

habits that had me bound. I knew that He was real and that He had answered my prayer.

It was wonderful for me to walk out on the streets and meet the old gang and let them know that Jesus Christ had saved my soul. I said, “Boys, I’ve joined the church.” I didn’t know what to call it. Some of them came and shook hands and said, “Stay with it.” They were glad to see me getting out of the old rut.

Those Christian people still didn’t know I was the bowling-alley man they had been praying for until I told them during the next meeting. I was so happy and we all rejoiced when they learned I was the man. I knew then why I had been under such conviction. A few days later I helped make the seats for the new mission hall and had the wonderful privilege of testifying in the same building where I had once been drinking and reveling in sin.

I had committed crimes against the government that could have put me behind bars for years. I confessed them, after God saved me, and was freely forgiven. I never again had a desire for the old life. The temper was gone, along with all the drinking and carousing.

Later, God called me into the ministry. One time I went back to the old country church where, years before, I had defaced the Bible and left it there for the Christians to find. That same old Bible was still there, with the

erasure marks on the pages. I could stand there and preach the Gospel, telling them what God had done in my life. As I looked at that crowd, I asked them if they would forgive me for the way I had lived in that community. God gave us a marvelous revival and I saw many of my old friends and schoolmates truly born again.

I went to the very dance halls where I had caroused for years and helped clean them up so we could hold meetings in them. There I saw many souls pray through to salvation. For many years I have had the privilege of telling the wonderful story of God’s power to save.

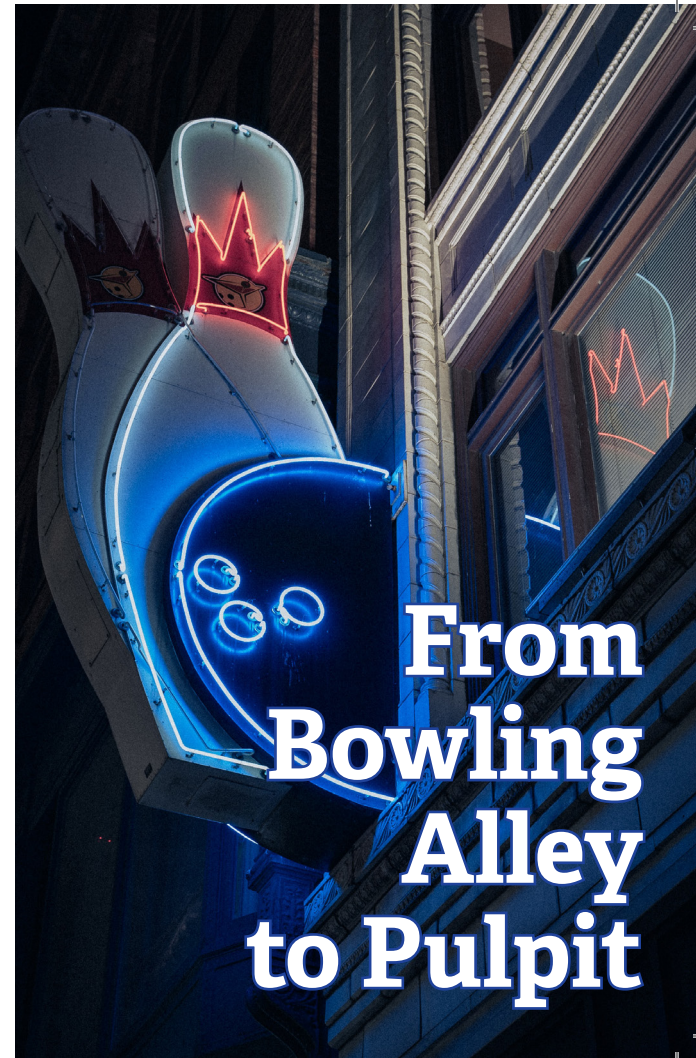
God has kept me out of a life of sin and stood by me through all these years. He has healed this body of mine more than once. I thank God for the prayers of His people.

Clarence Frost was an Apostolic Faith minister for more than forty years and held extensive evangelistic campaigns throughout southern Oregon and northern California. He passed away in 1969.

APOSTOLIC FAITH CHURCH

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

TR86-0624



I feel that if anyone has a right to praise God, I have. Growing up, I was never taught to pray. I didn't know anything about God. My poor mother pled with me never to start drinking and come home drunk as my father did. But I began drinking when just a little fellow. I can remember being so drunk I could hardly sit on the wagon seat with my father. I would stagger into the kitchen where my mother was and watch the tears of grief roll down her face.

I had a terrible temper. Many times I got so angry that I said I would kill my older brother. My mother would have to stand between us. I left home when still a boy and quickly fell into the very depths of sin. I worked in the logging camps and the mining camps, where they put the liquor on the table just as we do the tea and coffee. I soon became a drunkard down in the gutter of sin. I lived that way until the year of 1911.

After contracting all summer in a logging camp in northern California, I came up into southern Oregon to spend the winter. I was very fond of bowling, so I rented a building in Ashland and started a bowling alley. I thank God for that move, because a group of Christians was planning on starting a Gospel mission in the very building I had rented. They began to pray earnestly for me, asking God to get me out and give them the building for a mission.

WHEN A GROUP OF CHRISTIANS ASKED GOD TO GIVE THEM THIS MAN'S BOWLING ALLEY FOR A MISSION, THINGS BEGAN TO HAPPEN!

At that time, terrible conviction about how I was living seized me. When I could stand it no more, I left the bowling alley and went to a store a block away and asked the man if he had a Bible. I had never owned one and did not know a line in the Bible. He said he had no Bibles, but he had a red-letter New Testament. I didn't even know that was a part of the Bible, but I bought it because it had pictures of Jesus and angels in it.

I sat in the bowling alley and read that New Testament while the boys tallied their own games. I went to the country for a few days, and when I returned I found I had left my New Testament in the country, so I bought a Bible.

Mind you, these people were praying all this time for me, holding cottage prayer meetings,

sometimes until two o'clock in the morning. In answer to their prayers, God was mightily convicting me of my sins. The day I bought the Bible, He sent two of the same people right to the home where I was staying, and they invited me to their meetings. They never dreamed I was the man they were praying for.

A desire gripped me and I went to their meeting that very night. I sat down in the back of the hall, brokenhearted and down-and-out in sin. My hand was bandaged from having broken it in a fight. I was miserable.

A man stood up and told what God had done for him. He had been down in sin. He said, "I prayed and God heard my prayer, and I am saved." He could take you right to the spot where God had saved him. God began to melt my stony heart. They asked sinners to come forward to pray. I heard the voice of God speak out of Heaven to my soul and say, "You'd better pray." I answered, "I can't pray; I don't know a line in the Bible. I don't know how to pray." A second time God spoke to my heart, "You'd better go!"

I trembled like a leaf. I stepped right out into the aisle and said to God, "I will go." I thank God I did go. I knelt at that altar and asked Him to help me. I prayed like a little child. In five minutes I was on my feet. I knew I was saved. God had broken the chains and