

all the sins I had been bound with. I no longer wanted a drink of liquor or anything else that was sinful.

After church that night, I walked through the skid road area, where the places of sin were wide open, but there was no desire in my heart to go into any of them. I just kept right on walking down toward the river. There by the flour mill, I climbed back into my only home—the boxcar. That night I slept like a baby. The peace of God was down deep within my heart.

When I awoke the next morning, I felt as if I could conquer the world. At last I had become a real man! I was a born-again Christian. God was enthroned in my heart, and I could walk this earth with a conqueror's tread.

Within just a few weeks, I had a good job with a reliable firm where I remained for years. At the beginning of World War II, I was called for induction into the military, but I was not accepted because of a serious lung condition. I asked the ministers of the church to pray for me. They anointed me with oil and prayed for me according to God's Word, and I was wonderfully healed.

Some months later, when I was called again to report, no trace of that lung trouble could be found. For three years I served in the Army Air Forces in the Aleutian Islands where it is intensely cold, but I never had one day's sickness.

There in Alaska, far from home, and with no Christian surrounding, I had no desire for the sins I had once loved. God had not only given me a strong, well body but also a new heart—a pure heart—that resisted all sin around me. What a victorious life!

For many years, I have continued in this Christian way, with God's help. He has blessed me spiritually, physically, and materially. He gave me a good home, a lovely Christian wife and family. God is truly able to do what man cannot do for himself after sin has taken control of his life.

My warning is: Don't ever take that first drink! It leads to the second, the third, and on and on to all kinds of trouble. I found that the way to be a real man is to say no to sin, and yes to God.

James Lytle attended the Apostolic Faith church in Portland, Oregon, for over forty years before his death in 1980. He testified often of God's power to save, deliver, and heal.

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THAT FIRST DRINK

As a boy, I desired to one day be a real man. My impression of a real man was that of being big, strong, and tough—like a logger.

In my teens, I was energetic and ambitious. During high school vacations I went out into the logging camps to earn extra money. There I associated with some of those tough loggers I wanted to be like. I thought they were the type of men who could take a drink now and then and get along fine. I found out later that those fellows often ended up in pretty bad shape.

One day, when working in one of the camps with men far beyond my age, the drinks were passed around. Although I was only fourteen years old at the time, I took my first taste of hard liquor. Sorry to say, I soon developed a taste for it. Oh, if I had never taken that first drink! That is what started the downward slide in my life.

When I finished school, I went out on my own. I began working in one of the logging camps as a cook's helper. I worked hard and did my very best. In time, I became the assistant purchasing agent of a large lumber company, and was making plenty of money. But I used it up. I smoked, drank, and gambled away my paychecks. Other sins that I could not get rid of attached to my life.

I had been brought up in a good moral home where I was taught to live by the Golden Rule. The way I was living deeply grieved my mother. At one point I promised her that I would

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never take another drink. But I couldn't keep my promise. No matter how many resolutions I made, I found that the craving for alcohol was greater than my resolve to stay away from it.

Within a few years, I was completely bound by drink. Liquor was ruling my life, and I was no longer my own master. I lost my health because of excessive drinking and could not properly take care of my job responsibilities. I thought that taking a vacation might help, but it didn't. It made no difference where I was, I couldn't leave drinking and gambling alone.

Finally, like many others who took that first drink, then another and another, I ended up in the gutter.

Down by the Willamette River in Portland, Oregon, I looked for a place to live. This defeated young man ended up sleeping on the hard, cold floor of a railroad boxcar. I felt as if all the sins that could be fastened onto a man's life were attached to mine. The sorrow and remorse that gambling and liquor bring lay heavily upon my heart. How different my life would have been if only I had not taken that first drink!

One night, under the influence of liquor, I stood on a street corner where I heard a group of Christians singing, "Jesus Saves! Jesus Saves!" A ray of hope sprang up in my heart. I heard them testify of what God had done for them. They said that Jesus could deliver a man from sin, take him off the skid road, change his habits, and keep him living right every day. I had never heard anything like that before. I wondered if God could do something for me.

At the close of that outdoor meeting, I was invited to their church service. I went just as I was. God spoke to my heart as I listened, and when invited to come and pray, I went to the altar. There on my knees I repented of all my sins and asked God to forgive me.

A wonderful transaction took place within my life. Jesus came in and transformed me completely. I was a new man! He put the joy of salvation in my heart and gave me victory over