickie” Klein

I thank the Lord for His mercy, that He sought me out of the multitudes. I was brought up with my sister in a good home, a happy home. I never knew my parents to quarrel or say unkind words, but it seemed we were always reaching out for something spiritual to satisfy our hearts.

My folks participated in another faith for a while, and even had me baptized in it as a baby, but they did not find anything to feed their soul. They also tried to pray, asking the Lord to forgive them for their sins, but they did not know a person could pray through to victory. In my preschool years, we said the Lord’s Prayer before bed, but it did not have any meaning to me.

I would try to pray on my own after getting into bed, but I had no one to guide me or tell me how to pray from my heart. I knew I was not praying correctly. I would ask for things I wanted, and sometimes God would answer those childish prayers even though they were not for spiritual things.

As a child, I knew people who went to church, but did not live Christian lives. I thought, what is the good of going to church? They are no different than we are. Then some girls invited me to the Apostolic Faith Church. I came one Sunday and saw that it was different, even the music was different. From then on, I had a desire in my heart to attend church.

As I began to attend church, the Lord talked to my heart. I had such turmoil and unrest on the inside, and I was bound by a quick temper when things went wrong. One day, the Lord taught me to pray the publican’s prayer of “God be merciful to me, a sinner” (Luke 18:13). When I prayed it, He was merciful. God came down, saved my soul, and healed my heart. He satisfied that empty void and gave me such peace, joy, and contentment. My folks came to church with me and God also saved them.

In times of discouragement, the Lord has encouraged me. I have experienced His healing power many times. One time, I had something come upon me for about a month. One day as I was walking home from work, the Lord touched me. I knew it was the healing touch of God. The problem started getting better and kept getting better. Though I was not healed instantly in that case, there have been several times when I was.

God kept me in the business world, and now for several years, He has given me the privilege of working in the Apostolic Faith headquarters office.

No matter what comes or goes in life, the Lord is always very near. He fills my soul to overflowing. I have the confidence and assurance that He will see me through to the very end of this journey.

Mina Christiansen

While living in Minnesota with my brother, I became hungry for the Gospel. I prayed and asked the Lord to send someone to guide me. In answer to my prayer, I received an Apostolic Faith paper. After reading it, I felt this was what I wanted.

I knelt by my bedside and prayed. I repented, and such a peace came into my heart. Afterwards, I was afraid to go to sleep, thinking it would leave me. I had never seen anybody get saved, therefore I didn't understand it. Finally, I did go to bed, and the next morning that wonderful peace was still in my heart.

In 1919, I wrote to the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland and asked them to pray for me to be healed. I had contracted polio when I was just twelve years old, and it left me crippled, needing to use a wheelchair. God made a way for me to go to Portland where they were holding a camp meeting in the Rose City district. Everything was new to me and my heart was so hungry for more of God that I wanted to go to all the meetings.

I heard about sanctification for the first time, but knew nothing about it. I stayed with Sister Rodman after the camp meeting ended, and God saw the hunger in my heart. When I sought earnestly for sanctification, He sanctified my soul.

I sought for still more of God, and the Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire at the Apostolic Faith Church on Front and Burnside.

God has taken care of me all down through the years. The Lord has given me strength and I have been able to make my own living all these years. Many times I have been afflicted, but the Lord has undertaken for me, and I thank Him for what He has done for me.



Jesse Martin

At thirty-two years old, I was in the Veteran's Hospital dying of acute alcoholism. I had reached the point where I would steal, beg, or do anything else necessary just to get one drink. I had no moral scruples left whatsoever. I had tried repeatedly to quit drinking, but to no avail.

I had not been raised to live like this. Born in the state of Arkansas to a hard-working railroad man and his wife, I was brought up in a happy home. The economic desolation of the Depression and a desire for some excitement in life led me to enlist in the Marine Corps. In basic training with other young men, who like myself, were in tiptop physical shape and anxious to be known as tough, my personality changed radically. I had always been an easy-going sort of person, but before long I had a chip on both shoulders and would dare anybody to try to knock it off. Drinking also entered my life and only served to make things worse.

