

would need to perform an emergency surgery.

For a time after the surgery, Gary seemed to be doing better, but soon the same symptoms started once more. During the next year he underwent five more operations. He would come home for a while, the symptoms would recur, and he went back in again. Though the pain was severe, Gary wouldn't cry; he would just grit his teeth. From birth, pain had been his way of life. After the last operation, the most severe procedure yet, we were assured, "This should take care of the problem." Then the same familiar signs of trouble came back.

His condition became so critical that they allowed my wife and me to stay in his room around the clock. One night we called the church again, requesting prayer. Before putting him down for the night, we decided to take Gary around the hospital ward for a short ride in a wheelchair. He was too weak to hold up his head, so we tied him into the chair with flannel straps, his head resting on a pillow. As we came out of his room and started down the corridor, I looked up at the clock and thought, they are probably praying at the church right now for Gary.

Suddenly Gary's head snapped up off the pillow and he said, "Daddy, me walk!" I didn't question him. I just untied the straps and turned him loose. What a stir that caused

among the nurses! There could be no doubt: Gary had experienced a visit from the Lord. We took him home the next day.

Before his release we were cautioned that he would not be able to eat normally, and that the trauma he had experienced would very likely affect him psychologically. They missed it on all counts. God had done a perfect job on Gary. Today, he is a healthy man, the father of three children, and a grandfather. He is a born-again Christian, and for more than forty years has worked full-time in the Lord's service.

I have gratitude in my heart to the Lord for all He has done for me through the years. I rejoice that today I can report spiritual victory.

*Don Wolfe was the Director of Music for the Portland Apostolic Faith Church for many years and passed on to his reward in Heaven in 2019.*

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# God Stepped on the Scene



**A**t the age of six years, I made my way forward to an altar of prayer and asked the Lord, in a childlike way, to be merciful to me, a sinner. I will never forget that morning, because when I got to my feet, I was a new little boy. I felt like I was just floating up the aisle of the church.

My father and I lived alone together, as my mother had left our home when I was five years old. Though I was living in a “broken” home, I really never thought about it, because I felt so much love from my father. He was faithful to take me to Sunday school and church, but much of my knowledge of the Bible came during my bedtime routine before we went to sleep. He began a “game” with me when I was still very young, in which we would take turns quoting Scriptures. A particular passage that always came up was, “Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world” (1 John 2:15-16). I never got away from those verses.

Following graduation from high school, I got a job, married, and spent two years in the United States Navy during the Korean conflict. I drew the line on what I would and would not do: I never tried cigarettes, liquor, or drugs, but

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## **THAT NIGHT THE SITUATION CAME TO A HEAD WHEN, AFTER AN ALL-NIGHT VIGIL, HE COULD NOT HOLD DOWN EVEN A SPOONFUL OF WATER.**

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I had a lot of worldly ambitions.

Shortly after I came home from the service, the Lord showed me that though I had played the part of a Christian for many years, I had let the love of the world creep into my heart. I was living with an empty profession, and I didn't see how I would ever have the courage to face up to the truth and get straightened out with the Lord. One night, as I sat in a young people's meeting, it seemed as though the Lord shut me away from everything around me. His Spirit was thundering in my heart: “Where will you spend eternity?” At the close of that service, I didn't care what anybody thought about me. All I wanted was to make sure I was right with God. I made my way forward to the altar of prayer, and

kneeling at the foot of the pulpit, I repented with bitter tears. I told the Lord I wanted to be a real Christian—that I would confess I had been nothing but a hypocrite. The Lord was faithful to encourage me as I prayed, and that night He restored my soul, witnessing that I was forgiven. When I rose to my feet I had peace in my soul at last. All the fear of death was gone, and the burden of condemnation was rolled away. What a joyful night that was!

In the next few years my wife and I enjoyed God's blessings. We had two little girls, and then our first son, Gary, was born. However, very soon after bringing him home from the hospital, we realized that his bodily functions were not working correctly. The pediatricians we saw gave conflicting advice. He began getting wan, weak, and very distended. This condition worsened through his first two years.

Finally we were told that Gary should be taken to the University of Oregon Medical School Hospital, where specialists were equipped to deal with unusual conditions.

That very night the situation came to a head when, after an all-night vigil, he could not hold down even a spoonful of water. Gary was admitted to the University Hospital the next day. After he was changed into a hospital gown, he was whisked away, crying his heart out. A few hours later they told us that they