

what to do, but I was hungry for God, so I just looked up to Him like a little child, and asked Him to have mercy on me, a sinner.

That very moment, the precious Blood of Jesus washed my sins away. The Spirit of God filled my soul, and the praises just flowed from my heart. I knew I was a child of God. The people praying with me told me to ask God to sanctify me. I did not know what that meant, but I asked Him, and He sanctified me. It was a real experience too—a second, definite work of grace. My soul was filled with even more love and joy. Then they told me to ask God to baptize me with the Holy Ghost. In simple faith I asked, and He filled my soul to overflowing. I had such peace in my soul.

When we reached home my mother-in-law said to my husband, “I bring you an angel!” He knew what she meant—that God had done something for me. Our home had been a miserable one. I was bound by an awful temper and for years there had been turmoil in our home. But the night God saved me, He took the temper out. My confessions to the priest had not helped me, but Jesus delivered both me and my husband from the bondage of sin, and gave us a happy home.

Our conversion stirred the whole neighborhood. My husband began straightening up his past life. He paid hundreds of dollars on

debts that he had said he would never pay. My father-in-law had smoked a pipe for sixty years, and my husband for twenty-five years, but from the time God saved them, the desire to smoke was gone, as were all other sinful habits.

After God saved our souls we trusted Him for the healing of our bodies, and the medicine went out of our home. My husband carried out a whole basket full of bottles of medicine and threw them away. Later in life I lay sick, at death’s door. The doctor gave me only two hours to live, but the people of God held on in prayer for me, and the Lord healed me.

Many years have passed since my conversion, and my life has not been a flowery bed of ease. I have had many trials and tests, but the Lord has taken me through them all victoriously. My prayer to God is that He will keep me faithful to the very end of this Christian race.

Bertha Bohrer was born in Switzerland in 1878 and immigrated to the United States in 1901. She received salvation at age thirty-four and served God until her death in 1972.

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BLINDED EYES *opened*



God allowed me to witness a mighty miracle which opened my spiritually blinded eyes. A young man, who lived in my neighborhood, had tuberculosis of the bone. He had walked on crutches for fifteen years, and all the doctors and medicines that his widowed mother had tried had failed. His condition was considered hopeless, but one day someone handed them an Apostolic Faith paper and told them that God still heals the sick.

The mother requested prayer for her son, and two of the church's ministers decided to visit their home to pray for him. He was going to the doctor's office, and they met him on his way to the streetcar. He wanted to return home, but the minister said, "We will pray for you right here." He sat down on a log, they anointed him with oil according to James 5:14, and prayed the prayer of faith. The Lord healed that young man instantly! He got up, threw aside his crutches, and walked around praising the Lord. When he went home and his mother saw him walking, she nearly fainted.

Many times I had gone into that home when the boy was lying like a dead person, just skin and bones. After he was healed, he became strong in body, went to work, gained in weight to 195 pounds, and was the picture of health. That healing let me know that God still answers prayer.

I HAD CONFESSED MY SINS TO THE PRIEST, AND YET MY LIFE DID NOT CHANGE.

My father-in-law was ill at that time, and the mother of this boy said, "Why don't you take him to the Apostolic Faith Church and let the ministers there pray for him?" I didn't think he would go because he was such an unbeliever, but we talked it over, and finally my husband consented to take him.

It was after midnight when they came home, and when they came in, their faces were shining. They told us of the wonderful testimonies they had heard of what the Lord had done for others, and also what He had done for them. At the close of the meeting they had gone to the altar where they prayed, repenting of their sins, and God had saved them.

I thought it must be a strange church that would cause such unbelievers to think it was so wonderful, and I said, "I won't believe until I see it for myself." I had been faithful in attending my own church, but my husband had become discouraged with confessing his sins yet still doing no better. The time had come when he did

not even believe in God, and for years he had tried to get me to quit the church. Many times I said to him, "I will leave you before I leave that church!"

From the age of six, I had confessed my sins to the priest, and yet my life did not change. I had terrible condemnation in my heart, but I thought that I could go to purgatory and be purged after death. Thank God, I found out that I had to be purged of my sins here on this earth in order to get to Heaven.

One night I went with my husband. It was the first time I had ever heard anyone testify of God's saving grace. People from all walks of life told the same story of "victory over sin." Something whispered in my heart: "Can you say that?" I couldn't. The Spirit of God convicted me, and I realized for the first time that I was a sinner on my way to Hell. I did not get saved that night, but as we left the church I said to my husband, "If I can get what these people have, I will leave my church!" I could feel that they had love and peace—something I didn't have.

After four days of conviction, I asked my mother-in-law to come with me to the church. We took our prayer beads and rosaries with us. I said, "I am going to the altar to try God for myself." When I went to the altar, I looked around and couldn't see anyone else with a prayer book or rosary. I didn't know