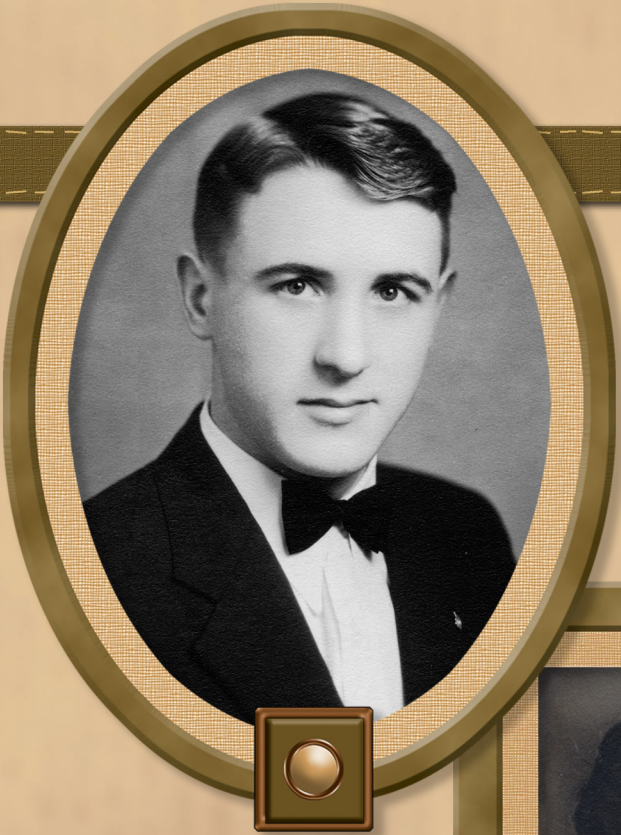


Volume 7



Gospel Pioneers



Gospel Pioneers

of the

Apostolic Faith Organization

Volume 7

Table of Contents

Otto Guddat.....	7
Ruby Shelby.....	9
Jess Smith.....	10
Betty Simpson.....	11
Nell Young.....	12
Joe Maharaj.....	13
Ray Beckner.....	14
John and Mary Modrall.....	15
Raymond Smith.....	17
Rose Cummings.....	19
Fred Johnson.....	20
Ernest Landers.....	21
Elsie Dorr.....	22
Einar Nelson.....	23
Helen Lippert.....	25
Charles Jimerson.....	26
Delmar Chastain.....	27
Harold Kasper.....	29
Nina Paulson.....	31
Hazel Northup.....	32
Ray Roby.....	33
James O'Brien.....	35
Vivian Getti.....	37
Pauline White.....	38
Harold Northup.....	39
Richard Neufeld.....	41
Hazel Withrow.....	43
Charles Orwig.....	44
John Moulton.....	45
Eli and Rebecca Kasper.....	47
Asher Neff.....	49
Frank Eggensberger.....	50
Hannah Olsen.....	51
Lee Pope.....	52
Walter Robanske.....	53
Katherine Friesen.....	55
Fred Owen.....	57
Grace Pierce.....	59
William Chastain.....	61
John Ott.....	62
Peter Lee.....	63
Edwin and Mette Hess.....	65
Inetta Staley.....	67
Sam Samuels.....	69
Helen Shirk.....	71
Robert Remley.....	73

Robert Myers	75
Jim Parr	77
Kenneth Owen	79
Irma Giselman.....	80
Andre Page.....	81
Martha Richmond	83
James Rigsby	85
Maud Smith.....	87
Index	90



Otto Guddat

As told by Betty Guddat, Floyd Kasper, and Dixie Mathews:

Otto Guddat could be described as “steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord” (1 Corinthians 15:58).

Otto was born in Nebraska, but when he was a teenager, his family moved to a farming community a few miles southwest of Portland, Oregon. The family wanted to find people who believed that Christians did not sin in thought, word, and deed every day. They felt that sinning did not fit with God’s command for His people to be holy. When they heard about the Apostolic Faith Mission, Otto and his mother went. Later, Otto testified:

“I’m so glad I found this wonderful Gospel! My heart was hungry for something real for years. I was confirmed in a church and from then on called myself a Christian. How-

ever, I had no reality in my soul. My minister told me, ‘All Christians commit sin, so just do the best you can.’ Every time I committed sin, though, I got in awful trouble.

“One day I read in the Word of God, ‘Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin’ (1 John 3:9). I said to my mother, ‘If we ever hear anyone preach on that verse, we will know they have the old-time religion.’

“In 1913, I came to the Apostolic Faith Mission on Front and Burnside Street. In my very first service in this wonderful Gospel, the minister stood up and read, ‘Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin.’ It seemed as if those words were right out of Heaven! I touched my mother with my elbow and said, ‘Now we have found the old-time religion.’

“I felt like the worst sinner that ever lived, but that night at the altar bench I prayed and a real change came into my heart. The next day it was just as natural to do right as it had been before to do wrong. Friends scoffed at me, but I was able to live the life before them. I thank God for something I can prove at my workbench and wherever I go.”

Otto’s family began to attend services at the Mission, and eventually moved to Portland. Another family, the Strates, had moved from Nebraska to Oregon about the same time as the Guddats. The two families had been neighbors in Nebraska, and ended up on neighboring farms in Oregon. The Strates also began attending services at the Mission.

Otto had three brothers and two sisters, and the Strate family included four daughters. One of these girls, Martha, became Otto’s wife. They were married in 1920 and soon moved to Medford, Oregon, where Otto became very active in the Lord’s work. While in Medford, their oldest son, Robert (Bob), was born.

They were committed to maintaining close ties to Portland, even traveling over the primitive mountain roads in December to attend the annual mid-winter meetings.

In the mid-1920s, they moved back to Portland, and their youngest son, Harold (Hal), was born. Otto began participating in the seamen’s work and was a dedicated worker. He was part of a crew that visited the ships in the harbor, using a small boat. Sometimes the delivery of

literature was made by climbing up the ship's ladder. It was cold and dangerous work, especially when it was raining.

In addition to the harbor work, Otto took part in street meetings. He also volunteered for many projects, believing that many hands make light work. One of these projects occurred every summer, when it was time to set up the campground. Otto was part of the crew that helped put the tents on frames, fill the mattress ticks with straw, and put straw on the tent floors (this, despite the fact that hay fever sometimes made his eyes swell almost shut). Then, when camp was over, he was there again, helping to disassemble those same tents and mattresses.

He and Frank Shirk were partners in an auto body business in Portland. At times, they hired some of the young men from church to work in the shop. Otto's parents had been strict, so he had a strong work ethic. He was fair, but looked for loyalty and an honest day's work from those he employed.

In the mid-1950s, Otto and Martha moved to Roseburg, Oregon. Once again, Otto was involved in the Lord's work. He had a mellow voice and sang with much feeling, though he was not dramatic. Everyone who listened would often say that they were blessed by his songs.

In Roseburg, Otto built a new home for Martha and himself. Later, he was able to help in the remodeling of the church in Roseburg. He was very resourceful, and when he didn't know how to do a particular part of the construction, he would find out. This made him a valuable member of the team, and it seemed he was loved by everyone.

With the passage of time, Otto allowed the Lord to temper his drive to accomplish and excel. He had always been honest and upright, but he also became kind and gentle. When he later suffered a series of strokes, one of his caregivers remarked on the sweet spirit he exhibited—even when dealing with the debilitation of the strokes. She said that often when people have a stroke, their natural tendencies are intensified: a sarcastic person becomes more sarcastic, a grumpy person becomes very hard to live with, and a person with a mild and kind disposition becomes very calm. She said, "He must be a wonderful person to have come through what he has experienced and be so gentle." That described Otto perfectly.

When his condition made it impossible for Martha to continue to care for him, Otto was moved to a care center. While there, he suffered a broken hip. The resulting pneumonia took his life, but his legacy of faithfulness and thoughtful kindness lives on.

Ruby Shelby

I am so glad I ever heard the wonderful story of Jesus and His power to save. I started in the ways of sin as just a little child. I was trying to find something to satisfy. My mother told me about God, but I mocked her and called her names. I shunned Jesus because I worried what my friends would say.

Then I came in contact with a little band of Apostolic Faith people in Medford, Oregon. They had pitched a tent at Sixth and Holly, and were holding a series of evangelistic meetings. They told me about Jesus and His love. God called after my proud young heart, but I went home fighting the Spirit and saying, "I will not give You my life."

I thank God that His Spirit deals with our hearts. He called after me until one Sunday morning I finally made my way to the Apostolic Faith Mission. I was a broken-hearted young girl who did not know the way out of sin. After the service, I knelt at the little pine altar bench and called on God with all my heart. I said, "If only I could have what these people have, I would give You my life." It was a simple prayer, but it was from the depths of my heart. Then, I cried out for mercy, and Jesus came in and unbound my broken heart. Peace and joy flooded my soul. The Gospel became real to me. Such a change took place in my life that it seemed the whole world had changed.

I went home that morning and told my precious mother, "I have found the old-time religion that you have told me so much about." I had many friends, but I did not care what they thought. I went and told them what God had done for me.

I love Jesus more today than ever before. I have seen Him perform such wonderful miracles. He lifted my brother out of the jaws of death. My brother had an awful goiter on his neck and had not been able to button his shirt collar for many years. The disease was sapping his energy and taking his life. When it seemed there was no hope, we prayed and Jesus touched him. The goiter withered and dried up.

My father is eighty-two years old, and God has healed him so many times when he has been at death's door. One time, he fell and lay in a stupor. There seemed to be no life in his body and a doctor pronounced him dead. The Apostolic Faith people prayed for him, and after three hours, God healed him completely. Also, just a few months ago, he had heart trouble so bad he could only walk a few blocks before needing to sit down and rest. Some of the ministers prayed for him and God wonderfully healed him. I just received a letter from him that said, "I am perfectly well; I can do hard work and it does not have any effect on my heart."

God has done so much in my life and for my family. I glorify His name and thank Him for this Gospel.

Jess Smith

I thank God for the old-time religion that takes sin out and sweeps it away. That is the kind of God we serve—a God who takes sin out and gives a man victory over the old life of sin and shame that he used to live.

I roamed up and down this Pacific Coast from one saloon to another, drinking booze and smoking cigarettes. That is all I knew. I didn't have half sense half of the time. I landed up in Montana stealing cattle and sheep off the range. Then I got a stint behind the cold, gray walls. That was just what I needed.

I ran away from the prison and was gone for twelve days. I wound up in the mountains where some government men shot me with a 30-30 mushroom bullet. There I lay, eighty miles from the nearest railroad. I begged them not to leave me, so they made a stretcher and carried me out on an old logging road. I didn't know whether I was going to live or die, and they didn't know either. It looked like all hope was gone—half of my blood had ran out of my body.

I lay in the hospital from April 13 to August 6, but God let me live. Then He brought me to this Gospel and saved my soul. Today I have the Gospel in my heart. This is one ex-convict that has victory over that old life of sin. I've got the old-time religion. Glory to God!



Betty Simpson

God called me to serve Him when I was seeking for peace in the pleasures of this world and could not find it.

In 1921, my husband and I were living on a farm in Arkansas, out in the country, about two miles from a mailbox. One morning, he saddled his horse and rode out to get the mail. In the box was an Apostolic Faith paper. Oh, how I thank God for laying it on someone's heart to send it! We never discovered who it came from, but we know God directed it to our unhappy family. There was much unrest in our home and it was about to be broken up. My heart was heavy and discouraged, and I had been longing for a way out of my troubles. I had not known which way to turn, but many times my heart had cried out to God to help me.

In that little paper, I read the testimonies of people who had been redeemed through the precious Blood of Jesus, and I found that God still hears and answers prayer. I said, "If I could only

get what those people have, I believe I would be happy."

God put a desire in my heart to write to the headquarters in Portland, Oregon, where the paper was printed. I asked for prayer that salvation would come to our home. As I wrote that letter, I was miserable, unhappy, and brokenhearted. I wanted to commit suicide, but I knew I was not right with God, and I was afraid to meet Him in judgment. Those people prayed, and God began to work.

A few years later, my husband and I had the privilege of kneeling at an altar of prayer in one of the Midwest Apostolic Faith churches. The people of God prayed with us, and I poured out my heart to the Lord. He saved my soul and lifted the burden of sin from my life. That burden had been so heavy, but Jesus took it away and made a wonderful change in my heart.

My husband was saved as well, and peace was restored in our family. We have had a happy Christian home for almost fifty years. We brought up our son to love the Lord, and when he became old enough to realize his need of God, he also cried out to the Lord and was saved. He has been giving his life in active service ever since.

The Lord has never failed me. When I came to the Apostolic Faith, I had no health; I could not do a day's work. But when I was prayed for, the Lord healed me and restored my health. I love the Lord. Serving Him has brought great joy to me, and I want to be prepared to be among the Bride of Christ when He returns.

Nell Young

My mind goes back to May 1924 when I was living in a little mountain home in Eastern Oregon. Sickness had come into our home and with it had come sorrow and anguish of heart. I had been in the hospital in Seattle, Washington, to be seen by the very best physicians we could afford, and was sent home to die. I was suffering with leakage of the heart. Those doctors told me there was no hope. They said, “Your time is short. The least little excitement will be your finish.”

That was sad news as I loved my little family. While I was in this condition, an Apostolic Faith paper came to our home. I read it and felt that a great nugget of gold had come into my hands. The paper came from my brother-in-law who lived in Port Angeles, Washington. He said he and his wife had come into contact with a people who believed God could heal. I did not know anything about these people, but I longed to be there so they could pray for me. I thought maybe God would hear and answer their prayer.

My husband and I decided we would go to Port Angeles. I packed a little suitcase with my burial clothes in it and we started out. We traveled a short distance and then got a hotel room where I rested until I had enough strength to travel a little further. It took some time to get there in this way. As we traveled, I had many questions on my mind. I wondered if God would have mercy and heal me. Would He spare me to work in His vineyard or had I failed Him to the extent that I would have to die and go meet Him empty-handed?

When we arrived in Port Angeles, the Apostolic Faith people prayed for me. They told me God would heal me if I would believe. In July, I was praying alone one afternoon, asking God to heal this body of mine, when I felt the mighty power of God come down and touch my heart. In a moment of time the work was done.

Oh, I can say there is power in this Gospel—wonder-working power! God healed me, gave me Bible salvation, and gave me a happy Christian home. Since then, He has given me the privilege of working in this wonderful Gospel, helping in the harvest field. I am so glad that when I go to meet my Maker, I can go with golden sheaves.



Joe Maharaj

Taken from writings about Brother Joe in Apostolic Faith papers published in 1939 and 1949:

In 1909, Joe Maharaj came to America from East Punjab, India, and sought here and there to find the God his parents had told him about. Then in the summer of 1938, God led him into a barbershop in Portland, Oregon, to ask directions. He said he had heard about a camp meeting and wanted to go, but did not know the way. The barbershop happened to be operated by a man who attended the Apostolic Faith. He put away his razor and shears, and drove Brother Joe to the tabernacle where a prayer meeting was in progress. Upon entering the building, Brother Joe said, "God is in this place. I can feel God here in this place!" He then went to the altar and began to pray with great earnestness. The workers gathered around him, helping him to pray, and God saved him.

He was instantly delivered from tobacco, and God showed him it was even wrong to sell it. Later, at the water baptismal service, he watched the converts being immersed in water, and said it was the most wonderful thing he had ever seen. The next year, while he was praying at the church on Sixth and Burnside, God sanctified him.

For many years Brother Joe operated a popcorn wagon in downtown Portland, and he became a familiar figure in the city. He sent money from his popcorn and candy business to his needy relatives in India, and it enabled his sister to send her boys to school. They wrote to tell how this raised their standard of living. The nephews begged their uncle to return to India to be near them, saying he would never have to work again, and they would accept his religion. Wanting to remain close to his Christian friends, Brother Joe did not return to India. However, he continued to minister to his family in any way that he could.

When Brother Joe heard that his brother was interested in this Gospel, he paid for him to come to Portland to see for himself how God was transforming lives. With surprise and pleasure, the retired school teacher prepared for the reunion with his brother whom he had not seen for forty-two years.

At the close of his first Apostolic Faith meeting, he went to the altar and prayed. He found God and afterward said, "I feel good inside." Before going back home, he said, "I came to pray and I liked it. I like that the people pray to God. Everything is good here. I forget about my home and my troubles, and I enjoy myself. When I get home I will tell my family how good these people are."

Many of the prayers Brother Joe has prayed through the years have been answered. With this one, he could hardly contain the joy he felt in knowing that his loved one had become acquainted with Jesus and experienced His saving power.

One evening, Brother Joe worked late and arrived at church after the quarterly ordinance service had begun. The usher, not recognizing him, said this part of the meeting was for believers only and not open to the general public. Brother Joe replied, "Oh, me belong here! Me saved." He said this was the church where God told him it was wrong to smoke cigars and cigarettes. God has done much more than that for him: He gave him salvation, sanctification, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and a home away from home among the saints. Brother Joe really belongs!

Ray Beckner



If there is anyone in the state of Washington who ought to praise God for what He has done, I am the man. I found myself at the age of twenty-seven a defeated young man. My life was nothing but a disgrace. I was living out on the plains of Montana when I just gave up hope. I said, “What is the use of trying to be any better?” God heard my cry and saw to it that I found a better way.

My sister, Edna (pictured at left), became gravely ill while she was living with our parents in Minnesota. The doctor said they would have to send her west to save her. She and her daughter, Fern, came to live with me. We were expecting her to die, but then we received an Apostolic Faith paper from a cousin in Portland, Oregon. He had received it from his mother-in-law, Elsie Dorr.

In that paper, I read for the first time that a man could have victory, that there was a way out of sin. After reading the paper from one end to the other, I knelt by my bedside and commenced

to weep. I said, “God, if You will give me what they are telling about in that paper, I will give You my life.”

A few months later, I borrowed money on my homestead—something the banker said he had never known to be done before, and moved to Port Angeles with my sister and her daughter.

One evening in a little upper room, God met my soul. Oh the peace, joy, and happiness that came into my heart! It seemed to me as I walked down the road that the very treetops were bowing their heads at what God had done in my life.

That was almost twenty-five years ago. I have had many a chance to prove this wonderful Gospel. I have victory over sin. I don’t have to go out and get drunk anymore. I don’t have to chew the tobacco and tell the filthy stories with the old gang. I thank God I have something real in my heart.

John and Mary Modrall



John:

I was raised in a church—spent thirty-five years in that church—and was counted as one of their best Christians. Even sinners said if ever there was a Christian, I was one. I was a deacon, but I knew nothing about the Bible. I couldn't answer a question in Sunday school or quote a verse from the Bible. Then God sent some of His people to a street corner in Puyallup, Washington, to tell what He had done for them. I had never heard such testimonies and singing. Those people gave me a church paper, and when I opened it, I read a passage of Scripture and said, "That's not right. God's Word doesn't read that way." I took the paper home and compared it to my Bible, and to my surprise, it did read that way. I told my wife we had to do something.

We had no one to talk to about spiritual things, but I continued to read that paper and my Bible. Such conviction seized me that I promised

God I would go to the Apostolic Faith camp meeting in Portland, Oregon, if He would open the way.

In the winter of 1919, I came down with the flu and was so sick. I wasn't able to sit up, and I was burning up with a fever. I didn't know anything about divine healing—I was taught there was nothing to it, but the church paper I had received told about people being healed. When another one came in the mail, I laid that paper on my face and asked God to answer the prayers of His people. God said to me, "If you believe, get up." I jumped out of bed and as soon as my feet touched the floor, the power came down and I was made every whit whole. The fever was gone, and I walked the floor singing praises to God for what He had done for me.

In August of 1920, God opened the way for my wife and I to attend the camp meeting. I was saved on the first day I was there. God sanctified me two days after that, and two years later, He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

Oh, how I praise God for this mighty Gospel! He has kept me for many years and provided all my needs. Since the day I became a Christian, I have not needed a doctor or medicine. God has done all the healing for my family. Glory to His name!

God is using me now to tell the Story to a lost world. Oh, what a privilege! How I love Him for what He has done for me!

Mary:

I praise God that He led some of the Apostolic Faith people, in 1917, to come to the streets of Puyallup to tell the Story of Jesus. That was the sweetest story I ever heard. It was something I had hungered and thirsted after for years. Although I had joined two different churches, it had never brought the joy and peace to my heart that I had thought a Christian ought to have.

The Apostolic Faith people gave me a church paper which showed me how I looked in God's sight. I was a Sunday school teacher, a deaconess in the church, president of the Missionary Society, and treasurer of the Aid Society—yet I had sin in my heart. When I read that paper, such conviction seized me. I took it home and read it by the hour with tears running down my face.

After three years, God opened the way for me to attend the camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. He saved my soul on the first day I came under the sound of this mighty Gospel. Praise His name!

I praise God for His healing power. At the time God saved me, I was almost paralyzed. It was caused by a fall some thirty years before, which bent my spine. After God saved me I asked one of the ministers to pray for me. They anointed me and prayed for me according to the fifth chapter of James, and God heard and answered that prayer. He healed my body and straightened my spine. I give God all the glory for it.

I praise God for His keeping power. I am not resting on what God did for me in 1920, but on what is in my heart today. I have the joy and peace that He planted in my soul. Many times I wake up in the dead hours of the night with a song in my heart.

When the Modralls returned home from their first camp meeting, they felt the call of God to start a work in Puyallup and began holding cottage meetings in their home. In 1922, they built a new house with a very large living room for the express purpose of having a more suitable place to hold meetings. They continued to lead the Puyallup work until Brother John's passing in 1942.



