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DELIVERANCE FROM A FLASH FLOOD
By Blanche Perry Fuhrman

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"God's Miraculous Deliverance From A Flash Flood,"
and "Personal Testimony"

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APPROXIMATE DATE

1939 -- 1940 seems to be the approximate time in which this booklet was published. In the
Preface, the author dates the time of the Flash Flood involved in this story as July 5, 1939.

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1
FOREWORD

It has been my privilege to know Mrs. Blanche Perry Fuhrman for about eight years. During
this time she completed her college work at University Park, Iowa, and it was while doing her
work as a student in our college she had the remarkable experience recorded in the pages of this
book.

Mrs. Fuhrman's experience in total has always made a strong appeal to the public wherever
she has given her testimony and has proven a blessing to souls. The special experience which was
hers, in connection with the Kentucky flood herein described, is simply thrilling and challenging.
Certainly God's hand was upon her. The use of miracles as signs was a method which to my mind
was laid aside with the close of the revelation of God as found in the Holy Scriptures. This
statement does not, however, mean that real miracles may not be performed today both in the realm

of grace and moral character; also in the realm of special providences and supernatural deliverances to the people of God. The miracles of Mrs. Fuhrman's deliverance, while not in the class of Bible miracles which were used as signs, will, I am sure, nevertheless prove a mighty tonic and impetus to the faith of all who read this experience. I am sure that all who read this book will find their hearts warmed and their faith strengthened.

C. W. Butler

* * * * *

2

THY WILL

God cannot buy with gold untouched
By heat of furnace flame;
For on each coin must be impressed
His image and His name.
Nor can He feed the crowd with bread
That is not broken small
And handed out to those who wait,
Who beckon and who call;
Nor can He give to them to drink
Of grapes just off the vine,
They must be plucked and crushed and pressed
And changed to sparkling wine.

Here, Lord, am I to do Thy will;
Oh, help me not repine
When burning fires consume the dross
And all the gold refine;
Oh, break my life and hand it out;
And help me not to shrink
When Thou would'st crush and pour me out
To give the people drink.
Teach me, dear Lord, to love Thee more,
Forgetting faults to see;
And when I'm broken, crushed or lone
Oh, may the world see Thee!

-- Blanche Perry Fuhrman --

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3

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

July 5, 1939: A flash flood caused by a cloudburst swept through some sections of the Kentucky hills, taking a number of lives and leaving others homeless. As I was one to be washed away, many have requested that I write the story of the flood and God's miraculous deliverance.

This little book goes forth with a prayer that it may help someone. It is written because so many of God's children felt that it should be published. It was a written testimony which led me to the Lord and I want to use every possible means to exalt the lovely Christ. But before giving an account of the flood I feel constrained to give my testimony as to the way God has so graciously led me.

Blanche Perry Fuhrman

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4

GOD'S MIRACULOUS DELIVERANCE FROM A FLASH FLOOD

I was reared on a farm at Devil's Creek, in the Kentucky Mountains. Being one of nine children my opportunities were few. We had no church or Sunday School in our community and went to school when we could. Because our family was large we children early learned the meaning of hard labor and sacrifice. From the age of eight it was my task to carry enough corn off the hill to feed about nine hogs. Our cornfields look like dinner plates turned up to drain. God seemed pleased to pile the soil up to us folks in the Kentucky Mountains.

As far back as I can remember I had an incessant hunger for God and a desire to do something for Him. I distinctly remember one day when school was dismissed that we children might attend a funeral. I thought, "Now I'll hear how to be saved," but the mountain preacher said nothing to encourage anyone.

Not long afterward there came across my pathway a pamphlet entitled "The Life of Sammy Morris." I read how he was saved, and by faith came to America. I read and reread that story, weeping every time I did so, wishing I had been born in the heart of Africa so missionaries (whatever they were) would come and tell me of Jesus. How I longed for someone to speak to me about my soul. I tried to pray but knew not what to say. I was then thirteen years of age.

