

the start, and I was willing to follow. I wanted to get rid of the heavy load of conviction I carried.

My parents were making every effort to get us to Klamath Falls, Oregon, to an Apostolic Faith meeting, and a few days later we went. A minister from Medford was there that night, and he preached a message that reached my soul. When he finished his sermon, he asked, "Is there anyone here who wants to be saved?" I raised my hand. That was what I had come for. It was a small group, about twenty-five people there that night, and I was sure that they were all looking at me since I was the only stranger. I had seen enough of what the Gospel had done in my parents' home, and how my father now lived on the job, to know there was something to it, and I wanted it. But when we stood to sing the closing song, I was rooted in my tracks. I couldn't move. The minister came to me and asked if I wanted to pray. I said, "Yes, I want to pray."

Conviction had me so weighed down I could hardly walk, but he took me by the elbow and we walked together to the altar where I got on my knees. I didn't know how to pray, but as I knelt there I said, "Lord, if You will save me and give me peace, I will give You the balance of my life!" I meant it with all my heart. Victory and peace came from Heaven above when I

felt the burden go. I had never felt anything like it before.

A few nights later, the Lord sanctified me. It took me longer to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I had some restitutions to make that could have put me behind bars. Thankfully, all had been forgiven.

As I continued seeking God, He showed me some little things that I needed to make right with my neighbors. One night, when I was praying, the Lord asked me, "What are you going to do about it?" I got up and wrote two letters. When I went back to the altar, I felt clear before God, and He baptized me with the Holy Ghost.

I have had many years to prove God's faithfulness. I appreciate all He has done for me.

David McCollum began preaching in the 1930s and served as an Apostolic Faith pastor for many years. He passed away in 1992.

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On a cold November night back in 1923, I sat alone in front of the fireplace in our old ranch house. My father, mother, brother, and sister had gone to Dorris, California, about nine miles away. They were attending a church service held by some Apostolic Faith people who had come from Portland and Medford, Oregon. My grandmother had invited them, saying, “Bring your family over to hear these people who have the old-time religion.” The roads were muddy and travel was difficult, but they had gone on several nights.

The night got very late, and I wondered what had become of them. Finally, about 1:00 a.m. they arrived, and the first thing Dad said was, “We prayed tonight and the Lord saved our souls. If I always feel like I feel tonight, I’ll never take another drink of whiskey or have another smoke.” He had been drinking and smoking for forty years. In fact, he gave me my first drink when I was but a lad, and we had traveled on in sin together.

My father had tried many times to quit his sinful life. He would make New Year’s resolutions and “turn over a new leaf,” but I had never seen it last more than three weeks. Sometimes he would weep over his condition. He didn’t want to live that way, but he was bound. He had a terrible temper and would fight and curse and make things very unpleasant when he would come home under the influence of liquor.

I KNEW I WOULD HAVE NO EXCUSE IF MY SOUL WOULD BE LOST.

Though his mother could hardly read or write, she loved her Bible, and she prayed for us. We surely needed it. We never went to church—none of us. We didn’t even have a Bible in our home. I didn’t even know that Jesus was the Son of God. I believe it was her prayers that brought us to this turning point.

Even though things changed, I wondered if it would last. After breakfast the next morning, my father did not light a cigarette as he normally did. In fact, he never smoked again. I never again saw him angry or heard him curse. He bought a Bible, and every morning and evening they would read from it and pray. I didn’t want to hear it, so I would go out.

I remember coming back into the house one morning, about nine o’clock, and hearing my mother sing as she swept the floor, “Is my name written there on that page white and fair?” I had never heard her sing before.

Dad had been an old-time fiddler, and we would have dances and card parties and other amusements in our home, but never anything that concerned religion. As Mother sang that morning, God spoke to me, “There is a better life for you to live. If you don’t give Me your life, you will suffer for it.”

One night my parents persuaded me to attend one of those meetings. I’ll never forget the sermon Brother Ray Crawford preached about the love of God. He said that Jesus loved me enough to die for me, but that if I would go on in my sins I would lose my soul in Hell. Although I was impressed, I refused to pray. I went on living as I always had, but I was never the same after that.

I married a girl who loved the same things I did, but after fifteen months our marriage was almost on the rocks. Dance halls and whiskey were doing a good job of wrecking our home. One Sunday night when I came home, Ruth met me at the door and said, “I prayed today. I couldn’t stand the strain any longer, and I gave my heart to Jesus. I’m not going out with you anymore. If you go, you will go alone.”

Then she asked me, “What are you going to do?” What could I do? She didn’t know the turmoil that was going on inside me. I had been wanting to get saved, but hadn’t had the courage to tell her. I was glad she had made