

that after three weeks, Heaven opened one night, and the power of God shot down into my dead soul and resurrected me. Up until that night, the devil had full run of that old shack. But when God came in, Hell and Satan went out. It seemed that the room was filled with light and peace. It was the most wonderful night I ever spent.

After a while, God started showing me some of the things I needed to make right with my fellowman. If there ever was a first-class bum, I was it. I traveled all over the United States stealing rides from railroad companies. I went back to these companies and paid for those railroad fares.

Another restitution I made was for a saddle I had stolen from the sheriff of my own county the night I left home. I needed a saddle, and since I had already taken another man's horse, the saddle didn't seem like such a big deal. I went to the sheriff's barn, took his good saddle, put it on the horse, and rode out of the county on it. When God began to deal with me, that saddle felt like it grew about four or five times larger than it was originally. When I finally wrote back to the sheriff and straightened it up, he replied, "I knew you took it, and I was mad too, when I found out." But he said, "I freely forgive you." It feels good to be cleaned up.

It has been a wonderful salvation! Jesus is a wonderful Savior! He has been mine for many years. He cleaned up my old life and healed my body when I didn't think I would ever get well. I had tried doctors and medicine, electrical gadgets and everything else, and I was getting worse every day. But the Son of Righteousness arose with healing in His wings. I found that the Blood of Jesus Christ is the greatest remedy ever known for sin and disease. The work was instantaneous. He mended my broken heart and healed my diseased body. Oh, He is a marvelous Savior!

I thank Jesus who can raise a man like me, put him on his feet, start him out right and keep him right. I appreciate all that Jesus has done for me.

Jack Robbins became an Apostolic Faith minister and labored faithfully for the Lord until he was called Home in 1948.

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From the Cattle Ranges of Idaho



Born and raised in a mining town where they drank whisky and gambled, I was only four years old the first time I got drunk. Drunken riots and shooting scrapes were common, and sometimes the end of a fight would leave two or three dead. I remember that some of the neighbors in my home town labeled me as the boy who would come to a bad end. Except for the love of God, I surely would have.

My father died when I was only eleven years old. The family was scattered, and I went to work for a cattle company; riding the range. When I was seventeen years old I could drink the strongest whisky, use the strongest tobacco, shuffle cards, shake dice, swear like a pirate, and fight. I didn't think I could be a real man unless I could act like the other men.

Range life got too easy for me and I wanted something else. I quit the range and the mines, and drifted to the Pacific Coast. I ended up in Portland, Oregon, and it was there that I graduated in the sin business. Shipping in and out of town, I used to go to the railroad camps, the logging camps, out to the harvest fields, and to all the places of hard labor. I would get good jobs and lose them or give them up and go back to town to try to drown my troubles with whisky.

I staggered the streets bleary-eyed, defeated, hopeless, and helpless; a ruined man. Nobody would hire me. My life was wasted and ruined on life's pathway. I became a tramp.

It was in an old shack on the mud flats in Portland where I finally met God. I was dying; a hopeless sight with my eyes sunken in my

IT WAS GOD'S ETERNAL MERCY THAT SPARED MY LIFE AND BROUGHT ME TO MYSELF.

head—just a shadow of the man I used to be. I remember running my hands through my hair as pain would shoot through my body. I had walked that place night after night, as Satan taunted me with, “You're lost, you're lost!” I would try to sleep it off, walk it off, drink it off; but “lost, lost!” always rang in my soul. I thank God that between me and eternity stood Jesus.

I had prayed many times in my life, but it was because I was in trouble or in danger. I thank God that, in the darkest hour of my life, I prayed again. That time I wasn't sorry because I was in trouble, but because I saw myself as

God did. A few short years before, I had been a healthy young man in the prime of life, strong and well as a man ought to be. But I had taken the life He gave me and let the devil rob me of it until I was nothing but a shadow, bones, and rags.

Lying there, alone and miserable, I had time to think about my childhood, and memories of my mother flooded my mind. I thank God that she taught me about Jesus when I was a little boy. In that little mining town, in a cottage on the side of a hill, she told me about God. She told me that if I ever got into trouble and needed a friend, Jesus could help me. She gathered us five children around her knees, and every night we would have prayer. Even though I drifted for many years, I never got away from it. Somehow, in my distress and despair, those memories got hold of me.

Full of sorrow, pain, hopelessness, and discouragement, I sent up an SOS to God. I was sinking and needed help. I crawled out of that bunk, got down on that old, dirty, greasy floor and asked God to help my poor, miserable soul. I said, “Jesus, won't You help me? I don't want to go to Hell like this. Help me!” I prayed not only once but I prayed night and day. I determined that if I never got God in my life, I was going to Hell praying. I praise God