

sitting on a great white throne. I screamed two or three times, "There's God sitting in a big chair." My friend thought I was crazy. I thought maybe I might die. The Lord didn't speak. He didn't have to. I felt wrath, anger and hatred mingled with power proceeding from this God that created me. I knew then that He was and that He hated those that allowed sin to separate themselves from Him.

After that, I searched for the way to find Him but couldn't find it, so I ended up getting into drugs and crime. I lost my self-respect and moral values. I didn't work and my debts were always one step behind me. From time to time, I would go to a church to see if the God I had seen was there. He never was. Just some "lovey-dovey" unscriptural character that they were always talking about.

To escape the life I was leading, I joined the Army. I became a sergeant and was very hardened towards people. "Get drunk, have fun, do what I want to do, and who cares about anybody else", but I was scared because I knew there was a God, and I kept looking over my shoulder. When I got out of the Army, I was married and worked on my father-in-law's farm in Kentucky. These were good, hardworking

people. I thought, "Well, I couldn't find God in Oregon or in the Army, but maybe these people know". I went to church again and found the same "lovey-dovey" unscriptural God there. They told me to be a nice person and I could come to Heaven. This wasn't the God I had seen. I plainly asked the pillars of society there, "How do I get to God?" They said there are seven different religions that I can get to God with. I was vexed. I couldn't sleep at night. I kept having these dreams where I could see Jesus hanging on the cross and He was bleeding real bad. So one day, I just packed by bags and drove off. I left my wife, my home, and everything. I was going to get back into crime and drugs. Just take people's money and stay high.

On the way back to Oregon, I stopped in Ft. Smith, AR. I heard the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ in the power of the Holy Ghost for the first time in my life by the brothers from the Holy Alamo Christian Church. I asked the Lord to wash my sins away in His blood and make me a new creature and He did. And I knew He did. The brothers read the Bible and prayed with me every day. I regained my self-respect and moral values. I am concerned about myself, my country, and