After basic training I was sent to the Fourth Marine Regiment in Shanghai, China, as an anti

tank gunner. The fascination of the big city of Shanghai gripped me. I was an energetic young man and I began to dabble around in activities that were new to me. Immorality was something I had always avoided because I grew up in a home where such things were foreign. In China, though, I was free of parental restraint and free from friends who would know what I was doing. My young pals and I went way overboard.

When World War II broke out, I was ready. As a gunnery sergeant, I relished the excitement of battle and directing other soldiers in combat. I prided myself on being a tough Marine. I wasn't giving God credit for anything at that time, but was attributing everything I did to my own ability.

When I was on the island of Guadalcanal, malaria was extremely prevalent. I contracted a severe case of it and consequently was sent back to the States. After I recovered, I was assigned to an infantry training school as an instructor. I was responsible for my own liberty card, and my wages were quickly spent on beer. The more money I made, the more I drank.

One time while drinking in town, I was too tired to come back to the camp. I stayed out for thirty days. For the insubordination I received a general court martial and six months in the brig. Also, my rank was reduced to Buck Private. This was humiliating and discouraging, but in time I was restored to being an acting First Sergeant and was sent to Guam to guard Japanese prisoners. Then the atomic bombs were dropped and the war was over.

I returned to the States and was discharged with twelve years of service behind me. I had no particular training for making a living as a civilian, but eventually found a position in the security department of a large aircraft factory in Los Angeles, California.

By this time my drinking had become a serious problem. I was restless and dissatisfied, and soon quit my job and went into construction work. I couldn't seem to settle down, and was getting into more and more trouble all the time.

I traveled to Oregon to work on the railroad as an outfit manager, but it didn't last: life was losing its appeal for me. After leaving the railroad, I started going to school in Portland, Oregon, but by that

time the drinking had really gotten the better of me. I wouldn't admit defeat, but every time I got a paycheck, I was broke soon after because of my habit, and my health was suffering terribly.

Just when it seemed I couldn't sink any lower, things got worse. I was drinking with two men when they decided to rob a seaman who had been buying us drinks. I didn't want to do anything like that, and I told them so. Later, I woke up and saw that they had money and whiskey. I found out that I had helped them rob the man. When I heard it, I was cut to the heart. I had sunk lower than I ever dreamed I would.

I was living on Portland's skid row in a friend's hotel. He was a compassionate man who had given me a room on credit. One day I experienced alcohol withdrawal. I became delirious and tore up the hotel room. He called the police to restrain me and requested that I be taken to the Veteran's Hospital. There I reached the darkest hour of my life. I was strapped down to a bed in a locked ward. They knew I had had unarmed combat training and weren't taking any chances. My alcoholism had taken its toll, and the little life that was left in me was quickly ebbing out.

One morning a nurse took several of us from the locked psychiatric ward to a church service being held in the hospital by the Apostolic Faith people. This was not normally done. I had never seen this nurse before, and I never saw her again. Little did she know how important her actions would prove to be in my life!

I had always scoffed at religion and had gone through World War II without a prayer. In that hospital, though, at the brink of death, things began to take on a different perspective. In the meeting, several veterans testified of what God had done for them. They told how He could heal the body as well as the soul. I had never heard anything like it. There were tears in my eyes as I held up my hand to indicate I wanted prayer. Afterward I had an attendant take me to where I could get a New Testament, and I began reading it avidly.

I did more than believe what the workers told me; I put it to the test. The doctor said I was going to end up in the grave or at best, insane. I decided to believe God rather than the doctor. I promised God that if He would get me out of that place I would serve Him. Just a short time later I was discharged.

I found a hotel near the Apostolic Faith Church and attended the services. God began to deal with my soul and I became more tender-hearted; my conscience came back to life. Even though I wasn't yet converted, God showed me things that needed to be taken care of. I began to make restitutions for some of the wrong things I had done.

