

When I had a vacation in the Philippines, I went to the Apostolic Faith churches there, and the Lord gave me a wife. She was a woman of prayer. After we had been married less than five years, the Lord called her to Heaven, and great sadness came into my life.

I found myself with two little girls, ages three and one. How could I tend to their needs? The enemy of my soul troubled me with agonizing thoughts. One night in deep feelings of sadness, I knelt by their bed and prayed. I told God, "I don't have the power or strength to overcome this situation. Please show me the way." I will never forget the words the Lord spoke to my heart. He said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." When those words came into my mind, I said, "Lord, take control of my life. Without You I cannot live." At that moment I had peace.

Less than a year later, I had to go to sea again because of financial necessities. It was very hard to leave my children, but I thank the Lord He kept them in good health while I was away. I knew my children needed a mother, and the Lord answered this prayer. The oldest daughter of the woman who tended my children was the one the Lord chose as my partner.

Later, we had a baby daughter, little Anna. When we took her for a six-week checkup, the

doctor said she had a serious heart disease. He recommended we take her to a heart center for an operation. My wife and I prayed deeply about this matter, and we decided to leave the case with our Lord.

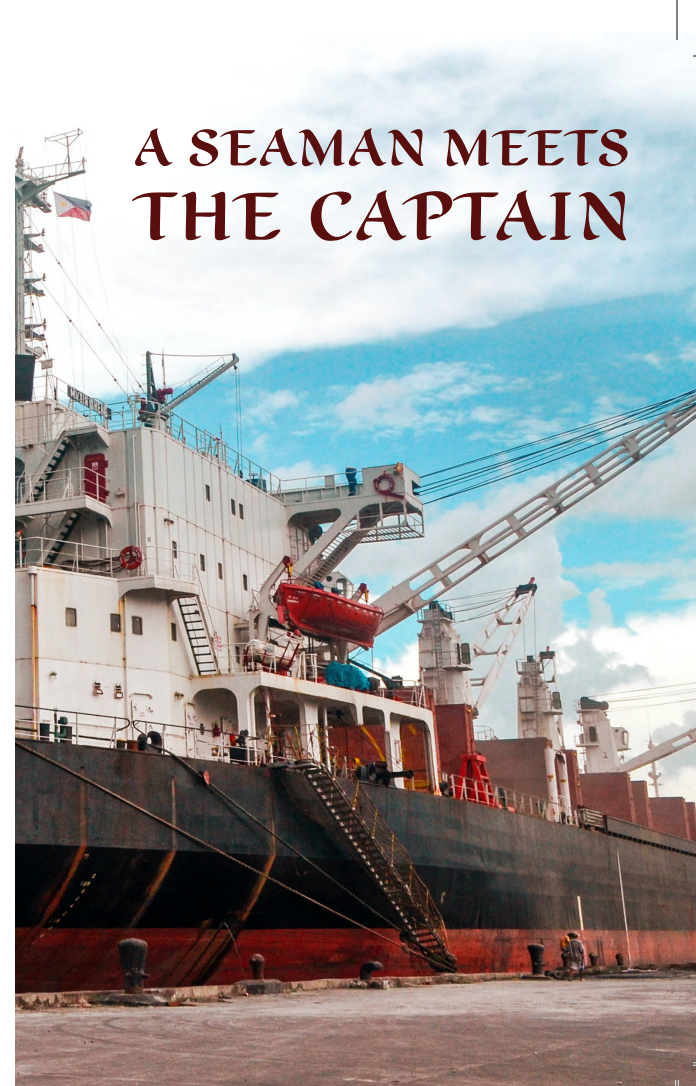
We asked church people to pray, and I am so thankful that the Lord healed Anna. After that, when I would take that little one in my arms and carry her, I would think of the Lord's mighty love to us and our girl. How thankful I am for God's healing power!

Today as I look back on what the Lord has done, I count my blessings. God transformed my whole life, and He set my affections on things above. I want to serve Him as long as I have the breath of life. — Mike Carganilla

APOSTOLIC FAITH CHURCH

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

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As a seaman, I have worked under many captains on board various ships. But I am thankful that one day I met a Captain who has been the Guide for my life ever since.

Growing up in the Philippines, I was raised in the Catholic religion and had a form of worship. We had many prayer books in our home, but the Bible was not one of them. I never heard the Word of God preached fully.

While I was in merchant training, I met a man whose life made me take a look at my own spiritual state. I knew I lacked something, and conviction came into my heart that I should serve God. I began taking part in worship services, but I had no assurance that I was truly saved.

After my training period ended, I began my seaman's life. Out on the ocean, I read the Bible after my duty watches and before going to bed. I wondered if I was worthy to meet the Lord if something should happen to me on the ship. But though I worried about my eternal fate, I continued sinning. I drank wine, and I went to bars and night clubs. Filthy words came from my mouth, and my mind was full of the lust of the flesh. Still, I professed that I was a Christian.

Once when I was drunk, I went to read the Bible. When I opened the Holy Book, I saw words about drunkenness. That really convicted me, and I could not forget what I had read.

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After my duty one night, I went upstairs to watch a TV show. But the Holy Spirit told me to go to my cabin, and I couldn't resist. There I read in a book about the new birth, words about repentance and forgiveness of sins. Then I prayed. It seemed I saw the Lord on the Cross with blood coming from His hands and feet. I hid my face in my pillow and tears flowed as I told the Lord I was not worthy of Him. I felt full of the blackness of sin, but then I heard a Voice saying, "My Blood was shed for the forgiveness of your sins." I cried like a little boy and asked God to forgive me. When I reached out in faith and believed that He had done so, peace came into my heart. I knew I had received salvation.

After a few more voyages, my ship went to Tacoma, Washington. There, Gospel workers from the Apostolic Faith Church came on board. I told one of the men what had happened to me, and he asked if I had been sanctified. I did not

understand this, so he gave me a tract called, "Sanctification: the Second Work of Grace." In the days that followed, I read in the Bible about that experience, and my heart became eager to receive it.

The next time we were in Tacoma, a man took me to the church in Chehalis for a special service. While we were in the car, I prayed the Lord would sanctify me. That day at the altar of prayer, the blessing of the Lord poured out on me again. Tears flowed, and the Lord gave me that beautiful second experience. I was so happy!

When our ship headed for Japan, I began listening to recorded sermons from the church. Every time I heard the words "baptized with the Holy Ghost," tears flowed. I wanted this experience of power in my life.

On the next trip, I attended the Apostolic Faith Church in Seattle, Washington. I determined I would not go back to the ship until the Lord gave me the experience of the baptism of the Holy Ghost. At the beginning of the service the Lord poured out His mighty blessing upon me. When the pastor asked for testimonies, I stood up and told how the Lord had saved me and cleansed me from unrighteousness. Then I slipped to my knees still glorifying the Lord, and I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost right there. How I praise God for this wonderful experience!