Raymond Smith

How I love my Savior! I shall never cease to praise God for His mercy and love to me. In 1923, God brought me to Portland, Oregon. I came because I received a letter from my father, a physician and an unbeliever. He said my sister had gone crazy over a religion. I had just won the coveted Art School First award back east, and had every intention of pursuing goals that I had recently set. However, my plans changed after I arrived in Portland and learned that my sister had found the old-time religion. When I tried to talk to her about it, God began to deal with my proud young heart. He convicted me until I knelt and prayed at a tear-stained altar in the Apostolic Faith Church. He gave me enough honesty to pray until I had an answer and the issue of salvation was settled with me. That day, Jesus gave me the faith and confidence in Him that I had previously tried to get mentally. Instantly, the love of cigarettes was gone—I could not even stand the smell of them.

I went home and told my mother, “I know how Paul the Apostle felt when he saw a light from Heaven. I don’t believe God was more real to him on that day than He is to me today.” She came to the next meeting with me and also received this glorious salvation.

God planted a reality in my heart that stood the test. A few months after I was saved, I was given up to die by the physicians. I was just a young man, when a group of doctors gathered around my bed, and I heard them say, “He will be a corpse by morning.” I had been caught in a drive shaft while at work in a sawmill, and my legs were broken, mangled, and nearly twisted from my body. Both were in such a condition that when one of the doctors moved them, he said there was no sign of their knitting back together. Fourteen days had passed since the accident and lockjaw had set in. It reached the blood stream before it was discovered, so within a few hours I developed a fever of 107 degrees and my body became locked in a terrible contortion. I was packed with ice and given no hope of survival. As the doctors left my room that day, I mumbled to the nurse through the clenched teeth of my locked jaw that God had saved my soul a few months before, and I was not afraid to die. In fact, I was hoping He would take me and put an end to my suffering.

God spoke to me, though, and put a burden on my heart to tell the wonderful Gospel Story. I heard a Voice whisper, “No cross, no crown.” A few moments later, I told God I would tell the Story if He saw fit to heal my body; and just as quickly as you could snap your finger, God came down and broke the contortion and fever, and healed my body. I felt the power of God that night. In the morning, the nurse said, “God has healed you.” In just two months and ten days I was out of the hospital, walking—on legs that were never set by a doctor. The doctors wanted to break my legs and reset them, but I said God had done a good job and I would continue to trust Him. It is true that I am four inches shorter than I was, but I have never had any trouble with my legs.

When I was released, I wrote a letter to my dad telling him what had happened. Because he was a doctor, he did not believe it. He came to visit and went to the hospital to see the records for himself. He had always taught me that there was no God, but that day God reached his heart. After he saw my

medical records, he said, "Son, there must be a God. I was wrong." A few days later, he knelt and prayed. I know he is in Heaven today.

God did a wonderful job when He healed me. I have been through many physical examinations during years of military service, and have passed them all. These legs have taken me around the world in my duties as an officer in the United States Army. That night in the hospital when I said I would serve God, I never dreamed I would have the opportunity to witness in Africa, China, Germany, and India.

In 1940, I was called to service as a reserve officer. I thank God I could take Christ with me. When I was in Beirut, Lebanon, I saw people killed, but Jesus removed all fear from my heart. He helped my men as well. I lived a Christian life before them every day, and I was able to tell them about Jesus when the opportunity arose, especially when they were in trouble. One time, in North Africa, a young man was facing some serious charges. He came to me and we prayed, and God delivered him. My best recommendation for a soldier is the old-time religion.

For more than fifty years, I have been telling this wonderful Story. I thank God for the privilege I have had to help spread the Gospel. It is the richest thing in all the world.



Rose Cummings

I was born in England, and from the time I was able to carry a pitcher—I was just a tiny little tot—my mother took me to the saloon. When I was old enough to reach the bar, we stood at it together and drank. She was an infidel. I never heard a prayer in our home, and I was taught to believe there was nothing to religion, that it was a myth. Mother used to say, “All the Hell we get, we get right here on earth, and when we die, we die like a dog.” Because of this, I did not believe in Hell, and if there was no Hell, I was going to have a good time—whatever money and liquor could bring. Instead, I found misery and remorse. I became a deep-dyed sinner, a fallen woman, and a drunkard.

One day when I was drunk on the street, I was picked up and put in a patrol wagon. I was told I would be placed in jail if I did not get off the streets permanently, so I went into a reformatory for six months. It did not do me any good—the minute I got out and had a little money, I went right back into sin. Many times, I woke up after being

drunk and wished I was dead or that there was some way out of this life style. Finally, I was forced to leave the country because of my bad character. No one wanted a woman like me around.

I traveled five thousand miles to Portland, Oregon. I thought I could turn over a new leaf, but I became worse. I married a man who owned a saloon on Sixth Street, and then I was just like the woman at the well, because I had already had four husbands in England. For the next six years, I was hardly ever sober, and I went to dances almost every night of the week. Eventually, my body broke down and I could not do a day’s work.

Sometimes I wondered why I had come to America, but now I know God brought me here. One day when I was forty years old, I was handed an Apostolic Faith paper while standing on Third Street. I read in that paper about a fallen, drunken woman who was saved. I saw that God was real in her life, and could give me something real, too. I said, “If God gave her a chance, surely He will give me one.”

I went to an Apostolic Faith meeting in a sick and miserable condition. My lungs were diseased from a life of sin, and I could scarcely talk. The people who were there prayed for me and God marvelously healed me. I said, “Oh God, if You can heal my body, You can save my soul.” I went to the altar, and the mountains of sin seemed too high. God showed me how I had wronged others. I thought He could never forgive me for the things I had done, but when I finished praying an honest prayer, He spoke peace to my soul. He saved me and instantly delivered me from alcohol.

After I was saved, I wrote to my eighty-year-old mother in England about what God had done for me. I sent her an Apostolic Faith paper, and after reading it, she repented of her sin and God saved her, too. Today she is safe in the arms of Jesus.

For thirty-three years, I have proved that God is real and there is power in the Blood of Jesus. God restored my health and strength, and He gave me a good reputation. I used to think the grave was the end of everything, but today I know Christ is real, and someday I will meet Him and stand before His Throne. I used to go to bed in fear and dread, but now I lie down in peace and rest. In the morning, I wake up and praise God. I thank Him for this wonderful Gospel.



Fred Johnson

I thank God that somebody ever whispered the name of Jesus to my poor, lost soul. I started out at a very early age without the care of a father or mother. I was placed in a home, and then driven out on account of sin.

Before I reached the age of twenty-one, I found out the way of the transgressor is a hard way. I know what it is to have the habit of drink. I became a helpless, hopeless slave to it. I was put behind prison bars for lying around on the sidewalks like a hog in my awful drunken condition. I was a shame and a disgrace to anyone who saw me. For many years, I lived this way in sin.

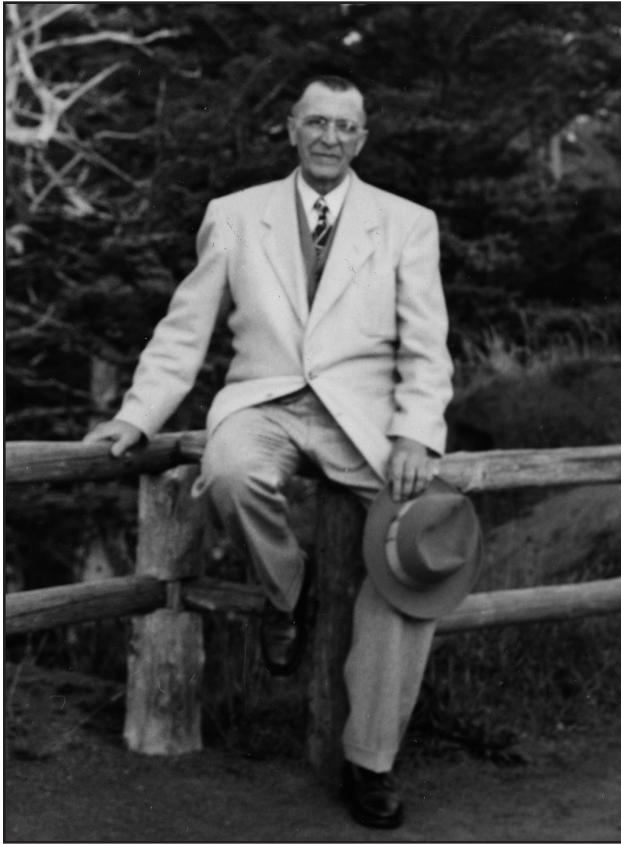
God was faithful to my soul to bring this wonderful Gospel my way. I heard the Story of Jesus in an Apostolic Faith Mission back east. I sat in the back of the hall as men and women stood to tell of how Jesus had saved them. Then they talked to me and said if I would get honest with God and pray, He would deliver me from sin. I wanted what they talked about, but it seemed impossible. I was

a slave to the devil; I was bound by every terrible habit that a man could have attached to his life. I had so many sinful habits, I wondered if God would forgive me.

One night, when I was at the darkest hour of my life, I made my way to the altar. I got honest with God and called on Him for mercy. I had nothing to recommend me—only a life of sin—but God met me and saved my soul. I well remember the change that was made in my life. He took out every one of those old habits and the desire for sin.

I was not only a sinner, but I was diseased in my body. The doctor had tried all of his skill and medicine, but had failed to cure me. When I knelt and called on God for mercy, He saved my soul and also healed my body. I haven't needed a physician since.

I praise God for this wonderful Gospel! I thank Him for something real, for a life that has been changed. For twenty-six years, I have been on the job without one oath passing through these lips! Also, I have not had a drop of liquor, used tobacco, or been in any questionable places. This is a marvelous feat for a man like me. I was weak and could not have quit any of these things in my own strength; God did this for me. He helps me live for Him every day. I praise Him, and want to press on to be ready when Jesus comes.



Ernest Landers

In 1924, I was on my way to California when I stopped in Portland, Oregon, for a day or two of rest. During that time, the Lord permitted me to come into contact with the Apostolic Faith people. I was standing at the corner of Sixth and Washington when a big truck-like car drove up. Some members of the Apostolic Faith got out and began to hold a street meeting. I don't believe I would have listened if I had not been standing there already, but what they said interested me. They testified to how the Lord had saved their souls and healed their bodies. The drunkard, the dope fiend, and the moral man all had the same testimony of salvation and deliverance. That kind of power in the Gospel was a revelation to my soul. I had never heard anything like it.

Some of the men said the Lord had healed their bodies of incurable diseases. I thought that was remarkable. I made up my mind to investigate, because I had tuberculosis, a dreadful malignant disease of the lungs, and was unable to find a cure

for it. My mother and brother had died of the same thing, and the physicians had given up on me.

I had been raised carefully in a good home in Germany, but I had never heard of people being healed by the Lord. My folks were proud, stiff-necked members of the Lutheran faith. We attended church, Sunday school, and Bible teachings, but divine healing wasn't preached. The word "salvation" was mentioned in our church, but I was under the impression it was just another word for religion.

Though I was taught and educated under the strictest discipline in the Lutheran doctrine and in fundamental Christian belief, my parents failed to teach me the way of salvation. I could pass for a good Christian boy, and later was considered a fine, polished, young man, but I was not a Christian. I did not harm or cheat anyone, and I lived a clean, moral life, but I did not have Jesus in my heart.

My father was the senior member of a shoe manufacturing company, so I received a fine education. I went away to school and when I came back, I was an affirmed unbeliever. I no longer believed in the virgin birth or the divinity of Christ. The devil had robbed me of faith. Instead, I had turned to the religion of the mind. I had a lot of nonsense in my head, but no reality—just pretense.

In this deplorable condition, I came into my first Apostolic Faith meeting on a Sunday night. The congregation had already started singing, and I was impressed by the music. I took in the meeting with interest. At the close, I made an effort to go forward to the altar, but people were kneeling everywhere and there was no room for one more. About half way down the aisle, someone set a chair in front of me and asked if I wanted to kneel and pray. I bent my stubborn knees and cried out for mercy.

I forgot all about my sickness, my weak and emaciated body; my only concern was for my soul. I prayed hard giving up my rebellion and unbelief, and the Lord came in and saved me and made a real change in my life. Afterwards, the leaders in the church prayed for me, because I was just skin and bones. The next morning, I found that the Lord had healed me of that terrible disease, tuberculosis.

That was twenty-five years ago, and I am still under the Blood and have the victory today. God has healed me on many occasions since then, and He has sanctified me and filled me with the Holy Spirit. He has never failed me. I praise the Lord for this wonderful old-time Gospel.

Elsie Dorr

I praise God for this wonderful Gospel. And I praise Him for the power in the Blood of Jesus to save. I tried Spiritualism, Socialism, Christian Science, Mental Science, Theosophy, and New Thought—anything to find a way out of sin, but instead of taking me out, these things took me deeper and deeper into sin.

I was a Spiritualist for thirty years and a Socialist for twenty. I was so far away from God that I no longer believed in God. Then in 1911 some Apostolic Faith people came to my hometown in Tumwater, Washington, to hold tent meetings. I went with the intention of converting the preachers to Spiritualism; I thought I knew more about the hereafter than they did.

During the meeting I heard that we could live without sin, and that we could know we were saved. I had never heard this before. In Spiritualism we believed we could live in all kinds of sin and then progress out of it into a higher sphere after death.

When I tried to talk to the ministers after the meeting, they asked me to get down on my knees and let them pray for me. Until that night, I had not felt any condemnation on my heart, but when I got on my knees, the Lord showed me where I was spiritually. Suddenly, I was hanging right over a bottomless pit of blackness with my whole weight on my fingertips. As I started to slip, I heard a Voice say, "Which will you take: this or Jesus?" I said, "I will take Jesus." Then I confessed my sins saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." In a moment of time God washed away all my sins. He lifted me out of that pit and planted my feet on the solid Rock, Christ Jesus. When I got up, I knew a change had taken place.

I knew I was saved, and oh how I praised the Lord all the rest of the night. In the morning, everything looked new; the sun shone brighter and the leaves were greener. It was wonderful. Gone was the dancing, the card playing, the jewelry, the lodges, and the sinful books.

My Spiritualist friends laughed and sneered, but I did not care. Salvation was what I had been longing for ever since I could remember. I had sought refuge in spiritualism, but found no peace or comfort there, and no answers to prayer. Now I take refuge in the Blood of Jesus. Whenever I am sick, I turn to God, and He has never failed me.

I praise God for the sanctifying power in the Blood. He sanctified me with the second, definite work of grace, and it surely was definite. I thank God, too, for the baptism of the Holy Ghost and fire that gives me power to tell the Story of Jesus. I surely recommend this Gospel.



Einar Nelson

I was brought up on a farm out in North Dakota. In that home, we did not have time for church. Mother died suddenly when I was five years old. We were a large family and Dad needed help. It took him a year to sell our farm and move us to Wisconsin where our grandmother could move in and help. I am thankful God sent her. She lived a Christian life before me, and I knew she had the old-time religion. She read the Bible, and taught us about Jesus, Heaven, and Hell. I believed there was a Heaven to gain and a Hell to shun. She made Heaven sound so good; I used to wish I could go there.

When I was twelve years old, she was taken away. There was no more religious training, but I remembered what she taught me about Hell, and it bothered me for years. As a teenager, I would go out drinking on Saturday nights and then tremble with conviction after disobeying God. However, I did not know how to obtain salvation.

I began to feel sorry for myself and went the downward way. I felt cheated out of a mother and grandmother. I started to drink, smoke, and curse. I swore like a trooper, and I thought I was pretty tough. I thought that is what it took to be a man.

I would see the neighbors drive by my farm on their way to church on Sunday mornings, but I didn't think I needed to go. I didn't think religion was for me. God did not let me go very long in that state of mind. He showed me the way I was living was wrong and made me miserable in my sin. To justify my actions, I began to scoff at religion and argue different points with others. I am so glad for God's mercy and longsuffering.

One night when I was nineteen, in the prime of life, I was taken to a hospital in the middle of a snowstorm and given an emergency operation. I was not expected to live. I lay sick in that hospital for almost a year and had three more operations. During that time, God spoke to my heart and I began to think about eternity. I decided I would live differently when I got out, but I didn't have God in my heart. As soon as I was released, I went right back to the same crowd.

I got sick again and went back into the hospital. I was nothing but skin and bones by then. The doctor came to my room and told me I would have to go back on the operating table. I had almost died every time before—had even been in a coma—so I expected I would stand before my Maker in a few hours. I gave up all hope. Then God laid it on my heart that I needed help from somewhere other than man.

It was the night of December 16, 1931 when I looked up to the great God of Heaven in sorrow, with a broken and contrite heart, and asked Him to show me what to do. He showed me there was sin in my heart. My sins were piled up as high as a mountain. I was afraid to die and go to Hell. I was so close to it and I did not want to get any closer. My grandmother had told me God would forgive me if I asked. I pled with Him to forgive me, but I did not believe He would be so merciful. Finally, I looked up and said, "I don't know what to do. I will just have to trust You."

Suddenly that burden of sin that was on my heart rolled away. My soul flooded with the peace of Heaven. I felt as if I had never committed a wrong act in my life. I felt so clean—as innocent as a

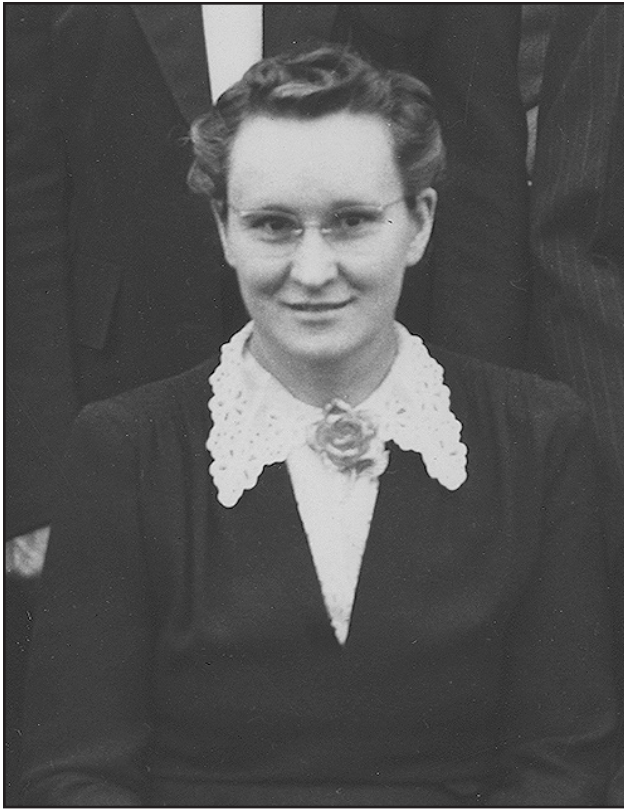
baby. In a moment of time, the drinking, cursing, and smoking were gone. I thought, If I die on the operating table, I will not go to Hell. I did not know what God would do for me physically, but I felt at peace in my soul. God gave me more than peace; He healed my body. I never had the operation. After a few days, the doctor took my bandages off and sent me home.

When I got back to the farm, I wanted to know more about God. I didn't even have a Bible. I purchased a paperback New Testament. It seemed like the message in it was meant for me. God shed light on one subject and then another. I wanted to line up to what I read. As I prayed, God helped me to do this. I wondered what church I should join. There were a lot of them around. I began to pray earnestly that God would lead me to His people, so I wandered from one church to another seeking them. About a year later, a friend gave me an Apostolic Faith paper. It was yellowed with age. It seemed many had already read it. It was just what I had been looking for. I read those testimonies and said in my heart, "This is exactly what God did for me while I was in the hospital; He cleaned me up." I had been ridiculed by my friends for giving up liquor and tobacco, and here were people who had done the same.

I wondered if there was any way God could get me to where those people were. Portland, Oregon, seemed so far away. I wanted to go to their annual camp meeting. I prayed, and God answered my prayer. When I arrived, I thought I would stay for just a few days, but I have been here for many years now.

God has been good to me. One time I was injured in an accident about thirty miles from the campground. A man brought me onto the campground through the side gate and interrupted the prayer meeting. Someone brought me a chair and I sat out on the gravel walkway while two ministers prayed for me. As I raised my arm toward Heaven, the pain went away. God showed me that He was still well able to take care of me.

I have found down through the years that it pays to serve the Lord. I thank God for the Gospel.



Helen Lippert

When my mother first came into the Gospel, I did not want to be a Christian. I resisted the Spirit of God because I wanted the foolishness of the world. I was a worldly girl who had started going out into the dance halls and theaters when very young. I thought that was the only way a young person could have a good time.

We had a large family and there were several of us who went to these places. My mother was faithful in prayer, though. I can remember how she prayed for us; I heard her many times. She held on in prayer for me while I was out trying to find satisfaction in worldly pleasures.

In spite of my mother's wishes, my husband and I held dances in our home. Every weekend, we celebrated, but I did not find happiness in that life. Instead, I was an unhappy person, and many times life really did not mean much to me.

My mother lived a true Christian life before me every day. This brought Holy Ghost conviction

on my soul. God began speaking to my heart. It seemed I couldn't get away from the Voice of God. Though I was stubborn and rebellious, God dealt definitely with me. I am thankful for His faithfulness, because the time came when I wanted something better than the whiskey, dance halls, and cigarettes.

After twelve years, my mother's prayers were answered. I knelt at an altar and called on God for mercy. I asked for the same religion my mother had. My plea was heard; the Lord saved me and made a wonderful change in my heart and life. He gave me a teachable spirit.

It seems that I just began to live when Jesus saved my soul. Salvation brought a peace I never found in the paths of sin, and God gave me so much to live for.

The Lord also wrought miracles in our home. He healed a cancer that the doctors could not touch. I rejoice in God's goodness and appreciate the old-time religion; it means more than life to me.

Charles Jimerson

I thank God that somebody told me the story that sinners can be saved by grace. I do not like to mention that I was brought up in a drunkard's home, but for as far back as I can remember, my dad was a drunkard. I followed in his footsteps, though I do not blame him for my own actions.