The Lord put it into my heart to confess to the robbery I had been involved in. I knew I could be locked up for it. At the police station I told what had happened and that I was one of three robbers. The officer said, "You go on back to church and come back again tomorrow. We will investigate further." The next day he told me, "As far as we can find out, the seaman has gone home and you've done everything you can to straighten this out. Go on to your church now and into a new life." And that I did!

At the church I was told that God worked on the condition of unconditional surrender. As a soldier I fully understood what that meant, and I was willing to meet those terms. When I did, God saved my soul! After a life of drinking and causing trouble, the Lord made me a free man. The desire for drink was gone!

My body was racked and ruined from drink, but God restored it as good as new. That wasn't the last time He undertook for me when I needed healing. Years later, I got cancer, but when I called on God, He healed me of that also. I have found that God will answer if we will call on Him. Every word in the Bible is true. It is that simple!

I have enjoyed being a Christian, and I want to do everything I can for the Lord who has done so much for me.



Glenn Hadduck

I praise God for His faithfulness to me. After many years of calling myself a Christian, I had the opportunity of being brought into an Apostolic Faith meeting where I heard testimonies of men and women from all walks of life. They said they had been redeemed from the sins of this world and that they could go and sin no more. I could not say that. I knew I had sin in back of me that I had never confessed. I thought I had it all covered up—and I did, so far as the world was concerned—but I found that God is a good bookkeeper.

I had to get down on my knees and admit before God I was a sinner and ask Him for mercy. When I did that, He set me free. He also helped me to go back and straighten out those past misdeeds with my fellow man. More than that, He keeps me by His power divine every day.

I praise God for joy and happiness, and for a Christian home. My wife and two sons, who are grown young men, are worshiping God with me. I appreciate the many privileges I have in this

Gospel such as playing the baritone horn. I am unworthy, but I thank God for them.



Gertrude Wilson

When I was just a little girl, living in Kentucky, the Lord would talk to my heart. My mother was a real Christian. She feared God and kept His commandments. I was taken to Sunday school and church, and my mother taught me that there was a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun. She said that someday I would have to stand before God and give an account for the things I had done on this earth. She also said that before I would be ready for Heaven, Jesus would have to come into my heart and make a change.

The fear of God had been planted so deep in my heart that when I was tempted to go out into the world and have a good time, I just couldn't. In 1937, when I was twenty-one, God let Holy Ghost conviction rest on me. I knew the Lord was striving with me, and I could not enjoy life. One day, I said to my mother, "I started the wash, but I can't finish it. I have to pray." I prayed for quite a while with all my heart. I told the Lord I would not care to live if I did not know my heart was right with

Him. I had never done anything so very bad, but there had been such fear and condemnation in my soul. The Lord came down and rolled away my burden of sin. He forgave me and wrote my name in Heaven. That day peace came into my heart, and I thought, If I die now, Heaven will be my home.

About that time, I became very sick. My mother spent hundreds of dollars on my health and took me to see many doctors. One day, while I was sitting in a doctor's office, a still small Voice spoke to my heart and said, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." I answered, "Yes, I know, but where are the people who can pray the prayer of faith?"

I was not able to work, so I went to live with my sister in Illinois. I depended on her for my livelihood. We attended a little church there, but were not satisfied. We prayed that the Lord would lead us to a place where they preached the whole Word of God. Then someone gave us an Apostolic Faith paper from Portland, Oregon. We read it and had no doubt that every word was true. It said that the Apostolic Faith people prayed for the sick, and Jesus healed them. I began taking the paper to bed with me and praying. With tears streaming down my face, I would ask God to keep me alive until I could meet those people.

In 1940, I realized I would not live much longer. My sister decided to send me to Portland. I had never been anywhere before, but that was what I had been praying for. The Lord gave me the courage to go. I arrived during the annual camp meeting, and when I walked onto the campground, I knew I was among the people of God. Though I had never met any of them, they didn't seem like strangers. That camp meeting, I went up onto the platform and the ministers anointed my head with oil and prayed for me as the Bible instructs in James 5:14. Right then, God touched my body and healed me.