My longing for God increased; I was lonely and sad. I greatly loved to read and not having anything else to read I spent my time reading the wonderful stories in the Bible. One day I came across Psalm 51. As I read it, it became a prayer. I found myself crying unto the Lord for forgiveness and promising, "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways." I promised to spend my life making the Gospel so plain that children could understand. I little knew that God wanted me for that very thing.

One late afternoon I went for the corn as usual. The hill was steep and my load was heavy, but I was carrying another load that was heavier -- the load of sin. I felt I was most wicked and would die if I didn't get saved. Finally I could bear it no longer and determined to stay there all night or find peace. I truly repented of my sins and cried for forgiveness. I had expected to see a

great light to witness my salvation as Sammy Morris had; instead a great calmness swept over me; my sense of guilt vanished and I knew I was born again.

From that moment my life was changed. The months that followed were filled with blessed times of fellowship and many answers to prayer. I prayed for a Testament and someone gave me one. It became my constant companion as I went to round up the cows roaming over acres of woodland. I would take my Testament along; kneel by some old stump, and commune with God. How He blessed me! One day He whispered sweetly that He had a work for me to do. For weeks I "walked on air." Just to think He had chosen me to be His messenger!

I knew I must go to school and prepare myself so began telling my Heavenly Father about it. I had no money but I had read in my Testament that "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory," and if we would "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness all these things should be added," also "If ye will ask anything in my name I will do it." I thought every promise was meant for me. I never doubted a word but began asking the Lord to pick out the school He wanted me to go to, stating that I would prefer a Christian school. I knew that if He wanted me to work for Him that He would pay my bills.

In the meantime, two older sisters had found the Lord. All three of us were now ready for high school.

Then something happened. Two missionaries, Misses Margaret Thompson and Sylvia Pipkin, under the Kentucky Mountain Holiness Association, came to do mission work at Devil's Creek, my home community. They preached holiness but I was so in love with the Lord that I thought I had everything I needed. My little heart was already overflowing. That fall we had a revival with Miss Martha Archer as evangelist. Mother was saved and sanctified as were the other children in the family.

Through the missionaries we learned of Mt. Camel High School under Miss Lela G. McConnell. They said they were willing to help us trust God for our finances. So the fall of 1931 found us three sisters on our way to a boarding school. Mother gave each of us a quarter and God's blessing.

The first year in school was one of many trials and blessings. I kept telling the Lord He had sent me there and He must pay my bills. He assured me He would. In my sophomore year in high school I began to have trouble with the carnal nature. I saw that I needed a second experience, but pride arose because I had professed it and I struggled to keep victory. However, the following summer, August, 1933, my heart was so hungry that I threw away my pride, knelt at an altar and asked God to let me die to everything but Himself. I consecrated my all to Him and became willing to do anything for Him. When I became willing to let Him have His way, then He cleansed my heart and filled me with Himself. He didn't take away my temper but He did take the evil out of it. He has never left me since that day.

By keeping my will completely submitted to Him, keeping up daily devotions, walking in the light as He gives it, and refusing to harbor doubts, I have learned to abide in the Lord. At this moment the sky between Him and me is clear.

The day I graduated from high school a man and his wife came from Ohio. They seemed to like my oration and after the commencement exercises paid my bill. God had heard and answered. [It sounds like she graduated as Valedictorian or Salutatorian. -- DVM]

Then after a summer in the station, I entered Kentucky Mountain Bible Institute with fifteen cents. Again God graciously supplied every need and when I graduated I owed only \$45.00 which was paid after the flood.

After graduating from Bible School, in the "Christian Witness" I read of John Fletcher College (which is now Kletzing) at University Park, Iowa. I felt that that was God's place for me. I knew that if He had called me, He would. pay my bills, so I applied for entrance. By faith I packed my things and prayed for bus fare. The day before I was to leave I received a letter with a check inside to cover expenses, and the next morning I was on my way. When I reached college I had a whole dollar left over with which to buy books, pay tuition, room and board, and all the other expenses. I didn't know what to do with that dollar, therefore, when I attended a red-hot missionary service I dropped it in the collection. The dear Lord has multiplied it hundreds of times and given it back to me. No one can get ahead of God in giving! Give because you love Him and He will multiply it and pour it back on your head! Many times I haven't had a cent but had bills to meet and I've gone to God, told Him He had called me, He had sent me to school and He must pay the bill. Without fail money has come from some source, perhaps unknown. Today I owe no man a cent but oh, what a debt of love I owe to Jesus!

