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

Vol. I -- Named Accounts

PHILIP OVERSTREET

I was an alien by birth, a sinner by choice, an heir to the poorhouse, a candidate for the potter's field; but now my name had gone down in the Lamb's Book of Life, and I became an heir to a mansion in the sky.

I took my seat again but I could not be still. Glory to God! It was a happy meeting to me. I could not remember one word the preacher said as he proceeded to deliver the message. I was making quite a lot of noise, and those sitting near me could hardly hear what the minister was saying. After the message he asked for seekers to come forward that wanted to be saved. I knew that didn't mean me, for most all were convinced that my conversion was real, or one could not go through the performance that I had. I saw a man coming toward me and I arose to meet him. I didn't know if he was going to give me my diploma or just shake hands with me, have me sign a card as a member, or unite with them by testifying to the witness of the Spirit. Here is what he said, "Young man, God has forgiven you of all your sins that you were guilty of, but come and get sanctified." I didn't know what he meant and I said, "Mister, if that is something to make one feel better, I feel good enough." Bless His name forever! I didn't care who saw my ragged clothes or worn shoes, I had something that far surpassed people's opinions. It was fine, and is working real well just now. The man explained to me what it meant to get sanctified. He went on to tell me that it is a cleansing from inbred sin. I made for the altar again and fell upon my knees like a bag of salt and raised both hands heavenward. I had forgotten what the man called it, and I cried for God to give me what I had coming to me. In a moment's time I received the cleansing and was filled with His Spirit. I shouted up and down the aisles of the church for fifteen or twenty minutes, then thought of my wife. I took my cap in one hand and ran almost all the way home. I just stopped at the stop signs at each street. I wanted my wife to see me performing like I was, so she would know that I got saved.

I met a gentleman once who said he believed in growing into sanctification. I told him how I made it from gang-land to Canaan-land by getting a Red Sea experience in the early part of a service, and at the close of the same service crossing over the river Jordan into the promised land that is flowing with milk and honey. That is quicker than Mr. Lindbergh can make it in his airplane.

Source: "From Prison To Pulpit" by Philip Overstreet

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THE END