The devil had me believing I could use will power to drink in moderation and avoid being a drunkard. I found out it could not be done—not in my case anyway. When I tried to use will power, I went from bad to worse, and ended up a helpless drunkard at the age of thirty-five.

That was back in the Roaring Twenties. The country was supposed to be “dry,” but there was always someplace where a person could get a drink. I knew every speak-easy and gambling joint. Every payday, I would get my check and go out with the boys. I always meant to only have a few drinks and go home to my family, but I would end up arriving home with all my money spent—money that should have gone to my children.

This went on year after year. After each one of those incidents, I would tell my wife, “That is the last time! I will never go on another drunk!” But it did not work out that way. I would climb on the water wagon and remain sober for two or three weeks, and then it would be the same thing all over again.

Then, in 1940, I came to the Apostolic Faith tabernacle on a Sunday morning. I sat through the whole meeting and heard the most beautiful thing I had ever heard in my life—the story of Jesus. No one had ever told me that Jesus could help those who could not help themselves.

When the altar call was given, it seemed as though I was glued to the spot. I wanted to go to the altar, but I could not move—I did not have the courage.

I did not go home disappointed, though. I stayed for the afternoon, and attended a second service that night. The same wonderful story was told about the love of Jesus. This time, after the service, it seemed that a magnet was pulling me toward the altar. I got down on my knees and asked Jesus Christ if He would help me. As soon as I knelt down, the old devil came around and said, “There is nothing here for you. Get up and leave. You can come back here anytime.”

I got up and started out of the building, but somebody who knew that Jesus answered prayer followed me a few steps. He laid his hand on my shoulder and said, “Brother, did you get what you came for?” I said, “No. There is nothing here for me. I will come back another time.” He said, “Don't leave now. Pray some more, and God will answer your prayer.”

I dropped to my knees right where I was standing and asked Jesus if He would help me. I promised that if He would forgive me for every sin I had committed and take the booze out of my life, I would forever turn my back on sin. As quick as you could snap your finger, the power of God came down and broke every shackle and set me free. The very desire for alcohol left, and it has never come back.

That wasn't yesterday. That was nineteen years ago. I praise God that Jesus helps those who cannot help themselves.



Delmar Chastain

As a teenager, I went to church only to please my parents and to be with my friends. I wasn't an atheist or an infidel, I just wanted to do so many other things. I especially enjoyed outdoor activities. I was wrapped up in the wonders of nature, but I had no time for the Creator.

I am thankful for parents who prayed for my salvation, because when I was eighteen years old, God permitted an incident to take place in my life which got my attention. I was rafting on the Upper Klamath Lake when a storm came up. Waves began to dash over the top of the little raft I was on. There was no one to help me, and I realized I was going into eternity where I would face God.

I began to pray, telling God, "If You will spare my life, I will serve You." The hand of God came down and the wind began to shift; it began blowing from the east to the west which is very unusual for that location. I realized God was giving me a fighting chance to reach land. I began to

battle my way toward shore. It took nearly an hour, and when I got there, I looked up at the stormy sky and thanked God for sparing my life. I knew I had not deserved an answer to prayer because I was a sinner, but God had answered anyway. Again, I promised Him I would serve Him.

Over the next few weeks, a battle raged in my soul as the devil tried to get me to ignore my promise. Then God spoke to my heart, asking, "Del, if you gain the whole round world but lose your own soul what will it profit you?" I knew I could not afford to miss Heaven!

The next Sunday morning, I went to church with one purpose, and that was to get saved. However, it isn't always easy. I sat with a group of young men in what we called, "skid row." We spent our time during the services cutting up. Towards the close of each meeting, one of the boys would point the toe of his shoe toward the door. Eventually, that caught on and all of us began doing it. On this Sunday, he pointed his toe toward the door and I pointed mine toward the altar. The others saw it, and I lost my nerve; I found myself starting to go out of the church with my friends. Someone stopped me at the door and said, "Del, don't you want to pray?" I answered, "Yes, I do." I had only needed some encouragement.

At the front of the church, I knelt at the altar and prayed. God rolled away the burden of sin, and the peace of Heaven flooded my soul. Satan had convinced me that I could not be happy as a Christian, but when that old story of love that I had heard all my life became real to me, I was thrilled. I realized that for so long I had been passing up the greatest thing in the world.

The next day, I took my best friend up on a hill to talk to him about God. Although I had been saved only one day, I knew something wonderful had happened to me. He was very enthusiastic, but decided to put off salvation for later, telling me he wanted to join the Naval Air Force and didn't think he could maintain Christianity while in the service. He did join the Air Force, flying all over during World War II, and became an officer. Sometime after the war was over, he was driving to Eureka, California, with his family when an accident involving two logging trucks took place on the road in front of him. One of the trucks hurled toward him and he was killed instantly at the age of twenty-nine. I went to the funeral home and looked at him in his officer's uniform, lying in a casket with the

American Flag draped over it. He had achieved what he set out to do, but I wondered, How was it with your soul?

Just a few months after getting saved, I also went into military service. I spent thirty-six months overseas in Europe, and I saw God perform marvelous miracles there.

One time I was granted a furlough with a couple of buddies. We were to stay for a week in England with a pastor and his wife. Before we left camp, the First Sergeant said, "Del, you are going to stay with Christian people. Take double rations for you and your friends." We took a lot of food on our bicycles to the house.

When we arrived, the wife said her husband was at the market trying to find some fish. Food was scarce during the war, and he had only fifty cents to spend. We began to unpack the food we had brought and pile it on the floor. When she saw it, she began to cry with joy. She said, "My husband and I have been praying for something to feed you fellows." When the pastor came home, he saw the food on the floor and said, "Praise the Lord." His wife cooked a big meal. Then we thanked God for the food, and what a prayer meeting we had! When we returned to the army base and told about our good time on furlough, many of the boys then wanted to make a change in their lives and attend church.

For many years, I have proved that being a Christian is a good way, a happy way. I thank God for giving me the greatest thing in the world: His great salvation.



Harold Kasper

I was born on September 24, 1919 in Lookout, California. When I was about three years old, my dad, who was a rancher and cow puncher, lost his sheep ranch and moved our family to Klamath Falls, Oregon, where he could find work. There, he became broken through a series of troubling events. Among other things, he injured his back and was unable to work and support his family. Also, my five-year-old brother became gravely ill with tubercular meningitis. During that time, I can remember climbing up on my dad's lap and helping to light his cigarettes. Soon, though, everything was changed in our home, including my dad's behavior.

In May of 1923, Clarence Frost and a band of Apostolic Faith workers knocked on our door to invite us to tent meetings that were about to be held in town. My dad was so discouraged that they asked if he wanted to pray right then. He said yes and got down by a chair in the kitchen

and prayed through to salvation. Then Brother Frost and the workers prayed for his back, and he was instantly healed. After observing my father for a few days, my mother also prayed and was saved. In September, my brother did die, but the Lord was with our family through that time and comforted us.

Within a year, an Apostolic Faith church was formed in Klamath Falls, and my family began attending. I received salvation as a young boy. Then I wanted to learn to play an instrument, so I acquired a used trombone. Before long, I was asked to play in the church orchestra. As I got older, I served the Lord in the music department, playing in church services and at outdoor meetings.

I quit high school in the tenth grade to help support our family along with my dad who was now a stone mason and brick layer. This was during the depression, and times were difficult.

When I was about eighteen, I met Carolyn Joli, who was twenty, during a camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. We married in 1940 at the Cass house near the campground. Then we settled down to married life in Klamath Falls, and attended church there.

At some point, I got side-tracked and did not feel that I was where I should be spiritually. Not knowing what to do about it, I just continued in the church work. As time went on, I became bitter at different things I saw around me, and the Lord began to talk to me about my attitude. He showed me that I needed to do something about it. I realized that it wasn't everyone else who was wrong, it was me! I admitted that I was not right with God and started over, praying through to salvation.

In the next meeting, I sat in the back of the sanctuary, and when the ministers and those on the platform got up from praying before the start of the service, I looked over at my wife and said, "Isn't it beautiful?" To me, they looked like angels. She asked, "What is beautiful?" To her everything looked as usual, but I had a completely new outlook.

Soon after we were married, my wife and I had two little girls. World War II was being fought, and even though I had a family, I was drafted into the United States Army. In June of 1944, I was sent to serve my country after completing boot camp and basic training.

It was hard to leave my family and go off to war, but I gave my life completely over to the Lord, and He protected me through many harrowing experiences. I was sent to the Philippines and served

on the front lines. There were many close calls where my life was in danger, and many times when I felt the protecting hand of the Lord. Later, I was sent to Japan as part of the occupation of Japan. I returned home in January of 1946, grateful that the Lord had brought me through safely without a scratch and had taken care of my family while I was gone.

In June, it was decided that the Apostolic Faith Church in Klamath Falls would close after the Portland camp meeting. However, a new branch was opening in Eureka, California. In the fall, I went with a group of men from our church to look for work among the lumber mills in Eureka. We did find jobs and began working. My wife was pregnant, so she stayed behind. In December, our son was born, in February, the new church was dedicated, and in March, I moved my family to Eureka.

There were many opportunities to help in the church work in Eureka. It wasn't long before a choir and orchestra were established, and jail and street meetings were being held. My wife and I became Sunday school teachers, and then in about 1956, I was asked to be a youth minister. I preached in the young people's services at first, and then later in the regular services.

In 1969, I was asked to be an assistant minister in Grants Pass, Oregon. My wife and I still had one daughter at home, but we willingly went to be of service in the Lord's work. Tearfully, we packed up and made the move, leaving behind our older children and grandchildren.

We have had many years now to serve the Lord in most every phase of the work. There have been some hard times, but the Lord has brought us through each of them.

Harold Kasper went to be with the Lord on September 20, 2011.



Nina Paulson

I have peace and joy and blessing in the service of the King.

In 1913, almost sixty years ago, a neighbor told my mother that some people from the Apostolic Faith Church were coming to Seattle, Washington, to hold evangelistic meetings. My mother went with her to the first meeting, and when she came home, she was different. God had saved her.

I hadn't known what it meant to be a real Christian before that, although my mother had done her very best to rear me right. I grew up in a good home, listening to Bible stories and learning to pray at Mother's knee. I had gone to church and Sunday school for as far back as I could remember. However, Mother had not known what it meant to be saved. I believe God looked down into our hearts and saw the desire to do right.

I went to the meetings and heard the testimonies. They told that God could make a real change

in one's heart. They said a person could live above sin after being saved. I did not know before that time that I was a sinner. I had tried to live morally all my life. However, I had never had a change of heart.

As I sat in the services, God convicted me. He showed me that I would have to repent or be lost. I am glad that I did not turn the Story down when I heard it. One afternoon, I made my way to the altar and asked God to be merciful to me a sinner. I was only fifteen years of age and had not committed many outward sins, but the change in my life was as real as if I had been in the depths of sin. The sinful things of the world dropped off and I found it very good to serve God.

I went to work in an office a few years later as a bookkeeper in the City of Seattle. I worked with many people my age, and found I could live a Christian life among them every day.

I married, had a little family, and trusted the Lord for the healing of my three children. I never gave them a drop of medicine. Our oldest daughter had polio and it left her with crossed eyes. Then, some of the Apostolic Faith workers stayed overnight in our home. Before our little girl was put to bed that night, the ministers prayed for her. When she got up the next morning and came to the breakfast table, her eyes were as straight as before the illness had struck her.

I have proved the Lord in many places and He has never failed me. Just this morning, I was suffering and I told the Lord, "I need help!" I knelt at my bedside and He touched me instantly.

I am glad I found God, who hears and answers prayer. He has proved to be faithful and true in my life. I praise Him with all my heart, and I love Him more than anything in the world. It has meant so much to me to be able to give Him my life all these years.

Hazel Northup

In 1939, my husband and I moved to a little place south of Port Angeles, Washington. I thought it strange that we should move, because we had no reason to, but God had seen the hunger in my heart for reality. I wanted to know how I could be a real Christian. I had gone to a church service one evening and afterward while going home, looked up into the sky and asked God, “How can a person know they are a Christian?” Then I thought, Someday, I will find a people who have the real thing.

When I attended my first Apostolic Faith service in Port Angeles, I knew I had found God’s people. I went to the altar, but did not know how to pray, so I went home.

At home, I got down by my bedside and said, “I am going to have it. I am not going to wait until there is another meeting. I want what these people have.” In a moment of time God rolled the burden of sin away. He gave me peace and happiness. Such joy flooded my soul. I knew I had been washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

Later, God sanctified me and baptized me with the Holy Ghost. He also saved my husband.

God has been good to me down through the years. He has undertaken for my body many times. In 1935, I was very sick with colitis. I recovered partially, but continued to struggle the rest of my life with this illness. I took every medicine I had ever heard of that might help. In 1951, I was very sick again. I was in pain for weeks and lost forty pounds. After my husband died in 1952, I moved to Tacoma, Washington, and became worse. Nothing would do me any good. I made up my mind to trust God and I threw away all my medicine. I was prayed for according to God’s Word, and He healed me. It was the most wonderful thing. I was fifty-nine—to think that after all those years, God would do that for me.

I praise God for the Gospel; I love it with all my heart and I want to be faithful all the way.

Ray Roby



I thank God for the workers and ministers who put forth an effort to spread the Gospel story. I had never been taught the right way to live, and back in Centerville, Iowa, as just a young man, I was bound by about every sin in the world.

When I was in my early twenties, bound by sin on every hand, I was given a Gospel tract published by the Apostolic Faith Church entitled, “Can a Christian use Tobacco?” I had tried to quit smoking, but was bound by that habit. I would throw away my cigarettes only to find myself crawling around in the bushes the next day trying to find them. I read in the little tract that God could deliver me from smoking and all other sinful things in my life. I wrote to the headquarters of the Apostolic Faith for further instructions, and they told me I could pray in my own home. They said God would save me and give me a witness in my heart that it was real.

I began to pray. People made fun of me, but I kept right on praying. One morning, after I had refrained from smoking cigarettes for three days, I felt burdened down by sin. Standing by my back door getting ready to go to work, I sent up an S.O.S. to God. I threw the cigarettes away and said, “I am going to turn my life over to You, Lord. Take my life and do what You want with it.” Then I said, “God make it real.” God came down and saved my soul; there was a change in my heart right then. I never had a doubt about it. The desire for smoking was gone, the drinking and stealing were gone, and those sinful appetites have never come back. I have been free from that day to this.

My wife, Rosie, was not a Christian, but she watched my life of victory and soon afterward also prayed and received an assurance of salvation. After a short period of time, we inquired of the Apostolic Faith if there was more to the Christian life. In response, we were sent literature and encouraged to seek a second definite work of grace called “sanctification.” I tried to pray in my home with no success, and then heard there might be a group of believers in St. Louis, Missouri. I had no transportation, so I set out hitchhiking. It was winter and my trench coat would freeze in between rides, but the next ride would thaw me out. I eventually found that my travel was in vain; I did not find the group I was hoping to. After arriving back in Centerville, I was sitting with my feet in a pan of warm water talking to the Lord when His Spirit came down and sanctified my soul. Later, Rosie and I both received the baptism of the Holy Spirit—before we were ever in an Apostolic Faith meeting; it was all by corresponding through literature. Both in our early twenties, God had given us a foundation for our marriage.

About ten years later, in 1943, we sold all our possessions in Iowa and moved to Medford, Oregon, with our five little children to be in the Apostolic Faith Church. I had rheumatoid arthritis at that time from working in the damp coal mines. It had been nearly seven years. I worked with a hammer, and every time I brought it down on a nail, the jolt would hurt my wrist. In 1944, to satisfy the draft board, x-rays were taken of my wrists. I was told I had only one or two good joints left; the rest were black as coal. I could not lift a sugar bowl and pass it along the table. I began to pray that May, and I prayed until September. Then one night a brother said, “Get a grip on God’s promises. Get a

witness that God hears you, and all the devils in Hell won't be able to rob you of the answer." I began to pray more fervently, and one Sunday, after having been anointed and prayed for by the ministers, I felt different; I felt something was going to happen. I continued to hold onto God, and the next Wednesday morning on the street corner, God spoke out of Heaven and said, "What would you do if I healed you?" After all those sleepless nights and pain, I said, "God I don't have anything to give you, but I'll tell about it." God came down right there and healed me instantly. He put me back on my feet. I have put foundations under existing houses, finished concrete, built fireplaces, and used a hammer all day.

I love this Gospel. My wife and I have a happy home. It is a great privilege to gather our five children around the table and give thanks to God. The Spirit comes down and blesses us. I thank God for the old-time religion.

After being healed, Brother Ray continued to do hard work with his hands for over forty years. He and his wife, Rosie, are now in Heaven with three of their children while the remaining two continue to serve the Lord.

James O'Brien



I praise God for this mighty salvation. Twenty-eight years ago, I walked into an Apostolic Faith camp meeting and felt the Spirit of God. I had never heard a testimony, and had never heard a Gospel song, but I met the Spirit of God that day—and I knew it!

Before I left that meeting, a man stepped up to me and asked, “Brother, are you a sinner or a Christian?” I squared myself, but he just asked, “Do you have habits and appetites?” I said, “Yes, I have.” He said, “Let us cast those demons out of you.” I said, “If you can, then do it.” He pointed to the altar bench and said, “Kneel down here,” so I knelt and they prayed until the tobacco appetite was gone. I haven’t wanted tobacco from that day to this. That was two weeks before I received salvation.

The moment God had me under conviction, things began to change. I used to go home to my farm and family every two weeks. After

the Apostolic Faith people prayed for me, I went home. My boy saw me coming down the road and came running to meet me. Then he saw that I was without my pipe—something he had never seen before—and he ran back to the house and told everyone before I could get there. My wife said, “You need to keep going to that place.”

I knew the Apostolic Faith people had something real, but I didn’t think it was for me. I thought I had drifted too far for God to ever work in my case, so I went back into sin. I was in a saloon over on the east side of the river for the third night in a row when a man said, “Have a drink?” I said, “Not tonight.” Then he said, “Have a smoke?” I said, “Not tonight.” He asked, “Will you play cards?” I said, “Not tonight.” Then, as I was sitting there, I saw two hands stretched out before me, one holding a dark glass, and one holding a clear glass. I heard a Voice say, “Which one will you take—everlasting death or everlasting life? I chose everlasting life! I left that saloon and have never wanted to go in one again.

The Apostolic Faith people were still holding camp meeting, so I went to the campground. They prayed for me, and God saved me. Peace flowed like a river through my soul. The moment I was saved, there was a change in my life—the old life passed away and all things became new. The men at the workbench in the mechanic shop saw it the next morning in my attitude. I felt that the old emery wheels, the sparks that flew, and all else were praising God. When I returned to my farm, I went justified by faith. As I headed home along the railroad tracks, it seemed as if I was walking on air.

There is power in the Blood of Jesus to set free, and whom the Son sets free, is free indeed. I was a man who stammered and stuttered all my life—forty-three years. I would chew my cheeks until they bled to get a word out. My wife used to have to answer questions for me in my own home. This was not a habit I picked up; I was born with it, and my grandparents stuttered before me. But when God saved me, the Blood of Jesus broke every chain and fetter that had me bound. I was set free from stuttering. I have a son who is thirty-one years old. When he started to talk, he was bound the same as I was. He would lie on the floor and cry and kick and scream because he couldn’t talk. The same God who broke the chains that bound me, broke the chains that bound him. The Word of

God says that in the last days the stammering tongue shall speak plainly (Isaiah 32:4). My son and I stand as living witnesses to this.

The Word of God also says there is power in the Gospel of Christ unto salvation to everyone that believeth (Romans 1:16). I am thankful I can testify to that as well, having had peace, joy, and victory for many years now.



Vivian Getti

I stood on a street corner in Portland, Oregon, one Sunday afternoon, in 1911, and heard that God answers prayer. I needed a Savior that day. I was a deep-dyed sinner, a fallen woman, living in this city when it was wide open. Sin had wrecked and blighted my life. I was born with an awful temper and had spent time behind bars for the crime of attempted murder. From the time I was a little child I often turned white with anger.

I never knew a mother's love, and never had a home after the age of nine. By the age of eighteen I was living a life of sin and shame. The way of the transgressor is a hard one. I know the remorse of that awful life. It left me with a broken heart, and I spent many nights weeping until my face was almost blistered by tears.

Many times I tried to straighten up and live a life of reform, but that utterly failed. Resolutions could not save me. I thought if someone cared, it would surely help me to do better, but no one cared what became of

me. Sin had made me a nameless outcast.

The awful disease of consumption fastened on me, and was taking me down to an early grave. I needed encouragement, but did not get it from the world. I needed a helping hand, but no one ever gave it to me. So I drifted on, discouraged and hopeless.

Then I heard the Story of Jesus. I knew I was a sinner doomed for Hell. That day in my room, I went down on my knees before God, and He saved my soul. How I thank Him for the Blood of Jesus that can transform a sinner! Since then, I haven't known what it is to be angry.

Afterward, I did not want anyone to know how I had lived before, but God showed me to confess about my life and testify so that others might know there is hope. I praise God for His great love to me.

Pauline White

God came into my heart one day and brought me out of darkness. He saved me and gave me a mind to live a holy sanctified life. After He saved me, He sanctified me, and then baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

I praise God for the healing of my body. He tells us in I John 3:22, we can ask anything of Him and receive it if we keep His commandments. We have to step out on His promises.

Some years ago, I was lying in a hospital bed. The doctors had given up, but I wrote to the Apostolic Faith people to pray for me. There was nothing to do then, but to wait on God. I said, "Lord, I want You to take hold. I want to live for Jesus on this earth. I want to be a witness for You." Then I stepped out on faith, and God stepped in. I said, "God, I want You to look down upon me this morning!" I got up from that hospital bed and started to walk out. At first, I found I could only walk a few feet, but I kept going. As I headed out of the hospital the doctor said, "If you walk, you will fall and you will burst your brains out on the street." I said, "The Lord is able to undertake." As I went through the doors, I did fall, but I got back up. That evening, I was able to walk slowly and talk. My husband asked if I wanted to go to church. I said, "Yes, you help me get ready and I will go." I went to the meeting and the saints told me to take it easy. I said, "No. God has healed me," and the Lord did heal me. I never had to take medication for that or go back to the hospital for an operation.

