

At the close of the service, I went forward to pray. The people of God knelt beside me. But that old devil was still raging in my heart. He said, "They are all lined up before you, and you can hit several in one swing." I had fought from the time I was a lad, but this time I sat on my hands. I didn't want any more trouble!

Even though I didn't pray through to salvation that night, I had made a start. When I went back aboard ship, the first thing I did was clean my locker. I threw my tobacco out the porthole. Into the water went some of the things I had planned to have a good time with at sea.

I started reading the Bible. I couldn't understand everything I read, but what I did understand touched my heart.

One day I was reading my Bible in the mess hall. Some of the crew said, "Throw that thing into the furnace. It isn't going to do you any good." Another said, "You had better see a psychiatrist. You need help." But I ignored them.

When my ship returned to Portland, my one desire was to get back to church and pray at those altars. On my knees I sought Jesus in earnest. I didn't know much about praying but I told Him I was sorry for my sins, that I wanted to make Heaven my home. And Jesus answered my prayers! He came into my heart, took out the desire for sin and gave me real peace and joy.

Jesus delivered me from all my evil habits and ways. My life changed completely in one moment. All the turmoil, bitterness, and discontent vanished. Think of it! From a life so miserable I considered suicide, to a life filled with joy and victory, in an instant of time!

My contract called for one more voyage. But I wanted to stay with the Apostolic Faith people, and the Lord permitted it. I received notice that my ship would not sail anymore, so I was free to stay in Portland!

Since Jesus saved me, I have had many years of peace and satisfaction. I have a Christian wife and four children. I have a glorious hope of Heaven, and I feel good inside. Jesus did that for me.

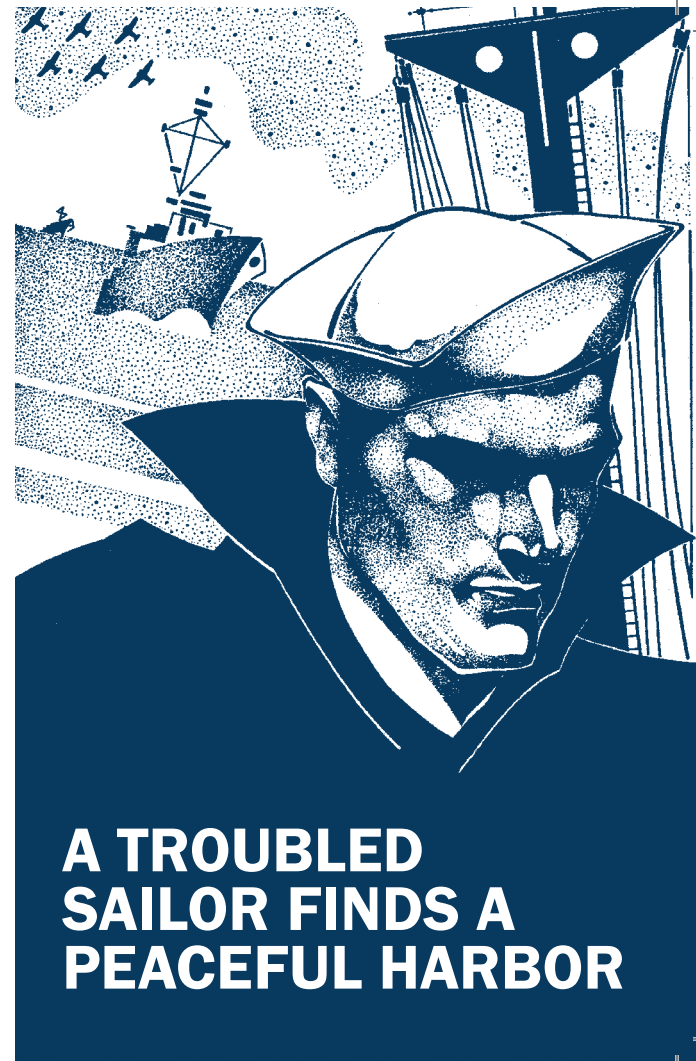
Now I love to tell others about Jesus. It's a joy to visit the ships, which dock in our Portland harbor, inviting others to attend church. After all, someone invited me!

Don Morse continued his habit of inviting people to church as often as he could until he passed away in 2009.

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A TROUBLED SAILOR FINDS A PEACEFUL HARBOR

I love to tell people about Jesus! He turned me about-face, from the misery of an ill-spent life to the joy of living for Him.

My mother was a Christian and taught us children about Jesus. But the sunshine went out of our home when I was ten years old. My mother died. My father wanted me to go to church and live a good life. And I wanted to do what was right. But I found I couldn't.

We didn't have a fine home or many of the things other people had. In school, the kids made fun of us because we had only ragged clothes and poor food. I took their ridicule for a while, but then I started using my fists.

One thing led to another. I began doing a few little things wrong, and in time they piled up into mountains I could not get around. Finally I said, "I will do what I want to do, regardless of the law." My wrongs caught up with me, and I was brought before the court. The town officials asked, "What are we going to do with this boy, send him to a reform school?" In my heart there was misery, but I couldn't change the way I was living.

At last I ran away from home. I became a drifter, working here and there. Life was hard. Many times I slept in boxcars and wondered where breakfast was coming from. When I did make a few dollars, I spent it looking for a good time.

Bad habits bound me. I smoked four or five packs of cigarettes a day. Bitterness, blasphem-

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my, and hatred were in my heart.

During World War II, I started sailing the seas. I spent five years on ammunition ships and tankers, serving among men who did not care anything about life.

Many times God spared the ship I was on. I saw the floating mines as we passed them. In times of battle, fiery bullets and exploding bombs lit the night sky.

One day as I stood alone by the ship's rail, the misery in my heart overwhelmed me. I didn't want to live any longer. As I looked into those murky waves, I said to myself, "I'm going to end it all. I will jump overboard." The devil told me, "Jump! Nobody will ever miss you!"

But in that moment Jesus spoke to my heart. He said, "If you jump, what will the end be?" I knew that Voice came from Heaven,

and I didn't jump. But the misery was still in my heart.

One night my ship pulled into Portland, Oregon. A man from the Apostolic Faith Church was on the dock when we tied up. I could see that he wasn't like the people I ran around with. Peace was written on his face.

He asked if I would like to go to church. I told him I wasn't interested. He said, "You better come along. It will do you good." I couldn't turn away from that. The Spirit of God began working on my heart. After the man left, I ran down the dock and told him I would go with him the next night.

The following evening as I walked into the church auditorium, I saw such happy people. This was a surprise to me. I listened to the most beautiful music I had ever heard, and I felt God's Spirit in everything about the service. One person after another testified of the deliverance God had given from sinful habits and desires. They spoke of finding happiness and peace in serving Jesus.

That night I realized there was a chance for me to get out of my misery and mess. I hadn't had tears on my cheeks since I was a boy, but they were there that night as I listened to this wonderful Story. These people told me that Jesus could straighten out my whole life. From that moment, I wanted to be a real Christian.