It has been several decades now. The Lord gave me the strength to go out and work in the business world and make a living. He also gave me a purpose in life. For some time I wondered, What can I do for the Lord? Then it came to me; I could pray. Oh the joy I have found in serving the Lord all these years!

W.E. Gotcher

In February 1939, I came in contact with a witness to this powerful Gospel. I went into my store one cold morning and an old gentleman was there. One of the clerks in the store cried out and said, "Here is the old fellow that lives above sin." I said, "No one but Jesus ever lived above sin in this world." The old gentleman answered, "I do!" I didn't say anything, but I took home one of the Apostolic Faith papers that he gave me, and I read the marvelous testimonies in it.

The words struck a chord of response in my heart and spoke conviction to my soul. I did not let on to the old fellow when he came into my store again. I watched him and tried him for many days and he lived the life of a real Christian before me. He proved to me that he was a Christian, and it put me under conviction. One day, he looked me in the eye and said, "This Gospel is the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and there is no fanaticism in it." That is what had worried me; I wondered if it was the fanaticism that I had seen in other places. When he said that, I said in my heart, I'll take the way.

My wife was ill, and one day she called me at the store and said, "Something has to be done; I have to have relief or I will take my life. I cannot stand it any longer." I went to the doctor to get some medicine for her and then went back to my store. That old gentleman was there and he told me about people who would pray for my wife. He said God could heal her. He gave me the address to the Apostolic Faith Church. I went home and sat at my wife's bedside. I told her, "Here are the pills. You can take them, but there is only One who can save and heal, and that is the Great Physician. If you only believe, He will heal you." She said, "I believe," and I said, "That's enough." I went back to the store and sent an airmail letter to Portland, Oregon. That was Friday. The next morning, she got up. She was well! She did a big day's work and felt better than she ever had.

A few days afterward, I made my way out to a little cottage prayer meeting. I asked one of my clerks in the store to go with me. I dreaded going because it was in a private home, but the minute I stepped over the threshold I knew God was in that place. Tears started down my cheeks. The preacher seemed to preach a sermon just for my benefit. I was under such deep conviction that I sobbed throughout the entire service. I did not go to the altar that morning, but a few nights later I went back with one definite purpose in my heart, and that was to get right with God. I went down to the mourner's bench and asked God to give me what that old gentleman had. I had seen make-believe all the days of my life; but I wanted something real that night. These people told me I could have it by praying an earnest prayer. I had prayed many prayers before, but those prayers were just from the collar-bone up. I asked God to have mercy on me, a sinner. And He did.

God came down and saved my soul, right in that humble cottage prayer meeting. There were not more than a half-dozen people in that place, but God met me as I consecrated my life to Him. I promised God that if He would save me and give me what these people were talking about I would give Him my life for time and eternity. I meant it with all my heart. When I arose from the altar that night the burden of sin had rolled away. God had come down and made a new creature out of me. He broke every habit, every appetite, and every fetter that had me bound all my life. He set me free in a moment of time. God had come down and saved my soul after I had trampled the Name of Jesus under my feet for years.

I went back to the altar, and on the seventh trip to the altar God sanctified my soul. That same night, while the power of God was there, He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. And that's not all! Later, he saved my wife. As she stepped out into the aisle, she was saved, and then at that altar, sanctified.

Praise God for a Gospel that preaches restitution that will make a man go back over his past crooked life and straighten it out. Before I was saved, I burned down my house and collected hundreds of dollars in insurance. I had to repay that. Then one day, I suddenly remembered that I had stolen \$2800.00 from my wife's grandmother, an elderly lady about ninety years of age. Everything

turned dark. A man came up to me and said, "Are you sick?" I said, "Yes, I am sick." The perspiration stood out on my face. That elderly lady lived on a pension, but she had inherited a little estate. She put the money in the bank and they appointed me co-administrator of the estate. I went to a lawyer, and through crooked courts and crooked lawyers we beat that poor old soul out of every dollar of that money.