Another time, I had a sore on my side. It was about three inches through. It kept bleeding and I thought it was cancer. It was there for quite some time. One day my husband said we could no longer have the saints over to eat with us because of the sore. That put a terrible burden on my soul, for we always kept our house open for the saints. That night I got on my knees and prayed nearly all night. The next day I went to church and showed the sore to Sister Kelly. She said, "Let me anoint and pray for you." She prayed the first time and wanted to look at the sore again. It had quit bleeding. When she prayed the third time and looked, the skin was smooth. There was never even a scar left from it.

I thank God for all He has done for me. There is a song that says, "Count your blessings." I can't even count my blessings, there are so many.



Harold Northup

I was a drunken logger when I stepped into an Apostolic Faith church with my mother in 1939. She thought I was too far gone for the Lord to do anything for me. In the logging camp, I lived the worst kind of life. Drink was all I cared about. I was a liar and a thief—I would even steal from my best friend. It seemed there wasn't anything I wouldn't do in sin.

I was miserable in the life I was living. My heart was full of sin and heartache. I was discouraged and down in the depths of despair. But in the darkest hour of my life, someone invited me to a church service.

As I sat in the meeting, I heard the sacred music and the Word of God. Oh how good the testimonies sounded to me! I heard amazing things—that God answered prayer, delivered men from sin, and gave real peace. It all registered with me. I had been to many different churches, but I had never heard anything like that before. That was a

real message to me. Tears began to fall as I realized that there truly was a God in Heaven and that He loved even me.

After the service, I went forward and just fell in a heap at the altar of prayer. I began to pour out my heart to the Lord. I didn't know anything about salvation, so I just asked for mercy. I said, "God, will You please forgive me for the terrible life I have lived?" As I prayed, I gave my life unreservedly to God, and something happened. The Heavens opened and the love of God filled my soul. When that love came in, the old devil had to let loose. God filled my heart with more joy and happiness than I ever knew the human heart could contain. He gave me the peace I had searched for. It came right from Heaven, and changed the whole course of my life. I lost all my sins right there.

I went home to the logging camp singing the praises of God. I cleaned the tobacco and whisky out of my house; the desire for such things was gone. When I awoke the next morning, that wonderful peace was still there, and I was able to go to work among the loggers and live for God.

That first day, I dug out my dust-covered Bible which was brand new, and began to read it. I realized that I needed to make restitution for the many things I had stolen. I began to make restitutions and pay back debts. I went to one man who could have thrown me in jail. When I confessed to him, he didn't know what to say so he walked out to his garden and picked me a bouquet of roses. I paid another man for a cow I had stolen from him. He thought it was wonderful.

In the logging camp, I worked on the high rigging and also ran a bulldozer. I have seen the Lord protect me in one hair-raising incident after another. Once, I was building a road and pushing rock over a cliff of about a hundred feet. I backed up at one point and watched the road where I had just been collapse and go crashing down the hillside. More than once I just missed being buried by an avalanche. One time, I was pulling a log when it got caught. As I was working it loose, a huge fir tree came down right where I would have been. Another time I got hooked front and back by a sixty-pound tong. God loosed those tongs or I would have been ripped from one end to the other. How I was spared was a mystery to many. Twice, I've been a passenger in a car that rolled, but I walked away both times. The Lord has had His hand over my life. I am thankful He guides through the storms.

I am also thankful that God hears and answers prayer. In 1972, I had a major heart attack. I had been working hard all day packing shingles. When I got home to the boarding house, the doctor was called. As soon as he had inspected me, he sent for an ambulance. I spent three days in the intensive care unit. Then for two weeks, I lay on my back in the hospital unable to even raise my hand. There was no fear in my heart, though. I told the doctor he didn't have to worry about me, because I had made my peace with God. He remarked, "There are not many who can say that." As he watched me recover from day to day he said, "It is amazing how quickly you are coming through this." That was a revelation to me about how God takes care of a person.

In 1980 I had a stroke which was far worse than the heart attack. It was so bad that I couldn't hold a conversation with anyone. I had to remain lying down most of the day. When the doctor examined me, he said the arteries in my neck were clogged and he would have to operate. I said, "Doctor, I am going to trust the Lord." He said I might live three months, and then he went his way and I went mine. I think I have done pretty well. I drove from Port Angeles, Washington, to Portland, Oregon, this morning. I look forward to meeting Jesus someday to thank Him for watching over me.

What a thrill it is to serve the Lord and have the hope of eternity. That is worth everything. There is nothing I crave more than to make Heaven my home.



Richard Neufeld

I praise God for this marvelous salvation. My mother in her weakness had sometimes told me about Jesus, but it did not register. By 1931, I was a teenager drifting deep into sin. I am thankful God sent faithful people all the way from the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon, to tell us folks in Saskatchewan, Canada, about the Gospel. If they had kept the joy of salvation to themselves, I would never have been saved.

They shared the Gospel with my mother and she got saved. She became so happy, and gave our home over to be used as a church. The Apostolic Faith people held special meetings in our home, and God began to talk to me. He began to convict my soul.

These people said Jesus could save young men and women, and set them free. I saw some of the other young people get saved and it appealed to my heart. Until then, I had not known that boys and girls could be saved and experience a real

change in their heart.

There was a price to pay to receive it, though. The Lord really convicted me and showed me the cost of being a Christian. I would have to give up drinking, dancing, and card playing. I tried to bargain with God. I told him I would quit stealing, lying, and cursing, but there was one thing I could not give up: tobacco. I did not believe God could deliver me from that.

I became miserable with conviction. About a month after the meetings in our home started, my mother asked me to attend Sunday school. I went with a burden; my heart was so heavy. They told me God could roll that burden away. I can remember just sitting on a bench in the back and raising my hand for prayer. The workers came and took my hand and began to lead me to the altar. I was shaking like a leaf. I couldn't take another step. I dropped to my knees in the middle of the aisle and made a complete surrender. I told God, "Take everything," and something wonderful happened. I was saved right there in the aisle. All at once, the burden lifted. The peace of Heaven flooded my soul. The fear and condemnation were gone. I felt so free.

It was no struggle to quit smoking and drinking. When God saved me, the desire for those things was gone. A few days later, I was with some relatives who were smoking, and it sickened me; I slipped out of the house to be away from it.

When I was first told about sanctification, I did not know if I wanted to seek it. I had never heard of it, and I was afraid of false doctrine. Then a brother said to me, "I think you are sanctified; you live as if you are." For a few weeks I thought maybe I was, and I claimed it. However, I was not satisfied with this, because I could not point back to a definite time when it happened, and I wanted to be sure.

In 1934, I had gone back to Canada, and was seeking earnestly for the experience of sanctification. I was a beggar when I prayed. I begged and begged the Lord to sanctify me. Then one morning, a sister said to me, "Why don't you just look up and believe and praise God for it?" I thanked the Lord for the sanctifying power which I desired. When I did that, waves of glory began to fill my soul. The more I praised God, the more it came. The Lord had sanctified me. Later that night I was joyfully

singing, "Oh! Precious is the flow that makes me white as snow. No other fount I know, nothing but the blood of Jesus." The Blood of Jesus had washed me whiter than snow.

The next day, the Lord seemed to test my sanctification. Back on the farm, the old cow hit my pail and upset the milk. There was nothing but love in my heart. I put my hand on the cow and said, "Thank you, Jesus." I am sure the cow wondered what had happened to me.

In 1942, I was seeking God for the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and had been making deep consecrations for some time. The leader of our branch church in Calgary, Alberta, came to me and said, "Brother, you are a hindrance to the work because you have been seeking for quite some time without receiving." I got serious before God, and it wasn't long before I received that wonderful experience. The Lord spoke through me in a language that I had never used before. Paul Plesko was there and heard me. I was speaking in his language, Czechoslovakian, and he understood what was said.

It has been wonderful serving God through the years. I still have joy in this Gospel and I recommend it to the whole world.



Hazel Withrow

As remembered by friends and family:

Hazel Mae Craig was born on March 5, 1913 in Dorris, California. In 1925, her family attended their first Apostolic Faith camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. Later that year, they moved to Klamath Falls, Oregon, where an Apostolic Faith church had recently formed. Later, Hazel testified about how her family came into contact with the Gospel:

“When I was a little girl, we didn’t even have a Bible in our home, but the Lord was faithful to our family. In 1924, He sent a carload of Apostolic Faith people to the little country place in Dorris where we lived. They told us the Gospel story, and from the first meeting, I was spoiled for the world; I could not enjoy myself anymore. I prayed and the Lord came into my life. He made a marvelous change in my heart and in our home, too.”

While the Craigs lived in Klamath Falls, a member of the Portland congregation, George

Hughes, began coming twice a month to give music lessons and help with the choir and orchestra. Hazel was a recipient of those lessons, and played her violin in the orchestra faithfully for many years.

In 1946 the church in Klamath Falls closed. Some of Hazel’s siblings had married by then, so her family dispersed to various church locations from Eureka, California, to Port Angeles, Washington. In 1954, she married William Withrow in Medford, Oregon, and remained there until her death in 2010.

Hazel testified to a healing she received during those years: “In 1959, I became violently ill a few days before we were to leave for the annual camp meeting in Portland. We called the ministers to come in the middle of the night and pray for me. I felt the healing power of God go over my body, and the Lord spoke to my heart, ‘I am the Lord that healeth thee’ (Exodus 15:26). For three or four days I had such pain in my stomach that I couldn’t stand up straight, but I knew God had touched me. The moment we got in the car and started toward camp meeting—in the very first mile—the pain left. I love the Lord with all my heart. He means everything to me. I want to be faithful and true to Him.”

Although she had no children of her own, Hazel had a real love for young people and was very involved in Sunday school, acting as head of the Primary Department for a number of years in Medford.

In 1978, she and Ethel Martin from Eureka, California, made a trip to Newfoundland, Canada, and visited most of our churches there. About a year later, she was asked to return and help introduce the new Sunday school curriculum, *Search and Answer*. While there, she also established “round table” discussions for Sunday school teachers. As it was winter, travel was difficult, but she flew from Newfoundland to Goose Bay, Labrador, in a single engine aircraft. It seems the extreme temperatures did not freeze her willingness and enthusiasm.

In 1989, she made her last personal visit to Canada. It was the first year of the Newfoundland youth camp. She went as an assisting counselor, and had eight teenage girls in her cabin. She said they made her feel young.

In her later years, Hazel stated that she left her heart in Newfoundland. Her dedication and incredible contribution to their Sunday school program left quite an impression. She will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of meeting and working with her.

Charles Orwig

I was a man who surely needed this marvelous Gospel. I had a Christian mother who taught me the right way to go, but it seemed that about the time I learned to walk, I waded into sin. I was just a boy when I started down that line. There didn't seem to be anything that could stop me. In just a few short years, I wound up a derelict.

I was a lumberjack working in and out of town for years. I used to go out to the lumber camps and make a big stake of money and then come back into the city and spend it in the dumps and dives until it was gone.

I wasn't a bit of good to myself or anybody else. I had two little children who didn't have a mother, and I would put them off on relatives. I got to the place where sometimes I would see my children once in a week, sometimes only once in a month, and when I did see them, they would just run away crying. I was the type of man who wouldn't even go across the river to see my dear old Christian mother who was praying for me. A man has to be pretty low not to visit his mother or children. It was an awful condition to be in.

I thank God that almost every time I came out of the logging camps I heard the testimonies coming from the Apostolic Faith people who were holding street meetings. I used to hear the people tell how they had victory over sin every day, and peace and joy in their hearts. God used those testimonies to talk to me. They would point me back to my mother and the Christian training she gave me. I was not ignorant. I knew the way of salvation. Sometimes those testimonies took the grin off my face. They made me wish I could be a man. There was very little left in me that could be called a man. I used to walk away with tears in my eyes saying, "I wish I had just a little bit of that peace."

I thank God for the way He dealt with my soul, and I thank Him for that memorable night when I stood across the street from the Apostolic Faith Mission. God spoke right to my heart saying, "You better get saved tonight." I was headed out to a logging camp. I had the "job" in my pocket, but I listened to the Voice of God. I thought it might be the last time He would call me.

I got a little courage together and cut loose from those hard-boiled loggers and went to the meeting. At the close of the service, I was invited to the altar. I fell down on these stubborn knees of mine and prayed an honest prayer. I called on God with all my heart crying out to Him for mercy. I said I was through with sin, and I would serve Him if He would save me. He came down and saved my unworthy soul. He rolled that burden of sin away and set me on my feet.

I am a witness to the power of God. I had attached to my life almost every sin that could be attached to one man, but when I got up from that altar I had real victory in my soul. Those old sins were gone. I did not have to strive to quit the cigarettes, the whiskey, and the gambling. I did not have to strive to keep from spending my money in the dumps and dives. I could go home and give my money to my children where it belonged. Sin had taken the love out of my heart for my children and my mother. God put that love back in my heart. My children knew Jesus did something for me. One of them said, "I'm so glad Father got saved, because he comes home every night."

I don't go to the moonshine joints anymore. I don't get drunk and get into people's pockets and rob them anymore. In fact, God sent me back to the people I had wronged and robbed. I went and told them about the Gospel and paid back the money. I was willing to do it, even glad to do it. God put something in my heart that made me want to get straight with people.

I still work around this city. I thank God He has kept me every day on the job. I have real joy and peace in my heart. The people I work with know that I have the old-time Gospel. God made me a Christian, and I thank Him for it.



John Moulton

I am thankful for the goodness of God, that He led me into this Gospel. There is a deep gratitude in my heart for the old-time religion. I was raised in the state of Montana on a cattle ranch of about eight hundred acres. I grew up with a rough class of people. In the summer I worked on the cattle ranges, and in the winter I worked in the logging camps. I was a long way from town, so I couldn't get to church, but I always managed to get to the dance halls and places to drink. That was during the prohibition days, and there was a whisky still in almost every canyon. In the logging camps we did not have anything to do during the long winter evenings, so we drank whisky and gambled. It was an awful way to live.

I wanted to get away and go somewhere else, so when I was still a boy, I left home and crawled onto an old freight train. I thought I would surely have a good time traveling around in a life of sin, but I met defeat at every turn of the road. I hoboed

all over the United States, and got discouraged living that way, but could not settle down. Finally I came out West to Oregon in the early 1930s and married a good wife in the Rogue River Valley. I thought I would be able to settle down and everything would be all right, but it wasn't that way. I was still a discouraged man.

I got a construction job working at an old rock plant down on Bear Creek. One day the company changed foremen. The new man, whose name was Odd Modrall, was a Bible-believing Christian. There was such a vast difference between him and the previous foreman that I couldn't help but take notice. The first foreman and I used to curse and fight that old machinery, but it seemed as if we couldn't get any gravel through it. Mr. Modrall came on the job and production doubled; everything just smoothed out. When he sat down to eat his lunch, he bowed his head and prayed over his food. All the rest of the men made fun of him, but I didn't see anything funny about it at all. It was a serious matter to me.

One day Mr. Modrall asked if I would go to church with him. If you had seen me you would have thought I was a poor candidate for Christianity. I swore with almost every breath, and I wore my pockets out putting tobacco cans in them. I was not in the habit of going to church. I thought that was the last place a man should go to find a good time or anything interesting. However, I could not find a reasonable excuse. I decided I would go just one time to please him and that would settle the matter.

I took my wife and two small children and went to an Apostolic Faith meeting in Phoenix, Oregon. I heard the old-time religion in its fullness, and I couldn't just pass it over my shoulder and say there was nothing to it. I heard a few of those old-timers get up and testify, and I knew those testimonies were true. I believed there was a God in Heaven and that they knew Him. After the meeting, those people told me I could pray, and if I met God's conditions, He would make a change in my life. They said He would make me happy. I didn't go to the altar that night. Instead, I thought I would pray at home, and I asked them to pray for me. When I got back home, I didn't pray at all; I forgot all about them. They didn't forget me, though; they prayed.

One night I was sitting in my home on West Main Street with my family, trying to find something to listen to on the radio. I came across some organ music—it sounded like church music to me.

Right then, God's Spirit came down and reminded me that some of those saints were praying for me. I felt them praying for me. Old-time conviction settled on me; real conviction gripped my heart and soul. I turned my face toward the wall so no one would see and I just cried like a child. It seemed that nothing went right after that. I was miserable and defeated. I knew I was going to have to do something about this.

I went back to church a few nights later, but it seemed I had no courage to go to the altar. I got up and thought I would just walk out, but God spoke to me and said, "This is your last chance." That scared me, and I couldn't move. A brother came back and laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Wouldn't you like to pray?" I didn't know if I wanted to pray or not, but I knew I wanted to get rid of the load of sin and the fear that was in my heart, so I said, "Yes." I went down to the little pine bench and got on my knees. I didn't know the first thing about praying. I didn't know one line from the Bible, but I got honest and laid it all out before God. I said, "If You will answer tonight, I will give You everything." I thought if He did not answer, I would never try again. That night, in 1937, God answered, and what a wonderful change came into my soul! Jesus gave me peace, happiness, and joy that I never even knew existed.

The next day when I got back on the job, I felt like I was in paradise. When I loaded up the old truck it seemed like it was a Cadillac. As I started across the adobe flat, the road that I used to curse because it was so rough seemed so smooth. The dew was on the foxtail and it seemed that each big dew drop was bouncing up and down with joy. There was such glory in my soul I could hardly sit in the truck. It was that way all day long. As I drove out to get my load of rock, everything went smoothly. It was normally my habit to lose a big pile of rock and string the rest of it out on the road about a quarter of a mile, but that morning I was able to dump the whole load right at the stake. The dump man looked up at me oddly and said, "Perfect."

Salvation straightened out the tangles in my life. I can never express how wonderful salvation is, but I can tell you it has kept me—those tangles have been straightened out for thirty-one years. I praise God for it.



Eli and Rebecca Kasper

As related by their son, Floyd:

In May of 1923, Clarence Frost, who was always looking for an open door to proclaim the Gospel, led a team of Gospel workers from Medford, Oregon, over the Green Springs Mountain and into Klamath Falls. Back then, the road over the mountain was a muddy trail and not the highway it is today, so it seemed that the workers pushed the car as much as they drove it.

The men wore coveralls and rain gear over their suits, and had hip boots handy. After a long trip, they arrived in town and entered a restaurant where they caused quite a stir by their appearance. The people wanted to know who they were, why they were in town, and why they were dressed so strangely.

They said they were Christian missionaries and asked if anyone knew of someone who needed God's help. The reply was, "Sure do," and they

were immediately pointed to Mom and Dad's front door.

My parents had experienced heavy trials in their early married life. Their first child died at three months old; my dad had injured his back and was unable to work, leaving the family nearly destitute; and now their five-year-old son was dying of tubercular meningitis.

The workers knocked on the door and my dad answered. When they explained who they were and why they were there, he flung the door open wide and said, "Come right in!"

The team held a cottage meeting right then with testimonies, singing of hymns, and a sermon about Jesus and salvation. Afterward, Dad got down on his knees at a kitchen chair and prayed through to salvation. Then, he got up and sat on the chair while the workers anointed him with oil and prayed for his back. The Lord healed him instantly.

My mother was skeptical. She had witnessed my dad have good intentions before without following through. She decided to wait and see if there was a lasting change. After observing for a few days that his disposition was different—the scowl was gone from his voice—she said, "He could not have lasted this long in his own strength," and she prayed and was saved.

In September, their young son died, but the Lord was with them and comforted them. This was during the Great Depression and times were hard. Many times the mills where my dad worked would close. When this happened, he would pick up his heavy tool box and go out looking for work. For he took great note of the words in 1 Timothy 5:8, "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." He would go through the neighborhoods offering to repair such things as loose shingles or tiles and picket fences. Often the residents had no money to pay him, but he made the repairs anyway. Sometimes, he was paid in vegetables from a garden or eggs from a hen house. After a long day of hard work, he would take these things home and Mom would add them to whatever she had in the cupboard and in her own garden. I doubt if anyone in town ate better than we did, because Mom and Dad "provided for their own house."

Mom did more than cook. Her theme was "May the Circle be Unbroken." She read the Bible and prayed with us each day. I remember well how she would corner me up and remind me, "Floyd,

you need to get right with God.” It took a while, but at the age of nineteen I did get right with God. Now of the total ten members of our family I am the only one living and I intend to keep “the circle unbroken.”

Asher Neff



I was raised in a Christian home, but when I found my way to the foot of the Cross, it wasn't among the people I was raised with. It was among the Apostolic Faith people in Medford, Oregon.

My wife, Ruth, and I began attending meetings in 1928, because we heard that a friend, Maggie Stone, had been healed of tuberculosis after being given six months to live. Ruth was sick and we wanted the ministers to pray for her. In the first meeting, I felt right at home. I said, "I can sing the same songs these people are singing, because I was raised in a church." However, I did not have one thing to recommend me to God.

I never expected to return, but my wife was healed and we began attending meetings. One Sunday morning in 1931, God spoke to me right at my chair. No one needed to point their finger at me and say, "You don't have religion; you are not God's child." God came down and said, "You haven't lived like I would have you to live." I

prayed my way through to victory that morning.

When I think of the things God has taken me through, I thank Him for this mighty Gospel and for what He means to me.

One year, we were burned out of our house. God took care of that. A few years later, my daughter got sick. God took care of that. Then another daughter was bleeding internally. God took care of that.

When I came into this Gospel, I had a little spot on my mouth. I began playing the trombone in the Medford church and that spot got bigger. I knew I shouldn't be playing because of the metal contact, but I thought, God can take care of that.

