



THE DEATH OF HER UNCLE CAUSED SENGUE TO PRAY FOR HERSELF.

# VICTORY in LOSS

BY SENGUE EPIE MARTHA

**M**y heart is grateful to the Almighty God for making me part of this glorious Gospel. I am one of the many fortunate children who were born and raised in it. My family was part of the Apostolic Faith Church in Cameroon, and my parents did not relent in their efforts to bring me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. They did their best to instill the Word of God, His love, and the fear of the Lord in my heart. The Bible was an open Book in our home, and I was taken regularly to Sunday school.

Also, I was given the opportunity to participate in open air services, where I would recite memory verses and sing songs. One unforgettable memory verse was Proverbs 22:6: "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." I thank God this verse was fulfilled in me.

While I was still a child, all of the operations of our church were suspended by the government of Cameroon due to a misconception of certain aspects of the doctrine. During the time that the church was closed, God gave my parents courage, perseverance, and wisdom to continue raising their children

in His Word. Times without number, they took us children into the heart of the forest to seek God and His mercy. Also, we were often awakened from our beds during the wee hours of the morning for Sunday school teachings and admonitions.

As I grew older, I did not go into outward sins, but I had sin in my heart. Though I knew my need to be saved, I was content with the prayers of my parents. I also relied on the prayers of my uncle who had been the leader of the Cameroon work. All of this changed in 1982 when I was thirty years old.

My uncle was traveling to Lagos, Nigeria, for camp meeting, and God called Him to Glory. This was a bitter pill for me to swallow. However, his tragic death did not send me away from God. Rather, it united me to Him. I made up my mind to pray through to salvation in order to see my beloved uncle again, and God saved me a few months after his death.

My conversion took place one night when a brother in Christ came to visit my family. As he was talking, God fixed my eyes on a sentence in an almanac. It said, "Jesus is coming soon." My heart melted, and I went to my room. There I knelt down in front of my

small bed, pleading for God’s mercy. Within fifteen minutes, He saved me, sanctified me, and then baptized me with the Holy Ghost.

Two years after that, several who had been raised in the Gospel in Cameroon felt an urge to talk to God about the restoration of the Apostolic Faith Church there. We had a yearning to worship God, but there was no church where we could pour out our hearts to Him. We dedicated a long vacation period to holding prayer meetings. During this time, none of us went out. As we prayed, our request was soon granted.

A few months after the restoration of the church, five of us were arrested on our way to a prayer meeting. We were jailed for five days, but did not get discouraged. During that time, God encouraged me with the words of an old hymn: “In the days of early youth, none can help like Jesus. He will give you sweetest rest; all who trust in Him are blessed. None can help like Jesus. No! None like Jesus.” We were strengthened by these words and looked to God who was faithful. In court, I was falsely charged with not having an identity card, but God undertook and I was acquitted. God has continued to be faithful. Today, our church in Cameroon is once more able to congregate and worship freely.

God has been personally faithful to me as well. Through the years, He has been everything to me. He healed me of paralysis and an eye problem. Also, after my parents died, He saw me through my education and He provided me with a job in a wonderful way.

Like Paul, I can ask, “Who shall separate me from the love of Christ?” Satan may fight, but I am persuaded that God is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. I love Jesus and owe Him the balance of my life.



■ Sengue Epie Martha is pastor of our church in Douala, the economic capital of Cameroon. She has been instrumental in procuring a campground site for the Cameroon saints. The Douala congregation currently meets in a school, but has obtained land for the construction of a church.

“

Like Paul, I can ask, “Who shall separate me from the love of Christ?”