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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

**NETTIE A. MILLER**

As time went on my salvation got better and better, for I told it daily to those whom I met, black and white, rich and poor, educated and illiterate. However, to my surprise one day I found that something did not get salvation when I got it, for I "got mad" all over. I did not mean to; honestly, I was sorry immediately. I went out in the back yard and prayed earnestly, fearful lest I had lost all that I had. The Lord assured me that there was something else for me. I ceased praying and believed that I had not lost everything but really had something coming to me. A few days later, at the Church of the Nazarene, I heard a sermon on "The Clay in the Potter's Hands." In the course of the message the preacher said, "How many of you know that the Lord has saved you but since that time you have got mad, discovering something still there causing you trouble?" (I thought, "Someone has told him about me.") He went on to say, "If you have been converted, there is something else for you. Present yourself to the Lord as the clay in the potter's hands, saying 'I will go where you want me to go, do what you want me to do, be what you want me to be,' and place everything on the altar (God is the altar), and the altar sanctifies the gift." The Lord quickly convinced me that this was exactly what I needed. That old carnality, the root of evil had to be removed. I saw Him as the great Physician and myself as the patient, with the root of evil as the cancer. The Physician put me on His operating table and began to cut. One by one He removed my little vanities and worldly ambitions; one by one I gave them up, even to the last. When the last "Yes" was said, the cancer came out, roots and all. Glory! From that time on, I have never been bothered with it any more. How grateful I am that I do not have to suppress it, but know that it has been eradicated! I do not have to "sit on the lid" and be afraid of an explosion. It works! It works! I never say that the operation does not hurt, for it does, but it certainly feels good when it quits hurting.

Source: "My Satisfied Quest" by Nettie A. Miller

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**THE END**

