

My father received the baptism of the Holy Ghost in that church, but the congregation as a whole rejected it, so my parents began visiting other churches. Through reading the papers that came from the Apostolic Faith Church, he realized that they taught three definite experiences: justification, sanctification, and the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

My mother's mother decided to attend a camp meeting in Portland to see what those people were like. When she came home, she said, "It is wonderful! The greatest thing I have ever heard!" Her account made us all want to go.

Soon after that, my father became quite ill with a rheumatic condition. When he was better, it was decided to move to another climate, with the hope that it would help him. My parents held an auction and sold everything: cows, horses, saddles, harnesses, and household furnishings, and we moved to Klamath Falls, Oregon. We arrived on a Sunday afternoon, at a time when the Apostolic Faith Church in that town was holding tent meetings. I'll never forget the first meeting we were in. It really thrilled me.

Our trials were not yet over, but God was with us. Soon after we got to Klamath Falls, our family contracted smallpox. My youngest sister was born a month prematurely, and she broke out with smallpox too. She was so sick

and tiny, we didn't think she would live. In fact, the doctor didn't think it was necessary for him to come again. He said he would sign the death certificate when she died. Once more a request was sent to Portland for prayer, and the Lord healed her!

The next two summers, we were able to travel to Portland for part of the camp meeting, and the third year we stayed longer. That year I was saved and sanctified, and the following year I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. From then on, our years revolved around camp meetings. As soon as one camp was over, we began saving our money and planning for the next year.

Through the years, there has been joy in living for Jesus. There is deep gratitude in my heart for the way the Lord has guided our family in the way of truth. God has been so good to us!

*Mary Carver was the wife of Reverend Loyce Carver, a former Apostolic Faith General Overseer. She served God faithfully and went on to her reward in 2000 at age eighty-five.*

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**M**y family moved from Oregon to a homestead in California when I was about a year old. Shortly after we moved, I developed a bad case of eczema. At that time, my parents were operating a small post office in our home. A paper was sent there from the Apostolic Faith Church in Portland, Oregon. My mother read it and learned that those people believed in divine healing. She wrote to them, requesting prayer for me, and was sent an anointed handkerchief which had been prayed over according to the example of Paul in Acts 19:12. When the handkerchief came, my mother placed it on my body in faith and prayed that the Lord would heal me. For many nights she had needed to sit up and hold me in order to prevent me from scratching, but that night she put me down, and I slept all night. The Lord had healed me. After that, we continued to receive the church papers and newsletters regularly.

Life on the homestead wasn't easy. One spring, while my father and brothers were clearing some land and burning sagebrush, the boys saw a bobcat come across the field. It ran into one of the bonfires, and it came out of the fire fighting mad! The boys ran, but the cat was faster. It knocked down my brother, Ralph, and was clawing him. Papa heard the boys screaming, and he came running. Before he

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could get out his knife, the cat jumped on him too, sinking its claws into his leg and biting him. My father did kill the cat, but I still remember the terror we felt when we saw that animal and my injured father and brother.

They were taken to the nearest hospital, and it was found that the bobcat had been rabid. My father became very ill. My mother remembered that God had answered prayer for me, and she sent another request for prayer to Portland. She told me: "Pray for Papa. He is not saved, and he may not live." Though just a child, I remember the burden I felt because he wasn't ready to meet Jesus.

Three months later, my father came home—very thin and on crutches, but he was home! When he thought about how near death he had been, he asked the Lord to talk to his heart again. He promised he would pray if a preacher would come to hold meetings in the little schoolhouse nearby. God heard that promise. It wasn't long until a preacher came, and my father paid his vow and gave

his heart to the Lord. What a change it made in our home!

Wanting to get back to the faith of his childhood, he moved our family to Waukena, California, to be near a church there. He was hungry for more of God, and when he heard about sanctification, he yielded to the Lord and was sanctified. Then he heard about the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and began to seek for this experience.

After the Sunday morning services, those who were hungry for the baptism of the Holy Ghost would stay and pray for it. One of the Sunday school teachers would take us children downstairs and would tell Bible stories while we waited. One Sunday she asked if we would like to pray and give our lives to Jesus. As she prayed for us, the Lord put conviction on my heart. I cried, truly sorry for the things I had done wrong. Even though I was a child, I knew when the Lord had forgiven me and I was really saved. I was so happy!

I went upstairs to tell Papa I was saved. He was kneeling at the altar, and I still remember the feel of his big arms around me when he told me how glad he was that I was saved. I enjoyed being a Christian, but because I was so young, I didn't understand then how to continue in the faith. Yet, the Lord never ceased to talk to my heart.