In 1955, I had to quit the trombone because that spot turned into a sore so big I couldn't play any longer. I was a mail carrier, and had been with the post office thirty-four years. At that time I had forty-five doctors on my route. I went by those doctors every day, and many times I would catch them with their heads close to my face looking at the sore. It got bigger and bigger and bigger.

The next year, the sore was still there. I prayed, "Lord, I am scared, but if You want to take this off, I know You can." Then I said, "If You see any glory in it, You can take me through this." I wasn't ashamed of my God and I didn't want Him to be ashamed of me.

Finally, I went to a doctor and asked him what it was. He looked at me and said, "I can't do you any good." He sent me to a second doctor. That one looked at me and said, "I hate to tell you, but you have something bad." I said I wanted to know what it was and he told me, "You have cancer." It wouldn't heal because of the cancer on my neck. He sent me to the best specialist in town who called me into his office and said, "I know what you people believe in. I know what can happen." I said, "I am going to trust God."

In 1958, the cancer was healed and I was still out walking the same beat. One of the doctors on the route asked another carrier, "Has Neff had that piece of his lip removed yet?" The carrier said, "No, and he is supposed to retire this fall." The doctor replied, "He will be dead by then."

Well I wasn't dead. I love the Lord, and I thank Him for thirty-three years of victory. No matter the problem, I believe He can take care of it.

Frank Eggenberger

The Lord brought me among the Apostolic Faith people and gave me something I had been looking for all my life. I was looking for reality, and reality is what I found when the Blood of Jesus Christ cleansed me from all sin.

I was brought up in the Roman Catholic faith. From the time I was a child, I confessed my sins to a priest. When I was thirteen years old, my mother led me to a monastery where I started preparation for the priesthood. Five years in that monastery with all the Catholic teachings—the Latin and Greek—did not bring salvation to my soul, did not take the sin out of my life. Many times, I confessed my sins, but not one was forgiven. I committed the same sins over again.

I studied and thought I knew some things, but I knew nothing. I did not even know the Word of God. I thought I had to die before I could live right. In the monastery, I was taught that we could not live without sin, that we had to die and go to purgatory before we could be saved from sin.

Something in my heart desired to serve Jesus fully. I asked the priests questions about how to live a clean life, but they could not give me an answer. Many times, on my knees praying before the crucifix, I would say, “If Jesus was in the world, I would serve Him.” Then I would think, But He is not here, so I cannot serve Him. Sometimes as I was going through the woods, tears would stream down my face and that prayer would go up to God. I believe Jesus saw the place in my heart that demanded reality.

Finally, I said, “There is nothing to this,” and I threw everything overboard; I said, “I will just go to Hell.” I traveled all over the country, joining secret societies such as the Odd Fellows, Masons, Foresters, Knights of Pythias, and others. These did not give me rest for my soul.

God was faithful to me. He let me see the light of the old-time Gospel of Jesus Christ. It took forty-five years to find this salvation, but praise God, I’ve got it.

On a Friday evening, I heard about an Apostolic Faith camp meeting taking place. This was in Portland, Oregon. Out of curiosity, I walked down to the campground while smoking my pipe. When I saw the people praying, I said, “I wish I could pray like that.” I know God heard me. The next day, I went back in the afternoon and heard the testimonies. I thought, God must have some wonderful power. Then the people told me that I could live without sin. They said that if I would repent, Jesus would make Himself real to me, come into my heart and life, and set me free from sin. I went back home and thought about it.

That evening, about six o’clock, I headed back to the campground while still smoking my pipe. I had smoked for twenty-five years, and the old pipe was my god. This evening, though, the tobacco did not taste so good. When I got within two blocks of the campground, I took the old pipe and the tobacco and threw them in the bushes. As I turned back to the path, I beheld a vision of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was standing in front of me dressed like a shepherd. He was going toward the campground and He beckoned me to come. Shivers went through my body, and I walked on toward the tabernacle.

When the altar call was given, I stood up to go forward but hesitated. One of the saints came and took me by the arm saying, “Come on, Brother.” I was only too willing to go. As I knelt at the altar, the Lord showed me my miserable condition. I repented with bitter tears, confessing my sins to Jesus—not to a priest or bishop, but to Jesus alone. I laid myself at the feet of Jesus, and He blessed me and spoke peace to me. I knew when the burden of sin rolled away, because in the twinkling of an eye I was made a new man. The old tobacco habit was gone—God took it instantly. I had been bound by other habits, too—lying, cursing, stealing and more, but when Jesus came in, the old world went out of this man.

That was July 5, 1914. Today I have the testimony that God has saved me, sanctified me, and baptized me with the Holy Ghost. He has kept me for eighteen years, and the fire is still burning in my heart. My desire is to serve Him to the end.



Hannah Olsen

I am thankful that I have had the privilege of enjoying the Gospel for seventy-nine years.

I was born in Norway, in the Land of the Midnight Sun, and brought up in a Christian home. When I was just a girl, we came across the ocean to America.

We always had a time during the day when we were supposed to pray or at least be quiet. One day, during this time, I heard my mother upstairs and went to pray with her. She had something on her mind, so she told me to go pray by myself, and she would pray by herself. She had never said that before. I went back to my room and got on my knees. I was so broken-hearted that she wouldn't let me pray with her that I began to cry. Then a Voice spoke to me and plainly said this was nothing to cry about, but rather I should cry that my sins were not forgiven. I thought I was a Christian already, so I was speechless. I tried to continue praying, but couldn't say another word.

Later that evening, we were going to have family altar time before bed. I didn't want to pray, but I had to kneel down. God used the time to speak to me. Although I was not yet twelve, I had turmoil in my heart. I wrestled with God, still not wanting to pray. Then He broke the fetter. As I submitted my will to Him, opening my mouth to pray, His power came down. He had mercy on me, forgave my sins, and saved me. There was such peace and happiness in my heart that I started to praise Him, and then my whole family started praising Him. After we had quieted down and were finished praying, Mother said, "Hannah, what happened to you?" I said, "I got saved."

I was seventeen in 1906 when I first heard of the power of God, the Latter Rain Gospel, falling in Los Angeles, California. I realized my need for more of God, and I was a hungry soul. I began to seek for the deeper experiences. The Lord sanctified me and a short time afterward, poured out His Spirit on me in the wonderful experience of the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

In 1908, a group of us came together and formed an Apostolic Faith Church in Seattle, Washington. Then, Florence Crawford, the founder of the Apostolic Faith, asked me to come to Portland, Oregon, and take part in the work there. I went, and the Lord's service was very precious to me. I thought I was as near to Heaven as I could be on earth.

My heart is filled with gratitude for all God has done for me. In 1967, I took very sick out at the campground. I didn't know if I would live or die, but the ministers prayed for me and God healed me.

There is only one purpose in my heart these days, and that is to be ready to meet the Lord. I love Him as never before.

Hannah Strom Olsen was a faithful worker in spreading the Gospel. She participated in the "All Nations" meetings that were held on Saturday evenings in the basement of the church at Front and Burnside. She also helped in the street meetings Monday through Saturday, arriving early to pray and then going out with the workers to share her testimony, sing, and play her guitar. On Sundays she regularly attended three street meetings, a devotional meeting, and three church services. She gave her last testimony at the age of ninety-one.



Lee Pope

I thank God that He led me under the sound of this mighty Gospel. I praise Him for this wonderful salvation, for the old-time religion, and for a people who uphold the standard of the Bible—the whole truth.

For more than forty years of my life I drifted in sin. I was a sinner of the worst kind. I smoked cigarettes and drank bad whiskey. I was just an old drunken logger, cow puncher, and miner—no good to anyone. I know what is on the other side of life; I know what I went through. I suffered in sin and was a defeated man. I drank until my little family, my health, and everything else good in life were gone.

One night while standing on a street corner in a drunken condition, I heard a band of Apostolic Faith workers testifying. They said God had saved them and taken the very desire for sin out of their lives. There was a ring of authority in their testimonies, and I was not so drunk that I couldn't see

they were telling the truth. I made up my mind right there—as drunk as I was—that I was going to get what they had.

I followed the Apostolic Faith people to their meeting place. They told me that if I got on my knees and prayed, God would save me. I told them I could not quit the drink and cigarette habit; I had been bound by cigarettes for forty-one years, and the booze had its fangs fastened in me. I did not think I could give them up. They said if I would pray an honest prayer, God would take those things out of my life.

No one had ever told me before that God could come down into a man's life and save his soul, clean him up, and take out the sin. It was pretty hard for me to believe that God could save a sinner like me, but I put their God to the test. I staggered to the altar and got down on my stubborn knees. I did not get through that night, but I came back the next night and prayed honestly and earnestly. God saved my soul, and I knew it when the work was done. In a moment of time, He broke every habit and appetite that had me bound. It was nothing short of a miracle.

He also took the turmoil and unrest out of my heart. In its place, He gave me peace, happiness, and victory. Since then, I have not had any desire for that old life of sin. Instead, I went back over my crooked life and straightened it up. It takes God to make a man do that. Salvation is real!

I had two little children when God saved me, and I did not know where they were, but I said, "The Lord will restore those children to me." He knew where they were, and He brought them back. Now they are both with me in this Gospel. I praise God for it.

God also healed my sick body when he saved me; He healed these diseased lungs. I am strong and well these days. I put in nine hours today on a defense job. This way is so wonderful that I can't fully express it!

This Gospel is real—there is no sham about it. I have the victory in my heart. After work today, I hurried to get down to the street meeting to testify about it. I count it the greatest privilege. I praise God for this old-time religion.

Walter Robanske



My grandfather was a prosperous farmer in the Province of Bessarabia, then a part of Russia. Prior to World War I, one of his sons was conscripted into the Cossacks and when he came home, had many stories to tell. My father, who was fourteen at the time, listened to what life was like in the military and purposed in his heart to have no part in that kind of lifestyle. He promised to serve the Lord if He would keep him from it.

At age fifteen, my father immigrated to Canada, sponsored by another older brother who was already there. Then, in the process of time, he came to America where he met my mother and married.

After starting a family, my parents visited Portland, Oregon, to seek medical treatment for my father. While in Portland, they met some people from the Apostolic Faith Church. These people had what my father had been looking for, so in 1926, when I was four years old, we

moved into a little house in the southeast area of Portland and began attending the Apostolic Faith Church.

In that house was an old German Bible. I could not read German, but my parents could. I was a little fellow, and that Bible was generously illustrated with pictures. At times when I would ask, my mother would tell me about the meaning of some of the pictures. One of them was of a Man with something on His back. It was quite detailed, and it bothered me. I spoke to my mother about it and she began to tell me about Jesus and what that Cross meant. In my lively youthful imagination, I said, "If I were there I would fight it." She just smiled and did not say anything, and the picture continued to bother me.

As the years went by, I was brought to the Apostolic Faith meetings. I heard the sermons and testimonies of wonderful miracles in the lives of people and began to realize I had a responsibility to face. I remember how God used to talk to me. His Word would search my heart, and often I would have trouble going to sleep.

One evening when I was in my mid-teens, I did something about this; I prayed. I wrapped up my whole life in a simple prayer, and then Heaven came down and glory filled my soul. I thank God for that night. It meant a change in my life. After that, I was able to live a Christian life at school, on the job, and through four years in the Air Force. It was not by any strength of my own, but through the help and grace of the One who paid such a tremendous price.

I thank God for the living reality of the Gospel, the ever present help in time of need when things of life press and dangers arise. I enlisted in the United States Air Force during World War II and left home facing a hot war. A few days out of New York, we ran into a terrific storm. I stood back on the high poop deck as the spray and rain whistled around me. I did not know what lay ahead and there were many things to trouble my mind, but a hymn came to me: "A Shelter in the Time of Storm." Though I was far from Christian friends, the Lord was with me. I had confidence that the God who notes the sparrow's fall was well able to take care of me. And He did! He brought me through the worst of the conflict.

One time I was in a building in London, England, during an extensive air raid on that city. That particular area of the city had never been bombed before, but that day bombs were falling all around. When the siren went off, everyone scattered. I did not know where the air raid shelter was so I was left behind. Everything happened very quickly and there was no time to think or pray. However, I had an assurance in times like those that the prayers of the saints back home would carry me.

I stood between two posts about three feet apart. It was comforting to know that my life and soul were in the hands of One who was stronger than the world. In my soul there was peace and not turmoil. I was glad that my conscience was clear, whatever the outcome, and I said, "Lord, Your will be done."

It was all over in an instant. The building across the street was in pieces no bigger than my fist and there was a gaping hole in the ground where it had stood moments before. My building was on fire, and I fought the flames all that night, but God had spared me.

The Gospel is real. It is good. It is not just a figment of someone's imagination or an unproven theory, but it is a living reality. I have tested and proved it for over sixty years under many conditions and found it is good to serve the Lord.

Walter Robanske served as co-pilot of the Wings of the Morning plane which was used during the 1960s to transport ministers and Gospel workers to various evangelistic fields. He also sang bass in the Watchmen Quartet for several decades.



Katherine Friesen

I appreciate God's mercy to me. I grew up in a very sinful home not knowing anything about salvation, not knowing that God could save us from our sins. My mother died when I was a small child, and my father was anything but a Christian.

We lived on a prairie in Canada, and we never went to Sunday school or church. Still, I somehow knew there was a God and felt conviction for my sins. I also knew of Heaven and Hell. I always wanted to be a Christian, but I didn't know how. I would wonder, Where is God? How can I find Him? How can He answer my prayers?

I married a man from an orthodox church, whose father and brother-in-law were ministers. Yet no one could tell me how to stop sinning.

I obtained a Bible, and as I read it, I found so many verses similar to I John 3:9, "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin . . ." I wanted to know how one could be born again and stop committing sin, but no one could give me the answer,

so I became very discouraged.

One night when my husband was working away from home and I had to go out to do the chores on the farm, it seemed the stars were hanging low. I just looked up through the stars and said, "If there is a God, I wonder if He is among those stars." Then I cried out to God saying, "Oh Lord, lead me to someone who can show me the way to Heaven!"

A few years later, my husband came home one day and said, "Let's sell everything and move to California." I answered, "That is fine with me. Maybe I will find a church where God's people are." He wasn't interested in that—he just wanted to get away from the cold weather. I didn't say anything more, but such hope came into my heart! Maybe I would find someone who could tell me how to be born again.

On the way to California, we stopped in Dallas, Oregon, and decided to make our home there. An older man would pass by our house on his morning walk each day. He told me he went to the Apostolic Faith Church where they prayed for the sick, and God had healed him of cancer. I had read about such things in the Bible. I had even asked my husband and his brother why the people in their church didn't pray for the sick. Now it seemed that God had heard my inquiry and sent a message straight from Heaven. I went to the little Apostolic Faith Church and heard testimonies of people who had been born again and knew they were right with God. One Sunday morning, someone asked me if I wanted to go to the altar. I did not know what they meant. I had never heard of this. I didn't get saved that morning, but the next day, I got up and said, "If I could only have that peace they told about!" Right there God dropped His peace into my heart and set me free.

When I had been saved about a year, my oldest daughter, who was four years old at the time, got hold of some strychnine and drank it. When I found her, my heart sank. I didn't know what to do and I felt helpless. I picked her up and carried her into the house, placing her on a bed and began to pray. I told the Lord, "This child is Yours, and You said if we drink anything deadly, it will not hurt us." I also said, "You healed the sick and raised the dead when You were here on earth. You can heal this child, too." She went to sleep and her breathing was normal. She slept for about three hours, and when

she woke up she said, “Mama, I’m hungry.” I gave her something to eat and she got down and went outside to play. That poison didn’t have any effect on her. She didn’t even vomit. When I told a friend about it, she said, “If God had not undertaken, you would have been arrested.” I am thankful that when we come to God in faith, believing in His promises, He hears and answers.

A few years ago, it seemed I hadn’t had any hard trials for a long time. I thought of that incident and wondered if God still worked in that way. It wasn’t long afterward that a man came to my door from the company where one of my sons worked and said, “Pete is hurt. A tree fell on him.” I asked, “How badly is he hurt?” He answered, “We have sent for an ambulance, but we don’t believe he will live long enough to get to the hospital.” When I got to him, I didn’t see how he could possibly live. The doctor said he couldn’t feel any pulse. But I had phoned several of our churches and asked for prayer, and the Lord was answering. About ten o’clock that night God healed him. Every bone went back into place.

Later, the doctor showed me the x-rays. Eight ribs had been broken—two torn from the backbone. His back was broken in three places. His spleen was ruptured and his body was filling with fluid. The doctor said he was in such a condition that nothing could be done for him, but the Lord healed him. In two months he was back in the woods falling trees. He didn’t even have to ask for an easy job. And he has kept right on working to this day.

My husband didn’t choose to follow me in the Gospel until about five weeks before he died. He was on his deathbed and two ministers went to pray with him. When they entered the room, he said he didn’t want to pray. They started praying anyway and soon, he was crying. God saved him, and he passed out of this world with glorious victory.

I have been in the Gospel for sixty years—I just had my ninety-first birthday—and I can still say Jesus is a wonderful Savior.

Katherine Friesen was known for being a strong prayer warrior who saw many miraculous answers to prayer.

Fred Owen



I thank God for the Gospel, and praise Him for what He has done for me. I am a witness that the Lord can save a man and give him something that will make him live clean, honorable, and upright. He can also sober up a drunkard, straighten him out, and keep him sober.

I was born and raised on the Barbary Coast in San Francisco, California. A love for whiskey was in me from my earliest childhood. I used to say that I was born with it—it was second nature to me. My relatives were all whiskey drinkers. The men made it, sold it, and drank it. I cannot remember the first time I tasted alcohol, but my father used to take me to the bar when I was just a little boy.

When I was big enough to stand up to the bar by myself and drink, I thought that meant I was a man. Whiskey failed to make a man of me, though. I became tied down by every filthy habit that can bind a man. I became a drunkard, a fighter, and a slave to tobacco.

I got married, moved to Oakland, California, and had a daughter. However, my home was soon broken up because of the life I lived. Everybody knows there is no happiness in the home of a drunkard. I made life miserable for everyone around me. I reached such a state that my little girl ran from me whenever I came home. I could not get along with my wife. It seemed it was just as natural for us to quarrel and fight around the home as it was to eat our meals or read the evening paper. I could not get along on the job, either, and was grouchy all the time. I was a disgrace to my community, always having to apologize for some stunt I had pulled while drunk.

Many times I tried to straighten up and be a man in my own strength. I made lots of resolutions, and promised my wife I would do better. I went on the wagon and threw away my makings for liquor, but I could not stay sober—the love of whiskey had me bound. I tried to quit tobacco, but could not get away from the cravings. Instead of getting better, I went from bad to worse.

Finally, my wife and I decided to separate because of the trouble in our home. We gave away our furniture to the second-hand store and the neighbors. Then I sent her to live with her folks in Portland, Oregon. There she attended an Apostolic Faith meeting. She told me she had never seen such happy people. That intrigued me.

With my home gone and my wife gone, my life was getting worse by the day. It was a dark time for me. I realized I needed to get away from my old friends and relatives on the Barbary Coast, and decided to go to Portland, a “dry” town, and make a new start. It was just before the first of the year, and my plan was to turn over a new leaf.

Early in 1917, I came to Portland full of resolutions to straighten up, do what a man ought to do, and provide for my family. I thank God I did straighten up, but it was not because Portland was a dry town; it was because I met God.

When I arrived in town, I went to my father-in-law’s house on the east side of the city. He came to the door and said, “We have been waiting for you. We have been putting in prayer requests at the Apostolic Faith Mission that the Lord would bring you here, save you, and reunite you with your family.”

That sounded good to me. I was invited to a meeting that very night. I had never seen people who were so ready and anxious to get up and tell what God could do for a poor sinner like me. Young men and women told how God had taken sin out of their lives and given them victory for years. I had never heard anything like that before. There was something about it that appealed to me. Then, when I saw a young man get up, look me in the eyes, and testify that he had been in the same fix I was in until God delivered him, I believed it. It sounded real to me.

When the preacher spoke, he did not tell me to turn over a new leaf, but he pointed right down at me and said, "Sinner friend, prove God for yourself." I had been to church a few times, and had been in different missions, but I had never heard anyone talk like that. I thought it was fair and square enough for anybody.

When the service ended, I decided to go down to the altar of prayer and see if God would do the same for me as He had done for those people. I made my way to the front, got down on my knees for the first time in my life, and prayed an honest prayer before God. I called on Him for mercy, and I meant business. I said if He would save my soul and give me the old-time religion, I would serve Him to the end of my days.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, God took my sins away and made a Christian out of me. The love for tobacco, booze, stealing, lying, and swearing all went out of my life—the Lord delivered me completely. When I got up from my knees, I did not have to ask anyone what had happened; I knew the work was done in my heart. I was born again, and the appetites for alcohol and tobacco were gone.

That night I proved that God is able to save. Now, thirty years later, I have proved that He is able to keep. I have had no desire for whiskey from that day to this. Strong drink has not even been a temptation since the Lord saved me. It is on the shelves in the places I work, but I thank God that the "want to" is gone.

After I was saved, I went to my wife and told her what God had done for me. She could see a change had taken place, and once she saw what the Lord had done for her drunkard husband, she wanted the same thing. It was just a couple weeks later that she went to a meeting and got saved, too. We have had peace and joy in our home ever since. It had been a place filled with quarreling and discontentment, but the Lord came down and made it peaceful.

I wrote to all the people I had wronged and made restitution to them. No one told me to do it; God showed me that it was the right thing to do. Now I have a peace in my heart that passes all understanding.

By the grace of God, I am able to live right and act like a man. I do an honest day's work, and I do not carry off the tools like I used to. I work as a janitorial in some of the big offices, banks, and department stores in Portland. Over the years, I have found cash that belonged to other men. One time, I was going about my duties and found a sack with eight hundred dollars in it. There was nothing in my heart that wanted to keep the money; I turned it over to the owner. Later, I told my fellow workers about it and they began telling me how they would have gotten away with stealing the money, and what they would have done with it. I thank God there was no desire in my heart to do something like that.