It was love that reached down in the heart of the Kentucky hills and made this poor heart hungry for Jesus. It was love that constrained me to go to school. It was love that paid my bills.

I am grateful for my training under Miss Lela G. McConnell at Mt. Camel High School and the Kentucky Mountain Bible Institute. There I became established in two works of grace. I am deeply grateful for my college training under Dr. C. W. Butler at University Park, Iowa. It is a great place for young people desiring a liberal arts education.

After my junior year in college I returned to the hills to do missionary work during the summer vacation. I arrived the Fourth of July, 1939. Seventeen of us, including workers, visitors, and children had a picnic; then, after family worship we retired to our rooms. Within my room I knelt by my bed. The Lord was graciously near -- nearer than usual. How I loved Him! I lay down and every time I closed my eyes I could feel Him very near. I kept thinking of the chorus of a song, "I felt I could love Him forever." I felt impressed that He had something special for me. I was planning to do evangelistic work, and I thought perhaps He was going to give me some unusual meetings. Little did I realize how horrible the next few hours would be. He knew and kept blessing me and "I felt I could love Him forever!"

There were five of us girls in the girls' dormitory: Mildred Drake, a teacher, Lorene Hartley, Christine Holman, Elsie Booth, and I. At 3:30 next morning July 5, 1939, I was awakened by a crashing of timbers and Lorene's voice, calling, "Wake up, girls! Something awful is happening! We're having a flood, an earthquake, or a landslide! I don't know which!" I jumped out of bed to see the walls distorted.

We girls rushed into the hall. Someone, looking at her watch, said, "Three-thirty." There was an awful roar, a crashing of timbers, a flickering of the gas lights, then total darkness. The building gave a lurch, then a groan; she had gone off her foundations. I cannot describe my feelings. The water rose twenty feet in five minutes. There had been a cloudburst farther back in the hills; the water rushed off the mountain sides in torrents causing a flash-flood in the narrow gorge where the buildings were located. We were perfectly helpless. My first thought was that we were God's children, that this was His school and His water and if He wanted to let His water wash His Bible School away with His children in it, it was His business. A great calmness came over me and I knew I was ready to meet God. The building shook violently; the windows crashed; the ceiling began dropping at our feet; pictures fell off the walls; dishes tumbled across the floor, while trunks, pianos, chairs, and girls were lashed from one side of the hall to the other. The floor opened and things began dropping through. Thunder rolled; lightning flashed; the rain poured. It was dark as a dungeon, and the whole situation was horrible.

The water kept rising. We rushed to the attic; the steps disappeared immediately. In less than ten minutes we had floated a mile or more. The water was soon knee-deep in the attic. The lightning would flash and linger, thus lighting the whole attic at times. Elsie stood by the window weeping. The devil was there to tempt and she cried out, "If we really belonged to God and He loves us, why did we not have a warning? Do you suppose He loves us?" I saw she was frightened and the devil was taking advantage. How I wanted to console her. Putting my hand on her shoulder, I said, "Elsie, we've trusted God to save us and to sanctify us and to take us through school, can't you trust Him now? No one will ever know how you took it but can't you prove to Him that you really do love Him by going out to meet Him calmly?"

She turned; the lightning flashed. I wish you could have seen her face! Heaven was all over it as she smiled through her tears and exultingly cried, "Of course, I can trust Him! I don't know why I hadn't thought of that before! Girls! Had you thought? In a few minutes we will all be with Jesus!" I'll never forget that face.

By this time the building was too dangerous to remain in any longer. We decided to jump out. Elsie went first. I saw her swim a few feet in that awful current. Then she went down. I felt sick all over. I knew she was gone. Her body was found three days later about fifty miles away. I couldn't weep for her because she was with Jesus.

Christine sat in the window. I can still see her big blue eyes and face as white as snow. "Are you going?" I ventured.

"I can swim but not that current," she replied. "If you'll move back, I'll go," I told her. "We have only a few seconds left."