I did not have the money to make it right, but as soon as I said in my heart, "God, by Your help and grace I will go back over my life and I will straighten it up," I heard the Voice of Jesus say, "Go." I knew God was with me. While at my store, I went to the telephone and called the Tribune to list my home for sale. I heard a Voice say as plainly as anyone speaks, "You might not have to sell that home." The light of Heaven came down into that store, and it was as bright as the noonday sun. I had paid the price in my heart and promised God I would straighten up my life. Now He was helping me.

What do you think happened? I had a business that owed \$10,000.00 more than it invoiced. I knew of no man that would have come in and taken it off my hands—my part of it. But in thirty days, a man came in and asked to buy my half-interest in that store. He wanted to know what I would take for it. I said, "You will have to give me time to think it over." I prayed over it and put a price on it. I knew there were certain things about the business that were worth something. I gave him the price. He said, "I'll take it." We started taking inventory in June of 1939. The more we invoiced the business, the more we got in debt. It piled so high that he said, "I don't know why I am doing this." I said, "I know why you are. God will prosper you." He said, "Do you think He will?" I said, "I know He will." Three times he came to me and said, "I don't know why I am doing this."

Well, he gave me a check for more than enough to make my restitution and to pay the people I had defrauded. The business has more than tripled in value since that time, and that man is more than glad he did buy my half-interest. Don't tell me there isn't a God in Heaven! I thank God for the grace that helps a person go back over that old past, confess it, and pay everything back. Praise God for a Gospel like this!

David Miller

As told by his wife, Sally Miller:



David was born and raised in Saco, Montana, with two brothers—one older and one younger. For many years, his family received and read literature from the Apostolic Faith Church. They embraced those doctrines and standards, and attended the annual camp meetings in Portland, Oregon. Other than that they had no church to attend.

After listening to his mother read a chapter from the Bible, when he was five years old, David knelt by a piano stool in the family's log-cabin home and prayed. God saved him.

David attended one-room schools in the area until he finished the eighth grade. He realized the value of an education, so he purposed to go to high school, but that was a real challenge since they lived seventeen miles from school and had no transportation. He completed the ninth grade by correspondence under supervision of a local teacher. The next year, he boarded in town, staying

in a little cabin furnished by an uncle. He probably lived on potatoes and eggs. He earned excellent grades. He corresponded again in his eleventh year, studying English, American History, Physics, and Introductory Algebra. Again, he maintained excellent grades. During his senior year, he got to school whichever way he could: on a bobsled, by bike, with the mailman, or with a neighbor. He wasn't the most popular kid in school, because he did not participate in sports, hang out with the boys, or use profanity—but they did respect him. One of them told me that David was the only true Christian he ever knew. David graduated third highest in his class and was awarded three very good scholarships. He used one of these, to take a course in agriculture.

In 1952, his family moved to the Yakima Valley in Washington. Shortly after they arrived, he was drafted during the Korean War. He had been turned down earlier, during World War II, because of his health, but God had healed him. He served two years—one in Okinawa, Japan, where he rode the local buses and gave out Gospel literature. He found the people there were very receptive to the Gospel.

Upon his discharge he found a job in Yakima and we married on June 22, 1955. Together, we served God for many years in the Sunday school, the street meetings, the jail services, and whatever our hands found to do. David drove a big bus down through the Valley every Sunday morning to bring children to Sunday school. Because of this, he was never able to attend a single morning meeting, but every Sunday night he brought a full load of children and young people to the evening service. Then he would take his place serving as an usher. Over the years, he also took many children to youth camp and camp meeting.

He decided to go to college in 1965, so he left his place of employment to earn his bachelor's degree and a teaching certificate. In the fall following his graduation, he got a job teaching on the Yakima Indian Reservation. He left that job in 1981 to teach Navajos in the Southwest. He worked there for a few years until he retired in 1991. Then he came back home to the Yakima Valley. He corresponded with many students and friends through the years, mailing out tracts and Gospel cassettes.

In 1975 we were able to travel to the Holy Land to “walk where Jesus walked.” It was a wonderful experience. In 1980 and 1985 we visited England, the place of his mother’s birth, to contact as many of his remaining relatives as we could, and tell them of victory in Jesus.

