

before the Lord. He was rejected! I began to pull on the Lord's garments and beg Him to please save my father. Up to that time, the Lord had not seemed to notice me, but He turned and smiled at me and said, "Tell your father to get ready!" That was the end of my dream.

The next morning Dad came home. He had spent sixteen hours at the gambling table, and though he was drunk, he listened to me. I am sure my face was shining as I stood there and told him of that dream and that the Lord had saved me. I didn't know just what to call salvation, but I knew I had received what I read about, and that was what I told him.

My father realized that God was speaking through me, and he said, "O God, if that is You speaking to me through this child, I will give You my life!" He fell across the bed and began to pray his heart out to God. The Lord saved him that morning and that was the last time he ever came home in a drunken condition.

In the months that followed, I had no spiritual instruction except from the Apostolic Faith papers that were sent to us. I would read them and go off alone to pray. That dream always stayed with me and the memory of the wonderful experience that the Lord had given me.

About three years after my salvation, my family moved to Portland, Oregon, to serve God among the Apostolic Faith people. My father

had suffered from tuberculosis of the spine for seven years and had gone through three operations. He was told that he would never get well, but when we came to Portland, he was prayed for and the Lord instantly healed him. The Lord did marvelous things in our home. My parents both lived Christian lives for many years before the Lord took them home.

I am thankful that I have had the privilege of giving the best days of my life to the Lord. He has given me peace and contentment through the trials of life. I can say there is power in the Gospel to keep a young person happy and satisfied.

Willie Struhar was an active worker in the Portland Apostolic Faith Church for many years. She passed away in 1994.

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I am thankful that I ever had the privilege of hearing the marvelous story of Jesus and His power to save all kinds of people. I wasn't brought up in a Christian home. We didn't live anywhere near a place where we could go to church, and we children were never sent to Sunday school. Sin had made our home miserable and unhappy, and I didn't know what peace and joy were.

My father spent his time and a great deal of his money in gambling halls and saloons. At that time, he was the constable in the little mining town in Arizona where we lived among a rough class of people. He mingled with them and soon started staying out night after night. He would leave town for days at a time and not tell my mother where he was. It kept going from bad to worse until she said she just couldn't stand it any longer. Divorce seemed to be the only answer and plans were made to put us children in different places to be cared for.

I was the oldest daughter of four children, and though I was only nine years old at the time, I tried to help Mother bear her burdens. Our home was so unhappy that it spoiled my early childhood. Mother didn't know the Lord and didn't know how to cast her burdens on Him, so she couldn't tell me. I think there were times when she did pray, but she didn't know how to get her prayers through.

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One day, we received an Apostolic Faith paper that someone had sent hundreds of miles to us. I read that paper and then sat there thinking about it. One testimony told about a man who had lived a life of sin, and I remember thinking, *Why, that is just like Dad*. Then I read another testimony of a woman who said she was brokenhearted and afraid to trust God with her children, and I thought, *That is just like Mama*. Those people told how they had found the Lord and they said they were happy in serving God.

I kept thinking about what I had read and that night, as I went to bed, I knelt and prayed. I didn't say anything out loud, but I just lifted my heart to God and told Him I wanted what I had read about. I wanted the Lord to make our home happy. There was no excitement and no one to help me pray, but I heard the Lord calling to

me. I gave Him my heart and He made such a glorious change! Peace and joy flooded my soul.

When I went to sleep I had a wonderful dream. I had never read the Scripture that tells of the Great White Throne Judgment, but in my dream I saw it. Later in life, I read about it in the Bible and my dream was so much like the description there. I saw the Lord in the midst of a throng. There were people of all ages and nationalities. As far as I could see, there was just a great sea of humanity. The Lord stood there with white and flowing robes. His countenance was sweet to those who could look upon Him, but some were hiding their faces because the brightness was too great.

There was a huge crack in the earth, like a gulf, and smoke was ascending from a great hole in the ground. On the other side was the devil and he seemed to be waiting for those whom the Lord would reject. A transparent stairway led up into Heaven and on this stairway angels were hovering. As the people came up before the Lord, each one was judged, and either accepted or rejected. It just seemed to be a nod of the Lord's head or a smile that told them which way to go.

When my turn came, the Lord smiled and motioned for me to go with the angels, but I didn't go. I hid by His side in the folds of His garment and waited until my father came