

testimonies of Korean Christians living in Pusan. They thanked God for peace in their hearts from the moment they had become new creatures in Christ Jesus.

Could such a thing be possible for me? I went to Pusan so I could see those born-again people with my own eyes. I met the missionaries and was invited to their home. They told me of God's power to save my soul and to deliver me from sin. Conviction began to weigh heavily upon my conscience. I realized I was a condemned sinner, but when I thought of how I had ridiculed God and Christians for years, I wondered if He would forgive me.

The brothers and sisters of the church prayed for me. I began to name my sins to God and I surrendered all to Him. As tears flowed, our heavenly Father made the change in my heart. What wonderful peace flowed into me! The smoking, drinking, and drugs which had attached themselves to my life were gone, along with the thought of committing suicide. God gave me power to go and sin no more.

When I heard I could be sanctified, my heart became hungry again. I consecrated all I had and God answered my prayer and sanctified me. I started to leave the altar, but there in front of me was my son, and I could hear he was praying for me. I could not leave, so I knelt again. The Holy Spirit filled the church that

night and the blessings rained down! Twelve men and women, including me, received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. That was the most glorious night of my life.

I told God, "I want to devote the rest of my life to glorifying You and doing anything You want me to do for the souls of those who are lost and wandering in sin." The Lord has given me the privilege to work in the Apostolic Faith Church office in Korea. I visit the penitentiaries and hospitals to tell the Good News of salvation from sin. I am happiest when I can witness to the power of God and glorify Him.

My family and I will not forget that we were snatched as brands from the burning, and now have the hope of eternal life. The rest of my life belongs to Jesus.

Lee Jong Ho was saved on May 20, 1975, and became an Apostolic Faith pastor in Taegu, Korea. He served God faithfully in that position until God called him Home.

APOSTOLIC FAITH CHURCH

World Headquarters
5414 SE Duke Street
Portland, Oregon 97206 U.S.A.
www.apostolicfaith.org

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FAMILY SUICIDE AVERTED



The bridge tender pled with the despondent man who was about to throw himself into the Willamette River, “You must not commit suicide.” At the time I read those five words in a Korean tract telling the man’s story, I was planning to commit suicide myself. My hopes were blasted, and I had nothing left to live for.

During my childhood, I never heard my parents pray or read the Bible. They had a large home and many worldly things, but they did not have the love of God in their hearts. They insisted on our going to school every day, but they never urged us to go to Sunday school or church. I received a good education in the best high school and college in Korea, but I knew nothing about God. I was taught to respect and admire great men, but not to honor God.

I thought churchgoers were weaklings who were looking for a way of escape from their situation in life, and I would have nothing to do with them. Never did I dream of kneeling at an altar of prayer!

I started my own business, had a pleasant home, and anticipated making it through life without trouble. However, I became very worldly and spent more and more time away from my family. Gambling, drinking, and dancing consumed almost every night. When I did go home, once or twice a week, it seemed more like I was going to a hotel.

As long as my business went well, I had many friends, but one by one they left me when my business began going down. Soon I found myself in deep sin and trouble. I was ruined and lost everything. When I faced financial depression and spiritual loneliness, I was not able to stand. I needed someone to lean upon, but no one could help me.

KILLING OURSELVES TOGETHER SEEMED THE ONLY THING TO DO.

I tried to bolster myself with drugs and wine, but I could not afford them. I had a wife and a little son, and killing ourselves together seemed the only thing to do. My wife agreed, so we left Seoul and went to Taegu, where we knew no one, to carry out our plan. We took a room in a poor, small inn.

My little son did not know what was going on, and he wanted to go back to Seoul. Since I was waiting until it was dark to commit suicide, I decided to take him to a nearby children’s park during the day—one more time to make him happy.

God was watching out for me. On our way back to the inn, someone handed me an Apostolic Faith tract. I had no interest in it and just put it into my pocket. When we reached the inn, I wanted to write my father before we died. In searching my pockets for a pen, I found the tract I had been given. It was entitled, “For Another’s Crime.” I opened it, and I saw those words, “You must not commit suicide.” What a surprise! God talked to me through that tract. I read it from beginning to end. It was the testimony of an ex-convict.

He told of being released from prison and having no one to help him. For four days he wandered around Portland, Oregon, looking for work. He had nothing to eat and no place to sleep except on some lumber piles at a mill. When he lost hope, he went to the Burnside Bridge to throw himself into the water. After the bridge tender stopped him, he looked up and saw the sign on the Apostolic Faith Church. An unseen Power impelled him to go to church, and there he prayed and his sins were forgiven.

I could see that this man had been given a new start in life. Right there I gave up my plan to commit suicide and instead wrote a letter to the Apostolic Faith missionary in Pusan, Korea, whose address was stamped on the tract. A few days later I got an answer, a copy of the *Light of Hope* paper, and some