She moved back and I jumped into that awful creek of angry, swirling, muddy water. She followed immediately. Her body was found later about fifteen miles away. She is also with Jesus now.

Memories of that horrible plunge cause me to shudder yet. I could not swim, therefore expected soon to be in heaven. I asked the Lord to keep me calm and sensible so He could help me if He wanted me to live. A great calmness crept over me and I thought rapidly. I knew the current was too strong for me and there was no use fighting it. I gave myself to the current, which sent me to the bottom. I knew the human body would float if given a chance. I held my breath, relaxed, came to the top, caught my breath; then went down again. I repeated the process for two or three miles. Sometimes I would float on my back, sometimes hang on to a bit of debris and sometimes tread the water standing up.

I have always heard that when one is drowning his whole past is flashed before him instantly. I can testify by God's grace that back on the hillside God had removed my transgressions as far as the East is from the West" and nothing came up. Not because I had been so good but because my sins were under the blood. Instead Scriptures and gospel songs flooded my mind: "The Lord performeth the thing appointed for me and many such things there be with Him"; "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth thee"; "Bless the Lord, oh my soul and all that is within me, bless His holy name"; and numerous others I haven't space to mention. The waters tumbled and roared but my soul was rhythmical and peaceful.

The Lord was blessing me so much that I felt I had to sing or my poor soul would burst. Finally I caught hold of some drift and kept my head out of the water long enough to sing the doxology. I was having a campmeeting in my soul!

Again I went under but bobbed up soon and saw two of the [Bible School] girls about thirty feet away floating on part of the building. I yelled, "Hello!"

Startled, they called, "Who and where are you?"

"I'm Blanche over here in the debris," I answered.

"What are you on?" they shouted above the roar.

"The water!" I yelled back.

"Come and join us," they called.

"No, thanks! I'll stay here," I answered. (I couldn't swim, you see).

Soon the overloaded stream plunged into the North Fork of the Kentucky River. I felt myself being dashed first against a train trestle, then against the opposite river bank, and flopped back to the center of the river again. I had held my breath as long as I could and was trying to push my head up through the debris to get a breath when I was suddenly knocked face downward to the bottom of the river and it seemed that tons of debris piled upon me. I began to strangle and felt there was no use to fight as I would drown anyway. I wanted to get it over as soon as possible, therefore, I willingly took in all the water I could. I'll not try to describe the physical agony of the next few seconds. I thought, surely now, in only a second I would go "sweeping through the gates

washed in the blood of the Lamb." I wondered if the other girls were drowning. I began to get anxious to see Jesus. I wondered what He would look like and how heaven would be.

Suddenly all thoughts of heaven fled. I thought of Paul's shipwreck and how some swam out, others floated on boards. I thought of how God had stayed the hand of the death angel and spared Hezekiah's life for fifteen years. Then I thought of how God had called me to His service and had sent me to school. I said, "Lord, if You want me to live I'm willing; but if You are through with me, I'd like to go now, I'm so near." He flooded my mind with promises and assured me I would live. I said, "You'll have to help me then; I can't float anymore, I'm too full of water."

In my agony I had gripped a log, hoping to ease the pain in my chest. I held on to it and gradually we came to the top. I felt the air upon my face but to my horror I could only gasp. I said, "Lord, it's up to You. Prompt me what I ought to do." At that instant several other logs bumped against me. I climbed up on them and bent over and the water came pouring out of my mouth and nose. The only way I can account for it is that God was in it.

I'm going to stop here to give one reason that I couldn't die that morning. I learned afterwards that several miles away my mother was awakened during that storm before daybreak with a tremendous burden for me, not knowing where I was. She cried to God to protect me, until her soul felt at rest. No wonder I couldn't drown!

When the air struck my lungs it felt like coals of fire. I finally managed to get onto a very small piece of building (there were several houses and barns in that stream). When I was settled, again I heard voices. For some reason the float of the two girls before mentioned had broken in two; and they were several feet apart. I hadn't seen them for two miles or more, now I had bobbed up between them, They were surprised and Lorene called, "Where did you come from?"

