

from one end to the other without a single desire for liquor.

I went up the street and met a policeman. Many times I'd had to give an account of myself to those officers about where I had been and what I had been doing. I used to shiver with fear as they interrogated me. However, this morning, in rags but with the peace of God in my heart, I could look him right in the face. When he asked, "Where were you last night?" I answered, "I was in an Apostolic Faith meeting."

"And now where have you been?" he asked. I said, "I've been down on the dock praising God. I haven't had a drink this morning." There were tears in that policeman's eyes as he said, "Go your way, Charlie."

Never again did an officer have trouble with me. I was a puzzle to the police. One day the old sergeant who used to bring me in was asked, "Where is that old drunk? Has the booze at last killed him, or has he left town?"

"No, Sir," replied the officer, "he has good clothes on his back and he is on the street corner preaching about Jesus. I met him one morning and he walked straight past the saloons."

These officers had told me I would one day land on the gallows. Now they said, "He'll be back." But years went by and this drunken

Charlie never returned to his old life. I had tasted the pure waters of salvation, and I cared no more for the cup that "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." I had come into contact with the Christ of Calvary.

My family hadn't heard from me for years and thought I was dead. After ten years of correspondence, my wife came to America to meet me and see if these things were really true. She came, a woman of refinement and high standing in the world. When she saw the marvelous change in my life, she soon felt her need of the same salvation. The same God who had saved her drunken husband ten years before, now also saved her.

How I thank God that I am free and have His saving grace in my heart!

Charlie Lohrbauer lived in Portland, Oregon, for many years, and toward the end of his life returned to Norway and lived there until the Lord took him to Heaven at age eighty.

APOSTOLIC FAITH CHURCH

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

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in a Moment of Time

Born into a highly respected family in Norway, I was given every opportunity for a successful life. Yet, at the age of sixteen I was a drunkard, and at twenty-one, I was a criminal. I forged checks and bank notes. When my wrongdoings were discovered, I would have taken the suicide route had not my father snatched the gun from my hands.

Many times I had promised my wife that I would leave my sinful life. But I was bound and fettered by the chains of sin and could no longer look into the eyes of my innocent children. Leaving my parents, my wife, and two young sons to suffer the humiliation I had brought, I fled from Norway to America.

For a time I was a sailor on board the old lumber schooners. There my criminal nature soon asserted itself. When I became incorrigible on the ship, they put me in chains down in the hold for a month. Down there I challenged God to strike me dead, but in His mercy He did not do it.

I joined the army during the Spanish-American War of 1898. I was imprisoned in Manila for threatening an officer and sent to Alcatraz. But the prisons, the chain gangs, the rock piles, and the solitary confinement failed to make me a decent man.

After I served my three-year sentence, I was given five dollars and set at liberty. For

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three long years I had not touched a drop of liquor. I thought that when I came out of prison I would be free from the habit. Had prison bars reformed me? No! Within six hours I was back in the old haunts of sin, the tiger of drink raging within, and my five dollars gone. The old appetite was still there.

At nearly fifty years old, I was in the gutter much of the time and getting my food out of garbage cans. I was lower than the beasts ever become, with my bloodshot eyes and bloated face. One night in a saloon, my shirt and shoes were taken for whiskey and cocaine and then a 250-pound saloonkeeper kicked me through the door. The gang laughed and jeered as I landed on the muddy sidewalk. But as I got up on my bare feet, I heard people singing, "Jesus saves! Jesus saves!" As I pressed

my way through the crowd to see who was singing, I thought to myself, *Is it possible? Will Jesus save a sinner like me, a worthless criminal?*

I found my way to their mission hall. Because I was so starved and weak I stumbled and fell through the door. I sat in the back, and God Almighty strove with my soul. I heard the testimonies of redeemed drunkards, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ preached. For the first time in my life I saw there was hope for me. After the service, some Christians came back to me with tears in their eyes and said, "Will you let us pray for you?"

I rushed to the altar. I had not shed a tear in years. But that night I cried, and I prayed from the bottom of my heart, "Lord Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" The burden of sin rolled off my heart, and I was set free. I had been kicked out of a saloon, thank God, right into the arms of Jesus.

Thirty-three long years I had been bound by the drink habit, but in a moment of time that habit went out of my life. The next morning found me on the streets with no money, no job, nowhere to go, but I was not in the saloon. The saloon door swung open, but I went down on the dock where we used to tie our vessels. When I got there, I went down on my knees praising God because I had walked the streets