In 2000, David was stricken with Alzheimer’s and lived the last four years of his life in a care facility, but even there he had his own ministry. He would visit with the other residents, reading the Bible to them and telling them about the love of God. Some of the staff members told me he helped them through some difficult times in their lives. Until his dying day, he always said “Thank You,” when anyone did anything for him.

At his funeral, young men whom he had befriended and mentored during their Sunday school days were the pallbearers, and the singer was “one of his boys,” a Christian young man. His funeral was attended by many of his school, and Sunday school, students. Some of them spoke, telling about his love and concern for them. Only eternity will reveal the results, but I do know of several who are serving God because David was faithful to God’s call.

George Joli

As related by his daughter, Carolyn Kasper:

My father, George Joli, was born in Vermont and spent quite a few years of his life in the New England states and in New York trying to support a large family. I believe it was about the year 1929 when he attended a revival meeting in a little church and gave his heart to the Lord. He had been religious for most of his life, but when he really got Bible salvation it made a very great change in his life.

From that time on, he and my mother went to just about every church in the area, searching for people who believed the whole Bible. They also read the Bible and prayed for God's leading in finding the right people to worship with. While praying, sometimes all night long, and dedicating their lives to Him, they had some very outstanding experiences. It was at one of these all-night prayer meetings that my father received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. From that time on he was more determined than ever to be led by the Spirit to the place where the Lord wanted him. One midnight while praying in the Spirit, the Lord spoke to him and said, "Follow the Star—Jesus the Light of the World." Mother wrote the words down, but had no idea what they meant.

It was not long after this that one of their daughters was sick and a friend gave her a bundle of Sunday school papers and other religious publications. As she looked through them, she called, "Mother, Look! Here is just what Daddy said in his prayer!" There in the upper corner of one of the papers was a star and right under it were the words, "Jesus the Light of the World." As mother scanned the front page of that Apostolic Faith paper, her eyes fell on an article describing an ordinance service at the church in Portland, Oregon. It told of how the entire congregation engaged in the ordinance of washing one another's feet, as is explained and commanded in the thirteenth chapter of St. John. My father had said, "If we ever find a people who believe in the foot-washing, they will be the people of God." When he saw that he said, "We have to go to Portland, Oregon."

From that day they started planning. How do you go about moving a family of nine children across the nation, about three thousand miles? It was necessary to sell the farm and get a large trailer. The Depression was at its worst about that time, and the task seemed impossible.

For the next year-and-a-half, they thought about it, but did little. They couldn't sell the farm, so they traded it for a little country store and got involved in business and almost forgot their promise to go to Portland. But the Lord brought them back to their purpose through the loss of the store, and just about everything else they had, in a bad business deal. When one of the children came down with scarlet fever, my father began to fear that if he didn't do what he had promised, the Lord might even take one of his children.

Renewing his vows to the Lord, he began to fix up an old four-wheel trailer he had found abandoned in the woods. It looked like a small boxcar and was very hard to handle on the road. At last they were ready to go. They had disposed of everything except the things they would need on the trip. The Lord reassured them that He was pleased with the effort and there would be an angel on the right and one on the left all the way. Nearly all of our relatives tried to discourage us from going, saying we could never make such a long trip as poorly equipped as we were, but God had called, and we had to go.

We left Lacona, New York, on June 19, 1933, with only \$120.00 to make the trip. Our car was a Hudson, made in the mid-twenties, and was quite large, but it was still necessary for three of us to ride on the trailer. There were eleven of us—Father, Mother, and nine children, ages seven months to nineteen years. We didn't eat in restaurants or spend the nights in motels, needless to say; we camped along the road each night, and our meals consisted almost entirely of cornmeal or oatmeal mush with canned milk. On rare occasions, people gave us fresh vegetables from their gardens. The weather was

quite warm, so camping wasn't too bad. The laundry was done in the creeks and rivers along the road.