"Where do you suppose?" I retorted. We all laughed and were very glad to see each other.

Shortly afterwards Lorene was washed ashore. Miss Drake and I went on down the stream. I took advantage of my ride to relax completely so as to gain strength. I wanted to sing,

"My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea
So burdened with sin and distress,
Till I heard a sweet voice
Saying, 'Make Me your choice',
Then I entered the haven of rest.
I've anchored my soul in the heaven of rest,
I'll sail the wild seas no more,
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild stormy deep,
In Jesus I'm safe evermore."

I was too weak to sing, so sailed on. My ten-mile journey came to an end when I picked up a two-by-four and pushed the debris -- trunks, mattresses, chairs, boards, etc., from between my board and the bank and drifted in. (Miss Drake was rescued one-half mile farther down.) Near the

bank I caught hold of a willow limb, threw myself into the tree, slid down to the bottom, the water being up to my neck; then pulled myself to the bank.

Daylight had dawned. It was still raining. A snake wriggled out of the weeds and slid into the water. I tried to walk but my head was so heavy it kept pulling me over. The angry old river kept lashing the bank. I sat down and for a moment forgot what had happened. My head was in a whirl.

Finally, pulling myself together, I followed a path which led to a mountain home. The mother and several children stared at me with horror. I explained as best I could what had happened. Then she ventured, "Ain't ye scared to death?" I said, "No, I'm a Christian and was ready to go." She gave me some dry clothes, and I walked barefoot two miles across a hill where I was met by the Mt. Carmel workers and taken to the high school.

There were about sixty lives lost (I don't know the exact number), nine of our group. I couldn't weep for them. All their trials are over; their probation past, and they are with the lovely Christ. I am left to sorrow a while longer and miss it if I'm not careful. As Dr. Butler says, "I wouldn't have missed that for a million dollars and I wouldn't go through it again for two million!" When one is slipping into the jaws of death there is only one thing that counts and that is his relationship to God. And may I add: Holiness is tremendously popular when you are face to face with a Holy God.

There is something more I want to leave with you. From childhood I was never strong. While in school, I held meetings during the vacation periods. The doctors had cautioned me to be careful but God was giving us some glorious revivals. After the flood I became weaker and weaker; my chest pained till I had to lie on my back always. Finally I had an examination by two doctors in Winchester, Kentucky. They held a consultation and said I had had T. B. longer than I knew and must go to bed. I went to bed two weeks. Then I attended some campmeetings, one in Findley, Ohio.

There a group of devout people said they believed God would heal me. I had heard people professing to be healed when all evidence showed they were not, and I didn't want to be a fanatic. I wasn't going to say He did unless I knew. They kept praying. One day the evangelist, at the close of his message, said for all who had a good experience but just wanted a "fresh anointing" to come forward. I was the first one there and the Lord nearly blessed me to death. Rev. Bona Fleming said that God was going to heal me; Rev. J. M. Hames anointed me and everyone believed God. All I could think of was Mark 1:40, 41 where the leper said, "If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." I knew He could if He would but didn't think I was important enough. We had a great service. People praised the Lord. I felt like the man let down from the roof by four others, and when Jesus saw "their faith" He healed me.

My temperature became normal immediately and I went back to University Park, Iowa, to finish my college. Some, of course, doubted and advised me to see a doctor for fear of spreading the disease in the school. The doctor said, "Who told you you had T. B.?" Still some doubted and the devil said, "Don't you tell anybody God healed you. He didn't. If you ever did have it, you still do; and if you don't have it now you never did." I went to Boone, Iowa, for an X-ray. The doctor

sent me this statement: "The old lesions of T. B. which you had before are well calcified (healed) and there is absolutely no evidence of active T. B., so you can forget that for another year or two when it would again be wise to recheck the chest. I doubt if you are ever bothered with it." As usual Satan proved a liar. I had had it and it had been healed!

I have often said that I can't preach like Paul or sing like David but I can brag on Jesus! Do you wonder that I love Him? Just to think He would pay enough attention to me -- a poor mountain girl without a cent or anything of which to boast -- to forgive my sins, cleanse my heart, and fill me with His Spirit, give me an education, snatch me from death, and then heal me!