When God saved my soul, He also healed my body. The tobacco and alcohol had given me ulcers. I had gone to many physicians and also tried Christian Science to get relief. Nothing worked until I called on God Almighty for mercy.

My heart is full of praise to God. He did not fail me in the darkest hour of my life, but instead, He set me free. Since then, He has proven Himself to me many times. I used to think that when a man got religion, his good times were gone. My good times started when God saved my soul! I love this Gospel. It is real and it gets better and better as the days go by. Today I am rejoicing because I am a Christian.

Grace Pierce



I was raised in a good home and was taken to church. I finished school, became a teacher, and married. I should have been happy, but there was a longing down in my heart that nothing could satisfy. I was never happy, and cried myself to sleep many times. It seemed to me there was nothing to live for. The world and the people I went to church with told me I was all right, but I knew it wasn't so.

I thank God that when I was in this condition, a brokenhearted young mother, I saw the sign "Jesus the Light of the World" shining above the Apostolic Faith Church. I thought if I could just get to the people under that sign, God would hear and answer prayer for me. The Lord knew my spiritually hungry heart and saw to it that an Apostolic Faith paper was put right into my front hall. I never knew how it got there, but I read it, and the Gospel message sounded real to me.

I went to the 1921 camp meeting being held by the Apostolic Faith people in Portland, Oregon.

My heart was heavy and I felt I could no longer carry my burden. That day the preacher said something about living in adultery. His words seemed to stab me in the heart. I said, "Lord, could I be living wrong in Your sight?" The saints around me had enough of the love of God to lead me to the Truth. They told me to go to God's Word. There I read for myself what the Bible teaches concerning adultery. I found that, according to Scripture, because I had married a man who had another living companion, I was an adulteress in God's sight, and the man I had married was not really my husband. The Bible also said that no adulterer or adulteress would ever enter Heaven. We had been married according to the law of the land but not according to God's Word. The Lord showed me that if I would pay the price necessary to line up to His Word, He would bless me.

I wanted to go to Heaven, and I wanted to give my companion the privilege of making Heaven his home, too, so I went to the altar to pray. I put my church profession, my family, my all on the altar that day. I had three children, but I said, "Lord, I will go all the way regardless of the price I must pay, even if I have to go alone." Then I said, "Have Your way." God answered my prayer and saved my soul; I knew the very moment the work was done in my heart. Later, He sanctified me wholly, and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

For a time I did have to go alone. When I ended my adulterous marriage, my children were taken from me to live in another state. I cared for them as much as any mother could, but I chose to step out of that life because I wanted to be at peace with God. I was willing to part with my home, to part with anything I loved or planned to have, so that my soul could be saved and that spiritual hunger in my heart satisfied.

I am thankful for God's mercy. He saw to it that my babies were returned to me after a year-and-a-half. There was no law that could have brought them back, but God made a way. I then had the privilege, through the years, of planting the truth of God's Word in their young hearts. They are all saved and in the Gospel today.

Over the years, we saw the Lord undertake many times. I have seen my children raised from the very jaws of death. One time, my eldest daughter lay in a cast with tuberculosis of the hip bone.

The doctors gave me no hope for her, and my heart ached. Then someone told me of the power in the Blood of Jesus to heal the sick. I had gone to church all my life, but no one had ever told me there was power in the atoning Blood to heal the sick as well as save the soul. I took my little girl to be prayed for, according to God's Word, and in ten days' time God healed the large hole that had been in her leg for three years. A tiny scab formed, and like a little flake of paper, it dried up and fell off. The tuberculosis never returned. My daughter became a strong, healthy woman, the mother of three children. Years later, God healed me, too, of tuberculosis of the lungs. I am glad we can trust Him for the healing of our bodies.

I thank the Lord for the fifty years of happiness and peace He has given me. I am rejoicing in the hope of the soon coming of Jesus. I long to see Him, and until then, I want to tell the world of His love.

William Chastain



I thank God for this wonderful Gospel, and for the message that was preached in a little schoolhouse in southern Oregon. I am so glad that some of God's people came my way, out to a little country place, and told me the marvelous story of Jesus. These people drove over the muddy mountains, stopped at a schoolhouse, and there began to tell of real victory and power—of what God could do in a man's life. They said if I would pray, God would come into my heart, set me free, and give me real peace.

I was a man who drank and hung around the saloons and worked in the logging woods for years. What I heard that night put hope in my heart. The man who was testifying before me and preaching the Gospel wasn't a stranger to me; he was one I had known for years. We used to stagger up to the old bar together and drink. This wasn't the first testimony I had heard him give, either. Eight years earlier, we were working in the logging woods

together (he had one contract and I had the other), and he told me that God had saved him and set him free. He didn't say much about it, but God had put something real in his life. I told him to stay with it, but I thought this "new thing" would wear off. I thought that in just a few days I would see him go back to a life of sin. We worked through the summer and I never saw him back in the saloons. When the summer was over, he moved to Portland, Oregon, to be among the Apostolic Faith people. I didn't know anything about them; I didn't even know there was such people on the face of the earth.

I recalled his testimony many, many times while working out in the woods, and I became tired of that old life of sin. One day I told my wife, "I'll just quit this job. We are going to live over in the valley and get away from the whole thing." We moved into the valley, but I couldn't get away from sin. We began to run dance halls, and started right back in that same old life.

Then this man came back from Portland with the Apostolic Faith workers—came right back into the little home town where we had been raised up boys together—and began to preach the Word. He told of victory, that God had kept him for eight years. And he told me that God could get down into my heart and life, and take out the very desire for sin. As I listened to him, faith dropped into my heart. I realized that I could have what he had if I would just furnish God with an honest heart.

I went home and asked my wife if she would like to have what these people were telling about. She had been raised in a dance hall since she was about nine years old and knew nothing about God, but she said, "I would give anything in the world to be saved." We dropped on our knees right there in our little ranch house and began to pray. We meant business. We prayed a prayer that reached Heaven, and the power of God came down. He saved our souls and set us free!

I praise God for this wonderful salvation; for the power in the Blood of Jesus Christ that can get down into a man's heart and change the whole course of his life.

In 1919, Clarence Frost went to Eagle Point, Oregon, to make arrangements to hold services. A wind and rain storm forced him to move the meetings to a church, and later a schoolhouse, in Selma. This is where the Chastains and about thirty-five others received salvation.

John Ott



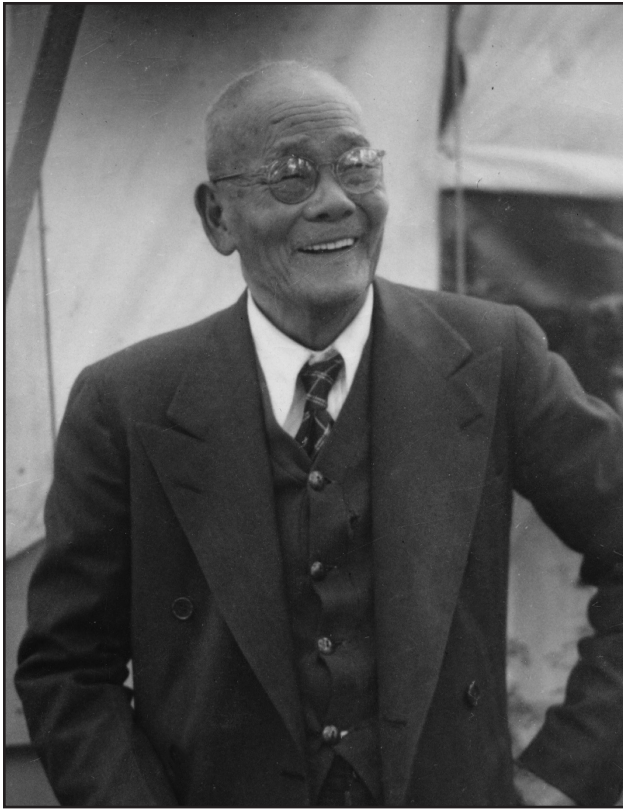
I thank God that He saw fit to give me the privilege of being brought up in the Gospel. My mother and dad came into the Apostolic Faith Church before I was even born, and I have had the blessing of being taught the Word of God all my life. As I grew older I could have gone out into the world as many others did who are lost today, but the Lord put a fear in my heart. It was a fear to go out into sin. I believed the testimonies I heard. I believed those who said the world had nothing to offer but heartache.

At an early age, I sought the Lord and He put the truth down in my heart. He saved my soul; He sanctified me; and He baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire.

These days, I have the opportunity of working in God's vineyard. I consider it a mighty privilege to be able to go out, as it were, into the harvest field. I go over the seas and all over the world—from right here at home in the printing department.

God has blessed me so many times. When I was only a small child I had that dreaded disease of polio. So far as the world was concerned, I would never walk again—if I even lived at all. My parents took me to the ministers and they anointed me with oil and prayed for me, and the Lord healed me. I have no trouble walking today.

I want to be a better worker in God's vineyard. I want to be waiting and watching when Jesus comes, and be ready to go.



Peter Lee

Taken from two Apostolic Faith papers published in the late 1950s:

When the Almighty Creator made the “one kind of flesh of men” (1 Corinthians 15:39), He created them all with the same spiritual desire and the same spiritual need—deliverance from the bondage of sin and sinful habits.

In 1862, Peter Lee was born in China to generations of idol worshipers, and he too, grew to worship the idols. When he was thirty-one years old, he said farewell to his wife and children, and leaving them with his mother in China, went to Australia to seek his fortune. For ten years, he operated a restaurant there and then returned to China.

That same year, he decided to travel again and came to Portland, Oregon, where he became the proprietor of the Shanghai Restaurant, which was popular with newsmen.

After a time, he became a member of a Chinese mission and forsook his idol worship. He thought this made him a Christian, but the Lord spoke to him saying, “You hypocrite! You hypocrite!” He was astonished and realized that he needed to seek the Lord for real salvation.

In 1913, he was invited to attend an Apostolic Faith meeting, and prayed. God gave him a genuine knowledge of salvation. He then wrote to his wife about the great change which had taken place in his heart, and he asked her forgiveness for his unkind treatment of her. Eventually she too, became a Christian.

He tried to bring his family to Portland, but it was a futile effort and his wife and two of his daughters died in China. In 1948, the remaining daughter and her husband moved to New York. Upon her husband’s death, the daughter received a letter saying that her aged father longed to see her and had been praying that Jesus would come into her heart. She agreed to visit Portland.

The plane bearing Brother Peter’s daughter landed in Portland very early one morning, and after she had a little rest, she met her father at the church. At the close of the service, the two of them walked down the aisle and knelt at the altar together. There, she found salvation. Now, the two of them live in Portland together, worshipping the God who has washed away their sins.

The daughter speaks very little English, but reads her Chinese Bible and expresses her love for Jesus and joy at being able to attend church with her father. At age ninety-seven, Brother Peter still loves to tell what God has done for him. Here is his testimony in his own words:

“I praise God for wonderful Gospel. God spoke to my heart, ‘You hypocrite! You Hypocrite!’ I don’t know what is the matter. Bible in my pocket. What shall I do? Go to my room, kneel on my two knees, open my Bible, read Nicodemus come to Jesus by night. Jesus said to Nicodemus, ‘Ye must be born again.’ I said to God, ‘How to be born again?’ I said, ‘Oh, Lord, help me!’ He said, ‘Go to Apostolic Faith Mission on Burnside.’ I heard a brother testify there many times, but I said, ‘I don’t believe it.’

“Then a brother talk to me. He said, ‘You come to the mission hall and you will see. You kneel, and when God take your sins away, you will know it.’

“Next Sunday night, I come to the Hall, kneel on my knees, said, ‘Dear Father, You save my soul and take my sins away.’ I get it! I know it! God take my sins away, and I know it. I say, ‘Glory to God, Jesus Christ call me to come here.’ God call me. God love me. In a few minutes God come into my heart, blot out every sin.

“What I do? I go home to my room. Chinese gin in my room. I throw it away! God cleaned my heart—I never touch again. I found Him. He called me.

“My wife sick in China—consumption, blood in her mouth. I buy a handkerchief, take it on platform. These ministers pray. I send handkerchief to my wife. My boy write and say, ‘Mamma healed.’ Glory to God! I am so glad the people prayed for me.”

Edwin and Mette Hess

Mette Hess:

When this Gospel was carried to the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, in December 1906, it was the most wonderful thing I ever heard—that God was pouring out His Spirit in these days as on the day of Pentecost. Oh, my heart was so hungry for God! My sister came to our home and told my husband and I what God had done for her. She had been an invalid for ten years with ulcers of the stomach, and God so wonderfully healed her. I could hardly believe it. She was able to eat anything. We fell on our knees, and God saved and sanctified us in our own home. Then, the first day of the year 1907, God baptized us with the Holy Ghost and fire. We have had sickness in our home since, but never thought of giving our children medicine. I count it a privilege to trust God.

Edwin Hess:

I praise God that over twenty years ago I heard the story of mercy—and I needed it. I was a church member, with my name on the church roll for years, but it never brought any reality into my soul. I was lost and undone. If any soul in the world needs God, it is the one who thinks he is a Christian and is not. The Word says, “Therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation” (Matthew 23:14).

When I heard the Gospel of Jesus, the Latter Rain Gospel, I believed it immediately; I never doubted it for a single moment. It brought something real to my heart that made me realize I needed to be born again. I went on my knees and prayed like a lost soul, “God, be merciful to me a sinner.” In a moment of time sin was broken from off my life; the habits and appetites were gone. The peace of God filled my soul, and there was joy in my heart.

I then had to make a crooked life right. I had failed in business and owed hundreds of dollars. I had to work for about ten years to pay back the men I owed, but I praise God for the privilege that I might make Heaven my home. I treasure above all things, the hope that is down in my breast of seeing Jesus face to face someday. I thank God for the old-time religion. He saved me, sanctified me, and baptized me with the Holy Ghost and fire. He has kept me all these years and put something in my heart that the powers of Hell cannot shake. I thank God that my name is written in Heaven.

In a letter written to the Apostolic Faith Church in 1986, their son, Harold, further explained how they came into the Gospel:

The two people responsible for bringing the Latter Rain Gospel to my parents were Florence Crawford and Jackson White. Sister Crawford attended the 1906 Azusa Street meetings in Los Angeles, California, and received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. While there, she met Brother Jackson who at about that same time received that experience also. Brother Jackson returned home to St. Paul, Minnesota, and began holding Gospel meetings while corresponding with the leadership at Azusa Street which Sister Crawford had joined.

When Sister Crawford preached her first sermon in Portland, Oregon, in a hall over a blacksmith shop, she was on her way to visit Brother Jackson in St. Paul. [In December 1906, Sister Crawford left Los Angeles to preach among and encourage different groups that had sprung from the Azusa Street meetings.] My parents lived in St. Paul at the time and were members of a Presbyterian church. My mother’s youngest sister had begun attending Brother Jackson’s meetings. She heard Sister Crawford preach during the week following Christmas and was so impressed that she invited my parents to attend a service with her. During that week, they prayed through to salvation and sanctification in their home.

On New Year's Eve, Sister Crawford held a watch night service. She preached a long sermon and finally looked at her lapel watch and said, "It is three minutes until midnight. If we are going to pray in the new year, I had better stop preaching." My mother was receiving the baptism of the Holy Ghost when she heard the midnight whistle blow. Four hours later, my father received the baptism.

While Sister Crawford was there, she told my parents that she felt the call to work for the Lord, but did not know where. She considered continuing on to Illinois to work with a group there, but a day or two later told Mother, "I have received a letter from the people in Portland, Oregon. They would like me to come be the leader of that group." She said she felt the Lord leading her in that direction, possibly because she was a native of the Northwest and acquainted with that region.

My parents corresponded with Sister Crawford for thirteen years while holding street meetings and cottage meetings in the Midwest and Canada. Then, in July 1920, they moved to Portland in time for camp meeting and remained there until their deaths.



Inetta Staley

From the time I was born, my parents did their best to teach me the right way to live. I was raised under the sound of the Gospel and heard the story of Jesus, but I only listened with my ears and not with my heart. I decided that someday I would leave that Christian home, go my own way, and do the things I wanted to do.

However, in 1931, my mother and I attended the Apostolic Faith camp meeting in Portland, Oregon. The Lord began to speak to my heart, and for the first time, I experienced real Holy Ghost conviction for my sins. God said if I ever expected to find happiness, it would only be in serving Him. At the end of a service, I made my way down to the altar of prayer. In the sawdust and straw, I knelt and asked God to be merciful to me a sinner, to take the sin out of my life and to save me. I am glad we are never too old or too young to pray. In simple childlike faith I believed, and the Lord made a real change in my life. He put love and

peace in my heart where there had been turmoil and strife.

My grandmother was there when I was saved. She said to me, "Keep praying." I did, and the Lord sanctified me! I felt so clean inside and out. The following Sunday night the Lord baptized me with the Holy Ghost. Throughout everything that has happened in my life since then, the Lord has been near and has helped me.

When I went to school that fall, I was tempted not to pray over my food because of what someone might say. However, I did pray, and that was a victory. When the other girls talked about the worldly places they went, I could just walk away, because the Lord had taken the desire for those things out of my life. In my teen years, I took piano lessons and, in time, played the piano for church services.

After I was out of school, I began working for one of the people from the church. When that employer moved away, I started my first job where I worked among people who were not Christians. I was amazed at the language I heard! Those who cursed the worst worked at a different table than I did, and I thanked the Lord that the woman I worked with most directly was very nice. Then after about two weeks, the boss asked me to move to the table where those whose language was so bad worked. My heart sank! I wondered if I could handle that. I went home and prayed until I knew that the Lord would be with me, and He worked it out for me to be at the opposite end of the table. The Lord is good, and He pays attention to each detail.

When I was twenty years old, I became acquainted with Don Dibble, a wonderful Christian man, who had a good business. We were married in 1943, and after a couple of years, we had a daughter. In 1952, we moved to Portland, and Don went to work in the Apostolic Faith printing plant. He was very happy working there. I started to play the organ at church, and we had a wonderful life serving the Lord with all our hearts. Then Don's health started to fail, but we were young (he was forty-six and I was thirty-seven). We trusted the Lord to heal him, but as time went by, he grew worse.

One day, he came home a very sick man, and a week later the Lord took him to Heaven. Because he seemed too young to die, it was hard for me to accept. It was the darkest time in my life. I was left

without money and with a very limited education. How would I support a fourteen-year-old daughter and clothe and feed both of us? My life was in a shambles, and it seemed there was no way out. At that point, I could have lost my sanity. Instead, I reached out to the Lord. He took my hand and helped me back to my feet. Soon I had a job offer. God proved to be the answer to my every problem. The best Friend I've ever had is Jesus.

Just over a year after my husband died, my daughter and I were involved in a terrible car accident. It was only the mercy of God that we were not killed. My daughter was hurt so badly the doctors did not expect her to live through the night. Twice her heart stopped and they started it again. Her facial bones were crushed, her jaw broken in two places, her leg and pelvis crushed, and she had numerous other injuries. The doctor said all he could do was put her in a body cast that extended down one leg and over the foot, and then let it heal. She spent six months in bed. Then she used crutches for a while, but in the end, God caused her body to heal so perfectly that she did not even have a limp. We had many people praying for us, and God hears the fervent prayers of the righteous. All the glory goes to God.

Not too long after that accident, I met John Staley. He had been invited to a camp meeting and liked the service because it made him think of the services held by Billy Sunday that his mother had taken him to as a child. He kept attending church even though he did not completely understand everything. I was working in a restaurant that he frequented, and started talking to him about the Lord. One night after a service, someone asked him to pray. He did, and the Lord saved him. He got right into the Gospel and received his sanctification and was baptized with the Holy Ghost. In 1962, we were married, and our lives were built around the Gospel.

My daughter married a Christian man in 1966, and they had two beautiful children we loved very much. Then on March 8, 1978, my daughter was with a group from the church who visited nursing homes to sing, play instruments, and testify. She had just resigned from her job so she would be free to do this. The sun was shining and there were beautiful white clouds in the sky. She looked up at them and remarked, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if the Lord would come and take us up through those clouds today?"

The Lord had plans for that day. About three hours later, she and her two children started driving from Dallas, Oregon, to Portland for a Friday night church service. The road went up a steep hill, and at the top, she met a car on her side of the road. There was no chance for her to swerve out of the way, and my daughter and her two children went to be with the Lord.

John and I were in Florida at the time, and while we flew toward Oregon, the tears flowed down my cheeks. As I looked up in the heavens, the Scripture came to me, "The LORD gave, and the LORD hath taken away; blessed be the name of the LORD" (Job 1:21). What a comfort to know that God was still in control. He wiped away the tears, the heaviness, and the grief. God's ways are the best ways even when we don't understand them.

After John and I had been married for thirty-three years, he passed away. I live alone, but I am not lonely or afraid, for God is only a prayer away. He has never failed me. One morning a while back, I awoke with such a sore and swollen throat that I could hardly swallow. As I started my morning worship, I told the Lord how I needed His healing touch. I laid my whole situation out before Him. After praying for some time, I got up and sat in my chair, still asking for help. I knew God could heal me if I would furnish the faith, so I quoted some promises such as "For I am the LORD that healeth thee" (Exodus 15:26) and "With his stripes we are healed" (Isaiah 53:5). God heard me. At that moment, I felt a hand on my shoulder, and it startled me. I looked up expecting to see Jesus standing there. Although I could not actually see Him, I knew I'd had a visit from the Lord, and I was healed. The Lord has been a wonderful Friend to me, and I thank Him.



