

One of them came to my home and began taking my children to Sunday school every week, but I continued to resist the invitations to go to the services.

Something was stirring

I began to feel a great deal of condemnation for the things I was doing. My efforts to straighten up my life were always in vain. One night, I dug out the Bible that I had received from the Christian lady in my hometown. It was covered with dust, but something was stirring inside me. The next day was my day off, and that morning something seemed to say, *Why don't you pray?* I did. I got on my knees beside my bed, and asked God to be merciful me. I asked Him to give me what the people at the church had.

God answered my prayer. It seemed that the windows of Heaven opened and the glory of God poured into my room. That crushing burden of sin was gone! The peace and happiness that I had been searching for came to me in that moment.

I cleaned house

That day, I cleaned my house. I determined that my house would be a Christian home from then on. I couldn't stand the smell of the liquor I had craved. When my son and daughter came

home from school that afternoon, I was pouring two bottles of beer down the sink. My son said, "Something's happened to Dad. He's pouring out his beer!" I told the children that they had a new dad and that life would be different.

The next night that a meeting was held, I was at the church, and there God poured more into my life. He sanctified my soul. Just a few months later, God poured out the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon me. How thrilling that was!

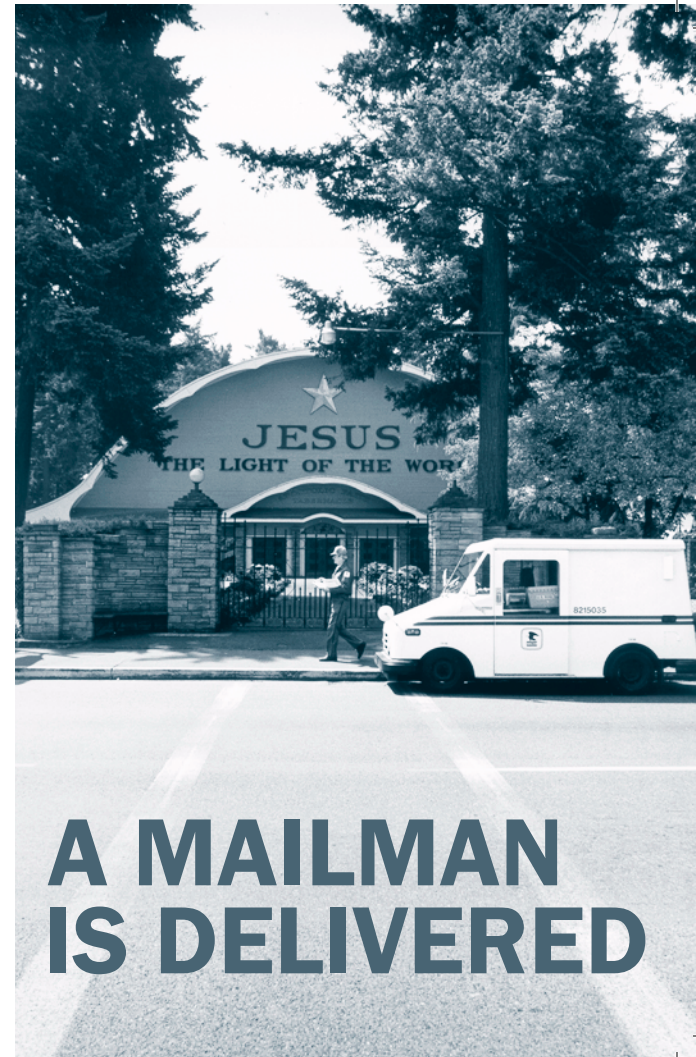
One day, I found out just how much God loved me even before I was saved. I knew it was a miracle that I had not died the night I took the sleeping pills. What I didn't know was that one of the people of the church was on her knees that very night interceding for me. That is why I am alive today. What mercy and love God shows to sinners!

I thank God for His wonderful love to me. I want to serve Him faithfully to the end. — Allan Smith

APOSTOLIC FAITH CHURCH

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

TR17-0624



A MAILMAN IS DELIVERED

My marriage of eighteen years had become unbearable, and finally, my wife and I separated. One night, about a month later, I was feeling absolutely miserable. I hadn't been able to sleep much, so I purchased some strong sleeping pills.

I put the children to bed. Then, as the quietness settled around me, I picked up that bottle of sleeping pills. *What's the use?* I thought. I was only forty years old, but it seemed there was nothing left to live for, so I took the whole bottle of one hundred pills along with a large amount of alcohol. As far as I was concerned, that was the end.

I had been born into a family that did not know God. We lived in a little railroad town in Montana, and the railroad hands led me deep into sin. I started to smoke at ten years of age and to drink at twelve. However, God allowed some light to come my way. A Christian lady lived in our town, and I felt something different whenever I visited her home. She always had the Bible out, and she told my sister and me about God.

Searched for satisfaction

As I grew up, I always looked for a good time, but I could never find any lasting satisfaction. I married, and for the first seven or eight years, my wife and I partied and chased after the pleasures of this life. Then we decided it was time

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to settle down, so we bought a house in Portland, Oregon. We felt we were growing apart, so we adopted an infant boy and later a girl. I had hoped that raising children together would help bring us closer and it seemed to work for a while, but after a time we began to drift apart again. One day, my wife told me she was having an affair. We separated for eight months but later got back together. For a time, it seemed that things would be all right. We had a large home, a good income, two vehicles, a boat, and a travel trailer, but those things did not bring either of us satisfaction. We both began to drink more and more.

I wanted something more out of life than what I had. Over the years, I had tried joining different churches, but I never found anything in them that helped me. I came to the

conclusion that the people who went to church were hypocrites, and decided that religion wasn't for me. Then I was assigned to a mail route in the neighborhood around the Apostolic Faith Church. I began to watch the lives of the church people, and I was impressed. The ones I talked to really cared about me, but I refused their invitations to attend the services.

A suicide attempt

When my wife and I separated, life lost its meaning for me. Thank God, someone found me that night after I tried to take my life with sleeping pills. I was rushed to the hospital, and there the medical personnel struggled to keep me alive. The doctor told me later that he didn't understand why I had not died. Neither did I. Heartache and remorse followed me everywhere I went.

My children were staying with me, even though I wasn't much of a father. After picking them up from the baby-sitter and giving them a quick dinner, I would turn on the television set for them and head out into the night to try and find some satisfaction. I was a very sinful man. It got to the point that I was drinking morning, noon, and night. If you had asked me, I would have said I could quit, but I couldn't. I was an alcoholic.

The people of the Apostolic Faith Church began to make me a subject of regular prayer.