

The Aleutians are said to have the worst weather in the world. But the continual rain, the snow, dense fog, winds that reached gale proportions, along with the monotony of life there failed to disturb the rest and peace God had planted in my heart. How good it is to have peace no matter what the circumstance!

In the year 1971, my wife and I were privileged to go as missionaries to West Africa. On arriving, I was told that I must have an inoculation for cholera. I did. The next day I became very sick. When I continued to grow worse, my wife told the U.S. Embassy nurse about my apparent reaction to the inoculation. But when the doctor came to see me he determined I had malaria. He offered medication, but I told him that I have always trusted God and wanted to trust Him now.

The malaria affected my heart, and my lungs were filling with fluid. I lost thirty pounds in just a few days. The doctor and nurse were much concerned as to whether I would live. My wife sent a cablegram requesting prayer to our headquarters church in Portland, Oregon. About the same hour, a little group from the church in Africa gathered in our missionary home and prayed. The prayers of God's people availed in my behalf. The Lord answered and healed me!

Within a short time I was standing in that African church teaching the people a lesson on divine healing. They had already seen this miracle, and they believed. I was told that malaria works in a cycle, and that it would return periodically. But when the Lord healed me He broke that cycle. It has never returned.

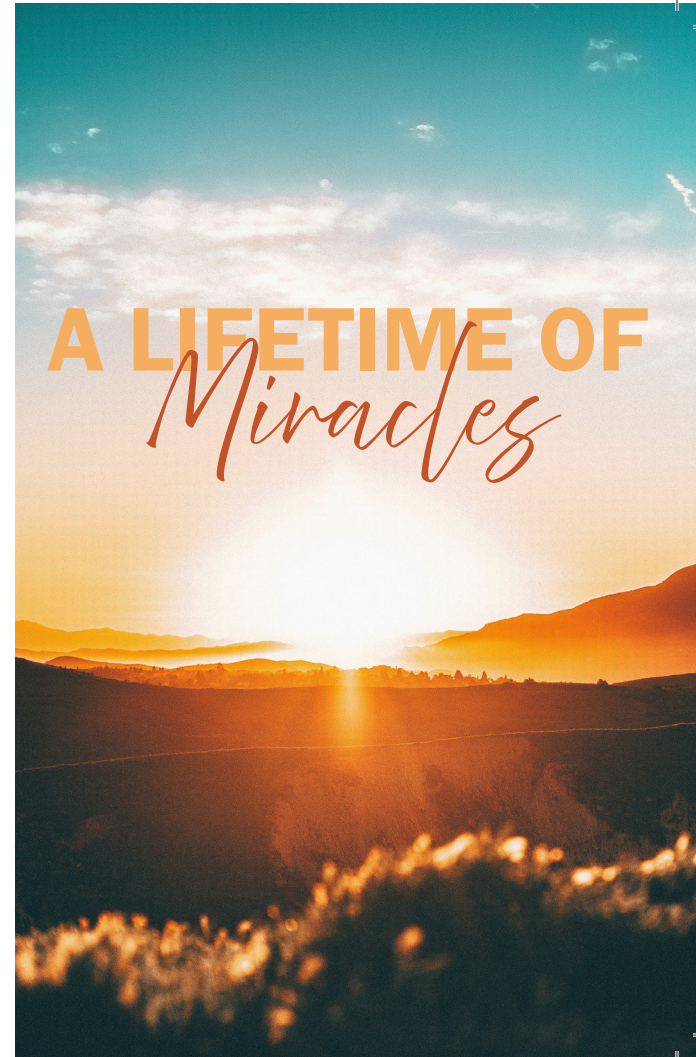
God has also permitted me to make twelve missionary trips through the West Indies and parts of South America. It is a great privilege to carry the news of salvation, to tell of the power of God to save and to heal. What the Lord has done in my life I have seen Him duplicate in the lives of people in other countries. What a wonderful Savior!

How thankful I am for my "first reader," the Bible. I believed it then, and I believe it now!

Forrest Damron proved God's keeping power for over sixty years before he passed on to his reward in Heaven in 1983.

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My mother taught me to read from a book that began with the words, “In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.” That early training from the Bible planted faith in my heart.

Later, in school, we studied from a big book called a geography. It presented theories of how the world came into existence. I was just a small boy, but I told my teacher, “I don’t believe that. I believe, ‘In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.’” And I still believe it!

It is true that I strayed from the way of truth in my early teens, but I knew what was right, and lived under condemnation for my wrongdoings. I became stubborn and rebellious, but God knew how to handle that.

One day when I was out with a group of boys just having a good time, I met with an accident, narrowly escaping death. I fell from a tree and was seriously injured. Somber thoughts of eternity came before me. Hell would have been my doom, except for the mercy of God. I knew I needed to get right with God. I had never smoked or drunk or done any outward deeds that were so terribly bad, but there was sin in my heart. I went down on my knees and repented just as men do who have been deep in sin. Tears flowed down my cheeks as I asked the Lord to forgive me. He forgave me, saved me, and completely changed my life.

WHEN THEY ANOINTED ME WITH OIL AND LAID THEIR HANDS ON ME TO PRAY ACCORDING TO JAMES 5:14-15, THE PAIN CEASED AND I WAS INSTANTLY HEALED.

And He did more than that for me! The doctor had declared I would be a cripple. He said he could do nothing for me, and he didn’t. But God did! My arm was severely broken and the end of the bone was shoved up through the shoulder socket. It was never set or put into a cast, but God healed it miraculously. Contrary to the doctor’s prediction, I have had perfect use of my arm.

About two years after I was saved I took very ill with double pneumonia and pleurisy. At times I was delirious and thought I was going to die. One night I was in extreme pain. Each breath felt as though knives were jabbing me. I asked my father to call for the ministers to come and pray for me, and they came. When

they anointed me with oil and laid their hands on me to pray according to James 5:14-15, the pain ceased and I was instantly healed. I have had no re-occurrences of pneumonia since that time.

I have proved God’s healing and keeping power for over fifty years, and under some trying circumstances. I worked on construction jobs, and later was a postal clerk on the railroad. When the men would say, “Let’s have a drink,” I was always able to say, “No.”

While in the United States Navy, God gave me power to live the same Christian life that I had lived before enlisting. His hand of protection was over me as I looked to Him for victory in every situation.

On my way to the Aleutian Islands where I was to be stationed, word came that a ship ahead of us on the same course had been sunk. Only a few men were rescued. I was on a freighter without escort. My bunk was down in the bottom of the hold, way below the waterline. After hearing about the sinking of the other ship, my buddies were afraid to go to their bunks for several nights. But my faith was in God. I could go down into the bottom of that ship and get a good night’s rest, knowing the Lord was watching over me. I had the assurance that if the ship went down, my soul would go up to Heaven.