If I were to spend the rest of my life and all eternity praising Him I would still come out in debt. Had I possessed some great talent or have been some outstanding person I might have seen why He did so much for me, but I am nothing and have nothing outside of grace. Truly "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me." Even as I write, my little soul is fairly bursting with joy and happiness. What a wonderful Saviour is He!

I am now happily married to a preacher of the full Gospel, who is on fire for God. We have united our efforts in this great battle for souls.

I am no special pet of the Lord's (although I feel that I am sometimes). He will do as much for you. If you are not satisfied with your experience it is your privilege to be satisfied.

If God can make a universe
And fling it into space
And hold it there on nothing; then
Cannot His wondrous grace
Uphold a speck like me?

If God can deck this world of His
When summer breezes blow
In dainty dress of green all splashed
With every hue I know,
Can't He take care of me?

If God does watch the lilies bloom
And note the sparrows fall,
Will He not see the problems
That my poor soul appall,
And take good care of me!

-- Blanche Perry Fuhrman --

* * * * *

In my contacts with young people from different walks of life and different sections of the country I find there is one question uppermost in their minds. That is: What does sanctification mean? It is the purpose of these few pages to throw some light on that question. Of course it would take many such lectures to explain it fully, but I trust this will help someone who has been in doubt.

First, it is a second experience for those who have been definitely converted. This is very plainly taught in the Scriptures. In John 17, our Lord prays for His disciples. Notice, He seems to be heavily burdened for them, and there is a deep cry in His soul because He is going to leave them soon. He prays, "I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest me; and they have received them... I pray not for the world, but for them which Thou hast given me... I have given them Thy word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world... I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil... Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth." Here Jesus prays for the most devout ones He had. Then He adds: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word." That phrase takes us in. Jesus prayed that we might be sanctified.

In Acts 19 we read that Paul found certain disciples had been converted under the ministry of Apollos. (Apollos preached the baptism of John, or repentance. See Acts 18:24-28.) He asked them if they had received the Holy Ghost since they believed and they responded that they had never even heard of such an experience. Then Paul prayed for them and put his hands on them and they received the Holy Ghost.

Sanctification is a cleansing from inbred sin. When we are converted God forgives every sin we ever committed and removes them as far as the East is from the West but there is still something in the heart which causes trouble. If the reader has been born again he will know what I mean. I think I can best illustrate that by my own testimony. Back on the farm after the Lord saved me that evening on the hillside my whole life was changed. I knew God and often had great times of fellowship in communion with Him. I did love Him and wanted very much to please Him. There was only one thing wrong -- my temper.

About the time of my conversion my sister, Mae, who is just older than I, was saved, too. We took our stand for Christ in the home. We started returning thanks at the table for our food, which was something our family never did before. Then we felt we should establish family altar. We did so in the face of much opposition.

Soon two other sisters were saved and we helped each other stand for our convictions.

Usually where there is a large family there is likely to be a clashing of wills. Such was the case with Mae and me. Both of us had wills of iron. My sister always had her way -- except when I had mine! Even though we were both genuinely converted and were a help to each other, sometimes our clashes were quite vehement. I shall relate one such incident.

One evening Mae and I were milking as usual, when something came up (I do not remember what). Anyway both of us lost our temper and she said, "You simply didn't tell the truth!"

"I did so!" I said emphatically.

"You did not!" she said more emphatically.

"If anybody lied, you did!" I retorted.

One word followed another as anger heightened until we called each other ugly names. We suddenly came to ourselves and became very quiet. Then she said, "This is a pretty way for Christians to act."

"I know it," I answered meekly.

Ashamed, we finished the milking in silence. Then asked another sister to take the milk into the house. She went one direction into the woods and I went another. Away from everyone else, I knelt by a stump and told God how sorry I was. I said, "Lord, if you'll forgive me, I'll never do it again." And I meant it. Soon peace came back to my heart, and I emerged from the woods to find Mae with red eyes and a humble heart. Evidently she had prayed through, too.

