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HOW THEY ENTERED CANAAN  
(A Collection of Holiness Experience Accounts)  
Compiled by Duane V. Maxey

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

### **LOVICK PIERCE DRISCOLL**

In the winter of 1916 Rev. C. M. Dunaway came to Broughton's Baptist Tabernacle in Atlanta, and conducted truly a great revival. On Sunday afternoon I attended the service for the first time. I do not remember what Bro. Dunaway preached about as I was under the influence of whiskey, but I know every word he said seemed to grip my hungry heart, and I got Brother Juliette, a good man, and a friend of mine, to write on a card, and ask Brother Dunaway to come to see me at the fire station, 87 North Pryor Street, on Monday afternoon. Brother Dunaway was faithful in coming, and I told him about my conversion four years prior to this time and about my call to preach, and about my limited education. He listened to me attentively, with sympathy, and he only asked me one question, "What are you going to do about it, Brother Driskell?" With tears in my eyes I told him I was done with sin. He had prayer with me. Though at that time I did not seem to get any victory. But the following Sunday afternoon I went to the service at the Baptist Tabernacle on Lucky Street. Brother Dunaway preached another mighty sermon and I made my way to the altar. God powerfully and blessedly reclaimed my tempest-tossed soul. I had to renew my vows to God, and tell Him I would preach. During the days of the past week prior to the time I was restored to the joys of my salvation it seemed like I walked over dark damnation on a spider web. What dreadful hours of remorse and condemnation accompanied my broken spirit! That memorable Sunday afternoon of January 26, 1916 when I was reclaimed it seemed for the next few weeks that I was walking on a literal sea of liquid glory. I cried, laughed and shouted aloud for the victory that had come into my life!

In the same meeting the Sunday afternoon after I was restored I went to the altar again. After making the consecration, burning the bridges, and cutting loose the shore lines, I received a mighty spiritual baptism of the Holy Ghost and with fire. You can call it whatever you may, but I know no better name to give it than some of the terms the Methodists used. They called it a strange heart warming, or the baptism of the Holy Ghost and with fire... But, I know no better term for this rich experience than I Thess. 4:3, "For this is the will of God even your sanctification." You may call this experience whatever you may, we will not fall out about that, but God did something for my heart that afternoon that I did not receive in conversion, and I have enjoyed this rich experience

for many, many years. Oh! The inexpressible joy that attended my soul! I have preached it as best I could with my limited education.

Source: "Victory Out Of Defeat" by Lovick Pierce Driscoll

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THE END