Sam Samuels

I want to praise God that I am walking on the King's glorious highway. For years, I wasn't sure if there was a God. He was like a myth to me. I never heard of a prayer being answered, and I never met anyone who knew for certain he was going to Heaven. All the people I knew who called themselves Christians seemed to be having a hard luck story. Also, they hoped they were saved and guessed they were saved, but they didn't know they were saved. I used to feel sorry for anyone who called himself a Christian. Sometimes I wondered if God was real, but then I would say, "Nobody ever came back from the grave to tell me if there is a Heaven or a Hell."

I am thankful that I had a sister who came into contact with the Apostolic Faith people. In 1911, she was in Portland, Oregon, and heard about a girl who went to the Apostolic Faith on crutches. She was prayed for by the saints, and God healed her. My sister was dying of tuberculosis, and the doc-

tors in Montana where we lived had given up on her, so she went to a meeting. There, God saved and healed her.

Then she began writing to us in Montana, telling of great things the Lord was doing for her and others. She said God was answering prayer; He was cleaning up the lives of drunkards, taking out the very appetite for alcohol and tobacco, and He was healing all manner of diseases including cancer, which my mother had.

We thought this was too wonderful to be true and did not believe her. We also thought she had taken religion too far and would disgrace our family name. Mother was worried she had gotten into something fanatical and was losing her mind, so she sent me to Portland to straighten her out and talk her out of this Gospel. My words had no effect on her. You might as well talk to a post as talk to the weakest child of God, because this Gospel did not come from man; it came from God.

I attended an Apostolic Faith meeting not believing in anything, but it wasn't hard for me to believe in the power of God when I heard the wonderful testimonies. I will never forget how a hope sprung up in my heart when I realized there was an almighty living God after all, and I could know Him for myself, right here and right now. When I heard God could save a person and change his whole life, it just won my heart. I believed every word, and I wanted to be a Christian—I wanted to know my heart was right with God.

My sins had not bothered me a bit until I heard this Gospel. Then I felt I was the worst sinner in the world, and I did not see how God could have mercy on me. I was a baseball player, so I had traveled with all of my expenses paid as well as wages. People called me "good" because I never used tobacco or drank, but I wore five or six diamonds, had nice clothes, and went out dancing as many as seven nights a week. I thought I was "it." I also played in big pool and bowling tournaments, finishing first or second in every one of them. And I was a prize fighter. There was nothing I loved more than to fight before hundreds of men. They called me "Smiles."

I confessed my sins with an honest heart and promised God the rest of my life if He would only save me in a way that I would know it was real. He answered that prayer. He saved me, and oh what

a change! The old things passed away and all things became new. He filled me with joy, peace, and contentment, everything that satisfies. He gave me a new heart with new desires. My lying habit was gone. The love for the things of the world left when Jesus came in. I have not been to a dance hall, bowling alley, baseball game, or theatre in over forty years.

After God saved me, I wrote to Mother that my sister was not crazy, and I told her what God had done for me, that He had saved and also healed me when I never expected to see another well day.

She responded by sending another sister who was supposed to talk both of us out of the Gospel. She had an honest heart, though, and when she heard the wonderful Story, she got saved, too. Then the three of us began writing and telling Mother what God was doing for us. One of my sisters had jewels that she prized very highly. She sent them back to Montana with a note that said, "I have no more use for these jewels. God has taken the pride out of my heart!"

That convinced my mother that God had done something real. She got on her knees and prayed with all her heart, and God saved her—right in her own home. It was not long before she moved to Portland, and our home was united. She was nearly blind, had cancer, and had had heart trouble for years, but God healed her, too. She is a well, hardy, old lady now.

Surely I have a lot to worship Jesus for; He has done so much for me. He took my sins away, He healed my body, He gave me joy in the depths of my heart and peace that flows like a river. I am having the best days of all my life serving God.



Helen Shirk

As a child, I was brought up in a Christian home and attended the Apostolic Faith Church. The Word of God was taught to us children every day. God answered prayer many times in our home.

When I was eleven years old, my father, who always worked hard, took very ill, and in a short time was completely paralyzed. After experiencing convulsions every twenty minutes, he was near death's door, and his eyes became set. It was hard for my mother to give him up, because she had ten young children at home.

One morning, at about three o'clock, a minister came from our church in Dallas, Oregon, and prayed for my father. Instantly and miraculously the Lord healed him. The neighbors were amazed as they had been so sure he would die. For many more years after that, he worked hard on the farm and raised his large family.

As I grew older, I became rebellious towards my parents. I felt there were too many restrictions placed on me. When I was fourteen, I left home to have my own way and do as I pleased. I wanted to act, look, and dress like the world, and I did.

For years I pretended to be happy. I had a seemingly good time with many friends. However, I was finding that the way of a transgressor was indeed a hard way. So many disappointments and heartaches filled my young life that I often wished I had never been born. I realized that I would never find happiness in the sinful pleasures of the world, but I was so stubborn I did not want to admit that I was wrong and others were right.

Now and then I would go to church to please my folks. The Lord would talk to me, but I would listen to the enemy of my soul telling me that I could not be happy serving the Lord. I knew the way of the Cross was straight and narrow, with no room for sin of any kind.

For years my parents carried a heavy burden and often got up in the night to pray for me when they were so burdened they could not sleep. They also had an altar bench out in the barn, where it was quiet, and there they spent much time in prayer.

In 1935, while I was working in Portland, Oregon, I received vacation time. I knew I should go home for a visit, but I did not want to, because I was so ashamed of the heartache I had caused my parents. As the time for my vacation neared, I began to be engulfed by gloom, despair, and fear. It got so that I could not eat or sleep. I did not realize that this was Holy Ghost conviction settling on me. Finally, I decided to go home for a day or two.

I had no thought of seeking the Lord, but an incident took place that changed my mind. I had not been home long when, without warning, I became gravely ill. My family knew I was not ready to die, so they gathered around me to pray for my soul. I promised the Lord if He would let me live until the next day, which was Sunday, I would go to church and pray. The Lord answered my prayer, but I backed out of my promise. I decided I had been scared over nothing.

A few days later, I became very ill again. It seemed a heavy pressure was squeezing the breath of life out of me. I was sinking fast into a deep, dark pit, and felt helpless and lost. We did not have a phone, so we could not call for help. I knew help had to come from the Lord.

My mother always kept some church papers that had been prayed over in a dresser drawer. With what I thought were my last words, I asked for one of those papers. Suddenly, in a flash, my life came before me, and I saw the many times I had turned aside God's mercy. Just a few days before, I had broken my word again. I wondered if I had crossed the point of no return, and terror gripped my heart.

Then Jesus came. Yes, He came in time. In the darkest hour of my life, when I did not deserve His love and mercy, He bent toward me and showed that He still loved me. I repented and asked forgiveness with all my heart. I did not pray very long or loud, but I prayed from the depths of my soul. I promised to serve the Lord as long as I lived. He knew I meant it, and He forgave me. His love flooded my soul. From that time on, the worldly pleasures have looked so cheap!

I did not realize, until the burden of sin was gone, what a heavy load I had been carrying. I told my parents I was sorry for all the grief I had caused them, and since then, we have had many years of Christian fellowship. Never once have I wanted to return to the sin that once had me bound. I have found Jesus to be the only source of true happiness.



Robert Remley

I can look back a “short” sixty years ago to when I was serving in the Navy aboard a battleship in the Pacific Fleet. I was proud of that ship and tried to uphold the honor of the flag she flew. But I was a vile sinner—a very profane man.

When I was discharged in 1924, I came to Portland, Oregon, and heard the old-time Gospel. A group of Apostolic Faith workers were gathered at the corner of Sixth and Washington praising God. I stood and listened to the open-air meeting, and when it was over, they invited me to church. I was a stranger in the city and did not know where else to go, so I followed them to my first Apostolic Faith meeting. I heard the Gospel preached that night, but did not accept it, because I was not yet ready to give my heart to the Lord.

I went to work in a lumber camp out in the Pacific Coast mountain ranges. There I had some close calls with death, and when I returned to Portland four weeks later, I was ready to seek the

Lord. While in the camp, I had promised Him that if He would allow me to live to see Portland again, I would go to the Apostolic Faith Church and pray. I kept that promise. My first night in town, I gave my heart to the Lord, and He saved my soul.

Later, God sanctified me and filled me with the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I found it a privilege to live for Jesus and witness for Him.

We have a miracle-working God, and I have seen marvelous answers to prayer including miracles of healing in my home. I have three children: two girls and a boy. When my son was four years old, he contracted meningitis and reached the point of death. The doctor held out no hope for him. For three weeks he lay twisted out of shape. My wife and I fully consecrated him to God, and the Lord healed him. He is a healthy man to this day.

When my older daughter was twelve, her vision narrowed to a pinpoint, and we learned that she had a brain tumor. The doctor said she would be blind in six months, and gone in a year. God had other plans, though. Camp meeting was in session and we were staying on the campground. One day she went to children’s church and gave her heart to the Lord. He saved her, sanctified her, baptized her with the Holy Ghost, and healed her of the tumor. When she came back to our tent, she picked up her Bible and began to read it. Where before she could only see letters a minimum of two inches high while wearing glasses, she was now reading small print without aid. No sign of the tumor ever returned, and she has lived to see her grandchildren grown.

For twenty-two years I enjoyed the Gospel, but then I grew careless. I neglected to read the Bible and pray. Then it became more of a chore than a pleasure to go to the altar of prayer. I started praying in the pews, and then a little further back in the sanctuary. There was not much of an outward change, because it took place so gradually. Eventually, I let the love of the Lord slip out of my heart, and I turned my back on the best Friend I ever had. Oh, the misery, sorrow, and heartache that overtook me as I wandered, lost and undone, through twelve years without God!

I became ashamed to go near God’s people. Sometimes when I was downtown, I would see them holding a street meeting and cross to the other side of the street. God would speak to my heart and

say, "That is where you once were. Where are you today?" God also talked to my heart at home, and I saw myself facing a lost eternity.

Then tragedy struck. I got word that my brother in Pennsylvania was dying of cancer, without God. I needed to point him to the Savior before it was too late, but I was powerless. I was also a lost soul. I was stricken with condemnation, and conviction seized me. I knew there was no help but from God. I could not turn anywhere else, but would He hear my prayer? Then I realized He was calling me, a backslider, in love and mercy. That invitation meant so much to me. While standing at my kitchen sink, I prayed, "Oh God, have mercy on me, and I will serve You!" That day I proved that God's arms of love were still stretched out to me. He came down and set me free. The peace and joy I had once known again flooded my soul. Tears of repentance turned to tears of gratitude and thanksgiving. God gave me victory over all the old habits that had me bound. There was no more fear of death. I had made my peace with God and knew that my name was written in Heaven. God had grafted the withered branch back into the Vine, and I began to draw spiritual life once more. How wonderful it was! I thought: Now I can go tell my brother the Story of God's love.

I am glad I got there in time. I prayed with him and then asked, "Do you believe in your heart that the Lord has saved you?" He answered, "Yes, I know it." A few days later, it was so sweet to hear him say, "I am going Home!"

There have been a few trials since then, but I lean on these comforting words: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Hebrews 13:5). A few years ago, I became afflicted with chronic hepatitis. At one time my complexion became very yellow because of that terrible liver ailment. There is no medical cure, but I tried a special diet and other remedies. Nothing worked. Finally, I reached my extremity and called on God. He healed me completely, leaving no trace of the disease. That was beyond the power of man. How I thank God for His compassion for me!

Just this past year, God performed another miracle. My brother who lives in California fell from a ladder and suffered brain damage. He lay unconscious in the hospital for seven days, and the doctors gave up on him. Before I left to visit him, I put in a prayer request asking our congregation to pray for him, and God answered. He was completely healed. In addition, he started a whole new life. He was seventy-three years old and had never married, and he married his nurse.

More recently, I can thank God for those who were faithful in prayer for my daughter, a backslider. She had surgery and was found to be full of cancer. The doctors did not hold out any hope, but there was hope in God. She is better and is rejoicing in that the Lord again saved her soul and made her happy. He also sanctified her and gave her the baptism of the Holy Ghost. She said, "I am coming back to the faith of my childhood." Oh, what rejoicing!

I thank God for the privilege of prayer. I love the fellowship I feel around the altars as the saints pray together. There is so much to pray for! I want to be faithful in that labor of love for my Master. I know all who pray earnestly and have faith in God will receive answers to their prayers. Truly, I rejoice in this great salvation!



Robert Myers

From an outward appearance, I might have passed for one who was saved, because I went to the Apostolic Faith church and Sunday school from my earliest infancy. In fact, my first recollections are of going to church. Sometimes my parents made me go against my will, but that didn't stop the seed of truth from being planted in my heart.

I learned it took more than going to church to get to Heaven, and I began to feel condemned for the life I was living. I knew right from wrong, but did not have the backbone to stand up for what was right. I grew up among older boys who always seemed to know more about things than I did. I did not have the willpower to tell them no, so I would go along with them, although God would speak to my heart about it.

Smoking tobacco was one thing that allured me. I remember we boys had a little pipe we kept hidden under a wall in the backyard. If we didn't

have any tobacco, we would take Mother's coffee and smoke that. It seemed we were determined to always be doing something wrong.

I can remember lying to my mother. I also stole money out of her purse. One time, I walked into a Woolworth's store and I saw a piece of ordinary friction tape on the counter. I reached out, took it, and put it in my pocket. I don't know why I wanted it; I didn't have any use for it.

I had just got out on the sidewalk, in front of the store, when God spoke to me. He reminded me that I wanted to be a Christian someday, and then I would have to make right all the wrongs I had done. I took courage and went back into the store and put the tape on the counter where it belonged.

When I was a teenager, special meetings were being held. Some of the altar services were lasting until eleven or twelve at night. It was during this time that God put his finger on my heart.

One evening, I was sitting in the front row watching the altar service, and I was hungry to pray. I wanted to be saved more than anything in the world. My mother saw me and asked if I wanted to go to the altar. That encouragement was just what I needed. I went and knelt in front of the pulpit and told God I was sorry for the wrongs I had done. I said I wanted to live a better life. God rolled the sin away and gave me a witness that I was a child of the King. It was instantaneous, and I knew when it happened.

It wasn't church attendance or going to Sunday school that made me a Christian; it was God putting a change down in my heart. That was a good many years ago. Now I have boys older than I was when I received salvation. God is still real in my life every day. Hardly a day goes by that I don't ask Him to help me through the day, and He does. He is a Friend in time of need.

One New Year's Eve, I was in the choir and we were about to sing. As I stood up, it seemed like I was going to faint. I was sweating, I was chilled, and I needed to sit down before I fell. It seemed pretty serious. I managed to get off the platform and to the backroom where the ministers came and prayed for me. I don't know what was wrong, but I know the Lord healed me.

Another time, I injured my left hand. It seemed it was so bad I could hardly bend my fingers, and it got worse. I didn't think I could play my violin. My wife said I should have it x-rayed to see if it

was broken. It did seem that bad, but it came to me that the Bible says, “Is any among you afflicted? let him pray” (James 5:13). As I thought on this verse, my hand got better. A few days later, I realized I was hardly aware of any soreness or pain in it. God had healed me.

I thank God for His many blessings.

Jim Parr



I thank God for the old-time religion. I am glad His arm is outstretched to save the “whosoever will” and that one dark December night many years ago, He reached out to me.

My life had been spent in sin, burning the candle at both ends and sowing my wild oats. The Bible says the way of the transgressor is hard. It also says that when our father and mother forsake us, then the Lord will take us up. That was my case. I was the black sheep of our family, and my folks turned me away because I brought shame on the home. I was a bound slave to a life of sin for years—a vile sinner, a drunken miner in England, Scotland, and Wales, and the terror of the community where I was brought up. Jail bars failed to reform me. Many times I contemplated suicide, but fear of death, Hell, and judgment stopped me from taking my own life. As I would go down in the old mines, I would wish the mine would blow up. Every sin under the sun was in my heart.

I knew the devil was a hard master, and many times I nearly went into a devil’s hell. In the old mines, God spared my life when the roof would fall in, but I would just blaspheme His name. On Sundays you would find me gambling and drinking, trying to find reality.

I was right in the midst of the big Welsh revival from 1904 to 1906, where one hundred thousand people were converted in about two years. I saw the handiwork of God, witnessed people being converted all around me in the mines and out of the mines. Some of them had been my drinking companions. They used to have prayer meetings down in the mines, 1500 feet deep, at 7 o’clock in the morning, and I would be there cursing and swearing, and would have nothing to do with it. At the same time, there was something in my heart that was hungering for reality.

One Sunday night I decided to attend a little church where a Welsh man, Evan Roberts, was holding a revival. The church was packed so I went across the street into a Salvation Army service. God was talking to me, and He put life and death before me. Conviction was upon me, so I listened. I said to myself, “Shall I yield my heart to God tonight?” But then I deliberately stepped out of that place without yielding.

The next day three of us went shooting in the Welsh mountains. As I was shooting off a gun, the gun broke apart and my hand was all shot to pieces and my thumb was turned up. It was only the mercy of God that I was not killed, but I was in awful shape for about three months. I knew it was God’s judgment upon me because I did not yield my heart to Him. I made a vow to God during that time, saying, “God, if you will spare my life, I will surrender to You.”

After three months, I was back in the valley where the revival was still going on. I had a praying brother, and he asked, “Why won’t you be a Christian? Why don’t you give your heart to God?” He pled with me to go to church with him, but instead of doing so, I went deeper in sin. I was afraid if I went to church and didn’t get converted, the judgment of God Almighty would come on me.

In 1906, after years of gambling, horse and dog racing, and working in the old mines, I decided to come to America. I quit a good job and became a “hot-footer,” moving about in search of something that was real.

I landed down in West Virginia, in the mines, among a bunch of drunken miners. God was still dealing with me, and I promised that if I ever got out of that place, I would surrender my life to Him. God in His goodness and mercy permitted me to go to another coal mining camp in Harrisburg, Illinois. How I thank God that there He brought me to my senses and uncovered my heart, took off the mask, and showed me my condition.

One evening I came out of the mines and met a couple of Welshmen who said, “Jim, come up to the revival.” I went to the boarding house and washed up, and then went to church. As I sat in the back of that Baptist meeting hall, God Almighty was speaking to my soul. I was polluted by the powers of Hell, and diseased from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. But that night my eyes were opened and I realized I was lost and going to Hell. Thank God, a lifeline was thrown out. I heard people tell that Jesus could save me from my sins.

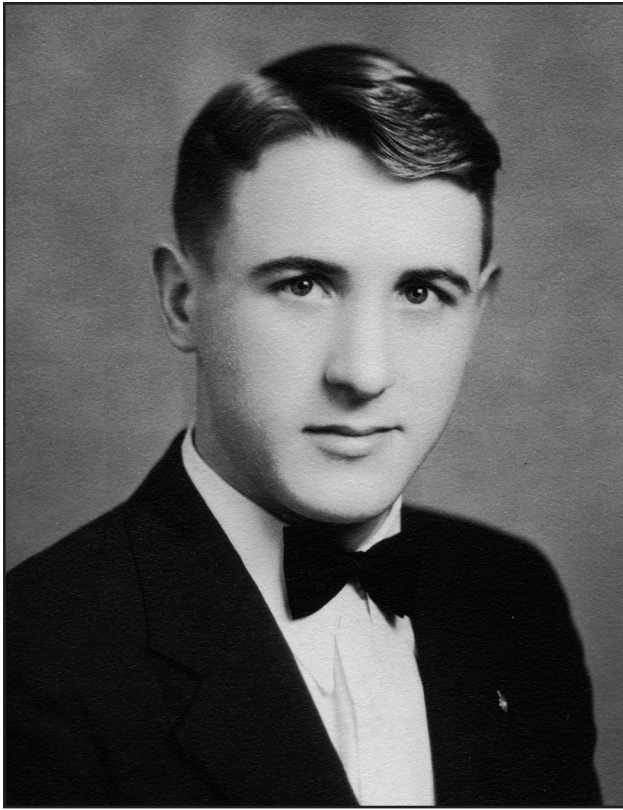
At the close of that service, I stepped from the back of the church, walked up the aisle, and dropped on my knees. Lots of times I had prayed while in a drunken stupor, but I would get up the next day and go out and live the same debauched life. But that night was different. I made an unconditional surrender, and the Blood of Jesus, God’s remedy for sin, reached my soul. God for Jesus’ sake blotted out my sins and came into my life. He rescued my Hell-deserving soul from a life of defeat, healed my body, and made me a man. It may not mean much to the world that this drunkard found Jesus, but from the bottom of my heart I thank Him that He transformed my life and made me a new creature. Through these many years, I have never wanted another drink.

The same year, I went to San Francisco after the earthquake and met the Apostolic Faith people. One meeting convinced me this work was of God, and I threw my lot in with them. From that time to this, I have been part of this work. In San Francisco God sanctified my soul. For days I walked the streets, my cup of joy running over. In 1908 at the Mt. Tabor camp meeting in Portland, Oregon, God in His goodness and mercy poured out the Holy Ghost and fire upon me, baptizing my soul.

I had the privilege to go back to the old country of Wales and tell my people what God had done for me in the U.S.A. They acknowledged that something had happened in my life. I stood outside the old saloon, the public house where I had once debauched my life, telling the story of Jesus and His love. A man I had known before came out and shook hands with me and said, “I marvel at the change that has taken place in you.”

For more than forty years now, I have been in the Christian warfare. I have found that it pays to serve God. The Lord saved me to lift up Jesus. He planted His love in my heart and told me to go and testify of what God has done for me. I am only sorry, as I look back to the pit that God dug me from, that I did not surrender my life to Him sooner.

I am a witness that Jesus can save and keep a man—keep him from compromising, keep him from backsliding, and put mettle in him that will stand up for God. I am glad that I am a soldier of the cross. I do not know how much longer I am going to live on this earth, but one thing is sure: I am going to make Heaven by the grace of God.



Kenneth Owen

I am thankful that I can worship among people who preach and live according to the whole Word of God.

