

Around that same time, two of my best buddies in town got into an argument about gambling. They began to fight at the hotel where I was working and were ordered out. I watched them after they were outside. One man hit the other, and he fell down and split his head open on the sidewalk and died. For several weeks, I had to go back and forth to the police station because I had witnessed the incident. After that, I stopped gambling.

God really spoke to my heart through those incidents. Before long, I said to Barb, "Honey, we are going back to Newfoundland." She replied, "I was waiting for you to tell me." I did not know that she had been contemplating the same thought. We moved back to my hometown of South Brook, and God provided a job for me there, even though employment was difficult at the time.

Shortly before we moved, Barb's brother, who had lived a very sinful life, had been saved, and God used that to speak to her heart. We had not been there long when Barb gave her heart to the Lord she had rejected. When she came home from church that day she looked different, and I said to myself, "Uh-oh! Life is going to change!"

After she was saved, I thought about what would happen if the Lord came back. I knew she would be raptured, and I was not ready.

One Sunday night, I was in church and my father-in-law preached. After the service, an elderly lady came and put her hand on my shoulder. Even though I was not saved, she called me Brother. She said, "Brother George, I've been praying." That was all it took. I went forward and knelt at the little altar bench. Before long, I felt another hand on my shoulder. It was my mother, and she prayed with me until I prayed through to salvation.

Barb and I began to grow as Christians. God was good to us. When I sought Him, God sanctified me and gave me that wonderful heart purity. For quite some time, I was content and just enjoyed the Gospel. Then the Lord's Spirit began talking to my heart, and I started to seek to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. On a Tuesday night, the Lord gave me that experience.

When I reflect, I know it is amazing that I am even alive. By God's mercy, He caused Barb to look behind her that night that I had fallen into the snow bank, and for that I will be eternally grateful to Him. — George Burton

APOSTOLIC FAITH CHURCH

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

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RESCUED FROM DEATH



My parents raised me in a Christian home and were faithful to pray for me and my fourteen siblings. Whenever any of us children traveled, once we arrived at our destination and opened our suitcases, the first thing we saw was a Bible, because my mother always packed it. As a young fellow, I did pray and was saved, but when I was fourteen years old, I rebelled and turned away from God. After celebrating my sixteenth birthday, I told my mother that I was finished with school and was leaving.

My older sister was living in Wabush, Labrador, at the time. I moved there and got involved in many facets of sin. I worked two jobs, had plenty of money, and before long, I was drinking alcohol and smoking, and was addicted to gambling.

Some of my buddies and I were so consumed with gambling that we signed a contract to have a four-hour poker session each week. If a person lost the first hand, he still had to stay the four hours and borrow money. People lost their whole paychecks in moments.

Meanwhile, my parents were praying for me, and God was watching out for me. One of my jobs was as a chef, at a hotel where many of the employees lived in company trailers. I was dating a young lady, and we had been out one night with another couple. As we headed to our friends' trailer, I felt like a Voice spoke

emphatically to me, "Don't go in!" One couple went in, but the other girl and I each went back to our own trailers. The next morning I was working in the kitchen when one of my friends ran in and said, "George, did you hear the news? Your buddy and his girl died last night in the trailer!"

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Later, I found out they had died from carbon monoxide poisoning. In Churchill Falls, the winter temperatures were often so cold that we left our vehicles running at night to keep the engine blocks from splitting. An elderly gentleman, who lived in another unit in the same trailer, had backed his car muffler into the snow bank. When the furnace in my friends' trailer ran, it sucked in the carbon monoxide from the vehicle and killed them all, including the elderly man. Even though I tried not to think about it, I knew I needed to change my ways.

From the time I was fourteen years old, I had always been attracted to Barbara Hancock. She had a Christian background too; her parents were in full-time ministry in the Apostolic Faith

Church in South Brook, but she too had turned her back on God. After I had been away for a while, I returned for a holiday and Barbara and I were married.

We did quite well financially. We had a company trailer and vehicle at Churchill Falls, and we were living high. We loved dancing and partying, and made friends with those who loved the same activities. However, even while we explored the pleasures of sin in Labrador, we could never really forget about God. On Sunday nights, sometimes Barb would go to a local church. She was not happy and I knew it.

One night, I went to a stag party before one of my buddies got married. When I did not come home at the expected time, Barb came looking for me. She found me, and I left the party with her. We were walking in a blizzard, but she walked on ahead because she was upset that I had been drinking. After a time, she looked back and realized that I was not behind her. She went back to the club to see if I had returned to the party, which took her about fifteen minutes. It was snowing, drifting, and minus forty degrees Celsius. When she could not find me at the club, she headed home again. As she walked, she noticed a mound in the snow bank. It was me! Asleep and mostly covered in snow, if she had walked home without looking back, I would have frozen to death.