All the way, we were plagued by tire trouble. The hot pavement melted the patches off the tubes, and the heavy load caused extreme wear. Since buying new tires was out of the question, it required much ingenuity and the Lord's help to keep us on the road. Once, while Dad was fixing a flat tire, the wrench slipped and hit him on the shinbone; he passed out and all of us children thought he was dead. We all started crying, but Mother and my eldest brother got him to the shade, and he went back to work on the tire.

Sometimes we got on the wrong road and had to turn back to get to where we belonged. On one occasion where roadwork was being done, we found ourselves on a side road that led down into a narrow place. Something told Dad to stop, so he did, and upon getting out he saw that we would have run into a large canal. The right road was several feet above us and up a steep bank. We couldn't turn around and it was impossible for Dad to back out. It looked hopeless. Again we children stood there crying, and while we all prayed, Dad decided to try to get the car and trailer up the steep bank. We prayed and the old Hudson roared and groaned and the big trailer lurched, swayed, and tipped one way and then the other, but we made it! Once again those guardian angels had gotten us back on the road to camp meeting. Soon after we left New York it became necessary to lighten our load. We had only brought the things we thought we needed and a few things we treasured very highly, but the weight was too much. One of the first things to go was a small cook stove. No one seemed to have money to buy it, and we couldn't take time to advertise, so we just unloaded it at a service station and went our way. Mother's good dishes were next. We soon had practically nothing left in the trailer. By then we had a new opinion as to what was necessary.

As we came west, we encountered some desert country. Our route seemed to follow the Old Oregon Trail most of the way. Some days were so hot we could hardly breathe. We came to a desert and were told by people that it would be impossible to make it across because the heat was so intense. They begged us not to try it, but we kept going. We had to get to Portland before camp meeting ended. We had only gone a short distance into the desert the first day, when darkness overtook us, and we stopped for the night. The sand was so hot we could hardly walk on it. Then as we prepared our cornmeal for the evening meal, it started to rain. We had been told that it never rained in that area during the summer months, but the Lord must have sent the rain just for us. It rained quite a bit that evening and cooled the desert enough that our journey the next day was comfortable.

The mountains were getting steep and rugged as we approached Oregon, and sometimes it seemed the car couldn't quite make it up the hills. On several occasions the family got out and walked, or sometimes pushed in order to keep moving on toward the Apostolic Faith campground.

On July 15, 1933, we pulled onto the beautiful campground. We had never seen anything that could compare with the lovely, peaceful, holy atmosphere of the grounds, but the sweet spirit of friendly helpfulness and the love of the people there outweighed even that. We were not very prepared for the first meeting that day. Our best clothes were little more than rags, and some of us children had lost our shoes, but friendly Christian people saw to it that we were able to attend that afternoon teaching service. As we entered the tabernacle and sat down and looked at the platform with its bright lights, the orchestra, and all the shining faces of the ministers, Mother said, "It seems like we are in Heaven!"

Although the long trip was behind us, we knew what the songwriter meant when he wrote, "The toils of the road will seem nothing, when we get to the end of the way." Yet there were still some very great problems. With no more than five dollars left, we had to find a place to live and food for a large family. But the same Lord who had led us on the journey was still working on our behalf! The church gave us a tent, which we pitched on the vacant lot across from the campground, and with the huge trailer and an old shed, we got by for a few days. My father did odd jobs when he could find them, and soon we were permitted to move into an old house owned by church members. There was little

work to be found during the Depression, and we were destitute. Mother scraped the flour bin in the old house and found little more than a cupful of flour that was left by the previous residents. We had biscuits that morning: there was nothing else. Then we had our morning devotions, and I heard my Father praying with the tears streaming down his face, "Lord, please supply food for my little ones. I don't care if I have to go hungry, but Lord, don't let the little ones suffer." We had hardly gotten through praying when a dear little lady from the church knocked on the door and said, "While I was praying this morning, the Lord told me to go and see if you people could use some flour and potatoes."

The Lord has never let us down. Times have been hard, there have been many trials and tribulations since those early days, but we have never doubted that the Lord led us to the right place, and the angels are still watching over us.



