

and my theological training, I was a sinner in the sight of God.

I realized that I had been utterly ignorant of the first principles of genuine Christianity and determined then that I would either become a real Christian or give up religion. I was tired of all the sham; I made up my mind that I would have reality or nothing. I went to my room and wrote my resignation.

I went to the place where the Apostolic Faith people were holding a camp meeting. There, I went on my knees, called upon God, and repented of my sins. I did not receive the witness of salvation while on my knees, but that night on my way back to where I was staying, Jesus came into my heart and became real to me. The peace of Heaven stole over me like a calm after a storm. I became personally acquainted with the One who is able to save from sin, and He gave me power to live as a Christian should live. That prayer wrought in my life what years of struggling to be a Christian had failed to do.

Telling the story—first-hand

I awoke about five o'clock the next morning, and the peace of God was still there. I wanted to find somebody to whom I could tell the story, but I did not know anyone in Portland, so I hurried to the campground. I saw someone I

had met the night before, and I told him, "I got saved last night!" He said, "Yes, I know. I can tell by your looks." God had changed my life and my countenance.

Five days later, I sought the Lord and received the glorious experience of sanctification. That was the first time I, although a minister, had known of a second definite work of grace. Two days later, at the altar, I sought the infilling of the Holy Spirit, and God baptized me. He gave me power to witness for Him and tell the story as never before.

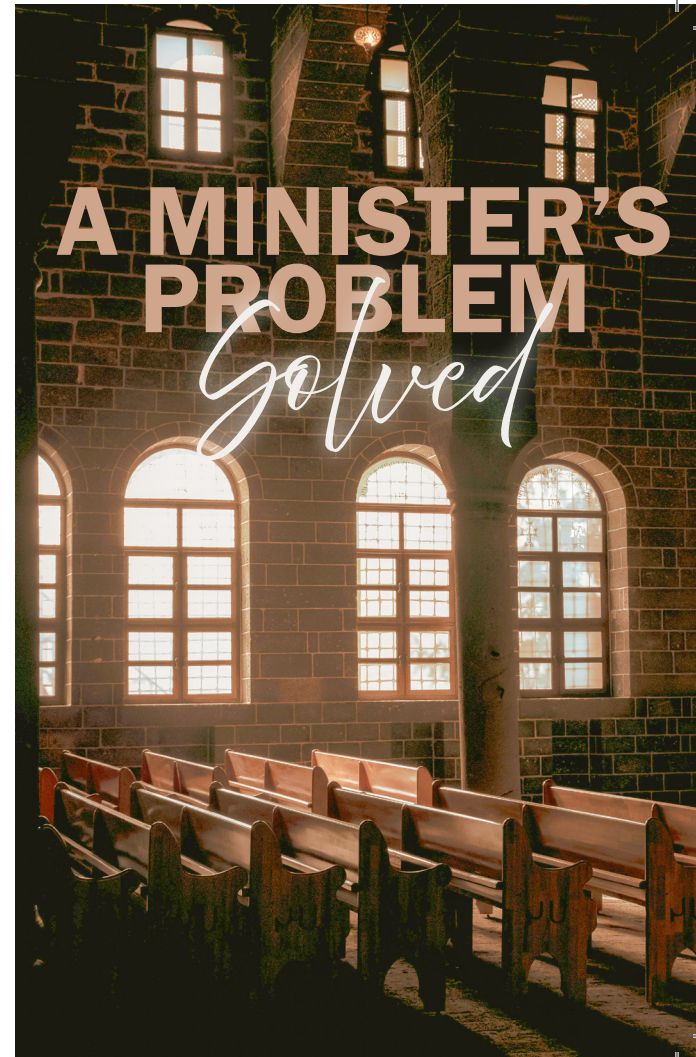
Tremendous things have happened since the day God saved me. Many troubles and confusing things have come upon the earth, but these things tell me that we are drawing near to the coming of the Lord. It is my purpose to be ready for that day.

Charles Rodman was born in 1879 and was part of the Apostolic Faith work from 1913 until his death in 1949.

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I was brought up in the atmosphere of the church and Sunday school, and my name was put on the church membership roll when I was just a boy. For years, though, I failed to find any joy in my religion, and I wondered why.

As a young man, I started to study for the ministry. Because I believed the Bible was true. For sixteen years I studied, spending eight of those years in theological training. I finished at Princeton, majoring in the Greek language. Then I took a postgraduate course designed to equip a person to preach the Gospel. I studied with the best instructors, and I came home with three degrees. I had high ideals and tried to maintain good morals, living what I thought was a Christian life.

After I finished school, I began pastoral work in the State of Washington. I tried to point others to the way of eternal life, but on Sunday mornings, I faced my congregation knowing that I had fallen short of keeping the commandments and precepts of God's Word. Though I preached the Bible's standard for Christians, I failed to measure up to it.

Living a defeated life

In the Epistles and Gospels, I had read about the victory that a follower of Jesus Christ will have, but I was defeated. I had no peace. Instead, there was turmoil in my soul. I wondered

why I, as a Christian, did not possess what the Bible says belongs to a Christian. No one had told me that it was possible to live twenty-four hours every day without sin. I did not know there was power in the Gospel to transform one's life. As time went on, instead of becoming more like Jesus, I was moving further from Him. I had the same love in my heart for the things of the world that any sinner has, and I had almost reached the point of believing there was nothing to religion after all.

One July, I came to the city of Portland, Oregon, to attend a Good Citizenship conference of twelve thousand people. Its purpose was to find a way to make good citizens of bad ones. Great issues were discussed, including social conditions and needed reforms. A great deal of learning was displayed in that convention, but not once did I hear mentioned an adequate remedy for the disease of sin, which they had so thoroughly diagnosed.

One day before the convention closed, I happened to go into a different part of the city. On a street corner, I came face-to-face with a group of young men who were telling the Story of Jesus. One after another told that they had been bound by sin and that their good resolutions and willpower had failed them. In their extremity, they had called upon God, repented of their sins, and the entire course of their lives

had been changed. As proof of that, they were now sober, respectable, honorable men, living with victory over sin.

I recognized that those men had found the solution to the problem that the educated men at the conference had failed to find. The solution had not come through great learning, legislation, reform, or any such thing, but through the transforming power of God.

I found the answer

I saw victory written in those Christians' faces, and I knew their testimonies were true. For the first time in my life, I witnessed the power of a miracle-working God. Here was the answer to the unrest in my soul. I discovered that a Christian life was not a matter of struggling against sinful desires, but of repenting of one's sins and becoming right with God.

My eyes were opened to the truth. I came to the realization that a person may be well-versed in the original languages of the Bible and doctrinal subjects, without becoming acquainted with the great God of Heaven. I found, too, that being a minister of the Gospel did not mean that I was a saved man. Although I held a position in the church, I did not have salvation in my soul. I was not bound by outwardly sinful habits, but I had an unregenerate heart. In spite of my profession, my moral life,