All went well for a couple of weeks. One day Mae had just scrubbed the kitchen when I returned from hauling wood. It was raining and plenty of Kentucky clay was sticking to my feet. I removed my rubbers and set them inside the kitchen door.

"Get those things out of here!" Mae called in no uncertain tones.

"But they'll get wet outside," I protested.

"You heard what I said!" she cried with determination.

"I will not," I simply stated, refusing to move. Whereupon she grabbed my rubbers and threw them outside in the mud.

"Now go get them," she said triumphantly.

"I'll not do it," I said emphatically, then, changing my mind, I walked outside, picked up the rubbers and threw them into the kitchen. When I looked at Mae next she looked like I felt -- rather chagrined. We were ashamed. Finally Mae said, "Isn't there anything better in religion for us than this?"

Under an old apple tree that night I was ashamed to pray. I said, "Lord, I'm ashamed to ask forgiveness again. I've broken my promise. I just keep on acting ugly. Can't you give me something till I won't do this?" Again the dear Lord forgave me but as time went on, to my utter dismay I found myself having to repent bitterly for flares of unholy temper. Truly I found that "when I would do good evil was present with me," Rom. 7:21.

During my sophomore year in high school my sister was sanctified. I wondered if it would work, so tried to provoke her to anger (she doesn't know this), but there was such a change in her and she remained so sweet that I became convinced and hungry. However, the devil came along and said, "Now you live better than most of these folks and there is no need to humiliate yourself by going to a public altar. Just ask God for power to suppress the 'old man'." I had already tried that and it hadn't worked. I'd like to see anyone who preaches suppression of inbred sin live up to it! It can't be done!

Finally throwing away my pride I went to an altar at a camp meeting August 27, 1938, and told the dear Lord about my condition. I told Him I loved Him and wanted His will, but I couldn't love Him with all my spirit, soul, and mind unless I had something more. I asked Him to cleanse me of that thing which had betrayed Him so often. I became willing to do or be anything He asked. Then I dared take Him at His word. I believed Him to cleanse me and He did! I can testify to His glory that since that time there have been no outbreaks of unholy temper. I'm sure I deserve no credit but "For this purpose was the Son of man manifested, that He might destroy the works of the devil." I John 3:8. If He cannot cleanse us from evil temper then He died in vain. God did not take my temper out, but He did take the evil out of my temper. My sister will bear out my testimony that we have lived together without the former trouble since both of us have been sanctified. "Thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ!" (II Cor. 2:4.) We still do not always agree on everything, but we do not fuss.

Again, sanctification is an infilling of the Holy Spirit. It is Divine love. No human being can live up to the first and second commandments without this experience of Divine love. Note: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind... and thy neighbor as thyself," (Matt. 22:37-39). That is a high standard. Many have said it is too high. I'm asking you, could God be consistent and command us poor frail human beings to live up to something impossible? No. It is true we can't do it in our own strength, but He can fix us up till we can do it. Friends, God can so fill you with divine love that you hold no grudges toward your neighbor. In your own family when one member does something unbecoming, the family doesn't broadcast it. For instance, imagine some mother at Ladies Aid saying, "Oh, have you heard about my Junior? Now I don't want my name in it but you know he was found drunk on the streets last week and he's been in jail ever since. I always thought his parents were nice people; surely it couldn't have been a fault of his training. If you tell it, please don't have my name in it.?" No, she would be so ashamed she would never mention it. Just so this second experience gives us a love for our neighbor that keeps us from delighting in his mistakes and gossiping about them. You need this experience to help you live up to I Cor. 13. In this glorious experience self dies and Jesus becomes our all. He rules our lives and enables us to fulfill His commandments.

In conclusion I might say this second experience of cleansing from sin and infilling of love is only the beginning. There are heights and depths unknown yet to be explored. Some have said, "Well, since you have been cleansed from all sin how could you sin again?" I ask you how Satan sinned in the beginning. He was created a perfect being. Also Adam had a perfect heart and he sinned. Just so can we if we yield our wills.

This gracious experience does not make us mature -- it only makes us pure. Then by gradually keeping a check on ourselves, (or keeping our bodies under) reading God's Word, praying, and witnessing we grow to be more and more like Him.

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THE END