Ellen Anderson

My mother had been looking for the old-time religion, but couldn't seem to find it. Then one day, a man of our nationality, Finnish, came to put a new roof on our house. My mother could see that he was different, a real Christian. He was a minister in the Apostolic Faith Church and invited her to a meeting.

She attended some of the services, and saw that the people had just what she wanted. One day, when the altar call was given, she went forward and gave her heart to the Lord. From that time on she was a staunch Christian in our home, though she had to stand alone. She lived the Christian life before us children and my father.

What a change came into our home when my mother found the old-time religion! Before she was saved, she used to take us children to the shows and theaters on Sunday afternoons. After the Lord converted her, she started sending us to Sunday school and bringing us to church. She told us that we had to be born again to make Heaven. I was

only five years old the first time I walked up the stairs to the Apostolic Faith Mission, but even at that young age, I could feel the Spirit of God there.

The truth of God's Word was planted in my heart at a young age, but I thought I would wait until I was older to give my life to the Lord. First, I wanted to go to the shows and dances with other young people.

My mother kept praying for me, and I never seemed to be able to enjoy myself when I was out with the young crowd. When I was sixteen years old, I became seriously ill, almost paralyzed. I was in bed and couldn't move at all. The Lord talked to me and showed me I might not have a chance to be saved when older. I promised Him there that if He would heal me, I would go to church and give my life to Him.

The Lord took me at my word. He healed me, and I kept my promise. I went forward after a service and knelt at the altar and asked the Lord to forgive my sins. He heard my prayer and saved my soul. I could take you to the very spot where the burden rolled away and the joy of salvation came into my heart. When I made deeper consecrations, He sanctified me wholly, and then baptized me with the Holy Ghost.

Through the years, working in the business world, I have found the Lord to be my ever-present Friend, closer than a brother. He has been my Healer, and solved many hard problems for me. And I have the hope of Heaven at the end of this life.

Index

Allen, Miriam.....	71
Anderson, Ellen.....	88
Baker, James.	16
Barber, Margaret	28
Barney, F.B.....	34
Beaton, William	35
Bishop, F.E.....	44
Carlson, Ivar.....	56
Chandler, Maud.....	20
Charf, Mary.....	58
Christiansen, Mina	76
Cole, Henry	17
Colt, J.V.....	49
Condra, Mildred.....	24
Corbin, Arthur.....	66
Dibble, Horace	19
Eliason, Elgin.....	57
Erickson, Belva.....	62
Faber, Ralph.....	22
Frank, Lester	52
Fremerey, Margaret.....	67
Frost, Melvin.....	69
Gotcher, W.E.	81
Guddat, Harold.....	45
Guffey, Marie	31
Hacker, Anne.....	10
Hadduck, Glenn	79
Haggerty, Rose.....	36
Hall, W.P.....	32
Hiebert, Pete.....	37
Ho, Joseph.....	53
Hoople, Ray	27
Isaacs, Charles.....	70
Jernberg, Arvilla.....	43
Joli, George.....	85
Kaady, George.....	42
Kirk, Etta.....	25
Klein, Frances “Vickie”	75
Kostol, Olaf.....	48
Lippert, Fred	73
Marshall, Eugene	74
Martin, Jesse	77
Miller, David.....	83
Minks, Eldron	61
Mosee, Charles.....	13
Mosee, Virginia.....	33

Myers, Bessie.....	51
O'Brien, Pearl.....	54
Olson, Gilbert.....	39
Olson, Phyllis.....	65
Pallett, Ruth.....	15
Perry, Bessie and Carwell.....	63
Phillips, Ernest and Lowana.....	11
Pink, Minnie.....	72
Schleigh, Hattie.....	38
Simpson, Tom.....	9
Tonning, Olaf.....	21
Wager, Bill.....	29
Wallace, LeRoy.....	7
Wasara, Carl.....	64
Williams, Naomi.....	23
Wilson, Gertrude.....	80
Wright, Caroline.....	41
Wright, Lillian.....	55
Youngman, Nancy.....	14
Zook, Edith.....	47
Zook, J.....	59