I was only seven years old when some people from the Apostolic Faith Church came to our home and told us what Jesus could do if we would let Him come into our lives. They said if we would repent of our sin and believe on God's Word, a complete change would take place in our hearts. I sat there listening, and the Gospel appealed to my young heart.

Some might think that a child that young could not understand the Gospel message, but sin had already begun to fasten itself to my life, and I realized that I needed just what these people were talking about.

Shortly after that, in 1927, my family moved to Port Angeles, Washington, and began attending the Apostolic Faith Church. In the first service I was in, the Lord wonderfully saved and sanctified

me. The joy of Heaven came into my soul. Though that was more than forty-eight years ago, I have never forgotten that experience, nor have I ever had any desire to turn from this wonderful Christian way of life.

I have been privileged to have the opportunity to hear the preaching and teaching of the early leaders of this faith who have now gone on to their reward. Those teachings helped to establish me in the Gospel, and they gave me a deep desire to see the Gospel of Jesus Christ go forward.

I have been in business in Port Angeles for more than twenty-five years. When I started, I was told that in order to be successful I would have to join clubs and drink socially. However, I found that I could be successful without compromising my principles. As a result, I have the respect of the business community for the stand I have taken.

The Lord has given me a fine Christian family, and we are happy in His service. It would take too long to tell of all the privileges and blessings God has showered on our lives, but certainly we have proven that the Christian way is the best way.



Irma Giselman

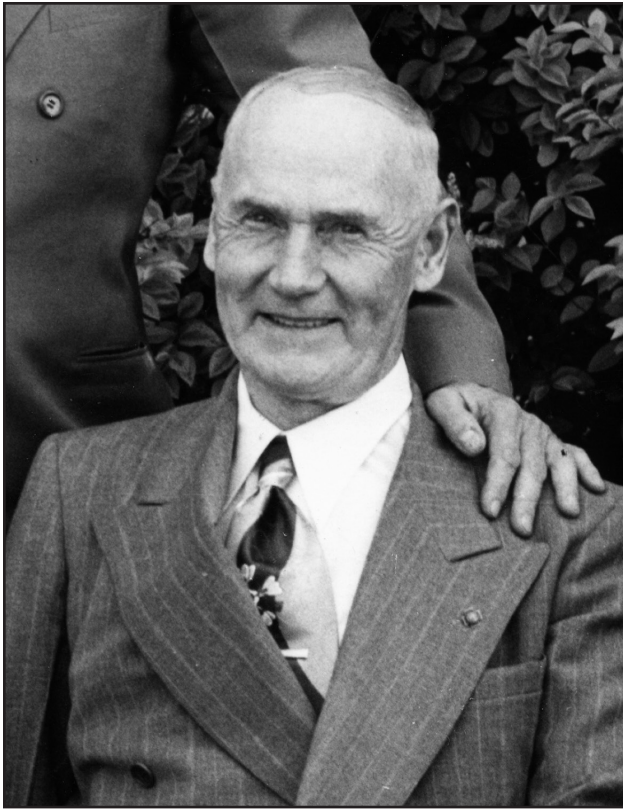
At seventy-nine years old, I have known the Lord almost all my life. I was reared in this Gospel, but that Christian training did not make a change in my heart. When I was young, the lights of the world looked bright, and I decided to go see what the world had to offer. I was far from the Gospel, but my upbringing had made an impression on me and God strove with me wherever I went. I was not out in sin for very long before I saw what a bitter choice I had made.

One day I got down on my knees and asked God to come into my heart and give me satisfaction. He did not disappoint. He made a marvelous change in my life. From that day to this, I have been happy in the Gospel.

I am so thankful for how good God has been to me. A week ago, I was very sick while at home by myself. I was not too sick to pray though, so I got on my knees and asked God to heal my body. He answered prayer immediately.

Then again, this morning, while I was getting ready to go to church, I suddenly felt sick and had to call for my husband of fifty-seven years to help me. I told him I wasn't able to go, and He just said, "We will pray, because the Lord said He would be in the midst where two or three are gathered together." We prayed, and God certainly was there—I was in church this morning.

I thank God for everything He has done for me. I love Jesus with all my heart.



Andre Page

There is power in the Blood of Jesus to save. I thank God that fifty-six years ago, I heard this wonderful Gospel.

As a boy back in the state of Illinois, I went to church and Sunday school, but my heart was full of sin and I thought I knew more than my parents did. I was unruly and did not want to come under my folks' admonition. I thought if I went out into the world and sought for happiness, I would find it, so I left home at the age of fourteen. I wanted to have my own way, and I did, but it brought sorrow, misery, and heartache into my young life.

I traveled the country looking for a good time, and at the age of seventeen, came to the city of San Francisco. I did not know much about the sinful life when I landed in that big town, and I never expected to go deep into sin, but I was easily led in that direction. I soon became a drunkard and a cigarette fiend on the Barbary Coast with thousands of other young men. I had been looking

for something real, but found only heartache and sorrow. The God of Heaven had been talking to my heart since I was a young boy in Sunday school, but I did not know how to get right with Him.

I joined the United States Army in 1901 during the Spanish-America War, and traveled across the world. When my term was up, I was dropped in San Diego, California. I wandered back up the coast and rented a room in Oakland, California, across the bay from San Francisco.

In 1906, Florence Crawford, the founder of the Apostolic Faith Church, came to town to preach in a holiness church hall. The pastor had gone to the Azusa street revival to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and left her in charge while he was away.

By this time, I was without a ray of hope, and I was contemplating taking my own life because I thought I had nothing to live for. I went to the meetings three nights in a row with a bunch of other young men. We sat together in the back of the hall. On the first night, I hung my head in my hands and wondered why I was ever born into this world.

I heard the men and women of the Apostolic Faith praising the great God of Heaven for what He had done in their lives. They spoke with such authority that I could not help but believe they really had what they said they did. I thought, If God would give that experience to me I would give Him my life. What they were telling about was the very thing I had been seeking all of my life. I had joined two different religious organizations hoping to find the satisfaction that these people were talking about.

After the first two meetings, I went back to my hotel room and was unable to sleep, because God was talking to my heart. On the third night, one of the testimonies came from a young man who had left a good home and spiraled into a life of sin as I had. It made me think of my own godly mother. As I sat there, hot tears flowed down my cheeks and I wondered if God would even hear a prayer from me. Then Sister Crawford got up to preach, and during the sermon pointed to us boys in the back of the hall and fairly dared us to prove God. She said, "Young men, if you will pray, God will hear and answer your prayer." I was stunned. Those words meant so much to me. They put hope in my heart. They told me God loved me.

After the service, I made my way to the altar while shaking under the mighty convicting power of God and fell at a little pine bench. I opened up my heart, and my soul just melted before God. I did not have to pray long, I just said, "God, be merciful to me a sinner" and the load of sin fell away. When I stood up, it seemed as if I were walking on air. That old burden of sin was gone and in its place were joy, peace, and happiness. That night, God gave me victory and power over the old life of sin and sent me on my way rejoicing.

I have had no desire to go back into the things of the world since God saved me. I love the Gospel today and the fellowship of God's people.

Martha Richmond

I surely praise God with all my heart for this wonderful Gospel and what it has done for me. I was raised in Iowa and went to a church which taught it was impossible for a Christian to live above sin. They also said the days of miracles were past, and those things were not for us at all. One Sunday afternoon the church members gathered behind the hay stack of a country home, and we each told about what God had done for us. I was just a little child, but God saved my soul that day.

As time went on, my heart hungered for more, for the reality of the Gospel, but I was not encouraged. I became a church member and a Sunday school teacher, but I drifted from God.

I always had a longing for what I had lost, and one day as I was in my husband's clothing store, a neighbor woman came in and gave me a paper on divine healing. Thinking that was all I was lacking, I embraced the doctrine immediately and cast away all my medications. I had been diagnosed at the famous Mayo Clinic in Minnesota and told I would need to take medicine for the rest of my life. At first, I got worse and was told, "You better go back on your medicine." Instead of giving in, though, I sought God with all my heart. I prayed, "God, give me something in Your Word to stand upon!" While I was praying, God in His faithfulness uncovered my sin-sick soul and showed me the thing I needed most was to confess my sins, repent, and make right the wrongs I had done. I humbled myself at the foot of the Cross, and pleaded guilty. I told the Lord I would do anything He required of me if He would just give me peace in my soul. For three days I sought with all my heart. Then, He came down and rolled away the burden of sin. He gave me an assurance that my sins were washed away in the precious Blood of Jesus. He put a song in my soul, and I began to sing and rejoice, offering up the sacrifice of praise. That night, God became the living Word in my heart and healed my body.

It was so wonderful that I wanted to tell what had happened everywhere I went. I testified in my church, and they said I had gone too far. After that, there was such a hunger in my heart to be with a people who believed and preached the whole Word of God.

The wife of the supreme judge of Sioux City, Iowa, came to my home for a visit and gave me an Apostolic Faith paper. How my heart rejoiced when she told me what God had done in her life. She said she had been full of worldly ambitions for her husband thinking that if he achieved a certain status, she would be satisfied. However, when he reached those ambitions, she just hungered for more. Then she received a lasting satisfaction through salvation and sanctification. After that, some ministers from the Apostolic Faith came to her home and told her about the Latter Rain Gospel. They asked what she thought and she replied, "Let's pray." They did and she received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I drank in everything she said as I sat at her feet looking at an Apostolic Faith paper. I was so glad there were still people on earth who had the old-time religion and preached it. My heart just hungered for it. She invited me to visit her in Des Moines, Iowa, and I did. As I sat in her mansion with her and her husband, I saw the contrast of his haughty pride with her humble spirit. I was impressed by what God was able to do in the heart of a woman who was so entitled.

Later, I prayed and received sanctification. Then, God made a way for my husband and I to travel to Portland, Oregon, for the first camp meeting. My husband was dying with consumption of the lungs and tuberculosis of the glands at the time, but the Apostolic Faith people held on to God in prayer for him, and he was healed.

My husband prayed through to salvation and afterwards wanted to make a restitution. When I had wanted to do the same after being saved, he tried to stop me, saying it would be published in the newspaper and he wouldn't be able to stand that. I made the restitution anyway and he stood it. His also got published in the paper, and he stood that, too.

I praise God for all He has done for me. He baptized me with the Holy Ghost, and when I was sick for six months and it seemed every star had gone out of my sky, He healed my body. My health had broken down and it seemed like a dark cloud enveloped me. One day I was sure I would not live

much longer, and I was so discouraged, but the saints of God held on in prayer. I told my unsaved children I would not be here much longer, and one of the girls cried out, “You will too, because there are so many people praying for you.” Not long after that, God wonderfully restored me.

God’s banner over me is love; He has surely brought me to His banqueting table, and today there is a purpose in my soul to give Him my life as never before.



James Rigsby

God let the light of this mighty Gospel shine upon my pathway, and I am glad. My heart is thrilled when I hear people say that they were reared in a Christian home and knew the way of salvation, but that was not my case. My parents did not pray or read the Bible, and I did not know the first thing about the saving grace of God.

I lived on a farm as a child, but when our crops failed, sin and divorce broke apart our family. I left home at a young age when my parents separated and went to work in the logging and road camps. There I mingled with a rough crowd. My life became full of sin and misery, and I found out that the way of the transgressor is hard.

The time came when I never stayed long on any job. In fact, I couldn't stay long anywhere. I just drifted through life, looking for something to satisfy. I came to Portland, Oregon, broken hearted and despondent. I was tired of sin and tired of living. I wandered around the employment offices as

miserable as I could be.

I remember so well when the light of the Gospel shone into my life. I was walking along Third Avenue one Sunday afternoon without any thought of God when I heard some wonderful old songs of Zion ringing out on the street corner. Some Apostolic Faith workers were holding a street meeting, proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ and that beautiful Story of salvation. It stopped me in my tracks. I listened to the testimonies of people who said the Lord had completely changed their lives. Men were telling in no uncertain terms of the great things God had done in their lives. It was something I had never heard before, and it sounded good to me. Those people had something to live for, something real in their lives, and I knew I needed that in my life.

At work the next day, God talked to my heart. He said, "You'd better come." I went home, changed my clothes, and went to the mission on Sixth and Burnside. I left my job, my friends, and everything else outside the door that night. I simply stepped away from everything I knew, and trusted God. I did not know anyone in the meeting, but I had heard the call of Christ, and it kept ringing in my soul. I went to the altar of prayer at the close of the meeting. I knew I was not right with God and I wondered if He would hear my prayer and do for me what He had done for others. I did not know how to pray, but I asked the Lord to help me. I prayed earnestly, repenting of my crooked and sinful life, and calling on God for mercy.

I had not been there very long when God heard and answered. The most marvelous thing that ever happened in my life took place when God answered that prayer. He changed my life and gave me a real, definite Bible experience of salvation. The heavy load of sin lifted from my heart in an instant of time. The old life of heartache and misery was gone, and the peace of God came in. The temper that ruled my life for so many years was taken completely out. I had victory!

God helped me go back and make restitution. Out in the camps, I had jumped my room and board bills, and my transportation bills. I had stolen blankets from the bunks, lied, and blasphemed. God helped me go back over my life and confess out the wrongs I had done. I thank Him for clean hands and a pure heart. I am so thankful for a victorious Christian life.

I work hard these days carrying hods of bricks. It is a good way to prove the old-time religion, and I have found that the grace of God is sufficient to keep me. I am able to work from morning till night with the peace of Heaven down in my soul.

I thank God for all He has done for me. He not only saved me, but He sanctified me, and gave me the baptism of the Holy Ghost. He also gave me a nice home and family. And when I was sick, I consecrated my life to Him, and He came down and healed me. For many years this salvation has been very real to me. The hope of Heaven burns brighter and brighter every day!



Maud Smith

When the Lord delivered my soul from sin and discouragement, He also took the crooked doctrine out of my heart. I had been schooled in Adventism from earliest childhood. My father was a First-day Adventist as opposed to a Seventh-day Adventist. This meant he kept Sunday as a day of rest, but did not believe in Hell. He also embraced the doctrine of “soul sleeping,” the belief that after death, the soul sleeps until Jesus’ return.

Father studied to be a minister in the Adventist church and spent long weeks and months writing and arguing to prove his doctrine. As a girl of five years, I regularly stood on a chair next to his charts of prophecy and recited the articles of his belief.

Lack of victory eventually undermined my father, and Mother and I found ourselves victims of a broken home. For a time, she kept me in Sunday school, and then little by little we were drawn into the whirl of seeking worldly pleasure and amuse-

ment. Except for a few twinges of conscience now and then, we raced along unthinkingly with the pleasure-seeking crowd for years. However, we both said that someday we would find God and serve Him.

My mother remarried to a fine gentleman, but he died suddenly of a heart attack. This troubled our hearts and, for a time, sent us in a new direction. We looked into séances and Spiritualism in order to contact him. Several mediums told me that I had psychic powers, and for a time I studied to develop this. Some people think there is nothing to Spiritualism; but I can say there is definitely “something” to it. It is power from the devil, used to fascinate people and bring them back again and again until they reach a state of insanity. I saw this almost come to pass in my mother’s life. We purchased a Ouija board for receiving messages from the dead, and placed artifacts with “controlling influences” on our shelves. We also kept a “spirit-guided” pencil for guests with “keener perception.” The influence of these things began to have an effect on my mother. Splitting headaches attacked her until she feared for her mind. Her very countenance changed, and fear began to grip my heart as well.

In the still hours one morning, God spoke to me saying, “Burn those images, and your mother’s headaches will be gone.” I knew it was the Voice of the great Deliverer. I sprang out of bed determined to obey. After gathering everything in our home that pertained in any way to Spiritualism, I hurried to the furnace. As each of those things met the flames of fire, I rebuked the devil in the name and power of Almighty God to rid our home of him. Then I chopped that Ouija board up with an ax and threw it into the fire too. Shortly thereafter, Mother’s head was healed and the peace of normal living was restored in our home. I give God the glory for delivering us from that evil. We began a real seeking to find the people of God, and never consulted the spirits of darkness again.

A few years later, I married and the three of us began searching the papers daily for notices of evangelistic meetings. We were always among the earliest to arrive at such services, so we could get good seats. We also invited Bible students of different denominations to our home to explain their way of believing. We did not know what to look for, but Mother said, “If we find a church with altar benches, we will have found the real people of God.” She had been taught this by her mother who also felt that foot washing was a necessary part of any ordinance service.

The day came when my sins were stacked up before me as high as a mountain. In addition, my marriage was deteriorating and divorce seemed imminent. I had to have help! With three others, Mother and I formed a group and decided to search until we found the path that really led to God. We tried my father's First-day Adventist church first, but one visit there convinced us it was stone cold. We tried a Seventh-day Adventist church next and threw ourselves into doing all they asked of us. We embraced the dietary restrictions and keeping Saturday as a day of rest. We were even baptized in the church, becoming members, but privately we confessed to each other that we were still carrying that same old load of condemnation.

Then one evening, Mother heard a Gospel street meeting being held by Apostolic Faith people. Like the disciples of old, she found me and said, "Come and hear what I have heard." We went to the next meeting together, and I will never cease to praise God for that evening! I stood and listened to a band of people telling of a way out of sin and of a keeping power which stood the test of time. In those testimonies, I caught the sound of the Shepherd's Voice.

When some of the members from our church heard that we had been to the street meeting, they tried to dissuade us. Again and again during that time, the Adventist minister came to our home to warn us. However, God saw to it that our hunger grew for the victory we had heard about. As we tried to weigh our choices, two of our little group of seekers became discouraged and turned away. Mother could not get away from the fact that for the first time in all of the years since her childhood, she had found a church with an altar. We really looked to God to direct our footsteps, and decided not to attend any church until we knew which had the true Gospel.

One day Mother, with aching heart and falling tears, opened her Bible, and the first words that met her eyes were, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" She answered the Lord out loud, "Just show me who Your people are and I will go." A short time later, an Apostolic Faith camp meeting began in the Woodstock district of Portland, Oregon, which was not far from our home. One afternoon, Mother and I stood in her kitchen by an open window, and God let us hear the prayers from the altar service taking place. They seemed to pour in through that open window. In that moment, Mother heard the Voice of the great God of Heaven say, "These are My people!" Mother answered, "I am going to them." And I added, "Mother, I will go with you."

We went and eventually knelt at that same altar of prayer and offered tears of repentance mingled with consecrations (Mother on November 2, and I on December 28 of 1920). Ours were not idle words; we had sought long for this haven and were no longer halted between two opinions. We prayed, and the people of God prayed with us until we prayed our way through. God gave us the faith, and we were able to step from relying on the "law" into "grace." It was glorious! Years of false beliefs were gone—just as if my head had been emptied, and the foundation of sound doctrine was planted in my heart.

Mother lived fifteen years enjoying the great blessing of salvation and being able to witness for Jesus about the transformation that took place in her life.

A few years after we were saved, my husband came to the Apostolic Faith to see what we had found. At that time, his health was gone; the doctor had said if he did not respond to medicine within two weeks, he would not live. That was too close a margin! He came seeking forgiveness for his sins, and on April 13, 1924, God saved him and healed him. That was nearly thirty years ago, and all this time he has had good health and has been able to work.

Over the years, we have seen many miracles in our home in answer to prayer. At one time our little girl lay for days with a fever that could not be broken. The ministers prayed for her, and God restored her immediately. Another time, our eldest son got both of his arms caught in an electric wringer. They were mashed and bruised, but within thirty minutes after he was prayed for, the flesh was completely smooth, and he grasped a ball and threw it across the room. Our youngest son suffered an acute heart condition after having the flu, and for months he could not be left alone. God completely healed him, and there has never been a recurrence of that condition.

I thank God for His miracle-working power, and for the privilege to be a witness for Him. The security I found in serving Jesus grows deeper as I near the goal.

Maud Smith was a faithful member of the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon, until her death in 1957. She taught Sunday school and volunteered at the headquarters office. She and her husband, Oliver, raised their three children to serve the Lord also, and today they have grandchildren and great-grandchildren in the Gospel.

One of her grandchildren recalled these two answers to prayer: "One time Grandpa Oliver Smith had very sore feet. They were so bad that he was afraid he would not be able to work. While riding the street car on the way to work one morning, he prayed and told the Lord he needed to support his family. At his stop, he got off the streetcar and ran down the road. The Lord had healed him.

"Another time, my grandparents did not know what they were going to do for heat during the winter. After they prayed, the telephone company decided to replace some poles. Grandpa asked if he could have them, and the workers piled them near his house. The family had fuel all winter."

Index

Beckner, Ray	14
Chastain, Delmar	27
Chastain, William	61
Cummings, Rose	19
Dorr, Elsie	22
Eggensberger, Frank	50
Friesen, Katherine	55
Getti, Vivian	37
Giselman, Irma	80
Guddat, Otto	7
Hess, Edwin and Mette	65
Jimerson, Charles	26
Johnson, Fred	20
Kasper, Eli and Rebecca	47
Kasper, Harold	29
Landers, Ernest	21
Lee, Peter	63
Lippert, Helen	25
Maharaj, Joe	13
Modrall, John and Mary	15
Moulton, John	45
Myers, Robert	75
Neff, Asher	49
Nelson, Einar	23
Neufeld, Richard	41
Northup, Harold	39
Northup, Hazel	32
O'Brien, James	35
Olsen, Hannah	51
Orwig, Charles	44
Ott, John	62
Owen, Fred	57
Owen, Kenneth	79
Page, Andre	81
Parr, Jim	77
Paulson, Nina	31
Pierce, Grace	59
Pope, Lee	52
Remley, Robert	73
Richmond, Martha	83
Rigsby, James	85
Robanske, Walter	53
Roby, Ray	33
Samuels, Sam	69
Shelby, Ruby	9
Shirk, Helen	71

Simpson, Betty	11
Smith, Jess.....	10
Smith, Maud.....	87
Smith, Raymond	17
Staley, Inetta.....	67
White, Pauline.....	38
Withrow, Hazel	43
Young, Nell	12