

Portland. One night when I was tired of life and wanted out—but on my own terms—I boarded a bus for Portland. And there we were reunited.

Eventually, I went to church with Warren, but I had a chip on my shoulder. I was not going to be friendly! But after the service I found myself surrounded with friendly people who had been praying for me. I could feel their love and interest, but I resisted it all.

God went right on dealing with my heart, though, and one Sunday night I decided I wanted the old-time religion at any cost. At the close of the service, I prayed and God had mercy on me. He saved me, changed my heart, and Warren and I went home rejoicing.

Because we made a full surrender to Christ, we have had a happy Christian home for years. Today we are enjoying life together.

Warren and Lucille Trotter celebrated nearly sixty years of marriage before his passing in 2002, followed by hers in 2009.

APOSTOLIC FAITH CHURCH

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**THE TROTTERS PROVED THAT
GOD CAN RECONSTRUCT
A FAILING MARRIAGE
AND BRING LASTING
HAPPINESS INTO A HOME.**

Warren tells his story:

Our marriage came to a halt one Christmas Eve when Lucille told me she didn't care if she ever saw me again. I did not realize how much my wife and three-year-old son meant to me until I lost them that night.

We had been married for five years. My wife had tried to make our marriage work, but I had a hard heart, and hurt her many times. I had also acquired a love for gambling—the thing that would eventually wreck our home. I had a good job, but my gambling kept us struggling to make ends meet and kept me out night after night.

Lucille had threatened to leave me before, but this time I couldn't talk her out of it. As

I looked into her eyes, I saw a bitter young woman. Love had turned to hate, and she only wanted me out of her sight.

With a heavy heart, I moved out. Life turned into an empty shell, and even the gambling and night life no longer appealed to me. One Sunday afternoon, about a month after we broke up, my little boy, Ken, visited me. He couldn't understand why Daddy did not live at home anymore, and that broke my heart. That very afternoon my brother came by and invited me to church. After saying I might go, I took Ken back to his mother. As we drove across town, we started singing Sunday school songs. I hadn't sung them for years.

I was ready to see if God would do something for me. I had gone to church as a youngster, and we'd had family prayer in the home. But I was a long way from those childhood prayers. Now I was at the crossroads: Should I continue down the road of sin, with the same old emptiness and defeat? Or should I give God a chance?

I decided to go to church, and by the end of the service that night, there was no resistance. I didn't know how to pray, but it wasn't long until I was weeping and asking God for mercy. It was an honest prayer, and a prayer of submission. What a change took place! The gambling, the drinking, the

cursing, and the selfishness were all gone in a moment of time.

I thought my wife would be delighted to know that I had changed. But when I told her, she looked at me and laughed. The fact that I was different didn't impress her at all. Nor was she interested in my religion.

What a blow it was when she went ahead and filed for a divorce! But I made no attempt to contest it. Even though I was terribly discouraged at times, I just kept praying and trusting the Lord.

I decided to move to Portland, Oregon. Of course I hoped that Lucille would come, and some months later she did. God answered prayer and our home was reunited, but she let me know immediately that she had no intention of going to church.

Then God worked another miracle! She started going to church with me, and one night she went to the altar and was gloriously saved. What a change it made in our home! There are not words to express the appreciation in my heart for the great things God has done for me and the happy home we have had for many years.

Although the breakup of our home was traumatic, it turned out to be a blessing in disguise. As the Prodigal Son, I came to myself and turned back to Father's house. I am

convinced that if God can save a rebel like me, He can and will save anyone who turns to Him.

Lucille tells her story:

I met Warren while working at a drugstore across the street from a movie theater. I began attending the theater after work, and that was the start of a long downward road for me. I continued going to church, but soon the love of the theater took over in my life.

The first few years of our marriage went fairly well. In spite of the fact that we were direct opposites, we had only the usual problems. I did not care for his friends or way of life, and he did not care for mine, but we managed to get by.

Later we became parents of a baby boy, and then our problems increased. I was not able to go places with my husband as much as before, and I spent many nights at home, crying and feeling sorry for myself.

We never seemed to have any extra money. Often he spent all night at a card game, getting home just in time to go to work the next morning. Our quarreling intensified.

Hoping to make things better for us, I started going to church again on Sunday mornings. Many times I asked Warren to go with me, and sometimes he would. But he

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would knock his pipe out on the church steps or take it out during the service and show it to me, so I soon gave up asking him to go.

His gambling and drinking became worse. Still, I wanted to save our marriage. Warren and I often talked things over, but we could never come to a satisfactory conclusion. Several times I left overnight, but I always came back. We would both promise to do better, but it never worked for long.

By this time, our three-year-old boy, who dearly loved his dad, was imitating him. He would put an old hat on his head, a pipe in his mouth, and walk out the door telling me he was "going to the pool hall."

Finally I just could not take any more. On Christmas Eve, as my husband was going out the door to the pool hall, I told him, "If you go

out that door, we are through." As usual he laughed at me. When he went out, awful bitterness welled up in me. I packed his clothes and put them outside.

That Christmas Day was lonely and sad. There was no celebrating nor were there any presents. I had tried and failed. I decided God did not really care for me. From then on, I threw myself into the parties, theaters, even poker games. Many nights I would go home and cry, then get down by my bed and pray, promising the Lord I would do better. But the next day all my good intentions were gone! It was a miserable existence.

About a month later my husband came to the house one evening and told me he had prayed, and the Lord had saved him. The tears were running down his cheeks, but I began to laugh. My first thought was, *Oh no, you don't. You are not getting me back this way!* Then I informed him, "You go right ahead and cry. I spent many nights crying for you!" I could hardly believe the bitterness I felt and the hardness that was there. I went ahead and sold my wedding and engagement rings and started divorce proceedings.

A few more months passed. Warren would come to visit Ken or take him for the weekend. But I would hide or not be at home so I would not have to see him. Finally he moved to